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a Girl who kept a Promise
AND A MAN
WHO COULD BE A HERO IF HE BROKE HIS!

LT. ALEC AUSTEN, USN—
 who had to shoot
 the question-mark
 off his name...
 Played by

**ALAN
 LADD**

THE DEEP SIX

*The THUNDERING
 STORY*
 of The U.S.S. Poe—
 a tiny speck on the
 ocean that grew into
 a tidal wave of fury!

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FEBRUARY, 1958

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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Color portrait of Liz Taylor, Mike Todd and baby Liza by Ioni Frissell. You can see Liz in MGM's RAINBOW ISLAND now and she'll soon be in MGM's CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF. Other photographers' credits on page 72.

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of "The Great Caruso" in
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MARIO LANZA

introduces a
GORGEOUS NEW GIRL!

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delight filmed in
Rome...city
of sunshine,
song and
sweethearts.
And you'll
meet a delectable
continental
beauty, Marisa
Allasio. Don't
miss it!

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MARIO LANZA

IN

"THE SEVEN HILLS OF ROME"

co-starring

**RENATO RASCEL
MARISA ALLASIO**

with

PEGGIE CASTLE



Screen Play by ART COHN and GIORGIO PROSPERI • Based On a Story by Giuseppe Amato
Filmed in TECHNIRAMA®—A Product of TECHNICOLOR® • Produced by LESTER WELCH
Directed by ROY ROWLAND • A Le Cloud Production

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Isn't the **Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz** marriage just about over?

—N.Y., NEWARK, N.J.

A *Touch and go at this point.*

Q Didn't an ex-boyfriend of **Kim Novak** once try to blackmail her?

—G.Y., CHICAGO, ILL.

A *No, just ruin her career.*

Q Can you tell me how much **Jahn Wayne** gets for a picture?

—H.Y., N.Y.C.

A \$666,666.

Q How old is **Jack Benny**?

—R.Y., N.Y.C.

A 63.

Q Isn't the reason the **Rad Steiger** reconciliation did not take because of an English actress Rod is interested in?

—N.T., HARTFORD, CONN.

A *No. Steiger is merely a difficult man to live with.*

Q I understand that **Elvis Presley** is lonely most of the time. Is this true?

—L.Y., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A *Elvis says it's true.*

Q Is it on the level that **Audrey Hepburn** is now the highest-priced actress in the world?

—F.Y., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A *Yes; she gets \$350,000 and up per film.*

Q I've been told that **Cary Grant** has it in his contract that he will not dance in movies with any actress who wears body make-up. Is this true?

—B.T., RICHMOND, VA.

A *True.*

Q **Suzy Parker**, the model who got such a build-up as an actress— isn't it true that her voice is so sing-songy they have to re-dub all her sound tracks?

—K.T., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A *Not all her sound tracks; only some.*

Q **Jennifer Jones** and **Rack Hudson** in *A Farewell to Arms*— isn't Jennifer too old for Rock?

—D.T., RENO, NEV.

A *She's older by a few years.*

Q **Elsa Maxwell** is going to make her debut in Las Vegas, one hears. What can she do?

—L.T., BALTIMORE, MD.

A *Talk.*

Q What ever happened to **Dale Robertson**?

—Y.O., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

A *Just finished making ANN OF BROOKLYN with Gina Lollobrigida in Rome.*

Q Is **Montgomery Clift** in love with **Elizabeth Taylor**?

—S.T., EUGENE, ORE.

A *Has been for years, in a friendship way.*

Q Wasn't **Maria Lanza** confined to a hospital in Rome because of too much drinking while he was making *Seven Hills of Rome*?

—D.Y., ROME, ITALY

A *Lanza was hospitalized to lose weight.*

Q Is **Debbie Reynolds** a good wife to Eddie Fisher?

—W.L., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A *The best.*

Q Is it true that **Rassana Brazzi** avoids tax payments by being incorporated in Lichtenstein?

—F.R., RALEIGH, N.C.

A *Brazzi does have a corporation in Lichtenstein.*

Q Has **Jaen Crawford** ever given any money to charity?

—H.T., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A *Loads. For years she maintained several beds in a clinic, paying all the hospital bills of sick people unknown to her.*

Q How old are **Henry Fonda's** daughter Jane and **Frank Sinatra's** daughter Nancy?

—J.T., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A *Jane Fonda 19; Nancy Sinatra 17.*

Q Will **Erral Flynn** play **John Barrymore** in the *Diana Barrymore* movie?

R.D., NEWARK, N.J.

A *Yes.*

Q Now that **James Dean** is dead, won't anyone tell the truth about him? Wasn't he really disliked by people who worked with him?

—A.A., LAFAYETTE, IND.

A *He wasn't disliked; he just wasn't understood. What people found irritating was his complete lack of manners.*

Q Why did **Arthur Fellows** haul off and slug David Selznick during the filming of *A Farewell to Arms*? Didn't he have respect for Mr. Selznick's glasses?

—E.R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A *Selznick slapped Fellows first.*

Q **Sophia Loren's** chest measurements— aren't they propped up by falsies?

—E.T., BOSTON, MASS.

A *Sophia has never worn falsies.*

Q Is **Marlon Brando** completely bald?

—H.R., N.Y.C.

A *Brando unfortunately is losing most of his hair.*

Q In the movie *Jeanne Eagels*, there's a scene in which **Kim Navak** has to fall into a tank of water. Did she play it herself?

—E.E., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A *The scene was played by stunt woman Helen Thurston.*

Q Can you tell me if **Bob Hope** is a Democrat or a Republican?

—L.Y., ATLANTA, GA.

A *Hope keeps his political affiliations private; he did however contribute handsomely to the Republican campaign chest.*

Q Is it true that **Jaanne Dru** lost all her money in an Arizona tennis club?

—D.L., PHOENIX ARIZ.

A *She lost a good chunk of it.*

Q **Simone Silva**, the girl who disrobed in front of Bob Mitchum at the Cannes Film Festival two years ago— what's happened to her?

—G.L., BALTIMORE, MD.

A *She died recently—from over-dieting, say her friends.*

Q How many times has **Dale Robertson** been married?

—J.U., TULSA, OKLA.

A *Three.*

Q Who in movies has the real name **David Kuminsky**?

—K.T., NASHVILLE, TENN.

A *Comedian Danny Kaye.*

Q Did **Betty Huttan** ever sing on Detroit street corners for pennies?

—J.F., DETROIT, MICH.

A *Yes, as a youngster. Her fatherless family was very poor.*

Q Isn't *You Can't Run Away From It* a re-make of *It Happened One Night*?

—D.L., NEWARK, N.J.

A *Yes.*

Q Can you tell me how much **Richard Widmark** gets per picture?

—S.B., MARION, IND.

A *\$200,000, and frequently a percentage of the profits.*

Q Is it on the level that **Leslie Caran** has dyed her hair blonde and insists upon wearing a man's black hat?

—G.S., PORTLAND, ORE.

A *She walked around London a few months ago made up like that; said the make-up was "so chic."*

Q Doesn't **Gene Kelly** wear a hair-piece?

—G.D., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A *Only in movies.*

Q Does **Debra Paget's** mother really weigh 325 pounds?

—H.D., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A *Your figure is exaggerated by 125 pounds at least.*

Q Which paintings did **Mike Todd** buy from Aly Khan for **Elizabeth Taylor**? How much did he pay for them? Are the paintings in her name?

—L.U., MIAMI, FLA.

A *Todd paid approximately \$30,000 for THE BOATS by Carzou, Degas' portrait of himself, and a Utrillo. They are community property.*

Paramount Presents

ANNA MAGNANI

ANTHONY QUINN

ANTHONY FRANCIOSA

**NEVER HAS
THERE BEEN SUCH
MAN-WOMAN
EXCITEMENT ON
THE SCREEN!** The raw
realism of love in the
story of a woman who
married a man she
had never seen before...
before she met the man
she couldn't live
without! Anna Magnani
brings new adult
emotions to the screen
in her first performance
since her Academy
Award-winning role in
"The Rose Tattoo"!

in
HAL WALLIS'
production

Wild is the Wind

Co-starring **DOLORES HART • JOSEPH CALLEIA** • Directed by George Cukor
Screenplay by Arnold Schulman • Based on a story by Vittorio Nino Novarese • Music composed and conducted by Dimitri Tiomkin

VISTA VISION®



WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

FOR DRAMA
Peyton Place
Old Yeller
Paths Of Glory

FOR ADVENTURE
Lafayette Escadrille

FOR SUSPENSE
Witness For The Prosecution
Stopover, Tokyo
Flood Tide

FOR COMEDY
The Lady Takes A Flyer

FOR LOVE
April Love

NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



Hope Lange has plenty of reason to fear her abusive, drunken stepfather (Arthur Kennedy) in this picture of life in small-town New England.

PEYTON PLACE

small town saga

Lana Turner
Lee Philips
Diane Varsi
Hope Lange
Betty Field

■ The novel was a best seller, and the movie should be, too. Lucky for 20th CENTURY-FOX, who spent two million dollars on it. The story is about a lot of people and their capacities to love. Peyton Place is a small town somewhere in New England. The school, the factory and the telephone are the sources from which all things, including vicious gossip, come. Mildred Dunnock has been a well-loved teacher and is looking forward to becoming a well-loved principal, but a new young man (Lee Philips) is imported for the job. Diane Varsi, who gives a lovely, graceful performance as the literary-struck daughter of widow Lana Turner, is the link that brings Philips and Lana together. Lana leads an isolated life—that's her odd preference. She owns a dress shop, runs it efficiently and takes very good care of her daughter. Russ Tamblin is

one of those sensitive, insecure adolescents; he has good reason—his mother literally smothers him with what she calls love, and is horrified even to see him talking to a girl. Russ and Diane play out some very tender scenes together. Betty Field keeps house for Lana; she's married to the school janitor, a heavy, abusive drinker (Arthur Kennedy). Kennedy's bearable when sober, but when he's drunk he attacks his teen-age stepdaughter (Hope Lange). The town doctor (Lloyd Nolan) takes care of him. But a couple of years later, Kennedy shows up and Hope—who is now engaged to a nice boy—kills him in self-defense. When she goes on trial all the dirty linen gets washed and all the loose ends are drawn together in everybody's life. It's a picture that sprawls through a few years—around, during and after World War II—dramatically revealing that the lives of ordinary people can often be quite complex.—CINEMA SCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION

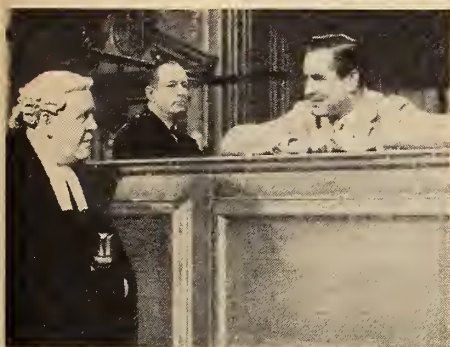
brilliant puzzle of crime

Tyrone Power
Marlene Dietrich
Charles Laughton
Elsa Lanchester
Torin Thatcher

■ A rich widow who wears crazy hats gets herself murdered. Tyrone Power used to visit her once a week or so for a glass of sherry, and Tyrone's solicitor—this is England, darling—has a feeling that the police are going to arrest Power for murder. So he trots Ty over to Charles Laughton's place, since Laughton happens to be the foremost criminal lawyer in the country. Laughton has just had a severe heart attack and the doctors have taken away his cigars, replacing them with nurse Elsa Lanchester whose dedication is likely to kill Laughton in a week. Sure enough, the police arrest Ty, and the prosecutor puts Marlene Dietrich on the stand. She's Ty's wife. Now what do you think of a wife who testifies against her own husband! A wife whom he lifted out of war-torn Ger-

many and set down in peaceful old England; a wife who announces on the witness stand that she had another husband all the time? Don't answer those questions. The climax of this movie has more twists than a pretzel. Slick and entertaining, too.—UNITED ARTISTS.

***WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION**



THE LADY TAKES A FLYER

Lana Turner
Jeff Chandler
Richard Denning
Andra Martin
Dee J. Thompson
down-to-earth comedy

■ If you can't change a leopard's spots, how can you change a man like Jeff Chandler? Well, you know how brides are—they never say die. When Lana Turner met Jeff Chandler she was as high as he—I mean, they were always up in the sky. Flying. During the war she ferried planes. Now it's after the war and Chandler's still flying because he can't think of anything else to do. Lana can. She can think of getting married, and gives up nice, steady Richard Denning for this boy with wings. Honeymoon's grand, full of cute love scenes of which you are spared almost nothing. Homecoming is grand, because by this time Jeff and Denning had established a very successful ferrying service. But there's also a pilot working for them (Andra Martin) who ought to be in moving pictures—and she's female! When Lana discovers she's going to be a mother she rents a beautiful house to go with it and Jeff gets nervous. It's all so permanent. That's when the trouble starts. But don't prepare yourself for tears because from this point on the movie starts jumping. Not only with hilarity, but with the delightful fury of a woman like Lana fighting for domesticity.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

***THE LADY TAKES A FLYER**



PATHS OF GLORY

the real side of war

■ Paths of Glory lead but to the grave; particularly the glory that comes in war. This is a movie about French soldiers in the trenches during World War I. It's brutal, stunningly realistic and altogether fine. Kirk Douglas is a Colonel who considers the lives of his men very valuable. But his commanding officer, General George Macready, is more interested in his own career; he already has a palace from which he issues orders of a kind that sacrifice thousands of his own men. His superior officer (General Adolphe Menjou) is a cynical and clever man who believes in nothing, except comfort. Kirk's company is ordered to take a hill. The order is insane, and the soldiers, after making a try, fall back to the trenches. Three of them (one is Ralph Meeker) are picked at random to be court-martialed as an example. Unlike most Hollywood movies, nothing, not even Kirk's defense, saves them from the firing squad. However, Kirk's commanding officer is dishonored and Menjou offers him his job. Menjou is genuinely surprised to discover that Kirk hadn't been planning to get it—and now angrily refuses it. This would be a totally depressing film if it were not for its honesty, and for the realization Kirk has. He discovers that despite all corruption it is still possible and necessary to keep one's faith in men.—UNITED ARTISTS.

***PATHS OF GLORY**



APRIL LOVE

sunny romance

■ Who doesn't like an old-fashioned, warm-hearted love story? Here it is. Pat Boone ran around with a bad crowd in Chicago. He was arrested for being a passenger in a stolen car. Put on parole, he's sent to his uncle's farm. His aunt (Jeanette Nolan) welcomes him; his uncle (Arthur O'Connell) is not so cordial. Ever since his son was killed in the war he's been withdrawn, and the farm has nearly gone to seed. The neighboring farm is much better off; it's thriving. It's also the home of sisters Shirley Jones and Dolores Michaels. Shirley drives a sulky better than anyone; Dolores does likewise with a red convertible. The problem is: Pat's driver's license has been revoked and he knows absolutely nothing about horses. Needless to say both situations are righted. He tames a fierce stallion on his uncle's farm, and he wins a sulky race.

Kirk Douglas
Ralph Meeker
Adolphe Menjou
Wayne Morris
Richard Anderson

But before that he's involved in an auto accident which threatens to lose him his parole. Go see *April Love*.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

***APRIL LOVE**



OLD YELLER

a dog's life

Dorothy McGuire
Fess Parker
Jeff York
Tommy Kirk
Kevin Corcoran

■ If you love dogs you'll love Old Yeller. Even if you hate dogs, you'll love them after you see this picture. Texas in the 1860's didn't have as many oil wells as it had frontier families and donkeys and pigs and cows and corn. One morning papa (Fess Parker) goes off on a cattle drive to Kansas, leaving his homestead in the charge of his adolescent son Tommy Kirk. Tommy has to protect his mother, Dorothy McGuire, and his frisky kid brother, Kevin Corcoran, as well as hunt deer and tend the corn patch. This big old yellow stray dog starts hanging around. He's useful—saves Kevin from the wrath of a mother bear, saves Tommy from being mauled by wild hogs and finally saves himself from a life without love. Then dread hydrophobia spreads across the land—first it drives you mad, then it kills you—and a crazed wolf attacks the family. Old Yeller leaps to the rescue—and to his doom. A very nice tribute to man's best friend.—TECHNICOLOR, WALT DISNEY.

***OLD YELLER**



Pat Boone
Shirley Jones
Dolores Michaels
Arthur O'Connell
Jeanette Nolan

LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE

the Foreign Legion

Tab Hunter
Etchika Choureau
Marcel Dalio
David Janssen
Bill Wellman, Jr.

■ Tab Hunter is a headstrong boy whose only solution is to leave his home in New England and join the French Foreign Legion. At this time, the French are fighting Germany in World War I, and it's a wonder that the Germans didn't win, considering the flying equipment at Tab's disposal. But even before he can get up in the air he knocks down a drill instructor and is held for court-martial. He deserts and flees to Paris where Etchika Choureau waits for him. She is a girl of shady reputation but he loves her, even wants to marry her. This is difficult since he's afraid to be seen in the street. To while away the time he teaches her English and she teaches him French. When life gets unbearable, Tab takes a job bringing customers to a house of ill-repute. The U.S. enters the war and he finally persuades an American General to help him. By the time Tab leaves Paris, he's a flying hero, a husband and a pretty good man with the *parlez-vous*.—WARNERS.

STOPOVER, TOKYO

cloak and dagger thriller

Robert Wagner
Joan Collins
Edmond O'Brien
Ken Scott
Larry Keating

■ Something terrible's going to happen in Tokyo. Somebody is going to be assassinated. Probably the U. S. High Commissioner (Larry Keating); probably when he lights the torch of international brotherhood at a dedication ceremony—because little does he know that he'll be lighting a grenade instead. If anyone can save him it will be Robert Wagner mas-

querading as a draftsman; he's a Fed. Meanwhile there is much to delight the eye—Joan Collins, for one, who works at the desk of an airline terminal. Wagner is apparently on his way to Korea, but is delayed in Tokyo. You get the feeling that spies are everywhere, and they are. One day Wagner meets a Japanese man on a golf course, switches bags with him. Next day the Japanese man is murdered. Wagner and Joan practically adopt his adorable eight-year-old daughter. One night Wagner sees Joan with another young American (Ken Scott) and pretends not to recognize him. Ken is a Fed, too, but he seems to be in the wrong country. Wherever Wagner goes, Edmond O'Brien is not far behind—this includes Turkish baths. O'Brien supposedly owns a coal and iron company, but don't let that fool you. There's a lot of suspense, a lot of beautiful scenery and plenty of that cloak and dagger routine.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

FLOOD TIDE

a new twist on murder

George Nader
Cornell Borchers
Michael Ray
Judson Pratt
Joanne Moore

■ Murder takes place on a beach and a man who is prepared to shout his innocence to the end is tossed into the death house. That would be that if it weren't for George Nader, who returns from one of his jaunts—he's a rich engineer—to help free this man who was convicted on the testimony of ten-year-old Michel Ray. Michel is a cripple due to a spinal injury he got in an auto accident, and Michel is as nutty as a fruitcake. No, that's being too hard on Michel. The truth is, he is insanely jealous of any man who so much as looks at his

widowed mother, Cornell Borchers. Cornell is very easy to look at. When she lived next door to George's beachhouse he looked at his bachelor status, looked at Cornell and promptly decided to switch his status. But Michel would have none of that and succeeded in breaking up the romance. Naturally, everything that Michel does is not Michel's fault; it's Cornell's fault because she's over-protective and indulgent. Nader finally wins Michel's confidence, which certainly is a triumph. You'll learn a little about psychology in this one.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

SAYONARA (Technicolor, Warners): Jet Ace Marlon Brando overcomes his intermarriage prejudices when he sees how strong the love is between pal Red Buttons and his Japanese bride. Marlon's erstwhile fiancée, Patricia Owens, becomes enchanted by Kabuki dancer Ricardo Montalban, and Marlon with the lovely new star Miiko Taka. But society and the Air Force don't share their liberal views. Exotically beautiful photography.

MY MAN GODFREY (CinemaScope, U-I): Young and wealthy June Allyson picks up English butler David Niven in a scavenger hunt and decides she wants to marry him. Her scatter-brained mother, Jessie Royce Landis, and femme fatale older sister, Martha Hyer, have their own designs for him.

PAL JOEY (Technicolor, Columbia): Frank Sinatra as the heel all women adore—rich widow Rita Hayworth and small-town-type singer Kim Novak, for instance. Showgirl Barbara Nichols is about the only one who can see through him. Gay, extravagant music by Rodgers and Hart.

KISS THEM FOR ME (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): Jayne Mansfield's boyfriend once told her—out of gratitude to all his buddies—"Kiss them for me." Cary Grant and Leif Ericson are among the many, many who get kissed. The beautiful high-fashion model Suzy Parker is in this romp too, which all takes place in the presidential suite of a swanky hotel.

*LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE



*STOPOVER, TOKYO



It's a BALL when THREE GUYS FALL
for the one they CALL...

The GIRL MOST LIKELY

Her
"steady"
boy
promised
her the
moon



The
playboy
gave her
everything
under
the sun



and the
poor boy
put her
in the
clouds!



(and she promises
to marry all
three!)



MUSIC
YOUNG!

MUSIC
GAY!

"The Girl
Most Likely"



"All the Colors
of the Rainbow"

"I Don't Know
What I Want"

and the
sensational
"BALBOA!"

Plus MORE, MORE, MORE!

TECHNICOLOR®

Dances and Romances in the Playgrounds of the Pacific!

STARRING

JANE POWELL * CLIFF ROBERTSON
KEITH ANDES * KAYE BALLARD * TOMMY NOONAN * UNA MERKEL

Dances and Musical Sequences Staged by GOWER CHAMPION • Music and Lyrics by HUGH MARTIN and RALPH BLANE • WILLIAM DOZIER in Charge of Production
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN • Screenplay by DEVERY FREEMAN • Produced by STANLEY RUBIN • An RKO RADIO Picture • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL Release



CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH

LYN BEHRENS, Freshman, Bradford Junior College, Bradford, Mass.



Meet active, popular Lyn Behrens and some of her friends. Lyn has many interests . . . from dramatics and dance committees to teaching swimming, and work as assistant Girl Scout leader. Music too . . . sings in a pop trio, the Glee Club and Chapel Choir. When you're as busy as Lyn, you can't let pimples spoil a single moment.

Read what Lyn did: "Skin blemishes often embarrassed me and took a lot of fun out of the activities I enjoyed. Nothing seemed to help until I found Clearasil. Clearasil really worked for me. I'm happy to say my skin problem is a thing of the past."

Lyn Behrens

Academy Hall, Bradford, Mass.

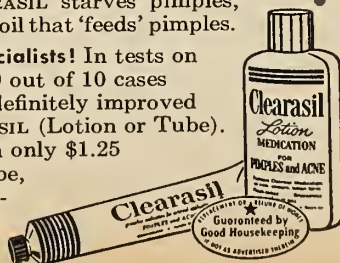
Millions of young people have proved . . .

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION 'STARVES' PIMPLES

Skin-Colored . . . hides pimples while it works! CLEARASIL can help you, too, gain clear skin and a more appealing personality. Now you can get CLEARASIL as a smooth Lotion in handy squeeze bottle, as well as in the famous Tube.

Why Clearasil Works Fast: CLEARASIL's 'keratolytic' action penetrates pimples. Antiseptic action stops growth of bacteria that can cause pimples. And CLEARASIL 'starves' pimples, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (Lotion or Tube). Long-lasting Lotion only \$1.25 (no fed. tax) or Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.



Would your experience help others?

You, too, may have had skin problems and found Clearasil helped end them. When you think of the wonderful relief that effective treatment can bring, you may want to help others. You can, by writing us a letter about your experience with Clearasil. Attach a recent photograph of yourself (a good close-up snapshot will do). You may be the next CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH. Write: Clearasil, Dept. N, 180 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER: For 2 weeks' supply of CLEARASIL send name, address and 15¢ to Box 260-AC (for Tube) or Box 260-AD (for Lotion), Eastco, Inc., New York 46, N. Y. Expires 2/28/58.

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication In America (Including Canada)



Privacy has its points— but so does Recognition!

■ When you're a movie star, you get used to never having any privacy. But you don't always like it. Anne Baxter didn't like it.

But then something happened to change her mind . . .

It was while Anne and the cast of *Chase A Crooked Shadow* were staying at an elegant hotel in Spain during the filming. The staff took pride in knowing the names of all the visiting *Americanos* from Hollywood. And it was *Good morning, Miss Baxter*, from the elevator boy; *Beautiful day, Miss Baxter*, from the doorman; *Trust you enjoyed dinner, Miss Baxter*, from the headwaiter—from morning to night.

It was just like when strangers on the street turn around to stare and taxi drivers know you even in the disguise of kerchief and dark glasses—sometimes she felt she couldn't call her soul her own. And as Anne said, "I have no wish to be successful as a personality, only as an actress."

Anne insists she is 'a simple person with simple tastes,' and she liked to get away from the formality of the hotel. Every evening she took a walk by herself, under the stars, enjoying the beautiful Spanish countryside. It was so peaceful, and it relaxed her for tomorrow's long workday.

One night, she walked longer and farther than usual. As she strolled slowly, drinking in the splendor, she began to realize that splendor wasn't all she was drinking in—it had begun to rain! In a moment the rain turned into a downpour. There was no shelter of any kind, not a house, not a tree close enough to do any good.

She finally squished her sorry way back to the hotel, completely bedraggled, and looked forward to a hot bath and a hot drink.

And when she saw the doorman, she expected all kinds of sympathy from him.

But instead, he gestured violently: Get away from here! You cannot come in!

He didn't know who she was!

And there was nothing she could do.

—Not until Richard Todd came out and identified her.

Now, when Anne Baxter sometimes wishes she could enjoy a more private life like ordinary people, she remembers that one time when she wasn't recognized—and makes no complaint!

Watch for Anne in Warners' CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS **in hollywood**



Jane Russell worked so hard for the WAIF ball! And Jimmy McHugh and I enjoyed it so much.

★ A ball for sweet charity . . . and a party for me . . .

IN THIS ISSUE: ★ Three 'perfect' marriages come to an end . . .

★ Marilyn Monroe stops by to chat with me . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons'



ABOVE We had an extra-special orchestra to entertain us at the WAIF benefit affair—Tennessee Ernie Ford, Jackie Cooper, Peter Graves, Fred MacMurray. And the music was good!

LEFT An infected eye almost kept Joanna Moore from coming to the ball. But we should have known this jolly little Miss would make it! Her snazzy eye-patch intrigued us all—and especially her escort for the evening, handsome Bob Neal.

TWO WONDERFUL PARTIES

Sometimes these big charity balls can be the most uncharitable bores. But I can truthfully say I can't remember having more fun than at the WAIF Ball at which close to \$100,000 was raised for **Jane Russell's** beloved project—finding good American homes for refugee children.

From the moment we walked into the Grande Ballroom of the **BEVERLY HILTON HOTEL** the feeling of a good time seemed to fill the air. Jane, looking like a dream walking in a bright red satin **Don Loper** gown, had no more than greeted us and we had found our table, than Tennessee **Ernie Ford** came up to my escort, **Jimmy McHugh**, and said they were assembling an international band on the spur of the moment and for him to come and play the piano.

Sure enough, in a private room near the party—and all dressed up to the teeth because they thought they were just to be guests—were **Fred MacMurray**, saxophone in hand; **Gene Nelson**, with bongo drums in front of him; **Mickey Rooney**, about half the size of the bass viol he was thumping; **George Gobel**, guitar slung over his

shoulder; **Jackie Cooper** at the drums; **Jerry Colonna** rolling his eyes back of a trombone; **Peter Graves**, clarinet—and when Jimmy sat down to the piano, Tennessee Ernie waved the baton and this orchestra lined up in about ten minutes was off to the hottest rehearsal!

When they later came on to play for the party, the place went crazy—that's how good they were. No one wanted them to stop, except their wives, who wanted to dance.

Perle Mesta, the hostess with the mostest, who had flown out from Washington to be co-hostess with Jane, said she'd seldom seen such a fun party.

As for the rest of the show, it was just tops. **Lauritz Melchior** sang, followed by **Carol Channing**, **Ethel Waters** and **Art Baker**.

Among those having the time of their lives were the **Gary Coopers**—Rocky in a bright green dress; the **Gabor** girls, **Rhonda Fleming**, **Greta Thyssen** and many more—including newcomer **Joanna Moore**.

This Miss stole considerable publicity. She had an injured eye before the party and

rather than stay home and miss the fun, she had the U-I make-up department make her a black velvet patch on which was painted in sequins—a very cute wink!

I HAD SO LITTLE TIME in the big town—yes, since my last column here, I slipped off for a short trip to New York to see the new shows and some old friends—that my good friends **Jimmy McHugh** and **Ed Wynn**, guiding light of the famed **HARVYN CLUB**, decided to give a big party in my honor and invite all my pals! What a gay and warm affair it turned out to be! If another guest had shown up I think the **HARVYN CLUB** would have burst at the seams.

Of course, **Rosalind Russell**, who is the darling of New York in **Auntie Mame**, attracted much attention when she arrived dressed in the height of fashion—as always.

And redheaded **Greer Garson**, who was soon to replace **Roz** in that stage play, was holding court too. While we are on the subject of the well-dressed, **Patti Page** looked like she had just stepped out of **HARPER'S BAZAAR**. The sleek-looking blonde singer is

*It's the party season
and the days are filled
with news of love . . .
and marriage . . .
and a few broken
dreams . . .*

GOOD NEWS



One of the big highlights of my New York visit was seeing Kirk Douglas and his pretty wife, and Gloria Swanson—at a party thrown just for me!



Patti Page came to the party too, and held hands with her handsome husband, dance director Charles O'Curran. She's so wonderful on TV!

certainly one of the best-dressed women in tv, and when I told her that—Patti said her husband Charlie O'Curran deserved a lot of credit for her good taste.

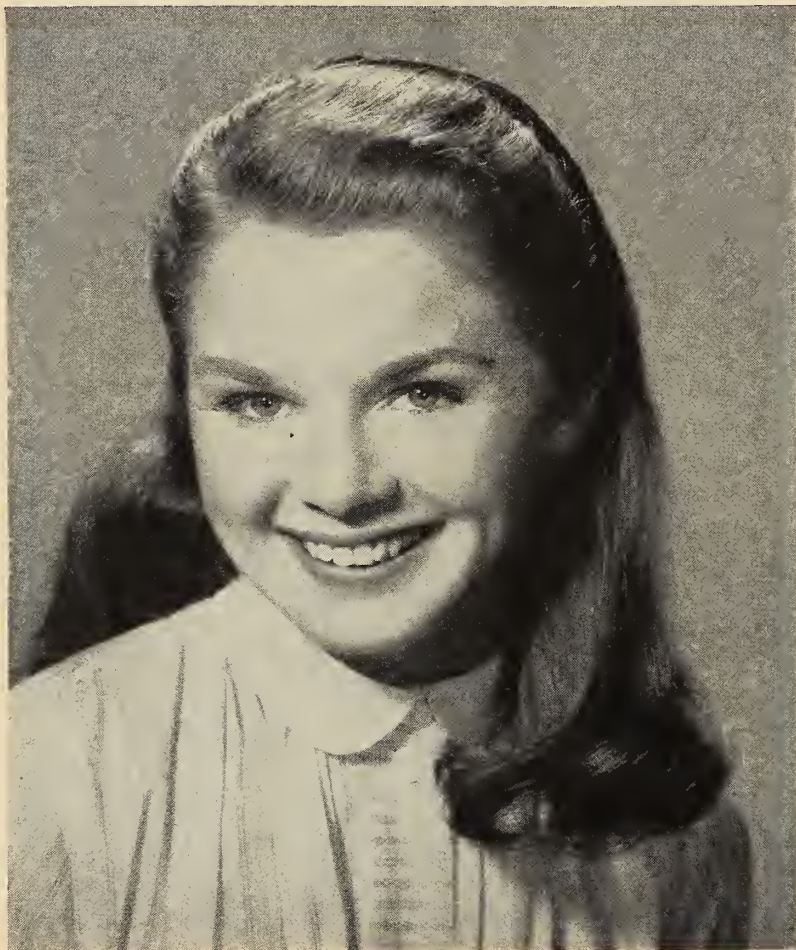
I had interviewed **Kirk Douglas** the day before for my newspaper and I knew how glad he and Anne were to be back in the USA after eight long months of picture making in the most horrible weather in Europe. He was beaming from ear to ear as he, too, greeted old friends at my party.

It would take up the rest o' this department to list everyone who came to make this event so happy for me—but among the dear friends I saw were **Anna Maria Alberghetti**, **Polly Bergen**, **Ethel Merman**, **Fernando Lamas** and **Arlene Dahl**—they are so happy about the expected baby, **Benay Venuta**, **Irene Dunne**—such a credit to Hollywood as President Eisenhower's appointed delegate to the U.N., **George Delacorte**, publisher of **MODERN SCREEN** and editor **David Myers** and his pretty wife **Astrid**, **Elsa Maxwell**—and oh, well, I give up. All in all, it was a party I shall not soon forget.



*And sitting together were those two sensations from **SAYONARA**, **Red Buttons** and **Miko Taka**. That's pretty Mrs. **Red Buttons** sitting with them at the **HARWYN**, where the party was held. 13*

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM...DIANE VARSI



... the nineteen-year-old girl who had never set foot before a movie camera until she tested to play Lana Turner's daughter in *Peyton Place*—and is now on her way to stardom in a performance already touted for a Best Supporting Actress Oscar.

Here is no rock 'n' roll teenager. In her private life she has had enough emotional experience for a woman of thirty-five or older. Married at sixteen, she has a baby boy, Shawn, born in 1956, soon after the marriage was annulled. Later that same year, she married independent movie producer James Dickson, but this marriage too has just gone on the rocks.

Certainly there is nothing in Diane's appearance that marks her as a femme fatale to have so much experience so early in life. She's five-feet-seven inches, 120 pounds, has ash-blond hair and blue eyes—and looks exactly like what she is: a school girl with a movie crush. Far from being an outstanding beauty, her chief claim to attention is an alertness and aliveness to her expression.

A native of San Francisco—her father is a florist there and her parents are divorced—Diane exhibited dramatic talent as far back as when she was a grade school student at St. Mary's Grade School, and later when she attended San Mateo High School, Junior College and Jeff Corey's Drama School.

Through the efforts of Jeff Corey, Diane appeared in her first and only stage play, the production of *Gigi* in Los Angeles. Now and then she got a modeling job, but she was just one among the army of hopeful wishers until she was taken to Mark Robson at 20th for an interview for *Peyton Place*.

He says, "This girl was born knowing how to act—she's that rare thing, a natural." 20th Century-Fox believes so, too. She now has a long term contract, and her new picture is with **Don Murray**.

MARLON'S HAPPY AT LAST...

What a difference love and marriage and the joy of an expected baby have made in the personality of **Marlon Brando**.

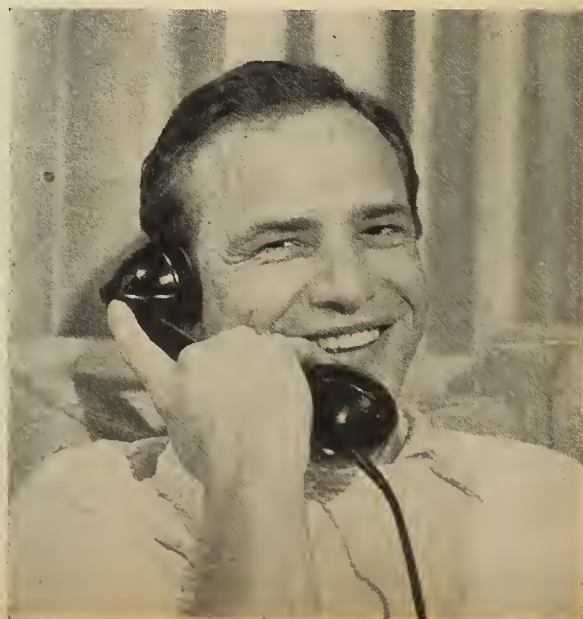
He is a really happy man—for just about the first time in Hollywood, perhaps in his entire life.

He is very deeply in love with **Anna Kashfi**.

A good friend of mine who knows them, and is one of the few guests invited to their home, tells me that "Marlon is content to just sit and look at Anna.

"His love is fiercely protective, perhaps because she has had much serious illness in her life.

"He told me, after the news was out that he and Anna would have a baby in July. 'The only thing in life that matters—is loving and being loved.' It's about time the boy was happy, at last."

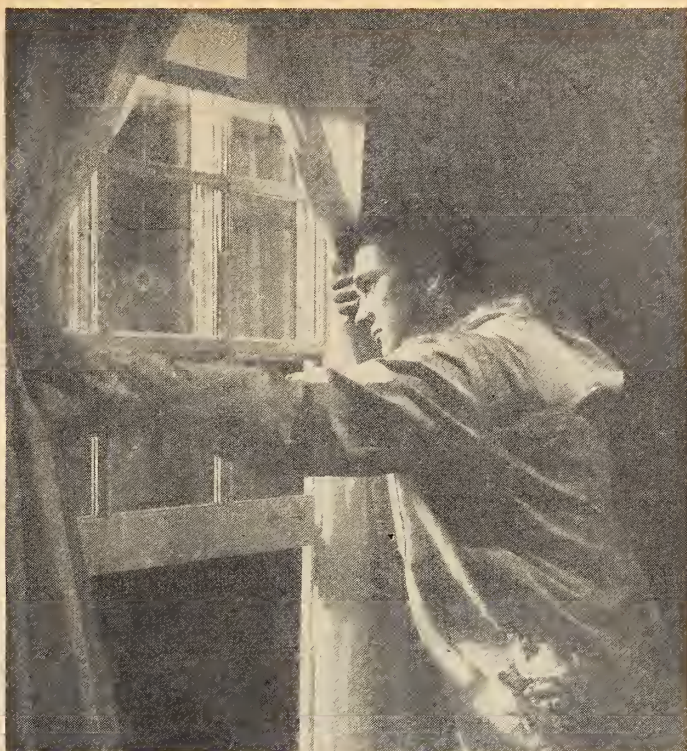




For Esther Williams and her little boy—and the other two children—the future is a life without Ben, without Daddy. But things have not been going well with Esther and Ben for a long, long time. . . .



A blaze of scandal surrounded Ingrid's marriage seven years ago—and a blaze of scandal heralded the end of her life with Roberto Rossellini. But in my opinion, their separation had little to do with Sonali. . . .



For too many months, Rock and his Phyllis were separated—his work kept them apart; her illness kept them apart. But it takes more than a few months of separation—and a wife's little extravagances—to break a marriage apart at the seams. And only Rock and Phyllis know the real tragedy. . . .

THE DREAMS COME TO AN END...

If you ask me, the thing that broke up **Ingrid Bergman** and the man she gave up everything for, Roberto Rossellini, is his sheer unadulterated, unbearable jealousy that she is again a successful actress winning the plaudits of the world for her talents! He couldn't take it.

Arrogant and blustering, convinced in his own mind at least that he is one of the few genius directors of all time, he seemed a good enough husband to Ingrid during those few years in Italy when both their careers were on the skids. He directed her in two pictures, both flops—and privately blamed her for the failures.

Even before she left him, Ingrid had said in despair, "He is so hard to work for, with no sympathy for anything short of perfection."

So when their waning finances made it imperative for Ingrid to seek work with other directors—those who were making pictures; Rossellini wasn't—and she won the Academy Award for finest performance in *Anastasia*, it was more than he could take.

Like many men who are hurt in the ego, Rossellini soon found another woman to adore him and build up his self esteem, an East Indian beauty, married and the mother of children, named Sonali Das Gupta. Their romance was conducted so openly that it was soon a major scandal in India, and the talk about them spread to Europe and Paris where Ingrid was appearing on the stage in *Tea and Sympathy*.

As humiliated and hurt as she must have been, Ingrid tried to keep her chin and her

courage high, denying any trouble with her Italian husband.

But the bitter show-down had to come—and the ill-fated saga of Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini came to an end on a rainy day in Rome when they both appeared in court and signed a separation paper. That's as close as they could come to a divorce in Italy.

And so ends a great mistaken love story in the life of a great star. There's more about Ingrid on Page 44.

By the time **Esther Williams** and Ben Gage admitted their eleven-year marriage was at an end late in November, I'd arrived at the point of thinking *What next?* in the line of movie news this year.

1957 will go down as a time of startlingly big news out of Hollywood. It's a case not of what has happened—but what hasn't happened!!—as you well know if you read my review of the year in *MODERN SCREEN'S HOLLYWOOD YEARBOOK*.

Speaking of Esther and Ben, I can't honestly label their parting a surprise. I have reason to know that things have not been going well with them for three years, ever since Ben started taking an active management in Esther's career. He was the impresario of her *Aquacade* in London and producer of one of her TV shows.

When she stayed in Europe long after she had completed her movie with Jeff Chandler—*Raw Wind In Eden* was shot on location in Rome—and Ben stayed here in their Brentwood home, I suspected something was amiss.

After five months, when she finally arrived in New York and was met by Ben, I called her long distance and told her I heard her marriage was shaky. She said it wasn't true, that Ben was right there with her—but she didn't say it with a great deal of conviction.

I'll say for Esther, I think she tried very hard to hold her marriage together because of the children, Susan 4, Kimmie 7, and Benjy 8. She is very much a family-type girl and she loves her home and children. She and Ben are in many business projects together outside of pictures.

But once again, as it so often happens, it is very hard to keep a marriage together in this town when the woman's career is so far out in front of the man's. Page 38 carries a more complete story about this unhappy woman.

Only **Rock Hudson** and Phyllis know what really broke up their marriage. But I can tell you one thing which did *not* bring on the rift, although it is being loudly circulated.

It isn't true that Rock felt Phyllis was far too extravagant. You heard on every side that when Rock returned from five months of making *A Farewell To Arms* in Italy he was shocked that Phyllis had taken a long lease on an expensive home in Malibu, in addition to the new home they had bought in Beverly Hills, and had spent a small fortune furnishing the beach place. This is one of the things you heard about the Hudsons.

To the contrary, Rock has always been more than generous with his wife. The same saleslady who waits on me in a swank Be- 15

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood *continued*

verly Hills store frequently served Rock when he was buying gifts for Phyllis.

The saleslady told me, "Sometimes Mr. Hudson would buy four or five complete outfits for his wife. Last Christmas, he bought her a beautiful evening gown complete even to the white mink shrug to wear with it. He also bought several sports outfits, including matching Cashmere coats. Mrs. Hudson, herself, told me he was far too extravagant with her."

Rock also bought beautiful jewelry for Phyllis. There isn't a pinch-penny bone in his body.

Nor do I believe that her long illness with hepatitis, which prevented her from joining him in Europe, is the cause of their trouble.

If you ask me, Rock is fundamentally a lone wolf, a man who goes best alone. He is completely absorbed in his work. Right now he is tired to the point of exhaustion after two strenuous location trips, *Twilight For The Gods* in Honolulu, and *A Farewell To Arms*.

Recently he and Phyllis had dinner together and seemed to enjoy their date on the town—but most of their close friends do not expect a reconciliation, even after Rock has had a chance to rest. You can read more of the details of this unhappy story on Page 36.



FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

Jayne Mansfield, Christmas shopping for boy-friend **Mickey Hargitay**—and ablaze with that huge diamond Mickey gave her—pulled the funniest line of the holiday season.

"I'm looking for something for 'The Man Who Has Everything—ME,'" quipped the irrepressible Jaynie.

RITA HAYWORTH'S IN LOVE AGAIN!

"I'm very much in love with Jim Hill, and of course I'm going to marry him," **Rita Hayworth** told me cheerfully over the 'phone when I called to check that she and Jim, who's a partner with Burt Lancaster in **HECHT-HILL-LANCASTER**, were marrying over the holidays.

If ever there was a girl who believed that Love And Marriage go together, as the song has it, it's my friend Rita. When she falls she falls and she always marries the guy. Hill will be Number 5 in her life—but she is just as excitedly and ardently in love with him as though he were Number 1.

I've known red-headed Rita through all her marriages and I would class them as follows:

Ed Judson—bossed her and kept her under his thumb as long as he could.

Orson Welles—dazzled her with his intelligence and fathered her daughter Rebecca.

Prince Aly Khan—the most exciting and romantic of Rita's husbands. It was glorious while it lasted. But she couldn't take his custom of paying attention to other beauties while married to her. The father of adorable Princess Yasmin.

Dick Haymes, the singer—the most dreary and unhappy of her marriages. Every kind of trouble beset them, including financial.

Now for Jim Hill—he's never been married although he is most popular with the ladies. He's taught Rita to play golf and take long drives in his sporty car. They go to movies, not premières, and hold hands. They window shop along fashionable Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills. They'll have dinner at four o'clock in the afternoon or two o'clock in the morning, whenever the mood moves them. Jim's successful and he's a good guy. Maybe he'll be Rita's happiest.



Rita Hayworth, who has married and shed four husbands, is holding hands these days with producer Jim Hill—and I'd say he'll be her fifth husband. But perhaps, this time, Rita has found the right man for her—and Jim will be her last husband as well. She's gone through a lot of heart-break, this girl; she deserves a little happiness. . . .

MARILYN DROPPED BY TO VISIT ME...

It was raining cats and dogs the day **Marilyn Monroe** came to see me in New York.

I'd like to say right here, there is one particular thing I've always noticed about my friendship with Marilyn. We may not see one another for a long, long time. Yet each time we meet it's as though there had been no interruption in our intimacy.

Because I knew she had been so ill at the time she lost the baby she and Arthur Miller wanted so much, I was really surprised at how pretty and glowingly healthy she looked. She was wearing a wool print of various shades of green under a full-length mink coat and, despite the pouring rain, no hat covered her blonde hair.

When I enthused on how wonderful she looked, Marilyn laughed, "Well, I'm a country girl now. Lots of sleep and fresh air at our home in Connecticut—if you can imagine me an early-to-bed girl! Remember how I

used to love to stay up till all hours and sleep late—when I wasn't working, of course?" That, I could. Marilyn didn't go to many Hollywood parties.

But when she did—she was certainly the last to leave.

"Arthur and I live such a simple life in the country," she went on happily. "We have had his two children with us through most of the summer, plus the fact that he is working hard on a new play.

"There's very little time, really, to get even as far as New York."

She told me she had ventured in on this very wet day because she had an appointment with her doctor—yes, she's *still* under his care. Besides, she had to shop for some furniture for the new apartment they have leased for the winter season. "Also, the big thing was I wanted to see you," she said very sweetly. "You are my good friend."

Do you wonder I am so fond of this girl?

We talked of many things and many people—some sad, some happy in Marilyn's life.

She said, "I want you to know that I have never known such happiness as I have with Arthur. My life is so rich and contented I can hardly believe it has happened to me."

"Don't let it become so contented that you'll stay in Connecticut and forget all about your work," I laughingly warned. "We can't spare you."

"Oh, I have been keeping busy studying at the Actor's Studio," she answered quickly, "and of course you know I return to Hollywood to start *The Blue Angel*, a new musical version of Marlene Dietrich's picture, as soon as the script is ready. Arthur wants me to have my career."

She also told me she is making some recordings for RCA.

"But most of all," my girl friend said, "we hope for children." And I second that wish for you, Marilyn. You are a wonderful girl.



IS NATALIE BURNING!



... and I mean burning at **Joan Collins!**

Natalie thinks Joan insulted her in front of 30,000,000 people—or whatever number was tuned in on a recent Ed Sullivan tv show when Joan and **Bob Wagner**—Nat's heart—were appearing to plug their *Stopover Tokyo* movie. It happened this way:

Ed Sullivan (to Bob Wagner): "I hear that you and Natalie Wood will soon be married."

Bob: "That's right—I hope."

Ed: "Well, I want to wish you both much happiness and good luck."

Joan Collins: "And I want to wish you good luck, too, Bob. You'll need it!"

That did it! The show wasn't even off the air before Natalie was calling from the coast to ask Bob what in the world that girl had meant? It was the most malicious, etc., etc., etc., thing she had ever heard—and on and on.

Later, Joan—seemingly surprised over the hubbub—made a half-hearted stab at explaining that she just meant that anybody who gets married needs a fair share of luck and that nothing personal was meant about Natalie and Bob.

But the fat was in the fire—to coin a phrase—and no one listened much to Joan. Particularly Natalie.

Remember Errol Flynn when he swashbuckled across the screen in the old days? Well, it's a new Errol that you'll be seeing soon! Incidentally—these days Errol's date is . . . his lovely ten-year-old daughter!



Lana was so nice to one of her fans recently. And he wrote me to tell me all about the special interview she found time for . . .



One of Piper Laurie's fans writes in to tell me what he thinks Piper should do the next time a producer offers her a big, fat movie role . . .

Lots of us were pretty surprised when little Mitzi Gaynor got that plum role in *South Pacific*. But wait till you see her in it—before you decide she wasn't the right choice. She is! And I know you'll all agree with me.



THE LETTER BOX:

"I'm glad, Glad, GLAD Piper Laurie is having the last laugh on Hollywood. She's proving herself a great actress on TV and I hope she sticks her tongue out when film producers who wasted her so woefully come running," snaps Ginger McConnell, Dallas. Hold on, lady. Did you see Piper in *UNTIL THEY SAIL*? . . .

Evie Adams, Milwaukee, postcards: "Will you please send me a list of all movie actresses who are older than their husbands. Are you kidding? . . .

"I dare you to deny that Marlon Brando is the greatest actor in the world after SAY ONARA," writes Phoebe, of Riverside, California. "His great picture was sneak previewed here and even people I know who had not liked the 'uncouth' Brando broke down and agree he is the finest in the business." A great many fans like you believe Marlon may win another Oscar, Phoebe. . .

An interesting letter from Daniel Camino Miraflores, Lima, Peru, S.A., who has had the chance of meeting many movie personalities in Lima and thinks American fans might be interested in his reactions:

"First, Peru's most popular actor is American **Rock Hudson**.

"The star who personally was the nicest to me was **Lana Turner**, who granted me an interview at her hotel suite when I wrote her a letter asking her to. She spoke to me as though I were an old friend, even to making some jokes about herself.

"On the other hand, **Joanne Gilbert** seemed to me to be conceited.

"**Van Heflin's** wife, Frances, is the nicest movie wife I've met. Both of these people are fine representatives of Hollywood.

"**Yul Brynner** is, of course, a sheer joy. Such a continental charmer, and he knows it. Who cares? And **Jarma Lewis** is the finest lady I have ever met." Thank you, Daniel, for your colorful comments. . .

"I still say **Mitzi Gaynor** isn't the right star for *SOUTH PACIFIC*," argues Mrs. Leo Agillo, Brooklyn. Wait and see, wait and see, says I. Joey Vinnetti, also of Brooklyn, says he nearly died laughing when he learned **Errol Flynn** was back going strong in Hollywood. "Who's kiddin' who about the movies wanting new faces?" cracks Pal Joey. But Errol is doing an entirely different thing from his old swashbuckling roles. He's gone into character portrayals in *TOO MUCH TOO SOON* and *THE SUN ALSO RISES*. . .

"Tony Franciosa should win the Oscar for the best supporting actor for his wonderful portrayal in *HATFUL OF RAIN*," opines Mr. Veronica Callighan, Baltimore. Don't worry, he'll be well up in the running. I'm sure Shelley Winters agrees with you. . .

Peggy Potter, Tucson, Arizona, writes: "I hope Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner don't marry. Not yet. They are too young. If it is really love, it will last for many years. I know what I'm talking about because I was too, fell madly in love and married in my teens. It was a big mistake." Every experience is different, Peggy, my girl.

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

Luella Parsons



DOLORES MICHAELS

ried, "I'M ALL WET!"

Dolores was nervous. She tried to hide her trembling while the hairdresser put the finishing touches to the glamorous coiffure created for her first screen test.

She had just been discovered at the DIRECTORS' WORKSHOP by 20TH CENTURY-Fox. Sure, she had toured with *Brigadoon*, had been on television, and even modeled, but a screen test, that was the most important step in her career so far!

And, to put it mildly, she was nervous! The make-up man tried to distract her explaining how he was highlighting her blonde hair and putting sparkle into her blue eyes. The wardrobe girl kept telling her how well she wore her clothes, and the hairdresser was so proud of her special styling.

But was Dolores listening? No, all she could think of was would she fluff her hair and could she understand the director. She had heard that he was French. Suppose she couldn't understand what he said? Then suddenly there was no more time supposing. She was ready.

"You look lovely," the hairdresser said. "Go ahead, now, we're all rooting for you." She looked at herself in the mirror. She looked sort of pretty, she decided. Well, she felt more confident now. And Dolores was determined to succeed. She walked on the set, poised and smiling.

She waited to hear *Lights! Action! Let roll!*

Suddenly a prop man ran up to her with a bucket of water—and soaked her from head to toe! The special hairdo, the careful makeup, the gown, all soaked!

She heard the director saying—a French accent, all right, but this was very clear—his scene calls for realism, Miss Michaels; you're playing a wet angry woman!" *Lights! Camera! Action!"*

Dolores is appearing in *TIME LIMIT*, a United Production, United Artists release. Also in *APRIL LOVE* and *FRAULEIN* for 20th Century-Fox.

THE EXCITING 3 OF
"WRITTEN ON THE WIND"
in the story they
said would
never be
filmed!

ROCK HUDSON
ROBERT STACK
DOROTHY MALONE
JACK CARSON

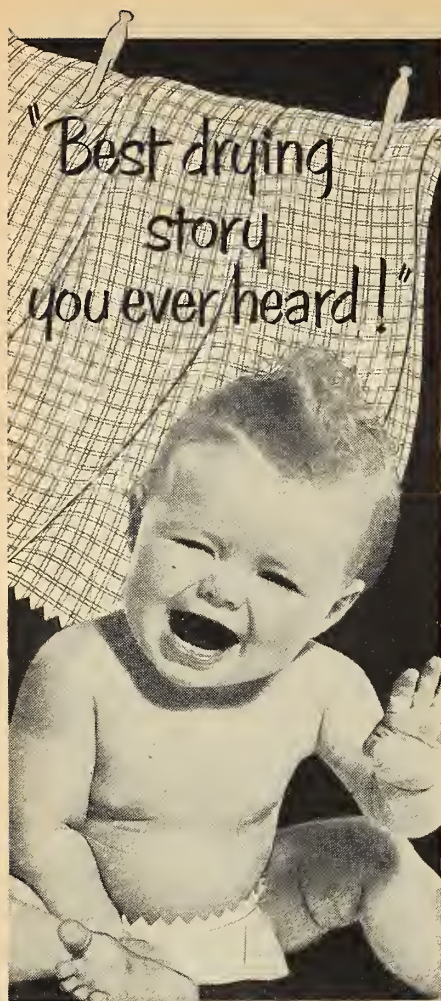
The **TARNISHED ANGELS**

BASED ON
"PYLON"
by
WILLIAM FAULKNER

CINEMA SCOPE

ROBERT MIDDLETON with ROBERT J. WILKE

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by GEORGE ZUCKERMAN • Produced by ALBERT ZUGSMITH
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Enclosed is (indicate choice):

- ☐ 50¢ for Curity PIN CHECK Diaper
☐ 25¢ for full size Curity Regular Diaper
☐ 75¢ for bath

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____
 Good in Continental United States and Hawaii

MANSFIELD —NO "PLAIN JAYNE"



■ If you want to meet Jayne Mansfield, it's a standard joke in Hollywood that you need only attend the next opening of a super market, movie theater, restaurant or shoeshine stand. There you will find Jayne in her glory—being photographed by a barrage of cameramen and answering questions just as fast as they are fired at her.

For instance:

Q—What's your real name?

A—Jayne Palmer. Legal name is Vera Jayne Mansfield.

Q—When and where were you born?

A—April 19th, in Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Q—Where did you go to school?

A—UNIVERSITY PARK GRAMMAR SCHOOL, HIGHLAND PARK HIGH SCHOOL in Dallas, Texas. Also SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY in Dallas, the UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS in Austin, and the UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA at Los Angeles.

Q—Children?

A—One daughter, Jaynie Marie, born November 8, 1950.

Q—How about a self description?

A—Blonde hair, hazel eyes, 5'5½" tall, 115 pounds, and 40-18-35.

Q—What are your hobbies?

A—Playing with my pets, swimming, horseback riding, playing tennis, working out with weights and studying Shakespeare.

Q—Favorite all-time movies?

A—*Gone With The Wind* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Q—Favorite foods

A—Well-done steaks, combination salad, fresh vegetables and fruit.

Q—Favorite flowers?

A—Gardenias and roses.

Q—Favorite colors?

A—Pink, aqua and white.

Q—Have you ever considered any other career besides acting?

A—Yes, prima ballerina, but I've wanted to be a movie star since earliest childhood.

Q—Do you like signing autographs?

A—Yes, very much.

Q—Posing for pictures?

A—Even more so!

Q—Any amusing or interesting incident with a fan you would like to share with the readers of MODERN SCREEN?

A—I signed my first autograph nearly three years ago when I was shooting *Female Jungle* down on Olvera Street in Los Angeles. The streets were filled with policemen holding back youngsters from infant age to nearly twenty years of age. Around three o'clock in the morning a little seven-year-old boy named Richard Mendoza came up to me and said, "You're really Jayne Mansfield, aren't you? Please give me your autograph. I've waited all night to get a look at you. Please sign this for me." And he took out a picture of me from a pin-up magazine. I was just a starlet then and didn't think anyone had even heard of me. Tears came to my eyes, because this was my first recognition.

Q—What kind of a house do you live in?

A—A modern five-room home, built on three levels, in the Benedict Canyon section of Beverly Hills. The house is made of redwood and glass, and has a red brick patio in the backyard with a barbecue pit. On the patio is a pink and blue pool. A fifty-foot dog pen is immediately above the pool. Nearly everything in my house is pink. I bathe in pink champagne and use my old pink coats as my bathrobes. I sleep between black silk sheets and have a pink mirrored headboard above my bed.

Q—Do you have a fan club?

A—Yes, the President is Susan Sturges, Spirit Lake, Iowa. Anyone interested in joining may write to her for complete information.

Q—Where may the readers write to you?

A—In care of 20TH CENTURY-FOX STUDIOS, Beverly Hills, California. And my very best wishes to all of them!

Jayne's appearing in *KISS THEM FOR ME* for 20th Century-Fox.

\$100 for you!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get \$10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Mail your ballot to: **MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, N.Y. 16, N.Y.**

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

1. I LIKE BING CROSBY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I LIKE KATHY GRANT:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

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

4. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
 I LIKE BOB WAGNER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE TONY CURTIS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I LIKE JANET LEIGH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

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

7. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well

8. I LIKE RICKY NELSON:
☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

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

10. I LIKE GEORGE NADER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
 I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE SAL MINED:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
 I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
 IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

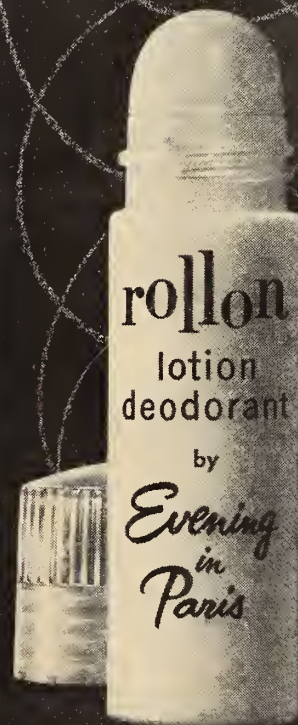
14. The stars I most want to read about are:

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

AGE NAME
 ADDRESS
 STREET
 CITY & STATE

Here are the poll prize winners for October: Cecil Batsford, Verdun, Quebec, Canada; Mary Mannina, Cicera, Illinois; Judy Phelps, Minnerasa, Manitoba, Canada; Susan Caak, Halley, New York; Judy Reed, Alderwood Manor, Washington; Carol McSherry, Oakland, California; Mrs. Dale B. Mullins, Huntsville, Alabama; Hazel Hawkins, Seneca, S. C.; Gail Gardiner, Winter Park, Florida; Mrs. Bill Granger, Jr., West Union, Iowa.

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Now, with a touch, you roll your deodorant on. Immediately, you're dry underarm; all day long you're free from perspiration worries. And always, delicately scented with a lingering, romantic fragrance. Why not treat yourself today—be lovelier tonight!

Evening in Paris

For the mother-to-be

51 gauge

ALL-ELASTIC STOCKINGS

by Bauer & Black



**Guard against varicose veins
this fashion-right way**

Pregnancy frequently increases the possibility of swollen legs and varicose veins. Don't take a chance—see your doctor. Chances are he'll recommend the sheer, new 51 gauge elastic stockings by Bauer & Black.

Sheer yet all-elastic

These are the only full-fashioned, full-foot hose that employ the famous Bauer & Black principle of *all-elastic support* (with rubber in every supporting thread).

You get the support part-elastic stockings fail to give, and you get the sheer look of regular nylons, too. Ask for Bauer & Black stockings at drug, department, surgical stores.

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Bauer & Black all-elastic stockings for new leg beauty
and comfort (from \$6.90 to \$16.95).

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS



■ When William Holden is in residence in his Beverly Hills home he simply takes it for granted, as do most men, that the house will be clean and that he will find everything, including his cuff links, exactly where they should be. It never occurs to him to inquire as to how these miracles have been brought about. Therefore, when he found himself having to share a bathroom with producer Carl Foreman when they were on location for *Stella*, Bill bathed, shaved, brushed his teeth and went whistling off to return to his room and dress.

A few minutes later, there was a loud and furious pounding on his door and he opened it to confront an indignant Carl Foreman, towel draped over his arm, shaving kit in hand, obviously en route to that same bathroom Holden had just left.

"Can't you find it?" Bill said helpfully. "Here, I'll show you where it is. Right down this hall and—"

"Oh," interrupted Foreman bitterly, "I *found* it all right! Just ask me *how* I found it—a ring around the tub, wet towels on the floor, water slopped all over—"

"Well, sure," said Bill, "but isn't there a maid—I mean, it is a hotel, there must"—Bill fumbled vaguely—"be someone—you know—someone who cleans up the rooms and all."

But there wasn't anyone who cleaned up the bathroom except the once-a-day cleaning that the chambermaid gave it at seven in the morning. Beyond that, everyone was on his own. Bill was horribly embarrassed—and apologetic. He went downstairs and got some cloths and a bucket of water. The next thing anyone knew, Bill Holden was once more whistling cheerfully, this time on his knees, as he scrubbed the tub until it shone, scrubbed the floor, scrubbed everything in sight. Foreman finally called him off, pleading, "We'll miss dinner if you don't stop and I *still* haven't bathed."

The next day, Foreman got to the bathroom first, and, mindful of Holden's example, he, too, slipped downstairs and came up with a bucket of water, cloths and a brush, and now it was Foreman's turn to scrub everything in sight. When Holden came in, Carl was glowing with pride in his own handiwork.

"There," he announced, "now there's a bathroom that's really clean!" Holden glanced around. "Why," he said, "look at that mirror above the wash bowl! All splattered with soap. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here, give me that cloth—"

And the natives of Weymouth, England, will tell you that there isn't a bathroom in town whose floor shines like that one, whose nickel trimmings glitter in the sunlight as though they were made of silver, and whose mirror isn't smudged by so much as a thumbprint. "Blimey," said the young chambermaid admiringly, "I never seen anything like it, I didn't. I declare, I'll never get it that clean!"

Bill's in Columbia's *THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI*, and soon will be in Paramount's *CAREER*.

SO WHO'S A DUDE?



■ Jack Lemmon's knowledge of the Old West was pretty much limited to a verse or two of *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie* until he ran into a fellow named Glenn Ford who turned out to be something of an authority on the subject and who gave Lemmon a bit of advice.

"Go Western, young man," Ford is reliably reported to have said when he and the young actor from Harvard met one day at the corner of Gower and Sunset in Hollywood. There have been moments since when Lemmon has wished he had turned a deaf ear and continued toward the Naples Cafe and lunch.

To press the point, Ford handed Jack a script he happened to be carrying at the time. The name on it was *Cowboy*.

Lemmon is a man who recognizes a good script when it's given him and a few days later he and Ford were standing side by side on a dusty movie location somewhere near Santa Fe, New Mexico, trying on Stetsons for size.

Lemmon chose a pearl-colored hat and looked at Ford for approval.

"Dude," said Ford.

"Like this," he said. He took the new hat, threw it in the dust, walked on it, tossed it under an on-coming camera truck which rolled over it. Then he threw it in the air and shot a couple of holes in it and held it under a water tap.

"Now," he said as he handed it back to Lemmon, "after it dries out, it just possibly may look a mite like a hat."

"Ride much?" he asked Jack, with a sort of gleam in his eye.

"Maybe I'm no Roy Rogers," Jack was a little defensive now—the memory of the new hat was still sore. "But if I say so myself—"

"Do a fast mount?" inquired his new teacher.

Now the trick to a fast mount is to have the horse start before the rider gets on. Not too tough, but it does take practice.

A couple of hours later, Jack was a bit dirty, more than a bit tired—but if the script called for a quick get-away by horseback, he wouldn't have to ask for a stunt man. Jack knew the score.

"Now about guns . . ."

Jack's hand went to his holster. He looked up to see Ford's gun leveled at him. "You," said Ford, "are dead. What's more you've been dead about sixty or seventy-five seconds."

Followed a lesson on the fine art of the fast draw.

"Only one thing left for you to learn," Glenn told his weary pupil, "and that you can practice by yourself. You've got to learn to draw a little, and give a level look. Like this. Then you'll be ready to become an Honorary Marshal in the Honorary Marshals of the Golden West, Columbia Pictures Chapter."

"Our call," he added, "is for five a.m. tomorrow and all you do is sit on the top rail of the corral. What you learned today may not help you tomorrow—but it's a long picture and these things may come in handy later. Okay?"

Lemmon gave him a level look and walked away.

"Hey," Ford yelled, "that walk—it's too Harvard."

Lemmon turned slowly, leveled another look, spat into the dust, gave a hitch to his gun belt, and whistling *I'm an Old Cowhand*, walked on toward the sunset.

"What do you make of that," Ford said aloud to himself. "The dude had the drop on me."

He leveled a look at no one in particular, and Glenn Ford, the old cowhand, walked toward the sunset, too.

The dinner tent was in that direction.

Jack's in Columbia's *OPERATION MAD BALL*; Glenn's scheduled for MGM's *THE SHEEPMAN* and *THE TUNNEL OF LOVE*. And Jack and Glenn are together in Columbia's *COWBOY*.

Stay SWEET!



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Vinegar is tart. Sour.
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How can it help you stay
sweet and nice inside when you
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Use "Lysol" instead. "Lysol"
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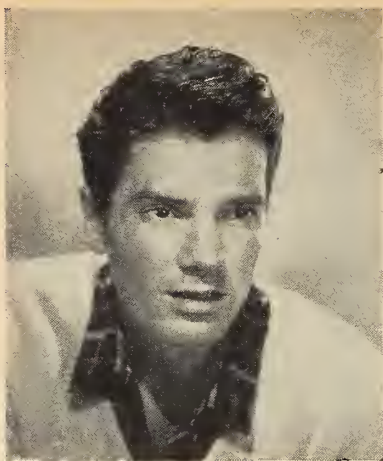
Send for free booklet on how to douche as recommended by doctors. (Mailed in a plain envelope.) Write to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. MS2-58



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TOM TRYON — HE HAD ONE YEAR TO MAKE GOOD!

■ "Five minutes, Mr. Tryon," the page boy called, ducking his head into the dressing-room which Tom shared with three other bit players.

"Five minutes," Tom repeated to himself, "and now it's too late to call. I'd never get through in time."

And then he looked back into the mirror, applying his make-up, and thought of the call he should have made, and wouldn't make, and how he'd let his folks down.

It had all begun just about a year ago. He was about to leave his home town, Wethersfield, Connecticut, to track down fame and fortune on the New York stage. His folks had wanted him to be a scientist or banker, something secure with a future, but he had his heart set on being an actor. Finally he won out. He would go to New York; he would try his luck, and if he didn't get a break within one year, he'd come back home, settle down and forget about acting forever.

He still remembered the scene at the station when he parted from his folks. His Ma had cried and couldn't seem to let him go. His Dad had taken him aside, pressed some money into his hand, and said, "Remember, son, one year—if you don't get a part by then, we'll expect you back. Good luck."

And in the months that had passed since, the long, hard discouraging months, they hadn't once mentioned his promise to them. They had sent him cheery, chatty letters. At Christmas he had talked to them for more than an hour on the phone. But not a word about his career; not a word about his homecoming.

Of course they knew he was doing badly, but they never interfered. And the year of trial, the year of pounding the pavements, hounding producers, trying everything and anything to get a part—just one break—was coming to an end, and he had gotten absolutely nowhere.

Then it had happened, two weeks ago. Out of the blue a television casting agent had called him, said there was a part for him on a dramatic show. It wasn't big—maybe twenty lines to speak—but it was a start. He had wired his folks, told them to be sure to watch the show. And they had wired back that the whole town of Wethersfield would be tuned in the night he was going to appear.

In the rehearsals that followed, his part began to shrink. The program was running too long, cuts had to be made somewhere. And every time they had to lop off a minute or two, it was Tom's actions that were eliminated, Tom's lines that were discarded. In dress rehearsal they took his last line away. All that was left for him to do was walk across a room for ten seconds—no words, no emotions, no "business."

Tom meant to call his parents to tell them not to bother to tune in. But he postponed it and postponed it and now it was too late.

The show went on. Tom walked across the room, and then, out of camera range, walked off the set and into his dressing room where he sat with his head in his hands until the show was over. Then—"Call for you, Mr. Tryon," the page boy said.

Tom went into the hall and picked up the phone. He heard his Mother's excited voice on the other end of the wire. "Tommy," she said. "Tommy, you were wonderful!" He tried to interrupt her but she hurried on, words spilling out one after another: "We're all so excited. The Reynolds and Mr. and Mrs. Williams are here—they send their congratulations. And Betty says *hello*. And . . . and . . . Tommy, I love you."

Then another voice came on the phone, his Dad's voice. It was higher than he remembered and kind of choked up. "Son, I'm proud of you. That's all I have to say. I'm proud of you." And then the operator cut in and there was a babble of *good-byes* and Tom was suddenly alone, with only the dial tone breaking the silence.

He didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Congratulations from his family—for what? For nothing. Then suddenly it hit him. "They didn't know it was nothing. They saw me and that's all that mattered to them."

"But what would they do if I really got a big part? I guess there's only one thing to do—get one and find out."

And he did . . .

Tom's latest is THE UNHOLY WIFE for U-I.

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in February, your birthstone is an amethyst and your flower is a violet. And here are some of the stars you share your birthday with:

February 3—**Peggy Ann Garner**

February 4—**James Craig**
Ida Lupino

February 6—**Zsa Zsa Gabor**
John Lund
Gigi Perreau
Ronald Reagan
Mamie Van Doren

February 7—**Keefe Brasselle**

February 8—**Jack Lemmon**
Lana Turner

February 9—**Kathryn Grayson**

February 10—**Jimmy Durante**
Robert Keith
Robert Wagner

February 11—**Leslie Nielsen**

February 12—**Forrest Tucker**

February 13—**Lyle Bettger**
Kim Novak

February 14—**Thelma Ritter**

February 15—**Kevin McCarthy**

February 16—**Vera-Ellen**
Peggy King

February 17—**Arthur Kennedy**
Wayne Morris

February 18—**Adolphe Menjou**
Jack Palance

February 21—**Dane Clark**
Zachary Scott
Ann Sheridan

February 22—**Guy Mitchell**
Robert Young

February 23—**Race Gentry**

February 24—**Barbara Lawrence**
Marjorie Main

February 26—**Betty Hutton**
Peter Lorre

February 27—**Reginald Gardiner**
Elizabeth Taylor

February 29—**Arthur Franz**



Clark Gable
February 1



Cesar Romero
February 15



Betty Hutton
February 26



Joan Bennett
February 27



When JOAN CRAWFORD laid an egg

■ In a town where parties are anything but ordinary affairs, Joan Crawford has the reputation of being "a hostess with the mostest on the ball."

That's because Joan is a perfectionist and she always plans everything down to the last detail. But on one unforgettable occasion her party turned out to be a complete failure, planning or no planning!

It was just nine Easters ago. Joan had read that the White House was giving its annual shindig for the kiddies and since her own youngsters were at an age to appreciate the traditional egg hunt, she decided they'd have one, too.

Christina, Christopher, and the twins, Cathy and Cynthia, were delighted when Joan told them there was to be an egg hunt in their Bel Air garden.

It promised to be almost as festive as Christmas!

The night before Easter Joan set to work with a will.

After the kids were asleep, she boiled dozens of eggs and tinted them in all the lovely shades of the rainbow.

Then, early Easter morning before the children were up, Joan slipped out of the house and carefully hid each one of the colored eggs about the garden.

When she gave the signal, the kids, whooping with excitement, set off on their hunt. But after awhile their laughter died down and they grew awfully quiet. Came the moment when they trooped into the house, hot and tired, and very down in the mouth.

"Gee, Mom, we looked everywhere," said Christopher.

"If this is some kind of joke, I don't get it," sniffed young Christina.

Completely stumped, Joan hurried out to the hiding places to see for herself, the children tagging at her heels. Sure enough, there wasn't a single egg in sight. Finally, she peered behind the last shrub—and the mystery was solved.

There—looking as ashamed as a dog can look—sat her pet pooch, surrounded by heaps of egg shells!

"Daggone you, Cliquot!" exclaimed Joan. "Looks like you've won the egg hunt!"

Joan is appearing in *THE STORY OF ESTHER COSTELLO* for Columbia.

there's a
bit of
Satan in...



SATIN FINISH

the new Evening in Paris lipstick

It's absolutely wicked of Evening in Paris to make a lipstick so alluring! Satin Finish *clings* as scandalously as satin . . . *smooths* your lips to satiny softness . . . makes them *tempting* as the devil. In a bewitching spectrum of pinks, corals, reds . . . each sheathed in a tall golden swivel case. Now only 49c



INFERNO RED, ONE OF THE NEW SATIN FINISH SHADES

Anita Ekberg

co-starring in
"PARIS HOLIDAY"

Filed in Technicolor and Technirama.
Released thru United Artists.



ANITA EKBERG, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl says: "I started using Lustre-Creme Shampoo when I first came to Hollywood and I love what it does for my hair. Now I wouldn't be without it!" Lustre-Creme is used by the world's most glamorous women—shouldn't you use it, too?

For the most beautiful hair in the world 4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Anita Ekberg says—"I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" . . . you're listening to a glamorous movie star whose beautiful hair is part of the charm that enchants millions.

Your hair can have that Hollywood-lovely look with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair will sparkle with highlights, shine like the stars! Yet it's so easy-to-manage—behaves like an angel—even right after shampooing. Waves are smooth—curls springy.

You'll see—and he will, too—how much lovelier your hair can look when you change to Lustre-Creme, the shampoo of the stars!

Lanolin-blessed
creme or lotion
never dries . . .
it beautifies



"Actresses need muscles" —says **TERRY MOORE**

■ To all prospective actresses, Terry Moore has this message:

"Spend as much time in the athletic department as in dramatic classes!"

If you want to be a movie star, you'll have to know swimming, dancing, and other sports—and you need *muscles*!

Remember that scene in *Bernardine* where Terry had to walk back to town after a date? Since each scene in a movie is shot six or seven times for lighting effects and from different angles, she spent almost the whole day walking. She admitted being tired but would have felt worse if she hadn't been used to it.

"Dancing lessons are a must for any actress," Terry advises.

If Terry hadn't known or liked ballroom dancing, the college prom in *Daddy Long-Legs* would have proven almost unbearable. Being perfectionists, co-stars Fred Astaire and Leslie Caron kept the cast repeating the spirited *Slue Foot* routine over and over until it was perfect.

All the while, the weary dancers had to keep smiling as they sang and danced—giving the illusion it was fun and easy.

Ability to ride horseback can help win a role; it did for Terry Moore in *King of the Khyber Rifles*. Luckily, she had learned as a girl on her grandfather's ranch. But even then, she had to practice riding every morning for several weeks before production, since as a Victorian Lady, she had to ride side-saddle.

Terry and Bob Wagner spent several hours in a swimming pool filming one scene for *Between Heaven And Hell*, where they kissed under water. The sequence was completed quicker, because both stars had been swimming since childhood and had learned how to hold their breath under water. Even then they were exhausted.

Incidentally, Terry's swimming ability saved her life during *Barefoot Mailman*. When the stunt girl refused, Terry herself had to fall out of a rowboat into a river full of alligators.

One crocodile came so close it had to be shot from shore. But she kept swimming until she reached the safety of the shore, and was pulled out. This scene had to be done perfectly—and in one take. It was, thanks to her athletic ability.

Terry's next is *PEYTON PLACE* for 20th Century-Fox.

FROM
HUSHED-UP
ROMANCE TO
HURRIED-UP

WEDDING — *turn the page for Louella's inside story
on Bing and Kathy* →





*"I almost broke up
this marriage."
Louella tells how she—
unwittingly— may
have stopped the first
wedding plans of Bing
and Kathy . . . and
how she may have
helped bring them
together again.*



BING

went the strings of my heart

■ Next to the bride and groom, I'm sure that no one was happier when Bing Crosby and Kathy Grant were married in that headline surprise elopement to Las Vegas than I.

I say this in all seriousness because ever since their romance broke off in the Fall of 1956, I have been suffering from what may be called a case of *columnist conscience*.

In other words, I had heard and had reason to believe that a scoop I had written—which was headlined in the Hearst newspapers everywhere, to the effect that Kathy had flown up to Hayden Lake taking along a wedding dress and that she and Bing would be married over the weekend—had stirred up so much fuss and feathers in many quarters that the wedding that had been planned, even to posting the wedding bans, did not come off!

From an intimate source, I had heard that when Bing, a lovable but privacy-loving critter if there ever was one, had read in cold print that he at the age of fifty-two was about to take unto himself a Texas bride of twenty-two—they were a year younger then—and that his eldest son Gary was a year older than the bride-to-be, he developed a case of cold feet that just couldn't be warmed in the direction of the marriage license bureau.

I also suspected that the 'advance warning' had given the four Crosby sons, who have watched their father very jealously since the death of their mother, a chance to long-distance *What goes, Dad?*

Whatever the cause, the fact remained that Bing and pretty Kathy had split up and I knew that she was a broken-hearted girl.

So eleven months later, when the wires started buzzing out of Las Vegas that a certain Harry Lillis Crosby and one Olive Kathryn Grandstaff had taken out a marriage license and were that moment being married in the little Catholic Church I have myself attended so often in Las Vegas, it was all I could do to keep from performing a little jig of joy right in the swank 21 Club in New York. (Continued on page 70)



LEFT Kathy's folks—her married sister Frances Ruth Meyer and husband Leonard; Kathy's uncle and aunt, the Edgar Stokeleys; Aunt Frances Sullivan; Kathy herself; her Ma and Pa; brother D. E. Grandstaff, Jr., and her cute niece and nephews on the floor. **CENTER** Kathy, in a pre-Bing pose, at the time when her heart was breaking over Bing. **RIGHT** The "I do" kiss of Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby, right after their wedding in Vegas.

by Bill Tusher

■ Not going steady? That's a *big* switch for Tommy Sands! Where most fellows start by dating up a storm in their teens, then start going steady after a few years—Tommy did it the other way around. All his life, he's been a steady dater. And just now he's started playing the field.

How come?

It was not that he suddenly cared less—or not at all—about Molly Bee, whom everyone had assumed was his best girl. It's just that now there's Molly—and Babby Greene, and Chris Callos, and Diane Jergens and Kathy Reid. And there would be others.

And there's a reason for it . . . a big reason . . .

It all started when conductor Emil Newman came over to Tommy's table at Mike Lyman's restaurant on Vine Street and introduced his lovely daughter Arleen, a very sharp lass in tan shorts and a corduroy jacket.

"I dig those shorts," Tommy almost whistled. "Isn't she pretty? Boy, she's beautiful. She's very nice, too. I think I'm going to ask her for a date the next time I see her."

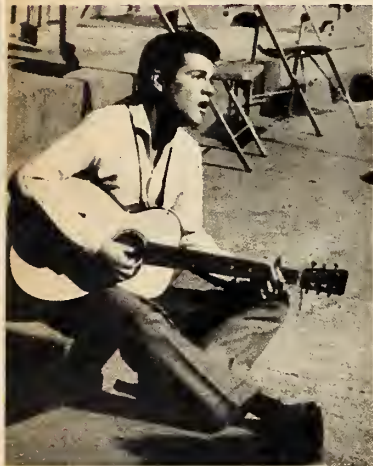
And then he stopped short. He had never thought this way before, never thought of more than just one girl at a time. . . .

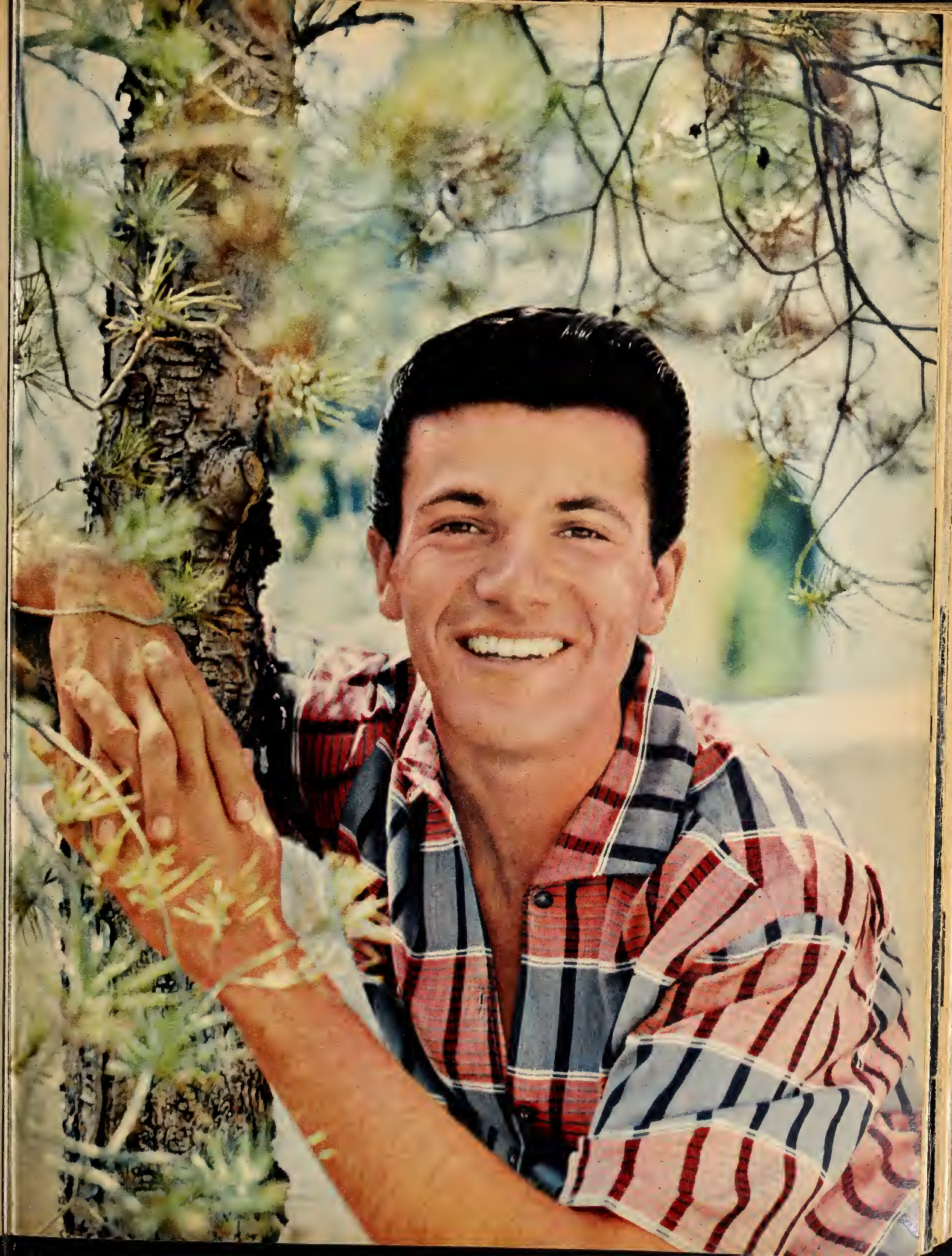
Did this mean he didn't want Molly any more? "No," he says, slowly, thinking it out. "I'm dating other girls now, sure. And it's not a thing of *Molly and Tommy*, like it was. But we're still good friends and we'll still date, but she's only one of the girls I see, and I'm (Continued on page 77)

Tommy Sands—

*I went with
a girl named
Molly Bee,
the sweetest gal
you ever
did see, but...*

**I ain't
goin' steady
no more!**





Should Liza ever ask, "Mommy, is it true I almost wasn't born?"—Liz would have to answer, "They told us not to have a baby, but we'd never never listen." "Who told you, Mommy?" "Well, it happened long ago and far away..." and Liz would probably leave the rest of the story up to us:

Once upon a time, dear baby Liza, three thousand miles away in a kingdom by the sea, a little girl was born. She was not of royal blood, but we will call her princess, because her beauty was to bring her the tribute of kings. The Princess Liz had black, black hair, blacker than a witch's heart, softer than an April day. The Princess Liz had wondering, wondering eyes, and they

(continued on page 64)

A Bedtime



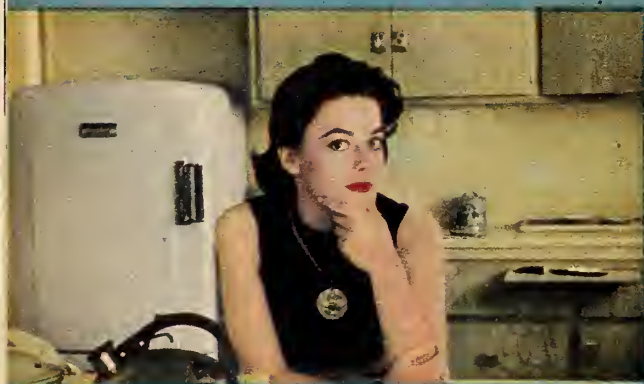
Story For Liza

*You're scared, Natalie,
that you're not fit
for marriage but—*

You can make it baby, if...



if "Kisses sweeter than wine"...



aren't all you can offer!

... if, first of all, you remember you're a woman, not Mother's little girl . . .

For nineteen and a half years, the most important person in your life—like in most people's lives—has been your mother; and you'd be the first to agree that Mom has been someone who did a heck of a lot to make life easy for you, the first to acknowledge your dependence on Mom.

The relationship between you two was, and still is, much closer than between most mothers and daughters. Whereas the average girl sooner or later resents her mother's interference, and tries to live her own life and make her own decisions, you've never reached that point. The rumors a few months ago about disagreements with your family and your threats to move out were phony. Maybe because you know your mother has always been solidly in your corner—even if it meant siding against your father. And Natalie, you've never had any secrets from her. In a way you two were—and are—more like girl friends than mother and daughter.

Your mother has (Continued on page 82)





All you've got to do is love each other, thought Rock and Phyllis, and all the rest takes care of itself. Just one problem. It wasn't to prove true.

WHY ROCK WALKED OUT

by Linda Matthews

■ The tall young man sitting on the bed put his head in his hands. "I don't know, Ma," he said softly. "Ma, I just don't know."

Across the room, the grey-haired woman stared at him. Then she got up and walked to the window. Outside traffic roared, voices drifted faintly up. Below her a sign flashed: Beverly Hills Hotel. She sighed. "I don't understand you, Roy," she said finally. "We're talking different languages maybe. You tell me you're getting a divorce. You tell me you're—you're through with Phyllis. You sit here in a hotel room; you've moved out of your house—and I ask you why—and you tell me you don't know." Suddenly, with surprising force, she crossed to him. She pulled his hands down from his face. "Look at me!" she ordered. "I'm your mother. Look at me. Tell me why!"

In the silence, a clock ticked. Defeated, the woman dropped her son's hands. She went back to the chair and picked up a jacket and a purse. She walked to the door and opened it. Then with her back to Rock, she said softly, "I'm going home. If the neighbors ask me why you left your wife, I'll tell them what I used to read in the magazines. You like your steak rare, she likes it well-done. So you're getting a divorce. I'll tell them that. Maybe I'll even tell it to myself." She turned her head. Her tired (Continued on page 58)



When we received this unusual story we worried and called Linda Matthews . . . "Are you sure your facts are right, Linda?" "Yes," said Linda. "But how could you have gotten them?" "That," said Linda, "is indeed the secret . . . but just ask this: have I ever sent you a false story?" Since the answer was "no," we print it with full faith that it is correct.

THE EDITORS

Esther— don't throw away 11 YEARS!



*A lot of living is packed
into eleven years of marriage . . . home,
children, and Ben's steady love.*

Dear Esther:

There was quite a crowd at the dock the day you came home from Europe. September 27, 1957, to be exact. A sticky day that felt more like August than September—

I remember that. The girl next to me in the crowd was mopping her forehead with a hanky when suddenly her hand dropped and her head jerked up. "There it is!" she cried out. "There it comes!"

And the *Ile de France* steamed majestically into sight.

Every head swiveled around. Hands pointed, voices rose, shrill and excited. It must have been quite a sight. But I wasn't watching the ship come in. I was watching a face.

If anyone had noticed me, I suppose they'd have thought I was an idiot, because by movie-star standards, it wasn't much of a face. Square-cut, a little heavy, like the rest of the man. Not young, really—a fortyish face, and not ashamed to show it. A good, durable, unglamorous face—with a look in the eyes that made me want to cry. Have you ever seen fear and hope and pain and love all mixed up together, Esther? It can tear the heart out of you.

The man was Ben Gage, and he was waiting for you to come home. He's your husband, the man you decided to divorce . . .

A minute ago, he'd been surrounded by reporters. He had been fanning himself with his hat, and his voice was light, and he was laughing. The way he had laughed a few weeks before when he told Louella Parsons, "Go ahead and say Esther and I are having trouble. It makes us more interesting. But the truth is, the only thing wrong with us is that my wife's been gone three months, two weeks, one day and three hours— and I miss her." (Continued on page 75)

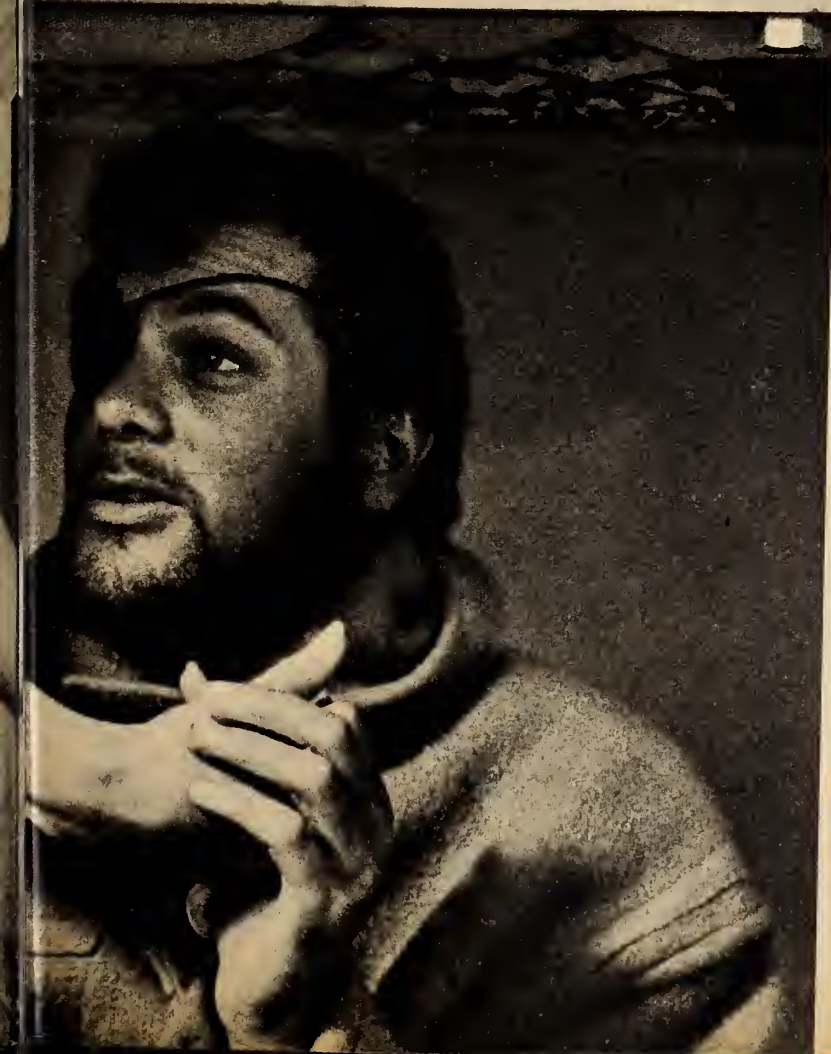


*I couldn't
even tell
Janet...*

*I just said
"goodnight darling,"
and began...*

THE LONGEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE





■ The hotel room was dark, except for the soft patch of sunlight that sifted through the drawn drapes. And it was quiet. So quiet that you could almost hear a man breathe. Tony Curtis was alone in the room. He sat on the edge of the big chair, sat with his head in his hands and his heart in his throat. He sat there praying.

He was scared. He'd been scared before, but not like this. He'd known poverty, and the uncertainty and fear that came with it. You could work your way out of poverty, escape it. He knew. He'd managed. He'd known the fear of failure. He'd licked it. And the lost feeling of emotions gone haywire. He'd put them back in order. He'd known physical pain. Eventually it had passed. Not without help . . . none of it without help. And now. . .

After a while, a long while, he got up and walked over to the bed table. He picked up the telephone, put it down, then picked it up again. "Would you get me the Dinard Hospital. Dr. Lorie's clinic . . ."

There were clicks and buzzes and purrs on the line and, finally, a low, steady voice. "Hello. . ."

"Dr. Lorie? Tony Curtis. Look, I hate to bother you, but I've been wondering if. . ."

He stopped (Continued on page 61)



by Marcia Borie

■ First of all, you're aware of Ricky Nelson's startling good looks. He's six feet tall, has dark brown hair, deep blue eyes—and a smile which makes him a heartbreaker! He's the nation's newest singing sensation; he's been in show business since the age of nine. But sitting in front of you, his feet propped up on a coffee table, he might be any teen-ager in any living room—until he starts talking about his music. . . .

"It's funny, I keep wondering why it took me so long to realize how important singing is to me. I've been singing around the house since I was a little kid, and I also played drums, picked out tunes on the piano and fooled around on the clarinet and saxophone. I can't read music and I never really took any lessons except for a month on drums and three or four clarinet lessons. So music always seemed to just naturally be a part of me, but I didn't think much about it until a couple of years ago. Then suddenly something came over me and I just knew I wanted to concentrate on it.

I kept thinking about how I'd like to make a record, but I never really asked anybody about it. Then last year, on one of our TV shows, I did a two-minute imitation of Elvis Presley.

"Things seemed to happen as a result of that show. It was then that I asked my folks if I could make a record.

We talked about it for a while. At first, Dad was a little skeptical. But when he thought it over and said *okay*, he and Mom went overboard. Since I made my first record they've been behind me, encouraging me one hundred percent. (Continued on page 66)

**"I'm not exactly
going steady with**

Marianna, but..."



meet

Ricky



**"The main thing my folks
have taught me is
how to act natural..."**

BERGMAN TALKS!

*Ingrid
gives
Modern Screen
the first
magazine interview
since
the break-up*

by BEVERLY OTT

■ I was in London when the world's headlines splashed the Bergman-Rossellini break-up. David Myers phoned me from New York to get that story, the first magazine story, at any cost. I said *no* at first. I just felt so sorry for Ingrid, felt that she had gone through so much prying into her private tragedy already, that I hated to add to her unhappiness. Besides that, I *thought* I knew what she would say. David reminded me, however, that a reporter's first duty is to her readers, and I took the assignment.

But when I hung up I wasn't so sure I'd be able to fill it. Poor hounded Ingrid . . . was I going to join the wolves and help tear her to pieces? But there was nothing to do but pick up the phone again and call Ingrid Bergman.

She was on the set of *Indiscreet*—and there was a title change I didn't like. The film's title was *Kind Sir*, and I couldn't help wondering whether the title change to *Indiscreet* wasn't an attempt on someone's part to sell tickets by pinning another scarlet letter on Ingrid. "Hello," her voice was as calm, low, and warm as I remembered it. "Bev? It's been a long time, hasn't it . . . An interview? Well, why not?"

I could have thought of a few good reasons. . . .

"In fact, why don't you come over now?"

"*Right now?*"

She laughed, "*Right now.*"

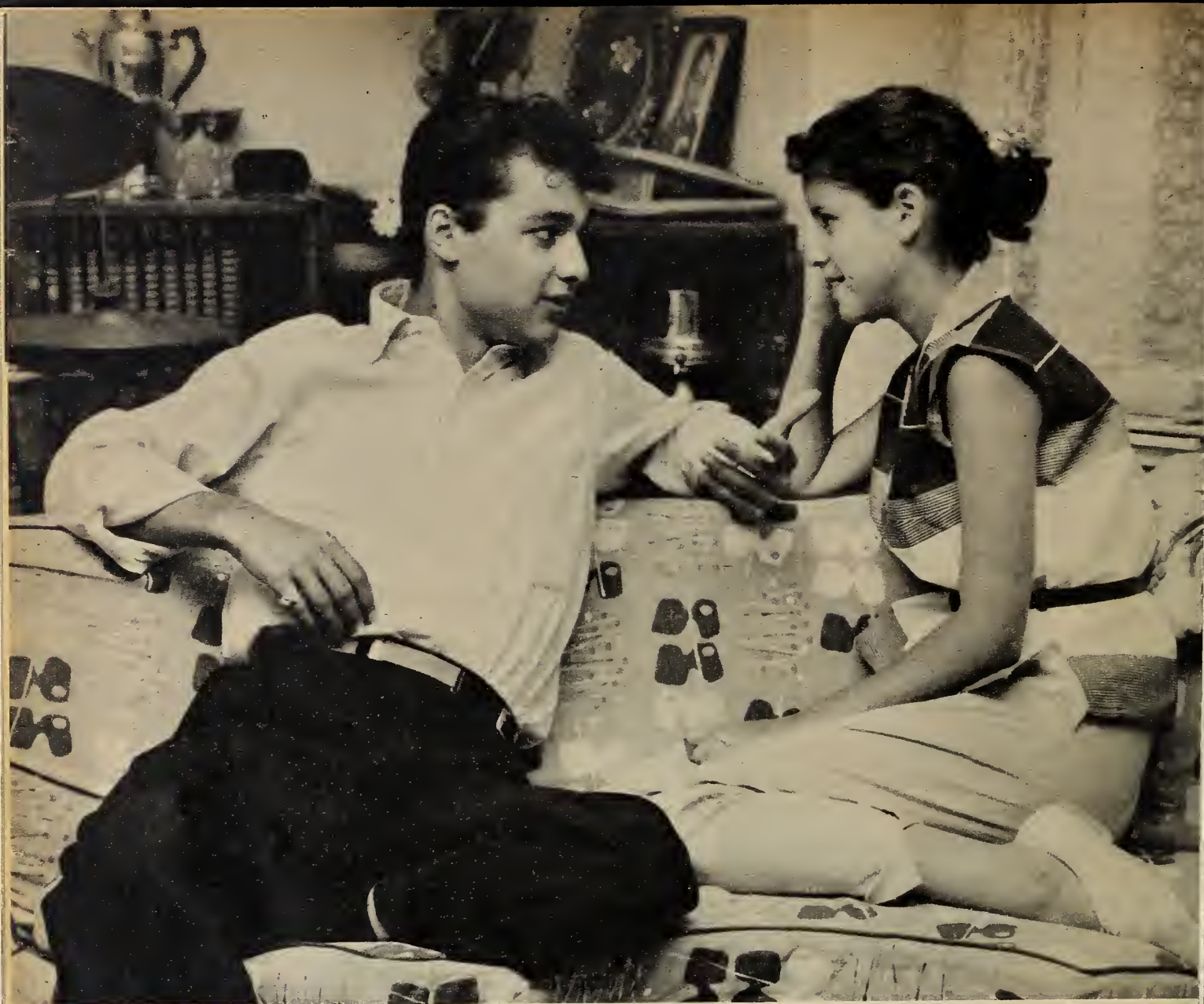
As my old taxi crawled through the foggy London streets on the way to the movie set, I thought of what I would say to her. *I won't mention Sonali*, I thought, *not at first*. I'll ask her about the children. That always brings a smile from her, but afterwards, what will I say?

When I saw Ingrid, I was shocked.

(Continued on page 81)







Sal gives his sister Sarina some inside info on keeping fellows interested: be smart enough so that he'll enjoy talking to you—and invite him in after your date for cookies and conversation.



Sarina wanted to see some tricks with heavy stage make-up. So Sal showed her.



And then Sal showed his sister how to adapt stage make-up for street wear.



And what about costume jewelry? Well, a little goes a long way . . .

Sal straightens out

Sarina about—

her first date

■ It was a few minutes before midnight when Sal heard the front door open. "Sarina?" he called out, putting down the script he'd been reading. "Yes, Sal," his sister called back as she hung up her coat in the foyer closet of the big Mineo house in The Bronx, New York, then walked into the living room, quietly, knowing that the folks were upstairs and asleep already. She plopped herself on the couch alongside Sal and took hold of his hand. She was glad to see her brother. He'd flown in from Hollywood the day before and he was going to be home for a few days before taking off on a publicity tour. And it was always good, always wonderful to see him.

But she couldn't hide the fact now that there was something she wasn't feeling so good or wonderful about. "Boy," she sighed, with all the depths-of-life sighing a fifteen-year-old can muster so easily.

"What's the matter?" Sal asked. "Didn't you enjoy your date tonight?"

"Date?" Sarina asked, being very sophisticated for a moment—laughing the (Continued on page 68)

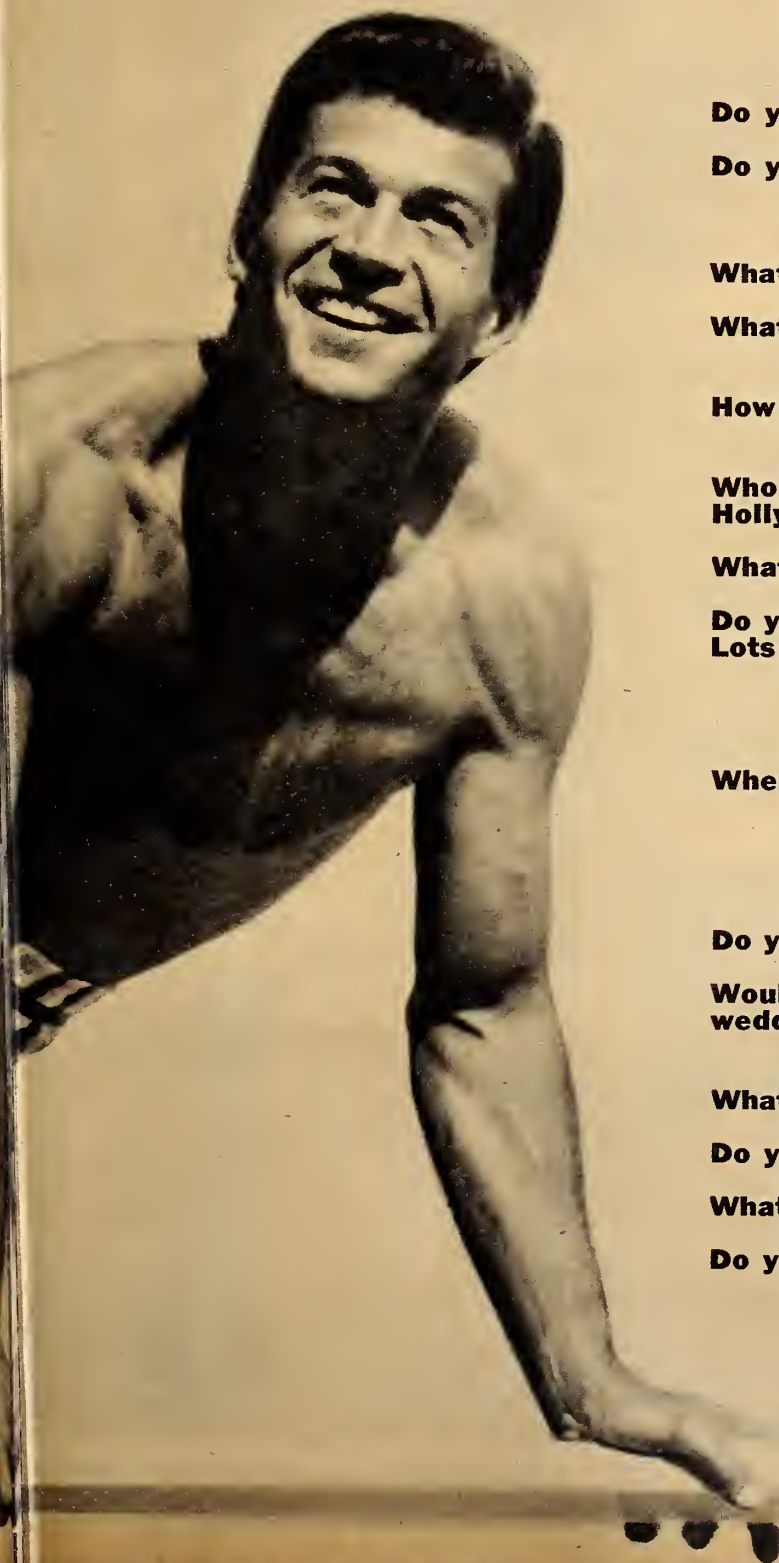


But most of all, says Sal, don't just hang around waiting for the phone to ring. He'll call back!

Just stay
where you
are - we've
got a
few questions

**hold it
George!**





George Nader, who was your first date?

A very cute red-headed girl used to live near me at the beach. She was just about my age and after watching her walk up and down the beach for several days I mustered up enough courage to ask her if she'd like to visit the amusement pier with me. I was a very poor escort, since I had no money—so we just walked about the pier taking in all the sights. I guess she was somewhat disappointed, because most nine-year-old girls like to go on rides at an amusement park.

Do you get lonely living alone?

Not at all.

Do you do all of your own housework?

No. I have a man who comes in to clean on Mondays and Fridays—but he doesn't always show up!

What type of woman do you like to date?

One with a sense of humor, please!

What do you first notice about a woman?

From a distance, her figure. Close-up, her mouth and eyes.

How do you usually meet the women you date?

Usually at a party, or at the studio while I'm working on a picture.

Who are some of your favorite Hollywood dates?

Martha Hyer and Ingrid Goude.

What qualities do you like best in a woman?

Honesty, intelligence and a sense of humor.

Do you like perfume on women?

Lots of make-up?

Yes, but not the heavy types of perfume. I don't think any woman should wear so much make-up that it is obvious. I think clever women know how to conceal their make-up.

Where do you like to go on a date?

I prefer inviting a few couples to the house for dinner . . . casual affairs where we listen to records and sit around and talk. I don't care for night clubs unless the entertainment is really fabulous.

Do you believe in long or short engagements?

Never having been engaged, I don't know!

Would you like a church wedding, home wedding or a fast trip to Las Vegas?

I haven't really thought about it. Anyway, doesn't the girl usually decide?

What size family would you like to have?

A large one.

Do you date while working on a picture?

Not often.

What particular feminine habits annoy you?

Are there any annoying feminine habits?

Do you like filming love scenes?

It depends who I'm working with. The crew

(continued on page 76)



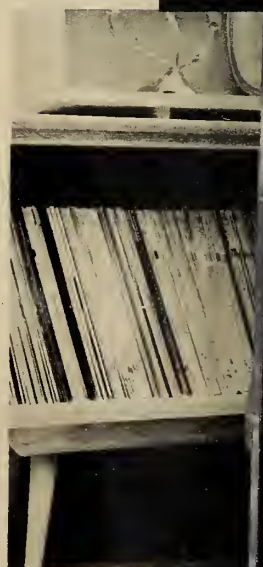
Jill was only sixteen when she married the man she loves. But she knew she was a mature sixteen-old enough to know her own heart, level-headed enough to run a whole household, and good wife enough to get a hearty breakfast into Neil before he leaves for work!




Of course, sometimes it's a little hard to figure out how some of those kitchen 'helps' are supposed to operate . . .

And there are times that Jill wouldn't exactly swear that having Neil around to cue her is really such a time-saver—what with all the interruptions like a little kiss now and then . . .

But as she sits in her own home—knowing that she is surrounded by love, knowing she has taken the first steps on the road of adulthood—Jill knows that she was ready for marriage . . . for a couple of reasons . . .





*Is a girl of 16
ready for marriage?*

“I’m glad I was a TEENAGE BRIDE”

SAYS JILL ST. JOHN
TO HELEN WELLER

■ A few months ago, on the pages of MODERN SCREEN, Luana Patten told of the bitter regrets she had because she had run away and eloped when she was sixteen.

Here’s the other side of the teenage marriage question . . .

“Not *all* teenage marriages are mistakes,” protests tall, beautiful, red-haired Jill St. John. “I ran off and got married when I was sixteen. I didn’t wait—not even till I finished the picture I was making with Johnny Saxon,” Jill grins.

“I’m glad we didn’t wait. My happy marriage to Neil is proof that we were right.”

Of course, the circumstances under which Jill married were entirely different from those surrounding the ill-fated marriage of Luana Patten. Both marriages were elopements, but there the resemblance ends.

“First of all, I never believed in going steady just for the sake of going steady,” said Jill. I always felt that if I really fell in love and was serious about a boy, then I would go exclusively with him. But going steady with a boy whom I didn’t really love, just because it’s convenient to have a steady boyfriend—no, thanks. (Continued on page 80)



Who is Anna Kashfi? What is the mystery of her birth . . . what is the mystery of her name?

■ My name is Doug Brewer. I'm the European correspondent for MODERN SCREEN. I used to be a detective story writer. But when MS hired me, I thought it was goodbye mysteries, hello Ava, Sophia and the rest of you beautiful babes over here.

I was wrong.

I'd been in London and on the job exactly two weeks when I got an assignment from the home office in New York that sent me plunging into the mystery field again.

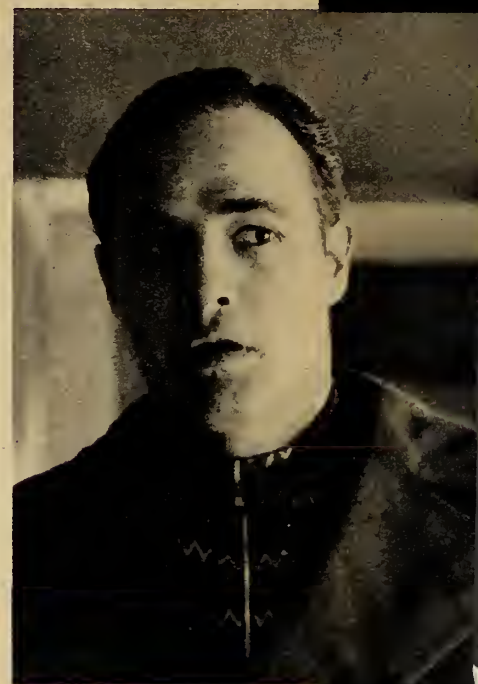
The case?

The case of Mrs. Marlon Brando. . . .

The assignment seemed routine enough at first. Marlon Brando had just married Anna Kashfi. Our Hollywood people had been unable to come up with much information on her other than that she was an actress, had made two movies, was born and bred in India and had thirty-five saris in her bedroom closet. And that she'd lived in London for a year before being discovered.

That's where I came in. Find out, I was told, anything you can about her when she was in London.

I read the studio publicity release on her for a start. It was dull as a dress without a dame in it. Anna Kashfi, it said, had been born in an Indian city named Darjeeling, was the daughter of a wealthy engineer, came to London in 1952 with the family, was spotted almost immediately by a talent scout and rushed into the movie *The Mountain*. Also, it said, she was studying hard to remove any trace of accent from her speech—and she was (Continued on page 72)



Here are the documented facts.



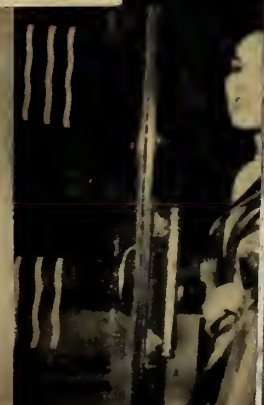
a.

Parents' Names :	
Christian	William Patrick
	Phoebe Melinda
Surname	O'Callaghan
Abode of Parents	
Chakradharpur	
by whom the Ceremony was performed Registrar	
Full name.	Vicar
Designation.	A. Dossa
In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal	
King Charles Street, Whitehall	

b.



c.



d.

- A. The address of this house is 100 Newfoundland Road, Cardiff, Wales. In it live William and Phoebe O'Callaghan. They claim they are Anna Kashfi's parents—her true, natural parents.
- B. And this is the baptismal certificate that would seem to prove they are telling the truth.
- C. "Is my daughter ashamed of me?" asks Mr. O'Callaghan. "I'm a poor man; is she ashamed?"
- D. Anna worked here once. The name on the door is the name Anna claims is her mother's—'Ghose.'

the
truth
about
Marlon's
wife



by Linda Carole Post

■ Upstairs in the yellow and white nursery of the spacious Beverly Hills home, the tiny young girl wearing tailored slacks and shirt, and the dark-haired young man, in casual corduroys, were playing with their laughing baby. When the young man lifted the baby in his arms and sang a little song to her, the baby flicked a dimple and chortled the tune with him. Debbie Reynolds broke into a contented smile; here, before her eyes, was her whole world.

When the little duet was over, she took the baby from him and held her close.

"Eddie," she said slowly, "there's going to be another."

"Another?" he said. "Another what, darling?"

Debbie's eyes twinkled. "Another Carrie—or maybe a David," she replied impishly.

Eddie was heading in the direction of the door, but he whirled around suddenly.

"Another BABY!" he said. "Do you mean it?"

Debbie's face was lit up with a soft, serene smile.

"Hooray," yelled Eddie. "Here, let me hold the baby. You're not allowed to lift, you understand. Sit down. Take it easy. Gosh, this is great."

Debbie laughed softly. "Don't worry, darling. I'm not going to have the baby tomorrow. I don't feel one bit feeble. I'm just fine."

"When did you find out?" Eddie demanded.

"I was at the doctor's this afternoon. And I have a confession to make, darling. Remember that day we were with Liz and Mike at the Villa Fiorentina—and I told you I'd rather not go on to Morocco with you? I suspected then, but I didn't want to tell you, because I was afraid you'd worry and make a big fuss about it."

Eddie remembered. He and Debbie had spent a delightful summer day visiting their good friends, Mike Todd and Liz Taylor, at their villa overlooking the Mediterranean.

Wherever he'd gone during his tour abroad—to the Palladium to perform or to some obscure village to hunt for TV talent for his new TV show, Debbie had happily (*Continued on page 79*)



*"He'll have
my eyes, and
Daddy's
smile..."*



*“Wait till you see
your little brother...”*



Debbie knows exactly
what she wants but
she doesn't like
to talk about it
except to
Carrie Frances.



*“but I
won't love
you any
less...”*



modern screen beauty



hollywood
changes the

rules for beauty etiquette

Terry Moore gives you the do's and don'ts about the correct use of cosmetics in public.

■ There is big—and good—beauty news in the report that the controversial discussions and beliefs over the use of cosmetics in public have ended. The movie stars now decree that it is not only good taste to touch the tip of your nose with a dash of powder and freshen your lipstick in public—but, they also believe that the performance of these dainty little feminine touches of beauty are intriguing, alluring, and completely captivating to men! The more so now that powder and lipstick products are skillfully and artfully packaged in jewel-like compacts and lipstick cases. Previously these exquisite cases were separate items and only available at jewelry stores and counters and then, only to an envied few (*Continued on opposite page*)

*Terry's dress is by Marian Ross of Junior First
Terry's photo by Roger Prigent*

whose budget could stand these luxuries. We asked movie star and socialite Terry Moore (Mrs. Gene McGrath), to give us her views on the rules for cosmetic etiquette—the do's and don'ts.

Playing the varied roles of wife, actress, student, career girl, social leader and welfare worker, Terry's expert advice on the importance of being beautiful at all times and correct in the social customs as far as they pertain to the little beauty duties that must be done in public, is a help to us all. Terry's first bit of advice, "Of course, do all you have to do and do it well—but above all keep yourself glamorous and beautiful always."

Terry has given a lot of time to the study of what should and should not be done in public. As a career girl her many pressing duties have demanded that she perform some of her beauty chores en route to appointments, to public appearances, traveling to foreign countries.

For instance, Terry often has to add touches of make-up en route to her appointments. Sometimes she finds she must re-do her make-up at the point of her destination. This, of course, she does in the privacy of the dressing room or ladies' room.

"Whenever I am going to luncheon or dinner I always carry a lovely compact and lipstick from one of my favorite manufacturers. After I have finished eating I always touch my nose with powder and check on my lipstick for perfection," says Terry.

Terry feels that these little beauty cares accomplished in public are accepted customs today not only in Hollywood but the world over—not unbecoming or embarrassing to anyone.

On the subject of combing one's curls in public—Terry has this to say, "It is most unpleasant and most embarrassing to

everyone."

Terry goes on, "If your hair becomes wind-blown in transit you should always go to the dressing room and re-arrange your hair in privacy."

"This same rule goes for putting on your eye make-up. The make-up of the eyes is very important, not alone to professional people but also to every girl. Correct eye make-up makes the eyes more outstanding and more appealing. Of course, all career girls do—or should—a pretty good and complete eye make-up job in the morning (it should not be too dramatic for business and daily wear). When evening comes and that special date, the eyes do need more accentuation and therefore, more make-up. This makes it a definite must that every girl always carry eye make-up in her bag. This eye make-up retouching job should be done in privacy. If you have to—or want to—do a completely new make-up before your evening date, the same applies—and, be sure you carry your own make-up with you. Never borrow make-up—it may not be your kind or color—and, it isn't tidy to ask for or use other girls' personal things."

Terry believes that retouching your lipstick in public is necessary and very much in order and very correct. But, she does give a word of warning, "Touching up lipstick in public means just that! It does not imply that a girl should wipe off all lipstick and proceed to create an entirely new lip line. This comes under the heading of cosmetic make-up which should, of course, be accomplished only in privacy. Never do any basic beauty chores in public."

Terry brought out another important beauty note. "Beautiful hands," says Terry, "are as important as a beautiful face. A weekly manicure is not enough. Touch-up jobs should be done throughout the

week to keep your nails in perfect condition. A change of polish, not only to keep your nails always bright and shining, but to change color for various costumes—I always match my fingertips to my lips. Remember, when you are adding the dash of powder and lipstick at the table it is your hands—and nails—that reach to your face and that they become the immediate object of attention. Keep them beautifully groomed just as you do your face and your hair. Use a hand lotion to keep them soft and smooth—don't give all attention to your nails alone."

Terry dislikes to talk about make-up or retouching of make-up without stressing the importance of basic skin care. She says, "In order to put on a lovely make-up a girl must have a lovely well cared for skin so don't forget to cleanse your face thoroughly each night and morning. There are wonderful preparations on the market that do a cleansing and softening job all at once. These preparations are not only easy to use, but they are exciting to use in that they stimulate circulation, cleanse deeply, and smell divinely."

"I like to use a night cream, too. There are those that are not sticky or greasy and that work while you sleep for extra softening and refining. Every girl no matter what age will do well to nourish her skin with a night cream."

And now for a wonderful tip and one of the sweetest closing lines for any story.

Terry says, "Every girl should carry a perfume purser (they, too, now come in jewel type containers). There is nothing so breathtaking and alluring to a man as perfume. So, after a dash of powder and a touch of lipstick—always add a splash of perfume. This will be okay with the public and more than okay with the guys."

Be sure and see Terry in 20th's new film, *Peyton Place*. END

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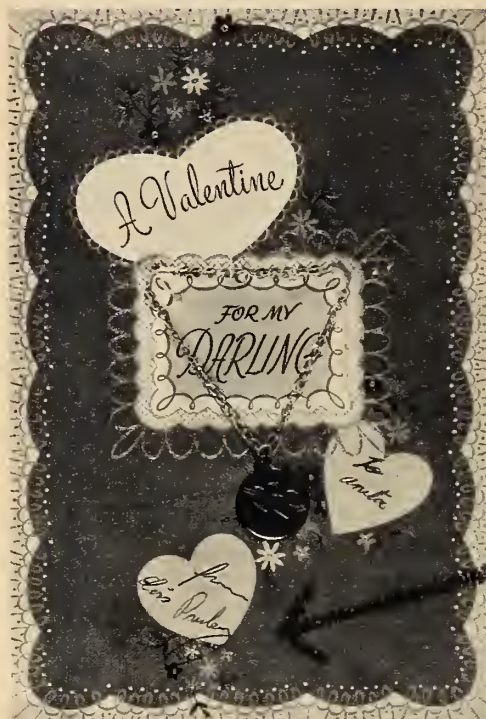


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why
ELVIS
signed
his
last
name
to
a
Valentine Card
for
his
Darling



■ Now this isn't just a Valentine's card to any old gal—

Because Anita Wood not only got a card from El—she's also sporting a friendship ring of eighteen sapphires around a diamond that El gave Anita way back in September.

And, asked if Anita was his No. 1 girl, Elvis answered, "She sure is! Strictly tops!"

Furthermore, they know each well enough to fight about this and that—like Anita wanting to be alone with Elvis and not surrounded by his buddies all the time . . . even though Elvis explained he needed them around for protection in case he got mobbed by fans. And they fight about how come he gets so mad if he thinks anybody is flirting with Anita—can she help it if fellows look three times when she's around? And—this was a big one—what did he mean dating that lady wrestler, Penny Banner?

So how come Elvis signs his last name to his Valentine card to her?

Who knows! Unless maybe it's to get her real familiar with the name he's planning on making her last name, too!

See *Elvis in MGM's JAILHOUSE ROCK* now. He'll soon be in *SING, YOU SINNERS* for Paramount and *ENOUGH ROPE* for 20th Century-Fox.



why rock walked out

(Continued from page 36) eyes gleamed suddenly with tears. "Only I tell you this. While you sit here, you ask yourself something. You ask yourself why you and a nice girl couldn't get along. Why two people with everything in the world should make themselves suffer so. Why love dies out like this. Other people fight sometimes. They don't get divorced. So why you? Ask that. And if you really don't have an answer—you go home again, Roy. You hear me? You go home again."

The door shut.

"All right, Ma," Rock Hudson whispered into the empty room.

And for the hundredth time he began again the slow, painful search for an answer. Why two nice people, two people in love, couldn't make it work.

And there had been love—so very much. Alone in the room he could still remember those first weeks of dating Phyllis—the heady excitement of picking her up, being with her.

"I'm crazy about you," he told Phyl one night. "I guess you know that. But we're so different, you and me."

"That's what makes it fun," she had said then. "That's why we'll never bore each other."

He had laughed and drawn her closer. "If I believed that, I might—just possibly—ask you to marry me."

Suddenly the laughter was gone. They regarded each other with serious eyes.

Whenever a producer buys a property, he announces that he's going to get Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra, Cary Grant or William Holden. The other day, a producer, who just bought a story, told Mac Benoff, "in this one I'm going to use an unknown, like Alan Ladd."

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

"Ask me," Phyllis said softly. "Go ahead and ask me."

And believing that love was enough, they were married.

Other people fight, his mother had said. They don't get a divorce. But do other people fight as much? he asked himself suddenly. The way we do. Over—over nothing. Over anything—

That fatal dress

The first one had happened six weeks after they were married. There had been the honeymoon, and then Rock was back to work. Evenings he would walk into the house exhausted, ready for dinner. One night, dinner wasn't ready for him.

"We'll eat in half an hour, sweetie," Phyllis had called from the kitchen. "I'm awfully sorry—but wait till you see what I've got—"

Rock sank down in a chair in the living room. "What?"

"The most beautiful—the most heavenly—the most luscious evening gown. It's black chiffon with a train—it's the most stunning—"

"Wait a minute." Rock sat up, raised his hand. "Look. You bought an evening gown last week. Five hundred dollars worth of gauze or something. You haven't even worn it yet. And now today—"

The smile faded from Phyl's eyes. "Honey, you don't understand. Sooner or later I'll wear the one I bought last week. And there's sure to be some photographer around to take my picture in it. And you don't want them to get the same gown again the next time we go out—I mean

what would your public say?" The grin reappeared.

"I don't think that's funny," Rock said. He didn't mean it to sound so abrupt, so cold. But he was tired and hungry and he wanted his dinner. "Anyway, I've told you and told you—I don't want us to start dragging around to nightclubs and premiéres and junk all of a sudden."

Never go out

Phyl stared at him. She let the kitchen door swing shut behind her. "Rock, I thought we agreed we'd go out a little more. I thought you promised—"

"All right. I said we'd go out. I didn't say we were going to burn up the town, did I?" He got up from the chair. "Listen, I come home tired at night. If you think I'm going to sit back while you spend a fortune on clothes to wear to formals and then make me take you to formals so you can wear the damn clothes—"

"A fortune!" Phyl shouted. "A fortune. Oh, that's funny. That's a riot! Do you know what you're making a week? Why, if I spent twice as much a day as I spend in a month I couldn't start spending it all. I couldn't—"

"Well, you don't have to try!" Rock bellowed. "What'd this little shopping trip cost me today? Five hundred dollars—a thousand?"

Phyl drew herself up. "It cost three hundred and seventy-five—"

"Oh, my Lord," Rock moaned. "Three hundred—for a piece of nothing—for a hunk of cloth you'll never even get to wear—a—"

Suddenly Phyl's voice was very soft.

Elaine Stewart, who bought a Palm Springs house, has two swimming pools—one for herself and one for her French poodle.

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

"No," she said. "The dress cost a hundred and fifty. I also spent twenty-five on a cashmere sweater. With the rest I got you that new snorkel outfit you saw. I got you a sweater. I got you a—" the soft voice broke. With tears streaming down her pretty face, Phyl turned and ran from the room. "B-but don't worry," her voice floated back to Rock. "I'll take it all back. I'll give you back all your precious money!"

Who was right?

He had sat alone for twenty minutes in the living room, listening to his wife cry upstairs. Then he got up and climbed the steps to the bedroom. With his arm around Phyl's shoulder, with her sobs muffled on his chest, he had tried to explain.

"Phyl, it isn't that I don't want you to have nice things. I do, baby, honest. But I was brought up to—to be careful with money. It goes against my grain to see you throw it out on stuff you don't need."

And Phyl had said slowly, "Rock, if you were still delivering mail, making practically nothing—why, I'd love you and marry you, and I'd scrimp and save and make my own clothes and never mind or say a word. I swear it. But we do have the money. It's the one thing we do have, because heaven knows we haven't got privacy or time together or—anyway—we have money. So why can't I spend it? I'm not bankrupting us, not by a long shot. And it isn't just the clothes. It's that I—I love to shop. Like you love to swim. It makes me feel good. So isn't that doing something useful with it? Isn't it?"

In her arms, Rock nodded, bewildered. But the next week, when Phyl bought a



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coat, and the week after—something else, the fights got worse and worse.

But when you're the country's biggest box-office draw, when your yearly income runs into six or even seven figures—how can you go to your mother and say: *Ma—we fought about money.*

What's the reason?

You like your steak rare. She likes hers done. So you're getting a divorce, his mother had said. A bitter joke, she thought that was. But it was more bitter than she knew. For there were so many things just as trivial—and just as dangerous—as those silly steaks.

"I've got a week off," Rock had announced one day. "There's a hold-up on the schedule and they've given me a week off!" He swept Phyllis into his arms jubilantly. "We can go away. Take a vacation. Do anything—"

Phyl crowded with delight. "Oh, honey—that's fabulous. I can get us packed in no time. There's a flight at noon tomorrow—"

"Hold on," Rock grinned. "We haven't decided where we're going yet."

Phyl's eyes opened wide. "But—we've been talking for weeks about going to New York. Seeing the shows—really doing the town. And there are people there I haven't seen in months."

Rock shrugged cheerfully. "Aw, honey, you don't want to go to New York. That was just a lot of talk—I mean, just kicking the idea around. I thought we'd take off for Hawaii or somewhere. Do some swimming—really relax—"

Phyl stepped away from him. Her voice was tight. "Rock, you know I hate the ocean."

"Yeah. Yeah, I know." He brightened. "But look, Phyl, this time will be different. I'll get you a snorkel outfit and teach you to swim. You'll be crazy about it once you get over being scared. I'll show you—"

The smile is forced

"That's what you said before we went on our honeymoon," Phyl said carefully. "Don't you think it's my turn to—to pick the place?"

"Phyl, you don't seem to understand. This isn't just our first time for a vacation. It's my first rest in a year. I need to relax. What—what kind of a rest would it be if we went to New York. Running around, seeing a bunch of people I don't give a hang about—"

"You'd rather look at a bunch of fish. You think it's fun for me, sitting on a beach waiting for you to drag yourself out of the water and remember I'm there? You think I like living in this house like a hermit, never going out, never seeing people?"

"We do see people! We have friends in—"

"Your friends," Phyllis wept. "Not mine."

A case for separate vacations

They ended up going nowhere. Angry-eyed and silent, they waited out Rock's precious seven days. When they were over, Rock went, with a feeling of sick relief, back to the studio. And Phyllis, her tremendous energy bottled up, ready to explode, thought that perhaps if they moved out of this tiny house, to someplace new, some bigger house that she could enjoy decorating and give parties in—maybe things would be better.

And so, for months, they fought over whether they needed a new house.

But you can't tell your mother: *We're getting a divorce because Phyllis doesn't like to swim and I don't like nightclubs.* She'd think you had a hole in your head.

Ask yourself, his mother had said, 60 *why love dies. Ask that.* Lying on his

back on the hotel-room bed, his eyes staring, unseeing, at the ceiling, Rock almost laughed. *Love—dead? Not quite, Ma, he thought. Not quite.*

For how many nights had there been when, after one of their stormy scenes, Phyllis had come into their room, into his arms. "Rock—oh honey, I do love you so much. What's the matter with us? What's wrong?"

And how many times had he stalked out of the house in fury, driven wildly into town—and found himself pulling over to the curb in front of a florist's window. And half an hour later Phyllis, at home, would answer the door to receive roses and a scrawled card—"Believe it or not, I love you, love you, love you—"

And for an hour, for a day or a week, they would tell themselves that love was enough, that two people who loved each other had to come out right in the end.

Maybe this will work

And then Rock went to Europe to make *Farewell To Arms*. In a few weeks, Phyllis was to join him. They both looked forward to it immensely. It would be a second honeymoon—better than the first. A time to relax and take stock of their lives—a time away from home to make plans for a better life.

And then, three weeks or so before Phyllis was due to leave for Europe, a letter arrived from her. "Rock, I've just rented the most lovely house in Malibu Beach for us. Once you've lived there a while, you'll love it. It's near the beach so you can be in and out of the water all day while I'm fixing it up—"

There's a good line in *Sweet Smell Of Success*, the Burt Lancaster-Tony Curtis picture, when Barbara Nichols, toasting a gossip writer, says, "Well, here's mud in your column!"

Earl Wilson in the N.Y. Post

An hour later Rock was on the transatlantic phone, his mouth set.

"Phyllis. It's me. Now, look, Phyl—what is this, you renting a house without even consulting me?"

"Honey, wait a minute. I would have written you and asked, only I had to take it in a hurry or not at all. Someone else wanted it too. And it's so perfect, Rock. Besides, this way it can be all painted by the time we get home, we can move right in—"

Rock's voice was grim. "I'm not moving into any house I haven't ever seen. I don't know that I want to move at all. We didn't decide definitely, Phyllis. And I have a right to be consulted. I'm the man in this family."

Phyl's voice rose, tense. "And I'm a grown woman. I'm not a child, going to her father for permission. I have a right to make decisions in this family, too. A house is a woman's business. Everyone knows that. All I did was—"

"All you did was sneak around behind my back! All you did was try to take over my life! A house is my business and you've got no right—"

They hung up on each other. And a few days later Rock had word that Phyllis was in the hospital with acute hepatitis.

Did I do this?

On the phone again, frantic with worry, accusing himself, he spoke to her doctor. When he hung up, his face was grey with pain. A friend standing by said, "Well? Listen, you could take off from here on Saturday night, and be home Sunday night and then leave again on Monday. It's rough traveling and you'd miss a day

and a half of shooting, but you could see her for an hour."

In a dead voice, Rock said, "No. I'm not going." He walked past his friend to the car, got in, started the motor. Then he said: "They tell me hepatitis is always serious. But they can lick it. But in Phyl's case—there's a complication." He turned anguished eyes on the other man. "Phyl—Phyl doesn't want to live. She isn't trying. She doesn't care." One hand gripped the steering wheel, turning the knuckles white. "She used to be so full of—energy and fight and craziness and now—" With his head bent forward, Rock Hudson wept and hardly knew it. "I did that to her," he said. "I did that to her—"

And knew for the first time, that love was not enough.

And knew, too, that when a husband could bring not comfort and healing but only more pain, more danger to the bedside of his sick wife—that marriage was over.

He planned to tell her in Hawaii. He went there directly from Italy, to work on *Twilight For the Gods*. When Phyllis was well enough, he had arranged, she would join him there, to bask in the sun and regain her strength. And he would tell her.

The truth is out

But as it happened, there was no need. For Phyllis had had the long weeks of illness and recovery to think. Weeks away from Rock, away from the sudden bursts of love that had given her hope before. And when she came to Hawaii, she too already knew.

They waited just long enough to go home together, settle a few things, tell a few close friends. They had no fights in those last quiet days together. They hardly spoke lest one of them slip and say suddenly—"We can't do this. I love you—" They were very careful. And on a sunny October day, Rock Hudson closed the door of his home behind him and moved into the Beverly Hills Hotel.

And now he lay on his back, staring at the ceiling, remembering his mother's words—and searching.

In the darkened room, the telephone rang. Rock reached out a long arm and picked it up. He had registered in the hotel as Roy Fitzgerald, but he knew it wouldn't work for long.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Mr. Hudson. Sorry to bother you, but I'm calling for the News. Could you tell me, sir, just very briefly—why you and Mrs. Hudson are calling it quits?"

Rock let the receiver slip down to his shoulder. Now was the time. Now was the time to say: *Because we never should have gotten married. Because it isn't enough to love somebody—there must be other things, other loves and wants and a way of life to share. Because if there are not, two people who love each other can destroy each other.* Now was the time to say that, for the reporter, for his mother, for everyone who would ask *why?*

"Hello?" the voice said. "Hello—er, Mr. Hudson? Excuse me sir. I asked why you broke up. I wanted to know—is there any chance of your getting together again?"

"No," he answered, "no, there's no chance." He took a firmer grip on the phone. "As to your last question," he said, feeling what no man expects to feel—the slow warmth of tears forming behind his eyes—"as to why we broke up—I'm sorry. I don't really know the answer to that. I just—don't know."

END

Rock will appear in *A FAREWELL TO ARMS* for 20th Century-Fox, and in *TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS* and *THE TARNISHED ANGELS* for U-I.

the longest night of my life

(Continued from page 41) and started again. "Is there any possible way you can tell about my eye . . . before tomorrow . . .?"

For a moment the doctor said nothing. Then, "No, there's no way. We'll have to wait. . . ."

He thanked the doctor, said *good bye*, and replaced the receiver, feeling like a fool. Of course, there was no way. But he was alone, he was human, he wanted reassurance. He wanted to hear someone say, "Your eye's going to be all right. You won't lose your sight." Or someone there to share the hours, to help him face, to accept, whatever might happen. He wanted Janet. . . .

And then he began to think of the things he hadn't told her, couldn't tell her. The first secret he'd ever kept from her. . . .

It was Thursday, a July Thursday, in Dinard, France, and the day had promised to be like any other day. He and Kirk had gone out to *The Viking* location for the invasion scenes. They weren't in the shots. They weren't scheduled to work until the following week. But when you got all wrapped up in a picture you wanted to watch everything that was going on.

It was the day for the storming of the castle, a 10th Century fortress on the Brittany coast. It was to be quite a scene. "How does it feel to be the producer of a spectacular spectacular?" he'd kidded Kirk.

"Talk to me when we've wrapped it up," Douglas grinned.

Bob Hope knocked on wood at TOOTS SHOR'S, remembering the luck he's had flying and recalled how his late little pal, Barney Dean, always scared, got panicky on one flight, and said, "I'll settle for a concussion right now."

Earl Wilson in the New York Post

Walking around the location, they saw soldiers standing on the walls with their bows and arrows. The Vikings stood below, ready for the attack. Then Curtis had gotten his bright idea. "Let's help them take the castle!" With the enthusiasm of a couple of kids, he and Kirk had picked up bows and arrows.

Tony was starting to reload his bow when he happened to glance up. He saw something coming. Fast.

When he came to, he was on the ground. There was a crowd around him. He'd never seen a more anxious expression than the one on Kirk's face. He heard, "Where's the doctor?"

He put his hand to his eye—his left eye, but he took it away again when someone said, "Better not touch it." The hand was wet and sticky. He saw that it was covered with blood. Blood was streaming down his face. He could taste it. He closed his right eye. The faces disappeared. There was only a dark haze. "Must be the blood," he thought. "When it stops bleeding I'll be able to see. . . ."

The company doctor arrived. Gently, he cleaned the wound. He put a cold compress on the eye. He said, "There's a good eye man at the province hospital. We'd better take him there."

The still man moved in with his rollei. "I guess I'd better get a picture," he said, almost apologetically.

"I'll do anything for publicity," Tony made a joke. But nobody laughed.

They helped him to his feet. He swayed a little. He lifted the covering from his left eye for a moment and closed his right eye again. There was only the haze.

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A car pulled up and he got in. "How far to the hospital?" Kirk asked the doctor.

"About twenty minutes."

"How does it feel, Tony?"

"Numb. . ."

Anything for a dare

No one said much during the ride. "How bad is it?" he wondered dazedly. "How bad?" He thought of all the risks he'd taken, all his life. Crazy risks. Like the time when he was a kid and someone dared him to jump off the roof of a six-story building to the four-story building next door. There was a fifteen-foot alley in between. But that hadn't bothered him. Much.

He'd gone home and taken the mattress off his bed, carried it to the rooftop, to the spot where he figured he'd land. Then he'd rejoined his pals on the roof of the six-story building and calmly downed a bottle of pop. After that he'd said good bye and taken a running jump. And missed the mattress. He could have broken his neck. But when he came to, he was still in one piece. . . .

There were the stunts he'd done in pictures. Leaping around as if he were Fairbanks. The sword fights. He'd refused a double. He'd gotten by, until *Houdini*. On that one, he'd torn a ligament in his foot and hadn't been able to walk properly for eight or nine months. But that was nothing. Not when you compared it to . . . "How bad is it?" he wondered.

He put his hand to his head. The numbness was wearing off. He was getting a headache. And the eye was beginning to throb, as if someone had socked him. Hard.

He started to talk. He ought to say something. Poor Kirk and his weather and his budget. "Good thing I don't work until Thursday," he said. "If I have a black eye it won't show, what with the helmet. I won't hold up shooting."

"Never mind the shooting," Kirk said grimly.

The car rolled into the hospital driveway. "It's not like an American hospital," he thought vaguely. It was an old stucco building, drab, close to shabby. They went inside. It was dimly lit and the floors were tile. He could hear the footsteps echoing as they walked down the hall. Eerie. A good effect for a Hitchcock movie.

Nurse in pigtails

They reached the clinic door. A very pretty girl opened it for them. She wore a white smock and her hair was in long black braids. At home, he might have kidded her . . . dubbed her *Hiawatha*. She said, in French, that there had been a call from the set. The doctor was expecting them.

A few moments later, the doctor came. Dr. Loriel. He was a man of about forty, with a friendly competent look. He spoke a little English and his voice was soothing as he began to examine the eye.

"May I take a look?" Tony asked.

The doctor hesitated, then handed him a mirror. There was a gash where his eyebrow should be and the eyelid had been torn. The pupil was twice the normal size. Tony winced. It was an ugly mess.

The assistant brought a machine and the doctor explained that it would enable him to examine the inside of the eye. "Guess I'll have a heck of a shiner," Tony said.

"A what?"

"A black eye," Tony smiled.

"Oh," said the doctor. That was all he said.

Tony tried to read the expression on his face. He wanted an answer. He wanted it straight. But he was afraid to ask the question. He asked another one first. "Do you have any colodium?" He knew that prize fighters used colodium to close wounds. It was supposed to be good stuff.

The doctor nodded and the assistant went over to a cabinet. She returned with the medicine and the doctor applied it to the eyebrow. "Will I lose the sight of the eye, doctor?" There, he'd said it. . . . But why wasn't the doctor saying anything?

"I don't know," Dr. Loriel said, finally. "I won't be able to tell until tomorrow."

"Is there . . . is there anything I can do?"

"You can go back to your hotel and try and get some rest. When you return in the morning. . . ." Dr. Loriel's voice trailed away as he reached for some gauze.

"Make it a small patch, will you, doctor?" He mustn't frighten Janet. "Make it as small as you can."

Janet must be protected

The ride back to the hotel took ten minutes. It wasn't long enough. He needed time to think. How would he break the news to Jan? How could he tell her? He wasn't sure how much more she could take. She'd had a rough enough time already. First, there'd been the job of packing for the trip. She'd insisted on doing it all, to make certain that everything was right. You couldn't just throw things into one trunk when you were going to be gone for four or five months.

Then there'd been the decision to leave Kelly in London during the Norway locationing. They'd found out that they would be living on yachts near a remote Norwegian village . . . two hours by speedboat from the nearest doctor. "Tony, we'll be so far away from her. What if something should go wrong?"

"She'll be better off in England, Jan."

They both knew it. The nurse would be with her . . . Joan, their English secretary, could stop by the hotel to check every day or so . . . their agency had a London office. "I suppose it isn't as if we were leaving her in a city full of strangers, but I'll miss her so, Tony."

In Norway, they'd gotten a call . . . on the one telephone in the village. Kelly was sick, the nurse said. She was running a temperature. Janet heard the baby crying. After that, they called Joan. They called the agency. Between scenes, they sat by the telephone, waiting to hear. Then the telephone rang. It was Joan. The doctor had been there, she told them. Kelly had the sniffles, a little fever. "Can you stay there?" Janet asked. "Can you stay with her, too?"

"We're going to have a suite full," Joan laughed. "The agency sent someone over. But I'll send him along back to the office." She added, "Don't worry."

But parents are for worrying. And what with worrying, working, and the location hardships, Janet's nerves were all but worn through, by the time they reached Dinard. Joan had brought Kelly to them there . . . a Kelly who'd become dependent on others, who had to adjust to her own family again. "The next time we have to leave her," Janet vowed, "we just won't go." And Tony remembered how close she'd been to tears.

How could he walk in and say, "Darling, I may lose an eye"? She'd taken enough. One more thing and she'd fall apart.

He glanced at Kirk. "I want to get some dark glasses before I go upstairs. I don't want Janet to know . . . not everything."

Going Hollywood

He bought the glasses. The largest pair he could find. When he reached the door of their suite, he stopped. It was like standing in the wings, waiting to make an entrance on stage. "You laugh it up in this scene, Curtis," he told himself. "Keep it light."

He walked in. Janet was busy brushing Kelly's hair, getting her ready to take for a walk. She glanced up and smiled. "Hi,

darling." But she didn't glance down again. She just stared at him. He held his breath. She began to laugh. "Tony . . . dark glasses! Of all places to go Hollywood . . . in Dinard, France!"

"It had to happen some time," he said modestly. He sat down in the big chair. "Oh, Tony . . . guess what Kelly learned today." Joan taught her something new each day. "Dance, Kelly. Dance for your daddy."

Kelly only looked bewildered. "Dance for daddy," Tony urged.

Kelly just stood there. "Joan," Janet wailed. "She couldn't have forgotten. She never forgets anything."

Joan appeared in the doorway. "Of course she hasn't forgotten. Dawnce, Kelly," she said with her crisp British accent.

Kelly began to smile. "Kelly dawnce," she announced, as if she'd just come from a ball at Buckingham Palace but would be delighted to have another waltz. She began to whirl around the room.

"We're going to have to acquire English accents to communicate with our daughter," Tony grinned. "Dawnce to daddy, Kelly." She did and he picked her up in his arms. "Hey, by the way, what are our plans for tonight?"

"We don't have any."

"Why don't we go someplace special? Live it up."

"You're feeling pretty good today, aren't you? Want to come walking with us . . . or meet us for lunch?"

"Sure . . . I'll meet you. Around two?"

Janet put the finishing touches on her makeup. Then she turned around and looked at him. Hard. She saw the corner of the bandage. "Tony . . . Tony, what happened to you?"

"Oh, the arrows were flying today and I forgot to duck. It's nothing. Just a scratch."

"Here I've been prattling away like an idiot and never noticed."

He took off the glasses, pulled down the bandage so that she could see the eyebrow . . . the eyebrow only. "Tony, it came so close. Think what could have happened."

"Hmmm," he said.

"Are you sure it's all right? Should I leave you?"

"If you think you can tear yourself away," he kidded. "I'll meet you later."

Tony didn't go

But he didn't meet her. As he lay there in the darkness, somehow the time slipped by. He didn't want to spend it thinking, but he couldn't help himself. Tomorrow. . . Jan . . . and there were his folks. He'd call them. Manny had had two heart attacks already. If they picked up the papers and saw his name and the accident in headlines. . . He'd call. Tell them not to worry.

He'd do the worrying. What if . . . ? Half blind. . . Funny how you took things for granted . . . health, sight. . . Career . . . a glass-eyed leading man. That would be different all right. Or a patch over the eye. Tony Curtis, man of distinction. . .

He heard the door open. "Shhhh, daddy's asleep," Janet whispered.

And Kelly, "Daddy sleep . . . shhhh."

Janet was covering him with a blanket and as she tucked him in, he felt her hands on his shoulders. "Tony . . . you're shaking."

And he'd been worrying about Jan falling apart. "A July chill."

"It's shock setting in." Her voice was calm. "They say that's what happens. Did the doctor give you a sedative?"

"Some pills . . . in my coat pocket. I'd forgotten."

She got the pills, disappeared into the bathroom and came back with a glass of



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water. "Here now, take these. Then get into your pajamas."

"Jan . . . first we'd better call the folks. They took pictures on the set. They've sent out the story. You know how they blow things up. Mom and Manny might panic."

She brought his pajamas. "Climb into these. I'll put in the call."

His mother was on the line in record time. "Bernie, what a nice surprise!" Then . . . "Are you all right? Janet? Kelly?"

"Sure, we're fine, Mom, I just wanted to tell you, I got a scratch on the eyebrow today. An arrow hit me. Everybody made a lot of it. But it's nothing. No cause for alarm."

"Bernie . . ." his mother's voice sounded suspicious. "Let me talk to Janet."

Janet took the phone and reassured them. Tony was fine, she was fine, Kelly was fine, everybody was fine. They talked to Manny and Bobby, caught up on all the news. Then they said goodbye. "Now the pills," Janet held them out to him. But the phone rang. "Tony, it's Dr. Monnier!"

A friend from the ship

They'd met Jean Monnier on the Ile de France coming over. He'd given them his card in case they might need a doctor, or advice on who to go to. "He just got into town," Janet was saying. "He heard about the accident and stopped by. He's in the lobby."

"Wonderful . . . have him come up."

Wonderful, but still another hurdle. He might suggest looking at the eye. And if he examined it. . .

It was great to see Monnier again. But the dreaded question came. "Would you like me to have a look at your eye?"

"Why don't you?" said Janet.

"Jan . . . it's just a scratch. . . ." Tony said for the hundredth time. As the doctor lifted the bandage, a glance passed be-

tween him and Tony. From Tony, a pleading glance. And Monnier got the message.

After a while, their friend left. "Thank you," said Tony, as he said goodbye. "For everything."

Next morning, he awoke at ten. He dressed for the trip to the hospital. He felt better. The ache had gone away. He could see blurry images through the eye. "I'll be back in about an hour," he told Janet, and he left for the clinic.

The ten-minute ride seemed more like a month, but the wait while the doctor examined his eyes was every minute of a year. Then, finally, the doctor smiled. "You'll have your sight," he said.

"Thank God."

"And well you might," Lorie said softly. "If the arrow had come one half of one centimeter closer to the eyeball, you would have lost the eye permanently."

The doctor began to tell him about the new drug that Dr. Monnier had mentioned. "With this," he said, "it's possible that you may not even have . . . what do you call it . . . a shiner?"

Tony grinned. He was still grinning when he got back to the hotel. But he wasn't thinking very straight. He burst into the room shouting, "My eye . . . it's going to be all right!" Then he realized what he'd said. Jan's face told him.

"What do you mean it's going to be all right? Tony, wasn't it going to be . . . ?" She went to him. "Tony. . . ."

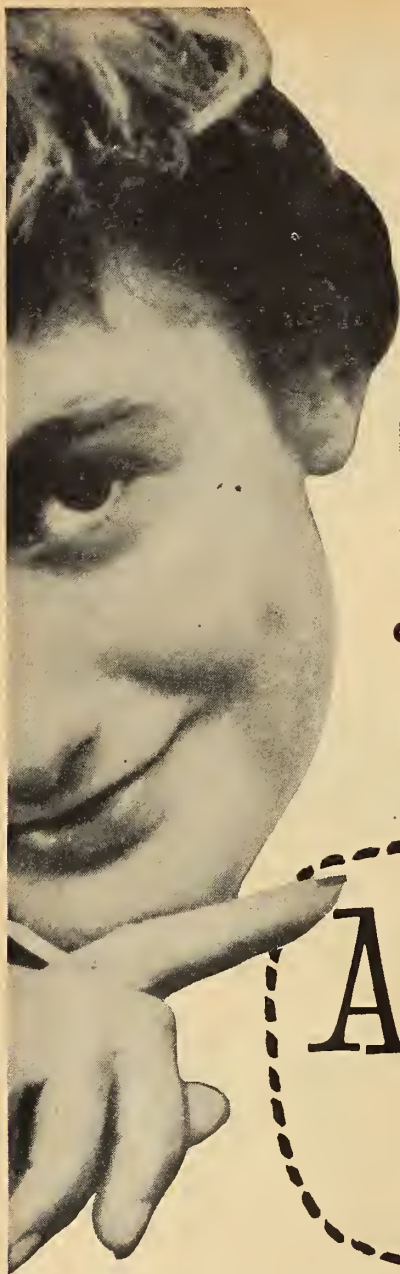
"Jan, you're shaking. . . ."

"So are you. . . . Oh, Tony. . . ."

For a long while they stood there, close, where they belonged. Two very shaky, very thankful people.

END

Tony will be in UA's KINGS GO FORTH. Tony and Janet will appear together in THE VIKINGS for UA and in THE PERFECT FURLOUGH for U-I.



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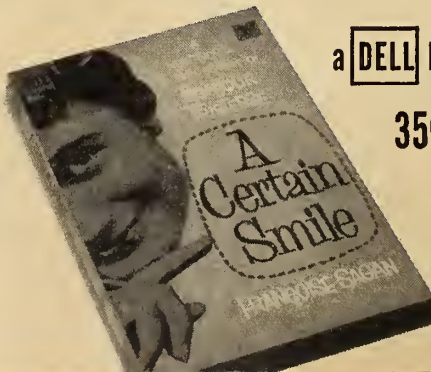
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bedtime story for liza

(Continued from page 32) were purple, like certain flowers found only in a magic forest half the world from here. The Princess Liz had skin so white the sun was afraid to shine on her, lest he stain her milkiness with his red fingers.

But the Princess Liz had an enemy. A wicked sorceress. A wicked, jealous sorceress. The sorceress was jealous because her own eyes were mud-colored, and her hair was very thin on the top, and no matter what she put on, her clothes never looked just right. The sorceress was wicked, because that is the way such things go.

The spell

One day, this ugly, mean-tempered enchantress found the infant princess alone in her cradle, and cast a spell on her. You will be beautiful, she muttered, (since I cannot help that) but your heart will be a stone in your breast, a stone you will try to give away time after time, but which will always come back to you, a little drier, a little heavier to bear. You will be fawned on and flattered and paid court (since I cannot help that) but your only true friends will be dumb—the little animals to whom you will speak, but who may never answer you. Men will love you (since I cannot help that) but you will not know how to love, and you will

During the filming of Jeanne Eagels director George Sidney briefed Kim Novak and Jeff Chandler on a love scene. "At first," the director said, "Kim's the aggressor. She starts out by kissing your eyes, your nose, your lips—but you, Jeff, are very blasé about the whole thing. You ignore her completely. Understand?" . . . "Sure," Chandler replied. "Ignore Kim Novak's advances and kisses. Wouldn't it be easier if you kill me first?"

Leonard Lyons
in The New York Post

trust and be betrayed, twice marry and be twice divorced, weep through long, grey nights. You will have the body of a woman (since I cannot help that) and the emotions of a child.

So spoke the wicked sorceress. The baby princess stirred, and for one moment a shaft of pity stabbed its way into the sorceress' cobweb-covered, uninhabited heart. The spell will be broken, she said, when you reach the age of twenty-four, and meet a man with a cigar. That's the best I can do for you. But I warn you—don't try to have his babies; more beauty in the world is more than we witches can stand. And she left.

And that is how it all began, dear Liza. At eight, dear baby Liza, the little princess had become a movie star, which is a star as bright as the stars of heaven. She appeared before her public, and her public knelt and worshipped. She grew tall, and had secrets. She fulfilled the first of the sorceress' prophecies, as she walked the lonely beaches, sharing her dreams with a chipmunk she called Nibbles, riding a horse named Pi, who could only listen, but never answer her.

In that tropical land to which she had been brought, the little princess grew too fast, like a hot-house orchid forced into early bloom. The body of a woman, the emotions of a child, and the prophecy coming true. The princess searched for love.

The first prince to whom she plighted her troth was young, with a wildness that called out to her own wild heart. She gave him that heart, and when she took it back, she found it a little chipped around the edges.

One husband gone. One marriage over. And the spell still lingering.

Next came a mate, older, wiser, one whom the princess could trust to shield her, to give her two sons, even to father that part of the princess herself which was a child.

Golden days passed, in a great castle on a green hill, but the princess' curse lay over her; her wayward heart could not settle in that place; her spirit was restless as the rash spring rain; she separated from her second husband. She stood in her fabled living-room, among her many treasures, and wept for a past she had never understood, and a future she could not believe in.

"After this I have nothing," sobbed the princess. "After this I have nothing that counts." And the two tiny princes, confused by their mother's tears, crept silently from her side.

The princess' 24th birthday came and went. She journeyed to the legendary city of New York in search of a charm which would dry her brimming eyes. And the prophecy completed itself. The princess met a man with a cigar.

You, dear baby Liza, might not at once have recognized this man as a perfect, gentle knight. He had lived two years to each of the princess' one; some of the hair on his head was not his own, and in his family was a son older than the princess. But they looked at each other, and the spell that had bound her was broken.

One week later, the princess, who had little practice in being coy, told her subjects the news. "I love Mike," she proclaimed. "I love him passionately." And Todd, lusty smoker of countless Corona-Coronas, admitted he had foregone cigars, the better to please his lady fair. On the princess' naked, slender finger there appeared a gem of great price, thirty carats in weight, and so heavy the lady's hand hung down under its glittering burden.

Mario Lanza, now making The Seven Hills Of Rome, maintains his weight at 180 lbs. "It has always been my dream," he says, "to be known as the Sinatra of the opera."

*Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post*

But at the height of her new happiness, illness struck the princess. She was taken to the hospital with a terrible back injury.

The magic potion

Then she was better. (That's what they thought.) The princess flew with her betrothed to the seaside villa in Mexico, and there they were married, and soon the princess confirmed the suspicions of her people—she was going to have a baby.

Ecstatically, the princess planned for the future; but in private, her lord worried. "You've had two Caesarians already. If anything should happen—"

A woman in control of her woman's world, she reassured him. "Nothing will happen—"

"But they said we shouldn't have this child—"

She gave him back the strength he had given her. "Only we know what we should do. We will have our daughter."

Good King Mike ordered two Rolls Royces, a black one for himself and a green one for his princess. Then they wrapped up her two little sons, and sailed for Europe.



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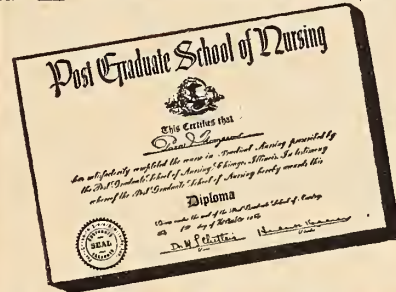
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By the time the entourage reached London, the princess' back had begun to hurt again. Together, they broached their fears to the medical man. Was their unborn baby in danger?

The doctor said no. The royal couple seemed reassured, but a certain tension was building. It would be hard for you to understand, baby Liza. Yet this much is true. Even people who love each other very much can live through moments of despair. There were the fears for the impending baby; the pressure of the princess' recurrent pain. The princess and her husband, over the first fine flush of romance, had taken to quarreling in public places. She didn't like his gambling heavily (she remembered her first prince, and his reckless ways); he tried to soothe her irritations with more and more gifts—three paintings from the collection of the Aly Khan, another mink, a diamond ring, "but not so heavy it will hurt her hand." The husband suggested chartering a plane for Paris. "Paris bores me," said Princess Liz. "I will not go to Paris."

They chartered a plane for Nice, and made up in the privacy of its cabin. If undignified squabbles spoil your picture of a fairy princess, consider for a moment. Our princess, after all, is a human girl. Perhaps too human. And she has been spoiled by too many jewels, too many cars, too many trunks full of silken stuffs designed to adorn her loveliness. Too many men have sighed as she passed by. If she sometimes acts like a naughty child, it's because one part of her still is a naughty child, careless and prodigal as only royalty can be.

Prodigal. Can the word convey the splendor of that London party, given to celebrate the premiere of *Around the World in Eighty Days*? King Mike had taken over an entire amusement park; he

had hired boats to ferry his two thousand guests across the river Thames; he had bought two thousand raincoats in case it should rain.

Early in July, Mike and Liz came home to America and met the press as they landed. "We have more fun fighting than most people do making love," said the princess, and Mike gasped. "Please, darling, there are Boy Scouts present."

A few days later, all laughter ceased. Liz was rushed to the hospital in terrible pain. There was danger of losing the baby. A distraught Mike paced the corridors.

Through his mind must have gone so much. *They told us we shouldn't have this child. They told us, they told us . . .*

All he knew was what the royal physicians, the wizards of this world, had said. He did not dream of an older warning, a curse that waited to burst into awful flower.

Nine doctors stood helpless by the bed. Her hair was black against the sheets, her skin so pale, the light gone from her eyes.

The baby came, still-born, it seemed. Too tiny to fight for life. The sorceress' spirit filled the room.

But magic is not always on the side of darkness, baby Liza. The power of love is stronger than the power of death.

One of the nine doctors plucked up the infant, pressed mouth to mouth, breathed air from whole strong lungs into lungs unopened, breathed love, breathed life . . .

Fourteen minutes until the baby sighed. Fourteen minutes, and the victory was won. Somewhere in that room, if you had listened closely, you might have heard a dark moan, a spatter of rage from the lips of a beaten sorceress.

And so Elizabeth Frances Todd came into the world, and her coming must surely be written as a wonderful miracle. 65

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If you were older, baby Liza, you might guess what I'm going to tell you. You were that tiny infant, put to bed in an incubator, gaining slowly, growing. You won't remember, but some day you will hear of the drama that surrounded your advent, the seven nurses, the two thousand wires and letters, the three private policemen guarding your mother. You were only a few days old when your father commissioned a famous French artist to paint your portrait. You weighed a respectable 6 pounds, 5 ounces, when your parents finally brought you home from the hospital where you were born, to their new estate in Connecticut.

A prediction for Liza

Already, you have a trust fund, baby Liza, and so many gold spoons there's talk of melting them down to make a small tiara. You weren't invited to your daddy's big party in Madison Square Garden in October, but you wouldn't have enjoyed it anyway. You're used to a quieter life.

Right now your mother and father are far from you, bound for Singapore, even as I speak. They've just left the continent

of Australia. They will tour the mysterious east, publicizing *Around the World in Eighty Days*. In Sydney, at an official luncheon, your father kissed your mother while the Premier of New South Wales was talking. The newspapers had pungent words to say about this act, but we applaud it. Your mother and father are in love, and love is a charm against darkness.

Snug in your cradle, baby Liza, you don't know your parents are gone; you don't miss them. But looking at you is a little frightening, a little like gazing backward, into a magic pool. Because you have purple eyes, Liza, like certain flowers found only in a magic forest half the world from here. You have black, black hair, blacker than a witch's heart, softer than an April day. You have skin so white the sun is afraid to shine on you. But let's stop the story here. Let's say *and they all lived happily ever after*. Let's say it, and let's hope that it comes true.

You can see Liz now in MGM's RAINBOW COUNTY. Watch for her soon in MGM's CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF.

meet ricky

(Continued from page 43) I couldn't have done it without them, without their help.

"After my first record came out, some people talked to me about my style. They said I was trying to imitate other singers. Boy did that make me mad! Honestly, the thing I'm most individual about is my singing. It bothers me when people try to tell me what songs to sing or how to stand or what I should do on stage. When I sing I'm being completely myself—I'm not trying to imitate anybody! I guess I can understand what Jimmy Dean and Marlon Brando must have gone through when they first started out and everybody tried to tell them how to live their lives and what to wear in public."

Since his success on records, people meeting Ricky expect a hip rock-and-roller, who talks in bop language. That isn't Ricky at all. He's a shy guy—until he really knows you. A quiet boy—until you've been around him for a while. Then all of a sudden he starts talking his head off, telling you jokes and making you feel like an old friend. Then you realize you've made the grade, and Ricky feels relaxed around you and he's a completely different person. He's down to earth and loads of fun to be with.

Unspoiled

And the more you see Ricky the more you also realize that his ability to take success in stride is almost unbelievable—in fact, it's miraculous.

A boy of seventeen who is able to remain unaffected by the constant glare of the spotlight, by the screams and cheers of admirers, by the hero worship that continually surrounds him—that's really something.

To really know him as he is today, to understand him, it's necessary to go back to the beginning... to see through his own eyes and through those who know him best just what it is that makes Ricky the way he is.

Ricky sums up his childhood this way: "I've been raised to act natural. My folks always told me that the most important thing was to be myself. Dad's given me a lot of advice, but the one thing that sticks out most in my mind is when he said to me, 'Always try to be polite and to please others. Enjoy yourself. Try to make living worthwhile, but enjoy life too.'"

As he talked, Ricky relaxed on a couch in the Nelson bungalow at GENERAL SERVICE STUDIOS. The four-room cottage serves as a home away from home for Ozzie, Harriet, his brother David and Ricky on the days when they're filming their TV series. Ricky was finishing his usual lunch, a hamburger and a thick chocolate malt, topped off by his major vice, cough drops—which he consumes by the boxful.

"I've never been treated as anything special. I've always gone to public school like anybody else. When Dave and I left the studio we left the Ozzie and Harriet show behind and we went about our business of just growing up. When we went out for sports, Dad saw to it that no publicity was allowed. When I was playing tournament tennis and Dave was playing football, people wanted to take pictures of us for magazines—but Pop said no. He felt that if we worked hard and made our letters in athletics it would be because of our own ability and not because of, or through, publicity.

We couldn't get into scraps

"In some ways, as the sons of well-known parents, we've had a greater responsibility to our folks than most kids have. We always knew that if we got into any kind of kid scrap it would bring discredit to our folks' name—and make headlines.

"I'm always asked about the advantages and disadvantages of being born into a well-known family. Sure there are advantages, lots of them. One good example would be with me and my records. I know it sure helped me getting started in the recording field because a lot of people knew my name from the family TV show. But there are disadvantages, too. We really haven't had too much spare time to ourselves. I'm not complaining, only just stating a fact."

Ricky—Eric Hilliard Nelson, that is—was born on May 8, 1940, in Teaneck, New Jersey. By the time he'd arrived on the scene, his parents had given up traveling around the country with the Nelson orchestra and had established roots in Hollywood. While Ricky was still in diapers, Ozzie and Harriet became regulars on the *Red Skelton Show* on radio. Three years later, when Red went into the service, Ozzie thought of the idea of doing a family-type radio program. In 1944, *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet* made its debut.

In 1949, when the child actors who appeared on the radio show outgrew their parts, Ricky and Dave were allowed to audition for the roles of themselves—and it was perfect casting! Ricky was not quite nine when he did his first program, and he was so small that he needed a specially-constructed short-legged mike!

For three years Ricky worked on radio. In 1952, the Nelsons came into TV, creating a television first which still was unmatched—they are the first and only family to be a real family on and off screen.

This brings us up to date on Ricky—until last year when he recorded *I'm Walkin'*, and found himself an overnight sensation, an idol, as teenagers all over the country decided Ricky Nelson was their new dream-boat.

That's the past of Ricky Nelson.

It wouldn't have been at all surprising if Ricky had gone off the deep end a bit. The fact is—he hasn't changed at all.

Except where one thing is concerned. Girls.

Alan Rypenski can tell you about Ricky and girls.

"Ricky and I sort of grew up together," Alan explains. "We've been around each other a lot. Ricky's Mom—I call her Aunt Harriet—and my Mom were childhood friends. In fact, when they were teenagers, they were on stage together.

"Ricky certainly has changed in the past few months," Alan continues. "You should have seen him before he made that hit record! My folks have a beach house and Ricky's spent a lot of time there. He used to come over and if there were a group of kids he didn't know, he'd

In the final scene at Avila for *The Pride And The Passion*, which Stanley Kramer filmed in Spain, Cary Grant has to carry the bodies of Frank Sinatra and Sophia Loren to the center of the square and lay them at the feet of a statue of Saint Teresa. For two days Grant carried the bodies, alternating between Sophia and Frank, until the scene was finally finished. Someone, feeling that Sophia probably weighed as much as Frank, asked Grant for his opinion.

"Well, maybe she does," replied Grant, "but she is beautifully counter-balanced."

Of Sinatra, Grant quipped: "He's supposed to be a lightweight, but after a day of totting him around I figure he must weigh as much as Sophie Tucker!"

Just shy away and stay in the house. But a few week ends ago, Ricky dropped over and one of the girls asked him if he'd sing and I thought to myself—this is where Ricky disappears.

he change in Ricky

"I was right. He went into the house, and I was all set to explain to the kids that Ricky was just shy—when I looked p and saw him. He'd gone in the house I right, but just to get his guitar!

"He came back down to the beach and just started in and before long everyone was calling out requests and he was singing his head off. That's what I mean when I say he's changed."

Alan grinned. "Since he's been making records, the girls have really gone wild over him—but then they always did, sort of. Only now they aren't as subtle! Ricky all gets embarrassed when girls make a pass over him, but he's a typical guy. When he spots a cute looking girl at the

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beach or someplace, you can be sure he makes sure *she* notices him!" But if you ask Ricky about the Casanova bit, you find out something new. The kind of girl he likes. Ricky blushes, stammers and answers, "I go for older women—you know, about eighteen or nineteen!"

"Right now the girl I see most is Marianna Gaba. Gee, she's cute. She's a beauty contest winner and a freshman at the UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. We're not exactly going steady, but she's... well..."

"I've gone steady about four times. But that was when I was younger. Three of the four times it didn't last very long, about a week or two; but the fourth time I went steady for quite a while—almost six months!"

What's his biggest problem as a teenager? "Well, right now, I have two problems," says Ricky, "my hair and sleeping. Pop thinks my hair is too long in front and he wants me to have it cut. He also doesn't think I get enough sleep at night. But honestly, I like my hair this way and as for getting to bed early, well! it's kind of hard for me. You see, I go to school on the studio lot this year. I have a teacher here in the bungalow from nine until three. During the day, if I have to leave my school work to do a scene, then I have to make up whatever time I miss in the afternoon. School, plus working every afternoon means that the only time I have to do anything is at night. We have a forty-week shooting schedule, five days a week, including holidays, which doesn't give me too much time. But I must say that Dad is very good about letting Dave and me off if we have something important to do. I don't mean we aren't in the show, but if we have to go someplace special, like when I was playing in tennis tournaments, then Dad would

see to it our scenes were scheduled around our activities."

Can't goof off with Pop

Has he ever thought about goofing off on a show?

"Have I ever felt like goofing off? Sure! Who hasn't? But I've never done it! It's not like a job where you can call the boss and say *I don't feel so good or I have to visit a sick friend.* Since my Pop is the boss I can't very well tell him I'm going to see a sick friend! But I'll tell you something I've been thinking about, just for the fun of it. If I had one week in my life when I could forget about school, records, TV and responsibilities, you know what I'd do? Well, first I'd go steady, then I'd enter a road race, fly to Paris, drive to the French Riviera, go water skiing and relax on the beach. How's that for a week?

"I used to have a sportscar, a Porsche, like Dave has. Only I was in an accident and I don't have it anymore. I was coming home from a date with a friend of mine. We'd just taken the girls home and we were headed towards my house. Although I couldn't know it, a water sprinkler had broken and the street was almost flooded. My wheels hit the water, the car skidded, we hit a pole and rolled over three times. I don't know how, but my friend and I weren't hurt very much—only the car was completely wrecked. All I can remember about the accident is waking up, lying on a curb and seeing girls around me holding my hands. I guess they'd driven by, seen the accident and stopped to help us. Boy, waking up with those girls around me, I didn't know where I was—in Heaven, or what!"

And that's just about what the girls think when they think of Ricky—they don't know where they are—in Heaven, or what!

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her first date

(Continued from page 47) way she remembered seeing Bette Davis laugh on the *Late Show* one night. "That was some date, Sal"

Sal looked over at this sweet gal who was his sister. Ordinarily, knowing there was something on her mind, he would have teased her out of it, kidded her into 'fessing what was up. But Sal knew that tonight Sarina had gone out on her first date—even though it was really a group date, that a first date is a big thing to a young girl, that the smile on her face when she'd got dressed and left the house earlier that evening was a far cry from the hurt, disappointed look on her face right now.

He squeezed her hand, sympathetically. "I can see it's advice time," he said.

Sarina looked over at him, smiling now. "I guess so," she said, softly.

Sal didn't say anything for a moment. Because that smile of Sarina's reminded him of one she'd given him a long time ago, when he was six and she was just four, back in the days when his mother had to help his dad down at the coffin factory and Sal was placed in charge of taking care of his baby sister.

Out of the past

It had started with a few of his pals coming over to the Mineo house one afternoon, equipped with cap pistols and beanshooters.

"Come on out and play with us, Salvatore," they said.

"I can't," Sal told them, pointing to his sister, who was sitting on the floor at this point, playing with a chunk of Italian bread. "I've gotta take care of Sarina."

"Awwwww," one of the boys said, pulling the bread out of her hand and tossing it across the room. "You always gotta take care of Sarina."

Sal was shrugging and walking across the room to retrieve the bread when, from the corner of his eye, he saw the boy lean down and take a sly poke at his sister.

Sal remembers Sarina's big brown eyes filling with tears, her little body beginning to shake with sobs.

"Hey, you jerk," he said, turning and rushing the boy and beginning to let him have it with his fists. "You leave my sister alone. . . . You leave her alone!"

The fight lasted for a few minutes, the other boy leading on points all the way. But then blood started gushing from the rough-neck's nose—and he and his pals were out of the house pronto.

Sal turned back to Sarina. She was still crying. "What're you crying about?" he asked. "Don't you see I almost got my head knocked off?"

He got on his knees and began to tickle her, under the arms and on her tummy—anything to get her to stop crying.

And then, suddenly, she did stop. But instead of laughing, the way she always laughed when Sal tickled her, she simply smiled a great big admiring smile and she said, "You my brother . . . You take care of me. . . ."

"Yep," Sal said now, eleven years later, looking at Sarina smile at him and remembering that other smile. "I can see it's advice time."

How it happened

He asked her to tell him all about her date that night and what had gone wrong.

"Well," Sarina began—she and four of her girl friends had made a movie date with five boys from their school for that night. They were supposed to meet the boys outside the local RKO theater at seven o'clock, then all go in together. The

girls got there a few minutes before seven. Of course, they didn't expect the fellows to be there on time. But came ten after seven, then a quarter after, then half past, then a quarter to eight—and still no boys showed. The girls, real miffed, decided the heck with the fellows and let's go in by ourselves. They weren't inside the theater three minutes when suddenly, like stampeding cattle, five young boys—their dates—came rushing down the aisle and grabbed seats behind them, alongside them, wherever they could find an empty one. "Hi," the boys cried out, in chorus, "we were held up." Sarina and the other girls nodded to one another, in silent chorus. They realized darn well now that the boys hadn't been held up at all, that they'd probably been standing on a corner near the theater, watching the girls, waiting for them to buy their own tickets and go inside, just so they wouldn't have to pay.

Well, Sarina continued, that wasn't bad enough. "But you know what happened next?" she asked, still indignant at the thought.

"What?" Sal asked.

"Well," Sarina continued—after the movie one of the boys said why didn't they all go for a pizza and some cream sodas.

"Great," the girls said, figuring the boys were trying to make up for the trick they'd played with the tickets. So they went and had a couple of big pizzas and two cream sodas each. And when they were finished—"What do you think happened?" Sarina asked. One of the boys, the geometry champ at school, no less, had the nerve to pick up the check and divide it into ten parts—and start collecting the shares, including the tip, from all of them, including the girls.

Loved Zsa Zsa's crack to John Wingate—"Oh, dollink, I'm a vunderful housekeeper . . . Every time I get a divorce, I keep the house."

—Cholly Knickerbocker

"And?" Sal asked, calmly.

"And?" Sarina asked back, as if say *wasn't that enough?*

"And do you think the boys should have paid, Sis?" Sal asked.

"Well, yes," Sarina said. "After all, was their idea to begin with, to go out, of us together."

Sal thought for a moment. "These boys, Sis," he said, "they're about your age, aren't they—fifteen and sixteen?"

"Yes," Sarina said.

"And they don't work, do they?" Sal asked.

"No," Sarina said, "not as far as I know."

"And they get allowances, probably, just like you, just the same amount as you, probably?" Sal asked.

"I guess so," Sarina said. "But," added, quickly, "I save from my allowance. Every week I . . ."

Everybody's broke

"You save, Sis, that's true," Sal interrupted her. "But with fellows it's different."

Sal got up and walked across the room for a pencil and paper.

"Look, Sis," he said, sitting down again. "Let's figure it out. The movie tonight cost about a dollar apiece, right?"

Sarina nodded.

"And the pizza and sodas?"

"A dollar-and-a-half, including tax," Sarina said, remembering well how much it had cost.

"So that makes two-and-a-half dollars a person," Sal said, jotting down the figure. He multiplied by two. "Five

Sex and your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotion or sexual excitement.

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*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

From Sal himself, later, we learned about some of the things he advised Sarina on:

Being well-groomed, for instance—"Your hair, first of all," he said. "Be sure your hair's always well-combed and brushed. I notice you're beginning to grow a pony tail. Good. I think they're cute. But no matter how you wear your hair, be sure it's healthy and shiny-looking. Fellows like it that way. . . . As for jewelry, I notice you have a whole load of it in that box in your bedroom. I should know. I gave you some of it. But be sure, Sis, that you don't wear too much of it at one time. Some girls do, and I think it looks terrible. A guy doesn't want to go out on a date with a Christmas tree. He'll always settle for just a girl."

Education—"Most fellows are happy when they meet a girl who happens to be pretty and who likes him and who accepts an invitation to go out with him. But after their first half hour together, it doesn't matter so much if the girl is pretty and nice—if she isn't smart. I don't mean she's gotta know the plots of all the old Greek dramas and exactly how Sputnik works up there in the stratosphere. But she should know what the inside of a book looks like and she should be interested in her school work, even if she's not top girl in every class she's in. Because no guy likes a dope—either to introduce to his family or his friends, or for himself."

Cultivating interests—"Outside interests are important, too. Yours and his. I mean, if the fellow you're going out with happens to like baseball or fishing or souped-up jalopies, don't clam up and make a face every time he begins talking about these things. It doesn't hurt to show an interest in what he likes. In fact, it'll make him feel you're more interested

in him as a person if you do . . . And get him interested in what you like, too. Your record collection, for instance. Your photography. You might think he'll be bored if you start to talk about these things, if you ask him to share them with you. But you'll end up being very surprised when he comes over to the house one night and says, 'How about us staying here and listening to So-and-so sing Such-and-such?' or 'What do you say we go down to the park tomorrow afternoon and take some pictures with your camera?'"

Eager beaver

Waiting for the phone to ring—"Don't mope around the phone waiting for a fellow to call. Lots of girls waste lots of time this way. If he likes you, he'll call all right. And besides, if you do pitch tent right next to the phone, you're liable to pick it up midway through the first ring and act too excited when you start talking to him. And no guy appreciates a girl who acts too excited."

Inviting a fellow in after a date—"Some people think it's old-fashioned for a girl to ask a fellow into the house for a little while after the movies, say. But I happen to like it. And it pleases parents, too. Not that they have to hang around after seeing that you're home safe and after saying hello to your fellow. That I don't like. But it's a good chance for them to know your boyfriend a little better—and, after they've gone to bed or back to watch tv, there's nothing corny or old-fashioned about bringing your date into the kitchen for some cokes and cookies or some fudge or a cake you yourself might have happened to have made that day. And, in some cases, where the fellow has spent all of his money on a movie or bowling or something else earlier in the evening, this 69

ars," he said, shoving the total in front of Sarina's face and tickling her nose with it. Do you have five dollars on you?"

"No," Sarina said, laughing, "I was broke after the movie and pizza."

Sal was glad she'd got the point. "Just think of it this way, Sis," he said, turning serious again. "The boys didn't have any money, but they wanted to go out with you and your friends. That was honor enough, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Sarina said, without hesitation. He grabbed his hand again. "Sal," she said, "now that you're home, now that we're talking like in the old days, there's something else important I'd like to ask you."

"Shoot," Sal said.

the question of make-up

"Well," Sarina began, "most of the girls at school are beginning to use make-up and so far I've been afraid to use anything but a little lipstick once in a while. Now do you feel about make-up, Sal?"

"I like it," Sal said, "as long as you use intelligently." He got up and asked Sarina to come with him, to his room. Among all the stuff he'd brought with him from California was his make-up box, crammed with equipment he might have to use if he did any television stunts while he was East. He showed a now-ecstatic Sarina the contents of the box and then he told her to lie down while he made her up with all the things he could possibly put on her. The only catch was that Sarina wasn't to look at herself in the mirror until he was finished.

"Okay?" he asked.

"Okay," Sarina agreed, thrilled.

He started with a base, something very similar to pancake. Then he applied some rouge. Next he applied the powder. Then he darkened the eyes, he found something that would serve as shadow and mascara. Following that, he darkened her eyebrows with a black 'wrinkle' pencil he happened to have on hand. And from the rouge he concocted a deep-red lipstick which he applied to Sarina's already slightly-lip-picked lips.

"Finito," he said, when he was through.

"Can I see now?" Sarina asked, unable to hide her excitement.

"Sure," Sal said, handing her a mirror.

is how it looks

He watched the smile on Sarina's face appear and he turned around for a moment to keep from laughing as she groaned. "Sal, this is terrible . . . terrible!"

"Here," Sal said, reaching for a handful of tissues and handing them to Sarina. "I did was put too much on you—mistake a lot of young gals make."

"You take off whatever you think you can do without. And then whatever's left and you feel looks good on you . . . well, that's the amount you can keep on."

Sarina grabbed the tissues and began to wipe. First to go were the excess on the eyebrows. Then some of the mascara. Then some of the rouge, pancake and lipstick.

She stared into the mirror again when she was finished. "I see," she said, nodding—and pleased now. "I see exactly what you mean. . . ."

Now that Sal had started on this advice—and because Sarina was enjoying so much, being with her brother again, and seeing him the way they used to talk in when they were kids, about everything and anything under the sun, they spent the next hour together talking about the things Sal knew was uppermost on his mind, on any fifteen-year-old's mind—boys and her appearance.

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is a nice way for the two of you to still be together a little while longer and for you to repay him for the nice time he's shown you."

Steady dating—"I've never gone steady in my life, Sis, so I don't know exactly what the feeling really is. I think the whole idea of going steady young stems from a need for security on the part of certain people, a need to be loved by one person, to belong to one person. I don't happen to think you're the kind of girl who needs that kind of security. Just like I don't . . . But anyway, when the time does come for you to begin feeling serious about some particular boy—maybe two years from now, maybe five years from now—you know the kind of boy I'd like him to be? Well, I'd like you both to have the same common interests, for one thing. And I'd like him to show you a lot of respect. Not necessarily the pulling-out-the-chair bit and the kind who asks 'May I?' before he does everything. But just genuine respect, the way a good boy should have for a good girl . . . And I'd like to see, too, the type of boy who can stand on his own—a boy who can and will stick up for his own rights. And, most of all, I'd like to shake hands someday with a boy who will show you a lot of fun, nice times, a boy who will always make you happy. . . ."

Like old times

At that moment Bongo, the Mineo's boxer, walked into the room and stared sleepy-eyed up at Sal and Sarina, as if to say *You two still up?*

For years, Sal and Sarina were used to the dog coming in at about midnight-time and breaking up their pow-wows. They looked at each other now and laughed.

"Good night, Sis," Sal said, taking the cue. He reached over and kissed Sarina on the cheek.

"Good night, Sal," Sarina said, kissing him back. "I'll see you in the morning." She held hard to his hand for a second. ". . . And thanks for everything you've told me."

Sal smiled and nodded. "Come on, Bongo," he said, signaling the dog to follow him. "The baby's got to get some sleep."

"Baby?" he heard Sarina explode indignantly as he left the room with the pooch.

He walked back to the living room and sat down on the couch again and picked up the script he'd been reading earlier that evening. He started to study it again. But not for long.

Growing up . . .

"Well," he said, slowly, looking down at Bongo, "I guess Sarina's growing up . . . and starting to 'think of boys.'"

The dog nodded.

"The first boy she brings home, when she does," Sal went on, ". . . if you don't like him. Bongo, you sic him."

The dog growled, as if he understood.

"Hey," Sal said suddenly, as if he was afraid Bongo really understood. He patted the pooch's back gently with his hand. "What I mean," he said, "is . . . well, if you don't like him, you can bark a little. Okay?"

The dog blinked.

"Good," Sal said, getting back to his script. He looked away from it and back to Bongo just long enough to add, "But not too loud. After all, we've got to give the boy a chance. . . ."

Sal is scheduled to do TUBEE'S MONUMENT for Columbia.

bing went the strings of my heart

(Continued from page 29) Yes, the story broke when I was vacationing in New York, and I made up my mind the first thing I would do when I returned home would be to call Kathy and ask her to come to see me.

Do you think becoming Mrs. Bing Crosby, the wife of "a national institution" as Joe B. Lewis terms Bing, had changed my young friend? Mrs. Bing was as easy to get on the telephone as Miss Grant had been, and when I asked her if she would come over and see me, she did.

Happy? She's just bubbling and glowing with joy. And yet—even so, Kathy retains that mature reserve and dignity that is so much a part of her personality and is such a surprise in a girl so young.

She was wearing a red cashmere skirt and sweater and a white cashmere coat so becoming to her dark beauty. Her hair was the new do she wore in her wedding pictures—slicked straight back, with a coquettish spray of bangs.

No sad remembering

We had much to talk about and we started out like magpies—but one thing became clear very soon: there would be no sad re-hashing over what happened when Kathy and Bing dropped their romance for almost a year.

She did say this: "We quarreled—but Bing and I do not want to think or talk about it. That's over and done with and forgotten in the wonderful happiness we have found. You complimented me once for not wearing my heart on my sleeve."

"I would not say this much to anyone else—but I do want to say you were terribly kind to me at a time when I needed friends and consolation. I shall never forget it."

"All right, Kathy," I said patting her hand, "we won't talk about that 'time out.'" But I had heard a very sentimental little story about how they happened to make up and I wanted to ask her if it was true.

Sees Bing on TV

I went on, "I heard that when you saw Bing and Frank Sinatra on the Edsel show you sat and cried all through the program. Later someone told this to Bing. So what did he do but march straight to a telephone, call you and say 'Kathy, this is Bing. If you are free, will you have dinner with me tonight?' True or false?"

She just looked at me.

"And then, without anyone knowing you two slipped out that evening and had dinner at a little restaurant where movie stars seldom dine. And you talked and talked 'til the wee small hours of the morning. After that night you both knew you'd never be apart again. As Bing later told reporters at your wedding breakfast 'I just found out I couldn't be happy without her.' And the very next day you started making these secret plans to elope and decided on Las Vegas because the presence of movie stars there does not attract attention. Right?"

The words almost burst from her, "How can you know all this?" Then, "I mustn't talk about it really"—but she was smiling at me.

"I hear that you and your Aunt Ma who isn't your Aunt at all but a close family friend with whom you make your Hollywood home, caught an early plane to Nevada and checked into the SARATOGA HOTEL and Bing caught a later plane. And that you might have gotten away with it for hours except that the marriage license

clerk, a lady, is a movie fan and immediately recognized you!" I persisted.

Kathy was openly laughing now—but still saying neither yes or no. But it was obvious my crystal ball was working. Her vivacious face was a dead give away.

Besides, she doesn't mind talking about the marriage and what happened since; in fact, she loves it.

"Let me tell you about our honeymoon home in Palm Desert," she broke in eagerly. "You know, even Bing hadn't seen his new house until we went there together right after our marriage—so it was a big thrill to both of us.

"It's quite isolated, back up near the purple mountains, and so far off the road someone said you needed a sidwinder to guide you there," Kathy laughed. "But, oh—it's so beautiful.

"The house itself, built in wings around a big swimming pool, is modern in feeling—and yet it lends itself to the most beautiful antiques. You know, Bing had bought many lovely treasures from the San Simeon estate of your wonderful boss, Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

"There is a beautiful blue mosaic of the Madonna which Mr. Hearst had bought in Spain which has been built right into the wall of the house facing the garden."

Really warming to her subject, the brand new Mrs. Crosby continued, "A magnificent antique bed which had been in Mr. Hearst's private suite is the piece of resistance of our personal suite—and oh, it's all so beautiful and peaceful. The world seems a million miles away," she sighed blissfully.

"Kathy," I broke in, "have you seen any of Bing's boys since your marriage?"

She replied quickly, "Oh, yes. Just last week end Lindsay brought his girl friend for Saturday and Sunday—he had a leave from camp. And when Bing made the presentation of the \$100,000 check to his alma mater, GONZAGA UNIVERSITY, for their library—Phillip was there."

"Everyone in the family has been so wonderful," Kathy said. "Mrs. Crosby—Bing's mother—gave us the most beautiful Madonna for our prie-dieu and she gave me personally some very old gold plates which she treasures very much."

Well, this should end all gossip that Bing's marriage was not favored by his family.

As for Kathy's family—they are just crazy about him.

"You should have seen Bing at the reception my mother gave for us when we flew to Texas," Kathy said. "All the people in my home town, West Columbia, and from Robstown about 200 miles away—I went to High School there—came to the reception and Bing shook hands with every last one of them! Then, the next day, he went with me to all the schools in West Columbia and sang to the children without any accompaniment. Quite a fellow that husband of mine!" she beamed.

I told her that I must say I was a bit surprised that Bing is being so willing for her to continue her career as an up-and-coming actress at COLUMBIA.

"It isn't surprising when you realize Bing's philosophy that working at something that interests you and which you love is one of the great blessings of life," Kathy said. "If he wanted me to quit I could do it in a minute.

"But my husband," she added proudly, "said to me—'Kathy, you've been active for a long time. You've worked hard for what you've accomplished as an actress. It wouldn't be fair and it's not my intention to ask you to give it up. One of the hardest things in the world is to do nothing.'"

"It made me feel so good for him to say that—it made me feel he was proud of me," she said quietly.

I know how really proud Bing is of her. He has such great admiration for her intelligence as well as her beauty. He once said to me when he was first dating Kathy, "Can you imagine this girl getting her college degree from the UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS at Austin during the time she was under contract first to PARAMOUNT, and then to COLUMBIA? Pretty smart, huh?"

It was soon after Kathy had signed her PARAMOUNT contract that she first met Bing—not as an actress, but as a journalist covering the Hollywood scene as a special correspondent for twenty Texas newspapers. When she first interviewed Bing, he laughed: "Oh, go on. You aren't a reporter. You're too pretty." Kathy proved it to him by bringing him the clippings of her interview as it was printed in Texas. "Not bad," judged Bing, "not bad at all."

When they started dating, at first casually, it was very obvious that the little actress-reporter was falling very much in love with Bing. He is her first great love and her only one.

Kathy became a convert to Bing's religion when she joined the Catholic Church in 1955 soon after she got her Masters degree in college. She was and is a very devout girl. I happen to know that all the time that she and Bing were separated, she never once ceased to pray for his happiness.

I said, "Kathy, you've told me what Bing thinks about your continuing your career; now how do you feel about it. Do you think it's possible to be a good wife and a movie star at the same time?"

She thought that over carefully for a minute. "I guess it's going to be like having a split personality," she smiled. "One half of me will be Kathryn Crosby, wife of Bing. I want to be a good wife in every sense of the word—and the other half will be Kathryn Grant, the actress."

Suddenly she laughed gaily. "I'm even doing some cooking. That is, I'm trying to learn. I'm just terrible if you want to know the truth. But Bing is so patient. He eats it—even says I'm getting okay on salad dressings!"

Kathy continued, "I also want to be free to accompany Bing when he's free of his own work. I want to be with him at Hayden Lake and at Pebble Beach or when and if he wants to vacation in Europe.

At this time, Kathy was having wardrobe fittings for her next, *Gunman's Walk* which will be made on location in Arizona. "Bing's chartering a plane to fly me over in a few days, and I'll fly back to Palm Desert to spend every week end with him," Kathy said.

As the time drew near for us to end our talk, I couldn't let this charming girl go without telling her something I feel very sincerely in my heart.

"Kathy," I said, "I have known Bing a very long time. I have known him through triumphs and through the sad times of his life. His great fame has made him at many times a very lonely man.

"But in getting you as his wife, I think he has made one of the wisest decisions of his life. I know you will bring great happiness to each other and I couldn't be happier for both of you. The difference in your ages is nothing. You are the most mature twenty-three-year-old girl I have ever known. And Bing is the youngest fifty-three."

And I mean that from the bottom of my heart, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby! END

Bing can be seen in MGM's *MAN ON FIRE*. Kathy's in *OPERATION MAD BALL* and is scheduled for *THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, both for Columbia.

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marlon's wife

(Continued from page 52) crazy about American jazz, especially "boojeez-woo-jeez."

Oh boy!

I figured I'd start with where she'd lived when she and the folks first arrived. You know, look the place over, talk to some of the people who lived there and to some of the help who'd waited on them. I phoned a pal of mine who'd photographed her right after she was signed for *The Mountain* and got the address. I expected it to be a pretty swank place. Rich Indians, after all, have a way of being very rich. It turned out to be the kind of place I used to live in when I was working as a cub reporter in New Haven and making \$29.50 a week—a dump.

The landlord, however, the oldest little guy I'd ever seen, was nice enough. Yes, he said, working up a smile, Anna Kashfi had lived there for a time, all right. "And I heard over the wireless a while back that she is married to one of your American cinema stars," he added.

I began to pump him with questions about her. But the well was as dry as it was old. "She rarely spoke," he said, "but she was a sweet young lady, very sweet."

What about friends, I asked him. Did he remember any of them?

Only one, he said. "Her best friend, I'd say, as sweet and nice as she. She was here a few times to visit Miss Kashfi."

"Indian, too?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said. "Margaret Phelps—that's her name—is from these parts. Lives in Surrey, in the town of Woking, I believe."

I jotted all this down.

She called her Joan

And as I did the old man said the thing that first got me wondering, even though I wasn't exactly sure what I should be wondering about at the time. "Yes, very nice and sweet," he said. "And, I remember, she was the only person who ever called Miss Kashfi *Joan*..."

I phoned Margaret Phelps as soon as I got back to my hotel room. The call went like this:

"I'm doing a story on Anna Kashfi and..."

"Oh, Joan? Isn't it nice she's married now. And to Marlon Brando!"

"Joan? What was that, a nickname you gave her?"

"Heavens no. That's her real name. Joan O'Callaghan. Anna Kashfi's something somebody dreamed up."

"Joan O'Callaghan? ... You mean she's Irish?"

"Well, yes—and Welsh."

"What kind of bit is this, anyway?"

"What?"

"I mean, I wish you'd tell me a little bit more about Joan ... Anna ... whatever her name is."

"I knew her in Cardiff, Wales. She'd come here from India, where she was born, of Welsh parents. We first met when we went to the same school, St. Joseph's Convent. That was in 1946. We were both thirteen. We were neighbors, too. I lived around the corner from her, just about a hundred yards from her house. ... We became the fastest of friends, even though she was a funny little thing when she first came. Always changing her name around for one thing, I remember. June, Joanne, Johanna. Johanna won out as her favorite. ..."

"Do you know her parents?"

"Yes. William and Phoebe O'Callaghan. I know them well. I spoke to them just a few weeks ago, in fact—before the wedding. They said they hadn't heard from

Joan recently, but that she was probably very busy and couldn't write. They live to hear from her. Last time they heard, in fact, Joan included a picture which appeared in one of your newspapers and in which they called her 'The Asiatic Grace Kelly.'"

"And you're sure, you're sure she's not Indian?"

"Positive."

I was up in Cardiff faster than you can say Penrhydhochlynyschytrose. That's the name—typically Welsh—of the hotel I checked into. It was the morning after my talk with Margaret Phelps. I'd taken the night train from London. I'd tried to sleep all the way up. But I couldn't. I'd been wondering about what I'd learned, about whether Anna Kashfi was really Joan O'Callaghan, about whether this girl who'd said she was from fairyland India was really just spinning fairy tales. Then, just before the train had pulled into the big gloomy Cardiff station, it had passed a crossroads. And a sign. The sign read: *St. Joseph's Convent, two miles.* I blinked and rubbed my eyes. And it wasn't because I hadn't slept.

A little while later, I parked my bags at the Penrhydhoch-etc. and took a cab to 100 Newfoundland Road. Margaret Phelps had given me a few addresses of people I could talk to, to verify the facts. This was the first on my list—and the most important. It was the home of William and Phoebe O'Callaghan.

A gray, skinny house

It turned out to be a tiny row house, gray, skinny, two-storied, neat, poor, proud. It turned out, too, that nobody was home and—according to a neighbor—wouldn't be till supertime.

I wandered over to the second address on my list, a butcher shop at 17 College Road. According to Margaret Phelps, Joan had worked here for a while as cashier and bookkeeper.

The present cashier called Joseph Dale, the owner, from out back for me.

"Well," he said, thinking back, "Joan O'Callaghan came to us from the Labor Exchange as bookkeeper and cashier. Striking-looking she was, too. So much so she was an attraction here, really."

I asked him if she could be Anna Kashfi, the movie star.

That he didn't know, Mr. Dale said, since he'd never seen a movie with Anna Kashfi. She left to be a model, he said. He was sorry, but that was all he was really sure about.

The next place I hit was a school. The CARDIFF COLLEGE OF ART, to be exact. According to Margaret Phelps, her best friend had attended it after graduating from the convent.

"Yes," T. C. Tarr, principal of the school told me, "we remember Miss O'Callaghan well. She entered for a college diploma in dress design. But I think Joan had the idea that she could do slick designs before learning how to sew. As a matter of

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**U.S. SAVINGS BONDS
ARE
DEFENSE BONDS**

fact, I seem to recall having to speak to Joan about her lack of interest once. And then, after her first year, she explained to me that she'd decided to leave."

She might have been a designer

I talked to June Tiley next. June had been one of Joan O'Callaghan's teachers. "She would have gotten through her exams all right, if she'd stayed," she told me. "She worked well. . . . I think she was one of the most naturally beautiful girls I've ever seen. Extremely reserved. Sweet in every way."

Then I talked to Elisa Maddelena, a former classmate of Joan O'Callaghan's and now a teacher at the school. "She was so quiet," Elena said, "that if she hadn't been pretty, she would never have stood out in a crowd. What exquisite coloring! Lots of Irish have that coloring, but I would have taken her for Spanish. I'd never have said that she was Indian. But I guess perhaps she was told to play up to that in Hollywood and now finds herself in an awkward position."

"You mean," I asked her, "you think she is Anna Kashfi?"

"I know she is," Elena said, very matter-of-factly. "When she left school she got a job at a butcher shop for a while. Then she went to London to work as a model, then as a salesgirl in a sari shop, then as an actress. . . . Just go speak to her parents if you have any doubts. . . ."

I was back on Newfoundland Road at six o'clock that night. A man answered my knock. It was Mr. O'Callaghan. He was tall, a nice-looking man; in his late forties, I'd say. He seemed to have a way of not smiling—and not asking me in.

Go away!

"I'm a reporter from America," I told him.

"Yes?"

"I wonder if you'd be good enough to tell me if Anna Kashfi is your daughter."

"She is."

"And her real name is Joan O'Callaghan?"

"It is."

"You know that she is married?"

"So I read."

"Are you and your wife celebrating the wedding in any way?"

"No, we're not celebrating. We were never told of any romance." Suddenly, his voice grew soft and he clenched his hands together. "Is she ashamed?" he asked, looking hard into my eyes, as if I might be able to answer him. "I'm just a poor man. I work in a factory near here. I earn a few pounds a week. Is my daughter ashamed of me for this?"

"Mr. O'Callaghan . . ." I started to ask him.

But at that moment, from a room to the left, a woman's voice came, sobbing. "Bill," she called. "Bill!"

Mr. O'Callaghan sighed. "You'll excuse me, but my wife has been in a terrible state."

Then slowly, he closed the door. . . .

When I woke up the next morning, I realized that word of the Kashfi-O'Callaghan mystery was already out. Even from my bed I could see the headlines of the *South Wales Echo* which someone had hoisted under my door, courtesy of the house. The headlines read: "Brando's Bride is a Girl from Cardiff . . . and her real name is O'Callaghan."

I jumped out of bed and made straight for the paper. Yes, someone else had got wind of the story by this time. And, according to the guy who'd written it, that wind had gushed out over Hollywood, too, and blown up a lulu of a storm. They were sore in Hollywood. Very sore. Marlon, as usual, had nothing to say.

But there were others—his relatives, his friends, his bride—who said plenty.

What Marlon's folks believe

"It can't be true she isn't an Indian," Oliver Lindmeyer, Marlon's uncle, had told reporters. "If she isn't, then I've never seen one. My wife and I have known her for more than two years. Not once did she mention that she came from Wales. She certainly never mentioned any O'Callaghan."

"There is nothing phoney about Anna," Mrs. Lindmeyer had said. "There's not a scrap of Irish in her. She's charming, delightful and very honest."

"My wife and I have known Anna since she came to Hollywood two years ago," Peter Barneis, Marlon's best man, had said. "She's as Indian as they come. . . . And I know for a fact that her father was an architect who died in Darjeeling, India, only two months ago and left her a sizable fortune. All this is incredible nonsense!"

"I was born," the new Mrs. Brando herself had reportedly said, "in Calcutta, India, to my Indian parents, Devi Kashfi, a civil engineer, and Selma Ghose. We moved to Darjeeling shortly afterwards."

"When I was sixteen, my mother married William Patrick O'Callaghan and I took their name and used it as my legal name. My first trip to England was in 1952. I lived there for a short time with my mother. I returned to India afterwards and then finally went back to London where I had two modeling jobs."

"Then I got my chance in films. And now I am here. . . ."

And now I was there, with that lousy feeling you get when you think you might be right back where you started.

All right, come in

I got dressed, had a quick breakfast and took a cab back to the O'Callaghan house. Mr. O'Callaghan opened the door again. It was obvious he'd seen the morning papers already. Because this time he asked me in and introduced me to his wife. Then he walked over to a cabinet, opened a drawer and pulled out a big brown envelope, a very old envelope. Then he reached inside and pulled out a piece of paper, parchment-type.

Without saying a word, he handed it to me. It had an official government stamp on it—and it said:

These are to certify that the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations has in his custody a register of Baptisms at St. Francis Xavier's church, Calcutta, A.D. 1934; in which Register there is an entry of which the following is a true copy:—

When Baptized: Year 1934—Month October—Day 7

Said to be Born: Year 1934—Month September—Day 30

Child's Christian name: Joan Mary

Sex: f

Parents' names: William Patrick O'Callaghan and Phoebe Melinda O'Callaghan

Abode of Parents: Chakradharpur Quality, Trade or Profession of father: Station master

Person by whom the Ceremony was performed: Rev. Alexander Dessa.

I looked up.

Mr. O'Callaghan nodded. "She is our daughter . . . whether she likes it or not," he said, his voice almost a whisper. He picked up his cup again. His big hand, I couldn't help notice, was trembling a little. "Is she ashamed that I am her father, telling the world now that her real father was an Indian who died a few months ago?"



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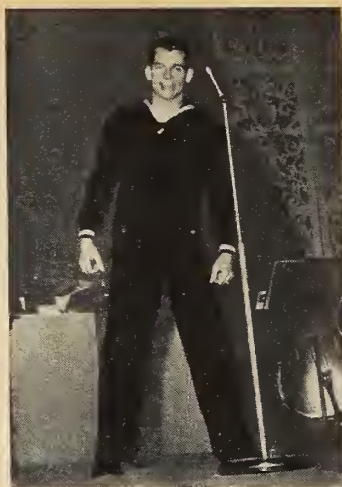
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JOIN THE NAVY and EAT STEAK!

says DEAN JONES



■ "Some people join the Navy to see the world," says Dean Jones, "but I joined—and got steak."

"It all happened back in 1952 . . . I was stationed in San Diego, with Special Services. When the San Diego Fair opened just a few miles away, our C.O., Commander Hackett, sent me and several of my buddies to do benefits shows for the Fair. We were real excited, because we were going to be staying at the posh TURF CLUB on the Fairgrounds for the couple of weeks the Fair was on. Of course, this wasn't exactly suite-and-private-bath and breakfast-in-bed; our room was crammed with all the triple-decker Navy bunks it could hold. And as for breakfast in bed—well, if we wanted to take our box lunch and eat it in the bunk, that was o.k."

"The box lunch was the Navy's way of feeding us off base. First thing in the morning, a truck came from the base loaded with nice boxes of breakfast for the bunch of us. Two hardboiled eggs, a baloney sandwich, a banana, a Hershey bar and an orange!

"Well, this was kind of different from the usual breakfast, but we were hungry, so down the hatch it went."

"After breakfast, we went out and toured the Fairgrounds. We couldn't buy much—you know how much money sailors have—and we were real glad that the Navy was sending lunch over. Box lunch of course."

"We nearly bowled Joe, the driver, over when he came in with all those boxes. It was a long time since breakfast. We ripped them open—and found two hardboiled eggs, a baloney sandwich, a banana, a Hershey bar and an orange!

"That afternoon we gave our first performance. Singing for such a big crowd sure can make you hungry. We hurried back to our one-room suite at the TURF CLUB and waited for Joe and our dinner. And what do you think he brought? That's right. Two hardboiled eggs, a baloney sandwich, a banana, a Hershey bar and an orange!

"It was beginning to taste a little tasteless!

"And the next day, when Joe came in with the two hardboiled eggs, etc., we just thanked him and stashed them away in the corner."

"That night we went out and spent as much money as we had on the most of the cheapest food that the Fair sold."

"For the next twelve days, we lived on hotdogs and malteds . . . and piled the untouched box lunches in every available space around the room."

"But when Joe made his next trip, it was without cargo. He came in, white as a ghost and shaking. He had wrecked the truck and our dinner was scattered all over the four lanes of Route 101! . . .

"What a shame," we said.

"I phoned Commander Hackett to tell him. Here we had been so enjoying the lovely box lunches the Base had been sending every day, and now we wouldn't be getting any."

"Well, my boy," boomed the Commander heartily, "the United States Navy isn't going to let our star performers down. You lads go right downstairs to the TURF CLUB dining room, and send the bill to me!"

"We did."

"And we ordered just what star performers need: filet mignon!"

Is she trying to deny the facts of her birth?"

Mrs. O'Callaghan got up from her chair now. She walked over to where her husband stood. She put her arm in his, and turned to me—"Sir . . . for your records. . . . Mr. O'Callaghan here has been my only husband. And Joan is our true daughter." Her eyes began to fill with tears. "We are both British, my Bill and I. And so is Joan. It is cruel to suggest that the daughter we love and brought up is not our own flesh and blood. . . ."

Glynn Mortimer works with a very posh modeling outfit. I asked her if she'd tell me what she knew about the Kashfi-O'Callaghan girl. This is what she said:

"My half-sister lives in Wales. And she sent Nan Jones, a designer friend, to see me. Joan wasn't supposed to come at all. She just stopped by with Nan. But when I went into the waiting room, I was struck by Joan's beauty."

"I looked over Nan's sketches and arranged for her to show them to some people. I also decided that Joan O'Callaghan simply had to be an actress, as well as a model."

The invention

"Her name? I invented it. Dreamed it up. I told Joan that she couldn't go around looking so exotic and be listed on modeling books as Joan O'Callaghan. You hear that name and imagine an outdoor-type Irish girl. I told her it would be wiser if we found another name to suit her type. I had a very dear friend named Kashfi and Joan loved the name. We took the Anna from Johanna—a childhood favorite of hers—and she became Anna Kashfi."

And that was that.

I'd just left the agency and was walking back to my hotel—when I skidded to a stop. I looked, and then I looked again. To my right was a store. It was one of those fancy Indian places where they sell saris. It was called *The Maharani*. On the glass door, printed in small gold letters, was this information:

"Proprietor: Ghose."

"I was born," the new Mrs. Brando had said in Hollywood just the day before, "in Calcutta, India, to my Indian parents, Dev Kashfi, a civil engineer, and Selma Ghose." "She worked as a model in London for a while," I'd also heard, "and as a salesgirl in an Indian sari store, too."

The sari store

On a hunch, the merest of hunches, went into the store. Lily Ghose, a very zoftik-looking Indian girl, asked if she could be of any help.

I asked her if she had ever known Joan O'Callaghan.

She said yes, she had.

Was she a relative, I asked.

No, I was told.

Was she Indian?

Not as far as Lily Ghose knew. "We met her at an exhibition," she said, "and that was when we offered her the job here."

On the way out of the store I looked at the printing on the door again, the name Ghose. And that—that and the Baptismal certificate and Glynn Mortimer's story about re-naming the young model an actress—wrapped up the mystery. At least, from this end.

But personally, say I, the girl doesn't look Welsh; she looks Indian. And if she says O'Callaghan isn't her father, who am I to say he is? Maybe there's a bit more of a mystery here . . . that we'd do best to keep out of.

Anna Kashfi is scheduled to appear in Columbia's *COWBOY*. You can see Marlon Brando in Warner Bros.' *SAYONARA* and 20th Century-Fox's *THE YOUNG LIONS*.

esther, don't!

(Continued from page 38) The way he'd been laughing ever since those strange stories started spreading—laughing loud and clear for all the world to hear—like there was really nothing to it, nothing at all . . .

But in that moment on the dock, when for an instant there was no one to look, when suddenly you were almost visible—almost a particular dot on a deck coming closer every second in that moment when he thought no one was watching him, the mask slipped, and Ben wasn't laughing any more.

And I knew why.

I had heard those stories, too. I had friends who had spent the summer in Rome and come back bursting with the news. "Esther Williams," they told me breathlessly—"imagine, Esther Williams, who's always been so—so perfect—well, she's going to leave Ben Gage. It seems there's been trouble between them for months and now she's going to get a divorce, and they do say—they do say she's going to marry Jeff Chandler! Nobody's talked about anything else since they started making *Raw Wind In Eden* over there. And you really can't blame her. My goodness, who could resist a combination like Rome and Jeff Chandler? I mean, he's just too—" and then they would stop and look at me thoughtfully. "By the way," they'd ask, "didn't you spend a day with her just before she left Hollywood?" I would nod slowly. "Yes, I did."

"Well, my heavens, what did she say? I mean, did she give you a hint? Did she seem happy? What was she like?"

And while they talked, Esther, and after they left, I would sit and remember what you were like and what you had said, and would weigh it against what I heard now and look for the answer.

We had sat in the den of your house in Mandeville Canyon that afternoon. It was a simple room, bright with pine furniture and sturdy colorful fabrics, made to resist being climbed over and kicked at and nudged in by three small children. We were talking girl-talk, and I had said casually that I was beginning to believe the single life was the blessed one—that almost every marriage I had seen had turned out badly. And you said to me over coffee, "The first year of a marriage is rugged. The real honeymoon comes later—oh, I guess from the second year through the fourth. Everything just seems to be getting better and better those years. And then when you've been married five years or so, all of a sudden you wake up and say to yourself—well, things haven't been getting better enough. If he really loved me, he'd stop doing all those little things that annoy me, he'd change . . . That's a bad time. But you weather it. You kind of forget about it; you have children; you have a good life—and then, whang! It hits you again when you've been married maybe nine years, ten years. He isn't going to change. You're going to have to live with all those things that bug you for the rest of your life. I guess that's the roughest year. It's a kind of hopeless feeling."

I couldn't remember ever having heard a woman speak so honestly of something so difficult. I cleared my throat. "What do you do about it?" I asked. "Get a divorce?"

You put down your coffee cup, Esther, and smiled at me, an utterly serene smile. You said, "I'll tell you. You think back over the good things and see how much they outweigh the bad. You remember that no one's perfect, including you. You remember the day you got married, how happy you were, how excited. You try to

imagine yourself giving advice to a young woman really in love, and you know you'd tell her, 'If you can make the rent between you, go ahead, get married, raise a family—don't wait a day longer than you have to.' And then you know you did the right thing, that this is what you're on earth for—not to live in some kind of romantic dream, but to love this man who isn't perfect, and to bear his children and love them too. You know that when you come down to it, you're one of the luckiest women in the world . . ."

We were talking about your work when the door flew open and Kimmie bounced in. He was wearing a little brown bathing suit that seemed to melt into the tan of his small, erect body. He dashed past me without a glance and buried his head in your lap. Then he peered up with a seductive smile. "Mama, let's go swimming."

You tilted his head with a finger and smiled down. I noticed how much you two looked alike—sparkling-eyed, quick to laugh. You said, "In a while, sweetie—as soon as I can."

Kimmie's clear eyes clouded over. His lower lip jutted out, trembling. "I wanna go now!"

"Uh-uh," you said, still smiling. "This lady is here to talk business with Mama. You know I have work to do. As soon as we're through I'll come out as long as you like. OK?"

"Aw—" a heartbroken wail.

"Kimmie," you said gently, "if you don't want to go enough to wait a little, you don't really want to go at all. Right?"

Mouth open, Kimmie considered. Then the brown eyes cleared. The beguiling smile reappeared. "Gotcha!" said Kimmie Gage.

With a nod to me, he was gone. I sat back in my chair, grinning from ear to ear. "I bet you wouldn't take a million dollars for your kids."

You laughed. "Someone asked me that last month, and I thought a while, did some mental arithmetic, and said, 'I've paid a million dollars for them.' It's true, too. In time out for movies, in p.a. tours—in a thousand things I haven't done, in order to have them and be with them. But I wouldn't say I've 'given anything up.' That makes it sound as if there were something worth more than my children. There isn't."

"Still," I said, "there have been times you've been away—"

"Yes, there have. I don't deny it—why should I? There are times any mother is away—working or out for an afternoon playing bridge or maybe she even parks the kids with her folks and takes off on a month's vacation. Well, my kids have a grandmother, too—and a—a nurse, or a governess, whatever you want to call her—a woman I respect and trust, who's worked with me and loves my babies. I don't think it hurts them to be away from me occasionally." You grinned suddenly. "Anyway, not as much as it hurts me."

We laughed, and you added abruptly, "There was a time a few months ago when I had to find a new governess. I looked and I looked, but no one was just right. The studio was all set to start a picture, and I told them I couldn't come just then. I told them just what I told Kimmie five minutes ago. 'I'm sorry, but if you don't want me enough to wait, I guess you don't want me at all.' So they waited."

"But what about the rest," I pursued. "You know—nightclubs, premières, the glamour business—you haven't had much of that, staying home with the babies. A beautiful woman is supposed to want to get dressed up every now and then, see that old look come into her husband's eyes."

You folded your hands in your lap, Esther, and for a moment you weren't see-



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ing me at all. I don't know how, but I knew what you were seeing in your mind—a picture of a girl ten years younger, unattached, free, sparkling in the bright lights, laughing in the pleasure of being beautiful, of being the center of a roomful of admiring men—

"Listen," you said suddenly, "I'll tell you a secret. The best reason I know for becoming a wife and a mother. It's because that's your most beautiful role. Because you can create your own surroundings, show yourself off in your own home, in the soft colors you picked yourself, in the lights you chose—so your husband never sees you but at your best. A girl out in the world can't do that. She's surrounded by things she never made, that aren't suited to her. But me—look around you!" Your arm swept the room. "I did this room. I made it glow this way. I made sure that Ben would see me in things that are right for me. For us. That's the kind of glamour I want."

And then with scarcely a pause you said softly, "And as a woman gets older, she knows she wants the soft lights of home."

The shocking thing

My friend leaned across the table to whisper to me. "But the really shocking thing," she murmured, "the one thing I can't forgive her for is—she had Susie with her the whole time. I mean, it's sort of appalling, isn't it, to have your four-year-old daughter along while you're in the process of falling in love with another man? I mean, do you suppose she left her in the hotel room at night while she went out on dates with Chandler? My goodness—"

Oh, Es, it came back to me so clearly. Maybe it was half an hour after Kimmie flashed in and out that the door opened again and I saw a nymph standing in the hall. A play-suited, tousel-haired nymphet, peeking shyly in at her mother. You followed my eyes to the doorway, and your face lit up like a Christmas tree. "Come in, sweetheart," you called, and the nymph took three giant steps and a run and landed in your arms. She snuggled there, good as gold, for almost five minutes while we went on talking. Then she gave a sigh and climbed down from your lap to

rove around the room. A second later I noticed that the top of her playsuit had disappeared. Startled, I looked up in time to see the bottom part land on the floor and the nymph commence to remove her panties.

You looked, too, and sighed in mock anguish. "She's hinting," you explained mournfully. "I guess the whole family wants to go swimming."

"Is that—is that the way she usually lets you know?"

"Are you shocked?" you asked suddenly. "Because she hasn't learned to be ashamed of her body? Oh, I don't mean that I'm bringing my children up to strip in public or join a nudist colony. But I'm not bringing them up to be ashamed, either. Already they take pride in being healthy, in being strong, in having bodies that look good and do what they want them to—swim like fish, walk without getting too tired, fall asleep with cramps and prickles. That's the way a child should be—strong enough to help a weaker one, or fight back if someone tries to be a bully. Proud, not ashamed." Your eyes glowed. "Did you know what happened to me yesterday? I got a wire from the White House—imagine! I'm going to be on the President's Council for Youth Fitness!"

A second later you were giving a little smack to the round behind. "OK," you said. "Get into your bathing suit. I'll be out in a few minutes."

The most wonderful thing

The door closed behind Susie and you leaned forward. "I take it back that the offer to be on the Council was the most wonderful thing. The most wonderful happened the other day. Susie asked me, 'What is God?'"

"I thought about it—children are always making you stop and look for answers in yourself—and I said, 'God is love, darling.'"

"And she said, 'God must be a lady.'"

"For heaven's sake," I said. "Why?"

"And she said, 'Because you are love, and you are a lady.'"

That was what I took away with me that day, Esther. A sense of a home, a lady, a love. That was what I found last spring, looking over my notes and my memories, asking myself what my friends had asked

me: Was there a hint? Were you unhappy?

And standing on the dock, watching Ben's face with the bravery gone, with the hope and the fear—

The gangplank had scarcely touched the dock before you were running down it, with Susie under your arm. Your feet had scarcely touched New York before Ben was holding you in his arms—but you had come back to ask for a divorce. You had come home . . . for a divorce.

What changed?

For the woman who spoke to me that day in the bright, sunlit room was happy and more than happy—she was content; she was courageous, she had the honesty to face bad times, live them through, make them good. She was a woman who valued her home, her husband, her children, above all the glittering things life might offer in their place. Have you forgotten that happiness, Esther, just because a few business ventures that Ben handled had failed? Or because of a moonlit Roman evening? I don't know what trouble there was between you and Ben in this the eleventh year of your marriage, Es. I don't know what brief spark might have been lighted in loneliness between you and Jeff. The nights in Rome are perfumed, they say, and it is possible that a kiss shared under the hot lights of a movie set could seem infinitely sweeter below a cool Italian moon. My friend believes there was such a moment—I don't know. Which of us is right doesn't matter. For this I know: the Italian nights are not perfumed with the things you love best—talcum powder on small, clean bodies, the smell of dinner on the stove, the private, personal scent of a house that is lived in and loved. Remember this—before you make a mistake that can mean the end of happiness for you. Now . . . it is not yet too late. There is no brief, shallow romance, no brief shallow trouble, that should part you and your husband, you and your life.

With Susie under your arm, you can go home, Esther; now—stay home, where you belong—where your happiness is . . .

Esther will appear in U-I's RAW WIND UP.

hold it, george

(Continued from page 49) members, camera equipment, etc., make filmed love scenes much more complex than real life love scenes!

Do you kiss a girl good-night after the first date?

That's definitely between the girl in question and me. I'm tired of reading stories about guys who kiss and tell!

What advice would you give teenagers wanting to break into movies?

Get as much experience in your line of work as you possibly can. It doesn't matter where it is—just keep working at what you want to do, or as close to it as possible, as often and as hard as you can. A word of warning, though—better be very sure what it is you want. Sometimes we blindly hammer away at a stone and when the dust clears away we've chiseled a statue, but one which we'd rather not look at!

If you weren't an actor, what occupation would you select?

I'd like to direct—and if I have my way about it, I will direct someday. If I weren't in the entertainment field, I would like to

be a writer—not for the motion pictures or the theatre—probably short novels and stories.

What do you dislike doing?

Going to the barber shop. I don't like getting my hair cut!

Briefly, what is your philosophy of life?

The Golden Rule is what I try to keep in mind—you know, *Do unto others as you would have others do unto you*. Not always easy, but wouldn't everything be much better if we all could?

Where did you go to school?

GLENDALE HIGH SCHOOL, OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY and the PASADENA PLAYHOUSE.

What pictures have you been in?

Monsoon, Memory of Love, The Carnival Story, Miss Robin Crusoe, Lady Godiva, The Second Greatest Sex, Away All Boats, Congo Crossing, The Unguarded Moment, Four Girls in Town, Joe Butterfly, Man Afraid, Floodtide, and The Female Animal.

What are your hobbies?

Collecting records and photography.

Who are your favorite stars?

Greta Garbo and William Holden, among others.

What's your favorite menu?

Fried pork chops, creamed corn, green salad and milk.

How many pets do you have?

A cat named Susan, and two dogs named Matt and Joey.

What's your worst fault?

Not answering my telephone, and not remembering when the laundry or dishes cleaning is ready to be picked up.

Which movie did you enjoy filming the most?

Six Bridges to Cross with Tony Curtis and Julie Adams. It was a lot of very hard work under some pretty difficult conditions, but Tony and Julie were wonderful to work with.

Would you like to do a musical?

I don't sing well, but with someone else's voice dubbed in, I think doing a musical would be great. I'd like to do one.

Do you sing in the shower?

Sometimes. In the shower I don't soot too bad.

What has been the greatest thrill of your career?

Being signed at UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL STUDIOS.

Who are your favorite singers?

Patti Page, Jo Stafford, Vic Damone and Frank Sinatra.

What's your favorite color?

Red.

Favorite all-time song?

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.

What's your favorite kind of music?

For dancing, anything slow with a good beat. For listening—popular, classical or semi-classical—depending upon my mood.

Favorite all-time movie?

Gone With the Wind.

Favorite All-time Books?

The Bible, the works of Shakespeare and Generation of Vipers by Philip Wylie.

What kind of car do you drive?

A Thunderbird.

Are you thrifty?

Do you drive a hard bargain?

With the tax situation these days, everyone has to be thrifty! If I see something in a store window that appeals to me I'll drop in and price it. If I feel the price is right, I buy it. If not, it stays in the store. I don't really think you could call me a hard bargainer.

Who are your closest acquaintances in the movie industry?

Some of them are Rock Hudson, the Henry Calhouns, the Tom Tryons and Marjorie Hyer.

What are your pet peeves?

TV and radio commercials. Any type of advertising that pressures the general public into buying something they really

can't afford and don't need and don't want!

What actress would you like to co-star with?

There are many. Especially Loretta Young, Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis and Katharine Hepburn.

What do you do between takes while filming?

I watch the other members of the crew work, because I still find every phase of this movie business fascinating. Sometimes I just stand around and talk with people. I often forget to sit down and go home with sore feet!

Do you have a secretary, or do you answer your own fan mail?

I have two secretaries to help open and sort it. Then I read all of it and dictate answers.

What kind of fan mail do you like to receive?

I like honest letters. I'm open for suggestions about my work and am anxious for honest opinions about the motion picture industry. I like letters that are written so that I can read them. Some fans write so I've no idea what their name is or where to send a reply.

Do you have a fan club?

Yes. Readers may get full information by writing directly to my fan club president. She is Lilyan Miller, 842 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

Do you like signing autographs and posing for pictures?

Very much, because it's one way of meeting the public.

What's your best virtue?

Stick-to-it-iveness. Is that a word? Well, you know what I mean. **END**

George is in U-I's APPOINTMENT WITH A SHADOW.

Isn't goin' steady

(continued from page 30) only one of the ways she sees.

"There's a lot to be said for variety. It's the spice of life. It really is. I go out with different girls for different reasons. Maybe I feel I can obtain knowledge from a girl. Maybe I like a girl's personality. Maybe a girl has a twinkle in her eyes that gets me. Maybe I just like a girl as a person."

Yes, the names of many girls now come from Tommy's lips—like brown-haired, blue-eyed Babby Green, daughter of MGM musical director Johnny Green, for example. Babby introduced him to classical music.

You listen long enough and you find the good things," Tommy grins. "I haven't completely won her over to hillbilly music and she hasn't won me over to classical. We meet half way."

And there's Chris Callas, a singer he met on the Tennessee Ernie Show.

With Chris," Tommy's friendly brown eyes sparkle, "it's her blinding beauty. When you first go out with her, you flip. She's so beautiful! She knocks your eyes out. Chris is also very sweet and nice. She's a great personality, and she's a lot of fun at a party. She gets along with everyone. She first attracts them with her beauty, and then when you leave the party you feel like a million dollars because every guy in the place was bowled over by her."

Tommy will tell you of the enjoyable evening he spent with demure, blonde and blue-eyed Diane Jergens when he took her to see Victor Borge's show at the Greek Theatre.

Downright sinful

And you listen . . . and wonder. Because, there was a time not too long ago, when Tommy would have gagged on his own words if he mentioned the name of more than one girl in a single day, let alone in one conversation, or in one breath. In his boyish romanticism, he would have considered it downright sinful to harbor pleasant thoughts of more than one young lady at a time. Part of the answer is that he's growing up. . . .

His ideas have changed.

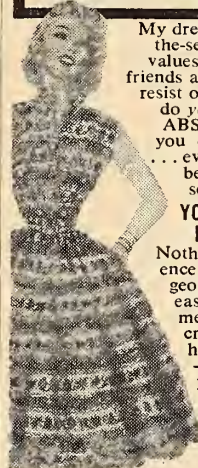
Today he says, "Going steady is sort of like eating the same food at every meal three meals a day your whole life. If you never taste other food, you never know if the food you've been having was really your favorite, whether you really liked it best.

"And another thing—if you don't spend as much time with just one particular girl, you don't get as emotionally involved, and it's not as easy to be hurt. Your social life differs from one night to the next. You just don't have the time to take any one girl seriously."

Tommy let out a long, happy sigh, and threw out his arms in a carefree gesture.

"It's just more fun to go out with a lot of girls," he summed it up. "It really is.

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It's a big kick to go out with one girl this Saturday night, and another girl next Saturday night, and to have different memories after each date. Everything isn't the same this way."

Yes, Tommy has come a long way from those days when steady dating was his only solution to loneliness.

The hunger in him

In the beginning, going steady had filled a hunger in him. Like many other boys who had grown up in rural farm areas, where the nearest neighbor lived miles away, he had spent much of his childhood practically alone. On that farm in Shreveport—pleasant memories though it held—there had been no other children with whom to play, and he had created a world of his own, a world of daydreams and sleepdreams.

"I used to sit alone and read," Tommy thought back. "I used to sit alone and listen to the radio. I did everything alone—because there were no other kids around to do them with."

It was out of this loneliness that Tommy's dating pattern was born, because "I wanted," says Tommy, "to belong to somebody so that that person would always be there and like me, somebody besides my family who was close to me. Somebody who was a friend, a special friend."

"You had the feeling," Tommy said, as if he were trying to make you understand how come he never played the field, "of wanting someone around that you could call in the middle of the night. There have been many times I didn't feel there were many people who really knew what I was like. There would be some days when I'd have had a big day at work, and I'd drive around, and I'd get the loneliest feeling that there wasn't anyone anywhere who really cared. I used to get the crazy feeling that I was going to lose my friends, and that's when I really felt like I needed someone special to talk to outside of my own family."

It was in moments like these—during their steady dating—that Tommy, thirsting for the sound of a caring voice, would swing his car over to the curb, make for a telephone booth and dial Molly Bee's number.

Still sentimental over Molly

"I would have that feeling that I had to call Molly," Tommy owns up softly, a faint, sentimental smile opening up a laugh wrinkle around the corners of his mouth, "and I'd pick up the phone and talk to her, and go over. It was like an aspirin for a headache. It was so important to have someone that was always there, someone who was your friend."

Then at last—just recently, this happened—Tommy became more sure of himself, and he was no longer in the market for just safety. At last he knew that when you're truly in love, that's when you go steady—not before.

Tommy had loved and lost in earnest before he met Molly. That had been the price of steady dating. Even now, Tommy could not bring himself to joke about the heartbreak he had known in his teens. He really had cared—and loved, yes loved.

"So often," Tommy nodded knowingly, "older folks will take this lightly. They'll say you weren't really in love. It was just puppy love. What I want to know is this. Is love something that is restricted to people of a certain age? You have to be twenty-one before you can vote. Do you have to be twenty-one before you can get a permit to fall in love?"

There was that one girl in particular to whom he had lost his heart while he was 78 still in high school, in Houston. He

couldn't have been more than sixteen at the time.

"Once I met this girl," Tommy swallowed, "she meant more to me than any other girl I'd ever known. We went together for a year and a half. We were both very jealous, you know. I was gone so much of the time, and I hated to think of her sitting around. But I didn't want her to go around with other fellows, either, and she felt the same way about me and other girls. But my career was a problem. I couldn't take her out at nights because I worked as a disc jockey after school. I couldn't take her to proms and parties like other boys.

"And I always had to go away, especially on tours in the summer.

"I didn't want to be gone from her long. I was supposed to be away only six weeks, but I was away from June to the first of September. All the time I kept thinking of her and writing to her, and I had no desire to go out with other girls."

The big shock

Finally, at summer's end, Tommy cut a record for RCA Victor, and he needed only one thing to make his happiness complete. He couldn't get back to Houston fast enough to share his happiness with his girl! He never doubted that she would be waiting for him.

Rock and Roll

your way through
college
with **pat boone**—
in the **march** issue
of **modern screen**
(on sale february 4)

"I came home and found this girl going with another guy. That hurt."

The romance was over, and Tommy's world just blew up. "I guess there was only one thing in my life that had hurt me more," Tommy groped for a yardstick with which to measure his misery. "When I couldn't make the high school football team because I was too skinny."

Whether she knew it or not, it was a night that Tommy's mother, Grace Sands, could have lost her son. She had come home that evening and found him stunned over his shattered love. If she had failed to sense his hurt, if she had said one wrong word, she could have driven him away. For Tommy, to have been mocked or humored in this terrible moment of loss would have been the unpardonable sin.

"My mother didn't say, 'You stupid thing,'" Tommy tells you. "She didn't start to reason with me and tell me 'These things happen. There will be another girl.' She didn't laugh at me. You know, I can see why a lot of people leave home. They have pride. If she had laughed at me that night, I would have left home."

In those young, impressionable years, Tommy had known only one way to love—heart and soul. And there was no overnight recovery for Tommy. There was a long spell of agonizing loneliness and trying to forget.

Tommy shook his head philosophically. "After we broke up," he said, now able

to manage to smile over his youthful hurt, "I didn't go out for a year and a half. I'd been hurt too bad. I didn't want to go out with any other girls. Once in a while my buddies would make me go out with them, but it never worked. I went through a rough time."

Yes, Tommy has loved and lost—but never lightly.

That was in his past.

No more heartbreak

Now, he decided, it would be different. With Molly it would never be like that—a sudden end and agonizing heartbreak. With Molly, there would be no breaking off, only tapering off.

"Of course," Tommy remembers, "going steady with Molly happened so naturally.

"I started dating her, and it sort of continued that way—and you know you're friends. You can call when you work late. You can say, 'I haven't had a chance to go out all week. Would you like to go out tonight?'"

"There are advantages to knowing a girl real well—

"I like to be able to sit with a girl and talk about the simple things and I like to be at oneness with a girl. I like to laugh and kid around. Yet I like to be able to sit there and look at her, and not be embarrassed. You want to be yourself, you want a girl to be herself."

And he still feels that. But now he knows something—he didn't have to limit himself to one girl in order to have all these satisfactions.

The shy guy

"I guess I have a funny thing," he said somewhat sheepishly. "I'm still a little embarrassed with girls. I have to know a girl before I can relax with her. I used to be a lot worse. I'd feel that I liked a girl, but I'd be afraid to let her really know me for fear she'd find something out about me that she wouldn't really like. I was a painful thing to be with someone you knew you liked and not be able to give them a chance to like you because you felt you were really not being yourself."

Tommy walked to the window and looked out at the studio street, bright under the afternoon sun.

"When I was a kid," he recalled with a wistful smile, "when one of my favorite girl movie stars got married, I used to cross her off my list. If you believe in God, you can't want anyone else's wife. That's what the Bible says."

It would be a long time before Tommy gave any of his fans reason to cross him off their list. The new Tommy Sands, circulating as a handsome, vital boy his age, should do. Going steady is now something that belongs to the past. It was a way of life that he won't take out of mothballs until that faraway day when he decides to marry.

"I might be ready for marriage in ten years," Tommy thinks. "If I don't date a lot now, later on I might miss not having done it, and that would be bad for a marriage. Like everyone else, I'd like to stay married to the same person forever. I don't want ten different marriages."

It's much better, Tommy reasons, have ten—or more—different girl friends . . . much better than ten different wives.

And these carefree days, Tommy is looking at girls—lots and lots of them. With the mature thoughts of a man. Because he's old enough to know that he had been only in love with love, and that some day when he's not even looking for it, which he's not even going steady, love will find him.

You can see Tommy in 20th Century Fox's **SING, BOY, SING!**

wait till you see

(Continued from page 54) accompanied him, her bubbling vitality making the trip all the more fun.

But when he was slated to go to Morocco to perform with Bob Hope, Debbie had said, "You know, Eddie, I think 120 degrees is a little too much for me. If you don't mind, I'd rather not go. Besides, I miss little Carrie so much. Would you feel terrible if I flew back home?"

Eddie had reluctantly agreed. "To tell you the truth, honey," he'd said, "I guess I feel the same way. But I promised Bob, and I can't renege on my commitments."

Eddie had gone to Morocco, and Debbie had flown home alone, starting a barrage of rumors that were to plague them for months.

When Debbie reached home, she was so busy catching up with Carrie Frances, making up for the six weeks that they had been parted, that she put off going to see a doctor.

When she saw him, he confirmed her happy suspicions.

"I suppose," said the doctor, smiling, "that you'll want to continue to work, just as you did last time you were pregnant."

"Of course," said Debbie firmly.

"All right," said the doctor, "but don't overdo it. I know you'd be unhappy if you didn't, but rest during every lunch hour. I don't want you going through this pregnancy the way you did last time—with all

even more earnest than it had ever been. "It seems to me," said Eddie, "that it's a mile from our bedroom to the nursery. I want a house that has the nursery close to everything."

"But wherever we go," Debbie grinned, "let's take this old rocker with us, shall we?"

"Of course," said Eddie. "Home wouldn't feel like home without it."

They finally found the home they considered perfect—a lovely English brick house in the exclusive Holmby Hills area, with four bedrooms and a den—and a nursery easily accessible to their own bedroom.

Almost at once, they began to re-do the house. Debbie was off on flying visits to the decorator, carrying swatches of fabrics with her. Soon the painters were all over the house, transforming it into Debbie's and Eddie's favorite colors—blue and green, highlighted with touches of white.

Neither Debbie nor Eddie like furniture that's too modern. They consider modern unsuitable for themselves. But they love American and English antiques, and Debbie loves the fact that these antiques may have nicks in them.

"That's great for family living," she says. "I wouldn't want furniture you had to cover carefully and avoid putting nicks in. I buy the kind of furniture that looks better with wear."

She tossed a hopeful eye toward Carrie Frances, apparently convinced that Carrie would, in the near future, improve the furniture by putting nicks in it.

While the decorating is going on, the house is a center of conviviality at all hours, morning, noon and night. The Fishers are rarely alone. Breakfast, lunch and dinner hours, the house teams with Eddie and Debbie's business associates.

A large, informal staff takes care of everybody's needs.

"Our house is a real United Nations," giggles Debbie.

There's a German housekeeper, an English nurse and an Italian houseboy. Stay in Debbie's house long enough, and your ear gets to hear and know almost every accent.

"I'm in a harem," laughs Eddie. "The house is filled with women." Since the women include Debbie, the baby, and frequently Debbie's cheery mother, he doesn't mind.

Sometimes, however, a speculative look comes into his eyes, as though he is picturing what will happen when there's another male around, his hoped-for son.

"But of course, it'll be a girl," he says, as though he's superstitious about allowing himself to hope for a boy.

Sometimes he calls Debbie "Momma," she in turn calls him "Poppa." The nicknames are well-deserved. Even while Debbie was working in *This Happy Feeling*, the nurse would come to the set with Carrie Frances, so that Debbie could play with her daughter between scenes.

And when Eddie is busy with rehearsals on his tv show, Debbie brings the baby to the studio when she can. Once, Debbie was backstage with Carrie during one of Eddie's tv shows. Suddenly, the baby started to gurgle. Sound engineers cast apprehensive eyes at their equipment, wondering how they could muffle the sound of the gurgles. P.S. they couldn't. So, if while listening to Eddie singing on tv, you were suddenly startled at the sound of a baby's gurgling, put it down to the fact that it really was Miss Carrie herself crashing her father's act.

Rumors to the contrary, happiness reigns in the Fisher household. Besides his understandable joy over the expected new baby, Eddie is thrilled over his wife's success. He's as excited over the number-

BUSINESS DEPT.: Harry Kurnitz and Howard Hawkes, who teamed on *Land Of The Pharaohs*, are working on a new film, with an African setting. Kurnitz said: "It's the story of a man who trains a tsetse fly to bite his mother-in-law. Jungle drums. Tondelayo, etc. Hawkes, a stickler for authenticity and local color, has put a ring in my nose and pays me every week in polished flat stones which he assures me are legal tender in Kenya. I wanted to be just as authentic, and offered to drum out the script, instead of typewriting it."

Leonard Lyons
in *The New York Post*

the calm spirit of a driver on the Indianapolis Speedway."

"Cross my heart," said Debbie.

A few nights later, she and Eddie were playing with Carrie, as they always do before dinner. Eddie began to sing, going up and down the scale, while Carrie sang the same notes after him, in their funny little father-daughter duet.

"What shall we name the baby?" asked Debbie.

"Well," said Eddie slowly, "we had the name David picked out last time, and along came a girl. I wouldn't mind having a boy this time, would you? But let's use a little reverse psychology. If we pick a girl's name, maybe she'll turn out to be a 'he.'"

"Let's try it," laughed Debbie.

They selected a half dozen girls' names, and Eddie began to bet with his friends that the expected arrival would be a girl—hoping all the time that he'd have to pay off.

"Of course I love girls," he told friends. "I'd be happy if we had five children, all girls." Then his face grew slightly wistful. "But it would be nice to have one boy."

When Debbie and Eddie learned about the new arrival, they decided that they definitely would have to buy a new home. For some time they'd been on a house-hunting binge. Now their hunt became

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one spot that Debbie's *Tammy* record enjoys as if it were his own triumph. In fact, he pushed for its success from the start. After he heard her recording of *Tammy* he was sure it would be a hit, and promptly wheeled the disc jockeys whom he knows so well into playing the new record. Debbie was amazed that her record clicked; but Eddie maintains that he knew it from the very beginning.

Debbie and Eddie always breakfast together, except when she has to work. Then, because she has to get up at 5 a.m., she just tiptoes gently to the breakfast room with Carrie Frances. When she's ready to leave the house, of course she plants a kiss on Eddie's lips, which he sometimes does, sometimes doesn't wake up from.

Diamond earrings

Recently they celebrated their second anniversary with a wonderful dinner to which they invited 150 friends. For their first anniversary, Eddie had bought Debbie a diamond pendant. This time he made up his mind he'd get her matching diamond earrings. Of course, a second anniversary doesn't call for anything that elaborate—in fact, it's just a calico anniversary. Which is why Eddie also ordered a large calico doll from Uncle Bernie's Toyshop. Dangling from the ears of the calico doll were the diamond earrings.

When Debbie saw the present, her eyes filled with tears. The rest of the evening she clutched the calico doll.

"I swear," laughed a friend, "I think Debbie was as much moved by the calico doll as she was by those earrings—which must have cost thousands."

While Debbie was working on *This Happy Feeling*, she continued working actively as head of the Thaliens, an organization of young people in Hollywood which does wonderful work for the promotion of mental health.

Some of the members of the group wondered if she wanted to resign. "It's too much work for you to take charge of the arrangements for the annual ball."

"What do you think I am," said Debbie

indignantly, "an invalid! Why, I'm the healthiest mother-to-be you ever saw. And the work for the Thaliens is just as close to my heart as my own movie work."

Debbie continued to make arrangements for the Thaliens, even going so far as to sign 1,000 letters in one afternoon. When her doctor heard about that, he almost flipped. But Debbie looked so radiant, he had to admit she thrived on work.

There was one scene in the picture that worried the studio officials. Debbie was to do a rumba with Curt Jurgens—and this seemed a bit strenuous for a mother-to-be.

"Would you like a double?" asked the director worriedly.

"A double!" hooted Debbie. "I've never needed a double just because I was pregnant."

She rhumbaed like mad with Curt.

In *Pal Joey*, Frank Sinatra was directed by George Sidney. In a scene where Frank watches Kim Novak do a torrid strip-tease, Sidney said, "Stay in the background, Frank. Try to be inconspicuous." Sinatra replied, "With Kim Novak doing a strip, I could be tangoing with a tiger and nobody would notice me."

*Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post*

When it was over, Curt almost collapsed. So did the director. But not Debbie.

She cheerfully turned to the director and said, "Was that take all right? Or would you like to do it over? I want it to be perfect, don't you?"

He went off in a slight daze, giddily muttering to himself that pregnant women in our day and age are certainly different from what they used to be.

Debbie had just one complaint about her pregnancy. A thrifty girl at heart, she had saved all her maternity clothes with the complete intention of using them again. But nature fooled her. Her last pregnan-

cy required summer clothes. This time she needed winter outfits. "So wasteful," she sighed briefly—then plunged with enthusiasm into the task of choosing a stunning new wardrobe.

Only once during the entire pregnancy was she really ill. Usually Debbie says firmly, "I never get queasy or sick when I'm pregnant. Just a matter of mind over matter. If you don't think you're going to feel ill, you won't."

But one night, the mind over matter didn't seem to work. She had sharp pains and sat up suddenly in bed. Eddie called the doctor immediately. The doctor smiled, gave Eddie a prescription and said to Debbie, "All you need is some of this medicine."

Shortly Eddie was conferring with the proprietor of an all-night drugstore, Debbie had her medicine, and mind and matter were on an equal footing.

When Eddie, relatives or friends worry about her, Debbie says, "Feeling sick when you're expectant is just a state of mind. I won't let myself feel any way but wonderful."

And that's the way it nearly always is, for her.

Wherever she goes, Debbie goes bubblingly, her wonderful love of life vibrating above everything. "I'm going to have another baby," she says proudly. "Isn't it wonderful? Who could ask for anything more?"

Eddie beams. "My harem," he says.

And Carrie Frances coos back.

END

EDITOR'S NOTE: Lately, there have been increasing rumors of trouble in the Fisher home. The editors of *MODERN SCREEN* however, prefer not to discuss rumors . . . we're too busy searching for facts. Moreover, we believe too strongly in the sanctimony of the home to risk causing trouble between two wonderful people. Facts, however, are facts and next month we will bring you the entire story . . . all there is to know about the rumored split-up between Debbie and Eddie.

Debbie will be making *THE BOY FRIEND* for MGM and *THIS HAPPY FEELING* for U-I.

teenage bride

(Continued from page 51) I'd go steady when I really *knew* it was love, for sure! So before I met Neil Dubin, I had been dating a variety of boys. And by playing the field I began to learn about men.

"The first time I met Neil was on a double date arranged by a mutual friend. We went night-clubbing and dancing. It was a glamorous evening, and the dim lights and romantic atmosphere were enough to make any girl lose her head—if she was in a head-losing mood.

"But a long time before, I'd made up my mind that I wouldn't let music and moonlight sway me where a fellow was concerned. So even though I liked Neil very much from that first night on, I continued to go out with other boy friends.

"I felt different about Neil"

"However, the more I saw of Neil, the more I realized that I felt differently toward him than toward any other boy I had ever known. And of course, since I'd gone out with many boys, I had a yardstick of comparison. Though I was only fifteen, I knew I was not kidding myself when I suddenly felt in a glow when I was with him. I had never experienced this deep romantic feeling with any other boy I'd ever dated.

"And there were plenty of reasons why I felt like that toward him.

80 "Neil was charming; he was ambitious

—already he had an excellent job as an executive; he was thoughtful.

"Anyway, pretty soon it got so that every time I went out with another boy, I found myself comparing him to Neil. I would think, *how I wish it were Neil I was with instead of this boy.*

"Eventually, I stopped seeing other boys and dated only Neil. This was the first time I ever went steady with a boy. But it was the real thing—not just a social convenience.

"I feel sorry for girls who go steady because it's the thing to do in their crowd. I am disappointed in any girl who goes steady for any reason except the one that drove Neil and myself into each other's arms—a true and glorious love.

"Neil and I were completely in love with each other, and we told our parents that we were, and that we intended to get married.

"Neil is a wonderful boy," said my mother. "I couldn't be happier over the two of you finding each other. But sixteen is too young to marry. Wait till you're eighteen."

"So we agreed to wait."

How to explain the impulses of love? One night last May Jill and Neil were driving to call on another couple with whom they planned to spend the evening.

Suddenly Neil stopped the car as they reached a hill overlooking the beautiful lush valley below them. As he put his arms around her, Jill felt a great surge

of love and her lips responded to his.

One thought flashed through both their minds: why wait? Why not get married?

It was Neil who put it into words. "Darling," he said, "we know we love each other and I want to take care of you. Why wait? Why can't we go to Arizona tonight and get married?"

Would it be right?

Jill's heart was pounding. She knew that she wanted nothing more in the world than to be Neil's wife. In spite of the excitement of the moment, she tried to collect her thoughts.

"Would we be doing the right thing in getting married tonight?" she asked herself. And the answer came from some place deep inside herself. "Why not? We plan to marry some day. I told my parents I would wait—but they don't understand how sure we are of our own feelings. The next two years will prove nothing that we don't know now. It would be senseless to wait."

Looking up at him with shining eyes, she said, "Yes, darling."

They picked up their friends, who agreed to accompany them to Yuma. So that night they drove to the desert town and held hands confidently as they told the justice of the peace that they wanted to be married. In a firm, clear voice, Jill said, "I do," and turned to kiss her new young husband.

"I knew from the moment we stood before the justice of the peace—as I know now

—that it was right for me to marry at sixteen,” said Jill.

When the marriage ceremony was over, Jill phoned her parents and joyfully told them the news.

For a moment she briefly descended from Cloud 9 at the sound of her mother's shocked voice, “Oh, no. You couldn't have done that. You're such a baby.”

“I cried all the way home,” admits Jill. “Not because I regretted our elopement, but because I was sorry I had hurt my parents. Still, for fear that our parents might try to annul our marriage, we drove on to Las Vegas and had another marriage ceremony there. We figured that if we were married in two states it would be twice as hard to have our marriage annulled.

The third ceremony

“When my parents and Neil's realized how much we meant to each other, they talked it over and agreed among themselves that we must have known what we were doing. They arranged a beautiful religious ceremony, and Neil and I stood before a flower bedecked altar, our families around us, and exchanged solemn marriage vows—for the third time.

“And for us—it was right. I wasn't too young. Sure, I was just sixteen, but some girls are very young at sixteen, while others are not. I've always been mature for my age. If a girl who had just gotten out of the playing-with-dolls stage were to marry at that age, I'd be just as shocked as anyone else. Because for her, marriage at sixteen could only lead to misery.

“But why go by calendar age? It is the age of your heart and mind that matter. By going with many kinds of young men and refusing to let myself be swept off my feet, I had matured. I knew as much about boys as most girls of eighteen and older do.

“My reasons for getting married were not frivolous ones. I knew teenaged girls who married for silly reasons, and their marriages are already breaking up. One girl I knew wanted to be the first in her class to wear a wedding ring, so she married her steady date, though she wasn't really ready to settle down. When she found marriage was not a ball, she

sued for divorce. Another girl I knew ran off and got married because she wanted to get away from home. Of course she chose the worst possible way to do it; her marriage, too, hasn't lasted.

“I didn't drift into marriage, either, because it was expected of me. Some kids who go steady find themselves standing before the preacher because they've always gone steady—to the point where no one else wants to date them. Neil and I married each other because we wanted to.

“Luckily, we didn't have to make any great sacrifices to marry each other. Sometimes it's an ill omen for teenage marriages when the boy has to sacrifice his life's ambition to get married. One boy I knew always wanted to be an engi-

Ernie Kovacs was phoned about the Redbook article which says he smokes \$400 worth of cigars a month. He said it's a goldurn lie—it's \$1,000 worth.

*Earl Wilson
in the New York Post*

neer, but had to quit college in order to get married. Now he's making a living selling shoes. No wonder he's frustrated, resents his wife, rebels at marriage.

“I think if marrying young means that the husband or the wife has to give up an important goal in life, they should put off marriage. The young husband or wife who's been cheated out of a life's goal may throw it up to the other later by saying, ‘If I hadn't married you, I could have finished college—or taken that job out of town—and become somebody!’

“Neither Neil nor I had to give up any great dreams to get married. Neil was already doing well in his father's business. I had a contract with UNIVERSAL, and Neil told me before our marriage took place that I could continue with my career after our marriage. We both knew that I would never let my career take first place in my life or in my heart.

“I married young—but my marriage will last forever.” **END**

Watch for Jill in U-I's SUMMER LOVE.

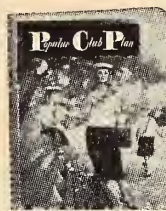
bergman talks

(Continued from page 44) She looked absolutely radiant! Happy, smiling, sparkling . . . as if for the first time in a long while—she was really enjoying life!

And it was no act, put on just for me. I'd hardly had time to catch my breath enough to say hello when I realized why. It's because Ingrid has started her new life. She's happy, relaxed. All bitterness is at an end. She's putting the past behind her. Marriage-wise, the Rossellinis will remain legally separated for the time being. The separation, which came as a surprise to the world after Ingrid's and Roberto's reunion in Paris, is described by Ingrid as—“A first step. Whatever happens afterwards will depend upon what circumstances come up in one way or another. The only difference in being married and legally separated is that a couple lives separately.”

The children are uppermost in the minds of both Ingrid and Roberto. They have not been told of their parents' decision. “When they are bigger, I'll explain it,” says Ingrid. “Just now, they are too young to understand. Actually, things won't change much for them. Roberto and I have been separated by our work for over a year, so the children are used to it.

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When away from home, Ingrid calls frequently. "They're so anxious to come to London," she says. "The other day, Robertino told me, 'I'll learn English. I'll learn English in no time.'"

The twins will start school next year. "They're very different," says Ingrid. "Little Ingrid loves animals, like a little boy. She always plays with her brother. And she's the quiet one."

"Isabella will look at both her sister and brother and say, 'I have to look after them, don't I?' She's so sensitive to other people's feelings. Whenever I scold one of them, Isabella starts to cry . . . 'Please, I can't stand to see you angry.' Ingrid couldn't care less!"

"It's Isabella who wants to be an actress," says Ingrid. "Her uncle Renzo has written an opera and has included a tiny part just for her. When he told her about it, she spoke up, 'Oh, do I really sing?'"

"It's a wonderful life"

"Renzo told her that he was afraid not . . . that she just had a few words to say. She was quite disappointed. I'm sure she'll be quite calm when she makes her debut," says Ingrid. "As for her being an actress, I don't mind it at all. These children that grow up with parents that are actors and actresses and don't want their children in the business . . . I don't understand. It's a wonderful life."

"I know I was five when I first realized that I wanted to act. I always entertained my father's guests. I was always acting. At first my father wanted me to go into opera. He loved it so. He saw that I had singing lessons and took me to the opera, but I was so bored."

"Then when I was twelve, he took me to the theatre. 'You see, I told him. That's what I mean. Those people aren't singing.'"

"My father laughed and said he was

sorry about the mistake he'd made and that I could forget about opera. I was thirteen when he died. My mother had died when I was two. They never knew what road I actually took."

Ingrid's life as a child was a lonely life. "When my father died, I moved in with relatives. My father had been very artistic and very gay. The family I lived with was completely the opposite and my acting ambitions horrified them."

It was in Italy that Ingrid learned the true meaning and value of close family life. And it's a lesson she'll never forget. "It's a wonderful thing," she says. "Italian families are so . . . well, so together. The children feel so protected."

"In Sweden, the idea of showing emotion is frowned upon. If the emotions are anger and hate, that's very good. But they don't always show love either. Perhaps that's why Swedes are called cold."

"Italian families have no inhibitions about showing love for the members of the family. And they consider children the most important of all. Children receive love and protection not only from their parents but from their aunts, uncles, cousins, everyone."

"In so many other countries, when a girl marries, she moves away from her family. Many times that's why she marries. Perhaps she comes home for Christmas to see her family. But in Italy, the father is apt to buy an apartment next door, so both families can get together and see each other every day."

Mother is most important

"In Italy, the mother is something sacred. She sits at the head of the table and everybody listens to her. Most of the songs are always about mother."

"At first, it was all very strange to me. But now I like it. And having so many

children, I'm delighted," smiles Ingrid. "I want to keep it up."

"Yes, I learned a lot about family relationships in Italy. And I'm going to remember it. The separation when I came to London was because of Robertino's schooling. I didn't want to interrupt in the middle of a term. We have a wonderful nurse, and his aunt, my sister-in-law, and my mother-in-law were all there. Otherwise, I would never have left them."

It was at that moment that Ingrid was called back to the set. Smiling *goodbye*, she shook my hand with a firm grip and walked away.

Her step was as light as if she were floating on air.

And I wondered about that.

No, I thought as I rode back to my London apartment, it isn't an act.

She really is happy.

And I knew it wasn't that she didn't love Roberto . . .

Then suddenly it hit me.

The reason . . .

The radiance on Ingrid Bergman's face was there because at last the burden had been lifted, the burden of guilt she had carried all these years . . . since the day she had left Pia, and thrown away her good name, in order to marry the man she loved.

But life with Roberto was a happiness that Ingrid never felt entitled to. . . .

Now—now that she had paid for her transgressions, now that she had atoned for her sin—now, at last, she could *really* be happy. . . .

And that was the way I left her. **END**

Besides Warners' *INDISCREET*, Ingrid is scheduled to make *I THANK A FOOL* for MGM and *THE INN OF THE EIGHTH HAPPINESS* for 20th Century-Fox.

you can make it

(Continued from page 34) taken care of hundreds of little tasks to make life easier for her daughter, pleasant and unpleasant tasks. From sending your clothes to the cleaners, to making alibis to the studio. Like the noon you were having lunch with Bob at ROMANOFF'S—and were supposed to be at the studio for a wardrobe fitting. When the assistant director called your home to find out why you were late, your mother quickly assured him you'd be there immediately—just as soon as you finished an emergency session at the dentist. Then she called you—remember, Nat?—she called you at ROMANOFF'S and told you to rush to WARNER'S.

This palsy-walsy stuff was a great advantage to you, Nat—as long as you were single. But—as Mrs. Robert Wagner, it could be a real handicap. Remember, sometimes a man leans too—and your husband has to know he's got a woman to lean on!

. . . And you can make it, baby, if you're willing to keep house . . .

Up to now, Natalie, your most complicated adventure in the kitchen was opening a package of bread, taking out a slice, and smearing peanut butter on one half and jelly on the other. You made slight progress when you and Bob were still in the courting stage, and you fixed a few simple meals on board his yacht. But, admit it, Nat—they were cold cuts! That's okay when a guy is courtin'—but if you're going to be a wife, you'll have to learn and learn quickly, to please Bob's appetite. And that goes for whether you're actually doing the cooking or just supervising the menu and shopping.

. . . And you'll have to learn to budget, now . . .

Up to now money has just been pieces of paper to you, printed to spend.

One day, for instance, you passed the Cadillac agency on Ventura Boulevard, walked in, bought a car on the spur of the moment, then found out the next day you couldn't afford it—and had to cancel the deal!

You bought a beautiful modern house in the San Fernando Valley far beyond the means of your salary. You seldom knew how much money you had in your checking account, and you seemed to care less. It was not unusual for you to walk into a dress shop and buy half a dozen garments—only to have the owner anxiously inquire when you'd pay your last bill—a fact you had completely forgotten. With this kind of attitude, it's frightening to think what you might, as a married woman in charge of a household's finances, do to a budget!

At least though, you're trying to improve. A few months ago—on Bob's insistence—you hired a business manager to help you keep your accounts straight and start saving for a rainy day.

But . . . how closely you listen to him depends on your moods!

. . . And settle down and fly right . . .

Chances are Bob will never have the relaxed, settled-down feeling which most men want in marriage. And that's okay, up to a point, because you'll always seem more like a girl friend than a wife to him—fresh, different, exciting and unpredictable. When he takes you out for dinner or to a party, it'll be like making a date with you all over, because he'll never be sure that you'll get to the party—and not end up dressed to kill in a bowling alley in-

stead! And he'll never know if his eight o'clock date with you will find you ready before 9:30.

Like that first time he ever picked you up at home . . . he had the nicest, longest talk with your mother! When she ran out of breath and you still weren't ready, your younger sister Lana pitched in and kept Bob entertained till Papa Gurdin took over the third round. And if Bob grew anxious and maybe a little annoyed at being left waiting so long, the moment you showed up—radiantly beautiful—he forgot all about it.

But a husband may care a little less about *why* he has to wait. And a husband may not care how dressy you look; he may just get pretty annoyed at how long it takes you—all the time!

Most of the time, a guy needs to know he can depend on his wife, in little things as well as big things.

But Nat, baby, you can make it, this being a good wife—if you want to . . .

You can grow up and be a woman to the man you love, instead of the little girl you've been up to now. You can learn to keep house, if you really want to—keep house like all girls just do when they're all grown up enough to want to get married.

And just like Bob will change some to please you, you can put some reins on the parts of you that you know he doesn't like—because you know there's so much in you that he loves: your soul, your heart, your beauty. . . .

As they say, where there's a will there's a way—and you can find it.

Because most of all, for the first time in your life, you're in love. . . . **END**

Natalie's in Warner Bros.' *MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR*. Bob's in *STOPOVER TOKYO*

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