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ESTHER WILLIAMS
for Fragrance for Fashion for Fall

Tweed and Pippin Red
Set the Fashion Trend

In the middle of the news picture are wonderful fall fashions in color, hair, and fragrance you'll look this season.

Tweed...the crisp, fresh perfume that's so very right with fall clothes. Lipstick...lusious Pippin Red, in Lentheric's fabulous Sta-Put formula.

A handwoven Tweed stole created by Lady Austin Tweeds for Salon Lentheric...Glentex scarf...Wear-Right gloves...Marvella jewelry...and hat by famed designer Walter Florell.

In the middle of the news picture are wonderful fall fashion tips to add color, hair, and fragrance to the way you'll look this season.

Tweed...the crisp, fresh perfume that's so very right with fall clothes. Lipstick...lusious Pippin Red, in Lentheric's fabulous Sta-Put formula.

A handwoven Irish Tweed stole created by Lady Austin Tweeds for Salon Lentheric...Glentex scarf...Wear-Right gloves...Marvella jewelry...and hat by famed designer Walter Florell.

In the middle of the news picture are wonderful fall fashion tips to add color, hair, and fragrance to the way you'll look this season.

Tweed—the crisp, fresh fragrance you can wear anytime, anywhere—$25 to $750

Pippin Red—fall's brightest fashion

in *Sta-Put lipstick—100 prices plus tax *trademark

A handwoven Irish Tweed stole created by Lady Austin Tweeds for Salon Lentheric...Glentex scarf...Wear-Right gloves...Marvella jewelry...and hat by famed designer Walter Florell.

In the middle of the news picture are wonderful fall fashion tips to add color, hair, and fragrance to the way you'll look this season.
“Keep that soft misty glamour RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR TOES,” says Ava Gardner

Ava Gardner and dozens of other M-G-M stars know that shiny stockings pick up ugly highlights, make lovely legs look unshapely. That’s why M-G-M stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo stockings on the screen and off. Cameo’s exclusive Face Powder Finish glamourizes their legs with a permanently soft, misty dullness.

And Cameo adds more Leg-O-Genic glamour with Wonder Top nylons—the top stretches for new comfort, the stockings fit beautifully! Personally proportioned Bur-Mil Cameo nylons give up to 40% longer wear by actual test, too!

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CARLETON CARPENTER - RUSS TAMBLYN

and

ELAINE STEWART

Story and Screen Play by MILLARD KAUFMAN
Directed by RICHARD BROOKS
Produced by DORE SCHARY

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Conditions  
"Dull-Dry" Hair  
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Fitch Rose Hair Dressing now gives this amazing double-action care for your hair:
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LONGER, LOVELIER!

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what hollywood itself is talking about!

by Lynn Bowers

OCASIONALLY in the Hollywoods a real, genuine, honest "discovery" comes along, without any phony build-up or nothin' and I'm here to tell you that young Robert Francis, who plays Willie Keith in Columbia's "The Caine Mutiny" is the real article. This tall, handsome, blond 23-year-old fascinated me at lunch at The Naples, where everybody from Columbia lunches, with his story. Bob, a citizen of Pasadena and the son of a postman, just took a chance when he returned from an Army stretch in Korea and called on the talent director, Max Arnow, who had told him to drop around some time. Mr. A. took one look at our boy and said, "You are Willie Keith." Bob never really thought of being an actor, but he's sure thinking that way now. Bob has been a champ ski-boy since he was twelve. He and his brother own three ski shops at the various resorts around this area and are their own best customers. But Bob got to thinking seriously about another profession, not wanting to be what is known as a ski-bum, so he picked the next best thing—acting.

He's an imposing youngster, all six-feet-three of him, with his crew cut, beautiful speaking voice, and his immense blue eyes. The talk around town is that this boy's going to give the other fellows—Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson, and Fred MacMurray—a run for their dough as the most attractive male attraction of the picture.

The Hollywoods have been agog over the sensational dancing of Marge and Gower Champion, who packed 'em in at the Ambassador Hotel's Coconut Grove. It's the first time these two wonderful people have appeared in a club locally for several years and all their chums turned out to watch. Few days before they opened, we ran into Gower at the hardware store. He was buying a huge garbage can and looked a little pale and wan from a recent tonsillectomy and was kind of embarrassed that a little thing like that had laid him low for a few days.

Another thing that had Hollywood (CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

Mona Freeman and ex, Pat Nerney, are seeing each other again, may reconcile.

Howard Duff, estranged from wife Ida Lupino, stepping out with Gussie Moran.

Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Wilding and son, off to England for family visit.
"Hi! I'm Pat Crowley

I haven't been in Hollywood very long but here I am a star in Paramount's new picture "Forever Female." You KNOW all the other stars in the picture but you probably don't know me from Adam! Well, maybe from Adam because I'm a girl. And that's what "Forever Female" is all about... girls and naturally men. Jeepers, isn't that what everything is all about? But in "Forever Female" we've got a new—and very funny—slant on it.

First, there's a TRIANGLE composed of three big stars... Ginger Rogers as a glamorous Broadway actress; Paul Douglas as a producer and Ginger's last year's hubby; William Holden as a playwright and Ginger's this year's hobby. Then I step in and throw the whole thing into a QUADRANGLE! WOW!

FOREVER FEMALE

starring

GINGER ROGERS
WILLIAM HOLDEN
PAUL DOUGLAS WITH JAMES GLEASON

AND INTRODUCING PAT CROWLEY

Produced by Pat Duggan
Directed by Irving Rapper • Written by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein
Suggested by J. M. Barrie's play "Rosalind"
A Paramount Picture.
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Pretty Kathleen Hughes is escorted to gala premiere by Charles FitzSimons.

Jack Benny, George Burns, Bob Hope on hand for Runyon Fund baseball game.

Richard Allen, Constance Smith, Mitzi Gaynor, Jack Bean at the ballet party.

Esther Williams and Ben Gage having themselves a time at Cocoanut Grove.

buzzing was the huge party John Carroll and Lucille Ryman flung at their beautiful farm in Chatsworth. Not only was the party a great success and fun, but there was so much excitement when John Payne and Sandy Curtis announced their engagement to the 400 people at the ball. Sandy, a very attractive and sweet girl, was once married to Alan Curtis, who died recently. Then the real bomb came when John and Lucille announced that they were parting company for good this time. They've had a few separations before but they say it's now for keeps and all their friends hope it's not true. The outdoor barbecue, with tables around the huge swimming pool, was a spectacular affair. We all sat on bales of hay and some of the kids on the hay were Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas, Greg Bautzer and Mari Blanchard, Betty Reilly and Mike Connolly, Elaine Stewart, Gig Young with the lovely Mala Powers, Carole Mathews and Richard Gully. Two of the most active dancers in the huge living room were Jack Warner (who checked his dignity at the door and just had plain old fun) jivin' it up with Mona Knox and Herbert

J. Yates, head of Republic Studios, who danced with practically every gal there and between times went around shooting in everybody's ear with an outie space gun, while his wife, Vera Ralston, maintained the dignity of the family.

Biggest opening night Charley Morison's Mocambo has ever had was when Charley's protegee, Joanne Gilbert, returned for her second engagement at the club. People practically had to sit piggyback. Big excitement when Joan Crawford and Charles Walters walked in with a huge party, including Bob and Toots O'Donnell who had freshly arrived from their Interstate Theatre Circuit headquarters in Dallas. The whole gang had been to the sneak preview of Joan's new picture, "Torch Song," which Chuck Walters directed, choreographed, and appeared in as Joan's dance partner (how talented can a boy get?). Joan's singing all her own songs in the picture and don't let anybody tell you different.

Where were we? Oh, yep—at the Mo, hearing Joanne Gilbert sing like divine. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)
MEMENT E R A  I S  H E R E!

The photographic marvel, makes you part of the Miracle of THE ROBE... crashes against the Word of God. CinemaScope's Anamorphic Lens on the newly screen achieves life-like realism and infinite depth. CinemaScope's Stereophonic participation, engulfing you in the greatest story of love and faith ever told.

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YOU SEE IT WITHOUT GLASSES

BURTON - JEAN SIMMONS - VICTOR MATURE - MICHAEL RENNIE
Screen Play by PHILIP DUNNE - From the Novel by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

Directed by HENRY KOSTER
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Loewella Parsons was there with her Jimmy McHugh, Cobina Wright with the fabulously talented young photographer Wally Seawell, Dorothy Arnold—dividing her dances between John Lindsay and Michael Rayhill, me and that other columnist, Mike Connolly, and so many other people that even Joanne's agent, Wynn Rocamora, and Patricia Morrison had to take seats way in the back of the room.

Maybe some of you kids caught the new Eddie Albert TV show when Anne Jeffries and Bob Sterling were on—a couple months or so ago. Well, if you did, then you saw one of the greatest young comedians do her act—the name is Kaye Ballard and we can't wait to see her new act, which will hit Mocambo. Charley Morrison saw her do one number, signed her up real quick before his main competition, Ciro's, got to her. Kaye toured with the "Top Banana" stage company, was all signed to do the movie then backed out for various reasons.

When a boy pianist-composer like Buddy Pepper has a hit song like "Vaya Con Dios" and his folks arrive in town from Kentucky, then it's party time. Buddy, who for the last few years has stayed in the background as accompanist for people like Margaret Whiting, Jack Smith and such, is really coming into his own and he was getting congratulations from all over the place. Kind of late in the evening, when there was room to make with the music, Gertrude Niesen made like she was Patti Andrews and, with Maxine and LaVerne, sang some fabulous rhythm to Buddy's piano playing. This is the kind of fun party that people fight to get invited to.

From a "Wild Bill Hickok" TV film with Guy Madison to the lead in the fabulous new stage musical, "Kismet," is the story of young, blonde, talented Joan Diener, who came to Hollywood from a record run on Broadway in "Season In The Sun." You will be seeing this amaz-

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Director Nicky Ray buys candy for Zsa Zsa Gabor at Hollywood premiere.

Margaret O'Brien, quite grownup, is making plans for her screen comeback.

Frances Langford and James Stewart get together on "Glenn Miller" story.

Colleen Gray and husband Bill Bidlack enjoying the doings at cocktail party.
She was France’s reigning beauty—a favorite of Louis XIV himself—and her gay affairs were the envy of other women. Could she be guilty of the most fiendish crime in human experience? Only when Marie Madeleine fell madly and genuinely in love for the first time—and not to a nobleman but with her own handsome young manservant—did she find her secret too much to bear alone. Suddenly, cruelly, she revealed everything to her adoring Nicolas—confronting him with the choice of giving up the woman he loved more than life itself—or forever sharing her guilt! A Lady at Bay is a fascinating new shocker of a story—a bestseller at $3.50 in the publisher’s edition!

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The life of a musical comedy star is excitingly enacted by Joan Crawford in "Torch Song," with Michael Wilding playing a blind pianist in love with her.

**Torch Song**

The turmoil, temperament and tinsel-like existence of a Broadway musical comedy star is excitingly enacted by Joan Crawford, who still huffs and sings a good tune. Joan, who considers her only allegiance to her audience, makes the life of her associates so miserable that her arranger quits just before rehearsals are to begin. He is replaced by Michael Wilding, a sensitive, blind pianist, who refuses to let Joan’s tantrums and one-man bossing alter his ideas of how the show should go. Although she has him fired after just one day of rehearsal, she can’t forget him and orders him to be rehired. It isn’t until just before the show’s opening that Joan is able to crack Wilding’s defense and learn that she is the last actress he ever saw and that he’s secretly in love with her. Chuck Walters, who directed the Technicolor musical, also does a brief dance with Miss Crawford, who pretty nearly stops the film with her slithering rendition of “Two Faced Woman.” Wilding is very effective in his role, as are Marjorie Rambeau and Nancy Gates as Joan’s sponging relatives. MGM.

**Take The High Ground**

This excellently-made film, based on Korean headlines, has Richard Widmark as a hard-hitting sergeant who has but 16 weeks to whip his platoon of raw infantry recruits into a fighting unit. Widmark begins by throwing the book at the rookies, while his aide, Sgt. Karl Malden, tries to temper their training with understanding. The two sergeants also disagree on their women. Malden sees Elaine Stewart, a war widow turning into an alcoholic, as someone to pity. Widmark sees her as a pick-up. It isn’t until Elaine walks out on him and a recruit tries to shoot him, that Widmark learns to squeeze his blasts and start behaving more understandingly. Produced by Dore Schary, the film is directed with rough vigor by Richard Brooks. There's
Donna Reed joins Martin and Lewis as they tee off the gags in "The Caddy."

Richard Widmark and Elaine Stewart in MGM's "Take The High Ground."

topnotch troupers down the line, including that of the rookies, Russ Tamblyn, Steve Forrest, Jerome Courtland and Carleton Carpenter. MGM.

The Actress

Actress Ruth Gordon's early day reminiscences of her first feeble efforts to go on the stage are charmingly recalled in this George Cukor production of the 1900's. Jean Simmons as Ruth almost causes a family crisis with her various schemes to win the approval of her father (Spencer Tracy) to study for the stage. He wants her to become a gymnast. It is only through the subtle persuadings of her mother (Teresa Wright) that seafarer Tracy sells his prized periscope and sends his daughter to the Big City for a crack at the theatre. Tracy's rough, robust portrayal is delightfully done and tends to make Jean and Teresa's timid scheming doubly amusing. The film, which is based on the stage play, "Years (CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria
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Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor—just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

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The tense, dramatic "Island In The Sky" has John Wayne as pilot of a plane which crashes in Arctic wastelands. Sean McClory is a member of his crew.

Your guide to current films CONTINUED

Ago," ambles along at a pleasant, folksy pace with each of the principals greatly adding to its nostalgic mood. MGM.

Island In The Sky

The valiant efforts of five men to remain alive when their cargo plane crashes in the Arctic wastelands are credibly enacted by pilot John Wayne and crew, Sean McClory, Wally Cassell, James Lydon and Hal Baylor. The groups' awkward attempts at survival, their prayers, and eventual rescue are realistically portrayed. The methodical manner in which the Air Force sends out searching parties and the personal sacrifice many of the pilots make to join the rescue squad provides an added wallopit to the William Wellman movie. Spearheading the search are such favorites as Lloyd Nolan, Walter Abel, Carl Switzer, Harry Carey Jr., and Andy Devine. Capably handled in all departments, picture offers tense, dramatic film fare. Warner Brothers.

Devil's Canyon

Virginia Mayo enjoys the unique position of being the only woman convict in the 500-man Arizona Territorial Prison. Among her fellow inmates are Dale Robertson, an ex-sheriff who was railroaded to jail for bearing firearms illegally, and Stephen McNally, one of the gunmen Dale sent to prison during his sheriff days. Although the two are sworn enemies, Virginia secretly plans to use them both in the jail break she is engineering. The night of the escape, Dale is confined to solitary and McNally goes berserk and tries to release all of the prisoners. Frightened, Virginia forces Dale's release and then helps him round up the power-mad prisoners. This act wins the two a pardon. The picture, which was filmed in 3-D and Technicolor,
Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Medina, Glenn Ford in "Plunder Of The Sun." is full of suspense, but sidesteps the usual jailhouse pattern for some amusing moments supplied by Arthur Hunnicutt, Robert Keith and Jay Flippen. RKO.

The Caddy

Put Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis on a fairway and then stand back while they tee off one gag after another. Dean's a tournament player and Jerry's his caddy. Together they're unbeatable, even against such greats as Sammy Snead, Ben Hogan and Byron Nelson. Eventually, Dean tries to ditch Jerry for Donna Reed and her country club set. Lewis retaliates by starting a riot which kicks the duo off the golf greens and onto the stage, where they become the counterparts of their real-life selves. The movie is pelted with gags and golf, but does taper off for some heartwarming moments and a couple of songs. Lewis' best number is his takeoff, "The Gay Continental," while Martin pleasantly provides "You're The One." Hal Wallis-Paramount.

Plunder Of The Sun

Mexico's Zapotecan ruins provide the eerie background for this hunt for buried treasure. Glenn Ford is stranded in Havana and forced to accept Francis L. Sullivan's proposition to smuggle a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

("Back To God's Country" stars Marcia Henderson, Rock Hudson as trappers.)

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what hollywood itself is
talking about! (CONTINUED)

ing younger in the movies and on your
TV sets, so keep your eyes riveted on the
latter just about the time you read this.

At a party for the stars of the great
New York City Ballet, Andre Eglevsky,
Janet Reed, Maria Tallchief, Nicholas
Magellanos, and Tanaquil LeClerq, all
the balletomanes were astounded to see
these great dancers break into the
Charleston—wotta switch.

One of the most spectacular marital
breakups this metropolis had had in a
long time was the Susan Hayward-Jess
Barker split, which reverberated like the
bombardment of Fort Sumter. It wasn't
a completely unexpected end because all
of us in the know have been hearing
about their spats (SPATS!!!) for a long
time. It's a pretty sad thing, the whole
mess, and all the sympathy goes to Susie.
Maybe this Barker character will find
out, now that he's lost his family for
keeps, that it ain't polite to black your
wife's eye and toss her into the swim-
mong pool.

We've been kinda snooping around the
RKO set of "French Line," the new Jane
Russell-Mary McCarthy-Gilbert Roland
Technicolor musical and from our ob-
servation post, this looks like one of those
"sleepers" that's gonna take a whole
bunch of prizes. Heard the music score,
and the singing Jane and Mary do is
strictly outer space. They've got a num-er together that clowns around about
Texas that will really put that little-
known state on the map. Mary's got a
four-and-a-half minute solo number that
brings her back from outer younknow-
what. Great kid—what's more, she's purty
too.

Boy, the heads sure swiveled when
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)
Beginning a new feature of frank, intimate, off-the-record news of the screen’s most intriguing stars by America’s best informed columnist

Lovebirds Gene Nelson and Jane Powell looking ecstatically happy at “Stalag 17” premiere. Gene will be Sonja Henie’s leading man when she returns to screen.

Dorothy Kilgallen’s Exclusive Movie Gossip

Rock Hudson’s off-screen bachelor antics have his studio bosses worried. They will lower the boom on Rock if he doesn’t scout around and find himself a suitable bride within the next year or so. Rock dates dozens of film starlets for publicity purposes, but not one for love. His confidential asides to roving reporters that he’s “not cut out for marriage” will boomerang at the box-office unless he gives up his woman-hater “kick” and settles for a serious romance with any young Hollywood personality . . .

Fernando Lamas will play host to his ex-wife, Lydia, and young daughter, Alexandra, when they trek to Hollywood from South America during the Christmas holidays. Alexandra is to be reared as a Catholic and educated in the United States, according to the terms of the Lamas’ divorce agreement. With or without the approval of Arlene Dahl, Lydia Lamas will be given the full Hollywood Hostess treatment upon her arrival with an assist from Fernando . . .

Tyrone Power and his Linda have their friends guessing about their plans for the future. They’ve leased a large villa on the outskirts of Rome—purpose to establish a permanent residence in Italy—and Ty has become a member of the board of directors of a . . .

Disc Jockey Peter Potter, Marilyn Monroe at charity fete. Marilyn and Joe will probably wed in favorite hideaway town.

(Continued on next page)
new Italian film company scheduled to begin producing pictures in the Italian capital next March. At any rate, the total picture seems to rule out any possibility of a split between the oft-rumored “divorcing” Powers.

MOVIE fans would be shocked if they knew the identity of a handsome young Hollywood star (once engaged to a tempestuous glamour girl) who was feted at a New York “engagement party” along with a famed folk singer. It was the kind of betrothal that could never make the formal announcement columns in family newspapers, even in Hollywood.

Unretouched physique photos of Tab Hunter, taken at Santa Monica’s Muscle Beach, are now making the rounds at Hollywood parties—the male counterpart to the celebrated Marilyn Monroe calendar. The bootlegged art studies have the young star in a swivet and he’ll file a civil law suit to restrain further publication of them just as soon as he can nab the culprit who stole the original negatives.

Gary Cooper and his frau, Rocky,

Tab Hunter, here with Judy Powell, is in a swivet over some photos going around.

Van Johnson chats with John Payne and fiancee, Sandra Curtis, at gala party.

Deborah Kerr, now having a whirl on the New York stage, has a new personality.
George Sanders not only got the air from Zsa Zsa Gabor but her bills also.

were at swords points during their entire house-guesting visit with the Roberto Rossellinis (Ingrid Bergman) in Rome. Rocky Cooper thought she and her daughter, along with Coop, should have stayed at a nearby hotel and just paid daily calls on the Rossellinis. Coop thought otherwise and said so during an elaborate dinner party given in honor of the Coopers.

Ingrid Bergman wants a cash advance of $100,000 plus a guaranteed percentage and all living expenses for the six weeks it would take to film the picture Samuel (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

Ingrid Bergman reveals the secret of that glowing "poreless" look! Here — with Susan Hayward — are famous Westmore brothers who created Tru-Glo: Perc — dean of Hollywood make-up artists; Wally — Make-Up Director Paramount Studios; Frank — noted make-up stylist; Bud — Make-Up Director Universal Studios... beauty experts.

Susan Hayward
Starring in
DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS
a 20th Century-Fox Production
in CinemaScope.
Color by Technicolor.

Glamous Susan Hayward shows you how to achieve that radiant "poreless" look you admire in her screen close-ups! Just use magic Tru-Glo — longer-lasting liquid make-up created to give you that romantically fresh look all day! Tru-Glo draws a veil of luminous color over tattle-tale lines, blemishes... draws out your true beauty. Follow the Westmore's 3 magic make-up steps. Tru-Glo comes in shades to suit every skin tone.

Only 59¢ plus tax

For truly ravishing lips... Match your Tru-Glo complexion with vibrant colors of Westmore's Hollywood Lipsticks! An intoxicating invitation to kisses! No smudging - stays on longer, too! Creamy-soft, velvety.
Westmore Hollywood Lipsticks
Only 59¢ plus tax (Also available at 29¢ plus tax)

Westmore Non-Smear Type Lipstick
Only 59¢ plus tax

WESTMORE Hollywood COSMETICS
Goldwyn has offered her in Hollywood. Her return to the United States, she feels, would be a big gamble on her part and she'd have to be assured of the financial gain. Producer Goldwyn has until November 15 to decide... 

The former Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Lady Ashley, etcetera, uses the name Mrs. Clark Gable for her London social engagements and created no end of embarrassment for her ex-husband when he arrived in London on route to Hollywood and accepted party invitations. The "Mogambo" star had to send his regrets to several titled households when he cancelled out at the last minute because Sylvia Gable was to be among those present... 

If it's to be a California wedding for Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio they'll settle on Russian River, near San Francisco, as the site for their nuptials—it's long been their favorite hide-a-way... 

Debra Paget and her big romance called the whole thing off after a terrific spat in Santa Barbara. She returned his five-carat diamond "friendship ring." Three days later
they made up and she was once again sporting a sparkler on her third finger, left hand—a stone twice the size of the first . . .

Dan Dailey went to a house party in San Fernando Valley attired in woman’s clothing which he had borrowed from the 20th Century-Fox wardrobe department as a gag. He was picked up by the Encino police department and had to talk his way out of an overnight stay in the local jug . . .

Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn started their “Ulysses” feud shortly after—Kirk introduced his latest “crush,” lovely Countess Antoinette De Perrot, to Quinn during the filming in Rome. Oscar-winner Tony wasn’t as impressed with the lady’s title as was Kirk and the situation got tense day by day until Douglas finally exploded and the dialogue got saltier, to say the least . . .

George returned. Raft’s wise lawyer advised him not to start any legal rumpus because of the publicity that would result, so George shrugged his shoulders and camped out at a nearby motel . . .

If Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess aren’t married by New Year’s, they won’t marry at all, according to Ursula’s proclamation—she’s tired of waiting . . .

When Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes dropped into the Ambassador East during their Chicago visit, Rita became enamoured of the painting of Sarah Siddons, the 18th Century English actress, which hangs in the Sarah Siddons room. She offered Jimmy Hart $4,000 for the portrait, but much as he likes Miss Hayworth he likes Mrs. Siddons better, and she remains on the wall . . .

You can have your choice of rumors about the Cary Grants (Betty Drake): (1) they’re separating; (2) they’re moving to Europe for an indefinite stay; or (3) they’ll co-star in a Broadway play this Winter. But it’s all just cocktail (continued on page 60).
Talented Jane sketches Marilyn Monroe. Calls her "Baby Doll." Says Jane, "I've been lucky. My career came easy."

Jane, Bob Waterfield. "Our marriage is most important thing in my life."
NEVER BEFORE HAS AN INTERVIEW BEEN SO INTIMATE; NEVER HAS JANE BEEN AS FRANK ABOUT HER PRIVATE LIFE

By May Mann Baer

JANE was slipping out of her little red shorts and a white shirt (after a vigorous work-out with Terry Hunt in his health emporium in the Valley). Next a pair of pink panties and a bra dropped to the floor, which meticulous Jane retrieved and placed on the dressing table. Then she was wrapping a huge turkish towel about her gorgeous body. Slipping her black tresses into a rubber cap, she stepped into the shower and turned on the spray. First, however, she took off the towel and left it hanging outside.

And that's when I observed—first-hand, that there's nothing, absolutely nothing false in Jane Russell's glamour department! And further that this was one interview that could never be so arranged—as it happened!!!

I could picture Earl Wilson, whose business is writing about ladies' curves as he sees them in 3-D (through three thicknesses of nylon, silk, or satin). I could see Earl, at such a vantage point with the perspiration breaking into little beads on his forehead, trying to concentrate on his note-taking. But with me this was the real thing!

Jane has a breathtakingly beautiful body, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)
“I get lonesome,”
says Joan Crawford. “Any
woman does who isn’t
in love. But where is
he—a man I could love?
One day . . . I keep hoping”

by FRANCES LANE


She has many men friends such as Nick Ray, but hasn’t yet found happiness.
I called Joan Crawford one Saturday night recently and she was home with her children—no date, no party, no plans for anything social, no man.

This might surprise you, as it did me. In fact, I was even more surprised in view of my reason for calling her. You see, I had just spent 45 minutes in a phone conversation with one of Hollywood's most sought-after bachelors, who calls me at frequent intervals to rhapsodize about Joan Crawford. And he's not the only one. There are a dozen others, who, knowing that I know Joan, call me constantly, asking me to put in a good word for them with the fascinating Miss Crawford.

“What shall I do, Joan?” I wailed. “I just this second hung up the receiver on a man who calls persistently two and three times a week—to talk about you! Sometimes he talks for an hour! This has been going on for three years. My ear's worn out. He's mad about you!”

“I'm so sorry,” Joan replied with real concern in her voice. “What can I do? That must be very annoying. It is a terrible imposition on you.”

“I'll be forced to change my telephone number, or,” I kidded, “I'll have to subscribe to a telephone service—to handle your calls from these impetuous males!”

“Males? Plural?” asked Joan. “You mean there are more than one?”

I recited a list of men that sounded like the “Who's Who of Eligible Males” in Hollywood. “One calls regularly. The others on occasion. They never give up!”

“That's very flattering,” Joan said, “but I am really sorry for the inconvenience to you. Speaking of all those attractive men—did you know it is Saturday night, and I am staying home alone?”

“No!” I gasped. “Not alone!”

“Quite alone,” Joan replied. “I drove to Rolling Hills for Christopher and brought him home for the weekend. He took me out to dinner at La... (continued on page 54)
HEARTBREAK FOR PIER?

When sheltered, innocent Pier Angeli fell desperately in love with Kirk Douglas, it wasn't so much the 16-year difference in their ages that made Hollywood raise its collective eyebrows, but the difference in types between the Younger-Than-Springtime Pier and Kirk, one of the most worldly-wise, "love-'em-and-leave-'em" playboys in that cynical town.

Pier and the cagey, attentive but elusive Kirk first met when he went to MGM to co-star with her in "Equilibrium," one of the episodes in "The Story Of Three Loves." No one expected anything but professional and fatherly attention from him to the girl, shy as a young fawn, who, she says, was so scared on her first day in MGM's commissary "that I sit stiff like a rod and cannot swallow a bite. Finally, when all the peoples came up to be introduced to me, I get under the table and cry like a leetle baby."

Nevertheless, soon word seeped out of a red hot romance between the two. "It's publicity-inspired and will peter out soon as the film is finished," speculated the cynical. But, strangely enough, it didn't. For when Kirk went to Columbia to make "The Juggler," impulsive, apparently infatuated Pier eluded the vigilant chaperonage of Mama Pierangeli and held hands with Kirk at lunch in little Italian restaurants near the studio. And when Kirk went to Europe for films, Pier and her family followed on vacation to their former home, Rome. Again Pier and Kirk managed stolen moments together, although always accompanied by Pier's mother. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 53)
Many rainbows have tipped the years of Bing Crosby's colorful life—and with a pot of gold at the end of most of them.

If you believe in odds, it's only once in a decade that a human being comes along and finds that everything he touches turns to currency!

Such a man is Bing.

Over a long period of time he has discovered unerringly the short cuts to becoming, if you want to coin a bromide, a Croesus.

Today, that Midas Touch has escaped many people. But not Bing. And never, in fact, has it been more apparent than now—when his new Paramount picture, "Little Boy Lost," is likely to swamp, with more gold, the box-office tills of the movie theatres the world over . . . and Bing's pockets, too.

Not, mind you, that Bing needs another movie hit, another silver mine, another gilt-edged gimmick to make him not only one of the richest men in the nation, but one of the world’s most successful business men.

Bing's personal fortune today—and strange as it seems, the least of it comes from his motion picture endeavors—is variously computed at between $5,000,000 and $10,000,000. Like the Aga Khan, Mr. Crosby seems worth his weight in gold. But cannily, he refuses to be weighed!

With all this immense wealth, recent stories of how Bing was forced to sell his 65 race horses to help raise $1,000,000 inheritance tax on his wife's estate, surprised many people. He even put on the market his Holmby Hills mansion and his Summer home at Pebble Beach.

"The tax is close to a million, so Bing has to liquidate some properties," his brother Larry, head of Crosby Enterprises, Inc., explained. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)
“If those vicious harpies had as wonderful a husband as I have they’d stop writing such bilge about my marriage,” states Mlle. Colbert.

By GENE MORRIS

CLAUDETTE SCUTTLES THOSE RUMORS

“I have been Mrs. Joel Pressman for 18 years, will be at 80!”

“Now write this down word for word, so there is absolutely no mistake about it. Perhaps once and for all it’ll be understood, even by those who for some peculiar reason don’t want to understand.”

Her huge eyes glowing, Claudette Colbert leaned over her chair in her Paris suite, pointing to my pad meaningfully.

“I have been Mrs. Joel Pressman for 18 years.” She spoke carefully, in measured tones. “If I live that long, I will be 80. If those vicious harpies had as wonderful a husband as I have, they’d stop writing such bilge about my marriage. There is no basis whatsoever, no rhyme, reason, nor accuracy in the gossip the rumor-mongers are spreading. They have been, they are, they always will be wasting their time.”

She waited till I had finished noting down the words she had spoken with such feeling. Then, her whole expression changed. She tossed her short, reddish-brown hair in one of her natural, unself-conscious gestures which moviegoers everywhere would recognize, and grinned broadly.

“Most of the time I never take these things so seriously. It’s our friends who do. Nunnally (continued on page 62)

Claudette laughs off “her romance with Anton Walbrook.”

Visiting orphanage near Rome during filming of “Destinees.”

Ingrid Bergman with Claudette and Eleanor Rossi-Drago.
GENE'S AFFAIR WITH ALY

THERE'S NO DOUBT GENE TIERNEY'S FLIPPED OVER ALY KHAN, BUT WILL THEY WED?

By Denny Shane

International news wires continue to buzz with the exciting romance of Gene Tierney and Aly Khan, one of the wealthiest young titled men in the world and former spouse of another American movie star, Rita Hayworth. Will lovely Gene be the next wife of Prince Aly Khan? The life of a princess should not be too difficult for Brooklyn-born Gene since she has been married to Count Oleg Cassini of White Russian nobility.

There is no doubt that if it were up to Aly alone he would not lose any time in popping the question to Gene. But when you are a prince and some one else holds the purse strings you have to bend to their wishes or at least take things a little slowly. Aly's father, the Aga Khan, likes Gene as a person, but frowns upon the idea of another film actress for a daughter-in-law. He can't seem to forget the unfavorable world-wide publicity garnered by his son when Rita left him and returned to America. So upset had the Aga been at the time that it was rumored he was considering making his younger son his heir. The Aga's health is not of the best at present and it may be that Aly is playing a waiting game.

The romance started last New Year's Eve when Gene and Aly were dancing in each other's arms at the fabulous Maxim's in gay Paris. At the stroke of midnight they startled the several hundred other patrons at the fashionable night club out of their self-preoccupation by pausing to welcome the New Year with a long and ardent kiss. The next day Gene and Aly Khan were headlined romantically.

Since then they have been a (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

For months now, Gene's been the only beauty in Aly's life.  Rita Hayworth couldn't hold Aly. Will Gene be able to do so?
There is a new Gregory Peck—a worldly sophisticate—and reports are that he and Greta are finished with each other forever.

By LOUIS REID
While 37-year-old Gregory Peck is renewing his youth in an impressive conquest of European capitals—London, Rome, Paris, Madrid, Stockholm, Berlin to date—Hollywood speculates whether the charms of the old world cities are wholly responsible for the rift in his marriage to Greta Konen Peck, the bride of his struggling Broadway days.

The film town is wondering if the shy, gentle actor, so firmly a family man over the years, so deeply devoted to his buoyant little blonde wife and their boys, has actually become a cosmopolitan sophisticate, bowled over by the beauty and romance swirling about him, especially by the charms of Audrey Hepburn.

Or is it simply that Greg does not want to return to Hollywood and continue with unsolvable domestic problems?

Despite his overwhelming love for his home and children, it does seem that his marriage is beyond repair.

In the more than 15 months he has been abroad he has had an opportunity to take stock of himself and of his life with Greta. Amid the great capitals and varied nationalities he has had a chance to consider the advantages and disadvantages of marriage in contrast to the freedom he now apparently seeks.

According to the more discerning observers along the boulevards, the actor's marital (continued on page 56)
"You can go too far with this business about the legs," claims Colette Marchand, famous for her luscious limbs. "Look at me! Arms, face, hair, is it not so? I am a body, a woman, complete. I want the public to know that I am a dancer, an actress, not just a long pair of sticks!"

By Henry Kaufman

A woman is more than legs

"Legs, poof! What are legs? Can they talk? Can they think?" But hers seem to.
Colette's legs were not even seen in "Moulin Rouge," her great hit. "John Huston sees at once I am a woman. He covers my legs so nobody can see."

The most tantalizing, black-stockinged legs since Marlene Dietrich first unveiled her miraculous stems to a palpitating public were in "Moulin Rouge," and you, you unfortunate people, never saw them! But I, lucky devil that I am, had a private exhibition in Paree, and am still fighting for self-control.

The provocative extremities I've referred to are the sole property of Mademoiselle Colette Marchand, whom you saw in "Moulin Rouge" as Marie Charlet opposite Jose Ferrer's Toulouse-Lautrec. So realistic and uncompromising was her performance as the dirty, bedraggled trollop, that it was impossible to guess that she possessed gams of historic quality, and that she was a luscious piece of tantalizing French pastry in other important anatomical departments. Looking at the seedy slut in "Moulin Rouge," her hair straggling down her pale and hungry face, how could anyone have known that Mlle. Colette is one of the foremost ballet dancers in the world?

I had a date to meet Colette at the Theatre de l'Empire in Paris, where she was starring with Roland Petit in the "Ballets de Paris." When she introduced herself, I was pleasantly surprised. She was the complete opposite of the unkempt, emaciated Marie Charlet. Colette was chic, sleek, tall, blonde and built like a precision instrument—streamlined for speedy action from the top of... (CONTINUED ON PAGE 39)
DO YOU LONG TO BE BEAUTIFUL, RADIANT, SUPREMELY HAPPY?
IT'S SIMPLE, DINAH SHORE HAS LEARNED. THE ONLY REQUIREMENT IS THAT—

YOU MUST FALL IN LOVE!

by Fredda Dudley Balling
Dinah Shore was always a pretty girl. But she has become a downright beautiful woman, and whether she realizes it or not (probably she does but is too modest to admit it) her secret recipe is happiness.

Each year since her marriage to George Montgomery on December 5, 1943, friends have been saying to Dinah, "I don't know how you do it. You look younger all the time, but that isn't all. There's sort of a glow about you . . . and you never seem to get tied in knots as so many people do."

The glow is authentic. For Dinah has come into her own kingdom, and she believes that any girl in the world can open the same magic door with one key: fall deeply in love with the man who has fallen deeply in love with you. It's that simple, and that difficult. Love brings confidence, confidence brings happiness, and happiness brings beauty.

And not only does the glow show in Dinah's appearance, but in the manner in which she conducts her entire life. Right now she's sitting on top of the TV world with her regular NBC show on Tuesday and Thursday nights at 7:30 EST, which she emcees and stars in delightfully.

In her private life she's secure and serene, the center of a happy family trio that includes George and daughter Melissa, born January 4, 1948. In Palm Springs, where the Montgomerys have a house that George himself built, Dinah does all her own cooking. Dinner, family style, is placed on a huge lazy susan in the center of the round dining table and guests help themselves. Such a sophisticated group as Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Moss Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers, and other members of the Palm Springs Manhattan chapter have spent self-congratulatory hours around Dinah's spaghetti, barbecued chicken, green salad, coffee and apple pancakes.

In Hollywood, as there is in many a social group, a party-giving cliche has developed. The only way to give a truly great party, say the self-appointed arbiters, is to take over the Crystal Room in the Beverly Hills Hotel, or the Crown Room at Romanoff's. One has florists decorate; one employs a name band; one selects a menu in French.

When Dinah and George gave their first big affair, George and one of his friends dug a barbecue pit and roasted a side of beef. Long tables, covered by red checkered cloths were set out under giant oak trees, and the music was supplied by musicians who were also guests. Everyone had a magnificent time; several astounded hostesses asked Dinah how she had (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)
As a switch, our famed Broadway columnist visits the land of the stars for an on the spot report

Danton Walker’s

HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

Van Johnson, who’s through with tipsy audiences, at designer Marusia’s party.

The future Mrs. Gene Nelson got a jolt on learning how Geary fixed insurance.

Humphrey Bogart, sensitive about his thinning hair, admits to Danton Walker that his snarling at photographers who snap him without a cap is just an act.

Rosie Clooney, hatless in N. Y., proves she had last word in first Ferrer spat.

Bob Mitchum, Mmm Monroe, Rory Calhoun, taking off for location in Canada.

AFTER cancelling their plane reservations three times in a row, Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes boarded American Airlines Mercury Flight #3 at La Guardia Airport en route to Hollywood incognito with dark glasses and glares for any other passengers who dared look at them. Traveling under the names of “Rose Spainia” and “Bartley Crum,” ex-Princess Rita and her ever-lovin’ beau created less of a stir than they might have anticipated. No one seemed to care. Declining to pose for pictures, they clammed up and were incommunicado for the first leg of the New York-Chicago-Hollywood flight.

Despite the fact they had two sleepers, Rita a lower, Dick an upper berth, they spurned the luxurious sleeping accommodations in favor of sitting up to coo and neck all the way to Chicago. The Haymes ticket was bought and paid for by Rita’s attorney, Bartley Crum, and was charged to her account. At Chicago, Rita and Dick were moved out of their cozy rear seats and sent forward on the aircraft because Cinerama producer Louis B. Mayer and his wife were boarding the Mercury at that point and had already specified, well in advance, that they wished to occupy seats 18 & 18A—so Rita and Dick were “bumped” forward to 8 & 8A. They didn’t like it one bit.

Several hours out of Chicago, winging their way West, the two lovebirds finally decided to retire. When they reached International Airport in Los Angeles it looked as though their clothes had been slept in. And that’s precisely what happened. Rita and
Nome, Alaska, isn’t the same since visit of Walker, Dorothy Arnold, et al.

Dick removed their shoes only, hopped into their respective berths and were still sound asleep when the Mercury glided onto the Los Angeles airfield. Completely devoid of any make-up, with her long flowing mane uncombed and her traveling suit rumpled beyond description, it was anything but glamorous Rita Hayworth who dashed into a waiting limousine with her lover in close, hot pursuit. They were trying to duck photographers who weren’t there . . .

You could have heard a pin drop at Charlie Morrison’s Mocambo when Joe DiMaggio walked in solo to join a large party of friends and walked right out again when he spotted lovely Dorothy Arnold, his ex-wife, dancing a mambo with young Michael Rayhill, new screen personality. Joltin’ Joe got as far as the edge of the dance floor, did a double-take and exited the premises in a hurry. More than a dozen screen actresses dashed to the Powder Room to see if Marilyn Monroe had come in with him, but the Mm-mm-m Girl was on location in Jasper, Alberta, Canada.

On the Columbia Pictures set of “The Caine Mutiny,” Bogart snapped and snarled when a photographer attempted to photograph him without a cap on. Bogey, very sensitive about his thinning hair, later admitted with good humor that his “tough guy” on-set antics are nothing more than an act and he tries to be ornery just to keep from being bored in-between “takes.” Although he’s getting offers to return to the Broadway stage, he will stick to Hollywood. “Baby” Bacall Bogart, however, may (continued on page 68)

Dick Haymes had no thought of arrest and possible deportation for illegal re-entry into U. S. when he and Rita Hayworth made their torrid all-night flight from N. Y.
ARE MOVIE STARS DOPES?

DO THEY KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS OR DON'T THEY?
ARE THEY REALLY INTELLIGENT? HERE'S HOW THEY RESPOND WHEN THEIR MENTALITY IS PUT ON THE LINE ON TV'S POPULAR "20 QUESTIONS"
by Robert Perkins

ARE MOVIE stars dopes? The answer is no. Even if it is fashionable to think of movie queens as beautiful but dumb—it's still no.

Or to whisper: "Clever actor, but not a brain in his head, poor fellow. You know how it is, my dear. The directors tell them every move. It's all they can do to collect those fat checks, and head for the swimming pools they call home. . . ."

Fashionable, but baloney, my dear—that is, if the fun and intellectual, radio-TV "20 Questions" program is any criterion (which it is).

The program is the modern version of the old parlor game, Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral, and it demands a panel of players with well-informed brains in high gear. The oldest, most popular panel show, it dotes on the movie stars who appear on it. Says its spokesman: "Movie-people stupidity is a colossal myth. We've learned that glamour and brains go together like ham and eggs. Not a single film star, who's worked with us as a guest panelist, has failed to answer at least one subject. Hollywood, we'll certify, has a high I. Q."

New York University's Professor Rudolph Flesch devoted a chapter in his book, "The Art Of Clear Thinking," to the deductive-reasoning aspects of "20 Questions." So they should know what they're talking about, yes?

Jimmy Stewart is a good example of an intelligent movie star—and one much beloved by "20." (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)
MAGGI’S PRIVATE

Listening in on what’s going on behind the scenes in television—the latest news, views, doings of video

The big news, one of TV’s top secrets, is Mario Lanza’s seven-year contract with a leading network. It will break around Thanksgiving Day. His contract allows him the right to make movies (one-a-year), concert tours and operatic appearances in between video performances...

Richard Hayman, Mercury Records star (“Ruby,” “Anna” and “Eyes Of Blue”), is penning original ballads for the Vic Damone telefilm series which MGM will sanction after he’s completed his co-starring role in “Hit The Deck,” with Debbie Reynolds...

Danny Thomas will never alter his nose—he thinks he’d lose his individuality if he did—but he’ll nose about on the Colgate Comedy Hour sporting another’s famous proboscis; a rubber Cyrano de Bergerac “ski-jump” during a comedy take-off of the famous literary character...

“THE ETHEL MERMAN STORY” is being prepared for “Toast Of The Town” and will be seen January 17, 1954. She’ll be feted on behalf of her 45th birthday which occurs the day before...

Donald O’Connor’s recent handprints and signature, imbedded in the sidewalk cement at Grauman’s Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, draws more tourists’ reaction than those of filmdoms’ Robert Taylor, Clark Gable or Jimmy Stewart. Is TV the answer to Bob, Clark and Jimmy’s being relegated to second position on the popularity polls?...

A planeload of Hollywood’s top-ranking TV stars will make weekly guest appearances on a new TV program which will originate from and be entitled “The Zebra Room Of The Huntington” in San Francisco beginning January 3rd. The 30-minute Nob Hill variety show will be sponsored by an airline company and all salaries paid to the performers will be donated, by them, to one charitable organization each week—26 local and national agencies will profit from the telecasts...

“DULCY,” authored by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, will be adapted for Dagmar as a telefilm series. Once an Ann Sothern movie, it was being rewritten for Ann before she became video’s favorite “Private Secretary”...

Johnny Ray wants to follow in Frank Sinatra’s footsteps a la “From Here To Eternity,” and undertake a straight dramatic role in a video version of Somerset Maugham’s

Life story of Ethel Merman, here with Gil Roland, is to be telecast.
Groucho Marx amuses George Fenneman with some inside info on cook book he’s writing.
Laraine Day and Cyd Charisse. Dress worn by Laraine on TV to be copied, sells for $19.95.
WIRE

personalities and delectable bits of gossip

"Razor's Edge"—in the part created in the movies by Tyrone Power...

Loretta Young's "The Prisoner At One O'Clock," from her "35 Letters To Loretta" series, may get screen treatment starring the talented star, proving Hollywood moguls are carefully watching video for prospective film fodder...

James Dobson, featured on the G. E. Theatre shows, once appeared opposite Shirley Booth in a Summer stock presentation of "My Sister Eileen" in a minor role. He'll soon be co-starred with Shirley in a video production of "Tomorrow The World," the play which once had Shirley and Ralph Bellamy sharing stellar honors on Broadway...

The jewelry worn by Dinah Shore on her telecasts may look like very expensive costume baubles, but they're not. She wears her own precious gems and every piece is a gift from hubby George Montgomery...

Groucho Marx's definition of a gourmet—"a pig with a tuxedo on"—may wind up being the title of a recipe book which he'll write, using off-beat cooking hints of his many celebrity friends.

(Continued on page 72)
Joan Vohs, shown in (1) and (5), appears in "Crazy Legs, All-American," a Hall Bartlett Production, and in United Artists' "Vice Squad."

Barbara Britton, star of TV show "Mr. And Mrs. North," will co-star with John Hodiak in "Dragon Fly Squadron."

Peggy Castle, above and (4), may be seen in United Artists' "I, The Jury" and "99 River Street."
We like the look of slim trousers...the gracefulness of full skirts...the touch of glittering jewelry. You'll like the sensible prices, the many ways to wear these practical separates. Plaid pedal pushers (1) from G. C. MURPHY’S are $3.98 in wool. They come in red, blue, black, gold or green plaids. Sizes 10 to 18. With the pedal pushers Joan wears heavy knit sweater with fringed shawl collar from GRANT’S. Price is $10.95. If you can sew, you can duplicate Peggy’s pants and shirt (2). SIMPLICITY Pattern #4255 for both. Price, 35c. Sizes 12 to 20. Shoes by CAPEZIO. For lounging (3), these satin pajamas with a quilted look. GRANT’S have them in aqua, maize or white with black. They’re $3.98 for sizes 32 to 40. Slippers cost $1.99. This time (4), the pedal pushers are in corduroy with contrast-color piping on pockets and lacings on pant legs. MURPHY’S.

$3.98. In navy, green, gold and red. Peggy’s striped sweater is from McCORRY STORES. Of all-wool, it comes in red, navy, blueberry and green with white stripes. For sizes 34 to 40, $2.98. (5) For tea time or any time—separates from H. L. GREEN’S. The top is of knitted cotton touched with velvet and brilliants in a leaf design. The colors—heather tones of tan and gray. $1.98. With it Joan wears a taffeta skirt with unpressed pleats and front button accents. $2.98. In black only. CAPEZIO shoes. (6) Barbara relaxes in blue denims. These, with tight tapered legs, have red braid trim. $2.98. Her textured knit sweater comes in white, blue, maize, red and navy. With its own pin, $5.98. From GRANT’S. Shoes by HUSKIES. (7) Pearls and rhinestones stud the neckline of this jersey sweater. $1.98. Circular felt skirt, $5.98, comes in gray, red and blue. Both from GRANT’S.

TO STAY HOME!

For your nearest store, write to SCREENLAND MAGAZINE,
10 E. 40th St., N.Y.C
1. The long boxy, heavy knit cardigan sweater from GRANT’S is an eye-catcher for this season’s high fashion styles. The crystal buttons on the blue trim add sparkle and versatility. We recommend your wearing it with either slacks or a skirt. It looks well with both. A winter treat for only $8.98.

2. What fun it is to be a hostess in this “party” apron. It is of permanent finish organdy with a delicate floral chintz pattern—waist band, pocket and hem. Black, pink and blue colors which will dress-up your play-at-home clothes. GRANT’S. For $1.98.

3. Make your own net skirt from Advance Pattern #5938. The pattern costs 25c. It is ideal for the cocktail hour and directly reflects the latest trend from Paris. Use contrasting colors in sheer fabric for the double layer skirt. The pattern comes in only one size. Make it to fit your own waist measurement.

4. W. T. GRANT’S striped cobbler apron, which comes in assorted colors, costs $1.98. You will find this garment practical as well as attractive. It can be worn with or without a blouse; and much can be stored in roomy pockets. The wide belt circles a wasp waist.

5. In many winter colors W. T. GRANT features this velveteen weskit. It is the finishing touch to your carefully chosen separates. Three white buttons edged in gold, match the KRESGE pin. It comes in sizes 12-20. Price: $2.98.

6. A full check collar and three check pockets mark this cobbler apron as a distinctive item. The colors are red, aqua and mustard with white. You can buy it at NEISNER BROTHERS for $2.98. The tie-back belt and the button-down back are features for a good fit.

7. For a must on your shopping list—this “Sanforlan” slip-on zephyr wool sweater. Sold at KRESGE’S for $3.95. Sizes 34-40. The color range is perfect for your mix-or-match outfits: white, red, navy, mocha, blue, yellow and green.
Deborah Kerr's graceful hands stay lovely with a program of daily care you'll want for your own

By ELIZABETH LAPHAM

FINGER TIPS

- You don't have to believe in palmistry to know that hands are a giveaway as to the kind of person you really are. Even the prettiest face and the most luscious figure can't keep eyes from focusing on those busy and expressive extremities. Stars are so keenly aware of this that they make a point of following a regular hand-glamourizing routine. No once-a-week refurbishing for them.

Ask MGM's lovely Deborah Kerr to tell you the "secret" of her famously beautiful hands and she'd probably look at you in amazement. She wouldn't realize that the common-sense program she takes so for granted is still a mystery to many non-professionals. But she'd be the first to reassure you that every trick she's learned, you can learn too.

Your first surprise comes when you compare the way Deborah washes her hands with your own technique. Deborah starts the procedure by filling the wash basin full with warm water—no finger-bowl-size moistening for our heroine. Notice too that the water is neither very hot nor cold, so that it cannot shock her hands into redness. She plunges both hands into the water and holds them there for a second or two before she reaches for the soap and nailbrush. (This brief warm-up period helps open the pores in the skin.) Then she (CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

Work gloves, like Ebonettes, protect. Night gloves are fine for pampering. Deborah exercises hands with massage to stimulate circulation, build tone. Deborah's beautiful hands, firm nails reflect superb grooming, good health.
The “Jane Pickens Show” is heard coast-to-coast, six times a week, on the NBC Radio Network Monday through Friday, 2:45-2:55 P.M. EST. and Thursday, 10:35-11:00 P.M. EST.

VERSATILE Jane Pickens, who has scored personal triumphs in every field of music, each month will select the finest in movie and popular recordings for our readers.

Tops In Movie Music


Other Toppers


Grab Bag


Imogene Coca and her handsome husband, Bob Burton, walked into the Interlude, which is the Sunset Strip’s most beautiful, if not the most famous, nightclub. This great little gal was pretty quiet when she vacationed here, loafing about the pool and such, so it was kinda news when she showed up at the upstairs part of this here club—the downstairs is called the Crescendo.

All of Hollywood was saddened when Casey Adams got the tragic news that his mother and father had been fatally injured in an automobile accident near their home in Caldwell, Kansas. Casey was just getting packed to go to Germany for the picture “Night People” when he got the call from home. Ironically, his older brother was killed in an automobile accident about a year ago. With the exception of his 15-year-old sister, his entire family has been wiped out. Casey decided the best thing to do was go on to Germany and he took his sister with him. It’s hard to figure out how such a heart-breaking thing could happen to such a nice boy.

Went to the big preem of MGM’s “The Band Wagon” and you should hear what people were saying about Cyd Charisse. She looks like Ava Gardner, they say. Isn’t she the sexiest thing in tights, they say. Isn’t she beautiful—and on and on and on. Took ‘em a long time to discover this gal, but—and we hate ourselves for even thinking this kind of pun—everybody’s climbing on the bandwagon for Charisse.

Not that Tony Curtis isn’t always a pretty happy guy, but he’s really got something to shout about since U-I picked up his option and gave him beaucoup de loot over his present weekly check. Tony’s such a consistent favorite with the fans that U-I wasn’t about to share the wealth with another studio, so they’ve tied him up for a long time. So he went out and bought himself a Jaguar. Coincidentally, his new picture will be “Johnny Dark,” a story about a racing car driver.

Don’t believe this junk about Ann Sheridan not coming back to Hollywood from Mexico, where she’s taken a house that will hold all 15 of her puddles. Ann loves Mexico, Mexicans, and living the life of the siesta, but she also loves the town that gave her the successful career that made it possible for her to go to Mexico. See?

The town’s pretty well divided still on the Jane Powell-Gene Nelson thing. Some of the Nelson friends are sticking with Miriam, who’s wonderful. Most of Jane’s finest side with her, since the gal’s never been happier in her life. Both Gene and Jane are booked into the Cocoanut Grove. Evidently it’s the real thing with the kids, but don’t ask us to take any sides in case you were planning to...
Back home again, Pier confided that she was moving heaven and earth to get her studio to allow her to make a film in Europe. It didn't take a mathematician to figure out what was the attraction in Europe. More lovers, more profiles, more scripts, and Pier had to rely on "absence makes the heart grow fonder" while making "Sombremo" in Mexico and numerous personal appearances in South America. When asked about Kirk, Pier lost her customary impetuosity and became very reserved. She tried, though without success, to hide her feelings and I'd gladly give up my career. It would mean nothing to me if it spoiled me for being a good wife and mother."

Pier's studio obviously didn't and still doesn't encourage speculation about a romance between the two. "The whole thing is silly," said a spokesman. "Pier won't talk about it and neither will we. There is nothing to it. And no use in talking about it."

But publicity-wise Kirk doesn't go along with that. He even called syndicated columnists from Europe, asking them to give his love to Pier! That seemed a rather roundabout way—unless Pier's phone was out of order ... and that's hardly likely. Nor was he languishing for his lady love. He'd been seen about with English actress, Jackie Frost, and with a host of France's and Italy's lovelies, as well as the sun-bronzed beauties of Israel, where he went for location work on "The Juggler."

At present, Kirk is back in Rome working on "Ulysses" with Italian star, Silvana Mangano. At the end of May, Pier left for Europe to star in a film with Lana Turner—and naturally, to renew her romance with Kirk. But if she was unlucky enough to see the May 28th Hollywood Reporter before her takeoff, her love-heavy heart must have taken a dive as she read: "'Rome-bound friends of Kirk—Douglas in response to cables, arrive with special presents for Kirk's present flame—American-made girlish!'"

While Kirk was disporting himself in Europe Pier wasn't sitting by the phone or playing solitary either. Chaperoned by her sister Marisa, she was glimpsed at Ciro's with another young, attractive man-about-town screen writer Sy Bartlett, more than twice her age, who had legal light, Greg Bautzer, has squired just about every glamour doll in town. The evening before, the little Angeli dined a deux with the new Latin star, blond America's sweetheart, Pier Angeli. The two were introduced in New York before that she was seen, suitably chaperoned, with Amadeo Barletta, wealthy sugar king, sampling Havana's night life. In Mexico, Pier and her mother were escorted to the bull fights by Miguel Aleman, son of the then President of the country. Later, she was seen with David Schine, son of the theatre and hotel magnate and also with Arthur Loew, Jr., another wealthy heir to a theatre fortune. Speculation, naturally, began as to Pier's intentions. Had she been trying to show Kirk that two can play at love's game? Was she trying to tease him with her desirability for other men? Or was she attempting to forget the fickle Kirk in the ardent glances of other men, equally charmed by her beauty and vibrant, bright-as-new-personality? At any rate, Pier had shown that she has a penchant for men with money and importance.

All this is far different from the shy, ethereal child with dovelike eyes who first set foot in Hollywood a few years ago. She and her twin sister, Marisa, were like no other actresses in town and charmed all who met them with their beauty, their expressive accents, their girlish laughter, their complete lack of affection, not to mention the fact that neither wore lipstick or makeup. Naturally, the eligible swains about town were interested—until they discovered that both girls were chaperoned by Signora Pierangeli to the point of exasperation. For Mama brought from Italy the ironclad custom of her native country that until a girl is 21 she does not, under any circumstances, go out with a man unless her mother, or some other proper relative, accompanies her.

Papa Pierangeli, an Italian architect, who passed away just before his family left for Hollywood, agreed about the strict chaperonage. "At home in Eataly when my father lived, he did not like young men around. So, we were always afraid he would be coming home and finding them. And when any mens asked to see us, we were no, no, no. When we came here I liked very much going out, and I would go out every night if I could, but Mama doesn't allow this," explained Pier, candidly, the petulance against maternal authority showing through her high, tingly voice. Her tiny waistline was set off by a black sweater, her shoulder-length chestnut hair with highlights of bronze, encircled the clear oval of her face, while her swirling wool skirt with its many stiffened petticoats switched as she moved about.

"Like all Ettalian mothers, my mother wants me to marry someone she considers suitable, one who comes of a nice family and offers security. She doesn't care much about love, and tells me it will come later if I choose right. But I do not agree. I have to marry him, I tell her, not she. She is hurt and tells me I should take her word for it."

"I cannot discuss these things with her—like all Ettalian parents it is an order. My poor darling, the more Americanized while my mother is still an Ettalian. Believe me, I have tried patiently to convince her that I must have more liberty and freedom. This year, since becoming 21, I have won a bit more freedom. My mother doesn't worry about Marisa for she is more docile. But I'm not; I am against the constant chaperonage."

And this is the girl who has handed her untutored heart to Kirk Douglas. During the past three years that enviable gentleman has been building (even for Hollywood) an amazing romantic reputation for himself. Married to Diana Dill, daughter of a wealthy businessman in the East, Kirk was divorced in 1950, his two sons, Michael and Joel, now eight and five, going with their mother. After the divorce, Kirk had a long romance with another socialite, Irene Wrightsman, and wedding bells were predicted. Friends thought it would be a good marriage since Irene had no pretensions to a dramatic career. For Kirk has stated that he thinks one movie career in a family is enough. The chief conflict in his marriage stemmed from Mrs. Douglas' determination to be an actress.

Though Irene was reputed to be carrying a torch, Kirk was soon playing the lush fields of Hollywood. He dated Rita Hayworth, Marlene Dietrich, Gene Tierney, Evelyn Keyes, Pat Neal, Elizabeth Taylor. It was noted that as time went on the girls became increasingly younger. After a swift romance with a Pasadena socialite many years his junior he dated June Haver, Terry Moore, who is barely out of her teens and Debbie Reynolds,
who has just turned twenty—and now
Pier Angeli.
Why did each of these romances stop
short of orange blossoms and murmured
"I do"? What is it that attracts the
cream of Hollywood to this elusive and
intriguing gentleman? And what is there
about him that makes him quickly dis-
card one for another?
An associate of Kirk's has this to say:
"Maybe I'm jealous, but frankly I can't
understand Kirk. He's far from hand-
some; his early upbringing on the wrong
side of the tracks has taught him few of
the social niceties and graces; he doesn't
use—or need—a 'line' as so many other
Hollywood Casanovas do—he's got a surly
kind of sex appeal, but he doesn't flaunt it
—yet he has romanced enough lovelies
to fill the little black books of five of the
town's eligible bachelors.
"I don't think he's been serious about
any of the dolls he's dated and frankly,
I don't think he's serious about Pier
Angeli. At 21 she might feel her heart is
broken, but young hearts mend soon.
I think there'll be an inevitable let-down
for her because Kirk's real love at the
moment is his career. Maybe later a
woman will replace that love—but not
now."
Signora Pierangeli hopes that is correct.
She is bitterly opposed to Pier's interest
in Kirk for many reasons. Kirk is a
divorced man; he is far too old for Pier;
she is not ready to be cast into the role
of stepmother to Kirk's beloved boys; his
reputation as a lady killer of the "love-
'em-and leave'em" school makes Mrs.
Pierangeli wary of him as husband ma-
terial.
But Mama Pierangeli or not, Kirk flew
to London on Pier's birthday and pre-
sented her with a lovely ring. Neither
will make any comment as to whether
the ring has any significant meaning, but
Pier's friends are hoping she will not rush
into marriage with Kirk while on this
European trip. A few glamorous stolen
meetings do not constitute the prelimi-
naries for so serious an undertaking as
marriage, and they feel Pier has a lot of
growing up to do before she becomes an
emotionally mature woman, able to cope
with the problems a woman must in-
evitably face.

JOAN NEEDS ANOTHER HUSBAND
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

Rue's, and now is asleep and I'm sitting
here reading letters.
"But Joan," I was incredulous. "You
don't sit home when you can go out with
—" I repeated several of the big
names on my list, "who are dying to date
you."
"Unless it is someone I really like, or
some one I would like to meet, I would
rather stay home than go out just to be
going out," Joan said. "I will admit that
I get lonesome at times. Any woman does
who isn't in love—in love with some rea-
ly wonderful man. But I haven't found
him yet." Then she confided, "Every-
one's trying to do a little match-making.
Friends invite me to dinner to meet this
one or that one, but honestly, where is he?
A man who could make a woman fall in love?"
"But—these—," I stammered.
Joan laughed softly, but not unlively.
"They want to go out with Joan Craw-
ford the movie actress. They don't fool
me. Most of them have sent flowers or
telegrams. They aren't really interested
in me. But one day—I keep hoping."
Imagine such honesty—to say you were
home on a Saturday night without a date
(even if it were by choice) when you are
such a name as Joan Crawford!
Here is a woman who has achieved
the magic formula of being the glamorous
exciting movie queen "way up there," and
at the same time she has retained a
rare down-to-earth camaraderie with
everyone—studio executive, fellow actor,
prop boy or fan. She is as likely to stop
her car and wave "Hi, Amigo" to the man
who delivers her milk as she would Dore
Schary, head of MGM.
She fills the dreams and longings of
millions of less privileged women, who
see in Joan Crawford drama and color,
and, with her, experience vicariously the
emotional impact of romance and exite-
ment not found in their every day lives.
She is the "Dream Woman" of millions
of men who like to escape every day ac-
tuality in the theatre, and be with Joan
Crawford up there on the screen. For an
hour or ninety minutes she is "my wom-
an."
Joan is fascinating for her versatility,
her great beauty and fame. She is in-
spirational for the good she does, the
many charities which to her contributes,
and the hospital rooms she keeps but for-
ward to the publicized. She is the devoted
mother, perfect hostess and homemaker,
and at the same time the glamorous,
chic, bejeweled and elegantly gown ed
woman any man would love to take din-
ing and dancing.
And yet Joan Crawford was sitting at
home on a Saturday night. She is loved by all
Hollywood, she has not found love with
the right man to bring her the happiness
she hopes for and deserves. Where is
the man to match such a woman?
Joan was on my mind, and a few days
later I drove out to MGM studios to see
her. I wasn't alone, for there were many
visitors on the set where she was wind-
ing up "Torch Song," "That's her up
there," a prop man whispered. I looked
up, and there she stood, poised on the top
stair of a long flight leading down to a
night club floor. She was costumed in
a startling electric blue sequined leotard
with a full skirt slit to reveal her long,
shapely legs encased in net stockings
hose sparkling with rhinestones. Her
large eyes were luminous and impelling,
against a fine line of glitter which turned
out to be sparkling diamonds on each
eyebrow. There she stood against tower-
ing cutouts of modern day musicians,
hypnotized in the ecstatic contortions of
a jam session.
Joan began to sing the sensuous music
and lyrics of "Two Faced Woman" in her
low, sexy voice, and slowly she descended
the stairs. The quiet was enveloping, as
though only she were on the stage. Then
the lights swung up, and she ran forward
smiling, with outstretched hand. "Did
you like it?" Her eyes were searching
for approval. Her friendliness was warm
and personal, but still she was that strik-
ing illusion that had just held everyone
spellbound.
"The eyebrows," she smiled, with all
of the slyness of a schoolgirl, "I wore
them to a party last night, just for fun.
Wanted to get a reaction. I got it," she
said. Then she looked around at the set.
“It's been work, but I have loved every minute making this picture." Makeup men, hairdresser, unit publicity man, and a dozen more vied for attention. "I am so proud. All of this dancing and not even one sore muscle." She lifted a leg for the wardrobe women's inspection. "They are always sewing back the sequins I dance off," Joan smiled.

The group around her was closing in, but Joan called, "Why don't you come out Saturday. I've got the day off before starting 'Lisbon' at Paramount. Perhaps you would like to drive with Christopher, my best guy, and me back to his school." Naturally, I was thrilled to accept.

The following Saturday I drove out to Joan's house in Brentwood. Christopher answered my ring and escorted me inside. "Mother will be here in just a moment," he said, sitting down to play host until his mother arrived.

"Would you like a cold drink?" he invited.

Christopher went to the small bar and was about to bring me one when midway he turned and escorted me inside. "Mother would want you to have one of the nicest ones," he said. Then he explained that Missy C. was detained for a moment by the policeman at the back door.

"My dog, Chappie, died," Christopher said. "He was poisoned, and Mother, you know how wonderful she is, she cried with me. She wants to make sure that no one else's pet in the neighborhood gets poisoned.

"I had a touch of virus so I have been home all week," Christopher continued by way of making conversation. He is ten years old, very blond, very handsome, and very well-mannered. "Tina and I switch-off weekends. We both go to Chadwick at Rolling Hills, Palos Verdes. The twins, Cynthia and Cathy, they are just almost seven. They stay home and go to school here."

Then Joan walked in. She wore grey slacks, a grey blouse and a long matching coat. Her hair was in pin curls, but she looked chic, for she was perfectly groomed, from top to toe. "Excuse me, May, I'll go upstairs, comb my hair and we'll on our way." Then, "Did Christopher tell you of our tragedy about Chappie?" Her eyes turned to Christopher's with love and sympathy and understanding. While she ran upstairs, Christopher remarked, "The kids at school just wouldn't believe that Mother cooks our breakfast and helps us with our homework, and school work—everything. They think she's such a big movie star, they can't believe she is a real mother like all real mothers.

"She is the greatest," he signed with an almost shy smile, suddenly becoming self-conscious in speaking of her. "Every year she's up for the Academy Award, but this last year she actually wanted Shirley Booth to win. She said she deserved it. I remember one time Mom had virus and I had to be the man of the house and go and accept an Award for her. I was so excited I forgot to take a bow for her when they gave it to me as Miss Crawford's son. She works terribly hard. I think she works too hard. She's always doing something for us—or for others.

"Christina, my sister," he continued, his face coloring ever so slightly with a boyish grin, "she has boy friends at school. She tells Mother about them. But most of the boys don't like me around when they want to see her."

Next Joan was giving her secretary last minute instructions and we were in the garage getting into the big blue Cadillac with Cligout, her poodle, bouncing and barking his joy at the prospects of a long ride. As we drove we talked of this and that, but Christopher was always well included in the conversation. Joan was interested in his plans to go skiing, what kind of a camera his chum at school had, and just how to work it, and endless details, that most adults skip over with their children. Joan was right there with him.

At Palos Verdes, Joan turned the car up the hill to Rolling Hills. When we stopped in front of the school grounds at Chadwick, who was waiting to see her but Christina, now a lovely young lady of 14. So were a bevy of school chums. Soon Christopher's roommate came running up. They all said "Hello" to Joan. Joan, with her arm wrapped around her daughter's waist, walked to the house where Christina lives to see some new arrangement. Christina, I noted, had the same coat as Joan's. Since she is now within an inch as tall as Joan, they look like two sisters.

A number of school children stood looking at the car, fingering the initials "J.C." on the door. "Is this honestly Joan Crawford's car?" one boy was asking, when from behind him a rich, low, vibrant voice said, "Yes, it is. I am Christopher's mother. Christopher, won't you introduce your friend?"

Then there was a long hug and kiss in fact two or three, and Christopher was waving good-bye and Joan and Christina and I were driving back to Hollywood.

Now the conversation was about Christina's activities and her invitation for a weekend at the home of a schoolmate. Joan and Tina talked like two close chums.

"Mother has never never let me down," Christina said. "I can remember when I had to have an operation on my teeth, she was right there with me. And when I first went away to school, I'd get so home sick, I would call her. And she would drive out to see me. Sometimes at the beginning she would take me home."

"The separation was as hard for me," Joan said. "How I missed them when they first went away to school!"

"How would you like to go to a picture with me? There is one showing at the Academy," Joan asked Christina.

"But Mother wouldn't you prefer to go out with your friends tonight, since it's

One-time co-star Robert Taylor greets Joan Crawford on her return to MGM for "Torch Song." She is still the vicarious "Dream Woman" of millions of men.
It's not the Continental gayety that keeps Greg Peck, (signing autographs for Berlin fans), abroad, but rather a reluctance to resume domestic difficulties.

Saturday night?" Christina answered. "I'd rather be with you," Joan replied simply.

I talked to Joan for a fast five minutes after we had reached home. "You can't devote all of your life to your children and to your work," I said, "You are too much woman. Give yourself a chance. The man doesn't have to be perfect," I laughed.

Joan laughed, too. "Don't worry too much about me," she said. "But if you find one that you think is the one, at least let me know!"

"Dozens and dozens. Everyday I write your name, the telephone rings!" "We're back to that," Joan laughed. "I don't mean that kind. I mean a real man!"

My telephone keeps ringing and I keep wondering about a man who will match and equal Crawford as a woman!

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EX-FAMILY MAN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

difficulties are giving him deep inner conflict. When a man feels the way he does about family life, a split-up does not come easily and there is always the possibility of a reconciliation. Yet, there's little doubt that Greg wants a change, notwithstanding his happy years with Greta.

Although he holds an undeniable fascination for all kinds of women, it must be remembered there had been only one love in his life—Greta—when he first arrived on the West Coast.

Throughout his Hollywood career Greg remained a one-woman man.

Thus, it is surprising that he and his wife are now approaching the parting of the ways.

Neither Greg nor Greta is saying anything. There has been no headline-making official estrangement, yet both appear determined to have complete freedom.

It's not that Continental gayety has taken such a strong grip on Greg, but rather that he does not want to return to Hollywood and resume unpleasant domestic difficulties.

This fact was strengthened by the sudden departure of Nunnally Johnson, 20th Century-Fox producer, for Europe to arrange for the forthcoming filming of "Night People" to be made in Berlin.

As far back as January, 1949, there were reports in Hollywood that Greg and Greta had reached the breaking point in their relations. He left their home in the Pacific Palisades and for two days she did not hear from him.

Soon, however, their life together was seemingly on a friendlier basis than ever. With his wife and children he set off for England to make "Captain Horatio Hornblower." Remaining in England for the Royal Command film performance, he put his young sons in school there. It is on record that he became very fond of England. And the British liked the Pecks.

Meanwhile, as a "young Gary Cooper," having for many film fans something of the shy but friendly manner of the older actor, a similar loping stride and the same intensity and wistful appeal, Gregory Peck began to cut a swath through European Society circles.

Europe began to discover that Greg was not the simple, withdrawn, somewhat one-dimensional character he usually portrayed on the screen.

Instead, Europe began to rate him as a many-faceted, sophisticated man-of-the-world—at home anywhere. It also realized he was at the top of the heap as a screen star, in demand everywhere.

Gregory Peck had come a long, long way from his New York World's Fair days of 1939 when he was a $25-a-week Barker for a midway roller coaster.

It was in June, 1952, accompanied, as usual, by his wife and children, that he found himself in Rome to do "Roman Holiday," with Audrey Hepburn.

He took a modest villa for the Summer at the seaside resort of Ostia, some 25 miles from the Eternal City. But he did not spend all of his spare time at the seaside. On many occasions when he had a respite from Director William Wyler's grueling dawn-to-dark "shooting" schedule, he would go sightseeing with Greta in an open carriage.

At other times they would take their sons, Jonathan, 8; Stephen, 6, and Carey Paul, 4, for strolls and rides about the city, Greg making his own snapshots of the celebrated ruins which figured in his new film.

Always they would be followed closely—and respectfully—by great crowds of people. It was understandable.

Gregory Peck, whom they dubbed "Gregori," had swiftly become the most popular American screen star ever to visit or make a picture in Rome. During his four-months sojourn he literally signed autographs by the thousands.

With the completion of "Roman Holiday," Peck went to Paris to join Greta, who had gone ahead with the children, to find a Winter home for the family and to register the boys in the school for the sons and daughters of the Diplomatic Corps.

And why not such a school? Weren't the Pecks Ambassadors of Good Will to Western Europe?

Gregory and Greta had a busy Autumn whirl in Paris—studying French, shopping, playing golf, going to the races, visiting the great couturiers and restaur-
rants and cabarets.

The weeks sped by, and then last December the family journeyed to St. Moritz, Switzerland, for the Christmas season. They had no sooner arrived in St. Moritz than the reporters wanted to know about the rumors of domestic discord. Asked if he and Greta were headed for the divorce courts, Greg said quietly but with emphasis:

"It doesn't happen to be so."

But the reports persisted. And when they reached Stockholm last January, Peck continued to deny them. That seemed sufficient for his Scandinavian admirers, most of whom, incidentally, had already aware that blonde, petite Greta was of Finnish ancestry.

There are those observers—most of them in Hollywood—who believe that Gregory Peck's marital steadfastness has been unconsciously influenced by the fact that he is the child of divorced parents.

Others are as quick to note that Greg and Greta, like most married couples, had had their share of disputes, but that deep down they have an abiding love for each other, cemented by the tremendous devotion each has for the children.

Greta, too, has been helpful to her husband in his work, largely used to study his roles with her, she holding the script and impersonating the heroine. Now he speaks his lines into a recording machine and plays them back to himself.

Peck has always had the ability, rare in actors, to be able to see himself objectively, even to laugh at what he sees. Perhaps, some of this comes from his hitherto generally happy private life. He was married to Greta on Oct. 4, 1942, while playing small parts with Katharine Cornell's company on the road.

Greta, in those days, was not worried about Gregory. Nor did she have cause to worry when, in 1942, after scoring a personal hit in a Broadway flop, called "The Morning Star," movie producers began bidding for his services as if he were—well, Gary Cooper.

The War had drained Hollywood of its top male stars—Gable, Power, Stewart, Fonda and others. There was Peck who could boast stage experience. By 1944, he was making $114,000 a year.

By 1946, he was under contract to five studios to make 15 pictures in four years and his yearly salary had jumped to $230,000.

The picture, "Keys Of The Kingdom," made him a star overnight. His name had become a household word. There was a succession of notable pictures—"Duel In The Sun," "Valley Of Decision," "Spellbound," "The Yearling."

Meanwhile, with the onrushing success, his head was not turned, his feet remained solidly on the ground. Remembering that he had been a modest young athlete, who in his college days had rowed on the University of California varsity crew, as well as an equally modest young Broadway actor, Greta had no fear her husband would "go Hollywood."

Her confidence was well placed.

Greg still liked to wear the same clothes day after day. Nor did he like parties any more than when he first hit Hollywood. He would not go to any party unless Greta were invited, too. And when Greta was having her babies at the hospital what was Gregory doing? He was busy with the housework.

All the while he found her very helpful in keeping him on an even keel when he was inclined to fret over his roles. With her around, he was never high-strung and nervous. He even took with inward calm, the passionate love scenes in his pictures. Although they did not stir him unduly, he was able to make his love scenes much more than just two people grabbing at each other.

Greg remembers all those things that have made his life with Greta so agreeable. He does not have to worry about temperament flaring up in his wife. He knows she is a wonderful mother.

He knows, too, that through the years she has kept her youth and vitality and good cheer. The Romans have many recollections—and snapshots—of their glamorous carriage rides and promenades about their beloved city. All these attributes have kept Greg young and happy, too—just as has his unpretentious California life.

And yet...there is the new Gregory Peck—the worldly sophisticate. And the indications are that he and Greta are finished with each other forever.

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**GENE'S AFFAIR WITH ALY**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

...constant twosome, seen in various European capitals, dancing and dining and quite absorbed with each other. Six months after the start of their romance, the prince escorted the beauty to his giant castle in Ireland. The people of the little surrounding village were fascinated and frankly interested in every step the rich and famous pair took. The villagers made no pretense of looking out of the corner of the eye. They just stared. In their refreshingly candid way, the people of the town openly stationed themselves at the castle gates as if they were lined up to watch a parade. Knowing which suite is always occupied by the prince, they watched the windows for a clue to the location of the American beauty. They knew the exact moment in the morning when her draperies were

Since co-starring with Leo Genn in "Personal Affair" Gene Tierney has refused movie offers, preferring to travel from castle to villa with Aly Khan.
drawn to let in the fresh morning light, and the precise moment at which Aly Khan began his electric shave to the tune of his own gay whistling.

"Twas when the prince grandly bestowed a thousand dollars upon them for a favored project that the villagers gleefully commented to reporters on hand that Aly hadn't given them a smile when he bought Rita to his Ireland estate. "He seems lighter-hearted and much more generous this time," they nodded their heads meaningly.

They liked Gene's lively interest in the countryside and her sweet, unself-conscious manner with everyone. It was quite a change from their remarks that they were betting on the side of marriage for these two cosmopolites who invaded their sphere from another world.

From Ireland Gene and Aly went to his home in Deauville, France, where Gene made news by refusing a movie part in order to remain with the prince.

Movie producer Paul Graetz flew from London to try to persuade Gene to play a leading part in "Monsieur Ripois," with French actor Gerard Philipe, being made in England.

Gene flatly refused. "I am happy," she told Graetz, "as I am.

Aly Khan at her side, remarked, "I have nothing to do with Gene's movie career."

Gene and Aly were rarely seen in Deauville's gaming rooms and nightclubs. They preferred tennis, Aly's horses and his luxurious mansion.

A far cry, living in this mansion, from Gene's experience in England, only a month of months before, when a rural British bailiff had invaded her country home to remove all the furniture!

Gene laughed gaily as she told me the story. Being a girl who adores green and growing things, she rented a country manor to house her tiny daughter, Tina, her mother, Belle, and herself when she went to England to make "Never Let Me Go" with Clark Gable for MGM.

Despite the long daily drive to and from the studio each day, Gene reveled in the English country life. "It's the most beautiful countryside I've seen anywhere," she enthused. "We were very happy in the house, too, among all the lovely old things with which it was filled.

"Unfortunately," she chuckled, "an aging officer of the law showed up one unexpected day and declared he was there to remove all the furnishings from the house. The owner," she paused dramatically, "had neglected to mention that they weren't paid for! Only the most earnest pleading persuaded the tender-hearted old gent to let us stay when the carpets and the beds for a few days until we could make some other arrangements!"

With great good nature, Gene resolved her strange experience philosophically by quickly leasing an apartment in the swank Grosvenor section of London, and bought a comfortable black Jaguar auto for week-end excursions to the country to make up for city living. "Meanwhile, I'd fallen in love with some of the finest pieces in the country house," she remarked, "and I'm trying to track them down so I can buy some of them for my New York apartment. I keep that all the time," she added. "That's home-base for Mother, Tina and me."

That is the Tierney family—the three generations of women who dwell comfortably and happily together. Though few people realize the fact, Gene's first daughter by her former husband, Count Oleg Castiglioni, is not well and can't be with her mother. This is a secret tragedy in the life of Gene Tierney that makes her cling ever so closely to her tiny Tina, her other daughter by Oleg, whom she takes almost every place she goes. Three-and-a-half-year-old Tina even accompanied her mother to Argentina when Gene travelled there to make the movie, "Way Of A Gaucha."

Gene's way of mothering her little girl tells a lot about her. Tina is not turned over to the impersonal hands of a professional governess or nurse. She spends many hours of every day with her mother, even while a picture is shooting. No attempt is made to conceal the nature of her mother's work. She's brought to the studio to say hi and visit when Gene's hours at home are unduly limited—and Gene's entire attention turns to her baby when she's present. They are almost like two little girls together, but not on the itsy-bitsy baby-talk level.

Home-loving as Gene may be by nature, at the same time her excellent international education and the grace with which nature has so generously endowed her take her entirely out of the "housewife" category. If she never made another movie, it is impossible to conceive that she would be described by the use of that typical audience radio show classification. She's far more the "socialite" type without representing its more superficial implications of artificiality or snobishness.

Gene claims that she has enormous admiration for women who can speak well on the spur of the moment. We were talking about being interviewed on the radio. She had guested on one of the same British Broadcasting Company air-shows as I. "I was so happy there was a script to read," she confided. However, Gene speaks with exceptional fluency about anything she knows—and one of the great secrets of her social charm is that she avoids talking about anything that isn't clear to her.

Instead she listens, with interest, concentrates on what's being said. Thus she learns. Many men have raved to me about the beauty of Gene Tierney, yet not one of them has failed to mention her ingratiating, charming trait of being a good listener. Powerful as this quality may be as a weapon for captivating the hearts of all males, it's my contention that Gene is trying less to flatter male vanity than to listen with intelligent understanding.

What has all this to do with whether Gene Tierney will become a princess? It has everything in the world to do with whether she can fill the role more successfully than her predecessor. It's no secret that Rita couldn't hold Aly's attention. She complained bitterly. On the other hand, to borrow a phrase—Gene is to the manor born. Everything about her manner, her deportment and her appearance qualifies her to hold a magnetic, educated and titled cosmopolite—if she wants him.

Does Gene want Aly Khan? Regard her past. She has not dated as widely as many movie girls. Rather she has tended to postpone sustained attention only on those few in whom she's been genuinely interested, despite a telephone that's never long silent.

I didn't beat around the bush when I asked her in London about a supposed flaming romance between her and her co-star, Clark Gable. She grinned. "I've never had a date with him, not even once," she confided. "He's wonderful to work with, but I never see him away from the set."

Furthermore, I checked and learned that what she said was one hundred per cent true. I told Gene during one of our get-togethers that a handsome young American movie star whom she knew had told me he would like to call her if only he had her phone number. "How long is he going to be in town?" she asked me.

"Only a few days," I told her.

"All right, then," she winked, "you can give him the number." Gene explained that she thought he was a very nice chap and wouldn't mind a casual date, but she had no desire for anything more.

Rumor has also had her romantically linked with other famous men, Kirk Douglas for one. Recall, however, that she put a cool and courteous end to any such rumors merely by not showing up in the little cocktail with the men in question any more.

But Gene Tierney has made no attempt to conceal her enjoyment of Aly Khan's company, no effort to hide the fact that...
he has been her constant companion for a good many months since I saw her last.

Since she is far too used to the company of celebrated and royal personages to be girlishly impressed with a name or a title, one can only estimate that her romance with the prince is the most exciting and satisfying personal attraction she's felt since Oleg Cassini, whom she frankly credits with influencing her tastes greatly. He, too, represented a sophisticated, international way of living. She speaks highly of the man from whom she became divorced almost two years ago.

A WOMAN IS MORE THAN LEGS

(continued from Page 39)

her head to the tips of her toes. Her petal-soft skin was the kind that women would sacrifice each other for, her deep penetrating green-gray eyes and piquant, inviting lips the kind that women, if they too could have them, would sacrifice any man for.

She was getting ready for a dress rehearsal of the exciting ballet, "Carmen," the role that zoomed her predecessor, Renee "Zizi" Jeanneaire, to international fame in "Hans Christian Anderson.

When I entered, she was pulling her stockings tight over her cumbersome thighs. She asked me if they were on straight. I was so hypnotized that I wasn't able to differentiate between a straight line and a flying saucer!

Naturally, I suggested a discussion on legs.

"Legs, poof! What are legs?" she asked in a delicious mixture of French and English. "Can they talk? Do they think? They are only two pieces of flesh with crazy bones criss-crossing inside. They are good for walking to a cafe, standing on a bus, or working—in the ballet, on a bicycle, or in this game you call breeze, but maybe. That is all. Legs, they are nothing to write about.

But, brethren and sistern, hers are something to write about! Her legs do talk, in a language that everybody understands. What enunciation? What vocabulary! No wonder all scenery and costumes have to be fire-proofed for every Marchand performance!

"You know," she said, "this is the first time in my life I am being interviewed for an American movie magazine. It is thrilling!" Too anxiously, I agreed. "I was in America, my dear. I danced in New York, San Francisco and many other nice places. What a country! All night, one can find something to eat. Bacon with eggs, hamburgers on the grill, these barbecued meats. Extraordinary! And everything looks so healthy! The fruit juices, the how you call... drug stores, the A. & P., women, men, babies, everything. It's marvelous.

"You people are so enthusiastic, much more than in Europe. When you love an artist, you applaud, you laugh, you shout, you huddle him to your big breast. You

Permit me the speculation that perhaps she liked very much rather than loved Oleg. It's doubtful that she'd settle for less than an enveloping love match for a second marriage. Her behavior toward Aly Khan, so different from the usual interest she has displayed toward other men since her divorce, looks mighty significant to those who know Gene well. So does Aly's unswerving attention to Gene. He's a fascinating man and one with an eye alert to feminine beauty. There's only been one beauty within his range of vision these past many months—Gene Tierney.

END

"Now take your John Huston, who directed 'Moulin Rouge.' He comes to Paree. He sees me dancing in this stage show, 'Plein Feu,' I do with Maurice Chevalier. He sees my legs on the stage. They move this way and that, on the toes, off the toes, front, back, and sideways. Does he faint? Does he scream? Does he send for the gendarmes or the fire-department?

"No. He comes to my dressing room quietly, and says please, Miss Marchand, will you come to London to make a screen test for Marie Charlet? I protest. I am frightened. Why not? Never have I acted before, in my life, not even in French! He persuades me. I fly to London after the show, saying to myself, oh, you crazy fool. I make the test, come back to Paree for the next performance, and try to forget about it. What else, when I am told that Mr. Huston considers two hundred other girls for the part?

"To this day, I do not know exactly why he choose me, but this is not my point. John Huston sees at once that I am woman, an actress. He covers my legs so nobody can see. What an intelligent man, what a great man to hide my legs from the world and let me play this bad, tragic Marie. You see, my dear, he was not so interested in my legs that he could not see my face. Look at this face. I have crazy bone structure, no? Because of it, I can look sad, stupid, sexy or slimy. Now, do you understand?"
She rose and moved to her mirror, a symphony in feline grace.

"For this John Huston, I would do anything. Such a genius. And to think he wants me to play with Jose Ferrer in 'Matador,' when he makes the film in Spain. I can hardly wait for the shooting to begin. I tremble and pray, I am so excited. It may be that he will show my legs to the public, maybe a little, maybe more than a little, but only because it is for the part I play, and that, my dear, is how it should be.

"Everything I am, I owe to men."

I forced my eyes off her legs, eagerly awaiting some revelation. She waved her finger at me in a "naughty, naughty" gesture.

"Not how you are thinking, you bad boy. I want you to know that I am very good girl. It is true that I am not married, and that I have many men friends, but I am not one of these women who go around making scandals about love and marriage or somebody else's husband. It is very foolish, very unnecessary, and I don't like it—even if I am French.

"I make no secret about how much I owe Mr. Huston. I would wait forever to do a picture with him, and go anywhere to do it. But there is another man about whom I must speak. So charming, so creative, so sweet, so beautiful is my Roland Petit. And what an artist. Such theatrical instinct. And such a flair. To dance with him in his ballets is an experience like poesy. It is one moment rich, red wine, the next the most bubbling champagne. To find myself in a film with both Roland and John Huston would for me be a glorious dream.

"Come with me. I must go and do exercising before the rehearsal, and you will have a chance to meet Roland, I hope."

She jumped up and gave her Carmen costume—which consisted mainly of a daring black-lace and yellow-silk skirt and a provocatively-designed bodice of black and brilliant yellow—an abrupt tug, smoothed the long stockings which covered her you-know-whats, picked up her fan, patted her smart, short hairdo two or three times, and took me by the hand. As soon as she came on the stage, she stopped, twirled, then opened her arms wide.

"I love stages with great passion. All my life, I think only of the stage. To you, this may look like a harm. To me, it is exquisite architecture. I was little baby when I begin to dance. And what hysteria the day I was accepted as one of 'les petits rats' at the Paris Opera Ballet school. Night and day, we worked and slaved. Like the French film, 'Ballerina,' it was. And how my heart ached to be chosen to walk on the big stage of the Opera house, to look spiritual like an angel, fresh like a flower, or wicked like a cupid."

A dark, slender man in black tights started across from the other side of the stage. "Roland," she screamed. They kissed one another. "Here he is, my darling genius." She led him to me, and we shook hands and chatted a moment. He then excused himself, and bounced away doing a tour jeté.

I asked Colette if there was any truth in the talk that Petit was the cause of a feud between Jeanmaire and her, resulting in the former's departure from the company. She waved an accusing finger at me again.

"Oh, no, chérie. No, you don't. You will not get me mixed up in circles or triangles or whatever other part of geometry you call it. I give you my face, I give you my arms, even my legs I give you, but not my heart. It is mine alone, all mine, and I will not tell anyone what it feels about love."

She put her hand on her chest as if to protect her heart from harm.

"In every company, mais naturellement, there is a bit of jealousy perhaps. But I, at least, am a very peace-loving girl. If somebody starts a fight with me, I just walk away, deaf and dumb. I may think many things, but I do not open my mouth to say one single word in return.

All my life, I hate arguments like a plague. Always, I hate fights with anybody, even women.

"Please write beautiful things about me. And if you want to, after you speak of my face and hair and costume, of John Huston and Roland, you can write oh, yes, this Marchand also happens to have two legs. These poor things of mine are so used to springing to life when they hear music. And when the girls in 'Moulin Rouge' were knocking themselves out doing this Can-Can, these legs were dying to join in. How I would have loved to get in the back row and dance and dance until I fall down into a faint. Let me show you." She screamed to Petit, who was limbering up. "Roland, watch."

Humming the gay Offenbach music, she began to dance, kicking her legs high, twisting and turning furiously, and, screaming wildly, ended with a perfect split.

Colette really can "Can-Can," and with the best of them.

![Betty Grable, getting tips from Director Jean Negulesco on "How To Marry A Millionaire," may do one-nighters with Harry James' band, by popular request.](image)

**DOROTHY KILGALLEN’S EXCLUSIVE MOVIE GOSSIP**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

If and when George Sanders files suit for divorce from Zsa Zsa Gabor, he'll not only name Porfirio Rubirosa as "the other man," but will also claim payment for the daily trans-Atlantic telephone calls Zsa Zsa made to "Ruby" in Paris, London and Rome; the jewelry purchased by Zsa Zsa before she went to Europe and the various gifts purchased by her and sent to local Hollywood pals. George got scuttlebutt. Actually, Cary and Betsy have commissioned interior decorator W. Jay Saylor to refurbish their New York 22-room Colonial mansion in Beverly Hills and have it ready before Thanksgiving. Hollywood's top-drawer hostesses are waiting to see if the Grants will come out of their anti-social shell and entertain lavishly in the newly appointed abode. The odds are against it! ...
the Gabor brush-off and the bills! . . .

Patrice Wymore called off her Errol Flynn divorce plans because of pending motherhood. After the birth of their first child, the Wymore-Flynn lawyers will once again go into a huddle in an effort to straighten out the marital difficulties. Pat wants a divorce without alimony, but support for their anticipated offspring. It's that cut-and-dried . . .

The Marilyn Morrison-Johnnie Ray divorce settlement will leave him flat broke unless the singer can get Marilyn to accept the terms on a long-range plan. Her remarrying anyone else would not interfere with future payments . . .

Greta Garbo, who certainly doesn't need the money, is $250,000 richer by virtue of oil being found on a piece of Long Beach, California, beachfront property she's owned for more than fifteen years . . .

Mrs. Michael Wilding (Elizabeth Taylor) declined to accept any telephone calls from her ex-husband, hotel heir Nicky Hilton, when he called her long-distance from New York-to-Hollywood, in an attempt to arrange a meeting with Liz and his newest heartbeat—Russell Lee—a beautiful young concert singer. The Taylor lass wasn't having any of it . . .

Kathryn Grayson's secret romance with a San Francisco stock broker has her behaving like the heroine of a novel. She signs hotel registers "Zelma Hendrick"—her real name—when she flies up to the Bay City for weekends away from Hollywood. At the Hotel Huntington she denied her true identity and even went so far as to tell a very hep newshound she was very much mistaken, and further, she didn't even know who Kathryn Grayson is! . . .

Shelley Winters and her handsome husband, Vittorio Gassman, are on the verge of writing the familiar unhappy ending. Vittorio doesn't appreciate Shelley's all-American girl attitude toward her acting career, and Shelley hasn't paid much attention to his hints that she become Just a Wife. She's been advised by legal aides not to travel to Italy with Gassman and not to take their child with them anywhere out of the country, Canada, Mexico and Jamaica, B.W.I. included . . .

Linda Darnell confused the eagle-eyed gossips along the Cannes-Capri grapevine long enough by dating both wealthy New York brewer Philip LeBLamann and attractive Italian film producer Peppino Amato at the same time. She dated Kirk Douglas when both gents weren't looking . . .

The $3,700-a-month alimony Dean Martin pays his first wife is the reason she isn't remarrying . . .

The Polly Bergen-Jerome Courtland reconciliation "took" nicely for a while.

They second-honeymooned at his mother's East Side penthouse apartment in Manhattan before returning to Hollywood where they divided all over again.

Frank Sinatra gave Ava a Welsh Corgi pup and she named it Skinny Rebel. (Now who could that be?) . . .

Sonja Henie returns to the screen early next year in a lavish Technicolor musical to be produced in CinemaScope. Gene Nelson will be her leading man . . .

The senior Bob Wagners are somewhat miffed at their son Bob Wagner's insistence upon choosing such older fellows as Clifton Webb and Dan Dailey, Jr., as steady pals. The Wagners feel their boy should enjoy the companionship of young film players and haven't hesitated to say so. The situation is touchy at the moment . . .

Intimates think Debbie Reynolds has "had it." The hard-working young star has indicated she'd like to freelance after the expiration of her present MGM contract. The ever-candid actress, who claims movie stardom is secondary to a real happy home life, is giving her studio bosses food for thought. Better roles in fewer pictures might be the answer to the upcoming contract renewal deadline . . .

Everywhere Harry James tours he discovers a big demand for Betty Grable. So she may do one-nighters with the band.

The John Carradines (actress Sonia Sorrel) celebrated their 15th separation by hosting a midnight champagne barbecue at Malibu Beach—the next day they began their reconciliation routine all over again . . .

Dolores Del Rio will be confined to her home in Mexico City with a painful case of neuritis for at least another month, thereby postponing the film she was to make in early December . . .

Gene Tierney walked out on Aly Khan in Paris when he walked into a cocktail reception at the American Embassy with Suzanne Dadelle on his arm (Clark Gable, the stunning French mannequin's "steady," was in London) . . .

Hedy Lamarr and Earl Blackwell, President of Celebrity Service, went swimming off the rocks at Cap D'Antibes, France, and swam out to a small yacht anchored off-shore. Pulled aboard by a member of the crew because they were unable to get back to shore without resting, Hedy and Earl got the surprise of their lives when they discovered the craft belonged to one of Hedy's former husbands—Fritz Mandel. After a fast hot drink, they dove back into the brink and made for the shoreline in record time. Mandel, asleep aboard, never had the opportunity even to say hello to his ex-wife . . .

Sometimes life moves fast for the glamour kids. Liz Scott and John Lindsay met, fell in love, became engaged, had a tiift and stopped speaking to each other—all before any of the official Hollywood gossips were even aware that they had been introduced! And now the biggest torch being carried in Hollywood is that being tooted by Lindsay—not for Liz, but for his ex-wife, Diana Lynn . . .

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., may be fighting Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in the law courts if Young Doug proceeds with the release of "The Sinner," the controversial film starring Hildegard Neff. FDR Jr. represents Worldwide Films, a New York outfit claiming prior rights to the flicker, and he is expected to wage a battle royal if it is shown in the United States . . .

Eddie Fisher's promoters say Mario Lanza had first crack at recording the song, "With These Hands," and turned it down. That's the nicest thing that's been said about Mario this year! . . .

Lana Turner let loose with a blast at Lex Barker when he failed to keep a luncheon date with her in a London restaurant in fashionable Mayfair. A British newspaper who overheard Lana's derogatory remarks duly recorded the scene and dialogue for his publication. It made headlines the next day and was the beginning of the end for the Turner-Barker idyll. A little investigation uncovered the fact that the scribe was one of the members of the London press whom Lana offended several years ago when she visited the English capital with her ex-husband, Bob Topping . . .

Brittain's Royal Family is proceeding full steam ahead with plans to send Princess Margaret Rose to the U. S. via Canada, Bermuda and Nassau on a "strike up the good will" mission. Buckingham Palace officials think the visit
would accomplish one thing: delight the American public, which took such an interest in the Coronation. Hollywood stars and society czarinas are dusting off their tiaras in anticipation—a tour of movietown would be included on Her Royal Highness' itinerary, at her own request, of course. She's the world's most famous movie fan!

Marilyn Maxwell went from golden locks to a deep, dark auburn, and from one agent to another. She tired of the Marilyn Monroe comparison and movie bids were getting scarce . . .

The only girl Tab Hunter would seriously consider marrying is Lori Nelson, none other . . .

The wife of one of TV's newest comedians (due to make his Hollywood film debut next summer) is taking French lessons, diction lessons and golf lessons concurrently, and her conversation at Lindy's during recent months is funnier unconsciously—than Milton Berle's. If a waiter gets in her way she says "Fore!" If someone asks her if she wants coffee she replies, "Stil vous plait!" and acknowledges all introductions with "cheered" and "Hodjadoe." Sort of a combination Ben Hogan, Denise Darcel and Ethel Barrymore, with chopped chicken liver on the side. Her funnyman husband is slowly dying a little each day from sheer embarrassment . . .

Farley Granger left New York for Rome in a huff after blasting Dawn Adams because she backed out of a planned elopement. Pals close to the young actor say if he doesn't marry Dawn he'll remain a confirmed bachelor. Farley also blew a gasket when a neighboring patron in a Gotham café called him "Farfel!" the night before he sailed for Europe. Such language! . . .

CLAUDETTE SCUTTLES THOSE RUMORS

Johnson—the Johnsons are dear friends of ours—wrote me about some of the ridiculous stuff he'd been reading. I wish that I'd saved his letter. He ended it by saying he didn't care about my coming back to Joel, but when was I coming back to him? Then, another of our friends sent me an item published in a column of one of those bargain-counter snobs. All the European capitals are buzzing about Claudette Colbert's romance with Anton Walbrook, the charming British star, is what it said. Would that so-called columnist care to know that I have yet to lay eyes on Anton Walbrook—except in a picture? And that European capitals have a few other things to buzz about? Probably not. Walbrook and I were set to do a film together in Austria—a modern Don Juan sort of thing. It was delayed, and since I had other commitments, I couldn't do it. And that's as close as Anton Walbrook and I ever came."

I explained why there were such rumors. Here she was in Europe for more than a year without Dr. Pressman, and it was natural that people would talk. She looked at me, almost helplessly, as if to say, "what can I do about it?"
She fingered the edge of her chair, then said brightly, "Maybe if people understood why I came over in the first place, it might help." I replied that it was certainly worth a try.
"I came over to London to make 'Outpost In Malaya,' a script I thought well of. I did not, as has been said, come over purposely to take advantage of the 18-month provision in the tax law. After 'Outpost In Malaya,' I agreed to do this Don Juan film in Austria. That kept me waiting for months, until I had to bow out because I had agreed to do 'Destinées' in Rome. That, by the way, was something! You had to be trilingual, ambidextrous and multilateral. And once that's finished, that's it, brother. I'm going home!
"I have something to say about this 18-month business. I don't see why Hollywood should be singled out for criticism. If you're going to exempt oil people from paying taxes on money they earn abroad, it's discrimination if you don't allow people in all professions the same right. What's good for one, is good for another. Anyway, Americans have been taking advantage of this situation for four or five years now, and it just isn't fair to make picture people sound so selfish and unpatriotic.

"Now as to Joel and me. You see, my husband does important work—more important work than I do. He teaches medicine at the University of California, and that keeps him busy continuously from September to June. In addition, as a specialist of prominence, he is always being consulted by patients and doctors everywhere. Then, there are medical conventions, research papers, special research papers, special reports. I admire Joel, and respect both his remarkable ability and his uncompromising concentration on his work. If you want to put it that way, he's a star, too, a brilliant star, who is making a great contribution to people's welfare.

"We have a marvelous life together. I adore medicine, and half our friends are from the film world, half from the medical profession. It's a good and stimulating combination. But because we both take our work seriously, we sometimes can't avoid situations which are difficult to bear. I saw Joel here at Christmas. I can't tell you what it meant to be together. I'll see him again before I go home. Each visit is a short one, but it has to be, and I'm not going to complain. People need Joel. I need him, too, of course, but I have always made an effort to avoid making unnecessary demands on him. Joel is a scientist, through and through, dedicated to his profession. I

Making "Destinées" in Rome with young Gian-Carlo Pannella was an experience Claudette Colbert will always remember. But she missed her husband terribly.
It's as American as can be. I haven't done much buying here, though they do have lovely things. You know there's such a thing as competition now between Italian and French designers. Some of the Italian creations I've seen are striking, but sometimes too striking. I still feel that the French can hold their place for chic. And that's not because I was born in France, either.

As she poured the syrup into the glasses, a poodle puppy lumbered from the bedroom, and unsteadily made his way toward her, bent over, and took the dog in her arms. "I need him like a hole in the head," she explained. "I have three back home, but began to miss them so, I couldn't resist this one when I saw him." She handed her new companion to me, and sat quietly on my lap, listening carefully and watching her mistress affectionately, one eye closed.

"I love being in Paris," Claudette commented with enthusiasm. She handed me my glass, took hers, and walked to the window. She beckoned me to join her. Her poodle looked mournful when I put him down and walked over to see the extraordinary panorama of Paris before us. Claudette seemed lost in reverie. Her voice was difficult, strangely husky, when she told me that when we moved to New York, I was born over there, near the Bois de Boulogne." She indicated the direction with a wave of her hand. "Frances Goldwyn always said that there was such a thing as blood memory, a kind of sixth sense which stirs your subconscious, mysteriously made, perhaps, in the land of your ancestors. I agree with Frances. Even though I have no conscious memory of the three years of my childhood, I have the most peculiar feeling of belonging. I feel as if I understand the French so well, because I'm like them, because I have both their qualities and their faults. Frances is English, 'but we feel the same way in London as I do in Paris.'

There was a knock at the door, and a tall, hardy Swedish masseuse was admitted, and went on to the bedroom to wait until we had finished. Claudette put her hand on my arm and looked at me pleadingly. "Please let me talk about the adventures of Claudette for a minute," I told her, I knew she could talk anything she wanted.

"You know how I love to paint. Painting makes me forget everything——well, almost everything—that distresses me. So far, I've concentrated on portraits, but the other day I decided I'd try landscape for a change. I went out to what I thought was an isolated spot along the Seine, not far from Paris.

Her story was becoming a performance. "I had a bandana covering my hair." She put her hands over her head to try to give me the effect. "Wore the oldest clothes I had." She looked glum, forlorn, as if she were wearing a gummy-sack. "Wore no makeup." She tried to give her face a blank expression—of course, an impossibility for Claudette Colbert. I sat down, bewitched and delighted by this impromptu show, wishing that it could be filmed for all to see.

"Blithely, I began to put up my easel," she continued, "whispering away like a silly girl." She made the motions, whistling madly. "A woman came up to me, said, 'Are you Claudette Colbert?' 'No,' I replied, hunching my shoulders, trying to hide my face, acting like I was something out of The Hunchback Of Notre Dame.' And all this in French, mind you! Not a word, I demanded, 'You look exactly like her.' A stern look was in her eyes. 'People have told me that before,' I replied, 'but I'm not.' She stared at me furiously, went away, and began to stop people. Pointing at me, she repeated to everybody who came along, 'She says she's not Claudette Colbert.' Everybody began to repeat it to everybody, so that by the time I had had this crowd of people looking indignantly at me, angrily chanting to one another that I wasn't Claudette Colbert, I quickly gathered my things together, and made a hasty exit. Thus, ingloriously, ended my career as a Paris landscape artist!"

She waved her hands high to indicate that it was the end, and, her eyes dancing in merriment, collapsed in her chair.

But what about her other career, as actress? What, I asked, did her future look like? Did she, as some thought, believe that she was definitely on the down-grade, that before long, she would be finished as a star?

"I've had a long, wonderful career. I've been on top for 23 years. I know that there are few who have been so fortunate, and I also know that it can all end tomorrow. Twenty minutes ago, I had this crowd of people looking indignantly at me, and I'm prepared to take the bad with the good. But I certainly don't think I'm on the way out. You must remember that I've been a leading lady for ten years now. That has its advantages and its disadvantages. It means that you can pick your own roles, but that you have to sacrifice the security of a weekly pay-cheek. But I'm glad I did what I did, and heaven knows that there are plenty of offers from all directions. And someday, I might get back to the stage. Sure, I wonder about what's going to happen, sure, I think about money, but no more than the average person. Isn't it true that no matter how you earn your living, you have to give some consideration to tomorrow?"

"But there is one thing I do want to say about Hollywood. It's thrilling to see first-hand the extraordinary reach of American films. It's so touching to have people in the smallest villages of France and Italy come up to me—except when I'm painting—and, as if they were seeing a dear friend again, wish Madame Signora Colbert godspeed. This is a real tribute to all those who've worked so hard to make America the entertainment center of the world."

"Perrier-Cassis, bandana perform—"

I thought she was about to go on, but at this point Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads came to my mind. I've used them myself. They're wonderful for those long hours of painting and cannot be over-emphasized. I'm glad to be able to tell you about them."

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Realizing that her muse was been had keeping waiting far past her appointment, I rose to go. Claudette rose, too.

"Being separated is no fun. Every woman who loves her husband knows just what I mean. There's no exact way to describe the feeling of loneliness. I've tried, so have millions of other women. Poets, novelists, and script writers have taken a stab at it, but no one has ever succeeded in capturing completely that relentless emptiness which you feel inside."

She picked up her needle as she spoke, began to pat it affectionately. "It won't be long before we'll be together again," she added. Suddenly, she huddled the dog to her, almost fiercely. She looked at me, her luminous eyes clouded. Then she smiled—a woman in love, a woman anticipating the fulfillment of her love.

"No, it won't be long." 

MORE GOLD FOR BING
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

"Dixie had a little personal insurance, that's all."

Under California law, half of a husband's property legally belongs to his wife, and on her death, he must pay inheritance tax on that part of the property she wills to him.

Let you get the impression, however, that Bing's prohation of the tax will leave a great dent in his fortune, his latest decision about working for a living will set you straight. Bing wants to take life easy, so unless he wins a demand for a casual radio show, he may wind up off the airways for the first time in 22 years.

"He figures he ought to take it easy," explained Larry. "He wants to do a radio show that's straight music without any guests or extras. It's easier. He doesn't want to do the same thing he's been doing for so many years."

If Bing retires from radio, however, he may show up on TV, if he can find an acceptable story idea. But again, his stipulation is—he doesn't want to work too hard. Being the world's most famous and richest crooner, (even after paying that inheritance tax) he doesn't have to. He's even cutting down on his movie work.

"Little Boy Lost" was his only picture all year. He has just returned to Paramount for "White Christmas" with Danny Kaye and Vera-Elle.

Has his massive wealth—a mint in good, interchangeable American currency, careful local and foreign investments, and important world-wide holdings in everything from real estate to electronic patents—changed Bing?

Has it done anything to the real integral of the penniless troubadour, trying to find himself in show business... when a Friday night's cheek as singer in a band didn't stretch further than the following Monday?

Not a bit of it!

"Money," he once told this writer, "is a very necessary thing. Most people need lots of it to survive. I need lots of it only to make other things—other people thrive. Progress in life comes only when there is money to support projects which make such progress possible."

"If some of my earnings can help make this a better world to live in," Bing went on, "I shall be content."

Then he went a little further. "I can—with my four boys—always exist comfortably on the income from my various interests. We'll never be poor, but on the other hand, we'll never be rich unless I can help my fellow beings."

You've heard all sorts of stories about the Midas Touch of Bing Crosby. How one day he will invest $100,000 in a purely speculative business, and another day refuse a few hundred dollars to help someone who might greatly benefit from financial aid. Here's the true story:

"Bing," says a business associate, "is a generous, a kindly man. But like all good, successful business men, he is a tough, careful-thinking, slow investor. He doesn't like to be rushed—or taken!"

Everett Crosby, his astute brother who handles most of the business details of the vast Crosby empire, has this to say.

"He would rather lose a small fortune in a worthy effort, than believe he has been imposed upon for a minute sum in a careless promotion."

Behind these words lies the long experience of the Crosby firm. Because Bing's Things are so successful and profitable, almost everyone believes that (a) he is good for a quick soft touch, and (b) there is so much liquid money available that anything is worth a gamble.

Nothing is further from the truth. Bing does not give indiscriminate hand-outs, nor is he an out-and-out gambler. Every proposition is carefully screened by Bing, his business associates, and an army of experts in every field of production, merchandising, marketing, publicizing.

Bing Crosby has made a fortune in cattle, real estate, mining ventures, race-tracks, television projects, gadgets sold in drug and department stores, frozen orange juice, and independent moving pictures—where he has the first and final say-so, and invariably ends with the controlling interest.

Many of his biggest and most profitable interests are unknown to the general public. He has done business with the Army and the Navy. Scientifically, the Crosby Foundation has produced many things, via the testing laboratories of Cal-Tech University, to make this a better world to live in.

"Mr. Crosby, when the record is written," says Dr. Millicent, president-emeritus of Cal-Tech, "will be seen as a great benefactor to humanity. He has given his money, his time, his influence to not one—but a thousand plans to better life tomorrow. It may be a long time before many of the results are known, or are made use of. But even then, it's no secret that already a great deal of good has been done."

Today royalties pour in from almost every Crosby enterprise—but the money often pours out even faster to take care of a project that might insure peace, increase human health, or provide sustenance for a worthwhile endeavor.

Very few tycoons with the ability to invest millions in one deal or another turn a willing ear to others not so fortunate. Bing is one of them. Recently his two very good friends, lyricist Johnny Burke and composer Jimmy Van Heussen, who had written the score for the new Broadway musical, "Carnival In Flanders," put in a call to Bing in Europe.

"We got bad notices in Philadelphia," they said. "We have to make Los Angeles for the run at the Philharmonic Auditorium, but we haven't got the money for the trip."

Cold, hardened businessman Bing Crosby didn't ask what the advance in ticket sales was. All he was told was that they needed a mere $30,000 to move the show to Los Angeles. "The bank balance is yours," said Bing. "Good luck, boys."

Bing Crosby frequently does things like that. His daily mail is flooded with appeals for money for one venture after another. Some of them get financed, most of them don't. But all receive consideration.

Recently someone asked Bing what he was going to do with all his money— a question along the lines of "You know you can't take it with you."

"I've got four boys," said Bing, succinctly, "and I want them to get along. They've got a couple of centuries—or more—among them to live and let live. They can do that if Pop comes through." Chances are that Pop will come through.

JANE RUSSELL'S SHOWER ROOM INTERVIEW
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

first met her a few years ago in Russell Birdwell's office when she was about to be introduced to the world. It was a hot day, and I presume at Mr. B.'s suggestion, Jane was wearing a transparent blouse through which her bra showed. This left no doubt that this "perfect 38" had no use for falsies. (Today those jokes and that publicity sound absolutely corny to Jane.)
Jane was just out of high school at the time and told me about being a dental assistant, about posing for commercial illustrator Tom Kelly, who later was to photograph Marilyn Monroe for that famous calendar. Hesitantly, she admitted she was dating Bob Waterfield, the football star. She was taking her tremendous buildup in stride, her romance was more important. It was nice suddenly to have a career, but Jane actually hadn’t gone after it. World War II was on then and she was far more interested in Bob and their plans to marry, and if he would be sent overseas.

That was 12 years ago. Jane and I have been friends ever since then.

Recently I met Jane at “Tail O’ The Cock” in the Valley. Always punctual, she arrived fifteen minutes late, wearing a shantung navy blue dress, with a halter neck and no back and carrying a blue mink stole!

“I’m sorry,” she said, “but they started a picture layout up at the house at nine o’clock this morning, and when I tried to leave they wanted just one more, and then another and! I brought this stole with me, because we’re going out to dinner tonight with Mary and Vincent Price, and with my afternoon schedule there’s no chance to go back home later.”

Jane ordered a chicken salad with buttered rye toast. “You should see my house. The photographers were up there before we were up! The beds are not even made—yet!”

Jane told me about her new picture, “French Line,” which she is making at RKO. “It’s the living end,” she said. (Everything terrific is “the living end” with Jane.)

“You should get a load of me in this picture,” Jane said. “The designer, Howard Greer, has really gussied me up in a wardrobe that includes 22 changes. I play a very rich girl. I’m a Texan with nothing but oil wells. Imagine what that would be like—if it were real,” she stopped to contemplate.

Speaking of clothes, I asked Jane whether she invests fifty thousand a year (a figure tabulated as modest by a best dressed star) in clothes?

“Are you kidding?” With an incredible arch of eyebrows, Jane said, “Go up to my house and take a look into my wardrobe. And prepare for the shock of your life!

“You’ll see some suits, slacks, toreador pants, blouses and sweaters. You’ll see my one mink coat, which, by the grace of the Waterfield bookkeeping and budgeting, I didn’t get until four years ago. And this stole came along when it could fit in as a necessary investment in our financial picture.”

In the middle of her chicken salad Jane exclaimed, “May, I’m sorry, but I have to run. I am due at Terry Hunt’s for an hour’s exercise. Those extra pictures this A.M. loused up my day.

“Could you finish your salad and follow me down and we can talk while I take my massage at Terry’s?”

Of course I would. And since Jane’s house sits on a mountain top, three minutes away, I told her I would take her up

The “moisture-shield” in gentle new Fresh is an extra-effective astringent. This acts like an invisible shield to protect your clothes and stop embarrassing odor

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Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada.
on her idea and look into her clothes closet myself.

"Okay, but you'll find the bed isn't made," she said—and she was gone.

I drove up a few winding roads to find Jane's mansion perched like an eagle's nest with full command of the valley and view. It is a very unusual house with the entrance hall adorned with two pieces of rare antique; the cozy den carpeted with cherry red and comfortable chairs. And on the desk I noticed (with delight) a paper which carried my newspaper column.

Then the big sunken living room with one side all glass and the divans below floor level around the huge fireplace. Then I entered Jane's bedroom.

Yes, the bed was as Jane said, with grey velvet cover thrown back.

It is refreshing to know that movie stars' homes aren't spic and span every second, and to meet one who admits she's a human being and lives like other people.

I quickly opened her wardrobe door, and as she had said, instead of a dozen boudoir evening ways, your clothes or dress today. On delivery pay postman $1 plus COD postcard and my name and address with other and more. To KOPAL as directed—yes, you are the only judge of how good, or bad, my clothes can be! The kids who hang around the studios after the day's work, because they don't have any other life—unless someone asks them for a dinner date to Ciro's or some Hollywood party—well!

"I have always believed that every girl should marry. And marriage should come first," she continued, "You've made that my constitution and needs are set up that way. Of course, a girl has to be willing to take on the responsibilities of marriage to make it successful and happy. You can't say to a marriage, 'stay there until I get through working and have time for you,' nor can you be geared to thinking only of yourself.

"Robert and I were not something incidental that happened along the way to each other. Our marriage is the most important thing in our lives. I was pretty fortunate in the beginning that I didn't make a picture immediately after 'Outlaw.' For almost three years I was with Robert getting my chance to be a real wife, my every thought and action was built around my marriage to assure it a good foundation. I didn't make 'Young Widow' until three years later.

"I couldn't be happy alone. Since I married Robert, I have never been homesick, no matter where we are. In the Army we traveled and lived away from home. California, for many months. But wherever Robert is, that's home for me!"

Jane, through with her massage, wrapped herself in a huge sheet and en route to a dressing room we passed the steam room. Jane said, "I never take that. I don't like to get my hair messed. Besides it gives me claustrophobia. Some girls take their lunch and stay in there by the hour!"

"Miss Russell doesn't need to—with such a figure," the woman attendant murmured.

END.
The girl who appeared to be his ideal was sleek, sophisticated, soignee. A classic type, she could sit for hours without saying a word and yet seem engrossed in whatever was happening. She could wear daring clothes and make them seem as conventional as tweeds for the country. She could speak her mind with blunt brevity, and her observations would be quoted for days.

To Dinah misty with wistfulness and burning with jealousy, this creature seemed more goddess than human. Inevitably, Dinah began to imitate her arch-rival. In every respect in which this girl seemed enchanting to Dinah, Dinah sought to duplicate the charm.

This new and strange Shore personality was tried one evening at a very large party. Dinah, ordinarily effervescent, had nothing to say. She smiled languidly.

"Oh, please, Dinah," said one friend. "Come off it."

A smart girl, finding a bridge washed out, simply retraces her steps and makes a fresh start. Perhaps, thought Dinah, what was needed was merely a stepped up version of her natural vivacity. She bought a more daring dress than she had ever previously attempted, and she wore it with what she hoped was an air of assured ease. Internally, she quailed.

From her college French she remembered a word that haunted her consciousness: gauche. (Pronounced "goosh," it means bashful, clumsy, awkward.)

Having diagnosed her own ailment, Dinah decided to cure herself. She took stock. She was not the sophisticated type, so she would not pretend to be. She had read that tired old adage "Be yourself" and she intended to follow it. The problem was that she didn't know who she was, or exactly what she was, or how to be herself.

Yet all the time her career thrived. She was singing at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City one Summer, and she was a smash hit. Because her dressing room was so hot, she spent her time between her own appearances watching the movie, a modest number titled "The Cowboy And The Blonde." The male star was a newcomer to Hollywood named George Montgomery. Dinah, sitting through about nine showings per day, began to know George better than any boy she had ever dated.

During the ensuing Autumn, Dinah came to Hollywood, a city which—in the matter of shaking a girl's aplomb—is the atom bomb of shattering experiences. Dinah, a sensitive and perceptive soul, looked around her and tried to suppress the quivering of her spine. She felt like a canary who has wandered into the peacock pen.

During this period Dinah was asked to sing at a tremendous benefit to be given at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. She accepted as usual, stood—thrilled as a novice—on the stage side of the curtain and peeked through a small hole at the gathering audience. When she saw George Montgomery stride down the aisle, she plucked the coat sleeve of a friend and whispered, "There he is—
that's the man in the picture in Atlantic City. The actor I have a crush on . . .

and he's even better in person!"

The lovely lady on George Montgomery's arm that night was Heddy Lamarr, a situation to discourage even the most ardent fan.

One day, early in November, 1942, Dinah was asked to sing at the Hollywood Canteen.

When she entered the Canteen the first person she saw was Al Melnick, the agent, who casuallylisted a number of celebrities who would be serving at the Canteen that evening. Among them was George Montgomery.

"Do you suppose I could meet George Montgomery," Dinah blurted. "He's cute."

"He's standing right behind you," said Mr. Melnick, performing the introductions.

George looked down from his vast altitude, grinned, and told the kid from Nashville, "I heard you sing at the Shrine Auditorium not long ago. I thought you were a little girl about fourteen years old."

Later in the evening George asked Dinah for a date—the usual Hollywood date: dinner at La Rue, dancing at Mocambo, the last floor show at Ciro's.

For the date Dinah wore a red wool dress of intricate cut. It was a "name" garment, turned out expensively by a famous designer; every woman who saw it knew its worth. George was oblivious. His attitude said more eloquently than an open declaration could have, "The important thing is the girl herself, not her trappings."

When George told Dinah goodbye at her doorstep at four in the morning he admitted that he wasn't, by nature, a member of the dawn patrol, didn't care to be. How about going for a horseback ride tomorrow morning?

Dinah accepted and the next day opened the door to George standing in a splash of sunshine. Dinah's hair was combed simply and tied back with a ribbon. She was wearing a white shirt, a pair of blue jeans, and jodhpur boots.

"Gee, you look wonderful," said George.

After that, whenever Dinah wore a simple, tailored garment, George would say, "I like that," or "That looks great." He had nothing at all to say about the frou-frou taffetas and the over-fussy brocades.

But more than that, infinitely more important than what Dinah was learning about coiffure and clothing, was what she was learning about herself. She says nowadays, "How I looked to George was the way I wanted to look to myself."

She had discovered the timeless truth that the only worthwhile mirrors are the eyes of one's beloved.

END

dt. They couldn't break through. Not until the quartet complied with all the signature requests were they permitted to go on ahead and enter Ciro's. The police were unable to do a thing about it.

A notorious bar and cocktail lounge located in the heart of downtown Hollywood (just off Hollywood Boulevard) has suddenly become a "kick" with the movie colony "off-beats." The so-called "fun" doesn't start until three or four o'clock in the morning, and the after-hours joint is packed with Hollywood names that would jolt many a movie fan. Old clothes are worn and it's an amazing thing to see Skid Row characters getting chubby with Beverly Hills celebrities, most of whom are adored by teenagers throughout the world. Unsuspecting Hollywood tourists who saunter by the doors would be shocked if they stumbled in at breakfast time . . . .

Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney had their first spat in the ultra-swanx Rex, Inc., hat shop in Beverly Hills—a big ruckus over Rosie not wanting to wear a chapeau picked out by Jose. Other femme stars in the salon couldn't believe their ears . . . .

The reason Janie Powell couldn't do anything about the insurance policies she and Geary Steffen shared, was that Geary, an executive with the Mitchell
The John Farrows (Maureen O'Sullivan) are greatly concerned over their 13-year-old son, Michael, who has his heart set on an acting career and wants it now. The teenager is being talked out of it until he's 18.

Guy Madison at Ciro's admitted he'd like to star in a remake of "Farewell To Arms" in the role made memorable by Gary Cooper, but flared up when it was suggested by a neighboring agent that he planned to pattern his movie acting career of the future along the lines of a young Gary Cooper. Guy, one of movieland's quietest and most considerate stars, thought that remark was out of order, said so and left the night club.

John Derek trapped by autograph hounds as he left a cocktail party at the John Morris Art Gallery on Sunset Boulevard, drove off in his convertible with his new, white silk suit ink-splattered by the careless fans. The $250 suit had to be dyed black...

Geraldine Page, "Duke" Wayne's "Hondo" co-star, declined party invitations when the various Beverly Hills hostesses tried to pair her off with eligible bachelors they wished to invite to "dress up" their soirees. The Page girl wanted to come alone or not at all. The only bish she accepted were those of Cobina Wright, Sr., Jay and Yolanda Saylor, Donald and Valerie Nelson.

Residents of Beverly Hills talk about nothing except the fabulous refurbishing job done by Doris Duke on Falcon's Lair, former home of the late Rudolph Valentino. The World's Richest Girl has poured thousands of dollars into the manston, long considered a jinx house and her specially constructed rumpus room, sound proofed and equipped with every known game of chance and enough musical instruments to make Xavier Cugat happy, is destined to be Hollywood's newest favorite party site.

Fredric March and Walter Pidgeon aren't seeing eye-to-eye on Dore Schary's shooting script of "Executive Suite." The film, which also co-stars June Allyson, Shelley Winters, Barbara Stanwyck and William Holden, will be done as a "Grand Hotel" and Pidgeon doesn't like the proposal that all the stars in the epic will be listed alphabetically on movie marquees, inasmuch as the March role is a subordinate part. Schary and March may work out that problem by padding Freddie's role...

Joan Crawford and Cesar Romero were in a heated discussion in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel before he left for South America. Eavesdroppers report it was a business conference indicating what has long been suspected by Hollywoodites, that Joan and Cesar are joint owners of several valuable pieces of Beverly Hills real estate.

Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard slipped into the Saddle and Sirloin Cafe at Bakersfield, California, and hotly denied they...
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PSORIASIS
IS IT A SKIN DISEASE OR INTERNAL?

had just been secretly married. They be-

came so incensed at other celeb patrons being so persistent in teasing them, they anked out of the place in a huff—cy first with Gloria trailing behind . . .

Clark Gable plunked down $3,000 for a Schiaparelli-designed evening gown which Suzanne Daddie Dadabie was modeling for the famous Parisian desig-
nrer in her celebrated salon in Paris. Glamorous Susie got the gown, Clark got the kick out of surprising her with it. Schiaparelli, of course, got the loot . . .

Peggy Lee and her spouse, Brad Dec-

kx, battle right out loud in Hollywood night clubs—but it's purely for laughs and bus bodies who think otherwise are falling for the gag.

Eddie Cantor wishes his daughter Ma-

rylin would settle down and get married and skip trying to break into show-
business circles. Her new night club act with two male singers is getting her no-
where fast . . .

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz will soon hit the high income tax bracket that is enjoyed (?) by Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer and other rich movie personali-

ties . . .

NOME, Alaska, will never be the same now that the small town, hard by the Bering Sea, has been invaded by Holly-

wood in the persons of actresses Dorothy Arnold, singer Michael Rayhill, actresses Lynn Bowers and Sean O'Sullivan, photo-
gerapher Peter Perri and this reporter. At

least that is the opinion of the Nome Visitors Association who sponsored a weeks' visit for the group to the gold-

laden beach town in cooperation with Alaska Airlines. Wearting a flock of espe-
cially designed Ligo gowns and bathing suits, it was the ex-Mrs. Joe Di Maggio who was able to show the Nome natives a thing or two—the kind of things that make Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell and Janet Leigh so popular with the movie-
going public in Alaska.

With case-struck eskimos serving as suitable background, it was Dorothy Arn-

old and Mike Rayhill emerging from the waters of the Bering Sea, that gave the Nomeites their first taste of life as it is li n Hollywood. Arriving any warmt-giving togs, the two young film personalities frolicked in and out of the surf while more than fifteen white (be-

logia) whales were sighted offshore. Proving there are movie fans scattered throughout the world, members of the visiting group were constantly being besieged with questions about Betty Grable, Alice Faye, Elizabeth Taylor, Tony Cur-
tis, Tab Hunter and Farley Granger. When Rayhill, Charlie Morrison's newest singing discovery at the Mocambo, en-
tertained the populace at Nome's Wallace Hotel, the audience was so excited that they had questions for songs ranging from "Trail Of The Lonesome Pine" to "Ruby." Mark the Nome, Alaska, area as Hollywood's next big vacation playground—John Payne, Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck, Andrea King, Debbie Reynolds and Rock Hudson are but a few of the stars who will be trekking north to Nome come Spring in search of fish, game and gold . . . END

ARE MOVIE STARS DOPES?

(Continued from page 45)

“We play '20 Questions,' along with the program, at home,” Jimmy says. “My wife and I never miss the show—and our friends always run over for a cup of sugar just at game time—then they forget the sugar, stay to match wits with the panelists. It's a lot of fun,” he added, wagging his lower jaw in a perfect Stewart imitation.

Jimmy performed nobly as a guest on the show's panel, not so long ago. Not only that, he and Mrs. S. hung around, played the game some more with the panel-regulars, for half-an-hour after the show was off the air. "They were like two enthusiastic kids," the report was.

"20" (also heard on Mutual radio) has won citations as the foremost educational show on the air. It's entirely unchoreographed, and fast—a stupid-oaf guest would wreck the show. No denizen of the film capital has ever thus brought dishonor to the fair name of Hollywood. Least of all, Gloria Swanson.

Miss Swanson—a few million people are in on the secret, so here goes—is a gradu-

ate of the silent-film era, complete with gilded bathtub, DeMillie in putties, Glo-

ria in the tub. Those days, there was a

premium on looks—brains were a handi-
cap which could be overlooked if you knew someone. Gloria was automatically rated as a looker and a clothes horse. It's true that the petite Swanson looks better in rags than most women do in Dior's latest, but this clothes horse also owns, and personally operates, a factory that makes commercial abrasives. You should hear her talking shop with the abrasive tycoons.

"On '20 Questions,' I was told, "Gloria did herself proud—was a credit to the acting profession. She also broke the news that she had just started a large dress-making firm."

When Eleanor Steber, the opera singer, was rushed to a hospital for an emer-
gency appendectomy just before she was due to be on "20," the show's producer simply phoned actor Sonny Tufts. Un-
fluenced by his regularly good job, Sonny, by the way, is a Yale man. Jimmy Stewart went to Princeton. These are dopers?

The regular experts on the show, you'll be enchanted to learn, are: Jay Jackson, moderator; panelists: Fred Van Deventer, the news analyst who invented the game's
radio/TV form; Florence Rinard (Mrs. Van), a musician; Herb Poleis, radio & movie producer; and Dick Harrison, a 14-year-old student who just succeeded Johnny Carson as Price Panel panelist. He was the first student to fill a Price panel position at 11.

At hearing, the panelists knocked off the panelists, but also witty, and quick on the trigger. Pat announced her marriage to Raoul Dahl, magazine writer, member of the RAF, and the one who coined the word gremlin. He had become addicted to the show by way of the Armed Forces Radio Service, insisted that Pat try to get on the show.

Wendy Barrie received an ultimatum from her dear old mother, in Ireland, a faithful listener via the BBC. "Th’ back o’ me hand to ye, darlin’, if yer not on th’ show someday," the sweet old lady said, and meant. Who could resist such charm? And so sweet, and so strong, her revered mother.

"20" likes to say it’s a "mental shower bath, whose refreshing waters are the questions on things animal, vegetable and mineral." Using the code A for animal, V for vegetable, and M for mineral, leave us—sorry—let us peek at some of the brushers people have sent in to hornswoggle the experts. Could you have guessed:

The Augusta National Golf Club (VM)?
Rip Van Winkle’s Beard (A)?
An Income Tax Blank (VM)?
Sherlock Holmes’ Violin (AVM)?
The Snakes That St. Patrick Drove Out Of Ireland (A)?

Funnily enough, these didn’t bother the panelists in the least—movie visitors knocked off three of them. What did stump them, however, were two esoteric items—a clothespin and a turnip!

Macdonald Carey is so enamored of "20," that he requests a recording to run off at home if he has to miss seeing, or hearing, a session. "Mac was on the panel for the second time," a panelist said to a spokesman. "He turned in his customary bangup job, complete with subtle humor. At a party, afterwards, he was introduced to over 30 people. Four hours later, when they were leaving, Mac shook hands with all 30 and called each by name. That’s a feat!"

Family so much of the "20" word on these quote Hollywood dopes unquote is that they do fully as well as any other particular type, "in fact, our best educators aren’t a bit better.

And they’re not buttering up the stars—don’t have to—anyone tapped for the program is tickled pink. After all, "20" has so far reached 20 million viewers—which is quite an audience. Especially since they don’t give fancy prizes, à la 20-room furnished home; limit themselves, instead, to two inexpensive ones available to those sending in quiz-subjects. If their subject is used, the prize is a dictionary. If the panel muffs it, an encyclopedia. To contestants accustomed to winning refrigerators, these would seem extremely dull, but 15 million eager beavers disagree.

Movie star guests, same as the others, get very little briefing before the show begins. The animal, etc., classifications, are defined, they’re told they must guess the subject within 20 questions (addressed to the moderator) to win, and are cautioned against speaking except when addressed by the moderator. But if there is one thing "20" is touchy about, it’s even the mere hint that the panel is ever tipped off into the answers. Conclusions are reached solely via logic, deduction, memory and knowledge.

"We can document that!" they say grimly. Point to the fact that in seven-and-a-half years, only 33 shows have been perfect, i.e., all subjects guessed. That’s proof.

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politic question, when a senator was on, would be a coincidence, that's all.

Macdonald Carey has been a guest on "20" on four shows, and they're counting on more of him. Ann Rutherford, momentarily retired from the flickers, has guested here several times.

And speaking of the dreamy Rutherford, let her record represent the movie bunch. On one show, Ann guessed three subjects—the all-time high for any visiting guest—any category. Since there are only about eight subjects (plus a few quickies) on any show, this meant that Ann had, alone, answered almost half the show's questions.

Are movie stars dopes?

What do you think . . . .

END

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Xavier Cugat will be approached to illustrate the tone, and all the famous stage, screen and TV stars who'll contribute their favorite culinary suggestions will be caricatured sporting pigs' snouts.

Marie Wilson had to be talked out of having a poodle cut to match her new pet, a miniature white French poodle. She was on her way to her Beverly Hills Hotel hairdresser for the new coiffure when she ran into socialite-columnist Cobina Wright, Sr., who talked her out of the idea—it was a close call, or as Irma said, "I almost had a close shave, didn't I" . . .

Herb Shriner and his "Two For The Money" were auditioned before several thousand servicemen to get the proper reaction before the program's sponsor signed on the dotted line. Now the comedian insists a group of G.I.'s be invited to attend every rehearsal of the show. After each performance they are his guests for refreshments prior to showtime . . .

Zamah Cunningham, Jackie Gleason's "Mother"—Mrs. Reggie Van Gleason—on "Mr. Saturday Night"'s telecast, is being sought to team up with Patsy Kelly for a comedy program tailored after the lines of the old Marie Dressler-Polly Moran comedy films of yesteryear . . .

For her "White Collar Girl" telefilm series, Laraine Day (Mrs. Leo Durocher) wore $300.00 dresses which will be copied and sold in national department stores next Spring at $19.95 each . . .

If Joan Crawford has her way (and who's to say she won't?) the credits for her "The World And I" teleseries will credit not only her gowns, furs and jewels, but her hair and foundation garments, manufactured by a concern paying her a royalty annually as fashion consultant . . .

For the Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy telefilm series, "It Seems Like Yesterday," one of the behind-the-scenes consultants is Grace Hayes, one-time vaudeville-cafe headliner, and mother of Peter Lind. A top-ranking star in her day, her son and daughter-in-law accept suggestions she makes particularly for atmospheric music because, "music sets the mood for every emotion—comedy and tragedy—and nothing could be finer than 'Dinah' played softly in the background for any situation comedy about showbusiness folk," opines the inimitable Grace Hayes . . .

Randy Merriman of "The Big Payoff" thinks his co-star, Bess Myerson, would be fine in a modernized version of "Lyasistrata," the Aristophanes classic, on TV. They devote most of their spare time-delving through the many former stage versions of the great comedy hoping to come up with a treatment suitable for a 30-minute telecast . . .

It's hard to believe that Warner Anderson, "The Doctor," didn't make his TV debut until two years ago when he appeared on Kraft Television Theatre. He's one of the most popular and talented actors we have today. Even more startling is the fact he made his Broadway debut in 1917 in the cast of "Maytime." He's a big bobby-soxer favorite despite his grey-streaked hair . . .

Art Carney who plays, among other characters, Reggie Van Gleason's confused father on the Jackie Gleason show, is actually two years younger than "Mr. Saturday Night." Approached about starring in a TV show of his own, comedian Carney wasn't too enthusiastic. Watching Jackie Gleason work and worry through each of his programs, must be the reason Carney's settling for his featured position in the TV Hall of Fame . . .

I wonder if sometimes Ruthie Gilbert wouldn't like to let loose on the Milton Berle show with a dramatic interpretation of "Uncle Millie"'s bird-like secretary. Acclaimed now for her scatter-brained Maxine, the actress won Broadway raves when she created the role of the shoplifter in "Detective Story," a sizzling, crackling drama. When she isn't rehearsing for the Berle program, she studies dramatic technique and just in case her fans won't believe it, she's memorizing "Victoria Regina," "Twelfth Night" and "Mary Of Scotland" plays which once starred Helen Hayes on Broadway—determination is one of Maxine's greater assets. It's Ruthie Gilbert's, too . . .

Johnny Johnston's plan to enter the TV private eye field has a novel twist—he'll be a romantic troubadour-type (complete with mandolin, guitar and uke) and track down the criminal-at-large by plucking strings and singing a song instead of totting a gun and smoking a pipe . . .
Ann Sheridan is making so much money on TV in Mexico City, she plans living below the Border, six out of every twelve months. A new TV series, incidentally, based on the life of a fictitious female warden in a women's state prison, collapsed when Ann thought the idea good, the script paltry . . .

Maria Riva, Marlene Dietrich's daughter and a successful TV star in her own right, recently journeyed to Israel to make a series of films for television. After the completion of one, the company found itself without funds, and Maria was left high and dry. Marlene came to her rescue but next time she'll think twice about accepting an offer so far away from home.

Lu Ann Simms and Juliana La Rosa are signed with the Arthur Godfrey Show through the Summer of 1955—Lu Ann and Julius want it that way despite the fact Arthur would never object if they wished to avoid themselves of the many individual Hollywood film offers they have. They'll wait . . .

Russell Arms is wanted for a stage revival of the musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," scheduled to tour South America next Summer. Russ is being offered the role of Dorothy's suitor (the part played in the Jane Russell-Marilyn Monroe screen version by Elliot Reed) and will accept only if his actress-singer wife, Liza Palmer, gets the Jane Russell role—he wants to love Liza onstage as well as off . . .

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, who prefers to type his own TV scripts, has been besieged to publicly endorse one of America's leading teypwriters. To date he's been photographed diligently pecking away at four different brands of machines, but has declined any personal endorsement.

Dennis O'Keefe and Mary Sinclair are being named, along with Dorothy Hart and Roger Dann, as a prospective "Mister and Miss" team for a new telefilm series which will give both sides to various important questions of the day—the "they're not married" angle to such a show would not restrict the couple to soft-pedaling their individual opinions. Tentative title for the show is "His And Hers" . . .

Clarabell, the silent clown on the "Howdy Doody Show," will be paired off with Mr. Muggs, of Dave Garroway's "Today," during a special Christmas telecast. Both mute performers will enact a five-minute pantomime with Clarabell clowning through a comedy sketch as Santa Claus and the Jimmie TV star playing the role of a baby boy (suitably dressed) experiencing his first Christmas morning under the Tuletile tree . . .

Hear Maggi broadcast her radio version of "Maggi's Private Wire" at 2 to 2:30 P.M. E.S.T. Monday through Friday over WABC, New York. See Maggi on "Leave It To The Girls" at 7:30-8 P.M. E.S.T. Saturdays over WABC-TV.
When it comes to manicures, you’ll find Deborah’s procedure very much like your own except in a few all-important details. For one thing, she has learned that you can’t do a good job without good tools, so her equipment includes the finest implements. If you’re still struggling along with such essentials as efficient scissors, the special file, and a cuticle pusher, be consoled for this is the moment when Cutex launches a whole series of new sets. Of course, they’re intended for Christmas gifts but there’s no law that says you can’t take advantage of a good buy when you see one. Deborah has found that a chip in polish is best dealt with by chipping off the chip before putting on a fresh coat rather than trying to touch up the offending spot. Like most busy people, she gives herself a complete manicure and change of polish only once a week.

Speaking of a change of polish reminds us that it’s the time of year when you’ll be looking for a color to complement the new fashions. It’s a safe bet that Chen Yu’s Singing Copper will be one of the top favorites this year. Don’t be misled into thinking it’s a copper color—it’s actually a zesty, clear red. “Singing Copper” was inspired by the tiny copper lobe bells of Chinese legend which whispered to lovers of celestial joy and happiness! Love bells or not, it’s a beautiful, young color. Perhaps we should tell you, on the chance that you may not have used Chen Yu before, that the nail lacquer is of an exceptional quality. They make it unusually easy to apply, too! By having two finger rests as part of the shape of the bottle, clever and practical.

As a final key to lovelier hands, don’t forget that the state of your health has a lot to do with the condition of your skin and nails. Brittle nails, dry skin, and poor circulation and appetites of deficiencies can be easily corrected. Your doctor prescribes for such common conditions almost every day. Chances are he suggests a high-potency formula like Rybutol, to be taken as a supplement to your regular diet. Rybutol capsules contain a fabulous total of twenty-two vitamins and minerals (they’re all listed on the label). This is a great many more than are available in most popular brands of “vitamins” which frequently don’t supply essential minerals and iron at all.

YOUR GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS

Back To God’s Country

ROCK HUDSON and his wife, Marcia Henderson, are planning to sail to Seattle to sell their giant fur catch when they receive orders from the Canadian government to stand by for cargo inspection. The order comes from Steve Cochran, who is secretly in love with Marcia, and knows that if Hudson sails within the week the schooner will be frozen in for the winter. When Cochran forces his attentions on Marcia, Hudson vows he will kill him. In the ensuing fracas, Rock’s leg is broken and he is forced to travel 150 miles across the north country on dog sled. Dodging the couple’s footsteps during the perilous journey are Cochran and his men. The chase sequences, set against a glacier background, are particularly thrilling and provide an added upbeat to the already entertaining adventure yarn. Universal-International.

The Golden Blade

HERE’S another one of U-I’s elaborate oriental fantasies. Rock Hudson is a commoner who comes to Baghdad to avenge his father’s death, but gets side-tracked by the love interests of Laurie and Chen Yu. He’s on the run from the attacks of an angry mob. He is able to quell the riot single-handed because he has in his possession the magic Sword of Damascus. As a reward for saving his daughter, the Caliph gives Rock a commission in the palace guards where he and his magic sword are called upon to protect the royal family from the evil plotings of power mad George Macready and his son, Gene Evans. If you like make-believe enjoyed in a lavish fashion, then this is your magic carpet. Universal-International.

FINGER TIPS

(continued from page 51)

works up a rich soap-lather between her hands and massages it over and over, into her skin. After this comes the nail brush, not just for the sake of banishing any grime that has collected, but to help dispense with scurf skin and stir up healthy circulation. When you do this routine yourself, remember that it’s important to use a really mild complexion soap. The most popular one among the screen stars seems to be Lux, and with good reason. It’s not drying to the skin, lathers well, has a heavenly fragrance, is long-lasting because it’s hard-milled, and costs so little it’s a bargain in anyone’s budget. The nail brush choice isn’t quite so obvious. However, in our own shopping experiences we’ve been very impressed with the brushes that have those almost indestructible DuPont nylon bristles. They come in delicate pastel shades of pink, blue, green and amber. You’ll never guess the prices start at 10 cents, and go all the way up to 50 cents. There are several models too, so you can have the type that fits your own hand most comfortably. Some are tiny and dainty, others are larger and more business-like. Variety and drug stores everywhere have them.

But get back to Deborah. Once her hand-washing is completed, this charmer is careful to take time, and enough fresh water, to rinse off every trace of soap, then towel-dry. Right in these two steps lies a large amount of the difference between good and bad hand care. Deborah relies on a good hand lotion, like Cashmere Bouquet, for preventive as well as corrective assistance. She uses it just as conscientiously before she starts any hand-on-hands undertaking as she does after the clean-up that follows. This is an important point to keep in mind. You won’t find it hard to carry out now that Colgate-Palmolive-Peet have had the inspiration to provide each Dr. Price 9-ounce bottle of Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion with a little blue-and-white pump dispenser. You just press down on the top and out comes the amount of this lanolin-rich lotion you need. This is a special offer combination at 69 cents so it would be a good idea to share your own supply while the getting’s good.

Another valuable hand-preserving tip that you can learn from Deborah is the habit of wearing gloves. We’re not talking about dress gloves this time but “work” gloves. If you put on a pair of neoprene gloves before you get involved with any detergents, furniture polish, paints, or even hair tints, you’ll keep the natural oils in your skin, where they belong. We suggest neoprene gloves specifically because they won’t stretch out of shape and get floppy in most household liquids. Ebonettes, made by the Pioneer Rubber Company, are neoprene and sheer enough to let you work comfortably. They’re finished inside so you can slip them on and off easily but have a non-skid outer surface that lets you handle wet objects safely. (You’ll find them at your favorite variety store—69 cents).
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Volume Fifty-Eight, Number Two

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"Demetrius And The Gladiators"

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Yippeeee!/
It's the Big Bonanza in Musical Extravaganza!

DORIS DAY

WARNER BROS.
SKY-HIGHEST
SMILE-WIDEST
WILD'N WOO-EST
MUSICAL OF 'EM ALL!

HOWARD KEEL

BRAND NEW SONG HITS BY THE STAGE LOAD:
SECRET LOVE
BLACK HILLS OF DAKOTA
HIGHER THAN A HAWK
THE DEADWOOD STAGE
A WOMAN'S TOUCH
AND MORE, MORE, MORE!

With ALLYN McLERIE, PHILIP CAREY, DICK WESSON
Written by JAMES O'hanlon, WILLIAM JACOBS
Produced by DAVID BUTLER
Directed by JACK DONOHUE
Musical direction by RAY HINSDORF
Music by SAMMY FAIN
Lyrics by PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Pacific Ocean and a wave came along, grabbed him by the shoulder and gave him such a shove that the shoulder broke and Rock's in a cast now. U-I's producer, Ross Hunter, arranged to have the picture postponed until Rock recovered. Mr. H. has an awful lot of faith in Rock's acting ability; that's why he didn't pick another actor for the spot to go on with the show.

Well, you'll just never believe the excitement over Audrey Hepburn's arrival in Hollywood. By the time she got back from England, most everybody in the picture game had seen this lass in "Roman Holiday" and they were all hollering "Academy Award Audrey" fit to kill. Now, with "Sabrina Fair" as her next, you can bet all producers' eyes are fixed on the gal as the hottest of the lots and people are writing plays and movies for her like crazy. The younger, for your info, was born in Belgium of British parents. She changed her name and did undergraduate work in Holland for a spell, giving ballet performances to raise money for the Dutch resistance movement. Later on, she was given the lead in the stage play, "Gigi," by its famous French author, Colette. From now on when you hear the word "Hepburn" you gotta ask: Katherine or Audrey? Just so you know.

Mona Freeman's real upset over all the rumors that she and Bing are romantically inclined. Looks as if she'll have to marry the boy to quiet people down—only she claims they aren't even interested in each other.

I tell yah, when that Rita Hayworth falls in love she really means it. She's stuck by Dick Haymes like a foot to flypaper. Well, life couldn't possibly be dull for them, what with Rita taking French leave at Columbia to be with Dick in the East and Dick hoping to get his alimony.

Nanette Fabray gets best wishes from Gene Kelly at "Band Wagon" premiere.

Meanwhile, Dick's ex-wife Nora hasn't let any grass grow under her feet in the date department. When Jody and Nora Hutchinson returned from a six-months "vacation" in Mexico and opened up their fabulous two-swimming-pool house in Chatsworth, Nora came with department store tycoon Jerry Ohrbach to the first of the famous Hutchinson parties.

There's a kind of an interesting combo of actresses in 20th's picture, "We Believe In Love." Maggie McNamara and Dorothy McGuire are along for the ride and they're quite a lot alike—both kinda fra-

(continued on page 10)
New Mum with M-3
kills odor bacteria
...stops odor all day long

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor - just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

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A Product of Bristol-Myers
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Jeezers, even the gals in this town are getting a little rough. Hate to drop names in a case like this so I won't.

One of the best things that's happened to the Sunset Strip night club section is the re-opening of the former Champagne Room of Charley Morrison's Mocambo. It's now called the Larry Finley Club. This Finley is quite a guy and his radio broadcast, which goes on until the wee small hours, is the most relaxed, most interesting of the personality interview shows we've ever heard. Larry is such a genial character that even people with mike fright forget to be scared.

Saw Judy Garland at the Villa Nova, the very popular Sunset Strip early and late spot, about the time the newspapers said she was supposed to be real sick and not able to work on "A Star Is Born." Anyway, she got back in the groove shortly after and, aside from having a big hassle with Hugh Martin, the guy who has been so closely associated with her career, things are going along very smoothly, and all in all we're apt to see this picture on the screen before too many months go by. When the very talented Mr. Martin paried company with Judy he took off for New York and the theatre. Their gain is Hollywood's loss, to coin an old phrase.

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FOR RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW

NEW Rain Dears
DE LUXE (by LUCKY)®

Loretta Young and husband Tom Lewis at gala N. Y. premiere of "The Robe."

But three semi-glamour gals got into a bit of a rough-and-tumble at a party and the husband of one got a large gash in his arm when he was shoved through a window, trying to break up the cat fight. Too bad.

We got a letter from one of our readers about an item we printed on our actor-
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

Gale Storm, Edw. Arnold, Dale Evans judge Roy Rogers School Safety entry.

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what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)
singer pal Gar Moore. Seems there’s a little confusion in some people’s minds about Gar and Garry Moore on account of the similarity of their names. Well, with all due respect and admiration for Garry Moore, who is one of the top comedy talents, our boy Gar is a pretty famous character himself. One of his many enterprises in Hollywood is the antique store he’s opened in Hollywood called Look, Look, Look. It started off with such a smash that he had to open an annex, which he calls Look Again. Kinda cute, huh? Just for variety, he also calls his stores the Junque Shop of the Stars and, boy, they’re all in there buying some of the treasures this Gar guy finds—where, nobody knows. There’s a stage musical in the offing for Gar, since his fabulous singing voice was discovered at his birthday party.

Alan Ladd’s going to have to take one of those guided tours of Hollywood when he gets back—if he ever does. Straight from the “Saskatchewan” location in Canada this boy wanted back to Europe for a small vacation in Sweden before going to Spain for “The Black Knight.” It’s kinda interestin’ to observe that the olden days are gettin’ a big play again. Along with “The Black Knight” is another big adventure number, “Prince Valiant,” from the famous comic strip of the same name which will give that sensational young guy, Robert Wagner, the best role of his career.

Had a real girl visit with one of our very favorite people, Joan Crawford, who was busy planning the Winter wardrobes of her four kids. Joan had only finished doing the songs for “Torch Song,” made a pilot film for her new TV series, got everything shipshape for her new film, “Johnny Guitar,” at the same time. No, she only has two hands, just like the rest of us mortals.

Mala Powers—she was on the verge of death for a long time—is a happy kid again. All well and going around with one of the most attractive men in this town. And we do mean Gig Young.

George Murphy and Pat O’Brien judged the Roy Rogers safety awards contest.

Dottie Lamour, William Howard, greet her hairdresser at beauticians’ dance.

In the first-night audience of notables applauding “Island In The Sky” are Claire Trevor and her husband, Milton Bren, Gordon MacRae and wife Sheila.
Evelyn Keyes, Paris-bound from New York, is planning her own TV series.

Wait'll you see him in Joan Crawford's "Torch Song." You'll flip, I swear.

We recently had great fun watching a recording session at Capitol Records, an album of "Naughty Marietta" which stars Gordon MacRae and Marguerite Piazza. The brilliant young conductor-composer-arranger concert pianist, George Gereley, handles his orchestra, his stars, and the background chorus like...

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

What solves your family gift problem?

☑ Charge 'em to Dad  ☑ I.O.U.'s
You'd plant really different (and wonderful) presents under the family tree? Write I.O.U.'s! One to Mom, promising you'll take over some household chore daily—for 3 months. To Dad your pledge to deliver 20 shoe shines on demand. And Sis? She'll prefer the present to future service; get something glamorous, "grown-up." But one day you can do her a service—by helping her to get the sanitary protection that keeps her confident: Kotex. Those flat, pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

Want to winterize your chassis?

☑ Add anti-freeze  ☑ Change oil
Snow weather sets your teeth a-chattering? Heed both hints above. Keep your radiator (circulation) "hot up" with such "anti-freeze" as outdoor sports, wholesome meals, ample H2O and juices. And chaff-proof your pelt; change to richer beauty creams. On "those" days, you'll radiate pose with the comfort Kotex gives; softness (holds its shape!), plus extra protection to thaw all chilling doubts.

For mistletoe bait, why not try—

☑ Formal flattery  ☑ Gossipless lipstick
You, too, can be a Lorelei in your holiday formal—even if you're built on the lean and hollow side. A gently draped bodice, a gossamer stole, can make a dress dream perfect for you. So too, a girl's calendar needs should be exactly suited to her. That's why Kotex gives you a choice of 3 absorbencies. Try 'em! There's Regular, Junior, Super.

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Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

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Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic... they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunking; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two...for a change!
“The Robe,” the first CinemaScope movie, is beautifully enacted by Victor Mature, Michael Rennie, Jean Simmons, Torin Thatcher and Richard Burton.

Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

All The Brothers Were Valiant

This rousing, seafaring adventure yarn is well enacted, lavishly produced and

Gary Cooper and Ruth Roman are caught up in somber drama in “Blowing Wild.”

Ann Blyth, Stewart Granger and Robert Taylor star in the drama of an adventurous 19th Century whaling expedition in “All The Brothers Were Valiant.”
thoroughly entertaining. It's the tale of two brothers and their command of a whaling ship during the turn of the century. Robert Taylor, a quiet, methodical man, accepts the skipper's post when the crew of his brother's ship reports that he was killed during a voyage to Jamaica. Bob marries his childhood sweetheart, Ann Blyth, and sets sail for Jamaica to try and trace the brother, Stewart Granger. He doesn't have long to look, for Granger shows up the first day the ship is in port and announces that he has been ill with jungle fever, was married to a native girl, Beita St. John, and knows where a fortune in pearls is buried. When Bob refuses to use the whaling ship to hunt the pearls, Granger incites a mutiny and almost breaks up Bob's marriage by intimating that he is a coward. It isn't until the final reels that both men are able to prove that all the brothers were valiant. The film, which is aided by Technicolor, includes some exciting whaling scenes, a real rough-house fight, and some capable support from the late Lewis Stone, Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore. MGM.

Walking My Baby Back Home

Here's a peppy, light-hearted musical that doesn't bother much with story values, but overly compensates with some topnotch hoofing and some seat-rockin' Dixieland jazz. Donald O'Connor and some Army buddies plan to continue their orchestral combo in civilian life. Their vocalist, WAC sergeant Janet Leigh, however, doesn't go along with their long-haired ideas and upon her discharge joins her uncle's traveling minstrel show. When the O'Connor troupe fails to get any bookings they try barnstorming the country, using the $5000 Don's grandfather has left him to study opera. It isn't until Don winds up broke and working in the minstrel show with Janet that he meets "Scat Man" Crothers and is exposed to Dixieland music which eventually wins him musical acclaim and the rest of grandfather's fortune. There's lots of bounce and buffoonery in this Technicolor treat, which co-features (CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

"Vicki" is a slick, taut mystery film with Jeanne Crain and Elliott Reid.

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Not a cosmetic...not a cream—On Hand actually repels water and dirt...forms an invisible silky-soft coating that protects your hands while you work.

Guards against harsh detergents—Smooth On Hand over your hands before doing the dishes, gardening and all sorts of chores. On Hand is non-greasy...but it protects the natural oils of your skin from harsh cleansers and dirt.

Tests among nurses prove effectiveness—Impartial tests among registered nurses prove that On Hand provides the surest, most effective hand protection. Use according to directions and avoid dry skin before it starts. You'll find On Hand so effective you won't need to use cosmetic-type creams at all.

*contains AQUASIL...new silicone marvel of chemistry
Buddy Hackett, Norman Abbott and Phil Garris. Universal-International.

Blowing Wild
Gary Cooper and partner, Ward Bond, are wildcatting for oil in Mexico when guerrilla bandits dynamite their well and chase them off the property. Broke, the boys migrate to town and reluctantly accept a job with Anthony Quinn, an oil-rich former partner of Cooper. Once the boys report to work it is obvious that Quinn’s wife, Barbara Stanwyck, wants to resume her former romance with Cooper. He, however, is more interested in night club hostess Ruth Roman, and maintains a hands-off policy to Barbara. Infuriated, she seems to take her spite out on Quinn, whom she eventually kills so that she will be free to marry Cooper. Unwilling to believe that he doesn’t want her, she confesses that she has murdered for him. Before Gary is able to react, guerrilla bandits attack the ranch and oil fields and in the ensuing warfare Barbara is killed. Film, which was entirely shot in Mexico, is a somber, reflective type drama, which leans heavily on its unusual locale. Warner Brothers.

The Big Heat
When Sergeant Glenn Ford is called in to investigate the suicide of fellow policeman Tom Duncan, he believes the widow’s story that her husband was despondent over ill health. Later, when a cocktail hostess tells him that Duncan was not ill and that he was trying to get a divorce from his wife to marry her, Ford confronts the widow with the new evidence. She not only reports him to his City Hall superiors, but informs gang leader, Alexander Scourby, with whom her husband was working. Scourby’s henchmen are ordered to retaliate and one overly excited killer rigs Ford’s car with a bomb which kills his wife, Jocelyn Brando. When his superiors, under orders from corrupt politicians, refuse to give Ford the support he needs to crack the case, he resigns from the force and with the aid of gangster moll Gloria Grahame leads his own revenge. The film is packed with taut moments and terse dialogue and was directed by Fritz Lang. Columbia.

Vicki
A slick whodunit, that by-passes the current private eye trend for the good old-fashioned methods of police grilling and third degree, has been turned out by Producer Leonard Goldstein. The film deals with the almost maniacal investigation by Richard Boone into the death of top model Jean Peters. His prime target is Elliott Reid, a publicity man who did much to aid Jean’s career. Although Boone tries to trump up evidence against Reid he is blocked by the deceased’s sister, Jeanne Crain. Eventually the cop is proved to be shielding the killer, who believes the model might have been his if she hadn’t hit the big time. Movie, which is the last of the “flat” films to be released by the CinemaScope-minded 20th Century-Fox, careens along at a fast, absorbing pace. 20th Century-Fox.

A Lion Is In The Streets
Based on Adria Locke Langley’s novel, this James Cagney starrer traces the rise of a swamp country peddler to a would-be politician. Using a big com-
pany's obvious shortchanging of the sharecroppers as a springboard, Cagney gains the support of the backwoods people and then launches his campaign for governorship of the state. His betrayal of his friends, his backstreet romance with Anne Francis and his sellout to political boss Onslow Stevens, all prepare the way for his own violent shooting by a one-time supporter, Jeanne Cagney. The obvious violence and shocker qualities of the film have been well tempered by Director Raoul Walsh with several intimate folksy scenes between Cagney and his wife Barbara Hale. It's an interesting, off-beat drama enhanced by Technicolor. Warner Brothers.

The Moonlighters

A n exciting melodrama, in which an intended lynching victim silently watches the wrong man die for his crime, is tautly told by Director Roy Rowland and stars Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray and Ward Bond. MacMurray, a cattle rustler, swears vengeance on the ranchers who lynched an innocent hobo thinking it was he. Five years after he fulfills his pledge he returns to best gal Barbara Stanwyck, who, weary of waiting, has become engaged to MacMurray's brother, William Ching. Unknown to Barbara, the brothers and old pal Ward Bond, plan to rob the local bank. Ching is killed in the holdup and Barbara vows revenge on MacMurray and gets herself deputized to bring him in. Although she almost loses her life doing it, she accomplishes her mission in a suspenseful, fiery manner. There are excellent performances by each of the principals and some unusual 3-D optical effects. Warner Brothers.

Bait

J ohn Agar and Hugo Haas are partners in a very productive gold mine. The larger the nuggets, however, the more Haas' greed grows until he determines to get rid of Agar. Since many suspect him of murdering a former partner, the old prospector realizes he must be cautious in plotting Agar's betrayal. He finally decides upon the age-old triangle and marries Cleo Moore to use her as the bait. John learns of the scheme in time to protect himself and the girl. The film, which was written, produced and directed by Haas, is definitely offbeat and for adults only. Independent. END

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20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS

How To Marry a Millionaire
TECHNICOLOR

Produced by
NUNNALLY JOHNSON
Directed by
JEAN NEGULESCO
Screen Play by
NUNNALLY JOHNSON

Co-starring
DAVID WAYNE - RORY CALHOUN - CAMERON MITCHELL
Based on Plays by Zoe Ailes and Dale Eunson and Katherine Albert - with ALEX D'ARCY - FRED CLARK and William POWELL
The Anthony Bartleys (Deborah Kerr) are just ignoring the rift rumors. She scored a tremendous personal success in the new play, “Tea And Sympathy” on Broadway and her Hollywood asking price per film is now $125,000 for a maximum of twelve weeks work. She'll return to her native England when she takes the play to London for a limited engagement—then back to Hollywood and her husband Anthony Bartley . . .

When Anne Baxter switched from peroxide tresses to natural brownette, gave up plunging neckline dresses and skipped the cigars everytime they were passed around at a Malibu Beach house-warming, it was John Hodiak's cue to resume his attempt at reconciliation. Only fly in the ointment is the mother-in-law problem which still remains. Mrs. Baxter isn't budging from her daughter's side. It's an obstacle "Hody" hopes to hurdle in time . . .

As soon as Ethel Merman completes her next movie at 20th Century-Fox, she'll reconsider her recent decision never to do another Broadway musical. Noel Coward has a new musical revue in the works and it's earmarked for The Merm. Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy are also being mentioned to share stellar honors in the new show . . .

Mickey Rooney who once romanced both the Kean Sisters—Jane and Betty—one at a time, of course—accepted and then turned down the male lead in the new Anita Loos musical, “The Great Caress,” written expressly for the Kean girls. A matter of billing and salary snagged the deal. Youthful-looking Mickey feels he's a bigger “name” which is not what they say in TV circles when you mention the Jane & Betty Kean comedy act . . .

Hollywood insiders believe the real “heavy” in Dick (continued on next page).
Dorothy Kilgallen's Exclusive Movie Gossip (CONTINUED)

Haynes' deportation mess was an executive of Rita Hayworth's studio who blew the whistle on the crooner to get rid of him and "keep Rita out of another scandal." Love had the last laugh, of course, when Rita announced she'd go wherever Dick went—and proved she meant it by becoming his wife.

The John Ericson-Milly Coury wedding in Beverly Hills was almost marred when best man Dick Clayton accidentally lost the wedding ring several hours before the ceremony was scheduled to take place at the Church of the Good Shepherd. The golden circlet was tossed down a drain pipe while the groom and best man were shaving. It was retrieved just thirty minutes before the young couple said their "I Do's." Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson, who attended the wedding, helped transport guests to the reception which was held in Pasadena, when one of the wedding party's limousines broke down en route to the church . . .

WANDA HENDRIX is in love again—an MGM contract player, singer Jerry Lazarre . . .

Agent Henry Willson's newest discovery (he made stars of Tab Hunter and Rock Hudson) is actor-singer Michael Rayhill who'll be groomed for Farley Granger-type roles. Rayhill resembles Gregory Peck in his younger days . . .

Separation rumors are now making the rounds in Hollywood involving Doris Day, Danny Thomas, David Wayne, Jack Palance and Judy Holliday. All five principals (and their respective mates) deny they're on the brink of a break in their marital lives . . .

DEBBIE REYNOLDS' fans and friends alike got a big jolt when she flew to Las Vegas to meet a big producer after the latter ended his "secret" romance with another Debbie—Debra Paget. The Debbie Reynolds studio bosses were in an uproar when word leaked out about her weekend at the Nevada resort . . .

Widower Gig (CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

As soon as Ethel Merman finishes her next film she'll reconsider her decision never to do another Broadway musical. Noel Coward has one he'd like her to do.

Separation rumors are rife about the Jack Palances and a few other couples.

Ava Gardner, at Stork with Tom Rogers, uses beauty aid learned from Frankie.

Setback in his career has friends of Vic Damone, with Joan Benny, worried.

Gregory Peck, on the set with Rita Gam, refused to go to lavish French ball.


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Prices plus tax, except on Soap and Shaving Creams
Dorothy Kilgallen's
Exclusive Movie Gossip  (CONTINUED)

Young and Mala Powers are a Great Big Thing on the q.t.—at Hollywood parties they always acknowledge introductions as though they had just met, but at various hide-a-ways in Santa Monica it is a different matter.

Lana Turner, who became a brunette for her last film, is described by friends as “beautiful this way.” Lana had brown hair when she made her first movie, but she says, “It’s been so long since I let it grow out its real color I’ve forgotten what shade it was.

Now I’m afraid to let it grow out—it might be gray!”

INTIMATES would have you believe that if Sharman Douglas doesn’t marry Peter Lawford, she’ll remain a spinster . . .

One of London’s hot new singing bets is a belle who bills herself as Dinah Kaye. That moniker wouldn’t be inspired by Danny Kaye’s tremendous popularity in Britain and the fact that Danny’s trademark number is his “Dinah” satire, would it now? . . .

Giselle Pascal is the little darling who alternated her affections between Gary Cooper and Prince Rainier of Monaco. With the first brisk breezes of Autumn she blew them both in favor of a new romance in Rome—a Hollywood film star whose initials are K.D. Guess who!

AVA GARDNER puts little white slip-covers on her front teeth before going on TV. A beauty aid she learned from Frank Sinatra who did the same thing before he had his pearlies permanently capped . . .

Don’t be surprised if you see Anne Baxter and John Hodiak like this again.

Marguerite  (CONTINUED ON PAGE 65)
A touch of stardust... for your finger

**Crescent DIAMOND RINGS**

By the makers of Keepsake

Lovelier by far—and radiant as a star—is Joanne Dru's beautiful Crescent Diamond Ring. Here, too, is the larger, lovelier diamond for you . . . and priced for you! Crescent Diamond Engagement and Wedding Rings assure true value with the Crescent Guarantee Certificate signed by your jeweler. In many exquisite styles, with the name Crescent in the ring and on the blue tag.

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Censorship has always been a bugaboo to movie producers and recently two controversial films—one American, the other French, brought the matter to the fore again. What makes it so difficult is that no two countries, not even two groups of people within a country, can get together on what constitutes a moral menace. What may be all right in America, is taboo elsewhere, what's okay elsewhere, cannot be shown here. You'll understand more of the debatable subject of censorship when you read this fascinating story

by Henry Kaufman

Martine Carol in the French film, "A Caprice Of Caroline Cherie." Scene was cut by censors in American and Italian versions.

Right: Rice workers in "Bitter Rice," Italian film, take communal bath. Scene was scissored.
American censors had a field day with "O.K. Nero." Below, Far Right: Cut scenes from other foreign films. Although French star Martine Carol's new picture has caused much controversy, she defends her country's views on censorship. "In general," she says "we have a sensible attitude toward censorship and assume most pictures to be an accurate portrait of life."

The recent release of F. Hugh Herbert's "The Moon Is Blue" and the subsequent furor created wherever this highly controversial film comedy is shown has again brought the problem of movie censorship to the fore. No two groups of people ever seem to reach perfect accord on just what Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public and their children should be permitted to view on the screen. This can be carried one step further. No two countries on this earth can seem to get together on just what constitutes a moral menace to the movie-going masses.

For example, in France it is perfectly acceptable to show highly intimate bedroom scenes between non-married couples, revealing bathing episodes, or for gals like bosomy Martine Carol to parade her ample physical charms without benefit of brassiere and, on certain occasions, any covering whatsoever! In fact, the French attitude to intimacy and nudity is somewhat incomprehensible to many Americans, though many others among our population seem to have no discernible objection to these open displays.

On the other hand, however, many American-made scenes of violence, mayhem, murder and what some French critics call "rank sadism" are given the green light by our censors without the flicker of an eyelash while, at the same time, they are severely scissored and sometimes completely vetoed by French censors. "Man In The Dark" and "Detective Story," though shown and well-received by the public, had some difficulty with the Gallic censors. Another example was the 3-D Warner Brothers' film, "House Of Wax." While it was finally passed for public presentation, it was prohibited to children under sixteen.
Why? Because of the macabre scenes of violence and torture, which were considered a bit too much for the parlez-vous kiddies to cope with. But when one realizes that none of these films was considered harmful to American youngsters, one begins to get a conception of the extent of the censorship problem.

Recently an event which threatened to have a far-reaching influence on French censorship occurred in the small, sleepy village of Niort, in the southwestern portion of France. The story concerns our generously-endowed friend, Mademoiselle Martine Carol—the Marilyn Monroe of France—and her fabulously successful film, "Caprice Of Caroline Cherie." Calling it a " scandalous display of vice," a group of Niort citizens made open warfare on Martine and the film and tried to prevent it from being shown. Soon, rival factions—known as " pro-Carolinians" and "anti-Carolinians"—sprang up in the town, both simultaneously declaring that precious French liberty was at stake. Every citizen found himself involved on one side or the other of the public fracas. Finally, the mayor and his council, squeezed tight by the contesting factions, arrived at a compromise solution which brought peace back to Niort. "Caroline Cherie" would be shown, all agreed, but "not for a few months when tempers are calmed."

I decided that Mademoiselle Carol, the subject of all this excitement, ought to have a chance to express her ideas on the controversial subject of film censorship, and made a date to call on her while we were both in Rome. As we met in her suite in the Residence Palace, she introduced me to her fiancé, the brilliant French film director, Christian-Jacque, who was currently directing Martine in a new version of the ancient Greek comedy, "Lysistrata"—the one about the wives of Corinth denying their charms to their warring husbands—a film certain to cause even more headaches for American censor boards.

"I don't understand at all why 'Caprice Of Caroline Cherie' was singled out for such an honor, or should I say dishonor," Martine, who turned out to be an alluring titian-haired dish, commented. "Caroline is really quite a sweet and amusing young lady. As the not too brainy wife of a general in Napoleon's army, she inadvertently gets herself involved in a series of improbable adventures, mostly of course with men. What, my dear, could be more natural? She wears a series of very flattering and, I suppose, very revealing gowns, but they follow the trend of the Napoleonic era, and sometimes there is no point in improving on history, is there? There is nothing in the least bit vulgar, crude or offensive in the film. Caroline may not be very bright, but she keeps her sense of humor always and never forgets that she is a lady, no matter what compromising situation she finds herself in."

Martine took a moment out to readjust the position of her curvaceous gams. As she did, everything else she owned adjusted itself. She looked comfortable—and inviting! "Dozens of French films are turned out every year," she continued, "Many are in every bad taste—pictures about women of the streets, about menage a trois, you know, a three-handed game of love, as well as many horrible crime pictures. They're unbearable, dreadful, far worse than many of Hollywood's, I assure you. These are the (continued on page 54)
What Rita does to Aldo Ray in the film she will also do to the men in the audience.

IN THE HANDS OF SULTRY, LAUGH-LOVING RITA HAYWORTH, SADIE THOMPSON EMERGES AS THE SEXIEST, NO-HOLDS-BARRED FILM ROLE OF THE CENTURY

by Michael Sheridan
"The hardest role of my life was to play a woman of easy virtue on the screen—and make it stick."

When the lights came up in the darkened projection room of Columbia Studios, in Hollywood, this was the serious but salient remark of Rita Hayworth after viewing the rough cut of her latest movie, "Miss Sadie Thompson."

"If Dr. Kinsey had only seen this picture before he completed his book," she added, "he might have revised some of his findings about women."

Rita Hayworth, who, like Marilyn Monroe, often opens her pretty and piquant mouth to say something newsworthy, had never given utterance to a more illuminating or accurate flip of the tongue and here is why:

In the hands of sultry, laugh-loving, wisecracking Rita Hayworth, Somerset Maugham's undying characterization of a gal who likes love better than eating, emerges, not only as Kinsey ammunition but also as the sexiest, no-holds-barred female film role of the century.

Portraying what her director, Curtis Bernhardt, calls a "twenty-four-hour-a-day charmer," Rita is in her element. In clothes that are colorful, tropical and daring—she proves her point that S-E-X, paid for or unpaid for, is here to stay.

Vacationing on the Riviera, an interested author viewed the same rough cut that Rita saw that night. And he had this to say: "Of all the actresses in Hollywood I can think of no better choice than Miss Hayworth to play the part of Sadie. She has (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)"

Only a woman who has had an adventurous career in love could handle the role of the 24-hour-a-day charmer.

A highlight of this modern version of the famous play, "Rain," is torrid dance done by Rita and Henry Slate.
Burt is just rough on the outside. Inside he lives by the book at all times.
Burt Lancaster’s tough—he’s BIG—he’s got rippling muscles and hands that could strangle a woman...

He’s no collar-ad for looks. He’s got lazy, devil-may-care eyes and sometimes he’s just plain nasty . . . but ever since Burt Lancaster first strode across the screen, women have been viewing him with admiration. And men have been wondering, as usual, what he’s got that is different from the man in the street.

After all, in any town in America a girl could see plenty of men who have as much—outwardly—to offer as Burt Lancaster. Why then the adulation for this big brute of a guy—a guy you could find anywhere, meet any time, and maybe—wouldn’t like very much if you did meet him in real life?

What’s he got, except bigness and a feeling of physical power and strength? Maybe his hands could smack a girl as soon as caress her—but aside from appealing to the adventure-instinct in women, is this altogether a comfortable characteristic?

But, while the bewilderment of countless boy friends is natural, the explanation is simple. Women react to strength in a man—but not to indiscriminate uncontrolled strength. The deepest masculine appeal to women is in a strength from within—and it is just this quality women sense in Burt Lancaster, never better on display than he is in the hit movie, “From Here To Eternity.”

“A nice guy,” say his friends. “A man you can trust, rely on, turn to if you’re in a jam.”

There’s always an appeal to women in sheer masculine bigness. Big hands, big shoulders, powerful arms, big voice . . . Most women enjoy looking up at a man; a lot of women, too, react pleasurably to a sense of the caveman, of brute-force-held-in-check. Particularly if they can feel that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

IT TAKES MORE THAN MUSCLES

Burt Lancaster, terrific in “From Here To Eternity,” is a man of great masculine strength, but with a core of the tenderness and sweetness every woman wants in her man

by Vincent Rogers
More has been whispered and speculated, and less written, about the Jean Simmons-Stewart Granger union than that of any other couple of their standing in Hollywood.

Most of the rumors have not been pretty: "Their marriage is about to break up." "Stewart dominates Jean so strongly that she doesn't dare say anything, at home or in public." "He treats her like a child." "They haven't made a friend since they came to Hollywood." These and many more.

To get to the bottom of the rumors was not an easy matter. The Grangers won't talk for magazine consumption any more, supposedly because they have been misquoted too often. It's more likely that Stewart dislikes reporters because he's not exactly on the best of terms with the members of the press.

He attributes this to his wish for privacy, and the fact that his actions have too often been misinterpreted.

One of his beefs about the press dates back to the time he and Jean were newlyweds. When he didn't call some of the columnists three months after he and Jean had said "I do," they called him to ask if his marriage was on the rocks. He denied it then and ever since.

Yet, some members of the press give a different reason for the strained relationship between them and Stewart. They claim he refuses to cooperate in any way whatsoever because his attitude won't leave room for criticism.

Strangely enough, the Grangers hired one of Hollywood's top publicists to get favorable mentions, but even he can't persuade them to play ball in the customary manner.

With news about the Grangers cut off from its source, the press has to resort to their friends talking about them. A typical reaction from one of them was, "I don't want to stick my neck out." With their marriage as shaky as it is, no one wants to get involved by (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

Preferring to concentrate on food, Stewart and Jean didn't speak throughout a dinner.  

Jean is torn between a youthful adoration for Stewart and a desire to assert herself.
any girl can be Fascinating

ANY WOMAN can be fascinating by studying her responsiveness to life. After watching how well Julia Adams is doing in Hollywood, I'm fully convinced she's been aware of that all along. But there is more to her than the gayety of youth and a hint of true sophistication.

For one thing her beauty is real. She is someone who doesn't have to be artificial or flamboyant to be definitely all woman. Her big hazel eyes animatedly disclose an amazing range of feelings. Her lips reveal generosity, humor and character. Her hair has a soft sheen and still is its original warm brown shade. She wouldn't dream of whacking it off to seem boyish. A willowy-five-feet-six, she weighs a teasing hundred and twenty and her all-around distribution is an exciting improvement on the Venus de Milo. Her walk is especially graceful, to put it mildly.

Her voice is velvety and woos the ear because she decided to obtain a clear enunciation and shun shrillness or a monotonous tone like poison. She's at home with herself because she wouldn't be swayed from making the most of her potentialities. And she isn't provincial because Hollywood is her headquarters. Thanks to her studio, she's been sent on numerous personal appearances in key cities and besides living up to all expectations she's squeezed in a lot of sightseeing that has expanded her own outlook.

Julia has a keen mind and (continued on page 56)

Julia's married to Leonard Sterns, a screenwriter.

It's hard to believe, but Julia used to be a tomboy.
"I want to get married," beguiling Audrey Hepburn has said.
And now, with critics and public alike at her feet, is she on the brink of finding the one thing that would give her life real fulfillment?

by Elsie Lee

"I love the life I live, and I live the life I love. But it is my sole wholehearted ambition to have a career without being a career woman. I want a husband, a home and children."

These are the words of the most dynamic, startling and colorful personality to hit the American screen in the last two decades; a beguiling, hoydenish, winsome brunette by the name of Audrey Hepburn, who wants to be a great movie star—and to be loved for herself, too!

Not since the advent of Greta Garbo, has a European importation been welcomed to these shores with such acclaim. Thanks to one play, "Gigi," and one movie, "Roman Holiday," she has been deluged with all the superlatives in the book—from both critics and public alike. A great new star is born!

Audrey has been described as "romantic; fey; puckish; whimsical; demure; mischievous; pert; naive; passionate; captivating; beguiling; sensitive." Gifted with a long-legged grace, a mobile face with big, slanted dark eyes, and a rich, slightly clogged voice, she has brought a breath of new fresh life to the screen.

With the whole world at her feet any girl of 24 should be a happy girl. But to her closest intimates, Audrey Hepburn is far from that. After a young life crammed with anguish, heartbreak and deprivation, she wants more than anything in the world not to be alone any longer!

"Lonesomeness is a frightful thing," says Audrey. "It has been a constant shadow in my life. It has torn me away from all the things I loved most, and kept me away from the things I wanted to love next!"

To know the actress Audrey Hepburn, Hollywood's newest, most captivating star, is to know the off-screen girl herself. During the run of the successful Gilbert Miller production of "Gigi," Audrey Hepburn was a girl madly, head-over-heels in love. It didn't last long, but it lasted long enough.

The man was an eligible, stuffy Englishman by the name of Jim Hanson. His wealth was the wealth of a maharajah, but he lacked one thing: an understanding of a girl's professional ambitions. He couldn't believe that any girl—offered millions, an ineffable English charm, and solid but rather dull, roots—would prefer a tawdry life in grease-paint, before footlights.

To a close friend, Audrey lamented, "Jim doesn't understand. He doesn't believe that a career can be

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)
Audrey started as a dancer in Holland.

SEARCH FOR LOVE

Were love scenes with Greg Peck real thing?
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO JEFF?

Jeff, wife Marjorie, and their two daughters, Dana and Jamie.

In "East Of Sumatra" with Susan Ball. Jeff's admitted he's moody.

How long can Jeff keep a smile on his face to cover up an inner void?
Hollywood got another blow recently when Marjorie and Jeff Chandler separated.

This was the second time around for these two likeable people, a previous separation ending in a reconciliation. All seemed to be going well and then suddenly the lid blew off again.

When people began asking, "What happened?" they ran into a blank wall. It wasn't the usual case of nobody wanting to talk. Naturally, Jeff wasn't going to discuss the intimate details of a situation that was a real heartbreaker. But even those closest to him and Marjorie just shook their heads and said, "We don't get it. We haven't the vaguest idea why they have broken up."

So how do you define incompatibility? What happens when a couple very much in love decides they cannot continue to live together in spite of a love? What makes them tear up roots and go their separate ways?

Shortly after Jeff and Marjorie went back together the first time, he commented about how moody he was. Being a sensitive person he was given to depressions and to a desire to be alone at times.

"I had to learn," he said then, "that I couldn't inflict my moods on others. I had to learn to share a life."

He mentioned a trip he and Marjorie took shortly after their reconciliation during which Jeff found himself lapsing into a moody silence. Tension began to creep between them again, but the minute he knew what he was doing he snapped out of it and came to.

"I have found that it's a lot better to think less of yourself and more of those you love," Jeff said seriously. "You think that self is pretty important until that's all you have left."

There was no doubt but that Jeff liked no part of the bachelor's life. For a while he had lived at the studio in his dressing room. He tried to act happy, but his gaiety was on the surface. He was a restless, lonely guy who wanted a home and nothing else. He is the fireside and slippers type and not the night club glamour boy.

For a while, some people thought that there was career conflict in the Chandler household. It was rumored that Marjorie wanted to resume her career but that Jeff didn't approve. Yet, those close to the family realized that Marjorie was anything but a frustrated career woman. She liked her work but her home was even more important to her.

There might have been a basis for career talk when it came to Jeff's case.

It hasn't been any great secret that he has not been too pleased with some of his roles. Perhaps his happiest moment was when he officially died as Cochise in a short scene for "Son Of Cochise," and turned over the tomahawk to Rock Hudson who (CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)
"It gets upsetting to have others actually giving the answers for you," says Debra Paget

by Mildred Gibson

"I can't help but smile when I hear about my lonely way of life," said luscious Debra Paget, who's no longer the quiet little mouse she was. "I could fill dozens of hope chests with all the unfounded stories and items about my dateless nights . . . my family apron strings . . . my lack of a romantic interest . . ."

"It gets upsetting to have others decide what your hopes and dreams are; actually giving the answers for you. For a change, I'd like to speak up for myself.

"I do not live a lonely, dateless life!

"I am not unhappy. Do you realize there are 10 of us in the family who live at home? Ten! The other night when we gave a birthday party for my brother, Frank, the walls really bulged.

"How can you be frustrated and desolate with such a madcap bunch around? Honestly, you should hear my father snort when he reads some of those items that describe my cloistered home life. ‘Wonder what Debra Paget they’re describing?’ he grins. ‘Couldn’t be my little girl!’"

You begin to understand her father's point of view when you consider 'silent, sheltered' Debra's favorite after-dinner sport is wrestling!

"We have five television sets at home," she explained, "because no two of us like the same program. When we do get together in the living room, I love to try out some new wrestling hold I’ve seen on my nearest victim."

The other evening it was her brother, Frank, who received the latest version of a half-Nelson. The two were having a great time rolling on the floor, when Deb's head suddenly connected with the new wrought-iron coffee table.

"Oh!" gasped Frank all a-twitter, "did we hurt the table?"

There's definitely no special star treatment for Debra. "How could there be? We're all actors. We really need a system with such a large family; that's why we each have certain household chores whether we're working or not. Everybody pitches in and does her share.

"My private life is not dull and listless."

With Dale Robertson, Bob Wagner at Hollywood party.

Fighting off Dick Egan in "Demetrius And The Gladiators." She became a blonde for this role.
"Mother or my older sister, Tela, take turns cooking, while I always draw the short straw and wind up washing the dishes. But I'm taking care of that. Whenever I do the shopping, I always come home prepared with paper plates and cups. That saves an hour of doing the dishes!"

Seems giving a party, Paget style, doesn't demand a lot of planning.

"Some member of the family is always bringing home friends, so we just keep the freezer stocked with ice cream, syrups and whipped cream," she confided.

"I actually shudder when I read those 'she's ruled with an iron rod' stories," she continued. "I don't know of any 19-year-old who could have more freedom and is so urged to make her own decisions.

"Everyone seems to pick on the idea that mother accompanies me everywhere. Well, I'd like to explain that once and for all. My mother grew up in show business. She knows acting like most people do their own face. I like her to be on the set with me. It makes me feel assured that she's not only rooting for me, but is handy to point out some deeper meaning in a dramatic scene than is at first visible. Some stars have drama coaches or secretaries constantly with them, so what's so strange about mother being with me? After all, who would have my best interests more at heart than she?"

Debra paused for a moment and then smiled, "Well now, I didn't have any idea of getting on a soapbox." Her laugh was easy and relaxed. "It's just such a welcome change to speak for myself, instead of reading what others say I do."

When Deb's at home, there's no end to the whirligig of things to do.

"What really turned into a project was fixing the playroom. It runs the length of the house. Mother and I gave that floor seven complete waxings until it graduated from a boy's room to a ballroom. But my sister, Lisa, who injured her back three (continued on page 6)"

"I don't know of any 19-year-old who has more freedom."
Garry Moore was thrown out of high school. To keep the record straight—Garry Moore was thrown out of two high schools. In fact, he never has been graduated. Today his radio and television fans love him for his non-conformity, but it was this same non-conformity, hyped by youthful enthusiasm, that kept him always “on the carpet” during his school days.

When I went over to interview Garry Moore in the CBS offices, it actually was renewing an old friendship. Garry Moore, or T. Garrison Morfit (that’s what his birth certificate shows) was just one year ahead of me at “City,” a high school for boys in Baltimore. In fact, Garry and I had acted together in plays in that high school.

My memories of the “bad boy” have been very vivid over the number of years that our paths had separated, and I was quite pleased to have the chance to talk over old times and laugh again over the pranks that kept Garry in continual hot water with the high school authorities.

After the preliminary “how do’s” were over, I said to him, “You know, Garry, twenty years ago we never used the expression ‘juvenile delinquent’ but I'll bet if we had, they would have called you ‘Baltimore’s Public Delinquent Number One.’”

For, Garry Moore in high school was certainly at the top of the list of “bad boys.” But then, who’s to say what a bad boy is? To define the meaning of the words “bad boy” you would need the Messrs. Webster, Funk and Wagnalls, plus a few competent psychologists, and they would probably still find Garry Moore an espe-
cially difficult case to fit into any pigeon-hole. Perhaps under the newer ideas of education the energy of a bright, fun-loving boy like Garry can be channeled, but in the boys' high school which we attended, there was strict discipline and no allowances could be made for his bursts of fun. What the faculty of the high school meant by "bad boy" when they threw Garry out was simply that he was a non-conformist. He just refused to behave in what was then considered the correct pattern of behavior.

So Garry Moore was thrown out of high school. In fact, while we were reminiscing, I discovered that he actually never was graduated from high school, and to make the scandal even juicier, that he was not only thrown out of Baltimore City High School, but before he entered there he had been kicked out of the private McDonough High School for boys.

I think the really great thing about Garry is that this did not dampen his spirits and his basic ideas of the way he should behave. For he still follows his own set of standards, no matter what the consequences may be. Nothing has ever been drastic enough to force him to conform to what was against his own better judgment.

As an example, last year, as many of you know, Garry Moore, his entire cast and his staff were fired, "lock, stock, and barrel" from the Columbia Broadcasting System. On one morning they were fired and on the same evening they were hired back, en masse. The entire fracas revolved around Garry's refusal to do a quiz or panel show in place of his regular show. He had questioned (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)
There's a 40 karat star sapphire, set in platinum and surrounded by ten round diamonds waiting to be picked up and paid for in a Madison Avenue jewelers—the ring, inscribed "Rita from Dick, all my love, eternally yours" was selected last July, put in work in August (after a deposit was given), completed in September... but up to the time of the Hayworth-Haymes marriage it hadn't been called for. Maybe Dick, what with all his other troubles, felt the balance of $11,000 a little too steep for him right now...

MGM's Elaine Stewart, one of the nation's most highly-publicized film players, is still not easily recognizable when she strolls around town on Park, Fifth or Third Avenues. It isn't until her name is mentioned that movie-goers do a double-take and spot the glamorous young actress. Could be because she's such a natural beauty and so conservatively dressed that she eludes detection. At the Bon Soir she was mistaken for Ella Raines whom she least resembles, and again for Ava Norring who should be pleased with the compliment...

Joanne Gilbert, the singer who's making her movie debut in "Red Garters," left her table at the Baccara, stepped into the kitchen and whipped up a batch of chocolate-chip cookies on a dare. Ralph Meeker—now dieting—was forced to eat all twelve of them at one sitting since he goaded Joanne into baking them in the first place...

Scribe Kyle Crichton returned to New York after Joan Crawford decided against having him ghost write her autobiography. Big story behind her decision. The "Torch Song" star will wait until 1955 before doing it.

Lisa Ferraday has finally let loose with a broadside, side-swiping the celebrated Gabor glamour girls—sisters Eva, Zsa Zsa, Magda, and "Momma" Jolie. "I'm not a Hungry-gabor-ian, I'm a Roumanian," said Lisa at "21."
Continuing, she said, "Let's get it straight—the Gabors do not bother me, they bore me. They're Gaboring in every sense of the word!" The lovely Lisa, whom many say combines all the chic and talent of the four Gabors rolled into one, managed a haunting Mona Lisa smile as she said that. With the Corinne Calvet-Zsa Zsa Gabor "jeud" now a thing of the past, the Ferraday-Gabors verbal tussle may well be our next page one news in New York. Round One goes to Lisa in the preliminaries . . .

The Elizabeth Taylor-Michael Wilding entourage requested private elevator service whenever they trouped from one department store to another during a Gotham shopping spree—they got it, too, particularly when the doting parents entered a store followed closely by their one secretary and their baby's governess. As they approached an elevator, Liz and Mike would step aside to permit their child and its nurse and the secretary to enter first—the Wildings would then step in last, ensuring complete privacy as the lift soared aloft. Other department store customers didn't dare try to get aboard, not after Liz and Mike saw to it that the doors slammed shut as quickly as they had opened . . .

There were so many movie producers and directors on hand for singer-comedienne Kaye Ballard's opening at the Blue Angel, it looked as though Charlie Morrison's Hollywood club Mocambo had transplanted its premiere guest list to Gotham's East 55th Street. Sam Goldwyn, Louis B. Mayer, Joseph Pasternak, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Fred Zinnemann, Charles Walters, George Seaton and Preston Sturges lent an executive air to the proceedings as the Ballard Ball-of-Fire scored a sensational hit with the cafe patrons. She headed for Hollywood—the Mocambo—with glowing notices and enough "call me" cards from the movie moguls to insure half a dozen screen tests. Bob Hope, Ray Milland, Perry Como, Guy Mitchell, Jack Benny, Reggie Gardiner, Lou Costello and Roger Dann were among the many stags (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)
Eddie Fisher’s most consistent dating has been with Patricia Marand, the “Wish You Were Here” star of the famed musical—and it was Hal Block, former “What’s My Line?” panelist, who had to step out of Patricia’s life when Eddie walked in...

Helayne and Red Buttons had planned building a new home in swank Sands Point, Long Island; that was before Red and Jackie Gleason began their mysterious feuding. Jackie, as everyone knows, lives in an elegant mansion on Long Island’s celebrated North Shore and he voiced an opinion that Sands Point wasn’t “big enough” for both. If Red moved in, Jackie would move out. The Red Buttons have decided to remain in their New York Sutton Place apartment for the time being. Meanwhile, friends of both ace comedians are trying to get them to patch up their differences. Sands Point may not be “big enough” for them both, but the screens of millions of TV sets throughout America are...

It was nip ‘n tuck over which brought in more shekals when Liberace appeared in New York at Carnegie Hall for a one-night concert—the box-office sale or lobby promotion and salesmen who unloaded so many Liberace recordings the customers had to be separated—the box-office patrons to the left, the disc-buyers to the right. When the Liberace fans tried to do both, bedlam ensued and Liberace took home another heavy bundle of loot proving he’s one of TV’s greatest attractions...

TV fans of “The Doctor”—Warner Anderson, that is—are going to be mighty pleased with the acting stint turned in by their video favorite in the Columbia film version of “The Caine Mutiny.” Despite the veteran Hollywood actors, Van Johnson, Humphrey Bogart and Fred MacMurray who share the spotlight with Warner in the famous court-martial scene in Herman Wouk’s celebrated story, TV’s “Doc” makes every moment count in the role of Captain Blakely, presiding officer in the...
PRIVATE WIRE

By MAGGI McNELLIS

in television—the latest news, views, doings of video personalities and bits of gossip

court-martial sequence. With a top role in Jimmy Cagney's "A Lion Is In The Streets" also to his credit, looks as if the popular TV star will be commuting between both mediums—movies and video—and what Anderson fan will complain about that? . . .

If CBS-TV's early morning show, "Laughtime," isn't one of TV's most amusing daytime shows, I'll eat my new Sally Victor chapeau. Those Buster Keaton comedies are the very end—a wonderful way to start the day . . .

Wonder if Virginia Field and Willard Parker didn't play it smart when they were suggested for the supporting roles opposite Mark Stevens and Coleen Gray in "Kiss And Forget," TV film for Ford Theatre. The pair, married in private life, play husband and wife in the film. They told their agent they didn't think they were "right" for the roles in the Ford show because they were "too much in love" for an acting married couple. The Parkers indicated their off-screen marital bliss might rub off during the performance and no TV viewer would accept anyone being that much in love. And don't you know they got the assignments the very next day! . . .

Sylvia Sidney who made her (CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)

Laurie Anders may like the wide open spaces on Ken Murray's show but she also favors 6 in. heels on her 150 yrs. of shoes.

Bob Crosby's job on Jack Benny's radio show is a pushover compared to his chores on his afternoon TV musical jamboree.

Arthur and Kathryn Murray will pay Greta Garbo $50,000 if she'll do a five-minute guest appearance on their TV show.
Vanessa Brown, star of our Christmas tree, is currently appearing in the CBS-TV show, "I'll Buy That." Busy Vanessa also appears on the TV program, "Leave It To The Girls," and co-stars on Broadway with Tom Ewell in "The Seven Year Itch."
--- AT THE PRESENT TIME

1. Vanessa Brown models this pixie-like hat with pony tail effect kept in place by a gold ring. The front head band gives it a snug fit. $1. Satin scarf with ballerina motif $1.98. Both from GRANT'S.

2. A beautiful Art Guild Christmas card. At VARIETY Stores.

3. Hand crafted leather belt at S. S. KRESGE Co. for $1.29.

4. Pure silk printed scarf, assorted patterns, colors. 79c. GREEN'S.

5. "Rain Dears" by LUCKY PLASTICS. To keep you dry! $2.

6. Angora trim sweater. Sizes 34-40. At KRESS Stores for $2.98. It is 100% Zephyr wool, and comes in green, white, pink and aqua.

7. A teen age bag for $1.25. In plaid, calf or corduroy. GRANT'S. Both sides open and bag is equipped with coin holder and comb.


9. An acetate rayon blouse for all occasions. It comes in sizes 30 to 44. For $3.98 at W. T. GRANT.

10. Aluminum "Dog Leash" belt. Assorted pendants. 98c. At KRESS'.

11. For the young man in the family—shirt, tie, cuff links and tie pin—all in one for $2.98. Sizes 6 to 16. White only. W. T. GRANT.

12. An adorable Patricia Ann model which can be purchased at McLELLAN Stores for $1.69. In sizes 1-3. Yellow, maize, mint, pink.

13. An acetate rayon blouse for all occasions. It comes in sizes 32 to 44. For $3.98 at W. T. GRANT.

15. What the well dressed sportsman will wear! KRESS has this fine corduroy shirt in blue, brown, green and red. $3.95. Sizes S-M-L.

16. To be worn as a head warmer or as a long scarf—just to keep you warm! This plaid stole for $1. In assorted plaids. H. L. GREEN.

17. Another wonderful Art Guild Christmas card. VARIETY Stores.

18. Genuine Argyle men's socks in soft spun cotton. In popular sizes, at 69c a pair—or two for $1.23. S. S. KRESGE Company.

19. Genuine Argyle men's socks in soft spun cotton. In popular sizes, at 69c a pair—or two for $1.23. S. S. KRESGE Company.

20. Men's leather gloves which come in regular sizes. Fleece lined or unlined, they are $1.98. In black or brown. McLELLAN'S.
AT THE PRESENT TIME CONT'D


2. Marxie-ette's rubber "Totes" come in white, navy or black. Select tassels in school colors. For $2.98 at leading stores.

3. Indian Maid moccasin with white bunny fur collar comes in white, black and pastels. $2.99. 4. Turkish-toe scuff comes in natural-color Persian print. $3.99. 5. Bunny fur scuff, $2.99, in black, white, colors. HONEYBUGS make these slippers.

6. Pearl and gold necklace with adjustable clasp, $12.50. The arrow pin, $7.50. By MARVELLA. At fine stores everywhere.
The "Jane Pickens Show" is heard coast-to-coast, six times a week, on the NBC Radio Network
Monday through Friday, 2:45-2:55 P.M. EST.
and Thursday, 10:35-11:00 P.M. EST.

RECORD ROUNDUP

BY JANE PICKENS

Tops In Movie Music


Other Toppers


Grab Bag


Songstress Ann Jeffreys and husband, Bob Sterling, have a wedding party reunion at Stork with songstress Monica Lane and husband, John Springer.
Debbie Reynolds, currently in "Give A Girl A Break," waits for Santa to see what gifts of fragrance he'll bring this year.
Here are new stars in a parade of gifts that should take care of every name on your list.

Santa Claus’ helpers have stolen the spotlight again and done a bang-up job on their gift selecting. Don’t be surprised at their limiting themselves to perfumes, cosmetics and toiletries. They know that these convey a message that is both personal and flattering. Prices are appealing too, especially so when you consider how long these presents will continue to give pleasure.

The first little angel above has chosen a gay gift of Richard Hudnut’s Gemey perfume, all done up in a frosty white violin. No wonder she looks so smugly content; it’s priced at $1.75. Just below her, another cherubic charmer shows off Ann Delafield’s Glamour-Eyes Compact. The kit holds everything a girl could want in the way of eye makeup but it sells for only $2.00. Next is a Christmasy remembrance from Houbigant—a miniature tree with a trunk of Swivelstick. The stick perfume comes in three famous fragrances, at $1.50 each. That attractive double picture frame is Max Factor’s idea for making complexions prettier with Creme Puff and a Color-fast lipstick. $2.35 takes it. The last little angel is almost late because her bundle is largest, a fine $1.00 Woodbury-Jergens set for budding American beauties. The flight of angels below leads off with a gift of Lentheric’s Cream Sachet in a Sno-Mitten package ($1.75). Following it is a Nosegay Bath Set; Dorothy Gray’s newest fragrance, in cologne and dusting powder ($2.00). The men come in for their share of pampering in the Palmolive set with giant tube of shave cream and sturdy flacon of after shave lotion ($1.79). Cutex gives nail beauty a boost with a clear plastic suitcase full of all manicure needs, plus a lipstick ($2.50). And lastly, the prize that nearly got away from its angel—the Coty poodle, powder and lipstick. $2.50.

By ELIZABETH LAPHAM
SCENES THEY CENSOR HERE AND ABROAD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

films that should be looked upon as something of a menace to the public. But not poor, sweet, well-meaning Caroline. What was she guilty of? Taking a bath in the all-together? What could be cleaner, more natural? Or being a beautiful and highly-desirable young woman with absolutely natural impulses and passions? What could be healthier?" As she asked these questions, so did her sloe-burning eyes.

At this point, vital and good-looking Caroline (who will become Mrs. Carol’s husband as soon as her divorce is final from Stephen Crane, Lana Turner’s ex-spouse) eagerly entered the conversation. Having directed some of Europe’s best-known female stars—Miss Carol, Gina Lollobrigida, Danielle Darrieux, Irène Galter, Antonella Lualdi—in such deliciously frank films as "Fanfan The Tulip," "Adorable Creatures," and the about-to-be-released "Lucretia Borgia," he is easily an outstanding expert on the special attributes of the fair sex in the eternal game of love.

"Everyone in the French film industry was concerned about the outcome of the ‘Caroline Cherie’ incident," he began. "You see, in France, only one group and one group alone has the right to censors films—ours, American, all that come into the country. It is made up of half of laymen, from all professions and half of experts from the film industry itself. Their decisions are always highly confidential and are never released to the general public. Once they approve pictures for release, no individual or group in any part of France has the right to make additional cuts or to ban a showing. There is one exception, however. Under the law, if a film is so controversial that it inflames the public and incites them to riot, it can be what you call yanked on the spot."

I explained to Martine and Christian how our censorship set-up differs from theirs—how local city and state censor boards can make cuts, alterations and can even ban films even though they have already received the Seal of Approval from the Breen office. They were somewhat surprised at this situation in the U.S.A. After revealing some of the particular fragilities our censor boards watched for, I asked what the French authorities sought to eliminate from films they screened.

Martine was the first to reply. "In general, we have a sensible attitude. The board looks for things like extreme immorality, unusually brutal violence, and the re-enactment of crimes recently committed—cases where the individuals or families involved are still alive. They also have an eye open for unattractive portrayals of French nationals. And that's about it. To show a tender and realistic bedroom scene, or an intimate but humorous love scene, is not considered immoral. It is assumed to be an accurate portrait of life. I will never understand why in the United States certain cuts were ordered in the beautiful and sensitive 'The Devil In The Flesh.'"

Some of Gerard Philipe’s scenes with Micheline Presle as they lay together so passionately in love were poignantly beautiful. I can’t see how anyone who knows life and who has ever loved could possibly consider them vulgar or immoral."

"On the other hand," chimed in Christian-Jacque, "I can’t understand why such a witty, amusing picture as ‘La Ronde’ has been banned in New York. It’s all tongue-in-cheek and certainly much less harmful to the public than any dozen or more American gangster pictures I could name for you. It couldn’t possibly offend anybody over sixteen."

Inasmuch as a couple of scenes in "Caprice Of Caroline Cherie" showed Martine nude to the waist in both front and rear shots, I was sure that both the enticing French star and her fiancé would have some definite views on the subject of nudity in films. It was Christian-Jacque who took the lead in discussing the matter.

"A beautiful body to me is always in the same class as a beautiful work of art," he began. "If a woman is endowed by nature with a body of historic proportions, why on earth should she hide it? In ‘Caprice Of Caroline Cherie,’ for example, there is a very charming scene where Martine has to jump up suddenly from her bath and is exposed to the waist."

In another scene, shot from the rear, she is shown walking to her bath displaying one of the loveliest backs in existence.

Martine is blessed with a heavenly body and I see no reason why the public should be deprived of views of it when the story of the film and the character she is portraying call for it. I have often said that if Martine and I should have a son, I would prefer that he saw a dozen underdressed women in the movies to a single film dealing with wanton killing and premeditated brutality."

Then, grinning from ear to ear, he added the following. "You Americans have such magnificent specimens of female beauty—women like Rita Hayworth, Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Jane Russell and many, many others. And yet, you show so little of them. I resent it. Why a girl has to stick a rose in her bosom or put on a heavy string of pearls when she wears a low-cut gown, I’ll never know. What you give with one hand, you take away with the other. It is very frustrating!"

That, I said, was a man’s point of view. But how did Martine feel about this issue? She leaned forward, so that I got not only a whiff of her perfume, but also a clearer indication of her physical gifts.

"Well, generally, I feel as Christian does, and you’ll find that he is expressing the typical French attitude," she explained. "We just don’t consider that the sight of a beautiful nude body is lewd. However, we think it is vulgar to show

Says French star Martine Carol, "We just don’t consider that the sight of a beautiful nude body is lewd. But it is vulgar to show complete nudity."
complete nudity or to display extremely revealing clothes on cheap and unattractive women.”

Martine’s viewpoint was supported by other French stars whom I queried on the censorship subject. Colette Marchand, whom you saw in “Moulin Rouge” and who is the possessor of an exquisite pair of gams, had this to say: “Would you dream of covering up a beautifully-molded statue? It would be ridiculous. In the same way, I think it is a mistake to hide the beauty of an attractively-formed torso. And besides, I think some of the lingerie displays I saw in shop windows on Broadway were more immoral than anything you could see in the nude shows at Figalle.”

Danielle Darrieux, who had made a number of films on both sides of the Atlantic, also had some very definite ideas to offer. “Americans are much too prudish and puritanical,” said Danielle. “They seem to be afraid of honest emotion. This, in my estimation, is not healthy. I found that Americans spend too much time discussing sex. In France, we do not talk about sex. In fact, we never use the word in the same way you do. The one word amour covers everything.” On the question of nudity, Danielle—who just recently starred in two delightfully-wicked spoofs on the subject of love, “La Ronde” and Christian-Jacque’s “Adorable Creatures”—made this statement. “I do not see any point to nudity for the sake of sensationalism. I think it is likely that American censorship of French films may have some justification on this point. I personally do not care for public display of the human body, and do not believe it is necessary except on the rarest possible occasions.”

Danielle’s reaction was similar to Giselle Pascal’s. Mademoiselle Pascal, the attractive star of the soon-to-be-released adventure film, “Horizons Without End,” entered the debate with this comment: “Films, as an art for the masses, need some kind of censorship. A man or woman who buys a book generally has a good idea of what is being paid for. But movies are different. Much of your audience is totally unaware of the content of the product they are buying. I think it important for heads of the French film industry to guard carefully against excesses of nudity and immorality, and excesses, in my opinion, there have been.”

And so the battle of what is good or bad, what desirable or evil, what moral or immoral, and what constitutes a danger to the welfare of the young goes on. In Switzerland, youngsters under eighteen cannot even attend the movies. In Spain, kissing scenes are cut from films. For unknown reasons, “Streetcar Named Desire” has not been released for showing in Italy. “David And Bathsheba” has not been approved for Spanish audiences. Britain, on the basis of unnecessary brutality, cut scenes from “The Glass Wall,” “Man In The Dark,” “The Juggler” and “Quo Vadis.” And Western Germany sliced the final scene from “Because You’re Mine” because of German sensivity towards any anti-militarism.

“Caprice Of Caroline Cherie,” the Martine Carol starrer discussed in this examination of the censorship issue, has already been held up six months by United States censors who are trying to decide just how, and if, it can be shown to American audiences. On the other hand, “The Moon Is Blue,” which has been attacked by many of our civic and religious groups as lewd and tasteless, will certainly have no trouble whatsoever being shown throughout France and most of Europe.

Perhaps Christian-Jacque, in his suggestion to standardize censorship on a universal basis, has a good, if supremely idealistic point that deserves everyone’s careful consideration. But if and when such a standardization of censorship is made, on whose moral code would it be based? Ours? France’s? Switzerland’s? Spain’s? And lest we forget, many of the things that all European and American audiences could accept would only horrify Asiatic and African film-goers—and vice-versa.

Though the entire question is an extremely difficult one, we all can have plenty of pleasure out of debates on what should be censored and who should do the censoring. And who would dare say that it is all work and no fun to decide whether one’s fellow citizens should be allowed to see the splendidly-curved Martine Carol bathing in the nude?

Perhaps Martine is right. What could possibly be cleaner?
the male animal might be as gentle as a lamb under the right woman's influence.

"Burt is just rough on the outside," comments one of his directors. "Inside he lives by the book, respects himself, and loves his wife. What more can you ask? I guess it's that innate decency that shows through that gets the girls!"

Ever since Burt was a kid in the tough East Harlem section of New York, he's been winning friends and holding them.

"He never forgets," says Nick, who was once the small half (physically) of that old circus act of Lang and Cravat. "Once a friend, always a friend with Burt." Nick still works out with Burt, both of them keeping their bodies as fit as when they played fairs and circuses with their acrobatic act, and Nick's had small parts in several of Burt's films.

Just what is this inner strength of Burt Lancaster's which draws the women so irresistibly, which makes friends out of men who started out disliking the guy—until they met him?

Says a well-known Hollywood psychologist, "Burt Lancaster is probably one of the few Hollywood actors who is completely adjusted to his environment. That's a term that covers a lot of ground, but in his case it means that he's adjusted to his lack of education and has compensated by a genuine interest in learning. It means, too, that he's comfortable in his marriage, enjoys his children, and likes his wife.

"Unlike many of the people in the entertainment world, Burt Lancaster has found out how to get along with himself, and since he's at ease with himself—accepts his good and bad points—he's able to live outside himself. He's found the best kind of security," finishes the psychologist. "The security of knowing himself for an average man."

In the opinion of his fellow-actors and friends, however, this is just what makes him anything but the average man. Any- one who's ever been privileged to know Lancaster says, "Warmth... genuine feelings... not a show-off... natural... affectionate... and what an actor!"

Take, for instance, the brief appearance Burt made with Ed Sullivan's "Toast Of The Town" last August. "From Here To Eternity" had just opened to rave notices; Burt's role was well-known—that of a tough Army sergeant.

Standing beside Sullivan, on the stage, Lancaster looked tough—and big—and his hair needed combing. In the Summer heat, his military uniform seemed doubled. Easy remedied. Easy remedied. Enthusiastic, en- couraging him in uniform, enacting a hard boiled Army sergeant... except...

Except, that the tough guy had been caught by the TV cameras a scant two minutes before, sitting in the audience and singing "Happy Birthday To You" to Fritzi Scheff. Hasn't thrown back, perfectly unconscious of himself and the audience, paying genuine tribute with the rest of the crowd to a grand old lady of the theatre.

Except, that on the stage he made an equally spontaneous tribute to Ed Sullivan's show. "This is my own idea," he grinned, "but you know I've been around a lot of circuses and circuses and variety shows, and I want to tell you, Ed, I think 'Toast Of The Town' is the best variety show I've ever seen.

Except... that at the finish of the show, when Burt Lancaster stood on the stage with the performers, he could be seen quietly shaking hands with the acrobatic act... giving admiration from one old hand to another.

Wherever Burt Lancaster goes—his six foot two striding along with easy grace—from Chicago, to London's smartest hotels, to a small Pacific island—he makes friends, influences people and sets the girls to sighing. Yet you never hear even a rumor that there's a rift in the Lancaster household.

It's possible, of course, that Norma Lancaster—who's attractive enough to be a film star herself—is just as well "adjusted" as her husband. The Lancasters seem to be one couple who came to Hollywood to find fame and fortune awaiting them—and who really didn't let it go to their heads.

Almost any day you can see Mrs. Lancaster doing her shopping, her daily marketing, taking care of her children and making a nice normal relaxed home for a husband who works hard. With a home life that is as sane and comfortable as Any Home in Anytown, U.S.A., it's probably easy for Burt Lancaster to make that "adjustment" between the world of fantasy and the world of reality.

It's even more probable that some of that sane daily living comes through his screen portrayals, making him the man who is all masculine strength—but with a core of the tenderness and sweetness every woman wants in her man.

And if Burt can stand for romance to half the women of America, it's pretty obvious that he stands for a lot more than that to his wife.

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**ANY GIRL CAN BE FASCINATING**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

always is eager for more knowledge on a subject. Men fond of the fading art of conversation flock towards her. She doesn't repeat petty gossip or bog down in trivialities. Her desire to be well-informed gives her a provocative, satisfying attitude. And she inevitably decorates her comments with a flash of kindness and wit. Above all, though, Julia hears superbly. She doesn't stare off into space or at somebody else disturbingly. She doesn't interrupt or feel pained if another woman gets into the conversation. She goes on listening responsively, couldn't be dragged away until a fellow finishes his point. This courtesy kills them all because it's so rare. Her thoughtfulness pays in that when she is asked her opinion men ache to pay attention. They claim they are rewarded with the sense she certainly makes.

While at work at Universal-International, where she is currently making "Wings Of The Hawk," Julia always keeps her mind on what she is doing, never complains, never gets coy, never flirts. So it's easy to see why the high regard for her at the studio carries the weight of genuine respect. Even the top favorites she's worked with—Jimmy Stewart, Rock Hudson, Tyrone Power, Glenn Ford, Stephen McNally, Van Heflin—have unani-

mously praised her as a real person.

"Actors aren't like the boy next door, but I've learned there's no need to be scared of them," Julia says, "They've been wonderful to me. They're so polite and kind. They're sensitive, so they suspect every woman loves to be treated as though she's a duchess in disguise and appreciates consideration. They're original because they have great imagination. Yet they're down-to-earth, so you're perfectly comfortable with them. Sincere. I've found those I've worked with absolutely unaffected."

Adapting to the personalities of such different male stars is just like adjusting to the variety in masculinity anywhere, Julia continues. It isn't too difficult if you realize men are bewildered and then vastly pleased at being recognized openly for what they are.

"I'm not at all surprised when men wish to remain true to their own natures. I'm stubborn in the same way. I don't want to be told I'm not capable of doing my work. I don't want men to grant me the chance to admit what he is has a double effect. Men beam at the mention of Julia because her attitude is the alluring reverse of the aggressive nerve they hate in women. Also, since she doesn't
ignore the dreams a man cherishes, Julia doesn't suffer from the frustration that springs from determining to change another human being. Her bonus for retraining from being foolishly too bossy is the enchanting relaxed air with which she's blessed.

Of course, she explodes when imposed upon. She recommends blowing your top and getting it over with. "Men enjoy and remember an emphatic stand when you have just cause for not being walked on."

In her case, it's literally officiousness that irks her most. "There are people who fancy they have the most important tasks in the world, or that they know everything better than anyone else possibly can. They attempt to herd you, as if you'd remained a child."

Julia delights men because she uses her head. She knows it's a personal must to be immaculate, but she's no fussing ash-tray emptier, perpetual sofa pillow smoother, or indignant protector of her furniture. She early discovered that excellent taste is a nice thing to acquire, but that it doesn't have to make you tense. She is stunning in the all red or all black shetah evening gowns that are so beautifully cut to her figure, and every designer in Hollywood now longs to create something outstandingly chic for her. But she'll never become a clothes horse because men would be appalled.

"The girl who spends most of her time debating what to wear and shopping, who makes a production out of everything she puts on, and who wants to be seen instead of contributing what she can to an invitation is apt to have more girl than boy friends!" Julia exclaims.

She's one actress who happily confesses she doesn't dote upon being domestic. She loves to decorate a new abode when she moves because she has an artistic streak. But she doesn't flutter at the faintest reference to a stove, dishwashing, or dusting. She's never going to be helpless, or run a home badly, because she's remarkably capable. But trotting to a market and carting back bundles isn't her notion of heaven on earth. Let's not kid—Julia would far rather be glamourously escorted to dinner at La Rue's than fix a little snack herself.

She early discovered there are worthwhile men who understand her wanting to fill her spare hours with more than a domestic routine. Julia was born in Waterloo, Iowa, about as far from the bright lights of fame as she could begin. Perhaps one of her most fortunate breaks was the father she recalls fondly. "My dad was a cotton buyer whose work was chiefly in the Fall. He did what he enjoyed the rest of the year. We lived in small towns in Arkansas when I was little and I've always kept the memory of how much fun a natural life is. On the day the circus came to town Dad was as anxious to make a project of that whole day as I was. We'd get up at dawn to go down to the tracks and watch the train unload. Then we'd see the tents go up and marvel. I suppose I've always wanted to be an actress because I remember watching the circus so clearly. Life is something to marvel at, and a girl whose father takes time to teach her this is getting a solid start, I think."

“I reveled in the tomboy urge, liked to play cowboys and Indians rather than stay alone with dolls. Dad took me fishing. We had a great many dogs, and he could train them to do any trick that we thought about. I was mad about horses, and loved to ride.”

She refers to Little Rock as home, as they eventually settled there. Her father died when she was fifteen. She took to school plays instinctively. She never doubted that she'd be a real actress, although it was such a far-fetched goal she received warnings she was silly whenever she confided her intention. To earn extra money she worked every Saturday in a hat shop. She went on to junior college in Little Rock, joined a sorority and was dully seduced by the handsome boy, then the athletic hero, and the lad with the cutest ear and snappiest pattering. Because she went through each of the normal phases of growing up there are no gaps in her maturing. She tried out for every college play successfully. She took a business course, too, and during her Summer vacations was a secretary in the Arkansas State Capitol.

"I'm glad I had to be practical about acting," Julia says. "But then you have to be practical about everything!"

She was straightforward with her dates who had marriage in view. "You'll get your heart broken in Hollywood," they announced. "It's ridiculous for you to spend so much time rehearsing in plays." She didn't abandon her hope. Hertry for a career came first, she explained over and over. She was willing to make her own mistakes, and profit by them.

On finishing junior college she had enough money saved to tackle either Hollywood or Broadway. She flipped a coin. California came up heads, so she bought her plane ticket one-way. The moment she first saw the million lights of Los Angeles spread below is one she'll never erse from her heart. She hurried to the home of an aunt in Long Beach. Through her she met a girl who wanted to share an apartment near Hollywood. Julia landed a secretarial job that permitted time to study acting from Florence Enright, a distinguished dramatic coach. Up till then she didn't know she had a mid-West accent that would be a fatal handicap in itself. The dozens of diction lessons for which she budgeted ironed it out.

 Plenty of persistence and patience are required after you reach Hollywood and can support yourself till you get the big break. Julia saved every dollar she could working as a secretary, so she could tide herself over during another chapter of concentration on her dramatic coaching and possibly getting an interview at a studio. Then, her money spent, she'd look in the papers and take another shorthand and typing job.

Television was her final springboard. When a hundred aspirants were auditioned for a TV comedy, Julia, Peggy Dow, Paula Raymond, and Marilyn Monroe were picked. The records indicate Marilyn was dropped before that show went on, because she needed more acting know-how.

A second TV play followed for Julia, however, and then she was asked to make her screen debut as the heroine of a B Western. This led to being set as "the girl" in six class C Westerns. If you can visualize being in those six in a total shooting time of five weeks you can estimate correctly that Julia’s introduction to the movies was a prolonged, hectic initiation!

To escape from that rut she searched for a new agent as soon as she was rested enough. He managed to get her the spot as the girl in a screen test U-I was making of All-American Leon Hart. Neither
the football hero nor Julia was called back for a follow-up interview. Six long months later the executives at U-I were frantic for the right actress for the second lead in "Bright Victory." They had every test reel stuck on the shelves, but that's precisely when and how they sent for Julia at last. To everyone's be-wilderment she was so right for the part she might have been born for it. A long-term contract went with it, and she's been climbing steadily ever since.

Eagles, when she was a secretary, she didn't array herself elaborately, didn't drive an employer crazy dolling up for the tomo-
rrows she was sure were ahead. She chose freshly laundered blouses and skirts, avoided costume jewelry, resembled an actress by no stretch of the boss's imagina-
tion. She exerted her taste and intelli-
gence, and couldn't be topped for cheer-
fulness, loyalty, accuracy, and punctu-
ality. All these traits have come in handy
for her as a modern star.

Julia's reticence to talk about her mar-
riage is understood by her friends. Two-
and-a-half years as the wife of a brilliant young screenwriter have resulted in stormy weather lately. But he still says about Julia, "I love her!"

SADIE HAYWORTH
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

everything to disturb a man's senses, and
whatever she does to Reverend Davidson in
the film of my story, I think she will also
do to all the men in the audience.

From Somerset Maugham this was
praise indeed. In the long life of the
author, and the equally long life of his
masterpiece, "Rain," he had seen many
great and not-so-great actresses reenact
what amounts to practically an immortal
theatrical role. The best were Jeanne
Eagels, on the dramatic stage, June Havoc
on the musical stage, Joan Crawford in
the movies—and now Rita Hayworth in
3-D, no less.

Just as there isn't a rising young act-
ress today who doesn't want to play Peter
Pan, it is also true that there isn't a
confirmed and experienced player who
doesn't want to get her teeth into Sadie
Thompson. Of all the characters that
have emerged from theatrical literature,
Sadie Thompson looms, too, as one of the
most provocative roles of all.

How far does the natural make-up of a
woman who acts Sadie project into the
playing of the role itself? Quite a lot,
say the experts. A prim and positive
actress is likely to do less with the role
than, say, a light-hearted, understanding
woman who, in her own life, has had an
adventurous career in romance and sex.

Says a well-known Hollywood psychol-
ologist, "A woman to be a complete woman
has to have a little of the love-dalliance,
as it might be termed. Sadie Thompson,
who wore her body on her sleeve, can
only be played by a woman with her
heart on her sleeve. That is why Rita
Hayworth, and many of the others who
came before, were so good for the role."

This psychologist, however, made it
plain, that an actress playing the part of
Sadie Thompson did not have to wear her
romantic garb lightly in private. Or be
loose with her morals. Or take even small
flirtations as she would a cocktail. But
it helps!

"Dr. Kinsey," explains this same psy-
chologist, "recognizes that in every wom-
an there is a trait of the gypsy when it
comes to changing affections. A woman
in search of love, whether she is legally
entitled to it, or merely beachcombing
the flotsam of what is available, and fin-
ally settling for the jetsam of what can be

vamp, who specialized in long, slinky
velvet gowns, pearls the size of hens' eggs
and the burning of incense in her heavily
draped boudoir, is gone. Theda Bara
who introduced the vamp to movieland
'way back in 1914, when she starred in
"A Fool There Was," would be laughing
off the screen today were she to try to
repeat that technique.

Instead we have Rita, and the modern
character she has given to the role of
Sadie Thompson, a fiction character who
is as old as the first vamps themselves.
Dance director of the film, Lee Scott
couldn't express the characterization bet-

"Rita plays an alluring drifter who
comes to a South Seas island where U. S.
Marines are based. Sadie is the toast of
these woman-starved males, and at a gay
party she sings 'The Heat Is On'—and
the words do justice—and how—to the
dance that follows. It's hot, man, it's hot!"

And, if you like that kind of lingo
which seems to describe the tempo of
the modernization of Maugham's classic
"Rain," Mr. Scott goes on, "When Rita
shows up, on the lam from Honolulu, and
those women-hungry leathernecks get an
eyeful of this slick chick with the free-
wheeling chassis, the pineapple juice
starts to flow and a luau is on.

"In no time at all, the hot little Marine
combo gets in the groove with a good
beat, and all the boys want to dance—
with Rita. Harlem never saw what goes
on next. That girl—she could start a re-
vival of the Bunny-hug!"
inherited the role. Yet, it was as Cochise that Jeff received his greatest acclaim.

His career has had the usual false starts. Just when it looked as though he’d begin to take in the real acting plums worthy of his ability—and he is one of the town’s finest actors—he’d get something not quite so first-rate. This happens to all actors. Being ambitious and wanting to do worthwhile things, Jeff had his moments of frustration.

Such feelings could, of course, reflect on his moods at home. A guy who is not happy in his work is not happy at home. Then there was the added business of his being asked countless times for stories about his marriage for magazines.

Few stars have cooperated as conscientiously as Jeff in meeting the incessant cry for private life stories. After the reconciliation he acceded to every request for material on how he saved his marriage. The spotlight continued to stay on his home life so much that finally he decided he could not discuss it any more. The glare of the light got to be just too much—and understandably so. His marriage couldn’t take it.

To try to find out what has happened to this marriage you have to take a look at Jeff.

He is probably one of the town’s best-liked people. His ready wit, his easy-going attitude, his lack of temperament have made him very popular—on the set as well as with the public. But much goes on behind that calm, light-hearted surface. It’s the old proverb of still water running deep.

Jeff isn’t the kind who is given to loud outbursts of temper. He is quiet and self-controlled with the feelings all inside. Yet, he has recognized that in some ways this is a fault and he has honestly tried to be less of an introvert.

One of his discoveries about marriage was learning that there are no separate kinds of responsibilities for a husband and wife. You can’t delegate obligations like a catalogue. He long ago got over the idea that just because man is male he must be the final word.

However, there was never any question in Jeff’s house as to who should be the boss. Marjorie had always wanted him to assume the major control, especially in business matters and in the upbringing of their two children, Dana and Jamie.

When Dana and Jamie are mentioned, you come to the real sad part of this marital difficulty. Recently, Jeff had the two youngsters at the studio with him for lunch. Their complete adoration for him and his for them was something to see. Jeff’s whole face softened when he looked at the two girls. And when he kissed them with real fatherly affection you could read volumes in his face.

It was seeing Jeff then that you knew how lonely he was, how much spark had gone from him. There was a listlessness in his voice. He walked slowly, heavily. No one could for a moment believe, after seeing him, that he was taking this marital trouble lightly. And no one could fail to understand how deep is his love for his family.

You can be sure that Jeff and Marjorie would have taken no such drastic step as a separation if it hadn’t been the only way—not when you know how much they love Dana and Jamie. And with Marjorie’s firm belief that children need a father’s guidance and love and discipline you can only know that the decision was not arrived at easily.

Maybe this sounds like so much sentiment claptrap. But don’t forget that stars are human too, with all their heartbreaks and sorrow just like you and you and you. Sure, people think divorces in Hollywood are lightly come about and that this town is a nest of unprincipled characters who care nothing for the sanctity of marriage. But such is not the case. Behind every headline you read of a broken marriage there is deep heartache. And don’t let the columnists or rumor mongers tell you otherwise.

There are some who think that the Chandlers broke up because there was not enough respect for individuality in their marriage. This might have been so at the time, but Jeff learned—as did Marjorie—that without the respect for each other as individuals, possession took over and any understanding went out the window.

Jeff once said that individuality is so important that people shouldn’t get married if their personalities were too different. This, of course, he admitted is something that is not always easy to discover before marriage. So there is the possibility that Jeff and Marjorie are too unlike as people, with too many contrasting ideas and beliefs. However, Jeff also said that with compromise and tolerance and real love, even this difficulty could be worked out. And those who know Jeff and Marjorie know how they tried to adjust their personality differences.

Neither Jeff nor Marjorie expected, however, that they would not find changes developing in their marriage. They realized that their lives together would change as they changed, as their perspectives broadened. After their last reconciliation they were determined, therefore, never to take one another for granted. They were more interested in
Jean Simmons and Deborah Kerr watch as Stewart Granger signs autograph book at Hollywood premiere. Jean and Stewart are unlike in many ways.

remembering the deep love that brought them together and less interested in judging each other for shortcomings.

But has their marriage finally become one of judgment instead of compassion? To find this answer you would have to probe deeply into the emotions of the two people involved—and this is something no outsider can do.

Jeff and Marjorie have talked over their problems—at great length. They have tried to find a common meeting ground. At this writing, they have not found it. This, then, is no cut and dried story. There is no quick and convenient answer.

There is no fast solution. How can there be when the two people are still very much in love?

Hollywood is wondering what this will do to Jeff. It knows him as a man who is sentimental, romantic at heart, a man who needs a home and family. It recognizes his intensely sensitive nature. And it wonders how long he can keep that smile on his face to cover a deep void inside.

Both Marjorie and Jeff deserve real and honest happiness. Everyone hopes they will eventually find that happiness together.

END

UNHAPPY LOVERS [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

being quoted for publication.

Nevertheless, without mentioning any names, some of the people with whom the Grangers have associated painted enough of a picture to draw some very interesting conclusions.

The difference in age between Stewart and Jean is of much more importance than they admit in public, and possibly even to themselves. When they first met, Stewart was in his thirties, Jean a mere thirteen. His attitude was fatherly, hers, idealistic and submissive. It’s never completely changed.

Around him, Jean is given little opportunity to express herself. When they still gave joint interviews, all too often a reporter addressed a question to Jean, only to have it answered by Stewart.

At first Jean didn’t mind. Deeply in love with her husband, she idolized him and everything he said and did. But how long can a girl with Jean’s sensitivity and intelligence keep up that sort of behavior?

Certainly not forever, and signs of her distress become more obvious all the time.

Financial instability and a permanent state of unrest are said to be other sources of constant tension.

Stewart has always been an easy spender. In England he once saved the equivalent of $30,000 and promptly invested it in a yacht. By the end of the year he didn’t have enough left to pay his income tax. It took him months to work himself out of debt again.

In Hollywood, when his pool cracked after an earthquake, his business manager consoled him with, “You’re got nothing to worry about. It’s deductible.”

Stewart looked at him with a blank expression. “Deductible from what?”

This laissez-faire attitude is harder on Jean, who was brought up under more protected, more settled conditions.

Stewart’s constant advice to his wife is another factor that doesn’t exactly ease the situation. It started way back when

Sir Laurence Olivier asked Jean to play Ophelia in his production of “Hamlet.” Stewart insisted she was much too young and inexperienced for the part, and urged her to turn it down. Luckily for Jean and movie audiences all over the world, J. Arthur Rank, to whom she was under contract, thought she’d be wonderful in it and made her play the part. Overnight it established her as a star.

There are other traits that stand in the way of a happy union. In fact, with the exception of both being British, they don’t have too much in common!

Take their relationship toward the people around them, as reflected in the opinions of their co-workers.

Few comments are on record about Stewart’s cooperation on the set. In a town where praise is the cheapest commodity, that is certainly indicative of their sentiment.

As for Jean, nothing but sincere admiration has come from anyone who has ever worked with her.

When she left 20th Century-Fox after finishing “The Robe,” she’d won a host of friends. Remarks like “She’s one of the nicest, most cooperative actresses I have ever worked with . . .” were the rule, not the exception.

When on her own, Jean mixes easily with people. In spite of different backgrounds, she talked with most members of the cast and crew, and showed an interest in any subject.

She’s a sensitive girl—just how sensitive was evident the first time she met Frank Preboda, her make-up man on “The Robe.”

Although her part didn’t call for her presence till fairly late in the picture, she was much interested in the production that she came to the set two weeks ahead of her starting date. One afternoon she was visiting her friend and co-star, Richard Burton, in his dressing room when Frank walked in to get Richard ready for the next scene. “Mind if I use one of your combs to fix my hair?” Jean asked him.

“Of course not. But it’s only a regular barber comb . . .”

Jean didn’t mind. She walked in front of the mirror and slowly moved the comb through her hair. Suddenly it snapped.

Trying to play a joke on her, Frank pretended to be really provoked. “This is terrible,” he burst out. “Why . . . this comb cost seventy-five cents . . .!”

Jean looked so miserable that he quickly swallowed whatever else he was going to say. Only after he reassured her that the comb could easily be replaced and he was only kidding, would she smile again.

Another incident between Jean and Frank showed her consideration for the people around her.

Both own foreign cars, Jean a Jaguar, Frank an MG. Having found a common interest, they discussed their cars frequently.

Jean must have known that Frank was anxious to try his hand at a Jaguar, and when the opportunity arose, she promptly obliged.

They were already on the set when she remembered she’d forgotten something in
DEBRA SPEAKS FOR HERSELF!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

months ago and was in a cast, had to resume dancing for a test at U-I where she's under contract.

"She couldn't dance on that highly glossed floor or she might slip again on her back. It practically brought tears to my eyes as we poured gallons of water and lye to get the wax off so the floor wouldn't be slippery."

Debra takes such things good naturedly. She didn't even wince when 20th called her in for hairstyle tests and then surprised her by dyeing her hair blonde.

"I didn't know they were going to do it until I was seated in the chair. Something about a lighter shade cutting down my jaw line. I was there from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m."

"Oh," she shuddered hunching her shoulders, "I became so frightened a few days later when my hair turned green. My hair is so dark it's very hard to dye and some unexpected reaction gave it the grass color. I got up one morning, looked in the mirror, and let out a scream. Only after applying oil treatments did it simmer down to the blonde shade."

Soon as she completed 20th Century-Fox's "Demetrius And The Gladiators," she reverted to brunette for "Prince Valiant."

"If I ever dye my hair again, I'd much prefer the red shade of Jeannie Crain's which I think is beautiful."

Although Debbie's part is very dramatic in "Demetrius And The Gladiators," she and Victor Mature managed to keep things moving at a-rib-ticking pace between scenes.

When the cast got a little hungry in mid-morning, eyebrows raised as Deb ordered her usual breakfast of fried chicken livers and a bottle of Coke.

One afternoon Vic smuggled her phonograph from her dressing room, and proceeded to convince her television was a more necessary form of entertainment and since he just happened to own two TV stores, promptly and astutely sold her two sets. He fondly nicknamed her mother and Debra, "Big Mamoo" and "Little Mamoo," respectively.

Unlike some think, Debra is no stay-at-home. She's traveled more than 20,000 miles in the past eight months on Movietown, U.S.A., personal appearances, and theatre opening junkets. In true Hollywood fashion it was when the Navy boys were honoring her at Norfolk, Va., 3,000 miles from home, that she met her new neighbor, Charles Coburn.

"We'd really met before," Debra reminded. "I made my debut at 12 playing a fairy in 'The Merry Wives Of Windsor' in which Mr. Coburn starred. I had wanted to say hello to him when we first moved into the neighborhood, but it took our meeting at the Naval Base to accomplish that."

"Then, he told me, he thought it was our family who had moved in, because of the orchid Cadillac. That car of ours is getting to be a trademark. I never have to give my address, everyone has already spotted the house because of the car."

There's still more traveling in her future. Debra has the studio's permission to launch a night club debut in a few months. She'll have two boys in the act and will open in Las Vegas. Clubs are well aware of her singing and dancing talents as witness the Royal Hawaiian's cabling a $6,000 a week offer as soon as they learned of her supper club plans.

"I'm doing it for the experience," then, she winked, "and the money. It's fabulous! You're in for a business manager. There's just one pocketbook in the household, and everyone shares and shares alike. One of these days we want to buy our own home, we're renting now, and let Mom and Dad take it easy.

Debra Paget with Piper Laurie at charity masquerade ball. Says Debra, "I get a lot of well-meaning advice from friends. But I'm pretty set in my ways."
"There isn't much chance for relaxation at our place. My baby sister, Meg, is five years old and just at the stage where she likes to wear my best clothes and high heels for 'dress up.' My older sister, Tela, and her family live with us. Her youngest is just at the crawling age and exploring into everything. Her older girl is two and has discovered memories of high school escapades. I am reminded of the school assembly that she had been asked to arrange. Garry and I had been partners in that prank, so the memory is equally vivid for both of us.

Garry had been asked to take charge of the weekly assembly program, but had told the faculty members that he would be glad to do a show if there were no speeches by the faculty and if no teachers were allowed to participate. He told them, "If you want an hour of fun, I'll give it to you, but it must be an hour of fun with no school propaganda interspersed.

They agreed, and Garry began to plan for a real hour-of-fun fest. When the day arrived, a week later, and just ten minutes before the assembly was to begin, we found out that the principal was going to make an address. This was not according to the agreement, but of course, by then the faculty members thought that there was nothing he could do about it. Well, they were right that there was nothing he could do about the address, but they certainly never expected what happened.

I'll never forget the moment when Garry came over to me, as we were standing in the wings of the high school auditorium. "We've been thinking for the first time in my whole life I saw him dropping—crew cut and all. Even the corners of his mouth, that usually went up in a broad grin, were hanging down. I thought that he was sick. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"He's going to speak and he promised not to," he said.

"Who's going to speak?" I asked.

"Doc Edwards," he said. "(Dr. Philip H. Edwards was principal of "City" at the time.)"

I think I drooped even more than Garry, then. I was really upset, and I practically moaned, "Well, what shall we do?"

As quickly as the words were out of my mouth, an idea seemed to burst in Garry's head. Perhaps he needed me to be crushed before his fast-thinking could work to save the situation. And, perhaps if we had waited a few minutes and thought before we started, the sheer audacity of his idea would have overwhelmed us. But, we didn't wait to debate.

I was wearing a tank swim suit. Garry quickly doffed his shoes, took off his socks, rolled them up, and stuffed them into the front of my bathing suit. He slammed a wig on my head, and though I was a pretty handsome one, I suddenly became a female bathing beauty!

Dr. Edwards had begun his speech in front of the curtain. "Fellow members of the faculty and young gentlemen . . ."

Garry said, as he gave me a push through the curtain, "Go out there, pause a minute, look back at the curtain and scream, then start to run. I'll be behind you.

An impromptu chase began throughout the whole auditorium.

We commandeered bicycles, roller skates, and finally a rope ladder thrown
from the balcony. He used all the ingenuity he had at his command to organize and carry out this fantastic comedy on the school's stage.

All this time the principal kept on bravely making his speech, but no one heard it. The boys in the audience were doubled up with laughter and practically had to be carried off in stretchers. Dr. Edwards was certainly a good sport about it, and won a lot of admiration from the pupils for the way he stood up to this impossible competition.

And it is interesting to note that Dr. Edwards later on, after he had retired as principal of the high school, in an address before a national educators' conference, called attention to the necessity for educators not to expect all people to conform to a pattern, and he used this incident, plus Garry's name, as an example to prove his point. He said that many times boys who were known as "bad" an i problem boys because of being non-conformists went far in their respective fields and were lauded for their bright originality and their keenness of approach.

Some other of the members of the faculty, however, didn't see the incident in the perspective that Dr. Edwards had, and reprimanded Garry about it. His answer to them was: "But we both won. Your speech was made and the assembly was still a complete hour of fun."

Another incident that Garry tells on himself about his high school days happened when he was sent to the vice-principal's office by his history teacher. He was sent to be reprimanded, but when he found that the vice-principal was busy, he decided not to wait and took matters into his own hands—quite literally into his own hands, because he wrote a note to the history teacher which read:

"Dear Mr. Fairbanks: Please allow Garrison Morfit back into your history class. Forget his past offenses. Mr. Morfit is one of the lilies of the field. He toils not, neither does he spin. (And as we both laughed over this note, we realized Garry is still using these same lines today.)"

Actually, neither of these incidents brought the school officials to the point of expelling Garry, because the humor in them was on such a grand scale that it had to be recognized. Many of the teachers in the school laughed about the chase just as heartily as the pupils did, and Mr. Fairbanks, the history teacher, couldn't help laughing when Garry handed him the note. He read it to the class so that they were all laughing as Garry was sent back to his seat, his reprimand forgotten.

There finally was a last straw, however, that got Garry expelled! And Garry says if anyone is curious about what it was "Tear off the top of your little brother, enclose a 3¢ stamp, and send your request to the National Broadcasting Company. If they don't answer, don't be surprised."

One of Garry's greatest thrills today is receiving fan letters year after year from his old high school teachers in Baltimore. And as for the high school diploma, Garry said: "Who wants it anyhow? It would only hang on my mother's wall, combined with all the things I really want—the love of a fine man, a good, strong home, wonderful healthy children. Many times I believe Jim prayed that I would fail on Broadway so that nothing was left to me but to become simply a wife and mother."

People who knew Jim Hanson confirmed this. "Jim is a strange, conservative, rather apprehensive fellow," says one. "He believed that if Audrey became the toast of the town, no man would own her, or be able to love her utterly and completely. Jim's greatest fear was that a shared possession was no possession at all."

Here, then, was a great young and up-and-coming star desperately in love, and wishing with all her heart that she could hold onto both the man she loved and the career that was before her. In New York there were long conferences, in which Jim aired his grievances. When he was back in London, tending his million-dollar interests, the wires flew thick and fast and the long distance phone lines buzzed extravagantly and lengthily into the dawn.

"What do you want, Audrey?" asked Jim. "The limelight or me?"

"Both," said Audrey. "I think both can happen at the same time. I want to be an actress and a woman, too."

Jim Hanson couldn't see it. He knew that his millions couldn't buy the heart of a girl who was already lost in an art that was closer to her. And Audrey knew that millions couldn't make up for the
It was during the making of “Roman Holiday” that the rumors started to grow; for both Audrey and Greg were polemicists of something to which her whole life had been devoted: the theatre.

After a valiant effort on the part of both of them to work it out, the bombshell finally occurred one night when Audrey suddenly but firmly declared, “The bubble has burst. Jim doesn’t want to share me with the theatre. We have broken our engagement.”

In her sudden lonesomeness young, rather unsure Audrey Hepburn, com-forted but never blinded by the Broadway lights, found many new true and more understanding friends—people who recognized the gleam of ambition and adventure in a young actress’ eyes; people who knew that a great, bright new talent should not be dimmed by a doubtful domestic lure.

But with all her many friends, Audrey Hepburn’s life still lacked one vital ele-ment. There had to be someone to guide her, advise her, listen to her woes as well as her triumphs. An acting career would be an empty thing if there were never anything to go home to.

While Audrey was making “Roman Holiday,” the Broadway and Hollywood grapevine listened, looked—and did a little guesswork. A neat tidbit of gossip was suddenly something to play with and dwell upon. What was this rumor that Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn were busy planning things together—other than their movie careers? In Rome, so the story went, they were always to-gether, and the dialogue wasn’t always from a script.

Was this to be a great new romance between Gregory and Audrey? Those who thought they were in the know agreed there was rarely smoke without fire and the team of Peck and Hepburn could easily denote a flame being fanned.

Even today people will tell you that there is a great romance between the two, but so far, nothing has come of it. With “Roman Holiday” the smash hit that it is, there is no question but that a devo- tion has arisen between the two stars, but whether it has gone further than that is anyone’s guess.

All that is really plain is that Audrey sticks to her initial statement, “I love the life I live, and I live the life I love... and I want to get married.”

Certain, too, is the fact that Audrey Hepburn, having made tremendous strides in her career, is on a search to complete her life. “I never want to be alone again,” she states. “I want to make my life com-plete.”

To understand all this, you have to know a little of Audrey’s past... a little of her present... and something of the future that is in store for her.

Audrey Hepburn was born in Brussels, Belgium, on May 4, 1929, the daughter of an Irish father and a Dutch mother. Her family was fairly well to do, and when she was a young child she was sent to boarding school in England.

“Hitler invaded Poland when I was ten years old,” she told us. “My mother took me from England back to Holland, since that country seemed to be a safe haven. But a year later the Germans occupied Holland, and for five years my family and I suffered indescribably. “It was five years before I was able to get a good meal,” she went on. “I saw my older brother dragged away to a Nazi camp. I managed to hide safely when the Nazis forced other children to work in their kitchens. I gave ballet concerts in secret to raise funds for the Dutch resistance movement.”

When the war ended, Audrey and her mother went to Amsterdam, where she continued her ballet studies. In 1948 she returned to England, where she studied at the famous Rambert Ballet School.

Her first acting experience was the result of a casual visit with a friend, who went to audition for the London production of the musical show, “High Button Shoes.” Audrey was chosen, and thus began her professional career. After that, she danced a solo ballet in two other musicals, “Sauce Tartare” and “Sauce Figuante.”

It wasn’t long before English movie-makers spotted her, and she played her first film role in Alastair Sims’ “Laughter in Paradise.” Then she had other small roles in “One Wild Oat,” and in Alec Guinness’ “The Lavender Hill Mob.” A larger and better part in “Young Wives’ Tale” followed, but this picture, not too well received in America, did little to further her career.

She was in Monte Carlo—and thinking what a far cry it was from the desolation of the Nazi-occupied Holland a few years back—when she was tapped for her Cinderella pumpkin.

“I was acting in the English and French film, ‘Monte Carlo Baby,’ when the famous Parisian novelist, Colette, saw me,” she told us. “I was terribly flattered.”

When Colette said she saw in me the very person she had visualized when she wrote her play, “Gigi,” which was about to be produced on Broadway.”

The play was a smash hit—thanks to Audrey Hepburn. Brilliant Hollywood director, William Wyler, caught the show. “I was completely spellbound,” he has said. He couldn’t wait to test her for the feminine lead in “Roman Holiday,” which he was shortly to film in Rome with Gregory Peck as the male star. The rest is history.

Next step up in the professional career of Audrey Hepburn is Hollywood proper, and she starred in the role of Paramount’s “Sabrina” with Humphrey Bogart and William Holden. Next step up in her private, personal life is up to her—and Hollywood is watching and waiting.

One question that is being asked is whether Audrey will do what Leslie Caron did—add security and peace to her life by marrying. Chances are that Audrey, who resembles Leslie in many ways—physically and emo-tionally—will do exactly the same thing. She has been the first to admit that while her search for fame is successful, her search for love has not quite ended.

Discounting her supposed romance with Gregory Peck, there is no question that Hollywood will be her oyster. She will find herself wanted and wooed by all the eligibles of the movie world. The going will be tough—and the prayers are that she will have a good head on her shoulders. In having so much to choose from, Audrey Peck is to be hoped, will make a wise, careful and slow choice.

Love is one thing, and infatuation an-other.

Surprisingly modest for a girl who has attained so much, Audrey Hepburn’s whole heart is in her work. She says, “I have so much to do that I am so grateful to those who have helped me. I feel that I must work and study to live up to the standard they have set for me, and that I must listen carefully to those who have more experience than I.”

What everyone hopes is that Audrey Hepburn will listen carefully to all who have so much experience in the other, and perhaps to Audrey, more vital field—the field of Hollywood romance. It is a field filled with pitfalls, disasters, heartbreaks—the unknown. Audrey is young enough to be able to afford to wait—and that is what her dearest friends hope she will do. Wait. The right man, especially in Hollywood, is not always just around the corner.
DOROTHY KILGALLEN
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

Piazza was the first New York glamour girl to appear swathed in the new fur rage, Norwegian blue fox. She had a stole that dripped to the knee. Then along came Marlene Dietrich with a full-length coat of the precious pelts to really "guarantee" the fashion. At the Roxy Theatre premiere of "The Robe" no less than 37 variations of the fluffy fur were worn by as many stage and screen celebrities...

One top-ranking actor won't be talking about an award he received recently from a group of Hollywood correspondents and studio workers. It was inscribed: "To Hollywood's Outstanding So-and-So" (only a little less polite in the phrasing) and was dreamed up to commemorate his insults and sarcasm, which they just couldn't bear any longer...

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis stormed out of Bill Miller's Riviera the night Frank Sinatra opened a singing engagement there. Neglecting to phone ahead for a table reservation, the comedy team couldn't even manage to squeeze into the celebrity-jammed opening performance. Apparently they didn't think anybody else would be there...

Tin Pan Alley publishers who never dreamed they'd live to see the day, are actually indifferent to landing a Bing Crosby record for a new tune. The Crooner just isn't holding his own in the current popular song market and the grapevine chatter has it he'll retire late next year because he's "had it!"...

Vic Damone cleaned house when he fired his agent, manager, arranger-composer and publicist. The current slump in his career has his friends worried. MGM's postponement of "Hit The Deck" didn't help any and Vic's long tour of one-night stands is just a stop-gap booking to keep him in action and voice until he resumes his movie-making. Meanwhile he's restless and suffers from insomnia...

Myrna Loy's best friends don't pretend to believe the denials about the rift in her marriage with Howland Sargeant, a former State Department official. They say it just isn't going well, from where they sit, and a legal separation is in the offing with La Loy returning to Hollywood to resume her screen career...

General James Van Fleet went unrecognized at Bruno's Pen & Pencil while steak diners clamored for Ava Gardner's autograph. Ava righted the situation, however, by leaving her table and asking the general to inscribe her address book for her...

Nina Foch, at El Morocco, escorted by Earl Blackwell, the Celebrity Service Prexy, drew envious stares from other femmes when she strolled in wearing a

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Xavier Cugat and his wife, Abbe Lane, at the Crescendo. She does not intend to
let her recently started movie career interfere with their blissful marriage.
DANTON WALKER
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45)

who blistered their palms applauding the Ballard ballads . . .

Hildegarde Neff denied the Gregory Peck romance talk by insisting they hadn't seen one another for "months." Two hours after her arrival from Europe en route to Hollywood she received a series of overseas phone calls, spaced at two-hour intervals, from the Dorchester Hotel in London. Guests at the Dorchester that weekend included Orson Welles and Gregory Peck. Actress Neff and "genius" Welles are not on speaking terms—process of elimination leaves you with one guess. It could wind up being a peck of trouble for the glamorous actress should Greta Peck, Greg's long-estranged wife decide to sue for a California divorce—the community property kind . . .

Song star Hildegard took a bow from her Hotel Plaza Persian Room table the night Marge and Gower Champion opened their personal appearance there (with a great assist, musically speaking, from MGM Records maestro, Ted Strayer). A few nights later, Marge and Gower dashed across Fifth Avenue to the Hotel Pierre's Cotillion Room to return the compliment to "Hildy" who began her long singing stint in that room. Professionally, it was a nice gesture, but one that cost Marge Champion an emerald and diamond-studded clip—a fifth wedding anniversary gift from Gower. The costly bauble wasn't returned for almost ten days—it had been found eventually by a Central Park guard who turned it over to the local police precinct. The incident was not reported in the local press—the Champions preferred not having any of that "Movie Star Loses Valuable Jewels" kind of publicity. Would have made a great story, however, inasmuch as the honest park employee refused any type of reward even after knowing who the jewelled clip belonged to—he and his wife and three teenage children accepted the Champions' invitation to attend their Persian Room show and have dinner—they did and were treated royally, with a flock of autographed pictures going to the youngsters to be passed around to their school chums . . .

Burt Lancaster and his wife, Norma, quelled all rumors and reports of a rift between them by going everywhere in New York together—they were inseparable even during all of Burt's interview sessions, something Norma has never done before. "We couldn't be happier," she explained enthusiastically at the Famous Kitchen Restaurant, as Burt kissed her affectingly . . .

Contrary to published reports that the unrelated Hepburns—Katharine and Audrey—have never met, they are not only acquainted but extremely cordial to each other. A warm friendship has not

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Danton Walker, with M. C. Warren Hull, during his recent TV appearance on “Strike It Rich” when he became a “helping hand” for a needy person.

developed between them only because both actresses are naturally shy and such a relationship cannot be expected until they’ve gotten to know each other better. While Audrey was “Gigi” on the Broadway stage, Katie was “The Millionaire” and both shared some of the N.Y. drama critics’ highest laudatory notices for their individual performances (although their respective shows were considered unworthy of their talents). If Audrey cops an Academy Award for her “Roman Holiday” performance—they’ll have that honor in common—Katie got hers years ago for her initial starring screen effort—“Morning Glory” . . . At Radio City Music Hall, Katie and Audrey sat in the hope during a showing of “Roman Holiday”—but not together—three rows apart . . .

Joseph Cotten and Sonny Tufts were pretty cool towards each other in the Stork Club’s Cub Room—Cotten considers Tufts “too aggressive” and Sonny thinks Joe is “pretty dull.” Take it from there . . .

Danny Kaye and Brian Donlevy were an animated twosome at the Men’s Bar at the Waldorf—they yakked about baseball while swirling a couple of tall ones—non-fattening calory-free soda pop. The diet-conscious pals loaded up on calorie-packed peanuts and cheese crackers—neighboring elbow-benders couldn’t figure that one out. Neither can I . . .

Irene Dunne graced the foyer of the Hampshire House as Irene Rich breezed through arm-in-arm with Irene Hervey. Frank Sinatra shouted “Goodnight, Irene” and the three femme film favorites stopped dead in their tracks—if it hadn’t been for Sinatra’s quick-thinking, the trio of Irenes might not have gotten together for a bit of jawing—the Rich-Hervey duo hadn’t spotted Irene Dunne . . .

Bob Hope actually cried—from laughing—at the Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis “in person” routines which had the N.Y. Paramount Theatre packed day after day. When Dean and Jerry told their audience that “old ski-nose is out there with you” —the applause was thunderous and comedian Hope took a bow from the balcony using an usher’s flashlight to light up his own face—the Paramount spotlights couldn’t reach him . . .

Maureen O’Hara, Barry Fitzgerald, Barbara Stanwyck and Spencer Tracy are being sought for the New York stage production of “Ulysses,” the highly con-
troublous book by James Joyce which was once banned throughout America as being highly pornographic—the epitome of obscenity. The pending Broadway presentation will be given as a "reading," a la Tyrone Power's "John Brown's Body".

John Brascia, newcomer to the Hollywood film ranks (he'll be featured in Irving Berlin's "White Christmas" with Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye), exited the cast of "Hazel Flagg," the musical which won for him four Broadway awards as "1953's finest dancer and new personality" after Rosalind Russell (who's been doing just fine on the New York stage as the star of "Wonderful Town") tossed a small but brilliant after-theatre party in honor of the youthful dancer at Bruno's Pen & Pencil. Among the many surprises he received was a batch of introductory letters to most of Roz's friends in Hollywood. La Russell made sure John Brascia would get around in the social swim in a hurry before he went to work for Paramount Pictures. Rosalind appreciates the value of such letters—when she arrived in Hollywood some years ago as an unknown, it was only with the aid of a few letters and her own vivid personality that she managed to make a dent in filmdom. "It's the coldest town in the world if you don't know anyone," avers Roz.

Ann Sothern was the reason why an American Airlines Mercury flight to Hollywood was delayed fifteen minutes at La Guardia airport—a mob of her film and TV fans wouldn't let her through the gate despite the repeated loudspeaker calls for "Miss Sothern, please report to the American Airlines information counter. PLEASE!" Richard Todd and Teresa Wright, going and coming to and from other destinations, helped get her to the aircraft, but only at the risk of missing their own plane connections.

Anna Maria Alberghetti didn't think it amusing at all, when Tallulah Bankhead referred to her as "Anna Spaghetti"—the unpredictable Tallulah got her come-uppance when Anna Maria retorted, "that will do Miss Bankhead!"—it was touch and go for a long, long minute until Nina Foch intervened with "Girls! Girls!" and the trio finally broke down and laughed. Credit Anna Maria with being a brilliant wit—taking on Tallulah is something even veteran professionals try to avoid.

Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard fumed and fussed at the costume jewelry counter of a famous Fifth Avenue department store when the sales clerk refused to accept a check to cover the Grahame-Howard purchases "Cash and Carry" quipped the sales girl—that flipped the Hollywood duo who together shouted "Drop Dead" and stormed out of the premises. They had neglected to carry any identifications with them and the sales girl was merely carrying out instructions—it was a real Academy Award scene for Gloria, who left the next day for Europe (with Cy) for "The Good Die Young."
he'd been at it for a thousand years. Gordon's fascinating to watch—he's so relaxed and knows his recording technique right down to the last quarter note. Between times, he clowns around with everybody in the studio and has a fine time. Nice guy, this Scotsman.

It's really amazing what can happen to a girl. Now take Gale Storm, for instance. Real nice kid, happily married, nice to everybody. Got practically nowhere until TV came along and she started being a hit on the "My Little Margie" show. Then someone got the bright idea to make a night club performer out of her. Well, I can tell you this girl is now being courted like mad by the movies, who had so little for her to do until she proved that she was a real talent in those other mediums. She's building a beautiful new home in the valley and nobody could deserve success more.

Think it's a real great idea that Irene Dunne, June Allyson and Dick Powell, Jane Russell, and Loretta Young have. They're putting an outfit together called the International Adoption Association to encourage people to get all the parentless kids out of orphanages. Hollywood's one of the most adoption conscious places in the world, so there.

Cute type Pat Crowley is one of the most down-to-earth kids you'll ever meet. She's made four films in the short span of her Hollywood life. You no doubt will remember her if you saw the Bill Holden-Ginger Rogers "Forever Female." Well, anyhow, she went off on a flying trip to Portland, Oregon—nice town, that—and when she landed at the airport, a Western Airlines' hostess handed her a telegram from Paramount, which gave her the news that she was to hurry back to San Francisco and take off for Honolulu imme-
diately. It was a birthday present for her from her studio, which is right proud of their new gal.

Sheelah Connolly, the gal who is such a dead ringer for Liz Taylor, had kind of bride-y glints in her eyes at the John Ericson-Milly Coury wedding. The reason—not Geary Steffen, as so many people figured, but the brilliant young photographer, Wally Seawell. Sheelah and Wally have been romancing for over a year so maybe something like marriage is not too far off for this attractive duo. John Ericson, by the way, is one of MGM's newest contract stars, but you'd never have known it at their wedding. For some reason, the studio didn't bother with the usual publicity fanfare. It was all right with the kids. A bonnie type. Their close friends, Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson, were in the bunch. Dick Clayton, former actor, was best man.

PRIVATE WIRE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

telefilm debut in "As The Flame Dies," for Producer Irving Starr, will soon be seeing many of her early Hollywood films on TV—a package of her former screen hits is now being scheduled for release on the nation's channels beginning late in January—with the notable exception of "Street Scene" her first major triumph. We have a hunch the talented actress would prefer having that classic movie shown to TV audiences rather than most of the others...

Joan Crawford's decision to wait until she was fully convinced TV was for her, has paid off. Her video debut as the star of "Because I Love Him" for the Revlon Mirror Theatre was merely sensational. She'll head up her own production outfit—she'll produce, star and direct future telecasts, with direction her greatest ambition. TV will finally give her the opportunity of doing what Hollywood picture-making couldn't chance—billing as "Joan Crawford, Producer-Director"...

Remember Ralph Edwards' first "Mr. Hush" mystery voice contest—and the subsequent "Mrs. Hush" and "The Walking Man" programs?—well, they're due for a revival on television if Ralph, the "Truth Or Consequences" originator can get a little support from his "This Is Your Life" audiences. Letters and postcards to Ralph Edwards at NBC-TV, N. Y. 20, N. Y., may do the trick. How about it fans?... This is a "Maggi's Private Wire" exclusive!

Red Skelton has his medics worried again. He promised he'd stick to a cottage cheese diet—didn't. Vowed to cut down on the number of pratfalls heretofore used in his comedy routines, but won't. Red, the star of "The Red Skelton Show" on NBC, who's been a long shot in the desert; his version of it was a two weeks, "in person" engagement at the Sahara in

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Amateurs Only! Our students not eligible. Make copy of Bob Hope 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Must be received by Dec. 31, 1953. None returned. Winners notified.
Jane Powell and Debbie Reynolds have a gabfest during gay supper party. Jane, currently appearing at the Cocoanut Grove, is a big hit on night club circuit.

Las Vegas. The only thing he did to please his doctors was to film a dozen of his 39 CBS-TV shows instead of doing them "live." If Red can keep up this pace, he'll star in his first independent movie, "Dear Warden," in a production set-up with ae or John Wayne. If his diaphragmatic hernia doesn't creep back up on him, he'll get through 1953 without further medical attention—but his medical advisers are shaking their heads in doubt.

Lu Ann Simms has started a charm bracelet—the first token she was given for it was the gift of Julius La Rosa, a solid gold "$9," her lucky number . . .

Some years ago when rehearsals began for a new Broadway revue, "Artists And Models," a very young, handsome dancer tried out for the chorus but was unable to get a place in the show because he had auditioned, not unsuccessfully, but too late. His name then, and now, is Peter Birch. After having been featured in many notable New York stage musicals since, his own troupe is now offering dance divertissements twice-weekly on "The Jane Froman Show" as The Peter Birch Group. The star of "Artists And Models" was Jane Froman . . .

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz have reservations for their 1954 European holiday—they'll leave New York for London on June 4th. After a two weeks personal appearance at the famous Palladium, they will tour through Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany and Italy for ten weeks . . .

Eve Arden and Brooks West, another vacationing Mr. and Mrs. Twosome, have pencilled in a six weeks' vacation visit to South America next Summer—that's after Brooks takes a fling at hunting brown bear in the far reaches of Northwestern Alaska for three weeks without "Our Miss Brooks" . . .

Arthur and Kathryn Murray will cheerfully part with a flat $50,000 if Greta Garbo will agree to make a five-minute appearance on the Murray's TV show—the Garbo offer tops any ever made to a world famous celebrity . . .

For her TV debut on the "Jack Benny Show," Marilyn Monroe had ordered and paid for, in advance, an exclusive original dress. It was executed for her while she was out-of-town on a movie location. Upon her return to Hollywood she found she had lost five pounds and the dress required extensive alterations in the right places. The last-minute revisions were made at a cost of thirty-five dollars—or $7.00 per Monroe pound . . .

Screen star Loretta Young's performance as a perfume salesgirl in the "Trial Run" segment of her "Letter To Loretta" telefilm series was very effective and for
a very good reason. Loretta spent half a day behind the perfume counter of I. Magnin's in Hollywood to absorb and observe the selling technique of the other sales ladies. Any time the screen star wishes to give up acting, there'll always be a job waiting for her at I. Magnin's at the perfume counter, of course. Loretta was responsible for record sales during her five-hour stint sniffing and selling the stuff to awe-struck customers who thought they were seeing things—a movie star on the wrong side of a department store counter!...  

Ann Sothern's Hollywood home is so stocked with secretarial supplies sent to her by manufacturers and fans who love her "Private Secretary" that she's tempted to sponsor the "Sothern School for Secretaries" with pens, pencils and erasers on the house! Actually, charitable organizations are sent the unsolicited supplies which they in turn sell for much needed cash to continue their various worthwhile works.

Ray Milland dyed his hair from silver-brown to dark brown for his "Meet Mr. McNulty" filmed series—his fans are undecided as to whether or not they like the switch. Some do, some don't. This corner doesn't. The talented, distinguished actor has dipped his locks because the video script required it. In time it is hoped his absent-mindedness as McNulty will gradually require premature gray streaks to appear in his sideburns. At that point, Ray can then go back to his natural tresses. Here's to it!...

Richard Denning and Barbara Britton, Jerry and Pamela North on the CBS-TV "Mr. And Mrs. North," accepted an invitation to dine at the Beverly Hills mansion of George Burns and Gracie Allen. An after-dinner film was run off in the Burns' private projection room and both Dick Denning and Babs Britton flipped. The Gracie Allen-George Burns entertainment offered their viewers the usual fare as "Mr. And Mrs. North," which co-starred Gracie and William Post, Jr., eleven years ago. No one enjoyed it more than the invited guests—it was Gracie with Dick and Babs neck-and-neck who laughed it up the most...  

Gloria Swanson added so much glitter and glamour to "This Is Show Business" when she appeared as guest panelist, she was asked to repeat on three subsequent performances within the next four months—and her asking price for guesting goes up accordingly on that program and all others...

Dancers Marge and Gower Champion made a guest appearance with Marjorie Trumbull, San Francisco's First Lady of Television on KRON-TV, but had to talk and sing their way through the interview session. Marge had lost the heel of her shoe en route to the studio; Gower had forgotten their special dance music. With hostess Trumbull tapping out a

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rhythmic beat on the coffee table, the Champions ad libbed a "glad to be here" song routine that scored so sensationaly with the Trumbull televiewers, Marge and Gower intend to keep it "in the act"—whenever Marge loses a heel; Gower forgets the music, of course.

Three of Hollywood's handsomest silver-haired gentlemen are Bill ("Hopalong Cassidy") Boyd, Charlie ("My Little Margie") Farrell and Charlie Morrison, impresario of the famous Mocambo night club. With the first two, topflight TV stars, word now comes along that the MO's Charlie will take the plunge and spearhead a new video program emanating from the premises of his celebrated club. Both "Hoppy" and Margie's "father" have been encouraging Morrison to begin his TV chores early in January, and both have promised to be on hand for the initial telecast.

Imogene Coca's plans to go blonde for one week in-between "Your Show Of Shows" programs were squelched when her husband, ex-actor Bob Burton, firmly said "No!" As a gag he bought her a long, blonde, flowing pageboy wig for her to wear whenever the urge to be "blondie" takes over.

Despite the off-the-cuff flavor of the "Bob Crosby Show"—the afternoon musical jamboree starring the personable Bob Crosby—it's the toughest chore Bing's brother has had to date on TV. As head man of the session, he does solos and duets, clowns with his musicians, tells stories, introduces guests from the audience and in general is responsible for the gaiety and youthfulness associated with the telecast. The only afternoon he almost "threw the show" was when twenty-four friends attended and sat out front wearing life-like rubber masks of brother Bing. Bob had been told his famous brother might turn up and he concentrated on some very special dialogue with which to surprise Bing. He was speechless when he faced the two dozen Bing-like faces in the studio. Trapper to the end however, he recovered rapidly and breezed through the show without fluffing and so completely ignored the contrived gags, they were finally forced to remove the rubber masks after perspiring through same for almost thirty minutes. It wasn't until the program was over that Bob found out it was a gag concocted by Brother Bing who was sitting at home in luxury watching the "Bob Crosby Show." Bob fooled Bing by not breaking up and it's their favorite story these days in Hollywood.

The change in the famed "Original Amateur Hour" telephone number—from LUXembourg 2-3100 to Plaza 7-4100—has wrought many changes in the lives of the thousands of Ted Mack fans who each week in the past have telephoned their votes in for favorite amateurs seen on the telecast. Female fans of Ted's whose bracelet charms have been inscribed with the old number, have kept their local jewelers busy engraving the switch; hand-painted ties worn throughout the country by thousands of Ted's male fans, have had to be discarded for newer, more up-to-date crevats insofar as the first phone number was always emblazoned across their four-in-hands, and those big, bold, splashy prints can't be altered. The Ted Mack fan club stationery, monthly newsletters, magazines and other fan club brochures and mailing pieces have all had to be corrected with the new change.

The most disappointed fan of all, Bert Rosenberg of Reseda, California, had to abandon the four months work he devoted to his spare time, to hand-chiseling LUXembourg 2-3100, into the side of a large boulder high atop the Pacific Palisades near Santa Monica. With about another weeks' work left before his monumental task was to be finished, young Rosenberg got news of the new phone number. He's had to begin all over again at another near-by boulder. How's that for loyalty?

The day Lynn Loring, nine-year-old star of CBS-TV's "Search For Tomorrow," received a medallion and a letter of thanks from the American Medical Association for her work in the AMA documentary series, "Medicine, U.S.A.," she wasn't available for comment. She had played a little girl patient in the series and that's precisely what she was the very moment her award was being sent to her house—a patient in bed under the family doctor's care. A combination of ice cream, green apples and warm soda pop having caused her indisposition this day of days.

Art Linkletter, host of "Art Linkletter's House Party" has officially interviewed more than 20,000 children during his long career on the air—having five youngsters of his own, ranging in age from four to sixteen, he's no novice at understanding adolescents—he believes orphaned children are the least inhibited and most talkative.

Laurie Anders may like the wi-l-i-i-de open spaces on the Ken Murray show, but she also favors very high heels on her more than 150 pairs of day and nighttime footgear. Her favorite pair of black patent leather pumps were the gift of Lena Turner who had them made (size 3½) for Laurie in Madrid, Spain. The heels are 6 inches and have removable leather clamps which can be added whenever Laurie wishes to be 2" taller still. Either way, 6 or 8 inch heels couldn't be topped even by Laurie Anders for more than an hour—not in the wi-l-i-i-de open spaces.

Up-and-coming comedian Joel Grey has now entered the sweepstakes in the race to see who will star in a special TV show based on the life and times of Irving Berlin, the songwriter. To date, Eddie Fisher had the inside track. Despite Berlin's insistence that a motion picture based on his career can never be made while he's alive, he's given the nod to a special TV program which would utilize the talents of a younger man. This one-time shot as the star of "The Irving Berlin Story" would certainly establish Joel Grey as a new TV personality—and wouldn't that be some pretty keen competition for Eddie Fisher fans to have to face.

Hear and see Maggi on her own program, "Maggi's Private Wire," Monday through Friday over WABC and WABC-TV, New York. See Maggi on "Leave It To The Girls" at 7:30-8 P.M. E.S.T. Saturdays over ABC-TV.
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ELIZABETH TAYLOR
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318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

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Volume Fifty-Eight, Number Three
January, 1954

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Lilting love ballads from Tony... romantic escapades with Van... a more glamorous Esther than ever!

FIVE HIT SONGS!
"Easy To Love"
"Didja Ever"
"Look Out! I'm Romantic"
"That's What A Rainy Day Is For"
"Louisiana"
Available on M-G-M Records!

STARRING

ESTHER WILLIAMS • VAN JOHNSON • TONY MARTIN

Screen Play by LASLO VADNAY and WILLIAM ROBERTS
Story by Laslo Vadnay • Directed by CHARLES WALTERS • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
Hardly anything but party talk in the Hollywood highways, by-ways, and dead-end streets. For a country town, we do all right with our little premieres and the parties after, and then just plain social times, for the fun of it. Shirley Booth's arrival for her new picture at Paramount, "About Mrs. Leslie," started a rash of parties like there was no tomorrow. Miss B., who is somewhat of a hermit, had many glamorous guests popping their eyeballs at her when she arrived at her first social do, an elegant one tossed by Leonard Spiegelgass, writer of many screenplays. The gimmick for the affair was rather novel—to say hello to Shirley and goodbye to Charles Walters, who was heading to New York to stage the new Booth musical, "By The Beautiful Sea." Mr. W. is the gentleman who has just recently directed "Lili" and Joan Crawford's new smash, "Torch Song." It was quite a sight to see his present star, Miss C., and his future star, Miss B., yakking it up like they hadn't seen each other for a year—which is about how long it has been since they had.

Couple of nights later U-J producer Ross Hunter had a small and delightful dinner party for our girl Shirl. Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw just about didn't make it because of no baby sitter. This would have been rather a pity since Miss Booth finally decided she'd sing for the gang and, accompanied by Buddy Pepper—whose "Vaya Con Dios" is still the rage—she had the 20 or so guests absolutely enchanted. Another performer who came on like Gangbusters was Hope Emerson—her latest picture is "Casanova" with a young newcomer named Bob Hope—(they call them Hope and Hope at Paramount). Well, anyway, Hope—Emerson, that is—is a great entertainer and she'll probably hit the road any minute now with this here night club act. Gene Nelson and Jane Powell, looking ecstatically happy, were part of the audience. Later Gene danced, after all the furniture had been moved back out of the way. Janie begged off singing because of a cold.

(Continued on Page 8)
sit down, sweetie, you're rockin' the screen!

THE FLI
WITH A WA!
AND BACKS A
IN A BROAD
EVERY DAME
IN A

JANE
POWELL
GORDON
MACRAE

3
SAILORS AND A GIRL

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

WARNER BROS:
HIP-SWINGIEST,
WING-DINGIEST,
IT'S-GOT-EVERYTHINGIEST
SHINDIG OF 'EM ALL!

MAN, HE'S THE MOST
IN BIRTH AND MIRTH!

Seafal of Songs!
Oceans of Gals & Gags

Gene Nelson SAM LEVENE • GEORGE GIVOT • Jack E. Leonard

Screen play by Roland Kibbee & Devery Freeman • Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz • Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf

Produced by Sammy Cahn • Directed by Roy Del Ruth
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)


Agent Henry Willson, who names boy actors funny names like Race Gentry, John Smith, Rock, Tab, Touch, and Rory had an extremely beautiful party that wasn’t funny but fun. A sparkling tent, orchestra, a curtain against the swimming pool so no one could fall in by accident or design, champagne corks popping like the bombardment of Fort Sumter. Some of the town’s most attractive youngsters were there. Towering over everyone, Rock Hudson—a charmer. Almost as tall and probably the handsomest young man in the world, Bob Kenaston, Jr.— he couldn’t miss with such a handsome father and the beautiful Billie Dove his mother. Bob’s just about set on a film career and watch out for your hearts, gals. The very charming Touch Conners and his very lovely wife. Cute, petite actress Molly Dunn with Craig Hill. Choreographer Billy Skipper with Susan Zanuck, doing an impromptu song or two. Skipper and Miriam Nelson doing an out-of-this-world dance. Miriam’s about ready to bust loose with her night club act. Jane Withers, looking deevine and bright-eyed, Rhonda Fleming, animated and talking a blue streak. Jane Morgan, whose bow at Charlie Morrison’s Mocambo was quite a thing. George Nader, good-looking young man who got terrific raves on his part in “Letters To Loretta.” New boy that the host thinks is going to be a terrific star, John Carlisle. Keith Andes, having himself a time. Young Tom Irish visiting with everybody. John Cobb, singer-dancer, jitterbugging with Mrs. Conners. Mike Rayhill, young singer, doing a tango with Terry Moore. Also in the throng, Louella Parsons, Sally Cobb, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, Charlie and Mary Morrison. It was quite a fling.

Probably the biggest party of all time was the one which Bo Roos and Bob Fellows gave for their combined 100 years in California, a straight 50 apiece. These gentlemen are old, old pals and business partners with John Wayne, and just about everybody in town crowded into the very gala looking Westside Tennis Club. There were about five bars and a whole flock of orchestras and trios and barber-shop chord singers. The decorations were deevine. Lots of pictures of early California around—in the days when it was a row pasture in spots. A cake six feet long. Honest. Off-hand, we’d say there was room for about 600 people in the vast tennis club and that about double that number showed. It would have been fun to stick around for all the excitement later, but me and my date, Jacques Mapes, had to go on to another ball.

You should have seen the fans swarm around Joan Crawford at the press showing of “Torch Song.” Word got out that the picture was being shown so the Egyptian Theatre was jammed, mobbed, and swamped—not only with fans, regular type, but also fans—actor types who have large crushes on Miss C. Before the show she gave a dinner party at the

Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis startled by a photographer at “Mogambo” opening. John Hodiak went to see his ex-wife, Anne Baxter, in “John Brown’s Body,” with Macdonald Carey and his wife. The Careys are expecting their fourth child.
Beachcombers which started out for four people and ended up with twenty. Among the guests were Chuck Walters, who directed the picture, and Nicholas Ray, who's directing Joan's new one, "Johnny Guitar," her first Western. Joan's very high on the idea of the Western deal, but she's not exactly enjoying tramping all over the Arizona mountains in boots, which she did when they were out picking locations.

Coupla nights later some of the same bunch gathered at her house to laugh and yak. Nick had his young son, Timmy (his mother is Gloria Grahame), there. Joan's twins, Cathy and Cindy, were having a high time with their handsome young boy friend, the dogs, and even the people. Oh, those twins! They're about the purtiest kids I ever did see.

Just before Mary McCarty took off for her engagement at the Mapes Hotel in Reno a couple of us kids went out on the town—Mel Dinelli, who's just returned from a year in England to write Burt Lancaster's new circus picture, "Trapeze," was one of us kids. Had a small snack at LaRue, caught the Walter Gross Trio at Encore, and the very lovely Dorothy Dandridge at Mocambo, where most of the night club set was assembled to listen to her sing real dreamy.

Stuart Harris, new young singing discovery, made his debut at the next door bistro, the Crescendo—backed by Ted Fio Rito's orchestra and Walter Gross, who had moved after that paragraph just above. One of Stu's best numbers, "Tenderly," is Walter Gross' own tune, you know. We'd been before that to the very popular new Saratoga Restaurant, where a snappy pianist, Jerry Marlowe, operates on the 88's. He's the boy who wrote the "Limelight" score, which you may not hear for a spell since the picture's still banned.

Guess Frank Sinatra has nothing to get gray-haired about. He's done nothing but successful things since "From Here To Eternity." Next thing he'll do, picture-wise, is to co-star with Marilyn Monroe and Dan Dailey in "Pink Tights" at 20th.

Escorted around MGM by studio executive Eddie Mannix, Prince Akihito of Japan meets Ann Blyth and Director Mervyn LeRoy on the set of "Rose Marie."

Who knows how his private life with Ava Gardner is, though?

These fellows that get married and then bust up have it pretty rough. Guy Mitchell, who has really climbed the last year, parted from his "Miss America" bride and she wants plenty of loot out of him as a result. This seems to be a chronic ailment in the Hollywood matrimo-rial round-about.

When Dick Powell decided that the directorial job of the stage version of "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial" was not his cup of tea, a young actor just here from Broadway, Donald Murphy, took off too. Now it looks as if he'll be one of Mr.
Talk around is that Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye are mighty friendly on the "White Christmas" set. Bow and scrape to each other and are as polite as anything. Friend of ours ran into a character who was stewing a little bit about having arrived here on the bus to show Bing his new invention. He was worried about how long it was taking Bing to see him, said he'd been in town since ten o'clock that morning and here it was two p.m. already and he was getting mighty tired of waiting around.

After quite some long wait to get a home of their own, Janet and Tony Curtis have finally made the big leap. It's been the apartment routine for them up to now, and they couldn't be happier to have some ground around.

This time when Clark Gable comes home from one of his long stays in Europe he'll return as the re-established King of the movies. Since "Mogambo" came out—his first really good picture in much, much too long—he's all the rage again and ready to go. Well, we're ready for him to do another one like that.

Whether Gordon MacRae wants to

Mona Freeman has tennis suit adjusted before modeling it at fashion show.

Jan Sterling and Gene Kelly at MGM luncheon for crown prince of Japan.

Master of ceremonies Gene Nelson and Diane, handknit designer, admire Debbie Reynolds as she models one of Diane's creations at fashion show at Mocambo.
emote for the movies or not, he's still going to have enough loot to feed the family with all his record contracts and such. This man does concerts and night club appearances and radio and TV just like the movies had never been invented. This, in a different way, could be said of Mario Lanza, too. This lad apparently couldn't care less whether he gets in front of the cameras or not. All he has to do is cut a record and sit back and collect like a slot machine gone crazy.

There was the greatest amount of curiosity about June Haver's return from the Kansas consent to Hollywood. But the plain truth was that she wasn't up to the physical demands of her secluded life. Most people around here are for the girl and hope she gets back into pictures and makes a big success again.

Well, our little mother, Mrs. Vittorio Gassman, broke in her new night club act at the break-in spot in San Diego, The Tops, and it looks like she's a smasheroo entertainer. It will be fun to see whether she travels with an entourage, like the baby and a nurse and all the stuff —because it looks as if she'll be on the road with the dancin'-and-singin' for some time.

Couple of wanderers of the globe, Con- nel Wilde and his ever-lovin' Jean Wall- ace and the kids arrived back in town with another addition to the family, this time a parrot. The Wildes will settle down here for a spell.

Scott Brady seems happy and in good fettle these days—who wouldn't? He's been dating pretty Constance Smith and on top of that got one of the leads, along

Jean Simmons, one of the stars in "The Robe," and husband, Stewart Granger, chat with Clifton Webb at brilliant Hollywood premiere of the Biblical film. with Sterling Hayden, in the new Joan Crawford picture, "Johnny Guitar."

Don't know when there's been as much excitement in town as over the huge and glitteringly glamorous premiere of "The Robe" at Grauman's Chinese. The lucky people who were invited to buy tickets to the big deal arrived in droves, and cars, and on foot—just any old way they could get through the mob of fans. Well, it's a magnificent film. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)
Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

So Big

Jane Wyman's portrayal of a bereaved daughter forced to make her way teaching school in the rural community of New Holland is a tender, compassionate experience. Based on the Edna Ferber classic, the film traces Jane's marriage to a local farmer, Sterling Hayden, her motherhood, and her grief-stricken experience as a widow trying to make her marsh-drenched farm yield crops. Blessed with an unyielding nature and some influential friends, Jane again makes the farm pay off and with her newly earned profits sends her son, Steve Forrest, to college for a degree in architecture. The son's obvious attempts to break into society and marry into some "fast money" are weathered by the mother, who knows that "So Big"—the boy's pet nickname—is of sturdier material than that. Her faith is justified when the boy returns home and resumes his career plans after an unpleasant interlude with his big city friends. Robert Wise directed the film, which is sensitively enacted by Miss Wyman, Hayden, Nancy Olson, the son's girlfriend, and new screen find, Steve Forrest. "So Big" sums up as ever so good. Warner Brothers.

Kiss Me, Kate

Eureka! Here's a good old-fashioned musical that fairly drips with lavish trappings. Based on the Broadway success, the film traces what happens when a divorced acting team is reunited for a New York play. To complicate matters, the wife, Kathryn Grayson, has picked up a fiancé, Willard Parker, while hubby Howard Keel has taken up with chorus cutie Ann Miller. Both principals have also picked up a bad case of temperament which seems to erupt more faithfully then the Yellowstone geyser. Although it takes a little on-stage disciplining (and a good spanking), Keel manages to get the lil' woman back into the act and back into the family by the time the curtain descends. The musical, which seems to concentrate more on specialty numbers than dialogue, offers Technicolor lensing, Cole Porter music and a show stopping dance number by Ann Miller, who finally comes into her own. Other cast stand-outs include Keenan Wynn, Bobby Van, Bob Fosse, Tommy Rall, and James Whitmore. George Sydney directed. MGM.

Botany Boy

Alan Ladd and James Mason have been pitted against each other in a hard hitting, seafaring story that fairly smacks of violence, tyranny and treason. Ladd is a medical student, who has been unjustly accused by an English court of stealing his own inheritance. He and 100 other prisoners are exiled to Australia, a new colony the British Crown is populating with prisoners. Their 267-day voyage is made aboard the brigantine Charlotte, captained by James Mason. The skipper immediately takes a personal interest in actress Patricia Medina and an instant dislike to Ladd. Alan's quiet authority among the prisoners and his medical knowledge concerning plagues bring about several thunderous explosions between prisoner and captain before the boat reaches Australia and the safe protection of colony Governor, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Written by the authors of "Mutiny On the Bounty," there are many sequences reminiscent of that film success. Mason's role is every bit as strong as Charles Laughton's Captain Bligh, while Miss Medina is effective as a spirited wench. Ladd's role, of course, is hand-tailored in the John Farrow production. Paramount.

Calamity Jane

Doris Day as Calamity Jane comes blazing on the screen like a sky rocket on the Fourth of July. She's a hard hittin', buckskin wearin' gal, who...
believes in serenading, shooting and sassing her men. The object of her affections is a cavalry lieutenant (Philip Carey), while her chief tormentor is Wild Bill Hickok (Howard Keel). It's on a dare from Keel that Doris agrees to go to Chicago and bring back musical comedy star Gale Robbins to appear in the local saloon. Unfortunately, Doris mistakes Miss Robbins' maid, Allyn McLerie, for the star and brings her back to Deadwood City. The maid continues the masquerade until opening night when, panicky with stage fright, she confesses to Doris and the saloon audience her real identity. It takes Doris' trusty six-shooter to quiet the irate audience and to save Allyn's job. In return, the maid decides to reciprocate by making a lady out of Doris. The amusing results and the impossible situations that follow offer a springboard for some lively antics and some toe tapping tunes. Warner Brothers.

Escape From Fort Bravo

William Holden, a Union cavalry officer at an Arizona outpost, is kept busy simultaneously guarding Confederate captives and fighting off Indian attacks. To discourage John Forsythe and the other Southern prisoners from escaping, Holden makes an example out of every straying captive. Forsythe and his handpicked crew—William Demarest, William Campbell, John Lupton—make no attempt for freedom until Eleanor Parker arrives on the scene. Eleanor, a Southern sympathizer, tells Holden she has come to the Fort for the marriage of the commander's daughter, Polly Bergen. She doesn't tell him that she has also come to arrange the escape of Forsythe and his men. Although Eleanor and the men manage successfully to slip out of the Fort, their escape is marred by an Indian attack, which finds Holden and the Southerners joining forces against their common enemy. Film, which was shot against the stark beauty of Death Valley, is an off-beat Western that seems to follow the gaunt, moody pattern established by "Shane." MGM.

Marry Me Again

The pairing of Marie Wilson and Robert Cummings results in some of the season's zaniest shenanigans. No matter how much you spruce up the story, producer Alex Gottlieb's got a good old-fashioned slapstick comedy—and that ain't bad. The comedians' antics springboard from their inability to get married. First, Cummings receives a "greetings"
Flight To Tangier

The name Tangier immediately images a city of mystery and intrigue, and this latest Nat Holt production goes right along with the popular conception. An emissary from behind the Iron Curtain is due to arrive at the free city's airport with a $3,000,000 letter of credit. Anxiously awaiting his arrival are Joan Fontaine, fiancee of the plane's pilot; Jack Palance, co-owner of the plane; Corinne Calvet, Robert Douglas and Marcel Dalio, members of a blackmarket gang dealing in stolen airplanes. When the plane crashes, Joan and Palance go searching through the ruins and discover there was nobody aboard. Each of the quintet immediately starts his own private search for the missing pilot and man. Their obvious involvements with one another, plus the numerous counterplots and chase sequences keeps one spinning from problem to problem. Eventually all the loose ends tie together and Joan and Palance emerge as FBI agents working on the same case. Paramount.

Paratrooper

England's famous "chute" boys are glorified in this new Alan Ladd starrer filmed entirely on the British Isles and laid in 1941. Although he acquits himself admirably during his training period, Ladd refuses to comment on his past and stubbornly dodges any commission commander Leo Genn recommends for him. His attitude not only puzzles his superiors but pretty air base
employee Susan Stephen. In a romantic moment, Ladd confides to her that he is a former U.S. Air Corps officer who gave the wrong command which killed his best friend. He wants no more responsibility. While on commando tactics, however, he is forced to assume responsibility when Gen is wounded. Ladd not only rescues the men, but saves his own self-respect. There's a happy blending of action and romance in this Technicolor movie which features an all-English supporting cast. Columbia.

**Gun Fury**

*Rock Hudson* and Donna Reed are on their way to get married and to begin a new life in California, when desperado Phil Carey wounds Rock and captures the bride-to-be. The remaining 86 minutes of the film find Hudson vainly trying to round-up a posse and launch a manhunt. The sheriff and most of the town's decent citizens are afraid to get involved, so Rock turns to a dance hall queen, Roberta Haynes, a bandit, Leo Gordon, and an Indian, Pat Hogan. Although each of Rock's compatriots have an opportunity to kill Carey they each muffle their chance and in the final reel it is Hudson who rescues his fiancee and revenges himself. The film, which has a shortage of major scenes among the two co-stars, emerges as a tautly building chase-type Western, set in the 1860's. Miss Reed and Hudson make a pleasing team and there's plenty of chance for Rock to get in the standard number of "beefcake" and heroic shots. *Columbia.*

**Those Redheads From Seattle**

"*Those redheads*" refers to Rhonda Fleming, Teresa Brewer and Cynthia Bell who play sisters journeying from Seattle to the Yukon to join their father. When they arrive, they find their father has been murdered, presumably because of his attacks on a saloon run by Gene Barry. Rhonda finds herself falling in love with the gambler, and finally learns that although Barry was involved in her father's killing, it was only as an innocent party. Gay musical in 3-D introduces Guy Mitchell and such rollicking tunes as "Baby, Baby, Baby" and "Chick-A-Boom." The youngest of the Bell Sisters, Kay, has a few funny moments as the family's outcast since she is a blonde. It marks Fine and Thomas' first whirl at musicals. *Paramount.*

**The Glass Webb**

*U-I* has finally done it. They have taken all of the latest inventions and tossed them into one picture which has resulted in a story about TV being filmed in 3-D. The outcome is a timely, tense drama woven around a video mystery writer, John Forsythe, a blackmailing actress, Kathleen Hughes, and an enamored casting director, Edward G. Robinson. Forsythe has had a slight affair with Kathleen, but has called the whole thing off because of his wife, Marcia Henderson. He makes his decision too late, because Kathleen has swiped a pair of his pajamas and is demanding $2,500 for their return. Before Forsythe can make payment, Kathleen is murdered and Robinson has persuaded the police to let him and Forsythe dramatize the event on their TV show. Reluctantly, Forsythe finds himself writing a script that piles up circumstantial evidence on him. The power-packed ending, the televised trapping of the murder, and the mounting race against time add to film's documentary appeal. *Universal-International.*

Robert Haynes is a dance hall queen who helps Rock Hudson rescue his fiancee, Donna Reed, from the hands of a desperado in "Gun Fury," Western chase film.

John Forsythe and Kathleen Hughes go from love to hate in "The Glass Web."
Esther uses no double for her thrilling water ski scenes in "Easy To Love," filmed at the famous Cypress Gardens in Florida.
NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU SEE ESTHER WILLIAMS AS A WATER NYMPH, SHE ALWAYS EXUDES A FRESH SPARKLE

Many singers who sign movie contracts are never cast in singing roles, many dancers do everything but dance, but not so with swimmer Esther Williams. She’s had an unbroken success of swimming roles ever since she started making movies, back in 1942, in one of Mickey Rooney’s Andy Hardy comedies. Moviegoers have enjoyed seeing beautiful Esther so much in her water routines that her studio, MGM, simply can’t omit a swimming sequence, no matter what the plot of the picture, without causing an uproarious avalanche of criticism from fans and exhibitors. “Easy To Love,” Esther’s latest Technicolor musical, again features her in a spectacular water routine. But, as always, there’s a newness to it and you feel as if never before have you seen this aqua queen perform, beauty in action being ever delightful to behold.

Adjusting her water skis for dock take-off and spectacular scene. Esther took many lessons, spills.

Esther relaxes between water scenes in a life preserver. Motherhood hasn’t hampered career.

Very much Mrs. Ben Gage in private life, Esther shields eyes from photog’s flash-bulb as she and her husband have night out.

As a change of pace, Esther does clown bit, explodes from box of dynamite, plays with seals.
The story of Eddie Darrow, the forbidden woman he wanted and the dangerous bargain he dared to make!

HE'S THE KIND OF MAN
WHO'S OUT OF BOUNDS FOR
ANY KIND
OF WOMAN!

Starring
TONY CURTIS
JOANNE DRU
LYLE BETTGER

with MARVIN MILLER

DIRECTED BY RUOULPH MATÉ • SCREENPLAY BY WILLIAM SACKHEIM AND GIL DOUD
PRODUCED BY TED RICHMOND • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Montgomery Clift did a terrific double-take when he learned that his starrer with Jennifer Jones, "Terminal Station," was likely to be changed to "Indiscretions Of An American Wife." Provocative eh?

Danny Kaye has a brand new personality in Paramount's "Knock On Wood." Seems the Technicolor camera photographs Danny's blond hair a bright orange.

Esther Williams was swimming two weeks after the birth of her daughter. She was starring in a radio show on the fourth week, and less than two months later she had her pre-baby figure back.

Gene Raymond is one of the few Hollywoodites to have a commercial pilot's license. He recently went to Las Vegas—not for gambling—but to add 15 more flying hours to his record.

Did Bob Wagner draw the attention when he sauntered into the Beverly Hills Hotel wearing gray slacks, yellow sweater, blue blazer and crazy red socks?

Janet Leigh had to bow out of singing at the Jack Mapes' party due to a cold, so Shirley Booth and Hope Emerson pinch-hitted. "We may not have hit as high a note as Janet," Hope admitted, "but we were louder."

Howard Duff, Ida Lupino and their daughter, Bridget, are packing their bags for a month's siesta in Brazil. Seems they were thinking of a vacation spot, when they glimpsed a calendar showing the bay at Rio. That did it, they phoned for sailing reservations.

They love Ann Blyth in Ireland. MGM has counted some 1500 requests from the Emerald Isle for photos of Ann and her groom, Dr. McNulty.

Shades of Andy Hardy! Mickey Rooney's new television format boasts not even one man-to-man talk. Instead, Mick's father is a policeman who met his video mother while raiding her burlesque show.

Jane Powell announced she would play the London Palladium just after friends learned Gene Nelson would be Europe-bound for a picture. He'll play a GI who gets involved in foreign intrigue, with nary a tap in it.

Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen play sisters who sing and dance in "White Christmas," and you should have heard them scream with surprise when co-stars Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye did a wild imitation of them. It was so good, Director Bob Alton decided to film it and add it to the picture.
January 1954

Her fiancé, Pierre Galante, back in France, Olivia de Havilland attends “Ice Follies” opening with Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin.

Tab Hunter and Debbie Reynolds chatting with Marlene Jackson of “Ice Follies.” Tab and Rock Hudson are feuding over Lori Nelson.

OFF-THE-RECORD NEWS OF THE SCREEN’S MOST INTRIGUING STARS

Dorothy Kilgallen's

Exclusive Movie Gossip

Bette Davis and Gary Merrill are quietly reading Broadway play scripts with an eye to teaming up for a late 1954 return to New York footlights, in a production to be financed by them. It will be Merrill’s first since his “Born Yesterday” appearance opposite Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas; Bette’s first since last year’s ill-fated revue, “Two’s Company” . . .

Hildegarde Neff’s most consistent suitor is a famed Broadway-Hollywood producer-director who’ll fly to Hamburg, Germany, during the Christmas holidays, in an attempt to make her his next—and third—wife. Both Hildegarde and Audrey Hepburn, linked romantically with Gregory Peck in the past, are on speaking terms with Peck’s wife, Greta, despite reports to the contrary . . .

Greta Peck’s decision to file for divorce charging Greg with desertion and mental cruelty, has their mutual friends greatly relieved. The “other woman” angle will not enter into the proceedings because of the Peck youngsters. Intimates further feel that Greta’s first move in consulting her attorneys about divorce measures may in turn be an important factor in Greg’s returning home to effect a reconciliation . . .

The Santa Monica Set is getting its yocks over film-don’s latest feud—the coolness displayed between Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter over the attentions of starlet Lori Nelson. Since both actors have the same agent, Henry Willson, and it’s their ten percenter who master-minds the Hollywood romances so heavily publicized to the delight of bobby-soxers, both Rock and Tab had better patch up their differences before agent Willson has his newest client, Michael Rayhill, step in to woo the lovely Lori . . .

The situation gets tense in the various Hollywood night clubs when Jane Powell and Gene (continued on next page)
two weeks after she left for home. She's very wealthy, too, which won't hurt her standing with practical Kirk ... 

STEVE COCHRANE secretly dated Lady Iris Mountbatten (descendent of Queen Victoria) during his Manhattan whirl and they visited a small, offbeat cafe nightly. Steve didn't dig the reason why until their last night out on the town before he left Gotham—Lady Iris has a mad crush on the baritone who is the main attraction at the East Side night club. Steve did a slow burn when he finally saw the light ... 

Clifton Webb cancelled all social engagements when his beloved mother, Mabel, took a turn for the worse. He never left his Beverly Hills mansion during a ... (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)

DOROTHY KILGALLEN'S

EXCLUSIVE MOVIE GOSSIP (CONTINUED)

Nelson walk in arm-in-arm and spot Geary Steffen dating Sheila Connolly, whom everyone expects will become the next Mrs. G. S. As uncomfortable as that may be, picture Jane and Gene slipping quietly into a corner booth at the Brown Derby, and coming face-to-face with Geary and Miriam Franklin Nelson who were lunching with their attorneys. There was no way out—no dancing away to another table, and the quartet of principals in 1953's most spectacular Hollywood love affair just sat and stared at each other. Miriam Nelson was the first to leave the restaurant and she did nothing to hide her tears ...

The Lana Turner-Lex Barker idyll is tottering even at this early date. Two days after their wedding, Lana went into seclusion and wouldn't speak to anyone—not even Lex—for three days. Her friends are worried and feel her latest marriage is another mistake if she's to continue her film career. A baby by Barker may help ...

JUDY GARLAND continued to work her way through her "A Star Is Born" assignment despite an aching, impacted wisdom tooth which she kept a secret from her husband-producer Sid Luft and director George Cukor. Extraction of the painful molar would have held up production on her comeback film and Judy wasn't having any more delays, even at the risk of sleepless nights and a possible infection similar to that suffered by Bette Davis ...

Grace Kelly is trying to forget Clark Gable by dating most of Hollywood's eligible males, but the torch she carries for "The King" can be seen from Catalina on a clear night ...

Kirk Douglas has flipped completely over Ethel Becher, a beautiful New York divorcée, whom he met in Rome. He tried to get her to return to Italy

Della Russell welcomes Jane Russell, Jane Powell, Rhonda Fleming to home.

Gordon MacRae, Joan Welden and Merv Griffin on Sheila MacRae's TV show.
Buy Beauty...

Hazel Bishop
color matched
"LIPSTICK DUET"
Blondes! Brunnettes! Brunettes! Your 2 most becoming shades of Hazel Bishop Long Lasting Lipstick, smartly packaged together at this great money-saving price!
only $1.10
plus tax

$1.50
value

SOFSKIN CREAM
For chapped hands. Wonderful for offsetting washday detergents.

10c
and
33c

HALO SHAMPOO
Not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling soap film!

LUSTRE CREME SHAMPOO
for glamorous hair... three ways lovelier...

Try this magical, dainty dream shampoo... not soap... not liquid. Secret ingredients, plus lanolin. Wonderful to use!

created by Kay Daumit

27c
53c

Veto says no to underarm "O"
Gives all day protection against perspiration and odor.

10c
25c
39c
59c

VEVO SPRAY
One squeeze puts your mind at ease!

39c
large size
59c
Gotham fans of Leslie Caron couldn't believe their eyes when their idol arrived at the Music Box Theatre to see Ralph Meeker in the play, "Picnic." Lili looked like anything but a movie star—her lack of make-up, unkempt hair-do and wrinkled clothes were a shock to the autograph hounds who crowded around her, not so much for her signature but for another look. They weren't sure it was Leslie Caron; she was dressed and looked more like the character in "So Big" than Jane Wyman did . . .

Fernando Lamas is being plagued by a Manhattan florist who would like to collect for dozens of posies sent to his Dahling—Arlene—a while back when they were both having a whirl in Our Town. Fernando denies he ever ordered the blooms, claims it's a mistake. What the florist says in rebuttal is unprintable . . .

Betty Hutton and her dance director-husband, Charles O'Curran, gave Charles ("Chuck") Walters a cool reception when he visited them backstage at the Palace Theatre where Betty resumed her two-a-day vaudeville shows. Walters, in town to direct Shirley Booth in the new musical play, "By The Beautiful Sea," in which

Leslie Caron, at "The Robe" premiere with husband George Hormel, should have been as dressed up at theatre in N.Y.

VISITING HOLLYWOOD STARS OFTEN SET BLASE NEW YORK BACK ON ITS HEELS
she'll star after completion of “Mrs. Leslie’s Place,” took the slight matter-of-factly...

Deborah Kerr’s outstanding success in the stage play, “Tea And Sympathy,” has Greer Garson, Joan Crawford and Jane Wyman showing undue interest in play scripts now being submitted to them in between Hollywood film commitments. Only Joan Crawford, of the trio, would seem a likely prospect to attempt an acting debut on the Broadway stage. It’s something she’s longed to do for years and years.

Bill Holden declined all and any bids to private parties during the New York filming of “Sabrina Fair” and he wouldn’t go out on interview appointments with female reporters unless a studio representative went along. Bill and his wife Brenda Marshall are fighting the separation rumors and he played it safe right down the line—wouldn’t even sup with Audrey Hepburn unless director Bill Wyler tagged along...

(Continued on Page 44)

BROADWAY

Terry Moore puts on the charm for the boss of Columbia Studios, Harry Cohn.

End that pasty rouged look forever!

Get this new creamy no streak makeup liquid today!

It’s true! It’s new! You’ve never guessed how glorious and lovely, how radiant beautiful your skin can look until you’ve tried Heather Natural Glow, the new creamy no streak liquid that’s so easy to use... never smears or streaks. Just apply a drop or two with the convenient applicator cap. Smooth it on with cotton or fingertip. Instantly your skin glows with a new rosy youthful look. Get new Heather Natural Glow today!

Never before so much beauty magic for so little!

Here’s all you do. Just apply 3 dots of Heather Natural Glow in a triangle under your eyes, using exclusive applicator cap. Now blend in with fingertip or cotton, for non-smearing lasting beauty. So easy, so flattering, so natural!

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49¢ Plus Tax
WHY PAY MORE?

For Truly Lasting
Loveliness!

HEATHER®
Liquid Creme Rouge
NATURAL GLOW
Blends as naturally as a blush

Four high-fashion right shades
MEDIUM • GERANIUM • DAYTIME • OR-AMBER
CUPID AND THE STORK WERE BUSY IN HOLLYWOOD IN 1953, BUT THERE WERE HEARTBREAKS TOO

HOLLYWOOD FACTS OF LIFE

By Fredda Dudley Balling

The stork, probably Hollywood’s most popular two-footed personality, did very well for himself during 1953 and obliged many parents by delivering exactly the sex ordered. (No reference to the Kinsey Report, another city-shaking first edition, is intended.)

Esther Williams and Ben Gage had their daughter, in October, to round out a family of two sons; Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding acquired their son in January, as did Michael and Maggie Rennie in March. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz welcomed Desi IV on January 19, as the most publicized infant ever born.

On January 5, Phyllis Thaxter and James Aubrey became the parents of a little brother for daughter, Susan, who is seven.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Gosden (of “Amos ’n Andy”) celebrated January 10 by welcoming Linda, 7 lbs., 6 oz. Their son was born in 1949.

Vittoria Gina Gassman (jumping the gun by a full month) leaped into the world on February 17, to the delight of Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman. Incidentally, Vittoria made alphabet soup out of astrologers who had predicted her debut on St. Patrick’s day.

Washington’s birthday was chosen as his own by Preston Sturges, Jr., son of the director and his wife, Anne.

March ushered in a daughter for Colonel Robin Olds and Ella Raines, and April supplied daughters to Erle Jolson Krasna and producer Norman Krasna, to Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw, and—in Rome—to Marta Toren and Leonardo Bercovici.

Remember the wonderful pictures taken of Mary Hacker Swope by her father when the youngster was only a few hours old? Her father, John Swope, acquired another camera subject on May 18, when Dorothy McGuire presented him with a son, Mark, who weighed in at 8 lbs., 2 ounces.

Another May acquisition was Duncan Paris West, adopted by Eve Arden and Brooks West to supply their two adopted daughters with a brother.

In West Palm Beach, Florida, Judy Canova and Philip Rivero were impressed by Miss Diana who checked in on June 2, and on June 17, Ruth Hussey and Bob Longnecker telephoned all their friends to talk about the daughter they (continued on page 57)
Kirk Douglas was busy playing field, romantically.

Romantic highlight of year was Ann Blyth-Dr. James McNulty wedding.

Is Marilyn Monroe, or is she not, Mrs. DiMaggio?

Esther Williams and Ben Gage got wish: a sister for the boys.

European spies insist Gene Tierney will be a Princess.

The Gregory Peck marriage seems ended by Greta's divorce action.

Divorce from Jess Barker is set for Susan Hayward.

The Haymes-Hayworth marriage was stage-managed by a publicity man.

Ill health interrupted June Haver's convent novitiate.

Lana Turner and Lex Barker were married with flashbulbs popping.

Romance of Jane Powell, Gene Nelson rocked town.

Marriage of Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner was shaky.
SHOW BUSINESS HAS NEVER KNOWN THE LIKES OF SO UNUSUAL A GUY

Several attempts have been made in the past to analyze that “something” which Arthur Godfrey has that brought him such resounding success. That he and his story are slightly phenomenal in the highly competitive world of show business is evident when you take a good look at this man. First of all, to find out what he is, perhaps we can eliminate a few things that he isn’t. He is not a comedian. He is not a singer. He is not a musician. He is not a salesman (in the traditional sense of “pitchman”). But being able to do all of these things moderately well and at the same time being absolutely an average human being, has brought him into almost individual touch with each person in his audience. The viewers sympathize and participate through him in everything that he does. So that, starting with no great talent in any one direction, he ends up being just about the greatest comedian, singer, musician and salesman.

“Godfrey” vies with “Eisenhower” as a household word in this country, but what kind of a person is he really, and how did he get where he is today? Millions of people want to know “The real inside story of Godfrey.” But very few know it.

The story starts very humbly, and it is Godfrey’s simple background and his slow, hard-working rise to fame that possibly hold a clue to his great appeal to the people whom he knows so well—the average Americans.

Arthur Godfrey started with nothing but the clothes on his back—he started out on his own at the age of 14, joined the Navy when he was 16, worked his way up as a professional entertainer through announcing on the radio, being a disc jockey on a morning show, appearing in vaudeville as “Red Godfrey And His Talking Banjo,” and leading his own orchestra. Godfrey worked hard and has never lost touch with the knowledge of how hard and stoney was the climb to fame. He hasn’t forgotten the days

(Continued on page 65)
When I was broke, nobody ever gave me anything. Now that I have money, I don't need to buy anything. It's given to me.
HERE ARE TWO DECIDELY DIFFERENT
VIEWPOINTS ON DORIS DAY, REVEALING HOW HOLLYWOODITES
HONESTLY FEEL ABOUT HER OFF-SCREEN PERSONALITY
by Meg Morgan and Tom Carlson

WHAT THEY LIKE AND
DISLIKE ABOUT DORIS

HOLLYWOOD doesn't like Doris Day because she's become such a perfectionist
that, in dealing with others, she's prone to expect perfection, too. Waitresses
in the studio commissary find her difficult to please. She'll send food back
to the kitchen because, "it isn't cooked properly." Sometimes she sniffs
suspiciously and asks, "Are you sure it's fresh?"

Her clothes sense is good, but she has such definite likes and dislikes it frustrates
fashion experts when they try to create something original for her. Once she
says "no" there's little hope of dissuading her. She's such a meticulous
housewife, her standards challenge the servant situation. As one departing
domestic put it: "Miss Day is nice to know and difficult to work for. She even finds
dust—where there ain't no dust!"

Hairdressers, make-up artists, wardrobe women and her set crews believe
she's changed. Director Michael Curtiz, who discovered her, believes she's
changed. "Hollywood is filled with ungratefuls," generalized the man who gave
Doris her big break in "Romance On The High Seas." Recently he wanted her for
"The Jazz Singer," but she refused the role. So instead of remaining
friends, they became "friendly"—and Peggy Lee played the part.

She was easy-going, cooperative and skeptical of no one when she first arrived
in Hollywood. Life to her was one long irresponsible ball. According to
co-workers, she's gradually grown contradictory, provocative (continued on page 55)
MADE FOR EACH OTHER?

GENE TIERNEY WOULD BE HAPPY AS ALY KHAN'S PRINCESS

by Louis Reid

WILL glamorous Gene Tierney be the next American bride of Moslem Prince Aly Khan?

Is the exotically beautiful screen star, famed as Hollywood's best-dressed woman, destined to move upward—in rank—from a countess to a princess?

According to European indications, it is as certain as the blue of the Mediterranean or the black and red of the roulette wheels at Monte Carlo.

Aly and Gene have been inseparable for months. As far back as last January Paris believed their marriage was imminent.

When last Spring she began to sport a diamond ring which Aly put on her finger, bets were even laid concerning the date of the altar march.

Any day now is the word along the boulevards and on the Riviera. However, announcement of marriage plans has been put off “for a while,” it was said, because the Aga Khan, Aly’s fabulously wealthy father, does not want his son to marry too soon after his much-publicized marital break-up with Rita Hayworth.

The French, the English, the Swiss; yes, and the Americans, too—those in Hollywood especially—are confident Gene could and would make a brilliant go of a marriage with Aly.

Why? Because Gene Tierney has always wanted to be a princess.

What is more, Aly is convinced she not only is to the manor-born, but to the manner-bred. She has the cultural, the chic and swanky and social background for the role.

Her full name for more than ten years was Countess Gene Eliza Taylor Tierney Lolewski-Cassini. She was formerly the wife of Count Oleg Lolewski-Cassini, noted Hollywood and New York dress designer and suave scion of the Italian-Russian nobility.

Gene is also a super-sophisticate—an essential (CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)
HOW TO GET
"OF ALL TRICKY PROBLEMS, THIS ONE IS LOADED WITH DYNAMITE—FOR THE FUTURE. BUT IF THERE'S GOOD REASON TO RENEW THE ROMANCE, THEN YOU HAVE YOUR WORK CUT OUT FOR YOU"

by Janet Leigh

I ONCE tried to get a man back when a romance blew up. And of all the tricky problems to handle, this is one that is potentially loaded with dynamite—for the future.

Of course, this happened when I was in high school. I had fallen for the campus idol, the most in-demand man at school. I can still remember how very breezy I felt when he asked me for the first date.

But then came the break-up—and all because a boy with whom I had gone out before came by to see me. My campus idol happened to see him come to the house and got mad. I wanted to explain the situation and try to get him back, but I knew I had to be very cagey.

Since I had never believed in calling a man, I made no attempt to reach him by phone. Instead, I made it a point to be where I knew he would be. Yet, I wasn't obvious about it because any man hates to feel he's being chased. I tried to be quite normal. I, at the same time, dressed as well as I could and was as attractive as possible.

I finally did meet him. I explained that I hadn't invited the boy over and that I was sorry he had misunderstood. By this time he had mellowed sufficiently to be able to listen to me logically, and we started going together again.

This was my one and only experience in trying to get a man back, but it did teach me a lot. Not that I'm therefore setting myself up as a final authority on the subject. I'm certainly not. My business is being an actress in such pictures as "Prince Valiant." I am consequently merely stating what my beliefs are on the subject—and if they happen to be applicable—well, that's fine.

When I wanted to get this man back I made one mistake—I didn't ask myself if it was right for us to be together again or not. I wasn't thinking of much else except that I wanted to go out with him again. If this had happened to me later, I'm sure I would have asked myself a lot more questions before making any move. And I think these questions are ones any girl should ask before setting out to win back any man.

I've had broken romances since (CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)
KEEP IT SIMPLE!

ALAN LADD, IN KEEPING COMPLICATIONS OUT OF CAREER AND HOME LIFE, HAS FOUND PEACE OF MIND, HAPPINESS

by Mary Sherwood

"YOU HEAR a lot about the movies—much of it good, a lot of it bad. But movies have been good enough for me—and movies will be good enough for my children."

This simple and direct statement of one of Hollywood’s most simple and direct stars characterizes much of Alan Ladd’s sane and sincere philosophy. Like any parent, who wants the best for his offspring, Alan could pay no better tribute to the vocation he chose for himself than that he would like them to follow in his own footsteps!

Yes, those words tell a lot about Alan Ladd—a man who can achieve the top in Hollywood, stay at the top for ten years with no slightest sign of dropping in popularity, and come through all the hurly-burly of filmmod—the Fantastic, jittery, up-and-down maelstrom—and still be gracious and grateful enough to say “Hollywood has been very good to me!”

So many other stars have dimmed and vanished like candles in a wind. What is there about Alan Ladd that rises above the rest? He’d tell you himself: I never let it get me!

To the Ladds—because to think of Alan is to include Sue Carol as a matter of course—Hollywood and the making of pictures is a business, and they’ve treated it as such.

They never went overboard. Not in any way. Life is simple, and based on the fundamentals that matter whether you live in California, New York or Europe. In homes all over the world, the father goes to work every day, the mother takes care of the house and the children.

The Ladds have never seen any reason why life in Hollywood should be different. Alan Ladd goes to work at a studio; Sue Carol Ladd plans the dinner, does the marketing, manages the routine of her children, and makes home a pleasant place for a tired husband.

“Everyone has always tossed a lot of words around when it comes to Sue Carol and her place in Alan’s life,” says one friend.

“The truth of the matter is that he says she made him what he is—but she says she’s just a consultant.”

“And that’s true! Anyone who thinks Alan Ladd (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

Alan knows sex-appeal by itself means little; it’s a way of life that counts.
IT'S TRUE

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA's Roman countrymen call her a poem in motion. The French call her 5'5", fully-packed figure a chef d'oeuvre, a work of art. A young Russian—and to this day nobody knows how he managed to smuggle the letter through the Iron Curtain—wrote "Tzina" Lollobrigida the following: "Siberia is very cold. I long to come to sunny Italy to make your acquaintance. In your presence, I am sure I will never again be cold even in the most freezing temperatures." A 65-year-old Swede, Ernest Lindstrom by name, walked most of the way from Sweden to meet Gina. He made this statement upon his arrival in Rome. "I came to Italy to meet her because I saw her in a picture and for me she is the most beautiful woman in the world. If necessary, I would walk halfway around this globe to be in the same room with her. I must marry her."

Fans from many parts of the world call her "The Golden Bosom" for splendidly-obvious reasons. The Rome Daily American refers to her as "sort of a moving version of a historical novel's book jacket." And a Dutch critic, under the kind of extreme emotional duress which often results in a heart attack, ended his praise of her charms with the following comment: "Here is an incomparable package of glorious womanhood. Gina has the urgent physical appeal of Marilyn Monroe, Rita Hayworth and the late Jean Harlow combined with the flawless beauty of a Hedy Lamarr."

Fortunately for 150 million Americans, particularly the masculine half of the population, this tantalizing Roman dish of potent anatomical force, already considered Europe's Queen of Perfect Pulchritude, will be paying our shores a visit around the first of the year. Luscious new star of the Italian cinema, Gina is probably the most perfectly formed creature Europe has ogled since Aphrodite. Her challenge for the title of Number One International Pin-Up Girl is a formidable one. In the six years since this Roman tidbit was chosen Miss Italy, she has become one of Europe's biggest box-office attractions. Having won the French equivalent of the Oscar for the best 1952 performance by a foreign actress, she must be able to act as well as radiate heat. Millions of fans are clamoring for more and more of this fabulous new product Italy is exporting for the edification of filmgoers in every part of the world.

There is no question that her extraordinary (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)

"THE WIFE INCARNATE, BEAUTIFUL, APPEALING, ALWAYS FERTILE"—THAT IS THE LUSCIOUS LOLLOBRIGIDA

by Gene Morris
WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT GINA

Errol Flynn, Gina’s vis-a-vis in “Crossed Swords,” says, “What a department store! She has everything you want on every floor, and plenty of overstock.” To Humphrey Bogart she is “Molten ore. She burns me, burns me. I’m a crisp!”

Starring with Bogey in John Huston’s “Beat The Devil,” her charms had Huston in poetic rhapsody.
It does seem that the triangle of Rocky, Gary and Giselle is of far greater importance and of deeper consequence than first suspected.

Ever since his arrival in France last Spring for the annual Cannes Film Festival, Gary Cooper's private life has been a public football gleefully tossed back and forth among front-page headline writers, tidbit columnists and the international cocktail set.

Is Gary's marriage to his attractive Rocky over after 17 years?

And is it over because of vivacious and popular French film star, Giselle Pascal?

The naked facts which caused a sensation with international journalists and gossip-hungry cosmopolites, and which are provoking deep concern among the vast legion of Cooper fans, are these:

Gary came to Europe in April for an indefinite stay.

Rocky and their 15-year-old daughter, Maria, remained in Hollywood.

Virtually the night Gary arrived, he met Miss Pascal.

From the very beginning, the two spent considerable time together at receptions, restaurants, parties and sightseeing both on the Riviera and in Paris—all of which hundreds of photographers graphically recorded.

Numerous people who saw them together said they were perfectly matched and predicted transatlantic fireworks.

In June, Rocky and Maria suddenly appeared in Paris and an announcement was made that the Cooper family was going on a two-month holiday in Europe. After a good-will tour of major continental cities, the Coopers spent time together at Antibes, Biarritz and other famed resort spots. On her trip, Rocky met hundreds of personalities in the international film set.

But, she never once met Mademoiselle Pascal.

In August, Rocky and Maria were (Continued on page 54)
Giselle has a brilliant mind, is athletic, too.

Before Gary she had long time romance with prince.

THE ROMANCE OF GARY AND GISELLE

by Henry Kaufman

"Who could be indifferent to his warmth?"

"It was so much fun to show him Paris. Really a big boy, but complete man, too."
PAULETTE'S
HAUNTING PAST

HOLLYWOOD HAS ALWAYS KNOWN PAULETTE GODDARD AS A SELF-ASSURED PERSON, BUT NOW IT WONDERS IF SHE IS SO SURE OF HERSELF

Paulette Goddard, once voted possessor of the most beautiful body in the world, is noted in Hollywood as a person whose legal astuteness matches her figure.

Her quiet—and effective—divorce from two former husbands, Charles Chaplin and Burgess Meredith, which caught the film town napping, added to her reputation as an independent, completely self-assured person.

Hollywood was ready to bet its last swimming pool the gorgeous Goddard could take care of any legal situation in which she was involved.

Now it wonders if she is so sure of herself after all.

It is because she is doubting whether her Cuernavaca divorce from her third spouse, Broadway star Burgess Meredith, obtained four long years ago, was strictly on the up-and-up.

Paulette raised the doubt in New York when she recently filed a countersuit in Supreme Court to Meredith's legal demand for a 50-50 split of the $400,000 of folding money she is said to have earned in California during the five years they were married.

If she wins her action and her divorce is ruled illegal, she will sue Meredith for a new divorce—this time in the United States—and name Broadway dancer, blonde Kaja Sundsten, whom he married in 1950.

The legal situation has for many observers the complications of a French "problem play," but it also has the distinction of an unusually provocative personality in its leading feminine role.

"Buzz" Meredith, in his new courtroom role, contends that the shapely Goddard doesn't have a leg to stand on so far as the validity of the Mexican divorce was concerned, because she "took too long to make up her mind about challenging it."

If the Supreme Court rules in her favor and that Meredith can be "legally stopped" from claiming half her California property, Paulette may quit America and live abroad.

Reports continue that the actress is planning to divide her future residence between London, Paris and Switzerland with occasional visits to New York and Hollywood.

Paulette Goddard, Hollywood remembers, always did like to travel. The film town recalls that she took Chaplin as her second husband in far-off Canton while on a trip around the world. Of course, this time Paulette's desire to live in Europe could be prompted by the fact that Erich Maria Remarque, the well-known author with whom her name has been linked romantically, resides there.

Paulette and Burgess were wed on May 21, 1944, in the garden of the Beverly Hills home of film producer David O. Selznick, and it was (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)
"THERE'S NOTHING ABOUT MICHAEL I WOULD CHANGE EXCEPT THAT I WISH HE WOULDN'T BE CROSS WITH ME WHEN I'M LATE," SAYS LIZ

"Michael is an omniverous reader; we're both lazy."

"He loves dogs ... isn't interested in food, parties."

PORTRAIT

by Liz Taylor
OF MY HUSBAND

While Michael was in England and I was in Hollywood, he painted a portrait of me from a photograph. The picture hangs in our baby's room, and I love it. Now I shall paint a word-portrait of him:

He is six-foot-one in height; he weighs around 165 pounds. His eyes are blue, an aqua-blue, my favorite color; his hair is brown with a little gray in it—let's call it salt-and-pepper. He's very muscular; I don't mean muscle-bound, but strong and lithe.

He has the world's most marvelous disposition. I must be a very trying person to live with, at times, but Michael never lets me feel that I am. I never flare out at people, but once I let fly at Michael. That was when I came home completely exhausted, knowing we both still had all our packing to do for our trip to England, a thousand nagging errands, and 36 hours before our plane took off. There was Michael in his bathing suit, lying quietly beside the pool.

"Oh, Michael—with all we have to do!" I reproached him. That angel-man gave me a sympathetic smile, jumped up, kissed me and agreed with everything I said so heartily that I found myself laughing.

As to clothes, he's the casual type. He loves blue-jeans, sports shirts that hang outside, sports jackets, slacks. He hates to put on a dinner jacket, a dress shirt and a black tie. I tell him it's no more trouble to put on a dress shirt than any other kind, and what's so terrible about a dinner jacket? But it's a mental thing with Michael. He thinks he can't tie a bow tie, and that formal clothes are uncomfortable. But when I ask him to, the darling struggles into them, even if he doesn't like it.

Naturally, I dress for Michael. He never goes with me to shop; it wouldn't interest him and he'd be embarrassed; but if I am uncertain whether or not he'll like a dress, I send it home on approval and show it to him. If he doesn't like it, he says so, honestly, and I return it, because, after all, he is the man I wish to please. But if I am really mad for a dress and he says "No," he'll see that I'm disappointed. "Keep it if you like," he'll say, "you are the one who has to wear it." If I keep it, I never put it on when I'm with him.

The first time I saw Michael, I was working with Robert Taylor in a picture we made in England. Michael was doing a film on the same lot. I thought him divine and chased him all over the studio. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)
HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

Anne Baxter had a narrow escape while crossing Park Avenue against the traffic lights when her cloth coat billowed out and caught onto a passing car's door handle. Had the garment been heavier she'd have been seriously injured. As it was, her coat was ripped in half and she suffered a few minor bruises on one arm. The shock was enough to force her to cancel a luncheon appointment and return to her hotel to recover from the incident ...

Designer Don Loper told such hilarious stories at Bruno's Pen & Pencil Steak House during a dinner party in honor of Hildegarde Neff, that the actress had to excuse herself and go to the Powder Room. She split the sides of her dress from laughing and had to have the attendant sew her back into her gown—a Don Loper creation, naturally. Because of a maritime strike, the star of "The Sinner" and "The Man Between" had to go to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to sail to Germany on the Queen Mary, and left New York one day ahead of schedule. She missed a call from Cole Porter, then in Hollywood, who wanted to sign her for the musical comedy version of "Ninotchka"—the one-time Greta Garbo movie. Hildegarde won't return to these shores until late in 1954, but composer Porter has indicated he'll wait for her ...


During the Bogart-Bacall sojourn in New York, oldtime pals of Lauren Bacall were amazed at the change that has taken place in the stage struck, ex-usherette they once knew as Betty Bacall. Lauren is now very glamorous, very chic and very difficult to reach even by telephone, so her former friends report. They always knew she was long on talent and full of determination, but to possess a short memory is something new for her ...

Marlene Dietrich is the main financial backer of her husband's poultry farm in Southern California. Her Hotel Sands checks in Las Vegas will be made out to "Marlene Seiber"—she's still Mrs. Rudolph Seiber, although up until the time she went to the West Coast to prepare (continued on page 70)
If CBS-TV will go for it—and we hope Arthur Godfrey is willing—Ray Bolger’s ABC-TV comedy show will be highlighted by a reunion routine, songs and dances, with them both. They appeared together on Broadway in the musical revue, “Three To Make Ready” (Ray was starred, Arthur was among those featured), before Arthur began his rapid climb to fame. Ray would dance, Arthur would sing “The Old Soft Shoe” number from the musical. It’s something to look forward to . . .

Marlon Brando has been suggesting designs for the hand-wrought silver jewelry that Wally Cox has been executing in time for Christmas presents. An expert silversmith, Wally’s favorite hobby is making costume accessories for his favorite feminine friends, and unusual cufflinks for his male pals. He ran out of ideas, however, and his longtime chum, Marlon, was called in to help with suggestions. For those pieces made by Wally, but designed by Marlon, they’ll be signed “W.C./M.B.” Collector’s items for sure! . . .

Henry Fonda gave up his plans to enter the TV field a la Robert Montgomery—and the latter’s sponsors, are now sighing with relief. The Montgomery TV show has little competition, but Henry Fonda on TV, with a similar format, could be considered (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)
MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

CONTINUED

keen rivalry. Fonda, the "Mister Roberts" star, will continue to make guest appearances only—until next September, at least . . .

Milton Berle and his fiancee, Ruth Cosgrove, are having a hard time denying the rumors they were secretly married in a Mexican border town last Summer. And, Red and Helayne Buttons are giggling at

Milton Berle and fiancee, Ruth Cosgrove, with Joey Adams at Danny’s Hideaway, have hard time denying secret marriage.

the separation reports. If anything, his TV success has insured his marriage—he was always a worrier about not being the Great Big Provider. They couldn't be happier, insists Red . . .

You haven't seen anything until you've gotten a look at Jackie Gleason sporting a pair of Bermuda length shorts—they come just above his knees—and in pale blue flannel! He's adopted this version of tropical attire for his "at home" hours, complete with matching smoking jacket . . .

Video Vensuses who are gracing your TV sets with bright highlights in their hair are now being called "Sunshine Girls"—that's what hair stylist Michel of Paris names those jewel-tone streaks in TV tresses these days—"Sunshine!" . . .

It's supposed to be a surprise and we hate to have to reveal it first (who sez?), but for their 27th wedding an-

niversary, Jack Benny has ordered a 60-carat sapphire ring for his beloved Mary Livingstone and the presentation takes place Valentine's Day—they were wed February 14, 1927. Why 60 carats instead of 27? That's because February 14th will also be Jack's 60th birthday. Luckily for Mary, she knows he isn't "39" . . .

Imogene Coca's husband, Bob Burton, presented her with a new French poodle as a surprise gift, but Bob got a bigger surprise the same day—three Angora kittens named "Put," "Tee" and "Tat." The new canine has been named "Coo" and follows Imo everywhere she goes but growls at Bob, if he doesn't call him by name first . . .

Ozzie and Harriet Nelson have given their oldest son, David, the "go ahead" signal to prepare for a career in law. He'll remain with the Nelson TV show until the Summer of 1955, then withdraw from the program. Brother Ricky will remain with Ozzie and Harriet, of course, and young Rick

James Daly, new star of "Foreign Intrigue," checks European location sites on map with Sheldon Reynolds, the producer.

Florence Pritchett, of "Leave It To The Girls," at gala party celebrating the show's return to television, in the Gold Room of the Sherry-Netherland Hotel.
Eloise McElhone and Maggi McNellis with their mates, William Warwick and Clyde Newhouse, are happy foursome at the soiree given by Martha Rountree, "Leave It To The Girls" producer, for cast and friends after premiere show.

has his future career already planned. He wants to remain an actor . . .

Lu Ann Simms has decided against tackling long sessions with her dentist in order to have her teeth capped. She'll wait until a later date, or, as it is expected in video circles, until she answers the call of Hollywood, two or three years hence (with Arthur Godfrey's blessings, naturally) . . .

Eve Arden and her actor-husband, Brooks West, may adopt another child within the next six months. It will be an American-born youngster, and not an orphan in Germany as has been erroneously reported elsewhere . . .

Rosemary Clooney lost out on a TV series when word got around that she and Jose Ferrer were awaiting their firstborn. Both Rosie and Joe denied they had a date with the stork, but admitted they (continued on page 72)

Maggi watches Martha Rountree open a gift she received at the "Leave It To The Girls" party. Maggi acts as moderator on the popular television show.
Fashion á la carte


Hildegarde Neff (right) stars in "The Man Between" and "The Sinner." She wears rayon taffeta dress from GRANT'S. About $14 in red, slate blue, black.

Hildegarde Neff and Mike O'Shea at Bruno's Pen and Pencil. Mike's on ABC-Radio and TV. Hildegarde wears McLellan'S jewel-trimmed cardigan, $3.98.
Georgiann Johnson and Tony Randall teamed as husband and wife on NBC-TV “Mr. Peepers,” at Danny’s Hideaway. Georgiann models dress from GRANT'S with jersey top and moire-faille skirt. Under $18.

Mike Wallace and his wife, Buff Cobb, busy with TV and radio, on one of their rare free evenings. Buff wears Lydella Fashion with jersey top, patent leather-print cotton skirt. GRANT'S. Under $18.
RITA MAY NOT LOOK LIKE A "HOME-AND-FIRESIDE GIRL," BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT SHE IS

MR. and MRS. DICK HAYMES of Connecticut

by Ronald Rattigan

Dick Haymes packed up all his troubles in his old valise when he married ravishing Rita Hayworth.

No longer is the crooner, who a few short months ago was really Mr. Trouble, himself, singing the "Deportation Blues" or "I Got Plenty Of Nothin'."

With the fabulous redhead as his happy bride he's letting the world go hang.

Those back income taxes, the alimony demands of previous wives, the regiment of ever-eager creditors hovering over him? They're minor headaches now to a man whose torrid romance with the movie queen has been climaxxed by a trip to the altar and a mutual resolve that this—the fourth marriage for each—will be their last. Even the threat of deportation to his native Argentina, because he allegedly violated the McCarran Act when he flew to see Rita in Hawaii last Summer, holds no fear for Dick.

"I'll follow Dick anywhere on earth," Rita declares. "Our careers will never separate us. Nothing will ever separate us."

Up in the hills above Greenwich, Conn., the Gothic country home with swimming pool and private lake the two have rented for the modest price of $450 a month, represents, they are sure, the "happy ending" neither ever found with previous spouses.

Rita will vary her life as a Connecticut housewife, accompanying Dick on his night club tours. If, as happened recently in Philadelphia, he cuts short an engagement because Uncle Sugar wants to attach his salary for back income taxes, it merely means for them hopping a plane to some other town out of a particular state's jurisdiction.

As for Rita, her movie contract has less than two years to run. She plans to visit Hollywood once a year for picture making. After that—well, she just hasn't decided about her career.

It may well be that Rita, now 34, will settle permanently for quiet and exclusive country domesticity.

She is, basically, "a home-and-fireside girl" as her attorney Bartley C. Crum, of 39 Broadway, once told Prince Aly Khan, her playboy third husband.

Aly's retort—"but she doesn't look like a home-and-fireside girl"—was one that might have occurred to many men who have glimpsed her in the flesh or on the screen.

That Crum wasn't talking idly is proved by their reported simple life in Greenwich. There Rita is very much the wife-and-mother, reading stories to Yasmin, her three-and-a-half-year-old daughter by Aly, and Rebecca, eight, offspring of her marriage to Orson Welles, combing their braids at bedtime, mending their clothes.

At the same time she is attentive to the new man in her home.

The 35-year-old Dick, on his part, is enjoying a triumph in his new role of stepfather. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)
Whenever you analyze a success story you can't help being impressed with the fact that nice things like success don't just "happen." They're almost always the result of careful planning and preparation. The wonderful success of Columbia's young May Wynn is a perfect example of the sort of thing we mean. May has "arrived"—she's the only young girl in "The Caine Mutiny"—playing with a cast that includes some of the biggest male heart-throbs in Hollywood. But all this didn't happen overnight. May had a plan and she followed it—to stardom. So, when you want to "star" for your own "public," take a tip from May and make yourself a plan to lead you to a success of your own.

Planning for beauty-wise success is really a three-part procedure. First come the essentials for cleanliness, second are the basic preparations

The frequent use of a brand new, especially formulated leg lotion helps Columbia's May Wynn cut down on stocking runs.

FORMULA FOR PERFECTION

May knows that all-over cleanliness is the first and most important of several steps necessary in a true beauty's routine.
for skin-preservation and improvement, and last but far from least, the glamourizers. You can’t skimp on any one of the three if you’re really sincere about wanting to achieve greater loveliness.

Taking first things first, let’s start off by considering the problem of cleanliness. No, it’s not just a question of taking enough hot baths. You could bathe twice a day and accomplish almost nothing if you forget to use soap and a good brush—or worse still, you could roughen your skin to an appalling extent by just being careless about the kind of soap you did use. What you obviously need then is a good soap, plus a good brush, plus a special cleanser to deal firmly with trouble spots. Choosing your soap is easy enough because you know you’re safe if you just play “copy-cat” and use Lux the way so many stars do. It’s hard-milled, you know, and was designed to pamper delicate complexions. You’ll like the fragrance too. The question of what kind of a brush to use is a little harder to answer. Ideally, you should

HERE IS A PLAN TO HELP YOU ACHIEVE
THE REWARD OF GREATER LOVELINESS

By Elizabeth Lapham

have three brushes; a long-handed bath brush, a nail brush, and a complexion brush. Prophylactic brushes come in all three varieties and more shapes and sizes than you can imagine. You’ll undoubtedly like some better than others because they are planned to suit individual preferences. The important thing is that they are superior tools capable of making a thorough job of banishing grime and scurf skin. Your next requirement in the cleanliness department is some means of dealing with blackheads, and with those roughened areas that almost everyone has on elbows and heels. For these Helena Rubinstein has concocted Beauty Washing Grains—a friction wash that leaves you glowing. The formula is composed of tiny granules that you put to work with a minimum of water, and massage into trouble spots. Once your skin is in condition you’ll only need the Beauty Washing Grains about twice a week, but it’s a good idea to use them for daily treatments in the beginning.

Lest you think that’s enough of a sequence to follow for perfect cleanliness, we’d better remind you right here and now that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

Just a slight touch of the right perfume adds the final filip to our beauty’s “formula for perfection.”
Giselle Pascal, French screen favorite, with Henry Kaufman, is greeted by members of the International Catholic Film Society at reception in Paris.

THE ROMANCE OF GARY AND GISELLE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

scheduled to go back to Hollywood.

They were scheduled to go alone. Gary was staying in Europe, and no one knew for how long.

The facts. What do they add up to? Is it only circumstantial evidence which, when examined carefully, will prove absolutely nothing beyond a harmless friendship between a lonely man and a charming woman? Or do they clearly indicate after meticulous analysis that, as it so happens, their hearts are engaged? Gary and Rocky are at the end of the line after 17 years of going it together? And that as soon as Rocky painfully steps off, Miss Pascal will jump on?

For a proper perspective on this puzzling situation, we must first get an answer to one question.

"Just who is Giselle Pascal?"

It is true that it would make news if Gary were seen in public with just any girl. But is Giselle Pascal just any girl?

Definitely not!

She is unquestionably a woman to be reckoned with in every department—brains, beauty, education, chic and talent. She's an outstanding athlete—even flies her own plane. Probably 30 now and not too well known as a film star beyond the borders of France, she had a great romance for seven years with Rainier III, the reigning prince of the Principality of Monaco. For three of those years, because of her devotion to the Prince, she retired from films to shelter him from criticism from die-hards who muttered darkly about the bond between his Royal Person and that film actress. The couple's eventual hopes of being married were dimmed. Last year, the Prince was prepared to risk everything to marry Giselle, but she, afraid that one day he might resent what might develop into another Wally Simpson-Duke of Windsor drama, refused to accept him.

With an admirable display of will power, she turned her back on him forever and brought their romance to an end.

And then, as everyone now knows, the French girl who won the love of a prince met a box-office king in Cannes. What in Gary obviously appealed to Miss Pascal? And what in her obviously appealed to Gary? I made it a point to find out.

I met Giselle Pascal for the first time at a crowded reception being given in Paris to her film, "Passing Beyond Horizons Without End," which had been awarded a prize by the International Catholic Film Society. She was even lovelier than her photographs—a warm, charming and beautifully-poised young lady. She was tall, slender, graceful as a reed; immeasurably young in spirit. She wore a ten-rose colored satin which she wore under a black silk moire coat which bellowed to the floor. A tight crop of short brown curls circled her sun-bronzed face on which there was hardly a trace of makeup.

I watched her receive person after person with remarkable self-assurance, imparting a genuine feeling of appealing sincerity to everyone who approached her. I felt it very strongly when we chatted for a moment and when she pleasantly agreed to a rendezvous at her Paris apartment the next day to talk privately. As I admired her, I kept thinking to myself: how interesting that the fumbling, awkward, shy but perceptive Gary should be attracted to such an assured and sophisticated woman.

My first glimpse of Mademoiselle Pascal as she ran out of her lovely garden apartment the next day with a greeting astonished me. Here was a completely different aspect of her personality, a complete antithesis to the worldly sophisticated woman I met the afternoon before. Garbed in a plain but chic pink frock of cotton and flat green slippers, her scrubbed shiny face bearing a radiant smile, she was a simple, lighthearted and endearing gazelle. She looked no more than 20 to me, and there was something very American, almost tom-boy, about her. How refreshing. I thought, after some of the high-powered, highly-perfumed European film stars I had met. It was already clear to me why Gary found this piquant French girl so intriguing.

In the best American tradition, Miss Pascal offered me a highball, sat down beside me with a cigarette, and took a slow sip from her drink. She knew that I wanted to talk about Gary, and came straight to the point without making it necessary for me to pry.

"In French we say very simply, beau-
coup de bruit pour rien, a lot of noise about nothing," she began. "The newspapers, particularly the French ones, have played up our friendship to such proportions that the whole thing has alarmed me. I like Gary. Of course I do. He's one of the most charming men I've ever known anywhere. Who could be indifferent to his warmth, his kindness, his simplicity and that smile? Though many don't think so because he is slow, he is intelligent as he is sensitive. He has many qualities I find appealing; a sense of humor and great understanding being two of them."

Before continuing, she threw her long athletic legs over the arm of her chair and puffed at her cigarette. "That I admire Gary Cooper the actor, that I find him plesing as a man, yes. But certainly. Why deny it? Or why deny that we enjoy each other's company? It was so much fun for me to show him Paris. He's really such a big boy as well as a complete man. He has such enthusiasm. I like people with enthusiasm."

I asked her to give me the real facts on their meeting.

"It was an accident," she began. "They were looking for a French actress to sit beside Gary at the official dinner, and just by chance, I was selected. I was thrilled, mais oui. Name one woman in the world of 20 and 30, the age of eight to eighty, who wouldn't jump at the chance to spend an evening next to this idol of movie idols."

"After the dinner was over Gary asked me to join some of his American friends for some dancing. Naturally, everywhere Gary went, the photographers went, snapping pictures of us. After that, we spent quite a lot of time together at Cannes—you know, dinners, receptions and all that sort of thing."

I reminded her that they were also seen together quite a bit in Paris.

"That's true," she replied quickly. "I had to return to Paris to prepare for a new picture. Gary had to come back to receive one of the several awards being given by the French film industry for the best international film performances given during the year. So we suddenly threw back her head and laughed. "I have a very amusing story to tell you about Gary," she said. "Do you want to hear it?" I said of course I did.

"Gary speaks practically no French and understands even less," she started. "The night these prizes were awarded, I was sitting with everybody. Everybody was hang-

ing on every word, and when his award for 'High Noon' was announced, there were wild cheers and tremendous applause. I was so busy applauding that I didn't bother to look at Gary. Then, I turned to congratulate him and to my surprise I realized he was beaming and applauding just as he had for all the others. I frantically whispered to him to stop applauding for himself. When he un-

derstood, he turned red as a ripe French tomato. Though Gary was terribly em-
barrassed, it really was so wonderfully charming and nobody minded." She laughed again at the memory, but it was a laughter born from warm understanding and not derision.

Then suddenly her whole mood changed. Her sparkling eyes became serious and she fixed her gaze directly on me.

"There is absolutely no romance between Gary Cooper and me. There could not be. He has a lovely wife. I haven't met her, but everybody says she is lovely. He has a daughter of whom he is extremely proud. I did meet Maria and with tremendous pleasure. Gary and I are friends, good friends, I hope. But there is no romance. She spoke the words slowly, meaningfully.

I demanded to know if a romance would be possible if Gary were not married.

Miss Pascal was startled by the question. She looked away from me for a moment and there was a pause. Then, speaking softly, she said, "I just don't know what to say. I've never thought about it. But I guess I could not absolutely dismiss the possibility of a romance with Gary if he were not married. Who knows what the future will bring? Or what will happen in life? Or what the heart will want?"

"Who knows what the future will bring? Does Gary? Or Rocky?"

I saw Gary and Rocky in Rome, where Gary was the recipient of one of the greatest public ovations ever accorded a visiting movie star. Both looked wonderful, and publicly, at least, seemed as happy and gay as newlyweds.

But close friends have known for years that their marriage has been hovering near the edge of divorce. They have been profoundly disturbed by it. Three important factors have so far kept it going: their great love for Maria, their deeply-rooted religious faith, and the respect they have for one another. Some of these friends explain that though Gary and Rocky desperately want to bring contentment and peace to the other, Hollywood life has somehow wrung the meaning out of their marriage. They explain further that Rocky's coming to Europe had been planned long before the Cooper-Pascal headlines began, as a sort of trial vacation to restore that indescribable essence which marriage needs for success.

"Did they experiment work? Probably not. Will another effort be made for the sake of Maria? Everybody hopes so. If not, is there a place for Giselle Pascal in Gary Cooper's life? The French actress refuses to rule it out specifically, and though Gary also insists that he and Miss Pascal are just good friends, he has made it a point not to commit himself irrevocably on the possibility of a more meaningful relationship between them.

At this crucial point, none of the three principals in this human drama has an inflexible idea as to what the outcome will be. Or where the flights of the heart will take them.

Gary, Rocky and Giselle are three intelligent human beings. Each has the good sense to know that life must very often be a compromise. Each is prepared to accept the final decision with the hope that it will bring happiness to all.

End

WHAT THEY LIKE AND DISLIKE ABOUT DORIS

and inconsistent. She's the one who makes or breaks the rules. Her rules.

Her personal publicists rarely know where they stand, or what stand to take. They can't keep up with her taboos. Like the time she decided, "pictures in bathing suits are undignified, unless you're on a beach." Like another time, she said: "interviewers have over-publicized my marriage. Magazines have used too many home-sittings and pictures illustrating my personal life. I don't want any more."

All future requests, therefore, had to be refused. Editors fussed and writers fumed. But when the family was offered a weekend in Las Vegas in exchange for a layout of publicity pictures, she had a change of heart and mind. They not only posed all over the place, she posed in a bathing suit, too! Weeks went by before her studio succeeded in pacifying the injured parties and smoothing down ruffled feelings of those who believed they had been "taken." In the midst of the chaos, guess who couldn't have been more surprised!

Her friendships are flexible. She waxes warm and ingratiating, then suddenly without provocation (or so it seems) she transports herself into another world. Says a prominent actor who's worked with her in pictures and on radio and who knows: "Doris Day is wonderful—when you can reach her. She's not pre-occupied she doesn't even know you're there. She'll dash into her dressing room, slam the door and you wonder what's got into her. Several minutes later she's so charming and sweet, you hate yourself for having questioned her motives."

She has a quiet way of getting her way. She got her way and separated the team of Doris Day and Gordon MacRae, when she made "April In Paris" with Ray Bolger. When she and her former favorite dance director, LeRoy Prinz, disagreed on a dance, they shot the number her way when she returned to the studio—several days later. Jack Donohue, who is her current favorite dance director, will direct her next in "Lucky Me."

Rumors to the contrary, she insists there was never a feud with Gordon MacRae. His nonchalant indifference on their sets was obviously annoying, especially to her. But he did it, she says. He's one of the few people that make her laugh.

Her reluctance to give her own time for benefits and other worthy causes, makes the Hollywood celebrity who has reasons, that perfectionist bugaboos for one, which makes impromptu singing next to impossible. On one occasion she did agree to appear, but everyone waited in vain. One side says it was deliberate. Her side insists there was a misunderstanding and she wasn't notified. It's certainly possible.

Her change in attitude and personality stems from her third marriage, studio associates insist. What is considered to be a "hands off" attitude on the part of Marty Melcher, is a constant source of annoyance. General instructions are always to "clear through Marty" on anything pertaining to Doris. He is her manager, her brilliant career and her great new contract (they say he'll produce her pictures) are the direct results of his efforts and wisdom. At any rate, something or someone has obviously influenced a basically friendly and expensive person.

Hollywood doesn't like Doris Day because in remaining remote and dispassioned from a great industry and its people, her sense of loyalty seems to have become remote, too. In return for the greatest rewards a town can offer a star, the same talent and all-out interest should be reasonably available. Or so it's generally believed by those who add up the score.

MEG MORGAN

What Hollywood Likes About Doris Day!

Hollywood likes Doris Day because she's never gone Hollywood. She's retained her original warmth and enthusiasm, there isn't a neurotic bone in her body. She's so much a part of herself in her movies that she's part of everybody else who comes in contact with her. And she loves to eat! She's perfect proof that it's possible to remain soft and feminine and still acquire Hollywood fame, fortune and happiness—without resorting to ex-

One moment Doris is warm and ingratiating; the next she's in another world.
Hollywood can look in so already—TOM

She doesn’t enjoy drinking or smoking, so she doesn’t indulge. However, guests in her home are offered stimulating liquid refreshment and cigarettes. She has a terr-
ific sense of humor, and to everyone, off or on, she is completely humorless. Steve Cochran knows. He told one on the set once and for a second or two he thought he was in—Alaska!

She never gossips, but being a woman and therefore only human, she’ll listen to it in much the curious manner a small girl listens to a fairy tale. She avoids Holly-
wood parties and because she has no set circle of glamorous friends, stories about other actresses intrigue her. “Some day,” she sums it up kiddingly, “I must learn to behave like a movie star!”

Whether she’s out in public or at home examining the furniture, she’s so scrubbed looking her intimates refer to her as “Miss Sparkle Plenty.” She’s a sweater girl who likes to wear sweaters and not because she thinks you’ll like what she does to a sweater. She doesn’t know the Joneses, but refuses to keep up with the Marty Melcher. They only have one servant, so everyone pitches in and helps. “But what will people think?” an executive once asked her. “I can’t be bothered,” she answered, “besides, I don’t know—people!”

She knows that according to Hollywood standards, she isn’t a beauty. “Anyway,” she says, “if nothing comes out of with-
in a girl has nothing!” If Hollywood cameramen didn’t scream their heads off she’d go without make-up and show her freckles. She likes her natural looks and because she thinks it’s a sin to go against nature, she never tries to improve on it. When a famous artist pleased to paint her portrait, instead of swooning in typical fashion, she switched: “But I already know what I look like and if I forget— I can always go to the movies!”

She loves singing, acting and making recordings, but if her success depended on driving ambition—she’d be the most successful failure in Hollywood! Scoring in volley ball excites her ego more than seeing her name in lights. She’d rather putter in her garden than flutter at a Hollywood premiere. Rather than bask in the spotlight, she prefers to bathe in the sun. Because she started out as a teen-
age bandsinger, says she: “If I never see the inside of a night club again, it will be too soon!”

As far as she is concerned, each person is entitled to live as he likes, think what he thinks and work out his own salvation in his own way. As far as she is concerned about herself, she believes negative thoughts produce negative results. Or in other words, she can’t change our own particular viewpoint when we don’t think objectively.” She believes that pressure is something that should start and end in a fireless cooker!

Like that time she was about to do a dramatic scene for “Calamity Jane.” Di-
rector David Butler cautioned her: “Now don’t be nervous, Doris.” She smiled back at him and quietly answered, “I’m never nervous. Nothing is that important. If I weren’t happy and relaxed in my work, I’d stay home and plant petunias.” She would, too, because staying home with her husband, son and pet pooches, is what she does most and loves best.

She doesn’t consider herself a fatalist, but at the same time she works on the theory that, “if something is going to happen, it will. There’s nothing one can do about it but hang on tight and believe it will all work out.” And for her it always does! She’s amused and therefore amazed with her premonitoryarten as she found, for example, the day she landed a role as a school girl in a “’Bus— if you miss one another will come along eventually and take you to the same place. So why make yourself miserable?”

She rarely attends her own previews, but not for lack of interest. For one thing, flattery embarrasses her and the usual back-slappers who congregate in theatre lobbies on preview nights, she can “live without just fine.” She’s never seen at smart fashion shows and never misses a month-end sale at Saks Wilsche. She always buys the best because, “good things like good people not only wear better, they last longer.”

Hollywood likes Doris Day because she has the courage of her convictions and nothing could ever influence her to be anything but “herself”—which is a very individual self. In a town that needs rep-
resentation, she’s one of the most repre-
sentative of all.—TOM CARLSON

Alan Ladd and James Mason study lines for scene in the thrilling “Botany Bay.”

KEEP IT SIMPLE!
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

isn’t the boss of his own home in every way is way off the beam! It happens that Alan hates talking on the phone,” he finishes, “so Sue takes most of the calls— and right away everyone thinks she runs him!”

Probably one secret of the happy mar-
rried life of the Ladds is that they never let life get too big for them. They keep it simple, with no undue complications. Their budget includes countless small charities, so many little “helping hand” anonymous gifts to people less fortunate than themselves, that oddly enough, it’s quite possible that one of Hollywood’s top stars doesn’t have enough money for his own expensive pleasure.

The fundamental things of life are en-
tirely simple and clear-cut to Alan and Sue. If you have it, you help others; if you don’t have it, you work hard to get it. Left over from Alan’s poverty-strick-

en childhood is a sort of fear of losing money—to this day, he hates to carry much cash.

The Ladds’ household is overflowing with love, affection and fun. Perhaps it is this wonderful, natural, complete family life, more than anything else, which has kept Alan Ladd at the top for ten years. After the world of daily make-
believe, the Ladd family finds that the adjustment could any man have than a pleasant home, a poised and gracious wife, and his well-behaved children?

With only five weeks to transport his family to England for the shooting of “Paratrooper,” there was never any ques-
tion of leaving the children behind.

“We’re too close a family to be apart,” says Sue Carol Ladd with a smile. “If anyone isn’t home for dinner, the house seems incomplete—and Alan and I so rarely have outside social engagements that the children are actually insured if we have to be away for just an evening. Otherwise, we never have a minute of going to England and leaving the kids behind!”

In England or Hollywood, the Ladds are just the same. Except that in England the children learned more history and the realization that there are other ways of life than their own. The older Laddis are as uncomplimented as ever—and mak-

ing friends right and left in their tempo-
rary home.

Life as a whole is simple to them, and even more than that, the things which go to make up life are equally simple. Romanism is almost the woman who has gone forward with him to success, step by step.

Success, itself, has been a simple thing to Alan Ladd, because he never took it big. He likes dogs; he has dogs in his home. He likes children; he has children—and while the girls may go to private school, “Public school is best for boys,” he says, firmly.

Always he and his wife have under-
standing—for people and things . . . and situations. Like the time when Alan wasn’t working in a picture, and his
young daughter soberly refused her pocket money because "we must economize until you get another job."

There's the simplicity of emotion which can make a man, noted for his "tough guy" roles, shed a few genuine tears when a favorite dog dies... whose idea of marriage and a wife are based on a mother "who always pulled us through some-how..."

The Ladds' idea of marriage is for husband and wife to be together. When there are children they are a part of the home, too. For a long while, until the Ladds found their permanent home and Sue had to superintend the details, they lunched together every day.

Like any good wife, it is Mrs. Ladd who carries out, personally, such details as moving, furnishing, sending the children to bed and transporting the whole family to a foreign country to be with her husband.

She likes it that way—and so does he. Why is Alan Ladd still on top after ten years in a cut-throat, hazardous business which is founded on the whims of everyone from employer to movie patron?

Because he knows that sex-appeal doesn't mean very much by itself; it has to be a part of an entire home and way of life. Because continuity, stability, achievement are more than words to him. This, to Alan Ladd, is the raison d'être of life. The movie-believe world only enables him the better to enjoy his realities—and his realities have been so satisfying that he can say, with truth, "The film business has been good to me. I couldn't ask anything better for my children!"

HOLLYWOOD FACTS OF LIFE

had added to the family nursery already holding sons Robert, Jr., and John.

August 23 will be the day celebrated by the second son, fifth child, born to Charles Chaplin and Oona O'Neill. The Chaplins are living in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Taryn Stephanie was the name selected by Linda Christian and Tyrone Power for their second daughter, born on September 13. Romina had a word for her new sister: "Pooty"—a reference to the young lady's lovely face.

As this report goes to press, Robert Newton and Vera Budnick are checking every flight for arrival of their first, and waiting around the same airport are Nancy Olson and Jay Lerner in anticipation of their second. Not far away are the Dean Martins, also hoping to acquire No. 2 to round out the family quartet.

Due at the sunset of 1953 is No. 1 for Patrice Wymore and Errol Flynn, and No. 1 for Joyce Holden and Dok Stanford. A second child for Patti Behrs and John Derek is just getting ready to round home plat.

Probably the most elated of all anticipateds for early 1954 is Joe E. Brown, who will become a grandfather twice in February. Daughters Mary and Kathryn, married in a double wedding in February 1953, are vying for the honor of naming the first grandson after the beloved comedian and No. 1 alumni of UCLA.

Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea will be dueting lullabies during 1954, and unconfirmed rumors suggest that, late in the year, Brahms will be of interest to Lanna and Lex Barker, Rita and Dick Haymes.

Because bitter and sweet were born twins, there were some tragedies. The Barry Sullivans lost their expected third child, a boy, May 14, and the second-born (third child) of Barbara Britton and Dr. Eugene Czukor lived only two days in June. In July, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis were heart-sick when the stork cancelled his February date with them, but they were assured by doctors that they might confidently pin their hopes (and eventually diapers) on another.

No reap of 1953 would be complete without a record of some of the more serious aspects of Hollywood life. There was Vivien Leigh's tragic emotional breakdown in March which forced her to relinquish her role in "Elephant Walk" and fly home to England. Fortunately she made a quick and complete recovery and returned to the London stage in October, co-starring with her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier in "The Sleeping Prince," their Coronation year production.

June Haver left Hollywood in February to enter a convent in Kansas preparatory to becoming a nun. However, the rigid and strenuous convent life proved too much for June's health, and in October she returned to her mother's home in Hollywood to regain her strength and ponder the delicate decision of her future.

On the lighter side of life, the kid with the mischievous grin and a quiver full of arrows could have made Mona Lisa seem a slouch in the enigmatic department during 1953. What love was up to, this year, was strictly a puzzlement.

Finally you might have a puzzled little Pier Angeli who started the year so in love with Kirk Douglas, and ended in disillusionment. Though still fond of Pier, Kirk realizes the age difference between them is a great barrier. But more than that, Kirk is a very experienced sophisticate whose flirtations on two continents must have made Pier realize there could never be anything between them. Still picture-making in Europe, Kirk, like the proverbial sailor, has had a girl in every capital.

Another puzzlement, this time to Hollywood, is the Marilyn Monroe-Joe DiMaggio thing. Speculation continued all year as to whether or not they are married, and just not telling. Married or not, Marilyn certainly deserves the year's prize for garnering the most publicity and for showing the world she can act, too, in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Hollywood—preferring a white satin wedding above all other fates—had to content itself with but two, yet these were transcedently lovely, sweetly solemn, and blessed with the likelihood of permanence. Flickerdom's favorite bachelor girl, Ann Blyth, became the bride of Dr. James V. McNulty (Dennis Day's brother) on June 27, and brilliant newcomer John Ericson took Milly Coury as his bride on September 12, 1953.

Probably the two most photographed weddings of the year were those of Lanna Turner and Lex Barker, in Reno, on September 7, and of Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes in Las Vegas on September 24.

However, the favorite romantic device of the year was the secret wedding. In June, Canadian actress Alexia Bayonec, 21, revealed that she and Alexander Korda, 39, had been married in May.

Also in June, Ethel Merman and Robert Six announced that they had been married on March 9 in Mexico.

On June 11, British actress Audrey Dalton and UCLA student James Brown confided to friends that they had been married since January, but the best kept secret of all was that of Joyce Holden and Dok Stanford who announced on September 17, 1953, that they had been married since June 16, 1951.

Further activities on the romantic front consisted of Peggy Lee's marrying Brad Dexter on January 4, then filing suit for divorce from him on September 24.

Grant Withers (once wed to Loretta Young) married Estela Rodriguez (known professionally as Estelita) on January 31 in Reno.

The Valentine month witnessed the marriage, on the 7th, of Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac in Palm Springs, and Valentine's Day was a gala event in the life of Joe E. Brown when he gave away two daughters in marriage. Mary Elizabeth—Ann married Stephen Fair, Jr., and Kathryn Frances married Armond Lloyd Licle. The weddings were celebrated at a high nuptial mass at St. Martin of Tours church.

On February 20, Dee Hartford (real name
name: Donna Higgins) married Howard Hawks and sailed to France for a continental honeymoon, and on April 20, Donald O'Connor passed out cigars to celebrate the "arrival" of a new father because his mother, Mrs. Effie O'Connor, had become the bride of Earl C. Kincaid.

The merry month of May was made merrier by lil'it' Martha Tilton who chose the 3rd as date, Las Vegas as place for her marriage to test pilot Jim Brooks. On the 4th, in London, Robert Donat married Renee Asherson.

On May 22, Mary Anderson and celebrated cameraman Leon Shamroy chose Tucson, Arizona, as the scene of their wedding.

In June, Jeanne Cagney and Jack Morrison were married at the Village Church of Westwood, David May (Ann Rutherford's ex) and Rita Rend, who is Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy's daughter, were married in Reno, Nevada; Frank Borzage and Juanita Scott were married in Las Vegas on the 16th, and on June 1, Gloria De Haven and Martin S. Kimmel were married in Pittsburgh. Lina Romay finished the month in a flourish by marrying Jay Gould III, grandson of the railroad tycoon.

July was another month during which picture personalities made nuptial news throughout the world like this: July 13, in Durant, Oklahoma, Rosemary Clooney married Jose Ferrer.

July 14, in the Little Brown Church in The Valley (San Fernando), Coleen Gray married Lt. Commander William C. Bidlack, an efficiency expert for Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

Also July 14, Barbara Bennett and Bob Randall were married in Las Vegas. Bob was the younger brother of Barbara's second husband, Addison Randall who was killed in a picture-making accident in 1945.

In Beverly Hills, on July 19, Jimmy Ritz married Judy Lee, while the groom's brothers, Harry and Al, served as attendants.

Far away in Hamburg, Germany, Peter Lorre and Annemarie Stoldt were married and on July 21.

August belonged to the younger generation. On the 8th, Sandra Burns (adopted daughter of Gracie Allen and George Burns) eloped to Las Vegas with Young Wilhoite III. There had been no parental objection to the marriage and invitations had already been engraved for a large wedding on October 3, but the sweethearts decided that the fuss and feathers of a formal ceremony and a great reception represented too vast an undertaking. Joan Benny went along to serve as Sandra's Las Vegas attendant, and hinted that when the time came she would choose the same sort of wedding.

On August 22, Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton also Las Vegas-ed their romance.

The late Fall was notable for the marriage of Ann Rutherford and Bill Dozier, an expected union, and that of John Payne and Sandra Curtis, long anticipated. Totally unexpected was the Las Vegas wedding of Rebel Randall and Glenn Thompson (millionaire), their trip to Texas to visit Mr. Thompson's family, and Rebel's desperate, non-stop drive back to Los Angeles to file suit for annulment and five hundred thousand dollars in damages.

The bustups were not as shocking this year as they have been in the past; in nearly every instance the final rupture came as a surprise. The most notable failure to work out a satisfactory marriage solution, Anne Baxter's farewell to John Hodiak came on January 27. On February 3, Tony Helen Jaeckel divorced Richard Jaeckel but they reconciled in the late Summer and the marriage seemed to have a chance to survive for their two sons, Richard Anthony and Barry Louis.

Donald and Gwen O'Connor separated the 12th of February, after a stormy 9 years of marriage, and Gwen secured an interlocutory decree on June 16.

Dean Martin and Jean Bieggers separated briefly just before Valentine's Day, but made it up and will soon be parents for the second time.

In April one of the wonder marriages (everyone wondered how it ever happened in the first place) of Hollywood ended when Donald Siegel divorced Vivian Lindfors after 4 years of wedlock.

Some of the more notable divorce actions was that filed against the two members of a night club act when Mrs. Leslie Hall and Mrs. Barbara Dell divorced Huntz Hall and Gabriel Dell respectively. The two former dead-end kids are now playing the bottle circuit.

June was kind to one alienated couple: a reconciliation between Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger was revealed when they applied for passports for themselves and their two daughters, Stephanie, 8, and Shelley, 4. Apart from this chime, June was rough on the musical note. Singer Kay Starr divorced radio orchestra leader, Vic Schoen; Ginny Simms divorced Bob Calhoun without having celebrated even one wedding anniversary; Diana Lynn shed architect John C. Lomax.

In Juarez, Mexico, on June 6, Ann Rutherford divorced David May II, after 11 years of marriage, seven of which had been spent apart. The divorce was congenial, making way for the marriage of David to Rita Rend, and that of Ann to Bill Dozier.

Martha Raye, living in Miami Beach, divorced Nick Condos in June; in Las Vegas Inegeborg Karen Lorre and Peter Lorre made a three-year separation final. Again this action was taken to clear the way for Peter's marriage in Hamburg to Annemarie Stoldt.

Beets Wynn secured her long-expected divorce from Keenan Wynn on June 29, but the town vibrated slightly when Eleanor Parker separated from Bert Freediah.

Jeff and Marjorie Chandler separated again in June, and little chance of reconciliation remained. Phyllis Hill's marriage to Joe Ferrer was ended by Juarez on July 6, Bela Lugosi was de-wifed by Mrs. Lillian Lugosi on July 17, and Susan Hayward announced her intention of filing suit for divorce from Jess Barker on July 23.

Lillian Conway divested herself of Tom (brother of George Sanders), on the same day Betty Reilly was writing fins to her marriage to bandleader Charlie Barnet.

July saw the termination of the stormy Billy Eckstine marriage. Married in 1942, the Eckstines separated in 1951, reconciled, rifted, finally concluded that the hammering baton on the music-holder meant "stop."

No one was astonished when Lucille Ryan announced her separation from John Carroll after eight hectic years, but the town almost fell apart at Jane Powell's romance with Gene Nelson which climaxed in her divorcing Gery Steffen on August 6.

Another off-again on-again rift was solidified when Julie London filed suit against "Dragnet's" Jack Webb. Helen Forrest became a bachelor girl again by dropping Paul E. Holahan.

As the year wore on, Nora Haymes secured a divorce from Dick in Los Angeles, Dick secured a divorce from Nora in Las Vegas, the U.S. government favored permanent divorce from Dick, Actors' Equity suspended him, and the only bright spot was Rita's smile.

Wisenheimers in Hollywood had some ideas about wrecking crew activities likely to take place during 1954 in Hollywood. The scoop was that Deborah Kerr was...
Tony Bartley would take it to a judge, and the same might be said of Gail Russell and Guy Madison. The Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford marriage was said to contain a large question mark, but intimates insisted that the Fords were no different from a couple living in Duluth: the weather alternated from season to season.

After a long estrangement the Gregory Peck marriage seemed beyond repair when Greta finally filed a divorce suit. When finances are set divorce will come for Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, and things had deteriorated to such an extent for Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra that Frank allowed himself to be quoted as saying, "Neither of us wants to continue these silly quarrels. In case this is the end, both of us will try to understand."

It seemed reasonably certain that Guy Mitchell and Miss U.S.A. of 1952, Jackie Loughery, would end it all in court, but viewers of the international scene believed that Zsa Zsa Gabor and George Sanders, exhibiting the ultimate in sang froid would continue their complex marriage.

No one would bet that Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas would marry, but continental spies insisted that King Clark (Gable) would wind up, in 1956, huge Alida Valli (Gable) (named "the all-time tennis great" and who taught many Hollywoodites their tennis, died in his sleep on June 5; Chris-Pin Martin, 59, the Pancho of the Cisco Kid films, expired from a heart attack on June 27.

Herbert Rawlinson, 67, died in July, as did Princess Brenda, the Fall; Francis Ford (brother of John Ford and a veteran of 33 years in pictures) passed away, as did Nigel Bruce, 58, and Porter Hall, 63.

Irene Bordoni was a Spring casualty. Mozzelle Britton Dinehart (widow of Alan Dinehart who died in 1944) and Lillian Walker (widow of Fred MacMurray and mother of two adopted children, Susan, 13, and Robert, 9), both expired of heart conditions in May. Mrs. Leo Carrillo died in July, desolating the husband to whom she had been married for 40 years.

A living legend, lights dimmed and the curtains closed to mark the end of a play.


MADE FOR EACH OTHER?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

attribute in the spectacular haute-monde in which Aly travels. She would be a graceful, welcome figure wherever this set assembled—be they tycoons and playboys, princes, princesses, dukes, duchesses, lords and those currently reigning kings and queens of Hollywood who are temporarily on the loose.

Rita Hayworth, her flamboyant predecessor, failed here. She could not, or did not want to, adapt herself ultimately to Aly's world, his mode of living. She obtained a divorce from the Prince last January and in April was awarded $48,000 a year from her ex-husband for the support of their three-year-old daughter Yasmin. (To date, Aly has not forked over a red cent.)

Rita and Aly traveled extensively, danced many an hour away, but not enough to suit the tireless Prince apparently, for he said she was "a homebody" and a wet blanket domestically, although a "fireball" on the screen.

Also, Rita has as much money as he, and Aly does not believe girls should have as much money as boys—not even when his money gushes from the bottomless pockets of a doting father. Gene Tierney, of stunning beauty, her charm and stylishness and her appearance at Europe's most fashionable places made it practically certain that sooner or later she would meet up with the roaming, roving-eyed Aly Khan.

When at last that moment arrived they became at once the Big Item in the European newspaper columns and among the gossipers of the avenues and spas. The gorgeous Gene was one thing. But the magic name of Khan—ah ...

The highlight of the recent Paris social whirl was Aly's dinner at the Pre-Catan in the Bois on the night of the Grand Prix. The party climaxing the racing season, in which Khan horses appeared, not many beautiful and exquisitely dressed women at one sitting, and there were souvenirs for each of them—elegant scarves from the ateliers of Christian Dior.

The echoes of the party had scarcely died than Aly was off to America to dispose of some of his father's thoroughbreds at Saratoga's yearling sales. Gene did not accompany him here, thus avoiding field day headlines, and Aly no sooner added nearly $20,000 to the paternal bankroll than he hurried back to France and her.

There was a new party coming up—the gala opening of the fashionable Sporting Club at Monte Carlo on the Riviera. There, again, Gene was a stunning companion for the man who has resumed his career as Europe's "most eligible playboy." They were acclaimed the most scintillating couple on the floor.

The 40-year-old Aly enjoys himself spending Pop's money. He lives luxuriously wherever the mood calls him—in his Neuilly home on the outskirts of Paris, on his Irish estate, in his lavish Chateau 1'Horizon overlooking the Mediterranean at Cannes.

Always the fortune of Aga Khan is the controlling factor.

Gene, now 32 years old—only one year younger than Rita Hayworth and, like
Rita, born in Brooklyn—is wise enough to know that marriage to Aly Khan could be an expensive thing, for the world knows he is not only broke, but heavily in debt.

The only person who can line his nest and keep him on friendly terms with the restaurateurs and shopkeepers is his father. From all reports the old Aga has not yet tired of that assignment.

Perhaps one reason for his continued reluctance to withhold funds from his money-spending son is the fact that he has become fond of Gene. However, he was also fond of Rita, but that did not help the girl financially a bit.

Gene, in her to-the-manor-born manner as a prospective Princess, possesses the background, the diplomacy, the sure social tact, to keep her relations with the Aga firmly in an estate cordial.

It is difficult to picture Gene commenting as did Rita at the time she walked out on Aly in September, 1952, that he spent too much money, while she had to work for the two of us.

Meanwhile, Aly Khan is said to be still chagrined about Rita Hayworth leaving him. When his new-found love of Gene, he would like to recapture his prestige by marrying another Hollywood star.

After what she has termed a "pretty rough time" in Hollywood, Gene is currently having a whirl for herself. When she filed suit for divorce from Cassini in January, 1952, and asked for the custody of the two daughters, Daria, nine, and Christina, four, she was a lonely and wretched girl.

She wondered if she would ever be able to care that much again for a man.

The screen suddenly proved a stimulating tonic—the screen and Paris, that is. While seeking a job in the French capital she got a chance to make pictures in South America and London. The assignments took her away from unhappy scenes and memories.

The romance with Aly started in the Fall of 1952 in Buenos Aires, where Gene had gone to make "Way Of A Gaucho." By the time she had returned to Paris for her next picture it had become so serious that a trek to the altar was looked for as soon as her divorce from her husband was final.

Gene rented the apartment in the French capital that the Louis Jourdans had been occupying, and sending for her mother to join her, she announced she was in no hurry to return to America. The action convinced Hollywood she was not planning to come home soon.

The romance was going full tide last New Year's Eve. The gay Riviera set at Cannes—the gayest in Europe—got a big eyeful when as the clock said midnight at a swank night club, Prince Aly took the lovely green-eyed Gene into his arms and kissed her ardently for a full minute.

The orchestra, appropriately, struck up "Let's Start The New Year Right," and Aly and Gene danced in the new year. They were for even the most blase visitors a most affectionate couple, and there were people who recalled how Aly's kisses were reportedly described by one of his admirers shortly after the break-up of his marriage to Rita.


Greek actress Irene Papas, from Rome, was said to have asserted that Aly's kisses "speak for themselves."

Throughout the night-long celebration, Aly and Gene basked in what some guests called "the benvolent gaze" of the old Aga as he peered at the couple through his thick glasses and the hazy smoke. Others thought he gave the pair was "inscrutable."

Whatever his inner feelings were about them, no one was the wiser—not even in the confidential, confessional atmosphere of a New Year's Eve.

This much is known, however. The Aga tossed the party and presided over a table of fourteen, to which Gene and Aly occasionally repaired between dances for a draught of bubbly water.

Upon returning to Paris, Gene hardly had time to unpack her luggage than she flew to London to work on the picture, "Personal Affair," opposite Leo Genn. News that she and Aly were devoted to each other preceded her, and there was a rush of newsmen to the London airport.

They wanted to know all, and Gene was reasonably frank and friendly.

"Of course, I see a lot of Aly Khan," she told them. "I am a single girl and I go out with lots of men. I like him very much."

Aly, it was noted, also turned up in London by plane on what he called a business trip.

What had, hitherto, been only romantic conjectures, prefaced by "My word!"

"Oh, I say!" on the part of the reporters now became to them definite hints of early wedding bells.

Then Aly and Gene bobbed up in Ireland for a "quiet" holiday at the Khan farm in County Kildare, where Aly and his father raise horses. "Quiet" meant they were not talking publicly about marriage.

At Curragh House, which Aly had bought and furnished for Rita soon after their ill-starred union, he declined flatly to say whether he planned to make Gene his second bride from Hollywood.

By then Hollywood was lifting its expressive eyebrows and bristling up its earger ears at the increasingly spectacular news of the Gene Tierney-Aly Khan romance. Because Oleg Cassini was still designing her chic wardrobe, the film town had been inclined to think Gene was contemplating making up with her former husband who had been the first man in her life.

Such notions were rapidly dissipated, however, when Gene received her final divorce. Hollywood realized she had no intention of leaving her present environment.

Europe is more exciting than ever to her. The social life of the Continent appeals to her, and when the Summer is over in Paris and Britain and the Riviera, there is the Winter fun at St. Moritz to give her new adventure. Living in Switzerland is no novel experience, however, for Gene. She went to finishing school in Lausanne in her teens.

Meanwhile, Gene exulted in the pleasure her new diamond ring from Aly gave her. Though it was not as big as the Ritz, it was a dazzler. When the eyes of observers lifted to Gene's face it was startlingly apparent she wore no lipstick. Aly's friends, like his girls are free of it. Or, rather, he wants to be free of it if, and when, he kisses them.

Gene received her uncontested divorce decree from her 41-year-old husband on April 9. Married June 1, 1941, at Las Vegas, Nevada—she was madly in love with him at the time—they separated on their 10th wedding anniversary after having previously separated in 1946, only to reconcile in 1947.

In the divorce action, she testified Count Cassini preferred the tennis court to courting her. She said he never contributed to the support of their two children. Under the decree, she asked for no alimony, but she was awarded their custody. Under the terms of the property settlement, Cassini agreed to pay $63 a week for the support of the youngsters, plus 10 per cent of his annual earnings over $10,000.

Gene Tierney belongs to Fifth Avenue, the Rue de la Paix, and Marfair and smart cafes, just as she once belonged to select girls' schools and debutante parties. She was once one of New York's important deb's.

She has traveled far since her early Hollywood days when she was a lonely, bewildered girl, fresh from the Broadway hit, "The Male Animal." So little versed was she in the atmosphere of Hollywood that she was cast in a succession of Oriental characters. The film producers believed because she had an exotic beauty she was most suitable for exotic parts—native girls in hula skirts and Chinese robes. She longed to have a real American role. She has played many since those days.

So enraptured is she with her new Continental life that only some wonderful picture opportunity that she really wants could tempt her to leave Europe now.

"Prince Aly is charming," Gene declares. "But," she insists, "it's just a very nice friendship. Let's say he's had unhappiness in his life and so have I."

Gene, above all, craves happiness, and she is finding it—with Aly Khan.
then, but each time I found it was to our mutual advantage to call it a day. This whole matter, therefore, seems to depend on what the relationship between the girl and the man is—and how these questions are answered: “Am I sure I want him back? Is this right for both of us?”

Naturally, consideration must be given to the problem that caused the break-up. If, after thinking it over, you think the matter cannot be solved, then what is the sense in making your life unhappy by pursuing a hopeless goal?

In answering this question, you have to, of course, be honest with yourself. And if you honestly find that there is a quality in the man—or in yourself—that cannot be adjusted or reconciled, it’s better that you face the parting bluntly rather than go back together and have to face the problem again in a few months.

If, on the other hand, you have decided that there is a reason for the romance to be renewed, and if there is enough desire on both parts to make the necessary concession and change, then you have your work cut out for you.

Some girls, at this point, indulge in false pride. They can’t bring themselves to say, “I’m sorry,” even if they know they are at fault. In such cases, it hardly seems to me that the romance is important enough, because if it were, it wouldn’t matter in the least who makes the first move towards renewing the association—the man or the girl.

There are those young ladies who are firmly convinced they want the man back—but only when they see him out with another girl a couple of nights later. This piques them. Their pride—false pride—is hurt because he is not sitting at home pine over the broken love affair. So they start out on a campaign of re-conquest. This will only wind up in trouble.

Then there are the girls who really want him back. They cry and carry on—and in so doing, lose their dignity, their self-respect, and their real pride. I can only feel that if a girl’s integrity, ideals, and sense of honor are shaken by a man she can’t really want him back. The girl who has a chance to resume a romance is the one who can keep her dignity and emotional balance.

Once a girl is sure the man has the qualities she wants—and I can’t emphasize that too much—she can campaign in several ways. She can do so as I did and just happen to be where he is and try to be as attractive as possible. There are always places at school where the students meet. Not that she should be obvious in what she’s doing or that she should hang around street corners. At all times, though, she must remember to keep her self-respect. And this certainly holds true when she finally does meet the man. This is not the time for any tearful pleading.

Once the meeting has taken place the girl should say she’s sorry—if she really is—and if the man was at fault he should do the same. She should also ask herself if she really understands why he did what he did—or whether she merely reacted too quickly and impatiently. Once she knows herself—she should tell him she understands.

If the meeting doesn’t come about soon, however, I don’t feel that a girl should go into hibernation. Nor should she accept just any date to make the man believe she really didn’t care. If she does go out on dates, though, I think it would be unwise to be overly gay, to put oneself in front. It’s far better to be normal about it all. Putting on an act for him, or for yourself, gets you no place.

Any attempt to make the man jealous is a false way to begin any new association—at least in my humble opinion. I can’t imagine any boy’s wanting to go with a girl because she is attractive to other boys. This is silly. If he did feel this way, who would want him? It is during this waiting period that a girl should never do anything for effect—but only what she wants to do.

There is an advantage, however, in going out with other men. She might be better able to know if she really wants the man back. Any broken romance is usually a sudden thing. The girl will go through the stages of thinking she hates him and then of indulging in self-pity and high dramatics. By going out with other men, she can find out whether this one certain man really matters to her. Comparison is a fine way to see him in the true light.

This matter of dating can also tell a girl whether or not what bothered her before about the man really mattered. And that’s, after all, the primary problem to solve before there is any attempt to win him back.

In some cases, it’s the man who makes the first move to start again. I’ve known girls who have secretly been pine away for a man and who will, for some strange reason, suddenly play hard to get when he does call. They think this is the time for great indebtedness. If such girls honestly wanted to make up, they’d be idiots to play hard to get. They’d just be cooking their own goose, to fix up a nice eliche.

However, there are some boys who are used to girls’ fawning over them. In such cases, perhaps a little independence might not be a bad idea. I don’t know, though, about this. I can’t subscribe to any theory that involves being dishonest about big things. Maybe little things can have a certain amount of trickery.

As an example of what I mean, I usually put more on Tony’s plate at dinner because I know that no matter whether I give him a lot or a little he’s going to leave about the same amount of food on his plate. If I give him more, he eats more. This is trickery, I grant you, but it is not on an important matter. I’d never play a game with him on anything involving our love for each other.

The girls who play independent just to be playing a game are often the ones who have convinced themselves they are deeply in love and wanted the man back but who find, after a while, that what they felt was merely possession. If you want the man and get him and then find the fun is over, you’re not in love at all. You are merely possessing. Love fills a life completely. Possession fills it only for a few brief moments after the conquest is completed. To know how you feel, though, I guess you have to make the move first to get him back.

Once the romance has begun there is not time to relax. There has to be a conscious effort to keep the romance alive so it will lead to marriage—and even when marriage results, you still have to work at it. That wonderful, uplifting feeling of unsellably being in love can only remain if you don’t repeat the same mistakes that caused the trouble in the first place. You have to remember what it was that caused you to act the way you did and made him do as he did. But don’t think that from then on there will be no more arguments. There will—and they can bring about deeper understanding of each other.

Any argument, of course, brings unhappiness. I don’t enjoy arguments in the least. But Tony and I, knowing how much we love each other, only have the desire to solve our problems. We try to correct them and, thereby, to understand them. In such respects, arguments can be helpful.

It seems to me that unhappiness can often be healthy in people’s lives. From that unhappyness you learn to understand the reasons and to find a ray of light. Out of that discovery can come growth which brings you a notch closer to a firmer relationship. It’s vitally important to find the reason for the things. Maybe otherwise it will happen again and again and will get worse each time. Not that I think it’s possible to find the answer the first, second, or even third time, but actually, if you want to, you’ll find the solution.

Tony and I have had discussions and have thought, at the time, that we have solved all we knew about the problem. But it has taken us several more discussions to get right at the core. We have learned the hard way that you can’t change and be good over night. It takes a lot of little steps, some unhappiness, and many experiences before the solution is complete.

For example, I’ve been trying to change
my nervousness. I know now that I have made progress only since I tried to find out what made me give in to nerves. If someone did something wrong to me and I happened to be physically tired, I used to blow up. Afterwards, I'd die a thousand deaths for having done it. I know that even if the other person were wrong to begin with I was still at fault for having blown up. I have been given several chances to overcome this fault and each time I overcome it a little more.

When Tony and I first got married rumors about our breaking up appeared constantly in the papers and would upset us terribly. Now these reports, which still go merrily on, don't bother us. Recently, I was reading all the fan magazine gossip columns and every column but one had Tony and me breaking up. That one said that we had solved our problems beautifully and that for any couple would be happily married fifty years from now it would be Tony and me. A year or so ago, I would have called those columnists and raised Cain, but this time I just called the one who had seen our side. And I really thanked him!

Because Tony and I have never found real happiness, I feel very strongly about this matter of winning a man back. A girl must know within herself if there is a chance for happiness, if he's right for her and she for him. Otherwise, she may win him back only to gain a life full of sorrows and unhappiness.

DOROTHY KILGALLEN’S EXCLUSIVE MOVIE GOSSIP
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)

week-long siege of bedside sitting with his ailing parent...

Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes plan raising a large family of their own—as many as four or five children—according to the newlyweds. Rita's studio biggies are tearing their hair out over her pending motherhood schedule of “one a year.” After their firstborn, Rita will insist upon Dick being co-starred in her return to the screen. She feels his talents as an actor have never been properly exploited in Hollywood...

The Montgomery Clift-Libby Holman romance is the talk of New York. She's known him since he was a teenager and any marriage plans they may have cannot be taken too lightly. Monty has always preferred older women—his Hollywood romances with youthful glamour girls were strictly publicity fodder...

Bob Mitchum has consulted his lawyers again—this time to see what can be done to prosecute a small-time radio commentator in San Francisco who instigated the Mitchum-Terry Moore romance items. Bob, in a swirl of the matter, also wanted to know how he stands should he fly to the Bay City and personally tend to the newsreader with a little roughing up...

Susan Hayward has been dating young Bob Wagner at Palm Springs—with the consent of his parents—and she always brings her twins along with her. At weekend parties at Santa Barbara, it's a different matter—the Hayward youngsters stay home—something else again with Mr. & Mrs. Robert Wagner, Sr....

Pat Denise, once billed as Patrice Denise of the Ballet Russe, will be given a major screen buildup after she has been seen by film fans in "Knock On Wood," the Danny Kaye starrer. She dances again opposite Danny in "White Christmas" and will follow up that assignment with the

Surprisingly enough, Susan Hayward has been dating Bob Wagner in Palm Springs, leading role in Donald O'Connor's next movie...

Steve Forrest, Dana Andrews' brother, so good in "So Big" with Jane Wyman, gets equal billing with Howard Keel in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" and the latter isn't hiding the fact he's miffed at the idea.

Marlon Brando's early "retirement" plan has hit a snag—he's up for the film version of "Pal Joey" (in the role originated on the Broadway stage by Gene Kelly) and subsequently, "Picnic" —the play that made a stage star of Ralph Meeker. The Brando threats to quit making movies get space every time and those in the know find it amusing reading over their morning coffee. "The Wild One" likes money too much to quit.

Marilyn Monroe's early "retirement" plan has hit a snag—he's up for the film version of "Pal Joey" (in the role originated on the Broadway stage by Gene Kelly) and subsequently, "Picnic" —the play that made a stage star of Ralph Meeker. The Brando threats to quit making movies get space every time and those in the know find it amusing reading over their morning coffee. "The Wild One" likes money too much to quit.

Marlene Dietrich broke off with her young Hollywood admirer—a lad in his twenties. It was a big thing for a month or so. Her decision to end the whole thing didn't discourage him in the least. His was the first table reservation received by the Sands Hotel, Las Vegas, for Marlene's opening night as a cafe performer.

Alexis Smith's touring production of "Wonderful Town"—in the role originally essayed on Broadway by Rosalind Russell—has Hollywood bidding for her services before she takes to the boards on a 40-weekness return engagement. The former film star expects to settle down in Chicago for a year's run and she won't be resuming her screen career until late in 1955

A famed film star now in the East deserted her psychiatrist in the midst of a crucial course of treatments, and he's frankly worried stiff. Says she may crack up any day, which will make it tough on her husband and the kiddies...

One of the best kept secrets is Danny Kaye's part in the real estate deal involving a form of 700 acres in Central Canada. The property is supposedly being purchased by Capt. Peter Townsend, Britain's Princess Margaret's beau, and if it's true, the arrangement has romantic significance of international interest. Danny denies any part in the matter and professes complete amazement that he has even been linked with the future plans of Princess Margaret and Capt. Townsend. A Montreal realty firm, however, claims the farmland property has been earmarked for sale at the request of the screen comedian...

Hollywood's most talk-making trio stars Peggy Lee, Brad Dexter—from whom she is getting divorced after a brief marriage—and Dave Barbour, her ex-husband to whom she is reported returning as soon as he's legally free of Brad: They've been making the nightclub rounds in a happy little group...

Oh, come on, now! Joan Blondell and a group of cinema performers have organized a panel to tour the country and debate the Kinsey Report on Women...

Marilyn Monroe Ray put the bite on Johnnie Ray for a cool $100,000 with payments to be spread out over a longer period than first anticipated. And Marilyn, a smarter cookie than most folks suspected, gets her settlement loot tax-free, and another trek to the altar will not affect the agreement. She still gets paid.

Shelley Winters' cafe stint was heavily publicized as her "night club debut" but former New York paps can remember when she performed at the now defunct La Conga, in the heart of Times Square, in a condemned version of a musical comedy. She was featured, then. She's starred now...

One of the most famous and best of the female thrashes is in hock up to her earrings—none of her closest friends even suspect she's in financial straits...

George Sanders got his hands on several pieces of mail sent to Zsa Zsa Gabor
in Paris. Her address in Gay Paree was the town house of Porfirio Rubirosa and it pleased Zsa Zsa's demands when she and Sanders conferred with their attorneys in Hollywood. Their on-again, off-again divorce plans remained unsettled and a last-minute "second honeymoon" may pave the way for a final reconciliation. At this point, no one seems to care very much what George and Zsa Zsa do about their marriage—it's getting monotonous.

Nancy Walker, who went to Hollywood to co-star in "Lucky Me" with Doris Day, returned to New York a very disillusioned, unemployed actress. Doris Day's illness postponed the film and the Walker lass had trekked to filmdom without a guarantee. No work, no pay. Others, disappointed when the movie didn't get rolling, took other film assignments and the job of recasting the Day film had to get under way all over again. Marge and Gower Champion had mixed an earlier bid to cancel their Eastern night club personal appearances for a co-starring slot in the musical. Instinct caused the Champions to decline the offer and they completed their cafe engagements coining more money and finding more new fans than they have won to date with their many screen roles . . .

Greta Garbo turned down Sir Alexander Korda's plea that she play the suicidal heroine in "The Deep Blue Sea," so he has given up plans to film the successful New York-London play. He feels no other actress is equipped for the role. What's wrong with Margaret Sullivan who created the role in the Broadway production, Sir Alexander? . . .

Hollywood starlets now feel they're just not living if they're not dating one or more baseball or football players. The DiMaggio-Monroe stories have inspired the girls' passion for sports page "names." Actors and musicians have been moved down a notch or two in their estimation, and agents don't rate at all.

Hedy Lamarr's decision to cut short her European filmmaking, if the starring role in the forthcoming Broadway play, "Wait For Tomorrow," was revised to suit her, had nothing to do with her admiration for Magda Lupescu, on whose biography the script is based. It's an income tax matter with Hedy, and success on the New York stage would eventually insure further Hollywood screen work for her and help lessen the burden of paying up back taxes long overdue. The glamorous Lamarr is no longer socko at the box-office. Her career needs a shot in the arm . . .

Sad is the report that one of the most talented of Hollywood's song-and-dance men was picked up by the Los Angeles police, high heels, ruffles and all. The studio—a major one—kept the matter off the police blotter, but they all know it's only a question of time before the tragic story hits the front pages. It's his second offense . . .

If a friend's ex-steady wants to date you—
- Grob the guy
- Get the facts
- Be shy

Secretly, you've been green-eyed about him—the 'as Sally's beau he was "mustn't touch." But they've broken up; and now you hear the "all clear" (you t-h-e-e-n-k). Listen again. Get the facts—from Sally. Is she still torching for him? Then he's still off-limits, unless you'd like being the town's nearest moll! You're all clear, confidence-wise, when you rout certain days' discomfort with KOTEX. For softness unlimited, KOTEX holds its shape.

Who rates best with Brain Boy
- A Charleston whiz
- Giggle
- Paper doll

He's the intellectual type—and you're smitten, but chatter-shy. Don't fret. Days before your date, start scanning the newspapers; get a line on world topics to show you're alert, save the conversation from bogging down. But on calendar days, you need never get a line—the telltale kind. Trust those flat, pressed ends of KOTEX. And this napkin gives extra protection.

Are you in the know?

Is she getting first aid for—
- Skier's backache
- School-girl slump

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I was 16 then, and he treated me like a little girl, but I remember I was always in the hall when he came out of his dressing room, or lingering at the entrance to the commissary as he went in or out. He must have fallen over me twenty times a day, but he never noticed. I simply didn’t see me.

When I grew up and we met again, it was a different story.

What attracted me at first were his good looks and his charm; afterward, when I came to know him well, it was his divine sense of humor and fun. His humor is always dished at himself. If an unkind, though riotously funny, story is told about someone, Michael immediately caps it with a funnier tale that makes him out to be twice as dim-witted or fuzz-brained as the first man. Somehow he manages to do this without offending even the teller of the tale.

He has no gift for the practical. When we were decorating the nursery, he was suddenly smitten with the ambition to build cabinets or shelves along one wall. He ordered lumber, tools, paint and gadgets and spent a few evenings poring over a book of instructions. Then he went around measuring. Finally, he looked at his lumber, his tools, his book of instructions and me. “Now really,” he said, “I haven’t the faintest idea how to build anything. Whatever made me think I could?” Then he forgot the whole thing.

As to tastes: Michael likes music, but doesn’t understand the classical type of thing. I suppose if he’d enjoy the ballet, I’ve never asked him to go.

We both like painting, and I am tremendously interested in sculpture. Since we have been married, Michael has also become interested in it, and when we have time, we hope to go in for it together.

What a deal. Michael is an omnivorous reader: autobiography, comic books, history, Mickey Spillane, law, newspapers, current events magazines, sports, politics. If it’s in print, he’ll read it, even if it’s only a label on a tin.

On television, he loves boxing. Sometimes I wish we had never had a set in the house, for when he’s watching this sport, no one can make him hear a word! He says he doesn’t care for wrestling, but once in a while I creep into the room and find him spellbound before some wrestlers. “Aha!” I cry, and he tells me that he was just turning the dial looking for a new station.

People say that the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach, but those people never knew Michael Wilding. He isn’t interested in food. He can’t imagine what to order in a restaurant. It’s a family joke that we had pea soup, bacon and eggs for our wedding-night supper. Michael couldn’t think what else to order!

Bacon and eggs are his favorite dish. He can’t cook and wouldn’t attempt to try. Since bacon and eggs are my one culinary triumph, isn’t it fortunate that he likes them?

We took the baby to England to see his grandparents. He is the most important thing that ever happened to us, and for nine months he’s taken up all our attention when we weren’t working. We hate to miss any of his baby tricks. When I brought him home from the hospital I was so ill I had to have a hospital bed, and wasn’t allowed to leave it, but Michael was up every five minutes, it seems to me, running in to have a look at the baby to be sure he was all right. My husband left the studio early in order to see his son take first solid food. We count that day lost when we can’t play with the baby together. We don’t spoil him; how can you spoil a child who is only nine months old?

I don’t believe Michael will spoil him when he is older, for both of us want him to grow into a nice boy, not a brat, and then into a fine man. Most little children try to imitate their fathers, and if our son does so, he’ll be considerate, charming, thoughtful and possessed of beautiful manners.

We can’t plan ahead in life, but if things work out well for us, we’d like to send him to school in Switzerland when he’s about 12. There he would have to learn to speak French, German and Italian, languages which should be an advantage to him whatever he may do.

We will leave him free to choose his own profession or career, but hope he will choose to be a doctor or a lawyer, or something more solid than acting. Neither Michael nor I feel that acting is the ideal career. It’s precarious, for one thing. Michael’s mother was an actress for a short time. She didn’t want Michael to be an actor, although she made no objection when he became one. It was entirely accidental, Michael says, and merely a matter of luck; but I think the luck belongs to his audiences. . . . Have I mentioned that he is my favorite actor?

As to my career, Michael feels that I should work as long as I wish to do so. He’s proud of me, but never tries to interfere. He doesn’t read the script of any picture I am to do, or discuss it with me. He says that by this time I know what I am doing and so does my director; why should my husband confuse me? He sees all my pictures, but makes no criticism; after all, when he sees it the picture is finished, what could anyone do?

Of all my films, my latest, “Rhapsody,” is his favorite. You know why? Because in it I am late for a concert and he thinks it’s so true to life! Seriously, though, he believes it is my best work to date.

He is always prompt, and I am always late. Michael doesn’t approve of my tardiness; he says it’s rude to keep people waiting, and I know he is right. I try to hurry, but can’t seem to manage it. When we are going out to dinner, he is ready on the dot. He comes into my room where I am sitting at my dressing-table, trying to put on my lipstick. He looks at his watch.

“We have exactly two-and-a-half minutes to get to wherever-it-is,” he will say, sternly. This completely throws me. My hand begins to shake, I get into a dither, and my lipstick goes all over my face. What a mess! I have to start all over again, and we are even later.

I suppose Michael has faults, but I can’t think of any. There’s nothing about him I would change except that I wish he wouldn’t be cross with me when I’m late. “Did I say I’m in love with the man?”

The value of money is an open book to my husband; he knows what we can afford and what we had better do without. He simply doesn’t need money the way other people do. He doesn’t care for clothes, never notices what he’s eating, hates big parties, and belongs to no clubs. He spends money only to buy presents for me. I am just the opposite, but for his birthday this year I bought him a Cadillac convertible, saved the money from my allowance, doing without all sorts of extravagances, but it was worth it!

We are both essentially lazy people; we love to lie around, reading, looking at television, playing with the baby and relaxing. Isn’t it fortunate that one of us isn’t the energetic type? I often think with a shudder how terrible it would be if Michael were one of those hearty souls who pop out of bed in the rosy dawn, crying: “Come, let’s have a round of golf before breakfast!” or “How about a nice hike up to Mount Wilson?” or “Why don’t we build ourselves a patio and barbecue?”

When we entertain, we like to do so informally, with a buffet dinner in the house, or a supper beside the pool, according to the season. We don’t plan a program and herd our guests through it; that’s too exhausting, and as I have said, we are the lazy type. Sometimes we play cards, but not often. Occasionally, we like to play a game in which we paint a mental picture of someone. One of the players leaves the room; the rest agree on the subject of the portrait; the player comes back and proceeds to ask questions. For example: “What color does the subject remind you of?” This can lead to confusion, for I might say, of an exciting person: “Vivid scarlet,” and Michael might answer: “Velvet black.” Strange as it may seem, however, it is possible to guess who it is before too long.

The guests who play this game with us are usually the Richard Burtons, the Stewart Grangers, Tony and Deborah Bartley, the Marshall Thompsons.

We live in a modern house. Everyone thought we would want an English-style,
timber and brick or stone place, so that Michael’s collection of antiques would be at home in it. But we both like modern things. Michael sold all his furniture in London, and we looked until we found a house that suited us. I chose all the colors, but we had a decorator to help us.

Traveling with Michael is always exciting. We are both as nutty as a fruitcake: we lose our tickets, suitcases are left behind, or we take the wrong ones into our cabin, and the ones we need are in the hold of the ship.

Did I tell you we like the same things? I adore animals, and so does he. I go around gathering up the creatures. We now have four cats and four dogs.

I’m told that I see Michael through rose-colored glasses, and that this isn’t a clear portrait of my husband, but that’s not true. The other day a friend warned that I would give Michael a swelled head if I let him hear me talk about him. Michael overheard and played it straight. “On the contrary, old boy, my head appears to be shrinking,” he asserted. “I put on my last year’s hat and it came well down over my ears!”

The nicest thing Michael ever did for me was...marry me! END

ARThUR GODFREY
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)

he hardly had a penny and no one would lend him a dime. He says, “When I was broke, nobody ever gave me anything. Now that I have lots of money, I don’t need to buy anything. It’s given to me. Ironic, isn’t it?”

And pinching pennies has become second-nature to the man who at one time didn’t have the pennies to pinch. Even now with a farm worth millions, his two Cadillacs, and several airplanes, he doesn’t throw his money around. He gets a nickel’s worth for every nickel he spends.

And this brings us to the core of his appeal as an entertainer. Godfrey is “the average American.” He pinches his pennies—so do all the rest of us. He enjoys having an airplane to fly—who wouldn’t? He likes to try to ice skate and does about as well as any of the rest of us. Arthur Godfrey is doing what we’d like to do and enjoying it just as we’d enjoy it. And his audience listens and applauds, agrees or disagrees, just as they would with a friend who lived next door.

Success has had its drawbacks—just like the “poor little rich girl,” Godfrey can no longer enjoy the privileges that come from absolute freedom of movement. He can’t lose himself in a crowd—he can’t wander unrecognized through the streets. This has been an actual handicap for Godfrey, because he used to draw a lot of inspiration from his direct contact with the public. Now, since TV has made his face familiar to all the nation, he can no longer ride on the subway or bus unrecognized and listen to what people are interested in. He can’t go, un-

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with a representative group of his associates. This group directed the policies and made the decisions for the format for the next Wednesday night show—that is, in theory they made the decision, and surprisingly enough, quite often they actually did.

The group would get together and throw ideas back and forth—words flying thick and fast and no holds barred! A cross-section of the staff, selected by Godfrey, included Will Roland, Larry Puck (producer), Bob Blyer (director), two of the writers, probably Chuck Horner and Hume, and two representatives of the cast, often Janette Davis and Tom Lockard, one of the Mariniers. From these people came the ideas for the next Wednesday show. Many times these conferences turned into a battle royal with Mr. Godfrey acting as moderator.

Though most of the time the show would be set by unanimity of opinion—it still has happened that a small group of the whole stood up for an idea that finally won out, or that Godfrey had an idea that he wanted to try even if nobody else believed in it as he did.

And the opinions of the listeners and viewers have never been neglected. Dorrien Partin, who has charge of Godfrey's office staff, makes up from the mail of the preceding week, a complete "vote sheet" of the letters coming in pro and con for the show—with quotes from any and all letters which she feels would be interesting to the production staff. These reports are carefully read by Godfrey before he meets with his staff and are considered before any final decision is reached.

So the Godfrey that his staff knows is a Godfrey who listens to what each one has to say, but never hesitate to exert his own power as the "boss." He will direct the director, and write for the writers, and he always has the final word. He is approachable, is "Arthur" to most who work on his show, but he is as human as any of them, and has moods and likes and dislikes that must be considered. He’s staff doesn’t think of him as "a being of eternal sweetness and light." He is the "Arthur" who works with them to try to put out the best entertainment they can devise. If he "pulls his rank," it is understandable. If he doesn’t, it is appreciated and they all work the harder for him.

He has two secretaries—one personal and one social. His social secretary, Mary Ann Van, says "Sometimes he’s just real sweet" and a good illustration for the kind of thing she is thinking of is the real friendship he has shown for some of the people who work for him. For instance, his co-pilot for his DC-6 had to move to Florida seven years ago because of his wife’s health. Godfrey bought a home for them, taking a mortgage on it. On the ten-year anniversary gift with Godfrey, for his anniversary present Arthur gave him the deed to his house and he had charged him no interest on any of the previous payments.

These are the things which can’t be forgotten, even while we remember that Godfrey is now one of the most wealthy and powerful men in this country. He owns interest in the frozen fruit industry, in a bank, in a real-estate development, in farming and ranch lands, and (it’s been rumored) also a few oil wells on the side.

Groucho Marx ribbed Godfrey on his growing power in a letter which read something like this—

"Dear Arthur Godfrey: I have never met you. I have never had the pleasure of speaking to you. In fact, all I know is that your name is Arthur Godfrey. We are very happy that your operation was a success, and we welcome you back to the network, or should I say, your network."

And, of course, though it isn’t true that Mr. Godfrey owns the CBS network, it would be a sad day indeed if he ever went over to NBC. The crash of ’29 in Wall Street couldn’t compare to what would happen to the network, or Avenue 45.

And whether Mr. Godfrey owns the network or not, his policy is the policy of the network, not the network’s policy. The greatest example of this is his recent public spats with a doctor in Washington, D.C. Right or wrong, the point remains that what Godfrey had to say stuck. When Godfrey said it, Godfrey said it. And as far as the network was concerned, the only man who could reprimand Godfrey was Godfrey.

Editor’s Post Script

NEVER has there been more fuss and furor than that caused by the unfortunate Godfrey-La Ross incident. Similar misunderstandings have occurred before in show business and, after much display of temperamental fireworks, have died down and been forgotten. We hope the same will happen with this "battle of humility." The American public, always quick to take the part of the underdog, naturally favored singer Julius and his desire to get ahead. To them he was representative of the average young man eager to succeed. Arthur was automatically cast as the villain of the piece. To stifle the ambition of a promising young singer. Much of course was not the case, as Arthur later proved. As we erect an R.I.P. over the squeable, let’s keep in mind if it had not happened La Ross would not be as famous nor as well paid as he is today.
IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT GINA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)

appeal has also had a profound effect on some of filmmom's outstanding connoisseurs of female attributes. Errol Flynn, who chose Gina as his leading lady in "Crossed Swords," had this to say: "What a department store this lovely is! She has everything you could want on every floor, and plenty of overstock, too." Humphrey Bogart, soon to be seen with Gina and Jennifer Jones in John Huston's "Beat the Devil," was overheard muttering these Java-soaked words: "This gal is molten ore. What an ingot! She burns me, burns me, burns me. Look at me, I'm a crisp!"

And John Huston himself had this point to make: "In any serious discussion of Gina's talent, you can't ignore her bosom. That, my friend, is an extraordinary talent to have and to hold. In fact, every time I recall Gina to mind, I must confess that even her elbows seem to be bosoms."

But the most revealing comment of all comes from Gina's fortunate husband, a handsome Dane named Dr. Milko Skofic. "She is every man's ideal come to life. She is the epitome of woman, caught at that moment when her beauty and femininity are at their zenith—rich, full and ripe. Her greatest appeal is with married men. They see in her the wife incarnate, beautiful, ever-appealing, always fertile. I have heard it said that my Gina has had a positive effect on the Italian birthrate. With our pressing population problem, this is not good for Italy. But for you Americans, it is a different thing. My wife has a magnetic effect on married couples which is nothing less than historic. She breaks up homes, destroys marriages and cause discontent between man and wife. She builds homes, strengthens the marriage institution, and restores passion and romance to couples. Who else do you know who has this same effect?"

It was my honor and privilege to have a private sampling of this pulsating work of art, when she visited my office. I asked Dr. Skofic if I might mention the marriage institution. To be absolutely honest, the sampling was not exactly private. Her husband was there all the time. In fact, it was he who first appeared to greet me in their handsomely-decorated terrace apartment overlooking Rome.

"I am Dr. Milko Skofic," he said in excellent English, smiling charmingly as he gave me a complete once-over. "Gina Lollobrigida is my wife, and I prefer that no man forget it. That includes Errol Flynn and Humphrey Bogart and the man who walked all the way from Sweden to ask Gina to marry him. He could have saved himself a great deal of shoe-leather if he had written me first. I would have told him point blank that though I am very broad-minded, I have no intention of sharing my wife with any other individual. With the public collectively, yes. With another man, never. As for the stories you have heard about my being on the set all the time, they are exaggerated. I sometimes must be away for fifteen or twenty minutes. And I do not, as reports indicate, kiss my wife passionately between every take to remind everyone that I am around. Believing in variety, I sometimes only press her hand to my lips or give her a warm hug. I am not what you would call a jealous or possessive husband."

Just at this moment, the 25-year-old neighbor for the glamour throne made her entrance. Beautiful! Oo, la, la! None of her photographs and none of the army of adjectives tossed out by critics and fans really did her justice. She is an alabaster statue come to life. From the top of her lustrous brown hair to the tips of her exquisite feet, she is a study in perfection. Her dress of simple classic lines, following every contour of her symmetrical body, was demurely buttoned to her neck. But she packed more wallop fully covered than a dozen bosomy maidens of international fame wearing their most dazzling strapless gowns. Her features are classically wrought. Her lips are lush and inviting and her complexion satiny smooth. Her Armani ensemble is brave enough to take a swim in, and are they limpid! Bogey was right. What an ingot! This "Italian doll" as she was stylishly called by Bosley Crowther of the New York Times after he caught her in the French film, "Fan-Fan the Tulip," radiated enough heat to change the climate of Siberia.

I asked Gina if she had read the Bosley Crowther comment. She looked at her husband, giggled slightly and then nodded mischievously. Then I inquired if she knew what "doll" meant in the Runyonese sense of the word. A wicked look gleamed in her eyes. "Oh, sure I know," she replied in a deliciously-flavored English, flickering her real two-inch black lashes. "It's the same as pupa in Italian. A doll can be loved and looked after by daddy, but it doesn't always have to be her own."

She all laughed at her apt description which would have delighted Damon Runyon. I recalled what John Huston told me about her sense of humor. "She's earthy once her guard is down, and can tell a yarn peppered with words and phrases a truck-driver would be proud of. She's a heck of a lot of fun."

Gina made a cute little bow in my direction. "You see how I try to speak English for you," she said in her intimate and warmly-modulated voice. "I want to be able to express myself well when I come to your country. It is lucky that I make two pictures in English so that I can practice. I am improving, no?" She looked at Dr. Skofic for approval. He took her hand and pressed his lips to it. She smiled. "Milko thinks only of me. He is such a fine doctor, but he concentrates so on me and my career that he has no time for patients. Soon I will be his entire medical practice! He is not only my husband, but my adviser and my alter ego. And he is always with me on the set."

Milko broke in quickly to explain, "I learned a great deal about human behavior on the movie set. A doctor must know all about people, everything he can."

Gina grinned and caressed her husband's ear. "When Bogey and I were mak-
ing this 'Beat The Devil' on location in southern Italy, there were many stories about how we were having a wild romp. It was a joke that you did not have Milko with me all the time. When we were back in England finishing the film, Betty Bacall comes from Hollywood to visit Bogey. We were all introduced to her. When my turn came, I politely said, 'How do you do, Mrs. Bogart?' She looked me up and down with her green eyes, not saying anything. Then she slowly turned to Milko and said 'I hope you kept an eye on them because I can tell you that I was very good in California.' Well, I am always very good. Even if Milko were 5,000 miles away, I would be good. I only like to be bad with him. She bestowed a tender smile on me instead.

"You have no idea how good it is to come home after working all day, making passionate love before cameras and coming in and out of bathtubs absolutely nude," Gina continued. "I love home-life. I like to sew and cook and tend to my little flowers and shut out the world. She pointed to the greenery which decorated the terrace. "Also I enjoy painting, singing and reading."

"She does not smoke, drink, play cards or take drugs," Milko interrupted to report. "And I am not wicked with other men," Gina went on to say. "You see, I have no vices whatsoever."

Milko looked at her in mock sternness. "You have one very important vice and you had better not forget it," he said. Gina looked at him quizzically. "And his name is Milko Skofo!" Gina laughed loudly at his little joke, and her well-appointed attributes accompanied her with endearing heartiness.

"I hope when I come to America, you men will not think only of my physical characteristics, and will keep in mind that I know that there is more than a bedroom to a house," Gina then commented as she seductively crossed her legs. "I admit that I have no objection to an honest appreciation of my bodily characteristics, however. When I disrobe completely as I do in ' Beauties In The Night,' and sit naked in my bath, it would be foolish for me to go to all the trouble if it gave me no pleasure. After all, I risk exposure to influenza, pneumonia and all kinds of unspeakable danger. I wish to give pleasure. If one person likes my smile, another my eyes, someone else the way I make love, another my back and someone else every single curve of my figure, that is absolutely all right with me. I am very democratic and am glad if I have many things to offer for each and everyone of you to choose. Is this not true, darling?"

Her darling—her husband, not meadows. I mean something Gina says is true," he explained. "As I have often said, I believe that her appeal is that of the fecund wife, happy and fulfilled in her own home. Out of it, Gina is really very quiet until she is relaxed. When she first met Bogart and Flynn, she did not understand her. They could not see how a woman who, when she was before a camera was a Latin volcano, could, when she was by herself, be so demure. They used to call her Lollobrigida or Lollobridgetta. But once they found out that she was naturally shy with anyone not her husband. He was not a snob at all; everyone became good friends. I repeat, friends. I am in a position to know because I was on the set most of the time." He winked at his wife. Gina winked back and that tantalizing gleam appeared again in her magnifico eyes. "After all," he said with a smile, "we do in fact see everything he can about human behavior."

Before long, we Americans will have a first-hand opportunity to learn everything we can about Gina—and, of course, her physician-husband who will accompany her to study human behavior. But beforehand, I am forced to conclude as to who will take first place in any international glamour competition, this reporter suggests a close perusal of the following paean written by an outstanding Italian writer about the fabulous Gina.

"It would be easy to say that she is too beautiful," he wrote. "When nude, they drape her with a shawl, pile up her hair on her forehead, thus accentuating the shadows on her eyelids; the heart of the public opens to her, men naturally liking her more than women. To the men, in fact, is dedicated that air of innocence which arouses in them a desire to win her love."

"This is the case with those familiar with the crossword puzzles, where one of your first words is usually 'Fog.'"

"I have mentioned is forearmed, Marilyn, Jane, Rita, Ava and Lana! To arms—and to all other valuable attributes of the female anatomy!"

It's going to be a very warm Winter. END

PAULETTE'S HAUNTING PAST

(Continued from page 41)
The long-awaited news of it was not revealed until a divorce decree was awarded her in June, 1942, on the grounds of “incompatibility.”

So secretive was her court action against Chaplin that an entry of the decree was ordered removed from the record by the Mexican judge who issued it. Hurrying from Juarez to New York, Paulette was still as hush-hush as Army intelligence. Though reporters camped on her doorstep pleading for the “inside story” of the divorce, she would not talk.

Her reticence concerning her life with Chaplin has continued through the years. Returning from a European trip last Fall aboard the liner Nieuw Amsterdam, she carried queries at 6:30 a.m. at the ship’s Hoboken pier as to what she thought of the Government’s re-entry to the U.S.

“His works speak for him,” was her cryptic comment.

Asked to explain the remark, Paulette smiled and said:

“There is nothing greater on the screen than Chaplin off the screen.” Then she added: “That’s pretty good, don’t you think, so early in the morning?”

It will be recalled that U.S. Immigration officers on the Mexican border last October were ordered by the Justice Department to check on Paulette’s divorce from Chaplin if moral turpitude were involved in either their marriage or divorce.

Chaplin had just returned to his native England for the premiere of his latest picture, “Limelight.” Because he never became an American citizen, the Justice Department had ordered that the comedian be detained if and when he tried to re-enter this country.

Paulette Goddard was born June 3, 1911, at Great Neck, L.I. Her uncle, Charles Goddard, was a prominent resident of the town. More important, he was a good friend of the late Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.

The pert, pretty, stage-struck high school girl persuaded Uncle Charlie to speak to his good friend about her. Uncle Charlie agreed, and she was hired by Ziegfeld for the musical show, “Rio Rita.”

She was only 15 years old, and her role was simple but eye-filling. It called for her to perch on a prop moon and smile at the audience. As “the girl on the moon,” Paulette attracted attention. It was not long before she was on her way to Hollywood to work in some comedy shorts for Hal Roach.

She was busy with these assignments for a few years. Then Chaplin announced he was planning to make a picture called, “Modern Times.”

He also stated he was “looking for a beautiful girl” for the film. He wanted, he specified, “not an actress, but a beautiful girl.” Paulette applied, and landed the job. She was on the way to fame and fortune. She knew it. So did everyone else in Hollywood.

“Modern Times” was two years in production and throughout the period Paulette’s photos were given wide publicity. With her mother she went on a world tour as a guest of Chaplin. When they reached Canton the young actress and her comedian mentor were married. No members of the press were on hand, no one in far-off Hollywood was the wiser.

Back in California, Paulette was assigned to bigger and better parts. It was found that she imparted a gay, mischievous mood to all the pictures which was appealing to movie fans. She played a prominent part in Chaplin’s “Hard Times.” She was the original selection for the role of Scarlett O’Hara in “Gone With The Wind,” but bowed out when filming of the picture was postponed too often.

At the same time she was winning additional rep as one of the best dressed, most attractive-appearing women on—or off—the screen. As her movie career made her one of the wealthiest women in Hollywood, Paulette found more time to travel, to vary her activities.

With her brilliant success as an actress, her shrewd business sense which has enabled her to make unusually advantageous contracts for herself, and her popularity as a personality, she enjoyed life to the full.

“I have fun just living,” she would say—and probably still says.

Within her radiance, Meredith also was enthusiastic.

“She’s good to me,” he said.

It seemed for a time that the Goddard-Meredith union was to be one of the happiest of Hollywood-Broadway alliances.

The Cleveland-born, Amherst-educated Meredith, who once ran a haberdashery, was a reporter in Stamford, Conn., a salesman at Macy’s in New York and an ordinary seaman with the Munson Line, had become an important figure in the theatre.

Eventually forming his own film producing company, he made and acted in five pictures, including “Diary Of A Chambermaid,” which featured Paulette. None of the films clicked in a big way at the box-office, and Meredith called it a Hollywood day and returned East.

The Hollywood farewell was to result also in a farewell to his marriage to Paulette Goddard. Being vital personalities, neither was to rest long on past laurels. Or, for that matter, on past memories.

In 1950 Burgess Meredith was married for the fourth time. His new bride, Kaja Sundsten, made her debut on Broadway in the revue, “Peep Show.” They are the parents of a two-year-old son.

Paulette Goddard’s star, meanwhile, continues luminous in the Hollywood skies, no matter where she is temporarily pitching her tent. She is investing much of her own money in the films she is making.

Edward G. Robinson, with whom she starred in “Vice Squad,” recently summed up Hollywood’s opinion of her.

“Paulette Goddard will always be a big star, a name to contend with,” he said.

She hasn’t aged in appearance through the years. Maybe she is still a girl who would like to go on forever.
Mr. and Mrs. Haymes of Connecticut

[Continued from page 51]

He tucks the children in bed, he has many a meal with them, insists they have a well-balanced diet. He plays with them, reads to them, and in return, gets from them a response which would do credit to any real father.

The paternal attribute, of course, is no new experience for him. He has three children—two girls and a boy—by his second wife, Joanne Dru.

Connecticut—a continent's span from Hollywood—would seem to be providing an old-fashioned Louisa May Alcott setting for the life of Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes.

Hollywood and Broadway, while understanding, are somewhat incredulous. Two questions are uppermost: How could it have happened? Why did it happen—this spectacular union?

According to some Hollywood observers, Dick's appeal for the beautiful bombshell was set off by his marked resemblance to a younger and thinner Orson Welles, who was her second husband from 1942 to 1948.

It all started last March. Rita was coming by train for the world premiere of "Salome" in New York. Dick was on the same train, planning to give his somewhat sagging career a lift with some new recording, television and night club work.

They met each other casually. But... their response to each other was not casual. They fell for each other like a ton of gossip columns. It was LOVE and no mistake, no misinterpretation.

For Dick here was an extraordinary personality—gorgeous, sparkling, pyrotechnic.

For Rita, here was a fellow of vigor, buoyancy and charm.

Their love affair got hotter in the ensuing months. It became Big News in the land. For a time there was nothing like Rita Hayworth's latest entanglement to chase war and taxes and the high cost of living from America's mind.

As bandleader Duke Ellington said last Sunday, "Dick and Rita were featured New York night club where he was dishing up his own sizzling stuff: "It looks real real.

But in their sudden rapture Rita and Dick could not afford to be careless or impractical. Both had to face the fact that not only was he broke, but still a major man.

And while reporters wore out typewriters recording the progress of the romance, the couple proceeded like novelists to make love triumph over every obstacle.

Dick got a job crooning at a Las Vegas, Nev., hotel. It enabled him to fork over $38 in cash and $100 weekly alimony to his estranged wife, Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes, in exchange for his freedom to obtain a quickie Reno divorce. Nora had already obtained a divorce from Dick in California, but that would not become final for a year.

He signed a pre-nuptial pact which safeguarded all of Rita's income and property from possible attachment.

He agreed to a plan of his lawyers to let a creditors' committee control his finances and thus disperse the creditors camping on his doorstep.

"At last—after so many difficulties," sighed Rita as she and Dick got a marriage license in the Las Vegas courthouse last September 23.

They claimed permanent residence in Nevada, but said they would move directly to the East. "All my work is in the East," Dick explained as he prepared to move into Rita's suite at the Sands Hotel. A reporter asked him if he had ever tasted a middle-aged cooking.

"Who would marry Rita Hayworth for her cooking?" he asked.

She wanted a wedding with "no frills this time," she said.

"After all, I'm getting Dick Haymes and that's all that matters. It's enough that we love each other."

Dick, too, voiced his feelings about his betrothed.

"I love this girl so much I will do anything in the world to protect her," he said. "I only thank God that I have her and her love to inspire me to work and take care of all my responsibilities."

On September 24th in the Gold Room of the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas the actress and the singer were married, while nearby tables were noisy with the movements of unheeding gamblers. Yasmin and Rebecca stood near with adoring glances toward their mother who said her "I do's" with tears in her eyes.

Earlier in the day Yasmin, curious about her mother's activity, had asked:

"What are you doing, Mommy?"

"Getting married," replied Rita.

The ceremony was in contrast to the star's lavish French wedding to Aly at his villa on the Riviera in 1949.

"I feel wonderfully happy," said Rita. "I'm married to the man I really love. It sounds so wonderful to be called Mrs. Haymes."

Since their marriage financial troubles have not harassed either Dick or Rita. Dick, however, knows he has to keep crooning, if only to placate the Internal Revenue Bureau and meet his alimony payments to Nora and Joanne. And Rita is still seeking an adequate settlement for Yasmin from Aly and his fabulously wealthy father, the Aga Khan. She refused to accept a $1,000,000 settlement when Aly stipulated Yasmin be raised as a Moslem princess.

Meanwhile, Joanne Dru wants her children to be near their father. She is strongly opposed to any action which would bar him permanently from the country.

Significantly, during his marriage to Joanne he was once named the Ideal Father of the Year.

It may be, judging from Connecticut reports, Dick Haymes will earn the title a second time.

Danton Walker's Hollywood on Broadway

[Continued from page 44]

for her night club debut, she hadn't seen her husband in more than six months...

Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes cancelled a New York vacation trip because Rita and Dick Haymes were living in nearby Connecticut and she didn't want to add to their problems by creating any further interest in herself.

Grace Kelly is the pretty daughter of wealthy John Kelly, president of the Atlantic City, N. J., race track. Until she went to Hollywood she had never missed an opening day at the track. Next season she'll be on hand, as of old—her follow-up film to "Dial M" will be made on location at the Atlantic City racing grounds.

Ray Milland had a hard time keeping his new film director's contract a secret during a party at the Carlyle Hotel. He finally spilled the news to his pals but asked them to keep it quiet for a while. They did—for almost twenty-four hours.

Charlton Heston couldn't be talked into braving the Broadway critics with a limited engagement of his production of "Macbeth" on the New York stage despite the fact he was such a success in the play in Bermuda. It was too big a gamble.

Now that Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner have called it a day, Gotham pals have stopped wondering about what would happen when Ava reported on the set of "My Most Intimate Friend," the film in which she's to co-star with Lana Turner. It was Frankie, you will remember, who once tried to break up the Turner-Gardner friendship...

Barbara Payton and Tom Neal tiffed at La Guardia Airport before embarking for Pittsburgh. They took separate planes—Neal went first, with La Payton following on another flight. She missed seeing her ex-husband, Franchot Tone, by a matter of minutes as he arrived from Canada with his long-time girl friend, Betsy Von Furstenberg...

Orson Welles got the brush from most of his former Broadway stage associates when he returned from his long European trip—his reported friendship with ex-King Farouk being one of the reasons...

Shirley Booth, Tallulah Bankhead and Helen Hayes all voiced the same opinion over the way they were photographed in "Main Street To Broadway." It's the last time any of them will make brief appearances in films, even for charity—the
consensus being that such unflattering photography can do them more harm pro-
essionally that if they don't appear in and help in the first place. Being three
of Broadway's and Hollywood's most gen-
erous performers, they've never refused
to do their bit in the past for any worthy
charity, and they've all donated their
services individually for more than twen-
ty years whenever called upon. "Main
Street To Broadway" will discourage oth-
er stage greats—Katharine Cornell, Al-
fred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Eva Le
Gallienne—from appearing on the screen.
And that's a great loss to theatre-lovers
throughout the world—those who've nev-
er seen these extraordinarily talented
stage personalities . . .

Marilyn Erskine flew into New York
after a spat with Donald O'Connor and
flew right back to Hollywood after he
telephoned long-distance and patched up
their misunderstanding. Three Gotham
swims, anxiety-ridden, the provocative
Marilyn, were left at the gate, wait-
ing. She forgot to tell them she de-
cided to go back to the West Coast and
h . . .

Vic Damone went into hiding the min-
ute he returned to Gotham from the West
Coast. He's so unhappy over the way
his career didn't zoom him to the top.
The Eddie Fisher competition is too big
to fight so Vic is now studying dramatics
in a great big way for TV and films . . .

Queen Elizabeth's surgeon, Sir James
Patterson Ross, lecturing before a group
of New York Hospital medical men, not-
ticed a beautiful blonde volunteer worker
standing in the rear of the auditorium
and spoke to her at the end of his dis-
cussions. The Royal Family's doctor
thought the young lady looked familiar
and told so. The nurse and knitted
he might have seen her—if he went to the
movies. It was Nina Foch . . .
Nina, assigned to impersonate Queen
Fredericka of Greece, in the film story of
her life, because of her striking resem-
blance, followed the Queen around on
her first American visit late in the Fall
to study her characteristics . . .

Dolores Gray, the Broadway star, is
looking forward to sharing stellar honors
with Fred Astaire in MGM's "French
Quarter" (to be filmed in New Orleans)
but Director George Cukor and
Gray gal have never been very friendly
—dates back to the days of his marriage
to Judy Garland . . .

And isn't MGM competing with itself
by announcing another musical film
with the French touch, "Montmartre," co-star-
ing Leslie Caron and Cyd Charisse, par-

naturally since Cyd was removed from
"French Quarter" to make way for Do-
lores Gray? At the Stork Club, Cyd and
Tony Martin wouldn't comment on the
switch in her film commitments, but
wasadoras being taken away from Fred Astairie
not after their "Band Wagon" success . . .

Someone should tell TV star Jack
"Dragnet") Webb how to get along bet-

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(4) See formula

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ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2,
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Manager, Business Manager

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DESTRUCTION ENDS...
Jack Palance, scheduled to portray Jack
Dempsey in a film blog of the celebrated
pugilist, is the "Manassa Maul-
er" to share his Manhattan apartment
with him. The ten-room living quarters,
long occupied by the Palances, overlooks
Central Park, and Palance has installed a
completely equipped gymnasium in one of
the guest bedrooms. Palance will train
guest boxers in the yard of his own home.

For outdoor workouts, Central Park.

MAGGI’S PRIVATE WIRE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

hoped it was true. Either way, Rosie had
to be dropped as the singing star of the
proposed show . . .

The long, hoped-for guest appearance
of Andy Devine on one of Charlie Far-
rell’s "My Little Magpie" shows, has hit
the dust. The anticipated reunion of this
famous acting team, which would have
been a gem of nostalgia—they were the
rage of Hollywood in 1927 in "Seventh
Heaven"—has been cancelled. The former
screen queen has decided to remain in
retirement . . .

Peter Avarma, of "Date With Judy," is
quietly preparing a future career as a
ballet dancer. He wants to create an origi-
nal ballet for TV and eventually form a
ballet troupe. He’ll star in both, of course
—all of this when he’s 18 . . .

His CBS-TV bosses are trying to con-
vince Red Buttons he should do some-
thing about his pepper-and-salt gray hair.
With color TV on the way, it is suggested
he might try to recapture his former car-
rot-topped tresses. To date Red is still
saying “no!” . . .

Mickey Rooney hopes to be Donald
O’Connor’s stiffest competition on TV
within the next six months, if he can find
the right comedy format. Mickey might
stand a chance if he’d do just what Don-
al has always done—he himself. A danc-
ing and singing Mickey Rooney would be
very welcome on TV . . .

"Chips Off The Old-Block-Head," an
ad-lib, three-week, fifteen minute tele-
film, is in the works. Its stars Hal Block,
former "What’s My Line?" panelist . . .

Patrice Munsel’s husband, Bob Schu-
lner, is preparing a video series to star his
actress-singer wife, in which she’ll por-
tray singing greats of the last century—
each show as well as popular—and the
latter-day song stylists will include Jenny
Lind, Nora Bayes, Anna Held, Grace
Moore and Gertrude Lawrence . . .

Robert Cummings and his wife, Mary,
will tour Europe next Summer and gather
enough material, including moving pic-
tures, for a book, several magazine ar-
ticles and 26 video shows in which both
Bob and Mary will act as comment-
ators . . .

John Henry Faulk, after his "Leave It
to The Girls" TV appearance, wouldn’t
let go of his dancing partner, producer
Joan Sinclair, during Martha Rossnurr’s
elegant soiree at the Sherry-Netherland.
Jennie had to rumba, tango, waltz and
jitterbug for a solid hour before they
paused—did we say paused?—for a bit of
light refreshment. They were off and at
it again in a matter of minutes with John
Henry declaring Joan was as agile with
her feet as she is with her mind. They
didn’t miss a dance . . .

There isn’t a girl in TV (those lucky
enough to own the latest in fox stoles)
who isn’t panting for color TV to arrive.
Faye Emerson’s pale pink Leo Ritter
original fox stole has to be seen in color
to be believed. Your reporter went
and had one made up in pale blue, and
other gals who are joining the fashion parade
with their furs include Dorothy Kilgallen, Cell Chapman and Eloise
McElhone . . .

With more than 45,000,000 people
watching "I Love Lucy" every week, and
their MGM film, "The Long, Long Trail-
er" due for release early in the Winter,
Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, in 1954, will
be the comedy team with the greatest
number of audience viewers ever com-
manded by two personalities in the his-
tory of TV business. Between both
mediums, people everywhere will "love
Lucy" in 1954 . . .

Kathryn and Arthur Murray will soon
tour the nation with Murray dancers,
making personal appearances Coast-to-
Coast in search of new dancing talent.
The units will also be, in part, actual ex-
perience for winners who will compete in
various cities during the course of the
scheduled tour. It’s the Murrays’ plan to
get out to meet their public and at the
same time help exploit their studios while
helping young amateurs find jobs in show business . . .

Mercedes Maccambridge, one of the
n  t  e  -  t  i  m  e
Academy Award winner, featured in Joan
Crawford’s "Johnny Guitar" movie, now
has a bigger, ready-made audience by
virtue of her "Studio One" appearances
than she had after her Oscar-winning
performance in the film, "All The King’s
Men." She’ll return to TV after the Craw-
dford opus is completed, but will continue
to do two movies a year in between video
assignments . . .

Ann Sheridan’s proposed telefilm series
will net her more than $100,000 annually
for the seven years, at that. Then the
rights to the filmed properties revert to
her . . .

MGM won’t part with a package of
Greta Garbo films unless they’re rented
for two years at least. The asking price
—and for seven film, per . . .

Cary Grant wants $17,500 for a single
appearance on “Your Show Of Shows”;
Betty Hutton will settle for $12,500 for a
guest shot on the same program. But
Judith Garland, already offered $50,000
to guest on the Kathry Murray program,
would take $10,000 for performing on the
Sid Caesar-Imogene Coca comedy hour,
if, and we mean if, the entire “Your
Show Of Shows” format can be written
around her comeback movie, “A Star Is Born.”

No one sings “I Believe" quite like Jane
Froman. If she ever tires of “With A
Song In My Heart” (which seems un-
likely), her next theme song could very
well be “I Believe" and none of her fans
would object . . .

Former singing stars Rosemary Lane,
Lee Wiley, Nan Wynn, Shirley Ross and
Libby Holman are all getting video bids
from George Jessel, who hopes to be able
to revive interest in their careers.

Julius La Rosa is planning the erection
of a seven room “beach house” in a re-
 mote section of Fire Island, New York—
hopes to have it completed by the Spring
of 1955—in time for a future honeymoon,
Julius? . . .

Joan Caulfield as a Brunette is a future
prospect. The “My Favorite Husband”
star hopes to do a telefilm series to be
produced by her husband, Frank Ross, based
on the popular "Spitfire" series
which once starred the late Lue Veles
in the movies . . .

Robert Q. Lewis turned down an offer
to star in the same films based on
former Harold Lloyd hits. Robert Q.
would prefer something a little more
original. He thinks the comparison (al-
though most of his younger fans never
saw Lloyd pictures) would be harmful.

Ruthie Gilbert, Milton Berle’s "private
secretary," just bought a new mink coat—
afoot of her earnings during last Sum-
mer’s cow-horn circuit theatre tour. She’ll
take to Summer theatre work again dur-
ning the coming warm weather months.
unless “Uncle Milty” decides to make
vaudeville personal appearances with his
entire TV troupe during June, July and
August. Either way, Ruthie’s salary has
quadrupled during the past two seasons.
and whether she takes to the Berle unit
tour, or Summer stock, she’ll have two
mink coats, a year from Xmas . . .

Hear and see Maggi on her own pro-
gram, “Maggi’s Private Wire,” Monday
through Friday over WABC and WABC
TV, New York. See Maggi on "Leave It
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by JANE PICKENS

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Other Toppers


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Screenland TV-LAND

Volume Fifty-Eight, Number Four

February, 1954

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Ingrid Bergman's gusto is sparked by exciting plans

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Tony tells Bob Wagner what to expect while co-starring with Janet Leigh

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Half of Hollywood feels Lana Turner will never change spoiled Lex Barker

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Rock Hudson's fiery screen personality is apt to mislead you

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Terry Moore doesn’t want to lead the domestic life

If I Had A Second Chance By Ruth Cummings Rowland

Howard Keel admits he'd make drastic changes if he had the climb all over again

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A frank confession of the part men have played in Jean's life

No Wonder I've Got An Ulcer By Robert Perkins

"Even now, I'm not relaxed, but I'm better," says Ed Sullivan

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Visiting stars can set even blase New York back on its heels

Maggi's Private Wire By Maggi McNells

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On The Prowl...
In The Torrid Story
Of A Lady And
A Hundred Men!

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presents

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Thompson

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YOU'RE HEARING!
"Sadie Thompson's Song"
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what hollywood itself is talking about!  (CONTINUED)

A steady duo, Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean at the Women's Press Club gala.

cause she hadn't made a picture for so long... Anyway, Joan hardly had time to change from her blue jeans and boots into elegant furs, jewels, and gown for the huge tribute Hollywood paid its No. 1 star at the premiere of Joan's new picture, "Torch Song." Another big night in Hollywood.

Still another big night was the premiere of MGM's "Julius Caesar," which jammed Wilshire Blvd. up around the Four Star Theatre fit to kill. The biggest reception was accorded Louis Calhern, who portrays Caesar, by some hundred stars and several hundred fans. Through a smart maneuver on the part of the publicity department of MGM, everybody hollered "Hail, Caesar!" as Mr. Calhern majestically approached the microphones. Needless to say, Marlon Brando—who is just sensational as Marc Antony, was conspicuous by his absence. He is not the preem type, you know.

It's getting more and more fashionable for the young stars to be complete hermits, except when they're working. So who? Well, Audrey Hepburn and Grace Kelly, that's who. Audrey has a little apartment and Grace has taken a house, but they might just as well be in the jungle as far as the fans or studios finding them is concerned.

With U-I's top producer, former actor Ross Hunter, a bunch of us paid a night visit to the studio back lot to watch the big scene which is the ending of "Magnificent Obsession." It's a Swiss village square with all the flags and all the gimpicks for a carnival. Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman drive up in a sporty foreign car (spelled Simca) and he describes to her (on account of she is blind in this picture) the witch-burning festival which is celebrated every year to bring on the snowy. Well, just wait until you see this in Technicolor—it is utter, sheer delight. R. & J. make a veddy handsome couple indeed.

Gary Cooper lingered in this town just long enough to tip his cowboy hat to his wife and child, having come from Europe where he'd been for six months—then whizzed off to Mexico City to make a new picture, called "Garden Of Evil."

The little character who made the biggest, wildest splash at 20th's premiere of "How To Marry A Millionaire" was—you guessed it—Marilyn Monroe. Looking like

Rhonda Fleming and her husband, Dr. Lew Morrill at Hugh O'Brian's party.

Debbie Reynolds gets around—here with Bob Neal at Lincoln-Ford party.

Bachelor host Hugh O'Brian welcomes Nora Haynes to his shindig at Capri.
Because Eddie Cantor is more than just the world's greatest living entertainer, this is more than just his fabulous show-business story. Here's Cantor the man—the showman, the human—who carries almost as big a torch for America as that Liberty Lady in New York Bay. Rub the black greasepaint off that eye-popping face and he's all red-white-and-true-blue underneath.

Warner Bros.

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STARRING

KEEFE BRASSELLE * MARILYN ERSKINE

Watch him soar to stardom's heights—as Eddie Cantor!
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

It Up" came across so well they've tripled his Romeo chores to which Jerry gloats, "Dean may always get his girl, but at least now I get a chance to be a lover. Who's this Clark Gable, anyhow?"

Piper Laurie, after ruining $100 worth of nylons getting in and out of auto racers for "Johnny Dark," has decided on an economy wave. She now uses leg make-up.

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello's famous "Who's On First" baseball routine had to be revamped for the boys stilt in England. Bud told us, "Instead of baseball, we made it an orchestra, Who is the leader, What's the piano player, and I don't know is the drummer." Incidentally, we were at NBC watching Bud rehearse when the call came through that Lou had collapsed at International Airport and their TV and film would have to be postponed. In a matter of minutes, Abbott had some of his show business friends to help out and his TV show was still very much on.

There were a considerable number of huddles between her attorney, Greg Bautzer, and Jean Simmons while Stewart Granger was off in England making a picture. There was also considerable conjecture around these Hollywoods about why Mr. B. was so busy he didn't see much of his supposed heart interest, the beautiful young Mari Blanchard.

There's a young gal at Columbia, being kept under wraps temporarily, who has all the photographers going crazy trying to use up film and burn up flash bulbs on her. Her name is now Marilyn Novak and the reason they're so eager is that she's a kind of blonde Jane Russell or something like that there. Simmer down, boys, your turn's coming.

While Ricardo Montalban was earning the money for it in Columbia's "Saracen Blade," his mother-in-law, who is Loretta Young's mother, was busy decorating their new home. Then he goes to Mexico for a picture which is to be directed by his brother-in-law, Norman Foster.

Lita Baron and Rory Calhoun were among guests at "Millionaire" premiere party.


the dream of all time in a fabulous gown, M.M., accompanied by a studio press agent because her boy friend was out of town, got acclaim like she was the lady president of the U.S., was escorted out the back of the theatre by twelve stalwart policemen. She told a close chum of hers later that she was just scared to death—of making the personal appearance. Betty Grable, who is a scaredy too, just didn't get up nerve enough to show.

Van and Evie Johnson spent a weekend in Palm Springs as the guests of the veddy chic and social Louise Celestin, liked the surroundings so well that they've rented a house for the full season. It's a small number, at least for their family, and they plan to have no help at all—just roughing it for them. Van comes in for pictures or whatever he has to do. This place is really Hollywood In The Sand and the season opened with the colorful Golden Nugget Ball and the new Beachcomber's Restaurant, which is an offshoot of the famous one in Hollywood. In fact, it looked like the one in Hollywood because everybody who ever goes to the one in town was at the P.S. version.

Gary Merrill had to depart from the side of his ever-lovin' Bette Davis, who is residing way up in Portland, Maine, to come to Hollywood for the picture, "Witness To Murder," but he was fixin' to hurry back to the snow and ice of Maine as quick as ever he finished same.

Fernando Lamas flew like the wind to New York to see his Dahl, Arlene, performing in Jose Ferrer's production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Miss D. scammed her television show because she was unhappy about something or other.

Guess who came to town briefly? Edward Everett Horton, who has practically made a lifetime career out of the old play, "Springtime For Henry." He went off again to St. Louis for a Winter stock engagement.

The sneak preview of "French Line," the Jane Russell-Mary McCarty-Gilbert Roland RKO musical was about the greatest thing since the advent of widescreen. The fans cheered like a patriotic parade and the admission society, via enthusiastic reaction cards, points up the fact that this column has been holding about for some time—that Miss McC. is going to be one of the top movie stars of any day. Her chum, Jane Withers—they've been friends since they used to make moppet movies together—took a trip to Las Vegas to hear Mary's new act at the Flamingo. Jane, incidentally, is a pretty happy gal these days, having dates like every night with various beau and living it up in general.

Now that the John and Chata Wayne fracas has calmed down, except for Mrs. W. still driving her dusty pickup truck and getting traffic tickets enough to raise the police force's pay, the Duke has picked up again with Pilar Pallette, a beauty from Peru—not Mexico, country of his former frau. Nobody looks for the big boy to get married again for some time, though.

Bob Taylor hosted a farewell party for himself before taking a large barge to Egypt and his new picture, "Valley Of The Kings." First girl to arrive at the shiudig was Barbara Stanwyck. Now that's what I call real friendly. It will probably be a happy thing for Eleanor Parker, who co-stars with Bob, to have a time away from Hollywood. She took a very dim view of the breakup of her marriage to Bert Friedlob.

You may not think of Jerry Lewis as the lever-boy type, but don't let him fool you. His one romantic scene in "Living
Greer Garson in new role as lecturer on Shakespeare at London University.

When Rosie Clooney’s sister, Betty, was here for a visit she had a big time on the Paramount lot watching her famous kin shooting in “White Christmas.” It was a kinda lonely thing for Rosie when both Betty and the new groom, Mr. Jose Ferrer, departed for the East on the same plane. Rosie had to stay here to finish the picture.

After a false start, which meant Nancy Walker coming to Hollywood from New York, then going back because the new Doris Day picture, “Lucky Me,” was postponed—the Broadway comedienne brought baby, nurse and all out with her on the second trip and settled down in her Hollywood home, for a busy Winter.

It seems a little worrisome that Don O’Connor has been acting up a bit and failing to show up for interviews and such—but he always was a forgetful boy and never meant anybody any harm. This is probably one of the reasons Don’s not able to make up his mind between Marilyn Erskine and his ex, Gwen. Meanwhile, Marilyn’s making the rounds with some of the other eligible males—between road tours with a new theatre repertory company that’s touring the West Coast.

(Continued on page 12)

Men found Sue extremely attractive in the clear, bracing outdoors where it wasn’t noticeable, but indoors where the air was heavier and contacts closer, her trouble became all too apparent. Admiration turned quickly to indifference... the penalty a girl usually pays when she is guilty of *halitosis* (bad breath).

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*Listerine... the most widely used antiseptic in the world*
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Ginger Rogers learns workings of Pay-As-You-See TV from Dr. L. Ridenour.

Lori Nelson and newcomer Race Gentry at the Hugh O'Brian affair at Capri.

Ava Gardner, again living with her sister in her cute little canyon house—it's all pink and white and looks like a birthday cake—has been veddy, veddy quiet since the big storm with Frankie. Well, one thing it's done for Frankie—his career has never looked lovelier. As for the beautiful Miss G., may we say the same thing applies.

There should be a lot of pretty music coming out of MGM and Esther Williams in her new picture, "Athena." The boys who wrote the famous "Trolley Song" for Judy Garland are back at it for Miss Swim Suit—Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane are the ones who will put the notes down on bar paper.

It's nice to know that one of the old favorites, Tom Brown, is back in the cinema swim after three years as an Army Major. One of his new projects is an Abbott & Costello pic, "Fireman Save My Child." Tom never gets old, that boy.

The rift between Zsa Zsa Gabor and her George Sanders was as loud as the mainsail on a schooner ripping in the wind. George, according to Zsa Zsa, helped himself to some of her possessions AND the butler, which left her with a lot of spicery comments to make, but no help in the kitchen. Seems a shame that these two had to part—they had so much fun fighting.

The efforts of Jess Barker to reconcile with Susie Hayward might as well have been saved since Susie ain't about to do any reconciling, although she has a kindly feeling about him as far as letting him see the kids is concerned. Meanwhile, Susie is off to Mexico to be in the picture, "Garden Of Evil," with Gary Cooper. Nothing like a vacation to clear up the domestic smogs of Hollywood.

Well, look who's doing a night club act awreddy. Ronnie Reagan, no less. He's not only going to make with the patter and the songs-and-dance routine, but he's going to be master of ceremonies any time he's called on. Ronnie has the easy, smooth manner with the audiences and he should be an all-fired success at this new routine.

June Haver decided not to be a recluse very long. Just to get back into the swing of things, she re-decorated her apartment house, slimmed down to her Hollywood weight, lightened her hair, then stepped out at a banquet.
Just to catch you up to date—there is nothing new in the Aldo Ray-Jeff Donnell romance to report. But they're still going around and about together, between Aldo's trips up thar to Crockett, Calif., to see his family, which numbers up practically to a dozen brothers and sisters.

Hear nothing but wonderful stuff about the young comedian-actor Jack Lemmon, the boy who swiped the show from Judy Holliday in "It Should Happen To You." Jack's all for Hollywood, bless his heart, and he and his wife, Cynthia Stone—formerly a New York television actress—have bought a house, their first. Jack's so excited about it he says the refrigerator makes ice cubes and the stove gives out with heat to cook on. There's a June baby on the way—so who could ask for anything better happening to you.

Young Robert Francis, the boy who's going to make you young girls' (and some of you old girls') hearts beat quite a lot faster—when you see him in "The Caine Mutiny," got hisself right into another picture at Columbia, a thing called "The Woodhawk" and I want to tell you he's going to be a doctor in same. This tall youngster is probably one of the most attractive males to hit this town since Gary Cooper first rode in on his horse.

Sarah Churchill, with a small strike against her for having a beef—you should excuse the expression—in a hamburger joint on the Strip, got herself all right and roger with the press, then called her illustrious parent, Winston, in London to explain that she had not really done anything to injure international relations. It was all a misunderstanding, really.

Larry Parks made his return to the screen via television—in a Ford Theatre drama called "The Happiest Day." This is pretty good news and a happy day for Larry, who finally got himself all straightened around with everybody concerned. Good actor, that boy—nice fellow too. Shelley Winters also debuted in television, via the same Ford route in a comedy called "Mantrap," suitably enough. Shell sorta throw her weight around in her Las Vegas night club engagement but she was a nervous girl.

Well, the Bogarts are off again, after being in our midst for a short spell. Bogey and his Betty are practically right now in Rome, where the man of the house is making "Barefoot Countess."

Barbara Stanwyck's the newest one to get a night club act together. I tell you, with all these guys and dolls out on the road entertaining the customers in the flesh, the citizens of Hollywood have to start traveling to see their favorite stars.

MGM is so interested in Elaine Stewart's younger sister, Eleanor, that they're giving her a screen test just about the time you're reading this under the hair dryer.

Audrey Totter and her husband, Dr. Leo Fred, at Lincoln-Ford dealers' party.

Don't believe you're different. Some of these women have been using Tampax sanitary protection for more than 20 years—and appreciating its advantages every minute of the time. Here are the reasons it's so popular:

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It Should Happen To You

Here's a zippy, fun-proof comedy co-starring not-so-dumb blonde Judy Holliday and man-about-town Peter Lawford. Judy's a model who has a yen for fame and rents a billboard to publicize herself. Tycoon Lawford needs the same space to advertise his father's soap products, and opens negotiations with Judy. But when business man meets blonde, he becomes enamored and swaps seven billboards for her one. With Judy's name plastered over New York, she becomes a celebrity without ever accomplishing anything. A smart promoter, Michael O'Shea, signs her to a contract and starts cashing in on all of the publicity, much to the annoyance of Judy's true boy friend, Jack Lemmon. When the model's publicity bubble bursts and Jack walks out, she does the only sensible thing and hires a sky writer to advertise her love for him. Especially tailored for the Holliday talents, director George Cukor and author Garson Kanin push the film along at a madcap pace that keeps both audience and players reeling from the fun impact. Lawford's at his "wolfish" best, and you'll like newcomer Jack Lemmon, too. Columbia.

The Eddie Cantor Story

lavishly produced, nostalgically played, the story of "Mr. Show Business" himself finally comes to the screen. Unlike "The Jolson Story," many of the songs and latter sequences in Eddie Cantor's life are already familiar to audiences. The real surprise in the film, however, is the marked attention that has been paid to duplicating not only the comedian's singing delivery, but his actual speaking voice. Keefe Brasselle sustains an almost exact impersonation for the entire 90 minutes of the Technicolor film. The story traces Eddie's career, which began when he was 13 years old and about to be sent to an orphanage, much against the will of his aged grandma, Aline MacMahon. The youngster's enterprise helps him win an amateur contest and a contract with Gus Edwards, which keeps him out of the orphanage. His years as a child star, his courtship with Ida (Marilyn Erkine) and of course, the birth of his five daughters are all duly recorded. His decision to continue his career, even against doctor's orders, and the rewards he reaps climax the film. A surprise appearance by Eddie and Ida themselves, plus a token shot of Will Rogers, Jr., provide an added element to the Sidney Skolsky production. Warner Brothers.

Easy To Love

Mae's favorite mermaid, Esther Williams, takes her swim gear this time to Cypress Gardens, Fla., where she plays an aquacade star at the famed resort. The establishment is run by Van Johnson, a fast-talking, quick thinking gent, who has made Esther into an athletic star, and then used her name to endorse everything from TV to lipstick. When Van's swimming gold mine threatens to quit to
merry her aquatic partner, John Bromfield, the boss decides to break up the romance by taking Esther to New York. The move only complicates matters, for nightclub singer Tony Martin then joins her list of admirers and follows her back to Cypress Gardens. It isn't until Johnson almost loses the gal that he literally "gets in the swim" and wins her back. The film provides fine family fare and a new medium for Esther who does several tricky sequences on water skis. MGM.

Money From Home

Honey Talk Nelson (Dean Martin) is a race happy character, who's willing

Paris Model

Real star of this Marilyn Maxwell-Paulette Goddard starrer is a dress and the various gals who wear copies of it. The film story, which is shot like vignettes, opens in Paris with Eva Gabor blithely buying the specially-made gown and charging it to a boy friend. Copies of the dress reach America, where Paulette and Marilyn use it for man-bait purposes. Eventually the gown lands in the sales bracket of Barbara Lawrence, who wears it the night her shy fellow proposes. Although the gals and the gown dominate the screenplay, there are some entertaining performances by the males who are Cecil Kellaway, Robert Hutton, Leif Erickson, and Tom Conway. Columbia.

When not-so-dumb blonde model Judy Holliday rents a billboard to publicize herself she nearly loses her true love, Jack Lemmon, in "It Should Happen To You."
Ann Sheridan and Zachary Scott play a quarreling married pair following Glenn Ford on a terrifying trek through jungle wilds in "Appointment In Honduras."

to bet your last dollar on a “sure thing.” His good intentions are paved with a highway of gambling debts. When Sheldon Leonard buys up all of Dean's markers and orders him to either pay them or agree to fix a race, there's little choice. The broke Dean and his veterinarian cousin, Jerry Lewis, immediately leave for Maryland to try and persuade horseowner, Marjie Millar, to scratch her entry so that Leonard's favorite can win. Naturally, the boys wind up double-crossing Leonard, shocking the turf owners with their unorthodox riding, and falling in love with Miss Millar and lady veterinarian Pat Crowley. Picture's one of those crazy mixed up Martin-Lewis specials that tickles your fancy and stretches your credulity. Paramount.

Appointment In Honduras

Glenn Ford has a fabulous fortune to deliver to an overthrown Honduras president. To cover his disappearance from the freighter he's traveling on, he uses the escape of four convicts as an excuse to begin his jungle trek. He is also forced to take along a quarreling married couple, Ann Sheridan and Zachary Scott. The party soon divides itself into a traitorous, fighting group, whose number keeps dwindling as it faces the untold wilds of Central America. The film eventually boils down to a terrifying 79 minute chase, with Ford jointly...
Ava Gardner’s temperament kick is the talk of Hollywood. The latest accolade bestowed upon her uncooperative behavior: “She’s worse than Frankie” . . .

Marilyn Monroe’s new dress is another reason why the boys can’t help gawking in her direction: it’s black taffeta with colored fish painted all over the material and a skirt of black tulle over it. When Marilyn walks—or wiggles—it looks as if the fish are swimming . . .

Betty Hutton gives her two little girls, Candy and Lindsay, a great big hug on their arrival in New York for visit with her.

The Aga Khan has handed Ali Khan an ultimatum: “If you marry Gene Tierney she will never be permitted to enter my house.” It’s nothing personal against Gene; the old ruler is simply tired of his son’s predilection for Hollywood actresses, thinks it’s high time he married an Oriental princess who would be approved and loved by his people . . .

The set-back in Mary Murphy’s promising career is blamed, in part, on her quiet, hide-a-way dinner dates with Bing Crosby which she denies. Mary admits knowing The Groaner “slightly.” Cafe owners in Long Beach and Laguna claim it’s a deeper attachment, and that they are inseparable, especially on weekends at the shore . . .

Jack Bean tried out three engagement rings on Mitzi Gaynor’s third finger, left hand, before they settled on the one she preferred. It was a matter of size—not of the ring, but of the Diamond Solitaire. (Continued on next page)

Although Jane Powell, Gene Nelson, here with Tab Hunter and Debbie Reynolds, have split, he’ll stage her London show.
None of the Rita Hayworth-Dick Haymes crowd would be surprised to learn that Rita has decided to give Hollywood the brush in favor of braving the New York stage in a new musical show. She’s seriously weighing offers to tour the countryside in a special vaudeville act—to be shared by Dick Haymes—in leading theatres and subsequently topflight cafes. The Broadway musical venture would follow these personal appearances. The Haymes-Hayworth household is badly in need of cash and her Columbia Pictures bosses have refused to advance her any more money until she’s finished films being lined up for her. The nightclub-vaudeville dates would insure her and Dick a bundle of ready-made loot. The offers are very, very tempting . . .

This is one of those Who’s-Gonna-Believe-It stories, but intimates say Michael Wilding irks Elizabeth Taylor by “sitting up until all hours of the night reading Sherlock Holmes” . . .

A major film studio has lowered the boom on its unattached, “eligible” males. The newly issued orders decreed that the players are not to frequent certain Sunset Strip cafes and drive-ins, and two public beaches (one in Santa Monica, one in Malibu) are decidedly “off limits.” Further restrictions imposed upon these contract actors concern several young starlets and non-professional glamour girls no longer considered “suitable” as dates for the male stars of tomorrow. The ladies in question have been photographed and linked romantically with as many as four actors within the same week, and no matter how moviegoers look at these reputed “romances,” they’re beginning to suspect there’s something odd about the duplication of toothsome twosomes. One such young lady (related to another studio’s top brass) is now considered “the Kiss of Death” in movie circles. When a newly arrived Hollywood male dates her—and he’s always very young, very handsome, that’s her kick—he’s immediately blacklisted by top level Hollywood hostesses and agents. That gets around quicker than a Beverly Hills brush fire . . .

Ginger Rogers refused to “age” in her last film, “Forever Female,” and it was uncertain, from the first day’s shooting, that the picture would ever be completed on schedule. The Rogers display of temperament set a new record for on-the-set explosions. Rumors along Hollywood and Vine have it she’ll do no more than one picture a year from here on in IF the offers come through. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)
INGRID BERGMAN'S GUSTO, VIVID IN WORD AND GESTURE, IS SPARKED BY EXCITING PLANS

Rome

I had not expected to find Ingrid Bergman looking so stunning. She had, as all the world knows, been through a great deal. The scandal that provoked such a violent reaction less than five years ago, caused her profound grief. In that period of time, she had undergone a painful misunderstanding with her daughter, Pia, a second marriage, a custody suit, and the birth of three children—not to speak of a whole new mode of life. I told Ingrid that, though I was delighted by how wonderful she looked, I still couldn't help but be surprised. She was more beautiful than ever, her blue eyes glistened with life, her movements were charged as if by an electric current.

"Perhaps it's the kind of life I lead," she replied with a laugh. "I've become so Italian that sometimes I can hardly believe it myself." As she said it, I could almost believe it. Her blonde hair was cropped short in an attractive Italian mode. For a moment, one might take her for a Milanese or Florentine beauty, particularly when she talked with typical Italian gestures. But only for a moment. With Ingrid's tall and slender frame, her uninhibited, direct manner of walking and moving, she could be no one else but who and what she was.

(continued on next page)
INGRID'S ZEST FOR LIVING continued

"Do you know that after lunch, I simply must have my siesta?" she went on. "Did you ever hear of such a thing in Hollywood? That's why I couldn't ask you to drop by before five. I wouldn't have been up to receive you!

"I've willingly succumbed to the Italian way of living. Here, you pause for breath. In fact, here you take time to breathe deeply. You don't have to be running around from one place to another, frantic, to know that you're alive. You don't have to be active, active, active every minute of the day and night to know that you're really in the swim." Ingrid made frantic little gestures with her hands to describe what she meant. "I remember how I felt in America. If I wasn't going mad with things to do, I felt completely left out. Now, I'm relaxed and I'm sure it's good for me."

But didn't the Italian way of life mean big families, I asked? And hadn't I heard rumors that she was again expecting the stork? Ingrid laughed heartily.

"I know where that began," she said. "I was in Capri awhile back and one day I put on one of those short, billowing jackets which anybody might take for a maternity type. Before I knew it, everybody was whispering, 'Oh, oh, Bergman's wearing that jacket again,' and giving one another that knowing look. Right away reporters were calling, columnists were predicting. Everybody was all set for me to have another baby—but me!

"Everybody loves babies," Ingrid went on, after we lit up cigarettes. "But not very often have I found the adoration for children I've seen here in Italy. When I first came here, of course people stared at me and bothered me. But now? I walk down the street or go shopping. People politely say, 'Buon giorno, Signora Bergman-Rossellini,' and without further ado, ask me about the children. And if I'm with the children! Oh!

They talk and coo and cluck and ask me a hundred questions. How is Robertino's health? And are Isabella and Isotto developing properly? Wonderful people I've never heard of clip their photos from the papers and send them to me with warm greetings. They love the children so and casually tolerate me because I just happen to be their mother!"

Ingrid asked me if I'd like a cup of coffee—Italian, of course. I said yes and as she rose to summon a maid, I had a chance to study the apartment. Most of the furniture was modern—large, simple wooden chairs and long, comfortable-looking sofas. There were many paintings, mostly modern, and a beaver-board, filled with photographs of the children, leaned against a book shelf. Several of the awards Ingrid won in her notable career were matter-of-factly lined on a half-hidden shelf. On the ledge behind the sofa where Ingrid had been sitting, she had put several colorful Swedish troll—pixie-like figures which, according to legend, helped ward off evil.

Ingrid's zest for living, so vivid in every gesture she made and every word she spoke, was heightened because she was in the midst of some exciting plans. She was, of all things, to perform the leading role in an opera this December! Yes, the Ingrid of "Casablanca," "Gaslight," "Saratoga Trunk" and "Notorious" in an opera, and at one of the most demanding opera houses in the world—the San Carlo in Naples. She was so immersed in her plans that she spent a solid hour telling me about them as we sipped coffee.

"When people hear that Ingrid Bergman is going to do an opera, they faint. Who can blame them?" Ingrid asked. "But don't worry, I don't sing! The opera, written by the French composer, Arthur Honneger, and called 'Joan Of Arc At The Stake,' calls for huge choruses, trained solo voices and a large orchestra, but the role of Joan is spoken. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)
"It's so nice to see my friends," says Ingrid, with George Sanders.

With son Robertino. "I've succumbed to the Italian way of life," states Ingrid.

Complete Rossellini family includes Renzo, Roberto's son by former marriage.

Ingrid embraces husband after gruelling auto race. She's all excited about her next venture—the leading role in an opera.
WHY I'VE

Busy Jean at work with Dir. Negulesco, Dorothy McGuire, D. Pozzetto.
"MEN JUST DON'T FIT INTO MY CURRENT SCHEME OF LIVING," SAYS JEAN PETERS

by Frederick Worden

WATCH OUT, Jean Peters. All work and no love make a girl mighty sorry someday. Why do you work so hard, Jean? Is it solely because your 20th Century-Fox contract keeps you hopping from one picture to another? Or is it some inner compulsion that forces you to work because you're afraid of being left with time on your hands?

Is it an over-active ambition, developed to compensate for fear of losing your heart, that drives you at such a pace?

With one breath, Jean Peters says, "There's no time and no room in my life for love and romance. Men simply don't fit into my current scheme of living."

Then, in the next breath Jean contradicts herself with a statement like this: "I constantly have to fight emotional entanglements. I suffer from a great big overdose of 'romanticism,' and once I feel I'm falling for a guy, I take a strong hold of myself and get away fast. I'm such a perfectionist when it comes to people, especially men, that I'm afraid once I get to know a man too well, I'll discover he's not what I want him to be. Then disillusionment sets in. I guess I prefer to live with my illusions.

"Keeping busy all the time is a kind of self-protection for me," Jean freely confesses. "That way, I can keep my mind (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)"
TONY'S LETTER TO BOB

Bob Wagner, Janet Leigh as the lovers in 20th's "Prince Valiant."
DEAR Bob:

Of course I'm off my rocker! Straight out of my Hungarian mind! What I should be doing is writing you a poison pen letter. But here I am green as grass with envy and there you are the luckiest hombre in Hollywood. So? So I'm merely sticking out the well-known neck to help your luck along—yet! Pardon me while I go see my head doctor.

So now we've had the jokes. Seriously speaking, I do envy you, Bob, and I do think you are the luckiest because you're working with my old lady in "Prince Valiant." Remember me—Houdini Schwartz! My two-ton Jenny and I made that picture together, which is why I envy you and your good fortune. I know what's in store for you and can only say—you'll never forget the experience ol' boy.

As you know, Bob, I'm real gone on your new leading lady, so due to circumstances beyond my control a bit of prejudice is bound to creep into this letter. Nevertheless, we men have got to stick together, too! Despite what the experts say, I say it's a woman's world all the way. What do you say? Now you know why I'm letting down my crew cut to give you these following inside tips about Janet.

To start out with, Bob, may I suggest that you throw away your little black book. Or at least put it on ice! You're going to need every good night's sleep you can get, because a day on the set with Janet is like working out with the Los Angeles Rams. Brother, she'll murder you with that energy. She never sits down, or relaxes. In fact, I use to poop out just watching her.

As everyone knows, Janet is temperate, Bob, and isn't temperamental. She's still capable of getting out of sorts. When she is you'll know it and you'll know why if it has anything to do with you. Unless I miss my guess, however, if she happens to look a little grim around the edges when you work with her, it'll be my fault and not yours. That look can only mean one of three things, Bob. Either I wouldn't eat my breakfast, didn't put away my paints, or I forgot to park the car right. It can happen here!

The following would never affect you, but it still gives you an insight into Janet's character. You know she can spot a phony, detect a falsehood and think so fast, she mentally edits what you have to say before you've said it. So after two-and-a-half years of marriage, wouldn't you think I'd know better than to try and deceive my child-bride? Maybe I just like to live dangerously!

So now for the gruesome details. You know we have a business manager and, naturally, Janet believes one should accept advice when he seeks it out. Me, too—except it would happen that I saw a wonderful suit at Cy Devore's in Hollywood. We were on a strict budget and the man said—mustn't touch. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)
HALF OF HOLLYWOOD FEELS LANA TURNER WILL NEVER CHANGE ALREADY SPOILED LEX BARKER INTO BECOMING A GOOD HUSBAND AND FATHER

by Elsie Lee

THE TAMING OF TARZAN

"I am not a happy man unless I love someone. To love—and be loved in return—I believe is the most important thing in life. Personal relationships, when they are successful and complete, have to come first. Before everything. Even a career."

Not so long ago, it was in these enlightened words that Lex Barker, whose playing of Tarzan off the screen in dress clothes often reflects much of the character of his role in the films, explained his dread of solitude in the sea of humanity. The statement followed his whirlwind courtship and marriage to Lana Turner.

What did Miss Turner have to say in response to this eloquent and obviously sincere analysis of the inner workings of his mental and physical make-up? She was, with typical Lana candor, equally explicit and revealing:

"Lex, I think, is the kind of man I have wanted for a long time. I know him to be sincere, kind, generous to a degree, and never without a sympathetic ear for someone else's problems and worries. And what woman today hasn't always a problem of some kind?"

"Unlike other men I have known," Lana goes on, "Lex shows that he isn't always thinking of himself . . . but that he is always ready and eager with advice and help whenever and wherever it's needed."

All this, of course, sounds like an ideal relationship. Lana loves Lex, Lex loves Lana. Lana understands Lex. Lex understands Lana. And that isn't all:

That inherent male trait of the strong protecting (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)
ROCK HUDSON'S FIERY SCREEN PERSONALITY IS APT TO MISLEAD YOU INTO FEELING HIS OFF-SCREEN ATTITUDE TOWARD ROMANCE IS THE SAME
In a world where romances run hot one day and cold the next, one actor stays at even temperature. Zero. He is Rock Hudson who, on the screen, looks as if he would gobble up any young girl, but doesn't disguise that he finds her off-screen prototype hard to swallow.

Girls who have been cursorily dated by Rock Hudson are quick to say, "He's shy and uninterested to the point of inarticulateness."

And they'll go on to say, "Rock would rather talk shop than flirt, and when a girl is bold enough to remark on the fact, he pats her arm softly and says, 'Baby, being an actor is a fulltime job, and I'm working all shifts.'"

On the other hand, take a girl who has gone out with him many times because, from the first date, they liked each other on sight—glamourous Yvonne DeCarlo.

She says, "You have to know Rock very well to really understand what he's like. He may seem impassioned, but actually he's an iceberg in disguise."

Be that as it may, Rock Hudson in his familiar guise of a knight in icy armor needs thawing out. That he can be, is evidenced by his steady dating with girls like Yvonne DeCarlo, Piper Laurie, Jill Clifford, and Betty Abbott. All four of them find that after a little gentle work at thawing, Rock has a heart that beats like any other man's.

What, then, is Rock's purpose of exploiting the iceberg touch whenever he's in the company of the other sex? Is it that women really leave him cold? Is it that he is so wrapped up in his career that he would rather embrace a script than a pretty girl? Or is it that—when it comes to women—Rock is just plain out-and-out blase?

The answer to all these questions is "No!"

"That seeming coldness of Rock's when he's in the company of members of the other sex," reveals a close friend, "is merely a protective veneer. Although he doesn't explain it to strangers, Rock makes no bones about the fact that women have hurt him twice—and that he still feels the scars."

In ample confirmation of this, was a recent statement to an interviewer by Rock himself. "It's no secret that I fell head-over-heels in... (continued on page 66)"

"He's an iceberg in disguise," says Yvonne DeCarlo who's dated him.
TERRY MOORE DOESN'T WANT TO LEAD THE DOMESTIC LIFE
by Louis Reid

Terry Moore, until a year ago, was just another young actress with a pretty face. Then, bang! Hollywood producers suddenly became aware of her physical allure, assigned her to the part of the co-ed in "Come Back, Little Sheba" who has a torrid affair with a college athlete. Terry, from then on, was a celebrity, recognized wherever she went. It was great fun being a movie star. On or off the screen, Terry loved the adulation that went with the life.

Terry, who made the leap from starlet to star with her part in "Sheba," explains, "It was the first time I had a really sexy part, and I was happy about playing it."

There were restrictions, however, to her uninhibitedness.

She started out wearing sweaters in the picture, Terry asserted, but Director Daniel Mann wouldn't let her wear them. She "had to wear blouses and a bra strapped down to lessen the curves."

Because she was portraying a well-bred college girl she could not do the obvious things like casting sly glances or using a sultry voice. She was told merely "to think sexily."

"The only way I could get the idea over was with my eyes," she said. Terry liked even better her role of the stormy, unrestrained daughter of Fredric March in "Man On A Tightrope."

The picture, filmed in Germany, gave her an emotional part with drama, romance and tragedy all neatly blended. (continued on page 66)
IF I HAD A

"I shouldn't have worked so long in the plane factory," he regrets.

Dancing with Ava Gardner at party. "I'd try to understand people better. I was often wrong."

With his wife at swanky premiere. He'd love her even more if possible.

"If I had my life to live over again, I wouldn't make the same mistakes! And yet, the guy who never makes a mistake, never learns anything!"

Those words came from Howard Keel, the six-foot-four handsome star, now being seen in the biggest roles of his career in the high-powered Technicolor musicals, "Kiss Me, Kate" and "Calamity Jane."

In attaining his solid success, Howard suffered through lean and hungry years. It was always a desperate struggle to survive, yet one wonders how he would win success any differently if he were given a chance to live his life over again.

"Well," he answered, turning the question over in his mind, "isn't it too bad we don't already know all the answers as we're starting out? If I had just known then, what it took me years to learn, I would have avoided a lot of mistakes I made. But, who can be so smart? Not Keel! He had to learn the hard way!"

"But knowing what you do know today, if you had to live it all over again, what would you do differently? Let's start with your high school days when you were one of the football stars..."

"Hold it right there!" He answered with a twinkle in his blue eyes. "I'd still play football. I'd still fall for all the pretty girls; but I'd do something else, too, which I didn't have the sense to realize at the time. I'd settle down and give more time to my studies! I'd make myself learn a foreign language—French, Italian, Spanish. When you're young, you think nothing's so important as sports. Well, they are important, but in their place. When I was in New York and studying singing, I realized then that a lot of songs I wanted to sing were written in a foreign language. So what happens? I had to learn the pronunciation of words. It was difficult and took time. I could have saved myself a lot of that time if I had buckled down in high school. I wish young people would realize that, because what you skip eventually has to be made up! Between pictures, now, I try to learn French and Italian. So many movies are being made in Europe and Mexico that it's almost a must to speak a foreign language! But who could tell Keel, the football player, the basketball player, the baseball player, that there was something else besides winning a game and the smiles of the bobby-soxers in the front row?"

And then there was Mr. Keel, aircraft worker, whose thrilling baritone voice was still undiscovered as far a Hollywood was concerned, although he was just a handsome and talented in those days as he is today.

"As I look back," he said in reviewing the various aspects of his career, "I shouldn't have worked so long.
NOW REACHING THE PEAK OF A BRILLIANT CAREER, HOWARD KEEL READILY ADMITS HE'D MAKE DRASTIC CHANGES IF HE HAD THE CLimb ALL OVER AGAIN

By Ruth Cummings Rowland

SECOND CHANCE

in the aircraft factory. Sure, it meant 'eating money,' but I had responsibilities. I should have tried to do other things, too, which were in line with the singing and acting career I wanted. For example, I should have tried to do some work in Little Theatres. I should have tried to read more. Education shouldn't step just because you're out of school! I know now that I put too much emphasis on making money, and as I look back, I know I wouldn't have starved . . . something always turned up. As a matter of fact, something always did turn up when I was in New York and broke. But these are the things you see when you look back on your life. At the time, all I could think of was making enough money to live!

Howard, in spite of his brilliant success, has never quite forgotten the hard years of poverty, those years of deep depression. It is this link to his past that makes him the straightforward, unpretentious, completely honest kind of man he is, who can never quite believe he's considered a "heart throb" and that he's now a top-flight star.

His tastes are still very simple. He still enjoys wall-papering his house or any of his friends' houses, although he will admit he can't do it half as well as his mother does the job. She's an expert, and taught Howard how to make all the patterns come out evenly, no matter how involved they might be.

"He's a guy who takes everything so seriously," one of his friends said recently. "Almost too seriously!"

This is a hangover from his early (CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)

Howard and Kathryn Grayson in "Kiss Me, Kate," one of MGM's big musicals. "I wish I could have laughed more."

With Doris Day in "Calamity Jane," Warners' big hit. "I guess," he says, "people found me rough to get along with."
by Jean Hagen

ONE IS always reading stories about the “little woman” to be found in the background of a great man’s success. Sometimes I’m willing to agree with the author’s premise, but sometimes I have to smile. Such a situation isn’t at all unique. The simple truth is that everyone who achieves any degree of success is indebted to a great many individuals either directly or indirectly.

If there is always a woman or a group of women standing in ghostly phalanx behind a brilliant man, the reverse is also true. Behind every woman who reaches the goal toward which ambition has started her, there is a man or a series of men.

To be frank and personal, I can name six men, offhand, who are or have been strong influences in my life, who have guided my destiny to what, with my latest role opposite Red Skelton in “Half A Hero,” I consider some measure of success.

The most powerful influence of all was that exerted by my wonderful father. Very early in life he provided me with a sense of personal security. You see, he was born in Holland and didn’t come to this country until he was twenty-five. He made the journey to enable him to study opera with American teachers, because he hoped to become an opera star.

However, he is now and has always been mechanically inclined. Give my father a length of string, a gnarled log, a plane and a set of carving knives and he can build a harp. Or reasonably exact facsimile.

All the rest of the children with whom I went to school were native born Americans, and their parents were too. Therefore, my father was a figure of romance and adventure. Oh, the stories he told me. (Nowadays he insists that most of them were exaggerations or complete fabrications, but what imaginative child could object to that?)

He told me stories about his boyhood, when he spent his Summers sailing boats on the Zuider Zee, and when he spent his Winters skating on the frozen canals. I knew the story of Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates long before I was old enough to read the English translation.

As I grew up, I knew exactly at what time the yielding earth first brought forth its Spring tulips in Holland, and when the ice began to crack in the canals. From my father’s rollicking songs I had learned

JEAN, with Patricia, 3½ and Aric, now who, she feels, will be a future influenc...
about village festivals and one of my first Christmas presents was a pair of wooden shoes.

I was nurtured within a tradition; I felt myself to be part of a long and glamorous history. Psychologists now know that this is an excellent experience for a child.

My father provided me with other advantages. How he could play the piano! There were five of us children to gather around the living room on blizzard-dark nights and sing. My sister was an alto, I sang soprano, my brothers proved to be, luckily, tenor, baritone, and bass. Naturally, because of his classical background, my father taught us dozens of Wagnerian choruses long before we realized that we had been introduced, painlessly, to great music.

In another of the arts, my father served his children well. He loved and understood the painting of the period and he had brought some of his favorite canvases with him when he came to America. We grew up in constant sight of the work of gifted artists.

In brief, my father provided us with what we came to realize in later years was an excellent cultural education. Actually a cultural education isn't as overpowering a thing as some people would like to make it seem. My father not only supplied the situation, but he supplied a definition: he said that fine music and fine painting, a knowledge of history and legend, and a feeling for the rightness of close family life were avenues to greater life happiness.

My father was not an easy, indulgent man. He set high goals for us. If I brought home a report card on which there were six A's and one B, he would place his forefinger on that B and inquire earnestly, "Why is this?" For a girl who hoped to become an actress, this early association with a perfectionist was the best possible training.

Not only did he expect us to excel in anything we undertook, he wanted us to undertake anything that caught our interest. I remember that the little girl who lived next door to us could turn the most astonishing cartwheels I had ever seen.

When she swooped around, she was as rigid as a broomstick (and not much thicker) and she could continue to turn for what seemed to me to be hours. I was impressed.

"You could do it, too," my father said.

I shook my head. It looked like a minor miracle to me.

Carefully he explained the technique. "Anyone can do it. I can do it," he announced, and only the peremptory call of my mother from the kitchen stopped him from trying it. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)
"I HAVE AN ULCER!"

"EVEN NOW, I'M NOT RELAXED, BUT I'M BETTER," SAYS ED SULLIVAN

By Robert Perkins

I HAVE AN ULCER!

Anne Davis, Humphrey Bogart. "Remember, I didn't want to be a performer," insists Ed.

Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart. "Remember, I didn't want to be a performer," insists Ed.

Irene Benzell, Met opera star, so loved working with Ed, she helped him get Margaret Truman.

Surrounded by gorgeous Toastettes, "We have a marvelous organization."

AN ULCER is the badge of office (worn out of sight) of laborers in the television vineyards.

And the biggest, best-known badge belongs to the laborer named Edward Vincent Sullivan.

Edward Vincent is also Ed Sullivan, the Broadway columnist, and producer, master of ceremonies, man of all work, of the Sunday evening CBS "Toast Of The Town" program.

Why should ulcers be an occupational hazard connected with signing beauteous dancers, or saying: "Our next act is..."? Bing Crosby is supposed to have said that any smart dog could be an emcee, especially if he could manage to point to the next act. But it ain't true.

Ed doesn't have time to bark, because his is a nerve-wracking, tension-loaded grind—subject always to the whims of a stop watch, plus the violent explosions that are part and parcel of a mixture of art and business.

Part and parcel of this ulcer-loaded trade is the need to be ever on your toes, lest you miss a timely anything for the show. "I dig up acts," said Ed, putting his tired toes on a fancy coffee table in his hotel suite, "decide what to pay them, what to do with them—as well as supervising rehearsals, and a few odd chores. But my conscience bothers me—I've never offered to sweep up...

There's no conceit here. "Our program has succeeded," Ed went on, "mainly because we have a marvelous organization back of it. Marlo Lewis, my co-producer, Johnny Wray, the director, and Ray Bloch, the musical director, are all top-notch men."

(Continued on page 67)
Traveling through the East for Dick Haymes' singing dates in principal cities, Rita Hayworth and Dick busily denied to the press that he was on the payroll of Rita's Beckworth Corporation. But it certainly isn't Dick's money that pays their expenses.

**Danton Walker's**

Though calmly sipping a drink here, Zsa Zsa Gabor wasn't so serene at '21' party when a guest gossiped about her mother.

**HOLLYWOOD ON**

RITA HAYWORTH and Dick Haymes heatedly denied that Dick was on the Beckworth Corporation payroll for $1,000 weekly—the Beckworth organization being owned by Rita. Confirmed or denied, it's still fact that all the Haymes-Hayworth travel and living expenses in the East were paid for by the Beckworth Corporation, and the amounts totalled in the thousands...

Vanessa Brown, the "Seven Year Itch" star, has been besieged with lecture offers ever since her discourse at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., on "Sex On Broadway." Vanessa, one-time Hollywood "innocent," can stop her sex appeal campaign that began almost a year ago. It should be pointed out, however, that her planned "talks" will not only be intimate and revealing, but will mostly concern Hollywood stars. Could be Vanessa's lectures will boomerang—the motion picture industry doesn'
like the idea and Vanessa's return to Hollywood may be a long, long way off .

Leslie Caron finally took a hint and stocked up on a new wardrobe before leaving New York for Paris. Her local MGM bosses were getting worried over Leslie's sloppy appearances at the swank spots. She was almost unrecognizable at Idlewild Airport as she departed for Gay Paree looking like a big-time movie star. Autograph hounds, who had followed her around town, got the surprise of their lives when they saw the transformation from Lili to a femme fatale. The Caron fans hope she'll continue with her new chicness—so do the MGM executives who peeled off a roll of bills to foot the glamour costs .

Brod Crawford got the brush from local stage and screen stars when he arrived from England. Dinner party and cocktail soiree invitations were few and far between for the actor who was once so popular with his fellow-players. Crawford went pub-crawling on his own, but avoided the more elegant places in New York so as not to run into other Hollywood visitors .

Greer Garson disappointed so many of her fans and friends during her Gotham stopover en route to Europe when she insisted upon wearing the same white blouse and black skirt everywhere she went on her nightly rounds of the El Morocco-Stork Club-21 circuit. Rather than appear in a fetching Helen Rose gown, she adopted the black-and-white ensemble and even the fact that checkroom girls at several of the night clubs wore almost identical "uniforms," didn't stop the glamorous Greer from wearing hers .

There's no love lost between Joan Crawford and the Michael Wildings (Elizabeth Taylor) and La Crawford's justified claims that Mike and Liz went just a little too far during the filming of "Torch Song" with their printed remarks about "The Queen Of Hollywood," will, in time, react unfavorably for the Wildings. The Wildings have already slipped, socially speaking, in Hollywood. Taking crack shots at the Queen—that's Crawford—can only lead to one thing—trouble. In New York the Wildings found themselves missing out on several top social affairs and the reason their invitations were not forthcoming was traced back to the hard-working Joan Crawford, who let it be known the Wildings were (continued on next page)
her return from Paris (where the plastic surgery was supposed to have taken place) . . .

Edward G. Robinson and Geraldine Brooks were among the many celebrities on hand at the Little Studio art gallery on Madison Avenue when Gary Merrill walked in with a canvas painted by his wife, Bette Davis. Art critics Robinson and Brooks automatically bid for the Davis oil—at first in fun, then seriously. The painting, not for sale, was exhibited for one hour only and its merits were praised by David Wayne, Eleanor Parker, Fredric March, Louis Jourdan, Maureen O'Sullivan and Nanette Fabray . . .

The Steve Cochran-Monique Van Vooren merger will not come off. During their hectic courtship in Gotham they were inseparable, but the minute Steve dated another beauty on the side after a date with Monique, the Van Vooren lass did the same thing. The whole thing blew up when they ran into each other at a Greenwich Village cafe with other dates after saying goodnight to each other a few hours earlier . . .

John Lund and his beautiful wife, Marie, are fighting the separation rumors. Instead of ignoring them, Lund gets fighting mad every time the reports start. On a few occasions pals had to talk him out of socking a local newshound every time they met. The scribe, who began circulating the stories as fact, was tipped off on Lund's feelings in the matter and has been carefully avoiding another run-in with the actor . . .

Steve Forrest met Jennifer Jones for the first time at the Stork Club before the handsome young actor left for Europe. It won't be their first and final meeting. Having had "So Big" screened for herself privately, Jennifer was so impressed with Forrest's on-screen performance in the Jane Wyman film she immediately sent word out to her agent that she wants young Forrest in her next movie. To date, Mrs. David O. Selznick has always had her own way in the matter of casting on her pictures . . .

The Broadway Buzz had it that Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas had decided to end their highly publicized romance when Arlene flew East to appear opposite Jose Ferrer in the Broadway stage revival of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The reports of a rift circulated like wildfire when Earl Blackwell, president of Celebrity Service, met The Dahl at the airport and they embraced affectionately. Earl and Arlene are old friends—dating back to the days when she was Mrs. Lex Barker. Further, it was "Cupid" Blackwell who introduced Ginger Rogers to Jacques Bergerac; Olivia de Havilland to Pierre Galante. In the case of Dahl and Lamas, Earl didn't introduce them to each other, but he has certainly been on hand to help keep this romance going. He's Arlene's steady escort in Gotham (continued on page 73)

Zsa Zsa Gabor stormed out of an elaborate cocktail party at "21" when another guest loudly proclaimed the fact that Jolie Gabor (Zsa Zsa's celebrated mother) had undergone plastic surgery for a face lift. Zsa Zsa, hurling a few insults in her native Hungarian tongue, picked up a champagne cooler at the same time, but apparently thought better of the idea and flounced out instead, neither denying nor confirming the statement. If it's any consolation to Zsa Zsa, "Mama Jolie" never looked better these days, with or without a face lift, ever since

The Monique Van Vooren-Steve Cochran thing blew up after some unique dates.

no longer welcome at her Brentwood estate. Gothamites "got the message" . . .

Margaret O'Brien, with George Jessel, should soft-pedal the "glamour" antics.

Jennifer Jones and David Selznick have their eyes on a new leading man for her.
Loretta Young and Tyrone Power, once co-stars when Ty was the Number One Box-Office star at 20th Century-Fox, may team up for a series of video shows based on their individual experiences with movie fans through the years. The shows' format would have both stars recreating various episodes—their most embarrassing moments, the most humorous, the most surprising incidents relating to their meeting and talking to their fans. The series, now at the talking stage, would be filmed in Italy and sent back to the U.S. for televising after Ty completes his cross-country tour in "John Brown's Body." The telefilms would have to be made in Rome sometime early next Summer before Ty begins making some full-length films for his own movie company there, and Loretta goes before the cameras once again for her “Letters To Loretta" TV series which continues indefinitely . . .

Donald O'Connor, by failing to show up for appointments with top-flight press people, particularly after apologizing and making a new appointment, then breaking that one without any explanations, is in trouble with the very people who have been his greatest friends. Whatever Don's problems are, and he has (continued on next page)

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz take time out from their busy schedule to do their bit on the City of Hope telethon.

MAGGI’S PRIVATE WIRE

By MAGGI McNELLIS

LISTENING IN ON WHAT'S GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES IN TELEVISION—NEWS, VIEWS AND DELECTABLE BITS OF GOSSIP

Donald O'Connor, with Lauren Bacall at TV rehearsal, is in bad with the press.
several apparently, he really must get himself straighten out with the many scribes he's offended . . .

Joan Crawford has had more bids to make TV films than any other major screen star since her memorable performance in "Because I Love You" for the Revlon Mirror Theatre. In Arizona, on the rugged location for her latest picture, "Johnny Guitar"—a Western type film—she got lonesome for her two youngest daughters, the twins, Cathy and Cynthia. So the kids—they're seven years old—were packed up and transported to Sedona, Arizona, for a weekend with their devoted mother. They hardly recognized their glamorous Mom in her specially tailored Western clothes. Joan's fabulous boots—she had a dozen pairs custom-made in more colors than there are in Jello—were duplicated for the two Crawford youngsters in matching colors. Upon her return to the Crawford mansion in Brentwood, California, in time for the re-telecast of "Because I Love You," Joan invited a few of her more intimate friends—one hundred in all—to a lavish dinner party to follow the second showing of the Revlon production. The Crawford guests attended the black tie affair, with hostess Joan and her twins greeting the invited guests in pale blue party frocks complete with matching cowgirl boots . . .

KATHRYN MURRAY has offered to pay $25,000 to Gene Nelson and Jane Powell for a ten-minute guest appearance on the Arthur Murray TV show. A medley of songs and dances made famous by them in their individual films before they teamed up in the recent "Three Sailors And A Girl" would be worth the hefty fee, says hostess Kathryn Murray. But MGM hasn't given Jane the nod to do TV and besides they want her to tone down the romance with Gene. Gene, who has been making guest appearances on TV, may depart for New York for a thirteen weeks stint on "Your Show Of Shows" if the matter of billing and salary can be straightened out.

Greer Garson broke the sound-and-sight barrier on her "Toast Of The Town" and "What's My Line?" guesting. A flock of video offers came flooding her way before she left New York for Europe. She's had to turn them down—MGM said no to her too.

June Allyson has been quietly taking ballet lessons from one of the best, young choreographer-stage stars, Bill Skipper, with an eye toward a Broadway musical and a very—but very-secret TV deal which hubby Dick Powell would not only direct, but also produce. He won't appear in it, however. According to Bill Skipper, June has developed amazing techniques in the difficult art of the ballet and her emergence as a TV star, one equipped to dance ballet, is something to sit back and wait for . . .

TONY MARTIN again had to change his private telephone number at home after he inadvertently gave his number to Art Linkletter during the course of his visit on the Linkletter show "House Party." Thinking he was out of camera range and not on the microphones, Tony reeled off his home number. His telephone never stopped ringing during the week that followed . . .

Marion Marglowe will remain a "Little Godfrey" but Lu Ann Sims may follow in the footsteps of Julius La Rosa by striking out on her own. In the case of Lu Ann, she will be given the complete support of her discoverer, Godfrey, in her planned personal appearances at leading vaudeville theatres and night clubs throughout the country. The Sims career as a solo performer away from the
Godfrey program will be "guided" by Godfrey himself. Lu Ann is still committed, contractually, to the Arthur Godfrey Corporation and he will pass final judgment on the theatres and cafes bidding for her services. The Lu Ann agreement with Arthur Godfrey has another eighteen months to run without options!...

Ann Rutherford, former screen star, is planning a TV series to be produced by her Very Own—Bill Dozier. As soon as Bill completes the first group of Ella Raines filmed programs for Motion Pictures for Television, Inc.—the telefilms are called, "Janet Dean, Registered Nurse"—he'll concentrate on Ann's video project. This will give the newlyweds some time together. They haven't had much of a honeymoon since their wedding—what with Ann guesting on major TV shows in New York (first one was "Leave It To The Girls") and Bill so busy with the Ella Raines productions out on Long Island at the Marion Parsonet studios...

DONALD WOODS, the "Orchid Award" emcee, is seen on TV by more people each week than the personalities who are honored on his show—the reason being more than twenty motion pictures he made in past years in Hollywood, which are now travelling the channel circuits. The "Orchid Award" host couldn't be more unhappy over this. There's no stopping the film showings either and so he just has to compete with himself. On one night, three of his early pictures were shown consecutively on the same channel while he appeared on another in "Orchid Award"...

Groucho Marx and George Feneman, the "You Bet Your Life" team, deny they'll split, with Feneman going his separate way. They share a contract with their sponsor that ties them together for the next two years. Rumors about Feneman leaving Groucho started when the privately-produced Feneman show, "Your Claim To Fame" on the West Coast was being considered for a national network. For those not "in the know"—it was Groucho Marx who helped Feneman get his own show rolling...

Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd is another TV favorite who'll try his hand at something new on TV—something new for him, that is. A fifteen-minute musical program in which he'll sing and dance, in white tie and tails and a black silk topper, with nary a hint of his "Hoppy" characterization. It will be a one-time appearance for Bill as a song-and-dance man—and one we'll all be waiting to see...

ALICE PEARCE, stage, screen and TV comedienne, fractured recent viewers with her hilarious night club routines on such shows as "The Stork Club" and "This Is Show Business." The one prop she used that garnered the biggest laughs was a moth-eaten raccoon coat given to her by screen star Debbie Reynolds, (continued on page 72)
Straighten
Terry Moore, currently starring in the 20th Century-Fox film, “King Of The Khyber Rifles,” models this attractive vacation wardrobe. Sold at most VARIETY Stores.


3. GRANT’S terry cloth shorts $2.98. Matching top $1.98 in blue or red with white. Sun glasses 29¢. BEN FRANKLIN, SCOTT Stores.

4. Wide stripe long sleeve shirt in red, green, maize. $1.98 at H. L. GREEN. 32/38. McLELLAN has these pedal pushers $1.98. 12/18.

5. Seated comfortably in a United Air Line plane, Terry wears a check long sleeve tailored shirt. GREEN’S. Red, green, maize. 32/38. $1.98.


Photos by Erwin Lang

Up And Fly Light
7. Wavy stripe sailcloth whistle-back shorts! Whistle tied to back pocket. 12/18. $1.59.
Assorted colors. McELLAN'S.
In white only, a sleeveless middy with sailor collar.
$1.98. Sizes 12/18.


9. Terry at United’s ticket office in a percale print dress, patent leather belt. In black, green or red with white. $3.98 12/20—16½/24½. MURPHY’S.

10. In charcoal, black or navy, tapered pants with embroidered scroll; fitted bodice with tie shoulder. Sizes 12/18. A combination outfit for $4.98.

11. Denim pants in black and pink or black with white $2.98. 10 to 18. Man-tailored shirt $2.98. 32/38 in white, gold, red, brown, black. GRANTS.
RECORD ROUNDPUP

The “Jane Pickens Show” is heard coast-to-coast six times a week, on the NBC Radio Network Monday through Friday, 2:45—2:55 P.M. EST, and Thursday, 10:35—11:00 P.M. EST.

by JANE PICKENS

Tops In Movie Music


Other Toppers


Grab Bag


Bing Crosby has another solid hit in “Changing Partners” for Decca. As Ann Blyth phones hubby, Fernando Lamas, Director Le Roy and Howard Keel, on “Rose Marie” location, eavesdrop. You’ll be hearing an album of this great musical.
Shortly after Lili St. Cyr startled Hollywood with her sensational night club act at Ciro's, she was signed to make films.
do women HATE or ENVY LILI?

When beautiful Lili St. Cyr ceased undressing in burlesque theatres and night clubs and pulled herself up by her G-string to Hollywood eminence, she sharpened the critical reaction that has long been manifest among the womenfolk of the country.

Blonde, long-legged Lili, however, merely shrugs her shapely shoulders, smiles her sultry smile, conscious that her physical charms continue to be enthusiastically appreciated by MEN.

Something of a philosopher is the 34-year-old Lili, who has trained herself in the wiles of Carmen and Cleopatra.

She can afford to be patient and tolerant toward her own sex, because she attracts the ardent approval of the opposite one.

Like all the temptresses of the ages—off stage and on—she knows she rouses the envy, even the hate, of women.

No girl, no matter how convincingly she conveys her innate demureness, can expect to win the ayes—or the eyes—of women if she makes physical allure her stock-in-trade.

Lili only hopes it is envy rather than hate that her particular specialty creates in her sisters.

A buxom bundle of bare skin is Lili St. Cyr, and she insists she was neither nude nor lewd when she gave night club and burlesque customers an eyeful.

Now that she has transferred her art to the screen, making two G's a week cash money in the process for her Technicolor debut in RKO's "Son Of Sinbad," she has said farewell to burlesque.

"I've done my bit for burlesque, I've served my time—that leaves me out," she said at her last burlesque engagement in Los Angeles.

To the films she now brings the sizzling dances which once served to heat drafty burlesque house stages.

But there are, of course, exceptions in her routine. Not a bump or a grind does she offer in her screen impersonations.

What certain something does Lili possess that other less triumphant clothes-shedding queens seem to lack?

It will come as a surprise to her feminine (CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)
When we saw dancer Allyn McLerie in “Phantom Of The Rue Morgue,” we couldn’t help realizing what a good thing most of us miss by not paying more attention to the way we look below the knees. A dancer’s legs and feet are her “fortune” as far as we are concerned and most of us let it go at that. Our complacency is a crime of sorts and would prompt any professional to ask “how stupid can you be?” To be sure, the phrase is just another wise-crack, but stop and think a minute and you’ll have to admit it’s true. It really isn’t very bright not to “put your best foot forward”—particularly when it’s shod in an open shoe and attached to a leg that is substantially displayed because of the newly-shortened skirts!

There are things you can do to improve the situation and they’ll pay off in two ways. First, you’ll look prettier because you’ve beautified the localized territory. Second, you’ll look prettier because you’ve removed the discomforts that cause so much fatigue and its resulting care-worn expression.

So, let’s get down to the business of foot health, as a starter. Oddly enough, just a few common-sense procedures can make a world of difference. For one, be sure to give yourself the benefit of a daily soap-and-water treatment. For some unaccountable reason, there are more pores to the square inch on the soles of the feet than on any other part of the body. Use a good, mild,
complexion soap like Sweetheart and work it into an abundant lather. Massage the lather between your toes conscientiously, then rinse. But don't think that's all there is to it; the drying is immensely important. After you've done your best with a towel, smooth on a bit of Fresh Cream Deodorant, then sprinkle on a liberal dusting of one of the Dr. Scholl Foot Powders, before you dress. After that, please, put on a fresh pair of stockings and be sure they're the right size. This all may sound elementary, but we wouldn't be putting it down again if there weren't still far too many foot ills that can be attributed to the neglect of just these few essentials. Of course, if you have to undo the accumulated miseries of years of neglect, we can only wish you God-speed, and tell you that your greatest help will probably come from the innumerable, and very specific remedies that are available almost everywhere in the Dr. Scholl foot-health aids. No one else seems to have concentrated quite so effectively—because no one else has a useful preparation or appliance designed to cope with almost every foot problem.

Once you've accepted the fact that maintaining foot health is an important part of your essential beauty routine, you're well on your way toward raising your whole glamour-rating. At this point you can put some beautifying tips to really good use. Cleopatra, you know, tinted the soles of her feet with henna to charm Julius Caesar. In 1954 we don't go quite that far, but we do know that a good pedicure with nail make-up is a valuable asset. The trick is to make the pedicure as thorough a job as your regular manicure. Don't skimp on the preliminaries. Remember too, that you're supposed to trim toe nails straight across if you intend to avoid hazards like in-growing nails. Make sure that the cuticle is neat, and be careful to take off all the old nail polish before you put on a fresh coat. For this, you'll find that Q-Tips cotton swabs, on the new longer length sticks, are especially helpful. Then use a nail lacquer that will last until your next pedicure. The Dura-Gloss formula seems to have licked this particular problem very neatly.

To improve the looks of your legs you first have to get used to the idea of grooming them. This means de-fuzzing them regularly so that they look attractive all the time and not just on special occasions. If you're not very handy with a razor (and many women aren't), you can do the job with Imra, a smooth white cream depilatory. It only takes a very few minutes and, of course, completely eliminates any possibility of nicking yourself. If, on the other hand, you are handy with a razor, you'll be cheered to know that Dorothy Gray has a new lotion called "Hosemetics" that does double-duty because you can also use it in place of shaving soap and water. Hosemetics primary purpose, however, is to keep your legs smooth and chap free, and in that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)
Gene and Betsy Kelly continue to deny the separation—but-no-divorce rumors, but some of their more intimate friends insist this is one Hollywood marriage that can't possibly last through 1954 . . .

Terry Moore, who has been paired off with Scott Brady, Nicky Hilton, Rock Hudson, Howard Hughes, Wally Seawell, Bob Wagner and Lawrence Harvey in the plusher Hollywood night spots, actually prefers to make her nightly rounds in nearby Reseda, a small Valley community, with a pair of studio employees (an assistant art director and an electrician) whenever her One and Only, a soon-to-be-divorced script writer, leaves town for business conferences in New York . . .

Marlon Brando created quite a sensation at a gala ball held at the Hotel Plaza in Gotham by being so un-Marlon Brandoish. He came with Movita, neatly attired in a conservative blue suit, danced dutifully with all the ladies at his table—and surprised observers with his ability to glide from samba to tango to waltz with the footwork of a professional. He was sweet to the photographers, too . . .

Those who have heard Jose Ferrer sing since he started studying seriously say it's remarkable—he warbles like an opera star. Along the Ferrer Front it should also be reported that the movie career of Mrs. Ferrer (Rosemary Clooney) has been—to most of her fans—disappointing . . .

Several of Lana Turner's more cynical friends have organized a pool—to which each have contributed $100—on the duration of her marriage to Lex Barker. The total amount of the money being held in escrow would amaze you . . .

The stork canceled the scheduled visit to the Jack Palances the very day his option to star in the film biography of Jack Dempsey was dropped . . .

Marta Raye is seriously thinking about resuming her screen career in-between TV commitments—her return to the Hollywood kleig lights would take place early in June. Her ex-husband, Nick Condos, is something else she may resume with. Her West Coast pals hope it isn't so. They blame Condos for her lack-lustre movie work of some years back . . .

The attempts to film the life story of Johnny Weissmuller—now too fat to play himself—hit a snag when relatives of the late Lupe Velez cautioned producers Bill Pine and Bill Thomas they would be unable to depict Lupe in the film without official family approval. There are more than twenty persons related to the fiery actress, who took her own life after a tragic love affair that followed her divorce from Johnny . . .

If Marilyn Maxwell and Jerry Davis haven't married by the time you read this, they will—any edition. They'll probablyelope . . .

A former secretary-companion to Denise Darcel served the actress with a sum-
Magda Gabor, Zsa Zsa’s older sister—there’s also Eva, the youngest—was screen tested by several studios. The test that proved to be the best was the one in which Magda wore a platinum wig. If she’s willing to go “Gabor Blonde,” MGM will give her a one-picture deal. It’s the best offer she’s had to date. Unlike Zsa Zsa and Eva, Magda wants to concentrate on drama which accounts for her decision to switch from her natural auburn tresses to bottle blonde for a one-time movie contract.

Shirley Booth managed to get through her second film, “About Mrs. Leslie,” despite a severe attack of bursitis that plagued her from the first day of shooting. She’s been rehearsing for her return to the New York stage in the musical “By The Beautiful Sea” (directed by MGM’s “Chuck” Walters) scheduled to open next month, with a doctor in attendance.

The British are betting Princess Margaret Rose will announce her engagement—to someone—before May 1, 1954. Danny Kaye is expected to be among the very first to know the name of the man of her choice, even before Buckingham Palace officials are given the information.

There’s nothing platonic about the relationship that exists between Montgomery Clift and Libby Holman, once the greatest of the torch singers. Despite the disparity in their ages (Miss Holman was making headlines when the Clift boy was too young to read them) they’re inseparable in New York. Their immediate plans call for a joint vacation in Europe this Winter.

Bob Neal, the dark-haired young Texan who might be described appropriately, as very oilwealthy, has gone aboard for Debbie Reynolds in the most luxurious manner. He ordered a lush mink coat for her from one of New York’s top furriers and had it made-to-order for her in two weeks—that’s putting Debbie in the Mink of Condition in record time.

Sheila Connelly, the much talked about Hollywood starlet, has been linked romantically with Gary Stenning ever since his divorce from Jamie Powell. The one who adores her the most, however, is Barbara Hutton’s young son, Lance, who arranged an introduction to her through his ex-stepfather, Cary Grant—with the current Mrs. Grant (Betsy Drake) not liking the idea one bit.

A casting report that baffles this department has Danny Kaye supposedly reading a screen treatment of the Harry Lauder story with a view to doing the movie early in 1955. With all the theatrical biographies available, why Harry Lauder? In the first place, there aren’t a handful of American moviegoers under the age of 40 who even know who Lauder was. In the second place, his material was Positively The Corniest. I should think it would be easier to get movie fans excited about the Life of Sonny Tufts, END.

3 quick tricks to eye beauty

1. With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

2. Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

3. Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set “up-swop”). For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

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Shading eyebrows

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"I'm excited about doing it. I love Joan. I've loved her all my life. I suppose all actresses do, but I love her for what she did, what she was, what she represents. And very important to me is the fact that my husband is going to direct it. I enjoy working with Roberto, and he has some terrific ideas on staging it. Naturally, I'm a bit scared, particularly when I realize that I'm probably the first actress in history to play Joa on the stage, on the screen, and now in an opera!"

I asked Ingrid what she missed most about America. The animation slowly disappeared from her face. "Pia, most of all," she said after a pause. "There was another pause. I was anxious to keep the conversation going, so I quickly said, with an effort at lightness, "What little things, silly things?"

"There are little things, silly things." She brightened with the memory of them. "Like banana splits, very goopy. And drive-ins. There's a restaurant here they call the California where you can get banana splits, and don't think I don't go there from time to time to satisfy that urge."

And did she miss Hollywood? "Why should I miss Hollywood when Hollywood is coming to Europe? Everybody's here or been here or going to come here to make a film. I remember how desperately I wanted to have 'Jœf Of Arc' filmed in France, in the very places Jœns knew. Nobody would even think of such a thing. So we made the picture in Hollywood. Now, dozens of films are made on location in Europe. Why couldn't the trend have begun a little earlier?"

"It's so nice for me to see so many of my friends over here," Ingrid went on after I lit another cigarette for her. "When Claudette Colbert came over to make a picture last year, we had such a good time. Then Jennifer Jones was here to make 'Beat The Devil' for John Huston. I was making 'A Trip To Italy' with George Sanders at the same time. In between work, Jennifer and I had a lot to talk about. We're old friends, you know."

Just then Rossellini came in with little Robertino. Ingrid rose, walked over to the door, kissed Robertino and her husband—a dark, heavy-framed man of Ingrid's height. She led father and son to me to be introduced. The handsome 4-year-old lad with blond hair and blue eyes examined me carefully, extended his hand, said "Buona sera," then quickly asked to be excused. "He's really a mixture of Swedish and Italian," Ingrid said, looking after him.

She then took her husband's arm. "We've been talking about the opera," she said, and selling a smile and in soft-spoken, accented English, he briefly described some of his ideas for staging the mammoth musical work at the San Carlo Opera House.

After Rossellini left and she had mixed me a Campari soda, Ingrid turned to me and said, "You see, this is how it must be in my life. I don't want to play the same kind of parts over and over and over. One begins to feel, what should I say, useless, sterile. You begin to think you are incapable of growth. This role is a challenge to me, and that's why I look forward to it. The films I've made with Roberto—Stromboli, 'Europa 51,' 'A Trip To Italy' and 'We Are Women,' which I've just finished, all interested me. Beyond the opera, I have no definite plans, but I'll only do a picture that really interests me."

She sat thoughtful for a moment, silently puffing at her cigarette. I thought to myself, can this be the woman who confessed that she didn't think she could live through the torment she had to undergo only a few years ago? With a feeling of admiration for the way she had reconstructed her life, I rose to go. I told her how glad I was to see her so happy. "No one is completely happy," she said in gentle reproof. "In this life," she said, as she rose, "you have to pay for everything you have or want." I agreed that she was right.

"Somehow, living in Italy for several years now, I think I understand more about living," she went on as we walked towards the door. "I think it might be the same for Pia. I don't think Pia will ever completely understand what I did and why I did it unless she has a chance to see me and know me in this atmosphere."

"I'd love her to come to Italy and stay as long as she wants to—not only for my sake, but for her own. There are so many beautiful things here that people for centuries from every part of the world have discovered for themselves and are the better for it. You know, Pia's 15 now. Quite a lovely young lady," Ingrid said with obvious mother's pride. "I'm sure that one day, she and I will overcome this misunderstanding. I tried too hard to be Pia's friend. I wanted her to think of me not only as her mother but also as taken for her father used to say to me. 'Your child will have no respect for you.' My reply was, 'I don't want respect. I want love.'"

"That's what we all want, isn't it?" she asked. I answered with a nod.

Then as we said good-bye, that smile came again, that smile which radiated like a beam of sunlight on a gloomy day.

It was no less marvelous than it had ever been.

Nor was Ingrid Bergman any less beautiful.

WHY I'VE NO TIME FOR LOVE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]
Jean seemed to read my thoughts. "Don't you think that I blend perfectly with the Italian background?" she asked. I told her that I had been thinking exactly the same thing. "I'm very often mistaken for Italian," she added. "I'm really of Welsh extraction, but there's a great similarity in type with the Latin races."

Since Jean was in Rome and was playing opposite Rossano Brazzi, a top Italian star who had a brief Hollywood fling a few years ago, I naturally asked Jean for her reactions to the attractions of the Italian male.

"Wow!" was Jean's explosive reply. "I love the way Italians stare openly at a woman. It's so frank and direct that a girl can't possibly be offended. She feels so wanted, so beautiful that she'd be a fool if she didn't feel pleased and flattered. I'm one gal who enjoys this admiration, and don't mind flirting with them a bit—only when I'm sure I'm not going to be bothered," the cautious Jean Peters quickly added.

Jean led me to a restaurant she had discovered the night before in Rome's more Bohemian section. I was a bit surprised to find myself in front of a Bavarian-type beerhouse and that, here in Rome, Italy, we were going to dine on Hungarian goulash, guzzle Austrian beer while a small orchestra played American jazz. This Peters gal certainly loved contradictions!

Once we were seated at our table, Jean began to talk freely about her inner conflicts. "I'm distrustful of males, and for that reason I'm leery of marriage." She said this without the slightest effort to soften the impact of her words. "All my life, I've lived without male influence. Everything I've accomplished has been done completely on my own steam. No males have contributed a thing to me. You see, my father died when I was a very little girl and it was my mother who had the chore of supporting me and my younger sister, Shirley. Mother ran a successful tourist cabin business in Ohio all by herself, and the three of us got along splendidly with no men around to tell us what to do."

"Since that time, I've always had a well-developed sense of responsibility," Jean went on as the Italian waiter served the Hungarian goulash and the Austrian lager. "Each of us had specific duties to perform and part of mine was to look after Shirley. All my life I've had to work hard for the things that mattered to me. I put myself through college, too. Even now in my Hollywood house, we're all females. My great-aunt runs the place for me, and now, with Shirley going to the University of Southern California, she'll be joining the menage too."

Point One: that she is trying to prove: the female of the species is equal to the task of caring for its own without any handouts from the so-called 'superior' male.

"I'm full of insecurities," Jean went on, "and they make me painfully introspective. I spend a lot of time alone just thinking things out. I carefully and meticulously analyze every situation that confronts me—and that includes men, love, romance and marriage. I'm always weigh-

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BEHIND EVERY WOMAN THERE'S A MAN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

She said, “Let Jean. Her bones are young and flexible.”

So I tried. I wasn’t much good at first, but my father insisted that I practice until I was almost as good as the girl next door. This training proved valuable years later when I was a student in dramatic school and had to work out in the gymnasium.

And so my father instilled in me the happy belief that, up to a sensible point, I could do anything I set about doing if I had been taught the proper method, and if I stuck to it.

Incidentally, my father believed in himself as well as in his youngsters. I remember on at least one occasion after I had broken my arm (I did it often), that he was determined to set it. He had read a book—because he was always reading a book—on some new topic—and he assured my mother that he could set the bone as well as any doctor. I agreed with him, but my mother insisted upon sending for a man with an M.D. degree.

My three brothers were important factors in my development. My eldest brother (who was lost in World War II) was the most courageous person I have ever known. I remember a long-ago afternoon when he was tinkering with a jalopy which he had bought with his own money. Something went wrong and the motor caught fire. I had been watching
him, but I was of no help; I stood rooted. He glanced about for something to use to put out the fire, found nothing, so reached into the flames, bare-handed, and tore the connecting wires free. That ended the fire, but his hands were badly burned. “Saved an explosion, though,” he said.

My younger brother taught me two things: patience (ask anyone with a little brother!) and philosophy. I learned that nothing is as terrible as it seems. This lesson was provided one Christmas morn-
ing when our entire family descended to the living room to open our presents and discovered the room knee-deep in discarded ribbon, torn paper, scattered boxes, and confused presents. Pauly had awakened shortly after the reindeer had pattered off the roof, and he had crept downstairs and into the living room where the gifts were piled around the Christmas tree. He opened every single package, and then—exhausted, no doubt—slipped back to bed. At first we thought our Christmas was ruined, and I shed salty tears. However, it began to seem funny after a while, and it has now passed into family lore to be handed down to our grandchildren.

I knew from the time I saw my first movie that I wanted to be an actress, but like the average high school student, I would have been afraid of ridicule if I had admitted it.

Our high school dramatic coach was newly out of college, in tune with high school students, a perceptive human being, and a resourceful teacher. He insisted on tryouts for each part in each play we produced. He brought all sorts of unlikely people into the drama club because he could overcome their shyness and inspire them to try for something they might have wanted, but under ordinary circumstances would have been too tim- idious to attempt.

And then, abandoning the old practice of awarding a lead here, a secondary role there on the basis of just desserts for hard work, or a relative on the school board, he gave the roles to those whom he considered best equipped to play them. Sometimes this professional plan caused trouble, but it seemed to have a decided effect. At any rate, he ignored it and stuck to his plan.

I was lucky enough to get a series of good parts. One day he said to me, “You’re planning to be an actress, aren’t you?”

I gulped and tried to hide my terrible eagerness.

“You’ll be a good one,” he observed matter-of-factly. “Don’t be shy about it. It’s a job, like anything else: keeping books, keeping house, nursing, or teaching. Be a good workman and you’ll get along fine.”

I hope that this teacher knows now that it was he who started me on the road to an Academy Award nomination, last year, for “Singin’ In The Rain.”

Time went on, and I went with it. To Lake Forest College, to Northwestern University, to a series of radio jobs in New York, and finally to parts in Broadway plays. I was the sincere type: serious-minded, hard-working, pouring every ounce of my energy into one channel, my career. I didn’t know there was anything on earth except The Theatre, and I thought of it in capital letters.

One day my best friend, Pat Neal, introduced me to a young actor turned agent, a chap named Tom Seidel.

One of the first things I noticed about him was his well-rounded ability to talk to a variety of different people. He never seemed at loss for conversation, whereas I became speechless as soon as the talk veered away from the usual show business discussions.

Have you seen those loft buildings without windows? I was like that. My life had one purpose only, until Tom came along and served as architect to alter my outlook.

He seemed to have an outlook in a dozen different directions. He was a fisherman; he was a hunter; he was a camera enthusiast. He seemed to read all the daily papers, and to be conversant with the classics as well as current fiction.

It took just two months for me to de-
cide that Tom Seidel was to be my tutor and partner from that point on. I began to enlarge my horizons at once, and if you doubt it, listen to this: we went fish-
ing on our honeymoon in Canada, in spite of the fact that I had broken my leg in a backstage accident and was bundled up in a cast.

Tom only laughed about the problem of carrying me from car to cabin, from cabin to canoe, from canoe back to cabin, and so on for weeks.

I’ll never forget the thrill of catching my first fish: a bass. I understand now that it wasn’t magnificent as bass go, but when I hauled it out of the water, I ex-
pected Jonah to wave from the fishy mouth. Tom says I told everyone in Can-
ada about that fish. I, who hadn’t known a month earlier that fish weren’t manu-
ufactured in cans.

Tom taught me the joy of forgetting the seriousness of ambition occasionally, and refreshing myself in the excitement of outdoor sport for fun’s sake alone. It’s one of the most important lessons in life, I think.

Through photography, he taught me that an actress should learn something of the technique of the truly gifted people who make the finished motion picture what it is. I later appreciated the genius of a cameraman until I tried to make portraits of my three-year-old daughter, Patricia. I never understood what can be done with makeup until I tried to take some candid character studies of my friends.

“Theres nothing easy about any of this,” I announced in some exasperation to Tom one day.

“Makes a person appreciate the skills of his fellow beings, doesn’t it?” he said humbly.

A good teacher, my husband.

I have been fortunate enough to have known the men about whom I have written. Furthermore, I am confident that some day I’ll take further lessons from another lad. I think it is safe to predict that my education will be advanced by my son, Aric, now a year and a half old. I suppose I might as well start to learn about football right now.
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You'll never forget it and while I don't know you very well, I'm sure it couldn't happen to a nicer guy. Oh yes, I almost forgot to tell you that my pal has been giving me the business. They keep reminding me that my wife will do hot love scenes with what-a-man Wagner. No woman can resist him, they say.

I go along with the gag and pretend I'm upset. You know that I'm not. But Bob—I was just wondering. Could I ask one more teeny-weeny little favor? When you do those love scenes with Janet—please don't kiss her too hard!

Good luck—and you've got it!

Tony

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**IF I HAD A SECOND CHANCE**

(continued from page 37)

days where there wasn't much humor in trying to earn a living. He has learned the value of a dollar, even though he is frank enough to say that his early desperate need for money colored his viewpoint to such an extent that he some things that would have enriched his life. He knows that now. He didn't at that time.

"If I could only have been more relaxed, a little more philosophical, I would have saved myself a lot of grief, a lot of discouragement. If only I had wished I could have laughed at things a little more, but I couldn't. I was high strung, nervous and quick tempered. I guess some people found me a little tough to get along with. And if I had a second chance to live my life, I would make an effort to understand people better. I wouldn't make such quick, snap judgments. I was wrong plenty of times, but learned, and you only learn by making these mistakes, that other people have problems, too. I found out that when you tried to understand other people's problems, it paid off in their friendship and thoughtfulness. Then, he laughed a low rumbling Keel kind of laugh, "yes sir. Keel was a guy with a temper, hot as a firecracker! But no more. You get older... wiser..."

Of course, there was Howard Keel, that Broadway singing star! "If you had it to do all over, what would you do with that part of your career?"

"I wouldn't sing in the same show for two years, not unless I created the role!" he said.

"But it meant steady work for you. Didn't you say you had to keep working to keep eating?"

"Sure, sure," admitted Howard, "but do you know what happens to a singer who stays in a show too long? Remember I wasn't a big name like Finza. After a while, agents don't bother to think about you anymore. Talent scouts are rushing around trying to find new faces. Yours has become 'old hat' by the time two years are over. You have to learn to take a chance when you're struggling for a career. So, after two years, I made up my mind that I would have to make a change. Another company of 'Oklahoma' was going to open in London. It was a lucky break I could go along with it!"

His intuition about not wanting to play the role in "Oklahoma" on Broadway any longer, and his desire to open the show in another locale, paid off handsomely. He was the hit of London! His success opened a new career for him. It was while in London that he was cast in "Small Voice," which, in turn, attracted Holly-wood. This whole incident was very ironic. Not long before his opening in London, Warner Brothers made a test of Howard for the lead in the same "Oklahoma" and turned him down.

"I'll never forget it," he said, recalling the incident. "I stayed at an $18 a day room at the Beverly Hills Hotel and discovered to my chagrin that I had the magnificent sum of $15 in my bank account! I can tell you, I moved out of there in a hurry!"

After "Small Voice," he received an offer to play opposite Ethel Merman in "Annie Get Your Gun." This was the biggest chance he'd ever had.

"But I couldn't take it... not at that time. You see, I had made a three-picture commitment with the man who had made "Small Voice." He'd taken a chance on me, and I wouldn't pull out of the deal, even though we didn't have a written contract between us. Sure, I was upset about it... everyone waits for the 'big break' and here it was and I couldn't take it! But eventually things worked out. As I said before, you worry and worry and worry and it doesn't do any good at all. Eventually, our verbal agreement was dissolved by mutual consent and I played opposite Betty Hutton in the movie version of 'Annie Get Your Gun.' But it still seemed that everything was against my playing it. I broke my leg at the start of the picture and thought, 'here's where Keel gets replaced.' I've always been grateful that MGM waited until I could make the picture." He suddenly looked up with a funny little twinkle in his eyes. "You see... things always have a way of working out... and it's no use eating your heart out... people are what they are...!"

"Tell me more about re-living your life?"

"I'd never play a role I didn't believe in! I'd stick to my guns; I wouldn't allow myself to be talked into it!"

"But I've heard," I told him timidly, "that actors have been known to make mistakes about what parts they should and should not play and it's happened a hundred times that the one part an actor at first turned down, was the one he scored a hit in!"

"Sure, I know," he said seriously, "but when I read a script, I get a feeling about a character and when I go against my better judgment... against what I feel emotionally... I know I'm not going to be good in the part. All my life, when I've stuck to what I believed, I came out okay, but when I've allowed myself to be..."
the weak looms importantly in Lex's personal pattern of human behavior. It's a trait that unquestionably has grown to its full strength in long, perilous, breast-beating journeys through Tarzan country. Only Lana is not weak, and Lex's well-nurtured protective nature—which he believes all women cannot live without in their men—may easily lose impact. It is perhaps something he has yet to find out.

But it is when Lana talks again, too, that the picture changes somewhat. "I also," she says, "find him dashing, terribly amusing—and always exciting."

Other women have discovered the same thing about Lex Barker, a debonair, hall-fellow-well-met type of individual who, despite many unsuccessful and disillusioning romantic experiences, still allows his gay, will-of-the-wisp mind to rule his heart. Like all stalwart denizens of the jungle—be that jungle a seething city or a teeming African hole—the male animal is prey for play.

For one thing, Lex, as all his closest friends will tell you, has always a quick eye for a pretty figure. For instance, just one week before his late, not very lamented marriage to Arlene Dahl, Lex was lunching at a midtown Manhattan hotel with a publicity man when his eye caught the walk of a bustling hostess. Long before the luncheon was even over, Lex had gotten her telephone number, her name, address—and, as rumor has it, most of her measurements.

This may easily be Lana's greatest problem with Lex. She may find that sort of behavior—even if it has no harmful after-effects—more predatory than human. Mr. Barker's new wife, over the long years of trying to make one marriage after another hold, has shown that she isn't a woman to be trifled with. An "I'm-faithful-to-you-in-my-fashion man" is not the kind of husband Lana wants.

"Lana," says one of her closest and dearest friends, "wants a whole husband, full-time and all hers, or none at all."

Will she have that in Lex? Only time will tell, say the cynics. What Hollywood knows is that Lana Turner, at best, will have her hands full with Lex Tarzan Barker, and that he will need to be tamed—if the marriage is to last. And what all Hollywood is wondering is: Can Lana tame Lex? Opinion is divided into two camps, and here are some of the opinions:

"They'll never be able to get along together," remarks one studio executive, sadly. "I don't know why Lana is so foolishly. She's had three unhappy marriages—everybody knows she'd like to settle down, for Cheryl's sake as well as her own.

"Lana's looking for a man—to take care of her emotionally, to be a devoted husband and father—and what does she do? She marries a spoiled guy who's only loyal to his own whims!"

An old friend of Lex Barker's feels differently. "This may well be the making of Lex," he says. "I like the guy, you understand, but just the same he's a little too used to getting his own way.

"Arlene wasn't the girl for him. She couldn't stand up to him. Lana Turner's different. She's had enough experience and unhappiness to give her plenty of grit and determination, and she won't let him get away with a thing. Lex will find he can't pull the wool over her eyes," says his friend, "and he won't be able to do as he pleases without considering Lana. She won't let him!"

On certain points, everyone is agreed. Lex is no angel; he's a spoiled boy with wealth, social position and two marriages behind him. He's blase, used to his own way, and his sense of humor verges on rowdy vulgarity. Arlene Dahl couldn't take it.

Lana, however, is a girl of a different stamp. Despite her fragile beauty, she's a down-to-earth experienced woman who has learned much from her past marriages. Lex Barker will never call her a "hick" and get away with it; Lana would be quite capable of pushing his teeth in if he tried it.

For Lana, this may well be the end of her marital road. If Lex does not take his marriage equally seriously, Lana is quite capable of turning him into a good husband and father before he knows what hit him!

One thing is sure: Lana understands men! She is a woman who can cope with the earthiness that exists in all men. She knows, too, how to handle the spoiled little boy that exists in all men . . . if she wants to.

Can she tame Tarzan? Half of Hollywood says she'll never be able to do it; the other half says of course she can, because unquestionably in this marriage, Lana may want to take the pains and patience to make it last. At this writing, in fact, she is reportedly having another child.

No one doubts that, if she wants to hold Lex, Lana has more than enough fire, personal excitement, and mental ammunition to subdued even the most difficult of men, let alone a Tarzan who is easily intrigued by novelty.
"I was desperate for love..."

"I believed his promises, but he had lied, lied, lied!

"I was young. I knew little of life or love. Then, one night, my world collapsed. When I found out what he'd done, I realized it was the end of my dream."

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love while I was still in high school. I thought the world of the girl, and had planned my entire future around her. She seemed to see eye to eye with my plans for both of us and then—crash!—it was all over. Like that.

What Rock Hudson didn’t reveal was how far the romance had progressed. They had been going steady for almost two years. And one day he said to her, “Let’s get married. I’ve got good hands. I’ll do anything to make it stick—dig ditches, sell door-to-door, drive a truck—anything.”

“The girl seemed to fall in with his plans, and Rock spent nights dreaming of the beautiful, rosy future. Then the nightmare came. The girl said she couldn’t take the gamble. She wanted more security than Rock could offer her. Oh, she still loved him, but she wanted to eat regularly, too.

Many years were to elapse before Rock had forgotten this first girl sufficiently to be interested in a new one. This time the girl happened to be a movie star, well at the top, and always in the limelight.

“Suddenly one day I faced matters,” says Rock. “And I found that a wife who earned as much money as she did could never give her husband any feeling that he was completely, emotionally and economically a whole husband. If I flipped, I thought, what would happen? Perhaps that girl in high school was right after all.”

Two down, and what to go? The answer came to Rock Hudson with startling clearness. “Be a success, have money in the bank, earn people’s respect by doing a good job well, and then think of a wife, a family and the real future.” That became his philosophy.

Today, romantically speaking, Rock Hudson’s going to look before he leaps. He’s had more than his share of love disappointments by wearing his heart on his sleeve. Playing Mr. Iceberg he feels will provide a strong shield that only a real flame can penetrate.

Yet, it isn’t only women that has brought about that need of a cold protective armor. A well-known Hollywood psychologist explains it rather well:

“Mr. Hudson, like all young men who suddenly and uniquely find themselves injected into a dazzling glamorous world from a small town background, was scared stiff at the transition. What would happen when he was to meet all the biggest names in show business, the top executives, the exciting women of Hollywood? How would he act, what was there for him to talk about?”

Truth of the matter is, that Rock Hudson flopped lamentably at the first parties to which he went. He was a small town boy meeting for the first time big city people. He offered good looks, a nicely-mannered poise, but there was no dialogue to go with it.

“Rock was frightened as he had never been frightened before,” says one of his earlier friends, “and he’s still frightened. But he’s learned a lot. He’s learned to stay frozen until he can provide some warmth.”

The myth that Rock Hudson is uncomfortable in the presence of women is best exploded by the fact that his nearest and dearest friend in all Hollywood is Bud Abbott’s niece, Betty. This pretty blonde script girl is his constant and most devoted companion.

When Rock was in the hospital nursing a broken shoulder, she flew from England to be at his side. In Hollywood, he drives her to work every morning, picks her up at the end of the day.

Together they go to parties, shows, cook each other’s meals, listen to records until the wee hours of the morning. They are seldom written about, never photographed together—but this has been going on a long time.

It’s in her company that the man Hollywood calls an iceberg really unfreezes—no, he doesn’t fluctuate. And that’s the way Rock would like to have it at the moment. In his book, it’s still too soon to love anything but his work.
Mormon faith, married Glenn in the Church of the Latter Day Saints in Glen-
dale, Calif., and they left for a two-weeks
honeymoon in Mexico City and Acapulco.
In less than two months the marriage
was on the rocks. The couple separated
and Terry remained out of the Holly-
wood social whirl for ten months while
she took stock of herself, of marriage, of
her future as an actress. In March, 1952,
she sued Davis for divorce, charging
cruelty.
Her only comment on the breakup was
to declare that if Liz Taylor had to make
a mistake in marriage why couldn't it
have been her first boy friend. (Liz's
second boy friend was Nicky Hilton, whom
she married and divorced.)
Philosophizing about marriage, Terry
made one uncommonly pert remark.
"Film marriages," she said, "are like
football—they, get kicked around."
"Any place else in the world," she
added, "you can have two people who are
physically attractive, marry and expect
to stay that way for the rest of their
lives. Not by Hollywood. There, physical
attractiveness isn't enough.
There is so much to contend with in
the film town, she said, that a marriage
partner "just has to be one who under-
stands." Particularly, when the wife wants
to be a star.
"I feel I have never been married,"
Terry declared shortly after the bust-up.
"If Glenn had liked or understood Hol-
lywood it would have lasted. People are
always making passes in this business.
The biggest stumbling block in love is
that one usually expects too much of
others."
Though she believes distrust and hus-
band-changing are too common in Holly-
wood, she has hopes for her own happi-
ness.
"Maybe I'll find someone who thinks as
I do," she admits. "Wanting the same
things, seeking the same things together
is wonderful. But I don't trust many men
and most men don't trust women."

At her divorce trial Terry testified that
Glenn "made a wreck out of me." She
said the football star, now with the Los
Angeles Rams, was insulting. He would
ask friends if they thought she could
really act and when they said "yes," he
called them frauds, she told the court.
Davis did not contest the suit. She
asked no alimony.
Terry received her divorce from the
28-year-old Davis last April 17th. Friends
felt she and handsome Bob Wagner had
been waiting eagerly for the decree and
would announce their engagement.
Both Terry and the 23-year-old Wagn-
er, son of Robert Wagner, Sr., million-
aire Detroit steel manufacturer, were in
Tampa, Fla., making "Beneath The
Twelve Mile Reef" when news of the
divorce decree was published. However,
no announcement of an engagement was
made then or since.
Terry Moore has had plenty of men
friends during the six years she has been
making pictures. She likes "to party," is
"always in the middle of a party," she
says. There are plenty of people like
her. She loves the exciting, glamorous
off-screen life of a movie star.
Terry doesn't want to become domes-
ticated. You know what? She wants to
live like a movie star, and agrees with
Bernard Shaw that feminine allure is
more potent when the figure is concealed
rather than unveiled. She doesn't care for
Bikini bathing suits.
She was born Helen Koford on Jan. 7,
1929, in Los Angeles. Her mother, Mrs.
Lucella Koford, a former actress, trained
her in acting. Following some radio work
and a few performances in the Pasadena
Playhouse, she made her film debut op-
posite Glenn Ford in "The Return Of
October." She owes her screen start to
Columbia's Harry Cohn, who was enthu-
siastic about her screen tests.
"There's so much money in pictures,"
she admits, candidly. "Unfortunately,
"she adds, "you have to think about mon-
ney." Especially when, like Terry, you
want to live like a movie star.

NO WONDER I HAVE AN ULCER
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

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and cooperative down to the last
detail. "We worked a long time to sign Mar-
garet Truman, but when we did, I knew
I could simply turn her over to this group,
and that everything would go off without
a hitch. This is our success-secret." Ed
asked that tribute herein be paid to
"Toast's" stage manager, Ed Brinkman.
It is so done.
"Early in the history of our show," Ed
said, lighting a cigarette against doctor's
orders, "we went through two directors.
One of them had a compulsion to yell
'Quiet, Please!' every so often. He knew
nothing of stage, or vaudeville—he was
also a small tyrant. I took him aside and
suggested that yelling had gone out with
silent films—he brushed this off lightly.
"A performer naturally feels that we're
down to yelling—since

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room, "we settled back in comfort. Johnny is of Irish extraction, is a soft-spoken feller, and his pa was a dancer. No noise with Wray, only a relaxed air of efficiency—which got more out of performers than ever before.

"Sophie Tucker couldn't believe she was working in TV. Where are the little men sticking light sticks under my nose?" she asked. "No smoke, no hollering and yelling? That's part of the Wray contribution to our team..."

A full-page Variety ad shows Ed, Marlo Lewis, Ray Bloch & Johnnie Wray, under the head: "HAVE TUX—WILL TRAVEL (in Lincolns or Mercury's)", plus the information: "Available for Weddings, Bar Mitzvahs and Intimate Banquets... Contact Mark J. Leddy.

A cute gag, but unless you're loaded, don't hire these kids to handle your intimate banquet. This Leddy is no gag, however. As Ed says: "Mark (J.) Leddy signs up all our talent for us. He's a veteran agent, and the other agents' hair-raised boy and presy.

With the best of assistants, it's still a job that ulcers vote most-helpful-to-ulcers. But he called another. Before they figured it was a squeeze play involving the Sullivan column in a newspaper with the largest circulation in the U. S., plus syndication. The problem, then, was to find the perfect agent—Mark J. Leddy was it.

"Does he know show business?" Ed asked, then answered himself, "you & me & Mark J. Leddy!"

If a dog act, he invariably knows, personally, the dog's parents and distant relatives. He sets what he calls 'slow traps' for elusive talent, never fails, and then has knowledge of our running order. We never have hassles with other agents, thanks to this guy.

Of Ed himself, an associate confided that Ed merely digs up wonderful acts, never misses a timely show or situation, produces, directs, checks lighting, suggests scenic designs, helps with the choreography, and knows what music is good. This expert adds that Ed has good taste and a flair for showmanship. Ed's ulcer—which does him out of lunch and is painful as the devil—affects neither his disposition, nor his massive energy.

How in aitch did a one-time sports writer become a top showman, boss of TV's sole, hour-long, variety show?

One thing that rouses Ed and his uncle to white-heat, is the insinuation that he has used his column—at the start of things—as a blackjack, to induce people to perform for him in a stout catcher's mask, and ask Ed... "It all happened by way of accidents," Ed said, "back when I was sports column-umnist on the old Graphic. I was elected to provide entertainment for the paper's all-sports dinners. We had a gossip column, and I had a spirit called Winchell, whom I hired up talent for me. Incidentally, I think Rudy Vallee sang his 'Stein Song' for the first time at one of our dinners."

Winchell was hired away by Mr. Hearst, so Ed had to hunt up his own talent. He was now 28—his uncle about the same age. Again, by accident, Sullivan was kicked into the Broadway-column spot, vacated by Louis Sobol, another one lost to Mr. Hearst.

"This all took place," Ed explained, "before the unions had anything to say about benefits—it was simpler, then. I was asked to put on a charity show and I had to come up with a bill. Brother, I was scared witless—and it was no secret!"

This led to shows put on at the N. Y. Paramount Theatre, and Loew's State, on the Great White Way. Then Ed was hired by the N. Y. News to do a Broad- way column. His heart belonged to sports, but the brass decided otherwise. In 1947, the paper decided to televise their famous Harvest Moon Ball—and Ed was it.

"It was more an auditing job," he says, "than anything else. I had to work out complicated routines—first an act, then dancing, then a star—appearance—and list them on slips of paper I held in my hand. It was a rough evening—CBS's first remote-TV job—and me so busy sorting out my slips of paper that, paradoxically, I was quite relaxed.

"Remember, I didn't want to be a performer—I was a newspaperman, not an actor. Even today, I'm not too relaxed, but I'm better than I was then, when I raised my eyes, praying for help or a nice easy death. I couldn't smile—I looked as though rigor mortis had set in too long ago. I've seen some of the kinescopes of those old programs," he groaned, "looking up, imploring help from heaven!"

Microphones, Ed recalls, defeated those experts with radio mikes, the networks. "They didn't know what to do with a mike when a camera was focused on a performer who, in radio, talked into a mike which, naturally, was put directly in front of his mouth.

"Now a camera was peaking at the ar-tist—so when a girl sang down in one (i.e., front of the stage—note how sports expert now uses vaude terms with aplomb), we had her sit on a railing, with a concealed mike also sitting on it. Again, we fastened six mikes to an iron pipe, overhead and out of camera range. But all the action couldn't be placed in one, so we used any means we could think of—perhaps a bouquet of flowers, with early-blossoming microphone in the cen-ter. If the singer was careless, a mike was apt to tumble out of its flowery hid- ing place. They were in books, in bot-tles, under trees—anything might be a mike in disguise,..."

But such headaches didn't stop Sullivan & Co. from building a good show that got even better. Rodgers & Hammerstein braved the microphones under foot and overhead, and sat down to talk about their new show, "Oklahoma!" It was timely, and interesting to people interested in learning which was Hammer-stein's favorite lyric ("Surrey With A Fringe On Top") and how "Surrey" was written (to the actual clip-clop of horse's hooves).

"Martin & Lewis were on our first show," said Ed, "at the princely wage of $150. They get $1,500 for sneezing, now-adays, but our talent budget was then $1,250—total. Monica Lewis, related to Martin, was paid $50—on later shows she got $3,000. We gave the first preview of
DO WOMEN HATE OR ENVY LILI?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

If one woman had a hard time persuading male admirers it was "imagination" that raised burlesque from an all-time low—low in box-office receipts as well as in quality of presentation.

A vivid beauty, she offered her patrons a subtle air of intelligence and good breeding. But all the time she gave them what they wanted.

And what they wanted, obviously, was to see Lili as nearly naked as the law allowed. Such success could only stem from—well, from imagination.

She built up a big following and a big bankroll as a daring dancing daughter of Eve.

"I didn't mind playing in burlesque," she once said, "I got more than twice the money I get at night clubs, and the audiences were warmer."

Today, referring to her palpitating past, she maintains proudly that just as she shed her clothes with neat abandon she also "was the first stripper to get dressed on stage, the first to take a bath on stage and the first to pantomime the great charmers of history."

"I started my career with a long blonde wig and a fig leaf," Lili slyly commented. "Now I'm fluffing around in a camera in a gossamer veil."

"My costumes have become more elaborate, but my talent seems to have remained consistent."

There's a lot of this talent, too—five feet, nine of a comedy chassis that would startle Venus, a distinct flair for smart clothes, and the gift to re-create vividly history's most infamous sirens.

"My first siren was Eve for more reasons than one" Lili grinned. "I didn't have much money for costumes, so Eve was a natural. And I mean natural. The characterization was a success simply because of my lack of funds. At any rate, my costume consisted of long hair and a fig leaf."

Since then Lili has done considerable for the sirens of history. In addition to Carmen and Cleopatra, she has brought back to life exciting moments from the lives of such sensational temptresses as Salome, Delilah, Aphrodite and good old Sadie Thompson.

Much of Lili's career has been spent in exotic costumes—out of them. Consequently, she has a real passion for clothes. "I love clothes," she said, "but I don't
like our modern dress. I'd like to drop out of this world and re-live the days of two thousand years ago. Clothes were graceful and exotic then."

Which may be why Lili has devoted so much time to proving that beauty is ageless and forever desirable. After spending six undraped years in burlesque and night clubs, she decided late in 1951 to do a switch and dress.

She had suddenly come to the belief a girl can look much sexier dressed than undressed.

Reaching Las Vegas, Nev., she arranged with Tom Douglas, millionaire Hollywood decorator, to prepare a new night club act for her. It called for her to take a bubble bath in a gargantuan champagne glass wearing black lace panties, brassiere, net stockings and a picture hat. Then she was to emerge to get dressed.

A strip in reverse, so to speak. Appropriately, the act had its premiere on the Strip—at Ciro's swank night club in Hollywood.

Ironically, Lili who never got into trouble when taking off clothes in her old striptease routine, was promptly arrested for "lewd and indecent exposure."

Police raided the act at the opening performance as Hollywood luminaries were draped around the room. The celebrities were not missing a thing. Neither were the cops. There was just one difference—the law was shocked.

Lili was quickly acquitted of the charge. A jury decided that her bubble bath was high art and any undue exposure of herself was purely accidental.

For a week she posed demurely in court, her celebrated body covered up to her chin while witnesses testified they didn—or didn't—see too much of her during her bath.

One main issue was whether she climaxed her act with a bump and a grind. A bump, one witness said, is a pelvic propulsion, while a grind is a circular movement of the hips without any accompanying action of any other part of the body.

Lili St. Cyr has never sought to conceal her past as a part of the questionable burlesque side of theatrical life. Indeed, she asserted, "burlesque has a lot of good things to offer."

"But often there is definitely no principle involved," she said. "One of the most flattering, but annoying, examples of lack of principle was the girl who studied my act from the wings, dyed her hair blonde, duplicated my setting and props and billed herself as 'Exotic Lily.'"

"She had the cooperation of the theatre, too. The only thing we had in common was our height. Well, the customers were annoyed when they realized they'd been taken in by an unreasonable facsimile."

According to Lili, this stealing of material is quite common in burlesque. And it is not unusual in night clubs, either.

"Of course, there is a reason for the desperate demand for material," she said. "We have to come up with a completely new act weekly without rehearsal. You just start off cold and ad-lib your way through a new act. It's a wonderful experience, but lends itself to act-swiping."

"One thing sure, audiences at burlesque shows are a good deal freer with appreciation than those in night clubs. As for movies, well, you never know if you're appreciated or not—unless you're offered other parts."

Lili said she never found her act easy to do in a night club, usually because of the physical limitations of the place. Most night clubs use the dance floor as a stage and "it's difficult to reincarnate Salome, or Carmen," she said, "while pulling the plug out of the bath and finishing one's ablutions."

The intimacy of such a set-up often brings out the small boy in a grown man, she said.

"There was the time I got as far as one shoe on and one shoe off," she recalled. "A ringside crew-cut chappie had swiped the shoe as a souvenir and 'Carmen' was forced to limp lopsidedly off stage. Since I had made a two-reel short of 'Cinderella' the day before I've often wondered if this was a coincidence of some sort."

Not all night club patrons get as exuberant as Lili's shoe pilfering friend. Actually, most men in the audience are reserved, she said.

"This is in definite contrast to the whoop-and-holler set you find in burlesque. Men who go to clubs are usually escorting their wives or girl friends and find it difficult being audibly appreciative of an act like mine."

"However, I still fondly remember one night at a swank club when a couple of men got carried away enough to yell: 'Take it off!' And then there was a loud whistle. I was really surprised at that but pleasantly amused."

Lili has no idea what to expect from her movie audiences. In fact, she's rather surprised to find herself in pictures. The startling thing about her new career, according to some observers, is that it took Hollywood so long to recognize Lili as screen material.

Whatever her work, she names the price. And always it is a fancy one. Her one ambition in life, she has said, is to make a million dollars. Though she hasn't made a definite financial statement she has reached the happy position of working only when she wants to.

Lili has come a long way from the days in Pasadena where as a little girl recently arrived with her mother from her native Minneapolis, she spent her time studying ballet. When she completed school she went to work as a waitress. But her good looks were too much for that kind of job, Jack Powell, a top photographer, spotted her and immediately talked her into becoming a model.

Changing her name from Marie Van Schaak to Lili St. Cyr she was for the next two years a very busy model. Then she answered a show girl call by Nils T. Granlund (NTG), night club entrepreneur, and spent the next three years at the Florentine Gardens in Hollywood.

Meanwhile, she started working on the idea of re-creating historic sirens. She tried it out at the Florentine. It caught on. New York talent agent, Miles Ingalls, saw the act, and within a matter of months Lili was a headline in burlesque and night clubs.

"I wasn't even thinking of pictures," she said. "Then one day I got an offer to appear in 'The Miami Story.' And my movie career had begun."

Lili has been married twice. Her first husband was actor Paul Valentine. He sued for divorce in 1948 charging he got to see Lili only when she was performing in a Los Angeles burlesque theatre. A former Broadway dancer, he created and staged many of her dances.

Her second husband, whom she recently shed, was Armand Orsini, a former civil engineer who gave up his career to open a coffee shop in West 56th Street, New York, and act as Lili's manager. Orsini met Lili in a New York night club. He came in for an aperitif and stayed to admire. He quickly fell in love with her.
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Once questioned as to what she had in common with an engineer, Lili replied: "I never talk shop with my husband."

The blonde dancer, reportedly, is to marry Tom Douglas, but he has denied he is engaged to her. However, she is said to be wearing a $12,000 diamond ring which he gave her.

Both Douglas and Orsini are deeply interested in Lili's career.

"Armand got nervous when I was on stage, but only because he wanted me at my best," she said. "As a former civil engineer, his interest in my career amazed me."

Lili likes her new movie life, finds it "wonderful" to be able to wear the "kinds of costumes all women dream of."

"The only thing wrong with the movies is there is not enough room for self-expression."

"I've always been a firm believer in self-expression," said Lili with just a hint of her alluring Carmen smile.

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**MAGGI’S PRIVATE WIRE**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

when they both appeared in the musical, "Best Foot Forward" late last Summer in Dallas, Texas. The seedy looking garment, more than twenty-five years of usage, was rented while Debbie was cast as a gag--but it's a gag gift that is paying off in laughs on TV. Despite its age, the coat has been insured for $1,000 by La Pearce because there's no way of duplicating it. Alice has promised to lend the coat to Debbie if and whenever she needs it for a comedy routine on TV guest appearances . . .

Martha Raye, who's proven she can do anything on TV--sing, dance, cut-comey capers with the best of them--will enact in a straight dramatic role on a pending "Danger" telecast. She'll play the role of a former musical comedy star charged with a 20-year-old murder. The flash-back technique will be used in which she will have the opportunity of displaying her celebrated legs in a song-and-dance routine . . .

The return to TV of Charles "Buddy" Rogers is but a matter of months--he'll star in a filmed show in which he'll once again front an orchestra, presenting a cavaledge of song hits through the years that will bring back such past favorite song stylists as Ruth Etting, Lee Wiley, Ethel Shulla, Helen Kane, Adelaide Moffett and Bernice Claire. It will be a gem of nostalgia, interspersed with present day singers such as Jack Russell, Bill Lawrence, Vic Damone and Bill Hayes . . .

There have been so many gag "This Is Your Life" shows privately taped for birthday parties honoring Broadway and Hollywood personalities, that few video stars can be deeply moved by the genuine telecasts. One of the funniest ever, was done so professionally for Marilyn Erskine's birthday, that the fifty-some guests at the party given for her in Hollywood, thought they were hearing a rebroadcast of an actual show. It's suddenly become the rage in New York, too. Incidentally, many of the "This Is Your Life" viewers have been writing to the programs' sponsors suggesting a surprise show featuring the life of Ralph Edwards. He's flattered, of course, but turned the idea down cold when news about his fans' letters leaked out . . .

The perennially active Ray Bolger's West Coast telefilm show, "Where's Raymond?" is the home base for more gags than an Abbott and Costello movie studio set. This entire professional life is made up of "having fun on the set," between stretches of grueling comedy-dance routines. He's finally met his nemesis on the "Where's Raymond?" studio premises --cast members Richard Erdman and Allyn Joslyn are right up there with Ray when it comes to cutting up. They get so noisy on occasion, there have been complaints from the actors on the "I Love Lucy" set--half a block away. It isn't clear yet, just which is more exhausting for Ray--his actual performances or those "relaxing" hours in-between rehearsals with side-kicks Erdman and Joslyn . . .

Hillary Brooke, of the "My Little Margie" show, took advantage of the three months vacation from the show, went to England, tossed off a few movie roles and saw Paris and Dublin after shopping sprees. She returned in time to walk on the "Margie" set, pick up her script and continue in the TV series. Her chocolate colored poodle, "Barnabas," is getting as famous as she, having appeared on the show many times. She's trained the dog so that he can be taken into restaurants--even those that prohibit canines--guaranteeing the owners "Barnabas" won't budge. He doesn't--not after she drapes a napkin over him as he lies on the floor. He won't move until she gives him the word—"Boo" . . .

Myrna Loy, in Hollywood for a spell from the social and political pleasures of Washington, D. C., has been combing TV series offers out of her hair faster than you can say Dragnet. The one-time screen star is willing to do an occasional show but isn't anxious to get into a working schedule that would consume most of her time. She considers the TV routine for actresses too demanding. Claudette Colbert is another Hollywoodite who is being courted by East and West Coast video producers. After an eighteen-months carefree sojourn in Europe, she's admittedly spoiled and "kind of lazy at the moment." This is not to say the Colbert talents will not be shown on TV from time to time--she'll make guest appearances, of course—the idea of a week-
ly show, "live" or filmed, just doesn't appeal to her . . .

There's a new idea for a panel show making the rounds of West Coast TV producers offices, and one that merits attention. It's called, "Made To Order," and personalities suggested for it include Edith Head, Paramount's glamorous dress designer; Wally Westmore, head of the studio's make-up department; Terry Hunt, who takes pounds off high-living stars in Celebritville; a plastic surgeon and a dental specialist. From head to toe-hair styles and manneuvers to wardrobes and pedicures, with teeth capping and facial plastic surgery part of the transformation will be a contestant chosen from the audience who would be completely transformed over a two-months period. The estimated costs of such an over-all change would normally set any Hollywood star back at least $10,000. In addition to the glamorizing treatment on "Made To Order," the lucky (and courageous) person selected would be given a cash bonus of $500 plus an all-expense round-trip to Paris for two . . .

Now that Hollywood has discovered the very talented young actor-comic, Jack Lemmon, New York, his home town, will probably not see him around for some time to come. His successful screen debut opposite Judy Holliday in "It Should Happen To You" set Hollywood on edge and TV grabbed him for "The Marryable Male," one of the Ford Theatre's dramas in which he'll co-star with Ida Lupino. He has a dozen other major TV programs offers pending by ranging from a guest appearance on "I Love Lucy" to "The Red Buttons Show" . . . END

Hear and See Maggi on her own program, "Maggi's Private Wire," Monday through Friday over WABC and WABC-TV, New York. See Maggi on "Leave It To The Girls" at 7:30-8 P.M. E.S.T. Saturdays over ABC-TV.

with the approval of Fernando. This bit of intelligence should end the Dahl-Lamas rumors for once and for all because it's straight from the Lamas' Dahling . . .

Mario Lanza's white convertible had been parked for ten days at the Tavern-on-the-Green without the unpredictable singer ever reappearing to claim it. The Tavern owners couldn't contact the "missing" Lanza and the custom-made car just remained "parked." It disappeared overnight and when last seen, was travelling at a fast clip en route to Boston with an unidentified blonde young lady behind the wheel . . .

The Peter Lawford-Judy Holliday gossip is a result of their hide-a-way dating in Hollywood and New York. Instead of dining at leading restaurants and cafes, they'd hot-foot it to off-beat bistros-a routine that always leads to tongues wagging. Hand-holding and check-to-check dancing away from "the mob," although purely platonic—and in this case it's nothing else but—can only resolve itself into one thing, Big Talk about Little Things. If Lawford doesn't remain a confirmed bachelor it won't be Judy Holliday who'll be responsible—but instead, a wealthy widow in her early fifties . . .

Guy Mitchell arrived in New York on a cold, cold day sporting a straw hat with a bright red silk band and his flaming sports jacket was something right out of "These Red Heads From Seattle"—a song-and-dance costume if ever you saw one. Guy's explanation for it was that he flew East from Las Vegas for a few hours and was en route back to Hollywood via American Airlines Mercury flight and didn't have time to change. He news-

men saw another reason for it—you couldn't help but notice the singer in that garb—whenever a photographer hove into sight, Guy went into his act—the waddle walk, the flashing smile and twirling cane. It got more laughs than Guy anticipated but less publicity than he had hoped . . .

Greta Garbo lunched with King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece at the Colony. A special screen was put up around their table to ward off the stares of other diners. Stewart Granger wasn't introduced to Their Majesties or Garbo although he hung around several hours hoping. He did a slow burn when actress Nita Foch strolled in and was taken to the Royal couple in a matter of minutes and remained for the rest of the afternoon . . .

Signature seekers fell all over themselves at the Hotel Plaza when longtime screen favorite Richard Arlen checked into the hotel with his wife, Maggie. Celebrities, who got the brush from the group of fans, included Sir Alexander Korda, Elsa Maxwell, Frank Lloyd Wright and Sharman Douglas, proving you've got to be a movie star, past or present, to really rate with the movie-going public, especially the young fry who have an uncanny knack of deciding who's on their books . . .

Elsa Schiaparelli, the famous Parisian dress designer, took second place in the matter of top honors for the best dressed woman at Brooks' Pen & Pencil, when Gypsy Rose Lee walked in wearing a black satin suit with matching cartwheel hat. The neckline, cut to a new low, had steak diners dropping their sirlons for higher stakes—a closer look at The View. It was Mme. Schiaparelli who insisted
"Gyp" never looked better. The ensemble worn by "Gyp" was a Schiaparelli creation and with the designer, the customer always comes first, even in sartorial sweepstakes . . .

Eleanor Parker couldn’t be reached for comment on her new "heart interest," but word got around she was hopping mad over the circulated report that she and Robert Taylor had suddenly "discovered" they were in love. At her Manhattan hotel suite she was "out to all callers"—except to Bert Friedlob, her ex-spouse, who telephoned to wish her happiness with Bob Taylor. That was the first indication La Parker had that she and Taylor were "in love" . . .

Leave it to Richard Jaeckel to do the unusual. He spurned lavish hotel accommodations in favor of a single, cloister-type room at the West 63rd Street YMCA. When phone calls came for Dick he had to use the telephone in the hall, and all his out-going calls were made on the pay-station hard by the showers. When he wasn’t in the gym or "Y" swimming pool, he could be found in nearby Central Park horseback-riding, ice-skating and playing ball with total strangers. In two weeks he shed fifteen pounds. He never once was solicited for an autograph and in future trips to New York he’ll make the "Y" his headquarters.

Carleton Carpenter, who left Hollywood quietly after being let go by MGM, resumed his Broadway stage career by signing for a featured role in "John Murray Anderson’s Almanac." Since his return to Gotham he was unavailable to his former West Coast pals—including Debbie Reynolds, who wrote letters, sent telegrams and tried to telephone him at his former Times Square hotel hang-out. Carp just didn’t want any of it. He checked out of his hotel, rented a small furnished apartment without a telephone and attended rehearsals every day. Even his producers didn’t know where to locate him—they had to leave messages for him with a telephone answering service. Strange doing for a talented young star. His friends are very much concerned about him . . .

Mike Todd, the famous Broadway impresario, created a fuss at a Lexington Avenue theatre during the showing of "99 River Street," in which Evelyn Keyes is co-starred with John Payne. Todd didn’t like the way the audience reacted to La Keyes’ performance and said so right out loud. The Todd-Keyes romance will culminate in marriage for sure . . .

Ray Milland sported dark glasses and sat in a far-corner table at Toots Shor’s after the announcement that he and his wife had separated. He declined to accept telephone calls or speak to a topflight news gal who approached his table for further particulars on his estrangement from Mrs. Milland. Feeling he had given out all the information necessary, Milland clammed up on any further discussion about his private life, and asked the female scribe to please leave him alone. Nearby diners reported that Milland seemed to be very much broken-up and distressed by all the attention his marital statement to the press created. His companions at the restaurant, all male, included two agents, a manager and one of his TV show sponsors. But Milland and his wife, Mal, are now reconciled and their friends couldn’t be happier. It was their fifth separation during a long marriage—but each time just when things looked blackest they got together again . . .

Margaret O’Brien has been cautioned to soft-pedal her grown-up glamour antics—she dresses like a woman of the world, but behaves like a teen-ager. The clothes, make-up and conduct do not go together . . .

Gig Young came to New York to help publicize Joan Crawford’s "Torch Song," but his erratic behavior had MGM executives wishing he had remained in Hollywood. They cut short his visit and managed to get him out of town by simply stopping all his hotel charges. When visiting movie stars have to pay their own tariffs, it makes a difference . . .

Biggest surprise was Cary Grant, heretofore incommunicado when he was in New York. He went all out to make friends with newspaper writers and was a veritable Good Will Ambassador from Hollywood . . .

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]
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what hollywood itself is talking about!

by Lynn Bowers

MISS NUMBER One at the box-office (you may call her Ava Gardner) was in such a swivet to get out of town (and away from Frankie?) that she postponed treatment for a back ailment until she got to Rome. Entered a hospital there prior to filming “The Barefoot Contessa.” Frankie, in the meanwhile, stayed in Hollywood and had a few friendly dates with Jean Simmons, whose man was still in England. F.S. took himself an apartment and it looks as if he might stick around for a time.

Mr. Number One at the box-office—John Wayne, who else?—is a much happier man now that all the big divorces are behind him. John’s getting re-acquainted with his children (by his first marriage) and flipped through his role in “The High And The Mighty” with a light heart.

The premiere of “The Glenn Miller Story” was a pretty fancy affair, all right.

Ava Gardner is met by Producer Joe Mankiewicz on arrival in Rome for film.

That one, the glittering premiere of Joan Crawford’s “Torch Song,” and the Sadler’s Wells Ballet company engagement were the big events around town. All the attractive young U-I kids were at the “Miller” preem and a lot of the attractive older kids. Jimmy Stewart got a fabulous hand from the fans—and, kind of embarrassed when he was complimented on the way he played the famous ork leader, said, “Well, as one Glenn Miller fan to another, what can I say?”

Jane Powell, who is having more fun than she ever did in her life and dating all the eligible bachelors, was with producer Ross Hunter. Ludmilla Tcherina, the gal who broke up with Robert Taylor before he broke up with Ursula Thiess, had just landed in Hollywood for her American screen debut in “Sign Of The Pagan.” The lovely ballerina created quite a stir—she’s a real beauty. Rock Hudson brought Julia Adams, Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Rush were together, naturally, being married. Jeff Chandler and Marilyn Maxwell made a striking couple, and Don O’Connor seemed to be alone, roaring around in the lobby acting like he was looking for someone.

The party which Joan Crawford hosted at Romanoff’s was a beautiful thing. She arranged for her guests to be picked up at the theatre after the big, flashy premiere of “Torch Song,” and driven to the

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz cut cake at 13th anniversary party at Mocambo.

Lauren Bacall, Cary Grant at Producers’ Guild banquet for Darryl Zanuck.
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SCREENPLAY BY
SYNOPSIS OF MUSIC COMPOSED
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DAVID WELHART
what hollywood itself is talking about!  (CONTINUED)

Jane Wyman chatting with Fred Kohner and friend at banquet for D. Zanuck.

restaurant. The private room was entirely decorated in white chrysanthemums, grapes, and candles as centerpieces. Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Rush, George Nader with Virginia Gay, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Mayer, Scott Brady, director Nicholas Ray, Mel Dinelli and a gagion others. Joan, after working all day on her new picture, "Johnny Guitar," didn't even bother to go to bed that night because of the early morning call the next day.

Ida Lupino doesn't seem to be too upset over the last break with Howard Duff. In fact, she's been around with a lot of escorts and it looks as if the Duff hour is completely over with her.

There won't be any fooling around at MGM on "The Student Prince," now that they finally gave up trying to woo Mario Lanza back for the picture. Ann Blyth's got an early Summer date with the stork and she's the romantic interest opposite the veddy handsome young British star, Edmund Purdom, who replaced Lanza. Eddie and his very cute wife were given a small party by art director Arthur

Marilyn Erskine and Tab Hunter dated for the premiere of "Julius Caesar."

Krans and Ed recited some very funny poetry to Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas, Mary Castle and John Smith, boy genius Dick Morris, who is writing about 90 television shows, including "Letters To Loreta" and Ann Sotham's show. You're going to flip over this Purdom lad, mark my words.

Casey Adams is back in town from the Germany location of 20th's "Night People" and getting ready to tour in a night club act. Casey not only plays the piano and sings but he writes tunes and has a great comedy sense. He's on the fence about whether to keep up his acting, or give it up for the other side of the business—writing music.

Every year the guys and gals who deal out publicity to the columnists—the Screen Publicists Guild—throw a thing they call their Panhandle dinner, where they are free to poke a bit of fun at the press—the people they have to be nice to the other 364 days of the year. This time they put on another whizzeroo of a show, with Lena Horne creating a great

Shelley Winters and Terry Moore at the banquet given by the Screen Producers' Guild for Darryl F. Zanuck, studio head of 20th Century-Fox, at Statler Hotel.

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Jack Carson plays hands off at Ciro's at Guy Mitchell's "Red Garters" show.

getting that situation straightened out before Susie came back. Gary Cooper's wife and child paid him a visit on the same location, starting the reconciliation rumors all over again.

Guess Hollywood won't be seeing Rosemary Clooney for some time—she joined Jose Ferrer in New York where he had several stage shows going and when last heard from they were planning a delayed honeymoon in Europe.

What Shirley Booth wants to do, now that she has finished her second Hollywood film, "About Mrs. Leslie," is a comedy with—all people—Martin and Lewis. Wouldn't that be a hoot?

Those cute, nice married folks, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, are in a real whoop-de-do tale of derring-do, "The Black Shield Of Falworth," at U-I. They're never as happy as when they're working together and take a dim view of pictures that take them off in different directions on location.

Rez Harrison and Lilli Palmer rented Errol Flynn's house, way off up in the hills, when they came to Hollywood for Mr. H.'s role in "The Talisman," but Hollywood saw very little of them be-

Ruth Hampton, Susan Cabot dress for U-I's musical showcasing new talent.

cause practically all of the Warner Brothers picture was shot on location out in the desert.

Arlene Dahl has sold her house in Hollywood and taken an apartment. When last heard from, practically nobody expected that she and Fernando Lamas would become Mr. & Mrs. Lamas.

The opening of a new ceramic factory doesn't sound like much of an event—but we can tell you that when the fabulous ceramist, Sascha Brastoff, unveiled his new establishment he had nothing but excited celebrities viewing the modern, all-glass and pastel-walled building. The big reception was held in the part of the factory where the pottery workers were actually mixing the clay and putting it on to cook in the big electric kilns. Zsa Zsa Gabor, looking like a piece of delicate porcelain, was with the attractive Wally Seawell, boy photographer, Jane Withers. Don Taylor, Gary Merrill (here for a picture while Bette Davis stayed in the East), George Montgomery (Dinah was working) and a billion others looking bug-eyed at the beautiful place and some of them even asking the boss-man for jobs in such plush surroundings.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

Spike Jones and Jerry Lewis plan skit for Muscular Dystrophy benefit show.

Jimmy Durante surrounded by the gorgeous Gabors, Zsa Zsa, Eva, Magda.

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Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

Miss Sadie Thompson

Rita Hayworth has forsaken her slinky gowns and sexy songs for a topnotch characterization in this Somerset Maugham classic. Stranded on a hot drenched tropical island, inhabited by 300 woman-hungry Marines, Miss Sadie spends most of her time sitting in the heat, barging around in ill-fitting clothes and giving out with an easy line of chatter, which especially attracts Sgt. Aldo Ray. Rita's lure for the Leatherneck prompts Island owner and would-be reformer Jose Ferrer to order her deportation back to the States where she's wanted for questioning. Unfortunately, his motives are not for her regeneration, but for his personal satisfaction, and when Rita becomes aware of this she winds up on a boat headed for Australia to await the arrival of soon-to-be discharged Sgt. Ray. The Jerry Wald production, which has been updated from the earlier version, is packed with powerful performances and tinted in Technicolor. It's a really gaudy 'n' battlin' Rita that comes across. Columbia.

The Glenn Miller Story

Jimmy Stewart's warm-hearted portrayal of the great orchestra leader and his desire to present something new in popular music, traces Miller's pre-fame days when he's touring with Ben Pollack's company. When he reaches Denver, Miller gets in touch with college girl friend June Allyson, who, after a long distance courtship, winds up as his bride. It is Mrs. Miller who tells Glenn into resuming his studies with music teacher Leo Mostovoy, and it is from this association that the first notes of "Moonlight Serenade" are born. Before he can introduce the melody at a Boston ballroom, Glenn and his orchestra have a bus break-down and they're stranded. Simultaneously, his

Robert Taylor, as Lancelot, and Mel Ferrer, as King Arthur, lead their men into battle in "Knights Of The Round Table," MGM epic film of the legendary romance.
James Stewart pays tribute to a great musician in "The Glenn Miller Story."

wife, now pregnant, goes to the hospital, and the music debut is cancelled. Hearing of the Millers' misfortune, George Tobias, ballroom operator, rehires Glenn and from the moment he steps on the platform he's on his way. The band's top numbers, Miller's discovery of current music greats, and the orchestra leader's tragic death are all biographed in this touching tribute. Universal-International.

**Knights Of The Round Table**

All the pageantry and lavishness of Sixth Century England have been re-captured in this elaborate enactment of King Arthur and his knights. The good king, portrayed by Mel Ferrer, is seeking to reunite his country to its former splendor, but is meeting with staunch opposition from his step-sister, Morgan, and her husband, Modred. Before he can put his plan to a vote Arthur barely escapes being murdered twice. Foiling both plots is Lancelot (Robert Taylor), who supports the king in the war that follows, but angrily denounces Arthur's pardon for Modred. While storming from the court Lancelot arrives in time to save Lady Guinevere (Ava Gardner), the king's betrothed from being abducted. Although the two fall hopelessly in love, she marries the king, which leaves the

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Your guide to current films

CONTINUED

knights free to wed the fair Elaine, Maureen Swanson. The ensuing reels unfold a series of heroics and counter feats that are enough to satisfy even the most blood-thirsty adventurer. The principals turn in peak performances, but somehow the real star is the majestic splendor surrounding them. MGM.

Three Sailors And A Girl

JANE POWELL, Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson and 300-pound "kewpie" Jack Leonard, breeze through this Technicolor tuner with a happy abandon that's downright contagious. Jane's a promising young singer in an unproduced Broadway show. Gordon, Gene and Jack are the "angels" who back the production with the back pay their shipmates have given them to invest. Although the show is a flop in its out-of-town opening, the sailors inject some nautical know-how into the musical and it winds up a Broadway smash. There're plenty of pop tunes from Jane and Gordon, some showy dances from Gene, plus some real yaks from Leonard, Sam Levene, Veda Ann Borg and Archer MacDonald. Roy Del Ruth directed this enjoyable musical. Warner Bros.

Beneath The 12-Mile Reef

The underwater beauty and treachery that daily faces sponge divers off the Florida coast is excitationly captured in Cinemascope. Aging Greek diver Gilbert Roland promises his son, Robert Wagner, that on their next trip out he can make his first dive. They decide to invade the English divers' territory where they know the rich sponge beds lie. They are discovered and their cargo shanghaied. Anxious to get their load back, they invade "Conch" territory, but end up losing not only their spoils, but Bob's heart to Terry Moore. It is then that Roland makes his fatal mistake of deciding to go to the 12-mile reef. When he is killed, his son not only faces making his first dive, but in
Richard Todd, Glynis Johns in swashbuckling Highlands tale of “Rob Roy.”

Bad For Each Other

ARMY SURGEON Charlton Heston is much more interested in turning his doctor's bag in for a satchel full of greenbacks, than he's willing to admit. While on leave from the service, Heston drops by to see Ray Collins, owner of the mine in which he worked to earn money for his schooling. The attractive young medico interests Collins' wayward daughter, Liz Scott, who immediately starts pulling strings to get him transferred and into a plush job with a society physician. Though her plotting works, Heston secretly believes he should be doing more important work helping mine doctor, Rhys Williams. Still in a quandary, Heston's decision is made for him, when a mine explosion occurs, and he rushes to his friend's aid. The film is somber stuff, tensely enacted. Columbia.

Rob Roy

THE HIGHLANDERS' fight against the oppressions of the ministers of King George I offers a springboard for Richard Todd to leap from adventure to adventure as the clan's leader. In an effort to defeat his popular appeal, an amnesty is extended to all clans, except Todd's. This forces him to leave his beautiful bride, Glynis Johns, and to hide as a fugitive, but even under the brand of an outlaw, Todd manages to make himself heard and to have his holdings returned. The beautiful Technicolor lensing, coupled with the star's exciting, derring-do, makes for a gusty swashbuckler. Disney-RKO

Wicked Woman

COCKTAIL WAITRESS Beverly Michaels is a gal who doesn't mind taking orders as long as they come from her good-looking boss, Dick Egan. Once she attracts Egan's interest (and how can she miss with that slinky white wardrobe?), her next step is to persuade him to sell the bar and go to Mexico with her. Only hitch is Dick's wife, Evelyn Scott, co-owner of the grill who has to sign the sale papers. Although Egan would just as soon leave the country without the money, Beverly's a little more greedy and finally decides to masquerade as the wife and forge the signatures. Unfortunately, snoopy Percy Helton overhears the plot and manages to foul up the transaction, the trip and the romance. The picture, which provides several innovations to the "eternal triangle," is a Russell Rouse-Clarence Greene production, and features Beverly, Dick and Percy in one of the slam-bangiest fight scenes yet staged on the screen. U.A.

Bad For Each Other” is tense film with Ann Robinson, Charlton Heston.

“Bad For Each Other” arrives in town spoiling for a fight, which is thwarted only after the state militia is called in and the indignant townspeople take up arms. It's a wild weekend which finally simmers down with Brando buzzing off on his scooter mumbling something about “that chick sure got to me.” The Stanley Kramer production about today's youth is definitely in the off-beat class. It's loaded with good character portrayals, be-bop talk, and moody photography. Columbia.

Give A Girl A Break

THE YOUTH and talents of Debbie Reynolds, Marge and Gower Champion, Bob Fosse and Helen Wood help to zing this backstage musical along at a fairly pleasant pace. Gower's a stage director who decides to cast an unknown actress in the star role, and then spends the rest of the film trying to decide whether the part should go to Debbie, Marge or Helen. Of course, each "audition" gives way to a lavish production number, with each aspirant out to top the other. Net result: Uter confusion, until Miss Wood decides to return to hubby Dick Anderson, Marge snare Gower, and Debbie nab the role. Film's well stocked with songs, slapstick and specialty numbers. Stanley Donen directed. MGM.

End
A direct challenge

what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Paid one of our periodic calls on the night club circuit, just to see if there was anything new. Newest thing was the appearance of Eartha Kitt at the Mocambo. Even the birds were crowded all through this young girl singer's engagement and she's due for a second stand there when she comes back in "New Faces," which you will see before too long on the movie screens. The entrance of the glamorous Marlene Dietrich caused, as usual, the most terrific stir in the bistro. This was just before she went to Las Vegas for her night club debut.

Went on to Ciro's to see Johnny Ray, who is not nearly as weepy as he used to be. Ran into that cute red-head Betty Lynn—who's Ray Bolger's girl friend on his "Where's Raymond?" TV show—with her best beau, actor Harry Bronson. Betty and Harry are on the verge of a merge, but don't tell them I said so.

Can't tell you what happened, but the proposed act that Judy Holliday and Peter Lawford were putting together is no more—just nothing. They aren't even seeing each other, period.

Even Hollywood is wondering—and talking—about what made Bobby run. That's Bob Mitchum, of course, and he ran when a motorcycle officer stopped him for going 70 miles an hour on one of our boulevards. Bob saw his chance, stepped on the gas, and outran the officer. Later, he said he thought the policeman was a bandit. Well, that's a likely story.

Jane Russell wasn't able to go to New York for the big, splashy opening of RKO's "The French Line" which they held aboard the beautiful French liner, Liberté. But Mary McCarty, who co-stars with Jane, was there for the festivities, since she was knocking them dead at the Plaza with her comedy antics. Ever since Mary appeared on "This Is Your Life" when they dramatized Martha Raye's career, she's been besieged with television offers—not merely as a comedienne-singer but as a dramatic actress.

The most interesting trio, thinking back on the Joan Crawford "Torch Song" party, was Miss C, seated between Jerry Lewis and his wife, Patti. Jerry kept Joan in stitches and when Jerry got off on a comedy routine in that knocked-out voice of his, most everybody at the other tables stopped talking and listened to

The Dean Martins at Muscular Dystrophy show staged by Martin and Lewis.
Valentine Story
Elizabeth MacDonald

Saint Valentine's Day had its living symbol, such as Mother's and Father's Days have, there isn't any doubt whom Hollywood would choose as its favorite romantic twosome, not just of this year but of every year. For if ever a man and a girl went around looking at each other with their hearts in their eyes, those two were Dick Powell and June Allyson.

After eight years of marriage, too. After all those prophecies that their marriage didn't have even an outside chance of success. In spite of the differences in their personalities which would have set some couples as dissimilar to gritting their teeth before the honeymoon was over. In spite of circumstances too, which could have sent their marriage crashing, they are still not only together but together in that special way which is usually more indicative of courtship than marriage. And if it took any particular doing June and Dick would be the last to know of it, or to be able to offer any contrived technique as their secret for those happy years together.

(continued on page 54)
The reports that Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers were planning to desert Hollywood and place Pickfair, their fabulous Beverly Hills estate, on the open market for sale, then embark on a two years' world tour, were met with heated denials. The false rumors began in Rome and spread to Paris and London before snowballing across the United States. They came to an abrupt stop in Hollywood with the Rogers-Pickford declaration that the stories were ridiculous, but not before such notables as Lucille and Desi Arnaz and Jack "Dragnet" Webb were reported bidding for Pickfair, lock, stock and prestige value . . .

The Communist-tinged expose that so embarrassed Lucille Ball last year is not yet officially ended. Lucille faces further questioning in the not-too-distant future. She's been cleared 100%, but former associates who were not available for comment months ago have been located and will be called to Washington, D. C., for cross-examining so that records can be completed and the case permanently closed . . .

Hollywood quaked when word leaked out that another scandal was due to rock the town. A nationally famous singer (still under contract to a major studio) was about to face paternity charges for an alleged indiscretion involving a Los Angeles teenager. The youthful, unmarried singer, a favorite with the bobby sox brigade, was being backed by his studio officials and the matter was hushed up with an out-of-court settlement. Fifty percent of the actor-singer's weekly paycheck is being deducted until he has squared himself with his film bosses. He was already in hock up to his talented tonsils before this escape added to his woes . . .

Watch for revived interest in the mysterious disappearance of the late Glenn Miller. Producers "The Glenn Miller Story" are hoping that recently uncovered evidence regarding the plane "accident" in which the popular musician lost his life, will not be made pub...
while the film based on his career is being shown in theatres coast-to-coast. This is a switch, because normally film makers encourage that sort of publicity-promotion timed with the release of their pictures. In this case the procedure is reversed—they're frantic with worry. It's Hollywood's biggest "inside story"...

Marlene Dietrich's opening song number during her Hotel Sahara personal appearance in Las Vegas, was "Baubles, Bangles and Beads"—a tune from the Broadway musical, "Kismet." The New York show which stars Alfred Drake, was originally produced many years ago with Otis Skinner. The show's plot once served as a screen vehicle for Marlene and Ronald Colman with Marlene portraying a harem favorite and Bagdad dancing queen. It was not one of the glamorous Dietrich's great successes, nor did it add any luster to Ronald Colman's reputation...

Bob Mitchum's evasion of the law when he was stopped while driving at 78 m.p.h. won the (continued on next page)
support of his fellow-players and studio executives. Win or lose, the "Mitchum Case" will start the ball rolling in defense of film players who are always heavily exploited for minor and major infractions of the law. Gail Russell's unfortunate example — she had the book thrown at her when she was picked up for drunken driving—is another case in point. Hollywood citizens feel they should pay the price for their mistakes, but the matter should be private and not Page One copy . . .

If Nora Haymes ever collects all the combined alimonies and child support payments due her from Dick Haymes and Errol Flynn, she'll practically be the richest woman in Flickerville . . .

Mario Lanza is behaving more oddly all the time. He sits around his house day and night, eats gobs of spaghetti, drinks wine like water and broods for hours on end. He hasn't sung in months and won't even oblige his agent by considering the concert and personal appearance offers that are still rolling in. A minimum working schedule could net him close to $500,000 for 40-weeks work. At this writing he won't even listen to the offers. At his last medical check-up he weighed in at 225 lbs. stripped and his blood pressure was abnormally high . . .

Why the Hollywood Women's Press Club didn't nominate Doris Day as 1953's Most Uncooperative Star, has half the population in the film colony surprised—and disappointed. There are those however, who remind the anti-Day crowd that she's been very ill. But Doris' detractors retort that the "award" is long overdue . . .

Sunset Boulevard scuttlebutt has it another film femme, Mercedes McCambridge, is also in line for an unpopularity award of sorts. Her temperament on the "Johnny Guitar" set, in which she's featured, was of Oscar proportions. Her performance in the film is another matter and many of her scenes in the Western will be snipped—the explanation for this being that Mercedes was "miscast" to begin with. And after all the screen testing that went on before the film went into production . . .

Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio have been having "differences of opinion" and one of her closest of friends can be heard hinting that all is not well in the romance department. When Joltin' Joe isn't on the West Coast, Marilyn is supposed to restrict her dating to mutual friends of both, and this regime is beginning to tell on her. It's hard to believe, but she's the loneliest girl in movietown—her success and fame haven't brought her much happiness. One of the Hollywood males she used to date secretly before DiMaggio stepped into the picture was Freddie Karger. Matter of fact, it was after a tiff with Karger that she switched to the baseball star . . .

Guy Mitchell is doing his best to keep from taking a property settlement beating (CONTINUED ON PAGE 69).
Everyone is rooting for Judy, and on the first day of "A Star Is Born" she was welcomed on set by Jack M. Warner, Steve Trilling, William Orr, Producer-hubby Sid Luft, Jack L. Warner, Director George Cukor and Winton Hoch.

COMEBACK

by Jack Holland

on the sick list and holding up the film's production. Before the picture began Judy was getting about twelve hours sleep a night—without benefit of sleeping pills. She has been getting plenty of rest ever since. There's no doubt that she's taking it easy, playing it carefully for the long haul. She's not playing any games with herself this time.

To date, Judy has been so conscientious about the picture that she even came to work one day with her jaw swollen twice its normal size. To some gossip-minded individuals, this was immediately transformed into a nice little tale about Judy and her husband, Sid Luft, having a hassle. The actual facts weren't nearly as hair-raising.

Judy had to have some teeth extracted. The operation was so serious that she couldn't be given just ordinary gas. She had to go to a hospital for the job and was also given an anaesthesia stronger than gas. The next morning, though, she came to work. This scarcely sounds as though she were up to the kind of antics that put a halt to her screen career for a time, not too long ago. Judy is approaching her picture with serious intensity. The mere fact that this is her production, along with that of her husband-producer and Warner Brothers, who will release the film, should make it clear to all concerned that Judy wouldn't waste time on her own package deal. After all, it was she and Sid who took the whole idea of "A Star Is Born" to Warners for possible production. And Jack Warner, a smart individual, would certainly not have invested the hard, cold dollars of his studio into any deal unless he had been certain that Judy was perfectly okay again and that she was really anxious to get back to work.

Judy's role is probably the most difficult of her career. "I've never worked so hard in my life," Judy has said. "This is not only a trying part, but I also have to sing and dance. The picture will be worth all the work, though, I hope."

One of the persistent rumors, of course, was that Judy was still much, much too over-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)
by Michael Sheridan

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO BETTY?

HAS BETTY GRABLE LOST INTEREST IN HER CAREER OR HAS SHE BEEN LOST IN THE SHUFFLE?

"Stars may come and stars may go, but there is one actress in Hollywood who—if she wished it—could go on forever. A star who can proudly say that not one of her pictures has ever lost money at the box-office. She's Betty Grable, and few other stars who have been at the game as long as she can say the same."

These are the words of one of Hollywood's most popular men, Louis Shurr, who has discovered more talent than probably any other talent agent in the business. Although he doesn't handle her, Lou thinks that when it comes to actresses, Betty is "the greatest."

One night this writer was talking to her mother, Lillian Grable. She said, "You know, even I'm baffled. My little girl started when she was seven. Then when she became a big star many years later I found it hard to believe that a child actress had become a mature woman—and the whole world of show business was still in front of her."

What Mrs. Grable was trying to say is that (a) few child actresses ever succeed in later life, (b) her daughter was revealing none of the wear and tear of a long life in a hard game. Betty today

Betty and Harry James on their recent joint p.a. learned that each is still big box-office.
looks just as young as she ever did, and her legs are still "The Legs." That was five years ago and today the picture hasn't changed.

But now, as talented as she ever was, as youthful as she ever looked, as popular as she has ever been, Betty Grable has a new philosophy in life. "I've had my chance," she says, "and I've made my way in the job of being a performer. I've been at it a long time, and I think that now I would like to try other pastures. I have become more interested in other people's success than in a continuance of my own."

Behind these words lies Betty Grable's admission that she has lost interest in her own career. She will tell her most intimate friends that she feels that she has gone as far as anyone can in the making of movies, and that no matter how good or original a new script might be—it will still be the same thing. One movie after another.

First and last, Betty Grable is a good trouper. As far as she is concerned, and where the trust and the millions of a studio are involved, the show must go on. But in the last few months Betty has begun to wonder: how long, as far as she is concerned, can the bonanza last?

Truth of the matter is that audiences have never tired of Betty Grable, acting, dancing and laughing in one mediocre-to-fair and occasionally top musical comedy after another. Often her talented efforts have pulled a dog of a movie out of the mire of critical disdain... and left her bowed with public accolades.

But Betty Grable has never won an Academy Award, and there are many in Hollywood who wish that the long years of her being a good scout and a competent entertainer might have produced more honors—rather than all the riches. Yet, there's no question that as long as the industry exists, everyone will remember Betty Grable as a bright, shining example of popular stardom.

But that strange things are happening in the happy domesticated life, and the successful acting career, of Betty Grable, there's no question. Pointing up the fact that she may have lost considerable, if not all, interest in her own personal career exists the record of the last few months.

For a long (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)
Wherever she is, whatever the fates hold for her, Zsa Zsa Gabor is an exciting individual whose life is as uninhibited as her comments

by LOUIS REID
IT was Hollywood's belief Zsa Zsa Gabor, the effervescent enchantress who makes even gorgeous dames hard on the eyes, would never lack a piquant word about love and marriage.

Her own marriage to George Sanders, that is.

However . . . when George, certain their love had at last become thoroughly chilled, beat her to the deep freeze in filing for divorce, Zsa Zsa had nothing—absolutely nothing—to say.

In other days, despite the continuous reports of their rifts, she was always ready with provocative comment on how much George loved her and she loved George.

One reason why newspaper presses have been so hot in the last five years was the breathless bulletins the blonde beauty was forever issuing about their tempestuous love—the separations and reconciliations.

“Never in my life have I loved a man so crazily,” she once asserted. “We didn't have a fight. He just left me, but he will be back because I love him.”

Or,

“We love each other very much. But in ten years, who knows?”

Eventually, George, whom her mother once termed “as cold as an ice box,” was to declare that “life with Zsa Zsa is like life on the slopes of an active volcano.”

Hot or cold, their romance has affected him physically, resulting in a “run down condition,” he said, as he sued for divorce charging “cruel and inhuman treatment.”

The news was not surprising to Hollywood. But the film town is mindful that if a courtroom battle is fought it will make that of the John Waynes look like a pillow fight.

For one thing, this particular bust-up had a Continental flavor. Its settings embrace Rome and Paris and London and the Riviera, in addition to New York and Hollywood. Its characters include many headlined members of the international set.

Finally, the two stars of the drama themselves possess the sophisticated glamour of world celebrities—glamour reflecting the suave and glittering comic opera traditions of old world capitals and castles.

Meanwhile, as the couple consult their attorneys and make ready for the announced final—positively last—round of their on-again-off-again marriage, it is revealed that no property settlement is involved.

“There is no property to divide,” said George's Hollywood lawyer, Martin Gang, while Hollywood raised its most quizzical brow.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)
Nothing Bob says can apply to best girl Claudette Thornton.

DON'T BE OBVIOUS, GIRLS!

by ROBERT STACK

AS SEEN BY THIS MARRIAGEABLE GUY, THAT'S ONE OF THE TRAITS IN THE WOMEN MEN DON'T MARRY

The other evening I had a date with a very attractive girl who lived in the very correct section of Pasadena, and I looked forward to being with her because we planned to take in a concert at the Hollywood Bowl and then attend a reception honoring the pianist who was headlining that night's program. It would be something pleasantly different, and the concerto we'd hear was one I particularly liked.

When I called for her and we started our drive down the Freeway toward the Bowl, she said, "You know, Bob, I rarely go out with actors." Then she added, "I don't go to movies, so I can't tell you how good you were in your last picture." Finally she capped this brilliant conversation with, "I suppose you're out with me tonight because you couldn't get a date with Terry Moore."

Now, any self-respecting man can't be blamed for bridling at this kind of talk, and at that particular moment, I was no exception. In a few short moments she had put me on the defensive and ruined what otherwise might have been a nice evening, and although I carried on with my part of the bargain and saw our date through to the bitter end, I must confess that it was something of a strain to remain a gentleman throughout it all.

Now, I'm not one to complain long and loud about such a fiasco, because a repetition of the whole thing can be readily avoided by never calling the girl again. Yet the blunt fact remains that this girl and her sisters under the skin follow a typical pattern which we bachelors professionally have become aware of, and they give us very plain guiding posts for...

Try not to be conscious of your body, even if like Claudette's.
ACTRESS, WIFE AND DEVOUT CHURCHWOMAN, JANE RUSSELL HAS INSPIRED SUCH DIVERSE PRESS COMMENT, YOU REACH THE INEVITABLE CONCLUSION—

JANE HAS THREE HEADS

by Dee Phillips

SEXY PICTURES of Jane Russell have overrun the nation's press, her deep religious convictions have been written about and editorialized on, her home life with Robert Waterfield, the complete boss, has been noted in big, black print, and her completely uninhibited shenanigans at the studio have caused no end of misunderstandings. All this has only led to the question of not who, but what is Jane Russell!

The answer is really very simple—Jane Has Three Heads. She will explain the three sharply contrasting personalities with a naive, "I need all of them. One takes the steam out of the other. If I had only one of these lives I'd go stark, staring ignorant!"

So, take your pick of the following three gals—and if you can understand all three, perhaps you'll find them all delightful. At least you'll begin to understand the gal who wears her three heads so well.

The first Head is the most flamboyant and colorful one. This is the working Jane. Unpredictable, roaring, impatient, under-
standing, loyal, human, protector of the “little ones,” forgetful, maddening, and lovable—these are the traits for which she is known. And yet, as Jane says about herself seriously, “I usually don’t take a stand unless it’s for something basic. When I say ‘no’ I mean it. I believe in peace and quite often I’ll take the line of least resistance.”

Her co-workers would stand with their mouths agape at this statement. Yet, they will admit gamely that she has, on occasion, taken the line of least resistance—but only when she was too tired to do otherwise. These people who love her, yet could kick her some times, know that Jane will scream long and loudly and quite often in their defense.

Jane is really being honest when she says what she thinks of her working self, but she doesn’t really see herself as others do. For instance, on being called unpredictable Jane speculates, “I’m not unpredictable. People just don’t understand that I like things, ideas, and conversations stripped to the bone. I don’t have the time or patience for all.” (Continued on Page 55)
Everyone loves a rags-to-riches story, and everyone loves the one about the girl from the small town who makes good in the big, and sometimes bad, city. Such a girl is brown-eyed, auburn haired Elaine Stewart, to whom the magic wand of Hollywood fame and fortune has given the Cinderella touch.

One of the newest of the young movie stars who seemingly can have her pumpkin and eat it, too—Elaine, nevertheless, is sufficiently frank to confess that it wasn’t always that way. In fact, Hans Christian Andersen might have woven this fable of the girl with the twinkle of far-fetched dreams in her pretty eyes.

It all began in Montclair, New Jersey, on a night when the skies were dark and dismal, and very few people were on the street. The only bright note was the marquee and lobby lights of the local theatre where Elaine, still in high school, worked as a cashier.

The tall, handsome police officer ambled over to the box-office. “Any hold-ups tonight, Elaine?”

Behind the glass and brass grill-work, Elaine grinned. “Just my career. Nobody tonight said, ‘Why aren’t you in pictures?’”

“I’ll wait till you’re through,” said the police officer, “and I’ll walk home with you.”

A few minutes later, as they ambled comfortably along towards the little home that her father and mother kept so well—and sometimes with such difficulty in making ends meet—Elaine talked, as she always did in those days. She wanted security for the children—there were four others besides herself. She wanted to see her mother work less hard, her father worry less.

“Don’t worry,” she said for the hundredth time, and squeezed the police officer’s arm affectionately, “I’ll make it yet.”

(Continued on page 71)
LIVE WITH

Judge Georgia Bullock with Roy and Dale and the little Indian girl they have adopted to replace lost baby.

SORROW HAS BEEN THE MATERIAL OUT OF WHICH DALE EVANS AND ROY ROGERS HAVE BUILT A RICHER AND STRONGER LIFE—THE BEST POSSIBLE

by Mary Frazer

Roy and Dale at Hollywood fete. "Turn your ups and downs into inspiration," advises Roy, who with Dale, has been sustained through their darkest hours by this belief.
By making friends with sorrow Dale and Roy have found tranquility.

With Trigger. Roy is close to whatever concerns him very deeply.

Struggles and sorrows. Don’t ever forget them!

"LIVE WITH THEM! MAKE THEM A PART OF YOUR LIFE!"

For then, and only then, can you achieve the true tranquility which lets you enjoy all the bounty the years can bestow.

It’s sort of strange to think of Roy Rogers saying these words, isn’t it? After all, you see Roy and his beautiful wife, Dale Evans, decked out in dazzling Western regalia, riding into the horizon or the rodeo ring with a yippy-aye-aye, singing up a storm of applause, laughter, good American fun and excitement.

Roy’s rich. Roy’s famous. Roy has a home and family that are as fabulous as they are photogenic. He’s master of a new yacht, owns a fleet of autos, and, as everyone knows, has a stable full of fine steeds headed by the redoubtable Trigger.

No one’s to deny that here is a very lucky man. And you’re especially aware of it when you visit the Rogers’ ranch in the San Fernando Valley outside Hollywood, where the family has gathered together all of the ingredients of good living into nine glorious acres.

Visiting Roy and Dale was a day of dazzling disclosures for me. And yet . . . yet, I remember most vividly those few brief moments when Roy spoke those words, in one of the tiny rooms in the "guest house," which once served as nursery for their beloved daughter, Robin Elizabeth.

The visit had come after dinner, which the Rogerses call "supper," and which is set for six o’clock straight up, the better to include every member of the family around the bountiful board. The food was placed, family style, on a sort of "Lazy Susan," four feet across, fastened by a hub to the center of the regular table, which is a huge circular affair.

Actor George Montgomery designed and made this table for them. By giving the "Lazy Susan" a spin, and stopping it at the desired item, one can simply help one’s self to fresh vegetables, broiled meats, salads, hot biscuits, (continued on page 64)
Any guy who opens up his trap to tell the world the inside story of his marriage is a darned fool. You're better off talking about a dish you crave—gastronomical, not female—the work you're doing, politics, Freud, even Einstein, but not your marriage. What in heck does a husband know about it?

I've lived with Katie DeMille Quinn for nearly 6000 days and nights. You know how it is, you talk, sometimes you argue. You have fun together. You share disappointments and sorrow from time to time. You go through a thousand important and silly little experiences together. You think that after all this time, you know the woman—her thoughts, habits, likes and dislikes. But friends, you're wrong. You don't know from nothing!

Case in point. Just a few days ago, a short time before Katie and I were to celebrate our 16th anniversary, we were sitting and gabbing away. I don't know how it happened, but before I knew it, we were talking religious theory. Suddenly, I was looking at the woman goggle-eyed. Where did she get some of her ideas? They were fine ideas, but I'd never heard them from her before. I sat there, my big mouth wide open. Was I listening to Katherine DeMille Quinn, the gal I married in 1937, I asked myself? I thought, "Pal, this is where you came in. You've got to start all over again from the beginning with this dame." It shook me.

I thought about that incident a lot. Then it came to me, one of those quick-as-a-flash things. Thank God, Katie had her own ideas. If she didn't, she probably couldn't live with me or maybe I with her. Marriage unites two people, but if each one doesn't keep some individuality, watch out. I want my wife to be my wife and all that, but I'm glad that she has ideas of her own. Katie's talk is good, stimulating talk. She's intelligent as well as, if I may say so with a bit of bloated male pride, being a darned attractive gal. She's got sense and she's sensitive. When you come home to her, you don't face one of those dull, roulette-wheel type of conversations, the tired "Hello, dear, did..." (continued on page 61)
Rehearsing with Director Jack Arnold and Dialogue Director Irving Berwick.
HAD TO BE BAD!

Kathleen uses her wiles on Edward G. Robinson in U-I's "The Glass Web."

Co-star John Forsythe congratulates Kathleen on symbol of stardom—nameplate on dressing room.

BEING THE "OTHER WOMAN" HAS WON OUT FOR KATHLEEN HUGHES—THE FACE ON THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR UNTIL SEX ENTERED HER LIFE

by Jon Bruce

If it hadn't been for a tight skirt and an equally form-revealing blouse, this story might never have been written.

This is the saga of a girl whose curves melted into, and gave a provocative emphasis to, a skirt and a blouse. She did for them what all girls would like to be able to do for them.

Her name is Kathleen Hughes.

In case you aren't familiar with the young blonde sex queen of Universal-International, you might recall her in a brief scene in "It Came From Outer Space." This was a bit role she begged for—simply because it was U-I's first 3-D picture. Once audiences got a gander at the Hughes curves, whistles rent the theatres. This brought her to the attention of the studio and she was promptly cast again in a vixenish, form-fitting role in "The Glass Web." Now the town is yelling like crazy over this new discovery.

But she's no new face to movies. She had played a boy-friend stealer, a second lead with Ann Blyth in "Sally And St. Anne," and nothing happened. Before that she had been under contract to 20th Century-Fox and had appeared in fourteen pictures. In six of these she was cut out entirely, and she had her name on the credits in only three. In all of the pictures she was a long-haired brunette, demure, and innocent—and who wore flat heels because she didn't want to look tall.

Then Paul Henreid interviewed her when she left 20th and she won out over fifty girls for the part of a real witch. It was Paul who saw in Kathleen a real hunk of luring femininity. It was he who advised her to cut her long tresses and do a blonde dye job on them. The picture was "For Men Only"—and as far as the men are concerned they'd like to have Kathleen for themselves only.

Kathleen is quite amazed over the discovery that she's a real sexy number.

"I just never thought I'd be the type to be considered sexy," Kathleen said in her disarming frank manner. "And frankly I love it. I love posing for cheesecake. I did a lot of modeling when I was freelancing and I did pose in a couple of U.S. versions of Bikinis.

"Sexy roles are all right with me because I know they can do a lot towards making a star out of a person. I have always believed that personality is as important as talent in the movie business. So that brings up the question: what kind of a personality am I? I don't know yet, but I do know that it wasn't until I started playing alluring bad girls that I began to be noticed, so I certainly wouldn't mind being typed as the 'other woman.' Look what it's done for me already."

Kathleen is an even more intriguing personality because she is a full-fledged bachelor girl. She lives in an apartment by herself except for...

(Continued on page 67)
Now it's Elaine Stewart who's getting "the treatment" whenever she visits New York to help exploit her latest picture. If she isn't available for around-the-clock interview appointments, she's considered "difficult" by third-rate scribes. In order to cooperate to the fullest degree (and her N. Y. MGM bosses can vouch for it) the fair Elaine did more for "Take The High Ground" than she was required to do—and she did it with a temperature of 102 without complaining once. In battling a virus infection, in order not to miss appointments, she endangered her health to an alarming degree and was finally forced to cancel a heavy schedule of press commitments when she collapsed and had to be bedded for a week...

It's no secret that Marilyn Monroe's dramatic coach receives $250 more per week than the Mmm-mm Girl gets—

but isn't it news that some very shrewd New York real estate investments made by the "River Of No Return" star, at the suggestion of Joe DiMaggio, are already paying off handsomely, and that if her property holdings continue to increase in value, she'll be clipping coupons within three years hence? This is strictly for the Marilyn-laughs-last department...

Credit Earl Blackwell, president of Celebrity Service, with top honors as a party host. His elegant midnight champagne supper party honoring Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Bergerac (Ginger Rogers) at Bruno's Pen & Pencil, was frantic with fun, hectic with Hollywood names. A bon voyage soiree for Ginger and Jacques (who left the next day for Paris), it turned out to be a sparkling reunion for the "Forever Female" star and lots of her former West Coast pals now residing in the East. Charles Boyer, Mary Martin (both starring on the New York stage in "Kind Sir"), Gloria Swanson and Ethel Merman were among the many who met young Bergerac for the first time...

Silvana Mangano, Italy's reply to Marilyn Monroe, is slated to team up with Yul Brynner, the "King And I" star, for the first Italian CinemaScope production, "Ju-
Among celebrities on Walker's 16½ hour Lighthouse benefit on WATV-Newark were Eddie Fisher and Caesar Romero.

The fact that Van and Evie Johnson didn't argue once during their N.Y. visit was no doubt due to Roz Russell's influence.

BROADWAY VISITING STARS SET GOTHAM ON ITS HEELS

dith And Holophernes,” Technicolor Biblical spectacle to be directed by Jean Negulesco. Shooting begins late in June, in Rome. Meanwhile, the Mangano agreement to do the film, provides her with a round trip, all-expense visit to New York prior to production with an undisclosed amount of cash to be put at her disposal for shopping in Gotham. Manhattan dressmakers are already whipping up creations for her—Hattie Carnegie, Carrie Munn and Mimi Tuthill, among them. Cocktail receptions and formal dinner parties have been scheduled in her honor with leading stage and screen stars earmarked to attend. The one American screen star Miss Mangano has requested her film producers to arrange for her to meet is John Wayne . . .

Arthur Murray dance instructors devised that vacuum cleaner dance which Debbie Reynolds features in RKO’s “Susan Slept Here.” The brains behind the unusual choreography, a young, newlywed couple employed by the Murray Studios, were sent out to Hollywood to coach Debbie in the dance, with all their expenses paid. A belated honeymoon, compliments of Arthur Murray. On the Hollywood end of the deal, Debbie and other RKO stars tossed an informal supper party for the two dance teachers. If readers, anxious to get to Hollywood, have any ideas for filmdom’s dancing stars, get busy—this may be the opportunity . . .

Robert Taylor and Phyllis Kirk were an unexpected twosome at the Colony Restaurant, as were Eddie Fisher and Nina Foch at another nearby table. It took Keenan Wynn, however, with two very (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)
HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY
CONTINUED
blonde young ladies (both wearing mammoth dark glasses) to really upset onlookers. Comedian Wynn saw fit to wear an identical pair of sunglasses throughout dinner. Spectators who appreciate that sort of thing found it highly amusing, but most of the socialite customers stared and glared at Wynn & Company the entire evening.

Most of the laughs in "It Should Happen To You" were ad libs by Judy Holliday on the set. They were written into the script. Too bad the hilarious banter exchanged by Judy and Mary ("French Line") McCarthy, during the latter's Persian Room personal appearances, couldn't have been recorded. From her ringside table at the Plaza Hotel, Judy let loose with a steady barrage of quips that had other patrons, as well as Mary McCarthy, rolling on the floor. The McCarthy exit line, as she finished her act, was a direct invitation to Judy to return to the Persian Room "every night. I can use you in the play." It literally tore the house down.

On his last visit to town, Clark Gable gave most of the major night clubs a big play, and he was spotted in as many as five and six different cafes nightly but never with a party of friends numbering less than eight.

Toughest assignment to get, according to newsmen, was a daytime interview with the star—he was never available until after sundown and never after sunrise.

Betty Grable and Harry James received 70% gross in their first showbusiness appearances together in Chicago before returning to Hollywood. They'll repeat their "in person" engagement in the East during the Spring and early Summer if they can swing the same financial deal. To date, Gotham theatres are not accepting those terms. The lone exception is the Palace Theatre where Judy Garland, Danny Kaye and Betty Hutton played long engagements. The Grable-James act would have to guarantee to play for a minimum of sixteen weeks beginning Easter Sunday at the Palace in order to get the booking. Nothing is definite yet. Meanwhile the Harry James household denies rumors the stock is on the wing again.

Sid Caesar has been undergoing hospital checkups weekly in between TV shows, trying to help medics determine the reason for his rapidly reduced weight. His Hollywood friends, greatly concerned, flooded his hospital room with gifts and flowers daily. Joan Crawford's nightly long distance telephone calls did much to cheer up Sid and his wife—that, plus her steady supply of mammoth chrysanthemums which she had dyed shocking pink by Gotham florist Arthur S. Brooks.

Joan Fontaine planed into town to discuss doing a Broadway stage show but wouldn't admit it to anyone. She claimed her brief visit was to shop and see friends, including her ex-husband, Bill Dozier, the TV producer now wed to Ann Rutherford. What Miss Fontaine doesn't know (until she reads it here) is that her play conference with top executives of the Theatre Guild, at the Pavillon Restaurant, was relayed almost word-for-word by interested eavesdroppers. The Theatre Guild plans to produce a musical version of "Jane Eyre" on Broadway early in 1955 starring Miss Fontaine but only if they can come to terms regarding salary and a leading man.

When Jose Ferrer revived his celebrated "Cyrano de Bergerac" for two weeks at the City Center (with Arlene Dahl playing Roxanne), an unexpected "extra" appeared in the cast during a matinee performance—Ralph Meeker, star of "Picnic," the Broadway hit. Ralph once served as assistant stage manager to Ferrer's "Cyrano" back in 1946 during the original run of the play in New York. His impromptu appearance on the stage of the City Center didn't "throw" Ferrer one bit—but it did catch Arlene Dahl on guard for a breathless moment. She almost missed a cue—an entrance line promptly supplied by Meeker saving the scene.

This gay gathering of famous faces at Pen & Pencil includes Charles Boyer, Gloria Swanson, Jacques Bergerac, Ginger Rogers, Van Johnson, Ethel Merman and Earl Blackwell, proxy of Celebrity Service, who threw the party for the Bergeracs.
Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were so impressed with the trailer they lived in during the filming of their new MGM movie, "The Long, Long Trailer"—completely modern, it has living room, dining room, bed room, bath, kitchen and a tiny nursery for the two Arnaz offspring—they decided to shop around and price one. They wasted a lot of time doing so. The day they finished the film, the trailer, wrapped in yards of Cellophane and bright pink ribbons, was presented to the "I Love Lucy" stars. A bronze plaque proudly proclaims the fact "Lucy and Desi live here" and it hangs side-by-side with the long, long trailer's license plates .

Julius La Rosa has given up wearing his high school ring—he now sports a handsome star sapphire set in platinum and diamonds. It's a gift but he isn't telling whom it's from. As for the discarded school ring, that's at home with his mother who wears it occasionally as a keepsake. The only time Julius reverted back to wearing his old ring was the day he was scheduled for a photographic sitting. He doffed the new bauble, donned the

MAGGI'S PRIVATE WIRE

LISTENING IN ON WHAT'S GOING ON BEHIND THE TELEVISION SCENE

By MAGGI McNELLIS

old and was his own boyish self in cashmere sweater and sports shirt. Dorothy McGuire and Julius declined to comment on his Christmas gift to her. They wouldn't confirm nor deny the reports she found a pair of diamond and star sapphire earrings in her Xmas stocking—set in platinum, too .

Janette Davis continues to be one of TV's best dressed young talents despite the fact she spends most of her earnings helping to send her brothers and sisters through school. She has a natural knack for selecting practical clothes and she's able to work magic with accessories .

Les Paul and Mary Ford's home in Oakland, New Jersey, is completely equipped with a special studio for filming a TV series. They make all their popular recordings there and also tape their radio programs with all the comforts of home. Prospective TV sponsors have given them the go-ahead sign to pilot any TV show ideas they may have, but to date the Paul-Ford act hasn't gotten around to it. If they're stuck for ideas, I wonder how many Les Paul-Mary Ford fans would like to see a telefilm series of the celebrated entertainers just being themselves at home by the fireside? Fans who would should write their favorites and let them know .

The on-again, off-again Ann Sothern-Richard Egan romance may have culminated (continued on next page)
in marriage by the time you read this. If it hasn't, intimates feel the popular star of "Private Secretary" will never again walk down the aisle because actor Egan was the closest Ann has ever come to finding her "ideal mate." If she doesn't marry, she'll devote all of her time to raising her young daughter and concentrating on TV with occasional movie appearances.

Comedian Joel Grey's favorite singer is Patti Page and he doesn't seem to care who knows it—he's really smitten with the "singing rage" . . .

Conrad Hilton, the multi-millionaire hotelman, and ex-father-in-law of Elizabeth Taylor, is leaving no stone unturned in an endeavor to get the lovely Liz and her second spouse, Mike Wilding, paired off for a telefilm series in which the glamorous Hollywood married couple would visit all of the Hilton hotels throughout the world giving wardrobe, travel and educational tips on what to do away from home. MGM studio bosses say the idea is not for Liz, but the determined Hilton is not to be put off so easily. This project bears watching . . .

The "Godfrey Clause" which Robert Q. Lewis has in his TV contract (it allows him to leave his own show in order to pinch-hit for Arthur if and whenever he's needed) may be expanded to include personal appearances by Robert Q. heading a Godfrey Gang unit in vaudeville houses throughout the country beginning early in May. The touring unit would triple Robert Q.'s already high TV salary. It isn't the matter of money, however, that makes the pending project so attractive to Godfrey's personal stand-by—he just likes the idea of getting to meet his public in the flesh. Another hoped-for assignment for Robert Q., along about February 1955, is the secondary male role in the forthcoming musical comedy version of "Gone With The Wind," which is earmarked for the New York stage—the part of Ashley Wilkes (played by the late Leslie Howard in the screen version). If Robert Q. can have that and TV, too, he'll be in seventh heaven . . .

TV will be the answer to Gene Nelson's career problems—still on the downgrade ever since the Jane Powell "incident." Interest will be revived in his talents when he's offered his own video variety show during the coming Summer months (after he returns from the London Palladium in June). Sally Forrest, screen star, is being mentioned as Gene's possible TV dancing partner . . .

Ann Rutherford, happy as Mrs. Bill Dozier, gave her complete approval to the suggestion that Diana Lynn might be ideal for the leading feminine role in a telefilm series which Dozier's Cornwall Productions telefilm company may produce. This is news inasmuch as Diana Lynn was once linked romantically with producer Dozier before he wed the Rutherford lass . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks West (Eve Arden) will adopt their fourth and last child sometime late in September. It will be a boy about eighteen months old. An additional wing is being built onto their Beverly Hills home and it will comprise four separate bedrooms (each with private bath) plus a mammoth playroom, for use by the children as they grow and grow . . .

Arlene Francis is gifted with pate at Frank Di Lello's Baccara Restaurant.

Edith Adams, of "Wonderful Town" and TV, with stage co-star George Gaines.
A specialty shop featuring custom-made jewelry and sports clothes for men and women is in the works—one branch in Beverly Hills, the other in New York. The creations will be the personalized designs of Jerome Thor (with an assist from his wife, Sydna Scott)—Jerry will work out his ideas, Sydna will approve them and leading manufacturers will execute same. Mrs. Thor hasn't a piece of jewelry in her fabulous collection that wasn't designed for her by her husband. As for her clothes, most of her coats and dresses, made in Europe, were first whipped up on paper by Jerry...

The Jackie Cooper-Peggy Ann Garner romance is on ice—he's resumed again with Janis Paige now that the Paige lass has terminated her dating with Hollywood producer Bert Friedlob, formerly wed to Eleanor Parker, once reported romancing with Jackie Cooper. Had enough?...

Art Carney fractures his "Jackie Gleason Show" pals in-between rehearsals of the telecast by giving out his take-off of Wally Cox as Mr. Peepers. Those who've seen it—including Wally Cox—say it's a brilliant satire and Mr. Peepers himself keeps asking Art to do it at private parties around town. To date Wally Cox hasn't come up with an impression of Art, but friends say he's working on it...

Perry Como has decided he won't tint his locks back to their natural dark shade—he'll soon vie with Jeff Chandler in the pepper 'n salt tresses department—looks real dreamy, of course. Loyal Como fans apparently wouldn't care if the talented Perry were as bald as a billiard ball—he'd still be their singing favorite. Ray Milland, on the other hand, dipped his hair in dark brown dye for his "Meet Mr. McNutley" telefilm series and the results are in from his fans. 4-to-1, they'd prefer to see their sikh guy with his natural silver locks—the touched-up hair looks it, they aver. Other males who take care of their hair include Milton Berle, Ralph Bellamy and Adolphe Menjou. For various reasons, it's best for them professionally to ward off grey hair. Red Buttons, one-time carrot-topped star claims it's been so long since he's had naturally red hair, he's forgotten what shade it actually was. He'll stick to the closely-cropped greying crew-cut despite the nearness of color TV...

Hollywood's Tab Hunter and Van Johnson are up for a series of telefilms (but not together, of course), as are June Allyson and Jeanne Crain. Sheldon Reynolds, the "Foreign Intrigue" and "Sherlock Holmes" producer will supervise the programs for the quartet. Pilot films of each will be made during the next six months in New York at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)
A touch of color to brighten up your home! We show you gay and useful selections offered by the Variety Stores. At left, Nina och, who appears in MGM's "Executive Suite," relaxes comfortably in a charming corner. Printed Crash "Shorts," pinch-pleated tops, $2.98. In solid colors, $1.98. Brass lamp, $7.98. Formica top end table, $9.98. Throw pillows in green, red, grey or copper, $1.98. All from W. T. GRANT. New household items dress up a familiar room.

1. A bright floral picture in a solid black 13" x 16" frame, $1.89. At KRESS.

2. O-CEL-O sponges—many colors . . . many sizes. From 19¢ to 63¢. The dish mop, 39¢. At most Variety Stores.


4. Paint roller and paint pan tray, $1.49. S. S. KRESGE CO.

5. The Skotch Kooler to keep food hot or cold. $7.98 at GRANT'S.

6. Plastic shelving and edging combined. 98¢ a roll. Sold at most McCORY Stores.

7. Wrought iron—brass finish magazine rack, $2.98. At GRANT'S.

8. 4-piece cannister set 79¢. Cosmos design. S. H. KRESS.

9. Lace paper doilies and place mats by MILAPACO. 100 in a box. Sold at most of the Variety Stores.

SCREENLAND VARIETY VALUES (CONTINUED)

1. Venetian blinds in white or eggshell from S. H. KRESS. Blinds are six feet long. For 18” to 36” widths—$2.98; 37” to 39”—$3.98; and 40” to 43” widths—$4.98.

2. Wrought iron cylinder, finished in black with a contrasting brass base—a white parchment shade! The lamp for only $3.98 at McCORY’S.

3. If you prefer the old-fashioned tone! This milk glass boudoir lamp for $2.19 at the BEN FRANK-LIN and SCOTT Stores. Shades in assorted colors.

4. A chenille bath mat and seat cover. S. H. KRESS has this set for 98c. It comes in various colors to match bathroom accessories. Requires no ironing!

5. Satin tufted design wastebasket from McLELLAN Stores. In decorative pink and blue. Priced at 79c.

6. Attractive pitcher, 59c, with glasses to meet all needs. Glasses range from 10c to 19c. Green only. McLELLAN’S.

7. A plaid pillow made of Chromspun for 98c. For your bedroom or living room. Keyed to all decorating plans. At S. S. KRESGE Co.

8. Decorative ceramic doe from BEN FRANK-LIN and SCOTT Stores. Colorful details are hand-painted. The price is just 49c.

9. Available at McLELLAN Stores. The bath mat and seat cover in blue, green, rose, wine or gold. This set $1.

10. Elegant glass vase, $1.19. S. H. KRESS. Artificial long stem roses, 15c. In red, pink or yellow. McCORY Stores carry these.
RECORD ROUNDPUP

The “Jane Pickens Show” is heard coast-to-coast six times a week, on the NBC Radio Network Monday through Friday, 2:45—2:55 P.M. EST. and Thursday, 10:35—11:00 P.M. EST.

Tops In Movie Music


Other Toppers

Frank Laine’s “I’d Give My Life” and “Granada” for Columbia. — “The Game Of Love” and “Let Me Love You” by Bill Darnell for Decca. — “Mystery Street” and “Theme From Eight O’Clock Walk” by Melachrino Strings for Victor. — Teresa Brewer’s “Our Heart Breaking Waltz” and “Bell Bottom Blues” for Coral. — Martin Kane Theme” and “Love” by Charles Paul for MGM. — Ted Stewart’s “Most Beautiful Girl In The World” album for MGM. — “Ask Me No Questions” and “If I Never Get To Heaven” by Billy Williams’ Quartet for Mercury. — George Shearing’s “Tiempo De Cencerro,” two sides, for MGM. — “The Creep” and “Just One More Chance” by the Three Suns for Victor. — “I Get So Lonely” and “I Couldn’t Stay Away From You” by the Four Knights for Capitol. — Jerry Vale’s “And This Is My Beloved” and “Two Purple Shadows” for Columbia. — “Drag-net Polka” and “My Song For You” by the Tune Toppers for MGM.

Grab Bag


Columbia’s Doris Day at swank Hollywood party chatting with Marie Wilson. Doris has hit in “Secret Love” and “Deadwood Stage,” from “Calamity Jane.” Bing Crosby and Barbara Logan in his first TV film. He finally succumbed.
ASK A MAN—any man—how he likes a woman to wear her hair and he’ll tell you “long.” What he actually means is that he admires that soft, natural, utterly feminine look that is the special prerogative of un-cropped hair. It’s undoubtedly this very pronounced masculine preference that’s behind our national favorite—the shoulder-length bob. Because the style prevails year in and year out with such unaltering success we asked one of its most enchanting devotees, Sally Forrest, to come help us show you some lovely new adaptations for Spring 1954. For a real beauty like Sally, we naturally wanted a top hair-stylist and that’s just what we got in Maurice Grey, a master of his profession if there ever were (he’d just won an award the very week before he did Sally’s hair for us). Maurice, being a superb craftsman, would have loved to give Sally a new version of an Italian hair-cut, as a complete and refreshing change from the long hair she’s worn so consistently. For this style, he would have cut and shaped her hair to a 3-inch length and then arranged it with a center part and soft curls to frame her pretty face and forehead. Of course, this was not to be, but Maurice had his little flight of fancy anyway. The lovely styles he did evolve for Sally are the very ones you see in our photographs. There you can see how he fixed her hair in a casual arrangement first. The second hair-do is a romance-inspiring style in which the hair is waved away from the face, with an interesting formation of curls at the back and a soft bang framing her forehead. (Another version that Maurice suggested would have the hair combed softly to the face, with a wide wave on top.) For evening, Maurice evolved the asymmetric line that is so remarkably becoming to Sally and such a dependable device for achieving a feeling of formality.

Whichever arrangement you favor, remember that it can only be effective if the hair is shining clean and properly groomed. To be sure, Sally’s very beautiful blonde hair had the benefit of Maurice’s personal ministrations at his Madison Avenue Salon, but all is not lost simply because you don’t live within commuting distance of that New York address. Make like a hairdresser yourself, if need be, and see if a carefully thought-out hair beauty program doesn’t produce some dramatically pleasing results.

Start, as a professional does, with a shampoo preceded by a really thorough hair-brushing. Chances are, you’ve skimped on that preliminary brushing. Don’t, because it’s an important help in ridding your scalp and hair of dandruff, dust, and the like—it also gives an assist to your circulation. The next step is to give your hair a rinse (with a spray, if possible). Then

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A LOVELY STAR AND A TALENTED HAIR-STYLIST
PLOT NEW BEAUTY FOR YOUR SPRINGTIME HAIRDO
By Elizabeth Lapham

For formal occasions Sally’s hair is brushed in an asymmetric style with fullness on one side.

In a romantic arrangement Sally wears her hair with casual bangs and a formation of back curls.
Lovely Sally Forrest, currently in RKO's "Son Of Sinbad," has her blonde shoulder-length hair styled softly for every day.
For ostensibly, neither one of them has stopped being the other’s complete opposite just as they were when they first fell in love. June is still the wide-eyed impressionable girl she was when she came to Hollywood. Dick is the same courtly, sophisticated guy who was the suave singing idol of the thirties, and as ready now as he was then with the inevitable wisecrack that is his way of covering up his emotions.

They haven’t changed a bit, outwardly anyway. Dick masking his love for her with the kidding nicknames that would send any girl but the one he married to packing her bags and looking up lawyers’ telephone numbers. June wearing that vulnerable heart of hers on her sleeve and not even trying to disguise the fact that Dick’s is the name engraved on it. No wonder Hollywood said a couple like that could never make a go of marriage. No wonder people still can’t figure it out, long after they had to swallow all their dire predictions of calamity. And come right down to it, maybe no one is more surprised than June and Dick themselves. For nothing that had happened to them before could have left either one of them with any tendency to take anything, especially happiness for granted.

Of course, looking in from the outside Dick Powell’s life seemed pretty marvelous. He had all the things that most people want—money, good looks, a personality that charmed everyone, and above all success. But Dick knew the biggest thing of all was lacking and that was the love he thought he had found so many times, only to discover a wife and a home and children weren’t meant for him after all. No one knew how deeply that disappointment had cut into his heart, for Dick isn’t one to talk about the things that are really important to him.

June doesn’t talk much about the time before Dick came into her life either. But when she does you realize how slowly the ghosts of her past are buried. She isn’t Mrs. Richard Powell then, mistress of one of Hollywood’s loveliest homes. She isn’t June Allyson, the fabulous movie star who still somehow manages to look like a kid who has just parked her roller skates outside. She isn’t even Pamela’s and Ricky’s proud and adoring mother. All the success that has come to her, all the love, are momentarily crowded out by the stark realism that for her took the place of childhood. Again she is the six-months-old baby whose father deserted her mother; the child who never knew the security of a lasting home; the little girl barely entering her teens whose back was broken in the same accident that killed the stray puppy, which by some miracle, she had been allowed to keep.

It wasn’t a life to put dreams in any girl’s heart or stars in her eyes. But it was sometime during those months, when no one but herself thought she would ever walk again, that June found the determination that was to build a new life for herself, and the courage to make it possible.

Her childhood set the keynote for her success. Being June with all her talent and good looks and drive, it was inevitable that she would find a compensation for the drabness of her growing years. But until she met Dick love was something she read about in novels and saw in the movies. Now suddenly it became real, but the reality only made it the more fantastic. For enduring love and happiness were just words to June then. Neither of them had proved lasting either to her or to those around her. If ever there were a girl without security, either emotional or financial, June was that girl.

Since this is a love story, we won’t go into the events that brought June to Hollywood, a fledgling starlet who still couldn’t quite believe that the success she had dreamed of was hers at last. All her inner gayety came out of its cocoon then, in spite of her inherent shyness. But now that success was really in her grasp it frightened her as much as it thrilled her. For in June’s world the wonderful things had never lasted.

Then she met Dick. Just meeting him hit her hard—Dick Powell, the star she had been so crazy about when she was a kid. She had seen every picture he’d been in. She was so excited she couldn’t breathe, as if she were still one of his fans instead of being a part of the Hollywood picture herself. Then almost immediately she realized this was more than just a girl idolizing a movie idol. A girl needn’t have known love before to recognize it when it comes.

That was when the tears really came back, not only to her but to Dick too, knowing how emotionally involved he had become with this wide-eyed kid who was so completely different from any woman who had been important to him before. It was a situation any scenario writer could have gone to town on—a girl falling in love for the first time, and reaching for the stars she had been afraid to believe in before; and a man who thought he had found love more times than he wanted to remember, only to lose it with an inevitability which left him disillusioned and cynical. Only it happened that June and Dick were writing this story themselves and not quite daring to believe they were writing it for keeps. They wrote it straight, and with their hearts, and there weren’t any romantic furbelows.

Even that day they became engaged there wasn’t any of that honeysuckle-in-June aura about them. June had just been to the dentist and Dick was driving her home when suddenly as they stopped for a red light Dick slipped the ring on her finger. Her mouth was so numbed with novocaine she didn’t even feel it when Dick kissed her. And to this day June is still a little nettled about that.

But their marriage more than made up for all that. They’re not romantic as romance is generally thought of by the young. They don’t go jaunting off to Sun Valley in the season or to Paris or Rome or the Riviera or even to New York. The one time Dick felt June needed a rest and persuaded her to go to Hawaii for a few weeks, they were both miserable until they were home under their own roof again. Just home and bodies to the core ... that’s the Powells, who still would rather be with each other than anyone else in the world. Their secret, if there is one, is probably just as simple as that.

Both June and Dick were brought up in a school that made them recognize the true values in life and hold on to them. They know that love and happiness aren’t just miracles that happen to the favored few, but have to be earned like any other success.

Their personalities are still as apart as the poles. But that’s unimportant when a man’s and a girl’s hearts are set on the
same course, and if that course has ever waivered no one but the two of them know about it. Still, it's obvious their marriage hasn't always been clear sailing. There was the time, in the very beginning of their marriage, Jane's career suddenly began zooming, just at the time when Dick's seemed suddenly at an end. It took doing for both of them to overcome a matrimonial hazard like that, especially in Hollywood. There were other bad times too, just as there are in any marriage. But it is indicative of the Powells that they always showed their devotion to each other most at the point where so many other marriages fail.

Maybe that's what Hollywood has come to know about them. Maybe that is why they are the most envied young married couple in Hollywood today. Maybe that's why Saint Valentine's Day, for all the fun and the gags and the presents they give each other, isn't really different from any other day in June's and Dick's scheme of things. For feeling as they do about each other, how could they possibly cram more love into any one day, no matter how special, than they do into all the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year.

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JANE HAS THREE HEADS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

the niceties. What I mean is so plain to me, I get impatient with all the palaver."

Here's a typical story of Jane. You can draw your own conclusions about her predictability.

One of the passionate dislikes of her studio life is the gallery sitting. No star really enjoys them, but to get the impatient Jane to sit still for two days in a row takes a lot of maneuvering. The usual studio schedule for these sessions goes something like this: 10:30—make-up and hair-styling; 12:30—lunch; 1:30—por-
trait gallery. La Russell is invariably late, so everyone more or less expects her to arrive about eleven. Consequently the whole day's schedule is shifted for her, and all appointments are carefully ar-
ranged at later hours. As his rate, he is seated in the gallery about 2:45, which leaves only two hours for some thirty-
six pictures.

Well, lo and behold, the first day of the sittings Jane showed up at 10:10 for hair and make-up. At eleven the studio pub-
licity girl got a roaring call from Jane.

"So I'm ready—where is everybody? Drag me in this early and nobody's ready!"

Whereupon the publicity gal madly rounded up cameraman, electrician, ward-
robe woman, etc., getting all to the gal-

lery ahead of Jane, who swept in like a tornado. By lunch time they had fin-
ished twelve pictures, a Russell record. Promptly after lunch, Jane returned to the gallery.

The publicity girl was watching the well-behaved and prompt Miss Russell with suspicion, especially when it was discovered that Jane had forgotten to bring one wardrobe change from home. The publicist said casually, "Oh, well, we can take it on tomorrow's sittings."

Whereupon the new Jane remarked, "I don't want to work tomorrow. I've made other plans. I thought we might get it all done today!" This was what Jane had planned at 10:10 in the a.m., but she didn't let the others know until she'd de-
cided the timing was right. Well, they finished all photos that day—mainly be-
cause they love this very "predictable" dame. But they weren't the same for days.

Even her attitude about sexy pictures for publicity purposes has its unpredict-
able side. Jane has a few cryptic remarks on the subject of sexy shots: "The sexy stuff is a necessary evil in this business. Except for the first pictures taken of me when I was a nineteen-year-old green-
horn, I think they have all conformed more or less to good taste."

But by the way in which she lowers her head when she says that, you know she has memories of the times she refused to wear costumes that left little to the imagination, and then finally, under pressure, gave in and wore them.

Jane has all the tactics of a field mar-
shal. She can sneak up on her objective, she can scare it to death with a burst of cannon fodder, she can woo the enemy with logical and loving phrases, or she can barter like a central market green grocer. If Jane were put in the United Nations she would at least confuse her opponents, and there is a sneaking sus-
picion that she might bowl them over sufficient to get some sorely needed concessions—especially those regarding families, children, and people in need.

Which brings us to another Head. Jane's Home Head is a complete switch from the Studio Head. When she steers her con-

vertible into the Hollywood Hills after a hard day of working and screaming, she melts at the sight of the soft light in the window. By the time she hits the door, the Studio Head has disappeared and she walks in as Mrs. Robert Waterfield, wife and mother.

"All day long people come to me for decisions," Jane explains, "so when I get home I want to be told what's going to happen. I never make a dinner date or plan a party. Robert decides what we'll do and how we'll do it. Then he tells me. It's a relief to go home and just be taken care of."

"I was a square at math, so he handles all the business and money mess. When I want something I ask if I can have it. If Robert says, 'Yes,'—fine. If not, I know we can't afford it. I don't have to worry about anything but keeping the kind of home going that we both want."

"I feel very deeply about the home," Jane said firmly. "I've been called old-

fashioned, but to me the home is the very basis of security and life. Maybe I can explain it this way. Let's say we have two circles—one big (that's the world) and one little (that's the home). Now, a man is trained throughout his whole life-
time to turn outward towards the world. It is his responsibility to the world to prove how happy and well-off his family is.

"Now, a woman, on the other hand, is turned inward to her own little circle—
the home. She has been reared to think first of her responsibility to the home. So even though she works too, a woman is instinctively more interested in her home and in her normal position in it. She ex-
pects her man to be disinterested in the little details of keeping that home the way they both want it—because he has the outward responsibility to the world. But as he is her security, she, in her in-

stinctive inward-looking, will give him the things any man needs most. And any man needs the inner security of know-

ing he is needed, depended upon, and

Jane Russell does a sensational bubble bath sequence in "The French Line," her Technicolor musical for RKO. She doesn't care whether people like her or not.
Judy’s Difficult Comeback

(continued from page 25)

weight. To see for myself I went out to the studio to watch her do a scene. And what a scene! She was getting out of bed and was wearing very, very short pajama tops. There was ample view of her legs—and this scene alone should settle any talk about Garland’s excess pulchritude. This gal has a figure!

Judy has about thirty-two changes in the picture, including some leggy outfits, so this should make it obvious that she has to be cutting a trim outline in this production.

Judy has thinned down to a neat package. She has been watching her diet very intently and she has seldom looked as well as she does now.

There were many problems connected with the picture that caused talk. The film, for one thing, went into production and then was halted after two weeks shooting. This started the rumors going. The shooting was stopped because it was suddenly decided to make it in Cinemascope. This meant a complete changeover in almost all departments. And so when everything was once again in shape, the cameras rolled again.

Before production began, Judy, Sid, and director George Cukor spent weeks making countless tests to be sure that no detail was left unsettled. There was, too, the much-publicized story of Hugh Martin, who had been signed to do the arranging for Judy’s songs and who was reported to have quit the deal in a considerable huff. This is the real story of that episode.

Hugh had one idea for the songs and Judy had another. They compromised and recorded some numbers both his way and hers. Ray Heindorf, the musical director, was then called in and he sided with Judy. Hugh thereupon left the picture. He didn’t return, as reported, walk off the set dramatically.

On the set Judy has been anything but temperamental. She has been in a gay mood, often kidding with members of the crew. It’s true she had a case of nerves the first day she came in to record a song, but after she had done the number she became the star. She was okay from then on in. Her voice, by the way, has never been better. She’ll rip your heart out when she sings. And wait until you hear her give out with “The Man That Got Away!”

Judy wouldn’t indulge in temperament now because, after all, with Sid as producer she wants to do all she can to help him. Then, too, she loves working with George Cukor. Cukor directed most of MGM’s top stars but somehow had never worked with Judy, so this is quite an occasion. He’s not a director either to take any fancy carrying-on. He’s painstaking in detail, demands hard work, and is not given to playing second fiddle to any star. This Judy has recognized and has respected him for his attitude.

Then there’s the matter of Judy’s reaction to her co-star, James Mason. She seems to enjoy him thoroughly. She really raised eyebrows when she began calling the austere star, “Jimmy.” As far as anyone can tell, no other star who has worked with him has ever managed to get that informal with him.

There’s no truth to the many rumors that Mason’s part has been cut down to almost nothing in favor of building up Judy’s role. She insisted that his part be given its real importance. In fact, he has a little more footage than she has. A lot was also made of various stars’ turning down the role opposite Judy. The facts are that it was offered to only one actor—Gary Grant—who didn’t feel he was right for the part.

Another member of the cast is Jack Carson. The first day he came on the set he and Judy threw their arms around each other in a happy embrace. She and Jack had worked together some years ago in vaudeville. She was eleven at the time. And this was the first time they had been together since.

Judy is more interested in her career now than she ever has been—but that doesn’t necessarily mean she’s all picture-minded. She intends to go out on another personal appearance tour after the picture is completed. She likes playing to an audience. She will never forget the closing night, for instance, at the Palace Theatre in New York. She had been there for nineteen weeks and that last night she came on the stage at ten and didn’t leave until twelve-fifteen. She had half the audience crying. You don’t get much thrills standing behind a camera.

As for Judy’s personal life, from all indications everything seems to be in shape.

Judy’s past marital experiences have looked up to. If that’s old-fashioned, I think we’d all better start getting back to the eighteen-hundreds.”

Jane is not particularly domestic in terms of mopping the floor or whipping up a batch of cookies, but she’ll always make a good home wherever she is because of her beliefs. Jane’s Home Head needs to be taken care of, babied a bit, and allowed to mother. It also needs the feeling of appreciation for her qualities as a woman—and Robert obviously fills that need.

Jane’s other Head—which has had so much written about it—is her great and sincere faith in God. Being a forthright woman she has felt no hesitancy in discussing this very root of her life. Jane’s entire religious background and belief can be summed up in, “Whosoever believing.” For where she may not be strong in some phases of Christianity, she has a faith that would lead prominent ministers to sigh in longing. It is a blind, childlike faith that “All things do work together for good to them that love God.” And nothing will ever shake Jane’s belief.

“My religion,” Jane explains quietly, “gives me the perspective and balance for all phases of my life. When I’m in a mood it will get me out of it. When I lose my temper it will whip me into shape in a hurry. And when I’m forced to make a difficult decision, prayer is my simple answer. God is the pattern, the warmth, and the light. He is the reason for my being alive and for living the way I do—or should. My religion is the Hope in the world. Without it we’d be in the Dark Ages. And my kind of hope would make an optimist out of a Dorothy Parker character.”

Well, there she is. Take your pick of one or all. The Studio Head that says, “Aw, everybody knows I yell and scream because I have to—they know it’s just wind.” Or the Home Head that says, “I’m a ‘bring him his pipe and slippers and keep the kids quiet’ kind of woman.” Or the Religious Head that, like all of us, must surely feel, “There is no good thing in me lest He makes it.”
been anything but happy. Both David Rose and Vincente Minnelli were brilliant men but they were more interested in their own art rather than in Judy’s. Sid is not only concerned with her career but he’s actively engaged in all she does. They have many interests in common too. In addition, he’s a strong man on whom Judy knows she can depend. In the past, Judy often felt left out of things and she had no one to whom she could turn.

She and Sid recently bought a new home in Holmby Hills. While it was being redecorated they lived at the Bel-Air Hotel, although Judy’s children stayed at the new house since their wing didn’t have to be redone. Every evening after work Sid and Judy went to the house to see the children. spent most of the evening with them, and then returned to their hotel.

When Judy had any time off she was helping build the patio at her new home. Her feelings about the house reflect themselves in her new calm and relaxed attitude towards life. She is not trying to escape reality. She wants to live a full life. The way she spends her time on the set between shots kidding with the crew or with fellow actors is further indication that tension-ridden Judy has begun to take, at long last, a good, earnest look at life and find it needn’t be always an emotional crisis.

You can almost place bets now that “A Star Is Born” will be finished, that Judy will do an unforgettable job, and that the picture will be a resounding hit. In the same way, you can get the feeling that Judy may not make many more pictures. In fact, some think that “A Star Is Born” may be her last one. There’s too strong a feeling in Judy about returning to direct contact with the people, to go back to the kind of business which gave her her start. It’s to be hoped that she will not completely turn her back on movies because the industry can use her great talent.

Judy, from all indications and from all available facts, has a new lease on life. It is also to be hoped that she has her heart settled in a firm kind of happiness. That has been long overdue in this great but confused star’s days.

Designer Billy Tredille goes over his costumes with Betty Grable for her personal appearances. “They want to see my legs. I won’t disappoint them,” she says.

couldn’t go along on his own, backed up by a long and fruitful career in the band business, he was not going to rely on gimmicks. He’d rather quit. And between the two of them it has always been that way—live and let live. Neither has ever intruded on the other when it has come to building up separate careers, or weathering the bad until the good came along.

There was one night that this writer remembers. The Harry Jameses are good friends of Claudette Colbert and her husband, a brilliant ear and throat specialist. They had driven rather hurriedly from the Del Mar racetrack where their stable of horses had been given a home, prior to winning a lot of nice, if sometimes small purses.

It was a dark, dismal night, and the rain had given the streets a coating like wax. There was a crash, a rapid turning of the wheel, the car side-slipped and skidded towards the oncoming traffic. Betty hit the windshield.

Four hours later Dr. Joel Pressman, Claudette’s husband, looked at Betty’s disfigured, almost pulverized face. “You’ll have to have a new nose,” he said, not too jocularly.

And Betty, through the bandages, the clotted blood and the pain, managed to grin. “If I need that,” she said, “I’d rather quit. No facial surgery for this girl if it means picking up an option.”

Actual truth of the matter is that Betty’s face was in such a state that a little facial surgery would have improved her looks. No nose is ever perfect. No chin, or eye-line, or neck can’t be done over with good effect.

But Dr. Pressman was not a facial surgeon, and Betty was not a guinea pig. She got well pretty quickly and she emerged from the bandages and the hospitalization as she always was—Betty Grable.

It was an incident that emphasized Betty Grable’s great quality: a total and utter absence of any artificiality. At no time in her long time career has she ever resorted to aids that might prolong her

WHAT’S HAPPENING TO BETTY GRABLE?

(continued from page 27)

time now, Betty has been barnstorming around the country with Harry James. It’s no secret that when she married the “Young Man With A Horn” Betty felt that one day the tables might be turned—that Harry would be the star, and Betty merely the loving wife and devoted mother.

But the bottom fell out of the band business, and it’s hardly to be disguised that a nation-wide public who was ready, able and willing to be entertained and amused and thrilled, suddenly found that it could take a band or leave it well alone.

What happened is old news. The public who once cried and laughed and became limp with the musical antics of the biggest band names in the country turned apathetic. They’d rather dance to the radio, to the small town, local and permanent orchestra—and that new thing television.

About everyone from Harry “Young Man With A Horn” James to Guy “Sweetest Music This Side Of Heaven” Lombardo died a miserable death. And Betty Grable shot up to new heights in the movie business, and Harry James did all right on his own—but not as well as either of them had hoped he would do.

Could all this past history have inspired what is happening today between Betty Grable and Harry James? It’s possible. Both are fantastically rich. Both have made a signal success of their individual careers. And, wonder of wonders, there never has been any clash of tempers, through one achieving one thing and the other failing at another.

This girl, this Betty Grable has been in Harry James’ life more than a star, a successful wife, a mate to turn to in dark, dismal moments. All her friends will tell you that in need, Betty’s the most wonderful friend in the world. And that’s exactly what she has been to husband, Mr. James.

One night, Harry said: “Well, it’s happened again. They cancelled out in New Jersey. Things are getting tough for bands, I guess.”

Up to her ears in movie commitments, Betty said, “I know I’m an attraction. Will it help if I give up the new movie, and come along. I’ll just sit around.”

Harry grinned, patted her on the shoulder. “The music’s the same,” he said.

“Let’s not change the tune.”

Betty got it straight. If Harry James
life in movie business, or accentuate her already good looks.

If Betty quit tomorrow, she would have no regrets, hardly any problems. She has never hidden the fact that she would rather be Mrs. Harry James, and the mother of two darling girls, Vicki and Jessica, than the biggest star in all Hollywood.

"We're like sisters," she told this writer once. "We have a wonderful time together, and sometimes I think of what would have happened if I had been a star first and a mother last. I think I must be the happiest woman in the world because I have never allowed my professional life to intrude on my private world."

Probably what Mr. and Mrs. Harry James like more than anything in the world, after their home life and their studio or theatre life, is horses. It has been an infectious hobby, and something that even Vicki has picked up. They have never stood in the way of her looking over the Racing Form and picking some selections—usually with luck.

They fly all over the nation to catch good racing, even if their own horses are not running. Vicki loves this, although she can't always go with them because of schooling. One day she took a fork from the kitchen drawer and poked the racing form and Betty, startled, said:

"What on earth are you doing, darling?"

"Oh," said Vicki, "I got tired of picking winners. I thought I'd like to pick win, place and show."

That night Betty turned to Harry and said, "Do you think this racing business is bad for the children?"

Harry grinned. "We have girls, remember. No chance for any bookmakers in the business."

Recently, for the first time in their careers Betty Grable and Harry James appeared in an act together. They played a week at the Chicago Theatre, in Chicago, and a week at the Michigan Theatre in Detroit. From the way the audience responded to their efforts Betty and Harry know they are still big box-office, together and individually. But does this mean that Betty has decided to retire from the movies after she makes the postponed "The Pleasure Is All Mine," the musical she agreed to do for Columbia right after 20th Century-Fox dropped her? Up to now it has almost seemed as though Betty were sorry she had signed to do this picture. This is the only film commitment she has, however, and after that, then what? Perhaps Betty thinks that the end is in sight for her," says one friend. "She may well feel that the face has become too familiar, the figure monotonous. But Joan Crawford never looked better in tights than she did in "Torch Song," and while she may not be old enough to be Betty's mother, at least Joan shows that the old war horse still has plenty of vim and fire in it."

Whatever you may believe about Betty Grable, one fact is inescapable. She is perennially youthful. It's hard to even think that the star of 1933 is going as strong in 1953. It's even harder to believe that she may still be on top ten years from now!

The fact that her home studio dropped her contract means little in the future of a player who has sustained popularity with press and public alike for ages! Today, in the Hollywood studios, product has become more important than talent—and the fact that CinemaScope means more at the box-office than many of the stars is a point not to be ignored.

Betty Grable is only one of the stars being lost in the shuffle. But don't get the picture wrong, because Hollywood knows just what is happening with Betty Grable. "She's just sitting tight," say the experts, "and when she emerges from the confusion of what she really wants to do—Betty will probably prove that she's bigger than ever."

DON'T BE OBVIOUS, GIRLS!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

looking elsewhere. However, I suppose that in their own feminine self-assurance, they'd never give us credit for catching on to these obvious facts about them!

Before we go any further, I certainly hope this article won't sound as if I'm trying to answer that constant stream of magazine articles in which Hollywood bachelors are cussed and discussed by their female counterparts. I'm not. I'm just shooting off my big mouth. I'll be sorry, I'll bet, because I don't think for one moment that what I say will change anything whatever, unless it makes me the most dateless guy in town!

Take one of the most common types of obvious gals who, because of her assorted strategies, makes men run like scared rabbits in the opposite direction. She's the girl who's overwhelmed with her face and body beautiful. Her make-up, her hairstyle, her clothes and her jewelry are the last word. She's familiar with the trademark of every couturier, she's on speaking terms with all the chic milliners, and her knowledge of beauty preparations and perfumes is really fabulous. What she doesn't know about the world of high fashion isn't worth bothering with.

When she spends a day at the beach, she wears a Bikini suit that she hopes will mesmerize the men and annoy the women. She's fully aware of the impression she is creating, and she does
all she knows to accentuate it. The men hopefully wonder how the suit can possibly stay on when she gets into the water, and she toys in the breakers just to wet that hope. The women nourish the desire that she'll drown in the process.

On the other hand, during a recent trip to France, I saw a girl wearing that same kind of Bikini suit. She walked with ease, not inviting attention, completely unaware of the picture she created. On her the suit looked fine, and never once did you have the thought that she wasn't properly dressed for a swim. That same evening, playing against her own magnificent figure, she wore a high-necked dress, and she accentuated her charms four times as much as at the beach.

Doing the most with yourself is an admirable trait, but when it becomes the most important thing in a girl's life, she winds up a pretty one-sided character. All she knows and has time for are her own personal demands of her long-time project, and trying to steer her into any other channel of conversation is a futile move. Just the thought of the maintenance cost of such a wife is enough to frighten away the wealthiest of bachelors.

Next on the list is the career girl, and I guess the Hollywoods are full of them. She has the most fantastic one-track mind in existence, and she collects and directs all her thoughts into this one channel. Take her to a party, and she immediately cases the place for all the important people. If she doesn't know them, she'll ask you to introduce her, or she'll take matters into her own hands, make a beeline for her victim, and by some ruse or other engage him in conversation.

If she has heard that a producer present is in the throes of casting a picture, she really raises her attention upon him. She employs every wile she has at her command, draws him out with questions about his movie and remarks what a wonderful plot it has, and then adds she has been dying to act in just such a film. She's just as charming with the press people, and laughingly hands them little newy tidbits she's been saving for such an occasion.

What she fails to realize is that, in following this campaign, she puts herself in direct competition with her escort, who's in the same business. She'd be much wiser if she'd develop the protective angle in the man, and let him do all the groundwork for her. And believe me, it would be received much more effectively if he spearheaded everything for her.

Every actor knows and is on to the girl who is nice to the "little people." In this category she includes the grips, electricians and the so-called lesser important workers behind the celluloid scene. Yet these "little people" are onto her after she utters her first sentence, since they're hardened craftsmen who have seen her type come and go in the many decades they've put into their jobs. What she should do is to respect their real importance, not patronize them, and it takes a seasoned expert to do this.

(Continued on next page)
Life’s too short to cope with games, from the way I see it, and in this category is the enterprising girl who has your date with her planned down to the last detail without once having consulted you. She meets you at her door and announces: “We’ll have cocktails at the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and then we ought to go to Romanoff’s for dinner.”

Before you have a chance to open your mouth with a little suggestion of your own, she continues with: “Then there’s a wonderful show at Ciro’s, and if we watch the time, we can catch the late show at the Mocambo.” She does it all so matter-of-factly that you begin to feel that you’d be a flatfoot hick if you didn’t go along with her preplanned schedule. So, disenchanted, you have to go along with her notions.

As a rule, it’s the man who likes to do the planning and be the protagonist in his relationship with a woman. What’s worse, the program this kind of girl has outlined causes you to spend about $70.00 more than you had planned, and it knocks your personal budget for a loop. Maybe, since she’s doing all the planning, she should be handed the tabs for the evening. One such treatment would cure her!

Hollywood doesn’t have a corner on the next kind of obvious creature. She’s the one with a smattering knowledge of everything. Just mention any topic, and she’s off. She has just listened to the last Bob Hope show, which makes her a comedian and critic. She has caught a disc jockey’s half-hour session, and she can declaim about the latest with the songwriters, the musicians, and the hit tunes.

She barges into groups of assorted professional people, and rattles on about what’s what in their fields. What she is actually doing is playing a vast game of bluff, covering her insecurity by her incessant chatter, but unfortunately, her listeners are plainly aware of this. I cover my own insecurity by not talking, presuming that what people don’t know about me won’t hurt me!

Another kind of girl who gets up my dander is the vague thing who’s bored with life and can’t raise a glimmer of enthusiasm for anything. I take great pride in ordering a dinner well, for instance, because I feel this is a man’s job. Yet it can be pleasant, breast of guinea hen under glass, or cherries jubilee, but she doesn’t make a comment except to say the champagne isn’t chilled enough. She’s casual with her mink stole, drags and drapes it, but she never takes her eagle eye off it for a moment. It’s all a pose, of course, since she thinks this disinterest falls under the classification of great sophistication.

You can’t help but get the feeling that she’s eminently preoccupied with herself, and that she feels that you’re lucky to be out with such an experienced lady of the world. You begin to think just the opposite. Your true sophisticate praises a good hamburger as much as a grenadine of beef, she’s fun to be with because her wealth of living shows up in her generous personality and her
tolerance, and she has a sense of humor which makes the evening genuinely refreshing.

Among the two classifications of girls who are open books to men are the numbers who have been told they are sexy, so they all begin copying Marilyn Monroe. They effect the same hair, the sultry face, the walk. And I needn't point out to you that a copy is still an imitation, no matter how well the impersonation may turn out.

Every city has its professional lady artists or writers who dote on being called Bohemians. To me they are, for the greater part, merely poseurs who are rarely truly creative, but who revel in the so-called pseudo-intelligent, free life. As a rule, they dress to extremes, their houses are a mess, and they've been known to use bacon for bookmarks! Only a male Bohemian could possibly be interested in them!

Finally, there's the most lethal type of obvious lady. She's completely marriage-minded, and she uses the most effective weapon she knows—a happy example. You may have tickets for the fight, but she insists you have dinner with her friends Bill and Ginni, since they're such a great couple and live so happily in their rose-covered cottage. Besides, she points out to you, what could possibly be more wonderful than a good-cooked dinner in idyllic and harmonious surroundings?

You arrive at Bill and Ginni's and they greet you warmly. Naturally, they've been primed, and Ginni is in complete cahoots with your date. The kiddies swarm around you and very soon start calling you Uncle Bob, and Bill invites you to sit down, take off your shoes, and enjoy a round of cocktails while the girls prepare the dinner. It's all so domestic that you feel like purring.

I'm the first to agree that this is a mighty potent example to be put before you, especially after a series of the other types of women I've mentioned, and that the chances of your going for such a future are mighty good. Yet I repeat that it's the man who wants the idea to be his own, and not to be sold into it by observing others.

I'm not a foe of domesticity and nobody likes children more than I do. I hope to get married soon and have a family of my own. When I do, I'll be ready for it of my own volition. Who can guarantee that I might not turn right around and marry one of the ladies I've mentioned in this article? If I do, I hope she won't have a copy of this to hold over me. All I'll be able to answer will be: "Of course that isn't you. It was six other women some Sunset Strip esanova told me about!"

A VILLAIN'S VIEWS ON MARRIAGE

(continued from page 39)

you have a good day, supper'll be ready in a minute, don't bother me because I'm watching television" kind of dialogue.

Marriage may be an institution invented by females to trap the poor male sex, as many helpless husbands will be happy to testify. If so, I'm trapped for good. I may be a tough character, a wise guy, a villain in most of my pictures. I may fight men and rough up women, but don't let all that fool you. I'm a pretty contented husband, and don't beat up my family more than once every three days.

I've had sixteen years of it with Katie, and we have four kids, ranging in age from 18 months to 12 years. Sometimes I feel more like an institution than a husband and father. At least, when I face this sizable cast of characters I'm able to get everybody's name straight—quite a feat in itself.

But let's get down to some hard facts about this thing called marriage. Why has ours kept on comparatively even keel for all this time? What does marriage mean to a Joe like me?

Katie had a highly promising career ahead of her when we met. She could have gone ahead to be one of the top stars Hollywood has ever had. She voted against it, because she preferred to star as wife and mother. She made that decision, and if anybody thinks that I protested, they're wrong. I was pretty happy about it. Katie never really wanted a career very badly, she confesses. As the adopted daughter of Cecil B. DeMille, she just drifted into films naturally, and after we got married, drifted out just as naturally. So right at the beginning our marriage was free of those murderous "career vs. marriage" tensions.

That in itself is a very important point. The most difficult problem in a marriage is the ego, and when you have two people working in such an ego profession as pictures, you're living in boiling lava. Real wedded bliss between two Hollywood producers just doesn't exist, and if Katie hadn't so willingly made her decision to bow out, I'm sure we would have had our share of difficulties from the very first. Hitched life depends on the extent to which two people can sublimate their respective egos, and you can't do it when you're in the kind of work that can easily make you lose your balance and perspective.

This doesn't mean that I've tossed away my prerogatives as head of the family. Not on your life, brother! Coming as I do from a Latin background, I'm a believer in male domination of the home. For me, it's got to be that way! Katie, who's part Italian, seems to have just enough Latin blood—or more likely, the patience and love—to fall in with the tradition. This doesn't mean that I go around shouting orders, make everybody salami low before they can talk to me, drink the baby's milk if I'm in the mood, and work on the lawn. Just and let Katie and the kids go wander hungrily through the streets looking for something to eat.
Proof of that is that the whole shebang of Quinns is here in Italy with me. When I came to Rome to do three films, I could have come by myself and had myself a ball. A lot of guys would have done just that. I didn't want it that way. I wanted the family to share my experiences. It doesn't happen every day that an American family can spend some time in a country as beautiful and interesting as Italy, and I couldn't quite see myself making films over here and sending postcards every other week saying "wish you were here," while I was out doing the sights with some pretty guide. Or telling somebody else's kid how much she reminded me of my own six thousand miles away. I wondered about shifting the kids from the States and putting them in school in a foreign country, but Katie liked the idea. She said the children had more to gain than they could possibly lose, and the kids seem to agree with her. They're in school now and can spout Italian like the natives.

I'm one of those guys who loves his work. I love every phase of it—even taking baths. (I spent a whole day taking a bath in a washtub for "Cavalleria Rusticana," with that curvaceous Kerima soaping my back, over and over, oh, so tenderly. You call that work!) I seem to have enough drive for a half-dozen people. I thrive on activity. I'm happiest when I'm busy. Even if I'm supposed to be on vacation, I'm always doing something—writing, painting, or just plain thinking.

I just finished a staggering schedule that no American actor—no my knowledge—had ever undertaken. I was in three pictures being shot simultaneously in three different places! That's what being drawn and quartered really means. I worked on "Ulysses" with Silvana Mangano and Kirk Douglas here in Rome. In between, I flew down to Sicily for "Cavalleria Rusticana." Then I dashed over to Civitavecchia, about 40 miles from Rome on the Ligurian Sea, to carry on with Linda Darnell and Valentina Cortese in "Forbidden Women." I had to keep my centuries straight, too. I had to go back about 2,600 years for "Ulysses" to the Nineteenth Century for "Cavalleria," and then come back to the present for "Forbidden Women." And to top all off, I worked on a film script which I've already sold.

For quite a while my schedule was one picture from six in the morning until noon, another from one until eight. Then I went home to eat and catch up with Katie and the children. After supper, I worked on my script. A couple of hours of sleep, and I was up at five, raring to go for the day's work.

Could I have accomplished all this without Katie? Of course not. Marriage and family forced me to look at life realistically. I know that I have to work, that I can't sit around just waiting for an inspiration to strike like lightning. My marriage has made me a better man as it has made me a better actor. Why? Because it made me learn my trade by work, work and more work, day after day, month after month. It's given me purpose as well as energy.

But there's more to it than that. Katie understands. She understands not only the problems of Tony, the actor, but of Tony, the man. Having been in the thick of the game herself, she knows everything there is to know about what a performer goes through. And having lived with me, she knows what I am and why I do what I do—I hope! Katie says that people, caught by my intensity and enthusiasm, begin to feed on it like parasites and suck mental and moral support out of me. She feels that this is unfair to me because it drains me of my energy. She may be right about that, but that's the way I'm built. I find life exciting, and if I'm to live, I have to live intensely. There's a fire in life and a fire in me, so I feel the burn in both directions. I can't do anything about it and wouldn't if I could.

What about our kids? An all-star cast. There isn't much I can tell you about Valentina, who hasn't been in this world very long. She hasn't said much about what she wants for the future, but she makes herself plenty clear about what she wants for the present, bless her.

Christine is 12, looks 15 and has a powerful will that pretty much proves she is her father's daughter. She's been getting all kinds of violent love letters from several Sicilian boys she met when I had the family down there on location. To my dying hour, I'll never forget Christine's meeting with Greta Garbo in Hollywood six or seven years ago. Garbo came into our house—it used to be hers—and Christine answered the door. These two queens regally stood looking at one another for what I thought was a solid year. It was Garbo who finally made the first move. Christine wasn't playing second lead to anybody, not even to the most glamorous star the film world has ever seen.

Kathleen is 11, gregarious, fresh, exuberant and cute. She's cheerful, has a great curiosity and a fantastic imagination. She's a great pal for Duncan, number three on our list. Right now, Kathy wants to be a painter, and it goes without saying that her family will give her all the encouragement she needs.

Duncan is eight and my chief competitor for Hollywood stardom. Bill Goetz wanted him for a leading role in a pretty important picture. I put it up to Duncan, explaining all the rigors and hazards of Hollywood life—the long hours, the studio schools, the lack of time for relaxation or play. Duncan reflected on this for a fast two and one-half minutes, then, with great dignity, made his important decision. "Dad," he said, "I'm not ready for a movie career. I'll wait until I'm an older man of . . . thirteen." Did that remark make me feel like a doddering old fool of 95?

Katie and I try to give the children the basic rules for living, the important ingredients, so to speak. You can't have anarchy any more in family life than you can in a country, and the laws we've set up are based on a common goal, for the common good, in which everybody in the family has the right to develop as an individual and is entitled to his day at court.

But we don't stop there. Katie and I had our dreams from the time we met. They were good dreams then, they are now. We've been lucky to realize some of them, and the others still give us inspiration. We want each of the kids to have their dreams too, their own which give them that fascinating feeling that whenever they want to, they can fly high and higher.

They're quite a bunch, these four. And my 16-year-old hitch with Katherine DeMille Quinn is quite a healthy run. I've loved gabbing about her and my marriage. But hold on a second. . .

What'd you say, Katie? Yeah? Really? You don't mean that! I had no idea you thought things like that. What do you know?

All right, all right. Any guy who opens up his trap to tell the world the inside story of his marriage is a darned fool.

What in heck do I know about it?
NO WOMAN COULD STAND IN HIS WAY...

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and other culinary delights thereon.

The Rogers home is full, by the by, of delightful means of waiting on yourself, and, symbolically, helping yourself.

What a gay group it was, gathered at this table that night. Roy, at his regular head-of-the-family post, asked the blessing. Dale; Cheryl, their beautiful 13-year-old; Linda, cute and blonde; Dusty and Sandy, a couple of freckle-faced "Lone Ranger" fans; Roy and Dale's manager, Al Rackin, and I, all responded. And it seemed to me that even Baby Dodie, the infant they adopted just after Robin Elizabeth's death, looked seriously in her high chair for just a moment, as the words of the grace were spoken.

Oh yes. Everyone eats together at the Rogerses. This family that prays together, stays together. As much as possible, each shares food and fun and chores and chatter... and problems.

The meal continued, amid talk of Cheryl's date for that evening; Roy's fatherly interest in whether the lad's father was delivering them to the party, and returning them; Dale's explanation to the boys of what they could take on the upcoming yacht weekend, meanwhile spooning green baby food into Dodie's little-bird mouth; and much laughter on all sides.

Yet I knew that each of them, the girls, the little boys, and Roy and Dale themselves, might have seen in the very sight of Dodie at that table, a reminder of a time so heart-breaking as to forever still any such merriment and light-heartedness.

Dodie's place, not so long ago, was occupied by Robin Elizabeth.

Born September 28, 1950, she died in August, 1952. Robin was a lovely little blonde. But very soon after her birth, doctors told Dale and Roy their baby was a Mongoloid—a little human being whose body and brain were malformed from the very beginning. Delicate and prey to every slight ailment during her brief months on earth, the family all knew that "such children, if they mature in body, usually are imbeciles."

And as Dale herself has written, "We asked... what do you do with a Mongoloid baby?"

The world has since learned that Dale, Roy and their boys and girls chose gladly to keep Robin with them. They bought the San Fernando Valley ranch, in fact, so that they might have room for a special nursery for her, close to them. It was in the little two-room guest house, just a few steps away from the main house, that Linda and Cheryl now have their living quarters.

It was shortly after the meal had ended that Roy and I stepped into these quarters, as part of the "conducted tour" which every visitor is eager to take.

Anyone who's ever seen a room occupied by growing girls can conjure up a picture of what the interior looked like: Photos of movie stars, toys just a shade outgrown but kept for sentimental reasons, dresses over chairs which Mother, soon, will order properly hung up. The sweet disorder of youth.

"This," Roy said, "is where our Robin lived, you know."

You knew that, at that moment, he saw not the room as it was, but as it had been, fitted with the pastel prettiness of a nursery, and a little crib in this corner, over which hovered sorrowing parents and sisters and brothers, and an endless parade of doctors and nurses.

Roy had been the proud master of his own little bit of land, up till then. Enthusiastically, he's shown me the vegetable gardens, the berry patches, the outdoor barbecue pit with Western decor brightening the adjacent tables and chairs, the tennis court and the swimming pool. He'd seemed to know the story of every tree, bush and flower, and how it grew. A piece of newly hoed dirt was testimony to what he'd been doing when he'd entered the kitchen, clad in grimy jeans and work boots, just a few moments before.

But as he spoke of his little girl who was gone, Roy's voice broke. Then quietly, he spoke on. About how he believed you must live with your troubles, make them a part of your life, his fingers strayed to a copy of Dale's beautiful book about the baby. I saw the prayer which she had written:

"Is it Your purpose, God, to heal my baby?... If that isn't Your will... then give me the strength to meet it, Lord. Strength to face the future and to finish what Robin has started in all our hearts in this house, strength to get her message across to the world..."

They mourned Robin, of course. They still do. But Dale and Roy do it in a positive way, through the religion which was always in their hearts, but which has been so strengthened since her death.

In every room of the rambling ranch house, you see printed and framed prayers, happy prayers and inspirational religious pictures. They mingle so naturally with the furnishings which are, of course, very Western in their mood. On the big desk in the study, which boasts oil paintings of Roy and Dale in full regalia, there's a Scripture; in the living room, where deer heads attest to Roy's hunting skill; in the dining room, everywhere are indications that here is a group which makes religion an every day happy affair.

Of course, Dodie's room, in the house itself, is a delight. It's a family gathering place, this new nursery, so of course part of my tour was to see the good night ceremonies.

She's adorable, this "Baby Doe." Yet the fact that they chose her, of all the babies they might have had, is typical of Dale and Roy's new creed. Dodie is an Indian infant, with big dark eyes, coal black hair, lovely deep tan complexion. Some might say, "But she'll grow up to be so different from others she's reared with..." "Aren't you afraid?" And, "With four youngsters already, and the tragic experience of the fifth, why did you immediately take on the care and responsibility of a strange new child, when Robin died? She'll be a constant reminder of Robin, her same age, and all."

The answer lies in the family's belief that sorrows must be turned into constructive reasons for an understanding of the meaning of life. They must help you recall the dark days that must be interspersed among the bright ones, the better to appreciate life, the better to learn the lesson of selfishness.

The joy of this family, each member, in cherishing and cuddling this little Indian doll, the knowledge of the happy life she'll have—where it might have been a drab one, in an institution—gives just an inking of the practical results of the "trouble into joy" belief.

Roy, who's not a particularly talkative
Roy and Trigger entertain the crippled children right in the ward of hospital.
Zsa Zsa, herself, had a terse comment on the matter.

"George," she insists, "nevaire bought me any zing, and he was seeing other women." That Sanders meant business was evidenced by a letter which exclusive shops in the Hollywood area, where Zsa Zsa has charge accounts, received when the divorce action was filed.

"I have separated from my wife Sari G. Sanders, also known as Zsa Zsa Gabor," it read, "and I am not responsible for any debts she may incur."

Zsa Zsa flew into Hollywood a few days later for a conference with her lawyer, Greg Bautzer. There was a hint she would file a countersuit for divorce.

There was also a suggestion a reconciliation might yet be reached, though it is recalled their quarrels never got to the legal paper stage. Zsa Zsa by now had discarded her unaccustomed reticence. She said she "wasn't surprised by anything George does," adding:

"He does whatever his psychoanalyst tells him."

The celebrated 24-year-old Hungarian beauty made news last summer when she was dating wealthy Porfirio Rubirosa, handsome ex-husband of Doris Duke, who has since married Barbara Hutton.

At the time she was trying to decide whether to give George a cold or a warm shoulder. Arriving in New York from Paris, she refused to deny reports she was seeking a divorce.

"I have not been happy with George for a long time," said the opulent actress. "It has not been the best marriage."

She admitted she had been seeing Porfirio frequently and explained that he and her husband were entirely different.

"Ruby's Latin and George is English—English and cold," she said.

George, in Paris, was disturbed when he learned his gorgeous blonde wanted to call the whole thing off.

While he was reported finding life without Zsa Zsa as austere as a Sunday in London she hurried back to Hollywood. And guess what? She was as unpredictable as ever.

"I don't know why all this talk started about George and me separating," she said. "I went out with other men in Paris, of course. I went out many times with Porfirio Rubirosa. I also saw King Farouk."

She added she thought Farouk was "greatly maligned." She was not asked for further details about Farouk, but she refused to be pinned down about "leaving George."

"I can't say I'm not leaving George. But I will tell you I am going to try to give my marriage another chance. I don't know whether we will work it out or not."

The blonde bombshell confessed she had been "silly" about George.

"If I hadn't been silly about him I could have married one of the richest men in Europe."

While Hollywood was recalling that Rubirosa is a very rich man, Zsa Zsa said she had visited the Aga Khan and his Begum in Paris.

"When I told the Aga I lost a diamond heart off my bracelet, the Aga," she said, "galantly replied that he, too, had lost his heart.

"Back to Europe went the ebullient Gabor. And for a part of August she and the 45-year-old Rubirosa, Minister from Santo Domingo to Paris, vacationed in the village of St. Paul de Vence, a few miles back of the Riviera."

Asked by newsmen there if she intended to divorce Sanders, she said: "It's not certain—not certain at all."

But it was as certain as the moonlight over the Mediterranean that she had remained on friendly terms with George Sanders, as with her two ex-husbands—Burnham Belge, Turkish diplomat, and Conrad Hilton, American hotel magnate.

Moving on to Deauville a few weeks later, Zsa Zsa had an important announcement to make. She said she was ready to marry Rubirosa.

Rubirosa breezed into New York on October 26 to see Zsa Zsa. In a matter of days George Sanders stole a march on his wife by filing for divorce first. The two separated for the last time October 20, and he moved out of their Hollywood home at her request.

She was asked if she planned to wed Rubirosa. This was, of course, before his page one marriage to the Woolworth heiress. Zsa Zsa said sharply:

"I don't want to ever marry again."

Rubirosa seemed to have the inside track to Zsa Zsa's heart for a time, and his whirlwind romance and marriage to Babs Hutton left Zsa Zsa stunned.

Rubirosa was married three times before. His first wife was Flor de Oro Trujillo, daughter of the dictator of the Dominican Republic. The second was the French film star, Danielle Derieux. His third was multi-millionaire Doris Duke.

Zsa Zsa Gabor has been called the most outspoken actress on the subject of marrying for love.

"One day I think it's a good idea," she once declared. "And the next day I don't. Look at me. I married George for love. And when he's away I'm perfectly miserable."

"You certainly can't accuse me of marrying him for money, I gave up a fortune when I got him."

Zsa Zsa, as a matter of fact, gave up about $500,000 in alimony from Hilton when she married Sanders. There are times, she has recollected, when she wonders "if George is worth it."

One philosophic morsel of hers concerning romance is:

"A girl should make a man think that is all she wants."

She has called Sanders "cynical." His reply was:

"Who needs all that loving?"

Zsa Zsa Gabor and George Sanders were married April 2, 1949 at Las Vegas, Nev., after an off-and-on romance during which she vowed to marry him "if I have to hit him over the head."

For two years there was comparatively smooth sailing. Then in November, 1951, the marriage hit the rocks after a squabble over a radio program.

She refused to go on the program because she considered the script ridiculed their union. He didn't think so. The disagreement led to an estrangement and to Sanders' classic remark that he had been "discarded like a squeezed lemon."

A month later she was declaring George was pining for a reconciliation but that she hadn't decided whether to kiss and make up.

Hollywood followed their battles with the absorption of historians, learned in January, 1952 that Zsa Zsa was cheating because George wouldn't change his way of living or give up his own apartment. "Everytime we have words, or even when we don't, he goes there and stays," she said.
They were loving each other and hating each other, depending on their moods. Once on a television show she declared she "wanted George made over the way I want him to be."

But Zsa Zsa never got her wish. Their first domestic rift continued through the Spring of 1952. And both asserted their marriage would end as soon as possible.

She announced she was starting a new life. A woman doesn't need a man, she declared, and she "would give her career ten years and then marry some nice doctor or lawyer—but no actor."

She also asserted she was "through with love."

"If you don't fall in love, you don't get hurt," she said. "My mother told me in Hungary to pick a marriage over a career," and she was convinced her marriage to Sanders broke up because "I'm too good, too sweet, and I let him walk over me."

She said she loved him, that she gave their marriage everything, but he said he wanted a divorce because they'd be happier as romancers than as mates.

Zsa Zsa then revealed George had told her he "would hold my hand through this terrible ordeal of getting a divorce."

She arrived in New York and the war communiques continued. And she denied she had ever said in Hollywood, or anywhere else, that she was "through with love."

"I hope I don't look like someone who is through with love," she said with firmness. "There are plenty on the waiting list."

She insisted she was a successful wife, adding that "only my husbands are not successful romancers." Sanders who is 47, incidentally, is Zsa Zsa's youngest husband. She doesn't like a man her age, she said, because they are "too dumb."

The bundle of Hungarian paprika went to London to make scenes for "Moulin Rouge," stayed there several weeks and then returned to New York because she was "dying to see my impossible husband."

She really didn't think Sanders "impossible." Quite the contrary.

"We're absolutely made up," she trilled. "Both our love and our work are shared fifty-fifty and whenever we're mad we've cooled off together. He's so wonderful. George doesn't trust me. Or, rather, he is jealous. This is the way a husband should be, because he has nothing to worry about. I love only him."

But life for them continued stormy, though with the years Sanders became more suave. He seemed to drop his detached, cynical air, Hollywood observers noted, after he played the role of the diplomat in "Call Me Madam."

By the early Winter of 1953, however, the milk-and-honey phase of their married life reasserted itself. But then, they were separated by the Atlantic Ocean.

She cut short a personal appearance tour to promote "Moulin Rouge" to fly to the bedside of Sanders, seriously ill from food poisoning in Naples. He had collapsed while working on a film with Ingrid Bergman.

Five days later she was back in New York happy to state there was no rift between herself and her husband.

"George is terribly homesick for America—and me," she confided, adding that George had phoned her and told her he was so much in love with her that life meant nothing unless she joined him.

Sanders eventually returned to Hollywood. And it was Zsa Zsa who then took up temporary residence in Europe—a residence that brought Porfirio Rubirosa to the status of a devoted admirer.

Now Zsa Zsa and George are divorcing—at last.—Maybe.

Whatever the fates hold for her, she is an exciting, newsworthy individual. Wherever she is, whatever turns up, you will find her always ready with a racy comment on life and love.

Why, no sooner was Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's scientific study of sexual behavior in the human female published than Zsa Zsa told the world:

"Shame on Dr. Kinsey. He should have talked to me and gotten the truth."

END

SHE HAD TO BE BAD!

(Continued from Page 41)

her two pet white mice. Yes, you read that right. She loves the things because they're so soft and cuddly, as she puts it. She keeps them in an over-sized brandy glass. At her mother's house she keeps three cats and a duck.

"I'd always wanted white mice," she explained with wide-open eyes. "The studio had a white rat they had used in a picture and they were going to destroy it but they gave it to me instead. When it died, I recently I acquired the two white mice."

There is no connection between Kathleen's dates and the mice. This should be taken as hasty reassurance. As a butchelor girl she can date as often as she likes—but she still takes a dim view of the life of single bliss.

"Really, a bachelor girl's life is very sad and dull," she sighed. "I'd much rather be married. But I wouldn't have time to be married now, I guess. I'm at the studio all day and with the nightly rehearsals for a show I get home around eleven at night, so you can see that I'd not be too good a wife at the present."

Besides, I've just started a new seven year contract with the studio. I'm so excited about what has happened so far in just the last year. I had my first star billing in my own dressing room with my name on the door, and I have my own chair on the set with my name on it. These are the first symbols and the start of what I hope to accomplish in the future.

"Yet, I would give this all up if I met the right man, but I must confess that I can say that safely, because I feel there's
no chance of my meeting him in the near future."

Kathleen finds that living alone is a good idea for her because it is, by nature, undisturbed.

"With no one around to check up on me I get as cluttered as I like," she said lightly. "I always want to invite people to my place on a Monday evening because that's the day I have a maid to clean up. But, really, there's not much incentive to being too domestic when you're clean by yourself. I love to cook, but I can't do much on a hot plate. And there is no reason for me to cook. I love breakfast but I rarely get up in time to fix one and I usually have dinner dates or else I dine with my mother at her home.

"Although I date a good deal I usually go with only one man instead of with several at a time. I go with men I know pretty well because I'm too tired at the end of the day to want to take a chance being with someone I don't know and around whom I can't relax and be myself.

"There are some types of men I don't like. I don't care at all for those who drink a lot nor do I enjoy the aggressive, overly-romantic men. I'm afraid I'm not too subtle in letting them know that I'm not interested in them that way. Nor do I like men who get too serious right away and want to get married.

"I enjoy dating Hollywood actors, though, because I'm in constant contact with them and we have something in common. I'd even be happy to marry one star I know whose name shall be kept secret."

Kathleen is definitely an out and out romanticist. Several times she has fallen in love—or thought she had. To her, it's something like falling in love with love. "It's wonderful to be in love," Kathleen said honestly. "I'd like to be more cautious about love but I guess a heart rules the head in my case. I know I've gone out with several men who have asked me to marry them and I always refused. Then when they married later I was furious with myself for not having said, "Yes" to them. Maybe I'm really afraid of marriage. I don't know. That's something I have to figure out some day."

When Kathleen does date she loves to go to a movie. She'd go to one every night if she could. She doesn't care a hoot about just plain dinner dates and she doesn't care to go dancing too often because of the crowded floors.

Kathleen doesn't feel that a guy has to spend a lot of money on her on a date to make her happy. She quietly but succinctly put it, "Why should I? The best things in life are free."

It's not too surprising that Kathleen turned to acting for her career. Her uncle, F. Hugh Herbert, the noted playwright and screen writer, used to take her along when she was young and she consequently grew up in the camera atmosphere.

"I used to think, though, that I wanted to be a nurse or reporter," she grinned. "But that was only because my cousin wanted to be in those professions. Then, one day when I was thirteen, I went to see a movie called 'Mr. Big' with Donald O'Connor. When I came out I decided I wanted to be an actress because everyone in the picture seemed to be having such fun.

"My uncle did everything he could to discourage this ambition. But I went right on looking for the breaks. A scout from 20th Century-Fox saw me one night in a play at the Geller Workshop, a little theatre in town, and asked me to the studio for an audition. I was lucky enough to be given a seven years' contract.

"My uncle was at the studio then doing a screenplay and I was afraid to tell him about my call. He had once said to me that no studio would want me, but least of all 20th. My mother decided I should tell him about the audition anyway. Surprisingly, he was very happy about it and even directed my test for me.

"Then when I left 20th he was absolutely against the move. And yet in the nine months after I left 20th I earned more money on TV and in the Paul Henreid picture that I had made while I was at the studio. Also I was in a Warners film and had the second lead in 'Thy Neighbor's Wife.' "Looking back on those days at 20th
from Jackie Laughtrey after their nine
months of wedded bliss (\?). Mrs. Mitchell wants out of the marriage and her de-
mand for half a million dollars isn't mak-
ing her any too popular with Guy's Hol-
dwood friends. One studio wag sent
Jackie a telegram inviting her to audition
for a top role in "Gold Diggers of 1954." Her
lawyers are trying to trace the culprit
down and the things Jackie had to say
when she first read the wire were vivid,
to say the least . . .

Julie London put in several years as
Mrs. Jack Webb before she extracted a
promised $500,000 payment from the
"Dragnet" star—she also shared the lean
years with Webb in their happier days.
Not so with Jackie and Guy—Jackie rode
the gravy train from the honeymoon on . . .

Howard Duff is trying desperately to
persuade tennis star Gussie Moran to can-
cel her engagement to Edward Hand and
wait for him to be freed of Ida Lupino.
But the romance experts figure Gussie as
the impatient type . . .

Suzan Ball is still having her troubles
—her latest leg break isn't setting proper-
ly and her doctors are in a quandary as
to what to do. The courageous young star
has resigned herself to the brutal fact that
she may have to face amputation within
the year. It's one of Hollywood's saddest
stories . . .

There's no love lost between Ann Sher-
idan and Phil Harris—even since she
guested on his TV program. Last minute
script cuts and changes, too little camera
rehearsals (Annie Pie suffered through
some of the worst possible video photo-
graphy ever) and Phil's generally indif-
ferent attitude towards his guest, created
this tempest in a TV studio that fanned
out until the Santa Monica and Malibu
Sets were openly taking sides. Mary Mc-
carty walked out on the same show for
the same reasons, with Eartha Kitt pinech-
hitting at the last moment. There are
those who say Harris balked when his
wife, Alice Faye, was turned down by
sponsors and program executives for
the spot later assigned to the Sheridan lass . . .

Johnny Ray must be one of the most
confused fellows in all Hollywood. Dur-
ing a recent singing engagement there, he
spent most of his time in his bungalow
at the Garden of Allah crying his eyes out
and being just downright miserable.
Wouldn't see pals or take phone calls
from anyone. He finally admitted he hated
night club work and wanted only to stay
at teenage benefits because it gave him
a chance to be with kids his own age. Teen-
agers, his own age?

An artistic theatrical venture, spon-
ored by the American Theatre Arts, Inc.,
lost $25,000 when they tried to tour their
production of "Our Town" in West Coast
tank towns, charging Broadway prices
and paying star salaries to Tab Hunter
and Marilyn Erskine. The latter pair
managed to take home hefty salary
checks, but they were the only lucky ones . . .

Edmund Purdom (that's a name MGM
insists will NOT be changed) is being
lionized by every major hostess from San-
ta Barbara to Laguna. The young Eng-
lishman who'll star in "The Student
Prince" (with Mario Lanza's singing voice
dubbed-in) has completely charmed
the Lim colony. His fine sense of humor
more American than British—talent and
good looks—have his studio bosses lining
up more future movie jobs for him than
any other young actor they have under
contract. Howard Keel, Vic Damone and
John Ericson may get lost in the shuffle . . .

The tide has turned in favor of Jane
Powell now that she and Gene Nelson
have made The Great Decision—to go
their separate ways. There's hope for a
reconciliation between Nelson and his
wife, Miriam Franklin, but none for Janie
and her ex—Geary Steffen. That mar-
rriage is over for keeps, as it was before
the Powell-Nelson "incident." Fan reac-
tion to Jane's recent film was so favor-
able her studio has once again given the
"go ahead" signal to resume touting her
as their top attraction. The sex-appeal
campaign will continue, however, and
she'll no longer appear as "the girl next
door." Debbie Reynolds inherits roles
originally scheduled for Janie before
things started popping . . .

If Tony and Janet Leigh Curtis aren't
pride parents before the end of 1954, they'll
adopt a baby girl. Anxious for a
large family, they'll continue to raise a
family of at least four—two boys, two girls—via the adoption route with each new addition spaced every two years. At adoption age, the youngsters will be under six months...

A West Coast lawyer’s reference to Dorothy Lamour as ‘a has been’ did more to stimulate interest in her fading career than if she had employed a battery of press agents and photographers to land her on the front pages in the hopes it would flush out picture assignments. She is not only now considering three different film offers, but cafes across the country are bidding for her services with weekly fees ranging from three to seven thousand dollars. Her biggest bid to date is the El Rancho Vegas in Nevada—a flat $6500 weekly plus all expenses for herself and family with a four weeks guarantee. That “all expenses” clause would make her salary pure velvet—she’d clearly more under those terms than if she accepted a rival Las Vegas hotel’s offer of a weekly $7000 paycheck sans an expense account...

Hollywood is wondering whether or not Jacques Bergerac will become a film star, now that his wife Ginger Rogers has teamed up with him in a series of movies to be made in Europe. What she couldn’t get West Coast producers to do, she managed very nicely abroad. When the first Rogers-Bergerac movie, “Tweed O’Fate,” is completed, it will be shown in Europe for six months before it’s released here—a sure indication that Ginger has a bundle of her own money in the foreign film set-up. Income tax-wise, any profits from the venture will have to wait until 1955—she can’t afford extensive earnings until then. Ginger is optimistic as well as shrewd...

Dean Jennings, the ex-San Francisco columnist, flew to Europe to see Barbara Hutton about the biography a women’s magazine had commissioned him to do, but the millionairess refused to talk to him. Jennings has his revenge; he persuaded Igor Troubetzkoy, her most recent ex-husband to “tell all;” returned home with material that will make Barbara turn purple. Her other husbands, including Cary Grant, will also be “documented” in Jennings’ amusing story...

Julius La Rosa, who has coined as much as $8000 for a one-night’s singing engagement in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, will double that fee for his role in Paramount’s upcoming “The Big Teledact Of 54.” He’ll have to work four weeks, however, before he departs with the $16,000 for two songs in the filmusical which will star TV greats...

If and when Gary and Rocky Cooper decide to go through with their divorce action, the community property settlement angle will make a confusing issue. Rocky was independently wealthy when she wed “Coop.” So what do they do about that?

The Sidney Lumets (Rita Gam) are bored with the separation rumors. They go their separate ways when their work...

Lana Turner, with new hairdo and hub- by Lex Barker, at premiere. They repeated Italian marriage in Hollywood.
CINDERELLA 1954

(Continued from page 35)

Even then she knew there was a spot for her in her show business. She had started as an usherette at the theatre, graduated to being cashier. She saw the bills being changed each week—and sometimes she felt that maybe she was as pretty as some of those stars everyone talked about and paid money to see.

That night she told the police officer, "It may take me ten years to become a star. I may be a model first, an extra next—but you watch, someday I'll be in Hollywood with the rest of the stars."

It is a matter of record that the police officer didn't take her too seriously. He had heard other kids talk like that before. But he was a wonderful friend—because he had always had a willing ear, a ready smile to keep the young fires kindling. Cops are not always tough. This one wasn't. He had a soft tender spot in his heart for the young Elaine, whose bright young mind was cluttered with the stuff of dreams.

After graduation, Cinderella Stewart started her ride. She worked steadily, and not dishearteningly, in a doctor's office in Montclair. She came to the attention of Harry Conover, one of the top model agents, and was quickly signed. Soon she began to appear on the covers of national magazines, and then one wonderful, exciting day in Long Beach she was chosen "Miss See."

For three years Elaine shuttled between TV and magazine covers. Then Paramount's successful producer Hal Wallis set eyes upon her—liked what he saw, and quickly signed her. The picture was "Sailor Beware."

The little girl from the small town was on the way up, up, up. Her face was getting as familiar in the magazines and on movie posters as Marilyn Monroe. In less than six months she was signed by MGM Studios, and even the foreign press took cognizance of her existence. They quickly dubbed her "Miss Everything."

After several introductory roles in which she scored with critics and public alike, she made her first real big hit in "The Bad And The Beautiful."

Movieland had accepted Montclair's Miss Stewart. Today Elaine can't always believe that it all really happened. In the course of just a few years she has made more movies than she can count on the fingers of both hands. Other studies are bidding for her services, and as a charming young actress—who, indeed, has about everything—she's getting better and better with each new role.

"When you have a dream deep down in your heart," she told this writer, "a dream that isn't made of just stardust, you have a good chance of making it come true. At least, as long as you work hard at it. I did work hard, and I guess everything turned out all right."

Yes, certainly everything has turned out all right for Elaine Stewart who speaks German fluently, is partial to rare steaks, enjoys badminton and dancing, and has a flair for interior decorating.

As for that Montclair police officer, he remembers all those conversations, and those long walks home, with affection. He still loves Elaine very much. For, if you must know, Police Officer (now retired) Ulrich Steinberg happens to be Elaine's own father.

“When you have a dream deep down in your heart,” says Elaine Stewart, “a dream that isn't made of just stardust, you have a good chance of making it come true.”
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If and when Edgar Bergen and Ken Murray get around to filming their TV series called, "Where Were You?" Bergen will be responsible for the show’s scripts, and Murray will appear on the program. Based on recent historical facts and figures, the televised series will have such notables as "Wrong Way" Corrigan, Florence Chadwick, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Gene Tunney and Eleanor Roosevelt making guest appearances. How many Edgar Bergen fans realize that Charlie McCarthy’s side-kick has been writing radio-TV shows for years? At the termination of his CBS-TV contract, Edgar would then join the cast line-up of "What’s My Line," with Murray, during the filming of the second series of 29 films. They will do 117 thirty-minute programs in all.

DESIGNED TO DELIGHT

(Continued from page 52)

comes the shampoo itself which, in this dry hair era, might well be Conti. As you may know, Conti is made with a combination of pure castile and pure olive oils so you can be sure of getting the gentlest possible treatment for those treasured tresses. The shampoo lathers abundantly and cleanses most efficiently but it is always wise to follow the experts’ procedure and use two applications—a ten ounce bottle sells for less than a dollar so your budget won’t feel any strain.

At this point you’re ready to decide on a change of hair color or perhaps all you need to do is to perk up the original shade. In this scientific age of ours either alternative is easy to accomplish. In fact, it’s easier now than it ever was because the Nestle-Lemur Company has branched out from its specialty of supplying permanent hair tints to beauty salons and has come up with a new product called "Colorhairs," for home use. There are a number of reasons for getting excited about Colorhairs so we’ll list them for you. First is the fact that Colorhairs conditions the hair as it colors—second is the fact that the activator controls and regulates the development of color so that you’re sure of a uniform result in a minimum of time (hair can’t be over-done or under-done)— third is the wonderful advantage of having everything you need to work with right in the Colorhair package, even to plastic mits, mixer bottle and dual-purpose applicator. The formula itself has both lanolin and lecithin compounds to give added softness and lustre. Enough said? In general, it’s best to pick a color that is a shade or two lighter than your own natural hair—an easy enough selection with a range of ten Colorhair shades to choose from. The price, by the way, is only $1.50, plus tax.

Now it’s time to set your hair, and here again, it’s only common-sense to copy the professionals and use a good wave-setting lotion. One that you can get just about anywhere is the Dr. Ellis’ Wave Set, a new formula that contains processed lanolin. It does all the things it’s supposed to do—dries quickly, leaves no flakes, and gives a lovely soft wave. Remember that you’re supposed to use enough lotion to thoroughly wet your hair (a big bottle is only 25¢, plus tax)—then to set it with combs or Bobby pins. If you prefer pin-curl setting, you’ll find that the new Eta-Rite Hair Styling Kit is a great help. It can get dozens and dozens of Cushion-Tip Bobby pins in two sizes, plus a bonus of illustrated charts showing how to arrange 8 different hair styles—all for 35c.

Having set your hair, be sure to put on a net to hold the arrangement and the pins in place throughout the drying time—(Venida makes them in every practical shape imaginable, in a variety of weights and materials including the famous ones made of human hair). This may seem like a relatively unimportant detail but it has an awful lot to do with the effectiveness of the setting.

Once your hair is dry, combed out and styled, there’s one final trick that you can borrow from the hairdressers and that is to treat it to a mist of spray-on hair net. The newest to arrive on costume count is Richard Hudnut’s Spray and Stay—the very same special formula preparation which has been used exclusively in their Fifth Avenue Salon. It will give your hair “body” and keep it smooth in place even when the weather is windy or rainy.
If and when Deborah Kerr decides to take a vacation from her "Tea And Sympathy" starring role on Broadway, Joan Bennett and Jane Wyatt are standing by, hoping to be selected as her replacement. The play, a smash hit, dealing with a delicate theme (too controversial as film fodder) has established Deborah Kerr as one of the finest actresses ever to come out of Hollywood to appear on the New York stage. She'll win many of the top honors accorded distinguished players each year in New York, before the season is over. Miss Bennett has a slight edge over Miss Wyatt for this acting plum insofar as the play's producers recall the impressive acting job turned in by Miss Bennett in the touring company of "Bell, Book And Candle" several seasons ago. Added to that, Joan Bennett is still a bigger "name" although, in this space, the lovely Miss Wyatt still leads in the matter of talent .

Silvestre hair-do hit Manhattan in many a moon was the bizarre coiffer worn by Barbara Payton—the front a deep red, the remainder platinum. It created no end of talk along Gotham's cafe circuit—one of it complimentary .

Authentic New York locations will be used for the movie based on Bing Crosby's autobiography, "Call Me Lucky," just as soon as The Groaner gets around to giving his approval to the young actor who'll be selected to portray him in the film. The "Jolson Story" technique will be used—Bing will record the songs, an unknown will "sing" to the dubbed-in sound track .

For some unexplained reason Greer Garson has been taking diving lessons (breathing tube, fins and all) at a New York hotel swimming pool under the supervision of champ swimmer Florence Chadwick. "Mrs. Miniver" as an MGM Musical mermaid seems an unlikely prospect for the future. The daily practice sessions were held early each morning before the general public was permitted to enter the pool. Attendants reported the Garson figure as being very trim despite an oblique swim suit .

The Johnnie Ray-Susan Zanuck "romance"—strictly a long distance telephone courtship—has met with the approval of Susie's father, Darryl F. Zanuck, the 20th Century-Fox boss—just so long as it remains as is. Zanuck does not approve of his daughter's constant dating of every eligible male in Hollywood, nor of her future attempts to become a professional actress-singer. In New York, the "Cry" crooner called the Zanuck heiress (then in Las Vegas) as often as ten times a day and hod' call collect, which should give readers a fair idea of the stability of this new "romance" .

Evie and Van Johnson, in town for another fast and furious fling of theatre-going and shopping, didn't argue once during their entire visit. This establishes a new record of sorts for the long-romored battling duo. The ever-on-top presence of Roz Russell might have been a deciding factor—the "Wonderful Town" star has always been Evie and Van's best friend. She's settled many a dispute between them by a mere flick of an eyebrow .

Wally Cox, TV's "Mr. Peepers," escorted dancer Marilyn Genaro of "The King And I," to a small dinner party hosted by Marlon Brando in honor of Movita. Two days later Miss Genaro visited Brando on the "Waterfront" set in Hoboken, New Jersey, and the following night they were dancing cheek-to-cheek at the Hotel Pierre's Cotillion Room. Movita and Wally Cox were nowhere in sight. In less than ten days, the youthful "King And I" dancer offered a screen test by "Waterfront" director Elia Kazan. She declined the offer, with thanks, to remain in the chorus of the Yul Brynner show. She's back to dating "Mr. Peepers," and Movita and Brando have also resumed their dancing, but for a while there it looked like a Hollywood-type scenario .

Katy Jurado slipped quietly into Gotham to meet novelist Louis L'Amour (he came all the way from Mexico City after meeting her parents there) for a 24-hour shopping spree. A wedding in the offing ?

Bob Wagner handed out cigars to total strangers at a local restaurant ten minutes after he learned he had become an uncle. He even lighted one up for himself but after several puffs gave up and very discreetly left his table returning twenty minutes later slightly green around the edges .

Mickey Rooney didn't like it one bit when a group of show business pals kidded him about the report he was all set to star in a Broadway musical based on the career of Johnny, the Philip Morris page, who soon celebrates his 20th year with the cigarette company. Rooney dunked his paws in a huff at Sardi's and no amount of pleading could induce him to return .

A new commercial helicopter service between New York airports (carrying up to 40 passengers) had to cancel plans for a celebrity-laden inaugural flight when the visiting Hollywood stars, invited to make the flight, insisted upon remuneration for participating in the event. The implied endorsement of these screen stars, it was felt (by their agents), was worth up to $3,000 individually. The planned junket was junked .

Diana Lynn, free of her "Moon Is Blue" stage commitment in London, is being groomed for the new Elmer Rice play, "The Winner," due on Broadway late in April. Steve Cochran flew into town to read for the male lead before Scott Brady was contacted. Now the race is on between them, with Brady favored over Cochran by Diana Lynn herself .

A phony posing as Mickey ("I, The Jury") Spillane passed out bouncy checks in Third Avenue and Greenwich Village bars amounting to more than $500. He managed to elude the police—as in a Spillane movie—for weeks. Another check for $100, offered by a patron for cashing purposes at the chic Bon Soir in Greenwich Village, had local gendarmes rushing into the cafe. It was a mistake this time—Spillane himself had offered his personal check to pay his bill. The incident created no end of embarrassment to all concerned .

DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

Victor Mature and his wife arrive in New York from Southampton on the Queen Mary. Vic, who made a movie in England, returned home several pounds lighter.
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Volume Fifty-Eight, Number Six
April, 1954

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That’s what Jane Wyman, now at the crossroads, is asking herself

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Listening in on what’s going on behind the scenes in television

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by Lynn Bowers

Most arresting new couple in Holly-
wood is Fred MacMurray and June
Haver. They met at a party, both hav-
ing arrived with other dates, but they left to-
gether and, when last heard from, were
inseparable. Both have had enough trag-
edy in their lives to last a long while and
the romantic-minded in our hills and flat-
lands are very alert to what progress this
friendship will make.

Well, we’ll see whether this happens or
not. Joan Crawford, always interested in
the role, as well as the picture, has of-
fered to play a small part in one of the
Cecil B. DeMille epics. Mr. DeM. took her
at her word and offered her the role of
the girl who discovered Moses in the bull-
rushes for his “The Ten Commandments.”
Her name is Bythis. So we’ll see whether
the glamorous Joan will indeed buy this.

All that’s happened so far with Terry
Moore, since she wore the white fur Bik-
ini bathing suit on her Korean tour, is
that all the boys are flocking around to
date her and everybody wants her for
roles in pictures. If she’d gone to Korea
in a Mother Hubbard and sunbonnet, she
might just be Miss Oblivion by now.

When the Hollywood Women's Press
Club gave out their annual awards for co-
operative and un-co, there was a big
storm about Esther Williams getting the
uncooperative one for the second straight
year. You should have heard the howls
that went up about it. But these are the
gals who write you your stories about the
stars and they should know who does and
who doesn’t want to talk. Dale Robert-
son, the male “winner” with Esther just
didn’t say nothin', in true Oklahoma
style. The party, celebrating the event—
and particularly the cooperative award to
Roy Rogers and Dale Evans—was a real
humdinger with Virginia Mayo (second
place), and Michael O’Shea, Cary Grant,
Lex Barker and Lana Turner, still a
brunette, caused stampede at Mocambo.
That ever lovin’ pair, Aldo Ray and
Jeff Donnell, share a private joke.
Lauren Bacall joins Humphrey Bogart in Rome where he is at work on a picture.

nicer people. This duo bears watching.

Lori Nelson wears one dress and 12 sunsuits and swimsuits in "The Big Rainbow." She and Debbie Reynolds were both working at RKO and made arrangements to share the former Joan Fontaine dressing room so they could cook their own lunches. These two as cooks are really funny. You never get much to eat but they provide a million laughs.

Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy were reminiscing the other day and came up with a fact we didn't know. "We have a lot in common," they agreed. Spence played the tuba in the school band while Gable did some hot licks on a trombone.

Every gal in town is mad at Bob Wagner, since he's decided to soft-pedal romance and concentrate on his career. He hasn't had a date in two months (at this writing) and, Hollywood, where an eligible bachelor is a rare thing, finds his

(Continued on Page 10)

Terry Moore eats Oriental style at gala costume party given her by 20th Century.

**Contest**

Gaylord Products, Incorporated, Dept. PW-1
1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Illinois

Here is my Gayla Contest entry. I am enclosing my name suggestion for the Golden Jubilee hair style, the top of a Gayla non-non Bobby pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope, 25 words or less telling why I prefer this Gayla product, and the name and address of the store where it was purchased.

Name: __________________________
Address: ________________________
City: ____________________________ Zone: __________
State: __________________________

Mail this entry blank today!
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Pretty-as-ever June Haver with Ned Marin at John Wayne's costume party.

Christiane Martel, 1953's Miss Universe, is now Mrs. Ronnie Marengo.

has been made into a movie), she doubled between the stage show and the Mo —lot of folks didn't get to see her when she made such a smasheroo here before.

The introduction of the fabulous young comedienne-singer, Kaye Ballard, to Holly-

wood—in an amusing musical called, "Great To Be Alive," had the whole town talk-

ing and raving and the agents banked up solid trying to sign her for pictures.

The opening night audience, which had Marge and Gower Champion, Joanne Gil-

bert, Paul Douglas, Joe Pasternak, Ross Hunter, Judith Evelyn, Lonella Parsons, and similar fine-haired type characters practically smashing the furniture from laughing so hard, made it a big occasion in the town. Miss Parsons calls Kaye a female Jerry Lewis. And you know some-

thing? She's right. Kaye winged back to New York to fulfill some night club en-

gagements and moves to this Coast for pictures and television right soon.

Another funny one that's scheduled to move West is Jackie Gleason. He's mak-

ing a picture called "Who He?" which he will direct, write, and star in. He's a very solid man on the Hollywood scene and it'll be nice to have this funny fellow

At Wayne's shindig, Fred MacMurray sits one out with British Mara Lane.

The Johnny Weissmullers, with Duke Wayne, really dressed fancy for party.
Plumed-hatted Jeanne Crain and Highlander Red Skelton at Wayne's gala.

around, busy with pictures, television, and those wonderful musical arrangements he makes for records.

When Susan Hayward returned from making "Garden Of Evil" with Gary Cooper in Mexico City, she had to face the bother and hassle of the divorce from Jess Barker. While she was away, this guy just up and moved back into her house without permission and it was a bit of an ugly mess. Everybody's with Susie on this.

Two surprise reconciliations—Gene Nelson and his wonderful wife, Miriam, and we sincerely hope it works this time and that he appreciates what a truly great person she is. The other—Ginny Simms and Bob Calhoun. Hollywood hopes it will really continue to be surprised by these two sticking together.

One of the first steps in Gail Russell's getting back on the right track, perhaps, is the divorce from Guy Madison—so at least they can be friends. Guy is truly, really concerned with Gail's problems and has tried very hard to help her out. If she'd just get over being scared of the cameras, Gail might very well get back into the picture business; but at this point, she's more nervous about facing

Barbara Ruick and her husband, Bob Horton, beam happily at big premiere.

For a good Spring tonic, try —

☐ Sulphur and molasses  ☐ Shreds and patches

Has Spring turned the gang into social sluggards? Get 'em stirring—on a Hobo Hike. Boys to be rigged in old, beat-up togs; girls in jeans 'n' jackets with gay, sewn-on patches. Bring a kettle. Have everyone tote a can of eats, for stew; then use the emptied tins instead of plates. It's fun! And instead of being a mope-at-home on trying days—choose Kotex. See how comfortable you can be with this softness that holds its shape!

Should you use an antiperspirant —

☐ Before bathing  ☐ Instead of bathing  ☐ Like a bunny

If underarm moisture baffles you, do you use an antiperspirant properly? After bathing, towel your armpits pronto. Then apply the dryer-upper quick like a bunny—to close your pore "doors" before perspiration starts! But in sanitary protection, absorbency is what you need—and get (non-fail!) with Kotex. Those special flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines.

Are you in the know?

Which would improve this duet?

☐ Cloth cap  ☐ A harp  ☐ Ear muffs

Vocally, these hopefuls may rate. But to style—sharp eyes, her outfit's off key. What's wrong with that newsworthy print? Nothing—if she'd worn an "unbusy" hat! Follow the single feature plan, costume-wise. Just as in buying Kotex you select the one size that does most for you: Regular, Junior, or Super.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried new Delsey® toilet tissue—the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex® tissues? Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding, no waste. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength. Don't you think your family deserves this new, finer tissue? Ask for Delsey at your favorite store. If not on hand, have them order it for you.

when handsome Ted Briskin, father of Betty Hutton's two cute daughters, came out on one of his periodic trips to Hollywood (he runs the Revere Camera and Tape Recorder enterprises in Chicago), his steady date was the beautiful Ursula Thiess. Teddy's business interests keep him pretty well tied down to the cattle town, but he'd rather be here—close to the beautiful gals—which very definitely includes his two youngsters.

Nancy Walker, doing a big comedy part in "Lucky Me" with Doris Day at Warners, was overjoyed when her husband, David Craig, was able to join her in Hollywood. Nancy's a very happy gal these days, with the very good-looking singer-voice coach, David, and her young baby gal and hopes to spend more and more time in this section of the universe.

When Howard Hughes decided to heck with the censors' frown about the Jane Russell sexy dance in "The French Line," he cut out the best number in the show, the title song "The French Line" which musical comedy star Mary McCarty sang. This was a great pity because it was the high spot of the film. Now that Mr. H. has decided more or less to conform to the censors' wishes, the number is slated to go back in—anyway, we hope so because it's about the best number we've ever seen done in a picture. People are puzzling over Jane's attitude about this dance, since she consented to wear the costume and do the number and didn't begin to squawk about it until all the publicity broke that it was too hot for celluloid.

One of the happiest guys we know to pick up his career again is the handsome Charles Farrell, whose television show, "My Little Margie," is a big, big success.

Charlie lives in town several days a week while working before the cameras, then races back to his delightful Palm Springs home and his beloved Racquet Club. One weekend there, two of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors were around having fun—Howard Duff (who practically makes the R.C. his home) and Fernanda Lamas. The Argentinian doesn't seem to be too awfully lonesome without Arlene Dahl, who went to New York to pursue her career in the theatre. You should see the gals flock around this boy! And he really turns the charm on them.

Donald Murphy, one of our favorite actors and people, was spending a vacation in his beautiful Santa Fe, New Mexico, home when one of his "Letters To Loretta" TV shows went on. The Santa Fe switchboard was clogged up with calls to Don, telling him to get back to Hollywood as fast as he could—the offers for parts were pouring like martinis at a cocktail party.

One of the most beautiful women to grace Hollywood—ever—is the Parisian ballerina, Ludmilla Tcherina. She's the gal Robert Taylor was so off his rocker about a year or so back. Mlle. T. is making her American screen debut in U-I's "Sign Of The Pagan." What's kind of unusual is that the French Consul in Los Angeles gave a most elaborate formal reception for her in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel with all of Hollywood's elite there to gaze at this beauty's beauty. Hugh O'Brian has been one of her favorite dates in Hollywood. The Taylor hour is definitely over.

People are still raving about the beautiful and large party which Harriet Parsons gave at her home for two hundred people, right in the midst of producing the comedy, "Susan Slept Here," for RKO. The real eye-catcher was a flower-laden gondola in the swimming pool with a very real looking mock-up (this is airplane

Marie Wilson and Wm. Demarest meet at "Knights Of Round Table" opening.

Kirby Weatherly and Joan Evans, who are such great friends of Joan Crawford's, share a Sahara Hotel table in Las Vegas with Mercedes McCambridge, who isn't.
Greg Bautzer, who gets around to all the dolls, now dates Mari Blanchard.

talk for model] of Jane Russell sitting in same. It was so crowded with people you could hardly see the people, but they were really gasping over the handsome young Robert Kenaston, Jr., who is the son of former star Billie Dove. Young Bob is probably the handsomest man anywhere in the world and you'll get your first look at him in 20th's "Bridges At Toko-Ri."

Buddy Pepper had a likewise crowded and fun party in his attractive Laurel Canyon house. Buddy gets real red-faced embarrassed at his—or anybody else's parties because everybody always insists on his playing his all-time record breaking "Vaya Con Dios," so he's written some new tunes, just for a change of pace. Among Buddy's guests was Lisa Kirk, who got up and sang and sang—and did the kids love it! Jane Withers, with Matt Applegate, has bloomed so since she quit carrying the torch for Bill Moss—this gal has a repertoire of the funniest stories you've ever heard. Real ones. Going into television, this girl is.

Hollywood took a very dim view of the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

Popular Debbie Reynolds' latest escort at openings is Richard Anderson.

only FRESH has this "Moisture-Shield" formula to keep underarms DRY!

For sure protection, and for long-lasting protection, you can trust safe, gentle, new Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Fresh has a special "Moisture-Shield" formula. Tests in a leading university laboratory show that new Fresh has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants. It's this astringent action that keeps your underarms dry.

- Trust your loveliest clothes to Fresh.
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- Fresh is guaranteed not to lose its effectiveness—or your money back.
- Be lovely to love always—use Fresh every day.

Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada. Fresh is a registered trademark of The Pharma-Craft Corporation.

Prince Valiant

All of the pageantry, chivalry and colorful backgrounds of King Arthur's court are skillfully incorporated into this action film. The story, based on the book and popular comic strip, faithfully traces the maturing of Prince Valiant (Bob Wagner)—as a man and as a knight. Honored knight Sterling Hayden takes young Valiant under his wing to teach him the various skills a member of Arthur's court must master. The friendship between the two becomes sorely strained, however, when both fall in love with Janet Leigh. The triangle is further widened when her younger sister, Debra Paget, admits her love for Prince Valiant. Following some knightly adventures, several rough and tumble tournaments, the romance is straightened out, with Janet and Bob paired together and Hayden and Debra betrothed. James Mason is particularly effective as a villainous knight determined to thwart Valiant. Film's presented with the usual lavish CinemaScope treatment. 20th Century-Fox.

Red Garters

Here's a topsy-turvy musical that spoofs movie cowpokes and punctures ye old code of the West. Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson, Guy Mitchell and Gene Barry sing out that life should be more like the movies and then set about showing you their remedy. The sky suddenly becomes a Technicolor yellow, the houses have only fake fronts, and every time there's a hanging the whole town celebrates with a barbecue. Sound strange? Then you'll probably feel as perplexed as Guy Mitchell who wanders into this strange set-up looking for his brother's murderer. You see, even if your brother is a no good varmint, the law sez you gotta revenge his death. Eventually, Guy discovers Barry's the villain, but instead of winding up at each other's throats, the fellows skip the shootin' and wind up smoochin' with Pat Crowley and Joanne Gilbert. It plumb shatters the code.

Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

Tyrone Power, a half-caste British captain in charge of the Empire's Khyber Rifle Unit, comes upon the sleeping villain, Guy Rolfe, in "King Of The Khyber Rifles." Guy Mitchell and Rosemary Clooney in "Red Garters," razzle-dazzle musical.
To help her tribe, Rita Gam submits to bandit chief Michael Simon in "Saadia."

Nudging the romance along are Clooney, Carson and Indian maiden, Cass Daley. It's a razzle dazzle musical that's staged like a Broadway production. It's weird, wacky and, still, wildly entertaining. Paramount.

The Long, Long Trailer

With newlyweds Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz piloting a honeymoon trailer you can be sure you're in for a fun whirl. Desi has an assignment in Colorado with an engineering firm, and Lucy thinks she can care for her groom more appropriately if she has her own home on wheels. The newlyweds break almost every rule of the road, narrowly escape getting killed when Lucy overloads their trailer, get shot at, mired down in mud, and eventually wind up planning to divorce each other. The entire 90 minutes of the film belong to the Redhead and her favorite Cuban, with only brief appearances allotted to Marjorie Main and Keenan Wynn. Director Vincente Minnelli has beamed the movie for broad antics and rib tickling response. MGM.

(Continued on page 16)
Cecille Brown agrees to help Dennis O'Keefe smuggle rifles aboard his ship by getting prefect of police drunk in "Drums Of Tahiti," 3-D Technicolor film.

Saadia

Mel Ferrer's a white doctor who's buried himself in a French Morocco village, ruled by progressive Cornell Wilde. The two enjoy a staunch friendship, until native girl Saadia (Rita Gam) is taken ill and is called to the duo's attention. Upon her recovery, Ferrer assigns her to his hospital—and the perfect triangle is formed. The doctor is especially hopeful when Saadia defies native rituals to risk her life to save his precious serum. But woman-like, the young native declares her love for Wilde, which leaves the doc with his tablets and test tubes. The desert drama is beautifully photographed in authentic Morocco settings, but at times wanders along like a travelogue. The cast is competent, the settings spectacular and there's plenty of derring-do for the most avid adventurist. MGM.

King Of The Khyber Rifles

The CinemaScope lenses have been trained upon India this time, and the mounting warfare that existed between British colonial troops and the rebellious Afriidi tribesmen during the year 1857. Tyrone Power, a half-caste British captain, is in charge of the Empire's Khyber Rifle Unit, while his native brother heads the opposing tribes. When Ty isn't busy fighting off ambush attacks, he's even busier trying to spurn the advances of tempestuous Terry Moore, daughter of Col. Michael Rennie. As garrison leader, Rennie assigns Power to guard his daughter against kidnap threats of warrior Guy Rolfe, but as a doting father he considers Ty unsuitable for his young'un. The situation remains status quo until Power proves himself when the opposing forces clash in an exciting knife fight. It's absorbing entertainment, packed with action and adventure and beautifully photographed. 20th Century-Fox.

Taza, Son Of Cochise

Rock Hudson steps into the moccasins recently vacated by Jeff Chandler as Cochise. As the Apache warrior's son, Taza, he is pledged to bring peace between his tribe and the white man. Opposing Rock is his brother Naiche (Barry Roberts), who not only wants to start the Indians on the warpath again, but begin a romance with Taza's love, Barbara Rush. In his effort to wreck the peace, Naiche murders a white family. Although he is apprehended by Cavalry Capt. Gregg Palmer, Taza persuades the officer to let him deal with his brother in Apache style; he also persuades him to let him "police" the renegade Indians including Geronimo. The agreement is a mistake which eventually causes a split in the tribes with Taza and his group lining up with the victorious whites. U-I.

In "Hell Below Zero," Alan Ladd puts away his six-shooter in favor of a harpoon hook and helps Jill Bennett and Joan Tetzel search for their missing father.
Though Ladd's name is only one familiar to film audiences, originality of the story and the authentic location scenes more than compensate. Basil Sydney, Stanley Baker and Joseph Tomelty are co-starred.

Columbia.

Three Young Texans

Moral of this movie seems to be: "He, who gets there firstest, gets the mostest." In this instance, it's Jeffrey Hunter, who robs a train of a $50,000 Army payroll to keep his father and some outlaws from doing the same thing. Jeff intends to return the money as soon as his father gives up his wild scheme. Unfortunately, Jeff's sidekick, Keefe Brasselle, finds the money's hiding place and refuses to return it. Film evolves into a tug-of-war between the two principals with Jeff and

Sue blamed Marge for dancing half the night with Joe while she stood on the sidelines. She blamed Joe, too. But Sue was wrong. She had only herself to blame... but she would be the last to suspect why. Nobody wants to spend an evening with anyone guilty of halitosis (bad breath). And it's so foolish to risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is such a pleasant precaution.

No Toothpaste Kills Odor Germs Like This

Germs are, by far, the most common cause of halitosis. They're troublemakers because they start fermentation of proteins in the mouth. That's why research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

No toothpaste, of course, is antiseptic. No toothpaste kills germs as Listerine does. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs... instantly... by the millions! Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath... instantly. (And not just for minutes but usually for hours on end!)

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Toothpaste

Toothpastes don't do for you what Listerine does. Recently, this was dramatically proved in scientific tests made on Listerine Antiseptic and leading toothpastes. The results: In an average of test after test, Listerine Antiseptic stopped bad breath four times better than the toothpastes!

Don't ever "double-cross" yourself by taking a chance on your breath. Every morning... every night... before every date, make it a habit to gargle with Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

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The Anamorphic Lens Process...on the scientifically created
Miracle Mirror Screen...in the Wonder of Stereophonic Sound!

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How To Marry A Millionaire
MARILYN MONROE · BETTY GRABLE · LAUREN BACALL and WILLIAM POWELL
CINEMASCOPE · TECHNICOLOR

Beneath the 12-Mile Reef
ROBERT WAGNER · TERRY MOORE · GILBERT ROLAND
CINEMASCOPE · TECHNICOLOR

King of the Khyber Rifles
TYRONE POWER · TERRY MOORE · MICHAEL RENNIE
CINEMASCOPE · TECHNICOLOR · DELUXE

Hell and High Water
RICHARD WIDMARK · BELLA DARVI
CINEMASCOPE · TECHNICOLOR · DELUXE

NIGHT PEOPLE
GREGORY PECK · BRODERICK CRAWFORD · ANITA BJORK · RITA GAM
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CINEMASCOPE IS THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY IN MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!
James Stewart and his wife are besieged by fans as they leave the theatre after "The Glenn Miller Story" premiere.

Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea admire cufflinks given Keefe Brasselle made from contact lenses he wore in "Cantor" film.

By the glum look of Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner during European get-together, both must have known spark was gone.

**READING BETWEEN THE LINES ABOUT THE STARS' OFF-GUARD ACTIVITIES**

**Dorothy Kilgallen's**

**Exclusive Movie Gossip**

**WRONG** the Shelley Winters-Vittorio Gassman marriage definitely on the rocks, Hollywood suspects Shelley will resume with Farley Granger just as soon as she's free from Gassman. She dated Farl in Rome when she walked out on Gassman in a rage . . .

Gene Nelson's gifts to his wife, Miriam, while trying to effect the reconciliation, included a powder blue convertible . . .

Debbie Reynolds and Walter Pidgeon, veteran overseas entertainers of our troops, were not available for comment on the Terry Moore incident. Those in the know, however, claim both were indignant over the amount of personal publicity garnered by the enterprising Terry and her publicity men. Other members of the Terry Moore unit were equally uncommunicative about the matter. Hollywood itself wasn't talking—for publication—but the "off the record" opinions were sizzling . . .

"**Hit Parade Of 1943**" has been dusted off, re-edited and given a spanking new title—"Change Of Heart." It stars John Carroll and (continued on next page)
No modern film in offing, Lex Barker'll do another Tarzan. Lana insists he work.

Dorothy Kilgallen's

Exclusive Movie Gossip continued

Susan Hayward and features Gail Patrick and Eve Arden. Don't think Susie Hayward is happy about it either. She isn't!...

The storm over Bikini that Terry Moore stirred up in Korea had great effect at the box-offices wherever her recent films were being shown and her 20th Century-Fox bosses were very pleased indeed. A sizeable bonus, in the form of a snazzy new convertible and a breath of Spring mink stole greeted the actress upon her return to Hollywood. The ermine panties-and-bra costume that created such a stir was strictly a publicity stunt despite the denials of studio execs, but the young actress had her studio's "unofficial blessings" to wear the front-page item. Now planning a return visit to Korea around Easter to "entertain" our troops again, Terry is angling for "official" approval of the self-same costume (rented by her from the Western Costume Company in Los Angeles) from her studio and U.S. Army top brass. Insiders say her request is likely to be refused, by Washington, D.C., at least...

Zsa Zsa Gabor refused to confirm or deny the report she had spent some time in a "rest home" after her headlined divorce from Conrad Hilton a few years back. The story persists, however. Her erratic behavior, hitting an all-time new low for taste and tact, during the Porfirio Rubirosa-Barbara Hutton page one wedding, reminded a few West Coast personalities that Zsa Zsa must be very deeply troubled personally to have behaved as badly as she did. Her sisters, Eva and Magda, were admittedly greatly embarrassed by Zsa Zsa's stormy outbursts over Rubirosa, while the oldest Gabor, Mama Jolie, took sides with Zsa Zsa. Publicity made the Gabor (continued on page 22)

Gene Nelson, rehearsing song and dance number with Bob Hope for Bob's NBC-TV show, wooed his wife back with many gifts, including a powder blue convertible.
Here's a scintillating fashion line-up of star-studded values for Spring! Connie Shoe Creations in fine calfskins or shiny black patent... touched with grosgrain or white—the season's newest accent. So slenderizing, so flattering, so downright amazingly priced. Who but Connie could bring you such style and value for a low, low price.

695 and 795

SUSAN CABOT
co-starring in
Universal International's
"RIDE CLEAR OF DIABLO"
Color by Technicolor

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Dorothy Kilgallen's
Exclusive Movie Gossip (CONT'D)

Peter Lawford's favorite hideaway is a patch of private beach at Santa Barbara, complete with natural caves equipped with camping equipment and barbecue pits. The rugged weekend parties he stages there are the talk of Hollywood and the envy of most Beverly Hills hostesses, so fabulous are the reports of the merry-making there . . .

Donald O'Connor surrounded himself with a retinue of yes-men and stooges—had 12 of them—at his Hotel Sahara, Las Vegas, night club opening. It was reminiscent of the old days of Frank Sinatra—the difference here being that the O'Connor entourage didn't use strong-arm measures as the Frankie Boy mob did. Donald is considered a lonesome, very confused boy by his closest friends . . .

Jane Withers, fully recovered from her bout in the divorce courts, has taken a new lease on life—and a small house in Westwood Village. Her constant escort these days is handsome, young Matt Applegate. There's also a lot of interest in Jane's career—she may resume it in a great big way in MGM's upcoming "Hit The Deck" . . .

Marilyn Erskine, who portrays Ida in "The Eddie Cantor Story," is being groomed as a potential night club attraction by Ross Hunter, the "Wonder Boy" producer at Universal-International. The Erskine lass, who floors her flickerville pals with fabulous dialect stories at private parties, will be coached by Gregory Ratoff for her cafe stints. Marilyn's biggest ambition is to snag the top feminine role in the screen version of "South Pacific" . . .

Jane Powell is all aglow these days. She insists she's never been happier. Her "Student Prince" assignment is her best in years, she feels, and between Jack Mapes and Pat Nerney she's finding it easy to forget Gene Nelson and her marital upset with Geary Steffen . . .

Mother-in-law trouble, not "extreme mental cruelty," was the real reason behind the Jane Wyman-Freddie Karger divorce. In a final attempt to save their marriage, Freddie took Jane to Palm Springs for a few weeks holiday. In order to get back to Hollywood to visit his mother on the q.t., Freddie had to resort to a little white lie—he said it (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

Can it be that Dale Robertson, with wife at Ciro's, is giving the photographer there a hard time, too? He was voted most uncooperative star by Women's Press Club.
COLEEN GRAY says
"My Crescent is so Beautiful"

COLEEN GRAY
Starring in
"MILLION DOLLAR DIAMOND"
Filmed in 3-d, released thru United Artists

When you wish upon a star, wish upon a beautiful Crescent Diamond Ring. Then you’ll agree with charming Coleen Gray that here is "your dream come true"... a lovely, larger diamond at a truly modest price.

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SL 4-54
Duke cannot forget the nasty accusations against friends.

The $500,000 settlement should help heal Chata's sea

**Ghosts of**

by Louis Reid

The memories of the sizzling divorce battle between John Wayne and his brunette Mexican-born wife, Esperanza Baur, linger on in Hollywood—haunting alike those who were embroiled in the sensational case and those who watched it from the sidelines.

Though Wayne, himself, has not suffered any loss of his popularity as the nation's No. 1 box-office star and Hollywood has been consistently sympathetic, he is unable to banish from his mind the nasty revelations of the trial.

Always firmly on the side of virtue in his screen roles, always the good guy, the typical American he-man hero, John Wayne is still disturbed by the courtroom accusations of Esperanza.

Most startling in her testimony in Los Angeles Superior Court against her strapping husband was her charge
that John spent most of one night at the home of actress Gail Russell, estranged wife of Guy Madison, and that Duke bought Gail an automobile shortly thereafter.

The 46-year-old actor was able to fend off with a good show of nonchalance Esperanza’s testimony that he was far rougher in his home life with his wife than with cattle rustlers on the screen.

Her allegations that he beat her, that he drank to excess, that he attended a wild strip-tease party and came home with an incriminating bite on his neck did not, seemingly, upset him unduly.

But her mention of Gail Russell enraged him bitterly—and its recollection endures. It was the kind of searing accusation that, his friends say, he will never be able to forget.

Nor will, it is said, Gail Russell or Guy Madison. Guy, despite their rift, is still deeply devoted to his wife.

"Why did she have to drag Gail’s name into it?" angrily asked Big John. "There was absolutely nothing between us."

The average American family, he said, "dislikes to read this sort of stuff. God knows, I tried my best to prevent it.

"I offered a big settlement, as good as she’ll ever get, before the trial got underway. I have four children that I would have given my right arm to protect from all this."

"I never pretended to be a saint, but an awful lot of lies were told about me and my friends."

The immediate reaction to the linking of Wayne’s name with the beautiful, brunette, 28-year-old Gail Russell, was a bitter desire by the actor to have his own day in court.

(Continued on page 56)
By Peter Sherwood

HOLLYWOOD IS LEARNING THAT FOREIGN WOMEN SENSE A MAN'S NEEDS FASTER

Why is the "Other Woman" Usually FOREIGN?
Womanhood, in Hollywood today, is seething—and the reason has nothing to do with Dr. Kinsey. Both the once-married wives and the much-married stars are starting to discover that purely American glamour is not enough when it comes to capturing and captivating the modern male—and being able to hold on to him!

They will tell you that—Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell and Ava Gardner notwithstanding—the modern vamp is a product from overseas, a deadly import when it comes to the lives, loves and emotions of the woman at home.

As for the woman abroad, the things other people think about her are curt, concise and conclusive. She's dynamite! Truthfully, however, in this respect Hollywood wives and stars are no different from men and women anywhere in America.

"Why should they think otherwise," asks a Hollywood producer, "when many a girl in Gopher Gulch or New York City found to her dismay that the foreign girls had her beat a mile at snapping up the G.I. boys from home?"

Well, the situation hasn't changed. Currently, Greta Peck, Rocky Cooper, Mona Freeman, and a number of others can sympathize fully...because they, too, have found the foreign woman to be truly fatale.

No small wonder, then, that all Hollywood is asking the same question: Why do the American wives fail and the foreign girls hold such appeal?

A husky accent, perhaps? How irresistible is the appeal to the conceit of man when a beautiful girl whispers shyly, "You weel teach me Eenglish, no?" And even though the film star may be no more literate than to be able to say, "Settle it with my agent," the answer is—he weel teach her Eenglish, yes.

In a matter of hours, he has become convinced that he is a rare combination of the brains of Einstein and the teaching ability of a college professor, and he quickly believes his new little friend is the (continued on page 64)
UNDERNEATH IT ALL,
MARILYN MONROE SETS A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR ALL GIRLS

by Paul Benedict

A MODEL TO FOLLOW

With Joe DiMaggio at party for General Dean.
Were any proof needed that Marilyn Monroe is still one of the nation's hottest topics of conversation, you have only to consider the public interest in her marriage to Joe DiMaggio.

The beautiful 25-year-old blonde bombshell who has made time stand still in Hollywood at sex o'clock, could easily be America's champion enchantress with a collection of masculine hearts extending across the continent.

But... the incredible fact is she has always been true to just one guy.

Moreover, it is a steadfastness that has endured for two years and gives every indication of lasting.

The one-time art model did not go around with other men. She is not a night club girl, not a party girl at all. You know what? Marilyn Monroe is strictly a homebody.

For her, sex “is something you're born with,” but she insists one shouldn't add to natural sex, 'cause “that's what attracts the men.”

A neat and for Marilyn a satisfying philosophy. She happens to be so amply endowed with curvaceous allure that she doesn't need to aid nature in her appeal.

Of course, she likes MAN. But for her there has always been only one. She long since confided to friends that she wanted to marry Joe D.

“I'm sure I'm in love with him,” she said. “I like him better than any man I've
WHERE DO

THAT'S WHAT JANE WYMAN, WHO NOW HAS REACHED THE CROSSROADS IN HER FILM CAREER, IS ASKING HERSELF

by Michael Sheridan
In Hollywood, they are calling Jane Wyman the number one hit-and-miss girl of the movies. Talented protagonist of one Academy Award winning picture, and a round dozen of equally good pictures, Jane has yet to prove that she is a star of top caliber—and one the public is never tired of paying good money to go and see.

Today, if you listen to the Hollywood and Vine underground, Jane has reached the crossroads of her career, needs a new strong hypo to reach the top and finally stay there.

"Her career," says one informant, "has been like her private romantic life—all ups and downs. No girl ever deserved better breaks than she has gotten, only Janie just doesn't seem to grasp the better opportunities and hang on to them—or make them pay."

After her flawless performances in "Johnny Belinda" in which she didn't speak a word, and in "The Lost Weekend" in which she had plenty to say, a top motion picture critic enthused, "Miss Wyman has reached the top. She joins the class of Garson, Crawford and Dunne. She is now a dramatic actress the likes of which the whole industry can well be proud.

"The ladder has been a long and hard one to climb," he went on, "but she has mounted each rung with intelligence and a heart-warmingly inspiring effort to make the grade. In this critic's opinion she has succeeded in all her aims beyond even her wildest hopes."

Sad truth is that this critic has since changed his mind, and so have a lot of other people. Pictures that followed her initial successes have not fulfilled either Jane's hopes, or the hopes that everyone has had for her.

To know what is happening to Jane Wyman is to go back to her personal and private story—the saga of a girl who has tried valiantly to mix studio and home harmoniously but failed lamentably—often miserably—to do so.

Wasn't it Ronald Reagan who said, "In the break-up of our marriage, if I have to cite a co-respondent it will be 'Johnny (CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

"Magnificent Obsession," with Rock Hudson, may be the hypo Jane needs. Even Jane's marriage to Freddie Karger went on rocks within a year.
FOR AN INTIMATE
PORTRAIT OF DANNY
KAYE, DON'T ASK
HIM FOR THE FACTS,
ASK THE WOMEN
CLOSE TO HIM

Equally at ease with a queen
as with a cook, Danny is
wholly without temperament.
Dena Kaye, aged seven, sat in the audience at the Curran Theatre in San Francisco, awaiting what she knew would be the most exciting experience in her young life. It was her first visit to a theatre, and even more thrilling, it would be the first time she would ever see her famous father, Danny Kaye, give a full-length performance of his comedy routines which have made him the master in his field.

When Danny stepped out on the stage, there was a roar of applause, and because the audience knew that belly-buster would follow rib-tickler, the laughter began even before Danny opened his mouth to utter a syllable or warble a note. As soon as he began his opening number, the laughter grew and delighted shrieks punctuated the air. Danny was on his way, and the audience was loving it—with one notable exception.

She was Danny's daughter, Dena, and a look of utter disbelief swept over her face. This in turn gave way to crying, and as the audience's verbal reaction grew to Danny's antics, her wails of anguish took on more volume. She studied the people around her, puzzled and incredulous, and by the time Danny finished his final number and Dena was taken backstage to see him, she was weeping profusely from the depths of what seemed to be a broken heart.

Danny, upon seeing the apple of his eye in such a piteous state, swept her into his arms and tried to console her as he searched for the cause of her great unhappiness. At first, only sobs were her reply, and then gradually, the true cause came out. "I don't want people laughing at my Daddy," she said, brushing away her tears.

Danny tried to explain that all the people laughed because he was doing funny things on the stage for them, but at this crucial moment, Dena found this difficult to understand. It took her three days to come to the realization that all this was acting (continued on page 39)
An active interest in each other keeps Bob and his wife happy.
Some guys have all the luck. Like me, for instance. I have Mary. And you can take it from me—I’m never bored with her.

Mary is that rare kind of wife who is always able to keep a husband interested. She has most of the qualities that I think are necessary in any woman if she is to be a good mate.

She has a real brain, for one thing. She has an extremely logical mind—and she’s anything but a flighty, jellyfish personality. She has strength, with moral stamina, and she can meet any crisis with calmness and serenity.

I can still remember how she took over when my mother was dying. Mother had been in a coma and didn’t recognize anyone. At the time I had to leave on location for a picture and I was wondering if I shouldn’t simply cancel the contract, but Mary pointed out that I would do mother no good by remaining at home.

“You can’t help mother by staying here,” she said, “so the only unselfish thing for you to do is to make the picture and to earn the money to take care of her and of the family. Why just stay here and worry?”

She assured me she would handle all the details. While I was away, mother died. Mary managed all the necessary arrangements and did so without any hysteria or any frantic wires to me.

Then there was the time Mary was waiting for Patricia to arrive. I wanted to be with her when the baby came but I had already signed to do a New York play and again I was uncertain as to the course I should take. Mary insisted I go ahead and do the show, and she stayed home, had the baby, and then three weeks later arrived in New York with Patricia.

Mary runs our house—even to being my business manager and handling all legal and financial matters. When our house was being built she was actually the contractor. She would go out in the coldest weather, sit by a fire, and check on the building. She made certain that we weren’t gypped by unscrupulous men and that there was no waste. As a result, she saved a tremendous amount of money in the construction of the house. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)
Audrey has denied that she and co-star Gregory Peck were romancing during filming of "Roman Holiday."

Before stardust got in Audrey's hair she was engaged to wealthy James Hanson.

Audrey is one young actress who's completely dedicated to her work.

Audrey is one young actress who's completely dedicated to her work.

**AUDREY'S TRUE LOVE**

by Mark Flanders
AUDREY HEPBURN, HERSELF, EXPLAINS WHY ALL THOSE ROMANCE RUMORS ARE UNFOUNDED

During rehearsal for Ed Sullivan’s “Toast Of The Town.” Audrey won’t marry until she proves herself as an actress.

Audrey, greeting mother, Baroness Von Heemstra, on U.S. arrival, hasn’t followed usual pattern of newcomers.

Cole Porter, Audrey and Irving Berlin at a premiere. The rigid schedule she adheres to allows little time for romance.

Sharing popcorn with Phil Silvers at “Ice Follies.” The men who’ve come within her orbit are friends, nothing more.
"Debbie Reynolds' wit keeps one on his toes."

"Susan Hayward drives herself, without losing her femininity."

Beneath Audrey Dalton's English reserve is zingy sense of humor.
by Ruth Cummings Rowland

FOR A GUY AS YOUNG AS HE AND AS NEW TO THE GAME, ROBERT WAGNER SPEAKS WITH AMAZING AUTHORITY ON TRAITS OF THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

“I found Terry Moore to be a very serious girl. I don’t think anyone knows how well read she is.”

WOMEN in Bob’s life

“Gentlemen prefer blondes or brunettes or redheads when they’re interesting to be with.”

A dashing young man in his suit of shining armor, Robert Wagner looked every bit the swashbuckling figure straight out of a medieval romance. But he was very 20th Century indeed when discussing modern women. For this was lunch hour, and Bob left the Middle Ages behind on the set of “Prince Valiant” as we repaired to the 20th Century-Fox commissary for physical nourishment and mental stimulation.

Bob had laughed at my opening question, “Do gentlemen prefer blondes?” and after giving me his first answer, repeated, “Do gentlemen prefer blondes? Of course they do—when the blondes look like Marilyn Monroe. Who wouldn’t!”

“You’re just like all men,” I answered. “They all prefer blondes when they look like Marilyn. But who does, except Marilyn. I want specific cases—but specific!”

He laughed again. “Well, then, if you’re going to be serious about this! I think blondes are beautiful! Now look at Janet over there. Isn’t she one of the most beautiful blondes you ever saw?”

Of course Janet Leigh, Bob’s co-star who was seated across the room, looked like a dream in the gorgeous pale blue brocade gown which swept the floor, wearing on her shoulder-length golden hair an exquisite head piece of pearls fashioned like a crown—one of those costumes which embody all the splendor of the Middle Ages. No one could have made a more decorative Princess than did Janet. But then again, it’s great if you’re a blonde who looks like Janet! The question was still unanswered, and when I went on to protest, Bob became more serious, returning to his original idea that coloring matters little if a girl is a good companion.

“Every guy has a different idea as to what he considers beauty in a girl. I have my ideas, too. Of course the first thing that intrigues any guy about a girl is a pretty face and figure! But if she turns out not to be an interesting personality when you get to know her, then you soon forget about how pretty she is!”

“But what do you call ‘interesting’? A girl who keeps quiet and lets you gentlemen talk? Or a girl who talks and tries to impress you with how much she knows?”

“I admire a girl who talks . . . if she has something to say! That’s great with me! But the girl who talks about the new hat she’s bought when playing a game of tennis doesn’t win friends. If she wants to talk about hats, there’s a time for that with her girl friends. Girls should be serious about entering into a game of sports. Nothing can be more frustrating than to be with a girl who talks about everything except the game she’s playing. No man likes that! And men don’t admire girls who make mean cracks about other girls and then ‘darling’ them all over when they happen to meet them. Girls who talk about themselves incessantly are apt to get pretty boring. Sure, I like girls who talk a lot . . . if they’ve got something interesting to talk about. I admire both men and women who are straightforward, unpretentious and honest. I hate phoniness of any kind. I can’t cope with subterfuge at all . . .”

“Subterfuge is an art in which women excel,” I said. “Look at Eve, and all the trouble (continued on page 65)
DAWN ADDAMS' RESERVATIONS ARE ASTONISHING!

"I THINK I'LL MARRY, BUT-"

by May Mann

DAWN ADDAMS is a provocative, exciting girl with a certain amount of feminine restraint—that brings her suitors young and old. On both sides of the world news columns report her romances one by one and today it is the conclusion that while Dawn tarries, she never marries.

At twenty-three, Dawn concentrates sharply on the business at hand—whether it be a new picture or a new man. But always before the strains of Lohengrin she quietly slips away—and you read of her in another country making a new picture or with a new conquest. Her attitude towards her acting is disciplined and intelligent. But as a femme fatale whose personal life reads like a heroine in some novel, something always happens to her romances before they reach the altar stage.

"Every girl should be married—once," Dawn replied with a light little laugh. "It is just different, I guess, with me. Between the men in my life and me—it's always the unspoken, the inference, never the direct thing. If it had been the question—I don't know what would have happened."

Then, with that innate candor that bewilders most people who meet her for the first time—not to mention what such behavior must do to a mere male—she said, "If you want me to be very serious, I will be.

"I can't think what it would be like to get married and sit back and not have some aim of my own. If you marry at the stage where work has not yet become a
part of you or where you are still trying and not quite stabilized in it—then you have no security within yourself. And until you have you can’t feel secure in your relationships with people either. You can have friends, but to put some poor guy into the middle of your formative career—to pull him around by the apron strings—is unthinkable. I like and respect men too much to do that to any one of them.

“We all have small tragedies connected with our work. How you handle them often depends upon the amount of experience you’ve had. When you’re just starting out on a career you are not sure of yourself and get discouraged easily. Such a state of mind doesn’t lend itself to a happy marriage.  

(Continued on page 66)
NBC network's television quiz show, "Name That Tune," had as a guest Roy Campanella, the Brooklyn Dodgers' ace catcher.

The first pitch to him was a curve in the shape of the melody and all Roy had to do was name it—a snap for anyone old enough to hum.

"Roy recognized the tune," said Red Benson, the show's emcee, "and you could see that he was straining to say its name. Then I realized that he had a mental block—it was the word Yankee! Being a loyal Dodger, Roy simply couldn't say 'Yankee Doodle Dandy!'"

Contretemps such as this are a weekly event with quizmaster Benson, who takes them in his (fast) stride. Fast is the word for his show. "I wish I had time to laugh at that!" he said when a guest pulled a whopper on a recent show—and kept the show moving on its merry way with no time out, in sharp contrast to a certain panel show, whose panelists spend more time congratulating each other than they do on the contestants.

Merely one reason why Red Benson is interesting. Another would be the fact that he's one of the new crop of performers. The new crop first harvested by radio, with newer strains developed by TV. Red and the others like him are miles away from the sideshow-barkers-turned-emcees of vaudeville days.

Mister Benson, for example, was a psychology major at Ohio State University. He's intelligent, literate, has varied interests, can even enter and leave a drawing room as smoothly as Basil Rathbone can.

On the other hand, Mister B. isn't one of these college campus heroes who thinks he knows more about show biz than the Shuberts. Red, as you'll hear, has labored long and hard in radio, the theatre, and TV—not to mention sojourns in a dozen assorted fields—with practically the sole exception of undertaking.

"As the best people know," said Red (born Norman, if you'll pardon the expression), "on our show, the contestants win by identifying the tunes which Harry Salter plays, Vicki Mills and I sing. The song titles are disguised in Chinese, Icelandic, and worse. Naturally, on an ad-lib snow, accidents happen.

"Such as the time a contestant, puzzling over an apache-dance song, was told it (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)
"AS AN EMCEE," SAYS RED BENSON, "THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR HONESTY, SINCERITY AND GOOD FUN." IT'S THE HAPPY BLENDING OF THESE THAT MAKES THE "NAME THAT TUNE" QUIZMASTER TOPS

Father of two, Red likes to work with kids. "They make the best contestants."

One of the first to capitalize on his horn-rimmed glasses, Red is 35, amiable, tells wonderfully funny stories and can make a party go.
Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer seem to be taking the script of their N.Y. play, “Ondine,” seriously, with off-stage romancing.

No one in Hollywood will be surprised if June Haver and Fred MacMurray are Mr. and Mrs. before the end of Summer—they’ll only be surprised if they aren’t. In New York, a famous topflight society hostess is telling her friends she will be the next Mrs. MacMurray and no one else. This could well be the reason why Fred cancelled plans for a Gotham whirl with Cary Grant at the very last minute . . .

The Audrey Hepburn-Mel Ferrer romance, reputed to be strictly publicity fodder for their joint appearance in the Broadway stage play, “Ondine”—is anything but. With his Mexican divorce decree (from his ex-wife Fran Pilchard) in his pocket, he’s been proposing to the lovely Audrey once-a-week . . .

The Corinna Calvet-John Bromfield announcement they’d divorce brought a flock of film offers to Bromfield,

The Queen Mary steamed in carrying Victor Mature en route to Hollywood after working in MGM’s “Betrayed” in Europe.
but none to Corinne whose career is at a standstill since her studio dropped her. She stands to lose more than just a husband—no picture bids and her fan-following has hit a new low. Stacks of mail, however, have MGM producers reconsidering the Bromfield talents—he rated big with the fans after the release of “Easy To Love.” Two nightclubs, three TV shows and a straight play are awaiting Corinne in New York, but it’s Hollywood she really wants...

Lana Turner is still smarting at the unflattering comments she drew in Gotham because of her dark hair and added weight. The results are to the good however. She’ll revert back to being a blonde and shed fifteen pounds. Manhattan scribes were merely being honest. They like Lana!

Rita Hayworth-Dick Haymes fans travelled all the way up to Greenwich, Connecticut, to remove the payment notices posted on the door of the Hayworth-Haymes home by the local sheriff. They weren’t trying to help Rita and Dick out, they were strictly bent on amassing “collector’s items”...

Eddie Cantor, who couldn’t get to New York for the premiere of the film based on his life, arrived a week later and headlined a special charity show at Alan Gale’s Celebrity Club. He didn’t sing any of the famous Cantor songs. Instead, he did a comedy version of “Yes, My Darling Daughter” that drew raves and yocks from the star-studded audience including the George Montgom-

crys (Dinah Shore—who first introduced the song on an Eddie Cantor radio show years ago). Eddie said he’d make another movie this year, possibly a remake of “Make Way For Tomorrow,” “Banjo Eyes” wants to go dramatic before he’s “much older”...

Ingrid Bergman, coming out of hibernation, ordered a complete new wardrobe from Don Loper, who has expanded his dress designing activities to Europe. Loper’s Beverly Hills workrooms are burning the midnight oil to complete the initial order by April 15 (at which time it is expected Mrs. Roberto Rossellini will personally supervise last-minute alterations after a stopover in New York)—first indication Bergman will visit Hollywood and her daughter Pia...

David Wayne’s personal success in the New York stage play, “The Teahouse Of The August Moon” (for which we predict David will win every drama prize in 1954 as the year’s best actor) has his former Hollywood studio begging him to return—at three times his former salary. David will, of course, but not until late in 1955...

Burt Lancaster, in Hollywood, wasn’t so sure he’d sign to co-star with fiery Italian screen star, Anna Magnani, in the film version of Tennessee Williams’ “The Rose Tattoo.” In Manhattan, author Williams said Burt would...

The Duchess of Windsor set a new style in Paris with Oriental ensembles, brought them to New York with her. Now the fad is catching on (CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)
"Strike It Rich" remains one of the few TV shows whose audiences respond generously to contestants on the program—letters, gifts of money and offers for jobs always pour in after each telecast. There have been so many employment offers made to some of the unlucky guests on the show, that Warren Hull is as busy after each broadcast accepting offers as he is while handling his master of ceremonies chores before the cameras . . .

Ann Sheridan undertook the starring role in "The Wedding Of Kitty O'Dare" for Ford Theatre against her medico's wishes—they felt it would be too taxing for her after her serious illness. Annie proved them wrong, herself right. Getting back into action was the best possible medicine for her. She hasn't had a sick day since she once again donned the video greasepaint . . .

That Black Diamond mink coat Ann Sothern used as a prop on "Private Secretary"—wherein she dragged it on the floor, went to sleep in it, washed dishes and did her office typing while wearing it—was out of her personal wardrobe. The precious pelts, valued at $8,000, really took a beating on that telecast and her insurance company agent, visiting her on the set, almost had a seizure during Ann's mink-mauling routines. He needn't have worried, however. Why should he? A mink coat costing $8,000 should be able to stand up under any treatment, and this one did . . .

There's no truth to the rumor that Milton Berle's bride, Ruth Cosgrove, will replace Ruth Gilbert as Max onnext season's Berle show. The Cosgrove Ruthie has no aspirations for a professional career . . .

Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne may be among those present in Jean Hersholt's TV version of his 16year-old radio show, "Dr. Christian." The glamorous Marlene would portray a rival medico—a lady doctor, with Aherne cast as an associate . . .

Arthur Godfrey's hospital bills to date, including his expenses while recuperating from that hip surgery, have passed the $18,000 mark . . .

Van Hefflin is giving TV producers a hard time by turning down every bid offered him. Van could retire for the rest of his life on the income he's already declined. The more than forty (CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)
Donald O'Connor's comedy show is one of the biggest clicks of the year, nosing out some veteran showmen in popularity.

Yul Brynner, David Wayne and Ed Sullivan took part in the 19-hour benefit telethon for Cerebral Palsy seen on ABC-TV.

**WIRE**

By MAGGI McNELLIS

**LISTENING IN ON LATEST NEWS AND GOSSIP OF WHAT'S GOING ON BEHIND TV SCENES**

Among stage, screen, TV and radio celebs who gave their all on longest charity telethon were John Daly and Herb Shriner.

Jack Benny is very happy about daughter Joan's forthcoming marriage to Seth Baker, a 26-year-old New York stockbroker.

Betty Johnson's laughter can only mean that Sam Levenson is just as funny telling yarns backstage as before the camera.

Rita Gam, back from Moroccan location of MGM's "Saadia," at the Pen & Pencil with her TV director-husband, Sidney Lumet.
With woolen wardrobes back in mothballs, thoughts are turned to lighter wear. Nothing says Spring like colorful, casual, comfortable blouses. Our vivacious model is Diana Herbert, who, besides TV work, appears in the Broadway show, "Wonderful Town."

1 A floral print blouse in crisp cotton. This in a wide assortment of colors on a white background, a match for any mate! Designer's choice of gold buttons and wing collar. Only $1.98. McCORRY'S.

2 Diana wears this nylon blouse from W. T. GRANT. A sheer bodice with delicate embroidery and stitched pleating. Three-quarter length sleeves. Delicate ruffle on neckline and front. 32-38. $2.98.

3 Choose from a fun-loving collection of stripes. Sizes 32 to 38. For only $1.00. McLELLAN Stores. The classic shirt goes well with a skirt, suit, shorts or slacks. And it can be washed and ironed in a jiffy.

4 A sleeveless dotted swiss blouse with more feminine appeal than an expensive bottle of perfume! In an assortment of soft checks with a sparkle of rhinestone buttons. $1.98, S. H. KRESS. In 32-38.

5 All gleam and glimmer—pearls and rhinestones dot Peter Pan collar. Spun rayon "Washbasket" fabric in white, pink and blue. This comes in sizes 32-38. The price is right, $1.98. Sold at W. T. GRANT.
Crisp cotton cover-ups for morning or evening wear keep you looking your prettiest for work, rest or playtime.

1 Crinkle crepe duster modeled by Monica Lewis. $2.98 in red, gold, aqua; pique trim. 12-20. GREEN'S.

2 Embossed cotton duster from McCORY Stores, for $3.98. Colors: pink, blue, green, orchid. Sizes 10-18.

3 Check or paisley print one-piece "coveralls," $2.98. Sizes 10-18, in red, black, green. GRANT'S.
**Record Roundup**

by JANE PICKENS

The “Jane Pickens Show” is heard coast-to-coast six times a week on the NBC radio network Monday thru Friday 2:45—2:55 P.M. EST and Thursday 10:35—11 P.M. EST. Also on ABC-TV network 9:15—9:30 P.M. EST Sundays

**Tops In Movie Music**

HOWARD KEEL and Ann Blyth’s Album, “Rose Marie,” from the film of the same name for MGM ... Victor Young’s “Love Theme From The Glenn Miller Story” from film of the same name for Decca ... “Seated Man” Crothers’ “Walkin’ My Baby Back Home” and “Honeysuckle Rose” from “Walkin’ My Baby Back Home” for Decca ... Gene Kelly’s “Ida Sweet As Apple Cider” from “The Eddie Cantor Story” and “The Daughter Of Rosie O’Grady” for Victor ... Doris Day’s “Lost In Loveliness” from “The Girl In The Pink Tights” and “What Every Girl Should Know” for Columbia ... George Tipton’s “Song Of The Land” and “Flight Of The Albatross” from “Song Of The Land” for MGM ... Rosamary Clooney’s “When You Love Someone” from “Here Come The Girls” and “My Baby Rocks Me” for Columbia ... Victor Young’s “Selena’s Waltz” from “So Big” and “The Moonlighter Song” for Decca ... Tony Bennett’s “My Heart Won’t Say Goodbye” from “The Girl In The Pink Tights” and “There’ll Be No Teardrops Tonight” for Columbia ...

**Other Toppers**

SHIRLEY HARMER’S “If You Love Me” and “Won’tcha’ Love Me” for MGM ... Lou Monte’s “Darktown Strutters’ Ball” and “I Know How You Feel” for Victor ... Julius LaRosa’s “The Big Bell And The Little Bell” and “I Couldn’t Believe My Eyes” for Cadence ... Georgia Gibbs’ “Somebody Bad Stole De Wedding Bell” and “Baubles, Bangles And Beads” for Mercury ... Sammy Kaye’s “Y” and “Bella Bella Donna Mia” for Columbia ... Bob Santa Maria’s “I Really Don’t Want To Know” and “The Big Dream” for Victor ... Eartha Kitt’s album “That Bad Eartha” for Victor ... Betty MIdigan’s “Call Me Darling” and “My Heart Is Dancing With You” for MGM ... Tommy Dorsey’s “Granada” and “You’re My Everything” for Bell ... Frank Sinatra’s album “Songs For Young Lovers” for Capitol ... Johnnie Ray’s “Why Should I Be Sorry” and “You’d Be Surprised” for Columbia ... Vic Damone’s “The Breeze And I” and “To Love You” for Mercury ... Phil Harris’ “I Know An Old Lady” and “Take Your Girlie To The Movies” for Victor ...

**Grab Bag**

TOMMY EDWARDS’ “Wall Of Ice” and “There Was A Time” for MGM ... Louis Armstron’s “The Gypsy” and “I Can’t Afford To Miss This Dream” for Decca ... Tommy Leonetti’s “And Still I Love You” and “I’m Available” for Capitol ... Ken Clarke’s album “Keyboard Kings” for MGM ... Patti Page’s “Cross Over The Bridge” and “Johnny Guitar” for Mercury ... Paul Britten’s album “The Wonderful Waltzes Of Richard Rodgers” for MGM ... Hugh Shannon’s album “Hugh Shannon Sings And Plays” for Atlantic ... Robert Maxwell’s “Solfegio” and “The Doll Dance” for MGM ... Freddie Martin’s “996” and “Time Alone” for Victor ...

END

Guy Mitchell and fan Elizabeth Taylor listen to one of his recordings. Johnnie Ray leads the students at The School for the Deaf in New York in a jam session of some of his big Columbia hits. He gives the kids a party each year.
The great love team of the silent era, Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, scorched the screen in MGM's "Flesh And The Devil."

"Love has always been the backbone of motion pictures," said a top studio executive, in thinking back over the past 30 illustrious years of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer history. And how true! Love is the one common ingredient you will find in almost every picture. With the current celebration of the 30th anniversary of MGM, many moviegoers recall the famous love scene between Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in an early MGM success, "Flesh And The Devil." Current stars in MGM's Jubilee productions are upholding the old traditions of love triumphant, and the kiss is very much what it used to be.
Maureen Swanson, Bob Taylor in jubilee film, "Knights Of Round Table."

Ann Blyth and Fernando Lamas are two of a love triangle in "Rose Marie."

Judy Garland and Fred Astaire in a love story of 1948, "Easter Parade."

Music is the inspiration for the eternal passion in "Rhapsody," MGM film starring Elizabeth Taylor and Vittorio Gassman.
The lovely girls you see on these pages may need adding machines to help them estimate the number of their admirers, but the important difference between the way they star for their public and the way most of us star for our own is that they take their obligations seriously while we tend to be either too lazy or too timid to make the most of ourselves. One of the answers to the challenge, of course, is to get busy and take advantage of the new short-cuts to beauty that have been developed just to help you out of such a situation. After all, it's Spring, and no time to be missing any opportunities for romance-sparking.

The most obvious first step to take is to choose new make-up that's right for the new season and the clothes you plan to wear. It's a proven fact, you know, that no costume color need be unbecoming any more. Complementary lipstick and nail polish shades make the difference. This year, when there's a little bit of everything in the fashion picture, you'll undoubtedly want more than one new make-up color to see you through. Fortunately, there's a whole new crop to choose from. Helen Neushaefer, for example, has brought out two perfectly lovely shades in lipsticks and matching nail polish. "Smart Look" is a zestful red—young, and wonderful to wear with navy blue, grey, green, black, and this year's favorite, white. "Neu Glow," the second Neushaefer debu-

tante, is a heady pink—a clear, light accent that has plenty of character for all its true pinkness. However, if you plan to go in for any of the exciting new fashions in tones of orange or lemon, you'll be grateful for Jacqueline Cochran's "Orange Poppy," a vibrant orange-red that's available in cream rouge and dry rouge as well as lipstick. "First Robin," Lenthalric's newest shade, has no rivals for top honors when it comes to a flattering color to wear with either light or deep tones in the pink to coral range. But last year's fabulous success "Red Lilac" continues to be the all-time favorite among lipsticks with real honest-to-goodness lilac in the color blend. Surely, no one could feel defeated by any fashion color with a roster of lipstick shades like that to choose from.

With the selection of your brightest color pick-ups taken care of you'll want a new complexion-flatterer to add tone and glow to your skin. The latest of all is Lanolin Plus Liquid Make-Up—a formula that's designed to give your complexion a beauty treatment as well as beauty. All the beneficial Lanolin Plus esters and cholesterols are right there in the liquid to help keep your skin soft and smooth while it's being enhanced by the make-up. The complexion shades are carefully chosen for five different types of skin. Remember that a make-up of this kind can be just as valuable in toning down unattractive characteristics in a complexion as in adding more

Phyllis Kirk, starring in Warner Brothers' "Crime Wave," feels that a new hair-do gives beauty an important lift.

When you see Grace Kelly in Warners' "Dial M For Murder" you can tell she is meticulous about grooming her hair.
ideal qualities. It takes care of many skin problems.
Your next point of attack should be your hair. Try some new hair-dos and step-up your grooming program. You have no idea how much your appearance will improve until you try it. Everything you could possibly need comes right in the Hair Beauty Kit made by "42" Products, Ltd. (and if you run quickly you can take advantage of the special-offer price of $1.00). To help you with the new hair-dos the kit contains a complete Hair Styling Course, with new designs by famous Hollywood stylists. Then there's a remarkable arrangement called "Sho-Curl Twin-Care Brush"—a grooming implement that has a comb in the center with removable brushes on either side. In addition, the kit holds a supply of "42" Lathering Oil Shampoo and "42" Sho-Curl. The shampoo is made with best-for-your-hair natural oils, and the Sho-Curl is a welcome anti-tangler and hair dressing that contains a bonus of beneficial lanolin. What more could you want, unless it's a cute little pocket accessory that's as new as today's newspaper—a grooming aid called "Wisp Stick." Wisp Stick is tiny—not much larger than a folder of paper matches. Inside the ivory plastic case is a cake of a new formula that you can stroke on your hair anywhere, anytime, to control unruly behavior. It's such a clever answer to the problem of stubborn ends and stray wisps that you may have a (CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)

Pier Angeli uses lipstick shades to complement fashions. MGM's "The Flame And The Flesh" is Pier's latest picture.
With the fusillade of cruelty charges and counter charges between John Wayne and Chata finally over, Duke is surrounded by autograph-seeking well-wishers.

GHOSTS OF JOHN WAYNE DIVORCE CASE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

When that day came he denied all of Esperanza's charges. In turn, he accused his wife of a love affair with Nicky Hilton, hotel heir and ex-husband of Elizabeth Taylor.

He accused Hilton of being Esperanza's house guest while Wayne was making a picture in Hawaii. He also charged her with excessive drinking and wild outbursts.

In a rebuttal appearance, Esperanza denied each charge.

Nicky Hilton was subpoenaed to explain a week-long stay at the Wayne home during the absence of the actor in Honolulu. And to add to the turbulent drama, the name of actress Betsy Von Furstenberg, said to be the current romantic interest of Franchot Tone, also was projected into the case.

Hilton and Betsy were sweethearts at the time. And Esperanza, it was stated, had been asked by Betsy to house Nicky while he recuperated from injuries received in an automobile accident.

Along with these developments, Gail Russell threatened to sue Esperanza for charging that John Wayne had spent the night with the young actress.

Meanwhile, the movie industry exerted pressure on both sides to end the trial quickly, even though trials involving Hollywood stars seldom hurt their box-office appeal.

With dramatic suddenness the Waynes' divorce trial ended. The case was a stand-off, a Mexican standoff, it has been called in Hollywood. It ended in a draw—a divorce decree for both John and Esperanza. She and her attorney were reported "very happy" with the abrupt settlement.

Under its terms John will pay his wife $300,000—$50,000 a year for the next 10 years. He will keep their $140,000 home, one of the chief issues in the pre-trial skirmishes. It is expected, however, he will sell the place soon.

The Waynes came into the divorce arena when they were not able to agree upon a settlement. Seeking separate maintenance, Esperanza asked originally for $9,000 a month alimony—a sum John called "fantastic."

In no time at all the flashing-eyed señorita and her stalwart husband were engaging in a fusillade of charges across the crowded courtroom—charges of drunkenness, violence and misconduct.

Then in a hectic surprise moment of the turbulent scene, Esperanza accused John of having kept romantic trysts with Gail Russell.

While eyebrows were lifted and the courtroom became so hushed that one could hear a name being dropped, Esperanza testified how she almost plugged John with a bullet when he came home late following a studio party he had attended with Gail.

It was the day they finished the picture, "The Angel and The Bad Man," in which John and Gail co-starred, Esperanza said. "Usually I went to these parties with Mr. Wayne," she told the court. She said she asked her husband if he were taking her this time.

"He said no," she testified. "He said this time he didn't want me to go with him, that the party was just for the picture crew."

Esperanza related that John "never did call, or return," that "we waited dinner for several hours." She said she began to worry that something had happened, an accident, perhaps.

She said she called the restaurant where the party was being held and was told "everyone had left by 6 p.m." "Hours went by. I became more nervous and worried. Finally, early in the morning I heard a crash like glass being broken. I was afraid someone was breaking into the house."

"I grabbed a gun. I went down the hall."

"I saw somebody lying on the couch. I was just about to shoot him, but my mother grabbed me and said: "Don't shoot, that's your husband.""

She said Wayne was "flopped on the couch" and asked him if he had broken the window.

"He just mumbled," she testified. "He was very intoxicated." Esperanza said John told her he had spent the night at Gail Russell's home, that he had left the studio party with Miss Russell, "just the two of them, and went to her home."

Mrs. Wayne said that a few days later a friend informed her that John had given Gail an automobile and that she asked her husband about this.

She testified that Wayne said he had given Miss Russell "the down payment on a car."

"I asked him why he'd give anyone the down payment on a car unless there were some sort of relationship between them. Mr. Wayne told me there was nothing wrong in that—that he wasn't running around with Miss Russell."

Gail, in a statement, gave her version of the studio party.

"John took me home after the party," she said. "He had celebrated too much and apologized to my mother for his condition. He called a taxi. My brother helped him into the taxi and he left about 1 a.m."

"The next morning he sent my mother a box of flowers with a note of apology for the inconvenience he might have caused her."

"I was separated from Guy Madison at the time and was living with my family."

Wayne continued to be bitter at his wife's action in mentioning Gail Russell.

"Why did she have to drag that poor kid's name into this?" he repeated. "I never had anything to do with Miss Russell except to make a couple of movies with her. True, we had a party at the end of the picture. Every studio and company does. Everybody was there from technicians to star."

John asserted he came home at 2 a.m. and broke in the front door, "not because I was drunk but because I had no key and my wife refused to open the door."

"I'm no saint," he added, "but this is ridiculous."

As to the down payment on a car for Gail, Duke said, "The poor kid went to work for us on a loanout from Paramount. She was getting practically nothing. She did such a good job in our picture that we tried to get her some of the loanout money but Paramount said no. So Jimmy Grant, who directed the picture, and I chipped in $500 apiece and gave it to her. Chata knew all about it. Jimmy and I had discussed it half a dozen times."

According to Esperanza, life with John Wayne was six years of smashing fists and crashing missiles, with alcohol the real villain in their marital affairs.

She said he had hit her with everything from the back of his hand to upholstered pillows during their marriage. But, she added, they always kissed and made up.

Esperanza Baur, former Mexico City screen star, was Wayne's second wife. His
first wife, also a Latin-American beauty, was Josephine Saenz, of the Dominican Republic, who divorced him after 11 years of marriage, and was given custody of their four children.

"I tried every way possible to make a go of our marriage," he said about his life with Esperanza.

At present Wayne is seen much in the company of Pilar Pailette, Peruvian actress. It is confidently believed in Hollywood Pilar will be wife No. 3.

The stalwart 6 foot, 4 inch product of Main Street—Wayne was born Marion Morrison in Waterloo, Ia.—and one-time football star at the University of Southern California where he was known as Duke Morrison, is definitely big-time headline material.

He draws headlines because of his persistent appeal for Latin-American women, because he can boast a $500,000-a-year income, thanks to some box-office winners as "The Quiet Man," "Hondo," "Flying Leathernecks," "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon" and other pictures.

Down deep, according to his friends, Wayne wishes the headlines were not so big or blank. The divorce trial publicity is part of the price he is paying for his popularity.

The headlines are a part of the bitter memories he carries of the courtroom battle in which he and his wife were embroiled so spectacularly.

In that battle, Gail Russell made bold headlines, also. They came back to haunt her a month after the trial when she was arrested on a drunk-driving charge.

Ordinarily, such a charge would have attracted little or no attention. Now she made new headlines.

Gail happened to be driving her car in Santa Monica when she came behind a police prowl car that stopped at a red light, and honked her horn. "Sounded off on the horn," the officers said. There was an investigation and the officers said the actress was intoxicated.

She was taken to jail, and a few hours later a man appeared with $250 bail. The man was Guy Madison. His rush to the rescue gave new emphasis to his remarks last February when he and Gail separated after four years of marriage and three of courtship.

"I'm heartsick over our separation," he said then, but somehow we can't seem to make a go of it. I'm still devoted to Gail. And anything she needs from me she'll always have."

He also said he appreciated the "wonderful years she made possible."

"It was a strong and honest emotional experience. I still believe Gail and I will get back together. I never expect to be emotionally involved with any other woman."

Gail's brush with the law—which is scheduled for a court decision soon, for she pleaded to the drunk-driving charge—occurred just as she had returned from a rest in a Seattle sanitarium.

She had gone to the sanitarium to seek peace from the turmoil of mind and spirit occasioned by the mention of her name in the Wayne divorce trial.

Divorce trials can be such ghostly affairs.

WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Belinda? It meant that much to Jane.

And wasn't it Jane who retorted, "I'll still make my mark in Hollywood if it kills me?"

This could very well be the crux of the whole trouble. Perhaps in her determination to make good Jane overlooked the fact that it takes more than being a good actress and hard worker to become a No. 1 box-office favorite. There are those things which the public has come to associate with movie stars—glamour, fire, publicity. These alone have made more stars than even Hollywood cares to admit.

Forty years ago Jane Wyman, then called Sarah Jane Fulks, was born in a cheerless house in St. Joe, Missouri, of parents who were then far from young. She was still a baby when her older brother and sister married, left home, and her father fell pitifully ill.

"Laughter had little place in the Fulks home," recalls an early teacher of Jane Wyman's, "and her mother was so strict that parental fondness seemed missing, too. Jane grew up in drab, severe clothes, wore lank hair instead of softening curls."

It was a house of tears, especially when a favorite brother died and Jane felt she didn't have a real friend in the world. In those formative years, however, she took on a mind of her own, a will to do things that were not always approved by parents and relatives. She prayed to God that she might find her two feet and stand solidly on the uneven ground of her ambitions—to shine in the theatre.

Today Jane possesses the same conviction that somehow, somewhere, she will make good in the field of her endeavor. But the going has been tough, is still tough. Although she thinks in one direction, the turns have been bad ones—a long and exciting life complicated and often interrupted by false decisions in career, failing romances in her private life. All of which have made her unhappy.

In one of the studios where she has worked, the doctor on the lot is also a good psychologist. He once said to Janie, "You know if you had waited to get married until you had reached real maturity, you might have achieved almost everything you desired. Perhaps your husbands were not good for you."

There were many of them, these husbands. There was the first one whom she married almost when she was a child, and whom she would rather not talk about. And way back in 1937 there was Myron Futterman, a prosperous manufacturer of children's clothing. After that Ronald Reagan, and still after that, Fred Karger—a man with music in his heart but very little desire to further the ambitious aims of his actress wife.

That matrimonial venture started in 1933, and collapsed in the same year. In the interim, Jane had been wooed, so the story goes, by many attractive men—Bob Taylor, Billie Seymour, Lew Ayres.

What perturbs Hollywood is that Jane Wyman, with all her fine talents and personal sensibilities, may never achieve a real niche in either her work or her life away from the cameras.

"Brought up with unhappiness," says a former secretary of the star, "she finds it hard to believe that she will ever be really happy—or in her work or in her own home. She faces everything in life with a cautious, almost defeatist attitude—believing that a human being is always on his own and can rarely depend on the help of others."

If that is true, it's not a correct attitude. Jane Wyman is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood, as well as one of the most gifted, and there is practically no one—from top studio executive to the lowest grip—who wouldn't like to see her shine in everything she attempts.

"Leave it to a prop man at Warners' to

Jane Wyman feeds a dainty hors d'oeuvre to Gregg Palmer while Rock Hudson's mouth waters. Jane and Rock are co-starring in the U-I's "Magnificent Obsession."
make rather a sage remark, "Jane Wyman has never really grown up. She is a child who, once hurt, believes she can be hurt again and again. Acting is in her blood, and she is ready to spill pints of it to get what she really wants. If she wants to get where she thinks she wants to get, she'll have to forget all of the past, and live in the future."

The trouble with Jane Wyman, though, is that she lives merely for the present, and in so doing swallows many a bitter pill. She doesn't look ahead far enough to believe that there can be sugar-coated ones, too. In a sombre moment she once said, "Where am I going?"

Her best friends could tell her: Far and UP, if she forgets the misses and remembers the hits. On the other hand, her worst enemies—if she has any—can say: Nowhere—if she doesn't work a little less and live a little more!  

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**A MODEL TO FOLLOW**

(continued from page 29)

ever met." And she meant it sincerely.

Since she met the former Yankee Clipper in February, 1952, she had dated no other man. She had had no romantic interest in any other male.

"We're just good friends," she used to parry questioners, smiling her best inscrutable smile all the while,—"just good friends." And then when asked concerning his interest in her, she struck her interviewer out by replying:

"We haven't got around to baseball yet."

An increasingly astonishing fact about Marilyn is that women like her. They are now ready to admit her unusual physical charms. But more, they are impressed by her integrity, her innate honesty. Marilyn considers herself lucky. Her unhappy childhood during which she lived in orphanages and 11 different foster homes has apparently left no marks of frustration or cynicism upon her. Before she was born her father was killed in an auto accident. His death was such a shock to her mother that she spent a lifetime in institutions.

Luck played its part when Twentieth Century-Fox put her under contract three-and-a-half years ago and let her be her natural, beautiful, sexy self, thus making possible the Marilyn Monroe legend.

But even had she not become established as the nation's "most sizzling heat wave," she would have been the same honest individual. A model of models, on or off the screen, as it were.

Long before cameras were pointed at Marilyn and Joe together, the glamour queen had demonstrated how vividly a lens can bring out the beauty and shape-line of a girl.

So vividly, indeed, that when she posed in the nude for an art calendar it took her no time at all to zoom to the top as Hollywood's sexiest number.

She became the hottest thing in the film town since be-sweatered Lana Turner moved over from a soot fountain into the focus of studio magnates.

The reason Marilyn posed in the nude, she explained, was because the wolves were at the door. They were not human wolves either,—then. She was having difficulty getting the kind of studio attention that would send her onward and upward along the glory road.

She was four months behind in her rent, and often she didn't have enough money even to eat.

It is not on record there was a general scramble for dark glasses when the calendar began to decorate restaurants, barber shops, garages.

"I'm not ashamed of it," Marilyn said. "I did nothing wrong."

As a matter of fact, she declared, she has been criticized more for wearing clothes than for taking them off. In those days women were critical.

"But men appreciate what I wear, and I dress to please them," she said. "That long and lean look is not my type. Clothes should follow the body."

With her 37-inch bust, her 23-inch waist and 34-inch hips, her tight frocks, her panther-like walk, her low, throaty manner of talking, she has been tagged "naturally sexy."

Describing Marilyn as extraordinarily gifted with physical magnetism, famed choreographer Valerie Bettis said: "That kind of girl is born, not made."

And the operators of a Hollywood modiste shop, patronized by the screen's fashion seekers, said: "Try as you may, you can find no structural defects in Marilyn."

At any event, Marilyn Monroe doesn't have to be the bundle in Joe DiMaggio's arms to get her name in the paper. She's got a sure-fire way. She poses for pictures.

She was working in the film, "Don't Bother To Knock," when she met Joe. She had pictured him as a fellow who would be "realicky. But Joe was garbed in the conservative blue he has favored throughout his life, when they were introduced to each other in a Hollywood restaurant.

"I thought he was very nice," she said. He had no line either, as she had expected, in common with most ball players, would have.

She took him home in her car to his hotel because he asked her to drop him off there. Next night, he asked her to have dinner with him. She agreed. And that became their practice for every night until he returned to New York.

"Naturally, I became interested in baseball," she declared, her eyes reflecting the frankness of her words. "I couldn't very well be around with Joe and not learn something about the game."

Once, when it was suggested to her that the 38-year-old DiMaggio might be too old for her, Marilyn replied as sagely as the Empress Josephine could have done:

"Age doesn't count where love is concerned. I don't care what age a man is if you love him and he loves you."

Meanwhile, Joseph Paul DiMaggio, who saw service in 1,736 baseball games as a member of the Yankees, has become a successful telescaper since he hung up his uniform and retired as an active player.

Television has proved a nice green pasture for him. Though he is not TV's biggest attraction—as he was baseball's—he has managed to garner almost as big a salary, $100,000 annually, as he made with the Yankees.

His earnings at baseball compare favorably with a movie star's, for that matter. From 1938 when he came up to the Yankees from the San Francisco Seals until he called it a day at the end of the 1951 season he drew $750,000 in salary and World Series pay money, and another $250,000 for subsidiary activities.

He was the highest-priced player in Yankee history.

Shortly after their first meeting he took Marilyn and his son to a Bel Air swimming pool for an afternoon's outing. There was a jolting aftermath.

Joe's ex-wife immediately demanded full custody of their son. There was, according to Dorothy, one too many persons in the scene and she didn't mean Joe or Joe, Jr.

When the swimming-pool episode was backed up with such compelling newspaper comment as: "Joe, Jr. thought pop's actress friend, blonde and bosomy Marilyn Monroe, was a 'real doll,'" one can understand why there were fireworks.

She couldn't do less, Dorothy fumed, than seek full custody of Joe, Jr., after noting that both Joes went swimming with Marilyn. She said she didn't think the boy ought to be hanging around the Bel Air pool listening to the conversation of those who frequent the place, though no information was offered as to what the chatter was about.

"Such things are not conducive to a proper father-and-son relationship," Dorothy said. "Naturally, I want little Joe to see his father, but I think it would be better for all concerned, particularly the boy, if the meetings were at my home."
Under the divorce settlement granted his wife in 1944, DiMaggio has partial custody of the boy, but can't be proper for a boy of his age to enter," Joe said, as he explained how the incident came about.

"We had lunch at the Bel Air pool and went swimming. He saw Miss Monroe for about two hours. There were at least a dozen other children swimming there at the time. All persons there were respectable, there was no drinking, and I certainly don't know what's wrong with being at a pool."

Later, Dorothy viewed the affair more calmly. She only wanted to keep the boy out of "glamour spots."

What constitutes a glamour spot, one might ask? Obviously, a place where girls of glamour, with a capital G, can be seen.

The occasion was the first when DiMaggio was asked if he was thinking of marrying Marilyn Monroe.

He was as neatly evasive as if he were ducking a too-close inside pitch.

"She's a wonderful lady and a very good friend," he replied.

As for Marilyn, she thought Joe was as "wonderful" as when she met him in the Hollywood restaurant on that memorable night.

She gave him her exclusive attention, just as before their meeting she was wholly devoted to bandleader FreddieKarper.

When Joe and Marilyn were married they proved that they'd meant every word they had said about each other. And Hollywood proved to be right in calling Marilyn strictly a "one-man" woman.

END

DANNY'S PRIVATE LIFE

(continued from page 33)

and that people responded the way they did because her father was such a wonderful comedian. Yet during those three days, Danny was depressed, a rare sight indeed for a man who is usually riding the crest of the wave.

This story, fortunately, had a happy ending, because Dena gradually began to get the feel of what was going on, and by the end of the week, she was something of a little critic all by herself, discussing the various things she had watched her Daddy do on the stage. The proof of that she had become fully acclimated to the world of show-business came when she asked Danny, "If I walk out on the stage, Daddy, will people laugh at me?" She did, however, take a bow with her father, and she loved it. Dena Kaye in person is everything you'd expect him to be, but this is only the beginning of an understanding of what makes him tick. Watch him work on the set, he exudes a tremendous personality, and you see a real dynamo in action. In "Knock On Wood," one of his newest cinema epics, he's quite a contrast to the hero of "Hans Christian Andersen." He plays a very quiet, unassuming character who is embroiled with a gang of European spies, and indulges in one of his happy pastimes of wearing weird costumes, wigs and beards to his heart's content.

Trying to pin Danny down for an interview, when he's on the set, is like trying to keep a handful of frolicsome puppies still. It just can't be done. You ask him a question, and he rattles off a fast answer. Just as you're jotting down the last of your notes, you look up, and he's gone. You next see him running over a tune with Mrs. Kaye, who writes all his music under her maiden name of Sylvia Fine. Then he bounces over to the makeup mirror, slaps on a zany wig, dons a long gold-buttoned coat, and steps into the next sequence.

"I chose 'Knock On Wood' because in it I go back to the kind of parts I played in 'Up In Arms,' 'On The Riviera' and 'The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty.' It's a good follow-up, I think, for 'Andersen.' It's a modern, atomic spy comedy and it's the first picture that was ever written strictly for me. Needless to say, I'm having fun doing it."

Danny's not alone in enjoying doing his zany brand of comedy. On the day when he was filming scenes in which he reveals the identity of the spy-ring leader, he rattled off long sentences studded with such tongue-catching names as Gromek, Bruchek, Shaslik, Papinek and Brodnik without a hitch, and completed his sequence in one take. Members of the crew broke out in applause, which is really quite a compliment when you consider that they have seen celluloid greats perform for decades.

Since Danny is one of those people who won't talk too much about himself, other than accounting straight and terse pieces of news about his work or the plans that lie ahead, we cornered the person nearest to him and put the more personal questions about his private life to her. Naturally she is Mrs. Danny Kaye, a vital yet winsome and most attractive lady. You like her at first glance.

"Danny," she began, "is like Mercury because his moods change so rapidly. He's either ecstatically happy, or in the depths, but never in between. He's creative and brilliant, with a natural technique as a singer, dancer and comedian. He's a great tease. Just let him know that you want very much for him to do something, and he'll go out of his way to dawdle, procrastinate, and to find a hundred other things that he insists he must do at that particular moment. Then switch your tactics, pretend you don't care if he does or doesn't do what you ask, and you achieve your desired results in record time. Dena can handle him best in this department because she teases right back.

"Planning menus for him is a really simple procedure until he gets on his food binges. As a rule, he prefers fowl as his entree, or he doesn't seem to be interested in food at all, and then suddenly he develops a great passion for Chinese, French or Italian dishes. Then our own cook must go international, or we visit all the foreign restaurants in this area until the passion wears off."

"I think Danny's greatest component is his charm. He has more than his share of it. Far from possessing even the smallest tinge of temperament, he's dependable, punctual and patient. He goes out of his way in an effort to please people, and a responsive audience will keep him going on until his clothes are wringing wet."

"Because he's not temperamental himself, he bristles against it in anyone else.
DOROTHY KILGALLEN'S
EXCLUSIVE MOVIE Gossip
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

was an emergency business trip. Janie found out and filed for her divorce ten days later ...

Hugh O'Brien and Buddy Hackett are the new white hopes of U-I—they will replace Abbott and Costello on that studio's list of forthcoming comedies ...

Parent-Teacher and religious organizations are beginning to file complaints to TV producers about the scheduled appearance of Johnnie Ray. A raft of video cancellations was the first step in the campaign to halt the swoon singer's career. It all began when one of Johnnie's old flames sent out Christmas cards with Johnnie's picture on them (but not the pose he mails to his fans). The anti-Ray mob also spread the word around about this number to the cast of the Broadway musical, "Almanac," to whom Johnnie allegedly sent a box of roses on opening night. It's The Big Talk, coast-to-coast ...

Hollywood sorely missed the usual lavish parties tossed by Sonja Henie when she returned to town after her Reno divorce stopover. She was so busy with new production plans for her ice shows that she didn't have time to socialize or undertake the hostess "bit." When business is involved, Sonja couldn't care less about the cocktail-canape crowd so it shouldn't have surprised anyone to begin with. The famous Henie jewel collection, incidentally, may be auctioned off late this summer. She doesn't need the money—just wants to change bangles, baubles and beads. Paulette Goddard will undoubtedly be first in line at such an "ice sale." ...

Eddie Fisher dated Terry Moore for publicity purposes, but his real heartbeat is model Jerilyn Johnson. Eddie's agents in New York—among them private secretary Jerilyn—rehearse their once-a-week only—and then only with the promise they'll duck photos and newshounds. A fine romance, this is!

The doggie industry is figuring on another bonanza within the next two years—this time in sales of Skye terriers. They're starting even to change breeders' titles to the "vogue" pooh of the sanest, most prestigious shows in Hollywood. Lili St. Cyr and Ann Blyth already have ordered theirs ...

Pals say the long-time feud between Dean Martin and Lou Costello is all over at last. But Jerry Lewis and Bud Abbott have yet to settle their differences of opinion ...

Pat Crowley, who stole the honors in "Forever Female," made a tremendous impression on diners at the Pen & Pencil in New York—by being there Hollywoodish. She struck everyone as the shiest, quietest and most normal representative of the acting profession to appear on the scene in simply ages, and it was a charming sight to see ...

Ursula Thiess's two children by a former marriage are the reason she and Bob Taylor failed to make the altar march early this year—Bob isn't too enthusiastic about the patter of little feet, never has been ...

Those rift rumors concerning Doris Day and Marty Melcher are blamed chiefly on the star's ultimate claim that he "talks too much," which makes his actress-wife nervous. Their spats, overheard by neighbors and reported around Hollywood, only strengthen the stories they'll separate ...

Jerry Lewis, at first amused by Audrey Hepburn's imitation of him at parties, is letting it be known the novelty is beginning to wear thin ...

The Tyrone Power types and the Michael Rennies are so inseparable, Hollywood hostesses have to allocate for four places instead of two whenever they invite one or the other couple to dine. And the unpredictable quartet are just as liable not to show up at the last minute as they are to
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"Air Spun"

The Only Powder Enriched with Famous Coty Perfumes: L'ORIGAN • L'AIMANT • EMERAUDE • "PARIS" • MUGUET DES BOIS
arrive in sports attire when the invitations stress "black tie".

Whether there's a divorce pending or not—Greg Peck isn't forgetting his estranged wife, Greta, while he's filming "The Purple Plain" in Ceylon. He sent her a set of sapphires (set in a gold flaggée necklace) that weigh more than four hundred carats.

Director-Producer Rouben Mamoulian is hot after Greta Garbo for the screen version of the best-seller book, "Lélia," while Merle Oberon would part with her eyeteeth for a crack at the same role based on the life and loves of George Sand. It was Merle, you'll remember, who portrayed the lady-who-loved-Chopin-while-wearing-men's-attire in the film, "A Song To Remember".

Fernando Lamas is one of the few Hollywood males who advocates the use of lipstick. He wouldn't be caught dead before the cameras without it—makes his flashing smile all the more pearly. However, what it does to him in D color films is still another matter.

Tab Hunter is miffed at his agent and the movie moguls who insist he remain a blonde. Tab thinks his fans will accept him more as an actor with brown tresses instead of the studio-tinted blonde locks he's required to feature.

Bob Wagner's memo pad-address book, complete with "things to do today" pages, would startle his fans—daring is hardly the word for it.

Lex Barker thought "Tarzan's African Legend" would be his last jungle epic, but the offers for modern dress screen roles are not forthcoming so he's contracted with Sol Lesser to do more. Lana insists he work.

Miss Van Doren and Tommy Morton

Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling at the Stork Club while on Gotham vacation.

are coming in the more public Hollywood spots, but it's still Jack Dempsey she really prefers. The Dempsey-Van Doren romance goes back to 1950 when she was a hoofer in a Broadway nightclub show that starred Jackie Gleason. In those days she was known as Joan Olander.

If and when Patrice Wymore Flynn files for a divorce from the dashing Errol, her terms will be (1) complete custody of their child, (2) tax-free alimony of $25,000 annually and (3) fifty percent of their joint community property holdings in Jamaica, B.W.I. No "names" will be named by Patrice in exchange for these stipulations.

Humphrey Bogart has made West Coast editors so mad they've got "definitely not wanted" notices about him tacked up in some of the city rooms.

Audrey's True Love

(continued from page 36)

that was before they had come to know her better. Moreover, the Hollywood scribels had not taken the trouble to evaluate the real facts of her engagement to Hanson.

The well-endowed Englishman had courted her for two years before Audrey consented to the engagement, but even this solid prelude to a possible marriage did not prevent Audrey from taking stock when, with her mature girl age might have lost her head in the first dizzy onrush of success.

It is true that "Roman Holiday" had not been released, but she had been highly acclaimed for her role in "Gigi" on Broadway, and in talks with William Wyler, who had directed her in the picture, she had certainly been led to believe that "Roman Holiday" had turned out to be something special for her. In fact, Paramount had already arranged for her to come to Hollywood on another assignment.

"It was just too much to expect of a man who loved me to ask him to share me with my career," Audrey told me on the set of "Sabrina Fair" at Paramount Studios when I quizzed her on her romance with Hanson. "He and I had long talked about what had happened to me since we became engaged and I decided it wasn't fair to marry him and then have to leave him from time to time on account of my work.

"I feel a girl must be completely sensible about a step as serious as marriage because to me it is a very serious step. It would also be unfair to have children as long as I have not carried out my hopes for a career to a successful completion." She and Hanson remain very dear friends, and it is by no means out of the question that they will eventually wed, because it is apparent that when a man is chagrined by Audrey he stays charmed.

This has certainly been true during her stay in Hollywood while making "Sabrina Fair." The girl conveys to anyone she meets that same regal charm that was so evident in her "Roman Holiday" characterization. This charm is doubly effective because it is so effortless. Audrey isn't trying to sell herself. She is just being Audrey.

But with a charmer like this, everyone who came to know her insisted that there just had to be a favorite man somewhere in the background. However, no one could discover him. Audrey stuck to her job with Spartan self-discipline and refused to be so around the night spots of the film colony.

At a time when her name was on everyone's lips because of her "Roman Holiday" hit, it was only natural that talk would arise about her and Gregory Peck—he who had worked with her for months on the picture in Rome. How could he have managed being so much in such a refreshing personality, the gossips asked.

It had been generally accepted in Hollywood that Greg and his wife, Greta, had hit a real snag in their marriage. The assumption had been based largely on the fact that Greg had been in Europe for well over a year and that he had taken assignments that would keep him abroad indefinitely.

The full facts of the Peck marriage situation, however, have never been revealed, but as far as Audrey is concerned light was shed on her true relations with Greg soon after she arrived in Hollywood. It was learned that not only had she made a friendly phone call to Greta Peck to relay Greg's greetings, but that she had fulfilled a similar request from him by phoning members of his family in San Francisco for the same friendly purpose.

Much had been made for a brief time over Bing Crosby's attentions to Audrey. After all, what could have been more natural than her succumbing to the well-known Crosby charm, especially since he was the most eligible male in Hollywood?

As it turns out, Bing was impressed. He had taken Audrey to a dinner party at the home of Billy Wilder, who was directing her in "Sabrina Fair," and for some time after this, the groaner was very attentive to her on the Paramount lot, where he was making "White Christmas" on a sound stage adjoining the one where Audrey was working.

Bing started visiting her on the set, an unheard of thing for him to do.

"But there was no romance between Bing and me," she told this writer. "He is a delightful companion and I only had one real date with him. I like people who are light-hearted and witty because I had plenty of austerity in my life."

The reason why a romance didn't flourish between Audrey and Bing, is probably because she didn't give it a chance. She is one young actress who is dedicated to her work, and while she is busy on a picture, social life is strictly taboo. She is of such a simple purpose that she wouldn't consider having a date at such a time.
Michael Butler's arrival in town caused another flurry of romance rumors to fly around Audrey's queenly head. But after he was here for a week and she hadn't once shown up public with him, everyone had to conclude that Audrey was determined to stick to her routine of work.

She had met Butler in Chicago while touring in "Gigi" and he couldn't have been more attentive.

Butler visited her on the set of the picture while he was in Hollywood, and Audrey was very gracious to him, but in her boundless enthusiasm she was able to make him understand that she could not entertain him socially. They are friends still, as are all the other men who have come within her orbit.

Audrey's director, Billy Wilder, even arranged for Groucho Marx to escort her to dinner at his home one night during a lull in the shooting schedule. She showed the same delight in Groucho's company as she had registered for other interesting male companions, but on this occasion no romance rumors resulted.

Whether Audrey succeeded in giving Hollywood a true picture of her personality is still questionable. Other than being her natural self, in fact, she hasn't seem to have made much effort in that direction. The people who worked with her on "Sabrina Fair" have only one answer for this—integrity! They used the word often in talking about the elfin young star.

It is plain that those who profess not to understand her have not taken the trouble to look at her past. The expectation that she was bound to follow the usual pattern of romances set by other young feminine newcomers to pictures is precluded by the very nature of her childhood.

It would not be far-fetched to say that Audrey was born to maturity. She was a child of the second marriage of her aristocratic mother, Baroness Ella Von Heemstra, and the world in which she arrived in 1929 in Brussels, was a threatening one.

Later, when she was ten, Audrey's mother and father, who was an intense profoundly-minded business man, were also divorced.

This alone would have been enough to leave a profound impression on an intelligent child, but there followed the grim war years during the German occupation in the Netherlands. Even then Audrey had a sense-of-values, and helped with the underground movement by giving dance recitals to help raise funds in fighting Nazism.

During this time she saw one half-brother, Alexander, deported to Germany and another one, Ian, had to go into hiding away from the family because of work for the resistance forces.

Audrey and her family were often without enough food, and were under constant surveillance by military police.

"This is the kind of life that teaches one to know oneself," she told me. "And my mother made the lesson complete by teaching me good common sense in facing the situation realistically.

"If I said I couldn't do a thing, mother insisted that other girls had done even harder things. This kept me going when,"
at eighteen, I was doing twenty-one shows in London in three different theatrical jobs. "Perhaps these facts about how I grew up will explain why I am what I am," she went on. "I have simply gone too far in a serious venture to sacrifice it now by assuming any other obligations until I am the star I feel I must try to become. This is a necessity to me, not for the sake of becoming a grand success, but to help bring to others some of the joy I missed as I was growing up.

"So far I feel I am only a publicity star, and I must prove myself. If I can make people happy by bringing them warmth and a better understanding of their problems through the characters I portray, then I feel I will have succeeded."

This, then, is Audrey Hepburn's real love—her career, and to those who don't understand her sidetracking of real life romance the answer lies in her remarkable unsulliedness, which ironically is helping her better to find herself.

END

WHY IS THE "OTHER WOMAN" USUALLY FOREIGN?

(Continued from Page 27)

only woman who appreciates his intelligence. Every mistake in grammar becomes, in his mind, a proof of her wit, and every time she widens her eyes and says trustingly, 'I not onsteren,' but you well explain, no?" he feels protective.

But the allure of the foreign woman is more definite than a matter of appealing accent and need for instruction in the different kind of American. For example, there was Ursula Thiess and her prominence in Bob Taylor's life. Why did he prefer this German-born film star to the charming and accomplished Barbara Stanwyck?

Dr. Arnold Gruber, internationally-famous psychologist and technical advisor to many European-made movies with American stars, points out one basic factor in all these situations. "Before we can say that the foreign woman is always the 'other' woman in luring away the affections of the American man from the women he might naturally select for his wife, we must remember that all human relationships depend upon the people involved and on their particular combination of hopes and fears, successes and frustrations.

"It seems to be true that the foreign born woman is more adept than the American woman at sensing the needs of the man," he concludes. "Perhaps because the foreign woman's background of experience has taught her that she can only live by and through the will of men, she automatically studies the man's desires rather than her own, and in giving full expression to them, hopes to be able to gain his desires without bringing them into the open."

This is definitely a point often cited by the American G.I. in explaining his marriage to a foreign girl. "She makes me feel I'm a man," he says, repeatedly. "She looks up to me; she depends on me; she recognizes her place in a man's life."

On the other hand, pretty young Mona Freeman is a healthy, ambitious, all-around, American girl. She can cook and she can sew, and she, too, doesn't look on man as her equal, but rather as her superior. For a long time it seemed that she was the number one girl in Bing Crosby's life.

Then one day, and it is now no longer a secret, Bing put in a hurried long-distance call to Paris, to the famous salon of Schiaparelli—a stone's throw from the Ritz Hotel. Only then wasn't ordering any clothes for his new picture.

"Give me," said Bing, "Ghislaine."

Madame Schiaparelli, who is very strict in allowing gentlemen to talk to her sultry, beautiful high-fashion models, felt that a long-distance call from Hollywood was worth answering and Ghislaine talked for hours—over a period of time. And Mona, so the story goes, had no dates with "The Groaner" from then on.

What the Hollywood grapevine learned was that Bing was anxious to get Ghislaine to give up her modelling work—at least for a time—and come to Hollywood to make a special test, and consider a career in the movies.

"And I'll be around to advise you, baby," said Bing, in typical vein.

Romance or career? No one quite knows yet, but Bing Crosby like many of the other Hollywood stars has a good eye for talent, and a pretty girl. While he may not do much about the latter, he is still a man who likes to be in good and young company. And when that happens, everyone prognosticates that something serious is in the offing.

Unquestionably, the normal childhood training of foreign girls is widely different from that of the average American film star. Barbara Stanwyck, for instance, says calmly that she cannot boil an egg—but Ursula Thiess is the true German hausfrau, who knows how to cook, bake and sew.

This makes it all the easier for her to remember Bob Taylor's favorite dishes, chat in coy woman-to-woman fashion with Bob's mother—and it's still only too true that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach!

But aside from their enchanting hesitant accents and their domestic accomplishments, foreign film stars have, too, a certain grace and polish which creates havoc in the American male. Greta Peck is the most recent Hollywood wife to discover this. Rocky Cooper might have warned her—for both women lost their husbands—temporarily—to Ingrid Bergman.

Hollywood still remembers with hushed voices the fiery love scenes of "For Whom The Bell Tolls," in which—it was said—the reticence of Gary Cooper was breached to such telling effect that the set had to be closed to visitors.

And even with the end of the filming of "For Whom The Bell Tolls," and the withdrawal of Miss Bergman from Mr. Cooper's life, seemingly that reticence never returned. Perhaps Mr. Cooper had acquired a taste for the continental touch, for only recently Giselle Pascal, longtime and intimate friend of the Prince of Monaco, was credited with touching Mr. Cooper's heart.

Throughout these excursions into the land of romance, Mrs. Cooper has stood fast, armored by her position as mother of Gary's beloved young daughter and buttressed by her own deep religious convictions.

Greta Peck has chosen differently. From Gregory's initial encounter with Ingrid Bergman in "Spellbound" grew an initial combustion which exploded subsequently in a number of different directions—all foreign.

There was Hellegarde Neff, who has been in and out of Gregory's life and loved several times. And there was Audrey Hepburn, who showed him a holiday in Rome.

Nor are all the fatal women European, as John Wayne can testify. Most important woman in his life is Pilar Pallete, 23-year-old Peruvian beauty on the brink of a divorce.

Kirk Douglas is another one to fall for the pretty dark eyes. Long time escort of Irene Wrightsman and other Hollywood beauties, the day came when Kirk turned to the simple life. The answer was Pier Angeli, years younger than he, but imbued with all the traditions of Europe in her approach to men.

"American men," she said softly to the press, "seem to me like boys. It is natural that—after enduring the terrible war years in Italy—I should be used to more decision, more maturity. Our boys are men because they have endured the hard things in life."

It was not hard to understand Pier Angeli's appeal for Kirk—she looked up to him. The difference in age between them was a matter of course in European thinking, where young girls are often married off to established men.

Even the giants of the industry are not different from other men when it comes to the foreign women. Clark Gable, vacationing in France, found the perfect companion in lovely Suzanne Dadolle.

Parisian to her fingertips, Suzanne put a flower in her hair and walked in through The King's nose, and led him from night club to night club, from party to party. For her sake, Clark Gable—always noted as a man's man, allowed himself to be seen each evening in dinner jacket or tails, was photographed on dance floors wearing a proud smile at the fun.

Suzanne showed off the latest creations from the tailor.

The list of foreign women who have provided interest, solace and spice in the lives of American film stars seems endless. There was Lya de Lys, credited as the first disruption to the Stanwyck-Taylor marital bliss several years ago. There was Hedy Lamarr and Marlene Dietrich, and even farther back, there was
Greta Garbo who co-starred with Bob.

But with the number of films being shot in faraway romantic spots about the world, and the consequent increased travel of our male film stars, Hollywood wives and hope-fuls may well look to their positions.

No longer does a Hollywood woman compete on her own home ground, where there is the pressure of public opinion, established lives and routines, and all the other habits of life which make a man think twice before throwing his cap over the windmill.

Now it is the American woman who is competing, on foreign ground, against a widely different view of romance and marriage, and—worst of all—against the cruel shortage of men in the foreign countries where war has left nearly five women to every one man available.

And it is time that the American women assessed their romantic values on a more basic plane—or Hollywood bids fair to become as man-less as Europe! END

THE WOMEN IN
BOB’S LIFE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

she started with Adam!"

"She must have been a woman without a sense of humor," Bob said kiddingly.

"And to me a sense of humor is a very important part of a girl's charm!"

"Like the humor Debbie Reynolds has?" I asked. "That kind of humor—a young, effervescent humor?"

"Yes," he answered seriously. "Debbie has a wonderfully gay sense of humor. She is great fun to be with. Never a dull moment. Her wit keeps a guy on his toes."

"What do you consider the next important requisite—next to humor, I mean?"

"Well," he answered after a pause. "I like a girl to be serious, too. Everyone hasn't the talent for flinging off bright wise cracks, one right after another like Debbie can, and be hilariously amusing. When Terry Moore and I were in Florida making 'Beneath The 12-Mile Reef' I found Terry to be a very serious girl, interested in reading everything from politics to novels and discussing them all with an intense interest. I don't think anyone knows how well read Terry is! Only recently she enrolled in one of the night classes at U.C.L.A., taking a course, I believe, in History of the Theatre. You get to know people pretty well when you're on a location with a motion picture company. And location trips can be rugged and difficult. As it happened this particular trip was a pretty tough one, and I thought Terry was a wonderful sport. So did everybody. She was so cheerful, happy and with no temperamental display."

Continuing the discussion of Hollywood women Bob said, "When I played a small part in 'With A Song In My Heart' in which Susan Hayward starred as Jane Froman, I had the opportunity of watch-

"These horrible words tumbled through my mind. I could hardly believe it. The one person I really trusted was accusing me of being a tramp! What could I do? Whom could I turn to for help?"

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"I think I'll marry, but..."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

"I have been in love. Like all women, I visualize in the man I adore, the possibility of a husband. But I have never, unless it is now, reached the point where I believed that I could combine work and marriage. And yet—now with Vittorio Massimo, a prince from one of the oldest families in Rome—well, perhaps this is the time.

Of English-Irish-American descent, Dawn was raised by her dashing father, Captain Jimmy Addams (once married to Arlene Judge, a former companion of Barbara Hutton and a member of the international set) and her grandmother. Her mother died when she was a very little girl.

"I think the reason I first wanted to become an actress is due to my English training, which forbids you to show your emotions. In acting, I could be all kinds of people and give vent to all kinds of feelings. I began working at the Royal Academy of Drama in 1909. My first play, 'French Without Tears,' was for the Cambridge University players. I called myself Vicky Addams, because my real name was Dawn, and everyone thought I had made it up.

Bob thought a moment and then he answered the profound question. "Well, no—but I do think girls look very nice in sports clothes—sweaters and skirts and things. I don't know why something is attractive, I just know it fits well, looks well, the color's okay, the girl looks real sharp in it—you know, doesn't hide too much..." he said with a funny smile.

"Lucky me!" he said, glancing over at co-star Janet, "to have two such beautiful gals in one picture—Janet Leigh and Debra Paget. But the way, this is the second picture with Debra Paget. Now, she's a girl who takes knowing. She's quiet, reserved and very cute. She's very straightforward, too.

"Then you're all for the straightforward, outdoor American girl! You're definitely not the Zsa Zsa Gabor type... all glamour, allure and plunging necklines!"

"I wouldn't narrow my horizons that much," he said gaily. "I like glamour. I think Zsa Zsa Gabor is terrific! And on her, plunging necklines are very becoming. I don't know her, but I've seen her on the screen. And by the way, what gent would you say was closest to meet a Gabor?"

He asked mischievously.

He smiled. "I've got to get back to the set," he said, as he saw the assistant director coming toward the table to inform him about the next scene. 'I've enjoyed this luncheon... but will you excuse me? I've got to rush so I can make a phone call before I get back to the set.' And then he looked at me with a half serious, half mischievous look on his face.

"... a phone call to my best girl!"

"B... but, Bob... this whole conversation has been about girls—the ones you admire and you didn't say..."

But he was gone, laughing gaily.
His films, although they are not exported to this country, make him a tremendous favorite in England. It was the first time I was really smitten. We had a wonderful summer together.

"I got hurt by Tony. Instinctively, I knew it would fade. He'd been married. Man, in a way, is a moral coward. There comes a time when he's afraid of how a romance will end. He knows if it continues he will want to marry, so he starts disappearing. Rather than tell the truth, most men are afraid women will not accept it.

"Then I met Claude Dauphin, great star of the Paris theatre and arts. He was one of the most wonderful and understanding men I have ever known.

"I was going through the period of trying to forget Tony. Meeting Claude in Paris was right for me, although at the time I didn't realize it. I did not even accept his invitation to see his play. Three months later we met at a party in Hollywood and he was very charming. During the next four months I got to know him and learned his wonderful qualities. Then our work separated and we corresponded for a year. I got to know him better, through his letters. We had a very honest relationship—for we both knew that it was not in the books for us to think of marriage. Just right.

"When I returned to America, I was on my way to Madrid. Our wires passed, just like our planes did over the Atlantic. There were 6,000 miles between us. Our future was left open to circumstances. We are still friends."

"Of her romance with Farley Granger, Dawn says: "It was a case of two people who meet at the wrong time. Farley was establishing his career. His freedom of movement was very important to him. It is no use for two people like us to get themselves involved by being other than casual friends. So we parted on a friendly basis.

"Tab Hunter and I worked together on a film. Two actors so involved share something which no one can evaluate. You create two characters in a story. If your own emotional life is confused, you associate the character you are portraying with yourself, and in so doing cast f. 'I'm in love with the story's hero and the man portraying him.'

"Bob Stack, Peter Lawford, Richard Anderson, Nicky Hilton, and all of the rest were nice men. I was a翘ing one, and I guessed it would happen in Stockholm, and I was right. "I was making a film, 'Mizar,' in Rome," Dawn said. "Everything was new and strange to me. When four bluejeans arrived on the set to visit. I was en route to Capri. For a lark he played an Arab extra in the picture. He was Vittorio Massimo. We became acquainted, and I discovered he had a wonderful sense of humor.

"One day he invited me to join a party of people at his house at Circeo on the coast. There were many people there that Sunday afternoon. I remember Ann Magnani was telling one of her famous stories—entertaining everyone. But, from the heat and the work on the picture, I had a slight headache. I went inside to be quiet. Vittorio came in and hovered over me solicitously. Then he said, softly, 'I want you to marry me. Will you?'

"'I was so surprised, I couldn't reply.

"'I promised him I would only be in America for a short time to make a picture and then I would return to Europe with an answer. I have an offer to make another picture here. Again I must decide which comes first—marriage or a career. I wonder what I will do.'"

### ARE YOU BORING YOUR HUSBAND? [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

She is also a tolerant person—and this any man likes. Even in religion, she has no dogmatic tendencies. She has instead a great respect for anyone's religious beliefs, faith or color.

And yet she does all this without losing one ounce of her femininity. She is always all woman. She has the necessary physical attributes to make herself an enticing woman.

Although she has had three babies she still has a marvelous, a seductive figure. She is very neat and clean and is very orderly. She has a fine eye for dressing her particular figure and for making herself physically desirable. And yet there is no great fuss about acquiring glamour or femininity. She doesn't even do a thing with her hair. It is naturally blonde without being artificial in the least. And she has a beautiful face without having to take unto herself loads of cosmetics. She is also the right height for me. There is tremendous vitality about her too. She's rarely ill and has enormous recuperative powers on the few occasions when she does get tired. I always thought I was a mass of energy, but Mary can keep right up with me. In fact, she can surpass me at times. This is a wonderful trait because nothing can annoy a man more than a woman who is forever whining.

This may sound as though Mary does exactly what I want her to do at all times. But it's not so. And if it were, I probably would get very bored with the set-up. I don't think any husband wants a wife to indulge him to the point where she becomes a vacuum. Mary is, for example, not always patient with my moods. This is good for me. Whenever I'm in a nasty mood she simply walks out and leaves me alone. I get furious at the time but later, after I've had a chance to cool off, I apologize to her. This may be what she had in mind all along. I might add that I try her tactics when she gets in a mood. It's harder for me to walk out, though, because I like to rationalize too much.

Mary is extremely tolerant of my eccentricities. I'm a nut about vitamins, proper food, and exercises—simply because an actor has to keep in condition.

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When I had nine o'clock calls while making "Dial M For Murder" and "Lucky Me," I'd get up about three or four hours early to take the exercises I have assigned myself. Mary doesn't take the exercise, and she uses vitamins the way I do, but she always sees that I have them on hand. As for the eccentricities themselves, she simply says, "That's Bob—the man I married." She never ridicules me for the habits or tries to make me do things differently.

Mary and I are happy and interested in each other because, in addition to the qualities already mentioned, we are mated well physically. A man and woman must be attracted to one another physically if a marriage is to succeed. Nothing can bore a husband—or wife—faster than a mate who is not physically attuned.

Some wives become bored because of their romantic attitudes. There are those who like to curl up on their husbands' laps at the least provocation and smother them with kisses. The man may like this for a while, but it can become too much of a good thing. He may be the type who wants to do the pursuing, who may like it if his wife is the one to give him a hint. I don't think most husbands, however, like a wife to be so attentive that she becomes possessive. Mary has a saying that seems very true—"Hold close with open hands." It's like holding an animal too tightly. He can't wait to get away. But if he's let alone he'll come back soon, waggling his own tail. A husband's a wife has petted.

When a woman has the attitude of "You're mine," a husband can want to get away. He feels a trap is being set for him and he instinctively wants to escape. The same is true of a woman who is held too closely by a man. In either case, a little indifference, the granting of a little personal freedom, will pique the other to such an extent that he'll come back wagging his tail and wanting to be petted.

A good many wives bore their husbands by spending too much time talking about the drudgery of their household chores. Well, a man has to realize that house work is boring. It's like running a subway. It's a dull, underground kind of work. He can help his wife by seeing that she has modern implements and time-saving devices to make her work easier. But if she starts screaming about how hard she works all the time she's going to wind up with a roving husband.

Where some wives go wrong emphasizing the house, others make a mistake by devoting far too much time and attention to the husbands' ex-wives. I know of one case where the wife has spent so many years concentrating only on her children that she has suddenly realized she no longer has a husband.

Mary even emphasized our children too much at one time. She used to stay home with the children instead of going with me to important functions—and, as a result, I stayed home too. She worried and fussed about them whenever she did go out, even though they were with the nurse and were perfectly all right. She finally saw her mistake and has balanced her duties as mother and as wife better.

I think wives should go out with their husbands, relax, and forget the children—if they're assured that they are being well taken care of and if there is no illness. Too many women forget that there's a bit of the baby in the best of men. Men are also bored, I believe, by wives who gossip. They get to the point where they won't even tell their wives any of their business for fear it will be repeated. Mary is not a gossip in the least. She never goes to bridge parties or to cocktail parties with the "girls." She hasn't the time even if she were the kind of person to enjoy them. She feels that gossip is anything but a good companion.

Then there are the wives who complain about not having enough to wear—and about the sad state of the financial department.

Some wives wait that they are practically naked while they have ninety dresses in the closet. No husband likes to hear this chatter. However, he has to be broad-minded enough to recognize the fact that a wife's wardrobe is a problem to her. Styles change rapidly and all kinds of accessories are needed—and if she wants to be a credit to her husband she has to know how to buy wisely so that she doesn't wreck her husband's bank account.

The wife who complains about finances should take care of them herself—and she'd soon learn how short a distance a dollar can travel. Mary handles all the bills. I couldn't begin to take care of the money since I leave for the studio before the stores open and get home after they're closed. Mary, naturally, complains about finances within reason. She tells me where I'm spending too much money, where I'm buying things I don't need. And you know something—she's usually right. But she never discusses finances in a nagging way.

No man can be changed by nagging. He'll just go on being bored sitting in the verbal draft he'll disappear—for good.

I realize, after all is said and done, that men can be boring to their wives too—and for the same reasons. I guess the only sure cure for boredom is to develop an active interest in the person you married, his likes, dislikes, habits, eccentricities, what-have-you. And then face those things with toil, understanding, compassion, and love. No man can remain bored for long in the face of an active as well as a quiet display of love. He'll be happy to stay romantic as long as he's given enough hints that romance is welcome. And he'll even go along with the clinging vine—if it comes from stock that is so good that it will not collapse in an emergency.

The husband who gets bored is usually the man who has found that he has become just one more of his wife's collections—like her washing or sewing machine or her new TV set. Then he wants to go out and start collecting little items on his own.

END
with such film starlets as Lori Nelson, Lisa Gaye, Claudette Thornton and Gloria Christian—but it's Elaine Stewart who digs the fashion trend the most. Her jewel-encrusted toques and high mandarin collars are threaded with real gold and platinum . . .

Marlon Brando is rounding up his New York cronies to help launch the Gotham singing career of Tomiko Akari, daughter of the Japanese Ambassador, Marlon has even asked his "Waterfront" producers to try to fit her into a sequence in their next made-in-Manhattan film . . .

Mary McCarthy, the "French Line" comedienne, whose title song production number in that film was deleted to make way for Jane Russell's highly controversial costume-and-dance bit, established herself as 1954's best night club performer at the swank Hotel Plaza Persian Room in New York. Merely sensational for looks and talent . . .

Speaking of Rita, as we were a while back, she's miffed at singer Jo Ann Greer whose voice it was you heard singing those "Miss Sadie Thompson" songs. The Hayworth voice-dubbing was one of Hollywood's best kept secrets, until the film was released in New York and the critical party-gives the "Hayworth singing style" made Miss Greer sit up and take notice. It also made her take the road for a series of cafe and vaudeville engagements as "The Voice of Miss Sadie Thompson." She's been booked for the Blue Angel in Gotham . . .

Doris Keith, a glamorous Gotham model, dated Jack Webb secretly until Betty Towne found out about it. Webb flew back to the West Coast at the insistence of Miss Towne—who expects to be the next "Mrs. Dragnet"—but not until he kept a farewell date with the Keith cutie . . .

If French model Suzanne Dadolle doesn't become Mrs. Clark Gable by the time you read this—or April 15, the very latest—she never will. En route to Hollywood, Gable told local friends he planned to see a lot of Grace ("Mogambo") Kelly upon his return to Hollywood, unless Mlle. Dadozle arrived upon the scene from Paris . . .

Linda Darnell's mysterious ailment (the type that felled Mala Powers for so long a time) may hasten her plans for retirement from movie work. Two years ago she told the El Morocco-Stork Club "regulars" she'd quit films "in 1953" . . .

A New York travel agent has reserved an elaborate hotel suite in Ocho Rios, Jamaica, B.W.I. at Abe Issa's famous Tower Isle, for "a Mr. and Mrs. Rock Hudson"—said reservation to be effective May 15. This intelligence should further substantiate the Gotham rumors that Rock and Betty Abbott are preparing an elopement. Universal-International studio employees deny they're on the alert for such a merger between Rock and his long-time girl friend, but a few of his closer friends admit they "hope it's true" . . .

Carleton Carpenter, former MGM star now appearing in the Broadway revue, "Almanac," is talking, in a column in the Times Square area by his Marlon-come-lately, Brando-type of garb. Carp sports leather jackets with mutton collars, dungarees, loafers and bright-colored socks. The get-up, something Brando wouldn't wear off-screen these days, is right out of "The Wild One." It's a disconcerting sight to see in such places as Sardi's, during the after-theatre crush . . .

No sooner had Zsa Zsa Gabor arrived back in New York from Las Vegas than she was spotted at the Colony Restaurant dating Prince Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, one-time contender for the hand of actress Bambie Hutton, before her highly publicized (thanks to Zsa Zsa) marriage to Porfirio Rubirosa. Another Babs Hutton suitor, David Pyledell-Bouverie, escorted Magda Gabor to the Stork Club the same night. Little Eva, the youngest of the Gabor's, holed up in her Fifth Avenue mansion to avoid the press . . .

Lena Horne and her husband, Lennie Hayton, sold their Beverly Hills estate, bought a Manhattan dwelling and are now trying to purchase the Paris town house formerly owned by the late Countess Dorothy Di Prasso. Lena will star in a series of French musicals to be financed by Ginger Rogers. La Rogers, incidentally, isn't due to return to Gotham (or Hollywood) until 1955 . . .

The names of some of Billy Eckstine's "silent partners" in his new business venture—a golf school in New York's Harlem—are eyebrow-raisers. Two of Hollywood's top female stars who are investing their hard-earned cash in the Eckstine project are doing so under assumed names. "Mr. B." hopes to be able to start a national chain of golf schools before long . . .

Bob Wagner's best kept secret in the romance department is beautiful Marilyn Hall, the Copacabana doll in New York. They met during his last trip here and have been burning up the long distance wires ever since—the telephone and telegraph kind . . .

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are getting edgy with each other, according to Broadway pals. It's felt that they need a vacation away from one another. Their commitments throughout 1954 make this impossible, however. Could there be there won't be any joint bookings for the boys in 1955, if they don't take a breath . . .

Despite the printed rumors, Rock Hudson was never entertained by, nor did he
ever win a date with Joan Crawford. Just before she left Hollywood for New York en route to South America, Rock lost out on a dinner party invitation to the Crawford manse in Brentwood, the same day Rock’s press agent released the news the star of “Johnny Guitar” was enamoured of the he-manly Hudson charms. Friends of the Queen of Hollywood can tell you this is how not to win her favors.

Eartha Kitt, the “New Faces” star, is expected to be one of 1954’s newest sensations when the 3-D version of the musical revue hits movie screens throughout the nation. Eartha expects it, too—that’s why she cancelled her trip to the altar with cafe star, Sammy Davis, Jr. Two Manhattan millionaires, vying for Eartha’s attentions, are greatly encouraged by her decision to wait—they’re still very much in the running.

Julia Adams and movie executive Charles Simonelli are at the elopement stage of their romance. He decorated her soft, white shoulders with a rare, pink mint, while she donned the regimental present. Had it designed and executed in New York at a cost of $3,000...

shows he’s been sought for during the last year were written expressly for him. He refused to star in Robert Sherwood’s “Backbone Of America” for NBC-TV despite the fee of $12,500 for the one performance. Could be Van is thinking about taxes...

Eddie Fisher is going to have to let his closely-cropped hair grow out for a pending Hollywood film, while Julius La Rosa is being propelled into a barber’s chair to have his locks shorn to a tight “butch cut”...

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are the financial sponsors of the new Spring Byington filmed show, “December Bride.”

Steve Allen now has as many pairs of spectacles as Robert Q. Lewis—he loses as many as three pairs a week from small fry fans who swipe them from his pocket when Steve isn’t looking. Guess Steve hasn’t learned Robert Q.’s trick of anchoring his extra pocket pair down with a large safety pin, pierced through the pocket from the inside of his jacket...

Jo Stafford’s gowns, made-to-order for her TV shows, cost $1500 apiece—every stitch, bead and sequin is hand-done. The costumes are made in record time, too, which accounts for their high cost. They’re executed within a week, just in time for those musical interludes starring Stafford vocables. She orders the type gown best suited for the songs she’s scheduled to sing a week later...

Julius La Rosa’s fee for singing three songs on any one TV program is now $1200—or $400 per ballad...

Bing Crosby’s limited TV shows—filmed weeks and weeks in advance of their showing—have been scheduled as follows: The Easter show will be followed by a July 4th program; a Labor Day, post-vacation production; a Thanksgiving Day telecast and a “White Christmas” Jubilee which will become traditional for the Crosby talents for as long as he plans to stick around the channel circuits...

Joni James, the MGM Records star, credits her numerous TV appearances as the major reason why she was chosen the best female vocalist of 1953, having edged out runner-up Patti Page in the sweepstakes. With three gold records, each signing a million-seller, in her possession (“Why Don’t You Believe Me,” “Have You Heard” and “Your Cheating Heart”) Joni hopes her newest disc, “You’re My Everything” will be her first big hit during 1954. On three out of every four video appearances she makes, that’s the song she features.

Betty Hutton will not only come to TV in a great, big musical way this Summer, she’ll also be co-producer of the series in which she’ll star, under the direction of hubby, Charles O’Curran...

John Payne will be a rugged he-man in the frozen North when he begins his own adventure series to be filmed in the far reaches of Northwestern Alaska—from Nome to Point Barrow. The project will be financed by the actor himself, and all
profits from the venture will go into trust for his children ...

For the projected "Tillie The Toiler" telefilm series, Pat Carroll, former Red Buttons side-kick, will go platinum blonde . . .

Fannie Hurst, distinguished novelist-lecturer, is being groomed for her own Monday-thru-Friday, day-time series, by NBC . . .

Steve Holland, who plays the title role in "Flash Gordon," will be one of 1954's biggest hobby-soxer dreamboats, with fifty fan clubs already boosting their favorite . . .

Gene Autry and "Champion" toured 50 cities with the Autry rodeo in a record six weeks. Gene couldn't decide whether it was the long hauls between towns, or those treks to the bank to deposit bales of "green hay" that exhausted him the most. We think it must have been the bank visits—he's one of video's few millionaires. Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd is another . . .

Phyllis Kirk, who added so much glamour to the "Leave It To The Girls" panel recently, prefers writer Dave Taba, who was once married to Nanette Fabray who now dates socialite-producer Jeff Jones, once the reported swain of Phyllis Kirk. Any questions?

Mickey Rooney finally came up with an original situation comedy idea for a telefilm series—it's called, "Hey, Mulligan." It took The Mick two years to uncover the format. He couldn't be happier with the prospects of an immediate production schedule of same . . .

Intimates of Danny Kaye say he won't touch TV this year. We think he will . . .

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have plans to produce a package of 39 telefilm shows featuring unknown talent. The young hopefuls will run the gamut from songs to dances to drama, with Jerry supervising the camera and Dean directing the talent. They're dead serious about this effort, too . . .

Ed Gardner, the "Duffy's Tavern" star, will be Archie for the next three years—in black-and-white, and color too. In the former he wears a pearl gray fedora; in tinted TV it'll be pale pink. In either case—as the color may be—the fedora will serve as his trademark. Should, too. His hats cost $75.00 each . . .

The canned laugh tracks used for most of the filmed comedy shows will be obso-

lete before the end of the year—Bing Crosby, Eddie Cantor, Groucho Marx and Fred MacMurray (due for a situation-comedy series of his own—"Big Joe Small") will pioneer that trend. The boys got the idea from Loretta Young, who in-
sisted the recorded laughs be dropped from her "Letters To Loretta" filmed series . . .

END

Hear and see Maggi on her own program "Maggi's Private Wire," Monday through Friday over WABC and WABC-TV, New York. See Maggi on "Leave It To The Girls" at 7:30-8 P.M. E.S.T. Saturday over ABC-TV.

FOR A ROSY FUTURE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

little trouble keeping the men in your life from snitching it.

For the final touch to your re-vitalized good-looks you'll want to add the most potent glamourizer of all—a lovely fragrance. Opportunely, Shulton has a new limited edition set of their delicate Desert Flower scent that should keep you sup-
plied for a while (at a bargain low of $1.50). The set has a big three and one-

half ounce of Desert Flower Toilet Water in a handsome bottle decorated with a design in real gold, and a small purse-
size of the new Desert Flower Hand and Body Lotion. You probably don't need to be reminded that the Desert Flower fra-
grance is one of the most appealing floral blends around.

Of course, if you're one of those people who gets a special satisfaction from be-
in a full step ahead of your competition you're just naturally going to have to add the new source of fragrance to your collection. (Notice that we didn't say the newest fragrance, for we'll tell you about that next). Coty is your benefactor in this instance and the proud creator of "Creamy Skin Perfume." The formula is really a trail-blazer for it's quite unlike anything else has to offer.

In the first place it's a liquid—tinted a natural-looking skin tone. The consist-
ency is about the same as a fine hand lotion. But this is perfume. You stroke it on your skin with its own applicator-
topped container; then rub the cream into your skin with a finger tip. The cream disappears in about a split second and leaves you with a long-lasting fragrance. You can get Creamy Skin Perfume in most of Coty's top fragrances. It's inex-

pensive and practical.

Now, if you really crave the perfume that no one else has, the big news is Lenthéric's "Adam's Rib." It's supposed to capture all the enchantments and mysteries of the Garden of Eden in the blend—you can decide for yourself whether or not it has succeeded. All we know is that it's a definitely seductive conspiracy composed of wonderful floral overtones built on a base of soft, woodsy characteristics. Since a perfume always has to be worn if it's to have a fair test, we're pleased that Lenthéric has put some of this devastatingly potent witch-
ery into one-dram purseres. They should be available at your favorite department or drug store perfume counter by the time you read these lines. END
was about someone being dragged all over the floor. The man thought hard, then burst into a beauteous smile as he yelled: 'Black Bottom!' "And the lady—needling help—who was told that the song had to do with an antique in the parlor ("Old Spinning Wheel"). That was all she needed to know, she had the answer—it was: 'Grandpa!' "All fluffs aside, I once worked with Margaret Truman," Red adds. "I was literally bowled over by her good looks. Her photos don't half do her justice! As I remember, I said something about her pretty blonde hair. 'It's always been that color, too!' she said quickly, and grinned at me." 

Red and I spoke of Mike fright, and psychologist Benson smote. After he finished sorting, he said: "A microphone and strange surroundings scare some people—but they have no business being scared. These same people aren't the least bit frightened when they pick up a telephone and say: 'Hello, this is Eddie's Egg House,' or what have you. Property—handicapped—radio and TV as friendly as your phone. A word of warning—if you're going on the air, better be sure your emcee knows his stuff."

Such as Dr. Benson, who boasts that he's never had a contestant freeze on him. His easy-as-telephoning secret? "I listen," he says, "that's the answer. A poor emcee asks a question, then ignores his victim while he works up his next question—the deserted subject naturally gets the chills. But if the victim is engrossed in a two-way conversation with an interested quizman, he forgets his stage fright." 

Red also notes that: The first 30 seconds count the most. The contestant and themselves should be the meat of the show—they should be encouraged to be the comics. . . Red feels he's a good picker of contestants—an important item. . . "Children make the best contestants," he says, "but you must remember that they're so brutally honest, they're certain to spot anything phony. I'm wondering what we can offer kids 10 years from now—since they're a step ahead of us to-day. . ."

"Name That Tune" is alternately sponsored by a watchband (Speidel), and a toothpaste (Ammoni-ident). Red wears one of the bands, will bare his teeth on demand. A man of himself. Monday evenings, NBC, at 8:00 (EST), when he opens his mouth to warble: "Mar Toro Doost Me Daram (Persian for 'I Get A Kick Out Of You')."

One way of singing the title of the tune in question without giving away the answer. Of course, if you are a Turk, he won't fool you with: "La Zoom, Tango Yeh Eke" ("It Takes Two To Tango"). More? Iceland: "Tru Etha Me-Et Eto" ("Why Don't You Believe Me?"). Burma: "Am 'Yeh Goo-Goo-Ney" ("Just A Gigolo"). Egyptian: "Tah Lee Hee Schwa Yee Sway Sway Yah" ("Cuddle Up A Little Closer"). Of course, Mark Antony crooned that last one to Cleo long before Benson aired it.

"Many people do our translating," says Red. "Our JIN secretaries, foreign students, and journalists—like that up your sleeve—reduce the results to phonetics. Languages that involve tones are tricky, but I luckily have a trick ear—involuntarily pick up any accent I'm close to."

Red—one of the first to capitalize on his horn-rimmed glasses—is also emcee of a six-o'clock radio ("Take A Number," Mutual radio network). But, as Red says, TV does more for a performer than radio can hope to. And color television—according to Red's admiring press agent, Hal Golden—was developed solely to let Red's fans see his auburn-colored locks. Locks which once had Red all keyed up, because: "No one would call me Red until I started it myself—I still don't see why not." Could be that—man & boy—Norman Benson has had a great deal more than red hair to his credit. In my 20 years of interviewing the great & near-great of movies, radio & TV, I've seldom met a more interesting, or better-groomed gentleman, Red. The assembled data in this article should partially prove my claim. . .

Come over here and I'll introduce you to Red. Reader, this is Red Benson, you two should like each other. You'll find that Red is far from prissy, tells wonderfully-funny stories, makes a party go, has 35, has a round, amiable face, and has worked at every trade there is. Elevator operator, professional hypnotist, bandleader, actor (Shakespeare), fireman, canary salesman, window trimmer, prizefighter, light-opera singer, hat manufacturer, vegetable huckster, and more. As you heard, Red's not a wise college boy, who knows more about the entertain-ment world than Variety—he's had it. His family had moved to Philadelphia, making it easier for fate to see to it that Red became a star of the Horn & Hardart kid radio show (along with Kitty Kallen and Era Stone). This was 1933, and events led to a scholarship to a New York drama school, which Red bypassed in favor of nightclub work—practice, not theory, or, "Quee Nee See Sah E En Dou May," the Zulu for accentuate the positive.

In addition to the jobs listed previously, Red has also been a magician. He knotted a handkerchief around my wrist so tight I thought he'd ripped it off (still knotted) with one quick move. He dropped a penny (my own, not a trick one) into my palm, ordered me close my hand, and when I opened it (without further contact with Red The Great), the penny had become a nickel. My reaction, and probably yours too—why work, if you have tricks like that up your sleeve?"

Red casually pulled a lighted cigarette out of the air, looked at it, scowled, said: "Not my brand!" tossed it aside, grabbed another from the air, said: "That's better!" and went on talking. "I'm not master-of," he said, "but I know many trades—which is at least a help in dealing with
Paris "Baby" James was a fighter who had never known fear... until he met Laine Brendan, a wild and lovely artist who taught him the twin-edged savagery of love. A moving, realistic study of human strength and weakness. No holds barred. No punches pulled.

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TV contestants.” He abandonedly bent a spoon completely out of shape—opened his hand and showed that it had only been twisted in illusion.

Back there—Red went to Ohio State University, tackled the legitimate stage, then became a radio announcer in Philly. “It was too big,” he says, in line with the experts’ advice, i.e., get your radio or TV start with a small-town station. Red quit Philly, got a job in Reading (Pa.), with a radio station where he swept up, did the accounting, wrote, directed, produced, acted, and “sort of began to unfold.”

The budding star moved to Jersey City, and WAAT. Time out for war & the Navy, but afterwards, instead of returning to WAAT, he decided he had faith in Red and attacked New York City. He was now a married man, having wed Fleurette, who gave up a medical course to latch onto an obvious magician. Red & Flippy have two little Benson burners named Susan (11), and Stephen (4).

The time was 1946, and Red’s New York attack a success—night clubs, radio jobs, and a TV comedy show that was being heard by a vast audience of 2300 families. Red called his new, disk-jockey job, with New York’s WINS, a step up. Assorted radio & TV shows followed, with such snazzy names as: “Phrase That Fays,” “Red Benson’s Almanac,” “Sing For Your Supper,” and Red,” “Prince Charming,” and “Take A Number” (still going strong, with Prince Charming, on Mutual’s radio network).

“Name That Tune” came Red’s way a year ago. “A big network TV show such as ‘Tune,’” he says, “has done more to build up my name than 17 years of other media.”

Red is an old-fashioned critic who still reads books—and fast, as is proper. Loves science fiction, as well as heavy stuff. . . . Is a convert to high-fidelity record reproduction, finds his workshop comes in handy, here. The workshop is in their newish Great Neck, L. I., home. . . . He’s a home-movie addict—has miles of film of his pet movie stars (Flippy, Susie & Steve). . . . Does some art work—not enough to worry Winston. . . . Raises tropical fish. . . . Does the Sunday Times (tough) crossword puzzle in its entirety, each week—a non-dictionary man. . . .

Plays the “Take A Number” quiz show himself as it rolls along (by not looking at the answers until the contestant has answered, then checking his & their answers). . . . Admits he’s a good salesman—also admits he’s a sucker for another

Terry Moore and Susan Zanuck, daughter of the studio head of 20th Century-Fox, admire the cute Oriental outfit worn by Mitzi Gaynor at a gala costume party.

chell. Who’s for Dietrich in a bunch of old petticoats? And who’s for her in the beautiful, glamorous gowns? Don’t crowd, boys.

Same studio’s looking forward to the screen debut of Julius La Rosa with Rosey Clooney in “Here We Go Again.” That fellow Godfrey, who wanted the young singer to be . . . what was that word—humble? . . . certainly gave La Rosa the biggest boost of his career—unintended favor type boost—because Holly- wood had practically never heard of him before.

While Rhonda Fleming was making the picture, “Jivaro,” which means high winds—or some such—the biggest for real wind Southern California’s seen for a long time blew up and tossed all her umbrella tables into the swimming pool. Just then a large tree fell down, landing on the pool. Then her hundred foot television antenna came down with a crash, cracked in two and sprinkled all over the ground. Felt just like she was back working on the set.

Everybody’s talking about the shiny black leather, close fitting pants that Jan Sterling designed and had made for her.

Since John Wayne’s ex, Chata, quit driving around in her panel truck (this was after all the divorce proceedings and also after she failed to get any sympathy for her shabby transportation) she started driving her Cadillac again, looking for a house on account of she had to give up the beautiful big ranch which the Duke let her live in while she was hurling verbal brickbats at him. Talk is big John has another heart interest—and her name isn’t Pilar Pallete.

Jane Powell looked very happy at Ross Hunter’s party for Kaye Ballard. Jane was being given attention like she never had from Pat Nerney, who thinks she’s pretty special.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD ITSELF IS TALKING ABOUT!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

fact that the big, brauny Mike Hammer’s alter ego, smallish and spindly Mickey Spillane took some below-the-belt cracks at the town that has now made two of his beat-em-up whodunits into pictures. On the “Ring Of Fear” location in Phoenix, the brilliant author really cut loose on what he thinks of the picture business. Well, they all learn sometime not to

spread their bread-and-butter with mud.

Well, now that Marlene Dietrich’s made a night club sensation (first Las Vegas, then a tour of the country) in her undressed dress, Paramount up and wants to cover her from neck to ankle in old-time clothes for the re-make of “The Covered Wagon” with Alan Ladd and Guy Mit-
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Dorothy Kilgallen's EXCLUSIVE Movie Gossip

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"RHAPSODY"

In thrilling color by
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with all the romance of Paris,
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and the popular music of the
world's greatest composers!

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man I love...heart,
body and soul!"

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in her most daring role as a gilded girl obsessed with insatiable desire!
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NEW!
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New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

by Lynn Bowers

The lift that June Haver's had in her close friendship with Fred MacMurray has made everybody in this town happy for both of them. Fred's even taken to playing the saxophone in an obscure little joint in Santa Monica. June's expected to resume her career now, but there are a lot of obstacles to a marriage between them. You'll remember June's only marriage was annulled—then she went through the tragedy of her fiancé's death. Everybody hopes these two can make a happy life together. Before Fred and June got together, every eligible bachelor in town was pursuing June, but she stayed pretty much to herself...

Marilyn Monroe's extended junket to Japan was the greatest thing to the natives since the discovery of rice. While on the trip, however, her new groom beat the drums for his spaghetti business—and wouldn't it be a hoot if Marilyn's trip made the Japanese switch to that stringy stuff? Kidding aside, one of the big reasons Mrs. DiMaggio wanted to go to the Orient was to see the troops in Korea. Up to now she's never been able to. She allows as how this was her great ambition after she became the fans' darling.

When Susan Hayward came back from the "Garden Of Evil" location in Mexico City, she had to face the divorce with Jess Barker and then when the decks are cleared on that hassle she has a nice switch in store—the Biblical story, "The Galileans," with bachelor - around - town Jeff Chandler co-starred.

Eyebrows are up a little higher and ears are a little more on the alert since Bob Taylor and Eleanor Parker got around to seeing each other. Seems Bob learned to do a fantastic belly dance in Egypt, where

Dawn Addams set an April date for her marriage to Prince Vittorio Massimo.

Susan Hayward (on location with Gary Cooper in Mexico, above) returned to Hollywood for her divorce trial, then possibly a film with Jeff Chandler.
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says Ava Gardner. "Shiny stockings can make legs appear unshapely—rob them of glamour." When your stockings have a soft, freshly powdered look, you know that you look your Leg-O-Genic best. That's why Miss Gardner and other M-G-M stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons. With Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish, you're sure of a misty dull loveliness that won't wear off, won't wash out. Cameo’s delicately sheer, high twist, 60 gauge, 15 denier nylons are not only lovely to look at—they give up to 40% longer wear by actual test. And they cost only $1.50 a pair. Other full-fashioned and seamless Cameo styles from $1.15 to $1.65 a pair.

BUR-MIL Cameo the stockings with exclusive Face Powder Finish
what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

“Valley Of The Kings” was made, with Samia Gamal—the gal who wrote the book on this art—as his teacher. Doesn’t sound like our boy—he’s always been kinda on the dignified side.

Hottest new kid in town is young, blonde dancer Sheree North, who just might be 20th Century-Fox’s answer to the AWOL Marilyn Monroe. Sheree made her Broadway bow in the musical “Hazel Flagg,” her television bow with Jack Benny on Bing Crosby’s debut television show. Well, when that kid hit the TV sets all over the country that was it and 20th didn’t lose a second signing her up. First thing she’ll do is “There’s No Business Like Show Business” with Ethel Merman, Donald O’Connor, and Dan Dailey. Whether the controversial “Pink Tights” will be done, with Sheree as replacement for Marilyn is up in the air. Sheree’s twenty-one, and her greatest love is her little daughter, Dawn, who is a fast sixteen years younger than her cute, pretty mother.

The party that columnist Mike Connolly gave for Tallulah Bankhead’s birthday was the cotton-pickin’ end. He could have made a fortune if he’d put up bleachers and sold tickets to the fans. But this was a strictly private clambake for the Hollywood stars to ogle the fabulous Tallulah, who held court like it was going out of style. Even such youngsters as Marion Davies and Mary Pickford surveyed the great gal with a considerable show of awe. Tallulah had a rough time, but she made it—taking the spotlight away from Zsa Zsa Gabor, who isn’t exactly a shrinking violet at a party. Z. Z. made a

Lana Turner and Lex Barker deny those rumors theirs isn’t a happy marriage.
lot of noise during the floor show, but our birthday girl out-shouted her. One of the most colorful characters at the party was the British star, young Laurence Harvey, who was bleached and bearded for his part in "The Talisman."

Guess it’s an omen with Rock Hudson—every time he starts a new picture he breaks something. Ribs, shoulders—and now with the start of "Bengal Rifles" he ups and breaks a toe! Reck’s explanation, “I'm just awkward.”

Before the James Masons went off on a four-month safari to Canada, where he’ll do Shakespeare, there was a bit of acid in the air around their house—seems the private drive into their house was named after her—Pamela. Since it cost Mr. M. about thirty grand, he sort of felt it should have been named James Drive. Speculation on their marriage lasting is running very high.

Dan Dailey was like a kid at a free circus when he was asked, along with Nina Warren (daughter of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court), to go to Aspen, Colorado, for the annual ski festival called the Winterskol. Dan is one of the most enthusiastic skiers in the country (and one of the best). They and this writer arrived at the heavenly ski resort—an old mining ghost town which has been restored—in a beautiful snowfall to watch the town parade, get on the ski slopes, go to the ball where Dan crowned the Ski Queen. He was so in love with the town and the people that he allowed him to stay until Aspen asked him to leave. Aspen wouldn’t ask him to, so he stayed until his studio called him back to the Hollywoods.

When Bing Crosby asked for Grace Kelly to star with him in “The Country Girl,” his reported city girl, Mona Free-
Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin are enchanting Eva Gabor above, but in their next film, "The Big Top," it's sister Zsa Zsa they'll have to reckon with.

man, took quite a dim view of it. But the scuttlebutt is that Grace's real romance is an Eastern fellow who stays out of the limelight.

Kirk Douglas came quietly back to town from umpteen months in Europe and got all moved in to a new house before anybody could say boo to him. Started a real American type picture, "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea," for Walt Disney right away.

Two old-time chums, Tony Curtis and Gene Nelson, are having fun polishing up their dancing for the picture they'll make together at U-I, "Three Gobs In Paris." Hear Tony's going to sing in it, too. Nobody seems to know whether the reconciliation between Gene and Mirkam Nelson is for real, but she's busy picking up her dancing too.

Fernando Lamas doesn't let any grass grow on the pampas with romances. When he left his Latin wife for Lana Turner, it didn't take him long to hit the publicity route. Then, when the switch was pulled and he traded Lana for Arlene, more publicity. Talk was he already had his eyes on the new gal—star-type naturally before he said goodbye to her.

Nice friendly meeting when Diana Lynn returned from almost a year in London. She and her ex, John Lindsay, dined at the jazzy new Italian restaurant, Abruzzis, which he designed. Diana seems to be much more calm about her career and her home life since the London trip.

Well, who knows what goes—the Gary Coopers have finished their new, small house which cost them only a half a mil, what with all the modern gadgets and glass walls and things. In the meanwhile, Mr. C. is off again to Mexico. He landed here for a fast week between "Garden Of Evil" and the new picture, "Vera Cruz."

When the home town of Hollywood let forth with its big blast against the brash conduct of Terry Moore, she let it ride—thinking any kind of publicity was good publicity. But it got a little too much for the gal so she hired a real smart press agent to take the sting out of the columnists' critical comments and to build up some good will for the girl. The course, according to some of her critics, should include some lessons in manners.

With all the talk about Ava Gardner and Vittorio Gassman seeing each other in Rome, and Earl and Shell taking up where they left off after the big volcano hit the Gasman marriage, people are wondering just where and what gives with Ava and Frankie. If Ava latches onto the tall and handsome Vittorio, she's out of the fat and into the fire.

Sheree North, with John Smith at Mocambo, rates high both as a prospective new star and as a popular date.

Joan Taylor's a glamour girl on a date with her husband, Glenn Roberts, but she's an Indian maid in "Rose Marie."
DORIS DAY AND CINEMASCOPE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

A gal is just a girl until a guy starts chasing her . . . a song is just some notes until a doll like Doris sings 'em . . . and this is just a hint of all its huge happiness—the fastest-paced pleasure that ever spread a wide smile across the face of the screen!

WARNERS' "LUCKY ME" IS ULTRA-NEW LOOK IN MUSICALS!
Knock On Wood

Danny Kaye scampers through this Technicolor potpourri with a happy abandon that’s downright contagious. As a night-club ventriloquist, Danny finds that every time he gets engaged, his dummy seems to come to life and declare all of the hidden thoughts lurking in Kaye’s subconscious. After three such episodes, in which he always winds up breaking a dummy, he agrees to go to Switzerland to see a psychiatrist. And, ooh la la! What a doctor. It’s Mai Zetterling who conducts the couch sessions. In between doctor’s appointments, Kaye is plagued by a series of top foreign agents anxious to get their hands on his newly-repaired dummies in whose heads valuable secret documents have been hidden. Of course, this added complication provides a springboard for several Kaye impersonations, innumerable disguises and even a couple of ballads. Picture, whose main drawback is its length, provides a free rein to the irrepressible Danny, so is chuck full of clowning and cavorting. Paramount.

Elephant Walk

Elizabeth Taylor soon learns her new husband, Peter Finch, is completely dominated by the memory of his late father, who, to show his defiance against nature, built his India castle in the pathway the elephants travel. For centuries the pachyderms have used the route on their way to the river. The threat of these animals is ever at hand. Only Dana Andrews, overseer of the plantation, can understand Elizabeth’s anxiety about her surroundings and her husband’s Playboy attitude towards his responsibilities. When an epidemic of cholera kills off owners, natives and animals, the elephants, tired, sick and thirsty, stampede the house, tearing it to the ground. Elizabeth, ready to leave her husband and accompany Andrews to America, suddenly realizes in the turmoil that her husband has emerged a leader. She has renewed respect for him, and he realizes his marriage means more than following the feudal memories of his father. Good acting, paired with the colorful background of India, make this attractive screen fare. Paramount.

Hell And High Water

All stops have been pulled out in this underwater adventure yarn in which an atom bomb is exploded, submarines crash into one another and a breathtaking sea-air fight is staged. Geared to show off the panoramic potentialities of the CinemaScope lens, the film presents Richard Widmark as a submarine skipper assigned to rendezvous with scientists Victor Francen and Bella Darvi. The latter have joined other international citizens in trying to stop evil forces from using a U.S. airplane to explode an atom bomb on Korea and then blaming this country for the feat. The duo board the submarine and order the captain to follow a freighter believed headed for the plane’s secret airbase. It isn’t until he realizes that his own country is being threatened that Widmark stops making like a spectator and joins the fight. Film, which speeds along at a lightning pace under Samuel Fuller’s rugged direction, explodes one taut episode after another. It’s shocking, suspenseful and spectacular. 20th Century-Fox.

Ride Clear Of Diablo

When Audie Murphy learns that a bunch of cattle rustlers have murdered his father and brother, he packs up his Stetson and six-shooter, sets out to hunt down the varmints. His main suspect is a laugh-happy killer, portrayed by Dan Duryea. But jovial Dan, the murdering man, disclaims the killing and points an accusing finger at the town’s crooked sheriff. Murphy refuses to acknowledge Duryea’s clues, for he’s interested in the law officer’s good-looking daughter, Susan Cabot. Eventually, however, he’s forced to face facts and cleans out the town with a spray of bullets. Technicolor film is a rather average sagebrush saga, but the performances are so lively that you find yourself overlooking several discrepancies. Universal-International.

White Fire

Scott Brady has no idea what adventures await him when he takes a four-day leave from his American merchant ship. Brady heads for London to see his brother. There he learns the latter has been convicted of murder and will be executed in three days. Between falling in love with Mary Castle (who looks like Rita Hayworth), and getting mixed up in a gang of jewel smugglers, he finally sees his brother has been trapped by circumstances. The lawyer who defended his brother turns out to be the head of the smugglers. Brady brings them to justice and frees his innocent young brother at the eleventh hour. Lippert Release.

Creature From The Black Lagoon

Another science-fiction monster makes its debut upon the screen with the appearance of a man-fish creature amid the wilds of the Amazon. When an imprint of the monster is uncovered by Antonio Moreno, a band of scientists, headed by Richard Carlson, Julia Adams, Nestor Paiva, Whit Bissell and Richard Denning,
He was a lesson to her

Eleanor Parker ranks her husband, Charlton Heston, in "The Naked Jungle."

makes an expedition to the site. While trying to study the beast, several members lose their lives. Still, the creature does have human qualities which are evidenced by its treatment of Miss Adams. The 3-D lensing, the jungle setting and the monster all add up to a good time. Universal-International.

The Naked Jungle

Eleanor Parker, as a mail order bride, is happily surprised when the husband she has never seen turns out to be handsome plantation owner Charlton Heston. But Charlton, rankled at her directness, completely isolates her from his love and sets out to show her the hardships she will have to endure as the wife of a South American rancher. Heston's plan boomerangs when Eleanor becomes impressed with his leadership and kind-heartedness towards the natives. Eventually they are forced together by the imminent danger of an invasion of man-eating ants. The rest of the film deals with the daring and unbelievable attempts to stop this invasion. Footage has thrills for most discerning moviegoer. Paramount.

Alaska Seas

Alaska and its salmon industry provide the setting for this familiar tale of the North in which the town's leading scamp, Robert Ryan, manages to commit all types of crimes without anyone stopping him. Ryan's best friends are Jan Sterling and Brian Keith, who take a lot from him because of their friendship, and also because Miss Sterling can't make up her mind which of the two men she loves. Eventually, Ryan's actions get out of hand and Keith and Miss Sterling join in the slam-bang housecleaning. Paramount.

Top Banana

Plenty of gags, gals and gimmicks have been crowded into this former stage musical which has been transplanted to the screen exactly as it was presented on Broadway. Phil Silvers as the Top Banana or head comic in TV is a hard-driving, brash boss who insists on running the entire show, cracking the whip over everyone from his writers to the gal who

She certainly learned something that evening. And that was: Never to accept an evening's invitation to dance unless she had danced before with the man who asked her. He seemed very fond of her and almost monopolized the entire evening, but by the end of the party he was almost revolting to her. He would be the last to suspect why.

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The going's tough for leathernecks Tony Curtis and Frank Lovejoy on a special assignment to invade enemy mine fields in "Beachhead." They're casting a torrent of slapstick shenanigans at gun fire pace. United Artists.

Beachhead

A HARD-HITTING wallop has been packed into this World War II drama in which Leathernecks Tony Curtis and Frank Lovejoy are assigned to invade
Japanese lines. Their objective is to contact Eduard Franz and learn if his radioed message outlining Japanese mine fields is accurate. Although Lovejoy and Curtis easily make contact with the patriot and his daughter, Mary Murphy, smuggling the duo out presents new hazards. Not only are the Marines faced with enemy skirmishes, they also become hostile to one another over Miss Murphy's affections. Film, which was shot entirely in the Hawaiian Islands, features taut, terse action, plus Tony's most dramatic portrayal to date. United Artists.

**Rhapsody**

*spoiled* playgirl, Elizabeth Taylor, announces she's going to Germany to pursue a music career, but, actually, it's violin virtuoso Vittorio Gassman she's after. Vittorio, an intense young student, eagerly accepts all of Elizabeth's generosity, but upon his graduation forges her for a career on the concert stage. Heartbroken, Elizabeth tries suicide, but is stopped by another conservatory student, John Ericson. He persuades her to remain at the school and eventually the two are married, but it takes a return visit by Vittorio to make them realize just how precious their marriage is. Besides obvious appeal of its stars, film offers an old world charm, and topnotch violin and piano solos. It's in Technicolor and Charles Vidor directed. MGM.

**Gypsy Colt**

Young Donna Corcoran is broken-hearted when her parents, Ward Bond and Frances Dee, are forced to sell her favorite horse, *Gypsy*. A two-year drought on their farm makes selling the pet mandatory. After many escapes from his new, wealthy owner, the colt is shipped five hundred miles from Donna and any hope that he can come home to her is thwarted. She, however, doesn't know the spirit of *Gypsy* and the rest of the footage shows the horse's amazing trek homeward to his little owner. When the rich buyer and his hard trainer finally track the horse down, even they are touched by such devotion. They allow *Gypsy* to stay with Donna. Story is well-handled and is a matinee must for the younger set. MGM. END
They all mean

"I want Tampax"

Yes, women all over the world—from Capetown to California, from Sumatra to Saskatchewan—want Tampax and only Tampax. This modern internal sanitary protection is not only sold to millions of American women, but it’s distributed in 75 other countries as well.

How could this product—unknown 25 years ago—have achieved such outstanding popularity in such a relatively short space of time? Because Tampax is really what women want. They like the way it eliminates belts, pins and bulky external pads. (It’s worn internally.) They like the fact that it can’t be seen or felt, once it’s in place. They like its easy disposability, and they particularly like the way Tampax prevents odor from forming.

Tampax was invented by a doctor. It consists of compressed surgical cotton in throwaway applicators. It can be used by any normal woman. And whether you live in Paris, France, or Paris, Kentucky, you can get Tampax at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

As I sit here with Mike and our newly born daughter, Mary Catherine—with Duke, our somewhat jealous little bulldog, standing by warily—I can still scarcely believe what has happened.

Mike and I, like other parents, have hopes and dreams for our baby. We are both the common sense type and feel very strongly that you can’t force a child to be anything. We must let her be an individual. Advising and training a child with love is the only way.

Of first concern with us is her religious training. We both believe in the Proverb: “Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he shall not depart from it.” We realize that each parent, no matter how he tries, will have blind spots in raising a child. But if we can fill our child with the spiritual and moral strength needed to live a good life, we’ve given her a firm foundation with which to face the world. So her religious training will be of first importance.

Then comes the hard part: teaching a child how to live by being an example of the right way. We can’t teach a child honesty by saying, “Don’t do as I do, do as I say.” We can’t teach a child not to lie and then pick up the phone and beg off an engagement with a lie. There isn’t room for even a white lie in the face of an innocent child waiting to be moulded by its parents.

We can’t teach our child the beauty of unselfish love without being an example of it ourselves. Even the thrill...
of growing, giving and gratitude are without point if our child doesn’t see these values in us. It is both frightening and wonderful to have the chance to help a tiny little bit of humanity become an individual with strength and integrity.

If I sound carried away, it’s because I am. On the other hand, I also have the same reasonable and unreasonable fears and hopes of other mothers. I know when I first brought her home I was terrified that she would smother in the night. I spent half the night telling myself I was being ridiculous and the other half going into the nursery to see if I was being ridiculous.

When we realized that I was pregnant we also realized that we didn’t have room for a nursery in our home. So we started looking at other houses. But we found that real estate prices were sky high and invariably a nice house had no grounds, or that lovely grounds had a small house. We also love horses and our home had the grounds for them so we stayed put.

We drew up plans to put the nursery on the ground floor and a bedroom and study upstairs. The plans looked lovely and the race against time was on. We found out a lot about remodeling at that time. We found that the entire house had to be reinforced with concrete to take the weight of the second floor.

Oh, after the concrete pouring in the foundation of the living room, naturally they had to put in a new floor. Then because of the second story, we had to put in a new ceiling. And the ceiling had to be beamed for reinforcement because of the floor above.

Toward the end of the remodeling, I was getting a little annoyed. You see, the workmen always started work at seven a.m. and I was constantly sleepy anyway. They worked right outside my bedroom door at all times. Then, of course, there were big mistakes and little problems that made the whole project much more expensive than we had planned. We really didn’t know we had that much money to spend! Come to think of it, we didn’t!

Mike and I both have found new reason for working harder at our careers. I was glad to be back at work on “The Talisman.” Now it isn’t just for ourselves but for Mary Catherine. It’s stimulating to want to do better and better work so that you can provide a better life for a child. Perhaps it’s a final step in maturity that only comes to a man and wife when they become a mother and father.

END
YOU'VE GOT A FRONT ROW SEAT AT THAT
FABULOUS BROADWAY MUSICAL REVUE...
WITH ITS STARS, SONGS, DANCES, FUN...ITS
THEATRE EXCITEMENT INTACT! AT POPULAR PRICES...
FILMED THROUGH THE MAGIC OF

SINE MASCOP E

NEW FACES

in the wonder of
STEREOPHONIC SOUND

in glorious COLOR

Hear EARTHA KITT sing
C'EST SI BON, SANTA BABY,
USKADARA,
MONOTONOUS, BAL PETIT BAL,
LOVE IS A SIMPLE THING!

also starring
JUNE CARROLL - VIRGINIA DE LUCE - PAUL LYNDE
BILL MULLIKIN - ROSEMARY O'REILLY
ALLEN CONROY - JIMMY RUSSELL

Directed by HARRY HORNER - Co-producer BERMAN SWARTTZ

Starring
Ronny GRAHAM • Eartha KITT
Robert CLARY • Alice GHOSTLEY
Dorothy Kilgallen's Exclusive Movie Gossip

THE INSIDE NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS, TOLD BY AMERICA'S BEST-INFORMED COLUMNIST

Shelley Winters Gassman is likely to come out on top after all the divorce hoopla—so many former friends of Vittorio's have rushed to her defense. Insiders say Shelley has evidence that will rock Gassman back on his heels and into a "no defense" divorce settlement, although the tempestuous actress admits her financial demands and her insistence that Vittorio marry his youthful leading lady, Anna Maria Ferrero, were strictly for publicity purposes. Friends expect Shelley to recover from the broken marriage—and after "Executive Suite" is released she'll be bigger than ever in Hollywood . . .

One of the screen's biggest stars, rumored about to divorce her musician husband, will make headlines when she files suit. No other person is involved, it's merely a matter of politics. She'll claim he's responsible for the pinko tag that has hounded her in recent years . . .

When Diana Lynn returned to Hollywood from her European whirl, her first date was with her ex-husband, John Lindsay. You may recall it was Lindsay who was awarded their house, furniture and two apartment houses as part of the divorce settlement. Diana, back in town without a place to live, rented a lavish apartment from Lindsay. Their dinner date was strictly a business deal and he made no concessions for his former spouse . . .

Tony Curtis and his studio bosses are not seeing eye-to-eye these days. One member of the Universal-International Top Brass department claims Tony is suffering from that old bugaboo—star complex. The studio is very unhappy about Tony's attitude—he's beginning to turn down roles scheduled for him with lesser known studio players. Next step will be Tony asking for script and directorial approval. Despite the fact the young star has worked like a truck driver ever since he hit stardom, his current attitude can be the beginning of The End. A "suspension" may be the answer. It's cured many a difficult situation between studio and player . . .

Gene Tierney has been the talk of Hollywood since she returned from Europe to resume (continued on next page)
Walter Winchell is interested to hear from Dorothy Kilgallen that he has big competition from a Chinese gossip columnist.

Dorothy Kilgallen's

Exclusive Movie Gossip (CONTINUED)

her film career. No longer careless about her appearance, she's now svelte, composed and taking a sensible view of her romance with Aly Khan. If they do marry, it'll be on her terms, and she'll continue to work in the good ole U.S.A. whether she becomes a Princess or not . . .

Clark Gable has given Flickerville something to talk about since his departure from the MGM lot. He's reported as having snubbed old, old pals and a couple of West Coast scribes who really helped put him up there with The Big Ones. "The King" is very haughty these days and isn't having any of the old rah, rah, rah comradeship huddles that used to be part of the Gable legend. Despite the boost in his career that "Mogambo" gave him, tailor-made vehicles for His Majesty aren't in the offing . . .

Van Johnson's new, lofty ambitions are causing much bickering between Van and his wife, Erie. Pallette split-up isn't true.

Arlene Dahl could very well become a Princess. Prince Christian of Hanover has been a persistent suitor since word leaked out that the Dahl-Fernando Lamas hour was over . . .

Eva Gabor is the Gabor to watch this year—she'll out-smart her sisters, Zsa Zsa and Magda, by remaining quietly in the background. Eva, the youngest, and easily the most talented of the Gabors, works as hard at studying dramatics as Zsa Zsa does at trying to make headlines. Magda, the eldest, seems to go along with Zsa Zsa—for the ride, no doubt . . .

Harry James and Betty Grable have been having squabbles—concerning Buddy Rich, the James band drummer. Harry is all for cutting down on the number

Gene Tierney is now taking sensible view of the Aly romance.
of Rich solos when the James-Grable troupe resumes its personal appearance schedule this Summer. Betty disagrees. She feels the drummerman has a following of his own (which he has) and should be featured as part of the overall act. Well, at least it’s a novel reason for a husband-and-wife spat!

The biggest hushed-up scandal in Hollywood concerns an important studio boss and a contract player under his banner, one of the most promising new actresses. The star-to-be in question is objected to, not by Mr. Movie Mogul’s wife who knows all but by their grown children.

The things a former cook of Rita Hayworth’s has to say about Dick Haymes are not to be believed—but they have the Santa Monica Set in stitches . . .

Lex Barker is making noises like a husband, now that things are beginning to break for him, professionally.

Mrs. B.—that’s Lana Turner—felt she shouldn’t accept the Brazilian Film Festival bid because of his career and because they’d already traveled so much. At least that’s what the lady said to the South American officials. However, when people call Lana at their house and ask for Miss Turner, Lex asks them if they mean “Mrs. Barker!”

In spite of the cautious press praise of Marilyn Cantor’s new night club act, cafe patrons, including some of Marilyn’s “best friends,” say the youngster isn’t ready yet for the Big Time. The Cantor monicker is considered a liability to her at this point.

This has been Marilyn Month in Hollywood. Pals of Marilyn Morrison, the ex-Mrs. Johnnie Ray, say she’s been brooding ever since the Mexican decree went through. A saddened young lady while married to the crooner, she’s reported twice as unhappy since she freed herself of him. Chums who have rallied to her aid are getting nowhere fast trying to cheer her up.

Gail Russell’s probation lasts for two years on her first drunk driving charge. She’s forbidden any alcoholic beverages, can’t enter any of the Hollywood bars and has to report to her probation officer during that time. Talk that she and her ex-husband, Guy Madison, will remarry is just that—talk. She would, he won’t . . .

Since the DiMaggio-Monroe marriage, Dorothy Arnold (the ex-Mrs. Joe) has faded into limbo—for the time being. Despite the fact she and Joe were divorced nine years ago she managed to keep her name in front of the public on that score. But her plans for a tour of the night clubs, Coast-to-Coast, have fizzled. Cafe operators are no longer interested in the “ex-Mrs. Joe DiMaggio” since he wed Marilyn . . . Dorothy will again make headlines when DiMaggio makes another try at having his son, Joe, Jr., live with him six consecutive months out of every twelve. She will object to Marilyn Monroe as being an “unsuitable” stepmother, and the legal fireworks are earmarked for explosion before July 4th . . .

One of the all-time greats in Hollywood history, an actress of distinction since the days of silent films—and one of Hollywood’s richest citizens—is a confirmed alcoholic. At a midnight soiree honoring Tallulah Bankhead, she had to be literally carried out and taken home in one of her many limousines. A very sad case . . .

Don’t be surprised if Van Johnson ups and announces his “retirement” from screen acting. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)
SHE DIDN'T WANT TO FALL IN LOVE—UNTIL SHE MET THE MAN WHO MADE HER CHANGE HER MIND.
by Mitzi Gaynor

MARRIAGE MEANS TO ME

When I think of my coming marriage I get very excited about it. I know it's going to be just wonderful—all brand new and completeness. I want it—and yet I can't help wondering about making this all-important step.

Maybe it's because of all the things I've heard and read. What will I do if this happens? What do I do if that doesn't happen? How serious will the trial and tribulations be? Is the first year the hardest? Then, too, a lot of my friends have warned me that the minute theatrical people get married, the bets start. Ten minutes after the ceremony, the bets are five to one on the marriage lasting six months. If you've had a spat and are slightly formal at an opening, everybody speculates on the community property set-up.

I know that there must be strength and understanding and a solid foundation before marriage so that the marriage cannot be shaken by outside elements.

I always think of Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman as the ideal answer to gossip. I've never seen them unhappy. There is a complete divorcement between career and marriage. Theirs is a working thing with all the gear shined up and functioning with three-in-one oil.

With them as an example, I've bolstered myself sufficiently to realize that marriage is up to the two individuals. And my individual man is everything I ever wanted in a man. Of course, I really didn't know what I wanted until I met Jack, but I guess that is the way with women.

It was a February evening of last year that my date rounded up an extra man for my cousin for a Cocoanut Grove opening. Everything was fine until eight when my cousin called to say she was too ill to go out, and I was left with the dubious honor of two escorts. Jack Bean leaned on the buzzer at eight-ten and after explanations sat down and was quietly charming. At the Grove, we were left alone for a while; after a lot of laughs and a few dances, I realized I hadn't stopped enjoying myself since the start of the evening. I hadn't had to use any funny bits, or be ultra sophisticated, or even say "twenty-three skidoo." I didn't even know I was having a good time until mother broke up our threesome over scrambled eggs and coffee in my kitchen at 5:15 a.m.!

So two days later I had a terrific and hasty opening night—an emergency appendectomy. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)
WHAT is the secret of Alan Ladd’s universal appeal? Why, today, after more than ten years at the top, does Alan find himself more in demand than ever? Riding the crest of the popularity wave following the smash success of “Shane,” with three fine pictures recently completed in Europe, rugged, tight-lipped—and soft-spoken Alan is not only in the prime of life but at the height of his career.

The secret is that Alan is one of the best-liked people in films. Certainly, as Alan will be the first to admit, his remarkable success isn’t due to his being the greatest actor in the world. “I’m not the guy to play Hamlet,” Alan says. “I’m not out to dazzle the public. I try only to be as natural and sincere as possible, and I hope that’s what comes across. I’m not interested in making pictures with messages. I want to give audiences good, clean action stories which please and entertain them.”

During his recent year in Europe with Sue and the children, the Ladds were welcomed and warmly embraced wherever they went. Few Americans, on or off the screen, have ever had such an enthusiastic reception.

Take the Paris premiere of “Shane,” for example. The Ladds were in England at the time, where Alan was shooting “Hell Below Zero,” a whaling epic with Joan Tetzel as co-star. The Ladds crossed the Channel to
join numerous film big-wigs in paying tribute to that grand old man of Hollywood, Adolph Zukor, who, celebrating his Golden Anniversary with Paramount, was special guest of honor at the gala event.

"Now, as many American stars can tell you," related a close friend of the Ladds, "the French are not the people to stand up in excitement at the sight of a movie star. They're much too reserved, much too blase, for that. As a matter of fact, that's one reason why a lot of the Hollywood stars enjoy vacationing in this wonderful city of Paris. They feel they can be themselves, do as they please, go where they wish without feeling they're going to tie up traffic and cause public disturbances.

Well, Alan's too modest to tell you about what happened to him at the 'Shane' premiere here, but I can—I was there. Alan was almost torn limb-from-limb by an over-eager and adoring French public. And they weren't all women, plenty of men, too. Even the protection of several husky French gendarmes couldn't diminish the ardor of the crowd clamoring for a peek at their screen idol. Nobody was more astonished at all this hullabaloo than Alan."

(Continued on page 62)
EACH MAN SHE HAS KNOWN, HAS IN HIS OWN WAY, MEANT SOMETHING SPECIAL TO PIER ANGELI

"THEY'RE NOT ALL ALIKE!" by Peer Oppenheimer

PIER ANGELI, only twenty-one, expresses the worldliness and sophistication of a much more mature woman when she says, in contradiction to the cliche—"Men are not all alike." For Pier, who has worked with a succession of top leading men, some of whom she has come to know intimately, has had a unique opportunity to observe and judge them. Her own life, personally and professionally, has taught her that each man is decidedly different from all the others—not only in personality, but even more so in the influence they've had on her.

Just what did each of these men mean to her?
First there was Gino Laurini, who played her sixteen-year-old lover in "Tomorrow Is Too Late," the film that won Pier recognition, stardom, and a chance to get to the United States.

Pier was eighteen when she made the film, and by American standards very young and immature. Sixteen-year-old Gino, although very... (CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)
Pier's latest is "The Flame And The Flesh" with Carlos Thompson.
They're talking about Aldo Ray.

They're oh-ing and ah-ing over the job he does as Sergeant O'Hara in Columbia's "Miss Sadie Thompson." They're chuckling and slapping their thighs over the things he says, and the things he does, when guesting on TV. They're recalling (and are their faces red!) how they said "It's a fluke," when in his first picture, "Saturday's Hero," husky-voiced he-man Aldo was hailed a "find," was touted as being star material in the rough and tough tradition of which living legends Gable, Tracy, Cagney, Bogart are made. What but a fluke could turn this small-town constable into a movie actor in less time than it took any one of his famed film "forebears"?

And how does a fluke become, so to speak, not a fluke?

Aldo Ray's answer to that is, "I'm an exception to the rule. Don't ever do it the way I did it, or you'll never get there, is the advice I'd give to aspiring actors."

Chances are you never would get there if you should try to do it the way Aldo did it. For the way Aldo did it shattered precedent, was against all the rules and regulations prescribed for and followed by his fellow stars both now and in the past.

In the first place, Aldo didn't care—which can be a
It always don’t know?” Aldo was do couldn’t (continued)

With all the acclaim Aldo has for “Miss Sadie Thompson,” he says it’s co-star Rita Hayworth who packs the big jolt.

sword with a two-edged blade. If your indifference to a career is an act, it flops. If you really mean it, it can be a come-on. Aldo really meant it. Aldo never says or does anything he doesn’t really mean. That’s Aldo for you. But—Aldo was in a position to mean it. Before he made “Saturday’s Hero” Aldo had won the primary election for constable in his home town, Crockett, Calif. If being an actor didn’t suit his book, he could go back to Crockett and the campaign he knew would end in a landslide victory.

And that is precisely what he did do.

Aldo felt pretty good when, after “Saturday’s Hero” was finished, the studio bigs said to him, “Stick around, kid, think you’ve got a future.” He felt good, but not surprised.

“T’m not basically inclined to being an actor but I never felt,” Aldo explains, “that I couldn’t be an actor. Never do anything I don’t feel capable of doing. Like living it up, for instance, in the girl department. That is one department, the girl department, I do not excel in! I still haven’t fathomed the mystery of Woman. However, I never would have run for constable of Crockett or parked my dogs in front of a movie camera if I hadn’t known I was going to win. How do I know?” Aldo shrugs, “it’s a climate, a feeling. An intangible summary of all the elements involved.

“I’m not surprised I’m an actor because, in addition to my practice of never doing anything I don’t feel capable of doing, I always expected to be in the public eye.” (There is an arrogance, virile and exciting, in this big young man.) “But in politics, not movies. To be a good politician, however, you have to have some of the dramatic in you and so, although a movie career was not a thing I’d hankered after, or had to have, there were monetary advantages, so I thought then, and I felt okay when they said ‘Stick around, kid;’ not so okay when they added, ‘But you’ve got a lot to learn, got to carry some spears.’

“A lot to learn. Carry some spears.

“NO.

“Sure I had a lot to learn, and still have. Sure, young actors begin at the beginning, study. But I’ve already sounded the warning not to do it the way I did it. I’ve said I’m an exception to the rule which, the school-books tell you, proves nothing. I’m an exception because acting is neither in my blood nor (CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)
CLOSE HARMONY

by Peter Sherwood

WHETHER Cyd Charisse danced her way into Tony Martin's life, or Tony sang his way into Cyd's heart is of little consequence now. The important fact is that theirs is one of the few marriages in show business where the harmony and rhythm have gone on uninterrupted.

This is not just one opinion of the happy personal life of the Tony Martins, but something that all Hollywood knows to be true. And here are some of the facts:

Says Cyd: "I am one of the luckiest of all women, because I'm married to a man who constantly demonstrates that I am always on his mind. A shopping addict from way back, Tony feels that any day that he can't bring something home to please me is a day lost."

Says Tony: "I am one of the happiest of all husbands, because I'm married to an appreciative wife. Many men are content to remember anniversaries with flowers, a birthday with a suitable gift—but it's much more exciting to do something about the days in between."

The success of the Tony Martin-Cyd Charisse marriage, many Hollywoodites will tell you, is due to the thoughtfulness and generosity that exist between the two of them in emphasizing how much they think of one another. In the matter of day-in and day-out gifts, Tony is still the wooer, and Cyd, as a grateful and warm recipient, is still the wooed.

Not so long ago a reporter asked Tony, 3000 miles away on a singing appearance, what he did to keep the home fires burning. "I'm never anywhere but at the end of a long distance wire," he grinned, "and Cyd knows where to find me at every hour of the day and night. But she doesn't have to look, because I grab the phone first."

What makes Cyd Charisse so happy today is the utter completeness of Tony's attention and devotion. He has three loves: his wife, his children, his home. He is often engaged in doing something for one—no matter how far away he is—more frequently for (continued on page 68)
With a happy marriage to inspire her, Cyd is going great in films like “Brigadoon.”
Not one for the Hollywood whirl, Marilyn wants to wave good-bye when she's finished work and head north for home.

Before her marriage Marilyn had completed work in "River Of No Return" with Rory Calhoun for 20th.

Marilyn and Joe, basically so very much alike, never made a game of their love. Accustomed to adulation, both now prefer a quiet life.
When Marilyn Monroe announced, "Marriage is my main career from now on," she pointed up the fact that the girl behind all the ballyhoo is a wonderful human being. Being top box-office means far less to Marilyn than being a wife to Joe DiMaggio. Now that they're back from their extended honeymoon to Japan and Korea, where Marilyn visited the troops, the DiMaggios are settling down to blissful domesticity.

It's typical of Marilyn that she isn't moving to a swanky estate in Beverly Hills to try to become a social leader. Though she and Joe have a new house in the Hollywood environs they've decided to make their real home four hundred miles away from the lavish whirl of movietown. The moment Marilyn is through with work she will head north. Her husband has his roots in San Francisco beside the Golden Gate, so that's where she is building her life as a wife. By plane the trip takes less than two hours, and once she reaches her destination Marilyn is in another world. The steep hills, brisk air, and cosmopolitan atmosphere of San Francisco enchant her as much as she fascinates her new friends. Actresses have held a special place in this gay city from its Gold Rush days, and with her genuine personality undisguised Marilyn has been adored since her first visit with Joe's big family.

The Marilyn the DiMaggios know, however, is not the movie queen. They have no doubt about her ability as an actress, nor has anyone who knows Marilyn in person, for her convincing portrayal of a blonde bombshell is proof. She dolls up in those attention-stealing clothes designed and lent her by her studio for official personal appearances. But she doesn't cling to that movie glitter the minute she can relax; she leaves it entirely behind her like any girl coming away from a job.

(Continued on page 66)
Jimmy knows how to pick good films for himself, the latest, "The Far Country," at U-I.
Everyone knows Jimmy's a hit in movies.
He's an even bigger hit at home with the Stewarts.

Genial, easy-going James Stewart is a man who has made a flawless, all-round success of his life. He has reached heights, personally and professionally, that not even he dreamed were possible. Never running before he could walk, Jimmy, by the cautious processes that are a part of his integral make-up, has managed to extract the utmost out of life—mostly hits and very few errors.

A hit in about every movie he has ever made (he has long ago lost count of how many), Jimmy, at forty-five and after almost two decades of acting, attracts top box-office grosses and critical acclaim with unfailing consistency. Everything he's touched has been right—from a happy and full movie career to an even happier and fuller private life.

Romantically he was one of Hollywood's enigmas for years. It was no secret that he held women in awe, thought that each and every one he ever came across was something out of this world. Too beautiful to be real. Or too real to have what he wanted in a woman—a dreamlike quality which wouldn't dispel his belief that most women are goddesses.

He had all Hollywood on tenterhooks until he made the plunge. Ex-college pal and roommate Jose Ferrer once said, "He's the cagiest man I've ever known. He's cagey with cars, with scripts and with women. When he does marry, she'll have to talk a very good script."

It was a whole ten years later before Jimmy enlightened his old friend on the kind of woman he had finally chosen. In typical laconic fashion he described her. "Name's Gloria. Guess you'll like her all right. Must meet sometime."

And that was all (continued on page 70)
WILL HEDY TAKE TO TEXAS?

WHETHER HEDY LAMARR FACES REAL HAPPINESS OR JUST ANOTHER CHAPTER OF MARITAL DISCORD DEPENDS UPON THE LADY HERSELF

by Mary Frazer

Hedy must now blend her continental tastes and film career with Howard Lee's Texas background.
There was great consternation in Madeleine's, one of Houston's swankiest cafes when Howard Lee, native of Texas, asked for a wine list so that his beautiful wife, Hedy Lamarr, could follow her usual continental custom of wine with her meals. The waiter looked askance, the Texas Big Rich customers at nearby tables were shocked. Surely Mr. Lee knew the state's liquor law that no mixed drinks may be served any place save in private clubs, where members have the makings stashed away in lockers, and no wines except the "light" type with mild alcoholic content may be ordered at restaurants.

Nonetheless, Howard requested a wine list, while Hedy waited expectantly. Finally, Madeline Bigelow, the chic owner, offered to give the Lees a bottle of wine from her own private stock. Even an attempt at joking about the fact that the cafe was housed in the mansion in which Howard had grown up, and that Hedy was the new landlady, did not restore serenity. Hedy asked her husband "who she must see" to get the wines with her meals which she has enjoyed always in Europe, in Beverly Hills, in Acapulco, in New York, in any of the international gathering spots where she has long twinkled as a leading luminary. Mixed drinks? She wouldn't touch them. But wines! They were civilization itself!

To many, the incident was amusing. To some, annoying. But to a few perceptive souls, it is significant (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

Hedy's children, Denise, 8, and Tony, 6, adore their new stepfather and palatial Houston home.
NO HIDING BEHIND DARK GLASSES FOR
RHONDA FLEMING—SHE'S ONE STAR WHO LIKES TO MEET HER PUBLIC

She Doesn't Want TO BE ALONE!

by Leone Matthews

"Stars who hide from fans don't know what they're missing," says Rhonda, who's also the happy wife of Dr. Lew Morrill.

With Jeff Chandler and Mamie Van Doren, "Yankee Pasha" co-stars. P.A. tours have taught Rhonda plenty of things.
"Dark glasses are silly, and all this nonsense about wanting to be alone is even sillier! The public is my boss, and they're entitled to see the girl they 'employ.' Besides—it's fun to be recognized."

Those are the forthright words of one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, Rhonda Fleming.

It's easy for her to talk, you say... easy for her to appear in public constantly when she is acknowledged—as Rhonda is—to be as lovely off the screen as on. But is it easy? Hollywood is full of beauties—and many of them are regularly voted the most uncooperative in the business. Photographs of their families, homes, children—even their pets aren't allowed. They don't turn up for scheduled press interviews, don't like to give autographs, and take great pains to be rude when they go on public appearance tours.

Once, Rhonda Fleming will admit, she was a little bit that way herself. "All the big names in Hollywood say they find the constant publicity, photograph-taking and autograph-giving such a bore," remarks one of Rhonda's friends, "and when Rhonda first made a name for herself, she thought that was the only correct way to behave."

She quickly learned differently, however. The bigger they come, the simpler—and more cooperative—they are, Rhonda decided, and because she had theatre in her blood, it wasn't too hard to accept the public outside the theatre as well as inside.

"Actually," says one Hollywood producer, "Rhonda had everything in her favor. Her mother had been on the stage and bequeathed a sound knowledge of show business to her daughter. Rhonda's grandfather was a theatrical producer in Salt Lake City. And Rhonda herself was born and brought up in Los Angeles and Beverly Hills, so she could see the theatre world in action.

"It's probable, I think, that she would have flowered as a public personality much sooner, but for her very early marriage," he finishes. "She's got the right approach to her career, but she lacked the right approach to being a woman off the screen."

Today, Rhonda says frankly that no girl should dream of marriage before her early twenties. "I don't regret (CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

Rhonda's gained, and rightfully, the reputation of being a star who works at all phases of her job.
Often rumored about to marry—it was said she would wed Rock Hudson, for instance—Vera's still single. Marriage is a serious step, she thinks.

A frequent date of Vera's is Richard Gully—and she hastens to say that she isn't speaking about him when she sounds off on obvious approaches.
BEING one of Hollywood's most-dated bachelor girls, Vera-Ellen is an authority on the typical approaches men use. You can spot the man by his approach long before he's really begun it, she says—furthermore, if you want to get technical about it, there are seven approaches—all deadly!

"What are deadly approaches to me may not be for you," she says, "but I'll bet you recognize each and every one in your own life. For instance, there's the considerate type who leads off with, 'You poor thing, how tired you must be! Why not come to my place tonight for a quiet dinner?' Consideration for you is his bait. He also collects records and if you're not too tired, you must hear his collection. He just happens to have an unreleased album that would make a great ballet. He wants you to hear it—at his place. He's so considerate he points out that you won't have to dress to come to his apartment and he also has his own 'massaging of the aching dancers' feet' technique, his own special home-made remedy for sore muscles. And to top it off, he can cook! The boy usually learns to cook at least one good meal to bolster his routine. In my case, he has read the publicity on my being too thin, so I have to try his special out-of-this-world spaghetti sauce.

"Of course," grins Vera, "you don't always resent this considerate character, because under proper conditions this can sound like heaven after a hard day of dance routines. It would to me after a day of rehearsal for my dances in 'White Christmas.'

"The crown for consideration, of course, goes to the boy who just has to stop by his place for one reason or another—and after he has you inside he just happens to have a seven-course dinner going (CONTINUED ON PAGE 69)
Debbie Reynolds has a flock of summer theatre offers to star in “Peter Pan.” MGM may give her approval to accept, but only if she promises NOT to have her hair clipped. This would be the first “Peter Pan” on record with a full head of hair. Reason for the clause in their pending agreement is that Debbie may have to be called back to her studio for retakes—and on her a wig doesn’t look good. The Copacabana in New York is bidding for her singing-dancing talents for a two weeks stint at $10,000 per. Debbie has nixed it—perhaps she’s remembering the fiasco suffered by Janie Powell when she stormed into the Copa . . .

Humphrey Bogart ordered three new toupees while in New York en route to Italy. Lauren Bacall Bogart approved the tinted tresses first, then had them air-mailed to Bogie in Rome. They’re costly items—$300 apiece . . .

Veronica Lake finally got around to seeing “I Married A Witch,” a Paramount film she starred in years ago with Fredric March. She had the movie screened for herself and a few close friends at the offices of Motion Pictures for Television. It’s the second and last time she’s seen herself on the screen. It’s taken her all this while to recover from witnessing her first—“I Wanted Wings” . . .

Cesar Romero packed up and deserted New York for another year leaving a trail of broken hearts behind him. Monique Van Vooren, the “Almanac” player, misses him the most . . .

Charlton Heston and his wife, Lydia Clarke, plant their own petunias on their Tudor City terrace and grow tomatoes, string beans and onions as well. When James Stewart visited them, he brought along three avocado trees but despite the Hestons’ “green thumb,” nothing much has happened in that “grove” . . .

While Mona Freeman and Lance Fuller are romancing in Hollywood, Bing Crosby has been slipping into town very quietly for medical check-ups in nearby Philadelphia. If the Freeman lass and Crosby aren’t wed by June, they’ll never march down the aisle (with one another). Mona doesn’t want to wait any longer. The reconciliation of the Gene Nelsons is at that maybe-maybe not stage. With Miriam’s resumption of her career as a choreographer she may work in New York.
alleged "romance" between her and the Fuller youngster is a press agent plant—his real interest is a non-professional, a private secretary in Reseda, California . . .

PEGGY Lee has told friends that she'll not marry again "for at least five years." That's not what her escort, Hal March, has been hinting. The Lee talents, wasted in Hollywood, will be given a boost in a series of night club engagements followed by a starring role in an upcoming Broadway musical to be produced by Rita Allen. Another former movie talent, singer-dancer Dick Foote, will also appear in the same production . . .

A special formula was flown West to Hollywood from the local salon of a famous cosmetic house so that Howard Keel's hair could be dyed red for his role in "Jupiter's Darling." The new color process was tried out on several MGM starlets who were visiting Manhattan at the time . . .

One of the biggest song hits in the screen version of "New Faces," is "Guess Who I Saw Today" written by Elisse Boyd. It's a straight ballad, so haunting that Shirley Booth who is busy with her newest Broadway musical, "By The Beautiful Sea," may take time out to record it along with other off-beat tunes from former stage hits. The Booth version, however, would be done as a comedy song—it's that flexible. "Tangerine," "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" and "Si-am" are some of the other songs the Booth album would feature. The star of "About Mrs. Leslie" is also considering an album of "readings." Her first choice would be Dorothy Parker's "Big Blonde"—a classic . . .

BROADWAY pals of Dawn Addams are inclined to discount the reports she'll become Princess Vittorio Massimo in Rome on June 27. Along Park Avenue it's said she still hankers for Farley Granger and would rush back to New York if he'd merely give her the nod once again . . .

At the Hotel Plaza Persian Room, Marlene Dietrich drew stares when she removed her mink wrap but ringsiders were disappointed. Her dinner gown had long sleeves and a high neckline, and wasn't in the least transparent . . .

Nome, Alaska, is preparing itself for a summer junket of Broadway and Hollywood stars. The Wallace Hotel, which faces the Bering Sea in the Arctic region, is readying accommodations for such screen notables as Rock Hudson, Mamie Van Doren, Race Gentry, Kathleen Hughes, Debbie Reynolds and Robert Wagner. From New York, John Hodiak, Ralph Meeker, Audrey Hepburn, Robert Preston, David Wayne, Rosalind Russell, Roger Dann and Joan Diener, all due for mid- (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

The Dick Widmarks were on hand for "Hell And High Water" bow in Gotham. Guy Madison, in New York for "The Command," had a "preferred" date. Keefe Brasselle has found "Eddie Cantor Story" a big boost to national fame.

At "Hell And High Water" preem were Sloan Simpson and singer Eddie Fisher.
MAGGI'S PRIVATE

THE LATEST NEWS, VIEWS, DOINGS OF VIDEO PERSONALITIES AND DELECTABLE BITS OF GOSSIP

Boniface Tony Mele hovers around table at his Theodore's restaurant where Imogene Coca, Jane Morgan, George Jessel and Al Bernie relax from TV chores. Actor-Director Jack Webb of "Dragnet" and Dorothy Towne at directors' gala.

Rita Gam and Oscar Hammerstein II at the Little Studio. So many celebrities visit the art gallery it's the new happy hunting grounds for autograph fans. Margaret Truman, Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney may go on ten-week tour.
Monica Lewis gives a hearty welcome to Julie Harris, young Broadway star, who guested on Monica's ABC-TV show.

Bruce Weil, seven-year-old charmer, literally has Maggi McNellis eating out of his hand at a backstage TV party.

Don't be surprised if Margaret Truman and Paul Winchell (with Jerry Mahoney, of course!) concertize a two-hour program of songs, comedy-drama sketches and dances and tour the countryside. In the works now is a schedule which would take the streamlined act into large and small cities from Coast-to-Coast late this Summer for a minimum of ten weeks. Pending the success of the program—and its popularity is assured since the Winchell-Truman fans are so numerous—the "in person" package may be earmarked for engagements in London, Paris, Rome and other European capitals late next Spring . . .

Colonel Tim McCoy, star of many an early and exciting western and former Adjutant General of Wyoming, begins his show business comeback with a new telefilm series called, simply enough, "Tim McCoy." The granddaddy of all the old movie cowboys, the real McCoy will teach his younger video audiences Indian sign language. Watch for this to be the newest craze of The Younger Set . . .

Helayne Buttons, Red's second wife, isn't any too happy over the professional activities of his first spouse, Roxanne. The latter, who has been appearing in vaudeville and burlesque houses throughout the country, bills herself as "Roxanne, the former Mrs. Red Buttons." Red and Helayne are pretty miffed over the entire thing, but there's nothing they can do about it . . .

Eddie Albert's TV career got a further boost when he made two appearances with Loretta Young in "Letter To Loretta." The Albert talents will be restricted solely to TV from now on, with only a rare Hollywood film assignment being accepted. He's already declined five Broadway plays, feeling TV is his best medium . . .

A national tour of Summer theatres is pending for the entire cast of "Jamie"—Brandon de Wilde, Ernest Truex, Polly Rowles and Cathy Nolan. The program's script writer, Don Ettlinger, is preparing a three-act version of the popular show, utilizing the best of this year's programs. Other video shows that may follow (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)
Jeff Donnell, a champ, has some super gestures for communicating ideas to Jack Haley, John Barrymore, Jr. and Rose Marie.

The Stars Shine

Corinne Calvet gives Richard Denning a hint: "It's a gag saying."

"Quiz" regular, John Barrymore, gets Angela Lansbury's "message."
ON "PANTOMIME QUIZ" YOUR
MOVIE FAVORITES PROVE THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL—
BUT ONE THING IS SURE: THEY'RE
DEFINITELY NOT DUMB

by Robert Perkins

"Pantomime Quiz" is Mike Stokey's brain child.

Corinne Calvet made odd signals with her hands, slumped to the floor and wiggled like a fish. Then she hopped up, did a quick hula, signaled again, finally pretended to drive a car—in full view of a fascinated audience of millions.

Was the luscious Corinne off her rocker? Missing a few buttons? Flipping her chic lid?

Not in the least. And the audience applauded the low time-score she had just made for her team in the TV game of "Pantomime Quiz" (Du Mont network; Tuesdays, 8:30 PM, EST).

This is Mike Stokey's modern version of charades, with Hollywood and Broadway luminaries teaming up to work out such stumpers as: "Take your shoes off, Baby, you're running through my mind!"

"Corinne is one of our pets," says producer-emcee Stokey, "and is smart as two whips—as are the rest of the film stars, whose intellects have always been sold short." Corinne is but one of a long line of the Hollywood famous who have made their television debuts on this program, which has spent six of its seven years in Hollywood.

Two pretties who first winked at a TV camera on "Pantomime Quiz" are Barbara Britton and Gale Storm. Mrs. North (Barbara) is an ex-regular on the show, with a reputation for throwing herself into the game, with My Little Margie (Gale) rating in the same upper brackets. Then there were the reel-life detectives vs. the real-life ones. "We teamed up three male Los Angeles detectives," said Mike, "and a lady one (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)."
There's more than

To make your dreams a reality... a planned future which includes precious things for your new home lovingly stored in a fine chest to be yours always. (1) Left, a modern chest in blond finished oak, by the Lane Company, with an automatic tray. Another style in limed oak, a modern double door console, with an interior drawer and an adjustable shelf, also by Lane. A third style, the modern lowboy in limed oak, has a full-length drawer in the base. The chests are, of course, all cedar lined. (2) For sheer beauty and utmost enjoyment, a Luxite gown and negligee of billowy nylon Tricot. This set in exotic Hibiscus pink, Lagoon blue and white. The negligee, trimmed with imported French lace, retails for $19.95. Sizes 32-38. Gown, $10.95. 32-40. (3) This sumptuous gown, also by Luxite, for $24.95. Double layer skirt and fine floral embroidery. In exciting palm green or Waikiki rose. Sizes are 32-38. (4) Scarfs by Bar and Beards. The silk polka dot one for $2.00. The sari, a combination of colors, for $1.00. (5) Wear-Right gloves of durable cotton, in classic lengths. (6) Another Luxite sheer print shortie gown, $10.95. 32-38. Matching bedjacket, $5.95. S-M-L. Both in rose spray, carnation, or blue violets! (7) In this modern cedar chest, by the Lane Company, in blond oak with its automatic tray and polished finish, gather a treasure of luxurious blankets, lovely linens... From Martex, we have a fine selection of bath towels, guest towels, wash cloths, dish towels and a bath mat-seat cover set. All wonderfully priced and in an array of colors. (8) Holmes and Edwards sterling inlaid silverplate. Romance pattern illustrated. And this lovely fifty-two piece service for eight, $84.50. (9) A light weight blanket by North Star. In black and summer colors. (10) "Clover" pattern on comb percale sheets and pillow case.
INTIMATES

Designed for beauty (a) "Ingenue" bra in embroidered white cotton. This junior "Whirlpool" has AA cup. Just $2.50.

"Debutante" (b) has wide-spaced straps, 3/4 cup. $5 in cotton. $6 in nylon.

"Definitely Yours," wired halter bra (c) in cotton eyelet, $6. All bras by Hollywood Maxwell.
The "Jane Pickens Show" is heard coast-to-coast six times a week on the NBC radio network Monday thru Friday 2:45—2:55 P.M. EST and Thursday 10:35—11 P.M. EST. Also on ABC-TV network 9:15—9:30 P.M. EST Sundays

Tops in Movie Music
Doris Day's Columbia album of "Calamity Jane," featuring the Academy Awards tune, "Secret Love," and "Deadwood Stage," continues to attract and may well wind up being the most successful album she ever recorded . . . Victor's Glenn Miller album, "Limited Edition," a terrific collector's item in itself, has had added demand because "The Glenn Miller Story," co-starring Jimmy Stewart and June Allyson, is such a box-office smash . . . Columbia's "Red Garters" album presents Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell and pert newcomer Joanne Gilbert in songs direct from the sound track of this roguish Western musical. You'll especially enjoy Rosemary's singing of "Good Intentions" and Guy's warbling of "A Dime And A Dollar." Rosemary, by the way, joined with her gifted husband, Jose Ferrer, to make a special record of "Man And Woman," also featured in "Red Garters" . . . Ray Bloch, on the Coral label, offers the theme song of the film, "Vicki," and couples it with the entrancing "Donkey Tango." Mild-mannered Ray wields the baton on the TV shows of both Ed Sullivan and Jackie Gleason . . . Thanks to the release of the new Cinemascope musical, "New Faces," Eartha Kitt's name is now tops among recording stars. Her Victor album, "That Bad Eartha," is having a brisk sale, as are the three songs she recorded months ago and are now included in "New Faces," namely, sexy "C'est Si Bon," "Uska Dara" and "Santa Baby." Jo Stafford teams with Liberace in a highly-styled recording of "Indiscretion," taken from the new Jennifer Jones-Monty Clift co-starrer, "Indiscretion Of An American Wife." It's backed by "April And You" with Jo supplying a velvety vocal and Liberace a nimble fingering of the piano. Columbia is also leasing a record of instrumental music taken directly from the sound track of "Indiscretion Of An American Wife," with Franco Ferrara conducting . . .

Other Toppers
Bing Crosby and Guy Lombardo combine talents for a Decca extra-special, "I Get So Lonely" and "Young At Heart," both sides being ideal for either listening or dancing. The Lombardo fans shouldn't feel their Guy is merely an accompanist for Bing, because he does get equal recognition with each number . . . Tony Martin is in vibrant voice for Victor's "Here" and "Philosophy." The former, a romantic ballad, is beautifully arranged, with an adult lyric that really makes sense. "Philosophy," in a lighter vein, is a frothy, novelty number, contrasting perfectly with "Here." Henri Rene and his orchestra accompanied Tony . . . Lovely June Valli has given Victor another hit with her singing of "The Gypsy Was Wrong," an emotional gem, which she couples with "Old Shoes And A Bag Of Rice," a truly sentimental ballad . . . Tony Bennett, who already had three of his songs sell over a million, may have his fourth coming up with "There'll Be No Teardrops Tonight," a song by the late Hank Williams. It's paired with "My Heart Won't Say Good-bye," one of the hit songs in Broadway's "The Girl In The Pink Tights." Tony's riding mighty high these days and this latest release will raise him still higher . . . Dependable Perry Como continues to brighten our lives with "Wanted" and "Look Out The Window," his latest disc for Victor . . . Les Paul and Mary Ford have a delectable platter in "South" and "I Really Don't Want To Know," with Les taking the honors on "South" and Mary doing likewise with the ballads. Others have recently recorded "Melancholy Me," but Eddy Howard's version for Mercury is the best yet. He backs it with the appealing oldie, "I Wonder What's Become Of Sally" . . .

Grab Bag
Jackie Gleason, in a serious mood again, conducts his symphonic orchestra for "Tawny," the rotund comic's newest album for Capitol. Originally, Jackie composed it for a ballet sequence on his TV show. It's magnificent . . . Columbia's exotic "Kismet" album, with the original Broadway cast, is superb. Virile Alfred Drake and tantalizing Doretha Morrow are co-starrers. A musical digest called "Music From Kismet" also has been released as an album by Columbia with Percy Faith conducting "Stranger In Paradise," "Baubles, Bangles And Beads" and "And This Is My Beloved" are among the favorites in the colorful musical score . . . And, in collecting beautiful music, be sure to get MGM's album of "The Wonderful Waltzes Of Richard Rodgers," with Paul Bratten and his orchestra featuring such delights as "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning," "Lover," "Falling In Love With Love" and "I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy" . . . Eileen Barton, Johnny Desmond and the McGuire sisters (of Arthur Godfrey's programs) all get together for a Coral recording of "Pine Tree, Pine Over Me" and "Glink To Me," nicely styled and arranged so that no one is neglected . . .

Beryl Davis, Jane Russell, Connie Haynes and Della Russell are a newly-formed quartet specializing in religious songs. Their first recording is "Go Lord."
CARRY YOUR BEAUTY AIDS WITH YOU THIS SUMMER AND LOOK AS FRESH AND WELL-GROOMED AS MARJIE MILLAR

BEAUTY

by Yseulte Warre Simone

IN SMALL PACKAGES
A busy young beauty like Marjie Millar is always on the look-out for short cuts to glamour. She is a brand new personality with one picture to her credit, "Money From Home," starring Martin and Lewis, and another on the way, the Hal Wallis production of "About Mrs. Leslie."

Marjie believes in looking well groomed no matter how rushed she is. She has her beauty program thought out for all her activities and takes with her exactly what she's going to need for the occasion.

Marjie buys her cosmetics in small packages, favors particularly those items especially made for travel. Her cleansers and creams she buys in large size—more economical—and transfers small amounts into miniature travel jars.

A typical outdoor girl, Marjie makes sure that if she tans she tans evenly. A good suntan lotion covers all exposed parts, a slight amount of foundation of exact skin shade goes over that, for glamorous body make-up.

A peep into Marjie's handbag at any time shows it's a miracle of neatness. (Can we say the same?) She uses a small cosmetic kit to hold her make-up and spare the handbag lining. She carries a creamy, compressed powder compact with her always for touch-ups, but takes along loose powder in her vanity for glamour make-ups. She transfers a small amount of liquid foundation into a purse-size flacon or empty perfume purser and takes it with her in case her make-up needs refreshing. For evening, she favors a cake make-up, especially under bright lights.

There's always enough perfume in her purse atomizer to last Marjie over a weekend; a pocket stick cologne goes along for all-over body use. There's usually a container of softly scented talcum in her overnight bag. A liquid cream perfume she considers indispensable, especially for décolleté evening gowns. A touch to arms, shoulders, neck, hands, and there are bound to be some charming compliments forthcoming.

It really doesn't take much time and that little extra touch of glamour pays dividends! So why not take it along with you this Summer and, like Marjie, groom for stardom on the social scene if not the screen. END
pleasant and cooperative as a person, was too inexperienced to help Pier with her acting. Both leaned heavily for advice on the director, Leonide Moguy. Pier was still very emotional then. Her first scene in the picture took place in a church, where Gino was supposed to kiss her. But in spite of Leonide Moguy's fatherly helpfulness, Pier couldn't get herself to do the scene. As Mr. Moguy grew more insistent, she began to cry. In desperation he asked the electricians to soften the bright lights to help Pier overcome her shyness. Somehow he coaxed her into the scene, but from then on he dreaded the love scenes as much as his young protege did. It was good for Pier that Gino was as immature as she. He understood her hesitancy, and did not expect her to be worldly-wise.

Her next leading man was John Ericson, who played opposite her in "Teresa." He was friendly, cheerful, uninhibited. In his company she felt relaxed, could giggle or be serious. When they first met, Pier knew no English. She still remembers the day he brought her a box of candy. She was embarrassed because she didn't know how to thank him in English. He didn't give her a chance to stay embarrassed very long.

By application and demonstration, John quickly taught her the most essential phrases. "We are walking..." he said as they went into the studio. "Walking..."

The two had fun working together, being together. For the first time in her life, Pier felt like having the brother she had always missed.

When MGM cast her in "The Light Touch," Stewart Granger was the next man in her professional life. Still a relative newcomer, the thought of working with an actor with the standing of Granger at first made Pier feel uneasy, awed, as unsure of herself as during her first picture. But Mr. Granger proved an understanding, down-to-earth sort of fellow who quickly managed to make her feel confident and at ease.

Her next leading man, however, had her in tears again!

Gene Kelly starred opposite her in "The Devil Makes Three," which was filmed in Germany. Gene was charming, pleasant, affable. Together with the others of the cast, they went dancing almost every night. They had a wonderful time.

In front of the cameras, Gene is a perfectionist, and not just about his own performance. For that reason he likes to help his co-stars in every possible way, so much so that Pier thinks he's one of the most outstanding persons she's ever met.

The picture was half finished when they came to their first love scene. From habit, Pier looked down, instead of at him—as the script called for and as she had expected her to do. "Why don't you look at me as you're supposed to...?" Gene snapped so harshly that Pier broke into tears and fled to her dressing room. She cried for two hours, till she heard a knock on the door.

It was Gene, his voice soft and gentle. "Annie Roonie..." (He called her Annie Roonie because of the way she wears her hair.) "...Yes..."

"Mind if I come in?"

"...All right...

Half seriously, half comically, yet full of humility, Gene went on his knees. "Annie Roonie, won't you please forgive me?" And he explained why he'd been so upset. How could she help it? After that they got along even better than before.

And then came Kirk Douglas.

Kirk proved to be a wonderful person to work with. To rehearse their scenes ahead of time, he met Pier at seven every morning, though they didn't have to report to the studio till eight. He helped her in every possible way with the script, diction, and trapeze work. (A born athlete, he quickly mastered it like a professional.)

To show her gratitude, she taught him a few words of Italian, but not enough to compose the note she received during the scene when he delivered a letter supposedly from her husband. Instead of the note the prop man had prepared, Kirk had written just one word on the slip of paper which he handed her, "Carina"—which means "You're so nice."

When the picture was over Kirk gave her a little golden charm showing two figures—Pier and himself—swinging on a trapeze. She has always cherished it in memory of their wonderful association—an association which, through publicity and gossip columns, grew to the proportions of an earth-shattering romance. True it was that Kirk and Pier were good friends. They saw each other in Europe last year when both were picture-making there. But on her return to Hollywood, when Pier was asked if her romance with Kirk was over, she replied: "It never began."

Of Ricardo Montalban, Pier's leading man in "Sombredo," she says, "Oh, he's so much fun! We never had a dull moment..."

They were in Mexico on location together, and Ricardo's knowledge of the country and people made this one of the most fascinating trips she has ever taken.

Most actors, due to their emotional work, are temperamental, moody, unsettled. Not Ricardo. Nothing, absolutely nothing, could ever upset his perpetual good mood. He showed Pier how a person can get along with others under any condition.

Her most recent leading man is Carlos Thompson, with whom she co-starred in "The Flame And The Flesh." Pier was impressed by Carlos' South American charm and manners and his worldliness. He is entirely different from anyone she has worked with before. But at the same time, he and Pier have much in common—similar backgrounds, upbringing, a natural love for acting, for creative things, for beauty. While they worked together, Pier became very much interested in a book Carlos had written, and which he hopes to have published soon.

No doubt, in his way Carlos will have an influence on her life, as, indeed, had all her leading men.
Annie Lingen was beautiful. The women hated her and secretly wished that Nature had been as good to them. And the town's three most important men loved her. No one was prepared for the violence brought on by Annie's extraordinary beauty. The town couldn't forget her, and neither will you after reading this novel.

"...ingenious... enough romance and gunplay and rough justice... to satisfy the reader's appetite..."

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Bart Pruitt was determined to ranch on the Grasslands, even though death barred his way. And when the Sheriff sided against him, he simply drew his six guns and made his own laws. This tense novel really brings the Old West to life!

for pure excitement and down-right reading enjoyment, ask your newsdealer for these new

POPULAR LIBRARY EAGLE BOOKS—just 25c
On a belated honeymoon in Paris Rosie Clooney and Jose Ferrer meet up with a familiar figure—It's French actor Pieral, made up as Toulouse-Lautrec.

DANTON WALKER'S HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

summer vacations from their current stage plays, have been invited to join the Alaskan caravan. The Nome Visitors Association with the aid of Bob Renshaw, a legendary figure in the Nome area, is scheduling gold-panning expeditions, whale hunts (via amphibious aircraft) and brown bear stalking hikes for the glamorous visitors. In June, Alaska will be enjoying twenty-two hours of daylight—the invited celebrities will be trekking to the Great Northwest to see that, if nothing else, . . .

Hurd Hatfield, one-time screen star ("The Portrait Of Dorian Gray"), scored such a tremendous personal success in the off-Broadway production of "Bullfight," he received several lucrative bids to return to Hollywood but declined them all. He'll stick to the New York stage until he feels he's ready to return. Other former Hollywoodites who have indicated they'll be sticking around the Times Square stages include Celeste Holm, Mel Ferrer, Vanessa Brown, Franchot Tone, Gig Young and John Forsythe. . . .

Black and pink shirts and ties for fashionable males, first introduced by the late Florenz Ziegfeld a generation ago, are getting a big revival play in New York with an assist from Charlton Heston, Milton Berle, and Ralph Meeker. . . .

Several Broadway producers who attended a sneak preview of Joan Crawford's "Johnny Guitar," have been bidding for the New York stage services of Sterling Hayden. This will be good news to the Gotham Hayden fans, but unhappy news to the ex-Mrs. Hayden. Having received custody of the four Hayden offspring, the former Betty De Noone was also awarded 55% of Hayden's annual earnings. In New York his stage salary would not equal his film paychecks. She's all for keeping him in California, with the support of a court order if necessary.

The sixteen years difference in their ages doesn't mean a thing in the Rosemary Clooney-Jose Ferrer household. At the Barberry Room Rosie said, "When I'm forty Joe will be fifty-six—but he'll still look forty!". . .

Lynn Bari, once wed to Sid Luft (Judy Garland's husband), will resume her legal actions to try to force Luft to establish a trust fund for their child. A battery of Manhattan attorneys are preparing the papers to be filed late this summer (presumably just in time for the world premiere showing of "A Star Is Born" which Luft has produced) . . .

John Hodik, Henry Fonda and Lloyd Nolan of "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial" hit play, have been the most feted actors to hit New York in years. The unattached Hodik had to move about from hotel to hotel in order to stave off the femmes who followed him everywhere he went. Park Avenue hostesses considered him their "prize catch" at lavish supper parties—being a bachelor—but it took the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to really set him up. The titled couple left standing orders that Hodik had carte blanche to visit them whenever he felt like it at their Waldorf-Astoria suite, that he was to be invited to all functions to which they received invitations, and that he might bring any young lady he wished with him. To date Hodik has been stuggling it . . .

Former pals of actor Donald Murphy (last on the Broadway stage opposite Shirley Booth in "Time Of The Cuckoo") are amazed to find that the successful young actor hasn't forgotten them. Unlike most actors who go to Hollywood and register solidly, young Murphy was first with the news to his friends in the East. He tried to fly to New York for a reunion with his actor friends the night Shirley Booth opened in nearby New Haven in "By The Beautiful Sea" but a last minute TV commitment with Loretta Young on "Letters To Loretta" prevented it. He stayed in Hollywood but sent a mutual friend instead, just so his Broadway chums could get some first-hand information on progress of his career . . .

Lisa Ferraday has been dating both male stars of the hit Broadway play, "Oh Men, Oh Women!"—Franchot Tone and Gig Young—on alternate nights. The show's leading lady, Betsy von Furstenberg, once engaged to Tone, didn't like it one bit. The Ferraday loss, who has more real chic and glamour than most, took it in her stride. She even invited the youthful Betsy to come along one night for supper. It was to be Tone's treat. From then on the lovely Lisa had no more trouble with Miss von Furstenberg. . . .

It's well known what gentlemen prefer, so gentleman that he is, Guy Madison's constant date in Gotham was Joan Diener, the beautiful blonde singer of "Kismet" fame—they were inseparable. . . .

Jerry Lewis, in town for his annual Copacabana engagement with Dean Martin, brought along the hilarious John Morris painting which depicts Jerry as Whistler's Mother. Jerry explained that Hollywood painter Morris was beginning a series of portraits in which screen stars would be portrayed as famous old master paintings. He denied the report that Dean would pose as Lady Godiva—Morris was saving that for Marilyn Monroe. Dean is earmarked to be "Little Boy Blue" . . .

Frank Sinatra flew to Gotham from his Miami engagement, tried to book air passage to Rome for a quick trip to visit Ava Gardner, but had to cancel at the last minute for "Pink Tights" rehearsals. . . .

Bella Darvi went everywhere in New York with the Richard Widmark during the "Hell And High Water" premiere but her heart wasn't in it—she rushed back to Hollywood without her baggage. . . .
Marlon Brando took his suspension from 20th Century-Fox (for refusing to do "The Egyptian") very lightly—went everywhere in New York smilingly and with a rare sense of humor. Brando baffled waiters in the brasserie nightclubs (places he usually never attended) by accepting any table given him and being profuse in his thanks. At the Latin Quarter he sat behind a post and never protested once (he had arrived late for the final show).

Gordon MacRae huddled with the play producers of "The Peajama Game" for the starring role originally scheduled for Van Johnson. When changes were not forthcoming in the show's dialogue and songs, Gordon declined the role, which went to another actor. It would have been Gordon's first Broadway musical since "Three To Make Ready".

Bette Davis attended a performance of "The Immoralist" (starring Louis Jourdan and Geraldine Page on the stage of the Royale Theatre) with husband Gary Merrill. The Merrills were seated behind the Paul Douglasses (Ian Sterling) who in turn were sitting directly behind the temporarily reconciled David Oppenheimers (Judy Holliday). During intermission it was Paul, Judy and Gary who jammed the lobby—the three hadn't been together since the days they were appearing on the New York stage in "Born Yesterday." That play sent the trio to Hollywood.

The reconciled Gene Nelsons may pack up and leave Hollywood for at least one year if Mrs. Nelson (she's the former Miriam Franklin) decides to continue the resumption of her career as a choreographer. Her greatest success on the Red Skelton TV show has Broadway stage and TV producers interested. A former dancer herself, her staging of dance routines professionally might very well lead her right back to the New York theatre. If the Champions, Marge and Gower, sign for the musical version of "Gone With The Wind"—it'll be called "Scarlett O'Hara" on Broadway—you can be certain Miriam Franklin will be the show's choreographer.

Seven-year-old Brucie Well, who leaped to show business fame with his initial recording of "God Bless Us All," was swamped with autograph fans in front of Limyda's. The crowd was very thick around Brucie when a matronly woman walked up to a policeman standing nearby and said, "It's positively shameful that such a young boy should have to face such a crowd and all this excitement. And furthermore, I wish you'd have someone pick him up so I can see what he looks like!" Kirk Douglas passing by at that moment stepped in and offered to boost Brucie—which he did.

Arthur Maisel, a New York restaurateur who operates a swank delicatessen, in addition to his other eating establishments, near all the major Broadway theatres, just won't let Rita Hayworth off the Salami Hook. While Rita's "Salome" was playing at a nearby theatre his Floridian Delicatessen ballyhooed "Salome Salami" in its window. Lately he's been featuring "Salamis a la Sadie Thompson".

Katharine Hepburn slipped through the gate at Idlewild Airport in order to board her TWA flight to London earlier than the other passengers—she almost didn't get to London doing that. The plane she insisted upon boarding was ready to take off for Italy and wasn't a TWA airliner to begin with. The fuss it created only drew attention to the actress whose attempt at privacy made her look silly.

An orb-popping twosome at the Men's Bar of the Waldorf-Astoria were the Duke of Marlborough and Billy De Wolfe, with the latter dead-panning his way through a funny story. He had the titled nobleman roaring with laughter. De Wolfe, starring in the smash hit musical, "Almanac," at the Imperial Theatre, confided to the Duke that if and when he returns to Hollywood he'll do so as a straight dramatic actor.

Thelma Ritter, incidentally, continues to live in Forest Hills, Long Island, with her family and does her daily shopping in the local meat and grocery markets. Only her neighbors recognize her; no one else does because she looks just like Thelma Ritter.

END

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—we called them 'Three eyes and an eye-lash!' On the reel-life side were Howard Duff, and a new boy named Jack Webb. This was pre-Dragnet, and the rumor is, that one of the genuine hacks suggested a TV show based on actual police cases, with results familiar to you. When Eve Arden and Helen Parrish were both on "Quiz," Eve drew: "Out of the frying pan, into the fire," she made one quick gesture, and Helen answered instantly. It was a three-second deal—the fastest on record.

The mental gymnastics of the movie crowd on "Quiz" have done much to do away with the old-fashioned idea that they were a bunch of dopes. Kirk Douglas is one of the keen-witted actors who excelled at the game. "Champion" hadn't even been released when he appeared with the Stokey set. Barry Sullivan is rated as one of the game's fastest—officially, he has a "lightning-fast mind." "Bob Alda has to leave us soon," said Mike, "and I don't know how I'm going to replace him. He's show-wise, knows everything—I never worry about a show that Bob's on. As you probably guessed, I'm very high on Alda." Bennett is another whiz at this business. Her perceptive response to signals makes her valuable to a team, they say. And on your TV set, you can see for yourself that she's a glamorous personality who's perfectly willing to let her hair down—clown, hula, act silly, anything.

"Pantomime Quiz" began on the Coast seven years ago, said the personable Stokey. The movie bunch took to the "Quiz" show, especially since it calls for acting. From first "Quiz" gang—Eve Arden, Joan Davis, Jack Carson, Kay Kayser, Danny Thomas, Hans Conried, and one of the Firestones—to today, it's been a main topic of conversation on most movie sets, between takes.

Mike Stokey, who automatically uses the signal-gestures he invented for the show, has made a study of charades, the poppa of his little gold mine. "I couldn't believe, 'way back, that no one had adapted the game on TV (they hadn't) Gents hiding behind luxuriant whiskers, acted out charades at the turn of the century, it's that old, but the fact that the game is slightly intellectually may have scared off would-be adapters. The New York Public Library is kept busy supplying our charts to everyone from ministers to kids, but 'Pantomime Quiz' isn't stuffy.

Take the first-anniversary show, when comic Ben Blue presented Boss Stokey with a whipped-cream cake—smack in the face. Maxie Rosenbloom and Benny Baker helped themselves to cake, eating it off Stokey's pun. When he could see again, the basically-unsellsh Mike reached for a large piece of cake and started for Danny Thomas—to share, as a good host should.

A man such as Walter Slezak, who speaks seven languages, can worry about thinking in French and looking up his team, but it was Slezak who brought home the bacon with "Take your shoes off, Baby, you're running through my mind." Oddly enough, professional pantomimists aren't usually too hot here, because they're accustomed to a smooth routine, not think-on-your-feet and fast. An exception was Buster Keaton, whose "The Face On The Barroom Floor" was the face to end all barroom-floor faces.

"We know," said Boss Stokey, "that this show has helped a couple of careers. Vincent Price, for one, was unhappily wedded to a life of movie tragedy. Working with us gave him a chance to show off his capabilities as a slapstick man, and he landed a comic role in 'Champagne For Caesar.' And Hans Conried found us the opening wedge to the big-time career that was his just due. Hans is wonderfully ravid about the game, even tried to brow-beat his team into learning an Indian sign language...."

John Barrymore, Jr. is an important Stokey regular. He comes by his Shakespearean bent naturally (his pa did a slick "Hamlet" bit), is very sharp, also gets more fan mail than anybody else on the show. Young Mr. B. isn't quite sure what sort of acting he favors, but does write a fair poetry, and is working on his auto-biography (at age 21), to be titled "Born Dead"—which he literally was, until mother Dolores Costello breathed into his mouth and restored life. And a twist—John is a superb athlete, leaps six feet up during the game warmups and does hand-springs on stage.

"Did you happen to catch Dorothy Hart when she was working on the gag definition of burlesque?" asked Mr. Stokey, referring to a stumper that called burlesque "legal burlesque: dancing put to writhing." By the way, those "stumpers" are the quotations and gag sayings which you can and do send in, to win prizes. Mike went on: "Dorothy didn't make it before the two-minute time limit was up because, she said later, she'd never seen a real burlesque show!"

Adele Jergens, a prize "Quiz" gal who would most likely have made good with legal writhing, is respected for mental speed on this show. Jeff Donnell is another of the stumps—has some super gestures for communicating ideas to her partners in pantomime. The maad Jerry Lester is currently replacing Jackie Coo-gan, who couldn't leave the Coast for New York. Lester whistles, mugs, does a top-notch job. Coogan is a long-time hero, who doesn't hesitate to use his toupe to illustrate a point, even to switching it backwards. He's the one who added an ad-lib footnote to a stumper about a ship's propellor and a "crazy, mixed-up squid" (octopus), saying that it was definitely "Farewell To Arms."

For variety's sake, the show taps talents from varied fields—such as heavyweight boxers Maxie Baer and Lou Nova. Their second match took place in the Stokey ring. It was fast action—nobody wuz robbed. Two of America's top songwriters, Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer, were teamed up, deliberately fed a stumper consisting of a line from a song they'd written. If you're thinking that the boys were being pampered, forget it—they couldn't guess it! Only once was anyone tipped off as to the stumpers, and it was strictly a gag shared with the view- ers. A stranger on one of the teams got every stumper! Then Mike revealed the fact that the man was a professional mind reader! Even so, he wasn't relying on his science, and Mike finally admitted to one and all that the gent was actually reading answers, not guessing.

The show has been TV-debut for quite a few, such as Lucille Ball, Liberase, Charlie Ruggles, Bob Stack, and many others—in an atmosphere where star billing doesn't count. Speaking of TV debuts, the William Morris agency swore that Walter Brennan wouldn't work on television for love nor money. Soooooo, Walter called Mike, asked if he couldn't please come on the show, he liked it so much! He cleaned up with a pantomime that involved an imaginary blunderbuss, which he filled with powder from a horn, shot...
off, reeled like a drunk. The Morris office still doesn’t believe it.

Movie stars are people, after all, even as you and I; they have the same foibles, same worries. “Alan Mowbray turned up for a show, complete with typical Mowbray sneer,” said Mike, “but after the fast-and-furious, pre-show warmup, the sneer warmed up to a grin, and he was cackling like mad by the time we went off the air. Nigel Bruce, on the other hand, was scared beforehand, but he told me, later on, that he’d never had so much fun.”

They have a soft spot in their hearts for Jimmy Gleason, that wiry, cocky, long-time actor. When James first stood up to act out a stumper, he took his time, thought for all of thirty seconds (the time limit is two minutes). Then with one-two-three gestures that brought the right answers from his team, Gleason worked out this stumper: “Turn the fan off, Grampa, you’re too old to be blowing your top!”

Gleason and Lee Tracy had a lot of fun with a running gag. Tracy would be assigned to the Leading Men team. Then Gleason would appear as one of the Character (actor) Men. Th: Gleason upper lip would start to roll up, followed by a snarl: “What’s this guy Tracy doin’ on the Leadin’ Men? He’s older’n I am!”

As for stumpers, one might be: “When is an extrovert not an extrovert?” The answer: When he’s Mike Stokey. Watching Mike on TV—calm, assured, bubbling over with quips—you’d label him an introvert. “But,” he admits with a shy grin, “I’m basically an extrovert.” And so he is.

Prexy Stokey was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, in 1918, went on to Texas and California, graduated from Los Angeles City College, where he was a drama-radio major. He was an NBC staff announcer, has done considerable radio and stage directing, took his charade-idea to TV, since it obviously wouldn’t operate via radio.

“Pantomime Quiz” is currently in New York, which Mr. Stokey likes very much, but, for real living, well….

East or West, the Basic Introvert is happy as long as he’s surrounded by the charts (of signals) he originated. The Stokey credo: Keep signals at a minimum; do words in 1-2-3 order; basic signals used only to get past common, uninteresting words. That should help you if you play “Quiz” at home. Mike’s finishing a book titled, “Pantomime Quiz At Home,” listing 150 of the best stumpers used on the show, which will also come in handy for your games.

“Pantomime Quiz’s” sincerest fans are deaf mutes all over the country, who write enthusiastic letters of praise. Actually not surprising, eh? They can read lips, and really appreciate the players’ gestures, which are almost as good as their own skilled communication-signals.

Amazing, isn’t it? Fun for all. The intellectuals’ meat. A rowdy, carefree game. A comics’ delight. The swooning joy of a million kids. And the personal property of housewives who write in to demand justice for “our team.”

And the game is still going Stokey-strong in 1954.
in that it poses an important question—
"Will Hedy take to Texas?"

Will this beautiful woman, whose life and loves have for two decades told a tumultuous story to an ever-fascinated public, really find the happiness she has sought so long, in this fifth marriage to a man rated a "No. One Eligible" by the glitter sets across the country—a man who, despite this, is a fixture in one of the brand-newest areas of this New World of ours?

Can Hedy's Old World culture, plus her continued ambition to shine on the movie screen, blend with plans to make a home and family life in the roistering, boisterous, albeit luxurious, background of one of America's last golden frontiers?

Hedy thinks that indeed she can.

Shortly after she had stepped from the plane onto Texas soil, she said that the first thing she had to do was to "find a nice lovely home so the children could come from the West Coast."

Those who watched Hedy and Howard together remembered the other beauties with whom Howard had dazzled the citizens not so long ago . . . June Haver, Dorothy Malone, singers Margaret Phelan and Betty George, Georgette Windsor. Born to one of the state's largest fortunes, his good looks, enhanced by deep-set hazel eyes and silver-black hair, have made him a natural for highly headlined romances.

But the aura of adoration and rare happiness in the Shamrock Hotel apartment where Mr. and Mrs. Lee lived until they found a house, told at once that this was "different. This tall girl with the once black, now russet, hair cut in casual Italian style, wearing the equally casual sports clothes, talking in the husky, accented voice, was someone very, very special in his life. And an observer could see that he was hoping, praying almost, that his beloved new wife and his beloved Texas would get along—famously.

When talk turns to Hedy's plans for movie making, she neatly side-steps by saying that settling down into her new home is her major and immediate problem. But she never denies that she hopes to star again, either. She smiles radiantly, and says that Howard has given her a beautiful diamond bracelet and a stunning new auto, and that the children "adore" their new stepfather.

"I had a good time in Europe last summer. But when you are so far from the one you love, it is not so good," she confides with an honest candor.

"I left Rome the day my picture was finished. It's as yet untitled, and I play three famous women of history in it, a blonde, a redhead, and brunette. I flew back in one of the worst crossings in years. I couldn't wait. But when the plane landed in Boston, when it couldn't get into New York, there was Howard to meet me, and everything was wonderful."

A week later, on December 22, they were married in a Queens County judge's chambers, en route to Idlewild Airport and a Hollywood-bound plane. Apparently by mutual agreement, they went on to spend Howard's first Yuletide away from Texas, amidst Hedy's friends and family.

And then, less than a month later, they moved to Houston, to Howard's sumptuous suite in the Shamrock Hotel, then to the house they found together.

Hedy and Howard had first met a year and a half before when she had visited Houston as the guest celebrity at the town's elaborate horse show. She was separated from her fourth husband, Ted Stauffer, Mexico's resort hotel owner. Howard had tiffed with the local beauty whom he'd been seriously dating. And before anyone could say "Howdy, pal," he was beauteating Hedy to all the fancy "do's" attendant to the annual event.

Then each went separate ways. Columnists noted they were together intermittently—in New York's cafe society circuit; at the pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel where Hedy made her home after the final split-up with husband No. Four; even, once, in Houston, where she paid an unannounced visit. But then, in the Spring of '53, Hedy went to Europe to make a picture, her first since 1951. And everyone said, "It's all over."

And besides, said "everyone," how could they have possibly considered marriage?

There was Howard, member of a family singularly conservative for Texas, a man who loved good times, yet who tended to his vast oil and hotel interests faithfully, a man who had never been sufficiently interested in international gayety to make even one trip to Europe—though his unlimited bank account could have afforded it as readily as Mr. Average Man can plan a jaunt to a nearby beach.

Hedy's background, "they" continued, was completely at odds with Howard's. Married in her teens to the far older Fritz Mandl, immensely wealthy European manufacturer, she had early learned the ropes of life in top social and cultural circles of the Continent. Coming to Hollywood in 1938, she had had three unhappy marriages, with writer Gene Markey, with actor John Loder, with Ted Stauffer.

She had become a big star, a symbol of un-earthly beauty. She had, also, become a symbol of unhappy beauty. The widely chronicled auction of all her possessions, including old wedding rings, had seemed to say, "This girl has suffered. This girl wants to forget . . ."

Yet, early in 1954, there she was in Houston, Texas, breathlessly happy and married to the "man of her dreams."

True to her promise, shortly after that arrival, Hedy and Howard set out to find a home. Daily, delighted citizens saw them driving through the streets of River Oaks,
most exclusive of the residential districts. They saw them strolling through the nearby shopping center, as if sizing up shops where Hedy could buy clothes and children's togs and groceries and household goods.

They dined in out-of-the-way spots. One night, they chose a small spot far out on the highway called Charcoal House. As they shared a sizzling steak, an old friend of Howard's, apparently one who seldom read the daily papers, stopped to say "Hi." If he knew the woman with his childhood pal was a famous screen star, he didn't let on. They were completely unmolested. The owner spent the evening wondering if Hedy liked it, or whether her calm manner concealed a touch of, maybe, yearning for the recognition she knows so well. Here was another strange phase of her new life in Texas.

Then, soon after, came an incident which pointed up in a different manner, that question of, "Will Hedy, can Hedy possibly take to Texas?"

Hedy and Howard had slipped into a small movie theatre to see one of the rare European films which the town exhibits. Onto the screen flashed a trailer for the forthcoming picture.

"The most daring scenes since 'Ecstasy'" the trailer fairly shouted. And the keen-eyed members of the audience who had spotted them wondered how Hedy felt, remembering that picture of so long ago, the notoriety that followed her nude bathing scenes in it, the break-up of her first marriage that came soon after.

About the time "Ecstasy" was filmed, Howard was a young beau gaining the nickname of "Sheik" which old friends still use; courting the rich Texas girl whom he eventually married and who is the mother of his lovely 16-year-old daughter.

Would the hot light of publicity in a "home town" sort of city that considers his ex-wife and family "their own," prove uncomfortable for the Lees? Or, would time temper things, lead them into pathways of peace and contentment, make them "part of the regular crowd."

In answer to questions which might have a bearing on this very matter, Hedy asks her own question, "Why do you ask me if I am going to make more pictures?" with a slight edge to her voice. "Why would I come all the way to Texas, if I were planning to go right away again?"

"We will go to Europe, together, in the Spring. Howard has never been there, and we will have a beautiful time! But before that, I must get my new Texas home in order...in perfect order!"

Hedy's husband smiles briefly. He squeezes the hand with the exquisite new diamond on the third finger, left.

"Don't you think I'll have a wonderful guide?" he asks, apparently referring to the proposed trip across the Atlantic. But one wonders. A lovely guide—to Europe? Or through a life in an oil well-studded, cowboy populated, rollicking, frolicking section of America's great Southwest—as strange to Hedy as the Riviera and the ancient museums will be to Howard...yet with a bright glowing prospect of bliss...if Hedy can really "take to Texas."

--END--
When Alan went to Canada to film "Saskatchewan," David and the rest of the Ladds went right along with him "to bring history into their daily lives."

DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

The next time Alan returned to Paris for another visit after the completion of his third English film, "The Black Knight," a colorful swash buckling Columbia release in which his leading lady is lovely, exotic Patricia Medina, I called him. We made a date to breakfast together in the Ladd suite at the famed Hotel George Cinq, so we could talk over some of the interesting events that occurred during the Ladd trek through Europe.

Our date came at a particularly happy time for Alan and Sue, because for the first time in several months, the entire Ladd clan was reunited. The two older children, lovely blonde Carole Lee, a student at UCLA, and "Laddie," a strapping, handsome sixteen-year-old, had joined the two younger children, Alana and David, for a joyous holiday stay with their beaming parents. The temperature had dipped well below freezing in the gay French capital, but inside there was that warm, pleasant atmosphere of home one feels with the Ladds no matter where they are.

As we sipped our large cups of cafe au lait and munched on delicious croissants, those famous French breakfast rolls, Alan quite naturally began to talk about his family. "Family and home mean more to Sue and me than anything else. We're lost when we're not together. We feel like a part of us is missing when the family has to be split up for any reason. When I was first approached on the idea of making a couple of films abroad, Sue and I immediately said no dice. We couldn't see taking the kids out of school at this crucial point of their lives, particularly Carole Lee and Laddie."

Alan continued to explain the reason for the strange British attitude. "You see, the story of 'Paratrooper' was a true one based on actual incidents that occurred in England during the last war. It seemed a blow to British pride to have an American playing the lead role in this tale of British heroism by an American hero in an all-British regiment. I told them frankly why I was glad to play the part, particularly that it gave me, personally, a chance to prove what I had always known: that when people work together toward a common goal in which they believe, nationality isn't important. Before long, we were getting along famously, and I'll always be glad I did that film."

Sue and Alan told me that the children had collected so many souvenirs and gifts during their travels, they had absolutely no idea how they were going to cart it all back to California! When I asked Alan what she considered her favorite gift, she breathlessly replied, her eyes wide with excitement, "My new black stallion, Key, that Daddy got me in Spain for Christmas. He's so beautiful. I can't wait to get back to our ranch where he'll be waiting for me." Alana reflects the Ladd enthusiasm for animals, especially horses and dogs.

Since Alan dislikes flying, their travels took place by car most of the time. And that was quite a job. In fact, the only solution was to use two cars to transport all the baggage, gifts and souvenirs, plus an entourage which most of the time included Alan, Sue, the four youngsters, Jean Martin of "Oxford Indiana" (their charming tutor) and their beautiful dachshund. In this manner, they covered England, Wales, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy and Spain, and Sue was trying to persuade Alan to cover Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

"Because I was working so much of the time, I didn't get to see as much of Europe as I wanted to," Alan commented. "Do you know that you are now looking at the only man who's been to Oxford and never saw it, even once? I used to drive through Oxford twice a day on my way to location. When I left early in the morning the sun wasn't up yet, and when I passed through again on my way home it was always night. And we worked seven days a week!"

"However, Sue and I discovered a unique way to see some of the most wonderful places in Europe. Instead of doing our sightseeing during the day, we took quiet drives late at night, after midnight sometimes. You'd be surprised at the unforgettable impressions you get of a city like Paris or Rome when everyone is asleep and all is tranquil and serene. The monuments, churches and landmarks take on another significance. You ought to try it sometime," Alan said, that warm smile appearing on his boisterous countenance.

Europe will miss Alan and all the Ladds, but millions of American fans are glad to have them back.

There's no doubt about the solid basis of kids and their appeal. Alan is first and foremost a simple, down-to-earth human being. He is a family man and a devoted husband, who just happens also to be a Hollywood movie star.
is Terry Moore afraid of love?

What lies ahead for Terry Moore—this lovely young actress with the magic box-office appeal? She's got everything! But behind her triumphant rise to stardom stands a shadow—a shadow of divorce and a marriage that couldn't work. Will this tragedy color her career and keep her from living the one story that ends with "for keeps?"

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suit include the Danny Thomas show, "Make Room For Daddy," "Life Of Riley," "Topper" and "Private Secretary" . . .

Liberace will resume his concert tour during the warm weather months and ten percent of the proceeds will be donated to the aid and assistance of polio victims—one of the Liberace Enterprises. His personal appearances draw such heavy crowds wherever he plays that the Standing Room Only sign is usually hung out weeks before Liberace arrives in whatever city he’s booked . . .

Ed Madden, the Motion Pictures for Television executive, predicts there will be one million color TV sets in American homes by November, 1955 . . .

David Niven, Charles Boyer and Dick Powell have decided to withdraw from their Four Star Theatre series—they’ve "had it." They will continue to go their separate ways on stage, screen and TV, but we’ll be seeing their joint Four Star Theatre efforts for the next three years since they completed fifty-two films . . .

The Little Studio, a small art gallery in the new Carlton House on New York’s Madison Avenue, has fast become one of the most celebrated of all celebrity hangouts. The gallery, which specializes in unknown painters, has among its many financial backers such notables as Faye Emerson, Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers and Arlene Dahl. Talented, undiscovered artists are given an opportunity to show their wares under the supervision of TV producer Richard Kollmar. Lovers of art flock to its premises, and they include many of TV’s top stars. The daily turnout of video personalities is also the TV fan and autograph seekers greatest bonanza. If Arthur Godfrey isn’t approached for his signature on the way into the Little Studio, the autograph hunter nabs him on the way out. Nine out of every ten TV performers who visit the gallery comply with their fans’ requests. In a single day Robert Q. Lewis, Jackie Gleason, Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, Patti Page and Eddie Fisher were seen scribbling away and all within an hour’s time at that. Dorothy Lamour dashed into the Little Studio with Earl Blackwell, president of Celebrity Service, in tow, after a rehearsal for "Toast Of The Town" and wore her complete TV makeup. When she wasn’t busy signing autographs she explained the fine points of TV makeup to her fans. All in all, the chic Little Studio may very well become New York’s only "country store for TV stars." Sooner or later everyone comes by to visit, to look, to buy, to meet loyal fans . . .

Steve Holland, the handsome Flash Gordon of TV channels, consumes three quarts of milk daily . . .

Now that the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences has made its yearly awards I’d like to present my own Emmys to the following:

Perry Como for his superlative talent and down-to-earth charm. We’ve yet to meet anyone who doesn’t like him personally, appreciate him as an artist . . .

Jane Froman, for a shining example of what it’s like to be a great TV star in every sense of the word and for producing nostalgia and stirring the emotions . . .

Eddie Fisher’s youthfulness and talent with a special citation for the undisclosed donations of his time, money and efforts to the worthy charities he never declines . . .

Wally Cox and his “Mr. Peepers,” a wise, witty and wholly enjoyable combination—TV teamwork at its best . . .

Ella Raines for being “Janet Dean, Registered Nurse,” a glowing performance, a vibrant personality in a telefilm series endorsed by the nursing profession itself. For the dignity and beauty that is both Ella Raines and Janet Dean . . .

Charles Farrell for being a gentleman; for setting the pace in TV for “middle age,” and for proving there’s no such a thing as a “has been” . . .

Faye Emerson for that “million dollar personality” that makes her still that one-in-a-million Faysie. For beauty, honesty and a sense of humor without par . . .

Skitch Henderson for being one of the luckiest guys around (see above!) . . .

Ed “Archie” Gardner for letting “Duffy’s Tavern” remain one of the funniest shows on TV and one that appeals to the entire family . . .

Joan Crawford because she brings her ageless beauty and glamour, her proven talent and all the Stardust that is Hollywood’s to TV. For her showmanship before and away from the cameras—even the star, always loyal and true . . .

Gale Storm for proving you can be a successful career girl as well as a wife and mother. For versatility envied by many, applauded by most and for the deep respect accorded her by her TV associates . . .

Danny Thomas, who’ll never make us blush with off-color material when we “make room for Daddy,” and because he’s spirited, sincere and so funny . . .

Loretta Young for her innate charm, well-bred looks and selection of “Letter To Loretta” as TV material . . .
At the TV “Emmy” Awards Dinner in Hollywood comedian Danny Thomas carries on some horseplay with Shirley Temple Black—Maggi votes him a winner too!

George Burns and Gracie Allen just because they’re George and Gracie, that couple next door! For a career and private lives that are a credit to show business . . .

Gertrude Berg, the dearly beloved Mrs. Goldberg—as institutional around some houses as the kitchen stove and just as vital. For her “Yoo Hoo, Mrs. Bloom” which makes us laugh whatever the moment, whatever the problem . . .

Ann Sothern, whose long, serious illness she overcame with a minimum of complaints and an ever-ready smile during those many agonizing months. For her “Private Secretary” which isn’t to be missed . . .

Sherman Billingsley for “The Stork Club” show and a chance to see others as the viewers might like to see themselves and for the “Autumn in New York” musical theme . . .

Martha Raye, who proved she’s never been away—only resting up to prepare for TV. For some of the biggest laughs ever heard on a telecast.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis for their sincere effort to help unknown talent in their forthcoming TV series. For their comedy greatness, their unselﬁshness in responding always to any charitable organization that needs their time and talents to spur fund-raising campaigns . . .

Joan Crawford’s “The World And I” TV series—she’ll make 39 ﬁlms for TV a year—will preclude her appearing in more than one Hollywood feature picture every year. The fabulous Queen of Hollywood has hit her stride in TV . . .

Robert Q. Lewis turned press agent on behalf of ABC-TV’s “Name’s The Same” by sending a letter around to all his pals and we quote verbatim—

“This revelation is bigger than all of us—incredible, shocking, fantastic and indubitably subject to increpancy (steady yourself, dear). There is more than one Tallulah Bankhead! She is Tallulah Bankhead of Youngstown, Ohio. She’s three years old and already is a show-stopper . . . Coast-to-Coast. Miss Bankhead of Youngstown appeared on a recent ‘Name’s The Same’ telecast and gave the panelists, including Basil Rathbone, long famed as Sherlock Holmes, an unutterably difﬁcult time before they guessed her identity.

“Now other Tallulah can make that statement.

“Miss Bankhead, in fact, gave the panel a much more difﬁcult time than did Mr. A. Fig of Decatur, Ill., and Mrs. I. Kick of South Plainﬁeld, N.J., who were co-guests on the same show.

“The telecast was reported to have been accompanied by some strange manifestations at air time (10:30-11:00 p.m., EST) although the OTHER Tallulah was on the West Coast. New York seismographs registered a slight shudder from the direction of Beverly Hills. And the stout old Algonquin Roundtable in New York slipped one of its casters.

“More than one Tallulah??? Really, Darling! Robert Q.”

Hear and see Maggi on her own program “Maggi’s Private Wire,” Monday through Friday over WABC and WABC-TV, New York. See Maggi on “Leave It To The Girls” at 7:30-8 P.M. E.S.T. Saturdays over ABC-TV.
Marilyn is Domestic with a capital D. Even the room boy in the Japanese hotel where Marilyn and Joe spent part of their honeymoon said, “This is the first time I came across a guest who does not dirty the room. She never fails to empty the ash trays.”

Marilyn took enormous pride in furnishing the apartment where Joe courted her. After being farmed out as a ward of the county to a dozen families as she grew up, and then worrying about whether she could pay her room rent as she began in pictures, her progress to this apartment was one of her chief goals as a bachelor girl. She didn’t lease it until she could afford it. Then, with some decorating advice from Jane Russell, she collected the pieces she really wanted. The French Provincial dressers, the rose divan and chairs upholstered in linen blended with the prevailing shade of ivory. She had a fireplace, but not a single picture of herself except for a portrait director Jean Negulesco painted of her.

During Marilyn’s and Joe’s “disappearance” act right after their marriage, they went house-hunting in Beverly Hills and will soon move Marilyn’s precious possessions to their new home. A stove is a source of infinite delight to Marilyn. She can’t conceive of a woman not wanting to become a good cook, and she’s well on the road, herself.

Her wedding was anything but the impulsive step the headlines implied. She didn’t giggle at it, as one newspaper absurdly said. It was the family gathering she and Joe intended. And it was exactly what you’d have predicted from their dating.

There was nothing “Hollywood” about their courtship. Neither ever made a game of love. Marilyn’s name had never been mentioned in a gossip column linked with stars. And Joe had none of the stormy wea her most film stars encounter, because they’re so much alike. If they hadn’t clicked so superbly, if they’d fought, they would have called the whole thing off at the moment of disagreeing. Each had matured enough emotionally to know the responsibilities of marriage, as well as to count on real companionship as a necessity.

They discussed marrying soon after they met, for neither of them ever had a date with anyone else from the night they were introduced. Marilyn waited a year and a half, though, to be positive she was ready. During that time she never gave one interview about Joe. They never kissed in public. They fell more and more in love with the real selves they discovered in each other. Marilyn had never seen a baseball game when Joe finally came along, and the sports hero had never been impressed by movie princesses.

Marilyn devotes a lot of effort to getting fixed up for a stunning stellar appearance. She’s never found the gliding process a breeze, but she doesn’t want to let down people who gape at the Monroe Legend. Yet it’s equally true that Marilyn prefers to wear no make-up at all, usually uses only lipstick. Her complexion is so fresh she doesn’t need to coat it, thanks to the pains she takes to eat correctly, and to the long walks and regular sleep she prefers to dissipation.

She doesn’t deck herself with gorgeous jewelry. She’s fond of the handsome wrist watch Joe gave her during their engagement, but proudest of her plain gold wedding band.

She isn’t clothes-crazy. Joe will never have to wait impatiently while Marilyn putsters from one elaborate ensemble into another. She has acquired smart taste in her off-screen wardrobe by watching what the famous designers of her studio prescribe. She went through high school owning only two middies and two skirts. The monotony appalled her. But though she appreciates each luxury she has now and is bad at bargaining, she’ll never throw money around foolishly.

In Hollywood she’s getting along very nicely without a personal tailor, dressmaker, or retinue of any sort. One of her thrills is driving Joe’s Cadillac convertible. She knows he’s earned it. Someday a swimming pool of their own would be fun, but there’s no rush.

Joe admits he was a gawky kid when he first joined the Yankees, as Marilyn confesses she felt a million miles from movie stardom when she first saw the outside of a studio. The Yankees stressed dignity, which suited Joe fine. The team spirit enthralled him. He never got into any trouble. During three years with them he earned $704,620. He’d finished running bases in the World Series with his unusual, gazelle-like lope, shortly before he met Marilyn, and he’d become the television commentator on the Yankees’ home games.

Some columnists have predicted that Joe won’t understand Marilyn’s situation as a star. That’s ridiculous! She’s always been most grateful to her fans, and always will be, and Joe has the identical sense of appreciation. He’ll never be irked by her legitimate duties as a star. He has written several books on baseball and declares that it depends on its fans, that there is an essential bond between the ball players and the fans. He has watched with interest for the inside facts about every phase of the sport. He sees the parallel now in Marilyn’s case.

Marilyn took a suspension from 20th Century-Fox when she balked at acting in “Pink Tights.” Some snide rumors claimed she was attempting to maneuver a huge pay boost. Her rise to the top has been so quick she still wasn’t making quite as much as she’s being offered. It wasn’t more money she wanted, she explained. She’s anxious to be in good pictures, and she felt that being cast in a rewrite of “Coney Island,” the old Betty Grable hit, was not the story to please today’s moviegoers.

“I’ve read the script and I don’t like it. I don’t think my part is good for me,” she says. When Marilyn admits she’d like a “salary adjustment” she’s more interested in getting a good script so she can make a good picture. Just before she took off on her trip to Japan and Korea, Marilyn suggested that “maybe with a few changes the script could be fixed.”

She will accompany Joe to New York for his television program during the World Series, and having an apartment there in addition to their California homes will keep her in seventh heaven as a real housewife. Their new home near San Francisco is where the children they hope to have will grow up in the future. Joe’s twelve-year-old son, Joe Jr., will spend half his holidays from his military service in Los Angeles with them because he and Marilyn are genuine friends. She stayed with Joe’s sister Marie when she visited San Francisco before her marriage, and his sister Betty was her matron-of-honor at the wedding. At last she has the warm-hearted family circle she’s dreamed about all her past life.

Marilyn has done a remarkable job of educating herself since graduating from high school. She’s bought good books, good records, has studied art as inconspicuously as she’s kept on taking dramatic coaching. Albert Schweitzer is the man she’d most like to meet now. He’s giving his medical skill to the lepers in a French colony in Africa. If you’ve read his philosophy, you know why Marilyn considers him so important. And if you have any of Emerson’s Essays around within easy reach, you’ll be able to share the philosophy that helped get her where she is today as Joe’s loving—and loved—wife.
And although everyone else in town showed up or sent flowers I found much to my surprise that I was quite piqued that I hadn't heard from one Jack Bean, Esq.

When he finally called he said that he had been out of town—and wanted a date and was sorry he had put me in stitches. So we dated at first once a week and then twice. And finally I found that I was waiting for his funny phone call.

And slowly it grew. It wasn't love at first sight, but it started strong and has built from a firm foundation.

I don't think any girl realizes what emptiness has been until she falls in love. Then all things become clear. For the hunger in every woman is for fulfillment—the fulfillment of warmth, safety, security, and loving and being loved. Love brings the understanding of all the things you've loved and didn't know about before.

I want to be everything to Jack. I know now that to make a man happy, a woman must be everything to him. She has to be sweetheart, girl friend, mother, confidante, and a great believer. She has to create a sanctuary that will be his answer to the trials of the fast paced business world.

And as a person, marriage means, to me, being ready with the final "I DO" and really beginning to work—a work, however, with very compensating rewards. A woman cannot afford to let down with herself. She can never allow herself to become fat or untidy or careless in the school of loving and living. She can't have anything more important to her than her husband.

Jack and I are so much alike and yet so unlike that it's a comfortable feeling, even though exciting. He is quite level-headed and I am very impulsive.

We're both sensitive and little things are important to both of us—good and bad. We can go through a two-hour stretch of being very polite and slightly formal and yet protest that there is nothing wrong. Two hours later the snit will be exposed and invariably it is about a tiny little thing that suddenly seems silly. But Jack and I are confident that we can take the bitter with the better.

I know that in the career department being happily married can only make one's work profit. And I do feel that an emotionally secure married life will give me a reason for doing perhaps something much finer in my pictures for 20th.

I also plan to take time out from my career to have children. I would first like to have a little boy and I will give him a close crew cut like Jack's. And I will hope that he grows up to be the man his father is. All I want for any of my kids is to grow up happy and know their place in the world. To share the responsibility and the pleasure of being alive.

When Jack slips the ring on the third finger, left hand and accepts the responsibility for me, I want to accept the same for him. The responsibility of a wife is a subtle thing but just as important.

Yes, when I was very young, I thought that marriage was a "can't and have to" thing with chains on it. I know now that marriage is a chain reaction of "Can and Want to." I'm a very lucky girl. I got my knight in shining armor—in a tweed suit and a crew cut! END

HELP! We want your advice in planning SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND

Paste the ballot below on a postal card and mail it to
Editor, SCREENLAND, 10 East 40th Street, New York, 16, N.Y.

In SCREENLAND I want to read stories about:

(1) ................................................................................................. (4)
(2) ................................................................................................. (5)
(3) ................................................................................................. (6)
(4) ................................................................................................. (7)

I want to see color pictures of:

(1) ................................................................................................. (2)
(2) ................................................................................................. (3)
(3) ................................................................................................. (4)

The features I like best in this issue of SCREENLAND are:

(1) ................................................................................................. (2)
(2) ................................................................................................. (3)
(3) ................................................................................................. (4)

Of the current movies those I like best are:

(1) ................................................................................................. (2)
(3) ................................................................................................. (4)

END
NEW HOPE
in the battle against CANCER

THE FIGHT against man's cruelest enemy is far from won. If present rates continue, 23 million living Americans will die of cancer—230,000 this year. And thousands of these will die needlessly—through cancer that could have been cured if treated in time.

ALL THE SAME, there have been victories. Thousands who once would have died are being saved—thanks, in part, to allocations to the American Cancer Society.

AND, LAST YEAR, the Society was able to allocate $5,000,000 of your donations to research aimed at finding the ultimate cure for all cancer. That's more money than ever before.

MUCH MORE, of course, remains to be done. So please make this year's gift a really generous one!

Cancer
MAN'S CRUELEST ENEMY
Strike back—Give
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

CLOSE HARMONY
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

all three members of the Martin family.

In their handsome, sprawling ten-room California-Colonial style house, there's a rich, overflowing evidence of a husband's attentive appreciation of the woman he loves:

A Degas that Tony bought because it was painted in all the warm, sultry colors of Cyd herself; a handsome dining room set bought by Tony because he thought Cyd was working too hard in finishing the house they had bought; and loads of records that don't particularly excite him but that he acquired because he thought they would thrill Cyd.

"Doing over a house, or adding to a feminine wardrobe is usually purely the woman's job," says Cyd, "but not at the Martin house. Tony is always part of everything, and he is just as thrilled at contributing a dozen unusual ash trays as getting himself a new suit. And he can pick a hat for me to wear with the same success that he picks a song hit to sing."

Today, Cyd Charisse, with a happy married life to insure and inspire her, is making good strides as an actress too. Once a dancer with the Ballet Russe, Cyd had a slow start in the movies. She was beautiful, bewitching, but there was something lacking. She was still primarily the ballerina. And Hollywood had yet to see what else she had on the ball. Cyd had not yet proved to her producers she was star material.

In eighteen movies in ten years, from "Something To Shout About!" to "The Band Wagon" and "Brigadoon," Cyd has acquitted herself with merit. Tony, meanwhile, was climbing quicker and higher than ever before. But no studio was fighting for Cyd's services. It is in the last year that Cyd Charisse is demonstrating that she can be a good actress, too. Certainly no one who saw Cyd in her dynamic role in "The Band Wagon" can have any doubts she faces an exciting future.

To a close friend one day, Tony said, "It won't break Cyd's heart if she never wins an Academy Award. She would rather have a complete life than be a success in one department. That's probably why she is without temperament. She studies hard, is easy to work with, and her ambition is well proportioned. She neither wants nor asks too much of one thing."

Why Cyd Charisse has proved such an ideal wife for Tony Martin is easy to understand. No doubt the problems she faced in her early marriage to her dance teacher, Nico Charisse, taught her much. Her handling of her second, successful union shows that she has gained in maturity and understanding without having any trace of bitter memories.

When Cyd toured in the Ballet Russe there was no time to see the world outside. It was traveling, rehearsals, performances all the time. But once married to Tony, and on their European honeymoon, Cyd had good opportunity to see something of the world outside of show business and the strict ballet regimen.

In Hollywood, they manage to live as quietly as any two stars can. True, they go to night clubs and dance, but the know-it-alls, who gaze on a movie marriage and expect the worst, are dumbfounded. They don't throw drinks at one another, are never seen having a spat, and neither ever dates someone else when the other is away.

Chances are it will always be that way, and the Tony Martin-Cyd Charisse marriage may well go down in Hollywood history as one of the best matched ones of all. The very fact that their union hasn't the headline excitement or punch or publicity stunts of others may well make it dull for everyone but themselves.

Says Cyd, "We both knew we were made for one another when we found out that we disliked Roquefort cheese, naps, sardines and hot baths."

Says Tony, "It couldn't fail when I also discovered that, like Cyd, I enjoy black coffee, shows, caviar and French puddles—and that, together, we'd always find time to eat a hot dog."

In less humorous vein, Mrs. Tony Martin will acknowledge that she is one of the happiest married women in Hollywood today because her husband works hard at keeping it that way.

They both love Nicky Charisse, now twelve (Cyd's son by her former marriage), Tony Martin, Jr., going on five; the lovely home they planned together; the number of friends they have in common; and being together as often and as long as they can.

And Mrs. Martin sums it all up rather conclusively when she says, frequently, "It should have been Tony right from the beginning."

Both Tony and Cyd can look forward to new and even bigger successes ahead.
begging in the deep freeze. Then the real freeze is up to you!"

So much for the first approach. But the others?

"Another approach," Vera points out, "is that of the man who combines business with pleasure at all times. He starts out by inviting you to a party—but he never asks you to any place that is not filled with important people and sizable business contacts. When he saw the small print in the income-tax law his life began, for he sees no reason not to take his social life off his expenses as business—because he’s working all the time. He estimates the qualitative value of each party’s invitation. When he decides it’s worth its weight he then plans to take the proper date and work his way through the evening, systematically picking up business contracts. He has a little black book. It is not filled with names of dames—it is filled with likely prospects for whatever business he is engaged in at the moment. This boy would ask for the guest list before accepting an invitation. He makes little written notes on witticisms and conversations for later use, and he really doesn’t enjoy the party until the next day when he can start dropping names casually to all and sundry. One date with this social worker can make a girl feel like a business asset!

"But the boy who can make any gal go home and wonder if she’s lost her knack is the career boy. He approaches you with vehement admiration for your talent and then asks to have lunch with you at the studio, of course, and maybe ‘I could meet your agent too.’ He sees you only as a rung on his ladder of success. He is smooth, believable, and shows great concern for your career. He invariably wants to be in the same business you are. Private lives with you, know what I mean. The up-and-coming salesman is one who suddenly finds you irresistible until you just can’t help giving him a build-up to the boss. Then if the boss has a daughter, watch out—you’ve had it."

"Unless you’re strictly a clinging vine, the aggressive male can drive you mad. His approach is, ‘You need someone to look after you.’ Look after you? He takes over. He completely dominates any and every phase of your life. If you have a modicum of confidence you’ll find yourself quivering like jelly over the simplest of decisions. This boy will leave you muttering reassurances to yourself, ‘I do have an IQ of 103—I really do have an IQ of 103.’"

"The other extreme is the shy one. He’ll always say, ‘Whatever you want is fine with me’ and conveys the opinion of his own on anything. You even have to supply the conversation. He’s more like a sponge—a dripping sponge. He absorbs every little thing you say and do and agrees. He always leaves the evening up to you. Where would you like to go? Where would you like to eat? And when the menu comes he waits for your order."

"I would like to explain," Vera adds, "that in regard to the next character—I am a great admirer of a good-sized bicep. However, the perennial athlete carries the whole thing too far. He starts out by saying, ‘I like you because you’re the outdoor type like me.’ He hasn’t an ounce of romance in his soul—only old baseball scores. This is the boy who thinks up a night tennis game followed by a little badminton for a good night out on the town. He always plans this after I’ve had a full day in dance rehearsal. He isn’t interested in theatre, movies, or clubs. He is quite sporty when forced to dance—he dances like a two-year-old filly coming down the home stretch. If you’re smart you will not suggest dancing. He likes you only in jeans, a horse’s tail hair-do and no make-up. With him you’d have quite a honeymoon! In Hawaii he’d ride the surf all day and you’d have to swim out with his lunch. If you want mountain climbing you’d have to reach the top. You can’t stop halfway, or you’re not a good sport. Married to this sport would be, to say the least, a frustrating life."

"But the one who can really wiggle in before you realize it is the intellectual. His approach is to let you know fast that he’s from the brains department. We women have a tendency to pre-suppose that men are more intellectual than we are anyway. So this pseudo-intellectual has a fifty percent chance of fooling most women. He has a smattering of knowledge about everything. He can discuss one hundred minutes painting, books, music, science, ballet, parenthood, horticulture, and architecture. But when he runs into an expert he’ll find him exceedingly dull and limit the conversation to his five-minute ability. He will know a few words of every language he impresses you with. It’s his face to read menus. His conversation is sprinkled constantly with half-caste quotes from Thomas Wolfe, Shakespeare, and Proust. To know him is to hate him because you never get a chance to finish a sentence. If you say, ‘The international situation is—’ you’re through. He takes over and talks for hours on the situation. Mention rare roast beef, he has a secret recipe handed down from India, where to kill a cow is sacrilege. He never makes a mistake. He would rather lose the few friends he has than to admit he could possibly be wrong. Actually, when you get a close look at the pseudo-intellectual you’ll find he has adopted this personality in lieu of having been born with one of his own.

Don’t get the girl wrong, though—these are just the extremes which she considers deadly. And Vera-Ellen, as all Hollywood and in particular the male population in Hollywood knows, is a girl who has a good time on a date."

"Actually,“ laughs Vera, “give me a man with a little bit of any of these approaches and I’d be happy. But there ain’t no such man—and that’s why I’m single!”

END
DON'T LET THOSE "DIFFICULT DAYS" COME BETWEEN YOU

Get quick, safe, long-lasting relief from cramps, headache, backache due to functional menstrual distress with CHI-CHES-TERS. They act FAST. In clinical tests, noted physicians report 8 out of 10 women obtained marked relief within a few doses.

Get the 50¢ Purse Pak at your drugstore. Economy sizes at $1.15 and $2.25. Will mail direct if drugstore does not stock.

[Advertisement for CHI-CHES-TERS]

He's Got Everything

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Jesse ever found out about the attractive Gloria until he met her. But one thing was certain. After all those years of being known as Hollywood's "most eligible bachelor," Jimmy had picked for himself, in the good-looking Larchmont, N.Y., divorcee and mother of two young sons, another sure-fire be-scooper. He married Gloria Hatrick McLean in August, 1948, in the Brentwood Presbyterian church. And the man who had been known to be only in love with acting, re-emerged in Hollywood life as a husband—and the father of two young sons.

One of the many girls whom he had escorted around town in past years said to this writer, "None of us thought Jimmy would ever get married. Oh, he was close enough a few times, but somehow he always seemed to hold back, as if he were waiting for something. Just what, not even Jimmy seemed to know."

The ideal woman? Jimmy answered that question in typical Stewart fashion. "The right woman!"

That he finally found her there's no question. To their family of two sons by Mrs. Stewart's first marriage, they added twin girls in 1951. "A big family right away was fine," Jimmy says. "When I go in for anything, I like to get it over with."

Today it's a happy family that lives in the Stewart two-story, ivy-covered home in Beverly Hills. At the end of a day's work, Jimmy shoots up the stairs to dangle the twins, Judy and Kelly, in the crook of each arm. Michael and Ronnie are not far behind. And often Gloria doesn't hurry to join them. She realizes it's a man's moment.

As far as anyone recalls, Gloria and Jimmy have had only one small quarrel. It was over eight-year-old Michael, who doesn't enjoy tidying up his room. Jimmy, when it first happened, didn't go for that.

"He'll snap out of it," said Gloria, relaxedly, and "why make an issue of it when probably he'll never have to make his own bed or clean house?"

"Just wait till he gets into the army," said Jimmy, darkly, and didn't speak to Gloria for a whole three minutes!

Yes, they are extraordinarily happy together, all six members of the popular James Maitland Stewart family, Beverly Hills, U.S.A. And it isn't the independence, the security, the wealth that both parents believe it's something else, too. It's their love for one another, always shining within the house like a bright, golden flame.

Riches? He was always meant to be a millionaire. If he isn't one already, he will be this time next year. You see, Jimmy is getting fifty percent of the profits of his latest movie.

Money, in fact, has never been a touchy matter with Jimmy Stewart. He has spent it freely, and perhaps not always practically. Now he has found the best way to use his money: on three attractive women, and two handsome boys. Now there really will be something to show for the spending!

Yes, it's a long road that Jimmy has travelled towards stardom and the surrender of his bachelorhood. He's an astute thespian and picker of the right kind of material to keep his career alive and kicking. How well he did it shows in the past years when he has stepped from one Academy Award contending picture to another.

No story would be quite complete on Hollywood's number one contender for "the man who has everything" title without this charming true anecdote.

In his handsome Beverly Drive home, a man looked out of his bedroom window and his mouth fell open. "Hey, Mary," he shouted. "Come here. I think the circus has come to town say's...

Mrs. Benny hurried over. "Don't be silly, Jack—that's the Jimmy Stewarts out for an airing with their dog."

Hollywood's favorite comedian scratched his head. "Some people you can't figure out," he sighed. "A few years ago the only thing that guy was married to was a golf ball."

END

"Don't Do It the Way I Did!"

[Continued from Page 29]

particularly to my taste. This being so, I don't want to study things I don't want to know about. I am not the Art-for-Art's-sake type. I don't work for Art's sake. What do I work for? Money. And to be treated decently. And to feel that what I'm doing contributes, in some measure, to others. If people are entertained, made happy by a picture, a performance—then, yes, you're doing something worthwhile.

'If I've got anything to give, let them get it out of me, I thought, as they got it out of me, thanks to director David Miller, in 'Saturday's Hero,' by continuing to give me good directors. If I have rough edges that need smoothing, let them smooth me in a big way."

"Start small, bang your head against the wall. I thought, for years!"

"Furthermore, I just didn't want to be a little fish. Also says in that kind of a puddle. I never want to be a little fish in any kind of puddle. I would far rather be a big wheel in a little town than a little wheel in a big town. And that goes for Hollywood, too."

"Back in Crockett I, as constable, could be a big wheel—one with a future, too, for from constable of Crockett to congressman in Washington, D. C., was my goal. Not so tough a goal to make, either, if
you're at all sharp. As a congressman, moreover, I would give people something good. Give them something good or noth-
ing at all is the motto I'd like to live by—whether in Hollywood or in the more au-
gust environs where Congress sits.

"So back to Crockett I went, wound up my campaign, was elected constable and went to work with never a backward glance, Hollywood way, nor a twinge of regret that the 'fluke,'" Aldo laughs, "was just that!

"One full year from the time I made my first picture, they called me back, offered me the co-starring role of Judy Holliday's husband in 'The Marrying Kind.'

"Well, if they have this much confi-
dence in me I'm sure enough I thought, to gamble. Matter of fact, in a big pro-
duction like 'The Marrying Kind,' there's not much of a gamble for the actor. You
know the best of everything, in material and in manpower, is going into it. You
know the chance of success is 95 to 1. In other words, to do it the big way, to hold
out for the best way is the way, I still contend, for a fluke to become not a fluke."

"Well, it was Aldo's way, that's for sure!

When, a year after he made "Saturday's Hero," his one and only picture, Columbia
Pictures again "introduced him to the public," this time as a star, there were orchids, pretty much share and share alike, for Academy Award winner Hollin
and one-shot actor Ray.

"The Marrying Kind" was followed by

MGM's "Pat And Mike" in which, with
cinema greats Katharine Hepburn and
Spencer Tracy, Aldo again came in for his share of the salvo's. "Let's Do It Again," in
which he was co-starred with Jane
Wyman and Ray Milland came next and,
currently, actor ray is on the receiving
end of greater critical acclaim for his Ser-
gent O'Hara in "Miss Sadie Thompson."
Next comes "Battle Cry."

It was—appropriately—when he was testing
for "The Marrying Kind," that Aldo first met Jeff Donnell, the girl he wants to mar-
y. 

"Jeff tested Judy's role with me," Aldo
says, "and, yes, it was love at first sight
for me—but not for her. For her, it was
second sight. In the girl department, as
previously stated, I do not excel!

"However, Jeff and I have been 'going
steady,' are now going very steady—but
not even engaged. Can't be. I can't afford
to get married."

"The financial potential was, as I've rather
more than intimated," Aldo laughs,
what attracted me to the idea of a movie
career. It hasn't worked out that way.
I'm still driving the same old car I owned
back home. From a beach house, which I
rented while making 'Saturday's Hero,' I
moved into a nice apartment then into a
room in a private home where I'm living
now. Of course I know that men get mar-
ried on far less than I am making. But
besides being in love (and I am in love)
I am also sensible. Jeff and I both have responsibili-
ies. My father is a workman

who sacrificed everything for his family.
My mother sacrificed, if possible, even
more. When I signed my contract with
Columbia Pictures I made up my mind
that their sacrificing days were over. So
they are, and so they must remain.

"When we marry, I don't want Jeff to
work. If roles that are just right for her
come along, I don't intend to put my foot
down and clobber her if she wants to
do them. Basically, however, and happily for
me, she doesn't care about a career too
much."

"What we want is to get married, settle
down and have a big family of children,
yep, lots of them. I want a ranch to raise
my family on, a real ranch, couple of
thousand acres, in northern California.

"Meantime, we'll just hide our time as
we're biding it now—going to dinner, in
modest places, together; going to the
movies, the theatre, watching certain TV
shows we think we see. We'll go for a
weekend, we go to football games, do a lot of
swimming, go picnicking in the moun-
tains or on the desert, take long drives.

"In time, I may get the money that, for
the sake of those dear to me, I have to
have. It may be, of course, that some day
the Pot of Gold will no longer be at the
end of the rainbow in Hollywood. If so
I'm going to quit, going to fly the coop,
with Jeff under my arm, back to Crockett.
Otherwise, I'll stay where I am, make
more pictures—remembering, however,
that after each picture it's still," Aldo
laughs aloud, "a fluke!"
He's reached the stage where he feels he'd rather be a studio bigwig—an executive or producer-director. "Brigadoon" may be his final film portrayal. His pending decision is the cause for much of the bickering that goes on between him and his wife, Evie...

It cost the Sahara in Las Vegas $53,000 to provide ice for Sonja Henie's figure eights during her night club engagement there...

Zachary Scott insists he will continue to wear a gold loop in his left earlobe—the bane is permanent. He had his ear pierced...

Steve Cochran is concentrating on Movita now that she and Marlon Brando have called it quits. This will last until Marlon and Movita resume again. They've "quit" five times in as many years...

Grace Kelly's newest admirer (Grace gets around) is a Hollywood star, old enough to be her father.

Joan Bennett, wishes her daughter, Melinda Markey, wouldn't, but apparently she intends to become deeply smitten with Nicky Hilton...

Victor Mature is losing his "battle of the bulge." He's now thirty pounds overweight, and it's rough going. Medicos are puzzled, because the Mature diet control is medically supervised...

Audrey Hepburn (no mink, no sable, no pancake, no diamonds) looked more like a Girl than a Star at the Stork Club a few nights after her opening in the Broadway play, "Ondine"...

Eddie Fisher's managers are in a sweat over the singer's decision to take off for Hollywood whenever time allows, for a fast fling of the Sunset Boulevard glamour spots with such pretties as Debbie Reynolds, Terry Moore, Debra Paget and Liz Gagey...

Jukebox favorite Joni James is now studying the harp—seriously. She'll take the lessons when she's featured in an upcoming MGM musical...

Farley Granger's constant companion on his rounds of the more famous cafes in Gotham is a conversation piece—creates no end of talk with the usually blase customers. Such head-swellling!

If British star Michael Rennie files for divorce, two of his very best friends—a celebrated Hollywood married couple—may have to testify. This could well be the divorce mess of the year...

The Behind-the-Iron-Curtain newspapers are blossoming forth with a new feature—gossip columnists. One by liner in China signs his chattering "Walter Win." This should be of great interest to Walter Winchell and all the Hollywood stars who make Table 50 at the Stork Club In New York so gay, giddy and gossip-ridden...

While Ted Briskin—once wed to Betty Hutton—was celebrating his divorce from Joan Dixon with Merry Anders along Hollywood's Strip, Joan was being dined by Bill Guasti, recently divorced from Gloria Lloyd. Briskin really gets a message from Hollywood cuties. Before he got around to the Dixon belle, Ursula Thiess was "it" for as long as time and Robert Taylor would allow...

The Leslie Caron-Geordie Hormel divorce isn't final yet—at least her Hollywood chums would have you believe Leslie may decide she made a mistake in allowing him to sue her for divorce...

Fernando Lamas has been lone-wolding it at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs and sounding off about all the publicity his former Dalilah Arnez, garnered during their courtship. Coincidentally enough, during those same weeks Fernando was stalking the tennis courts miles away. Arlene let loose with a blast or two about the Lamas love of publicity while she was under the hair-drier at the Beverly Hills Hotel beauty salon.

Judy Garland's "A Star Is Born" cost more than $4,000,000 to complete. The funeral scene alone, filmed in front of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, upped the budget an additional $175,000, despite the fact that thousands of tourists jammed the highway to watch the cameras and the stars go through their paces. They were unpaid extras—but director George Cukor insisted upon hiring enough people to be on hand for the important scene, so five hundred professional extras were paid to be among the mourners... Ritual producers who've seen the uncut version of the movie say it will be one of the year's great films, and the finest performance of Judy Garland's ever!

Whether Sheree North got the Marilyn Monroe role in "Pink Tights" or not, her stardom is assured in Hollywood. She'll be groomed for the long-awaited film based on the life of the late Jean Harlow, and that should do it! This, incidentally, will be very bad news to Mamie Van Doren, who has been studying old Harlow movies in her spare time in order to "bone up" on the famous Harlow personality and walking wiggle...

Hear Dorothy on "Breakfast With Dorothy And Dick," 8:15-9 A.M. and on "Dorothy And Dick," 6:15-6:30 P.M. E.S.T. Monday through Friday over WOR. See Dorothy on "What's My Line?" over CBS-TV 10:30-11 P.M. E.S.T. Sundays.
“you’re just no good!”

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my own early marriage," she adds with a smile, "but I have a special reason... my son, Kenny! He's my biggest fan, and without him, I wouldn't have had as much reason to work at my career and try to advance."

It was during those earlier days when Rhonda was working to further her career that Hollywood kept a speculative eye on her. Beauty is common in Hollywood; there's nothing exceptional about it. Rhonda Fleming was just another beautiful girl.

Too, Rhonda had had it easy. There was none of the rags-to-riches story about beauty coming into its own. Bred for a career in the theatre, the movies came looking for her. A talent scout saw her on a Beverly Hills street while she was still in school, and after convincing Rhonda that he was not just a fresh guy trying to pick her up, he tied her down with a three-months contract.

Rhonda spent those three months being too busy with school activities to do anything with the movies! To this very day, she behaves as though that career might end at any moment. "I believe in property as an investment for that rainy day," she says. "I already own an office building, and I'm hoping to buy an apartment house, too."

But if Rhonda was pretty casual about her early screen career, her marriage at sixteen failed to give her a mature perspective on her future. "She was far too young," says one of her friends. "She was too young for everything—home, marriage, baby, even career. And everything was too easy—or so it seemed. Rhonda began to feel that she didn't want to be in pictures.

"No public appearances, no interviews, no sharing of her intimate life with her fans," adds her friend. "Rhonda felt she was entitled to live her private life in private—and on top of that, she was inwardly bewildered, completely out of her depth, in every phase of her life."

It's sometimes hard to believe that Rhonda Fleming, who photographs more beautifully and more youthfully than most of the younger stars in Hollywood, is the mother of a boy of twelve. "Kent is more like a brother," she once told me, "and if we both believe the same thing, I'm sure the affection is no less active."

For a long time Rhonda was not happy with her private life. She had married a successful interior decorator, Tom Lane—but his mind was on his work. "He was a genius at furnishing homes, but he couldn't quite completely furnish my life. He was wonderful with the main things, but sometimes the little accessories were missing."

Both of them made a brave try, but it didn't work out.

Once this writer was having cocktails with David O. Selznick, who did so much to advance her career. With us, and Rhonda, was Jennifer Jones. And we heard Jennifer say, "You put your private house in order, and you'll soon find out that your career will take care of itself."

And it was David who said to me, "Here is a girl who one day will be a big star, because she is uninhibited. She feels that the life of a movie star should be public property—and she would like to shine in the minds of strangers as much as she would like to satisfy herself."

Today she is happier with Dr. Lew Morrill than she thought she could be with any man. For a while, after the break-up of her marriage, she was woed by a hotel heir, a handsome French restaurateur, and many actors, including John Payne. But, in a man, Rhonda demanded stability.

"As an actress," she told us, "I am doing my best. But when it comes to being a wife first and a woman second, I insist I'm a perfectionist. I would want to give a long marriage everything that I would want to give a short movie role. And if my husband wasn't happy, I would give up the films for him."

Thanks to the complete understanding between Lew Morrill, doctor, and Rhonda Fleming, actress, there never has been a question of sacrifice on her part. Today it's a completely different Rhonda who appears in such pictures as "Those Red Heads From Seattle" and "Yankee Pasha."

Of all husbands, a doctor can best understand the hectic rush and strain of a movie career. Rhonda and Lew have scant time for entertainment, it's true, but neither of them is ever irritable with the other over a broken engagement, a party missed unavoidably, or a ruined dinner.

A friend and colleague of Dr. Morrill's points out that much of Rhonda's emergence into the limelight is due to the sympathetic understanding and positive physical help a doctor is qualified to give his wife.

Rhonda puts it simply. "There aren't many people who don't meet their bosses face to face every day at nine in the morning. In my case, the public is my boss. I do my best, before the cameras, but it's the audience who buys the tickets. The players who hide from their fans and slick out the side entrance of a theatre or store, don't know how much they miss in not meeting the public."

"It's up to me to show them I'm grateful," she says, "by letting them see what they're buying! I only wish I could meet everybody everywhere who's ever liked me in any of my pictures and tell them how important that liking is!"

"It isn't important just because it insures my future financially," she smiles. "The reason it's so important to me is that everyone wants to know, personally, when she's done a good job. And everyone wants to say 'thank you.' I'd like to say 'thank you' to everyone. And you can't do that if you walk around in a pair of dark glasses!"

Rhonda's husband, Dr. Lew Morrill, thinks she should relax completely after she leaves the studio at night and not bring the day's problems with her.
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John Ericson turns tables on wife Milly Coury who came to studio to surprise him.

Pert U-I starlet Susan Cabot at a gala Hollywood banquet with John Epstein.

ITEM buzzing the gossip circles is whether Marilyn Monroe came back from Korea a little worried about the threat to her throne as the movies' hottest blonde. About the time she departed on a note of refusal (the "Pink Tights" incident), Twentieth Century-Fox latched onto a little gal right in Marilyn's league for glamour. None other than Sheree North, who made such a big splash on the Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman television shows. The largest question mark, however, is whether the studio is trying to give Sheree the same kind of buildup that Marilyn got when the famous calendar became front page news. Seems some rather innocuous amateur films were made of Sheree several years ago when she was broke—and suddenly the news of this past incident in her then nonexistent career became very big. Figures, doesn't it?

Gene Tierney and Aly Khan were singing practically the same aria, although in different keys, when they hedged about marriage plans. Gene, in Hollywood,
From halfway across the world, a lovely young girl goes into the Ceylon jungles to battle plague and savage elephants... and to learn of her own secret passions—from her husband's best friend!

in

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YOU'LL SEE the most dangerous scene of destruction ever filmed!
YOU'LL SEE the unparalleled splendors of Ceylon's jungles!

Produced by IRVING ASHER • Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • Screenplay by JOHN LEE MAHIN
Based on the Novel by Robert Standish • A Paramount Picture
what hollywood itself is talking about!  (CONTINUED)

maintained that she wanted to see the
Prince face to face before pinning herself
to the mast. He, in the meanwhile, de-
layed his trip to Hollywood from Europe,
with the statement that he really didn't
have any definite plans about marrying
anybody. Gene's ex, Oleg Cassini—also
somewhat of royal blood—was supposed
to be unhappy about his and Gene's
daughter having a new step-father.
Complicated, no?

Seems nice to have the Alan Ladd boy
back in the Hollywoods. The family re-
turned from nearly two years in Europe,
where Alan was plenty busy making
films. They're about as glad to be back as
Hollywood is to have them here.

Jane Powell set some kind of a travel
record too. First, she went to the Bra-
zilian Film Festival, on to the Argentine
one, stopped off in several Central
American countries, hit Mexico City, and
finally arrived home—to her newest and
perhaps most serious romance, Pat Ner-
ney. These kids were beaming and glow-
ing at each other even before Jane went
off on her trip and the eyes of Hollywood
are upon them, you can bet.

Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas,
whom all of Hollywood figured were pfft,
showed up at mass together, completely
confounding a tremendous segment of the
local population—she had been keeping
the rumor pot boiling with her dates with
Rudolph Schirmer.

All Marge and Gower Champion have
to do before they pencil in that longed-
for nursery occupant is to star in the
musical "My Sister Eileen," then go out
on a road tour. By 1955 they hope to set-
tle down.

Jane Russell's finally got her wish—
freedom from her contract to Howard
Hughes, who has had the say about her
career ever since she became an actress.
This paved the way for a family ambition
to be realized. Now she and husband Bob
Waterfield have formed their own com-
pany and he'll be the producer of some of

Dick Contino receives good wishes of the
Keenan Wynn's back stage at Mocambo.

her pictures. She did, however, re-sign
with H.H. for one picture a year, in spite
of all the adverse publicity over "that"
dance in "French Line."

The first vacation Joan Crawford had
in six years was pure, concentrated fun
with not one personal appearance or
business conference. From Texas, our
chief glamour girl went to New York for
a mad whirl of theatre, parties, and yaks
with her fans, who were way out in the
street in front of the Hampshire House to
greet her. Joan's next ventures will be
almost entirely in television.

Astrologer Carroll Righter, who is con-
sulted by a great many stars before they
will even open a window, was visiting
like mad with Lady May Lawford at the
star-gazer's birthday party for Craig Hill.
Seems Righter predicted that Petey Law-
ford would get married this year—but he
predicted it way back about three years
ago. Lots of newcomers in the crowd at
this shindig, like John Russell, John
Carlyle (young Indian boy who will be
seen in "A Star Is Born") and a new
fellow whom Universal-International

With Gary in Mexico, Carlos Thompson
escorts Mrs. Cooper to Motorama show.

The Mickey Rooney's, en route to Gotham,
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what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

just put under contract. His own name is Colby Bennett, but U-1 re-monickered him Rand Saxon. There's a bit of a war going on about this name and it's anybody's guess who's going to win.

For some reason, there's a big to-do about the European tour which "Fingers" Liberace is making about this time. Seems a group of people are going with this piano player and they'll tour in a fleet of Cadillacs, we presume equipped with candelabra. As they tour—according to the press release—Liberace himself will move from Cadillac to Cadillac each day, thus allowing his fellow tourers to become better acquainted with him. Anybody for Europe?

Dick Contino's return to Hollywood (he was very big at his Mocambo engagement) brought out all the hep kids and also pointed up his romance with Piper Laurie, who was ringside about every night. Dick got a very warm welcome on his first West Coast appearance and some movies are in the offing.

The same might be said for Julius La Rosa's first night club engagement hereabouts at Ciro's. Greg Bautzer was around frequently with his best girl, Mari Blanchard—no matter how many times he strays away with other dollies he always comes back to this chick.

Several years ago, director Michael Curtiz was asked his opinion of a young British actor. The opinion was not exactly encouraging. Currently Mr. Curtiz is directing this lad in "The Egyptian." His name is Edmund Purdom, and he's the boy who stepped into this important role when Marlon Brando scrambled.

Jeff Chandler and his wife, Marje, formally said adieu to their marriage via the courts. But, not like some of the partings in this town, Jeff provided very nicely for the future of his wife and kids via property settlements, insurance policies, and a fat chunk of alimony that will keep him working like anything to
Back in his heart... Again!

Marge and Gower Champion will star in "My Sister Eileen," then go on tour.

meet the bills. Good boy, our Jeff.

Shelley Winters delayed her lone return from Rome, where she made a picture with her Vittorio Gassman in spite of their tempestuous separation and upcoming divorce. She had a chance to appear on the stage in London in a role that is right up her alley—that of Seraphina, the tortured heroine of "Rose Tattoo," the Tennessee Williams play that will one of these days be put on the screen. Know who may be in that part—Shell, maybe.

The new Brentwood home which Ida Lupino and Howard Duff moved into was practically like a honeymoon house. During one of their romantic, or domestic, hassles Ida took a suite at a local hotel. When next heard from, she had moved back into their apartment, which Howard had been occupying, and he moved into her hotel suite. Now that they’re all under one roof, it makes it much less confusing.

Van Johnson’s departure for a European film, without the family, gave rise to the recurrent rumors that all was not well in the menage. But, like all married couples, they have an occasional flare-up and then it quiets down. This writer wouldn’t want to risk any dough on either end of this bet.

While those crazy boys, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were on location for "The Big Top," they whiled away their leisure time making their own version of

But she wouldn’t have been if she hadn’t corrected that insidious trouble* that came between them.
Don’t let halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light, and don’t trust to make-shifts to correct it. Trust it to Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution against offending. Use it night and morning, and always before any date.
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Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it’s easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning . . . every night . . . before every date.

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Listerine Antiseptic does what no tooth paste does—instinctively kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

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The Lambert Company

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste
Filmed in Germany, "Carnival Story" offers Anne Baxter her long-awaited chance to play the role of femme fatale, and she makes the most of her opportunity. George Nader, above, pursues her, as do Lyle Bettger and Steve Cochran.

Carnival Story

The honky-tonk, danger, and momentary glory that nightly face a carnival performer have been captured in this Anne Baxter-Steve Cochran starrer. Film traces the success of a down-and-out American tent show when it moves its stakes to entertainment-hungry West Germany. Particularly affected by the circus folk is former pickpocket Anne Baxter, who joins the show and under the watchful tutelage of high diver Lyle Bettger becomes the star attraction. Anne and Lyle get married, but through the jealous plottings of circus Barker Cochran, Bettger is killed. Covering the fatal accident is photographer George Nader, who offers Anne her first insight into the world outside of show business. Although overly long, movie offers some top-notch performances and some equally exciting behind-the-scenes footage. RKO.

Saskatchewan

Alan Ladd joins the Canadian Mounted Police and succeeds in not only tracking down his man, but a whole tribe of warring Sioux Indians. It's during one of their rampages that Ladd rescues Shelley Winters and brings her back to the fort with him. Here, they learn the American Sioux have crossed into Canada and are trying to persuade the peace-loving Cree Indians to join them in annihilating the white man. They almost succeed when the Mounties' new inspector, Robert Douglas, orders the Cree disarmed. Unable to protect themselves from the aggressive Sioux, the tribe is about to submit to the coalition, when Ladd, aided by Shelley, breaks regulations and re-arms them. Film is absorbing and action-packed. Universal-International.

Ma And Pa Kettle At Home

Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride and their ever-lovin' brood churn up plenty of chuckles and heart appeal in this latest of the Kettle series. Family's main crisis occurs when son Brett Halsey tries for a college scholarship and writes an essay on his "lovely American home." When Alan Mowbray and Ross Elliott, judges of the competition, decide to pay a visit to the Kettle homestead and see first-hand Halsey's surroundings, the family is thrown into a tailspin. The situation springboards into all types of comical endeavors, but it takes Marjorie's robust frankness to straighten things out. One of the better of the Kettle series with lots of hokum and homespun happenings interwoven. Universal-International.
In "Riding Shotgun" Randy Scott has the job of protecting Joan Weldon.

Alan Ladd and Shelley Winters find "Saskatchewan" a place of action.

Riding Shotgun

Just as the title implies, Randolph Scott is a stagecoach guard, who rides various lines in his effort to find the outlaw who has implicated him in a number of crimes. When Scott does locate the no-good critter, James Millican, he not only doesn't enjoy revenge, but gets further involved in the gang's deeds. While Scott and Millican are settling their differences, the rest of the gang rob Randy's stagecoach and pile up circumstantial evidence against him. Although Sheriff Wayne Morris issues a warrant for his arrest, Scott evades detection long enough to flush out the real ringleaders. The film has been hypoed with lots of comedy overtones and plenty of slam-bang action which should appeal primarily to the cap pistol set. Warner Bros.

Dangerous Mission

The treacherous precipices of Glacier National Park provide an exciting setting for this 3-D chase thriller. Victor Mature, Piper Laurie, Vincent Price and William Bendix are starred. Piper plays the key witness to a night club murder who is afraid to testify and hides out at the resort. Both a gang henchman and a detective learn of her whereabouts and turn up at the park. Their identities are not made clear until the final reel when

Should a college candidate plan to make?

- Hay while the sun shines
- A summer conquest

Headed for the ivy halls next autumn? Better start hoarding some greenery now (unless your Dad has that Midas touch!). Get a summer job. Maybe toting trays at a resort. Or salesclerking. Or working in an office, or hospital. Helps get those college "extras" without a whimper from Pop's wallet. On certain days, job-holding's no chore when you choose the napkin that holds its shape. Kotex gives chafe-free softness: made to stay soft while wearing!

If not asked to the Big Dance, try a

- Trip to Grandma's
- Gay fray
- Crying towel

Let the lucky bid-winners have their day—there's always another dance just around the corner, mourner! Meantime, round up all the Uninviteds (you're not the only one); stage a gay fray that night. Have music, ample samples (refreshment-wise). How about a home permanent party? And to banish calendar blues...be confident with Kotex. You get extra absorbency, for extra protection: poise!

Are you in the know?

To remedy fuzzy forearms, use—

- A razor
- A lightener
- Sandpaper

Wait! You're in for stubble trouble if you mow down forearm fuzz with a razor. Instead, why not bleach it— with a good hair lightener? (Then, long time no see!) You can foil unsightly outlines, too, at "that" time—thanks to Kotex. The secret? It's those flat, pressed ends. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex to learn which size best suits you.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried new Delsey? toilet tissue? It's the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex® tissues. Each tissue tears evenly—no shredding, no waste. Delsey's double-ply for extra strength, too. And now Delsey is available in your favorite bath towel colors: pink, yellow, green, blue—as well as white. Ask for Delsey where you buy Kleenex tissues.
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1. With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

2. Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

3. Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set “up-swoop!”) For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

The world's smartest women depend on Maybelline soft eye make-up for heart-stirring beauty. Today, let Maybelline magic bring out the unsuspected loveliness of your eyes!

Your guide to current films CONTINUED

Mature solicits the aid of Ranger William Bendix in rounding up Price. A breath-taking chase results with the principals clinging and slipping along the glacier cliffs. Off-beat setting and unusual camera tricks add greatly to melodrama. RKO.

The Golden Mask

A n interesting travelogue narrative has been incorporated into the opening sequences of the film which makes for an added moodiness in this tale of Africa and the search for the lost tomb of Marcus Manilius. Heading the expedition are Van Heflin, Eric Portman, and the latter's daughter, Wanda Hendrix, who are after the remains of the mask of Moloch, said to be worth millions. Jeopardizing the trio's every move are a group of desert bandits and a couple of cut-throats, Charles Goldner and Jacques Brunius. Packed with suspense and intrigue, the picture offers above average entertainment values. United Artists.

Casanova's Big Night

B on Hope, a tailor's apprentice, wants to alter his position to full-time lover such as his idol, Casanova. He gets a chance to prove his puckering power when Hope Emerson mistakes him for the Great Lover and hires him to test the faithfulness of her son's fiancee, Audrey Dalton. Proof of the girl's infidelity will be Hope's return with her hand-embroidered slip. Making sure that the would-be Romeo does return—with liras, not the slip—is creditor Joan Fontaine. From the moment Hope hops on a gondola and floats into Venice, the script has him scrambled up into all types of impossible situations. In fact, events become so mixed up, that Hope invites the audience to pick its own conclusion, and then offers both a happy and an unhappy ending. It's rather standard movie fare, sharpened primarily by flashes of Bob's razor-like wit. Paramount.

Joan Fontaine and Bob Hope cavort throughout "Casanova's Big Night."
**Beat The Devil**

Humphrey Bogart and director John Huston love to spoof the conventional, and in their latest collaboration they've set their sights on the International Set. Bogart's a soldier-of-luck, who has agreed to help cut-throats Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli and Ivor Barnard get their hands on some uranium land in Africa. The nervous land-grabbers read hidden meanings into Bogey's every action, and when he makes a play for married woman Jennifer Jones they start sputtering "double cross." Jennifer, a gal who has a lively imagination, invents all types of tales on the importance of her husband, Edward Underdown, and when she stumbles on the word uranium, she immediately gets everyone's attention. Even Bogart's wife, Gina Lollobrigida, makes a play for poor ole Edward. With all this marital musical chairs going on, the crooks and the uranium eventually become a secondary interest. United Artists.

**New Faces**

This top Broadway revue has been transferred to the screen with its original stars presenting their stylized material. The film's theatre-like staging may prove a handicap, but to the moviegoer who likes his bill-of-fare bright and zany, he'll get more than his money and popcorn's worth. 20th Century-Fox.

**Rose Marie**

Moving along at a pleasant, placid pace, "Rose Marie" steps before the cameras for the third time. It has been loaded with top film names in hope of overshadowing its now familiar plot. Ann Blyth is the orphan adopted by the Northwest Mounted Police. Howard Keel is her would-be protector, and Fernando Lamas, the French tracer she falls in love with. Supplying the chuckles are Bert Lahr, a Mountie who never gets his man, and Marjorie Main, the hotel keeper assigned to make a lady out of Ann. Musical highlights include the perennial favorites, "Indian Love Call," "Rose Marie" and "I Have The Love." The film is lavishly mounted with beautiful outdoor scenery, CinemaScope lensing and Eastman color. MGM.

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Guest talks frankly to hostess

BETTY: Oh Sue, isn’t that a package of Tampax? Do you use it?
SUE: I certainly do. And what a relief it was to get rid of bulky external pads with all their problems. Haven’t you tried Tampax yet?
BETTY: Oh no, I couldn’t possibly wear anything internally.
SUE: Listen, my dear, I used to think Tampax wasn’t for me either. Ann was my good angel in that department; she told me all about how it was invented by a doctor, and used by millions of women and I’ve been using it ever since. Honestly, it’s wonderful!

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So far as I and my friends are concerned, no other star can match the sparkle and zip of Debbie Reynolds. Other stars take a back seat when it comes to portraying today’s American girl. Why don’t the producers of Hollywood give Debbie roles that take full advantage of her talents?

Mary Tompkins
East Paris, Maine

What in the world is happening to John Derek? He is one of my favorite stars, but I never seem to be able to find any of his movies at my theaters. I say, more John Derek pictures, particularly after that fine job he did on TV in “Place In The Sun.”

Estelle Drum
Elizabeth, New Jersey

What’s Elaine Stewart got? Sure, she can act, but so can Julia Adams. Besides, Julia is really pretty.

Betty Morris
Topeka, Kansas

I would enjoy your fine magazine even more if you would print a story about my favorite movie and TV actor, Dan Durysa. I hope to see a story about him soon.

Mrs. Harriet Timmons
Hart, Michigan

Thanks for that wonderful story on Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, “Live With Your Troubles.” I was very much surprised and pleased when I saw it. We fans get tired of reading about some of these young stars who are always getting into trouble and who are always thinking just of themselves.

Marie Ann Belot
Arnold, Pennsylvania

I’m one of those Charlton Heston fans. I think he’s one of the most wonderful stars I have ever seen acting on the screen. We fans really enjoy seeing him and reading about him.

Laura Jean Cook
Metter, Georgia

Was Mitzi Gaynor ever married to Humphrey Bogart? I say no, but my mother insists she was.

Joan Sheridan
Seattle, Wash.

(You’re right. At the moment it is uncertain whether and when Mitzi’s going to be married to Jack Bean—but you can be certain that she was never the bride of Bogart.—Ed.)

I have just seen Audrey Hepburn and I can’t see what all the shouting is about. She’s scrappy. I’d take Marilyn Monroe.

TO OUR READERS:

We, the editors of Screenland plus TV-land feel that the motion picture medium is entitled to the freedom of expression guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, and that, furthermore, it is the responsibility of our motion picture producers and distributors to see that our movies are decent and moral.

Freedom of expression under our laws does not mean the liberty to misuse such freedom, and to avoid such instances, the Motion Picture Production Code and Advertising Code was voluntarily adopted many years ago. Changes in the Motion Picture Production Code may be necessary from time to time, but the fundamental principles of the Code must not be scrapped or forgotten. For more than two decades the system of voluntary self-control has served the motion picture industry well in its production of the finest in entertainment. The guiding principle has always been to keep movies within the realms of decency and of good taste. Within these limits of good taste and morality the motion pictures produced in America can deal honestly and faithfully with American life; nothing in the Code has ever prevented the making of superlative motion pictures.

—The Editors,
Screenland plus TV-land
any day. Marilyn is a better actress, too. I'd love to see her do "Born Yesterday" on the stage. This beauty can act everyone else right out of Hollywood! She's so modest about her abilities too.

Ann McDonald
Youngstown, Ohio

When is everyone going to wake up to the talents of Tony Curtis? When I saw Tony in "Beachhead," I said this boy can act!

Claire Barnett
San Francisco, Cal.

My mother keeps telling me what a wonderful picture "Camille" was, with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. I've never seen Miss Garbo and am not interested in her now, even if she once was a great actress. But if the picture was as great as everybody says, why don't they do it over again? I think Susan Hayward and Rock Hudson should star with each other in it, for they are the greatest stars in America today. Other people can have their Montgomery Clifts, I'll take actor Rock Hudson. As for Susan Hayward, she should have had an Academy Award a long time ago—she is tops!

Janet Pearsall
Dallas, Texas

If they film "Gone With The Wind" again, Elizabeth Taylor should be in it, I think. She is such a good actress.

Jamie Druce
Appleton, Wis.

The other night I saw Dianne Foster in "Drive A Crooked Road." She is really something! Who is she and where is she from? I think she is very talented.

Leslie Allen
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Dianne Foster, whose real name is Dianne Laruska, was born in Edmonton, Canada. She appeared on the radio in Canada before going to Hollywood and signing a contract with Columbia Pictures. You'll see her next in "Three Hours To Kill" with Donna Reed and Dana Andrews.—Ed.)

When are we going to see more of Jeff Richards and of pretty Charlotte Austin? I have been waiting a long time now for a new picture starring Charlotte, too long. Wake up to her many abilities, Hollywood!

Perrie Sullivan
Denver, Colorado

(Jeff Richards will be in "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers" and you can write him at MGM, Culver City, California. Charlotte Austin will be in "Gorilla At Large" for 20th Century-Fox.—Ed.)

Address your letters to The Editor, Screenland plus TV-land, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, New York. We cannot promise to answer every letter or to publish every one, even though we should like to do so.

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To mark our 30 years of hair-accessory leadership, we introduce the newest, most startling hobby pin creation! It's the new, improved Golden Jubilee Gayla hold-bob pin with new Flexi-Grip, the patented, exclusive Gayla scientific design that makes the world's best hobby pin even better!

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1. Suggest a name for our "Golden Jubilee" hair style.
2. Print the suggested name on a plain piece of paper. Each entry must include the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB hobby pin card or Gayla Hair Net envelope, 25 words or less, telling why you prefer this Gayla product, your name and address, and the name and address of the store where you purchased the Gayla product. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must consist of only one name suggested.
3. Mail entry to CONTEST, Gaylord Products, Inc., 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, III. Make sure your name and address and that of the store are legible. Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.
4. John Robert Powers and his staff will be the judges and their decision will be final. Entries will be judged solely on basis of originality and aptness. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries become the property of Gaylord Products, Incorporated, and none will be returned.
5. Contest is open to all except employees of Gaylord Products, Incorporated, their advertising agency, and their families. Contest is subject to all Federal, State, and local regulations.
6. Contest closes June 30, 1954. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight of the closing date and received not later than July 7, 1954.
7. Winners will be notified by mail within a month after the closing date. A complete list of winners will be sent to persons sending a stamped self-addressed envelope.
No, it isn't Mitzi Gaynor's wedding day—she's modeling a wedding gown at a fashion show.

No, it isn't Mitzi Gaynor's wedding day—she's modeling a wedding gown at a fashion show.

It's for sure: Jack Bean has eyes only for Mitzi!

Always together: Byron Palmer, Ruth Hampton.

Marriage minded? Danny Arnold rates with Joanne Gilbert.

ROMANCE in the air

June's bustin' out all over!

Constant as the return of Spring each year is the swing to thoughts of romance and dreams of weddings. And just like everywhere else, Hollywood's a town where the words June and bride seem to go together. Constant twosomes—like Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean, Byron Palmer and Ruth Hampton, Joanne Gilbert and Danny Arnold—are among those rumor has heading for the altar. Hollywood, like any other town, regards its dating couples with the eager eye of the hopeful mother, speculating on weddings-to-be. Already well-wishers have headed June Haver and Fred MacMurray, for instance, to the altar—only to have a denial issued from both sides! Possibly by the time you read this some of these couples will be bride and groom. If it isn't true don't say it's Hollywood's fault—you can't blame a town for trying. But then, you can't really be sure what's in the heart of a woman either, not in Hollywood or anywhere else!
Lana Turner and Lex Barker will deny it—at least for a while—but Lana's closest chums say they know, positively, that she's asked for a divorce . . .

Dan Dailey is devoting the next three months to romancing Sheree North—for publicity purposes only. It's an order from his 20th Century-Fox studio bosses. Sheree? She's concentrating on her career more seriously than she is on any studio-contrived publicity linking her with Dan or even Bob Wagner, who's scheduled to follow Dailey in the romance department. At twenty-one Sheree supports her five-year-old daughter, Dawn, and her mother. Sheree's father has been missing since before her birth and she won't disclose his name, hoping some day to find him. As for her own teenage marriage, Sheree separated from her young husband shortly after the birth of Dawn and took a job in the dancing line at Larry Potter's old supper club in Hollywood. During those days she couldn't get past any of the studio gates. Now that she's heading for stardom she's the hottest property in Hollywood . . .

Advance word on "Magnificent Obsession" has it that Rock Hudson and Barbara Rush will cop all the notices on the Jane Wyman picture. Producer Ross Hunter, who begged his Universal-International bosses to let him re-make the movie which once starred Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor, may be in line for a Thalberg or Academy Award come next year's Oscar sweepstakes . . .

When Gail Russell went to court on the first of those drunken driving charges it wasn't ex-husband Guy Madison who came to her defense, but an actress-chum who insisted upon remaining anonymous. This will come as a surprise to no one who knows the inside story on the break-up of the Russell-Madison marriage . . .

Hollywood's Screen Writers Guild made itself unpopular with some of Hollywood's top names when it tried to crowd 750 people into the Crystal Ballroom of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Topflight (continued on next page)
Dorothy Kilgallen's

Exclusive Movie Gossip CONTINUED

stars who arrived dressed to their capped teeth, only to be turned away, have blacklisted any future SWG functions. They're that furious!

Marilyn Monroe was ill en route home from Korea, ill after her return, and as we go to press is still ailing. The DiMaggio clan in San Francisco is hoping Marilyn's being indisposed means the flapping of the Stork's wings...

Perry Como managed to remain incognito for more than forty-eight hours when he hid out in Palm Springs for a rest—and this is a new record for the singer. Usually he can't go anywhere without being recognized after the first three minutes...

The Grace Kelly-Ray Milland talk hasn't ended with that highly publicized reconciliation between Mai and Ray Milland. Beverly Hills hostesses cattily blame Miss Kelly for keeping the rumors flying...

Susan Hayward's film producers weren't one bit unhappy about the spicy testimony in the Hayward-Jess Barker divorce hearings. The fact that Susie sleeps in the raw, and that Barker chased her across the lawn to the poolside where, she alleged, he tried to drown her in the pool—won't do her any harm at the box-office—her studio feels.

Janis Carter has her husband-to-be already picked out—he's crowding sixty-five, but loaded with greenbacks—and they'll march down the aisle in Santa Monica just as soon as he's unhitched from his current wife. Hint: the groom-to-be is a topflight studio executive...

Edmund Purdom is the latest British actor to be accused of becoming too large in the head for Hollywood. The people he used to be very nice to when he first hit Hollywood and Vine are now...

Whether it points to marriage nobody knows, but Rock Hudson's most constant companion is script girl Betty Abbott.

Ralph Edwards, Della Russell, Beryl Davis and Jane Russell toasted Connie Haines after the "This Is Your Life" show.

Corinne Calvet, divorcing John Bromfield, dates Jeffrey Stone. plans a change of personality and a fight for better roles.

Connie Smith's frequent date for dancing is Hugh O'Brian. Is it romance?

Julius La Rosa's Ciro opening brought out his West Coast fans en masse. Unknown last year, Sheree North (with Vic Orsatti) finds times have changed.
How to look glamorous in three-easy-on-the-eye lessons... all Sea Nymph, of course! And all with built-in uplift bras, side-boned for strapless assurance. In run and fade-resistant Celaperm LASTEX; 32-38.

Left, romper suit, about $15.
Center, tabbed tomboy, only $13.
Right, ruffled flattery, for $11.
Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Also, Sea Nymphs in Junior 9-15, teen 10-16, girls 7-14.

Write Hildy Jones for your free issue of Sea Nymph's Guide.
Dorothy Kilgallen's

Exclusive Movie Gossip (CONTINUED)

getting the frosty stares from him, and the cracks he's been making about Hollywood itself are anything but flattering. For such a small town, that's the kiss of death as far as The Very Big People are concerned. Purdom has become "this year's Rex Harrison" in the eyes of the West Coast scribels, and the anticipated success of "The Student Prince" and "The Egyptian" will, of course, only make matters worse unless Purdom reverses his mood.

Preview audiences in Hollywood gasped throughout the screening of "Beat The Devil." Many of the preview cards recommended that the stars of the film join Alcoholics Anonymous, since the customers felt the top players couldn't possibly have given such performances unless they were drugged, drunk or didn't give a darn . . .

PEGGY LEE has recovered, mentally and physically, after the break-up of her marriage to Brad Dexter. She's now composing original music night and day—composing, in fact, as if she were on a deadline. Intimates claim she's keeping herself busy until the time comes for her to resume her film career. Her "Jazz Singer" experiences taught her a lot and she doesn't intend repeating any of those mistakes . . .

You'd be surprised if you knew who gifted Bella Darvi with that powder blue Cadillac Coup de Ville complete with all the extras including air conditioning. And 20th's rising new starlet has just moved into Marilyn Monroe's old apartment . . .

Joseph Kennedy, former U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James, checked very carefully into Peter Lawford's life and activities before giving his consent to the marriage between his daughter Pat and the handsome film star. Several top figures in the film industry were telephoned direct by Pat's father and asked some very pertinent questions. Peter didn't like that one bit when the news leaked out. The beautiful, wealthy and charming Pat cancelled her six-months' tour of Asia when she got as far as Tokyo. She flew back to California, joined Peter and went on to New York where they announced their engagement. The front page news of the betrothal left two prominent ladies torching—one of them another ex-Ambassador's daughter, the second a famous stage and screen star . . .

JUDY GARLAND and Sid Luft got into a long, loud hassle on the "Star Is Born" set, and intimates say it continued in their car en route to their Beverly Hills home. At home, the argument reached such proportions that the Beverly Hills police were called in . . .

(Continued on Page 58)
COLEEN GRAY
Starring in
"MILLION DOLLAR DIAMOND"
Filmed in 3-d, released thru United Artists

says

"Crescent is your dream come true"

When you wish upon a star, wish upon a beautiful Crescent Diamond Ring. Then you'll agree with charming Coleen Gray that here is "your dream come true"—a lovely, larger diamond at a truly modest price.

Crescent Diamond Rings—by the makers of world-famous Keepsake—are guaranteed and registered by the Crescent Certificate signed by your jeweler. Choose now from many smart new styles and be sure the name Crescent is in the ring and on the tag.

Crescent DIAMOND RINGS
By the makers of Keepsake

Please send free copies of "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" and "Choosing Your Diamond Ring." Also 44-page "Bride's Book" gift offer and my Crescent Jeweler’s name.

Name
Street & No.
City & State
Hollywood's mystery

EVEN TO HERSELF ELEANOR PARKER IS THE LEAST KNOWN STAR IN THE MOVIE CITY

IF YOU WERE to conduct a poll on "Who is the least-known star in Hollywood?" you'd probably get "Eleanor Parker" for an answer nine times out of ten.

She's actually so little known that even those who work with her fail to recognize her at times.

"When I was making 'Scaramouche,'" Eleanor says with a warm smile, "I walked into the commissary at MGM and overheard someone I knew say, 'That must be a new foreign import.' Some of my good friends didn't recognize me either—probably because of the red wig I wore. This sort of thing goes on all the time. When I cut my long hair nobody knew me. When I changed my hair from blonde to red it was the same story.

"For that matter, I don't always recognize myself when I see my own still pictures. Even to me, they look like Ingrid Bergman, Pat Neal, Myrna Loy, Joan Fontaine, and Eleanor Powell at various times. I never look like me. Frankly, I think all this is wonderful. What woman doesn't like a little mystery about herself?"

Eleanor is right about that. Men, too, are intrigued by the unknown. And it isn't only in her appearance that Eleanor is a source of confusion. She is also pretty much of an unknown quantity as a person to the majority of Hollywoodites.

"I'm not even mildly inclined to be a recluse—and heaven knows I'm not snobbish," Eleanor remarks. "But I'm just not a party or premiere or night club girl and never have been. I stay rather close to a small group of
friends. I don't like cocktail parties very much because I don't believe you can ever get to know anyone at such functions. I'm simply lost there because I don't like small talk. I don't get personal, I don't like to gossip, or tell people my troubles. I've had plenty of people say to me after they began to know more about me, I didn't know you were like this—warm and friendly. I always thought you were snooty.' Me?

"This is probably the result of my former shyness. One day I woke up to the fact that shyness was a form of self-centeredness. You think everyone is looking at you and judging you and this is certainly thinking only of self. I'm not shy any more. I have since become interested in other people first and myself last."

During the time she's been in Hollywood, Eleanor has grown in many ways. And she's still changing—or wanting to change things about herself.

"To go into the slightly ridiculous first," Eleanor laughs, "I'd like to stop smoking. I can if I make up my mind to it, but it's a matter of convincing myself that I really want to stop. Then there's my gum-chewing habit. I love to pop my gum but I'm campaigning with myself to chew quietly.

"I used to talk very little but recently I've noticed I get carried away with saying what's on my mind at times. This is all a part, I'm sure, of losing the aforementioned shyness and of gaining an inner sense of security. I used to be mixed up. I even thought I was kind of crazy in some ways—and then I came to the conclusion that what I thought was crazy was really normal.

"I've changed most radically in that now I face them—and once I have solved them to the best of my ability I just forget them. I believe in releasing the past. I believe in living for today with hopes and plans for the future—to look forward and up with hope and optimism. I believe I must accept every problem, every sorrow, every disappointment as a challenge that will help me grow. I'm firmly convinced that out of every sorrow there comes good—if you don't fall apart and if you don't spend your time feeling sorry for yourself."

Eleanor has, of course, had her problems. Not too long ago her marriage of several years to producer Bert Friedlob came to an end, and she was faced with the painful readjustments that..."
Marlon Brando has been making headlines again. Or you might say Marlon has been making headlines—as usual.

It's easy to write such a comment about Brando. Too many writers are inclined to size up Marlon simply as an oddity—then they go to work on the boy with purple prose, no adjectives barred.

True, Brando is unique. He's an original. And thereby hangs the tale of his great success and the reason for his enormous appeal. He is also a natural. But there is not an ounce of affectation, artificiality or hypocrisy in Marlon's make-up.

I have known Marlon Brando for several years. I remember the day he came to the first rehearsal of the Broadway production of "A Streetcar Named Desire." That was in 1947. When Marlon joined director Elia Kazan and the "Streetcar" cast that day he wore levis, a sweat shirt and gym shoes. His hair was rumpled, and he needed a shave. Obviously, Brando's concentration was already focused intently on the role of Stanley Kowalski. But he was cordial and entirely un-self-conscious in his

warm-hearted greetings to each member of the new company. No one gained the impression from Brando that he considered himself a "leading man."

I was stage manager for that original New York production of the play, and I am happy to report that throughout the many months that Marlon played Stanley at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre in Manhattan, he did not change toward any member of the company. Neither the sensational personal reviews the drama critics gave him, nor the fantastic attention the young actor drew from magazines and the general public altered Brando's relationships with his colleagues nor his sincere efforts to do his best work at the theatre.

I cannot say that Marlon was a model of consistency in his performances during the two years he played "Streetcar" on the stage. He is a severe critic of his own acting. Often Brando's personal dissatisfaction with his work upset him to such an extent that he seemed to shrug away entire scenes and mumble his lines almost inaudibly, or substitute grimaces and gestures to cover his tem-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 641)
One of Universal-International's busiest stars, Piper Laurie will soon be seen with Tony Curtis in the Technicolor "Johnny Dark."
Can a girl date too young?

by Ruth Rowland

IT'S PIPER LAURIE'S QUESTION—
AND SHE ANSWERS IT
FROM HER OWN EXPERIENCE

"As I look back," Piper Laurie says, looking back from the advanced age of twenty-two, "I think my mother was very wise in allowing me the freedom she did in the matter of dating. She flattered me by trusting me implicitly, and I kept her faith. There was never any trying to 'sneak' out to go dating. I didn't have to. She did however insist upon meeting the young man . . . and I was always pleased to have her meet him."

Piper believes that early dating helps to overcome natural shyness. "I learned to have poise," says Piper. "I learned to relax and be myself, and not try to impress the opposite sex by being something else. It's only normal for a girl to want the company of young men, to want to dance, go to parties, to be attractive, to get crushes! This is all part of being a teen-ager!"

Piper's a girl with a good head, as well as a pretty one, on her shoulders. She is very much aware of this changing society we're living in, of the world situation and its effect on young people. With juvenile (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

It's hard to believe that the beautiful Piper, whose dates include Rock Hudson, Dick Contino and Carlos Thompson, was once called a "square."
WHO'D WANT TO MARRY ME?

by BEVERLY LINET

SCOTT BRADY SAYS HE'S MOODY, TEMPERAMENTAL, JEALOUS—BUT HE JUST CAN'T HELP WISHING FOR A WIFE AND CHILDREN

"TALK about women?" Scott Brady shouted over the phone. "Why does everyone want me to talk about women? I'm no authority. Not me! Let's talk about individuality and how about this for an angle? He travels fastest who travels alone."

"Fine," I said before he had a chance to change his mind. "O.K. How fast can you make it?"

"Where?" I asked not too brightly.

"Up here," he shouted as if to say, "Girl, time's a'wastin'."

"Right now," I shot back. I was beginning to get with it.

"Ha," he chortled, "you'll never find the place." Obviously Scott didn't think much of a girl's ability to find her way around without a male hand to guide her. I told him so.

"Okay," he laughed. "No sense putting you reporters off. Go up Laurel Canyon into the Hills as far as Lookout Mountain. There's a schoolhouse. Wait for me there. You can't miss it."

At the appointed time Scott came by driving a sleek Cadillac. "It's mine," he informed me at once. "Paid for right down to the last spark plug." He had the little-boy pride most men get about their automobiles, and I was beginning to think Scott's bark was worse than his bite.

He was dressed all in black from head to toe. A (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66.
She

DEBRA PAGET, HOLLYWOOD'S NEVER-BEEN-KISSED GIRL,
MAY SURPRISE YOU BY BEING A NUMBER ONE GLAMOUR QUEEN
Debra's dance scenes in "Princess Of The Nile" fell victim to the cutting-room scissors at the insistence of the Breen Office of the Motion Picture Producers' Association. But Debra says she doesn't agree with the censors!

"People say a woman's late thirties and early forties are the 'dangerous age,'" remarks a well-known Hollywood producer, "but we're keeping our fingers crossed on Debra Paget. She'll soon be twenty-one. And where Debra's concerned, Hollywood is beginning to think her dangerous age is already here!"

Why does Hollywood hold its breath and wonder about 20th Century-Fox's popular young star? The answer is simple: Debra is coming of age—but is she really "of age" in her ability to decide her own life, her own thoughts and feelings? Debra is a problem even the movie industry doesn't often face—the problem of a brilliant young star with a will of her own and a determined mother.

Her mother has built a careful armor about the girl, but as Debra reaches twenty-one, her pattern of a kissless and a dateless stardom is becoming outdated. What will happen as the Debra of today breaks out of yesterday's design of living? Already there have been stories—later denied—of Debra's dates. And there was, too, the dance in "Princess Of The Nile" which was deleted by the Breen office. But Debra herself loved it, unlike Jane (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)
My two husbands

THERE'S SAFETY IN NUMBERS, SAYS JUNE, AS SHE GIVES THE LOWDOWN ON A PAIR OF SWEETHEARTS

If you get along wonderfully with your husband at home, and then with the man you work with when you're away from home for the day, you and I are in the same very happy position.

As my true husband, there's Richard. I realize how lucky that makes me. Pleasing him is my main aim, as Mrs. Dick Powell.

And then there's Jimmy Stewart. Teaming with him as his wife, for the third picture at a third studio, is fortunate casting for me. It calls for my most convincing performance at my job.

Adjusting to my real and reel husbands has meant a rapid shifting of my mental gears, so neither will be conscious of my adapting to them. No two men are ever identical. You can't treat them as if they were.

When I first played opposite Jimmy a few years ago, I figured out how I should react as the wife of a famous baseball hero. Until then I was barely aware of the World Series. Then I had to respond when he portrayed a marvelous musician in "The Glenn Miller Story." This wasn't such a dive into the unknown, for Richard is my private idea of Mr. Music.

Now, however, I've just finished at Paramount where Jimmy has proved stupendous in "Strategic Air Command"—and wouldn't you guess both Richard and Jimmy are absolute fools about flying, while my problem is I dread stepping into any sort of a plane? I definitely feel too far away from it all at ten feet up! "So go ahead—act!" Richard finally said. "You have to be an inspiration to men as modern as we are about (continued on page 73)
"Modesty must have made you tone down those things you wrote about your bride, Janet Leigh. You merely said she's sensational, terrific, great. Well, I still can't believe she's for real...\"
to become better acquainted. So we'd wave across the room and that was about it. Period. I've admired you and Janet on the screen. I've often thought what a handsome couple you make. Once again, that was it. Period. Now you've made many more pictures than I, so I know you can appreciate my pre-production concern. "Prince Valiant" was to be my biggest and best role to date and it was quite a challenge. I was also going to work with a new leading lady, so I was naturally curious. Everyone kept telling me how much I'd like Janet. In fact, so many kept plugging for her—I began to be a bit dubious!

Have you ever planned what you'd say and do under certain circumstances? Me too! I had my little welcome speech all prepared for the first day of shooting when Janet and I would meet. So you know when and how it happened? At six in the morning we ran smack into each other in the makeup department! It shouldn't happen to Lassie. No human being can possibly be at his best at this unearthly hour. Before that first cup of coffee—who feels human? But I guess it can happen here. I mean I know it can because Janet is beautiful proof. Sparkling like dew on a diamond, she really was an encouraging sight for half-closed eyes!

Her sweater and slacks were perfectly pressed—and they didn't sag or droop. Her perfume wasn't too strong for that early hour and of course, her good humor was so contagious the whole makeup department came to life. You know I have never understood women who don't take pride in their appearance. No wonder you're so in love with Janet! When I got to my dressing room, there waiting for me was a good-luck telegram from you know who. How does she do it, I asked myself. May I say I soon found out?

When you're strange to a studio lot and Janet was, you're really on trial until people get to know you. It's so easy to slip off a pedestal while everyone on a set watches and waits to see what you're about. Janet must have been aware of this, but she didn't show a sign. Instead, without waiting for formal introductions, your best girl walked up to every member of the cast and crew and put out her hand. She had everyone eating out of it too, long before the picture was finished!

Well, Mr. Curtis, it didn't take me long to discover that...
you'd placed me in one heck of a spot. I don't think Mrs. Curtis even realized it, but your name automatically became part of every conversation. It was Tony says this and Tony says that. She spoke of you as a husband, actor and all-out champion for your fellow man. She spoke of your devotion to your parents and brother Bobby, she spoke of your love of animals, your deep sincerity and warm enthusiasm for life.

Must be kinda nice to have one special girl feel that way about you. All of a sudden while I was thinking how lucky you are, another thought struck me. This is a tough man to follow, I admitted to myself. Even if it's only for eight hours a day, how am I going to live up to him? All of which reminds me—!

I haven't had a chance to thank you for giving me a break when you had every right to hate the sight of me. You were in Hawaii making "Beachhead" most of the time we were shooting. But when you returned I noticed you only visited our set a few times. The way Janet had missed you, I couldn't help wondering why or how you could stay away. Finally, I had to ask Janet about it, but she made some convincing excuse for you.

Well, it seems some joker told you I was ill at ease in front of the camera when you were watching. You supposedly said you'd stay away if such was the case, because you certainly didn't want to upset me. Naturally it wasn't true and I didn't know a thing about it until recently. Instead of blaming me, you had the good sense and kindness to give me the benefit of the doubt. This I appreciate, Tony, more than I can say.

Of course you did come right to the set the day you returned from Hawaii. This didn't upset me either—just made me a little green with envy around the edges!

When you and Janet greeted each other it was really touching. Both of you stared like two people in a trance and I remember you finally said to her—"Janet, you look like a beautiful dream." She did too. As the princess wearing a long gardenia-blond wig and flowing gown, she was out of this world. Later she said—"Tony likes me as a blonde. If it pleases him, I'm going to remain one." What a girl!

You'll agree I'm sure, Tony, that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)
SCREENLAND EXCLUSIVE

Taking a second look at love

BACK IN HOLLYWOOD ONCE MORE, GENE TIERNEY FRANKLY AND HONESTLY TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT HERSELF—AND ALY

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

GENE TIERNEY is back and every hostess in Hollywood is trying to elicit a dinner-guest acceptance from her. She's more poised, lovelier, more glowing than ever.

I've known Gene for eleven years, having met her for the first time in June, 1942. At that time Gene and her sister, Pat, were living in a tidy, glass-enclosed bird cage on a mountainside, amply chaperoned by a white German shepherd dog weighing some two ounces less than a Brahma bull. When he trotted across the room the house shuddered and shook. Eventually Gene gave this monster to the Tyrone Powers and they had to buy a twelve-room house surrounded by an acre of ground so that will give you some idea. There is a rumor that the dog had nothing to do with this purchase, but doubt it.

This hound was a frustrated conversationalist. As we talked, he turned his head from side to side, tennis match style, fixing his concentration upon one speaker after the other. Then there came a ghastly moment when, after Gene had told a funny anecdote about he
Hollywood experiences, the canine turned his head away from us and was extensively although neatly ill on the parquet floor.

Bear in mind that Gene was nineteen at the time, less than two years out of Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Conn., not calculated by age or experience to manage a situation that would test the aplomb of any hostess.

Gene proved to be supremely equal to the occasion. Staring at her pet as if from a great distance, she told him, "So—you're a critic? I have news for you. You make ME ill, too. Shall we withdraw to the den, everyone?"

Proud, somewhat secretive as all sensitive, intellectual souls must be, harking back to her New England and Swiss school days, knowing her own intensity and her tendency to go to extremes, but laughing at those extremes—that was Gene in those days.

When Oleg Cassini joined the army, Gene went along to Fort Riley with him and lived the life of the typical khaki wife of those days. She cooked, kept house, marketed, entertained the Colonel's wife at tea, and bore her first daughter, Daria. After the war, Oleg tried to get a start in the designing business in Hollywood, found the going too rugged, and transferred his business activities to New York. Gene moved with him and commuted for picture work.

Then, after ten years of marriage, the Cassinis were divorced. Gene said then, among other pertinent things, "Marriage is a Cadillac: a wonderful way to move around the world, a proud and comfortable vehicle. Yet it isn't essential. Sometimes it's more sensible to walk where you're going, or to take a bus. I shan't marry again until I'm positive that a Cadillac answers my transportation problem."

At about this time Hollywood itself revamped its transportation practice: it took to the air. Pictures were made in South America, in England, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, and Italy.

"Way Of A Gaucho" took Gene to South America where she discovered that French was, in many countries, the language spoken second.
When Greg suddenly started kicking up his heels, Greta understood. His road to success hadn't been easy. There had never been much time for fun and she knew repressions like that can't be bottled up forever.

BY ELIZABETH MACDONALD

What gives with Greta Peck anyway? She's one Hollywood wife who has the movie colony completely baffled. During the first trying days after her return from Europe, without Greg, she was really wonderful, all Hollywood agreed on that. Most wives would have raved and ranted. And frankly, no one would have blamed her for being bitter, or even vicious. But now, why Greta was acting as if they were disloyal when people so much as hinted that Greg was at fault in any way!

Greta's friends began resenting having their sympathy swept away by her calm attitude that nothing was wrong. After all, those stories in the newspapers and magazines just couldn't be brushed aside. The names of the girls Greg had been linked with—Julienne, the Parisian model, Veronica Pasanne, the twenty-one-year-old journalist, Jane Griffiths, Hildegarde Neff and Audrey Hepburn—were on everyone's
to HAPPINESS

AND NOW, AFTER THE DIFFICULTIES OF LAST YEAR, GRETA PECK FINDS THAT SHE AND GREG ARE CLOSER THAN EVER BEFORE

tongue—everyone's except Greta's. Greg's was the only one she mentioned.

"Greg is working so hard," she told her would-be consolers. "But he always finds time to telephone home. You should see the toys he has sent the children."

It didn't take long for her friends' pity to turn into exasperation. Was she just plain stupid or was she completely without pride, holding on to a man whose interests were plainly elsewhere?

Then suddenly, Hollywood opinion veered into another direction.

The new attitude came when casually, without any fanfare, Greta let it be known that her oldest boy, nine-year-old Jonathan, was leaving for Europe to spend his Christmas vacation with Greg. Greg had asked if he could come, since he had some free time before starting (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)
Ed Judson, Rita Hayworth's first husband, inherited $250,000 and offered Rita and Dick Haymes a slice of it to tide them over their present financial woes. Dick and Rita declined the generous offer with thanks. . . .

Bermuda theatre critics raved about the stage performance of John Barrymore, Jr., in “The Man” at the Bermudiana Theatre. Within a week he had four offers to appear in Broadway plays, six TV shows and a batch of long-term radio contracts but not a single Hollywood movie bid! . . .

Tyrone Power and Linda Christian are again at the battling stage. If they are unable to work out their domestic problems, Ty will take a six-month leave from his husbandly chores and star in a stage version of Barnaby Conrad's “Matador,” last year's best-selling book about the bull-fighting profession. Ty would be dressed as a matador, and the play would be given as a “reading” à la “John Brown's Body” . . .

Martha Raye, who's now living in nearby Westport, Connecticut, is forming a producing firm of her own with her former husband, Nick Condos, and will star in a series of Hollywood films later this Summer—they're for theatre screening, not TV . . .
Danny Kaye with N.Y. State boxing chairman Bob Christenberry. Danny’s all het up over the critical acclaim accorded his newest comedy, “Knock On Wood.”

BROADWAY  EAST COAST OR WEST, WHEREVER THEY MAY BE— THE STARS MAKE NEWS!

When The Queen arrived in New York from Hollywood—that’s Joan Crawford, no one else—life along Central Park South took on a new meaning for the permanent guests living at the Hampshire House. Hordes of Crawford fans caused traffic jams in the street and blocked the sidewalk fronting the hotel. The lobby was in constant turmoil with droves of youngsters equipped with cameras and autograph books. When La Crawford wasn’t stopping traffic every night at the Broadway showshops—Roz Russell’s “Wonderful Town,” Audrey Hepburn’s “Ondine,” Margaret Sullavan’s “Sabrina Fair,” Jeanmaire’s “Girl In Pink Tights,” Roger Dann’s “The Prescott Proposals” and Franchot Tone’s “Oh, Men! Oh, Women!”—sheer bedlam would ensue at Twenty-One, the Stork Club, Bruno’s Pen & Pencil, the Colony and the Harwyn. Whenever The Queen would arrive everything stopped! For a movie star once considered “all washed up and box-office poison,” the star of “Johnny Guitar” proved once and for all she’s Hollywood’s foremost example of glamour. At her Hampshire House suite she received so many flowers that she told all friends she was “afraid to lie down, you’ll think I’m dead!” Shortly before Joan returned to Hollywood, Mike O’Shea and Earl Blackwell hosted a party for her at the Harwyn Club. An advance birthday party—Joan was proudly telling everyone she’d be forty-six the following week—it drew just about every celebrity in New York; among those wishing Joan a happy birthday were Franchot Tone, Monty Clift, Joan Blondell, Farley Granger, Maggi McNellis, Eddie Fisher, Betty Furness, Roger Dann, Patricia Neal, Thelma Ritter, Joe Cotten, Danny Kaye, Roz Russell and hosts of others . . .

Farley Granger sported a black turtleneck sweater in the men’s grill at the Carlton House and sat chatting with friends for more than an hour before the headwaiter came to his table and advised the young star he was not properly attired for so staid a... (CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)
One of the astonishments of television is the fact that a pet TV personality can almost become a member of your family.

Movie people are accustomed to being idolized and mobbed by autograph-seekers, but never have they achieved the really intimate status enjoyed by, say, video's Red Skelton, Sid Caesar or Bud Collyer.

This is because the TV stars whoosh through windows and walls right into your living room, are your constant house guests.

In view of this, you'd do well to consider an ideal candidate for TV man-who-came-to-dinner-and-stayed-on—namely, Bud Collyer, emcee-plus.

Why Bud? Because he happens to be a man of genuine charm, integrity, and enthusiasm. He's a family man—wife and three youngsters. He's also a Sunday School superintendent in Greenwich, Conn., where the Collyers live.

When Bud gets work (only seven times a week), you'll find him on: the CBS-TV "Beat The Clock" (Saturdays, 7:30-8:00 p.m., EDT), on NBC radio's "Break The Bank" (Monday through Friday, 10:45-11:00 a.m., EDT), and ABC-TV's "Quick As A Flash" (Thursdays, 8:00-8:30 p.m., EDT).

This is a busy schedule that serves to point up one of many things distinguishing Bud. Actors are customarily...
late-sleepers, but Bud arises every morning at 7:30, rain or shine, to drive the kids to school. As he says: “That way, I make sure I’ll get to see them every day.”

Bud reads all of his fan mail and answers every letter himself. “I hear from people all over the country,” he says, “and it’s the only way I can tell what the audience at home is thinking.” Which makes sense.

“Here’s a letter I got a kick out of,” Bud says, lifting one from a pile. “It’s from an old gentleman who said he and his wife had celebrated their fifty-sixth wedding anniversary with a trip to New York and a visit to ‘Beat The Clock.’ He says here that they were due to compete on the show, but that time ran out before they were called, and that they’re a little too old to make a second trip. But they’d enjoyed themselves even so, and to me the best of everything. I liked that...”

The Collyer mail doesn’t usually run to love letters, which is odd, considering that he’s tall, wavy-haired, and handsome and has the whitest teeth. He does, of course, get the customary mail from hard-up people who insist that they be put on the show instantly. He can only tell them that contestants are chosen from the studio audience.

“If I sneeze on the air,” says Bud, “I find my mail heavy with cures—from goose grease to skunk oil. The lady who wrote about the skunk oil insisted that it be heated in a spoon over a match—and only over a match.” He laughs, and adds, “I think just the idea of hot skunk oil chased the cold out of me!” Bud pencils a notation on a slip, clips it to the letter being answered, and his secretary types out the reply.

“One man wrote that he couldn’t stand it any longer,” Bud recalls. “He’d taken it once, but when it had happened three times, he had to take pen in hand, and correct us on a ‘Clock’ saying. The one about: ‘Be kind, Sweet Maid, and let who will be clever.’ I looked it up in Bartlett’s, the researchers checked other sources. ‘And let who will,’ was right according to one; ‘and let who can’ was correct by another. So take your choice. The fact remains, sayings are so scarce, the show has to repeat them.”

Mr. Collyer’s friendly attitude toward people who take the trouble to write him is also evident in the way he handles flustered contestants on “Beat The Clock.” “I like people, basically,” he says, which is the complete answer.

“On ‘Beat The Clock,’ ” says Bud, “we don’t try to make monkeys out of people. We avoid stunts that might get a person laughed at. I also make a point of looking up a contestant who failed on his first try, talking to him after the show. I’ve found these people a bunch of good sports, who say it was a lot of fun, even if they didn’t win Roxanne, or a TV set.

“We see to it that over half of our stunts are not too-contrived, or don’t involve special apparatus. That’s so people at home can do the stunts at parties. I got a big bang out of seeing two kids, wait— (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)
A PEACH AT THE BEACH

1 The new look in swim suits promises a season of compliments. Mamie Van Doren wears "Baby Doll" by Catalina. This suit, a blend of cotton and orlon. Pique saw-tooth edging. $13.95. 32-36. Turquoise, pink, corn silk. Mamie is in U-I's "Yankee Pasha."


3 Another Rose Marie Reid suit, of fine bengaline, worn by Jan Sterling. Hourglass fit. Petal bra edged in pearls. $25. Sizes 10 to 16 in an array of colors.

4 Elaine models this suit by Brilliant. Sells for about $11. It is of Laton taffeta Lastex. Sizes 32-38. The colors: shocking pink, lilac and light blue. Elaine appears in MGM's "Brigadoon."

5 In frosty pink, ice blue and charcoal, this Orlon suit by Jordan. Sizes, 32-38. Price, about $9. Sun glasses from Ben Franklin; Scott Stores. 98c.
A PEACH AT THE BEACH (CONTINUED)

Here Jan, whose next film is "The High And The Mighty," models a Celaperm Lastex suit by Jordan. It sells for about $11. The color choice is black, red or blue with white gingham check. Sizes 32-38.

"Check This," a swim suit by Catalina.
Acetate and Lastex knit for body sleekness. $7.95. In 32 to 38.
Royal, red, green or brown check.
The new fashion touch for summer swim wear deserves the "blue ribbon."
For nearest store, write Fashion Dept., Screenland Magazine, 10 E. 40 St., N.Y.C.
Cosmetics that will give her a glow, add a faint blush to her cheek, a delicate luminosity to her skin are the ones a young bride should use on that all-important day.

MAKE-UP FOR THE Bride

An enchanting new make-up that might have been devised especially for brides is DuBarry’s Fair-and-Peachy. Into the making of this lovely picture go DuBarry Flatter-Glo creamy-flowing foundation and light-as-a-kiss face powder, both in the new Fair shade; Bloom, a new concept of rouge and a new texture that spreads on like a blush; and Peach-Pink Lipstick, lustrous and color-lasting. DuBarry Flatter-Glo Fluid Make-up, $1.10, Face Powder, $1 and $2; Bloom $1.10; Lipstick, $1.10 and $1.50.

Vogue Products of Hollywood offers Lash-Kote, a liquid eyelash make-up that’s genuinely waterproof. A real boon to brides. Lash-Kote is 25¢ for ½ fluid oz.

A floral perfume, like Coty’s Muguet des Bois (Lily of the Valley), age-old symbol of love and romance, is perfect for a bride. Now in solid form cologne at $1.25.

(all prices plus tax.)

BY YSEULTE SIMONE
IN HOLLYWOOD there is a scheme of make-up which make-up artists refer to as the "young bride’s" make-up and it is precisely what I would recommend for a wedding ceremony.

Dolores Dorn, Warner Bros. starlet now appearing in "The Bounty Hunter," posed for a few pictures for us illustrating this natural type of make-up and I am sure you will agree that she looks lovely. The secret is that she has used the cosmetics to highlight her own beauty rather than for artificial effect.

Choose foundation and face powder in shades just a little lighter than your complexion. Apply foundation first in tiny dabs over neck and face and rub it in until there is none left on the skin surface. Next, apply a little cream rouge, blending it lightly into the skin with fingertips. Then pat on face powder generously. Whisk away the surplus with a fresh cotton or clean puff.

Your lipstick should be in the same light tone as your rouge. Blot lips well, then apply a second coat to center of the lips. Blot again to be sure you’ll leave no lipstick on the bridegroom when the time comes.

Brush the powder from your eyebrows and, if they need it, darken them ever so lightly with a sharp eyebrow pencil, using short, light strokes in direction of the hair growth. Apply a touch of mascara to lashes and while still damp brush them out with a clean mascara brush to give them a soft, full look.

Remember that final touch of fragrance. Here again, no exaggeration . . . a light floral perfume, youthful and fresh so that as you pass down the aisle you’ll be as sweetly scented and lovely as the bouquet you carry.
Of TV’s feminine players of Scrabble, the best and most consistent winners are Faye Emerson and Dorothy Kilgallen, according to Maggi. As for herself, she keeps mum!

Eddie Fisher’s favorite pastime these days is to try to help his former school classmate, Georgie Shaw, make the grade singing on TV — when Eddie can’t accept singing dates, he suggests Georgie . . .

Joan Crawford’s telefilm series, planned for release after Labor Day, is owned by Joan herself. After initial costs have been paid, all future profits will go to Joan; her earnings from the series will be held in trust for her four adopted children, Christina, Christopher, Cathy and Cindy . . .

It’s a toss-up as to who is TV’s best Scrabble player: Dorothy Kilgallen or Faye Emerson on the distaff side, Dave Garroway or John Daly for the males . . .

Vic Damone has given himself another six months to become TV’s biggest drawing card in the crooner sweepstakes. If he doesn’t make it, he’ll concentrate on movie and stage work. Doesn’t want to have to go on singing for his supper in night clubs . . .

Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, their daughter, Barbara, and son, Richard are filming a new TV series in London for release in the U.S. later this summer. They will soon return to New York and Hollywood for personal appearances before flying back to their fashionable home on the outskirts of London and the resumption of their video careers on British Broadcasting Company. Both Ben and Bebe, one-time film greats in Hollywood, will make a new movie in England . . .

Handsome John Forsythe, currently co-starring on the New York stage with David Wayne in “Teahouse Of The August Moon,” purchased a new

Waiting for the laugh as Red Skelton appears on his morning show is Jack Sterling, of CBS’s “Jack Sterling Show” and “Make Up Your Mind,” and CBS-TV’s, “Big Top.”
By MAGGI McNELLIS

home in Stamford, Connecticut. Paid for it out of his TV appearances . . .

Anne Jeffreys and Bob Sterling had several of their “Topper” series shot in New York instead of Hollywood just so they could visit with old friends before the birth of their baby . . .

Liberace next plans to take over the Harp field. He spends two hours a day practicing on a miniature stringed instrument specially constructed for him in the shape of an L . . .

Charlie Applewhite, Texas’ answer to Eddie Fisher, is actually embarrassed about all the publicity he’s received as “another Eddie Fisher”—the youthful singer wishes people wouldn’t make comparisons. The reason? He’s an Eddie Fisher fan . . .

Now that Joan Caulfield and Barry Nelson have clicked with their “My Favorite Husband” series, they will make a full-length screen version of the popular video program a la “The Long, Long, Trailer.” . . . END

Partied in Hollywood by Beryl Davis and Peter Potter, Eddie Fisher rushed off to Gotham to join Gertrude Niesen, Joan Crawford and Russell Nype at Joan’s party.

Skipping a daily dozen: TV’s Jean Martin, of WNBT’s “Chock Full O’Nuts Show.”
**Tops In Movie Music**

Be sure to get Doris Day’s “I Speak To The Stars” and “The Blue Bells Of Broadway,” from her latest musical, “Lucky Me.” Don’t be surprised if “I Speak To The Stars” turns out to be another Columbia smash like Doris’ “Secret Love” . . . Decca’s “Glenn Miller Story” album, direct from the film’s soundtrack, is still selling faster than any other album, although Victor’s “Glenn Miller Memorials” album is not far behind . . . Dean Martin’s “Hey Brother, Pour The Wine” and “I’d Cry Like A Baby” for Capitol shows he can do lots more than just be straight man for Jerry Lewis . . . You’ll enjoy Norman Brooks’ “3-D Sweetie” for Zodiac, a cute novelty number, which is backed by “Candy Moon,” with Norman sounding less like Al Jolson than usual . . . Rosemary Clooney sings “Brave Man,” from her film, “Red Garters,” and “Tomorrow I’ll Dream And Remember,” a haunting ballad imported from Sweden, for her latest waxing for Columbia . . . MGM’s Rene Touzet and his orchestra, in Latin tempo, play “The Continental,” from “The Gay Divorcee,” and “Tenderly,” from “Torch Song,” in sparkling fashion. “Tenderly,” you will notice, is done in a bouncy rumba-mambo beat . . . Gene Kelly’s “Song And Dance Man,” an Extended Play MGM delight, features, in song and sound, “The Daughter Of Rosie O’Grady,” “I’ll Sing As Apple Cider,” “Moonlight Bay” and “Let Yourself Go!” . . . MGM’s Tommy Mara is most impressive singing “Without A Word Of Warning,” from “Two For Tonight,” and commendable on the reverse with “More Than Ever” . . . Stan Kenton’s arranger, Pete Rugolo, now has his own band recording for Columbia and plays “Laura,” from the film of the same name, as you’ve never heard it played before and couples it with “Early Stan,” a jazz tribute to the great Stan Kenton band of 1940 . . .

**Other Toppers**

Julius La Rosa, who’s been making so much dough and progress since Godfrey gave him the boot, has an excellent waxing for Cadence in “Have A Heart” and “When You’re In Love.” His movie debut is now somewhat in doubt . . . Billy Eckstine’s “Lost In Loneliness” and “Don’t Get Around Much Anymore” for MGM are two of his finest recordings.

“Lost In Loneliness,” from “Girl In Pink Tights,” is true-flavored Eckstine, richly arranged and sung, yet, “Don’t Get Around Much Anymore,” a Duke Ellington tune, also fits Billy’s style note for note . . . Johnny Ray’s eccentric style is changing for quieter and better results as you’ll hear with “Destiny” and “Such A Night” his latest for Columbia . . . “Won’t You Forgive Me” and “Somewhere There Is Someone,” by Lou Monte, Victor’s promising new discovery, are two appealingly styled and sung ballads . . . Dependable Georgia Gibbs is solid all the way with both “I’ll Always Be Happy With You” and “My Sin,” her current Mercury click . . . “Come Along With Me” and “It’s Easy To Remember,” Sarah Vaughan’s current release for Mercury, is deeply in the groove . . . Teresa Brewer’s “Jilted” and “Le Grand Tour De L’Amour” for Coral is a two-sided hit . . . One of the better Calypso tunes is “Hold ‘Em Joe” by Harry Belafonte for Victor. He backs it nicely with a folk song, “I’m Just A Country Boy” . . .

**Grab Bag**

Arthur Godfrey’s “Soft Squeeze, Baby” and “June, Spoon, Moon” are typical tongue-in-cheek tunes for the easy-going wag . . . “Crazy Mixed Up Song” and “Lonesome,” by Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy for Essex, are an entertaining coupling well worth having, “Crazy Mixed Up Song” being one of the year’s best novelty numbers . . . Joe “Fingers” Carr, with a grand assist from the Carr-Hoops, whacks out “Until Sunrise” and “Humoresque” on his upright ragtime piano for a wonderful Capitol disc . . . You’ll stop fuming about Frank Sinatra’s antics, we hope, after hearing his delightful Capitol album, “Songs For Young Lovers” . . .
what hollywood itself is talking about!

(Continued from page 11)

another circus picture. Their film is
called "The Biggest Flop On Earth" so
you can guess the name of the one they
satirized without too much brain-strain.

Prior to her return to active show busi-
ness, Ella Logan gave the town some of
its best entertainment at private parties.
At the veddy social Frank Tack's, this
Scotch miss gave out with numbers as if
she were a juke box, followed by Eileen
Farrell, the opera-recording-radio star,
who was in Hollywood briefly. Then
Ella tossed herself a birthday shindig
that just wouldn't quit. One of the most
spectacular birthday gifts Ella received
was from Liz Whitney, who walked in
with the largest bottle of champagne a
gal could carry—it was almost as big as
Ella. One of the nicest and most at-
tractive gals at the party, and the center
of attention, was the very courageous
Boní Beuhler, all done up in mink and
evening dress. The boys flock around
this wonderful gal, who hopes to be
walking before long.

Attracting as much attention as the
ballet stars when the Ballet Theatre paid
Hollywood a visit, was the 1927 vintage
Rolls Royce which showed up in front of
the Philharmonic Auditorium. Swarms
of curious people flocked around the car,
which is owned by the extremely hand-
some Charles Davis, of the fabulously
wealthy Hawaiian Davis family. Charles,
a talented singer-pianist, spent some
three thousand dollars bringing the old
car back to life and it commands more
attention than the new Mercedes-Benz
that Gary Cooper recently imported from
Italy.

Tell you—it's easy for Guy Madison to
get around town with his various dates
because practically nobody recognizes
him in his city clothes. Guy, slim and
trim, usually wears the conventional
dark blue suits, white shirts, black ties—
a far cry from his Wild Bill Hickok
garb, so it's like he had on a disguise.

It was a sad thing that Hollywood
heard when a woman filed suit against
Suzan Ball for an automobile accident
which occurred before Suzan lost the
fight and had to have her leg amputated.
However, Suzan's learning to walk again
and should be Mrs. Richard Long by the
time you read this. She'll go right along
with her career, too.

—

NEW!

You Review the Movies!

Read all about it in the
July issue of
SCREENLAND plus TV-LAND
on sale June 4

DRY

underarms
have no odor

DRY

underarms
can't stain

only FRESH has this
"Moisture-Shield" formula
to keep underarms DRY!

For sure protection, and for long-
lasting protection, you can trust gentle,
new Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Fresh has a special "Moisture-Shield"
formula. Tests in a leading university
laboratory show that new Fresh has up
to 180% greater astringent action than
other leading cream deodorants. It's
this astringent action that keeps your
underarms dry.

• Trust your loveliest clothes to Fresh.
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• Be lovely to love always—use Fresh
  Cream Deodorant every day.

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EXCLUSIVE MOVIE GOSSIP
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

to quell the riot. The private nurse who had been on the sound stages of “Star Is Born” every day, quit and walked out. It looks as though Judy is headed for more stormy weather, and her biography has been full of it.

Virginia Burroughs, one of Greta Garbo’s close friends, arrived in Hollywood and took the town by storm with her lavish parties—most of them tossed in honor of handsome, young Michael Rayhill who is being groomed for starring roles on the Universal-International lot. There’s no fanfare on the Rayhill grooming, but screen tests are said to have proven the actor to be a combination of Gregory Peck and Rock Hudson. He’ll be called in for immediate work if and when Tony Curtis decides to take a suspension. Meanwhile, Piper Laurie, Lori Nelson and Joanne Gilbert have been casting appreciative glances in Rayhill’s direction...

Phil Silvers, the “Top Banana” star, and Judy Lynn, who sang in the same film, were at odds over the comics’ ventures to Audrey Hepburn in New York. But La Lynn had nothing to worry about, the lovely Audrey is thoroughly smitten with Mel Ferrer and doesn’t care who knows it. The Silvers-Lynn duetting has resumed and may wind up at the altar...

Gilbert Roland’s long-lashed romantic glances are aimed at Patricia McCormick, the lady bullfighter...

...John Hodiak has been playing the field, romantically speaking—from Claudette Thornton to Natalie Schaeffer to Nina Foch—despite the rumors that he hopes to reconcile with Anne Baxter...

Three of Red Buttons’ writers are ready to pack up and head for the booby hatch. The funnyman’s temperament is just too exhausting to take. The trio of script writers have already announced they will not be part of the comedian’s pending Hollywood movie assignment...

Singer Guy Mitchell offended some of the best people in Houston, Texas, during what was supposed to be a goodwill junket to that city to arouse interest in Paramount’s “Red Garters” premiere. His only quotable bit of chit chat at a chic soiree in the Hotel Shamrock’s Cork Club was, “Where are the dames?”...

Kathryn Grayson’s contract for her singing stint at the Sahara in Las Vegas had a clause stipulating that “anyone upsetting her emotionally is to be evicted from the room.” But it turned out she didn’t need the protection even when ex-husband Johnny Johnston ringside with his newest bride, Shirley Carmel...

Aly Khan had New York and Los Angeles newspapers flown to him daily in the South of France in order to keep him up-to-date on Rita Hayworth’s troubles in her new marriage to Dick Haymes. Some of Aly’s friends thought his Highness still would have taken her back if he could have gotten her, before Gene Tierney, that is...

Cleo Moore and Melinda Markey are at the looking-daggers stage, all because they both think Lance Fuller is a dreamboat...

The only tiffing Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz admit to concerns the offer made Desi to star in the soon-to-be-produced film about Marco Polo. Lucy feels they are such a great success together neither one should do anything alone...

Joni James, the MGM Records star, received $10,000 for a single week’s singing engagement at the Town Casino in Buffalo. Shelley Winters has only been offered half that fee for a similar engagement, because she’s now considered “a risky booking”...

Some of the top brass at a famed steamship company were put on the carpet trying to explain how a movie company incorporated the firm’s name into the title of a questionble flicker. The highly controversial film has caused the shipping concern no end of embarrassment...

Debbie Reynolds has shifted her attentions to Dr. Michael Flynn—no kin to Errol—and both Tab Hunter and Bob Wagner couldn’t be more chagrined. The boys are worried, since Debbie has always been the perfect foil for their cafe-barbecue-premiere doings...

Janice Mars, a youthful New York songstress, is the belle Marlon Brando prefers...

MGM is tempting Eleanor Holm Rose with an offer for her life story—the early part, anyway. They want it as a screen vehicle for Esther Williams; who else?...

Francot Tone bought Mona Knoz tickets to a different Broadway show every evening to keep her busy until he finished his chores in the play, “Oh, Men! Oh, Women!”...
Clark Gable is still saying no to all offers made to him by Broadway stage producers. His intensely practical reaction to the legitimate theatre is "too much work for not enough money" .

Ralph Meeker was all set to quit the cast of "Picnic" and take over the starring role in "The Pajama Game" in the part declined by Van Johnson, but the producers couldn't meet his salary and billing demands. He's continuing his singing and dancing lessons, hoping for the second male lead in MGM's forthcoming Gene Kelly-Dolores Gray filmusical.

Voodoo and witchcraft rituals in dim-lit cellars in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Hollywood are becoming popular with film players. The "stick-a-pin-in-a-doll" sessions are drawing standee gawkers Coast-to-Coast .

Hildegarde Neff has a fatal fascination for married movie actors. The latest to fall under her spell is a British flicker star who makes most of his millions in Hollywood .

Van Johnson's recent dizzy spells are a source of concern to his chums. His constant bickering in public with wife Evie isn't helping make his life happier. Intimates say their bickering out loud concerns a very famous stage and screen actress whose name would make your eyes bulge .

Since Arthur Godfrey fired Julius La Rosa, the youthful singer's earnings to date have passed the $200,000 mark, with more to come from Hollywood screen assignments .

Danny Kaye is thinking of turning producer early next year—the stage show to be a Broadway musical with Irving Berlin songs and Danny in the show as the star. The plot would be based on the life and times of Antoine, the celebrated Paris hairdresser .

Miriam Franklin held out on the reconciliation bit with Gene Nelson just to teach him a lesson, but there will never be anyone else in the world for her, and What Can You Do About Love? .

Monique Van Vooren stepped out of the cast of the Broadway musical revue, "Almanac," the week before the show's producers, Harry Rigby and Michael Grace, made a picture deal to have the show produced on film a la "New Faces" and "Top Banana." When Monique heard of the pending Hollywood version she tried to get back into the cast, but producers Rigby and Grace weren't having any of it, and the Van Vooren lass is now shopping around for another crack at Movietown .

Americans in Rome these days say there are almost as many movie stars on hand there as in Hollywood. Among the visitors from Hollywood are Edmond O'Brien and his wife Olga San Juan. Eddie's in "The Barefoot Contessa" with Ava Gardner and Humphrey Bogart—but on the days he is off, the O'Briens go roamin' in Rome!
Can Charlton Heston’s marriage survive?

...even though he and his lovely wife live a world apart? Is their love strong enough to bridge the 2000 miles between Hollywood and Chicago... movies and television?

Find out how this glamorous and successful young couple made marriage and their conflicting careers pay double dividends.

read:

“I Married An Actress” in the exciting June issue of Silver Screen Magazine

only 15c

Now on sale at newsstands
It's not easy to grow up, to go gracefully into dating without being self-conscious and awkward. Piper, like millions of other girls, found this out the hard way.

"That's why to me," Piper explains, "it is so important that young people know how to get along with the opposite sex, know how to act, what to say.

"I wasn't considered very popular in high school. I guess I was too shy. I didn't know the glib, bright things to say. Sometimes if you were a girl with a 'personality' you wore your boy friend's sweater. You might look awful in it, but you were popular! Well, I didn't wear any boy's sweater. One day, a girl who was considered 'the end' and one who belonged to the 'right' crowd came over to me in school and said very seriously, oh, very seriously, 'Rosetta, we think you're awfully cute, but you don't have much of a personality!

"She didn't explain what she meant by a personality, and I never knew just what kind of a personality I didn't have."

The qualities that make us so irresistible as teen-agers are not the qualities that are necessarily attractive in maturity. Certainly Piper Laurie is proof of that. As a teenager, Piper didn't date often, and when she did she dated sensibly.

"It's healthy, normal and right that young people of fourteen and fifteen should want to date. It's good for them to have fun—like school dances, playing records, going to the movies.

"Of course," Piper continues, "there are all kinds of characters in the world. There are many teen-age boys who are rude, disrespectful and most unpleasant, and if a girl is too young she doesn't know how to cope with them. I never ran into this sort of unpleasantness, because first of all, I always wanted my parents to meet the boy. And if a boy is willing to meet your family, you can be sure he's not rude or wild or anything like that. I think you attract the type of person you are yourself. During my college years, I can honestly say I never bumped into one of those 'reckless, ruthless, villainous males'! Maybe little Rosetta Jacobs was too 'square.'"

"I suppose," Piper concludes, "all those girls who are so popular in high school get married and live happily ever after!"

And the ones they thought were "squares"... they turned into beautiful and glamorous movie stars!
"I've decided," he went on, "that the contestants' ability moves in cycles. The best are the newlyweds. Why they're so capable, I don't know. On the other hand, people who've been married for five years, or so, are apt to be quite nervous on the show. But the couples who've been married for thirty-five or forty years breeze through things—perhaps because they're used to life's attacks."

You've probably taken Bud's easy handling of the "Clock" festivities pretty much for granted—right? Actually, he's carrying an awful lot in his head—and no script to help. Must remember to say this, must not say that. Every stunt has to be sharply etched up-top in Mr. C., and there are always the slipups, the possible doovers, he's said, even in his sleep, by every emcee.

Bud is a Williams graduate, has a law degree from Fordham. He switched from lawyer, to singer, to actor (Superman was his role for twelve years), to radio announcer ("Catalecle Of America").

His wife is the former Marian Shockley, who used to be a big-time radio actress. The Collyers have three children, Patricia, Cynthia Ann, and Michael (ages sixteen, fourteen, twelve). The family is at the mercy of one Siamese cat, two canaries, one parakeet and two miniature French poodles.

At the start of his career, Bud was sometimes known as the brother of movie-queen June Collyer. When June married Stu Irwin and retired, Bud continued on and up, as before, but minus the references to June. Now June is making a comeback via the TV show in which she co-stars with Stu. "They're doing nicely," says Bud, of whom June is the sister of . . .

Since Bud does get into so many of the nation's homes every week, you'll be glad to know a few more nice facts about him. First, he doesn't call lady contestants dear, or darling, a la night clubs. And he's the kind of pal who helps radio-TV newcomers quietly, no fanfare. Faced with his crime, he admits, "When I was starting, a couple of producers called me, out of the blue, gave me work. When I asked how come, they said that Charlie Cantor (actor), and some others, had put in a good word for me. I'm simply paying the favor along."

Here's final proof that Bud is a super-emcee. When Jan Murray's "Dollar A Second" was newly on the TV-air, Jan ran into a spot of trouble on the show, promptly yelled, "Warm up Bud Collyer!"

"I was watching that night," says Bud, with a big grin, "nearly fell out of my chair laughing when he (Jan) said that. He's a swell guy, and we've talked a lot about his show since then. He's really caught the spirit of it, is doing a marvelous job."

As indeed Jan is, but, even so, when things got all smaried up on a recent Sunday show, what do you think he did? He looked at the camera, and yelled, "Send for Bud Collyer!"

A sound idea for anyone in the mood to make a TV star a member of the family.

Call for Collyer...
potent loss of concentration. But in fifteen years of Broadway stage managing, I have seldom worked with a player who accepted criticism in a healthier fashion than did Marlon; and I have met few actors more devoted to their profession.

Backstage at the Barrymore, we were familiar with Brando’s “eccentricities” long before they were publicized in magazines and gossip columns. His casual habits of dress; his “Bohemian” apartment; his unusual pets; his motorcycle; his “entourage” of admirers; the manner in which he figuratively tweaked the noses of pompous interviewers and the overly curious—all these characteristics were part and parcel of the young man we knew—and whom we came to love.

I cannot recall that many writers of that era mentioned Marlon’s humility, his affectionate attitude toward his coworkers, his loyalty to friends, his quick defense of the under-dog, his personal generosity, or his unfluffled good nature in some very trying situations of the type that occur in the backstage world. But those things are true, too, and should be part of a portrait of Brando the person.

After Marlon went to Hollywood, I saw him infrequently. When I did run into him, it was only briefly—and there was little opportunity for me to learn if his experiences in pictures had changed him.

I had read and discounted most of the yarns that were printed about him. But I had a hunch that Marlon hadn’t changed, basically, despite his great success. Still—one can never be certain.

Shortly after it was announced that Elia Kazan would shoot Budd Schulberg’s new script, “On The Waterfront,” in the New York area, I received a call from the director’s office asking me to stand by to play in the film.

Naturally, I was elated to work with Kazan again—and with other old friends: Karl Malden and Rudy Bond from the original “Streetcar” cast—and, of course, with Brando, who stars in the picture.

It was a damp, raw day when I was summoned to location in Hoboken, New Jersey, for my first work on the movie.

Looking for Kazan I ran into Brando. He wore a typical longshoreman’s outfit, complete with leather jacket and high, laced shoes. A wardrobe man was “aging” Marlon’s shoes for the camera; daubing them with paint that quickly caked to resemble mud. Brando’s face looked strangely different beneath his “pancake” movie make-up. I discovered that both his upper eyelids had been puffed out with putty just beneath the brows, to give the effect of a countenance that had survived several brawls.

All at once, Marlon looked up. He recognized me. With a shout, he flung his arms around me in a rough-and-tumble bear-hug. He clapped me affectionately on the back—and I had no doubt of the genuineness of his greeting, and very little doubt that this was indeed the Brando of pre-Hollywood days.

Marlon spoke of his plans—his hopes. He reviewed his fondness for travel; earnestly stressing the fact that he felt he had learned much about people and the world during his trips to Europe.

I next saw Brando in the basement chapel of the Hoboken Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where my own acting was done for the film. I was impressed again, as I had been during our theatrical days together, with Marlon’s approach to his work. Although he conveys utter naturalness on screen, Marlon is a “thinking” actor at all times.

A few days after we finished “On The Waterfront,” Brando was in headlines again; this time because of his flight from “The Egyptian.” And once more the conjectures were hurled, and the customary Brando questions were traded in the open market: is he wilfully unreliable? is he confused, neurotic, an escapist?

I do not pretend to be able to sit in judgment, to say that Marlon is clearly wrong or right. But I do think I have one of the answers to the Brando questions.

For me, evaluating the recent Brando headlines in view of long association with the actor, I should say that a new dimension has come to light in the many-sided character the public has come to know as Marlon Brando. This freshly-viewed quality has always been latent in Marlon’s make-up. I have a notion that whatever lies behind Marlon’s latter-day decisions, there is also to be found a very special kind of personal courage.

I believe the greatest chapters of The Brando Story are yet to be written. END

HOLLYWOOD’S MYSTERY GIRL

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

It was while she was in Egypt that rumors started about a romance between her and her co-star, Robert Taylor.

“Bob and I both expected there would be romance talk—Egypt is supposed to be a romance background—and we were only surprised it didn’t start sooner,” Eleanor grins. “But this time the old bromide is truly true—I assure you we’re just good friends. We don’t date at all. Bob dates Ursula Thiess and I go out with several different friends.”

Lighting a cigarette—she hasn’t yet accompany such a sharp break in a life.

“It was fortunate that two days after I got my divorce I had to leave for Egypt on location for ‘Valley Of The Kings,’” Eleanor comments. “I was gone two months and I worked constantly so all this helped me in the readjustment. It was a great help to bury myself in my work. It forced my mind off personal problems. With all that there was to cope with on a location in Egypt there just wasn’t much time for me to concentrate on myself.”

The background of romantic Egypt brought rumors of romance when Bob Taylor and Eleanor Parker went there for their new film . . . All unfounded, says El!
made up her mind to stop smoking—and smiling softly she says, “Let’s just say for the record that I’m not now in any serious romantic frame of mind. The only things I’m concentrating on are my children and my work, the things I really love.

“I spend a lot of time with Susan, Sharon, and Richard,” she beams. “They’re five and a half, three, and a half, and one and a half. And if I do say so myself, they’re good children—and very well behaved. I don’t think I spoil them—at least, I hope I don’t. I have little use for this progressive business, the modern psychology in the bringing up of youngsters that stresses the theory of ‘Let them express themselves.’ I don’t think I over-stress discipline either. I try to reason with them. I don’t just say ‘No.’ I give them reasons for the things I ask of them. I think I succeed in looking at my children objectively and yet I know I give them all the love and attention and affection they should have.”

Eleanor is a most accomplished mother but she would be the last person to say that she is domestically inclined. The business of cleaning house, washing the dishes, and the other chores of the housewife hold no interest for her.

“I love the home circle,” she went on, “but I’m better at managing a household than I am at doing the actual duties. I don’t care much about eating. I can be perfectly content with a cheeseburger and a milk shake at a drive-in. All the fancy foods and steaks give me no great thrill. I think it will be delightful when the day comes when you can just take pills for your food.”

As busy as she is now, signed to make three pictures a year, this kind of eating would suit Eleanor’s schedule. She made her biggest hit yet in the wonderful Nicholas Nayfack Western, “Escape From Fort Bravo.”

“It’s difficult to keep on an even keel in Hollywood and not to go off balance,” she says sincerely. “You have to keep a level head and your feet on the ground. It’s quite a temptation to think you deserve all the attention you get, and to be impressed by the concern everyone has for you. Stars are made to feel important by the exaggerated attention shown them night and day. You have to remember that once you start believing your own publicity, you’ve had it.

“This doesn’t mean you have to think you’re nothing. It’s silly to be falsely modest. You have to take pride in what you’re doing and feel that you’re contributing something. You have to believe you’re worthwhile. But, at the same time, you have to remind yourself constantly that this business can get along without you any day. There is no such thing as the indispensable star.”

See now why Eleanor Parker is the mystery girl? Her un-Hollywood philosophy, so atypical of a movie queen, and her unpublicized private life combine to keep her pretty much in a class by herself in this town of extroverts and headline-seekers. And when a girl doesn’t recognize her own photographs, you know the movie star in her is a mystery even to herself.
color to fit in with his Cad. Rather from heels to ankle. His toes were quite bare.
I was scarcely seated in the Caddy when Scott said, "Look, why don't you just observe instead of asking silly ques-
tions? A man can't answer how he lives, he just lives."
He pondered a moment. "And don't ask any questions about why I'm not mar-
ried. I'm moody, temperamental, jealous and extravagant. And I need a
wife like I need a hole in the head. Be-
sides who'd want to marry me?"
I made a rapid mental note of a few
dozen girls who swooned at the mention of his
name.
"I've got a career to think of. Things are just starting, really. Up to now I
haven't had a role you could call a role."
Abruptly he stopped the car. We were
near a playground and a couple of five-
year-olds were making like Tarzan on the
swings and jungle bars.
The tough bachelor watched them with
a wistful look in his eye. "Look at those
little devils," he smiled, "Not a care in
the world. Must be nice to have a couple
of those."
Then he caught himself, laughed sharply,
and maintained that he was a lone
man once again.
After three or four turns on up the
hill, the lone traveler and his companion
stopped in front of a house almost lost in
the isolation of the Hollywood Hills. It
was one of those low modern designs
with a huge picture window looking out
upon the patio. Inside the furnishings
were completely contemporary. Wrought
iron lamps, trim lounge chairs, a TV con-
sole, and a phonograph that, of all things,
had a nostalgic scratch.
He made big gestures showing me the
place, then collapsed in a chair and re-
marked, "This place is okay, but you
should have seen the place I had in
Westwood. It was completely decorated
by the designer at 20th Century-Fox."
And then a little sadly, "But I had to
move. Some pretty straight-laced, prud-
ish people owned the apartment house.
Well, sometimes I don't feel like going
out. So I'll call up a girl and invite her
over for dinner. I'll cook and we'll play
some records, watch TV and just spend
a quiet evening.
"So the landlady comes up to me and
says, 'Mr. Brady, it appears that you are
entertaining young ladies in your apart-
ment.'"
"'Sure,' says I, 'I love to cook. Crazy
about it. And I like to have a companion
for dinner.'"
"That's shocking," says she, "it's sin-
ful, absolutely sinful, for a single man
to entertain young ladies so late in
the evening. We'll have to ask you to stop it."
"So I moved," Scott finished abruptly.
He kept on being annoyed while he
strode out to the kitchen and started
opening cans. "How about some lunch?"
It seemed I was going to have some
lunch.
He dished up canned boned turkey,
tuna fish, cream of split pea soup made
with water, and beer.
"You eat rather casually," I remarked.
"Darn right," said Scott. "A wife would
make a big production out of it. Me? All
I need is a can opener. Eat when and
how I want to eat. I send my clothes to
the laundry when I please. I've got
even to let 'em pile up. Get up when
I please and go to sleep when I please."
He had mentioned a wife. But before
I could say a thing ... the phone again.
He was out of the room in a flash.
A minute later he was back. "Friend
of mine in the fight game. He managed
to get a couple of hard-to-get tickets
for me for a big fight coming up next
week."
I was very happy for him and said so
and then settled down to find out what
Scott thinks of girls.
But I lost him. He was at the phone
again. I wandered into the living room
after him. There was a gleam in his eye
on top of his bald head.
"A half a dozen calls later and he'd
finally tracked down Kim Novak, who
was busy shooting stills at the studio.
"Hi, Honey. Scott ... Scott Brady of
course.
"Do you like fights? Great! I've got a
pair of seats for the big fight Thursday.
Figured we could get together and make
a night of it.
"Oh, can't make it? Well, okay. Talk
to you soon."
Scott hung up and smiled. "That's the
kind of a girl I like. No hedging. No
playing coy. She's got a date. Booked up.
And she says so right off. Doesn't waste
any time. Direct. I was direct too. Didn't
ask her what night she could make it.
I'll call again. If she's free, fine. If not
some other time."
I got the idea. He liked girls who said
what they had to say without diversion-
ary tactics, promotions for future dates
or apologies for not being able to accept.
"Take this word for word," Scott said.
"I don't like most dates. They cost you
money and are usually a waste of time.
And they're not deductible. Now how
about my making some scrambled eggs?"
"Too soon after lunch," I said. But he
was in the kitchen already. This was a
continuation of lunch.
Scott made some scrambled eggs and
answered the phone again. He chatted
for awhile and asked about several peo-
ple, Liz Whitney included. When he hung
up he asked, "Know Liz?"
"Liz who?"
"Liz Whitney."
I remarked that I knew of her.
"Liz may be a blue blood," Scott said.
"but she's no snob. For instance, some
columnist made the remark that she was
getting so fat she could fit into Andy De-
vine's blue jeans. You know what Liz
did? Invited the columnist and everyone
else to a huge formal party and then
turned up in Andy's blue jeans!"
Scott laughed uproariously at the story.
It was obvious that one of the things h...
“my husband’s love was not enough!”

“I had a beautiful home, two wonderful children and a devoted husband who denied me nothing. But I wasn’t satisfied. I longed for excitement, glamour, thrills! For one reckless, terrifying night I got my wish...and regretted it the rest of my life.”

READ:

“I AM A GUILT-HAUNTED WIFE”...

the true-to-life story of a woman who learned too late—the meaning of love.

IT’S IN:

True Life STORIES MAGAZINE

now on sale at newsstands
Russell—for Jane agreed with the censors who took similar action on a dance she did in "French Line." What Debra's mother thought is unknown, but Debra spoke out for herself and called the dance the highlight of the picture.

There used to be pictures of Debra at publicity parties and premiers—accompanied by her mother—and Debra's own statements that she has so much fun at home with her family that she has no time for men. But Hollywood no longer believes her, and the reason is plain. Sex has entered the picture, and physically Debra has all the attributes of exciting young men.

All through the history of show business, there runs the problem of the parents of young stars: how much influence should they exert in the lives of their gifted children? Debra Paget is not the only young star whose parents have been sincerely concerned over her development.

There are Debbie Reynolds, and Joan Evans, and Pier Angeli—and Elizabeth Taylor, Betty Grable and Lana Turner. And the place of the parents with all these stars has depended upon the personality of the individual girl.

What is the truth about Debra Paget's relationship with her mother? Hollywood is beginning to wonder if Mrs. Griffin hasn't played altogether too large a part in Debra's decisions.

It's a charming picture for Debra to have been so completely engulfed in the bosom of her family—but, say the marriage experts, it's the worst possible preparation for life and marriage.

"Any American girl is expected to know her way around," says one such counselor. "Because we believe in normal social relations between boys and girls, American girls are expected to be able to tell the difference between 'crushes,' flirtations, and sincere love."

"We make it easy for our youngsters to know the faults and virtues of the opposite sex, so that a girl has some guideposts in making up her mind for her life's partner," he elaborates. "We've learned that in our society, marriages will be stultifier if a boy isn't something strange—undeniably glamorous—to a girl."

Will Debra's mother direct her daughter's life in this important choice, as she has directed every other decision? Signs say she will not—that Debra is beginning to think for herself. Debra has a new glint in her eyes, these days. Debra speaks softly of "love at first sight;" she looks demure and fingers a huge diamond ring on the appropriate finger, but "it's all a big secret, just yet."

On one thing, everyone who knows her is agreed: Debra Paget is a thoroughly normal, healthy and beautiful young woman with considerable talent. No such girl can remain forever under parental domination.

Already Debra is trying to think and act for herself. There are hints that Mrs. Paget may be giving up the idea of guiding young woman, with a will of her own.

One of Debra's studio hairdressers confides, "I could be sorry for Mrs. Griffin. She may be heading for a terrible break-up which will make both her and Debra Paget unhappy."

"Everyone is different from everyone else," she says. "Debbie Reynolds, for instance, has a family that always helped and encouraged her to live a perfectly normal healthy life. And Pier Angeli's family did the same thing, actually—but since they had the European idea, it seemed as though Pier were held down."

"Still, all Mrs. Pierangeli did was to insist that her daughter was to grow up along the lines they'd have followed if they were still in Italy—and Pier understood that, because it was something normal and accustomed for her, with her background."

"Mrs. Griffin is completely different," finishes the hairdresser. "Sometimes I wouldn't have known Debra had a voice at all—except that I heard it when I went to the movies!"

"Perhaps Debra's mother knows best for Debra, despite what other people believe," she points out. "Perhaps the reason she took more hand in Debra's affairs is that Debra needed and wanted it that way."

But as Debra takes her first unsure steps toward her own independence, Hollywood is hoping the Griffin family will help her to be self-sufficient—to know how to behave, and when to behave, while she is still young enough to learn these lessons thoroughly. For all Hollywood is hoping Debra will become the successful star everyone expects her to be.
len, who was visiting her husband, sent over a bottle of smelling salts just as Janet was passing out. And there was that horrible moment when a horse backed into her and sent her sprawling into a pile of rubbish. She burst out laughing!

If I may say this, Tony, I don't think even you are aware of certain extenuating circumstances. I mean, you were away at the time and Janet being Janet, I'm sure minimized everything in her letters to you. Her grandmother was very ill, as you know. At the end of each hard day, Janet rushed home to cook dinner for her grandmother and then sat at her bedside singing songs that had soothing effect.

I didn't know that Janet had majored in music. After singing around at hospitals, I'm told, her first ambition was to become a musical therapist. For days after losing her grandmother there was a hurt look in Janet's eyes. We all knew she was grief-sticken, but so typical, she never gave into her feelings around others.

I'm convinced there must be some rare hundred-year-old quality inside of the girl you married, Tony. Otherwise, how could anyone so young and modern have such mellowed appreciation for character in others? Her other grandmother, for example. "She's in her eighties," Janet explained with great feeling, "she's been blind most of her life, and she's such an inspiration to me because she's always helped herself." In my book, Tony, that's pretty nice thinking.

Yes, my friend, you really called your shots in that open letter to me. Janet did teach me how to play Scrabble. I do have one of those Sunbeam coffee makers in my dressing room, and that's where the gang gathered between takes. Of course everyone walked out after they'd had their coffee, everyone but your favorite housewife that is. Janet washed the cups and put everything in order again. In fact she always seemed to be doing what needed to be done. It's my guess that your home must really be a home.

When the picture was finally finished, it was like you said, Tony. Working with Janet is an experience one can't forget and I won't. Then something happened a few weeks later which I'm sure you'll appreciate too. A magazine ran a pictorial spread on "Prince Valiant!" and my name was omitted from the copy. It would have been helpful to have it in, but I honestly wasn't upset. Then I happened to meet one of the magazine's staff members at a party. He told me that Janet had written them a letter of protest in my behalf. Now how about that girl? As I said before, I don't believe she's for real.

We haven't seen each other since the picture finished and I'm sure sorry. But I've been to New York twice for the studio and now I'm getting ready to start "Broken Lance." I know how busy you two always are and it must have been a ball with you and Janet working together again in "Black Shield Of Falworth." As you know, we did try to get together a couple of time but that's the way things are in Hollywood.

Anyway, the important thing is to remain friends, I believe. And I believe we always will. Someday I think it would be great if we could make a picture together. How about it, Tony? And you know who'd be my number one choice for a leading lady! I'm sure you won't fight me on this, chum—and in case you see her before I do, how about putting in a good word? In the meantime and until we meet again, my best to you both.

Always,
Bob

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to Spanish and Portuguese. Furthermore, the social life was more akin to that of Paris than it was to any other place in which Gene had lived. At a formal party one night she met a lithe, dark, vivid man who appeared to be extremely popular with the entire guest list, and who made it a point to turn those with whom he had started the evening as a stranger into friends.

Covertly, Gene studied him, thinking, ‘That gentleman is dangerous. He has, in abundance, that fatal and indescribable fascination that it was time she parted company with.’

He was the Prince Aly Khan.

He telephoned Gene several times after their first meeting and asked her to be his guest at dinner, at the races, at the theatre. Gene said no thank you, and after awhile the maid explained to the princess that it was time for her to return to work.

Gene returned to Hollywood briefly, then moved on to England to make ‘Never Let Me Go’ opposite Clark Gable. As fate would have it, the Prince Aly Khan returned to England approximately the same time. Again he asked for a series of dates; again he heard ‘no’ with urbanity.

Gene completed that film, went, and went to Paris to vacation. At a party one night she had reached a condition of monumental boredom when a friend, Liz Whitman, arrived by in the arms of Prince Aly. Called Liz over her partner’s shoulder, ‘We can’t figure out why you won’t give this guy a date when we think he’s terrific.’

What is a girl to do? Gene danced with Aly and agreed to see a play with him. After that special evening there were trips to the tracks to watch Aly’s thoroughbreds run, and trips to the Irish ranch where the colts and fillies that will carry the racing colors of the Aga Khan are born, broken, and trained.

It was a breathless experience. Gene decided that she was not ready to polish her horseback riding form; she hadn’t ridden (except in some of the ‘Way Of A Gaucho’ sequences) since school days “and even then wasn’t the best rider in the world.”

Back in Paris, Gene and Aly spent long afternoons on the antique-hunting expeditions that Gene adores. During one of these shop-prowling experiences Aly spotted an antique bracelet with matching earrings that he bought, over protest, for Gene.

On Gene’s birthday, November 19, one of her gifts from Aly was a dazzling ring consisting of a multi-carat center diamond surrounded by smaller stones. Gene began to wear it on the third finger of her RIGHT hand.

Even so, this awakened speculation as to whether Gene would become the third Princess Aly Khan. When reporters placed the question to Aly and he smiled and said “No comment.” They had no comment in Paris or in London. Gene had no comment in New York, or upon her arrival via air in Hollywood.

At luncheon, just before Gene started work on “The Egyptian,” I asked her what she had missed most while she had been overseas. She thought about it for several moments before she said, head tipped to one side, “Actually, I don’t remember anything specific. New York seemed unchanged to me when I returned. Yes, there is a new building going up here and there, but the New Yorkers were back in their old spots. The same is true of Hollywood. I hadn’t been here two days before I felt I had never been away. Of course I’m just now seeing ‘From Here To Eternity’ and ‘Singin’ In The Rain,’ and I haven’t played Scrabble and I don’t know some of the great new-comers at the studio. The usual indications are that away —she is deeply and sincerely in love; and that, as she said several years ago, marriage is a Cadillac, a wonderful way to move around the world.

Whichever way Gene may decide—during these months she is taking a thoughtful second look at love—all Hollywood is hopeful it will be the right decision for her.

Keep your eye on the newstands for—

DORIS DAY, the vivacious singing star of the Warner Brothers’ musical, "Lucky Me" . . . . she’ll be smiling at you from the cover of July SCREENLAND plus TV-LAND . . . . on sale June 4th
jets. We feel good when we're high in the sky."

Hmmm, I thought to myself. I'd walked into that. Any moment my three-and-a-half-year-old son would be suggesting I bravely take off into outer space with him in a cadet suit. I quickly changed the subject. In the new movie with Jimmy I do not shiver ridiculously at every mention of planes, I hope!

Jimmy, for all his small-town start and casual air, is a city man. He and Gloria and their four children want to be close to the schools, fire department, and the stores, so their lovely English home isn't far out like my fiancé Richard and I picked. The Stewarts live with exquisite taste. Everything is done well in their home. There is a sense of dignity, and tradition, and still they are informal. Gloria, who teaches Sunday School, serves dinner by candlelight. But then Jimmy had his housekeeper do the same back during the Stewarts' early years. On the last day of shooting on all of my pictures Richard usually shows up, and I do the same on his. I took our two children with me to the final day on "Susan Slept Here." Richard was doing a love scene with Debbie Reynolds when we arrived. Suddenly he was so bashful Debbie broke it up by saying, "Are you kidding?" When she welcomed me she added, "I hope he's not this way at home!" Richard almost blushed, and exclaimed, "My children are watching me!" We departed. Gloria Stewart, who is such a magnificent wife for Jimmy away from his movies, visited him as briefly.

I've made three films with Richard, too. When we see the rushes of the previous day's work he pays little attention to himself; he's too anxious to note the over-all effect. Jimmy won't even go to see how he's done because he is too embarrassed to look at himself!

I'm never embarrassed with Jimmy because we know we're only acting. With Richard there's always the feeling of pretending to be someone I'm not. That's why love scenes are more difficult with your real husband, in a studio. How can Richard believe I'm this fictional character? How will an audience accept us when we've been married away from this story? It's a spur to be more convincing, but then I get fidgety. I haven't the ambivalence of either Jimmy or Richard.

The two men, for all their likenesses and differences, are superior husbands, in my estimation. I know Gloria Stewart doesn't want to be an actress, but if she did I'm positive she'd be great opposite Richard in his next picture. My husband is so busy both producing and directing "The Conquerors," with John Wayne and Susan Hayward, at RKO, that he can't tell me when he'll get back to acting again. I'd love to land the role of his next leading lady—either with him before or behind the camera.

I'd better jot that down on my memo pad so I can subtly suggest this to him straightforwardly tonight!
“The Man With A Million” for J. Arthur Rank. It was as simple as that. And it would be so good for both of them to see each other again, Greta pointed out. Especially for Greg, whose Christmas otherwise would be a lonesome, dreary affair. She didn’t say anything about facing her own Christmas without Greg, and now without Jonathan too. Nor did she suggest the alternative that Greg could just as easily fly home for the holidays and make it a real Christmas for everybody with all of them together.

What do people say about a woman like that, so selfless that she thinks of everyone except herself? Hollywood found new adjectives for Greta. Words, like understanding and generous. “She’s the sort of person who grows up under trouble and sorrow,” one of her friends said recently. “Instead of becoming bitter, her unhappiness has given her only strength and tolerance.”

But has Greta Peck really changed? The answer of course lies in the sort of woman Greta was when she first came to Hollywood as the wife of its most spectacular new star, Gregory Peck. And to really understand Greta, it is important to understand the rest of that unchartered sorority of which she automatically became a member, that group officially known as Hollywood wives.

Now there are wives in Hollywood who come under a different category altogether. Wives like Goldwyn, Virginia Zanuck, who once were stars themselves and who are forces to reckon with in their husband’s organizations. There are wives like Brenda Holden and Frances Dee McCrea who willingly gave up their successful careers when they married. Then, of course, there are women like Sylvile Skelton and Edna, the first Mrs. Red Skelton, who have contributed almost as much to their husband’s careers as those talented zanies have themselves. Not to speak of women like Rocky Cooper and Gloria Stewart, whose social backgrounds are glamorous enough to impress even the Hollywood top echelons.

It isn’t women like these we are talking about now. It’s the unknown married to celebrities, the non-professional wives of Hollywood’s most successful men, the producers, the directors, and the stars. And of all them, it is the wives of the stars who are the most tragic. They are the women who have to spend their lives in the backwash of their husbands’ popularity, the women who have no importance beyond their husband’s fame. They are the women who figure so low in the movie colony’s uncompromising code that dinner parties invariably find them seated among their host’s visiting relatives or members of that other below-the-wall-group, otherwise known as Hollywood husbands.

They are the women who get maulled and pushed around and even knocked down sometimes in the mad rush of fans to get at their husbands.

Things like that do devastating things to the ego. And Hollywood wives wouldn’t be human if they didn’t try to bolster up their shattered self-esteem in one way or another. Driven by their need for recognition they are the women who demand the biggest emeralds and throw the most lavish parties. They are the women who buy the most expensive clothes.

But Greta Peck was never one of these women.

She was never the one who went in for Adrian originals or fabulous jewels or lavish entertaining. She was always just to stay in the background, in the home she loved and the only attention she ever craved was the love of her husband and children. For Greta Peck was always a woman so well resolved and thinking of them that she never felt the need to show off or attempt to push herself into the limelight.

Not that she hasn’t suffered during this last year alone. But any tears she shed are a secret between herself and her pillow. Not that her pride hasn’t taken more than one blow. But Greta’s inherent calmness has always prompted her to count ten in moments of emotional disturbance.

But being Greta, you may be sure that this time she didn’t count ten just in numbers. Instead she counted it in years, the ten years of her marriage.

It had been a good marriage, hers and Greg’s, for the most part anyway. Not that there hadn’t been problems before, none as devastating as this last one of course, but devastating enough while they lasted. But they had all been weathered in due time. Greg had always come back to her, just as when he was a young, exciting actor, he had married her instead of the fascinating actresses and glamorous society girls who made no secret of their interest in him.

There were other things she knew too and, because generally she had strengthened that knowledge, she could understand just why that serious-minded, intelligent husband of hers had suddenly started kicking up his heels like a young colt let out to pasture. Success hadn’t come easy to Gregory Peck. He had to fight every step along the way.

Nor did it bother her when people called her a fool and worse. Instead of taking their advice she followed her own heart and in following it found the peace and happiness again.

It’s that new happiness, even more than the new rumors that keep coming faster and faster, which makes even the most cynical feel certain that Greta and Greg are closer together than they have ever been before, even in the first early days of their marriage. And somehow Hollywood isn’t surprised at all that in the stories about Greg which drifted over from Europe, the names of all the young lovelies have disappeared as completely as though they had never existed at all.

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dining room. Farley apologized, left the premises and after a quick purchase in a nearby haberdashery, returned to his table wearing a solid black shirt and tie. Next day seven regular customers appeared in the restaurant wearing identical shirts and ties—credit the screen star with starting a new vogue for males in Manhattan...

Katharine Hepburn ankled into Sardi's wearing a shimmering sheath of pale green bugle beads, an original creation designed for her by Mimi Tuthill. A white silk cape-stole was the finishing touch. It took a while before anyone recognized her, and the unpredictable screen star floored everyone with her newly-acquired glamour. Didn't last long, however; the following day she was seen strolling along Madison Avenue in an unpressed slacks suit with her hair flying in the breeze...

Mary Pickford drew stares from the appreciative and glares from the envious when she lunched at the Hotel Pierre wearing a jeweled hat by Rex of Beverly Hills. Designed for her exclusively, the gem-studded half-hat is insured for $2500—contains peridots, baroque pearls, omphacite squares and zircons—a lid in a million and one only a Mary Pickford could afford to wear. She remains an ever-glamorous Hollywood personality on her frequent visits to Gotham...

Kathryn Grayson instructed her New York attorneys to have her salary at the Sahara in Las Vegas deposited as a trust fund for her five-year-old daughter, with the proviso it can never be touched by Johnny Johnston, her ex-husband and father of her child.

Jimmy Cagney stole into town without any fanfare in order to pick up a script of a new play earmarked for the New York stage late this year—it's a comedy based on the experiences of Leo Durocher and the New York Giants. There's a role in the production for Debra Paget if she's interested—the part of Mrs. Leo Durocher (Laraine Day)...

A soon-due uranium strike in Alaska has the sale of geiger counters in the Nome district zooming. In Manhattan, Monty Clift was making preparations for a long trek to the Northwestern reaches of Alaska as the ringleader of a group of prospectors who planned a six-week camping trip to the Arctic region—and Monty wasn't inviting a single friend from show business. When his movie bosses got wind of his plan he was forced to cancel everything. Uranium or no, his bosses weren't having any of it. Monty is still doing a slow burn over their refusal to grant him permission...

More than five hundred paintings, sculptures and illustrations from American notables were sold in New York for the New York Cardiac Home—among the contributors whose artistic endeavors brought the highest prices were Jimmy Cagney, Jose Ferrer, Red Skelton, Cornel Wilde and Henry Fonda...

Roland Russell was offered $50,000 to appear at a Las Vegas night club after departing the cast of the Gotham musical hit, "Wonderful Town." She declined the bid—a new record high for salaries in that gambling town—in order to rest up for her return to Hollywood films. Her medico insisted she add fifteen pounds to her weight before rehearsing her first film musical, "The Girl Rush." During the finale of her closing night in "Wonderful Town" Roz broke down and cried. Carol Channing replaced her in the starring role at the next performance...

Lisa Kirk, the "Kiss Me, Kate" stage star, jammed the Hotel Plaza Persian Room when she began her fifth singing engagement there—every celeb in town turned out for the Kirk display of talent, Charles James gowns and Harry Winston jewels. Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Jennings Lang, Marlene Dietrich, Maria Riva, Gloria Swanson, Earl Blackwell, Nina Foch, Henry Fonda and John Hodiak were among the glittering array of Broadway-Hollywood notables.

The day Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck were voted the two most popular foreign film stars in Germany, Greg's wife, Greta, arrived in Gotham from Hollywood and telephoned him long distance to congratulate him. She was misty-eyed but happy as she told her friends the long-awaited Peck reconciliation was in effect...

Crosner Ken Remo, whose first recording, "Mexico," made a small mint for MGM Records, went into the touring production of "The King And I" (with Yul Brynner and Patricia Morrison) after signing an exclusive movie contract with Universal-International. He'll be groomed for singing star roles in forthcoming Ross Hunter U-I musical films and cast opposite Marilyn Erskine...

Tallulah Bankhead refused to deny or confirm the report she was returning to Hollywood movie-making-in the Vienne Selig role in "Pal Joey," but she did tell Stork Club regulars she wants her autobiography, "Tallulah," filmed within the next eighteen months while she still has the energy to play herself...

Ray and Mal Milland went into hiding when they arrived in New York en route to Europe for their "second honeymoon" after the Big Reconciliation—wouldn't accept telephone calls from anyone and ducked photographers every chance possible...

Rita Hayworth Haymes flared up in the lobby of the Hotel Madison when she read a report that the censors in McAlester, Oklahoma, banned "Miss Sadie Thompson" without bothering to see the film after viewing a trailer of the film. What she had to say about film censors as she tore out of the hotel is something you can't print in a family magazine...

Harold Lloyd's daughter, Peggy, isn't keeping it a secret that she adores Harry Crocker, who in turn is devoted to Greta Garbo, who only has eyes for Gaylord Houser. The latter is too busy writing books and building houses to take the time out to propose to the ever-glamourous Garbo...

There wasn't a star from Hollywood visiting New York who didn't partake in the first anniversary celebration of Leslie Caron's "Lili" at the tiny TransLux Theatre on Gotham's Lexington Avenue. The first film ever to play one full year at the theatre, "Lili" celebrated with a six-foot birthday cake. Among the screen stars on hand were Jose Ferrer and Rosie Clooney, Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn, Louis Jourdan, Eva Gabor, Zachary Scott, Janet Blair, Rhonda Fleming, Dan Clark, Jackie Cooper, Dolores Gray, John Barrymore.

For the Picture No Artist Could Paint: Lori Nelson and Cleo Moore were mobbed for their autographs at Le Ruban Bleu while Greta Garbo goes unnoticed...
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Tony and Janet Curtis, Jean Peters, Bob Wagner came to see “Prince Valiant.”

Another "Valiant" star, Debra Paget, came to premiere alone. Also there, were Fred MacMurray and June Haver, who deny they're wed yet—but the future looks sure!

Dorothy Kilgallen’s

Exclusive Movie Gossip

Danny Kaye and his Sylvia are denying the separation rumors being spread around Hollywood by their alleged pals.

Penny Edwards’ press conference announcing her plans to devote all of her time to the making of religious films was taken lightly by her movie colony friends. They felt it was nothing much more serious than a bid for page one publicity. Lew Ayres, on the other hand, quietly proceeded to schedule his round-the-world tour during which he will film religious ceremonies and lecture on tolerance. He’ll begin his year-long trek in London, a la Billy Graham.

The hoped-for reunion of Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca in an RKO musical film was canceled because Sid and Imo failed to agree on the financial and marquee billing terms.

All is well in the Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz household—Desi turned down a starring role in the “Marco Polo” movie now being filmed in Spain. With no role in the film for Lucy, Desi decided it wasn’t his dish of tea.

Olivia de Havilland wants to remake “Camille”—with Rock Hudson cast as Armand. If you remember the Greta Garbo-Robert Taylor version, you’ll ap-
They Meet on an Adventure That Spans the 2400 Miles from Honolulu to San Francisco Bay. Out of this Meeting of Strangers Comes Entertainment History, the Story of Every Kind of Love There is!

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Dorothy Kilgallen’s Exclusive Movie Gossip (CONTINUED)

Anne Baxter fusses over daughter Katri- 
na before enplaning in N. Y. for home. 

precipitate why the De Havilland-Hudson 
casting strikes us as an odd bit of movie-
making. It’s hard to imagine anyone topp-
ing the Garbo performance, so why not 
just revive that? . . .

Ava Gardner and bullfighter Mario 
Cebre (featured with her in “Pandora 
And The Flying Dutchman” a few years 
ago), gave Frank Sinatra cause for worry 
when they dallied in Spain after she com-
pleted “The Barefoot Contessa.” Frankie 
has never fully recovered from all the 
publicity Maria rated when he pursued 
Ava so sensationally with poems, posies 
and pearls . . .

June Haver’s “friendship ring” from 
Fred MacMurray is set with emeralds, 
pearls and diamonds. A matching clip 
has been ordered—a wedding present, 
perhaps? . . .

Now it’s Pier Angeli who’s on the same 
publicity kick as Terry Moore—a differ-
et date every night and always a cam-
eraman to record it for the fans . . .

Tab Hunter and Bob Wagner both work 
out at the same Hollywood gym on the 
same afternoons under the same instruc-
tor but rarely acknowledge the presence 
of the other, according to the boys in the 
locker room. Add Fernando Lamas and 
Carlos Thompson to the list of Holly-
wood males who do not object to well 
publicized “feuds.” You’ll be reading 
about them in the near future . . .

Montgomery Clift and Marlon Brando 
draw unemployment insurance in New 
York between pictures—they both live on 
such tight budgets they are forced to try 
to get along on their New York State Un-
employment Insurance allotments of $66 
a week . . .

Steve Cochran will go blond for his 
sinning role in “Macamba”—the film ver-
sion of the Lilla Van Saher novel . . .

Dick Contino’s lacey-fronted evening 
shirts cost $60 apiece. Piper Laurie pre-
sented him with several before they de-
cided to go their separate ways. The ac-
cordianist will next be linked with Mammie 
Van Doren, although the beauty he really 
prefers is Debbie Reynolds . . .

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis are an-
gling to make their joint debuts in a 
Broadway stage play—“The Facts Of 
Life”—in late December . . .

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Maggi McNellis and her WABC guest, Mel Ferrer, during interview at the Plaza’s 
Persian Room. Mel’s two children, Christopher and Mela, seem awed by it all.
Jan Sterling

star of Paramount's "Alaska Seas" says..."You could buy the most expensive of girdles and still not get the comfort and control of Playtex!"

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**Magnificent Obsession**

ROCK HUDSON is taunted by an unbearable guilt complex when he learns that the medical equipment used on him in a careless speed boat crash was needed much more desperately to save the life of a prominent physician neighbor. The doctor dies, and Rock attempts to comfort his widow, Jane Wyman, who in trying to avoid him rushes into the path of an automobile. The accident causes her to lose her eyesight, and sends the once spoiled playboy into the field of medicine where he dedicates himself to serve Jane and her daughter, Barbara Rush. The women's eventual discovery of their Good Samaritan and Rock's operation on Jane's eyes provide the framework of this tender, moving melodrama. Up-dated for today's moviegoers, the story still maintains its warmth and charm. Universal-International.

**Seven Brides For Seven Brothers**

HERE'S A ROUST and lively musical that has backwoodsman Howard Keel coming to town to "fetch himself a bride." In less than two hours he's spotted town cook Jane Powell, courted her, married her and is heading back to his mountain retreat. The romantic aura, however, does not last longer than the ride back from town, for Jane discovers what Howard really wants is a handiwoman to attend him and his six brothers. Her wedding night is spent cleaning the cabin, cooking and trying to stop a fight among her brothers-in-law. The next morning, however, she instigates a reform; no bath—no clothes; no manners—no food. The boys find they like "women's ways" and get Jane to show them how to get themselves brides. Although their romantic nip-ups spread more chagrin than chivalry, the results are highly satisfactory—and most amusing. Lots of good-natured by-play served up with a hearty helping of Johnny Mercer-Gene dePaul tunes. Best numbers: "When You're In Love" and "Sobbin' Women." MGM.

**About Mrs. Leslie**

SHIRLEY BOOTH is a sophisticated nightclub singer who meets wealthy manufacturer, Robert Ryan, and upon his insistence rashly gives up her job to accompany him to California on a vacation. The couple rent a beach house and Shirley is introduced to the servants as Bob's wife, Mrs. Leslie. At the end of the vacation, the couple agree to go their separate ways, but plan a similar meeting for the following summer. These romantic rendezvous continue throughout the years as Bob becomes a Washington big shot and Shirley forsakes her singing to buy a dress shop and eventually a boarding house. It is only through some news coverage that she learns who "Mr. Leslie" really is. Film, which is told with flashbacks, is slowed down by this process, and it is the top-notch acting and directing that injects pace and glosses over several story incongruities. Hal Wallis produced. Paramount.

**Johnny Guitar**

WHEN Sterling Hayden (Johnny Guitar) blows into a deserted Western cattle town to keep a five-year-old rendezvous with Joan Crawford, he finds her engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Mercedes McCambridge and the other local cattle barons. Joan, working with the railroad officials, has staked out her saloon on the proposed rail site and refuses to budge. Further flaring the fight is...
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Your guide to
current films
CONTINUED

Scott Brady's attention to Joan instead of
the smitten Mercedes, who hysterically
accuses them of murdering her brother.
Her accusations remain unproved until
Scott robs the bank and takes everyone's
money except Joan's. This, plus the fact
that one of Scott's henchmen is found
wounded in Joan's saloon, convicts Craw-
ford to a hangman's tree. Sterling Hay-
den manages to rescue her and keep her
out of reach of Mercedes and the various
posses, until the fight dissolves to a gun
duel between the two women. Well en-
acted, rough, gripping fare emerges as
sort of a female version of "Shane." Re-
public.

Dial M For Murder

Based on the Broadway hit, this Techni-
color suspense thriller blithely traces
Ray Milland's preparations to murder
Grace Kelly. Ray, who has married for
money, discovers that his wife has had an
affair with American mystery writer
Robert Cummings. When Cummings
again shows up on the scene, Milland
fears that Grace will leave him and that
he'll lose his claim to her fortune. Al-
though he hires someone to do the mur-
der for him, the plot fails and it is Grace
who kills in self-defense. Quick to seize
upon his wife's hysterical condition, Mil-
land rearranges the evidence, so that
Grace becomes the perpetrator and stands
trial for murder. An impossible block of
evidence is compiled against her, and
every alibi smashed. Yet director Alfred
Hitchcock cunningly manages to snatch
his heroine from the gas chamber in an
ending timed to the split second. It's a
tense, taut thriller. Warner Brothers.

The Student Prince

There's a gay lilt to this light opera
favorite, and it's put there by the en-
thusiastic performances of Ann Blyth, Ed-
mund Purdom, Edmund Gwenn, S. Z.
Sakall and Louis Calhern. The familiar

Sterling Hayden's rendezvous with Joan
Crawford hits snag in "Johnny Guitar."
IT'S MR. FUN... AT HIS FUNNIEST!

DANNY KAYE

THE HAPPIEST EVENT OF THE YEAR!

Danny sings clowns, and dances at the top of his form!

Color by TECHNICOLOR

KNOCK ON WOOD

MAI ZETTERLING

Choreography by Michael Kidd

Written, Produced and Directed by
SYLVIA FINE · NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK

A Paramount Picture
They built a dream of speed and dared the world to follow!

The story of a boy who challenged the future...the girl he loved, the friend he fought and the thousand engine-roaring miles of danger they shared together!

Universal-International Presents

Johnny Dark

Color by Technicolor

Starring

Tony Curtis
Piper Laurie
Don Taylor

with Paul Kelly, Ilka Chase, Sidney Blackmer, Ruth Hampton

Directed by George Sherman • Written by Franklin Coen • Produced by William Alland

Your guide to current films

Continued

Ray Milland plots Grace Kelly's death in "Dial M For Murder," tense thriller.

Story of Purdom, the young prince sent to school in Heidelberg, who falls in love with Ann, an innkeeper's niece, has been given lavish treatment in this CinemaScope production. Colorful costumes, expanded comedy scenes and several new songs have been included. Among the new numbers are "Beloved" and "I'll Walk With God," which are sung by Mario Lanza, with Student Prince Purdom mouthing the words. It's an auspicious debut for the actor, who easily manages to hold his own in the top talent line-up assembled by producer Joe Pasternak and director Richard Thorpe. MGM.

Lucky Me

Doris Day provides a breezy blending of mayhem and music in this tale of a superstitious singer who charts a rather hectic course for her vaudeville cronies. Phil Silvers, Nancy Walker and Eddie Foy, Jr. When the quartet's show closes, they brazenly invade a swank Miami hotel and try to mooch a free meal. Their plot is discovered and they are threatened with imprisonment, until Doris intervenes and suggests they work off the bill. With the exception of Nancy Walker, the group is assigned to kitchen duty. She becomes a maid and in the course of duty sweeps up the information that Robert Cummings, a successful Broadway song writer, is about to produce his own show. From here on in, film becomes one long audition with the gang first trying to convince Cummings and then, later, his backer Bill Goodwin, that they are made for "big time." Light-hearted film is loaded with "Hit Parade" fodder, especially "Love You Dearly" and "I Want To Sing Like An Angel." Warner Bros.

The River Of No Return

Marilyn Monroe, a dance hall singer in the primitive Northwest, finds herself facing an even more primitive audience, consisting of drunks, brawlers
and gambler Rory Calhoun. The only decent aspect of her life is her time spent with motherless youngster Tommy Ret-tig, for whom she has been caring. This, however, is brought to a close when the boy’s father, Robert Mitchum, is released from prison and takes his son back to their newly-purchased farm. It isn’t un-til Rory and Marilyn are married and are on their way to file a gold mine claim that she sees Mitchum and his son again. The two men take an instant dislike to one another, which is heightened when Rory steals a horse so that he can get to town to file his claim. Stranded, Marilyn remains with Bob and the boy until an Indian attack forces them to take refuge on a raft, floating down the River of No Return. The natural hazards encountered on the raft, the grandeur of the scenery plus the couple’s budding romance make for an absorbing and action-packed film. It’s an interesting pairing of Mitchum and Monroe that’s bolstered by an entertaining and off-beat script. 20th Century-Fox.

**Brigadoon**

Scottish bagpipes, spritely dances and enchanting pastoral landscapes provide a gay, yet haunting mood to this Broadway musical now brought to the screen. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson, two American hunters lost in a Scottish glen, chance upon the village of “Briga-doon.” Although the quaint townswomen seem afraid, Fiona Campbell, played by Cyd Charisse, welcomes them and invites the strangers to the festivities of the day—her sister’s marriage. Kelly and Cyd dance an elaborate ballet in a field of heather and soon know they are in love. It is then that he learns this is no ordinary town. It comes to life only once every one hundred years. Although he is strongly drawn to the bonnie lass, he watches the town disappear in the mist for another century and returns with Johnson to New York. Finally, Kelly goes back to Scotland since he knows there is where his true love is. His love awakens the town long enough for him to join Cyd. Highlights of the film center around the gathering of the clans and the wedding ceremony. Spectacular color photography lends a never-never-land feeling to the picture. MGM.

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Bob Mitchum disarms frightened Marilyn Monroe in “The River Of No Return.”
The continuation of the greatest story of love and faith in the history of entertainment! The soul-searching drama of what happened to "The Robe" and Demetrius—who defied the word of God for the wanton smile and willing arms of the high priestess, Messalina, and met the most awesome challenge of the human spirit...on the blood-drenched sands of the Colosseum!

Produced by FRANK ROSS
Directed by DELMER DAVES

starring

SUSAN HAYWARD • VICTOR
The Robe LEFT OFF!

Demetrius and IATORS

Based on a Character Created by Lloyd C. Douglas in "THE ROBE"

Written by PHILIP DUNNE

co-starring

MICHAEL RENNIE • DEBRA PAGET
ANNE BANCROFT • JAY ROBINSON

with BARRY JONES • WILLIAM MARSHALL
what
hollywood
itself
is talking
about!

by Lynn Bowers

The next major star in these Hollywoods is going to be none other than that big, handsome guy Rock Hudson. "Magnificent Obsession" is the picture that's going to do it for him. The whole town is amazed at the fine acting job our boy's done in this film and it couldn't happen to a nicer actor. The preem of "Magnificent" was the big event in Hollywood, with all the important in the business turning out just as if it were another Academy Awards night. As a reward for Rock's hard work and fine performance, producer Ross Hunter is taking Rock to Ireland for his next production.

When that Candelabra fellow, Liberace, accidentally let the piano lid fall on Jimmy Durante's schnoz, during a Colgate Comedy Hour rehearsal, the irrepressible little man couldn't resist letting loose with a quip. "There," he said, "goes my future—and the future of millions." Meaning his fans, and of course, all the people who work for him, the latter being practically a million alone.

If you want to hear loud yawns and snores in Hollywood, bring up any one of three subjects—the tasteless exhibitionism of Zsa Zsa Gabor and her playmate Rubirosa; the romantic anties of Aly Khan and Gene Tierney; and the tangled affairs of Dick Haymes and Rita Hayworth. Hollywood's 'ad it as far as they are all concerned.

Dick's and Errol Flynn's mutual ex-wife, Nora Eddington, is the gal who has suffered most in this marriage merry-go-round. With Flynn out of reach of the law and Haymes being in the pickle he's in, she hasn't received any support for the two little girls. To add to her troubles, a fancy Beverly Hills market is trying to collect from her a fantastic grocery bill that Dick ran up.

Ah, these boys when they get on foreign soil! Humphrey Bogart gave out with some salty remarks about the sexy foreign type girls he encountered in Italy whilst making "The Barefoot Contessa," but it was left to Bob Mitchum at the Cannes Film Festival to make the biggest splash with a publicity-seeking gal named Simone Silva, who shed part of her attire and caused a couple of photographers to fall into the Mediterranean. Although these "incidents" often happen miles away from Hollywood, we usually get the blame. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

As a thank you for big party he hosted for her in N. Y., Joan Crawford entertained for Mike O'Shea, Motion Pictures For Television publicity chief, in Hollywood.

Carol Beery, daughter of late Wallace Beery, and her bridegroom, Don Hayden.

Joe Kirkwood, TV's Joe Palooka, and his wife at premiere of "Prince Valiant."

Janet Leigh and James Mason share an umbrella on an unusual California day.
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by Cutex

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BY GENE MORRIS

HER EXPERIENCES AS A WIFE
MAY SEEM UNREWARDING, BUT
STILL AVA GARDNER SAYS,

"I couldn't live
without being married"

"AND which man inside this house is not dirty? Who?
Name him for me. Which of the men inside would you have
play the prince for me?"

The biting words came from the inviting lips of Ava
Gardner. Director Joe Mankiewicz called "cut" and Ava
and "Bogey" Bogart, her co-star, walked off the set, after
doing a highly-dramatic scene in "The Barefoot Contes-
tsa." But the air still seemed to be filled with the power-
fully charged dialog that Ava had spoken with such
remarkable conviction. What she said so furiously about
men was spoken as a woman, a distressed and troubled
woman whose failure to establish a secure relationship
with a man has left her bitter and discouraged.

As Ava, dressed in a striking black, gold-embroidered
slack outfit, rested on the sidelines, she seemed small and
wistful. How like a lost child a worldly woman with a
bruised heart can be! That Ava is worldly, no one who
knows her cares to deny. That she is lost, no one knows
better than she.

Fortunately, she has had to work like a slave on "The
Barefoot Contessa," a film that will have even greater
audience appeal than Joe Mankiewicz's "All About Eve."
Ava has had to learn Spanish, has had to learn to dance,
had has to tackle the most difficult and mature role she
has ever been lucky enough to (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

"I'm a very womanly woman and I don't think it's possible
to be a complete person without marriage," says sultry Ava.
have. Nevertheless, being Ava, she has sought pleasure whenever she has had a chance to relax. The urge for excitement is as much Ava as her splendid brunette beauty and her electrifying appeal for men. She goes to considerable lengths to satisfy her whims. She can be as tempestuous in her language as she is impetuous in her romances with men she finds attractive. But the painful situation she is in with husband Frank Sinatra and her genuine loneliness have not been assuaged either by work or play, and never will be.

Naturally the gossip—which is inevitably as thick around Ava as heavy smoke around a fire—has spread wildly in and from this sophisticated and cosmopolitan Italian capital. Reports had it that Ava was having an extended romance with handsome Rossano Brazzi, who has an important role in “Contessa,” was breaking up the engagement between Lucia Bose, sultry Italian star, and comedian Walter Chiari; was dining much too often with the good-looking, young Chilean star in European films, Octavio Senoret; was practicing bullfighting with a wide assortment of Spanish and Mexican toreadors; was doing Rome’s few night clubs with princes, counts, millionaires, and mere acquaintances who just happened to be around and had a few laughs to offer; and to top it all, was having wild parties in her charming house right in the heart of the Eternal City. Etcetera, ad infinitum.

Against this smoky mixture of much fiction and little fact, however, picture Ava quietly sitting home with Beatrice Gardner, her sister-companion, ignoring maids, cooks and telephones nights on end, gorging on southern-fried chicken which they themselves prepared. And listen to the poignant story of the gift Frankie sent to Ava, as told by messenger Lauren Bacall, who brought it along when she came to Rome to join Bogey.

“Frankie called me several times,” Baby Bacall dwelled in her inimitable manner. “He kept asking me anxiously if I would take a present over to Ava. I kept saying, ‘Of course, why not, darling,’ wondering whether he expected me to fly a piano across. The day I caught the plane, Frankie appeared with a medium-sized box.” Lauren, arms akimbo, her head tilted, almost shrieked, “A coconut cake! Get that! ‘Ava loves cocoanut cake,’ Frankie said. ‘I had it made specially for her.’ Of course I took it with me. I balanced that precious piece of pastry for six thousand miles across land and sea and over mountains and valleys, and I got it to Ava safely!”

Ava wept when she got “that precious piece of pastry.”

There’s a remarkable parallel between Maria, the “Barefoot Contessa,” and Ava, the “Box-Office Queen.” Both came from extreme poverty. Both rose from financial and emotional insecurity to fabulous success as world-renowned film personalities. Both found no peace for themselves in love. Both had little faith in their relationships with men. What happens to Maria, the extraordinarily beautiful girl born in the filth of Madrid, has given Ava much food for thought about her own future.

Asked whether the parallel had struck her when she decided to do the film, Ava laughed. “Of course it did. How could I escape it. I understand Maria. I know her very well.” She paused. “Perhaps too well. She’s real and she’s realistic. She learned very early in life that you mustn’t dare let yourself expect too much from men.”

Suddenly, Ava sprang up from her chair and grabbed a cigarette. “And who taught her that cruel lesson?” The question hung in the air until she lit her cigarette. “Who else but men?” Ava spoke slowly, feeling her way with her words as she nervously walked back and forth.

“They took advantage of her sensitivity. They took advantage of her poverty. They took advantage of her defenselessness. They took advantage of her desire for love.” She stopped for a minute, then went on. “But you

Of a reconciliation with Frankie, Ava says, “I honestly don’t know. I’m confused. You’ve heard the expression, ‘What will be, will be.’ What else can I say.”
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see how it goes. All the hurts left in a woman never destroy her capacity or her need for love." She sat down again. "Isn't that just a woman?" She winked and grinned broadly. Ava has a warm and meaningful grin.

Since she obviously felt pretty down on Twentieth Century men, would she have preferred life in the days of King Arthur with which she became familiar during the making of MGM's "Knights Of The Round Table?"

Ava let out a whoop. "I should say not! Let that thought perish right out of your masculine mind this second," she commanded with mock imperiousness. "All that bowing and scraping and horses and trappings and ceremony! All that going off to wage battle in honor of fair ladies couldn't camouflage the naked fact that males weren't one whit better then than they are today. Maybe they were worse—if that's possible.

"And that brings me to something else," Ava continued. "I think women are raised all wrong, particularly in America. We expect too darned much from life, particularly from men. There's much too much romance, too many illusions. It all looks so rosy and beautiful, so heavenly from a distance. Then, in the close-up, you're in it but good. You wonder just how it happened, why nobody prepared you, why nobody had the courage to tell you the truth, why nobody explained just what you were really up against, and what you could do to make a sensible and satisfying life for yourself.

"Some people asked me the other day what advice I would give on marriage." Ava's eyes were wide in amazement. "Asked me?" She shook her head in disbelief. "I thought they were joking! Now I ask you, what do I know about marriage? What could I possibly advise anybody else on the subject? I'm the one who could use some good advice."

However, Ava still feels marriage is essential for her.

"I couldn't live without being married. I want the things marriage gives a woman. I want (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)
Why women love

Clowning with co-workers or her “River Of No Return” co-player, young Tommy Rettig, Marilyn’s one of the gang. And as Mrs. DiMaggio she plays second to Joe.
TIMES HAVE CHANGED, AND TODAY IT'S THE
WOMEN WHO ARE MARILYN'S STAUNCHEST CHAMPIONS

Marilyn Monroe? She was the greatest surprise of my life! All the publicity about that calendar—I always thought she was just a cheap little siren. For a long time I wouldn't go to see any of her pictures, or let my husband go, either! But when I finally did see her—why, she's just sweet!"

Those are the words of a Brooklyn housewife. But all over America other housewives are agreeing with her. Marilyn has conquered the hearts of American women as thoroughly as she has conquered American men. A year ago women called her "that awful Monroe girl." But today it's different. Why?

"She got married," says a studio technician, cynically.

"When she left the studio and became Mrs. Joe DiMaggio, all the women in the country figured she wouldn't be making those sexy pictures any more. Now that she is settled down as a married woman, they can afford to say Marilyn's okay."

But the change had started long before the wedding ceremony, and Marilyn's marriage was the home run rather than the batter-up in the game of winning feminine approval. When did it start—and why did it take so long for the women of America to change their minds about Marilyn?

"I think we've been held back by all the publicity," says the principal of a girl's school. "It was a shame that Marilyn Monroe was hailed as a siren. I don't believe that women really feared her effect on their men—but (continued on page 58)
Who needs a private life?

ESTHER WILLIAMS BELIEVES SHE SHOULD SHARE HER LIFE WITH THE PUBLIC—AND WHEN INTEREST CEASES SHE'LL KNOW THAT IT'S TIME TO RETIRE

Esther's bathing suit is by Cole of California in the new “Cute Tamato” motif; she wears Cutex's new “Cute Tamato” shade nail polish and lipstick. Esther's in MGM's "Jupiter's Darling."
"From the time fans first demonstrated a budding interest in me and my affairs, I've been perfectly willing to share my life with them. I think it's a pity for people in pictures to wall themselves in and put up iron gates to close out the rest of the world. They miss all the wonderful experience and enrichment of knowing all kinds of people."

Filmtown's most honored mermaid—Esther Williams—sat in her handsomely decorated, blue-and-red Early American studio dressing room between scenes of MGM's "Jupiter's Darling," discussing, with deep conviction, her private feelings about an actress's public life.

"Let me just give you one 'fr instance,'" she began. "Before our baby, Susan Tenney, was born, our good friend of years and years—Governor Walter Kohler of Wisconsin—told me, 'I just know you're going to have a girl! And I want to be her godfather.' Ben and I were both thrilled and honored, and when the governor recently phoned that Mrs. Kohler and he would be in Los Angeles for a day, we rushed around making plans for the christening.

"We'd put off having our boys, Benjie and Kimmie, baptized. It's not that we considered it cheaper by the dozen—merely that we wanted them to be old enough to understand the meaning of this lovely sacrament before they (continued on page 60)
Meant for each other

BY PEER OPPENHEIMER

AND SO THEY WERE WED—SUZAN BALL AND RICHARD LONG—WHILE THE WHOLE WORLD REJOICED IN THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOVE FOR EACH OTHER
Preparing dinner for Dick one evening at home, Suzan met with the accident which took her to the hospital for her operation. But suffering only deepened their love.

In her hospital bed, shortly before Suzan celebrated her twenty-first birthday, she said, “I can go on acting. I will be able to play golf, ride horseback, dance, swim.”

Calmaxing Hollywood’s nicest love story, Suzan Ball became Mrs. Richard Long on April 11, when they were married in El Montecito Presbyterian Church in Santa Barbara. There was an audible gasp from the assembled guests as Suzan entered the church without her crutches and walked firmly down the aisle, with but a slight limp, on the arm of her father. She had practiced walking only six days without her crutches, and she put them aside only a few minutes before the ceremony.

Later Suzan said, “I always knew I would get married without crutches, although no one else did.” It was but one more example of the matchless faith of the girl the whole movie colony admires as one of its bravest.

In the traditional way of weddings, there was something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. The something old was Suzan’s grandmother’s antique diamond earrings; something new, her wedding gown of white rose point lace over pink satin; something borrowed was a handkerchief; and something blue the ribbon on Suzan’s petticoat.

When the announcement of their prospective wedding first appeared in print, Hollywood was stunned.

True, they'd been seen together in public, and vague hints about a romance between Dick and Suzan had appeared in columns from time to time. But their friends and even their families hadn’t taken them seriously. Dick’s own mother heard about it on a radio broadcast. His sister Barbara, who is married to Marshall Thompson, read it in a column. Suzan’s father was told about it by a friend, who had heard or read it somewhere. In a way, it even came as a surprise to Dick and Suzan!

Dick—still in uniform—first became conscious of Suzan in the summer of 1952, when he saw her in “Yankee Buccaneer,” at the Ernie Pyle Theater in Tokyo.

After the show, one of his pals asked him how he’d liked the picture. “Frankly, I don’t remember what it was all about—but the girl who played the lead was wonderful!”

Although the picture was made by Universal-International, the studio to which Dick was under contract before he received his president’s greetings, he had a “detached” sort of attitude toward the film industry, and actresses as well. As to any other G.I., they were intangible. Any thought of ever meeting Suzan didn’t even enter his mind.

(Continued on page 62)
FERNANDO LAMAS BELIEVES THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE IS TO LOVE SOMEONE COMPLETELY AND UNSELFISHLY. BUT WHEN A MAN FINDS HE'S BEING FOOLED OR IS FOOLING HIMSELF, IT'S TIME TO CAL

BY JACK HOLLAND

Regardless of what you may read elsewhere in gossip-hungry items, Fernando Lamas is an honest man emotionally and otherwise. Pretext and phoniness have no place in his scheme of things—and you can include the affairs of the heart in that.

Recently the debonair Latin American star, who's currently appearing in "Rose Marie," has been quite ill. He has spent much of his time alone—and he has had plenty of time to think about a lot of things. Being an emotional man, one of the problems he has tried to figure out is romance and its somewhat cataclysmic effects on a person who is of a basically sensitive nature.

"I've heard of people who are happy because someone loves them," Fernando says quietly. "I don't believe this is real happiness. I think you're happy only when you love someone very much. It is real living and loving when you plan things to make the person you love happy, when you're careful of her feelings, when you can give the best of yourself without expecting anything in return.

"I'm very emotional. I jump in feet first. Sometimes I'm very unselfish in my relationship with others and sometimes I'm not. But I still say, it's the greatest thing in life to be able to love someone completely and unselfishly.

"I believe that basically men and women look for the same qualities—honesty and sincerity—in someone they can love. Women, however, have a tendency to look for a healthy, sane, open, giving love. They also like the feeling that they're being protected and men should put their protection first and foremost in their minds. They should defend them at all times. If women can't feel that men will protect them, their love goes out the window.

"As for men, I can only speak for what I want in a woman. I look primarily for tenderness and understanding—and I admit that (continued on page 65)"

"It is hard to face reality, but a man shouldn't get into a spot where he stops being a man," says Fernando.
Chris is the pride and joy of Jeff Hunter and Barbara Rush—trouble is, they’re so often away making movies!

Maybe Terence Michael Murphy is a bit young to give Audie a hand at the lawn mower, but his heart’s in it!

Already Glenn Ford’s son Peter is taking up the hobbies of his pop—Pete’s becoming expert at picture taking.

**POP'S TOPS**

IN A FAMILY TOWN LIKE HOLLYWOOD

EVERY DAY IS FATHER'S DAY
Like father, like son—Jerry Lewis's youngest, Ronnie, can mug right back at his old man just like an expert.

Award winner Bill Holden gets away from it all in his backyard gymnastics with his sons Peter and Scotty.

Dads are all right, says Ann Widmark, Dick's daughter, but they never manage to button you up as mothers do.

Dena Kaye is only eight years old, but she's seen her name in lights as title of Danny's producing company.
LOVE is news!

THAT'S WHAT HOLLYWOOD IS HOPING AS ITS NUMBER ONE STAY-AT-HOME, JEAN PETERS, COMMENCES DATING

BY CONSTANCE WHITE

Jean went on location to New Mexico for her role with Bob Wagner in 20th's new movie, "Broken Lance."

"Three Coins In The Fountain" took her to Rome.

Jean and Casey Adams first met when they appeared together in the movie, "Niagara." But their dating began very recently.

ON A RECENT spring evening in a Hollywood bistro, a lovely dark-haired, hazel-eyed girl dined with a tall, athletic-looking young man. Quietly engrossed in each other's company, they were unaware of the interest they created, especially for the Hollywood columnist who had stopped in on his evening rounds of news-gathering.

The next day the columnist reported this item with a great deal of excitement. For the girl in the restaurant was Jean Peters, on her first date with Casey Adams.

Subsequently there were other dates in other places. There was immediate speculation as to whether these dates are the beginning of a serious romance. But the columnist that night was impressed, and understandably so, that he could report having seen Jean Peters out in a public eating place on a date. Any date!

Before this, Jean's name has been linked with that of a man's only on a theatre marquee. This state of singleness has not been for a lack of interest in Hollywood males. Actors who have worked with Jean or met her on studio sets have described her with words such as "intelligent," "talented," witty," "lovely." Bob Wagner, for one, met her at Twentieth where they are both under contract and reported, "I've never met another girl in Hollywood who is more fun to talk with than Jean." But Bob, like all the others, got no further than this casual encounter.

For Jean Peters, since her arrival in Hollywood seven years ago, has most often been described (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67
"It's been this way ever since I was born, I guess," Rock muses. "Just when I think things are most peaceful—bam!—something happens to me. When I was six months old, there I was in my mother's arms, probably feeling safe and snug, the way babies do. And do you know what? Mother fell down—right on top of me and broke my leg!

"Of course I don't remember anything about it, although Mother still gets the shudders over it. But a man who gets off to that sort of start in life ought to be careful. Yet it seems the more careful I am, the safer I feel, the more certain Fate is to deal me some sort of wallop. I guess I'm the original 'innocent bystander.'"

"If there's a wrinkle in the rug, it's my toe that finds it. If someone spills a tray of drinks, I'm the one who gets the full benefit. Of course, my being so big may have something to do with that. There's more of me to get in the way than there is of most people."

This Rock is a man who, although he enjoys fun and bright lights as well as anyone, also enjoys peace and quiet and often goes deliberately in search of them. He should know by this time that these are the occasions on which he should watch his step.

Take last winter, for instance, after the holiday hoopla was over. Rock reflected that he hadn't seen his eighty-four-year-old grandmother in some time and decided to take off for Mobile, Alabama, to pay her a visit. It would be peaceful (that word again!) after the holiday celebrations.

Well, he made it to the airport without incident and was sitting placidly in the plane, waiting for it to take off, when the plane sitting next to his suddenly burst into flames for no apparent reason and with much resulting excitement. "Surely I had nothing to do with that," he reassured himself, trying to conquer a slight uneasiness.

Later on, during the flight, he noticed a blonde aboard the plane. But they didn't become acquainted and he forgot all about her until—

He reached his grandmother's house at seven in the morning and the phone was ringing. A New York newspaper was calling excitedly, long distance, to say that a report had reached there that Rock had eloped with Marilyn Monroe (naturally this was before she actually did elope with Joe DiMaggio) and the paper was sure that she was there in Mobile with Rock at his grandmother's house. He was still struggling to convince them that he was only casually acquainted with Marilyn and that he was not concealing her when the doorbell began to ring and the local press swarmed in, vastly agog over the same rumor and just as unwilling to be convinced that it wasn't true. They were sure Marilyn must be in the house, hiding under something.

"We know she was on the plane (continued on page 38)
EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ROCK!  (CONTINUED)

with you!” they accused. Then Rock remembered the unidentified blonde he had observed across the aisle. She hadn’t resembled Marilyn in the slightest and he didn’t even remember whether she had gotten off the plane at Mobile.

“Rock, dear,” his gentle grandmother protested, “who are all these people? I thought we were going to have a nice, quiet visit. Do things like this go on all the time in Hollywood?”

Rock was trying to explain that “things like this” hardly ever happened to him, except when he was seeking peace and quiet, when the phone began to ring again. This time it was long distance calls from papers in New Orleans which had somehow got the idea that the newlyweds (they were calling him that by this time) were on their way to that Southern city and they wanted to know whether the wedding had taken place yet, where the pair would be staying and how soon they could take pictures.

Talking on the phone, Rock could see from a window local reporters lurking behind every shrub and curiosity seekers milling about the house in droves.

Naturally the excitement died down almost as suddenly as it had flared, but Rock decided he had better come home anyhow.

“I thought Grandmother had had enough of my ‘peaceful little visit,’” he says. “No telling what might have happened if I stayed there.”

Things happen to Rock almost as surely when he tries to be what he calls “grand” as when he tries to be peaceful.

A few weeks ago a New York show of special renown played Los Angeles and Rock and a date decided to attend in style.

“We were really going to ‘do’ this one,” says Rock. You know—a regular romantic evening! I got all dressed up in a new suit and we went for dinner to a smart restaurant for an enormous steak to end all steaks, drenched in a stupendous sauce.

“The waiter arrived, carrying the platter with the triumphant flourish that a good waiter uses when he brings you anything that grand—and that expensive. So what happened? With the final flourish, the waiter tripped and catapulted steak, sauce and all the trimmings all over me, beginning with the top of my head. He wound up flat on his face at my feet.

“What happened next? My memory is a blur of agitated people wielding mops, cloths, brushes. I was whisked to the gentlemen’s room where more people appeared with more rags and stuff. My hair was cleaned, my face was washed, my clothes were subjected to the most energetic treatment.

“Presently, breathless, dinnerless, but reasonably tidy, even if smelling strongly of cleaning solvents, my date and I went on to the theatre. We were going to see that show or else! We had dinner after
Rock's learned that the times he should worry about most are those days when all the world seems to be peaceful and quiet.

the show. By that time we were nearly famished."

And this reminded him of the time he took Piper Laurie to a premiere. They were to go on to a party afterward but when they left the theatre they made the horrid discovery that somehow Rock had backed up against a wide stripe of wet white paint. "What to DO?" he wailed.

But Piper, an imperturbable girl if you ever saw one, said, with only a tiny giggle, "Think nothing of it. My house is right on our way and Mother will fix it."

Mother did, too. While Rock took a distinctly informal pose, face down on the divan, Mother got at him with the paint remover until he was as good as new and that evening, too, was saved.

"I'm pretty lucky about getting clean-up jobs," he observes.

Rock also felt pretty "elegant" a year or so ago while he was working in England and was presented to the Queen at a "command performance."

"It went like this—I think," he says, wrinkling a brow. "She said, 'I understand you are making a picture over here.' And I said, 'Yes, your Majesty.' She said, 'I hope you will come back soon!' and I mumbled that I hoped so, too.

"Then I back off and got clear away from there and instantly I was submerged in people who demanded to know what she had (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)
The glamorous, witty Jean of today is a star whose brilliance is almost equal to that of her husband.

But when she became Mrs. Stewart Granger, Jean was a starry-eyed teenager, worshipping his every word.
STEWART GRANGER KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE JEAN SIMMONS.

BUT THE SOPHISTICATED JEAN OF TODAY IS A

CHANGED CREATURE FROM THE SHY GIRL HE MARRIED

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

Tongues on both sides of the Atlantic started wagging about the marriage of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger when Granger went to England this Spring to make "Beau Brummell" for MGM. He went alone. And, while he was there, he saw a great deal of his first wife, Elspeth March, and their two children James, who is nine years old, and Lindsay, who is eight.

This isn't to infer that Jimmy, as Stewart is known to his friends, will break up with Jean to go back to his first wife and their children. True, the last person Jimmy spoke to in London before he returned to Hollywood and his present wife was his first wife, Miss March. Also, the night before that he had taken her and their daughter, Lindsay, to the opening of a play, Edgar Wallace's "The Frog." And then, after he had taken off on his flight across the Atlantic back to Jean, Elspeth and Lindsay spent their last night in London in the fashionable Mayfair apartment that Granger always maintains. This is in addition to his Hollywood home.

Just before driving to London Airport, Granger had remarked to one of his chums: "I'm still terribly fond of Elspeth," and on arriving at the airport he had phoned a final goodbye to Elspeth and Lindsay in his apartment. After the phone call he told a reporter, "Of course I saw a good deal of my former wife and my children while I was here. Why shouldn't I? But now I am longing to get back to my wife in America. Incidentally, she may be coming over  (CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)
Several months ago eye-filling Italian actress Silvana Pampanini aroused Humphrey Bogart's ire, when, in a magazine article she declared that Bogart, Gary Cooper and Clark Gable were too old to be convincing lovers. Now Bogart, defender of the rights of man, was not one to stand idly by and let this crushing statement pass unchallenged. When they met at lunch in Rome, Bogey arrived with ammunition tucked away under his arm—a huge photograph of his wife, sexy Lauren Bacall, whom he calls Betty, and their two handsome young children. “Signorina Pampanini,” he began, “this is the kind of work I do, and I'm fifty-four. What do you think of it?” All that his bosomy companion could murmur at this point was a soft, “Che bello—how beautiful.” Bogey ended the argument decisively with, “The next time you pick on a man, make sure you know what you're doing. Better still—what he's doing.”

At fifty-four, Bogart has enough film projects lined up to make your head spin. And they're none of them simple studio jobs. Nothing easy for Bogart—he's either off in the wilds of the African jungle, as in “African Queen,” roughing it in the barren Italian hills as he did for “Beat The Devil,” riding out a typhoon in “The Caine Mutiny,” or safari-ing it in primitive, mysterious India, as he will soon be doing in the film “The Man Who Would Be King,” after he finishes work on his next project—the film version of the stage hit, “My Three Angels” for Paramount. Had enough, yet?

So natural and effortless an actor is Bogey, no matter what type of role he essays, that it's difficult to realize that he is emoting when his concise, hard-hitting portrayals grab hold of you. And who cares anyway? Bogey the character is as famous in his own right as Bogart the actor.

He's also a connoisseur of women. “You may not believe this,” says Bogey, “but the first thing I notice about a woman is her face. If the face interests me I'll give the rest of her the once over. Take Ingrid Bergman for example. I worked with her all through ‘Casablanca’ before I realized she had a wonderful figure to go with that fascinating face. There's a woman! And besides, there's too much emphasis on bosoms today. With all the fuss caused by the Monroes, the Russells and the Lollobrigidas, you'd think that bosoms were just invented yesterday. It takes more than a well-stacked front balcony and a prominent back porch to make an actress. Somewhere in between there's got to be just a hint of talent.”

When I asked Bogart to name his five favorite young women he began with a, “Well, let's see—there's Lauren Bacall, and then, hmmm, Lauren Bacall, and then— Oh. I must have got carried away for a (continued on page 65)
"What I want most to do," Robert Q. Lewis told me, "is to help kids get the breaks I got. I was lucky, and I want to pass my luck along."

Robert Q., horn-rimmed and sport-shirted, sat behind the big, cluttered desk in the library-TV room-office of his five-room apartment overlooking the river on Manhattan's Upper East Side. It's a comfortable, luxurious room in brown and gold, one wall lined with hundreds of books and records. Framed theatrical announcements and posters hang on the walls, a gorgeously-colored Indian feather headdress is mounted over the couch, and a score of his favorite totem poles are displayed on the bookshelves. Completely equipped for work or play, even down to an electric pencil sharpener contributed by a friend to the "man who has everything," it's the Ivory Tower of a New Yorker whose interests range the world.

"There are so many young people with talent, kids who deserve and need that one break," Bob went on. "Take for instance Fred Elton. I was looking for an accompanist..."

At 33, Robert Q. Lewis has what he wants most from his life—success in his work.

All the cast of his TV variety show are adept at clowning: Roy Bloch, the orchestra leader, Jan Arden, Earl Wrighton, Lois Hunt, Robert Q. himself, Jaye P. Morgan and Lee Vine.

THEY CALL HIM THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING,

BUT ROBERT Q. LEWIS IS MOST INTERESTED

IN PASSING HIS LUCK ALONG TO OTHERS

"Q"

stands for Luck

BY FRANCES ADLER
go along on my Las Vegas night club venture a couple of years ago. During rehearsal one day I asked our orchestra leader, Archie Bly, if he knew of anyone who would suit me. One of the station page boys overheard me, buttonholed me later, and asked for a chance to try out.

Bob grinned. "Of course, I groaned inwardly—who couldn't? Who has time to waste? But I listened to him, and the kid was good. I hired him and took him along to Las Vegas. Now he's on a daytime TV show. I think some day he'll be a great song writer."

There was Bob Cone, too, now one of the writers on the "Robert Q. Lewis Show" (4:30 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV network). While Lewis was airing his patter over WHN several years ago, he noticed a stranger in the control room goggling at him. The next day the same lad, who seemed to have nothing to do with the workings of the program, was still staring with eager absorption. Curious, Robert Q. asked about him and found that he was a casual visitor, a vague acquaintance of one of the control-room engineers.

Now intrigued for real, Mr. Spectacles made a point of asking the boy whether he could do anything for him. He realized that he had led with his chin when the goggler asked to be allowed to submit a test script. "Oh Lord," thought Bob, "what have I let myself in for?"

But he had hit the jackpot again. He had found a mine of talent.

"It's almost always by accident that you find talent," Bob went on, his eyes looking very brown and serious behind the big horn-rims. "I say I've been lucky, because I've always known, as far back as I can remember, what I wanted to do. I'll bet half the readers of SCREENLAND know too. I can't tell them how to grab the brass ring, but if you think it would help, I'll tell them how I did it."

Bob leaned back in the desk chair and closed his eyes, sending his thoughts back to the beginning of things. He was born, he said, on April 5, 1921. (Continued on page 71)
Ted Mack spins the Wheel of Fortune, symbol of the "Original Amateur Hour."

A quiet, unassuming outdoorsman, Ted is unquestionably the logical Bowes replacement, but no one is more unlike the pontifical major than he.
Ted Mack's "Original Amateur Hour" is now 1,001 broadcasts old ... as of April 10 ...

The equivalent, in human terms, of a spry oldster's 4,000th birthday—on the basis of TV contracts calling for thirteen weeks, and renewable if all's well.

And all is well with Ted and the eager amateurs displayed over 115 NBC-TV stations, Saturday evenings at 8:30, EDT. "There are as many talented amateurs today," says Ted, "as there were twenty years ago."

It was twenty years ago when the late Major Edward Bowes took to radio with the program and his: "The Wheel of Fortune spins. Around, around she goes, and where she stops, nobody knows. . . ."

The wheel stopped on the winning jackpot number for the program itself—Bowes units swarmed over the entire U. S. after the show became a top radio favorite. After the major's death, Ted Mack, his right-hand man, took over, and the show went on television.

Eight hundred thousand hopefuls have been auditioned by both regimes. Of the fifteen thousand who reached the air, some have fallen by the theatrical wayside, many have done well or fairly—well—a select few made the very top, such as: Frank Sinatra, Robert Merrill, Mimi Bental, Vera-Ellen, Regina Resnick, Stanley Clements, Jack Carter, Teresa Brewer, Frank Fontaine, Ray Malone, Larry Storch, Paul Winchell, Dave Barry, et al. Some of the old grads showed up for broadcast No. 1,001.

Three-time winners on the half-hour "Hour" compete on June 19 at the show's Annual Championship finals at Madison Square Garden—the highlights to be televised. Cash scholarships run up to $2,000 for the top money.

Pet Milk, the sponsors, reports that the amateur show is their best salesman, with Mr. Mack the idol of their customers. Which suggests something—everyone knows the amateur story, but how many viewers are up on the life and times of Ted Mack? Is that his real name?

Ted Mack was born William Edward Maguiness, February 12, 1904, in Greeley, Colorado. The family moved to Denver, where Ted graduated from Sacred Heart High, worked as a theatre usher, fell for the saxophone playing of the Six Brown Brothers (remember, Dad?)—then had to do his saxophone practising in a closet because his father, a railroad brakeman, worked nights and slept days.

For economic reasons, Ted became a Denver stockyard hog caller during summer vacation from law studies at Denver University. He understandably jumped at an offer from a cowboy orchestra—a hot bath, and he was ready, saxophone in hand. Since Ted was the only member of the band who'd been within four feet of a cayuse, he was also the only untroubled musician—aside from the bass player who stood up anyway—after a press agent had decided that the band should parade to the theatre in San Francisco on their fiery steeds.

Ted's orchestral career—out of the saddle—included work with Ben Pollock, alongside many musical greats-to-be. In 1926, after he heard that a rival was beating his time with his childhood sweetheart, Ellen Marguerite Overholt, Ted dropped everything to go back home and marry the girl. Together, they organized a band—Marguerite, its manager and Ted's (continued on page 70)
COTTON TO YOU
MARCIA MOORE

keep you looking fresh and meticulous through warm months, make this a cotton-cool summer! The styles are pretty and the prices pleasing. Wonderfully, tumbable cotton dresses will give you a new outlook in planning a vacation or a stay-at-home wardrobe. Opposite: Happy-go-lucky Karenandler, sharing the spotlight with Eddie Fisher in a guest appearance on "The Eddie Fisher Show," an NBC-TV production. Karen is a recording star who has just completed a short, "The Four Aces Sing," with Dennis. Here, she models the prettiest "squirly" dress with row upon row of frivolous ruffles; rhinestones that sparkle along the neck in front and back. This comes in white with a blue, or gold print. The size range is from 9 to 15. It is $7.98 and it may be purchased at W. T. GRANT.

A striped cotton percale with a horizontal stripe pattern worked across the top of the yoke and two bands across the skirt. The shirtwaist bodice has a full skirt and large two-tone buttons down to the hem—your waist nipped in by a ribbon-thin tie. $2.98. It has a full notched collar with little rosettes that sparkle along the neck. The colors are gold, or pink with black. 12 to 20. S. S. KRESGE.

The popular "squaw" dress has made rapid fashion inns among young and old alike. Based on American tradition—this dress has been gracefully adapted to meet 1954 requirements. Here, a version with stenciled waist, neckline and sleeve, from S. H. KRESS. It comes in red, gold and green; and the price $3.98. Bright bands of desert-color braiding circle skirt and top of bodice. 3. Karen wears this cotton back which comes in the following combination colors: blue and red, blue and beige, grey and pink, and lilac. All with the bright scattered floral print on a printed cotton. The waistline pared to a minimum, and bodice softly draped. Trim tucks accent the bosom. This sold at the W. T. GRANT Co., for $7.98. In sizes 9-15.

Rosebuds bloom on white cotton. This flower-garden print touches of leafy green comes in rose, blue and maize. Wide, three-tier swing skirt with black trim emphasizing the importance of each tier. Jet buttons lead to below the waistline—interrupted by a thin black belt. Wide-the-shoulder neckline and short puff sleeves. sizes 12-20. For $2.98. From H. L. GREEN STORES.
The surprise story is the shoe story and the happy ending is the wonderful selection of footwear from W. T. GRANT. Play shoes, in all of your favorite materials and colors, are now available at budget-low prices. Step into the walking picture this Summer, in style, comfort and ease.

1. Denim play shoes with criss-cross laces which tie around the ankle. This in solid charcoal and faded blue or red and white stripe, as above. Cushioned crepe sole. $1.99. Also a match for mother and daughter (sizes 11-3).

2. For cool comfort, this mesh shoe which comes in all white or a combination of blue or brown with white. A spectator heel and a slim buckle strap. Just $1.99. For longer, harder wear—a well-constructed plastic-type sole.

3. The skimmer pump or the sailor pump with an elastic striped vamp insert which also retails for $1.99. In charcoal with a black and white insert or marine blue with blue and white, or brown. A good work or play shoe.

4. In charcoal denim or red and white or royal and white gabardine for $2.99. A slip-on comfort with a thick crepe sole, and hand lacing for the mocassin effect. The wide striped elastic band for support and a colorful contrast.

5. A gem to clean because this sandal is of "Federan" a plastic calf. Just use a damp cloth. The colors at white, red with panama, beige with brown, egg shell with turf-tan. Only $1.99. A truly important, smart accessor.

6. The "kiltie" tong is back in style again! This edict is sail cloth with a thick cushioned crepe sole. So soft you feel like you are walking on air. It is in white, fade blue and beige (ash blonde). This shoe for just $2.99.

7. This Summer smoothie, an all-leather sandal which is fully lined. With adjustable straps and cushions with foam rubber for foot comfort. Retails for $2.99. Either in all white, saddle tan or multi-color. Keep step with shoe fashions from W. T. GRANT Company.
news in Fragrance

- Prince Matchabelli presents a special edition entitled “The Magic of Perfume.” Here, in booklet form, you learn how to use perfume, and why, and nestling under the leaves lies Wind Song a high-keyed new note in perfume, combining light with rich floral notes in an exciting floral bouquet. 1 dram, $2.50.
- Noa Noa—Tahitian for “so very fragrant”—is the exotic, heady new fragrance created by Mme. Helena Rubinstein. Gauguin’s vivid colours interpreted in a rich perfume series, arrayed in amber and bamboo in lovely Tahitian design. Perfume, $17.50 ounce, Cologne, $2.25, $3.75, $8.00. Perfumette, as pictured, $3.00.
- Evening in Paris, Bourjois’ historic fragrance, a woody, mossy blend, with singing, soaring top note, has a new dress for its 25th Anniversary celebration. Shown here is the gracefully cut and tapered perfume bottle, .66 ozs. $5.00.
- Escapade, a thrilling new perfume by Shulton. Dry, floral, semi-Oriental, this is a typically modern, around-the-clock perfume. Fresh with warm lingering undertones, it’s casually sophisticated yet purely feminine. The whole series elegantly clad includes perfume, ¾ oz. $15.00, Toilet Water, 3½ oz, $1.50, Stick Cologne Concentrate, $1.00. Perfume Miniature Package, $2.00.
- Adam’s Rib, Letheric’s new, subtle combination of flower and spice, primitive but discreet, is a lingering fragrance that seems to improve with the wearing, revealing excitingly warm, sensuous undertones. The series, in finest crystal bottles adorned with 24 ct. gold, includes Perfume, $3.00, $10.00, $18.50. Toilet Water, $2.50, $4.00. (All prices plus tax).
Match your

PIER ANGELI

MAD ZETTERLING

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

RHODA FLEMING
DOES YOUR PERFUME SUIT YOUR PERSONALITY? WHAT ARE YOU REALLY LIKE?

fragrance to a star

BY YSEULTE SIMONE

Perhaps by studying the stars you may discover that you are not unlike one or another of them in your moods—your hidden depths. Then choose the scent that is yours by right. There’s enchanting innocence about Pier Angeli, of "The Flame And The Flesh," yet she is exceptionally mature. Idealistic, she loves a quiet home life, is devoted to friends and family. For those like her, the sweet distillations of floral bouquets like Patou’s Joy, Tussy’s Charme Rose, Matchabelli’s Wind Song, Gourjelli’s Something Blue, Evyan’s White Shoulders. Mai Zetterling, who’s in “Knock On Wood,” smolders, yet there is definite aloofness about her. The ice must be broken to find the generous warmth that lies beneath. Hers is a quick mind, a certain stubbornness. For those like her the modern blend, aldehyde, with brilliant top note over woody or mossy base: Faberge’s Act IV, Shulton’s Escapade, Coty’s L’Aimant, Dana’s Platine, Carven’s Ma Griffe.

Elizabeth Taylor is sensitive, artistic, creative, easily moved to tears or laughter; a creature of unaccountable moods, impractical; a lover of beautiful things, and all animals. Liz is in “Rhapsody.” For those like her, a heavier, spice-laden perfume that suggests a richness and a rareness: Chess’ Yram, Ciro’s Danger, Lelong’s Passionnement, Gray’s Golden Orchid. Rhonda Fleming is warm and honest, energetic, always trying to improve herself. She has a sense of humor, this star of “Yankee Pasha.” For those like her, a fruity blend, clean, fresh, like Cheramy’s April Showers, Monteil’s Laughter (Rigolade), Cochran’s Shining Hour, Ayer’s Golden Chance. Grace Kelly, of “Dial M For Murder,” is a feminine blend of sweetness and sophistication, ladylike and fastidious. A good companion, capable of great love. For those like her a blend of precious woods and mosses with cool touch of leaves: Bourjois’ Evening in Paris, Chanel’s Bois des Iles, Lentheric’s Tweed, Avon’s Forever Spring, Hudnut’s R.S.V.P. Rita Gam, of “Saadia,” is an exciting personality, individualistic, smart, daring, quicksilver-like. It is hard to believe she once was shy, self-conscious. For those like her a vibrant scent like: Charbert’s Fabulous, Lanvin’s Pretexte, Angelique’s Gold Satin, D’Orsay’s Intoxication.
The biggest Hollywood story of the month broke right under my nose at a private party thrown by night club habitues Dorothy and Harry Jameson in their home above the Sunset Strip. Jane Powell and Miriam Nelson, whose friendship had broken up (to put it mildly!), when Jane started going out with Miriam's estranged husband, Gene Nelson, made up, right then and there! It happened like this:

Gene and Miriam had met that afternoon, to discuss their ill-fated attempt at a reconciliation. (Previously, Jane Powell's fling with Gene had broken up and Jane was now dating Pat Nerney, Mona Freeman's ex-husband.) Anyway, Gene and Miriam decided it was no go. After their decision at this afternoon meeting Miriam called her friends, Doris Day and Marty Melcher, to tell them about it. In order to cheer her up, Doris and Marty invited Miriam to accompany them to the Jameson party.

I was standing near the front door of the Jameson's fabulous mansion when Dorothy Jameson greeted Miriam—exactly at the moment Miriam spotted Jane Powell off in a corner of the living room with Pat Nerney! Miriam paled but said not a word, determined to brave it out. She hadn't known Jane was coming to the party; Jane hadn't known Miriam was coming.

The party went along great guns. Among those present, besides Miriam, Doris, Marty, Jane and Pat, my date Joan Crawford, and myself, were Tony and Sally DeMarco, Marie Wilson and Bob Fallon, Ida Cantor, Katy Jurado and Bert Friedlob, Abbe Lane and Xavier Cugat, Dorothy and Joe Pasternak.

And Spike Jones and his wife, singer Helen Grayco. I set Spike and Helen apart in this story because they, quite accidentally, were the ones responsible for bringing Miriam and Jane together. Spike had gone out of the living room with Pat Nerney to admire the view of Hollywood from the Jamesons' front terrace, leaving Jane and Helen together. Jane and Helen sauntered into another room and were well into the room before they noticed Miriam standing there alone. After the initial shock, Helen said, "You know Miriam, don't you, Jane?" Miriam and Jane were hesitant at first. Then their smiles broke through, like sunshine in the rain, and they started talking.

That's as much of the meeting as I can tell you about. I wasn't in the room when it happened and Helen and Jane refused to discuss the Jane-Miriam conversation.

But Miriam herself, when I phoned her at her home next day, told me, "The whole messy thing is water under the bridge, Jane's with Pat now, and Gene and I are going our separate ways. Let's just say it's over and done with and we're all starting anew again!"

While I'm still on the subject of the Jameson party, I must tell you another incident: I noticed that Joan Crawford's jeweled cigarette case was engraved "Forever and Forever" and that the magnificent hunk of jewelry matched her jeweled compact, which was engraved "And a Day." I said, "Forever and ever and a day is a long time, Joan. What do those trinkets commemorate?" Replied Joan, "Greg Bautzer gave them to me a long time ago. My, wasn't THAT forever and forever and a day a short weekend!"

Speaking of Spike Jones, he threw the nicest party of the month. It was a kiddie party, for the children of Hollywood's stars. Most of the stars brought their children, others delegated nurses or housemaids to tend their images. Once again, Janie Powell and Pat Nerney were together, and Pat was busying himself being very much the proud father to his own Mona Freeman Nerney, Jr., and to little Suzanne Steffen ("Sissy," they call her), daughter of Janie and Gary Steffen. Sissy wore the CRAZIEST ruffled panties I've ever seen and Mona, who sports glasses because her eyes are weak, was a doll through it all.

Jerry and Patty Lewis' two, Gary and Ronnie, were little gentlemen all afternoon too, and Evie and Van Johnson looked on proudly as their two, Schuyler and Tracy, joined in the fun.

Spike had Cecil the Seaside Serpent and others in the cast of TV's "Time For Beany" on hand to entertain the kids, and Cornel Wilde and Jean Wallace sang the kiddie songs and enjoyed the "Beany" antics as much as did their offspring. Joan Crawford took charge of the Betty Grable-Harry James children, Victoria and Jessica, who had been brought to the party by a nurse, and mothered them. Joan also looked on proudly as her own twins, Cathy and Cynthia, paraded in their very exclusive, very expensive Nei-

HOLLYWOOD-

Janie Powell and her Suzanne were among the mother-and-child guests at Spike Jones' party for filmdom's younger set. Other guests at Spike's party—Cornel Wilde and his Jean—got as big a kick out of the proceedings as the children.
man-Marcus dresses, which Joan had bought for them during her recent visit to Dallas.

Cary Peck, Greg's son, cried and wanted to go home, until Greta told him that Peter Cottontail was coming to the party, whereupon Cary buttoned his lip. Bridget Duff, daughter of Ida Lupino and Howard Duff, got temperamental too but the last I saw of her she was wide-eyed and dry-eyed over a seven-week-old lion cub that Clyde Beatty had sent over from the Beatty Circus with ITS nurse to Spike's party!

Custest kids at the party: Dusty and Sandy Rogers, children of Dale Evans and Roy Rogers, wearing cowboy outfits exactly like those worn by their parents, who also looked on proudly as the kids stuffed themselves with candy, cake and soda pop.

Another nice affair was the opening of the Beatty Circus itself. Esther Williams and Ben Gage were there, minus the newcomer to the family, Susan Tenny Gage, but very much on hand were Kim and Benjy Gage. I sat with the Gage family through most of the show.

Esther said, "It's late for the boys to be up but I made them sleep five hours this afternoon to prepare for it. I also gave them butch haircuts. How do you like my barbering?" I said I approved. "They won't sit still for haircuts," Esther said. "So I said, 'No haircuts, no circus.' That's how they got their haircuts.

"Gosh, they've been good boys today," Esther continued. "Benjy especially. He's so thoughtful for a four-year-old. Know what he did just now, before we came into the main tent? We were standing looking at the sideshow when a girl came up and asked me for my autograph. After I gave it to her and she had stepped aside Benjy ran after her and said, 'Thank you for asking my Mommy to sign her name. Is it because you like her in the movies? The girl said yes and blushed—and I blushed too.'

Just then we heard Kim, who was sitting on his dad's lap, making a racket. "What's the matter, Kimmy?" asked Esther. "I can't clap for that lady on the Comedienne's long for serious roles too, but Mmmm's desire'll really rock you!

trapeze any more, and I'm so sorry, because she's such a nice lady," exclaimed Kim. "I lost my cufflinks!" The cufflinks for Kim's Buster Brown shirt had fallen down between the grandstand seats into the sawdust. We searched but couldn't find them. Kim still insisted he couldn't applaud the act without his cufflinks. Esther was in no mood to argue. "Holler instead!" she hollered at Kim over the din of the circus band. So Kim hollered!

Last thing I remember about the Gages, Clyde Beatty was in the center cage sur-

(Continued on page 57)

AS I SEE IT

by Mike Connolly

Sometimes the best scenes in the movie colony take place far away from the studio sets and the eye of the camera.

Esther Williams went to the circus with her fellows—husby Ben Gage and their Benjy and Kimmy—after Esther had acted as lady barber for the two youngsters.
The on-again, off-again romance between Merle Oberon and Dr. Rex Ross is off again. He's been dating Melinda Markey consistently although Melinda's mother (Joan Bennett) doesn't conceal her disapproval of the duet...

Television has never seen anything like the turnover of personnel on the Red Buttons show. The writers, directors, producers and supporting players come and go so fast the star can't learn their names before they head for the exits. It's one reason why the Red Buttons Hollywood musical film has been shelved...

Sonja Henie will marry Norwegian millionaire Kjell Holm just as soon as she divorces Winthrop Gardiner. She'll retire from the screen at the same time...

Scooping around: Arlene Dahl vows she will not remarry until 1956. She'll 'concentrate on her career'... Eddie Fisher's biggest Hollywood crush is Jane Powell... Marilyn Monroe DiMaggio's weekly allowance has been cut to $25.00... Grace Kelly has been dropped from the guest lists of several leading Hollywood hostesses because she's now considered Flickerville's Number One Female Fatale... Esther Williams may not film the life story of Eleanor Holm after all—it'll cost MGM too much loot to get an O.K. from Eleanor's first husband, Art Jarrett... Rock Hudson bought a four-karat diamond ring—for himself—but never wears it... Lana Turner and Elizabeth Taylor are no longer chummy...

Gene Kelly would have his best friends believe he has to work hard to make ends meet—says he can't afford to build another bathroom at his Beverly Hills home. (Kidding, of course)...

John Wayne and Pilar Pallette plan to make it a Thanksgiving Day wedding in her native Peru...

Clark Gable and Virginia Grey have resumed their long, long romance. If there is to be a fifth Mrs. Clark Gable this year, the Grey lass seems to be leading the field...

20th Century-Fox won't admit it, but the Marlon Brando—'The Egyptian' page one publicity looks like just that—publicity...

Cecil B. DeMille is being touted as the possible master of ceremonies for next year's Academy Awards TV show. If they can't get Bob Hope, and won't try for Donald O'Connor again (obviously!), it'll be the master showman who'll be passing out the golden statuettes...

The Ames Brothers, famous on records and in night clubs, are being groomed as a quartet of comedians for a remake of the Marx Brothers' classic, 'A Day At The Races'...

Peter Lawford wants to form a TV producing firm in London and Paris—his potential backers may include Lana Turner, Ava Gardner and Judy Garland...

Farley Granger's next big page one romance will involve Hildegarde Neff if she's willing to be 'romanced.' Meanwhile Farl remains in New York dating dancer Jeanmaire, singer Kaye Ballard and actress Betsy von Furstenberg...

Good bet: Shelley Winters' first Hollywood fling after her Italian film-making chores are completed will be with Greg Bautzer...

Jack Webb stands to clear over $1,000,000 with the film version of his TV 'Dragnet'—and the ex-Mrs. Friday, Julie London, hopes to share in the profits during the next seven years. Proceeds to be banked for the Webb offspring...

The Barbara Stanwyck-George Nader dating has taken a serious turn—they're inseparable...

After success in the Hollywood Geller Workshop Theatre, where hubby Clark Smith was a director, Marian Lloyd Dix left for New York to seek a TV career. On a whim, while making the rounds of producers' offices, she wrote a short who-done-it—and won a "first story" award from the Ellery Queen Magazine contest!
rounded by fifteen lions and tigers and
Esther was shouting excitedly to Ben,
Kim, Benjy and the world at large:
"Look at that tiger chase his tail—Kim,
I'll bet he's going to turn into a pancake,
like Little Black Sambo in that story I
read to you!"

Marilyn Monroe told me, in all serious-
ness, that she's sick of playing empty-
headed blonde chorus girls and musical
comedy dolls. That's why she turned
down the first script of "Pink Tights" and
walked out of 20th-Fox. "My ambition,"
said Marilyn, "is to play Juliet in 'Romeo
And Juliet'" Very serious. Hey, how
about that gal?

Marie Coté threw a fabulous shower
for Susan Ball just two days before Su-
zan and Dick Long were married at El
Montecito Presbyterian Church in Santa
Barbara. Marie is housemother at "The
House Of Seven Garbos," where Suzan
lived when she was starting her career.
Among those invited was Dick Long—
the only man permitted to attend.

Gene Tierney is such a different type
from Rita Hayworth, everyone was sur-
prised when Aly Khan followed her to
Hollywood. And yet it isn't so surprising
when you consider Gene's social back-
ground, poise, sense of humor and plain
down-to-earth good sense. Actually, the
thing that makes the least sense is not
that Aly would consider Gene as his
bride but that Gene would consent! Her
mother, Belle Tierney, seems to feel the
same way. Belle just doesn't approve of
this pairing.

Sometimes it takes a separation and
illness to make two people realize how
much they care for each other. That's
the way it seems to have been with Rhon-
da Fleming and Dr. Lou Merrill, who was
doomed to spend 9 months in bed with
multiple fractures. Anyway, Rhonda's
called off the divorce, which she really
didn't want, and they're reconciled.

This reporter inadvertently settled
20th-Fox's $2,000,000 damage suit against
Marlon Brando. When 20th announced
it was going to make "Desiree," with
Jean Simmons the studio couldn't think
of anyone to play Napoleon, the leading
male role. I had a sudden vision of
Brando wearing a spit curl, with his
hand stuck in the front of his waistcoat,
strutting like a peacock, and printed in
my column in The Hollywood Reporter,
"Why doesn't 20th grab Marlon Brando
for the Napoleon role in 'Desiree'?" That
evday I got a phone call from Harry
Brand, head of publicity at the studio.
"Does Brando really want to do it?"
Harry asked. I replied: "He's nuts if he
doesn't!"

Next week—big headlines: "Marlon
Brando and 20th-Fox Settle Differences;
He will play Napoleon."
WHY WOMEN LOVE MARILYN MONROE

(Continued from Page 25)

When the only pictures they ever saw were of Marilyn bursting out of skin-tight, low-cut dresses, it's not surprising they considered her cheap.

"In our school, for instance, we wouldn't let the girls see her pictures," she points out. "We had nothing against Marilyn Monroe, but you can't allow young and impressionable girls to think scanty clothing is the way to be popular!"

From a woman's point of view, Marilyn had plenty of publicity—and all of it was bad. On the other hand, it may well have been female resistance to that bad publicity which helped to put Marilyn up top! Certainly, the American males who whistle at the pictures and envied Joe DiMaggio found an extra spice in doing something their women didn't approve!

When did it change? The first step, perhaps, was Joan Crawford's condemnation of Marilyn after a magazine awards dinner. "I have never been so embarrassed in my life," said Miss Crawford. "The make-up of the true star is founded on talent. Miss Monroe is giving a grotesque interpretation of the artistry and sincerity that is, and has always been, behind the making of movies."

These were strong words—a little too strong for some of the American housewives. Women are basically tender-hearted and traditionally on the side of the underdog. After all, they said to themselves, Marilyn probably isn't responsible for all the publicity, and even if she does lend herself to some questionable appearances, it isn't very nice of an established star to condemn Marilyn for following the Hollywood pattern.

As for Marilyn herself, she said nothing... and thereby gained a lot more approval. What might have been an unpleasant Hollywood feud became merely an incident in which Marilyn behaved with dignity. And when Marilyn received an award this year, Hollywood actresses rose to applaud her.

The biggest boost of all to Marilyn's new place in the hearts of American women probably came from her television appearance with Jack Benny. For one thing, women who wouldn't have gone across the street to see Marilyn in a movie couldn't resist the free opportunity to take a look for themselves at this American phenomenon.

They turned on their TV sets; they saw—and Marilyn conquered! "I still don't know that she can act," said one viewer. "But she was real sweet! I was surprised... she has such a gentle voice and she seemed so quiet, and just—nice, somehow. You know, I think we've all misjudged her!"

All over the country, women felt the same way. Marilyn—if misjudged—became a girl who needed sympathy rather than censure. What, after all, was known about her?

The calendar? That was a mistake, surely—but on the other hand, if you needed money to eat, you'd take any job that offered. And Marilyn had no relatives or family who could advise her that posing for a nude calendar wasn't the right way to earn a living.

American women, on thinking it over, decided that the calendar was the result of inexperienced youth. Marilyn had had no one to guide her. And don't forget that in spite of all the hullabaloo, no one has ever said Marilyn was as cheap as her publicity.

But separating the girl from her publicity was a tough job for most people. When her mother died, public sentiment swung madly from side to side—until the facts emerged. Again Marilyn said very little, but her growing number of friends and adherents sprang to her defense.
To all intents and purposes, Marilyn’s own mother had almost never in any way helped her daughter. The only mother-influence Marilyn had ever known had come from her foster mother who had died several years before. How could you expect Marilyn, whose most outstanding trait is sincerity, to pretend to deep affection for a mother who had been forced to place her in an orphanage?

Once again, feminine sympathy went to Marilyn. Even the mothers of America felt that she had handled a difficult situation in the only possible way. She had assumed financial responsibility, but to pretend to a sentimental attachment would have been a lie.

On the other hand, perhaps Marilyn was too occupied with her career, too brainless a blonde to be capable of sentiment. Joe DiMaggio was the answer to that. Joe, in fact, was the answer to all the remaining questions about Marilyn.

Underneath all the scantily clad pictures, the avalanche of stories in all the magazines, the calendar displays in the drugstores and all the rest of the ballyhoo, one thing remained unchanged: the steadfast attachment between Marilyn Monroe and her Joe.

Whenever Marilyn could spare enough time, she was to be found in San Francisco, surrounded by the DiMaggio family. She was behaving, it seemed, like any young girl with a best beau; rushing to see him when she finished work, spending weekends and holidays with his family, “going steady,” in fact.

It began to look as if Marilyn truly was just a nice girl. She had always said she liked a quiet life, that she was fond of children, that she wanted to become a better actress, and that she spent her nights reading to improve her mind. Nobody had ever believed her—but apparently it was true, just the same.

“Miss Monroe’s marriage has a much better chance of succeeding than many Hollywood romances,” says Roland P. Taylor, a well-known British family counselor. “She places a tremendous value on the stability of the home, due to her own unhappy and lonely childhood. It is probable that Standom, fame, money, would mean literally—nothing to her if they conflict in any way with her chance for a life like other women.

“In England, we have never viewed Miss Monroe as she has appeared in America,” he says. “We have tended to accept her as an unusually pretty girl who, despite all the siren build-ups, only wants in her life what all women want: a home, a husband, and children.”

American women are daily coming to the same conclusion. When Marilyn put her career in second place (apparently) to marry the man of her heart... when Marilyn stated frankly that she meant her marriage to last and she intended to have at least five kids... when a man as prominent and as well-balanced as Joe DiMaggio chose her to be his wife... her countrywomen suddenly realized Marilyn was just one of the girls.

“It’s time we stopped making fun of Marilyn and talking about her,” says that Brooklyn housewife. “For one thing,

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Does that very swish shindig call for—

- A new hairdo
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Yah—you look different all right, with that new siren-ish chignon! In fact, you’re a Stranger in Harry’s eyes—so now you feel unsure. A special occasion’s no time to try new hairsty tricks. But at “that” time, it’s no trick to be sure about whether Regular, Junior or Super Kotex suits you best. Try all 3. Each size has chafe-free softness; holds its shape!

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Marilyn never talks back! And she’s just as American as apple pie, when you come to think of it! She’s a real success story. Everything she’s got, she got all by herself—including a happy marriage.

“If she continues her career in pictures, I think women are going to be her biggest fans,” she concludes with a smile.

“As a matter of fact, now that women love Marilyn, she’ll be much less interesting to men. They’re going to figure that if women like her, she can’t be any fun!”

Maybe she’s wrong about that—but she’s right about one thing: women love Marilyn!

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EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ROCK!
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

said, what I had said—I was so flustered that it was a week before I could remember one word of the conversation. You see, I fluster easily.”

When he was assigned his role in “The Magnificent Obsession,” it seemed to Rock one of the most important and exciting things that had ever happened to him. He went about for weeks in a rosy glow, determined that he would be so good in this picture that he would surprise everybody. And he took such good care of himself, so that he would be super-fit when it was time for the picture to start.

“Relax. That’s the thing,” he told himself.

So one beautiful day he went alone to the beach to bask in the sun and enjoy a bit of gentle surf bathing. He saw some small boys riding the waves in inner tubes and that looked even more restful than loping through the water under his own power. He got himself a fat inner tube, inflated it, went into the water and got aboard.

“I'm a big guy,” he says, “and I had no idea of the buoyancy of that thing. First thing I knew I was riding the crests of those waves like a little cockleshell—and just as helplessly. Then a big roller came along, tossed me aloft and then slammed me on my head. That’s how I broke my collarbone and scared myself nearly to death for fear I wouldn’t be able to make the picture!”

“And all I was doing was trying to have a little peace and quiet all by myself at the beach!”

However, Rock’s luck never seems to desert him completely, even when he is walloped in search of peace and quiet. His close friend Betty Abbott came flying back from Europe to cheer him through his days of recovery. And the picture waited. He did make “The Magnificent Obsession.”

During the filming of “Bengal Rifles,” someone noticed he had a bandaged knee.

“More peace and quiet?” he was asked.

Rock grimaced. “Just took a peaceful little stroll,” he admitted. “Twisted the darned thing. You know—anything can happen to me.”

Nevertheless he's working. Guess he's a lucky guy, after all. In spite of everything, Rock always comes up smiling.

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WHO NEEDS A PRIVATE LIFE?
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

were ready to start attending Sunday school. And we selected for the ceremony the church where Ben and I were married.

“Sixty friends were hastily invited and everything went off beautifully. Ben and I were emotionally swept away at the conclusion and I wanted to prolong the beauty and the solemnity of the moment. And then suddenly there were dozens of cameramen, reporters, and photographers filling the church, setting up lights, arranging cameras, requesting our guests’ names. And asking us to repeat the ceremony!

“For a moment I was tormented by doubts...appalled at this seemingly callous invasion of privacy. What would the governor and our minister and friends think? That we’d deliberately planned to turn a tender family ceremony into a publicity rout?

“I turned to my mother, almost tearfully. That all-wise woman put her arm around me, and didn’t agree one bit. ‘Darling,’ she soothed me, ‘I’m sure your friends will understand. Personally, I think it’s wonderful that you can let people see a really wholesome side of Hollywood family life instead of the all-too-frequent sordid scandals they find on their front pages. You should be thankful that it’s in your power to show readers, as a substitute, that the governor of a great state honored a member of the motion picture colony with his presence.’

‘Mother, as usual, set me straight.

‘Actors and actresses really can’t have private lives any more than politicians and athletes can, because they are not private people. If the public ceased showing an interest in me, if reporters and photographers passed me up with a blank stare, I’d know it’s time to retire, like Whistler’s Mother, to my fireside chair.’

Brave words, but even so, MGM’s Number One bathing beauty has found that her desire to make public her private life has inevitably brought headaches at the least—heartaches at the most. Not long ago, a very close friend was commissioned by a magazine to obtain, at a fat fee, exclusive photographs of Esther’s...
baby daughter, shortly after she was born. When Esther pointed out that this was contrary to studio policy and that, furthermore, tiny babies were not photogenic (an affront to any mother's natural pride), the friend became angry and refused, forthwith, to speak to Esther.

Another publicity snafu brought heartaches to Esther and Ben on the eve of their marriage in 1945. A sergeant in the Army, was nervously awaiting his separation, two days before the marriage ceremony was scheduled. As excited as a ping pong ball in a tornado, he had added and re-added his "points"; his papers were all in order, as he lined up with his buddies for official release from the Army. Every name was called — but his! And he was informed by the Commanding General that the press had given a good deal of attention to his forthcoming marriage. If Ben Gage were released with the first contingent, it might look like favoritism to the motion picture industry. Therefore, Ben must wait until the other men had been processed. Look at the be-bridegroom's eloquence and persuasive powers to make the wedding ceremony. As it was, he didn't have time to dress and was married in brown shoes!

Ben has suffered, as have other Hollywood husbands, through the Who is he? phase, and the Mr. Ben Williams introductions. Even Esther's dad has felt the corroding effects of publicity, as a voting citizen. And if that's harmful then what's the use of giving actors and actresses the right to vote?

The five-foot-seven mermaid has an answer, too, for the prophets of marriage doom—the gossip columnists. She's heard those rumors so often that by now she merely chuckles and breaks into a wide grin as she reads the columnists' perennial pronouncement: "This is one marriage that cannot last. The Gage marital craft has sprung a leak and Esther's bailing like mad to avoid a divorce plunge.

"Ben and I used to get boiling mad," Esther candidly admitted, "when we first read that magazine. Wouldn't a housewife in Arkansas be furious if she found out that her neighbors were spreading such an untrue story about her and her husband? But we've learned the hard way that, like everything, film stardom has a price on it. You'd think that after eight years and three children, the gossips would have had it. But Ben and I have a truly sound marriage. We've learned that marriage, in Hollywood anyway, is not a private affair.

"Of course, Ben and I have minor tiffs occasionally like any married couple. But who has time to fight? We're both too busy." She's been criticized by the press for her shrewd business ability, for her careful way with a dollar, for her highly successful business ventures. Fully aware

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HERE ARE THE RULES—

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that make up the drawing of the Swan and get the SUM TOTAL for the puzzle figure of single numbers 2, 4, 5, 7, 9 and 5. There are no sites, no ones, no zeros. There are no double numbers like 23, 56, etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, etc, and get the correct TOTAL. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition. It is not so easy but if you are careful you may get it exactly right. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible to receive prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to "SCHOLARSHIPS, INC." Send each if you prefer. Write us for additional puzzle sheets if you need them.

2. If you send your contributions before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Bonus, making the total First Prize $2060.00. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the First Prize only.

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing, once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn. A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. As a receipt of your entry and contribution promptly. Read the rules carefully and do not write for additional information concerning this contest since information that is not available to all other contestants cannot be given.

4. This contest is confined to persons within the continental limits of the United States. Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc., and members of their immediate families are ineligible. Due to the uncertainty of mailing addresses entries cannot be accepted from persons in the Armed Forces outside the United States postmarked from persons in Alaska, Canada, Hawaiian Islands and other locations outside of the United States prior to the receipt of a tape containing this announcement.

5. Entries will be accepted from February 1 to October 10, 1954. Entries postmarked October 10 will be accepted.

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that a swimming career can't last forever, the Gages are building up financial security for the future. Other stars are criticized because they are spendthrifts, are unable to meet alimony and child support payments. It almost seems as though you can't win.

Still Esther Williams welcomes publicity. Could it be because she knows her private life is wholesomely American in the best tradition and that she has nothing to fear from exposure?

Over the years she seems to have achieved everything she's ever wanted in, as she explains, this order: "A happy marriage; healthy, normal children; a good job that really hasn't interfered as yet with the stability of the first two."

'It's true that she's not the typical Mrs. Jones next door; she's a movie star who makes a fantastic amount of money, yet doesn't live by the accepted glamour rules. She has a charming, Early American yellow farmhouse, a housekeeper and nurse, a swimming pool, fine cars. She doesn't smoke, drinks moderately, can prepare an excellent salad, a fine casserole dish utilizing leftovers. She's thrifty and frugal; admires a bargain as well as any of us. She loves to dance, loves parties, laughter and gayety; plunges into ventures with unbridled enthusiasm; has energy to burn . . . and brains.

But most of all, Esther reflects the up-bringing she received in an intelligent, God-loving home, rich in love though poor in material possessions. That background is the real root of her stability and of her success.

"After I made my first picture, 'Batting Beauty,' I thought I'd had it and that I'd have fun with my scrapbooks, showing my children how Mommy used to look in movies," she explains. "But if audiences like what I'm doing, I want to keep on. And if they want to see photographs of our family and read about our everyday doings as a family, I'll do nothing to jeopardize that interest. So—who needs a private life?"
in the back of the ambulance, steadying Suzan's stretcher to make her ride more comfortable.

That night was the only time she ever lost her spirit. But it wasn't long till her despair gave way to her faith and fighting spirit to one day walk again.

Later, when a studio spokesman called to inquire about Suzan's condition, Dick told him that they had decided to get married. As a result, an announcement was released to the press that Suzan and Dick would elope to Las Vegas, Nevada, the following Sunday. This report, however, proved a bit premature. The doctor nullified their plans for a quick wedding.

The date for the amputation was set for the following Saturday morning. The days between were the most trying hours of Suzan's life. Dick's mother, who visited her the night before the operation, said, "I've never seen a braver girl in my life. Only a tear or two rolled down her cheeks while I was with her. Dick couldn't have picked a finer girl."

Until the operation, Dick spent much time as possible with his fiancee. During the day, he called her whenever he could get away from the set. Every night he rushed directly to Temple Hospital to have dinner with her.

On the morning of the surgery, Dick was at the hospital before sunrise. The attendants understandingly let him hold her hand until she was under the anesthetic.

Neither Dick nor Suzan had any illusion that the weeks which followed would be easy. For three to four months, she would have to be kept in a cast. But in anticipation of their life together, this was easy to take.

Almost immediately after the operation, they started making plans for their wedding. Instead of an elopement, they now decided on a local wedding. Dick left the details up to Suzan, who had ample time in the hospital to do the planning, while he was busy working in "Playgirl," at Universal - International.

His efforts were reduced to ordering the wedding ring—Suzan didn't want an engagement ring—a replica of one she once admired in a jewelry store: a gold band with a diamond studded triangle inserted in the middle.

For the first few months—until they can build or buy a place of their choice—they will stay in a furnished apartment near the studio. That'll be most convenient for Suzan as well as Dick, for she plans to resume her career as soon as possible. But first came their honeymoon drive up the California coast.

"Her temperament and zest for life feed on the activity a career can provide," Dick says fondly. But he adds, "I know she wants a family as much as I do, and that she is capable of giving the right amount of importance to her career, our children, and our marriage—she's amazing."

There is no doubt in the minds of their families and friends that their marriage will be a happy one. They have already proved that they are meant for each other...
here herself next September to make a movie, in which case I will accompany her. And, in the meantime, my children may be coming over to America to visit Jean and myself on their vacation."

There you have it: the sought-after male and the two women in his life. It's all very basic and pat. But it doesn't quite add up that way. For Jean Simmons it is no longer, at twenty-five, a child bride. And to stay married, Jimmy and Jean have had to grow in their marriage as they have grown professionally.

Granger, you see, belongs to the old-fashioned, courtly school in which the male in the family is lord and master. He has, accordingly, equipped himself for that role. In the case at hand, the husband went out and bought a huge house in Bel-Air, near the fabulous Conrad Hilton estate. It was a tremendous estate, sprawling over six acres and costing $150,000. Jean was heard to say that she would have settled for a much smaller house, even in plain out right, but didn't like it! But she kept her feelings about the house to herself for a long, long time, because she knew he loved it so much.

Granger's personality was stamped on practically everything in the house and on the grounds, there were leather all over and stuffed animals and guns and trophy racks and heavy leather-bound books. It was ninety-five percent Granger, five percent Simmons. He not only selected the house but he furnished it—even the silverware. He did most of the cooking too, and still does, as a matter of fact. He loves to cook, especially outdoors over his barbecue.

He also has a great deal to say about what kind of clothes Jean should wear, both indoors and out, and what not to wear.

He was also heard telling her the Hollywood people she should have for friends and the ones she shouldn't have—and I just hope that what I've written about Granger so far doesn't make him sound like a heel, because he's anything but that. It's more a case of a man trying hard to make his marriage work.

Finally Jean got across to Jimmy the idea that she didn't like the big house. Always anxious to please, he went right out and bought another one.

This house has less of the Granger personality stamped upon it than the other. It includes Jean, too, although Jimmy visualized and ordered every piece of furniture made to order, the drapes and material that covers the chairs and couches and beds, and also bought enormous, rare roots that he had highly polished at great expense and then transformed into modern tables and lamps. Jimmy, you see, is a very skillful decorator; in addition to being a devoted husband and good provider, this attribute is evident wherever you turn in the house.

It's the kind of house you would expect two top movie stars to live in. But here atop their mountain knoll, with all the fabulous equipment and all the accoutrements expected of being movie stars, I have a feeling that Jean and Jimmy, while living in the style their fans dream they should live in, have been very determinedly putting up a struggle to keep their marriage intact.

When Jean was a little girl and just starting in the theater and Jimmy was a big star, Joe Mankiewicz, turned to him all the time. It became a sort of game, because he told her everything to do. He coached her in her lines, read the scripts to her, and explained all the stage business and camera angles and makeup tricks.

But then Jean started developing and growing on her own. Hollywood turned out to be different from England. She found herself in demand here. Howard Hughes offered her $125,000 per picture. And still Jimmy kept ordering her meals for her in restaurants.

Jimmy, who has been known to be more or less hotheaded, turned down a party invitation after another at first. He just didn't want to go to them. He'd had all the social life he ever wanted in England. Now he had a beautiful wife and a beautiful home and he wanted to stay home and enjoy them. But Jean wanted to go to the parties—well, at least some of them. So in a few cases, he would ask their prospective host and hostess who was on the guest list and off they would go.

It seemed to their intimates, about this time, that Jean was sliding away from Granger, and that he was devising programs of entertainment and recreation to keep her amused at home. After he bought the new house, as an example, he bought a few horses and they would go out and ride part of the day—this, of course, when they weren't busy making movies. He bought all the gear that goes with horses, including a stable.

Then they took up tennis and joined the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. This didn't last long either.

They had a long discussion about this time, their friends confide, and decided on a "probationary period," during which time they would gear themselves for a new start.

Their circle of friends was growing, to Jean's delight. A typical dinner party at their house would include Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding, Vincenzo and Georgette Wilding, Joe Mankiewicz, Maria Montez and James Mason, George Cukor—although they hadn't had the Masons lately. This is an interesting sidelight: Pam Mason is very gregarious; Stewart Granger is hearth-hugging. And when Pam and James returned the compliment by having the Grangers house Pam would have almost half of Hollywood there! So, finally, the Grangers and the Masons called the whole thing off.

Something else happened to spoil things. It seemed that whenever Jean and her Jimmy were about to get together, and when everything was rolling along
TIME TO CALL A HALT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

covers a lot of territory. I really think that after a hard day's work a man wants to be able to talk to his wife about his problems and feelings and know she will understand him.

"While I was ill I thought a good deal about my future—and my past. I thought about my emotions. I suddenly realized I couldn't push life around. I had to let it happen to me and try to find its natural course. There is no point in forcing things. I now feel more content inside, I feel happier. Maybe I am learning to live with myself. And to accept myself for what I honestly am."

This is pretty much the only recourse left for a guy who has experienced love and has found something lacking in the previously idyllic relationship. And this brings up the point of: when does any man call a halt to a romance? When does he come out of his dream-like trance and face facts? When does he come face to face with not-so-pretty truth?

"When a man and a woman fall in love," Fernando comments, "it's a beautiful thing in the beginning." He gives her a lot of compliments because she loves him and she idealizes him. But how can he tell when the charming picture has started to turn somewhat sour? You know, it's often hard to see reality in the face of a dream.

"Any fellow can begin to wonder what is happening to his ideal romance when the girl's compliments turn to criticism. When she starts complaining about the very characteristics she once loved in him. Suddenly, she makes demands where before she asked for little. All these are clues to him that the romance is getting a bit shaky.

"I've known women who have tried to change me—and while I want to change enough to be a better person, I don't believe in making a campaign out of making over anyone. In the first place it can't be done. I don't believe in destroying another individual under the guise of 'I only want to help you improve.'"

"If a man finds he is being lied to, that he is being taken for a sleigh ride, he should certainly not let the attachment continue—even though breaking it off might be hard for him."

"However, no man should naively think he'll never be fooled by a woman. All of us have been—and all of us will be. It's part of the experiences we have to go through. I've been fooled, but I harbor no bitterness because of it."

"Some men hope that they can instill love in a woman's heart—and they hang on hoping. You can never force a human being to love you. So a man does walk out—and he's shattered for a while. He has times when he wants to walk right back into the situation again simply because he's lonely. That is when he has to pull himself together and realize somehow how lucky he really is. All right, so he suffers for weeks or months or maybe a year or two, but it will still be healthier this way. I don't believe in any man's letting himself get into the place where he stops being a man, where he stops having dignity."

"The best antidote for a broken romance that I know of is to concentrate on other things, to work harder than you ever have. Problems are most difficult at night. Sleepless nights build into terrible things, so take advantage of the chance to be in the sun, to be with friends."

"Some people have the tendency to be cynical after a romance has gone sour. I don't believe in letting an unhappy experience make you want to hurt someone else."

"I also don't believe in falling in love on the rebound. I can't see any reason for it—except that it's an emotional reaction."

"In short, if your girl—or your guy—is playing a game with you by trying to make you unreasonably jealous, if you're being lied to, if you're being criticized too much, if you find it hard to please the other person where once everything you did was right—then run to the nearest exit!"

"As for Fernando, he's taking his own advice. He's living the quiet life now. He's spending time with friends and he's gathering his own forces.

And he's not interested in dating at the moment! This should not be surprising. In case anyone is interested in facts, this man, who has allegedly been the Casanova of Hollywood, has only dated two women in town in over three years!

As for the guys and their romances, if you get knocked flat on your face, don't forget you had a chance to walk out like a man. Next time, lower the boom yourself; don't let it be lowered on you. END
I read in the paper that the governor of New Jersey said that the modern ideal of feminine perfection seems to be a punk actress with platinum hair and an overstuffed bosom. Now I don’t know whether he was referring to Marilyn Monroe or Kathleen Hughes, but if he did mean Marilyn I resent it. She is the greatest actress since Garbo.

Marjorie Olsted
Canton, Ohio

("A Stolen Life," 1946—Ed.)

I wonder if you could tell me the name of the picture in which Glenn Ford and Bette Davis appeared. Bette played twins. Marjorie Bearden
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

What I wish one of the writers that write about stars would do is write something about Richard Egan.

Mrs. Bobby Schrone
Maiden, N. C.

(You’ll find a story about Richard Egan in the August issue of SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND, which will be on sale July 5th. And it’s by a very special writer: Jane Russell.—Ed.)

Let’s have more stories on Rock Hudson, Alan Ladd, Tony Curtis and Esther Williams . . . For my part you can throw out stars like Clark Gable, Glenn Ford, Rita Hayworth and Errol Flynn. Ugh! I just don’t care to see them.

Janette Mills
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Have you ever had a feature story on pianist Liberace?

Carol Stritch
Painesville, Ohio

(Coming up next month, in the August issue of SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND is a story on your favorite pianist—"The Loves Of Liberace."—Ed.)

Thank you very much for your cover picture of my favorite, beautiful Betty Grable . . . the real queen of Hollywood.

Kenny Dannels
Wichita, Kansas

Many of my friends and I were very impressed by a certain young actor Peter Graves . . . the spy in “Stalag 17” and Arnold in “Beneath The Twelve-Mile Reef.” I have also seen him in several TV shows and I think he is one of the best of the new young actors . . . I would appreciate some information about him.

Barbara Russell

(Peter Graves—real name, Peter Aur- ness—was born in Minneapolis, Minne- sota, March 18, 1925. He was married to Joan Endress in 1950; they have one child, Kelly Jean. Peter’s 6’3”, weighs 190. You’ll see him next in “The Raid.”—Ed.)

I never thought too much of Rita Hay- worth as a movie actress, but now I’m all for her. I think everyone is picking on her. I say, leave the girl alone to live her life as she chooses.

Frances Way
Port Huron, Mich.

I thought you might be interested in this picture of one of the non-Commu- nists returned to South Korea after months of internment in North Korea. One of her first wishes was to catch up on news about American movies.

Arletta Herbert
Wrentham, Mass.

Address your letters to The Editor, SCREENLAND Plus TV-LAND, 10 East 48th Street, New York 16, New York. We cannot promise to answer every letter or to publish everyone, even though we should like to do so.
as a recluse. The spring night, Jean had left the seclusion of her home for a date with Casey Adams, who is known and liked for his gregariousness.

Jean and Casey came to Hollywood from similar backgrounds. She is from Canton, Ohio; he from Caldwell, Kansas. Casey's father was an oil-lease broker; his mother, a lover of music and a piano teacher. Jean's father (he died when she was only ten) was an engineer, a lover of music, an accomplished pianist; her mother, a talented painter. They came to meet in Hollywood, but they came by very different roads.

Jean was a reluctant winner of the Ohio State University's campus popularity contest. Reluctant because the prize took her on a two-week trip to Hollywood and as an honor-roll student she worried about her absence from classes. While in Hollywood, Twentieth Century-Fox screen tested the Ohio beauty. Four months later, studio head Darryl F. Zanuck called her back for an interview. He signed her to a seven-year contract and immediately assigned her to her first picture—Tyrone Power's leading lady in "Captain From Castile," the studio's biggest production that year. The schools lost a teacher-to-be and the movies had a new star.

Even for miracle-making Hollywood this was setting a breathless pace. And Jean's reaction? "I want to work hard and become a good actress. I also need one more year at college to get my teacher's degree. I hope gradually to acquire the necessary credits between pictures here in California."

Casey's trip to Hollywood was a bit slower and he set about it very deliberately. He has earned his living in show business—"in every way" he says—and finished high school in 1935. Casey says, "Even then it was long overdue. The acting bug started nibbling me when I was six years old." When Twentieth signed him to a contract a few years ago, they honored his versatile talents by calling for his services in six different capacities: actor, director, composer, dialogue director, test director and lyricist.

Jean and Casey first met almost two years ago when both were signed to film "Niagara" for Twentieth. Most of the picture was shot on location at the Falls and the city, which included Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten and Dick Allan, spent its leisure time together. When the two returned to Hollywood, Casey rushed into three more scheduled pictures and Jean disappeared into her private haven—her home.

And it's there that one must go to get to know Jean. Here, away from the cameras, the Kleig lights, the glitter, she is "Petie" to her mother and close friends. Here, too, she is surrounded by the comforts and possessions she prizes. And the most prized possessions are her books. Her voracious appetite for reading matter started when she was thirteen years old. And today her only real extravagance is the constant buying of more and more volumes to add to a collection which a town library might well envy.

And then sometimes she is busily sewing her own clothes. This, unfortunately, is not always so economical as Jean admits. "They don't always fit too well when finished."

For a girl of Jean's resourcefulness, life is filled with things to do and learn. To this end she seems to have applied herself, well away from the limelight, the glitter. But those who had been puzzled by her anti-social behavior had spread the rumor that Jean Peters was obviously in love, she was trying to keep her romance a secret and she'd do nothing to jeopardize that love.

Except, as her friends were quick to say, "It doesn't happen to be true." And Jean continued, unperturbed, with her quiet life—until last fall—when Twentieth sent her on a trip that took her as far from her home as she'd ever been before.

Jean was assigned, along with Dorothy McGuire and Maggie McNamara, to do the three-way love story, "Three Coins In The Fountain," in Italy. Jean speaks no Italian, but that didn't stop her from having a wonderful time. Whether it was the contagious gaiety of the people, or the tonic effects of a new land, new experiences, who can say. But Jean seems to have shed her cocoon in Rome.

She was much in demand socially. The Italians liked her and she returned their affection. Jean's comment on Italian men is indeed a compliment. She says, "It takes aromatically inclined Italian five thousand words to say the same thing an American tries to get across with a wolf whistle. But the time spent listening passes very quickly for a girl.""Three Coins In The Fountain" finished, except for some interior shots to be filmed in Hollywood, Jean returned home. But her associates were quick to note a difference in her. She was more reserved, more talkative. Perhaps the visit to Rome had worked a modern miracle in helping a girl to find herself, even a girl from Canton, Ohio, a girl with her feet solidly on the ground.

Shortly after Jean returned home her telephone rang. It was her friend and former co-player, Casey Adams, welcoming her back—and by the warmth of the conversation naturally led to a dinner invitation. And Jean Peters, just as a girl from Canton, Ohio, or Caldwell, Kansas, would have done, accepted that date with Casey Adams. It was the first of many.

It's too early to say that the dates of Jean and Casey mean anything more than friendship, much too early. But Hollywood is hopeful. Love is news. And after all, it's something that stays-at-home Jean is even dating. Three months ago you'd have received howls of laughter if you'd said, "Last night I saw Jean Peters out on a date." But today nobody raises an eyebrow; the answer is a casual, "Where was Casey taking her?"
HE KNOWS ABOUT WOMEN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

...He grinned, then he resumed his earnest. "It's not easy, but I'll try. First there's Lauren Bacall, then Ingrid Bergman, Katharine Hepburn, Audrey Hepburn and Margaret Sullivan."

Well, it's quite evident from that interesting selection that Mr. Bogart's evaluation of women is more than just skin-deep. When I asked how the two Hepburns, Katharine and Audrey, differ he remarked, "Strangely enough they're quite similar in many ways. For one thing, they've both got that same foreboding relationship to career. They know what they want, and they know how to go about getting it. Of course, Katie is much the more experienced, and the most fun. Audrey is a little too serious now, but she'll get over that in time. Katie works like a demon when there's work to be done, but when she relaxes she can be as phlegmatic as a lot of fun. Got a great sense of humor, that gal, and it certainly came in handy when we were making 'African Queen' together. But this Audrey, she's cute as a button. She's got it, that magical stuff from which true stars are made. I found that but what about making it without you? 'Subrina' and 'Paisley Park.' This gal certainly proves the theory that a little talent in the hand is worth more than two in the bust!"

There's nothing phony about Bogey. Perhaps no other movie personality speaks his mind as openly and as publicly as his friend or foe, no one escapes Bogart's barbs.

As I watched him run through a particularly difficult scene with Ava Gardner and Edmond O'Brien on the set of the new Joseph Mankiewicz film, "The Barefoot Contessa," in Rome, I was reminded of another side of Bogey-starting—his quiet and rare skill. During a highly emotional sequence, when all concerned were trying to capture the nuances of this extremely original Mankiewicz story, Bogey suddenly looked up with a devilish gleam in his eyes and hissed, "Highly poetic nonsense, ain't it?" and followed it with his usual crack—"...of course, you know, the Frenchman who didn't drink. What's that?" Marisa looked at it as curiously as he did and muttered that she hadn't ordered it. A hastily summoned waiter clarified the mystery. "This, signor, is the special drink of the house, 'In Rosa,'" he proudly announced. Bogey nearly exploded. "Quick," he screamed, "a Frenchman who can't drink, you know—flower—smell!" The entire restaurant, including Marisa's and Bogey's party, was in hysterics.

Probably the most authoritative treatise on Bogart the Man could be written by the one and only Vera Peterson. Pete, as everyone affectionately calls her, has been working for Bogart for more than a dozen years, under every conceivable and inconceivable circumstance. She began as his personal hairdresser, then gradually took on the chores of personal secretary, companion, valet and boucer. Pete is never quite sure how Bogey will introduce her. Sometimes he may call her his "mother," other times his "barber," or perhaps his "keeper." More often than not he'll tell you with a sly wink that "Betty sent her along to keep an eye on me."

But Betty knows she doesn't need to worry. She and Bogey have a pretty wonderful set-up, and they darned well know it. They love, understand and respect one another. When Bogart meets you, he bares his strong white Fangs, gives you his well-known leer, and in a belligerent, wanna-start-a-fight manner announces, "I'm fifty-two years old now, and I don't care who knows it. My wife's twenty-nine, but you know, she's older than I am. She pretends she really likes older men, old codgers like me. But, she's not kidding anybody—she's older than all of us."

As for "Baby" herself, she says, "After being married to Bogey for more than eighteen years, I'm still not sure where his sense of humor ends, and his serious na-

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TELED AND THE AMATEURS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

chaufer—and they began twenty years of failure and success. There are few more strenuous tests for a marriage than this.

The balance of the Mack career has been too well publicized to need further repetition—how he became the first assistant to Major Bowes and, later, his successor.

Ted is unquestionably the logical Bowes replacement, but no one in this wide world was ever more unlike the pontifical major than is Ted. The major was the big-business tycoon personified—pince-nez, high stiff collar, very conservative clothes. He maintained a minimum of one hundred suits, was always shaved in a barber's chair installed in his luxurious apartment over the Capitol Theatre, in New York. His chiropractor and tailor both obligingly moved nearby—the latter obviously couldn't stay away from the major very long, anyway. Major Bowes could have passed for the President of U. S. Steel—was probably much richer . . .

Ted, on the other hand, is a quiet fellow who wouldn't be noticeable in a crowd. Slim, dark-haired, long-nosed, he's better looking off TV than on. He only has four suits, but he has a lot of old Levis that smell of the stable. His barber's chair is in the local haircutting emporium.

His associates say he's genuinely kind, and has an even disposition, but if he's unfairly-treated, he can respond with vengeance—noissy-pants. He's "Ted has a charming sense of humor," says one of his staff. "He's an expert with the really subtle gag—he's been a professional emcee for years, of course, so he's always able to handle any program emergency. His jokes, by the way, make Mack the butt of no other people."

His sponsor, the Pet Milk Company, is probably Ted's biggest fan, and recently devoted the lead article (and cover) of the company magazine to Mack & Co.

Visitors from all over the world turn up at Ted's office, because he told them to look him up when they came to New York, and he's that one-in-a-thousand, who means such things when he says them. Affable, warm, sincere, and unaffectedly-natural were adjectives applied to Ted by the publication, and they offered a parting salute to his be-yourself advice to amateurs, which they felt he also took as a personal guiding principle. The Mack brand of the milk of human kindness is obviously acceptable for processing by the Pet Milk Co.

Ted and Marguerite own their own home. This is a significant thing, since it's the first they've ever had, and it's located in Irvington-On-Hudson, N. Y., near the Sleepy Hollow of Washington Irving fame. It's a small place—five rooms, nothing grand, no barber's chair—complete with dog, who if he has a pedigree, has never thought to mention it. He's the dog who came to dinner, then adopted them.

"Some day," says Ted, fervently, "I'm going to own a farm. It'll be heaven . . . . Can you imagine the major languishing for love of a farm? So far, Ted has bought 50 head of Herefords (cows). They're boarding with a Virginia crony who has made the grade, in the rural sense. These cows were bought in small lots at sales all over the country, whenever the Irvington hayseed was making personal appearances with performing 'Amateur' winners. The magazine rack is loaded with farm and cow journals, which give Ted a faraway look—Is Queenie contented in Virginia?—when he digs into them.

Ted has a desperate need for a farm with a gigantic red barn—to hold the gifts he receives. "We ran out of space years ago, at home," he says. What, no room for the world's largest raisin pie? Or the pretzel that weighed forty-five pounds? An Honor City's state forwarded the longest long-horn steer, but when another state, whose flag bears a lone star, heard about it, an even longer-longer-long-horn-beast showed up.

"I'll get an enormous kick out of the good-will represented by these kindnesses," Ted swears.

In his office, Ted keeps a gift model of the first Lackawanna locomotive, a ditto of a famed Lake Champlain steamboat, fire and police hats, topped off by a diamond-and-ruby-studded can opener. There are thousands of handkerchiefs from admiring ladies.

This has ever been a show that attracted big names, as well as talented kids panting for a break. When Major Bowes suffered his final illness, no less than Archbishop (now Cardinal) Spellman conducted the program in his stead. The "Amateur Hour's" VIP charity shows, out of Washington, feature the Cabinet, Senators, Representatives, and Army brass, all playing brass and woodwinds, singing, or tripping the very fantastic. Celebrates a la Ed Sullivan, Max Baer, Earl Wilson, Perle Mesta—name them, they've been here to decorate the program occasion, and are tickled to be asked.

Such big-name didoes might well turn the head of a smaller man, one with less common sense. But Ted's head always turns to his little gray home in the Westchester sector.
in New York City, the elder son of a successful, prosperous lawyer. As a child he found New York a magically enchanting place to live. Central Park and Riverside Park were his playgrounds. At school (P.S. 87) he met the whole world. He loved people, and a New York public school has all kinds of people. He loved the theatre, and he and his father had a standing date on Sunday afternoons to go to the 81st St. or Riverside theatres. They even had the same seat each week, right behind the drummer. Today, Bob can still repeat, line for line, most of the old vaudeville routines, although, he says, he doesn't know how he heard them over the boom-boom.

The summer of 1940, when he was nineteen, he decided not to join his family in their annual trek to a Long Island beach, but to swelter out a job. Meeting a friend for lunch in the building at 101 Park Avenue, he saw on the building directory in the lobby that there was a radio station, WCNW (now WLIB) located there. He walked in and offered them an announcer for free. They took him up on it, and he worked for them all summer without adding a dime to his exchequer. But he added a big sum to his wallet of experience.

After three years of college, jam-packed with acting, writing and directing with the University of Michigan Players, he felt the hot breath of the Army on the nape of his neck. In another year he would be drafted. He wanted a job to come back to when the war was over. So, at the end of his Junior year he decided to leave college, and go to work to build that job.

"I wrote to all the radio stations within 500 miles of New York, asking for a job as staff announcer. With my letter I enclosed a portrait, a biography, and a recording of my voice. On the recording I did all the things a staff announcer should do," Bob said. "Of course, the previous summer's experience with WCNW was an invaluable asset. I got two answers, one from Wheeling, West Virginia, and the other from Troy, New York. Both asked for personal interviews. Troy sounded nearer to home, so I went up, was auditioned, and got the job. Mother still has my wire, 'Got job, $100 a month. Whoop!'

In Troy Bob was sweeper-up in every sense of the word. He opened the station in the morning, awoke the Trojans with a few early-bird ditties, carried the family through breakfast with the morning news, entertained the tots with fairy tales, helped mom with her menus, and spun discs for the teen-agers. He worked fourteen hours a day. He learned every job a staff announcer could do. He made friends. Making friends has been a Robert Q. specialty all his life.

Bob's Army experience was brief, and typically, all tied up with show business. Assigned to the Army Air Corps to learn radio operating and mechanics, his bore-

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THE "Q" STANDS FOR LUCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

...dom with the technical end of radio transmission inspired him to produce a camp show. He went on an eighteen-hour-a-day schedule, which in six weeks landed him in the hospital with pneumonia, and finally resulted in a Certified Medical Discharge. In January, 1943, depressed and discouraged, he was back in civilian circulation. He felt his luck had deserted him.

But hadn't. "This was one of those times that taught me that what seems to be a disaster often turns into a lucky break," Bob said. "I think we all have to learn that. When everything's going along fine you don't have to look in new directions, and you usually don't. But when you've lost your job and the wolf starts howling, you've got to jump. Often you jump into a better job than you had before."

Almost immediately Bob got himself a job at WNEW as a disc jockey, and within a year went to the national air lanes on a comedy show. For seven years he bobbed up in place of a vacationing or ailing Arthur Godfrey, subbing for the redhead. He M.C.'d his own radio and television programs, "Waxworks," and the "Robert Q. Lewis Show." He invaded the night club terrain at the Thunderbird Cafe in Las Vegas, making the field his own. His next expedition was into the strata circuit in "Charley's Aunt," with victory again at the till.

Nowadays he's to be seen five afternoons and one evening a week on CBS television, and heard Saturday mornings on CBS radio. To fans and intimates who ask for the story of the "Q," which stands for nothing, Bob explains that it happened by one of those sub-conscious accidents. He's really, legally, just plain Robert Lewis. But signing off one morning show he added a flourish by saying, "This is Robert Q. Lewis bidding you goodbye." The resulting mail was heavy and provocative, so he has hung on to his "Q." In trying to analyze how he happened on it, Bob recalls that the great humorist Lemuel Q. Stoopnagel was another of his childhood idols.

"Where do I want to go from here?" Bob was just ready to give an answer...
when the phone rang. After several minutes of complicated negotiations with his agent, juggling sponsor names and hours with easy facility, he came back to Robert Q.'s future. "My great ambition is to retire at forty-five. People ask me why I'm working myself to death now. That's why. Do you know how much I'll need? Half a million dollars, and I'm on my way to having it. I want to buy a fifty-six-foot boat. There's so much to do, so many books to read, so many places in the world to see, so many people I'd like to know.

Bob hastened to add that retirement did not mean that he was planning to leave television permanently. To him, retirement means doing the kind of show he wants to do. For instance, he'd like to have another program similar to his "The Show Goes On," which was a showcase for young talent.

"You haven't asked me if I'm happy," Bob laughed. "I am—one of the few people who, growing up, was to find that my heroes had their seamy, craggy sides. They weren't all heroes, just as I'm not either; but it was the hardest thing I had to face, learning that good people weren't necessarily all good."

WHAT HOLLYWOOD ITSELF IS TALKING ABOUT!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

Dinah Shore's new protege, who made his singing debut on her radio show not so long ago, looks to have a very bright future. His name is Tony Travis and he's had a number of offers to branch out in television and night clubs. The boy says he isn't ready for the big stuff yet and wants to keep on working and training quietly. Know who he really is? None other than Travis Kleefeld, who once was engaged to Jane Wyman. His quick surprise to Hollywood is that the boy really has a voice, since most people regarded him as merely a well-heeled man-about-town type.

Annie Sheridan, back from Mexico and looking like a dreamboat, is full of plans—especially now that he sold her big home in the Valley and has moved into another one out that way. Room for the poodles and her. She has a fabulous new deal in the works for a television series, and says there is but nothing to the rumors that she and the attractive Mexican actor, Rudolph Acosta, are going to be married. And if she says this is it, that's the straight goods, see!

There was quite a lot of excitement around when Clark Gable sent flowers to Virginia Grey when she was in the hospital as a result of an automobile accident. Virginia was one of his more varied personalities, you know. But nothing happened except that Virginia got well, thank heaven, and Mr. G. went back to his Arizona ranch.

At the party which Danny Kaye and Sylvia Fine tossed at Romanoff's after the premiere of their delightfully funny picture "Knock On Wood," the guests were-gassing when Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger came face to face with Jennings Lang and Nora Eddington. But it was pretty polite out and a crisis was averted when the cast passed each other by.

That party in New York for Joan Crawford, co-hosted by Earl Blackwell, president of Celebrity Service, and Mike O'Shea, New York publicity chief for Motion Pictures For Television, at the redly chic new Harvyn Club sounded like the greatest—right from the guest of honor we got the word, too. Every star of stage, screen, and television arrived right on time, which is news itself, and stayed on until dawn. Most of the guests performed and Joan tells me it was the greatest floor show ever. Miss C. finally had to take off her shoes on account of the floor she stood all through the party, table-hopping and yakking it up with all her Eastern friends and fans. Back in Hollywood, Joan celebrated her birthday by tossing the same Mike O'Shea, out here on a business trip, a fancy sit-down dinner party. That new picture of hers, "Johnny Guitar," is just about the greatest she's ever made, incidentally.

The Gary Cooper bought themselves a new home, very elegant, and moved into it, which only tells the curious about the status of their marriage. Gary didn't do much to quell the curiosity when he was in Mexico making "Vera Cruz" with Burt Lancaster—he was dating a pretty doll, Lorraine Chane, there while Rocky was making it around the night spots in Hollywood with a number of handsome escorts. But mostly Carlos Thompson, Wal, that's their business.

Dale Robertson demonstrated what a he-man he is on the Mexico location of "Sitting Bull" by soundly pummeling a fellow who was hanging around Mary Murphy too much to suit our hero. Seems the romance between Dale and Mary developed on this location and the boy from Oklahoma didn't handker to have no interference from nobody over that pretty little gal.

Best thing that happened to Corinne Calvet after her separation from John Bromfield and the accidental overdose of sleeping pills was her role in "So This Is Paris" at U-I. Corinne took the separation very big but since she and John are still friendly there's a chance that they'll get back together.
Has Jane Powell turned her back on love?

Now that people have forgotten about her unhappy marriage to Geary Steffen... now that her career is once more on the upgrade... will Janie Powell give love another chance? Or will the bitterness and humiliation of past mistakes dictate to her heart?

DON'T MISS:

the honest, straightforward story of how "the little girl with the big voice" found her second chance for happiness and love...

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in the current issue of SILVER SCREEN Magazine

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**RECORD ROUNDUPT**

by JANE PICKENS

**Tops In Movie Music**

You'll be hearing a lot of "Three Coins In The Fountain," from the 20th movie of the same name. Julius La Rosa gives it a sentimental sendoff in his Cadence recording, a disc which should be another winner for him. In addition it's been waxed by The Four Aces for Decca and by Toni Arden for Columbia. It stands up well in each of these versions too and you can't go wrong on any of them. The new Danny Kaye movie, "Knock On Wood," has a sparkling title tune, and Rusty Draper has handled its snappy rhythm slickly in his version for Mercury. Danny himself has recorded the tune for Decca, backing it with the liltive "All About You," another song from the picture. The stars of "Rose Marie," Ann Blyth, Howard Keel and Fernando Lamas, lend their fine talents to the MGM album of songs taken from the sound track of the film. The tunes are familiar but listenable as ever. Soon you'll be hearing the MGM recordings of another new yet familiar musical, "The Student Prince," which stars Jane Powell and features the voice of Mario Lanza. In addition to the familiar tunes there are a couple of new ones by Nicholas Brodzsky and Paul Francis Webster...

**Other Toppers**

The Freddy Martin Orchestra has a cute and original adaptation of the cigar jingle, "Muriel," which rates as a real topper. From England comes the Essex recording of American singer Billy Sheppard, currently working in England. The Bandit is a ballad somewhat like "High Noon" in its solid story and its fine melodic line. And on the reverse side the Latin song, "O, Donna Clara" gets a fine sendoff in Billy Sheppard's tenor rendering. Johnny Ray's newest record, "Hernando's Hideaway," is a musical satire on South-of-the-Border songs. Johnny gives it a real tongue-in-cheek flavor in attractive style. "Until Yesterday," Tony Bennett's new Columbia waxing, is one of his finest in many a day. It has a melodic lilt and shows Tony off to fine advantage. Newcomer Jack Richards has a nice blending of lyric style and melodic interpretation in his Coral waxing, "His And Hers," which is well worth the listening. On the reverse he does a fine job on the familiar "Who." You'll be adding him to your list of favorites. Another newcomer who rates attention is Betty Madigan, who gives a sensitive rendering to the pleasing "Joey" for MGM. No newcomer is Dinah Shore, but she still rates a deep bow with every new record. Her latest is Victor's "This Must Be The Place" backed by "Come Back To My Arms."

**Grab Bag**

Frank Sinatra has a new hit in "Don't Worry About Me," and "I Could Have Told You So." Bing Crosby and Donald O'Connor team up for a snappy rhythm workout on "If There's Anybody Here" and give show business a going-over on the reverse, "In The Old Routine." Naturally, with them, it's tops.

Doris Day and Frankie Laine, Columbia recording stars, have fun doing a duet.

So impressed was Dinah Shore with Tony Travis' singing voice she helped him get contract with Victor. He's former Travis Kleefeld, once betrothed to Jane Wyman.
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and keep it off”**

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THIS CANDY MUST TASTE AS GOOD AS
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as GREENWALD... who understood the reason for "The Caine Mutiny."

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ROBERT FRANCIS • MAY WYNN

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Based upon the Pulitzer prize winning novel by HERMAN WOUK
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In the ominous shadow of the Sphinx...

A desperate search for the lost treasures of the Pharaohs!
A forbidden love that burns like the desert sands! A fabulous adventure that comes to its climax in the jeweled tombs of the Pyramids!

M-G-M actually filmed it in the valley of the Nile amid the wonders of the ages... in magnificent COLOR!

Valley of the Kings

Starring

Robert Taylor · Eleanor Parker · Carlos Thompson

With Kurt Kasznar · Victor Jory and Samia Gamal

Written by Robert Pirosh and Karl Tunberg · Suggested by Historical Data in "Gods, Graves and Scholars" by C. W. Ceram · Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR · Print by TECHNICOLOR

Directed by Robert Pirosh · An M-G-M Picture
Doris Day's studio is upset over the unconfirmed but persistent rumors that she will retire from the screen within the next eighteen months. Their plans and her contract run through 1957 and she's still one of Hollywood's biggest box-office draws . . .

Richard Todd wants Glynis Johns, the British star, and Audrey Hepburn as his co-stars in the new film version of "Mill on the Floss," to be produced by Walt Disney . . .

Now it's Anne Baxter and George Nader who've discovered that Malibu Beach can be pretty romantic even on a foggy night. During the filming of "Carnival Story" in Germany they rarely dated, but back in Hollywood things are different. They see each other frequently . . .

Pier Angeli finally got around to returning a string of pearls given to her by Kirk Douglas in Rome—she even sent them back in the original box along with the card so endearingly inscribed by Kirk during their torrid courtship. They've remained "good friends" but Pier returned the gift before Kirk's recent surprise marriage to Ann Blyth . . .

Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding are planning a large family—if they haven't three or four children of their own by 1960, they'll adopt several . . .

The romance between Jean Peters and Bob Wagner, which was engineered by 20th Century-Fox proved of short duration. At a surprise ceremony in Washington, D.C., Jean became the bride of Stuart Cramer, a wealthy young man from North Carolina whom she met when she was in Europe making "Three Coins in the Fountain."

Julia Adams and Richard Carlson were so impressed with the success of their "Creature from the Black Lagoon" they now want to co-produce a remake of "Dracula" with Antonio Moreno in the role originated by Bela Lugosi, if Lugosi is not available for the film. It'll be done in color in 3-D . . .

The Charlton Hestons (Lydia Clarke) and the William Ross Howards III (Dorothy Lamour) are investing in a string of Lower California motels to be called the Char-Mour Motels. Each building will be named after a dead screen star . . .

Ann Blyth and Howard Keel have decided against co-starring in a remake of...
Spillane speaking...

"My eyes crawled over the babe in the too-tight tights, and then it happened... The whole circus suddenly turned into a shooting gallery with the performers as clay pigeons... I had to catch up fast. Maybe there would be a .45 slug going in one ear and out the other...!"

CLYDE BEATTY AND HIS GIGANTIC 3-RING CIRCUS

actually performing death-defying feats against his man devouring jungle beasts!

RING OF FEAR

WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN CINEMASCOPE AND WARNERCOLOR

MICKEY SPILLANE

bringing you every bullet-and-blonde thrill in the sensational way he's famous for!
Dorothy Kilgallen's
Exclusive Movie Gossip (CONTINUED)

"Naughty Marietta" despite the success of "Rose Marie" ...

The big search is on for an actress to play the lead role in "The Jean Harlow Story." Although it may be denied, Marilyn Monroe is very much in the running and furthermore, she's told her studio bosses she'd like to do it ...

Fans have been filling George Sanders' mailbox with the newest novelty store gadgets—rubber reptiles, inscribed "Zsa Zsa the Snake," which wiggle when you squeeze them ...

Haven't Gene Kelly and MGM decided to part company very quietly? And isn't it because the studio considers him too unpredictable, too demanding? ...

Rock Hudson's best performance to date in "Magnificent Obsession" has his studio bosses talking a new deal: re money, the right to approve scripts and directors, and the opportunity to share in future productions financially a la Gary Cooper and Jimmy Stewart. Rock credits U-I producer Ross Hunter with being the man responsible for his current success. And Ross will also produce Rock's next, "Captain Lightfoot" ...

The Betty Hutton-Charles O'Curran reconciliation didn't take. She will go through with the divorce ...

The Dick Powell-June Allyson situation is another matter of great interest to Hollywood. Both principals insist they'll "never divorce" but intimates of both fear it's only a matter of time ...

Lana Turner wants MGM to film Lillian Roth's autobiography, "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (ghost-written by Hollywood Reporter columnist Mike Connolly) with Lana starring as the former Broadway musical comedy star. MGM is interested in the story but for Ava Gardner ...

Yvonne DeCarlo must hold the record for collecting the widest variety of nationalities in her list of admirers. A recent addition was especially exotic—a Tahitian prince ...

Insiders will tell you—and it's apparently true—that the Rory Calhouns (Lita Baron) were never more in love. They are never apart if they can help it. During her recent successful Las Vegas and New York singing engagements Lita spent most of her free time and earnings talking to Rory on the long-distance telephone while he was on location in Wyoming. Just as soon as he completed his film chores, he flew East to meet her and took her up to Canada for a fishing trip. Despite lucrative offers for appearances in cafes and a Broadway musical, Lita let her career come to a standstill when Rory arrived on the scene—and that's the way it'll remain. She'll only (CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)

The Macdonald Careys welcomed their fifth child—Mac Jr.—in addition to Lynn, Steven, Elizabeth and Ann. Mac's a big hit on Broadway in "Anniversary Waltz."

Bill Holden rushed back from a Bermuda vacation for work and fun in New York.

No wonder they beam: Cleo Moore and Tony Travis are set with new contracts.

Anne Jeffries and Bob Sterling bet other Harwyn Club diners the baby'll be a boy...
It's about Mrs. Leslie...and the man she never quite married!

PIXIE...Only sixteen, but she knew there never was a Mr. Leslie...and said so!

"MR. LESLIE"... He gave her only half his name...and six weeks of ecstasy!

THE LOVERS... Mrs. Leslie's secret saved them...from their own shame!

SHIRLEY BOOTH TOPS HER GREAT ACADEMY AWARD TRIUMPH IN "COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA"!

SHIRLEY BOOTH
ROBERT RYAN
HAL WALLIS' production
"ABOUT MRS. LESLIE"
Co-starring
MARJIE MILLAR - ALEX NICOL
Directed by DANIEL MANN
Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS and HAL KANTER
From the novel by VIRA RELMAR
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Aldo Ray was arrested by the Van Nuys police as a house-breaker and prowler—that is, they picked him up—but they let him go shortly afterwards because the plaintiff was his fiancée, Jeff Donnell! Aldo was trying to break into Jeff’s home when the police caught him. Jeff had been pestered by prowlers and had asked the police to keep an eye on her home. Aldo came in from locationing with Tab Hunter on “Battle Cry” for Warners. His script was at Jeff’s house. He banged on the door. And that’s when Aldo, who had told Jeff not to answer the door, was intercepted by the gendarmes!

Lex Barker wanted so badly to play the leading male role in U-I’s “The Gall-Lean” that he paid a photographer to make a whole bunch of photos of him wearing a toga.

Clark Gable tells me his speaking voice was once as high-pitched as Jack Dempsey’s (and that’s pretty high)—“until my first wife (Josephine Dillon) brought it down a few tones by making me speak to the accompaniment of low notes on the piano.”

Montgomery Clift by-passed three movie offers of $150,000 each to play one of the roles in the all-star Chekhov play, “The Sea Gull,” in Manhattan’s off-Broadway theatre, the Phoenix . . .

Those romantic stories about Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer, co-stars of Broadway’s “On- dine,” aren’t a bit overdone, although so many of Audrey’s friends have begged her not to marry Mel . . .

John Ford is directing film newcomer Pat Wayne in “The Long Gray Line.” Twenty-five years ago almost to the day he directed Pat’s father, John Wayne, in his screen debut, a picture called “Sahrit.”

Don Crichton, the Broadway dancer imported by 20th-Fox for a terping twirl in “No Business Like Show Business,” did a whirl around the soundstage with Marilyn Monroe and then came over to where I was standing watching the scene and said, “When Marilyn moves EVERY-THING moves!”

I’ll never stop being a movie fan. My favorite occupation on my day off is a regular human’s holiday: I go visiting on the sets!

Debbie Reynolds and Janie Powell were working with Steve Reeves, a good-looking lad of whom you’ll be hearing an awful lot, the day I dropped in on the “Athena” set. After her big scene as a clerk in a health food store, Debbie strolled over and I asked, “Are you still dating Tab Hunter, Deb?” She said, “Yep.” I asked, “Serious?” She replied, “I don’t think so—you see, I have a whole lot of roads to romance but no direct path!”

Vic Damone was working in the same picture. He and Janie Powell were discussing an upcoming scene when I barged into Janie’s dressing room. Debbie was the subject!

“I had a big kissing scene with Debbie yesterday,” Vic said. “Dick Thorpe, the director, had it shot over and over and over again. Man, it was the greatest!” Janie twinkled, “Debbie told me she’s never been kissed like that before.”

“Does that mean you’ll be dating Debby off the lot?” I asked Vic.

“I’d like to,” he replied, “but she’s such a big star now, I’m afraid to ask her for a date!”

And Janie and I chorused: “Coward!”

I’ll let you know if anything further develops in the Debbie-Damone league.

Same day, same set, I learned that Debbie’s sore at Lana Turner. Lana, it developed, made a bet with Debbie back in 1949—a $5 bet—that she (Debbie) would
be married by October of 1953. Lana had forgotten the date. But Debbie hadn't!

Same day, another set ("The Glass Slipper"), Leslie Caron, dressed as Cinderella, told me she's tired of playing that type of role. Wonderful as she was in "Lili," and wonderful as she looks in "Slipper," cute little Leslie won't be happy at MGM till the studio lets her fulfill a longtime desire and play a siren.

Letter to me from Benny Rubin, the character actor:
"Let me give you a quick scoop about that dreamboat who is everybody's great love, Joan Crawford.
"While making 'Torch Song' with Joan I had a scene where (while I talked with her) you could see, through an open door, those beautiful legs of hers while she was dressing. We rehearsed the scene. Director Chuck Walters okayed it. We were about to shoot. Then Love-Face Crawford said, 'Wait a minute, Chuck—if that door is ajar the audience will never look at Benny!"
"So she played the entire scene from behind that door! Who else would do that? Nooooobody!"

SHORTS: It's a new putter, not a new gal, that put that smile on Bob Wagner's kisser. Helped him break 80 on the golf course . . . MGM tore up Pier Angeli's contract, which had two more years to run, and gave her a new one and a big increase in salary . . . Lon McCallister—remember Lon, that fine young actor?—got a realtor's license and is now selling real estate in Los Angeles . . . Donald O'Connor's rent for his luxurious quarters at the Bel-Air Hotel comes to $900 a month . . . Audie Murphy nearly had a heart attack when he spotted his three-year-old carrying one of his .45 pistols. Audie's gun collection is now up for sale to any bidder.

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You don't have to be tiny to shine in the briefest sun dress, lounge in skin-tight slacks, swim in a shape-showing suit. Not when there's Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief to trim away the inches, slim away those little "extras"!

And Playtex performs its wonders in such comfort—thanks to that cloud-soft fabric lining! In such freedom, too—since it hasn't a seam, stitch, stay or bone! Just a smooth latex sheath—"invisible" under the most figure-hugging fashions.

Wear it from dawn to dancing, wash it in seconds—see how fast it dries! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

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In Canada: Playtex Ltd . . . PLAYTEX PARK . . . Arnprior, Ont.
Your guide to current films
by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

"The Yellow Tomahawk" provides a new slant on the theme of the white man versus the Indian. Rory Calhoun stars, with Peter Graves and Peggie Castle featured.

The Caine Mutiny

MUTINY and the ensuing court-martial that awaits officers aboard the destroyer-minesweeper Caine provide a dramatic springboard for the acting talents of Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson and Fred MacMurray. Although the salty dialogue of the book has been deleted, the Technicolor production varies little from Herman Wouk's Pulitzer Prize winning novel. Humphrey Bogart is the taciturn skipper who rules the Caine "by the book." His cowardice in battle maneuvers and his willingness to blame his crew for his own mistakes bring a barrier between the skipper and the men. Fred MacMurray is the first to realize that the Captain's strange behavior might be a mental illness and informs executive officer Van Johnson that he'd better be prepared to invoke Navy Article 184—relieving a commander during an emergency. The emergency occurs during a furious typhoon in which Johnson invokes the ruling, backed up by junior ensign Robert Francis. The resulting court-martial of the two men, and the defense by their lawyer, Jose Ferrer, provides a peak in entertainment. Acting honors are equally divided, with Johnson a possible Oscar candidate. Making their debut in this stellar assemblage are Robert Francis, as a newly commissioned officer, and May Wynn, as his sweetheart. Stanley Kramer produced and Edward Dmytryk directed. Columbia.

The High And The Mighty

John Wayne and his chief pilot, Robert Stack, are making a routine flight between Honolulu and San Francisco when an engine catches on fire and the plane's motor shakes loose from its moorings. The resulting action of the crew and passengers makes for absorbing fare and some topnotch character delineations. Wayne as co-pilot of the ship is a war veteran and used to instant decisions. It is his influence over his superior, Stack, that eventually brings the ship to a safe landing. Wayne's calmness also soothes such passengers as Laraine Day and her bickering husband, John Howard; man-about-town, David Brian; adventurers Claire Trevor and Jan Sterling, and small town sights, Phil Harris and Ann Doran. There are seventeen passengers aboard and a star in each part including Paul Kelly, Sidney Blackmer and Robert Newton. Film, which is played for over ninety minutes within the limited confines of a plane, never falters in action and excitement. Warner Bros.

Flame And The Flesh

Lana Turner is like a flickering flame to the many men that pursue this penileless Italian refugee. They want her; they woo her, but they never win her, that is, until she meets night club singer, Carlos Thompson. Stranded and bruised from a near automobile accident, Lana allows musician Bonar Colleano to take her to his apartment, which he shares with Thompson, to recuperate. Although Lana makes an instant play for Carlos, he announces that he is engaged to his
Three Coins In The Fountain

Three American working girls in Rome tossed coins into a fountain, each wishing to find love in Italy. Dorothy McGuire, for fifteen years enamored of her writer-boss, Clifton Webb, masterminds the romances of Jean Peters and Rossano Brazzi, and Maggie McNamara and Louis Jourdan. She feels all she can hope for is contentment, never marriage, from the sharp-tongued Webb. A series of dramatic events provides the film with a story book ending. Good performances set against authentic Italian background set the mood for this picture. CinemaScope production includes colorful and portrait-like Old World scenery and the title song, as done by Frank Sinatra, lends to the magical flavor. 20th Century-Fox.

Men Of The Fighting Lady

Roaring jet planes, split-second landings, and fiery rescues set the tempo of this war film based on true happenings in Korea. Audiences will be kept on the edge of their seats during most of the footage which takes place aboard a Navy carrier and in the sky over the combat area. Van Johnson, Dewey Martin, Keenan Wynn and Frank Lovejoy put their jets through some daring fights. Soon, however, another combat evolves between Lovejoy, who doesn't mind taking chances and Wynn, who hates unnecessary risk. The best part of the film deals with Martin—blinded while engaging the enemy in the air—and Van Johnson's "talking" him into a safe landing. Johnson gives a stirring performance, especially as he broadcasts instructions to the sightless pilot. The only music used in the film occurs during the climax adding even more drama. Walter Pidgeon, as the First Surgeon, and Louis Calhern, as writer James Michener, add a leveling touch to this war film with spiritual overtones. MGM.

Living It Up

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis will have you yoking it up in this one, as they blithely perpetuate the rumor that Jerry is dying from radiation poison. The erroneous diagnosis was made by new medico Martin and by the time he's checked the symptoms again it's too late. Jerry has been flown to New York for one last spree, courtesy of Janet Leigh and her newspaper employer, Fred Clark. The resulting confusion makes for a robust romantic comedy. In addition to the four show tunes from "Hazel Flagg," the Broadway musical on which the film is based, there are three new ditties including the hum-able, "Every Street" and "That's What I Like." Paramount.
Bags all packed, tickets all bought, and here you are—ready for that long-awaited vacation. But if you don’t have a certain product tucked into a suitcase, at least a part of your vacation might be spoiled.

For what’s more likely to spoil a vacation than not being able to go swimming? Yet, if you use external pads for sanitary protection, you may even feel an understandable reluctance to go to the beach. (External pads with their belts and pins are so bulky!) In fact, you may feel self-conscious about shorts, tapered slacks or clinging dresses.

How different—how delightfully different—when you have Tampax with you. Tampax is internal sanitary protection. It never “shows” under a wet or dry bathing suit. And is it comfortable! Actually, you don’t even feel the Tampax, once it’s in place. (No chafing, not a speck of irritation.)

Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton in disposable applicators. The Tampax itself is so easy to dispose of that you just don’t have any worries. And of course you can wear Tampax in your shower or tub.

One last bit of good news: Tampax actually prevents odor from forming! Choice of 3 absorbency-sizes at any drug or notion counter: Regular, Super, Junior. Month’s supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Your guide to current films CONTINUED

Susan Slept Here

Here’s a gay spoof about Hollywood and one of its more celebrated citizens. Dick Powell, an Oscar-winning screen writer, is glowing with the Christmas spirit as he wraps Yule gifts for his secretary, Glenda Farrell; his man Friday, Alvy Moore, and his girl friend, Anne Francis. Dick, however, is hardly prepared for the holiday bundle that two detective friends drop in his lap, juvenile delinquent Debbie Reynolds. In a rash moment, Powell has told them that he would like to write a screen play about a problem child and Debbie is their candidate. She’s to be shipped to reform school right after Christmas, but until then, it is either leave her with Dick or at the jail house. In the slight interim, Powell gets a screen play, a nervous break-down and a child bride. Story frolics along at a pleasant pace, neatly gliding over any script improbabilities. The results are a film with gilt, glamour and ample humor. RKO.

Apache

Burt Lancaster as Massai, the Indian warrior, launches a one-man fight against the U.S. Army that is so violent that it even interrupts the peace ceremonies agreed to by Geronimo. It is during the signing of the treaty that Lancaster shoots down the true flag and along with Geronimo and other Indian braves is sent East for imprisonment in Florida. Lancaster escapes and begins a nightmarish flight back to his own country. When he arrives home, he has come to a new decision. He will fight the white man not for revenge, but for an honorable peace, such as the Cherokees and other tribes are enjoying. Aiding him in this dream is Indian maiden, Jean Peters. Pitted against Lancaster in Technicolor are such huskies as John McIntyre, Charles Buchinsky and Wally Rose. The result is plenty of adventure and rough ‘n’ ready action. United Artists.

Hell Below Zero

Aboard a whaling ship in the icy Antarctic is where most of the action takes place in this Alan Ladd starrer. Ladd, in love with Joan Tetzel, agrees with her doubts that her sea captain father fell overboard in an accident or committed suicide. He signs on the whaling vessel of her father’s partner, Basil.

(DON’T ON PAGE 72)

Dick Powell finds Debbie Reynolds a problem child in “Susan Slept Here.”

David Brian and Claire Trevor face death in “The High And The Mighty.”

May Wynn and Robert Francis debut in the spellbinding “The Caine Mutiny.”

Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis discuss his new car design in “Johnny Dark.”
A word or two about some dead beats you are always writing about. Rock Hudson—beefcake personified, no acting ability. Bob Wagner—cute smile, nice boy, no acting ability. Marilyn Monroe, strictly for the birds. Byron Palmer—Ha! The same goes for ninety percent of your so-called actors and actresses... I enjoy your magazine very much.

Elizabeth Diedel
Baton Rouge, La.

I read your movie book every month. Why are people talking about Terry Moore? She is nothing compared to Marilyn Monroe. I hope to be seeing more of her in SCREENLAND.

Alene Aderholt
Crouse, North Carolina

In your last month’s issue Janet Pearshall of Dallas, Texas, said that Montgomery Clift was for the birds; she didn’t exactly put it in those words but that’s what she meant. Well, she’d better not show her face in Montreal when I’m around! She said Rock Hudson could take Monty’s place. Monty may not be such a muscle man but he sure can act. I’ll stick up for Montgomery Clift any day.

Emily Romanelli
Montreal, Canada

Could you please tell me the next movie Farley Granger and Richard Allan are going to be in?

Rose Raffin
Parma, Ohio

(Farley Granger has been making a movie in Italy and is scheduled to appear on the stage in New York this fall. Richard Allan will be in “The Egyptian” at Twentieth Century-Fox.—Ed.)

What has happened to Virginia Mayo? I would like to see more of her and to know what her latest picture is.

Barbara Reeves
Hackensack, New Jersey

(Virginia Mayo retired temporarily for the birth of her baby, Mary Catherine O’Shea. In private life Virginia is married to Michael O’Shea. You will see her on the screen again soon in “King Richard And The Crusaders.”—Ed.)

Why not star Tony Curtis with glamour girls like Elaine Stewart, Jean Peters, Ann Blyth or even Marilyn Monroe? I don’t like to see characters like Stewart Granger, Fernando Lamas, Howard Keel, and the grandfather of them all, Clark Gable. Tony tops them all, he is a real living doll.

Angie Wilson
New York, New York

My favorite actors are Stewart Granger and Fernando Lamas. I think Fernando ought to be in a new movie of “The Sheik,” and as for Stewart Granger, anything he does is perfect. Other so-called leading men, like Tony Curtis and Bob Wagner, ought to take some acting lessons from these two stars who really know how to portray heroes.

Annaruth Jordan
Butte, Montana

I have just seen the movie, “Jivaro,” which starred Fernando Lamas and Rhonda Fleming and a man I’ve never seen before, Brian Keith. Can you give me some information about him?

Gail Golem
Muscatine, Iowa

(Brian Keith was born on November 14, 1921; he has blue eyes, sandy hair and is 6’1” tall. He is married to Frances Helm, and in addition to “Jivaro” he has appeared in “Arrowhead” and “Alaska Sens.” You’ll see him next in “Rough Riders,” and you can write him at Columbia Studios in Hollywood.—Ed.)

Would you please tell me when and where Scott Brady was born? I read in a magazine where Scott said he would be hard to live with, but I don’t think he would be.

Lucy Donlon
Canton, Ohio

(Scott was born in Brooklyn, New York, on September 13, 1924. His current film is “Johnny Guitar,” with Joan Crawford, and you can write him at Republic Studios in Hollywood.—Ed.)

Marlon Brando is the greatest. What is his age?

Leslie Stoll
Louisville, Ky.

(Marlon was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on February 3, 1924.—Ed.)

Address your letters to The Editor, SCREENLAND plus TV-land, 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, New York. We cannot promise to answer every letter or to publish every one, even though we should like to do so.
Suzan Ball with her new and beaming bridegroom Dick Long got almost as much applause as the picture when they made their entrance at the plush premiere of "Magnificent Obsession." If there was a star who didn't attend, it was because he or she wasn't in town. The most elegantly expensive handkerchiefs were nothing but damp rags at the end of the deeply moving Rock Hudson-Jane Wyman vehicle. There were a great many surprised people—people who said Rock would never make it as a dramatic actor. He fooled 'em all. Mamie van Doren created quite a stir—gotten up to look like the spittin' image of Marilyn Monroe. Barbara Rush, with her handsome husband, Jeff Hunter, received a huge round of applause as she left the theatre. Ross Hunter, the producer of "Magnificent," took a look at her performance and promptly asked the studio heads to give her star billing along with Jane and Rock. Ann Sheridan created a bit of excitement when she made an entrance with Jacques Mapes. Annie had a new hairdo, close-dressed with a chignon (bun to you) on the back of her neck. Marilyn Erskine came with Ross, and without her new mink stole which was stolen when she was in New York doing a television show.

It was a photographer's dream of heaven at Mocambo during Mary McCarthy's three-week stay at that bistro, because the show folks really stormed the place in droves to see the funniest of them all.

The night Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly appeared, you couldn't see 'em for the flash bulbs popping. Opening night, the star crowd applauded so long Miss McC. could hardly go on with her act. Television and movie offers are pouring on her like rain in the tropics so you'll be seeing her around a lot from now on.

Circus Week in Palm Springs: when the natives and the Hollywood visitors combine to raise lots of loot for charity, when people get arrested and fined for not wearing Western clothes and most everybody does real crazy things and gets away with it. Right in the midst of Gordon MacRae's numbah at El Mirador's show, some rowdy people came in, shot off their cap pistols, and generally broke up the show. This was Gordon's first time out on this Circus bit and he took a rather dim view of the characters. So he stopped, bawled them out, and asked them to leave. There was a bit of a rhubarb, since the folks were among the heaviest contributors to the charity, but it all got straightened out.

It's been noticeably quieter on the, um, front lately since Terry Moore's gone demure on us. Got the idea that maybe all the open air publicity wasn't the thing for a girl who really wanted to go places in her acting career. Everybody approves.

Linda Darnell wasn't at the party that her boy-friend, Phillip Liebmann, gave

Suzan Ball and Dick Long made their first joint appearance professionally when they were on the nation's TV screens on the Lux Video Theatre, directed by Dick Gooss.
for Adrienne Garrett, the current Miss Rheingold. Mr. L. is, you know, the brewery tycoon—and veddy young and handsome he is too. Reason Linda wasn’t around—work, not because she didn’t want to be with her fellah. The picture, “This Is My Love,” has taken a lot out of Miss D., so she had to side-track romance while she was in production.

It just might be that we’ll get lucky and have Errol Flynn back in our midst. Pat Wymore, the present Mrs. Flynn, and the new baby took up residence temporarily in the family mansion and it is rumored that he is trying to straighten out his back alimony-income tax problems. Pat, in the meanwhile, is trying to rent the house to somebody for a thousand dollars a month and she also allows that she just might be getting ready for a night club act—she’s quite a dancer, you know.

Hollywood was indeed fortunate in having those two great romantics, Z.Z. and Rubi, in for a short visit. They arrived in the private plane which was one of the “trinkets” which he got from Barbara Hutton after a short marriage. No comment.

Looks as if Margaret O’Brien is going to have to save her money whether she wants to or not. The courts ruled that the money was going out much too fast and (CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

Betsy Palmer—in “The Long Gray Line”—is bride of Dr. Vincent Merendino.

After “About Mrs. Leslie” both Bob Ryan and Shirley Booth did a Broadway stint.

The Cocktail Veil ’54—interpretation by John Frederics

D R Y  u n d e r a r m s  h a v e  n o  o d o r

D R Y  u n d e r a r m s  c a n ’ t  s t a i n

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Greetings from across the great divide! As your roving Continental reporter, I’ll keep you exclusively informed of the most amusing, more personal and less publicized stories of your favorite film stars on holiday or at work in Europe.

The biggest event of the season was, of course, the annual Cannes Film Festival, to which the USA contributed a large slice of glamour. Arlene Dahl seemed mighty taken with her constant Festival swain, a tall and rugged blond newspaperman from Norway named Arne Hestenes—good looking, but an exact opposite to a guy named Fernando Lamas. Now that Arlene is back on the Coast and Arne in Oslo, what will happen to their Cannes idyll? A birdie tells me that Arne will be coming to the States later this year on an exchange fellowship. Hmmmm! Too late!

The noisiest exit from Rome and entrance to Cannes was, of course, made by our indefatigable, inimitable gal, Shelley Winters. She had seven—count ‘em—airlines in Rome trying to figure out her reservations and the plane finally arrived three hours late, keeping her welcoming committee and a platoon of photographers waiting.

One of the most sentimental episodes of the Festival took place at the Nice airport, and Orson Welles was the star of it. He was anxiously awaiting the arrival of a plane from Geneva and was he nervous! He kept pacing, mopping his brow and chewing on his cigar. The reason? He was afraid he wouldn’t recognize his sixteen-year-old daughter he hadn’t seen for several years. As the plane landed, Orson carefully examined each of the passengers from afar and recognized no one he thought was his little girl. Disappointed, he was about to leave when suddenly a most attractive mature young lady came dashing through the mob and threw herself into his arms. Dropping his cigar and gulping visibly, Orson sheepishly smiled and admitted his pride at being the father of such a lovely, grown-up daughter.

The Bob Mitchum—Simone Silva strip tease incident which caused such a world-wide sensation was a frame-up and a hoax, according to Bob. "I was standing alone for a moment," he explained to me, "when along dashes this buzzin’ babe wearing some sort of Hawaiian grass-skirt affair with a sheer silk scarf tucked loosely into it. She introduced herself and asked if I minded posing with her. I said why not? And then the fun began! She called over the international photo-boys. Then, without a word of warning, she whipped off her flimsy scarf and, nude to the waist, threw her arms around my neck. Before I could disengage myself," Bob continued, wiping his brow, "the damage had been done, and the hot negatives were on their way around the world."

Looks like this Silva gal made her points! What some gals won’t do to gain some attention. What did patient Dotty Mitchum think about these antics? "None of these things really fazes me," she said with a smile. "Bob’s just a big, good-looking kid who’s always getting himself into one kind of scrape or another. As long as he comes home and tells me everything, I know I have nothing to worry about."

There’s so much more to tell you about the Festival . . . of the double disappointment in Donna Reed’s failure to show up and “From Here To Eternity” not winning the grand prize; of how Liz Scott woke up one sleepy party by climbing suddenly on a dinner table and going into a terrific rendition of “Alouette, Gentil Alouette” to get the whole joint jumping; how Italy’s sensational Gina Lollobrigida made a volcanic impact with some of her fabulous costumes—as if she needed to enhance her breathtaking loveliness—and how she cashed in on her popularity by charging for her autographs and contributing the proceeds to charity; how her handsome, attentive husband, Dr. Milko Skofic, injured his hand trying to protect her from the huge crowds that surrounded her wherever she went.

We’ve had a lot of activity over here this month, but the biggest, splashiest, noisiest and most elegant “do” was the wedding of England and America’s Dawn Addams to Italy’s Prince Vittorio Massimo, a member of one of Italy’s oldest and most distinguished families. Many skeptics on both sides of the Atlantic, who were willing to lay odds that this hectic romance would never reach the altar, were forced to eat their own words. The wedding itself, as stormy and noisy (continued on page 69)
“Who's been sleeping in my bed?”

It’s all about a man-about-town and a girl about 18...and the things he learns about love FROM HER!

DICK POWELL • DEBBIE REYNOLDS
Susan Slept Here

color by Technicolor

co-starring
ANNE FRANCIS • Directed by FRANK TASHLIN • Screenplay by ALEX GOTTLIEB • Produced by HARRIET PARSONS
Gregory Peck has acquired the Continental view of marriage. Gary Cooper's sophisticated wife laughs off his "romances."

Hollywood's Bachelor Husbands

By Constance White

Many a Hollywood husband wants to eat his cake and have it, too—even his wedding cake.

When Zsa Zsa Gabor recently asked for a divorce from George Sanders, she flicked her lashes and pouted, "All the time George was married, he acted like a bachelor."

And with that, dazzling Zsa Zsa hit the marital nail on the head as far as many Hollywood husbands go.

"I wonder why so many actors get married in the first place," a male star’s wife complained at a party, as she noticed her husband paying attention to a beautiful guest. "They want the privileges of marriage—plus all the privileges of being a bachelor too."

Many of these actors don't realize they're bachelors at heart. Not until after they’ve placed the ring on the finger do they discover that sticking to home-and-hearthside
and fixing the baby's formula stifle them. On the other hand, they have a genuine reluctance to part from the lovely girls they married—so they play the puzzling game of "bachelor husband."

Dale Robertson's marriage broke up for just this reason. Jacqueline Robertson is a very pretty girl, and was accustomed to much attention before their marriage. She thought she'd get it afterward, too. But it seems that Dale is one big silent live-alone-and-like-it type. He couldn't change his personality in any way from the rugged bachelor to the considerate husband. He'd sit in the living room for hours at a stretch, staring into space, thinking about the next day's scenes, perhaps, or a business deal he was interested in. If Jackie, confused by his prolonged silence, interrupted to ask, "What's the matter, darling?" Dale would reply, "Nothing. I just want to think things out by myself."

On Sundays Dale preferred spending his time golfing, horseback riding or playing baseball—with male cronies. And Jackie would remain at home biting her nails.

Anxious to be a part of his life, Jackie violated one of the rules he'd laid down when she visited the set of his picture one day. Dale couldn't stand having his wife visit him while he was working, and this caused one of their biggest arguments.

It must be said of Dale, he tried. When they reconciled, after one separation, he made a determined effort to give Jackie the kiss-every-morning-and-flowers-every-night routine. But it was hard for him to keep it up. It's just not in the big boy's nature to share confidences or pay courtly compliments to a wife. And so a tearful Jackie sought a divorce.

The more the husbands like being bachelor-husbands, the less their wives go for it. When Jeff Chandler was married to Marjorie, he sometimes didn't put his best foot forward. Marjorie used to complain to friends—as she later did in divorce court—that Jeff would come home from the studio and never bother to talk, except to say he was tired.

A thorn in Marjorie's side was the apartment Jeff maintained—to which he ran whenever he and Marjorie had a spat. Jeff used to insist that his bachelor digs were a sort of safety valve to help clear the air when things became too explosive between him (continued on page 60)
One day recently a tall, red-haired, rather stately woman walked out of Romanoff's restaurant in Beverly Hills and, swishing a fox-skin scarf over a shoulder and out of the way, delicately presented a parking ticket to the attendant. There was a cluster of autograph seekers huddled in a small group near the entrance, their books and small flash cameras—badges of their calling—very much in evidence.

The woman was obviously somebody, her carriage and manner saying as much. But the fans stood in bewildered concentration, unsure of her identity, and made no move toward her. It was only after she had driven away that one of them approached the doorman.

"Who was that? Anybody?" he asked.

"Jeanne Crain," said the doorman as he dashed off for another car.

There was consternation in the ranks of the autograph seekers. A live one, a big star, had gotten away.

For a movie star to go unrecognized, even by the professional fans, is not entirely an unusual incident. But for a girl who has graced the covers of many magazines, a girl who has consistently, for more than ten years, been at the top of the fan magazine polls, to saunter through a group of her own idolators in broad daylight without a stampede is indeed unusual. Possibly it is a tribute to a vow she made when she voluntarily gave up a contract at 20th Century-Fox (and a fortune in money) to go out on her own with just one objective—to grow up and at long last become a woman.

When Jeanne Crain first came to the movies in 1942, she was literally an enigma to the producers assigned to use her in their movies. She had come to the attention of Hollywood as a result of photographs taken by the famed artist, William Mortensen of Laguna Beach, California. Mr. Mortensen deplored vulgarity. None of his models posed in the altogether. But he could take a wisp of lace, a girl and a high wind on a hill-top and make the most provocative photograph imaginable. And Jeanne Crain, although only sixteen, was his favorite and most beautiful model. So when she came to Hollywood, the picture-makers didn't know whether they had bought an early-day Lili St. Cyr or the girl next door. This insecurity was heightened by the fact that the layout which called Jeanne to Hollywood's attention was patterned after the Petty Girl who was so popular at that time.

"It was confusing to me, too," says Jeanne. "The studio finally decided that I'd be the sweet thing type. I wanted to do what was expected of me, so I began to dress down and didn't even wear lipstick. And apparently it was successful, because before I knew it I was being picked year after year on the box-office and magazine polls—at the top."

Jeanne's career as Miss Innocence began with a bang. Her first three pictures, "Home In" (continued on page 701)

Blissfully married to Paul Brinkman and the mother of four, Jeanne was nevertheless in a rut of playing Miss Innocence.

"Everybody should just let the cork blow out of the bottle sometime," says the star of Warners' "Duel In The Jungle."
BY MRS. MAXIE HARMAN

DEBBIE'S

Debbie Reynolds and her grandmother.
MY GRANDDAUGHTER

SHE'S NO LONGER THE SKINNY LITTLE GIRL WHO USED TO BEG FOR COOKIES.
SHE'S GROWN UP AND SHE'S DEVELOPED. BUT DEBBIE HASN'T CHANGED!

DEBBIE rushed into my room before I even had a chance to unpack. "How soon are you going to fix some of your delicious meatballs, grandmother?"

"Do you mean to tell me that with all the fancy restaurants here in Hollywood, you still like my meatballs?"

"You should know better than to ask such questions!"

She was right. It's been many years since Debbie left Texas, but from my periodic visits to Burbank—like this recent one—I should've known that Debbie hadn't changed that much.

Of course, she isn't any longer the same girl who used to live a block and a half away from me in El Paso. She's grown up, and she's developed nicely, if you'll excuse a little boasting by a proud grandmother. But I would have never believed that the skinny little girl who used to beg for cookies every time she stuck her pixie face in my front door would grow into such an attractive young woman.

Nevertheless, in attitude, outlook on life, mannerisms and inner qualities, she hasn't changed. She was headstrong then and is headstrong today except nowadays it's called determination. But whatever the name, I'm glad she has that good ol' Texan spirit.

I remember the day eighteen years ago when her mother was quite sick, and asked me to take Debbie over to my house for a few days. When I told Debbie to get her things together, she was defiant. "I'm not going to leave Mom," she burst out with all the authority of a three-year-old.

"Your Mom is sick." I tried to reason. "It'll be better for her if you come with me."

"No."

"But it'll only be for a few days."

"Mom might need me. No!"

I had no choice but grab her by the arm and drag her down the street to my house. She was yelling and screaming and crying all the way. I let her—till I got her indoors. Then she got the first and only spanking I ever gave her. It didn't stop her defiance, although for the next few days she did as she was told. It was less painful.

Usually we got along well without resorting to physical punishment, which after all wasn't my domain anyway. Besides, if she couldn't get her way with me, she always knew how to wind her grandfather around her little finger.

Debbie had an easy way with him for two very good reasons. She was born on his birthday, and at that time was his only granddaughter. She made the most of it!

Even as a tike, unless the other children were much older, Debbie was always "running the show." She decided what games were to be played, who did what, where and when. She hasn't changed in that respect either.

While I was visiting my daughter, my son-in-law and Debbie, Debbie asked me to attend a party with her. "I'm too old for you young folks," I insisted.

"I bet you are going to outlast all of us tonight. You come along," she insisted. That was typical of Debbie, too. Always makes you feel half your age.

The party was at Dan Sites's house, and his place was so crowded that I didn't think they could squeeze me in. But they did. Some of the guests were movie stars, others neighborhood friends, a few "older folks" like myself. But all mixed well together, and had a wonderful time.

Debbie had everything planned in detail long before we arrived. "Everyone will have a name pinned on his or her back," she announced as we entered the living room. "Then you have to guess who you are. You can't ask any direct question. The one who guesses his identity first gets a prize. Let's go."

We all started to talk to one another, trying to discover our identities, when Debbie again called for attention. "And I don't want any cheating," she announced. As if anyone had dared!

In many ways, the party was proof that Debbie was still the same, and I'm not just referring to her organizing the show!

Her choice of friends, for instance. I had expected Hollywood actors to be a little cold, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)
He likes 'em feminine!

BY MARK FLANDERS

"The girl that I marry will have to be
As pink and as white as a nurse-ery."

WHEN Howard Keel sang these lines in "Annie Get Your Gun" he was warbling the story of his life as far as women are concerned.

Ever since Howard's definite arrival as a heart-throb specialist in "Kiss Me Kate," his studio has been receiving queries as to what this six-foot-four hunk of masculinity thinks about the opposite sex, and the above lines just about sum it up.

He likes 'em feminine!

Not only is this true in capital letters, but the usually reserved Howard is unusually expressive of the fact. He sets forth a flat premise that a woman is nothing if she isn't a woman; then proceeds with typical thoroughness to develop a humdinger of a thesis on the subject.

"Many people overlook the obvious," Howard says. "Since you want me to talk about women, let's get fundamental, because that's exactly what women are—fundamental.

"They bring us into the world, guide us to maturity and pamper us through marriage. And the one thing that makes them excel at their jobs is that they are feminine. Mind you, I said excel. There are women who go through the experience of marriage and motherhood and never achieve that true femininity we are talking about. They fail to give as much to life as their seemingly frailer sisters."

But to get back to those lines from "Annie Get Your Gun," Howard literally suited the action to the words when he chose his wife, Helen, a former dancer who worked with him in the stage company of "Oklahoma."

Helen is a slight brown-eyed blonde who is a mere five-foot-three in height. She is so completely feminine in looks and behavior that she embodies Howard's ideal about women in general.

When she married Howard, for example, she gave up her career without a second thought and since has devoted her life strictly to being a wife and mother. She has so thoroughly forgotten her professional life that Howard has to coax her even to visit his studio.

"I personally don't believe in a married woman working if it is at all possible for her to avoid it," he says. "The ideal situation is one in which a mother can give her attention unreservedly to her children, and this is not fully possible when a woman has (CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

"The thing that makes a woman attractive to a man is the basic fact that she is a woman and the more feminine she is the surer she is of making an impression," says Howard.
My friend Ann

SHE'S PROVING THAT A GIRL CAN BE SUCCESSFUL IN HER MARRIAGE, IN HER CAREER, SET A SPIRITUAL EXAMPLE, AND BE HAPPY—ALL AT THE SAME TIME

My bags were packed, reservations for my flight to the Cannes Film Festival in my purse, a French and Italian dictionary in my suitcase . . . when a sudden relapse of an earlier physical breakdown forced me back to bed. All my plans had collapsed with the doctor’s orders: “You are to stay in bed at least two weeks, and not to leave the house for a month . . .”

I couldn’t have been more disappointed. That evening, when my spirits hit an all-time low, Mom brought the phone to my bed. “Call for you, dear.”

“I don’t want to talk to anyone.”

“Oh, that’s different. It’ll be good to talk to her.”

Ann was the first of my friends to call. Having heard what happened, she wanted to let me know how sorry she was, and to find out if there was anything she could do.

It was so typical of Ann. She’d just finished “The Student Prince,” and she was working on a television show, planning her nursery, and shopping for the first time in weeks—yet she found time to call and let me know she was thinking of me.

In the eight years I’ve known her, she’s always given me encouragement when I needed it most. Like when

“Ann refused to judge me before she heard my side of the Korean story—it takes a most unusual person to be that way.”
was getting my divorce from Glenn Davis.

It's amazing that in a town so full of divorces you can be ostracized so easily for your actions. I speak from experience. Yet Ann, whose religion doesn't permit divorce, was full of genuine sympathy. She treated me as if I had gone through an illness, and needed help to recover.

No matter how busy she was, she called regularly, and for about three months after Glenn and I had separated, made every effort to see me as often as possible.

And look at her attitude when I came back from Korea early this year. I was accused by a good number of people of having turned my trip into a publicity stunt on my behalf. One of my closest friends announced to the press that had she been in Korea with me, she'd have told me off right on the spot, and that before she ever checked with me as to what really had happened. When she found out, she was sorry about her earlier statement and we remained friends.

On the other hand, Ann didn't make any statement before I came back. Instead, the day after I arrived she let me know she was glad I had come back safely, and asked me to tell her about the trip—in my own words.

I am not trying to defend my actions. All I want to point out is the different attitudes of two of my best friends toward the same incident. One believed what she read in the papers, which is only human, normal, and forgivable. I might have reacted the same way, under similar circumstances. But Ann refused to judge before she heard my side of it. It takes a most unusual person to be that way.

What makes Ann the type of girl she is?

More than anything else, I think, the idolization of her mother's memory.

Many girls I know—of all ages—will lose their identity once their parents go away for even a weekend. I've seen it in school. I've noticed since how caution is thrown to the wind once parental authority has disappeared beyond the horizon. But Ann—even though her mother has passed away—always has lived as if she were still with her, and the way she'd want her to. In that respect, I don't think she'll ever change.

In other ways, Ann has changed a great deal, particularly during these past few months. It's amazing what her marriage to Jim McNulty and the expected baby have done for her.

Ann had longed for marriage many years before she ever met Jim. If she seemed "cold" (CONTINUED ON PAGE 65)
Doris is warmer, friendlier and more compassionate today than ever before. She’s a more settled girl because she is happy in her marriage to Marty Melcher. But she has certain convictions which she refuses to tamper with just to snag some publicity for herself.

Success in Hollywood brings fame, fortune, envy, jealousy and its spawn of hogwash and defamation. No star, no matter how shining her success, no matter how exemplary her private life, is safe from the slings of the professional and amateur detractors who abound in the Hollywoods, ready to take umbrage because a box-office movie doll has the audacity to face a new day without bowing and genuflecting ten times in their direction.

The current victim of the character assassins happens—as is not at all unusual—to be a young lady not in the least bit deserving of their malicious attentions. It is the present fashion among frustrated movie star-baiters to belabor the vivacious songbird of Burbank, Doris Day. She is now being assailed as a bright hope whose warmly praised virtues have allegedly given way to snobbery, temperament, ingratitude and inflation of the cerebellum.

These charges, each and every one of them, may categorically be tossed into the ash can. They are either reckless or malicious flights of fancy, and those who spread these baseless accusations lend their tongues to slander.

Doris Day is a living doll. There’s only one person who would insist that this would approach carrying malarkey to the blarney stone. That pardonable dissenter is Doris Day herself.

“Nobody is perfect,” Doris is the first to admit, “least of all me.”

Question any of Doris’s friends as to whether she’s changed now that she’s become the hottest thing at Warners since its million-dollar fire several years ago. And this is the kind of answer you’ll get:

“Of course she’s changed. Doris is a more confident and assured performer than she ever was. Out of that confidence has come even more vitality and vivacity than she displayed in the past. And yes, she’s changed as a human being. She’s an even warmer, friendlier and more compassionate person than when she started out. She’s a more settled girl because she is deeply happy in her marriage and it has given her life..."
GUY WITH A HEART

GUY MADISON AND HIS TRUSTY STEED TRACE THE ROUTE OF EL CAMINO REAL TO CALL ATTENTION TO THE HEART FUND

The 1954 Heart Fund drive got well under way on the West Coast when Guy Madison mounted "Penny," the thoroughbred sorrel he rode in the Warner Brothers CinemaScope production, "The Command," in San Diego and journeyed to Los Angeles via El Camino Real, the mission trail founded by pioneering Franciscan padres years ago. Colorful ceremonies at the city's plaza, attended by San Diego's Mayor John Butler, launched Guy on his humanitarian trek. En route, Guy stopped at important points and made speeches for the Heart Fund. A parade featuring the Marine Corps Band and marching units was staged at Oceanside. At San Juan Capistrano there was a gala fiesta at the famous mission. The climax of Guy's trip, which was sponsored by the California Mission Trails, was the warm welcome by civic and Heart Association officials, who greeted him on his arrival at Los Angeles' City Hall, and the gratitude expressed for his efforts on behalf of the 1954 Heart Fund drive. During the long trip Guy also collected signatures to a petition asking Governor Goodwin J. Knight and the state legislature to restore to the historic trail, now known simply as Highway 101, its former name, El Camino Real.

Across bottom, Left to Right:

Checking directions on trail map with modern signpost.

Tiny Maria Sanchez waves goodbye as Guy leaves mission.

End of the trail, arriving at Los Angeles' City Hall.
Graph fans find Guy cordial and happy to oblige them.

The San Diego High School Band joins Guy in the ceremonies.

And children welcome Guy to San Juan Capistrano mission.

Guy and horse Penny bone up on San Juan Capistrano history.
...there's nothing
ke a girl

BY TAB HUNTER

THIN OR VOLUPTUOUS, PLAIN OR PRETTY, SHORT OR TALL—BLESS 'EM ALL!

FOR THE LAST several weeks I've been on location with Warners' "Battle Cry." Most of it was spent on a little island just south of Puerto Rico where the Marine Corps sends its men for combat training and maneuvers. And, in addition it seems, gets them used to a woman-less existence. When a fellow spends all his waking hours running around, flopping on the ground and climbing hills with a life and thirty thousand Marines for companionship, you can bet your government issue boots there's going to be a certain subject on his mind before he hits the sack.

Girls! Thin girls and voluptuous girls. Plain girls and pretty girls. Short and tall. Bless 'em all!

I'm lucky. Being a young and footloose bachelor I have the opportunity to meet quite a few pin-ups. I won't say they all have that extra rosy look they have from a bunk miles away from home, but there are a few that are even better when decorating your arms than when decorating your thoughts.

Terry Moore is a good example of the fact that girls are better than ever. Terry was the last girl I dated before the "Battle Cry" company took off for the never-near-her land of the maneuver area. Naturally I thought of her often on that location. There's an old G.I. saying, "You can't cuddle a carbine."

They just don't make them any sweeter or more companionable than Terry. She's the kind of girl that's equally ready for sand and sea and sun or sophisticated silks, satins and starlight.

On that last date we spent all afternoon down at the ocean; swimming, kidding around and just lying in the hot California sunshine, drinking it in and talking about everything including the fabled cabbages and kings.

We were having such a darned good time that I persuaded Terry to continue the date through the evening. I dropped her off to change for the dinner at Ciro's we'd decided upon and when I returned (continued on next page)...
for her I met a whole new girl—sophisticated, looking as romantic and ethereal as a princess in a story book. It was a complete change from the kid who cut capers on the shore all day. She was two different girls and I liked both of them.

Terry has the rare quality of being “with” you no matter what your mood. She has fun doing whatever you want to do and she shows it. I guess that’s what puts the extra sparkle into the moments spent with her.

Debbie Reynolds has the same togetherness about her. In fact, she has a way of even being close over the telephone. Her presence and vitality seem to come right through the wires so that they become almost a tangible thing. I’m an expert on that factor because I called Debbie frequently from location and never got over that tremendous singing quality that seems to come right into the room.

Every day’s a wonderful day to Debbie. She hasn’t any phony ultra-sophistication or bored-with-it-all attitude. From the first time I met her when she was just starting, until now, when she’s one of the brightest young lights in the business, she’s always been just the same. Happy Bright. Unaffected. Lovable.

The first time I met her she was the date of a buddy of mine and we were on our way to the Ice Capades. It was a gala opening and there were enough furs around to keep Alaska warm. Debbie glanced at her simple cloth coat and made a crack about how she’d have killed her cat had she known furs were in order.

Debbie’s fun and surprises, and a merry-go-round, all wrapped up in a cute little package. And the bundle’s go brains and consideration to top it off.

There was the time I decided, after some careful figuring, that my check book could stand the attack of one lavish dinner at a good spot. It meant the bank account would be slightly ventilated, but I knew it was worth it. I made the invitation to dinner, something most girls expect, but Debbie said, “Sure I’d love to, but why don’t we play chef right at home?”

She knew I hadn’t been working and that the expense might possibly hurt a little. She even volunteered to bake a cake. Another surprise. I never thought she was do
mestic. As it turned out I might have been right, because the cake was a little soggy and just a trifle lop-sided. She assured me it was just an off-day for cakes, but as far as I was concerned it was the prettiest cake in the world. It had a certain rakish, devil-may-care look about it.

But with all the crazy party-hat gaiety, Debbie's warm and sensitive inside. The kind of girl that cried when she heard her friend Janie Powell's last number opening night at the Cocoanut Grove. She was laughing and crying for happiness and her heart was showing through. I guess it all comes under the heading of a sense of values, knowing and feeling instinctively what's right and what's wrong.

Lori Nelson's that type. She looks drawing-roomish. The kind of girl who would seem to prefer cocktail parties and afternoon teas to a romp on the beach or the tennis court. Actually, she rides and swims terrifically and is ready any time to learn to ski and skate. She's sincere, lovely and understanding. What more can I say after I say I'm crazy about her?

And Marilyn Erskine. She has years of New York stage experience behind her. Been in the theatre ever since she was four. When she signed to be my co-star in the stage production of "Our Town" last Fall I was as green as grass. I'd had some Little Theatre work but I'd never trod the professional boards. Marilyn could have clobbered me if she'd chosen to. Many other actresses would have taken advantage of my inexperience to make themselves look better no matter how good they were to begin with. Not so Marilyn. During rehearsals she invited me to her home for dinner and spent hours going over the scenes with me. She was willing to give of her time and knowledge freely to help me.

I think that's a tremendously warm and valuable quality in a girl. The desire to help someone when no real benefit accrues to herself.

All this may make it appear that I think girls are made of sugar, spice and all the other goodies they talk about. Most girls I've met are just that. Almost always they've been nice people and not just pretty girls. Of course, I've been fortunate. Like any other guy, however, my batting average hasn't been one thousand.

"Like any other guy my batting average hasn't been one thousand by any means, but most of the girls I've met are nice people and not just pretty girls. I've been fortunate."

"Debbie Reynolds is fun and surprises all wrapped up in a cute little package."

"Lori Nelson's sincere, lovely. What more can I say after I say I'm crazy about her?"

"Marilyn Erskine gave up time to help me. That's a warm quality in a girl."
THREE MONTHS A YEAR
JAN STERLING HAS A
DAUGHTER—LITTLE
MAGGIE DOUGLAS, WHO
KNOWS THE STEPMOTHER
FABLE IS OUTDATED

SUMMERTIME

This is a modern fable of how a little girl with two parents came to love her stepmother, too . . .

Jan Sterling says, very matter of factly, "I had a child the first month I was married!" For a minute you blink, as you think maybe Jan is rehearsing a line that sounds like a typical statement of the screen Sterling, for one of her pungent bad-girl portrayals. Then, blue eyes twinkling that very nice off-screen Sterling twinkle, she explains, "Maggie—a ready made little girl of five. What could have been sweeter?"

This, then, is the story of Jan, of the man she married, Paul Douglas . . . and, mostly, of Maggie, Paul's little girl by his marriage to Virginia Field.

It's because of the large number of broken homes in our modern life, and the larger number of step-parents resulting from it, that Jan wanted to tell this story. So let Jan tell it, mostly in her own words:

"I've seen too many children torn between two homes; a central figure in a tug-of-war. My own family divorced when I was eight years old. Whatever understanding I have been able to bring to Maggie might be because I could put myself in her place, in the same situation.

"I had always wanted a little girl, and suddenly, I had one. Now, I didn't have to look in shop windows and wish I had a little girl to buy cute dresses for. Yet Maggie has a mother; the last thing I wanted was to try to take her place. I knew, too, the terrible resentment that is in a child's mind at the very word, 'stepmother.' After all the fairy tales of wicked old stepmothers, I shrank from the word myself. I realized this wasn't going to be easy to put over.

"But here Paul and I were, just married—and we were going to have a ready-made girl of five, almost right away. Paul hadn't seen much of her herself. He and Virginia had separated when Maggie was eight or nine months old; she had lived in a succession of places with her mother, from England to Nassau, ever since.

"Paul lived a bachelor life, and it was better that way. But now he could give Maggie a home, and we wanted to make it a home right away, without any waiting. We wanted to make Maggie a part of our life from the beginning.

"Waiting for Maggie to arrive, I kept thinking nervously, 'The first impression is going to stick.' I had tried to pick a dress a little girl would like. But, like a girl on her first date, I kept trying on other things, trying to decide what would appeal to a five-year-old. You see, I couldn't be her mother, so I decided I'd be the next closest thing; her girl friend. I believe I didn't want her to think I was grown up.

"All the time, I was trying to think of what she'd like or what would make her like me. Suddenly, I remembered: I could spit through my teeth! At Maggie's age..."
When Maggie is with her father, Paul Douglas, and Jan, she's always in the middle, whatever they do.

A child of divorce herself, Jan knows the situation Maggie is in, has been able to bring her understanding and friendship.

Maggie came to visit soon after the Douglas' marriage. "We wanted her a part of our life from the beginning."

Jan fills a definite place in Maggie's life, and in turn she has the daughter she wanted.

Mother

By Frances Franklin

It had seemed like a fascinating accomplishment, and I had badgered the little boy next door until he divulged the secret to me of how it was done.

"Paul introduced me to Maggie merely by saying, 'This is Janie.' Pretty soon, we were busy blowing bubbles. It was during a game of tag that I suddenly called, 'Look, Maggie, watch me!' Very casually, I did the spitting-through-the-teeth routine. It won Maggie's admiration. But I knew I had won something precious when, large-eyed and solemn, she said, 'You know, I didn't think I was going to like you at all. But I think you're wonderful.'"

"Originally, we were to have Maggie one month out of every four. That's how I became a mother: three months out of the year! But it was too interrupting for her to be picked up and put down during the school year."

"So it turned out we had her mostly during the summer months. But since she's been growing up—Maggie will be ten this year!—she's been more or less allowed to make her own decisions. She will come to us on weekends, holidays, whenever she feels like being with her mother and me."

"Having two homes might present its problems, but it also has its advantages. Like two Christmases, and two birthdays! Naturally, Maggie would sometimes play both ends against the middle. Take the case of the chewing gum. We didn't know that Virginia didn't allow it, and Maggie just never bothered to impart the information to us. Once she called her mother from our place, and Virginia asked, 'What are you doing, dear?' 'I,' Maggie told her emphatically, 'am chewing gum!' Paul talked to her, and made her realize she didn't need these defenses to prove her importance. She was lucky, he told her, because now she had four people who loved her."

"It's pretty hard to explain to a child who asks, 'Why aren't we going to live together any more?' This is something that's beyond a child's understanding. But a divorce doesn't have to be handled so that a child feels the bottom has dropped out from under her. It is only the parents' acting that way that makes it so. The less fuss made about it, as if someone had died or the world had come to an end, the better adjustment she can make."

"What else can be said—except to try to explain that daddy and mother can't be together any more, but that they both love her exactly the same as before? Unsatisfactory, perhaps. But love, to a child, can work out many compromises."

"I remember when mother decided to get her divorce, she took my sister and me to Reno. The importance was put on the trip, and the things we were going to see and do; not the divorce. The desert and the cowboys turned out to be pretty interesting. Children are really the most resilient people!"

(Continued on page 35)
BY HELEN GOULD

WHETHER THEY'RE MR. AND MRS. HESTON OR MR. AND MRS. CLARKE, CHARLTON AND LYDIA ARE A PART OF EACH OTHER

Charlton Heston's

When Charlton Heston says "It is surprising how much help a man can be to a woman just by supplying a little beef!" you know he's proud to do things for his Lydia. And this has been going on for nine years.
The constantly traveling Hestons make their headquarters in Chicago, where Lydia's stage work keeps her; also have homes in New York, Hollywood and Michigan.

Life as Mr. Clarke

On the opening night of Lydia Clarke's current play, "The Seven Year Itch," her close friends Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas had sent a wire: "Know you will be great, all our love. Best to Mr. Clarke."

"Mr. Clarke," better known as Charlton Heston, got a bigger chuckle out of that than Mrs. Heston, that opening night in Chicago's Blackstone Theatre. And it isn't because he has reached the secure point in his career where being called by his wife's name can be a source of fond amusement to Chuck. Nor does he leave it at that. Charlton Heston feels that his role as "Mr. Clarke" is a very real one.

He says things like, "It's surprising how much help a man can be to a woman—just by supplying a little beef!"—and proceeds to illustrate how this applies even to such feminine province as shopping. "Lyd," he smiles, "can get enmeshed in so many bundles she looks like she needs a trailer. Even when we were broke and the only shopping she did was for food, she could manage the same thing in a supermarket."

Last summer, Lydia and Chuck had stolen a week together at their timberland acres in Michigan. As usual, they were soon parted again by their separate careers. Chuck was flying to Hollywood to make "The Naked Jungle." Lydia was driving one of their two Packards to New York to do a TV show and rehearse for the Chicago company of "The Seven Year Itch."

She was to arrive in New York on a Sunday. On Saturday, Chuck received a wire from her that she had left her copy of the play in Michigan. He realized that she would need it when she got there, and where was she going to get it—on a Sunday? To Heston's direct approach, this was no problem. He simply wired Brentano's bookstore—and a fresh, new copy of "The Seven Year Itch" was waiting for Lydia on the doorstep, when she reached their New York apartment.

Nor does Heston think that such thoughtfulness above and beyond the call of duty is one-sided. "When things were worse," he remembers vividly, "it was Lyd who was the one to do things for me. I've never been able to cook breakfast, but she would fix mine, no matter how early a call she had on her modeling job. When I got out of the Army and couldn't find a thing to keep an unemployed actor busy, I couldn't drive her to work and pick her up, as I do now. But I could walk her to work! It's just a good balance to marital difficulties—and it has always worked for us!"

With his own career at full tilt, he can still take the generous attitude toward Lydia's work expressed thus: "Whenever I can, I try to subordinate my incidental interests to her professional interests." Incidental interests? Well, yes, if you could so classify making four pictures in the past year, plus sandwiching in "Macbeth" at the Bermuda Drama Festival and a few other professional sundries such as a location stint in Peru for "Legend Of The Incas."

It was during the past year, with Lydia's career flourishing, that Charlton Heston really mapped out what he calls his life as "Mr. Clarke." Chicago, where her stage work has kept her most of the time, (continued on page 58)}
"I LIVE AN EXCITING LIFE"

—SAYS JOAN CRAWFORD

By May Man

"IT'S ALWAYS this way with Joan, and I've known her for years," an important director remarked as he stood in the midst of a fascinated crowd watching Joan Crawford. She had just stepped off the train and was now simultaneously counting thirty-six pieces of red and blue luggage, handing over the baggage checks for four trunks, tipping porters, signing autographs and calling greetings to a bevy of friends who were on hand to welcome her home after a whirl of several weeks in Texas, Mexico, and New York. "She was born for excitement and she is always exciting."

When these words were relayed to Joan the next day she said, "I guess it is that I love life—good, bad, or indifferent, it is always interesting. It's a challenge even when it's not exactly fun," she sighed.

"I haven't had a secretary since a week before Christmas. This morning I returned four pages of calls that accumulated while I was away."

Sound exciting? Take Joan's word for it, it is. And it's double the fun after you've been working hard. "I'll never go seven years again without playing. It's not fair to yourself to do that."

"Being dull and leading a routine, unhappy life is—to me—a great sin," she said, the lighter mood changing to overtones of the more serious. "It isn't fair to oneself, nor to anyone else!"

"Of course, people can always say—'Look at her. She's surrounded by glamour and people who say "How beautiful you are!" etc., etc., so her life should be exciting. They should see the reality! Right now I'm in the midst of a mess here at home. The rain has caused a few gallons of water to flood my lovely new parquet floor in the dining room. My beautiful walls and drapes are ruined. The workmen are here to repair the damage, but the can't find the leak! The twins have chickenpox. And I add to it all, tomorrow I'm having a few of my close friends for dinner. My cook has quit. Doesn't that sound exciting?" she laughed with a little half moan. "It's challenge. I've got to meet it and do something about it. And, oh yes! I have a brand new beau."

A beautiful gold locket on an unusually designed chair centered with a single blue—true blue—sapphire with C in large letters inscribed on the back, glittered with newness from around Joan's neck.

"I hadn't taken time out for fun and romance for a long time. I was having too much fun raising my children at working," she said. "Then, too, I didn't want to be on every night with this one and that one which might jeopardize the welfare of my children or make me appear promiscuous. I have many friends, it is true, but I was kept so busy with my work, and I love the work, that suddenly I found myself tired and needing a change."

"Now I'm tired, but it is a different kind of tired. I had so many dates in New York, that I felt like a wom
Again—a dame, instead of a business woman. There was a time when I resented the remark, 'She's a nice dame.' Now I know a man means it as a compliment. I was all woman for a change—and business was forgotten. I discovered that routine was getting me into a rut, so I did something about it by taking a vacation!

"It would take hours to tell about my trip. I started for the Film Festival in Brazil, then switched plans to go to the Richard Gills' in Texas. It was a dream—parties, ranches, music, a trip to Monterey, Mexico, with my host and hostess taking over a picturesque hotel for our party. Then on to the Raymondbelle Ranch and hearing stories about Pancho Villa, seeing round-ups—everything! And then I went to New York.

"There hasn't been anyone in my life for a long time. I was hoping," Joan said with complete honesty, "like any girl on vacation to meet some special one. Franchot Tone knew I was coming to New York (we always correspond) and he was completely wonderful. He sent flowers and had tickets for me for his play and several other shows. And we talked, and danced, and laughed, and recalled the time when we both studied singing. We were serious about it; we studied opera. Now with the bitterness all gone, I thought to myself, 'If I'd only been more mature, and had had a sense of humor when we were married!' However, one cannot go back—not even wishful thinking could make it so.

"There were parties galore, and the biggest one lasted all night. Eddie Fisher (he's a darling), John Conte, Gertrude Neisen, Russell Nype, and some others started singing. We had such fun. Besides giving me four big bottles of perfume, Mr. Harris and Mr. Wynn, the owners of the Harwyn Club where the party was held, presented me with a beautiful gold guitar pin set with diamonds and pearls to commemorate my picture, 'Johnny Guitar.'

"Enroute home I stopped off in Chicago. Betty and Jim Hart gave a luncheon for me in the Pump Room. Some mutual friends asked permission to bring a certain nice man to lunch to meet me. He was charming. I was impressed with his good manners and gentlemanly ways. After lunch, we walked and chatted. Passing Bramson's I stopped to look at a little pink hat with roses and a red veil that was in the window. 'It looks like Easter,' I said.

"'Would you be insulted or think me rude to give you an Easter bonnet?' he asked. 'Please let me buy it for you!' And taking hold of my arm, he escorted me inside. When we left, he again took my arm and with a smile tipped his hat to the salesladies.

"It is wonderful to meet a man who really plays a man's role. A man who wants to do something for a woman. There are so few. Or they say, 'What can I get her? She has everything!' They don't know that it is the thought that is so important. I love gifts like bar towels, bar napkins, and many little things that delight a woman.

"Life is exciting if you make the effort—sometimes more, sometimes less, to make and keep it so. It is all not 'You are wonderful, Miss Crawford' for me. There have been times on a set before 150 to 400 people when a director has said, 'Do you think it is amateur night in Dixie? That scene is not good. Let's try it again, Miss Crawford.' Do I get humiliated and boo hoo? Where would that get me? I've developed a sense of humor that makes me reply, 'Yes, wasn't it awful. Please don't replace me. Let me try it again!'

"I used to be the hurt and crushed kind. Now, thank goodness, I have a sense of humor, and with it you can get what you want out of life—if you really want it. Sure, things don't go right always. Times like that I lock myself up in my room and walk it out, or talk it out with myself. I am not going to take it out on the people around me. I believe you should look up your worst side, and show the good. That's what people want to see.

"It's the expectancy of good and what's next, and looking for it that gives a woman a look in her eye, a tilt to her head, and a walk that makes her exciting, and keeps her that way," Joan laughed. And she's the perfect example!
The Loves of Liberace

TV's new favorite reveals his past romances—and his hopes for the future

As thousands of other American women do, Jo Stafford, Helen Fedderson, Billie Heller and Jayne Liberace react to the charm of Liberace with romantic frenzy.
At his famed piano, Liberace accompanies his brother George.

Music is his life. When not playing, he listens to records.

He chats with Jane Russell and Bob Hope after a performance.

His sister-in-law and mother are among his severest critics.

One of the most burning questions on the highly combustible contemporary American scene is the romantic future of one Walter Valentino Liberace. Best known only as Liberace, he is the curly-haired, dimpled piano provocateur who has invaded the dreams and hearts of American womanhood. His weekly television program is regarded by girls from six to sixty as a clandestine rapture, representing the consummation of their wildest romantic hopes.

Through the trojan horse of the image-orthicon tube, his ingratiating six-foot Casanova of the keyboard infiltrates an estimated 35,000,000 parlors a week. His whispered endearments and sweet smiles generate more romantic radiation than the hallowed incense of the immortal lover of the silent screen, Rudolph Valentino, with whom Liberace is often compared.

The gentle, apple-cheeked maestro from Milwaukee has become a remarkable force to deal with in the always fascinating realm of the heart. In technique and manner, the mild Liberace has nothing other than his middle name in common with the dashing late Lothario of the speechless flickers. Yet he accomplishes more with a honeyed smile and purring conversation than Valentino did in a volcanic burst of romantic fire on a white steed across the ersatz sands of Arabia. Where Valentino took his women by storm, Liberace takes them by soothing balm. Although the methods of these two great lovers are as different as day from night, the (continued on page 58)
Bob Crosby, as viewed by millions of TV fans coast-to-coast on a Monday through Friday basis, gives the impression of being a jaunty, carefree neighbor, imperturbably at ease with the world. His melodic voice, refreshing as mint after rain, his folksy delivery, his unassuming but confident manner, his audiences declare, a restored faith in this somewhat less than nerveless world.

Like all performances marked by virtuosity, Bob Crosby’s nonchalance is constructed, primarily, of masterly showmanship instead of personal charm. He has the perfectionist’s love of his job and resolve to give it his top effort. Furthermore, TV has peculiar importance to Bob. He started singing as the second Crosby; when he succeeded on radio, it was a second success in the family; when his recordings made cash registers ring like sleigh bells, the jingle was a repeat performance. Not that there is or ever has been a note of jealousy between the brothers; the Crosby clan is one of the most harmonious in this or any other city, yet a fact is a fact is a fact. Brother Bing is a phenomenon—a phenomenon who is not interested in conquering TV. This medium is all Bob’s, and he loves it with the fervency of a lad who has earned his first personal, non-hand-me-down suit of clothes. His care of this prize is in proportion to his enthusiasm for it.

Probably this explains why Bob never does an “easy” show. Every day represents a maximum effort as indicated by the fact that his dining routine goes like this: he has breakfast around eight, goes to the studio and sets to work on the show. It goes on the air from 12:30 p.m. until one o’clock, Pacific Standard Time on the CBS television network. Bob is so keyed up after the sign-off that he is unable to trust his alimentary canal with food until he reaches home around dinner time.

In operation, Bob’s show opens with a bright, catchy number, something along the lines of “If You Ever Get To My Home Town” which Bob helped to write. This is followed by a love song, then a comedy number. Next, there is always a game (very popular with homemakers planning parties), a sign-off for those stations leaving at the end of the first fifteen minutes, then a hit song, another game, and finally “the faith spot.”

Bob stumbled onto the idea for “the faith spot” while he was the star of Club 15. One day while introducing a ballad with a sentimental title, he was given the signal by the program’s engineer indicating that the program was running ahead of schedule and a slight slow-down was necessary. In one of those flashes that mark the difference between a top-flight pro and the merely competent performer, Bob ad-libbed a five or six line essay about the importance of love songs in our lives. This simple bit of homespun philosophy elicited so much fan mail that Bob decided to include a similar recitative in the longer show as it was developed later.

Nowadays so many listeners request copies of the “poem” that these recitatives (written by famed radio and TV scripter Carroll Carroll) are mimeographed and mailed daily by the dozens. Following is the philosophical observation that Bob used in the midst of the song, “I Apologize”:

“I apologize . . . two words too many people find too difficult to say. No one knows the number of happy homes that have been destroyed because someone was too proud, or too stubborn to say the two words no love should ever be afraid to say . . . I’m sorry.” Over and over we hear this everlasting truth: ‘to err is human to forgive divine.’ It must be equally true that to be big enough in heart and mind and spirit to ask forgiveness must also, in its own humble way, be touched with divinity. A wise man once said, ‘It takes two to make a quarrel and the smartest always gives in.’ So who
little things—or even big ones—threaten to divide you from the one you love, be smart. It’s sometimes better to be loved than to be right. In fact, I think it’s always better, because there’s no misunderstanding that an honest apology can’t correct, no honest apology that anyone won’t accept. I’m sure there would be many more happy homes if all husbands and wives would remember never to finish a day without a goodnight kiss.”

Anent this capsule sermon, a Southern gentleman wrote to Bob, saying, “My wife and I had quarreled bitterly and we had decided that divorce was the only possible answer to our troubles. Then I heard you sing ‘I Apologize’ and recite that little ‘poem’ about it. I went home that night, stuck my head in the door and said, ‘I’m sorry, honey. I apologize.’ My wife had never heard me do that before in all the years of our marriage. She started to cry, and said, ‘I heard Bob Crosby’s program, too.’ You’ve done us a real favor. Thanks.”

Bob’s favorite recitative is “Oh, My Papa.” The commentary on this one goes as follows:

“Oh, my papa, he always understood!” Our women-folk, those who love us most, like to say, ‘Men are just little boys grown tall.’ This must be true because the light that shines in the eyes of a boy, when he speaks of his father, shines just as brightly in his heart when he grows to manhood. For it’s a light that was kindled by love and devotion and is kept warm and glowing by respect and understanding. As every man remembers, there are moments in a boy’s life when his feelings for his father flow over him and engulf him in an emotion that he, himself, does not understand, and cannot understand until the friendly years have endowed him with the perception of a man and the blessed privilege of being called ‘father.’ Then, and only then, will he know why he felt as he did when he was a boy, and he hopes that his son will feel the same about him. He’ll pray for strength to keep himself worthy of twice sharing the deep, tender and indescribably beautiful relationship that exists only between father and son, son and father.”

One of the reasons, or better, the five reasons this has such profound meaning for Bob is that he is the parent of a quintet. The eldest is Cathy, now fifteen. Next comes Chris, eleven. Behind him comes Robert, Junior, nine, followed by Stevie, seven. The baby is Malia (pronounced Mah-LEE-ah, which is Hawaiian for Mary), not yet three. “They are,” says Bob without bothering to strain the pride from his tone, “five normal young savages.”

Cathy hopes for a career in show business. Bob is planning for her to make intermittent performances with him during Christmas and Easter vacations, but the family understanding is that she must first acquire a background of values and an education before she may start her career. She has one worry, expressed as follows to her father, “Everybody tells me I look (CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)
BLUES—A color range flattering to most. Shown above, a group of textured fabrics which come in a variety of shadings. These 4-yard dress-lengths, just $2.98. McCrory Stores carry a large selection of rayon blends in both dressy and casual fabrics, ranging from flannels to failles.

If you choose GREEN tones . . . it might be rayon flannel 39" wide, 59¢, or felt which comes in many brilliant shades. From W. T. Grant Stores. Also at Grant's, Orelay glingham, mercerized and Sanforized in a variety of styles and shades. Textured rayons are available in fabrics for sportswear and show up in Bur-Mill's antique taffeta, "Beau Bait," a party-dress fabric in Chrome-spun, a color-fast acetate. 89¢ a yard, 44-45 inches wide. (See Lisa Kirk, page 50, wearing a dress of "Beau Bait." )

If your preference is for a fabric in ORANGE, TANGERINE or RUST . . . H. L. Green has a wide sampling. Nylon net, 72 in. wide, 69¢ a yard, comes in rust and many rainbow colors. Wonderful for overdress or petticoats. Fine-quality corduroy, washable, comes in solid colors, 79¢ and in checks, plaids and novelty patterns, 98¢. And in rayon and acetate plaids, bold colorings are available in large and small patterns. In 44-45 inch widths, 49¢ a yard. Solid color cottons, guaranteed washable for 39¢ a yard, in 36-inch widths, in a full range of colors.

Just as you select a fabric to suit your coloring, so should your make-up selection suit your clothes color scheme. We have matched fabric color families for home sewing with cosmetic colorings that will completely harmonize with you and what you wear. If you select a BLUE fabric—Cutex "Rose" pearl polish, 39¢, and matching "Pink 'n Sweet" lipstick, 29¢; Westmore's "Castillian" powder, 33¢; Maybelline's blue eye-liner pencil, 15¢; midnight blue mascara, 35¢; and blue eye shadow, 15¢. . . . If you select a fabric in the GREEN family—your choice of color make-up covers a wide range. However, the brilliant new color, "Strike Me Pink," in Cutex nail polish and lipstick, is the one we recommend. The polish, in the spillpruf bottle, 25¢. The lipstick, which is indelible, 29¢. Pond's Angel Face cake powder in "Ivory Angel." Here, we have shown the mirrored compact case for $1. This also comes in a 59¢ and 89¢ case (without the mirror). For eye beauty, Maybelline's cream mascara and soft eyebrow pencil. Both in "Velvet Black." The mascara, 15¢; and the pencil, 15¢. . . . If it's ORANGE, TANGERINE or RUST—Cutex "Fire Engine" polish, 25¢, and "Fire Engine" lipstick, 50¢; Nestlé's colorine No. 21, "Platinum." This adds color-highlights and sheen! It comes in 11 enchanting shades, from silver gray to black, 10¢. Maybelline green eye shadow, 15¢, to glamourize your eyes.

To blend with your facial coloring and the clothes you wear: Westmore's Tru-Glo, the new liquid make-up, perfect for all types of skin, 59¢. This in "Natural" which is a safe color blend for the fabrics in the Orange family; Lady Esther powder, in many dreamy new shades, but the selected color, "Honey," is by far the most complimentary for this color scheme.

Lady Esther face powder comes in the following: 15¢, 25¢ and 59¢ sizes. Maria Tallchief, prima ballerina of the New York City Ballet, models a dress of Bates "Disciplined" cotton in Simplicity Pattern #4733; for 35¢.

BY MARCIA MOORE

THE BASIC MATERIALS
SCREENLAND VARIETY VALUES

GREEN

ORANGE
TRUE REDS—Exciting and vibrant in solid colors, subtle prints and bold plaids. The fabric chart at left: a group of Fall fabrics from S. H. KRESS Stores. The solid red fabric, “Fruit of the Loom” Star Craft suiting. It’s mercerized and preshrunk. Good for suits, skirts, shorts, slacks and jackets, this fabric is 35 inches wide and sells for 59c a yard. Fashion Prints in colorful cotton by “Fruit of the Loom” are KRESS exclusives. They’re guaranteed washable, 44c per yard. Although we stress the reds, all these prints come in a full range of colors.

If you like BROWN . . . More plaids from H. L. GREEN’S. The bold plaids, top, right, in brown to beige tones, come in rayon and acetate blend. 49c a yard and 44-45 inches wide. And more corduroy at an attractive price in shades of brown and in beige. 79c for pinwale 36 inches wide. A muted stripe in high count printed cotton. It’s 36 inches wide, guaranteed washable and sells for 39c per yard. The tattersall-type print in the same fabric, Both come in many other color combinations.

If you choose GRAY or BLACK . . . you’ll find one of McCRORY Stores dress-length fabrics to your liking. Shown below, gray and white striped rayon with a crisp finish. And in a slightly wider rib, brown and black combined. A rayon dress-length of embroidered rayon taffeta creating a matelasse effect. And surface interest appears again in cross-dyed rayon with sablished surface. These fabrics all come in a full range of fashion colors. They are priced at a thrifty $2.98 for 4 full yards of the fabric of your choice.

Lovely Lisa Kirk, musical comedy star, models a dress made from Butterick Pattern #6993 for sizes 12 to 18. The fabric is “Beau Bait,” GRANT’S antique taffeta priced at 89c a yard. The continuation of the color story in cosmetics . . . To blend with the RED fabrics shown at left, Cutex “Flaming” pearl nail polish, and Cutex true red. “Taffy Apple” lipstick. This stay-fast indelible lipstick, 59¢. The matching polish, 39¢. For your powder, Lady Esther’s “Natural,” a smooth blend which does not need a powder base and remains fresh for many hours. Heather rouge in “True Red” does not clash with your red fabrics, this for 15¢. To deepen or brighten your natural hair color, Nestle’s Colorinse, and for this purpose, No. 22 “Black.” The directions are easy to follow and each package contains 2 rinses, 10¢. Our display of BROWN fabrics, top right, is complimented by the following cosmetic selections: “Golden Angel,” a new shade of Pond’s Angel Face, is a luscious sunny brunette tone. A velvety powder and foundation in-one smooths on with its own puff, 59¢. Cutex lustrous “White” pearl polish, 39¢; Cutex Stay Fast lipstick in “Deep Red,” 59¢. This lipstick is a non-drying, creamy lipstick made with a pure lanolin base. The shades are true and bright on the lips. Maybelline solid mascara, 35¢ and Maybelline soft eyebrow pencil, 15¢. The mascara color, “Sable Brown;” the pencil, “Dark Brown.” For the most becoming effect, follow the natural line of the brows . . . To blend with the GRAY fabrics, shown below, True-Glo liquid make-up, 59¢. The color, “Continental,” to harmonize with the various shades of gray, from the silvery tones to near black. Party Puff cake powder, $1.00.

Party Puff comes in the 33¢ and 59¢ sizes. The one featured, is the attractive mirrored case. The color, “Rachelle Puff.” Hazel Bishop’s Complexion Glow in “Coral Glow,” to give natural-looking cheek color, 69¢. And Cutex’s special vanity set, containing “Cute Tomata” lipstick and the “Cute Tomata” nail polish. $1.00.

FREE—WESTMORE’S Guide to Perfect Make-up Glamour. Send in the color of your eyes, hair and skin. Their experts will chart the shades to flatter you. Write, Marcia Moore, SCREENLAND, 10 E. 40 St., N.Y.C. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope.
Pretty young lips require careful make-up

By YSEULTE SIMONE
Here's a girl with looks that suit her name—Pier of the Angels! Pier Angeli, currently to be seen in MGM's "The Flame And The Flesh," is a petite, light brunette, with touches of gold in her hair. She has green eyes in which a mischievous twinkle lurks, a skin like the petal of a creamy tea rose, and a mouth ... quite the perfect bud! Pier does not look a day over seventeen—is actually in her early twenties. Her flawless skin calls for little, if any, make-up, and Pier sensibly applies her cosmetics with a very light hand. Protective creams and lotions, yes, to preserve the supple quality, but in actual make-up she uses only powder applied ever so lightly with swansdown puff, and a bright lipstick.

About lipstick Pier has some very definite ideas. She maintains that she would rather see someone without lipstick than see it ill-used! Particularly she dislikes thickly plastered lipstick, and false bows drawn in where none exist. She is most careful to see that the bright shades of lipstick, which are her preference, do not clash with her costumes or accessories. Lipstick being her sole real artifice, Pier has a large assortment of shades, but finds that clear, bright reds best suit her brunette type. She never applies lipstick in public butretires to the powder room for this. When she does she usually removes all remaining lipstick and applies a neat, fresh coat of color.

Let's watch Pier in the process of a morning make-up. ... After a thorough cleansing, she applies powder over her face and over her lips, so that the entire face is covered with the lightest veil. (She matches the powder as closely as possible to her skin tones.) Next, she removes the surplus with a pad of cotton, stroking gently downward. She brushes all traces of powder from eyelashes and eyebrows with a damp mascara brush, shaping her brows in so doing to best frame her beautiful eyes.

Some people like to apply lipstick over powdered lips, claiming that the color stays on longer. Pier, however, finds this a little drying, so to keep her lips smooth and unlined she applies a little cold cream to them under the lipstick. She dips her little finger into the cream jar and applies just a light touch to her lips, tracing their outline very carefully so as not to disturb the powder beyond their confines. She then blots her mouth with tissue so that no stickiness remains, but her lips stay smooth and slightly moist.

To apply the lipstick itself, Pier finds a lipstick brush indispensable. Flicking it open she sweeps the bristles back and forth across the lipstick until enough of the color adheres to the brush. She then holds the brush handle between forefinger and thumb and, with elbow propped against the dressing table, and point of little finger on her chin, she is correctly braced for action. First she traces the outline of her mouth, boldly and exactly as nature designed it, starting at the center and working towards the right corner, then back to the center and towards the left. Now the bottom lip. Carefully she draws the full curve of it to join the upper, making sure she cuts off none of it and has both sides even. That done, the lips are filled in, adding more lipstick to the brush until the color is rich and even and a smile shows no neglected spots or smudges.

Taking a fresh tissue, Pier places it over her mouth and presses gently against her lips, thus blotting off any excess lipstick and preventing that greasy, over-painted look. She then applies a little more color to the full curves of the mouth and again blots gently with tissue.

There you have the finished picture. Lips artificially tinctured, no doubt, but not coated nor clogged in all their delicate pores—nature enhanced, not crudely changed.
Tops in Movie Music
The ballad, "No One But You," is one of the highlights of the Lana Turner movie, "The Flame And The Flesh," and it's even more of an event in the Charlie Applewhite waxing for Decca. Eddie has had a rapid rise to the top in the past six months, and his clear, open-voiced styling is shown off to best advantage in this appealing bit of nostalgia. ... Fran Warren's a performer whose individuality has been largely lost in the shuffle, particularly since her one movie attempt was in a third-rate script. Perhaps she'll gain some of the recognition due her with her MGM recording of some of the Harold Arlen-Ira Gershwin tunes from Judy Garland's movie, "A Star Is Born." Fran's worth the listening, and her records are worth buying to keep. ... With 1954 marking the thirtieth anniversary of MGM Pictures, it's only natural that MGM Records should honor the event with a special album. The album spotlights the same songs honored on Ed Sullivan's "Toast Of The Town" salute to MGM — "Singin' In The Rain," "Lili," "Easter Parade" and "Show Boat" among them—and the stars include Gene Kelly, Fred Astaire, Leslie Caron, Judy Garland, William Warfield, and Betty Hutton. Even if you already have some of these as individual records you'll want the album. Don't pass it by. ... Although there have been previous recordings of "Three Coins In The Fountain," the Frank Sinatra waxing is one to be remembered, not only because Frankie sings the song for the movie, but also because his Capitol recording is a strongly appealing one.

Other Toppers
Speaking of Frankie, now that he's hot again both Victor and Columbia are rushing out long-playing reprints of things Sinatra did in the dim, dim past when he was the bobbysox favorite. The Victor album, "Fabulous Sinatra," includes numbers Frankie did as long ago as fourteen years, featuring "Night And Day," "The Lamplighter's Serenade," "I'll Be Seeing You" and "Fools Rush In." If you want a collection that's anywhere near complete, Sinatra albums are a must. ... Eddie Fisher's Victor rendering of "My Friend" has a potent appeal. Soft and effective. And its backing, "Green Years," has a truly lovely melody. Snags of one sort or another may be holding up Eddie's debut in a movie, but in the meantime he continues to be the very top as a recording artist. ... Georgia Gibbs' "Wait For Me Darling" on the Mercury label can't help returning her to the hit lists. It's captivating and fervent, with a real beat. And the second listening is even better than the first.

Grab Bag
Sometimes just listening to Jane Russell is enough—it all depends on you! At any rate Mercury has recorded a "French Line" album, with Jane and Gilbert Roland doing the vocal honors. The songs themselves are no more than fair, but the two stars put them over very winningly. ... Karen Chandler has another noisemaker in Coral's "Out Of The Middle Of The Night," and its definite rhythm shows her to good advantage. ... Jo Stafford's styling is unique, and her Columbia album, "Garden Of Prayer," shows her off to best advantage. Tastefully and simply done are "Star Of Hope," "It's No Secret," "Beautiful Island Of Somewhere," "Beautiful Garden Of Prayer."
SUMMERTIME MOTHER
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

"In a funny sort of way, my family divorcing has helped me tremendously to understand that the fireside isn't the only safe place. You might grow up faster, but you also gain a self-reliance and independence. And in understanding that your mother and father are people, as well as parents—you can become more of a person in your own right. I feel that having a stepfather of my own had made me a better stepmother to Maggie.

"I'll admit, we do have a different relationship with Maggie. She is much more mature than most children her age. Never having had the sense of a well-knit home, she has been able to make a different kind of adjustment; one that suits her own life.

"On the other hand, Maggie has taught me that a little girl is a wonderful thing. She passes her opinions on what I wear, and loves to go through my closets. She was even upset about the fact that I have so much 'just costume' jewelry. 'When I grow up,' she told me, 'everything's going to be 14-karat gold, or at least sterling silver.'

"Paul is convinced that Maggie will do all right for herself, having had a practical streak from an early age. He still delights in telling the story about the time he took her to lunch at 21, in New York. Maggie was about three, and he gave her the tip to hand over to the head waiter—which he accepted graciously and put in his pocket, without inspection. The waiter was nearly half way across the room when Maggie shouted after him, 'That's money, you know!'

"It has always been a natural thing for us to put Maggie in the middle, whatever we're doing. If we're watching television, she smuggles between us on the couch. If we're driving in the car, or sitting in a restaurant, Maggie's always in the middle. That's her natural place. That's not because of any deliberate plan to make sure she doesn't feel 'lonely' or left out. It just seems to be doing what comes naturally—since we both wanted her, and have her with us through choice, not necessity.

"Maggie and I have gotten to know each other very well, I think. When it's just the two of us—Paul's away on location at times—she sleeps in the bed with me. And there aren't any children near us, so we have to find things to amuse the two of us. At those times, we're two women together. We go shopping, or to the movies, and have lunch or tea. Sometimes, at home, we'll crayon together, too—which I like to do. Maybe my growth has been stunted!

"As much as possible, though, it's as though I were having a girl friend over. She understands when I leave her to have my bath alone. I admit I am quite messy about my dressing room. Maggie loves to straighten it up. But afterward, she tells Paul proudly, 'I am teaching Janie to be neat!'

"That's part of the relationship; not only allowing, but encouraging her, to correct me. And you know, she's always right! For one thing, I eat too fast. One evening at dinner, she suddenly said, 'Now, Janie, put down your fork and swallow. You'll make yourself sick!' "My attitude toward Maggie has been 'let me be your friend.' And, like a friend, I stick by her! She knows I will never scold her. Not that I allow her to do anything dangerous; but one of the pleasures of our relationship is that I don't have the right to the real responsibilities of a parent. Any real correction, I leave to Paul or to her mother. I don't mean this is careless or neglectful; it's just easier! And it does make for a pleasant camaraderie.

"Naturally, I solve some problems that come up. But any big issue, I'll tell her to go and ask Paul about it. And I have never used that prerogative of a mother, 'I am going to tell your father!' No, I am with Maggie—because that's where I feel I ought to be.

"I have a very definite place in Maggie's life, but I am not taking the place of her own mother. She knows I'll always be there, but we have tried from the beginning to keep the relationship straight.

"Goodness knows, it's easy enough to get confused, if you don't. Trying to make a point, she has turned around and called me 'Momme.' Then it would embarrass her to take it back, because it would seem she didn't love me. Having her own mother, she could hardly say, when introducing me to her friends, 'This is my mother.' But I have always felt that basically, children shrink from the term 'stepmother' or 'stepfather.' So we agreed that she would just say, 'This is Janie,' and let them take it from there.

"'I think in a way, we're closer than mother and daughter. Since the burden of responsibility of disciplining Maggie is not mine, we are both freer to be friends. I always realize that somebody else has a first place with Maggie. She in turn, does not feel guilty about not feeling that I am her mother. Never having had a child, I feel that I can have all the joys of Maggie without any of the pain.'

The trim, taffy blonde known as Jan Sterling makes you wish that she will have a brood of her own, someday. You have a feeling that will be fine with Maggie, too! Just as Jan's fine performance in "The High And The Mighty" must please her, too.

As a proxy mother, Jan shows plenty of natural maternal instinct, too. Already, she's looking forward to the future with Maggie. "She has," Jan enthused, "beautiful grey eyes, dark blonde hair, and wonderfully long legs. You might say she's a combination of her mother's beauty and her father's personality. She's going to be a beautiful girl, and I am sure she's going to be an actress. Surrounded by parents on all sides in the profession—how can she escape it? I can hardly wait!"
Robert Taylor’s recent marriage to beautiful Ursula Thiess aboard a cabin cruiser on a lonely Wyoming mountain lake was in Hollywood’s best romantic tradition.

Even Hollywood’s most blase observers agree that the film star was merely being true to his role—on and off the screen—of adventurous lover.

If anyone had told Taylor three years ago that one day the sloe-eyed, raven-haired, German-born film charmer would be the next great love of his life, he would have had cause for believing the remark fantastic. He was then in the midst of the breakup of his eleven-year-old marriage to Barbara Stanwyck—Hollywood’s oft-acclaimed “perfect marriage.”

His name at that time was coupled with a young Italian actress whom he had met while making “Quo Vadis” in Rome. The “perfect marriage” went on the rocks when Barbara, suing for divorce, said that Bob had asked for his freedom when he returned from his sojourn in the Eternal City. She won her divorce on testimony that “he wanted to do as he pleased.”

Taylor’s Roman romance was short lived, however. In Rome, shapely, red-haired Lia di Leo, Italian actress, whom he had called herself Robert Taylor’s “bi love,” was now convinced it is better to be good friends with the film star than to be hampered by marriage ties.
Soon, Ursula Thiess in Hollywood was declaring that she planned to marry a “top-ranking film hero.” His identity was not revealed, but it was not a secret long in the movie colony.

She admitted she was “in love with a handsome actor,” and she added piquantly she expected no trouble in her marriage because of “my Continental tolerance.”

“If I’m in love with a man, he doesn’t have to be in love with me,” she said candidly. “I can enjoy that feeling all by myself. My Continental tolerance will keep my marriage from getting on the Hollywood divorce merry-go-round.”

Suddenly ... on May 24 with the secrecy of an elopement, Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess, accompanied by his secretary, Mrs. Ivy Pearson, and his pilot, Ralph S. Cowper, climbed into his private plane and flew to Jackson, Wyoming, a picturesque town nestled in the Teton Mountains. There they obtained a marriage license.

“Uschi,” as Ursula is called, gave her age as thirty—the same age as Barbara Stanwyck when she eloped with Taylor to San Diego in 1939.

Next day aboard the cabin cruiser of Jess and John Wort, hotel operator brothers, they put out for the middle of Jackson Lake, at the foot of the 13,000-foot Teton range. Bob had often fished at the lake during trips to his Wyoming oil properties and had stayed with the Worts.

It was just the right romantic spot, he had decided, for his marriage to Ursula.

A justice of the peace performed the mid-lake ceremony, and the only witnesses were Taylor’s secretary and his airplane pilot. That night the couple was honored at a wedding party attended by a few residents of the resort community. Back to Hollywood flew the newlyweds the following day, for he had commitments before the camera.

Ursula is reported planning to give up her film career—temporarily, anyway. This decision, it is said, may be based upon the fact that Barbara Stanwyck’s insistence on acting was popularly believed to have caused the Stanwyck-Taylor marriage to founder.

Ursula is determined that the marriage shall not founder. However, she and Taylor hope to co-star soon in a picture, if only because she reportedly wants to retain her financial independence.

“It is always a terrible thing to ask favors,” she says. “I want only to give them. Also, I want to be devoted to a man.”

Having the European approach to marriage, she knows that men sometimes admire the charms of women other than their wives, and she accepts that viewpoint gracefully.

“Still, I would be unhappy,” she asserts, “if my husband sought another woman. It would make me feel I had failed as a wife.”

Ursula Thiess was acclaimed by Britshiers not so long ago as “the most beautiful girl in the world.” But certain, herself, that beauty is only skin deep, she thinks a man should take his time when it comes to romance. Perhaps, she’s more sure of Robert Taylor’s love because their romance flourished for two years before they exchanged their vows.

“A man should find out a little about a girl before signing a contract for life,” she asserts. “Often in America, a so-called dream girl turns out to be a nightmare.”

Ursula has been a bride twice. Her first husband was George Thiess, a German documentary film director, whom she married during the war. They were divorced seven years ago, and she was given custody of their two children, Manuela and Michael. The latter are with her mother in Hamburg, where the actress used to live.

Pictures and modeling engagements have enabled her to support and care for them.

Meeting Ursula is regarded by Hollywood as the culmination of Taylor’s dreams. He was bowled over by her delicate beauty, her fine dark eyes and cameo-like features, her intelligence and warmth of personality.

To Ursula in turn, Robert is the handsomest of men. Neither has any other romantic interests. As she is, definitely, a “one-man” woman, so he is a “one-woman” man. Hollywood remembers the long inseparableness of Bob and Barbara and how “reluctantly and unhappily” they reached their decision to end their marriage. They ascribed this decision to the long separations of film engagements which led to a “waving of love and affection.”

Robert Taylor, the film town is sure, does not want to repeat the anguish of that experience.

This time, the town is saying, it’s a marriage “for keeps.” This time, a Hollywood romance has been tested by two years of personality adjustments and understanding.

END
indefatigable fact remains that untold thousands of American women throw themselves with frightening frenzy at his smartly shod feet.

As for his personal love life, Liberace is very gracious about revealing the secrets in the mystic realm of his amours. There have been women in his past. There is at least one woman—a mystery woman—in his present. And if his restless state of mind offers any augury, there most certainly will be a woman in his future.

At present, however, the worldly possessions which have fallen to Liberace as a result of his astounding professional success are frankly a source of joy to him. He plainly and jealously treasures his opulent San Fernando Valley mansion, a veritable shrine with the candelabra-laden world's largest grand piano, and the piano-shaped swimming pool, his flashy new white Buick Skylark sports roadster, and the exhilarating satisfactions provided by his still mushrooming career. This picture, as Liberace himself owns up without coyness, makes him one of the happiest men on earth. But the catch is that he doesn't want to be caught. He wants to surrender. Although he personally is anything but aggressive, he is appalled by the thought of feminine aggression.

"I have too much to lose if I make a mistake in marriage now," Liberace says without qualm. "I worked so hard to acquire the luxuries I have that I don't want to lose them. It's so easy to get hooked that I'm extremely wary. You read every day of guys taken to the cleaners, who wind up with a trunkful of clothes, or only the suit on their back. I don't want to end up that way.

Liberace speaks softly, without rancor, with just as much smile and charm quotient as he generates on his filmed TV shows. But there is nothing put on. Liberace is a natural phenomenon.

"Love should be a little more honest," Lee says plaintively. "I want to marry for keeps. I have to be sure. If my marriage didn't work out, I probably wouldn't marry again. To me the most treasured quality in a girl is sincerity. Well, it's hard to tell at a blind dating a girl is sincere. You have to evaluate if she likes you for what you are or for what you do and what you've got."

A trail of broken engagements—three so far—if not broken hearts bespeaks his caution where matrimony becomes imminent. The fact that his older brother, George, now on his third marriage, was twice bitten has given the cautious Liberace reason to be thrice shy.

It should come as no surprise that a man who approaches binding feminine entanglements with such trepidation is not an exponent of love at first sight. Romantist though he insists he is at heart, Liberace confesses:

"I don't think I've ever experienced love at first sight. There's so much more to people than outward appearances. I form my affection," he explains, "through understanding and getting to know a woman. I'd like a girl that's hard to get."

While it follows that Liberace himself is rather hard to get, this is by no means to suggest that the mild-mannered darling of the lonely heart set is necessarily inaccessible. No less an authority than his brother George says, "Sure, Lee is romantic. He likes to get in a dark corner and dance. He likes good conversation. He likes soft lights and sweet music. Let's put it that way."

If Liberace, as he and his brother hasten to admit, is completely vulnerable to feminine charms, why and how then has he managed to remain aloof? The answer is that he hasn't remained aloof. He maintains that if he had acted as impulsively as many other celebrities his three blighted betrothals would be on the record as divorces.

Liberace's first love was a shapely red-headed ballerina named LeVerne Mundt, whom he met and charmed at West Milwaukee High School. Liberace courted LeVerne two years,

Career, then as later, was to break up this happy twosome. When opportunity beckoned and he took to the road, the romance foundered. Liberace and LeVerne said farewell to each other in a sad but friendly parting.

"I think that at that time I was in love," Liberace recalled wistfully. "In each instance, I think that I was in love, but it's probably well that I found out before hand that it couldn't work out."

When Liberace invaded Hollywood in 1946, he was a stranger and friendless in town, so he looked up a girl singer whom he had met in Milwaukee. The curly haired pianist and the bruntte warbler became inseparable. After eight months of courtship, they decided the time had come for wedding bells.

They would have become man and wife, too, if not for the Hollywood Bowl. Liberace was invited to play a benefit concert in the great movie colony amphitheatre, and he leaped at the chance to be displayed in such an impressive show-case. The only trouble was that Liberace's Bowl appearance fell on the same night he had had a previous date with his fiancee. She took a dim view of playing second fiddle to a piano. She gave Liberace the choice between calling off the concert or calling off the marriage, and without so much as a pizzicato, he called off the nuptials.

"She was a wonderful girl," he reminisces, "but she felt that our date should mean more to me than the opportunity to play in the Hollywood Bowl. To me this indicated she really was not in love with me."

There was no tragic aftermath. Liberace recovered well enough to become engaged to a third girl, and his fiancee number two now is Mrs. Marion DiMaggio, the happy bride of Dominic DiMaggio, brother of Joe.

Liberace entered into his third courtship with high hopes and no bitterness about the failures of his earlier romances. He fell head over cutaway in love with a beautiful Hollywood society girl whose name he sentimentally declines to disclose. He laid siege to this fair maiden longer and more intensively than any other woman he had known. What promised to be an idyllic union soured only when her father committed the blunder of dying and leaving her a fortune.

"This tended to make her very independent," Liberace says sadly. "She..."
sort of tried to make up my mind for me in too many things. I could never allow a girl to lead me around by the nose, so we called off our engagement."

The girl who presently has the inside track with Liberace is a St. Louis socialite, a brunette who is sufficiently well-heeled, so that if she were to marry the Candelabra Casanova it wouldn't be for his money.

"I don't want to use her name," Liberace demurs boyishly. "They'd think I was after her."

Liberace and his blueblood girl friend have much in common, including love of cooking, eating and travel, but thus far they have not traveled the same places sufficiently to become a serious marriage threat, although Liberace declines to rule out this possibility.

Her penchant for cooking and eating, and her ample figure are regarded by the exacting Liberace as vital feminine assets.

"I don't like 'em skinny," Liberace puts it right on the line. "I like them well rounded. I think a girl loses a certain amount of natural beauty when she allows herself to get too thin and gaunt looking. Besides, when she's not skinny it doesn't make me look too fat. I like a girl that likes to eat." He is very definite about this. "Usually a skinny girl is not a good cook. There's an old saying—"beware the lean and hungry chef."

Meanwhile, Liberace continues as prime marriage game. The kind of a girl it will take ultimately to hook him? For one thing, being something like Marilyn Monroe wouldn't hurt.

"He thinks Marilyn Monroe is quite a dish," brother George reveals. "Anyone who didn't would be nuts. He always says Joe DiMaggio is a lucky man."

Fill out more of the composite picture of Liberace's dream girl, and you've got to sketch in at least a touch of Lana Turner and Linda Darnell.

For years Lana has been an admitted prisoner of Liberace's charms. No matter where she is or whom she's with, she gravitates to Liberace's nocturnal habitat, and sends him the request to which she invariably listens spellbound, "All The Things You Are."

"Linda Darnell also always gives Lee her complete attention," George points out. "His music makes them very sentimental.

Mix up Marilyn Monroe, Lana Turner and Linda Darnell. Add generous doses of sincerity and self-effacement, poise and devotion, affinity for Liberace's family and career. Supply adequate anatomical contours. Don't make her too fat or too thin. Give her a love of food and a talent for cooking it, a love of music and a fondness for what Liberace does to it. Add good grooming and sparkling conversation, and you might come up with something in the neighborhood of the recipe for Liberace's marital piece de resistance.

The odds are that when Liberace does marry, she will be something less than the sum of all these things, something less than perfection, but perhaps perfect for him.

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HOLLYWOOD'S BACHELOR HUSBANDS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

and Marjorie. But the safety valve just didn't work.

And yet, even a roving husband can sometimes be made to stop roving if his wife is a smart little doll, like Lucille Ball.

When Lucille and Desi Arnaz were first married, there were many stormy scenes. After almost every argument Desi would pack his clothes and move into a hotel room.

Now he doesn't do that. What happened was that Lucille was able to convert him from a bachelor-husband with too many peccadilloes into a more domesticated animal. Strangely enough, Lucille didn't try to change Desi. She found it easier to change herself! And that brought Desi around.

"Men seldom change much," she says. "It's the wife who must change. Since men aren't as reliable as women, a woman should accept them as they are."

Lucille is one of the few wives who knows how to handle a bachelor husband — how to make him feel that he has the privileges of bachelorhood, yet keep him a devoted husband. Lucille encourages Desi to feel free by himself or with his men friends. And she runs their home in such a way that all his wishes are catered to — making him realize there's no spot anywhere in the world where he can find more comfort and happiness than at home.

When Lucille saw that their work was going to keep them apart, she put her mind to trying to figure out a way in which they could work together. Result: "I Love Lucy." And Desi honestly does! Do you blame him?

But often a too-tolerant wife will encourage the worst bachelor traits in a husband. Dorothy Mitchum has an overly tolerant attitude toward Bob. Bob's a guy who just must live his own life his own way. Ever since Dorothy stood by him when Bob became involved in the front-page scandal of several years ago, she seems to have adopted an attitude of closing her eyes to Bob's more rambunctious pecadillos. Her reward has been the fact that she's still Mrs. Mitchum — her children are not brought up in a broken home.

But friends think that if Dorothy laid the law down with a firmer hand, Bob would cut down on his bachelor escapades which bring Dorothy plenty of heartache and humiliation.

"As long as Dorothy continues to forgive Bob every time he acts like a bachelor-on-the-loose, Bob's going to act wild and woolly," a friend of theirs explains.

In an even more sophisticated manner, Gary Cooper's wife Blythe laughs off Gary's reported romances with this and that beautiful girl. Rocky doesn't mind Gary's life as a married bachelor, because she has such an interesting social life herself. She tosses many wonderful parties — while Gary may be thousands of miles away, she is a vivacious guest. She has a gay, sophisticated sense of humor. For instance, when she heard that Gary was running around in France with a Parisian actress, she called Gary on the trans-Atlantic phone and asked, half-laughingly, "Was this trip necessary?"

Coop likes Rocky; he also likes the friendship of other beautiful women. And Rocky has apparently decided to accept him as he is.

However, most wives can't be expected to be quite that tolerant.

Even Shelley Winters, who likes to think of herself as Bohemian by nature, just couldn't take the bachelor attitude of her husband, Vittorio Gassman. In fact, Shelley exploded so violently after two years of adapting herself to the whims of her bachelor husband, that she ended up by tossing a mirror at Vittorio. Of course, she took a slap at his "protegee" and rumored girl friend, Anna Maria Ferrera, as well.

Shelley had really tried to adjust herself to life with a bachelor husband. Soon after they were married, Vittorio took himself off to Europe. While she was pregnant, Vittorio stayed away. True, he was working, but as friends of Shelley's point out, "He could just as easily have worked in Hollywood." Vittorio was certainly the footloose bachelor while he was married to Shelley.

When Gregory Peck first came to Hollywood, he was the most married man imaginable. If a Hollywood siren tried to invite him to a party without inviting his wife, Greta, Greg just didn't show up. He and Greta made a charming couple, always together.

But, oh, how the picture changed! Whether it was all due to Greg's long stay in Europe and his acceptance of the Continental way of looking at marriage, or whether he decided to take a temporary view of marriage, we wouldn't be saying. But Greg certainly was living it up in Europe until recently. The international belles threw themselves at the lank star's feet, and Greg openly squired many beauties to European night spots. However, friends in Hollywood say that Greta is still very much in love with Greg. And Greg is discouraged by the fact that Nancy Sinatra, who always kept the door open for Frank while he was on his greatest romantic kicks with other women, eventually lost her bachelor-husband.

Being of a bachelor frame of mind doesn't necessarily mean that the husband is on a mad pursuit of other women, either. No matter what Webster says, being a bachelor represents freedom to concentrate on anything a man feels he wants to do — even on his work.

Jack Webb had such an all-consuming absorption in his work that he practically forgot he was married. He'd leave early in the morning, come home at all hours without phoning Julie to let her know he'd be late, and would be so all-fired intent on his "Dragnet" shows that he scarcely spoke to Julie at home. As one writer said, he was caught in his own Dragnet. There were times when Jack would finish at the studios so late that he'd check in at a hotel instead of making the long trip home to Encino. After all, he knew he'd have to be on the set early the next morning. A good excuse, but Julie became tired of the minor role she played in his life. A man who is 100 per cent married to his work is really a bachelor, even if he is married. And nearly always, women grow weary of being wives of bachelor husbands.

Ironically enough, after the divorce proceedings, the work on "Dragnet" let up sufficiently for Jack to have more time for his private life, and he began dating Dorothy Towne and other lovelies.

A man can be completely wrapped up in a demanding career and still give his wife first place, as Tony Curtis does. Tony has such a highly developed sense of responsibility toward marriage that when he had to go to Hawaii on location and Janet had to remain home because she was expecting a baby, he almost broke their bankroll calling her long distance even though they'd agreed to budget themselves on phone calls. So close, in fact, is Tony's affinity to his wife that when she was about to lose their baby, he sensed something was wrong even though he was thousands of miles away, and put in a phone call to her.

Tony and other loving husbands in Hollywood realize one thing that the bachelor husbands can't get through their heads: No matter how you slice it, wedding cake is like any other kind of cake. You can eat it and have it, too.
DEBBIE'S MY GRANDDAUGHTER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

and stand-offish. Maybe some are. I can't tell. The ones Debbie introduced to me were all so nice and friendly I would have loved to have had them as neighbors in El Paso. As for Debbie's own attitude, she doesn't draw a line between her new professional friends, her neighbors, and even old childhood acquaintances. She's as fond and considerate of one as of the other.

When she first got into pictures, I was a little concerned about how all the glitter and fuss and attention would affect her. I knew my Debbie, but at the same time, I couldn't ignore the fact that it wasn't easy for any teen-ager to overcome the many temptations put in her way. And every time I came to visit her, I looked for signs of a change. I never found any.

I hadn't planned on coming to California, when Charles Edmondson, a young fellow who went to school with Debbie in El Paso, called me. "I'm driving to Los Angeles. Want to come along for the ride and see your family?"

I quickly grabbed the opportunity. "Sure."

"I have to leave right away. How soon can you be ready?"

"In thirty minutes." And I was.

On the way, Charles confided that he'd love to see Debbie again, but added with a wry grin, "I bet she won't even remember me any more."

Lucky for him, I'm no betting woman.

He would have lost.

Debbie not only remembered, but asked him over to the house, and invited him to the party I have already mentioned. Nor did she treat Charlie as someone she had to be nice to as a matter of protocol, or for my sake. She was so genuinely glad to see him again that he was raving about her all the way back home.

Since Debbie has become a celebrity, much has been written about her interest in wounded soldiers, and her contributions to many charitable causes. Just to make sure that no one attributes this to an attempt to get her name into print, let me tell you that my granddaughter always had a heart for those who were down and needed help.

I'll never forget one day my daughter and I came back from the market and found a shabbily dressed, unshaven, tired and dirty looking middle-aged man in the kitchen. He was leaning against the sink and munching on a sandwich. Our hearts must have stopped beating a few seconds. "What ... what in the world are you doing here?" Maxene gasped at last.

He looked at us in some astonishment.

"Your son and daughter brought me here. They said I looked hungry and if I wanted a bite. . . ."

Maxene was getting frantic. "Franny . . . where's my daughter?"

"Don't worry, ma'am. She's okay. She went after my buddy."

"Your buddy?"

"Yes. He wasn't with me when she picked me up. But I told her where to find 'em. He's hungry too."

He couldn't help noticing our worried expressions. "Don't you worry. The kids are all right. They are really all right . . . never met any like 'em. . . ."

Another trait about my granddaughter that I, as a grandmother, find touching, is her sentimetality.

Debbie has been described as an out-and-out tomboy, who felt more at home in levis than in dresses, who could outrun, out-jump, and out-climb most of the fellows her own age.

It's true that she could run and jump and climb like most boys her age. Just two years ago, I accompanied her to a vacant lot where she played baseball and football with the neighborhood gang.

But except when playing in the yard or participating in some kind of sport, she always refused to wear jeans. Nothing but skirts and dresses would do, even for school. As a teen-ager, Debbie was one of the few girls in her class who refused to go along with the current fashion of wearing men's shirts outside their jeans and skirts. "It isn't ladylike," she insisted. She always spent her allowance on clothes, and if anyone thinks she bought so many clothes in recent years simply because her career required it, I say they are wrong. As long as Debbie can afford pretty dresses, she'll buy them.

Often I've been asked if I thought Debbie was happy with her present way of life. As far as I can tell, she is. But I believe she would be just as happy if she'd become a gym-teacher, as she had wanted to as a little girl, or if she had gotten married by now, as I hope she will before too long.

That's my only concern about Debbie. She's so independent that she relies too much on herself. I think a career is fine for a woman, but that her most important mission in life is to be a good wife and mother, that everything else comes second. Hear me, granddaughter?

But I'm not complaining. Debbie turned into a wonderful girl, and I am proud to be her grandmother.

END

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Danny Kaye shares Grace Kelly's tea while visiting set of "Rear Window."
HIGH-TENSION TROUBADOUR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

like you and I guess it’s true, but why
didn’t I have the good luck to look like
Mother. She’s so pretty.”

Chris, the eleven-year-old also has an
eye on show business, but he hasn’t bothered
with the formality of waiting to
grow up and complete his education before
working out a comedy routine. A student at Paul’s School, he has de-
developed one of his teachers into an ex-
cellent straight woman for his gags. Whenever he hears a routine compatible
with his style of clowning, he takes it to
school and instructs the Sister, saying,
“First I tell you, then you give me the straight line, then I deliver the punch
line, but you don’t react. You just look
dead—see?” She sees. Very satisfac-
tory partner. Chris regrets only that she
won’t be able to go on tour with him.

Bob, Jr., at the moment—the Cross-
by Confidential Investigator. He collects
information, correlates it, reaches con-
clusions. Recent dinner guests at the Cross-
by home were Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell
Robinson. Mr. Robinson is an official of
CBS.

Bob, Jr., taking advantage of a hll in
conversation, fixed Mr. Robinson with a
stony eye and inquired levelly, “Do you
OWN CBS?”

“No. I just work there,” was the Robin-
son response, delivered in a tone that im-
plied the satisfactions of the job.

Bob, Jr. pursued, “You make much?”

“Maybe a couple hundred thousand a
year,” confirmed the guest, playing it very
straight.

Bob, Jr, was unimpressed. Grandly he
said, “Hm! My dad does that well.”

Stevie, the seven-year-old, is at that
charmingly worshipful stage which pays
tribute to a hero. His particular entertain-
ment is Steve Dunne, the warm, hands-
omen man who announces Bob’s show, and
who has two youngsters of his own.

One Sunday afternoon, Stevie caught sight
of Dunne and came bounding over to an-
ounce breathlessly, “I LIKE you. Oh, I
like you VERY much.”

Malia, the baby, is so perfect at this
stage that Bob says he’d like to put her in
a deep freeze and keep her as she is for-
ever.

The mother of this talented brood is, as
one might guess, a woman of distinction
in her own right. Born June Kuhn, Mrs.
Crosby was within two years of having
earned her M.D. degree when she and Bob
were married. Now that her family is
well launched, she is once again in col-
lege, enrolled at UCLA, and hopes to be-
come Dr. June Crosby in June, 1955 or
1956.

She and Bob have a special song and
recitative. The song is “Remember Me”
and the commentary goes:

“... and if I’m not mistaken, dear,
I’m paying still ...” the story of every
happy marriage. The payments are made
in tears, laughter, and love and devotion—two of the three most valu-
able things two people can share. The
third is joy. It’s important not only to
give kisses for kisses, but smile for smile,
laugh for laugh. For if it’s true that tears
are the salt of love, laughter must certainly be the pepper, the spice that
keeps it gay and interesting. So when
you hear a door slam and a voice call,
“Hey, honey, I’m home—remember me?”
... don’t think he’s silly to talk that
way at the end of a tiring day. Be glad
he wants to. Let his gaiety be music to
your ears and the sight of your smiling
face will make him as happy as the sound
of his voice has made you. Next thing
you know, you’ll be in each oth-
er’s arms, laughing at something vague
and wonderful, the only two people in
the world. And his kisses will say “For
I’m the boy whose only joy is loving
you ...”

Happy people, huh?

DORIS DAY IS NOT A SNOB

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

the anchor it has needed. She’s changed
and she’s grown.”

She arranged to take personal deposi-
tions from Doris over lunch at the Green
Room at the Warner Studio. I got there
first—more out of eagerness than gallant-
ry. As I awaited Doris’ arrival everyone
was sitting at his own table, minding his
own business, concentrating on food and
conversation.

The door opened. Doris breezed in, and
the dining room immediately was trans-
formed into a sea of greetings. Chairs
scraped as the occupants scrambled to
their feet. Faces which had been knotted
in lunchtime frows broke out in sponta-
nous smiles, and sunshine—genuine,
the real article, not saccharine, psycho-
romantic mush—spilled all over the place.

When she sat down at my table, the
waitress hugged her and asked how she
was. This was not, as it easily could have
been, the usual and the ubiquitous ges-
ture. Can you imagine a waitress allow-
ing herself such a display with a stuck-
up movie queen? This is a portrait of a snob? Puhleese!

Doris had begged off singing her Oscar
winning song, “Secret Love,” at the Aca-
emy Awards presentation, and this, too,
had furnished ammunition for those
who delighted in crying snob. Doris faced
the issue squarely when I put it to her, and
her answer made it clear that her shun-
ing of an Academy appearance was far
from the act of a haughty beauty who
considered such a performance beneath
her.

“I’d just that I have a terrible fright of
doing shows,” Doris told me candidly. “I
used to do a lot of them. I used to go on
the Bob Hope tours and I appeared be-
fore thousands of people. But since I’ve
been making pictures, I’m sort of out of
the habit. Now it’s gotten to be a mon-
every corner of Hollywood and every seri-
antious slander has been put out. Doris
Day had gone prima donna! First there
were the reports that she was out to show
Peggy Lee who was queen of the Warner
roost. Unadulterated poppycock. Then,
Judy Garland was hoisted up as her rival
and the gossip columns were shotgunned
with reports that Doris was determined
to indulge the same excesses which Judy
ostensibly was being allowed to enjoy.
They said that when Judy arrived late on
the set, Doris followed suit and also
showed up late, presumably to prove the
truth. Anything Judy could do with, Doris
could do with better.

Anyone for facts? Doris and Warne
executives were appalled at these un-
foundled slurs. To begin with, neither
Judy nor Doris has been party to an
rivalry. Each realizes that the other is
completely different in personality, righ-
turned out even a basis for professional jealousy. Quite the contrary, they happen to be
outspoken in their admiration for one an-
other. They met several times while the
decent pen kids were having a field day
at their expense, and they were com-
petently friendly.

The first thing you appreciate abo
Doris, of course, is that she's not putting on an act. She's not going to say what she doesn't believe. She's not going to be party to a hokum expedition because of publicity expedience, and she's not going to be led around by the nose. She holds her own beautifully, but she does it without a chip on her shapely shoulder, with consummate charm and graciousness, and without condescension.

Doris had driven over from her home in Burbank in Marty's merry Oldsmobile, a lush new green convertible job with the top down. She was wearing black cotton toreador pants, and over a black trimmed white linen sweater blouse, she'd put on a white cotton poplin shirt with four patch pockets, which she wore casually outside her breeches. She looked as fresh and bright as the morning sun in the poplin shirt with its Queen Anne collar framing her pretty neck, and unobtrusive but unusual red ringed ivory buttons. She was the soul of uncontrived and unknown simplicity. Her interesting gold loo earrings, she told me, were a gift from Marty.

"A special occasion?" she caught my question. "No. Marty just likes to do things like that. Why wait for a special day? He thinks it's more fun just to get something when he feels like it."

Her mention of Marty made me confront Doris with the indictment of her behavior with the press—the petulant charge that she wouldn't talk with reporters, and that if she did she would clam up on such succulent subjects as her husband.

"That's absurd," she laughed disarmingly. "I'm always willing to talk about Marty because I think he's wonderful. He's very understanding. He really is, and he's got the most marvelous sense of humor."

Earlier conversation already had documented this stout assertion by Doris. From the moment she joined me, her thoughts were brightened with animated references to Marty. She explained that she had been a few minutes late, as a matter of fact, because Marty had phoned her shortly before noon and asked if she could make lunch for him and two associates mapping production of Doris's forthcoming independent movie, "Yankee Doodle Girl."

Doris did concede that she is reluctant to discuss for publication intimate aspects of her home life, but she does not regard this as shutting out her public.

Although she was quick and firm to insist that she had, in the main, enjoyed a sympathetic press, for which she considered herself fortunate, Doris did not pretend that she was not occasionally dismayed and bewildered when she found herself the object of unwarranted and wholly imaginary broadsides.

"One month they are telling you how lovely you are," she smiled ironically, "and the next month they're hitting you over the head. So you just have to have a sense of humor about your career."

Doris is neither righteous nor pious about her convictions. They are genuine, however, and she doesn't tamper with them, even for the sake of publicity.

You cannot objectively assess her personality without realizing that she has been endowed with the rare magic of being wholesome without being trying, sincere without being pompous, straightforward without being offensive, lovable without being icky, friendly without being phony. In other words, a dream girl who does not live in a dream world.

For instance, I tossed at Doris that question about responsibility to her fans.

"I don't want to sound like I'm preaching," she admonished softly. "I'm not really. I couldn't speak for anyone else. I just know what feels right for me, and it all has a little to do with religion. I think we have only one responsibility. That's to God. If you fulfill that responsibility, you've fulfilled all responsibilities. The more you think of it, that's what it boils down to."

This was by way of passionately pleading guilty to the shortcomings and inadequacies of other human beings, to vigorously disparaging any halo of infallibility with which her ardent admirers may have surrounded her.

Nobody is more eager than Doris to have it spread on the record that she is not a marble goddess, that she doesn't always smile, that she doesn't always have a sunny disposition, that she suffers moods and other discomforts, that she tires like anyone else, that she feels more pleasant at some times than others. She wisely sees the great danger in leading people to expect too much.

"They voted me Miss Bounce of 1950!" she recalled with a sweeping gesture as she put her hand incredulously to her head. "They hung that one on me! Miss Bounce! Well, I don't bounce all the time! I may have a fast walk, but I don't bounce all day on the set. Comes two or three o'clock on the set, and I get tired."

Doris refused to spare herself in producing testimony to support the engaging thesis that she is only human. And she is only human. Only on her being only human looks only divine.

The facts—not the fiction—on Doris Day are in. All those in favor say, "Ah!"

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---

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Jane Powell and Terry Moore grace a big reception at home of Spike Jones.
Can a mother HATE her child?

by any means.

I've hit a few outs from time to time and, if you pardon the added pun, had a few foul-balls.

One of the gems in the collection of what a girl shouldn't be or do involved a sweet-faced kid. I'll call her Princess. That's what she looked like. Just as de-mure as you please. We had several dates. Nothing lavish. No parties or premieres but simply a movie and a sundae afterwards sort of thing.

So when a star-studded party came up on the social calendar I asked her along. She wasn't in the acting profession but she was interested and I thought she might get a kick out of it. She looked like a tiny doll when I went to pick her up. It felt good to be with her and it looked like the beginning of a wonderful evening.

We reached the party, I introduced her to my friends, mostly of the younger set, we danced once. And that was the end of the wonderful date. I took my attention from her for only a moment and the next thing I knew she was gone.

Some one remarked, "Look at the little social climber making eyes at the name value."

When I looked, it was the "Princess" making a pest of herself, chattering madly at anybody who was anybody, intimidating them into dancing with her and generally making herself the target-hunter for the night. Even her exit was over-played. When I went to get her to leave she squealed loudly that we'd only just arrived.

"Let's consider ourselves here and gone," I snapped and piloted her out of the place.

I don't expect a girl to cling to my arm like a sleeve all night but she should at least let people know that you're the guy she came with.

I suppose the thing I expect most, not only in the girls but in all my friends, is pure, uncomplicated honesty. Honesty in ways and means, in mutual dealings in life and even in games. For after all, that's what our time here is in a way. A bunch of people playing what could and should be a beautiful game, and playing it for the rewards that can only be sweet when won fairly.

I've sometimes been accused of being wide-eyed and a trifle naive where things like morals and honor and friendships are involved. Yet I've found very few people who haven't had more of the best qualities than some pessimistic philosophers give mankind credit for. The few outlaw are just that. They trip themselves in time and find themselves alone.

People like Debbie, Terry, Lori and Marilyn will always be in demand as dates and friends. And as girls?

What can I tell you? I think they're great!!

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The first of YOUR Reviews will appear in the September issue of SCREENLAND plus TV-land on sale August 3
MY FRIEND ANN BLYTH
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

to some of the fellows she dated—and a
number of them have told me so—it was
simply because she was guarding herself
from disappointments. She was never
indifferent to anyone. She simply had
to be.

How much Ann wanted a husband and
a family I first noticed at Liz Taylor's
wedding reception at the Beverly Hills
Hotel about four years ago. Anxiously,
Ann's eyes followed her, step by step, till
Liz reached the bottom of the stairs.
When Ann turned to me, her eyes were
sparkling.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to be mar-
ried?" After she met Jim, Ann didn't change
abruptly. She isn't that kind of girl. Her
mind is too orderly, too organized to sud-
denly go overboard on anything, or any-
one. Love, for Ann, grew slowly, cauti-
ously, and surely. It's one of the reasons
her marriage is so secure.

Yet much of the credit should go to
Jim as well.

Many Hollywood marriages have bro-
ken up because the husbands were jealous
of their wives, couldn't adapt themselves
to their careers, felt they were taking
second place to all the glitter and at-
tention that go with a movie career.

That'll never happen to Jim and Ann.
You can tell how proud he is of his wife.
Jim never tires of letting everyone
know, in Ann's presence or when she isn't
around, how proud he is of her. Not that
he has to tell it. His grin from ear to ear
everytime someone pays Ann a compli-
ment gives him away.

At the same time, Jim has never rein-
lished wearing the pants in the family.
They were at my house a short while
ago, with two other couples. We were
having a wonderful time when—about
eleven—he stopped and they leave.
I could see by Ann's expression that she
would have liked to stay a little longer,
and I decided to give her a helping hand.

"Why not wait till after we play an-
other game?" I suggested.

"That would be fun," said Ann.

"It would be," Jim agreed. "But Ann
has to get up early in the morning. She
needs her sleep, particularly now. I'm
sorry, but we have to go... ."

"Jim's the boss," said Ann, and it was
obvious that she didn't mind.

Jim has helped Ann in many ways,
mostly by simply being himself.

It was Ann's tenseness and over-
 seriousness that had given her a reputa-
tion of being so formal, so hard to un-
derstand or get close to. Unconsciously
she built around herself a wall that was hard
to penetrate, that would let few feel com-
pletely at ease in her company, no mat-
ter how hard they tried.

I recall some of our early telephone
conversations, when, after a few min-
utes, there were long periods of silence.
I had to "work" at keeping the conver-
sation going even a little while, and I'm
hardly the kind of girl who is often at a
loss for words.

What a different Ann who called me a
few weeks ago! Mom was helping me get
ready for a preview when the phone rang.

"You don't have much time," she cau-
tioned me when I picked up the receiver.

"I won't be long... it's Ann... ."

This time I couldn't get off the phone
for forty-five minutes.

One habit of Ann's I have always ad-
mired is her self-control. In the years I
have known her, I can't recall a single in-
stance when she has lost her temper. And
she had more than one occasion for it.

Like when she read the article critiziz-
ing her relationship with her sister. I had
expected her to call the writer, and tell
him off. I would have. But instead of
getting angry, Ann broke into tears. She
couldn't comprehend how such a story
could have appeared in print.

Ann is one of the few real perfection-
ists I know, not only in regard to her
work, but in everything—from her own
personal appearance to the everyday
tasks at home and in the studio. I have
never seen her leave her house without
being exactly done for the occasion.

Even at home I have never seen
her hair in curlers, her nails without pol-
ish, her clothes not pressed.

In whatever Ann does, she excels—and
with such ease! A few years ago, Ann,
Roddy McDowall, Marsh Thompson, and
a number of others including myself met
every Monday night for some kind of
sport. We went the skating, roller skat-
ing, riding—anything the majority en-
joyed. Always Ann did better than any
of us, and without any apparent effort.

A few weeks ago, while seeing "Rose
Marie" I was sitting behind a couple who
complimented and criticized Ann in the
same sentence. "She did a beautiful job,"
said the girl. "But I bet like all of 'em
she headed for the riding scene."

Although I didn't know the people, I
tapped the girl on the shoulder. "I beg
to disagree," I insisted. "If Geronimo were
alive, I bet Ann could ride circles around
him."

I ought to know. Whenever we go rid-
ing together, I can't keep up with her no
matter how hard I try.

She's the same way with games. Those
who think Ann wouldn't know the an-
wers should see her at a party when we
play guessing games. She constantly
amazes me by knowing answers to ques-
tions which the rest of us have to look up
in the encyclopedia.

From time to time it has been specu-
lated that if her career would ever inter-
fere with her marriage, Ann would give
it up. I believe that. But I don't believe
it'll ever come to that point. She's too
well organized, her heart and her mind
too set on accomplishing both to ever quit
show business. And she will be the one
to prove that a girl can be successful in
her marriage, in her career, set a spiritual
example, and be happy all at the same
time.

If there is anyone I would like to pat-
tern my life after, it is Ann.

END
to be away from home throughout the day.

Howard admits he had seized upon the most serious aspect of a woman's life when he started off on the subject of motherhood, so he veered to a feminine facet on which he thinks with some degree of amusement—namely, nagging.

He confesses that he is blessed by the fact that his Helen is just not the nagging type, but he is not fooled by her basic strategy of using true feminine patience in changing her man. Howard is aware that he has changed since he married, but he says he often wishes they were cajoled, cudgeled and coerced into marriage, and when they are they don't make very loving mates. So what's the percentage to a girl if she uses the cave-woman method to snare her guy?

Once snared, however, by whatever method, Howard believes the little woman should show how her man is to be used—that of creating the illusion in her husband's mind that he is really and truly head of the house.

"There's plenty of meaning in that old expression that a man's house is his castle, and if he doesn't have the impression that he's the big cheese there, then he's going to be a mouse. And you know the feminine aversion to mice.

"As a matter of fact there's a good example of what I mean in this respect in my last picture, 'Seven Brides For Seven Brothers.'

"The story concerns my trip down from the mountains to a small town, where I go to find a wife and simply to take care of the house where I live with my six millionaire brothers.

"I happen to select Jane Powell, one of the most feminine persons I have ever known, and by the time the story ends she has done such a good job of being a woman—and making me think I'm king in my own house—that all six of my brothers go out and find brides.

"If a woman only knew how important it is for them to give their husbands the impression that they lean on the well-publicized male strength, they would never become dominating.

"Even if a woman actually knows that in reality she is the strong one of the union, she will be smart if she gives her husband the opposite impression. By doing so she is the one who wins and all she is sacrificing is that foolish business of pride.

"So you see why I like women to be feminine. I figure it is as much to their advantage as it is to the males. I'm not being arbitrary about it, you understand. That's just been my observation. But you ask any real man his ideas, and I'll lay you ten to one he'll agree with me."
What’s *Wrong* With Summer Love?

Have you left room for love on that exciting summer vacation you planned? It can happen, you know, and frequently does. Learn screen star, Fernando Lamas’ recipe for a summer love that *lasts!* *Read:*

“LOOK OUT FOR SUMMER LOVE!”

...Fernando Lamas’ fascinating article on this most poignant of summer experiences, that all too often leads to unhappiness.

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is the Hestons' headquarters. "It's three hours from New York, seven from Holly-wood," he says. "Not too bad, if you look at it that way."

And he adds, "At times, it can be very pleasurable to call Mr. Clarke." In this role, of course, his schedule is completely adjusted to hers. He drives her to the theatre and picks her up. "Also," he tells it, "I can act as a buffer at the stage door for her fans. Sometimes, I even go along on her interviews!" To hear him tell it, in fact, a guy called Charlton Heston, whom you couldn't miss on a foggy night at 600 paces, is suddenly nobody.

And what does he do during Lyd's hours on the stage in "The Seven Year Itch?" Well, for one thing, their furnished apartment in Chicago lacked a desk in the living room. "It had to be a special kind of desklamp," he adds, "as big as a small space." So one matinee afternoon he called up a decorator friend who told him where he could get an unpainted desk scaled to fit the space. By the time he had to call for Lyd at the Erlanger Theatre it was sanded, shellacked and neatly in place.

As for the rest of the time, he says, "Oh, I paint a little bit, maybe, or on Lydia's free afternoons I might take her to the Art Institute. I might even go to a movie, some evenings—if I can find one whose schedule coincides with mine, so I'll be in time to pick up Lyd."

Actually, Charlton Heston is never at loose ends. The painting is not a fetish taken up recently, as it is with many of the film colony. Like acting, painting was a childhood proclivity.

Lydia does her share of traveling as "Mrs. Heston" too. When Chuck did the "Macbeth" appearance in Bermuda, she was rehearsing in Chicago—but she flew down for his opening. He reappeared by flying to Chicago for hers. Then, he had to come to the Coast for a Lux Radio Show. And later, when Chuck had to fly to Peru for the Paramount "Secret Of The Incas" location, Lydia was free for a week and flew right along.

It makes you dizzy even to see such a schedule in print, but, as Heston says, "It's all a matter of adjustment." For one thing, to make things a little easier, they now have four different homes. The Hestons have apartments in New York, Chicago and Hollywood. They're still small and unpretentious, just enough for the two of them—but while they're in them, that's home!

Then, of course, there is the large house in Michigan—just surrounded by 1280 acres of forest land, a wide-side lake, countless bears and deer, and even a pair of golden eagles. This is the country that Char- lon Heston sprang from, that gave him the fabulous out-of-doors boyhood that is his heritage. And as far as he can see, on those thousand and more acres, the land belongs to him. This is only a parcel of the land that once belonged to his family; but it is what he sank his first savings into. And this is where the Hestons do most of their relaxing. Not that they can spend much time there, now. But when they can shut their eyes and look back to that Michigan vista—that's refreshing in itself.

With the Hestons, it's not a matter of "a little separation is good for you" but a necessary evil that they take in stride. Lydia is one of the few people who gets away with giving him his full name, "Charlton." Other people just don't, settling for "Chuck." Otherwise, she refers to him as just "Mr. Clarke." "He never sits in a chair," she says. "He envelope of it. And when he sits on a sofa, even that gets lost. He's so big, and he somehow manages to get so comfortable you wouldn't believe a human being could be so completely relaxed."

Whichever home they're in, you can see Heston's relationship to the furnishings. They've reached a balance in that, too. Lydia, being dark and pretty, would naturally tend to crop out with touches of the frilly and the feminine. But does she put out dainty little ash trays for a pipe smoking man like Chuck? Nuh-uh! You can't picture him as the antique type, and neither does she!

Neither does he go for the spindly-legged type of modern favored by interior decorators. Chuck likes heavy, low pieces in keeping with his size; the kind that do everything but put up a sign saying, "Try me, I am comfortable!"

In their integrity as individuals Chuck and Lydia are a match for each other. Like every woman worth her salt, she cheerfully faces the fact that she dressed to please her man. But unlike most husbands, he is perfectly aware of what his wife is wearing. He even has definite ideas on the subject. He loves Lydia in big picture hats. She still goes on wearing them, even small ones. "She'll go out under a wide hat to go around suffering in the pretty shade of a picture hat—when they're just not the fashion!"

Where will the business of two careers in one family ultimately take Chuck and Lydia Heston? Do they have the urge to settle down in one spot and, maybe, raise a family? Right now, Lydia is happy that her own long struggle is culminating in being very busy, indeed.

Chuck says, "Settle down? I can't act if I settle down!" This sounds as if he were saying, "I couldn't breathe if I couldn't act." He adds, "You can act in maybe one medium if you stay in one spot, but who wants that?"

And he's still discovering things about himself. Like, "Mr. Clarke," he terms "my year as Mr. Clarke." Looking thoughtful, he says, "You know, I've suddenly realized this has been going on for nine years. Even farther back than that, before Lyd and I were married, when we were both in the College of Speech at Northwestern. When I played the part in plays, she had to do crew work—lugging props and scenery and stuff. She was always in demand because I'd come along, all 200 pounds to help!"

END
Within the church, the solemn wedding atmosphere was shattered by the hundreds of photographers perched virtually in every sacred place, loudly urging the embarrassed couple to look this way and that. Even the priest gave up in despair, after a while.

Following the ceremony, the four hundred guests, representing the cream of Rome's society and cinema world, drove forty miles into the country to join family, servants and peasants for the gay open-air reception on the Prince's estate. Here a further surprise awaited them. The Prince and his entourage made their appearances in American-type blue jeans, blue denim shirts and colorful kerchiefs round their necks. Princess Dawn matched them in a handsomely-styled red and white peasant-motif dress, a matching red kerchief over her aurum locks, and daisies on her ears. Italian newspapers called it the "wedding of the century." No one was sure just how they meant it!

England's threat to usurp the international glamour-throne, beauteous Mara Lane was introduced to Rome at a gala party given in her honor at the residence Palace. Mara, who insists she looks nothing like our Liz Taylor (is that bad?) is here to co-star with Dennis O'Keefe in a new film thriller called "Angela." When queried, she said she just looooved Hollywood, and especially all those hot dogs and chocolate malteads and drive-ins. Can't wait to get back to make her next film for Hal Wallis. Much credit for Mara's rapid strides from starlet to star in one short year should be given to her most constant admirer, Jimmy Wolf, head of England's Romulus Film Productions.

END

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In Screenland I want to read stories about:

I want to see color pictures of: (1) (2) (3) (4)

The features I like best in this issue of Screenland are:

(1) (2) (3) (4)

Of the current movies those I like best are:

(1) (2)
Indiana," "State Fair" and "Margarie" were smash hits. But they planted Jeanne indelibly in the minds of moviegoers as the little girl in pig-tails and blue jeans that every man wanted to protect and every mother wanted to adopt.

"I think," says Jeanne, "that all this had something to do with the war. At that time there was a lot of stress on the little girl waiting at home for the young soldier. People weren't accepting glamour girls then as they are now. And it was good business, so the studio went along with it.

"I tried to get out of it," she recalls. "I'd go around to the producers' offices and ask for parts I knew I could do, but they wouldn't listen to me. I was sweet—and that was that."

It took three years before any recognition of Jeanne as a woman was given her at 20th Century-Fox. And it came from left field. One day a press agent walked into his boss's office waving a clipping from E. V. Durling's column and dropped on the desk. It stated that Jeanne, along with four of the famed ladies of the day, was in Durling's opinion, one of the most beautiful women in America.

"You'd have thought," says Jeanne, "that this would have given somebody an idea. That it might have suggested that I was now a woman and not a little girl. But it didn't. And then someone wrote that I looked well in tight blue-jeans. Well, this sort of thing was frowned upon immediately and I was shoved quickly into another role that called for mud on the face and pig-tails hanging about my shoulders."

These were the early days—and the problems. And even though Jeanne stayed in selected films, such as the controversial "People Will Talk" and "Letter To Three Wives," in later years, she was still, as far as the producers and publicity bosses were concerned, just about the farthest thing from a femme fatale a man could find in a month of looking.

Scandal, some of the wise boys in Hollywood say, is the way to sexy roles on the screen. But Jeanne had little stomach for that route. And she didn't believe it was true. The only breath of sensationalism that ever touched her was at the time of her marriage, and then it was understandable to her fans. Jeanne's mother, as mothers have done before and will in the future, that Jeanne was too young to marry. She was twenty. Finally it came to a showdown. Ten days before the ceremony there was a tearful session at which Jeanne announced she was in love with Paul Brinkman and was going to be his wife. She left the house to stay with friends until the wedding. Then the studio and the magazines tried to make much of it. But the marriage worked out well—and that first walkout of her life has been forgotten.

On the day she walked out of 20th Century-Fox, Jeanne made an appointment with one of the most successful press agents, Russell Birdwell. Birdwell had conducted the campaign that included the search for a Scarlett O'Hara—and made Vivien Leigh a star. He met a rather ungainly Swede named Ingrid Bergman when she got off the train in Hollywood and made her the number one screen idol in a year. He made Carole Lombard the woman needed to be to the world. He knew his business.

Jeanne sat in his office and told him her story.

"I've been through the adolescent bit," she said. "And right now—without any transition—I'm America's favorite mother. I have four children I adore. But I don't think I'm entitled to a medal or canonization for that. I love my family and my husband. But I want to play more than anything, WOMEN. Sexy, desirable, exciting women. I'm young. I think I'm as attractive as most girls in Hollywood. And I'm a good actress. What do I do?"

The campaign got underway immediately. The first things Birdwell prescribed were a brighter lipstick for public appearances, doe-eyes and an exotic eye shadow. Then came the hair cut. Jeanne gained the favor of the long hair and seemed to be one of the labels of her immaturity and blossomed out in something that became known as the Bob Cat Bob, a short, disheveled coiffure that reeked of abandon but was very smart. It created quite a stir.

"It was all very exciting," said Jeanne. "For the first time columnists and writers began asking me about myself and my career and about what I thought of styles and spicy current events. In the early days they used to ask me what I did that was wholesome. And later on the first thing they'd say to me was 'How are the kids?' It was fun to be grown-up."

Jeanne's ideas on the subject of growing up—at the very proper age of twenty-seven—were well thought out.

"Becoming a woman, after being a little girl for so long," she says, "it is a very difficult procedure. It has a lot to do with courage and integrity. If you are going to be an artist you can't constantly dilute your personality to suit what other people think of you. Or to follow the line of publicity that has been given out on you or the roles that are handed to you. That has been done to me. My personality, while it has not been falsified, has been diluted. The part they didn't like they just left out. They took the stand that my audience was exclusively teen-agers—instead of teen-agers and adults. Everybody has something that is eccentric about him. Everybody should just let it blow out of the bottle sometime. But if I have ever done any simple little thing that seemed odd, the reaction was always: 'Well, I can't imagine YOU doing a thing like that!'"

"Once I made the remark in front of a lot of newspaper people that I didn't see why it made a woman more seductive to
have been in love with fifteen men and not been able to hold one of them successfully—than to be just in love with one man and make him happy. But not one of them printed it. They even thought that was too spicy for little Jeanne Crain to say!

Out of the welter of material that Russell Birdwell got together and fed to the press, there was one exotic bit of information that was really true and really Jeanne Crain, but it hardly saw type. It was about Jeanne’s theory on moon-bathing.

“I read somewhere,” Jeanne said, “that air is very good for the skin—and that people shouldn’t wear any more clothes than they have to. And I believe that the rays of the moon are particularly beneficial.

“We have a lot of privacy on the seven acres surrounding our home and I take moon baths. I have a little studio up on a hill where no one else in the family is allowed. On warm nights I go up there and take nude moon baths. If I find life

becoming a little too complex, a moon bath helps me. It wipes away tension from my face. I have solved many of my most difficult problems lying alone up on my hill beneath the moon and the stars.”

Sometime this summer Jeanne Crain will be in Paris finding out if her theories about becoming a woman at last—after mothering four children and all—are correct. She’ll be playing a racy chick in a picture called “Gentlemen Marry Brunettes.” She will be alone, because her husband’s business will keep him in California. She will find out professionally and personally—by gay Paree—if she’s been cheated all these years, and if becoming a siren is what she really wants.

But maybe even the Parisians won’t recognize her. Maybe, as she steps from some fancy café, chic and elegant, a French counterpart of the autograph fans outside Romanoff’s will look at her in uncertainty, and after she’s gone silde over to the doorman and ask: “Oo waz zat?”

And the doorman will answer: “'Ead of a cabbage, zat waz Jeanne Crain!”

DOROTHY KILGALLEN’S EXCLUSIVE MOVIE Gossip

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

work while he’s on location, away from their Beverly Hills home. They admit to being insanely jealous of each other—but otherwise a perfect pair . . .

Monty Clift’s current flame is an actress named Mira Rostova. They’re inseparable . . .

Marlon Brando has discovered Joan Diener, the glamorous young star of the Broadway musical, “Kismet.” Marlon detects musicals usually, but he has been at the “Kismet” performances at least twice weekly since dating the Diener doll, and attired in a natty blue suit, complete with neat shirt and tie—no T-shirt or torn shirt . . .

Ava Gardner’s gypsy dance costume in “The Barefoot Contessa”—a tight white sweater and skirt—will vie with Jane Russell’s “French Line” wardrobe as the year’s most talked about screen attire . . .

Greg Bautzer is doing a Zachary Scott—creating a gold evening in one ear. He sported it in Palm Springs and created a minor sensation. The golden circle was given to him by Guy Madison’s agent, Helen Ainsworth . . .

Jon Hall switched from Mamie Van Doren to Lori Nelson the day he announced that the reconciliation with Frances Langford had failed. After two dates with Lori he was back with Mamie—the Nelson lass wasn’t having any of the torch-carrying Hall’s dinner-date dialogue, all of it concentrated on his being the Misunderstood Male . . .

The first American to witness the new Ginger Rogers-Jacques Bergerac film, “Twist Of Fate,” was New Yorker Earl Blackwell, President of Celebrity Service, who flew to Paris for his annual holiday. It was Blackwell who introduced Ginger to Jacques in Paris two years ago when the actress toured Europe for the very first time. The screening was held during a surprise party tossed by the Bergeracs in honor of Earl. For this special occasion, a banquet room at the Hotel Ritz was furnished exactly like the Pen & Pencil Restaurant in New York—complete with replicas of Pen & Pencil chairs, tables, portraits and sizzling sirloin steaks, to duplicate the scene of many a gala party given by Blackwell in honor of the Bergeracs . . .

Judy Garland and hubby Sid Luft are aiming at a remake of “Dancing Lady,” one-time Joan Crawford starrer that included Franchot Tone and Clark Gable and was notable for the screen debuts of Fred Astaire and Nelson Eddy. With “A Star Is Born” designed to be a mint of money, the Garland-Luft production setup will proceed with a one-a-year filming schedule. The original “Dancing Lady” musical score would be retained since it included such popular tunes as “Everything I Have is Yours” and the title song . . .

Jeffrey Stone, formerly known to fans as Jon Fontaine, is Corinne Calvert’s idea of the Perfect Husband Number Two. They’ll walk down the aisle as soon as she and John Bromfield are divorced . . .


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YOUR GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS
(continued from page 14)

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The Yellow Tomahawk
BURLINGTON with excitement, this cavalry-versus-Indian saga provides off-beat treatment to a familiar theme. This time the white man is presented in a villainous light. Army scout Roy Calhoun learns from Cheyenne brave Lee Van Cleef that his tribesmen are planning to revenge the massacre of one hundred of their women and children. The retaliation is aimed at company commander Warner Anderson who ordered the slaughter. The attack is successful, although Anderson manages to escape. Calhoun and the remaining regiment are offered safety back to the fort if they will turn Anderson over to the Cheyennes. They refuse, but a conflicting report seeps back to the post. The commanding general is forced to choose between Anderson and Calhoun's explanations and the possibility of war or peace. Paired with Calhoun during film's lighter moments are Peggie Castle, Noah Beery and Rita Moreno. United Artists.

New Mexico State policemen James Whitmore and Chris Blake are baffled by the brutal murder they come across while patrolling a desert area. Only clue is a huge footprint which they can't identify as human. Sole survivor is a six-year-old girl who has been shocked into speechlessness. Doctor Edmund Gwenn and his daughter, Joan Weldon, help the child, but the only word she can utter is "Them!...thems!" The FBI is called into the case and detective James Arness decides that the murderer was some fantastic monster. Gwenn, an entomologist, suggests the animal fiend must still be hiding in the desert. Arness, aided by a helicopter, discovers an underground hideaway and destroys the creature. But he soon learns that there is a nest where two large eggs have hatched open and two-new born flown away. Rest of the film deals with the hair-raising search to capture the hideous monsters before they murder more people. This will scare the curl out of your hair. Warners.

What Hollywood itself is talking about
(continued from page 17)

that the former child star's mother has to close up the purse strings. There was a time when kids (like Jackie Coogan) wound up with nothing, but nothing, left in their kicks from the plush days.

One of the most spectacular couples in town, perhaps next to the Bing Crosby-Grace Kelly appearance, was Johnny Roy with Corinne Calvet when the boy singer arrived for his part in "There's No Business Like Show Business." Calvet's real heart interest, Jeffrey Stone, was in New York at the time, so Roy went out and around with her ex, John Bromfield. Another eye-popper—when Jane Powell and Pat Nerney nodded and smiled cordially to her ex, Gears Steffen, at Hollywood's newest hangout, the Tablehoppers. This is the club that is owned by Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. Vedy private and vedy chic.

Young John Carlyle, the handsome young part-Indian boy whom you will see for the first time in "A Star Is Born," was guest of honor at a party and rather quietly let it drop that he'd be inheriting a fortune when the leaves turn. It's going to interfere with his acting career because he just plain wants to be a star more than anything in the world. John was with Sharon Dittert and her pal, Craig Hill, and looked very happy with Carolee Lee Ladd on his arm. This is one of the cutest and nicest gals anywhere.

The new house Fred MacMurray bought was in the throes of much redecorating when this went to press and
"They Took Away My Child!"

"I begged and pleaded for a second chance, but the court ruled against me. I had betrayed my husband’s love! Now I was paying the bitter penalty—the loss of my child, forever!" You’ll want to read

"ONE MAN’S WIFE—ANOTHER’S SWEETHEART"

…the story of how a woman’s ruthless infidelity almost destroyed three people who loved her. It’s in the current issue of

True Life STORIES MAGAZINE

NOW ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS
you couldn't get an even bet anywhere about when June Haver would go in as Mrs. Moe, any more than you could on where they would be married.

Imagine Gene Tierney got pretty tired of being asked about her romance with Aly Khan. Big hang-up seemed to be that she didn't want to give up her career. But she did sell her Beverly Hills home and sent all the furniture back to Connecticut. Well, you never know about these here movie stars.

Helen Traubel, kicking up a breeze in her first big movie role, MGM's "Deep In My Heart," has had a ball dancing it up with Jose Ferrer in this film about the life of Sigmund Romberg. This amiably relaxed, gifted star of opera may become one of the screen's best comedienne—anyway we hope so. Her latest caper is to drive to work in one of those teeny, tiny sports cars. In other words, she really knows how to live it up.

Very confusing. While they were in Mexico on a picture location, Dale Robertson and Mary Murphy were closer than six-thirty. Same when they returned to Hollywood. Now she's saying they're just friends. Okay, so they're just friends.

After umpteen spats with Gwenn O'Connor, Dan Dailey's made up with the gal again and they're dating, but not exclusively. Charlotte Austin, young 20th Century-Fox starlet, is the other gal in big Dan's life.

Swinging a few days from a crowded television schedule in New York, the beautiful Lisa Ferraday popped into Hollywood to arrange to do several television shows, a movie or two, and a TV series on the West Coast, then back to New York before anybody knew she was here—except the lunch crowd at Romanoff's, which included Clark Gable—looking more like Rhett Butler every day.

One of the surprise duos at Mocambo to be spellbound by Mary McCarty—Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas. Gad, that was considered yesterday's news and Mary Castle was considered today's with the Latin type. Nevertheless, there they were, right out in public, and looking quite fondly at each other while they were stepping off a rumba or two. The spark must have been rekindled for soon after that Arlene and Fernando announced their plans to be married later in the year.

Carole Ann Beery, daughter of the famous Wally, and Don Heyden—who comes from a famous family himself, are none Mr. and Mrs. H. but were sweethearts sometime ago. Met in their teens when both were taking dramatic lessons from his mom and pop, Lela Bliss and Harry Hayden, in Hollywood. The kids will live way off up the Malibu Coast, in the general direction of Peter Lawford and his bride, Pat Kennedy.

The stars trade gossip items too. When Janet and Tony Curtis ran into Jeff Chandler at the "Magnificent Obsession" premiere their vacation was big news.

Been wondering about whatever happened to Julie Harris, the slim, fragile, potent actress whose one Hollywood picture, "Member Of The Wedding," didn't show her off like on the stage. She's back in the Hollywoods for the John Steinbeck novel, "East Of Eden," which should be one hummer of a picture.

It gets later every minute. While Bing Crosby took a summer layoff, his oldest sprout, Gary, took over on his show. Even got his own name on the thing. Shuz, looks like Gary's on his way to making it same as his old man.

When Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis took off cross-country on one-night stands that paid them a fabulous price for an hour's work a night, they carried their troupe of some thirty-five souls in a special train that cost them a mint. The trip paid them several mints, so they should worry.

When the divorce settlement between Gail Russell and Guy Madison came up for signing, Guy was determined to have the entire thing washed up, clean and free. Gail had a great stand-by in Guy, who tried to help her out of her particular blind alley. Understand the girl's trying to make it with a combination of religion and psychiatry, which should do the trick.

Marilyn Monroe must be awful sick of moving. Since her marriage to Joe DiMaggio, they've traveled about like gypsies. Now that she's installed in her new rented manse she's trying to keep its location a secret from everyone. Fans used to come to her Doheny Drive apartment and scratch mash messages on her front door.

It was almost like school had let out the day Rosalind Russell arrived back in Hollywood from a near two-year absence on Broadway in the show "Wonderful Town." In a freshly decorated home, she plunked down her trunks and took a rest before starting her new film musical, "The Girl Rush," which probably will co-star the fabulous Imogene Coca.

So guess who's in the new edition of Who's Who. Marilyn Monroe and Cyd Charisse, no less. There was a time that even people who went to movies were automatically black-balled from this volume.

Another Latin type who had wife troubles, Vittorio Gassman, very obligingly gave out with the statement that he was not going to put any obstacles in the way of Shelley Winters' divorce—got an attorney to represent him in Hollywood on the thing, which was uncontested. Wonder if Shell wasn't a little disappointed—she generally likes a good scrap.

About the plum-est role in 1954 will fall right in Bob Mitchum's lap—the doctor in "Not As A Stranger." This should do for this boy, if he's nice and minds his manners, what "From Here To Eternity" did for Monty Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frankie Sinatra. No matter what else can be said about Mitch, he sure does know how to act. On the screen, that is.

Marjorie Main made the news when she went off on a trip to Europe and left a will which gave most of her considerable fortune to hospitals. However, she remarked a few weeks after legalizing this document that she found out who all her false friends were after the news got out.

When Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran decided to cancel their marriage, her two little girls rather hopefully hoped that she might marry their daddy, Ted Briskin, again. Would be a good idea—they're both nice folks.
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Jane still looked blank. "I mean, honeybun," Gwen said seriously, "that his breath is that way*."

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ON THE COVER: JANE POWELL, STARRING IN MGM'S "HIT THE DECK"

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WORLD PREMIERE AT NEW YORK'S RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
AND SOON IN LEADING THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY!
Y
ou'd think it was June, or at least
Spring, out here in Hollywood, the
way that chubby little fellow named
Cupid has been twanging away with
his bow and arrows. Love in bloom:
all over the place! Of course, there
were some split-ups, too, plus addi-
tional storm clouds gathering on the
love-life weather front, but the re-
port this month is "Mostly Fair and
Warmer."

JANIE AND PAT—It was a small,
quiet and dignified wedding at the
lovely Ojai Valley Inn, about 100
miles north of Hollywood, at which
Jane Powell and Pat Nerney said
their "I do's." Janie, as bubbly as the
champagne served at the dinner re-
sception which followed the ceremony,
looked nothing less than dreamy in
her Helen Rose-designed ballerina
length wedding gown. It was pale
blue, both Janie and Pat's favorite
color for her; the purse she carried
and her tiny winged hat were the
same shade. Funny, nobody ever
worries about what the groom wears!

Janie's matron of honor was her
closest friend, Barbara (Mrs. Mar-
shall) Thompson, and Pat's best man
was his brother John, with whom
Pat operates a thriving auto agency.

The Nerneys had a one-month
honeymoon, flew to Paris, the Riviera,
Venice, Florence, Rome and Madrid.
Later they hope to return to Europe
on a more leisurely trip by boat and
"take the kids." Janie and Pat had
a long courtship, each has been
through a previous broken marriage,
and their friends feel that now in each
other they've found the right mates
for a happy life.

PIER AND VIC—St. Timothy's R.C.
Church in West Los Angeles was
beautifully decorated with white roses
and white stock for Pier Angeli and
Vic Damone's nuptial mass. MGM
designer Helen Rose—she's been al-
most as busy as Cupid—also created
Pier's wedding gown, a lovely Juliet
style with lace cap and long veil.
Vic's twin, Marisa Pavan, was maid
of honor, attendants included Taina
Elg and Vic's sisters, Elaine and
Sandra. Their dresses were sheer
white over pale pink and they car-
ried red roses. Gordon MacRae sang
with a boys' choir of 40. Dean Martin
was best man and ushers included
Tony Martin, Robert Sterling and
producer Joe Pasternak.

There were about 200 guests at
the champagne luncheon reception in
the Bel Air Hotel and it was a pho-
tographers' and autograph hunters'
paradise! After a four-day honey-
moon, the newlyweds went to Las
Vegas where Vic had a singing en-
gagement at the Sands Hotel. Then
back to the Beverly Hills house they've rented with an option to buy.

Although their courtship was brief,
Pier and Vic should have a balmy
marriage; they're very much in love,
have no religious differences and have
the same Italian heritage. And Pier's
(Continued on page 74)
FRANK SINATRA
ALSO STARRING
GIG YOUNG
Doris and
Frank Sing 'em as
THEY CAN!
til my love comes
to me'
you my love'
'just one of those things'
'one for my baby'
'someone to watch over me'
'Hold me in your arms'
'There's a rising moon'
'You and I'
'Only You'
'Just one of those things'
'Just the right kind of blues'
'I Could Have Danced All Night'
'Just One of Those Things'
'mad for each other'
singing and
out for
their hearts
in
you
Nobody knew what
Barney would do next-
and she didn't care.
just so he did it.
with her.
Another
sensation-role
for Sinatra,
dream-teamed
with Doris
and presented
by WARNER BROS.
"Young at Heart"
by JULIUS J. EPSTEIN and LENORE COFFEE
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Produced by HENRY BLANKE
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...WARNER BROS.
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WARNER BROS.

DORIS DAY AND
FRANK SINATRA
The Country Girl

Fear takes many forms, but perhaps the most numbing is the fear of failure. It's this lack of belief in one's self that starts musical comedy star Bing Crosby skidding into the unreality of an alcoholic's fantasy. About the time his career begins to lose lustre and freshness, Crosby's young son is killed in a tragic accident. He uses the child's death as proof that he's incapable of assuming responsibilities. Their son gone, wife Grace Kelly is forced to take on a new mother's role. She becomes the keeper of a cunning, suspicious drunkard. Whatever Grace does to bring back the husband she once loved, director William Holden matches, in another way, by his efforts to bring back the star he once knew. Convinced Crosby and only Crosby can play the lead in a new musical, Holden gambles the entire production on his hunch. When rehearsals uncover the frailty of Holden's judgment, he looks for an answer, and finds it with Crosby's help, in Grace whom he tabs as a domineering, possessive, frustrated female. Holden's whiplash opinions are finally reversed in an explosive scene, and he leaves loving the woman he once hated. For great, moving drama, this adaptation of the Clifford Odets' play will be hard to beat, and so will the performances of Kelly, Crosby and Holden, all three are nothing short of great. (Paramount.)

The Silver Chalice

Adapted from Thomas Costain's best-selling novel that won its numerous side plots around the fascinating mystery of what happened to the Holy Grail, the silver-embossed cup used at the Last Supper. Young though it is, Paul Newman has great skill at fashioning silver into objects of beauty. It is he, who, after being sold into slavery by a jealous uncle, is commissioned by the Christians to make the chalice. No ordinary cup, this is destined to become the symbol of Christianity. For this reason, magician Jack Palance wished to steal and destroy the chalice. His intentions were to form a new religious order, thereby gaining power over the people of Rome. Besides Newman's struggle to keep the chalice safe until its completion, he has a personal struggle which involves childhood sweetheart Virginia Mayo, and one of his Christian benefactors, Pier Angeli. In this spectacle of love and adventure during Biblical times, full use is made of CinemaScope and WarnerColor as befits a multi-million dollar production. (Warner Brothers.)

So This Is Paris

Technicolor splurge of music and fun that has all the exuberance of three American sailors on leave in Paris. Operators all, Tony Curtis, Gene Nelson and Paul Gilbert don't intend leaving Paree unless they can lay claim to having triumphed under the Arch of Triumph, sighed in Versailles, and are rated champs on the
Champs Elysees. Naturally, their ambitions would be advanced no end if they could find three amenable French dolls. Curtis, a dazzler in navy blues, is first to get on course with chanteuse Gloria De Haven, but runs aground when he learns she's from Jackson Heights, L. I., and has five—count 'em—five children. It's true the tykes are war orphans, but sacre bleu it does present a problem, especially since Gloria is having trouble supporting her brood. In one grand gesture befitting the United States Navy, Curtis and his two chums decide to toss a benefit for the youngsters. They commandeer Corinne Calvet's town house, while the heiress is visiting papa, herd in all her well-heeled amis and raise the necessary cash. They also raise quite a storm when Corinne returns unexpectedly with the gendarmes in tow. However, there's no crisis in France, or anywhere else for that matter, which can't be solved by a brisk exchange of lip rouge. (U.I.)

Three-Ring Circus

Taking a lion-taming course under the G.I. Bill, Jerry Lewis' faint heart is really set on something less violent, like being a clown. Pal Dean Martin goes in for more substantial game—women and money. As if Joanne Dru's circus isn't having enough trouble with temperamental stars, one of whom is Zsa Zsa Gabor, the boys add their scintillating brand of madness to the operation. Martin gets the bright idea of putting gambling concessions on the midway. Joanne doesn't like Martin or his shady brainstorms, but she's forced to go along with him in one desperate attempt to save the circus. Completely oblivious, as usual, to the clash and tension around him, Jerry finally gets his big chance as a clown. He's a huge success, and it looks as though the circus is solidly back in business. Like all true love, however, Joanne and Martin have a few more battles to go through, and Zsa Zsa has a few

(Continued on page 72)
HOLLYWOOD WELCOMES BACK

Were the stars happy about SCREENLAND and SILVER SCREEN resuming publication? Happy? Looks like they flipped! And so did we when we saw the flood of wires and letters that poured in. Here's just a sample!

Dear Readers:

These wires and letters are just a sample of the tremendous enthusiasm with which Hollywood's great stars have welcomed SCREENLAND magazine back to the newsstands. We hope that your response — and we'll welcome your letters — will be equally enthusiastic.

The current issue of SCREENLAND now features more than ever the fresh, exciting, picture-packed interest you've come to expect from this fine magazine. If you like it, we're sure you'll like, too, its sister magazine, SILVER SCREEN, which will also be on the stands soon. Unless we miss our guess, you won't want to miss either. Here's to happy reading!

Sincerely,
Ira Peck
Editor
SCREENLAND and SILVER SCREEN

Pines Publications Inc.
10 EAST 40th STREET
NEW YORK 16 N Y
SCREENDLAND AND SILVER SCREEN

SIR

"GRATULATIONS" REGARDS - BURT LANCASTER - SCREENLAND AND SILVER SCREEN.

To Ned:

The news that Silver Screen and Screenland are resuming publication has made me very happy. These magazines have always done a fine job of Hollywood reporting and I feel sure they're headed for long and successful publishing. Please be assured that if at any time I can cooperate with your writers I will be glad to do so.

Sincerely,

Alan Ladd

Doris Day

Nov. 8, 1954

Dear Ned:

Please accept my warm congratulations on the rebirth of Silver Screen and Screenland.

We have missed you very much.

I am sure your magazines will be better than ever and that your readership will grow and grow.

Sincerely,

Doris Day
a snob? a prima donna? a femme fatale? here is the truth about Grace Kelly, the girl who's the talk of moviedom

GRACE KELLY:

HOLLYWOOD'S NEW GARBO?

BY BILL TUSHER

It would be an over-simplification, in fact an outright injustice, to suggest that Grace Kelly despises Hollywood, yet by her actions she gives every indication that this is so. She just can't seem to put Hollywood behind her fast enough. The latest incident to give credence to this was her recent hush-hush departure for the East. No sooner was "To Catch A Thief" completed, than the regal Miss Kelly packed her bags and took to her heels. She didn't even make herself available to the studio for photo layouts and interviews, as is customary even for the most difficult stars.

So shrouded in secrecy was her departure that her absence wasn't discovered until a day or two later, when she was spotted dining at the Colony in New York with Oleg Cassini. Then Grace, who despises being stared at, realized with a start that even in New York she could no longer revel in her fondly remembered pre-Hollywood anonymity. And it was for this very reason that she had hurriedly left the film capital!

The plain truth is that in Grace Kelly Hollywood has found a new Greta Garbo. Like the immortal Sphinx of the Swedish wastes, Grace wants nothing more passionately than to be alone. Hollywood hasn't seen an addiction to solitude the likes of Grace Kelly's since Garbo uttered her deathless "I tank I go home."

By any Hollywood standards, Grace Kelly is an iconoclast, and although the land of magic lanterns frequently is kinder to non-conformists than other strata of society, her particular variance with Hollywood mores is not sitting too well with many of the town's self-styled mahatmas.

Yes, there is heresy abroad in the community of the wide screen and the short marriage. There is a cult of non-believers who refuse to sink to their knees and join in the orgy of deification which has surrounded the already legendary Miss Kelly—a composed, captivating Philadelphia blueblood who in the brief span of a year has conquered the national imagination as the heroine of seven Grade A flickers and the heroine of at least four Grade A romances which Hollywood historians have not yet been able to classify as fact or fiction.

The lingering mystery about the precise depth of Miss Kelly's widely publicized amours is only part of the growing aura of mystery that attaches to everything else she does, many of the things she says, and almost all of the things she thinks. In a pressure-cooker rise to fame perhaps without precedent in all the flamboyant annals of Hollywood, the glacial beauty from the City of Brotherly Love has become—without so much as bending her aristocratic pinky to woo such a furore—the movie colony's most talked about femme fatale since Ingrid Bergman told a shocked and sanctimonious world to go jump in the lake (Continued on page 14)
GRACE KELLY continued

she refuses to be anything but herself off screen

while she repaired to Italy to bear a child for Roberto Rossellini.

Grace Kelly arrived in Hollywood with a built-in horror of the spotlight and a lifetime passion for privacy. Rather than a calculated campaign to generate mystery, her aversion to publicity and crowds stems largely from innate shyness and a stern concept of personal dignity.

With a refreshing absence of false modesty, Grace suggests—and to all intents and purposes, already has proved—that she can play anything on the screen, but she refuses to play anything but herself off the screen. This can be a dangerous luxury in a community where so many actresses turn in their best performances away from the sound stages.

Without doubt, Grace Kelly's distaste for publicity has contributed to the impression that she is another Garbo. She expects to be left alone when she is dining in a restaurant or dancing at a night club, but more than anything else, she evidently would like to be left alone by the press.

This is not because she is anti-social or anti-press, however. It's true that one Fableville press agent told me, "She not only doesn't say thanks for her buildup, she doesn't even cooperate most of the time." On the other hand, Kelly's allergy to publicity is seen in an entirely different light by burly Bill Perlberg, producer of "Country Girl."

"Sure, Grace has refused to do leg art," Perlberg conceded. "It's all right for girls in that field, but not for her. I don't remember Greta Garbo ever doing leg art. It's repugnant to Grace.

"She also deplores the fact that she's been overpublicized," he pointed out. "She thinks over-exploitation and publicity have hurt her rather than helped her. She also deplores over-anxious publicity men who coin phrases and attribute them to her."

But beyond the occupational hazards of excessive fanfare, Grace Kelly shuns the spotlight for more basic reasons—psychological reasons cutting to her way of life. She has been reared on the doctrine that her personal life is a sacred thing, and since she respects the private lives of others, she does not consider it unreasonable to demand that they respect the sanctity of her private life. She doesn't regard it as inconsistent or highhanded to welcome the acclaim of the public on the screen, and to resent being leered at and pulled at in the flesh.

She is dedicated to her art, rather than her public, and to Grace—as well as to those who ardently champion her—this is not snobbery, but the secret of why she has the potential of greatness as an actress. She stoutly maintains, and those closest to (Continued on page 16)
COMPOSED, but faced with a big decision—to buy or not to buy!
while she has made Hollywood history Grace Kelly

her support her in this contention, that she does like people. She merely happens to like them in small doses, taken slowly. That, her supporters point out, is her nature. Since it is honest, they hold that it could not be snobbery because snobbery is an affectation.

Even if she had been disposed to relax her natural reluctance to share her private life with her public, her early encounters with movieland gossip columnists succeeded only in reinforcing her determination to bolt the doors on her personal affairs.

She was devastated by gossip items that fanned her friendship with Clark Gable and Ray Milland into romantic proportions, and even cast her in the role of a homewrecker when Milland was separated from his wife. She denounced these tidbits as slanderous untruths and inexcusable exaggerations, and it came as priceless irony when one syndicated keeper of Hollywood’s morals who had been critical of Grace’s alleged romantic excursions, saw fit to advise Miss Kelly in print:

“If she’ll just use the cautious signal in guiding her private life, she’ll not miss out on stardom.”

Grace is not only cautious about protecting her privacy, she is adamant on the subject, but not, as might be suspected, to the point where it has become a psychosis.

I asked Grace why, feeling as strongly as she does about having her privacy violated, she wanted to be a movie actress, and I stumbled upon a vein of the wry Kelly wit.

“I like to make money,” she deadpanned. “It is very gratifying to make money yourself.”

She had no trouble convincing me she meant it when she went on to tell me:

“T’m very honest with myself. I know my good points and my bad.”

Having been adequately briefed by others on her good points, I expressed interest in her bad points.

“Those,” she smiled firmly, “I’m not going to tell.”

As unorthodox as her attitude toward Hollywood has been, even those who are annoyed at her reluctance to lend herself to any further publicity binges are hesitant about questioning her wisdom.

“She could be right.” one puzzled veteran of the Holly-
GRACE'S approach to Hollywood is completely professional. Her kicks came from her work rather than the adulation so many seek.

has also made enemies

wood drum beating wars mused. "She's a canny dame."

To this proposition, director Alfred Hitchcock, another of Grace's ardent boosters, lent terse support. Although he himself predicts screen greatness for Kelly, he refuses to be overly impressed by all the commotion made over her devotion to her craft.

"She'd be a fool not to be dedicated," he told me on the set of "To Catch A Thief."

A fool then, Grace Kelly is not. Nor a snob, nor a prima donna. As to those whom she might unwittingly have rubbed the wrong way, she has the grace—and the sense—to be philosophical.

"I've been so busy working," she explained to me, "that I haven't really realized what other people are saying."

Even if she does, the odds are that nothing she may happen to overhear will persuade Hollywood's new Garbo to change her views. As long as her performances continue to be of the same high calibre, her legend will grow, and the palace guards will mumble, but the peasants, being pretty sensible people, will gladly go on according her acclamation—as they did Garbo.

HER most serious romance has been with Oleg Cassini, but there are doubts about their marrying. As usual, Grace isn't talking.
debbie’s charleston party

WHO’S TIRED? Friend Tyler is, but Debbie’s just warming up.

23 skidoo and oh you kid, turn the clock back in what Debbie and her pals did
REAL PEPPY wind-up of Charleston is the cat's pajamas.
TAB HUNTER showed up in flashy blazer and skimmer.

the Roaring Twenties were recreated in Debbie's garage-turned-playroom.

EDDIE FISHER and Debbie had a few moments together at the shindig which was well-chaperoned and bathtub gin-less. Isn't that a love-light shining in Eddie's eyes?

PAT CROWLEY and Lori Nelson, decked out like a couple of flappers, flanked Eddie Fisher during a relatively quiet moment.

RACE GENTRY is about to sample a cheese-filled celery stalk tendered by Lori Nelson. Plenty of grub kept all the guests happy.
WHAT'S THIS? The Charleston again? This time it's lovely Pat Crowley giving it a whirl with Leon Tyler, who apparently thrives on it.
he used to lead with his chin, but today he keeps his guard up against all comers. can anyone make him fall?

BY PAUL BENEDICT

There is little that love-happy Hollywood follows with more fascination these days than the romantic fortunes of lanky, easy-going Rock Hudson who would, from all appearances, seem to have been waging a long and frighteningly successful battle to preserve his bachelorhood against a relentless onslaught of irresistible women.

Thus it was a matter of more than passing interest when the bushy-haired, boyish darling of Universal-International's star roster showed up in Paris before reporting for "Captain Lightfoot" in Ireland, on a sightseeing safari with his co-star, Barbara Rush, Barbara's husband, Jeff Hunter, and the U-I script girl assigned to "Lightfoot."

It was the identity of this girl that gave the incident more than pedestrian significance. For she was Bud Abbott's non-acting niece, Betty Abbott, the slender blonde who had been cornering the highly covetous Rock Hudson market until he sailed for Erin. As one wry observer of l'affaire Abbott-Hudson remarked, "If she doesn't make it now, she never will."

Rock, of course, returned from Europe as unattached as when he had left, and the comment about Betty's big chance might well prove prophetic. For since Rock's

(Continued on page 24)

HAVING FUN with Barbara Rush and Mamie Van Doren. Is Rock simply waiting for the right girl or are his intentions strictly frivolous?
PHYLLIS GATES is the latest to catch Rock's eye. Her breezy personality and sense of humor are two virtues much to Rock's taste.

BETTY ABBOTT is Rock's most constant date; it is believed by many that when and if Rock finally does marry, she will be the one.
ROCK HUDSON continued

Rock’s relationships with movie queens are only casual; he regards them as bad marriage risks.

homecoming, he has continued to date Betty, to be sure, but just as she failed to monopolize his attentions on the Continent, she has put no brand on his heart back in Hollywood.

European beauties from Ireland to Italy behaved as if it were open season on Rock, and he did nothing to discourage their charming aggressions. During a three-day London stopover en route to the Paris reunion with Betty, Rock renewed acquaintances with a lovely and composed English actress named Jill Clifford. But expected—and, in some quarters, hoped for—romantic repercussions didn’t come off. Whatever Jill’s Elizabeth Taylor-like allure, Rock managed to tear himself away.

Back in Hollywood, he provided new grist for the gossip mills by showing up at bistros like the Moulin Rouge, Ciro’s, Villanova, and the Captain’s Table with a sparkling, blue-eyed doll named Phyllis Gates. Rock didn’t have to wander far to discover Phyllis. He found her in the office of his agent, Henry Willson, where Phyllis toils as an assistant agent and secretary. Because of her work, she is in a position to understand Rock’s professional problems, and to share in, rather than compete with, the excitements of his career. She hails from a small town with largely the same midwestern background as Rock. And since these assets are wrapped up in a fetching, poised package, the area of potential would seem wide indeed.

Rock, and those in whom he confides, insists, at least at this stage, that it is nothing more than friendship with the willowy brunette, a former airline hostess with a breezy personality and a gay sense of humor, two virtues very much to Rock’s taste.

But while Phyllis has caught Rock’s eye, Betty Abbott has not gone into eclipse, total or otherwise. So the seemingly endless see-saw for Rock’s affection goes on.

But the time has come—in fact it has been long overdue—to examine the truth about Rock Hudson’s bachelorhood.

Does he start running every time he sees the marriage gleam in a girl’s eyes, or is he merely waiting to recognize that gleam in the right set of distaff peepers? Does he actually flit in and out of every amour with a sandwich sign proclaiming: “Intentions Strictly Frivolous?” Or could it be that this fundamentally uncomplicated guy has no preconceived notions whatever, frivolous or solemn, when he dates a fair young maiden? Has he really declared a moratorium on marriage, or has marriage declared a moratorium on him?

Does he have to be brain- (Continued on page 26)
Rock's attitude is: "let marriage find me." But will it?

ANY GIRL aspiring to relieve Rock of his bachelorhood had better not be horrified at seeing her husband romp around in shorts.

HE'LL brook no suppression of his personality. Prefers to spend evenings at home listening to records and music on the radio.

Rock's wife would have to give up any notion of reforming him and instead share his enthusiasm for casual dressing and living.

washed of bachelor habits before he is ready for wedding bells? Does he fear marriage as a trap that'd rob him of his freedom? Are there any remaining phases of maturing he feels he has to go through? Or is he merely waiting for—and willing to let—marriage find him?

Rock, like any other man with the wisdom to learn as he yearns, is the sum of his experiences. And his experiences with Hollywood women, at least one of whom he had sought for his bride, had caused him to reach the rather painful conclusion that for him marriage to an actress would be disastrous.

Rock may not have a long face, but he does have a long memory. His attitude toward actresses is colored by his recollection of Hollywood dolls who wouldn't be caught dead looking at him when he was a newcomer, but who made spectacles gushing over him as soon as he made his mark as a star. It is colored also by recollections of disillusionment when in good faith he went on dates with Hollywood beauties only to discover that he had been trapped into publicity parties or other ballyhooed expeditions. And it is colored perhaps most of all by his ill-fated romance with Vera-Ellen.

For a year, he paid exclusive, warm-hearted court to Vera. Rock was about as gone as any goose gets, and although it might not have been a matter of wide public knowledge, marriage was very much on his mind. It would be difficult to pinpoint just where disintegration set in, but there was no overt break between Rock and Vera. When the romance was not resolved, as Rock devoutly wished it to be, in marriage, they began
and with whom?

**ROCK** doesn’t want to be pinned down to set dinner hours or to suffer any regimentation.

**“CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT”:** In his new film, Rock takes time out from activities as an Irish patriot to woo Barbara Rush, headstrong daughter of a co-conspirator.

drifting apart until they didn’t see each other anymore.

While Rock seems to have survived this great disappointment of his life with no visible scars, it can scarcely be doubted that it must have left a mark on his thinking, and must have contributed to his low opinion of the capacity and willingness of actresses to adjust adequately to the demands of marriage.

**Rock** shapes up not so much as a man hell-bent on bachelorhood as a man hell-bent on the right kind of marriage. He kept leading with his chin, and as time went on he suffered other jolts. He became tremendously enamored of a well-known Hollywood divorcee, a few years older than he, but human nature being the sad mess it sometimes is, this woman lost Rock when she fell into the trap of her own insecurity. She made the fatal error of doubting Rock’s sincerity, and accusing him of feigning affection for her because of what she could do for him.

Bitterness did not overtake Rock. He lost none of his fundamental gentility. He did not moralize or blame people for being what they were, and what, manifestly, they could not help being. Nevertheless, the impact of these disappointments helped him to crystallize what it was that he wanted in a woman and he naturally gravitated in that direction.

The truth about Rock Hudson’s bachelorhood, in short, is that it is as vulnerable as a sitting duck in a shooting gallery. It will topple when the right girl comes along. The idea of marriage in itself holds no terrors for Rock. The thought of a bad marriage scares the daylights out of him.

Any girl who aspires to relieve Rock of his bachelor identity would first have to relieve herself of any notions of reforming him. She’d better not be possessive. Jealous females are anathema to Rock. She’d better share his enthusiasms for casual dressing and casual living. She’d better not be horrified at seeing her husband romp around the house in shorts or less. He’s not much for night-clubbing. She’d better share his love for listening to records—and music on radio, for killing an evening lounging around the house. She’d better not have any ideas of making him jettison his old friends.

Big star that Rock now is, she’d better not try to persuade him that it’s beneath his station to wash his own car. She’d better not flirt with any plans of fitting him into domestic routine. The only routine he’s willing to submit himself to is studio routine. He doesn’t want to be pinned down to hard and fast dinner hours, or to suffer any regimentation. And he’ll brook no suppression of his personality. Rock Hudson’s woman will not make the sad *fauz pas* of jockeying him or pushing him around.

The inescapable conclusion is that the days of Rock Hudson’s bachelorhood are numbered. There is no question but that he is inexorably headed for the altar. The question is what fair damsel will take this coveted husky by the hand and lead him to the preacher.

Rock Hudson’s attitude: Let marriage find me. And it will!
COMPLETELY shattered by her broken marriage, Marilyn was unable to hide her feelings at the divorce trial.
Her fame and fortune have cost a pretty price—and Marilyn Monroe is paying it. Strange, that this girl who is the greatest sex symbol of our time, should find it so difficult to find what thousands—even millions—of women leading unspectacular lives have—emotional security and happiness.

Until that momentous day in early October when the story of her separation from Joe DiMaggio hit the front pages, the mountainous fan mail received by this goddess of love indicated she was the most envied doll in the land. Women of all ages wrote they'd gladly change places with her and many younger ones imitated her. Didn't she have everything? Thousands of men adoring her, a world-famed husband, world-wide popularity of her own, the most extravagant of mink coats and cars, a swimming pool, a whopping big salary?

But when the eager public read column after column which hashed and rehashed the story of her life, it made them, especially the women, think. As one astute young housewife summed it up:

"I think I have something in my favor which Marilyn didn't have: a happy life, a wonderful childhood, a fine family and lots of friends. This has given me peace of mind and emotional security. Marilyn's horribly unhappy early life apparently left her longing for affection and adulation, dreading poverty and insecurity. So she has over-compensated by making her career, her success, the most important thing in her life."

Shortly before Joe made his typically terse statement of "I'll never be back," and left their Beverly Hills home, he had been in New York with Marilyn for her location work on "The Seven Year Itch." It (Continued on page 30)
was during this time that Marilyn’s pictures with skirts blowing up hit the prints. The stunt was part of the script, but Joe didn’t like it. He made it obvious. There were quarrels.

Throughout his own career, in which he became a national hero, Joe avoided publicity. He’s quiet, shy, reticent—an introvert. He loathed Hollywood chi-chi in any form, especially big parties, premieres—the things which Marilyn found attractive and necessary to her career. A friend of Joe’s said recently, “Joe wanted a wife, not a star.”

Several months before their separation, one of Marilyn’s co-workers prophesied, “If it’s ever a question with her of marriage or career, the marriage may go. She’s fought and worked so hard to reach her goal. To offset her deeply-rooted feeling of inferiority she needs recognition, acceptance, and this she finds in her career.”

Marilyn apparently recognized her conflict long ago; she was treated by a psychiatrist for three years. And her off-beat life story, her fame, her short-lived marriages have prompted many local psychiatrists, both professional and amateur, to remote analyses of her situation. One said, “I doubt if Marilyn is capable of a lasting relationship with any man. When a woman becomes a big star, it’s almost a sure way of self-destruction. A child must have attention from without, but when you grow up you must have something inside to sustain you. A star gets so much from the outside—applause and adulation—that she loses whatever she had inside, particularly if she had an unhappy childhood. She loses a sense of values. She is a child again.”

Harsh words, those. But consider how few big feminine stars have had lasting marriages.

The most important question for Marilyn’s fans who feel a deep-rooted interest in her future is: Can she ever find happiness? Seemingly she has known it briefly, but only briefly, in two broken marriages. Or can her career give her what she wants? Let’s, as the politicians say, look at the record.

Marilyn’s early life provides an all-time high in Cinderella stories. She was born Norma Jean Mortenson on June 1, 1926 at Los Angeles General Hospital. Her father was already dead and her mother, a one-time film cutter, was mentally ill and unable to care for her. As an alumna of the Los Angeles Orphanage, she grew up in eleven different foster homes, never finding the security and love necessary to the development of a well-adjusted youngster. It was a bitter experience.

Then, before she was 16, Marilyn, anything but the beauty she is today, fell in love and married James Dougherty, a neighborhood boy. She had a home at last and happiness. She even packed love notes in his lunch box, told Jim that she cooked “carrots and peas together because the colors looked pretty on a plate.” They had a quiet life, usually staying home evenings.

But Dougherty, now a Los Angeles policeman happily remarried and the father of three daughters, recalls that “Norma Jean never wanted children.” He went off to war as a merchant seaman and she went to work in a parachute factory. Her picture in a company magazine brought her to the attention of a photographer who in turn suggested that she learn something about modeling and took her to the Blue Book Models School. Photographers liked her enthusiasm and diligence. She learned to pose, to “smile lower,” and soon she was appearing in ads and even on magazine covers. Later she had a screen test at 20th Century-Fox and was given a stock contract at $75 a week.

(Continued on page 32)
MARILYN went after a movie career with singleness of purpose. She concentrated on learning to act, to walk, to pose, to beautify herself.
MARILYN MONROE continued

All during this period, with Jim overseas, she didn't date anyone else, according to the other models. They also recall that if she had any acting ambitions, before she was invited to make her first screen test, she kept the fact a secret.

But somewhere along in there she hitched her wagon to the glamor star. When Jim returned home he found Marilyn changed; she felt she needed to be single to find film fame. She went to Las Vegas and got a divorce.

After that she went after a film career with single-ness of purpose. While other girls were dating, she concentrated on learning to act, to walk, to beautify herself.

One day in 1951 Marilyn met Joe DiMaggio on a blind date. He was world famous and she at that time was just another struggling young actress; her nude calendar wasn't out yet and her real publicity campaign had not even started.

"I liked his seriousness," she said then. "I can spot a phony and this man was real." They started dating.

Marilyn's career went into high gear. She became a star. Column after column and photo after photo recorded her latest sayings—usually quite uninhibited—and doings. Hollywood and the world were at her feet when last January she and Joe were married.

Marilyn's quotes to the press then took on the homey-folksy quality. She told newsmen she built her marriage around one rule: Keep your man happy with everything from a special television chair to breakfast in a big, double bed. She confided that she sometimes even ironed a shirt for Joe. But she was also working hard in "There's No Business Like Show Business" and would come home exhausted. Joe watched TV or went out for long poker sessions. Marilyn would sleep or study.

In her divorce testimony she said that Joe went into moods and didn't speak to her for days and that he never wanted her to have friends at the house.

Her health was not good. She had virus infections, allergies, headaches and frequent colds and she was anemic. All these, according to the psychosomatic theory of medicine, usually are related to emotional difficulties, nervous strain, deep-seated fears or insecurities. Although her marriage had brought her some emotional security, it also presented additional conflict for she was being pulled in two directions.

At the Santa Monica courtroom where she received her divorce, she was smartly dressed, but she appeared weary and somewhat drawn. She smiled only when asked to by photographers and then unconvincingly. Later when asked if she thought she'd marry again, she said, "Of course I'm not thinking of that yet. I'm not dating anybody and have no plans to. But I hope to marry again. I still want to have a baby."

So the unanswered question stands—can Marilyn find happiness?

In her success she has found one answer to her need for recognition and acceptance, an answer to her fears. But she's still a woman and wants another answer to her need for emotional security—home, husband and family. Will she be able to cope with both career and marriage in the future?

At any rate, thousands of Marilyn's fans have come to a greater understanding of their blonde favorite, have realized that certainly in her case all the glitter was not gold. She's been paying the price for her fame and glory. And those fans sincerely hope that someday she can find real, lasting happiness.

END
THEN, Marilyn had to make scenes in New York for "Seven Year Itch."

THE STUNT was part of the script, but still Joe wouldn't accept it.

JOE, watching film being shot with Walter Winchell, is irked by it all.

WILL she be able to cope with a career and marriage in the future?
“HE DIDN'T TRY TO KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT”

By LORI NELSON

AN ORCHID for Lori. Tab's relaxed and attentive on date.

“on my first date with Tab

The first date I had with Tab Hunter amazed me. He didn't try to kiss me good-night. Tab is so tall and good-looking in a clean, outdoors, athletic sort of way, with his unruly blond hair, and that flash of interest and love of life in his blue eyes that I fully expected to be swept right off my feet!

I had slight misgivings for having accepted the date—and my mother and father seemed a little anxious as we left to drive off in Tab's little coupe of ancient vintage. Father didn't say it, but he was thinking, I could tell by the rise of his brow: "Drive carefully, son. Don't let anything happen to our daughter."

Tab seemed aware of Daddy's thoughts, because he turned back after helping me in the car and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Nelson, I'll have Lori home early after the premiere—that is if you don't mind if we stop for a sandwich."

From that moment on, I have always looked forward to a date with Tab. My parents adore him, and I think he is one of the most interesting and most different boys I have ever met. I also think he has a certain code and such a wonderful set of values on life that he can't miss being one of the big stars in this business.

On the way to the premiere that first night, Tab was talkative—with something worthwhile and interesting to talk about. There were none of those long pauses or attempts to make conversation. He is thoroughly relaxed and knows where he is going and what he wants out of life. He has a great depth of sincerity and a tremendous enthusiasm, coupled with faith in people and a certain humility that endears him to everyone. When the fans stopped him for autographs, he was still mindful of me and was not carried away with the attentions.

Later, we went to the Mocambo, and I presumed he was a regular patron. I learned later, however, that at that time for Tab to take a date to the Mocambo could mean he'd eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches at home for the rest of the week to make up the difference. His earnings had to go for skating lessons and his horse, and sometimes his spending money ran out during long waits between pictures. He took me to the Mocambo because he thought I'd like to go. And when he deposited me on my doorstep, we still had so much to talk about that it didn't seem possible the evening had ended.

Tab called the next day. "Hi! How are you? This is Tab. I hope I'm not calling too early," he said. My watch had nine a.m. straight up. "I've been getting up at six every morning for so long, that it's hard for me to wait for people to get up so I can make my calls," he said half-apologetically. "How's your father? Your mother? And how's Ricky?" Ricky's my Boston bull. Tab was really interested in his inquiries about my family. "Would you like to go out to an early dinner and show next week?" he asked. He was asking for a date a week in advance. I said yes, that I would love to. Tab replied, "Fine—good—I'll call you later." There was no honey-doll, baby-doll salutations, and his conversation was brief. But he seemed sincere.

Tab chose the Encore, a quiet (Continued on page 37)
Hunter, I expected to be swept off my feet—was I surprised!”
TAB confesses his love for Mono Freeman in "Battle Cry." Right: A note for the girl he can't forget as he heads for Marine boot camp.

"BATTLE CRY"

GIRLS and bars break routine of the Marines' rugged life and Tab, who is trying to stay true to Mono, is twitted by Perry Lopez.
"although his movie career is really booming, Tab hasn't forgotten how to be a gentleman—or a man, either!"

Little restaurant to dine. He ordered a wonderful dinner and we topped it with cheese cake.

We talked and forgot about the movie we had planned on seeing. "I never thought of a picture career," he said in reply to my question. "My first love is skating. Some day, Lori, I hope to be a top skater. I'm working real hard at it. And I love horses. I want to make good in pictures—but I am still going along with skating."

Three years and many dates later, Tab and I are still very good friends. We were dining again at the Encore. "This is where we first came," he laughed. Now Tab is almost twenty-three and I am twenty-one. He had just finished "Battle Cry" for Warner Bros. and was starting "Track Of The Cat." The day had been Tab's red letter day. He had passed his fifth test in amateur skating. Also, a national poll had selected him as one of the top ten new stars headed for box-office popularity. Had this changed Tab or his ideals or his plans?

"People say they change—that Hollywood changes them," Tab observed in a reflective mood. "People should only change for the better as they progress...."

"Too much is made of the gossip and glamour of our business. You know, Lori, when some of these remarkable things happen to me in pictures, I always remember that I am still Art Gelien, amateur ice skater. I still love to work hard and play hard."

In the three years I have known Tab, his moods move from high to low and bounce back when he has been between pictures too long. For a long while his chief concern was keeping his horse. "All my life I dreamed of a horse of my own," he'd say. Finally the horse had to go when it didn't seem another picture was in sight. Then presto! he was making another picture and he was happy again. He bought a new flamingo red Ford convertible. Tab was so excited. "I used to feel embarrassed," he told me, "driving you up to a premiere in my other car when you were dressed so beautifully. This car does you justice."

Tab and I were invited to a costume party on Hal- lowe'en. "If you are all dressed up with feathers and a Marie Antoinette wig, you can't have fun," Tab said. "Let's just go as clowns and have a good time."

Tab and I had more laughs getting ready for the party. We'd gone to Western Costume and rented big clown shoes, and oversize pants in which we had put stuff pillows. I obtained white and black and brown clown make-up from U-I, where I was making "Destry." No one recognized us when we first arrived at the party.

Each time we go to a party or to some friend's house to dinner, on the way home Tab will often say, "It would be wonderful to have your own home, your own . . ." then he'll stop. "I can't think about getting married for a long time," he'll sigh. "I've got to establish myself and get settled first."

Tab's mother had a difficult time when she was left with two small boys to raise alone. "My mother held down two jobs to feed my brother and me. I try to make it up to Mom today for all of the sacrifices she made."

One day Tab was quite upset. That was the day he had moved out of the apartment he had always shared with his mother to "go out on my own. I'm twenty-one, and it wasn't fair of me to stay at home and take the best years of her life. She is so attractive and still young, and with me out of the way she'll meet new people and maybe some day remarry and have all of the security and happiness she deserves." Later, when his mother was ill, Tab, filled with remorse, moved back until her recovery. I so admire his consideration and real affection for his mother. He loves to pick out clothes for her and I know that when she recovered from her illness he had a new dress, gloves, hat and pearls to surprise her. He is very clothes-conscious and always comments on what I am wearing. He likes simple, smart clothes, and sometimes (Continued on page 38)
"Tab’s home is a two-room apartment, but like all bachelors he likes to step out—and he’s always a wonderful date"

when we’re going to a premiere, he’ll bring an orchid.

The night before a recent premiere, I saw Tab on Peter Potter’s “Juke Box Jury” TV show on which guest stars decide whether as yet unreleased records will be hits or misses. Tab again was completely honest, giving his constructive criticism. There were only two out of six records he liked. “I guess I’m skate-happy,” he said apologetically, but sticking to his convictions.

We each had other dates for the premiere. At the theatre someone called to me. It was Tab. “Lori, you look beautiful,” he said, taking me in his arms and giving me an affectionate kiss. He told me he had been skating every morning for weeks and weeks for his tests. “I have to get on the ice from 5:30 to 8 in the morning, before it’s time to go to the studio,” he said. “By eight at night I’m home in bed.” I was so pleased, so genuinely pleased that he had passed his test. Tab had offered to teach me to ice skate. “When you’re such an expert, how could you want to take time to teach me?” I asked. “I have a dream, Lori,” he said. “Some day I hope I can make the life story of Hans Brinker—of the silver skates. If you can skate too, maybe we could be together in the picture.”

The first few times Tab brought me home from a date, as I said, he didn’t try to kiss me good-night. But when he did, it was a nice, affectionate, sincere kiss. Not one of those just-kiss-kiss-kiss things which mean nothing and girls might expect, but with sincerity, and then, “Goodnight, Honey.”

Tab is the nicest boy I have ever met. I always have such fun and a wonderful time when I’m with him. END
TAB is tall and good-looking in a clean, outdoors, athletic sort of way with his unruly blond hair and love of life in his blue eyes.
Dick Powell is on his way to the office, the RKO studios where Dick's become a producer. Junie bids her man a wifely "goodbye."

ENTERTAINING Ricky and Pam when their dad's away is, of course, Junie's job. Here they are taking a whirl on the kiddie slide.

JUNIE AND HER KIDS

when papa's away
Junie, Pamela and Ricky do play
on their 58-acre estate in Mandeville Canyon. There's plenty of elbow room for everyone.
READING a story to the kids is one way of keeping them happy. Pam is now six; Ricky, three-and-a-half. Isn't Ricky a ringer for his dad?
BRUSHING Ricky's hair requires concentration, but Ricky takes it with all the poise and aplomb of his famous dad. Nothing bothers him.

taking care of a couple of lively youngsters isn't an easy job for a working mother, but Junie seems to thrive on it
**BICYCLING** is fun, but Ricky prefers to hitch a ride with Mom.

**AFFECTIONATE** Junie has plenty of kisses for both Pamela and Ricky.

**TYING** Ricky's shoe laces is still a job for our girl June.

**SPRUCING** up Ricky is practically a full-time job, but Pom helps, too.
The morning I reported for work in Columbia's "The Long Gray Line," I couldn't help hearing one grip remark to another, "That's John Wayne's kid. I bet his ol' man got him the job. . . ."

I'm sure they had neither expected me to overhear them, nor to answer back, "No, he didn't!"

By their expressions I could see that they didn't believe me. I guess at 15 I'm not too convincing. But it was true. Dad neither got me this job, nor any other. He insists that my older brother, Michael, and I make our own way, as he did when he grew up.

Of course, he doesn't put any obstacles in our way, and the fact that he is my father has helped a great deal. But when we were in Ireland during the filming of "The Quiet Man," for instance, Mike and I had approached Uncle Jack—that's director John Ford—to give us a little part in it so we'd have some extra spending money. And it was Uncle Jack who got me the part in "The Long Gray Line," which he's directing. Dad wouldn't even coach me. "Your Uncle Jack is better qualified for it than I am," he said. And he meant it.

Dad told us how he worked his way up the hard way—as a grip, as prop-man, assistant director, and bit player. He told us about his ups-and-downs, and emphasized that the sooner we learn to take care of ourselves, the better off we are. "There's no short-cut to success," he insisted. "The only way to get to the top is by hard work, by giving your all." And he wasn't referring only to work in pictures, because none of us—neither Michael, who's 19, myself, nor my sisters, Toni, 18, and Melinda, 13—know exactly what we want to do when we're grown-up.

I was never quite sure what Dad had meant by "giving your all," till I accompanied him to Camargo, Mexico, last summer, when he made "Hondo." Being a partner in the company, he took an active part in the production as well as starring in the film.

One afternoon, Dad walked (Continued on page 46)
up to some natives from a nearby village who were digging a trench for a scene in the film. They moved at a snail's pace. After Dad watched them a few seconds, he became impatient. "Anda," he shouted at them. "Anda—pronto!" Whether they understood his Spanish or didn't, I don't know. But at any rate they didn't shift into second.

As Dad watched them a few more minutes, I could see that his temper rose to match the heat of the day. Finally he couldn't control himself any longer. He jumped into the trench, took off his shirt, grabbed the shovel from one of the astonished Mexicans, and for 15 minutes dug furiously—until he had accomplished more than the six of them all afternoon. "ANDA!" he shouted again as he threw the shovel back into the hands of the Mexican. All of a sudden they understood what he had meant. And from that moment on you should have seen them dig!

However, Dad's harder on himself than on anyone around him. The day after the shovel incident, he was in a scene in which—from atop a hill—he jumped on an Indian and shoved a knife in his side. It was a hard scene, particularly in the heat which all but knocked out every member of the cast and crew.

Everyone thought his jump and stab were just fine. Everyone but Dad, that is. "Could you see the Indian while I stuck the knife in him?" he asked the camera man.

"No, I didn't. I don't think it's that important...."
"I think it is. The script called for it... ."
"But you don't have to climb up that hill and make the jump all over again," the director assured him. "We can fake it a little. . . ."

"Not on this picture," said Dad. And before it was "just right," he had climbed up and jumped down six more times. And at 137 degrees Fahrenheit!

But Dad isn't really as tough as he appears at times. As a matter of fact, he can be quite sentimental. With all the responsibility of starring in and co-producing "Hondo" last year, which meant working from dawn to ten at night, every day of the (Continued on page 70)
He may work the hardest, but he knows everyone needs a little play.

JOHN and his wife Pilar Palette relax at a recent Hollywood party.
“DORIS DAY IS MY BOSS”

A POODLE’S-EYE VIEW BY “SMUDGY”

“she stumbled over me—that’s how we met—she apologized, and well . . . ”

There comes a time in every dog’s life when he finds it hard to hurdle a six-foot fence, when he has gained a few extra pounds around the waist, and when he is content to lie quietly in the sun and think.

I lie now upon a high chaise lounge in Doris Day’s yard, my eyes half-closed against the morning sun. On the thick grass Marty and Terry are playing catch, while my mistress sleeps in the sun, as lazy for once as I am.

As I reflect upon the seven years of my life, remembered incidents take fire in the sun—the evening I bit Bill Holden’s police dog, the time I brought my mistress a brick as a present and broke the toe of the friend who was with her, the night she took my paws between her hands and told me she was going to be married.

But all those things happened in my adulthood, not at the beginning. In the beginning, I was born. I was born of two noble parents—the Marquis and Marquise Roi Noir du Lac—who saw to it that the first months of my life were spent in acquiring that knowledge of manners, genealogy, and formal etiquette without which no well-born French poodle is allowed to enter into society.

Alas, for such pride and education. Before I was six months old, I had been sold, chained, flogged, fondled by sniveling children, and forced to endure night after night of dull conversation. Suddenly I knew I had to get away.

I ran like I had never run before in all my life—ran until my paws were bloody. The world was before me—wild and inviting. I would search it through until I found a master to follow, to walk behind.

I intelligently decided that the obvious place to look for one would be Beverly Hills, so soon found me stretched out on the sidewalk of Beverly Drive, was approached by many people. (Continued on page 50)
MARTY likes to take my picture and he often calls my mistress over to watch. Of course, I give him my good profile.
None of the men I saw suited me. I was about to give up when a man with wavy black hair and deep black eyes parked his car. I gave him my paw. He gave me his hand. From his voice I knew he was English. One of my ancestors had died at the battle of Waterloo, but we French poodles are quick to forgive, so I drove home with him. I walked happily into his house and I was met by thirteen cats. I walked right out again. My benefactor seemed to understand, so he boarded me in the pound while he advertised for my owners.

At the end of a month my benefactor paid my board.
I don't mind at all being called Smudgepot by her"

She must have felt the same way, because she took me home. When we walked into the kitchen, my mistress' mother screamed and dropped a plate of spaghetti sauce on my head. My mistress' mother, unfortunately, had not had the pleasure of seeing a French poodle before. I licked the spaghetti sauce, discovered that she was a wonderful cook, and we were friends.

It was a nice life. That first year I considered myself the man of the house and I patrolled the grounds every morning and evening, picking up anything my mistress might have left in the yard and making sure that no stranger was around.

At six o'clock each night I stood at the front gate, with a present for my mistress wrapped between my teeth. I liked to surprise her so sometimes I brought a bone, sometimes a pretty rock, sometimes an attractive geometric shape from the rubbish pile. She was always properly grateful and surprised. We would walk together into the living-room; then she would kick off her shoes and relax. It was my job to take them upstairs for her.

After supper we would rehearse. She would go over her script for me while I listened with a critical ear. Later, when I had curled up on the foot of her bed for the night, she told me any problems she had had during the day. Naturally, I was always on her side. It is a dog's privilege, you know, not to consider right and wrong, and my sympathy always seemed to help.

It was a good life, and only one thing worried me. I could not be sure that she loved me as much as I loved her. I found out quite dramatically.

I was sunning myself on the porch when my mistress' mother decided to back the car into the driveway. I assisted. When we had backed the car to my satisfaction, the telephone rang. My mistress' mother ran to the house, leaving me in the car.

I prepared to wait (she sometimes talked for an hour or more). But this time, three hours passed and she still hadn't returned. (I learned (Continued on page 52)
"Doris is always so gay
I almost forgot how well
she can emote 'til
I saw 'Young at Heart'"

I DIDN'T know there was a dog in her new film. Hm, I wonder...

"YOUNG AT HEART"

MOODY but brilliant Frank Sinatra is the cause of Doris' sadness.

SHE should have married Gig Young, but then there'd be no story.

later that she had forgotten about me.) Then another
hour went by, and I heard her whistling and calling me.
It seemed undignified to bark back at her, so I waited.
Less than fifteen minutes later, my mistress came
home and ran to the front porch. "Smudgy," she shouted.
"Smudgy.
I felt so choked up I couldn't even bark.
Then she and her mother disappeared down the street.
I barked, but they didn't hear me. I watched them stop
at each house and ask for me. I jumped into the front
seat and barked louder. My mistress started running
in towards me. She opened the door and held me so
This was most likely caused by the tautness of the dog's
I could hardly breathe and I didn't even care,
because I could feel her tears against my fur.
It was only a few weeks after this that we were about
to go to sleep when she took both my paws between her
hands and said, "Smudgy, I'm going to tell you some-
thing I haven't told anyone. I'm going to be married."
She looked at me and I felt obliged to smile and wag
my tail, although I was really wondering how this would
affect us.
She seemed to know what I was thinking. "Don't
worry, Smudgy," she said. "Marty and I couldn't do
without you."

I made me feel a great deal better to know that it
was Marty she was going to marry, since he already
knew the right way to scratch my ears and the correct
height to bounce tennis balls. He wouldn't have to be
trained. And yet it did give me a funny feeling to
realize that my life was going to change.
I didn't have to worry. Marty and my mistress got
married and went on a honeymoon while I stayed home
to guard the house.
The big change came a few months later. We moved.
The new house had a volleyball court and a swimming
pool and lots more ground to protect so I grew quite
ferocious towards dangerous people like the milkman.
Someone had left a pile of bricks in the yard so I had
a new gift to bring my mistress each night. I learned
to do a very good swim dive off the high board by
watching Marty, and the people next door had a tennis
court so I was properly supplied with balls and could
show off whenever anyone came to swim.
There are uncomfortable things about the best of lives. A dog learns, for instance, to take cottage cheese philosophically. I mention cottage cheese because my mistress is keeping me on a diet of it and horsemeat.

Once I managed to get into the kitchen alone. My mistress had made a dozen cherry tarts for dinner, and I was all alone with them. I climbed up to the table and tried one. It was delicious. I tried another. I took a third so I could propose a proper French toast to my mistress for her wonderful cooking. And I remembered enough old French toasts to finish the dozen tarts. Then I lay down on the table and got ready to die.

As I said before, there are uncomfortable things about any life, like my mistress' anger when I put my paws on the good furniture; and enduring the long silence when my mistress wants to watch TV instead of having a good, long talk. But these things are not really important at all; the important things are times like last night.

I found my mistress alone in the garden and curled myself against her feet.

"Oh, Smudgy," she said. "I've had an awful time today. I had an argument with . . . oh . . ."

I licked her hand, sympathetically.

". . . well, you know how these things start. But it wasn't my fault."

I stood up and growled, batting the air with my paws as I tore whoever it had been into little pieces.

"Thank you," she said, bending down to me. "But it was a silly argument. And maybe I was wrong."


"I'm not, but thank you for saying it," she whispered and she scratched my ears. She stood up. "I don't know what I'd do without you, Smudgy," she said. "You always make me feel fine." I bowed.

"Come on, I'll race you to dinner." She started towards the house.

I bolted fiercely after her, making sure I didn't hurt her feelings by winning. I followed her in and walked happily towards my cottage cheese.

END
called Jane Russell the night before our first-story conference for "Underwater" to thank her for being instrumental in getting the role for me. She was carefully cryptic about accepting my thanks. She actually sounded embarrassed.

But the next day in story conference I threw away my opinion of shyness when she decided I'd look great if my hair were changed for the role. Jane said, "Wouldn't he look great sun-streaked and tanned?" and Harry Tatelman, the producer, scrutinized my face and head, and said, "Yes." I said carelessly that it was an idea and thought we'd discuss it for a week or two.

(Continued on page 56)
Jane’s instructions and her friends’ applications, my hair was both orange and green. Even Harry Tatelman was startled. So Larry was called in again and an eleven-hour job began. Of course, Jane stayed right there issuing instructions like a master sergeant. My scalp and my temper were beginning to burn like mad, while my hair got lighter and lighter. My slow burn became a raging fire. And when Jane suggested bluing, I suddenly roared—long and loud. I turned to include Jane in the roar, but she had disappeared. She was crouching in a corner watching me like a child expecting to be punished. The master sergeant had, in an instant, changed to a frightened recruit. I said between clenched teeth, “This is it,” and nobody uttered a word as I walked with my fallen dignity and burning scalp out of the room.

(This boy is so chicken—I’ve never heard anybody cry so loud in my life, J.R.)

To be horribly honest, which I hate to do, the sun-streaked hair looked very good. But I didn’t mention it and neither did Jane.

Jane is a constant tease. She looks for your weakest link and then hits it hard. She will deliberately say things to see if they will upset you. Jane is definitely the outspoken type. She will have no truck with flowery preliminaries to a conversation. She comes to the point she has in mind immediately. One of her pet peeves about me is that I am still a bachelor. Jane, I’ll swear, was born married. (Is there another way? J.R.) Therefore, she considers every bachelor a challenge to her match-making ability. I can’t remember all the provocative reasons she held out, but her marital theme song is an unfinished symphony. Jane is a strong-minded gal, and I have no doubt she’s looking over the field of eligibles for me right now!

(He will never be happy until I have succeeded, either, J.R.)

Later she came out of her crouching position and again became a full-fledged general when she decided I didn’t comb my hair correctly. She made no comment at all, but every chance she got she casually flipped my hair back. I comb my hair across my head and flat. The repetition of Jane’s flipping my hair back became monotonous. Until one day I found myself combing my hair across and flat . . . and then flipping it up. Perhaps you’ve noticed that the sergeant has an excellent batting average in being right. (Continued on page 71)
cooper
cuts some
capers

Gary has a ball
making "Vera Cruz"
in wilds of Mexico
LOCATION LIFE is sparked up by presence of high-voltage Denise Darcel, who portrays a double-crossing French countess in the U.A. release.

the rigors of location shooting hold no terrors for rugged Gary who's in his element in the great outdoors
HARD-RIDING, two-fisted roles are Gary's meat and this adventure yarn of the Mexican Revolution lends itself to his special talents.

CAMERA STUDIES of Coop reveal him to be jovial and keenly interested in the goings-on—quite different from usually reserved Gary.
GUNMEN and soldiers of fortune join forces to fight in the Mexican Revolution for the side that pays them the most money.

BURT carefully explains scene to Sarita Montiel, torrid Spanish-Mexican screen actress who's playing her first English-speaking role.

GUN-TOTIN' Burt Lancaster, Gary's sidekick in the film, is a trigger-happy hombre with an almost passionate devotion to evil.
opposites in personalities—make great team

PRODUCER Lancaster takes good care of his napping star.
Burt was so sold on Gary as his co-star he gave him top-billing.
THE GLEASON
YOU NEVER SEE

When Jackie Gleason was a kid his mother had a job making change in the subway. All Jackie's friends used to duck under the turnstiles, but not Jackie. He always paid his nickel.

Ever since then he's been paying for everything he ever got. If you want Gleason in a capsule—figuratively, at least—there he is. Nothing but trouble ever came easy, or for free.

People are always comparing him to the TV characters he's brought to life, wondering which is the real Gleason. The real Gleason is the guy they never see.

The real Gleason earns close to $400,000 a year from his TV show, for which sum he produces, directs, edits, lights, hires, fires, approves and stars. Maybe it's a labor of love; maybe it's that he's driven.

"People know I make a lot of money from this show," he says, "so I've got to convince them that I earn it. I've got to make them say, 'Look at that boy work! I wouldn't work that hard for a million bucks.'"
TV show, Jackie's a man with a lot of worries.

THAT BOY JACKIE REALLY WORKS!

nights, but Saturday afternoons at rehearsals he's all business.
"Dress up that corner," he'll tell the stagehands, pointing to a part of the set that doesn't please him. "I stand here," he tells the cast. "You come on there. Okay, let's go." Then he'll run through his skits—for the first time and only a few hours before the show—now telling Audrey Meadows how to deliver a line, now telling Art Carney how to get the most out of a laugh.

He watches everything, his collar (Continued on page 66)

THAT GIRL

AVA!

Her life, her loves, her fabulous career —
The frank story of one of Hollywood's most amazing stars — fully illustrated with more than 60 exclusive photos.

Buy your copy today.
On sale at all newsstands—only 15¢
open at the neck, his feet planted firmly apart, as if challenging anyone to throw him off balance. He listens carefully, his eyes on the monitor, while the announcer makes his spiel. He signals to bandleader Ray Block, "We'll have some traveling music here, right?"

The sides of the stage and the rehearsal theatre are full of people somehow connected with the show, wandering around, drinking coffee, getting ready to go on, but Gleason doesn't budge, and doesn't notice them.

Once in a while, though, he'll break the tension. A couple of weeks ago he had a young boy on the show, a kid who was a whiz at the organ. After he played his piece, Jackie was puzzled about how to move the organ offstage.

"I got it," he said to the stagehands. "You guys come out and I'll introduce you." He waved his arm in the air. "This is Harriet Van Weaver. This is George Stratton. Take it away, boys.

"Hey, hold it!" Jackie said, looking worried. "I just heard some horrible news. If the stagehands are on stage it's fifty apiece!"

The stagehands weren't on stage that night, but Jackie was — laughing it up all over the place, as if he'd been rehearsing for three weeks and didn't have one care in the world.

If you want to be reasonable, he doesn't have a care. He's on top and no one's pushing him off. But once he was at the bottom and no one pushed him up, either. He climbed all the way and the height still makes him dizzy.

"PEOPLE KNOW I MAKE A LOT OF
REHEARSING a skit with Art Carney, all the while worrying about how show is shaping.

MONEY FROM MY SHOW AND I'VE GOT TO CONVINCE THEM I EARN IT

He got his first real break in New York in 1940 at the Club 18 which was noted for the raucous, insulting humor of Jack White, Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers. This trio greeted him with a few kind words. They were: "You'd better be funny tonight, kid." Then they turned on their heels. "Come back, you cowards," Jackie bellowed after them. "Come back and take a lesson from the world's greatest comedian."

Gleason ran that "greatest" bit into the ground. He used to like walking into Toots Shor's in a cashmere trench coat, saying, "Make way for the greatest!" Maybe he meant it. Maybe he was covering up a fear that any day his luck would change. When he hit Hollywood no one reeled from the blow. For some reason, never explained, they forgot he was a comedian and cast him as a sinister gangster. "They paid me $250 a week," he says, "but I had to buy my own ammunition."

Anyway, he brazened it out. In one picture he was supposed to be a hard-riding Arab. Nobody told that to the horse. The horse threw him right at the director's feet. "You said you could ride!" the director screamed.

Jackie dusted himself off with dignity. "Have you no respect for a great stunt man?" he asked.

When he got back to New York and the musical comedy stage he was offered the lead role on TV's "Life Of Riley." It won him an Emmy (that's a TV Oscar) and he was booked for two years on "The Cavalcade Of Stars."

Another guy would have known he'd arrived. Not Gleason. He took a vaudeville troupe on tour in 1952. It was the first time he had to rely solely on his own name to fill the theatres. "Well, I'll be damned," he said, after the first show. "They really seemed to like me."

In New York again, he weighed 286 pounds, 200 of which he launched on "The Jackie Gleason Show." The other 86 were spirited away before the opening at Doctors Hospital.

"No matter what the tailor tells you, there is no such thing as a stylish stout," he says, and is constantly battling the bulge.

You can blame his appetite on gluttony, but you can go deeper and blame it on a lifetime starved for security. Food helps ease the pangs. So does a lot of work and a lot of laughs. But with Gleason, as with other great comedians, the laughing is mostly on the outside.

"I shouldn't have been an entertainer at all," he says. "I should have been a psychiatrist. That's what I wanted to be and that's what I am at heart. I like to analyze people and try to help them. I became an entertainer because I can reach more people and help them, by laughs, to at least a little happiness."

He's read almost everything written on the subject of psychology and he's made a study of theology and hypnosis. In his library there are over 350

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books relating to psychic phenomena. He finds plenty of time to read; he can’t sleep more than four hours a night.

He also paints—portraits without faces. “I can’t do faces,” he says. “So I do them without faces. A man’s got to start somewhere.”

He also composes. He wrote “Melancholy Serenade,” his theme song, the way he writes everything else. That is, he blows moodily on a trumpet until something happens. Then he calls in his secretary and dictates. “One—Two—one—Three-three,” he says, running the gamut of three trumpet keys, which is the best he can do. His secretary can’t help much since she blithely admits to a tin ear. With this gibberish on paper Gleason finds a musician and they work out a tempo. Oddly enough, they make more hits than they do misses.

That’s a part of Jackie, but not all. Sometimes he comes across like Reggie Van Gleason III. In the early days he used to float some of Broadway’s longest, noisiest parties. He lived in a suite at the Hotel Edison which the management soundproofed in defense of other guests. At 4 A.M. one morning Jackie phoned the manager that the people next door were spoiling his party.

“You mean they’re making noise?”

“No,” said Jackie, “They’re listening.”

Like Reggie III, he thinks nothing of spending $3,000 at a crack on slacks, sports jackets, trench coats. He designs his own clothes and once made four trips to Boston in search of red plaid on a white background. After Cye Seymour, his tailor, made the jacket, Gleason changed his mind.

But Gleason didn’t have himself in mind when he thought up Reggie. He had in mind a night at the Copacabana when a cafe society playboy made sneering remarks about Jackie’s date. Jackie invited him into Central Park.

“I started to let him have it,” Jackie says, “and he tells me, ‘Look, you! Don’t swing so fast!’” He was so used to having things his own way he even expected to organize my fighting. Later, I got a nervous reaction in my stomach. I decided to build up a satiric figure that would murder all those playboy characters.”

In a way, all of Jackie’s characters are based on people he’s observed, but when he makes the characters his own they can’t help taking on some of his coloring—or vice versa. But of them all it’s The Poor Soul who touches the deepest vein in him.

“The Poor Soul has no name, no voice,” Jackie says. “He stems directly from the era that I personally believe produced the highest development of the art of comedy—silent pictures. The Poor Soul was devised partly as a tribute to the great artists of that time and also because I believe their style of humor was so creative that it should not be lost. The Poor Soul is the immortal little man who manages to make both ends meet, except that someone always moves the ends. Completely in pantomime I play him against a poignant musical background of ‘Tenderly.’”

And it is The Poor Soul to whom Audrey Meadows likens Jackie. “This is the Jackie his friends sometimes come upon unexpectedly,” she says. “He’s looking out over the city from his penthouse window and wondering still how a little boy from a poor section of Brooklyn, who began as an amateur night performer, ever got to be a TV star—with his own show and many friends who love him.”
let's look at the records

By MARTIN BLOCK

Doris Day has recorded two hits for Columbia from her "Young At Heart" movie, and they're dan-day, dan-day! "Hold Me In Your Arms" is a ballad similar to her "If I Give My Heart To You," and it's backed by "Ready, Willing And Able," which is catchy and swingy. . . . "It's A Woman's World" is from the 20th Century-Fox film of the same name, and it's admirably sung by The Four Aces. "The Cuckoo Bird In The Pickle Tree" on the reverse side. Deca. . . . Deca calls Kitty Kallen's "I Want You All To Myself" a hit, and they could be right. Flip it over and work out the other title for yourself—it's "Don't Let The Kiddy Geppi." . . . Joni James is responsible for recorded charm via a ballad about young love, "When We Come Of Age." "Every Time You Tell Me You Love Me" backs it up. MGM. . . . Rhythm & blues tail Bill Haley and his Haley Comets as they wosh by with "Dim, Dim The Lights," and "Happy Baby," on a Decca saucer. . . . New and good, Joan Weber's singing can be sampled on the Columbia waxing of the torchy "Let Me Go." "Marinette," the other side, packs an emotional wallop.


Speaking of picture-tune tieups, 20th Century-Fox's "Désirée" is going to town with "The Song From Désirée." Eight platter factories have cut the tune—Bing Crosby and Jane Froman among the octet of tune-cutters. . . . In case you'd forgotten that Frank Sinatra was a singer before he started winning Academy Awards for acting, Capitol offers a two-sided reminder, "It Worries Me" and "When I Stop Loving You." . . . The Coral issue of "Japanese Sandman" and "I Love You," shows how Paul Whiteman won the title of The King Of Jazz. The nostalgic, Flapper Age arrangements are a delight. . . . "Mister Sandman" is sung by The Chordettes, young Godfrey alumni, and is heading for the top. On the reverse of this Cadence number is "I Don't Wanna See You Crying.

Nat "King" Cole was an ideal choice for Capitol's "Hajji Baba," à la the movie. On the flip, Nat is believable in "Unbelievable." . . . Frank Wess and sextette offer seven tunes on one Commodore LP, including "Pretty Eyes," and "West Of The Moon." . . . Bravo for Richard Maltby & orchestra—"X" label—"Beloved, Be True," and "St. Louis Blues Mambo." The familiar St. Louis with mambo beat. . . . The mambo to end all such could be Perez Prado's "The Marilyn Monroe Mambo." The familiar Monroe with mambo beat. Victor . . . Paul Weston is one of the eight who've recorded "The Song From Désirée" (subtitled, "We'll Meet Again"). His Columbia waxing there-of is backed by "Maria, Maria, Maria." A former arranger-genius, Weston makes music that is usually unusual, invariably superior.

"The Martin Block Show" is on ABC Radio 2:35-4:00 p.m., EST, Monday to Friday. "Martin Block's Make-Believe Ballroom" is on WABC in New York, 2:35-6:45 p.m. Monday thru Friday and Saturdays from 10:00 to 12:00 noon and 6:00-7:30 p.m.
week, including Sunday, he managed to find time to give me a surprise birthday party.

Or when he gave up his first vacation in years to stay with Michael, after my brother’s serious accident while on a hiking trip in the High Sierras.

To us—Michael, Tony, Melinda and myself—Dad is more pal than father. Possibly because we don’t live with him—we are staying with Mom in a big house in Los Angeles proper, while Dad lives in Encino, in the San Fernando Valley, about 20 miles away. This way, most of the disciplining is really up to Mom, while our Sundays and weekends with Dad are reserved for games and sports and just having a good time. Usually we go to his house right after church, and spend most of the day with him. My favorite pastime, when I’m with him, is skeet shooting at the Chatsworth range.

Dad and Michael used to practice football together, behind the house. When I say practice I mean that Dad, who was quite a player at U.S.C. until he broke his ankle, throws Michael all over the place when he tries to “tackle” him. Michael in turn shows me what Dad taught him, and I have enough black and blue spots to prove that Dad is doing a good job.

As for Melinda, her favorite sport is making Dad go shopping with her, and she usually gets her way.

However, Dad’s easy-going-ness shouldn’t be misinterpreted as giving in in every respect. Believe me, he doesn’t. When he feels fatherly authority should be asserted, he administers it promptly. Once in a while he used to wallop me when I didn’t mind him! I never deviated for long, you can be sure.

He is particularly strict about school work. And living up to the grades he used to get isn’t easy. Luckily, since I enrolled in Loyola High I have managed to get a “B” average. In fact all of us have pretty good grades.

When Dad gets angry at us, we know better than to talk back to him. Everyone of us tried it—onece.

I still remember the afternoon he first saw Toni wear lipstick. She was just 14 at the time. We had hardly walked into his house when he noticed her painted lips. “Take it off . . .” he said.

“But Daddie, all the other girls in school . . .”

“TAKE IT OFF!”

“Couldn’t I wear it just . . .”

That’s as far as she got. Dad pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket, and with one swish wiped off every speck of it. “Ask me in a year from now,” he said. “And not a day earlier.”

To be on the safe side, Toni waited two years!

As far back as I remember, I can’t recall one instance when Dad ever went back on his word. If he says he’ll punish us if we don’t do as told, he’ll do it. If he promises a certain present, he’ll live up to the bargain.

One reason I have so much fun in Dad’s company is his sense of humor. He is constantly kidding us, or everyone else who happens to be around. If you can’t take a joke, and I include very practical jokes, it’s best to stay away from him.

One of the qualities I appreciate most in Dad is his effort to be with us for any event that is important to us, no matter how busy he is. Toni found that out again when she invited Dad to a reception given by her sorority, at the Immaculate Heart College.

Knowing that he was just getting ready for "The Conqueror," at RKO, she didn’t hold out much hope that he could make it. Yet Dad not only escorted her to the reception, but bought her a beautiful corsage and got all dressed up, like he was her best beau, and she his best girl.

I myself had another occasion to find out that Dad is never too busy for us, when he took time off to go with me to the "Men’s Breakfast," given for the Loyola High School students. I was particularly thrilled when, sitting next to him, I had the feeling that he was a little proud of me—but not half as proud as I was of being his son.
(He looked like somebody’d hit him over the head with a flat iron. J. R.)

I hadn’t intended to be fascinated with the Russell personality, but after a few days working with Jane, you start seeing the hidden depths, the unexpected potentials and the sensitivity that, surprisingly, is one of her roots. I honestly feel that Jane often has been misunderstood.

In her publicity, her physical appeal has been played up so much that the real attributes of Jane have been lost. She has, in the past, always played parts with a chip on her shoulder, daring some strong man to knock it off. In “Underwater,” RKO has gone all out to show the world that Jane is a warm, versatile, feminine actress. And Jane has come through with a sensitive portrayal that will throw the critics on their respective ears.

I remember in particular one scene on the boat. I haven’t been alone with her for a long time and I’m waiting for her to come up from the cabin. I don’t know that she is serving coffee to Gilbert Roland before she comes up, and I am irritated. Jane (who quite often does not stick to the script) looked at my face as she came up to me and said, “You’re getting grouchy, honey.” And then she slipped her hand inside the collar of my shirt and touched my neck. It was an instinctive bit of acting and the rest of the scene was much too warm for even salt water to put out.

Don’t misunderstand me, I’m not selling her physical ability short. Because she has it. She is one of the most beautiful and graceful swimmers I’ve ever seen. She can also run like the wind. In one scene we were to run thirty yards across the beach within camera range and then I was to tackle her—still within camera range. Feeling rather male at the time, I gave the little girl a head start. That was my undoing. I was really pounding up the beach and I couldn’t catch her. She looked back with that grin and then slowed down so I could catch her. My ego shrunk to the size of a shriveled pea! ( Haven’t you noticed, my legs run up to my arm pits? J. R.)

In my opinion, Jane’s personality has evolved from being raised with four boys and having to stand on her own. This served a dual purpose. No one knows more about male behavior than Jane. She knows what men will and will not do and the very nature of the beast. Her brothers obviously didn’t pamper her and she had to fight to be one of the group. And when she married Robert Waterfield she was still in the world of a man’s man. For he is not given to long and flowery speeches nor does he treat her like a lovely clinging vine, but rather with a mature understanding that, by mutual acceptance, is a continuation of the life Jane has always known.

(Chum, if my feminine wiles don’t show any more than that I’m going home!!! J. R.)

She is, I think, completely unaware of herself as a beauty and the spoken word can have her growing “sissy” in a minute. And yet I found that deep sensitivity and gratitude for being treated like a woman when we slowly changed places during the making of the picture.

The sergeant started folding when, as usual, she over-extended herself, physically, mentally and emotionally. She is always taking care of anyone she feels needs help. Her dressing room was crowded at all times with five or six people who came to her with problems. On top of that she was receiving adverse publicity on “The French Line,” which hurt her deeply.

Did you ever see a sergeant helpless? Watching this one cave in, I said sarcastically, “You look fine. Just great. We’ll wind up eighty pages short on Monday.” I don’t,” the sergeant admitted wanly, turning in her scripts, “feel so good.” And with that concession, I started trying to help her as much as I could. I cleared her dressing room, made the set easy as possible for her and helped in any way I could to see that she was taken care of for a change. And—she liked it! Maybe it was because she didn’t have the strength to fight back. One day when I was going home an hour earlier than usual, I heard a knock on the door. There stood Jane. The new Jane stood hesitantly for a moment and then she said, “What are you doing? We wanted to talk about the script but I wanted you to be there. Would you?” She said it just as if I could help her. If you remember our first introduction with the hair bit, then you, too, can see the switch in this girl of many facets.

(You’re lying. I always insisted on your being in on script conferences— I was simply too weak to shout it this time. J. R.)

How can I fully explain Jane? Shy and sensitive, boisterous and unpredictable, impatient and growing, warm and vital, sneering at flattery but in love with the whole wide world. After you meet her you just can’t help saying fervently and with admiration—“I love that Jane!”

(My word. My word!! J. R.)
COMING ATTRACTIONS
(continued from page 9)

more costumes to come out of, before everything peps back into its Technicolored place.

The Purple Plain

Having lost his wife in a London blast, pilot Gregory Peck isn't particularly concerned about whether or not he lives. It's this indifference that allows him to take the chances which turn men into heroes if they survive. Ace though he is, in the Burma Theatre of Operation, Peck's nasty disposition and evil temper are about to rate him a heave-ho. Before action is taken, Peck meets Win Min Than, a Burmese girl, and under her gentle therapy his bitterness slowly fades. The transition couldn't have come at a better time. On a routine flight, Peck is forced to crash-land his plane in Japan territory. His navigator is seriously burned, and his passenger cracks under the strain of a thirty-mile struggle across Burmese wasteland. The job of survival is up to Peck, the man who didn't want to live. Technicolor thriller good in every respect, except that it concentrates too much on dropping the navigator on his burned leg every few miles, just so you'll get the idea of what a rough go they're having.

Sign of the Pagan

In the fifth century, a Mongolian warlord leading a horde of warriors on horseback thundered across Europe toward Rome. His name, Attila the Hun, had a sound as terrifying as the ring of a double-edged sword. His aim was to destroy the Roman Empire. Attila, played by Jack Palance, knew if he could divide Rome and Constantinople, the world would be his. Though distance separated the two cities, he didn't figure on the intangible power that kept them as one. It was Christian that held firm against the odds, an avenging Princess Ludmilla Tcherina to play an active part in forcing the abdication of her weakening brother who ruled Constantinople. The achieved, she elevated Roman Jel Chandler to General of her army. However, strategist though Chandler was, Attila's defeat was not won in combat but rather in the soul of his daughter, Rita Gam. Action-charged Technicolor drama that gallops across CinemaScope with Palance competently at the reins.

Young at Heart

It seems like the perfect match when Doris Day, daughter of music professor Robert Keith, becomes engaged to composer Gig Young. Although talented and bound to be successful, Young's love for Doris is strong enough to keep her from falling in love with Frank Sinatra. Sinatra is everything Young isn't, which is the reason Doris elopes with him. One of those women who have gone to protect and comfort every hurt and bruised thing that comes her way, Doris certainly picked the perfect subject for her tender ministrations. A songwriter who never made a grade, Sinatra can contribute nothing to their marriage except failure and bitterness. Realizing Doris wouldn't have been better off married Young, Sinatra takes a drastic step to clear out of her life. It doesn't work out quite the way he figured. As for the first time, the lad is made feel how very necessary he is to Doris and their unborn child. Filmed in WarnerColor, this sentimental drama also stars Ethel Barrymore.
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mamma approves, which was not true of some of Pier's former romances.

DEBBIE AND EDDIE — Busy Helen Rose wasn't too occupied to find time to play hostess at a joint shower for Janie and Pier. The presents—silver, crystal, clothing, lingerie—were fabulous, the guests were gorgeous, among them Marisa, Debbie Reynolds, Cyd Charisse, Ann Blyth, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Taina Elg and Leslie Caron. And the engagement rings that were flashing around! Debbie's 7-ct. emerald-cut diamond was largest; it's so big it nearly weighs down this little cutie! Debbie confirmed that she and Eddie Fisher would wait until June to wed. But there are many in Hollywood who are willing to bet on a much earlier date. Close friends of Debbie and Eddie say the brakes could be put on the publicity play-up of the kids' romance which is very real but seemingly is being commercialized. But no one is really worried about the outcome. Eddie Cantor, who hosted their glittering engagement party, summed it all up with a common opinion: "If I'm any judge of human nature, this marriage will be for all time." Debbie and Eddie will build their honeymoon house in Beverly Hills; they've chosen the spot. And Debbie says if ever her career interferes with her marriage—end of career? This we believe, for Debbie is a very honest girl.

VERA-ELLEN AND VIC — Late November was the time set by Vera-Elleen for her marriage to Vic Rothschild, president of an oil drilling business, and that's not a bad business. Her engagement came as a big surprise, for she had been dating many eligible bachelors and was rumored to marry Dick Gully. She and Vic met less than a month before he proposed. They drove up from Palm Springs where they had spent the week-end with mutual friends. Sentimentally, they returned to Palm Springs for part of their honeymoon and planned to spend the remainder cruising to Acapulco on the 85-foot yacht that belongs to Vic's family.

CAROL LEE AND DICK — It's a very formal, white-tie-and-tails wedding for Dick Anderson, handsome young MGM actor, and Carol Lee Ladd, daughter of Alan and Sue Ladd, at the end of January in the garden of the Ladd estate in Holmby Hills. Alan, who will give away the bride, will escort her across a bridge which will be built over one end of the swimming pool to the white plastic tent where the ceremony will be performed. Carol Lee, like Pier Angeli, has chosen an all-white wedding. Although the Ladds gifted their daughter and Dick with a houseite, Dick bought another lot on which they're building their honeymoon cot-
tage. He and Carol Lee want to "go it alone." Happiness couldn't come to a nicer young couple!

BLUE SKIES — Fred MacMurray and June Haver are so happy. They've finished furnishing their home, put in a swimming pool and June, wisely, is not rushing to accept the many offers she's had for movies and TV, which pleases Fred. ... Janet Leigh is delighted that her Tony Curtis was elected "mayor" of Universal City—wholly populated by U-I studios—by a two-thirds margin of the 2,000 votes cast.

BABY TALK — Rosemary Clooney and Eddie Fisher bought several flaming red dresses to wear while waiting for the bambino, due around the end of January. She had hoped the blessed event might have occurred on Jose's birthday, January 8. Anyway, she has insisted, "I just know it will be a boy." Meantime, she and Jose, only the busiest man in town, are whippin' up a night club act for Las Vegas—where else? ... Dennis Day and wife Peggy are welcoming their fifth little Day.

MORE BABIES — Rumors of trouble in the Liz Taylor-Mike Wilding and Judy Garland-Sid Luft marriages seem allayed by news of expected stork arrivals. Judy is pre-recording songs to be used in her next season's TV shows while waiting for her April due infant. She says if it's a girl, the name will be Sarah, if a boy, Joshua. ... There will be plenty of room in the new, large, blue and yellow playroom-nursery for both young Mike and the new Wilding baby, expected at the beginning of March. Liz has never looked more radiantly happy. She's watching her weight this time; she gained too much before little Mike was born two years ago. Liz and Mike are wise beyond their years, infinitely, but they're considering Virginia and Christopher as names for the second sprout.

NO THAWS IN SIGHT — Marilyn got her interlocutory decree from Joe in record time, didn't ask for a settlement, alimony—or even custody of the Wheaties. ... The quipsisters also wonder whether Ty Power or Linda Christian will seek custody of that nude statue of Linda ... Vic and Dorothy Mature failed to patch up differences.

ROUNDELAY — Terry Moore, still under contract, hasn't made a picture in 14 months, thus has plenty of time for dates. While Jacques Sernas, the Paris of "Helen Of Troy," was here making "Jump Into Hell," Terry took him in tow. They were a constant duo, except when Terry was dating James Dean (who seems to be carrying a torch for Pier Angeli). And when Jacques was squired Shelley Winters.

MAN'S TOWN — Never underestimate the fun a bachelor has in this town where there's a scarcity of eligible males. George Nader dates Joan Crawford, Betty Abbott, Julia Adams and his high school sweetheart. ... Hugh O'Brian dates Marilyn Erskine and Nina "Honey Bear" Warren, daughter of the Chief Justice, when she's here. ... Bob Wagner and Virginia Leith were a cozy duo while making "White Feather" in Mexico, but his real "heart" is in La Jolla where he spends much time when he's not working—and not all with his parents.

MORE DATING — Dale Robertson and Mary Murphy still a twosome although the word's around that she found the stubby bear he had to grow for "Top Of The World" a ticklish situation! ... Julia Adams has dated her co-stars before; while making "The Looters" she discovered Ray Danton. ... Piper Laurie was the local favorite femme of Pfc. Davie Schine while he was here before reporting to Alaska, but Piper's mind is on her career. ... Cesar Romero was Katy Jurado's preferred escort before she returned to Mexico, but if "Butch" ever gives up his single blessedness, that will be news!
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Everything about it is different and exciting.
It's the rhythm-riddled story of an exciting girl...
possessed by a wild craze.
It's the story of the men, the women, the music of the back streets of Venice.

Starring

SILVANA MANGANO · MICHAEL RENNIE · VITTORIO GASSMAN · SHELLEY WINTERS

with Katherine Dunham. A PONTI DE LAURENTIIS Production,
A Paramount Picture. Directed by ROBERT ROSEN
Story and Screenplay by Guido Piovene, Ivo Perilli, Ennio de Concini and Robert Rossen
HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEYARY


BACK together. Gary Cooper looks happy as he and wife Rocky celebrate another reconciliation.

BIG SURPRISE. Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor, whose romance was such an on-again, off-again affair, astonished Hollywood by eloping to Las Vegas and having the knot tied.

BILL HOLDEN, between films, took wife Brenda to Europe on well-earned vacation.

T he Hollywood love-life forecast? Fair and warmer. It's Spring, isn't it? And Love's in bloom!

HAPPINESS AHEAD—Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher plan a quiet wedding to avoid public whoop-de-do, but we'll bet our best Easter bonnet it won't be. Before June 17 was decided on, they were tempted to wed sooner. Debbie told us, "Why should we wait if I don't have a picture commitment? I could go to New York with Eddie until he gets the details settled to transfer his TV show to Hollywood." Anyway, they are real happy kids, definitely plan to spend the summer in Europe and to make their permanent home in Hollywood, although Eddie will have to shuttle around the country now and then. Debbie says she doesn't want to give up her career entirely "just yet," but may pass up a picture "now and then" so she can be with Eddie if his work takes him away. No doubt about it, they're show business's couple of the year!

APART A WHILE—Newlyweds Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell are still happy as a couple of lovebirds, so don't raise an eyebrow because she didn't go to Japan with him for that six-week location on "The Gentle Wolfhound." Jeff had TV commitments which kept her here and she's also keeping a watchful eye on the new home they're building in Encino. They'll be neighbors of Clark Gable and John Derek.

OKAYS?—Mary Murphy went back to Oklahoma with Dale Robertson when he visited his family recently. Chums predict continued on page 10
The most shocking revenge a girl ever let one brother take on another!

His name was Cal—but it should have been Cain!

Of what a girl did—of what a boy did—of hurt and excitement—of ecstasy and revenge...

ELIA KAZAN'S EXPLOSIVE PRODUCTION OF JOHN STEINBECK'S

"EAST of EDEN"

WARNER BROS. PRESENT IT IN
CINEMASCOPE
THAT MOVES IN BREATH-CLOSE TO BRING YOU REALISM AND INTIMACY AS NEVER BEFORE!
WARNERCOLOR STEREOPHONIC SOUND

This is James Dean, a very special new star!

The most shocking revenge a girl ever let one brother take on another!

JULIE HARRIS • JAMES DEAN • RAYMOND MASSEY WITh BURL IVES

SCREEN PLAY BY PAUL OSBORN DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR
Coming Attractions
BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

The Long Gray Line
Sure and from the way the brogues run thick as Irish stew, you'll be wonderin' when it was that the Irish captured West Point. It all began some fifty years ago when Marty Maker (Tyrone Power), still smellin' of the peat bogs of Ireland, joined the United States Army at West Point. With no special talents for soldiering, but having a healthy interest in fisticuffs, young Maker would have spent most of his enlistment in the guardhouse hadn't Major Ward Bond made him an assistant boxing instructor. Just around this time, as though some leprechaun were determined to show the Irish do have phenomenal runs of luck, along comes Maureen O'Hara fresh off the boat and quite willing to say "I do." Once Maureen sends for Power's delightfully Hibernian father (Donald Crisp) and younger brother Dinny (Sean McClory), the four make a combination lively as a jig, but even for them it's not entirely one big happy come-all-ye. There's a son who knew only a few hours of life, there are the men who left The Point to fall on the battlefields of two World Wars, and there's the lone-
continued on page 72

AS Genghis Khan in "The Conquerors,"
John Wayne won't disappoint his fans.


"AUTOMATIC" EYEBROW AND EYE LINER PENCIL
79¢
Velvet Black, Dark Brown, Light Brown or Auburn...
Elegant turquoise and gold case!
TWIN-REFILLS, 39¢
There’s more fun at the movies!

Dear Readers:

Sixty years ago, which was before practically everything, a history-making event took place in a shoe store or, if you want to be fussy about it, a reconverted shoe store. If this event was somewhat less earth-shaking, say, than the fall of Rome or the Magna Carta, it nevertheless betokened an immeasurable amount of pleasure for millions upon millions of people throughout the world in the years to come. We’re talking, of course, about the first public exhibition of a motion picture that took place just six decades ago in a (reconverted) shoe store on lower Broadway in New York. Since that time, movies have graduated from shoe stores to theatres that have no rival for comfort, if not for downright luxury, and from a flickering light on a screen that might have passed for a window shade to such recent phenomena as CinemaScope, SuperScope, VistaVision, 3-D, Cinerama and what next? While all the new processes may seem a little bewildering, one thing is sure: all of them have been developed to make movie-going more pleasurable than ever. One other thing is sure: regardless of which process (or processes) becomes standard, going to the movies will always be the most exciting—and rewarding—means of viewing entertainment. So, on the 60th anniversary of the first showing of a motion picture, SCREENLAND take this opportunity to salute the now more than 15,000 motion picture exhibitors throughout the country for their services to the community and to let them know that we, too, believe there’s more fun at the movies.

The Editors
this was a prelude to a wedding... And friends of Ray Danton say that his father's visit here—the senior Danton's first in 20 years—was largely to meet Julie Adams. Ray and Julie had some “publicity dates” while they were making “The Looters” but then real romance developed. During that picture, Ray broke a bone in his wrist; it was injured again in “Chief Crazyhorse” and X-rays proved he needed a bone graft. Julie was his constant visitor at the hospital after the operation.

ON THEIR TOES—French ballerina Jeanmaire and her one-time ballet partner, now choreographer Roland Petit, married in France, then had to rush to Hollywood where they both reported to Paramount for “Anything Goes,” in which she co-stars with Bing Crosby and Donald O'Connor. What a cast! It's a working honeymoon, for Petit is directing some of the dance sequences for the same picture.

HAPPY HONEYMOONERS—Vera Ellen and Vic Rothschild, the wealthy oil man, back from their wedding cruise to Acapulco on Vic's family's 85-foot yacht. Marriage agrees with “The Hyphen”—she's gained five pounds and she can use 'em... Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean finally got married after 60,000 many postponements. Now their friends who wondered if they'd ever take the jump can relax! A week after Mitzi and Jack moved into their honeymoon apartment they decided it was too small and moved pronto.

BABY TALK—The stork already is flapping his wings over the homes of recently-married Pier Angeli and Vic Damon... Ditto Jane Powell and Pat Nerney... Ditto Ursula Thiess and Rober...
EUROPE-BOUND. Doris Day and Marty Melcher will tour British Isles this summer.

HAPPY TRAVELERS—Lauren Bacall says she's going to insist that Humphrey Bogart take a vacation trip—around the world. And Baby, who seems to get her way, says they'll fly, mostly. . . . Doris Day and Marty Melcher will tour the British Isles this summer, purely for fun. The London Palladium has been paging Doris, but she has turned down the offers. Doris and Marty, who have their own producing company, have signed Charles Vidor, who just directed Doris at MGM in "Love Me Or Leave Me," to direct their first indie production, "Rhythm And Blues". . . . William Holden and Brenda Marshall left for a vacation in England and the south of France; made a stopover in Greenland to entertain the troops. After a steady string of great pics, Bill gets a vacation before starting "Picnic". . . .

Their love was like a hungry flame sweeping the wind-lashed moors, blazing in the fury of a world gone mad!

Universal International presents

ROCK HUDSON
BARBARA RUSH
JEFF MORROW

PRINT BY Technicolor

CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT

with KATHLEEN RYAN • FINLAY CURRIE • DENIS O'DEA • GEOFFREY TOONE • Directed by DOUGLAS Sirk
Screenplay by W. R. BURNETT and OSCAR BROSNEN • Story and Adaptation by W. R. BURNETT • Produced by ROSS HUNTER
The Plot Against Frank

Startling revelations come to light as the true story behind Frank's battles with the press is unmasked

NOT LONG AGO I spent an entire afternoon in a man-to-man talk with Frank Sinatra about his notoriety as a so-called "newspaperman-hater." When I got up to leave, Frankie looked at me with those penetrating blue eyes of his, smiled wanly, and said:

"If an untoward incident should happen, Bill, all I ask is that somebody stops for a second and says, 'What about your side of the story?'"

All right, what about Frank Sinatra's side of the story?
The case against Frankie is all too familiar. It holds that the spindly wonder boy of the entertainment world is practically psychotic about members of the fourth estate, that he goes berserk at the very sight of a newspaper photographer or a reporter.

Fictional or not, the old wounds between Frankie and the press seemed to have been all but healed when they were ripped open again in Frankie's now famous skirmish with Jim Byron, the publicity man of the Crescendo night club on Sunset Strip. The episode abruptly revived the ancient caricature of Frankie as a guy with a chip on his shoulder and rocks continued on page 15

A CONTROVERSIAL figure, the truth is that Frankie has not been the aggressor, but he is moved to action when subjected to an injustice.
Sinatra!
FRANK SINATRA continued

Frank's side of the story, so long overlooked if not

FRANK and Tony Martin listen attentively as Eddie Cantor gives them a few words of advice.
in his head for Jim had always been an ardent Sinatra fan.

But the case for Frank Sinatra is not at all familiar. How could it be? It hasn’t been told. It is the purpose of this piece to take care of that oversight.

It would be folly to deny that if Frankie really did shout that he hates newspapermen during L'affaire Crescendo he thereby pulled perhaps the prize faux pas of his career. But knowing what I do about the background of Frankie’s widely reported squabbles with the press, and knowing first hand as I do of Frankie’s genuine personal affection for many members of the press, I am convinced that Frankie did not mean what he said—if that’s what he said. As any objective newspaperman will admit, the fact is that all newspapermen are not angels any more than all actors are angels. The further fact is that Frank Sinatra does have a hearty contempt for some newspapermen, but that it would be impossible for him to hate all newspapermen, or even to think he did. To paraphrase a sardonic bromide, some of Frankie’s best friends are—and will continue to be—newspapermen.

In order to understand Frankie’s side of this hoary controversy, you have to understand two things—the kind of a guy Sinatra is, and the shocking plot against Sinatra. The plot to “get Sinatra” has been a frivolous pastime of certain elements of the press since 1943 who depleted the influence Frankie, then the idol of the ecstatic bobby-soxers, had on the nation’s youth.

It is conceivable that a target less sensitive than Sinatra might have shrugged it off. But the fact that Sinatra could not work up philosophical detachment about being mangled in print did not necessarily justify the vendetta against him. Sinatra happens to be that kind of a guy, and the kind of a guy he is was first determined on the streets of Hoboken, New Jersey. He valued personal dignity—and fought for it—long before he became a celebrity, and he wouldn’t know how to duck the challenge of a personal injustice or a social injustice if he wanted to.

Part of Frankie’s difficulty stems from the fact that he is an incurably ingenuous person. He doesn’t react to the professional or social standing of the author of an offense, but to the offense itself. Anyone who knows Sinatra knows that he’d take on a studio head with just as much foolhardiness as he’d take on a press agent or a newspaperman or a busboy if he thought the studio boss was out of line. Sinatra is not a snob—either in the choice of his friends or his adversaries.

In spite of the fact that he has become such a controversial figure, the truth is that he has not been the aggressor in his alleged war with the press. For years he has been the victim of merciless sniping by irresponsible individuals within the press—acts of journalistic vandalism from which the majority of responsible newspapermen repeatedly have disassociated themselves. I doubt that the critics who rush with posse-like fervor to condemn Frankie have the foggiest notion of the wantonly provocative nature of the unabated plot against Frankie.

This is the side of the story they have not heard—Frankie’s story. If, for example, Frankie had taken a poke at a crippled newsreel cameraman when he landed with his bride, Ava Gardner, at Los Angeles International Airport following their Miami honeymoon, the story would have been flashed to the four corners of a shocked nation.

Yet just such a trap was set for Frankie, but the fact that he didn’t go for the bait wasn’t worth a line in the papers. Frankie and Ava had stood on the steps of the plane, posing for newsreel and newspaper photographers, and he was blinded by the glare of floodlights and flash bulbs. He couldn’t see where the voice was coming from, but throughout the picture-taking session, he heard one of the press group taunting him:

“Did you bring your boxing gloves, tough guy?”

continued on page 16
Films, night clubs and TV—careerwise, Frank's on top again

Frankie didn't want to mar his homecoming, and he fought hard—and successfully—to ignore his heckler. Later a friend of Frankie's—a newspaperman, no less—put his arm around him and said, "Gee, I'm glad you didn't pay any attention to that guy. He was a crippled television newsreel photographer, and they planted him there to needle you. They were hoping you'd take a swipe at him and give them a story."

Not a very endearing experience.

"Maybe six or seven months earlier," Frankie told me, "I might have been in a brawl over a thing like that. I was edgy. I didn't care about a lot of things. I can't explain it. I'm just glad that I whipped it."

Frankie had a very simple explanation for the highly publicized embroglios which he did not pass up.

"I didn't go looking for trouble," he assured me. "I just didn't duck it. If a man blew up every time he was agitated by some crude, uncouth guy, every man in public life would be in the papers every day if he didn't control himself. Ask any actor who goes out to a night club or the movies. Nine times out of ten you meet a wise guy who's gotta make remarks. 'What are you, a big man?' they'll sneer. 'Are you slumming?' Occasionally, a man blows up. Sometimes he's right, and sometimes he's wrong. But some of the stuff that goes on drives you crazy."

The abortive attempt to trick Frankie into striking a cripple wasn't the only example of the vicious nonsense to which some newspapermen were willing to stoop in their adolescent efforts to get Frankie to lose the temper they had publicized beyond its actual dimensions. Frankie told me of a similar experience in Reno when a wire service reporter confessed to him that he had been assigned by his bureau chief to pick a fight with Frankie.

"I'm an ex-fighter," the newspaperman explained to Frankie. "I want to let you in on something, but I want you to keep it confidential. My outfit wanted me to bait you when you got off the plane. But I couldn't be party to a dirty trick like that. I wouldn't do it for all the money in the world. Besides, my wife has been a fan of yours for years, and I couldn't get into the house if I did anything like that."

ALTHOUGH he spoke feelingly about the injustices to which he had been subjected, Frankie took pains to make it clear that he never felt any grievance against the press as a whole.

"People ask me if I'm still fighting with the press," he smiled plaintively. "I never fought with the press. I fought with a half-dozen guys, and I'd fight with them again if they did what they did again. I have been accused of attacking—which makes me want to grin when I think about it—attacking, fighting and everything else with certain members of the press, photographers and so forth. I have never done any such thing in my life except in one instance. That concerns a certain columnist in New York, which happened a long time ago. And since then I've never had any physical brawls with anybody in the press. I've had words with some

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A GOOD TROUPER, FRANK MAKES A PERFECT FOIL FOR JIMMY DURANTE'S ANTICS ON TV
Some aspects of his personal life Frank

of them occasionally because they were needed at the time.”

Sinatra’s alleged clashes with newspapermen took up almost as much space as the description of the by-play during his wedding to Ava Gardner. One story quoted Frankie as commenting, upon discovering reporters at the wedding scene, “How did these creeps know we were here?”

But the version Frankie gave me of what happened on his wedding night is one I have never seen in print.

“We were married in a small house,” Frankie told me. “Ava and I were nervous and naturally we didn’t want too much excitement. We explained that there wasn’t enough room to get everybody inside, so we agreed to a pool arrangement. A man from CBS and a man from Universal-International were allowed inside to shoot as many pictures as they could get, and while the photographers were waiting on the porch, we sent drinks and sandwiches to them.

“We rented a developing studio in midtown Philadelphia so the pictures could be processed right away. Not only that, after the wedding, Ava and I stood and posed for 45 minutes. To a man—almost to a man—the photographers yelled that the arrangement was fine with them. But there was one wise guy in the bunch. He walked through the crowd and said, ‘I don’t care what these bums are going to do. I’m going to take your picture whether you like it or not.’

“Naturally,” he went on, “I saw red. I told him, ‘I’ll bet you 50 to 1 that you don’t, and I’ll bet you another 50 that

DEEPLY hurt by split up with Ava Gardner, Frankie was sensitive to probing. Ava was more ebullient.
if you point the camera at me, I'll knock you flat.' Incidentally, 
he never got the picture."

Nor does Frank feel his indignities at the hands of the 
press have been limited to personal run-ins such as the one 
on his wedding night. He made no bones about the fact that 
he considers himself the victim of many gratuitous distortions 
and downright untruths.

A typical illustration he cited concerns the time he was 
having dinner at the Shamrock Hotel in Houston several 
years ago.

"A guy walked by my table, spotted me, and ran out to 
his car and got his camera. Then he came up to me and said 
nicely, 'May I take your picture for our paper?' I said, 'No, 
I'd rather you didn't, if you don't mind.' That was absolutely 
all that happened. We didn't exchange another word. But the 
next morning a big story broke that I threatened to hit him 
with the camera. This is one of the worst lies I've ever seen 
in print against anybody. I think it's unfair, terribly unfair."

It is entirely possible that the key to this whole problem 
lies to some substantial degree in Frank's personal happiness 
and peace of mind. I remember talking with him while he 
was making "From Here To Eternity," and all was well with 
his marriage to Ava.

"From the moment I was married," Frank told me proudly, 
"nobody could bait me. I had been under an emotional strain. 
I calmed down after the marriage. From that time on, noth-
ing ever happened.

"I'm still concerned about certain problems," he continued. 
"but they're not making me sick as they normally would 
when you're under great stress. When you're happily married, 
you can take things well."

Frank's words were to prove strangely—and inversely— 
prophetic. When the marriage failed, he was deeply wounded 
—and understandably sensitive to probing. His taboos changed 
with his personal fortunes, and that, too, was understandable. 
When he was able to discuss his marriage with dignity, he did 
so—willingly and amiably. Obviously, he feels that the failure 
of his marriage, and his groping for happiness, are his per-
sonal cross to bear and to him it would be degrading to share 
these things with the public. It is for these reasons that he 
will not discuss them for publication, not because he hates 
newspapermen.

F

RANKIE'S side of the story, so long overlooked if not 
suppressed, seems a most compelling one. When the pic-
ture is filled in completely, there is the portrait of a man of 
stature and principle, a man who gets into trouble only be-
cause he refuses to run when trouble shows up. A man who 
refuses to surrender his dignity although at times it threatens 
to cost him all else.

As for his future relationship with the press, Frankie has 
no fixed ideas.

"My aim right now," he told me, "is to do the right thing 
when it's time. And if the occasion ever arrives when a guy 
starts to push you around, I think you've got to stand up 
and say, 'Just a moment. Let's not have any of this stuff.' 
And that's the way it will go."

It is easy to understand, now that the plot against him has 
been unmasked, why Frankie might not be overly fond of 
some newspapermen. But as far as Frankie hating newspaper-
men as a breed, the accusation has been hurled at him be-
fore, and when I asked him about it, Frankie told me:

"That is probably one of the worst untruths I've ever heard 
of or been accused of in my life."

It's still a mighty unequivocal—and timely—answer. END
Weekending in Las Vegas, Pier Angeli and Vic Damone discover the quaint Last Frontier Village while sightseeing and have a gay time doing the town.
THE STARS AT PLAY continued

Pier and Vic relive days of the Old West as they frolic in "Ghost Town"

NOSTALGIA for "the good old days" temporarily overtakes the romantic young marrieds as they rest beside a covered wagon.

OLD night spot is nothing like modern Las Vegas club where Vic was then singing. He's also appearing in MGM's "Hit The Deck."

"DEAD-EYE" Vic aims to impress his bride as he makes like a sharpshooter with old guns in the Last Frontier Village shooting gallery.
TIME OUT for repairs. Now back in Hollywood, Pier's reported on store's list.
TERRY'S beaux have to wait in line just to get her phone number, but she claims that men still have her guessing!
"I've been trying to figure out guys for years. There are so many types—the snob, the timid soul, the publicity hound—"

PIE-EATING contest stars Terry and Tab Hunter, is just as much fun as the Mocambo.

TERRY MOORE ASKS:

"What's With Men?"

A FEW WEEKS AGO, a fellow I dated for the first time tried to kiss me goodnight when he brought me home. Realizing his intentions—a girl usually can—I didn’t give him a chance. When we got to the front door, I already had my key poised and two seconds later was inside the threshold.

He looked somewhat surprised when I offered my hand. "I had a wonderful evening," I told him, and meant it. For a moment he hesitated. "Mind if I’m frank?"

"Of course not."

"I can’t figure you girls out. If a guy doesn’t kiss her, she thinks he doesn’t like her. If he does, she considers him forward, like you obviously do . . ."

I assured him I didn’t, that I just never kissed a fellow on the first date. Yet I couldn’t blame him for being bewildered about us females. I’ve been confused about men all my life!

Look at it from a girl’s point of view: If she lets a fellow kiss her the first evening, he thinks she’s “easy.” If she won’t, he considers her a prude. I know from experience, because in high school, I had a reputation for being an “iceberg.”

But it isn’t just the kissing that makes men hard to figure out. I’ve found so many curious contradictions that I’ve just about given up trying to analyze them.

Since I grew out of my teens, at least the “you’re my girl so don’t you see anyone else,” and the “I want you to be my steady” types have pretty well disappeared. But I still find many dates possessive to the point where a continued relationship becomes very difficult, to say the least.

Like one fellow I grew to like a great deal before he became overly inquisitive.

I still recall the evening it finally reached the breaking point. The moment he picked me up at my house, he demanded to know, "What were you doing last night?"

Ordinarily, I don’t care to give an account of my time. However, for the sake of a pleasant evening, I told him I had dinner at the Fox and Hounds in Santa Monica. He wasn’t satisfied. "With whom?"

"Someone you wouldn’t know."

"Who was it?" he persisted.

This went on all evening. In itself it wasn’t sufficient to keep me from seeing him in the future, but in addition to some other differences, it proved the final touch. And all this inquisitiveness without any “understanding” between us, any encouragement on my part whatsoever.

In contrast, over-humility and complete lack of self-assurance is even more puzzling to me. Why would someone ask to take me out, then oh-and-ah all evening because I’m

continued on page 27
"MY CLOTHES have had less criticism from my dates than from columnists, probably because, except for premieres, I dress simply."

BOB WAGNER and Terry starred in "Twelve Mile Reef," set marriage rumors flying, were and are the best of friends.

"I let fellows I date know I'm the old-fashioned type of girl who expects good manners. Then they enjoy being gentlemen"
in pictures? I recall one fellow in particular who kept assuring me "I don't really know why you accepted my invitation. You're a movie star and I'm a nobody. You couldn't possibly go for a guy like me ..."

How different from the sergeant I met in Korea, assigned to a United Nations Broadcasting unit. It never occurred to him to apologize for being just a GI. And why should he? Who's done more for our country than fellows like him? Certainly I couldn't take as much credit for having been fortunate enough to get into a business which combines a good salary with prominence.

To round out the different attitudes toward movie people, I don't want to exclude the snob who doesn't feel comfortable unless he can insult you.

I was introduced to such a character at a big party a short while ago. He didn't have a kind word to say for anyone in the film industry, assured me he could never consider marrying an actress, and if he ever should, his family would disinherit him instantly.

Somehow I just couldn't keep myself from asking why he was telling all this to me, an actress, and furthermore, why he had accepted an invitation to a party attended predominantly by motion picture and television people. He couldn't think of an appropriate answer.

Always wanting fellows to be honest with me, I failed to see the embarrassment this might entail for them—till it was brought out by the reaction of an actor-friend of mine, after a premiere. At the time he was getting along on a spotty income which restricted his movements. Unfortunately, I hadn't realized his situation when I suggested joining Susan Zanuck's party at the Mocambo.

"Sorry," he replied. "I can't make it. Have an early call at the studio tomorrow morning ..."

As far as I knew, he was between pictures. But I didn't say anything. If he didn't want to go, that was his decision to make.

On the way to the parking lot, we ran into Steve Crane, who invited us to his house for a party. "Sounds wonderful," said my date. "We'll be right over . . ."

I turned to him in surprise. "You just said you'd have to get home early tonight . . ."

For a couple of moments, he studied the tops of his shoes intently and uncomfortably. "To be frank, Terry, I just don't have the money to take you to the Mocambo."

I appreciated his honesty, but still couldn't understand why he hadn't told me at the beginning—till I recalled an incident which gave me a clue to his behavior. I'd had lunch with a young writer who hadn't sold a story for months. Not wanting to burden him with my check as well as his, as discreetly as possible I tried to take care of my share of the meal. Instead of being appreciative, he was quite hurt. "If I couldn't afford to take you out for lunch, I wouldn't have asked you in the first place," he insisted.

Obviously, most men are sensitive about financial matters. However, here too I have found the opposite type. Fellows who wouldn't consider driving anything less expensive than a Cadillac, a Jaguar or a Mercedes Benz, yet when it comes to tipping, are about as tight as a closed oyster. Of the two types, continued on page 70
TONY CURTIS TELLS

“How psychiatry

“I had every reason in the world to be happy, but I wasn’t.”

In an exclusive interview, Tony reveals why

By RUSS NEWTON

TONY CURTIS is a most blessed young man. He has the adulation of millions. He earns more than $2,000 a week. He has a beautiful and devoted wife. He is the kind who attracts true friendships and is liked by his fellow workers.

All this, yet he consults a psychiatrist. Why? That was the question all Hollywood asked when Tony admitted publicly that he was having sessions with a “head-shrinker,” as he put it.

Tony seems the least likely candidate for the psychiatrist’s couch. From the outside, at least, he appears to have everything in the world that a person would want. Besides, he is a happy, lusty extrovert who would seem to be content in any situation.

To find the answer to this puzzle, I went to Tony himself. As always, I found him friendly, helpful and completely frank.

“Let me put this straight from the start—I’m not blowing my top,” Tony began. “The only reason I might hesitate to talk about this matter is that I’m afraid people might get the wrong idea and think I was nuts or something. It’s not that at all.

“I don’t suffer from a sense of insecurity. I don’t have a split personality. It’s none of those things.

“Here’s how it all happened: Several months ago, I wasn’t feeling so good. It wasn’t a big thing at all. But somehow I didn’t feel happy. I got mad at little things. I let people annoy me. I’d get put out with Janet over unimportant matters. In short, I wasn’t as happy as I should have been. I had every reason in the world to be happy, but I wasn’t.

“I happened to mention the way I was feeling to a friend of mine. He said he was going to a psychiatrist at that time and suggested it might be a good thing for me. I decided to give it a try.

“It was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. My whole outlook on life changed; I see things much more clearly than I did before.

“I don’t get on the couch and babble on about a lot of things. It’s nothing like that. I simply go to this psychiatrist’s office once or twice a week and we sit down and talk. Nothing formal at all. We just shoot the breeze the same way we’re doing now.

“For instance, he’ll ask me, ‘Well, what kind of a day did you have today?’ And I’ll say: ‘Pretty good. No, it wasn’t so good at that. I came into the studio this morning and gave the gate man a big hello and he didn’t answer back to me. That made me sore. The whole morning I kept wondering why he didn’t say hello to me. Didn’t he like me or something?’

“And then he’ll ask me some more questions and maybe

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changed my life"
TONY CURTIS continued Tony's applied new understanding to his marriage.

AT HOME Janet and Tony enjoy those rare moments of fun and laughter which are so relaxing after the hectic pace of their lives.
"Now I know why I react as I do"

talk about my childhood. Eventually we come up with the reason why I was so upset when the gateman didn't say hello to me. And the next time it happens, I'll realize that maybe the gateman himself was upset about something and that was why he didn't say hello and I won't get myself in a stew over a matter like that.

"That's how simple the treatment is. We just talk back and forth, the same way the Greek philosophers did in ancient times. Eventually we arrive at the truth."

But, I suggested, doesn't all this rationalization take the spice out of life? Doesn't that make it so he can't get mad at anyone?

"Not at all," he added quickly. "I can get mad. I can get good and mad. But I get mad only with a reason."

"For instance, I used to get put out with people when they didn't come up to my expectations. Now I realize I cannot expect more than they can produce."

He searched for an example. Then he pointed at the boots he was wearing for his swashbuckling role in "The Purple Mask." Supposing, he mused, that the boots didn't fit correctly. His conversation with the wardrobe man might go like this:

"These boots are too tight. I gotta get another pair."
"We haven't got any here."
"Where are they?"
"They're down in the wardrobe department."
"Then why don't you get them?"
"There's no stand-by car on the set."
"Well, can't you order one?"
"Yes—"

"Then order one and get those boots for me."

That, he argued, would be the right way to handle the situation. Not being dictatorial about it. Not pussyfooting around, either. But reasoning the matter out and exacting the degree of efficiency the other person is capable of.

"That's important," he said. "It's one of the most important things I have learned: do not try to push a person beyond his capabilities. But on the other hand, I have the right to expect the best possible performance of his duties that he is able to produce. And if he doesn't come through, I've got a right to squawk."

Tony admitted that he and his wife, Janet Leigh, were having some troubles before he started his psychiatric treatments. There were the usual irritations that all young married couples suffer during the first few years of learning to live together. But these difficulties were compounded by the fact that both Tony and Janet are high-spirited persons and both are subjected to the tense, nerve-wracking life of being popular movie stars.

It's very possible that their troubles could have become so magnified with added months of strain that their marriage would not have stood up under it. Tony himself is realistic enough to realize this.

In Hollywood, even marriages that seem idyllic are subject to the pressures of the goldfish bowl life. One sharp word spoken in public can be blown up overnight into a full-scale split. If a couple is not getting along, the word soon leaks out to the gossips. Many columnists will leap at the news, hoping to be the first to report the impending breakup.

These rumors can unnerve a husband and wife, even those who are very much in love. Despite their devotion, doubts creep into their minds as the questions are repeated: "Are you

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Tony Curtis continued

"The better I know my emotions, the better I can act"

splitting up?" "Have you consulted a lawyer?" Usually, something has got to give—and does.
Fortunately, the marriage of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh got help before their friends or the public had even an inkling that there was any trouble brewing between them.
"I would go to the psychiatrist and explain about some trouble that might have happened between Janet and me," Tony explained. "We'd talk it over and I'd find out why I reacted the way I did. I'd know how to handle the situation the next time."
The results of his talks put their marriage on a much more solid basis.
"Oh, we still have our fights like anybody else—maybe more so," Tony laughed. "I belt Janet one and she gives me a boot in the rear, and we end up very happy."
Besides matrimonial harmony, there are other important reasons why Tony consulted psychiatry. For one thing, he wanted to improve as an actor.

DOORKEEPERS in their new home, Janet and Tony hope it will be a place to escape the pitfalls of Hollywood's fishbowl marriages.

FRIENDLY TUSSLES are part of the game for Janet and Tony. "We still have our fights like anybody else—but we end up very happy."
"Some people work with their hands," he said. "Me, I've got to use my imagination.

"My job is to express emotion on the screen. No one else can do it for me. These have to be the emotions of myself, Bernard Schwartz, alone. Now it stands to reason that the better I know my own emotions and why I react as I do, the better I will be able to act on the screen.

"Not only that. The more an actor knows, the better he can be. And experience with psychiatry has opened a whole new world to me; I want to learn. Not that I didn't want to learn before. This is something different. Now there is an inner drive which I never had.

"WHEN I first started going to this psychiatrist, he gave me a bunch of tests. One was an intelligence test. He told me that the results showed that I placed in the category of brilliant.

"Can you imagine that? Well, it brought about a big change in me. It gave me confidence to tackle whatever task faced me. It gave me the ambition to read great books and learn all I can about philosophy and literature and everything. I've been reading like mad."

He added another reason for his consultation with psychiatry and it had a strictly commercial basis.

"I didn't know how to talk to my bosses," he confessed. "That wasn't good. Instead of presenting my case in a quiet, logical way I'd go into their offices like a roaring lion. I'd come out very much subdued but without putting my points across. I just didn't know how to speak up."

Tony is finding his voice. He knows he has reached the point where he must consolidate his position in the film world. He has a strong following among movie fans, particularly among the younger people. Now he must solidify his popularity with them. And he believes there is only one way to do that: with good pictures.

"Take all the other actors who are more or less in my age category," he cited. "All of them have had at least one really smash picture.

"Rock Hudson had 'Magnificent Obsession.' Bob Wagner had 'Prince Valiant,' which was a great break for a young actor. John Derek had 'Knock On Any Door.' Marlon Brando has had a number of great films. Montgomery Clift had 'From Here To Eternity' and others.

"I haven't had my big hit yet. My pictures have been good money-makers, yes. But that isn't enough. In order to stay in the business, an actor has to have a really great picture every once in a while. I'm looking for mine."

He'll soon have a broader field in which to look. This summer his exclusive contract with Universal-International will run out. Thereafter, he will make two pictures a year for the studio. He will be able to make other films on his own at other studios. And after three more years, he will be entirely free of his U-I ties. He wants to have his career on a firm basis when he goes out on his own.

"I want to be in the movie business for the next thirty years," he said.

And with his vitality, drive and level head, he's likely to do it.
Jean takes the stand to debunk some myths about the private life of the Stewart Grangers

By HELEN GOULD

ANY THINGS have been said and written about Jean Merilyn Simmons (the name she was born with in Crouch Hill, London, 25 years ago) since she came to Hollywood in 1950, so many, in fact, as to cause some befuddlement concerning the question: Who is the real girl behind it all?

She herself knocked one of the legends into a cocked hat almost immediately. The one that she wouldn't talk about herself or husband Stewart Granger because their private life was, well, private.

I told her I wanted to ask some direct questions to clear up the fog, and she said, gaily, "Come to lunch on Friday!" That's hardly being evasive, or ducking the issue. So there I was, driving up the private road lined with what seemed like millions of geraniums, to the Granger's hilltop house.

In the irregularly-shaped living room that blends a modern glass wall with the farm house feeling of bleached oak beams and two facing brick fireplaces, Jean sank contentedly onto a couch. "Fire away," she said eagerly.

"All right. Take the stand, Miss Simmons. These are direct questions. Will you answer them as such?"

A. I will!

Q. People are always talking about domestic problems you might have. What about that?
   A. Everything is wonderful, really!
   Q. Then what about the impression that you are very moody?
   A. Yes, I suppose I am. I suddenly go into a kind of thing, and then I want to be left alone. This is especially true when I am working, and concentrating on a role. . . .

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"WE'VE heard the breakup rumors so often we don't even get upset about them."
"I think I know the reason 'Jimmy' hates to take me places. He wants me to be poised and dignified and I'm always falling over myself."

"It's not true 'Jimmy' dominates"

No, I don't bring the role home, but that's the way it is. Jimmy can look at me and get me out of the mood; it's over like that. He knows exactly how to handle me. But the odd thing is, I can't get him out of his moods. He has to be alone, until it's run its course. But isn't everybody moody at times? A person without moods could be very dull.

Q. Is it true you try to do everything your husband's way?
A. (Smile.) So many people think Jimmy dominates me. The impression, that this poor little youngster is bullied by Granger into not having a thought of her own is completely untrue. Jimmy's very funny. He still kids me about doing "Hamlet." You know, he did everything he could to talk me out of it. He was perfectly logical about my trying to tackle Shakespeare at 16—and with a company that included Laurence Olivier! But thank God, it was accepted.

Q. Accepted! It was only your Ophelia that made you the darling of London. But then—you defied Jimmy as long ago as that? Even before you were married?
A. Oh, it's still going on. Not long ago, he tried to talk me out of doing "The Actress"—but for a different reason: he didn't think I should go on playing 16-year-old children!
But the role of an adolescent girl who wanted to be an actress appealed to me. It's still one of my favorites. I had to dance, sing, learn an American accent and play the violin. I didn't even know how to hold a violin, but Jimmy taught me!

Q. Then you like to work with your husband professionally?
A. Oh, I love to make a picture with him. He's a terrible taskmaster. When we were doing "Rebound" he'd practically take me by the scruff of the neck when we were rehearsing the script in the evenings for the next day's shooting. He'd say, "Come on, you'll have to be doing this tomorrow morning at 9, you know." Maybe I don't agree with Jimmy on everything I want to do, but he's very sound!

Q. What about your different tastes in social life?
A. (Chuckle.) Oh, yes, the old story that I am a gadabout, while Jimmy likes to stay home with a book. I do like parties, but you can't indulge in them while you're making a picture. I am not so much in the mood now, anyway. We have our friends in to visit us quite a bit, which is much nicer. I guess I've settled down. (Contented sigh.)

I think the whole thing started when I first visited Hollywood. I was on my way back from the Fiji Islands where "Blue Lagoon" was made and I stopped here. Naturally, I wanted to go where I could see the stars. You know, to the English the Hollywood stars are gods and I was star-struck.

I think I know the main reason Jimmy hates to take me places. (Giggle.) I am always falling over myself. It was at the "Hamlet" premiere in Sydney—and the Governor of Australia was waiting for me at the head of an imposing staircase. I had on a long dress and high heels, and just as I got to the top, I did it—fell flat on my face. Nobody dared pick me up; they had to leave us alone. It was protocol, or something. Anyway, there I was, and I got the giggles. At 18, a thing like that can seem funny. So I just got up and carried on.

Jimmy wants me to do the poised bit, and be dignified. Yet when I get too dignified he knows it, and when he can see me putting it on, he beats me over the head for that, too!

Intermission. Rushton, the Granger's houseman, announced lunch. Stewart Granger had brought him back with him from his last trip to England. Rushton has been his driver and dresser over there for years. A small, blond, smiling man, he's delighted to be in California, and with the Grangers. The

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For one slow to anger, Rock Hudson can work up a sizzler that's sensational

when he blows his top,

Watch Out, Brother!

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

ROCK HUDSON is a man with a high boiling point. Everybody knows that. "Rock never lost his temper—really lost it—in his life," say some of the people who think they know him best. "He's just an easy-going guy who never takes the trouble to get steamed up."

That's what they think! But Rock can get just as angry as anyone else and when there is good reason for it, he is man enough to do something about it. Perhaps what confuses people is that he doesn't get angry in a conventional fashion. A belligerent night club heckler, for instance, will probably find himself completely ignored. But Rock can be annoyed. And he does show it.

There was the day, for instance, last summer in Italy when he was trying to take some pictures of people at a sidewalk cafe. One of the more obnoxious types of American tourists began kibitzing. "It won't be any good—at this distance—with the light the way it is—" the man objected in a "know it all" way.

Rock tried not to listen. He was absorbed in what he was doing and besides, he makes it a point to try to get along with strangers. Nothing the man was saying seemed to make much sense but he was the persistent type and kept on moving closer and uttering his criticisms more loudly. Finally, he gestured excitedly in Rock's face with a particularly obnoxious cigar.

"Look, pal," urged the stranger. "I'm telling you I know about these things and you're all wrong."

Rock had been doing a slow burn, but now it began to quicken. He took a deep breath, let it out slowly and then inquired, "Are you a professional photographer?"

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“No. As a matter of fact, I’m a doctor. But I happen to know—”

“Ever operate a motion picture camera?”

“Well, no, but that doesn’t make any difference. I still know—”

Rock’s patience broke and he snapped, “Well, this happens to be a motion picture camera. And I just happen to have used it with fair success up to now. And I just happen to intend to do this my own way and if I make any mistakes they’re going to be my own!”

The stranger caught on and he and his objectionable, gesturing cigar disappeared down the street. But whenever Rock runs this particular strip of film through his projection machine (it turned out very well, by the way!) he can still feel the boiling and the satisfaction inside him. “When he retreated,” he says now, “it was the greatest!”

This officious and anonymous stranger, had he but known it, had put his finger squarely on one of Rock’s most sensitive nerve-ends, the one which reacts violently to the know-it-all-about-anything.

Not so long ago, Rock was at a party at which one guest took it upon himself to assume the role of pundit about practically everything. He was sounding off sonorously about how “people are too stupid to realize—but some day they will find that I was right—” when Rock, looking exasperated, got to his feet.

“I couldn’t,” he announced clearly, “disagree with you more thoroughly than I do at this moment.”

It caused a mild sensation. And it caused the punditing person to fade away in a sort of surprised and futile splutter. Equally surprised friends who really don’t expect Rock to make issues of things, gasped to him, “What happened?”

Rock tried to explain. “I honestly don’t know, exactly. It wasn’t what the man was trying to put over, to convince us of, that riled me so much as it was his attitude.”

Then he confessed, grinning. “I don’t think I know exactly what he was propounding and I’m sure I don’t care. I just knew suddenly that if he said that black was black—and said it in that voice and with that manner—I’d have to contradict
all attempts to persuade him to follow any sort of regular regime

The gist of his remarks was, "Look, this is my life. This is how I want to live it. And if there are any penalties to pay, I'm the man who is going to pay them!"

That did it and Rock proceeded on his carefree way, looking, incidentally, healthier than most people.

He does admit, rather ruefully, that he is really ill-tempered about one thing. Traffic.

"I simply don't know what happens to me," he says, in puzzled tones, "but when I get behind the wheel of a car I start trying to outguess all the other drivers. Everyone seems to be trying to get the best of me, everyone is competing with me. There seems to be a vast conspiracy afoot."

Of course, not everyone in Southern California's hectic traffic tangle tries as hard as Rock to be reasonable. So it was that the other day Rock's car didn't leap like a gazelle in the split second at an intersection when the green "Go" light went on. The man behind him started a raucous, impatient honking. Rock doesn't like to be honked at. He stopped his car and got out, very deliberately, well aware that he was holding up traffic and that people for a block or two

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YOUNG Natalie Wood, who appears with Rock in "One Desire," his latest film, finds him lots of fun during a shooting lull on the picture.

SERIOUSNESS overtakes Rock and Natalie as they rehearse their lines once more before facing the cameras for a scene in the film.

ROCK HUDSON continued

ROCK as the reformed gambler, who marries well and becomes a bank president, only to find respectability doesn't bring happiness.
Rock's good nature is evident at work or at play yet
no one can squelch an officious character better than he

behind would also be honking . . . this time at the man who had started it all. He walked, not too quickly, back to the car which had honked, peered curiously at the face of the raucous honker and then he said, shaking his head as if in real bewilderment, "Sorry, old man. But I don't think I know you. Do you know me?"

And, leaving the honker gaping, Rock walked back to his own car amid what had become a bedlam of frustrated motorists, and placidly went his way.

He has been known to squelch officious characters on one or two other occasions.

As has been pointed out, he likes to conduct his own life, make his own decisions. Not long ago he had a disagreement with an old and valued friend.

"It wasn't a quarrel or even a 'falling out,'" Rock emphasizes. "It was a simple difference of opinion which needed only a little discussion to straighten out. It was certainly no business of any outsiders."

But in Hollywood there are always dozens of opportunists who think they can make capital of such incidents, so in no time at all there were half a dozen eager beavers besieging Rock, anxious, they avowed, to "take his side."

Rock was incensed.

"I'll attend to my own side,' I told them. 'And I don't need your help.' My friend and I," he concluded, "were so sore about all this kibitzing that we agreed to forget our differences without even bothering to discuss them. But if I do have any quarrels I don't want help with them."

ROCK is a man of innate good taste, so naturally he doesn't like to see anyone made the butt of unkind or caustic humor and he doesn't like to see practical jokes played on anyone if they are meant to hurt or embarrass the victims. He not only doesn't like these things but he will take steps to put a stop to them if necessary.

As a matter of fact, he was pretty burned up at one "joke" that was played on him, although it wasn't actually damaging in a practical sense.

He has relatives of whom he is fond living in various parts of the country, especially a grandmother in Ohio, to whom he is very devoted. So someone with a distinctly twisted sense of humor obtained the name of a relative and put in a late-at-night long distance call to Rock, knowing that he would take it if that name was given.

Naturally he accepted the call, fearing, as anyone would, that something had befallen someone he loved and waiting with apprehension until the caller came on the line with a merry, "Ha-ha-ha! Did I get you up? Fooled you that time, didn't I?"

That was the time this Hudson really blew his top. His reply to this dandy little quip really sizzled the long distance wires.

Since that time he has refused to accept long distance calls at night, 'no matter what name is given. The relatives know how to get in touch with his mother who lives not far from him and if anything important comes she can relay it to him at once.

So, although it's true that Rock is one of the best-natured men in Hollywood, it is also true that he can get as angry as the next man and when he does, brother—watch out! END
THE STARS AT HOME

King-Size Beds and Full-Length Mirrors

AN ACRE of bed is such a comfortable place for Debra to stretch out, kick up her heels and relax while chatting on phone.
Deep rugs, feminine flounces, and tropical foliage—
in Debra Paget's fabulous home, her fancy has a field day.

**STANDING** up at the kitchen counter for a quick lunch of milk and a sandwich, Debra concentrates seriously on eating.

**SISTER MEG'S** playroom with its carrousel and life-size dolls is still a favorite hangout for 21-year-old Debra.

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Family, friends, music and gayety can’t begin to fill up all the space at Debra’s place.

RUG-CUTTING can’t hurt the thick carpet when Debra swings a Charleston in the living room.

GLAMOROUS gowns of Debra and starlet sister Leslie Gaye match the brocaded chair and polished cabinet. They read the guest book.

FRILLY lamp lights Debra’s dressing table with perfume bottles. Indian beads recall her princess role in Twentieth’s “White Feather.”
VIRTUOSO ambitions are out for Debra, but she likes to end the day with music.
BAWLING Branda, seen here in "Streetcar," can be just as frankly raucous in public.
Colorful and flamboyant on the screen and in private life, will Marlon Brando be the new John Barrymore?

MARLON BRANDO has been tagged the greatest actor since John Barrymore. Such a comparison is justified not only in professional abilities, but in public acclaim and incomes as well. Barrymore, at the zenith of his career, was one of Hollywood’s highest paid actors, just as Brando is today.

But is that where the similarity between them stops? Or could other parallels be drawn of the two men who caused more comment among their contemporaries than any other actors in history? What about their foibles? Their eccentricities? Their relationships to women?

While their backgrounds are entirely different—Barrymore came from a famous acting family, Brando’s father was a salesman of limestone products in Omaha, Nebraska—there are numerous similarities which might not only help us to better understand the Brando of today, but possibly give an indication of what the future may hold for him.

In their features of course, the two men are as different as night and day. “The Great Profile” was one of the most hand-continued on page 50
In disregard for dress, a passion for privacy and odd pets, Brando strikingly recalls Barrymore

some men of his time, a description that could hardly be applied to Brando. Yet the latter—referred to in such terms as "a walking hormone factory," "Lord Byron from Brooklyn" and "the Valentino of the bop generation"—seems to have every bit as much appeal to the movie-going public.

More obvious parallels can be shown in their way of dressing, which in both instances often showed a complete disregard for what the public thought of them.

Take a night about twenty years ago, when Barrymore was making about $30,000 a week. He was strolling into town, looking for food for his pet raven, Maloney. Having spent the afternoon in Maloney's aviary, feathers and lime still clung to his garments, already shabby and torn from extensive wear. Because the night air was chilly, his coat collar was turned up, and his dirty Homburg pulled low over his eyes, partially covering his unshaven face. He looked for all the world like a bum. He even acted the part when he found a trash can near the curb and, considering it a possible source of food for Maloney, lifted the lid. With a stick he found in the gutter he explored the inside of the can, discovering a piece of old meat which he put in his pocket—just as a well-groomed gentleman approached. One glance at Barrymore made his hand disappear in his coat pocket to fish out a dime. "Now be sure to spend it on food," he admonished John.

Gratefully John looked up at him. "God bless you, sir," he said in a throaty voice, then, to the amazement of the generous stranger, climbed into the brand new Cadillac which his chauffeur had parked a few feet away.

Compare this to Brando's first appearance in Hollywood. Until very recently, his torn blue jeans and soiled T-shirts were standard attire. He even wore them to the few social gatherings he attended, and on several occasions was refused admittance to restaurants because he wasn't dressed comme il faut. The trousers of the only suit he had brought to Hollywood had a hole in the knee and a split in the seat through which the tail of his shirt was all too visible.

Yet there was nothing affected about either Barrymore's or Brando's way of dressing, although Marlon has sometimes been accused of "putting on a show" for the sake of publicity. That kind of reasoning, however, is not based on facts. Few people in the film industry actually dislike publicity more than Brando, who once even refused to tell a reporter the name of his pet raccoon. It's just that neither of them ever cared much about "public opinion."

This doesn't mean they looked like slobs all the time. When he took the trouble, Barrymore could be the best-dressed man in Hollywood. And on recent occasions, Brando, wearing a black Homburg and "Chesterfield" suit, could be mistaken for a United Nations diplomat.

Their peculiarities are just as similar in their attachments to unusual pets. Maloney was only one of Barrymore's many "friends." His fondness for Clementine, his pet monkey, was even more pronounced. His first Warner Brothers contract stipulated that the studio would not only pay the fares for him and his valet, but Clementine as well. And on the way West, Barrymore amazed the other train passengers by holding grave conversations with the monkey, warning him of the pitfalls of Hollywood.

Compare this to Brando and Russel, his raccoon, and you may wonder if today's idol hasn't followed Barrymore's career with a looking-glass, so close are some of the resemblances.

For a long time, Brando and his pet raccoon were inseparable. They traveled everywhere together, and Brando even took Russel to parties, treating him more or less as a human being.

There are other similarities. In October of 1917, Barrymore found a "sanctuary" on the top floor of a century-old house off Washington Square, in New York. It was a place of solitude, where he admitted no women, gave no parties, entertained only two men—his brother Lionel, and a friend, Edward Sheldon. This longing for "a place away from people" stayed with him throughout his life. Years later, just prior to his third marriage—to Dolores Costello—he purchased King Vidor's house in Beverly Hills. Before he moved in, he had a room built in the tower of the building with a trap door that could be pulled up, to assure him complete privacy.

Brando has the same passion for privacy. In New York

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"THE WILD ONE," chronicled a cycle raid on a California town, brought to a high point the Brando brand of eloquence in action, not words.

T-SHIRT and blue jeans costume, worn for "The Wild One," suits Marlon's taste in off-stage wear; Barrymore also liked to look the hobo.
BRANDO’S rugged profile has been as irresistible as Barrymore’s classic one.
LOVE blooms "On The Waterfront" for Brando and Eve Marie Saint (left), and in "Grand Hotel" for Joan Crawford and John Barrymore (right).

MARRIAGE may be next for Marlon, fiancee Josiane Mariani (left); will they be happier than John with third wife Dolores Costello (right)?

Brando, like Barrymore, is dynamite to women, difficult to tie down

City, he has a beautiful apartment in the smart midtown section. But there comes a time, and not infrequently, when he "has to be alone," when for hours he wants to sit in the dark and stare out of the window—his "period of reflection," as he calls it. That's why he took another flat, on 183rd Street, the exact address of which isn't known to anyone—not his friends, his agent, even his family. No doorbells or phone calls can ever disturb him there.

In comparing the two great, if not the greatest men of the film industry, it would be unfair to report only their eccentricities. In two of the most important aspects of their lives, they could have been twins. They took their work seriously and paid their debts.

In a way, this is more astounding than it seems at first glance, even considering their tremendous success and huge earnings. Today, Brando's asking price per picture is in the vicinity of $200,000. Barrymore earned as much as $150,000 a picture, a fabulous salary in his day. Yet he died broke.

Four marriages and a fantastic spending spree during the latter part of his career left him completely insolvent. Yet when he got into debt, as he did frequently, he never got out of it by declaring "bankruptcy." Through valiant efforts, even when it meant playing caricatures of himself, or working when he was so sick he could hardly stand on his own two feet, he always paid back what he owed.

In that respect, Brando has been much smarter than his predecessor. He earned his first big money, $500 a week, for the part of Stanley Kowalski in "A Streetcar Named Desire." On the advice of his father, he immediately invested it in a cattle ranch in western Nebraska, which by now has been expanded to 800 head, with another 200 being grazed on a ranch he leases. He purchased other real estate and could, if

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Acclaimed as an actor, Brando may be luckier,
lead richer life than Barrymore

he wanted, retire from acting today and live comfortably for the rest of his life.

Within recent months, a break in his established "pattern" has been noticed by many of Brando's co-workers. He seems more relaxed, more careful in dress, less likely to make statements that make his female listeners scramble out of the room in a huff.

Generally, this change has been attributed to his much publicized engagement to a little-known ex-model and would-be actress, Josiane Mariana Berenger, stepdaughter of a Mediterranean fisherman.

Actually, it seems far more likely that another event, the death last year of his mother, has had much more to do with the change in his personality. Friends were surprised to see tears in the eyes of the strong, muscular, seemingly unmovable young man at the time she passed away.

Here again, coincidence, fate or whatever you wish to define it, has created a sharp parallel. The woman John Barrymore loved most was his grandmother, Louisa Lane Drew, whom he affectionately called "Mum Mum." So strong and lasting was his affection that hers was the last name he murmured before he died.

When "Mum Mum" passed away, young John was heartbroken. He wept like he never had before, and for a long period afterwards had a much different attitude toward life.

Naturally, the entry of Josiane in Brando's life has also brought about some changes in him, too. To appreciate them, and predict the romantic future of Marlon, it is necessary to take a look at his attitude toward women in general. Here, too, we may be able to understand him better by comparing his attitude to Barrymore's.

The records show John was married four times, yet he was afraid of marriage, never really wanted to tie himself down. It grew out of a mistrust of women in general, and one in particular.

His first love interest had been a young woman who, at the time, had also been his father's sweetheart. The woman in question was unable to restrain her desire for the son of the man to whom she was supposed to be attached. This inconsistency left within young Barrymore not only a feeling of guilt toward his father, but a suspicion that all beautiful women might be as fickle. This feeling, in thought and action, was in evidence throughout his life. "Marriage," he once declared, "is merely a bad tooth that could and should be extracted whenever the pain prompts a visit to the dentist."

EVERY one of his marriages was born of loneliness, but none more than his last, to Elaine Jacobs. Particularly interesting is a comparison of events preceding this marriage, with Brando's present courtship.

Barrymore met Elaine Jacobs (she later called herself Elaine Barry) when he was very sick, mentally and physically, at the New York hospital.

Brando was introduced to Josiane when he was undergoing psychiatric treatment by Dr. Bela Mittleman, at a party given by the doctor in Marlon's honor. Two hours after they met, he asked her to marry him. However, Marlon never breathed a word of it to anyone.

Friends don't believe the marriage will ever take place, in spite of the official engagement, and Brando's instructions to a friend—before he returned to the Coast for his Sky Masterson role in "Guys And Dolls"—to find him a house big enough for himself and Josiane.

The announcement of his engagement to marry Josiane came right on the heels of his mother's death and a feeling of loneliness, of needing someone. Josiane happened to be "at the right place at the right time," and probably has many qualities which might make her an ideal wife for the moody young actor. We say "might" because it is doubtful that for Brando, as it was for Barrymore, there is, or ever can be, a woman "ideally suited."

Moodiness, insecurity, uncertainty, exuberance, up one minute, down the next made both men extremely difficult to get along with. It isn't their fault. It is a part of what makes them great actors. Actors' imaginations are so vivid that sometimes they lose control of themselves, and their actions. That's what happened to John Barrymore. That's what might happen to Brando.

At least in Brando's relationship to women, he has exhibited one streak that has set him apart from "The Great Profile." While his reputation as a great, off-screen lover doesn't lag far behind Barrymore's, he has had the good sense so far not to tie himself down permanently, a state which, some of his friends believe, has no more chance of lasting than Barrymore's four futile attempts.

However, it shouldn't be implied that Marlon should never get married, simply because of his predecessor's unfortunate unions. No two men are so much alike that they blindly follow each other's footsteps. But the life of Barrymore should at least give Brando food for thought, make him consider his actions with a more rational approach, give him a chance to benefit by the experiences of a man who, through his art, did so much for so many, and so little for himself.

END
Is her love-life JINXED?

All of Piper Laurie's romances have been persistently haunted by hard luck—can she have the traditional happy ending?

By BOB THOMAS

"POOR PIPER LAURIE!" an observer of the Hollywood scene sighed recently. "The girl seems doomed to unhappiness. Look what happens to her men. Leonard Goldstein died an untimely death. Dick Contino went to jail as a draft dodger. David Schine was involved in a national scandal. "Men she has dated—like Richard Long, Tony Curtis, Ronald Reagan, Richard Anderson, Jerome Courtland—married other girls. Poor Piper has been left, all alone and lonely. It's a shame, a nice girl like that."

The sympathy is touching; but is it warranted? You must take an intimate view of Piper to decide.

In some respects, Piper does not appear to be a happy girl. She is not like Debbie Reynolds or June Allyson, who are bubbling most of the time. Piper is pensive and deliberate. She enjoys a good time as much as any girl, but her periods of real joyfulness are not frequent.

She is intensely serious about her career. Acting has been the passion of her life since she was seven years old. She wants to improve steadily as a movie star and has dedicated her life to it.

No time for romance? That's part of the story why Piper has not settled down with one man.

"But look at it this way," suggests a close friend of Piper's. "The poor girl is only 22. That's about the age when a good many girls are just getting out of college. Nobody feels panicky about them because they aren't married. But people are worrying that Piper will end up an old maid."

Piper herself puts it this way: "I wish they'd give me time. I want to get married some day, sure. When I was little, I had plush little daydreams about growing up and falling in love and walking down the aisle. But it isn't quite that simple, I find."

Despite her protestations, people still discuss the failure of this or that romance of Piper's. Perhaps we should analyze just how romantic these episodes have been.

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AS SERIOUS about her music as her acting, Piper plays well, enjoys an evening with her piano for company.
Piper has never lacked for dates, nor does she now, but she has found more of fun and friendship than of love.

First of all, let us take the late Leonard Goldstein. In many ways, he has been the most important man in Piper's life thus far.

Leonard was a producer at U-I when a bright young redhead named Rose Etta Jacobs was signed by the studio. He saw star possibilities in this girl, whose name was given a highland fling with Piper Laurie. He took a chance and starred her and Tony Curtis in "The Prince Who Was A Thief."

Leonard and Piper became an item. It was a bit of offbeat casting for her to date a man who was old enough to be her father, but Piper didn't care. However, she was happier about their relationship after he left U-I to become a producer at 20th Century-Fox.

"I feel a lot better about dating him," she said, "because it used to be that every time I got a good role people thought it was because of his influence at the studio. Now when I make any progress, there's no longer any suspicion."

Leonard and Piper had a closer relationship than most human beings achieve. She never made a move in her career without consulting him.

Having come up the hard way, Leonard was a lone operator. He had hundreds of acquaintances, but few friends. He found delight in confiding in Piper, in discussing all his business deals with her. They went out together a great deal, attending banquets, night clubs, plays and movies. It was a great education for Piper to be with such a show-wise individual.

Undoubtedly love did enter the picture to some extent. No two persons of the opposite sex could be together as much as they were and not have romance enter their heads. But friends believe that Leonard kept their relationship from
reaching the marriage stage. Above all, he was a realist. He knew the hazards of a man of middle years marrying a girl who was barely old enough to vote.

Whatever she felt inwardly, Piper would say only this: "I love Leonard Goldstein, just as I love my own family. I enjoy Leonard's company, and I know he will always be my friend, no matter what happens to him or to me."

LEONARD'S sudden death struck Piper hard. She had never before lost anyone dear to her, and a person's first experience with death is often the hardest. It will be a long time before she recovers from the blow.

Piper met Dick Contino during her first year as a movie actress. He got her phone number from a movie magazine editor and called her for a date. She accepted, and they went out together many times. Then tragedy struck his life.

He failed to show up for his Army induction and was arrested for draft evasion. He was tried and sentenced to prison. Until then, everybody had been his pal. He was the hit of the night club circuit, earning as high as $5,000 a week. But after his arrest, his so-called buddies deserted him. He found out who his friends were.

One of them was Piper Laurie.

"All during the trouble, Piper stood by me," Dick says. "When things were darkest, she wrote me letters, gave me encouragement. She has a lot of character. She was over to Korea twice during her spare time just to entertain the troops. I saw her over there, and it was just like the sun coming out of the clouds."

Dick served in the army with credit and honor. He returned to the U.S. to pick up the broken pieces of his career, and Piper was ready to help him. They resumed dating, and columnists had them all set for marriage. Dick set them straight.

"Piper's got her own career to think of," he reasoned, "and neither of us is ready for a wedding. At least I'm not—not for several years.

"There's one thing I can't say strongly enough. This girl stood by me when the going was toughest. If she wanted it, she could have my right arm. That's how much I think of her. Maybe she'll fall in love and marry someone else. But she'll always have a friend in me. She is the finest girl I've ever met."

Right now, Dick is engrossed in re-establishing his career, and that keeps him out of town much of the time. When he is in Hollywood, he and Piper see a lot of each other.

Oddly enough, Piper met David Schine through Leonard Goldstein. She and Leonard were at the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, which the Schine family owns, and he introduced her to the handsome young heir.

Piper and Schine had a few dates. Then he left for other adventures, notably his trip through Europe with Roy Cohn and his Army experience, which touched off the Army-McCarthy hearings. Many a less principled actress might have flown to Washington for a front-row seat at the proceedings.

But Piper shunned any notoriety. She did not let it interfere with her relationship with him—which is on a friendly dating basis. When he came to Los Angeles on furlough, she dated him a couple of times. But there was no romance, and doubtless will never be.

What about the others? Going back to the start of her

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"KISS thy hand, lady"—Donald O'Connor salutes Piper at a party; though not bubbly kind, she has a flair for fun.

DICK ANDERSON was among Piper's dates, who went down the aisle with another girl (Carol Lee Ladd); Dick and Piper were really just friendly.
COFFEE for two is Piper’s favorite nightcap at the end of a date. She is unique among women in her ability to remain pals with a man.

HELPING her mother includes counting out dinner dishes. Piper’s logical approach to life extends to love affairs.

The warmth of her family life

MRS. JACOBS nods approval while Piper samples the pot; her daughter is also a very good cook, with emphasis on cakes.
TROPICAL FISH and three dogs share Piper's affections. In her steady, methodical way, she expects love to come gradually.

PAINTING has been Piper's favorite means of expression for years; wide interests and a strong sense of values mean she'll never be left.

has prepared Piper for marriage, kept her happy to remain at home

Hollywood career, you can begin with Tony Curtis. That may sound like ancient history, but they did do some dating.

It started on a personal basis. Then it largely became business. They were co-stars, which meant that they did a lot of appearing together on tours. Both were intent on their budding young careers, and they had no thought for romance.

Piper and Tony seldom see each other socially, but their personal relations are cordial when they do meet.

Rock Hudson was another early Laurie item.

"I made my first screen test with Rock," she recalls. "He had been with the studio about two months. I wasn't signed yet, but I was actually the first girl he met on the lot. The night before the test, we rehearsed at my house and had a casual dinner in the living room on a card table."

Their friendship grew as their careers progressed. Piper became Rock's No. 1 booster, and vice versa. But it is doubtful if romance ever entered their heads. Piper has a quality unique in a woman in that she can be pals with men and not get involved in any romantic nonsense. And that's how it is with her and Rock.

Before Ronald Reagan married Nancy Davis, he starred in "Louisa," Piper's first picture. "We became genuinely fond of each other," she says. "It was a friendship we both enjoyed." It went no farther than that.

Once, in an interview, she was asked if there ever had been a man she really wanted and couldn't get.

Yes, she replied. There had been one. He was a handsome high school hero, and she loved him from afar. She raced through the halls just to be at a certain spot as he passed by. But he never gave her a tumble.

AFTER the magazine came out, who should call her up but the boy himself, Rick Eller. He was naturally eager to right the error he had committed in high school days. They had some fun dates together, but Piper thought it wise to break it off before their dating got to the romantic stage.

Rick was a UCLA student, and their worlds were far apart.

Most of the aforementioned males were strictly dates for Piper. A few might have been infatuations, and two or three might have blossomed into real romances. But the fact remains that Piper has not yet found the love of her life. She has never had any real bustups with any of the men. Her heart has never been broken.

There are two things Piper looks for in a man—basic honesty and a sense of humor.

"A man who laughs easily won't boil over at little things," she says. "If he can laugh at himself, he won't get stiff with dignity and be hard to live with. If he's honest, there will be few secrets or doubts standing between you."

Will she ever find the man of her dreams?

Without a doubt she will. But he may be a long time a-coming. First of all, she wants her career. And when she does find the man for her, it will probably not happen suddenly. That's not her way of doing things. Piper is the steady, methodical type, even in matters of the heart.

I put the subject of this story to one of Piper's closest friends: can Piper find happiness? The answer was an immediate yes.

"Sure she will," my informant declared. "The reason is that Piper has a sense of values. She is in many ways more adult than most of the people I know who are much older than she is.

"Maladjusted people can't stand to be left alone. Piper knows the value of solitude. She can be just as happy at a crowded party or spending an afternoon at the beach hunting sea shells all alone.

"Once I hesitated inviting her to a party because I knew all the others would be much older than she is. But she insisted on coming. And do you know what? She had a better time than anyone there. She spent the evening talking to everyone and finding out all about them.

"Find happiness? Sure. Piper will, if anyone can."
TV's most uncommon common man

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

He may forget his name, but believe thee me, it's George Gobel

A month after his discharge from the Air Force—he'd been a bomber instructor and pilot—George Gobel walked into the Chicago office of David P. O'Malley, one of the biggest booking agents in the Middle West.

George was still in uniform and he was carrying a guitar.

"I know you, Lieutenant," O'Malley said. "I auditioned you with a trio before the war."

"Well," George said, "I'm a comedian now."

"Well, Lieutenant," O'Malley replied. "You don't look very funny to me."

George looked about the way he does now. Now he's five-feet-five, weighs 138 and has a crewcut which is a little grey around the ears. He also has a hapless-appearing air—like a mild but desperate commuter who's always getting to the railroad station in time to see his train pull out.

To get back to O'Malley. O'Malley was soft-hearted. He said he'd give George a trial, a ten minute opening spot in a big USO show the following Sunday. The scheduled stars of that show were a line of chorus girls from the Latin Quarter revue.

George showed up on Sunday, but the girls didn't and 3,500 servicemen were getting a little impatient out front. O'Malley couldn't bring himself to tell them that the revue manager had got his Sundays mixed.
“In the corner of that huge stage,” O’Malley recalls, “going ‘plink,’ ‘plink,’ ‘plunk,’ on his guitar, was George. We were telephoning all over, trying to get every act in Chicago out of bed and down to the theatre.

“In a minute I heard a little laugh, a ripple, you know. Then, a minute later, a yuk. And suddenly this little guy had taken on the joint and wrapped it up. I heard the walls falling and ran out to look. Everybody in the house was roaring. He came off in ten minutes like I told him to. I said, ‘Take a bow, George. Can you do ten minutes more?’

“Well, George did 45 minutes, a regular concert. I never heard such yells. When he finally came off, the wings were loaded with jugglers, top dancers, acrobats, show girls all waiting to go on. But everything else we did that day was an anti-climax.”

Except that, back there in 1945, O’Malley became George’s manager. Today, the first anniversary of his TV show still months off, George Gobel has already established himself as one of the most original and likeable entertainers in or out of video. In 1954, he won the Sylvan-ia Award as the comedian of the year. “Well,” George said, in acceptance, “I’ll be a dirty bird.”

There are a lot of people talking about this miracle—that is, the miracle of a little guy who came from nowhere and landed on the jackpot. “That bugs me,” George says. “Everyone wanting to make this a rags to riches story. I’ve probably been lucky, but I’ve been hitting it pretty good for eight years. I just didn’t pop up out of some place.”

To begin with, he was born in 1920, on the northwest side of Chicago. His father was a practical joker who owned a grocery store, and his family lived above it. The family included George and his mother, a former piano teacher.

George was eight when he joined the choir of St. John’s Episcopal Church and gained a reputation as a boy soprano. When he was 12, he got his first radio network job. It was on the “National Barn Dance” program; George, by this time, was a ballad singer and yodeler, too.

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GEORGE GOBEL, continued

A year later he was playing the guitar and turning out discs for Sears Roebuck with an obscure hillbilly crooner named Gene Autry. George stayed on with the "Barn Dance" for six years.

Meanwhile he was a student at Roosevelt High, a softball star with the Neighborhood Boys Club Eagles and a hit with the co-eds. Especially with a dark-haired one named Alice Humecki, who kept the inside track by doing his homework while he built his career. If she got lonely, she could tune in to Tom Mix's horse opera and hear George deliver his line. The line usually read, "I'll hold your horse, Tom."

It wasn't big-time but it was something for a 16-year-old kid to buy himself a Ford sedan. George attributed most of his success with Alice to it. "She liked Fords," he says. Alice has a different story. "It took me five years to get him to propose," she says. Anyway, they were married in 1942, just after the Air Force signed him.

"I couldn't just sing," he says. "They wouldn't sit still for that. Not those guys. So I began working a few stories in between songs. Some I remembered from playing around Chicago with the trio. Some I stole. Some I just made up."

After his discharge and tie-up with David P. O'Malley, George wow'd them all over Grand Rapids, Cedar Rapids, East Dubuque and Sheboygan. Then he came back to Chicago.

A man named Frank Helsing, owner of Helsing's Vodvil Lounge, didn't think George looked very funny, but all George wanted was a one-night stand for seventy-five dollars. The next night Helsing offered him a six-week contract at $400 a week.

"From the first night George was a star," Helsing says. "We found that the longer he was on, the funnier he became and his fame spread from the North Side all over Chicago and to Milwaukee by word of mouth."

George followed the word. From then on $400 was peanuts to him. You could catch him at the Palmer House in Chicago, the Sahara in Las Vegas, the Waldorf in New York.

But if you saw him on the street you wouldn't recognize him. That's why he's been "discovered" more often than anybody else. People would watch him perform and go home predicting that a little guy named Gobel was going to make it some day. The fact is, Gobel had already "made" it. Only he never swaggered around like a big-shot comedian and never behaved like one.

Before he got his own TV show, George did guest spots on others. He made 30 appearances on Garry Moore's daytime program and right from the start he drew a lot of mail.

A FAMILY man, George devotes as much time as he can to his wife and three kids.

A lot of us had been talking about George for years," Garry says. "He has a humor which is based on respect for the individual, however tormented he may be by circumstance. He never gets his laughs at the expense of ridiculing some-one, and because his humor has its roots in everyday living he stays fresh and never 'uses up' his material. Gobel has become a sort of spokesman for the average guy."

George describes himself a little differently. "I am one common man," George says, "and you can't hardly get them no more."

The 'pros' knew all about George and night club audiences knew about him and his family knew about him but now—hats off to the National Broadcasting Company—twenty-five million more people know about him, and quite naturally, they're comparing him to every other comedian they know. That's another thing which bugs George.

"People are always asking me who I remind me of," he says sadly, "I don't know who I remind me of. Who do you remind you of?"

It's safe to say that shortly there will be a rash of new comedians who will remind everyone of George, for his vague stares, long pauses, quiet after-thoughts and futile entanglements with words make his monologues classically hilarious.

At his opening show he came on serious and business-like to describe his program. 

"... Now, it's not the greatest show in the world—I mean, it's not hilarious. Jocular is what it—humor—well, it might just keep you from getting sullen."

He didn't need a million dollar production behind him.

On his second show, he had a little trouble remembering his own name. He leaned forward and explained this slip in a neighborly way.

"Faces I remember real good," he said. "But names—believe me!"

A light suddenly flashed in his eyes. He remembered. "I'm George Gobel is
who I am,” he said. “And it’s interesting how I got to be George Gobel. See, I come from a very large family. One day, Dad called all sixteen of us children into the living room and said, ‘Now which one of you kids wants to be George Gobel?’ I wanted to be Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but that was already taken.”

He takes it slow and easy in his Midwestern drawl and you’re not sure whether he wants you to laugh or cry, which is why what he says lingers long after you turn off the TV set.

Watching Gobel you get the feeling he doesn’t need a script and is an intimate friend of everyone in the audience. But George sometimes mulls over a routine for six months before he uses it, and his ulcer didn’t come from his being relaxed. Often he’s so keyed up before a show his hands tremble and his face breaks out in nervous blotches.

And always after the show his wife goes back to the dressing-room, packs his show clothes into a suitcase and leads him quietly to dinner.

The Gobels live in a rambling house in Sherman Oaks, California, not far from Hollywood. When George isn’t working, home is where you find him.

“Other comedians,” says Hal Kanter, his present writer and director, “like to go on the town and make up for it by writing checks or buying ponies for their kids. Not George.”

George just hangs around and lets the kids—9-year-old Gregg, Georgia 4, and Leslie, 9 months—walk all over him. If TV success has made him happy, it’s Alice and the kids who’ll share that with him. And his mother and father.

Of all the Gobels, Mom is most levelheaded about his TV rating. When Alice called her long distance to ask how she enjoyed George’s work she said, “Well, Alice, there’s nothing new.”

To which George might make a typical response.

George would probably say, “So there you are.”
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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

(Continued from page 11)

And Bob Hope, before he left to entertain GIs in Greenland, hung a diamond necklace on wife Dolores.

MORE HAPPY PAIRS—Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh finally had a month off at the same time, headed east for a vacation but were "drafted" for p.a.'s. Tony, who's had to learn to sing, dance, fence and fight with broadswords in past pictures, next tackles riding—the real tough kind 'cause he has to ride like a wrangler—for "The Rawhide Years." . . . Van and Evie Johnson are in tune, and not just matrimonially. They've written a song, "Deductive You," and Sammy Davis Jr. will wax it. . . . Marge and Gower Champion, always in step, continue touring with "Three For Tonight" before returning for a picture. . . . June Haver's still turning down movie and TV offers, which pleases Fred MacMurray. Fred, whose roles have been on the serious side for some time, returns to comedy in his TV series, "Stand-in Wife" . . . Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman celebrated their 19th anniversary.

SPRING FEVER—Coleen Miller probably will be married to Ted Briskin, ex-husband of Betty Hutton, by the time you read this . . . Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini still dating happily. . . . Marilyn Erskine has a huge engagement ring from fiancé Chuck Curland, an insurance executive. . . . Cleo Moore, whose darkened hair won such praise from friends that she's decided to stop bleaching, and recording star Tony Travis seem serious.

. . . Sheree North and Bud Freeman, recording executive, are steady dating and are rumored about to wed. Sheree doesn't confirm or deny. . . . Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor are twirling again. Wish they'd make up their minds!

HAPPY AGAIN—Ida Lupino and Howard Duff reconciled again and daughter Bridget is really happy about it. Do hope it lasts this time!

GETS $$$—Greta Peck, after almost two years of separation from Greg, went to court and was granted an interlocutory divorce. And what a settlement! The $150,000 home in Pacific Palisades, one-half of other community assets and alimony until 1965 that will amount to about $65,000 a year, depending on Greg's income. After that she'll get a flat 10 percent of Greg's earnings unless she remarry. She has custody of their three sons. Greta really got a bushel out of Peck!

ALL OVER—We told you Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton were trying for a reconciliation but the outcome was doubtful. Well, it didn't work, regrettably. They've parted on the usual "friendly note" and Bob is now dating his first wife, Mary Horton . . .

LINDA NOT LONELY—Since her separation from Ty Power, Linda Christian hasn't been pining. When she visited New York, the playboys there were tearing their hair to date her. Back here,

DOROTHY LAMOUR gaily drapes a lei around Liberace's neck during her night club stint.
THERE'S been no one else for Gloria De Haven from the moment she met Dewey Martin.

Robert Schlesinger, very social and very rich, gave her a diamond necklace and reputedly offered to sign over millions to her if she'd marry him. But Linda's chums say her heart still belongs to Edmund Purdom. But with neither divorced yet, who can tell?

SHORT SHOTS—Further sign of no indication of reconciliation for Jeff Hunter and Barbara Rush: Jeff has a new apartment where he's designing and building a lot of his own furniture, all very masculine and very bachelor style. ... Johnnie Ray's ex-wife, Marilyn Morrison, was at his bedside in the hospital constantly after he underwent an emergency foot operation. They've also had lots of dates. But no reconciliation. ...

$$S$$'S GO—Susan Hayward wasn't exactly happy when a California Superior Court judge ordered her to pay $10,000 for lawyer's fee and court costs for estranged husband Jess Barker's appeal of their hotly contested divorce. Barker seeks to set aside the divorce on the grounds that her evidence was insufficient to justify a decree based on "extreme cruelty." Jess also wants a division of all earnings and properties accumulated during their marriage. Watch for more fireworks.

SPURNS MILLION—Marie "The Body" McDonald says she turned down $1,000,000 offered as a wedding present if she would re-marry shoe manufacturer Harry Karl. She divorced him last November. They reconciled and went to Europe with the plan of re-marrying there. They were frustrated by red tape in Tanger, Zurich, England and Paris, returned to Hollywood still insisting they would wed again. Then Marie went to the hospital with what she described as "double pneumonia and exhaustion," but after a remarkably quick recovery she announced "no reconciliation this time," adding, "you can't heat up yesterday's mashed potatoes." She plans to resume her career.

WHO KNOWS?—Rita Hayworth has patched up differences with her studio. Columbia, signed a new contract and will go back to work, first picture to be "Joseph And His Brethren." But meantime, rumors from the East persist that all is not well between Rita and Dick Haymes. ... It seemed for a while that Gloria De Haven and her former husband, Marty Kimmel, would reconcile. But that was before a little Cupid named Humphrey Bogart introduced Gloria and Dewey Martin on the lot at Paramount. Then Gloria and Dewey began constant twanging and cooing.

COULD CHANGE—Shelley Winters' new heart is Bill Travis, English actor whom she met while making "I Am A Camera" in Europe. Travis is due to visit Shell here. But we make no positive predictions about the Winters named Shelley. ... Nor do we about Terry Moore and her new beau, textile heir Justin Smith II. They met last summer while Terry was working in a New England stock company, have corresponded ever since. ... Jeff Chandler and script girl Betty Abbott continue dating but both deny they will wed. Jeff, who emerged as a recording artist last year, adds another facet to his career and debuts as a night club singer in Las Vegas this Spring.

MORE DATING—Bing Crosby and Mona Freeman resumed dating which in turn resumed rumors of possible matrimony. We doubt it. ... We can be wrong of course, but we also doubt that Clark Gable and Kay Williams Spreckels will ever say "I do" to each other. ... George Peabody dates lots of glamorous gals, but his real heart is in his Paramount beauty. So far they've kept their romance a secret. ... Rock Hudson has bought a house, but whether it's intended as a honeymoon home for Phyllis Gates is a big question. Our prediction: Rock won't marry very soon. ... Maybe Bob Wagner is phoning Joan Collins in England but her real heart is Sydney Chaplin.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS—Bob Francis has finally moved from his parents' home in Pasadena to a bachelor apartment, much closer to Columbia studio. Watch for Bob to start dating the Hollywood gals now. ... Lori Nelson has been dating with Ralph Meeker and Wayne Mallory, Guy Madison's brother, but admits the boy she likes best is Tab Hunter. And Tab still thinks Lori is "just the greatest." A long range prediction: that some day Lori will become Mrs. Hunter. ... Mamie Van Doren and music-maker Ray Anthony continue as a romantic duo. ... Virginia Leith admits "secret love"—but that's all she does admit. ... And happy Springtime to you, too! END
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dining room, small and intimate, looks out over the patio and swimming pool. Lunch, served on white wool place mats on the polished wood table, was aromatic and hearty: steaming stew and Italian pizza-bread, with lots of butter. The questioning is going so pleasantly, it doesn't stop for the meal.

Q. Is it true that Jimmy does the cooking?
A. Now that one is true! Jimmy cooks dinner every night—even when he's working at the studio. I don't know how he does it, but he does. Last night we had my favorite, fish and chips.

Q. I understand he's partial to barbecuing steaks for your friends. But that isn't an English specialty.
A. No, but it doesn't stop steak from being his favorite. Now for an English specialty, you should have come to dinner Sunday: roast beef, roast potatoes and Yorkshire pudding. I think best of all, Jimmy likes to make sweets. The stodgy English kind, like bread-and-butter pudding; fattening, but oh, so good!

Q. "They" say that you don't care too much for Hollywood. Is that true?
A. True. Well, look around you. Wouldn't you say this was our home, our basic place? Of course, I still love England; my mother and sister are there, and I intend to go back, from time to time. But we're here to stay. Jimmy likes American ways. So do I.

I hate telephones. I'll just listen to the monster ring, if there's no one to answer it. There's no special reason—I guess I just like to see who it is I am talking to. But when I first came here, I used to make calls just to hear the operators say "You're welcome" when I said "Thank you." In England we say "Not at all" or "It is nothing." The expression "You're welcome" just fascinated me. I am too used to things to be fascinated now, but better still, I like them—very much!

Jimmy still has four years to go at MGM. After that, he fancies he might want to be a director. With his sense of perfection, and taste, he should be a brilliant one. Actually, he claims he hates to act; he doesn't think it's a man's job.

As for me, it's taken me practically all this time in Hollywood to get straightened out. Now I am out of the contract that J. Arthur Rank sold to Howard Hughes. I wasn't even allowed to leave town, but I couldn't do anything. It was a frustrating period. That's when people said Jimmy was dictating, too. But I really needed his help in getting that contract business straightened out. Now, with my commitment at 20th Century-Fox, I am freer and happier. It only calls for one picture a year, but it's adding up to more. I started work on "Desiree" right after finishing "The Egyptian."

Imagine! I had 35 costume changes for "Desiree"—I didn't know a girl could have that many. It was marvelous. I was especially happy about working with Marlon Brando; I think he is the most exciting actor we have today.

Q. Speaking of clothes, it's been said, continued on page 70
too, that your attitude is—casual? That pink jersey and matching wool skirt you have on look pretty swank to me.
A. Oh, I got dressed for company! No, joking aside, for me it’s either trousers, blue jeans, shorts or full evening dress—nothing in the middle.
Q. The reports have it that you range all the way from temperamental to sweet and demure. Many people you’ve worked with have told me you’re not temperamental; that you go out of your way, in fact, to give other players the best camera range. But—what about the rest of it?
A. Sweet and demure, you mean? Ha! Everybody looks on the typical English girl as being long in the tooth—and short on sex appeal. They just don’t know English girls, that’s all!
Q. Is it true what they say about English humor—that there just isn’t any?
A. That’s a canard. The English have a great sense of humor; in time of trouble, it’s most brilliant. Look at the war days—how could they have survived, without a joke to lighten the strain? Why, Cocksney is a whole sense of humor, in itself.
(Impish grin.) I can even laugh at myself, sometimes. Not long ago, I bought a dress for an important party, a big industry dinner. At 6 o’clock the shop called and said they were sorry, but Lana Turner had bought the same dress. I said, “Well, good heavens, just send something else in the same size.” It turned out the dress I bought wasn’t unseen got a lion’s share of compliments that evening—and Lana had done me a good turn. I told her the story; we still break up over it whenever we see each other.
Q. There have been so many pros and cons, may I ask you directly—What is the state of your marriage?
A. (Laugh.) Oh, you mean the “break up the marriage” bit. We’ve heard it so often, we don’t even get upset about it. What would you say?
Q. Now you’re asking the questions. I’d say you look as contented as a kitten, and like a very happy woman. Any more questions you’d like to ask me?
A. Yes, please. (Anxiously.) Did you really enjoy the stew? That’s what’s important.
Q. We seem to have gotten a little turned around here, but I’m glad you asked. It was wonderful.
A. Oh, that’s good. I’ll call Jimmy at the studio and tell him he had a good customer!

“WHAT’S WITH MEN?”

I prefer the timid one who gets embarrassed rather than admit he can’t take me to a place I suggested.

I don’t get into such predicaments very often. To start with, I am not an “expensive date.” I don’t drink, like a hamburger as well as a filet mignon, don’t care whether I am taken to a movie or a fancy night club. Furthermore, before suggesting a way of spending an evening, I consider my date’s income, and will avoid recommending any place he can’t afford. Quite often, when asked out by boys who were short on money, I invited them to my house, where Mom could fix us a bite to eat.

Surprisingly, in regard to my clothes I’ve had less criticism from my dates than from some columnists. Probably because unless I go to an official function, I dress very simply. I have learned that fellows like girls to be “under-dressed” rather than “over-dressed,” that while they may enjoy whistling—mentally—that is—at someone else’s girl, they resent their girl being dolled up in a way that attracts that type of attention.

In spite of my customary emphasis on simplicity, however, one of my dates complained so much about an outfit I wore that we eventually broke up because of it.

Having known each other from the States, I looked forward to seeing him again in Tokyo last year. On our first two or three dates, we got along beautifully. But on Christmas day, he became annoyed with the outfit I wore—a white, embroidered sweater and full, felt skirt, appliquéd with green Christmas trees and red reindeer.

“I’m dressed up more than usual because it’s Christmas,” I explained.


“Consider it this way,” I pleaded. “All year round, except for flowers in our house, we have no extra decorations. But for Christmas the place is crammed full of candles, mistletoe, ribbons, tinsel and what have you. Just once a year I want to look as festive as I feel . . .”

He still did not understand. In a way, it was a little, inconsequential matter. But by referring to it over and over again we got into an argument every time we met, till at last we split up, for good.

One of the most contradictory traits among men is their complaint that women have grown too independent, while at the same time they show a lack of attentive.
ness that never ceases to amaze me. Some even claim they would never marry a girl who insists on continuing her career, that a woman's place is in the home, that they wish they were still living in the "good old days" of their fathers. But few observe the little courtesies which, after all, should go hand in hand with their outlook. Like helping you into your coat, offering a seat in a crowded bus, or opening doors.

Of course, I don't think the blame rests entirely with men. Any girl who doesn't give a fellow a chance to be courteous—like the kind who jumps out of a car before he can walk, even run around to open the door for her—doesn't contribute to our cause.

To the fellows I hope to see frequently, at the very beginning I indicate that I'm the old-fashioned type of girl, who expects good manners. If any date ignored helping me into my coat, for instance, the next time I'd simply hand it to him. If we go some place by car, I remain in my seat till he comes around. Once a fellow was half-way inside a restaurant before he realized I wasn't trailing him! When I went out with him again, he helped me out in the most attentive manner.

Generally, the result of my effort seemed gratifying not only to myself, but to my dates as well. When given the opportunity and shown appreciation they enjoy acting like gentlemen.

In my line of work, one type of man seems inevitable: the kind who asks you out only for very important, well-publicized functions, but wouldn't think of inviting you for a game of tennis, a movie not attended by photographers, or an out-of-the-way, little-heard-of restaurant. He wants to be "seen" with someone whose company will assure him a mention in the press, while personally he may care little more about you than a china statue in a nearby antique shop.

But I don't mind!

Attending a premiere, for instance, is one of the most impersonal functions in Hollywood, and to be frank, almost exclusively for publicity. Based on this type of reasoning is an unwritten code of our industry to oblige one another whenever possible, and practical. Occasionally, choosing from among the fellows who ask me to go with them, I too consider who could "complement" me most.

It is one of many arrangements which have worked well in the past, and all actors are familiar with it. Likewise, they understand that as an actress, I may have to break even an important date at the last minute when I get an unexpected, early morning call from the studio.

Outsiders, however—even those who have been around show people for a long time—seldom understand, and get very hurt when that happens.

One friend of mine—not in the industry—was genuinely distressed when he asked me to join him and a group of others for a picnic, and I replied, "Sorry, I can't make it. I have to work."

"Why don't you tell your studio to get along without you for a day?"

He couldn't comprehend why, with only one person absent, the studio would lose thousands of dollars by such an action on my part.

But then, I couldn't understand his reasoning either, because regardless of whether it cost the studio a few thousand or just a few dollars, it would never occur to me to shrink away from an obligation for the sake of an outing, no matter how pleasant it promised to be.

Which brings me to the point I made at the beginning: "What's with men, anyway?"
lines after Mauer’s collection dies. A warmly sentimental Technicolor drama based on the true life story of a really remarkable man. This is rich with West Point tradition and color. (Columbia.)

The Conqueror

S Genghis Khan, the 12th Century Mongol warrior who conquered half the world, John Wayne won’t disappoint his ardent followers. He’s a trifle more hairy, true, but if anything, it adds to the lusty quality which has been standard with Wayne lo! these many years. The story, rich in adventure and barbaric thrills, is frankly not based on historical fact. Who needs fact when Wayne gallops after a fleeing Susan Hayward, catches her, and quote—takes her as his woman—unquote. Willing though she might be, Susan can’t forget Wayne is her father’s most hated foe. So with Dad in mind, Susan goes out of her way to add a further challenge to Wayne’s absorption with conquest. Because of her, he’s captured by the Tartars and sentenced to death, but when the chips are actually down, Susan can’t abide such manpower going to waste. She preserves him for destiny and their fur-lined tent. Directed by Dick Powell, this Technicolor spectacle set the studio back a fast $6,000,000 and believe me, it’s worth every last cent. (RKO.)

Hit The Deck

GIRL trouble seems to be the main theme behind this breezy Technicolor musical which involves three sailors: Vic Damone, Tony Martin, and Russ Tamblyn. On leave in San Francisco, the trio runs into disaster and the Shore Patrol when they “rescue” Tamblyn’s sister (Jane Powell) from wolf Gene Raymond. Honorable though their motives are, Tamblyn’s sire, Admiral Walter Pidgeon, gives orders to bring the fugitive in. Helping the lads, Jane, Debbie Reynolds and Ann Miller aren’t any great shakes—they’re always bursting into song and dancing around street lamp posts which is bound to attract all kinds of attention. Eventually the boys are caught, but you gather all ends well. When last seen, they seem to have commandeered a warship for the sole purpose of having a grand finale during which all concerned, including most of the U.S. Navy, whoops it up in a rousing chorus of “Hallelujah!” (MGM.)

A Man Called Peter

HAVING an unswerving belief in his calling, the energy of three and the persuasive charm of an advertising account executive about to land a $3,000,000 client, Minister Peter Marshall (Richard Todd) is able to accomplish wonders with failing congregations. One of the more attractive members of his Atlanta, Georgia, flock, college senior Jean Peters, is so impressed with his sermons he spends the better part of two years having a discreet but well-defined crush on the very eligible Marshall. Fortunately, it takes a shorter time than that for Todd to realize Jean’s the girl for him. When their honeymoon is interrupted by a telegram ordering him to take over one of Washington, D.C.’s most famous churches, Jean resigns herself to the fact that their life together will be as private as a showcase in the Smithsonian Institution. How right she continued on page 74

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Continued from page 72

is! No job is too little for Marshall to take on, nor is any too big. All this drive finally takes its toll. While still in his early forties, Marshall, by then chaplain to the U. S. Senate, dies of a heart attack. Based on the best seller written by his wife, this faithfully follows the short but vigorously dedicated life of one of the country's best-loved ministers. (20th Century-Fox.)

Mambo

WHEN a girl's got what Silvana Mangano has, she's not going to continue working in a smelly old factory—that's for sure. Purely by chance, Silvana bumps into Count Michael Rennie and is horrified when he shows keen interest in her shock-absorber system. Fortunately, the girl can dance, too. She works out her trauma by feverishly studying with the Katherine Dunham dancers while manager Shelley Winters beams fond approval. Finally a famous danseuse, crisis after crisis delights in nipping at Silvana's nimble heels—old flame Vittorio Gassman appears, Shelley dies, Rennie proposes marriage, Gassman forces Silvana to accept, knowing the Count, a hemophiliac, isn't long for this world and his money could come in mighty handy. By the time the last man drops out of her life, Silvana is ready to work off a few more traumas—thank heaven for the Katherine Dunham dancers! (Paramount.)

Captain Lightfoot

OPPRESSED by British rule, many an Irishman joined secret societies sworn to avenge the tyrants. Few, however, went quite so far as Rock Hudson, who thought it a lark to rob the local English landowner and use the money to further the rebellion. Hunted by British dragoons, Hudson falls in with the most notorious of all Irish highwaymen, Jeff Morrow. Morrow teaches Hudson that a gentlemanly manner can often cloak any number of crimes. Together they embark on a joint fund-raising campaign while Morrow's daughter, Barbara Rush, bumbles fetchingly in the background. She succeeds in getting all of them into more hot water than His Majesty's Dragoons could ever hope to dream up. With the most striking features of Ireland and Hudson as the Technicolored backdrop, action rages with reckless abandon. (Universal-International.)

Jupiter's Darling

ABOUT to sack and pillage Rome, Howard Keel, who plays a very monumental Hannibal, is confronted by Roman beauty Esther Williams offering to cut down his battle time by pointing out a break in the walls of Rome. Esther's strategy is to avert large scale slaughter and keep the city intact. The only way she can accomplish this is to keep Keel occupied with matters far afield of warfare tactics. In those days they didn't have gin rummy, Scrabble or Canasta, sooooo.

... The diversion works to mutual satisfaction until Keel learns Esther is betrothed to Roman Emperor George Sanders. Sentenced to die as a spy, Esther escapes, via the help of Marce and Gower Champion, but once more opportunity to spare Rome raps on her spacious breast-plate. Hilarious musical satire, in Eastman color, that spoofs the togas off history. (MGM.)

East Of Eden

BASED on John Steinbeck's best selling novel, published in 1952, this Warner-Color drama is intense with the conflicts and hates which mark within a divided family. As head of the Trask menage, Raymond Massey is its worst offender by showing decided preference for one of his twin sons, Richard Davolos. The other boy, James Dean, tries desperately to claim some share of his father's love. Facing constant rejection, Dean hits back, in a youthfully belligerent fashion, by going to the local pleasure palace. That in itself would be a minor escapade, except he learns his mother, whom both boys believed dead, is sitting on the top rung of the town's shadiest profession. Made of sterner stuff than brother Davolos, Dean rolls with the blow, and in the final payoff shows he's more qualified to be on the receiving end of his father's respect and Julie Harris' love. Directed by Elia Kazan, the acting again reflects the master's touch—and this boy Dean is one of the most exciting new personalities. (Warner Brothers.)

Untamed

IN the year 1847, the potato blight was getting a strangle-hold on Ireland, and Susan Hayward was applying a romantic strangle-hold on Tyrone Power. It's hard to say which was more devastating. Though Power returned to South Africa to carry on his fight to form a Dutch Free State, memories of the fiery Susan remained to gnaw away at his innards. During Powers' absence, his love marries another, but soon she, her husband and their infant son are headed Africa-way. How, better a way to meet Commando Power again than to be in a wagon train besieged by Zulus, with her dead husband at her feet. So many goodbyes are crammed into this one epic that it bulges enticingly at its well-stew seams. (20th Century-Fox.)

Chief Crazy Horse

WHEN he was a young boy, a vision appeared to Crazy Horse. It foretold that one day he would lead the Sioux nations to glorious victory over the white man. Grown to manhood, Crazy Horse (Victor Mature) established himself as a fearless brave capable of out-maneuvering the white troops sent to quell his ambitions. Undefeated in battle, he nevertheless surrenders to the Army when his squaw, Suzan Ball, is in dire need of food and medical care. A creditable Technicolor insight into the problems faced by a man determined to hold together his dwindling heritage. (Universal-International.)

END

LOVE for James Dean, her fiancé's brother, frightens Julie Harris in "East Of Eden."
Carefree days on the highway

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