

12  
DUELLA PARSONS REPORTS: DEBBIE & EDDIE'S HONEYMOON!

# modern screen

DELL



modern  
screen's  
25th  
anniversary issue

ANNOUNCING  
YOUR  
155 AWARD  
WINNERS!



THE NEW YORK  
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JAN 18 1956

Debbie Reynolds





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## "I'd give anything to belong..."

Ann sighed as she looked enviously through the window at a happy group of boys and girls heading for the Bowling Alley. How she wished she were one of them.

"I'd give anything to belong," she said for the hundredth time.

Why did they snub her so consistently, she wondered. Why did they leave her out of things? She was quite sure she was just as pretty—prettier, even, than some of the girls... just as nicely dressed, too... and with more personality. Yet she was outside of the charmed circle. She simply couldn't understand why. Girls with this trouble\* seldom do.

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392 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N.Y.

January, 1956

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

# modern screen

**LOUELLA PARSONS: 25 Years of MODERN SCREEN**

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\* On the Cover: Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds by John Engstead. Debbie can currently be seen in MGM's *The Tender Trap*. Other photographers' credits on page 65.

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device that permits an  
intimate peek and  
innocent pleasure!



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Brand Disinfectant



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

Q. For whom is Gene Tierney carrying a torch?  
—F.L., N.Y.C.

A. Aly Khan.

Q. Sophia Loren, one of Italy's biggest stars, doesn't have an Italian name. How came?  
—E.L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Sophia's real name is Sofia Scicolone.

Q. Is it true that Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh plan to make movies together?  
D.J., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. They have formed their own independent production company, Curtleigh Corporation.

Q. In the Martin and Lewis reconciliation, who made the first move?  
—G.Y., TROY, N.Y.

A. Lewis.

Q. Isn't Ava Gardner secretly in love with a flamenco dancer in Madrid?  
—V.E., BOSTON, MASS.

A. They are powerfully attracted to each other.

Q. Did Betty Hutton do her own trapeze stunts in *The Greatest Show on Earth*?  
—E.D., MIAMI, FLA.

A. Miss Hutton's most difficult stunts were performed by Jacqueline Rainet.

Q. Is it true that Clark Gable has refused to lend his first wife any money?  
—L.Y., PORTLAND, ORE.

A. No; Gable recently paid off the mortgage on Josephine Dillon's house.

Q. Can you tell the true story about Robert Mitchum's friendship with Swedish star Ingrid Tulean?  
—A.L., PARIS, FRANCE

A. They played in *Foreign Intrigue* together; had nothing to do with each other after hours.

Q. Is George Nader part English?  
—D.Y., MONTREAL, CANADA

A. One-fourth.

Q. What is Ingrid Bergman's true age?  
—S.L., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. Forty.

Q. Can you tell me when Marilyn Monroe was born and the extent of her for-

mal education?—L.R., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. She was born on June 1, 1926, in Los Angeles; attended Van Nuys High School for one year.

Q. Who in Hollywood can draw a gun fastest—Gary Cooper or John Wayne or who?  
—H.T., CODY, WYO.

A. John Derek.

Q. Is it true that Melinda Wayne, John Wayne's daughter, and Charles Dailey, Dan Dailey's son, are having a big romance?  
—H.E., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. No; they just happened to spend some of their vacation together in Rome.

Q. Have the Henry Fondas separated? Is this his third or fourth marriage?  
—L.T., SEABRIGHT, N.J.

A. They've separated. Fonda has been married three times.

Q. Did Grace Kelly ever give Clark Gable a burro for his birthday?  
—S.L., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. On his 52nd birthday.

Q. I've been told that Jane Wyman and Esther Williams are near-sighted and wear glasses all the time. True or false?  
—N.U., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. Both wear glasses when not working. Esther wears contact lenses on occasion.

Q. The rumor is that no actor could be hired for *War And Peace* unless he was first approved by Mel Ferrer. How come Ferrer has gotten this sort of reputation?  
—S.L., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. Ferrer has antagonized newsmen who are willing to believe and report the worst about him.

Q. Why hasn't Lena Horne made a movie in years?  
—G.K., ATLANTA, GA.

A. Can't find a script.

Q. What is the exact status of the friendship between Susan Hayward and Red Barry?  
—C.L., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A. Neighborly.

Q. Joan Collins and Sid Chaplin—when will they get married?  
—A.L., LONDON, ENG.

A. They have quarreled seriously.



WARNER BROS. PRESENT

# "THE COURT-MARTIAL OF BILLY MITCHELL"

The  
moment  
had  
come...  
the  
girl had  
spoken...  
the  
story was  
told!

The explosive  
true story  
of Billy  
Mitchell—  
a  
fighting  
hero  
who  
risked  
disgrace by  
setting off  
the most  
sensational  
trial  
in  
U. S.  
history!



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# TV TALK

*New winter season hits full stride with Como and Gleason confusing the ratings boys and feud makers*



*Singer Como warms up with a song—"then I can be funny."*



*Executive Como follows through on production details.*



*Thinker Como goes over lines while sets are changed.*

**Perry Como** is a changed man. Used to be, when he had to talk to strangers, about all he could manage was "Hello" and "Yes" and "No" and "Goodbye." Now, however, he has suddenly become a very articulate fellow. He can talk, and talk well, with the greatest of ease. In fact, he's gotten so good with words that he often uses his own instead of his writers' on his tv show. **Goodman Ace** and his assistants slave away polishing Perry's script down to the last adjective, and then Perry gets in front of the cameras and twists the script around. But—although Ace is a veteran writer and Como a former Mr. Shy Guy—Perry *improves* the show with his changes! . . . Incidentally, don't believe the rumors that there's a big off-screen rivalry between Como and **Jackie Gleason**. There certainly is hot competition between their two shows and their ratings, but the stars themselves are the best of old friends. Jackie was a little peeved at one time, but he called it off. He even wanted to show up on Perry's pro-

gram and have Perry on his! You can imagine how that idea would have gone over with the brass at the two networks . . . As you know, everybody loves **Jimmy Durante**, and Durante is crazy about people. But sometimes his writers wish it wasn't true. Here's what happens week after week at rehearsals: All the people who can sneak away from their work for a few minutes—messengers, newsstand dealers, pages, parking-lot attendants—go to see Jimmy rehearse. Then, if they don't like a certain sketch, they tell Jimmy during a break. And he listens! He not only listens, he figures they're right—and the poor writers have to start a new sketch from scratch! . . . Some comedians, like **Jack Benny**, are as sedate as sedate can be in their private lives. Others, like **Red Buttons**, try to be comedians off stage, too—with varying degrees of success. **Phil Silvers** is one who is just as funny in a restaurant as he is when he's working. Phil enjoys being the life of the party just as much as he likes being the star of his show—and,

believe us, he takes over when he walks in! He can also get pretty mad, and he's seething at his network. He figures he's got one of the funniest programs on the channels and deserves a better time spot for it. He isn't at all happy that viewers have to tune out **Milton Berle** or **Bob Hope** or **Martha Raye** right in the middle to get him—because too many people forget to do it. Incidentally, Phil is one of the few stars who hasn't forgotten the person who made his success possible. He gives full credit to columnist **Hy Gardner**, who caught him in a burlesque show years and years ago and kept raving away in his column until other people started hiring Phil . . . **Andy Griffith**—who became a tv star overnight when he did the video *No Time For Sergeants* and a big Broadway star the night he opened in the stage hit of the same name—is another man who owes his career to the undying faith of one person. In his case it's a record company executive who never gave up, even when some of (Continued on page 21)



## The naked truth about the girl next door!

She's the girl of many charms and *one* very important secret. She's the girl with a come-hither look and come-hither figure—a figure *you* think she was born with. (You're wrong!) She *doesn't* wake up with those smooth hips, flat tummy, trim waist. But she has them when she goes out. Her secret? Her *Playtex Girdle*, of super-slimming *Fabricon*!



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**GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!**

**1.**

**Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing!**

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



**2.**

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*Mild and Gentle*



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

No matter what your age or type of skin, doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

**Here's the easy method:**

Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. And Palmolive's mildness lets you massage a full minute *without irritation*.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

**DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!**



**Special! 25th Anniversary section!**

# **LOUELLA PARSONS** **in hollywood**



## **THE MODERN SCREEN** Magazine

in Canada

Is the Screen's  
Attractive Woman  
And Why?

CHOOSE  
A GARBO

By  
Glyn

MURICE  
EVALIER'S  
IS DAYS

E REAL  
RY BRIAN  
Beatty

ASCINATING  
STORY OF  
ND LOWE

CHARLIE  
APLIN'S  
REATEST  
ARROWS



Although I have written this department for **MODERN SCREEN** for only eleven years of its fine twenty-five-year history, I've been a reader for many years and familiar with its intimate style of reporting and analysis of Hollywood events.

I can't recall a more nostalgic afternoon than I recently spent in the Western Office of Modern Screen when, at the invitation of editor Chuck Saxon and west coast editor Carl Schroeder, I was turned loose to browse through twenty-five years of Modern Screen.

What a flood of memories came rushing back as the cover stories, the headline events, even a mere caption under a picture, recalled some funny or heartfelt or tragic moment of the past.

It's impossible to cover everything—but I'd like for you to share some of the memories which rang a particular bell with me.

Incidentally, the first cover, back in 1930, is reproduced exactly on this page. Then, as now, lovely Joan Crawford was queen.

### **IN THIS SECTION**

25th Anniversary

Good News

Letter Box



# LOUELLA PARSONS 25 YEARS of MODERN SCREEN

1930-1939  
The 30's established Hollywood leg



Author Elinor Glyn coined IT, Clara Bow (left) demonstrates the fabled Hollywood Look.



Loretta Young and sister Sally Blane are Wampus Baby Stars but sister Polly Ann loses out.



Dietrich wears pants, juggles husband and director Sternberg (rear) plus daughter Maria Riva.

■ Lillian Roth advises "live and be merry" . . . "Jim Cagney's had just one love in his life" (Still true!) . . . Helen Hayes has her "act of God" baby, later a tragic victim of polio . . . "Is Katharine Hepburn pulling a Garbo?" . . . "Hollywood's Newest Rebel: Franchot Tone" (later to marry Crawford) . . . "Can Paulette Goddard beat the Chaplin Jinx?" (she didn't) . . . Hollywood goes on lambchop and pineapple diet . . . "Who will play Scarlett O'Hara?" and it kept them guessing for a year . . . "Martha Raye, Not Pretty, Booms Box Office" . . . "If I Should Die Tomorrow" by Jean Harlow (this was a shock!) "Whom Will Ty Power Marry?" . . . "Jean Harlow Dies" . . . Jim Stewart: "I wouldn't mind marrying a girl who looks and acts like Margaret Sullavan . . ." "Keep your eye on upcoming Ray Milland . . ."



MODERN SCREEN invades Garbo's hideaway. The writer pleads for a story but Garbo shrieks "Gott" and speeds away. What I love about this is it could happen today.



Rift rumors about Joan and Doug Jr. "which MODERN SCREEN can no longer ignore."



"Robert Montgomery threatens to be the screen's popular men." And no



ends and the talkies while flamboyant antics of the great stars shocked and entertained the public



Shirley Temple is congratulated on winning Oscar by Claudette Colbert who wins one herself.



"Will Bette Davis marry George Brent?" inquired M.S. She didn't.



Gable, Colbert win '34 Oscar for It Happened One Night. Clark: "When I'm 40 what'll be left?"



The Quints were on MODERN SCREEN covers, made movies with "Doctor" Jean Hersholt.



Don Ameche invents telephone as Alexander Graham Bell, lives to regret it.



Dixie Lee Crosby and family. Sue Carol Stuart names daughter Carol Lee for friend Dixie Lee.



Astaire and Rogers make dancing history with light-hearted musicals.



Mickey, Judy at Grauman's. "Judy switches to Freddie Bartholomew." Such cute kids!



Jean Harlow in Hell's Angels was the most talked about star of the decade. Obviously!



# LOUELLA PARSONS 25 YEARS of MODERN SCREEN

1940-1949

The 40's were war years. Holly-



Wearing his brand-new wedding band, Bill Holden leaves Brenda Marshall and tours the country selling bonds.



Lieutenant jg Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are, "happiest couple in town," but the Naval Air Corps keeps them apart most of the time.



And Ty Power and his wife Annabella (above) split. (I wrote, "Is Ty interested in Linda Christian?") He dated Lana.



Tragic love: Gable and his Carole Lombard. happy for so short a time.



Bob Walker, whose death shocked Hollywood, had so much promise.



(Now, here's a situation.) Rita Hayworth celebrates her birthday with husband Orson Welles, Errol Flynn and his wife, Nora Hayes (who later married Dick Haymes, who still later married Rita!).



Cary Grant marries the richest girl in the world, Barbara Hutton. (And they're still good friends.)



Lana Turner elopes with Artie Shaw! But immediately all is not well with their marriage.



June Haver's fiancé, Dr. Duzik, dies, June decides to become a nun.



Divorced from Artie and Steve Crane, Lana marries rich Bob Topping, "This time for keeps."

Mickey Rooney's new bride is a gorgeous, slightly awkward Carolina girl named Ava Gardner.



ood's men went off to fight and like all women, the glamour girls worked, waited for them to come home.



Ronald Reagan is in the Cavalry. Wife Jane Wyman says, "I live for Ron's leaves but how few!" She's in Johnny Belinda.



Despite competition from Ginger Rogers, Lucille Ball gets draftee Arnaz. (Remember those dresses with padded shoulders?)



And Shirley Temple marries her soldier boy. Her wedding to John Agar is the biggest ever in Hollywood—and the bride is just 17.

■ Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey adopt a baby boy. "Is she too beautiful to be happy?" (What, again??) "Meet the new Joan Crawford,"—serious, dedicated, no silly romances. (and, by golly, we've been meeting even new ones ever since) . . . Clark Gable IS retiring this year . . . Veronica Lake new sensation with her "peek-a-boo" locks! . . . James Stewart enlists in the Army . . . New comedy sensation: Abbott and Costello . . . Caption: Rita Hayworth and husband-manager Ed Judson so in love . . . Carole Lombard dies in flaming crash against Las Vegas mountain. "The world weeps with her devoted husband over the loss of this beautiful woman who gave her life to her country while on a bond selling tour." (And I cannot ever read of this terrible tragedy in the lives of all who loved her without a new tear coming to my eyes in memory of this wonderful friend) Bette Davis opens Hollywood Canteen . . . Betty Grable and George Raft end long romance . . . Keep your eye on this newcomer: June Allyson . . . Caption: "Frank Sinatra isn't expected to seek film career. Prefers stage and night clubs because of his squealing bobbysox fans." (Oh, yeah?) . . . WHOOPS! I write my first Good News Department for MODERN SCREEN in the June issue and report: Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell Marry . . . Lana Turner and Steve Crane welcome a daughter . . . "Van Johnson looks for a wife"—Will it be Kay Williams, his favorite date? (It sure wasn't, as Keenan Wynn could say) . . . Bing Crosby wins Oscar for *Going My Way* . . . "Humphrey Bogart marries Lauren Bacall despite difference in ages" . . . Rita and Orson split . . . Norma Shearer finds protégée in Sun Valley, pretty girl named Janet Leigh . . . Shirley Temple a mother! Fans send 300 knitted booties to Linda Susan Agar . . . Roy and Dale married after "he had loved but never kissed her in 25 Westerns" . . . Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan introduced in Paris . . .



Famous sculptor Jo Davidson does a bust of Frank Sinatra, who's beginning to be called "The Voice." Teenagers faint in the aisles over this (back then!) happily married young singer.



And scared little June Allyson clutches Dick Powell's hand at their wedding.



Despite parental objections, Jeanne Crain marries actor Paul Brinkman.



Ingrid Bergman, America's idol, leaves home to make a film for Roberto Rossellini.



■ "Vera-Ellen with new boy at U-I, Rock Hudson, attends Press Photographers Ball. All they wear are bathing suits and gilt and label themselves Mr. and Mrs. Oscar. They're a hot romance!" . . . Esther Williams welcomes first son . . . Clark Gable elopes with Lady Sylvia Ashley (and I spent my entire Christmas holiday writing stories about this marriage) . . . After failure with Wanda Hendrix, Audie Murphy tries with Pamela Archer . . . Jimmie Stewart and Gloria welcome twin daughters . . . Rocky Cooper says she and Gary are separated but not divorcing. (And she got him back by her waiting policy, good for her.) . . . Doris Day marries Marty Melcher . . . I ask for the first time, "What cooks with Mario Lanza?" . . . Jane Powell welcomes first baby . . . The divorced Shirley Temple marries Charles Black . . . Shelley Winters is madly in love with Vittorio Gassman . . . Dixie Crosby dies and the heart of the world goes out to the sorrowing Bing and the four boys . . . Gable dating Kelly . . . Susan Hayward's and Jess Barker's marriage dissolves in a mess of sad accusations and charges. So sad for twin sons . . . Everyone rejoices that Suzan Ball has won her battle with cancer and is on the road to happiness with Dick Long . . . After divorce from Geary Steffen and unhappy romance with Gene Nelson, Jane Powell may find happiness with Pat Nerney, Mona Freeman's ex. (And she has!) . . . Pier Angeli (Mrs. Vic Damone) almost loses expected baby in air mishap . . . Printed by a scandal magazine: "The Debbie-Eddie thing is all a publicity stunt engineered by Louella Parsons. They never had any idea of marriage."



Martin and Lewis split-ups make fans realize that Dean doesn't relish role of straight man.



Second generation Hollywood follows in star footsteps; Crosby boys do, too.



Marlon Brando hits Hollywood hard, inspires a new school of acting and dress, wins Oscar.



Bob Wagner and Debbie Reynolds dated steadily in '53 but Bob lost out to some other guy.



John Wayne's boy Pat wants to be an actor but son Mike isn't sure yet.



Phony romance between Shelley Winters and Farley Granger keeps both parties in headlines.





*Rossellinis find happiness abroad where Ingrid devotes herself to growing family and Italian films.*



*Tony and Janet surprise, and delight, fans with a quick wedding in Greenwich, Conn., in June '51.*



*Ann and Dr. Jim have the works, celebrate their courtly courtship with a very formal wedding.*



## The 50's saw restless stars meet and part, new talent born to reach great, and tragic, acting heights



*Taylor marries ('50) Nick Hilton, loses ten pounds on honeymoon.*



*Ava and Frankie wed but MODERN SCREEN adds, "Friends are worried"*



*Joe and Marilyn marry, part, reconcile. Joe wails, "I want her back!"*



*Dick and Rita apply for license to try their luck at wedded bliss.*



*Grace Kelly celebrates triumphal tour of Europe (after winning Oscar) with Jean-Pierre Aumont, was photographed at Paris theatre and—kissing his hand*

*Liz Taylor marries Mike Wilding in 1952 and they start a family. "Divinely happy," says divine Liz. She looks it.*



## Hollywood's all-time Queen

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *This wasn't part of Miss Parsons' 25-year review—as she planned it. But no cavalcade of Hollywood's proud history would be complete without Louella Parsons who reigns as always, Hollywood's gracious First Lady. We hope you won't mind, Louella—we just had to sneak in this wonderful picture Wallace Seawell took of you—seated on the golden throne of Istanbul. It tells the whole story. We love you.*



## louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

■ Royalty expects. That long-legged old bird, the stork, is the big news in Hollywood this month with John "Duke" Wayne and his dark-eyed Pilar expecting in the spring.

John (who has four children by his first marriage to Josephine Saenz) and his wife, the beautiful Peruvian Pilar Pallette, hope for a boy. "At least, we have the name, Mark, picked out for a son," Pilar said. I was the first person, next to John of course, to whom she confided her secret.

"It hasn't been too easy to keep because of some of the printed gossip that we are having trouble. This came up when I didn't accompany John on his trip to Venezuela. The real reason I didn't go is that the doctor didn't want me to make such a long trip in the first months of my pregnancy.

"We laughed quietly to ourselves about the rumors, because we know how happy we are over our big secret."

Before we get away from the nursery chatter, Janie Powell and Pat Nerney are expecting, too, and plenty happy about it.

"It's the best news that has happened to me in a long time," said Jane, "I've been so upset about getting out of my MGM contract."

I told you several months ago that the little blonde singer was upset that the studio where she had been under contract for so many years wasn't keeping her busy. "I don't know

why. My pictures have always made money," she mused.

Janie was five months along before she revealed the news about the baby, so she can't work much longer before her big date around St. Valentine's Day.

"But after that I'm concentrating on tv," she said. She should be wonderful on tv.

And, just wait and see. If she clicks big in this medium, all the studios will be beating a path to her door, including her alma mater, MGM. It always happens that way.

I can't express my sorrow over Mrs. Clark Gable's miscarriage. A virus infection put Kay to bed for a while, and it weakened her so that the baby was lost.

Poor Clark. He had been so happy that two hours after he learned Kay was pregnant he had called carpenters to start building a nursery—this in addition to the suite he had just had built on for Kay's kids.

This would have been his first child and it is so sad to remember how happily Kay told me that Clark had taken up cigar smoking in anticipation of passing them out and was making himself good and sick on the stogies. "He calls it morning sickness," she said, laughing, "which is more than I'm having." Get well soon, Kay—and try again.

Wow! Talk about the high price of buying the homes of movie stars, Jean Simmons and



Stewart Granger are asking \$145,000 for their ultra-modern style house which has just one bedroom.

Their good pal, Frank Sinatra, was thinking about buying it until he heard that price.

**INSIDE WHISPERS.** John Derek told me there is no other woman involved in his troubles with his wife. Patti says there is someone else, "And I just hope he comes to his senses before it's too late to save our marriage," says his wife. . . .

Some medicos who have treated her are of the private opinion that much of Liz Taylor's illness is psychosomatic (physical pain induced mentally, to you). Each time, Elizabeth's ailments seem to break out in a new quarter—first her leg, then her back, then her stomach.

Some critics believe Joan Collins was pushed along too fast in the starring and highly dramatic role of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw in *The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing* and that Ray Milland, particularly, grew weary of the numerous and lengthy rehearsals with the British actress.

The real trouble between a singer and his wife, recently rifted, is his drinking, which used to be nightly and became afternoons and mornings, too. It's affecting his voice as well as his marriage. He's a very good guy at heart so here's hoping he puts a padlock on that big bar in his house before irreparable damage is done.

Liberace left no doubts in the minds of the press that a recent party held at his home was purely a "press party." He passed around envelopes labeled "Press Release" on the affair to the departing guests, many of whom departed unusually early.

Marie Wilson never lets Bob Fallon forget for a minute that he's a sweetheart as well

(Continued on page 79)



Mr. and Mrs. Ray Danton, otherwise known as lovely Julie Adams, are no stay-at-homes.



No one is prouder of Bill Campbell's hordes of new fans than his lovely wife Judith.

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*In this issue and the following two issues of Modern Screen you can enter three separate contests, one-third of the prizes listed here to be given away each month to lucky contestants.*

**FIRST CONTEST:** All you have to do is arrange the twelve Academy Award winning songs listed on the coupon in the order you rate them. The one you like best is marked "1", the next "2", and so forth up to 12.

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

**RULES:** Mail your completed coupon to any one of the disc jockeys listed on the opposite page who is closest to your home. If there is a choice, send it to either one. Don't worry; all entries received by all the disc jockeys will count, just so they arrive on or before December 26, 1955. Winners will be notified by mail and announcement of winners' names will be made in Modern Screen and on the air by disc jockey in the winner's area.

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

- |                                 |                                  |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| .... It Might As Well Be Spring | .... Thanks For The Memory       |
| .... Mona Lisa                  | .... The Way You Look Tonight    |
| .... Secret Love                | .... Three Coins In The Fountain |
| .... Sweet Leilani              | .... When You Wish Upon A Star   |
| .... The Continental            | .... White Christmas             |
| .... The Last Time I Saw Paris  | .... You'll Never Know           |

NAME .....

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

Mail this entry to disc jockey (listed on page 19) nearest your home.

18 NAME OF DISC JOCKEY ..... STATION .....

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# music from hollywood

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

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have one of the solidest musical comedy motion pictures in their latest Paramount production *Artists And Models*. Co-starring with Dorothy Malone and Shirley MacLaine, the boys run the gamut of every phase of hilarity. Imagine a situation where Dean listens to the nightmares of Jerry, who is an avid reader of horrifying comic books, and obtains enough material to supply a comic book publisher with a new publication, *The Vulture Comic Book*. Trouble with the FBI and foreign spies ensues when a formula Jerry dreams up, formula X-34, minus R-51, plus robot 6-83X, is printed in the comic. It's the latest Army formula for rocket fuel. Edith Head designed costumes to make the gals Oh! and Ah! and the men whistle. Dorothy Malone wears a costume entirely of white feathers. Shirley MacLaine is a beautiful bat lady. Anita Ekberg is a long-limbed goddess in pink leotards while Eva Gabor—well! Jerry Lewis in a mouse costume with a revolving head will be long remembered. Shirley MacLaine, who attained stardom during the past twelve months from an understudy role in *The Pajama Game*, sings and dances with Jerry and Dean in two of the six catchy tunes written by Jack Brooks and Harry Warren, writers of Dean's record hit "That's Amore." Jerry Lewis is awfully worried about the nation's kids. You see in the picture he knocks out the kid tv idol Captain Midnight (Richard Webb) with one punch. Jerry explains, "Especially they won't like it, since I get my strength from kissing a girl."

Joan Collins, the British actress who plays Evelyn Nesbit Thaw in *The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing* at 20th Century-Fox, just celebrated her twenty-second birthday by working as hard as she's ever worked: 9-10 dance rehearsals; 10-12 diction lessons; 12-1 press interview and lunch in the studio cafe; 1-2 wardrobe fittings; 2-5 dance rehearsals. In the evening all she had to do was look fresh as a daisy for a Hollywood-style birthday party. Joan's lucky, as are the other actresses in this production. Charles LeMaire, a multiple Academy Award Winner for costume design, is convinced that his costumes for this production are the best he's ever done. The clothes for Joan Collins, Gale Robbins, and the Floradora Sextette were designed for the period of 1900-1906. According to Charles: "This was the most feminine period in contemporary fashion, since fashion was emerging from its ugliest period, the hundred years which preceded the 1890's. Fabrics and furnishings were soft, corsets were being developed with new shapes and better curves, and there was great elegance in furs and laces. There was also the greatest accessory women have ever discovered—the ostrich feather—used in stoles, muffs and boas, and finished off with ribbons or flowers. The period also marked the beginning of the use of furs in luxurious fashions, and stockings were enhanced with embroidery and appliqued lace. It was truly a period of elegance. I had great fun designing—or perhaps I should say, redesigning—the clothes for

the famed Floradora Sextette. I wanted them to have the look of the real Floradora, yet without certain lines popular at that time to make them look buxom. I have designed them to make our Sextette look voluptuous, rather than buxom, and easy to look at through 1956 eyes." The Floradora Sextette will sing the following numbers: "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" made famous in the early 1900's by the Sextette; "Cakewalk," "I Challenge You To Love," and "Men, Men, Men."

Robert Preston, who plays an ambitious Civil War officer in Columbia's *Last Frontier*, starring with Victor Mature, Guy Madison, and Anne Bancroft, was the victim of an unscheduled bit of make-up on location near Salazar, Mexico. Director Anthony Mann was shooting a scene in which Preston, having fallen into a bear pit, pleads with Victor Mature to help him out. Mann called out, "Preston's face should be dirty after a fall like this. Get the make-up man." The make-up man wasn't needed, however, since a Mexican laborer with a knowledge of English and a desire to be helpful, nonchalantly picked up a shovelful of dirt, threw it right in the face of the amazed Preston below. The scene was filmed. Victor Mature wasn't taking any chances with his first big love scene with glamorous Anne Bancroft. Though he pulled his punches during rehearsals, Victor really let her have it during the take. He clinched Anne in a bear hug embrace and kissed her for more than fifteen seconds. Reason for the length of kissing time was that the director was so astonished by Victor's performance that he forgot to yell "cut." Rusty Draper will record the title song, "Last Frontier," for the film and for Mercury Records, who will issue it as a single.

The Show Must Go On, axiom of show business, was proved once again by dancer Bill Foster in 20th Century-Fox's filming of *Carousel*. Bill danced with one ankle sprained and the other strained. When the dance was completed, Foster received an ovation from the cast, crew and especially director Henry King. Harried by adverse weather conditions, the company had been holding off shooting till the weather broke. When the weather cleared, the shooting schedule was ten days behind; and it appeared the injury to Foster, who is a featured dancer, was a major disaster. The irony of the situation was that Foster, who is an acrobatic dancer, dives eight feet off the roof of a building and performs other self-destructive feats during the "June Is Bustin' Out All Over" number, suffered his sprained ankle by tripping over a piece of canvas while walking across the dance floor. The eldest daughter of Gordon MacRae, Meredith, eleven years old, just joined the cast of *Carousel* and is keeping her fingers crossed that the same thing that happened to her in *Oklahoma!* doesn't happen again. Her sequence in that ended on the cutting-room floor.

Angela Lansbury co-stars with Randolph Scott in Columbia's latest Western, *A Law-*  
(Continued on page 20)

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

## DISC JOCKEY DERBY

- Bill Anson, WAIT**  
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Dallas, Texas
- Louis A. Barile, WKAL**  
Rome, New York
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Des Moines, Iowa
- Bob Bradley, WLOL**  
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- Paul Brenner, WAAT**  
Newark, N. J.
- Lee Case, WAYE**  
Baltimore, Md.
- Pat Chambers, WFLA**  
Tampa, Florida
- Jack Denton, WISN**  
Milwaukee, Wisc.
- Johnny Fairchild, WORZ**  
Orlando, Florida
- Jon Farmer, WAGA**  
Atlanta, Georgia
- Larry Gentile, WXYZ**  
Detroit, Michigan
- Norman Hall, WBNL**  
Boonville, Indiana
- Irwin A. Johnson, WBNS**  
Columbus, Ohio
- Pete Johnson, WKBR**  
Manchester, New Hampshire
- Bob Jones, KFAB**  
Omaha, Nebraska
- Arty Kay, WVLK**  
Lexington, Kentucky
- Jack McCoy, WHLN**  
Harlan, Kentucky
- Ed Meath, WHEC**  
Rochester, New York
- Jerry Nesler, KCBQ**  
San Diego, California
- Harry Nigocia, WJBW**  
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- Ed Penney, WTAO**  
Cambridge, Mass.
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- Bill Randle, WERE**  
Cleveland, Ohio
- Ray Schreiner, WRNL**  
Richmond, Virginia
- Chuck Thompson, WALA**  
Mobile, Alabama
- Frank Ward, WWOL**  
Buffalo, New York
- Gene Whitaker, WNCA**  
Siler City, N. C.
- Mike Woloson, WNOR**  
Norfolk, Virginia





## IN THIS ISSUE



**STEVE ALLEN**  
**ROBERT MONTGOMERY**  
**GEORGE GOBEL**  
**HAL MARCH**  
**JACK WEBB**  
**RAYMOND SCOTT**  
**LUCILLE BALL**  
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## music from hollywood

*less Street.* This picture features—heavens to Betsy—the first American musical which scandalized the nation. The production was called *The Black Crook*. On opening night in 1867 close to one hundred girls in black tights and leotards danced out onto a New York stage and within a week dominated the small talk of the country. Eventually the scandal subsided, but the girls in tights didn't, and by 1877 companies of *The Black Crook* were being sent into the western territories. Originally a melodrama, someone had souped it up with music and burlesqued the actual lines. Jokes, a chorus line and dancers were added, and it became a hit. In order to reproduce it for the picture, a leading lady who sang had to be found. Angela Lansbury, who sang "My Little Yellow Bird" in *The Picture Of Dorian Gray* was selected not only for her voice but for her figure. Considering that Angela just had her third child, it was marvelous to hear the wardrobe mistress say, holding a tape measure in her hand, "slim as ever." Jerry Antes, working up the number for the show, says: "Tights from 1867 prove that the girls then had slimmer hips and were curvier than today." A controversial remark!

If Jane Wyman ever gives up acting, she can always make a living in the oil business. On location with Charlton Heston, Claire Trevor, and Thelma Ritter, while filming Paramount's *Lucy Gallant* in a Texas oil field, Jane heard a discussion between several oil executives about where they should dig their new well. Kiddingly, Jane pointed to a spot and said, "I'll bet there's oil right there." The executives took her up on the hunch and investigated. Jane just received word that her hunch was right. The well came in but big. The Four Freshmen, who have amassed a large record following lately, will sing the theme, *Lucy Gallant*, in the picture. Joel McCrea's son Jode makes his film debut here but suffered a demotion to do it. The good-looking 6'3" youth was cast to play a Navy Lieutenant, but when Director Robert Parrish took a look at him in uniform, he decided Jode—only nineteen years old—looked too young to be a Lieutenant. So Jode was demoted to Ensign.

Claudette Colbert chose the RKO production *Texas Lady*, in which she co-stars with Barry Sullivan, as the first outdoor drama of her distinguished career. Claudette says, "To me it's a lot more than a good Western story—it's a bit of Americana." The star's only complaint concerning her role was the fact that she had to play the entire picture with her small twenty-four-inch waist encased in a tiny twenty-two-inch corset, which kept her posture authentic for the period. Barry Sullivan, who spent his first noon-hour on a location bordering a mountain stream trout fishing, proudly returned with six beauties. Barry was so proud of his prowess that no one told him for several days that only an hour before he started fishing the stream had been heavily stocked with trout just above his casting site. Sound men are unsung heroes, and many times they are called upon to do almost impossible things and have to achieve them in a matter of minutes. During a love scene between Barry and Claudette, on a footbridge across picturesque Angels Creek near Sonora, Calif., they found that their dialogue was being drowned out by the sound of rushing waters below. The sound crew in just ten minutes came up with the answer. Two pieces of heavy canvas were submerged in the stream, and two more were suspended over the water just out of camera range. It worked perfectly

and the shooting continued uninterrupted.

When you see Dusty, a dog of dubious but definitely diversified ancestry, act in this picture, you'll know that perseverance pays off. His part in the picture was entirely unscheduled. On location in the Town of Murphys, Calif., while shooting *Texas Lady*, all director Tim Whealan had to do was shout "Action," and Dusty bounded into camera range. Every kind of effort was made to keep him out. They tied him up, but he broke loose. They shut him up at home, and a delivery boy unwittingly let him out just in time to make a dramatic last-minute entrance and foul up a big scene. Finally, Whelan said, "If Dusty has that much ham in him, it's cheaper to hire him. Let him act." So Dusty has a role, and he's on his way to Hollywood. Les Paul and Mary Ford will record the title song. Dusty will not sing.

Frank Lovejoy, currently in Columbia's *The Crooked Web* with Mari Blanchard and Richard Denning, glanced through the list of extras on call for a night-club scene. Two names, Daniel Pheasant and then Lawrence Glass caught his attention. He called Mari Blanchard over and cracked, "It's the first time I've ever seen Glass under Pheasant." Judy Clark, the vocalist seen with Jimmy McHugh's orchestra, will sing in this picture. Richard Denning plays the romantic lead but winds up practically without any romance in this film. Denning, who has to wait until the picture ends before he has a single screen smooch, moans, "I feel as futile as a vegetarian working in a butcher shop." Director Jerry Jurian was briefing Mari Blanchard and Frank Lovejoy for a beach love scene in which Mari's curvaceous torso is encased in a daring bikini suit. "We're not supposed to notice Mari too much in this scene," Jurian instructed Lovejoy. "I want you to be the aggressor and dominate. Any comments?" "There's only going to be one of us dominating this scene," Lovejoy grinned, "and I'm not the one in the bikini."

Jennifer Jones, who stars with Robert Stack in *Good Morning, Miss Dove*, brought her year-old daughter Mary Jennifer Selznick onto the 20th Century-Fox set. Director Henry Koster jokingly asked if she was trying to get a part for the little girl in the picture, which is about a school teacher and has dozens of children in the cast. Jennifer shook her head and laughed: "One ham in the family is enough!" Incidentally, Henry Koster is a man who dislikes violence in any form. Although *Good Morning, Miss Dove* is the fifty-seventh picture he's directed, there has never been a gun fired in any of them. A very cute story that Jennifer tells is the one about Peggy Knudsen, a long-time friend and former roommate. As a matter of fact, while they were serving their apprenticeship in New York, Peggy and Jennifer knocked on casting doors together. Peggy came on the set at 20th for the first time, to play the role of a nurse, and walked right past her old friend Jennifer without recognizing her in her costume and make-up as the fifty-five-year-old schoolteacher. Commented Peggy later, "That was one time when I could say 'My, but you've aged!' to a girlfriend without sounding catty." Jennifer was explaining that as Miss Dove in the picture she is made up for many ages: twenty, thirty-five, forty, forty-four and fifty-five. "There's also a scene in which Miss Dove is seen as a baby only a few minutes old," the actress continued, "but they got another girl to play that." Dick Stewart, who plays Dr. Temple, is a known tv singer and has just had his first record album, *Dick Stewart Sings*, released.



Andy's zany records didn't sell. (The one that did sell of course, was "What It Was—Was Football," which was given President Eisenhower.) The executive saw to it that Andy kept on eating by getting him engagements at banquets and conventions. And Andy saw to it that his marriage stayed together in those tough traveling days. Even when things were roughest, he insisted that his wife accompany him. As a result, he's never had it so good: he's a smash hit and a happy husband . . . We bet you're going to be seeing a lot more of a young actor named **Peter Brandon**. He almost stole the play, *The Young And The Beautiful*, away from **Lois Smith** (who is so pretty in this part that you can't believe she was the slatternly barmaid in *East Of Eden*). Up until now his biggest break was in *On-dine*, where he got to kiss **Audrey Hepburn** every night on stage. Peter is very shy around strangers, and one of the most dedicated young actors in town; his wife, Janie, gave up her budding career to concentrate on his, and she rehearses all his parts with him. They live with a fancy hi-fi set and two cats, Willie and Peter, in a fourth-floor walkup cold-water flat. Outside of his work and his records (both classical and popular), his main hobbies are reading about the Civil War, taking home movies, and baseball. He wanders over to Central Park pretty often and looks around for a team that needs another player . . . Some tv stars, **Joan Davis** for one, are miserable when their series are dropped; but don't feel sorry for all of them. **Anne Jeffreys**

and **Bob Sterling** couldn't be happier that shooting stopped on *Topper*. Anne much prefers spectaculars, and Bob had rather get his acting teeth in a good dramatic script any day. They were tired of co-starring with a dog . . . You probably wouldn't recognize **Bergen Evans** (the *Down You Go* moderator who makes up the \$64,000 questions) if you saw him off tv. He doesn't look at all like the college professor he is, but could pass muster as a leading man. He looks ten years younger and three times as good-looking . . . Everyone is going around comparing **Jayne Mansfield** with **Marilyn Monroe** because Jayne's part in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* is a take-off on M. M. But we think Jayne's going to be another **Marie Wilson**. She has the same combination of fantastic figure and deadpan naiveté that has been Marie's trademark for years—and more so. Jayne's figure is so eye-catching that she has been known to steal the spotlight away from **Jane Russell** with no trouble at all. And her seeming stupidity is probably the kind that makes her crazy like a fox . . . Did you know that **Don Ameche's** career started way back in Prohibition days when he used to sing in night spots? . . . **Grace Kelly** isn't the only star who always wears gloves. **Rosemary Clooney** is hardly ever seen without them; she even wears them when she's singing . . . Some other style notes: **Margot Fonteyn** nearly always hides her gorgeous red hair under a cloche hat; she has scores of them . . . **Irene Dunne**, who looks breathtakingly young, goes in for scarves—soft flowing ones that she knots at the neck and lets whip around in the breeze . . . **Nancy Berg** has an evening coat made of gold leather. (She

also has one of the palest complexions we've ever seen; she and **Dorothy Kilgallen** seem to be vying to see which one can be whiter.) **Eva Marie Saint** hardly ever wears a hat over her flowing blonde hair, goes in for conservative clothes in shades of blue . . . Speaking of Eva Marie, you shouldn't have been surprised when she announced she was going to stay in Hollywood—not after we'd told you about her love for her director husband. When he signed a contract with MGM, that guaranteed that she would stay ensconced on the West Coast. Where **Jeffrey Hayden** is, Eva Marie is. So don't be surprised if she makes a movie for MGM . . . When **Joe DiMaggio** is in New York, one of his favorite companions is columnist-commentator **Walter Winchell**. They do a lot of theatre-going together . . . You read a lot about **Susan Strasberg** and her famous father, Lee, who coaches **Marilyn Monroe** in acting. But it's Susan's mother who sticks close to the rising young star, and Susan won the plaudits of her fellow cast members in *The Diary Of Anne Frank* for being able to take direction from someone besides her father. She is very popular with all the cast . . . **Margaret O'Brien** really is very dependent upon her mother. When a crisis arises and her mother isn't with her, Margaret insists that someone call and get her mother to handle it. . . . **Polly Bergen**, movies' gift to tv, turns her multi-faceted talents to the legitimate stage when she co-stars with Ralph Meeker in the dramatic play, *Top Man*. She admits she's scared to death at the thought of doing a dramatic role with as much depth as the part calls for, but friends who've seen the show tell us she has nothing to fear.



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WORTH  
SEEING  
THIS  
MONTH

FOR SHIVERS  
*The Spoilers*  
*Hell's Horizon*  
*Hold Back Tomorrow*

FOR TEARS  
*Lease Of Life*  
*I'll Cry Tomorrow*

FOR LAUGHS  
*The Tender Trap*  
*The Rose Tattoo*

FOR SPECTACLE  
*Oklahoma!*  
*The Tall Men*

FOR LOVE  
*View From Pompey's Head*  
*Girl In The Red Velvet Swing*

# NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



PICTURE OF THE MONTH: Richard Egan (center) steps into a southern hotbox when he attempts a closer look at the high-tension marriage between Cameron Mitchell and Dana Wynter.

## THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD

*A touch of the new South*

■ Heaven help the man who takes a trip into his own past, because he'll find it almost impossible to help himself. After fifteen years of prospering up north with a lovely wife and family, lawyer Anson Page (Richard Egan) goes down south to his boyhood home on a peculiar mission. The wife of Garvin Wales (Sidney Blackmer) a famous novelist, has sent a threatening letter to his publishers claiming that Garvin's literary nurse had embezzled \$20,000 in royalties before he died. Anson takes a train to Pompey's Head, and the minute he steps off it, is assailed by memories. The trouble is—they're in the flesh. Of Dinah Blackford (Dana Wynter) for one. She's a typically proud southern belle who'd vowed to reclaim the estate which her family was forced to sell. Dinah always loved Anson, but she embodied the tradition of ancestor worship and snobbery which made him head north in the first place. To get back the estate Dinah had to marry an ambitious social climber (Cameron Mitchell), who needed to be born again to be a gentleman. When Dinah and Anson meet sparks fly—and Mitchell gets a little explosive himself. Face to face with novelist Garvin Wales, Anson learns how the caste system (of which Wales is a victim) has crippled his personality. (The secret of the \$20,000 is so shameful Garvin's afraid to reveal it to his ancestor-ridden wife, Marjorie Rambeau.) The view from Pompey's Head, or from Dinah's magnificent mansion is lush or decadent, desirable or ugly depending on your place in the hierarchy and the extent of your liberation from it. Anson, being human and a dreamer, is almost trapped by this dreamland. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

### OKLAHOMA!

*A classic musical*

■ To begin with it's one of the most expensive movies ever made (cost \$6,800,000), is in Eastman Color,

has an orthosonic six-channel magnetic sound track and is filmed in Todd-AO. Todd-AO is a new process that uses one camera, one projector and a very deeply curved screen. The movie isn't going on before our eyes. Oh, no. We are practically surrounded by it—(like Cinerama without distortion. Depth, depth, depth. Breadth, breadth, breadth.) The picture's fine. It's about a pretty girl named Laurey (Shirley Jones) and her romance with a cowboy, Curly (Gordon MacRae), which the hired man, Jud (Rod Steiger), would like to smash. Jud is an old-time villain, who scares Laurey so much she agrees to go to a basket party with him. When Curly outthinks him, for Laurey's basket old Jud goes berserk and tries to burn down the whole countryside. Then there's Ado Annie (Gloria Grahame) who "cain't say no" to cowpoke Gene Nelson or peddler Ali Hakim (Eddie Albert), but her father (James Whitmore) solves the problem with a shotgun. The songs you've known and loved ever since Rodgers and Hammerstein introduced them to Broadway in 1942 are still fresh and alive as sung by this cast, and the choreography by Agnes De Mille is always impressive. If you've never heard of *Oklahoma!* you're in for a real treat. And even if you know every song by heart you'll want to see this movie, which is bound to become a Hollywood classic. Prominently cast are Charlotte Greenwood, J. C. Flippen, Barbara Lawrence. Magna.

## THE TENDER TRAP

*Captivating big city comedy*

■ Charming's the word for *The Tender Trap*. Everything about it—the luxuriously appointed bachelor apartment in which Frank Sinatra cavorts with countless chic women, the atmosphere of bright sophistication, the expensive cut of everyone's wardrobe, the smooth lines and the carefree throwing-away of same will captivate you like nobody's business. That is to say, this movie is sheer delight, though it is built on gossamer thread. David Wayne, a married friend from out of town, moves in with Sinatra

for a brief fling. Sinatra has more numbers than the phone book but the one he likes best belongs to Celeste Holm, who plays violin in a symphony orchestra. Enter Debbie Reynolds, very young, stagestruck, talented and independent. She has her life all figured according to schedule. The schedule includes a husband pretty quick but Sinatra can't see himself in that role. But, involved in the tender trap, he proposes—to Debbie and Celeste. At different times, naturally. That's all—except for songs, snappy dialogue and some genuine hilarity. CinemaScope—MGM

## THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING

*A "true-life" scandal*

■ If you were not around when Evelyn Nesbit was prettily balancing a married millionaire and a maniacal millionaire in her daintily gloved hand you will want to see *T.G.I.F.R.V.S.* Evelyn (Joan Collins) was a knockout but she did not want to be. She posed for magazine covers, showed her ankles in a chorus and went home to Mama (Glenda Farrell), who was generally found sweating at a sewing machine. That was before Evelyn met architect Sanford White (married millionaire Milland) who set her up on a red velvet swing (he just happened to have one) and chortled, "Reach for the moon!" The moon and, alas, Milland, exceeded her grasp. Still, he loved her so much he sent her to a dentist (for a cracked tooth) and to a finishing school (for an education?). Sanford was a thorn in the side of Harry K. Thaw (Farley Granger) who always traveled with two bodyguards, a sackful of money and a disquieting flair for dramatics. This flair, as you shall see, rivaled that of John Wilkes Booth. What could Evelyn do but marry Farley? He loved her enough to send her to Europe and then nearly sent her flying off an Alpine peak in a jealous rage. Lily white, that girl was. If you suspected different, this movie will dissolve your doubts. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

## THE TALL MEN

*Gable, Russell and 1500 miles to go*

■ Driving a herd of cattle through 1500 miles of Indians, mountains, rivers, plains, snowstorms and occasional outlaws is not half so hard as driving sense into Jane Russell's head. That's just about what this movie boils down to for Clark Gable. The King is here in his glory; Jane is more often in a painted bathtub, singing out the latest news about whether she prefers tall men (Gable) or other kinds of men (Robert Ryan). Most of the time it's Ryan since he has big dreams (money) while Gable, who planned to rob him and then hired on as partner, has small dreams (a ranch, a cow and you—Janie). He also has a nervous, trigger-happy, younger brother (Cameron Mitchell). The plot's complicated (after all, it's 1867 and there's a lot of untamed land it has to unwind on), the scenery is often spectacular and the going is rough. But with Russell and Gable along it's nearly always fun. CinemaScope—20th-Fox



## THE ROSE TATTOO

*The tragic-comedy of Anna Magnani*

■ The deep understanding that Tennessee Williams brings to the eccentric people and off-beat themes he writes about is brilliantly highlighted by the acting of Anna Magnani. She plays the immigrant wife of a truckdriver in a Mississippi town, and the mother of a sensitive, bright, young teenager (Marisa Pavan). Anna adored her husband, who had a rose



tattoo on his chest. It's only after his death that she hears rumors of his romance with a cafe hostess (Virginia Grey). Tortured by doubt and grief she proceeds to fall apart in the magnificent, tragic-comic way she has mastered. She suspects the innocent sailor (Ben Cooper) her daughter loves, she scorns her fishwife neighbors, she harries her priest in an attempt to make him reveal her husband's confessions and she succumbs to the courtship of another truck-driver (Burt Lancaster). To Magnani Burt is "a clown with the body of my husband," and it's the body she can't resist. Lancaster is extremely funny as a somewhat idiotic, sentimental suitor. Go see *The Rose Tattoo*. It's one of the best movies to come out of Hollywood this year. VistaVision—Para.

#### LEASE OF LIFE

##### *A stirring, made-in-England drama*

■ Some movies cry and scream about the meaning of life and the message hits you like a wet towel. *Lease Of Life* is a quiet, beautiful treatment of a major theme. Robert Donat plays a gentle, dull vicar of a small Yorkshire village. His wife (Kay Walsh) was reasonably content until now. Now their talented daughter (Adrienne Corri) has a chance for a music scholarship in London. But the vicar has no money and never was ambitious. He's been asked to deliver a sermon at a nearby school. He's merely flattered, but his wife knows that it may lead to a big promotion. Donat discovers he has a bad heart and won't live more than a year. Overwhelmed by this knowledge he delivers an impromptu, impassioned sermon to live life with courage, joy and individuality. He's shortly branded a libertine; his wife commits a criminal act in her desperation to help Adrienne's career and Adrienne is spurred on to maturity. Very subtle, very moving and very beautifully photographed, *Lease Of Life* is well worth seeing. Eastman Color—I.F.E.



#### THE SPOILERS

##### *Gold and greed in Alaska*

■ Crafty Rory Calhoun is the new Gold Commissioner up in Alaska, handing out fair deals right and left. I don't trust him a farthing, mutters John McIntyre. But his partner, Jeff Chandler, trusts him enough to hand over their mine for the law to ponder its rightful ownership. It turns out there is no law—just Rory and his faker friends, foremost among whom is Barbara Britton, a lady if Nome ever saw one. What Nome has been used to seeing is Anne Baxter, decked out in black lace, and pink hoas and slinking after Jeff like Mae West. (He likes it, too.) Also in Nome is a man named Blackie (Ray Danton). He's on nobody's side but he goes smirking around shooting people in the dark. To get back to the story, Jeff gets back his mine. (I forgot to mention the dynamiting, blood-letting, brawling and intrigue that occurs beforehand.) Technicolor—U.I.

#### HELL'S HORIZON

##### *Mission in Korea*

■ A bridge across the Yalu River has to be destroyed so Pilot John Ireland and his crew (including Bill Williams, Hugh Beaumont, Chet Baker and Larry Pennell) are hauled out of their tents to do it. The crew would rather hunk headquarters but Ireland—tight-lipped, cold-hearted, mean, ambitious corrupter of women that he is, (tries to steal Marla English

away from Larry Pennell and he has the rank to do it) is not at all loath to perform this bit of heroics. And away they go—flying, flying in the clouds. Bombs away, someone finally shouts. Boom goes the bridge. Sixteen MIG's at five o'clock. What's sixteen MIG's? Ack-ack-ack—down they go. One man wounded, one dead, one suicide. How'd that happen? Well, there's a hole in the plane and he sails through it. Easy as pie.—Col.



#### A LAWLESS STREET

##### *A "killing" Western*

■ Don't think Randolph Scott likes being sheriff and having his blood tainted with murder. Still, every morning he brushes his clenched teeth, hoists his holster and bops off a criminal. Respectable businessmen like Warner Anderson and John Emery hate him because they wish to take over the town themselves. They even hire several gunmen to eliminate Randolph, but he's a tricky target. Comes the day he plays dead and that town goes crazy, paradoxically restoring two women to their sanity. There's Jean Parker who sees she is too old and tired to carry on with Warner behind her husband, and there's Angela Lansbury who decides not to marry Warner since she is already wed to Randolph. In the midst of these luminations Randolph returns and Lor', what a great day that is! Technicolor—Col.



#### I'LL CRY TOMORROW

##### *The life of Lillian Roth*

■ The tragic, somewhat heroic, dimensions of Lillian Roth's story are reduced to soap opera proportions in this film version. Lillian was driven to stardom by a neurotic mother, driven into ruinous marriages and alcoholism. After sixteen years of dying she rose to triumph both personally and in her career. Only Jo Van Fleet (Lillian's mother) seems real. In its attempt to cover a life crammed with conflict and action MGM hitherto skirts over the underlying causes to parade a succession of characters and events that never take root. Susan Hayward plays Lillian. Some of the men in her life are Ray Danton, Don Taylor, Richard Conte, Eddie Albert.—MGM



#### HOLD BACK TOMORROW

##### *Love in a death cell*

■ Here's a real happy movie. Starts with Cleo Moore diving into a river and cursing the guy who yanks her out. But she was saved for a higher purpose—i.e., to cast some form of ecstasy into the remaining hours of girl-killer (he strangles 'em) John Agar's life. Cleo, or for that matter any girl, is his last request and the warden can't find it in him to refuse. Well, it all goes to show you never know how or where you're going to meet Mr. Right. Cleo's joy, I'm sorry to say, is necessarily short-lived.—U.I.

#### RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

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

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

**THE LEFT HAND OF GOD (20th-Fox):** Humphrey Bogart, posing as a priest, and Gene Tierney portraying a nurse bring to the screen an adventure story with a spiritual quality. CinemaScope.

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

**REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE (Warners):** An excellent movie about the juvenile delinquents who come from "good" homes. James Dean is splendid as the confused youngster. With Natalie Wood. CinemaScope.

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

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

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

**BLOOD ALLEY (Warners):** John Wayne and Lauren Bacall have some pretty narrow escapes before they are able to move an entire village out from under the noses of the Red Chinese. Nice work if you can get it. CinemaScope.

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



20th Century-Fox presents

THE  
LIEUTENANT  
WORE  
SKIRTS

HERE  
COMES  
THE  
YEAR'S  
MAJOR  
COMEDY  
HIT!

IN  
CINEMASCOPE

COLOR by DE LUXE

starring

Tom Ewell  
Sheree North

with Rita Moreno • Rick Jason • Les Tremayne

Produced by  
BUDDY ADLER • FRANK TASHLIN

Screenplay by  
ALBERT BEICH and FRANK TASHLIN

Story by ALBERT BEICH



He's got  
that  
"ITCH"  
again...  
... (this  
time  
it's  
for  
Sheree)



## the top ten

1. DEBBIE REYNOLDS\*
2. GRACE KELLY
3. LIZ TAYLOR
4. DORIS DAY
5. JUNE ALLYSON
6. MARILYN MONROE
7. ANN BLYTH
8. JANET LEIGH
9. JANE POWELL
10. PIER ANGELI

1. ROCK HUDSON\*
2. MARLON BRANDO
3. TONY CURTIS
4. TAB HUNTER
5. ROBERT WAGNER
6. WILLIAM HOLDEN
7. JOHN WAYNE
8. JEFF CHANDLER
9. CHARLTON HESTON
10. JAMES STEWART

## modern screen special achievement award

JAMES DEAN

## the top ten new stars of the year

1. KIM NOVAK\*
  2. JOAN COLLINS
  3. MARTHA HYER
  4. COLLEEN MILLER
  5. MARISA PAVAN
  6. SUSAN STRASBERG
  7. SHIRLEY JONES
  8. NATALIE WOOD
  9. ANITA EKBERG
  10. VIRGINIA LEITH
- 
1. RUSS TAMBLYN\*
  2. WILLIAM CAMPBELL
  3. PERRY LOPEZ
  4. FESS PARKER
  5. BEN COOPER
  6. RICHARD DAVALOS
  7. RICHARD EGAN
  8. JEFF RICHARDS
  9. RAY DANTON
  10. JOHN KERR

## star of star awards

CLAUDETTE COLBERT  
JOHN WAYNE

\*Silver Cup Winners

# Announcing modern screen's silver cup award winners for 1955



Congratulations! To the winners of MODERN SCREEN's famed popularity awards. And to you—our readers and their fans. We'd like to send a silver cup to every one of you who makes these polls possible. But the awards represent the respect and affection of over 5,000,000 readers and that's a lot of cups. So we'll have to stick to your top favorites.

Beginning with the all-time greats, we proudly present our Star of Star awards to Claudette Colbert and John Wayne. Your votes have put these two stars in our permanent hall of fame.

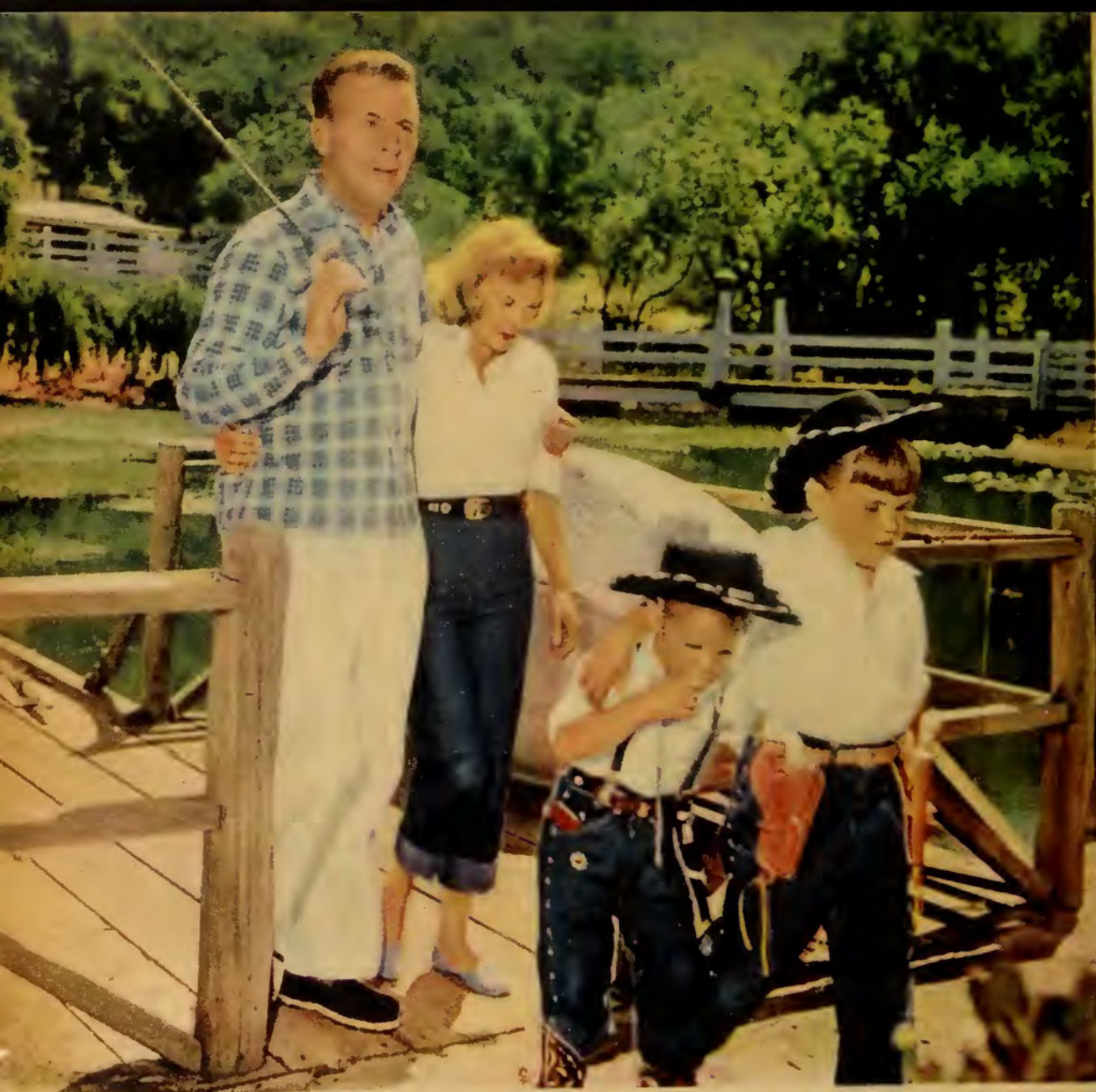
You star-makers did it again—picked Rock for first place. And you've given the bride of the year, Debbie Reynolds, another reason to feel proud. Debbie moved up from fourth spot last year to the winner's spotlight.

Two bright young stars—Kim Novak and Russ Tamblyn—got your vote for the greatest new stars of the year. Remember last year's new-star award winners—Grace Kelly and Bob Francis? Grace went on to take second place for top honors this year and Bob, too, was headed for the top ten before his tragic death last summer. Another gifted young actor was taken from us this year but not before you recognized his genius and exciting potential. His name was Jimmy Dean and to him—in your name—we present the MODERN SCREEN Special Achievement Award for 1955. No star ever deserved it more.

Thanks again for your enthusiasm and good judgment. Over the years you've made our Silver Cup Awards a national institution. You've made Hollywood sit up and take notice of the stars in its own backyard. This year proves once again the importance of your votes. We couldn't do without you.







Powell family sets out for an angling afternoon. (Ricky and Pamela look more Roy Rogers than Izaak Walton!) Lucky Powells have a lake right on their property so all they have to do is roll out of bed and make with the lines and sinkers. The lake is well stocked with bass and blue gill, contributed by the government as insect insurance, plus goldfish contributed by the Powells. Result: Lake Powell is teeming with finny folk.





*Sorry, the Powells  
can't be  
disturbed . . .*

# Gone fishin'

■ Counting their blessings on this their tenth year of marital bliss, June and Dick didn't forget Lake Powell. The swimming pool is standard star equipment but not even Garbo owns a private lake. The Powells' three-quarter acre of rippling, sky-blue water has been a source of joy and contentment for the whole family. June and Dick and the kids love to go out together on a rowboat just at dusk, sometimes to fish but more often just to relax. Ricky has even made friends with the fish. He runs to the edge of the water, night and morning, with bread crumbs. He calls and whistles and in a few moments up swims a little black fish about ten inches long. Then, little Bosco, to give him a name, turns and swims away. (June and Dick swear they've seen it happen.)

The privacy of Lake Powell suits June and Dick just fine because they've had more than their share of prying eyes over ten years of marriage. The Powells have had some troubles and arguments, whether more or less than any other couple they wouldn't be knowing. "I can say this, though," Dick remarks wryly, "both of us have taken our marital obligations and our try at happiness with con- (Continued on page 29)



*Sportsman Dick instructs his willing wife in the fine art of casting. "See . . . it's easy, all in the wrist . . . just sort of flick the line out over the water and wait for the fish to bite."*



*Jubilant June signals five (count 'em five!) bass. Plenty more where they came from, so get with it, June, or the fish will take over. Say . . . anybody know how to drain a lake?*



*Ricky's worm-string-pole technique*





opposite) looks just fine to Junie but Richard insists upon more professional type equipment—and absolutely, positively no giggling allowed!



*THE POWELLS celebrate their tenth year together by taking the whole family for a day's fishing—in their own backyard lake*

siderable determined seriousness. Ten years, two children and still-intact marriage vows add up to quite a respectable achievement. In some cases, I think it even surpasses that of the few writers who have chosen to throw harpoons in our direction."

Dick Powell is a truly big man, as indicated by his casual reference to the annual rash of stories to the effect that he and June may not be long for this domestic world. They never quite get used to the attacks, but the nearest Dick has come to wrath on the subject was just after he and June had returned from their "tenth honeymoon," spent aboard a yacht in Fourth of July Cove off Catalina Island. A columnist asked how he and June were doing marriage-wise. "Fine," Dick replied. "Just fine!"

"But," interjected the reporter, with a smirk, "what about tomorrow?"

"Who knows about tomorrow?" Dick responded, "but as long as you're making a sardonic approach, let me tell you about a friend of mine. He was getting along perfectly with his wife one day, and the next . . ."

"Yes," the reporter broke in, sensing a bit of gossip, "what happened then?"

"Nothing much," Dick replied, before walking away. "He just got out of bed the next morning and fell out of an open window. Now tell me, how'll things be with you tomorrow?"

There has been a big change in the life of June and Dick, though, in recent weeks. That anniversary celebration aboard a chartered yacht was the most fun they've had since Dick owned his own boat, the *Santana*. "I sold that," he says, "because it was so expensive to keep up, and only a real rich guy like Humphrey Bogart, who bought it, could afford yachting."

June and Dick are silent about the week they spent to celebrate the beginning of their eleventh year of marriage. "I had quite a time getting June to go, in the first place," he recalled. "June is a girl who hates to go anywhere, but when she gets there, she always hates to leave. When it came time to weigh anchor, her excuse was, 'Hadn't we better stay awhile longer? It's liable to be rough sea on the way back!'"

But the Powells had to come home, for a new and important chapter was about to begin in their lives, marked by Dick's decision to produce and direct the remake of *It Happened One Night*. They had worked together as actor and actress before, but June had never worked for Dick under his direction. She had some surprises in store. For one thing, he looked at her critically one day, then said, "We're going to change your make-up."

June grinned and retorted, "Yes, boss," figuring (Continued on page 75).





*Except for one brief-excursion to Paris together, Bob Wagner and Barbara Darrow never left the Alpine town where The Mountain was filmed. Both claimed the cold was "invigorating!"*

*At local events Bob and Barbara preferred Coke to wine, spouted their few words of French at every possible opportunity. The natives, used to tourists, preferred to talk English to them!*





by COLETTE FERRY

■ I am not, by nature, a mountain-climber. I go big for valleys and warm, heated rooms. When I heard, among the bits of snatches of American gossip meted out to Americans abroad, that Bob Wagner had fallen hard for his co-star in *The Mountain*, that he and Barbara Darrow were The Real Thing, I didn't think it was going to involve me in ice and snow and doctor bills. I merely thought I'd have a look for myself. So I took a train to Chamonix, an attractive little resort town at the foot of Mont Blanc in the French Alps and went straight to the hotel where the cast and crew were staying. It was called Les Alpes.

"I am looking," I said to the desk clerk, "for Monsieur Robert Wagner, the movie star."

(Continued on page 77)

# BOBBY, IT'S COLD UP THERE!



"Just call me R.J., boy mountain goat," Bob announced. On his hikes up the Alp, he amazed the populace with a weird, off-key yodel.



by IDA ZEITLIN

Mr. and Mrs. Vic Damone  
proudly present  
Perry Rocco Luigi Damone  
BORN JULY 21, 1955

“And the whole  
world played  
sweet music”

Vic sits on the Venetian couch in the den, watching TV. Nourished and dry, Perry Rocco Luigi lies beside him, giving out now and then with an accomplished gurgle. Pier trips down from above, rounding the corner of the staircase. Vic looks up at her. It's no casual glance. When people stare—even her husband—Pier goes shy. “What's the matter?” she asks, to cover her confusion. “Nothing. I just can't believe that you're up and around. And laughing. I want to fill my eyes with it.” This little scene recurs again and again. Or some variation of it. There was the day he brought her home from the hospital. Again she had to go to bed. “But for only two weeks,” she exulted. “Imagine, Vic!” Memories came crowding of the weary months of her pregnancy, of the patient little figure lying endlessly quiet. Filled with almost unbearable tenderness, he smoothed the hair from her forehead, making a wishful promise, exacting a pledge. “From now on, no more sickness for you, my darling, and no more tears. Only big smiles all the time.” “If I smile all the time, people will think I am stupid.” Then the laughter broke. “Let them think, who cares?” Both have good reason to know that life's not one (Continued on page 72)







while Dick croons "I'll always love you"

# RITA RUNS TO ALY



*Official purpose of the trip was to deliver Yasmin, five, to her father for six weeks—though some said Rita was more anxious to see Rebecca's dad, Orson Welles, now remarried and living abroad.*

■ Rita Hayworth arrived in Paris, fresh from the *Queen Elizabeth*, on a Tuesday afternoon. At nine o'clock that evening Aly Khan, her third ex-husband, took her to dinner at her hotel. Four hours later, at one A.M., he said good night to his former princess and told reporters that he had no comment to make about a renewed romance, but that there was "no reason why I should not take her to the theatre sometime." Rita, also queried, said, "Well, I am very friendly with him," and let it go at that. Of her status with Dick Haymes she said, "No divorce plans as yet," but days later by mail she filed for a Reno divorce. During all of which, back in California, Dick repeated that he loved his wife, wanted her back, and dedicated "Come Rain Or Come Shine" to her, every time he sang.





*Aly's lawyer, Mr. Thorem, met Rita at the ship in Cherbourg.*



*Their second day in Paris, Rita took Rebecca, 10, to Dior while*



*Yasmin went to Grandpa, the Aga Khan, at Neuilly.*



*With her nurse, Yasmin was taken to her first race, and watched Papa ride. Aly waved his hat to her and the little princess, thrilled, put down the huge plush teddy bear presented to her by the Begum (wife of the Aga Khan, but not Aly's mother), the better to watch Pop through field glasses. Meanwhile, back in Paris, Rebecca went to the Louvre and Napoleon's tomb with Mama, but didn't see her father at all.*



# KELLY KNOWS

*She looked and talked like*

*Grace—but in Carolina,*





by SUSAN WENDER

# BEST

*she didn't act like Grace*

■ "Please, Miss Kelly," said the trembling boy, knees knocking above his white bucks, "I hate to bother you, but if you could just put this on for a minute and pose with me I can pledge my fraternity." He held out a girl's white sweater.

Grace Kelly stopped dead in her tracks in the lobby of The Manor, a stately old hotel on the outskirts of Asheville, North Carolina, and took the sweater from his hand. It was obvious that it would have been a scandalously tight fit on a 12-year-old. "Where are you from?" she demanded.

"Colby College. I came all the way from Maine. I can't get pledged without the picture," he wailed, gazing at the blank faces around him. Several of the faces switched to a threatening expression and moved closer.

"Now, leave him alone," Grace said. "I know how fraternities are." She turned to the boy. *(Continued on next page)*





(Continued from previous page) "I'm certainly not going to get into this, but you phone your pledge master and ask him if we can pose together, *holding the sweater.*"

"Gee!" said the boy. He made the phone call and a few minutes later took his place beside Grace, who posed primly, holding the offending sweater at a respectable distance, with shocked fingertips.

As the boy left the lobby, clutching his roll of film, she sighed and shook her head. "This," she said, "is certainly my month for college boys!"

That morning a delegation from North Carolina had showed up to present her with the title of Miss Homecoming and a request to be present when their team played the nation's toughest eleven—Maryland. The week before a dozen stalwarts from Clemson Agricultural College, S. C., had terrified the desk clerk into admitting them to Grace's presence. There they had not committed assault, but announced that she had been voted Miss

*Grace Kelly: In private the*



Personality Plus of 1955, and withdrew in good order. Ten seniors from Furman University in Greenville drove over one Sunday with a plaque stating that they considered her their Dream Girl of the year, and the Asheville prep school threw discretion to the winds and proclaimed her Miss Everything!

It was all very flattering, but it had its ironic side as well. For these collegiate and crew-cut lads—plus her father—made up the sum total of Grace's male visitors during the entire stay on location.

Not that there hadn't been fun. You can't assemble a cast consisting of Alec Guinness, Jesse Royce Landis and Louis Jourdan and expect everyone to remain straight-faced. Grace had been known (though not till the joke was over) to sneak off to the telegraph office and dispatch several impassioned and love-struck wires to Guinness, signed, mysteriously, "Alice." There had been long walks in the countryside, sight-seeing excursions with Papa Kelly, sociable evenings. But men? Nary a one. (Continued on page 67)



*cool, classic beauty dissolves into a warm, impulsive woman who delights the camera with a fresh mood*



*Grace Kelly appeals to men as a challenge. Which lucky fellow will break down her reserve? Which one will make the lady laugh, or cry or love? Grace's charms lie in her rarely expressed, but potently suggested inner life. That life, as shown here, proves Miss Kelly can be as flirtatious, kittenish, impulsive, dreamy as any other well-brought-up young woman her age.*





*The Melchers bought their house in San Fernando Valley from Martha Raye and took their time (four years) about redecorating from Early American to casual French Provincial. The Pink Room, an enclosed porch close to the pool, is their own family creation and the most popular spot in house.*



# the Lady in Pink

*Doris Day admits the color*

*flatters her; husband Marty doesn't mind and son*

*Terry's happy as long as the floors hold up and there's room for bop dancing*

by MARVA PETERSON





*Pink Room (above) is used for family entertaining. More often Doris and Marty eat dinner there alone by candle-light. Pink breakfast bar (below) dominates pink kitchen and accounts for Melcher appetites and early morning good humor.*



■ In the prettiest pink kitchen in North Hollywood a farm-size breakfast was in the last stages of preparation. Katie, the cook, was squeezing her customary quota of a dozen fresh oranges. A pot of hot Sanka gurgled and gave off delicious puffs of steam. A pound of bacon sputtered and turned crisp on the griddle. A pan of three-minute eggs sizzled as Doris Day shuffled into the room. "Good morning, Katie," she called out cheerfully, slipping onto one of the counter stools in front of the snack bar. "Breakfast ready?"

Katie grinned and passed a loaded plate over the counter.

Almost immediately Doris was followed by Terry Melcher, her robust blockbuster of a 13-year-old son. Terry gave his (Continued on page 75)



LOUELLA PARSONS:

# WELCOME HOME, KIDS!



*Mike Todd threw them a party 48 hours after they got in.*



*As hostess I had first look at Deb's ring—the one she got after the wedding.*



*Debbie kept her furry red coat on all evening, it was so cold.*







*Eddie took me aside to whisper that the first thing they want is a son!*

*Oh, so tired, and oh, so happy, Debbie and Eddie came home from the hectic honeymoon and told me all about it!*

■ "We're going to have a son as soon as we can," Eddie Fisher told me with great solemnity the first time I saw him after his marriage to Debbie Reynolds.

Barely able to restrain a smile, I asked, "What if it's a daughter?"

"It won't be," Eddie assured me, with all the conviction of a young man who is very used to having everything go his way.

And, by golly, I suppose it *will* be a boy, just like Eddie says—which will be perfectly all right with Mrs. Eddie, you can bet.

The kids were frankly dead tired. Or rather, travel tired and almost groggy from catching plane after plane. Outside of the two days they had taken off from Eddie's traveling salesman's chores plugging Coca-Cola, which he advertises on TV, to get married, the bride and groom had been on continual go, go, go for two weeks.

The plane they had boarded in Kansas City at 4 a.m. had not set down at Los Angeles' International Airport until after 7 in the morning of a day that was to be the start of a hectic week end at home.

There were only forty-eight hours for seeing relatives and family, some members for the first time since their marriage. Eddie had to



*Uncle Miltie Berle was one of the 500 guests congratulating the kids.*



*Lucille, Desi and Debbie had champagne—Eddie drank Coke!*





*Gary Cooper beamed down at the kids. Now there's a man who could tell them about Hollywood marriages—the good and the difficulties.*

# **"WE'VE BEEN LIVING LIKE TRAVELING SALESMEN, NOTHING BUT PLANES AND TRAINS FOR TWO**

check in with his doctor about stomach pains, nagging and persistent (which turned out to be just nervousness). There were business conferences with the agents of both the bride and groom and all this to be topped by a "Welcome Home To Debbie And Eddie" cocktail party which producer Mike Todd was hosting in their honor. Five hundred friends of the couple invited! Just an intimate little affair!

The weather which had been mild and warm turned unexpectedly cold, which would not have mattered except that to accommodate all those who had accepted, the party had to be moved *outside* the house and into a huge tent, which was hurriedly put up in just three hours time.

It was a beautiful job, (Continued on page 68)

*Lori Nelson, who was there when Deb got her engagement ring, hugged*







*Danny Thomas got a kiss from Debbie, who looked about 14 to me*



*And Anna Maria Alberghetti had congratulations for a fellow singer.*



*Close pal Peggy King gave best wishes—but her own marriage is over.*



*Jeanette Johnson (Deb's maid of honor) and Bernie Rich attended.*

**WHOLE WEEKS," EDDIE TOLD ME. "WE'RE EXHAUSTED—BUT WE'RE AWFULLY, AWFULLY HAPPY!"**

*her . . . Then she and Leon Tyler, another old friend of the honeymooners, gave the ring—and the bridegroom—their official approval.*



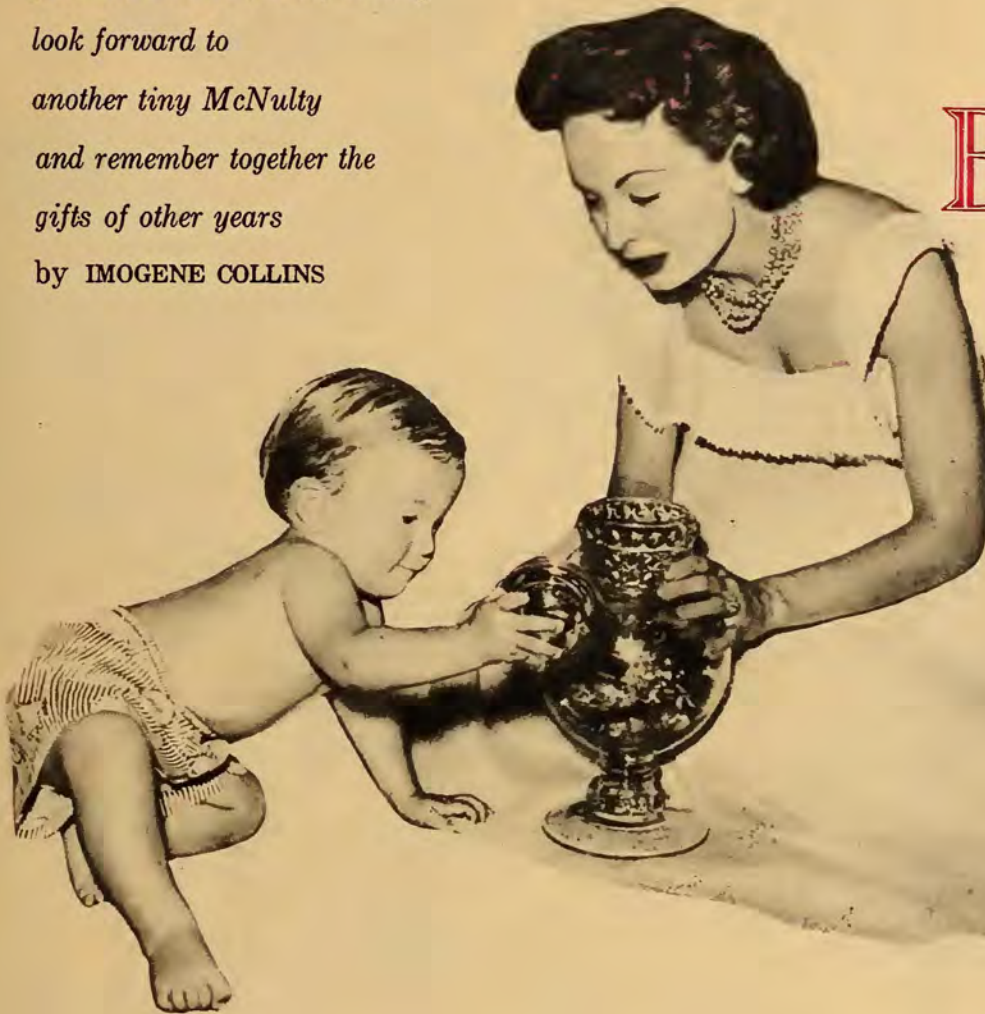






# The three Christmas trees of Ann Blyth

*This is a joyous season  
for Ann and Dr. Jim, as they  
look forward to  
another tiny McNulty  
and remember together the  
gifts of other years*  
by IMOGENE COLLINS



■ This year's tree promises to be Ann's very best but its glory cannot dim the memories of three other shining trees. Trees that made Christmas such a special time for Mrs. McNulty. As she and Dr. Jim trim the giant evergreen with precious ornaments, some saved from Ann's childhood, her thoughts will travel back to last year when tiny Timmy blessed their home, back to her first Christmas as Mrs. McNulty, and farther back to that memorable tree-trimming when Dr. Jim proposed.

This year Timmy will be old enough to stare in awe at the twinkling lights and brighten at the presents chosen with such love and care by Ann. (His mother hopes so!) "He will probably go waddling into the living room clutching that little teapot, he loves so much. He walks now, you know," Ann says with considerable pride. "And who knows? Maybe under the tree he will find something that he will love better than that battered tin pot."

Ann is praying for a very special family present. When you ask what she wants for Christmas her face lights up with inner happiness and she smiles slowly, "What more could I possibly want than a baby?" She hopes that the new baby due early in December will put in an appearance more or less on time. "It's only because I would so love to be home on Christmas and so many times I have had to be away. It would be so wonderful to be home with Jim and Timmy."

Oddly enough, Ann's happiest Christmas Day was spent away from home. (Continued on page 66)



# EDMUND and LINDA: WHAT HAPPENED IN VENICE



*According to Purdom: "I came abroad because I needed a vacation quite badly. I've made six films in a row in Hollywood and I wanted to get away." According to Hollywood: "Purdom's behavior toward his wife was disgraceful. Before he left he and Linda were constantly smooching in public—and neither of them finally divorced!"*

■ Ever since he fell out of love with his wife and in love with Linda Christian, Edmund Purdom has been a prime target. Never more so than last summer when he spent a whirlwind holiday with Linda in Venice, Barcelona, Rome and London. Columnists, gossips and the outraged public drew a bead on him. Purdom reacted characteristically. He went right on doing what he wanted to do, and in fact seemed rather pleased by all the brickbats. It had been the practical thing, this trip abroad. Purdom couldn't go out with Linda in Hollywood where public opinion was strongly in favor of his martyred (Continued on page 62)

by THELMA MCGILL





According to Purdom:  
 "I'm here with Linda  
 because she speaks Italian  
 and I don't and she  
 graciously offered to  
 translate for me." Accord-  
 ing to observers: "Linda  
 didn't have to translate  
 anything because they  
 never spoke to anyone but  
 each other—not even  
 other Americans. They  
 just wanted to be alone!"



According to Purdom (looking over  
 Venetian glassware and scenery):  
 "Linda and I may marry and we may  
 not. Frankly, I don't want to be  
 asked. It becomes a bother!"  
 According to London observers:  
 "He brought Linda here to meet his  
 parents. As for her—why, she can't  
 play a love scene if Edmund's  
 looking on. Embarrassed, you know."





*She's bright, she's bubbly, she's  
boy-crazy, clothes-happy, teen-aged  
and oh-so-grown-up Natalie Wood*

by JANE WILKIE

# SEVENTEEN! SEVENTEEN! cutest doll they've ever seen



*Actor John Smith is a new date—  
Natalie goes for boys in show business.  
"We understand each other."*



*Nick Adams kissed her at a party;  
first screen kiss came from James  
Dean in Rebel Without A Cause*



*Marty Milnar takes her out,  
too—Natalie averages 7 dates a week  
when she isn't working!*





■ I first met Natalie Wood when she was six. I had a lot of questions to ask, but I never got to them. Natalie took the interview in hand with her opening statement. "I don't like girls much," she said. "But I do like boys."

This time, 11 years later, I got right to the point. "Tell me," I said to 17-year-old Miss Wood, "how do you feel about girls?" "I don't like them much," she said. Then she brightened. "But I still like boys!"

The feeling is mutual. At 17, Natalie's blonde hair has darkened to a soft brown, her eyes are a mixture of childish wonderment and adult wisdom, and her figure has developed into a dainty replica of Venus. In action she is all teen-ager, bouncing here, running there, her conversation skipping about in the same way. (Continued on page 70)



*Mom and Natalie look like sisters, act like friends—as long as Natalie keeps checking in on time.*



by  
George  
Stevens

*For nearly two decades tall, affable George Stevens has been a force for artistry in Hollywood. From Gunga Din to A Place In The Sun he has contributed some of the best movies we have had. At this moment he is putting the finishing touches to his latest picture, Edna Ferber's Giant, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson and the late James Byron Dean, of whom he wrote this moving story.*

■ I spent six hours today with Jimmy Dean, as I have most of the days in these past two months. He is always up there on the projection-room screen in front of me, challenging me not to like any part of him in the picture. And there is no part of Jimmy I don't like, no part of him that hasn't always the attraction that goes with complete naturalness. Maybe it is the way he sidles next to someone, chin hugging his chest, then squints up out of the corner of his eye, mumbling a greeting. Or maybe the way he can run a boyish giggle right through his words or, without losing an iota of expressiveness, violate all the dramatic precepts and persistently present only his back to the camera.

When there is this much distinction and force to a personality you can't believe it can ever be destroyed. Certainly for me, as I put together his last picture, *Giant*, the Dean who drove to his death on a cool September evening in northern California is unreal. The real one is the Jimmy I knew and (Continued on page 68)

# A TENDERNESS LOST

photo by Roy Schatt





More pictures on the following pages



JAMES DEAN: "He had an intense, special enthusiasm," says close friend Roy Schatt who taught Jim photography, took these revealing pictures.



Parties at Roy's found Jim, glasses off, beating the bongos with grim determination, happy but never quite relaxed.



He was always looking for special effects, crouching in difficult corners, peering around chairs for that odd, off-beat effect that characterized his life. He posed with Roy in rehearsal halls, the street, anywhere. No one stared at him then. He was just one of New York's theatre kids, living it up on a shoestring of talent and hope.



*In Hollywood his last  
date was with starlet  
Ursula Andress*



*Date photos by Darlene Hammond*



*Their relationship was stormy, unlike Jim's quiet, deep love for Pier Angeli. "Ursula and I fight like cats and dogs," he said. But just before his death they split, and afterward Ursula wept, "He was a lonely boy . . . Perhaps, if I had said something . . ."*



by Audie Murphy

■ During the war, we soldiers would catch up on sleep at every opportunity. For me, very often, the peacefulness of an Army church service on a sunny Sabbath morning would lull me to quick slumber. Once our chaplain kidded me about it. "I'm not satisfied with the amount of praying you do," he said to me. My answer was:

"You do the prayin'  
and I'll do the shootin' "

That's what I said then. I feel differently now. I have come a long way since the bitterness of wartime in general and my smart alecky reply of that day in particular. The truth was, as the chaplain well knew, you prayed all the time you were up in the battle area. But for a nineteen-year-old it was hard to reconcile being blessed for killing, in the face of the Fifth Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

Those days, in between being hungry and tired and scared, I walked around full of question marks which I sometimes tried to sort out but never could. Part of what I was doing then, it seems to me now, was trying to get a sense of relationship to life beyond the actual moment of living it—in other words, beyond the moment that a bullet might anytime end it.

I suppose that to counteract a demoralizing fear that I might die





and became an indistinguishable part of the past any second. I wanted an imperishable identity with the future. For that you needed spiritual faith. My search for it, as far back as I could remember, had never been an easy one.

I first knew God, in my Texas boyhood, as a fire-blasting monster who, I was told, would take great delight in throwing the likes of child sinners like me into a hot place called Hell. The man who thus interpreted Him for us was the preacher of our little backwoods church.

I remember the preacher well. His face would get angry and red, his words would come at us in ranting outbursts, and his gestures were threatening ones, made with clenched fists. Sometimes he even danced in his fury, not unlike the witch doctors of primitive peoples.

Listening to this preacher, and to others of the district who were like him, I came close to never having any religion at all. I went to church in the first place seeking comfort, and, I think, reassurance about life. I wanted to be told that it could be better than the way we in our family lived it, cursed by poverty. But what I sought in that church I didn't get.

#### **I never was young**

People know me for my record as a soldier. But the truth is I must have done some of my best fighting in a war I was in long before I joined the Army. You might say there never was a "peace time" in my life, a time when things were good. I can't remember ever being *young* in my life. I never had just "fun." I am one Texan boy who never had a pair of cowboy boots. I am one native-born and native-bred American male who actually doesn't know the rules of our national pastime—baseball. I never had time to play or the paraphernalia you play it with. I never had a bike. It was a full-time job just existing.

My mother never made it. Continued poverty and enforced self-neglect wore her down until she had no resistance to disease. She ailed steadily. In a home where food was hard to come by, medicine and treatment were unattainable luxuries, not necessities. She died when she was in what should still have been her vigorous years. Her story, including her early death, is not unusual in the history of a sharecropper's family, particularly when the sharecropper himself runs off, leaving his wife to take care of their children—in Mother's case, nine of us.

When do you get a nickel for the collection plate at church when you are in a fix like this? Not often. When do you get a change of clothes to wear Sunday, let alone a new or good suit? Never.

I usually owned only one pair of jeans, and for years my nickname among kids who knew me, particularly the girls, was "Short Britches" because mine were usually never as long as they should be. My mother would wash my jeans regularly and they would get clean, but also shorter.

When I was fourteen and felt moony about a girl, I did all my admiring of her from a long distance off. I was too ashamed to come closer. There were my short britches. There were my home-repaired shoes—the soles stitched to the uppers with bailing wire. And there was the time that would be wasted if I talked to her that I might better spend picking up wood for my mother, or chopping for hire.

Yet from time to time I would somehow find myself with a nickel for the church collection and I would go. I would be the last to slip in after the service had started, and the first to leave when it was over, so that I wouldn't need to meet anyone. I would sit and listen . . . while fire and brimstone thundered from the pulpit.

(Continued on page 60)

*All my life people  
told me, "You  
can't!" I won't make  
that mistake with  
my Vittoria*

## **NO APRON STRINGS FOR MY KID!**

**by Shelley Winters**

■ I was looking at my baby the other day and couldn't help wondering about the problem she has dealing with all of us. The nurse wants her to take her nap on the dot. I would like her to orate a little Shakespeare. Her grandmother wants her to act like a lady.

Something tells my Vittoria Gina that she can't please everybody so she just mutters a little and lives her own life. If she's smart she'll keep this up—not the muttering but maintaining her autonomy.

Of all the things people agreed I might be when I grew up, none selected or approved that which I wanted to be—an actress. My relatives never said, "No, don't be an actress." They just shrugged their shoulders as if it were the silliest ambition they had ever heard. My friends said coldly, "Be yourself!"

It had been like that before in my life. When I was fifteen and living in Brooklyn I saw an ad in the *New York Times* calling for models. I was not only undeveloped, I was gangly. But I decided to be a model. While everyone laughed at me, I went to Manhattan and got the job.

Modeling built in me a knowledge that the experts (and everyone is surrounded by "experts" on what to do with one's life), while not exactly wrong; can be made to be wrong if one has enough determination to overcome handicaps. I'm not against getting advice. But analyze it and analyze where it comes from! And make your own decision. One of the most important things for any girl to find out is whether she has good judgment about herself.

It was only this knowledge that kept me going in Hollywood when a producer told me how far I was from

being an actress.

"You're not photogenic," he said. "You can't act. Your voice is bad. Your teeth present a camera problem. Maybe you could get along on Broadway on the stage, but I don't know what you're doing in Hollywood."

I knew. Hollywood had signed me for \$125 a week. That was twice as much as anyone else in the family was getting, so I came out. I would have come out for \$75 a week. I would have come out if it had been nothing but a chance to act. Ever since I could remember, I had felt I could be a player on the stage. If the producer had known that he would have saved his breath. I'm glad he didn't know, because he did give me things to work on—my features, my voice, my teeth—I did what I could with them. My acting I took even more seriously than before.

As my Vittoria Gina grows up, I want her to be a positive person, not a passive one. Oh, I know I'm full of ideas and I'll be after her to do this or do that. But every time she shows that she has her own ideas and the will to stick to them, I know that I'll be secretly pleased.

I'll tell her my story—that I had to do my own thinking, my own doing, and that somebody was always there to say, "You can't." And that they were wrong.

I plan to do even more. I plan to make sure that when Vittoria is eighteen she'll be independent and able to finance her career, whatever it is. If I agree with her choice, fine. If I don't, she'll be able to say, "Sorry, Mom!"

And off she'll go to live her own life. The way I did. The way all of us must. Nobody can live it for us.





*Her toes were frozen,  
but her heart was warm,  
and Terry Moore  
brought Christmas to a  
bunch of the loneliest  
GI's in the world*

# NEVER HOME FOR CHRISTMAS



*"They had a tree,"  
Terry said, "deco-  
rated with chopped-  
up beer cans and  
surgical cotton."  
Wearing a black, se-  
quined gown, she  
sang, danced and  
kissed the boys  
in Iceland,  
then did a show  
in a plane for a  
ship down be-  
low. "I'm getting  
spoiled," she  
told those who tried  
to thank her.  
"Twelve trees a year,  
and all this mis-  
tletoe!" It was her  
third Christmas  
away from home.*



■ Terry Moore had no business dancing with the drummer.

It simply isn't done in the better places. No one who was at the battlefield in Korea in the waning days of 1953 would call it a better place, yet there are certain social amenities to be observed in any officers' club.

The drummer didn't mind. While the band played its own souped-up version of the divine *Stardust*, Terry snuggled a little closer to the drummer's chest. He, being a tall, lean fellow, had to bend his head way down to whisper in her ear, "Look, honey, I won't pretend that this isn't heaven, but you're not making a score with the big boys around here."

"Shush," Terry whispered back, "you have as much right to (Continued on opposite page)



a little fun as anyone else. Besides . . .  
The distant rumble of big guns grew louder. The band swelled its music to cover the annoyance, and the boy and girl in this strange setting danced on. Terry was thinking that it was mighty tough that all the men in this miserable outpost couldn't be with their wives or sweethearts on this night before Christmas. The drummer, well aware that the eyes of all the officers in the place were on him, decided not to think at all.

Girls who are born rebels like Terry can understand her feelings. She'd known the drummer back in Hollywood, and she didn't intend to let a little thing like Army protocol prevent their having one dance together. Except for one lieutenant who chose to give Terry a short lecture on the inadvisability of dancing with enlisted men in the officers' sanctum, no one objected. Nor was there any protest when Terry and the troupe adjourned a few minutes later to the non-com's club, where the scrawny Christmas tree was decorated with bits of paper, cut-up beer cans, and surgical-cotton snow.

"Someone dug up a tape recorder," Terry remembers, "and we made musical history that night. We called the band *The Crazy Combo*. A crazy combo it was and still is. I've never heard such crazy-one arrangements dreamed up on a bass, trumpet, drums and accordion, and I don't think that anyone who was there will ever forget that Christmas."

Those who really appreciated what Terry and the troupe did for the fighting men that Christmas were the wives and mothers back home. All the performers will treasure the dozens of thank you letters they received from them for months afterward. Friendships formed during that Christmas still exist. *The Crazy Combo* for instance is still alive and kicking the musical gong around.

Drop in at Frascotti's restaurant in Hollywood any night and ask for Al fellow, the drummer. He'll testify to that tacky night in Korea.

And he can tell you, too, how Terry and her mother, without a wink of sleep, limbed into a jeep and bounced out to dangerous fox holes in the hills Christmas morning to sing and talk to the men.

On the way home, Terry began to realize how much she had experienced in real living on this Christmas.

"It is difficult to put into words," she says now. "I felt, somehow, that I had been given a great gift. To be honest, I had been reluctant to go. Christmas has always been a very special day in our family, with relatives from Utah and San Francisco gathering at our home each year. I felt cheated because my holiday the year before had been a miserable one. I had been sent out on personal appearances with a picture, and I'll never forget my loneliness on Christmas Day of 1952. I went to church in Nashville, Tennessee and when I had to walk back into the hotel alone, I was almost crying. Everybody in Nashville was snug and happy at home."

After that experience, Terry vowed that she'd never be away from home at Christmas again. She was doubly determined next year, having made what she thought was one last exception with the Korean War. But, just as the 1954 holiday season approached, she received a long distance telephone call from Washington, D.C. Colonel Joseph Goetz was on the line, inviting her to go to Iceland for Christmas as a special guest of the Air Force.

"It was such an honor to be asked," Terry says, "that I simply couldn't say no. I told Colonel Goetz I'd be delighted." The choice of Terry Moore was deliberate on two counts. First, in an informal poll of Air Force men, she was far

and away the actress they wanted most to see. Secondly, the Air Force was not insensible to the nearly tragic injustice that had faced Terry the year before in Korea, when only the personal intervention of General Maxwell Taylor saved her from being sent home in disgrace.

This time Terry was asked to form her own troupe, which she did, starting with Gil Lamb for the master of ceremonies. Then she looked for girls of different types, trying to figure which would appeal most to the Air Corps men. Among the volunteers was Angie Dickinson, a tall, lovely girl with a face like Ava Gardner's and a figure that would cause Jane Russell to turn around and stare. For added excitement, plus plenty of action, she invited Faye Nuell, the promising young dancer. For still more spice, she enlisted Bonnie Lee Sloan, the terrific hillbilly singer. Then, to round out the bill, music was provided by the sharp combo which is now playing at the Plymouth house on the Sunset Strip.

On December 22nd, 1954, the little group of sixteen, including Terry's mother and dad, clambered aboard an Air Force DC-6, which would normally carry about seventy people, and took off on a non-stop flight to the base at Westover, Massachusetts. Here they stayed overnight while Terry and her gang entertained at the hospital. Next morning they were airborne again, headed for Iceland. Because their number was so small, they were able to convert a large part of the plane into a rehearsal hall, and Gil Lamb and Terry whipped the show into shape. At 2 a.m. the day before Christmas, they landed at the Iceland air base to find nearly 3,000 soldiers milling around, waiting in the icy, ten-degree weather.

"I don't know what we expected," Terry says, "unless it was igloos, but we found really nice hotel rooms at the airport, all decorated for Christmas. And someone had scrawled Yuletide greetings across the face of the mirror in my room. The officers and their wives gave us a nice party, but they cut it short so we could spend the lion's share of our time with the enlisted men. Those guys marched out on parade on Christmas Day in a 110 mile-an-hour wind, which is really something in that treeless part of the world. Nevertheless, we managed to throw snowballs to work up an appetite. Lucky for us we did, because we ate Christmas dinner at four mess halls, and every time we sat down we ate like we hadn't seen food in days."

"During one of the shows I had a wonderful surprise. As a part of the act, I sang 'Gimme A Little Kiss. Willyu, Huh?' to one of the men—Gil Lamb would pick one from the audience—and I got the kick of my life when Don Morris, a big guy from Grand Rapids, Michigan, came up on the stage. He brought a copy of his home-town paper, *The Herald*, which had a picture of me kissing his best friend, Corporal Jack Sawinski, in Korea the Christmas before. He'd been toting the picture around with him, but he never expected to ever see me in the flesh. In fact, he very nearly didn't, because in his pocket he had orders for his transfer to Orly Field in Paris. That kiss was really something! The rafters shook for ten minutes after."

Next morning the American base at Prestwick, Scotland. Terry and the other girls were showered with gifts, from expensive cigarette lighters to souvenir trinkets. The GIs simply had to do some Christmas giving in person. When Terry said to one of them, "I don't know how to thank you, and I don't have a gift for you in return," he replied, "You kids being here is plenty."

From Scotland, they flew on to the

Azores where they performed for the world's most exclusive television station, erected on the Air Force base there with a radius of only one mile. After a roaring good time Terry's troupe was off twenty-four hours later on the longest leg of their ocean hops—to Bermuda. On the way, the Captain passed back word that they would soon pass over a Navy weather ship, a tiny bucket of a boat on which men were stationed for thirty days at a time in one area to provide constant weather information for American planes. The Captain had radioed, telling the Navy men who he had on board, with the result that he had an urgent request for special musical numbers and pleas from sailors to have just a couple of words with Terry.

"It was the darndest experience any of us had ever had," Terry recalls. "Here we were 4,000 feet in the air, cruising at 300 miles an hour, putting on a show over the radio for Navy boys on a ship which, when we dropped down below the overcast, looked like a cork bobbling in a rippling stream."

New Year's Eve was spent at Kindley Air Force Base in Bermuda. Then it was on home again, by way of Westover Field.

This time Terry's return was not heralded by any headlines suggesting that she'd taken the trip for publicity purposes. Those who had stirred up the big squawk the year before, if not a little ashamed of themselves, were strangely silent, for there was not one feminine star of Terry Moore's calibre who had given up Christmas for so unselfish a project.

When the point was brought to Terry's attention, she changed the subject. "Remember all that fuss about the bikini bathing suit?" she grinned. "Well, I'll let you in on a little secret. On this last trip I had a shimmering, black-sequined evening gown that made that little ermine job look like a pair of coveralls."

And now it's Christmas time, 1955. For weeks, Terry has been busy furnishing her beautiful new home in Coldwater Canyon. This time, she and her family and all their relatives are planning Christmas at home.

"But I'm not so sure," Terry says. "I'm getting used to not being home for Christmas. You see, I've been spoiled. I'm getting used to having dozens of Christmas trees and dozens more kisses under mistletoes all over the globe. Any day now, I expect a telephone call from some branch of the service, asking me if I'd mind a little round-the-world holiday. When and if that happens, I'm afraid I won't be able to resist!"

*Terry Moore is in The Best Things In Life Are Free, a 20th Century-Fox Production.*

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** There is no better way to express the thoughts of thousands of men and their families than to publish the following letter:

Headquarters Iceland Air Defense Force  
Army Air Transport Service

Mr. Harry Brand,  
20th Century-Fox Studios,  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the officers and enlisted personnel of this base, I am enclosing a letter of appreciation to Miss Terry Moore for her appearance at this station.

The performance of Miss Moore and her cast more than offset the dejection experienced by each of us in not being able to be home for Christmas. The conduct, both personal and professional, of each member of the troupe was excellent and reflects much credit upon themselves and their profession.

Sincerely,  
(signed)

J. C. Bailey, Col. USAF, Comm.



# RORY CALHOUN

## on juvenile delinquents



■ Rory Calhoun, who from his thirteenth birthday to his twenty-first year worked up a criminal record which included a half-dozen reformatory and prison sentences, has his own theory about curbing juvenile delinquency—"The Space Theory," he calls it. He thinks a boy must have space to move in—wide country space, not the confined brick and asphalt canyons of the city.

"Men who make laws forget how powerful is a kid's urge for action, and that action should be fishing, hunting, riding," he says. "Curb that instinct and before you know it it is being expressed in other forms, maybe burglary instead of fishing."

Rory remembers that when his parents brought him to Los Angeles from wooded Santa Cruz, California, he used to make long street car rides to get to the outdoors. "I was still not thirteen, and hadn't made my first mistake yet," he recalls. "I'd save my pennies to get to some place like the Santa Monica Hills. The first thing I ever stole was something shiny—a gadget of some kind I don't even remember. Do you suppose I would have bothered if I could have had a field to hunt rabbits in, a dog to scare 'em up, and anything, even a sling-shot, to let fly at them?"

"If civic leaders realized one important truth about juvenile delinquents, there would be only half as much trouble. To most kids breaking the law is not a means of profit, but a form of adventure. They've got to do something or bust . . . even if it's busting into prison. Nobody ever wanted to lock me up when I was a kid. I used to insist on it. I had to do something or bust."

## you do the prayin'

(Continued from page 57) I remember, when I was about ten years old, sitting on a back bench in church one Sunday, and coming to the conclusion that I didn't believe Hell could be worse than the particular patch of Texas I lived in—as my mother, my brothers and sisters, and I found it to live in, anyway.

But my mother's religious ties to the church remained as strong as ever, no matter how wretched her life. I used to sit and watch her in her pain, wondering, childlike, at God's failure to relieve her suffering. Occasionally I would express my doubts to her about Him. She never chided me. I am sure she thought I was too young to know any better. But her faith never wavered.

### The oldest male

By this time my older sisters had married and left the home, leaving me as the oldest. I wasn't in my teens yet but fully aware that I had a wage-earner's role as the oldest male in the house. And of course I couldn't make enough money, picking up odd jobs that a boy can do, to help much.

All in all it was a pretty unhappy boyhood, and back of it all was the shadow of my father, for whom my hate grew stronger and stronger as the burdens he had thrown off piled up on me.

(This hate, incidentally, no longer exists. I have since concluded that it is not my prerogative to pass judgment on him, that he may have had what to him were compelling reasons for what he did. We have met and talked, without digging up the past.)

If I wasn't forever turned from God those days I think it was because man's instinct is to believe. There came other times and places in my life when the idea would strike me that He was perhaps making Himself known to me. I would be sitting somewhere quietly—on the bank of a stream, in a deserted chapel or church I happened to enter—when I would experience a feeling that He must be. No more than this—and sometimes it is a little saddening that it is no more than this. But if He will not give any more definite sign of Himself, or define His wishes, there is at least the compensation of being able to invest Him with such qualities as one thinks He must have.

This God, whom I can neither prove nor disprove, is not to me a complicated Being who has to be made understandable via long and involved interpretations of Biblical passages. God, as I see Him, must be truth itself, and the truth is always simple. On this I base my faith.

My everyday practice of this faith takes the form mainly of conducting myself so that I hurt no man wilfully, myself included. A person can destroy himself as effectively as he can the other fellow. If I can say to myself at the close of each day that I have committed no offensive deed to anyone, knowingly, then I can sleep.

My faith tells me too that fear is no part of God's ways; there is no fear or any threat of fear, of any kind and for whatever reason. I wouldn't want any man to live in fear and I am sure God, who must outdo us all in goodness, would not.

This is religion quite simplified, I know. But it will have to do for me. I think a preacher should be a teacher, a gentle, understanding teacher, and never a voice of doom continually threatening all within earshot. I think it is shameful to be frightened into anything, even into religion.

A girl I know once told a friend that she feared no one and nothing except God,

and the friend replied, "God is the only One you need never fear." I like that, because it illustrates how I feel about Him. It seems to me that out of fear come many evils, selfishness, lack of self-respect, cruelty.

A group of soldiers are ordered to advance against heavy fire and they all have fear. If one of these has no self-pride to call on then his fear will cause him to hang back while the others go ahead and take the brunt of the punishment. You are very conscious of this when it takes place in battle area. It is not that cowardice is a sin; no man has a patent on fear, and I never met anyone who hadn't tasted it. What you hate is the selfishness in a man who won't try to conquer his fear, and instead uses the lives of his buddies to shield his own. In the front line especially, and I think it is true in all life, the answer to "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" is an emphatic yes.

I can recall being under massive artillery barrage in France and hearing fellows pray all around me. For some reason I would always be irritated when I would overhear the words, "... please God, save me . . ." Then one day, as we were out in pretty open country and being pounded by heavy shelling, I heard a GI mumble these same words again and an answer formed in my mind. "Hey, why save just you?" I wanted to ask. "There's a whole company of us out here!" It seems to me that if a man can help it he ought not to try and whine himself into Heaven.

### An unwilling partner

Nor do I think that we compliment Him any by constantly claiming Him as a partner in our private enterprises. I think He has been made a member of a lot of firms and enterprises He would be just as happy to resign from. Nor do I think that God wants credit for our achievements.

I remember someone telling back home about a farmer who bought a terribly run-down place. The house was a splatter of broken boards, and the fields were a tangle of weeds. He worked hard for months and finally had the farm in fine shape; the house neat and paint fresh, long straight lines of cotton in the fields, and hogs and chickens in the yard.

Then the local preacher came by and introduced himself. He welcomed the farmer to the community. He said he hoped to see him in church regularly. "And son," he ended up, "you and the Lord have done a good job fixing up this farm. I want you to know that. You and the Lord have done right well here."

"Thank you, Reverend," said the farmer. "I think so, too. But you ought to have seen the place when the Lord was farming it by Himself!"

My folks attended the Baptist Church, and I am today a member of the Highland Park Methodist Church in Dallas, Texas. I was never baptized in any one church as a child and with the simple faith that is my guide now I do not think there is any need for baptism.

Let me enlarge on this as best I can. That my faith is simple does not mean that I take it lightly, nor that this is why I speak thus about baptism. I have quite an active wonder about religion.

I often carry this wonder into a place where I think I can best commune with it, and that place often is a church. And it seems to me that God would not stay out of any church in which men have gathered to be near Him.

I think that way back in Texas, when I sat all through that hellfire in church waiting to hear about the loving God my mother used to tell me about, I felt I might meet Him anywhere, anytime. I still do.



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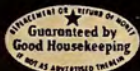
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# VIC IN A CORNER

and with two French models, that's not a bad place for Mature



"I don't get this Y-line, honey—I mean, bébé. Elucidate. Where does it begin? Where does it end?"



"It can't go like that, sweetie; women don't go like that! Well, of course I'm an authority!"



"Ed, I will now explain you the Y-line. You got to dig it, O'Brien—they're gonna change women around to fit it!"

■ Victor Mature, not bad himself with a line, flew all the way from London, where he's making *Safari* for Columbia, to Paris, where he did some personal research on the fashion city's new "Y-Line."

Vic couldn't have asked for more pleasant circumstances for his initiation into French fashions. Two of Paris' most exotic models took personal charge of his instruction.

It happened at a party at Paris' Georges V Hotel, given by London Savoy Hotel press agent, Jeanne Gilbert, to cement Anglo-Franco hotel relationships.

Good-natured Vic, not wanting his pal Jeanne's party to be a flop, led the parade of celebrities who dropped in. Although he didn't mind making the trip from London, he did balk at Jeanne's suggestion to end the evening with a bus excursion to Montmartre to watch the sun rise from the foot of Sacre Coeur.

Flanked by two Columbia executives, he beat a hasty retreat.

## what happened in venice

(Continued from page 48) wife. Besides, Linda was making a picture in Barcelona. And so Purdom took off for Europe, flew first to Switzerland to see his sister, then to Barcelona for the rendezvous with Linda.

In Barcelona, Linda Christian waited anxiously for the man she refers to as "a friend." On the set of *Thunderstorm* (a picture in which she plays the role of a girl with a past who brings bad luck to every man she encounters) Linda was nervous and ill at ease until Purdom arrived.

The two became inseparable. Every morning Purdom visited the set, helping and advising Linda. One morning Binnie Barnes, the producer, walked up to Purdom and said, "When Linda is playing a love scene with Carlos Thompson, I wish you'd stay out of their range. When Linda sees you she finds it difficult to warm up with Carlos. And Carlos when he sees you is just too embarrassed."

Purdom deferred to the producer's wishes. Next morning a story to the effect that Binnie Barnes had thrown Edmund Purdom off the *Thunderstorm* set, allegedly for interfering with the production, was all over Barcelona.

Unruffled, the tall, dark Englishman denied it. "Hardly fair, that rumor," Purdom explained. "I may have offered Linda a little advice. But any friend would. It's true Miss Barnes asked me to stay in the background during the love scenes. But that's only because Carlos Thompson got embarrassed when he saw me looking on."

### The happy pair

Away from the set Linda and Edmund were gay, carefree, almost like honeymooners. They toured Barcelona with Linda doing the interpreting and Purdom proudly pointing out, "She speaks six languages, you know."

At the Ritz Hotel "the two friends" held court. To inquiring reporters Edmund explained, "Linda and I may marry, and we may not. I don't know, and frankly, I don't want to be asked. The trouble with having any kind of a relationship on our level is that people keep on at you about it. After a while it becomes a bother." And he would shake that magnificent head of his and look slightly perturbed and Linda lovingly would entwine her arm in his and say, "Come on, darling, let's eat."

One afternoon an Italian producer who wants Linda to make a film in Rome, flew into Barcelona. He met the happy pair—they had a friend in tow—in the Ritz—and immediately got down to business.

From his bulky briefcase he took a fat motion picture contract. Handing it to Linda, he began to explain the various clauses in Italian.

Purdom, who doesn't speak any Italian, turned to the visiting fireman. "You know," he volunteered, "I'm very proud of Linda. She worked out this Italian contract all by herself. No help from agents or lawyers."

"Those stories you've heard about her being a rich, idle girl—they're not true. When she was married to Ty Power she had to give up her career. Now she's very serious about it. Those stories about her getting a million-dollar divorce settlement—exaggerations. Linda is not interested in just money. She'd like some good parts."

From Barcelona, Linda, her hair dyed blonde, and Purdom journeyed to Venice. Somehow the story broke in Italy that Linda and Edmund would get married. Since Purdom wasn't even divorced at the time and Linda's divorce from Ty Power wasn't final, the newspaper headlines embarrassed both (Continued on page 64)





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## PARTY SECRETS

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## A THOUSAND PRIZES FOR YOU

We want to know which stars you want to read about, what you like and don't like in MODERN SCREEN. We want to know all about you, because your opinions are carefully tabulated to direct all our future plans. Just to make it more exciting, if yours is among the first 1000 questionnaires received, you will be sent one of the prizes listed below. Please check the gift you would like:

- ☐ The Bad Seed (Dell novel)  
☐ The Night Of The Hunter (Dell novel)  
☐ The Man From Laramie (Dell novel)

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

### 1. I LIKE JUNE ALLYSON:

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

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

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

### 2. I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:

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

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

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

### 3. I LIKE RITA HAYWORTH:

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

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

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

### 4. I LIKE GRACE KELLY:

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

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

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

### 5. I LIKE DORIS DAY:

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

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

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

### 6. I LIKE ANN BLYTH:

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

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

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

### 7. I LIKE EDMUND PURDOM:

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

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

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

### 8. I LIKE AUDIE MURPHY:

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

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

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

### 9. I LIKE TERRY MOORE:

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

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

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

### 10. WHICH BEST DESCRIBES WHAT YOU DO OR HAVE DONE:

- ☐ I keep a scrapbook of movie stars  
☐ I used to keep a scrapbook but stopped  
☐ I've never kept a scrapbook

11. ☐ I pin up or frame movie stars  
☐ I used to use pinups but stopped  
☐ I've never used pinups

### 12. DO YOU USE STARS' PHOTOGRAPHS AS REFERENCE FOR HAIR STYLES OR MAKE-UP?

- ☐ yes ☐ no

### 13. IF YOU KEEP A SCRAPBOOK OR USE PIN-UPS, WHAT DOES YOUR COLLECTION CONTAIN?

CHECK ONE: ☐ mostly color shots  
☐ mostly black and white ☐ both kinds

CHECK ONE: ☐ only full page pictures  
☐ any size pictures

CHECK ONE: ☐ mostly female stars  
☐ mostly male stars ☐ both

CHECK ONE: ☐ mostly formal portraits  
☐ mostly informal or candid shots ☐ both kinds

### 14. The stars I most want to read about are:

- |          |      |          |        |
|----------|------|----------|--------|
| a. _____ | MALE | d. _____ | FEMALE |
| b. _____ | MALE | e. _____ | FEMALE |
| c. _____ | MALE | f. _____ | FEMALE |

### 15. To which movie magazine do you subscribe?

AGE \_\_\_\_\_ NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY & STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN  
 Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

(Continued from page 62) parties. Linda said she had obviously been misquoted and that Signor Purdom was not her fiancé.

"But what are you then?" an Italian reporter asked.

Linda blew him a little feather of a smile. "Two friends," she said softly.

In Venice, the two friends—that's what they were called on the Continent—checked into the Lido. The Venice Film Festival was in progress and it was expected that the couple would turn up at the Palazzo del Cinema. Linda was expected to wear something new and ravishing from the Fontana fashion collection.

Instead of joining the other film celebrities, Linda and Purdom remained at the hotel, dining on chicken broth, frogs' legs, boiled shrimp, tomato salad, pie with whipped cream, fruit and a light white wine. The two friends wanted to be alone and despite the pleadings and demands of the Italian journalists who watched their separate suites, they were.

The following morning in order to avoid the waiting photographers, Linda, wearing dark glasses, raced out of the hotel lobby and jauntily stepped down into a motorboat that had just pulled up at the hotel dock. A moment later, coming from the opposite side of the hotel, Purdom did the same. The motorboat whizzed off, taking the lovers to Cipriani's where they lingered over lobster à l'américaine.

"I can't understand it," one lensman complained. "I thought they loved publicity."

Not in Venice, they didn't. They spent much of their time avoiding it, hiding out on the various islands in the lagoon. On Murano, for example, home of the world-famous glass factories, Linda was delighted and fascinated as she watched the glassblowers at work. "Darling," she would say to Purdom as she picked up an ash tray. "do you like this?" And Edmund would nod.

On St. Francis of the Desert, another island out from Venice, Linda and Purdom, just like any other pair in love, sat on the retaining wall, exchanged tender glances, and looked out to sea at the fishermen's boats and the setting sun and the reflection of tall trees in the water.

### Questions and answers

In Rome they were barraged with questions.

Was there any truth that he and Linda were planning on marriage? Purdom was asked.

Said the actor, adjusting his spectacles, "People are making too much out of our relationship. I'm here with Linda because she speaks Italian and I don't, and she graciously offered to translate for me. To show me Rome." And he smiled at smiling Linda.

"How about your divorce?"

"By the time my wife Tita gets through suing me," Purdom confessed, "I'll be lucky if I have fifty dollars a week left."

At this point in the press conference a priest approached the group. Nodding toward Linda who stood five feet away, her back to him, the priest said to Purdom. "A most attractive girl. Most attractive."

"Indeed," Purdom agreed. "Indeed."

"I married her to Tyrone Power," the priest said. And then as casually as he had entered the group, he walked off.

Purdom took it in stride. "Frankly," he continued to the newsmen, "I needed this vacation quite badly. I've made six films in a row in Hollywood, and I wanted to get away."

"Darling," Linda interrupted, "we have to go." And go they did while the tongues of the newsmen clucked.

"I wonder," cracked one, "if Signor Pur-



dom will take Linda home to mother?"  
 A week later Edmund brought Linda to London to his parents.

Said Edmund's mother to her son, "Linda must be good for you. You look much better since you met her. You're fatter in the face and it suits you."

Purdum grinned and Linda beamed happily. Over tea, charming, witty, enchanting, the actress captivated Lillian and Charles Purdom completely. That night Linda Christian felt there would be no parental objections should they decide to marry.

**A difficult young man**

Whether that time will ever come is difficult to tell, largely because Edmund Purdom is a difficult young man to understand. His behavior is unpredictable. He will say the most outrageous things at the most inopportune times.

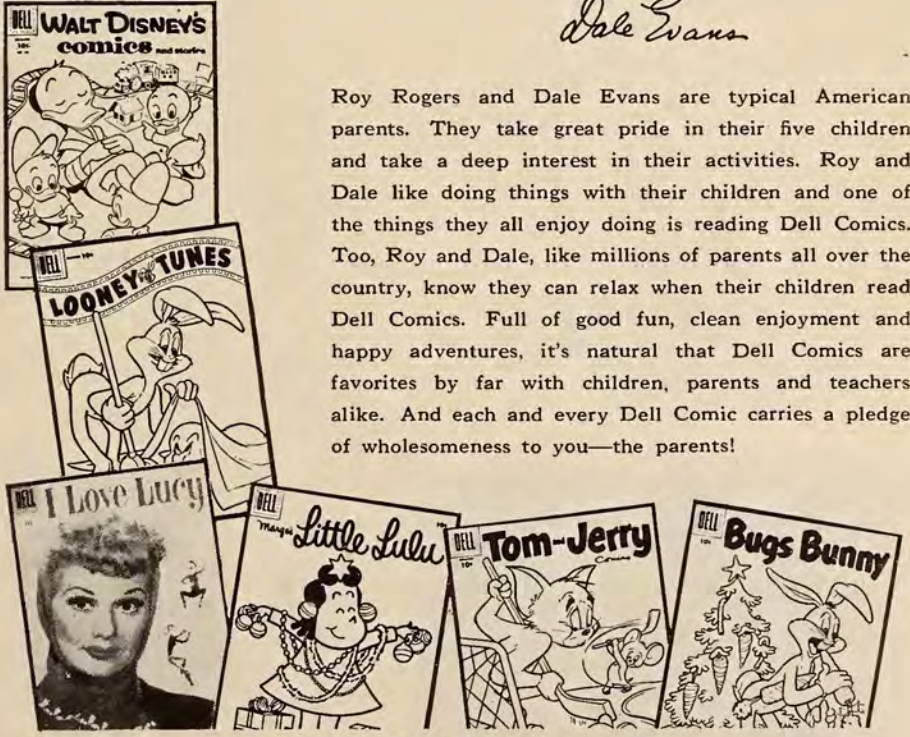
For example, in London he went out of his way to blast Lana Turner, with whom he did not get on any too well during *The Prodigal*.

"I played some scenes with Lana in *The Prodigal*," he revealed one afternoon, "and I didn't know if she was in them with me or not. She was aloof, cool, distant. So lady-like you'd never believe it. If only she'd get back to being what she used to be. She was so good then. They wanted me to make *Diane* with her. In the



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While Grace Kelly was learning how to ride side saddle in Central Park she noticed the same little girl playing in the park each morning. After a few practice sessions Grace overheard the moppet say to her playmate: "Here comes that movie star I was telling you about—the one that only uses one side of her horse!"

*Hy Gardner in  
 The Herald Tribune*

part she was supposed to teach me how to dress, how to speak, how to deport myself. Fancy Lana Turner teaching me how to speak!"

Why Purdom had to talk this way only he knows. A friend who played with him on the London stage says, "He's really very insecure, and being insecure, he strikes out; he says the first thing that comes to mind. He doesn't mean to hurt anyone. He's really a very fine chap. Perhaps Linda will put the bridle on him and make him the likable fellow he basically is."

Linda Christian is a woman of the world, well-educated, widely-traveled, and expert in the ways of men. It was ironical to watch her guiding Purdom around Rome, for only a few years previously she had done the same for Tyrone Power. Linda knows all the sights and smells and shouts of Rome, and in presenting them to Purdom, she undoubtedly impressed him. Because Purdom is a relatively inexperienced young man, especially where worldly women are concerned.

Anyone who has seen Purdom and Linda Christian together, especially in Europe, cannot doubt that they find joy and laughter in their companionship.

Whether love will bind their lives together in eventual marriage no one can say at this point—but a large number of people are anxious to find out.

END

**PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS**  
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(Continued from page 47) But Dr. Jim's love (and ring) went with her to that loneliest spot in the world, White Sands, New Mexico, the proving grounds for the atomic bomb. It was Christmas, 1952, but Ann, as she had done all through the war, was entertaining servicemen—with Jack Benny's troupe. There was a difference this time; her heart was singing because of that ring on her third finger, left hand.

A week before she hadn't hoped for such a Christmas surprise. Jim had come to dinner at home with Uncle Pat and Aunt Cis and they were going to trim the tree afterward. Ann had planned his favorite meal but he hadn't said a word about it. Even Uncle Pat and Aunt Cis noticed how quiet Jim was and so they left the two young people alone to trim the tree. Ann remembers suspecting something was wrong. The Doctor was hanging the ornaments in the most absent-minded manner, putting two or three red ones together, big ones at the top and little ones at the bottom. She didn't know then that a ring was burning a hole in his pocket. It wasn't until after they'd finished trimming the tree and he was halfway out the door that he turned suddenly and said, "I have something for you—will you wear it for me?"

And so, three years ago on the desolate proving grounds in New Mexico, Ann believed she was having the happiest Christmas she would ever know. Now she admits two others have matched it.

The McNulty family is only three years old but its traditions go deep and are nourished by the openly sentimental love you feel the minute you walk in the front door. A door that at Christmas will be

decorated in the spirit of the season. Last year Ann fixed it up to look like a huge package, complete with bow. "I wouldn't think of having an untrimmed door at Christmas," she says.

#### Christmases past

The first Christmas Ann and Dr. Jim spent together set the stage for all the Christmases to come. They were living in the new house at Toluca Lake. Then, as now, Ann and Dr. Jim went to midnight mass at St. Charles church on Christmas Eve, then came home and opened their gifts under the tree. Before they went to bed that night they hung three stockings on the mantel—a big one, a middle-sized one and a tiny one. That last was for Timmy who wasn't born until the following June. It was wonderful to be together that first Christmas they were married but Ann cherishes the next one even more because Timmy had completed the family circle. True, he was only six months old and pretty unimpressed by tinsel and lights, but Christmas is for children, even tiny ones, and Ann rejoiced in wrapping presents for her small son. Last year, flushed with motherhood, Ann bought piles of toys for all the children in the family. "The day itself is wonderful enough, but to me the joy of getting ready for Christmas is so very important. Thinking of the gifts that people will enjoy, finding gifts that make you think of them," explains Ann. This year, she says, she's more self-controlled and has promised to check with parents first and give more practical gifts. But knowing Ann, you know she won't forget the little extras and luxuries that make Christmas the joy it is. She has purchased

almost a hundred gifts for her eighteen nieces and nephews, not to mention the assorted uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, as well as Jim's family. Ann loves being part of a big family and she goes all out at Christmas. During the week before Christmas the McNultys hold open house, a gay, warm, fragrant gift of hospitality to all who know them.

#### The tree

The tree will be set in the bay window of the living room, where the warm glow from its bright lights will cheer everyone passing by. The ornaments include a little house with figures and lights inside, old-fashioned birds with their spun glass wings. The tree is important to Ann because no matter how poor she and her mother and sister might have been there was always a tree. "I don't think I ever missed getting things I wanted in those days," Ann says. "They were lean but happy years—there was always so much love floating around."

The tree will be trimmed early in the week because Ann believes in making Christmas last as long as possible. "It's fun for the children but it's fun for the grownups, too." Then Ann smiles, "For me, at least." Uncle Pat will string lights on the two big camellia bushes that guard the front door the same night Ann and Jim trim the tree.

Ann loves setting up the manger as much as trimming the tree and this year the project has special significance. A friend of the McNultys, a bishop, sent them lovely figurines of the holy family from Europe and these will be used to signify the immortal story.

On Christmas Eve Ann and Dr. Jim will attend midnight mass and open their gifts together when they come home. This will be their very private Christmas together.

*This story happened  
nine years ago—and hasn't  
been forgotten*

## ONCE UPON A CHRISTMAS

■ Once upon a time, in Hollywood, California, there lived a young actress who didn't know what she wanted for Christmas

It was getting very close to Christmas, and all the other young actresses told her that they were getting coats for Christmas, and clothes for Christmas, and cameras for Christmas, and even a car for Christmas. And then they would smile and say,

"What are you getting for Christmas?"

And she would have to shake her head and say, "I don't know." And then she would suddenly smile—and when she smiled, she was very pretty, very pretty indeed—and say, "I know what I'm giving for Christmas."

To the publicity woman at the studio she was giving a jeweled sword pin to fasten into a cummerbund. It hadn't cost much—she was not a star, and she didn't have much money to spend—but it had taken days of combing shops before she had found it. It was the exact pin the publicity woman had seen once, wanted, and been unable to buy because no store had any.

To her teacher, she was giving a wooden barbecue set. "I'm afraid the things we want just don't come in wood any more," the teacher had said to her. And she had filed the information away and found the right set by Christmastime.

To her wardrobe woman at the studio, she was giving a set of silk scarves. She had asked her mother to send to Ireland for the scarves because the wardrobe woman was Irish and remembered the lovely linens of her own childhood.

On Christmas morning she opened her own packages. She had gotten clothes and a camera, and a coat, and she was very happy. But she would have been very happy without the clothes and camera and coat because she had a better gift—the spirit which began that first cold Christmas day when the three kings brought gifts and expected nothing in return.

Once upon a time was nine years ago, and this year Ann Blyth McNulty is getting an extra Christmas bonus. To the actress who knew what Christmas really meant will go a gift even nicer than any she ever gave—a son or a daughter for her husband and herself.

by Aljean Meltsir





And Christmas morning, too, will be shining and peaceful, when baby Timmy opens his stocking

## Christmas Day

After the intimacy of Christmas Eve and the next morning the McNultys will once more open their hearts to a hoard of friends and relatives. Uncle Dennis Day might possibly go the rounds of the family in a Santa Claus suit to delight the children. And in the afternoon Ann and Jim will do a little visiting themselves, delivering gifts. "I hope I'll be able to go," breathes Ann. "One never knows." In the evening comes the traditional turkey with all the trimmings, shared by Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat and probably a few relatives and friends. It'll be topped off by pumpkin pie and raisin pie and plum pudding as only Aunt Cis can make it. Ann still remembers, in long-ago autumns, watching her aunt sift flour and chop suet and citron and measure the spices and steam the pudding, which was put in a mold and

kept in the cellar until the big day arrived. For some, there is a letdown after Christmas, but not for Ann. She goes right on living it in spirit. "It grows more wonderful every year. I think the longer you are married the more you realize how wonderful life is with your family. And consequently Christmas itself becomes fuller and more beautiful with every passing year. I think it is the most beautiful day in the year, and it would be to most people, really, if they stopped to think about what it really is. Despite any other beliefs they might have, I don't see how they can help thinking, this is quite wondrous."

It is indeed. And with her very real Christmas spirit, Ann has asked us to send you a message that she extends to everyone of you in this wonderful country of ours, a wish that you enjoy and be thankful for a very joyous Christmas. And to Mrs. McNulty goes our Christmas wish that this, her fourth Christmas tree, will be the most glorious of all. **END**

## kelly knows best

(Continued from page 39) Kelly is a hard worker always. But in the past she had invariably found a few spare minutes for safariing with Gable, lunching with Crosby, dining out with Oleg Cassini. There had always been at least enough casual dates to produce rumors of serious romance.

Every night in North Carolina Grace was early-to-bed. Of course, she was required to be early-to-rise as well. Shortly after dawn, six days a week, she delivered herself into the hands of make-up men and hairdressers, and sat sleepily while they fussed over her with powder puffs and combs, sneaking sips from her second cup of coffee when they paused for breath. Finished, she would peer at herself through half-closed eyes and wander off in the direction of the set, where, minutes later, she appeared before the cameras, miraculously wide-awake, and beautiful.

At times she felt as though the whole responsibility for this production rested with her. For it had been her idea entirely. Wanting to free-lance, but unable to break her contract with Metro, feeling strongly that her best films had been made outside her home studio, she finally did something positive about the unhappy situation. She walked into Dore Schary's office, a copy of Molnar's famous play, *The Swan*, in her hand, and announced she wanted to play the princess. Schary hadn't read the play since high school, but he was as anxious as Grace to find a script that would satisfy them both. He reread the work, phoned Grace and said, "All right, we'll make it."

The cast had been drawn from Broadway, France, England, some two million dollars budgeted, location trips mapped out and accomplished. And it was all her baby.

## Married?

Of course you can't convince all of the people all of the time that a beautiful woman goes to sleep at ten because she wants to be clear-eyed the next day. There were those who said that Grace was hibernating out of respect to Jean-Pierre Aumont, her great love and even possibly her secret husband. For it was true that Jean-Pierre had followed Grace across the Atlantic, had admitted that his heart was hers—and that Grace had returned to the States wearing a double gold band on the important third finger. Lensmen who promptly aimed cameras at it were asked to wait. "I want to cover it with tape," Grace said.

"Tape?" they said, but they waited—people do wait for Grace.

"Why don't you take it off?" someone suggested.

Grace smiled sweetly. "No," she said. "I don't want to take it off."

The ring has since been uncovered and transferred to the right hand, but never explained.

But to all inquiries Grace replied calmly and consistently, "No, positively no serious romance with Mr. Aumont. No serious romance with anyone." And when the shooting at Asheville was concluded and Grace dropped off in Philadelphia to visit her folks she never once dropped by the Locust Street Theatre where Jean-Pierre was starring in a show called *The Heavenly Twins*. She said a quick, affectionate hello and goodbye to the Kelly clan and then took off for Hollywood. The only time she mentioned Aumont was when a friend asked her if he danced well. "I wouldn't know," Grace said. "I only danced with him once, and that just briefly!" Which came as something of a surprise to those who remembered Elsa Maxwell's reports that when she was their hostess on the Riviera, Grace and Jean-Pierre danced together constantly—and didn't sit out the other numbers with anyone else, either.

## What Kelly wants

Nor did her subsequent behavior in Hollywood indicate that she was preparing for the role of housekeeper and mother. With her she took, not a cookbook, but the script of *High Society*, the musical version of *The Philadelphia Story*, which will probably be her next picture. John Patrick, playwright of *The Teahouse Of The August Moon*, and Cole Porter had been engaged to do the script and the music. Only Grace, besides the MGM front office, knew that the studio hoped to cast Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra in the parts originally played by James Stewart and Cary Grant. When that film is complete, *Designing Woman*, co-starring Jimmy Stewart, is scheduled. And after that—a play.

Not that she has one yet. But her chin sets when she mentions it, and what Kelly wants—you know. So sure is she that nothing will stop her from making her Broadway debut that she has given up her small New York apartment on 66th Street and signed a three-year lease for a sumptuous eight-room flat on Fifth Avenue, near the Metropolitan Museum of Art—an apartment meant to be lived in. Kelly does not expect her show to fold. She plans on a record run. No one, no man, no romance, is going to interfere with that. Kelly knows. **END**

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## a tenderness lost

(Continued from page 55) am living with.

"Hey, you know something, Mr. Stevens," I can hear him say, "that part of Jett Rink in *Giant*—that's for me." That was nearly a year ago, when he first read the script and then came searching for me. Now he casts me sidelong glances from the projection room screen, as if saying, "I told you it was for me, didn't I? Man, I just knew!"

### Jimmy was youth

There are some people who fit themselves colorfully against any sort of background, who always seem to move along a trail of interest so that the eye follows them constantly, speculating on their motives, wondering. Jimmy was like that. On location in Texas I noticed that photographers always kept watch on Jim, knowing that sooner or later he would reward them with a fine picture—maybe silhouetted, lithe and lean on his horse, against a gold and buttermilk sky, or perhaps fooling with a length of rope, making it loop and unloop itself as he talked. Jimmy wasn't a Texan. Jimmy was Indiana born and bred. But Jimmy was youth and he had the free faculty of youth to belong anywhere.

Where do these young people come from, to win identity as our country's best known actors and actresses? Take the three who were together in *Giant*—Elizabeth Taylor, a cameo of a girl, gentle and uncomplicated. Rock Hudson—big, handsome, considerate, blending easily into the teamwork of movie-making. And Jimmy Dean. Jimmy, not flattered at all to be considered cooperative. Jimmy, in a hurry about life and career, needing to cut corners. Jimmy, strangely impractical about saying and doing the right things—yet in every word and gesture a poetical presence with an individualized approach that I know is opening up a new tradition of acting in Hollywood.

## welcome home, kids!

(Continued from page 45) very gay and colorful with all the posts covered with gay streamers and balloons, a five-piece band made with the music, and waiters were everywhere with hot hors d'oeuvres and champagne. But it was chilly.

Because I know Debbie and Eddie so well, Mike had asked me to come early and be his hostess, and right behind me Eddie and Debbie arrived very thrilled about the affair, looking happy and holding hands, but a bit on the beat side.

### Friends

Debbie looked like a doll in a pale gray cocktail suit with a jaunty little pink cocktail hat atop her brownish upswept hair do, but she was so chilly she kept on her coat (a rabbit-fur dyed very, very red) for the entire party. They both kept up a gay barrage of "Hi's" and "Hello, there's" to everyone. Among the first to arrive—and the last to leave—were Roscoe Ates, Casey Adams, the Bernie Riches, Mrs. Gertrude Foege (Debbie's diction teacher) Lori Nelson, Joey Foreman and Leon Tyler—all close friends of the bride and groom.

Eddie suddenly took my arm, swinging us away from the semi-official receiving line to a spot where we could chat quietly for the first time since he and Debbie said "I do."

"I hope Debbie doesn't get chilled," he said, real concern for his little bride in his voice. "Believe me, we're tired. Really

### An odd sweetness

Where do they come from and what gives them the sensitivity to bring life to the characters writers imagine and set down on paper? So many have called Jimmy nothing but a small boy with a big ego—and never have so many over-simplified. I used to feel that he was a disturbed boy, tremendously dedicated to some intangible beacon of his own and neither he nor anyone else might ever know what it was. I used to feel this because at times when he fell quiet and thoughtful as if inner-bidden to dream about something, an odd and unconscious sweetness would light up his countenance. At such times, and because I knew he had been motherless since early childhood and had missed a lot of the love that makes boyhood jell right, I would come to believe that he was still waiting for some lost tenderness.

There is a side to Jimmy which may surprise many who have met and known him, an unsuspected, simple relationship to his time and heritage. He harkened to the kind of mementoes old-fashioned sentimentalism feeds on. A friend of mine has seen a scrapbook Jimmy kept. In it were pasted the usual things about the theatre, a review of Hamlet (it didn't matter who played Hamlet or where it was given—anything pertaining to it he loved), a quotation from another play, a line about himself. But the bulk of the scrapbook was made up of other things altogether, some of them in color. Pasted on one page, the complete marriage ceremony and marriage vows, on another the lyrics to "Love's Old Sweet Song." A full-page picture of a baby's face and under it the following legend: "Watch a child's eye and you will see limitless hope's expectancy." The words to Robert Burns' *My Love Is Like A Red, Red Rose*. The verses of Edgar Allan Poe's *Annabel Lee*.

### So long

Jimmy lost not only a mother's love when she died, but a young mother's love. He was nine and she was only twenty-nine. And Jimmy grew up sentimental,

with an intrinsic sadness to him despite all the foolery and wild gags and loud dashing to and fro. I can see him now, blinking behind his glasses after having been guilty of some bit of preposterous behavior, and revealing by his very cast of defiance that he felt some sense of unworthiness. Yet the very next second the glasses come off, a smile flashes and his whole being is transformed. You were disturbed by him. Now you are dedicated to him. It might be because he had a strong sense of fairness, and a deep regard for performance value. He wanted to do all things well even to spitting a cherry pit further than the next fellow—but he bowed to that fellow if to him belonged the victory. Once, on a set, he did an imitation of Charlie Chaplin and afterward a friend of his, Nick Adams, did an impersonation of Marlon Brando. Jimmy roared at Nick's, waved aside his own Chaplin takeoff and begged Nick to repeat his. Once, before his start in pictures, he found himself on Hollywood's Western Avenue and only fifty cents away from missing an already long-delayed meal. But on the way to a hash house he passed a movie showing a re-run of John Ford's *The Informer* and he couldn't resist going in to feed his emotional rather than his physical hunger. The thought of performing, or of seeing someone else perform was a compelling motivation in Jimmy's life. It so caught his mind that I wondered sometimes if he lived unconsciously in resentment of a life thrust at one with the injunction that you had to live it. He was fascinated at the thought rather of being able to select a life to live.

What would he have chosen? I can't describe it exactly, but no one who ever met Jimmy can forget feeling that he was on his way to that life. I knew it the day we first talked and I knew it the last day I saw him. He blinked at me a couple of times, waved and called out, "So long, I think I'll let the Spyder out." The Spyder was the model name for the fleetling silver scarab that was his beloved Porsche, the car in which he was killed. END

exhausted, but—"and that wonderful happy smile of Eddie's broke through, "—awfully happy."

It was then, out of the blue, he spoke to me of his fond hope that he and Debbie would be the parents of a boy, "as soon as we can."

With such guests arriving as Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, the Gary Coopers, Spike Jones, William Goetz, Peggy King, Anna Maria Alberghe and scores of others, it was hardly time for more confidences. So we swung back over near the door to continue the "hellos."

### A chance to talk

For the next forty-eight hours Debbie and Eddie literally skidded through important appointments and we didn't have a chance to talk again until they came by my house to visit with me and pick up their plane tickets (I had taken care of getting them aboard TWA's Ambassador flight east).

It was our first chance to talk for months, back to that time when Debbie and Eddie were rumored splitting up and all marriage plans called off.

"Mother was looking through the scrapbook she started when Eddie and I first fell in love," Debbie smiled at me, "and you are the only writer who didn't take a crack at us—or say something mean about either Eddie or me."

"That's because I'm very fond of you both and wish you only the best of everything," I smiled. "I believed all along that you two were in love and would get

married, even sometimes, I suspect, when you hardly believed it yourselves."

They laughed—looking like prototypes of all the happy brides and grooms in the world—except that Debbie looked about fourteen in her salt-and-pepper checked jumper with its short sleeved white sweater.

"Tell me the truth, you two," I went on, "did you have any previous plans that your wedding would take place as suddenly as it did and in that particular place?"

"No, absolutely not," they said in unison. "We made up our minds to get married walking back to Debbie's hotel after we'd had dinner," Eddie explained.

"I can prove to you how sudden it was," Debbie broke in excitedly. "When I went east to join Eddie I thought it was for just a day or two, just long enough to go to the Marciano fight and to see the start of the World Series. I took just one small suitcase."

Now, anyone who knows anything about brides realizes that a girl who had any inkling of an impending wedding, secret or public, just couldn't have made such a momentous journey with one little suitcase.

"Little did I know when I was packing that what I was taking would turn out to be my trousseau."

"Some trousseau," her bridegroom kidded.

"To delight the eye of my 'beholding bridegroom,'" laughed Debbie, "I had two dresses, two tailored nylon nightgowns,



both previously laundered; two slips, one bra with straps, one without; and two pair of pink panties.

"I called mother at eleven o'clock at night Los Angeles time and told her to head east with a wedding dress! Just like that! Man, was she surprised!"

I didn't have to ask them why they had chosen Grossinger's for the nuptials. My young friend Eddie has a wonderful characteristic—his loyalty and faithfulness to old friends. He never has forgotten Jennie Grossinger's kindness to him when he was struggling to find his place in the sun. And it was there that Eddie Cantor heard him sing one New Year's Eve and signed him then and there.

#### Rings and things

So it was back to Grossinger's, in its beautiful setting in the Catskills, that Eddie took his Debbie and summoned his parents and hers for their marriage. So quiet was the wedding and so hush-hush that it was Milton Blackstone, Eddie's manager and close friend, who was dispatched to Tiffany's to get the wedding ring. He took for measurement a ring Eddie wore on his little finger which just fitted Debbie's third finger, left hand.

"I bought the ring under the name of Henry Smith," Milton had told me at the cocktail party. "There was no time for Debbie to buy Eddie a ring, so he was married with one borrowed from a guest! But they have their wedding bands now. The one Debbie now wears is a diamond baguette band given by George Unger, a jeweler friend of Eddie's."

Very pretty, particularly with that big sparkler of an engagement ring she wears. Eddie showed me his wedding band—it is of dull gold and wider than is usually worn by a man, but very effective and looks very "married!"

This is one time when I don't in the least mind bragging "I told you so," because I did. So firmly did I stick to the story that no matter what was printed elsewhere (and plenty was) I was convinced that Debbie and Eddie really loved one another and would be married.

I was so strong on this that one of the scandal magazines came out with a story that the whole romance was a "publicity stunt" dreamed up by me and that they weren't and never had been in love.

In a duck's eye they weren't! I was with the kids when they were first falling in love on a jaunt we were on to Las Vegas—a story I wrote in detail for MODERN SCREEN, and every word of it true.

#### A bad snag

I'm not saying that Debbie and Eddie did not hit a bad romantic snag about last June, just about the time their big church wedding was supposed to come off.

In fact, I know something important came up—something which made Debbie unhappy she took off to Korea with a couple to entertain the GIs to help her forget. But don't think for a minute that this wasn't an unhappy time for Eddie, too. Neither one said anything. They aren't the types to wear their hearts on their sleeves. But to a close confidant, the young nger did say, "They aren't going to run y life. I'm not going to be pushed ound."

Just who "they" were was never exactly ade clear. It could have been any one many outside influences or all of the essures put together.

There was talk that his advisers told Debbie he would lose his teenage followers he took a wife.

I even heard that Eddie resented all e publicity about a big wedding, feeling at the whole MGM publicity department us moving in on the biggest and most portant step of his life.

One important thing stood out to me—Eddie still loved Debbie and wanted to marry her—but he is not a young man to be pushed.

Isn't it significant to you that when the kids did make up their minds to take the fateful step that it came at a time when all the "heat" was off—when even the press was no longer carefully watching them?

The decision to marry came when they were alone, away from all outside influences—sure of their real feelings. A quiet, calm time in their love story.

I'm sure they made up their minds to be married some day after all the ruckus when Eddie flew out to the Coast to see Debbie and they met very quietly in Palm Springs to talk things over.

Although they refused to admit that anything was changed between them, there was a shining, quiet glow about them when they appeared together, holding hands, exuding a new kind of happiness. Debbie started calling Eddie "my boy" again—something she hadn't done in weeks.

No matter what the world thought and gossiped,—it was obvious that Debbie and Eddie knew their future.

#### On the go

Since their marriage, they've been leading the life of traveling salesmen, they both told me.

"My soft-drink sponsors keep me on the hop," Eddie said, helping himself to a bottle of Coke from the icebox in my playroom. "The nice thing about it is that Debbie has no new picture scheduled until after the first of the year, when she's due to report for *The Reluctant Debutante* at MGM."

"So, she can travel with me," said Eddie, beaming at his bride.

"You can bet your life on that!" opined Mrs. Fisher.

"But where do you plan to really make your home?" I asked the happy Mr. and Mrs.

"Here in California, with an apartment in New York probably," Eddie answered. You don't talk with them long before you realize that Eddie is the head of the house on decisions, which is the way it should be.

"Right now we're hoping to find a house in the Valley with a place for some horses," Debbie put in.

Now I was surprised. "Horses?" I echoed. "What's with horses?"

The kids laughed at my bewilderment. "Well, when we were in Kansas City we got in the habit of doing some early morning cantering with some friends of ours," Eddie explained. "We liked it. We might just as well look around for a small place in the Valley while we're at it," he said.

Later, when I had occasion to talk with Mrs. Reynolds, Debbie's mother, on the telephone, I brought up this surprising idea of theirs.

"Oh, we aren't taking it too seriously," Mrs. Reynolds laughed. "Right now they think they want to be gentleman farmers and go in for the simple life. I doubt if they've checked too thoroughly into the upkeep of animals and how much it costs to maintain a couple of horses. But you never know. These youngsters have proved that they make up their own minds about what they want."

"That's for sure," I laughed.

It's my private opinion that whether they settle in the Valley or in a townhouse in Bel Air or in a penthouse atop a New York skyscraper, Debbie and Eddie will be happy and keep happy.

And "As soon as possible," as Eddie put it, there will be a baby boy to keep them company. Or that's what the groom hopes. **END**

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(Continued from page 51) And I don't date when I'm on a picture. There's Marty Milnar and Tab Hunter and Dick Davalos—before he got married. And Perry Lopez and Nicky Adams—the three of us go out all the time together."

"How often do you date?"

"Almost every night," she said and then flushed. "It isn't nice to say that—better make it three times a week."

"How do your parents react to all this nocturnal activity?"

"Oh, they're very nice about it. Mother just concentrates on my keeping in touch with her. As long as she knows where I am, she's all right. They tease me a lot about my boy friends—they call me Scarlett."

"What do they think about your career?" She laughed. "Once a year, just like clockwork, my father calls me to him for a talk. 'Don't you want to quit?' he says, and of course I say no. I couldn't live without acting, you know, and he gives up for another year. But I think he still has hopes that one day his annual question will break me down and I'll agree with him that the work is too hard. Neither one of them has ever been too much in favor of my acting."

Acting has been Natalie's ambition since she was all of three. At that age, fired by her older sister's scrapbooks of movies and movie stars, Natalie played an imaginary game all by herself. Each morning she "checked into" the garage, approached an imaginary desk and announced, "Good morning. Today I am Lana Turner." And she was, too, until it was time for lunch. Then she checked out as Turner and returned after her nap to announce herself as another Hollywood queen.

When she was six, Natalie was dis-

covered. At the time, Irving Pichel was directing *Happy Land* in Santa Rosa, California, Natalie's home town. The natives turned out en masse to watch the making of a movie. Natalie's mother, one of the spectators, soon realized that her small daughter was nowhere in sight. When she finally located her child, Natalie was sitting, starry-eyed, squarely in the middle of Mr. Pichel's lap.

"I'm terribly sorry," said her mother, and reached to remove the youngster.

"Please don't take her away," said Pichel. "I'm enjoying her—even though I can't get a word in edgewise."

#### A child star

What Natalie said was never reported. But Pichel gave her a small part in *Happy Land*, and after the picture was finished he remembered the child with small gifts from time to time. Not too long after, he wrote the parents they might be wise to move to Hollywood, as he was certain Natalie had talent and would sooner or later fit into a fat part. He was right on both counts. If the family disapproved they hid it well—they moved south, and Natalie's father got a job in the construction department of a studio. A year later Natalie was given the role of a child who could speak English with a German accent and also German itself in *Tomorrow Is Forever*. She did a good job of it.

That role set her up. She was mentioned as a candidate for a child Oscar, and given a seven-year contract with International studio, which in turn was besieged by other studios for her services.

It was at that point that we had that startling first meeting. Natalie was something special. She had the poise of an ambassador, not a smidgen of self-consciousness and was, to put it mildly, very talkative.

"Edwin," she told me, "is my special boy friend. He lives in Santa Rosa. I didn't like him much when I lived in Santa Rosa, but when I moved to Hollywood I wrote letters to all the boys up there and Edwin was the only one who answered. I don't like cats. I like dogs, and I've asked Santa Claus to bring me a puppy this year. He'd better, too. I like Barbara Stanwyck because she's so pretty and I like Sonja Henie because she wears such nice shiny clothes. I dance ballet but Mother won't let me go on toe yet because she says I'll get bulging leg muscles. I play the piano. Would you like me to play for you?"

It is easy to recall the memory of that tiny girl, sitting on the piano bench with legs dangling and not reaching anywhere near the pedals, and pounding out a fair-to-middling version of Chopin's Waltz in C-Sharp Minor. It was too slow in the fast spots, her short fingers struggling with the complicated music, but when the score called only for the lyrical melody, it seemed that Natalie had an uncommon feeling for music.

Between her conversational and musical ability, I felt no wonder at the fact that she had lasted just one week in the first grade of the studio school and then had been immediately advanced to second grade. She had an intelligence far beyond her years. Drive, too. While most girls her age were breaking toys, Natalie, on the advice of George Brent, was breaking her contract with International and signing with an agent. A year's contract with 20th Century-Fox followed, and ever since she has been free-lancing and making money at it. Name a Hollywood studio and she knows all about it, having worked at every one of them. Radio and television are also her meat, although live television, a prospect that makes most actors flinch in horror, is her very favorite.

Tony and Burt  
loved knowing the  
gorgeous Gina

## LOLLOBRIGIDA— and her backstage husband



■ There's no scandal in her life, not even a breath. She's not a well preserved and ageless beauty. L'Italienne is downright gorgeous but you can find others just as beautiful. But she is currently the most important international star. Almost single-handed, Gina of the unpronounceable last name has lifted the Italian film industry up to glossy respectability and reasonable solvency. Of course the arty crowd would rather have left it poor and crude with a diamond-in-the-rough kind of lady star, the earthy kind who was rarely brought home to Mother because of some difficulty in getting clothes on her. Gina has not only met Mother, she's been presented to Queen Elizabeth, and her court curtsy was irreproachable.

Gina is a most unusual star, Italian or otherwise, in many ways. For eight of her 27 years she's been married to the same man, Dr. Miklo Skofic. They say the Skofics don't have trouble because the good doctor is so madly jealous he never leaves his glamorous wife's side long enough for trouble to begin. Well, he's only in Paris (where Gina's making *Trapeze* with Lancaster and Curtis) on week ends but Gina just isn't interested in anyone but Miklo.

Skofic has not yet lived down the decision they both made soon after the marriage. He chose to manage his wife's career instead of continuing his medical practice. As a foreigner and a refugee he was faced with difficulties in reestablishing himself. But Gina's star was rising and she needed advice. She still does.

Once Gina was asked if she wanted to have children. Of course, no woman will ever admit that she doesn't. Gina replied: "This year I make three pictures; next year I make a baby." That was when "next year" wasn't the sure thing it is now. For now there's no more talk of babies.

At the moment she and Howard Hughes are still wrangling over a contract of some eighty-four pages. If they can come to terms, Gina will soon be going to Hollywood.

Will the Skofics' happy marriage hold up under the Hollywood treatment. Miklo's managerial services won't be needed there as they are in Italy. If he isn't kept busy will he begin to regret the sacrifice of his own career. Why does Gina Lollobrigida want to go to Hollywood at all? She has all she wants in Europe and she's happy. Can Hollywood match that, much less beat it?



"I did a tv series once that was filmed, and it was dreadful."

"Dreadful?"

"Well, yes. It was one of those family shows, and the whole idea of it was that I was the idiot teenager who gave everybody trouble. I objected to it because I don't think teenagers are dopes and idiots, and I didn't think the show was at all funny. I know the teenagers who watched it agreed with me. It was like being a traitor to my own class."

She toyed with the shrimp on her plate. "You don't eat very much," I commented, and Natalie made a face.

"I think food is awful. I never have time for it, and half the time I forget to eat. Mother is after me all the time. But I'm too busy to eat. There are more important things to do. Now that I'm really into my career, I can't think of anything else."

#### Lipstick vs. pigtails

With that deplored tv show of which Natalie spoke, she came of age in her work. She was fourteen at the time and finally, at long last, was asked to portray a girl of her own age. Before that, it had been pretty awful. She attended studio schools through sixth grade, classrooms where anything unusual was overlooked. Teachers employed by studios are accustomed to their students showing up dressed as Arabs or ranch hands or Persian slaves. But when Natalie began seventh grade, she

**Mike Curtiz was talking to Carol Ohmart about Audrey Hepburn and said: "She's very thin—in fact, she's thinner than the two of us put together."**

*Sidney Skolsky in  
The New York Post*

entered a public school for the first time—Van Nuys Junior High. At the time she was a year younger than most of her classmates, having skipped a grade previously, but she was still dressed like an eight-year-old. In frilly dresses and ribbons and pigtails, she was the comedy relief for the other girls, who were beginning to wear lipstick and high heels. Being pint-sized was no help. (Natalie, five feet, two inches tall, still wears a size five.) Natalie stuck it out for a week—the jibes and the giggles behind her back—and then went home in tears. Mrs. Gurdin agreed that enough was enough, that no matter what Natalie's agent said, the girl was to act and dress her age.

After that it was better. Natalie made some fast friends—even among the girls—but the boys she ignored. They weren't in show business.

In her senior year she worked so steadily for Warner Brothers studio, making *The Searchers* and *The Silver Chalice*, that she did her studying at the studio school. She went out to Van Nuys in June to pick up her diploma—the only time she set foot inside the school during her final year.

Then came *Rebel Without A Cause*, and Natalie thanked her stars she was finished with schooling and could concentrate on her work. "I couldn't have done both and done a good job on either one."

The picture was important to her "because it presents teenagers as they really are. These two weren't bad kids—they came from good families and weren't the rat-pack type you see all the time in movies. They came from good homes but had their problems imposed by their families. They were true problems, the kind of things kids really have to put up with and find their way out of."

Working with Jimmy Dean, naturally, was a thrill for Natalie. "I guess I would have been scared to death, working opposite such a brilliant actor, but I'd already

done a tv show with him once, and knew him well enough not to be terrified."

Natalie's father, who is now miniature-set director for a studio, has moved his family around more or less to fit in with his daughter's career. They started off in West Hollywood, moved to Burbank, then out in the country to Northridge at the time when Natalie was crazy over horses. ("That was after I gave up ballet. I studied it for five years and then somebody told me it would make me bow-legged. So I took up riding instead." She giggled. "Isn't that silly?")

Now they live in a house in Sherman Oaks in the valley close to town and convenient to Warner Bros. where Natalie is now under contract. A swimming pool is being built in the back yard, a project which Mr. and Mrs. Gurdin fervently hope will keep Natalie at home a bit more.

She has her own room, enhanced by a magnificent four-postered, canopied bed, and her dressing-table mirror is framed by a multitude of photographs; mostly boys, and predominantly actors. This room is Natalie's own haven, the place where, when she begins to fold after a crowded week of either work or dates, she sleeps the clock around to catch up.

Natalie is still as much of a movie fan as she was at the age of three. Marlon Brando is her favorite actor and Jo Van Fleet her favorite actress. "I just think she's the greatest. I saw *East Of Eden* nine times, and I guess everybody thought I was going to look at Jimmy, but really it was because I wanted to watch Jo Van Fleet. Did you ever see such a beautiful job as she did with that mother role? I met her once and just flipped. She came into make-up one morning unexpectedly and I got so tongue tied I couldn't make sense. I mumbled something about thinking I knew Dick Davalos—thinking I knew him—I'd been dating him! And then I couldn't think of another thing to say!"

#### "I don't want to get married"

I asked her how she felt about marriage, and the word seemed to bore her as much as her lunch. "I want to fall in love—that would be fun—but not get married. Oh, I suppose I'll get married some time, but that's way off in the distant future."

"Do you wish you'd had time to go to college?"

"I'm too busy for that. Maybe some day I'd like to take literature courses and art, because I like to paint. But you see, acting has become my life. I have no ambition to do anything else. I want to be as honest an actress as I'm capable of being. Actors are basically lonely people, you know, and I want to see things and meet people. You have to do that in order to be able to understand life and therefore what you're trying to portray."

"Are you still taking dramatic lessons?"

"Oh, no," she said. "I never did take any. I don't like technique in acting. I think a good director is the important thing. And I believe if you have a feeling for acting it comes to you naturally, that you don't need any training."

At seventeen, Natalie Wood has racked up an impressive list of co-stars, including Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, Jimmy Stewart, Rock Hudson, John Payne, Rex Harrison, John Wayne, George Brent, Bob Cummings and James Dean. Time was, she ended up in the final reel being dandled on the handsome gentleman's knee.

These days, she usually ends up in a clinch. She feels no regret at the change.

"It seems as though I spent my whole life in pigtails," she says. "I always had to look younger than I was so that I could take child roles. You don't know how glad I am to be seventeen. It's a special age for any girl, but for me it's heaven." **END**

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(Continued from page 32) huge joke. Their joy is measured by the sorrow that lies behind them. Today is brighter because of yesterday's darkness. Yet the long period of tension, of hope alternating with terror, remains unforgotten, woven into the fibre of experience. "What you live," says Pier, "it becomes a part of you, to make you stronger or weaker. But to push it away as if it never happened is to be a child. We are not children, Vic and I."

Each month they celebrate the 24th, anniversary of their wedding day. On September 24, Vic presented her with a brace of hamburgers. Pier calls them "omburgers" and loves them by any name with all the trimmings. Nestled between them she found a small white box. Inside lay a beveled gold wedding-band, exactly like Vic's except for its greater width. "I thought maybe you'd like to use it," he said, "instead of the other when you wear gold jewelry."

"Never!" she cried with a vehemence that startled him. "Oh Vic, it's beautiful. But never since you put it, did I take my real wedding ring off, and I never will."

So the gold circlet gleams on her right hand and bears its own significance. "When we got married, we were happy, we loved each other. But not like now. We didn't know then that such happiness as now could be. Maybe that awful accident and everything that happened brought us more together. Maybe it was God's plan, how do I know? For me, I know only that Vic and the baby is everything. And for Vic?" Like a brook touched by sunlight, the mobile face changed swiftly from grave to gay. "Vic is still up on stars."

#### The shadow of dread

It was a rocky road that led to the stars. You know all about the plane accident, the shock and injury to Pier, the weeks of pain and fear for the baby's life. Slow recovery followed and a measure of reassurance, always shadowed by dread. The child was alive, yes, but no one could promise that he hadn't been hurt somehow through his mother's hurt. As she was to say later: "Till the baby was born, never did I know if the baby would be all right." Neither she nor Vic dwelt on these apprehensions. But to banish them was impossible. The shadow had fallen and they learned to live with it.

As time passed, their spirits lightened. Everyone was feeling easier about Pier when the second blow struck. One night she went to bed, all agog over the shower planned by her studio friends next day. But she didn't make it. Seized by premature labor pains, she was rushed to the hospital instead, where Vic paced the corridor and white-clad figures moved silently about her room, doing what they had to do. Between spasms of pain, her eyes opened, searching for faces about her for some sign. "How old is the baby?" asked a nurse, sounding casual.

"Six and a half months."

The nurse was young, not yet trained to clinical impassivity. Pier caught her expression before she turned away. "They're afraid," she thought dully—and felt another familiar hand at her wrist. Dr. Krohn stood beside her, bringing a sense of solidity to the dreamlike atmosphere where people walked around and would tell you nothing. He was her trusted friend as well as physician. She kept her voice steady. "Please, doctor, nobody has to lie to me. I need the truth."

Having long since tested her mettle, he answered as honestly as she'd asked. "If the baby comes now, he will not live."

seemed strange to Pier, numbed by too much emotion, that she should lie there tearless, looking back at the girl who'd wept so many tears. "Maybe," she reflected wearily, "I have cried enough. If that's what God wants. . . ."

But this was a thought she wouldn't let herself finish. On the white pillow, the dark head turned and turned. "Doctor, how does it look?"

"We must wait till morning. I'm going to give you something to help you relax. Go to sleep and I'll be near you."

"But I want Vic."

"I'm sorry, he can't come in."

"For two minutes?"

"Not for one."

"Then tell him I love him."

She slept till noon and woke to blessed freedom from pain. Again Dr. Krohn stood beside her. "We have a chance," he said.

The chance depended on absolute rest for three days, all visitors barred, including her husband. This time she made no demur. "For Vic and the baby and me, I want to be quiet." For Vic, the hours crawled. For Pier, under sedation most of the time, they passed hazily. Till the fourth morning. Till the doctor came in, even before he said it, she could read in his smile that the baby was safe. "Now you can see Vic," he added.

Hearing such beautiful news, her eyes danced. "Doctor, wait. Can I go to the end of the bed?"

"How do you mean?"

"Always my husband sees me lying down. I want to surprise him. If it will hurt the baby, no. But if not?"

So when Vic entered, bearing flowers, he came face to face with his wife, kneeling at the foot of the bed to greet him. "How do you like us?" she crowed into his neck. "We are showing off for you, our baby and me."

#### "Good enough for Rome"

Through the final months she did little showing off, confined to bed for the most part, glad to slip back after an hour up in the late afternoon. Since the house they'd bought wasn't ready, they lived in a big room at her mother's with their own tv and private telephone number. In bed, Pier pored over colors and fabrics for their home—to divert her mind and because they were eager to move in as quickly as possible. Vic left the designing to her. After all, she'd studied interior decorating, helped her father decorate one of the loveliest apartments in Rome. "What's good enough for Rome," said Vic, "is good enough for me. Just remember I don't like red and I want to do my study by myself."

At night she'd spread her samples before him, unwilling to settle anything without his okay. Evening after evening, dependent only on each other, they knew their moments of fun and their moments of crisis. "Vic," she'd cry in panic, "the baby's not moving."

"He will move, let's wait."

Then, as she tells it, "We would both stay with the hands, with the eyes wide open—soon he was kicking. How we would laugh—like a feast."

Or the fear haunting them both would suddenly find expression, if only oblique. "Oh, Vic, I hope I give you a beautiful baby."

"How can you miss?" he'd counter, keeping it light. Sometimes humor failed. Sometimes she'd cling to him wordlessly, seeking strength from his, and he'd hold her close. "Just say, 'God help me,' Anna. Come, we'll say it together." Together they'd make the sign of the cross and pray.

If, before bedtime, she felt the smallest twinge, he'd go to bed with his suit on. If she so much as moaned, he'd call Char-

lotte, whatever the hour. Charlotte was Dr. Krohn's nurse and their rock of Gibraltar, always ready with wise answers to foolish questions. "She said 'oh!'" Vic would report. "What shall I do?"

"Ask her if the pain comes every fifteen minutes."

"What pain?" murmured Pier.

"Ask her if her stomach contracts?" Charlotte asked.

"I'm sleeping," said Pier. "And, please, Vic, at four o'clock in the morning, let this poor girl sleep, too."

"You think babies can't come at four in the morning?"

No answer. Over to the bed he'd steal and back to the phone. "Charlotte?" he'd whisper. "She's asleep. What shall I do?"

"If she wakes up, call me."

They moved on August 18. "I want to be in our house," pleaded Pier. Apart from kitchen equipment, it held a bed and a couch. "I don't care, even with a mattress on the floor. When you sing to me there, Vic, everything will sparkle. You'll sing and I'll sing and I will be always off key but I'll sing anyway."

He carried her to the car and drove like a snail up Bel-Air's winding hills to the two-story Colonial. Inez, the maid, welcomed them as Vic bore his wife over the threshold. He let her feast for a few minutes on the blue-gray walls with their delicate trailing murals spaced here and there, on the gray rugs and the curtains of softest rose. He let her squeal over the couch. To Pier, Venice is the loveliest and most romantic city in the world. Yearning for a touch of Venice in America, she'd chosen for the couch a fabric patterned in Venetian scenes. On the living-room mantel he set the exquisite Venetian-glass Punchinello that Pier had dragged all over Europe with her by hand. Then he put her to bed.

Two days later she felt frisky enough to come down to dinner. They'd asked Charlotte to join them. Before dinner they sat out on the patio, reveling in their view. When it came time to get up, Pier needed help. "Leg cramps," she explained.

"I think," said Charlotte, "maybe Dr. Krohn better see you."

"Pooh! I have them now for three weeks."

"Well, just to be on the safe side, eat light."

"Eat light? I am hungry. We have spaghetti, beautiful, with tuna fish."

"Eat light," repeated the voice of authority, and Pier obeyed. Just the same, she couldn't manage to rise to her feet. Charlotte made for the phone. A few minutes later the doctor was saying to Pier: "It's a beautiful night. Why don't you drive down to the hospital and I'll check you."

Up the stairs tore Vic, and back with her coat and suitcase. His wife was in high spirits that evening. The suitcase reduced her to helpless merriment. "Vic, I am coming home with you. I have no pain. I am not going to sleep in the hospital."

She was right about one thing, she didn't do much sleeping.

#### "I want to have pains"

For twelve hours they tried to induce labor. In the darkened room, Pier couldn't tell whether it was day or night. At length Charlotte came in. "Dr. Krohn thinks we may have to do a Caesarean."

The great eyes clouded. "No," she begged. "I want to have pains like everybody."

But nature refused to co-operate. The doctor made his decision, and still Pier fought against it. "Dear doctor, please, only a little longer. . . ."

"We've waited long enough. I'm doing what I think best for you and the baby. She'll never forget the look in his kind



tired face, nor the quiet entreaty in his voice. "Please, Pier, don't make me change my mind."

All resistance crumbled. In the delivery room swift preparations went forward. "Now you have a choice," said the doctor. "Would you like to go to sleep or stay awake and see your baby?"

A small smile tilted her mouth and she made a small speech. "For nine months I have waited, remember, doctor? The accident, the kicking, the premature labor pains, the whole thing. I want to be awake, doctor, what do you think! I want finally to see this baby of mine."

The rest sounds better in her own words than anyone else's:

"For the baby I am anxious. For myself I am not frightened, only full of questions. But I cannot talk because they put me something in the mouth. I can see only the heads moving around. I can hear the doctor ask, 'Give me this, give me that.' Then I hear silence, so I know something begins. Then: 'It's a boy. And what a boy! He looks just like Vic.' I smile to myself because he looks like Vic and because for nine months they told me I'll have a girl. Then they show me that boy. When I see him, I know right away nothing is wrong, and from all my heart I thank God.

"When they take me out at four, I am pretty tired. I remember Vic bending over me. 'How are his eyes?' I ask. Always, I cannot tell why, but always I worry most about the eyes. 'Beautiful,' said Vic. 'His eyes are beautiful and so is everything else and I'm so proud of you.'

"This is all I remember. Until I woke up and my husband was standing there and our baby was born and the whole world played sweet music."

#### Perry Rocco Luigi Damone

Perry Rocco Luigi, a buster, weighed in at eight pounds, thirteen ounces. The middle names are for Vic's father and Pier's, the first for Perry Como. From the beginning, Vic had his heart set on calling a boy after Como. "Will you let me?" he asked.

"Of course," she agreed, moved by his feeling, finding in Vic's admiration for his friend a tribute to both men.

At the time of her accident, the Comos were on vacation in Palm Springs. "They came three times to the hospital to see me, they brought me books, they were so very kind. But Vic knows Perry more deeply than I do. He said, 'I want this name because Perry is an honest man. Because with all his success, he never changed. Because he will always be plain and simple and good. I would like the baby to grow up good as Perry.'

"I hope he will grow up like you," I said. "Who could be better?" I say this not only to the wife," she declared, very earnest. "I know it is true, because other people agree with me. But for himself, a man is modest.

Let the baby grow up like Vic and Perry together, let him be twice good. They are the same kind of people with the same identical heart.

"Perry called up to tell us his pleasure. He asked him to be godfather. The godfather is Marisa. Marisa is usually very reserved, but she ran to the commissary to show everybody the pictures. 'Oh, my mother brought such a beautiful baby!' Trizia, who is seven, gave a little red ribbon to hang on the bassinet. In Italy we use such little red horns for good luck. Mother?—well, my mother is grandmother now, and about grandmothers I don't have to tell you anything."

They plan a Christmas trip to New York to show the baby to Vic's family. Meanwhile he keeps them well and truly posted. When the phone rings at the Farinolas' these days, it's likely to be a bulletin from



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## MODERN ROMANCES

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the coast. There was the time when Pier lay abed, the nurse heated a bottle in the kitchen and Perry clamored indignantly for his meal. "Darling, can you go and pick him up?" asked Pier, just like that.

He never flinched. Back he came, holding the baby as if he'd been holding babies all his life, the arm here, the hand behind the small head, the soft cheek against his, the look of heaven in his eyes and his knees knocking. Barely had the nurse taken over before he was on the phone to his folks. "I picked him up. I picked him up by myself. Now I feel like a papa."

He knew no rest till they'd heard their grandchild's voice. "Talk to them," he'd coax. Perry had nothing to say. "Then cry. At least cry!" Perry was amiably silent. So when he started screaming on his own one night, Vic grabbed opportunity and phone by the forelock and, at 3:30 New York time, his mom and dad listened in rapt wonder while the baby bawled.

#### Ruffled panties

With three Pierangeli and four Damone sisters, everyone predicted that Pier would have a girl. Everyone sent her gifts for a girl, pink and frilly. Only from her hopeful grandmother in Rome came a shirt that was unmistakably masculine. A girl would have been just as welcome but, since Perry's a boy, Vic glories in his maleness. "My son," he brags, "is going to caddy for me." Or, viewing the sturdy limbs, "You know, in six months this baby will be playing football." He calls him Perry, no nicknames. "A boy must be treated like a boy."

Pier's problem is how to clothe him like a boy. Her hands caress his wardrobe. "These things are so beautiful, Vic, he has to wear them."

"Put them away. Some day he'll have a sister."

Pier couldn't wait. For his first checkup at the pediatrician's she hatched a plot, dressing the baby before Vic got home. "It's for nothing," she warned him. "We'll have to take everything off. Still, it will be a big joke on your daddy."

Daddy arrived to find his helpless offspring decked out in ruffled panties and beribboned cap. His outrage was wonderful to behold. "I want only a diaper on my son. I want his chest to show."

Bows and ruffles vanished. "But he is not yet Gable," Pier pointed out. "For the chest we will put my grandmother's shirt from Rome."

Wrapped in plain blankets, he fared forth on his outing. "And at home," sighs his mother, "the poor boy has to stay with a diaper and nightgown."

Helped by Inez and Martha, two jewels, the household runs smoothly. On maid's day out, Inez leaves food in the freezer. Such thoughtfulness isn't essential, but it's nice. As a cook, Pier's repertory is limited. "I can do steak and veal scallopini, and I'm learning. To take things out of the freezer, you don't have to learn." Martha they value for many qualities, not least among them her respect for parents' rights. "Sometimes," Pier informs you, "the nurses, they keep the baby inside that room and don't want you to touch him. Martha brings him first thing in the morning, knocks at our door and puts him in our bed. She likes that we play with him. She likes that I hold him and give him his bath and change him. I would do it anyway. But if Martha likes it, this makes a happier house."

Early in September Valentina joined them, courtesy of Vic. Valentina's a boxer puppy, so called because of the well-formed heart on her chest. From childhood, Pier's been a sucker for animals—a tendency inherited from her father. But 73





## HOLLIDAY IN PARIS

*The tale of a  
little girl who lost  
her VIP's!*

■ Judy Holliday's arrival in Paris was spiked by a series of comic situations that couldn't have been improved upon by a Hollywood script writer.

She was coming by train from Locarno, Switzerland, where she had deposited her son and mother after a brief fling in Rome.

Columbia executives, presuming her to be on the Rome Express, went to meet her—at Paris' Gare de Lyon. But Judy's train, coming from an entirely different direction, bunked in the Gare de L'Est.

Judy, carefree and happy at the thought of seeing Paris, and expecting everything except the band of the Garde Républicaine to meet her, stepped off the train. She put on her most winsome eager smile for the benefit of her welcomers. But there wasn't a friendly face in sight!

So she stood there in the middle of that vast station, pushed and shoved by hurrying travelers, alone, forlorn, a pathetic figure.

"I could have just curled up in a corner and died," wailed Judy plaintively. "There I was in a strange city, in a foreign country, not knowing the language, and to top it all, I didn't even know what hotel I was staying in."

At that moment, a reporter from Paris' staid, conservative *Figaro* (The New York Times of France) who, besides knowing his business, is a movie fan, spotted Judy, her face a caricature of poignant despair.

He wasted no time in offering her—in impeccable English—his services as interpreter, guide and chauffeur. Gallantly conducting Judy to his little four-horsepower Renault (nicknamed "potato bug" by American tourists) he suggested canvassing all the Paris luxury hotels in search for her reservation.

By this process of elimination, Judy found her way to the Georges V Hotel.

Meanwhile, the Columbia brass, having given up at the Gare de Lyon, were pacing up and down the halls of the Georges V. But their steps just didn't take them in the direction of the desk, and they missed Judy coming in.

Frantic glances outside, more steps around and around the lobby, finally a last desperate inquiry.

"She's arrived. But when? Why didn't you say something? How did we miss her?"

Final scene and close-up. Judy, who by this time had bitten her nails down to the core, falls into the arms of the Columbia VIP's.

she gave up dogs because dog hair made Vic sneeze. Shortly before departing for Reno on a club date, he tumbled the pooch into her lap. "Darling, you'll be three women alone in the house. And one man. The man is too small to protect you, so I brought a dog."

"But, Vic, your allergy."

"Never mind the allergy. Now the dog will look after you and I can leave in peace."

She eyed the squirming bundle of fur and paws, giggled to herself and, like a tactful woman, held her tongue. As she could have told him, it took three women to look after Valentina, who lived in a dream world where chair legs were meant for chewing, let alone other delusions. Mischief and all, Pier considers her an asset. So does the neighborhood. "Already she has a boy friend up the street. Every morning he comes to see her and they flirt. I think there will be a marriage."

### "Tomorrow will be time"

By the time Vic went to Las Vegas, Pier was strong enough to shuttle between husband and son. Now she's returning to work. You'll see her first as guest star in *Meet Me In Las Vegas*. Vic does a guest spot, too, though not with Pier. She hopes like others before her, to combine motherhood successfully with the job. "But if my career interferes with my baby, then we'll work something out. Tomorrow will be time to worry about tomorrow."

"You see," she went on, "I am lucky because I have Vic. We will bring up the baby together. Vic's ideas are strong and he knows the importance of the father. Once I went to his house and his four sisters were there and I saw his father had just to do this with the eyes, and it felt wonderful. It felt like I was really home. I in Italy, Vic here, we had both the same training. My father had only to look at me, and it was enough. I was never afraid of my father. I adored him because I knew he was just."

"With Vic, it's also like that. He loves his parents so much. He wants the baby to feel about him as he feels about them. He hopes he will teach the baby what they taught him. Good and not good. Right and wrong. When he was wrong, they punished him. But always with love, and with the explanation why. We will do the same. We both don't want to spoil our baby. We both don't believe as some others—oh, you mustn't say no to him, you must give him everything he wants, you mustn't touch him. That way they come out like Indians. They get fresh, they answer you. We both don't like fresh people, Vic and me. We want our baby to have manners, not to think Ho! I am king of the world. Then when he goes in the world, it will be easier for him."

Before their wedding, Vic went to Pier's mother. "I promise you one thing. I will always make Anna happy."

Pier knows that the pledge will be kept. "It isn't hard for him. It comes naturally. Vic is sensitive. He feels for the other's feeling. If I would turn my face away and not smile, he'd say, 'Darling, what's the matter, please?' If I am wrong, I tell that I'm sorry. Vic does the same. If we don't agree, we sit down and discuss together what's the best way. Without screaming, without hurting. There is nothing to scream about. We are grown-up people. We love each other. To love means to be kind."

"We haven't got too much to live in this life," little Pier added gently. "It is short, and sorrow comes of itself. Why should we make more sorrow than it needs to be?"

Which requires no answer. But we'll borrow a wish from Vic. For all three Dames, only big smiles from now on. EN



## gone fishin'

(Continued from page 29) she'd handle Richard when the time came. She didn't. For years she's been made up by the all-time Hollywood experts. Dick felt she just didn't come alive under that treatment. After long hours of experimentation with a new type make-up, tests showed that June blossomed like a rose. She admitted that she was glad Dick has been so persistent, but she was really worried when he went after her hair styling. That very nearly brought on an argument of the type any director can have when a big star backs up and puts her foot down. But when Dick came home with some sketches, which showed her with a sort of "modified Claudette Colbert" hair do, she surrendered. "Go ahead, tyrant," she exclaimed. "Do what you want from now on. I may not be the June Allyson that used to be, but I'm beginning to like her."

With location scenes in San Diego and Phoenix now finished and shooting going

on apace at Columbia studios for interiors, the rushes indicate that Dick Powell hasn't done wrong by the new June Allyson. As for *It Happened One Night*, completely new in color and wide screen, plus the hit title song and other musical numbers by Johnny Mercer and Gene De Paul, the word is out that the remake of this famous picture is liable to duplicate if not exceed the roaring success of *Oklahoma!*

June says: "No one could have done it but Dick."

Dick says: "No one could have done it without June."

And on a recent evening when Mr. Powell came home, he said to Mrs. Powell, "We've been working pretty hard. Let's take a trip somewhere."

Mrs. Powell, instead of saying to Mr. Powell, as she has for 10 these ten years, "Oh, now, Richard, do we have to—you know how I hate to travel," replied enthusiastically, "Swell, honey. We've never been to Europe, or Timbuctoo for that matter. You name the place and let's go!" And they probably will. **END**

## the lady in pink

(Continued from page 41) mother a peck on the cheek. "Hiya, Mom!"

"Hi, dear; get your homework finished?" "Yup," the boy answered, shoveling in a mouthful of cereal.

"Do your chores?" "Uh-huh!"

"Did your team win yesterday's game?" "And how," Terry exploded. "We slaughtered them, ten to six."

Coming from the general direction of the garage, Marty Melcher, Doris' big, likeable husband, joined the family in the kitchen. He was wearing yellow terry-cloth coveralls, and a dry towel around his neck.

"Morning, kids," he beamed. "What are you doing in that outfit?" Doris asked.

"Taking a workout." "Marty Melcher," Doris scolded, "was that you riding a bicycle up and down our street at six-thirty this morning?"

"It wasn't Bob Hope," cracked Marty. "Matter of fact," he added, "Bob did pass me on his way to the studio. He offered me a job lubricating his car."

"What are you talking about?" Doris asked, confused.

"It's this way," Marty explained patiently, "I'm trying to pedal off some of the poundage I've gained at those benefit dinners we've had to attend lately."

Doris turned to Terry and spoke in a stage whisper, "The man's obviously mad, bicycling at the crack of dawn."

"I know the name of a good head-shrinker," Terry offered.

"Okay, okay," protested Marty, "so you're two characters who don't have to watch your weight. You'd sure be surprised if Hope and I did a double in Las Vegas."

"On a grease rack?" giggled Doris. Terry and Marty burst out laughing at the possibilities.

"Say, Mom," Terry interrupted soberly, "we're thinking of selling this house?"

"We wouldn't think of breaking up the oluca Lake Ball Club," Marty declared.

"That's good," freckle-faced Terry gazed, "cause a kid at school said he read the papers that we were."

Doris Day and Marty Melcher exchanged look of understanding. "This is our home until you grow up and move out and gets too large for the two of us," Doris asserted.

"And right now we wouldn't exchange it for all the castles in England."

"Just checking," Terry said happily.

"Just checking." He passed his plate to Katie for a second helping of bacon and eggs.

This early morning scene reflects the pattern, the tempo, the mood of Doris Day's private life.

A sort of goodnatured banter goes on all the time between Terry and his parents. It exists between Doris and Marty. It extends to Katie and includes Mrs. Kappelhof, Doris' mother. Theirs is a family that enjoys an easy, comfortable companionship.

The early big breakfast is a habit of long standing with Doris. No matter whether it's a work day or a week end, she wakes at 6 a.m. For that time of morning she's cheerful and attractive. Nothing short of a doctor's orders can make her have breakfast in bed. She says she loves to be with her family at the start of the day so she can pick up the various threads of each person's life. She likes to mull over problems and get matters hashed out in the morning when the three of them are sure to be together.

She always eats a full-scale meal, too. When they were first married, it amazed Marty that his wife, with her mere twenty-three-inch waist, could put away more food than he. But it figures. Doris expends a tremendous amount of energy. Her buoyancy and bounce has to come from somewhere and one of her trade secrets is that she eats a towering breakfast of protein-rich foods. A meal of fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs is nothing. If she's working on an extremely tough schedule, she has steak to start with and continues from there. She manages to keep her size twelve measurements because she burns up the food she consumes, making records and pictures and taking care of her house.

### Not too large, not too small

The positive assurance that the Melchers will continue living in their San Fernando Valley home for quite some time was definitely established last summer. Before Doris and Marty left for Europe, where she made *The Man Who Knew Too Much* with Jimmy Stewart, they considered selling this house. No specific reason for moving. Nothing they really disliked about the place. It wasn't too small or too large. It had a wonderful location in Burbank. In fact, it suited them just fine, but so many of their close friends had built new, modern hilltop homes that they felt mildly discontented with their ordinary looking house-on-a-street. While they were away, columnists carried the story that Doris Day and Mar-

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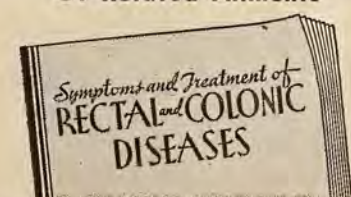
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they phone him,  
they call him the  
greatest Italian  
since Romeo!



## "DEAR ROSSANO, make love to me"

■ All you need is one good break. That show business maxim is as old as show business itself. And to no one does it apply more than to Rossano Brazzi, the handsome thirty-eight-year-old Italian movie star.

Today he's the rage in Romeos. Universal-International has signed him to a three-year contract. Rodgers and Hammerstein want him for the lead in *South Pacific*. Margaret Truman flew all the way to Rome to record two songs with him. His fan mail comes to 40,000 letters a month, and he's had to disconnect his phone because women won't stop chasing him.

At the Venice Film Festival, an American heiress sent Brazzi the following letter: "Dear Rossano, Won't you please make love to me? I am younger than Katharine Hepburn and richer."

Possibly as a result, Brazzi believes that Americans are the most romantic people on earth.

"All of you take love seriously. It is something to be cherished, to be remembered. That is why I like to work opposite American actresses. They give some meaning to love-making.

"To Italians it is just a game, love today and gone tomorrow. But not you people. Sentiment, memories. You are very romantic. Maybe a little embarrassed about it. But in your hearts you love to love.

"The same is true of me. That's why I was so tired, so bored with many of the pictures I made in Italy. 'I want to be a screen lover,' I told them. They laughed at me. 'You are not the type.'

"Then David Selznick saw me in an Italian picture. He put me under contract—that was in 1949—and brought me to Hollywood. 'Rossano,' I said to myself. 'At last you will play the lover.'

"You know what I was? Professor Baer in *Little Women*. With a beard and glasses and make-up that made me look three hundred years old.

"Finally 20th Century put me in *Three Coins In The Fountain*, and I got to play opposite Hepburn in *Summertime*. Those two films have done more for me than all the sixty-four films I made in Italy."

Born in Bologna, Italy on September 18, 1917, the son of a leather-goods manufacturer, Rossano Brazzi, blue-eyed and brown-haired, entertained no acting ambitions until he was twenty-one. Then, as a University of San Marcos law student, he won a drama-reading contest. After that his interest in law waned and his interest in dramatics zoomed. He was offered a stage job at five dollars a week and grabbed it.

Today, some fourteen years later, he is ranked as Italy's top movie star. Married to the former Lidia Bertolini for the past fifteen years—she's a brilliant, cheerful, rotund little woman—Brazzi has been told by practically every producer he's worked with to soft-pedal the fact.

"When I was in New York recently," he confessed, "testing for *South Pacific*, they wouldn't let me bring Lidia. They said it would destroy the Casanova legend. I spent \$1500 on long distance calls to Rome. Lidia loves to talk and talk."

"But why did you let her go on at such length," Rossano was asked, "especially at those prices?"

"After fifteen years of marriage," Brazzi announced, "I am still in love with my wife."

ty Melcher had put their Valley home on the market, that they would move into a sumptuous Beverly Hills mansion upon their return.

Europe changed all that.

"We had to travel ten thousand miles to find out how lucky we are," Doris says with a smile. "Every dark and rainy city we worked in, I kept asking myself, 'What am I doing here? I could be making a picture not ten minutes away from my own sunny garden!'"

"When we stayed in grim and drafty hotels, I thought longingly of all the pretty, sparkling rooms in our own house.

"Of course, there were many things I loved about Europe—the people mostly. Then we bought some fine antiques in England and I got clothes in Paris, naturally. Marty picked up a trunk load of souvenirs in Marakesh and places. But what the sages say is true. You have to go away from home to appreciate it. Distance lends perspective to your life."

Even after they got back to California, Marty and Doris found themselves counting their blessings. Friends like the Edgar Bergens, who'd moved to the hilltop, began saying how inconvenient such places are for kids. There's so little play space. The youngsters have to be driven everywhere. There's no room for neighbors.

None of this is true of the Valley. The Melchers live in an ideal family neighborhood. Their street comes to a dead-end so that Terry and his friends can play ball on the front lawns without danger from traffic. Terry rides his bike to school, and he and his gang fish in Toluca Lake. They also roam the hills hunting jack rabbits.

"Their latest craze is bop dancing," Doris points out. "And when I see a half-dozen husky kids cutting loose in Terry's upstairs study, I'm thankful that we've got a well-constructed house."

### Worth waiting for

Doris and Marty bought their house four years ago from Martha Raye. They had to buy it furnished or she wouldn't sell. This gave the Melchers pause, but they liked so many things about the place: Its location was perfect for Doris who was working at Warner Bros.; the floor plan was good, there were two outdoor sleeping porches which they liked, and there was a nice size back yard. So they took it complete with early American antiques, excessive chintz and mirrors everywhere.

"It's taken almost four years to fix up the rooms to suit our taste," Doris says, "but I think it was worth waiting for."

The first thing Doris and Marty did was auction off all Martha's furniture. Then they began to re-paint and to redecorate one room at a time. They started with the kitchen. Doris had an art director from Warners draw sketches for a much larger kitchen where they could eat informal meals. The set designer eliminated a narrow butler's pantry and knocked out windows facing the garden to make the room more spacious. He drew sketches of a compact work area and a diagonal snack bar. Doris selected the white cabinets with pink formica counters and had the pine boards covered with pale pink enamel.

"Having someone draw up pictures for you is the easiest way in the world to remodel," she admits. "You know exactly what you're doing all the time."

After the kitchen, Doris turned her attention to the living and dining rooms.

Pastels are her favorite colors and she likes textured modern fabrics with graceful French Provincial furniture. She had in her mind exactly what she wanted the rooms to look like, but furnishing a house is a full-time job. "You can't do it and work, too, so I called in a professional decorator, Catherine Armstrong, and told her what I wanted."



Mrs. Armstrong tracked down wallpaper samples and fabric swatches for Doris to decide upon. She recommended Eric Bolin, the crack cabinet man, to make all the wooden tables and chests to exact measurements. And she brought dozens of lovely lamps and other accessories to try out in the house. Together, she and Doris created rooms that give the people who live in them continual pleasure.

#### Men in the house

Marty Melcher takes credit for the music room. He decided early in the remodeling job that the house should help Doris in her career—that it should work for her and not the other way around. He had the small den equipped with a piano, a microphone and a tape recorder. Now, instead of going into Hollywood to rehearse her songs at a studio, Doris rehearses new material at home.

Upstairs in the Melcher house the bedrooms are completely individual. Terry's room is red and royal blue. He has twin day beds covered like studio couches. His walls are finished with dark blue grass cloth so he can tack things up without hurting any wallpaper. Next door to his bedroom he has a den that is completely devoid of furniture. At one point his mother offered to fix it up like a private living room where he could entertain his friends, but Terry declined. He wants it empty so that there is more room for the gang to bop.

Doris' and Marty's room is also sparsely furnished. It has a double bed, a chest of drawers and a gigantic television set. A good deal of floor space has been converted into wall-long closets to hold Doris' necessarily large wardrobe.

"I don't have much use for most of these elegant bedrooms with vanity tables, writing desks, chaise longues and such," Doris contends. "About all Marty and I do upstairs is sleep and hang our clothes. Of course, we do have a special kind of tv in our room, but that's all. The set has a remote control so you can change the channels and do the fine tuning without getting out of bed. It also has a set of earphones so Marty can listen with a headset when I have to go to sleep early."

"But for the most part, we're people who get up when we wake. Once downstairs, we practically live in The Pink Room."

The Pink Room was a sensational idea that everyone in the Melcher family takes credit for. Actually, it grew by itself.

Doris had the first idea of roofing and

screening the porch they found too hot to use. Marty went further. He suggested that they enclose it like a room. One thing led to another and they ended up with something truly original. It's a combination party room, dining room and garden room. Doris, of course, chose the paint color.

When they're home alone, Doris and Marty like to have their meals in The Pink Room by candlelight. After dinner they'll sit for hours listening to records. In the day time Doris studies scripts in the room and when she's not there, Marty uses it for business conferences.

#### "It was so easy"

When it comes to entertaining, Doris has a firm point of view, in which The Pink Room figures prominently. Doris has noticed that when you have three or four couples for dinner, there are always one or two who are on a restricted diet or dislike certain foods. If you try to offer the guests who can't eat the prepared dinner a substitute, the whole matter gets to be a problem.

So the other evening, for example, the Melchers invited Gordon and Sheila MacRae, Dick Powell and June Allyson, Betty Hutton and her husband Alan Livingstone for dinner. They served cocktails and hors d'oeuvres in The Pink Room. After a few drinks, they took their friends out to their favorite Valley restaurant—The King's Arms. And sure enough, everybody ordered a different entrée—cooked to their special taste. When the meal was over, they drove back to the Melchers' house and sat around The Pink Room and talked and listened to music.

"Honestly, it was so easy, and our place looked so pretty that nobody wanted to go home," commented Doris happily.

Marty's observation the next day was that he'd had such a great evening he never intended to travel again. Instead he's decided to form a Valley Club. The by-laws will include never leaving the San Fernando Valley. "No more going to New York, Paris or Rome. No more driving through the Pass to Hollywood and Beverly Hills. Members will work in the Valley, play golf and tennis in the Valley, go to Valley restaurants—live and die in the Valley."

When Doris heard of the idea, she said flatly, "I'll be a charter member."

Next day, however, she signed to make *Quality Of Mercy*, her first independent picture at MGM, which happens to be in Culver City.

END

#### bobby it's cold up there!

(Continued from page 31) The desk clerk, leered in approved French fashion. "Monsieur Wagner," he said, "cannot be disturbed. He is with a friend."

"Aha," I said, carefully concealing my delight. (A good reporter does not let the quarry know when she is on his trail. She sneaks up on it with care.) "This friend," I said casually, "this friend works with him in the moving picture, yes?"

"Yes," replied the little man.

"This friend and Monsieur Wagner," I continued, "they are in his room, yes?" We smirked at each other briefly.

"Yes."

"What do they do there?" I snickered.

"I believe," said he, "that they talk to each other." A bell rang and the little man arose. "Excuse me," he said. "The room number is 214 if you would like to see for yourself."

"Ah," I murmured, "these blasé Europeans." I took the elevator to the second floor. The door of 214 was ajar, so I looked in. And there, sure enough, was Robert

Wagner with his co-star, Spencer Tracy, and they were talking to each other.

I retired to the lobby to think things out. After a while, the desk clerk returned.

"You told me," I said accusingly, "that Monsieur Wagner was with a friend."

"Is he not?" asked the man, who, I now noticed, looked remarkably naive for a Frenchman. "Is he not with Monsieur Tracy, his friend, who is also in the film?"

"He sure is," I said bitterly. "Thanks heaps!"

"It was nothing," he said, and held his hand out for a tip.

#### The direct approach

The next morning I decided to try the direct approach. I waited until a decent hour and then tapped discreetly on the door of 214. There was no answer. I knocked louder. Even a movie star, I thought, should be up by now. It was almost ten-thirty, the sun was high, and location trips to Switzerland cost money. As I was trying the door, the chambermaid appeared. "If you are looking for Monsieur," she remarked, "he is not here."

"Where is he?"

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"That way," she said, and pointed straight at the ceiling.

I looked up. My quarry was not hanging from the chandelier.

"Up," the girl said. "Up the mountain. They are all gone up the mountain since five in the morning."

"Five," I said weakly. "You mean five—like in dawn?"

"Ah, no," said she, smiling gently. "Five is before dawn. However, if you like, you may go up the mountain and see him. Anyone may go up the mountain."

I went back to my room and put on heavier shoes, in case there was any walking to be done. Then I went down to the lobby, on my way up the mountain. In the lobby, seated at a large table, I saw a man who looked American. He was sitting in front of a heap of French, German, Italian and Swiss newspapers, and he was cutting them up and pasting things in a scrapbook.

"Hello," I said. "You look American."

"I do, huh," he said belligerently. "Flat-tery will get you nowhere."

"Are you with Paramount?" I asked.

"Yeah. Publicity." Suddenly he brightened. "Hey," he said, "can you read French, German or Italian?"

"No."

"Neither can I," he said heavily.

"Then how come you're clipping all these papers you can't read?"

He looked surprised. "Gotta keep the scrapbooks up," he said. "Otherwise how do we know if we're getting any publicity?"

I thought about that for a while. Then I said, "How do you know what to cut out?"

He sighed. "Well, sometimes there's a name, Wagner, Tracy, Darrow. Sometimes a picture. Rest of the time, I play hunches. Someday," he said thoughtfully, "someday those scrapbooks are going to make mighty interesting reading. . . ."

**Mail**

I noticed a stack of mail on the table and glanced at it. All the letters seemed to be addressed to Bob Wagner. All were in feminine handwriting, some were perfumed and all were marked personal.

"Who are these from?" I asked.

The publicity man looked up. "His mother," he said briefly.

"His mother gets around," I remarked, riffling the pack and noting that they came from Claremont, La Jolla, Santa Monica, Beverly Hills and Berkeley.

"Very active lady," said the man, removing the pack from my hand.

"Well," I said, rising, "guess I'll be off. Going up the mountain, you know."

The press man put down his scissors and looked at me with respect. "Got a guide?" he asked.

"Guide?"

"It's a three hour hike to location. All the transportation went hours ago."

"Hike?"

"Well, of course, if you really don't mind walking. . . . Wagner and Tracy do it every morning. Never ride."

"Thanks," I said. "When do they get back?"

"Dinner time. They walk back."

"Fine," I said. "See you in the dining room." I went back to my room and took a nap.

Dinner time I sat down at a table near the publicity man. The Paramount crew straggled in. Slowly. No Wagner. I waited. When we reached dessert, I tapped one of the crew men on the shoulder. "Where's Wagner?" I asked.

The man shook his head. "Never comes to dinner," he said. "Poor kid works till he's half dead and then walks all the way back down this Alp. Goes right to his room, 78 takes a hot bath and collapses on his bed."

"And doesn't get up again?" I croaked.

"Well, sure he does. He gets up tomorrow morning around five, five-thirty."

"Where's Miss Darrow?" I asked.

"I don't know," the man said. "In her room, I suppose. She writes a lot of letters."

What could I do? I'll tell you. The next morning I got up at five a.m. and walked up the mountain with Robert Wagner.

Walked—ha!

I had met him before, briefly, and he remembered me and was most cordial.

"Talk about anything," he offered, right off. "Tell you anything you want to know."

"Great," I said. "Girls!"

"Love 'em!" he replied instantly.

"Any one in particular?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "Debbie Reynolds. Terry Moore. Jean Peters. Barbara Stanwyck. . . ."

"Never mind them," I said, and paused for emphasis. "How about Barbara Darrow?"

"Wonderful girl!" he said. (I took out

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**january 5**

my notebook.) "I've known her for years. Used to date her!"

"Used to?" I gasped.

"Sure, great kid. People say actors can't get along with actresses. I say, nonsense. I'd marry an actress in a minute if I loved her."

"Used to date her?"

He sighed deeply. "I suppose we're supposed to be a big new romance," he said.

"Brother, you sure are. Don't you read the papers?"

"What, in French? Listen," he said. "There's absolutely nothing between us. She's one of the two actresses in the picture. Naturally I see her around here. We walk around. We talk. We act. We eat."

"You did Paris together!"

"We sure did, and we had a great time. Wonderful girl. Only, there's no romance. Besides, I think she's engaged or something."

I dropped my notebook and slid down the slope twenty yards trying to retrieve it. Bob came after me, picked me up and set me on my feet. "This way," he said, showing me how to walk. "Call me R.J., boy mountain goat."

"What a city, Paris," he said. "Loved it. Hired a chauffeur named Fitzpatrick—imagine, a French chauffeur named Fitzpatrick—and drove all over town. Went through the Louvre, went out to Versailles, saw Napoleon's tomb—everything."

"In other words, behaved like a tourist."

"Sure. That's what I was. What else?

And those dolls. Oh, those French girls, man, they're the greatest."

"Yeah," I said. "What about the German ones?"

"Germans? I never got to Germany."

"I wasn't going to mention this," I said, "if you and Barbara were A Thing. But I hear you found a couple of German chorus girls in Paris, name of Alice and Ellen Kessler, and did every night club in town with both of them."

"You'll have to talk louder," Bob remarked. "Can't hear a thing in this wind."

"Expect to get back to Paris soon?"

"Well, no," Bob shouted into the breeze, which was now attempting to shove us back down the mountain. "Shooting schedule keeps getting fouled up here. Keeps raining. Can't shoot in the rain. So I don't think I'll get off again." He grinned.

"Don't mind a bit. Love to work."

"What do you do when it rains?"

"Sit around, mostly, talk to Spence. Spencer Tracy. Greatest guy I know. He helps me with the game."

"The movie game?"

"My gin rummy game. I'm becoming a pro. When it clears up enough, I play miniature golf. Keeps my hand in."

**Girls**

"How about dates?"

"What can you do? Small town, not many girls."

"Little man I happened to meet in the hotel" (I'd followed him around for an hour) "says you went out with a girl named Jeanne Levi, from a local beauty parlor, and Frank Westmore cut you out. What'd he do, talk shop?"

"Wind gets worse all the time," Bob said, grinning.

"Let's sit down and talk about Jeanne Levi," I panted.

"You crazy?" Bob inquired. "We'd freeze to death. Yeah, I got lousy luck. Girl came down from Paris once, a Dior model. Wow! Came down with some guy from Miami, and he got lost en route. I offered to help find him—perfect gentleman, that's me. You know, figured he might be weeks getting found. Great girl, spoke English and everything."

"So what happened?"

"Wouldn't you know? I found him! Then there was a girl reporter came from Paris to see me. Came down in a pouring rain. Lent her my coat to wear to the train and then I missed the train and never got it back. Nice coat. Nice girl, too."

"You sound like you're having a great time."

"The best. Love it here. Wonderful people, wonderful scenery. Weather's not so good, but you can't have everything."

"Don't you miss home?"

"Oh, sure, all the time. Can't wait to get back. Love it there, too." He grinned.

"What can you do? I'm just naturally a happy personality."

"Mountain goat," I said, "would you mind going on alone? I've got a train to catch. And an appointment with a case of double pneumonia waiting for me."

"Gee," he said, "that's a shame. Gonna shoot some good stuff today—great picture. Like you to meet Spence and Barbara."

"I couldn't shake hands if I did," I said. "My fingers would come off."

"Poor girl," said Bob. "Want my scarf?"

"No, thanks, you'd never get that back either. Just turn me around and point me down."

"It's steep," Bob hollered. "Be careful!"

"Don't worry about me," I said. "I'll slide down!"

Halfway down I turned for a final look. Bob was still heading straight up. He looked like he was leaping from rock to rock. From where I stood, you couldn't tell him from a mountain goat.

END



as a husband. At a recent night-club party she whispered in his ear, "You haven't told me you love me in a whole hour." (?)

**THE GRIM SUPERSTITION** of show business, that deaths come in threes, rounded out its sad cycle with the sudden and unexpected passing of John Hodiak of a heart attack, within three weeks of James Dean's fatal accident and three months of Robert Francis' plane crash.

All young men. All at the height of their vitality and their careers. Jimmy was twenty-four. Bob was twenty-five. John was forty-one, just reaching his full maturity as a screen and stage star after a two-year triumph on Broadway in *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial* and as the prosecuting attorney in the film drama, *Trial*.

His death came with such heartbreaking suddenness it left his mother and father and sister, Ann, with whom he lived, in a state of shock.

John had awakened soon after six in the morning preparatory to going to 20th Century-Fox for his scenes in *Threshold Of Space*. He complained of "gas pains" and indigestion.

Forty minutes later he was dead!

I will always believe that John never really got over his divorce from Anne Baxter. He loved her very much and his happiness reached its peak when their daughter, Katrina, was born. He used to say, "I come from the wrong side of the tracks and Anne comes from the right side—but we're very happy walking down the middle." That their happiness didn't last much longer than six years was termed by John, "A major failure for both of us."

He leaves behind him the respect and admiration of his fellow workers and the undying devotion of his family to his memory.

I never heard anyone say he didn't like John Hodiak. What greater epitaph can be written for any man?

**CLOSE-UP OF LORI NELSON.** My secretary said, one bright and shining fall morning, "Do you know which girl is being mentioned in your fan mail more than any other?"

"Marilyn Monroe? Debbie Reynolds Fisher?" I guessed.

"Nope," she answered handing me a fistful of mail, "Lori Nelson."

Well, I always say you don't have to knock me down with a fender before I catch on—so that's why I'm giving you a little close-up this month of my Most Written About Gal, despite the fact that she's never been in a big super-spectacle movie.

Instead, Lori appears in smaller-budget pictures which circulate in the small towns and I think it is because of this that more people seem to know her than are familiar with girls like Carol Ohmart and Joan Collins who have been in bigger pictures with more publicity.

Lori was born Dixie Kay Nelson in Santa Fe, New Mexico, twenty-two years ago, had her name changed to Lori when she was signed at U-I because Dixie Kay sounded "too flip-

pant." The Lori comes from her mother, who is Lorie.

Daughter of a motion picture technician, she's been in show business since she was five, featured as a top Hollywood photographers' model and winner, in 1938, of the title, "Little Miss America."

At one time she toured the country as "Santa Fe's Shirley Temple."

While still a junior in high school, Lori was brought to the attention of U-I by a scout. She started her career as a blonde, pretty leading lady in *Ma And Pa Kettle At The Fair*, followed by several of the Francis movies, *All-American* with Tony Curtis and *The Big Rainbow*.

She's never been married, liked Robert Francis better than any boy she's ever dated, also goes for Tab Hunter, still lives with her parents, likes blue, hates purple, wants to work for C. B. De Mille and is very pleased that you like her so much. I told her.

**THE ONLY WAY** to describe the glowing feeling of mutual admiration between our town and Eva Marie Saint is that it's a great big love affair.

Miss Saint, who lives up to her name is called a "livin' doll," "the sweetest kid" ever to hit our town and "the world's most natural human being," not only by her co-workers on *Bob Hope's That Certain Feeling* but by everyone else.

Believe me, they've all got that certain feeling about Eva Marie.

And, why not? The winner of last year's Oscar (for the best supporting actress in *On The Waterfront*) has absolutely no grand airs.

She can't drive a car, so she rolls up for work every day on the back seat of a taxi and by now she knows her regular drivers by their first names and all about their families.

One of the boys told me, "Her baby is the same age as mine and Miss Saint wrote out a formula the other day for me to give my wife which cleared up the kid's rash."

Even when she has a big dramatic scene in front of the cameras, she never asks that the set be cleared or that silence should reign while she concentrates.

She's very much in love with her husband, tv director-producer Jeffrey Hayden, and won't even listen to cynical talk about unhappy marriages. Her simple but beautiful philosophy is, "Think right about everything and everything will be all right."

Everybody is surely thinking right about you, Miss Eva Marie.

**JIM DEAN'S FUNERAL:** Henry Ginsberg, producer of *Giant*, was one of James Dean's few close Hollywood friends who made the journey to the late, beloved Jimmy's home town for his funeral.

He told me, "The simple Quaker services were beautiful and heartfelt without dramatic ostentation, which is the way Jimmy would have wanted it."

"But, at the funeral parlor, immediately preceding the services, I found my eye drawn to one particular floral piece. It was a silver-

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### BET YOU COULDN'T GUESS!

(answers to quiz on page 14)

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# the letter box



"I was so sorry to hear about Kay Gable's losing the child she and Clark expected," writes ALICE LIEBLING, MADISON, WISCONSIN. "But I'm sure there'll be another baby soon for this wonderful, young-at-heart couple." You've expressed the hope and sympathy of all Clark's fans.

Impossible to print the deluge of letters expressing grief and shock over the death of James Dean. MRS. V. MAYOL, of ATLANTA, expresses it for all when she writes, "This young genius will live in our hearts and in the memory of his chosen profession as the youngest and one of the greatest legends of show business. Good night, James Dean, but never goodbye."

From DENVER, COLORADO, MRS. W. V. DOWLING JR., writes, "I love Judy Garland. But who in the world designs her clothes? Even if my Judy is plump she should never wear those panels down the front such as draped the dress she wore on TV." Personally, when Judy is singing I never know what she has on.

ENSIGN GENE F. REARDON, USS BOXER, FLEET POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, reports that a poll taken of the 2500 men aboard his ship reveals the following favorite actresses: "First and foremost, Kim Novak. Surprised? Then, Jane Wyman, Julie Adams, Rosemarie Bowe (another surprise, maybe), Terry Moore (yep, we like her in spite of all her highjinks), Sheree North (coming up fast), Piper Laurie and, of course, Marilyn Monroe!"

From CHICAGO, THOMAS B. MURPHY wails: "I'm sick of ladies. Tell Marilyn for heavens sake to come home before I quit going to the movies."

**NOW SEE HERE,** Jeanne and Dean Martin: It's bad enough when couples who no longer care break up. It's ridiculous when two people who are deeply in love, who want and need each other as you two do, do a walkout on marriage.

I certainly hope that by the time this appears in print you will have reconciled for the reasons noted above.

But, when you go so far as to permit a quarrel between you to reach the point of a definite break, I say—that's bad. A wise old adage has it, "Avoid the appearance of evil," which can well be paraphrased where marriage is concerned to, "Avoid the appearance of trouble."

Open breaks are bad for all marriages, and you—Jeannie and Dean—have had two partings. It is impossible to weather a situation such as a definite split without really dangerous developments taking place. Families and friends start taking sides; it's only human. The press starts looking out for future trouble signals.

The gossips start—all events are magnified. With the world looking on and taking note, it oftentimes happens that couples who really want to get back together hesitate and procrastinate because of embarrassment or a fear of being laughed at.



If you have to battle (and most married people do) try, please try, to do it in private and get things patched up without the world looking on, not only for your own sakes but the happiness of your two adorable children.

And what I say to you two also goes for some other married couples on the verge of telling the world.

sprayed wreath from which was suspended a cut-glass vial containing a single white orchid. The minute I saw it, I knew who had sent it.

"I picked up the card. On it was written, Love Undying, and it was signed Elizabeth Wilding.

**REAL CRAZY.** Although *Desperate Hours* is one of the biggest dramatic hits of the year, it got off to the wackiest start of any movie in years, and I mean real crazy.

Much to the amazement of the starstudded audience, the picture started minus its sound track, a potent reminder of how far away we are from the old "silents." Action, without dialogue these days, is completely nutsy.

When the house lights flashed on until the trouble was solved, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, somewhat on the crazy side themselves, rose from their seats and started a fast line of vaudeville chatter between themselves that had the audience in stitches.

Then someone reminded them that they could be fined \$1000 apiece by AGVA for putting on an "unpaid" act, so they sat down.

Outside, the biggest yell from the sidewalk fans went up when blonde Kim Novak, looking like a million in white and ermine, showed

up on the arm of Frank Sinatra, both the guests of one of the movie's stars, Humphrey Bogart, and his Lauren Bacall. Don't get excited about a budding romance between Frankie-boy and Kim.

Her "heart," Mack Krim, was out of town—and she and Sinatra just happen to be appearing together in *Man With The Golden Arm*.

Rocky and Gary Cooper were with their lovely daughter, Maria, who is rapidly becoming one of the prettiest girls in town. (Hey, Maria, I hear Bob Wagner would like to date you if its all right with your parents. Also Linny Crosby.)

Dorothy Malone showed up with Sidney Chaplin, a surprise. Sid was supposed to be engaged to Britisher Joan Collins, but their romance must be cold.

Jeanne Crain's bouffant skirt of pale green satin was so full it spread over the occupants of the two seats on either side of her, which no one complained about, because the evening was chilly!

It's a real tribute to the chill and thrills of *Desperate Hours* that after this comedy-and-errors beginning, the fine film kept the on-lookers glued to their seats until the end.

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



Pretty Lucy Marlow's wedding to Andy Carey was delayed because of the World Series.



Lucky Frank. First Kim Novak, then Grace Kelly, then Gloria Vanderbilt for co-stars!



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You can get cash payments when the doctor treats you in his office or at your home. Even money for "out-patient" treatment when you need such hospital services as X-rays and electro-cardiograms.

### ★ NO "PRO-RATING"

Under the policies described in this advertisement you are paid in full for benefits specified in your policies. Payments never reduced if some other insurance plan pays part of your bill.

### ★ NO FINE PRINT!

The cash payments described here are only a condensed outline of the many benefits available under the WHITE CROSS PLAN. Accident benefits begin immediately from date of policies. Sickness benefits cover all illnesses originating after policies have been in force 30 days, except those few plainly stated in the policies. All exceptions and limitations are kept to a minimum—clearly stated in the policies. All policies renewable at the option of company. You can take all or any part of the Plan—just the policies you need.

No need to join a group

Protect your whole family at low rate!

**PLUS UP TO \$200 TO A MONTH WHILE DISABLED**

Just for household expenses! You decide in advance—at the time you apply for your policy—how much you will need for rent and groceries when disabled and unable to work. You can get from \$50 to \$200 a month. Up to a full year for sickness, up to two years for injury—even while recuperating at home under doctor's care. (P-16)

**UP TO \$1500 FOR HOSPITAL BILLS**

Under the WHITE CROSS PLAN you can get from \$4 to \$15 a day—up to 100 days for each different sickness or injury, for each member of your family—depending on room rate shown in your policy. Any hospital you wish. (P-6)

**\$1,000 to \$4,000 for accidental death (P16)**

**\$5 to \$250 for SURGICAL FEES**

By combining surgical benefits available in the policies, in lieu of medical treatments, you can get up to \$250 for surgery performed on any member of your family. Each policy lists amounts for various operations. (P-6-P89)

**PAYS AS MUCH AS \$250 for "EXTRAS"**

You can get cash for many hospital services not ordinarily covered—specified amounts for operating room and anesthetics, X-rays, drugs, medicines, iron lung, laboratory work, etc. (P-6-P89)

**SPECIFIED CASH PAYMENTS FOR DOCTOR BILLS up to a total of \$150**

Includes doctor's treatments at home, office or hospital. Benefits begin with first treatment for injury, third treatment for sickness. (P-89)

**EXTRA INCOME while in hospital**

Disability income benefit increases 50% during first two months in hospital. If your policy specifies \$200 a month disability income, you actually get \$300 a month! (P 16)

**MATERNITY BENEFITS**

(After you've been a policyholder for ten months) (P-6)

**Costs you nothing to find out about this LOW-RATE protection**

Now, before you're faced with unexpected doctor and hospital bills, find out about this low-rate Plan. Send coupon today for full information. It costs you nothing. There is no obligation. In fact, why five million persons have made this the fastest-growing plan in America. It only takes a minute to mail the coupon, but it may save you money that would take months to earn.

**Mail coupon today for full information  
No obligation...**

An Old-Line Legal Reserve Stock Company

OFFERING BROAD COVERAGE, GUARANTEED-RENEWABLE ACCIDENT AND HEALTH POLICIES, AND POLICIES RENEWABLE AT OPTION OF POLICYHOLDER AND COMPANY

**BANKERS LIFE & CASUALTY CO.**

HOME OFFICE



CHICAGO 30, ILL.

**BANKERS LIFE & CASUALTY CO., Dept. DWG-61  
4444 W. Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 30, Ill.**

Please tell me all about the famous low-rate WHITE CROSS PLAN offered by BANKERS LIFE & CASUALTY COMPANY. This does not obligate me in any way.

NAME..... (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

COUNTY OR ZONE..... STATE.....

HOME OFFICE: CHICAGO 30, ILL.

**More than \$1,000,000 paid to policyholders every week!**



HAVE YOU DISCOVERED

# *Camay's Caressing Care?*



THERE'S FINE  
**COLD**  
**CREAM**  
IN  
**CAMAY**

"There's no finer complexion care!"

says Mrs. Julian A. Frank, a radiant Camay Bride. Cold cream Camay, the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides, can caress *YOUR* skin to new loveliness, too, and leave it softer, smoother.

Just change to regular care . . . Camay's Caressing Care.

With its skin-pampering mildness, velvety lather, and exclusive fragrance, there's no finer soap in all the world!



*No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!*

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN