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\$1,000 CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR LETTERS see page 23

Movieland

FEBRUARY • 25¢

A HILLMAN PUBLICATION

ALAN LADD
BUILDS HIS
DREAM HOUSE

WHY THE
FANS LOVE
BETTY GRABLE



Ava Gardner

THE STORMY MARRIAGE OF THE ERROL FLYNNNS



Modess ... *because*

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Yes, 2 Thrilling Books—ANNIE JORDAN and THE WEB OF DAYS—Yours for only 3c when you join the Dollar Book Club! Mail Coupon Below!

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EVERY other month you will receive the Club's descriptive folder called *The Bulletin*. The *Bulletin* describes the forthcoming two months' book selections. It also reviews about ten additional titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for \$2.50 or more) available to members at only \$1.00 each. You may purchase either or both of the two new selections for \$1.00 each, or neither. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for \$1.00 each.

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When you see *Annie Jordan*—and *Web of Days*—which you get for 3 cents—and your first \$1.00 selection; when you consider these are typical values you receive for \$1.00, you will be more than happy to have joined the Club.

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- Queen's Physician Light in the Sky
- Asylum for the Queen The Golden Hawk

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered at \$1.00* each to members only.

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My spirit

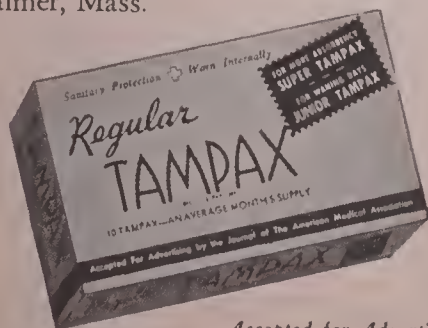


when
I learned
about
Tampax

Only a few words about Tampax are needed to let an imaginative lady foresee a picture of remarkable improvement on "those days." Tampax is a modern method of monthly sanitary protection. It is worn internally and absorbs internally, discarding the whole harness of outside pad and belt . . . In use, you will find, Tampax is not only invisible but *unfelt*—and the difference it makes is amazing.

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Three absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) for varying needs. At drug stores and notion counters. Average month's supply fits into purse; 4 months' average supply comes in an economy box. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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Life and Love in Hollywood

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Peg Nichols, Managing Editor
Helen Limke, Hollywood Managing Editor
Frank Friedrichsen, Associate Editor
Velma Scott, Assistant Editor
Conrad Wienk, Art Director
Walter Davis } Staff Photographers
Joe Shere }

Beatrice Lubitz Cole, Editorial Director



Ava Gardner's the girl who has everything — and if you don't see it, see Page 60 this issue. Ava's new M-G-M film is "The Great Sinner." Cover photo by Bruce Bailey.

MOVIELAND, published monthly by Movieland, Inc., at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Advertising, editorial offices: 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood editorial office: 916 No. La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Chicago advertising office: 333 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Vol. 7, No. 1, February, 1949. Entered as second-class matter December 15, 1942, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price 25c a copy. Subscription price \$3.00 in the United States and \$3.00 in Canada. Copyright 1948 by Movieland, Inc. The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the United States of America. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

"The Sun Comes Up"

....and your heart goes with it!

It's a joyous **Technicolor** entertainment from **M-G-M.** By the famed author of

"The Yearling", Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings,

it brings you lovely, golden-voiced

Jeanette MacDonald

singing six magnificent songs,

favorite star **Lloyd Nolan**

and Academy Award winner

Claude Jarman, Jr. with his

new pet **Lassie!**



Lewis Stone • Percy Kilbride

Screen Play by WILLIAM LUDWIG and MARGARET FITTS

Directed by RICHARD THORPE

Produced by ROBERT SISK

Based on a Novel by MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



In case there's any doubt, Iris Bynum is still on Clark Gable's preferred list. They're with Cesar Romero at Ciro's gala opening.

I H inside ollywood

BY BEATRICE LUBITZ COLE



Spike those rumors! June Allyson and Dick Powell cuddle while dancing at new Ciro's.

There's fun—and always glamor when Hollywood goes to town

★ Hollywood is raising an eyebrow over the reports that Ingrid Bergman's so sad about the New York reviews of "Joan of Arc," which she considers her greatest effort to date. Reviewers don't seem to share her feeling on this. But there's little to worry about, for the picture is playing to capacity audiences in spite of what the critics say! . . .

Errol Flynn does such a perfect take-off on John Barrymore in his latest Warners' epic, "Adventures of Don Juan," that the studio is considering the screen rights to "Good Night, Sweet Prince," with Errol in mind for the lead.

There's been a rash of new arrivals in

Hollywood. Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier became parents of a little girl, now christened Deborah . . . A boy arrived at the Gloria Grahame-Nicholas Ray house. Ray is a Hollywood director. . . . Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini welcomed another daughter . . . and regardless of separation rumors, Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston wax enthusiastic about their new heir.

Two of Hollywood's favorite people, Claire Trevor and Milton H. Bren, are Mr. and Mrs. now. They were married quietly at the home of friends in Pasadena. This is a third marriage for Claire, second for the groom. Claire's newest picture is UA's "Lucky Stiff."

One of the big questions around Hollywood these days is: "Where's Joanie?"—meaning Joan Crawford. Seems that Greg Bautzer, Joan's flame up until just recently, has been giving Merle Oberon the mad rush. They're seen everywhere these days.

Broadway is recruiting some of Hollywood's brightest stars. Charles Boyer, John Dall are a hit in "Red Gloves," the Sartre play. Cameron Mitchell's excited about appearing in "Death of a Salesman" and Madeleine Carroll's wowing the Great White Way with her splendid acting in "Goodbye, My Fancy." It used to be that Hollywood beckoned the stage stars, now it seems to be the other way around.



This looks serious—the conversation, that is! Frank and Nancy Sinatra give undivided attention to interesting Ciro table talk.



Gay Mocambo seemed brighter with Van and Evie Johnson on hand to trip a very light and very eye-catching rhumba number.



"Hamlet" opening brought out Laraine Day and her ever-lovin' hubby, Leo Durocher.



There's no rest for Paulette Goddard! After finishing her latest Paramount picture, "A Mask for Lucretia," she whipped off to Mexico for a hunting trip—of all things. (Please turn to next page)

Death at last ended the woes of Mary Nolan, whose tempestuous career led her to international movie stardom in the silent picture days—and to a debtor's jail cell. In 1922, she was the toast of New York. She was in her late teens then; 10 years later she was sick and broke and behind her lay the broken fragments of a spectacular career. Mary Nolan was beautiful. As Imogene (Bubbles) Wilson of the Follies, she danced and sang her way to fame.

Love was her undoing. Frank Tinney, the famous comedian with whom she starred, took the downward path with her. She sued him for \$100,000 for injuries she said she got when he beat

I H inside Hollywood

continued



You're right! It's one and only Big Chief Bing Crosby chanting a tune for friends.



What that guy Hope won't do! Here he is a walking ad for his film, "Paleface."

her. Frank's wife divorced him; he died broke. Mary Nolan changed her name back to her real name, Mary Robertson, went to Germany where she made pictures. Her acting won high praise and it looked as if Mary had made a comeback. But she was still the tragic Bubbles. Her movie career faded as damage suits mounted. In 1935, she sued Edward Mannix, Hollywood producer, for \$500,000 damages and accused him of beating her. In 1937, she was jailed for an unpaid dress bill.

Hollywood didn't want to take another chance with her and Mary Nolan sunk into obscurity. She died at the age of 43 of a chronic bladder ailment. She weighed 90 pounds when she died.

Thus ends the career of one of the stage's greatest beauties; a girl who had everything except the stamina to direct her life along the paths of true happiness.

Look for an early marriage between Rhonda Fleming and John Hilton. We

understand that all they're waiting for is the blessing of her boss, David Selznick.

Maureen O'Hara and Will Price are thinking of adding two Irish war orphans to their family.

We hear that Clark Gable would be mighty pleased if Marilyn Maxwell would say yes to a request for a date. Seems Clark tried but failed to get a date with the blonde singer. Whatever happened to Marilyn's planned marriage to Mike North?

Shelley Winters used to have a crush on Broadway actor Joshua Shelley, and even borrowed her first name from him. Now he's been signed for movies; in fact, by Universal-International, the same studio that produced "A Double Life" in which Shelley scored her first big hit.

Bing Crosby was reported to have ignored a group of fans who met his train



Dark, romantic Turhan Bey has discovered blonde beauty Barbara Lawrence—and vice versa. This glamorous evening they were enjoying each other's company at Ciro's big opening.



The South American Way got a new twist when Frank McHugh, Carmen Miranda, Adolphe Menjou arrived at Chicago's airport and met some famous Pump Room entertainers. (Please turn to page 10)

There is some Don Juan in every man—but there's more of it in him!

ERROL
FLYNN
and
VIVECA
LINDFORS

"The sword is too good
for traitors — you die
by the dagger!"

ADVENTURES OF
DON JUAN

WARNER BROS. PRESENT ALL ITS MIGHT, PASSION
AND PAGEANTRY IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR!

WITH ROBERT DOUGLAS ALAN HALE • ROMNEY BRENT ANN RUTHERFORD DIRECTED BY VINCENT SHERMAN PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD SCREEN PLAY BY GEORGE OPPENHEIMER AND HARRY KURNITZ FROM A STORY BY HERBERT DALMAS • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER





If it isn't Danny Kaye getting the works! He's prettying up for the Friars' Frolic.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*
 continued



Danny threw everyone for a loop in this get-up. His burlesque of singer Kay Thompson impressed everyone—especially George Jessel, Buddy Clark, Bob Hope and Tony Martin.

in Canada. Bing's version of the incident is that the fans were in the clothes-tearing, car-overturning state of mind when he stepped off the choo-choo and he couldn't pause and take the risk of being nice as he would liked to have been.

Bing's often been accused of not cooperating with the press and publicity circles. We've always found him just the opposite. He told us once, "I'm happy when any story with a new angle appears about me. I just don't see any sense in having the same thing printed over and over. When I go out to night spots, which is very rare, I want to rest and relax like other people, and I don't feel I'm under obligation to help publicize these places when I pay my money for service just like any other customer."

* * *

One of the most inspiring stories in Hollywood is the gallant fight Lionel Barrymore is making to walk again. We hear the true story back of the seeming miracle is this. Several years ago, Lionel was injured, and in order to correct the injury he had to endure a rigid diet, which he refused to do. So all this while, he's been getting by playing his parts in a wheel chair. But in "Down to the Sea in Ships," his role called for more than just that. He was supposed to be a salty old captain, whose character couldn't be played entirely from a chair. When Lionel saw the rushes he realized that his part

(Please turn to page 12)



Lovely miss giving Al Jolson the eye—is Jack Benny! They're at Friars' Frolic.



Star-studded audience included Greer Garson with good friend Sir Charles Mendel.

**FATHER VS. SON!—
For The Love Of
The Same Woman!**

"You might at least
have the grace not
to make love to her
in my own home!"

Take your own true
love to see

"My Own True Love"

A Paramount Picture Starring

PHYLLIS CALVERT
and
MELVYN DOUGLAS

with

**WANDA HENDRIX · PHILIP FRIEND
BINNIE BARNES**

Produced by VAL LEWTON

Directed by COMPTON BENNETT

Screenplay by Theodore Strauss and Josef Mischel

Adaptation by Arthur Kober · Based on a

Novel by Yolanda Foldes

**Lovely
Phyllis Calvert**

Do post-war morals allow
this titian-haired beauty to
accept a man's kisses while
her lips still quiver with
those of his only son?

**Sensational
Wanda Hendrix**

"Tonight I saw my best
friend in the arms of
my brother, the woman
to whom my father has
given his love!"





Where's Joan Crawford? That's what everyone wondered when Merle Oberon arrived at Beverly Wilshire opening with Greg Bautzer.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*
continued

wasn't coming off as well as he wanted it to. Like the grand old trouper he is, Lionel took off two weeks, and when he returned to the studio, he climbed out of that wheel chair and started walking.

* * *

The Merle Oberon-Lucien Ballard reconciliation is still up in the air, with the odds, as far as we're concerned, on a permanent split-up between the two. The trouble between those two has been long time brewing. Merle is a girl who likes the social whirl; Lucien prefers the simple life. For a while, Merle was quite happy to share a beach home far away from Hollywood without a telephone with Lucien. The two worked in their garden, followed early-to-bed early-to-rise policies, and saw little of their friends. Then they went to Germany to make "Berlin Express," and during that sojourn abroad rumors of trouble between the two came thick and fast; and the gossip about the fractured jaw, with which Merle returned to Hollywood, was especially vicious, but she denied there was trouble between her and Lucien. But she returned to Europe right after she finished the picture here, and it was there that the rupture took place when Merle returned to her old social crowd. Another factor doubtless having an effect on the rift is that the two did not have a baby as planned. She had a special operation to encourage the visit of the stork, but the blessed event never occurred. They



No wonder they're smiling. Marshall Thompson and Barbara Long have set the date.



A fine romance—James Curtis and Ann Blyth a twosome at fashionable "Hamlet" opening.

both wanted children and the disappointment of not having one was very keen.

* * *

Several years ago a poll was taken of motion picture exhibitors to find out whom they considered "Box Office Poison" among the stars. It caused a storm in Hollywood, as some of our then top stars were named among those whom the public no longer particularly cared seeing on the screen. Evidently our producers didn't want anything like that to appear in print again, but a major studio recently took a private poll and kept its findings "secret." However, the names considered box office poison on the new list are getting a private circulation around town where it hurts most. This list also is well studded with top names.

* * *

Dan Dailey mysteriously disappeared from Hollywood for a couple of days and had the town agog. His action was reputed to everything from domestic trouble to dissatisfaction with his studio contract. Inside says he wanted more money

(Please turn to page 14)



They did it! Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield tied the knot, then went back to work.

Amazing New Scientific Discovery

Curls and Waves without permanent waving!

No Machinery!
No Waiting!
not a Wave Set!

safe! The most sensational beauty discovery in years. Imagine! One tiny capsule . . . gives you lovely, long lasting, glorious curls and waves . . . *in minutes*, not hours. No fuss, no bother, no tedious waiting. Absolutely harmless . . . use after every shampoo . . . the more you use, the more naturally waved your hair becomes — the longer your wave lasts. Easy now to "control" your new shorter-styled hair-do! Independent Laboratory tests on the four leading waving capsules *PROVED* Minit Curl far superior in every way . . . in giving curl, lustre and longer-lasting waves.



BEFORE

AFTER

Exciting, Safe easy way gives soft, natural looking, longer lasting CURLS and WAVES in MINUTES

EASY TO USE: Just empty contents of *one* capsule in 2 to 3 ounces hot water. Comb solution generously through hair (*after shampooing*, with hair slightly damp) and set in waves, pin curls or curlers. (Use any type curlers or pins — metal, plastic.) Allow to dry, then comb or brush. Minit Curl contains a special *conditioning* element *Glorium* . . . It encourages each silken strand to acquire the natural lustrous wave or curl — you have always dreamed of having.



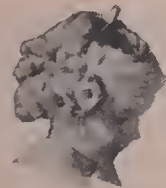
1. Dissolve capsule in 2 to 3 oz. hot water



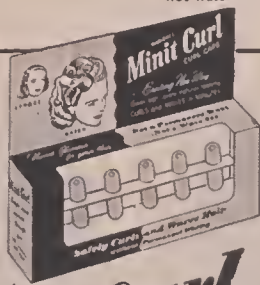
2. Comb solution through hair



3. Set hair . . . let dry



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- Fastest method yet.
- Curls and waves every type hair (actually conditions and benefits bleached or dyed hair).
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- Develops natural waves and curls.
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- Each capsule makes 3 ounces

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Send Minit Curl complete and I will pay \$1.25 plus tax and C.O.D. postage on arrival on your guarantee of refund if not completely satisfied. Cash orders mailed postage paid. (Enclose \$1.50 which includes tax.)

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DO NOT BE MISLEAD BY SUBSTITUTE CAPSULES — Remember *this* formula was perfected by the same chemist who pioneered the first original *SAFE* home cold wave solution. Be sure you buy the original, genuine Marlene's *MINIT CURL CAPS* in the green and brown package!

HOW IT WORKS — Minit Curl contains a new scientific *fixing* or *setting* ingredient combined with a *neutralizing* agency . . . plus the high lustre element *Glorium* . . . which conditions your hair, restoring its natural sheen, leaving it gloriously beautiful.

Inside Hollywood

continued

and figured that a fade-out at a critical moment during the production of his new picture might bring him the do-re-mi. Dan has literally zoomed to stardom since the war. He owes his break to his studio, and shouldn't forget that fact.

Lynn Bari's producer husband, Sid Luft, has just completed final arrangements to film his next independent film—"Man O' War"—the story of the famous race horse, at Riddle Farm in Lexington, Kentucky. Lynn plans to "go along for the ride"—and incidentally, they will visit her home town of Roanoke, Virginia. This will give Lynn her first opportunity to introduce Sid around to all her kin still living in the South.

The other day, Johnny Mack Brown showed up on the set of "Stampede" with high French heels built on his boots to make him as tall as his co-star Rod Cameron—a mere six-feet-six. Johnny Mack—who hits the tape at 6' 3"—claims it's the first time he's ever been topped by a co-star—"other than my horse, that is."

Stephanie Paull—Danish star formerly known as Osa Massen—says she is fast changing her "type" also, since acquiring a television set. Stephanie, the exotic, enchanting type, is currently dying to do—of all things—a Western. She had her first experience with the rootin', tootin' cowboy chasers via video—and has now become a loyal fan of "Hopalong Cassidy," and is even taking riding lessons.



Separation from husband Errol Flynn didn't keep Nora Eddington from enjoying the Kay Thompson show with Peter Lawford and other guests. Reconciliation with Errol came later.

Rita Johnson, whose recovery from a skull injury has been a slow process, is now able to take short drives around Hollywood. No one seems to have been able to reach a happy conclusion about the cause of her accident.

Now that Rita Hayworth's through traipsing around the country (with Ali Khan following at a very short distance!) she'll settle down to the filming of "Lona Hansen." Columbia can breathe a sigh of

relief about this, for their favorite red-head had them worried with the way she seemed to be encouraging unflattering publicity.

Europe's due to see more Hollywood stars very soon. Zachary Scott's keeping his fingers crossed so that his dreams of a European jaunt will go through. Zach has been offered a role in England. Before these plans materialize, however, he's to
(Please turn to page 16)



Bing Crosby gave trainmen quite a start when he ordered an upper for deer he shot on a recent trip. Bill Gargan enjoyed the fun.



"Bachelor of Hearts" degree was given Bob Stack by Scripps College girls who voted him "Man They'd Most Like to Have a Date With."



WOTTA
HILARIOUS
SETTING
FOR
ROMANCE



10,000 feet up-roariously in the air



with an impatient corpse



a ton of fish



a lightning lashed storm



and

no cupid



but a cigar-smoking chimp!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

Joan Fontaine · James Stewart

"YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY"

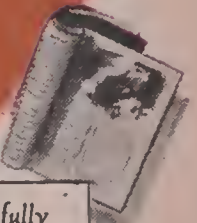
with **EDDIE ALBERT**

ROLAND YOUNG · WILLARD PARKER · PERCY KILBRIDE



Produced and written for the screen by KARL TUNBERG • Directed by H. C. POTTER
A WILLIAM DOZIER PRESENTATION • A RAMPART PRODUCTION

*It's from that wonderfully
wacky Sat. Eve. POST serial
by Robert Carson*



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H *inside*
I
ollywood

continued

report to MGM for some acting in the Greer Garson-Errol Flynn picture, "Forsyte Saga."

* * *
 Jane Russell's all through with leg art, she says. She's had enough! With Howard Hughes holding the reins at RKO, we'll probably be seeing more films of the pretty gal. She's doing "Montana Belle" now. And you haven't seen anything until you've seen Jane with Bob Hope in "Paleface." She's that wonderful!

* * *
 Everyone's going crazy about Kay Thompson and the four Williams Boys. Hollywood turned out en masse to welcome back the entertainers. Scene of the gala affair was the new Mayfair room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. And what a wonderful night! Nora Eddington divided her time with Peter Lawford and Freddie Kohlmar. Clark Gable squired one of his favorites, Iris Bynum—and they seemed to be having a marvelous time. Ginger Rogers and her Jack Briggs, Merle Oberon, Greg Bautzer, the Jack Bennys—you name the star—for he or she was there!

THE END



New girl for Bogart . . . in his new film, "Knock on Any Door." She's Susan Perry.



Dorothy Lamour makes sure Robert Young's all set for her NBC "Variety Theater."



MOVIELAND's handwriting expert, Helen King, is heard, seen over Washington, D. C., television. "Write Now" is produced by V. Hallock (left), with announcer Holly Wright.

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JANUARY 14



Overnight fame has not intimidated Claude, nor has it changed him. He's still the same shy, sensitive boy of "The Yearling."

NO GROWING PAINS

If you want to know about an actor—ask another actor. That's how we found out about young Claude Jarman, Jr.



Claude won't let Lassie suffer eye strain when they appear in "The Sun Comes Up."

By James M. Stolz

★ Destiny has a way of searching one out, no matter what obscure place one may be. Nashville, Tennessee, is a far cry from Hollywood, California; but in Nashville, Tennessee, some years ago lived a shy, slim, yellow-haired boy, who embodied all the qualities with which Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings had endowed the hero of her Pulitzer Prize-winning novel "The Yearling." So destiny sought out Claude Jarman, Jr.

After his magnificent performance in "The Yearling," and as a special Academy Award Winner, Hollywood asked themselves, "Is the boy finished? Did he give all he had in this picture so that he will be remembered as 'Yearling' Jarman?" To avoid this M-G-M astutely cast him in "High Barbaree" with Van Johnson and June Allyson.

And then that same Destiny, that had plucked him out of a fifth-grade class-

room, once more stepped in, and Claude Jarman was set for another picture, this time by R. K. O. The picture is "Roughshod" and Claude plays opposite Bob Sterling and Gloria Grahame. It's a virile Western and Claude plays the part of Bob Sterling's youngest brother.

If you really want to find out something about an actor—ask another actor and that's what we did about Claude. Bob Sterling was only too happy to talk about the boy.

"He's a wonderful kid," he declared enthusiastically. "If I had a son, I'd want him to be exactly like Claude Jarman. Maybe he's such a regular kid because his father is his manager. They are always together and the elder Jarman has made it his business to keep Claude unspoiled, and a simple American boy. When I tell you that Claude gets an allowance like any other kid and has to

Are you in the know?

keep his spending within it, you'll see what I mean that he has never gone Hollywood."

Anyway Mr. Jarman asked Bob to keep an eye on Claude and that the boy would appreciate it if Bob would give him acting tips.

"The kid was so eager to learn and took my advice so wholeheartedly, that when the picture was over, I discovered he stole all the scenes," laughed Bob, who is himself one of the most generous and likeable actors in Hollywood. But Bob was delighted because like everyone else on the set, he was crazy about the 13-year-old boy.

No member of Claude's family has ever been on the stage. Claude's shy, sensitive nature, his quick, mobile features and his soft Southern accent are his chief assets.

Because of his love for animals, Claude is a natural to be co-starred with Lassie and you'll see him soon in "The Sun Comes Up" which stars Jeanette MacDonald.

Director Brown, who found Claude after a 6-month search of 8 Southern states, when he looked for Jody, went to great pains to see that Claude remained as young and unspoiled as he was the day of his discovery. The horde of Hollywood publicists, agents, and writers who usually descend upon a rising star were kept as far away as possible during the filming of "The Yearling."

When asked to talk on the subject of Claude, Mr. Brown lapses into the lyrical. "He's one of the finest young actors ever to come to Hollywood," says Director Brown, "the most sensitive and adaptable actor I have ever directed."

What Claude has to say about Mr. Brown is straight and to the point. "He's great," Claude says with a shy smile. And you can bet he really means it. Anything Claude likes is great. Under that category comes, first, Claude's mother and father and older sister, then director Brown, then the whole cast of "Roughshod," including all the horses; then Elizabeth Taylor (his favorite picture is "National Velvet"), Hollywood and chocolate sodas—and now, of course, there's Lassie and Jeanette MacDonald and the cast of "The Sun Comes Up"—in fact, all the lovely people he works with.

Upon completion of "Roughshod" Mr. Jarman took Claude back to Nashville and to school. No hanging around Hollywood, waiting for another role for the Jarmans! And there Claude went contentedly back to junior high school (in Hollywood he had had special tutors) until Director Brown had another role for his "favorite actor."

"The Intruder" is the title of the new M-G-M picture which Clarence Brown will bring to the screen and there is every promise that this will be another great performance by a great little actor.

Claude takes it all in his stride. He won't be intimidated by his overnight rise to fame nor will it change him. Obviously he won't be a one-shot picture star, either—with four fine pictures under his belt and a fifth coming up. Claude Jarman is here to stay.

Hollywood is the richer for recognizing and nurturing this fine talent, for as the boy grows older so will his potentialities increase and Claude—a child star—will become one of Hollywood's adult star performers.

THE END



Which square dance step is he calling?

- Birdie in the Cage Address Partners Dosey-do

How about giving a square dance party? Scene: your home (playroom preferred!). Music: courtesy of folk dance discs or the crowd's own vocal cords. First, learn the steps and calls—such as "Birdie in the Cage" (see illus above). And don't let difficult days

keep you "caged," when Kotex can free you from discomfort. Made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*. And see how freely your new, all-elastic Kotex Sanitary Belt lets you bend—because it's adjustable; doesn't bind!



How to cope with a cowlick?

- Fight it
 Favor it
 Forget it

Ornery critters—cowlicks. You can neither take 'em or leave 'em. But if you favor a cowlick by parting the hair directly into the center of that stubborn tuft—it behaves! There's another smart plan you can favor, at certain times. That's trying the 3 absorbencies of Kotex—to find the one just right for you. Remember all 3 have an exclusive safety center, assuring you of extra protection with Regular, Junior or Super Kotex. Keeps you extra confident!



What "new note" does this coat bring?

- Back interest
 A break for tall teens
 Another beauty ritual

Each answer is correct. The coat shown has new "back interest"; styling that flatters "glamazon." The new beauty ritual? Neck care! That collar-rubbing means extra scrubbing and softening (with lotion) to save your neck. Back interest in dresses is often a matter of eye-catching *trimming*, rather than flare. So on "those" days, choose the napkin that prevents telltale outlines! With those special, *flat pressed ends* of Kotex, you're smooth—from any view!



More women choose **KOTEX**^{*}
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- I enclose \$1.00. (Send postpaid.)
- Send C.O.D. (Plus postal charges.)

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Game of Monopoly keeps Joan Crawford, Zach Scott and director Mike Curtiz busy on set of "Flamingo Road." And Joan wins every time!

CAN I HELP YOU?

By Joan Crawford

Let glamorous Joan Crawford help you solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 916 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles 46, Calif. Your letter will receive her personal attention

MY PARENTS ARE DESTROYING MY LOVE

Dear Miss Crawford:

I'm a girl of eighteen, and I'm very much in love with a boy my parents disapprove of. They don't like his habits or his background or his family or anything.

He is twenty-five, and he has a good job and he wants me to marry him. Like a gentleman, he came to my house a month or so ago and spoke to my father. He asked father for my hand, but father stalled around and told him we were both too young.

I then heard my parents discuss the entire case. Father said there was only one thing to do—send me away until my infatuation cooled off.

I am therefore going to Honolulu with my mother. I don't know how long she will keep me there. The idea is to make me forget Carl. My parents hope, too, that while I am gone he will find someone else. In other words, my parents are trying to destroy my love for this boy.

I spoke to Carl on the phone yesterday, and he suggested that we elope. That's my problem. Do you think we should?

Alice M.
Los Angeles, Cal.

By no means, elope. You will only earn the antagonism of your parents and in the end you will regret your hasty action. When you're eighteen and in love, you're terribly in love and you think you will never feel as you do now. You will never again have it with such youth, such fire, such intensity. You tend to give it too much importance. You notice only its strength and none of its weakness. One of the great weaknesses about being in love is that you lose your objectivity, your sense of values. Perhaps your parents see in this boy you love certain traits which you cannot, certain traits which won't make him the best possible husband.

If this boy really loves you and you

love him, then this separation won't matter too much. If anything, it will enhance your love. If by the time you come back you feel about him as you do now, I'm sure your parents who are sensible will realize the injustice of standing in your way.

In the meantime, you owe it to your parents to put your love to this test.

TOO-LONG ENGAGEMENT

Dear Miss Crawford:

Can you tell me just about how long a couple should stay engaged before they get married?

I've been engaged to a young man for five years. Whenever I bring up the question of marriage, he says, "We

Is this Young Wife

WRECKING HER MARRIAGE . . .



because her knowledge about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS is not complete or scientific?

When a young wife doesn't get off on the right start in married life for this reason—often her husband begins to show a cool indifference and honeymoon days are definitely over.

All too often a woman foolishly follows *old-fashioned* and *wrong* advice of friends. If only married women would realize how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, charm, health and marriage happiness. And what's *more important*—if only they'd learn about this newer, scientific method of douching with modern ZONITE.

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NAME _____
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CITY _____ STATE _____

don't know each other well enough." He is financially capable of marriage, and I'm not getting any younger. What do you advise?

Mary P.
Boston, Mass.

I suggest that you delicately force the issue. At the right time, at the right place see if you can't get your fiance to make a definite commitment. If he won't, then you'd best start searching for another fiance.

LOVE-PIRATE

Dear Miss Crawford:

We sure have a funny setup in my house. Everytime I bring a girl home, my older brother latches on to her, and that's the end of me.

Last night, for example, I brought my date to the house for a little dancing. We have a juke-box in the cellar. My brother Tom came down to visit. He started dancing with the girl. I went upstairs to wash my hands. When I came down, my brother and my date had gone.

This is the fifth or sixth time such date-snatching has happened, and frankly I'm a little fed up with it. I like my brother and all that and I don't want to make a big thing out of this, but it seems like a dirty trick. What should I do?

Charles McP.
St. Louis, Mo.

I think you should go up to your brother and tell him exactly how you feel. His actions to me seem inexcusable. If he's capable of stealing your dates, he's certainly capable of getting his own. There's one obvious way in which you can solve the problem and that is never to take your dates to your home. But that's really begging the question since it's your home just as much as it is your brother's.

I suggest you get hold of Tom and give him a piece of your mind, and if that doesn't work, then you try and bring your dates dancing when Tom isn't home.

EMBARRASSING FATHER

Dear Miss Crawford:

I have a very touchy problem. It concerns my father. When you ask him what time it is, he tells you how to take a watch apart.

Now, I myself don't mind his talking, but when a boyfriend calls for me, it's really embarrassing. I introduce him to Dad, and the next thing you know, Dad starts talking. By the time he's finished, it's ten o'clock and my date has to go home.

Dad just loves to talk about anything—it matters little to him that he frequently doesn't know what he's talking about—he just keeps blabbering along. I don't mean to sound disrespectful but it's gotten so bad that my dates now want to pick me up on street corners or in theatre lobbies.

Martha U.
Newark, N. J.

I think that first of all you must not meet your dates on street-corners or theatre lobbies. You can have them call for you at home. Should your Dad start one of his marathon speeches, merely interrupt by saying, "I'm sorry, Dad, but we've got an 8:30 date and must go." And with that start moving. Don't hang around waiting for a reply. You haven't much of a problem, Martha. All you need is a little forceful action.

THE END

Obey That Impulse!!!!!!



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one
on
with Ty
and Gene...
two charming
people

in a wonderful,
wonderful
picture!

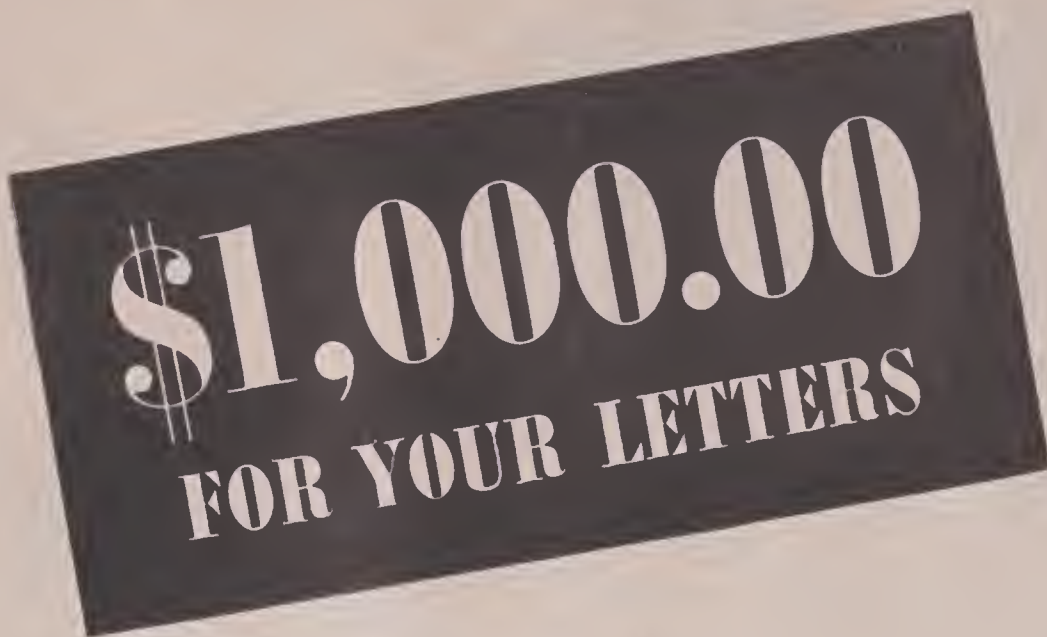
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20th
CENTURY-FOX

with
REGINALD GARDINER • ARLEEN WHELAN • LUCILE WATSON • GENE LOCKHART • LLOYD GOUGH
• PORTER HALL • RICHARD GAINES • TAYLOR HOLMES • CHILL WILLS
Directed by ROBERT B. SINCLAIR • Produced by FRED KOHLMAR • Screen Play by Jay Drotler • From a Story by William R. Lipmon and Frederick Stephani

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!



If you were the editor of

MOVIELAND

What would you do to make this a better Magazine?

Have you ever said to yourself: "If I were the Editor of a movie magazine, I know what I'd do"? I believe there are many of you who would like the opportunity to express yourselves on the subject of movie magazines. That is why I ask your opinion.

To make your letters most helpful, here are a few questions I'd like you to answer:

1. Which is your favorite movie magazine?
2. Do you buy more than one each month?
3. What type of stories do you like best?
4. Which stars do you like to see on the cover?
5. Which do you prefer—pictures only or stories illustrated with pictures?

To the writer of the most helpful and constructive letter, of not more than 150 words, MOVIELAND will send \$100 as the first prize. For the ten best letters, MOVIELAND will send 10 prizes of \$50 each. For the 25 letters which contain two or more constructive ideas, MOVIELAND will pay \$10 to each letter-writer.

And for the 30 letters that contain at least one usable idea for making MOVIELAND your favorite magazine, we will send each writer \$5.

Deadline for the contest is Midnight, February 10, 1949

Address your letters to Beatrice L. Cole, Editorial Director, MOVIELAND, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Contest Letters become the property of MOVIELAND and will not be returned to the senders.

The Stormy



Why can't these two beautiful, talented people find peace with each other? Maybe the answer is that Nora has matured and is fed up with temperament and being pushed around

By ELIZABETH SHELLY

★ What's going on with the Flynnys?

As I write this, Nora and Errol, after a stormy quarrel and separation, tried a reconciliation and are now on a New York holiday. But there are still plenty of bugs to iron out in any permanent reconciliation and it is still touch and go whether Nora will live in the house she rented for herself and the two children or return to live with Errol.

They're both painfully polite about not making bitter statements about each other. Errol told a Hollywood columnist to blame him, not Nora, for their troubles. "She's

still the greatest girl I ever knew," he said wistfully.

Nora herself, when talking about Errol to intimate friends, will not let one word of reproach about him escape her.

But the truth is, they're not getting along and probably never will unless Errol agrees to straighten himself out on certain points which have caused eruptions in the household. Errol has brought Nora much happiness in the past. But he has also brought her great grief. And in recent months the grief seems to have outweighed the happiness.

Marriage of the Flynns

Will Errol and Nora get together again—as their friends fervently hope—or is this time the end?

The reasons for a marriage break-up aren't always clear, but friends agree that storm warnings have been evident for some time in this case.

In the first place, Nora has changed drastically from the unsophisticated girl who was entranced by the dashing Flynn and married him in Mexico.

In those days she was just as pretty as she is now, but few people realized it, for she had very little money and dressed in a nondescript fashion. Of course she had the beauty and charm of youth; a lovely figure and a beautiful face that was further enlivened by a cute, pixie expression.

She had first met Errol when he was on trial on a statutory charge of which he was later acquitted. She was substituting for a friend at the cigar stand in the court building and Errol and she would smile at each other every morning on his way in and out of the courtroom. When they met again at a Hollywood party, they began to go together quite steadily.

Hollywood wondered about this romance. But few people believed it would end in marriage, Flynn being Flynn—a man who wanted complete freedom to go about as he chose with whomever he chose.

Suddenly in the summer of 1944, rumors floated out of Acapulco, Mexico, hinting that Errol and Nora had been married. But Errol strongly denied it.

Matters took on a different complexion, however, when the news reached America later that a baby, Deidre, had been born.

Again reporters asked Errol if he were married and if the baby were his. He denied being married and evaded the questions about the paternity of the baby.

Nora returned home, knowing that as a result of Errol's evasions, her baby had been branded as illegitimate by many people, and that she herself was regarded unjustly as just a cheap cigarette girl who had had a hasty affair with Errol.

Nora, however, was deeply in love with Errol. If she had become bitter she would have had every right to turn on him and speak of him slurringly, making him retract his foolish and damaging denials. For what sort of a man is it who will not face the world proudly with his wife and baby on his arm?

Nora was crushed by Errol's disavowal of their marriage, yet she was not embittered. "He has always been good to me," she explained. "I know he loves the baby very much. But he just isn't the type to settle down and be a conventional husband. He wants excitement."

So Nora made her plans to get a divorce. She said that she wanted nothing for herself, only a sum barely sufficient to take care of their baby. As soon as she was able, she would go to work. Before her marriage to Errol she had worked as an apprentice machinist in an aircraft plant.

Perhaps it was Nora's amazing honesty or her sweetness in saying she wanted nothing for herself that turned the tide for her. Errol had never known a woman before who asked for so little and who was so gracious. Here was one girl who was never self-seeking.

Suddenly he did a complete about-face, and began to introduce Nora to his Hollywood friends as his wife. She made a terrific impression on them (*Please turn to page 71*)



Nora Eddington (as she is known on the screen) and Errol are caught by the cameraman in earnest discussion on "Don Juan" set.



A "business" trip to NY sounded wonderful to Ray and Mal Milland. Between radio shows and personal appearances, they hope to do some shopping for their new adopted daughter.

A dog's the best present in the world. Now Danny won't be lonesome with Ray and Mal away.

A MOVIE STAR'S WORK IS NEVER DONE—AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT RAY MILLAND DISCOVERED WHEN HE AND MAL DECIDED TO "GET AWAY FROM IT ALL" AND WOUND UP VACATIONING (?) IN STAR-CONSCIOUS NEW YORK



Mal headed for infants' wear, but ties were more in Ray's realm. That bow tie might look pretty sharp.

At Ease!



There's time to stop at a gallery—not long enough to select a new painting to add to his art collection.



Ray even had fun during the working hours of this vacation. On the Kate Smith show they talked about his new picture "Alias Nick Beal."



Shirley's happiness even seems to shine in her lovely eyes. ➤

The Rich, Full Life

By MARVA PETERSON



The brightest star in the John Agar household is Linda Susan.

Wife, mother, movie star—and not yet 21! And there's still more ahead for Shirley



In "Baltimore Escapade," Shirley raises neighbors' eyebrows when she paints a portrait of a young man in classic Grecian pose. The young man in question is her husband, handsome John Agar.

★ Shirley Temple is a little wisp of a girl who somehow seems to excel in every department of womanness.

Take first of all the wife department and the testimony of a man named John Agar.

He thinks she's perfect and that's that.

Dr. Paul Popenoe, the world-famous authority on marital relations, at a recent lecture on "Youthful Marriages," was asked to cite an outstanding example of a young American wife and mother.

Popenoe thought for a few moments and then thoughtfully told his audience, "Shirley Temple. She seems to personify the best traits in young American women."

Shirley is currently more in demand by producers than any other young actress in Hollywood. (Please turn to page 80)



ALAN BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE



By FREDDA DUDLEY



"Chicago Deadline" is finished, so Alan's free to spend most free time watching construction and admiring his future view.

LIKE EVERY YOUNG COUPLE WHO BUILD FOR THE FIRST TIME, SUE AND ALAN HAVE INVESTED THEIR BEST DREAMS IN THIS NEW HOME

★ It was nearly three A. M. when Alan Ladd finished the last scene in his newest smash picture for Paramount. "Chicago Deadline," opposite Donna Reed.

Grinning a little, he strolled over to Sue who had come to the studio to pick him up and drive him home. "I guess it's entirely too late, isn't it?" he asked.

Sue consulted her watch. "I brought the big flashlight," she said hopefully.

Said Alan, "The drive doesn't take so very long."

Said Sue, "And we don't have to budge until noon tomorrow if we don't want to."

By that time they were halfway to the car. Abruptly they began to laugh. Catching hands, they broke into a run for the last twenty feet, and flung themselves into the convertible.

Through the sleeping streets of Hollywood and out Sunset Boulevard they drove. Finally Alan swung down a moon-drenched sidestreet, and parked beneath the lacy pattern of a sycamore tree. On the hill above them loomed the exciting skeleton of a new house under construction.

In unison they breathed one word, as they had many times before: "Home!"

All over America the same scene is being enacted. It is the great dream to own one's own home. Alan and Sue Ladd, like thousands of their fans, have planned for years to make this dream come true. For seven years, to be exact.

(Please turn to page 32)



New house incorporates most of Sue's and Alan's ideas. Huge picture window will overlook beautiful suburb of Westwood.





Alan always wanted a home with a steep-pitched roof like the Norman farmhouses. Sue liked the idea, too, so here's the start.

ALAN BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE



continued

When Alan and Sue were married, Alan moved into the house Sue had owned for some time. Naturally, they would have preferred to start their life together in a crisp new apartment or in a paint-bright new home, but the shortage of dwelling units was desperate; the country was on the verge of war, and Alan knew that he was going to be in uniform within a few months, so it seemed wise to make no change in their home arrangements.

As the years went by, the family grew. Carol Lee became a big girl and needed a place where she could entertain her friends. Alana began to take an interest in the decoration of her room. David came along to fill the last small bedroom in the house. When little Laddy (Alan's son by his first marriage) came to Hollywood to spend the weekends with Alan and Sue, Carol Lee had to sleep on the couch so that Laddy could be housed in her bedroom.

Still, Alan and Sue—like thousands of young couples—hesitated.

But hesitation did not stop their dreaming. One night Sue picked up a magazine on interior decoration and started to thumb through it. Three pages over, she found a large square hole in the middle of the page. Someone had clipped something for his own benefit.

Sue held up the magazine accusingly. "This is an outrage," she began severely, "which one of you children . . ."

Alan cleared his throat. "Er . . . as a matter of fact, honey," he confessed sheepishly, "I did that. Saw this picture of a fireplace . . . thought it was just what we'd

want . . . well, what do you think, Sue?"

Sue, instantly captivated, studied the picture and agreed. It was exactly what she had in mind, too.

A day or so later Alan brought home a huge scrapbook: "For house ideas." Diligently Sue and Alan, and even Carol Lee, clipped pictorial suggestions. At first they saved little except extremely modern architecture. They liked glass expanses, arrangement of a house to capitalize on view, and the airy, open effects of the modern type.

One night when Sue and Alan were leafing over their building books, Alan reached a decision: He didn't want a slab-roofed house. "I've always dreamed of a home with a steep-pitched roof . . . sort of Norman French farmhouse treatment. Do you suppose we could combine modern use of glass, wide eaves, interior gardens and such, with a French Norman roof?"

Sue, a practical soul, said, "Why not? It's our house. We should have exactly what we want. Besides, if we keep the Norman feeling we will be able to use all of our old furniture."

So it was agreed that the general feeling of the house should be Early Ladd, featuring a pitched roof shingled with hand-split shakes, the well-loved Ladd furniture from their original French Norman house, plus as many *new* touches as possible.

During those early days of planning, Alan and Sue drove around southern California in search of a dream-house site. Wistfully, they scrutinized the streets of Beverly Hills, Bel Air, and of Brentwood; yet when—quite by accident—they wound around the hills of Westwood, they found exactly the sort of neighborhood in which they felt they would be happy. (Westwood is the suburb in which UCLA is situated, so it is a young, collegiate, enterprising community.) Alan and Sue refused to inquire about lot prices . . . no use to stir up false hopes.

That is, not until the following week. The agent with whom they talked explained that one of the most desirable lots in the vicinity was for sale. The owner, an easterner, had decided to sit the war out in the middle of America, so was offering his building site for peanuts.

"Anything wrong with it?" gasped Alan.

"If the coast should be bombed (*Please turn to page 92*)



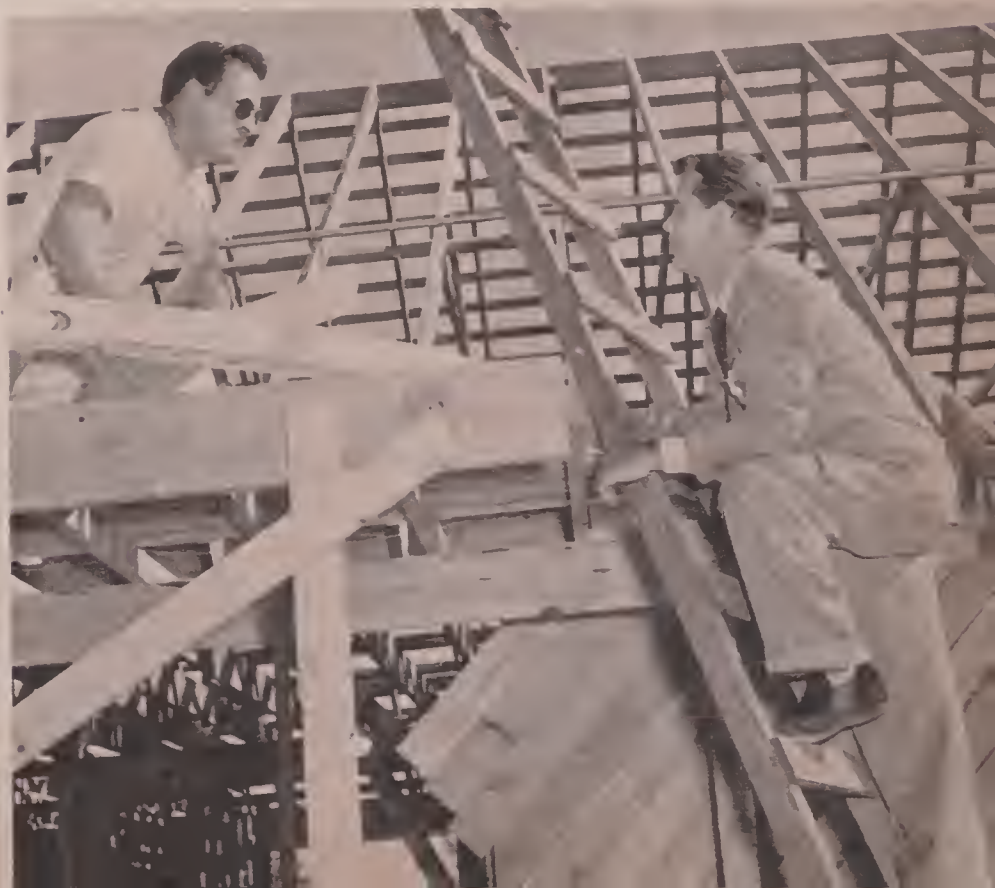
Copper pipes leading to the kitchen get Alan's close attention as do all other building details.



Mr. Blandings had problems but then he couldn't read blueprints the way the Ladds can! What's the style of the house? Alan and Sue call it Early Ladd.



Ladds will move from Alsulana Acres as soon as this place is finished, but they'll keep the ranch, too.



Alan takes a last look before leaving for England and Command Performance before England's king.



Model

Spring is in the air when Jeanne Crain wears this new hat. You'll see her soon in 20th's "Letter to Three Wives."



First purchase was this smart cotton in red white, blue broadcloth with matching shawl.



Dinner gowns should be romantic, so Jeanne selected this one of black lace with net.



Jeanne's all set for Sunday brunch in this palm beach slacks outfit.

Mama



Baby Paul's more interested in camera than Mama's new green taffeta skirt and bright red jersey blouse.

Now that baby Paul's on his feet, Jeanne Crain's doing what most young mothers do—she's picking out a new wardrobe with an eye for the present and not-so-far-away Spring



◀ The Florists Association knew a lovely flower when they picked Virginia to represent them this year.

My Beautiful Wife



It's nice to come home to the most beautiful blonde in the world—my wife, Virginia Mayo!

By Michael O'Shea

There'll never be career trouble in the Virginia Mayo-Mike O'Shea household. Here's why!

★ Virginia Mayo is often called "The Most Beautiful Blonde in the World." This article isn't going to dispute that claim. You see, she happens to be my wife.

Ever since Virginia and I married, people have been bombarding me with the question: What's it like to be married to "the world's most beautiful blonde"?

I've got news for you—being married to Virginia Mayo is no different than being married to any other girl. When the day's work is finished at the studio, "the beautiful blonde" drives out to our little ranch in Van Nuys. With the removal of her movie make-up the glamor girl role is dropped in favor of the 365-day-a-year casting—my beautiful wife.

When the girl happens to be as sweet, unaffected, and devoid of temperament as Virginia, being married to a glamorous star is no different than being married to a pretty girl who works in back of a five-and-ten-cent store counter.

Virginia isn't an overnight sensation whose stardom has gone to her head. She's not temperamental. She's not unduly impressed with her success.

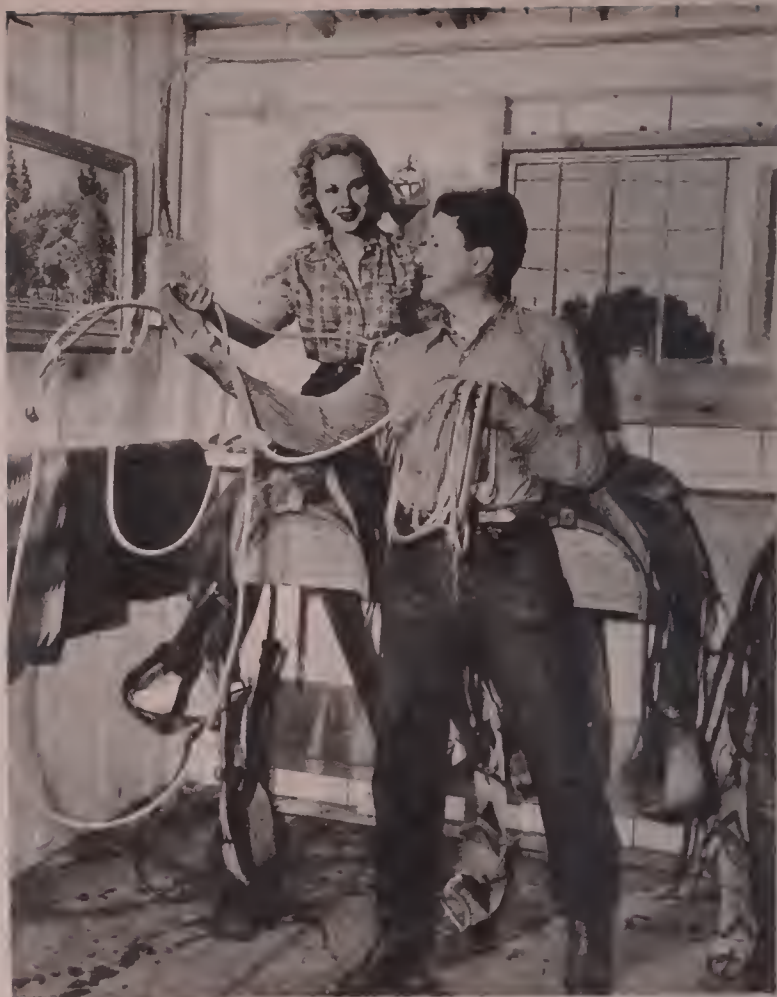
You would think, quite naturally, that anyone elevated to the status of a full-fledged Warner Brothers star would become difficult to get along with. Virginia hasn't been changed by her good fortune.

My B.W. set her heart on becoming a star when she was but eight years old. She studied, worked and hoped and

My Beautiful Wife *continued*



Mayo rides again in "Colorado Territory," her first western.



Ranch life suits us both. You can see that Virginia doesn't leave her glamor at the studio—she's just as gorgeous in dungarees!

prayed for success. Achieving this cherished station in life has made her humble and appreciative—not conceited or self important.

Like most star-struck kids, Virginia compiled huge scrapbooks about the reigning stars of her childhood. She adored the fan magazines. She took singing, dancing, and elocution lessons from her aunt in St. Louis—and never doubted for a solitary moment that she one day would become a star. Everything she did was with that goal in mind.

During these years Virginia appeared at recitals, dance exhibits; in fact, she made every possible public appearance open to her. When she was 16 her aunt took her in to teach the younger children. Virginia had taken to ballet and developed into an accomplished dancer. Few people know just what an accomplished artist she is in that field.

At 18 she joined the Corps de Ballet in St. Louis—a big break. Another break followed. She joined the floor show at the Chase Hotel and soon was made line captain of the chorus.

Spurred on by an ambition to reach stardom, night after night Virginia stood in the wings and watched every act that came into the hotel. It wasn't long before she had acquired the poise and the grace to augment her natural ability and beauty.

When the popular act, "Patsy (*Please turn to page 83*)



WHAT HOLLYWOOD HAS DONE TO ME

By Van Johnson

as told to Jack Holland

HE'S BEEN THROUGH EVERY PHASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD MILL. NOW HE CAN TALK ABOUT IT

★ I've been told that I've gone through about every phase of the Hollywood mill. Perhaps I have. There have been times, I admit, when I was considerably confused by the way things were going. Everything has happened pretty fast for me. But I am fully

aware of the fact that I have gained much more from Hollywood than I have lost. Come to think of it—I don't believe I've lost anything!

For the first time in several months, I've had some time off between pictures (*please turn to next page*)



Good advice from a famous actress aided me when I first started working in the "Dr. Kildare" pictures.



I never expected the success which came to me, and I hope that I never lose my feeling of gratitude.



My home is the cog around which I revolve. Evie and I stay home most of the time for we're not of the night club set.

after having finished "Command Decision" and "Mother Is a Freshman." And while I've been out in my back yard painting—my most persistent hobby—I've had a chance to do some reflecting; to check back on what these years in Hollywood have actually meant to me. And I've come to the conclusion that it is a place where you can learn much about yourself. It's a town that can give a lot—or take it away. It all depends on you.

I'd say that of all the things Hollywood has given me, the most important is confidence. When I came here I had a terrific inferiority complex. I wanted to be a good actor, but I couldn't help wondering why I'd ever been sent for from the east anyway. After all, there were no blond guys with freckles making a big dent in pictures.

I did have my illusions and my ideals, though—and I feel sorry for a person who hasn't. I kept them all during the six months I spent at Warners doing nothing. I kept them when my hair was surprisingly dyed black and an effort made to cover up my freckles. I was unable to understand why a product had been bought and then changed, and things were very mystifying to me.

Yet, while I hung on to what I believed in, I



Hollywood helped me grow up. Working with fine actors like Clark Gable in "Command Decision" has been a great lesson.

also developed patience. Naturally, I wanted to get to work and there were times when my idleness drove me crazy, but I realized that in this game I had to hang on and wait. In all those months, however, I never once expected the success which eventually came to me.

I believe I was helped over that period by keeping an interest in my work. It's so easy to become bored and jaded—and that's bad. As I began to get picture assignments at MGM later on, I found that each new film, each new day was like a challenge; that each was different. And that Hollywood was made up of many interesting things and people. I still haven't lost enthusiasm for my work or my life.

The people I met in Hollywood naturally helped me to grow up. Anyone would be in a sorry state if he didn't change. Working with the fine directors and such stars as Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne, Loretta Young in "Mother Is a Freshman" and Clark Gable in "Command Decision" was a valuable experience to me—and a great lesson.

Fay Bainter also taught me a great deal when I worked with her in one of my first pictures, "The War and Mrs. Hadley." (Please turn to page 94)



Now that "Mother Is a Freshman" with Loretta Young is finished, I'll get back to my most persistent hobby: painting.



Who wants to be a dramatic actress?
Not Betty! Fans love her this way.



FOR

By **CRAWFORD DIXON**



She knew what she wanted even at 10 when she danced blithely in a St. Louis kid revuc.

GORGEOUS GLAMOROUS GRABLE

She's not the most beautiful star,
nor the most talented. Why,
then, do the fans adore Betty Grable?

★ When Betty Grable was a little blonde baby living in a little red-brick bungalow at 3955 Lafayette Avenue in South St. Louis, she was the kind of infant people couldn't leave alone. They just had to pick her up and fondle and pet and love her.

Her eyes, even then, were two delightful rhapsodies-in-blue; her skin was the silken softness of a budding rose, and when she smiled or giggled, her face would light up with such wonderful heart-warming radiance that persons used to clasp her in their arms and just thrill to her baby hug and gurgle.

Five years later when Betty and her family moved to the Forest Park Hotel, she was virtually captured and adopted by the entire St. Louis Cardinals baseball team. The ball players roomed at the Forest Park and whenever they saw Betty in the lobby, they would swoop down, grab the child, and toss her in the air. One day when she was five and had just returned from a dancing lesson at Mrs. Clark's, Betty strode through the hotel lobby with a ukulele in her arms and a hula-hula skirt around her little midriff.

The St. Louis Cardinals almost ran amuck that

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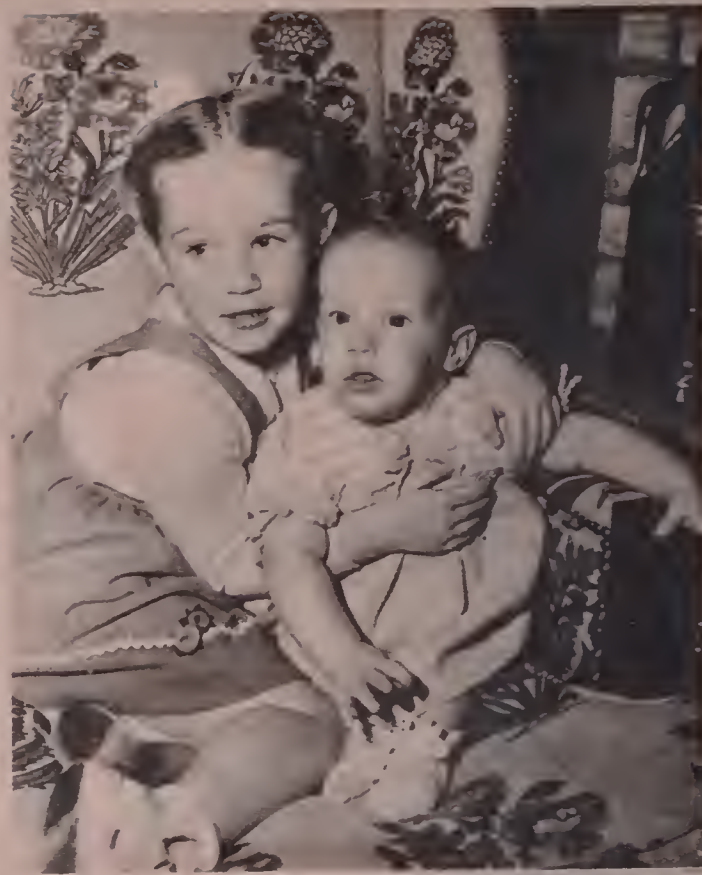
In 1929, Betty (left) and two other unknowns surrounded star Dixie Lee, now Mrs. Bing Crosby, for a publicity gag.



"I got a few lucky breaks, now you deserve some, too," Betty told Dan Dailey. They're in "When My Baby Smiles at Me."



On screen Betty plays the lovable American girl. Off screen she's the same girl. Here she is at her ranch home with husband Harry James.



Lively daughters Victoria and Jessica are two more reasons why Betty puts family above a successful career.

G FOR GORGEOUS, GLAMOROUS GRABLE *continued*

day. They found Betty irresistible in her American cuteness, her singular simplicity, her down-to-earth warmth and beauty.

In the exciting years which have elapsed since that day, Elizabeth Ruth Grable has become the most popular actress on earth, and fans everywhere have adopted her with that same fierce, proud possessiveness.

During World War II, for example, Betty received 90,000 fan letters a month.

"You can imagine what sort of job we had," her mother, who acts as her secretary-counselor, explains. "We spent practically every waking minute answering the mail. Now that the war's over, the letters have tapered down but Betty still leads all Hollywood actresses with 8,000 a month."

Why is it that approximately 100,000 movie-goers should write Betty every year? What is it about her personality that attracts people? Why has she become the biggest box-office draw of any screen actress? In short, why does the public go for her?

Betty herself says that she doesn't know. Her success comes as a genuine surprise to her. "All I know," she says, "is that I like to play myself. Whenever I have a song to sing, I get a kick out of singing it. I don't say to myself, 'Gee! I'm the greatest singer!' or 'Gee, I'm a great actress.'—I just do the things I ordinarily would do and then

when I see myself on the screen, I'm still a little amazed."

This lack of pretension, this lack of aggression, this lack of ambition and drive and push is seemingly the most endearing quality Betty has. *She's a female Bing Crosby*. She gives fans the impression that she is playing herself, and this is the truth.

There is no difference between Betty Grable on-screen and Betty Grable off-screen. She looks the same; she acts the same; she is the same.

She is the typical American's idea of the typical "nice" American girl: pretty, sexy, unaffected, entertaining, real, accessible, and the representation, the living personification of the movie-goer's daydream come true.

"Girls who see me in a picture," says Betty, "seem to feel that I could be one of them."

Betty is one of them. Transplant her in a small town in Texas or a large city in New Jersey, and no one will say, "There goes a great actress." Instead, they'll say, "Boy! That's a pip of a girl."

Betty makes men feel that her kind of girl is attainable, that there is nothing sultry, exotic, or melodramatic about her. During the war, most of the soldiers who wrote her explained that she was the kind of girl they wanted to come home to. She aroused the matrimonial instinct in them.

Secretaries and stenographers everywhere, when



Despite the fact that she earns \$300,000 a year, Betty would give up her career in a second if husband Harry James asked her to. Another reason fans admire her.

they watch Betty in one of the fifteen musicals she's made, feel that with a break or two, they might occupy her same role in life, that her success might be theirs.

In short, Betty Grable represents the great American common denominator. She's actual evidence that to become a success in Hollywood, a girl doesn't have to become a great dramatic actress; all she has to do is be herself.

There are a lot of people around Hollywood who like to kid Betty into believing that she's developing into another Sarah Bernhardt or Eleanora Duse. Betty never falls for the line. Only a few weeks ago, for example, Preston Sturges, one of the most talented and versatile directors (*Please turn to page 88*)

Senorita Betty's an eyeful in any language. No wonder her fan mail adds up to 100,000 letters a year!



Come Over Tonight

★ It's always a treat to visit Janis Paige and Frank Martinelli, but when the invitation's for dinner—especially one prepared by Frank himself—it becomes a must! The culinary star in the household got his training when he was special chef in his father's Bal Tabarin restaurant. Now when Janis is working on "Deadlock," Frank is the one to stand over the hot stove. Is this bad? Not on your life, because his cooking is the envy of friends all of whom are snaring Martinelli recipes. Why not try this menu the next time you entertain?

So you, too, can
enjoy a wonderful
evening with
your friends, lovely
star Janis Paige
generously gives
you her own recipes
for food and fun



How's this for wifely
pride? Janis is as
eager as guests Peggy
Ryan and Jimmy Cross
to sample Frank's
piece de resistance—
the veal scalopine.



Janis isn't so confident when it comes to her project, clam and cheese hors d'oeuvres. She's pleased that they're a success — without Frank's touch.



Peggy Rydn has the right idea: when you can't sit up any more, relax—but don't stop eating! It's the tomato salad that has her down but not out.

MENU

Cream Cheese and Clam Hors D'Oeuvres

★

Tomato Ring Salad

★

Veal Scalopine

★

Cheeseless Cheese Cake

*For Frank's recipes see page 72

Come Over Tonight

continued



"Good? You said a mouthful! I'm going right out for a copy of MOVIELAND to get this recipe," says Peggy when she sees Jimmy's enthusiasm.

Frank can have his recipes—this is more Janis's dish. She cops acting honors when she goes into her act—and no wonder. Janis really





After dinner, it's time for charades. Lee Bonnell and Gale Storm arrived late—but not too late to see Peggy act out "High Button Shoes."



means it when she sings "It's Love, Love, Love."



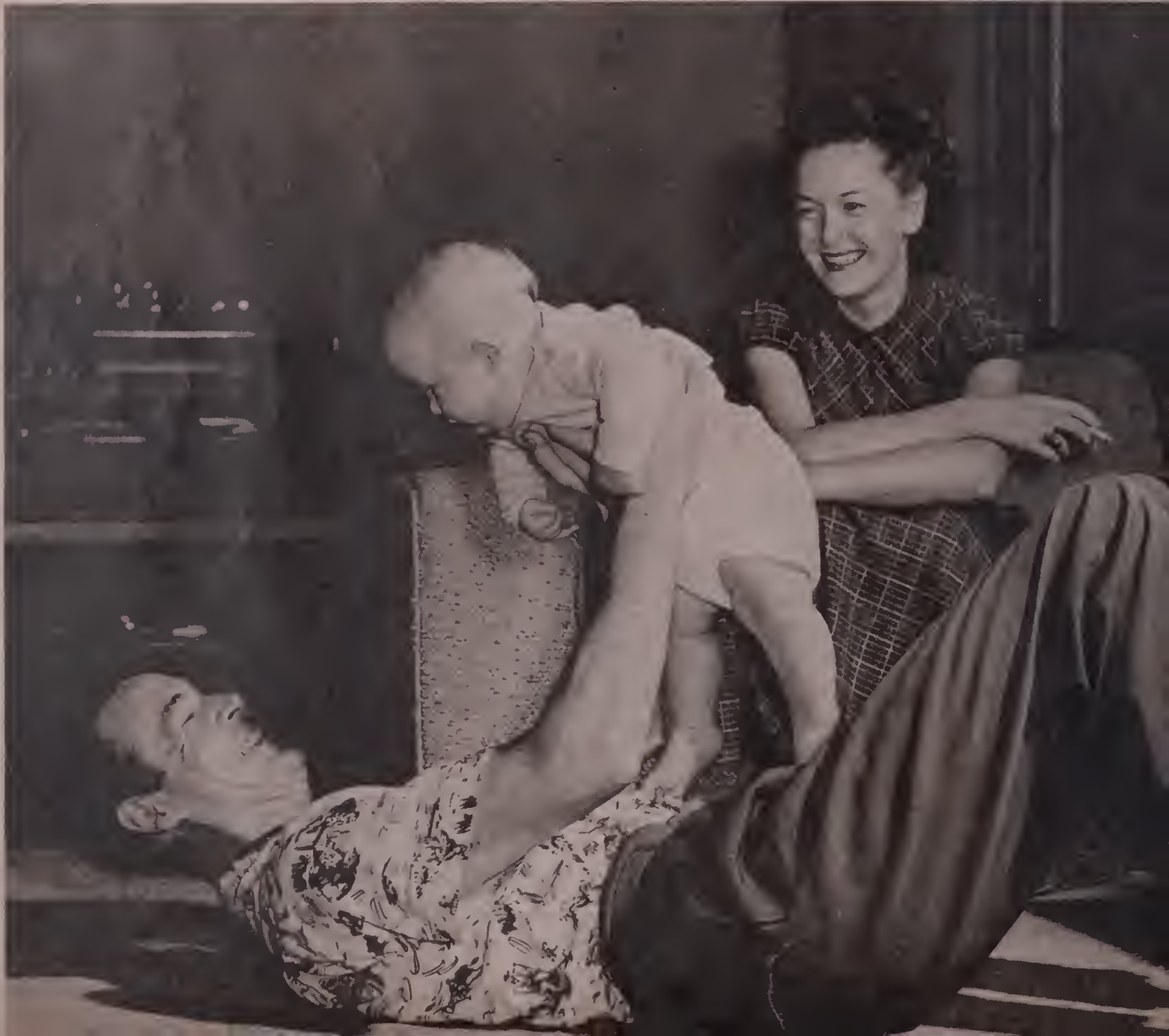
Janis does honors at the door and Peggy and Jimmy shout goodnight to that perfect husband, Frank, who's already in the kitchen cleaning up.

This bumpy road
to success had more bumps
than road, but it was fun
because Jessica and Bob Ryan
were together



This is My Love Story

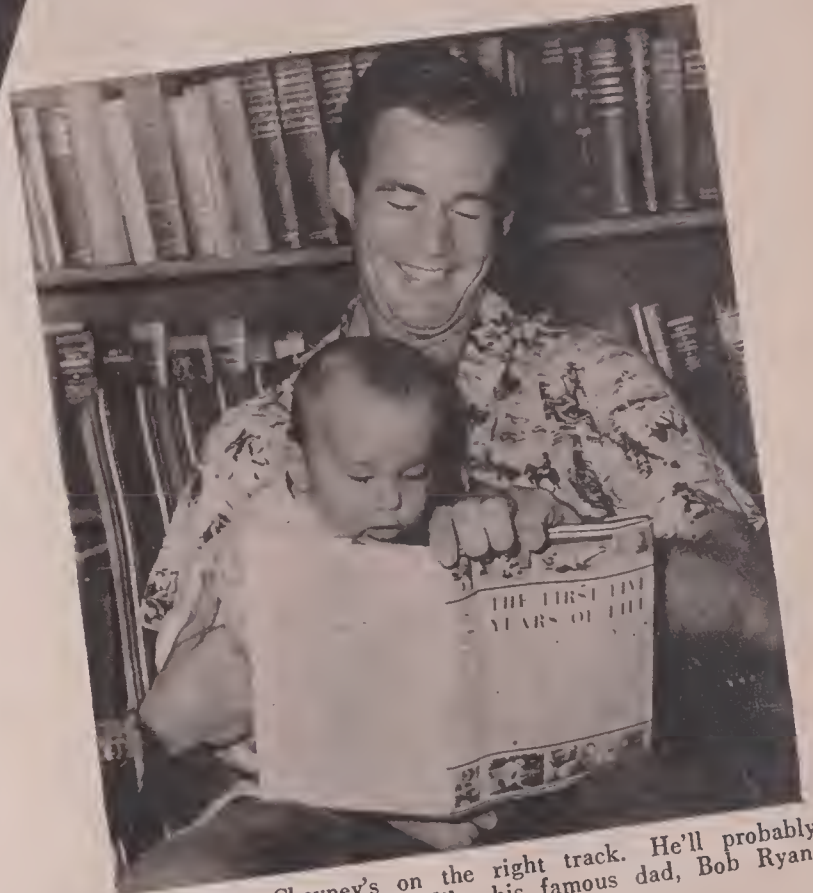
Home is where the heart is, and you can see Bob's is right here with Jessica, Cheyney (below) and eldest son, Timmy.



By Jessica Ryan



Jessica howled when she saw Bob in this pose. Sure he can hunt, but he'd rather read a book anytime!



One-year-old Cheyney's on the right track. He'll probably turn out to be a scholar like his famous dad, Bob Ryan.

★ Personally, I don't approve of gloating wives who write of their husbands' success in one field or another. Therefore, it is with humility, crossed fingers and natural reluctance that I recount some of the episodes in my married life with Bob Ryan. They tell us we've finally reached the top . . . that Bob "has arrived." It sounds easy and natural, the way they say it, but looking back over the last five years, I am convinced the bumpy road to success, in our case, had more bumps than road.

Bob Ryan, the husband, is a delightfully complex being. His varied background and unique experiences make him a colorful and vital person. He gets pleasure and extreme satisfaction out of doing simple things, whether it be knocking himself out in the backyard with our two sons, Timmy and Cheyney, painting the back fence or listening intently to my new novel. I shall slip over that last item for now. Suffice it to say . . . I write.

The first time I saw Ryan he was sitting on a bench. His long legs were sprawled out in all directions, and with the intense sincerity and confidence that an actor needs, he recited. His voice roared out. The rafters shook as he screamed, "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" Never had Mr. William Shakespeare been given such an earnest and heartfelt interpretation. The scene was Max Reinhardt's famous school of acting and Ryan, although he was emoting with true Elizabethan gusto, really joined the school to further his career as a playwright. I, too, was a student, but acting and a career in the theater were my particular ambitions. And there you have the switch. Bob became an actor and I, a *(Please turn to page 78)*



This is Paulette arriving in Hollywood ten years ago. Then no one knew what cleverness lay behind her beauty.



From Charlie Chaplin she learned the value of things vital to her future—intellect and money.



She is married to actor Burgess Meredith, a brilliant man, typical of those she attracts. Men admire her mind as well as her figure.

By Gardner Maxwell, noted psychologist

BODY AND BRAIN

She's one of Hollywood's most talked-about women, this fabulous blue-eyed beauty, Paulette Goddard, who prefers to keep her private life a mystery

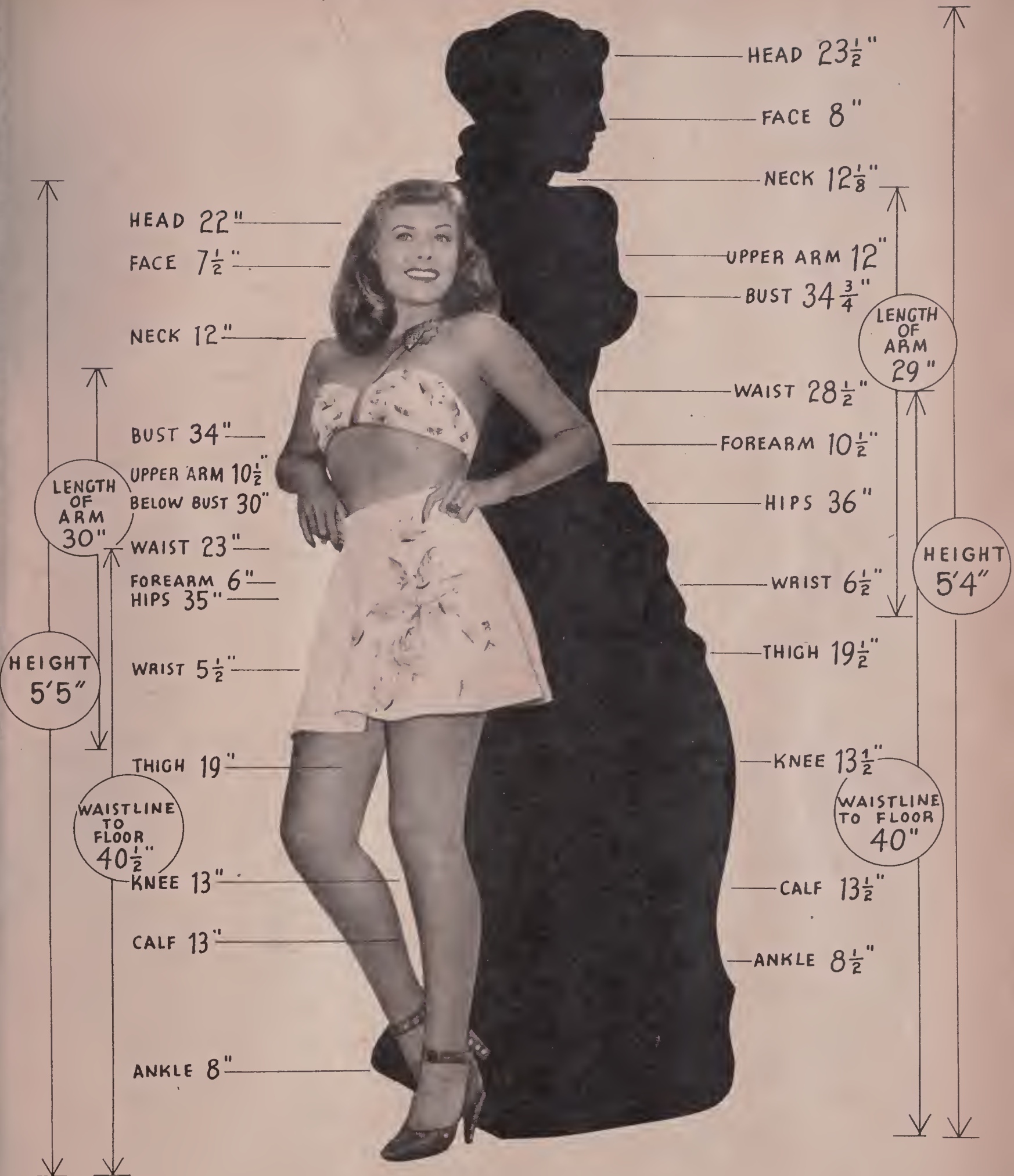
★ In order to get ahead in Hollywood, a girl needs one of two attributes and needs them in a big way—beauty, sheer ravishing beauty as in the case of Ava, Gardner, or brains, as in the case of Greer Garson.

When a girl comes along, however, who has both a beautiful body and an astute brain, then watch out! That girl is destined to rocket to stardom with a speed comparable to a jet.

This exactly is what has happened to a sensational, blue-eyed brunette named Paulette Goddard.

Paulette's screen progress has been so amazing that in ten years she has become one of the ten richest women in Hollywood. Her mental growth has also kept apace

PAULETTE GODDARD • VENUS de MILO



WEIGHT . . .

116 LBS.

WEIGHT . . .

128 LBS.

please turn to next page

BODY AND BRAIN *continued*

with her wealth, and she is regarded as a shrewd intellectual capable of making fascinating conversation on any grounds.

According to her movie fans, however, the most attractive part of Goddard is her body. She has one of the most beautiful figures of any actress in Hollywood, and it was this which primarily brought her to the attention of Charlie Chaplin, who gave her a chance in one of his pictures, later married her, and finally let her go her way.

It is significant to point out that Goddard is the only actress who ever played opposite Chaplin and then became a star in her own right—further proof of Paulette's brainpower.

It is also significant that Paulette is one of the very few actresses to have beaten a major studio in a financial deal. Some years ago, Paramount Studios asked Paulette to make a road tour as part of some picture exploitation. Paulette refused, so the story has it, unless the studio paid all her expenses.

The studio agreed, whereupon Paulette promptly took off to Chicago where she ran up a hotel bill of some \$6,000. The studio screamed but paid.

Harry Cohn, President of Columbia Pictures, is a shrewd manipulator but he met his match in Paulette. For playing the lead in "Anna Lucasta"—a plum role, coveted by every star in Hollywood—Paulette demanded, and will get, \$175,000—none of it deferred. The lady gets \$17,500 a week—for 10 weeks. . . .

There is no doubt but what Paulette Goddard is one of



Paulette makes glamor a business at all times. Even at home, she never fails to dramatize her fine points.



She knows all the tricks of being provocative—has bath sequences in most of her pictures. She's well aware that the public isn't likely to forget scenes like this.



Being shrewd will never affect her warm-hearted generosity to those who need help.

the brainiest and brightest actresses in the entire film colony. The answer to the question of whether she has beauty or brains is that she has both—in large quantities.

Unfortunately, no one knows where and from whom she acquired these inheritable characteristics. This is what makes her such a fascinating study. Why should a successful actress be so reluctant to give information concerning her past?

Is it because Paulette is ashamed of her early years of struggle? Does her youth connote such unhappy associations that she wants to rid it from her mind? These are the questions which a psychologist asks himself as he seeks to solve the riddle of Paulette Goddard.

And a riddle her life is, too.

She has alternately been listed in the records as Pauline Levy, Pauline Levee, Pauline Hatch, and Paulette Goddard. She was born either in 1905, 1908, 1911, 1914, or 1915. Her father has been listed as Joseph Levy, Joseph Levee, and J. R. Goddard. Her mother has been listed as Alta M. Hatch, Alta M. Levy, and Alta M. Goddard.

What are the true facts?

To date, they have been almost impossible to determine. Information concerning Miss Goddard has been completely confusing, and Paulette has never been particularly anxious to clear the mystery.

This mystery is part of Paulette's charm and since Paulette is, as we keep repeating, (*Please turn to page 69*)



At the peak of her success, Paulette is gracious and poised. She shares a happy marriage and career with Burgess Meredith.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS HAD
 NOTHING ON THIS
 PAIR WHO FLY THROUGH THE
 AIR WITH THE GREATEST
 OF EASE. AND WHEN "QUEEN"
 BARBARA STANWYCK JOINS
 IN THE FUN, BOB TAYLOR IS
 REALLY IN THE CLOUDS



She's a beautiful plane and even if we don't fly for weeks, Bob comes out to the hangar—with plenty of elbow grease—to keep "Missy" shining like silver.



Bob's My

By RALPH COUSER (Friend and M-G-M Chief Pilot)

★ If I'm giving you a pilot's eye-view of Robert Taylor, the small-town boy from Beatrice, Nebraska, it's because flying is my business and has been for more than 12 years. Up there behind the instrument panel, with the earth stretched out below you, you don't think of a man as an actor or as a tycoon or anything but the fellow who's flying the ship you're in.

You ask yourself, "Can this guy fly, or can't he?" And Bob Taylor *can* fly. His 2500 hours in the air prove it—and to me, a lot of other things prove it, too. He flies like he does everything else: with quiet competence, intelligence, distinction and with great self-respect.

There's just one thing that Bob can't do with that Beechcraft and that is get the Queen (his name for Barbara Stanwyck) into it. "Missy" calls her namesake a crate and won't even come close to it. She's afraid of flying; hates the very thought of it. Well, yes, she once gave it a try, down to Palm Springs and back, but she grabbed hold of the arms of the seat and held on, not even looking

out of the windows. What that trip took out of Barbara I still can't guess, but just the fact that she would go up with Bob meant more to him than all the honors he won in the Navy as a superlative flying instructor.

It happened one morning not so long ago, when the Queen remarked that it was a clear day and a pilot would very probably not bump into any mountains. Then she said to Bob, "Come on, Pomona. I'm flying with you today." They hopped off for Palm Springs and Taylor was *really* in the clouds. All he could say for days afterwards was, "Hey, the Queen thinks I'm a helluva pilot!"

It takes something spectacular to get Bob Taylor that excited. His self-control is fabulous. I've never seen him ill-at-ease or nervous. I don't mean that he's too good-natured or too lazy to squawk. I've seen him blazing mad, but only I knew it.

There's absolutely no ham in him and he refuses to trade on his name, when it would be so easy. He and Barbara will stand patiently in (*Please turn to page 90*)

It's fun to keep an eye on Ava Gardner. She's not only lovely to look at, but she's going places in such a breathtaking, glamorous way!

Got

Everything!

★ The girl in Hollywood who is fast rising toward the pinnacle long held by Lana Turner—is Ava Gardner.

As Lana takes her ease, Ava's back on the M-G-M lot snagging up choice roles like the one she has in "The Great Sinner," opposite Gregory Peck.

Ava is reaching stardom the smart way. She's very pleasant to all—co-workers, press, studio officials. She hasn't been on suspension for refusing roles—and from the looks of things she'll turn out to be one of the brightest stars. This seems as it should be, since she's got everything to go with that title!



Can't blame Greg Peck for finding Ava more interesting than the roulette game going on in this big scene. This is their first screen-teaming.



Director Robert Siodmak gives Ava a last minute instruction before the next scene starts. He's good—but she'll be better—and prettier, too!

**On location
in the heart of the
Navajo Indian
Reservation. Guy
Madison and his
pal Rory Calhoun
are united in
a Western; learn
Indian lore; have
themselves a fine time**



These cute little Navajo Indian bobby-soxers were plenty thrilled to get Guy's autograph.

that character,

GUY MADISON

★ Guy Madison and I have spent four years wangling our way into the kind of movie we most enjoy making.

When we were greenhorns in Hollywood, we used to get up at three a.m. to go rabbit hunting in the desert or go off to the mountains for deer and boar. All the time we were roughing it, we talked continually of someday how we hoped to persuade Mr. Selznick that we ought to be turned loose together in a rip-roaring Western.

Who says a fellow shouldn't plan? So what happened? We got ourselves loaned out to Allied Artists for "When A Man's A Man"—a rip-roaring Western—and now we're awaiting the fans' verdict.

Personally, we had a wonderful time whooping it up

far from Hollywood's sound stages. The real West still exists, believe us! We rode like the wind. We fought genuine Indians. We walloped each other in a bloody fight. We only stopped having fun because the director insisted the picture had to end!

He greets me these days with, "Hello, Spook!" I'd like to explain this. When I was a kid, a tarantula crawled through my hair and onto my face and I split a sleeping bag brushing it off. That'll give you the reason for the following episode.

Our first night on location in the wilds of Northeastern Arizona, I again felt something in my hair. I didn't null it over, as Madison might. I was scared. I jumped not only out of (Please turn to page 87)



Guy doesn't know his own strength. When he helped take off my boots, he nearly took off my leg with it. That guy's a character!



In our Federal uniforms (the period of this western picture, "When A Man's A Man," is after the Civil War) we roughed each other up.

by Rory Calhoun as told to Ben Maddox



We both were invited to join in the Squaw dance and since this is Tribal etiquette, we took it seriously.



DOUGLAS DICK

His role in "The Accused" gave him the chance to take another crack at stardom.



NINA FOCH

She's back—in a blaze of glory—opposite Glenn Ford in "The Undercover Man."



JUNE LOCKHART

Her NY hit paved the way for a starring role in "The World and Little Willie."



VIRGINIA GREY

"Mexican Hayride" starts her third acting career. This one may be the charm.

This quintet is making sure opportunity
knocks more than once. They're on their way up
again because nothing can keep them down

5

who came back

By HELEN HOVER WELLER

★ Here are five outstanding young players whose careers are zooming—and we want to tell you about them because the story behind the success of each is inspiring. All five of them—Nina Foch, June Lockhart, John Dall, Douglas Dick and Virginia Grey—are young, but in spite of their youth they're all making film comebacks. Sounds strange, doesn't it?

Each one—Nina, June, John, Doug and Virginia—were signed to Hollywood contracts and then, after a promising start, their careers fizzled out for one reason or another. They were all told that they were through. But, being talented and courageous, they wouldn't accept defeat.

The answer? Today, each one is a bright and shining film personality—with greater opportunities, greater popularity and greater promise than they had before.

June Lockhart and Nina Foch have parallel careers. Both girls were doing just so-so in pictures when they each took off for the Broadway stage. Each made a terrific success on the stage and became the darlings of New York. As a result, Hollywood has called them back and promoted them to star stature. Not bad for two girls who were practically told they were through a year ago!

First, let's talk about June. June is tall and honey-haired, with a tilted nose and the most dazzling smile this side of a toothpaste ad. June looks as though she'd be at home with a tennis racket or in a swim suit—which she is. She's wholesome, vivacious and young.

It was inevitable that June become an actress, for her father is Gene Lockhart, the well-known Hollywood character actor, and her mother, Kathleen Lockhart, was a famous stage actress.

June was born in New York where her father was starring in a play and her mother had retired only long enough to have a baby. As a toddler, June frequently watched her parents at work from the wings, and as she says, "I literally learned the alphabet out of a play script."

"But please," she told me, "don't say I was born in a trunk. It sounds so shabby. My parents were successful actors and they didn't travel around. They stayed in New York mostly, until we went to (*Please turn to page 73*)



JOHN DALL

With his dramatic performance in "Rope,"
Hollywood won't let him be forgotten.



Larry will do "Jolson Sings Again," but after that he's on his own—and that pleases him and wife Betty Garrett.

THE LARRY PARKS-COLUMBIA-AL JOLSON BATTLE IS OVER. HERE'S A BLOW-BY-BLOW



PEACE

... it's wonderful!

By SIDNEY YUDAIN

★ Larry Parks is working again; Jolson's singing again, and Columbia and a half-dozen million fans are beaming with joy. Peace has been declared. All's right with the world.

Appropriately enough, it was on Armistice Day—November 11, that the ebullient Larry and I sat down to discuss the peace.

"It's wonderful!" exclaimed Larry in a dialect of mixed Parks and Jolsonese. "It's been a long, tough, battle; an unplesant battle, but at long last I'm free. It was well worth it."

Dressed in black evening clothes, black bow tie and silvered-temples, Larry dug into his steak and gave out with the lowdown on his feud with Columbia and why he finally consented to star in "Jolson Sings Again."

After lunch he would return to the sound stage to join Cantor and Mrs. Yoleson (Tamara Shayne and Ludwig Donath) and "Steve" (William Demarest), for the opening scene of the sequel to one of the most popular pictures ever made—"The Jolson Story."

"I didn't want to do another Jolson story,"

Larry explained. "Not because I thought I'd lose my own identity, nor because I thought I was being typed, nor because of any personal animosity towards Al. Sequels are risky business. Especially when you're trying to follow as great a success as 'The Jolson Story.'

"I'm doing this sequel because it's the price I have to pay for my freedom. It's my concession to Columbia for a new contract.

"The script is much better this time. It's a better story, a happier one. We have a new and beautiful Mrs. Jolson—Barbara Hale—but the rest of the cast is exactly the same. We hope this sequel will be received as well as the first."

All indications are that it will. For throughout the world eager fans have been demanding a second Jolson story— (Please turn to page 96)



AND COLORFUL DESCRIPTION

Here Comes the Bride



Aren't they a handsome pair? John and Diana Lynn Lindsay, whose marriage set the town on its ear.

The inside story of how Hollywood's gayest bachelor girl said—"Yes"

By Marcella Palmer

★ A week before Christmas, Diana Lynn, looking heavenly in a white satin and tulle wedding gown with a short train, became the bride of John Lindsay in a church ceremony that was the last word in old-fashioned dignity and tradition. Everything was as it should be.

How did one of Hollywood's most popular girls get the question popped?

John, who is a successful Los Angeles architect, was inspecting one of the apartment houses he had designed one Sunday afternoon and Diana was with him. While John was busy discussing some detail with the foreman, Diana watched the workmen.

Suddenly, in the midst of all the clatter, John joined Diana and said, "Darling, will you marry me?"

Diana answered, "Why of course, dear!"

This is not to imply, however, that Diana rushed into marriage without thought. Far from it. Diana is a sensible girl. Heavens knows, there have been plenty of beaux who have been trying to get Diana to say "Yes." The gossip columnists have had her linked with this man and that for a long time, for Diana has been one of the most sought-after girls in the younger set.

It was only when she announced her plans to marry John

that everyone realized how serious she and the handsome young architect were.

It had not been a publicized romance simply because Diana and John didn't frequent the publicized places. They would have dinner at the little, out-of-the-way restaurants or at friends' homes. Since Diana had turned down so many suitors in the past, she gave every evidence of wanting to stick to single blessedness for a while. She had just finished furnishing a charming bachelor-girl apartment in Beverly Hills and she seemed to be having too much fun to think of settling down.

Those were her sentiments—until Johnny came along. John and Diana had met several times at small parties, but much to his chagrin Diana always was surrounded by beaux. Now and then he managed to get her alone to talk, but all too soon Diana's escort would join them and then, of course, take Diana home.

It got to be quite a problem for a young man trying to make headway. What John didn't know was that Diana was impressed with him. She liked his vital personality, his lively sense of humor and his warm, boyish grin.

He thought he didn't stand a chance, but one evening he phoned her.

"I imagine you're very busy, aren't you?" he began. "But do you suppose you could find a free evening to have dinner with me?"

"Why I'd love it," he was surprised to hear. "How about tomorrow night?"

The first date convinced them that they should see more of each other. They had dinner and went dancing at Ciro's. The orchestra played "You Were Meant For Me" and Johnny held Diana close.

There seemed to be a perfect meeting of minds and personalities. They discovered that they both loved the old show tunes and that dancing with each other was divine. Soon, they began to go together steadily and they learned more and more, to their great pleasure, how much alike their tastes were.

Diana, being a concert pianist, loves music. So does John. Being an artist as well as an architect, John introduced Diana to the thrill of visiting art galleries, and now she's as crazy about it as he. They enjoyed being together and their conversation ran the gamut from chit-chat to discussions on the ballet, literature and most anything.

Soon John was telling her of the time, two years ago, when he tried desperately to meet her. He had become attracted to her on the screen and thought, "There's a girl I'd like to know."

He managed to get her phone number through someone who worked at the studio. However, he didn't quite know how to proceed from there. He is not the brash or breezy type who would call a girl he'd never met.

By calling the house on some pretext, he got the address and drove to her house. "And then," he told Diana, "I felt like a complete fool. I was stumped. I could no more ring the bell and ask for you than I could fly. So, getting angrier and angrier at myself, I just drove away."

It took a long time after that for them to meet, but when they did, it was exactly four months to the day that they were married! Being young and sentimental they chose the eighteenth of December for their wedding day because it was on August 18 that they had their first date.

Since they were very much in love they didn't want to wait out a long engagement. Diana is opposed to long engagements.

"Too many things happen to engaged couples," she told me, "particularly in Hollywood. When you're engaged you're under an emotional strain—but if you're in pictures, it's even worse. Too many people are ready to start rumors that you're both cooling off or that you've quarreled, when no such thing may have happened. Being an actress, I was accustomed to that and I might have been able to shake off such talk. But I didn't want to leave John open to that."

That John is the right man for Diana is undeniable. Although he is only 30, he heads his own business. He was born in Chicago and attended the University of Minnesota. He came to California to study architecture at USC, and although his family was able to send him through school, he preferred to work his way.

That means a great deal to a girl like Diana who has a serious side to her and strong ideas about character and stability in the man she marries. She smiles proudly as she tells how Johnny has made his own way. There will be no conflict of careers, for she has an enormous respect for his work and there is no danger of John Lindsay ever being known as a "movie star's husband." His name, in his profession, is as important as Diana's is in hers.

They are starting off, definitely, on the right foot. Although they could easily

live in Diana's apartment until they build their own home, she and John decided against it. Instead, Diana sublet it and she and John are living in a rented house.

"It didn't seem the right thing to do, starting married life in the apartment where I'd lived when I was single and dating other boys," Diana explained. "Too many hangovers of the past. Every couple should start out in a place of their own, if it's at all possible. Another thing, even though John would be footing the bills and all that, there would always be the feeling that this was 'my' apartment."

They agreed about wedding plans. Everything very simple and conventional. Diana's gown was embroidered with seed pearls and her matron of honor was Jane Withers, her best chum.

Only the family and closest friends were in the church to witness the ceremony. Afterwards, there was a gay and magnificent reception in Wynn Rocamora's house.

Since Diana's parents had given up their large home they couldn't very well hold the reception in the small apartment they were now occupying. Diana didn't want her reception in a hotel. "So cold and impersonal for a wedding party." Her wedding had to be right down to the last detail. So when Wynn, who's been a friend for years, insisted that he be allowed to have the reception in his home, Diana was delighted.

They had it all, the rice, the old shoes, the toast in champagne, the three-tiered bride's cake which Diana and John cut with an old silver knife tied with gardenias and white ribbon. And then they made their laughing getaway for a honeymoon in the Bermudas and a quick stopover in New York.

They agree on who's boss. John is! John is dependable; John is calm; John is thoughtful and has foresight. Diana, on the other hand, is mercurial. Diana has "moods." John is prompt. Diana is vague and never on time.

But on the big things they're alike. They even look alike! So you can imagine how handsome John is.

John is interested in Diana's career—Diana likes to hear John talk enthusiastically about this building or that one which he's designing.

They are going through the exciting business of looking for a lot on which to build their own home. "It's going to be on top of a hill," Diana says, "because Johnny wants a modern house. I didn't think I'd like that—as a matter of fact, my own apartment was Early American—but Johnny knows more about those things than I do. He went over the plans with me and now I'm completely sold on modern. One side will be all glass with a terrific view, there'll be immense, low sofas. . . . It sounds wonderful."

It does—and it is. As Diana Lynn, one of Hollywood's gayest belles, life was fun. But as Mrs. John Lindsay—well, that's only the beginning of living in a big way.

THE END

Don't miss
the splendid story and pictures of

Bing Crosby

in

March Movieland

on newsstands February 9

BODY AND BRAIN

(Continued from page 57)

distinctly a "brain," she may be deliberately cloaking herself as a "mystery woman."

Reporters who've been assigned to ferret out the biographical facts from the actress have never met with success. In describing her conduct to a reporter who was ordered to obtain the basic facts of her life, she told how she had handled his predecessor.

"He was assigned the job for a month," she explained (the job of finding out about Goddard). "He used to accost me in restaurants and bars and get fresh, and he hung around the house. But he got nothing from me," she laughed.

This attitude is certainly in marked contrast to the behavior of most actresses whose lives are carefully documented and who reveal their vital statistics with graciousness and pleasure.

Of course, vital statistics on Paulette Goddard do exist. They don't square with the facts, however.

Her studio biography, for example, lists her as having been born in Whitestone, Long Island, on June 3, 1915.

No record of her birth under the name of Paulette Goddard or Paulette Levy in Whitestone, Long Island, as of that date can be found, although Miss Goddard told reporters, "I was actually born in 1915, and I was first married to Edgar James when I was sixteen."

The record shows, however, that she was divorced from a Mr. Edgar James in 1927, which according to Miss Goddard's calculations would make her exactly twelve years old at the time of divorce.

When confronted with these discrepancies, Miss Goddard has said blandly, "I'm simply terrible in mathematics!"

There has also been a good deal of confusion concerning Paulette Goddard and her relationships with Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin refuses to say anything about Miss Goddard except that she's a talented, beautiful actress which everyone knows. Miss Goddard in turn has very little to say about her life with the comedian.

In short, the actress is a mystery and that's the way she wants it.

For example, the studio biography (and this was supposedly written in conjunction with Miss Goddard) says: "Then, at the age of 14, she got her chance. The great Florenz Ziegfeld visited her uncle . . . Paulette saw to it that she was there. When she voiced her stage ambitions to Ziegfeld, he quickly said he could use her in 'Rio Rita.'"

The stage show "Rio Rita" was put on by Ziegfeld in 1927. If Paulette was fourteen at the time, she couldn't possibly have been born in 1915 as the studio biography claims.

The World Almanac names Miss Goddard as having been born in Great Neck, L. I. on June 3, 1911, which date is probably the correct one. This would make her sixteen at the time of her marriage and divorce to Edgar James.

Paulette is beautiful; she is attractive; she has a striking figure; she has great quantities of sex appeal. She is shrewd, astute, experienced, smart; she knows all the angles; and should she stop making pictures tomorrow, she wouldn't have to worry about her future.

She has her money distributed in several enterprises, the newest of which is "Hi-Tor Associates," an antique shop she runs with her husband, Burgess Meredith.

(Please turn to page 91)



Your fan Club

BY DOROTHY CROUSE
President, Gene Autry Fan Club

The Gene Autry Fan Club
turns in a report on
what's doing with their
favorite movie star

★ It was raining in New York City the Thursday evening clubbers from all parts of the country began checking into the Victoria Hotel, to attend the Tenth Anniversary Convention of the Gene Autry Friendship Club. But our spirits weren't dampened one whit, as we gathered together in the Big City.

Our convention started the following day with a bus trip to Lake Success. We were taken on a guided tour of the United Nations buildings, and we were permitted to lunch in the cafeteria of the main building. Later we attended a screening of "Search Light of the Nations," a picture showing how world communications are carried through. Our guide was deeply impressed that a club such as ours was so interested in such worldly affairs, since it was the first time a fan club had visited the United Nations *en masse*.

We hurried back to the city and raced to our seats in Madison Square Garden to see the World's Championship Rodeo and our star cowboy, Gene Autry. This year Gene had brought Little Champion to the rodeo. Little Champ, in case you don't know, is the son of Gene's famous horse, Champion—and he's just as talented as his famous daddy. After Gene finished his acts, peanut whistles rang loud and long; needless to say, our star knew who was behind the additional noise in the Garden that afternoon.

Our first day ended with a wonderful party in the Rendezvous Room, at the Victoria Hotel, where over two hundred members were present. Everyone had a grand time getting acquainted with one another, playing games, dancing, and listening to Gene Autry records. As re-



Big moment for me! I presented a birthday cake to Gene, then he pinned a corsage on me. Cake was in the form of an open book. Besides being lovely to look at—it was delicious.

THE STORMY MARRIAGE OF THE FLYNN

(Continued from page 25)

freshments were about to be served our friend Gene came strolling in. The coffee got cold, and the sandwiches were left uneaten. Gene visited every table and spoke to the members, posed for pictures, and signed autographs. About midnight the weary members traipsed happily to their rooms. The first day of the convention was voted a success.

Saturday was another big day in the lives of the Gene Autry Friendship Club members. Up bright and early to attend a private screening of Gene's new Columbia picture, "Loaded Pistols," which was followed by a luncheon and open forum in the beautiful Hawaiian Room of the Hotel Lexington. Here we presented Gene with a huge birthday cake combined with anniversary congratulations to the club. The cake was in the form of an open book, highly colored and beautifully decorated with a horse and cowboy astride. Lillian Jenkins of Madison Square Garden hoped the cake might be placed in a window at the Garden for display—but we had planned on eating the cake for our dessert, so MSG did without!

Like all fan club presidents, I like to meet and talk with other club prexies, so as Sunday luncheon companions, I was happy to greet once again Genger Bagnall of the Jack Berch Club, and to meet Marionne Oppenheim of the Bette Davis Club. Later the girls returned to the club headquarters with me for a longer visit.

Sunday evening we attended the Melody Ranch broadcast. The Cass County Boys dedicated a song to the club before the program went on the air, and a general good time was had by all.

We couldn't leave without another visit to Madison Square Garden to say goodbye to our pal Gene who always tries to talk us into staying another day. This ended the 1948 G. A. F. C. Convention, for which members from Utah, Oklahoma, Kentucky, Canada, and over 25 other states were present. We said goodbye brightly, with a look ahead to next year.

THE END



See how big the cake was! Members celebrated Gene's birthday and club anniversary.

all. Here was a woman who was not only beautiful and charming, but who was very unselfish—a rare combination anywhere. Perhaps she was foolish in being willing to sacrifice her whole life to Errol's unpredictable whims, but Hollywood admired her for it.

She was much younger than Errol. But as Milton Berle once said, "Youth must have its Flynn."

At any rate, no matter what the calendar said, she did not, in those exciting days, feel younger than Errol. His gay irresponsibility made her feel almost maternal toward him. "Sometimes," she once said helplessly, "he seems to me like a lovable little boy."

Of course, this was not precisely the attitude that the rest of Hollywood took toward Errol. He has been called many things by many people, but never a "lovable little boy"—except by Nora.

With the Flynn money and prestige behind her, Nora began to bloom. She became one of the most glamorous girls in Hollywood. Columnists commented admiringly on her beauty and chic, and Nora revelled in it.

Errol, who had at first insisted that he and Nora must live in separate homes so that they could enjoy a sense of complete freedom, changed his mind. It took him four years to change. During that time Nora occasionally spent a few days in the Flynn mansion and at other times she lived with her father and stepmother. At the end of the four years, Errol was fed up with this unconventional pattern and finally asked his wife to share his domicile permanently.

Hollywood looked on in wonder. It seemed that at long last the prodigal husband had reformed.

They had another daughter, Rory, and now it seemed as if the Flynn's had really reached a safe and happy landing. Errol's name began to appear less frequently in the headlines, and Warner Brothers' press agents enthusiastically reported that he had become thoroughly domestic. One got the cozy picture of a man who was content to stay at home with the wife and kiddies and his pipe and slippers.

Alas for those illusions—there was one factor that spoiled that charming picture. When Nora fell in love with Errol, he was one of the most dashing men on two continents. If she had wanted a mature, domestic individual she would never have fallen in love with Flynn. The man she married and the Errol Flynn of today are about as alike as champagne and coca cola.

Now it seems that Nora has just opened her beautiful eyes to what the world and life are all about. When she married Errol she was nineteen and content with domesticity. Errol was not. Today he wants the quiet life, and she wants to see more of the world. His tastes are jaded; Nora wants a gay, active life because it is all quite new to her.

Being a girl of fine background and character, she has never done anything questionable. But she doesn't want to sit beside the fireplace with folded hands.

Recently she has begun to act and in all credit to Errol, he has been most helpful to Nora in her budding career. She plays one of Errol's flames in "Adventures of Don Juan."

Whether she continues her acting career no one can say at the moment but Nora has the talent as well as the looks for it.

These days Errol has not very much desire to participate in strenuous games. The terrific athletic tournaments he used to participate in with such zest are forbidden to him now because he is not very well.

One day I saw Errol and Nora together at the Palm Springs Racquet Club. Nora wanted to play tennis, but Errol was not in the mood. So Nora chose another partner and with sparkling vivacity she leaped around the court while Errol looked on glumly.

Is it any wonder that they quarrel and bicker frequently now? Errol is extremely possessive, and while I think that in his heart he knows he can trust Nora completely, it rankles him when he notices how attractive she seems to others.

Actually, there is nothing for him to complain about. Nora has done nothing for which he could reproach her; his fury more often is with himself because he no longer is the gay, tireless companion Nora now needs.

Errol always used to be in the driver's seat, not only with Nora, but with every woman he knew. He could turn his charm on at will, and when he did, it was devastating.

The girl who married Errol five years ago was ready to do anything he said to keep peace in the family. If he wanted a divorce, she was ready to give it to him. When it turned out that he didn't want a divorce, she remained his wife.

But Nora has matured into a woman. She is no longer the infatuated child-bride who would put up with anything. Today she knows Errol Flynn thoroughly, and is as familiar with his weaknesses as with his virtues. On the credit side of her marriage ledger she puts his unflinching tenderness to her when she was expecting his baby; his sense of humor; the gifts he presented her with, always gaily and with typical Flynn nonchalance.

Errol is not accustomed to consulting other people's tastes or considering them unduly. Although he collects a tidy fortune from his studio, he is not particularly co-operative with his bosses. He rarely gives interviews, except when it suits his own purposes. He is notoriously unco-operative with the press.

The women who adored him were shoved aside when he was no longer interested in them. Perhaps Errol thought that when he tired of his marriage to Nora, he would shove her aside, too.

If the Flynn marriage breaks up finally, it will be because Nora is fed up. It is she who is demanding that Errol toe the mark. She wants to be treated the way other beautiful women are—as someone to be protected and handled with consideration and tenderness. She will not allow herself to be treated like an old shoe. Why should she when she is young and desirable?

Errol knows perfectly well that if he doesn't go back to Nora on her terms, their marriage will end. For once in his life Errol has found something precious.

Because Nora still loves him, their story may have a happy ending. Certainly, no other woman has ever meant as much to Errol.

At his gallant best, Errol could easily win back Nora. At his gallant best, he could hold her. The outcome of their love story depends mostly on him.

THE END

Come Over Tonight

(Continued from page 51)



Party-time is no hardship for Janis Paige! Husband Frank's on the spot to help her.



Cheeseless cheesecake is a dream—and not the least bit difficult to whip up.



Get the table ready about an hour before guests arrive. It saves rushing around later.

Cream Cheese and Clam Hors. D'oeuvres

Mix: 3 pkgs. cream cheese and $\frac{1}{2}$ chopped onion (very fine). Add: 1 ounce smokey cheese, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise. Mix well so cheeses are blended, then add one can minced clams, drained, and 1 or 2 tsps. of clam nectar. Mixture should not be too thin. Surround with potato chips and dip in cheese mixture. Add salt, pepper to taste.

★

Veal Scalopine

Olive oil
2 kernels of garlic
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onions
1 tsp. rosemary
1 tsp. thyme
3 lbs. veal, cut into small pieces
Flour
Salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white wine
Medium size can tomato paste

Fill bottom of pan with olive oil. Break up two kernels of garlic, put in with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup onions. Simmer. Add rosemary and thyme. Sprinkle veal lightly with mixture of salt, put in frying pan with onions. When veal is browned, add white wine. Over this pour can of tomato paste, simmer slowly, basting with own juice until mixture thickens. (About 45 minutes.) If desired, freshly cooked green peas may be put on top of scalopine few minutes before removing from stove.

★

Cheeseless Cheesecake

Place five egg yolks into bowl. Add one 15 oz. can Borden's Sweetened Condensed milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ grated lemon rind and juice of three lemons. Beat with electric beater until thick. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold carefully into egg mixture. Pour into graham cracker-lined pan and put into pre-heated oven (325 degrees) for 40-45 minutes.

★

Graham Cracker Crust

Crumb one small package graham crackers. Add about $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter, mix well. (I add a little cinnamon to crust.) Line 8 or 9 inch spring form pan with $\frac{3}{4}$ of the mixture and sprinkle rest over top of cake. Let cake cool in pan for about one hour, then remove and spread with sweetened whipped cream.

FIVE WHO CAME BACK

(Continued from page 64)



Don't forget the tomato paste for the Veal Scalopine. It's strictly a must, reminds Janis.



Nearly all ready. Flower arrangements are last. Tall gladioli will go on the table.



Nothing like a helpful husband! Frank's only too happy to give aid in this case.

Hollywood, and I had a happy, normal childhood."

The Lockharts moved to Hollywood ten years ago when Gene was signed to a film contract. June could have had a screen career as a child, for she was noticed by many important Hollywood executives who were friends of her parents. But Gene and Kathleen wanted her to have an education first.

When she graduated Westlake School—an exclusive California girls' school which is also Shirley Temple's alma mater—she was signed by M-G-M, and then by Eagle-Lion, where she was featured in "T-Men" and "It's A Joke, Son!"

She resigned herself to playing secondary roles in "B" pictures and never dreamed of reaching stardom for she had been told by studio executives, "You're not beautiful. You're not sexy looking." Well, she wasn't—and she was the first to admit it. All she could do was act.

Along came an offer, last year, to do a Broadway play called "For Love Or Money." Eagle-Lion, having nothing pressing on hand for her, permitted her to accept—and the course of her career swung upward! June was a sensation. All Broadway exclaimed, "A star is born!" Critics compared her with the Margaret Sullavan of ten years ago.

When she left the play and returned to Hollywood, her stock had risen so high that instead of "B" pictures she's being groomed for big things. In fact, upon her return Eagle-Lion put her right into the co-starring role opposite Robert Young in "The World and Little Willie," which is right nice doin'.

June isn't bitter because she had to prove herself on Broadway before Hollywood producers would take her seriously. "I had done nothing to inspire their faith in me before," she says. "I'm very grateful that I had my apprenticeship in Hollywood first, otherwise I would never have been able to handle my stage role."

June is 22 and unmarried. She's not in love either—yet. Her best friends are the Dan Daileys and if she weren't an actress she'd probably be a fish. She's a champ swimmer and water-skier and would live in the water if she could. But Hollywood will keep her too busy for that.

Nina Foch's second start in pictures is just like June's. She, too, had to score a smash hit on Broadway before Hollywood looked around and asked, "What have we got here?"

Nina seemed destined, for five years, to play big parts in small pictures or small roles in big films. Her name meant little to film fans, and Hollywood in general thought of her as a capable, but unsensational young actress.

Then—just like June again—her studio, Columbia, gave her leave of absence to appear in a Broadway play and for eighteen long and glorious months in New York Nina romped in the leading role in the comedy hit, "John Loves Mary." The play was a hit, and so was she. She won several acting awards, and offers began to pour in from more Broadway and Hollywood producers than Nina ever knew existed.

When Nina returned to Hollywood, Columbia Studios, who never suspected

they had such a find in her, blinked and promptly came across with star billing and plunked her into not one, but two grade A productions. She plays Glenn Ford's loving wife in "The Undercover Man," and simultaneously was assigned the diametrically opposite type of lead with William Holden as a tough, pistol-totin' moll in "The Dark Past."

Nina comes of a gifted family, which almost gave her a complex because as a youngster she felt that she was neither beautiful nor talented. Her father, Dirk Fock (Americanized by Nina to Foch) is a renowned musical conductor, and her mother, Consuelo Flowerton, was one of the greatest beauties on the American stage.

Nina is a tawny blonde, with upward-slanting blue eyes and sharp, piquant features that could never be called beautiful. She looks interesting and her face has humor and gaiety. But glamorous? No. When she was a child, Nina recalls, everyone admired her mother's beauty, but Nina was regarded as the ugly duckling.

Nina, who is 24, was born in Leyden, Holland, where her father was conductor of the Amsterdam Civic Symphony. Following the divorce of her parents, she traveled in Europe and then was brought to America by her grandmother. She always wanted to be an actress, and went to dramatic school, making her debut in stock at the age of 15.

After a brief career on Broadway in small roles, she was spotted by a Hollywood talent scout and wound up with a Columbia Studios contract. She did a number of pictures—small-budget ones that no one remembers, although her compelling performance made "My Name Is Julia Ross" a stand-out.

"You're not beautiful enough," the studio bosses told her (just as they'd told June Lockhart). "No sex appeal."

She was dying on the vine when along came "John Loves Mary" and she emerged a terrific personality and actress. That's how she came back with a bang.

John Dall's career shoots in spurts. The amazing thing about John is that when he appears on the screen he's sensational—brilliant—the most promising of the young players. Then nothing happens!

He started out back in 1945 with Bette Davis in "The Corn Is Green" and was showered with critical applause such as few newcomers receive. Then came a lull, during which he did a little something called "Something In the Wind" and "Another Part of the Forest," neither of which did anything to boost his stock.

John returned to Broadway, but as far as movie fans were concerned he might have taken a trip to Mars. He was out, and forgotten.

But this year came the break that assures his return to pictures with a bang. Alfred Hitchcock, who knows a good actor when he sees one, cast him in the highly dramatic role of the psychopathic, cultured young killer in "Rope," and his portrayal is devastating in its coldness and subtlety. He is—pardon the expression—terrific!

Born in New York City on May 26, 1920, John has been in the theatre, off and on, since he was 14. He made his

debut at that age as an old graybeard in a stock company in Panama when the regular actor suddenly became ill. Panama was his home as a youngster, where his civil engineer father was stationed.

When his father died, his mother took John and his brother back to New York. The taste of theatrics was under his skin, and he joined little theatre groups. After six years of stock, he landed on Broadway and because of his outstanding acting, Hollywood called.

John was married once, when he was getting started on Broadway, to an actress. It ended in divorce. He's cautious about trying matrimony again. He's long and rangy, six feet one and mostly legs. He likes to dabble with fiction writing, is an amateur photographer and is very witty. He would like to divide his time between Broadway and Hollywood. This time, with his performance in "Rope," Hollywood won't let him be forgotten.

"Rope" not only marks the comeback of John Dall, but of a young actor who was also hailed as a great find a few years ago. Douglas Dick, who plays a young collegian friend of the two killers, has a subdued part in comparison with the others but in spite of the restraint of his role he does an outstanding job.

You'll see Doug in a showier part when "The Accused" with Loretta Young and Robert Cummings is released. Doug plays a crazed student who attacks Loretta.

This looks like Doug's year—but it's really his return engagement for a crack at stardom. Three years ago, Doug played the embittered, crippled soldier son in "The Searching Wind" and he was talked of as a great, young actor. In fact, the studio publicity department wrote, "His prospects are as glittering as a Christmas tree." But the glitter tarnished very quickly, for after the sensational beginning in "The Searching Wind" nothing more was heard about Doug until this year.

What had happened was that Hal Wallis, who had him under contract, had no roles for him. Doug is a very handsome young man; in fact, he's too handsome. He could easily be cast in collegiate and juvenile parts, but he's far too serious an actor to permit himself to be typed in wishy-washy roles.

Meanwhile, Wallis' pictures, such as "I Walk Alone" and "Desert Fury" went to his other male contractee, rugged Burt Lancaster. So Doug sat around and waited.

The idleness was very hard to take. Doug kept in training by doing little theatre work, but that was a far cry from movie roles.

Now things are looking up for him. With "Rope" and "The Accused" hitting the nation's screens this fall—not to mention strong parts in "Saigon" and "Casbah"—Doug's talents should be rediscovered.

On the personal side: Doug was born in Charleston, West Virginia, and always wanted to be an actor. He went in for summer stock and was getting ready for Broadway when the war came along and he enlisted in the Coast Guard.

He was in the office of a New York casting agent when Hal Wallis walked in. The movie mogul listened to Dick's reading and signed him on the spot. That's how "The Searching Wind," Doug's first screen role, came about.

Doug has never been married and he's playing the field. He likes to drive off in his trailer, find a lonely spot and write. He's not an ordinary fellow. He's artistic, musical, and slightly Bohemian.

Luana has a party



Get ready! Here come the kids to our George Washington party.

... sharing honors with her is Bobby Driscoll—the man in her



Hey, what happened to the host? While Luana Patten serves cake, icecream, Bobby (right) tells Sharon Moffett about Disney's latest film, "So Dear to My Heart."



Highpoint of the party (for the girls, anyway) was Luana's special gift of paper doll albums. Luana's picture is on the album, for she's the famous Hallmark cover girl.

life on screen and off



Luana makes sure guest Carol Chalopuka's tricorne goes on at just the right angle.



Story of George Washington gets a new twist when Bobby Driscoll gives with gestures.

(Continued from page 74)
He's also very serious about his work. It shows on the screen. Once he gets over the handicap of being "too handsome," watch him go places.

Virginia Grey is well-known to most movie-goers. She's been around for a long time. In fact, that's Virginia's trouble. She's been around so long that most producers have taken her for granted.

With her co-starring role as Henry Morgan's wife in "So This Is New York" and as the lady bullfighter in the Abbott and Costello picture, "Mexican Hayride," Virginia is set to prove that she's a bright and beautiful screen personality who cannot be overlooked any longer.

Virginia, who was born in Hollywood, started in pictures at the age of nine when she played Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Universal. Even as a child, she was a beauty, with long blond curls, a winsome face and slim legs.

After a number of child roles, Virginia "retired" to devote all her time to school.

Her second advent into pictures came when she was chosen for the chorus of "The Great Ziegfeld" at M-G-M. She was voted the most beautiful girl in the ensemble and signed to a long-term contract. She progressed with leading roles in a parade of unsensational pictures, like "Whistling in the Dark," "Tish" and "Thunder Afloat." Every director grew louder in hailing her as a coming star—but nothing much happened. Her "break" was always just ahead.

The trouble was that Virginia was too good-natured to fight for sock roles. She accepted what the studio gave her. Meanwhile, new girls were brought in, like Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr and Greer Garson—girls of fire and determination who knew what they wanted and got it. After a succession of vapid roles, the great promises and great hopes began to dwindle and Virginia was inactive.

Her third, and most promising, chance came when she was cast opposite Henry Morgan in "So This Is New York," and signed by the producing company called Screen Plays, Inc., to a seven-year contract with a view to building her to stardom. "Mexican Hayride," which will be seen by all Abbott and Costello fans—and believe me, they are plenty!—will boost her stock even more.

Virginia is not only one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, but one of the most intelligent. She is amiable, can talk on any subject and is a thorough good scout. She was Clark Gable's favorite girl friend for several years. They broke up last spring, and since then her favorite beau is a young doctor, named Dr. Le Monchek. It looks serious. This could be a big year for Virginia romantically, as well as professionally. And it couldn't happen to a nicer girl.

THE END

HIT PARADE!

- Rita Hayworth
- Larry Parks
- Esther Williams
- Farley Granger

in March *Movieland*
on newsstands February 9

STILL THE GREAT LOVER

(Continued from page 37)

best surgeon, and flowers were delivered to the woman's hospital room every day.

George Raft footed all the expense. Until she reads about it here, that girl from San Antonio won't know the identity of her mother's benefactor. She's had some idea and she's come to George and questioned him, but he's claimed to know nothing about it.

That's the kind of guy he is—quiet, modest. If he likes a girl, she can have the shirt off his back.

Years ago, George fell tempestuously in love with a girl named Virginia Peine Lehmann. She was divorced from John Lehmann, head of Chicago's Fair Department Store; she had a little daughter Joan, and when she embarked on an acting career, she took the name of Virginia Pine.

In 1934, Virginia told inquiring reporters, "Yes, it's true. George Raft and I will be married in a matter of weeks. We're both very much in love. I know George will be good to my little daughter. She already loves him very much."

In anticipation of the marriage, Raft, who'd always lived in apartments and

two-room flats, built a lovely showplace in Coldwater Canyon up from Beverly Hills. The house was equipped with swimming pool, the latest gadgets, and a simply exquisite nursery for Virginia's little girl.

The entire set-up cost Raft about \$300,000—and it all went for nothing. The marriage never came off. But the secret of Raft's past came out.

He was already married, and try as he did, he couldn't get a divorce. He's still legally married although he's been separated from his wife for quite a few years.

On June 15th, 1923, when he was an obscure hooper on the five-day-a-week vaudeville circuit, young George Raft (that's the way the family spells the Germanic name) married Grayce Mulrooney in New York. A short time later they became estranged, and George signed a property settlement which provided his wife with 10% of his weekly earnings.

For many years while George worked for Texas Guinan in her New York nightclub and danced in small, hick-town theatres, his wife received \$50

weekly. Since then, she's received thousands.

To all intents and purposes, George is a single man, but still the legal technicality of his marriage has never been dissolved, and he is therefore legally unable to marry again.

This, supposedly, is the reason why he never married Virginia Pine or Norma Shearer or Betty Grable. Whether his wife, Grayce Mulrooney Raft, steadfastly refuses to give him a divorce on any grounds or whether Raft refuses to settle on her a tremendous amount of money which possibly might make her change her mind—no one but the two principals in the case know.

In any event the great loves in the life of George Raft have never materialized because of his quick, youthful, impetuous marriage.

Perhaps this is why women who know him well, say, "George has sad eyes that cry without shedding tears," or "If his heart could speak it would tell a sad story of the many times it's been broken," or "George is a man destined to go through life knowing only temporary loves."

It may well be that women who like to dramatize things, see in Raft an "imaginative sadness which in reality doesn't exist. Persons, for example, who know nothing of George's first marriage are quick to point out that most of the time he's smiling, that when he's not working, you can usually find him at the fights or wrestling matches or football games, and the girls who've dated him insist that he's great fun because he's lively, witty, pleasant, and always a gentleman.

Fighting, it seems, has always been an integral part of Raft's life except in his relationships with women. These, for the most part, have always been tender.

George was born and brought up in New York's tough East Side. He learned to fight in self-defense. In the jungle of tenements and gangs, the proper use of fists is one very definite means of survival.

Born poor and neglected, many of the boys who were raised in the same district as George, grew up to become the tough rum-running racketeers of the crime-ridden Prohibition era of the middle 1920s.

Years later when many of these fellows visited Hollywood, they would drop by and say hello to George. A man of great personal loyalty and integrity, George would always say hello to them. His way was not their way, but they'd been raised on the same streets together and there's a bond men have between them as boys which is sometimes never completely broken by the verities of adulthood.

Every now and again, some reporter would see Raft talking to a well-known racketeer like Owney Madden, and he'd spread the word that Raft was a fast-living, shady character.

This has never been true. Raft has known a lot of shady characters—you would, too, if you were raised with them—but he's never been one himself. He's always led a decent, respectable, upright life.

He was one of the first actors to go overseas to entertain the troops in Europe and Africa. During the war he spent more than \$50,000 of his own money hiring baseball teams and professional athletes to perform at Army camps, and his charities around Hollywood are legion.

He is recognized as the industry's softest touch. Any kind of a sob-story is good for a twenty-dollar bill from



The weather's warm and so is the team of George Raft and Marie Windsor. They've just finished a scene on location set of their new film, "Outpost in Morocco."

Raft, and he is so well-known as a "softy" when it comes to money that the Hollywood panhandlers make it a definite point to find out where he's working. They hang outside the studio until George comes along.

Raft has a great sense of civic pride and personal responsibility; he also has a great understanding of the female mind and the combination of these two factors are primarily responsible for his screen success.

For example, when George first came to Hollywood, he was unknown until Howard Hughes hired him to play the coin-flipping gangster in "Scarface."

After that, fame was his and producers everywhere sought to cast him as a number-one heel. Raft refused to take any of these assignments. He knew that the majority of movie-goers are women, and he realized that while most women like a man to be villainous once in a while, they repel a man who's mean and sadistic all the time.

It is Raft's fundamental belief that most women like gentle lovers. Such lovers should be virile and manly but never rough and crude. This is the type of role he insists upon playing.

When it's not forthcoming, he will stay out of pictures or take a suspension. A few years ago, for example, he jeopardized his entire professional career because of his beliefs. George was under contract to Paramount at the time and he was ordered to star opposite Miriam Hopkins in "The Story of Temple Drake." This was a screenplay adapted from the sex-ridden novel of William Faulkner's, called "Sanctuary." In this novel a southern girl was raped, murder was committed, sordidness was everywhere.

Promptly, Raft refused to have anything to do with the picture. The studio insisted that the story had been cleaned up, that all the objectionable material had been removed. They raved and ranted, but Raft was adamant. They could do what they would; sue him; blackball him; ruin him. He just wouldn't play the villain in that picture.

Paramount suspended George and replaced him with Jack LaRue. After the picture was released, LaRue more or less was finished in the eyes of the female movie-goers. Every time they heard his name or saw his portrait, they connected him with the nasty villain in "The Story of Temple Drake."

This would have been Raft's fate if he hadn't balked against the role.

"Off-screen and on-screen," says George, "I think women are lovely, delicate creatures who should be handled with grace and consideration. On-screen, of course, that sometimes is impossible, but I always think that a fellow should give a girl a break."

Raft does this consistently. In contrast to many actors who insist upon having all the closeups and upon keeping the leading lady in a subsidiary role, George always sees to it that an actress who plays opposite him gets the best possible camera angles.

Thanks to him, Carole Lombard, Rosalind Russell, Janet Blair, Joan Bennett, and many other top-flight actresses have made the leap from obscurity to stardom.

A modest man by nature, George insists that he's "terrible" as an actor and "as soon as the fans find it out, I'm finished."

George has been in movies since 1928, and the women haven't found him out since, which leads us to believe that the name of Raft will still be flashing on theatre marquees throughout the country for many years to come.

THE END



They knew each other a week, then Elaine left for Broadway stage debut. Letters and phone calls proved they were in love, so Ron came to N. Y., Elaine became Mrs. Randall.

Honeymoon

Ron Randall always was a man of action—and he proved it when he met, proposed, married pretty Elaine—all in a week's time



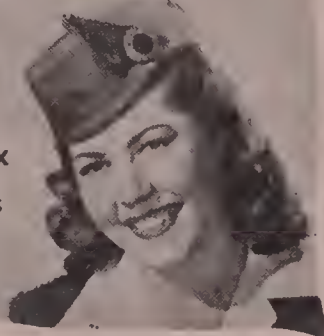
Two careers in one family will be fine. Elaine will help Ron—and vice-versa.



A short honeymoon, then Ron's off to Hollywood for finish of "Make-Believe Ballroom."

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Instrument..... Do you have Instrument?.....
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THIS IS MY LOVE STORY

(Continued from page 53)

writer. Oh, I guess I'll have to qualify that last statement, briefly. I have written two novels . . . I'm working on another right now. Enough said.

And thus we met . . . amid grease paint, wet flats and Mr. Reinhardt, who seemed to be the only one at the time convinced that Ryan was an actor. I must confess . . . I didn't. In fact that very night, after meeting Bob, I wrote to my friend, "There's a boy at the Workshop I like very much, but I don't know. He's the worst actor I ever saw in my life."

But I was wrong. Bob, under the expert tutelage of Reinhardt, proved he was an actor. He loved the theater . . . and I guess he loved me, too. We got married.

We rented a house in a canyon which was fine, except it had no closets. Eventually, we were able to get another house with closets and life was better.

Things were always happening to us during those lean years. And now, when Bob and I enter the portals of some fancy Hollywood restaurant to the tune of, "This way, Mr. Ryan. Your table is ready, Mr. Ryan. . ." I have to smile and remember when. . .

We were in New York. Frank Sinatra was at the Wedgwood Room. So that's where we went. "Sorry we haven't a table," was our greeting, and the headwaiter looked at us with scorn. Poor, dumb hicks that we were, trying to get into the Wedgwood Room without a reservation. So, we stood outside the door, feeling pathetic and unwanted. Frank was singing, but we weren't allowed in. Then he came out and greeted us like long lost friends. "Come on in!" he said. "I'm going to sing an encore." So, he led the Ryan waifs inside the door and told our pal, the headwaiter, to see that we got seats. Out of nowhere rushed waiters. Chairs galore appeared behind us. And all the people stared. We knew Sinatra. We were very important—at the moment. Very famous indeed. It all happened because Bob and Frank worked at RKO. Frank is by way of being an amateur boxer and Bob made a picture called "Behind the Rising Sun" in which he did a pretty good boxing scene. Frank admired Bob's boxing, so there we were being fawned over by each and every waiter in the Wedgwood Room.

Those days seem far away. I don't think the things we have now would be half as much fun if we hadn't worked so hard to get them. When I look at our rambling ranch house, I make mental comparisons with all the garage and basement apartments we lived in. Our new house is a California-style ranch house in the San Fernando Valley. It's roomy and pleasant with plenty of grounds for Bob, Timmy and Cheyney to romp about. Timmy is our oldest son and Cheyney was born only a year ago. And there we are. All comfortable and secure and so very happy. Bob, however, accepts good fortune with restraint. In the short span of thirty odd years, he's had so many ups and downs that he can well afford to be slightly philosophical about one more "up."

Bob continually shies away from doing things he can't do well. He is able to actively participate in all sports, riding, hunting, golf, etc., but he isn't violently interested in any—with the exception of boxing. "Exercise is for horses," he insists. I can't help being amused at the various magazine articles on Bob, picturing him doing all sorts of sports,

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dressed in the suitable costume for each. One particular shot which made me laugh long and loud was Bob, replete in hunting jacket, cap and gun, on a serious quest for the elusive duck. Sure, Bob could hunt . . . if he wanted to . . . but he'd much rather sit at home with a good book. Bob and I don't even discuss the manly art of tennis. That is, we don't talk about it anymore. One morning he challenged me to a match and I beat him . . . badly! Of course, my sensitive spouse explained that the sun was shining right in his eyes and thus his game was impaired. P. S.—he hasn't had a racquet in his hand since.

Do I have any pet peeves in relation to my spouse? Sure I do! If I thought everything he did was lovely, we'd be pretty dull people. My one complaint is Robert's lethargy when it comes to his wardrobe. He is just as apt to paint the back fence clad in his new gabardine trousers as he would be to depart for a dinner party in pants that were one huge crease. He also has a very nerve-racking way of dressing. He puts on the first suit he sees in his closet. He'll wear the suit until I take it away from him. Talk about rotating crops! I have a little system which equals that famous practice . . . just by changing the first suit every once in awhile.

Bob really hasn't changed at all. I guess he's one of the most "unmovie-like" movie stars in Hollywood. Night clubs bring on his tick, while gay, wild living leaves him cold. We have many friends both in the motion picture business and outside of it. Fun we have and good times galore, but our social life hasn't deviated much from the way it was before Bob became launched on his career.

Some of our friends are the same people Bob and I met while students at Max Reinhardt's Workshop. When we were first married, Bob and several other Workshop graduates started a stock company of their own, headed by the famous stage star, Vladimir Sokoloff. They called it the Beachwood Studio and it was the first of its kind in Hollywood.

Robert possesses a sharp encyclopedic mind that presents me with no end of intellectual challenges. He can remember dates, places and events and I have taken it as one of my scheduled chores in life to stump him. But, whether it be the date of the Balfour Declaration or naming all the presidents of the Republic of Ankipoo, Bob can give the correct answer. I used to enjoy listening to "Information Please" until Bob's constant telegraphing the answers made the whole thing unbearable. Oh well, Bob's private little encyclopedia will undoubtedly pay off when our two boys are of school age.

I guess Bob's work is the most important thing in his life, next to me and the boys. Up to now, his favorite film has been "Crossfire" but he is anxiously looking forward to his next assignment, "The Set Up." The story of "The Set Up" is a sensitively told tale of a third-rate pug who has a faculty for being defeated in the ring. He tries time and again but his attempts only meet with frustration. The part is full of poignancy and real feeling . . . Bob is happy to portray a "nice guy" for a change, after his villainous roles in "Crossfire" and "Return of the Badmen."

For his role in "The Set Up" he's had to train vigorously and at this writing, I have a weary husband. Bob had no difficulty in throwing himself into the role of a fighter, though. At Dartmouth he was undefeated, intercollegiate heavy-weight champ for four years. He knows boxing and it's just lack of training these past years that makes the going tough.

THE END



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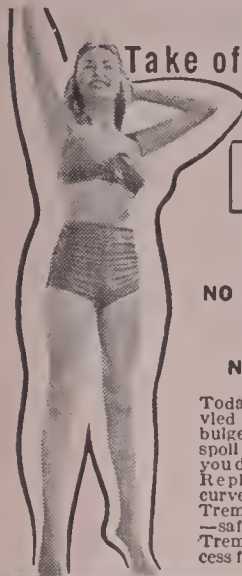
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THE RICH, FULL LIFE

(Continued from page 28)

For solid, seasoned, experienced talent, for an appeal which strikes movie-goers of all ages, Shirley Temple cannot be beat.

This is the opinion of producers who really know the stars. They're flooding Shirley with scripts. Practically every studio in Hollywood wants her for a picture. Shirley says she'd like to work for all of them, but with the guidance of her boss, David Selznick, she selects only the best of the many scripts offered to her. She likes to play roles that constitute a personal challenge to her ability and at the same time are destined to please her fans.

Since the birth of her daughter Linda Susan, Shirley has made only one picture. It's a light comedy called "Baltimore Escapade," and in it, Shirley plays the daughter of a minister in the 1890's. She gets her family into a hornet's nest of gossip by painting a portrait of a young man in a classic Grecian pose. The young man in pose is John Agar.

Soon after the picture was finished, Shirley had her well-publicized ringlets cut to the "new" length. Now, she's ready to star in a more modern film entitled, "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College." Similarly, this movie is a comedy, only it calls for Shirley to play a more mature role. She enacts the part of a war widow with a child, all of which is very much to her artistic satisfaction.

To people less versatile than Shirley—and who isn't?—it's fascinating to watch how this bedimpled petite girl arranges first one bright side of her life and then the other, without any apparent effort or emotional conflict.

When asked to explain how she manages so beautifully, Shirley is apt to look a little puzzled and to say, "I guess it's because I love everything I'm doing."

She loves being married, naturally. And she really enjoys running a home. "It's as exciting," she points out, "as making a movie. You keep building and adding things all the time until you get



Shirley and John Agar think their production stills are funny. See next page.

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Shirl swoons for John on or off screen. Here they are in "Baltimore Escapade."

the effect and result you want."

The Agars seldom allow photographs to be published which show the interior of their home, but they sure don't mind talking about it.

As a matter of fact, Shirley is extremely pleased with the way in which the architect executed her own ideas. The living room, for example, is about half the size of an indoor tennis court. It's tremendous with a high-vaulted ceiling, casement windows overlooking the Pacific, and a fireplace that burns 4-foot logs. It may be difficult to believe that a room of these proportions can be cozy and intimate, but it is.

"It's a simple trick of optical illusion," Shirley explains. "It's used in the movies all the time. If you have a large space and want it to appear smaller, you fill it with large pieces of furniture and warm colors.

"Our living room had to be large because we wanted it to serve several purposes. We wanted one corner for our music library, the grand piano, and the Capehart record player. We're avid bridge players so we assigned another corner for card games, and still another so that we might enjoy our view of the Pacific. The remaining end, we made our dining room. Then I had all our furniture built slightly over-scale because Jack is cramped in an average size chair. The result is a lot of cozy corners for the Agars and a spacious room when we have guests."

Besides the multi-purpose living room, the Agar house contains nursery, kitchen, master bedroom, and downstairs playroom. Shirley supervises the household with a firm hand but with little fuss. She does the ordering of household supplies and all the food, and she's well aware of prices because she prefers to keep the family expenses within a budget—a budget which is set on the amount of money that her husband earns.

Although Shirley has a housekeeper who cares for the bulk of the housework and a Mrs. Halverson to help her with the baby, it's Shirley who likes to get breakfast for herself and Jack. She also makes it a practise to do all the flower arrangements, and she answers the telephone and tends to her own mail—which

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you can imagine, is really a terrific job. Shirley has no secretary, and this frequently results in many anecdotes and misunderstandings. A few weeks ago, for example, she picked up the phone, and a very proper British voice said, "May I please speak to Miss Temple's secretary. This is the secretary of Mr. James Mason."

"I'm very sorry," Shirley said, "but Miss Temple has no secretary. This is Shirley Temple and may I help you?"

It was some time before Mason and his secretary could adjust themselves to a star who actually answered her own telephone.

There are several sides to Shirley's maternal behavior. On one hand, she's full of "book learning." While she was awaiting the baby she read all the books her doctor recommended. They were so interesting that she began reading books he didn't recommend; medical text-books with scientific nomenclature and complicated anatomical drawings.

On the other hand, she sometimes ignores all the book learning and handles little Susan in a happy instinctive manner. She cuddles her, rolls her on the carpet. She doesn't get excited when the baby, as babies will, stuffs something odd into her mouth. She believes in the naturalistic method of child-rearing.

Like most young mothers, she's extremely sentimental. Once every month around the 30th or on the monthly anniversary of Susan's birth, the Agars have a photographer friend in to take candid of the child. Whenever the photographer arrives, Susan breaks into a wide grin of welcome.

This has led to much speculation on whether the baby is a "natural ham" and will follow in mother's footsteps. As regards this, Shirley is quite candid. She thinks her own childhood was unforgettable and marvelous. If Susan can get the same opportunity to work in pictures, it's perfectly all right with her mother. If such be the case, Shirley is determined, however, to do the super-vising just as her own mother did.

Shirley Temple's childhood is remembered by her with great fondness. She loved making movies because her parents and the directors kept telling her that all she was doing was acting out fairy tales. Oddly enough, she still feels the same way about movies, as if they're some wonderful, chimerical mechanism capable of transmitting the secret dreams and hopes of people everywhere.

She and Jack watch films all the time, and if possible, they never miss a premiere. Once or twice a week they attend the neighborhood theatre, and when they start work on a new picture, they feel as if they've never been on a set before and that this is a great adventure.

"When the moment comes," Shirley says, "that making movies doesn't give me a thrill any more, I'll stop."

Meanwhile Shirley is hoping for bigger and better dramatic roles. She would like to win another Oscar to match the special award she won in 1936.

Secretly, she'd like very much to do a re-make of a very famous Mary Pickford silent picture, "Coquette." She thinks she could bring off such a vehicle with a bang.

But then there's so much that Shirley and her husband want to do. There's constant talk of a Mr. and Mrs. radio show, a tour of Europe, more children, and of course, more movie roles.

And somehow, Shirley would like to cover all this by the time she's twenty-one, which is April 23rd, 1949. "At least, get started on it," she says.

THE END

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MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE

(Continued from page 40)

the Horse," was booked into the Chase, Virginia watched the performances every night. The antics of the "equestrienne" and her two-man horse delighted her as much at the end of the second week as on opening night. She was full of questions concerning show business and won the affection of the performers with her enthusiasm, her beauty and ability, and her naturalness.

When one of the components of the horse said to Virginia: "Our equestrienne is going to have a baby. We need a girl to take her place in the act. Do you think you'd be able to do it?", Virginia exclaimed, "I can do it now!"

She went into the act that night, much to the amazement of veteran vaudevillians. The act ran at the Chase for two months. When it closed at the hotel, Virginia was asked to go along on tour.

It was a big decision. Young, somewhat sheltered, Virginia, who had never before been outside of St. Louis city limits, was being asked to tour the country with a vaudeville troupe.

Her mother decided for her. She met the people in the act and after a severe scrutiny, placed an unqualified o.k. on the deal. For added protection, Mom went along.

But before the end of the five-year tour, Mrs. Mayo went back home, and for the first time in her life Virginia knew the desolate pangs of loneliness. Since Virginia neither drank nor smoked, she didn't take part in the extra-curricular revels practiced by traveling artists to relieve their loneliness.

One cold, wintry day Virginia emerged from the warmth of the theatre into the swirling snow and bumped into a shivering man sheltering an object under his overcoat.

Virginia bought the object—a little Boston Bull dog—for \$15. It became her constant companion.

"Dinky" later was to become almost as famous as his illustrious mistress. He was a born ham, posed for picture layouts and, after we were married, made himself generally lovable in our home.

One day an overzealous exterminator



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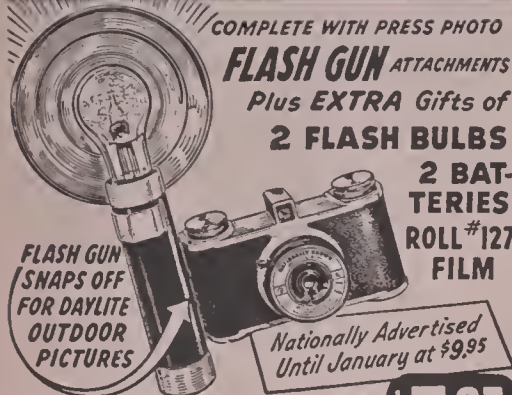
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on the Goldwyn lot scattered pieces of fish garnished with strychnine all over the lot to get rid of ants. Dinky nibbled on about a dozen of them and was poisoned.

We took him to the pet hospital where I walked the floor all night long. They did everything possible to save Dinky. Virginia was terribly broken up. I never saw anyone take a pet's death so hard.

We buried Dinky with appropriate services at the Los Angeles Pet Cemetery. To compensate for the loss, I bought Virginia two more bulldogs. Well, nature took its course, and before long we had six more.

Now there's very little jealousy in our house. But whatever jealousy there is, surrounds "Punkinhead," Virginia's favorite pooch who constantly wears Virginia's favorite lipstick all over his face—much to the envy of his canine friends and, to an even greater degree—his human acquaintances.

In fact I almost entitled this piece: "I Married a Bulldog."

But leaving the dogs, let's go back to Virginia and "Patsy the Horse." They finally hit Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York. Billy was impressed with Virginia's beauty and talent. She m.c.'d the show, danced, and performed in the horse act. Rose called Samuel Goldwyn, suggested a screen test. Goldwyn brought her out to Hollywood for the leading role in the Danny Kaye picture, "Up in Arms."

In Hollywood she tested for the role. The test was not good. "Sorry," said Goldwyn, "but you're not ready yet."

Most girls would have blown their tops on the spot, but Virginia merely replied, "I think you're right."

To show her sincerity, she accepted a bit part in the picture. She continued to work and study, never for a moment losing hope or the faith that eventually she would make the grade.

It was while Virginia was doing bits in pictures that we met. It was the second picture for both of us. I was doing "Jack London" in 1943. The studio brought in several girls to test for the heroine. Virginia was one of them. I fell in love on the spot. Fortunately, she got the part.

A few days later I found her standing on the set alone. I ran up to her and kissed her on the cheek. I know it sounds like Hollywood poppycock, but this is actually the way it happened. I said, "Let's get married."

She said, "You're pretty fresh."

Five years later we were married. Life is wonderful with Virginia. We argue plenty, on matters ranging from politics to petting the dogs too much (I contend it makes them sissies).

We have a big time when it comes to questions of decoration at the ranch. Fortunately she usually wins these arguments, because in our last spat I had Navajo rugs blended with modern, blond furniture. Usually, however, I win the arguments. Probably because I have the loudest voice.

Virginia and I are working on what we call our Five Year Plan (not to be confused with any other F.Y.P.). There are two things we want under the plan: a large apartment house in the city and a large cattle ranch in New Mexico or Arizona. We figure that there are two things people will always need: A place to live, and meat.

We've both been asked many times how we manage to reconcile our respective careers with successful marriage. It's very simple.

Everything Virginia does vitally concerns me, and vice-versa. I never give her advice unless she asks for it. It's

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Stardom's the next step for Virginia Mayo. She'll be seen in "Smart Girls Don't Talk."

her career. She worked hard for it all of her life. If I gave her the wrong advice, and her career were jeopardized, I wouldn't be able to live with myself.

However, she's cleverer than I am. I go to her for advice on my career. In most marriages between actor and actress, as soon as one forges ahead of the other, the other is bound to get jealous. Not so with us.

I'm proud and happy over Virginia's success. There's only one star in our family—and she's it. I wouldn't care if I were nothing but an extra, as long as Virginia continues to enjoy the success she deserves. Two people have to be in love to look at the situation this way. That's the way it is with Virginia and me.

Virginia's very domestic; loves to cook, but still we eat out a lot. Home cooking can't compare with the facilities and expert chefs of the good restaurants. I don't care what others say, I contend that more stomach disorders are caused by home cooking than anything else. We hate nightclubs, but we do go on some special occasion. We don't get much of a kick out of them.

We'd rather sit around the house and entertain ourselves. We talk about pictures, and I give her my off-the-shoulder criticisms of her latest work.

Her birthday is in November. It takes the place of Christmas—as far as presents are concerned. I usually give her something to cover both holidays. Her favorite gift to date is the bulldogs, but she's very fond of the beautiful Morgan mare and fine saddle she got for her last birthday. We don't bother giving each other baubles and foolish gifts. It's much wiser to buy land, and that's what we're doing.

We each have our own car. There's nothing wrong with Virginia's driving, but when we're together, I take over the wheel.

On Sundays we lounge around the house, reading, gabbing and listening to records. We both love music, and have pretty near the same musical preferences.

You see, our life is like thousands of other married couples throughout the land.

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Do you notice how "Gene" tapers off, very large at the beginning and very small at the last? It's the sign of diplomacy, of getting around difficult situations in a gracious and easy manner, of being noncommittal when necessary.

Do you notice the two ways of making the "e"? Friend Kelly is versatile, does many things well. If you have this same duality in your script you, too, are all that and refined, also!

The unusual "y" loops, which are really two-thirds of a triangle, are proof that Gene Kelly loves the luxuries, the more expensive things and that he intends getting them. He can fight for what he believes right but, diplomat that he is, manages to get his own way most of the time without a battle.

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GUY MADISON

(Continued from page 63)

bed but across a room. "What's on me?" I hollered. All lights went on and Guy aided in the search. Over in a corner sat a cricket! Guy tossed me a disgusted look. "You're a spook," he grumbled and went back to sleep without another word. Now I'm branded.

I guess it was a tie as to which of us loved the magnificent scenery the most. The floor of the Canyon de Chelly (which we filmed for the first time) is all sand. The walls go up almost nine hundred feet high, in sweeps of smooth, red stone shadings. Guy spoke for all of us as we gaped at the cliff houses carved out by the Indians a thousand years ago. "We're nervy newcomers, aren't we?"

We made our picture in the midst of a tremendous Navajo Reservation. Guy and I discovered that the Navajos are a happy people by nature. They smile readily.

They live in hogans, little clay and log homes covered over with sagebrush. They raise sheep, and are farmers. They're A-1 samples of naturalness. They tell time by the sun and the moon and never rush for appointments.

Guy was particularly fascinated by their silence—which paralleled the breathtaking silence in the canyon itself. They can sit or stand for hours, without a peep or a budge. All of a sudden they will dumbfound you by running off or riding away lickety-split. The joy of motion has occurred to them, and they go at it violently.

Guy, who is forever after more sun-tan, went around barefooted and bare-chested. I come from high timber country, so I stuck to my boots and shirt. We had to get into our 1860-style wardrobe when the cameras ground, of course.

Our big battle scene was a thriller to make. Five hundred Navajos, hired as extras, to their complete astonishment, became screen actors. They were equipped with rubber-tipped arrows and shot at us as they whooped past on their ponies. They grew so enthusiastic they gave an extra wham to their bows. Guy emerged unscathed. I am still getting warnings from him.

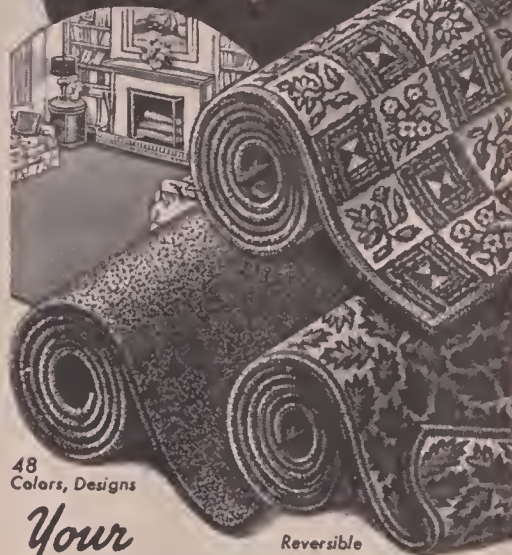
In the attack scene one arrow caught me on the head and I sported a robin's egg-sized lump. I didn't duck fast enough and another arrow pierced my buckskin jacket on the bias, hit me over the heart, and stunned me. Horrible war whoops and ear-splitting gun shots as men bit the dust all around convinced Calhoun that this was no child's play.

When I came to, all I could see was that ominous half of that arrow left on the outside of me. I yanked it out with both hands and yelled at Guy, "I'm dead!" And it doesn't hurt too much! is what flashed through my mind.

Between scenes when we competed with the Navajos with our own bows and arrows, Guy outclassed them all in every target contest. His excellence in archery is sensational.

We were mighty pleased when Chief Gray Eyes, who is ninety-six years old, conferred a very high honor upon us. He decided that we were "worthy men," so he called a big tribal powwow. There was much dramatic speechmaking. At the finale, the chief accepted Guy and me as his brothers, which automatically meant the whole tribe did, too. We turned out to be the only actors ever awarded this mark of approval, because we could handle ourselves in the outdoors "just like a Navajo."

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After that unforgettable ceremony, we were invited to the three squaw dances. Incidentally, unmarried maidens are squaws to the Navajos. We learned the reason an Indian is brave in battle. The war dance he does before battle declares him dead. He, consequently, has no fear because he is already dead. If he survives in battle then another dance—the squaw dance—must be officially held to mark his technical return to the ranks of the living.

Since we'd filmed battle scenes, all the Indians who'd pretended to die for our cameras, had to be ceremoniously brought back to life by a squaw dance on the spot where they'd fallen.

Guy and I put on blankets and danced in the first night's dance. As brothers of the chief, we too were brought back to life in sort of an honorary manner since we hadn't got killed in the picture!

Indian girls are bobbysoxers and treasure autographs. They were shy at first but warmed up enough later to chat and ask for autographed photographs.

Carole Mathews and the script girl were the only two women along, and they were swell sports. Carole had never ridden a horse before. You'll never guess that when you see her in the picture.

Once she nearly sat down on a rattlesnake—and still came up smiling!

The one telephone line to civilization was a thirty-five party line. I nearly broke my arm cranking that phone. I'd start to call my bride, Isabelita, at 8 p.m. and get through to her at midnight. She sent me home-made chocolate Brownies to keep up my strength!

Guy selected some beautiful Indian jewelry for Gail Russell. They've gone together for three out of the four years he's been in Hollywood—which typifies his constancy.

Guy's cooking, like his acting, has improved noticeably. The first time he cooked a meal for me, he fed me a huge steak, with a head of lettuce minus any dressing, as the salad course. A clove of garlic was for steak seasoning!

Guy's got his faults. His singing, for instance. He can't carry a tune. When he fondly gives out with "Old Man River," is sounds like a Spike Jones version.

But he has such a passion for perfection that I wouldn't be surprised if he miraculously wound up as a crooner. To sum it up, Guy has character; and he is a character, too. But more than that. I'm happy that he's my good friend.

THE END

G FOR GORGEOUS, GLAMOROUS GRABLE

(Continued from page 47)

in the business, and who is directing Betty in "The Beautiful Blond from Bashful Bend," walked up to Betty's mother who happened to be visiting the lot.

"You know, Mrs. Grable," he said—and he really meant it—"that daughter of yours is shaping up into a wonderful actress."

Betty, who happened to hear the remark, quickly deflated the balloon. "I'm nothing but a song-and-dance girl," she told Sturges, "and you know it."

Best yet, that's all Betty wants to be. No heart-rending Bette Davis sagas or Katharine Hepburn histrionics for her. "All I want," she says, "is to keep playing in the same kind of musicals that I've been playing in the past. So long as the public likes me, that's fine. When the public gets tired of me, then I'm through."

Lillian Grable, Betty's mother and the woman most responsible for her success, says that when Betty is no longer listed among the first ten most popular movie stars, she will call her career quits.

At the moment such a move seems hardly likely. Betty has earned 20th Century-Fox some 15 million dollars in profit during her last eight years, and it is a studio legend that as long as Betty Grable is under contract, the company will never be in the red.

Despite the fact that she earns somewhere around \$300,000 a year, Betty Grable would give up her career in half a second if Harry James asked her to. Her family, her husband, her two daughters Vicki and Jessica, come first with her—and this eminently sensible relationship of placing family above career is another reason why the movie-goers go for Betty in such tremendous numbers.

While career girls are on the increase, the average American still likes to feel that a woman's place is primarily in the home. Betty feels the same way, and every day that she's not working is spent with her family.

The Harry Jameses are rarely seen in any night club or swank-spot. They're two home-bodies, and when fans write in for autographed photos, what they usual-

ly want is a picture of the entire James family.

As a result, more than half of Betty's follow-up mail includes inquiries concerning her children.

Betty herself is the youngest of three children. She was born exactly nine months after her older brother Jack died of whooping cough in his sleep when he was almost two. Betty has one sister, Mrs. Marjorie Arnold, who lives a very happy, non-professional life in Beverly Hills.

One of the most interesting facets of Betty's success is that she never wanted it for herself. "All she has ever wanted to do," says her mother, "is to please me." "My mother," Betty admits, "has always been the wonderful driving force in my life."

Lillian Grable, before she married Betty's stockbroker father, had always hankered for a stage career. But marriage at seventeen brought such desires to an abrupt end. For a while, Mrs. Grable tried to make her first-born, Marjorie, a dancer, and project herself through that child, but Marjorie hated dancing, refused to take more lessons, and Mrs. Grable gave up.

With Betty, however, she wouldn't and didn't. When Betty was four, she was playing the saxophone, a little one, of course; she was starting in on toe-dancing and ballet, and a year later she moved up to the drums and lessons in acrobatics and piano.

"The only thing I missed," Betty now recalls, "were lessons in singing and eccentric dancing. I had everything else, and I dreaded it, especially acrobatics."

But Mrs. Grable persisted, and Betty continued. The family tried to call Ma Grable off, tried to tell her that a stage career was no good for the child, that all these lessons were a waste of time and money, but Mrs. Grable wouldn't listen. The family disapproval of her plan and methods only served to steel her determination.

When Betty was thirteen, her mother took her out to Los Angeles for further dance training which led to a job in the

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BOB'S MY CO-PILOT

(Continued from page 59)

line for a picture they want to see, just like any other ticket-holders.

Once they did that and the Taylors' publicity representative found out about it. "Why, in heaven's name, didn't you let me know?" she asked Bob. "I would have called the manager for you." "Why should you?" he replied reasonably. "Who do you think we are anyway?"

One time—and this happened recently—Bob was the official starter at the Bendix Air Races. The harassed cops, faced with a huge crowd, kept pushing Bob back along with everybody else (it was quite a mixup), but Taylor's control never cracked—even though he was an official of the Races.

An ordinary guy would have cussed those cops. Maybe Bob did—under his breath. I wouldn't know. But I do know when he does cuss, it's really sulphuric. Take it from me, the Taylor vocabulary is varied, colorful and plenty gutty!

As cool and self-controlled as Bob is, he's unpredictable at times. He loves talking with people in small towns when we're away on trips, and he always manages to say the right thing. He's reserved, but he's still real friendly.

Once, on a trip up to Utah by car, we were hauling a boat in a trailer when the water pump on the car broke down. We flagged a big moving van and asked them to tow us to the nearest garage. It was a tough pull, and every once in a while we'd all stop, get out and investigate the contents of a bottle of Scotch that Bob just happened to have along.

By the time we arrived at the garage, we'd rendered "Sweet Adeline" in several keys to our own pleased amazement and Bob was delighted when the driver said, "You're all right, Tyler! First off, I mistook you for a movie star."

On the other hand, Bob—like anybody else—won't take a thing from wrong guys. There was the evening in Wichita, Kansas, where we were staying after a hard day's flying, when some stranger in another room discovered that Robert Taylor was in the hotel.

The man phoned and asked Bob to have a drink. Taylor, tired and knowing that the man was already carrying a full load, declined politely. Then the fellow got rough and wanted to make something of it. Bob barked out our room number and told him to come ahead. That time, no one would have recognized the Taylor voice. It was sharp as a whip. The guy was hep. He never did show up.

As in everything else, Bob is a perfectionist when it comes to his plane, his fishing and hunting gear, his collection of guns. He may not fly the Beechcraft for weeks at a time, but he's out at the hangar almost every Saturday or Sunday, in coveralls, using plenty of elbow grease keeping "Missy" ship-shape; scrubbing and polishing the plane inside and out. She shines like silver, that "Missy."

He's tidy and precise and nothing of his is ever cluttered. His 14 or 15 guns are in special gun cabinets at the comfortable Taylor home in Holmby Hills—a place, incidentally, full of big tables and deep chairs the way Bob likes it, and nothing frilly that you can't put your feet on.

When Bob Taylor hands you a gun and tells you it isn't loaded, you can just bet your bottom dollar that the gun is not loaded. He's that kind of a guy.

What always amuses me is the way Bob will type out little memos to himself. (He answers all his personal mail and types like a champion.) Then he follows through in the most direct way. The guy just doesn't want any confusions in his life. He's embarrassingly punctual—a habit he learned from his physician-father.

Every time we go on a trip, he makes all the arrangements, planning everything meticulously to the last detail. He's terrific at such planning and executing, and at doing exactly what he sets out to do.

If the weather forecaster paints too black a picture, of course, we fly via the airways. Otherwise, Bob always flies as the crow flies; going direct over the most hazardous country, yet always checking weather, looking over the plane carefully before we take off, even pulling the props himself. Too good a pilot ever to take foolish chances, he's completely without superstitions, yet carries several St. Christopher Medals, because the Queen gave them to him.

Taylor, frankly, is a tough guy to know. He's not demonstrative. He's got a ready smile and the manners of a Chesterfield. But he's plenty economical when it comes to conversation. Which makes him crisp, almost taciturn, until you know him. He hates praise like poison.

You'll never hear Bob use the word "career." It's always "my job." He doesn't go much for big Hollywood parties. He likes small dinner parties of a Saturday night, preferably at home, with a few close friends where they can sit on the floor with Scotch highballs and let their hair down.

Bob hates phonies, both men and women. Both he and Barbara are almost identical in their directness, their lack of pretense, their extreme neatness, mentally and physically.

When I say Bob's my co-pilot, I mean it both ways. There's never any question of seniority between us; we've never even discussed it. I may take the Beechcraft off from the airport and fly it part way; then Bob takes over and flies it the rest of the way. Coming back, it may be the reverse. It's strictly a fifty-fifty, because we have complete confidence in and great respect for each other.

I've flown with him half way across the continent for a fish dinner; I've tagged along when Bob wanted to test a new plane radio—when he flew all the way to New Orleans, then home by way of Detroit, and all he said to the "Queen"—his name for Barbara—when he got back was, simply, "It works."

I guess I was almost hoarse before I talked Bob into becoming a fisherman. He couldn't see it at first. And what he don't see, he don't buy. He's kind of a stubborn guy at times; you've got to show him—really sell him on the idea. I finally persuaded him to fly up to Hart Lake in Wyoming, one of the best fishing spots I know. That did it. Taylor is now an ardent fisherman—and a good one—and fishing for marlin in Mexico or for steelhead up in Oregon is now part of the Taylor-Couser itinerary each year, along with quail shooting in Amarillo and pheasant hunting up in South Dakota.

People tell us that we've flown together so much now that we act together in everything. Everything's a team. They tell me we even keep in step walking to the hangar; drink coffee together at

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the airport coffee shop; light two cigarettes instead of one. We don't talk much. We don't even have to any more. It's just that we don't drag each other's weight.

I remember a pretty rugged trip one November, with Wallace Beery along, when we were flying back from Scott's Bluff, Nebraska, and some duck shooting. It was really rough, with severe icing conditions. We were at 15,000 feet when one of the propellers stalled due to our overload of ice and we began spinning to the right. We recovered from that one just as the other prop stalled and we spun down on the opposite side. It was first right, then left, and brother, we were scared.

But in characteristic fashion, Taylor "scared quiet." All our reflexes were automatic. Not a word was said until we were down to about 10,000 feet when we got the plane on a safe keel again. Then all Bob said was, "A little rough, wasn't it, Pappy?"

Call it a Damon and Pythias friendship, if you like. Whatever it is, it's a good one and we both like it. Flying that Beechcraft with Bob is something I wouldn't readily give up, because I know that wherever we go we always manage to have a good, comfortable time.

And any day now my phone will ring and it will be Taylor, direct and to the point as always. "Hey, Pappy," he'll say, "get ready; we're taking off."
 "Where to this time?"
 "Oh, Alaska, I think. Haven't been there yet. Okay?"
 "Okay."
 That's the way it is—flying with Bob.
THE END

BODY AND BRAIN
(Continued from page 69)

This shop is located in New City, New York, on the west bank of the Hudson River. It contains English and French antiques which Miss Goddard purchased abroad. She says they're worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000. She has about 400 pieces. She periodically conducts auctions. Burgess Meredith is the auctioneer, and both of them make a handy profit from the business.

Her contract with Paramount Pictures which has another two years to run, will have grossed her about \$1,500,000 for five years' work. In addition, she owns a producing company with her husband and producer Benedict Bogeaus.

Financially, she is set for life. She also seems to be set with Burgess Meredith, an actor with a lot of talent who has taught her much about the stage since their marriage in May, 1944.

People who know Paulette fairly well declare that she had a rather rough time of it when she first came to Hollywood and that all her efforts have been expended towards reaching a financial security which would enable her to do only what she likes.

Now that she's reached that position in life, one can't help wondering why Paulette continues as "the mystery girl of the movies." Inhibitions lead to complexes, to fear neuroses, to deep personality changes.

Paulette Goddard is to be admired for making herself the successful actress she is. Apparently, she started her career with nothing but ambition.

Her youth may not have been happy but in the best Cinderella tradition, she reached great success, in spite of it. She was the child of divorced parents. They



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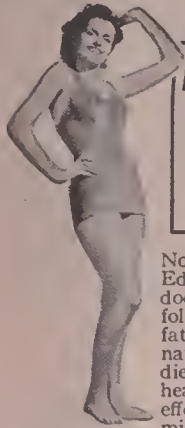
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separated when she was very young. She had very little formal education; and she was substantially on her own by the time she was sixteen.

Her first job in "Rio Rita" wasn't much. She sat in a large cardboard moon which overhung the stage. She showed her legs and her figure, and she never had a line to say.

Take any sixteen-year-old girl—no matter how physically mature—introduce her to the Broadway life, and in a few months time, that girl's personality changes. Her youth dies. She becomes hep to the stage-door johnnies, to the angle boys, to the fellows with the fast lines. . . .

She came out to Hollywood and she made the rounds of the various spots. She was seen in the right places by the right people and she wound up getting a six-months contract with Hal Roach.

At the end of the six months, when Roach let her go, she took a job as a chorus girl in the Eddie Cantor musical, "The Kid from Spain."

At the same time she began going around with Charlie Chaplin, whose hectic love-life has flashed so notoriously across the pages of the world press. Chaplin was then looking for a leading woman for "Modern Times." He wasn't seeking an actress. He just wanted a beautiful girl, with a beautiful form. He got Paulette but with her beauty came a brain.

For two years her name was constantly linked with his. Both refused to admit marriage, engagement, or future plans.

In any event, Paulette Goddard became very well-known while under Chaplin's sponsorship. So well-known in fact, that after she left him, David Selznick signed her to a contract.

Just how much Paulette learned from her years with Chaplin is difficult to say. Chaplin has always fancied himself a

liberal intellectual. He has always sought the company of other intellectuals, and while the women in his life have constantly been subservient to him, Paulette Goddard certainly wasn't!

It's entirely possible that while married to Chaplin, Paulette acquired the *savoir faire* she now demonstrates. Paulette realized early in the game her apparent lack of formal education and she sought to remedy this inadequacy by cultivating the companionship of men who had it.

For example, during the war she was entertained at The White House by Harry Hopkins, late adviser to President Roosevelt. She was dined by Lord Louis Mountbatten, a member of the British Royal Family and a onetime Viceroy of India. She was courted and married by Burgess Meredith, a genuine intellectual, an Amherst College man. Since these three men are personalities of considerable mental proportions, it must follow that what attracted them in Paulette Goddard was her brains.

Harry Hopkins briefed her on national politics; Lord Louis Mountbatten, among other things, gave her the lowdown on international affairs; Burgess Meredith has given her dozens of tips on the art of acting; Chaplin showed her the wisdom of conserving money.

Paulette has used the men in her life to better her station, to improve her mind, to broaden her outlook, and thereby to increase her bank account. Today, she's one of Hollywood's richest women.

Her primary and original attraction was her body. It's now her brain. She is not neglecting her figure, but she realizes one very important fact—the mind lasts much longer than a body and when cultivated, can bring a woman, many men, much wealth, and great success.

Paulette Goddard is living proof of that fact.

THE END

ALAN BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE .

(Continued from page 30)

the guy wants to be inland," said the real estate man grimly.

Alan laughed and made the purchase. During succeeding years he was offered three times the purchase price. Repeatedly he and Sue decided to sell, then made a farewell tour of the property only to end up by assuring one another that they should hold it for just one more year. For a better price, of course, they agreed—without meeting one another's eyes.

In the fall of 1948, the old Ladd house had become so crowded that something simply had to be done. They checked building prices and found them down from the peak. Alan checked lumber supplies and found seasoned timber was available; he and Sue (as a result of their new-house-viewing expeditions) had decided upon a builder.

And so, seven years, four scrapbooks, and a thousand dreams after the Ladds had first said to one another, "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a home that we had planned and built ourselves?"—the ground was broken for that home.

Most of their plans were incorporated in the house; for example—the office. The Ladd living room had long been cluttered with photographs waiting to be autographed, photographs already autographed and ready to mail, and stacks of fan mail. Alan and Sue have always tried to read every fan letter sent to Alan. Sometimes the mail will accumulate for several days, and when one re-

ceives several thousand letters per day, the chaos can be considerable.

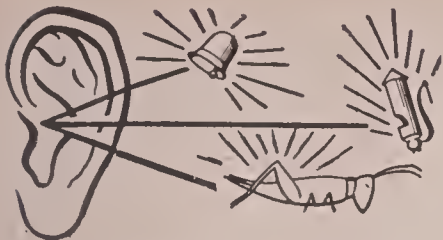
When the house plans were drawn, Alan found that there was more space in the master bedroom than necessary, so he conjured up an architectural triumph. At the north end of the room a fireplace was constructed about twelve feet south of the outside north wall. A partition was run from one side of the fireplace to the bedroom's east wall, and a door was installed between the fireplace and the bedroom's west wall. In this way, a door, a fireplace, and a section of wall sealed off a retreat just large enough to contain a file cabinet, a desk, and two chairs.

There is also an outside entrance to this cubicle, so that if either Sue or Alan wants to rest while the other is attending to business details, the busy one will be able to enter and leave the office without disturbing the occupant of the bedroom.

Another brilliant idea is the trunk room, which opens off—closet-fashion—from the main corridor of the east wing of the house. It is next door to the master bedroom, easily accessible, and its floor-to-ceiling shelves will accommodate luggage for the entire family.

One funny thing happened in the midst of the planning. Sue had yearned to have a series of interior flower beds and planted areas in both the living room and the den. Midway in the construction period, the contractor pointed out that if the plans were adhered to,

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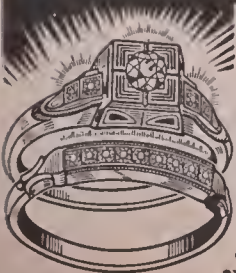
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there would be practically no space for furniture in the hobby room, and it might be difficult to squeeze a big lounge into the living room. Out came most of the planting areas.

The house was less than half completed when the Ladds were invited to go to England to appear on Command Performance. Most women, when faced with so stunning a prospect, would have dashed to the nearest dressmaker to order the outstanding wardrobe of their lives. Not Sue. She purchased exactly one garment: an exquisite grey taffeta gown trimmed with handmade grey lace, which she wore when she was presented to Their Majesties, King George and Queen Elizabeth.

When one of Sue's friends deplored such economy, Sue answered happily, "Anyone who has ever built a home will understand that a family can't have a new house and a new wardrobe, too. Of course I'll buy some tweeds and a few pairs of those wonderful English walking shoes while I'm there."

What she bought (and her only purchases in London, incidentally) was a set of twelve bone-china service plates, and an antique brass fireplace set for the corner fireplace in the master bedroom.

For Christmas, Alan gave Sue a Brazilian pepper tree, and Sue gave Alan an olive tree. For the devoted Ladds, noted in Hollywood for their resourceful gifts to one another, to settle for trees as Christmas gifts is an important indication of the extent of their devotion to their new home.

It isn't the smallest house in the motion picture colony by any means; neither is it, by a wide margin, one of the grand manors beloved by some members of the Hollywood and Bel Air social sets. It does boast a nice little swimming pool, but it is innocent of a guest cottage. The house does not, at present, even provide a guest bedroom. How can it, when there are four children and two adults to be housed permanently?

The floors throughout, with the single exception of the den or recreation room where hardwood will be installed, are plywood over which wall-to-wall carpeting will be laid.

Carol Lee and Alana will share one bathroom; David and Laddy will share another; and a third (along with two small dressing rooms) will be part of the equipment of the master suite. It is a pleasure to report that the tubs are a forthright, no-nonsense white porcelain, in contrast to some of the gaudier effects of bygone days.

Says Alan, "The important thing about this house is that it will be lived in, actively, from front door to backyard sprinkling system. We hope that it will be a haven for our family and a restful retreat for our friends. Like every couple in the world who build for the first time, we have invested our best dreams in this house. We know it will be a happy place."

THE END



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WHAT HOLLYWOOD HAS DONE TO ME

(Continued from page 43)

I had been informed at the time that I was to go into the Dr. Kildare pictures next. I told her at the time that I hoped I wouldn't get stuck in them and that I was far from excited over the assignment.

She said simply, "You have a lot to learn, so just keep in front of that camera as often as possible." She was so right.

As my career progressed and as more responsibilities came my way, I discovered that another clue to staying on an even keel here was the importance of getting along with the town. I believe that whether or not people find Hollywood a hard place to live in depends entirely on the individual.

I've always believed in meeting it more than half way. Oh, when I arrived here I admit I expected a brass band led by studio representatives to greet me, and when I discovered that there wasn't anyone around, I was pretty depressed. But, after a while, I didn't feel I'd been slighted. As events moved ahead, I no longer even questioned assignments made for me by the studio as I once had, because I realized that they knew far better than I what was right for me. I also found that I learned some valuable lessons from every picture I made, whether I thought it was good or bad.

I used to get upset, too, about things columnists said about me. I'd stew for days if I read some nasty crack about me. Now I just let them roll off my back because usually those columnists will write something nice the next time. Hollywood, then, has given me understanding and tolerance. And these are valuable attributes for anyone.

I have learned not to brood over gossip either. That's because Hollywood has given me a thick skin. Not that I liked uncomplimentary things said about me because I'm a guy who likes to be liked. I'm a sentimentalist at heart. But nothing is gained by brooding—a fact I quickly discovered.

I think I became upset in the past because I was living alone and had few responsibilities. Now, with a family and a lot of work, I find that what used to be terrific problems are only temporary irritations.

Success, if what I may or may not have

attained can be called that, gave me an even deeper insight into myself and Hollywood. I was able then to look back at the mistakes I had made—mistakes I'll never repeat again, although I'll probably make others just as bad.

For one thing, I used to lose my temper a lot, but now I count ten and don't waste energy uselessly. I guess this means I've learned to cope with problems better; to accept and know how to treat the responsibilities that inevitably come when you find yourself suddenly thrust into the public eye. So I know that Hollywood had a great deal to do with the maturity of one Van Johnson.

From Hollywood, too, I have learned the importance of getting along with people. I had been told that that was one of the major problems confronting everyone in town, primarily because there was too much jealousy, too much envy resulting from heavy competition.

I can't see that. Maybe the people in the picture business are more emotional, but they're certainly not any different from anyone else. I've always been able to get along with people. One of the reasons this is true, I think, is because I have never adopted preconceived impressions of others—nor have I listened to someone else's opinions about those whom I haven't met.

I have been told several times that a certain star or director I was going to work with was very difficult and would cause me trouble. In every instance, I have found that the star or the director was one of the finest people I'd ever known.

When I was in school, kids used to tell me that a certain professor was a mild horror—and each time that teacher turned out to be my favorite. Hollywood, therefore, has only strengthened my belief that you can't take anyone else's views about another person and make them your own.

Before my marriage, I was working so much of the time that I didn't think of anything but my job. Yet, I'd always really wanted a family and a home life. Now I have it—and everything I am doing suddenly seems to have a purpose, a direction to it.

I have always believed that marriage isn't a 50-50 proposition; rather, it's a



On the set of M-G-M's "Command Decision," Van Johnson has a chance to chat with visiting Bob Ryan who is working on a nearby sound stage making "Act of Violence."

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100-100 deal. Living in Hollywood has not changed that conception in the least. Instead it has strengthened it. I admit, though, that marriage does require more consideration here because a private life in Hollywood is subjected to the glare of the public eye. But as long as I continue to conduct my home life according to my own innate ideals, I don't think I can miss.

My home is, and always will be, the cog around which I revolve. Evie and I stay home most of the time, preferring to have close friends in for movies or to play tennis or to sit around and paint. We're not of the night club set. I've been doing a great deal of painting recently, along with other actors and actresses in the business, and I've found it a wonderful way to relax.

As for my tennis, Hollywood, directly or indirectly, forced me recently to do a thing I thought I could never do. I've always liked tennis and I've played a lot in the last two years. Not so long ago, I was asked to play a charity game in Ojai for the benefit of those who had suffered such awful reverses as the result of a big fire. In the game were to be some superbly fine players.

I wanted in the worst way to get out of playing because I felt I wasn't good enough and because I didn't want to be just a movie star going through the paces, but I did play. I was more nervous and scared than I'd ever been, but the knowledge that I had to come through made me turn in a game that I never thought possible. So, I suppose in a manner of speaking, Hollywood has given me extra internal fortitude by offering such challenges.

From these and other lessons I have gained from Hollywood, I can't help wanting to get up on a soapbox and try to give a little advice to the young stars coming up today. To remind them what the town can do for them.

It can teach them so much, if they are willing to learn. I can only advise those kids not to waste their time; to spend every moment learning from any source possible—by seeing good and bad plays, good and bad pictures. Above all, they must not remain idle.

When I was in New York trying to get a break, I can't remember ever wasting a day. I took lessons even when to pay for them I'd have to pass up a meal—and I sure love to eat.

And don't tell me that opportunity only knocks once. It knocks several times, only you must be prepared for it when it knocks the right time.

A sense of humor is also important plus good health, but topping the list must come humility. The great stars of today have managed to keep that characteristic predominant. I think that many young stars get a few good parts and then make the mistake of thinking they know it all. They begin to make unreasonable demands and to believe they're better than they usually are. That's the quickest way I know to end a promising career.

I hope I never lose my feeling of gratitude for what the town has done for me. I don't think I shall. At least, you won't find me berating Hollywood—a habit which is fast becoming a national pastime. I don't believe it deserves such criticism. And as long as I'm in the business, I'll feel the same way. If ever my mind changes, I'll get out of it.

Anyone who hasn't respect for the town should pick up and get out. That's my simple answer to all those who feel that Hollywood is a place that takes all and gives nothing. *It gives you exactly what you give it!*

THE END

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PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL!

(Continued from page 66)

and that Larry and no one but Larry—play the part of the fabulous Mummy singer.

Under the new contract Larry returns to Columbia for one picture a year at his old salary. After putting in 17 weeks of work at Columbia, he's entirely on his own.

Together with his lawyer, Lou Mandel, Larry has formed an independent producing company, Lou Mandel Productions, and will produce and star in one or two pictures of his own each year.

In addition, his contract states that he will be free to accept a Broadway run-of-the-play offer. In other words, if Larry connects with a long-run Broadway show, he's not bound to return to Hollywood to fulfill his 17 weeks at Columbia.

In return for these concessions, Larry agreed to don blackface and the Jolson mannerisms once again, and to work at his former moderate salary.

In view of Larry's tremendous popularity and box-office draw, it is not being overly-optimistic to surmise that he could command \$100,000 a picture. To say the least, he will receive nowhere near that amount for the Jolson sequel or for subsequent pictures at Columbia, under his new contract.

"But I'm happy. I'm a free man. Now all I have to do is find a good script to start my own company rolling," beamed Larry.

"You'd be surprised how hard it is to find even a resemblance to a decent script these days. I'm looking for an action picture on the positive side. An action picture is the best bet for a new, independent company. The idea is to get into production—nothing super-colossal, no Academy Award winning masterpiece to start with, but a good, entertaining and worthwhile picture. Then you're established and you can start striving for Academy Awards after that."

While Larry was convalescing in the hospital after an operation last year, he ran across a magazine story he liked. When Columbia producer Ted Richmond came to visit him, Larry enthused about the yarn. It dealt with the spread of the recent smallpox epidemic in New York City and how it was tracked down.

"Here," said Larry, "is an action picture on the positive side. What a picture it would make!"

As soon as Larry formed his own company he inquired into the possibility of acquiring rights to the story.

For once Columbia had agreed with him. They'd bought the story for themselves!

Larry's last picture for Columbia was "The Gallant Blade," a mediocre Cinecolor costume piece distinguished mostly by flashing swords, close-ups of Larry and Marguerite Chapman, and a low budget.

Following on the heels of a high-budget Technicolor fizzle, "The Swordsman," and a poor break with Rita Hayworth in a dilly called "Down to Earth," Larry was just about fed up. Besides, he had been called upon to perform a few bit parts, including a walk-on in a screwball comedy, "Her Husband's Affairs."

This, thought Larry, was hardly proper treatment for a studio property who starred in one of moviedom's biggest money-maker of all time.

His appeal for a new contract had been turned down. Studio officials admitted Larry had proven the box office sensa-

tion of the decade; had pulled in more money for the studio than they'd ever dared hope to realize. People throughout the country were attending "The Jolson Story" in droves—not once, but two, three, four, and five times.

The movie nation was Parks-conscious. Popularity polls found a newcomer riding the crest of the popularity wave in his first appearance. Old-timers who'd forsaken moving pictures with the advent of sound turned out for "The Jolson Story" and added a new star name to the few they remembered—John Gilbert, Rudolph Valentino, Greta Garbo, Al Jolson—Larry Parks.

Larry found himself a full-fledged star, red-hot box office attraction, working at a featured player's salary. Larry had been the star of a string of B pictures before the Big Break. In order to get a crack at the Jolson role, he had signed a new seven-year contract at something like \$750 per week.

Larry took his dispute to court. The courts held the contract valid, but found some grounds to Larry's claim that the studio had used coercion in getting him to sign the contract.

War raged between the studio and its new male star. Larry took everything the studio shoved at him, including a string of poor pictures and a few humiliating bits. Then one day he announced he was through. He wouldn't pick up his paycheck. More legal entanglements. Meanwhile Larry was unable to work at any of the other studios, and his paychecks were uncalled for at Columbia.

In the interim, Mrs. Parks, who as Betty Garrett was the toast of Broadway in "Call Me Mister," left New York and embarked upon a screen career at M-G-M.

The Parks family set up quarters in a modest bungalow in Nichols Canyon, just a few minutes from the heart of Hollywood. While Betty was carving her niche in the picture world, Larry was continuing his war with Columbia.

As we drove back to the sound stage Larry said, "I didn't have a chance to stagnate. I was busy all the time. Busy with lawyers and legal strategy; busy planning my future. And then I was in the hospital for a while."

When he left the hospital the battle was at a stalemate. While his checks were gathering dust in the cashier's desk drawers, Larry was huddling with his lawyers.

One summer day he dropped a bombshell. He—Larry Parks—declared his contract null and void. He would work for whomever he pleased, wherever he pleased, whenever he pleased—let Columbia try and stop him.

Then began the hunt for a job. Producers stick pretty close together in Hollywood. Everyone wanted Larry, but everyone was afraid of the consequences. Columbia threatened action against anyone who hired Parks.

Larry hired himself. He bought a comedy—"A Free Hand," written by screenwriters Melvin Frank and Norman Panama. He went shopping for a second lead and came up with sterling actor Cameron Mitchell. Joan Lorrington was selected as feminine lead, and rehearsals began in earnest.

Rehearsals were held at Larry's home from early morning to late night. Versatile Betty played all the parts later to be played by stock players at summer theaters in the East.

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A perfectionist, Larry demanded long and exacting rehearsals from his cast. He himself worked night and day perfecting his part, making script changes, supervising production, and worrying over the legal aspects.

Finally the play was in shape. Columbia had made no move to stop it yet, although they had threatened to issue an injunction to keep it from going on.

Larry's nerves were bristling as the troupe boarded an airliner for New York. After all of the work, expense, hopes and effort, would the play be stopped?

Not until the final curtain rang down at Lake Whalom Playhouse was Larry convinced that victory was his. The play had gone on. Columbia hadn't stopped him. He was a free agent!

Larry says he's not as "feuding a man" as he's painted. Jolson himself says: "I've been on the set ever since the sequel started. Larry's great. I told Larry, 'This is going to be the greatest thing you've ever done.' The story is even better than the first Jolson Story. It's the story of a guy who's happily married to a girl who wants him to sing."

"I could've made the Jolson Story at M-G-M, but they wouldn't let me have Larry. I took the picture to Columbia because I was sold on the kid."

And Larry himself says, "There aren't two happier people in the world than Betty and I. She's working like mad making pictures and records. She's doing 'Neptune's Daughter' at M-G-M now. We were talking just last night about this old question of marriage between two people with careers. We found the answer.

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THE END



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See Page 23 this issue

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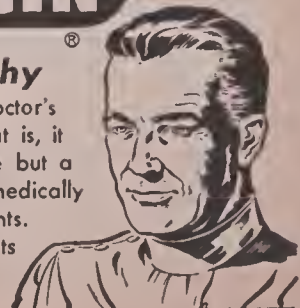
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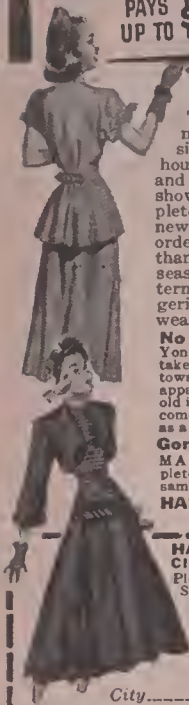
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ENCHANTMENT

(Samuel Goldwyn-RKO) ◆◆◆◆

This is the movies at its best! That wizard, Samuel Goldwyn (who scored so heavily with "Best Years of Our Lives") has done it again in this completely charming and nostalgic picture.

The story is beautiful and moving—Grizel Dane (Evelyn Keyes), an American ambulance driver is sent to war-torn London and there hopes to stay at the home of her great uncle, Sir Roland Dane, (played superbly by David Niven). She meets and falls in love with a wounded flyer, Pax Masterson, who also comes to visit the old house—sent by his great-aunt Lark.

While the modern love affair between Grizel and Pax develops, we learn of the tragic love story of old Sir Roland and Lark which began in this very same house, when they were children.

Sir Roland is determined to help the young lovers now. "Don't stop to bargain for happiness," Sir Roland tells Grizel, "for in one wasted moment a door will close, a train will leave, a boat will sail, a man will die."

The acting in this sad and poignantly beautiful story is sheer perfection.



A new team: Farley Granger, Evelyn Keyes.

EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED (RKO) ◆◆◆

We predict that "Every Girl Should Be Married," RKO's delightful comedy, is going to have a terrific effect on the matrimonial statistics of the nation and is going to be practically the bible of every girl who wants a husband (and doesn't that include all of us?) because girls, you'll never again have a better lesson in how to get your man.

Cary Grant is the man and Betsy Drake is the girl who pursues him relentlessly. (Incidentally, by the time you read this, Betsy might well be Mrs. Cary Grant.) And what a pursuit! No general ever laid more elaborate plans to capture a fort than Betsy makes to woo the elusive pediatrician, Dr. Brown (played by Cary).

To help her in her siege, Betsy enlists her girl friend, Diana Lynn, who works as a model in the department store where Betsy is employed in Infants Wear. She also involves the owner of the store, a three-times-married man about town, played expertly by Franchot Tone. When these tactics don't work, half a dozen more interested parties pitch in and join the chase.

Cary Grant fights all her advances gamely—but he doesn't have a chance!

If you want to have fun, if you want a few pointers on how to catch a husband, if you're in the mood for a good comedy expertly dished out, this is your picture.



Surprise! Betsy Drake catches Cary Grant.

YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY

(U.I.) ◆◆◆◆

Settle back and relax while Jimmy Stewart and Joan Fontaine cavort through this gay, romantic comedy. There's nothing serious about the plot. It's pure, unadulterated fluff, but presented in such an engaging way that you'll enjoy every minute of it.

Joan Fontaine's flair for comedy goes into full swing as the richest-girl-in-the-world who runs away from her husband of one hour after she decides that she doesn't love the guy.

While escaping from her groom she runs into Jimmy Stewart. Of course Jimmy does not know her story and thinks she's a lady in distress. He's a bit reluctant to help but what man could resist the Fontaine charm—even when she's under the influence of sleeping pills? Not Jimmy.

The merry tale continues as Joan flies across the country in Jimmy's transcontinental plane—along with a corpse, an embezzler, honeymooners and a chimpanzee. Added notes of humor are injected by Eddie Albert, Jimmy's co-pilot and friend.

Everyone is excellent in his role. Roland Young, Willard Parker, Porter Hall and William Bakewell manage to add spark to the good performances. For extra chuckles we give you a sterling characterization of Joe, the chimpanzee.



Jimmy Stewart and Joan Fontaine stay happy.

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FIGHTER SQUADRON (W.B.) ♦♦♦

The prowess of England-based American flyers back in 1943 sets the theme for this roaring action picture. Almost documentary in story telling, the film is a pictorial record of the 17th Fighter Squadron of the 3d Fighter Group Circles at its base in England.

Actual combat films have been cleverly used throughout the picture, so that a feeling of reality is achieved.

Edmond O'Brien plays the principal role of Major Ed Hardin, a hardbitten, experienced combat pilot. Henry Hull is the general, Shepperd Strudwick, the wing commander. Among the members of the large cast are Robert Stack, John Rodney, James Holden, and Tom D'Andrea, the latter providing a fresh bit of comedy in an otherwise serious story.

HIGH FURY

(Peak-United Artists) ♦♦♦ 1/2

Filmed in the Swiss Alps, "High Fury" boasts a realism few pictures have.

The simple story is told in almost documentary fashion. A war orphan (Michael McKeag) has been sheltered during the war by Madeleine Carroll and her husband (Michael Rennie) at Madeleine's inn. When the time comes for him to be sent back to France, Madeleine wants to adopt him. Her shiftless and unfaithful husband refuses to sign the papers unless she will sign her inn over to him.

Photography is breathtaking, fine direction, and excellent acting. So much is good, in fact, that you'll overlook the one weak point—a pat resolution to everyone's problems at the end.

To say this is a great picture wouldn't be accurate—but it is well above average and certainly worthwhile.

THAT WONDERFUL URGE (20th) ♦♦

Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney romp through this high-powered comedy about the rich heiress who's tired of being a newspaper target and turns the tables on reporter Ty Power by drawing him into the public eye as her "Cinderella Man."

The quips are fast and smart—and so are Gene and Ty who make a wonderful screen combination.

Many of the scenes are set in ultra smart Sun Valley—and even though you may not be mad about winter sports, you'll love Gene's snappy ski costumes. In fact, you'll drool over all her Oleg-Cassini-designed outfits: six ski suits, three evening gowns, 12 daytime ensembles, five fur coats!

Reginald Gardiner, Arleen Whelan, Lucille Watson, Gene Lockhart turn in fine supporting roles and help make this a fun picture.

THE KISSING BANDIT (MGM) ♦♦♦

Loyal Sinatra Swooners will give out with their customary squeals when they spot their Frankie as M-G-M's "Kissing Bandit."

Imagine Sinatra as a timid Bostonian who goes to California and is expected to carry out family tradition as a bandit who always busses ladies he robs.

Setting is California back in its Spanish colony days, hence costumes are Technicolorful.

Kathryn Grayson is the governor's daughter with whom Frankie falls in love. Also on hand are J. Carrol Naish, Mildred Natwick, Mikhail Rasumny and sneezing, wheezing Billy Gilbert.

The plotting and dialogue come in for some heavy handling, but when you listen to Frankie sing "If I Steal a Kiss," and "I Like You," you'll agree that nothing else really matters!



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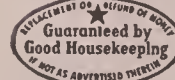
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THE REVIEWER'S BOX

continued

MY OWN TRUE LOVE

(Paramount) ♦♦
Here is a very touching story of post-war England, cast beautifully and for the most part a fine motion picture. Unfortunately it becomes over-long and bad editing and cutting prevent it from being consistently good.

The story is about an embittered soldier (Philip Friend) who almost ruins three lives because of his selfish love for the woman his widowed father plans to marry. Melvyn Douglas is the boy's father and Phyllis Calvert is the woman with whom both father and son are in love. She is a beautiful woman and a really fine actress, and we hope to be seeing her a lot more often. Wanda Hendrix is Melvyn's daughter. Philip Friend gives a beautiful portrayal of the son.

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME

(20th) ♦♦
Betty Grable keeps a firm hand on her career with this movie version of the famous stage play, "Burlesque."

The story is the oldie about the burlesque girl who marries the talented, but unstable dancer (Dan Dailey); his quick rise to Broadway fame, his decline when he strays from the Primrose Path, and the loyalty and love of the girl-who-stayed-behind. Sounds familiar, but the performances are so enjoyable and the songs so delightful you'll have no reason to complain when you see this.

Betty's her usual alluring self, and Dan Dailey will charm you completely when he warbles "The Birth of the Blues," and "When My Baby Smiles at Me."

Good support from Richard Arlen, James Gleason and Jack Oakie keeps this picture moving at a fast pace. You'll like it.

ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN

(W.B.) ♦♦
If you've been longing for a romantic, swashbuckling adventure story—this is it. Errol Flynn dons the robes of the fabulous lover, Don Juan, and goes forth to serve his queen. That he sees his duty and does it is beside the point—the important thing is that he sees the queen (Viveca Lindfors) and loses his heart. The story gives Flynn a wonderful opportunity to display his handsome looks, and some breathtaking swordplay.

The picture also serves as a debut for Flynn's lovely wife, Nora Eddington.

Robert Douglas takes honors as the menacing villain, and Alan Hale's on the spot to serve loyally as Don Juan's friend.

If you want to go right out of this world, see this picture.

LET'S LIVE A LITTLE (E-L) ♦♦

In spite of some slow pacing, this turns out to be quite a fun picture. Robert Cummings is the overworked advertising executive who suddenly finds himself hearing bells that don't ring. When an advertising idea sends him off to see beautiful psychoanalyst Hedy Lamarr, he becomes her client instead of her publicity man. Hedy sets about the cure of the young man and soon finds herself suffering from the same complications. Why? That old magic called love!

Hedy is unlike any psychoanalyst we know. Her beauty is breath-taking and it's hard to believe that one so beautiful could concentrate on things like symptoms and psychoanalysis. Bob Cummings is delightful in this comedy role and should be given more of the same. The supporting cast, especially Anna Sten, is better than average.



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YELLOW SKY (20th) ♦♦

This is not just "another western," for a picture starring Greg Peck and Anne Baxter can't be dismissed that lightly! The basic idea behind "Yellow Sky" is that a yen for gold turns men into beasts. What makes this picture different is that besides a yen for gold, the six bank robbers who comprise Greg's gang of lawless men also yen for pretty Anne Baxter.

Performances are brilliant—and Greg Peck is wonderful as the bandit who meets up with menacing character Richard Widmark.

Anne Baxter plays with authority and proves again (and again!) that she's really a versatile, talented actress.

Yes, "Yellow Sky" is a darn good western—one you'll really enjoy.

BELLE STARR'S DAUGHTER
(Alson-20th) ♦½

That fabulous character Belle Starr is in the spotlight again—this time only long enough to get the plot of this picture off to a rousing start and introduce her daughter. Belle's daughter then takes up where the famous lady outlaw (Isabel Jewell) left off in her feud with the law. When Belle is killed, Rose thinks the evil deed is done by a peace officer, George Montgomery, and she's out to get revenge. She sides with one of her mother's men (Rod Cameron) and plans to go along with the bandits. Before long, she recognizes Rod for the cruel and heartless man he is and learns that he is the one, not Montgomery, who murdered her mother. Here's where Rose's troubles begin.

The pacing is too slow and if it weren't for a few shootin' battles, this wouldn't have much wild western flavor. Rod Cameron gives a standout performance.

FAMILY HONEYMOON (U.A.) ♦½

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray go in for more teamwork—and the result is charming.

As the widowed mother of three lively boys, Claudette marries Fred MacMurray who knows from nothing about kids.

Aunt Jo, who's to watch the kids during the honeymoon, breaks a leg. Result: Family Honeymoon.

Of course the kids get into all sorts of mischief. And the pranks of the boys finally get our hero down and the inevitable spanking follows.

This leads to tears, misunderstandings and the end of the honeymoon.

You know darn well the picture can't end that way—and it doesn't. But it takes a lot of hi-jinks to get this situation straightened out.

SO DEAR TO MY HEART (RKO) ♦½

This Walt Disney movie is based on Sterling North's "So Dear to My Heart," a tale of rural Indiana.

The picture combines animation with live action and tells the story of little Jerry Kincaid (Bobby Driscoll) whose fondest dream is to take his little black lamb to the County Fair. Helping him in this project is his cute companion of "Uncle Remus," pretty Luana Patten.

Between the two of them, the little black lamb does win the Blue Ribbon award at the Fair.

In the animation sequences, an owl encourages Bobby to overcome obstacles by telling him the story of Columbus and Robert Bruce. Songs by Uncle Hiram (Burl Ives) add much charm to the mood of the picture. The kids will love this; grown-ups, too.

For more about Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten see "Luana Has a Party," on page 74 of this issue.

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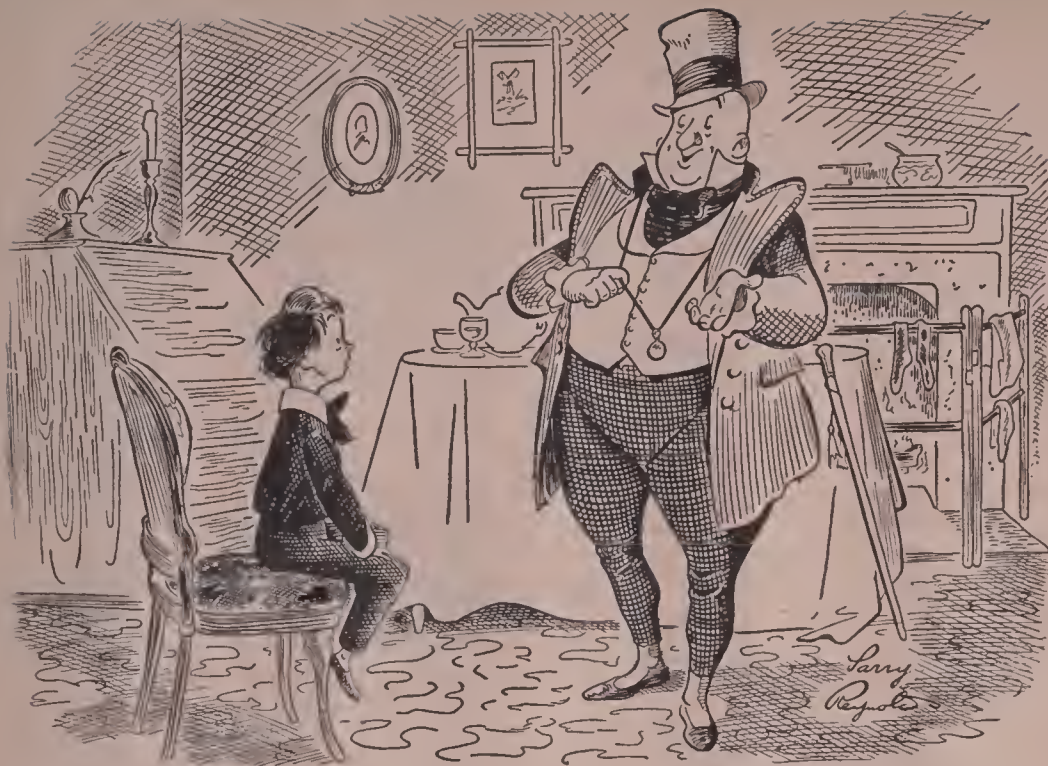
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Sincerely Yours

A Right Number for Stanwyck

There are so many actresses who are great, but Barbara Stanwyck seems to give one magnificent performance after the other, and stays on top by giving the public intelligent portrayals.

I saw her in "Sorry, Wrong Number" and again she did a beautiful job. What a fine gesture it would be for the industry to give Miss Stanwyck the Oscar for this performance—and for all the other roles she has done so beautifully.

Bev. Montalbano
San Francisco, California

Movieland Draws a Blank

I loved the November issue of Movie-land—until I got to page 70. It wasn't the story, "Are You the Girl for Philip Reed?" that disappointed me but one of the pictures on the page. You showed Philip Reed seated with a truly beautiful girl but why did you give her a question mark instead of a face? That girl is the beautiful Metropolitan Opera star, Patrice Munsel, and she's certainly deserving of recognition.

Lois Stern
New Orleans, Louisiana

ED'S NOTE: If our actions seemed harsh we apologize. Since Philip Reed and Patrice Munsel are only good friends, not a steady twosome, we thought it wise not to start rumors.

Where's Blaine?

Your "Dear Hollywood Producers" (Nov.) is the finest article I've ever read. I've never been able to understand why studios plug stars for awhile and then switch to other less talented players who have more "publicity" appeal. One of these is Vivian Blaine. When she started out, she was heralded as another Alice Faye and she was beginning to crowd Grable and Haver at 20th. But what's happened? If 20th's afraid to damage their other singing stars, then why doesn't some other studio sign her and see what a threat she is?

James Hill
Vancouver, Washington

Hurrah for Marriage!

The story entitled "My Hero" (Dec) about the Gene Autrys was wonderful and proves a point I've wanted to make for some time. It's good to know that there are still a few successful and happy marriages in Hollywood and if these marriages were publicized as much as the divorces I'm sure everyone would have a greater respect for the stars. The Autrys certainly set a fine example as to what marriage should be.

Catharine Schaffer
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Liz Should Act Her Age

Elizabeth Taylor is very lovely but although she's only 16 she dresses and acts as though she were 26. I like Liz a lot but I wish she'd be her own sweet lovable self instead of letting her studio groom her to be a glamor queen. That will come all too soon!

Nancy McCarthy
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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MOVIELAND

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That bewitching lovely on the cover is the teen-agers' beloved, Elizabeth Taylor — who co-stars with such luminaries as June Allyson, Peter Lawford and Janet Leigh in M-G-M's "Little Women."
Her first "married" role is as Bob Taylor's wife in "The Conspirator," which she is now making in England.

MOVIELAND, published monthly by Movieland, Inc., at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Advertising, editorial offices: 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood editorial office: 916 No. La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Chicago advertising office: 333 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Vol. 7, No. 2, March, 1949. Entered as second-class matter December 15, 1942, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price 25c a copy. Subscription price \$3.00 in the United States and \$3.00 in Canada. Copyright 1949 by Movieland, Inc. The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the United States of America. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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The George Montgomerys helped honor Darryl Zanuck at "Man of the Year" dinner.



Mark Stevens shows his visiting cousin differences between Hollywood and Mississippi.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*
 BY BEATRICE LUBITZ COLE

Things just can't be dull in Hollywood—not when there are so many shining stars to brighten things up. This month celebrities turn the spotlight on their favorite off-screen personalities at parties and dinners fit for kings and queens of movieland

★ Peter Shaw is still seeing Angela Lansbury steadily, if quietly; but it doesn't look like any wedding bells can ring for them unless Shaw's wife, who's in England, agrees to a divorce. We hear he asked for one and she handed him back a great big, "No."

* * *
 Peggy Cummins' new flame, Italian lawyer Tonino Grassi, is expected to follow her back to Hollywood when she returns from England.

* * *
 A haphazard statement by a columnist started the rumors flying that Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor had reached a parting of the ways. Barbara just laughed when asked about it. Said she, "We get that report about every eight months. It was due. But I'll ask Bob about it if you'd like." Bob was supposed to fly over from England where he's making a picture, to spend a vacation with Barbara in New York in January; but his picture was late in finishing and he couldn't keep the date. Barbara, who had a new picture to start in February, couldn't wait on Bob, so they had to spend their vacations apart. That couple always seem to us about as happy as any in Hollywood. They understand one another. Barbara doesn't like Bob's hobbies: hunting, fishing and flying, but she doesn't object to his taking off on trips with his pals when he wants to. That's the way to hold a husband.

* * *
 We asked Anne Baxter please to tell us when she and John Hodiak planned



Who's a meanie? Certainly not George Raft. Maybe the festive air of the Zanuck dinner—not to mention charming companion Gaby Andrews—has something to do with his smile.



Andrea King deals Martha Raye the crowning blow at Sallye Silver Shop Opening. Martha's not sure she'll like this royal role—not if she must act like a queen instead of a queenie.



Honored ladies of the screen, Rosalind Russell, Irene Dunne and Loretta Young, do some honoring of their own. The feted guest is Sister Kenny.

to start raising a family. "It's none of your business," she smiled, "but we don't plan to have any children in the immediate future. Eventually we want three, but would settle for two."

We caught Anne on the set of "You're My Everything," practicing the Charleston, a dance popular in the mid-twenties. She said, "This dance is supposed to come naturally, I've been told, but with me it comes hard."

* * *
 Dan Dailey tells us that he'd like to get out of musicals for a little while, and do some straight drama. The long rehearsals that a musical number requires keep him busy practically all the time between pictures.

* * *
 Valentina Cortese, 20th Century-Fox's new Italian star, is ducking Hollywood romances. Said she, "I suppose I'm just an orso." We asked her to explain. She said, "That's Italian for 'bear,' and a bear just naturally likes to be alone." This was the girl with whom Ty Power was once linked romantically in the papers. She says she saw Power for only five minutes, but that was sufficient time for a picture to be taken with Ty and distributed to the papers as his latest new flame. Her hobby is collecting cats. She says she likes the way they walk.

We asked Valentina how she started to learn English. She replied, "Gregory Ratoff was my first tutor." Ratoff is famous for the way he butchers the King's English, being a Russian by birth.

* * *
 We hear that Walt Disney's production of "Alice in Wonderland" is being held up because of another version of "Alice" filmed in France. Walt wants to find out how the public reacts to this one before sinking too much time and work into his own production. Making "Alice" has been a dream of Disney's for years, and he had hoped that it would be his masterpiece. Meanwhile, "Cinderella"

(Please turn to next page)

Inside Hollywood

continued

will likely get a hefty boost, while Alice dawns.

* * *
Mickey Rooney must have taken those rather harsh criticisms handed him by the press to heart. He's calmed down, keeping himself out of headlines, and knocking himself out to be cooperative. When doing a number of benefits in veterans' hospitals in the east, he asked to receive no publicity on them. He just wanted to do something for the boys.

* * *
Richard Ney has turned hermit. He's got himself a house so far away in the hills that he says, "Buying an egg means I must drive twenty miles." He doesn't have a telephone, does all of his own housework, and is spending his time between pictures writing a book, titled "Happiness Is Yesterday." It's the story of a man who found everything in life but happiness; then he finds out that you can't find happiness by looking for it. It has to come in a side door.

* * *
Yvonne de Carlo has asked please no more publicity on her romance with that Metropolitan opera singer. Seems his mama didn't approve of the news space the two were picking up.

* * *
Leo Carrillo, who dearly loves parades, has got himself a new station wagon, which he will use instead of his horse, in future shindigs. The radiator cap is a mounted steer head with a horn spread of 42 inches. Furthermore, the critter can open and shut his eyes when Leo presses the proper button.

* * *
Now that the Lew Ayres-Jane Wyman romance has been brought out into the open, it seems to be chilling. Lew's a guy who has learned to live alone and like it, and it will take some maneuvering to bring him into the marriage fold.

When Lew asked a photographer not to take a picture of him and Jane at dinner in a public spot, it was blown up out of all proportion by the press. Lew said he had no objection to being photographed, especially with Jane, but he just didn't want to have his picture taken with his mouth full of food.

* * *
Ronald Colman, who hasn't made a picture since his Oscar-winning "Double Life" last year, said all he's waiting on is a good story. He hasn't retired from the screen.

* * *
We hear that a top star is in one fine pickle with her estranged husband. Seems before they separated she left some mighty valuable jewels in a deposit box and gave him the receipt for retrieving them. Then trouble came and the couple split up. Now the star would like to get hold of that receipt so she can get her jewels, but the husband won't give. She can't press him too strongly because he could pass out a little information anent her private life that would likely make the headlines.



Vera Ralston and director John H. Auer discovered the way to the heart of "Professor," the monk, is through the popcorn can. He's in Vera's film, "Drums Along the Amazon."



Lucille Ball had her cake and ate it at her birthday party, held on set of RKO's "Interference." Co-star Vic Mature led the singing, was first in line for his piece of cake.



Love is the sweetest thing—and Bob Stack and Irene Wrightsman are the first to agree. There's a Mocambo party going on around them but they seem only aware of each other.

Jimmy Gleason calls Monty Woolley, "The Rich Man's Gabby Hayes."

* * *
Loretta Young, to whom the play is always the thing, was ready to sacrifice glamour for quality in her role for "Come

to the Stable," in which she plays a nun. While testing for the part, she borrowed a pair of glasses from an electrician and had one shot made with the specs on. "They seemed to change my whole screen" (Please turn to page 10)

They're the SCREAM-HEARTS OF 1949!

JOHN



The story of the ever-lovin' gal who tied her Beau into knots!

LOVES

MARY

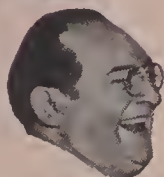
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JERRY WALD



Inside Hollywood

continued



Big doings at the Rogers ranch! Little Dusty, son of Roy Rogers, celebrated his 2nd birthday with friends, dad and Dale Evans.

personality," she said. "And I was thrilled, because I get so tired of seeing my same old face on the screen." But when the big boys saw the test, they said, "Great. Fine. But you can't wear the glasses in the film. There's no legitimate excuse for the nun to be near-sighted." She tells us there is one sequence in the picture in which she has to drive a jeep in a wild and woolly fashion. Afterward it is revealed that she learned to handle the jeep from G.I.'s during the war. With her nun's robes on, that should really be funny.

* * *

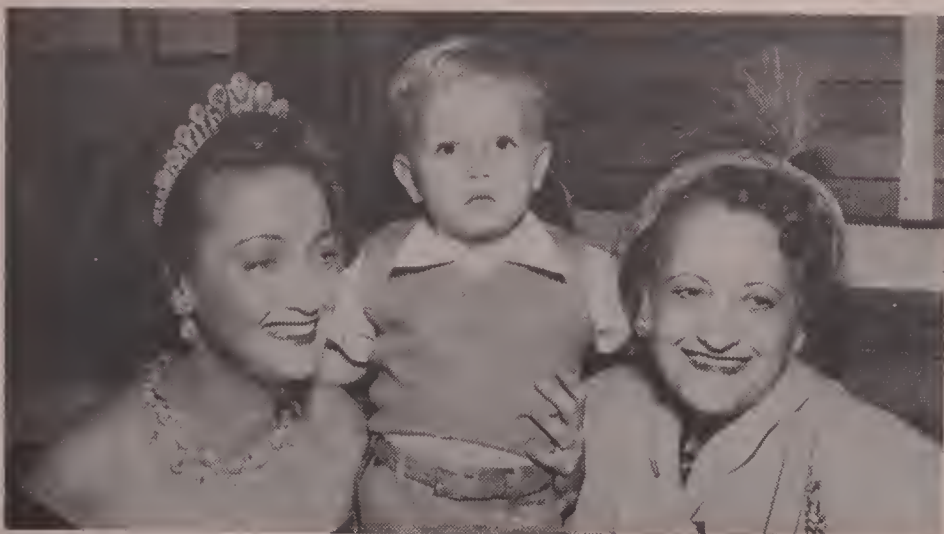
James Mason, who has found Hollywood to his liking, will likely stay here. He is turning more and more to writing. And friends are urging him to do a full-length book. Mason, who was once considered a very stiff, informal person by the press, has certainly unbended. He and Glenn Ford almost attended a party costumed as a horse. We couldn't find out which end of the animal who was to play. But the whole idea fell through when Pamela (Mrs. Mason) nixed it.

* * *

For "Samson and Delilah," Vic Mature had to fight a lion bare-handed. That is, he was supposed to. The tussle with Leo proved to be slightly on the hilarious side. "I had no love for the lion," Vic tells us, "and he wasn't carrying any torch for me. In the scene in which I was supposed to be stalking him, Cecil



When it's Ice Hockey time you can be sure of spotting the Sonny Tufts' concentrating on an exciting game—and hamburgers—at Pan Pacific Auditorium.




Brown Derby diners got quite a kick watching young Ridgley Howard play host to famous mother Dorothy Lamour and attractive grandmother Mrs. Carmen Castleberry.

DeMille kept urging me to get closer, and I was calling out, 'Nice kitty, nice kitty.' Didn't do any good. The lion cast an unaffectionate eye upon me, and for a moment it looked like a question of who would jump first—me or the lion. The cameraman, seeing the situation, yelled, 'If he jumps, Vic, try to keep yourself properly lighted for the shot.' A stunt man finally tackled the lion."

* * *

Shirley Temple, nominated by the Hollywood Women's Press Club as being one of the least cooperative actresses of last year, was heartbroken. She assured us that she had always tried to cooperate completely with the press. But she didn't and couldn't know when her studio turned down the press for interviews and pictures. To protect herself in the future from such a predicament, she will ask her studio to send her written duplicates of all such requests made. Then she will have a record to back up her position, if a charge of being uncooperative is ever hurled at her again.

(Please turn to page 12)



What *really*
happened
behind the
closed door?

*... was it worth
risking murder for?*

Vicki Baum knows women! And in this exciting story . . . based on her famous best-selling novel, "Mortgage On Life"—she fearlessly explores the souls of two!

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MELVYN DOUGLAS
GLORIA GRAHAME
BILL WILLIAMS

in

**A Woman's
Secret**

with

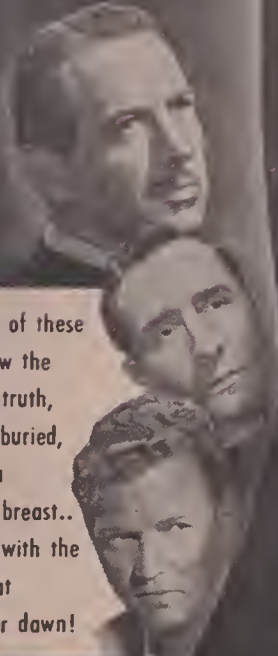
VICTOR JORY • MARY PHILIPS • JAY C. FLIPPEN

A DORE SCHARY Presentation

Produced by HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ

Directed by NICHOLAS RAY

Screen Play by HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ



Only one of these
men knew the
amazing truth,
that lay buried,
deep in a
woman's breast..
together with the
bullet that
struck her down!



Some in Hollywood still think that Greta Garbo is through with the screen. But Bob Cummings, who owns a hunk of "George Sand," assures us that Garbo will be in that picture when it rolls next spring in Italy. "Why should anyone question it?" said he. "We've got her name on a contract." Bob's in a funny position with that picture; though part owner he doesn't know whether he can play in it. Garbo has the right to complete cast approval, and she has to give the nod before he's in.

* * *
 With Gloria de Haven and John Payne reconciled again at this writing, Hollywood is wondering whether if this time it's for keeps. Gloria's insistence on a career was the chief basis of their difficulty, and she assures us that she will continue with her screen work now, planning to do at least two pictures a year. Her new contract with Metro is for seven years. Now whether John resigns himself to having two careers in the family remains to be seen.

Incidentally, he's organized his own film company and will turn producer, but he won't give up his acting.

* * *
 Laurence Olivier, perhaps the hottest actor in the world today professionally, is turning down all of Hollywood's sumptuous offers to return here for pictures. He says, "England is my home, and I like working there." He enjoys living in Hollywood, but his work comes first. We hear that he can name his own salary in Hollywood, but chooses, for instance, to work with the "Old Vic" group for \$200 a week.

* * *
 The rumors persist that there is considerable domestic difficulty in the Bette Davis household. Something's certainly happened to Bette. Whether it's due to worry over her career or her marriage, we couldn't say. She used to be one of the most co-operative of stars as far as
 (Please turn to page 14)



Lizabeth Scott cuts an extra special piece of her birthday cake for Byron Haskin, her director on "Too Late for Tears." Film will be released by United Artists.



Broken ankle didn't keep Pat Medina from working in Doug Fairbanks' "The O'Flynn."

I
 nside
 H
 ollywood
 continued



When outdoor scenes for "Mr. Soft Touch" were shot in San Francisco, loyal Glenn Ford fans gave their favorite star the rush act!

NEVER HAS ONE HONEYMOON
BEEN ENJOYED BY SO MANY...!

They made such a lovely
couple...all five of them
the Bride...the Groom...
and *her 3 kids!*



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Based on the novel by Homer Croy · Directed by CLAUDE BINYON · Produced by JOHN BECK and Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN

DON'T MISS THAT OTHER GREAT COMEDY "YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY"



When Lex Barker (left) started his new "Tarzan" film, director Lee Sholem introduced an interested set visitor. He was Elmo Lincoln (right), who was screen Tarzan 30 years ago!



A "balong" is the New Look worn by Adele Mara in Republic's "Wake of the Red Witch."

H *inside*
H *Hollywood*
continued

the press was concerned; but for the past few years it has become increasingly difficult to get an interview with her. The difficulty now borders on the impossible. The press wasn't overly kind to her when she turned out bad pictures such as "Winter Meeting," but Bette was always a girl who could take criticism as well as dish it out. So we're inclined to believe that her new attitude, which is losing her a lot of friends, has been inspired by something in her private, rather than her professional life.

* * *

Ann Sothorn and Clark Gable, who've known one another for years, seem to have discovered in each other something more than a passing attraction. They've been seeing a lot of each other in quiet places. Ann's divorce became final in January; so she's now eligible for marriage. She's the home-loving type, and

it could be that she'd snare King Gable, who's certainly been getting around with the gals of late.

Ann still insists that she's through with "Maisie" pictures. Though they brought her great success, people have begun to look at her in terms of Maisie, says Ann. But after a switch to musicals and light drama, she wouldn't mind playing another girl of the Maisie-type.

* * *

Jennifer Jones was miffed, but plenty, over those printed reports that she had bailed her ex-husband, Bob Walker, out of jail on one of his entanglements with the law. It wasn't true. We hear that Jennifer is very anxious to help Bob straighten himself out; but he's so extremely sensitive that he won't let her. Jennifer and David Selznick will likely be married by the time you read this.

THE END



Three cheers for Merle Oberon! While vacationing in New York Merle visited Veterans' Hospital at Manhattan Beach where she



kibitzed over cards, called numbers for the patients' Bingo game, signed autographs, chatted (above) with vet Ripley Walker.

DON'T FAIL YOUR DAUGHTER... YOU MUST TELL HER THESE *Intimate Facts of Life!*



When is a kiss not a kiss? When Durante's schnoz gets in the way, says Dottie Lamour.



There's more here than meets La Dietrich's eye. Take a look at Mae Carey's moustache!



It's love, love, love, say the gossips, but Gloria MacLean and Jimmy Stewart laugh.



And here's up-to-date information you and she can trust...

Every daughter has a right to know these intimate physical facts before she marries. You *must* inform her how important vaginal douching two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, her health, marriage happiness—to combat odor and always after menstrual periods.

And you *should* make her realize no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues as modern ZONITE!

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Be sure to caution your daughter about weak products for the douche. Pity the girl who, through ignorant advice of friends, uses such 'kitchen makeshifts' as vinegar, salt or soda. These *never* can assure the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

On the other hand you must warn

your daughter about dangerous products—overstrong solutions of which may burn, harden or scar delicate tissue lining, and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

Remember, while ZONITE is powerfully germicidal, it's non-poisonous, non-irritating and ABSOLUTELY SAFE to delicate tissue lining. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as needed* without the slightest risk of injury.

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Pity Poor Dad!



Edward Arnold gives screen daughter Patricia Neal some DON'Ts on "John Loves Mary" set.

By ADELAIDE CURRAN

Your heart will belong to Daddy if you follow screen pop Edward Arnold's easy rules for life with father

★ Edward Arnold has played the harassed father so often in so many pictures that one might get the impression that he personally is a very harassed man. Nothing could be further from the truth. Although he has played father roles in "You Can't Take It With You," "The Youngest Profession," "Janie," "Birds and the Bees," "Three Wise Fools" (in which he played not the father but the guardian of Margaret O'Brien), and now in "John Loves Mary"—in which he plays the mighty harassed dad of matrimonially-minded Mary—in real life Edward is a sane, loving, wise and completely well-adjusted parent.

His three children, Elizabeth, William Edward, and Dorothy Jane are grown up men and women. William served as a bomber pilot in the war and is now flying for an oil company. The girls are long since past the age of bobby-soxers.

Nevertheless a man who has "fathered" so many bobby-soxers on the screen should have some pretty definite ideas on how to raise a daughter—and even more ideas on how daughters ought not irritate their fathers!

When you think of what the man had to put up with when he was "dad" to Janie, and the screen pop of Mary, you will

agree that he is something of an authority on what he considers irritants in the behavior of the young.

Now as every teen-ager knows, Dad is practically indispensable when it comes to the matter of wangling clothes, increasing allowances, getting permission for week-end house parties, and big things like that. What interests every young girl is "how-to-get-what-you-want-from-Dad-in-the-most-painless-way" and also "how to get along with Father." A subdivision of the latter might be loosely termed, "how not to irritate Father" although this is a major consideration in achieving practically everything you want as far as Father is concerned.

Since Edward Arnold has suffered more than any other screen parent at the hands of his daughters, we have given him the title of "Honorary Father" of movie teen-age daughters and the following rules of behavior are designed particularly to make Edward Arnold a happier screen father.

Any resemblance of Janie or Mary to yourself—and any resemblance between your father and Edward Arnold—is purely accidental, but of course we will consider it no plagiarism if you adopt any



No doubt about it, Dad's always a pushover when daughter's as cute as Patricia Neal!

or all the rules to make your own "Life With Father" easier and more profitable!

First, there is the question of Friends and Social Activities. Under this heading lie some of the major irritations which plague the paternal parent. First, the matter of Introducing the Boy Friend. DON'T introduce your boyfriends by their nicknames.

Your Dad is set for a quiet evening by the radio. You come bursting in with a weird character (who, of course, you think is practically perfect), bounce over to Dad who has one ear in the radio, and announce, "Dad! This is Squeegzy!" Take it from one-who-knows: Dad finds these little chums sufficiently difficult to take without such nicknames.

Now about the gang—DON'T invite the gang over on the spur of the moment and drive Dad out of the living room for the evening unless you're sure it fits in with his plans. It's not too much trouble to check first—it saves a lot of temper. The best time to bring the mob over is on Dad's lodge night.

However, if you must bring home a gang after the prom, forewarn him so that he doesn't come prowling down in pajamas with hair on end, thinking it's burglars.

Then there's the question of the Family Car. You get the car occasionally, of course. But you've got to be considerate. Don't let Dad come home from the office for a hot golf date on Saturday afternoon and find the car missing. Of course it was important that you and Mary dash over to the drive-in where that cute boy works. But think of Dad, frustrated, standing in the garage just prior to jumping on his golf clubs. Remember you'll probably want a new dress for the prom. . . .

Another important possession is Dad's Favorite Chair. According to all logic, one chair should be as good as another. And anyone should have the right to sit in any chair in the living room. But Father likes a particular chair—so let him have it! Keep off it—and keep your books, your coat and the dog off it. It's one way of keeping Dad happy—and it will pay off in innumerable small favors—usually financial!

Being Helpful is a lovable quality in a daughter. However, some daughters
(Please turn to page 96)

LITTLE LULU



"Don't be a public pest—use Kleenex*!"

Little Lulu says: Block that sneeze and those germs with soft, strong Kleenex Tissues to help keep colds from spreading. Be considerate in another way, too. Don't just "drop the Kleenex"—use that waste basket!

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



When you see Joan Crawford and Gertrude Michael as chums in "Flamingo Road," you'll be seeing not only the movie story but a real-life drama of Hollywood as well!

SHE'S AN ANGEL

By HELEN HOVER WELLER

There's a happy ending to Gertrude Michael's story because of Joan Crawford's friendship

★ This is the true story of two beautiful actresses who started in pictures many years ago—of how destiny made one a great star, while the other girl's career and luck faded. And how an accidental meeting between the girls recently brought about one of those heart-warming happy endings that are told all too infrequently in Hollywood.

Sixteen years ago, both girls were among the most promising young players in pictures. One of them was a tall, oval-faced blonde with delicate features named Gertrude Michael. The other was a flashing brunette with blue eyes and an exciting body. Her name was Joan Crawford.

Joan rose to the heights. Conversely, as Joan went from triumph to triumph, Gertrude's career went down through a series of misfortunes that almost wrecked her.

And yet, when you see Joan's latest picture, the Michael Curtiz production for Warners' release, "Flamingo Road," you'll see the two girls together. Joan is the star—Gertrude has an important role as a waitress and intimate of Joan's.

It is Gertrude's first screen role in years, and may well be the start of a comeback to her career and happiness.

And it all happened because Joan didn't forget the girl who started out with such promise and glory at the same time she did.

However, let's start at the beginning. . . .

Gertrude Michael was brought from the Broadway stage to Hollywood by

M-G-M back in 1932. She was a lovely and gifted young girl with a beautiful speaking voice and a great deal of talent. She was not only a fine actress but had been a concert pianist and had played with the Cincinnati Symphony. Her future looked radiant.

The first week at Metro she met Joan Crawford, who herself was fairly new at the studio and just embarking on the career that was to become such a brilliant one.

Where a young actress in Joan's position might have resented a new girl on the same lot, Joan was warm and encouraging. She stopped at Gertrude's dressing room to wish her luck and did all she could to make the newcomer feel at home. She introduced Gertrude around, asked to see her test and predicted great success for her.

Joan's prophecy seemed to come true during the next few years. Gertrude was popular and eventually went to Paramount at a terrific salary. She was one of their most important stars and among other things played the title role in the highly successful "Sophie Lang" series.

"And then I made my greatest mistake," Gertrude told me. We were lunching together and Gertrude scarcely showed signs of the bitter times she'd experienced during the years. Her face is thin but if anything the suffering of the past few years has given her a luminous quality.

"I began to feel that I was more important than the studio," she told me

sadly. "I thought that being a movie star meant that everything would come my way. When the studio asked me to take a cut in salary, I followed bad advice and refused to lower my price. The studio and I came to a parting of the ways, and being young and stubborn I thought I'd get along fine."

She did, for a while. She went to England to make two pictures and she was enormously popular. You may not remember back that far, but Gertrude Michael was a big star then and won great acclaim.

Then a series of tragedies began to hit with the ferocity of a trip-hammer. Her mother, to whom she was greatly attached, died quite suddenly.

"Mother seemed to enjoy my career more than I did," she recalled. "When she was no longer around, I began to lose interest. Some of the excitement of my work was gone."

For two years Gertrude stayed off the screen and traveled through Europe. She spent her money recklessly, engaged large suites in the finest hotels. She bought beautiful clothes and jewels, entertained magnificently and was wooed by titled men. Life was exciting and heady.

After a while, when her funds got to a dangerously low level, she decided to return to Hollywood and acting. But she had been away a little too long. Her name was no longer a well-known one to Hollywood producers and American movie fans.

She made the appalling discovery, too, that while she had been away, and with her mother no longer alive to watch after her investments, her money and business affairs had dwindled to almost nothing. Bit by bit her beautiful clothes and furs and jewels had to be sold to give her enough money to live on.

Some of her stubborn, old pride went, too, and in order to get a picture role she agreed to work for a much smaller salary than she'd had before. On the eve of the start of the picture she finally lined up, disaster struck again. Driving to Hollywood from Arrowhead Springs, her car swerved on a sharp mountain curve and Gertrude was pinned beneath. The accident cost her the role she so badly needed.

She was laid up for months, and what with medical and nursing costs, the last of her money was gone. The girl who had been a great star only a short while ago, who had been mobbed by fans, who had lived in a palatial home and in the finest hotel suites, was forced to enter the Motion Picture Relief Home, the worthy institution maintained for those picture people who are ill or old and cannot take care of themselves financially.

When she had recovered from the accident, the cycle of misfortune took another spin. She had been promised another film role, but the morning that she was to report to the studio she made an alarming discovery. As she got out of bed she found that she couldn't walk. Her right leg was numb!

It meant a return to bed and doctors' care again. Her leg was paralyzed, not as a result of the accident, but due to a blood condition. It was by some horrible coincidence that one followed the other. It meant dragging months of treatments; it meant lying in bed and thinking—of wondering with increasing despair if she would ever be able to walk or act again. For by now it had been more than five years since Gertrude had been on the screen, and few stars can survive such a long absence.

Gertrude could not. When she was
(Please turn to page 96)

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Please lady,
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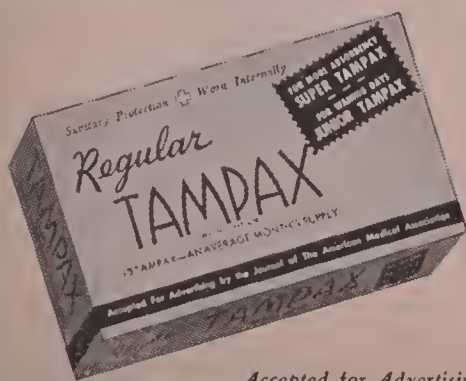


Please don't walk away or turn a deaf ear, gentle lady! There's big news in the air and you may find it just as important in your life as it has proved to millions of other women all over the world—not once, but thirteen times a year. . . . As you already have guessed, the subject under discussion is a wholly feminine one—monthly sanitary protection.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
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But the "big" news deals with a *very* tiny product indeed, no longer than your little finger! It is called *Tampax* and it is worn internally. This principle is well-known to doctors and it has many advantages. *Tampax* frees you from the tyranny of belts, pins and external pads. It causes no odor or chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. *Tampax* is only 1/9 the bulk of older kinds and you can shower, tub or swim without removing it!

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Imagine Joan Crawford in role of a school teacher! She'll be one in "Miss O'Brien."

I CAN HELP YOU?

By Joan Crawford

Let glamorous Joan Crawford help you solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 916 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles 46, Calif. Your letter will receive her personal attention

Dear Miss Crawford:

During the war I married a young man who was a Major in the Air Forces. In civilian life he had had no profession, and it was my understanding that when the war was over he would remain in the Air Forces.

Well, to make a long story short, he didn't. He said he disliked military life, and he got back into civilian life as quickly as possible. He got a job as a bank clerk in this town, and that's all he's been ever since.

He earns very little money. I haven't bought any clothes in months, and I used to buy a lot when he was a Major. I have none of the things he promised, and I think he married me under false pretenses. Everything would be fine if he went back into the Service but he won't. What do you think I should do? I'm so unhappy.

May Belle R.
Boston, Mass.

I think you should tell your husband the truth, and the truth, I think, is that you married him because you were taken in by his military rank. You obviously don't love him and apparently never really have.

If you loved your husband, you'd primarily be interested in his welfare and his peace of mind. You want him to go back into the Service, to take a job he

dislikes, merely because he can earn more money with which you can buy more clothes.

This attitude is selfish, willful, completely ruthless, and were I your husband, I should demand a divorce at once. As a matter of fact, you should speak to your husband and file for divorce as quickly as possible. The way things are your marriage is a mockery.

SWEET SIXTEEN

Dear Miss Crawford:

Is sixteen too young to get married? I'm terribly in love with a young man of twenty-three. He's everything I want. He's tall, good-looking, and he has a good job. He's very kind to me, and I don't think I can ever love anyone the way I love him.

My parents are against my marriage at this time because of my youth. They say I should wait until I'm eighteen. I say there's no point in waiting especially when a girl is as sure as I am.

My boyfriend is ready to marry me the moment I give the word. I don't want to disobey my parents, but I don't think they have any right to interfere. Do you agree with me, Miss Crawford?

Carol M.
Manhasset, L. I.

I don't agree with you. I believe your parents have every right to interfere. Sixteen is very young for marriage. Frequently, girls don't know their own minds at sixteen. At your age, you can't have had very much experience with men. How do you know that this man is the husband for you unless you've dated several other boys?

Moreover, in New York you have to be eighteen years old to get married without parental consent. I think your parents are giving you extremely sage advice when they tell you to wait until you're eighteen. Certainly, you could do with more education.

Don't think I'm being hard-hearted. I know what it is to be in love and desperately want the object of your affection. But I know, too, what folly frequently follows the impetuous moves of youth, and that's why I tell you to obey your parents and not to marry until you're eighteen.

TORRID TRUTH

Dear Miss Crawford:

I'm going to tell you the torrid truth about myself, and I hope you don't shock easy. A year ago when I was seventeen and I was out with a boy, I'd do anything the boy said. This year I learned that doing such things wasn't nice, and I stopped.

Now, a few months ago I met a fine fellow. He asked for a date, and I gave him one. He made a pass at me, but I turned him down. He asked for another date and this time, he didn't try anything. We started going steady. Last night, he made some heavy passes at me. I let him kiss me but I drew the line there.

Well, you should have heard him. He almost blew his top. He said he had run into some old boyfriends of mine and they had told him I was a loose girl and he wanted to know why I was holding out on him and all of that. I told him the boys were a pack of liars and if that's how he felt about me, I didn't want to see him again.

He said that was great with him, because I'd made a fool out of him.

Now, my problem is this: just because I was foolish once, does my reputation have to suffer forever? Won't I ever be able to live that sort of thing down or will I have to leave town?

Beatrice R.
Kearny, N. J.

No, Beatrice, you won't have to leave town at all. You just keep on being the girl you are, and little by little, word will get around that you're respectable and decent and upright, that you won't permit any undue liberties, and gradually, you will earn the respect and

admiration of the young men in your community. Remember this! It takes years to build a reputation but only one night to tear it down.

SILLY SALLY

Dear Miss Crawford:

I'm a junior in high school, and I don't like to say this, but I've fallen in love with my chemistry teacher. I know he's older than I am and married, too, but I just can't seem to control myself.

Everytime I look at him, my heart starts to beat wildly, and when he talks to me out in the hall some time, goose-pimples break out all over me.

Lots of times when I'm in his class room, I just day-dream instead of paying attention. I think of how divine it would be to be his wife and see him all the time and go around with him. How can I get over this?

Helen L.
Ft. Worth, Texas

It's a puppy love affair, and there's not much you can do about it. Time will take care of you. Next semester you'll probably have another chemistry teacher.

DESIRE IN DENVER

Dear Miss Crawford:

I'm a young fellow of sixteen. I've lived my whole life in Denver and now I want to get away. I want to go out and see the world.

Unfortunately, my mother is sick and I've got to take care of her after I come home from school. I've been looking after her ever since I was a kid. I hang around the house all the time until I'm weary of it.

My father says it's one of my responsibilities. He says we all have duties and responsibilities, and that this is one of mine. What I want to know is this: what kind of a future am I going to have if I've got to take care of my mother all the time? It doesn't seem fair. I've got desires of my own. I'm thinking of leaving home. Don't you think I've got a right to start out on my own?

Harold V.
Denver, Colo.

Sure, you've got a right of your own but to exercise it, you must first be an adult. In the eyes of the law you're still a child, and as such you must obey your parents. Your mother needs you. That's apparent. Why should you leave her? How would you feel if she left you when you needed her most?

Your father is right when he says we all have duties and responsibilities. Adherence to these is what builds character. At sixteen you're ill-equipped to face the world. You need at least two more years of schooling. You need a trade. You need the guidance and the wisdom of a mother, a mother you should always stick by and love and help in her hour or days of need.

INSIDE INFO

Dear Miss Crawford:

I wish you'd tell me the truth about this particular matter. Is it true that kisses on the screen are faked? I mean when you get kissed on the screen, are you really kissed or is it a camera trick or something?

I know that smart cameramen can do all sorts of weird stuff with a lens.
Jim R.
Hickory, N. C.

When I'm kissed on the screen, you may take my word for it that I am kissed.

THE END

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Starring **That wonderful, lovable guy**

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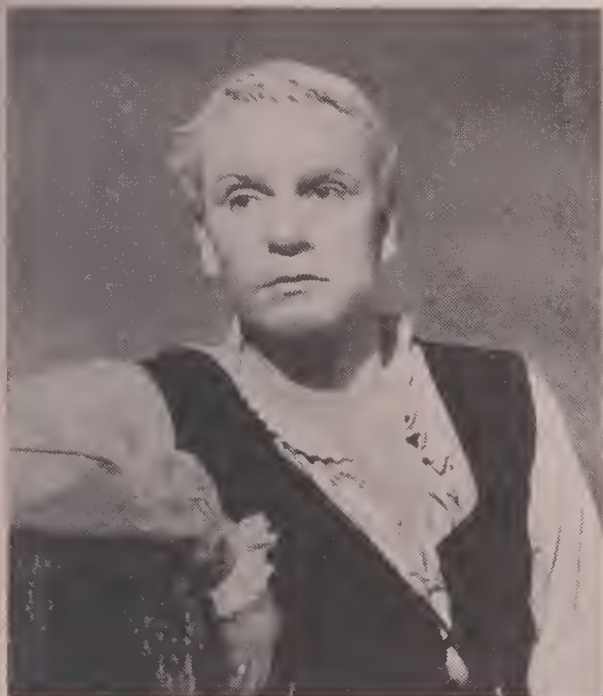
with COLLEEN TOWNSEND · ALAN YOUNG

Walter Wood · William Frankel · Corinne Goddard · William Callahan

Directed by George Seaton · Story by George Seaton · Screenplay by George Seaton · Music by Elmer Bernstein

Produced by GEORGE SEATON · Directed by WILLIAM PERLBERG

Written for the Screen by George Seaton and Valentine Dickson
From the Stage Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and the Book by Broadway Theater



For an International Oscar. Laurence Olivier's magnificent "Hamlet" should certainly be honored.



Will Warners' "Johnny Belinda" be the third-time charm for Wyman?



David Niven and Teresa Wright gave "Enchantment" part of the charm that makes us nominate it: Picture of the Year.

Every March there comes to pass what is gloomily known in the Trade as "The Editor's Hazard"—when the editor sticks her neck way, way out and puts herself down in black and white as to the Academy Award Winners.

If she hits 'em right, of course, her neck contracts and her chest expands and there is great rejoicing while she is congratulated on (a) her acumen, (b) her excellent taste, and (c) her fine instinct for what is great in pictures.

Of course if she's all wrong in her predictions—well, you can imagine the explanations, the embarrassed little laughs, the ZaSu Pitts fluttering of the hands as she tries to explain.

Well, come what may, here goes: MOVIELAND Editor's own Academy Award predictions, and let the chips fly where they may:

Best performance by an actress:

Jane Wyman in "Johnny Belinda"

Best performance by an actor:

Laurence Olivier in "Hamlet"

Best picture of the year:

Samuel Goldwyn's "Enchantment"

Best actor's supporting role:

Walter Huston for "Treasure of the Sierra Madre"

Best actress' supporting role:

Betsy Blair in "The Snake Pit" and "Another Part of the Forest."

If I were running the Academy Awards, I'd give a special award to all the members of the cast of "The Snake Pit"—down to the last inmate of the insane asylum. Olivia deHavilland and Leo Genn (who play the leads) and all the mad unseeing inmates, give wonderful performances; in fact, every one connected with the picture deserves an accolade.

Perhaps you are wondering then why I didn't give the award to "The Snake Pit." The reason is simple: I don't believe this picture, taken as a whole, is as richly rewarding, as entertaining as "Enchantment" and I belong to the school of thought which considers entertainment the prime requisite in a picture. And so, based on this simple formula of what makes a picture great, my vote goes for "Enchantment" first.

If I could line up the Big Three I'd say, First, "Enchantment"; Second, "Johnny Belinda"; and Third, "The Snake Pit." But they're all great pictures in a year that has produced many outstanding pictures and for the total record of motion picture entertainment, I sincerely believe 1948 can be proud.

See you all again next month!

B. L. C.



The True Love Story

By ARNO JOHANSEN

★ A few short months ago Jane Wyman stood in front of Judge Thurmond Clarke of the California Superior Court and asked for a divorce.

Hatless and sad-eyed, her tawny hair neatly set in a pageboy bob, wearing a simple shirtmaker dress of orange gabardine, she told the Judge that she and Ronald Reagan had come to the parting of ways.

"It was politics," she explained, "which built the barrier between us."

She had tried to keep abreast of her husband in his political interests, she pointed out, but somehow she lacked his ardor, his intensity. "Finally," she said, "there was nothing in common between us, nothing to sustain our marriage."

Judge Clarke leaned over his rostrum. "Were your husband's political activities connected with his profession?" he asked.

Jane nodded. Ronnie, she explained, was president of the Screen Actors Guild, and while she liked the organization, "most of their discussions," she wryly admitted, "were far above me."

When Jane finished telling the story of her eight-year-old marriage to Ronnie, how his interest in politics had dissipated her interest in love, Judge Clarke awarded Jane the custody of her two children. Maureen, 7, and Michael, 3, and ordered Reagan to contribute \$500 a month (*Please turn to page 73*)



Some friends insist that Ronnie Reagan and Jane are still in love, will reconcile in spite of divorce.



*She's had more than
her share of tears and
heartbreak—Now is
the happy ending in sight?*

It was obvious to everyone that Lew Ayres won Jane's deep admiration after they co-starred in "Johnny Belinda."

of

JANE WYMAN



Aly Khan, prince of fabulous India, whose devotion to Rita has thrilled three continents.



Lovely Rita Hayworth, Hollywood's Cinderella girl, seems to have found her Prince—charming.

“WILL IT BE Princess Rita?”

By Crawford Dixon

★ Hollywood has known some pretty mad, tempestuous romances in the past—but nothing to equal what Rita Hayworth so blithely calls her “good friendship” with Aly Khan.

Here is romance tinted with the mystery of the Orient. Here is romance between commoner and royalty; here is romance between East and West. Here is a love that seizes the mind with imagination and holds it.

Here is Rita Hayworth, the embodiment of the Cinderella legend, the poor girl of poor parents miraculously come to stardom and fame. And here is Aly Khan, fabulous prince of fabulous India, born to the purple and heir to one of the largest fortunes on the face of the earth.

No wonder then that Rita is willing to give up her career for Aly. Make no mistake about that. Let Aly Khan secure a divorce from his separated wife—and he is in England at this writing expressly for that purpose—let him propose to Rita. And Hollywood has lost its No. 1 screen siren.

The life of Aly Khan is the life (*Please turn to page 77*)

Hollywood quivers with anticipation as this mysteriously beautiful romance unfolds—and Rita ponders the most important decision of her life

After “The Loves of Carmen,” Rita went on suspension. Another marriage may mean end of her career.





"Just what we don't need," agree Betty and Larry Parks as June Allyson presents a flower-bedecked rolling pin.

Betty Garrett and Larry Parks are out to break all records for marital bliss as they celebrate their fourth wedding anniversary with love and kisses



... But just in case, don't get the idea that I don't know how to use it," adds Betty.



HAPPILY

Work stops on Betty's film, "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," and Larry's new picture, "Jolson Sings Again," as they whisper, "Happy anniversary, Darling!"



HITCHED

Lady in distress Rhonda Fleming meets ►
"Connecticut Yankee" Bing Crosby.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

By LLOYD SHEARER

*It's Crosby who gets our vote
for being the All-American Boy.
And when he sings—BING go
the strings of our hearts!*

★ Some months ago when Paramount was looking around for an actor to star in "Connecticut Yankee" and Bing Crosby was suggested for the title role, one of the executives at that studio blew his top.

"You have rocks in your head or something?" he demanded of the poor casting director. "Everybody in the world knows that Crosby comes from the state of Washington. If we bill him as a Connecticut Yankee, we'll become the laughing stock of the nation."

The hapless casting director thought for a minute. "I don't think so," he finally said. "Bing may've been born in Spokane and gone to school at Gonzaga, but he's a pretty shrewd trader with all the virtues of the typical Connecticut Yankee. I think the fans'll buy him."

The big boy at Paramount played around with the idea for a little while. "You know," he said at length. "You may have something there. The more I think of Crosby and the kind of guy he is, the more I think he should've been born in Connecticut."

Now the reason behind that statement is that Bing's way of life constitutes a living example of the finest in Yankee tradition, a tradition founded on such principles as hard work, early marriage, lots of children, shrewd trading, clean humor, re-

Please turn to page 32

Up to his old tricks. Bing relaxes between scenes by riding his bike around Paramount lot.



The four Crosby boys have a hankering for showbusiness but they'll have to finish college first, says Bing.





Late Will Rogers typified average American in the 1931 film version of "Connecticut Yankee." Bing's a logical successor.

1949 finds all-American favorite Bing Crosby in role of the Connecticut Yankee who's transported to court of King Arthur.



Smoke gets in evil sorcerer Merlin's eyes when our hero, Bing, pulls a fast one with aid of glass and sun rays.

Time passes on but the Mark Twain story remains as charming as ever. Here's the same scene in the 1931 picture.



ligious training, and the lending of a helping hand to those less fortunate than yourself.

Take Bing and hard work, for example. With his sloppy shirts and his beat-up hats, he deceptively gives the appearance of being a nonchalant, lackadaisical, happy-go-luxury crooner. But as his eldest boy Gary says, "Don't let Pop fool you. He's got a lot of irons in the fire." And he has, too.

In addition to owning Bing Crosby Enterprises, a piece of the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team, patents on several outstanding inventions, a ranch in Elko, Nevada, a mansion in Beverly Hills, a summer house near Pebble Beach—Bing makes three pictures a year when the spirit moves him, transcribes five 15-minute disc jockey pro-

grams a week, runs his weekly half-hour radio show for Philco, has just made an application to put up three television stations and by the time you read this, may be on a television program himself.

Now that's a lot of work for one man, but it's strictly in the Yankee tradition, and Bing takes it all in stride.

Wherever he sees that he can make an honest dollar without running himself into the grave, he gives the proposition a good deal of consideration, and if he likes it, says yes.

A few months ago, for example, Bing was shooting a round of golf with John Hay Whitney. Whitney, better known as "Jock," is a man with a lot of millions who seemingly has the knack of turning them into more.

As he and Bing walked down the fairway of the ninth hole, the conversation veered towards a corporation over which Whitney had just purchased control. It was the

Vacuum Foods Corporation, makers of Minute Maid frozen orange juice.

"You know, Bing," said Whitney, "I think I've got a deal you might be interested in."

"M-m-m-m?" said Bing.

"How would you like to become a disc jockey," Whitney continued, "for Minute Maid orange juice concentrate?"

Bing said nothing. Just listened. Little by little, "Jock" Whitney made his offer. Bing was to become a director of Vacuum Foods by buying 20,000 shares of stock at ten cents a share. In addition, he was to be paid a small salary for transcribing a disc jockey show five times per week. On this show Minute Maid orange juice is to be plugged. As a result, sales will increase, and the value of the stock will jump. (It's already jumped to \$7 a share.) Bing may then sell his stock at a profit. Since it is a long-term capital gains profit, he only has to pay (*Please turn to page 87*)

Lady of King Arthur's court, Rhonda Fleming, can't resist Bing's crooning—or Bing!—when he sings the four new hit tunes in this picture.





★ Most people try to save money because they have to.

Esther Williams saves because it's fun. And it can be fun for you, too, if you know how Esther does it.

Let's not kid ourselves—Esther could live like a queen. As one of the biggest box office draws in pictures, and with a salary in proportion to her tremendous popularity, Esther could live in an elegant house staffed with servants, and have a wardrobe crowded with Adrian gowns, jewels and furs.

But Esther and her husband, Ben Gage, choose to live in a little five-room redwood house perched on top of a hill in Santa Monica, in a neighborhood

not exactly ultra by any means. She and Ben did their own painting and papering; the curtains and lampshades were fondly sewed by Esther, and Ben points proudly to a bar which he made himself out of some discarded lumber.

These days when most of us have to hew the line financially, I think it's good to know the buoyant philosophy behind the budgeting habits of a successful woman like Esther.

If we get Esther's spirit about the whole thing, instead of making economy a grim measure, saving money can become a challenge and a game.

Esther told me about it when I visited her on the set of "Neptune's Daughter" at M-G-M.

"I've never wanted money to become an impor-

WATER RENT . . . CLOTHES laundry . . . GASOLINE . . . TAXES . . . REPAIRS . . . FOOD . . . INSURANCE . . . Gifts . . . Doctors and Dentists . . . Amusement . . .

"I Live on a BUDGET"

Says **ESTHER WILLIAMS**



Ben and I painted, papered our little house. I whipped up curtains, cretonne slip-covers, lampshades. Ben made the bookcases and a handsome bar.

Let's face it . . .
 Esther earns an
 enormous salary.
 But she and
 Ben prefer to
 live simply—in
 the best American
 tradition of
 making every
 penny count

LADD'S IN THE WEST... IN TWO-GUN TECHNICOLOR!



Here's a LADD you've always dreamed about—quiet, gentle-like — but the most feared man on the wild frontier! Afraid of nothing but the woman who loved him!

Filmed on a scale to rival the never-to-be-forgotten "Union Pacific"!

ALAN LADD

ROBERT PRESTON · BRENDA MARSHALL

DONALD CRISP

"Whispering SMITH"

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

A Paramount Picture with

WILLIAM DEMAREST

Fay Holden · Murvyn Vye · Frank Faylen

Associate Producer Mel Epstein · Directed by Leslie Fenton

Screenplay by Frank Butler and Karl Kamb · Based on the Novel by Frank H. Spearman



◀ Too bad Mona Freeman doesn't wear this outfit in "Streets of Laredo."

There's no place like home! When Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney invite friends to dinner, everyone cooks! High point of the meal, though, is Mona's tasty steak sauce. Try it—it's wonderful

with a bang!

★ To celebrate Bob Sterling's return from stage work in the east, Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney invited him to dinner. Bob accepted and brought pretty Martha Hyer, who'll be seen with him in his new picture, "Roughshod."

It was a fun evening for the quartette. Each one



The gang's drooling over the steaks and spicy sauce. (Seems Mona's cooking improves when she removes her shoes!)

pitched in and did his share of meal-making.

When dinner was over, Martha, Bob and Pat agreed that *Movieland* readers should know about Mona's wonderful steak sauce. So, if you're looking for something different, try this over broiled steak. It's sooo good! The recipe is on page 41.



Bob Sterling's no slouch, either. He rices a mean potato, he'll have you know. A little aid from Mona helps, too.



Pat Nerney and Martha Hyer take over the table-setting. Lazy-Susan coffee table's just right for informal meal.

please turn to next page



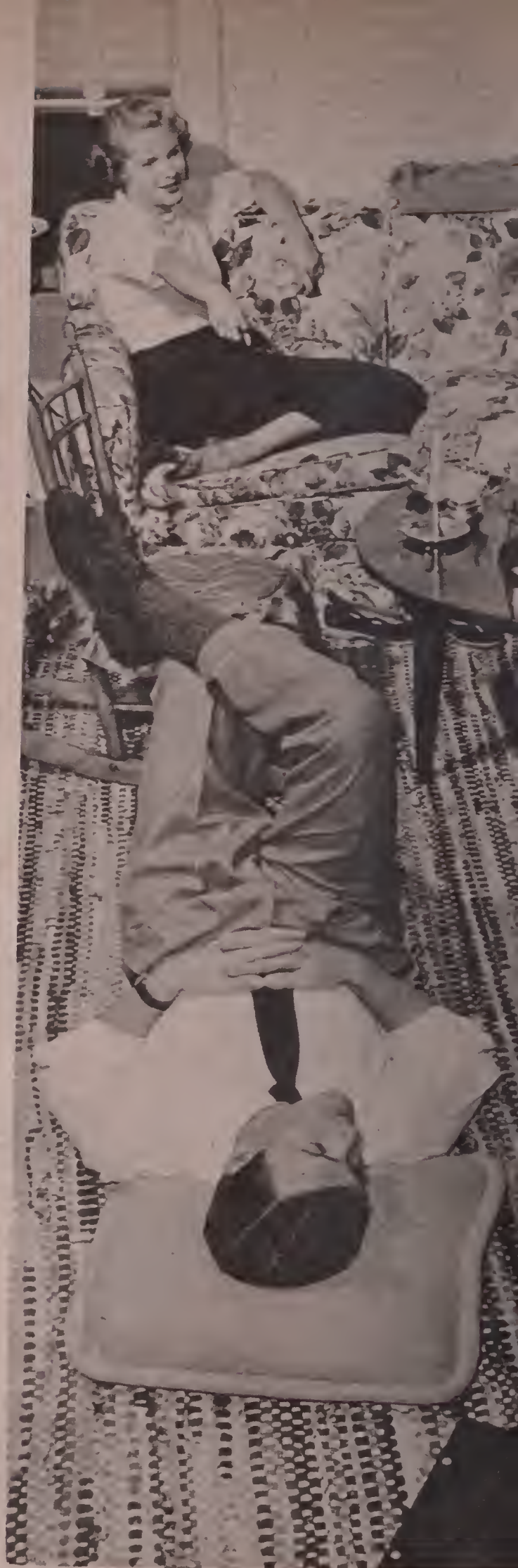
Salad is Pat's specialty, and his own well-guarded secret!



"Stand back, these plates are hot!" Tonight's menu: mashed potatoes, peas, and steak—rare.



This was the moment Martha, Bob and Pat decided *Movieland* readers should know about Mona's sensational steak sauce. See the recipe on page 41.



Time to relax over a cup of coffee and some recorded



music. Boys take to the floor, girls sit on sofa while Mona directs the concerto.

Mona Freeman's Special Steak Sauce

1 tsp. Oregano; 2¼ tsp. Paprika; ½ tsp. Garlic Powder; 1 tsp. Beau Monde Seasoning Salt; 3 tsp. Soy Sauce; ½ tsp. Ground Cloves; 1 tsp. Onion Salt; ½ tsp. Cayenne Pepper; 2 tbsp. Garlic Vinegar; 2 tbsp. Tarragon Vinegar; ½ cup Olive Oil; ½ cup Water; ¾ cup Catsup; 2 tbsp. Worcestershire Sauce; ¾ cup finely grated onions; 2½ tsp. Brown Sugar; ½ tsp. Salt. Blend dry ingredients, add to liquids. Bring to boil, simmer 25 min. over low heat. Baste steaks with sauce while broiling.



End of dinner marks signal for Martha and Mona to gossip. The boys would like to be in on it—but look where they are!

★ She was standing in front of a magazine rack at a corner drug store. She was ash-blonde and slim and sixteen, dressed in something soft and pink that made her look as if she should be topped with whipped cream and served at the soda fountain. Her blue eyes held a dreamy look as she gazed at a picture in MOVIELAND.

And she gave a little sigh as I peered over her shoulder. She breathed deeply and murmured:

“Gee, I’m mad for Farley Granger!”

The face on the page *was* rather special. A slim face with something reminiscent of a young Gregory Peck in the fine bone structure that picked up the lights and shadows and gave them back to the camera in cards and spades. Something reminiscent of Ramon Navarro or Louis Jourdan in the Latin overtones, and the colors and contours.

Something of the remembered sweetness of Char-



MAD for

Feminine hearts are fluttering double time because of this direct look and boyish smile.

lie Farrell back in the days when he was the world's sigh guy. Something that promised the sensuous appeal of a Valentino in the wide, dark, deep-set eyes; the full mouth, the sensitive patrician features that lost nothing of their masculinity in sculptural perfection.

But beyond all this the portrait of Farley Granger had something special and distinctive. Here was no blasé "I've-seen-it-all" (Please turn to page 83)

**What is the power that
Farley Granger has over women?
We sent the
author to
find out—and
what happened?
Now SHE'S in
love with him, too!**



Farley's love scenes with Evelyn Keyes in "Enchantment" are just what the fans ordered. His next will be "Roseanna McCoy."

FARLEY GRANGER!

By ALICE CRAIG GREENE



He wants to be married, to love a gal and be loved. (Don't crowd! Line forms to the right.)



There's no One and Only in Farley's life yet. His handsome mother is still his best girl.



Liz
Goes
to
Town

Liz is having fun, but she won't really be happy until fiancé Glenn Davis comes home.

Breathtaking beauty was Elizabeth Taylor's ticket to stardom. But there's more than glamor to her success now. At seventeen, she's a charming young woman, talented actress.

***British reserve didn't stand a chance
after America's loveliest teen-ager
arrived in foggy London. Her beauty
seemed like an extra dividend of
sunshine—and the town's still talking
about the Taylor maid's charm***

By LON SULLIVAN



THE night before Elizabeth Taylor was to appear before the Queen of England at London's Command Performance she was handed a copy of the script which the Hollywood and British film personalities were to follow when they appeared on the stage at the Royal show.

The slim, dark-haired beauty found that, along with Robert Taylor, Alan Ladd, Myrna Loy, Laurence Olivier and a dozen other screen celebrities, she was to be interrogated concerning her personal life and her present screen activities.

That was okay by Elizabeth.

And so was the script—down to the point where the Master of Ceremonies was supposed to ask: "Have you been enjoying your stay in England?"

The answer, she found, was written out for her.

It was: "I've been having a simply ripping time, thank you."

When she came to this point in the script, Miss Taylor, according to the story that went round the next day, took a blue pencil and wrote in the margin: "An American girl would never say 'ripping.' It would be more appropriate if I said simply: 'Just wonderful, thank you.'"

And that's the way Elizabeth Taylor did answer the question when it was put to her in front of Her Majesty and several thousand others who jammed London's Empire Theatre for the historic occasion.

Along with thousands of motion picture fans, the script writer had labored under the impression that the 17-year-old actress is a British subject. Actually, she is in most respects a typical American teen-ager.

Although she was born in London, Elizabeth comes of sound American stock. Her mother is a native of Kansas. Her father was born in Illinois. They happened to meet in London, where Sara Sothern, Elizabeth's mother, was acting in an American play, and Francis Taylor, Elizabeth's father, was an art dealer. After their marriage they settled in the British capital and that's where Elizabeth was born. She has lived in the United States since she was seven years old.

Under International Law she may make her own decision when she reaches twenty-one—whether to become an American citizen or a loyal subject of the Crown.

When I met her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's studios outside London, where she has been playing opposite Robert Taylor in "Conspirator," I put the question to her.

"How will you settle the problem?" I asked, "will it be American or British?"

Elizabeth, who speaks with a disarming forthrightness for one so young in years, thought a moment and then said: "That's really no problem. My grandparents lived in America and I've spent most of my life in California. Also,

I'm engaged to be married to Glenn Davis, a West Point graduate. Doesn't that make me pretty much of a Yankee?"

Then she paused and added:

"Not that I don't appreciate the years I've spent in England. I love the British people and my earliest childhood memories, of course, are of the days I spent over here. They are happy memories, too. When you get right down to it, there isn't much difference, actually, between an American and an Englishman. They both speak the same language and they think along almost the same lines."

Still, it was more than evident that Elizabeth Taylor regards herself quite as thoroughly Yankee as the jitterbug dance step and the seventh-inning baseball stretch.

I had been prepared for Miss Taylor's breathtaking beauty when I travelled the twenty-five miles from London to the M-G-M. Studios at Boreham Wood to meet her. I had seen her on the screen, of course, and the camera had told me of the cameo-like loveliness of her face and figure.

I had not expected, however, to find such an utterly charming young lady. Nor had I expected one quite so mature
(please turn to next page)



When it comes to an appreciation of Liz Taylor, young English men are no different from Americans. They all love her!

Liz Goes to Town

continued



When in London, do as Londoners—so Liz and mother apply for precious food ration cards. They'll get used to using them soon.



On her way to meet King and Queen of England, Liz poses with her escort and co-star, Robert Taylor.

in her philosophy of life. I was pleased with what I found.

Elizabeth Taylor, as her fans will discover in "Conspirator," has definitely grown up. The child who zoomed to public favor in "National Velvet" has developed into an actress of thoroughly adult stature and accomplishment.

When I reached the set of her current film I found her deep in an emotional scene with Robert Taylor. She portrays the handsome actor's wife and in the course of the suspenseful drama enacts a number of sequences which would tax the capabilities of an actress of far greater experience.

Victor Saville, the director, was urging her to cry. She was supposed to be discovering a dark, dread secret which her husband had shielded from her—the fact that he was a traitor to his country.

"Don't you want some glycerine," asked the director, referring to the magic aid which the make-up man can supply performers who have difficulty shedding real tears in front of the camera.

"No, thank you," replied Elizabeth, "I'm sure I can cry."

And she did, copiously and with tremendous gusto.

When the scene was completed, Elizabeth had to go to school before I could talk with her. For, although she enacts a grown-up role on the screen, she is still a high school student. Under California state law she must continue her studies until she has her diploma, or until she is eighteen.

Elizabeth is now a high school Junior and the Los Angeles Board of Education sent Miss Birdina Anderson, an accredited and experienced teacher, all the way to England to see that she spends the required three hours of study every day.

On the set, Miss Anderson's word was law. Even though the director might need his young star for an additional close-up or a further bit of rehearsal, he could not have her if Miss Anderson said she must have another half-hour of study.

When Elizabeth discovered I was on the set to interview her she begged to have her school lesson postponed. Like any normal young girl, I discovered, she was ready to use any legitimate excuse to postpone the inevitable bout with her school books.

Miss Anderson was polite but firm. She said, "No."

So, while Elizabeth pored over her books in the little improvised school room set up at one end of the sound stage, I chatted with Saville and Bob Taylor.

"Directing Elizabeth," said the British-born Saville, "has been an amazing experience. When the studio told me I was to have a girl who wasn't yet seventeen for my leading lady, I sighed resignedly and steeled myself to the fact that I'd probably be conducting a dramatic school right on the

set, but little did I know what was in store for me."

Saville, who directed Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison, among others, in their first film appearances, laughed as he recalled his thoughts.

"How far off the beam can you get?" he asked. "This girl has the rare talent of which Bergmans are born. I predict here and now that within the next few years she'll be one of the greatest stars the screen has known."

Bob Taylor agreed.

"It's terrific the way she slips into the mood of a scene," Bob added. "The other day we were playing a romantic sequence just two minutes after she had been studying about the construction of teeth in her hygiene class. And, after the scene, she slipped as easily out of the romantic mood. She started kidding me about my mustache, which she insisted tickled her while we were in front of the camera."

After her school lesson was over, I cornered the girl who last year received more invitations to college proms and dances than any other young lady in America.

What, I wanted to know, did she think of making a picture in England?

"Well," she said, "I'd be happier if it were being made in the summer. You see, Mother is over here with me and that left my Dad and my brother, (*Please turn to page 80*)



Just home folks! Liz caught sight of U. S. Navy uniforms on a London street, stopped to chat with an ensign and a sailor.



Glamorous Liz is still a school girl. Daily 3-hour classes on set of "Conspirator" are a must—until she gets her high-school diploma.

"I Love Life" ...

with

By MRS. DAN DAILEY



Dan and I go nightclubbing occasionally, but our active outdoor life usually leads up to quiet at-home evenings.

★ What's it like being married to long, loose-jointed Dan Dailey?

Since Dan appeared in his 25th picture (but first dancing role) in "Mother Wore Tights," a lot of movie-goers have wanted to know.

The answer is that life with Dan is a laugh before breakfast, a joke at lunch, and a series of wacky stories after dinner. More often than not I fall asleep with a smile on my lips and a stitch in my side.

It's strenuous—but it's fun!

Dan's nature is such that he can't bear to do anything in a dull, obvious fashion. He likes to "gag it up," as they say in vaudeville. Therefore, everything at our house, from the smallest incident to the biggest event, is given the laugh treatment.

Only the other day, for example, Dan brought home a very expensive, black handbag for me. It was just what I wanted to go with a new, black, satin cocktail suit. Only this bag was faille, not satin, and Dan knows the difference.

He watched me gasp as I opened the box. He let me pretend that I thought (*Please turn to page 74*)



Wait 'til you see Dan in "Chicken Every Sunday," with Celeste Holm. He's wonderful. (Of course, I'd think so!)



I love a well-groomed man, and Dan is that! He always manages to look as though he'd just showered and shaved.

DAN DAILEY

*There's never
a dull moment
in the gay
laugh-life
of Liz and
her darling,
Dan Dailey*



AMONG THE THINGS I LIKE:

Small parties; afternoon tea; Jane Austen; dancing the rumba; folk songs; ballet; underground caverns.

AMONG THE THINGS I DON'T CARE FOR:

Large parties; dyed hair; writing letters; lunches; going to bed early; rubber stamp beauty culture; insincere cordiality; malicious gossip writers.

I LIKE ABOUT MYSELF

My modesty—at times!

I DISLIKE ABOUT MYSELF

My vanity—at other times.

THE FIRST THING I REMEMBER

Is walking for the first time: Maybe I've heard the story so many times that I think I remember. It was at a tennis club, where some played while others watched the game; I managed a few triumphant steps and fell down; everyone laughed, mortifying me intensely, (*Please turn to page 84*)



Greer likes old ballads, new limericks and those acrobatic scenes she did with Romero and Pidgeon in "Julia Misbehaves."



It's difficult for her to say just who is the most interesting person she's met—but rumor has it that it's beau Buddy Fogelson.



*C'mon cut a caper
with Greer Garson
as she draws a
candid picture of
her dignified self*

AS I *Really*

AM...

First thing she notices when meeting a woman is the way she looks. First thing about a man is the way he looks—at her!

BOYS

This is what the men must do
And bring it back when they are through
Grab yourself a show case dummy
One whose sex is like its mummy.
Go then to May's before they close
And dress the thing from head to toes.
Feed it in public (pretend it's your sister).
And bring it back here to meet a new mister.



GIRLS

The girls must find a man i kin
A handsome one with tan of skin.
It's best you then go by O'Keefe
Supply the kid with "blush" relief
May's will help you to provide
An outfit to conceal the hide.
Feed it, and brush it, and comb its hair
And return it here to complete a pair.

DRESS AFFAIR



They're off! Stephanie Basehart, M'liss McClure, June ask Dennis O'Keefe for his shorts—and he isn't too happy about the request.

★ To celebrate completion of her first starring picture, "The World and Little Willie," June Lockhart's parents gave a scavenger hunt party for Junie and her friends. Two teams were sent to pick up department store dummies and dress them with good taste—an easy thing since fashionable May Company-Wilshire gave the youngsters the run of the store. Then the crews and their dummies met at Hollywood's Tail o' the Cock for lunch. Later the manikins were judged and a trophy awarded for the best-dressed. Competition was fierce—as you can see.



13:30 pm to 2:30
THURSDAYS
2:30 am to 5:30
STORE HOURS



Face it, Junie! Good old Dennis has come through with flying colors. Such a good cause deserves snazzy shorts.

Manikin, now christened Leopold McSquid by the girls, gets a bit woman-handled on his way to May Company-Wilshire store where he'll be outfitted.



Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart brief the kids on the rules of the game. Then they're off.

Richard Basehart believes a firm foundation is a must for any worthwhile endeavor. Jim Mitchell, Scott Brady prefer frivolous black for Minnie Lou.



You can always depend on Scott Brady to keep the situation well in hand, agreed?



please turn to next page

Watch for:
 June Lockhart in Eagle-Lion's "The
 World and Little Willie."
 Richard Basehart and Scott Brady in
 "In This Corner."
 Jim Mitchell in "Colorado Territory."
 M'liss McClure in "Stage Struck."

You can tell ladies are at work. First comes the hat, then they'll work on the rest of the outfit.



Hang the expense! Nothing's too good for our girl—even two fur coats.

A guy's got to stand on his head to please these girls! Now if June just doesn't break his toe putting on the shoes. . . .



Our hero! Out on the street, the girls make sure their handiwork doesn't go unnoticed.



The girls think Leopold's a sport, so to top things off, they gift him with a polo cap. He's certainly lapping up all this attention.

Minnie Lou is one in a million. What other girl would remain quiet at the sight of Monsieur Basehart's collection of French chapeaux?



At the risk of waxing poetic, we can assure you that Leopold and Minnie Lou are model luncheon guests at Tail o' the Cock restaurant.

please turn to next page



The boys don't miss a trick letting Minnie Lou know she's tops with them. They even sing her praises.



Leopold's not sorry he didn't win the prize—not now. The consolation he's getting from M'liss, June and Stephanie more than makes up for it!



The boys won the trophy and lost their hearts to the girl of their dreams—a beautiful woman who loves to listen. Ladies take heed!

The weeks of waiting
were lonely ones for Ella Raines
But she forgot all that
at the end of her journey
—when she ran back
into Robin's arms



Just an Army Wife

By JANET GRAVES

★ Longshoremen at work on the drab Staten Island pier paused with silent, appreciative whistles when they saw the girl starting up the gangplank, her slender ankles twinkling below the lustrous swing of a mink coat. Men in khaki and blue hung over the rail of the ship and saw her green, thick-lashed eyes and her dark, page-boy-cut hair and said, "Hey, look—Ella Raines!" Whaddaya know! A movie star coming aboard a troop transport! The news photographers' flash bulbs went off, and she posed at the rail, smiling and self-confident.

Was it actually like that? Well, not quite. For one thing, as far as the Army was concerned, movie star Ella Raines was primarily another Army wife, off to join her husband overseas. And as far as Ella herself was concerned, she was nowhere nearly as calm as she looked to the newsmen's cameras.

I watched her packing in the bedroom of her New York hotel suite, a few short hours before she embarked on the England-bound transport. Busy among the open suitcases, she stopped and stood motionless in the middle of the room. "It is today, isn't it?"

please turn to next page



Ella's favorite career comes under the heading of Devoted Wife. Europe—or even Timbuctoo—is home when she and the Major are together.



Familiar qualm: "What am I forgetting?" Too late now because even without those last-minute items, closing the suitcases is no cinch.

she said, as if the whole wonderful fact of the trip had just that moment become real to her. "You think about it for so long, and all of a sudden it's upon you!"

Ella's husband had left for his new post in England two months before. He's Major Robin Olds, United States Air Force, a West Point graduate, a cheerful-blond bear of a man with a boy's gentle, straight-forward charm. It takes a steady temperament like Robin's to withstand the tension of a jet pilot's job.

When he was sent overseas, Ella wanted to join him immediately. Robin had been stationed in California during the idyllically happy year and a half of their marriage, and they'd never had to face long separation. But Robin and her friends dissuaded her. He didn't yet know where they'd live in England, and, besides, such a journey must be cleared through the Army.

Ella recalled the uncertainty of those lonely weeks while she went on with her packing, at one moment tucking cleansing tissues into a small bag and at the next arranging a soft crmine wrap on its hanger.

She had just finished two films, "The Walking Hills," with Randolph Scott, and "Impact," with Brian Donlevy. Then came (*Please turn to page 78*)



At the pier, movie queen Ella Raines becomes Mrs. Robin Olds, a pretty Army wife who rates a whistle and a smile.





Ella's telegram composition passes the Army review of Capt. Phelan and step-brother-in-law author Gore Vidal (left).



Ella gets acquainted with the other travelers in no time. They'll have a glamorous story to tell their husbands about this crossing.



At last it's real—the most wonderful day in the world! Ella deserves a vacation. She's just finished U-A's "Impact" and Columbia's "The Walking Hills."

Heart

Throb!



We did a double-take when we saw Jerome Courtland in "The Walking Hills"—and you will, too! The-Holy-Cow-Kid is now a tall, dark *and handsome* screen sensation



The apartment is hardly large enough for 6'5" Jerome Courtland, but he's happy there all by his lonesome—for the present.

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY

★ Jerome Courtland is brown-haired, dark-eyed, red-cheeked and six foot five. Twenty-two as of December 17, 1943. He favors informal clothes, never wears a hat, enjoys outdoor activity and regards acting as an agreeable interlude rather than a life work.

"A top flight actor," he explained, earnestly, over a double pork chop, "lives in a glass bowl; wherever he goes, people swarm over him demanding autographs, or follow him on motorbikes. He can't walk downstreet, go to a ball game or buy a meal without being recognized. He belongs to his public. That's not for me—I want to belong to myself!

"I know I'm lucky to have a contract and to be able to

earn my living so pleasantly. It's wonderful now, while nobody knows me. And perhaps I'll never be important enough to worry." He smiled. So did I; and so did everyone at tables close enough to see him. He has that effect—like sun coming out, or sleigh bells ringing.

If possible, Jerome would like to progress from acting to directing. "No one turns a head when a director comes in," he observed. "I like acting, but I'm not the kind who has to get into the mood. I see actors sitting on sets, staring straight ahead. If I say: 'Hi, there!' they look as if I'd stabbed them, then sink back into 'the mood.' . . . I'd rather sing. That's why 'Make-Believe Ballroom' is my favorite picture. (*Please turn to page 76*)

Ask him about his best girl and he refers shyly to "Helen." By strange coincidence, actress Terry Moore's real name is Helen.



Betty's Darlings

Betty's best-dressed babies lead the style parade with wardrobes to delight even a fairy princess



These are the beautiful Briskin girls: Lindsay, Candice and their mommy, Betty Hutton, who's taking time from "Broadway Story" to join her babies in little-girl talk.

★ You've heard all about Hollywood's best-dressed stars, now take a look at two of its most beautifully attired babies: Betty Hutton's young daughters, Lindsay, age two, and eight-months-old Candice.

If we hadn't seen their miniature boudoir with our own eyes, we'd never believe that such a cunning nursery could exist anywhere—even in fabulous Hollywood.

Each little closet is like a showcase with dreamy creations of organdy and lace hanging behind sliding glass doors. Two tiny chests overflow with gossamer pettiskirts, organdy panties and other junior miss essentials.

Of course baby Candy isn't clothes-conscious at this point, and finds her diaper adequate covering for practically all occasions—but you can see that Lindsay shows indications of being as stylish as her famous mother.



Raincoat, hat and boots to match to keep Lindsay dry.



White organdy with blue satin bows are Sunday best.



At her tiny white piano, Lindsay is competition for Mommy.



Any little girl would drool over such clothes: Lindsay's, top, Candice's bottom row. Candy's robes are as luscious as Betty's.



Two such sweet little girls deserve to sleep like princesses. The beds are trimmed in fluffy white organdy with pink satin headboards.



Things haven't changed since Mother and Dad swooned over "Seventh Heaven," with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.



Let's not kid ourselves; we weren't interested in "Homecoming" because it was the story of a man back from the war. Like everybody else we rushed out to watch Clark Gable and Lana Turner make sizzling, convincing l-o-v-e!

★ Love always rings the box-office bell. That goes for today—as well as in the old days. Not documentaries; not Broadway plays on celluloid; but l-o-v-e! Love is a saleable commodity. Love is solid box-office. When packaged in twos, it's dynamite!

Ask your parents to think back fifteen or twenty years. They'll tell you about a memorable love team: Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. When they co-starred in "Seventh Heaven," there wasn't a dry eye in the audience. They touched your heart, gave you belief in love that was enduring. The picture said, in effect, that through war and poverty and even blindness, love triumphed. Naturally, the American public wanted to see the story again.

More than that, theater-goers wanted to see (*Please turn to page 90*)



Do fans want heavy drama? Yes, if Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford provide romance.



Burt Lancaster and Yvonne DeCarlo find crime doesn't pay, but love does—in "Criss Cross."

**Sure we're crazy about love scenes—
who isn't? Let's have more romance
like in the good old days when screen
kisses almost scorched the celluloid**



For real romance, take Cary Grant and Betsy Drake in gay "Every Girl Should Be Married."

WANTED: ^{more} ^ KISSES!



Hold tight! Teresa Wright's so excited about her big catch, but Ginger's cool as—say a fish!—as she removes the hook.

Non-fishers Ward Bond and Lee Bowman congratulate each other as the fishing crew display enough steelhead to make any fisherman weep with joy!

Reel Lowdown

The men caught
MORE, but it was
the ladies who
had the tall fish
stories to tell after
this gay excursion!



Getting tiny Gale Storm into those fishing pants turned out to be a big job for helpful Ginger and Teresa.



Proud wife Ginger kissed champ Briggs after he caught most fish. Ginger isn't the only beauty here—look at those salmon!

★ Recently when Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs decided “to get away from it all,” they gathered a few friends together and hopped off to Oregon’s Rogue River Wonderland—the beautiful Table Rock Estates of Oregon rancher John Day.

For three days, Ginger, Jack, Teresa Wright, Niven Busch, Ann Miller, John Carroll, Ward Bond, the Bob Prestons, Gale Storm, John Howard and Ernie Byfield forgot their cares as they enjoyed the beautiful scenery, healthful climate and some of the best fishing in the west.

Despite the awesome reputation of some of the male anglers the biggest fish were caught by Mrs. Lee Bowman and tiny Teresa Wright—something the men had trouble explaining! However, Jack Briggs caught a record 12-pound steelhead and Bob Preston caught the limit of trout—so the boys did manage to uphold the reputation of the men as fisherfolk—at least that’s what THEY claimed!



Rhumba in the rough by Ginger and Niven Busch was a change from Ginger’s dance routines in “The Barkleys of Broadway.”



Pet squirrel Sammy won attention and nuts from John Carroll and Ann Miller. That’s Ward Bond in the rear.



King—Clark Gable



Swoony—Van Johnson



Exciting—Brian Donlevy

LOVE THOSE



No feminine touch around here! It's strictly a stag affair when the cameras start rolling on scenes for M-G-M's "Command Decision."



Compelling—John Hodiak



Smoothie—Walter Pidgeon



He-man—Charles Bickford

MEN !

Talk about seeing stars! Wait 'til you see the heavenly all-male cast of "Command Decision"

★ The greatest shortage in Hollywood is manpower. Ask any starlet why she sits at home night after night, improving her mind. Ask some of the most famous stars in flickerdom why they look wistful when someone mentions Mocambo, Ciro's or Romanoff's. Ask any girl employed in any career in the Los Angeles district why she is so devoted to taking Aunt Myrtle for a drive in the evening.

You'll get the same answer from all: What else is there to do?

Statistics indicate that there are nearly one hundred thousand more women of marriageable age in Southern California than there are eligible men.

So lookie, lookie, lookie at me! For three whole days I was the only girl on the M-G-M sound stage where "Command Decision" was being made with an all-male cast. There wasn't even a script girl on the set. A script boy was employed instead. There wasn't a wardrobe woman, nor a lady makeup artist, nor a feminine employee of any description assigned to the picture.

The boys were mine, all mine; to watch, to spy upon; to question; to admire. Think of it: There they were—Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Brian Donlevy, Charles Bickford, Marshall Thompson and Cameron Mitchell.

Little things like this now and then make a writer's life worthwhile.

I asked Clark Gable, "How does it seem to make a picture without the distraction of a beautiful leading lady?"

"Personally I don't care for it," chuckled Clark. "What kick is there in working with a bunch of guys?"

Brian Donlevy caught that remark as he strolled by, so added his opinion. "I vote with you," he said. "I'm really beat when I leave the set at night, aren't you? There a guy is, all day long, right up there in front of that camera. When working with girls, just to cite a contrast, a man gets to rest while the lady does those long, beautiful closeups."

"Only good thing about (Please turn to page 94)



Premiere of Ben Gage's station finds Keenan Wynn dressed for the occasion—astride his famous motorcycle.

Super



Larry Parks and Betty Garrett register mixed emotions as Esther checks oil. Does she know what she's doing? Well, she looks very professional.

This is service with a real smile! Who could resist having Esther putter around? If this is any indication—Ben and Esther will make a million. →



Does your engine need an overhauling? Want your motor to purr or your spark plugs to sparkle?
No wonder the Ben Gage Service Station's a hit—with Esther Williams manning the pumps!

Service





The bride was radiant; the groom was gallant; the skies were blue and serene; the sun shone. Surely happiness must follow this happy couple for all the days of their lives!

Mr. and Mrs. John Lindsay (Diana Lynn) leave the University Chapel at U.S.C., John's Alma Mater.



With his firm hand guiding hers, Diana and John cut their four-tiered, whipped-cream wedding cake.



Congratulations from her best girl friends, Jane Withers and June Haver. Dr. John Duzik, who many say will soon lead June to the altar, in background.

THE TRUE LOVE STORY OF JANE WYMAN

(Continued from page 25)

toward their support. But that wasn't all.

Ronnie was also ordered to pay Jane \$500 a month for herself if illness or injury ever prevents her from work. There was to be no payment of alimony. Jane had asked for none.

A week after this divorce decree was granted, Jane was seen lunching with Ronnie in the commissary at Warners where they're both under contract. They were laughing and kidding with each other, and they looked so happy that one director was prompted to say, "Unless you knew differently, you'd think those two were newlyweds."

Others insisted that Jane and Ronnie were still in love, divorce or no divorce, and that eventually they would re-marry.

When Jane was confronted with these rumors, she merely smiled and said, "Ronnie and I will always be good friends. We meet and take lunch and go out together because we like to discuss our children's welfare."

True, Ronnie and Jane will always be good friends, but there's not much chance (although no one can say for certain) that they will reconcile or eventually re-marry.

If Jane marries again, her husband in all probability will be Lew Ayres, the tall, thin, quiet, almost ascetic actor who played opposite her in "Johnny Belinda."

While this picture was being shot last year, particularly the location scenes off the Oregon Coast, rumor had it that Lew Ayres was falling in love with Jane or could find it quite easy to, if only she were free.

Most of these rumors were quickly scotched and branded as ridiculous. Jane was said to be very much in love with her husband at the time, and Lew was said to be very much the stubborn bachelor.

Actually, Jane was very distraught throughout the making of "Johnny Belinda," not only because the part of a deaf-mute was incredibly difficult to play but also because she was mixed up psychologically.

Ronnie came up to see her several times while she was on location but none of these reunions were occasions for hectic rejoicing. Jane was perennially on edge, and whether her emotional conflicts were motivated by the demands of the role and her marriage or whether it was because she found herself being drawn to Lew in a new and wholesome and platonically surprising friendship, only Jane can say; and Jane at this point isn't talking.

One columnist recently printed that Jane had said, "I'm in love with Lew Ayres and I don't care who knows it." While Jane may or may not have said this, the point is that she's most reluctant—at the time of this writing anyway—to express how she feels about Lew Ayres.

The other night, for example, she and Lew were dining at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, watching Kay Thompson perform. A cameraman came over and took their picture. Ayres clenched his fists and was about to leap forward, but the cameraman beat it. A week previously, Ayres had taken Jane down to San Diego to meet his parents. A reporter from the Associated Press who heard the pair were in town, tried to get a story. No luck. Lew and Jane wouldn't see or talk to the press.

Eventually, of course, they will, espe-

cially if they get married. Jane's divorce won't be final until May of this year, and almost anything can happen in the intervening time. Jane may win the Academy Award and find a new love. Lew may fall for another actress. Anything can happen. But the chances are it won't. Lew Ayres may be ordained in the destiny of Jane Wyman.

If Jane wins the Academy Award for her emoting in "Johnny Belinda"—and the chances are that she will—the blonde from St. Joe, Missouri, will have fulfilled her greatest ambition. This is the honor she has wanted more than anything else in life, more than a husband, more than wealth, more than love.

If she gets it and then marries, she may develop into one of the most sound, thorough, and basically happy housewives Hollywood has ever known. If this comes to pass, it will mark the end of a long road which began for Jane in 1932. That's when she first came to Hollywood as an adult.

"When I started," she says, "I was strictly third from the right in the front row of the chorus. I got my first break as a dancer in an Eddie Cantor musical, 'Kid from Spain.' I was a hooper for three years.

"Then one day I'm sitting in a restaurant and an agent came up to me and says, 'Lady, you oughta be in pictures.' I say, 'Are you kidding?'"

"Anyway, we wind up at Warners, and you should have seen me. I was wearing false eyelashes, a tight red dress, and a black hat three sizes larger than a wagon wheel. The casting director took a liking to me. I was signed and the studio changed me into a comedienne.

"Gradually I began working my way up and pretty soon. I'm queen of the subplots. I'm the girl who's the second romantic lead. For seven years I played the leading lady's pal, sister, adviser, best friend, and so forth."

Paramount borrowed her for the role opposite Ray Milland in "The Lost Weekend," and she was great. Metro then borrowed her to play the part of the mother in "The Yearling," and on the strength of her performance, she almost won an Academy Award.

It was then that Warners realized that in Wyman they had a full-fledged, top-

ranking, grade A dramatic actress. They put her in "Johnny Belinda," and at this date that picture is grossing more money than any other film Warners has released in the past ten years.

Jane has won her long-sought fame, but in the process of winning it, she has managed to drop a few husbands by the wayside.

One of these was Myron Futterman, a clothing manufacturer whom Jane married in New Orleans on June 29, 1937. Jane very rarely speaks about Futterman or any of the men in her past, and this is quite understandable, because it wasn't a particularly happy past.

With Futterman, for example, the marriage lasted only a little over a year. When she filed for divorce, Jane told the court that Futterman had a nasty habit of comparing her unfavorably with his previous wife. This got on her nerves, she said, until she reached the point where marriage with Myron became an impossibility. The judge granted her a divorce, and on November 11, 1938, Jane began to concentrate on her career exclusively.

For two years, she played the field narrowing it down for the most part to an actor named Ronald Reagan with whom she had played in "Brother Rat."

Jane—she used to like to call herself "Plain Jane"—fell in love with "Dutch." (That's what she used to call Ronnie.) On January 27, 1940, they were married in Glendale at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather.

A year later, Jane gave birth to Maureen. Her second child, Michael, is adopted, and her third died at birth last year.

For eight years, the Reagan-Wyman marriage was held up in Hollywood as a classic example of how man and wife could both have careers and still keep their marriage happy. Ordinarily, the man becomes jealous of the wife's career or vice versa but in the case of the Reagans, this was never true.

For some years now, the rumor has been afloat that when Jane barnstormed the country as a radio singer under the name Jane Durrell, she was married—but this has never been confirmed.

Regardless of whether she's been married twice or thrice, Jane is entitled to all the happiness she can get; and we fervently hope that in the months to come, she will find new strength, new honors, and new peace of mind. If anyone deserves all this, it's Jane Wyman.

THE END



Ronnie used to visit Jane on the set of "Johnny Belinda." At that time friends and even Jane and Ronnie didn't know what was in store for the Reagan-Wyman marriage.

I LOVE LIFE WITH DAN DAILEY

(Continued from page 49)

it was perfect. He heard me rave on: "It's just wonderful. You have such extravagant taste. Daniel, you're so good to me," and finally, I finished on a cheerful if somewhat false note, "It will go so well with my new suit."

Suddenly Dan pulled that awful stricken look he can fake so beautifully, "But honey," he said with great feeling, "I should have ordered it in satin." With that he picked up the bag, unsnapped one corner and flipped it over to reveal a smooth, satin side. The bag was reversible.

All I could think to say was, "Oh, you!" Dan teases me continually. Sometimes it's about my wanting to learn to dance, or to speak Italian or to have a home-suggestion box. But mostly he teases me about my height. He says I'm pint-sized and that everything in our house was bought by, and for, midgets. I argue that my 5'4" (almost) is more nearly average than his stilt-legged 6'4". I also try to kid myself that marriage and one son has made me grow a little taller.

I was explaining my theory to Dan one night when he thoughtfully said he'd noticed it, too. He even volunteered to measure. We got out a tape measure and I stood against the door jamb. Sure enough! I was almost 5'5". I was elated until I saw that Dan had purposely included the loop at the end of the tape—thus making me measure an extra inch.

He pulled the same sort of stunt when I had my hair cut. Without telling Dan, I let the hairdresser crop off my long, blond bob to the new length. At home that night, Dan took one look at me and paled.

"How do you like my feather cut?" I asked, after a penetrating silence. He winced noticeably. "I'm not prepared to make a statement now," he said.

I waited three suspense-filled days before Dan mentioned the subject again. "I'm prepared to make a statement, now," he announced one morning. He paused then said, "I like your crew cut."

I'm still not sure whether Dan was just teasing or punishing me for not preparing him for the change.

Fortunately, I'm not the butt of all Dan's jokes. His leading ladies suffer their share of gags, too. Betty Grable receives more than most because she has played in several pictures with my prankish husband.

Dan pulls such gags as sending Betty a tired corsage with a card that reads, "A devoted admirer." He offers her a lift in his car and the tank runs dry. He gives her phony reports that her race horses have won tremendous stakes.

His latest joke on Betty had to do with her temporary enthusiasm for a popular vocalist—a man who'd best remain nameless. Dan and his cohorts, Les Clarke and Johnnie Scott, found out about Betty's new interest and they plotted to make him appear ridiculous. The method they used was to make a record, burlesquing the singer.

They did it so mercilessly that not even a mother could appreciate her son's voice after she'd heard the disc. Les was the announcer on the phony record, Johnnie the pianist and Dan the vocalist. In singing, Dan exaggerated the man's style just enough to make him sound silly. Then Dan sent the record to Betty.

Soon everyone at 20th Century-Fox had heard the record and Betty took such a ribbing that she hasn't dared mention the singer's name since.

I hope I'm not giving the impression that Dan is solely a big buffoon and our homelife resembles a Keystone comedy. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Dan is an intelligent, conscientious worker. When he's making a picture, we practically go into retirement. We go to bed early; eat a balanced diet and still Dan loses 10-15 pounds per picture. He seems to wear himself down rehearsing scenes and dance routines.

The comforting thing about Dan Dailey, however, is that he enjoys acting. He is proud of his accomplishments but he doesn't take himself too seriously. He'd rather be regarded as a hardworking hooper than an "actor" any day.

The days he's not due at the studio, Dan and I spend together, outdoors. Sometimes we ride. Incidentally, we're

the founders of the Valley Hunt and Jumper Club. If we have the time and the season is right, we go to Lake Arrowhead, a mountain resort near Los Angeles. We go for the mountain air, fresh water swimming and water-skiing.

We are both enthusiastic skiers and charter members of the American Water Skiing Association. However, since "little Dan Dailey" was born a year ago last September, we find that we get plenty of exercise romping with him in our own backyard.

At night, friends usually drop in for coffee and conversation or we go out to hear some talented instrumentalists at one of the small night clubs around Hollywood.

A lot of Dan's cronies are musicians and he likes to hear what's new in the field. He owns a large collection of swing records. He plays the trombone and a hot set of drums and he's also taking piano lessons. His idea of a good evening is to have some of his friends over for a lively jam session.

Happily, our San Fernando Valley home can accommodate Dan's hobby. We live some distance from our nearest neighbor and we own a playhouse as well as a home. Whenever friends drop in and we feel a party coming on, we move the crowd out to the playhouse. There, we can make as much noise as we like without disturbing little Dan.

Other wives I know look back on their childhood as being carefree. They think of their sorority days as an era of bliss. They sigh at the thought of their first year of marriage. Not Liz Dailey! I'm so busy enjoying the present and planning for the future that I can't look back for a minute . . . except perhaps to recall how and what led up to my becoming Mrs. Dan Dailey.

I met Dan when I was a sophomore at the University of Southern California. He was a little-known actor at M-G-M. We met, thanks to a boy named Andy, who took me to Dan's house for dinner. I remember I was curious to meet an actor off the screen. Well, I had a thoroughly fine time because the actor was Dan.

Dan shared a small house with another actor, John Raitt, and a Doberman pinscher called Duke. The three bachelors made an entertaining trio. They served wonderful and unusual food and



I can't blame Dan for teasing me about my height. We almost look like Mutt and Jeff.

When Dan's working, he practically goes into retirement so, though lunch on the set isn't too festive, it's the only time we can get together with friends, like June Lockhart.

after dinner we sat around the piano and sang.

I was hoping for another invitation to one of their dinners when a siege of illness hit me. First, appendicitis, then a streptococcus infection. By the time I recovered, months had passed and I'd lost contact with Dailey and friends.

As part of my recovery treatment, Father started taking me to horseshows again. At the first show I went to, there was Dan mounted on a small chestnut hunter and talking to my father, who was also riding in the show. What's more, he recognized me and waved from the ring.

With riding as an excuse, I began seeing Dan quite often. At first we met by chance. Then he'd ask, "Will you be here Saturday?" or "How about tomorrow?" I always managed to be there and before long our riding dates included dinner. Dinner led to other dates and the dates added up to romance.

Things were progressing very satisfactorily that fall of '41. Dan wore my seal ring, for luck, and I carried his picture. We were sublimely happy, and the rest of the world seemed to revolve around the two of us. Pearl Harbor interrupted our idyll. Dan was drafted almost immediately. He left for Camp Crowder, Mo., before I had time to know the meaning of goodbye.

As it did to so many lives, the war seemed to accelerate ours. Dan asked me to marry him during his first furlough—as soon as he stepped off the train. Before I could say "no," we were off to the license bureau.

We gave my parents only 5 days' notice and yet somehow in that short span of time, Mother bought my trousseau; she also planned a formal wedding and got used to the idea that her only daughter was about to leave home. I was very little help.

Dan and I were married on Dec. 25, 1942—a fact that partially explains why Christmas is celebrated on such a grand scale at our house.

We spent our first two months together in Dayton, Ohio. We moved to this city knowing no one and having no place to live. All we had to go on was self-confidence and some luck. We made out all right. Dan talked our landlady into renting us a room even though we weren't on her waiting list.

In the big city, Dan was assigned to make training films at Astoria, Long Island with a lot of people we'd known in Hollywood. Here, also, I met his family for the first time. Ordinarily such a meeting would have been difficult—a new bride being introduced to her in-laws.

For me, it was a breeze. Ever since I'd known Dan he'd done perfect imitations of all his family—his father, mother, brother and two sisters—so that I felt that I'd known them for years. They, in turn, accepted me into the family with warmth and humor.

All this time Dan was trying to get away from a desk and out into the field—preferably the cavalry. Finally after a year and a half of writing to Washington he got his wish. He was transferred to Fort Riley, Kansas, the cavalry training center. I followed along.

Even now Dan and I look back on Riley as a kind of honeymoon—a Dailey idea of Utopia. Dan was in the Army; the climate was foul, but we loved it because we both rode eight hours a day. It was Dan's job to teach recruits and I was allowed to exercise officers' horses. We rode such beautiful mounts over the best courses in the world that I can hardly bear to think about it now.

From the cavalry training center Dan went overseas. He was with the 88th infantry regiment in northern Italy for eight months. The war was over, by this time, and he rather enjoyed his stay in Italy. He had a chance to ski and he managed to pick up a working knowledge of Italian. Dan liked the country and people so well that he has promised to take me there someday.

My first impression of Dan when he got home from overseas was that he seemed eight feet tall. He was thin and in a uniform he looked like Daddy-Long-Legs. It made my heart ache to see him. He was so undernourished that my parents suggested a trip to Lake Arrowhead.

We told his agent, Al Melnick, where to call us if the studio wanted him and away we went. We planned to be gone two weeks and we stayed six. It gave Dan another lease on life and he began to look human again.

Towards the end of our Arrowhead vacation, agent Melnick telephoned to say that 20th Century-Fox was looking for a leading man who could dance to play opposite Betty Grable. He said Mr.

Zanuck had seen a test that Dan made with Eleanor Powell, and that he wanted Dan for the part. "How about it?" asked Al.

"Are you kidding?" asked Dan, who almost hung up the phone before Al could convince him he was serious. "What a way to readjust to civilian life," Dan kept saying exultantly.

Dan resumed his career. I began adjusting to marriage on a peacetime basis. I found it was a big improvement over camp-following; and our luck seemed to be holding out. We found a house just the day before our baby was born. Dan's star has been ascending ever since and that trip to Italy seems closer than ever.

When small difficulties develop in our marriage, Dan and I make a practice of straightening them out before they become real problems. For example, Dan hates tennis shoes, except on the tennis court. He doesn't like women who knit at parties and he's uncomfortable in an efficient, over-organized household.

Knowing these things I never wear sneakers; I don't knit and I try to make the running of the house as inconspicuous as possible.

Similarly, Dan tries to please me in every way. He knows I love a well-groomed man. Therefore he wears custom-tailored slacks, and quiet sport coats. He changes his socks three to four times a day and wears as many as 14 shirts a week. He always looks as though he's just stepped out of the shower. We both work at pleasing the other person—and we've discovered it's fun.

Dan also knows about my yen to travel. We haven't been able to go away since he became popular and so very busy. Therefore, he had a substitute idea a few months ago. Out of the blue, he said to me, "You'd like a trip to New York, wouldn't you?"

"Well, of course," I admitted. I'd loved what time we spent there during the war but I hadn't been back since.

"When can you be ready?" he wanted to know.

"Give me a week."

As simply as that Dan presented me with a five weeks' vacation which I spent in New York and Washington with my best friend, June Lockhart.

With a husband like Dan, you can understand why I'm always smiling.

THE END



Dan's always joking with me—and I love it. Face it, I think the big lug's wonderful! I'm sure if you knew him you'd think so too.



Dan's big success came slowly, but we've always had a lot of fun having to plan and save to get the things we want—like the car.

HEART THROB JEROME COURTLAND

(Continued from page 61)

I'm romantic lead and I bounce a few songs around."

As you may remember, Jerome was discovered by Director Charles Vidor half a dozen years ago for the Boyer-Dunne picture "Together Again." The day after his second picture, "Kiss and Tell," he was inducted into the army. War ended before he finished advanced training, but shortly thereafter, Sergeant Courtland shipped out to Yokohama and spent a year in Japan. He was looking for orders home when he was seriously injured in Hiroshima.

"A bunch of us were running for a train. I slipped and fell from a trestle 30 feet down to the cement, breaking my hip, bones in both arms, and cracking up considerably. I came to before they picked me up, and it seemed a long time until they got me on a train for the hospital. Then I lay ten hours on a cot in the hall waiting for red tape to be unwound so I could go to surgery. One arm was broken above the wrist, so bones hung out, and I got gas-gangrene. That's almost always fatal, and the few who survive usually lose the limb. I didn't know what was wrong, but they'd pounded it into us at basic training that it's shock that kills, so I kept repeating: 'It's only shock that kills!' and refused to go into it."

While a buddy made frenzied efforts to get him surgical attention, Jerome overheard two nurses talking about him. Said one: "Why don't they get the kid into surgery?" Replied the other: "Oh well, it really won't matter." He knew they expected him to die, but by that time he didn't care. "I figured dying ought to save me a lot of grief I might have as I got older," he told me, "so I relaxed."

To everyone's amazement, he withstood both surgery and 150 shots of penicillin—one every two hours—stabbed into the top of his thigh. A hospital patient for a year after his return home, he got his discharge in time to go to work in "The Man from Colorado."

Now he began to look for a home of his own, trying practically every apartment building in town, not patently out of his price range. He had about given up, when he came across an advertisement that sounded attractive. When he got the address, he almost didn't go in, it looked so expensive. Just redecorated, it contained living-room, bedroom, kitchen and bath, and was nicely furnished. Too nicely, he was sure. When the manager mentioned the price, he quavered: "You mean by the week?" She had to tell him twice that she meant by the month!

Jerome brought in his seven foot bed and some personal possessions, and has since added a lamp. What a lamp! In a five-gallon rectangular glass tank, tropical fish swim beneath a great green shade. He bought it because the shade was the same color as his bed cover.

"When you turn on the lamp," he explained, "the fish think it's day-time and go into their routines. Fascinating! But if I get in late, it seems so unfair to wake them up, so I never turn on the light!"

He's not anti-social, he's just not gregarious, the young actor insists, so he doesn't go in for parties. The other night, he gave a dinner for four—the buddy who raged about the hospital hall that dreadful night in Japan, his buddy's wife and Jerome's current date. The men

cooked the dinner and the girls washed dishes, which all seem to have considered right.

You want to know about that current date? Jerome won't tell, but here are hints:

She's a blonde: He says it doesn't matter if a girl is blonde or brunette, but somehow he's always gone out with blondes.

She's a good sport: He's not particular as to whether a girl's tall or short, talkative or taciturn, beautiful or interesting, he likes a good sport—that covers everything!

She has a career of her own: Jerome doesn't mind, so long as his work keeps him in Hollywood. If he were to make a picture abroad, he'd want her with him, and if ever he turns to making his avocation a full-time affair, he'll expect her to go along on expeditions. "There's too much emphasis on careers," said Jerome, "the important thing is living. Truly married people should see that and stick together. Two against the world—and all else incidental."

He insists he's not thinking of marriage yet and isn't engaged. But I heard him cut a record for our mystery girl, whose off-screen name must be Helen. (Editor's Note: By a curious coincidence Terry Moore's real name is Helen.) Music-rack on a chair to bring the words of his song up level with the extended "mike," he sang, in his deep, rich baritone: "I

Dreamed of Helen With Her Light Brown Hair!"

"I love to sing!" he concluded, after we'd heard the playback.

He loves to ride, too, and still does, even though his horse in "The Walking Hills" fell and all but rolled on him in one of his scenes. "It was my own fault," he laughed, "I didn't want a double doing my riding for me!"

Jerome's avocation is being a naturalist. He speaks of it tenderly. Ever since childhood, he's gone hiking by himself, studying Nature, sometimes with a camera, sometimes without. He knows Smoky Mountain National Park in his home state, Tennessee, like the palm of his hand.

When he isn't working in a picture or at the studio school where he's preparing for a college degree, he roams the California mountains. Before he went to war, he used to take a rifle for target practice, but now the rifle is back in Tennessee, and his gun collection is merely for show.

"I'm studying English so that some day, if I have luck, I can write accounts of my expeditions," he confessed. "I couldn't make a living as a naturalist now, but maybe some time in the future I can. If I were only going to be an actor, I wouldn't bother with college."

As we walked out under an unusual smog-free sky, he did a few fancy jig steps. "Wish it would snow! I want to ski. Last year I broke a leg at it—you always break something, if you ski, you know—but this year I'm safe. I've taken out accident insurance! Isn't life wonderful?"

He beamed. So did I. So did everyone who passed us, going both ways.

THE END



Jerome doesn't let his love of sports interfere with his fondness for easy chairs. Before he gets his 6'5" frame out on the course, he'll learn the finer points—from a book.

WILL IT BE "PRINCESS RITA"?

(Continued from page 26)

for Rita Hayworth. She thrives on continental living. Whether this is a temporary fascination that will run its course, no one at this point knows. The fact remains, however, that Rita likes Europe and the International set, and they like her.

Rita first went to Europe in 1947. Despite the fact that the press gave her a rather rough reception, she was so taken with life on the continent that she returned in 1948.

It was last summer, while she was on the Riviera with Alberto Sanchez Clives, a purported polo-playing man-about-town from the Argentine, that she first encountered the tall, dark prince of India, Aly Khan.

Three days later on August 7th, Rita attended the International Sporting Club Gala at Monte Carlo with Aly. He swept her off her feet. They danced every dance together, and finally when the music stopped at 3 A.M., Rita and Aly kissed—so at least reported the newsmen who covered the affair. The kiss was followed by a breakfast of ham and eggs and champagne, a kind of breakfast, I might add, Rita had never known as a little girl when she danced her childhood away in nightclubs with her father, Eduardo.

That same week while she was basking in the sun at Nice, and reporters were telling the world that young Aly owned race horses, autos, yachts, and had eleven man-servants to take care of his wardrobe, Rita was lunching with Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, Shah of Iran. Aly was at the same lunch, however, and when it was over, Rita turned to him, smiled and said, "I think he's a wonderful statesman, don't you?" Aly said yes, he thought so, too, but wouldn't Rita like to see more of Europe?

On August 19th, the radio in Madrid, Spain, announced that Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan (who is 37 years old) had been seen touring that country. A day later, they were spotted in Portugal. Two days more and they were in Biarritz, both denying to the press that any romance had been born between them. They just liked each other's company. That was their line, and they stuck to it.

When Rita returned to the United States, everyone who knew her asked for the lowdown on Aly Khan. Rita shrugged her shoulders. "It's really nothing," she said. "It seems that everybody I met in Europe was reported as a romance. It just isn't true. Aly Khan is just a good friend."

What happened, of course, was that Aly turned out to be a better friend than anyone, with the possible exception of Rita, had imagined. Because lo and behold! Rita had barely unpacked her bags—had barely finished playing with Rebecca, her little daughter whom she had left behind with her grandmother, when Aly Khan showed up in Hollywood.

At this point, Rita broke down and finally admitted "that Aly Khan is in town as my guest and I plan to go out with him frequently."

Rita not only did the town with Aly but on November 1st when the reporters started getting too nosy, they flew to Mexico City together. Like editors everywhere, the Mexican newspaper chiefs offered their photographers a bonus of 250 pesos for every picture they could get of Aly and Rita.

They got no pictures, however, largely because everytime his picture was taken, Aly offered the photographer one thousand pesos for the negative. He bought them all up. The photographers, of course, had a picnic. Each morning, they would park themselves in front of the Reforma Hotel where Rita was staying and when she emerged with her secretary and Aly, the boys would start clicking their shutters. All of them said that Aly was a prince of a guy, an undeniable statement.

When Rita was asked in Mexico City if she planned to marry the fabulous heir to the Moslem throne, she merely smiled and said, "I'm not divorced yet." This was on November 5th. A week later her divorce from Orson Welles became final, and she flew out of Mexico City with Aly for an unreported destination.

She was finally traced to Havana where she had registered at the Hotel Nacional as Margarita Cansino de Welles. After doing Cuba with Aly, the vivacious dancer hit New Orleans, made the rounds of that quaint, picturesque city, and then headed home.

When she arrived in Los Angeles with Aly, the first thing Rita did was to check in at Columbia Pictures. She was given the script to "Lona Hanson."

"I read it most carefully," she later explained, "and I felt that it wasn't right for me, that I couldn't give it my best or make a good picture out of it. I therefore refused the part."

Immediately, Columbia Pictures announced that Rita was on suspension and off-salary.

Rita didn't take that too seriously. After all, if you had a good friend who was one of the wealthiest men in the world, being off salary wouldn't bother you too much. Well, Rita undoubtedly felt the same way.

As a matter of fact when Aly told her not to worry and to accompany him to New York, she quickly accepted and on December 12th winged out of town chaperoned by her secretary.

Whether she went to England with Aly, whether they did New York together and she then returned to Columbia, you readers will know by the time this issue of *MOVIELAND* hits the newsstands.

In the weeks to come, there should be much news about this duo, because in the life of Margarita Cansino Hayworth Judson Welles—the all-important thing, the vital and undeniable factor, is not career—but love.

L'amour toujours l'amour.

THE END

**You have a date
with
JANE
POWELL
in
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MARCH

Screen^{and Television} Guide

IS

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JUST AN ARMY WIFE

(Continued from page 59)

exciting news from Robin. Operation Home-Hunting had gone off with rousing success. He had a flat in London. (Maybe that suggests tenement quarters to you, but "flat" is simply British for "apartment.") Better still, he had leased one of those stately homes of England, a lovely country house about forty miles from London—"with a fireplace in every room," Ella reported ecstatically, "and greenhouses!"

But in the meantime her usual vitality was quenched by illness. For a while, Ella was afraid she had the dreaded polio. It turned out to be a glandular fever; nevertheless, she spent two weeks in bed, and convalescence was slow. She had expected to whisk across the Atlantic to Robin by plane, but her doctor warned that the high altitude of a transoceanic air trip would bring on a relapse, and she didn't want to spend her first weeks in England as an invalid. When she underwent the "shots" required for an overseas trip, the typhoid shots had to be omitted.

Next, Ella planned to get passage on the Queen Elizabeth. That didn't work out. Then, just as in the movies, it was the U. S. Army to the rescue! The Army looks out for its own; there would, Ella was told, be space for her on a troop transport.

Actually, she was delighted that everything turned out as it did, that she wouldn't be traveling movie-star-style on a vast floating hotel. "I like to do things differently," she said.

That's like her; she never has gone along with some Hollywoodites' demands for a well-padded existence. She is amazed by the big-salary boys who find themselves dead broke if they're out of work for two months. If her income were cut off, Ella calculates, her savings could keep up her standard of living for two years. Instead of tossing away their money on a mansion and on magnificent expanses of real estate, Ella and Robin have a pleasant, informal home in Cold-water Canyon.

Before leaving California, Ella rented this house. Lynn Bari, husband Sid Luft and their baby will be living in the Olds home until Ella's return. For Ella, that step meant a definite break, in readiness for a shift from one way of life to another.

As an Army wife, she had a proper awe for military routine; she was sure her travel plans would be thoroughly tangled in red tape. But, said Ella, "The Army was wonderful! They took care of everything." They met her on her arrival at New York's Grand Central Station. And while she snapped the last of the suitcases shut, there was an Army car waiting for her across the street from the hotel.

"I've forgotten something. Tell me what I've forgotten that's terribly important." Every woman has that conviction, even when she's packing for a two-week holiday. But here was Ella Raines, a State of Washington girl going on her first trip abroad, to stay ten months. No wonder she was in a flutter of excitement—swooping from the bedroom to the living room of the suite—ordering more coffee for the friends who had come to see her off on that chilly, gray Sunday morning—suddenly remembering a dashing rain coat bought for England's wet weather, tracking it down to the hotel's package room.

Accustomed to the mild climate of the

West Coast, Ella was prepared for a quick change. Pride of her wardrobe was a handsome three-piece suit designed for her by Travis Banton, of sturdy black and white tweed, gaily interlined in red. When she packed in California, she still thought she might be traveling on a luxury liner; so mixed among the essential items in her wardrobe trunk were evening dresses that would be entirely useless on a troop transport.

But she was sensibly and beautifully dressed for embarkation in a gray-blue-green tweed suit that suavely followed the lines of her figure. Jauntily perched on her sleek head was a visored beret of peacock blue velveteen. It's just the Raines luck that berets are high style this season; she has been devoted to them for many seasons past. "I like to do things differently!"

That was that. The packing was finished. But there was one very important item to take care of: a telephone call to her family in Van Nuys, California. Now, Ella wasn't the movie star or even the Army wife. She was a little girl who was going to be a long, long distance from her family, for the first time in her life. "It's a difficult thing to do," she faltered, "to say goodbye to your mother."

There was a tremulous touch in Ella's voice and her smile when she told us about the call. She imitated her father's brusque concealment of emotion: "Dad said, 'Well—'bye! Now leave the troops alone!' and Mother said, 'But it's so far!'"

It was only a brief qualm. After a moment, Ella perked up and began looking forward eagerly to the new experience ahead. Robin had had his car sent overseas; when he obtained a leave, they'd take a motor trip on the Continent. They would drive across the lowlands, across the fields of France or perhaps along the Rhine. At Zurich, Switzerland, they would leave the car and entrain for the fabulous winter playground of St. Moritz. Even for a girl who spent her childhood within view of the snows of Mt. Rainier, this would be something thrillingly exotic.

And Ella knew she'd be busy during her ten-month stay abroad. She signed to make two pictures in England: "Chilton Hundred," a story of the British countryside, and "So Long at the Fair," Alexander Korda's Technicolor picturization of a weird legend about a strange disappearance at the Paris Exposition in the last century.

Looking toward achievements beyond the familiar chore of acting, Ella took along a typewriter. The little machine was tenderly guarded. It went with Ella in the Army car, instead of being stowed in an Army pick-up truck with the rest of her baggage. Ella is a skilled typist, but she isn't planning merely to type letters. She's going to turn author. And, typically, she won't concentrate on her experiences as a Hollywood star, but on her experiences as an Army wife.

Up to the day of her departure, Ella admitted, her only literary product was the title for her book. It's a natural: "The Major and the Mrs." She got some expert advice on this business of writing and marketing books, because she married into a remarkable family. Among the friends assembled to see her off was her stepbrother-in-law, novelist Gore Vidal, youthful author of the highly regarded book "The City and the Pillar." Ella

listened earnestly to his counsel on the proper way to turn out a best-seller.

Suddenly, the leisurely talk was over. Lt. Arlington "Al" Spaulding, who had become Ella's friend as well as mentor during her stay in New York, warned that she must start for the pier. And there was another last-minute flurry. Ella paused to look underneath a top-coat tossed across a chair. "I'm sure I've forgotten something!"

If she had forgotten something, it was too late. The Army car whisked her down New York's East Side Drive to the Battery and the Staten Island ferry. Traveling across New York Harbor, Ella saw Liberty slip by, upholding the torch, saw the towers of Lower Manhattan grow hazy in the winter grayness. At Pier 13 on Staten Island, the U. S. Army Transport General M. B. Stewart was loading, to carry Americans to Europe and, on its return trip, to carry Displaced Persons to the longed-for haven of the United States.

Now it was real. Now Ella knew this was the day. She presented her papers at the "Water Division" desk before she went up the gangplank. Then she found herself in the midst of a hurly-burly of uniforms, for with her were embarking 702 soldiers and a lone Navy officer. Like its sister transports, this sturdy ship was manned by the officers and soldiers of the Army Transportation Corps, and operated by officers of the Merchant Marine under Army supervision. And there were other Army wives aboard, many of them leading youngsters who were neatly tagged with names and stateroom numbers in case they got lost.

Mink coat, luggage and all, Ella arrived at Cabin 21. Bright with fresh paint, modest and small, this would be her dwelling place for the next week or so. Many of the troop transports are more handsomely appointed than the General Stewart. But it was all right with Ella. It was fine. Now she was Mrs. Robin Olds, one of the 36 members of Army families bound to join husbands and fathers in England or Germany. Ella had much in common with the other passengers on the ship. They were all looking forward to a new, exciting adventure. It would be fun.

The deep, hoarse sound of the whistle vibrated through the ship—the lonesome sound that suggests faraway places. Over the public-address system came an official voice: "All visitors ashore at the next signal." This was it. From the pier, we watched Ella push her way past delighted khaki to the rail.

It wasn't like the stealthy, security-silence embarkations of wartime. It was a moment gala and yet heart-catching, like the departure of a cruise ship. An Army band struck up spiritedly at the water's edge, and Ella waved to the uniformed musicians. In answer to their shouted questions, half obscured by the noise of the gangplanks coming down, Ella called, "Air Force!" That was for Robin. She raised her clasped hands in a thank-you salute when she heard the familiar strain: "Off we go, into the wild blue yonder . . ."

Ella and the other Army wives weren't really off on a pleasure cruise. The North Atlantic in winter is no place for that. But the days on the hostile gray ocean wouldn't matter. At the end of the journey would be—home.

Ella would go ashore at Southampton; many of the other women would step onto alien soil at Bremerhaven. But at the end of the trip would be home, for all of them. By an English fireside or under California sunshine, it's home for Ella when she's with Robin.

THE END

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LIZ TAYLOR (Continued from page 47)

Howard, alone in Beverly Hills for Christmas. It's the first time our family has ever been separated at Christmas and I hope it'll be the last."

Otherwise, the young actress admits she has been enjoying the renewal of childhood friendships. She returned for a short visit to London a year ago but at that time scarcely had time to see everybody and everything that she wanted. Her weekends on this occasion were spent in the country visiting various friends the Taylors had when they lived in England.

The experience of meeting the Queen and Princess Margaret Rose at the Command Performance was one she'll never forget. But mostly because she felt so sick at the time.

"It was nervousness, I suppose," she explained, "but I really thought I was going to disgrace myself. I remember I turned to Myrna Loy just before the ceremony and told her I was certain I was going to be sick at my stomach. She was so amused that she laughed out loud. That made me feel better."

As it was, Elizabeth was so excited she can't remember what the Queen said to her. She does recall that Princess Margaret wanted to know if she and Bob Taylor are related.

"I told her that unfortunately we are not," sighs Elizabeth.

She admits she'd like nothing better than having Bob as an older brother or a cousin. She thinks he's one of Hollywood's nicest persons.

The young actress was so nervous, or perhaps it was the fear of being ill, that she completely forgot to remind the Princess that years ago in London they both studied with the same ballet teacher—the great Vaccani.

While we were on the subject of the Princess, I asked Elizabeth what she thought of the furore being created in the press about the royal young lady's reputed fondness for late hours and gay dancing parties. The fact that the Princess has been observed dancing in several Mayfair Clubs after midnight has led to criticism from some British parents who feel she is not setting a good example for other seventeen-year-olds.

Elizabeth Taylor was positive in her defense of the princess.

"I'm sure the stories about the late hours are exaggerated," she said. "I know from experience that immediately anyone in the public eye is seen out at night, tongues start wagging. Before you know it the story has gone round that he or she was seen carrying on at four o'clock in the morning."

Elizabeth makes it plain she feels the Princess is entitled to have a little normal fun while she is still young and free from the cares and duties that will become hers as the years pass.

As for Miss Taylor herself, she doesn't have to worry about stories concerning her own nocturnal activities.

"I'm up at six every morning," she said sadly, "because we must leave the Savoy Hotel at seven in order for me to be on the set at nine. Then, we don't get back until seven at night. By the time I've bathed, had dinner, studied my school lessons and gone over my lines for the next day, it's ten o'clock and I'm ready for bed."

She did admit she had gone dancing one night during her London stay. That was when Gene Kelly and his wife hap-

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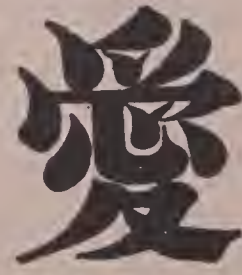
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"Afterwards," she recalled, her eyes dancing happily, "we went to a real night club and I danced with Gene. Think of it—me dancing with one of the world's greatest dancers in a London night club!"

She remembered they were on their third dance when the hour of midnight sounded. Like Cinderella, it was time for her to go home.

"Next year," she remarked hopefully, "I'll be almost eighteen and if Gene asks me to dance again maybe I can stay out until one o'clock."

In the meantime, she'll content herself, as she often has in recent months, dancing to the radio while pretending she is whirling about the floor in the arms of Glenn Davis. The latter, you see, is stationed in faraway Korea and won't be back for at least a year.

"He wants me to go dancing with other boys while he's away," she confides, "but unless it's with Glenn, dancing isn't really fun. Except when it's such a superb dancer as Gene Kelly," she added as an afterthought.

It's easy to see that, although she has definitely reached mature stature as an actress, Elizabeth Taylor still has an outlook on life that provides an interesting paradox between a teen-ager's fun-loving philosophy and a young woman's sense of responsibility.

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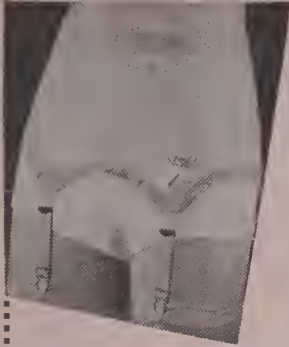
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The Hard Way

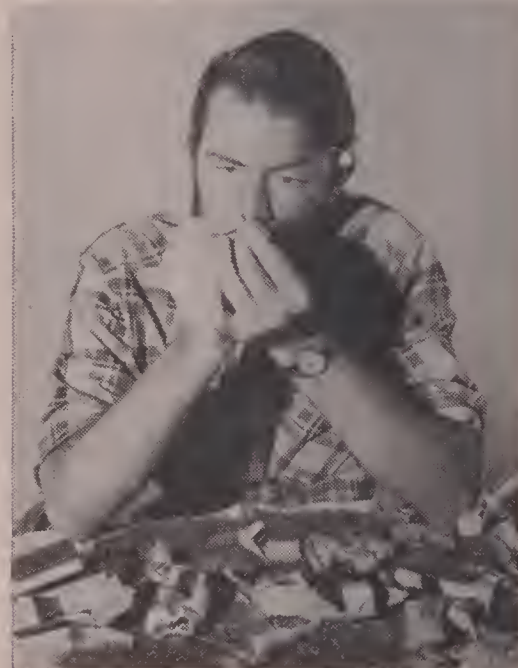


1. In "Yellow Jack," I have to roll my own. Can't be too hard—I hope!

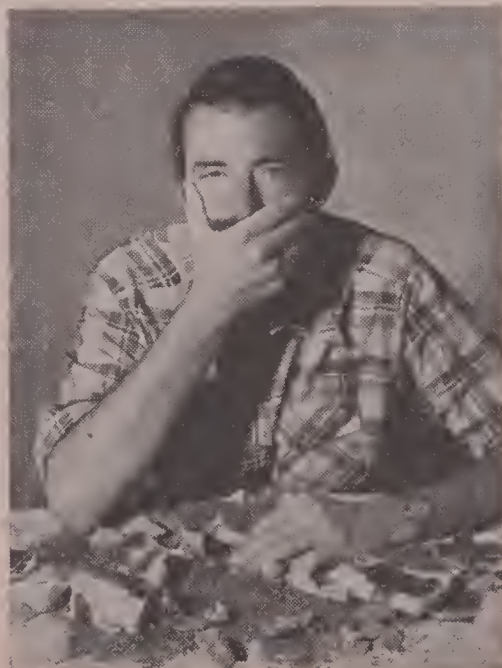
So you think you can roll a cigarette? So did Greg Peck until he started working with the makings—and ended up fagged out



2. Not bad for a first try. Practice makes perfect, so I'll try another one.



3. This is tougher than I thought. I'll roll more, if my patience holds out, that is.



4. (Ed. note: Forty-five minutes later. Sorry, we can't repeat Greg's words here.)



5. Pardon my smoke—it's a little tired-looking, but so am I after all this.

MAD FOR FARLEY GRANGER

(Continued from page 43)

kid. Here was a sharpened awareness, a curiosity, an eager interest. The expression betrayed an exciting zest for life and all it holds. Intangibles that manage to make a person "special."

So, in the sigh of this lovely doll at the magazine rack, I sensed the beginning of a chain sigh soon to echo around the movie-going feminine world.

Because I looked over my own shoulder and heard my own sigh. So I decided, this man I've got to see. In the flesh. Through the courtesy of Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, the copyright owner.

As I made plans to meet Mr. Goldwyn's gorgeous gob of property, I knew Farley Granger could act, for recently he had scored in a super-melodrama called "Rope" (that included Alfred Hitchcock and a trunk full of dead body that served as a tea table, among other props).

Before that, three years of service had ripped into his budding career. And before that, Farley Granger had done a picture for Goldwyn called "North Star," and one at Fox, "Purple Heart." Apparently the youngsters (and quite a few of the oldsters) had not forgotten this slim, tall (now 23-year-old) newcomer, with that alive, arresting quality of handsomeness.

We had an appointment to meet for lunch at one of the better Sunset Strip spots, the Cock and Bull. Mr. Granger loped in, fulfilling at first glance all the promise of his pictures—plus several added features. All reasons why he is the kind of character the femmes can go overboard for.

Ever see a guy or a gal who walks into a room, and suddenly everything comes alive? Conversation is brighter; the drinks taste better; laughter is easier. Well, this Farley Granger has that kind of positive charm. The kind that makes people turn around to look.

Usually he wears his hair in a crew cut. This day it was rather long, wavy, a little unruly. The reason for the long hair is because he's in training for "Roseanna McCoy," the new Goldwyn picture he's working in with Joan Evans. With that hairdo, he looked as if maybe he should be called "Gaylord Granger, River Gambler." On him it looked good.

He had just returned from launching Pat Neal, one of his favorite gals. Pat was leaving for England, and he had been wishing her "happy departure."

What kind of women did he like? Well—Pat Neal! He described Pat as a heavenly blonde, tall, a trifle lanky. This he liked. He also liked Gerry Brooks—who is diminutive, brunette, plenty curvy. Just put it down—he likes women. And they like him.

I have a sneaking suspicion Mr. Granger always has been—and will be—spoiled by females. It can't ever have been too tough for him to get along where women are concerned.

He mentioned during the conversation that he was very lazy in school, and practically fluffed his way through. (A preponderance of female teachers handled his curriculum.)

If you can be relaxed and intense at once, then it's a gift that Farley has. Let's say he's relaxed of body and intense of mind; relaxed of action and intense of reaction. He claims he's a lazy character. I differ. I think here's a guy that can work as hard as anybody for what he wants. Only difference, he doesn't waste energy. He's pretty darned

sure *what* he wants before he starts after it.

One of his most interesting attributes is adaptability—the ability to change with the people and the situation. Perhaps this very quality is the secret of his excellent natural acting ability. For instance, when we met he was wearing casual clothes, sports jacket and slacks. But with equal charm and eclat he can proceed around the dance floor at Ciro's as the best-tuxedoed guy in the joint.

He isn't overly obsessed with being the Beau Brummell of Sunset Boulevard. He values too highly that comfort which comes with physical relaxation. What I mean is, he'd be equally good on your charades team, or at a family dinner for your Aunt Minnie, or at a corner drug store over a soda and a book of poetry.

He has a quality of sincerity that is fascinating and flattering. At the moment he says something to you, you know he believes it. Complete sincerity of the moment, after all, is about all you can ask of anyone.

He has a direct way of looking at you when he talks—also particularly flattering to a woman. You'll probably find yourself telling Farley all the things you've secretly been feeling for a long time—how music affects you—what happiness means to you—what you're looking for in a man. Even quoting poetry. Because you sense somehow he likes poetry. He does—and he knows a lot of it. He's one of the best-read, most intelligent, and liberal-thinking of the young crop—liberal in the most wise and advanced sense of the word.

"I want to be a really good actor," he'll tell you. "Maybe some day I'll get to be a director, too. But first things first. But more than either, I want to be a good person! I want to be married and have a family—to love a gal and to be loved. Emotional security, I guess you'd call it.

"You see, I was insecure and very shy when I was young. I'm only outgrowing it now. One time I was terribly fond of June Haver. We used to date and have a wonderful time. But I'd see her go out with other, older, more important guys with more money, and I'd think, 'What can she see in me? I'm not exciting. I haven't much money!' I realize now that it was a foolish attitude. June certainly didn't contribute to it. She was a regular gal. When we went out sometimes she'd suggest a movie and a hot dog stand or drive-in for refreshments afterwards. But I'd get up on my high horse, get sore, drag her into Ciro's and spend practically my entire week's salary—then \$100—in one night!"

Farley doesn't like to go to night clubs just to drink. If there's a good show, laughs, and a gay time—fine. "It's too expensive, frankly," he says, "for anyone. And especially me!" Probably a part of this, too, is that he just doesn't like the sheer physical exertion of sitting an entire evening on a straight uncomfortable chair, crowded into a space big enough for half of him, and practically eating out of the lap of the gal at the next table.

There are no terribly "special" gals on his list, yet. Very nice ones, but not The One. (At least, as of this interview.) "I don't like people who generalize," he exclaims. "People who say 'I Will Never Marry An Actress,' 'I Will Not Get Married For Two Years.' For gosh sakes—how do I know when I'll get

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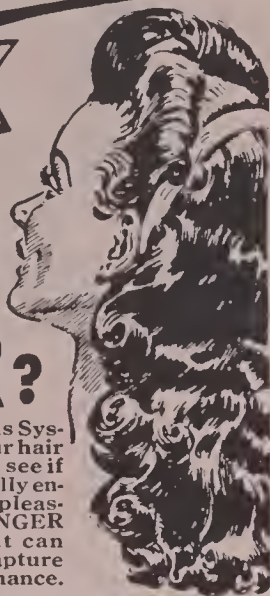
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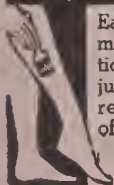
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married? Tomorrow, it might be. Or not for thirty-five years!" (A lot of femmes are bound to try to avert this latter tragedy.)

He looks expensive, this Farley Granger. He will probably make the kind of loot that pays off bills for mink coats and paves swimming pools. As he begins to rise to the top, he'll want all the top of the ladder can promise, because of his basic flair for the dramatic. This may or may not be good for him, but whatever can be predicted of Farley Granger for the future—besides the success that is so surely his—he'll be colorful. Once he gets into his stride, there won't be a dull moment.

"I guess Bob McIntyre, the casting director over at Goldwyn's, was responsible for my 'discovery,'" he tells you frankly. "I was in a play at North Hollywood High. Pretty bad, too. Bob came back stage at the play and asked me if I intended going into pictures. I fairly yelled, 'Yes!'"

"They were looking for a boy of 17 for a part in 'North Star.' They set up an appointment. I met Goldwyn and Lewis Milestone, a fine guy. I read for them. I was pretty bad, even outside the fact that my teeth were doing a fast Gene Krupa in the presence of such cinematic royalty.

"They surreptitiously held their noses and murmured, 'We'll let you know.' I was green. I believed I'd get a test. I learned later I wouldn't have, if they possibly could have found anyone else with any kind of experience to fill the 'type.' Reluctantly, after searching several weeks, they called me back.

"This may or may not prove optimism is its own reward. Anyway, I read a new script. I had more self-confidence this time—plus about 150 hours of intensive practice and training in reading and acting. I tested—and was signed."

Result: "North Star." And the subsequent loanout to Fox for "Purple Heart" which hypo'd him into the blood and brains of the young female public. Then

Mr. Granger took his six feet, 160 pounds of young American to the U.S. Navy for a three-year engagement. (Farley no longer believes in long engagements.)

Farley has done three post-war pictures, "Rope," already released, in which he plays a melodramatic role which may or may not stimulate the romantic reaction. "They Live By Night" and "Enchantment," the first for RKO—the second for Goldwyn.

He sums up his chances thus: "They Live By Night"—I'm proud of that. I think it was good and I'm glad I was a part of it.

"In 'Enchantment' I play an egg-on-the-face-type boy, which should do me a lot of good as far as the fans are concerned, I think. It makes me look good—and I get the girl in the end."

The one thing I object to in "Enchantment" is something that happens to every new actor in Hollywood. Studios have a certain conditioning that makes them think they *must* change something about everyone. If it's not their teeth or their nose or their name, it's hanging on a mustache (on the males, that is). This happened to Farley in "Enchantment." He loses it in "Roseanna McCoy" and it's a good thing.

They did try to change his name. But he is the sixth Farley in the family.

Perhaps there's magic in the name. At least, I've asked around, to get a professional "audience reaction." And here's proof. According to my own report, it's not only the bobby soxers who are mooning over his masculine charms. It's also the (feminine) columnists, the reporters, the editors, all of whom have seen plenty handsome men in their careers. These hard-boiled ladies of the press are also giving a secret sigh for Mr. Goldwyn's star-bound boy. And they, as well as the youngsters at the magazine stands, are the star-makers!

(Memo to Editor: Hey, look what you've gone and done to me! I'm in love with Farley Granger, too!)

THE END

AS I REALLY AM

(Continued from page 51)

so I got up and fell down again—I suppose to show that I did it for laughs. I was a clown even at twelve months!

WHEN I WAS FOUR

I made my first stage appearance reciting a few verses at a town hall meeting where my grandfather was chairman. So much applause greeted my efforts that I was asked for an encore. I didn't know what "encore" was, but I offered to repeat my poem, and did so!

WHEN I WAS FIVE

I met my first sweetheart at a Christmas party. He was seven. There were kissing games, ice-cream, sitting-on-the-stairs. I never saw him again, and I can't recall his name, alas!

I REMEMBER

My first party dress, a lovely pale-blue taffeta picture gown for my first faculty dance at London University where I was studying to be a teacher.

My first important date: One of the younger professors at the university took me to an art gallery and then to tea at Rumpelmayer's in Berkeley Square—a great thrill at the time!

The best of our family picnics with Scottish relatives in the Highlands by the side of a brown bubbling burn. We caught tiny speckled trout and fried them in oatmeal. Delicious!

I'LL NEVER FORGET

A red Tyrolean jacket I wore the first time I met Mr. L. B. Mayer. I was starring in "Old Music," and on this particular day hadn't had time to change from sports clothes before going to the theater; when Mr. Mayer, dropping in unexpectedly, invited me to join his party at the Savoy Grille for supper. I had to wear that red jacket, although his entire party was in evening dress.

I'M EXTRAVAGANT ABOUT

My house and garden; paintings; antiques; furs and evening clothes.

MY FAVORITE

Music is piano concerti, and early instrumental music.

Reading is French and English classical literature, poetry and biography; E. V. Durling's newspaper column; Prince Valiant and Li'l Abner.

Kind of clothes: blue denim for country wear, romantic evening gowns.

City is London; then come Paris, New York and San Francisco.

Resort is Monterey Peninsula, California.

Color is sea-green.

Picture (of mine) is "Random Harvest."

Way to spend an evening is in company of my own choosing.

Actor—all my leading men are charm-

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ing, but my French poodle, Gogo, is a superb tragedian and an exquisite clown. Actress—oh now please!—well, if you must know, Edith Evans of the London stage.

AS TO ARCHITECTURE

I like Georgian for a formal town house; rambling farmhouse style of native regional type for the country. Modern design seems to me suitable mainly for commercial buildings.

I'M GUILTY OF

Having little sense of time. I become intent on my occupation and get off-schedule. I'm working on this, however, and hope I am improving.

Expecting too much—probably of other people, certainly of myself!

THE FIRST THING I NOTICE WHEN MEETING A WOMAN

Is, I suppose, the way she looks, in general.

THE FIRST THING I NOTICE WHEN MEETING A MAN

Is the way he looks—at me!

THE TURNING POINT IN MY LIFE

Was coming to the U. S. A.

I PREFER

The 20th Century; but

IF I COULD HAVE LIVED IN ANOTHER CENTURY,

I'd choose Elizabethan England. This was a savage age, unsanitary, cruel, but it must have been tremendously exciting: New lands were being discovered, great travelers and heroic adventurers were setting out or coming home, great music was being composed, great books and plays were being written, heroic figures strode the contemporary scene. It must have been a thrill to be part of it all!

I ENJOY

Old ballads; new limericks; baked potatoes; long walks in the country; and the acrobatic scenes I did in "Julia Misbehaves"!

GOLF

Is something I'm always about to take up again.

THE MOST EXCITING MOMENT OF MY LIFE

Was my debut as a stage actress in London.

I LIKE TO

Re-arrange rooms; listen to Afro-Cuban dance music; tell stories to children; go to a fine restaurant for an epicurean meal; but I also enjoy, quite as well, a bowl of apples and a well-filled cheese board in good company.

MY PET

Dish: filet mignon.
Hobby: my house in Del Monte Forest.
Superstition: I always turn off the radio on an upward inflection or musical phrase. I have no ordinary superstitions, I walk under ladders, break mirrors, fail to cross my fingers, but if I can turn off my radio on an upward note, I think: "The day goes well!" or "This night is safe!"

IT'S POSSIBLE

For me to improvise when I can't get what I want; but I'm better at getting what I want! At least, I hope so. More important, however, I'm working to develop the faculty of appreciating what I have.

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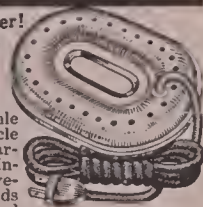
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My mother (left) has been the most constant personal influence in my life. Besides loving her as a daughter I admire her for her humor, good sense and complete understanding.

pany—meaning, of course, if he were tall, dark and handsome, and could ski!

To attend the New Orleans Mardi-Gras.

To give one fabulous party-to-end-parties.

To have an attic full of heirlooms and mementoes! We had one in England, and I used to love to look through old trunks and albums. There were photographs of my family—Mother's father; stern and noble and be-whiskered men; sweet, shy aunts with their arms around each other's waists; children in lace collars and velvet dresses; solemn babies, and beautiful old people with fine faces. I'd like to see them all, again! But in our many moves, we gradually shed all such accumulations.

I BELIEVE IN

Self discipline.

Fate, Luck, Destiny, or whatever you like to call it, but also that the Lord helps those who help themselves.

AS TO

Love at first sight—it's possible. People have told me they knew instantly, here was Love! But isn't that more probably an attraction, a swift, compelling interest? For surely love, in the fullest sense, must develop slowly.

Old family ghosts: I've no experience, but I have an open mind.

SOME DAY

I wish I could spread a little cheer, learn, absorb, report—travel on a Round-the-World informal, good-neighbor tour; try to find out why people can't get along together without wars, and if there isn't some practical, psychological remedy.

I'M INTERESTED IN

The United Nations; country life; art galleries; museums; medical research—especially in preventive medicine and the new theories of psychosomatic therapy—

these and many more!

I'VE HAD

Many influences: teachers, tutors, friends, co-workers; but my mother's has been the most constant personal influence. She has good sense, Irish humor, a fine mind. She's kind, understanding, and the most honest person I ever knew.

IT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY WHO IS

The most interesting person I ever met. There's Cardinal Spellman, with his saintliness, sweetness and great wisdom; Artur Rubinstein, that great artist; great scientists, great soldiers and great statesmen, with whom you enter new worlds. On casual meeting, great writers often seem colorless, because they put their vitality into what they have to say on paper, but you know their work and so find them interesting. Then there are baby-faced boys, like Audie Murphy, heroes and veterans of the war, whose appearance is astonishing when you know of their almost incredible ordeals.

But there are also ordinary, unknown people who seem to have found a way of life, who have achieved spiritual liberty, a serene philosophy, and are beautifully adjusted to their environment.

People who stretch your mind are fascinating. They may be persons in the recesses of ancient museums who seem to live in the past, and can make it come alive for you; astronomers with eyes fixed on the stars, who can make you see a little of what they have seen, and ponder with awe the plan of the Infinite.

I HAVE

Such a curious mind that I haven't found any bores for years!

MY LOW POINT IN LIFE

Was Yesterday.

MY HIGH POINT IN LIFE

Is Today!

THE END

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

(Continued from page 33)



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the Government a maximum of 25% in income tax; if it were an income profit, he'd have to pay the Government 77%.

In any event, Bing said yes to the deal, and if you haven't heard him on the disc-jockey program yet, you very shortly will.

In view of the fact that Bing is worth quite a few bucks, you'd naturally expect that some or all of his four boys would be spoiled. Not Bing's kids. It's not in the Yankee tradition.

All four of them used to attend St. John's Military Academy, a parochial school in Los Angeles, but now the three older boys go to school up north, far away from the Hollywood atmosphere where kids can get accustomed to large circus parties and very early in life become bored with everything.

For a while, Bing was set on sending his boys to Notre Dame to college, but of late he's changed his mind. "I don't know," he says, "there are a lot of good schools right here on the Coast. Santa Clara is a fine Jesuit college, and Stanford's a wonderful university. It's a little too early to tell where they'll go."

A good Catholic, Bing believes firmly in the tenets of good religious training, and it's highly probable that the four boys will wind up at some Jesuit college. "They all have a hankering for show business," Bing says, "but I'm not going to let them really get into it until they've finished college. Their education comes first."

A lot of Bing's neighbors insist that his kids have talent, but Bing himself says, "It's a little too early to tell."

All of them know the value of a dollar, however, and only recently Lindsey, the youngest Crosby kid, proved it in a small way. He went across the road to where the Nelsons live (Ozzie and Harriet Nelson) and he asked the two Nelson kids, David and Ricky, why they didn't invite him to appear on their parents' radio program, "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet."

A day later, Lindsey was invited. He went to Bing and asked Bing's permission to appear on the show. Bing not only okayed the idea but agreed to appear himself. When the show was over, Lindsey and the two Nelson kids got together and ganged up on their parents. "We want our ten per cent commission as agents," they demanded.

Bing, Ozzie and Harriet went into conference. They finally decided that the kids were entitled to something. The three boys wound up with a chocolate fudge sundae each.

Bing also has had the four boys on his radio program, singing in what they call harmony, and they once appeared briefly in a motion picture with Ed Gardner, but for the most part, they've been kept clear of the camera and microphone. "Give your children the best education possible and then set them out on their own." That's an old Yankee maxim, and Bing's abiding by it.

He also adheres scrupulously to the one which says, "Make hay while the sun shines." As you probably know, Bing answers all his mail in longhand. Other stars have secretaries and dictaphones and all sorts of recording apparatus, but when it comes to answering correspondence, Bing goes in for the fountain pen exclusively.

It takes a lot of time to answer mail by hand, and time is one thing Bing doesn't have too much of. Whenever



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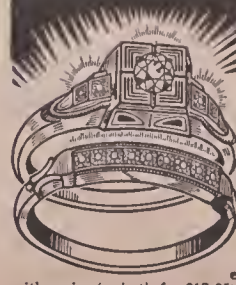
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he gets a spare minute, he capitalizes on it. For example, when he's at the studio, working on a picture, he knows that it frequently takes anywhere from ten to twenty minutes to line up a shot, that is, to get the correct lighting, the correct focus, the correct setup. Most stars usually hang around the set watching the prop men and the cameramen getting things ready. Not Bing. Rather than hang around for ten or twenty minutes, he climbs on his bicycle—it carries a sign which reads "Everett's brother"—and he pedals off to his dressing room. Here he takes pen in hand and gets to work answering his mail. When the ten or twenty minutes are up, he's back on the set ready for his scene.

Similarly, he's the most prompt actor in Hollywood. If Bing makes a date with you for say, two o'clock, he's always on time. If he's going to be late or if he can't make it, he'll call you in advance. He's as thoughtful of your time as he is of his own, which is more than you can say for most motion picture stars. A lot of them like to be treated as if they were the descendants of royalty. Not Mrs. Crosby's boy, Bing.

At Paramount recently, an impromptu poll was taken of the most popular star on the lot. Bing won it hands down. He treats everyone the same way. "The reason we like Bing so much," one of the Paramount mail girls explains, "is that he treats us like persons, not things."

During the football season, for example, Bing was given a lot of tickets to all the big games. One of the biggest in Los Angeles is the annual classic between Notre Dame and Southern California. Bing had fifty tickets for the spectacle. Whenever anyone at Paramount wistfully exclaimed how much he'd like to go to the game, Bing'd dig into his own pocket and come up with two ducats.

Came the afternoon of the big event, and Bing discovered that he'd given away all of his tickets. He bought two for himself from a speculator for \$50 each.

No one hears very much about these things or the numerous other Crosby charities, because Bing believes stanchly that a man shouldn't talk about his donations. There are many actors, for

example, who are all the time screaming about the number of people they have to carry on their payrolls and how many relatives they have to support.

Never a word like that from Crosby, and yet the truth of the matter is that indirectly he's helping more old-timers and indigent friends than anyone in the movie colony. When Bing was on "Connecticut Yankee," for example, he insisted that a good many of the extra and featured roles be given either to newcomers who needed the opportunity or to old-timers who needed the dough.

On his own Philco radio show, he's tried to break in as many newcomers as possible, and without exploiting them, either. A few weeks ago, for example, an agent came to him with a vocalist named Kay Starr. "This girl can really sing, Bing," the agent said, "if only someone will give her a chance. Matter of fact, she'd be willing to sing almost for nothing if you'd only give her the opportunity."

"Nobody works for nothing on my show," Bing said. "If she can sing and she's got talent, then she's worth money, because good talent is rare. Let me hear her sing."

Kay Starr sang a few numbers. "Okay," said Bing, turning to the girl's agent. "How much do you want for her?"

The agent took a deep breath. "Three hundred bucks per program," he said.

Bing cocked an eyebrow. "Three hundred, eh?" And then that wry little Irish grin of his curled itself on his lips. "She's worth five hundred," he said, "and that's what I'm paying her."

Crosby will drive a hard bargain if need be, but he's a trader with a heart.

There is no one in Hollywood today who will say one bad word about him. In any city, this is so rare as to be incredible. When asked to explain this phenomenon, Bing, who isn't much at talking, especially to reporters and interviewers, merely shrugs a shoulder and says, "I just try and live a regular life."

Actually, it's the kind of life the Connecticut Yankees used to live, and this is merely the furthering of that tradition by the Connecticut Yankee from Spokane.

THE END

ESTHER WILLIAMS LIVES ON A BUDGET

(Continued from page 37)

modest-salaried workmen do! But they recognized in the house the charming possibilities which they could develop themselves.

It was run-down and needed improvements—but those were minor considerations to two imaginative people like Esther and Ben. The house *did* have a view of the Pacific; it was secluded and it had the snug, friendly look of small houses.

"Ben and I did most of the fixing ourselves. That's where the fun came in," Esther told me. "There was a tired little swimming pool in the back yard; no filtering system, no paint, just a cement hole. We could have called in a swimming pool construction company to do the work, but that isn't the way we like to do things.

"Ben, who is very handy, put in the filtering system and set in the flagstone around the pool. On sunny afternoons we both painted the pool ourselves and had a million laughs doing so. A man and wife should have some share in building their own home. It gives them a wonderful feeling of possession.

"It was such a thrill to see that little cement hole assume shape and finally become a very attractive pool. Now when we swim in it or have breakfast near the edge, we get a glow out of knowing it's *our* pool because we had a hand in creating it.

"We had lots to do to fix up the house. There was a wall to tear out, a complete painting job from top to bottom, putting in extra closets and steps. We could have turned the house over to an interior decorator and given him carte blanche to furnish it so that we wouldn't be bothered. But we couldn't see ourselves living in a house that a stranger had furnished.

"If it was to be our house, we had to do it. I can just see a decorator screaming at the homespun crash curtains and cretonne slipcovers I put on. But that's the way we like it.

"We had the wall between the living room and dining room torn out so that both rooms would look open and friendly. With the wood from the wall, Ben made a handsome bar. . . . Well, maybe it's not as finished-looking as one

that a cabinet maker would have built, but it suits us fine. In fact, we get a real thrill out of it when we use it for entertaining because I remember Ben whistling away and working at it. That's living, I say.

"I chased around to antique and junk shops, blew the dust off a few things and picked up a few old vases and brass knick-knacks which we could convert into lamps. Evenings I sat around with a close friend of mine and we'd chatter away while I made shades and sewed percale and gingham curtains. It was like an old-fashioned sewing circle—and wonderful, warm fun.

"I couldn't really be extravagant if I tried. It's not in me. Many girls get a thrill out of owning diamonds. I don't. I never will. You would have to put a gun to my back to get me to wear a diamond bracelet. I think they're perfectly lovely—for someone else.

"On the other hand, what did give me a thrill was when Ben and I moved an old broken-down shed outside of the kitchen to the side of the pool and converted it into a cute bath house.

"And I get a kick out of finding a little cotton lace evening gown on sale for \$25, sewing rhinestones on the lace design and shortening it to ballet length. It looked very chic.

"I wore it to a party where all the other women had on fabulous gowns that cost hundreds of dollars apiece. Yet I felt well-dressed and received a great many compliments.

"I once did some modeling in an exclusive shop before I went into pictures, and I learned a good deal about clothes then. The major difference between an expensive outfit and a cheaper one is mainly in the fabrics. I didn't care for most of the costly fabrics because they were usually too heavy or ornate. I decided then that it was silly to spend too much on clothes. I told myself that if ever the day came when I could afford to buy the best, I still wouldn't spend a king's ransom on a dress. For then the dress would become too important to me.

"For instance, I wore a lovely but inexpensive tulle gown at the beautiful party Bob and Betty Montgomery gave not long ago. I'd picked up the gown in the teen-age department of a popular shop and it was priced within the range of a college girl's allowance. The material wasn't the best, but who cared? The effect was dreamy, which is what counts. No one bothers to scrutinize the fabric of a dance dress. It's the total effect that matters, and this gown had an enormous tulle skirt and looked glamorous.

"While dancing, Cesar Romero happened to step on my gown and ripped part of the skirt. Cesar was absolutely wretched. He thought he'd ruined something very precious. But I was able to laugh it off and tell him it didn't bother me at all. I thought, it's wonderful to have something that doesn't become a personal tragedy if it's ruined.

"That has become my philosophy on all material things," Esther said earnestly. "I never want to allow any personal possessions, whether they're clothes or furniture, to possess me. I don't want to worry about rips and stains, nicks and scratches. Otherwise, how could I enjoy them?"

"Ben gave me a beautiful—but expensive convertible for my birthday and I didn't feel right about it. I told him he shouldn't have spent so much on a car as I could get where I want to go in a cheaper model.

"But when Ben pointed out that it was an economy for me to have a car that would use less gasoline, need less re-

pairs and have a better trade-in value later, the gift made sense to me.

"Ben and I love good food, and I'm not at all cautious about ordering the best, no matter what the cost. For that is part of the enjoyment of living. Even so, because I remember how my mother had to stretch and save, it goes against me to waste food.

"I won't order perishable food unless we plan to eat it that night. I don't throw out left-over meats because I remember the fun we used to have at home when my mother would make something interesting out of the dribs and drabs of leftovers. I love to cook and it's a culinary adventure to put some vegetables and odds and ends from the refrigerator together with last night's cold meat, make a flaky crust over the top and enjoy a delicious meat pie.

"We love our home. We live in it—really live in it, flop into chairs and sprawl on sofas, have our friends over all the time and have buffets in the living-room. I don't go into hysterics if someone nicks a chair or drops something on the rug, because I haven't put a fortune into the chair or rug. When our dog, Angie, made a stain on our carpet we turned the carpet over. That's all.

"We own our house—it doesn't own us. It's simple, small and easy to take care of. We have a houseworker come in every day to tidy up, but I don't need anyone to cook for us because that's a job I love. It's restful for me to work in the kitchen. Ben and I eat when we feel like instead of when a maid is ready. I'm glad we can do with so little domestic help, because it's more fun being by ourselves for dinner. It helps us live below our income, too. I guess," Esther laughed, "we could no more put on a movie star 'front' than we could fly."

The Gages' practicability extends even to sentimental occasions. For his birthday, Esther gave Ben a new floodlight for their pool, which she had wrapped in cellophane and fancy blue ribbon.

Ben recently surprised Esther for her birthday with a new king-sized bed she'd wanted. Esther exclaimed and squealed over it the way other girls gloat over a mink coat.

The point is that Ben could give Esther mink, and Esther could give Ben a diamond-studded watch. But they're much happier with gifts they can use. When the gift is accompanied with a gag and real devotion, believe me, it equals minks and diamonds.

Like many young couples, the Gages are planning for future security with good business investments. Ben does all the business thinking because Esther is inclined to be too casual about money.

A few months ago, Ben came home with the news that he was going to lease a gas station with a war veteran buddy of his in charge. He explained to Esther why it was sensible to buy the gas station and then pointed out that they would benefit doubly: not only on the financial return, but in cutting down on the expenses involved in maintaining their own two cars. The station is now in operation and doing so well that it may be the start of a chain! (See page 70.)

Esther and Ben are also investing their money in real estate and building in the desert community called "29 Palms," right outside of Palm Springs. They started out at first by backing Esther's brother, David, in building one house there. This proved to be a successful venture, and they bought more property and began to build more homes.

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THE END

WANTED: MORE KISSES

(Continued from page 65)

the same people in the same kind of story. So there followed a series in which Janet was the girl and Charles was the boy: "Street Angel," "Lucky Star," "Tess of the Storm Country," "Delicious"—to name a few.

In 1931, they were voted one of the ten biggest money making teams in Hollywood by the Motion Picture Herald Fame Poll.

Sophisticated love paid off, too, in the same fashion. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, the epitome of sex appeal in their day, were a box office love team that made M-G-M a fortune and the names of Garbo and Gilbert synonymous with romance the world over.

Then came the down-to-earth era—with the unforgettable Jean Harlow and Clark Gable calling a spade a spade in one hot love scene after another. The audience got the idea that he was her kind of man and she was his kind of woman. Jean and Clark had an honesty and lack of pretense that came through on the screen. They were teamed again and again. They looked as if they were meant for each other, and the audience loved it.

Well, right now Hollywood has a love team that is sizzling and convincing. Just as in the old days, the team has been paying off handsomely. Did you see Lana Turner and Clark Gable in "Homecoming"?

This picture, which cost over a million dollars, grossed two million the first two months after it was released—when it still hadn't been released to nine-tenths of the domestic and foreign theaters it had yet to play. People aren't flocking to see "Homecoming" because it is the story of a man home from the war. Let's not kid ourselves; they are standing in line to watch Gable make love to Turner.

Whenever a picture features a love team, that picture makes money. Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake did okay, so did Myrna Loy and William Powell. There was nothing wrong with the Claudette Colbert-Fred MacMurray combo, either. From "Maid of Salem" right down to their present bonanza, "Family Honeymoon," their pictures have made money. Smart producers have always capitalized on the fact that people just naturally want love to last. They want love to endure—picture after picture.

Cashing in on this common knowledge, Hollywood today is doing some provocative casting. With Cary Grant and Betsy Drake a cinema cinch in "Every Girl Should Be Married," RKO plans to

cast them again in "Christmas Gift," which started production in January. Cary is in urgent demand by every top producer in Hollywood. The fact that he wants to do a series of pictures with Betsy indicates not only that he's in love with the girl, but that he's a smart business man.

Also getting a personal lift out of "teamwork" success is Shirley Temple, whose husband, John Agar, clicked in their first picture together, "Fort Apache."

Within six weeks after the picture was released, John was voted No. 1 in one of the industry's top popularity polls. With the release of "Baltimore Escapade," both Shirley and John hope his career has shinningly begun.

Since they're married, the fact that they can work on the same picture means they can both have breakfast together, see each other during the day, and are tired enough at night not to go around night-owling. Beyond this convenience lies the fact that they are *really* in love. The public knows this. And will pay to see it.

Perhaps one of the most publicized love teams of all was that of Cathy O'Donnell and Farley Granger. Not only was their initial picture together, "They Live By Night," a love story of great poignancy, but gossip had it that they were in love with each other. Such a situation is always magic, for the public generally senses it.

When Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart went through their scenes in "To Have and Have Not," Bogart's wife, Mayo Methot, may not have known they were in love. Perhaps not even Bogie and Betty themselves knew. But the public spotted the flame as soon as the picture hit the screens.

Long ago, when Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor starred together, they, too, were in love. And old-timers say this fact accounted 90% for their popularity as a romantic team on the screen. They were so much in love, they could make even a trite story believable.

Well, "They Live By Night" is not a trite story. Just the same, Hollywood had a feeling that Cathy and Farley were in love. The publicity played this up, because it is always good box office when stars are in love. The public gets curious.

When, for reasons of her own, Cathy married someone else, profit and reception of the picture were jeopardized. Samuel Goldwyn was reportedly so

angry he let her contract drop. Today, no one seems to know if public demand will start Farley and Cathy out again in a follow-up picture.

For, make no mistake about it, the public decides which love teams are believable and which are not. Despite the million-dollar advertising campaign GABLE'S BACK AND GARSON'S GOT HIM, "Adventure" flopped because no one could picture rough-and-ready Gable with ladylike Greer Garson.

On the other hand, the love team of Greer and Walter Pidgeon are so right in the minds of movie-goers, that all of the major hits of Garson and Pidgeon have been in pictures in which they co-starred. "Blossoms in the Dust," "Mrs. Miniver," "Mrs. Parkington," "Madame Curie," and — more recently — "Julia Misbehaves" have all been perfect vehicles for them as a team.

On their own, they just don't have the same audience-appeal.

Sometimes, the love teams are not all sweetness and light. According to a recent poll, today's fans like to see Elizabeth Scott and Burt Lancaster paired together. In both "Desert Fury" and "I Walk Alone," there was a universal acceptance of them as a team.

Another couple—on the scarlet side, perhaps, but none the less alluring—is Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea. He complements her brand of sex appeal so effectively that some eager fans have seen "Woman In The Window" and "Scarlet Street" eight and nine times.

This isn't Prince Charming on his white charger stuff, but it does point out that the public is smart. Ticket buyers know exactly when casting is right. Both Joan and Dan hit new strides in their careers as a result of their love team. If they made another such picture together, the picture would be a box office natural. A ready-made audience is waiting for them.

There is also the case of Glenn Ford and Rita Hayworth. For years, Glenn was cast as a nice young man. Then he came along and slapped Rita in "Gilda," and the fans went wild. As a hot love team, they were an immediate and sensational success. Other pictures, in which they were starred separately, just never hit the same high. In "The Loves of Carmen," they're together again and

packing them in all over the country.

Fans were lucky that both Glenn and Rita were under contract to the same studio, for many things besides suitability determine whether or not stars can be paired together. Lots of times, fans write to MOVIELAND and say, "Why can't Tyrone Power and Lana Turner be cast in a picture together?"

What the fans don't realize is that mechanical problems often prevent the casting of stars. Not only are Tyrone and Lana under contract to different studios, but now personal differences would probably make it impossible for either of them to agree to a loan-out.

Other times, the studios don't have the right story for a team. When audiences first saw Doris Day and Jack Carson in "Romance on the High Seas," there was an immediate demand for a follow-up picture. Maybe Warners' have found such a story by now, but, if they don't start production soon, they will lose a lot of money. For the public has indicated that they will pay to see Doris and Jack together now.

There are studio politics, friendships—many things the average fan doesn't know about—that sometimes make it impossible to cast certain couples together.

As an example, when Sonny Tufts first caused fans to swoon in "So Proudly We Hail," in which he bashfully wooed Paulette Goddard, the studio felt his personality was strong enough to carry a picture alone. He has since done so. Paulette has gone on to rich dramatic roles. But the movie-goers loved them together.

Paulette rallied; Sonny is having a more difficult time on his own. As a team, these two could have won and held a unique place in the hearts of filmgoers.

Perhaps the gravest mistake producers make is not recognizing that the fans, the people who go to see movies, are the safest barometer of what kind of pictures should be produced.

These fans say, "Please cast Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea again." Or, "Let's have more of Lana and Clark." Or, "Make another 'Gilda,' please!"

And, if you're not certain which teams are destined for immortality, Mr. Producer, we've got news for you: Watch the fan mail!

THE END



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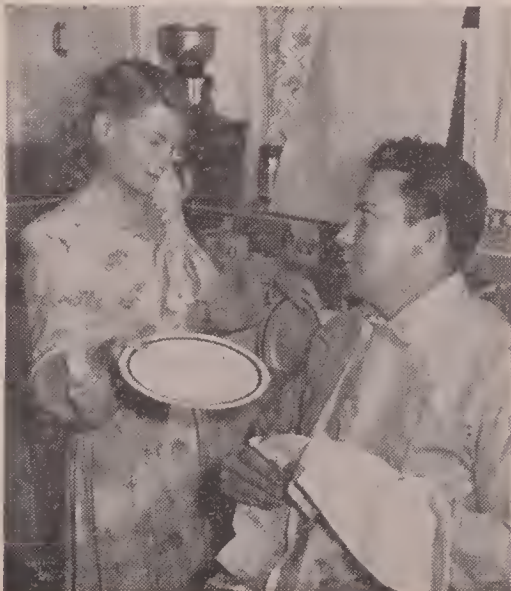
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LOVE THOSE MEN!

(Continued from page 69)

it," said Clark, awarding me a taunting wink, "is that when nine o'clock comes, the company really goes to work . . . on time. No waiting for some gal to have her hair done or to have her costume repaired. It's much more businesslike to do pictures with men only."

I asked, "What do you gentlemen talk about between takes?"

"I give you one guess. What else is there to talk about?" he laughed.

The assistant director called, "If you please, Mr. Gable," and Clark strode off to work in a scene representing a bedroom in an old castle, presumably being used as quarters for an American officer.

"Command Decision" is the fictional story of the early days of the Eighth Air Force in England, and concerns itself primarily—according to rumor—with the story of General Ira Eaker's courageous devotion to duty. This part is played by Clark Gable, wearing a brigadier general's single star on his shoulder.

When Clark went into the castle scene, director Sam Wood and producer Sydney Franklin were discussing a technical point as to whether or not a certain item of equipment (a foot locker) would be found in an Air Force Brigadier General's room.

Sam Wood said, "How about it, Clark? You were in the Air Force. You should know the answer."

"Don't look at me—I was just a captain. This is the first time in my life that I've been in a general officer's quarters," cracked Clark.

After a loud guffaw, the company settled down to rehearse the sequence. Van Johnson, the only non-com in the picture, was supposed to knock at Clark's door, and be asked to enter. Then he was supposed to announce that Clark's replacement had arrived, whereupon Brian Donlevy—also a brigadier general—was supposed to walk in. In the plot, Brian is taking over Clark's duties, so the scene is tensely dramatic.

After several rehearsals everything seemed perfect, so Sam Wood decided to roll the camera. Just as Corporal Johnson announced the visiting general, and General Gable drew himself up ready to salute, a furious clatter of spurred boots and rattling saber rang down the corridor and in strutted . . . RED SKELTON, dressed in the crazy costume he wore as a Confederate general in "A Southern Yankee."

I thought Clark, Van, Sam Wood and the whole convulsed crew were going to split their sides, laughing. It was the craziest spectacle you've ever seen.

After that gay interlude, the boys went back to serious rehearsing, so I tiptoed down to Walter Pidgeon's dressing room where he was beating the tar out of Marshall Thompson—at checkers.

The Pidgeon checker games are legend at Metro; the minute Pidge goes to work in a picture, his checker board is set up and he snares as opponent anyone innocent enough not to have learned at first-hand about the deadly Pidgeon technique.

"He's ruining me," Marshall wailed, welcoming interruption, "there's no use finishing the game. I concede it to you, Pidge. Besides, it will be nice to look at a pretty dame for a while. I'm due for a change."

I asked what they had been talking about between checker moves.

"The most fascinating girl in Hollywood," Marshall said. "By a quaint co-

incidence, she's right here on the Metro lot. Her name's Janet Leigh."

Marshall had just returned to the "Command Decision" set after having visited the "Words and Music" set. It was Janet's last day on the picture. The director had asked her to return to her place for one more take. As she did so, all the crew had gathered around to present Janet with a note of appreciation for her sweetness and her cooperative spirit. While this was going on, the sound track played, "With a Song In My Heart."

"When she read the note, Jannie burst into tears," Marshall added.

"She would," Walter Pidgeon said. "That's the sort of genuinely sweet person she is." He went on to tell about sitting in a projection room during the running of a rough cut of "If Winter Comes." He had wanted to check the sequence in which he and Janet had exchanged dialogue at the breakfast table. After the film had been run, the projectionist asked Walter if the scene came off satisfactorily—from Walter's viewpoint.

Walter laughed ruefully. "I had to apologize to the projectionist and ask him to run it through again. I hadn't checked my own performance at all. I had been so fascinated by Janet that I couldn't take my eyes away from her not even to study my own work. She certainly gets my vote as the most fascinating youngster I have ever met."

I thought at this point that I might get a recipe to pass on to the girls of America, so I asked, "What qualities make up fascination in a woman? Beauty? Brains? Charm? Vitality? Sense of humor?"

Brian Donlevy, who had joined our group, shook his head. "Not too much emphasis on beauty, in my opinion. The most fascinating woman I have ever met was Amelia Earhart, and—except for her eyes—one couldn't have called her beautiful."

"What made Amelia Earhart seem fascinating?" I pursued.

"Her brilliant mind; her sure knowledge in her own field; her sincerity," Brian said. "She had a lovely voice, soft but purposeful. There was an electric quality about her, too, that charmed everyone she met."

Cameron Mitchell—apologizing for a two weeks' beard he had grown for his role in "Command Decision," now joined us. "Y'know, that business about a woman's voice having a lot to do with fascination is certainly the truth as far as I'm concerned. My choice for the Most Fascinating Woman is Lynn Fontanne."

Cameron continued by saying that when he was the theatrically ambitious son of a minister, living in a small town in Pennsylvania, he wrote to Lynn Fontanne asking if he might read lines for her at some time. "I wrote to hundreds of celebrated people," he confessed, "but she was the only one who ever answered. She was the sole person with insight and humanity enough to read between the lines of my stumbling, but ardent letter. For that reason I'd say that, in addition to warmth of voice, a woman must have matching warmth of heart."

John Hodiak put in, "I'll go along with that warmth of heart. The most fascinating woman I remember was my fifth-grade school teacher. It's funny how a kid will cling to a few separated particles of memory. I can't even recall her name, but I can see her face as if I had

just left her classroom. Her hair was a beautiful shade of reddish brown, and her eyes were grey. I had fallen for her, desperately, the way a kid at that age does, so it almost broke my heart when she kept me after school one night to tell me that I was to skip a grade—which would remove me from her room. So instead of getting all puffed up at how smart I was, I was devastated at being sent to another teacher."

Charles Bickford, drawn by a trouper's sure instinct for a good conversation, had a nominee. "My vote goes to Eleanor Roosevelt, as a woman, and as a human being. I'd vote for her for the Presidency, and I mean that from the bottom of my heart," he said, nodding his head in that vigorous way of his.

(Incidentally, a group of San Francisco socialites who confess to being frankly forty voted Charles Bickford their "swoon man" two years ago.)

"I'll never forget the first time I met Mrs. Roosevelt," Charles continued. "It was during the war and I had just returned to the Algonquin Hotel in New York, after having delivered a radio speech to boost the sale of war bonds. As I crossed the lobby, I was intercepted by Mrs. Roosevelt, who said, 'Mr. Bickford, I am Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, and I want you to know how much I enjoyed your radio address. I'm sure it will have widespread effect.'"

Both her modesty in introducing herself, quite as if she would not have been immediately recognized almost anywhere in the world, and her thoughtfulness in praising his efforts, went straight to Charles Bickford's heart. "Utterly without sham or pretense, she is one of the few entirely straight-forward human beings I have ever met. I was charmed by her," he said.

Van Johnson, filling the door of the dressing room with his great frame, cleared his throat ostentatiously.

"I'm warning you," forestalled Walter Pidgeon, "that if you say one word about that daughter of yours, I'm going to go into the routine about my new granddaughter and I'll match you snapshot for snapshot."

Grinning, Van said, "I'm going to fool you. I wasn't going to talk about Sky Johnson, but about Greta Garbo—the

most fascinating human being anyone could meet."

At the time of this meeting, Van continued, he was a Hollywood newcomer and as wide-eyed as they come. At the home of friends one night he volunteered to answer the ringing doorbell, and there on the welcome mat stood the Magnificent Garbo.

The bright shaft from the porch light fell on her great, deep eyes, accentuating her incredibly long eyelashes and her high cheek bones. She was wearing a grey slack suit, grey sox and sandals, and a man's navy blue pea jacket.

"I darned near fainted before I could stand aside and invite her in," confessed Van. "The whole evening passed in a kind of blur. She talked about painting, politics, several new books, but not once all evening did she mention motion pictures. What a woman. She's a *landsmann* of mine, you know."

"Look," I said plaintively, "I have been lurking on this set for the past three days to find out how it feels to be the only woman surrounded by the most exciting array of male talent assembled in years. So what happens? So all you talk about is fascinating women."

At that point, I had a rival. Miss Judith Ann Donlevy, sub-debutante daughter of Brian, arrived with her nurse. We were all introduced to her but she began to make eyes at Van Johnson. She also sat on Walter Pidgeon's lap and accepted Marshall Thompson's offer of a piggy-back ride.

After all this excitement, Judith Ann looked slowly around the set at the wonderful array of manpower. "Daddy, when am I going to make a picture with you?"

She is a sly minx, you can see that. However, if she ever goes to work in a picture in which she is the only woman, I will warn her. Even though she is the only woman on the set, the place will be crowded with the visions of devastating femininity the boys have met before.

That's the trouble with Hollywood: too many women. A girl alone on a sound stage with Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Brian Donlevy, Charles Bickford, Marshall Thompson, and Cameron Mitchell, gets only an inferiority complex.

THE END

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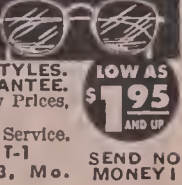
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PITY POOR DAD

(Continued from page 16)

are apt to go overboard on this helpful stuff. For instance, if Mom's away for the afternoon, don't offer to fix Dad's lunch and then insult him with tea-shop-sized sandwiches, heart-shaped and triangular bits of fluff, like chopped parsley in sour cream.

Also, don't try to clean Dad's pipes. Make it a rule to avoid being helpful with Dad's personal belongings. He'll appreciate that such as he will full-crusted, rye bread sandwiches filled with something you can put your teeth into.

Don't try to straighten up the papers on Dad's desk. It's a very dangerous business, and frequently costly. If you have to dust his desk, just dust around the papers—don't move 'em—and limit yourself to the wood surfaces.

Money Matters should rate considerable thought. For instance, if you're in college on a budget, try to keep within that budget, unless it's a real emergency. Then, if you've faithfully followed all the rules up 'til now, you won't find him nearly so hard to handle.

Don't ask Dad if you may charge a \$19.95 dress to his account at the store, and then let him get a bill for \$35, after he's phoned the store, and authorized the charge. And don't phone him at the office or at work to ask for it. There is a psychological moment for everything and the proper moment is after Dad's had a good dinner, after a successful afternoon at golf, while he's in his favorite chair, after (not during!) his favorite program.

Methods of obtaining what you want should be subtle, and considerate. Don't burst into tears, even if they've always worked! If you turn on the faucet for every little thing, Dad resents it later and he'll be on his guard when you really have reason to weep. Besides, he's wise

to the difference between real tears and the crocodile variety.

In the process of "buttering him up," don't give him a big hug just after you've applied fresh powder. He doesn't like white smears on his blue serge suit. And instead of appreciating your affection, he's more than apt to throw a tantrum.

Try to listen to at least some of Dad's stories, even though you've heard them before. All men repeat themselves. You might just as well get into the practice of being a good listener.

There are other minor suggestions I might make, such as: **DON'T** spring sudden ideas or loud noises after Father has had a big time the night before. Take off your shoes and tiptoe in quietly when he's asleep. **DON'T** play the radio or swing records full blast when he's deep in the throes of income tax returns. **DON'T** leave your lingerie strewn around the bathroom. **DON'T** use his shaving mug and any of his equipment. **DON'T** wear his shirts.

DON'T disarrange the newspaper before he gets home—if you must go through it, keep it neat. **DON'T** smoke in bed—he's already beating his brains out over the current high rates of fire insurance.

To sum it up, the secret of avoiding irritating Father is simply the practice of according him the same courtesy and consideration you would accord that lovely man you met at a party last week.

Edward Arnold certainly would appreciate this sort of daughterly consideration and so would, we're sure, your own father. So if you want to keep your Dad from doing a slow Edward-Arnold-burn at you, try the above.

We know it'll work. You see, we've already tried it!

THE END

SHE'S AN ANGEL

(Continued from page 19)

well enough to get around again, she found that a whole new crop of actresses had taken her place. She was an unknown to the men who did the hiring in pictures.

Gertrude, an emotional, highly sensitive girl who finds it difficult to face great adversity and disappointment, didn't know where to turn. She almost wanted to buck the field, or else found another kind of job. But Gertrude could make no such decisions for herself.

Acting was the only thing she knew or wanted to do. Piano playing, of course, was out. She hadn't practiced in years. She had leaned on her mother so much in the old days that it almost broke her spirit to have to face such unyielding reality alone.

Everything was gone—her career, her old friends and contacts, her money. The past glory she had known so briefly made it all the harder to endure the ignominy and poverty now. There were times when she didn't eat because she hadn't the money. But she told no one.

Then one afternoon she was in a Los Angeles department store trying to summon enough courage to apply for a job as a salesgirl. As she started to step into the elevator, someone coming out gripped her hand warmly and cried, "Why Gertrude, how are you?"

It was Joan Crawford. Joan, beautifully dressed, every inch the movie queen, was just leaving a fashion show at the store. Gertrude couldn't bring herself to tell all that had happened during the years, but Joan, with her swift intuition, seemed to know.

Very casually, Joan said, "We've been looking all over for an actress of your type for a role in 'Flamingo Road.' Won't you come to Warners with me tomorrow and make a test for Mike Curtiz?"

Gertrude could hardly control tears. At the studio, in Joan's white dressing room, all the hardships of the past few years seemed to fade as Joan helped her make up.

Gertrude's hands trembled as she applied the lipstick. "I'm so nervous I'm afraid I'll shake all over," she said. "I'll never make a good test."

"Don't worry," Joan said. "I'm always nervous when I start a picture. I'll shake with you."

Joan walked out on the sound stage, her hand firmly holding Gertrude's and made the test with her.

When you see Gertrude and Joan as chums in the picture, remember that you are seeing not only the drama of "Flamingo Road" unfold on the screen, but a real-life drama of Hollywood as well.

THE END



How's your handwriting for size? Peter Lawford's huge script shows he's an extrovert, says graphologist Helen King. You'll be seeing Pete soon in M-G-M's "Little Women."

**DO
YOU
WRITE
LIKE**

By Helen King, President, American Graphologists Association

★ Have you seen any writing 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches in height? If you have, you're seeing the unusual script of an extrovert—a person who is something like Peter Lawford, British-born star of the cinema world. This type handwriting happens about once in ten thousand times so it is a bit unusual.

It is especially interesting to a graphologist to see this very extrovertish-script in a reserved person. Peter Lawford is the sophisticated, the Continental, the man-about-town—and his writing shows he has a love of people, contact, of mixing in. He responds to praise, to dealing with others. And he detests being left by himself to cogitate. This young man definitely wants to be a part of the world, not just a witness.

Does your writing have that unusually long t-crossing? Then you have will power and determination.

Does your writing have that unusual "f"? If so, you are original in both thought and action.

Does your writing have an occasional break? That is, are some of the letters separated? You have intuition, a desire to "have a hunch." You also judge by a first impression.

Note the interesting "L". It looks like half-a-box enclosing the rest of his name. That's a sign of protectiveness, of helping

others. And the straight dashing underscore reveals Pete as a chap whose personality not only rates attention but definitely gets it.

The unusual "d" with its tent-shaped formation is always found in the writing of one who holds back some thoughts, who knows how to respect a confidence, to keep a secret.

Young Mr. Lawford is affectionate, demonstrative, and sympathetic. All this—and good looking, too!

THE END

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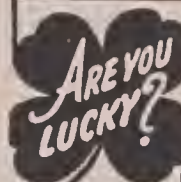
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A KISS IN THE DARK (Warners) ◆◆◆

Any comedy in which such excellent performers as David Niven and Jane Wyman and that genial old buffoon, Victor Moore, appear is bound to be good. What makes "A Kiss in the Dark" a stand-out among recent entertaining and likeable comedies is an above-average story (with twists that may not be new but they haven't been over-worked the past few years) and wonderful music.

David Niven, you see, plays a self-centered, egocentric concert pianist. He is not particularly happy in his solitude. He is lonely and bossed by his valet and his shrewd manager. This manager (expertly played by Joseph Buloff) has made some shrewd investments for David, including an apartment house called "The Cleopatra Arms." His only oversight was not telling David about the venture.

It is this apartment house that changes David's life for it is managed by Victor Moore (who lost it because he ran it from his heart rather than as a business venture). In it lives Jane Wyman, a photographer's model. (Incidentally, wait 'til you see Jane in a play suit!) David Niven is entranced with the view and slowly he emerges out of his shell into reality—and what reality!—thanks to Jane, her legs, Victor Moore and the assorted tenants and problems of the occupants of "The Cleopatra Arms." But all doesn't run as smoothly as it might. His manager doesn't like the idea of David's growing interest in a model instead of his music and he sides with Jane's erstwhile boyfriend to not only break up the couple but to do so with an eye to lining both their pocketbooks with David's money.

A special citation should go to Wayne Morris, who plays a big blond dope better than any big blond actor in Hollywood. If he keeps on this run of good roles, he's going to turn into real box-office again. And an extra cheer for the music, which is really out of this world.

Chalk up a good round *must* on this for you to see. It's good lusty fun.



Suspense is high when Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothorn, Kirk Douglas get together in this film.

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES (20th) ♦♦♦

Chalk off another hit for 20th Century-Fox. "Letter To Three Wives" rates exclamation points in our book for a good story and outstanding performances from the all-star cast: Jeanne Crain, Jeffrey Lynn, Linda Darnell, Paul Douglas, Ann Sothorn and Kirk Douglas. Special kudos go to Paul Douglas who turns in an Academy Award performance in his first film role. (He's been a hit in N. Y.'s stage play, "Born Yesterday.")

This is the story of three wives who think themselves happily married to their respective spouses. Each girl represents a type you're all familiar with. Linda Darnell is the wealthy heiress; Jeanne Crain, a farm girl who snared wealthy, aristocratic Jeffrey Lynn while she was with the WAVES; Ann Sothorn, a radio writer who seems to be having a happy marriage with school-teacher husband, Kirk Douglas.

One day they read a letter (written by a fourth girl) with the news that she has run off with one of their husbands.

It takes a 24-hour period for the wives to find out which husband has been snared. And while they're reviewing their allegedly happy married lives, you'll be sitting on the edge of your seat wondering how the whole thing is going to turn out. The suspense is terrific—and guarantees you a good evening's movie entertainment.



"Command Decision" rates as a splendid war story. There's not a gal in the entire cast!

COMMAND DECISION (MGM) ♦♦♦

War pictures often are tricky things to pass judgment on. Either they're over-glamorized or just stupid. "Command Decision" is neither. The film version of the successful New York stage hit has had kind treatment at the hands of Hollywood.

If you remember, there isn't a gal in the cast. Action takes place in a bombing squadron headquarters somewhere in England. Plot concerns the plans of a commanding officer (Clark Gable) who weighs the problem of carrying out a bombing mission that surely will shorten the war—but will be costly in terms of men. A cynical war correspondent (Charles Bickford) sees the mission only as a horrible waste of lives. A politician general from Washington, D. C., (Walter Pidgeon) looks on the venture with fears mainly because the risky trip may jeopardize the prestige of the Air Force. Visiting congressmen also seem unaware of the importance of ending the war.

The entire cast turns in a superior performance. Van Johnson, Brian Donlevy, John Hodiak, Edward Arnold, Marshall Thompson, Richard Quine, Cameron Mitchell are splendid in their roles.



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Ron loves Pat—or rather, "John Loves Mary"—a rollicking film version of the stage hit.

JOHN LOVES MARY (Warners)

Get set for a fun evening! This story was adapted from the Broadway hit; and, while the idea may be a bit aged, it's still worth the chuckles you'll give it.

When army man Ronald Reagan returns from the war, fiancée Pat Neal's waiting with open arms. She's all set to get married and settle down, but before she can do that, Ron has to figure out a way to get rid of the war bride he's brought back to the U. S. Marrying an English lass was Ron's idea of doing a good deed for his buddy Jack Carson who loved the girl madly way back when. During a lapse of time, however, Jack returned to this country, fell in love and married someone else—without advising friend Ron about the switch. When Ron finds out the situation he's in a mess.

The problem is to keep Pat's senator father from discovering what's happened—and also to try to get the family to postpone the marriage. The threat of bigamy hangs heavy but there's a solution. Everything works out all right—although you might wonder how it possibly could!

In her first screen role, Pat Neal turns in a neat performance and assures herself of a steady movie career. (Her next will be "Fountainhead.") Edward Arnold, Ronald Reagan, Jack Carson and Wayne Morris help make this entertaining.



Dan Dailey and Celeste Holm have fun in "Chicken Every Sunday." You'll like it, too.

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY (20th)

This is a pleasant little comedy but falls short of the high standard set by George Seaton who gave you "Miracle on 34th Street" and "Apartment for Peggy."

The book "Chicken Every Sunday" was very amusing and the play adapted from the book was hilariously funny, but somehow the humor is lost in this picture.

The story concerns Emily and Jim Hefferen and is laid in Tucson, Arizona, in the war years of innocence between 1890 and 1910. Jim Hefferen (played half-heartedly by Dan Dailey) is a guy full of big schemes for making money but every time he gets a project started he leaves it for something bigger. Emily, his wife (played by Celeste Holm), is as practical as Jim is "visionary" and she takes in boarders from the day of their marriage in order to achieve the security she craves.

Emily's boarding house is a gem of delight in the book, but it seems rather dull and colorless in this movie version with all the rich, lush humor lost in a dull script of uninspired direction.

Celeste Holm, one of the best comediennes in Hollywood, never lives up to her capabilities. Colleen Townsend and Alan Young supply the young love interest.

AN ACT OF VIOLENCE (MGM) ♦♦♦

Van Heflin gets a chance to turn in a powerful performance in "An Act of Violence."

Former army officer Van Heflin has settled down to a quiet post-war life. He's enjoying the pleasant, easy life he dreamed about while fighting in Germany.

Suddenly all his security vanishes. A stranger (Robert Ryan) appears on the scene—and the purpose of the man's visit is revenge! He demands retaliation for Van's actions and decisions while he and his army buddies were in a Nazi prison camp.

Van's conscience hasn't been too clear, although he feels he did his best for all concerned—at the time. With the appearance of the stranger, he's not so sure.

Everyone turns in a top-notch performance—but honors go to Van Heflin and Robert Ryan for splendid performances.

THREE GODFATHERS (MGM) ♦♦♦

Here's a western with a welcome new twist. One of the reasons it turns out to be such good entertainment is that it's directed by that master of the westerns, John Ford. But it's not up to his best.

John Wayne, Pedro Armendariz and Harry Carey, Jr., are desperadoes fleeing into the desert. They meet a deserted woman about to have a baby and though they do what they can, she dies naming them the godfathers.

Their job from this point is to give their all for the child, not an easy job in the desert where even survival for strong men is a challenge.

The trio turns in top performances and the photography of the desert scenes in Technicolor is breathtaking.

Too bad even famed Director Ford couldn't entirely overcome a weak script.

THE O'FLYNN (Universal) ♦♦♦

If you like swashbuckling, acrobatics, adventure—try "The O'Flynn."

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., almost outdoes his famous dad as the brave and handsome hero who goes to Ireland to claim a castle willed him by his late uncle. The year is 1797, and highwaymen lurk at every crossroad.

O'Flynn is called on to rescue fair damsel Helena Carter, daughter of the Viceroy of Ireland. The lady fair is taking a message to her father about Napoleon's latest plot to invade England.

The plotters interfere with Helena's journey, but Doug's on hand to whisk her out of danger—and, of course, to win her love when all the fighting's over.

Richard Greene, Patricia Medina, Otto Waldis and Arthur Shields (Barry Fitzgerald's brother) top an adequate supporting cast.

The picture's all Doug's, however, and he makes the most of it.

THE SUN COMES UP (MGM) ♦♦♦

Here's a picture tailor-made for the family trade. It is shot in Technicolor and there are some lovely views of mountains and streams and, of course, Lassie. Not that Lassie dominates the picture. It's Jeanette MacDonald's story.

Jeanette has given up her career to devote herself to her fatherless son. The boy is 17 when she is persuaded to return to the concert stage. On the night of her most successful comeback, her son is killed saving Lassie from an accident.

She meets Claude Jarman, Jr., an orphan from the mountains and from simple country stock, regains her peace of mind and another son.

CRISS CROSS (Universal) ♦♦♦ 1/2

Burt Lancaster and Yvonne DeCarlo emerge as the newest screen team—and they do right well, in spite of a mediocre story.

Yvonne's a selfish wench Burt can't forget. When he tries to follow the straight and narrow path, Yvonne's on hand to help him stray. In order to keep her in a style to which she is unaccustomed—and also out of the clutches of villain Dan Duryea—Burt plans to hijack a bank car. He doesn't quite make the grade, and the finale closes on a crime-does-not-pay theme.

Steve McNally (remember his bang-up job in "Johnny Belinda"?) is the boyhood detective friend who tries to save Burt from a life of crime. Dick Long and Meg Randall are good in brief scenes. You can take or leave this one. Both Yvonne and Burt deserve better movie scripts than the likes of this, for they're both good thespians.

HILLS OF HOME (MGM) ♦♦♦ 1/2

That canny canine, Lassie, will delight you again in this beautiful Technicolor tale of a Scottish doctor and his dog.

There are some thrilling moments as Lassie progresses from a water-shy outcast to a permanent place in the old doctor's esteem.

The story of the good doctor's career is rather too long and trite but that fine actor, Edmund Gwenn, manages to make him a warm, believable character.

There are acts of heroism by both Lassie and Gwenn that will touch your heart, and a couple of exciting and suspenseful incidents, but for the most part the plot of the picture is homespun and ordinary.

Tom Drake and lovely Janet Leigh add romantic interest.

It's no Academy Award contender, but "Hills of Home" is a picture that the whole family is sure to enjoy.

THE COUNTESS OF MONTE

CRISTO (U.I.) ♦♦♦ 1/2

If you're a skating enthusiast, Sonja Henie's new picture will thrill you. She skates through her best routines to date and her partner, Michael Kirby, is not only a handsome leading man but is as graceful on skates as Kelly is on the hoof. Unfortunately the fairytale type story doesn't boast good enough script or plot to carry the picture past the mediocre class.

It's about two barmaids who get a chance as extras and abscond with a fancy limousine, a mink coat and luggage. They register at a fancy resort as The Countess of Monte Cristo and maid. Before the adventure's through they tangle with jewel thieves, romance and a movie contract.

Freddie Trenkler's short specialty is a highlight of the movie and Olga San Juan as Sonja's maid adds a welcome touch of life.

WHIPLASH (W.B.) ♦♦♦

Dane Clark and Alexis Smith suffer through this one—but the happy ending offers some consolation, if only to signify the end of the picture.

The plot gets a little involved when artist Dane Clark decides to become a prizefighter to spite Alexis. And he manages to take quite a beating while conveying the idea of his displeasure. Alexis looks on sadly, not able to explain that she married a heel (Zachary Scott) to protect her brother (Jeffrey Lynn).

Eve Arden tries to save the day with a few wisecracks, but she can do only so much.

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This Rudolph Valentino would like to



play the real Valentino on the screen.

Which Rudy Is the Phony?

I have been a movie extra for twelve years. I've had all the heartaches that go along with trying to achieve a screen career, but I think I've had more than my share of failure. Here's my story.

Everywhere I go, everyone I meet, everything I do, I'm told I look exactly like Rudolph Valentino. When an agent sees me, he rushes right over to see Director Edward Small, but when he finds he can't see Mr. Small, he drops me. I can't get any good parts any more. If I do get a bit part, or even extra work, I have to be given insignificant spots because my resemblance to Valentino might confuse the audience. Not one agent in Hollywood will handle me unless he can contact Mr. Small about me—and he can't.

What am I to do? Isn't there a chance that I am just the one to play Valentino in the new picture of Rudolph's life? All I need is a break. Will Mr. Small give me at least the chance to prove myself?

Rudolph Valentino
Hollywood, California

A Gay New Blade

I saw Michael Kirby in "The Countess of Monte Cristo" the other day and was thrilled. As both actor and skater he stands above so many other leading men who have zoomed to stardom overnight. He's handsome, romantic with real ability. So make way, Hollywood, for a new star who'll threaten screen heroes with a personality, good looks and talent that can't be beat.

Barbara Parkes
Livingston, New Jersey

Give Us Beckett

I can't think of anything I'd like more than to have Scotty Beckett play a leading role in a movie. Why can't he have a part that teen-agers like? Why don't we see more of him? Why must Hollywood go to foreign countries for stars when there are some great young actors here in the U.S.? Let's see more of Beckett from now on.

Lois Buege
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Still Swooning for Sinatra

Movieland I love you! Your article "Psychoanalyzing Frank Sinatra" (Nov) is truly a masterpiece! I've been following Frank's career for eight years and

never have I found anyone so vital and human.

I have seen Frank stop to quiet down an audience of girls who just couldn't help swooning and interrupting him. But I never heard him speak sharply to them. If more of the stars were like Frank I do not believe Hollywood would ever be criticized.

Here's to him!
Mrs. G. Winnick
Ann Arbor, Michigan

I think Sinatra is the grandest man alive!

There have been too many jealous of him and those are the ones who aren't willing to admit his talent and humanitarianism. They even try to hurt him, but someone who's as honest as Frank can't possibly be brushed by such tactics.

Mrs. Louise Snuggs
Marengo, Wisconsin

Lady Lake

I liked the article on June Haver in January issue.

I liked the article on Veronica Lake. I would like to see a personal-like article on Veronica Lake. Yes, I definitely would. Being a fan of the beautiful Miss L., I couldn't but side with her. But, as you observed, she isn't too well off, her mother expects quite a lot, and both sides have a story.

How about a home setting with Veronica answering fan mail (hmmm?). She's not much for news, but pictures—!!

Yours truly,
Edward L. Eutemey
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bing Ho!

As far as I'm concerned, Bing Crosby is my favorite star. I can hardly wait to see the groaner in his new picture, "A Connecticut Yankee." Why is it there are so few stories about Bing? Let's have more.

Sarah Comstock
Denver, Colorado

Cook's Tour

I followed Janis Paige's recipes (February issue) and can report that everything went along fine! Let's have more stars' recipes.

Mary Ayres
Kenosha, Wis.

Movieland would like to know what you like about the movies, who your favorite stars are, who and what you don't like about Hollywood and why. The most interesting letters will be printed on this page each month. Address all letters to The Editor, Movieland, 535 5th Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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And at the table sat Odile's younger sister, voluptuous Caresse, even more sultry than her name. She resided with Odile and her husband in the family mansion and she drove Leonce to a madden-

ing desire to put an end to his wife so that he could possess her. And Foxworth himself had reasons of his own for wanting Odile out of the way!

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Our cover girl is M-G-M's beautiful Lana Turner, most dynamic of them all. Read her compelling story on page 42.

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Joe Shere }

Beatrice Lubitz Cole, Editorial Director

MOVIELAND, published monthly by Movieland, Inc., at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Advertising, editorial offices: 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood editorial office: 916 No. La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Chicago advertising office: 333 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Vol. 7 No. 3, April, 1949. Entered as second-class matter December 15, 1942, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price 25c a copy. Subscription price \$3.00 in the United States and \$3.00 in Canada. Copyright 1949 by Movieland, Inc. The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the United States of America. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.



They're Back Together...

and look who's with 'em!

SONG-HITS!

9 of 'em, naturally!
including.

- "Take Me Out To The Ball Game"
- "Yes Indeedy"
- "The Hayride Song"
- "O'Brien To Ryan To Fineburg"
- "It's Fate, Baby, It's Fate"
- "She's The Right Girl For Me"
- "Baby Doll"



...LET'S FACE IT!...

It's Tops in Musicals

MGM

scores again with a
singing, dancing,
romancing smash in

COLOR BY
Technicolor!

FRANK SINATRA ESTHER WILLIAMS GENE KELLY



Take Me Out To The Ball Game

DIRECTED BY
BUSBY BERKELEY
PRODUCED BY
ARTHUR FREED

WITH
BETTY GARRETT
EDWARD ARNOLD
JULES MUNSHIN

Screen Play by HARRY TUGEND and GEORGE WELLS • Story by GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



You can see there was complete cooperation when Dana Andrews and Anne Baxter co-starred on a recent CBS Radio Theater dramatization.



Peter Lawford really isn't Lucille Ball's favorite husband, as you well know. He was just on hand to publicize Lucille's radio show.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*

BY BEATRICE LUBITZ COLE

★ The split-up of Dick Haymes and Joanne Dru was not a surprise to Hollywood. They've had their troubles before. The chief difficulty seems to be Dick's objection to Joanne's career. During the past year her career took an upswing, while his seems to have gone in the opposite direction, leaving him with too much time on his hands. But intimates expect a reconciliation before the six months' trial separation is up, and are scoffing at the reports that Dick has a serious eye on Nora Eddington, despite the fact that they've been seeing a great deal of each other.

With Nora's dating other men, we'd guess that her marriage to Errol Flynn is headed for the divorce courts. She's been careful up to this point not to have her name connected romantically with any other fellow. Errol's separation-reconciliation pattern with Nora is similar to the one with Lili Damita, which ended finally in divorce.

Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier help keep their marriage solid with an annual honeymoon, beginning with the date of their wedding anniversary. The first year they went to Cuba; the second, to

Mexico City; the third, to Honolulu; and next year they plan a round-the-world cruise. While Joan was in the hospital with her baby, she picked up a nurse's aid, Mary Anne Miles, as a protegee. She'll be in Joan's next picture, "A Very Remarkable Fellow," as a starter on an acting career. * * *

Paulette Goddard is laughing off those divorce rumors that sprang up during her sojourn in Mexico. "Suppose I'm getting used to gossip!" * * *

Viveca Lindfors has definitely recon-



This romance goes on and on. Bob Stack and fiancée Irene Wrightsman have plans but they're not talking.



Sign of Spring: Evie Johnson's smart chapeau. She's at the opening of "Red Shoes" with hubby Van Johnson.



Behold the bride and bridegroom! Honeymooners Diana Lynn, John Lindsay en route to Bermuda.



Peggy Ann Garner's getting more glamorous every day, as beau, Lon McCallister, knows very well.

ciled with her Swedish husband, who is Henry Ford II's representative in Sweden. By the time you read this, Viveca probably will have left Hollywood. She wants to do a New York play to show American audiences what she can do as an actress. She hasn't really had the proper breaks on the screen.

* * *

Judy Canova, in order to circumvent the trials and tribulations of getting her four-year-old daughter's hair cut, throws a hair-cut party for the kids in the neighborhood. A barber comes as the guest of honor. By making it seem a

(Please turn to page 8)



Gene Kelly showed Gordon MacRae how to get off on the right foot as guest on Gordon's show, "The Railroad Hour."

Inside Hollywood

continued

game, the kids don't squawk at the shearing.

* * *

Charles Laughton returned from Paris to find that his home had been completely re-decorated during his absence. Elsa Lanchester had turned one whole section of his house into a class room for his Shakespeare sessions. Many well-known actors are attending these classes. Susanne Clouteir came over from Paris expressly to study under Charles.

* * *

Shelley Winters, whom everyone regards as quite a gal about town, devotes three evenings a week to Laughton's class. She can often be seen with a pencil behind her ear and a Shakespeare book in her hand while sitting around Hollywood drug stores. Says she, "Mr. Laughton is a hard taskmaster, and I wouldn't think of reporting to his classes without the proper preparation."

* * *

Orson Welles isn't finding much to laugh at these days. His film version of "Macbeth" took a severe lambasting from the critics, and we hear that he greatly
(Please turn to page 10)



John Bromfield feeds his pretty bride, Corinne Calvet, a delicious—but fattening!—tidbit at editor Beatrice Cole's Hollywood cocktail party.



Peter Lawford (oh, what charm!) makes 14-year-old Joan Evans feel right at home. She's Goldwyn's newest star, will be seen soon in "Roseanna McCoy."



Movieland's visiting editor, Bea Cole, gets real low-down on Hollywood personalities from Macdonald Carey.



An interesting trio: Marie Wilson of "My Friend Irma" fame, with infrequent party-goer Lew Ayres and Allen Nixon. Marie's be-ribboned pooch stole the show.

Beloved 'Belinda' TALKS!

“I didn't have a word to say in 'Johnny Belinda'. But now I can't say enough about the wonderful time I have with David Niven in 'Kiss in the Dark'. There's something in 'Kiss in the Dark'—something as warm and special in its own way as 'Johnny Belinda' was. You're going to have a new story to talk about again.”

Jane won
78
CITATIONS
for 'Johnny Belinda'
—and she does
it again!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT A BIG NEW TRIUMPH!

DAVID NIVEN *and* JANE WYMAN

"KISS IN THE DARK"



with VICTOR MOORE · WAYNE MORRIS · BRODERICK CRAWFORD



DIRECTED BY DELMER DAVES PRODUCED BY HARRY KURNITZ

SCREEN PLAY BY HARRY KURNITZ • FROM A STORY BY EVERETT AND DEVERY FREEMAN

ORIGINAL MUSIC COMPOSED AND ADAPTED BY MAX STEINER



Dr. Peter Lindstrom gave moral support to wife Ingrid Bergman at "Joan" premiere.



That cute, pert Audrey Totter points out a celebrity to also cute, pert sister Collette.

H *inside*
H *ollywood*
continued

disapproves of his daughter's traveling hither and yon with Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan. He's practically deserted Hollywood, and intimates say they don't know when he'll return here for a lengthy stay. But he'd better get in training for that picture he's to do with Maria Montez in France. Neither of those two was ever famous for having even temperaments; and if there is not a display of fireworks during the making of that film, we'll certainly miss our guess.

Hollywood expects the Greer Garson-Buddy Fogelson marriage to take place

around April. When you ask Greer for facts about it, she hands you a giggle and the information that "Buddy doesn't like publicity."

Since the birth of his son, Humphrey Bogart has become very gentle and soft-spoken to everyone. Intimates say that he's a completely changed character. While sweating out the stork in the father's room of the hospital, Bogie was just another nervous father. A doctor, after talking with the screen tough man, said he thought he'd go downstairs and pick up a magazine. Bogie said, "No." (Please turn to page 12)



Gracie Allen and Barbara Bel Geddes see stars the *Movieland* way before lunch at Hollywood's famous Brown Derby restaurant.

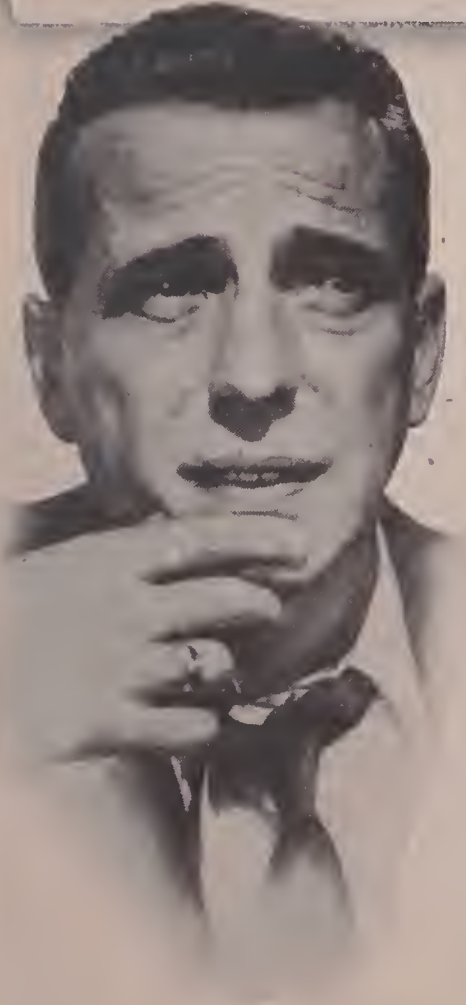


Ken Murray (remember his "Bill and Coo"?) shares some bridal food and chit-chat with pretty wife and guest Robert Young.

A powerful and moving story of the secret hearts of men and women on the thin edge of desperation.



"Pretty Boy" Romano nears the end of his trail.



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presents

Humphrey BOGART
in
KNOCK ON ANY DOOR

introducing **JOHN DEREK** with **GEORGE MACREADY** **ALLENE ROBERTS** **SUSAN PERRY**

Screen play by Daniel Taradash and John Monks, Jr.

A SANTANA PRODUCTION OF THE NOVEL BY WILLARD MOTLEY

Directed by **NICHOLAS RAY** • Produced by **ROBERT LORD**



Ciro's gets first glimpse of a brand new twosome that'll bear watching—Janet Leigh, Arthur Loew.



Gossip comes and goes, but the Joan Crawford-Greg Bautzer romance keeps rolling along. They looked mighty happy together at a recent opening.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*
continued



Love Can Last in Hollywood Department—George Sanders and ZaZa Hilton will probably be married when you read this.

You'd better stay with Betty." The doctor replied, "She'll be all right. I want to look up this business in the magazine just to be sure I know how it's done."

The long delayed marriage of Jennifer Jones and David Selznick will likely come off in early spring. There should never be any career trouble in that family. She has the utmost respect for his ability as a movie producer, and says so; while he thinks she's one of the finest actresses in the world.

Ida Lupino says, "When two people in a family have careers and are determined to deliver good jobs individually, they often have too little time together, which makes for unhappiness. Collie (Young) and I have arranged our affairs so we can take a slow boat to Europe together this spring. While learning about other parts of the world, we want to learn more about each other."

We hear on good authority that one of our top feminine stars, whose "illness" has been holding up production on her picture, has actually been hitting the giggle water too heavily. Her studio threw up the "illness" screen to keep the matter from the public.

Hasn't Sonny Tufts, who began to
(Please turn to page 14)



Director Bill Lawrence of "Screen Guild Players" show wants to talk over script changes, but we'll bet Deborah Kerr would rather tell him all about her new son.

How LUCKY Can You Get?



Amusement Enterprises presents

DOROTHY LAMOUR BRIAN DONLEVY CLAIRE TREVOR

in

"THE LUCKY STIFF"



with
IRENE HERVEY · BILLY VINE · MARJORIE RAMBEAU · ROBERT ARMSTRONG DIRECTED BY LEWIS R. FOSTER

Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster
Based on the novel by Craig Rice
Released thru United Artists

It's a rollicking mystery-comedy based on the popular Craig Rice character (and we do mean "character") Mr. Malone

M

H *inside*
I
H *ollywood*
 continued



No wonder Olivia de Havilland and husband Marcus Goodrich look so happy. Olivia won New York Critics' award for "Snake Pit."

straighten up and fly right after his release from Paramount, started to get careless in his personal habits again? We don't like to hear all those stories that have been drifting into this office. But only you can stop them, Sonny.

* * *
 "Samson and Delilah" is bound to give Hedy Lamarr's career a shot in the arm. We don't yet know what kind of acting job she does in the film, but she's back with all of her old glamor plus. We got a peek at thirty color shots made of her in costume; and you can take it from us that nothing more beautiful has hit the screen recently. One of her costumes, which she calls "The Peacock Gown," will have fans drooling. Cecil DeMille, who's been planning this picture for a long time, collected the clothes over a period of years; and the results were certainly worth the effort.

* * *
 With an operation having greatly improved a hearing defect, Margaret Sullavan, at long last, is expected to resume her acting career. Her fans are still legion.

THE END



Did you know Shelley Winters' real name was Shirley? She borrowed present name from an actor-friend, Josh Shelley.



This dog has his day in the Marx Brothers' new film, "Love Happy," when he plays a game of Gin Rummy with bewildered Chico. That's Harpo kibitzing on the sidelines.



Old friends, Ann Blyth and Peter Fernandez have a reunion on set of "Amboy Dukes."

"ALIAS

Nick Beal"

No man
ever held more
Terrible Power
over Women!

HE TEMPTED HER
Into The Strangest Bar-
gain Ever Made Between
A Man And A Woman!

A Paramount Picture
starring

RAY MILLAND
AUDREY TOTTER
THOMAS MITCHELL

with
GEORGE MACREADY • FRED CLARK

Produced by **ENDRE BOHEM** • Directed by **JOHN FARROW**

Screenplay by Jonathan Latimer • Original story by Mindret Lord

PLEASE
don't tell your
friends who—"Nick
Beal" really is!



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\$8.97

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in wonderful, washable
sanforized* seersucker

Here's the smartest buy yet—a housecoat that looks for all the world like a dance frock. Brand new, too, the striking zebra print splashed with roses. And the brief and tapered half-peplum leaves the back free for the solid calar sash that snugs your waist. There's a romantic sweep of skirt, slit pocket, extra long concealed front zipper. This finest quality Simpson "Seersuck" seersucker is guaranteed colorfast, needs no ironing.

*less than 1% shrinkage

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How many?	Size	Gold Roses	Red Roses	Purple Roses	Second color choice

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Save! Order 2 for only \$17.50



Joan Crawford's poodle loves to have his picture taken. Too bad he misses out being in Joan's next Warner film, "Flamingo Road."

Can

I

help you?

By
JOAN CRAWFORD

Let glamorous Joan Crawford help you solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 916 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles 46, Calif. Your letter will receive her personal reply

DON'T GAMBLE ON LOVE

Dear Miss Crawford:

A little over a year ago I met a young man, age 25, who came to this city from Chicago. I met him at a church social.

He seemed very respectable, very charming, and when he asked for a date, I complied. Gradually I fell in love with this young man. We began pooling our funds in a joint savings account.

When the account reached \$1500, we planned to get married. Last week, when I went to the bank, I discovered that John had withdrawn \$600 of our money over a period of two months. When I asked him what he had done with the money, he told me he had lost it betting on horses. My mother tells me to give him up. She says he's worthless and that I'm a lucky girl to have found it out before I married him.

I still love John, however, and want to forgive him. But my parents insist that I break off. What do you suggest?

Irene M.
Des Moines, Iowa

Horse-bettors are a strange tribe of men afflicted with an almost incurable disease. It's been my experience that their first love in life is the races, and everything else is subsidiary, even wife and children.

All of us make mistakes and are entitled to forgiveness, but sometimes an error is indicative of a fundamental character weakness, and in this case I think that's true.

This young man practiced deceit when he took that money out of the bank. Half of that money belonged to you. If he were honest, he would have gone to you and told you the truth. But no, you had to find it out for yourself. I'm afraid

I have to agree with your parents. This chap doesn't seem to have the material out of which good, reliable husbands are made. Were I you, I'd look very carefully into his past.

BOY-CRAZY BERTHA

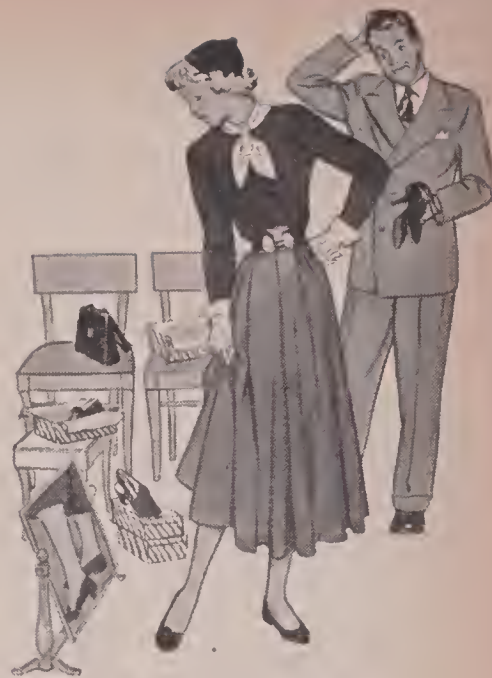
Dear Miss Crawford:

I am eighteen years old and I like boys. Is there anything wrong about that?

My girlfriends go around and call me "Boy-crazy Bertha," but such insults roll off my back. I find that boys make much better friends than girls. They don't gossip, they aren't jealous. I just like them.

(Please turn to page 102)

Are you in the know?



What's the best makeup remover?

- Soap and water
- Cold cream
- Smooching

Avast there, matey! Best you *first* slip make-up off with *cream*, wiping away with Kleenex* Tissues. Then wash your face. It takes cream to "fight" cream (such as most makeup bases are made of), and followed by soap and water, it helps keep blackheads at bay. Remove problem-day worries, too . . . with the aid of Kotex and that special *safety center*. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you *extra* protection . . . self-assurance!

For the lowdown on that N. M. I.T.—

- Read his palm
- Pry into his post
- Ask your brother

Before dating a New Man In Town, owl up on his character. Tea leaves or palmistry won't tell you, but you can depend on (guess who!) — your brother. Guys can size up guys, shrewdly. So ask your bro's advice about the mystery boy. As for girls, there are times when personal secrets must be kept. Then, you can depend on *Kotex* — for *Kotex* prevents revealing outlines. Those special *flat pressed ends* of *Kotex* don't show, don't tell!

Which "shortens" kingsize tootsies?

- Shell pumps
- Buckles n' bows
- Dork-hued shoes

You haven't a Cinderella-size foot? Any answer mentioned above can keep you out of her step-sisters' class! Shell pumps, with low-cut vamps. Big, silver or cut steel buckles, or soft perky bows — to flatter your instep. Dark shoes, to make these tricks more effective. Choosing the style that's for you is important — and so (on certain days) is your choice of *Kotex* absorbencies. Try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super *Kotex*.



What would you do in this situation?

- Smile and switch
- Keep on dancing
- Play deaf

You're swaying on a dream-cloud with the prom Heathcliff. So? He's tagged by a stag. Sharp gals never refuse a cut-in; thus you smile and switch to the lethal lad. When your *calendar* tries to cut in on your book-

ings—switch to the comfort of the new *Kotex*. Talk about a dream-cloud! *Kotex* has *softness that holds its shape*—because *Kotex* is made to stay soft while you wear it. Dance after dance, you stay comfortable!



How to prepare for "those" days?

- Be o blu gnu
- Break your dates
- Buy 2 sanitary belts

Certain times are no time for moping at home. Brighten up! And freshen up—with careful grooming, immaculate clothes. And why not be prepared in advance with *two Kotex Sanitary Belts*—so you can change to a *fresh belt* when you change to dating togs?

You see, the *Kotex Belt* is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Your adjustable, all-elastic *Kotex Belt* fits smoothly; doesn't bind. That's why—for extra comfort, you'll want the new *Kotex Sanitary Belt*. Buy *two—for a change!*



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Buy TWO—by name!



More women choose **KOTEX** ^{*}
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Hair- Do-

Well



Mona gets a clipping. She's going to bare her neck for the balmy spring breezes . . .



and a new short haircut. Paramount's hairdresser shows Mona how to care for new . . .

By
ANNE
ANSLEY

**Talk about
politics and
Mona Freeman
won't talk—but
mention hair
and she'll
tell you the
long and the
short of it**



Pat Nerney will be proud of his Mona. In her versatile hairdo she's a sophisticate, a debutante, but always a lovely young thing. She co-stars in "Streets of Laredo."

How a wife's false modesty can wreck *Married Happiness!*



length. Brisk daily brushing and a weekly shampoo will train the ends to be fluffy.



She's enchanted that this hairdo is easy to care for. She'll put it up in a jiffy . . .



because just a few large, loose curls will give it a slick and soft page-boy effect.



If only she'd learn here scientific truth *she can trust* about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

Often a young wife is too timid or shy to learn these intimate physical facts. And because of this her husband may become sulky and resentful. She feels her marriage is breaking up—heading for divorce. Yet she finds herself *helpless*.

It's this pitiful young woman who definitely needs to be instructed on how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *married happiness*—to combat one of woman's most offensive deodorant problems. And what's **EVEN MORE IMPORTANT**—why she should always use ZONITE in her douche.

She should learn: **NO OTHER TYPE LIQUID ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE OF ALL THOSE TESTED FOR THE DOUCHE IS SO POWERFUL YET SO SAFE TO TISSUES AS ZONITE!**

Developed By World-Famous
Surgeon and Scientist

What better assurance could you want

than to know that a famous Surgeon and Scientist developed the ZONITE principle—the *first* antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germ-killing and deodorizing action yet **ABSOLUTELY SAFE** to delicate tissue lining. ZONITE is *positively non-poisonous, non-irritating*. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as needed* without the *slightest* risk of injury.

A Modern Miracle

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective*—it kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can **FEEL CONFIDENT** that ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Scientific douching instructions come with every bottle. Any drugstore.

Zonite
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feminine hygiene

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For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. M-49, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

★ When I was invited to serve as Honorary Commander of the Field Army of the American Cancer Society, I was surprised and somewhat reluctant to accept the post. How could I, untrained in medical science, help fight cancer?

What I learned in answer to that question may be valuable to others: I discovered that while cancer may strike anyone, everyone can strike back, everyone can do something against cancer. You see, cancer is a personal problem, we cannot just leave it to the physicians and to the white-clad scientists in the laboratory.

A great war is being conducted in the United States to save lives, our neighbors' lives, perhaps your own life. The organizer of the voluntary fight is the American Cancer Society and battles are won—and lost, too—every day. Let me tell you a little of this war.

In a small town in New Hampshire a woman rises and shyly, haltingly tells her neighbors of her successful struggle against cancer. In New York, a Harlem school teacher comes, as she has every Saturday morning for two years, to drive patients to and from a clinic; in a small town in California, a woman whose sister was struck down by the disease, personally visits a thousand homes to bring them a message of hope and to ask for contributions; in Charlotte, North Carolina, a frightened man reads a leaflet and hurries to a physician, who reassures him: his is an early condition and there is every hope that he will be cured and live out a full, useful life. These are skirmishes in the cancer war.

All of us know of tragedies from this disease. The entertainment world has in recent years lost some of its most beloved figures: Elissa Landi, Adrienne Ames, Warren William, Babe Ruth, Damon Runyon. You can add many other names to this brief list.

But how many of us realize that today physicians can do a splendid work in saving men and women who develop cancer? Last year, the American Cancer Society tells us, some 65,000 of those who had cancer were saved and as many more could have been saved by early diagnosis, and prompt, proper treatment.

Early Cancer Can Be Curbed. This is

the hopeful message the American Cancer Society is spreading throughout our country during April, which Congress has set aside as the Cancer Control Month. Yet I do not need to tell you that the fight against cancer is far from won. While physicians do save one out of every four cases—and could save another of that four if they had the chance—there are still the other two who develop the disease. Physicians can help but cannot cure them. Only the success of our great research program will save them.

The fight that saved the woman in New Hampshire, and thousands of others like her, started in research laboratories, and was pressed in doctors' offices, in clinics, and in great hospitals. It was a fight that we must frankly recognize was conducted often in the face of public indifference

and with too little money to work with.

Before the war cancer research was restricted to a few laboratories. There were brilliant leaders in the field, but they suffered from inadequate budgets, lack of trained assistants, and poor equipment.

Today the picture is changing. Great cancer research centers are being developed across the country. The American Cancer Society has contributed to research projects in 28 states and the District of Columbia, and the Federal government, through the National Cancer Institute, is sponsoring an impressive research program.

This is good, but it is only the beginning. Physicians report that in many parts of the country clinic facilities lag badly behind minimum needs. There is still too little recognition by men and



Irene Dunne

has good

news for you.

Cancer can

be cured—

with your help

FACING *the facts*

By

IRENE DUNNE



women of the part they must play in the cancer fight to protect themselves and to help the entire program.

This year, the American Cancer Society is contributing \$3,250,000 to research. It could conservatively and effectively use twice that amount. I was surprised to learn that in 1948 Americans contributed to the American Cancer Society only a little more than one-tenth of one percent of what they paid for beer and liquor.

As part of the motion picture industry, I am proud of the role it has played in helping rip away the tangled mass of superstition and fearful horror that used to prevent even mention of cancer. The American Cancer Society says, "Men and women of the film world have been wonderfully generous in their help in focusing public attention on cancer and its control. The names of those who have given time and their skill to our campaign is a long and distinguished one. Bing Crosby, Lauren Bacall, Lionel Barrymore, Henry Fonda, Katharine Hepburn, Loretta Young, Bob Hope, are a few of those who have aided us in bringing a message of hope to the people."

I have told you some of what I learned about the fight against cancer, but the most important point, the one I hope all my readers will remember, is that so much of the control of this disease is our personal responsibility. Remember the woman in New Hampshire who was saved to tell her story to her neighbors and to urge them to support the work? Her story began with her personal decision to go to a physician and ask advice. She went in time and was saved.

This is why the American Cancer Society tells us that we ourselves must always be on the alert for any of the cancer danger signals, changes in our body which may mean that cancer is present and which always should take us to a physician. These danger signals are:

1. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.
2. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
3. Bloody discharge from the nipple or irregular bleeding from any of the natural body openings.
4. Any change in the color or size of a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion.
6. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any change in the normal bowel habits.

The Society warns us that pain is usually a late symptom and adds the advice that whether or not any of the signals develop, and however well we feel, we should have a searching physical examination every year and twice a year if we are over forty.

April, the Cancer Control Month, will soon be here. It offers each of us a rare chance to join with the American Cancer Society in its heroic struggle against disease by contributing funds to its three-pronged program of research, service, and education.

I hope that my readers share with me the feeling that we can and must play a part in the fight against this disease.

But while cancer is a personal threat we are not expected to face it alone. Like tens of thousands of others we can serve as volunteers with the Society's Field Army. We can give and give generously to the American Cancer Society.

A contribution to cancer control is the finest possible memorial to the great ones of the world of entertainment whom cancer has taken from us, the men and women who in their lifetimes brought so much pleasure to us all.

THE END

Color, Color Everywhere

AND EVERY ONE A DREAM!

GENUINE SUEDE
IN GREEN, BLUE,
RED AND BLACK;
BLACK PATENT LEATHER

REV



4⁹⁹



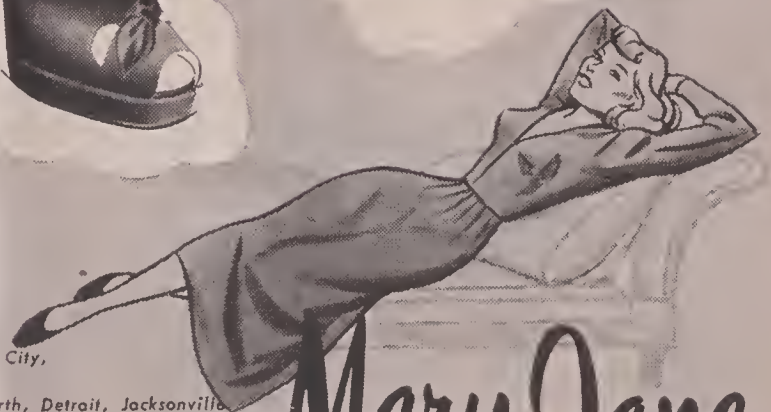
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6-9 AA Width

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PIA



Mary Jane

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IT'S THE CHEER LEADER OF THE YEAR!!



Loretta Young
Young
Van Johnson

MOTHER
is a Freshman

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

WITH **RUDY VALLEE**
BARBARA LAWRENCE

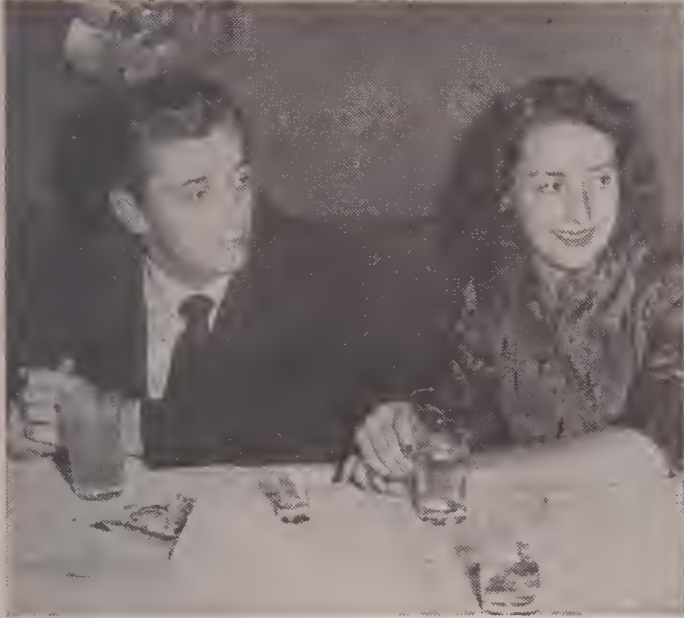
ROBERT ARTHUR • **BETTY LYNN** • **GRIFF BARNETT** • **KATHLEEN HUGHES**

Directed by **LLOYD BACON** • Produced by **WALTER MOROSCO**
Screen Play by Mary Loos and Richard Sale • Based on a Story by Raphael Blau

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Your Hollywood

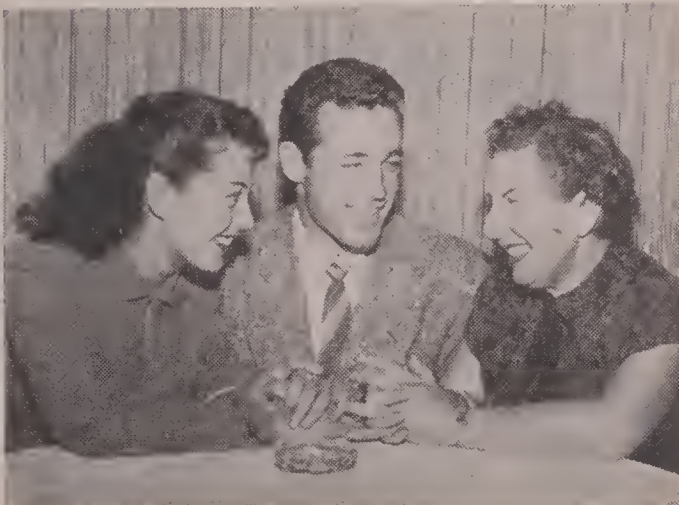
Memo from the Editor



Bob and Dorothy Mitchum are grateful to *Movieland* readers who responded with letters of confidence during his trial.



For proof that wedding news is happy news, look at Keenan Wynn and bride Betty Butler.



What secret did Gail Russell and Guy Madison tell Editorial Director Beatrice Lubitz Cole at Ciro party in her honor?

I have never seen Hollywood so animated. The very air sparkles. The reasons are many! The social season is in full swing. There have been exciting weddings . . . Wanda Hendrix to Audie Murphy (see Page 24) . . . Diana Lynn's; Keenan Wynn's; Marguerite Chapman's; Ken Murray's . . . and there is much speculation about the most spectacular weddings ever to hit Hollywood . . . I refer to the Linda Christian-Ty Power nuptials (If you want the inside details on this romance, see page 28); the Aly Khan-Rita Hayworth marriage (which is anybody's guess even though Aly Khan has announced that he will marry Rita just as soon as his divorce from his wife is final) and, of course, the Jennifer Jones-David Selznick mating.

Now these three personalities (I mean Ty, Rita, and Jennifer) are in the highest echelons of Hollywood's Great, so you can imagine the heat and speculation engendered in the film capital.

Exciting babies have been born . . . Joan Fontaine's; Gene Tierney's; Jeanne Crain had another son to keep baby Paul company; but poor Lana lost her child.

Of course Robert Mitchum's conviction on a narcotics conspiracy charge has electrified the air. I saw Bob the morning of his trial. He was pale and obviously worried.

Later that day, after he had pleaded guilty to the second charge of conspiracy, he phoned me. I had forwarded to him the hundreds of letters I had received from all of you in response to my recent editorial.

"I intend to answer all of these letters," he told me earnestly. "I'm grateful for the encouragement."

All of you who wrote him will hear from him direct.

I had a lovely cocktail party this month—as a matter of fact, my great friend Herman Hover of Ciro's gave it for me. It was a grand get-together and a good chance to see a lot of old friends: Kirk Douglas, Eve Arden, Macdonald Carey, Joan Davis, Lucille Ball, Robert Stack, Marie Wilson, Ann Blyth, Johnny Sands, Van Heflin and many, many others.

Fashion note: Lots of the girls came to the cocktail party in evening clothes. They tell me that since most cocktail parties last 'til way into the night (mine, at the Ciro-ette Room at Ciro's, lasted 'til 11 P.M.), they find it's a wonderful opportunity to get full use out of their evening dresses—and you know how all femmes look glamorous in evening clothes! It's really perfectly correct and I think the idea will catch on!

See you all next month,

B. L. C.

M

First picture as Mr. and Mrs. Audie Murphy tells why they're known as "the cutest couple in town."

By
**DAVID C.
McCLURE**



happily



The simplicity and freshness of their romance delighted Hollywood from the first.



Audie was lonely while Wanda was in Italy making "The Prince of Foxes," but that doesn't matter now. She's in his arms—forever.

★ So they were married. . . . But the road that took Audie Murphy and Wanda Hendrix to the altar had its rocky stretches.

They both began life in rural sections, far from the glamor and the furor of the movie capital. Wanda was born in the Florida backwoods country, where her father was a foreman in a logging camp. Her background and early training gave her an extremely practical outlook, which was later to come into conflict with Audie's impetuous, idealistic nature.

When her parents moved to Jacksonville, Wanda, who had shown a marked dramatic talent, became interested in little theatre work, appearing in a number of plays, among them "Snow White."

At the age of fifteen, she was discovered by a talent scout, brought to Hollywood, and signed by Warner Brothers. For a long while, she got only bit

(Please turn to page 78)



Audie may be "Bad Boy" on the screen—but Wanda knows he's really wonderful.

ever after . . .

Like love in a fairy tale, both had obstacles to overcome—until their triumphal march to the altar

Pert Doris Day carries a rabbit's foot. Not for luck, mind you, but to remind her how lucky she's been

SOME DAY!

★ That bright-eyed, lovely philosopher, Doris Day, nibbled at the end of a carrot. She was wearing—of all things—a rabbit costume. The long furry ears, the inside a velvety pink, bobbed as she munched away.

"That's a good question," she observed soberly after some minutes. "I'm always asking it of myself: 'Why did Michael Curtiz pick me?'"

"What's more, I think I've got the answer! Just luck!" she said, firmly. "I've always been lucky. In fact," she grinned, and her nose with its spattering of freckles wrinkled rabbit-fashion, "I'm especially lucky because I know that I've had luck—and I hope I never forget it!"

She resumed her carrot thoughtfully, then realized that her munching might seem a little odd.

"Oh, excuse me," she apologized and turned (*Please turn to page 75*)



Doris Day gets ready to give Jack Carson an honest-to-goodness bunny hug in "My Dream Is Yours."





When Ty arrived in Venice, lovely Linda was on hand to welcome him.

**Gossips had
the Ty Power-
Linda Christian
romance all
figured out—
but so did
Dan Cupid!**

LOVE finds a way

By CRAWFORD DIXON

★ A little over a year ago when Tyrone Power dropped Lana Turner for Linda Christian, an actress who had known Ty more than passably well was sitting in Romanoff's sipping a drink.

"I give that Christian girl," she said, "exactly three months—no more, no less. After that she'll have to find a new boyfriend."

Generally, that was the tone of most prophecies

made in 1948 concerning the future of Ty and Linda.

Good friends of the actor would whisper in confidence that his love for Linda was a mere infatuation that would wear off and pass away in time.

How wrong the prophets were, we all know now.

The Ty-Linda romance has surpassed everyone's expectations. It has developed into an ardent, powerful love match with deep, *Please turn to page 83*)

Filming of "Prince of Foxes" in Rome gave Ty a chance to travel with Linda Christian.



St. Louis Woman!

★ The tall, dazzlingly beautiful redhead was whipping herself up into a temper. At first her fury was confined to stinging words. Gradually it became more violent. She began throwing things—anything that was handy to heave. It was one of the finest demonstrations of unbridled temper ever witnessed on the Warner Brothers lot.

“If I didn't know better I'd think you went through the same tantrums at home,” cameraman Karl Freund told a startled Alexis Smith after this scene for “South of St. Louis” was completed. “It's hard to believe that just changing the color of your hair could change *you* enough to act that way! From now on to me you're ‘Red Poison.’”

Truth is, Alexis is as startled as everyone else by the difference between her being a blonde and a redhead. For seven years on the screen she has been the
(Please turn to page 32)

**Alexis Smith has
switched to sex appeal
and everyone—
especially the lady in
question—is more
than mildly amazed**

Statuesque blonde? Blasé sophisticate? Not any more. The Smith girl is sporting a definitely sexy look for her role in “South of St. Louis.”





St. Louis Woman!

continued



Frontier life gets added spice when Rouge

Alexis Smith has the kind of personality the boys in the backroom can't resist.



. . . breaks into can-can number, displays



. . . pretty gams in a dance that's good to the last drop.

cold, statuesque Miss Smith, either very sad or very dignified or very sophisticated. Off screen she's always been the basic, down-to-earth Alexis, possessor of a ready wit and infectious laugh. So now, suddenly, the blonde becomes a redhead for cinematic purposes and everyone—including Alexis—is amazed.

"My own reaction was a roundabout thing. It grew from the reaction of other people to my red hair," Alexis explains. "Men who had worked with me for several years at Warners, and who had always greeted me with a hail-fellow camaraderie, suddenly changed to double-takes and the hello-beautiful tone in their voices. I thought it was terribly, terribly funny!

"I didn't have my hair dyed because I'm opposed to the idea. It was powder-dyed around the hair line in front to blend into the red wig I wore, but I guess after being a redhead for two pictures some of the influence sticks.

"When it was time for me to do that wildly temperamental scene involving throwing the bric-a-brac and I was studying it the night before—a scene totally unlike any I had ever played—I thought 'How silly! People don't behave like this. I'll never be able to play it with conviction.' Yet when I did it, wearing my flaming tresses, it was easy!"

Another manifestation of temperament which Alexis noted in her redheaded self—and admits with amused embarrassment—was that a couple of times she caught herself on the verge of being "difficult." Customarily one of the most cooperative actresses in Hollywood, she realized to her own horror that she said she (*Please turn to page 92*)

The color of her hair isn't the only thing that's changed about Alexis. That provocative glance is a clue to her new personality. From here she goes into M-G-M's "Any Number Can Play," co-starring her with Clark Gable.





★ John Agar toyed with a huge cup of coffee as he sat before the fireplace in his home. Off-screen, he looks far younger than his twenty-seven years. His clean-cut features, lightly sprinkled with freckles, have a boyish appearance. His physique is that of an athlete; but his eyes are wistful, betraying the nature of a dreamer. His poise and manners reflect his good breeding. When he speaks, his voice is quiet and earnest.

He smiled broadly at the question.

"No," he said, "I certainly don't mind being identified as 'the husband of Shirley Temple.' Why should I? I'm proud of my wife. And I'd feel the same way about her if her name was Susan Smith and she'd never seen a studio.

"But," he added quickly, "if you mean trading on her name professionally, that's altogether a different matter. When it comes to film work, I intend being strictly John Agar."

"For better or worse," I said.

"For better or worse," he grinned. "Each of us has his own life to live. It's up to the individual to develop his own personality, do his own work, and establish himself professionally. That's what I hope to do as an actor." *(Please turn to page 37)*

It's time everyone recognized John Agar as a star in his own right—and not just Shirley Temple's husband

Speak for yourself, JOHN

By
SPEC
McCLURE

◀ No, I don't mind being identified as Shirley Temple's husband. Why should I? I'm proud of my wife—plenty proud when we're together in a film. We co-star again in "Baltimore Escapade."



WILLIAM HOLDEN · WILLIAM BENDIX
MACDONALD CAREY · MONA FREEMAN



Amigos! ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE!

Three men and a "Blonde Bobcat" fight for life
and love on the Texas Plains until treachery
turns one against the other!

in Paramount's

"Streets of Laredo"



Color by **Technicolor**

Produced by **ROBERT FELLOWS · LESLIE FENTON**

Directed by

Screen Play by Charles Marquis Warren

Based on a Story by Louis Stevens and Elizabeth Hill



NEW COWBOY SONG HITS BY LIVINGSTON & EVANS, WHO WROTE "BUTTONS & BOWS"!



For a new twist, I'm the clothes-conscious one in our family. (Ed. note: With a physique like that, we don't wonder!)

Speak
for
yourself,

continued

JOHN

"Let me assure you; you already have," I said.

"No," he continued, "I've still got a long road to travel; and I've got to go it my own way. It's true that Shirley and I have made two pictures. But that was strictly a matter of business. With us, our work is always business. It's something apart from our domestic life.

"However, we both feel it unwise to continue teaming up for films. From now on, as far as our careers are concerned, we plan to go our separate ways. While Shirley was making 'Mr. Belvedere Goes to College' for 20th Century-Fox, I was doing 'She Wore a Yellow Ribbon' for John Ford. We were both away on location at the same time. I was in Monument Valley, and she was in Reno. The schedule worked out fine.

"That's the way we want things. But if we should be offered another good picture together, we certainly won't turn it down, just because we happen to be husband and wife. That would be foolish."

"Do you find any advantages in being in the same profession as Shirley?" I asked.

"Of course," he replied, "that's exactly why I decided to take up acting when offered the opportunity. You see, my family is in the meat-packing business. So I'd always (Please turn to page 74)



So much of my free time is spent playing golf, Shirley was afraid of becoming a golf-widow. Now she's learning the game herself.



Some day I'd like to direct, but now I'm giving acting all I've got. If I fail, it won't be because I haven't tried.



what a man!



**What's Superman got that
Burt Lancaster hasn't?
Nothing!—clamor fans after
they see him go into his act!**

Theater sounded with whistles and sighs when Burt appeared on stage. His fan appeal got ribbing from Charlene Harris.

★ You thought Burt Lancaster was thrilling in "Brute Force" and "Kiss the Blood Off My Hands"—but wait until you see the burly Burt do his acrobatics! The star, on personal appearance throughout the country, wowed New York City's Capitol Theater audiences with gymnastic feats he used to do back in his early circus days.

Fans who jammed the theater for each performance thought his act sensational. Added attraction—also sensational—was his costume: snappy white tights which showed off the terrific Lancaster physique to stunning perfection.

(Please turn to next page)



what
a
man! *(continued)*



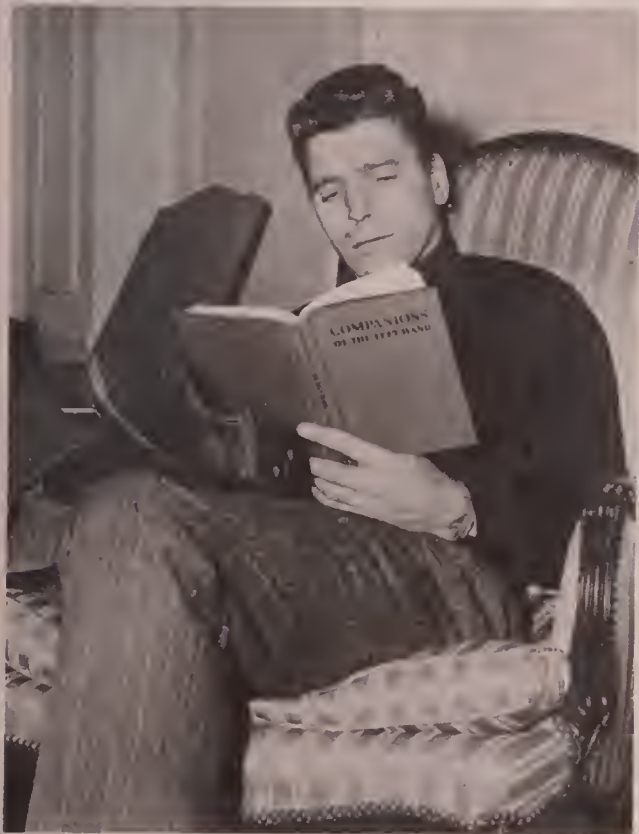
Audiences gasped every time Burt Lancaster made like the daring young man while on personal appearance tour at Capitol Theater.



Whoops—the powder puff is strictly for stage make-up. Burly Burt's California tan needed toning down a bit.

Burt couldn't leave between shows because of crowds so he stayed in all day, listened to recordings.





After show-time, he read "Companions of the Left Hand," book he bought for new Norma Productions film.



A winner hands down! Secret of his success as acrobat is that he was a circus performer before becoming Hollywood star.

Lana ... *Knows Tears,*



To millions, the name Lana implies gaiety and romance, a symbol of carefree living.

An aura of glamor hides the heart of the Golden Girl—the girl who

Too



Lana dreams wistfully of what might have been: a son for her to love, a brother for her adored Cheryl.

★ Heartbreak came to Lana this year. For several weeks she had not been feeling well. She had been under constant care of her doctors. To make matters worse, one night she was burned by an electric blanket. The doctors had informed her she was suffering from anemia—even though her appetite was good and she ate well—which might complicate the birth of her child.

On a cold Wednesday night she was rushed to Doctors Hospital in New (Please turn to page 85)

has everything except the thing she wants most



There was a precious moment after her wedding to Bob Topping when Lana's happiness overflowed—into almost hysterical tears.



Joyce Reynolds won't have any trouble breaking the ice with hubby Don Gallory.



On or off the ice, Barbara Lawrence cuts such a fancy figure guys can't help falling for her. Look at Scott Brady!

Blades BLADES

Youth has a fling on ice and
no one gets a cold shoulder.
In Hollywood this is known
as the skaters' schmaltz





Hold on, kids! When Barbara and Scott crack the whip, Alba Arnova, Gregg Juarez, Joyce, Don, Janet Leigh, Danny Scholl can only hope for the best.

Janet thought skating would be a cinch, until . . . Now she's glad Danny Scholl is a "steady" beau.

★ Even the mild weather in Southern California doesn't keep Hollywood from being a winter wonderland—at least to the loyal inhabitants. Most stars take to the nearby hills for their winter sports, but this young group finds that the ice has it—and right in their own back yard.

The kids don't have any trouble keeping things hot on ice. After an evening of laughs and spills at Sonja Henie's skating arena in Westwood, they came to one conclusion: Skating? It rinks!

please turn to next page





Prepare for a landing, Barbara! After Scott and Gregg get through with this lesson in passing, spills on ice won't seem half bad.

Ray
BLADES *continued*



Politics have no place here, but Janet's a gal who's glad to take a pole—nice climax for her skating demonstration.



If Barbara thinks the party was warmed up before, wait til she gets a sample of Scott's hotfoot. She'll find out how hot things can get.



EVENING • 10¢
EVERY 2 5

ENTRANCE



Barbara didn't win a gliding trophy but Scott gives her a prize anyway—for being such a good skate. It should make up for that last fall. The evening must be consistent at any cost, so they stop by the corner drug store for some ice cream—just the thing to warm them up!





Bob's hectic schedule is a penalty because he's so devoted to his pretty wife, Dolores, and their children: Tony and Linda (above) and infants Kelly and Nora.



During filming of "Sorrowful Jones," there's time for a leisurely golf game with Dolores.



The war is over but Bob remembers that it didn't end for hospitalized vets or occupation troops. He's always ready to entertain them.

★ As we trekked into Bob Hope's dressing room over at Paramount—the studio publicist, my secretary, and myself—we felt like the Notre Dame football team interviewing the Notre Dame football team. For, not to be outdone, Bob's personal public relations man, Mack Millar, plus two writers, plus a waiter bringing lunch, were also there. It was stunningly evident that there's just no use trying to top Hope. He always has more of everything, including friends and helpers.

The phone was ringing every minute on the minute. There was a great deal of confusion. It was nice, orderly confusion, however, with a great deal of method in it. It was the usual hectic atmosphere which always surrounds Bob. On the set, he is continually conferring with his radio script writers, or giving interviews, or posing for pictures, or answering personal correspondence, or getting new material for some benefit performance. On the side, sort of, he makes the picture. Bob is not one to idle *(Please turn to page 95)*

A Medal for

BOB.

**Thanks for the memories
of laughs in your movies,
and benefits you've m.c.'d,
but most of all the help
and heart you gave GPs overseas.
Thank you, Bob Hope!**





Recognize Jennifer Jones? At 5, she had her first formal photo, was known then by real name of Phyllis Isley.



All was well with the Jennifer Jones-Bob Walker marriage when they met Ingrid Bergman at this David Selznick party. Bob was a success in "Bataan," Jennifer was busy making a career of Republic westerns.

Jennifer



Success! Jennifer got 1944 Academy Award for "Song of Bernadette."

What's behind a Hollywood success story? This portrait of Jennifer Jones highlights an unusual career



Hollywood gasped when Selznick starred unknown Jennifer in "Song of Bernadette." Film catapulted her to fame, but probably broke up her marriage too.



In four years Jennifer's films all have been hits. Her latest—and first away from Selznick banner—is Columbia's "We Were Strangers," with John Garfield.



Hollywood's wondering what the future holds for the Jones Girl. As Mrs. David Selznick she'll have an enviable position—but will it further her hard-earned career?



Heart

What Is This Thing Called Love? One look at Rory and Lita should answer that question.

Song

By ROBERT PEER

They make such heavenly music together, Rory Calhoun and his Lita are sure that Hollywood, California must be Paradise

★ "Don't get me wrong, I love the big lug!" sighed the lovely girl.

"The big lug" referred to, is no other than Rory Calhoun, handsome six-foot-three movie actor who's playing a top role in "Sand" and "When a Man's a Man." And Isabelita, about five-foot-nothing of animated charm and vivacity whom you'll see soon in "Jungle Jim" with Johnny Weissmuller, is Rory's lovely bride.

"I have known Rory for over a year, ever since we met at Vera-Ellen's apartment in Hollywood to wish her a Merry Christmas. They were good friends. At the time Rory had no intentions of settling down for years to come. Since that fact was known to all his friends, *(Please turn to next page)*



Can She Bake a Cherry Pie? If not, he can. Meals are a family project here.

It Only Happens When I Dance with You. Their rumbas are plenty smooth.



Hands Across the Table. Breakfast on the balcony is a daily habit—one they don't ever want to break. While Rory films "Sand" and Lita's on "Jungle Jim," it means more time together.





You Are My Song of Love, Lita mia. Rory wants to sing to his love in Spanish, so Lita teaches him the lyrics.

Beautiful Dreamer. Lita's far-away look can only mean Rory's reading poetry to her. How romantic can you get?



Heart Song continued

you can imagine their surprise when it was announced that Rory and I would get married.

"'They'll never go through with it,' cynics said. Even when the wedding had taken place, contrary to predictions, the rumors didn't stop. 'Rory a married man? Why—he couldn't stay in one place more than a week. . . . The guy's got the wanderlust. . . . They'll never make a go of it; two months at the most! Look at their temperaments; he's quiet, moody, sensitive and sentimental, Irish to the core; she's gay, vivacious, hot-blooded, Spanish by birth and temperament—they'll never get along!'"

As I drove down Wilshire Boulevard to Westwood to call on the Calhouns, I thought of all the dire predictions and I was frankly curious to see how both were adjusting themselves to marriage.

Near the UCLA campus, I turned into a quiet tree-lined street with modest, unpretentious homes. The atmosphere is pleasantly suburban.

Rory and Lita are part of this community. They live on the upper floor of a two-story apartment house, situated on a little hill overlooking the mountains, and on a clear day the Pacific Ocean beyond.

Over the doorbell at the entrance is a nameplate which reads: "Mr. and Mrs. Rory Calhoun."

The first reaction I got after ringing the bell was a ferocious barking—and their dog met me.

When I finally got past (*Please turn to page 93*)

**SHE'S YOUNG
SHE'S LOVELY
SHE'S ENGAGED!**

**Not even the
sparkling
diamonds in her
engagement
ring can match
the stars
in Jane
Powell's eyes**



She's bursting with happiness—something that happens to a girl so much in love.

★ Even the much publicized California sunshine has a hard time competing with the glow around Janie Powell these days. When the young M-G-M star returned from her personal appearance tour, she could hardly wait to see her wonderful Geary Steffen—to say the magic word “yes” to his proposal. They made a date for the evening and Jane was left with a whole day to while away. Movieland couldn't resist the opportunity to tag along with her. And believe us, it was exciting to be on hand to watch her heart melt as Geary put the ring on her finger!

please turn to next page

SHE'S YOUNG
SHE'S LOVELY
SHE'S ENGAGED!

(continued)



The amusement park near Janie's home seems like a good place to spend a couple of hours—especially when she spots that buttered popcorn.



Umm, it's good! But wouldn't it be wonderful if Geary were here to help eat it.



Here's a striking pose! Left-handed Janie wields a mean bowling ball—a fine way to keep in shape.



Concentrating on the bowling score isn't easy when wedding plans keep popping into her head.



After bowling she's all set for a hamburger and malt. And we always thought love affected a gal's appetite!

This is the moment! Janie's said a trembling "yes." Later they will plan a glorious future.



Petite Janie can't be too worried about her weight.



Token of love: Janie's exquisite diamond engagement ring.



My Princess Charming

By
PETER LAWFORD

as told to
Marcella Palmer



For fun, unstilted glamor, I'd choose someone with Ava Gardner's personality and magnetic force.



I like hair shiny, natural in color, worn simply as a child's. June Allyson's hair-do is a good example.



If my ideal dresses in as good taste as G... I'll be happy. Her clothes are so exquisite



Gene Tierney's debutante-type of beauty isn't typical Hollywood glamor. She's clean cut—and what a smile!



Beautiful and brain refinement. She

★ "I'm going
want to r
have a
for me
how
her

Sinc
believe
Peter wo
hope will
about time
Peter look

... of one of Barbara
 was offered a screen test. The
 lovely and most photogenic; a
 inevitable once studio executives
 ty on a screen. The girl was
 ended.

' cried Barbara, hearing of it. "Don't
 a test and get a little contract that
 s give her bits in pictures, but will
 give her a confused sense of values!
 any preparation for the business—once
 comes part of it—she's so apt to go only for
 glamour-side. She'll meet people who'll tell her
 that what she needs is to be seen at the Mocambo,
 own a mink coat, go out with prominent male stars,
 do whatever the young picture crowd is doing,
 regardless. When her freshness has vanished, she'll
 be out.

"But if she wants to be an actress, send her away
 where she will be on her own—to the American
 Academy, if you can afford it—if not, to New York,
 where she can try for small parts on the stage, or
 get into summer stock. Then she'll find out if she
 has any talent to offer. If she hasn't, see that she
 goes into another business. Without talent, there is

Please turn to page 62

ed to be a movie star,
 awyck and Bob Preston.



Art's sake can be uncomfortable
 falls in sunny California.



**So you want to be a
 movie star? Barbara Stanwyck
 divulges a few tricks
 of the trade you probably
 never knew—until now**

To Be an

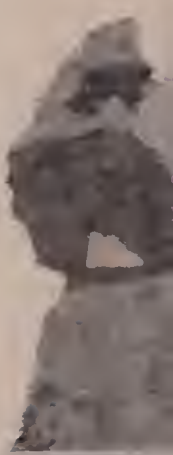
keep tootsies warm: Electrician
 provides a hot foot for Barbara.

Acc

Says

BARBARA

.to Alice L



be Stanwyck.

is rewarding than

or a movie career
; she married and

ed Barbara. "Who
do?"

atin brocade evening
red skirt that swirled

**When Ginger Rogers and
Fred Astaire dance, the world
dances with them—so get set
for a box-office blitz**



In kilts and tams, the bonnie Scotch

lass and her laddie step livelier

than ever as they dance and sing

★ When Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance enchantingly across the screens of the nation in Metro's top musical, "The Barkleys of Broadway," the younger generation will see one of the great legends of our time come to life again.

It's hard to describe the magic that takes place when they dance, but it's there. As far back as 1933, it captivated a nation. Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are the greatest money-making dance team Hollywood has ever known. Now that they are together again, Metro expects a box office blitz.

Those first pictures they made together had a beautiful believability. All their pictures were of a pattern, yet they were never boring. There was something about debonaire, jaunty Fred and friendly, distinctly American, Ginger that identified them with you and made their problems yours.

You always knew how the story was going to end, but you were entranced, just the same. Because, despite Astaire in top hat and tails and Ginger in glamorous gowns, it was your story. From "Flying Down to Rio" to "The Story of Irene and Vernon Castle," their pictures clicked.

Then, in 1939, Ginger dissolved the partnership to try her luck as a dramatic (*Please turn to page 81*)

"My One and Only Highland Fling."



Lucky Star



Joan Crawford's glamorous movie portrayals aren't nearly as thrilling as her new real-life role—fairy godmother to two newcomers.

**Fate is a lovely lady called
Joan Crawford. Her brilliant
spell has already touched
the careers of newcomers Joan
Evans and David Brian**

By HELEN HOVER WELLER

★ The darndest things can happen. In one moment your whole life can change. In the flick of a finger—as quickly as that—something miraculous and wonderful may strike like a bolt out of the blue.

And as proof, I give you Joan Evans and David Brian, two newcomers who seem to have been born with four-leaf clovers in their hands. They have become stars in their very first pictures although neither one had any inkling that such a thing would ever happen to them!

Overnight, their lives have changed—and so suddenly did it all happen that they still can hardly believe it's true. Joan plays the title role in "Roseanna McCoy" for Samuel Goldwyn, and David is Joan Crawford's leading man in "Flamingo Road," the Michael Curtiz production for Warners. Not bad going for two people who, up to a few months ago, never dreamed of a movie career, is it?

Because they're going to be very important in pictures, and because their stories both have that magical flavor, I think you should know Joan and David. Good luck struck suddenly for them—it could happen to you.

A few months ago, Joan Evans was a pert, dark-eyed, round-faced schoolgirl just reached 14 who was wrestling with higher math in a New York City private school and wondering how she could lose some of her baby fat.

Today, Joan is a Samuel Goldwyn star, slim and poised, co-starring with Farley Granger, a seven-year contract in her hands and well-launched on a career that usually takes years of preparation and struggle to attain!

It all started when Cathy O'Donnell and the Goldwyn Studios had a falling-out last summer. Cathy had been scheduled to play Roseanna McCoy, the wide-eyed but spirited young heroine of the film depicting the Romeo-and-Juliet love affair in the feuding Hatfield and (Please turn to page 89)



David Brian is starting his career at the top. Playing Joan Crawford's leading man in "Flamingo Road" is pretty exciting—so is the story of how he got his start.



Joan Evans shares more than a name with her gifted godmother. She's a star in her first picture, "Roseanna McCoy," with Farley Granger thanks to a trick of fate.



So much has happened since Justine and big sister Elizabeth Scott wore pigtails and made mudpies—so you can bet there was lots to talk about when they got together for this happy Hollywood visit

My Sister is a

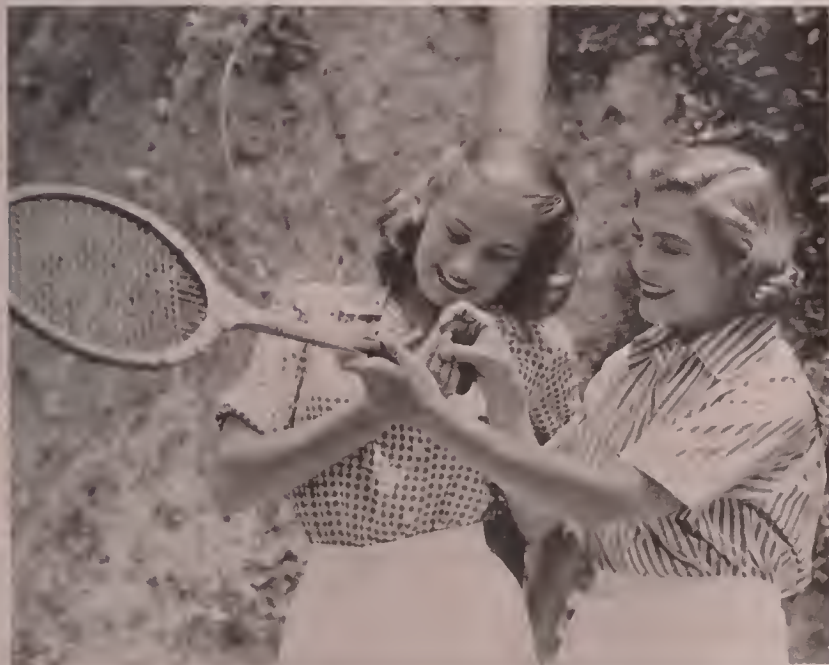
Think we look alike? People back home used to say that we did. It always made me happy because I think Liz is so pretty.



STAR



Liz never was one to relax—she always has to be doing something. Cleaning the new convertible was her idea of great relaxation.



It was fun learning to play badminton—in spite of my blistered hands. Liz is quite good; but then she was always a crackerjack athlete.

BY JUSTINE SCOTT



Little Miss Muffet had nothing on us when we discovered this monster while we were talking about "Bitter Victory."

★ The next best thing to being a movie star is to be related to one, I say! And just to give you an idea of what fun it is to be Lizabeth Scott's sister, let me tell you about my recent visit with her.

Of course I'm a movie fan—so the idea of spending a vacation in Hollywood was very exciting. And since I'm determined to follow a nurse's career—I'll start my training very soon—it seemed like a good idea to fly off to see Liz before settling down to some hard cramming at school.

My visit was timed just right. Liz had just finished working on a loan-out film, "Interference," and had a few weeks off before starting in on Hal Wallis' production of "Bitter Victory," for Paramount. This gave us a wonderful chance to do a lot of the things we used to do together when we were growing up in Scranton, Pennsylvania—before Liz went off to become a famous movie star.

The first morning I was at COUNTRY COUSINS—as Liz calls her pretty Hollywood Hills house—I was all set to sleep late. I should have known better—for Liz has been an early-riser for as long as I can remember. Of course she *said* she was trying to be quiet, but once I got a whiff of the coffee she was brewing, I couldn't do anything but come downstairs and join her. And from the way her eyes

please turn to next page

MY SISTER IS A STAR

continued



After being in Hollywood a few days I got homesick, so we telephoned home to see how things were in Pa.



When we were at home, Liz's music tastes ran to long hair. Much to my surprise she's developed a taste for jumpy jive and she loves it.



Mother never could understand why we didn't break our necks while reading in this position. It's really a kid habit we just never outgrew



I like this picture of my sister and me. It shows Liz as she really is: a sweet, unspoiled, natural young woman.

were twinkling—that was just what she was hoping I'd do!

Before we could have breakfast, however, I discovered Rufus, the pet turtle, had to have his morning meal of lettuce—hand fed, too!

To say the days passed quickly would be putting it mildly. Liz always has been a woman of action and that means hikes, tennis, badminton, swimming were on the daily schedule. Evenings we visited friends or just stayed home and talked and talked.

What did we talk about? Mostly our family—and, of course, the possibility of my going into the movies. Yes, I had a chance to make a movie test but turned it down. Liz wanted me to reconsider but when I explained how much I wanted a nurse's career—she agreed I should follow my own desires.

Liz is such an understanding person—that's why she's been such a wonderful "big" sister to me. I'm bursting with pride over her success, so don't blame me too much if I brag that my sister is a star!

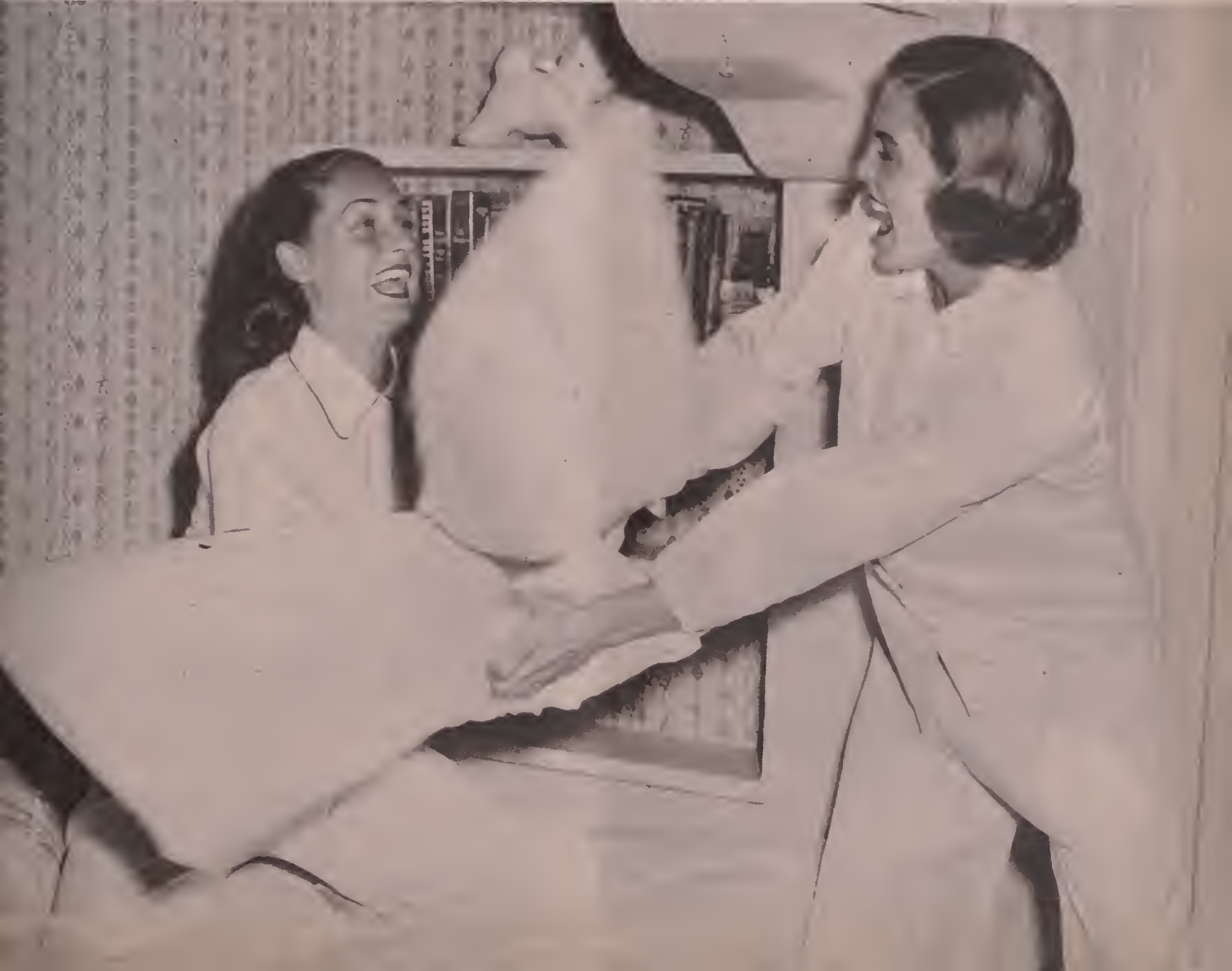


No day at this house is complete without a late evening raid on the ice-box. Yes, that's scallion Liz is munching while she gets a glass of milk.



This sister act usually leads to great deal of horseplay, followed by much giggling. It reminds me so much of our growing-up days at home.

Being a glamorous movie star doesn't keep her from enjoying a pillow fight to the last feather. Nothing will ever change my Liz!





Adventress Mrs. Erlynne (Madeleine Carroll) decides Lord Windermere (Richard Green), Lord Darlington (George Sanders), or Cecil Graham (John Sutton) will solve her financial problem.



Lady Windermere (Jeanne Crain) has heard gossip about her husband and Mrs. Erlynne, then discovers his check stubs show he's been paying the woman's bills.

The FAN



Drama! Romance! Glamor!

No wonder 20th Century-Fox put

Lady Windermere's lacy "Fan" into

the hands of lovely Jeanne Crain

After filming of "The Fan,"
Jeanne Crain takes time off
to welcome new baby Brinkman.



At her glamorous birthday ball, Lady Windermere tries to insult Mrs. Erlynne in front of Lord Windermere, but somehow cannot bring herself to do the deed.



To spite her husband, Lady Windermere invites attention of flirtatious Lord Darlington. He begs her to run away with him. Hurt, unhappy, she accepts his proposition.



Mrs. Erlynne gets her to leave Darlington's house before Lord Windermere arrives. He finds his wife's fan, thinks she's unfaithful until Mrs. Erlynne claims it as her own.



The couple settle down to happy life together—although Lady Windermere never knows that Mrs. Erlynne actually is her mother.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN

(Continued from page 37)



Say it isn't so! Recurrent gossip out Hollywood way has it that Shirley Temple and John Agar may split up. Conflicting temperaments seem to present the big problem.

thought that I'd go into it after finishing my education. To prepare myself for the job, I had intended to go to Cornell and study animal husbandry. But the war delayed those plans. After a year in prep school, I entered the Air Corps and for three years served as a physical training instructor.

"While in the service I came to California. ZaSu Pitts, an old friend of my mother's, invited me to her house for tea one Sunday. I didn't know it then, but that tea was the turning point in my life. At ZaSu's home, I met Shirley. No, we didn't fall in love at first sight. Like everyone else who meets her, I thought she was beautiful and charming, but that was as far as it went.

"Of course, I knew her reputation, but I knew little about her as an actress. I'd seen just one of her pictures, 'The Little Colonel.' You see, there's a seven-year difference in our ages. So during Shirley's hey-day as a child star, I was chiefly interested in action pictures, mostly westerns. So I fell in love with Shirley Temple, the girl; not Shirley Temple, the actress. I got a furlough from the army, and we were married.

"On our wedding night we were sitting in this very room when David Selznick came in. I talked to him briefly as I did to the other guests. I thought of him only as Shirley's friend, and not as one of Hollywood's top producers. Naturally," he smiled, "my mind was not on a career

that night. I was thinking of Shirley and the few days we would have together before I would have to return to camp.

"Two weeks after my leave was up, I received a telegram from the Selznick organization, offering me a screen test. I was completely amazed. I had only an average interest in pictures and no dramatic training. Becoming an actor had never occurred to me.

"What made me finally decide to try for a screen career was this. If I succeeded, I would have something more in common with Shirley.

"During my first appearance before the camera I was petrified. How I got through the test I don't know. But Mr. Selznick must have liked it. He gave me a contract, which still has five years to go.

"Now that I was in the film business, I decided that I must do the best I could at my job. For a year and a half I took dramatic and voice lessons before making a picture. I also studied films. Shirley and I still see several pictures a week. If one is particularly good, I may see it three times. I see a picture first for entertainment. Afterwards I return to study performances and technique. Some day I'd like to be a director. But that's way in the future. Right now I'm working toward becoming the best actor that I can be. I may fail, but it won't be because I'm not trying.

"I've lost my fear of the camera; and I know the importance of trusting direc-

tors and following their instructions. Frankly, I'd like to work all the time, making at least three pictures a year."

"Do you ever regret becoming an actor?" I asked.

"Regret? I think I'm one of the luckiest fellows in the world," he said. "I like the movie business. The work is not easy. Trying to hold a scene together mentally while acting out a part is a difficult task. But it is also fun. Every day the job offers something new. I guess, as they say, the grease paint has got into my blood. After a taste of film-making, I could never go back to a routine job.

"The most wonderful thing about the whole business is the joy that it brings to the world. Since our marriage, I've seen all of Shirley's pictures. And when I think of the happiness she's given to people, and the place she's made in their hearts, it makes me glow all over."

"Do you two help each other with your film work?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "We always discuss our parts with each other. Despite my lack of experience, Shirley seems to trust my judgment. I don't know what good my advice does, but she frequently takes it. Naturally I respect her opinions. She's been in the business for seventeen years and knows what it's all about."

"Do you do much rehearsing at home?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," he said. "At night we always read the scenes we have to do the following day. In fact, we often act them out. If it's my scene, Shirley takes all the roles but mine. You should see her playing John Wayne or Victor McLaglen."

"Do you want to stick to action pictures, like 'Fort Apache' and 'She Wore a Yellow Ribbon'?" I asked.

"Not necessarily," he said. "Having been always athletically inclined, I like action films. But I think it wiser to go in for variety. 'Baltimore Escapade' is a light comedy. Shirley and I have one wonderful sequence in that picture."

As we were talking, two men, loaded with photographic equipment, entered and began rambling around the house, obviously looking for camera angles. Knowing that it had long been a rule that no pictures be taken in Shirley's house, I raised a puzzled eyebrow. "What goes on?" I asked.

"They're probably going to make some pictures of Shirley," John told me.

"I didn't think that was permitted here."

"Until recently, it wasn't. But there have been some changes made," he explained. "At first we thought we could keep our home-life strictly private. But we discovered that we couldn't. Publicity is too much a part of the film business. Eventually it creeps into your home. We don't mind so long as things are done in good taste. It's a phase of our job.

"As for being bothered when we appear in public, I stick to the old rule there," he smiled. "The time to start worrying is when they don't ask you for your autograph."

At this point, Shirley entered the room. After beaming us a cheerful "Good morning" and showing me her new hair-bob, she began working with the photographers. John paid no attention to the proceedings; and Shirley did not interfere with the interview. Their attitude was refreshing. Too many movie husbands and wives feel that they must assist in their mates' publicity.

"How long do you think Shirley will continue her film career?" I asked.

"I don't know," John said. "I'm simply going along with her in anything she wants to do. She'll likely work as long as

she gets pleasure from it; and she can quit whenever she feels like it. I'm interested only in her happiness.

"We do plan to have more children, however. We want at least three or four."

"Soon?"

"Oh, we think children should be spaced two or three years apart. I'll tell you something. When you bring life into this world, it does something to you. You're responsible for that life, and you can never let it down. You should know our Linda Susan. She goes to sleep laughing, and she wakes up laughing. There's a baby for you."

"Do you plan to build another home?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "We like it here. Shirley's loved it ever since she was a little girl. You know it was originally built as a theater for her. Then it was converted into a house. We'll have to add some rooms before any new babies arrive. And some day we'd like a small ranch on which to spend our weekends. But that will have to wait."

"As a husband, you're supposed to be head of the house. Do you find that much responsibility?" I asked.

"As far as I'm concerned," he said, "being the head of the home is a matter of doing the carving at the table. The old idea of the husband's being master of the home is out. I don't want top billing here. Shirley and I try to work on the sixty-forty basis. In our relations, each tries to give sixty percent while asking only forty in return. Of course, the giving adds up to more than one hundred percent. But that's so much the better. It's something at which to aim."

"Do you help with the house work?" I asked.

"I'm afraid not; at least, not much," he grinned. "We have a maid and a nurse. I spend much of my free time playing golf. At one period Shirley was on the point of becoming a 'golf widow.' But I got her some clubs, and she joined me at the game. Because of the baby and our film work, however, we haven't done much golfing together lately. We intend to take up horse-backing as soon as we find time."

"Our social life? Well, we both like attending parties and meeting interesting people," he continued. "But at heart we're a couple of home-lovers; so we don't get around very much, especially since the baby came. Our favorite way of spending an evening is reading or listening to symphony music and mystery stories on the radio. I don't think you have to be in the social whirl to be successful in the film business. The important thing is to do your work satisfactorily."

"Do you think staying happily married in Hollywood is a difficult problem?" I asked.

"Absolutely not," he replied. "Hollywood is a fine town. Basically it's no different than, say, Evanston, Illinois. Everything depends upon what you want to make of it. That idea of one's being unable to have a happy home-life here is simply a state of mind."

"And the fact that you're married to such a famous person as Shirley offers no particular problems?" I added.

"Problems?" said he. "It never enters my mind that Shirley is a famous person. To me she's just my wonderful wife."

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE: Right now there's much gossip about a rift in the Agar family. The reason—temperament. We hope it isn't so—for it's almost like discovering there's no Santa Claus.

SOME DAY!

(Continued from page 26)

polite hostess by handing me a plate of carrots. "Will you have one? They're fresh. We've been eating carrots steadily for three days and I'm beginning to feel like a rabbit." She looked in the dressing table mirror, and her reflected image looked for all the world like a pert and feminine edition of Bugs Bunny.

The costume and carrots were for a dream sequence of "My Dream Is Yours," the Michael Curtiz-Warner Brothers release. In it, Doris and Jack Carson, along with Bugs Bunny, form a singing-dancing trio. And, if you think you liked Doris' first picture, "Romance on the High Seas," wait until you see her cavorting through this picture! She's sensational.

Doris Day is the number one Cinderella in Hollywood today. Believe it or not, she hadn't had any stage or screen experience to her credit when Michael Curtiz chose her for that first Technicolor musical. There's no doubt, however, that her singing career did pave the way when she made the transition to screen actress.

Before coming to Hollywood, Doris was a vocalist with a number of big name bands. In fact, she even owes her name to her association with bandleader Barney Rapp, who decided that her family name of Kappelhoff was a bit unwieldy and suggested she take on the name of Day since the song, "Day after Day," was one of her favorite numbers.

Fame came to pretty Doris when she traveled with Les Brown's band. During her three year stint with this group she made the recording of "Sentimental Journey" and became a national hit. After that, Hollywood beckoned.

She is convinced that her present enviable position came about through a substantial degree of good fortune, but in at least two instances it didn't look so good at the time.

Just about a year ago Al Levy, her manager, arranged an interview for Doris with Curtiz. She was feeling pretty low about her own personal affairs.

"I can't sing," she told Levy the day of the appointment. "I feel too sad."

"Then sing something sad," he advised. Curtiz applauded her number with a screen test, a long term contract and a top role with Jack Carson in "Romance on the High Seas."

Everything was just dandy until Doris saw her screen test about ten days later. She had heard that people photograph differently—and usually with improvements!—and was shocked to discover that she looked exactly like herself in the film.

"I was mentally turning thumbs down on my future in pictures when I discovered that Mr. Curtiz had taken an entirely different view. It seems he LIKED the way I photographed and signed me on the spot."

Doris' first big break, the one that started her on the path to her present career, seemed like the end of the world at the time. She was 16, rated as a talented dancer, and on tour with a Fanchon and Marco show. The car in which she was riding hit a train. When she regained consciousness it was to discover that her leg was broken in three places. For 14 months there was doubt whether she would ever dance again.

"When things looked worst, my brother Paul used to make me laugh by telling me that it was really a lucky break. My leg ached before a storm, and he insisted someday that I'd be famous as a human barometer."

It was during this period that Doris learned to sing.

"The funny thing now is that my brother was so right," Doris said thoughtfully. "Of course, not just the way he said. My lucky break—learning to sing—came about certainly because the injuries to my leg were such bad breaks."

When a person has had the ups and downs Doris has had, you might wonder if she's superstitious. I spotted a rabbit's foot on her dressing table—and Doris' eyes twinkled as I asked about it.

"No, I'm not superstitious," she laughed. "I don't have that for more luck, but just to remind myself of the wonderful luck I've already had."

She patted her pink and white ears, ran a practiced eye over the heap of carrots beside her, and selected a crisp specimen.

"If ever I change my path to keep from walking under a ladder, it'll only be because there's a guy with a bucket of paint on top and I don't want to risk a paint bath."

"Breaking my leg seemed the worst possible luck that could happen to me and it turned out to be the best good fortune I could possibly have had."

Indeed, Fortune has smiled on the vivacious young lady. No other girl ever got a movie job more quickly. Her screen debut in "Romance on the High Seas" was sensational. Now she's working on her third picture, "It's a Great Feeling," a gay Technicolor picture with lots of music, in which she's co-starred with Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson. With that record, do you wonder that Doris laughs at superstitions?

"Was there ever another girl who had an automobile accident lead to a screen career?" she asks seriously. And you answer—just as solemnly—that there hasn't been. But after talking a while to the gay, young star, you can't help feeling that only an unusual person could overcome the difficulties and heartbreak that have been hers—and still arise a bright, shiny star.

THE END



Recognize her? It's cute Doris Day dressed as a Hawaiian cutie in "My Dream Is Yours."



Expectant dad, Charles Russell, can smile now as he watches wife Nancy Guild learn how to bathe baby. It may not be funny when his turn comes!



Charles comes in for a share of Red Cross instruction, too. Nurse Alberta MacLean makes sure he knows something about quick changes.



The correct way of putting a nipple on the bottle without touching the top is shown to the couple. Just another trick Charles must learn.



They're Having

★ Baby talk is the big thing these days in the Nancy Guild-Charles Russell household. And no wonder, for the young couple—rated among Hollywood's happiest young marrieds—are going to have a baby!

Nancy got the good news about the prospective Russell heir just after she had completed filming "Black Magic" in Italy for producer Eddie Small. So just as soon as she returned to the United States, off she went—and Charles, too!—to the local chapter of the American Red Cross, where a 6-lecture course in Parenthood gave them full instructions on what to do until—and when—the little stranger arrives.



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CAT-TEX

SOLE OUT-WEARS LEATHER!

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

(Continued from page 25)

parts, but she made each of them outstanding. When Warners dropped her from the studio contract list, Paramount grabbed her without even giving her a screen test. But she had yet to bide her time before gaining real recognition.

Meanwhile, Audie, four years older than Wanda, was growing up on a Texas farm. His father, a share-cropper, had nine children. Life to the family was a grim proposition. Getting sufficient food and clothing were problems enough. Ordinary luxuries were out of the question. At early ages, each member of the family was thrown into the battle for existence. Audie can't remember when he began working in the fields.

When he was a child, he heard that a travelling stock company was playing in a nearby town. The idea of "something different" fascinated him. He walked seven miles through mud and chilly autumn weather "just to see the tent." Having neither shoes nor shirt, he wore a hand-me-down suit, many sizes too large, with a double-breasted coat wrapped tightly around his thin body.

Arriving at the show lot, he stood for a long while gazing at the people who entered the tent. The ticket-seller finally broke down and slipped him into the show. It was his first contact with the theater. The play itself made little impression on the future motion picture star. But characteristically he never forgot the kindness of the man who made seeing it possible.

Such an environment may do either of two things to a sensitive child. It either crushes his spirit, which often leads to resignation or bitterness; or it increases his resolution and defiance. It is according to the stuff of which one is made. Audie was born with the seeds of greatness.

As a child, he escaped into the world of the imagination, living with his dreams and maturing ideals. He still prefers solitude to the company of most people. That was one of the problems which he and Wanda, who likes a lot of friends, had to work out before their marriage.

When he was sixteen, his mother's death broke up the family union. Three of the younger children were placed in an orphanage; the older ones scattered. Audie, now rootless, drifted to Greenville, Texas, where he secured employment in a radio shop at sixteen dollars a week.

The war came on. Audie tried to enlist in both the Marines and the Paratroops, but was turned down by both organizations because of being underweight. He finally landed in the infantry.

In 1943, the year that Wanda came to Hollywood to begin her movie career, Audie was fighting through the rugged, bloody hills of Southern Italy with the Third Infantry Division.

By 1945, Wanda had made several pictures, but she was still a comparative "unknown" when Audie became nationally famous as "the most decorated combat soldier of World War II." With every American medal available to an infantryman, he was returned to America for a rest shortly after VE Day.

He arrived in Texas, a quiet, clean-cut youth with brooding eyes. He had not yet reached his 21st birthday. The public immediately proceeded to lionize him. That was something Audie neither expected nor desired. His brain was still

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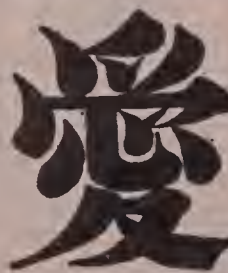
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crowded with cruel battle memories. But he found that fame was harder to dispose of than his battle enemies had been. His picture appeared on the cover of a leading magazine. A major studio promptly offered him a screen test. Audie ignored the offer. He went fishing.

Then James Cagney invited him to visit Hollywood. He also had been intrigued by Audie's picture on the magazine cover. "I saw in him poise and assurance without aggressiveness. You might call it a spiritual overtone," Cagney later explained. Audie accepted his invitation, arriving in Hollywood with only twelve dollars in his pockets. "I went only to see the place," he says. "I had no inkling of ever settling down there or becoming an actor."

Like other ex-soldiers he faced the problems of re-adjustment to civilian life. He needed money. One of his first acts on returning to Texas had been removing his brothers and sisters from the orphanage. The bulk of his army savings had been spent as the down-payment on a house to shelter them.

During this quandary, he was offered a film contract by James Cagney and his producer brother, Bill. While the salary was far from fabulous, it was more than Audie could likely have earned at the beginning of any other profession. He returned to Hollywood and signed the contract.

Jimmy Cagney told him to take things easy for a while. He wanted Audie to "get the feel" of his future work. For a brief period, he attended a dramatic school.

Neither drinking, smoking, nor liking to dance, he avoided night clubs and parties. The legend that he was extremely shy was passed around town. By nature, Audie is direct and honest. He chose his friends strictly on the basis of character; and gradually he drifted away from the film colony.

He dated a few girls, but found none that interested him. Then a magazine cover figured prominently in his life again. On it he saw Wanda's picture; and he was impressed by what seemed to be a simple, sweet, wholesome girl. Through mutual friends he arranged to meet her at a dinner party. It was not a case of love at first sight. They both admired one another, however, and began dating.

The freshness and simplicity of their romance delighted Hollywood, which described Wanda and Audie as "the cutest couple in town." They avoided the bright lights. They hunted, fished, horse-backed, and practiced target-shooting on a rifle range. His pet name for her was "Skipper." She called him "Soldier."

One day they discovered that they were in love; and then the problems began to rise. Like many other veterans, Audie had returned from the war with an attitude that was impatient and a bit cynical.

His defense often took the form of attack. To keep Wanda on her toes, he often did and said things deliberately intended to irritate her. Wanda had her share of temper and stubbornness. She responded with a vigor amazing to find in such a pretty girl. But these tiffs passed as quickly as a summer shower.

Their chief differences lay in their attitudes toward their respective careers. With "Miss Tatlock's Millions," Wanda was suddenly elevated to stardom. She became much in demand, working almost constantly in films. Audie, still waiting for his break, was left with a lot of time on his hands.

"I began to talk, eat, drink, live, and breathe pictures," says Wanda. "And that was a mistake. It might have cost

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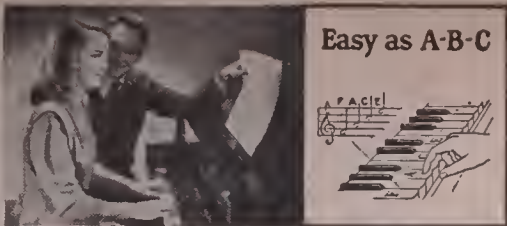
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me the real love of my life—Audie. I owe him a great deal for bringing me back down to earth and making me realize that there were things more important than a successful career."

He and Wanda had discussed marriage. They both wanted a home and children; and they had learned that their personal differences could be ironed out. But economic problems arose. Audie was determined that he would never marry until he could support a wife.

He got his first film role in "Beyond Glory"; and his career seemed definitely set. John Farrow, the director, praised his work highly.

The Cagneys, who had changed production plans, did not renew their option on him. Audie's name was kicked about with abandon to publicize other personalities and films. He was announced for a half a dozen pictures, about which he knew nothing. But the impression was created that he was working steadily. As a matter of fact, he wasn't working at all.

Tired and disgusted, he was constantly on the verge of leaving Hollywood. Only Wanda kept him in the movie capitol. She urged him to be patient. He realized that if he left town, his romance with Wanda would be over. He could not ask her to give up her career and follow him. On the other hand, he would not marry her if they had to live apart.

So he lingered in Hollywood while trying to make up his mind. At the urging of friends, he started to write a book about his war experiences. Then producer Paul Short entered his life.

Paul had a story titled "Bad Boy," which dealt with the work of Variety Clubs International in reforming juvenile delinquents. Since most theater exhibitors belong to the Club a picture made from the story was promised enormous circulation. The story had to star Audie Murphy.

Before tests could be made, Audie was invited to France by the French government, and I accompanied him on the trip. Though the generous French feted and honored him, Audie thought constantly of Wanda. He had six photographs of her along with him.

Reporters met us at the airport in New York. Among the questions popped at Audie was: "When do you plan to marry Wanda Hendrix?" He replied with a grin, "As soon as I can afford it." However, the story broke nationally as a factual engagement announcement.

Before leaving for France, Audie had delivered 200 pages of his book manuscript to the publishers, Henry Holt and Company. The day after we arrived in New York, he was notified that the book had been accepted. He came to my room, picked up the telephone, and called Wanda.

"Hello, Skipper," he said. "Are you going to marry me? Okay, darling, I'll see you in a few days."

He hung up the receiver. "What did she say?" I asked. "She said she's ready."

"Brother, you're engaged," I said. Their reunion was to be brief. Within two weeks after Audie returned to Hollywood, Wanda was scheduled to leave for Italy to co-star in "The Prince of Foxes" with Tyrone Power. She would be gone five months.

They debated the idea of getting married immediately. For an emergency decision Audie got a wedding and engagement ring. They planned to elope on the Sunday before Wanda was to leave for Rome. At the last moment, they decided to discuss the matter with her parents.

Mrs. Hendrix had urged Wanda to wait until she got a little older before marry-

ing. But seeing the determination of the two, she gave in, promising to arrange for a church wedding if the marriage would be delayed until Wanda's return from Italy.

With Wanda gone, Audie concentrated on work. He delivered the completed manuscript of his book, "To Hell and Back," to the publishers. After reading it, the publishers wrote: "Told in a simple and vital language, it is a human record that the novelists, reporters, and generals haven't been able to touch."

Then Audie tested for the leading role in "Bad Boy." The result was so sensational that it became the talk of the town.

When I visited him on the set to watch his work, I realized that his nonchalance toward his career was only on the surface. He was in there pitching with everything he had. He was at last working for Wanda.

Preview critics were amazed at the performance. In every scene, Audie evinced complete authority and poise. Having quietly underplayed his role, he laughed, "I'm too lazy to overact." Veteran Lloyd Nolan, one of his co-stars, called Audie to "congratulate him on stealing the picture."

A new star was born. With both book and film out of his hair, he secured a honeymoon apartment and supervised the furnishing and redecoration of it. When Wanda arrived on New Year's Eve, it was ready.

Audie met her at the airport alone. "We have a lot to talk over," he explained to a friend who wanted to accompany him. For three days she was bedded with a bad cold that she had picked up en route home. Audie was at her bedside constantly. Fearing that the wedding would be too great a strain on her, he suggested that it be postponed.

"No," said Wanda, "we're taking no more chances on our happiness. This is it, Soldier."

"Okay, Skipper," Audie replied. "It'll be just as you say."

They were married before an altar decked with lilies and ferns. Only a small group of intimate friends were asked to the ceremony. After the ceremony, he smilingly posed with Wanda while photographers snapped pictures for over an hour. That was to show his Skipper that he had also changed.

THE END

Love-Starved?
"NUTS!"
 says
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MOVIELAND
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THEY'RE MAGIC

(Continued from page 65)



If you're an Astaire-Rogers fan you'll remember this dance from "Gay Divorcee."

actress. It would have been better for lovers of the dance if she hadn't been so successful. But when she won the Academy Award for the best performance of the year in "Kitty Foyle," she put away her dancing shoes.

The magic combination was broken. Fred had other dancing partners—the glamorous Rita Hayworth, the seductive Paulette Goddard, the sparkling Joan Leslie, the slim-hipped Eleanor Powell—but none ever complemented Fred's own impish charm so convincingly as did Ginger. Without her the fairy tale was not real.

Still, with all due credit to Ginger's pertness, her beauty, and her dancing ability, it was always Astaire who was the worker, the creative worker, of the team. He designs and creates the routines, gets the ideas around which to build a dance.

This calls for a vivid imagination, an ability to think in terms of motion and fluid grace. For the thing that most noticeably marked his dancing from the first was the fact that he danced with his whole body.

Before his time, dancers danced only with their feet. Long before young, romantic Gene Kelly hit stardom and dancing fame; before Marc Platt electrified Columbia executives, Fred Astaire took the dance forward into another realm of expression. Life magazine put the correct label on him in 1941 when it stated: "Fred Astaire is the No. 1 exponent of America's only native and original dance form."

What's he like—this Astaire whose name is synonymous with the dance?

In the first place, he's not a mixer-with-people. He's an intensely shy and sensitive man, a great worrier, a man continually torn by a side of him that labels all extrovert mannerisms as not quite in good taste and another side that is one hundred per cent extrovert and happiest when performing for people.

It is almost as if there were two Astaires—one, a gay blade who dances for the sheer love of it; the other, a quiet

introvert with distinctly non-flashy tastes. For instance, Fred keeps his family out of the limelight. In interviews, he keeps to matters of career.

And yet his family life is above reproach. He is rarely seen socially without his attractive wife, the former Phyllis Potter, Boston heiress and socialite. He is devoted to his two sons, twenty-year-old Peter Potter (his wife's son by a former marriage), and twelve-year-old Fred, Jr. His daughter, Ava, who is six, is the darling of the family.

Fred's closest confidante is his sister, Adele, with whom he starred for years on Broadway. Their dancing team was broken when she married Lord Cavendish and retired to the ancestral castle in Ireland.

All through the years, she and Fred maintained constant correspondence—he, asking advice and criticism of his work; she, obliging. After the death of Lord Cavendish two years ago, Adele married Kingman Douglas of New York, where she now lives most of the year.

When you examine Fred's background, it is not hard to understand why he has never become part of theatrical society; why he has kept his family guarded from demands of the press; why he has separated his career so sharply from his private life.

Fred is from one of Omaha's finest families, a fact his mother never let him forget. As a consequence, neither Fred nor his sister, Adele, ever cultivated a taste for bizarre theatrical society.

In New York, they lived on Park Avenue and moved in Park Avenue circles. In London, their friends were the intellectuals and of the peerage. In Hollywood, Fred and his wife therefore fitted naturally into the ultra-conservative set.

Fred is one of the few movie stars listed in Who's Who. He was one of the first to be recognized by the international set. He is one of the few theatrical people ever to be admitted to certain exclusive clubs such as New York's Racquet and Tennis Club.

Considering this, he should have a



Ginger and Fred, 10 years later—this time in the M-G-Musical, "Barkleys of Broadway."

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reasonable amount of self-assurance, but Fred has the mark of the true genius: he is never satisfied with himself, nor his looks, nor his performance. Although female fans have always found his sophistication appealing and men have consistently admired his youthful bounce and the self-discipline evident in his dancing, Fred, himself, just doesn't like his appearance. When Technicolor came in, he remarked discouragedly, "Can you imagine how I'll look in Technicolor?"

This lack of conceit has been part of his character for years. When he first hit Hollywood, he disliked his face; thought he was too thin to photograph well; was sure his fast footwork would blur on film. This state of mind was not relieved by his first screen test.

It was viewed by a studio lame brain, who reported loftily, "Slightly bald. Can't act. Can dance a little."

Yet his confidence in himself should not have been so easily battered. Long before he came to Hollywood, he was a dancing star. Along with the gifted Adele, he had been the toast of Broadway for years.

As far back as 1922, producer Alex Aarons thought so highly of the dancing of the young Astaires that he decided a show should be written especially for them. The result, "For Goodness Sake," followed by sequels, "Lady Be Good" and "Funny Face," put both Fred and Adele in the top bracket of money-earners and made them international celebrities.

In 1922, Fred was 22 and Adele was just a little older. Overnight, she was adored and he was lionized by New York society. By 1932, when Adele married Lord Cavendish and went to Ireland in favor of nobility and Lismore Castle, Fred stepped out of dancing partnership with his sister to a star in his own right in Broadway's "Gay Divorcee."

Until this time, although he had always been the worker of the team, theatrical people had regarded him as "that talented Austerlitz girl's little brother." But when he played for a smash thirty-two weeks in "Gay Divorcee," agents and public alike accepted him on his own.

That was when RKO doubtfully invited him to Hollywood. Doubtfully, because it was the era of big, handsome males, and Fred was neither big nor handsome. But musicals had come in with a smashing box office stability, and, where there was music, producers reasoned, there should also be dancing.

Yet the bigwigs at RKO did some private moaning. "Isn't it too bad," they asked themselves sadly, "that the best dancer in the world has to be so dog-goned homely?"

Fred shared the universal discouragement. After making "Flying Down to Rio" with an ambitious youngster named Ginger Rogers, he left for London to open in "The Gay Divorcee." He and Ginger had a solemn farewell. Both were woefully certain that dancing in pictures would never be popular.

He was forgetting his "failure" in the smash success of "The Gay Divorcee," which was playing to Standing Room Only, when quite astounding news began to hit London. "Flying Down to Rio" was a sensation, and Fred and Ginger along with it.

Far from disliking his looks, women found him distinctly American, but with a sophistication, savoir-faire, and suavity usually thought of as Continental. Thus, at 33, Fred was on a whirlwind dance blitz that was to captivate the world for eight years.

Riding along with him in his chariot, and working every bit as hard, was Ginger. Not only the United States, but

the whole world, was to fall in love with them.

Ginger was so charming, so lively; she looked at Fred with such ardent and rapt devotion reel after reel that the American public would have favored an off-the-screen romance between them. But Ginger and Fred have had only an impersonal relationship in private life. Theirs was a business association that ended when the day's work was done—despite the very real friendship between them.

Fred is the first to say that he is not a particularly colorful character. He doesn't buzz in and out of night clubs nor enter cross-country races. He takes his work very seriously, and down to the most minute detail. He is the one who personally inspects every pair of dancing shoes (and he has over a hundred pair), even putting on the taps himself.

He works for long hours before mirrors perfecting certain movements. He has laboriously coached one cinema lovely after another in the intricacies of the dance.

He is so careful about never duplicating a routine that he will have past pictures run off for him so he will be sure there will be no duplication. He is constantly looking for dance ideas, and his biggest worry is that the day may come when he will not be able to create such startling dance ideas as have been so notably memorable in the past.

Because he is a dancer, people sometimes overlook his other talents. For one thing, he is one of the greatest comedians in the business. For another, he is a song writer. "Just Like Taking Candy From a Baby" and "I'm Building Up to an Awful Letdown" came out almost ten years ago and yet they still have great popular appeal.

He is also a fine pianist and an actor of considerable stature—a fact that RKO recognized during the war. Fred was offered the role of Ernie Pyle in "The Story of G.I. Joe." It would have been his first chance at dramatic acting. But Fred has always been extremely honest and self-analytical.

He realized that he had been typed too long. People had grown too used to seeing him on the screen as a sophisticated man-about-town to want to see him as a mud-smeared war correspondent. He let the role go by the board.

Yet Fred, himself, got his share of mud during the war. Passionately pro-British, he donated several ambulances to Britain long before the United States entered the war. He was one of the few entertainers who traveled to the front line trenches to entertain the troops, keeping a schedule that would have challenged the endurance of a much younger man.

If there is a key to Fred's life-long success, it is just that: Indefatigable endurance. He is inexhaustible when it comes to his work, to anything that matters to him. His talents and his energy seem to be continually reborn. Today, he is zipping along full speed ahead.

That's why, over at Metro, the grapevine is singing. The Astaire-Rogers picture is going to be the greatest money-making musical the lot has ever known.

They say Ginger looks like a dream and dances like an angel; that Astaire is surpassing himself. Everyone is excited. You can almost see in the air that something terrific is being created. There's a certain magical magnetism in the atmosphere; a certainty of success. And if that's the way the studio feels, imagine the enthusiasm of fans who have waited for this!

But, then, it's always magic when Ginger and Fred dance together.

THE END

LOVE FINDS A WAY

(Continued from page 28)

basic, lasting qualities. And the credit for this must go to Blanca Rosa Welter, which is Linda's original name.

Linda was able to pin the notoriously elusive Tyrone down to matrimonial promises and intentions where such worldly predecessors as Sonja Henie, Janet Gaynor, Norma Shearer, and Lana Turner had failed.

This is really a remarkable accomplishment when you realize that Linda is at least ten years younger than the 35-year-old Ty and that Ty has always gone with older women.

Sonja Henie is two years older than he; Janet Gaynor eight years; Norma Shearer nine years; and Suzanne Georgette Charpentier Sorre Murat (Annabella), by her own calculations, merely one year older.

Here then comes a 23-year-old girl, Linda Christian, virtually unknown, no stage background, no buildup, no accomplishments to speak of, and she walks right off with one of the greatest catches in the movie colony.

How did she do it? What was her technique? How did she warm up Tyrone Power, who reputedly off-screen is pretty cold potatoes?

Girls desirous of obtaining husbands should read the story of Linda's methods with rapt attention.

Thanks to her father's occupation (he's an oil engineer), Linda as a young girl was educated in schools all over the world, or wherever oil companies had any interests. She knows Italy, China, Palestine, the Near East as well as you know the palm of your hand.

When her mother divorced Gerald Welter and married a well-known Mexican doctor, a cancer researcher, Linda attended school in Mexico City. As a teen-ager, a late teen-ager, that is, she began to model at the El Patio, and it was here in the early 1940s that she began to catch the eyes of many Americans.

These Americans were men for the most part, and they told Linda that with her face and figure she would have little trouble in becoming a screen star.

Under the sponsorship of Errol Flynn, Linda came to the United States and took an apartment in Hollywood. Her mother couldn't go along at the time, but not long afterward her uncle arrived.

Linda set about becoming a screen actress. Her English was indistinct and faltering, so she began taking lessons. When she became intelligible in the language, she was given a beginner's contract at M-G-M, and while there, she was borrowed by Sol Lesser for a Tarzan picture.

The man responsible for her being borrowed was Bo Roos, business manager of Johnny Weissmuller, who was then playing the Tarzan roles. Bo had met Linda when she was a model in Mexico City, he had also met her mother, and when the opportunity came for him to do the girl a good turn, he was johnny-on-the-spot.

It was he who suggested that Sol Lesser borrow Linda Christian from M-G-M. She was starred in a Tarzan picture, and it was this production that gave her the right to be called an actress.

After the picture was finished, and much of it was shot in Mexico where reputedly Linda became a fast friend of President Aleman, Linda returned to her home lot, M-G-M, where she met Tyrone Power.

Ty was a constant M-G-M visitor, because Lana Turner was working in

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Everywhere Linda and Ty go in Rome they make new friends. This giant mastiff thought Linda was terrific, too, especially when she fed him choice tid-bits from the table.

"Homecoming," and supposedly, he was in love with Lana. Actually, he wasn't. "I merely liked her as a friend," he says.

In any event, Ty met Linda while he was going with Lana. He told her about his projected round-the-world flight. And coincidence of coincidences! When Ty Power landed in Rome, who should be in that city at the same time but the red-headed, green-eyed Linda Christian!

Linda speaks a beautiful Italian. She knows practically all there is to know about Italy. She took Ty around Rome. They tossed pennies in the good-luck fountains. Ty was impressed by the girl's intelligence, her talent as a linguist, her worldliness. There was nothing provincial about Linda. She's older than her years.

When Ty flew back to the States, he announced that romance or his friendship with Lana Turner had come to an end. He made no announcements concerning Linda Christian, and Linda kept mum all the way.

After Lana was married to Bob Topping, however, Linda and Ty made no secret of how they felt toward each other. Linda suggested that they visit Mexico. "I know you'll love my country," she told Ty. (Linda was born in Tampico.) So off to Mexico, the young lovers flew.

Once again, Linda was on home soil. *Get your boyfriend on the home grounds.* That seemed to be her motto. In Mexico, Linda gave Ty the grand tour. She was guide, instructor, interpreter, everything. Ty gave her a diamond ring as large as a walnut.

Back in the States once more, Ty let Linda re-decorate his house. Despite all the outward appearances of a great love affair, Ty's friends still insisted at this point that their boy would never marry Linda.

They said he was using her to forget Annabella; that she was merely the rebound from the Turner affair. They pointed out how Tyrone always liked older women. They sought to discourage the course of true love.

Ty said nothing. He never has anything to say about the women in his life. The only time he's ever bared his heart in the public print was a few months before he married Annabella. It was then that he said, "It's very difficult to fall in

love in Hollywood or stay in love. Long before you're certain of your own feelings, the publicity begins to swamp you. You begin to doubt yourself or what is worse, you talk yourself into an emotion that doesn't exist."

Feeling this way about love in Hollywood, it was only natural for Ty to insist that Linda accompany him to Italy when he went over there last year to make "Prince of Foxes."

In Italy he could find out once and for all exactly how he felt about Linda. There would be no publicity, no inquiring reporters, no pursuing photographers. A man would have the opportunity of taking inventory of his own soul.

It was in Italy that love between Ty and Linda first bloomed. And it was in Italy that love ripened. After Ty was finished with "Prince of Foxes," he and Linda toured the entire country. She took him to Florence, Capri, Venice. They floated in the gondolas. Linda pointed out the sights, explained the landmarks.

Ty wanted to marry her immediately. Stories drifted back to the U.S. that the couple had been married in a civil ceremony. There was no truth to that.

As for Ty, he wants Linda to remain as cosmopolitan, sophisticated, knowing, and witty as ever.

These are qualities that you must emulate if you're in the market for a husband like Ty Power. Travel all around the world; learn six different languages including Arabic. Make sure that your figure is trim, inviting, and firm. Cultivate a sparkling sense of humor, a quick sense of adaptability, and you, too, can marry an actor like Ty.

No girl gets a man by accident. She studies his strength; she studies his weakness, and then she plans her attack.

Linda saw to it that she met Ty at the right time and that she spent that time with him at the right places. She is one girl who made her geography pay off.

A globe-trotter by nature and disposition, Tyrone Power has always been a sucker for a girl who knew her way around. Such girls in his life have been comparatively rare. To date, they number only two: Annabella and Linda Christian.

THE END

LANA KNOWS TEARS, TOO

(Continued from page 43)

York. Three months before the baby was due, Lana suffered a miscarriage. "Timothy" (the name she had chosen for a baby boy) would never be.

All of Greenwich joined Bob Topping in his sadness. They had taken Lana to their hearts. They had been wrong about this girl, and they were all pulling for her.

Sometimes it is hard to reconcile yourself to the fact that movie stars are real people. Take glamorous Lana Turner as a case in point.

It took the people of the little New England township to discover that, behind the aura of gaudy glamour surrounding Lana, there lies the heart of a real person; a heart harboring the same desires, hopes and fears, as any young woman in any trade or profession, in any part of the world.

Greenwich, Connecticut, is a typical Yankee community located in the suburbs of New York City. Its green rolling hills harbor magnificent feudal mansions and estates of wealthy captains of industry and leading lights in the legal and professional world. It is a conservative little community, concerned with its own problems—problems far removed from Hollywood.

Into this quiet, sedate village, preceded by a reputation gleaned from reams of newspaper columns, came the fabulous Lana Turner.

You've read about the situation in popular novels time and time and again: Cinderella blooms out as glamorous movie star—meets wealthy Prince Charming—love blossoms. Then there's a costly and luxurious wedding and a honeymoon in Europe. And then the lucky couple comes to Prince Charming's old home—stead in a rock-ribbed socially-conscious community—like Greenwich.

The novels then build up suspense with the old gimmick: How will the snobbish socialites treat our Cinderella? Will she be accepted or will the township look down its collective nose at the movie actress in their midst?

Lana Turner certainly symbolized all the frivolity and mad living New Englanders are wont to associate with Hollywood.

An extrovert, Lana had never been particularly self-conscious. Always self-assured and poised, nevertheless she headed towards her honeymoon home in Connecticut with a sizeable degree of apprehension. However, with handsome Bob Topping, her husband of four months, smiling at her side, Lana was certain that she would take to Greenwich and that eventually Greenwich would take to her.

Lana had been to the Topping family home before. It was at the rambling Tudor mansion, a showplace in the beautiful and exclusive Round Hill sector of Greenwich, that Lana and Bob had decided they were meant for each other. That chapter, too, might have been taken out of a romantic novel. Something probably called "Christmas in Connecticut."

It was during the Big Snow of 1948. Lana, Bob, and Lana's pretty 5-year-old daughter, Cheryl, had motored up to Round Hill to spend the Christmas weekend. Bob had arranged with the local groceries to supply a larder of delicacies and wines.

Shortly after Bob and his guests arrived, the snow began to fall. It covered the sweeping lawns and stilled the rippling lake. The tall trees of the

forest sparkled in crystalline beauty as they caught the rays of the winter sun.

To Cheryl it was a sheer delight, experiencing her first snowfall. To Lana it was heavenly as she and Bob settled in over-large chairs by a blazing fireplace and talked and talked and talked.

The snow continued to fall. The Topping home, sharing in common the plight of the rich and poor of the Northeast, was snowbound.

Christmas passed and gave way to New Year's. By then Lana and Bob were certain that they wanted to be man and wife—to enjoy each other's company not only for a snow-bound week, but forever.

Bob planned a mammoth New Year's Eve party at which time he would announce the good news. Guests were invited from all parts of the East. But due to the heavy snow few were able to attend. However, Lana, Bob, and several intimate friends celebrated, and later Bob made his ill-advised announcement that he and Lana would announce their engagement at a luxurious party in Hollywood within a few days.

Although separated from his fourth wife, actress Arline Judge, Bob was still legally married. His announcement set the staid townfolk of Greenwich aghast. There was much talk in the village the following day, mostly to the effect that Hollywood was "running true to form—but why bring it to Greenwich?"

Eventually all was straightened out and the Topping-Turner marriage was conducted with complete decorum. But the people of Greenwich remembered, when the Toppings returned to their midst to take up residence in Round Hill.

If they were expecting Bob and Lana to embark on a perpetual carousel spin, they were deeply disappointed. Everyone knew the Toppings were at Round Hill, but little was heard from them; they were seldom seen.

In September Lana announced that she was expecting a baby. The Toppings would remain in Greenwich until the arrival of the child. Lana served notice that she would not star in M-G-M's "Madame Bovary" as scheduled; would not return to Hollywood until April, after the birth of "Timothy."

Lana was sure it would be "Timothy." After all, she had been sure about Cheryl, hadn't she? And Cheryl wanted a brother in the worst way: "What good is all the snow if I don't have anyone to play with?"

At Round Hill, Lana cut most of her Hollywood ties, much to Bob's delight. She plunged into the life of a country matron in earnest. Lana, the actress, Lana the Princess of Glamour, had been left somewhere West of the Rockies.

Trips to New York were few and far between, and prompted by the necessity of conferring with her doctor rather than a search for pleasure. More and more she was integrating her life into the life of Round Hill—and the life of Greenwich.

Fishing for hours by the beautiful lake; early-morning walks over the myriad winding bridle-paths; a short drive into the town of Greenwich for a newspaper or perhaps some new woolen maternity clothes; relaxing by the fire-side, reading to Cheryl of far-off lands peopled by elves and fairy princesses; hours with home movies; television, the wonderful world of books. . .

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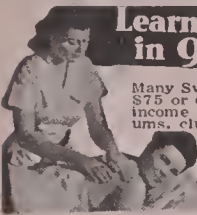


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about all of the wonderful things to be. That's what nobody informed the people of Greenwich when they gathered in their little groups and asked, "What's Lana Turner doing, anyway?"

In severing her ties with Hollywood, Lana coincidentally cut her news-making activities for the world of newspapers and magazines. This was one time when she really wanted privacy. And she was determined to have it.

The gossipers, at a loss for Turner copy, invented impending divorces and severe squabbles. Lana denied them at first, then wisely ignored them.

The truth is that there were family spats. There was a serious spat between Lana and Bob in November. It almost led to a break. At that time Bob had offered the family mansion to the Town of Greenwich, at an absurdly low price. However, the town turned it down.

The arrival of Cheryl and Lana's mother, Mildred Turner, from Hollywood heightened Lana's spirits. The rift was bridged as Bob welcomed Mom Turner, "Daughter" Cheryl, and prepared to celebrate another Christmas in Connecticut—this time with the girl who was to be mother of his child.

The sight of Lana Turner driving through town in her station wagon at first would bring merchants rushing out from their shops. Passersby stopped and pointed.

"There goes Lana," was a familiar cry in the Greenwich shopping district shortly after Christmas.

But this was a new Lana. This one exuded no glamour. There were no dramatic entrances into swank cafes; no attention-compelling strolls down the main street. Lana had changed.

One day she sat in front of the Greenwich Post Office for more than an hour, unnoticed and unmolested. A certain

person we know, stared out of his window, racking his brain for some clue as to the identity of "the familiar-looking gal in the old clothes" out front.

Lana even neglected her hair somewhat. She had little time for long sessions at the beauty parlors. Her outfit was what her new life at Round Hill called for—an unpuffed suede jacket, a pair of slacks, and scuffed moccasins.

Previously members of the large Topping household staff did most of the shopping. But now, more and more, Lana herself was appearing in the Old-English-style shops. The merchants found that they not only could stand Lana—they liked her!

The local restaurateurs delighted in welcoming the Toppings to their intimate establishments. The first restaurant thus honored was Chef Nick Manero, proprietor of Greenwich's best-known steak house.

"Lana looks lovely in a different sort of way. The first time she came in with Bob Topping and another couple, she didn't look any more like a movie star than my wife. But there's something about her that gets you. Everybody in the place stopped eating to stare although few people actually knew who she was," said Chef Manero.

The tragedy of losing her baby touched the whole town. Everyone was sorry for Lana for by that time they had taken Lana to their hearts.

As one local resident said, "We don't care what Lana Turner does on the screen. We've discovered for ourselves what kind of a girl she is. We hope that when she gets all that traveling and picture-making out of her system she'll come right back here and settle down in Round Hill."

"She's one of us, now."

THE END

STRICTLY for LISTENING

By **VELMA SCOTT**

The tunes that'll grace your list of favorites are piling up these days. Everyone's all out to get arrangements on the terrific crop of new songs that have been penned for movies and shows. Could be that music is taking a cue from the Spring that's in the air and getting on the bandwagon.

From Broadway come several hits. Victor's **ONCE IN LOVE WITH AMY** from "Where's Charley?" has already hit the Hit Parade, and you'll love Freddy Martin's arrangement of it. On the flip is a bounce number, **YOU WAS**. Nice danceable ditty but not the kind you whistle and sing like the first.

"Kiss Me Kate" produces more Cole Porter hits and Victor waxes one of them. **WHY CAN'T YOU BEHAVE** gets a sensational vocal treatment by that wondergal, Fran Warren of the sultry tones. She's become a top-flight thrush in no time—Stafford take note! **WHAT'S MY NAME** is on the flip, a perfectly paced tune for Fran's styling though not so notable as the first side.

Tommy Dorsey waxes another tune from "Kiss Me Kate"—the real hit of the show. It's **SO IN LOVE**, most hauntingly beautiful of the new ballads. Denny Dennis puts the words to music with a sensational minor backing by the Dorsey men.

M-G-M's "Words and Music" produces an oldie, **BLUE ROOM**. If you've forgotten it, you'll be reminded very pleasantly by Perry Como's vocal. His throaty crooning is good contrast to the lilting melody—a delightful combination of moods. On the flip, Perry sings **WITH A SONG IN MY HEART**. Not so sparkling a rendition, but pleasant, especially if you're a Como fan.

On M-G-M, Art Lund gets going on a favorite from Warners' "My Dream Is Yours." It's **SOMEONE LIKE YOU**, in nice, relaxed jump rhythm. But the reverse is the stand-out on this platter. It's Berlin's **I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM**. Are we glad this tune's being revived! Johnny Thompson's bouncing backing to the terrific Lund vocal will make stiff competition for the popular Les Brown (Columbia) version.

Betty Garrett and Jimmy Durante don't need a show tune to play around with. They're a show themselves—especially on a novelty like **THE PUSSY CAT SONG** or **N'YOW, NOT N'YOW**. Their combined humor gets good play on this silly ditty that's caught on on M-G-M. The coupling is **ANY STATE IN THE FORTY-EIGHT IS GREAT**. With a title like that, little explanation of the type-tune it is necessary. We might just add that all of Jimmy's fast, catchy repartee that was subdued for the **PUSSY CAT SONG** is thrust into this one.

One of the best bands going does two of the best new releases. They're **SUNFLOWER** and **LITTLE JACK FROST, GET LOST**. The first is all about Kansas and Ray McKinley gives vent to some gold-studded corn. Plenty of brass and solid rhythm add up to another brisk one on the reverse. Both are good.

THE END

PAGEANT



THE NEW PAGEANT



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What are your chances for marital happiness when your husband is used to living with someone else? An outspoken second wife tells the answers to this and other vital

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MY PRINCESS CHARMING

(Continued from page 59)

dignified than usual when we met for lunch in the M-G-M commissary. He'd grown a moustache for his role in "Storm Over Vienna," but when he started talking, his eyes twinkling, the dignity vanished and he was the boyish hunk of dreamboat that so many girls sigh over.

"Let me put it this way," Peter began. "I like a girl who, on the one hand, has poise, charm and breeding, but on the other hand, she must also be what I call a 'beach girl.' I assure you," he added with a laugh, "I use the term 'beach girl' with great love. I know it seems like a trivial requirement but it's very important to me.

"I love the beach and everything that goes with it—surfing, swimming, lying on the sand and getting tanned. And I couldn't possibly be serious about any girl unless she felt the same way I do about the beach. It's more than just liking the physical exercise of swimming—it's liking the uncomplicated life of the beach. It's practically a philosophy, of knowing how to enjoy life and getting as close to nature as possible.

"Molly Ann Dunne, the wife of one of my best friends, Charlie Dunne, is a beach girl. Charlie, Molly and I have the best times at Laguna. We're in the ocean at nine, and we don't leave the beach until it's dark. We don't get fashionable at the beach with robes and fancy paraphernalia. We don't fuss with basket lunches, and Molly isn't afraid of the sun or the sand. I feel very free and happy when I'm around a girl like that.

"I'm a weird bird," Peter explained. "After a day at the beach, I usually like to make a complete switch in the evening and dress up and go to Romanoff's or Ciro's. And that's why this ideal girl of mine has to be a slick chick as well. You see, I also like a girl who is at home in a glossy night club or at a large party where there are a million people—a girl who has social know-how. Gloria McLean is such a girl and so is Jeanne Vanderbilt, who is married to Alfred Vanderbilt. Gloria and Jeanne are social—they're girls of good taste, good breeding and fine manners. But they're loads of fun, too. They're never flustered or embarrassed, never at a loss for words. They know how to dress, they know how to entertain, they can talk about anything. It's comfortable to be with them because they have such ease and graciousness.

"Here is how I'd like my Princess Charming to look: she must be a collegiate type in looks and personality—long-legged and wholesome-looking, with a clean-cut, happy face. I like her hair shiny and natural in color—nothing that looks as though it spent most of its life at the hairdresser's, even if it did. I like hair worn as simply as a child's, in a short, smooth bob. No trick hair-do, if you please. She must be the kind of girl who wears sweaters and skirts, boxy coats, bobby sox—yes, I really go for them—and moccasins. Only a girl who would find such clothes appealing would appeal to me, for it takes a breezy, natural girl to dress like that in the first place.

"I'm very conscious of the clothes a girl wears. It actually bothers me when a girl looks as though she's dressed to the teeth with too many jewels and pins and a fancy gown and hairdo. I hate to feel conspicuous. I like my girl to be dressed smartly, but in a subtle way—not to shine like a neon light for other

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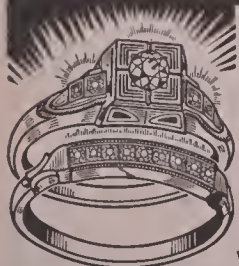


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Girl-talk by Mrs. Gary Cooper and Ann Sothorn seems to hold Pete Lawford's inter-
est—and no wonder! The girls rate tops on his list of "Hollywood's exciting women."

people to be dazzled by.

"Why are clothes so important in my
conception of the ideal girl? Because
clothes reflect the spirit of a girl. A girl
who goes for bizarre get-ups is usually
affected. A girl who dresses in an easy,
casual style is usually gay, uninhibited
and has innate good taste in everything.

"I also like breeding in a girl's looks.
There are many girls whom other men
consider beautiful; the voluptuous beau-
ties with long, blonde hair and sexy
figures. Not for me. I don't go for out-
and-out sex appeal. To me, a girl with
a well-groomed look, with quiet beauty,
not the flamboyant type, who radiates
health and vitality, is the greatest beauty
of all. I go for the typical college girl
types, not the movie sirens.

"In personality, I like a girl who is
easy to be with and has enough self-
confidence so that she doesn't have to
resort to coyness. A well-known actress I
know was that kind of girl. She estab-
lished a friendly camaraderie and a
man knew where he stood with her. Be-
fore she married we were good friends,
and some evenings if she happened to
be alone she'd call and ask, 'Would you
like to come over and take me to a
movie?' That was fine. I liked it. It
showed a frankness and lack of inhibition
that I admire in a girl. I don't mean that
I go for a girl who calls a man and
pursues him—but once a friendship has
been established, I don't see why a girl
can't phone now and then when she
feels like. There are some girls I've gone
with a dozen times who would rather
die than call a man. That's a juvenile
attitude.

"A girl who has self-confidence doesn't
have to go by the book of rules. She
can follow her own impulses and know
that what she does is right. As another
example, I'd made a date with a cer-
tain girl for a Saturday night not long
ago. A few days after I'd made the
date, I suddenly remembered that I had
accepted a dinner engagement for that
Saturday night and couldn't possibly
break it without upsetting the hostess'
entire plans. I called this girl and ex-
plained very frankly the spot I was in
and asked her if we could change our
date from Saturday to Friday. She said,
'Of course. I'm free Friday night and
I'll be glad to make it then.' I liked her
tremendously for that, but a little later
she phoned me. She'd thought it over,

she said, and she wasn't going to play
second fiddle to anyone else. Either we
kept our original date, or not at all. My
attitude toward her changed. Here was
a girl who I thought, at first, was
understanding and honest. But she prob-
ably began to think about it or talked
it over with her girl friends and she
began to tell herself, 'How can I let
him change our date? He can't do that
to me!'

"She was going by the rule-book. If
she had had self-confidence she wouldn't
have had to worry. I would have thought
much more of her if she had stuck by
her original decision to change the date
and think no more of it.

"Confidence and security are wonder-
ful traits in a woman. Some girls are
so afraid to be themselves that they
tighten up and change their minds every
ten minutes. A man never knows how
they're going to behave next.

"My Princess Charming is definitely
not a neurotic. A temperamental woman
may be colorful to watch on the screen—
but grief to be with. I was with such a
girl the other night, a young actress. We
were having dinner and enjoying our-
selves—I thought—when suddenly she
looked up at me and announced, 'I
want to go home. Please let's leave.' And
she burst into tears. I took her home,
of course, but that will be the last time
for me. She was all nerves and couldn't
control herself. While I feel sorry for
girls who let their work or their every-
day problems make them so nervous,
they're not the kind a man like me
should latch on to for life.

"I'm a very relaxed guy. I don't worry
too much about anything and I usually
find a joke in everything. That's the
way I am, for better or for worse. I'd
need an easy-going girl around me—
someone who can laugh off little upsets
and not make a great tragedy if any-
thing went wrong. A girl who can handle
situations with a laugh can handle a
husband, a home and children without
becoming a martyr or a drudge.

"For that reason, I must admit that
an actress as a wife has her dis-
advantages. Basically, an actress is al-
ways 'on.' She seldom comes down to
earth. When I take a movie girl out to
dinner, her gaze usually wanders to other
people in the room—she tries to seek out
the columnists, producers or other pic-
ture people in the place. She's so busy

trying to make an impression on others that she can't give the man she's with her complete attention. She seldom relaxes.

"I wouldn't want to marry an actress—not because I'm afraid of the two-careers-in-one family but because the very nature of an actress' work is inclined to make her self-centered. You can say the same for an actor," Peter laughed, "so that the combination of two egos under one roof might prove to be explosive. I can see myself falling in love with a girl who has a career, for I admire a girl of energy and accomplishment. But it would work out better all around if her career were that of a writer or illustrator or some such profession, rather than acting, which is too self-engrossing.

"And now that I've gone on at such length to tell you what I don't want my Princess Charming to be like," said Peter with a laugh, "here are some girls who have the qualities which could be combined into a composite of my ideal.

"There are, of course, Jeanne Vanderbilt and Gloria McLean, whom I mentioned, because of their poise, breeding and smart beauty. These girls are *instinctive*. They know just what to do at the right time in the right way.

"Molly Ann Dunne—whom I also mentioned—because she's so healthy and fresh. She's a true beach girl if ever I saw one. She doesn't make life complicated or cluttered.

"Ava Gardner—because she is lots of fun and is vital. Ava has an infectious personality and a magnetic force. For all her touted glamor, she doesn't behave like a stilted glamor girl. Ava will wear horn-rimmed glasses when she feels like it—and still be the most exciting looking girl in the room. I've never known her to take out her compact or lipstick and fuss with her hair. She's regular, and she's smart.

"Anne Baxter—because she is beautiful and brainy. Anne has a fine family background which shows in her personality—she has poise and refinement. But there is nothing pseudo-intellectual about Anne. She is informal, gay and com-

pletely sympathetic toward everyone. Anne is a lady—a quality I particularly admire.

"Gene Tierney—because she has the type of looks I go for, a debutante-ish type of beauty not the typical Hollywood glamor. She has a clean-cut, frank face and a wonderful smile. Gene's also a smoothie and has a bright way of talking. She's a product of Eastern finishing schools—poised yet animated—and that's the type I like.

"Gloria Romanoff—the wife of Mike Romanoff. Gloria, who recently married my friend Mike, is the most unaffected girl I've ever met. She's spontaneous and enthusiastic and she's fun to be with. Besides all that, she's very capable. She used to work for Mike before they were married, and she still does. She has the ability to meet new people and charm them immediately.

"I don't want to get married yet," Peter said. "Some day, of course—but I don't know when. I get stretches when I'm lonely and I think it would be fine to be married, but I don't want to make a mistake. It wouldn't be right for me to jump in and get married just because I get a lonely spell now and then. If I were to rush into marriage for the sake of settling down I might lose sight of the important things. After the first six months of marriage some of the starry-eyed romance begins to wear off and a moon starts to look like a moon again. I need more than a beautiful girl as a wife. I want a stimulating companion—someone whose personality fits in with mine. And above all," he laughed, "a girl who'll be as crazy about the beach as I am."

Unusual requirements, aren't they? So far, Peter hasn't yet met such a girl. If he did, he'd forget his ideas of remaining a bachelor for some time to come. He has never dated one girl regularly because he refuses to take up a girl's time unless it's serious.

But if this Prince Charming ever meets the girl he'll lose no time in making her his real-life Princess Charming! He knows what he wants—as you can see. It's all a matter of finding her.

THE END

LUCKY STAR

(Continued from page 67)

McCoy families. It was a wonderful part, a combination of fire and sweetness and deep young love. So great is the role that many young stars, including Ann Blyth, were considered for it and Cathy herself wanted it desperately. However, because the role is a star-making one, Goldwyn decided to give it to an unknown whom he could have under personal contract.

Seven talent scouts were sent out to comb the nation looking for a girl to portray Roseanna. In New York, Billy Selwyn, chief talent executive, had seen hundreds of girls and thus far had not found the right one.

In desperation, he phoned a friend of his, Catherine Bellamy, the ex-wife of Ralph Bellamy, who had lived on Cape Cod, and asked if she remembered seeing any young actresses in summer stock that season who might qualify for the part of Roseanna.

"No," Catherine replied. Then she added, "But I do know one little girl who might be just what you're looking for. I'll send her to you."

Catherine then phoned the daughter of two friends of hers, a 14-year-old youngster named Joan Eunson (later changed

to Evans), and told her to see Selwyn.

Joan's father, Dale Eunson, is a novelist and playwright; her mother, Katherine Albert, is a novelist and was once a Hollywood publicist and movie magazine writer. Her godmother, for whom she was named, is Joan Crawford, one of her mother's best friends. In spite of this background, Joan has had no acting experience or training. She was a high school sophomore and life consisted of school studies, piano lessons and the excited flurry of being invited to an Exeter prom.

When she went to see Selwyn she thought it was ridiculous and nothing would come of it. With the whole country to choose from, how could she stand a chance over the hundreds of trained young actresses who were available? But the Goldwyn talent chief was impressed.

What Joan didn't know was that he saw in her the lyrical, innocent quality of Roseanna McCoy that might have escaped the professional personality of an actress. She has a piquant face with a full mouth, a tilted nose and velvet-black eyes that are slightly slanted. She is not a stereotyped beauty but has a quality

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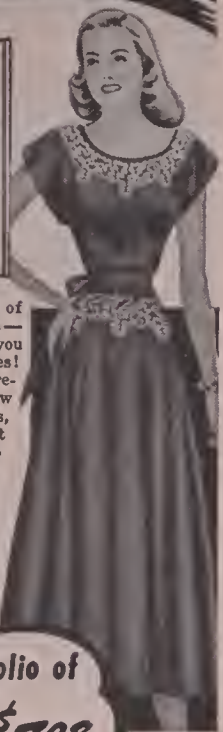
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and distinctiveness of her very own. All these things impressed Goldwyn when he saw her test and he sent for her to come to Hollywood for a personal interview. Her mother, who accompanied Joan on the trip, still couldn't believe that this thing had happened to her youngster. Katherine, who had lived in Hollywood for years, understood the zanier aspects of the town. As far as she knew, an unknown schoolgirl, with absolutely no training or experience, had never been given the lead in an important production.

Goldwyn met Joan and was enchanted with her. After she made a color test with Farley Granger, the search for Roseanna was ended!

Things happened quickly from then on. Joan Crawford gave a magnificent party to introduce her godchild to the press. Then there was the business of having her clothes sent out from New York; for Joan had actually never expected to stay on in Hollywood. The first day of shooting, once she overcame her nervousness, she faced the cameras with the aplomb of a veteran, for she is a very poised young lady.

Goldwyn has other pictures lined up for her after she finishes "Roseanna McCoy," and he believes she will become a great actress. From here it looks as though Joan may approach the career of the brilliant and gifted star who is her godmother.

* * *

The entry of David Brian into pictures is exciting because it shows by what small incidents the course of our lives can change.

David plays Dan Reynolds, the political boss who marries Joan Crawford in "Flamingo Road." It's a strong male role for which James Mason, Ronald Reagan and other big-timers were considered. So you can see the big guy is starting his film career from the top.

His real name is Brian Davis, but it was changed because another Davis, name of Bette, is on the same lot. He's a blond giant of an Irishman from New York in his early thirties, with a rugged build and an engaging smile.

Unlike Joan Evans, David's childhood was poor. His father died when he was very young and his mother had to go to work. David was brought up in one of the toughest sections in New York and used to swipe ice and coal to augment the family budget. He doesn't reflect such a background, for he is not a "tough guy" type.

He worked for a while as doorman at the Roxy Theatre. One noon hour he crashed a rehearsal for singers at a nearby theater and was hired as a chorus boy. He went on from there to understudy and soon was playing one of the leads.

This led to roles in other Broadway productions. He did singing parts, comedy and drama. Brian says he is prepared to do anything in the theater, because he's tried everything.

The war interrupted his career and he was in the Coast Guard for three years. When he was discharged he found, as so many returning servicemen did, that it was hard to get back to his former position. He appeared in a few plays, all of them outstanding flops.

Disgusted with acting, he came to California to go into the contracting business with a pal. This had a disappointing ending when David and his friend discovered they couldn't get the necessary building materials.

So, here we have our hero disgusted, broke, through with acting—so he thought—and not quite knowing what to do from here on in.

In the meantime, a miraculous thing was happening. David had met some people at a party, one of whom was a registered nurse named Mrs. Lucille Safford. Mrs. Safford got a job in Joan Crawford's household as nurse to Joan's two newly-adopted babies.

One evening, Joan and Mrs. Safford were having an informal dinner together when Joan remarked that she and Michael Curtiz were looking for a leading man for her new picture, "Flamingo Road." The part was a difficult one: the actor had to play a political boss who had charm and yet a certain ruthlessness.

As Joan talked, describing the type of actor they were looking for, Mrs. Safford said, "It's strange—I met a young actor a week ago who looks like the type you describe. He's a man's man, rugged and authoritative; yet he has a boyish charm, too."

As Mrs. Safford spoke, Joan became interested and the upshot of it was that Joan had Curtiz call David the next day for a test. P. S. He got the role.

David is now lined up to play the opera singer in Curtiz' version of the James Cain novel, "Serenade." David is a bachelor with no marriage plans—so far. He is a serious type, lives in a small apartment, swims every day at the "Y" and is an inveterate reader of the more serious tomes like Shakespeare and the Irish writer, Donn Byrne. He has a good sense of humor and is a regular guy. His hobby is carpentering and he is the proud possessor of a 1931 Auburn which he converted into what he calls "a spectacular speed wagon."

Coincidentally, Joan Crawford figures in the lives of these two young people. She is the real life godmother of little Joanie Evans and the screen godmother of husky David Brian. Perhaps her magic will touch their careers which show such brilliant signs right now.

THE END

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★ The signature of Ronald Reagan usually brings forth surprised looks from graphologists for instinctively they associate the active actor with an "active signature"—large and sweeping—in character with the roles he portrays. But the true Ronald shows up in a studious, serious manner of writing with a signature which shows much concentration.

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If your writing creeps up the page somewhat, the way Reagan's does, you are inclined to be optimistic, to look on the cheery side of life. Or maybe you join all the letters in your name? No "breaks" whatsoever? That shows logic. You join each thought, operate on a step-by-step basis. Seldom do you go off half-cocked.

Let's look at some of the letters—for they are so indicative of character. The "R" written rather hurriedly tells that Ronnie likes to work quickly. The "o" and "a" are closed carefully and show that he won't waste time, words, or actions. He likes to make each one count.

Note the tiny little points atop the "n"? Sensitiveness is present. Ronnie feels things keenly, even though he may be good at hiding his thoughts. The final stroke at the end of each word is indicative of a little innate caution, a form of "protection," which makes sure that the signature won't bear tampering.

As a man Ronald Reagan should appeal to every member of the family. As a friend, he is reliable. As a graphologist's guest, he is known as "the sincere type."

THE END

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was "busy" on two occasions when she was asked to step outside her dressing room to talk to visitors on the set. "That just isn't my type. I stopped that!"

"I suppose it's inevitable that one reacts to a change in hair color as one does to different types of clothes. In slacks or casual play clothes one has the outdoorsy, Good Joe attitude. In a formal gown one acts more sedate and *soignée*," Alexis comments.

Perhaps a bit of explanation is in order as to why the blonde became a red head. When she was asked to test for the role of Rouge in "South of St. Louis," which is in Technicolor, in both black and red wigs, she laughed. But after she read the script she realized that Rouge was so unlike any part she had previously done that there should be a drastic and startling difference in her appearance.

Rouge, you see, is a lusty character who entertains in a dance hall to conceal her activities as a gun-runner in the Civil War. So, Alexis donned the red wig and made the test. It was an exciting experience. Old friends on the Warner lot didn't recognize her. The copper tones of the hair made her normally blue-gray eyes look green.

When Zachary Scott, who shares male lead honors in the picture with Joel McCrea, saw her test he said the red hair not only gave her *zing* but made her the most beautiful girl on the screen today! Costume designer Milo Anderson decided the hair made her eyes look like "smoked emeralds" and contrived clothes to highlight that effect.

And when her old friend Errol Flynn, with whom she has made so many pictures, saw her in costume and wig for the first time he promptly nicknamed her "Wild Bella." That name and "Red Poison" oddly enough are the only nicknames Alexis has had since she was 16.

"I was dancing at the Hollywood Bowl then, very serious about my ballet work and wishing I were named Tamara or Tatiana or something exotic. Anything but Alexis Smith. And what do you suppose I was nicknamed? Axel! A few people still call me that, but most use my full name, which doesn't lend itself to diminutives."

So our blonde turned red head finished "South of St. Louis" and was cast in the leading role of Maria in "Montana," another robust, outdoorsy Technicolor Western. Again it was suggested that she be auburn-haired; she asked that she be allowed to test with her own hair as well as in a red wig. Once more Alexis, honest girl, admitted the studio was right.

"As a blonde I just melted into those outdoor longshots. As a red head I was arrestingly noticeable—one couldn't help but see me—and in close ups again there was that odd change of color in my eyes."

It wasn't just the red hair and the attention it won her that Alexis got a bang out of in those two rootin', tootin' pictures. She has decided that atmospheric pictures are for her.

"I love Westerns. Of course these were glorified horse operas, but still Westerns. They are literally the backbone of our business, and I've never been so happy as in making these last two pictures. For seven years I honestly couldn't give a definite answer when someone asked what my goal in picture roles was. Now I'm quite sure this is it. To me these pictures were so easy to work in, and I believe it was because they were right for me. The right thing is always the easiest, isn't it?" she challenged.

"If anyone told me five years ago in my long cigarette holder and chiffon handkerchief days of acting that today on the screen I'd be riding a horse, talking with a cigarette in my mouth and being a volatile red head, I think I would have had hysterics!"

Despite the compliments her red hair evoked, Alexis would not think of having her hair dyed. For her work, she's happy to wear the wig and the light touch-up around her face which washes out readily, but in private life, no.

"People are born with certain pigmentations in both hair and skin which are in harmony. Very rarely does one's skin harmonize with a drastically changed hair color. A blonde or brunette who suddenly decided she wanted to be a titian tressed gal wouldn't have that fair, almost opaque quality of skin that a natural red head has. On the screen a different shade of makeup can turn the



Alexis Smith is pretty as a picture in her Spring bonnets. Left is blue felt with small pink, brown blossoms. Right, white lilacs with mauve chiffon make a lovely face frame.

trick but not in private life," she avers.

Because of that important factor—pigmentation—Alexis feels that in honesty she cannot recommend that other girls change their hair drastically, either. She also points out other drawbacks.

"In my opinion the only girls who can dye their hair successfully are the very beautiful ones. Lana Turner is an example. Everyone knows Lana has been blonde, platinum, red head and near-brunette; I'm not giving away any secret on that. But Lana has such a beautiful face, such perfect features and skin, that she can do it. The average girl who thinks she is uninteresting because she has drab colored hair probably isn't a breath-taking beauty and by dyeing her hair to an unnatural color usually draws attention to less than perfect features.

"Dyeing hair, if well done by professionals—and it should be or otherwise it is too hard on one's hair—is also very expensive. And one must become almost a slave to dyeing; nothing is so unattractive as a little grown out hair showing the natural color.

"Truly, I feel grooming and natural lustre are much more important than the color of one's hair. Brushing, frequent shampooing and a becoming coiffure can do more for you than a radical color change, I believe. To me an imitation is never so good as the real thing.

"For example, I know a little stenographer who has wanted a fur coat for some time but couldn't afford it. Finally she bought an imitation. At best it is just that—an imitation and a bad one. It looks cheap. She would look much better groomed in a good cloth coat for which she would have paid the same price."

There is, we might point out, another reason why Alexis won't dye her hair: her husband, handsome Craig Stevens, is opposed to the idea as much as she is.

While making her last picture Alexis was guest starred on the Lux Radio Theater and didn't have time to have the powder-dye washed from the front of her hair before the broadcast rehearsal, so she wore the dye and wig. At the close of the program, director Bill Keighley commented on her red hair, not mentioning it wasn't permanent. The next morning Alexis had a frantic telegram from Craig, who heard the radio show in New York, saying, "You didn't dye it!" She telephoned to reassure him his wife was still blonde.

Incidentally, it wasn't until Alexis turned red head that there occurred the first rumor that all might not be exactly perfect with the Stevens-Smith marriage; never before had they been touched by the usual Hollywood gossip, which in itself was some sort of record. Of course the red hair had nothing to do with it. Merely coincidental. But it happened. And truth is, Craig and Alexis couldn't be happier. The rumor's cause, as so frequently happens, was that Craig went East for a stage engagement and Alexis had to stay in Hollywood for her pictures.

Alexis, by the way, believes that any girl's zing and appeal comes from within, from character and personality, and that externals like the color of hair are relatively unimportant. For that reason she was more than a little amused when she stopped to order flowers for a friend in the hospital while rushing to that aforementioned radio broadcast while wearing her red hair. The florist eyed her approvingly and said,

"You know, you look a lot like Alexis Smith who buys flowers here sometimes, only you're prettier. I think it's the color of your hair."

Who says gentlemen prefer blondes?
THE END

HEART SONG

(Continued from page 53)

the affectionate animal, I found Rory on the top of the stairway, grinning a warm welcome, hand outstretched. He was wearing levis, striped shirt and all.

Right behind him, hardly reaching to his shoulder, also in levis and striped shirt was pert, attractive Isabelita, the girl who got Hollywood's most eligible bachelor—and has managed to keep him!

I was guided into the spacious living room. A large fireplace, a dark brown, warm looking carpet, tan walls, and green and beige, modern, comfortable furniture give the room a homelike, friendly atmosphere.

On the mantel are three trophies. Two Rory had won for skeet shooting. The third both had won for getting married—a wedding present from Isabelita's sister, with their wedding date inscribed. Each year they're to add the date on their anniversary—and there's plenty of room on the trophy.

I settled down on the comfortable couch. Pulling out my pen and a small notebook, I started, "I've got a list of questions to ask for my story. First question: Budget. You do have a budget, don't you?"

There was a moment of silence. "Aaaaa . . . well . . ." Belita's answer came somewhat hesitantly, "we do manage on our salary, and even save a little for a rainy day, but budgeting. . ."

"We'll skip this one," I said magnanimously. "Question number two: Who does the cooking?"

"Mother-in-law," Rory informed me

unhesitatingly. "She's the most wonderful—"

"Rory!" Isabelita cut in. "After all, I cook too!"

"O.K. We'll skip this one, too," I said hastily. "Question number three: Who takes care of the housework?"

"She does," Rory burst out before his pert little wife had a chance to be heard. "I even make her scrub the kitchen floor. And every morning. . ."

"Don't take him too seriously," the better half interrupted. "He helps. And he loves to do it, even if he won't admit it. Why, only this morning he dusted this whole living room. . ."

"You know what I do if she doesn't do her work right?" Rory came back. "I put her over my knees and give her a good spanking."

The two burst out laughing at this point and I realized I'd never get any information this way, so I put away my list of questions and let the chips fall where they may.

You can always talk to Rory about hunting, his second favorite subject. His first is Isabelita.

Much to my surprise, however, Isabelita knew more about weapons, ammunition, bows and arrows, game and seasons, posture and positions than I did after three months of basic training in the Army!

In between picture assignments Rory and Isabelita put all their hunting equipment into the car, pile in themselves, dressed like a couple of high-school kids,

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and head for the mountains.

So far, their shooting has been confined to practice shooting.

From hunting, we came to Rory's fourth favorite subject—food. They have a common liking for heavy, seasoned food. Both are connoisseurs of food. Isabelita's Spanish background—she was born in Madrid, and came to this country at four—is responsible for her appreciation of tasty food and her ardent ability to prepare a meal that would put her on my number one spot of eligible girls—if she weren't already married. As for Rory, his experiences in the "not-so-long-ago" bachelor days enables him to turn out many a tasty dish.

Their first quarrel was over the way to prepare beans!

And when Rory gets mad, you know it. He comes right out and tells you he's furious. And he tells you why. And what does Lita do about it? Not a thing. She just ignores it.

"Why argue?" she told me, "he's bigger than I am. And, besides, shouting would only get me sore tonsils. . . ." After Rory blows off steam, he strides out of the room, slams the door, stays mad for five minutes. Then comes back, calm, cool and apologetic—and sorry for having lost his temper. Sometimes he threatens to go home to mother—her mother! Then both have a good laugh and make up—which is so much fun, anyway. That's what happened after the beans controversy.

Like most newlyweds, Rory and Isabelita still enjoy doing their housework (and like most married couples, they'll probably be sick and tired of it by the time this appears in print).

When Lita cooks, Rory helps with the dishes. When he cooks, she does the dishes alone. There's no system as to who does what chores around the house, but somehow, everything gets taken care of. And while Rory won't admit it, he's very conscientious about his share of the cleaning.

In spite of their informality in clothes and their warm, friendly, unconventional attitude in general, they make one exception in their casual way of life—their eating habits. Both agree that a meal, regardless of whether it consists of venison or beans, should be served with style—linen tablecloth, the finest of silverware, imported china, candle-light, and soft music from the adjoining room. Dinner at the Calhouns' is always a ceremony.

Ordinarily, when they don't work, they like to get away from Hollywood. After a hearty breakfast, they usually take their car and drive to the mountains. Six hours later, and very hungry, they return home for one of Isabelita's fine dinners or they end up eating with their in-laws.

About twice a week, they go to the movies. Isabelita likes musicals, comedy and romance. Rory likes action pictures. So they see action pictures! Their favorite way of spending an evening is to visit her parents and play games, sing, or just sit around the fire and talk.

To keep her hands occupied as well as her mind, she's supplying Rory with a steady supply of Argyle socks.

Before I left the Calhouns, I took a quick glance at the rest of the apartment. Adjoining the living room is a modern dining room, decorated and furnished in brown and beige. Isabelita's and Rory's bedroom is at the far end of the hallway. It's large, has a big double bed, and an all-over carpet of thick tan wool. Done in soft pastel colors, with indirect lighting, and restful, simple draperies.

It is a perfect bedroom for two stars.

Pictures of Rory and Isabelita, portraits and wedding pictures, are neatly arranged on the dresser, next to their "Declaration of Intention." Her dresser, on the far side of the room, has the "feminine touch," trimmed with frills and lace. A wide mirror over the bed emphasizes the modern decor.

The second bedroom is kept for guests, and as a showcase for an innumerable amount of pictures, books, and more gun display.

Their plans for the future? First of all, they want to move. "Cities are all right for some people," Rory said, "but for me, it's the country." Lita agreed. They've had their plans mapped out to the smallest details ever since their honeymoon at Ojai last September.

About ten minutes' walk from the Ojai Valley Inn, Rory's grandfather owned a small ranch of about nine acres. But big enough for a start. Rory owns it now. As soon as he gets it fixed up and in livable condition, they'll move to Ojai permanently, and only come to Hollywood when they work in pictures.

The Calhouns are going to raise chickens, pheasants, squabs and ducks. Rory wants his ranch to be a paying proposition. And so does Lita, who has decided to give up her band and only stick to pictures so she won't have to leave California again.

What about a family? The answer is yes. Anywhere between two and four kids will do nicely. Boys or girls? Doesn't matter. Just as long as they grow up healthy and happy, and appreciate what this country has to offer them.

The Calhouns are movie people; they are artists. Some of their habits may differ from the average way of life. But, generally speaking, they are just another young couple getting started in life.

Two young people with a future, hardships and disappointments ahead of them. They realize that both of them have had good breaks, but they also appreciate the fact that no break in life is permanent; that anything can happen to anyone. That the only real break in life is finding happiness and they are willing to work for that together.

THE END

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A MEDAL FOR BOB

(Continued from page 49)

away an afternoon—if he can avoid it!

When you try to dig out of Bob any hearts and flowers about the benefits he does, the things he accomplished during the war, you get exactly nowhere. Yet no one even faintly equalled his amazing record. Even before Pearl Harbor, he was making personal appearances for the boys in Selective Service. He made over five hundred and fifty free appearances in the two years before December 7, 1941, an achievement which won him a special Oscar from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

During the war, he traveled over a million miles entertaining—gratis—at every camp, naval base and hospital in the country. He made six trips overseas to entertain GI's on the front lines. When he wrote a book about his experiences, "I Never Left Home," which sold 1,600,000 copies, he gave every cent of the royalties to Army and Navy Relief.

Yet if you want to offer Bob thanks, he's noticeable by his absence.

Bob has a faculty for "throwing away" the amazing things he does. Once, on the front lines, the camp where he was giving a show was bombed. Everyone dove for shelter. Not Bob. He stayed right up there on the stage and continued his wise-cracking routine. Finally, the air raid over, his audience began coming up from under the tables and chairs. The show went on. Afterwards, a friend asked, "Why didn't you duck—like the others?"

"Are you kidding?" grinned Bob. "I was the first one under the table!"

The war spotlighted Bob's benefits, but they had been going on a long time. When he was first in vaudeville, and all the other young married couples spent long weekends in the country, Bob always had to be in New York to do a Sunday benefit. He's always been on hand to spearhead big charity drives. It's practically indecent to start any charitable national project without him.

He wasn't home Father's Day because he was on a three week stint of benefits. During that time, he appeared on behalf of the Catholic Youth Assembly in Chicago. Two hundred thousand people were waiting for him in Buffalo on the second of July. He was in Cleveland on the Fourth. He played golf benefits. He visited hospitals. There is practically no public holiday—such as Thanksgiving, Christmas, Father's Day, the Fourth of July, or Memorial Day—that finds Bob at home with his family.

If Bob weren't a family man, happily married for fourteen years; if he didn't have a nice, comfortable, sprawling home in San Fernando Valley in which he loves to be comfortable and to sprawl—when he has the time—the fact that he has so little time at home would not be any great penalty. Plenty of gay bachelors—Cary Grant, Tyrone Power, Peter Lawford—actually enjoy always being on the move. But it's different when a man has roots.

There was one time during the war that was particularly revealing. Dolores went to the airport to welcome Bob home. She took four-year-old Tony with her. Tony had seen his daddy leave at the airport many times, but this was the first time he had been on hand to greet him. When Bob got off the plane, little Tony yelled, ecstatically, "Goodbye, Daddy, goodbye!" He'd seen Bob leave so often that he didn't know how to say, "Hello."

The war has been over a long time. A

lot of people—some in Hollywood—forget it isn't over for the boys in hospitals, nor for the occupation troops, nor for the men still in voluntary service. Bob doesn't forget. He wasn't home for Christmas—he couldn't be with his four children—because the government wanted him to cheer the boys in Berlin. He and Dolores, along with his radio troupe, took off the nineteenth of December. Dolores and he had to celebrate Christmas with their children the Sunday before leaving.

This meant sacrifice. Every dad likes to be with his children on Christmas. It's a day that's important to kids, and parents realize this. Yet Bob didn't corn it up, even for Linda and Tony. He and Dolores simply told them the story. "What do you think we should do?" Bob asked them seriously.

"We think you should go, Daddy," they said.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Bob Hope is that he never seems to realize what he does for people. The way he sees it is just the other way around. He says people do so much for him. When he was getting ready to spend Christmas in Germany, he said, "This is wonderful—the fact that they wanted me to go. I'll get to see a lot of friends and fellows I've worked with before."

Before you could say how much the boys in Berlin were going to appreciate the entertainment by Bob and his troupe, he raced right into how wonderful the boys were

"We're going over for Air Lift," he explained, "for the boys who are flying Operations Vittles. They are doing such a terrific job over there that Washington thinks they need morale—you know? A little lift, themselves. There are about 15,000 boys stuck over there and they can't stop Operations Vittles for Christmas. It's a tremendous job they are doing. It's tough flying in every kind of weather—getting that food through."

Despite the fact that he's always clowning, there's a discerning sensitivity about Bob. He visits a lot of hospitals, but not as a big Hollywood star, not as a glamor boy. "You can't just walk through the wards," he explains. "It looks like you're giving them the ritz. You stop and talk a little. You can't sympathize—the kids don't want sympathy. So you go into the wards, and you see the kids in traction with their legs held up and things like that, and you joke, 'Don't get up, kids!' You don't walk in and say, 'How are you?'"

Bob's technique in hospitals is all his own, picked up from the many men he has seen looking up at the ceiling waiting for another day to go by. He leaves them with something to talk about, to laugh about. He takes their minds away from their own problems. Bob is quite apt to say, "You think you got troubles? I just sprained a muscle overacting and can't play golf for awhile."

The kids will laugh. What they don't realize is that Bob *did* sprain a muscle and can't play golf, his one way to relax from a packed and exhausting daily schedule.

He gets very tired, so tired that he can't sleep. At such times, he'll say earnestly, "I'm cutting down on my activities." Then he will go right on to tell you that this particular week he has been in production every day on *Easy Does It* from nine to six, has rehearsed and

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broadcast his own weekly Tuesday night NBC radio show, has appeared at three benefits, has had a guest spot on other radio shows every single night. If that's a week when you're "cutting down," Bob, what's a real busy week like?

The other day, a Hollywood trade paper posed this question: "Why do we use Hollywood as a derogatory adjective? Critics of the town should use the dictionary. Hollywood is a proper noun."

Critics of the town should remember Bob Hope. There is nothing about Bob Hope anyone can criticize.

Bob has received so many citations that another one must seem superfluous. He just doesn't take himself that seriously. Nevertheless, MOVIELAND would like to join hands with the honorable groups all over the world who feel that Bob typifies all the best and most heart-warming things in Hollywood today. MOVIELAND would like to say, "Here's a citation, Bob, on paper—just to say we think you are a pretty wonderful guy."

For it's more than a funny man who does benefit after benefit for those who are less fortunate. It's a kid who was fifth of a stonemason's sons in England long ago. It's a boy who grew up in a tough, poor neighborhood in Cleveland. It's a young dancer who did a black-face act for a few bucks a week. It's a young man who opened in New York in "The Sidewalks of New York." It's a vaudeville man who wanted to crack radio.

He did.

At the door, he stopped us to tell us a cute story about Tony, now eight and a half. "Tony did the most wonderful thing the other night in the Brown Derby," Bob said. "We were sitting there having dinner when a very good friend of mine—not especially blessed with good looks—sat down with us. 'You don't mind an ugly man sitting beside you, do you?' he asked. That's the kind of leading question that can throw even a seasoned diplomat. I sat there waiting to hear what Tony would say. He smiled. 'You're not ugly—you're nice!'"

"If it had been me, I would have said, 'Never saw you looking worse!,' or something like that. I thought Tony was pretty smart . . . and, you know, the kid meant it. He wasn't being just smooth and polite."

So there the picture was complete: Bob Hope, enthusing about his son just like any other father in the world. Quite clearly, I realized what Christmas in Berlin had cost him. I saw that this tremendous, all-out, never-ceasing, gargantuan effort on his part to bring gladness to a world that needs it very much had made him very tired. But I also knew that, despite this tiredness, Bob—his entire life—would never be able to resist a plea for help. I felt like giving him a medal, or a kiss.

Of course, I did neither. I just walked away. I was thinking, "A great guy, Bob Hope. A great guy."

THE END

BARBARA STANWYCK SAYS . . .

(Continued from page 63)

kid with any talent is bound to be discovered! The real thing to ask yourself is: 'Do you want to be a star or an actress?' Believe me, there is a difference. Of course there's a demand for various types of appeal: glamorous personalities, great voices, special entertainers, and ability as an actress."

Barbara wanted to be a great actress. She started out, without money or influence, as a chorus girl. At seventeen, Ruby Stevens, as she was then, danced whenever she could get a job, and literally starved between engagements. About this time, Ruby, Wanda Mansfield, and Mae Clarke teamed up, called themselves "The Three Musketeers," and took an earnest young oath that if one was offered work, the others must be included.

At that time, Billy LaHiff ran The Tavern, a place frequented by the great, the near-great and hope-to-be-great in theater and sports worlds. A man with a heart, Billy let talented kids who were out of work eat "on the cuff," and the three girls had been "on the cuff" for some time when, one night, Billy presented Ruby to Willard Mack, who had a small part for a chorus girl in his new play, "The Noose."

Offered the role, Ruby amused Mr. Mack, who knew her circumstances, by refusing to work without her friends. "Well, well," he laughed, "then we'll make the part for three chorus girls, and give the other kids a line or so."

The show was a hit, and Ruby, who had been given a good role, a sensation. When she came into the wings, after the last curtain, Mr. Mack said: "Ruby Stevens is no name for a star!" Glancing at the old bills hanging on the walls, he saw one that read: "Jane Stanwyck in 'Barbara Fritchie.'" "Hello, Barbara Stanwyck!" he grinned.

And so a star was born.

It was the coaching of Willard Mack,

continuing throughout the nine months' run of the play, that gave Barbara her foundation as an actress. One thing he taught her was how to be absolutely quiet. If you must use a gesture to project an emotion, he told her, you are not feeling that emotion. Barbara can sit with hands relaxed on the arms of a chair throughout a tense scene, yet make you feel what she's feeling.

"The way to be really relaxed is to breathe properly," she told me. "With your diaphragm up and your shoulders down. Lifting the diaphragm isn't just throwing your shoulders back, it's lifting the rib cage. That automatically puts the shoulders where they belong."

"As an exercise, put your hands over your diaphragm with the tips of the middle fingers touching; breathe from the side, as an animal does, and you'll feel your fingers pulled apart. Singers who go on tirelessly and without effort have learned to breathe correctly."

Too many gestures distract your audience. If you are using your hands too much, begin now to discipline yourself to hold them still while you go through a dramatic scene. It is said that, after a play is well along in rehearsal, Guthrie McClintic likes to sit with eyes covered while his wife, Katharine Cornell, goes through her scenes repeatedly until he can say: "I feel you!"

"Whether or not that's true," said Barbara, "it's a good idea. Acting is more than remembering lines and being where you are supposed to be on the stage."

"In the theater, you get a paycheck only so long as the show lasts and you are good in your part. That's one of the reasons I recommend stage training! In pictures, if you're under contract, you get paid whether or not you work. That sounds swell—but I'm not at all sure it is swell for a person's progress."

"If you have an appealing personality

or even just a nice voice, you may get your chance, but unless you can really deliver, you can find your first chance is your last.

"You wouldn't think of trying to be a doctor, a lawyer, a pianist, an engineer or a sculptor without years of preparation, but plenty of kids think sending a picture to a talent scout is all the effort necessary to become an actress!

"Some kids have an urge for glory; they want the fruits of success: beach cottages, trips to Sun Valley, expensive convertibles, star sapphires, people rushing up for autographs. I feel sorry for them—when they get their chances, chances are they won't work! Like as not, even with extreme beauty and all the influence possible, they will never get within reach of Hollywood's rewards."

When Barbara is given a script, she reads it from beginning to end, as she would a play, understanding each scene and all the other characters, so that she can fit her own role into the complete picture.

Then she works out her characterization. Sometimes this means physical effort: she may have to ride, swim, row a boat, shoot, fence or drive a truck. If the role calls for excellence in any of these things, she must seem to be expert.

For "The Other Love," Barbara was supposed to be a concert pianist. Although she had never played before, the illusion was perfect. She practiced two hours a day six weeks, memorizing difficult compositions so that her fingering was exact, her performance mechanically perfect. If ever you see Barbara typing a letter on the screen, you can be sure she's actually typing, not striking keys, hit or miss.

At this point in our interview, the assistant director called: "Miss Stanwyck, please!" and she entered the scene, a gambling room in the *Pelican Club*. If you've ever been to Las Vegas, you may recognize it as the well known *Flamingo Club*.

She stood by a table, throwing dice, her face showing indecision, then anxiety. Her head with its smart short haircut, bent forward eagerly as the dice rolled, then she gave a little cry of exultation, her triumph reflected in her face.

Later, Barbara told me, "This part was a challenge, because it was so hard for me to understand a woman who wrecks her life—for love of gambling. I had to go deep into her character to discover the reason; even then, it was not easy for me to be convinced. I hope she'll be convincing on the screen!"

It's all very well, you may say, for Miss Stanwyck to advise you to go to New York. You haven't the money, your parents won't let you, or you are still in school; yet Time is passing.

In Hollywood today there is a tremendous surge of interest in a playwright long since dead—one William Shakespeare. Edmond O'Brien, Shelley Winters and Geraldine Brooks are among the younger players who attend Charles Laughton's classes in Shakespeare, or read his plays on sets or in groups.

"That I've never tried myself," Barbara told me frankly, when I asked her, "so I can't speak from personal experience, but I understand that it's a splendid way to improve voice and diction. A girl I knew years ago, who had no experience yet yearned to go on the stage, tried out for a part. The director pointed out that she had a lisp—so slight she hadn't noticed it before—and that she read too quickly. Her words had a tendency to run together; her voice was flat. He couldn't use her. She begged him to let her work on the part over the weekend, read for

him again on Monday—with improvements.

"On one condition," he agreed. "I'll give you a play by Shakespeare, and mark a few scenes for you to read over and over. Read them aloud before your mirror—so you can see how you look as you do it."

"Shakespeare's lines are beautifully written, but they need perfect articulation and intelligent reading if they are to make sense. If you saw Olivier's 'Hamlet,' you know what I mean. My friend worked very hard. She returned on Monday—and got the part! So, based on her experience, I'm sure that any kid who can't afford dramatic school or a ticket to the big city, will get definite beneficial results from reading Shakespeare, systematically and aloud."

Barbara herself has never tried out scenes before her mirror, and is not conscious of which is her best profile. Willard Mack taught her not to think of her looks or facial expression, but to create the character from inside out.

"In pictures, you can leave your beauty to those responsible for it," explained Barbara. "Let's face it—you are not breathlessly exciting until some geniuses in make-up, hair-dressing and clothes designing, in conspiracy with the cameraman, make you so!" She laughed. "That's not modesty; it's being realistic."

If you get an appointment for an interview, Barbara's advice is: "Just be sure you are neat, simply dressed and not too obviously made up. And behave naturally. Don't put on an act! Producers and directors know all about acts—they'll only think you're corny."

One of her first cameramen told me that when Barbara was new to films, she did not realize the importance of details. Absorbed in her role, she would turn her face from the camera, fail to notice that the collar of her coat was obscuring her mouth, or, perhaps, that in throwing herself grief-stricken across a bed, her skirts were falling awkwardly.

Although she was giving a moving performance, these things were a source of worry to the camera crew. Finally, he went to her, explained his problems and asked her to cooperate. The idea that the cameraman was being blamed for her own thoughtlessness appalled the young star; from that moment, she worked over each scene so that every detail fitted in but did not detract from the emotion she was portraying.

It's a good idea not to stay in a rut, in pictures as elsewhere, Barbara pointed out. She had enacted a variety of roles when Billy Wilder asked her to do the woman in "Double Indemnity." Because the character was a murderess, Barbara refused. How could she sympathize with such a woman?

"What are you—an actress or a mouse?" Wilder demanded.

She instantly accepted his challenge. That role and the terror-stricken invalid in "Sorry, Wrong Number"—the two pictures in which she has had the smallest number of scenes—excited the greatest interest and each gave her career another impulse.

"Each time you take a forward step in a career, people say: 'Well, now you've arrived at the top!'" said Barbara, returning from another session at the gambling tables. "What do you mean—arrived? It's fatal to believe that kind of praise. If you keep trying hard enough, you can always take another stride. And—I've got news for you—if you don't, someone else will! And while you're reading your good notices, you'll find she's passed you!"

THE END

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There's a feeling of deep excitement from the very start of the picture. And your palpitations will increase even more rapidly as you watch the adventurous Captain Ralls battle an octopus in one of the most realistic underwater scenes ever filmed!

The tender love story of Captain Ralls and the young, innocent heroine (Gail Russell) has sadness but Gig Young and Adele Mara see to it that audiences won't be left without a happy ending.

Wayne and Luther Adler share honors in this epic, but mention must be made of the splendid performances of the entire cast: Gig Young, Adele Mara, Eduard Franz, Grant Withers and Paul Fix do a good job of making this a really top-notch adventure movie. Even the photography is lovely, with scenes of tropical isles, mystical native ceremonies and pretty native girls adding extra touches to the film. About the only complaint we have is that the picture is overlong. But again, the action is so exciting that you probably won't even be aware of the passing of time.



Look what happens when a modern Connecticut Yankee charms King Arthur's Court.

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court (Paramount) ♦♦♦

Mark Twain's charming yarn gets its third Hollywood going-over, this time by Paramount and Bing Crosby. Even a warm recollection of the Will Rogers portrayal of Hank Martin won't detract from your praise of the Crosby version—just about the most delightful of Bing's pictures to date.

When the Connecticut Yankee, Hank Martin, takes a tour through old Pendragon castle he recalls what happened to him in this very spot back in the 6th Century. He tells old Lord Pendragon the story of his escapades in King Arthur's Court: How he's dubbed Sir Boss by King Arthur (magnificently played by Sir Cedric Hardwicke) when King Arthur sees Hank's "magic" tricks, Hank's charming romance with the lovely Alisande (Rhonda Fleming), and to add to the fanciful antics, Bing's singing is as appealing in 6th Century garb as it is in his more familiar loud shirts.

If it hadn't been for Crosby, the show would have belonged to Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who gave a touch of the master comedian to the King Arthur role.

You may have guessed that "Connecticut Yankee" rang a bell with us. It will with you too—and with the whole family. Don't miss it.



Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten bring a strange and haunting story to life.

Portrait of Jennie (David O. Selznick) ♦♦♦½

There is something mystical about Robert Nathan's beautiful story, "Portrait of Jennie." Unfortunately the picture doesn't capture this delicate quality. As you read the words in the book, you never doubt that the artist Eben Adams knew Jennie, that she was his inspiration, that he was one of the fortunate few who knew a perfect love. But in the film, Eben's experiences are only a fantasy.

Jennifer Jones treats the part of Jennie delicately. Her transformation from a vivacious, curious child into a wise and selfless woman is magnificent. Joseph Cotten is on the spot as Eben Adams because it is up to him to create the believability of the whole picture, a tough job and one we're not sure any actor could accomplish under similar circumstances. Ethel Barrymore is splendid.

Selznick planned a coup by showing the final storm scene in Technicolor on an enlarged screen. The scene is a masterpiece of photography and sound effects, but detracts from the story and seems out of place.

Such a tender story might have come across more effectively had it been handled only as a mood piece, not as a Hollywood spectacle.

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Bill Holden, Bill Bendix and Mona Freeman line "Streets of Laredo" with excitement.

Streets of Laredo (Paramount).....◆◆

This Paramount Technicolor western co-stars William Holden, Macdonald Carey, Mona Freeman and William Bendix. The line-up is promise of good entertainment and the cast doesn't let you down for a minute.

Lorn (Macdonald Carey), Jim Dawkins (Bill Holden) and Wahoo (Bill Bendix) are frontier badmen who earn a precarious living by holding up stage coaches. While carrying on their nefarious business they meet pretty Rannie (Mona Freeman), who manages to fall in love with Lorn. It's unrequited love for Rannie, however.

When Jim and Wahoo join the Texas Rangers, Lorn figures he has an easy way to rob stage coaches. But the boys take their Ranger duties earnestly and send Lorn on his way—and his way turns out to be a rampage of lawlessness.

Jim is given orders to bring Lorn in dead or alive and he does finally—but not until there's a terrific show-down gun battle with Jim coming out on the short end. Rannie solves the whole problem and thereby proves to Jim that her feeling for Lorn was not real, at least not as real as her deep love for the Ranger.

This is a good western, and we guarantee you'll enjoy it to the last bang.



Bogart turns star-producer for "Knock on Any Door" introducing newcomer John Derek.

Knock on Any Door (Columbia).....◆◆

This picture marks Humphrey Bogart's first independent production. And while Bogey turns in a vital performance, as usual—he hits a snag occasionally when he tangles up with the weak script.

The story tells the grim career of Nickie Romano, a young and handsome Italian boy from the slums. (The role is played by newcomer John Derek, a Bogart discovery, who's dreamy enough to become the next fan rage.)

Nickie's father is sent to jail for a crime he didn't do. While in jail he dies of a heart attack. The family disintegrates after that and Nickie becomes a hardened juvenile delinquent. After a stint in a reformatory, the boy is a murderer.

Because Bogey was the lawyer who failed to save the father, he tries to save Nick. But the boy's problem is psychological and he needs more than Bogey's casual interest.

There's heavy drama when Bogey defends Nickie on a murder charge. Here Bogart puts across the film's message: As long as there are slums there will be delinquent boys like Nickie. His speech is impressive and gives the picture some punch. Supporting roles are handled by George MacReady, Allene Roberts.

LIFE OF RILEY (U.I.) ♦♦

If you're a "Life of Riley" radio fan you'll enjoy this wholesome little comedy. The role of the lovable, bumbling Riley is a natural for Bill Bendix.

Riley, an aircraft riveter, lives happily with his loving wife (Rosemary de-Camp), his beautiful daughter (Meg Randall), and his son (Lanny Rees). There's just one problem: Riley's limited pay check.

Riley's a bit backward about asking for a raise. The problem almost is solved when his boss' son falls in love with daughter Babs. But Babs just happens to be in love with the boy next door. She's about to sacrifice her love so Riley can get a raise—but she's saved at the altar when her father finds another way to cope with the situation. The story really doesn't matter too much, for the charm of the Rileys makes the picture lots of fun.

ALIAS NICK BEAL (Paramount) ♦♦

With such potential, it's a shame "Alias Nick Beal" doesn't stack up as excellent entertainment. Essentially, the story is top-notch but badly edited; and Ray Milland's performance, though fine, gets heavy and tedious after his identity is established. Had he played Nick with a lighter hand, he could have put this fantasy in competition with "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" and "The Devil and Daniel Webster," classics on this theme.

The story concerns an honest politician, Thomas Mitchell, whose selfless interest in the people has guided him into the governorship. But when Nick Beal enters his life, Mitchell plays into his hand and his wife and integrity take a back seat to crooked politics and selfish scheming.

The theme is still fresh and fascinating and with all its failings, "Alias Nick Beal" is still above average movie fare.

BAD BOY (Allied Artists) ♦♦ 1/2

This picture is authentic as well as tremendously interesting. The background is a real project: Boys' Ranch at Copperas Cove, Texas, which is maintained by the Variety Clubs, International.

The story is about a really bad boy whose brutal delinquency puts him in the hands of the law. Instead of sending him to a state prison, he goes to Boys' Ranch where director Lloyd Nolan finds him almost too much for his handling.

Within time, the director discovers the reasons behind the bad boy's behavior and guides him back to decent living.

The role provides war hero Audie Murphy with his first screen part and he brings the character of Danny to the screen with amazing skill. Supporting cast does much to cushion Audie's first performance; however, the youngster's own natural charm and sincerity come across beautifully.

COVER-UP (U.A.) ♦♦

Here's a who-dun-it that will give you a good evening's movie entertainment.

Dennis O'Keefe is an insurance investigator who's checking on the suicide of a heavily insured client. Of course there's a suspicion of murder, but it takes some tricky sleuthing for Dennis to prove his ideas.

Discovery that the death was due to a gun shot from a Luger is the signal to point the finger at a number of suspects. While Dennis tracks down the culprit he has time to romance a bit. Pretty Barbara Britton shares in the thrills, chills and excitement.

William Bendix, as the town sheriff, may surprise you a bit, for he seems

out of character. He does turn in a bright, amusing performance, though.

This isn't the greatest mystery story but it's pleasant—and good movie fare.

THE FAN (20th) ♦ 1/2

In case you've been wondering, "The Fan" is the screen version of the famous play, "Lady Windermere's Fan."

The stars are Jeanne Crain, Madeleine Carroll, Richard Greene and George Sanders.

When the film opens, Mrs. Erlynne (Madeleine Carroll) is an old woman. She tells Lord Darlington (George Sanders) the story of the lovely fan they're examining at a London auction. As she reminisces the story flashes back 50 years to the day the fan is being purchased by Lord Windermere (Richard Greene) for his wife (Jeanne Crain).

She strikes up an acquaintance with Lord Windermere and mysteriously manages to get him to finance her stay in London. When Lady Windermere discovers this, she feels her husband is being unfaithful to her and gets herself involved with roguish Lord Darlington. It's Mrs. Erlynne who rescues the young lady from the villain's clutches—and without ever disclosing the fact that she actually is Lady Windermere's own mother. (See pictures on page 50.)

TARZAN'S MAGIC FOUNTAIN (RKO) ♦ 1/2

With "Tarzan's Magic Fountain," Lex Barker makes his bow as the screen's tenth Tarzan, and a brawny one he is too. Brenda Joyce, as Jane, and Cheta take their familiar places as another pretty unlikely story gives our boy a golden opportunity to leap through the jungle and make conquests over super-human forces.

This time an airplane is discovered, its famous lady pilot thought dead these twenty years. Tarzan knows she's been living with a group of natives whose "Shangri-La" is carefully guarded so that their secret fountain of youth won't be discovered.

Tarzan teaches Jane a lesson in jungle sportsmanship and there are exciting wild animal scenes, well photographed. All this and such a handsome man gracing the screen in shorts might well make you a Tarzan fan from now on.

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Give Us Ayres

Recently I saw on the movie page of a local newspaper a small item which read "Lew Ayres is celebrating his twentieth anniversary as a screen actor."

If ever an entertainer is not getting the credit he deserves, Lew is that person. In every one of his pictures since his return from service he has given a performance to be proud of. However, I rarely see a picture of him or a story on him. I know Lew prefers to keep his private life to himself and I admire him for it; however, I am sure much could be told about his twenty years in the movie industry without invading his privacy. We'd certainly rather hear a story on him than those whitewash write-ups on Turner, Hayworth, Walker and Mitchum who manage to hit the front pages with something unpleasant.

Dorothy S. Savage

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

More Garlands for Judy

Bless you, Ralph Skipper, for saying something nice about Judy Garland (Jan.). Judy has been my favorite since she was a child. She's been the target for many biased people and they're always talking about Shirley Temple's awards, but why does no one ever mention Judy's Juvenile Oscar for "The Wizard of Oz"? And she's still making excellent films. As a matter of fact, "Easter Parade" played seven weeks in a Seattle theater where an award prospect lasted only two. Doesn't that mean something?

G. W. Wedge

Seattle, Washington

You should be ashamed! Wipe that smirk off your faces, Editors of Movie-land! Why can't Judy Garland play serious roles? I refer to the caption on Ralph Skipper's letter concerning Judy. Those words, "Now seriously, Judy," ruined everything. I enjoy Judy in musicals but she has shown such talent for dramatic acting that it's a shame she has to be typed as a musical comedy star. Three cheers and a twenty-one gun salute to Garland and Ralph Skipper, and tsk, tsk to Movie-land. (But I must admit that the rest of the magazine compensates for that one unfortunate caption!)

Chuck Mandes

Odessa, Delaware

Bring Leigh Back!

Vivien Leigh may not be an American actress any more but can we forget her dynamic portrayal of Scarlett O'Hara? She's proved that she's not slipping as an actress and we'd like to see more about her.

Name Withheld

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Movieland would like to know what you like about the movies, who your favorite stars are, who and what you don't like about Hollywood and why. The most interesting letters will be printed on this page each month. Address all letters to The Editor, Movieland, 535 5th Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

CAN I HELP YOU?

(Continued from page 16)

Recently the girls in my neighborhood started spreading immoral stories about me. None of them were true, but my mother heard some of the gossip and now wants me to stay more in the company of girls. She says it's unladylike to be with boys all the time.

What's your opinion?

Bertha S.
Boston, Mass.

As you yourself said, you've got some girlfriends, so that you're not completely isolated from any feminine contact. So long as you remember that you're a young lady and you behave like one, I don't see what's wrong about preferring the society of men.

As for the immoral gossip spread about you, if your mother has any faith in the manner in which she brought you up, she will take that for what it's worth—nothing.

INSIDE INFORMATION

Dear Miss Crawford:

I've been told on very good authority that when fans write the movie stars that any reply they get never comes directly from the star but from some underling at the studio.

What is the true story? Do you actually answer your own fan mail, and do the stars you know?

Corliss McK.
Daytona Beach, Fla.

I don't know who your very good authority is, but for my money you can drop him right now. I answer all my fan mail. I have a secretary to whom I dictate replies to all the letters that come in to me.

Other motion picture stars I know do pretty much as I do when it comes to fan mail.

"LOVE-STARVED? NUTS!" says JOAN CRAWFORD

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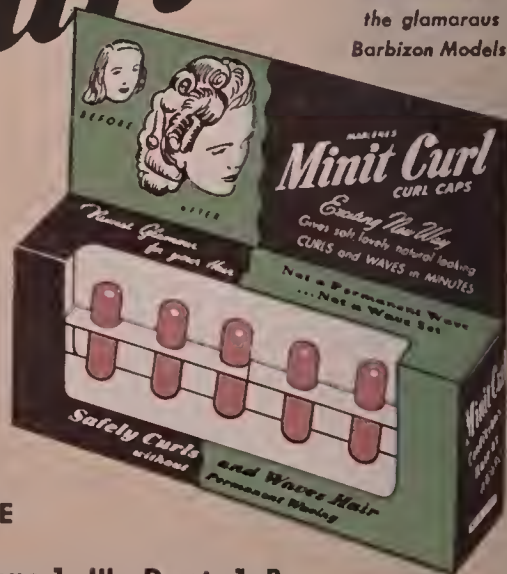
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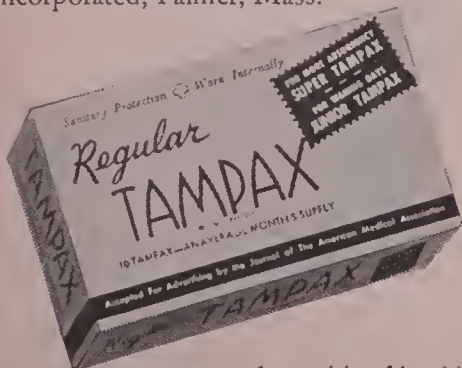
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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Vol. 7
May, 1949
No. 4

MOVIELAND

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Peg Nichols, Managing Editor
Velma Scott, Assistant Editor
Frank Friedrichsen,
Hollywood Managing Editor

Bob Becker, Art Director
Robert Crosett, Art Editor
Walter Davis
Joe Shere } Staff Photographers

Beatrice Lubitz Cole, Editorial Director

Life and Love in Hollywood



Our cover girl is glamorous Rita Hayworth, the girl who is living the most fabulous Cinderella story Hollywood has ever known. See her story on page 42.

MOVIELAND, published monthly by Movieland, Inc., at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Advertising, editorial offices: 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood editorial office: 916 No. La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Chicago advertising office: 333 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Vol. 7, No. 4, May, 1949. Entered as second-class matter December 15, 1942, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price—25c a copy. Subscription price \$3.00 in the United States and \$3.00 in Canada. Copyright 1949 by Movieland, Inc. The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the United States of America. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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and VICTOR HEERMAN
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★*****



At M-G-M's 25th Anniversary luncheon, L. B. Mayer received key from star Greer Garson.



Nobody can dispute the fact that Lassie is one of M-G-M's biggest stars, so he deserved a place of honor at M-G-M's great silver anniversary celebration.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*

By BEATRICE LUBITZ COLE

Up-to-the-minute news about what's going on
 in the most glamorous town in the world

★ We don't think anybody could have been more amazed than Gregory Peck when the story that he had separated from his wife hit the headlines. Seems that Greg had a minor tiff with the missus and left the house in a huff, neglecting to say where he was going. Actually he went fishing to let his temper cool off. Then somebody tipped the papers. When reporters called, Mrs. Peck naturally could not explain where her husband was. That was immediately misconstrued for the worst. And the stories broke. When Greg heard about it, he got back to his wife as fast as possible. For our money that couple gets along as well as any other in Hollywood; but this is the second time that the press has attempted to make a mountain out of a molehill in their marital relations.

* * *
 Jennifer Jones, leaving for Europe this spring, will likely be gone two years. Jennifer already has one picture scheduled, but probably will do several others abroad. She and Selznick are expected to be married without fanfare before



Those sideburns Van Heflin's sporting are strictly from "Madame Bovary," but Katharine Hepburn razzed him about them anyway.



Good friends since their wonderful teaming in "The Hucksters," Ava Gardner and Clark Gable made attractive luncheon partners.



When Judy Garland tells a story it's complete with gestures. This tale is giving Fred Astaire more than a quiet chuckle.



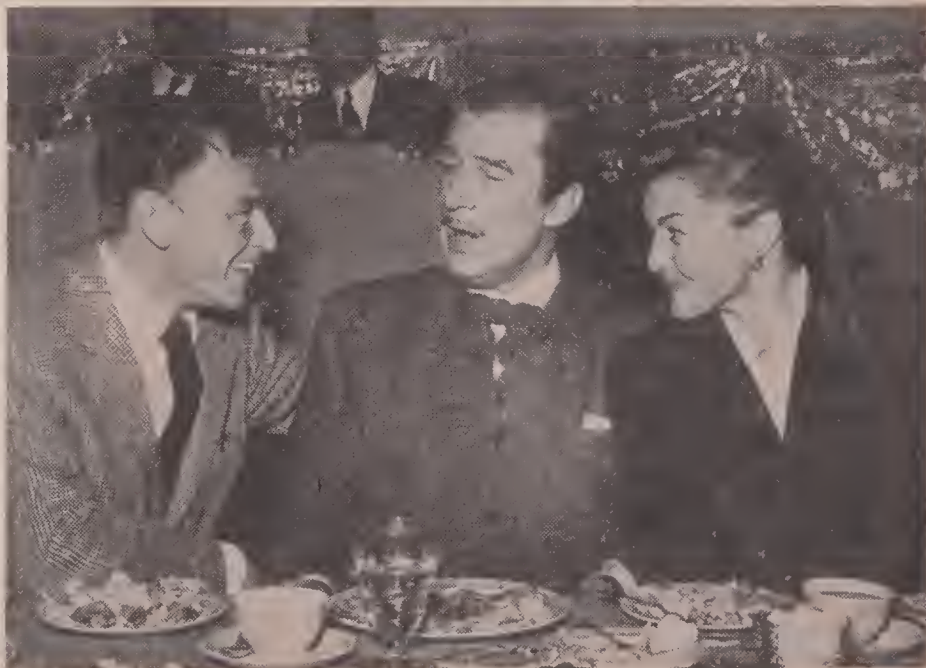
This looks like Gene Kelly's getting a reprimand from Deborah Kerr; actually they're just discussing each other's children.

departing Hollywood. There is much speculation here as to what will happen to the careers of such people as Shirley Temple, John Agar, Hazel Brooks, Louis Jourdan, and Valli, when the Selznick organization halts its local production. While on the scene Selznick was a great one for pushing the stars under contract to him.

* * *

We believe there's little possibility of a reconciliation between Nora Eddington and Errol Flynn. Believe it or not, most of Hollywood's sympathy is going to Errol. Even Nora's mother has only good things to say about the star. Despite the trouble, she's continuing to work as Errol's secretary. Since the birth of their last two children, Flynn has done one of the most amazing switches in town. From a playboy, frequently in the headlines, he's become practically a model family man. All his intimates remark upon the devotion he shows to his kids; and 'tis said that he's carrying a slight torch for Nora but wishes her to do what she will to find

(Please turn to next page)



Frank Sinatra and Esther Williams proved an enthusiastic audience when Walter Pidgeon reminisced about some of the early happenings on M-G-M's studio lot.



All the worry and strain of an elaborate wedding seemed to disappear the minute Marshall Thompson and his bride, Barbara Long, sighed their happy "I-do's."



"Just be as happy as we are," guests Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Montalban (Georgianna Young) told Marshall and Barbara. From the looks of things, they will be that!

happiness. Nora, who blossomed from a quiet homebody to a glamor girl during the marriage, seems to have developed a case of restlessness. She told friends some months ago that she wanted a life of her own to allow her own personality to expand. But we wonder if she'll find what she's seeking with Dick Haymes, who's never been noted for an even temperament * * *

The present top craze in Hollywood is square dancing, once confined to the rural sections of America. Several stars, including Lucille Ball and dignified Ronald Colman, have their own clubs to practice and promote the dance, which has become so popular that one professional "figure caller" has been booked solid until next June. * * *

Bing Crosby is getting further and further from Hollywood when he's not working. He's built a new home at Pebble Beach near San Francisco, and it practically adjoins a golf course. He's dividing his time between there and his Nevada ranch. The King of Hollywood is one guy who never went Hollywood. * * *

Just a few days after the Humphrey Bogarts' new baby arrived home, Bogie shot a thousand feet of film featuring its billing and cooing. When the film came back from the developer, Bogie found that despite his years before the camera, he had his own camera adjusted for (Please turn to page 10)

I inside

H ollywood

continued



Responsibility finally overcame flower-girl Sally. She sat down, had herself a good cry.

What holds this Boy fear-bound by the Window?

His parents called it imagination...the police said it was a nightmare...but the child kept right on crying: "I saw them...I saw them"!



RKO
PRESENTS

THE WINDOW

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ARTHUR KENNEDY • PAUL STEWART • RUTH ROMAN

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R K O
RADIO
PICTURES

Daringly Filmed

ON NEW YORK'S TEEMING EAST SIDE!





You can see who the star is in the John Agar-Shirley Temple house! Linda Susan Agar celebrated her first birthday with help of proud parents and a news photog.



Music hath charm—even when it's corned-up a bit by Dottie Lamour, Eddie Cantor.

I inside H ollywood

continued

black and white when the film was in color. The speed was snafued, and the light exposure was wrong. Sure there'll be a lot of retakes on that one.

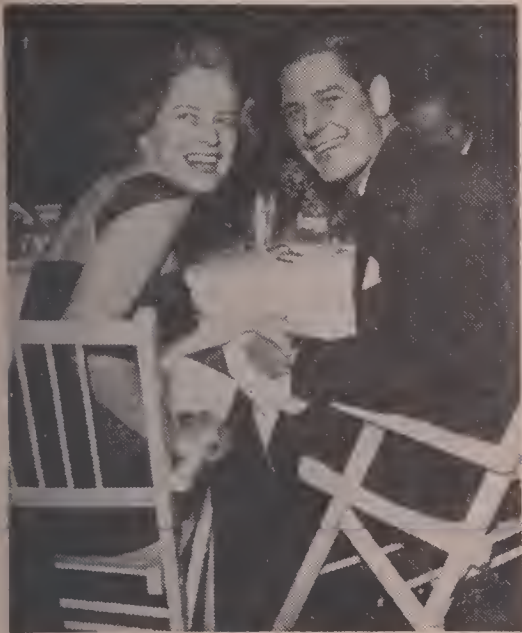
* * *
It seems that every time a glamor girl becomes unattached in Hollywood, columnists immediately link her with Howard Hughes, the town's most eligible bachelor. They've been making an item out of Hughes and Jean Wallace since her split-up with Franchot Tone. But we hear from very good authority that he's never even met the girl. He confided to friends recently that he didn't have time to think about marriage, and even if he did get wedded up, the wife would likely see very little of him. He works too much.

We predict that Paulette Goddard will set a new hair style in "Anna Lucasta." It's a come-hither coiffure in keeping with the brash allure that the girl she plays is supposed to have. Paulette's hair is shoulder length, with the right side wildly curly, the left brushed provocatively behind an ear, and a curly bang archily covering the brow. And for further allure, Paulette is wearing side-burns.

* * *
The "Wolf Whistle" dress Paulette wears in the same picture is being tagged the most torrid dress seen here since the black satin outfit Rita Hayworth wore in "Gilda." Paulette's dress is a low-cut, black one that hugs the hips, and a band of long black fringe descending over the dress to a point beneath the hemline sways and trembles when Paulette does her "Anna Lucasta" walk. If we know that gal, she'll be owning that dress when



Show at Slapsie Maxie's was good, but Betty Grable and husband Harry James just seemed to find each other more interesting. Lace gowns are the fashion in Hollywood these days. Jane Wyman's drew compliments from Ronald Colman and beau Lew Ayres.



Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, caught holding hands, just giggled like kids.

the picture's finished. Leave it to Paul-ette to know a good thing when she sees it.

* * *
Abbott and Costello are vigorously denying the repeated reports that they're feuding; that they're splitting up as a team; that Costello is selling his home and moving to New Jersey; that Abbott wants to retire. They declare that they're still solid as a team; they intend to remain in Hollywood; and must work for at least ten more years before they can think of retiring. Besides their private expenses, they have the Lou Costello, Jr., Youth Foundation to support.

* * *
Franchot Tone and Jean Wallace have Hollywood quite confused. Though legally separated, they are still living under the same roof, but both going their separate ways. Intimates see little hope of that marriage being patched up.

* * *
When Deanna Durbin leaves for Italy to do a picture in March, she'll stop over in New York to discuss her marriage status with Felix Jackson. She says this doesn't mean a reconciliation, and doesn't mean a divorce. She'd simply like to get a few things straight.

* * *
When Frank Sinatra goes to Europe this summer, he plans to tour every American army camp in Germany to entertain the troops; then he'll spend his six weeks' vacation visiting France, Italy, and North Africa. The reason Frank is getting out of the Hit Parade is that it required him to sing the same songs week after week, and he didn't think that was good for his career. He's looking for a new air show that'll give him an opportunity to give out with patter and comedy as the M.C.

* * *
Ingrid Bergman, who still is keeping her hosts of fans, seems to have let her movie career slip badly during the past two years. And her new alliance with Sam Goldwyn and the famed Italian director Rossellini is designed to put her back among the first ladies of the screen. In the new set-up, she will aim at a
(Please turn to next page)

LITTLE LULU



Psst-the best dressed noses use Kleenex*!

Little Lulu says: YOU WIN BY A NOSE WHEN SOFT, STRONG KLEENEX IS YOUR CHOICE IN TISSUES DURING COLDS! BE CONSIDERATE OF OTHERS, TOO—DON'T SCATTER KLEENEX BUT USE THE NEAREST WASTE CONTAINER.

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STARDUST, INC. Empire State Bldg., N.Y. 1

LOOK FOR GENUINE Stardust SLIPS, UNDIES, GIRDLES, CARTER BELTS, BRAS & BLOUSES



This must be food for pleasant thought! Just look at Celeste Holm (right) and Colleen Townsend smile at the sight of fried chicken and trimmings. No diet worries here!



Farley Granger doesn't dare look into Pat Neal's eyes. He might give away a secret!

I H inside Hollywood

continued

world audience rather than a national one. Her first picture, to be filmed in Italy, will be sub-titled in eight languages. Rosselini, you remember, was the guy responsible for "Open City" and other top foreign hits.

When Ida Lupino and Collier Young go to Europe this summer, they will attempt to find Ida's ancestral home in Italy. Though she was born in England, her ancestors came from Italy. Then she will visit relatives in England. This will be Ida's first visit home since she came to Hollywood over ten years ago as virtually an unknown actress.

Philip Dorn, whose movie career has been in somewhat of a slump, will likely go to Broadway to do a play. The Great White Way has given that old necessary shot in the arm to many a waning movie career.

Isn't that long standing romance between Ann Sheridan and Steve Hannagan cooling?

There is rife speculation in Hollywood as to what will happen to the Lana Turner-Bob Topping marriage. With his professional interests mostly in the east and hers in Hollywood, they'll have to agree in which place to live if they continue together. The reports are that their marriage is sailing in much smoother waters than formerly.

Those reported tiffs between Ava Gardner and Howard Duff come as no surprise. Ava's always insisted that their relations were purely on a friendship basis; but Howard seems to be really in love with the gorgeous Gardner. A one-sided romance is rarely a happy one.

(Please turn to page 15)



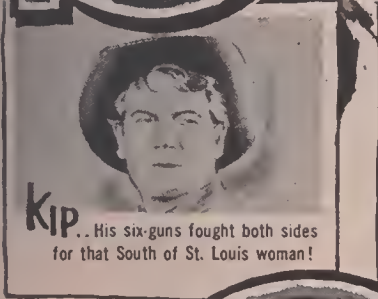
Sure, it's Tarzan! Lex Barker and his real life mate found New York's sophisticated El Morocco quite a change from movie making. His newest: "Tarzan's Magic Fountain."



Eddy Duchin doesn't even try to hide the fact that he's charmed by Marlene Dietrich.

You Couldn't Tell a Traitor from a Hero
 ...and SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS NOBODY CARED!

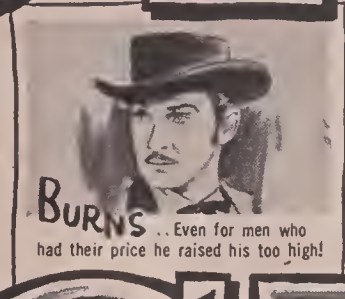
SOUTH



KIP... His six-guns fought both sides for that South of St. Louis woman!



ROUGE Red-haired gun-runner queen - she kept men at each others' throats!



BURNS... Even for men who had their price he raised his too high!



DEB The flash of her eyes fooled you but the flash of her gun never did!

OF ST.



BLACK COTTRELL... Across the land his name was 'Black'. It was the color of his heart.



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All its thousand-mile span of spectacular adventure in color by
TECHNICOLOR



JAKE Among men of iron all he could think of was gold!

LOUIS

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RAY ENRIGHT · A UNITED STATES PICTURE · MILTON SPERLING

PRODUCED BY

WITH DOUGLAS KENNEDY · ALAN HALE
 WRITTEN BY ZACHARY GOLD AND JAMES R. WEBB
 MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

It's your Big Springtime ADVENTURE-Thrill from Warner Bros!

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...Singing sensation of the Bob Hope Radio Show!

THE GIRL WHOSE VOICE MAKES MILLIONS OF RECORDS WHIRL NOW BRINGS YOU AN ALL-TIME RECORD IN MUSICAL SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT FROM WARNER BROS!

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The story of a love-song that swept a girl to star-glittering fame!

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IN COLOR BY
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HEAR THE DREAM-HITS THEY'RE ALL SINGING
MY DREAM IS YOURS
SOMEONE LIKE YOU
LOVE FINDS A WAY
I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU
(LYRIC BY AL DUBIN)

STARRING
JACK CARSON · DORIS DAY · LEE BOWMAN
WITH
ADOLPHE MENJOU · EVE ARDEN · S.Z. SAKALL "CUDDLES"

SELENA ROYLE · FRANKIE CARLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ · SCREEN PLAY BY HARRY KURNITZ AND DANE LUSSIER
MUSIC BY HARRY WARREN · LYRICS BY RALPH BLANE · MUSICAL DIRECTION RAY HEINDORF

It's your Big Easter-time MUSICAL-Thrill from Warner Bros!





Film Critics' Award to John Huston for "Treasure of Sierra Madre." was a triumph for dad Walter Huston who starred in it.

Gene Raymond, of all people, plans to do a prizefighter's role in his next production, which will be called, incidentally, "The Prize Fight Story." But that's not so strange when you know that Gene in real life was once a semi-pro fighter in the middle-weight class.

* * *

We doubt very much whether the Mickey Rooney-Martha Vickers romance will wind up at the altar unless Martha takes some steps to hurry up her divorce. The Mick was never noted for his long-term love affairs. He is likely to lose interest if the romance drags out too long.

* * *

After the unpleasant headlines occasioned by his divorce, Brian Donlevy indicated that he was through with women. Evidently he meant it. Our snoopers have been able to find no gal in whom Brian has evinced the slightest bit of interest since regaining his freedom. And we don't believe he's carrying a torch for his ex.

THE END



Fred Astaire wasn't on his toes when Olivia de Havilland sent home this funny punch line. (Of course you know Olivia's "expecting.")

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happen
when
**gorgeous
WHITE
LEATHERS**
are a
miraculous

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What fabulous TWO-WAY styles these are! Either fashion can be worn as an ankle sandal (as in Dee), or with the strap beneath the shank (as in Ella)!

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Please send me.....prs. of White Leathers at \$3.99 pr.

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B. ELLA				

Please send me.....handbag at \$1.99 plus tax (\$2.39 total).

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Send For Mary Jane's Beautiful Free Catalogue Of Spring And Summer Style-Buys!

DeLong

Bob Pins
set the smartest
hair-do's

*stronger grip—
won't slip out*



Short in front—short in back...like this new "Directoire Style" that's so flattering to your face...that's the way your hair goes this season. And the smartest hair-do's are going up with De Long Bob Pins! Smoothly rounded at the ends, De Long Bob Pins slide in easily, stay in indefinitely. For easier setting—for lovelier hair—reach for De Long Bob Pins on the famous blue cards.



how to set this

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created by Robert King, famous New York and Hollywood hair stylist and make-up artist. Make 6 large pin curls for the bang.

Wave a ridge over each ear and make two rows of curls from high on both sides all the way around back. Always turn curls toward face. Brush out hair away from face and let fall softly.



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts



Don't miss Joan Crawford's own story: "Love-Starved? Nuts!" on page 26.

Can I Help You?

By JOAN CRAWFORD

Let glamorous Joan Crawford help you solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 916 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles 46, Calif. Your letter will receive her personal reply

SPOILED

Dear Miss Crawford:

All my life I've been spoiled. I've been accustomed to having my own way. I'm an only child and my parents have given me practically everything I've ever asked for. And yet, I'm unhappy.

My unhappiness has to do with a young man. He has treated me with disdain. He has snapped at me, talked back, stood me up, walked out on me. He has done practically everything a fellow can do to a girl; and yet I love him. I guess he's my human bondage. I've tried to give him up but whenever he comes to call on me, I go out with him. I'm a grown woman—22 years old—and I should know better—but somehow I can't resist him. I find that my whole day, my whole life is spent waiting for him to call me.

Caroline B.
Sayre, Oklahoma

POSITION-PROUD

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am eighteen and a senior in high school. My brother, before he went into the service, went to college here in town and through him I met a boy of whom I grew very fond. This boy was unable to get into the service because of a physical defect, and so I saw quite a lot of him

I think you should exercise a little will power. If you can't then it may be a good idea to take a trip. If you have any relatives out of your state, go visit them. This will take you away from your young man for a while and you may find new interests. There is no use in punishing yourself and that's exactly what you're doing. Apparently this young man realizes that he has you "all sewed up" and he's taking advantage of the fact.

during the three years my brother was gone.

Last year he was graduated from college and took a job as an instructor there. Since then his attitude towards me has changed completely. He no longer dates me and doesn't even speak to me when we meet in the halls.

My brother, owing to my prompting, asked him why his attitude towards me had changed and this is what he said: "I like Betty a lot and would give anything to date her but I'm afraid a student and a teacher dating wouldn't go."

I think this is silly, and I want to tell him so. Do you think this is a wise move or not?

Betty F.
Dubuque, Iowa

Offhand, I would say that the young man in question is silly, affected, pompous, conceited, and a good man to avoid. That is, if he's telling the truth when he says "a student and a teacher dating would cause a scandal." Now, that's ridiculous unless a teacher makes a practice of dating his students. But if an instructor goes out with one particular girl, there's nothing wrong in it.

ACTRESSES AND MARRIAGE

Dear Miss Crawford:

You're an actress yourself and you know a lot of others, and that's why I'm writing you for some straight dope.

Do you think actresses make good wives?

I've been going on and off with an actress for three years. Now that she can't make a go of her career, she's willing to settle for marriage.

I'm just afraid that she may revert to type once we get married. Think I ought to give the girl a chance to prove herself?

Frank M.
Dayton, Ohio

From your attitude, I should think not. Actresses aren't any different than other women. They have the same hopes, the same fears, and the same desires. Apparently, you don't think so. Marriage isn't something to sample and quickly discard, and since that seems to be your outlook on it, I must advise you negatively.

IS SHE TOO OLD?

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am a woman of thirty-five. I run a kind of boarding house. That is, I rent out rooms. One of my rooms is occupied by a young man of twenty-one.

This young man has fallen in love with me, and I with him. He wants to marry me.

My first husband died after we were together for one year, and I'm very lonely. I would like to marry this young gentleman, we have so much in common, but all my friends advise against it. I have enough money to support the both of us. Is the age difference too great?

Lorena D.
Peoria, Ill.

Frankly, I believe the age differential is much too great. You are fourteen years older than this boy. You're a grown woman. Will you be able to do all the things he does, join him in all the athletics, all the sporting events, all the trips, and all the lusty exercise he wants?

How will you look when he's thirty-five and you're forty-nine? No, my dear, I'm afraid that you are both of different generations. What you want is a man to support, covet, and look after you. The reversed situation never works.

THE END

Don't let your daughter marry still in doubt about *these Intimate Physical Facts*



but first make sure your own knowledge is SCIENTIFIC and SOUND!

The practice of vaginal douching has become so widely accepted and used today, it's no longer a question of douching but rather what a woman should put in her douche. And certainly every woman should be made to realize:

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS as ZONITE! Scientists tested every generally known antiseptic they could find on sale for this purpose. And no other type was so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE.

Warns Against Weak or Dangerous Products

It's a pity how many women, through ignorant advice of friends, still use salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. These 'kitchen makeshifts' are NOT germicides in the douche. They never can assure you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

Women should learn the importance

of using only a germicide intended for vaginal douching—one powerfully germicidal with deodorizing and dissolving qualities yet one absolutely safe to tissues. So why not enjoy ZONITE's great benefits now?

Positively Non-Irritating

ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no mercury—no harsh acids—over-strong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. Non-poisonous, non-irritating.

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances; helps guard against infection. It immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can BE SURE ZONITE DOES kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

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NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

By FREDDA DUDLEY

★ Ethel Barrymore made her acting debut with her uncle, John Drew, in 1896, and by October, 1900, she had earned her right to stardom in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Oldtimers insist that there has never been so incandescent a star, and there never again will be. Men arose in unison in restaurants when she entered; respectable and educated women waited outside her dressing room door to congratulate her upon her performances.

In the fall of 1950, Ethel Barrymore will be entitled to celebrate fifty years of theatrical stardom. Undoubtedly she will not celebrate. She will be somewhat amazed if anyone asks her how she intends to mark the occasion.

Because Ethel Barrymore, who probably would laugh out loud if anyone in her presence designated her as "the grand lady of American drama," does not believe in looking backward, or in regarding her profession as anything extraordinary.

In conversation many theatrical greats will depreciate their own accomplishments. Yet, conspicuous on their library tables, will bulge a ten-ton collection of drama notices, mounted playbills, tributes from fans, and other personal memorabilia.

Ethel Barrymore does not own even one scrapbook. She has never kept a rave notice or a printed criticism (she doesn't even read them). She has retained not a single playbill. She doesn't know positively where she has stored the Oscar which she was awarded for her performance in "None But the Lonely Heart."

When a friend once asked why she had never retained a memento, she said in some surprise, "I remember everything, so why should I? Furthermore, Harvard University . . . and I believe there is one other university as well . . . has kept and continues to keep a documented report of the Barrymores. Anyone who needs material on theatrical history can get it from Harvard—or from the Encyclopedia Britannica—so why should I burden myself?"

That she does not consider the profession of acting an exceptionally demanding one was illustrated when a very young actress asked Miss Barrymore, "How did you find it possible to bring up three children, yet continue your stage work almost without interruption?"

Miss Barrymore chuckled. In an elementary-my-dear-Watson tone, she said, "I am the ninth generation of my family and I'm sure the idea never occurred to any one of us that we couldn't combine marriage, motherhood, and a career. It's a thing one simply takes for granted. I worked almost until the final moment before each of my children was born, and I returned to a role at once. I did what any mother in any profession does: I raised my children by ear."

Her current prime enthusiasm is her grandson, the child of Miss Barrymore's daughter, Ethel Colt Miglietta. She talks to him on the telephone once or twice a week and finds his conversation brief but pithy. He is two years old and fell down while his mother and grandmother were in conversation one morning, so was brought to the telephone to explain his loud wails. By the time he had reached the mouthpiece, the philosophy of the Barrymores had composed him. His re-



Miss Barrymore has kept no record of her successes over the years. She doesn't have to; for Harvard University keeps a documented report of her stage triumphs.

50 Years of

Ethel Barrymore doesn't regard her career as anything unusual.

port to his grandmother was merely, "Too bad," a summary which delighted her.

Her dream is that her daughter and grandson will be able to join her in her house in Palos Verdes, a remote Los Angeles subdivision which reminds Miss Barrymore of the Riviera. Although Palos Verdes seems to exist in a world far removed from the hurly-burly of Hollywood, it is only a twenty-minute drive from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where Miss Barrymore recently completed the part of a Russian grande dame in "The Great Sinner" with Gregory Peck, Melvyn Douglas, Walter Huston, and Ava Gardner.

Because Miss Barrymore wanted a home both isolated yet not too far from the studio she was cruising around the hills (she maintains a permanent chauffeur because she considers Los Angeles traffic demented) when she saw exactly what she had dreamed of: a white stucco house with a red tile roof, bright blue shutters, and a riotous flower garden. When she checked with a local real estate agent, she was told that no such house

was available, and it was hinted that none such existed in Palos Verdes. Miss Barrymore brushed aside middle men and got in touch with the owner who announced that he had been trying to let the house (one of the loveliest in Southern California) for six months without takers, despite a drastic housing shortage. "See?" jubilated Miss Barrymore. "That house was intended for me."

Although she is averse to collecting what she considers trivia, Miss Barrymore is an unblushing sentimentalist. Once she was established in "Lost Horizon," the Palos Verdes house, she installed the celebrated John Sargent portrait of herself above the fireplace. On the mantel she placed a photograph of her uncle, John Drew, and one of her brother, John, whom she refers to always as "Jack."

Here and there throughout the rooms are photographs of herself with the three children at various ages. She had her two authentic Hepplewhite tables sent out from New York, as well as her collections of the work of Charles Dickens and

Alexandre Dumas. These books she reads over and over again, finding something of fresh value on each re-reading.

Sharing her household with Miss Barrymore are her son, a housekeeper, and three cats, two Siamese and one Early Alley. The cats are named Cat, Kitty, and Alley. According to Miss Barrymore's whimsy, "Only Alley knows his name. The other two come no matter who is called."

When Miss Barrymore is not working in a picture, her time is admirably used in reading or in entertaining friends and being entertained. She loves conversation, dotes on anecdotes, is an avid listener. She doesn't care much for being interviewed because she would much rather ask the questions.

Occasionally someone, in talking theater, has asked the trite question, "What's wrong with the theater today? Why is this generation of actors and actresses so lacking in color?"

The pepperpot Barrymore temper has sifted away to a pleasant character seasoning, but some of its oldtime heat is evident when she says hotly, "There's nothing wrong with the theater today—it's more vital than ever. It continues to grow, to experiment. Why, consider the plays popular on Broadway today. Would we have dared to produce them twenty-five years ago? As for new talent in the theater, some of the most exciting people imaginable are the upcoming actors."

Her own most violent opinions are held about baseball, politics, and open fires. She would make a fine witness for baseball on "Information Please" because she can cite batting averages, scores, and baseball frantic moments back to the turn of the century. Politically, she is an articulate Democrat; as for open fireplaces—she loves them.

She is a kindred soul to an open fire: warm, vital, colorful and one of the unchanging delights of human beings everywhere.

THE END

Fame

But then, she is a Barrymore!



Recent "Suspense" radio show, co-starring Gene Kelly, was at request of radio fans.

Are you in the know?



What about a gift for your weekend hostess?

- Bring it with you Send it later Either is correct

When guesting, remember your friend's mother with some wee giftie. You can bring it, or send it later. Either's correct. But you needn't flourish the present the moment your foot is in the hall! What's more, you needn't postpone your visit—

just because "that" day is nigh. For the new Kotex keeps you comfortable. Gives you softness that holds its shape . . . (this napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it.) And your new all-elastic Kotex Sanitary Belt is adjustable; doesn't bind!



How to choose the right perfume?

- By trial and error
 By its glomaraus name
 Buy Mam's brand

Keep cool and sweet with a delicate cologne; or some light-hearted perfume suited to you. How to tell? By trial and error. Try a few different fragrances in small sizes, to find your kind. You know, when smart gals choose sanitary protection, they try the 3 absorbencies of Kotex—Regular, Junior, Super. Do likewise! Discover which one's right for your needs. Each absorbency has a special safety center that gives you extra protection.



To style-wise gals, does "Empire" suggest—

- World's tallest building
 Great Britain
 Goad Camouflage

Plan to go places? Or a stay-at-home vacation? Either way, you can find new glamour—by giving careful thought to your wardrobe. If you've figure faults, select styles that conceal them. For instance—the high-waisted "Empire" line does wonders for a flat-chested femme. And don't forget, on certain days, there's no telltale line with Kotex. For that, thank the flat pressed ends of Kotex. They prevent revealing outlines . . . do wonders for your confidence!



More women choose KOTEX^{*} than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

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

BOY *with a*



Keefe Brasselle is different from most of Hollywood's young hopefuls. When movie parts don't come along, he makes his own opportunities—and they work!

Keefe Brasselle still hasn't reached his goal. But he will—and soon

Stories about how they starved on their rocky road to success somehow lose impact when related by stars sorrowfully sitting by their new swimming pools contemplating the past. Sure, these things happened. Van Johnson lived on one hotdog a day when he was waiting for a break in New York. Clark Gable rode the rods to get to a little theater engagement in Portland twenty years ago.

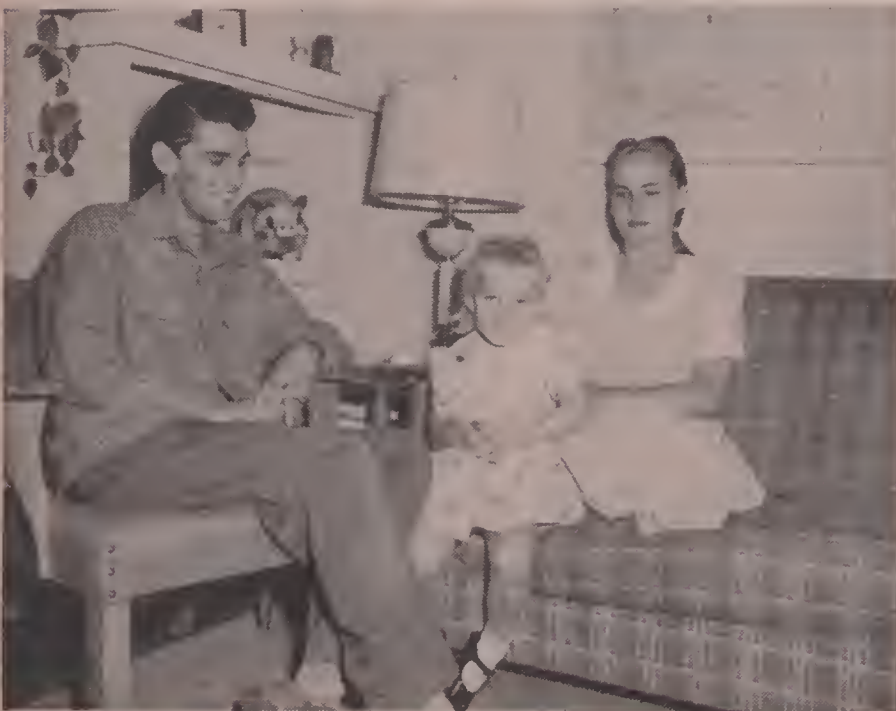
We are apt to forget that Hollywood's streets are filled *today* with kids waiting for a break. They are living now what the Van Johnsons lived yesterday. And, because they are hungry and impatient and eager and hopeful, MOVIELAND is going to offer the hand of friendship to REAL unknowns, hoping this help will result in that one special break. Today, MOVIELAND'S CASTING BUREAU reviews the story of Keefe Brasselle, *as it is being lived this moment.*

★ Keefe Brasselle is different. Keefe is a little-known actor in Hollywood, who, at twenty-four, has a cute wife named Normie and a five-year-old little girl, Erin "Mickey" Brasselle. They all live happily together in a \$35-a-month apartment.

Maybe it's having a family that does it—but Keefe has never been a boy to wait for a handout. He makes his own opportunities. When movie parts don't come along, he washes dishes, sells cars, peddles gift novelties from door to door, works in gas stations.

He met and married Normie in his home town of Elyria, Ohio, when she was just fifteen and he was eighteen. At eighteen, also, he was in the Army. When he got out at twenty-one, he had a wife and six-months-old baby to support, and no job. Leaving them what money he had, he headed for Hollywood alone until he could send for them.

For he felt Hollywood was for him. Before the Army, he had done a lot of entertaining as a song and dance man, as



The Brasselles have had tough times, but they've also had each other. Keefe and Normie don't live on dreams—but they are hoping for success.

By ALYCE CANFIELD

Future

an m.c. He had traveled with dance bands as a drummer. In the Army, he had been called upon to make the boys laugh. And he had made them laugh. Young as he was, he had experience in the field he wanted to try.

Luck was with him. Right off the bat, he got a small part in a Warner Brothers picture, "Janie." It was a six-week deal at \$100 a week. He rented a small apartment (the one they still live in today) and sent for Normie and Erin. The little apartment was furnished. The furniture wasn't Park Avenue, but the Brasselles never noticed it. This was their first home; they were together; and Keefe was started in pictures.

He had earned \$600 in six weeks, but what with railroad fare and the first month's rent, it disappeared fast. Right there is where Keefe's story puts better-known life stories to shame. For, instead of following the usual out-of-work actor's pattern of borrowing from friends, he went to work for the Reeves Shoe Store chain at \$40 a week, plus commissions.

For six long months, he didn't make a picture. It was a time for bitter discouragement for a kid whose hopes had been high. But Keefe didn't let his discouragement show. He sold more shoes and got more commissions.

One day he got a rush call at the shoe store to report to Universal for a test. With the manager's blessing, he tore over to Universal in his beat-up, rattletrap car. He was so good in the test he was given the lead opposite Gloria Jean in a picture called, "River Gang." The picture lasted eight weeks—at \$250 a week.

Now, at long last, it looked as if Keefe were going to dovetail from one part into another. Paramount gave him the lead in a Navy training picture at \$400 a week. Keefe figured he could live on a \$40-a-week plan and save enough money to last until another picture came his way.

It was good figuring except that the sweeping studio strike began, throwing everyone out of work. All the free lance actors were idle. The competition was tough—particularly for a kid with only three picture credits in back of him. His money low, Keefe got tense looking for work in the studios, hoping for a break.

It was then the Brasselles hit really tough times. They had a few dollars left, but every cent was budgeted for Erin's food. There happened to be a supply of Wheaties in the cupboard. For two weeks, Normie and Keefe ate Wheaties, nothing else, not even a slice of bread. They would sit there, eating their dry breakfast food, while little Erin—happily unaware—would dine on the most beautiful lamb chops in the world.

Finally, a vacancy came up in the Reeves Shoe Store chain. Keefe went back to work for them. He stayed for (Please turn to page 101)

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2. Send payment with order—we pay postage.

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6402 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

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		1st Choice	2nd Choice
SWEET 'N' LOVELY			
\$10.98			

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HAROLD'S OF HOLLYWOOD
Dept. 65H, West Branch, Hollywood 46, Calif.

Style	Pairs	Size	1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice
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Palm Springs				

I will pay postman plus postage and C.O.D. charges.

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Save money! Enclose payment, Harold's will pay postage

PALM SPRINGS
(Twin Strap)

NEW SPRING SHADES

- Lemon
- White
- Black
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Sizes 3 1/2 to 9
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

GET SET TO HOWL!



That
"SITTING
PRETTY"
Man
is
back

Clifton WEBB Shirley TEMPLE

Mr. Belvedere Goes To College

Tom DRAKE • Alan YOUNG
Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT • Produced by SAMUEL G. ENGEL
Written by Richard Sale, Mary Loos and Mary McCall, Jr. • Based on a Character Created by Gwen Davenport

AND WHAT HAPPENS
SHOULDN'T HAPPEN.....to a college !!!



Your Hollywood

Memo from the Editor

★ From the bottom of my heart I want to thank you for all your helpful and thoughtful letters in response to my invitation to enter the contest: IF YOU WERE THE EDITOR OF MOVIELAND. I shiver when I think of how many of you could hold down my job!

Seriously, your letters have been most carefully read, tabulated and you'll be pleased to know, I'm sure, that many of your suggestions will be followed, as it is my intention to make *Movieland* most nearly the magazine you desire.

To those of you who didn't win cash, you may have the consolation of knowing you came close to it, for all the letters were helpful.

To the young lady who sent me her picture; to the lady who made up a dummy of her idea of a model magazine; to the mothers and fathers who wrote saying nice things about the effect of *Movieland* on their teen-age daughters; to the gentleman who wrote his recommendations in verse—thank you. To all of you who competed, thank you.

Here are the 66 prize winners. Your checks should reach you about the same time as you read this issue. May I add that I hope *Movieland* continues to be a source of interest and pleasure to you for a long time to come.

See you all next month.

B. L. C.

THE WINNERS

1st Prize—\$100.00

Mrs. Kenneth Overaker, 244 Chiquita Street, Laguna Beach, Calif.

10 Second Prizes of \$50.00

Mr. Ben R. Daly
Box 1111,
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Mrs. Mary McHenry
554 S. 4th Street,
Salt Lake City, Utah

Miss Barbara Allewelt
22 Eichelberger Street,
Hanover, Pa.

Miss Bernice Atwood
121 Central Avenue,
Waterbury, Conn.

Miss Kay Gusling
2121 Eastview Avenue,
Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Shirley Teeter
20000 Milburn,
Farmington, Mich.

Mrs. Richard Ross
2625 Ellendale Place,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. H. L. Hillson
147 Spring Street,
Medford, Mass.

Mr. Rudolph Jorgenson
218 So. Lynn Street,
Stoughton, Wis.

Mr. Billy Young
Box 64,
Sargent, Ga.

25 Third Prizes of \$10.00

Mrs. Mildred Charlier
15 Pleasant Street,
So. Hadley Falls, Mass.

Miss Areda Turner
424 Lafayette Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Adaline E. Moses
125 Orchard Street,
East Stroudsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Dean B. Wheeler
1720 Bernice Street,
Schenectady, N. Y.

Miss Helen Horrigan
542 Rush Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Miss Gwen Lancelot
337 Jackson Street,
St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. Betty Harris
115 Reeves Terrace,
Thomaston, Ga.

Miss Jeannine Gunkel
10 No. Plum Street,
Germantown, Ohio

Miss Betty Ann Shirley
R.F.D. No. 1,
Central, So. Car.

Miss Beatrice Jones
710 Erie Avenue,
Sheboygan, Wis.

Mr. Charles J. Kantos
Fenn Road,
Middlebury, Conn.

Miss Betty Aldrich
517 Joan of Arc,
Austin, Texas

Mrs. B. F. Exner
906 St. Ferdinand Street,
Baton Rouge, La.

Miss Lillian Rottman
6909 7th Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary F. Cornell
922 Rutledge Avenue,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Mrs. Charlotte Mergucz
630 Day Avenue, S.W.,
Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. Norman W. Jones
1408 Dietz Avenue,
Akron, Ohio

Miss Janie Smith
Apache, Okla.

Mrs. Katie Loper
Springfield, La.

Mrs. George Jackson
516 Elm Street,
Ludlow, Ky.

Miss Bea Emerson
1211 Kipling Avenue,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. H. M. Davis
905 Third Avenue, West,
Kalispell, Mont.

Mrs. Virginia Mock
2014 West Logan,
Guthrie, Okla.

Mrs. Jean B. Darling
East Barnet, Vt.

Miss Margaret Morales
302 No. Albany,
Tampa, Fla.

30 Fourth Prizes of \$5.00

T/Sgt. Marcel M. Thomas, 96
Bomb. Sq. 2 Bomb. Group,
Davis-Monthan Air Force Base,
Tucson, Ariz.

Miss Junna L. Lanham
4510 Plainville Road,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Mr. J. M. Caldwell
53 Edgewood Avenue,
Concord, No. Car.

Mr. James F. Connell
724 So. 11th Street,
Lincoln, Nebr.

Mr. Vance G. Vasbinder
492 W. Columbia Street,
Alliance, Ohio

Mrs. Julia Dwyer
4207 Oakridge Lane,
Chevy Chase, Md.

Mrs. H. Ballantyre
2310 Bagley Street,
Flint, Mich.

Miss E. O'Hara
17545 Asbury Park,
Detroit, Mich.

Miss Barbara Perrine
Box 667,
Tyndall Air Force Base,
Tyndall Field, Fla.

Mrs. D. W. Lawson
127 Main Street,
Calais, Maine

Mr. E. H. Mayer
6814 Fifth Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Please turn to page 101)



Jane Wyman didn't realize she was talking to an impostor. Later he was found rifling Flynn's desk.



Another big surprise of the evening was Clark Gable's date: young—and now very svelte—producer Joan Harrison. Here they are with guest Bruce Cabot.



Peter Lawford made no bones about his admiration for socialite Gloria McLean, who's Jimmy Stewart's heartbeat.



A good trick if you can do it! Greer Garson listening in on Buddy Fogelson and Joan Fontaine at the same time.

Flynn's

★ If friends can be gauged by the number of people who came to Errol Flynn's party—then he has at least 500. Each of them, catered by Prince Michael Romanoff, cost Errol about \$11.00 per person when he hosted the first party he has given in many years. And you can take our word for it, the affair was as successful as any party costing \$5,000 could be.

Only one minor event clouded the evening's festivities—and the alertness of *Movieland's* Hollywood editor, Frank Friedrichsen, kept it from assuming greater proportions. Frank, along with Bruce Cabot, discovered one of the "guests" rifling Flynn's desk. Investigation brought out the startling fact that the culprit had crashed the party as a reporter from a national magazine. In order to avoid more newspaper publicity Errol let the man go after careful questioning by the police. After that, the party continued without a hitch.



Fashion note: Mrs. George Vanderbilt, Mary Livingstone in lace. Jennifer Jones wore a Dior original.



Screen team of Loretta Young and Van Johnson buzzed about guests and their own new movie, "Mother Is a Freshman."

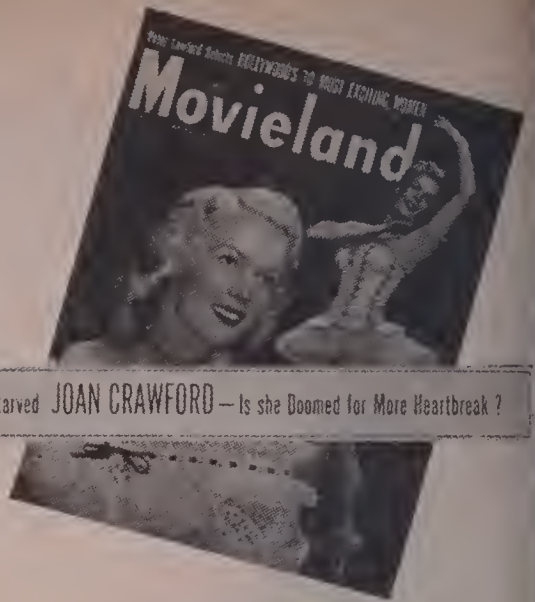
Frolic

... for he's a
jolly good fellow!
That's what all
Hollywood was
saying after Errol
Flynn gave this
sensational party
for 500 close friends



Look at this! Host Errol Flynn's snazzy jacket almost matches Dottie Lamour's brocaded satin evening gown.

LOVE-STARVED? . . .



*Says
Joan Crawford*

Nuts



I heard that Beatrice Cole, *Movieland* editor, sold her grandmother for a 1,000 circulation increase. I now believe this is true!

MOVIELAND'S spectacular cover line gets a blunt but humorous response from the lovely lady herself—Joan Crawford

★ A few months ago, this periodical carried a stimulating line on its front cover, provocatively entitled, "Love-Starved Joan Crawford—Is She Doomed for More Heartbreak?"

When I read that cover-line, I howled—first with laughter, then with indignation, then with the combination of the two.

In my somewhat hectic life I have been called many things by many people, but "love-starved" isn't one of them.

It fits me about as well as Ronald Colman's moustache.

To find that (*Please turn to page 81*)



Life revolves around my children, Christopher and Christina. As for masculine admirers—Greg Bautzer is a good friend.



You'll see radiant Joan soon in "Flamingo Road." ➤



Presenting
KELLY
and
SINATRA

"Take Me Out to the Ball Game"
will take you right out
of this world as Frank Sinatra
dances and Gene Kelly sings—
and vice versa, fortunately!



Huh! Who do those guys think they are? Well, whaddyaknow—it's us!



Who said vaudeville was dead? Frank and Gene bring it back alive with this fancy routine and (right) some baseball teaming.





Early to rise—but not to go to the studio. Today's project is of the domestic variety.

★ "Has Hollywood changed me? I should say not!" Janet Leigh spoke decisively as she sat at a luncheon table in the M-G-M commissary. Then she added, her hazel-brown eyes thoughtful: "That is, I haven't changed in the usual sense of that term—"

Looking at her—even though you hadn't known Janet before she got her Cinderella break in Hollywood—you realize she can't have changed much. She is enthusiastic, direct and sincere, utterly unstarlike.

We must admit we felt slightly disappointed, for this isn't what we were after—this candid naivete. Perhaps you, too, were hoping for a nice juicy revelation of the effects of Hollywood on a young, inexperienced actress, of a drastic change in her entire outlook, of new ideas about Life and Love.

(Please turn to page 32)

JANET LEIGH
tells Violet Moss

I really haven't changed

... and there's really not much use looking for changes in this girl—she's so darned normal



Getting started is the tough job. A soap-and-water eye-opener might help—and it's so good for the complexion.



A quick shampoo and a session with the hand-dryer and Janet'll be ready to pitch in on housecleaning chores.

Janet's charming as Meg in "Little Women."➤





A song in her heart—and a mop in her hand. At this rate, she'll be through in no time.

Please don't be disappointed— because we tried our best.

"But so much has happened to you in the past few years," we protested. "Can you *truthfully* say you're the same girl who came here from Stockton, California?"

"We-ell, I'm not exactly the same." Janet hesitated, and we rubbed our hands together mentally, thinking, *Ah, here it comes—the awful truth!* But she continued, "I've grown quite a bit—I mean, mentally and psychologically. Before I came here, I was just an average girl, leading an average life. Since then, I've had to learn to think things out, to form opinions, to work out a—a philosophy of life, I guess is the way you'd say it. I don't want to sound too serious, but you might even call it a religion—a way of looking at life—"

At this point, a waitress approached, wearing the beaming smile Janet seems to inspire in everybody at the studio. Janet stared a long while at the menu. "I never can choose (*Please turn to page 74*)

i really haven't changed



No ordering groceries for Janet. Doing her own shopping is a perfect excuse for getting out of the house.



She's a talented actress—but a demon when it comes to fixing faulty wiring. What a job she did on this lamp!



Here's ample compensation for unpleasant chores of sweeping and dusting. Janet's expecting guests for dinner and the house has never looked more inviting.



Everyone's heard of Janet's green thumb so she makes sure plants will stand inspection.



Whistle while you work—or rest. She's found the real secret to enjoying her housework.



By JACK HOLLAND

His spectacular success had us gasping, his handsomeness had us swooning—and now that we've looked into his private life, we know why he's a man to be reckoned with



Farley's home isn't a typical star's mansion. His castle is a rustic cottage—perfect for the bachelor life.

★ I was hunting for my six-year-old youngster one afternoon up in Laurel Canyon where I live when I happened to knock at the door of a modest cottage. I had thought it was the home of one of the little boys with whom my young son played.

Needless to say, this wasn't the right house. And needless to say I was more than a little surprised when Farley Granger answered my knock, for it was the first I had known that Farley had forsaken the family fireside for the life of the independent bachelor.

I had known Farley for some time—ever since he got his first break in pictures. I kept up this acquaintance when he returned from the Navy. All during those months and months, he was a young kid with an ambition to act that burned within him. Then there was a period in which I lost contact with him.

The Farley I saw that day was a *(Please turn to page 94)*

← "Roseanna McCoy" will be Farley's next film.



He likes doing things for himself. But when it comes to cooking, he could use some feminine collaboration.

John Gail Sterling George "Gabby" Dick
PAYNE · RUSSELL · HAYDEN · HAYES · FORAN



How the law was brought to a gun-riddled... feud-ridden border-town of lawlessness. This is the story of the "Coffin Corner of Texas" in the lusty era when ambush in the night made the Rio Grande run red!

in Paramount's

EL PASO

Color by
CINECOLOR



with
**Eduardo Noriega · Henry Hull · Mary Beth Hughes
 H. B. Warner · Bobby Ellis · Directed by Lewis R. Foster**

Based on a story by J. Robert Bren and Gladys Atwater
 Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster · A Pine-Thomas Production

★ Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier have combined their respective talents for many productions, but the best thing they ever collaborated on is a young lady named Deborah Leslie Dozier, who has cleverly taken the best features of her parents, thus guaranteeing her to be a raving beauty.

Luckily, Bill isn't home all the time. Bill is impossible. He's one of the daffiest new fathers alive. He talks earnestly to the baby all the time and swears that she understands him. He carries her

around on a tour of the house and with a straight face discusses the state of the world with her. The baby looks up at him very seriously out of round blue eyes and then suddenly her eyes turn up and she chortles. That's worth a million dollars to Bill.

He even moves her crib to his dressing room so that he can have her near him when he shaves. And father and daughter continue their amazing conversations, Bill making big speeches about what's going on in Europe or in the (Please turn to page 86)

By HELEN HOVER WELLER

...and Baby makes



*There's an
"other woman"
in Joan Fontaine's
life these days—
but Joan doesn't
mind it a bit*



Meet the newest Joan Fontaine-Bill Dozier production: Deborah.



Bill and Joan finished one film, "You Gotta Stay Happy," before Debbie arrived. Now there's little time for movie talk.



SECRETS of a Hollywood Baby-Sitter

By JOAN CORY



"Welcome to our house!" That's the greeting I got from Glenn, Petie and Eleanor when I arrived at the Fords'.

It's no wonder
Glenn and Eleanor
hate to leave
their perfect
home—but they do
once in a while
and that's when
baby-sitter
Joan Cory enters
the picture

★ Being a baby-sitter in Hollywood can change a girl's whole future. It can give her big ideas, or it can teach her a lot about living.

I've been working in movie stars' homes for three years now, and believe me, you get to the point where a house without a 50 ft. living room looks like a shack. You grow ashamed of your date's jalopy because it doesn't purr like a Cadillac. You even feel undressed without a diamond or two. It's plenty easy to pick up extravagant ideas in Hollywood.

On the other hand, a baby-sitter in the movie capital sees the stars during their off-stage hours. You soon find out

please turn to next page





Eleanor gives me a free run of the refrigerator. By midnight, a milk and cookie snack will taste like a feast.



Petie's too young to appreciate his dad's acting talents in "Those Who Dare," but Glenn, the story teller, has a fan.

SECRETS of a Hollywood Baby-Sitter *(continued)*

who's real and who's phony, who's happy and who's miserable, and why.

Take it from one who knows. The real people are wonderful to work for, and their happiness has nothing to do with diamonds or Cadillacs.

Of all the movie couples I've sat for, the happiest, funniest, and nicest pair is Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ford. When I get a home and family of my own, I'm going to model it after the Fords'. When you've read this piece, I think you'll see why.

The first time I went to Glenn and Eleanor Ford's home I was late. I had trouble finding the right street and I was full of prepared apologies when I

rang their front door bell with a trembling finger.

"Think nothing of it," Glenn said, as I started to apologize. "We had a little trouble locating the house ourselves."

What he meant, I shortly discovered, was that when he was discharged from the Marines, and Ellie came home from the hospital with baby Peter, they had to look for a larger house. They hunted for a long time before they found a home that combined country living with nearness to Columbia studios where Glenn works. When they saw a "For Sale" sign on the house built by music director Max Steiner, they snapped (*Please turn to page 90*)



I found Petie as charming as his parents. Eleanor kindly managed a getting-to-know-each-other period between Petie and me.

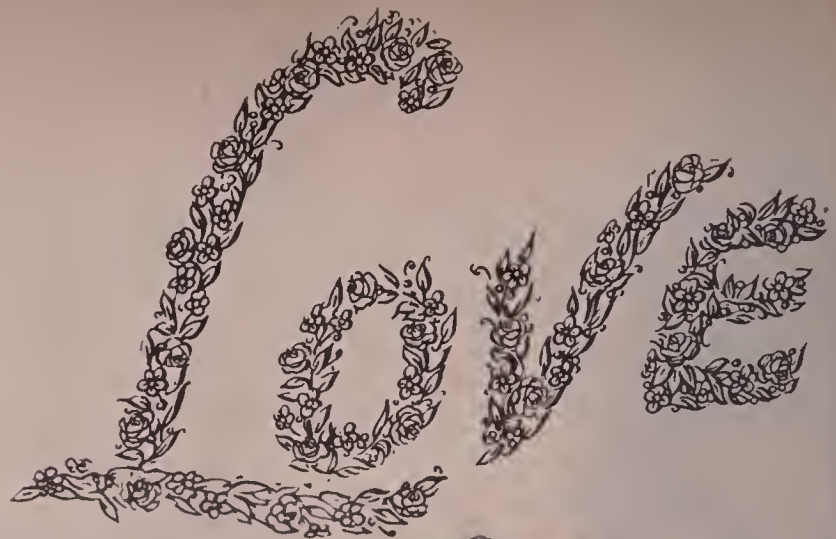
As Glenn and Eleanor kissed Petie goodnight, it made me glad I'm part of the family—if only for a night.



Eleanor's a conscientious mother. My instructions are in writing and she leaves me a number where I can call her—in an emergency.



The most FABULOUS



Her phenomenal fairy tale jump from poor girl to princess managed to shock world newspapers.



Rita knew what the world didn't—that as soon as Prince Aly got his father's permission he would make her princess.

STORY ever told

By ARNO JOHANSEN

★ Once before in this century, men and women everywhere throbbed to the refrain of a true-life love story when the King of England gave up his throne for the Woman He Loved.

And now once again, a true Cinderella love story of a movie actress who rose from obscurity to fame, and a fabulous prince—one of the richest in the world—warms the heart of this tired old world.

The love affair of Rita Hayworth and Prince Aly Khan is like a fairy tale and has the happy ending that all of us yearn for.

. . . And so they were married and lived happily ever after.

FIFTEEN years ago, Rita Hayworth was a poor, black-headed little girl whose hairline grew too low on her forehead.

With her father, Eduardo, she used to dance in cabarets strewn along the coast of California.

Her father who was born in Seville, Spain, was a dynamic, young-looking man, and for the purpose of obtaining bookings, he used (*Please turn to page 79*)

You can have
your fairy tales
and Arabian
Nights—for our
money Rita's
story tops them all!



Family approval was won by Rita in a matter of seconds. This exclusive picture shows how pleased father Aga Khan and the Begum were at the meeting.

★ In the fall of 1938, I was crossing the campus at the University of California (in Berkeley) weighted down with the responsibility of casting the lead for the next University play. I was not the regular drama coach at the University; I had spent most of my life in Little Theatre work, true, but I was at the University for only one year to relieve the holder of the coaching position while he completed a project of his own.

The play was, for that period in history, a daring one; it dealt with much the same theme as "Gentleman's Agreement," so I wanted the male lead to be dynamic, personable, but above all to give the impression of fearless candor. In brief, I had in mind a young, but handsome, Lincoln.

I was more than ordinarily anxious to produce a series of hits, and to provide a certain amount of theatrically challenging material. That was why I had chosen "Rain From Heaven" as the play and why I was in such a quandary about casting it.

It was then that I noticed this student. He was loping along ahead of me, obviously bent on keeping an appointment. His movements were hurried, but nicely coordinated. He had the sort of lean, lanky grace one associates with a yearling colt. A heavy dark forelock fell forward (*Please turn to page 88*)

Greg Peck will howl with embarrassed amusement when he reads this tribute from the man who discovered him way back when . . .



Pupil became instructor when author Glass got a part in Greg's M-G-M film, "The Great Sinner."



While wooing Greta, Greg told her he was a real Indian. "I did that to gain her attention . . . she was awfully popular."



Tiny Steve is only too happy to give up tagging after his brother Jonathan when Dad's around for a football tussle.

Greg Peck isn't a "born" actor. As a matter of fact, he started out to be an engineer.

how Greg got that way

By
Everett
Glass





"Roseanna McCoy" cinched little Gigi Perreau's film career. Now Samuel Goldwyn will star her in his next production.



Since her role in "Enchantment," Gigi has become an important movie personality. And although she's only seven years old, she's had five years' acting experience.



To Gigi, big brother Peter Miles is the real star of the family. He'll be seen in "The Red Pony."

By
TOM DeVANE

Little Goman



There never will be professional rivalry between Gigi and Peter. They admire each other too much for that!

Tiny Gigi Perreau handles her movie roles with all the drama and know-how of a Bergman. How DOES she do it?

★ Film town has a brand new love team, and it's one of the sweetest on record. They are Gigi Perreau and her brother, Gerald, seven and ten respectively. Their brother-and-sister adoration for each other has the sentimental movie capital gurgling to itself.

Gigi and Gerald (who is known on the screen as Peter Miles) recently played brother and sister in "Family Honeymoon," with Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, and are currently enacting similar roles in "Roseanna McCoy," for Samuel Goldwyn. In "Enchantment," they were also teamed, but as foster brother and sister, who grow up to (*Please turn to page 83*)

★ Melvyn Douglas and his vivacious Congress-woman wife, Helen Gahagan, borrowed time out from their very active careers a few months ago to celebrate fifteen years of marriage and take a happy inventory. In the process they made an amazing discovery.

The fifteen years had slipped past so fast that the Douglas team had not fully absorbed the fact

that they had effectively hurdled two major road blocks to marital happiness.

When Melvyn and Helen first announced their intention of marriage, the future Mrs. Douglas was a top Broadway star and he was her leading man. Road block Number One to marriage, well-meaning friends pointed out at the time, was the fact that they were two keen (*Please turn to page 92*)

Reunion in Hollywood

Something to sing about! The Melvyn Douglas family circle is together again.



Love at long distance could be a bit trying—but

Melvyn Douglas and Helen Gahagan are shining

examples of how successful it can be

By BEN IRWIN



Teen-age Mary Helen is quite a poised youngster, but when Dad starts to rough-house, she drops dignity for giggles.



Film career keeps Melvyn in Hollywood while Mrs. Douglas goes to Washington.



You can see that son Pete's a chip off the old block. At 14 he's already taller than Melvyn—something Dad can't forget!



Melvyn's off to the studio. When "The Great Sinner" is finished, the sideburns will go.

London isn't
Hollywood by any
means—but it
merits a warm spot
in the heart of
this Irish lass



While chatting with retired Sergeant Pilgrim, Dana Andrews and I overheard someone ask if we were trying to create a New Look with "Impulse" costumes.



My

LONDON Diary

BY MAUREEN O'HARA

★ I've never been one to keep a diary. I never seem to want to take the time. But when 20th Century-Fox sent me to London to make "Impulse," I decided to break down and keep a record of the events. I expected to be gone only about three months, but it was over six months before I got home. Consequently, I am only going to give the highlights of my trip here because otherwise my diary would run about as long as "Gone With The Wind."

The first big thrill, as far as I'm concerned, was going to Dublin to see Mother and Daddy. Much

Highlight of the London trip was the Film Ball. Here Dana and I pose with stars Pat Plunkett, Googie Withers.





Paging Sir Walter Raleigh! My outfits in "Impulse" are darling—but I always had to have help when I crossed this puddle.

to my surprise, Florence, my sister from Canada whom I hadn't seen for some time, was there, too. And, of course, my two big, strapping, handsome brothers, Jimmy and Charlie. Every time I see these two the more convinced I am they should be in pictures.

The house has six bedrooms, but it was absolutely bulging with laughing, talking O'Hara's. Almost the minute I arrived we started to eat. Not that that's anything new in our house. Ireland, of course, is still on strict rations. Bacon, for example, is almost impossible to get, but you can have all the eggs and most kinds of meat you want: Sweets are hard to find and butter and tea are strictly rationed.

The worst of all is that you're allowed only one bar of soap a month—and that's for washing clothes as well as yourself.

Bronwyn, my little daughter, and my sister's son have been having a wonderful time tearing things up properly.

The whole family was terribly excited when I told them that I had been granted an audience with the Pope. I'm to see His Holiness before I leave for America.

At a big press interview, arranged for me by Bruce Woodhouse, I was lucky enough to meet the Archbishop of Westminster. The way the meeting came about was really (*Please turn to page 78*)

★ The picturesque town of Kitzbuehel in Austria is the honeymoon spot Tyrone Power and his bride, Linda Christian, fled to after the hullabaloo of their much publicized romance and wedding. And reports from Kitzbuehel's 7,000 residents assure us that the handsome couple are "divinely happy."

The Powers have their futures very well scheduled. After their 1-month honeymoon they're due for some more traveling: Ty's role in "Black Rose" will take him to England, Scotland and North Africa. Linda probably could have a role in the picture, too, but Ty has other ideas. It's no secret that he wants a family. Happily Linda does too; she wants six children—and all like Ty, please.

Tyrone Power takes his lovely bride to a honeymoon heaven high in the Tyrolean Alps



So in love—Linda and Ty didn't know anyone was looking when the photog snapped this intimate picture.

Linda's not so sure of her skiing prowess, but she'll chance the gentle lower slope of Mount Hahnenkamm.



Boots to match Linda's ski costume are on order here . . . so Ty gets an outfit to match Linda's.

(please turn to next page)

alone at last!

continued



Quiet and beauty of the Alpine ski resort are a balm to Ty and Linda. Residents are sympathetic to honeymooners, leave them blissfully alone.

Through the crisp Alpine snow the lovers > ride to the Inn where they're honeymooning.



Linda finds it's fun to take a spill when Ty's on the spot to lend a helping hand.





Pin-up pictures galore decorate the walls of Gail Russell's cute 1-room apartment.

Gail lives alone

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY

... and loves it. What's more, so would you!

★ Gail Russell has an apartment in a neat, white building set on a hill above UCLA where the view from her windows after sunset is a breath-taking pattern of lights. She saw it first at night, as she drove home from the studio with her Paramount secretary. The building wasn't quite finished, but there was a rental sign. Gail went in, and fell in love with the view.

"I had been living at home with my father, mother and brother, in a house much too big for us," she told me. "We like lots of (*Please turn to next page*)



Gail decorated her apartment after helping Guy Madison with his. Brisk, tailored decor suits her to a T.

"Everyone seems to have an award of some kind,"so I got one for myself. It reads: Award to Gail Russell for Absolutely Nothing."



gail lives alone

continued

privacy; we each had our own rooms and practically lived in them, meeting one another now and then at the door, or on our way to raid the kitchen ice-box.

"There seemed to be a lot of unoccupied space, especially after my brother, who is a musician, began going on the road with his band. My mother decided to sell the house and buy an apartment court as an investment so this place was an answer to prayer—shall we say?

"There are twelve apartments; the tenants are nearly all young people going to the university, and we're all informal and neighborly; it's like living in a sorority house, except that there are men here, too. We don't wear each other's clothes, as sorority sisters often do, but when anyone in the building has too much of anything, he passes it around.

"I was on the MJB program, and the studio sent me a whole carton of coffee, far too much to store in my small kitchen. I ran around leaving cans of



Home was never like this! Here's the way Gail looked when she decided to paper the walls of her dressing room.



Spaniel Kelly looks the other way when Gail raids the piggy bank. Note the "emergency" hole at the bottom.

coffee at each door, and that night I swear you could hear cans rolling downstairs every ten minutes, as owners came home and fell over them!"

Gail's dark-fringed blue eyes lighted up; her face, which in repose has a haunting sadness, came to gay life. Such fun! The young marrieds upstairs wanted draperies for their apartment, so they all rented a sewing machine. Now everyone in the building takes a turn making the draperies!

"A mother and daughter live next door to me," she exulted, "Simply wonderful neighbors. They take in my milk, if I'm working—oh, they take in milk for everybody, when the various tenants aren't home. There's a colonel, teaching ROTC at the university, who can't do a thing for himself; he's always knocking at the next door to get stripes sewn on his jacket. That poor mother has no privacy. Whenever she's dressing, someone always knocks. She calls out: 'Who is it?' and as soon as she's sorted out what whoever-it-is wants, there comes her hand, sliding around the door with the

whatever." Gail illustrated with a slim and graceful arm.

"If I'm going down the hill, I take people to market, or I pick them up and bring them home. Anyone who's going shopping stops at each door to see if there are errands to be done. . . . People joke about being 'one big happy family,' but we really are. Christmas Eve, we all held Open House and every door in the building was open. One place served *hors d'oeuvres*, another had hot toddies, a third, the salad course, and next door had turkey, buffet style. You can scarcely believe it, but we got twelve people in *here!*"

"Here" is Gail's charming one-room-and-kitchen apartment. Acquiring it before the building was finished, she had her way with its decoration. The ceiling is light, the walls dark green. They weren't quite the shade Gail wanted, so she mixed paint and darkened them herself. Because she must use the blonde furniture from her room at home, she decided to make the decor (*Please turn to page 73*)

By MRS. RICHARD WIDMARK
as told to Dora Albert



Recommendation for blind dates: That's the way Jean and Dick met while they were college students.



Little Anne and Dick are quite a combination. She runs him ragged—but her every wish is his command.

I'm in Love with a

★ When I first met Dick Widmark, I was being rushed by a sorority at Lake Forest University. In fact, Dick was the bait used to lure me into the sorority. One of the boasts of any good sorority is that its members get to date the best men on the campus, so a future sorority sister thoughtfully selected Dick Widmark as my blind date for a barn dance, hoping that I would be very much impressed.

I was. Dick, off the screen, is handsome, with blond hair and gray eyes. He was a big wheel on the campus—a football hero and Prom King that year. Since I was just a freshman, that made a big hit with me.

Told to dress in clothes suitable for a barn dance, I wore riding clothes for atmosphere, but felt like sinking through the floor when I saw Dick. He hadn't bothered to change, was wearing an old sweater and slacks.

However, he didn't seem to mind my barn dance attire, for he asked me for a date for the following Wednesday. Greatly flattered by this attention from an upperclassman, I agreed.

Dick didn't have much (*Please turn to page 71*)

Richard Widmark—the screen's meanest meanie—turns out to be quite a lamb . . .



MENACE

What a relief! Dick becomes the hero in 20th's "Down to the Sea in Ships."



Even if you have to study Joe Miller's joke book, be a gal who's good for a laugh and you'll rate a return engagement in any guy's date book.

how to be

Here are some suggestions for that age-old female struggle to be

The Most Popular Girl

the belle of the ball—by the girl

★ Recently I was discussing with a group the difference in popularity of some of the girls we know. It's always interesting to consider the problem of why some beautiful girls sit home with practically no wolves howling around their door, while their less physically attractive sisters may be deluged with bids for their available time by the entire stag lineup.

In my short time in Hollywood, I've been lucky enough to meet many wonderful fellows and make many grand friends among them. Once in awhile, I've asked some of my escorts what they consider

most desirable in their dates and women in general.

And on the basis of their reactions and research of my own, I've drawn a few general conclusions.

To a great degree, it seems to me, it is primarily a matter of really wanting to be popular. Not the type of "wanting" where someone sits home in a chair and says, "I wish I were a really fine tennis player!" or "I wish I had a million dollars!" or "I wish I were the most popular girl in town!" This kind of wanting gets you nowhere.

The kind of wanting that pays off, has some thought and effort behind it. To become good at



But this is no laughing matter. It could even be the end of a beautiful friendship. Sure, a guy likes to take out a glamorous girl—but he doesn't want to watch her get that way!



You'll follow him anywhere—but only if you've seen Arthur Murray.

By BARBARA LAWRENCE

in Town

who (believe us) should know!

the game, the person has to get out on that tennis court and work out three hours a day. Whatever the goal you must go after it intelligently. And, in the same way, a girl has to make a *planned* effort toward being popular.

In general our all-American female struggle toward being the belle of the ball can be divided into several different plans of attack. First, as I said, there has to be the active desire.

Then, a general knowledge of masculine psychology to help you figure what a man likes. Third, the process of developing (*Please turn to next page*)



Clothes make the man—notice you! A formal party's your best opportunity to wow your own date and the stag line.

your assets, and minimizing your drawbacks. And fourth, some pertinent what-to-dos and what-not-to-dos.

Personally, I'm strictly of the personality vs. beauty school. I don't think that beauty has actually a thing to do with popularity. Naturally, it would be nice to have a face like a magazine cover, but that alone won't do it. I've met a number of dull beauties in my time, and yet I've met countless fascinating and sought-after women who, as far as usual standards go, could be classed as downright plain.

The shape of a face is not of too much importance. The brain behind it counts. So you're not Hedy Lamarr. But everyone has some "best" feature which can be dramatized and made the center of attention. Beautiful hair, a good mouth, lovely eyes. Any one of these can be featured in your particular case.

The shape of a body is important. That's something we can govern, and if we aren't interested in keeping ourselves sleek and stream-lined, we can't expect to draw any whistles from the stagline.

Beauty, actually, can be an insidious thing. If you're a beautiful girl, don't sit back and take advantage of it. Not all beauties (*Please turn to page 82*)



Men like girls with good card sense, which usually means you must let your man win—always.

how to be

The Most Popular Girl

in Town

continued



So you're not a Scarlett O'Hara! You can have an enviably tiny waist if you try.



Dangerous curves can be a hazard, but only if you don't keep them under control.



Cesar's expression is a good example of why gossip in front of men isn't good. Their delicate constitutions just can't seem to stand it.



You'll be in great shape—but don't overdo it. You might wind up stronger than he is.



Discuss last night's conquest—but *never!* Giving away the secrets of your success is like giving the other gals a key to your man's heart.

★ Seeing my life made into a picture is something I never thought would happen, but it's something that my wife, Ethel, and the kids will never forget. This has been the peak in my life.

In 1946 when I was lucky enough to be given the Most Courageous Athlete of the Year Award, my wife, Ethel, said to me, "The only thing that would make your life complete now would be to have a picture made of your life."

We laughed at that. But it wasn't long after that that I got a call from Hollywood. When I was asked if I'd be interested in having my life story filmed I was so dumbfounded I could only say weakly. "Yes."

Naturally, Ethel and I sat down right away and began to figure out whom we'd like to play my part in the picture. Almost together we said, "Jimmy Stewart!" We knew we'd have no real say-so as to who was cast but Jimmy had always been a favorite of ours. And, besides, he was tall like I was and he had a kind of drawl like mine.

At first it looked like there was no hope of getting Jimmy because he was busy on another picture and he had a commitment to follow, but we kept hoping. And luck was with us! Jimmy Stewart it was!

Ethel, Denny, and Monty, Jr., our twin sons, and I left for Hollywood shortly after that to start

Here's a double play that movie and baseball fans will love—Jimmy Stewart's



Jimmy Stewart and I spent so much time together before the film started, I think we began to look alike.

the preparations for making "The Stratton Story."

I'll never forget the first day I met Jimmy. I wasn't at all nervous about meeting him. He didn't seem like any stranger to me. He was just a fellow like myself and I felt I knew him right away. After all, I did know him on the screen. He was so down-to-earth. In short, he was just good old Jimmy Stewart to me. Like he'd always been.

Jimmy and I spent a lot of time together before shooting actually began on the picture. I thought he'd ply me with questions about myself, but he didn't. He just kept watching me and studying me. Once he thought he knew me and what I was like, that was all he needed. *(Please turn to page 77)*

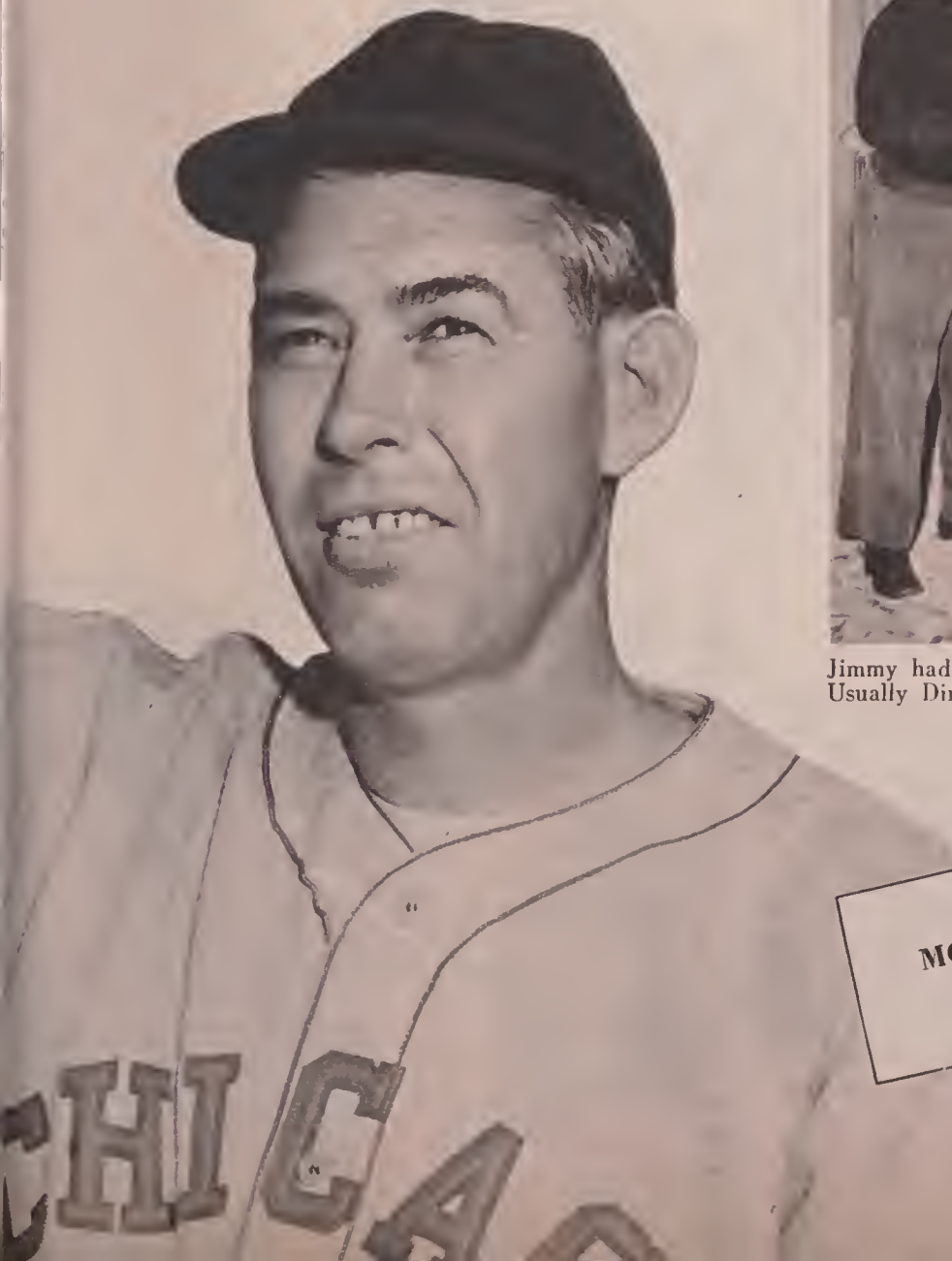
doing the role of hero Monty Stratton



My wife was impressed when June Allyson was chosen to be the screen Mrs. Stratton! Here I am with June and Gerry Priddy.



Jimmy had to learn a lot of my tricks for "The Stratton Story." Usually Director Wood and Frank Morgan got in on lessons, too.



By
MONTY STRATTON
as told to
Jon Bruce

By
HOWARD DUFF

I should be twins!



Boy, I pity my roommate, agent Mike Meshikow, when I go on a cooking spree. He invariably winds up doing the dishes.

Double or nothing seems
to be the byword in the
hectic life of Howard Duff.
He has two alarm clocks,
two careers and twice as
much fun as any other
bachelor in Hollywood

I'm not complaining about being so
busy—but I could use an 8-day week.





Relax between scenes? Not Duff! I'd rather talk movies with director Fred De Cordova.



It didn't take kids in Camarillo long to discover Sam Spade was on location making "Illegal Entry." I think they wanted a lesson in ballistics, but frankly the toy gun baffled me.

★ Maybe if I were twins, life wouldn't be quite so hectic.

Still, if I *were* twins, I'd be only half as busy . . . and if I were only half as busy, I'd get paid only half as much salary . . . and if I got paid only half as much salary . . . Hey, a thing like this can lead to very serious consequences!

But about this hectic life of mine.

Let me first say that the man who invented alarm clocks (could it have been Don Ameche?) is definitely no friend of mine. I know that an alarm clock is supposed to be a useful device—in its place. But not on MY dresser!

I am a guy with twin lives: pictures and radio; two alarm clocks, both wrong; and just never—but never—enough sack time. (I sort of love my sleep.)

Somewhere in the Bible, it seems to me, it says very plainly, "Six days shalt thou labor, and on the seventh, rest."

Not me. On the seventh day I'm Sam Spade.

I'm not complaining, mind you. I like being Sam Spade, just as I like being all the things I am in pictures. I think it's fine, and I wouldn't trade it for anything. But there are times it gets confusing. Or, more accurately, hectic, which Mr. Webster informs me means "feverish."

(Please turn to next page)



A hot game of "pitch" was Gar Moore's and my answer to cool California days.



Sunday after breakfast is the calm before the storm. In about three minutes I'll be rushing off to CBS Studios for rehearsal of my "Sam Spade" broadcast.



Sometimes I can squeeze in a swim at the beach. Here I worry about nothing—except commuting!

I like to keep busy—but there's always time for a date with lovely Ava Gardner.





Radio rehearsals mean an all-day session with writers and cast. By the way, Lurene Tuttle, the gal who plays the role of "Effie," is next to me here.

I
should
be
twins! *continued*

We're on the air! When this is over I can relax—until my 6 A.M. studio call! I wonder what rest is!



I don't run any temperature, but I do run. Take any Sunday—they're almost all alike. Just when I'm turning over for a little more shut-eye, after six full days at Universal-International, my No. 1 alarm clock rings. I ignore it. Then my No. 2 alarm clock rings. I ignore that, too. Then my good friend and agent, Mike Meshikow, who lives with me, comes into my bedroom. Very noisily. He shakes me. I look at him. "Do you know what day this is?" he says.

I know, but I clam up.

"It's Sunday," he goes on. "You know—Sunday? Radio show? Sam Spade? CBS?"

"My *friend*," I mutter accusingly, as though he had stabbed me in the back.

But I get up, finally, not without a good many groans. "Well, Duff," I tell myself, "here you go again." Ages later, or what seems ages later, I've showered, shaved, dressed, and picked up some of my shoes I've left lying around. I glance at the Sunday papers and brew some coffee. (Some people claim you have to spoon it out, but I don't think it's *that* strong.) I drag myself downstairs to the

garage, get out the car and drive to CBS, which is really only a few minutes from where I live in the Hollywood hills. Sometimes Mike goes with me, and sometimes he stays at the house. He figures he's done his day's work, just getting me up.

At the broadcasting studio I meet Bill Spier, the producer, Lurene Tuttle, who plays Effie, my secretary, Bob Tallman and Gil Doud, the writers, and the others in the cast. We spend a half hour or so gagging, or telling each other what we've been doing all week, have some more coffee, mark up our scripts and settle down to work. Several solid hours of it. Before I know it, it's lunch time. After lunch, which I usually spend with Spier and the writers at some place nearby like the Brown Derby or Brittingham's, there are more rehearsals, perhaps some script changes. There's another short break, and then it's 5 o'clock and broadcast time (out here) and we're on the air.

After three years, summer and winter, it's still exciting, still a thing that puts butterflies in your stomach as you see that second hand creeping closer and closer around the (*Please turn to next page*)



All my studio would have to do to make me happy would be to ask me to sport a beard in a picture. Think of the things I could do in the time I'd save on shaving.

clock, while you watch the control room for your cue out of the corner of your eye.

Thirty short minutes later it's over—until next week.

And that, as they say, is my Sunday. Not exactly minute by minute, but the high spots. Maybe there are some fan club youngsters waiting outside, looking for autographs. Or there's a brief get-together with the CBS publicity man, perhaps some fast photographs to pose for. Maybe I drive back to the house, pick up Mike and the two of us go over to Restaurant Row on La Cienega for a leisurely dinner. Or we whip up some ham and eggs or broil a steak at home, sit around, talk theatre or just relax. Or I try to catch up on some of my neglected reading. Then bed around 11—and those alarm clocks again.

Because the next day is Monday—and that means six more full days at the studio. Sure, the weekly routine will vary some, naturally. If it's summer, and I'm living at the beach (I usually rent a cottage there) I may manage a quick swim in the ocean before breakfast and the drive into town. If it's a Sunday, and my broadcast day, I might even squeeze in a quick hour or so of horseback riding. I've finally gotten around to it, after some trepidation—and it's not bad. Not bad at all.

When I'm not living at the beach, I may take a hike in the hills around my house, which are unbelievably wild and rustic, though only five minutes away from Sunset Boulevard, the Strip and the Schwabadero. There are coyotes up there and even an occasional deer, believe it or not, and at night the mountains surround you, all dark and mysterious.

Does all that sound hectic? To me it is—and then again it isn't. Somebody once asked me, "Just how do you budget your time, what with your picture work, your radio show, wardrobe fittings, interviews, portrait sittings, your social life, location trips and all? When do you relax?"

Well, I'm relaxing all the time. Or I try to. I'm relaxing right now, telling you this story. And picture work, or acting (maybe it's the ham in me) is very gratifying. I won't say it's fun, because that sounds corny, and it's not always

true, either. Sometimes it can be pretty dull, like any job. But it's what I like, what I'm fitted for, what I'd rather do than anything else. Before the cameras or the microphone you're keyed up, tense, excited. It's always like that when you're working in an interesting picture like, say, "Red Canyon," or the last one I made, "Illegal Entry." It can be tough, too, like the days we spent out at Camarillo Airport, about an hour away from Hollywood, locationing for "Illegal Entry."

It was cold there, and windy (it was during the famous, if you'll pardon the expression, January freeze) and it meant getting up mighty early. For me, anyway. It meant driving out to that airport, shooting the outdoor stuff, then back to the studio, then back again to that bleak and windy airport. There was almost a week of it, and it was a little rugged.

Or it can be really hectic, this business of matching up your picture work and radio work, and making it all mesh. Like the time we were locationing up at Kanab, Utah, some 700 or so miles from Hollywood. That was for "Red Canyon." We'd shoot till about 6 o'clock on Saturday evening, then I'd take off for Hollywood and my Sunday radio show. Because Kanab is way back in the hinterland, and miles from a railroad station (the scenery's magnificent, by the way), it meant driving in a car about three hours—and fast—then flagging down the City of Los Angeles Streamliner at a tiny water stop, riding all night, arriving in Hollywood some time in the morning, rushing down to CBS, script readings, rehearsals and then the broadcast. And then home, after a quick dinner, and a very early bedtime. Because about dawn I had to be at the airport to pick up a specially-chartered plane that would bring me back to Kanab and work again, early Monday morning.

I'm puffing now, just thinking about it. I did that Kanab-to-Hollywood-to-Kanab routine for about two months. I guess it didn't hurt me, because I'm still here to tell about it. I even got so my chest expanded a notch or two, thinking of that specially-chartered plane they had there waiting for me every Monday. I thought that was great stuff. But once I was sure I was a dead pigeon so far

as my Sam Spade show was concerned.

We had gotten away from Kanab a little later than usual that Saturday night, and I sat in the car chewing my nails for three hours, feeling sure we'd never make that Streamliner. Then, just as we pulled into that little water stop, a train (I was certain it was mine) flashed by at 70 miles an hour. I could just see somebody else playing Sam Spade that Sunday night, because there were no other train connections. But the station agent explained that the train I had seen was still another Streamliner, running about an hour late, and my train, which was also late, hadn't come in yet.

Well, I sat in that gloomy station until 4:30 that morning, counting every nick, every carved initial, every splinter in that hickory bench (it must have been hickory; nothing else could be so hard) and feeling mighty sorry for myself. There wasn't a magazine around, or a newspaper. I couldn't even buy a coke. All I found to read was a 12-months-old timetable. The dialogue in it was terrible! I'd doze off, dream, jerk awake, walk outside, stare at the tracks, come back and doze some more. They weren't really dreams; they were nightmares, all mixed up with leering microphones, non-stop Streamliners, station agents who didn't wake me in time, and visions of Duff trying to hold back the hands of the CBS studio clock.

That, let me tell you, was really hectic. But the train finally came, and I hopped on it, arrived in Hollywood and did my broadcast. On time, too. Only I couldn't at first figure out why everybody on the show kept calling me The Thin Man, instead of Sam Spade. I must have lost 20 pounds.

Naturally, the hectic life of Howard Duff isn't always as hectic as that. It couldn't be. But most of the time it's frenzied enough. I guess perhaps I worked harder in the Army than I do now, when I was writing and producing radio shows. I'd still like to do some writing, not professionally, but for my own pleasure. Only who has the time? It's those two alarm clocks again. On the set or between pictures there's no chance. You're either studying your script or posing for still pictures; talking to a magazine writer or a newspaper columnist for an interview; going over to wardrobe for fittings; coming back for a couple of days of retakes—or doing Sam Spade!

Sometimes I wish I could drop off for a fast forty winks between camera setups, like Burt Lancaster or George Brent, but I haven't mastered that knack yet. Nights there are friends coming over, or maybe a chess game, if I can find someone who wants to play; trying out some new records; catching up with some of the new books; answering fan mail. Maybe a preview or two, or a small intimate party. Maybe a date or two each week with Ava Gardner—good friend and swell person—but just friendly dates. No romance. Really.

As for late hours—well, how can you keep late hours, when you work a seven-day week? I'd just be sleepy the next day, and that's not good. One of these days I'm hoping to be able to tape-record my radio show in advance—say do three or four at a time, then coast for a couple of weeks. And one of these days, too, I want to get back to the stage again—for a little while, anyway.

Meanwhile, I'm counting on another good summer at the beach, with Mike Meshikow and a few other close friends. There'll be swimming, swimming and more swimming. No cooking—not much, anyway. I'll have my same huge icebox—the one that puzzled everybody so last

summer, because there was nothing in it but a few bottles of beer! I remember once Mike discovered a steak in there (how it got there, I don't know) and took it out to show me. "Hey, what are we going to do with this?" he asked. "It's been around here about a week."

"Oh, leave it there," I said. "It'll be swell in case somebody shows up with a black eye."

That beach period is the time when life becomes just a little less feverish, though it's still a Monday-to-Sunday routine when I'm working both in pictures and in radio. That's when I'll need three alarm clocks, because coming in from the beach isn't quite as easy as coming in to work from Hollywood. But the life will still be hectic—in a quiet way. I can't say that I don't like it, because I do. And I'm a guy who loves his sack time—even as you, and you, and you. The only difference is that I don't usually get my fill of it. Ah, well, maybe someday I will—I hope.

Like little Billy in school, whose teacher had instructed him and the other pupils to write a composition on what they would do if they had a million dollars. All the kids began writing busily except Billy. "Young man," the teacher reprimanded him, "don't you know you are supposed to be telling what you would do if you had a million dollars?"

"Well," replied Billy, stretching lazily and leaning back in his chair, "this is exactly what I would be doing if I had a million dollars."

That's Duff, all right. Life can be mighty crowded, but I don't think I'd change mine for anything. Not for anything at all.

Unless . . . well, there's no chance of anybody inventing an eight-day week, is there?

THE END



Between rehearsals, Lurene Tuttle, Wally Maher and I sneak over to the Brown Derby.

I'M IN LOVE WITH A MENACE

(Continued from page 59)

money in those days, so our date consisted of lingering for a long time over cokes and then walking to a movie theatre in nearby Evanston, Illinois, where the admission price was only twenty-five cents a person. I can't remember now what the feature picture was, but I'm sure the hero didn't look nearly as wonderful to me as Dick did.

I saw Dick again on Saturday and Sunday night. We had walking dates, since our previous date had exhausted his funds. The following week, I saw Dick again on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday. I assumed I was "in."

But the next week there was no phone call from Dick. There were no more dates. I confessed my amazement to my sorority sisters. (By this time I had joined.)

"Oh, that's nothing," one of them told me calmly. "Dick always does that. I guess he doesn't want to go steady with any girl. No one lasts more than two weeks with him."

So what was a girl to do? I mourned the loss of Dick for about three days, and then started going out with other boys on the campus. Occasionally I'd see him on the school grounds. He'd say "Hi." I'd say "Hi"—and that was that.

About a year after the date on which Dick and I had first met, I was going around with his best friend. Dick tagged along sometimes. One day he surprised me by saying suddenly, "How would you like to go on a boat ride with me tomorrow morning?" I said I would like it just fine.

That night I was out very late. At about 10 the next morning, Dick phoned to ask if I was ready. Still in bed, I lifted one hand sleepily toward the phone and said, with a yawn, "Ready? Why, I'm still in bed."

At that Dick exploded. "Forget it," he said. "The boat sailed."

Having muffed my big chance, I had to think of a way to recoup. I decided to borrow a book from Dick. I called him up and told him I was directing a campus play and had only one copy of it. Since I knew he had two, might I borrow one? When he said "yes," I asked if he could possibly bring it over that evening—please.

Actually I could have borrowed copies from a score of other people, but he didn't stop to think of that. Somehow, he didn't seem to suspect, either, that this might be just a subterfuge to get him over to see me.

It all led to a little conversation, and the little conversation led to a date. That date led to other dates. This time at the end of the two weeks I was still "in." A year later I was wearing Dick's fraternity pin.

When Dick graduated from Lake Forest, he was offered a post as instructor. That was my cue to take classes in speech and dramatics. It was amazing the way my grades improved when Dick was my teacher.

I think I made life pretty hard for Dick in those days. As a rule, he is a fiend for being on time. But every night when we had a date, I would urge him to stay a little later. He had a class to teach at 8 A. M., and it was a standing joke around the campus that he could rarely get there on time.

Each morning he would come ripping across the campus at eight or later. Some mornings, the faculty member who had the class next to his, would call him on

the phone, get him out of bed and say, "Good morning, you're started, pal. Pandemonium has broken loose in your classroom."

In addition to teaching classes, Dick directed the college plays, each one of them a smash hit. (Did you ever hear of a college play that wasn't a smash hit?) Of course, Dick gave me roles in various plays. Everyone waited in breathless suspense to hear what he would say to me about my performance. He never said a word!

If he'd had anything to say, he'd never have said it in front of all my grinning classmates, anyway.

At the end of the semester, I left for New York to attend the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Dick continued to teach for another year. Then he came to New York to work in radio.

He began to talk about getting married. When Dick had been teaching, my father had looked on him as a somewhat solid citizen, but from the moment he learned that Dick intended to be an actor, he frowned at the idea of our getting married. At this point my father saw just one hope for me—marrying a solid businessman who would bring security and safety into my life.

Finally, I laid plans for convincing Dad. I went out to Evanston, Illinois, and took my father to dinner. I pointed out that Dick wasn't an actor-type of fellow but a businessman at heart. I said he was stable and sensible. As a clincher, I mentioned the fact that Dick keeps accurate records of everything. He does, too. He has a record of every play and radio show in which he's ever appeared, and the exact date thereof. Dick is neat and systematic.

Convinced at last, my father gave in. (Maybe he was just exhausted.) Anyway, I wired Dick, "Father says it's okay." We were married on May 5th, 1942 at Evanston, Illinois.

I had no idea in those days that I was marrying the man who was to become one of the screen's best-known menaces. On the stage he played young juveniles and leading men, and on the radio every kind of character known to soap opera. After his stage performance as a young leading man in "Kiss and Tell" he received several movie offers. We talked it over, and agreed it would be best to turn them down, until he had a long succession of stage hits behind him.

At that time the only menacing thing about Dick was his attitude toward my habit of not picking up after myself. When we were first married, he was used to having a place for everything and everything in its place. I was used to leaving a trail of clothes from the kitchen to the bedroom. My jacket would drape one chair, and my skirt another. The apartment usually looked as if a raid had been going on.

"Look, darling," Dick said to me, "I don't mean to try to turn you into a drudge, but don't you think it would be better to hang your clothes in the closet?"

As a result of our influence on each other, Dick has grown a little more lax about picking up after himself, and I've remained the same.

One of Dick's greatest virtues is his reliability. It was one of the reasons for his great success on radio. Radio directors knew that if somebody fluffed a line, became ill or didn't appear, Dick would be there pitching. "He'll do it," they



These young fans won't forget meeting Richard Widmark while he was on location in Miami for "Slattery's Hurricane." This picture marks his first romantic movie role.

said and he always managed to somehow.

I haven't the faintest notion what he is like at breakfast time, before he has his first cup of coffee. I barely catch a glimpse of him then. He usually has his first cup of coffee sent up, wherever he is working.

He is sometimes impulsive when it comes to making decisions. He, liked the role of Tommy Udo in his first picture, "Kiss of Death," so much that he signed a seven-year contract just to get that role. Then he was afraid to tell me how long he'd signed for. I found out about it for the first time when a newspaperwoman asked me, "You're going to be in Hollywood for seven years, aren't you?"

Just as impulsively, Dick rented our first house in Hollywood. The house itself was terrible. Dick was impressed by the stable, the horses and the view. To me the house looked like the most heaven-forsaken, isolated place I'd ever seen. Sure, the view was fine, but it didn't make up for the snakes around the house and the coyotes which howled at night.

We finally succeeded in renting a house which was just what we both wanted—in Brentwood—a white brick, low, rambling, ranch-style house, with wide boards in the kitchen. Dick said, "Why live in California unless you can feel at home there?" So we sent for our own furniture and books from back East. The furniture is a mixture of French provincial and Victorian, with an "antiquey" flavor.

Dick built his own bookcases for the house. He always does. There are few things he likes better than building bookcases, but for some reason, the shelves usually turn out crooked. We have left a trail of crooked bookcases in every apartment or house in which we have ever lived.

Dick is Mr. Fix-It around the house. Whenever anything goes wrong, he says never mind calling in the plumber, the

painter or the plasterer, he'll fix it. One day the washbasin in the kitchen was clogged. Dick went into his never-mind-calling-the-plumber routine, and took the washbasin apart all over the floor. Into the room wandered our daughter Ann, three years old. "What are you doing, daddy?" she asked sweetly.

"I think," Dick said to me, "you'd better get her out of the room."

Out she went, and he blew his top. He'd worked for hours trying to put the washbasin together again, and it simply wouldn't go. We had to call in the plumber after all.

Whenever something needs to be fixed, Dick starts the job humming and whistling. But when he fails to get it fixed, there's an ominous silence—and people head for storm cellars.

From the time he first knew I was going to have Ann, he started spoiling me. After she was born, he started spoiling her.

No expectant mother ever got more attention that I did before the arrival of Ann. When Ann signified that she was actually going to arrive, it was wartime, and the use of gasoline was greatly restricted. We got into our little Crosley, which was bought because we could get about 30 miles to a gallon, and Dick headed in the direction of Bronxville. The Crosley sputtered—it was quite a poke—and tempus was fugiting.

Dick got terribly worried. By the time we got to the hospital, he wanted to have me rushed right into a bed. The receptionist in charge was much more calm and said, "There's a long list of questions you'll have to answer first."

Dick looked at me in dismay and said, "Are you sure the baby will wait till you finish your list?"

They assured Dick the baby wouldn't come until the next day, and made him go home. That night a friend, who had just been discharged from the Army and had been celebrating his discharge, came to visit Dick to inquire how I was. He'd

obviously had a little too much to drink. Furiously, Dick said, "How could you get drunk on a night like this?"

The next morning Dick had to go to work. The baby still hadn't been born, and the hospital assured him she wasn't likely to be born during his radio show. But Ann double-crossed Dick. She arrived right in the middle of the rehearsal.

He treats her more like a friend than like a daughter. Once when I had to go to New York for a couple of weeks and Dick took charge of Ann, I returned to hear her saying, "Let's go and get the ice cream cones now." For two weeks she had been ordering Dick about. He had taken her to the Zoo, the circus and every other place she commanded. He bought ice cream cones at any time of the day she specified; and the whole household revolved around her whims.

I asked Dick why he'd let Ann run him ragged. He said, "I can't say no to her."

The greatest bone of contention between Dick and myself is that he never notices what I am wearing or how I do my hair. I could walk around the house in a gunny-sack, and he'd never say a word. And that isn't all! I could wear the latest Schiaparelli model, and he wouldn't notice that either.

Recently, I had my hair done in the newest short bob. I wondered how Dick would react to the new hairdo. All evening I kept leaning toward him, flinging my hair and my head in his direction. He didn't notice a thing. Finally a friend joined us and said, "Why, Jean, what a lovely new hairdo. Don't you like it, Dick?"

"What new hairdo?" he said blindly.

But don't get me wrong. The arguments between us are very minor. There are so many wonderful things about Dick.

I still treasure his first gift to me. It was a little bracelet with the word "Jean" on one side, and his initials "R.H.W." on the other. Don't ask me what the "H" stands for. I don't know. Dick's father sometimes used that middle initial, so Dick did, too.

Dick couldn't afford a gold bracelet in those days. It has turned green and black and purple, but I still keep it—a cherished memento of the days when I succeeded in winning the heart of the grandest man on the campus.

He likes the outdoors, and is crazy about riding, tennis and swimming. I share all those sports with him except riding.

He likes movies, particularly old silents. We have a home projector, and he runs the old silent pictures umpteen times, detecting in them techniques which have been hailed as brand new in 1949.

He hasn't let his head be turned by Hollywood or anything else. We sneaked into a drive-in to see his first picture, "Kiss of Death." The audience seemed to like him, and we were both rather surprised. Dick turned to me and said, "If they like this character, maybe Hollywood is going to be easy."

Lots of fans have written to Dick to say that they hope he isn't going to be typed as a menace; that they feel he can do other kinds of performances. Taking heed of all these letters, 20th Century-Fox recently cast Dick in his first hero role in "Down to the Sea in Ships." In it he looks more like himself than he's ever looked before.

Of course, he's been a hero to me all along. I hope that he's now going to be a hero to you, too.

THE END

GAIL LIVES ALONE

(Continued from page 57)

Chinese Moderne. Just a frustrated artist, as she says, Gail enjoyed carrying out her ideas.

Curtains and cornices are of bamboo, as is the matting that floors the space by the bamboo bar that leads to the kitchen. The living room has a Chinese red rug, with goatskin rugs lying blonde and thick before the wide couch (actually her bed, stripped of head and foot boards) covered in a unique Chinese print. This lively fabric in red, green and black on a white ground, is also used on hassocks, in draperies, and in a panel set in her radio-and-record-player-cabinet.

"My goatskin rugs began life in 'The Paradine Case,'" said my hostess, from her scarlet bar stool. "They were also used in 'Samson and Delilah,' and then I bought them from the studio. The Chinese print I saw on a chair at a friend's house, and loved it. When I couldn't locate any of it, I tormented a studio set decorator until he found me some—in self-defense, I imagine—and I bought enough for the apartment.

"I bought picture frames at the dime store and painted them scarlet; painted my kitchen table and four chairs white. I saved a piece of the red-white-and-black olio print that papers bathroom and dressingroom and put it under the glass of my coffee table. By the time I was done, I wasn't sure whether it was good or not!"

Confidentially, it's delightful!

No sooner had Gail converted her apartment into a thing of beauty, than Guy Madison, who is "just a good friend" and absolutely NOT a fiancé, wanted one, too. Guy had a house, but it contained too much space for a young bachelor who's seldom at home.

"He had furnished a den, a bedroom and a kitchen," explained Gail, "but there was nothing but wallpaper in his big livingroom, and he knew he'd never get around to furnishing that. Guy was doing a play in New Orleans when I moved. He wrote me, asking if I could get him an apartment here, and I was lucky enough to find him one upstairs."

Gail had Guy's walls painted a light chocolate; chose a yellow, green and chocolate plaid for his couch bedspread, and hunter's green draperies to match the green in the plaid. Guy insisted on using Gail's oil paintings as decoration. Because Guy loves to hunt, her paintings are mostly of animals, except for a Toreador, and all are framed in the same blonde wood as his furniture.

Gail's interest in art began very early. She studied at the Art Institute in Chicago, later majoring in art when she attended University High School in the forenoon, and Santa Monica Technical School in the afternoon. "For me, school was over at noon; the rest was fun. We decorated our class room, and painted it, in our levis and jeans. I remember we used to go around picking out wallpaper and working over paints, trying to get the right color. Maybe my interest in decoration stems from that.

"Now, crazy as you may think me, I'd like to learn to fence. It's wonderful for balance and grace. Besides, it's fun!"

Despite the fact that Gail was simply dressed in white shirt and well-cut slacks, she looked extremely decorative on her scarlet stool, silhouetted against the dark green wall. She threw out her hands and sighed. "My biggest problem is that I have no bedroom and I hate to have anyone sit on my bed. And no mat-

ter how you feel, or what's your rush, you know you must make up the bed the minute you hop out of it and have your room shipshape before you go out. If the doorbell rings when you're in bed, you must either get dressed in a hurry to answer it, or lie and worry about your rang. I must say it keeps you very neat.

"Guy doesn't need a bedroom, as a girl does. He's so seldom home—always off hunting, or away doing plays, or something. He hunts with bow and arrow with champion archer, Howard Hill, and Guy's good! Twice a week, if Guy's in town, you can find him over at Howard's making bows or arrows. He has three or four bows now, and about a million arrows!"

Gail enjoys archery herself, and has a bow called "Little Sister," made by Champion Hill, who likes to name his bows. One of Guy's is called "Mo," because Guy's real name is Moseley.

The apartments are all so small that—except for such occasions as Christmas Eve—Gail seldom attempts dinners for more than four.

"I had four here last week," she made a graceful gesture toward the kitchen, and the four painted chairs. "We had homemade chili, sour dough bread with garlic butter, and a green salad with avocado. Guy likes avocado."

Sometimes Guy comes down to Gail's for dinner; sometimes Gail runs up to Guy's. "Guy likes to dive for lobster down at Laguna, and he's crazy for lobster salad. He bought me a big wooden salad bowl; when he comes in with two or three enormous lobsters, as he usually does, we have enough for the next week. Or we would have, if the whole building didn't dine on it, too! Guy looks after the meat dish, when we cook; I'm in the salad department. We seldom eat desserts." . . . The secret of their marvelous figures!

Guy has a deep freeze in his apartment, so there's a place for the rabbits, lobsters and deer he brings home. Gail is fond of venison, so one night when Guy called up to say he had some, she

welcomed the idea. He came down with a dish of spicy-smelling meat and set it triumphantly before her.

"I ate a piece, thought it strong, tough and pretty terrible," she confessed, "but I politely tried to eat more. 'It's probably not cooked long enough,' I told myself, 'but he's so proud of it, I'd better seem pleased.' When I finally had to lay down my knife and fork, the meat half-eaten, what does Guy do but tell me it was really wild burro, which tastes just the way you think it would!"

"We're always pulling gags on each other. One thinks of something, and the other tries to top it. I remember, when I was making 'Angel and the Bad Man,' Guy pulled a gag I couldn't top. You see, I'm always taking vitamin pills, before or after meals, so this time Guy sent me some bags of mothballs in different colors, each bag with directions as to when and how to take them. I had no answer to that, so I bought him a dog. Here he is: Kelly!"

A beautiful, blonde cocker spaniel leaped up and wagged an adoring tail.

"Guy had to go away just then, so he asked me to keep Kelly. I took him to the studio every day, then we went home together, and pretty soon I simply couldn't bear the thought of parting with him. I bought his brother for Guy. He took the new dog to the beach one day, and some miserable creature picked him up, and that was the end of Kelly's brother!"

Gail and Guy have glorious times together, but they are not engaged. She doesn't see much point in an engagement until she is ready to set the wedding date. Perhaps she means to let marriage overtake her. The two have been going together for three years, and although Gail doesn't confine her dates exclusively to Guy, she sees more of him than she does of other men. As he's out of town so often, she must have other escorts.

The great problem of the girl who lives alone is getting rid of the big bad wolf who tries to enter her home. Gail's apartment has no "peephole" in the door, no window looking out on the entrance. As a rule, anyone intending to call, telephones beforehand. She never opens her door unless she recognizes a voice. But even so, occasionally someone manages to



You wouldn't think that Gail Russell's little kitchen could offer adequate cooking facilities; nonetheless, she turns out many elaborate meals from this tiny set-up.



During day, bed pillows are tucked into the tricky arms of Gail's smart studio couch.

be outside when she opens to what she supposes to be an expected guest.

"When that happens, I don't let him in. I say: 'Sorry, I'm just dressing to go out!' and I shut the door. It's rude, but he's rude, too, to come without an invitation." She shrugged a graceful shoulder. "A girl who works needs privacy; she has to plan every free hour." Nobody gets her telephone number, unless she wants him to have it. On her instrument, in place of the usual number, a card reads: "GUESS???"

"One of the best things about this apartment is that there's only one entrance. My windows are high above the ground, and my grand neighbors' door is next to mine. They'd come, on the double, if I called. We have a splendid telephone arrangement, too. You see, we're on a party line; when my bell rings, she hears it. If I'm expecting an important call, she answers my ring, and asks who is calling. At the same time, I take off my receiver and listen. She says: 'I'll see if she's in,' then, if I don't come on and talk, she says she's sorry, she can't find me. . . . I do the same for her."

Gail has no maid and no maid service, yet her apartment is immaculate, as is everything she wears. She believes a girl has no excuse for sloppiness just because she lives alone.

"Guy used to take out my laundry," she smiled at the thought. "He patronizes three laundries and a cleaner, and the last time he took my stuff, he couldn't remember where he left it. I still haven't traced a sweater. So now I attend to that myself."

With hardly a week between them, Gail has done five pictures in a row: "Moonrise," "Song of India," "Wake of the Red Witch," "El Paso" and "Dan Patch."

"In 'El Paso,' my latest picture at Paramount, I played the daughter of Henry Hull," she remembered. "Two days after he lay dying in my arms on that set, I walked onto another lot to do 'Dan Patch,' and who do I see but Henry Hull in make-up! This time he was Dennis O'Keefe's father, but within a week and a half, there he was dying in my arms again! 'Haven't we done this too often?' we asked.

"Now I think I deserve a vacation, and I'm going to Florida. I know it will be fun. Some old friends of my mother's live in Miami and they have invited me to stay with them. Guy will be there to do the play, 'John Loves Mary,' while I am there. We wanted to do that play together last year, when Guy went east for it, but I had too many pictures scheduled.

"Now I'd love to do the Cockney girl. They've signed the leading lady. But the studio thinks it's a mistake for me to play the smaller role. . . . Still, I can hang around the theater, and absorb the atmosphere, and maybe learn a little. I feel I need stage training—or is it that I hope something will happen so I can jump in and play any old part?"

No matter how exciting her Florida vacation, I think Gail will be happy to return to her enchanting apartment, when it's over. She likes it—wouldn't you?

THE END



Gail won't give her number to many people; in fact, it doesn't even show on the phone!

I REALLY HAVEN'T CHANGED

(Continued from page 33)

quickly—everything seems so good. Let's see—" She concentrated frowningly: "I'll have a minute steak, medium rare, and a glass of skimmed milk."

As the waitress left, Janet picked up the thread of her thoughts. "Yes, Hollywood has helped me become an individual with a mind of my own—and yet, I wouldn't call that a change in me. It's been more a process of growing up. I had to make new friends, who are always different from the childhood chums you grew up with—you can never replace them. But those old friends drift away, go off and marry and have their own lives.

"I still write regularly to all my old friends, and whenever they're in town, I invite them here to the studio. But since I've been here, I've been lucky enough to meet so many wise and sophisticated people. I listened to their conversation, learned their views, and so began having views of my own. That's what I meant by learning to think. . . .

" . . . Everyone here has been marvelous to me. The people I've worked with—Van Johnson, Greer Garson—she's grand!—Walter Pidgeon is a lamb, and Bob Young— Oh, such a nice person! Not only have the other actors been sweet and helpful to me, but also the directors, cameramen, wardrobe and make-up people. Being able to meet them all, and learn from them, has meant so much to me! You see, I'm about the luckiest girl in the world—and I know it!"

We couldn't help enjoying listening to, and watching Janet Leigh. In some other actress, her ingenuous manner might

seem studied, donned for the benefit of the press—but Janet is as real as the girl next door. As she talks, rather rapidly, in a well-modulated voice, her slim hands constantly move in oddly awkward, youthful gestures. "You know how I happened to come to Hollywood, don't you? I'd never even thought of being an actress. I was attending College of the Pacific, studying music. I sang some, but I didn't even have any ideas about singing professionally. In fact, I probably would have wound up being a music teacher—and liking it."

She then swiftly retold how Norma Shearer, while visiting at the Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge in Soda Springs, California, noticed a photo there of Janet on skis. Miss Shearer borrowed the picture from the receptionist at the lodge, who happened to be Janet's mother, and showed it to studio executives.

"Before I could catch my breath," Janet concluded, "I was in Hollywood, playing opposite Van Johnson in 'Romance of Rosy Ridge.' I've been breathless ever since, rushing from picture to picture."

Her eyes widened as if she's amazed all over again at her own good luck. "Can you imagine that happening to a girl who'd never done any previous acting?"

It is rather hard to imagine, for Hollywood is quite cautious about casting newcomers. Usually there is a long hard training period and a conditioning with small experimental roles before a new actress, if ever, appears opposite an established star. In the case of Janet Leigh, however, the studio's discernment

proved accurate and its risk has paid off. For she is a "natural" at acting. Nevertheless Janet has been studying diligently since her arrival here.

"I suppose you've noticed," she said, "that I talk pretty fast. But even this is a big improvement over the way I used to speak. It didn't matter up in Stockton if people missed hearing a few of my words here and there—but on the sound track of a picture, it's another story. That track is too sensitive; it shows up every speech defect. So I've been taking diction lessons, and they've helped some. Of course it takes a long time to get over a habit you've had nineteen or twenty years. . . .

" . . . I hope I've improved in other ways, too. I take dancing and singing lessons, and I was lucky enough to be in a student group Miss Burns (Lillian Burns, M-G-M dramatic coach) conducts here. It was like a little stock company. Each week, we'd study a scene, usually from an old picture or play, and put it on in class, giving it our own interpretation. Then we'd discuss each other's performances. In that way, we were critics as well as actors, learning from both views.

"That work was especially important to me because, not having acted before coming to Hollywood, I'd never thought in that way. My mind had to start working from a new angle, putting everything in the terms of acting technique. That course made the wheels in my mind start turning in the right direction—"

We changed the subject, trying to dig deeper, in the now almost-forlorn hope

THANK YOU, JIMMY STEWART

(Continued from page 65)

He went right on from there and became more like me than I am myself.

When it came to learning the tricks of baseball, Jimmy was really something. I never saw anybody work so hard in my life as he did during the making of "The Stratton Story." It was no easy job for him either. He hadn't thrown a ball, let alone play baseball, since he was in high school.

I worked out every day with him for three weeks before the cameras began to roll. When he'd throw the ball he'd always ask me if that had been right. Once in a while I'd give him a suggestion, such as following through more, but he got the hang of it in two days.

The more I watched him work the more I realized what a perfectionist he is. For example, to help him get the right aim, a bucket was nailed to a wall. He kept trying to land the ball right smack in the middle of the bucket, but for a while it went on the outside and wouldn't hit the target. He got real perturbed and kept at it until he hit the bull's eye.

I couldn't have hit it any better than he did and I told him so—but that was no consolation to Jimmy. And if you think it's easy to do the trick—well, try it some day. All I can say is that Jimmy is some pitcher—and they'll probably be trying to sign him to a baseball contract when they get a look at him in the picture.

The toughest job he had was learning to walk with his leg in a brace. It was placed above and below the knee. This was so he could copy the walk I have. You see, several years ago I was out shooting rabbits and I accidentally shot myself in the leg. By the time I got to the hospital, the leg had to be amputated and I've had an artificial one ever since. This sure didn't make Jimmy's job any easier.

It was amazing when I saw Jimmy in uniform for the first time. As Ethel said when she visited the set that day, "Why, he looks more like you than you did at the time." It was like seeing myself in a mirror.

I don't think I'll ever forget watching Jimmy play scenes from my life. That was a strange experience.

I think of all the scenes I watched the one that gave me the biggest thrill was seeing Jimmy do the sequence where I pitched an all-star game in Texas in 1945—the game that marked my first return to baseball after my injury.

I guess this gave me a big thrill not only because I won, 2-1, but because it brought back to mind all the letters I received from people all over the country telling me how much they admired my determination to go back into baseball even with only one leg—and when everyone in the game said it couldn't be done.

I remember the Christmas of that year—1938, it was—when I got over 800 letters in one delivery.

Well, to get back to Jimmy, he made the scene with his leg in a brace and he pitched and ran bases just the way I had done that day. He took several bad falls too—falls that would have knocked most guys out. I had a kind of lump in my throat as I sat on the sidelines and watched.

Watching Jimmy play the love scenes, though, was something else. There I didn't say anything. I figured he could handle them better than I ever did. I sure wish I could have been that romantic when I was dating Ethel, for his tech-

nique was certainly better than mine.

Ethel watched a few of those scenes with June Allyson and we couldn't help being moved by the memories they brought back. The blind date I met Ethel on, for instance.

She had seen me on the mound—and had mentioned to a friend of hers that she liked tall men. Later, it was arranged for me to go out with Ethel. And there was the scene, too, in the hotel where I dragged Ethel home because a guy was getting kind of insulting. Both scenes are in the picture—and they sure look good with Jimmy playing them.

That's one thing about this picture. It sticks to the facts of my life—with only a few minor alterations for dramatic purposes. If the public finds my life interesting, it will be Jimmy who's responsible.

Ethel was very glad to see June Allyson play Mrs. Stratton. But even more impressed with June were the twins, Denny and Monty, Jr. There was a case of real love! One day on the set, the still man decided to pose one of my boys in a picture with June. The kids almost got into a fight over who would get the chance. Naturally, they liked Jimmy a lot too. When they came on the set, they were always perched on his lap talking to him.

There was only one time when Jimmy was ill-at-ease on the picture—and that was when he had to work with a pair of twins chosen to play our kids.

Sam Wood, the director, wanted him to play with the tots to get used to them. Being a bachelor, Jimmy wasn't too polished on the technique. He was carrying the twins around one day in a pretty awkward way, so Sam said, "Loosen up, Jimmy, don't be afraid you'll drop them."

To which Jimmy said, "I'm not afraid of making an error, but what about them?" That's another thing I like about Jimmy—his great sense of humor.

Since Jimmy and I worked from about six-thirty in the morning till about six-thirty at night every day we were both too tired to go anywhere together at night. Jimmy almost had to be lifted into his car at the end of the day, and I can only say that if acting is as hard a job as all that, I don't want to be an actor. But it was fun being part of Hollywood for a while anyway.

I wasn't the only one who liked Jimmy while we were on the picture. All the baseball players—people like Bill Dickey, Gene Bearden, and Jimmy Dykes—felt the same way. A guy that sincere, that genuine, with so much humility, is the kind of guy you don't meet often. He was always the same—never moody. Yes, I think he's a great guy and I'm proud and grateful that he was chosen to play me on the screen.

I certainly don't take any credit for going back to the game I loved in spite of the loss of a leg. It's nothing that should call forth any bowing or scraping or huzzahs. Why should it? I've had a lot of fun—as much as anybody. And I intend to go on having fun.

I may go back to baseball when I leave Hollywood for Texas, and I may not. I just don't know for sure what I'll do. But I do know that I'll not forget one moment of the time I spent in Hollywood. If I can spend the rest of my life around men like Jimmy Stewart and all the other fine people that I met here in Hollywood, then I'll die happy!

THE END



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MY LONDON DIARY

(Continued from page 51)

unusual. I didn't even know the Archbishop was in the hotel until a waiter came over and told me he had arrived and was in a nearby room. I told Bruce and he made the arrangements.

Afterwards, I went over to the waiter, a pint-sized and very cute man, and thanked him for his kindness. "I suppose you're a Catholic, too," I said. He replied very haughtily, "Madame, I never discuss religion." His reply was so unexpected I couldn't help laughing to myself. Nevertheless that little man had great dignity and charm.

I'll never forget my first taste of London social life. I went to the big Film Garden Party, a charity affair. I sold autographs and tickets and worked in various booths. A lot of Hollywood stars were there, among them Ingrid Bergman, Martha Raye, the Jack Bennys, Sophie Tucker, and many more. And, naturally, all of the top English stars.

These sensationally talented people put on their respective acts with great success, so when my turn came to make just a little speech, I felt more than a little inadequate to the occasion. I gave my all, though, and I got a terrific ovation—much to my surprise. It was really a thrilling moment!

Fate stepped into things unexpectedly. Since I arrived in London, I've been trying to locate Helen Penfold, who was my hairdresser when I made "Jamaica Inn" some years ago. I had hoped to get her on my picture. I was told by some people she had died and by others that they didn't know where she was.

I had finally given up my search when I went into the commissary today at Shepperton Studios where "Impulse" was to be made. I was talking to Anna Neagle and Herbert Wilcox when I happened to turn around. There was Helen sitting at a nearby table. She was the hairdresser on Anna's picture. You can be sure I've arranged for her to be with me on "Impulse."

Will Price, my husband, arrived at this time and was I glad to see him! He also brought with him a very welcome present—48 pounds of prime beef! Manna from the heavens. Eleanor Blair, my secretary, Bronwyn, Will, and I gorged ourselves eating beef that night.

Will and I invited Jean Negulesco, who's directing the picture, and his wife, Dusty, to feast off of more of the beef. You can imagine how we felt when we discovered that the meat had spoiled during the recent terrific heat wave and we had to throw it all away. Over thirty pounds of beef down the drain!

The day we went on location to St. James Park to shoot some scenes, it poured so we couldn't do anything. As it happened, there was a big Changing of the Guard that day, so Dana Andrews, Jean Negulesco, and I like eager tourists went over to watch. Dana and I were dressed in our costumes for the picture.

I was quite a fashionable sight—for the '30's that is—with my bustle sticking out prominently in the proper place. We'd been there a short while when I heard a man in the crowd whisper to his wife, "Does she think that's the New Look?" We also spent some time today taking snapshots of the soldiers. One young boy in particular interested us and while we were taking shots of him we tried to make him move his head or his eyes. Not that this was very nice of us to tease him because we knew that no soldier in this service is supposed to bat an eyelash during the changing of the guard.

He remained immobile, however, but with obvious effort. Our fun was cut short, though, when the crowd recognized Dana and me. We finally had to leave to avoid confusion and to help the frantic policemen.

The next day Dana got a letter from the mother of the boy we had tried to "break up" at St. James Park. She asked us if she could have a copy of the picture we took of her son. Seems she had never had one of him. So, Dana, Jean, and I autographed it and sent it along.

The next day was a sad one. Eleanor and Bronwyn returned to America. Bronwyn had to go back to be enrolled in the Marymount School. They wouldn't take her at all if she entered any later. I did have one consolation: I knew I'd be spending the next couple of weeks traveling, and I didn't think a steady diet of moving about and living in hotels would be good for Bronwyn. She and Eleanor were supposed to leave at eight

that morning and I was heartsick because that would mean I couldn't see them off since I had to be at the studio. But the plane's departure was delayed until seven-thirty so I dashed right from the studio to the airport and had one more kiss and hug for my darling.

What with Will having gone home, too, I was very lonely, so Charlie, my brother, stayed with me.

In October, we finally finished the picture. I was all set for my trip to Italy and my audience with the Pope. How I'd been looking forward to that! I seemed to have caught cold but I was sure I could shake that easily.

However, the next day the cold hadn't been shaken yet, but I went to Paris anyway, to attend the famous Ball for the Little White Beds, a charity affair given for the benefit of the tubercular children in Europe. The ball was held in the famous Opera House which is the most beautiful building I've ever seen. After dining in the great hall, the other stars who were there, and I made an appearance on stage. I certainly hadn't known I was to appear on any stage. Noel Coward and Jean Pierre Aumont handled the program. Also there were Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone, Joseph Cotten, Maria Montez, Burgess Meredith, and others.

Back in London a week later my throat felt like sandpaper so I called the doctor. He told me I had hemolytic streptococcus infection and ordered me to bed. Leave it to me to get a fancy thing like that! I was sure I'd be all right in time to keep my appointment with the Pope.

Now let me quote my heartbreak from my diary:

I have had to cancel my plans entirely—including my audience with the Pope! If I hadn't been so sick, I'd be a lot madder than I am. Why couldn't I have contracted something simple if I had to be sick??? I am desolate.

Two weeks later: I'm supposed to leave London today for home, but a terrific fog is covering the city. All planes are grounded. I'm not sure when I'll leave now. This is all I needed!

Finally got word that I was to go by train to Bornemouth and then take a plane. On the train I met Mrs. Douglas, wife of the American ambassador to England. We discovered we were flying to the States together. We flew as far as Gander when the plane made its usual stop. Suddenly, while we were stretching our legs outside, a man yelled, "Hurry up, board the plane, the fog is coming in!"

We quickly got aboard, fastened our belts, and were all set. This didn't take more than five minutes. But by that time the fog had come in so fast we couldn't take off. It was the stewardess who had first seen the fog rolling in and gave the warning. Then came the devastating news. Our departure might be delayed for several days. I was bitterly unhappy. To be so close to home and to have to wait.

A few minutes later we were suddenly told to remain in our seats, that the fog might lift. A few seconds later there was a little hole in all the murk and the plane took off through the tiny opening. I couldn't help thinking what a job the pilots here have contending with such erratic conditions as fog.

Finally arrived in New York. I was supposed to fly out the next day, but I knew if I went to a hotel and saw a bed—

Got home at eleven-thirty this morning. I'm just going to sleep and sleep! But it was a wonderful experience anyway and I'd gladly go all through it again—but not for a while!

THE END



Memory of a wonderful week-end. Friends received this photo of Maureen and Lt. Col. Rex Lowlev standing in front of the lovely country house she visited while in Britain.

THE MOST FABULOUS LOVE STORY

(Continued from page 43)

to pass himself off as Rita's brother. The Cansinos, father and daughter, were excellent dancers, but their routines seemed to lack fire and imagination, and it was prophesied by many that neither of them would go anywhere in show business.

Today that little black-headed girl with the too low hairline has not only had her hairline changed but her entire life as well.

As Princess Aly Khan, she inherits with her husband a fortune estimated at some \$300,000,000. She owns planes, yachts, castles, horses, automobiles, villas, practically anything you can think of.

In short, Rita Hayworth has made the fabulous fairy-tale jump from poor girl to princess. In doing so, she has shocked the world, but when things were tough, she stood her ground, and in the end she was rewarded with matrimony.

For example, a few short months ago, *The People*, a London newspaper, carried this headline: THIS AFFAIR IS AN INSULT TO ALL DECENT WOMEN.

It then went on to say: "This is the last time that this newspaper will report in its columns details of the squalid love affair of film star Rita Hayworth and Prince Aly Khan."

"We have taken this decision on the grounds of public decency, because we believe that the extravagant expeditions of this colored Indian prince and his 'friend' have become an insult to decent-minded women the world over."

At the same time, the London Sunday Pictorial came out with this headline: A VERY SORDID BUSINESS.

"The current behaviour of Miss Rita Hayworth and the millionaire Prince Aly Khan," said this paper, "if described in a film script, would never get by the censors either here or in America."

Despite the potency and frequency of these journalistic blasts, Rita said nothing. She went on to Switzerland with her Prince. She was deeply hurt, of course, at all these insinuations, all these cracks about her morality, all these criticisms of her fitness as a mother. But she held her tongue.

She knew what all the world didn't—that as soon as Prince Aly could get his father's permission to marry her, as soon as he could obtain a divorce from his separated wife—he would make her Princess Aly Khan.

This was no casual, sordid affair as the Press had tried to make it seem. Rita was in love with Aly, and he with her, and why should two people in love stay apart?

After skiing in Switzerland, Rita and Prince Aly drove to the Chateau de l'Horizon, Aly Khan's green-shuttered villa which overlooks the Mediterranean.

As soon as they arrived, Aly explained to Rita that he must go and see his father, the Aga Khan, who lives at Yakimour, a two-story, semi-Oriental house in the hills behind Cannes.

Aly pointed out to Rita that it was the custom for a Prince to ask his father if his father's wife would consent to see the woman Aly hoped to make his wife.

Rita said she understood perfectly.

Aly then went off to see his father and his French-born step-mother. Now it so happens that Aly's step-mother who is known as the Begum, is younger than he. The lovely Begum is the second step-mother he has had, since his fabulous

father has been married three times.

Aly had tea with his father and step-mother. He explained to them that he was in love with Rita and that he wanted to marry her just as soon as he could obtain a divorce from Mrs. Loel Guinness Khan, his first wife.

He asked permission to bring Rita to Yakimour.

"I should like to meet her very much," said Aly's step-mother. "Please bring her any time you like."

Aly returned to his own villa and explained the setup to Rita. At 6:00 P.M. they drove up to Yakimour. Aly introduced Rita to the Begum. Rita had previously met his father. The Begum thought Rita was charming. She gave them her blessings. Aly and Rita stayed at his father's house less than an hour. Then, overjoyed at having obtained parental consent to their plans, they returned to the Chateau de l'Horizon for a sumptuous dinner.

Later that night, Aly announced that he would make a statement to the Press on Monday.

Came Monday, and all the French, British, and American reporters on the Riviera crowded into Prince Aly's living room—a tremendous room brilliantly decorated in greens and yellows. An English butler served whisky and aperitifs.

The Prince, dark, erect, and 38, wore a blue flannel jacket, a white scarf, an old pair of grey flannels, and brown suede shoes. He was smiling, expectant, well-poised, and excellently prepared to issue a statement.

One of the reporters came up to him and said, "Where is Miss Hayworth?"

"I'm very sorry," the Prince answered, "she has a touch of flu."

He then began passing out two type-written statements, one by him and one by Rita.

Here is statement No. 1 by Aly Khan:

"I have hitherto refrained from making any comment upon the uninformed and often scurrilous reports which have recently appeared in some sections of the Press in connection with my domestic affairs.

I should now like it to be made known that by mutual consent my wife and I have lived apart for over three years; that appropriate proceedings have been in progress for nearly a year; and that immediately these proceedings terminate, steps will be taken to remedy a position which appears to have provided material for the Press comment complained of.

I am going to marry Miss Hayworth as soon as I am free to do so.

In these circumstances I hope that my private affairs will be treated with the consideration which is usually extended to the private affairs of individuals in general."

Chatcau de l'Horizon,
January 18, 1949

Here is statement No. 2 by Rita Hayworth:

"I am fully conversant with the statement which Prince Aly Khan has today issued to the Press and am in full agreement with what he says and have only been waiting for him to be free to marry him." The Prince then proceeded to answer

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a barrage of questions, switching from French to English.

"What have you got to say," asked one reporter, "about staying at the same hotel in Switzerland with Miss Hayworth when your wife was registered at the same place?"

"That was in perfect agreement between us," answered the Prince. "It was to enable our children to spend Christmas with their mother and the New Year with me."

(Aly Khan was married in Paris in 1936 to the Honorable Mrs. Loel Guinness after he was named as co-respondent in the divorce suit brought by her husband. Aly and Mrs. Guinness have two sons, aged 9 and 11.)

"Will it be necessary for Miss Hayworth to become a Moslem?" another reporter asked.

"No," said the Prince. "Miss Hayworth will not have to adopt my religion."

(When Aly got married the first time, he married his wife in Paris, also in a Parisian Moslem mosque, and there was then a third ceremony in India. According to Islamic law, Prince Aly as a Moslem is entitled to take up to four wives without divorces if he wishes—but this is not possible for him in Western countries.)

"Does your impending marriage have the full consent of the Aga Khan?" Aly was then asked.

He nodded. "My father has seen Miss Hayworth," he announced, "and is in complete agreement about our marriage."

The photographers then asked the Prince to pose for pictures. "Surely," he said, "it is Miss Hayworth you want and not me?"

"Naw," said one of the camera boys. "Stick around. You'll do."

Two weeks later in Paris, Prince Aly announced that divorce proceedings against his wife were being expedited and that by the Spring he and Rita would be man and wife.

By the time you read this, Rita Hayworth should be Princess Aly Khan, living back in Hollywood and probably making a picture for her old boss at Columbia Studios, Harry Cohen.

People who knew her when, insist that she's come a long way not only financially but intellectually as well.

When Rita was seventeen and working in pictures, she wasn't particularly aware of things. She was young and innocent and really didn't know the score. It wasn't her fault. She hadn't had much education; she'd been working most of her youth, and she didn't know the ways of the world.

"I was only seventeen," she says, "when I met the man who was to become my first husband, Edward Judson. Someone at the studio gave him my number. He asked for a date and I said no. I'd never seen him and I told him that he'd have to meet my parents first.

"He did and we had a date. I was only seventeen. He was twenty-two years older. I had never had a date before, and he had personality, and well, one thing led to another, and we got married.

"From the first he told me I couldn't do anything for myself. 'You're such a child,' he'd say. 'You can't even think for yourself.'

"I didn't have any fun those five years I was married to Ed. I never was permitted to make any decisions. He robbed everything of excitement. He'd say, 'You don't seem very enthusiastic.' I wasn't. I just didn't care whether I did or didn't do any of the things he planned. . . . My personality crawled deeper and deeper into a shell. I kept going back and back . . . If he had had something to do, it

could have worked out. But he hadn't worked for eight or nine years. That wasn't good. It left him with too much time to watch over me. He was husband, nursemaid, and everything else."

Rita was granted a divorce on May 23, 1943, in ten minutes. But after that, she was involved in a lot of legal wrangling that proved very unpleasant.

Her former husband began suit to obtain money he claimed she had promised him in a settlement. He said that Rita had been his fourth wife. He had told her that he was an old man going downhill. He had an income of \$400 a month. He told her he intended to get paid for the time he had been married to her. He demanded \$30,000.

The case was settled out of court, and a few years later, Rita in a simple marriage ceremony became the bride in Santa Monica of Orson Welles.

It was by him that she had Rebecca, now 5.

Life with Orson was hectic and nerve-racking, but from Welles, Rita learned about books, art, theatre, current events, and the world of the intellectuals. Orson opened up vistas to her that heretofore she had never known existed. She is grateful to him.

He educated her. He gave her poise, distinction, an appreciation of the better things in life. This appreciation colored her desires, her whole attitude.

Rita found the Wonder Boy fascinating, but he refused to keep regular hours. By nature he was restless, vitriolic, temperamental. Living with him soon became unbearable, and after four years, Rita decided to call it quits.

She filed for divorce and after doing a few pictures, went to Europe. It was her first trip, and the Continent enthralled her.

In 1948 she returned again. With her secretary she drove down to the Riviera, and here at a party she was introduced by Elsa Maxwell to Prince Aly Khan.

A fast-worker with the girls, Aly took Rita that same night to the top of the hills behind Cannes to look up at the stars and down on the Mediterranean. After that, they toured Spain together, saw some more of Europe, and then Rita returned home.

When American reporters asked about her fling with Aly, she dismissed him as "a good friend—nothing more."

Two weeks later, however, "the good friend" turned up in Hollywood, and Rita and Aly began flying first to Mexico, then to Havana, then to New Orleans. And then when Aly was scheduled to fly back to Europe alone, Rita couldn't stand it. She had to be with him.

They both booked passage on the *Britannic*. The Prince had Cabin 51-A. Rita had Cabin 53-A. The *Britannic* landed at Cobh, and the Prince hustled Rita off to his castle in Ireland.

You all know what happened after that.

What will happen to the Prince and Princess in the months to come, no one can say. Whether Aly will get fed up with Hollywood and demand that Rita quit the screen, whether he will become enamoured of the place and take a job in one of the studios—or even buy one of them out—all this is a matter of conjecture.

Of one fact, however, we can all be sure. Hollywood which has made some pretty far-fetched movies about girls from the wrong side of the tracks marrying millionaire-knights in armor, has never come up with anything on celluloid to match the incredible rise of Rita Hayworth from poor girl to Princess.

THE END

LOVE-STARVED? NUTS!

(Continued from page 26)

hyphenated adjective, however, allegedly describing me, streamed and screaming across a magazine filled me with amazement. I had no idea of the extent to which editors would go in order to sell copies of their publication.

A year ago, I had been told that Beatrice Cole, editor of MOVIELAND, had once sold her grandmother for a thousand-copy increase in circulation. But I had dismissed the story as sheer exaggeration.

Now, however, I know it's true.

It would not surprise me one bit to find that little devil describing Margaret O'Brien as "a well-known Western desperado" and Roy Rogers as "the successor to Rin-Tin-Tin and Lassie."

Beatrice Cole is a great editor, but if I'm love-starved, Beatrice, you're a two-headed Zombie, and Farley Granger is your father.

Anyway, to continue with my story—three days after the MOVIELAND to which I refer first appeared on the newsstands, I began to be swamped by hundreds of letters and phone calls from all over the world.

A cowboy in Wyoming phoned from somewhere outside Cheyenne and began to croon the first eight bars of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

"I don't know," I said, "but you can try."

A self-appointed Romeo spent \$15 and phoned me from Paris. "The reason you are love-starved," he began, "is because the fault of American men. They do not know something of the art of love."

"I'm not love-starved," I repeated, "and American men are just fine. I appreciate your phoning all the way from Paris, but there's nothing to be done. I've been married. I have four wonderful children by adoption. I have several masculine admirers, and you must believe me when I tell you that I am starved neither for love nor companionship."

The Frenchman was disappointed. "You have suffered a great loss, Mademoiselle Crawford," he announced. "I was going to offer myself in marriage."

The above is just a small portion of the telephonic response to the MOVIELAND cover-line.

The response by mail was tremendous.

A mailman in Dayton, Ohio, penned a sonnet which ended in this deathless couplet:

"If you will promise to be my wife
A Hot time you will have the rest of
your life."

In addition to offers, there were countless letters of sympathy. These missives of commiseration came from every state in the union.

A nurse in Minneapolis wrote me and said, "I too, have been love-starved all my life. I am fifty-five and have only had one date."

A schoolteacher in Denver wrote and said, "I know just how you must feel. But I think I know the reason for your unhappiness. You make men feel that you are too intellectual."

Frankly, the response to that one adjective, "love-starved," was simply overwhelming.

In Hollywood, of course, and among people who know me well, it was regarded as ridiculous and far-fetched. I've been in love and like most women in love, I've had my ups and downs. But "love-starved"?

My answer is "Nuts."
THE END

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HOW TO BE THE MOST POPULAR GIRL

(Continued from page 63)

are popular—except for the one-shot department. A man finds that it palls to sit and just look at a picture without animation or mystery or any contribution to the evening, no matter how lovely that picture may be. Many of my male friends have told me this—that it's nice to take out a beauty for one night, sort of as a show piece. But that's it. No return engagements.

Turhan Bey, for instance, likes an outstanding looking girl, blonde if possible—but she doesn't have to be a beauty. A sense of drama in her clothes, an ability to attain a striking personality, the kind of smart, exquisite grooming that highlights her as something special when she comes into the room—these qualities are more important.

Turhan, too, demands a sharp sense of humor. I think, perhaps, of all the qualities that the dating male demands, that "sense of humor" may be tops on the list.

The girl who takes herself too seriously gets nowhere. If this is one of your impediments to that full date-book, take a look at yourself in the mirror and remind yourself that the boys are out for laughs. If you're the most fun your date has had for many a moon, you'll win out over all the classic profiles in town, because he'll come back for more.

Not that intelligence is bad. It's what you do with it that counts. Men like an intelligent woman, but they're not too anxious that she be flamboyant about it. If the average girl is out with an intellectual, she shouldn't chatter, but should listen, collect her thoughts, and when she says something, really make it good.

Sort of astound him with her few intelligent observations throughout the evening. Learning to listen—not a dumb, staring-into-space kind of listening—but clever listening—is one of a girl's greatest assets.

One girl I know made her fortune on the phrase, "You know, I've always thought so, too!" It pays to agree. You don't have to be a brilliant conversationalist. There are many variations on this response. One very good one is, "You know, I've often thought that very thing, but I never knew quite how to put it till you said it just now—"

This procedure doesn't mean you have to be stupid. There's great wisdom in keeping one's own counsel. Behind the whole thing is that "masculine psychology" idea. Let's face it, he likes the center of attention. He has ego. That's what makes a man interesting. But at the same time, it's a problem, sometimes, to know how to handle it and cater to it. Each male must be studied as an individual problem.

In the line of chatter, too, insincerity is a tremendous drawback. And sour grapes never pleased a man. Cattiness is a sure way to social suicide. Either say something good about someone, or keep quiet.

For one thing, you should want women to like you as well as men. Generally girls who are well-liked by men, are liked by women, anyway. If you get down to the point that only men and no women like you, it's just sex attraction, let's face it. This isn't too flattering.

It's nice, of course, but it's something that will fade when you get a line or two around the eyes and put on an extra pound and lose that young bloom. You

can't depend on this kind of attraction lasting, and you'll have a lot of years in which to want to be liked.

There are practical, if not aesthetic, reasons to want women to like you. Women are the hostesses of parties. They send out the invitations. If you're a bachelor girl, you don't want to be dropped from the list. Too, if you're liked by women, you don't have women you know saying snide things about you to your favorite boy-friends.

Not that you have to be the hen-party, girly-girly type. I know in my case, I never have many girl friends at one time, but I have one or two very close ones. However, I get along with almost everyone. I guess it's because I like almost everyone, and they feel that.

Boys usually make sure the girls they take out on group dates like one another. Otherwise the evening can be completely ruined. If one person in the crowd is a wet blanket or unhappy with one of the others, the boys sense those subtle undercurrents running back and forth, and the whole evening is spoiled.

Speaking of wet blankets—the girl who doesn't like anything anyone else wants to do—that type is usually left hanging home. Fellows like enthusiasm in their dates. "Bored" and "boring" actually are synonyms. You get out of any human relationship exactly what you put into it. And if you're not having fun, well, take a look toward yourself.

Do you have the versatility necessary to the really popular girl? Adaptability, versatility—these qualities can be developed. Do you enjoy—and pretty well understand—various sports, cards, games?

Do you get the fun out of a beach picnic that you do out of a glittery night-club? Can you play a fair game of tennis, ride horseback adequately, swim with some degree of grace? You don't have to be an expert in any one thing, unless your abilities run that way. But for a well-rounded existence, and for the sake of this popularity thing, this is necessary.

Does the boy you like want an outdoor girl, a golf partner in the morning, a hep cat to play records with and discuss Biederbecke (or even Bach) in the afternoon, a brain with whom to discuss Sartre's existentialism over dinner, and a glamour girl to hit the clubs with at night? Okay. Be them. All of them. Sure it'll take effort. But the average girl can develop such adaptability if—and there we go again—she really wants to.

On the golf course, of course, if you're very good, it may take a bit of tact. As a general rule, it's better not to beat a fellow in sports. If, without its being obvious, you can allow him to beat you, that's the better part of valor.

If he's pretty sharp, however, and knows you're better, you'll only be insulting him. So, we have to resort to the study of the individual again.

If there's a particular boy you'd like to attract, there are ways—in case he doesn't seem to be able to see you. It's not too hard to find out a man's interests. And, once finding them out, studying up on them, in case they aren't a part of your every day knowledge.

Luckily for me, the people I seem to enjoy being with most always have as "likes" the same things I do. But if there were a boy I particularly liked who didn't notice me, and he was interested

in something special, like, say—tennis, I'd make a point of "accidentally" meeting him on the tennis court. There's nothing like a shared enthusiasm to get things started.

Dancing, I think, is a necessary part of any girl's social education. If you're not born with that heavenly gift of being able to follow any partner in any step, there are plenty of good places to learn.

Another of my favorite escorts, Cesar Romero, practically demands that his dates be good dancers. "Butch"—his nickname—was doing summer stock back east, and I had gone to New York for some personal appearances and a benefit. We ran into each other back there, and went out dancing at the Stork Club. He's a divine dancer, and we were sailing around the floor, utterly oblivious to everything, when we both suddenly came to the realization that everyone had cleared off the floor and we were dancing all alone while they watched.

"Butch" has the world's most wonderful sense of humor, too, and demands one in you. During that same trip back to New York, we both did a benefit at Madison Square Garden. "Butch" started to come out to take his bow and tripped over the mike cord, and fell flat on his face. We laughed over that for days.

He's one man who honestly can laugh at himself!

Another thing which should be an instinctive part of our social makeup, but which too many of us neglect, is our manners. If this observation seems slightly mid-Victorian, it isn't. I've heard too many men make unflattering observations about the lack of manners in women. There are many things—among them the habit of making up at a table, and lounging on one elbow to eat. The night-club slouch, sort of thing.

I have a very close girl friend who is not a beautiful girl at all. But she has probably the most beautiful manners I ever have seen. She also has a sweetness and sincerity that wins everyone. And she's one girl who never has to worry about "dates."

Naturally, none of us can have everything. But I think we can get the "most-est of the bestest" out of life by a simple process of self-analysis. What is good about us? Play it up. What is bad or annoying? Get rid of it, play it down.

Develop as many personality facets as we can handle with any degree of competence or sincerity. And last, study our target and discover what we need to make a direct hit!

THE END

LITTLE WOMAN

(Continued from page 47)

become Teresa Wright and David Niven.

At the moment, Gigi is the more important movie personality, because her small part in "Enchantment" made the film public instantly cognizant of the fact that she was by way of being another Shirley Temple or Margaret O'Brien. Gerald—or Peter—will have his big chance when Republic releases its long-delayed "The Red Pony," made in 1947.

To Gigi, her big brother is the real star of the family. She worships him. "Peter is such a good actor!" she assured me earnestly, "and I think it's a shame that they don't show 'The Red Pony!' He's wonderful in it!"

Gigi is an adorable child, and she loves to talk to people. Gigi's interviews are held with Gigi—with only occasional interruptions by papa Robert or mother Elinor, her youthful and good-looking parents.

Speaking in breathless italics, Gigi continued: "I wish they hadn't changed Gerald's name. Peter Miles is all right, I guess, but Gerald Perreau is pretty! They changed his name when he made 'The Red Pony.' And you know why? They said he was a western boy, and he couldn't have a French name, because that wouldn't sound right! So they took the first part of Mr. Milestone's name (Lewis Milestone, the director) and called him Peter Miles."

Gigi and Peter have been in the movies about five years. She made her debut in "Madame Curie," as Eve, the daughter of the famous scientist, played by Greer Garson. Margaret O'Brien was the older daughter. But not until "The Sin of Abbey Hunt," starring Wanda Hendrix and Claude Rains, had they appeared together in a picture.

"We had most fun making 'Family Honeymoon!'" said Gigi, who was darting around her living room in a red and white pinafore. "We didn't go to the Grand Canyon, like in the picture. They sent doubles instead! That wasn't us at all! But I've been promised a trip to the real Grand Canyon. Mr. Goldwyn may send mother and I to New York on a

trip! Wouldn't that be simply wonderful?"

The whole Perreau family, including a younger sister, Janine, live in a large, old-fashioned house on a quiet street just behind Hollywood Boulevard, and only a short distance away from the Goldwyn Studios, where Gigi is under contract.

They recently outgrew their house in Beverly Hills. Not enough bedrooms. Papa Perreau, a sensible Frenchman, shopped around until he found just what they wanted. The house is charming if not lavish; there are bedrooms for both Gigi and Peter, a large basement that has been turned into a frantic playroom, and a huge back yard.

There they are being raised—not as movie actors, but as children. "Gigi and Gerald are children first," Robert Perreau told me, "and they are not allowed to think of themselves as different from the other children on the block."

You've read, I know, about movie moppets being "completely unspoiled and natural." Most of the time, this naturalness is just as much an act as their screen roles. Not so with the Perreaus.

Gigi, for instance, is fascinated by television, and she envies the boy down the street—"an awfully dumb boy," she confided winningly, because there is a television set in his home. She has hinted strongly that life would be quite complete if she could see the shows in her own home—and the Perreaus could very well afford a set if they needed one. But for her birthday, Gigi got a small spinet piano, and immediately started taking piano lessons.

So she is still friendly with the "dumb" boy down the street.

Peter, of course, is not at all dumb. "He thinks up all sorts of things," says Gigi. "Like the other day, we were listening to the Amateur Hour on the radio, where people come out and do funny things. One lady did a tap dance and played the piano at the same time. Well, Peter thought up something. He was going to invent a halo to put around



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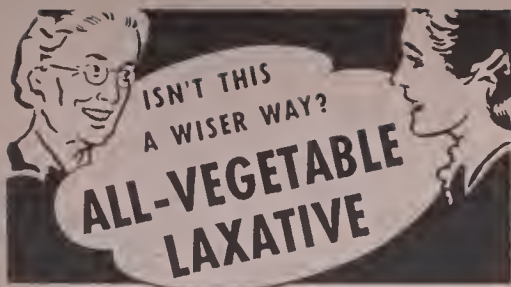
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my head, with spikes coming out, and he would tie strings to it, and to my feet, and I would bend over, and then I would be 'Gigi, the Magic Harp' on the Amateur Hour."

Both children are passionately devoted to horses. Peter, of course, was perfectly at home when he made "The Red Pony." Gigi learned to ride, a few months ago when she was in the High Sierras on location for "Roseanna McCoy."

"I wasn't afraid," she told me proudly. "They thought I should ride a little horse at first, but I wanted to ride a big one. So Marshall Thompson's stand-in taught me. Him and me would go riding, with me in front and he did the steering, so I wasn't afraid. The next time I could steer myself, because the horse named Dan didn't go very fast."

There's a distinctly international flavor to the Perreau children. Peter was born in Japan, where his Parisian father had married a lovely American girl from Long Island. When war seemed imminent, they returned to France, and Robert Perreau joined the Free French army.

When France fell, they fled, with thousands of other refugees, to Lisbon. There, thanks to Mrs. Perreau's American citizenship, and the fact that Gigi was on the way, they managed to get to the United States. Gigi was born in Hollywood, which makes her unique among Hollywood players.

Although the elder Perreaus speak French between themselves, it is only recently that Gigi and Peter have started to learn. They are being raised strictly American—except, perhaps, they are subject to a bit more discipline. They almost never argue a point with their parents, for the simple reason that there's little to argue about. Right now, their favorite sport is roller skating. Peter has a bicycle, of course, but Gigi is considered still too young.

On the movie sets, both children are ideal to work with. Director Irving Reis, Goldwyn's brilliant new director of "Enchantment" and "Roseanna McCoy," says flatly that Gigi is the most wonderful child actress he has ever known. Mr.

Goldwyn commissioned the gifted Angna Enters to write an original story for her first starring picture.

Elinor Perreau is likewise known as the perfect movie mother. She keeps very much in the background, never interferes, and never has suggestions about the making of movies, which makes her unique in the ranks of amazing movie mamas I have known.

"My business is to watch over the children—not direct pictures," Mrs. Perreau says matter-of-factly.

Both kids have their favorite movie stars. Right now, Gigi's favorite actress is Joan Evans, the lovely girl who is only a little over twice Gigi's age of seven, who is being catapulted to stardom in "Roseanna McCoy."

"Joan is the sweetest of all," enthuses Gigi.

In her tiny bedroom she has pictures of Claudette Colbert ("Miss Colbert"), Wanda Hendrix ("Wanda") and Greer Garson ("Miss Garson").

Peter's is a sturdy bedroom, with sets of encyclopedias and other books ("Peter loves to know things," explains Gigi).

Both Peter and Gigi are fiercely protective toward their little sister, Janine, who is a pixie-faced child of five, with quite as much charm as the others. So far she hasn't shown any desire to act, and the elder Perreaus are just as happy about it.

They hope to keep Gigi and Peter working together as long as they can, but brother-and-sister roles don't happen very often. "The Red Pony" is expected to make Peter a star in his own right—and Sam Goldwyn, who is seldom wrong, claims that Gigi will be the next important child star. This is a great triumph for Gigi, since the great Goldwyn has never before bothered with juvenile players.

One thing, however, you can depend upon. There will never be any professional rivalry between the two. The love between Gigi and Peter is one that can be counted on.

That's more than can be said for many Hollywood loves!

THE END



They're in love! Director Irving Reis gets on his knees to declare his love for Gigi Perreau and to pose for this picture on the set of "Enchantment."



Hollywood beckons Gene Tierney, but she's enjoying New York's gay life with hubby Oleg Cassini.

DO YOU WRITE LIKE

Gene E. Tierney

By Helen King, President, American Graphologists Association

★ Are you one of those who have a "curvy" style writing? Do you follow the Gene Tierney style of penmanship by inverting the "u" and "n" so that one resembles the other? Have you the style of writing which looks as though much arm-movement is associated with it?

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Note the little break between the "G-e" and the "T-i"? All other letters are joined together but these little breaks show that Gene occasionally acts on a hunch, that she often jumps at conclusions. Note, too, that her writing is mostly upright. This lack of slant indicates that Gene usually makes her head work for her. She thinks things through to a sensible conclusion.

How are your i-dots today? Are they rather pointed? The one illustrated shows a keen edge to her humor, an adeptness at repartee. And do you make

tiny little hooks when you write? Note the little "hook" at the end of the "y." Hooks mean exactly what you would think: to hang on. In this case, the hook means that Gene hangs on to her own ideas, that she is not likely to be swayed or to give up her thoughts.

The moderately heavy pressure reveals a desire for an expression of feelings. The size of the signature shows a liking for people, a liking for movement, for mixing with others.

THE END

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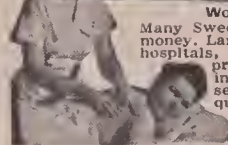


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AND BABY MAKES THREE

(Continued from page 37)

picture industry, and Debbie interrupting with knowing gurgles.

Joan is a very happy woman. She looks at the baby held a little awkwardly but very tenderly in Bill's arms and smiles, "There's the other woman in my home."

Joan's had much to be happy about in the past few years—the Academy Award, her position as one of the top stars in Hollywood and one of the most popular women in town socially, her marriage to handsome Bill Dozier, one of the most charming and successful men in pictures—but the baby is the culmination of all joys and achievements.

For many years Joan has wanted a baby. She was afraid for a while that she couldn't have one because she'd had so many illnesses as a child. Any time you'd talk to her in the old days, no matter what the conversation was about, she'd suddenly go soft and dreamy and talk about how she wished she could have a baby of her own; how elated she'd be the day the doctor would tell her the happy news.

"Bill always said that I would contrive to have a baby at the most inopportune time," Joan told me laughingly. "And I did! Last spring I was busier than I'd ever been. I'd started one picture 'Kiss the Blood Off My Hands' (now 'The Unafraid') and was scheduled to begin 'You Gotta Stay Happy' right after that. I should have known that with such a jam-packed schedule that hardly allowed me any time to breathe I was bound to expect a baby, too. When the doctor first told me I was going to have a baby I blurted, 'I knew it! I knew it would happen now!'"

It was probably the best thing in the world for her that Joan was working while she was expecting the baby. Joan, for all her fragile beauty, is a very energetic person. She's not happy unless she's carrying on a dozen different projects all at once.

First, however, Bill consulted the doctor. "If there's even the slightest risk to Joan or the baby, I won't let her make the picture."

And Joan, listening, was hoping that the doctor would say, "No—let her keep on acting as long as she can. It will do her good."

Which is exactly what he said! Joan knew that she had to keep busy during this period, otherwise she might moon around and think of herself.

What helped was that "You Gotta Stay Happy" was a gay picture. Joan was in a happy mood while working in it. Once she had a near-accident.

On location Joan had to jump from a hay cart. Anyone else in Joan's condition would have had a double do it—but not Joan! She was so confident that nothing would happen to her or her expected baby that she did the jumping herself—not once, but eleven times! The sun was boiling and after the eleventh jump Joan turned white and toppled over. Bill, white-faced, rushed her to the hospital.

"Darling, everything will be all right," Joan tried to reassure him, forcing a smile.

And she was right. By morning she and the unborn baby were safe. But Bill made her slow down after that.

As though it wasn't enough that she made two pictures while she was expecting, she also undertook the overpowering job of practically tearing the house apart and adding seven rooms to

it! The house, she and Bill had always felt, was too small. With the baby on its way, this was the time to get a larger one.

They talked, for a while, of selling their lovely English home high on a knoll and building a larger one.

"I'd like the living room to be just like this one," Bill said, "with cocoa brown walls and pine panelling. . ."

"And we'll have a playroom overlooking the pool exactly the way we have it here," Joan went on enthusiastically. "We'll make it wide and circular like this one, and I'll get some green shag carpeting for it."

"—And I hope we can find a lot with the sort of view we have here."

Then they looked at each other and burst out laughing. That's what decided them against building another house "exactly like" theirs. They added on, instead.

There were crews of workmen around every day and for months the kitchen was a shambles, all the equipment ripped out. She and Bill gaily cooked their dinners outdoors in the barbecue and sat shivering outdoors in the evening eating.

For weeks on end they slept in a bedroom that had one wall completely torn out, exposing them to the not-so-balmy California air.

Even as she was getting ready to leave for the hospital to have her baby, the nursery wasn't finished.

"Please," wailed Joan to the workmen as she and Bill were stepping into the car. "You must finish the baby's room in time. Such a new baby—he should have a warm room."

"It will be a she," corrected Bill huffily.

That was their main point of dissension while they were waiting for the baby to arrive. Joan wanted a boy. Bill was just as insistent that it would be a girl. They were lined up even. Joan had her mother on her side, while Bill's mother would write wistfully from Omaha, "I have three grandsons and only two granddaughters. I'd like an even number of both. Can you arrange it for me?"

When the baby was brought into Joan's room for the first time, Joan looked at her and sighed contentedly, "Just what I wanted—a little girl."

"Humph," snorted Bill.

The nurse came in.

"Look at all the hair on that baby's head," she commented. "Remarkable!"

Bill almost popped a button.

"Quite a remarkable baby all around, isn't she?"

He rushed out groggy with happiness and called a few hundred friends.

"The baby's a little beauty. Looks just like me—" he started. Then he caught himself sheepishly and laughed. "I mean—has her mother's beauty but she's a chip off the old man, too," he ended proudly.

They named her Deborah after no one in particular because they both liked the name. And Leslie, her middle name, for Joan's oldest friend, Leslie Allen, a woman who lives in Connecticut. Joan has names chosen for the next three babies she hopes to have. "Geoffrey," she says dreamily, "because it's an old family name. Jill, a contraction of my name and Bill's, and Timothy, because it's my mother's favorite name."

Their bachelor friends started deluging the new little glamor girl with in-

vitations. "You have your first date with me at Ciro's," Jimmy Stewart wired young Miss Dozier. Otto Preminger sent the young lady a magnificent orchid. Harry Crocker, a popular man-about-Hollywood, begged to take her on her first night club date.

Bill is the moony parent. Joan is sensible. Having been an active nurse's aide during the war, she has a sure manner with the baby. The nurse was surprised that this orchidaceous movie star mother was able to diaper and bathe her first baby like an old hand.

For the first few weeks, Bill insisted upon weighing the baby himself every morning. When she lost a few ounces the first few days he became alarmed.

"Darling," Joan told him with all the confidence of a woman who's had a dozen. "All new babies lose at the very beginning. Then they gain."

Joan is a natural mother—serene, efficient and happy. No hysteria, no superstitions cloud her joy over finally having a baby. She doesn't handle Debbie as though she were made of glass. She really enjoys her baby—bounces her on her knee, sings funny songs to her and makes the baby laugh.

When it comes to pictures of the baby, both Joan and Bill are wild-eyed. They catch Debbie in every position, asleep, awake, on her tummy or on her back scrutinizing the ceiling, and they have great fun picking out the points of resemblance.

"She has your eyes," says Joan fondly to Bill. "Wide apart and slanting upwards a little. I love them. . ."

Bill beams. "And she has your wriggle! She never sits still," he points out. "And your mouth. She's a smart child, that one.

Knows enough to look like you."

"But darling," says Joan. "She looks like you. Look at her ears."

Bill studies the little ears, so flat to the head. "Do you really think so?" he says with a certain measure of awe.

Being born of such talented movie parents, and having, as a matter of fact, appeared in two films in her nuclear state, Debbie seems destined to become a movie star herself when she grows up. But instead of making ambitious plans about a screen career, Joan and Bill are very reluctant to think of their youngest daughter becoming an actress.

"Just let her grow up a healthy, lovely young woman with a useful life," says Bill fervently.

"I wanted to be a doctor at one time," says Joan thoughtfully. "It would be nice if my daughter were to take up that profession."

A month after the baby was born, Joan and Bill flew to Honolulu for a brief holiday. Joan was recuperating and needed a brief holiday fling with Bill to celebrate her high-g geared production year. Then back home again they bounced into the nursery to hold the baby.

"Precious," cooed Joan. "How we missed you."

"The next time we go anywhere," Bill said, "we'll take you."

And they will. The Doziers plan to go to England next summer and their young lady will go with them.

Debbie, as her parents exclaim, is a wonderful child. We think so, too. Only a wonder child would have brains enough to have chosen a set of parents like Joan and Bill.

THE END

STRICTLY FOR LISTENING

By Velma Scott

Tex Beneke and the band are riding the rails—only by way of music and a brand new ditty they've waxed for Victor. Tex takes the vocal on Mississippi Flyer and gets a rhythmic assist by the Moonlight Serenaders, not to mention a wonderful solid backing from the orchestra that's strictly from Casey Jones. For Look Up, the same combo turns in a fine arrangement—the toe-tapping kind you like to dance to.

Every disk can't be a hit, but it's too bad Rose Murphy's first mediocre sides have to come under such delightful names. These sounded like perfect foil for the Chee-Chee girl but the titles outdo the numbers on both of these sides for Victor. They're Girls Were Made To Take Care Of Boys and Busy Line. Rose's rhythm is as good as ever, her delivery is fresh and syncopated, but the material's just too thin.

The Warner film My Dream Is Yours is chock-full of good songs, and that master in the Romance Department, Claude Thornhill, picked the dreamy title song for his first waxing on Victor. It's a really beautiful arrangement, perfect for dancing with the emphasis on delicate phrasing, subtle piano and a subdued full orchestra background. On the reverse is Wind In My Sails, a lovely, simple ballad. Both are above average tune-wise and the arrangements are an example of why Thornhill's band is coping honors these days.

Tony Martin, of the full-throated tones, will cement his place in your heart when you hear No Orchids For My Lady and We're Not Getting Any Younger, Baby. The first is a straight ballad with nice melody and Tony gives the little

tune more meaning than it deserves. But the flip is a stand-out side. Rhythm, beat and a breezy delivery by Tony make this a must for Martin fans. On Victor.

So Spike Jones' newest Victor record isn't up to Cocktails For Two. Still the Clink Clink Polka is good for a laugh and if you don't like the music, just read the label for a chuckle or two. The flip, MacNamara's Band, might be enough to alienate all good Irishmen from St. Patrick's Day Parade but I. W. Harper and the Four Fifths do themselves proud.

For lovers of the dance who like just a taste of the Torrid Zone in their music, try Harry Horlick's album Tangos for Two. The arrangements are conventional, pretty good insurance that you won't be forced to throw a hip out of joint keeping up with a beat, and they're all favorite tunes. Orchids in the Moonlight, La Cumparsita, Adios Muchachos are the three most familiar, but you'll like them all. They're on M-G-M label.

Just when we thought he'd exhausted the corny old-timers so good for humming, Art Mooney comes up with another on M-G-M. This time it's Do De Doo On An Old Kazoo. Even the ensemble vocal and banjo strumming are still on hand in just as lilting an arrangement as Mooney's other novelties. On the flip is Beautiful Eyes, a catchy jump tune that takes beautifully to its Baby-Face treatment by the Mooney crew.

That slick threesome, the Page Cavanaugh Trio, does some more intimate styling on their new Victor sides. They're No Moon At All and You Say The Nicest Things, Baby. The trio's interpretation and Page's fine piano lift the tunes into the Better-Than-Average Department.

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HOW GREG GOT THAT WAY

(Continued from page 45)

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over his right eye, and he tossed his head in impatience to bob it aside.

I followed him to the building in which I was to conduct a series of tryouts, and was pleased to see him enter the club room of The Thespians, a drama-appreciation club.

When I reached my particular group of students, I described the chap whom I had just seen and asked who he might be.

"You are probably referring to Gregory Peck," I was told. "He's a junior engineering student. He's interested in theatricals, but mostly on an observation basis."

"Ask him to see me as soon as possible," I said. "I want him to read for me."

Gregory put in an appearance the following afternoon. He grinned when I asked if he'd like to do the lead in "Rain From Heaven," and said he didn't want to ruin the play for me. But he agreed to read a few scenes.

His voice proved to be resonant, nicely placed, and flexible. He had two rare qualities for one so young: quiet dignity and sincere simplicity. These were a part of his native makeup, but they "came through" beautifully, in a dramatic sense, in his reading of lines. He was not—and this fact is of vital importance to all youngsters who aspire to act—what is called a "born" actor. I told him as much, but added that he would be perfect for the part I had in mind, if he would work.

Work! Never before and seldom since have I seen such concentration. He followed direction intelligently and with imagination. Quickly, he picked up all the little tricks a novice must learn. He had one funny mannerism. When he was reading lines, during the first few days of rehearsal, I complained that he was not giving certain words or phrases their proper color.

I coached him in what I considered to be a better manner of delivery. "Phrase the lines differently," I instructed. "Break up that long sentence at this point . . . and again here." I made pencil checks on the script.

Gregory went at the task with a will.

My head turned to one side so that I wouldn't be distracted by watching him, I listened to Gregory's reading of the passages. He had caught my exact intention.

From that point we went on to other scenes which we rehearsed the same way. "Now," I said, "we will start over from the beginning."

Gregory had spoken about half a dozen lines when I realized that, in learning to phrase correctly, he had acquired the habit of clenching each hand—at the end of a phrase—into a fist. It was as if his dialogue were encased in a tube, like paint, and he squeezed out a bit at a time to color his word pictures.

I decided to say nothing then in hopes that once his lines, timing, inflection and phrasing were set in memory, he might drop the habit without ever having become conscious of it.

It didn't work that way. The deeper we went into the play, the more persistently our leading man flexed his fists. I gave him bits of business to do that would occupy his hands, but the moment he had to stand still for a few seconds, he resumed his milking of the air.

Finally I had to call it to his attention. Thereafter we had a rugged few days, because Gregory was so busy trying to remember not to close his fists that he couldn't remember his lines.

In spite of Gregory's glum predictions, the play finally opened. He was an instant success. The day after the rave notices were printed in the school paper, Gregory came to my office and said laconically, "I guess I've been bitten by that old bug. I never really knew what I wanted to do until now. I didn't care a lot for engineering, but it seemed the most sensible course after I had dropped my pre-med work. Now I'm going to give up being sensible. I'm going into the theatre."

"For you," I told him, meaning every word of it, "it is sensible."

I left the University at the end of that semester and returned to the job of running my own theatre, but I didn't lose touch with Gregory. The next fall I received a comic postal card on which was pictured a man with huge hands. "I'm still going it," Gregory had scrawled. He didn't sign it; he knew I'd know.

Eighteen months passed and I received another card, this time postmarked New York. Gregory had written, "Serving as guide at Radio City; know my lines well. No fist clenching."

Somewhat later I received a picture postal card from the Barter Theatre in Virginia. As you probably know, the audience pays its admission to Barter performances by bringing foodstuffs to the box office. Gregory had written, "Must be showing progress. Last night I earned an extra-large Virginia ham."

From New York friends I next learned that Gregory had joined the cast of Katharine Cornell's road company of "The Doctor's Dilemma." It wasn't much of a part; he had four lines in the show, earned fifty dollars per week, and was also serving as assistant-stage manager. Having only this information, I think I am to be pardoned for my bewilderment when I received a picture of a full-panoplied Indian Chief postmarked some small midwestern town. Gregory had written merely, "Now I'm an Indian."

Several weeks later I was trying on overcoats in a San Francisco haberdashery when I heard a familiar voice arising from the opposite side of the double-backed mirror. "Don't you have something," Gregory was asking the salesman, "that will make me look twenty pounds heavier and two inches shorter?"

"With pockets twenty inches deep to hide your fist-clenching?" I said over the mirror.

Gregory stuck his head over and, grinning from ear to ear when he recognized me, bounded around to shake hands. He said he'd been trying to get in touch with me because he had tickets for my wife and me to see "The Doctor's Dilemma."

"It's a great show. Miss Cornell is marvelous, of course. If you don't blink, you will have a chance to catch my four-line performance."

"How are things anyhow?" I demanded.

Solemnly, with only the corners of his mouth flicking a little, he said, "Fine. New Honor has come to me. Yesterday I was interviewed by a reporter from the Call-Bulletin. Local boy makes good."

I asked what he meant by the Indian gag.

"Oh, that," he said, shaking his forelock out of his eyes. "I told a girl in our touring company that I was a full-blooded Indian, Blackbottom tribe. Had to do something to gain some attention. She's awfully popular."

"Any reservations yet?" I wanted to know.



Keeping up with young Jonathan's many questions about this and that, makes for good relaxation after "The Great Sinner." At least that's what father Gregory Peck claims.

"Let you know later. Depends upon getting a job after this show closes."

I didn't see "The Doctor's Dilemma" because one of our children fell ill that night, so the next I heard was that Gregory was back in New York, and having plenty of hard knocks. He was being cast regularly in plays that had promise, but little else. Finally he was cast opposite Gladys Cooper in "Morning Glory." The show closed almost before it opened, but the critics praised Mr. Peck to the skies.

During this time I received the following wire: "Greta Rice and I were married in the Methodist Church at Park and Sixty-first this afternoon. Heap pretty squaw."

From then until the spring of 1948, I kept in touch with Gregory and Greta through the usual exchange of Christmas cards. Gregory always wrote on the card, "Look us up if you're ever in Los Angeles."

I took him up on it one Sunday afternoon. Things had changed during the ten years I had known Gregory. In the spring of 1948 he was world-famed, successful. I was somewhat diffident about interrupting the leisure day of a celebrated man, but when he opened the door and greeted me with a twenty-four carat grin, sparkling eyes, and a grip that hurt, I knew that I had been right in assuming that Gregory Peck would never be puffed up by renown.

He was wearing a faded plaid shirt, faded levis, sneakers, and an air of complete relaxation. He took me for a tour of his house and beamed when I stated that the view was spectacular. The house itself is comfortable but not grand; it is homelike, rambling, and filled with the belongings of the two little boys, Jonathan and Steve.

When the tour was completed, Greta insisted that we have an early Sunday night supper, then Gregory and I settled down to a four-hour talk. He told me in detail about the Actors Company, an ambitious group which had produced a series of plays in La Jolla during the summer of 1947, and was planning another nine weeks of live drama in the summer of 1948. Then he talked at length about his consuming ambition to be a part of a group hoping to establish

a legitimate theater in Beverly Hills.

After working with the Actors Company last summer, I was given—through the combined efforts of Gregory and my good friend, Robert Siodmak—a part in Gregory's forthcoming M-G-M picture, "The Great Sinner." It provides Gregory with a great, but highly demanding part. In one sequence he is required to go into a frenzy of hysteria as the result of a gambling loss. This extroverted reaction is quite foreign to Gregory's nature, as anyone who knows him well can testify. He is the type of man in private life who, if greatly hurt, would go away from everyone and suffer in silence.

I sat through several rehearsals of this difficult scene. Even in the run-through, Gregory was so good that I wilted my collar in excitement over his mastery of dramatic projection. Finally he strolled over to where I was sitting and said worriedly, "Do you have any suggestions?"

I couldn't help grinning a little. Much as I have learned over the years about stage technique, I am still green about picture technique. Even so, Gregory—despite his great success—was eager for constructive criticism from a tyro.

Somewhat later in the shooting schedule, when I was working in a sequence which took place in the gambling casino, Gregory stuck around the set while I worked. Ordinarily the stars of the picture spend every spare moment in their dressing rooms, studying their lines or resting. I realized how unobtrusively kind Gregory was, merely by remaining on the set while I worked.

After we had finished rehearsal and were ready for a take, Gregory strolled up to me and, in half a dozen deft sentences, explained how I could take advantage of the key lighting, and how—by moving forward half a step—I could improve my space in the camera.

So the teacher became the student.

This summer I intend to go back to the Actors Company, to appear in several of the La Jolla plays. I will aid in the direction as well. I have a problem: One of the stars of the company needs coaching on a certain subject: Under stress, Gregory still flexes his hands!

THE END

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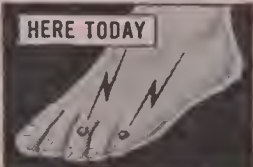
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SECRETS OF A HOLLYWOOD BABY-SITTER

(Continued from page 41)

it up. It was in a higher price bracket than their pocketbooks allowed. "But it'll be something to work for," Ellic said, and she was right. They couldn't have made a happier choice.

Their gray stucco house is on a winding, country-like road in the short green mountains known as Beverly Hills. It's a mile or so from the nearest car line and well off the sight-seeing bus route. It's rural but not inconvenient. A 10-minute drive to the left takes you to the center of Hollywood, and 15 minutes to the right lands you in Santa Monica, where Glenn grew up and where many of his closest friends still live.

Ellie and Glenn have furnished their house with everything they could think of to provide comfort and pleasure. For the past three Christmases all their presents to each other have been house presents, which explains why the place is so perfect.

They have a projection machine which they use in the music room. The combined den and bar is full of good books and easy chairs. It's also rigged up with a special overhead light so that Glenn's poker club can meet in absolute comfort. There's a pool table downstairs, and the Fords were also one of the first in their neighborhood to own a television set. And, surprisingly enough, the kitchen in their house was furnished with as much care as the living room. Ellie is an accomplished cook and to aid her in this hobby, Glenn bought her a hotel-size deep freeze. He also was considerate and stocked it with elk, deer and fish that he caught in and near Lake Seeley, Montana.

It's no wonder Glenn and Ellie hate to leave home—but they do once in a while and that's where I come in to substitute for Petie's full-time nurse.

"Don't you think this is a great place to raise a son?" mused Glenn one night as he waited for Ellie to tuck Peter in bed. "Did you ever notice our ever-

greens on the hill behind the house?"

I nodded. "Well, sometimes Petie and I camp out in that grove of trees. We put up a tent and roast potatoes and bacon over a bonfire. My boy isn't much impressed with my acting talents but he thinks I'm a terrific outdoor cook."

The fact that Peter is only four may explain why movies don't interest him too much, but his father does. Peter thinks his Dad is a delightful blend of cowboy-magician-and-fireman, and with good reason.

Glenn never seems to scold his son but rather charms or confuses him into good behavior. For example, while Glenn was in vaudeville he learned a few sleight-of-hand tricks which he now puts into use. If Peter behaves nicely, his father goes outside and picks a stick of gum off a gum tree. By palming a piece and then producing it out of nowhere, he has Peter thoroughly convinced that gum grows on trees for good little boys.

So that Peter won't be afraid of the dark, the Fords have a name for the owl that lives in their woods. He's called Willard, and when Willard hoots, Peter knows he's watching over him. Then there's Richard, the midget, who knocks underneath the table when Peter won't eat his vegetables. There's the turtle who lives under the house, and the little man who sits under the hood of the car and makes the engine go.

Since I've worked around the Glenn Fords I've learned that the best way to train children is by imagination, not punishment.

Besides improving my technique with youngsters, I've learned a few things about making a husband happy. I've noticed that Ellie does everything she can to please Glenn. She plans the meals so that they always include one of Glenn's favorite dishes; either sweetbreads, jumbo mushrooms, shrimp, or



Here's an average evening in the life of the Glenn Fords. When Eleanor reads a bedtime story to young Petie it's hard to tell who's more fascinated: Glenn or his son!



There'll never be any gossip about Glenn Ford and this "other woman" in his life. She's his mother. During his recent New York visit they were snapped at the Stork Club.

ice cream. His craving for ice cream, I might add, verges on the extreme.

She's also very alert to his needs. She's always getting him fishing tackle he wants, shaving cream he needs, or a kind of candy he likes. Ellie claims that the reason she's so thoughtful of Glenn is so that he'll miss her when she's away on her annual dance tour. Of course, that's hard to believe when she so obviously loves doing favors for other people.

The thing I love about Glenn (aside from his letting me call him by his first name) is his great enthusiasm for little things. For example, he's crazy about toy stores. He'll cut his lunch hour short in order to browse through a new toy shop. Needless to say, he never leaves empty-handed. That's one of the reasons Peter's room looks like the winter headquarters for the Macy parade. Petie accepts all these playthings graciously because he sees through his father. He knows Glenn has more fun than a kid in a toy store.

Glenn also loves to travel. About a month ago he was getting ready to fly to Phoenix, Arizona, and he was so excited you'd have thought he was embarking on a world cruise. I haven't traveled a great deal myself but I have been to Phoenix and I never got worked up about it. What I'm beginning to suspect is that I don't have the proper attitude. I guess I need more genuine enthusiasm to round out my life.

I've also been at the Fords' house a couple of times when Glenn's returned from one of his trips. Boy! is that a happy occasion. He comes in the front door loaded with presents and funny stories.

The first time it happened, I was in the house amusing Peter while Ellie was rehearsing a dance routine in the music room. Glenn blew in unexpectedly and when the excitement of seeing him died down, Ellie asked, "Well, dear, did you get arrested this time?"

My eyes must have bulged a foot. Glenn Ford arrested! But it happens to be true. In strange cities he has a

weakness for error. Inadvertently Glenn breaks a city ordinance, and a policeman always seems to be watching. In Chicago, one time, he wanted to take a picture of the Buckingham Fountain. It was during the war and as he started to get the fountain into focus, a policeman tapped him on the shoulder. A military secret floating on Lake Michigan was in the background and photographers were forbidden. Another time in San Francisco he rented a car and started touring the city. Trying to negotiate the bay city hills and sight-see at the same time, he ended by going the wrong way on Market Street. A policeman caught him. Just recently in New York he was apprehended for feeding pigeons in Sherman Square.

Ellie and Glenn seem to have fun doing simple, inexpensive things together. Their idea of a pleasant night out is to dine at some quiet restaurant (usually a seafood place or Italian bistro). After dinner instead of going to a night club they take a ride along the coast and then stop for an ice cream soda on the way home. If Peter happens to go along, they include a stop-off at the neighborhood fire station so that he can enjoy the special treat of inspecting a real fire engine at close range.

Whenever I tell my parents that my ambition is to own a home like Glenn Ford's they laugh at my wild dreams. "Hurry up," they suggest with sarcasm, "and marry a millionaire." Then we can all enjoy your fortune."

My parents don't read movie magazines much and what they overlook is that Glenn and Eleanor Ford didn't marry millions either. They both came from good but far from wealthy homes. Everything they have is a direct result of their own hard work.

In Ellie's case, her father died when she was a baby and her mother never remarried. Mrs. Powell watched over her daughter and gave her what advantages she could. When Eleanor was seven, she started her in ballet lessons and Ellie took to dancing like Nijinsky. Mrs. Powell had no intention of letting

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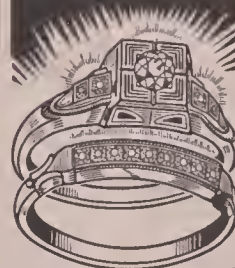
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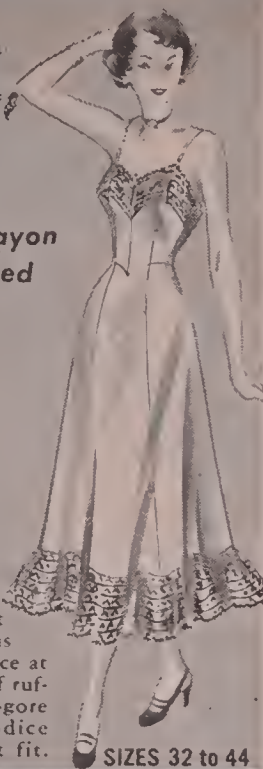
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her daughter go on the stage but one summer when they were vacationing at Atlantic City the hotel manager saw Ellie perform and offered her a job. Then a talent agent saw her and signed her to dance at Ben Bernie's famous supper club in New York City. Eleanor Powell managed to fill these night club engagements during her vacations and finished high school in her home town of Springfield, Mass.

After that came Broadway shows and movies. Ellie says it was always fun but that it was a continuous grind of practice, performance, and practice again.

Glenn's career was similar insofar as work was concerned. He knew he always wanted to be an actor and his parents didn't object. They merely pointed out that to be a good actor he had to act. Therefore, all of his spare time during high school was spent in the workshop of the Santa Monica Community Players. He recalls that he never had time for the normal amount of dating or lolling on the beach that most

California teen-agers enjoy. He was always learning lines and helping to build stage scenery.

His devotion to an art paid off; and right after graduation from Santa Monica High he landed a part in a professional road company. His appearance in the- atres near Los Angeles netted him a screen test. Columbia Pictures Corp. signed him to a contract on Oct. 1, 1939. Ever since that date he's appeared in a steady stream of motion pictures except for wartime duty in the Marines.

Since his discharge from the service Glenn hasn't had a day off. At times he's been studying the part for the next picture while he finishes the current one. I've seen him so tired that he almost falls asleep at the dinner table.

As I collect my pay for the fun of playing with young Peter Ford, I tell myself that anybody can have a beautiful, happy home life, if only they're willing to work for it.

The Glenn Fords do.

THE END

REUNION IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 49)

individualists, both full of plans for their careers, which would conflict with their overall program for marriage.

Road block Number Two was the fact that their careers might take them apart and might, as it had with so many professional couples, make the marriage impossible.

The friends were partially right about Point Two. The Douglas' careers have kept them apart, much of their married life. Helen Gahagan left a brilliant position in the theatre to become an equally outstanding political figure, the Congresswoman from California. Her work, necessarily, keeps her in Washington a major portion of the year.

Husband Melvyn, back from the wars, is shoulder deep again in his Hollywood film career. More than this he finds time for some Broadway producing. At this writing he has a hit musical, "Call Me Mister," which ran two years on Broadway and which is now on the road.

Professionally and geographically the careers of Melvyn and Helen have, indeed, taken them apart.

But the friends were wrong about Point One. In spite of these formidable obstacles, the Douglas family, father, mother and three youngsters, found it possible to remain close together during these fifteen years bound by ties of spirit when geography intervened to separate them.

More than this, their marriage has been so successful in spite of the barriers that the project is the envy of more than one Hollywood couple who share the same roof twelve months of the year with no conflicting careers—and with no particular enthusiasm.

The secret of the successful marriage-at-long-distance formula worked out most unconsciously by Melvyn and Helen is really simple—and, like most simple things—profound.

To begin with, Helen and Melvyn agreed from the outset that making marriage work long distance, or within the confines of a home, was basically a matter of doin' what comes naturally—and honestly.

They met when Helen was offered the lead in David Belasco's "Tonight or Never." Melvyn was being considered for the leading role opposite her.

Helen Gahagan, being above all a completely frank and forthright person,

expressed some misgivings about the ability of this young actor since he hadn't had too much experience. It was equally natural and honest for Douglas to resent the skepticism of his future wife, then to be intrigued by her honesty of statement, so much so that he determined to win the role.

He did. Along with it, he won the star. It was natural too that they should both want a honeymoon after a long period of work without vacation. But both of them realized their responsibility to the hit play and the actors in it, and decided they would hold the honeymoon off until the show closed.

The play ran for two years! During that waiting period the couple made enchanting plans for a wonderful European jaunt.

On the liner Europe-bound certain interesting symptoms, not entirely due to seasickness, caused Mr. and Mrs. Douglas some consternation. As soon as they docked, instead of remaining in Paris, they continued on to Rome where Mr. Douglas' mother was living. She recommended an American doctor who told Mrs. Melvyn Douglas, "You are in excellent health. In about eight months you should become the mother of a lusty infant."

The doctor said he had never heard of a prospective mother continuing a tour of the world but as long as she felt all right, he could see no reason for changing plans.

So the honeymoon continued, allowing Mrs. Douglas just enough time to arrive in Los Angeles for the birth of her son. She had enjoyed herself thoroughly, and had never known an instant's discomfort. Not so her devoted husband. He suffered intermittent physical unhappiness from the moment of the doctor's announcement until his son arrived safely.

When Helen Gahagan and Melvyn Douglas came to Hollywood, lured by motion picture studios who were then beginning to raid Broadway, they had every right to anticipate parallel careers. However, as in the case of many of the stage's dynamic talents, Helen Gahagan was dissatisfied with her parts.

On the other hand the motion picture camera discovered in Mr. Douglas not only high romantic implications, but a flair for high comedy. Both talents were employed to the full in such pictures as

"Ninotchka" opposite Greta Garbo, and "Theodora Goes Wild" opposite Irene Dunne.

It was around this time—1936—that Melvyn and Helen made another trip abroad, this time to France and Germany. Melvyn and Helen realized how menacing Hitler was to become when a German agent approached the actress openly and suggested that she work for Hitler in America, winning over converts among artists to his philosophy.

On the way back to New York Helen and Melvyn decided they must find ways and means to tell the American people of the danger they witnessed in Europe. Eventually, it led Helen into politics.

It was natural, Melvyn felt, for Helen to want to throw herself completely into a work she had begun; this was the kind of concentration and intensity that had made her such a fine actress. The two faced honestly the demands that the work would make on their marriage and decided it was worth it. Helen began her political career.

When the war broke out it was a foregone conclusion that if the U. S. were attacked, Melvyn would join up. This in spite of the fact that, being in his early 40's, as well as a veteran of World War I, the actor could reasonably have accepted exemption from service.

Douglas quietly walked into a recruiting station and signed up as a buck private. He was sent to Arkansas for basic training and made with the feet along with other buck privates who were half-a-generation his junior. He had king-size blisters, back-ache and an attack of homesickness that made him one with youngsters who had never before been away from home over night.

When his commanding officer suggested that PFC Douglas sign up for OCS, consternation chilled the barracks until Melvyn said firmly that he preferred to stick with his outfit.

And there he might have stuck if he hadn't discovered that if he accepted a commission he would be sent overseas at once.

In time Captain Douglas was on his way to India via Los Angeles. He was delayed for almost three weeks which he spent ecstatically with his wife and children.

"We seldom turned in until two or three A. M., during those weeks—not because we were out on the town or were enter-

taining guests until late—but simply because all of us had too much to talk about," is Melvyn's recollection.

One of the topics discussed was the American political scene. Mrs. Douglas had been asked to run for office as Representative from the 14th Congressional District in Los Angeles.

Convinced that his wife would win the election, Captain Douglas sailed for India.

Melvyn and Helen had agreed that the best way to keep a long-distance love affair alive was to share every day's events in detail almost as if they were keeping in touch by telephone. This they did and still do. The phone bill, when Helen is in Washington and Melvyn in Hollywood, looks like a sub-section of the national debt, according to the Douglas housekeeper who handles his account.

In June, 1945, Major Douglas was ordered to New York. He couldn't let his wife know that he was coming home. But when he reached New York, he beat his way to the nearest telephone and finally got in touch with Mrs. Douglas in Washington.

Her first comment was typical: "Darling, where are you? Are you all right?"

She joined him in New York a few hours later, and they were together when V-J Day was celebrated.

He had been invited to return to India after the war to serve as top executive for a syndicate having six million dollars to invest in the buildings and equipment for an ultra-modern motion picture studio. It was the chance of a lifetime, but it would have meant that Congressional Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas would have been forced to abandon her career as politician in favor of her position as wife. Also, the children, deep in their own pursuits, would have been uprooted by the change.

For those reasons, without a second thought Melvyn told the syndicate, "Thank you very much, but no, thank you."

In the last several years when so many marriages have been threatened and shattered, the Douglas formula makes more sense than ever to this couple. Helen, who was returned to Congress for a third term in 1948, remains the busy politician who flies home to her family every moment that Congress isn't in session. The children, who stayed with her during the war, now remain in Hollywood and share their

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actor father's pride in the career of their famous mother.

Douglas, himself under RKO contract for one picture a year, has a head full of plans. He's had a busy year what with starring in three films, "My Own True Love" at Paramount, "The Long Denial" at RKO and most recently "The Great Sinner" at M-G-M. In 1949 he plans to make his entry into the field of independent producing and has already acquired several screen properties, notably "A Yank in Paris" which he hopes to pro-

duce and star in in France. In preparing this story Douglas has worked for the first time as a screen writer.

In spite of the full and crowded life that the Douglasses lead, neither member has ever forgotten for a moment that he is one-half of a permanent partnership. In that partnership they share equally all responsibilities. And that, in the final analysis, they believe, is the secret of a successful marriage anywhere, at close range or at long distance.

THE END

BEWARE OF FARLEY GRANGER

(Continued from page 35)

much different young man than the tense ex-sailor. For one thing, a mustache adorned his upper lip, giving him a man-of-distinction air. (It's since been shaved off. Originally he had grown it for his role of the romantic young aviator in Samuel Goldwyn's "Enchantment.") But this wasn't the only difference. Farley had replaced the tension of an ex-sailor for the sureness of a man who knows where he's going.

Later, I was sitting down at lunch with Farley to find out just what had happened to his private and professional life to have made this difference.

"Enchantment" was behind him packing them in at the box office and Farley was back at work for Samuel Goldwyn in "Roseanna McCoy."

He had been on his own in this house in the canyon for about three months—so the natural thing to ask was, "Why did you decide to leave home and go out on your own?"

"I thought it was about time for me to become independent," Farley stated with his particular brand of disarming candor. "But don't get the idea that my place is a movie star's mansion. It's just a living and dining room combined, a kitchen, bathroom, two bedrooms, and a big fireplace. Kind of rustic but warm and homey. I had to find a place to fit my budget—which still isn't up in the impressive brackets. And I'm also supporting my mother and father, you know.

"When I did decide to move, naturally I discussed it with my parents first. I felt that since I was twenty-three it was time for me to make the change. They offered no argument since they could understand my reasons.

"Frankly, I like living alone. I'd always wanted the chance to do things for myself instead of having others do for me. At first it was difficult to accept so many responsibilities and problems thrown at me, and I was a little confused. But I learned that once you begin to do things for yourself, it's fun. It's really a challenge

"I don't do too much work about the house since I have a maid who comes in twice a week to clean. If I'm going to have guests for dinner, I manage to coax her to stay and cook for the occasion. But I seldom eat at home. Once in a while, Geraldine Brooks, who is a good friend of mine, can be inveigled into coming down to the house and preparing a meal. She lives only a short distance away. She can really cook too! As for my cooking, well, I can put together a terrific egg sandwich."

Farley explained that he doesn't let the place get into the proverbial bachelor's mess when the maid isn't around. He's not averse to do housework if it becomes necessary.

"I do straighten things up about the place and I do the dishes," he added,

smiling. "But that's nothing new to me. I did dishes all of the time when I lived with my parents. I would like to spend more time at home than I do, but somehow I don't get the chance. When I am around, I am forever playing some of the wonderful records I have. I usually turn them on when I get up in the morning and play them until I leave. Incidentally, I'm a classicist in the music line."

And that brought up the romantic angle. Certainly Farley's one of the town's most eligible bachelors. His name has hit the gossip columns frequently, linked with this or that girl. Definitely, he's what is known anywhere in the United States—not alone in Hollywood—as a "good catch."

"I go out on dates several times a week," Farley admitted freely. "Lately, I've been spending most of my time with Shelley Winters. I met her several months ago but before we could get better acquainted I had to go to Sonora on location for 'Roseanna McCoy' and she had to go to Sun Valley.

"We started going out together quite frequently only recently. We usually go to a show, the ballet, the theatre, or we sit home and play 'acey-deucey.' Once in a while I'll go to a night club if there's an act I especially want to catch, but I am not too excited about the top-hat-and-tails routine.

"I've also dated Patricia Neal and Gerry Brooks. But—I hasten to add that there is no serious romance in my life. I'm not even sure I want anything serious to happen—yet. I think of getting married, of course, but not too seriously because I feel I have so much to learn about my career first. I'm still more career-minded than I am marriage-minded. And, besides, I want to travel a lot first before I settle down. Above all, I want to feel that I'm ready for marriage. I don't think I am now—and there can't be any doubts in my mind about that when I take the plunge.

"My one thought is really to be a good actor. That's as far as any other activities I may have in mind are concerned. As for what I want out of life itself—well, I haven't experienced enough of it yet to know. I have the appetite for a full life but I haven't come to the main course. I honestly don't believe I'm old enough to know what I want—except happiness, of course.

"I can't make any generalizations about the kind of girl I want to marry at this point," Farley continued. "I can only give vague impressions. For example, I once thought I liked blondes, and then I went out with a girl who was a brunette and I liked her. Now I'm back dating blondes again—so how do I know? Naturally, I'd like a girl who has a sense of humor and who has a feeling for art and music and one who is, like myself,

politically conscious and aware of the times. One thing I know she doesn't have to be—and that's a good dancer. That's because I'm a bad one myself.

"I don't even know whether the girl I marry has to be an actress. I think it would be nice, but she'd have to be a good actress! I doubt if I'd marry outside the field, but who's to say? If I do marry a non-professional, I will insist that she have other interests besides just the home. A wife must have her own interests. After all, if she hasn't, what do you talk about at dinner?"

In his spare time, Farley keeps busy. There aren't many dull moments where he's concerned.

"I read a great deal," he went on, "and I like to play tennis. Last summer I took up sailing at Balboa and I had to learn horseback riding for my part in 'Roseanna McCoy.' I also like to go to concerts.

"I won't forget a concert I went to recently given by the French pianist, Poulenc. I was interested in hearing him because I had 'played'—and I use the word advisedly—his composition, 'Movement Perpetuelle,' in 'Rope.'

"I sat next to Aaron Copland in the theatre. Afterwards, Aaron persuaded me to go back and meet Poulenc. While I waited to be introduced, a little man dashed over to the pianist and began to speak in very excitable French. There was much kissing of the cheeks. I was really thrilled when I discovered the enthusiastic little man was Igor Stravinsky.

"I was finally presented to Poulenc and when he heard I had played his composition in the picture, he became very voluble. He sounded pleased, but I couldn't be sure because my French is so limited I couldn't understand what he was saying. So Aaron translated his comments to me and mine to him. It was a very exciting evening.

"I also go to art galleries quite often, and recently I bought my first painting. It's by a contemporary French artist. I bought it from Anatole Litvak—and I'm paying for it on the installment plan! When I go to the galleries now, I'm always being taken into the back room and shown the really fine pictures—but all I can do is look, since I'm in no position to start collecting art on the grand scale."

Where the pulse of Farley really ticks is when he discusses his love of acting.

"I'm very happy with the way my career is going now," he said earnestly. "I don't want to become a star until I'm ready for it. I don't like the way the word 'star' is used these days. It has lost its significance and its importance because it is bandied about so loosely. I feel I have a long way to go before I can claim that distinction in the way it should be meant.

"I prefer dramatic roles to the typical romantic young heroes. I don't think the usual run of juvenile parts requires much acting. At any rate, my favorite role so far was the one I had in 'They Live By Night.'

"The progress I've been lucky enough to make has made me more mature by far. And it's given me more of a sense of responsibility. Yet, because I've managed to do something on the screen that people like only means that I have an even greater challenge ahead of me. I know that I have to improve with each

new film. That, of course, makes the work more stimulating. I am certainly more confident about my future than I once was!"

Farley's success in pictures is one of those stories that you read about occasionally: The right break at the right time. His background wasn't of the "born-in-the-trunk-theatrical" variety.

"I had a typical American boyhood," Farley laughed. "I went to school like a good boy, did odd jobs to earn money, and had two parents who never tried to steer a path for me but instead let me go my own meandering way. I was born in San Jose, California, and was raised in North Hollywood, so I'm that rarity—a native Californian.

"I decided to be an actor when I was about fourteen. At least that's when the idea began to nag at me. Actually I had the urge when I was five. I did a couple of school plays then in San Jose and I remember how much I liked it. As I grew up, my favorite pastime was to go to the movies.

"My parents didn't pay too much attention to me when I said I wanted to be an actor. They thought it was a whim but they didn't preach against it. It wasn't until I was seventeen, however, that I began to do something about this ambition. I managed to get into a little theater play—and then things began to happen.

"The talent head from Samuel Goldwyn's studio saw me and gave me a test for the role of the boy in 'North Star.' Much to my surprise, I got the part."

After "North Star," Farley went into "The Purple Heart," and then the Navy called him. When he finished a two-year stint in the Navy, he came back to Hollywood, expecting immediately to be put into a picture. But such wasn't the case. A year and a half went by and he didn't work.

He became a very discouraged young man, but his determination to keep on plugging pulled him over the crucial point in his career. He spent every day at the studio during that time working on scripts with Cathy O'Donnell, who was with Goldwyn then, too. He studied every play he could find, and the studio coach added her valuable touches.

By the time he was loaned to RKO for "They Live By Night," he was ready. The excellent performance he turned in, thrust him into the Hollywood spotlight as one of the town's most promising of the young leading men.

Farley doesn't intend to remain just a Hollywood product. He took a trip to New York over a year ago for the first time and became a confirmed New Yorker.

"I'd like to live in New York, do plays, and come here only to make pictures," he said flatly. "I think it's essential to do work on the stage if you want to be a good actor. But I don't know what Mr. Goldwyn would say about that idea. I have a hunch he wouldn't think it so hot," he grinned. Farley is probably right. An astute producer like Samuel Goldwyn isn't letting a valuable property like Farley Granger go traipsing off to Broadway. No, Mr. Granger will be a very busy lad in these parts for some time to come. New York will have to wait—and Farley has only his impressive ability to blame!

THE END

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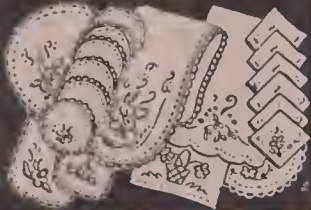
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Barrymore, Widmark, Stockwell give splendid performances in a suspenseful, moving film.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS (20th)

From every angle, this is an important and outstanding picture, and it's a pleasure to be able to recommend it as a "must" for everybody. I can't imagine anyone who loves excitement not going all-out for this picture, for it is exciting, and the whaling sequences are the most suspenseful seen in many a day.

The story is a moving and poignant one. Captain Bering Joy, aged 80, commands a whaling boat with a just but iron hand. He wants to make one more voyage to give his grandson (superbly played by Dean Stockwell) the benefit of his training. The shipping firm sets as first mate a young man (Richard Widmark) who has his master's papers, in case something happens to the old captain (Lionel Barrymore). Widmark, in his first hero role, is marvelous—sympathetic, convincing, utterly swoon-bait! He is assigned to teach the boy, and Captain Joy, in spite of himself, is jealous as Widmark wins the boy's devotion.

The climax is reached when a small whaling boat on which the boy is making his virgin trip collapses and is lost in the fog. Disobeying orders, Widmark sends a second boat to search for the missing boat. He finds the lad and the crew but old Capt. Joy is duty-bound to strip Widmark of his command. The boy, outraged at his grandfather's implacability, asks to be put ashore with Widmark. However, when Capt. Joy falls ill, he turns over command to Widmark. The lad wants to tell his grandfather he's sorry but before he can the boat is rammed by an iceberg and Capt. Joy gets up from his sick bed to take command, thus endangering his life.

No synopsis can do justice to the fine heroism of the story; no description can color the excitement, the suspense; and no words can give you the impact of the moving and tender beauty of the scene between the boy and old captain. You've just got to see it to feel its drama and its inspiration.



Rudy finds himself cut out when he tries to cut in on Professor Van and the campus queen.

MOTHER IS A FRESHMAN (20th) ♦♦♦

It just doesn't seem possible that Loretta Young could be doing a mother role, but that's the story behind "Mother Is a Freshman."

When a depleted bank account threatens daughter Betty Lynn's chances of finishing college, mother Loretta takes advantage of a college scholarship established by her great-grandmother for any student with the name of Abigail Fortitude. Since Loretta's the last of the Abigail Fortitudes, she goes off to Pointer College for higher education and a reprieve from the wolf that's been howling at her door.

Also howling at her door is stodgy family friend Rudy Vallee who has fond hopes of becoming more than just a friend.

The college students don't know of the mother-daughter relationship and they lose little chance to make time with the new campus cutie, Loretta. Conflict arises when daughter Betty's dream professor, Van Johnson, falls in love with Loretta. From this point on the story smacks a bit of "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," but don't let that stop you—it's still fun. You'll enjoy the Technicolor too—especially when you see the sensational wardrobe Loretta Young wears.



A stirring love story is overshadowed by the drama of a revolution in "We Were Strangers."

WE WERE STRANGERS (Columbia) ♦♦♦

If you're looking for a light, amusing romance, this won't fill the bill. But for gripping, tense drama, you'll go for "We Were Strangers"—if you can take it!

Everyone connected with this film can take a bow for his part in this production and every part is a stand-out. Director John Huston piles up another success with this outstanding job, and Jennifer Jones and John Garfield both give inspired performances. It's as though everyone gave their very best for what they knew would be an excellent film.

The story's a grim one of the underground in Cuba back in the early 1930's. When Jennifer's brother is murdered by the tyrants heading a terrorist government, she joins the underground to avenge his death.

The stirring love story between Jennifer and John is outdone in drama only by the exciting and terrifying scenes as members of the underground plot and sweat trying to complete a tunnel, to a tomb in the cemetery where they plan to bomb the tyrants as they attend a funeral.

You'll admire everything about this picture—but it'll take guts to enjoy it.

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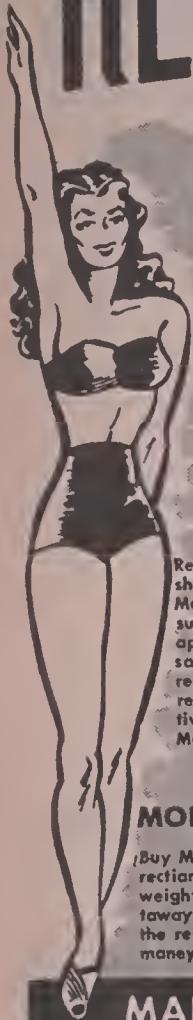
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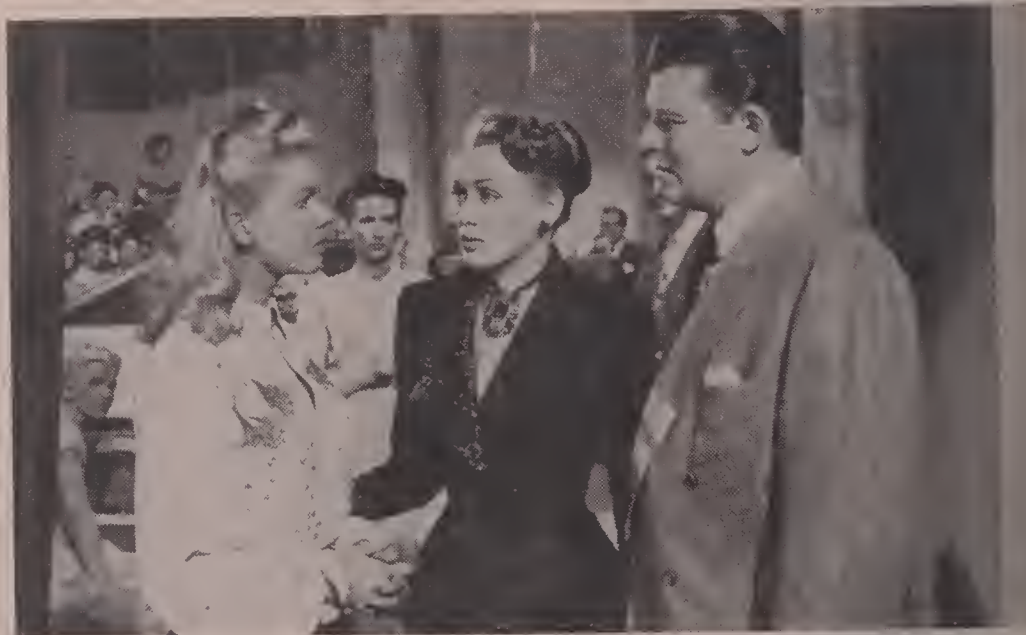
Glenn Ford learns that loyalty to his job might mean endangering wife Nina Foch's life.

THE UNDERCOVER MAN (Columbia) ♦♦ 1/2

It looks as though Hollywood has found, temporarily at least, a "can't miss" formula in documentaries. Producers are still coming up with outstanding stories, clearly told, without all the Hollywood glamor and spectacle that used to have to accompany a picture to keep movie-goers happy. This new one will boost Glenn Ford's stock too. It's his best picture in a long time.

Familiarly, the story's from the Treasury Department's file. This time Glenn's sent to track down "The Big Fellow" and his machine. Since he's evaded all other criminal convictions, Glenn's hoping to pin him for income tax evasion. But terrified, threatened people won't testify for the Government if it means endangering their families' lives. A frightened child, who's seen her father slaughtered in the street and an old woman whose son was murdered by "The Big Fellow" finally give Glenn one thread of information that gives his whole case foundation.

Nina Foch, Barry Kelley, Joan Lazer are excellent—but so is practically everyone in the cast. For intelligent, consistently thrilling entertainment, don't miss "The Undercover Man."



Breaking into radio takes more than moral support from Eve Arden and Jack Carson.

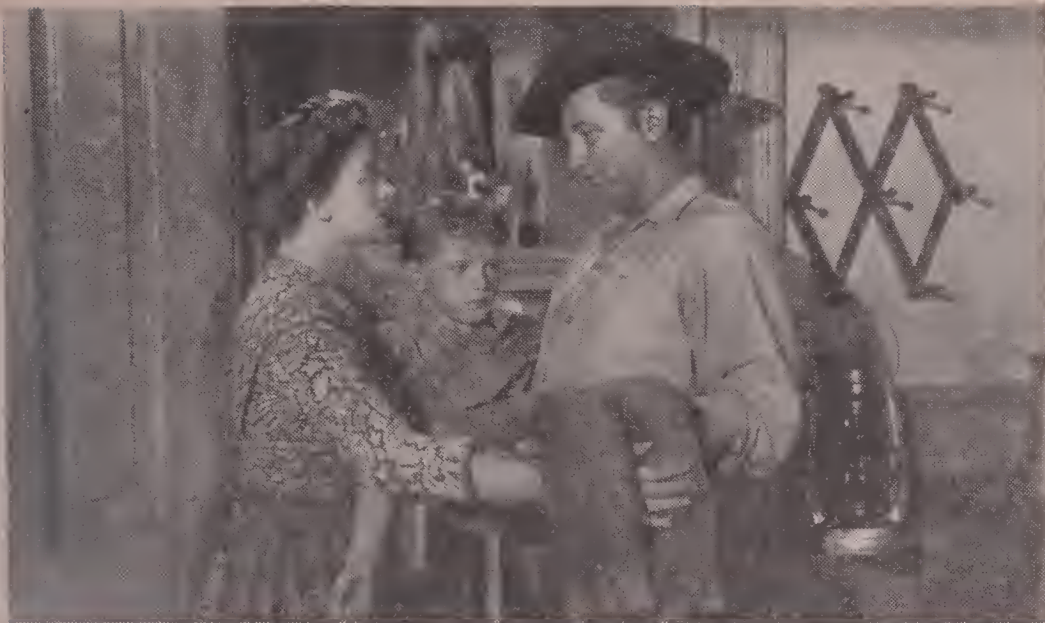
MY DREAM IS YOURS (Warner Brothers) ♦♦

The California Chamber of Commerce may boast about their sunny weather, but Warners' can take credit for the brightest Day on the Hollywood scene—a gal named Doris. In two pictures, she's made two direct hits and if she keeps getting Jack Carson for co-star, supporting players like Eve Arden, Lee Bowman, Adolphe Menjou, and a whole Hit Parade of songs to sing, she'll keep rolling up honors.

The story's not quite up to "Romance on the High Seas," Doris' first, for originality and punch, but you won't mind that. Doris' vitality is enough to keep the picture moving and her tempting delivery makes most any song a hit.

It's the old story about a press agent (Jack Carson) losing his big client, the sensational crooner Gary Mitchell (Lee Bowman) and then trying to build a new star to take his place. Doris is the up-comer and Jack's attempts to put her over make her road to the top anything but smooth.

Eve Arden gives the script a laugh when it's needed most. But you'll really love Doris' chirping "My Dream Is Yours," "Somebody to Love," "I'll String Along with You." For musicalovers, a nice dish. Oh, yes, Technicolor, too!



Robert Mitchum's sincere portrayal of the hired man makes "The Red Pony" a touching film.

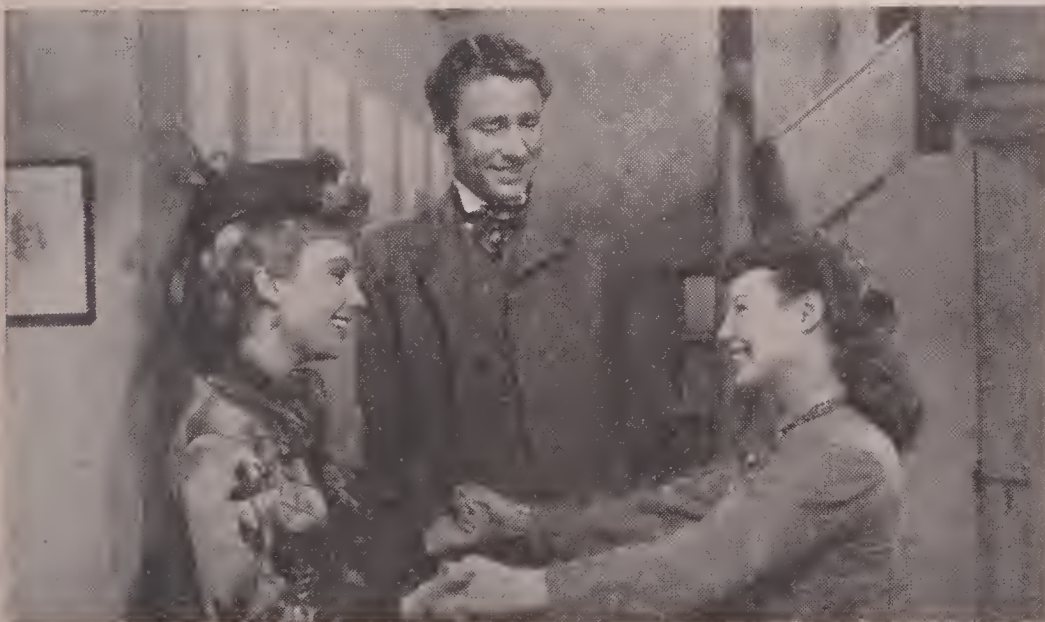
THE RED PONY (Republic)

The casting, direction and appointment of John Steinbeck to write the screenplay for his gentle story, "The Red Pony," have made this a truly touching picture. Except for a few obvious Hollywood touches, the Charles K. Feldman production enhances the heartwarming qualities and beautiful simplicity of the original story. Added to these praises is Aaron Copland's exciting score.

Peter Miles is splendid as the boy whose love for his pony provides the theme of the picture. Robert Mitchum gives an honestly beautiful portrayal of the hired man and Myrna Loy and Shepperd Strudwick give excellent performances as the boy's mother and father.

The one objection to the film is that the family struggles, mirrored in the boy's heartache over his pet's sickness, are never quite satisfactorily resolved.

Although the story is about a child, this is no child's picture, and no child's mind will absorb the implications of the boy's distress. But it's a picture mature people should see and will enjoy—an example of a fine story made into a fine film—a feat not often accomplished these days.



Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Lawford and June Allyson are only a trio from the charming cast.

LITTLE WOMEN (M-G-M)

It is with regret that I must honestly report that the remake of "Little Women" is a disappointment. Somehow the magic of the former version was lost.

No one can blame June Allyson, who as Jo carries the whole burden of the picture. She is charming, warm and convincing, but the job is too much for her.

Janet Leigh plays Meg; lovely Elizabeth Taylor plays Amy, and Margaret O'Brien is Beth. All are competent actresses so that the blame for the wooden production must be placed on Mervyn LeRoy who directed and produced "Little Women." Although the script may well share some of the censure.

Peter Lawford is a sincere Laurie and all the minor parts are performed beautifully. In fact, the parts are so much better than the whole that it is painful to think back of the dreary sequences that should have been warm, tender and dear.

Since everyone fondly remembers the "Little Women" of Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, it might have been wiser to have reissued the old version. Even Technicolor can't keep this one from falling short of the old, more charming one.

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CITY ACROSS THE RIVER (U-I) ♦♦

The title may seem a little obscure at first glance—but it refers to the slums of Brooklyn and sets the theme for the picture's message against juvenile delinquency.

There is a grim reality to the crowded sordid tenement area of the Big City and it makes a powerful backdrop for the strong story about a gang of young hoodlums.

The group is headed by Peter Fernandez (in his first movie) and he's a stand-out.

Individually these boys are all right, but together they constitute a menace.

The local settlement house, headed by director Stephen McNally, offers refuge but the forces of Evil are too much.

This sounds drab, perhaps—but it isn't. The movie has great suspense and a solemn message that everyone should heed.

RED CANYON (U-I) ♦♦

Here's a western to please the taste of all those who favor rootin'-tootin' movies about the wide open spaces.

Based on the novel, "Wildfire," by Zane Grey, this is really the story of a beautiful, wild horse, Black Velvet. How it's captured by Lin Sloane (Howard Duff) and trained by lovely Lucy Bostel (Ann Blyth).

Interest in the animal brings romance to the handsome couple and a great deal of family disapproval. Everything ends in the setting sun tradition.

Supporting cast of George Brent, Edgar Buchanan, John McIntire, Chill Wills and Jane Darwin assures you of smooth performance.

A Technicolor movie is always a treat but the use of it in a western film seems like an extra dividend. The great expanses of the west are breathtaking.

THE GREEN PROMISE (Released thru RKO) ♦♦

The work of the 4-H Clubs gets high praise in this pleasant Glenn McCarthy production.

Farmer Walter Brennan ignores up-to-date farming ideas and continues to till the soil contrary to ideas of county agricultural agent Raymond Paige. Daughter Marguerite Chapman's more sympathetic to the agent's ideas; in fact, she's sympathetic to the agent, too.

When the farmer is injured, daughter and her young sisters and brother run the farm with the handsome agent's assistance. By this time, the youngsters (Natalie Wood, Ted Donaldson, Connie Marshall) have joined the 4-H Club.

Those of you who know all about 4-H Clubs will enjoy this story. If you aren't familiar with the splendid organization, we urge you to check on it immediately.

SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS (Warners) ♦♦

Lots of exciting fights, a yarn about good-fellowship, three handsome leading men and a dancehall singer who doesn't spare the sex-appeal. Who could ask for anything more in a western?

The story's about good friends, Joel McCrea, Zachary Scott and Douglas Kennedy who've had their ranch looted by guerrillas during the last days of the Civil War. They pledge to rebuild the ranch but that takes money. So they join dancehall doll Alexis Smith in her gun-smuggling racket to strengthen their bankrolls. And once again gold proves to be the root of all evil. The three friends are torn apart as the money starts piling in—until the final scene. And what a fight that is! You'll enjoy the thrills, you'll like the Technicolor. Our only objection is too much plot.

THE BRIBE (M-G-M) ♦♦

This thriller rates as exciting. It has a nightmare quality when Robert Taylor stalks Vincent Price. It has exquisite Ava Gardner singing sultry songs in a tropical cafe in Central America.

Taylor is the federal agent sent to apprehend a gang of criminals who are stealing American airplane motors and shipping them out of the country in scrap.

Taylor falls in love with Ava, wife of John Hodiak, one of the criminals, but they never quite trust each other.

This miasma of distrust is fostered by Charles Laughton who gives a superb performance as a beachcomber with bad feet.

Even with such ingredients—fine actors, a stake of a million dollars, a woman of mystery, a storm and a fiesta, complete with spectacular fireworks, we must tell you truthfully, it just misses being a fine melodrama.

A WOMAN'S SECRET (RKO) ♦½

Aside from the provocative title, I find little else to recommend this little picture. It started out as a pretty good idea—Maureen O'Hara, a singer, loses her voice; picks up a stray girl (Gloria Gra-hame) who has a natural voice and proceeds to build her into a radio star.

When Gloria revolts against her rou-tined life, Maureen won't let her throw away her career. In a struggle for a gun, Gloria is shot and Maureen confesses.

In a series of flashbacks, notable for loose ends and unexplained, unmotivated incidents, the truth comes out through the help of Melvyn Douglas, a musician, and J. C. Flippen, the inspector.

Actually, if they had just asked Bill Williams who he was, the mystery would have been cleared up. But then there wouldn't have been any picture . . . I guess there isn't much of one anyway.

JIGSAW (UA) ♦

Chalk this up to a good idea lost somewhere in a blaze of gunplay. The theme—exposing the amalgamation of former gangsters to politicians and Fascists, calls for a Darryl Zanuck. An honest exposé would make a picture of major importance, but "Jigsaw" doesn't scratch the surface.

The D.A. (Franchot Tone) is made a Special Prosecutor to conduct an investigation of the murder of a printer of "hate" literature masking behind the high-falutin' organization called the "Crusaders," which sounds like a K.K.K. group.

Good roles are turned in by Jean Wallace and Marc Lawrence, but Franchot Tone acts embarrassed by the absurdity of the whole picture—and well he should for he certainly knows how taut and exciting this picture could have been.

EL PASO (Paramount) ♦

John Payne is joining Hollywood's glamor boys on the "western" band-wagon. He has the build, the drawl and the quick-draw down pat, but he's undermined by bad direction, bad Cine-color and a shaky script.

When John goes from the law-abiding South to El Paso to see Judge Jeffers (Henry Hull), and renew his friendship with the judge's daughter (Gail Russell), he finds the judge being kept in tow by Sterling Hayden and his lawless mob. So John decides to clean things up—first by legal methods and when that doesn't work, by fighting force with six-shooters.

But justice triumphs. The judge turns the tables on Hayden and joins forces with John—as does Gail, for life.

Gabby Hayes livens things up, but still can't make this top western fare.

BOY WITH A FUTURE

(Continued from page 21)

a year and a half. All during that time, he didn't have a day's work in pictures.

One day, a friend out of the past introduced Keefe to one of Hollywood's most powerful attorneys, Oscar Cummins. He took an immediate liking to Keefe, felt he had ability and talent, and arranged an interview for him with Eagle-Lion studios. This resulted in a year's contract.

For the first time in his life, Keefe knew security. And, perhaps because it was secure the year raced by. At its close, the big economy wave hit Hollywood. Keefe was part of the Big Layoff.

At first, this looked like a break. For Oscar Cummins' interest was undiminished. Furthermore, he was a fighter, and he believed Keefe would become a star overnight if he got a chance at a smash role. That role was the lead in the Mark Hellinger picture, "Knock On Any Door." Oscar cut corners to get a contract for Keefe. The papers were drawn up, ready for signing, when Hellinger died. Eventually, the casting of the picture was resumed, when Humphrey Bogart took over the production, but someone else got the part.

There were a few days when Keefe's usual exuberance failed him. It was a big disappointment, and it was hard living. Then, one day, I saw him again, and his eyes were filled with the same wonderful enthusiasm and love of life. He was the same gay irrepressible kid as always and his Normie was as high-

hearted and optimistic.

He didn't have another picture; but he did have a job. He was selling trucks. He wasn't making much money, so he had started his own Christmas card concern—printing the cards when he got home at night. He looked a little tired; the hours were long—but he was full of plans. It struck me that whatever he did, he always did well. That's why he won't be selling trucks or greeting cards forever.

I'm not worrying about the Keefe Brasselles. For, although Keefe has his eyes on the stars, his feet are on the ground. He's not living in gilded dreams of the future. He's living on the good old American dollar, honestly earned by himself.

This boy with the Irish-blue eyes and the dark brown wavy hair must get a break. There is something in back of his dark good looks that is heart-warming and strictly American. Behind Keefe's steady eyes is the story of all youngness with its hopes and dreams and pride. It's the American story of American youth—gay, undefeatable, gallant, fighting, hard-working: *the American way of having the power to dream and the will to work at anything to make that dream come true.*

By Hollywood standards, Keefe is a long way from his goal. Just the same, I'd like you to meet a young hopeful—Keefe Brasselle, a boy with a future.

THE END

YOUR HOLLYWOOD MEMO FROM THE EDITOR

(Continued from page 26)

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Don't Miss May

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Screen Guide

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STORK
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Why risk the serious consequences of giving your child half-truths, misinformation and fairy stories when she asks natural, innocent questions about sex? Why not tell the truth simply and directly? To assist you in this all-important parental task, PAGEANT has asked Howard Whitman, author of the best-selling book "Let's Tell the Truth About Sex," to set down typical child questions and appropriate answers to cover almost any situation. His frank article in the May PAGEANT contains a wealth of information no modern parent—or any other adult, for that matter—can afford to miss.

Jam-packed with more than 20 timely articles, 48 picture pages and its customary fun-for-everyone special features, America's liveliest pocket-size magazine also brings you in May the startling confession of an atheist, the provocative answers of ten of the Nation's leading economists to the important question, "Will There Be Another Depression?", some new facts on that all too popular ailment "sinus trouble" plus

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Sincerely Yours



Hollywood Takes to the Error

I went to see the picture "Miracle of the Bells" some time ago and noticed an error in the production. I didn't think anything of it because I seldom see mistakes in movies and figured Hollywood was entitled to one or two. But when there was another mistake in "Deep Waters," I decided now is the time to mention them.

In "Miracle of the Bells," the license plate on the hearse was 1947. Why not stay in date with the story (1942)?

In "Deep Waters," the picture was supposed to be very old. In one scene there was an old-fashioned stove with a pipe but in the other corner of the room was a Bendix. Does that make sense?

Such errors should be discovered when the movie is screened before it's shown to the public.

Pauline Semuta

Hazleton, Pennsylvania

Beauty and a Boast

I loved your February issue *except* for one thing: The story "My Beautiful Wife" (Virginia Mayo) by Michael O'Shea. He mentioned that she's often called the "most beautiful blonde in the world." She'd have to go a long way to compare with the most beautiful blonde in the world (Betty Grable). Betty has the face, figure and fan mail. And her husband doesn't have to mention her beauty. The whole world already knows about it!

Bill Hafer

Address Withheld

Casting News

May I make a suggestion? I think that the comic strip, "Terry and the Pirates" would make a wonderful movie. It could be a darling, romantic comedy-drama. The perfect cast would be Lon McCallister as Terry, Mickey Rooney as Hotshot Charlie, Joseph Cotten as Pat Ryan, Lana Turner as Burma and Hedy Lamarr as the Dragon Lady. And filmed in Technicolor, it'd be a smash hit. Or don't other readers think so?

Jane Choate

Kansas City, Missouri

Now that they've made the life story of so many of the composers such as Jerome Kern, Cole Porter and just recently Rodgers and Hart, how about making Richard Whiting's story? Any studio could make his story a hit, and look at the natural casting they could do just by using his daughters as stars. Margaret's a singing star, Barbara's a fine actress and their dad has written such marvelous music! So how about a realistic life story for a change instead of the fictionized versions we've been getting?

Stanley Jensen

Blair, Nebraska

What a Team!

Burt Lancaster has something that the moviegoers go for. Then why is he always stuck with such mediocre scripts? I personally think that Burt and Elizabeth Scott make a swell team so why not let us have more of them with better stories to back them up?

Ruth Smulowitz

Bridgeport, Connecticut

The Family Circle

Thanks a million for the wonderful story about Gene Autry in *Movieland* a while back. Let's have more typical American stories like that which seem to be so rare in Hollywood. More stories like the happily married folks would be appreciated instead of stories about how many divorces the stars get and which marriage they're on now.

Marie Ellen

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

An Early-Temple Fan

Shirley Temple was my idol when I was small because we were the same age. I simply adored her then, and still do. But not as a grown-up! She's no doubt a wonderful wife and mother but for my dough she's not a great actress. She's pretty, yes, but not the cute-pretty she used to be. And to top it all off, she gets flat lines. So how about trying to reissue some of her old pictures. Everyone would enjoy them much more than the mediocre new Temple pictures.

B. Johnston

Rhineland, Wisconsin

Come Again, Clift

After seeing "The Search" and "Red River" I am sure that Hollywood has finally come up with an actor worth seeing again and again. This is none other than Montgomery Clift. He seems natural and from the things they've said about him—his friends, that is—I can't imagine that he's anything but a normal, intelligent and most interesting person. There are rumors that he's conceited, hard to work with and uncooperative. I take that with a grain of salt.

Anna Ackley

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Oh! No, John!

A few weeks ago, I saw "Three Godfathers" with John Wayne and now I'm sorry I did. I had never seen a picture with John Wayne that I didn't like but this one just didn't give him a chance. After such a wonderful film like "Wake of the Red Witch," it's a shame to mar his record with a dud. He's swell in adventure yarns and a more perfect cowboy you couldn't find—but please, give him good stories, good directors. Who knows, he might be Award material!

Anna Keco

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Frank Sinatra Tips Off June Graduates

APR 25 1949

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Movieland

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- LANA TURNER
- MONTGOMERY CLIFT
- ELIZABETH TAYLOR
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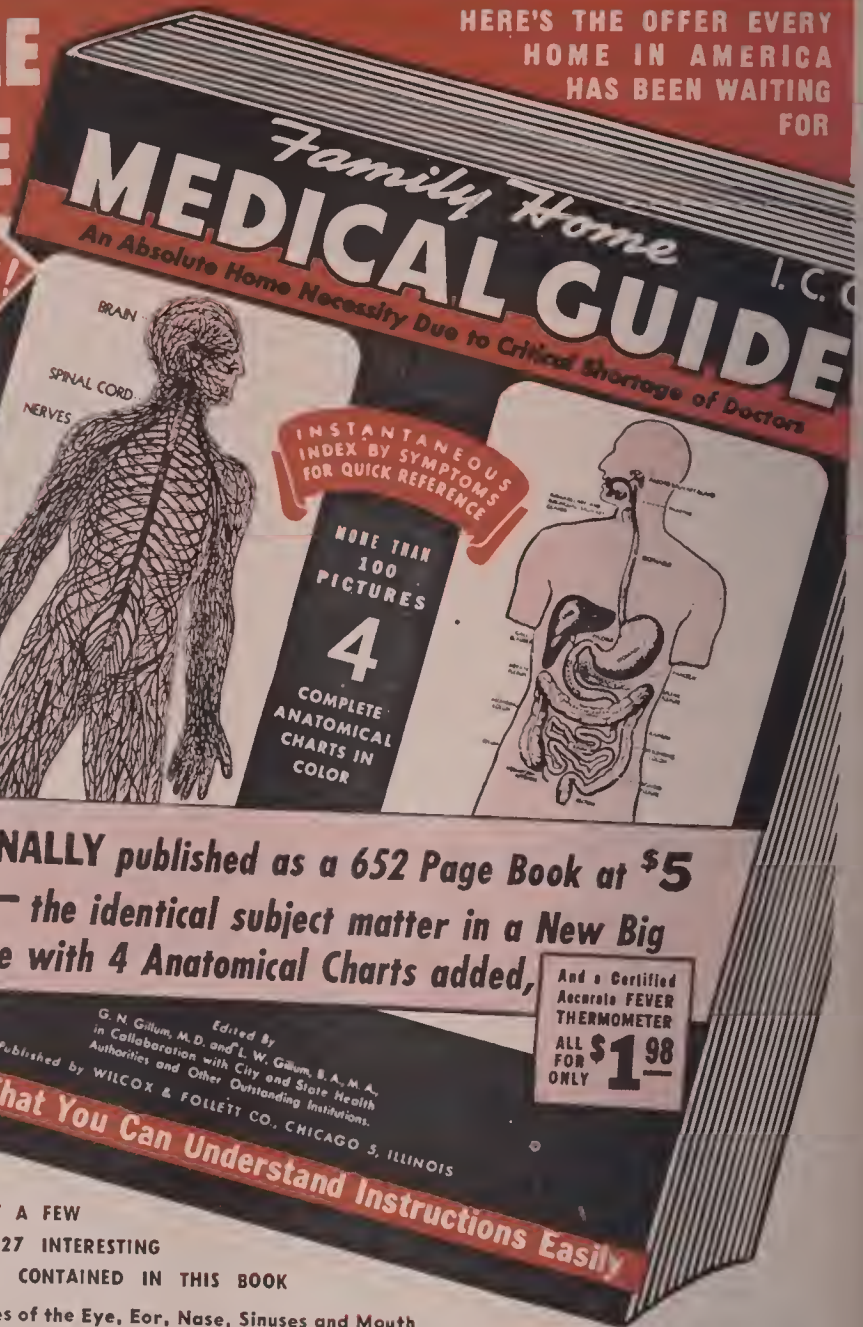
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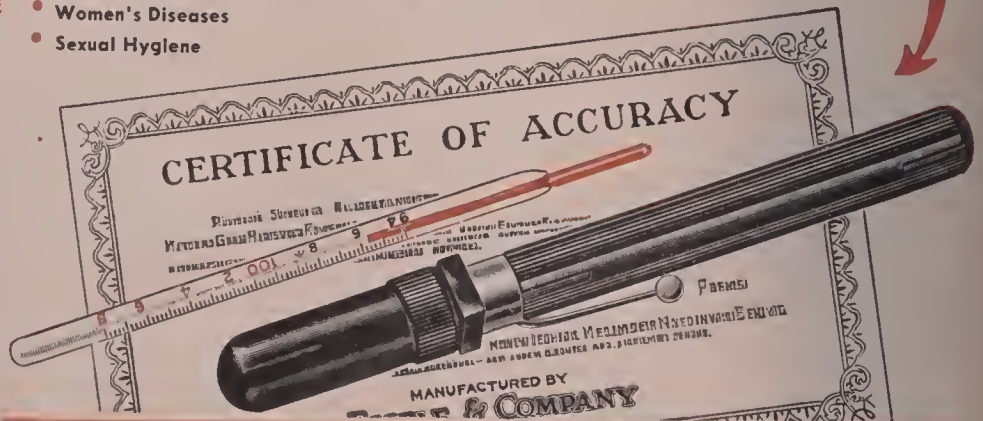
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as husbands go,
and as husbands go
... he went!



She's just what the
doctor ordered to
make the Judge forget...
and give him
something to remember!

The Judge

Steps

Out *and how!*

They're out of this world,
and sitting pretty
in sunny California
... while Boston burns!



ALEXANDER KNOX · ANN SOTHERN
in
The Judge Steps Out

with
GEORGE TOBIAS · SHARYN MOFFETT · FLORENCE BATES · FRIEDA INESCORT · MYRNA DELL

Produced by MICHEL KRAIKE · Directed by BORIS INGSTER
Screen Play by BORIS INGSTER and ALEXANDER KNOX





★ Born in Lucerne, New York, with a twinkle in her eye and rhythm in her feet, June Allyson was an avid movie fan who would see musicals dozens of times over. Her enthusiasm led her to start dancing herself, without benefit of teacher.

★ After graduating from high school she tried Broadway—and it should surprise no one that she was a success. After learning the ropes in the chorus line, she was given That Big Chance, a solo. She turned out to be a sure-fire show-stopper.

★ That won her an M-G-M contract, and she appeared in several hit musicals including "Meet the People." It was while working on this picture that she met Dick Powell, whom she married on August 19, 1945.

★ You'll remember June as the acting-singing-dancing lead in "Two Girls and a Sailor," and her fine performance in "Music for Millions." Then came her biggest success up to that time, "Two Sisters from Boston." For her reward, stardom. Hollywood's top-most rung achieved, she added to her laurels by her performances in "Good News" and "Words and Music."

★ June Allyson is gaining a well-earned reputation as one of Hollywood's most versatile young stars. Before her fine dramatic acting in "The Three Musketeers" and "Little Women," she proved herself a delightful comedienne in "The Bride Goes Wild." Hers is a vital, appealing personality that lends radiance to any role.

★ One of Hollywood's friendliest people, June is unaffected, sincere, brimming over with energy. A mere description of her—blonde hair, blue eyes, a diminutive five feet one, 97 pounds—hardly hints at her charm. You'll find her more radiant than ever in that true-life romance, "The Stratton Story," in which she is ideally teamed with Jimmy Stewart. We urge you to see it.

Life and Love in Hollywood

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Our glamorous cover couple is June Allyson and Dick Powell. For more about Dick and his darling, Junie, read their enchanting love story on page 48.

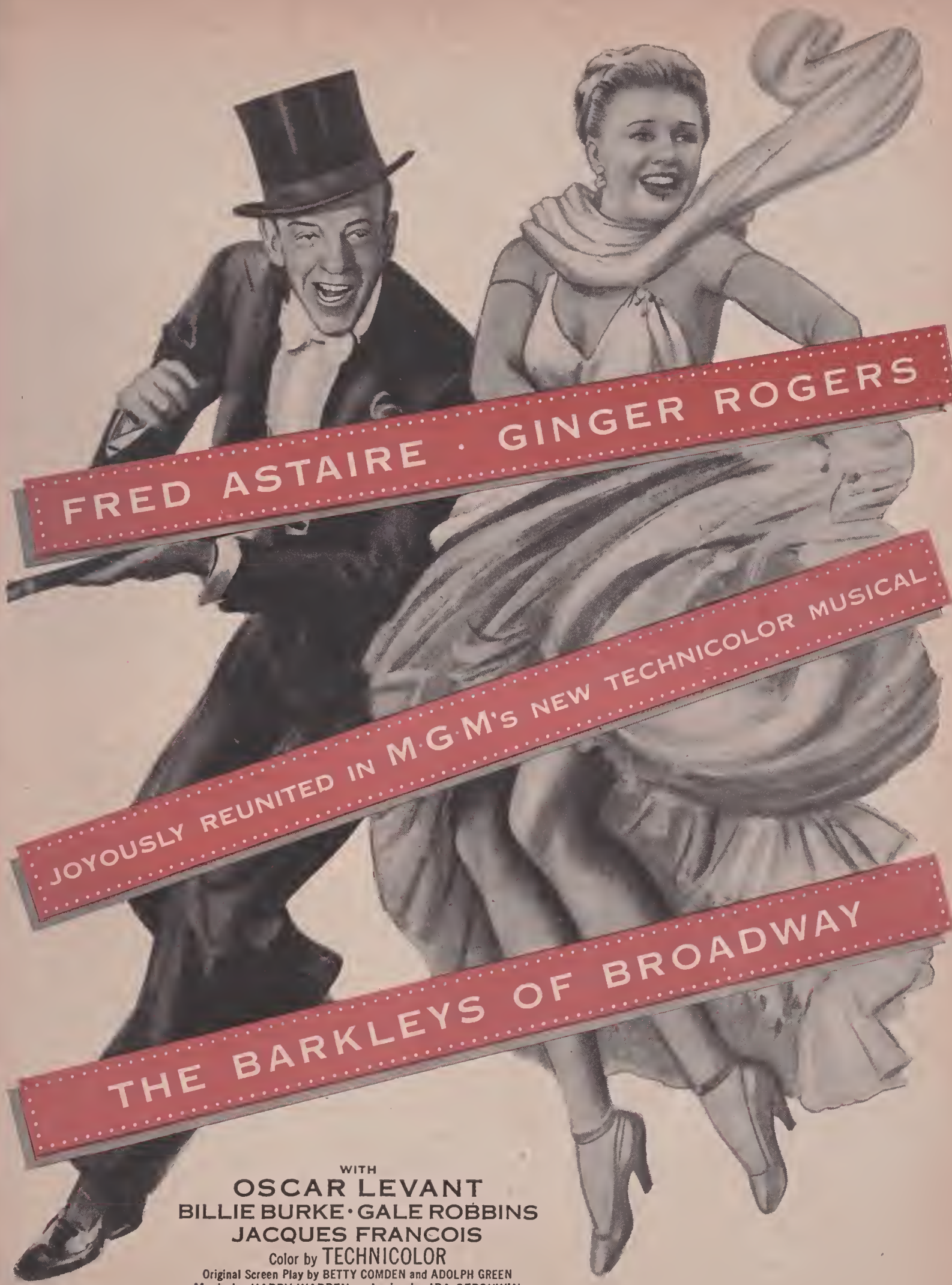
Peg Nichols, Managing Editor	Velma Scott, Assistant Editor
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Frank Friedrichsen, Associate Editor	Robert Crosett, Art Editor
	Walter Davis { Joe Shere { Staff Photographers

Beatrice Lubitz Cole, Editorial Director

MOVIELAND, published monthly by Movieland, Inc., at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Advertising, editorial offices: 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood editorial office: 916 No. La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Chicago advertising office: 333 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Vol. 7 No. 5, June, 1949. Entered as second-class matter December 15, 1942, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price 25c a copy. Subscription price \$3.00 in the United States and \$3.00 in Canada. Copyright 1949 by Movieland, Inc. The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the United States of America. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

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A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Now that Audie Murphy's such a success in "Bad Boy," fans are clamoring for a screen-teaming with wife Wanda Hendrix.

Young, Gay HOLLYWOOD



Those stars in Jane Powell's eyes aren't from spot lights! She's in love—with skater Geary Steffen.



They're in love and don't care who knows it! Elizabeth Taylor wipes lipstick from Lt. Glenn Davis after their warm greeting at Miami airport.



Sighs of envy were heard all over the place when Roddy McDowall squired pretty Terry Moore to Hollywood premiere of "Bad Boy."



When Ann Blyth's not busy filming "Come Be My Love," she's apt to be in the company of handsome actor Richard Long.

... where success comes
early enough so that youth can
enjoy the money and the fame



Society reporters are busy trying to track down rumors that the Bob Stack-Irene Wrightsman romance is through.



Seems that Howard Duff has switched to Marta Toren. So have a lot of fans after seeing the pretty Swedish star in her sensational film, "Illegal Entry."



You can be sure Joan Fontaine heard all about Burt Lancaster's new film, "Rope of Sand," when they appeared on a recent CBS Lux Radio Theater show.



Depend on Celeste Holm's smile to brighten corners! She's with mate, Schuyler Dunning.



Rod Cameron and his mother drew votes for "Cutest Couple" at the "Bad Boy" premiere.



No one's happier than Vincente Minnelli that Judy Garland's looking so well these days.

Inside Hollywood

By BEATRICE LUBITZ COLE

Hollywood's stars are outdazzling the stars in the sky—with elaborate parties, glamorous romances

★ Mickey Rooney would like to get his ex-wife Ava Gardner to co-star with him in his independent picture, "Quicksand." The best way to keep a co-star in the family is to stay married to her. Since Mickey's divorce from Ava, she's become the hottest property in town. We doubt whether Darryl Zanuck could borrow her, much less the Mick. We still have our doubts about Mickey marrying Martha Vickers, although they do say that Martha's filling up that hopechest very rapidly. Ava, in the meanwhile, has shifted her attention, if not her affection, from Howard Duff to Peter Lawford. We can't see anything serious there. Seems strictly a matter of companionship. Ava's

always let it be known that she wasn't in love with Duff or any other fellow for that matter, since her divorce from Artie Shaw. Is Artie still on her mind?

* * *

The \$64 question in Hollywood this month is the status of Cary Grant and Betsy Drake. We've done a deal of probing on the matter and our inside sources tell us that they're not married, and that they're not likely to be married—unless Betsy has a change of mind. She has a right to be very grateful to Cary, but gratitude and love are two different things. In this case, it seems to be a case of gratitude on
(Please turn to page 10)

'MILDRED PIERCE' DOES IT AGAIN...and everybody tells!

JOAN CRAWFORD



A
WRONG
GIRL
FOR THE
RIGHT SIDE
OF THE
TRACKS!

"See
you
on
Flamingo Road"

FLAMINGO ROAD

ALSO STARRING

ZACHARY SCOTT SYDNEY GREENSTREET
DAVID BRIAN

SCREEN PLAY BY
ROBERT WILDER
ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE
BY EDMUND H. NORTH
BASED ON A PLAY BY
ROBERT AND SALLY WILDER



DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ
PRODUCED BY
JERRY WALD





Kirk Douglas had to learn all about boxing for his role in "Champion" so co-star Ruth Roman was briefed by fighter Mushy Callahan. In all the excitement of the "Bad Boy" premiere this little fan almost forgot she wanted autographs of Alan Ladd and Sue Carol.



Paulette Goddard's tree-happy with gift of 3,000 trees from U. S. Forestry Department. They arrived on set of "Anna Lucasta."



Screen meanie Richard Widmark pays the price—of two tickets for performance of "What Price Glory." He looks a bit self-conscious as he shells out, too.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*
continued

Betsy's part rather than love.

David Niven denies that he's leaving Hollywood to take up a simple life in England, as we reported recently. Our source was a London newspaper which quoted David freely to the effect that he was selling his Hollywood home and returning to England to live and work. But

when David got back to Hollywood, his quotes were quite different. We think David actually would like to live in England (substituting his Hollywood mansion for a cottage) but he's still got a practical eye for those fabulous Hollywood salaries; hence the doubletalk.

Columbia Studios believes that after Rita Hayworth has had her honeymoon with Aly Khan, she will be coming back home to finish out her contract. They're not pushing her. After all, a girl with a prospective husband worth millions, can't

be pushed! The studio thinks that after her emotions have calmed down, Rita will return to work of her own accord.

A special guy was sent down to Los Angeles jail to beg Bob Mitchum to have no more pictures taken of himself in prison uniform. Bob refused to heed the plea. He said, "Most of the press has always been very good to me, and if taking pictures of me helps them to make a living, how can I turn them down?" And he didn't. That's one rea-
(Please turn to page 12)



BLOW BY BLOW...KISS BY KISS...HE WAS THE CHAMPION

Screen Plays Corp. presents

KIRK DOUGLAS
in Ring Lardner's

"CHAMPION"
Co-starring

MARILYN MAXWELL • ARTHUR KENNEDY
with PAUL STEWART • RUTH ROMAN • LOLA ALBRIGHT

Produced by STANLEY KRAMER
Associate Producer Robert Stillman • Directed by Mark Robson
Screenplay by Carl Foreman • Released thru United Artists

I H inside Hollywood

continued

son why Hollywood loves Bob, and why most everybody in town was sorry when he made a mis-step. He didn't beef about having to take his medicine, so we're strictly in favor of giving him another chance.

* * *
When Elizabeth Taylor was in England she was called for a date by a Hollywood star who happened to be in the country at the same time. The boy just wanted to take her for dinner, but Elizabeth said, "Fine if my mother can come along, too." The fellow didn't have anything against her mother, but he said no to Elizabeth's proposition. He wanted to spend the evening in solitude if he couldn't be with Elizabeth alone. That all adds up to the fact that Miss Taylor must have her mind very much on her fiance, Glenn Davis, and she's not going to let any gossip interfere with her romance.

* * *
Myrna Loy, still one of the most popular actresses in Hollywood, is another star who has found Europe to her liking. She has notified friends that she and husband Gene Markey may be gone from Hollywood for a long time yet to come. That'll be sad news, because any studio in Hollywood would be very happy to snag her for a picture. But Myrna's worked hard, and during the war she proved that a film career was not the most important thing in her life. She deliberately forsook that career to work with the Red Cross.

(Please turn to page 17)



Friendly smiles of Edward G. Robinson and wife were for fans who were on hand as stars arrived at Hollywood premiere of Italian film, "Paisan."



Here's real concentration! James Mason gets in the mood during CBS' "Suspense" show.



How's Champion going to like the mustache Gene Autry wears in "Rim of the Canyon"?



Still one of the handsomest romantic duos in town: Gail Russell and Guy Madison. But they're not giving out with any marriage talk.



Yvonne De Carlo and stunt man Jock O'Mahoney are keeping their romance to themselves. But isn't that a gleam in Yvonne's eye?

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*Tense moments . . .
shocking facts . . .
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in JOHN HUSTON'S

WE WERE STRANGERS

with Gilbert Roland • Ramon Novarro • Wally Cassell • David Bond • Screen Play by PETER VIETTEL and JOHN HUSTON
from Robert Sylvester's novel 'ROUGH SKETCH' • AN HORIZON PRODUCTION • Directed by JOHN HUSTON • Produced by S. P. EAGLE

The eyes of
 Texas were upon
 Hollywood
 stars when
 Glenn McCarthy
 opened his
 out-of-this-
 world Shamrock
 Hotel



All aboard! Wallace Ford, Dennis O'Keefe, Dorothy Lamour, Ruth Warrick, Peggy Cummins, Pat O'Brien, Robert Paige, Ellen Drew board special Glenn McCarthy limited—from Pasadena to Texas.

Lone

Star



Date

★ Hollywoodians thought they had seen everything until Texas tycoon Glenn McCarthy invited them to the gala opening of his monumental Houston hotel, The Shamrock.

Here stars wine, dined, relaxed, enjoyed themselves to the hilt and left convinced that when bigger and better things are done, they'll be done in Texas—by Glenn McCarthy.

(Please turn to page 16)



Loyal Texans out-vied each other entertaining the stars. Former Governor Wm. Hobby and wife tossed a cocktail shindig, met Mr. and Mrs. Van Heflin.



On the train, Mac Carey set style note by donning tiny white bow tie like ones worn by dining car waiters.

Sometimes women have to carry the banners

PERHAPS you'll see the story of Joan of Arc, as portrayed on the screen by Miss Ingrid Bergman.

It's a thrilling episode in the world's history, proving that sometimes a *woman* must take the lead in the fight she believes in.

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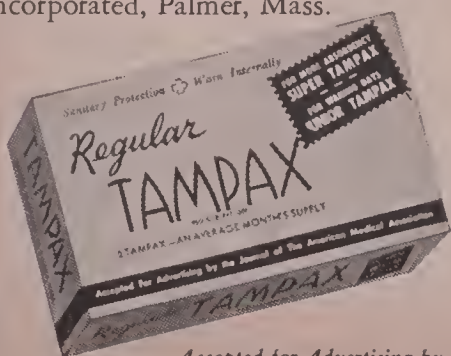


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Portrait of hotel owner McCarthy which hangs in Shamrock lobby, confused Texans when Bob Preston stood in front of it. Gale Storm and Lee Bonnell could see why it would!



Beautiful Emerald Room couldn't compete with Sonja Henie's fabulous jewels. She and mother, Selma Henie, were among distinguished Hollywoodians.



Good Time Was Had By All Dept: Constance Moore (left) found Dennis O'Keefe funny, when he was trying to "knight" surprised Selene Waters.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD (Cont.)

Could those secret visits that Claudette Colbert's been making to an obstetrician's office mean that she's expecting the stork?

* * *

At long last Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor will get their trip abroad together. They'll go to Europe in August, tour Switzerland and Southern France by automobile, and next year they have a trip planned for China. This means that Barbara, who's been moving from one picture to the other, is planning to cut down on her film work.

* * *

Franchot Tone is the most difficult man in Hollywood to get hold of these days. He and his ex-wife, Jean Wallace, are still living under the same roof, but going their separate ways. Seems the reason Franchot is keeping on the go is that he prefers not to have questions asked about his marital status.

* * *

Jeanette MacDonald has had a silver streak bleached into her hair. She likes it, but her fans don't. They've raised such a ruckus that Jeanette will return to her natural red hair.

* * *

On the screen Betty Hutton may be slightly on the screwball side, but in real life she has proved to be an amazingly good mother. Visitors to her house always come away remarking on how well Betty is training her children. She even puts candy on the table and trains them not to touch it. In the nursery, of course, they can have full leeway. Incidentally, Betty's already planning another date with the stork in the near future. She wants five children.

* * *

Hollywood believes that Elizabeth Taylor and Glenn Davis will be married within a year, despite Elizabeth's youth. The two are very much in love, and we expect them to pull a Shirley Temple and not wait very long to do their altar march.

* * *

Ann Sothorn's career got a shot in the arm with "Letter to Three Wives." She had a long, hard fight to break her type-casting as Maisie, but looks like she's won. Incidentally, she plans a baby girl as a playmate for her little daughter, Tish. This would indicate that she's contemplating another marriage in the near future.

* * *

Broadway is trying to lure Ruth Hussey back but she intends to stick to Hollywood. The last time she went back for a long stay on the stage, her movie career took a dive and she doesn't want to risk that again. We predict that "The Great Gatsby," in which Ruth co-stars with Alan Ladd, will put her at the top of the movie ladder again.

* * *

Plenty of blind items have been floating about that the great Italian director Roberto Rossellini would marry one of our top Hollywood stars. We see little basis to the rumors because the star herself is married, and Rossellini is supposed to be engaged to an Italian actress. We hear from Italy that he's very much in love with her.

* * *

Montgomery Clift, who has all the eligible gals in Hollywood drooling, evidently doesn't plan to settle down in the movie capitol at all. He's planning to buy himself a hideaway, but not in Beverly Hills. It will be in Europe.

(Please turn to page 83)

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Keefe Brasselle believes in miracles—since Ida Lupino read our story about

★ Remember Keefe Brasselle, the kid you read about last month in MOVIELAND? He was selling trucks, waiting for the big Hollywood break. He was supporting his wife, Normie, and little five-year-old "Mickie" Brasselle. Times were lean, but his hopes were still high. For, just around the corner . . . perhaps . . . lay fame and fortune.

But, because Hollywood's heart is all too often buried under reams of red tape,

he didn't know how to get the chance to prove himself, how to get someone in the business of making pictures to believe in him. These things nagged at MOVIELAND'S Keefe Brasselle as the days sped by.

Still, miracles do happen. In this case, the miracle was Ida Lupino, one of the most warm, human, sensitive and intelligent women in this or any town. Ida picked up a copy of MOVIELAND one

day and saw Keefe's picture. There was something about his smile that stopped her glance. She started to read his story.

There was the part about his lead in the old Gloria Jean picture, "River Gang." "So he's experienced?" said Ida, thoughtfully. There was the part about almost getting the lead in the Mark Hellinger picture, "Knock on Any Door." "And Hellinger believed in him," mused Ida aloud.

By ALYCE CANFIELD

MOVIELAND

Discovers

a Star!

*Dear Miss Cole,
I almost dislike writing
to thank you and Movieland
for what you've both done
for me because I don't want
to go overboard and sound
insincere.*

*Believe me when I say, it
is the nicest thing that has
ever happened for me. My
wife, Normie, and "Mickie" are
as happy now as we can
ever hope to be. Thank
you again for all you've
done for me
I won't let you down.
Keefe Brasselle*



Ida Lupino knew what she wanted when she spied Keefe's picture, read his story. He'll have a role in her film, "Not Wanted."



him in *Movieland* . . .

Then she came to the part in the article where Keefe and his wife, Normie, had lived on Wheaties for two weeks. It was then that she picked up the phone.

I will never forget the morning she called. As I answered the phone, her deep, throaty voice came over the line. "Miss Canfield," said the exciting voice, "this is Ida Lupino. I would like to talk to you about the article you wrote on Keefe Brasselle in *MOVIELAND*. I'm casting my first production for Film Classics, 'Not Wanted'."

Her words were like an invitation to a dance. The things I knew about Keefe, his youngness, his gallantry, his courage, his heart, his ability all came tumbling out over the phone.

Ida listened. "I'd like to interview him for my production," she said. "Of course we have a certain mental image of the boy who should play the lead. Promise me that if he doesn't fit, you won't be too disappointed. When can he see my co-producer, Anson Bond, at Emerald Productions?"

I hesitated. "His job . . ." I said, uncertainly. "He's selling trucks, you know, and he doesn't get off until five."

"We mustn't take him away from his job," said Ida. "How about five-thirty tomorrow afternoon?"

When I called Keefe I was so excited, I could hardly talk. Yet I knew that, despite Ida's interest and my hopes and *MOVIELAND*'s sponsorship, it was now up to him. He would either deliver or fail.

The next day, again after working hours, Ida Lupino saw Keefe. She told me afterwards, "You know how you have a mental image of how a character should look? When Keefe walked into the room it was as if Drew Baxter had walked in."

Now, Ida has always believed that most auditions were no real indication of talent because strange stages or auditoriums scare even seasoned troupers. Therefore, every single person she auditioned for "Not Wanted" came to her house. She talked to them all first, told them a little of the story. Then she sent them into another room to get acquainted with the lines.

(Please turn to page 92)



If you think Keefe is happy—just take a look at wife Normie and 5-year-old Mickie.

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H *inside*
H *Hollywood*
 continued

The stars pay homage to their favorites at the most exciting social event of the year—the annual Academy Awards presentation



"I know just how you feel," Loretta Young assures Academy Award winner Jane Wyman after presenting "Oscar" to her. Remember Loretta won prized statue at last year's presentation.



Claire Trevor, Walter Huston got awards for best supporting roles. John Huston got Oscar for directing "Treasure of Sierra Madre."

ARE YOU, TOO, RUINING YOUR MARRIED HAPPINESS

... because you don't know



Runner-up Barbara Stanwyck and husband Bob Taylor were on hand to watch winners.



Howard Duff and Ava Gardner joined the after-awards dinner crowd at the Mocambo.



Picturesque gown worn by Liz Taylor made a hit with crowd and best beau Glenn Davis.



If only you'd learn these

INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS

you can trust!

Have you noticed that nice husband of yours staying out more often with the boys? Or, if he does remain at home, do you notice an indifference—almost a resentment on his part? Now 'fess up! Didn't it ever occur to you that the wife herself is often the guilty one?

If only young wives would realize how necessary vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *married happiness*—to combat offensive vaginal odor. If only wives would learn why they should always use ZONITE in their douche!

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Written, Directed and Produced by
PRESTON STURGES
A Screen Play Based on a Story by Earl Felton

20th
CENTURY-FOX



A toast to the winners! Barbara Bel Geddes is hoping her turn will come next year.



"Oscar" is thrilling; so is Ava Gardner! Orville Dull won for best documentary.



Sid Grauman's award was exciting. Grand old man dozed while waiting for photographers.

20th
CENTURY-FOX

with
CESAR ROMERO · RUDY VALLEE · OLGA SAN JUAN
and STERLING HOLLOWAY · HUGH HERBERT
EL BRENDEL · PORTER HALL · PATI BEHRS
Written, Directed and Produced by
PRESTON STURGES
A Screen Play Based on a Story by Earl Felton

Sid Grauman's award was exciting. Grand old man dozed while waiting for photographers.



The Winners! Douglas Fairbanks Jr. accepted Best Actor award for Sir Laurence Olivier; Claire Trevor; Jerry Wald (won the Thalberg Award); Jane Wyman and Walter Huston.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*
 continued



Weary but so happy, Jane Wyman left Mocambo party with favorite escort, Lew Ayres. Fans waited outside for autographs. Jane signed happily, but held "Oscar" close to her.



Thrill of a lifetime! Jane Wyman embraced Claire Trevor right after she got her award.



Little Cheryl stayed with Lana and Bob for a while but returned to California with her grandmother.



Says Lana: I've never been happier in my life, and I think that goes for my husband, Bob Topping, too.

Lana



★ When Lana Turner lost her unborn baby a few months ago, her doctors, fearful of the mental and physical depression which usually follows such accidents, advised Lana to return to work as soon as possible.

The physicians believed that such activity would take Lana's mind off her loss, would help her forget, and would keep up her lagging spirits.

Lana was completely prepared to heed their advice and return to the cameras in California. But when she called her studio, M-G-M, and asked when they wanted her to make an appearance, she discovered, surprisingly enough, that Metro had no screen play prepared for her and probably would not have one until June of this year.

What to do from May until June then became Lana's problem.

Now actually, what to do with your spare time isn't very much of a problem when you're Lana Turner and you're married to a handsome millionaire named Bob Topping.

Just about twenty million other girls in this country would like to be faced with a similar dilemma.

Anyway, the first thing Lana did this Spring was to take her daughter, Cheryl, and send her back to California in care of Mildred Turner.

"I'll meet you and Cheryl on the Coast in a few months," Lana told her mother, "and until then, I think Bob and I will spend some time in Florida."

With mother and child gone, Lana then entrained for Clearwater, Florida. When Lana and Bob arrived in that sunny, tropical Gulf town, they found the Topping yacht, "The Snuffie," tied up in port.

"How'd you like to cruise the Caribbean?" Bob asked his wife. Lana blew him a little feather of a smile. "I've never been there before," she said. "I think I'd love it."

So, Bob and Lana boarded the "Snuffie" and headed out to sea.

It was while these two (*Please turn to page 82*)

Talks!

Flash! MOVIELAND telephoned
Lana Turner for this first
shore-to-ship interview ever
published in a fan magazine

By CHARLES NORCROSS



While I don't know when I'll
make my next picture, I do
know I'll make films as long
as my public wants to see me.

Liz's beautiful bridal gown in M-G-M's "Conspirator" may have given her ideas about a real-life marriage to Glenn Davis.

Are movie actresses jealous of one another? Three top-notch stars reveal themselves in this warm tribute to their co-worker, Liz Taylor

We adopted

Liz



By JANET LEIGH

It always amazes me, for at least a second or two, when people rave about Elizabeth's beauty. Not because I fail to agree, but because there is so very much more to Liz, the lovely, than her fabulous face. She is so much more a *person*, than a great beauty.

She's a fun girl—just about the most fun I've ever known.

For instance: I decided that I was going to correct one of her bad habits: her practice of sliding out of her slippers. You see, Elizabeth is a sworn enemy of shoes. She hates them.

On the sound stage, in her dressing room, before the fireplace at the home of a friend, even in the Metro Commissary, you (*Please turn to page 84*)



By MARGARET O'BRIEN

I never dreamed, the first time I saw Elizabeth Taylor, that some day she and I would be make-believe sisters!

I first saw her in "National Velvet" riding The Pi, and I decided to be just like her. It nearly broke my heart when I discovered, after about three riding lessons, that I was allergic to horses.

I had to give up the idea of being like Elizabeth, but when we were both cast in "Little Women" I hoped that I could get to know her real well. After all, I haven't a sister of my own, so it seemed like a good idea to adopt all three of the playlike March girls.

In the picture, Elizabeth wears a blonde wig. She is so pretty that she looks more (*Please turn to page 84*)



By JUNE ALLYSON

There are at least a dozen reasons why I have adopted Elizabeth, but I'll begin with my top favorite reason. She and I were staring into the same make-up mirror on the set of "Little Women" one morning when she burst out suddenly, "I wish I looked like you. I wish I had your pert nose, and your heavy head of soft brown hair. I think you're one of the most *exciting* looking girls I have ever seen."

Naturally, I began to think very highly of Elizabeth's generous nature.

I stood beside her and stared at the fabulous Taylor face. I tried to say something adequate to the situation, but I was stumped. What could I say to the girl who is considered by every photographer (*Please turn to page 85*)





No one can resist the friendliness of those Bill Holdens. I really look forward to baby-sitting at their house!

sitting Pretty

Brenda posed here just for me. I love the way she gets things ready for dinner at home.

By VIRGINIA HALLECK

Our baby-sitting author discovers

just what makes Bill Holden and his

charming family so wonderful



★ I'd like to know: Is it age, experience, or female fickleness that makes a girl change her mind? I've changed mine a dozen times in the last year and I haven't much left to tinker with.

When I first started my part-time career as a Hollywood baby sitter, Gary Cooper was my ideal. I thought he represented all in American manhood that is gentle, wise and strong.

I then switched my allegiance to Van Johnson. I adored Van, plaid shirts, jeans, motorcycles, and all. But when he got married, I turned to the intellectuals. I collected pictures of Ray Milland, Orson Welles, and Lassie. That phase soon passed.

In swift succession I idolized the underprivileged or John Garfield types; the dashing swains like Cornel Wilde and Errol Flynn; the riotous comedians, Dan Dailey and Bob Hope, and finally the troubled psyches, Robert Walker and Bob Mitchum. I was so unstable I was practically ready for a psychiatrist myself.

Four hit pictures have put Bill Holden high in popularity polls. His next, "Dear Wife."



And then my job as Baby Sitter took me to Bill Holden's house.

Now I have a new idol. Wholesome, handsome, athletic, intelligent, and well-adjusted, Bill Holden is definitely my favorite actor . . . and a right nice guy.

Whenever Bill and Ardis (better known to movie goers as Brenda Marshall) get stuck for someone to watch the children, I "sit" with Virginia, age 12, West, 5, and Scott, 2½. I get to browse through their library, watch their television set, take a coke from their refrigerator, and sit by their fireplace.

After six months of such delightful work, I was talking things over with Duke one night—he's the Holdens' German shepherd dog—and we agreed that Bill is a happy combination of rugged, outdoorsy Cooper; friendly, freckled Van; and shrewd, intelligent Milland. He's really all my old favorites packed into one.

Before the Army had a job for him, Bill was quite a hobbyist and sportsman. He owned one of the best gun collections in Hollywood. He had a boat called "The Brenda," and the Holden backyard was partly covered by a badminton court. Today, however, he's so busy making pictures that he never goes hunting.

In fact, he sold the guns as soon as West reached toddler stage. He didn't want any tragic accidents in his family. The fishing, sailing, and badminton also went by the board. He simply gave up all hobbies in favor of work and family.

"What do I want with a hobby?" I overheard Bill ask Andy Hickox, his business manager. "My job's so fascinating I don't need any side interests. And besides I get plenty of exercise making pictures."

Bill Holden's attitude is typical of many Army veterans I know. He feels that he lost time during the war. He was out of pictures for four years and

sitting Pretty continued



he's rushing to make up for the loss of public favor and, let's face it, money.

Bill's managing pretty well, however. In the past year he's finished five pictures: "The Man from Colorado," "Apartment for Peggy," "Rachel and the Stranger," "Dark Past" and "Dear Wife." Of these, two were westerns and that's where Bill gets his exercise. He loves riding and when he can combine it with picture-making, he's really living.

"If you want the plain truth," says Ardis, with resignation, "Bill's a woodsman at heart. When he was on location at Eugene, Oregon, making 'Rachel and the Stranger,' he worked outdoors for over two months. Offhand, you'd think that would be enough fresh air for a full-blooded Indian. But no! The night Bill invited the cast for dinner, he bought a Sears Roebuck portable grill and cooked the steaks outside. That's Bill for you." (Please turn to page 78)

Can you blame Bill and Brenda for being proud of their family? That's West next to Bill, then Virginia and my darling, 2½-year-old Scott.



I ask you, how could I pay attention to Brenda's instructions with little Scott making this acrobatic survey of refrigerator goodies.



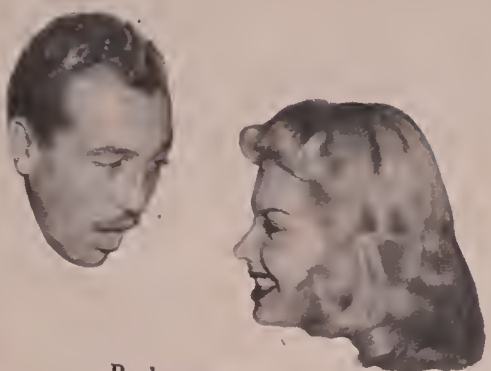
Temperament doesn't rate in this household. The youngsters are most cooperative when Bill and Brenda spend an evening with friends.



Cesar's smiling about the new twist to the Grable-Romero combination. In "Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend," he gets the girl.



Mrs. Zachary Scott



Barbara Lawrence

CESAR Wants

a Girl

★ Why doesn't Cesar Romero get married? This jack-pot question has bothered Hollywood's bachelor girls for years. He's certainly eligible. Well-off and handsome, he's got a marvelous sense of humor to say nothing of a beautiful house in Brentwood. Top-flight in his career, his friends are of the socially elite.

So why no Mrs. Romero?

"Twice I considered marriage seriously, but neither time worked out," Cesar told me frankly. "The girls were completely different—one a professional, the other not. One was tall and blonde and slim while the other was dark, short and rather well-curved. So, you see, it's not that I'm attracted by any particular type. Frankly, except for those two near-misses, I haven't felt that marriage (*Please turn to page 70*)

BY
CONSTANCE
PALMER



Ann Miller



Anne Baxter



Mrs. Jolin Aggett



Iris Bynum



This gay bachelor has successfully eluded Dan Cupid for some time. But don't give up, girls! Read these qualifications to see if you are the dream girl who fits Romero's specifications



◀ Another Bogart production is "Tokyo Joe," second film from Santana—Bogie's own company.



Bogie's mother's sketch of him is the image of young Stephen



... but he'll have to go some to beat his pop at the age of two!

BOGIE'S BOY

By AVERY CARROLL

★ Children are born in taxicabs and in railroad trains, in airplanes and on crowded elevators; children are born with silver spoons in their mouths, rings on their toes, and twenty-two titles on their calling cards.

But very few babies come into this world owing twenty dollars to The President of the United States. This situation alone has set Master Stephen Humphrey Bogart apart from other members of the natal class of 1949, and has earned him a good deal of publicity, both true and false.

In true Hollywood form, there were two versions of the Truman-Bogart bet. One group of columnists said that if the Bogart baby proved to be a boy, Mr. Truman owed Bogie a double sawbuck, but that if the youngster was born with pink booties, Bogie had to pay off. The other version, printed by an equal number of scribes, stated the situation oppositely.

Here is the truth: if the baby was a boy, Bogie owed Mr. Truman twenty dollars. If the baby proved to be a girl, Mr. Truman had to pay off.

(Please turn to page 90)

*Not every youngster
comes into this
world owing the President
of the United States
twenty dollars! But
that's what happened
to Master Steve Bogart*

*It's mama and papa now, and
you can see that they're enjoy-
ing the new roles to the hilt.*



★ Once upon a time, to borrow a phrase from our old story books, there was a girl named Lora Mae. In fact, not so long ago she came to life on the screen in 20th Century-Fox's "A Letter to Three Wives." It was my privilege to portray that girl and I've never had a more rewarding role nor one that was more fun. After weeks and weeks of being Lora Mae I came to feel that I knew her intimately, that I understood her point of view and ideas very well indeed, especially those on getting the husband she wanted.

Who says a
courtship isn't
like a military campaign?
Just be sure you have
your sights set on the
right objective—
MATRIMONY

HOW TO GET YOUR MAN

By
LINDA DARNELL

She was quite a girl, this Lora Mae. Some of her tactics and ideals could well be copied by the average girl. Not all of them, of course. Certainly I cannot conscientiously recommend that everyone be as mercenary as she! Very smart was Lora Mae—up to a point!

By now you may have seen "A Letter to Three Wives" but in case you haven't let me tell you briefly about Lora Mae. She was an attractive girl, from the wrong side of the tracks but with a high moral code. She wanted security, money and marriage. She never deviated from that goal.

To me the one chink in her armor was that she cared more about money than love, but we'll get to that later. Let's consider first how she got her man.

Lora Mae was a clerk in one of the department stores owned by self-made Porter Hollingsway (and how brilliantly Paul Douglas played the role of Porter!); (*Please turn to page 87*)

You know Linda practices what she preaches when you see those happy Pev Marleys.



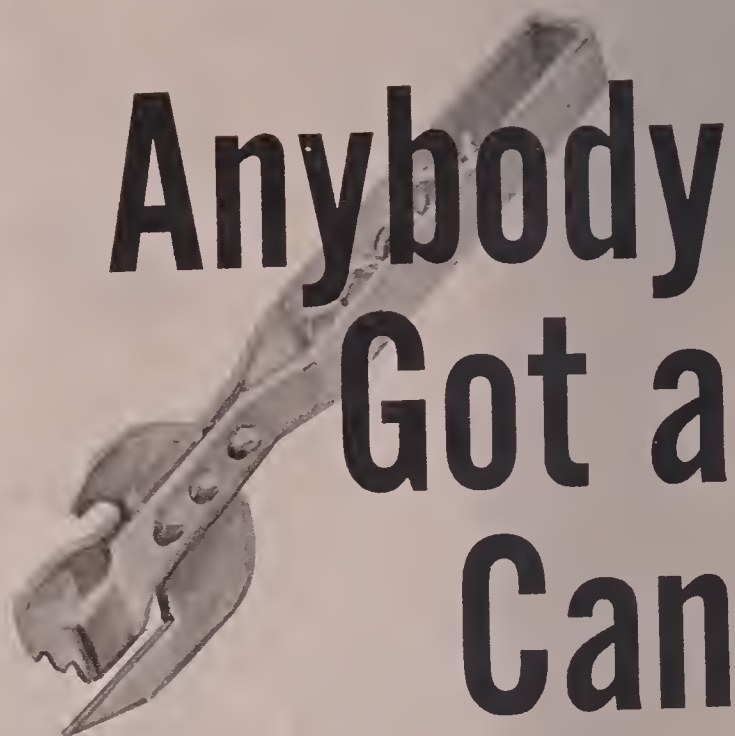
No wonder Linda likes her role in "Slattery's Hurricane." Playing love scenes with Richard Widmark isn't any chore!





Birthday lunch at Bob Stack's hit a snag when the can opener failed; so off we raced to . . .

. . . Potter's Hardware Store. A simple trip, so I thought, before things got so complicated.





You can't open a can of soup with that mixer, I warned Bob—but he loved the gadget like crazy and bought it right then and there.



Can openers, at last! Bob had to try each one. They all worked like charms then—but wait!

Since it was Bob's birthday I decided to buy him this snazzy barbecue apron, cap and mitts.

Opener?

Imagine going on a shopping spree
with Bob Stack. Sounds heavenly,
doesn't it? Our author thought it
was until she found herself in competition
with kitchen miracles, of all things!



★ It all started with a can of soup—the desire for good hot soup, to bolster one's resistance for a California spring day. Bob Stack asked me to join him in a bowl of good hot soup—only he couldn't open the can!

You know how can openers are. Bob worked; he groaned; he mutilated the can. Bob Stack is not the sort of character to be daunted. Within ten minutes he had zipped from Bel Air to the village and was shopping for a new can opener. ^{My} of course, went along in an advisory capacity.

In the windows of Potter's Hardware Store in Westwood were all the kitchen miracles you could imagine. Bob saw can openers and glassware and gadgets enough to gratify the heart of any bachelor, especially on his thirtieth birthday.

For it was Bob's birthday and he was in holiday

mood. Telegrams and presents had been arriving all day and there was to be a dinner party that night with cake and candles and his family and closest friends to help him celebrate. The soup was for our lunch, you see.

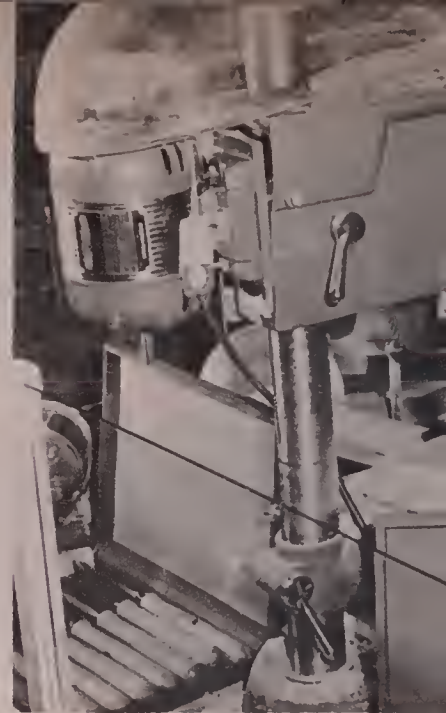
So, in we sailed, and in less than a wink, Bob had found not one but a whole rack of can openers, and he could work all of them! This was a cinch. . .

Only Bob spotted a stunning gadget with a tall frosted dome and a white enameled base. Clerk Harriet Moller showed him how it worked. It makes everything from daiquiris to tomato juice. You put the tomato in here and it comes out there. Bob thought he might as well take it—he'd find use for it.

Now you can see why shopkeepers love Bob. He
(Please turn to next page)



Picture of a man falling in love with a coffee mixer. Of course Bob didn't need one, even said he didn't want one. But he just couldn't resist, so we added it to our purchases.



Anybody Got a Can Opener?

continued

is an easy, genial guy. He's friendly and he's interested in everything. I told him he could pick out a birthday gift from me and after a good deal of thought and looking, he found a big white barbecue apron and cap and some wild looking mittens lined with asbestos, the better to toss hamburgers over a grill with, you see.

It was then Bob found the coffee pot. Bob said he really needed a little Silex, because he knows how to work one; but we were so impressed with a big, beautiful glass thing that wears a wooden girdle and is supposed to be fool-proof, that Bob grabbed it. All you do is put a paper filter in the top, add coffee and pour the boiling water through. Then out comes the filter, the coffee grounds, there is the coffee. That's the principle anyhow. Bob's friends have a new experience awaiting them when he rustles up the midnight brew from now on.

A half hour later, Bob had acquired, besides the can opener, a Waring mixer, a coffee pot and barbecue togs. This on the main floor of the store. But before we left, Bob decided to take a quick look in the basement. Here he found another new kind of can opener—one that punctures, pries, and

twists. He was able to work that one, too! A bachelor can't have too many can openers—he might as well take that one too.

Bob then spotted a wonderful kind of squeegee mop with a roller of sponge rubber and no wringing out. That he needed. He'd been looking for one for months.

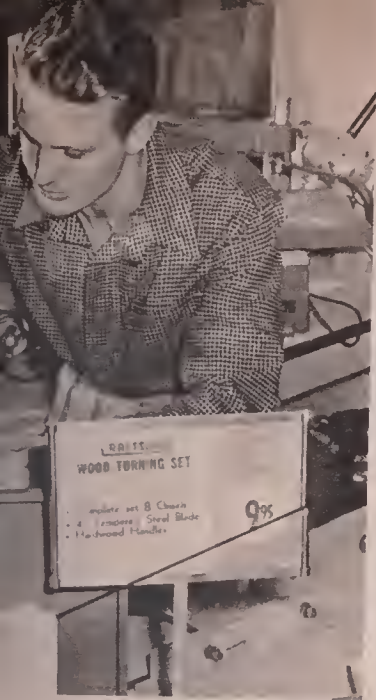
"Wrap it up," he said cheerily.

While we waited for that, he found a pair of tweezers with round tongs which housewives use to take the tops off strawberries. Bob nearly went wild! What a device for a duck feather plucker-outer!

Bob, you see, belongs to a group of avid hunters who take to the wilds during duck season and come home with enough birds to carry all their families through the holidays.

The one hitch to their good hunting is the job of having the ducks picked and cleaned. It's worth more than the ducks. Bob and his friends do the picking themselves. With the new tweezers, duck plucking should be a breeze. Wait 'til the fellows see *this* refinement!

The next purchase was (*Please turn to page 80*)



Bob was out of this world when he found this power-tool. I thought we'd end up dragging this home, too!

Finally lured him out of the store with promise of a sundae. Call it a bribe, but I had to do something!



Our hero doesn't look too happy with this one of six new can openers. But this is only the beginning . . .

◀ Men are marvelous shoppers. Send one out for a can opener and what happens? He buys the store.

INGRID

come

They say she's lost her human touch. We say wait and see. The great Bergman can—if she will—pull out of the dilemma that's plaguing her



In 1938, when Ingrid was playing in Swedish pictures, fame and wealth were still remote dreams.



America took her to its heart after "Intermezzo." Her seeming aloofness had only been bewilderment.

★ Which way is Ingrid Bergman to turn now? She faces one of the most curious dilemmas that an actress has ever had to meet and the circumstances which led to it are almost as strange as the dilemma, itself. She has gone through a puzzling series of cycles since David O. Selznick brought her to this country in 1939 to play in the American version of "Intermezzo," a picture in which she had co-starred successfully with Gosta Ekman in Sweden. The late Leslie Howard and the lovely Edna Best were her companions in the American picture, you recall.

And there began her first cycle in America. She was frightened and bewildered that first year in Hollywood, self-conscious because of her halting English, shy because she did not understand Americans or their methods of making pictures. And she was dreadfully homesick for her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and her six-months-old daughter, Pia, who had remained in Sweden. She was ill at ease among strangers, unsure of herself and her future in pictures, absorbed in a truly desperate attempt to give of her very best to the picture in which she was working.

Please turn to page 44



After her first big success she was just another star. It wasn't until "Casablanca" with Bogart that she showed signs of real power.

By LOUISE IRWIN

back!



This is the Bergman we loved—talented actress, natural beauty whose charm and graciousness endeared her to everyone she met.



"Arch of Triumph" co-starring Boyer dimmed the Bergman lustre. Fans who idealized her, didn't like seeing her as a shady lady.

INGRID *come back* continued

Hollywood, accustomed to downright brashness in some imported actors, concluded that she was aloof and hard to know or, more cynically, that she was deliberately borrowing a leaf from the book of another Nordic actress, Greta Garbo. Bergman's own studio publicity department moaned that she was "difficult" and uncooperative and speculated that she might have a "grandeur complex."

Actually, she was just plain scared. She took a small apartment where she actually *hid*, having her dinner alone most evenings in the kitchen by the ice box while she studied her lines for the next day's shooting. If Ingrid was a recluse then, it was from sheer fright.

But "Intermezzo" was a tremendous and heart-warming success and she returned to Sweden and her little family in a triumphant glow. Hollywood was wonderful and friendly and so was all America!

War was engulfing Europe when Selznick sent for her again and she was reluctant to leave her husband and child. Dr. Lindstrom persuaded her that it would be better and safer for her to return to America, if she brought Pia with her. He would join her when he could. She caught the last ship from Genoa.

Selznick, so anxious to have her available in this country, nevertheless had no picture ready for her and so, as is his way with actors, he lent her here and there—for "Adam Had Four Sons," with Warner Baxter, for "Rage in Heaven" with Robert Montgomery, for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with Spencer Tracy. These pictures did well enough, on the whole, but it wasn't until she made "Casablanca" at Warner Brothers with Humphrey Bogart in 1942 that Ingrid began once more to show signs of real power. That was an exciting and exotic role which she enjoyed and played to the hilt.

About all that anyone remembers of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," despite its ballyhoo at the time, is that Ingrid cut her hair short for the picture and looked pretty awful. But just after that David O. Selznick decided to use his star in a picture of his own. It was the unforgettable "Gaslight" with Charles Boyer, a masterpiece of suspense and tension in which Boyer, as the sadistic husband, tried and almost succeeded in persuading his wife that she was truly going mad. Bergman was superb as the fear-ridden wife and no one was surprised in the least when that performance won her an Academy Award.

Now we saw a new (*Please turn to page 80*)



She was at last sure of her place in pictures after she won the Academy Award for "Gaslight" with Boyer.



The whole world adored the warm, friendly Ingrid when she, Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald won Academy Awards in 1944.



She plunged so passionately into "Joan" that even the slightest criticism of the picture wounded her deeply.



Dr. Peter Lindstrom (right) and famed Director Roberto Rossellini ("Paisan") predict a greater Ingrid in her new Italian film.

He's happy in Hollywood, but it's "too wonderful." He'll go back to his first love: legitimate stage from time to time.



**We
Want**

This isn't a practical joke. Monty's being sprayed for a rain scene in his film, "The Heiress."

★ I caught him as he came off the set, at the end of two days of added scenes on "The Heiress" at Paramount. He was a man in a hurry to get back home. And "home" to him, currently, was New York. He was flying back the minute he could change clothes, pick up his small suitcase and get to the airport.

Montgomery Clift. The new name to conjure with in Hollywood. The enigma of the cinema. A comparative unknown, he is already box-office magic. Directors and studios are fighting over him. Critics and editors are raving about him and more important, the fans are clamoring for him.

Apparently freedom is his fetish and rumor hath it that he's a tough interview, an unreasonable kind of character.

So with a beating heart, I prepared to meet this new idol.

Statistically speaking, Monty Clift is a tall (six feet), almost skinny (155 pounds wringing wet) young man with sideburns, mustache, high stiff collar, and a formal, cutaway morning coat. At least that's what he wears in "The Heiress." He had the look of a man with places to go. His gait was tigerish. The effect, as he drew nearer, was a combination of easy nonchalance and the promise of

excitement. Believe me, I wasn't at all disappointed.

His face is interesting, rather than conventionally handsome. This is good. Pretty boys aren't long-lasting. Women will go for the ever-changing Clift expressions, the dark unruly hair, the expressive eyes with their odd effect. They are that eerie translucent, blue-green pale type of eyes that farsighted men have who are used to looking long distances across plains or water.

The "difficult" Clift I met turned out to be an amiable guy who had about "five fast minutes" to spare before he changed clothes and headed for the air field. This meant I had time for about "ten fast questions."

"My vacation was interrupted for this two-day series of added scenes," he told me. "After 'The Heiress' was finished, I shaved off the sideburns and mustache, gave up my apartment here, and went to Europe for an extended tour. I got interested in knowing more about Europe when I made 'The Search' over there.

"I was impressed by a (*Please turn to page 76*)

His name is new to Hollywood
but he's already box-office
magic. Critics and editors
are raving about him—and even
more important, the fans are
clamoring for Montgomery Clift

MONTY!

A Lincolnesque quality is part of Monty's charm. It's noticeable in this picture with Miriam Hopkins.





June Allyson loves to fly through the air,
but only on a swing, thank you. No planes!

Dick's
Darling



By ALYCE CANFIELD

★ (The scene is June Allyson's attractive portable dressing room on "The Stratton Story" set, her latest film at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. June is in dungarees and a baseball cap. She also has on a sort of rough and tumble shirt, and sneakers. Visiting her on the set is a tall hunk of man of the type to make the female pulse beat faster. He is Richard Powell, who happens to be married to June Allyson. Conducting the interview is Alyce Canfield, representing MOVIE-LAND in the capacity of reporter. The time is two days before Easter, 1949.)

Alyce: Who's doing all the Easter shopping in your family?

Dick: I am.

June: That's the biggest story I have ever heard. He isn't doing anything but say, "I don't think you should give that to Mary."

Dick: That's not true. I bought four presents this morning.

Alyce: What else have you been doing, Dick?

Dick: Reading scripts . . . a little flying.

Alyce: I thought you broke him of that, June.

June: I'm still trying.

Dick: I had a little trouble in Mexico.

June: A *little* trouble!

Dick: Had to land in a cow pasture. The oil pump stopped working and the connecting rod broke and a few other little things.

June: See what I mean?

Dick: So we had to (Please turn to page 72)



When Dick razzed Junie about her outfit for "The Stratton Story," she pouted. You guess the rest!

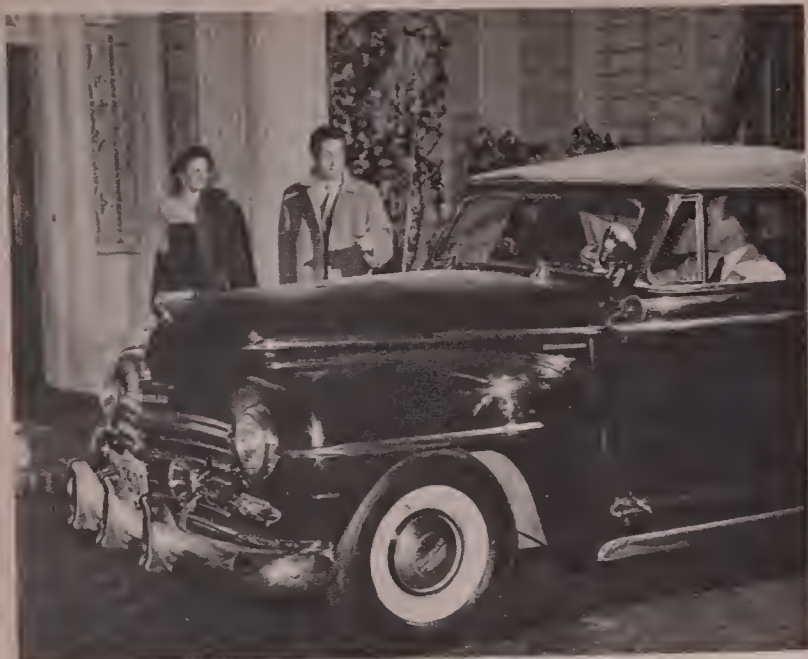


Dick gave up his boat to please Junie but she can't wile him away from his favorite hobby: airplanes.



Ask June about little Pamela (first named Allyson) and her face immediately lights up.

She's 5' 2 with eyes of blue
that sparkle with enthusiasm
over each new venture. You
can see that little Junie
Allyson makes life mighty
interesting for Dick Powell!



Gerry's in a hurry to look at Ocean House but waits patiently while Farley leaves his car in able hands of hotel attendant.

Farley comes a'calling on Gerry who lives "50 steps" up on Laurel Canyon hillside. Dates lug logs for fireplace when they date Miss Brooks!



It was a date to remember—

Dream date de luxe



Elaborate staircase impresses Geraldine (but exhausts Farley!). Balustrades and treads of wood imported from India are hand-carved. The job kept 75 woodcarvers occupied for well over a year.

when, Gerry Brooks and Farley Granger visited luxurious Ocean House

★ A really Big Date in Hollywood these days can mean only one thing: an evening spent at the fabulous, incredibly beautiful (and expensive!) Ocean House, where the magnificent decor is strictly out of the Arabian Nights.

When Farley Granger finished filming his newest Goldwyn picture, "Roseanna McCoy," it was the signal for a special celebration—and his idea of said special celebration was to take his date, pretty

Geraldine Brooks, to this breathtaking showplace.

Built on the sands of the Pacific Ocean, and originally the "beach cottage" of famous silent star Marion Davies, Ocean House represents the unbelievably lush days of Hollywood's past.

The hotel is beyond imagination even when seen; for timbers, mantels—even complete rooms were imported in their entirety from the capitols of Europe.

(Please turn to next page)

The dining, reception, drawing rooms all came from Burton Hall, County Clare, Ireland, at a cost close to \$90,000. From Beckington Abbey came doorways. There are four original Grindling Gibbons carvings valued at thousands of dollars. Moldings and ceiling ornaments are of 14-karat gold!

Upstairs the original wallpaper has been preserved. The papers were done by the famous Zuber Works in Alsace Lorraine from blocks that were saved from destruction of World War I, and cost between \$1,500 and \$2,000 a set. Marble mantels in the bedrooms also came from famous houses in

London. In the Marion Davies suite (parlor, bedroom, 2 baths, 2 dressing rooms, 2 sun decks, all facing the ocean at \$45 per day) is an exceptionally fine antique English marble mantelpiece which once graced an old Georgian mansion in England. The mural wallpaper in this suite is valued at thousands of dollars.

Ocean House actually is a small museum of extremely fine old English rarities. The work of thousands of skilled craftsmen preserved the beauty of this treasure house to the tune of a million and three-quarters when Miss Davies completed remodel-



Before-dinner cocktail and dance give Farley and Gerry a chance to see the famous Rathskeller. Room was part of an old Inn in Surrey, England and dates from 1560. Music is definitely swing!

Dream date de luxe continued



Outside, before larger of two swimming pools, they have a cigarette. Terraces surrounding the pool are of Vermont marble.

ing in 1930!

Opened as a hotel in 1948 it's now the most talked-of resort in this country—and quite the place to enjoy a very special date, agree Geraldine and Farley!

There has been lots of romantic talk about Farley and Shelley Winters and Farley and Pat Neal. Now with pretty Gerry Brooks in the running even Dan Cupid's confused. There's no telling what could happen after a date like this! You can see by these pictures that Ocean House provides quite a dreamy setting for romance!



Maybe a date at Ocean House isn't such a good idea at that! Instead of having eyes only for each other, Farley and Gerry are busy looking over the sumptuous dining room decorations.

A date to remember! Gerry Brooks relaxes, enjoys beauty of Ocean House—and vice-versa.



Back home—goodnights are in order. It was a wonderful evening. And that light in Farley's eyes suggests that *this* goodnight is the perfect ending for the perfect date—or has he caught cold?





**The
WORLD
*is Yours***

Little Nancy and Frank Jr. will benefit by dad's advice some day. Here they are on set of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," with Frank, Gene Kelly, Esther Williams.



★ In June 1933, a thin, bright-eyed boy sat on the stage of the Demarest High School in Hoboken and listened to the principal tell the graduating class how the opportunities of life were awaiting them. He then got up and sang the alma mater with the school band.

By TED and JANE MORRIS

Frank speaks from experience. His first job was as helper on a newspaper delivery truck of the *Jersey Observer*, earning eleven dollars a week. It was two years after graduation that he took his girl Nancy Barbato (now Mrs. Sinatra) to a Jersey City Theatre to hear Bing Crosby. As they left the theatre, he told Nancy he had made up his mind: He was going to be a successful singer. What's more, she believed him!

Nine years later he sang on another stage, this time the Paramount Theatre, New York. Booked for two weeks, he was held over for fifteen, shattering theatre records and precipitating demonstrations which made Broadway history.

The only way to arrive at such a goal was to give his best to every job each and every day, and that's what he suggests now to all the kids starting out.

The boy was Frank Sinatra.

It is sixteen years since he sat with the other graduates listening to the principal's advice. They have been years of hard work, disappointment and success.

"Unless you have worked hard at developing your own particular talents and abilities, you'll be caught short when your break comes," he warns. "Or, the way a principal might say it, 'The energy of the apprentice one day becomes the ability of the master'."

Now in June '49, Frank Sinatra has a few things he'd like to say to the graduating classes of high schools in America.

Frankie's blue eyes twinkle and he doesn't look like a high school principal at all. He looks more like the lad who played basketball at Demarest, won a trophy for swimming and helped form the school glee club.

"It is a strong, wise thing to set your goal in life, once you know what you really want to do and be," he says. "Not many boys and girls find the path ready and waiting and short-cuts are few and far between. It may take working at many jobs you do not enjoy to arrive at the spot in which you will be truly happy."

And how did Frankie get his own break? Well, it didn't look too pretentious (*Please turn to page 74*)

Frank Sinatra's fine advice to June graduates comes from the experience of an all-American boy who helped opportunity knock on his door



To be a success, it's up to you to have confidence in yourself, decency toward your fellow men and a two-fisted approach to hard work. With these things you can't lose!



165 yards of twilight blue tulle and a sprinkling of sequins make up the dreamy evening gown Lucille Ball wears in "Sorrowful Jones."



She's off to the races in this snappy outfit of off-white skirt, gray jacket and casual torso-length coat of gray and canary yellow stripes.

Who says you can't be funny and glamorous?
fashion to good use in her

*Smart
Girl!*



Lucy's a success in navy wool with sunburst skirt. White trim on jacket complements her flowered hat and the polka dot gilet.



Gray is good for blonde, brunette or redhead. Lucy's dress is of gray shantung with collar and cuffs of Irish lace. Striped taffeta netticoat is provocative—and cute.

Lucille Ball puts humor and new Paramount comedy. "Sorrowful Jones"



Interested visitor at Paramount: Lucy's mother, Mrs. Desiree Ball.



Producer Robert Welch wanted to be sure his star didn't exhaust herself after a scene.



Comedy competition's close when Lucille shares honors with Bob Hope.

A Queen for the King?

Carole Lombard



K



Is the dream of
lost love robbing
Clark Gable of the
happiness he might
find in another
marriage, or is there
someone who can
make him forget?

Clark Gable



Brains are the secret of beautiful Anita Colby's long-standing friendship with Clark. He admires her for her mind more than her beauty.

By **JERRY JEROME**

★ Whenever conversation palls at a swank Hollywood party, there is always a surc-fire question that will snap everyone to attention. It goes like this: "I wonder whom Clark Gable is going to marry?"

This is the year for Clark to take a wife.

We'll give you a clue, even draw you a blueprint, but in so doing we must analyze Clark Gable. This is not to be the smug, pat, often-told story of Clark—the oil driller who rose to be the most idolized screen star in the world. It's another story, the picture of what kind of man he is *inside*.

Why is he so often attracted to women older than he? Why does the socialite hold glamor for him? How can he go with one girl six years and never ask her to marry him? When you know these things, you'll know his future wife.

First, let's look at the lineup in the Gable handicap. There's everything to win for the lady: money, fame, good looks, world prestige.

What does Clark get? There's Mrs. Dolly O'Brien of Palm Beach and New York. An extremely wealthy woman, who looks a little like the Duchess of Windsor, she has poise, wit and charm. Gable likes to laugh, likes sophisticated, amusing chatter, likes intelligence brushed with laughter. He has these things in Dolly O'Brien. Still, she's five years Gable's senior, which makes her fifty-four. Certainly no alluring young charmer. Yet Clark Gable once told a friend, "She's the most fascinating woman I have ever known."

That was a strong statement, because among Clark's girl friends are some very fascinating women, indeed. There's
(Please turn to next page)



For months, fun-loving, gay Iris Bynum, hostess at Ocean House, was seen everywhere with Clark.



Virginia Grey, sultry screen siren, bears a striking resemblance to late Carole Lombard.



Her knowledge of acting was Josephine Dillon's attraction to Clark. While she was still his dramatic coach, she became his first wife.

Millicent Rogers, the Standard Oil heiress, noted for her magnetism, brilliance, and savoir-faire. Not beautiful, she nevertheless won this compliment from noted photographer Geoffrey Morris, "The most unusual and arresting face I have ever photographed."

There's Joan Harrison, brilliant woman producer. Joan is quite lovely enough to be a star herself. The fact that she's a writer-producer of distinction is only gilding the lily. She has a terse, clipped British accent, a clean-cut type of good looks, a lovely home built by Paul Lazlo. As a woman, she bespeaks charm and background.

There's Virginia Grey, one of the sultriest sirens ever to hit Hollywood's social set or silver screen. She bears a striking resemblance to Carole Lombard. Here is someone who understands the demands of Clark's career, who can see through the actor to the man. Here is someone young, lovely as a poem, with a mind as keen and sharp as the horizon on a clear day.

A Queen for the King?

continued

No one yet has compared to his own Carole Lombard. She had brains, beauty, charm—but most important, she knew what was good for Clark.



Socialite Rhea Langham, ten years Clark's senior, was second Mrs. Gable. She supplied the "polish" he felt he lacked.



There's the "dark horse," the young blonde girl in Arizona. She's an arrested t.b. case, not terribly pretty—not terribly young, as a matter of fact. But she's definitely top drawer society; and she's a gallant fighter—something Clark admires.

There's sophisticated, career-conscious Anita Colby. A former model, she's now an executive at Paramount and riding her future like a horseman with a whip in his hand. She's ambitious: beauty plus brains. Clark said of her: "She's an eager beaver, always pushing herself!" But he said it with the air of a proud father. Clever, sharp, an opportunist, Anita Colby has played her friendship with Clark for all it was worth. And remains the only woman to do so and still hold Clark's attentions and admiration.

There's Iris Bynum, hostess at the Ocean House, fun-loving, rowdy, a far, far cry from the social set. Yet there must be something about her earthy approach to life that amuses Clark Gable. For

many months, they were seen everywhere together.

Finally, and very quietly, there's Elaine White, the Metro secretary to whom Clark has been giving the biggest rush of all. He's taken her to the Mocambo for dancing, and Clark doesn't like to dance. He's taken her to the biggest Hollywood parties as guest of the biggest Hollywood people. He's showing her a life far removed from her workaday world, glamorous though it may be. Elaine is starry-eyed from it all. Who can blame her? Today, a secretary. Tomorrow, perhaps—Mrs. Clark Gable.

Who will win the handicap? Here are the clues.

In the first place, what is Gable afraid of?

No. 1: he's afraid of being clipped. When he divorced Rhea Langham for Carole Lombard, it cost him plenty. He has often said to friends, "I would be a millionaire today if it weren't for Rhea."

With taxes what they are now, he will never again have a chance to amass the fortune he handed over to the second Mrs. Gable (*Please turn to page 88*)



Quietly, Clark is giving Elaine White the biggest rush of all. Today she's a secretary at M-G-M. Will tomorrow make her Mrs. Clark Gable?

MOVIELAND'S
Hall of Fame



JOAN CRAWFORD for a spectacular performance in dramatic "Flamingo Road."



KIRK DOUGLAS who emerges one of Hollywood's greats in thrilling "Champion."



Smiling will get you nowhere, David. Daddy's mind is made up. Those ear-warming locks simply *have* to go!



Years in a barbershop quartet aren't much help to Don on Project Haircut. David's more amused than impressed by the bowl treatment.



Don will have to face the barbershop crisis alone. Marion couldn't stand to see one of her boys get clipped.



The **B I G** Haircut



★ There comes a time in every man's life when he takes a look at his son and says to himself, "If I don't have his hair cut soon, our friends will begin referring to him as 'she'."

That's what happened on Don DeFore's day off from the Hal Wallis studio where he's making "My Friend Irma." He took a look at young David across the breakfast table and was immediately reminded of Goldilocks.

Something had to be done, but fast—and here's what happened.

Little David finds out it's
a man's world when he goes
out to get his first haircut
under the watchful eye
of his dad, Don DeFore



David is calm as the operation begins. Don is the one who's all a-quiver with *shear* anxiety.

Now that he's acquainted with the barber, he's a new man. Next time he might even get a shave!



She was keeping her eye on the camera while she was still in her mother's arms.



If i had

Loretta gets a college education and Van Johnson in "Mother Is a Freshman."

Loretta Young was only in her teens when she substituted stardom for college proms; self-discipline for a formal education and now she looks back to see what she has missed. Would she choose the same road again?

★ "Of course, I don't think a girl *must* go to college," said Loretta Young, as we sat in the cozy den of her home. "Obviously, if I had taken time out for college I'm sure I would have missed the most instructive period of my life!"

Loretta, wearing a soft red hostess gown with a very wide, crushed gold belt, sat gracefully erect on a down-cushioned love seat. "I know a college education would not have done for me what my early training in motion pictures did. I've been on the screen since I was four years old—and an actress must develop certain traits, such as self-discipline, responsibility and cooperation or give up acting! To develop each of those traits, I had to learn plenty of lessons, believe me!"



It didn't take a college degree to make her look the part of a coed.

By the time she was three, she could have given any campus cutie a run for her money.

gone to COLLEGE

By
LORETTA YOUNG

as told to
Violet Moss

The den in which we sat has a powder white finish on its knotty pine walls and rough wood ceiling painted a soft blue. It is furnished with imagination plus restraint, as is the entire house and is indicative of Loretta's superlative taste.

On the mantel over the fireplace, there is a collection of beautiful copper miniatures—antiques. (Loretta is recognized as an expert in the antique field.) Incidentally, this is the room where stands the Oscar, won for Loretta's Academy Award performance in "The Farmer's Daughter."

There is a clue to the character of this actress: In the home of Mrs. Tom Lewis (which is what she is called as soon as she leaves the studio) the Oscar stands—definitely is not displayed—behind a large

bowl on a table at the very back of the living-room.

"For instance," Loretta went on, "I started playing important screen roles when I was fourteen. It is very possible—maybe certain"—her eyes twinkled—"my success might have gone to my head a little at that time. While I was working in one of those early pictures, the director was deliberately harsh with me, and I walked off the set in tears. I was young and unaware of a lot of things, including the proper way to behave under such circumstances.

"In fact, I made an issue of that scene and refused to return to work unless the director was replaced. How young can you be? I blush now to think of it. Such arrogance! Finally, I agreed to

Please turn to next page

If i had gone to
COLLEGE

continued



Loretta taught herself versatility. She and Celeste Holm are nuns in "Come to the Stable."



Tom has the degree in the Lewis family—but his sheepskin has taken back seat to Loretta's Oscar.

return when a tactful studio executive suggested that he'd have the director write me a note of apology. That, I reasoned, would justify my action, I could save face, and go back to work.

"Only much later did I realize the director's note had been a masterpiece of sarcasm, that although I'd won my point, I'd lost the battle. The lesson I learned from that was never to take such a bold stand on a superficial matter so that later I couldn't withdraw gracefully.

"But long before that, I had learned to have initiative, to seize opportunity when it presented itself. I'm a little self-conscious telling this again, but as a youngster I did answer a telephone call for my older sister Polly Ann to report to the studio.

"Polly was off on location at the time, fully occupied and happy as a clam so I accepted the call and went to the studio instead! I got the part, after some discussion, because being a stringy 13-year-old

I was quite obviously not lush 17-year-old Polly Ann. However, that deception led to many more parts. That taught me to be . . . well, not aggressive exactly, but to make myself seen and heard. I was always afraid to beforehand and—I confess, petrified inside afterward. Because I was such an eager beaver, Colleen Moore noticed me on one of her sets, gave me a sizeable part in her picture "Naughty, But Nice," made the studio sign me to a contract, and changed my name from Gretchen to Loretta which happened to have been the name of her favorite story-book character when *she* was a child. That proved to be the real beginning of my career.

"During those days, my 'teachers'—" Loretta smiled in remembrance—"were all wonderful people: George Arliss, Lon Chaney, Nils Asther who gave me one of my first important acting lessons.

"In 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh,' I had to play a love scene with Nils. At fourteen! Although I'd represented myself as eighteen, my ideas about portraying romantic love were pretty naive. To show adoration, I stared at Nils, breathing as heavily as I could.

"Finally, he took me aside and said, 'Please, Loretta, don't heave! Just look at me as if I were a hot fudge sundae!'

"Later I was complimented on the realism of that scene. There was more than a lesson in acting in that: It was a lesson in attacking problems according to your own understanding, not wading out of your depth."

I asked, "But how about academic education? Do you ever feel you've missed something by not attending college?"

"Of course I haven't yet!" Loretta replied firmly. "I've always honestly felt college a waste of time for a girl unless she was working toward a professional degree, specific improvement or toward

a career that requires certain technical knowledge. Naturally, I believe a young girl can figure out what she wants to make of her life, and should seek education in that direction.

"Of course, I can feel that way because my own formal education was brief. I received it from the nuns for a short time when Mother withdrew my sisters and me from pictures and enrolled us at Pomona Convent. After that period, I learned my 'reading, writing and arithmetic' from studio tutors.

"Of course there were times, being young and normal, when I gladly would have traded my acting job for an invitation to the fraternity dances all my erstwhile school friends were talking about but I'd still tell any girl considering an acting career that a college education is not a must."

Perhaps you are thinking that Loretta seems to switch from one side of the question to the other, but this is not due to any uncertainty of mind—for she is a definite and reasonably sure person—but rather to the warm tolerance which underlies her entire outlook on life.

She always considers both sides of an issue. For instance, she says: "College has a great deal to offer the girl who has no special plans. She can study so many subjects which can round out the personality and add richness to life. When that happens a formal education proves fine because it's good to learn everything. If I'd gone to college, I hope I wouldn't have been just one of those social-party-prom girls. And yet—" she laughed softly, "—I'm afraid I wouldn't have been the studious, horn-rimmed type. To be perfectly honest with you, I'm afraid I would have majored in dances and parties! Maybe that gives me another disqualification for any part in this discussion!"

While on college location in Reno, Nevada, with the "Mother Is A Freshman" cast, Loretta had a good chance to study the modern college student. And she probably observed a great deal for she now commented:

"I think one of the deplorables of college life is that girls have to be exposed to it at an age when they all want to be alike—at an age when individuality seems to frighten the individual.

"In that regard—" the outer corners of Loretta's enormous blue eyes crinkled as she grinned, "I might have been the worst thing that ever happened to any college. For I was always the non-conformist. I wanted to be different. I fought to be different. Probably in self-defense, because I was the youngest of three daughters—"

At this point, a maid entered the room, carrying a huge tray which she set on the wide, low table before us. Loretta poured tea from an antique silver teapot into exquisite eggshell cups. For the next few minutes, what with drinking tea and eating sandwiches, the conversation strayed.

I tried to return to the subject by remarking on her very becoming new shorter hair-do. Loretta explained laughingly, "I used to think I must always wear a long, heavy bob because it seemed to suit me, somehow. But one night I experimented with the scissors and before I knew it, I had gone beyond the limits of experimentation. So I turned the job over to a professional next morning. It seems to have turned out all right. Anyhow, Tom likes it."

Which gave me a chance to get back to the topic of our interview. "Do you look up to your husband, Tom Lewis, with any special respect because he is a college graduate?"

Loretta's eyes widened. "Are you kidding? Of course not! I look up to him for being a fine human being! I'd hate to judge a person by the quantity of formal education! That's another reason I'm glad I had my education while working as well as in my work. Honesty, ability and hard work are respected. I don't hold with those who come out of college with a tendency to lump everyone they meet into one of two classes—those who did and those who didn't graduate from a university. Tom's not one of those, of course."

Just then there was another interruption—three charming interruptions, to be exact: Judy, Peter and Christopher Lewis. They came rushing into the room excitedly. "Mummy! Mummy! Guess what we found! A little bird's nest that fell out of a tree! We pushed it up again with a long stick!"

Loretta listened with deep interest, commenting, "You did! How wonderful!" and asked sensible questions. She made no attempt to dismiss them. Obviously, this is more important to her than any interview could be.

Watching Loretta Young Lewis in her home, you can't help thinking she would have been successful in whatever pursuits are open to women, even if she hadn't become an actress. For there is no flurry about her. She meets each situation with an enviable calm, letting one thing follow another without confusion.

After their nurse had taken the children to the nursery, I asked, "Do you plan on sending your own children through college?" Quickly, Loretta replied, "I'll leave that entirely up to them, and, of course, to my husband. We-ell—" she paused thoughtfully, "—maybe I will try to influence our sons to attend a university."

"You and I have been speaking about girls, you know, but it seems to be getting more important in this world of competition for a man to have a college education. Anyhow, fortunately, I won't have to worry about it for a while." (Peter is now three years old, Christopher, four!)

"The important thing," Loretta continued, reaching for a sandwich, "I want for my children, is that they learn to think for themselves. I want them to grow up into self-reliant human beings.

"There's one thing I know would have terrified me about girls' colleges," Loretta said earnestly, putting aside the sandwich she was nibbling. "Perhaps it's because I don't know enough about it, but it seems to me that the system of 'rushing' can be devastatingly cruel! Oh, I know sororities have wonderful aspects too. I know they give girls the chance to form lifelong friendships.

"I know a girl who was shy and inarticulate. Well, she was pretty much of a 'forgotten girl' during the rush season. And, of course, ignored by the one sorority she'd set her heart on. I'll never forget how heartbroken she was."

Loretta went on spiritedly, "Of course my opinion is colored by this one experience, but a disappointment like that can mar a girl's outlook for years to come—maybe even for the rest of her life!"

Listening to Loretta, watching her, you are sure college couldn't have made her a better person than she is, for Loretta, although not a college graduate, has the poise, the diplomacy, the kindness, that must be an aim of education.

No, Loretta Young didn't go through college. It wasn't necessary. For you see she has an educated heart.

THE END



Loretta shares an enthusiasm with the rest of us—for she rates Perry Como high on her list of favorite crooners. They were snapped chatting at a recent film party.

CESAR WANTS A GIRL . . .

(Continued from page 33)

is for me."

Perhaps Cesar's generous kindness to his family has something to do with it. He has not only supported his mother and father for years, but he put his younger brother through the University of Southern California.

When he went into the Coast Guard in 1943, he brought his parents to live in the nine-room house he'd built in 1940. And when he was mustered out in 1945, his sister and her two children came to live with him.

"So with a three-bedroom, three-bath house, I found myself sleeping on the couch in the living-room!" He laughed uproariously at his own discomfort. "My sister and the children share one big bedroom, my mother has one a little smaller and my father, who's an invalid, and his nurse have the third. No place left for me but the couch!"

But Cesar found a solution by building a three-room apartment over his garage. Now he has a large living-room with built-in bar, luxurious bedroom and a big bath-dressing-room, all furnished in authentic early American antiques he's been collecting, combined with a few modern pieces. A true bachelor's paradise—and what more could a man want?

"I come and go as I please. Have my breakfast and sometimes my lunch in the main house, but hardly ever my dinner because I'm usually out somewhere every evening. Sometimes I go to a party but usually down the street to Fieldsy and Walter Lang's house."

Cesar paused and fixed me with a mocking glance. "You just tell me why I should get married. The way it is now, I don't have to answer to anybody. I don't have to explain where I've been or why. I don't have to go home if I don't want to, don't have to report to whom I've talked or what they said—"

Perhaps he's influenced by the fact that only one couple—the George Murphys—of the original seven who went around together fourteen years ago, are still married. All the others have divorced and taken new marriage-partners. That's enough to make a man hesitate, isn't it? It's enough, too, to make a man think with a good deal of cynicism, Why get married for a year and spend the rest of your life paying alimony?

"Oh, I'll probably get married when I'm a doddering old fifty!" Here Cesar did a decidedly unconvincing dodder for me before adding hastily, "But don't misunderstand . . . except for the fact that they talk too much, women can be wonderful companions. Interesting, gay, witty. But for the present, let's just leave them at that until I find one I'd want to spend the rest of my life with!"

Cesar hasn't gone around steadily with a girl for so long that he's forgotten what it's like. But when he did, he always chose the smartest, the sleekest. "I can't stand a dumb girl! I'm dumb enough myself. And they don't have to be beautiful—but they must have style!"

When the attraction that had drawn him disappeared, Cesar quietly disappeared, too. No fights, no scenes, no recriminations, no tears. Cesar simply evaporated into the realm of the non-existent.

For he's not a man to relish a fight. He's the same unchanged Romero who was brought by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer from New York in 1933 to play the gigolo in "The Thin Man." And he's been with

Twentieth Century-Fox for the past twelve years and nary an angry word between him and the front office.

"Why fight with the front office?" he asked reasonably. "You're wrong before you open the door. They've got three strikes on you before you walk across the room. Can't say, though, that I've always liked the parts I've played and can't say I've liked the 'Oh, give it to Romero. He's good-natured. He'll do anything' attitude they sometimes have."

But he did like his part in "Captain From Castile" and reviewers raved over his portrayal of the Portuguese fisherman in "Deep Waters" with Dana Andrews. He was wonderful in "Julia Misbehaves" with Greer Garson, which he did on loan-out to M-G-M. Furthermore, grapevine report has it that he's wildly funny in "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend", with Betty Grable. At least, he gets the girl in that one—which should be some satisfaction to him.

Before the War, Cesar used to like night-clubs, but his hitch in the Navy took away the savor of such gaiety. After seeing active duty in the Marshall Islands, the Marianas, Saipan, Tinian, Kwajalein and Eniwetok during the worst of the fighting, the smoke and noise of a night-club aren't as attractive as they were before.

But just a few short years ago, Cesar—one of filmdom's most famous dancers—liked nothing better than to spend the evening with the lady of his choice in a currently fashionable night-spot.

On one such occasion, Cesar and Ann Sheridan were having a fine time at Ciro's when they noticed a couple across the room staring at them fixedly. Finally the girl approached Cesar with the announcement that her boy-friend had bet her five dollars Romero wouldn't dance with her.

Romero, with his well-known good nature, not only would but did. Then to wind up the affair with a flourish, he topped the situation by getting Ann to dance with the boy-friend.

Cesar has a host of devoted fans who treat him as an exciting and worldly big brother.

And then, there are the women who want to marry him!

"The worst of that happened after they read a fan-magazine story about a mythical room or suite in my house that was empty because I couldn't find a wife to put in it!" Cesar groaned at the memory. "My gosh, letters with snap-shots, personal measurements, came from all over. Three thousand of 'em! The mail-room was swamped!"

"Then the women themselves started to arrive. They came by car, by train, bus and plane. I took my career seriously in those days! I was scared to death!"

They rang his doorbell at all hours of the night and day. They settled down on his lawn with picnic lunches and wouldn't go away. Professionally, it was a wonderful fan-reaction but personally it was appalling. The studio was delighted; Cesar was petrified.

"It was a terrible mess! One little girl sat down on the curb on the street in front of the house and wouldn't move. She was only twelve years old and had come alone by bus from Oklahoma," he continued. "I had to call the Children's Aid and the Travelers' Aid had to step in to see that she was sent home and got

there safely."

Reverberations of the story continued even months later when Cesar, on a stay in New York, called for Ethel Merman after the night performance of "Panama Hattie" to take her out for a bite to eat.

"The usual crowd of fans were milling around the stage door when we came out," he said. "And right in the middle was this big, fat woman—she must have weighed two tons—waving the magazine at me and yelling, 'Will I do, honey?' Whew!"

Cesar himself would like very much to do a stage-play if the right one could be found. He'd like, too, a knockout part in a knock-out picture—a part he could really get his teeth into, a part that would mean something to him and to his career. He'd like—even though he objected to being typed as a dancing Latin from Manhattan—to do the life of Maurice, the great ball-room dancer. "Because Maurice's life, aside from his profession, was intensely interesting and dramatic," he explained.

Although he travels a great deal, he has never found a place he prefers to California. Buenos Aires is the only city he really wants to revisit.

"Even on that 23,000-mile air-trip I took with Ty Power, there was no spot that appealed to me more than right here," he said. "There was no place we landed where I could look around and say, 'I'd like to live here.' No, I prefer California with its sunshine, wind, rain and—" with a comprehensive sweeping gesture from the ceiling to the floor, "its snow!"

Cesar claims he's lazy, but if he is, it's in a very energetic way. In an easy-going, graceful fashion, he's never still. When he's not at the studio or aboard a plane bound for New York or Mexico, tennis, golf, horseback riding and bowling provide his physical exercise. Visits with friends in the evening give him mental relaxation.

"Could I retire?" His burst of laughter at the question shook the rafters. "With taxes the way they are today? Don't be silly—nobody can retire! People say 'Romero's rich.' Well, Romero's not rich."

"After all, I'm supporting five people now. Not surprising, is it, that I'm not running around looking for a wife to make the Number Six exemption?"

"No, no, Romero's going to stay a bachelor until that doddering old age of fifty. Then maybe, there'll be somebody just right and we'll sit by the fireside and drowse the days away. Can you think of a prettier picture?"

"Until then, women are wonderful, but—"

THE END

Watch for

- ★ Ava Gardner
- ★ Gene Kelly
- ★ Esther Williams
- ★ John Ireland
- ★ Shirley Temple
- ★ Dan Dailey

in the exciting July issue of

MOVIELAND

on newsstands everywhere

June 10th



HERE COMES THE BRIDE—dressed in a Milo Anderson gown with turtleneck and Dolman sleeves to break the severity of the tailored look. A simple wreath of lilies of the valley holds the wedding veil and long white tulle train.

*June brides can take a style hint
from the beautiful clothes worn*

by Pat Neal in "The Fountainhead"

LOVE this white silk dress! Cardigan blouse is embroidered with gold and silver coin dots. Belt and cuffs are of gold mesh knit. Smart!



TROUSSEAU TEMPO picks up with teal blue, heavy silk dress. Skirt has peg top drape (Pat's favorite). Trimming is spanking white pique.



DREAMY grey chiffon nightgown has wide shoulder straps, shirred yoke. Empire-style is so flattering, too!



LOUNGE suit has slim, straight slacks of leopard velvet. Touches of leopard velvet trim the broadcloth top.



SO

*You're
Going
to be
Married*

DICK'S DARLING

(Continued from page 49)

come down. I told June about it and she wasn't especially upset . . .

June: Just didn't eat for a few days!

Dick: Oh, maybe she was a little worried. But she was mainly just glad I was on the ground.

June: I'm funny about things like that—like being glad my husband didn't get killed.

Dick: And the next week I went back and got the plane, and she didn't complain.

June: The strong, silent type—that's me!

Alyce: How about the boat?

Dick: I sold that.

June: He only gave the boat up so he could have the airplane. I don't let him have both. He can't have a boat any more.

Dick: That's not true. As a matter of fact, we are looking at a new one.

June: As a matter of fact, we are not.

Alyce: Will it be for Easter? Have you written the Easter Bunny?

June: The Easter Bunny already has a letter. Special delivery.

Alyce: No boat?

June: No boat.

Alyce: Are you going to let such a little girl get the upper hand here, Dick?

Dick: You know, we have a little poodle—a little girl poodle that's a teeny little thing. And then we have a male dog—he's bigger. And she—the little one—just runs him ragged.

June: That's supposed to be a simile.

Dick: With a little time, I could give you some good dialogue about her. Such as last Christmas and the tree. A few days before Christmas, she said—*positively*—that she wanted a *little* tree. I almost bought it, but something told me to wait. I went home and asked her what kind of a tree she wanted, but she was doing something else and didn't answer. I finally sat her down and held her still until she told me. She wanted a *big* one!

Alyce: Who decorates the Christmas trees at your house?

Dick: I do.

Alyce: That's what I like about husbands. They're nice to have around.

June: What's that?

Dick: She said that husbands are nice to have around.

June: Why?

Dick: They're handy—for decorating Christmas trees and moving tables and things.

June: You don't move them, though. I do.

Alyce: He's probably like my husband. The other day we got some oilcloth for the kitchen shelves, and I knew it would be a nasty job, measuring it and cutting it to fit and then taking everything out and putting it all back in the right place. So I asked my husband to do it. He said, "Sure." And I waited. And I waited. So the other day, I took everything out of the cupboards. I measured the shelves. I cut the oilcloth and put it in, and then I put everything back on the shelves.

Dick: It's the reverse around our house. I put the oilcloth on the shelves there.

June: That's not true.

Dick: I put the oilcloth on the shelves. First I have to go out and buy it—

June: Out of my allowance!

Alyce: Children, children!

(Enter the makeup man.)

Makeup man: I'm sorry I'm late. I got away late for lunch.

June: Carl, I'll have to horsewhip you. I have tried it on my husband and it's very effective.

(Assistant director' knocks on the door.)

Assistant director: They're ready for you, June. Hurry up.

June: Be right there.

Dick: I wish I could talk to her like that. If I could only talk to her that way around the house!

(Exit June, for the purpose of throwing baseballs at James Stewart.)

Alyce: Here's your chance, Dick, to give us the real lowdown on Life With

Junie! Tell us just how wonderful it is!

Dick: It's pretty nice, if I do say so myself.

Alyce: Then maybe you'd better give up flying that plane.

Dick: I'd be absolutely insane without some kind of a hobby. It's relaxing—whether you knit or write a book or have a boat. You have to do something that isn't work.

Alyce: Are you tense?

Dick: You mean in the airplane?

Alyce: Any time.

Dick: I don't think so.

Alyce: I ask because you said you needed relaxation.

Dick: Well, everyone needs something. Picture making is a twenty-four hour business. When you are in a plane, you can't think about it.

Alyce: What does Junie do for a hobby?

Dick: I don't know. I don't think she has any.

Alyce: Is she nervous—or is she just flighty?

Dick: That's a leading question if I ever heard one! Like, "Do you beat your wife or just slap her around a little?"

Alyce: So?

Dick: She's both, I think. She is nervous—very high strung. I was just watching her with director Sam Wood. He was explaining a scene to her—showing her how to do it and giving her the dialogue and right in the middle, when he was talking to her, she started doing a time step!

Alyce: Where does she get all that energy?

Dick: I don't know. It's amazing.

Alyce: Does she fold up—all of a sudden?

Dick: She folds up—yes. Boom. We'll be at a dinner party and she will be full of life and someone will say something and you will look over at her and she'll be asleep.

Alyce: Do you think she has changed since you first met her? I remember when she was so excited about everything that was happening to her and her career. It was so new.

Dick: She is still as enthusiastic as ever about everything she does—except details and tending to business.



June Allyson's not really the helpless type—she just likes to have Richard help her with her ski boots. From Dick's expression this must be a complicated bit of business.



The Powells really take their skiing seriously. While at Sun Valley they were out for lesson every day.

Alyce: That's not so serious. It won't cause any big difference in your way of life, will it?

Dick: Well, we may sell the house. It's too big, too hard to run. I'd like an apartment, where you can just close the door and walk out. I don't think we've been in our yard for months.

Alyce: Are you still dealing in real estate? I remember you used to have a couple of business blocks in Long Beach and another someplace else. You're a terrific business man.

Dick: I disposed of a lot of stuff. Every time I look at my statement I don't think I'm such a hot business man. I can be awfully busy losing money.

Alyce: How about producing? You made money when you produced "Pit-fall," didn't you?

Dick: Eventually. But you have to wait so long for your money, a couple of years before all the returns come in.

Alyce: Well, at least you have built up a healthy fortune—sort of a dynasty for your family. I understand you adopted a baby, Dick.

Dick: Yes, about three months ago. Junie wanted one, so we got a little girl. Joan Crawford told Junie about the Tennessee Children's Home.

Alyce: Do you find with both of you working that you don't see the baby as often as you'd like?

Dick: What does a young baby do? Sleep. We love her to death when she's awake—but anything you do the first year to interfere with their eating and sleeping is bad.

Alyce: What have you named her?

Dick: She has had eight names. June never can make up her mind. I wanted it to be Allyson Powell. She's six months old and should have a name. But the latest name is Pamela.

Alyce: You were lucky to be able to get her so quickly.

Dick: The woman who runs the Tennessee Children's Home is the most remarkable woman I have ever met—wonderful understanding.

(June comes back from doing the scene, plops down by Dick.)

June: I caught the ball. I caught it like you showed me.

Dick: Yes, you did. That's a hard scene to do. Whose cigarettes are these?

June: Mine. I always have some here.

Dick: I'll take them.

June: You won't.

Dick: I'll take them. Metro actresses don't smoke.

June: Who said I smoked? I like to have them for guests.

Dick: I've got to go, darling.

June: Oh, stay! I never get to see you.

Dick: I have to get out, honey. I have an appointment. I have to get a haircut, for one thing.

June: I like your hair long. Then I can run barefoot through it! Darling, stay with me. This is more fun.

Dick: Sweetie, I've got to get going. But I love you, despite the fact I have to get to the office, and see about the Easter Bunny, and get a haircut.

June: Goodbye, darling.

Dick: Goodbye, little one.

June: Oh, goodbye!

(Exit Dick.)

Alyce: You'd think you weren't going to see him for months!

June: Well, he's pretty wonderful!

Alyce: I remember four years ago when you first told me that. You were all starry-eyed.

June: I'm still starry-eyed!

Alyce: What about that vacation you took to New York?

June: My husband said if I ever mentioned that again he'd beat me.

Alyce: But he isn't here now.

June: Well, next vacation is going to be in Europe. We're going during the summer and together. All I did in New York anyway was stay in bed with the flu and phone Richard every night to see when I could come home!

Alyce: Dick had his inning—while you were doing your last scene. Now it's your turn. Do you have any career problems?

June: We don't have any career problems.

Alyce: That's not what Dick said.

June: What did he say?

Alyce: Oh, he just meant little things—such as the fact that you haven't been out in the front yard for six months.

June: I'm ALWAYS out in the front yard, but he is never there. He doesn't get home until 7:30, and I'm not going to walk around in the dark just so he can see me enjoying the front yard. He

stays at his office and never comes home early enough. I don't know what he does so late. I think he plays gin rummy.

Alyce: He's a good business man, isn't he?

June: He's a wonderful business man. I think he likes it better than acting, although he's one of the best actors in the business.

Alyce: Any problems, though?

June: Only just like now—when we want to go on a vacation together and we have to keep postponing it because the picture isn't finished.

Alyce: Do you miss seeing the baby when you're working?

June: Terribly! I'm with her all the time except when I work. But she's still awake when I get home. She is the smartest baby. She took six steps the other day, and she's only six months old. All the books say they never walk until at least seven months. But she gets hold of my fingers and pulls herself up to a standing position and her little legs just get rigid and she tries so hard. She just wouldn't sit down until she took three steps. She says, "Hi," and "Bow wow." She's a genius, I think!

Alyce: Do you want to pause for breath now?

June: Well, you just see her!

Alyce: Do you discuss business at home?

June: We don't discuss scripts. Although Richard told me about a picture he may do with Claudette Colbert, and another story about a nightclub singer that's being written for him.

Alyce: I loved him in those musicals he used to do.

June: He's reading a script of a musical now—but not one of those where he bursts into song every second. He's a wonderful actor, Alyce, really wonderful!

Alyce: You don't have to sell me, honey. He's a crush of mine from 'way back.

June: Remind me to put poison in your soup.

Alyce: Remind me to put poison in yours! I saw him first!

June: Ah, well, that's the trouble when you're married to a wonderful guy like my guy. But, hands off, Miss Alyce Canfield. He's mine for a good long while!

THE END



Ann Rutherford and June are strictly cover girl material in their smart ski outfits. They were getting ready to schuss-away on Dollar Mountain.



Dick's all set to go even higher but Junie has other ideas. We'll bet she got her way, too!

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at the time. It was just an amateur contest at the State Theatre in Jersey City. By winning he earned neither fame, fortune nor radio contracts. He earned merely the right to appear in a more imposing amateur contest at the Academy of Music on 14th Street in New York.

The reception he received there gave him the courage to quit his newspaper delivery job and try singing with semi-professional pick-up bands that played in smaller communities in New Jersey. He earned three dollars a night with these bands, secured more engagements and raised his rates to six dollars.

He considers himself just "an average guy with more than average luck and far above the average amount of faith in himself and in the world." That's why and how he could stick with the singing, from the amateur nights to the fifteen-dollar-a-week roadhouse dates in Hoboken. When he hit a weekly salary of twenty-five a week, he married his Nancy. That was 1939.

"Sure, there'll be moments when you get discouraged. When this happens, promise yourself one thing. Promise to remember that you're a fully qualified part owner of the world and that it wouldn't do for your partners in this business of living to catch you feeling sorry for yourself.

"There's one thing upon which you can always depend—somebody, somewhere is much worse off than you are. Another thing to remember—there are more 'ups' than there are 'downs'."

When Frank felt discouraged, in the early days of his marriage, he offered to sing for free on three different broadcasting stations. Soon he was singing eighteen times a week, at dawn, at noon, and early in the afternoon, in addition to his roadhouse job. The only pay he received for all this broadcasting was seventy-five cents a week—carfare allowance from one radio station.

That's what he means by "faith in yourself."

His first taste of reward came six months later when Harry James, who had just left Goodman's band to form his own combination, hired Frank as soloist. They were together six months, recorded several popular ballads, including "All or Nothing at All," which intrigued Tommy Dorsey so he invited the young singer to join his band, then playing at the Milwaukee Theatre.

Frank was with Dorsey until summer, 1942, his salary climbing from \$75 to \$250 a week, his records gaining popularity. He even appeared in two pictures with Dorsey's band, but he was still little more than part of the background when he was engaged to play the Paramount Theatre, December, 1942, as an added attraction with Goodman's band. It has been known as the Parasinatra Theatre ever since.

Behind that spectacular acclaim there were nine and one-half years of hard work, courage and determination. Even since, there have been disappointments and a need for grit and flexibility.

Frank's early appearances in movies were not too auspicious. When he had sung with Dorsey's band, he was unnoticed. Now, as a famous singer, he appeared in "Higher and Higher" and "Step Lively"; but it wasn't until "Anchors Aweigh" that he attained real screen success. And not as a romantic lead, but as a comedian. He danced

with Gene Kelly and Gene sang with him, and they frolicked their way through one of the most popular musicals ever filmed.

Now they are teamed again in "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and Sinatra fans will find Frankie swinging a bat in the colorful rig of a 1906 ball player. Here again is an indication of Frank Sinatra's flexibility and emotional maturity. *He listens to advice.*

"You kids just starting out must be willing to take criticism and plenty of it," he says. "You must be willing to listen to advice. Even if you fancy yourself a Hamlet, don't turn down a chance to play Falstaff! That may be the chance you've been waiting for. Keep your mind and your hearts open. People who boast of never changing are dead; they just don't know it. Sure, have opinions, but test them through experience."

One of the foremost figures in radio, a star on the screen, Frankie has a part interest in one publishing company and is starting another to be known as Sinatra Songs, Inc. He listens to symphony music while he eats; but in addition to music, there are many other things. There is his interest in sports, his crusades for tolerance. He is a Mr. Fixit at home, painting, repairing light sockets, tinkering with the plumbing—not always too successfully—but he always volunteers to do it!

"Since I believe in myself and in the world, what I have to tell you graduates is largely optimistic," he continues. "The class of '49 can certainly use some optimistic thought, because never has a group been dumped into such pessimistic times. You are graduated, therefore you are equipped with an education. You have successfully completed four years of association with your fellow students. You are equipped with a sense of responsibility toward the society in which you must work and live."

Frankie has this sense of responsibility to a marked degree. With Irene Dunne and Edward Arnold, he is at the top of Hollywood citizenry. Witness the long-distance calls he made—200 of them—to families of service men when he returned from his USO tour. Witness his crusades against racial intolerance, the short subject, "The House I Live In," which added a cinematic appeal to the magazine articles and the countless speeches he has made on the subject. Frankie believes being successful increases one's obligations.

With education and a sense of responsibility to oneself and to society, he feels that the graduates have a firm foundation. "To be a success, it is up to you to have the elements of confidence in yourself, decency toward your fellowman and a good two-fisted approach to hard work.

"The combination is sure-fire. Diligently applied it can't lose. Even though the present may be rough, the opportunity is all yours to make the future smooth.

"So, good luck, boys and girls, the world is out there waiting for you. Go to it!"

THE END

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in July MOVIELAND
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York but it's too wonderful, too perfect. Life's too lazy. If I stayed here without working, I'd simply go to the beach and turn into a bum. Clift, beachcomber.

"People have suggested I rush away from Hollywood when I finish a picture, because I don't like the place. That's not so. People from Hollywood come to New York to work, and when they're through they turn around and come home to Hollywood. The same with me. New York's my home. My setup's there. No, when I'm through, I go home.

"I wouldn't mind living out here if I worked here permanently. But I want to keep the door open to the stage, because I want to do plays regularly. I haven't decided what I want to do next. No definite plans for a play or a picture at this moment."

Usually with rising stars the lure of the fat weekly stipend is a major factor. Monty for 14 years has been an actor, and most of that time a successful one. For awhile he's made a lot of money. However, Monty has not yet become accustomed to Hollywood kind of money. He hasn't acquired the Hollywood kind of tastes. There's a chance that Monty may never acquire them, even though it's a difficult disease to withstand.

Monty could have come out long before this, but he held out for the right role.

(Recently Monty came to this office to look over some color pictures. Everyone from Gable down had visited this office at one time or another, and nobody in the building ever made any untoward fuss.

(Somehow word got around that Monty Clift was coming. When he drove up, the whole building was out front to ogle him. We were pretty embarrassed.)

A sneak preview of "The Heiress" demonstrated his drawing power in Hollywood. Clift has a late entrance in the picture. The minute his face came into focus, a spontaneous, thunderous burst of applause came from the audience. The place just fell apart. It was exactly like a live actor walking onto the stage. This doesn't happen with picture audiences!

Yes, nice things are happening to a nice guy who gets along with practically everyone, who makes few demands on people, and who will be good for the movie industry. For one thing, Monty's complete dependability is inspiring.

He believes he owes a great deal to Howard Hawks. If Hawks wants him to do a picture, he'll do it. "Hawks first took a chance on me out here," he said. "Hawks talked me into doing 'Red River.' I owe him respect and gratitude. I'll work for him any time. I don't need a contract with him."

When his new picture "The Heiress" is released, his first truly romantic role will capture the hearts and imaginations of thousands of new female fans. Perhaps the secret of Monty Clift's appeal—aside from his fine acting—is the unmistakable quality of sex, the touch of arrogance which he distills. Psychologically speaking, Clift may be to women the dream they never can realize. Women like to compete with intangibles instead of other women. When they find something uppermost in a man's mind—music, art, or acting—they knock themselves out trying to dislodge it and replace it.

Monty Clift's preoccupation with being the finest actor he can be, is honest and apparent. Tragically for the gals, he's so absorbed in this "first love," he simply won't be aware of or interested in the many femme-frustrations he'll soon be planting. But this very indifference is in the last analysis the lure of Monty Clift.

THE END

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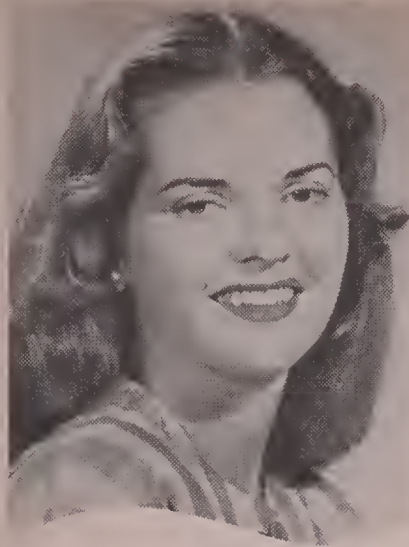
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SITTING PRETTY

(Continued from page 31)

It didn't take his wife to point out to me that Bill Holden is one of the friendliest and most comfortable celebrities to be with I've yet to meet. I sometimes forget he's a movie star. He seems more like a college undergrad. He even dresses like the boys I know. He wears quiet sport coats, slacks, argyles, and moccasins. And for the length of one picture, "Dark Past," he went around with a crew cut.

Bill's good-natured charm is especially evident where fans are concerned. A lot of stars get mad at us kids, but not Bill. He seems to enjoy meeting his public face to face. He often goes out of his way to talk to people.

For example, the other afternoon I was walking home from the library with a couple of my girl friends. Bill drove by, recognized me, and offered to give us a lift. Of course, my friends were thrilled to pieces and a little scared.

Do you know how Bill put them at ease? By asking us our opinions: What we thought of his latest picture? Did we like him better in comedies or melodramas? And what fans like us expected of a movie star when we hang around outside the studio? Really adult questions!

At first, the girls were too amazed to speak but by the time we got to my house we were all yakking at once. We had a regular bull session.

Bill Holden is pul-en-tee smart, too. He never appeared on Information Please!, but if he had, it's my guess he would have been more sensational than Reggie Gardiner, Gregory Ratoff, and Mike Romanoff combined. Bill maintains that being an actor is an education in itself. Every new part means a lot of research and background reading. You can practically trace the record of his pictures by glancing at the library shelves.

There's Clifford Odets for "Golden Boy," Zane Grey for "Arizona," Ernie Gann for "Blaze at Noon" and more recently Krafft-Ebing and Freud in con-

nection with "Dark Past." Some mixture!

"I read a lot of western pulp magazines, too," Bill admits. "The eyestrain is something fierce but if I learn so much as a new way to strike a match, a more typical way of drawing a gun, or a genuine piece of funny business, then the reading has helped me improve as an actor."

That's what is always uppermost in Bill Holden's mind. How to become a better actor!

No matter how much Bill may look like the boy next door, no matter how many times he gets voted Mr. Typical American, he's an actor first, last, and always. I guess that's what makes him somewhat more exciting than the boy next door, too.

I love to hear Bill talk about movies. I could listen for days on end. He gets so intent, so carried away, and I get so educated. Sometimes he starts talking to me while he's waiting for Ardis to tuck the children into bed. Before we realize it, the children are asleep, Ardis has joined the discussion, and time passes. The Holdens have been late for more dinner parties that way.

One of Bill's pet theories is that movie audiences are growing up. He claims they no longer waste their money or time on trash. By supporting the good films the public is forcing the studios to produce better pictures with solid entertainment value.

And he has some very definite ideas about good entertainment, believe me. He thinks that comedies come first in entertainment value, providing they contain honest humor; things that could happen in real life. Personally, he is always on the lookout for funny incidents that he can use in a picture. As an example he cites the bathinette building scene in "Apartment for Peggy." Bill's had plenty of experience with assembling toys and furniture and he knows how maddeningly funny it can be. It was a laugh riot in the movie, too, if you remember.



With baby-sitting worries out of the way Brenda and Bill Holden relax before curtain goes up at a Hollywood premiere. That's Eddie Cantor sitting right in back of them.

JUNE

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On the subject of westerns, Bill thinks all westerns are great, but some are greater than others. He's particularly proud of "Rachel and the Stranger" because, to quote Bill, "It was based on a true, historical period in the development of the Northwest. And it was so authentic that when the Indians came after us, Loretta Young, Bob Mitchum and I felt they were really after our scalps. It was hair-raising just to act in that picture."

Bill gets so animated when he talks about motion pictures that he frequently starts acting out a scene. But I've never seen him so happily engrossed in a picture as he was during the filming of "Dark Past."

In this movie, as you may know, he plays the part of a psychopathic killer. It's completely different from his usual smiling movie self and he revelled in the change. "All during the picture," says Bill with wonder, "I would wake up every morning anxious to go to work and be sorry when the day was over."

In addition to being enthusiastic about his chosen career, Bill Holden possesses a few other characteristics typical of an actor. He's charged with nervous energy; of course most really good actors are.

Bill never relaxes completely. Rather than take a vacation between pictures, he tours veteran hospitals, makes personal appearances where his pictures are showing, and does radio guest spots.

Like all actors he's also slightly sentimental and a bit impractical. Although the Holdens live within a rigid budget most of the time, every once in awhile they toss it out the window and indulge in a whopping extravagance.

Recently, Bill had the famous portrait painter, Paul Clemens, paint Ardis with the three children. It was fabulously expensive, and Andy, their business manager, screamed to the high heavens. But Bill's answer was blunt and to the point. "What the heck am I working for, if not to enjoy the fruits of my labor? And I do enjoy looking at that picture."

Lastly, Bill Holden is a perfectionist. Not only is he exacting about work but he's particular about the home. With children, he's a firm father and strict disciplinarian. He won't stand for any disobedience or backtalk, and the children know it. They, in turn, love him wildly because they obviously know where they stand with "Daddy."

Bill's equally exacting about food and how it's served. Dinner each night is a lesson in good living because he's so particular about the right seasoning, the perfect salad dressing and fine wine. And their dining room table set for a formal party is something to see.

Bill's downright fussy about the cut of suits and the knot in his tie. He likes being well-dressed. He also notices what Ardis is wearing. Consequently she always dresses to please him.

However, this emphasis on detail sometimes leads him into friendly little disagreements with Ardis who must execute these details. But she can hold her own in any verbal quibble, and anyway, win, lose, or draw, Bill ends up by sending his wife flowers.

I was on hand the last time Ardis received one of Bill's peace offerings. She opened the box and with a little intake of breath she whispered, "Chrysanthemums." Then she picked up the card, read it, smiled and slipped it in her pocket. Our eyes met and she smiled again.

"He's my favorite actor," I volunteered with understanding.

Ardis laughed. "He's my favorite husband."

THE END

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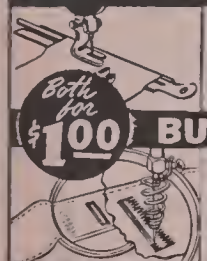
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ANYBODY GOT A CAN OPENER?

(Continued from page 41)

a kitchen chair, white and red. I'd never noticed any lack of furniture in the big Stack kitchen, but birthday-boy assured me that they didn't have a single stool with a back and this was a stool with a back.

You could straddle it and lean your arms on the back while you talked—a fine point in choosing a kitchen stool.

He found three more kinds of can openers, each of which could do another trick, an enormous glass eye-dropper (that is what it looked like), to baste his ducks, and a shiny new pail for the new mop. After all, how could an elegant new mop be sent in an old dull pail?

The next purchase was a tool kit and a lantern with a big eye to take when he goes skiing. His mother had given him new ski shirts that morning, and his brother had bought him an electric blanket to take on the next ski trip. These new additions would be the last word in the equipment of the well-groomed skier.

While all this was being wrapped, Bob disappeared. He'd wandered off between the clothes baskets and the plumbing fixtures, and when the clerk and I finally found him, he was down at the far end of the basement playing with power tools. The man on duty had given him a few easy lessons and he was making sweet music on a block of wood.

The expression of Bob's face was as intent as it was over the controls of his airplane in "Fighter Squadron." The faces of the onlookers were the same way.

Potter's had not been crowded when we came. Now it began to look like Grand Central Station. Everyone in

Westwood had suddenly taken to shopping. Some of the housewives looked surprisingly young, more like UCLA students; but young or old they wanted autographs, and got 'em.

Bob'd most likely be there yet, save for the problem of hunger.

"Aren't you hungry?" I wailed. "We never did get that soup, you know. Don't you want to buy me a sundae? Or something? They make wonderful banana splits across the street at Rexall," I said subtly.

That did it. They loved Bob at the soda fountain too. He took a banana split with all the trimmings and when the clerk shoved it across the counter, Bob gave with one of his disarming smiles and said could he have more whipped cream? A cute young girl asked for an autograph and when Bob had signed on the dotted line she asked earnestly, "What kind of girls do you like?"

Bob grinned. "Honey, I like them basic," he said.

Now all we had to do was get the shopping loot home. There is something madly unwieldy about hardware, especially in a small car.

None of the doorways in the house seemed big enough as he struggled to get through while I hovered frantically over the breakable items.

Bob happily attached the can opener on the wall. He got out the same old battered can of soup.

And what happened? It wouldn't work either!

THE END

INGRID COME BACK

(Continued from page 45)

Ingrid. She was at last sure of herself and her place in pictures. Dr. Lindstrom had been able to join her at long last and they had established a home where they could live as they liked to live. A home in one of the charming canyons above Hollywood, with spacious rooms which could be divided into smaller ones for intimate family living, with a garden for Pia. Dr. Lindstrom, whose distinguished reputation had preceded him to Hollywood, was beginning to build a practice.

Ingrid, who had seemed about to become warm and friendly, suddenly gained anew her reputation for aloofness. This was because she felt that she must not, could not, admit reporters, photographers or even casual acquaintances into the privacy of the home where her husband's professional standing must be rigidly protected.

She walled her little family in while she played a fiery role in "Saratoga Trunk." That was successful at the box office but did little for her. "Spellbound," with Gregory Peck, for United Artists lifted her again.

Just then, as seems to be Ingrid's way, she simply amazed everyone. She went into the role of Sister Benedict in "The Bells of St. Mary's" with Bing Crosby. This was dramatic because earlier that year it had been her privilege to present Bing with his Academy Award for "Going My Way." Her throaty exultation as she rushed to him with "Oscar" in her hands, crying, "Bing! It's yours!" had been one of the most touching things the Academy had seen or heard. "Bells of St.

Mary's" was, of course, a sequel to that triumphant picture. It was a role she had wanted very much to play and she was completely relaxed and happy in it.

Studio personnel who had been alerted for temperament were delighted. No one could have been sweeter or more easy to deal with than Ingrid was just then. She was alive. She was warm. Her performance as Sister Benedict showed it.

Still under contract to Selznick, but not working on his lot at the moment, she visited the lovely set which had been built for "Since You Went Away." She was enchanted with the charming house and cried, "It is so lovely! We must have a housewarming!" And she gave a party a day or so later to "warm" the set and cheer the picture on.

Working with Bing on "Bells" she had a beautiful time. She likes to sing, although she doesn't take it seriously and she and Bing had joyous jam sessions every day. She adored his banter and was particularly amused when he pretended, solemnly, to teach her "jive talk" and explained the differences between such terms as "hep" and "square." He might have been talking Siamese for all she understood of it but she found it almost unbearably funny.

She was ready and willing to talk with anyone at all and once she flabbergasted the entire RKO lot when she entertained a gasping, teen-aged reporter from a local High School Quarterly on the set for an entire afternoon, painstakingly working with her on a "really good story" for her little paper.

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Once Ingrid didn't mind being photographed in candid poses. Now it isn't "dignified."

This was Ingrid's loveliest performance as an artist. She was in tune with her work and with the people close to her and that harmony communicated itself to her public.

The Alfred Hitchcock suspense thriller, "Notorious," which followed, was sexy and exciting. Ingrid was beautiful but she was growing tense again and, despite a few gay parties, she seemed more and more dependent on the flattery of sycophants. It probably dismayed her, too, after the picture was released, to learn that fans who had worshiped her dedicated role of Sister Benedict were a trifle shocked at seeing her as the beautiful and well meaning trollop. How versatile, after all, they wanted to know, can you get?

She sulked a bit after that one but she sulked a great deal more after "Arch of Triumph" and you couldn't blame her! She should never have essayed that one. It dimmed her lustre badly.

She began to lose her human touch again. Hollywood was fretful with her. Hollywood forgives and understands people who don't want to go to parties or night clubs. But Hollywood finds it difficult to forgive an actor who refuses to lend his talents to or even attend charity benefits. Patronizing benefits is an important part of the Hollywood code—and Ingrid, during this period, was not conforming. It didn't go down at all well when a local columnist discovered Ingrid sun-bathing in her garden while nearly every other star in town was knocking himself out at a benefit for crippled children only a few yards away.

It has been curious to see how Ingrid's pleasure or success in succeeding screen roles has affected her disposition and her attitude toward life and her public. Few actresses have reacted so definitely to these things.

So it isn't surprising that her role in "Joan of Arc" should have had a marked effect on her, for better or worse. It is the root of the dilemma. She had had a burning desire to portray The Maid since her early childhood. It had remained with her through all the years when she was maturing and her work was taking on stature and solidarity. Her success in



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the stage play, "Joan of Lorraine," seemed to justify her faith in herself and the role.

Moreover, a sincerely enthusiastic press and an overzealous press agent built her, almost overnight, into a figure of saintliness and genius that no actress, however potent, could have possibly sustained. A woman who combined the attributes of Bernhardt, Duse and Joan, herself, would have found herself hard put to it to deserve all those adjectives.

This ecstatic legend was spread nationwide and she would have been less than human if she hadn't begun to believe at least part of what she consistently read about herself. So it was hardly any wonder that when she plunged so passionately into the grandiose preparations for the lavish picture, she began to take on some of the aura of the Saint, herself. Other actresses have believed their own publicity, too.

Let's give Ingrid her due in this performance. In her early, peasant scenes she achieved a real effulgence. We believed implicitly in her Voices. That there were arid stretches was probably due to the very bigness of the production the picture was given. The production dwarfed the story. Besides, some of the dialogue in these stretches was thankless stuff.

But Ingrid found it difficult to believe that anyone could possibly find a flaw in this culmination of her dreams. The slightest criticism of the picture wounded and bruised her beyond belief. She was still, in her own mind, wearing her shining armor and for months she has been more remote than she ever was, more difficult for even her professional associates to reach. As someone close to her

remarked, "She doesn't quite seem to hear ordinary conversation."

It is an anticlimactical crossroad for her. We shuddered when we heard that she was considering a "riproaring" comedy for relief from her halo. Not, we prayed, another Greer Garson sprinting about in tights and wallowing in a mud-hole in a determined effort to destroy the lovely dignity she had brought to earlier roles! Everyone wondered what in the world she could possibly do to return to earth gradually.

But as this is written it would appear that she doesn't want to return to earth at all. She is all but committed to make a picture in Italy with Roberto Rossellini who, it is true, made two fine pictures by unconventional methods. But with Bergman? We wonder. When she asked him to let her see the script he told her dreamily that he had no script. "I will do lovely things for you," he promised. "I see your face now against barbed wire . . ." With this nebulous premise she seems quite content.

Something fine and worthwhile may come of this strange partnership for all anyone knows. But we seem to have lost the Bergman we knew and loved, the accomplished, versatile actress, the warm, human person, the dignified wife, the perfect mother, the outdoor girl who never looked as handsome as she did while walking in the rain—real rain. Then "natural" beauty was hers.

She is still in the clouds, surrounded with an aura of saintliness. We miss her and we wish more and more that she had never read all those adjectives about herself as "Joan of Lorraine" and as "Joan of Arc."

THE END

LANA TALKS

(Continued from page 25)

were cruising the Caribbean that the gossip mongers began to spread their vile insidious poison.

The number one rumor was that Lana was quitting the movies and would henceforth lead the life of the idle rich—Spring in Greenwich, Summer in Europe, Fall in California, and Winter in the tropics.

The number two rumor had Lana ill, nervous, broken down, her looks gone, her figure flabby.

The third was that she and Bob were on the verge of splitting up.

Over and over again with a nagging insistency, these rumors made their way into the gossip columns of the nation's newspapers. Since Bob and Lana were both at sea, there was no way in which these allegations could be checked.

In order to give the readers of MOVIE-LAND an honest, truthful, objective and first hand report on the state of Lana's activities, I decided to get hold of a marine operator in Miami Beach, and see if she somehow might broadcast a call out to sea and contact Lana aboard the Topping yacht.

I placed the call, and in a few moments I could hear the thin metallic voice of the marine operator wafting over the waves. "Calling the Snuffie!" she announced. "This is the marine operator at Miami Beach calling WB 3128." Those are the call letters of the Topping yacht.

For several hours, we attempted to contact Lana somewhere on the Caribbean, but apparently the Topping yacht radio was not turned on. I surmised that the wireless operator was saving his battery.

A day later, however, we caught "The Snuffie" lolling fifty miles south of the Bahamas. Her radio was receiving, and in a matter of seconds her wireless operator announced, "Mrs. Robert Topping is ready to talk. Go ahead, please."

"Hello!" Lana shouted, "who is this?"

"You don't have to shout," I answered, "you sound as if you were just around the corner."

"Please," Lana said, "who is this?"

I identified myself, and then I asked, "Where exactly are you now?"

"We're fishing off the Bahamas," Lana said. "It's 12 o'clock, it's a perfect day, and oh! a very exciting thing has just happened. Bob has just caught a sailfish, and it's the first sailfish caught in these waters in the past two years."

"That's great," I said, "but how do you feel? I understand you haven't yet gotten over the bad effects of your hospital siege."

Lana: Of course, I have. I've never felt any better. I'm in simply wonderful condition, and Bob and I are having a great time down here. He's teaching me to fish.

Me: Have you caught anything yet?

Lana: Oh, yes a lot of little fish but nothing very large.

Me: What gives with you and Bob? Any truth to those rumors about you two splitting up?

Lana: You should know better than that. I've never been happier in my life, and I think that goes for Bob, too. Isn't this exciting? Talking way out at sea. I've never been interviewed like this before. I sure hope you write something good.

Me: Only what you tell me. Where do

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 17)

When we asked Anne Baxter what she did with her Oscar (which she won for "The Razor's Edge") she said, "If I put it on display, it would seem ostentation. If I hid it, it would seem ungrateful. I keep it hid."

* * *

Claudette Colbert, who two years ago announced plans for retiring from the screen as an actress and turning director around 1950, has about shelved the idea. The success of "Family Honeymoon" proved that the public still liked her as an actress. So she'll still continue appearing before the cameras rather than behind them. However, she'll produce her next film, "Love Is Big Business," as well as star in it.

* * *

Max Baer, the ex-prizefighter, has been in Hollywood doing a picture. During one of his first scenes, he didn't understand the procedure preceding the rolling of the camera. So when the bell calling for silence rang, Max started emoting without waiting for the director to say "Action." The scene was stopped, and the purpose of the bell explained. "Oh," said Max, "in the ring, if you didn't start acting when the bell rang, you didn't act at all."

* * *

John Garfield plans on doing two pictures and one play annually from now on. He'll spend six months here and six months in New York; but he doesn't know where he'll live in either place!

* * *

During the filming of "The Great Dan Patch," the race horse playing one of the lead roles had a double for many of his scenes—but not so Dennis O'Keefe. The scenes were being shot in close-ups; a horse was found with almost the identical size and coloring of the one in the film; but the studio couldn't find a double who resembled O'Keefe closely enough, so poor Danny had to work while the horse stood on the sidelines munching hay.

* * *

After Ann Blyth unveiled a good singing voice in "Top of the Morning" with Bing Crosby, she's likely to get a switch in film roles and do some musicals. Having proved herself as a very talented dramatic actress, she's one of our most promising youngsters. Though Ann has been seen a great deal with Roddy McDowall, it's merely a matter of friendship and nothing serious.

* * *

Errol Flynn and Greer Garson have been mighty chummy since doing "The Forsyte Saga" together, and it wouldn't surprise us at all if a new romance between those two busted out one of these fine days.

* * *

The James Masons have turned out to be baby sitters. They take care of the Glenn Ford child when Glenn and Eleanor go out at night, and the Fords reciprocate by sitting with the Mason youngster when the Masons do the town.

* * *

Joan Bennett, who recently became a grandmother, after having a baby herself eight months ago, is telling friends that she intends to have all the children she can. And being a grandmother will have no effect on the stork's visit to her home.

* * *

Gene Raymond wrote all the songs, both the music and the lyrics, for his picture, "Big Time Story." One of the ditties is titled "Maple Syrup and Lollipops." Sounds sticky, huh?

THE END



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WE ADOPTED LIZ

(Continued from page 26)

By JANET LEIGH

can always find Elizabeth stocking-footed if she isn't actually standing, walking, or dancing.

"You'll catch cold," I told her in my mother-knows-best tone.

"Not I," said Elizabeth. And she didn't.

Peter Lawford was usually around when we four girls came into the commissary for luncheon, so he made it a habit to join us. He plays "Laurie" in the picture, you know.

Day after day he listened to me warning Elizabeth about sitting shoeless in the drafty commissary, and day after day he listened to Elizabeth denying danger. Also he got a kick out of her frantic efforts to climb back into slippers when she had to leave the table.

Came that inevitable day when Elizabeth, upon being summoned to the next table by our dialogue coach, hurriedly thrust her feet into her shoes . . . and found that Mr. Lawford had filled them with crackers and tea.

Elizabeth, after her first shock, laughed harder than anyone.

On another occasion, it was Elizabeth who thought up a good gag. We had been working in the luscious costumes which we wore for "Meg's" wedding (incidentally, I'm "Meg" in the picture) and we positively dripped furbelows, plumes, lace and fans. One set visitor observed that we looked like an old-fashioned valentine counter.

"Let's be comic valentines, instead," suggested Elizabeth.

She scooted to the commissary, bought a package of Black Jack chewing gum, and brought it back to the three of us waiting in her dressing room. We spread the gum over our front teeth; when we were called to the set, we waited patiently until director LeRoy turned to tell us, "Places, please. You certainly are a beautiful sight."

We curtsied and gave him a great big smile, with our blacked-out teeth.

It created quite a tumult, and practically everyone was accused of perpetrating the gag except Elizabeth. No one thought of her planning mischief.

She started another stunt that broke us up repeatedly: while we were rehearsing lines, she would suddenly go off into a thick cockney accent, or into the apple-pan dowdy intonations of a southern belle. Elizabeth is one of the most talented mimics I have ever known. Finally the rest of us took up whatever dialect Elizabeth started.

We thought it might be irritating the best-natured director in the world, our Mr. LeRoy, but when we teased him about it one day he said, "You girls have become a real family. Your between-scenes kidding has created a home atmosphere that is coming through beautifully on the screen. This is going to be a heart-warming picture."

Of course we didn't clown all the time; we had our serious moments . . . especially when we took time off to write letters. Elizabeth's went to Lt. Glenn Davis, in Korea, of course.

I was with Elizabeth, incidentally, the day she met Glenn Davis. She and I and several others were playing touch football on the beach at Malibu one afternoon when this good-looking boy joined our group. He was visiting friends, so he was introduced to us.

"Hello," said Elizabeth, glancing up from her place in the line. She loves

games of all kinds and plays them hard, so she isn't easily distracted by the arrival of a new member of the team. "Let's get going," she said, adding to Glenn, "Ever play touch football?"

He merely nodded.

Something began to percolate through Elizabeth's memory. She straightened. "You're . . . Glenn Davis . . . of Army? Oh, dear . . . I guess you won't want to play this game with us. . ."

"Sure I do," said Glenn. He didn't seem to be bored with the game at all. He had a gay time. Some time later, when he left to go overseas, he gave Elizabeth his gold football to wear until he returns.

I love to watch her turn that gold football over and over in her hands. She looks so dreamy and ethereal . . . until she suddenly grins and I discover that she has again blacked out her front teeth!

So, ah keep tellin' mahself, I must do something 'bout that honey chile. Must adopt her and fetch her up propah.

The only trouble is that now I'M stepping out of my shoes at every possible opportunity!

By MARGARET O'BRIEN

like a portrait of a girl, than like an actual person.

One day I found Elizabeth in her dressing room. No one else was around, so I knocked—even if the door was open. She told me to come in and sit down. Well, I looked at her in that blond wig, and I looked and looked. Then I said, "I hope someday that I can play a part in a blond wig."

She laughed awfully hard, then said, "Oh no you don't. I have to be at the studio an hour before any of the rest of you girls do, just to get this wig set in place. Then, during the shooting, it keeps coming unglued along the hairline and I have to hold up everything until the hairdresser fixes it."

And then she told me a secret. At least she said it was a secret. "All my life I've wanted to play a part in a wig, but now I'm cured. Everyone has to go through it once, I suppose, but once is enough."

That made me feel better. If I never get to wear a wig, at least I'll never have to appear at the studio an hour earlier. And I won't come unglued.

During the time we were making "Little Women" I was on school vacation, oh happy thought. But poor Elizabeth had to make up certain studies because she had been away from Hollywood during part of the normal school year. She had a lot of trouble with mathematics. Sometimes I helped her. I am fairly good at fractions, but her problems were mainly originals about "if Farmer Brown had sixty acres of wheat land, how many feet of fence would he need to enclose it?"

Elizabeth and I did not consider this a very good problem because Elizabeth does not plan to raise wheat, ever. As Elizabeth said with a big sigh, "Arithmetic is so impractical."

Whenever Elizabeth had a few spare minutes between problems and studying her script, we talked about writing books. Elizabeth wrote and illustrated a very cute book about her pet squirrel, entitled "Nibbles and Me." She gave me an autographed copy; when I have a library, I am going to build the rest of my books around "Nibbles and Me" because it is practically my all-time

favorite and I'll always cherish it.

The name of my own book is "My Diary" and I was illustrating it during the time we were working on "Little Women." Illustrating a book is not easy, so I asked Elizabeth for advice; she taught me quite a bit about making people look sad or glad or mad, just by tilting a few lines.

Another thing we talked about was England. Elizabeth, who was born in England, came to this country when she was only nine. I, born in this country, went to England when I was eleven. Naturally, I could bring Elizabeth a lot of news; I told her how British studios worked, and I told her about how lucky my mother and I were to be invited to have luncheon at No. 10 Downing Street with Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee. It was very thrilling. Sometimes, when I have told people about my trip, they haven't really paid very close attention, but Elizabeth was sweet. She really listened, and asked questions, and was very cosmopolitan. (She taught me how to spell cosmopolitan.)

There is just one thing about her that I do not understand. One day when we were having luncheon in the commissary, an actor named Errol Flynn came in with some of our MGM officials. Mr. Flynn usually works for Warner Brothers.

Well, you should have seen Elizabeth. She kept sliding to one side of her chair so she could see between the heads at all the tables, and watch Mr. Flynn. She said she thought he was terribly handsome and exciting to look at. When I asked if he could ride a horse, she said, "Of course."

"Better than Roy Rogers?" I asked. There is almost no one who can ride a horse better than Roy Rogers.

Elizabeth, still sitting on the edge of her chair, gasped, "I don't suppose so, but Mr. Flynn can fence like a dream."

There we were—back to the fences in her mathematics. I didn't see what a fence had to do with Mr. Flynn, but I didn't like to say so. It wouldn't have been polite.

"Can he sing?" I asked. She said she didn't think so. Well, Roy Rogers can sing beautifully.

I asked her if she had an autographed photograph of Mr. Flynn, and she said "No." Well, I have one of Roy Rogers. He is wonderful about sending out pictures. I wrote to Roy Rogers and asked for a picture for Elizabeth. He sent it right away.

Elizabeth was thrilled, and thanked me. I think that is when I began to feel that I had really adopted Elizabeth and she was my really-truly sister.

But she still holds her breath when Mr. Flynn comes into the commissary.

By JUNE ALLYSON

in town to be one of the great beauties of our time?

And she wished she looked like me, she said!

I gave up. "This, I will tell my grandchildren," I promised myself.

Another thing that endeared Elizabeth to me was her enthusiasm for my daughter, Pamela.

On one of the days when we were both being "shot around" at the studio, I asked Elizabeth to join me at my home for luncheon. Pamela was awake when Elizabeth arrived (a rare event for sleepy-head Pamela), so Elizabeth went straight to her crib and began to talk to the baby.

Instead of going through the meaningless sound manual, as most adults do with young children, Elizabeth told

Pamela what a lovely day it was outside; then she told her about a puppy she had seen playing in a nearby yard; then she talked to Pamela about her pretty dress and her bright nursery. It was quite the conversation of two girl friends.

Pamela gurgled back.

"Now I know what I want to do," sighed Elizabeth. "I want to get married at once and have a baby."

I said that, in that case, she might be able to put on some weight, whereupon both of us went into peals of laughter at this mild witticism. We had our reasons.

Elizabeth's mother used to bring a light luncheon to the studio for Elizabeth each day, because Elizabeth was supposed to have tea at four.

The rest of us "March" girls promptly caught onto the fact that Elizabeth's picnic hamper was packed with rare delights. There would be sweet cakes, finger sandwiches, homemade cookies and fruit. We always gathered when Elizabeth was to have tea, and—partly because she is the most generous girl in the world, and partly because she was never hungry although the rest of us were starving—she would share her goodies.

During one particularly gala week, she didn't touch her tea at all; Margaret, Janet and I divided it. There was a foul reason behind our triumph.

In "Little Women," Elizabeth—as the effervescent Amy—was supposed to have a tremendous appetite. The eating scenes were shot over a period of three days, and Amy's "sisters" really took advantage of the situation. Whenever it seemed that we were to get a perfect "take," one of us would blow our lines.

We would have to start the sequence over again, and poor Elizabeth would have to sit at the table and continue to eat her luncheon. The result was not a complete surprise to us: Elizabeth would relinquish her snack to us.

"Don't even eat those sandwiches in my presence," Elizabeth would moan. "I never want to see food again. Why, Junie, did you have to forget your line at the last possible moment?"

I merely grinned at her over the edge of a watercress sandwich.

Any other girl would have found some way to get even with us, but Elizabeth is one of the few people I have ever known who enjoys a joke on herself even more than a trick played upon another person.

All of which brings me to a very important fact about my sister "Amy." True, she is a great beauty, true, she has much sweetness of character; true, she is a good sport; but my greatest reason for adopting Elizabeth is that she is one of the best little actresses in the business.

She is a delight to work with, and she is a delight to watch at work. There is a scene in "Little Women" when she learns of the death of Beth that will simply tear out your heart. At least that was the effect it had on me, and I was prepared for the scene because I had studied the script.

She's a girl headed for greatness, my sister Elizabeth.

THE END

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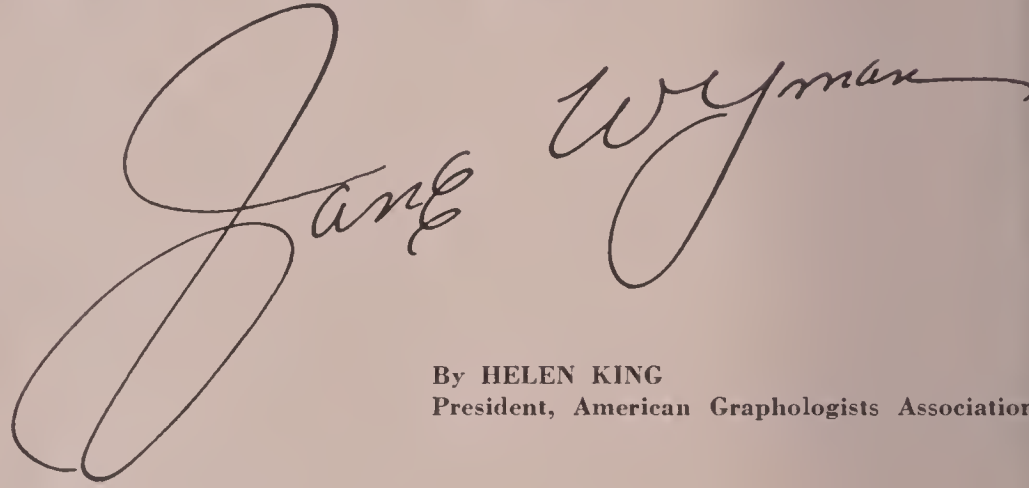
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Jane Wyman's huge signature is indicative of a scintillating personality, says Graphologist Helen King. You'll see Jane soon in "Kiss in the Dark."

DO YOU WRITE LIKE



By HELEN KING
President, American Graphologists Association

★ No, you're not seeing things! That is Jane Wyman's signature, and she does make a "J" somewhat reversed. This bold handwriting shows that she is an individualist, that she has very definite ideas of her own.

Just about the time a person thinks he might know Jane Wyman rather well that streak of I-must-live-my-life-my-own way jumps to the fore. She has the courage of her convictions and the will to follow them through.

If you also reverse the letter the way Jane does you, too, have that combination of traits. Notice how the writing tapers? That is, how it starts out unusually large, beginning with the "J," then tapers off to smaller and smaller letters as the signature goes by. Penmanship instructors would say that the final "n" should be the same size as the first "a," but Jane's isn't. Tapering words and letters are indicative of those who know the value of diplomacy. These people can say "no" with a smile—and make you like it.

Does Jane's signature give you the impression of having four capital letters in it? The J-E-W and Y? It's the personality-gal again coming out in her writing.

Do you get the impression her writing climbs up the side of the paper? That shows optimism, ambition, action.

Are you aware of tiny hooks on the end of the "e" and the very last stroke? Hooks show a tendency to "hang on," to cling to some preconceived ideas.

Check Jane's signature against your own for slant, size and pressure. The slant reveals a demonstrative individual who believes in self-expression. The rather large size shows her love of people, of mixing in, of hating to be alone. And the slightly uneven pressure indicates that there is hastiness in her make-up.
THE END

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HOW TO GET YOUR MAN

(Continued from page 37)

quite inevitably her beauty attracted his wolfing eye. There was nothing subtle about him, everything to him had a price tag. He had money and prestige, which Lora Mae wanted. So she went to work.

She didn't chase her man, but she knew all the tricks and used them to arouse his interest, to get him to chase her. (That, my friends, is smart procedure.)

She also was honest; she never kidded herself nor Porter. For their very first date she had him call for her in her dingy bungalow close to the railroad tracks. She didn't try to conceal her humble home by meeting him somewhere in town. When he arrived and honked the horn of his car expecting her to come out, she wisely stuck to her principles. She let him sit, until he came in. Lora Mae knew it's bad manners for a date to wait at the curb.

Then our smart girl made a point of introducing him to her mother. Admittedly she put on a few airs with her introduction of "Mother, dear," but at the same time she wasn't ashamed of her parent because she wasn't a society dowager.

I have a feeling that Lora Mae took advantage of all possible education; that she had made a point of learning all she could about dressing, etiquette, manners. She knew that a date should *always* be introduced to a girl's parents.

She had learned to be feminine because men prefer it. She also learned how to dress. Notice her clothes in the early sequences. They were simple but smart; never was she overdressed nor gussied up with extra buttons and bows. Nor did she spend all her money on herself. She recognized her responsibilities, and was supporting her mother. Remember, to please her mom she was paying for that enormous refrigerator?

At dinner on her first date with Porter, Lora Mae was poised, assured, knew how to behave like a lady, which instinctively she was. Above all she wanted Porter's admiration, because ultimately she wanted to become Mrs. Hollingsway.

She didn't drink too much, because she wanted to be in command of the situation, which she certainly was when Porter later shifted his scene of operations to his parked car. He didn't even get the kiss he had been pitching for!

Marriage was her goal and she wasn't accepting any compromise. Lora Mae knew that "no man chases a streetcar after he's caught it." Remember how she told Porter that what she wanted was a husband, how she let him know that although he thought her ideas were silly, to her they were definite?

As she said, "I don't want a mink coat or a trip to Europe. I want my own picture in a silver frame on my own piano in my own home." She stuck to her code of complete respectability, even when it seemed she was losing Porter.

Another point in Lora Mae's set of rules was that she'd rather sit home without a date, even on New Year's Eve, than make any compromise with herself. Taking that a step farther, and to inject an idea of my own in with Lora Mae's, I find it hard to understand why girls sometimes are so frantic for dates that they will be bored by a boy for a whole evening rather than sit home and read a good book.

Why? Just to brag that they had a date?

Well, to get back to Lora Mae, she stuck to her guns of respectability and she got her man. That I recommend. As you've undoubtedly heard again and again, it's smart. It pays off. If marriage is your goal, don't accept any compromise.

Now let's consider the weakness in Lora Mae's philosophy. Marriage is a fine goal, but not merely marriage for money and security, without love and respect. There never was any hint of real love between Lora Mae and Porter before their marriage. Lora Mae didn't even have a real courtship, which every girl wants.

After Lora Mae became Mrs. Hollingsway she had an empty victory. She realized she had been bought with a wedding ring as a medium of exchange. She had known what she wanted and how to get it. She said she had everything she wanted in her marriage—social position and wealth. But was that all she wanted? No. Even she realized that, later.

That's why I would say that a calculated campaign like Lora Mae's for a money-marriage cannot be recommended. I've known several girls in real life who married merely for money and without love. Their marriages ended in divorce. Money alone isn't enough.

There's another point, too. Often infatuation is mistaken for love, and that too leads to divorce. I don't believe it's possible for a girl truly to love a man without complete respect for him. Fortunately Lora Mae respected Porter, so eventually she did fall in love with him.

So many girls think they want the boys with the flashy cars and plenty of money to spend on dates. Often those boys are drips! They have grown to depend entirely on their money for attention, have never developed any character and are just about as dependable and reliable as a tower of papier-mâché. They usually are spoiled, just as Porter was, and think their money will get them anything. Certainly it's fine for a girl to want to better her position, but not at the expense of happiness. Lora Mae said she knew what she wanted. Few young girls do. Or, like Lora Mae, they discover later that they were wrong.

Except for a crisis in the life of two of their friends, Porter might never have proved he had the instinct of kindness and was a diamond-in-the-rough. Without that gesture of his, Lora Mae undoubtedly would never have shown that she loved him. So, their marriage would have ended in destruction, for surely it was headed in that direction. In real life one cannot depend on such well-timed, dramatic circumstances to save such a tottering marriage!

Personally, I think Lora Mae as a character is a wonderful object lesson. If you want to get your man—as a husband, that is—remember Lora Mae's moral code. But if you want to have a *happy* marriage, not just a wedding license and a big bank balance, be sure you know what you really want before you wage your campaign. Don't forget that courtship is much more desirable than a chase—and love is the most ennobling virtue of all.

In "Slattery's Hurricane" which I just completed, I have the role of a young wife who is madly in love with her flier husband. They must have had a marvelous courtship. But what am I getting into? That's another story. Yes, quite different from Lora Mae's. . . .

THE END

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A QUEEN FOR THE KING?

(Continued from page 61)

for his freedom. He never wants to risk being similarly clipped again, legally or no. He feels safer with women who have money of their own.

No. 2: He's afraid of being rushed into marriage. That's why he's happiest with women who make it plain that marriage is not on their minds. That's what Anita Colby succeeded in suggesting. With Anita, Gable has always felt free. Other innocent friendships were wrecked the moment gossip columnists got wind of them.

He explained once, "It's a shame what the columnists do. They pick up 'a two-some,' and from then on you're a heel if you don't marry the girl. Finally, the girl takes on the views of the columnist, and then you're really in for it."

Well, no matter how the gossip columnists speculated about Colby and Clark, he knew he was safe from marriage and safe from hurting Anita.

No. 3: He is afraid of his own judgment. Therefore, he likes people who know things. He has great respect for knowledge. Sometimes, he confuses being older with possessing knowledge. A revealing statement is, "He's older and he knows." In addition, although he is not afraid of his own social poise (after all, he's one of the most sought-after men in the world and has rubbed elbows with prince and pauper alike), deep in his subconscious is the realization that he comes from very plain stock.

Because of this, he is drawn to the blue book label, to women who were born to a position in life above his own beginnings. There isn't a phony bone in his body; Clark is head and shoulders above any other star in Hollywood when it comes to position, social prestige, and being a really genuine person. But the tag "society" has always held lure for him.

To Gable, the most exciting thing about a woman is her mind. This is the last

reaction in the world you'd expect from a man famous for his sex appeal and masculine charm. But it is his preference for the woman with a brain, that has defeated gossip columnists' rumors again and again. So Gable is out with Miss Glamour of 1949? Relax. No "babe" will ever be Mrs. Clark Gable.

Take a look at the women to whom he has been married. There was Josephine Dillon, actress and dramatic coach who taught Clark much of what he knows of acting. She was older than he, and her great attraction was her knowledge.

Rhea Langham, of Park Avenue and ten years his senior, rode with him during the greatest span of success of his entire career. He was No. 1 at the box office year after year. He was head man at his studio; in Hollywood; in the hearts of American women. He was socially prominent, host at pretentious affairs which honored everyone from crowned heads to noted statesmen. Rhea was the guiding light behind this ambitious party-giving era. She had polish. Because of this, Clark felt she was right in most things that she did, and admired her for them.

Finally, there was Clark's own Carole Lombard. She was not Park Avenue. She was not older. But she had something in common with his past wives: she had brains. She knew the acting business from A to Z. She had a very good story mind. She saw things clearly. She always knew what was right for her and often for Clark and she acted upon that knowledge with decision and efficiency.

Beyond that, she had a softness, a generosity and warmth. She had a beauty that was breath-taking, and an adaptability to the outdoor life Clark loved. More importantly, perhaps, she wasn't afraid of him. She spoke up to him; refused to take any nonsense. She was honest with him and as without feminine



You may not remember when Clark Gable shot to stardom after his role in "A Free Soul" with Norma Shearer. His role was unsympathetic—but movie fans were anything but!



Today he's older—but the Gable charm is still there. During a recent trip to France eager fans waited for autographs, others snapped him while he lounged in his hotel.

artifice and false pretense as any man.

When Clark has any personal interest in a girl, he goes to fantastic lengths to see if she is really interested in Clark Gable, the man. He tests her. She really has to go through the mill to prove herself. It's death to a friendship, for instance, for her to talk about their dating to the press. Also he's a stubborn Dutchman, and he will sometimes wait for the girl to call if they have had a misunderstanding. From the first, Carole took none of this nonsense. Her attitude was, in effect, "You know my number. Call me." She had independence.

There isn't a single girl now escorted by Clark who has it to the same degree.

The girl who comes closest is Virginia Grey, a girl I don't think Clark Gable ever really appreciated. I wonder if he ever knew how many times she could have furthered her own career if she had given interviews about "The Clark Gable I Know." Or if he had the slightest conception of how she held her own career back because she wouldn't go out with anyone else all the six years they went together. Or how often people plagued her with questions about Clark that she never answered.

I wonder if Clark Gable to this day has any conception of the dignity and charm and humanness with which she has tempered all remarks about him. Because, now that it is over, people wonder why.

She's a startlingly beautiful girl with more sex appeal than Venus de Milo. She first met Clark at Metro in 1936. She was a young starlet starting out, and he was helpful to her. She was extremely grateful, the more so because they were just friends.

Then, in 1943, they started going together in earnest. He saw her at least twice a week—unless he was out of town—until Valentine's day, 1948. Yet in all that time, he only took her out to dinner twice; once to the L'Aiglon, once to Romanoff's.

The last time she saw him was that Valentine's day night.

He was supposed to call her. Three days later he did, saying he was on his way over. But he never came. Virginia never saw him again, except at Hollywood parties where they said, "Hello . . . how are things?"

He never gave her an explanation; she never asked for one. She never called him. That's independence, too.

Afterwards, a columnist asked her, "What happened?"

"It's a funny thing," Virginia answered, "I never really knew Clark. I guess you know him as well as I do."

Such things as these Clark's women friends must take in stride. He may date them every night for a week and then—silence. He's erratic, unpredictable, and . . . charming . . . but he's lonely.

He's lonely because the studio has built barriers to keep people out. But the barriers have backfired: they have kept Clark Gable away from the people. Strange and ludicrous as it sounds, he's protected and sheltered to a fantastic degree.

He really never knows what's going on in the world, so to speak. He never gets to talk, to learn, to feel. There's a man-made wall of people around him.

This barrier is far from healthy. His friends have to be very good friends, indeed, to take the snubbing, the brush-offs, the he's-too-busy routine that are part of the impregnable wall that surrounds Clark. Brains are hired to plan his life, to do his thinking for him, so that Clark—who has a good mind—has become mentally lazy.

There was no wall around Gable in the Army. He came back humble and sweet. He was firm about what he wanted and didn't want out of life. It was quite a while before the wall was built again, before the insidious "protectiveness" of the studio started to keep him apart from the rest of the world.

Gable wants a closeness with someone, for real reality constantly eludes him. He lives in a strange world where the shadows seem more real than the substance.

To sum it up, what must the future Mrs. Gable be like? Well, she'll be older, so Clark can feel she has knowledge greater than his own; she'll have money and position, so Clark can believe he is being loved for himself alone.

Unless, of course, he meets a girl with nothing at all but love. That girl, at this writing, could easily be the little secretary at Metro: Elaine White. Or it might be lovely Virginia Grey, the most loyal friend Clark has ever had. Or, it could be . . .

One night last year an Associated Press correspondent cornered Virginia: "When are you going to marry Gable?" he asked bluntly.

Virginia thought a moment. "Mr. Gable," she said, "is already married—to a dream . . . name of Carole."

It's pretty hard to stand in for a dream.

THE END

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BOGIE'S BOY
(Continued from page 35)

As soon as Stephen Humphrey had greeted his father with a High Sierra yell, Bogie hastened to the father's room where he wrote a check to The President and dispatched it air mail with a note saying, "Please cash it, sir. PLEASE!" Bogie wants to have that cancelled check framed for Stephen as a permanent memento. To date, the cancelled check has not been returned, and there is some likelihood that President Truman has done some check framing himself; he, too, enjoys a memento.

Stephen need not fret; although this would certainly be a treasure, he already has a collection of memorabilia to be envied by autograph hunters and historians forty times his age. For instance:

From novelist Louis Bromfield (slated by literary critics for immortality) Stephen received a sterling silver cup on which is engraved: "To S. H. B. from L. B. From One Capricorn To Another and God Help The World."

As everyone who has ever sneaked a look at the prophecies in an astrological book knows, anyone born between December 22 and January 19, was born under the sign of Capricorn, the goat. Bogie was born December 25. Mr. Bromfield was born January 17, and Master Stephen arrived on January 6. Natives of Capricorn are supposed to be naturally industrious, inordinately ambitious, chary of giving their affections until they are certain their love will be reciprocated; they are also subject to "the blues," but bounce back into optimism when encouraged. Just as the goat reaches the pinnacle, astrologers insist, so should all members of the Capricorn sign. Master Stephen, mindful of the example of his father and Mr. Bromfield, should be set for greatness. Certainly the start of his life has been surrounded by eminence.

Another priceless keepsake is the sterling cup and porringer given to young Steve by Lionel Barrymore, and appropriately engraved. From another friend came a pair of bunting-weight boxing gloves, and the Sterling Haydens sent a slicker and sou'wester which will be dry insurance during Steve's kindergarten days. The technical adviser on the Santana Production "Tokyo Joe" (Santana Productions is the Bogart company), sent Steve a hand-made, hand-ornamented Japanese figure about six inches high. The figure is that of the traditional warrior placed on the household mantel of every Japanese home when a son is born.

Of all young Bogart's treasures, the one which most impressed his dad was that sent by an eastern fan. This fan wrote, several months before the baby was born, to ask if Bogie and Betty would be interested in a Baby Book published in 1899 and illustrated by Bogie's mother, Maud Humphrey Bogart. It seems that the book, one of the fill-in documentary type, had never been used.

Losing no time, Bogie responded to the fan with a delighted yes.

When the journal arrived, Betty sketched in light lines on the pages which were to be filled with lore about the newcomer, and when she came home from the hospital she set to work to perfect the record in graceful script. As the handwriting dried, she erased her guide lines. Result: the neatest baby book ever prepared.

Incidentally, young Stephen is the image of the baby sketched by Maud Humphrey Bogart; as a model, she had

used her own son. Even so, when Bogie is told that the baby resembles him, he is quite offhand about it. "Yeah, quite a few people think he looks like me," he will say, smoothing his chin or running his hands through his hair or gazing into the middle distance to indicate nonchalance, "but I think he looks just like a baby, and all babies simply look like themselves." Bogie is a big, rough, unsentimental man—don't ever forget it—and he is not going to be surprised into admitting aloud what he knows in his heart: his son is his miniature carbon copy.

Stephen has a handsomely shaped head covered with straight, dark hair which may eventually curl. His ears are intricate and lie close to his head. By the time he was a month old, he had learned to uncurl his fists and would gesture in a graceful, flat-handed manner. His hands are shaped like Betty's; his shoulders are broad and heavy like Bogie's, and his body already indicates that he will be a tall man.

In accordance with current hospital procedure, Bogie was the first person, aside from the doctor and the nurses, to see his son. He looked him over carefully, reporting to Betty's mother afterward, "He's a fine job—a good kid."

He was also an impatient one, eager apparently to get into the world and start this most interesting life.

On Wednesday evening, January 5, Betty didn't plan to enter the hospital for ten days, perhaps even for two weeks. When, after dinner, she began to feel as if she had swallowed a colony of wasps, she interpreted the buzzing as digestive revolt. She didn't bother to mention it to Bogie.

They turned in at the usual time that night; Betty continued to have "indigestion" and slept fitfully. The following morning she arose and had breakfast with Bogie, still saying nothing about the general chaos in the stork area. At 9:30 she telephoned the doctor (with whom she had a 2:30 appointment for a regular checkup) and explained her annoyance with the food one gets in markets these days—at what prices!

"Be here at eleven this morning," ordered the doctor.

At eleven-thirty, the doctor suggested that Betty call Bogie from the studio where he was working in "Tokyo Joe" so that he could drive her to the hospital. Betty had done her own chauffeuring from the house to the doctor's office, but he forbade her to continue to the hospital. Stephen arrived that evening at eleven.

Practically the last words Betty said before becoming a mother were, "But the baby can't come yet. I haven't finished the nursery!"

The nursery, now completed, is a triumph. The color scheme, in restful contrast to that used in most junior chambers, is yellow and caramel-brown. The room boasts a knotty pine wardrobe closet equipped both with hanger rods and drawers; the bay window opposite is shuttered and equipped with tufted cushions: a fine place for a growing boy to read "Treasure Island." One of the lamps is a moving merry-go-round, and against one wall there is a large space for books and above this built-in case arises a series of trophy shelves.

While Betty was selecting nursery equipment, she was also doing over the kitchen. One of her new and highly

prized items of equipment is a sumptuous stainless steel stove.

Bogie kidded her about her clean-up and paint-up ambition during her pregnancy. He informed friends, "Other women can get by with a craving for hot-house strawberries or fig newtons or dill pickles at a time like this. Not my wife. She has to develop an insatiable appetite for stainless steel stoves, antique pewter and china!"

This is Bogie's way of saying that Betty is a minor expert on certain types of antique-ware; she picked up a faience lava-bo (probably used at some time in a monastery for performing ablutions ceremonially) which is the envy of antique lovers. Her collection of pewter is discriminating; her knowledge of just pricing is exact.

Aside from her inclination to spend hours wandering around antique shops, Betty exhibited only one instance of traditional pregnancy craving. She decided one afternoon that she couldn't endure another day without a plateful of eastern steamed clams.

Bogie got in touch with HRH Mike Romanoff, who ordered the clams to be flown in with the daily Romanoff order of eastern seafood.

When the clams were set before her, Betty inhaled ecstatically and then busied herself for twenty glorious minutes. Once she had polished off the clams, she sat back and regarded first her husband, then the dining room at large, with an expression of frustrated misery. Going down, the clams had been nectar and ambrosia; down and settled they turned into lead.

"My elevator, loaded with cement, has broken a cable and crashed to the basement," said Miss Bacall glassily. "I may never be able to swallow again."

She recovered within two or three days, but no friend mentions clams in Betty's presence. She still doesn't know what her reaction will be to the seaside fragrance when she and Bogie make their first trip to their boat, the Santana, this summer.

One thing is certain about that initial trip. Well, fairly certain. Master Stephen is not going to be aboard (Mama's version). Daddy isn't saying anything at the moment, convinced that he said too much a moment ago.

Stephen was only a few weeks old when his dad began to make nautical plans for the young man. Bogie was going to have a crib installed in gimbals (to hold it level despite the movement of the boat) and he was going to have the bulkheads padded. He was deep in the possibility of running up laundry on the signal lines when Betty issued a direct order, "The young Cap'n is not to leave dry land until he is a strong swimmer and knows how to dive. No one can keep track of a youngster every single instant on a boat. We're not going to have any accidents in this family."

"He would be all right until he learns to walk, wouldn't he?" inquired Stephen's

deflated father. "I'd like him to begin to enjoy the sea right away. He's got to grow up salty."

"We'll see," said Betty. Her expression was noncommittal.

Bogie has revised one other spontaneous plan for his son. Bogie, an alumnus of Andover, was strongly tempted to register Stephen for the freshman class of 1967. He talked it over for days, balancing sentiment with rationalization. Finally he told Betty, "There will be a good many changes in this old world during the next eighteen years. You and I are liberal of thought, so probably Steve will grow up with some ideas of his own. If he knew I had registered him, at birth, in some college, he might attend just to please me no matter how much he might prefer some other type of training or some other university. Better let the boy decide for himself."

Undoubtedly, Steve will be able to reach his own conclusions. He has already made up his mind to one thing: he is crazy about dogs. The Bogarts have two boxers, Baby and Harvey, who have the run of the house.

Betty took up the question of the dogs with her doctor and he advised her to allow the dogs and the baby to get acquainted naturally. The dogs should not be hurt and puzzled by being excluded; they should come to know their new master from gradually growing aware of a new presence in the home.

During Betty's first day at home after leaving the hospital, she remained in bed in her room while Harvey and Baby kept her company. A communication system had been installed between her bedroom and the nursery, so that every time the baby moved or cried the sound came clearly over the speaker.

When Master Stephen awakened in what he obviously regarded as a condition very near starvation, and applied his powerful lungs to protest, the two dogs drew up to the loudspeaker and studied it in awe and disbelief.

Several weeks later, when they were allowed to enter the nursery for the first time, they heard the same noise emanating from the lusty bundle in the crib. By that time their sophistication was extensive. They sat down, all composure, and exchanged glances which said, "Another one of those mechanical contraptions like the one in Betty's bedroom. Amazing what will entertain human beings, isn't it?"

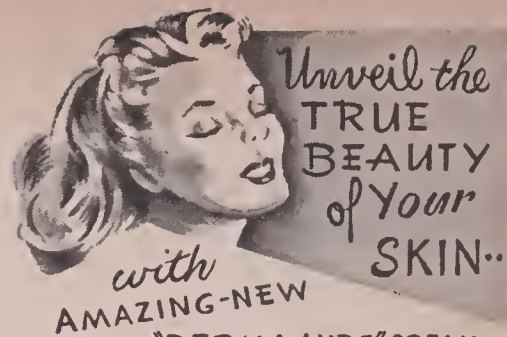
Steve, lifted from his crib and turned around to study the two dogs, stopped crying at once and blinked at the toys. He was still too young to smile, but he gave a junior imitation anyhow.

It won't be long before he'll be trying to ride them piggy back.

He's going to be a salty character.

Just remember—don't ever call him "Stevie." His mother has made that positive, permanent rule. His name is Stephen Humphrey, but just call him Steve.

THE END



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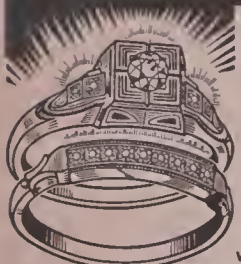
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STRICTLY FOR LISTENING

By Velma Scott

With a solid, meatcleaver beat, the Pied Pipers wax their first disc for Victor. Better of the two sides is **You Broke Your Promise**, a snappy novelty number, paced perfectly for their close harmony and infectious styling. Good for dancing.

But the reverse, **Tennessee Saturday Night**, doesn't range with their best. It drags a bit and even the hillbilly flavor doesn't make the ditty sparkle.

We thought the guy was infallible, but Ray McKinley's latest waxing proves us wrong. After so many hits, he's entitled to a "just-misser" which is what **The Missouri Walking Preacher** is. It's a novelty in a sober mood and even the revival chanting by some of the boys doesn't make it distinctive.

Similau is better, but not up to McKinley's best. Still, the drums and a tropical beat make it good for dancing and exotic for listening. It's on Victor.

Already on the Hit Parade and certainly the cleverest waxing of a very clever ditty is Freddy Martin's **The Humphrey Bogart Rhumba** on Victor. It's typical Martin style with a run-through of the name of practically every star in Hollywood. It may not make too much sense, but you'll go away with a mind full of names and the tune is completely hummable.

The Rhumba gets an outstanding backing by **So Tired**, another one that'll please you. The accent's on strings and Merv Griffin does the vocal up expertly. Both are fine Martin.

You may not always have been a devotee of the guitar-organ-accordion method of putting a tune across, but the Three Suns have chosen two tunes that should win them a lot of new fans. The

first, and best, side is **Cruising Down the River**, a smoothly rhythmical ditty you all know. It gets a lively vocal and a rousing going-over by the three boys. **Allah's Holiday** on the reverse is more typical Three Suns' musical fare. But try the first side for nice dansapation and a tuneful ditty. Victor waxed them.

Kitty Kallen's the plaintive-voiced songstress who sent Harry James fans some time ago. Now on her own, she's more appealing than ever. Her affected phrasing and delivery are impeccable on **Kiss Me Sweet**, a clever, almost-suggestive tune with an Olde Englishe air. For **I Don't See Me In Your Eyes Anymore**, Kitty goes lush in a contrasting soft, dreamy ballad. Both Kitty and the tunes will go far after such an impressive send-off. She's on Mercury.

Vic Damone carves a bang-up job on one of the best new romantic tunes, **Comme Ci, Comme Ca**. It's note-perfect for his husky vocal. The melody's particularly outstanding but Vic's interpretation and easy rhythm treatment make it fine dance too. **The Little Old Church Near Leicester Square** is a too-sweet tune, almost a waste of Vic's superior talent. Mercury again.

My Dream Is Yours is keeping the Hit Parade crowded with top tunes and **Someone Like You** is bound to stay around for a long time—especially with arrangements like Tommy Dorsey's new one to its credit. The flip is **Where Is the One?** with Stuart Foster and a vocal assist by the Clark Sisters. It's not nearly so good as the first, a little too plaintive after the bounce of the reverse. On Victor.

THE END

MOVIELAND DISCOVERS A STAR

(Continued from page 19)

Finally, very informally in her living room, she let them read. She did this with Keefe, helping him to relax.

Suddenly as he read, he was not Keefe Brasselle, the boy I knew so well, but someone else . . . a kid who had to grow up in the split second he realized the girl he loved was going to have a child by another man. After the reading, he sat down, shaking.

"I was lousy, lousy, lousy!" he said. "Please let me try again!"

Ida gave him a long, level look. "Okay," she said, "we'll do it again."

It wasn't a perfect reading, but there was something there. There was a hint of Montgomery Clift, of Henry Fonda, but mostly it was Keefe Brasselle in his interpretation of the role. Now, Ida, too, was getting a little excited. She had auditioned over a hundred boys for this role.

"Take the script home, Keefe," she said. "Come back tomorrow and read for me again."

Keefe took the script home. As he walked into his little thirty-five-dollar-a-month apartment, he didn't see the furniture, nor even little Mickie playing on the floor. His eyes sought Normie's.

Normie does not speak in superlatives. She's self-contained, quiet. She has strength. Keefe looked at her and found what he wanted: belief. He studied half the night.

The next day he went back to Ida Lupino's house. This time the reading was

right. This time he was Drew Baxter. This time, God willing, would be his Big Break. Ida looked at her handsome husband, Collier Young. Collier is a producer, a man of integrity and intelligence. Their glances locked, said wordlessly, "This boy is the one."

Once he was home, he started phoning his friends. He called the people who had encouraged him for so many years. "I want to thank you," he said. He called attorney Oscar Cummins, who had tried so often to get Keefe a break. "Oscar," he said, "I could never have come through this afternoon if it hadn't been for you."

He phoned Joan Leslie, who had befriended him when he was at Eagle-Lion. "Your belief in me for so many years . . . well, I just want you to know that it helped this afternoon."

He wrote MOVIELAND's editor, Beatrice Lubitz Cole. "Dear Mrs. Cole," the letter went, "I almost dislike writing to thank you and Movieland for what you've both done for me because I don't want to go overboard and sound insincere. . . ."

"My wife, Normie, and 'Mickie' and I are as happy now as we can ever hope to be. Thank you again for all you've done for me. I won't let you down."

He phoned me, "Alyce," he said, "if I make a million dollars, will you marry me?"

"Sorry, Junior," I said, laughter and tears clouding my voice. "You were born ten years too late!"

THE END

THE REVIEWER'S BOX

◆◆◆ DON'T MISS ◆◆◆ RECOMMENDED ◆◆◆ AT YOUR OWN RISK

CHAMPION (United Artists) . . . ◆◆◆

There have been dozens of fight pictures made in the past several years but this one is the best of them all.

First of all, it's a brilliant character study of a prize-fighter who rises from poverty to world champion: a winner of awards, a million-dollar gateman, whose soul degenerates with each successful fight. It is a faithful adaptation of the late Ring Lardner's story of the same name and the script is gripping.

Secondly, you've never seen such acting as Kirk Douglas brings to the title role. All of the fight sequences—and they are merely sensational!—were done by Kirk without benefit of a double.

Marilyn Maxwell plays the designing blonde who gives herself only to the winner—a canny piece of acting.

Arthur Kennedy gives a haunting performance as Kirk's lame brother. In fact all the parts are played to perfection.

I won't synopsize the picture. I'll sum it up by saying "Champion" is a triumph for all concerned, and that after this picture, Kirk will be number one actor.



"Champion" Kirk Douglas bouts with pretty Marilyn Maxwell—is almost out-matched.



Crawford falls in love with newcomer David Brian—so will the ladies in the audience.

FLAMINGO ROAD

(Warner Brothers) . . . ◆◆◆

Joan Crawford has done it again! Given a good plot, she can turn in a performance that is truly magnificent.

Joan plays a carnival girl. She attracts Zachary Scott, a politically ambitious socialite under the domination of political boss, Sydney Greenstreet.

Zach falls in love with Joan, but under Greenstreet's machinations, marries a girl in his own set.

In order to get Joan out of town, Greenstreet frames her and she is sent to prison. Afterwards no one will give her a job except declassée Lute-Mae (Gladys George) who runs a roadhouse.

Here Joan meets Dan Reynolds, played beautifully by David Brian, head of the state political machine, who has been opposing Greenstreet for head place.

It's quite a plot but Joan makes it realistic, absorbing and exciting. And since she insisted on newcomer Brian as her leading man, she gets double credit.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL

GAME (M-G-M) . . . ◆◆◆

The highest praise I can give this picture is say that it's better than "Anchors Aweigh" and if you remember that one, you'll know how good this one is.

Frank Sinatra was never more charming, more casual, more lovable in his life. Gene Kelly not only sings, acts, but dances with the ease of water flowing and Jules Munshin gives both Frankie and Gene a run for their money.

The feminine honors are shared by Esther Williams, who owns the baseball team on which the boys play summers, and Betty Garrett who certainly knows what to do with a song!

The plot is simple, but sure-fire. Esther is the new owner of the baseball team and conflict arises between her and the lady-killer Gene—but fast!

But what does the plot matter when the boys play ball, sing, dance and do a marvelous song called "O'Brien to Ryan to Goldberg."

It's all very lavish and full of laughs and the Technicolor is beautiful.



Kelly's a star player but Esther Williams lets him know who's captain of the team.



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THE REVIEWER'S BOX continued

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING (Warners) ♦♦♦

June Haver does an excellent job of creating the character of Marilyn Miller—for June Haver! She's lovely, young, talented and appealing and the true story of Marilyn Miller (the musical comedy darling of the 20's) is so mutilated as to bear little resemblance to the truth so you can't blame her for remaining June.

There's Ray Bolger who is probably the greatest living dancer of them all. His legs might be made of rubber so effortlessly and rhythmically do they perform and he's certainly an asset to the picture. Because for all its lush Technicolor, musical score and nostalgia, this is a back-stage musical and no more.

Gordon MacRae does a nice job as June's husband and only real love and he spansk her very convincingly and charmingly in a wholly incredible domestic scene.

Oh, well, let's forget the story and the background and agree that June Haver and Ray Bolger are wonderful.



Three greats in a back-stage musical: Ray Bolger, June Haver and a wonderful score.

MR. BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE (20th) ♦♦♦

That bland genius, Lynn Belvedere who was so enjoyable in "Sitting Pretty," has now enrolled as a Freshman in college. At once he is thrown into campus life—and with a vengeance. He is forced to wear the Frosh cap, to raise a beard, and also he is pursued by eager young journalism student, Shirley Temple. Mr. B. refuses to grant an interview, but Shirley, her eye on her career, tails him and does an unauthorized story on him. This is the main stem of the plot. But you never know if this is Mr. B.'s picture or the turbulent love story of Shirley and Tom Drake.

Clifton Webb is marvelously funny as Lynn Belvedere and the scenes he dominates are all full of fun and laughter. But inevitably when a sequel follows a picture as successful and charming as "Sitting Pretty," which introduced Mr. Belvedere, comparisons follow. I am sorry to report Mr. B. is just as charmingly prissy and accomplished as before, but the story isn't up to its predecessor.



A Frosh cap doesn't hide Mr. Belvedere, author, from news-hungry Shirley Temple.

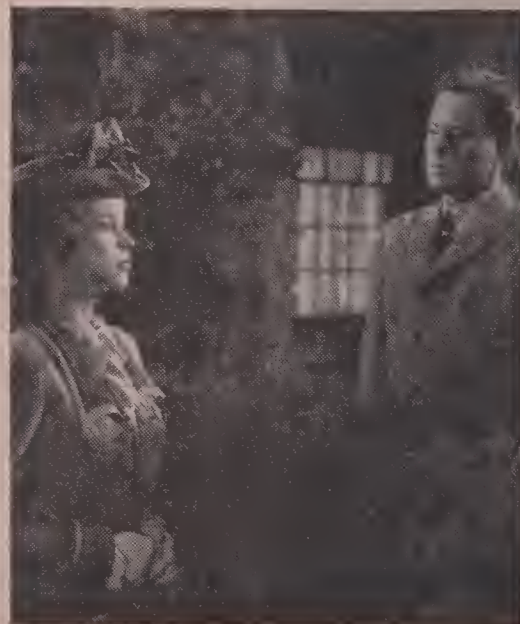
ADVENTURE IN BALTIMORE (RKO) ♦♦♦

Lump all the glowing adjectives together and you've got "Adventure in Baltimore." Shirley Temple finally has a role worth her talents and John Agar proves he has good possibilities for natural, sincere acting.

The story is laid in 1905 and Shirley is the Rebel daughter of a tolerant and sympathetic minister, Robert Young. He is at his best in this made-to-order role. A firm believer in women's rights, she wants to be an artist and paint (sh . . .) the human figure! For these heresies, she's expelled from school.

Back home, Tom Wade (John Agar) bawls her out. Shirley is hurt—but undaunted. In order to earn \$50 she owes Tom, she persuades him to pose for a picture called "The Spirit of Labor." She doesn't let him see the portrait. It wins the prize but it also embroils Shirley, Tom and her family in a wild storm of gossip, for Shirley has painted a nearly nude figure and used Tom's head.

You'll like the nostalgic charm of this picture, Dore Schary's last at RKO.



Shirley strikes out for women's rights, but Agar figures he has some rights too.

THE SET-UP (RKO) ♦♦

Fight fans will be in their glory with this picture. Many may feel that "The Set-up" is an even stronger film than "Champion" (also reviewed in this issue). But Robert Ryan's the down-and-out fighter in this one.

Just when Ryan's about given up hope of fighting again, he's offered one last bout and snaps it up. What he doesn't know is that his manager has made a deal for Ryan to throw the match. When he gets wind of this, not the gangsters leering from the ringside, nor his manager's promises of money—or a beating—can make Ryan give up until he's won fair and square.

Audrey Totter's role is slight, but definitely top-drawer. The scenes in the ring are spectacular and probably the rawest ever seen. The photography can't go by without mention for it's responsible for much of the good of the picture. Close-ups are so powerful the audience easily becomes part of the ringside audience.



Totter comforts husband Ryan after he loses his toughest fight—outside the ring.

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BRIDE OF VENGEANCE
 (Paramount) ♦♦

This picture borrows its characters from Italian history with Paulette Goddard as Lucretia Borgia, John Lund as Duke of Ferrara and Macdonald Carey as Cesar Borgia. The authors took a few liberties with historical sequence.

The elaborate Italian Renaissance period provides a lush background and gorgeous costumes for the handsome cast.

The story? Cesar Borgia, ruler of Rome, aspires to become master of the known world. To do this, he must force an alliance with the Duke of Ferrara whose city lies in the way of conquest. Borgia's sister, Lucretia, enters the intrigue by marrying the Duke and helping her brother with his plotting. However, once she discovers that her brother's plans are evil—and that she has fallen in love with the handsome Duke—the lovely lady makes a bit of history herself by throwing a monkey wrench into her brother's plans.

This isn't the greatest movie ever made, but it's pleasant entertainment.



John Lund isn't aware of a wicked plot when he woos his bride, Paulette Goddard.

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY
 (M-G-M) ♦♦

Fred Astaire of the dancing feet is back and Ginger Rogers, his greatest dancing partner, is with him, and that's good news.

Fred is completely unchanged (Is that possible?)—in fact he's a greater, smoother, and more convincing actor. Ginger is a better actress and even if she hasn't the exquisite freshness of yesteryear, she still dances like an angel. She and Fred sing two numbers together (in one they are aided and abetted by Oscar Levant).

The story, alas, is the weakest part of "The Barkleys" and is rather monotonously concerned with the squabbles of Fred and Ginger who play Mr. and Mrs. Barkley.

There just isn't much suspense or even vitality in the stormy marriage of the Barkleys and the picture limps a little story-wise, but the dancing is superb, Ginger's clothes are breathtaking and Fred does a dance called "Shoes with Wings On" that is a masterpiece.

All in all, you'll like this one, for Rogers and Astaire are still magic.



The sure-fire team of Rogers and Astaire is teamed again in "Barkleys of Broadway."

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SECRET GARDEN (M-G-M)

Margaret O'Brien stars in this picture and, happily, the story is pleasant enough for the young star to turn in a performance unhampered by a too-corny plot. Orphaned Maggie goes to live with her uncle, Herbert Marshall, in England. He isn't too enchanted by the prospect, but his little son, Dean Stockwell, makes friends with his cousin and the two of them discover the secret garden of the estate.

Grief over the death of his wife caused Marshall to wall up the pretty garden on his English estate. Grief, also, is slowly unsettling his mind, for he's living in the past. His mental state has affected the health of his little son, Dean, and the boy has become a semi-invalid.

Margaret discovers the secret garden, and with the help of Dean and Brian Roper, brings it back to its original splendor. (You get the full effect of their work when the garden is shown in beautiful Technicolor.) The work of the children and the beauty of the garden bring Marshall back to reality.

You see, the plot isn't spectacular—but we guarantee you'll enjoy every minute of this story.

ARCTIC MANHUNT (U-I)

After serving 7 years in prison for robbery, Mikel Conrad goes off to Alaska to meet his partner in crime so they can share the \$250,000 loot. Following a hot breath behind are insurance investigators determined to collect the money and the criminals.

Mikel arrives at the Eskimo village, finds his friend has died and decides to use the village for a hideout. While living with the Eskimos he falls for Eskimo cutie Carol Thurston. In time he wants to reform but the sudden appearance of the insurance investigators forces him to give up his good impulse. Carol won't flee with him, so he goes off through the rough terrain without her.

He outdistances his followers only to discover that he won't have to flee the law much longer—the ice on which he stands has broken away from the shore and he's drifting slowly out to sea without any means of being rescued. It seems that crime doesn't pay in Alaska, either.

The locale gives this picture a different touch from the usual manhunt melodramas. You'll find the whole thing suspenseful and interesting.

MANHANDLED (U-I)

Stolen jewels lead to murder in this latest Universal-International thriller, and we guarantee you won't know right up to the very last minute just who did the dirty deed!

Dan Duryea upholds his record as the screen's meanest meanie when he tries to place suspicion on that pretty girl, Dorothy Lamour. (Only a real-lowdown character would do a thing like that!)

It takes the keen mind of insurance investigator Sterling Hayden and the able assistance of the Homicide Squad to track down the murderer.

There's lots of action in this picture and enough suspense to keep you gasping throughout the entire 90 minutes running time. There's a bit of romance, too—enough to soothe your ruffled nerves, provided by Dorothy and Sterling Hayden.

Mystery fans will get a kick out of this picture, for it provides all the necessary ingredients for a good who-dunit. The whole family can just sit back and relax as they watch this mystery story unfold.

IMPACT (U-I)

The idea of this movie is quite interesting.

Devoted husband Brian Donlevy is unaware that his wife, Helen Walker, is plotting his death. Helping Helen is her lover, playboy Tony Barrett. After slugging Brian, Tony tosses him over an embankment, leaves him to his death—so Tony thinks, as he drives off to a fiery death in a crash with a gasoline truck.

Brian, however, has only been stunned and seeks refuge in a small town. Here he meets gasoline station owner Ella Raines and goes to work for her.

Homicide Lieutenant Charles Coburn notifies Helen that her husband has been killed. She pretends great grief but the detective's suspicions have been aroused—and Helen eventually is accused of murdering husband Brian.

Meanwhile, Brian is enjoying revenge of a sort. He's been following the newspaper publicity of his "death" and his wife's murder charge. When Ella Raines and her mother, Mae Marsh, discover his real identity, they convince him that he should rescue his wife from the predicament she's in. When he does, Helen twists his story so that he is accused of the murder of the dead man. It's Ella's smart figuring that finally clears the case against Brian—and leads him directly to her arms.

TOO LATE FOR TEARS (U.A.)

This is about the dreariest movie plot yet! One of these days Elizabeth Scott's going to rebel—but until that happens you might as well reconcile yourself to seeing her in these morbid, tragic pictures.

Miss Scott is a most unlikeable creature in this epic. First she drives husband No. 1 to suicide. Then when she and husband No. 2 discover some "hot" money in their car, she has no compunction about taking him for a ride in a speed boat, shooting him, then dumping the body in the lake. (Being a woman of forethought, she even brought weights along!) Joining her in this little venture is Dan Duryea who's interested in the money. Our selfish heroine isn't eager to share her wealth and manages to do in poor Dan in good time.

She meets her fate after the brother of her first husband follows her to Mexico and confronts her with evidence of her deeds. The whole story is completely impossible (we hope!) and while there are some exciting sequences, nonetheless the theme isn't exactly the kind to guarantee an evening of relaxation at the movies.

That Amazing Ava Gardner

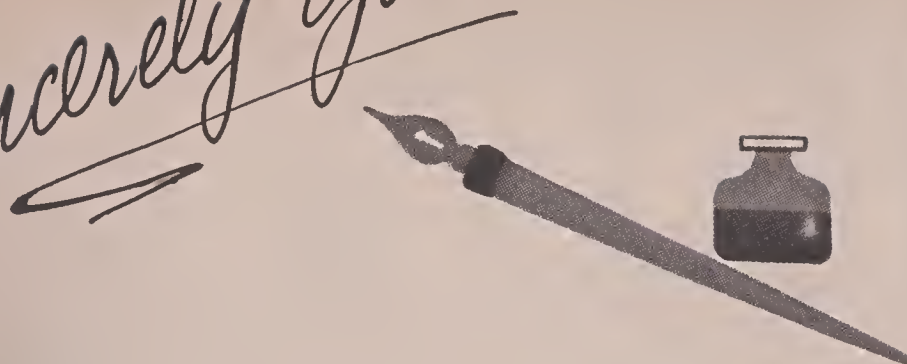
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Leo's A Lion

I have just seen "Snake Pit" twice and though Olivia de Havilland was swell in it, Leo Genn was the knockout.

He is so handsome and mature, he just makes my heart skip a beat—and he's a fine actor to top it all off.

Where did this good-looking man come from and why haven't we seen more of him? Let's don't let such a wonderful man get away—he just sends me.

Sara F. Myers

Greenshaw, North Carolina

On With The Old

One of our local theaters recently ran two of Will Rogers' pictures, "David Harum" and "Steamboat Round the Bend." I had seen these pictures years ago, but enjoyed them even more this time. There are many old pictures that could enjoy their popularity a second—even a third time.

Will Rogers and Grace Moore were two American artists who won the hearts of almost the entire world. He, a great humorist, she a prima donna. Both cinema stars, both ambassadors of good will. Coincidentally, both lost their lives in tragic plane crashes. Her picture, "One Night of Love," was acclaimed by many nations, and millions would be happy to see it again as they'd love seeing Will Rogers' pictures again. Not replicas, but the original pictures that endeared these great people to the whole world.

Joe V. Burton

San Francisco, California

This Is No Laughing Matter

What do John Payne and Gloria De Haven want us to do, praise them for their constant separations and reconciliations? Why don't they make up their minds and stop giving the impression that marriage and divorce are things to play around with? We thought Gloria and John were tops until this thing started—and by now, we're not so sure. Come on and show us more maturity in the way you handle your lives.

Beverly Seelie

Portland, Oregon

The Real vs. the Reel

Please let me express my thanks for your charming story about Elizabeth Scott and her sister in the April issue of MOVIELAND. It was highly enjoyable to find Miss Scott—a great favorite with me—just as I believed her to be, natural, sincere, and warmly human. Many fans mistake the celluloid version of their stars—with their glamor and sometimes unsympathetic qualities—for the real person. Believe it or not, I've had many arguments on this score.

Nice girl, that Scotty!

Lillian S. Rottman

Brooklyn, New York

Congratulations to MOVIELAND! You have done something that no other magazine has been able to do. You have captured the real, honest-to-goodness Elizabeth Scott. The picture story on her (April) was one of the nicest things I've ever seen. Elizabeth Scott is young, fresh-looking and full of fun and pep, not sultry and always smoking a "weed."

Larry Hampe

Pomona, California

Better Than An Oscar

I am a loyal fan of several great movie artists, but the one I especially admire is Miss Barbara Stanwyck. Miss Stanwyck is superb in all her roles—and more often than not, these roles aren't too good, but this great actress turns them into big performances and successful films.

Miss Stanwyck deserves a lot of Oscars but she really doesn't need them because she has better awards in the hearts of her numerous and loyal admirers.

Luzia Maria F. M.

Lisbon, Portugal

No Fame Without Fans

When are some of the stars going to wake up to the fact that their movie public can make or break them? Recently Ingrid Bergman made a statement saying she would not send out any more fan photos or give any more autographs.

Just where would Miss Bergman be if it weren't for her loyal fans? Personally, I'm not going to see any more of Miss Bergman and here's hoping the rest of the movie-goers do the same until she comes off her high horse.

Robert Dorsey

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

A Chance Is All He Needs

I'm beginning to think Hollywood is blind. There, right under everyone's nose, is Mr. Richard Basehart, a fine actor. For almost two years he's been inactive in the movies. Finally he got a part in "He Walked By Night," and because of his great performance, it's an excellent film. Why has he been overlooked for so long? Another picture like this one and the public will be wild for him—so let's get busy!

Sherry Ann Lavis

Flushing, New York

Movieland would like to know what you like about the movies, who your favorite stars are, who and what you don't like about Hollywood and why. The most interesting letters will be printed on this page each month. Address all letters to The Editor, Movieland, 535 5th Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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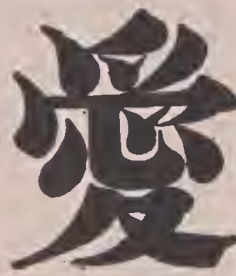
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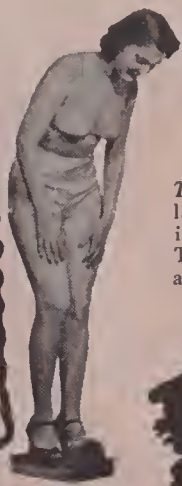
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*biopsy-specimen

Gown by Celi Chapman. Jewels by Seaman-Schepps.

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*Slanting cap with red enameled circle identifies the famous *Fashion-Point and shows you exact color of lipstick inside. U. S. Pat. No. 2162584.

Are you in the know?



Which should be your hairdo guide?

- Your own type
- Your favorite actress
- What your crowd's wearing

When groping for a new hairdo, maybe you'd follow the fad-mad crowd—or hitch your noggin to your favorite star. Think twice! According to a famous Paris stylist, your hairdo should suit your own type. *Your* kind of face . . . *your* kind of personality! Different girls have different needs in sanitary protection, too. That's why Kotex offers you 3 absorbencies to choose from. Which one is practically tailor-made for you? Try Regular, Junior, Super—and see!

In dining cars, what's a good plan?

- Freeze strangers
- Make new friends
- Bring o' back

Traveling alone? Train etiquette doesn't say nay to exchanging polite, impersonal small talk. Don't think you must clam up . . . or form a lifelong friendship. Use good judgment. If in doubt, *read* while waiting for your meal. Helps ward off unwelcome chatter! On certain days, good judgment tells you to keep on the cautious side with Kotex. For Kotex gives you *extra* protection . . . has an exclusive *safety center* that guards you, at home and "abroad"!

If you didn't hear the name clearly—

- Soy sa
- Let it pass
- Repeat it anyway

See what happens when a friend *mumbles* introductions? You didn't get the name! Well, *say* so, rather than ignore or garble it. Even if his monicker's Schnicklefritz, he'll expect you to remember—and pronounce it right. (You'll be glad you did, next time you meet!) And to meet *any* situation with assurance, "that" time of the month, choose Kotex. Why? Because those special, *flat pressed ends* don't cause revealing outlines. Let Kotex be your poise-preserver!



When you're a house-guest, should you —

- Follow your whims
- Fit into the plans
- Forget about clock-watching

To be a really *welcome* guest, consider your hostess instead of your whims. If a picnic's planned—*go*, and have fun. Even if you'd rather dress up for dancing. And throughout your visit, keep clock-conscious, so you won't be late for meals or curfew. What-

ever the plans, you can be *comfortable* regardless of your calendar—by choosing the new Kotex. It's the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it; gives you *downy softness that holds its shape*. You're always so at ease with Kotex!



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2 TYPES:

Pin style
and with new
safety fastener



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Bob Pins
set the smartest
hair-do's

stronger grip—
won't slip out



Short in front—short in back...like this new "Directoire Style" that's so flattering to your face...that's the way your hair goes this season. And the smartest hair-do's are going up with De Long Bob Pins! Smoothly rounded at the ends, De Long Bob Pins slide in easily, stay in indefinitely. For easier setting—for lovelier hair—reach for De Long Bob Pins on the famous blue cards.



how to set this "directoire style" created by Robert King, famous New York and Hollywood hair stylist and make-up artist. Make 6 large pin curls for the bang. Wave a ridge over each ear and make two rows of curls from high on both sides all the way around back. Always turn curls toward face. Brush out hair away from face and let fall softly.



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July, 1949
No. 6

MOVIELAND

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Frank Friedrichsen, Hollywood Managing Editor	Walter Davis } Joe Shere } Staff Photographers

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Lovely cover girl Esther Williams will be seen soon in gay "Neptune's Daughter," M-G-M.

Life and Love in Hollywood

MOVIELAND, published monthly by Movieland, Inc., at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Advertising, editorial offices: 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood editorial office: 916 No. La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Chicago advertising office: 333 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Vol. 7, No. 6, July, 1949. Entered as second-class matter December 15, 1942, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price 25c a copy. Subscription price \$3.00 in the United States and \$3.00 in Canada. Copyright 1949 by Movieland, Inc. The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the United States of America. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.



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EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by
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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Screen Play by Dorothy Kingsley
Additional Dialogue by Ray Singer and Dick Chevillat



Rhythm! by Xavier Cugat and his exciting orchestra!

Spectacle! M-G-Mermaids in breath-taking water-revels! All this — and Keenan Wynn's clowning, too!



Believe it or not, the lady is Gene Kelly! Stage Door Johnnies for the skit, "This Is Our Night with Trixie," were Peter Lawford, Ray Milland, Walter Pidgeon, Fred MacMurray, Van Johnson, Jimmy Stewart and Robert Taylor. That line-up is worth a million dollars!

The Friars' Frolic gives the stars
 a chance to ham to their hearts' content—
 and all for good cause. This year's
 million dollar cast brought the Motion
 Picture Relief Fund a tidy \$300,000

Strictly for LAUGHS



"Family Conversation" had tough guys Alan Ladd and Humphrey



Ballet was never like this! Hoboes Dennis O'Keefe, Mickey Rooney and Jack Oakie were star dancers in goofy routine.

Hinside
Hollywood



Immaculately attired Robert Taylor had some criticism for tilt of Mickey Rooney's hat. He seems serious about it.



Dennis O'Keefe didn't think Cesar Romero's tramp costume tattered enough—so he went to work on it.



Bogart playing nursemaid. This act was such a riot, Van Johnson, Frank Sinatra, Harpo Marx just couldn't stay out of it.



The John Agars came early to watch the fun at Friars' Frolic, had a wonderful time.



Crystal ball act done by Legionnaire Charlie McCarthy and his boss, Sultan Edgar Bergen, had Jimmy Cagney a bit confused, while Ronnie Reagan and audience howled.



Even infatigation couldn't keep Mrs. Gregory Peck away from the Frolic. Here she is with husband Greg Peck and Lucille Ball on way into the huge auditorium.

I inside H ollywood

By BEATRICE LUBITZ COLE

Everybody—but everybody was on hand to watch the stars have fun at the Friars' Frolic

★ The top surprise of the month was the dating of Ann Sheridan and Clark Gable in Palm Springs. Of course, Clark, foot-loose and fancy free, has been buzzing about with any number of girls during the past year. But Hollywood thought that Ann's heart belonged strictly to Steve Hannagan. It's been a long, long time since she's been seen night-clubbing with any other fellow. While Ann was in Europe we had frequent reports of frost warnings on her long standing romance with Steve. But we don't believe there's anything serious between her and Gable. They both like fun. However, it is significant that Ann has demonstrated that she has an eye for fellows other than Hannagan. Looks as though it might be the beginning of the end of her romance with Steve.

One of our top stars was having a private tete-a-tete with his leading lady between scenes on their picture. As a gag, somebody cut the sound track on their conversation; and what was recorded was attached to the day's film rushes. When the conversation came over the speaker in the projection room, they do say that the star did a burn that almost lit up the room. He didn't think the gag funny at all; and, of course, the record was immediately destroyed.

* * *
Bob Mitchum, after his release from jail, stated his intentions of henceforth skipping the bright lights, and seeing only a few of his close friends and family. We have no doubt that Bob was utterly sincere, but he's an easy-going guy who dislikes offending people. And
(Continued on page 10)



Affair gave Celeste Holm a chance to show new hair-do. She's with Schuyler Dunning.

**"Whatever it is, there is nothing
you can't tell the woman you love!"**

**DAY
AFTER
DAY
YOU'LL
KEEP
REMEMBERING
EVERY
STIRRING
MOMENT
OF THIS
HEART-GRIPPING
ROMANCE
FROM
WARNER BROS.**

A sister shamed,
and a doctor who
breaks a confidence
to keep from breaking
a woman's heart.

**"NIGHT UNTO
NIGHT"**

"Nothing timid
about the
author or
producers
of this one!"
DOROTHY
KILGALLEN
Famed Columnist

STARRING **RONALD REAGAN · VIVECA LINDFORS**



DIRECTED BY DON SIEGEL PRODUCED BY OWEN CRUMP SCREEN PLAY BY KATHRYN SCOLA FROM THE NOVEL BY PHILIP WYLIE MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN



You seldom see Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman around Hollywood, but they were on hand to watch friends perform for Charity.



Highest paid chorus boys in stage history: Van Johnson and Peter Lawford rehearsed hat-doffing for "This Is Our Night with Trixie."

I *nside*
H *ollywood*
continued

we wonder if those people who could be a bad influence on him will let him alone. Most likely not.

* * *

Paulette Goddard's heart lies somewhere South of the Border these days; and reports have John Steinbeck—the recently divorced author—as being the number one man in her life. Paulette explains it as, "We've been just good friends for a long time." Steinbeck, to our way of thinking, is not the kind of guy that Paulette would marry. He's on the solid and intellectual side; and Goddard, regardless of her admiration for that type, eventually likes to rejoin the social whirl.

* * *

Montgomery Clift is baffling Hollywood by turning down movie scripts right and left. Studios are beginning to wonder what he really wants. It's not money, because he could almost name his own price to do a picture at any studio in town. On the west coast, he's still remaining singularly free of romantic entanglements. No gal has had any better luck than the studios in snaring him during his frequent visits to the movie capital.

* * *

It may surprise fans to know that Hollywood was not surprised at the split-up of Judy Garland and Vincente (Please turn to page 13)



Looking like any average family group Bette Davis and husband William Grant Sherry go for an afternoon stroll with their cute—and very stylish—daughter, Barbara.

If you thought
'THE PALEFACE' was funny...
Wait 'til you see this **HONEY!**



Paramount presents

BOB HOPE
LUCILLE BALL

in Damon Runyon's

**"SORROWFUL
JONES"**

with

Wm. Demarest · Bruce Cabot · Thomas Gomez

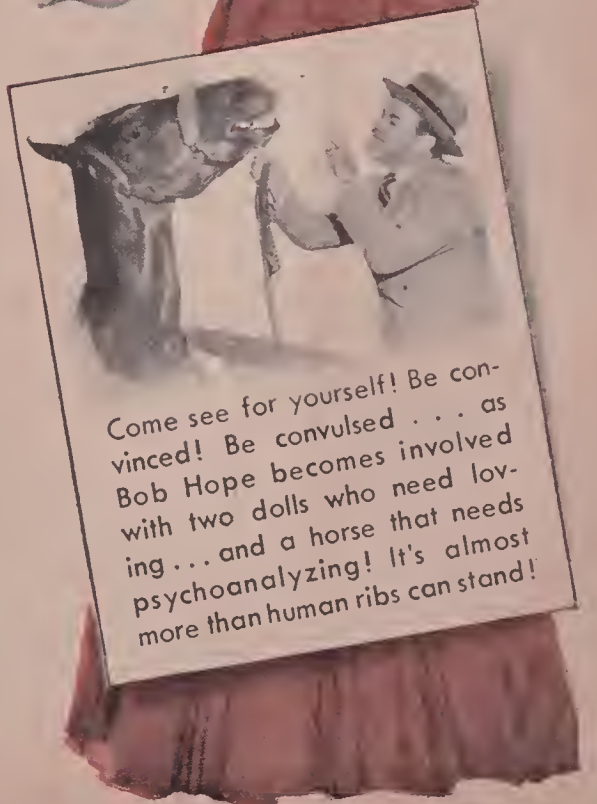
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Foreword narrated by Walter Winchell

Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH · Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD

Screenplay by Melville Shavelsan, Edmund Hartmann and Jack Rose · Adapted from a Story
by Damon Runyon and a Screenplay by William R. Lipman, Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman



Come see for yourself! Be con-
vinced! Be convulsed . . . as
Bob Hope becomes involved
with two dolls who need lov-
ing . . . and a horse that needs
psychoanalyzing! It's almost
more than human ribs can stand!

The loveliest girls
have Lady Ellen curls!



Lovely Ilona Massey, starred in "Love Happy"
—a United Artists Release

Lady Ellen PIN CURL CLIPS

Softer, more natural-looking curls... that's the modern trend! And that's why Hollywood stars and hair stylists *insist* upon Lady Ellen Pin Curl Clips. They know from experience that Lady Ellen Clips give lovelier, longer-lasting curls.

- Won't break hair or split sensitive ends.
- Permit complete sleeping comfort.
- Quick, easy "finger-touch" action. They glide in easily and stay put.

Right: 3 Clips
per Card 10c
Below: 48 Clips
per Kit \$1.59



Ask for Lady Ellen Clips... 3 for 10c, or the Home Hair Styling Kit—48 clips plus Hollywood Hair Styles booklet for \$1.59... at your drug, department, variety or 10c store. Available in Canada.

Lady Ellen PIN CURL CLIPS

H *inside*
I
ollywood

continued



With work on "Tulsa" finished, Bob Preston and pretty wife were on hand for the fun.



Big moment of the evening came when Master of Ceremonies George Jessel happily turned over \$301,286 check to Jean Hersholt for the Motion Picture Relief Fund.



Fashion note: Joan Fontaine, escorted by Sir Charles Mendl, wore gloves to match her exquisite blue satin gown. Husband Bill Dozier arrived on the scene later.

continued

Minnelli. Rumors have long been rife that all was not well between those two. Since her separation, Judy's supposed to have become very interested in a noted singer; and her interest is not confined to his voice.

* * *

Hollywood now believes the long-expected frost on the Greer Garson-Buddy Fogelson romance has at last fallen. Right after she finished "The Forsythe Saga," Buddy left town, which seems to be the time he should have stayed, if he was interested in seeing much of Greer. We believe that if and when Greer marries again, it will be somebody in the movie colony. She's too hepped on her film career ever to desert it for a quiet home life—even with a millionaire.

* * *

The \$64 question in Hollywood this month is Howard Hughes' current heart-throb. We hear that his romance with Jean Peters is on ice. Seems Jean's eyes—if not her heart—went straying and Hughes didn't like it. But she held Hollywood's most eligible bachelor in tow longer than any glamor girl we can remember. Jean doesn't go in for glamor. She's an outdoor girl without pretension, and that's the kind of gal that it seems Hughes ultimately goes for.

* * *

Reports have it that Viveca Lindfors is permanently through with Hollywood. Hailed as another Ingrid Bergman when she first arrived here from Sweden, she never really got a chance to prove that she could act, and the story in pictures that she gave to a national magazine depicting her attitude toward Hollywood when she left town did nothing to endear her to movie producers here.

* * *

Rosalind Russell is making a wise shift from heavy dramatics to her strong point—fast comedy. Roz's reputation was built on comedy; then like a lot of other actresses she decided to go serious. But the public proved at the box office that they wanted Roz as comedienne, so in future she'll go in for laugh-getters.

* * *

Constance Bennett is taking her family to Germany so she can be with her husband, Colonel Coulter, who is stationed there with the airlift. While in Germany, Connie won't be idle, as she intends to make pictures there. Also she'll help entertain our troops by touring the camps with plays.

* * *

After all the hullabaloo, vows and re-vows that Greta Garbo would return to film work this spring by doing the life of George Sand, in Italy, it's mighty doubtful if Greta will go through with it now that the time approaches. Seems her intimates are urging her to do a comedy for a screen comeback. You remember one of her most successful films was "Ninotchka," which found terrific new audiences during its recent re-release.

* * *

During the filming of "The Great Dan Patch," the race horse playing one of the lead roles had a double for many of his scenes—but not so Dennis O'Keefe. The scenes were being shot in close-ups; a horse was found with almost the identical size and coloring of the one in the film; but the studio couldn't find a double who resembled O'Keefe closely enough, so poor Danny had to work while the horse stood on the sidelines munching hay.

(Please turn to page 23)

LITTLE LULU

Towels in Shreds—

Spares Hubbies' Heads!



Marge

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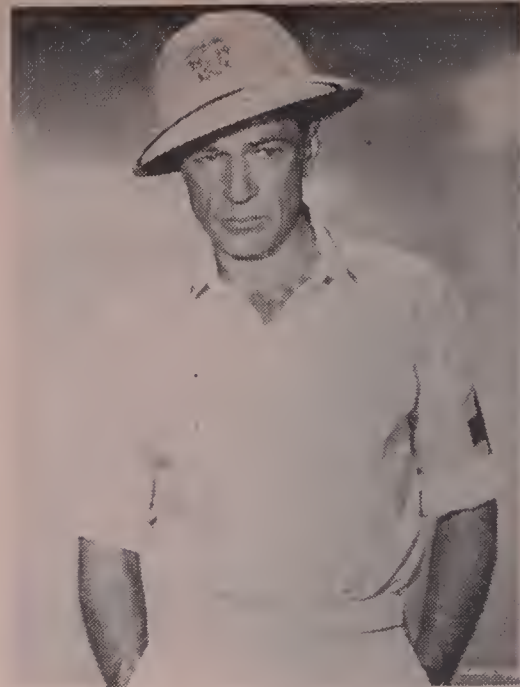


Stagedoor Johnnie, Jimmy Stewart, cast a roving eye toward blonde, glamorous "Trixie" who turned out to be star Gene Kelly. (G'wan, Jimmy knew it all the time.)

M



TEN YEARS AGO: Tyrone Power and Myrna Loy starred in "The Rains Came." Nobody had heard of Linda Christian.



FIVE YEARS AGO: Gary Cooper was at top of Box Office with "Story of Dr. Wassell."

How good is
your memory?
See if you
can recall
these news-
notes from
way back when



TWENTY YEARS AGO: Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell were charming movie audiences with "Sunny Side Up."

Hollywood Twenty Years Ago

Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, that "Sunny Side Up" team, are said to be in love, but Hollywood insiders suspect it's just a publicity romance. They're proved right when, in this year of 1929, Janet up and marries a guy named Lydell Peck. (This is love, Janet says, never suspecting that 1949's Hollywood will know her as the happy wife of famous designer Adrian.)

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, two of the cute kids on the Fox lot, are due for a wedding any day now. (Alan Ladd? Never heard of him!)

Dixie Lee, another Fox flapper, doesn't see her future in the news that Universal is working on a musical to star "King of Jazz" Paul Whiteman and his band, including the Rhythm Boys (three fellows named Rinker, Barris and Crosby).

Charles "Buddy" Rogers and June Collyer are an item. (This "love" won't last, but June's marriage to comedian Stu Erwin will; by 1949, the long-wed Erwins will be planning a television show together.)

Mary Pickford doesn't know she's Buddy's future bride. The "Oscar" winner of '29 for her work in "Coquette," Mary is slugging it out with husband Doug Fairbanks in the all-talkie "Taming of the Shrew."

Joan Crawford, personification of flaming youth in "Our Modern Maidens," and Doug Fairbanks Jr. are 'cooing newlyweds.

John Gilbert, the great lover, and stage star Ina Claire surprise everybody by eloping. Why, Ina was supposed to be Gene Markey's fiancée!

Joan Bennett (a future Mrs. Markey) charms everybody with her movie debut in Ronald Colman's first talkie, "Bulldog Drummond." Joan's a blonde 18-year-old divorcee, with a baby. No more romance for her!—she says in 1929. (Wrong guess, Joan! There'll be two more husbands for you, three more children—and a grandchild!)

Myrna Loy (another Mrs. Gene Markey-to-be) is playing a lithe Oriental menace in "The Black Watch," opposite Victor McLaglen. Vic—who has a shape like Superman's these days—is the comedy hit of the year in "The Cockeyed World."

Seems like yesterday, doesn't it? But all this happened twenty years ago.

Do You REMEMBER?

By JANET GRAVES

Hollywood Ten Years Ago

Joan Bennett's marriage to Gene Markey is a thing of the past by 1939. Joan is romancing with Walter Wanger (for keeps), and Gene has just married Hedy Lamarr, sensation of "Algiers." As for Myrna Loy, Gene won't get around to her until later; this year, Myrna is Mrs. Arthur Hornblow.

Tyrone Power becomes a top star in "Jesse James" and "The Rains Came." Ty and Annabella are still honeymooning. (Linda Christian? Who's she? Lana Turner? Well, in 1939 Lana is madly in love with Greg Bautzer—until she suddenly decides to elope with Artie Shaw.)

Clark Gable, another big man at the boxoffice, is also a bridegroom. Everybody agrees that Clark and Carole Lombard are perfectly matched; nobody foresees the tragedy ahead.

Mickey Rooney's riding high as Andy Hardy . . . Robert Donat grabs the Academy Award for "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (there's a new gal named Greer Garson in this one) . . . Shirley Temple is still a boxoffice darling, but Hollywood suspects she's getting a little elderly for a kid star . . . Ex-kid star Jackie Coogan has just patched it up with wife, Betty Grable.

David Niven loves Loretta Young. No, David loves Olivia de Havilland. (Of course, they'll end up married to three other people.)

Hollywood Five Years Ago

Bing Crosby, that one-time Rhythm Boy, is 1944's most popular star . . . But look out, Bing! Here comes Bob Hope, zooming into the winners' class with "The Cat and the Canary" . . . Bob's co-star, Paulette Goddard, marries Capt. Burgess Meredith.

Clark Gable's far from Hollywood with the Army Air Force . . . Ty Power's wearing Marine Corps green . . . Mickey Rooney dons khaki halfway through the year . . . Capt. Glenn Miller, hit of "Sun Valley Serenade," is off leading an Army band—and he won't come back . . .

Betty Grable, the GI's pet "Pin-Up Girl," proudly introduces daughter Vicki James . . . Shirley Temple, taking a holiday from Hollywood, has a boyfriend named John Agar . . .

Lana Turner thinks she's legally wed to Steve Crane, announces a coming blessed event. But it seems Steve's first wife is still his wife . . .

Errol Flynn is a gay bachelor . . . Dick Haymes arrives in Hollywood a happy family man, with wife Joanne Dru and two youngsters. (At this point, neither Errol nor Dick has ever heard of Nora Eddington.)

Gary Cooper and Spencer Tracy, a couple of old-timers, are 'way up in box-office aristocracy—Gary with "The Story of Dr. Wassell," Spence with "30 Seconds Over Tokyo." And they'll still be around five years from now, in 1949. Oh yes, you remember. . . .

Have you spoken frankly to your daughter about these *Intimate Physical Facts*?



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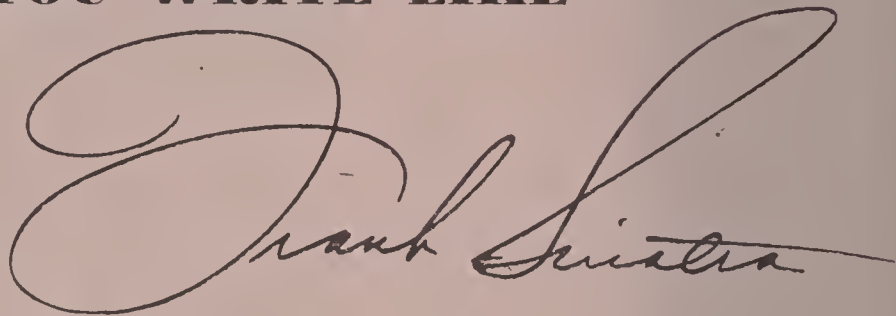


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You like family life if your handwriting is like Frank Sinatra's. Here he is with pretty Mrs. Sinatra, little Frank, their pretty daughter Nancy, and latest edition, Christina.

DO YOU WRITE LIKE



By Helen King, President, American Graphologists Association

★ Have you ever looked at the handwriting of a famous person and exclaimed, "Oh, my neighbor writes just like that"? Well, you can shout it out now for the signature illustrated today—that of Frank Sinatra—is very much like the thousands of boys who live just around the corner from you. Yes, Frankie's writing is typically American, typically the boy-who-made-good. Despite his success he has retained the normal healthy traits which made him so many fans throughout the country.

I've watched Frank's writing over a period of years and the only noticeable difference is in the capital letters. They have "swollen" a bit, become larger. This is indicative of his success, of his knowledge that he made good the hard way. The rest of his writing remains as it was five years ago. He is still a home-loving, affectionate young man; still a likable, sincere chap.

Note the size of his signature. That shows an interest in people. No sitting around alone for Frankie. He wants folks around him. Note the slant of the signature. That is indicative of the degree of affection. In this writing we know that Frank is expressive, emotional, inclined to respond to a sob-story.

Note the individual letter formations: the long t-crossing for example. We know that the young man has a strong

will, much determination, and won't take "no" for an answer. The curly i-dot looks almost like a twinkling-eye, and that is the interpretation of the letter; it shows much humor, much love of fun. Frank will go out of his way to play a joke on a friend.

Do you invert the "n" so that it resembles a "u"? That shows adaptability. The huge capitals and tiny small letters indicate much pride and great desire to do a job thoroughly. If your handwriting is like Frank Sinatra's your tendency is to keep "on the go."

THE END

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Anybody seen the Murphys? They've disappeared on a honeymoon which has been postponed for three months. Audie and Wanda Hendrix vowed nothing would stop them this time. Audie spent the first week of his marriage in bed fighting the flu. Then he was called back to New York for a personal appearance. Before he returned, Wanda was called to Paramount to go into "After Midnight," with Alan Ladd. At the moment, the couple is reported to be somewhere in Oregon; alone at last.

The commuter's star award this month goes to William Bendix. "Big Bill" is now on location in Mexico City, Tehuacan, and Vera Cruz, as one of the principals of RKO Radio's "The Big Steal." He hops back to Hollywood every Wednesday by plane for his radio show, and flies back to location on Friday.

Glamorous Joan Crawford can do as many wicked things on the screen as the script calls for, but that doesn't fool the Helping Hand Society of Los Angeles. They've proclaimed her "Mother of the Year." Joan's off-the-screen activities center around the four fine children she's adopted.

The mantel may be a good place to place an old cherished cuckoo clock, and an antique or two, but there are two Hollywood actors who are using theirs as a dining room table. They're Dane Clark and Gordon MacRae, who are both about to start their first western sagas at Warner Bros. Clark, who stars in "Barricade," has just finished two weeks of mastering the art of horsemanship. And MacRae, who'll appear in "Return of the Frontiersman," also has been pounding the saddle with mighty blistering results.

A new star is being groomed in the animal world, and his antics are enough to make Lassie sit up and take notice. His name is Abner, and he'll soon be seen in Warner Bros.' story, "Look for the Silver Lining." Abner can count up to ten, brays on request, and believe it or not, he's the only equine in Hollywood that has been taught to kiss another mule!

In his new capacity as actor-producer in independent pictures, Robert Young has access to the casting office files. The other day he ran across the card which measured his worth to motion pictures way back in 1933. It said:

"YOUNG, ROBERT. Stage b.g., Pasa. Comm. Theatre, stock road. TYPE, juv. leading man. Baby-faced, br. eyes, br. hair, ht. 6 ft., wt., 170. Term c. M.G.M., available for loan-out. Good actor but severely limited by permanently youthful appearance; face lacks character lines."

And sure enough, 16 years later, cast as Shirley Temple's father in "Adventure in Baltimore," Young's character and age lines are painted on, and his hair is iron grey by courtesy of the make-up department. Off-screen it's still brown. The guy is phenomenal!

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are currently struggling to master a course in Spanish. Since their plans for the future include producing pictures in Mexico City, they'd like to be able to know what the people around them are saying to their faces. So far their attempts have been so embarrassing that they're even too self-conscious to parlay espanol to each other.

(Please turn to page 22)

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It Had to

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★ When Keenan Wynn ran off and married blonde Betty Jane Butler one rainy night last January, all his friends were surprised. But no one was more surprised than Keenan himself!

For Keenan, ever since his divorce from Evie Johnson (Mrs. Van J., in case you've forgotten) had been as cold as a pickle about marriage. He was hurt and confused and developed some looney idea that he wasn't made for marriage. "A born bachelor," he'd say with a certain bravado. The guy almost believed it himself.

Now, with his marriage to Betty, he seems suddenly to have become domesticated. Betty says he never was anything else. He rushes home to be on time for dinner; he shops with his bride for bedroom curtains and he's deep in plans about building a home for himself and Betty. All this is happening to the fellow who swore off marrying again!

In a way, Keenan felt that it was his fault that his previous marriage had collapsed. He had never gotten excited about noticing a new ashtray in the living room or a new dress on Evie. It was part of his easy-going way to take everything for granted. A casual attitude like that, however, doesn't make the home ties stronger. As Keenan ruefully told a friend after he and Evie separated, "I didn't have any interest in my home—until I lost it."

For almost two years after his divorce he beat himself out as a bachelor, going to Ciro's and Mocambo, acting the life of the party but inside being utterly lonely. He kept telling himself that this was the life: "No ties, no responsibilities, come and go as I please."

He might have kidded himself indefinitely, if he hadn't met a willowy blonde with a tilted nose, twinkling blue eyes and a broad, sunny smile.

Like everything that Keenan does, his romance and marriage were filled with comedy. Even the way they first met has Keenan and Betty laughing as they tell it.

To begin with, Betty didn't like actors. She had come to Hollywood from a farm near St. Louis and wanted to work in the publicity department of a studio. Instead, she wound up as a messenger girl on the lot. She was so disappointed at not getting the job she wanted, that after a few weeks she quit the job and developed an intense dislike for actors!

She turned to modeling, and with her tall, beautiful figure and pretty face she was very successful.

One evening, a friend of hers persuaded Jane to join them on a blind date. Keenan was supposed to be her date. Came time for them all to meet, and Keenan wasn't there. He phoned them at the restaurant and explained

that he was tied up at the studio but to go ahead please without him, and he'd join them in time for coffee.

They finished their dinner, and still no Keenan. Betty was burning and was all for going home, but her friends persuaded her to stay.

At ten o'clock—three hours late—Keenan walked in breathlessly and Betty looked at him as though he were a haddock three days off ice. When Keenan saw this tall, blonde vision freeze up on him, he was determined that he'd make her like him.

"There was something about Betty I liked immediately," he says. "Not just her looks, but her haughtiness. She had a terrific air about her."

He acted his most effervescent and soon thawed her out so that she was laughing with him. They made a date for the next evening and started going together after that.

They saw each other for ten months, but friends who knew Keenan's cynical attitude about marriage never dreamed this was serious. Neither did Keenan. He knew that he was in love with the girl, but when it came to marriage he had his defenses up. "Not for me," he

Like everything that Keenan does, his romance and marriage are filled with comedy.



Friends who knew Keenan Wynn as a die-hard bachelor never dreamed his dates with Betty were serious. As a matter of fact, he admits even he wasn't sure they were!

. . . nobody else
would do after
Keenan Wynn met
Betty Butler

kept reassuring himself.

One evening as he was taking her home, she quietly told him, "Darling, I'm going back to St. Louis. I don't want to get too fond of you, so it's best that I don't see you any more."

As a die-hard bachelor, Keenan should have been relieved to hear that, for it meant being absolved from any responsibility of marriage. But strangely enough, he didn't feel relieved. He felt completely alone and lost. All the next day he couldn't think of anything else but that he might never see Betty again. The more he thought of it, the worse he felt.

That night he attended a meeting of a motorcycle club of which he is an officer. After the meeting, he had in his possession a bag holding all the petty fines that he had collected from club members over a period of a month.

In the car he found himself driving to Betty's house. He could think of nothing but her. It was late but he rang the bell nevertheless. Betty was asleep, but her parents were up. Like a man who wanted to straighten himself out, Keenan started to tell them how he felt about their daughter. Finally he blurted out, "Have I your permission to marry her?"

They said yes. Betty, fetched down, said yes and Keenan said brightly, "Let's get married right now."

While Betty was getting ready, Keenan was faced with a vital problem. The only money he had with him was what he'd collected in pennies and nickels at the club. Like most actors, Keenan cannot sign his own checks without his business manager's signature also, so he was really stranded.

Betty's father located ten dollars in the house, and a quick call to Betty's brother brought another \$10.

Thus, with a magnificent \$58, most of it jingling in his pockets in coins, Keenan and Betty drove off to be married. It was four in the morning, a cold, rainy California night. Keenan's old car, which he and Betty call their "musical comedy car," sprang a leak one hundred miles from Tia Juana. They made it by morning. Right after the ceremony they were on their way back to Hollywood where Keenan had to report for work in "That Midnight Kiss" at M-G-M.

If ever a girl was made for Keenan, that girl seems to be Betty. She has a ready laugh for everything, is not a stickler for rules and accepts everything he does with wonderful high humor. He's crazy about motorcycles. She's not. But she doesn't try to reform him.

Instead, many a Sunday morning when Keenan is in a motorcycle competition she drives out to the desert with him, their trailer rattling behind their car, and chases after him in the car to see that he doesn't break his neck.

She has a hobby, too. She's crazy

about horses—loves to ride them, groom them and would love some day to breed them. She won her first cup when she was ten and is a champ.

That's fine with Keenan.

She has foresight and stability, which is good for Keenan. Having been indulged by his famous, wealthy father, Ed Wynn, Keenan never knew what it was to have a plan for the future. Money had little value to him because he never knew the need for it.

Betty has seen her parents lose their money and has had to work for a living. She's practical and wants Keenan to save. When they went shopping together for another car the other day, Keenan liked a handsome new model standing in the middle of the floor. It was the most expensive car there. Betty passed it up and chose a used, moderately-priced model. That's the one they bought.

Betty depends upon Keenan and won't do a thing without him, which has made him want to shoulder responsibilities and protect her. Keenan has never had anyone lean on him. The two people closest to him, his father and his former wife, have been very independent, decisive people.

Evie, capable and sophisticated, took care of everything when they were married. She decorated the house, planned their entertainment.

Betty is young and wide-eyed—a girl who was raised in a small town and thinks that Keenan is absolutely fascinating. She won't buy a thing without him and consults him on everything. This is wonderful for Keenan. He's the boss of the house, and the experience is making him a more responsible person.

"I like making plans that include Beetsi," he explains, calling her by his favorite name. "She's never been to New York. I want to take her there this summer, and perhaps to Europe, too. I've been there many times as a boy—she never has. It will be fun to see those places through her eyes. She's enthusiastic and makes me feel that way, too. She's not blasé about a thing. I get a kick out of life nowadays. Never thought I would again.

"In fact," he says with a grin, "for a guy who thought he ought never to marry because he'd never make a woman happy; I'm not doing badly at all!"

THE END

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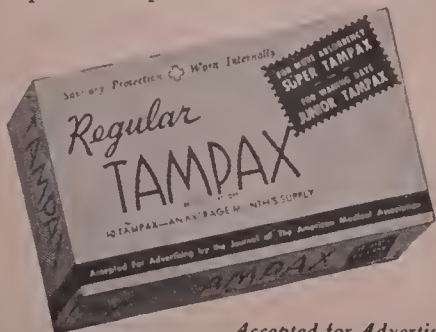


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WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads — everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Joan Crawford wears this unusual costume in "Flamingo Road."

Can I Help

By JOAN CRAWFORD

Let glamorous Joan Crawford help you solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 916 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles 46, Calif. Your letter will receive her personal attention

Dear Miss Crawford:

My mother is going around with a man who wants to marry her. I am only seventeen years old, and I don't know anything about men. But I do know that this man would not make a good husband.

He is the manager of a five-and-dime store, and he is all the time fooling around with the salesgirls.

A girl friend of mine works in the store, and she told me that once this fellow tried to get fresh with her in the stockroom but that she put him in his place.

I'm sure my mother doesn't know these things, and I don't know what to do. Shall I tell her? Shall I let her marry this man?

Viola M.
Seabright, N. J.

I think you had best let your mother make her own decision. After all, she is a better judge of men than you, and while admittedly she may not have some of the information you've acquired, she knows other things about this man that you do not.

Your mother is not a very young woman, and she may never have a chance to marry again, and you have no right to dissuade her. Frequently, children who've been raised by one parent don't like to share that parent with a step-mother or a stepfather. They find all sorts of reasons to prevent a later mar-

riage, and unwittingly, they deprive those they love of companionship and happiness.

The thing you must bear in mind, Viola, is this: What does your mother do after you've grown up and gotten married?

NEIGHBOR TROUBLE

Dear Miss Crawford:

I have a neighbor who seems to spend all her time in my apartment. I honestly don't know when she does her house work.

She's borrowing salt and sugar and coffee from me all the time, and now that we have gotten a television set, she's worse than ever.

My husband dislikes her and so do I, but we're too polite to tell her so. How can we discourage her from visiting us so much?

Anna B.
New York, N. Y.

Simply tell your neighbor, diplomatically, of course, that you must adhere to a rigorous schedule. You can also keep your door locked and forbid her entrance. This should prove hint enough to her.

JEALOUS JANE

Dear Miss Crawford:

My own sister is jealous of me, because I have boyfriends and she doesn't.

Last night, for example, a boy came to call on me. "You're the third fellow that's called on Virginia in three days," my sister told him.

Naturally, the young man reacted violently. "What are you running," he said, "a sweepstakes?"

Anyway, I had a terrible time, and that particular boyfriend isn't coming around anymore and I liked him the best and my sister is to blame and how can I make her get rid of that nasty jealousy?

Virginia R.
Springfield, Mass.

Very simply, I imagine. Since you have so many boyfriends, and your sister has none, why not share the wealth?

YOU?

Get her a few dates, and gradually you will find that she will concentrate on them and leave you alone. If you don't do that, your sister will in all probability continue to plague you. Don't forget, she's entitled to a bit of fun out of life, and if you can possibly help her, then you should. Were you in her position, you'd probably act in much the same way.

DATE-BAIT

Dear Miss Crawford:

I'm a young, attractive girl of eighteen. I go out with quite a few boys. But they never seem to ask me for a date more than once.

I steadfastly refuse to neck and pet, and I think this may be my main trouble. Is it necessary to pet and neck in order to become popular?

Girls I have spoken to say that unless you let the boys have some fun with you they won't return. Do you think this is true? What do you suggest I do to make the boys come back and ask for a second and third date?

Vanessa C.
South Bend, Ind.

I certainly don't suggest that you neck and pet. Those two evils are never necessary for any girl's popularity. The reason you are not being asked for second dates lies in some personality deficiency.

Perhaps you monopolize the conversation. Perhaps you haven't learned how to become an interesting conversationalist. Perhaps you don't let the boys talk about themselves. If you're pleasant and witty, attentive and smiling; if you have a few interesting things to talk about; if you can dance well, and make the boys feel at ease, then you'll have plenty of return dates.

PARENTS DON'T UNDERSTAND

Dear Miss Crawford:

I'm sixteen years of age and terribly in love, but really in love. I've got it bad. I'm in love with a sergeant in the Army. He wants very much to marry me.

My parents won't give their permission. They say I'm too young. I may be young in years but I've seen a lot of life. My parents were circus performers when I was young and they took me all over the country with them.

My sergeant has spoken to my father. He has asked for my hand in a respectable manner. My father has thrown him out of the house. Now we meet secretly on street corners and the movies. My boyfriend wants me to elope with him. He says after we get married he will ask for occupation duty in Germany and then we will go overseas and no one will be able to bother us.

I love my parents, of course, but I love my sergeant more. Please, please tell me what I should do.

Doris K.
Detroit, Mich.

I have gone on record many times saying that in my opinion sixteen is too young an age for marriage. I want to repeat it here. You may think you're very experienced and very much in love, but time will teach you differently.

I don't condone your father's action in throwing the sergeant out of your house, but I do think it best that you wait until you're eighteen before you give up your freedom. It's an old saw, I know, but marriage is no simple step and shouldn't be taken lightly. You're much too young, child, to be starting a family and leaving your country and running from your parents. Don't do it.

NOSE PROBLEM

Dear Miss Crawford:

Will you please help me with this problem. It concerns my nose. It's long and hooked, and it makes me seem very ugly. I have rather nice features if it weren't for my nose, and I'd like to do something about it.

I have gone to a plastic surgeon and he says he can give me a beautiful nose for \$250. My father says that he is a fake and that such plastic operations are very dangerous and that they can affect the brain and make me insane. I understand that many Hollywood stars have had their noses re-done. Is the operation dangerous?

Clara V.
New Orleans, La.

Several stars have had their noses reset, and the operation, while a major one, is not considered particularly dangerous. Just make sure that the surgeon who operates on you is a recognized plastic surgeon. Practically all of these operations are successful. They also have a healthy psychological effect on the persons who undergo them. I know of no actress who has suffered ill-effects from plastic surgery on the nose.

THE END



Winsome Two-Timer \$10.95!

Success dress of your Summer! Cool and fresh as a flower—you'll wear it everywhere. Zip-back and delightfully bare... or covered up with the trim jacket. Washable chambray in heavenly colors, iced with crisp white pique. Pink, Powder Blue, Pastel Green, or Lilac. Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15. Also 10, 12, 14, 16.

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MIMI'S

6366 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.



Today's star, Bill Holden, got a thrill talking over good old days of movies with silent film stars Gloria Swanson and Eric Von Stroheim at Gloria's recent party.



This romance goes on and on. It's Janet Leigh and steady beau Arthur Loew Jr.



Ladies of song pose for *Movieland*: Lotte Lehman, Jeanette MacDonald, Jane Powell.

I
Hollywood
continued



How's this for look-alikes? Jean Peters (left) with mother and sister Sally enjoyed comments of audience at "Tongue in Cheek" show. Resemblance brought much comment.

There are all kinds of rumors and stories in Hollywood about the status of the Jennifer Jones-David Selznick romance. Some say it's all off; others think it's just a temporary rift and everything will be patched up soon. But most everyone concedes that the romance isn't what it used to be; and that marriage between the two is doubtful.

Bette Davis turned down \$500,000, which she would have gotten for lending her name and advice to a chain of dramatic schools. She figured that youngsters might be deluded by her name into thinking that courses in the schools were a guarantee of success in the acting profession. And she wanted no part of it. Incidentally, Bette still won't let her little daughter be photographed for publicity purposes, but her husband did an oil portrait of the child, which has been put on public display.

Judy Garland is up to her old tricks again. When a reporter asked her a legitimate question about her divorce proceedings, she practically blew her top and went into a tantrum.

Roz Russell told us an amusing story about how she picked out her wedding ring. They were trying to keep the marriage a secret, and drove up to a small town in California to see a jeweler. They stopped at a filling station, and about that time the fans discovered them. Roz retreated to the ladies room and waited there until Freddie Brisson went across the street to a jewelry store, got a catalogue of rings and the measuring gimmick, which he passed into the ladies room to Roz. She made her selection, passed the book and the measuring rings back out to Freddie; and remained in the filling station powder room until the deal was closed with the jeweler.

Rudy Vallee confided to us that his secret ambition is to play a menace a la Humphrey Bogart on the screen; and also that he plans to retire from show business in two years.

You'll be glad to know that Eddie Bracken will return to the screen in the fall in "The Law and The Fly."

(Please turn to next page)

HERE'S PROOF...

How This Amazing New Scientific Discovery Called Comate May Help You

Save Your Hair



If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, dry itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness — here is GOOD NEWS!

We now make an offer so compelling that you cannot, in fairness to yourself, pass up the opportunity it presents.

This offer is limited to those who still have hair and are earnestly interested in enjoying thicker-stronger-healthier-looking HAIR AGAIN.

To YOU we offer the fruits of our search for a formula superior to every other method of attacking common hair and scalp problems. Our experience has convinced us that Comate is without equal in overcoming many conditions of the hair and scalp. We have, therefore, come to a decision — unprecedented, so far as we know, in this business — of taking all the risk ourselves.

YOU TAKE NO RISK—YOU GET DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

We believe the Comate Hair and Scalp Formula is the greatest aid in treating the hair and scalp that has ever been offered to those in-

terested in avoiding baldness. We can and do promise that after 30 days' trial you must enjoy thicker-stronger-healthier-looking hair again — or we guarantee to refund not only the price you pay — but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!**

You know, we could not make this offer unless Comate is all we say it is!

You want the finest growth of hair, the cleanest, the clearest and healthiest scalp. That is your birthright. Read the unsolicited testimonials, study your Insurance Policy and Guarantee. We take all the risk. You have the protection of — **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** — unless delighted.

ACT NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. So act now while there is still a chance to have thicker-stronger-healthier-looking hair again. Later may be *too late!* The price for a full 30 days' supply is only \$5.00 (Fed. tax incl.) — less than the cost of a pack of cigarettes a day. Isn't *your* hair worth the best?

Actual Experiences of Skeptical Men and Women PROVE HAIR CAN BE GROWN From Live Hair Follicles

Experienced beneficial results after only 10 days: told friends about my experience. —J.A.G., Reading, Pa.

Am receiving splendid results. —T. J. M., Iron River, Mich.

Has worked wonders on my scalp. —D.J.B., St. Louis, Mo.

See an improvement in hair. —Mrs. S.N.M., Wash., D.C.

My hair and scalp has greatly improved. —J. B., Seaille, Wash.

Success with the first bottle. —J. M., Corpus Christi, Texas

My head doesn't itch like it did. Hair looks more alive and isn't falling out like it did. —Miss E. R., Chandlerville, Ohio

I have had amazing results. —L. V., Fort Custer, Mich.

Best I ever used. —J. C. M., Leachville, Ark.

Made a big difference in my hair—Mrs. McF., Manchester, Ind.

I see great results from the one bottle. —E. C., Dover, Tenn.

Have rejoiced at the effects. —J. T., Gulfport, Miss.

My hair is filling in and getting thicker. —J. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For years I've been annoyed with an itchy scalp, your formula gave me immediate relief. —L. P., Calumet City, Ill.

Has done my hair and scalp much good. —H. D., East Hampton, Mass.

The first 10 days' trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea. —M. C. M., Delano, Cal.

Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling. —R. H., Corona, Cal.

Am well pleased with results. —Mrs. W. J. McC., Kelso, Wash.

Has helped my hair, stopped my itchy scalp. —J. C. M., Cleveland, Ohio

I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped. —L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula.—Mrs. R. LeB., Piqua, Ohio

Worked wonders for my hair. —C. P., Norfolk, Va.

These are just a few of the hundreds of unsolicited testimonials we receive every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried Comate you'll rave about it, too!

COMATE LABORATORIES, 366 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, 17, N. Y.

This is your Insurance Policy of Complete Satisfaction.

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INSURANCE POLICY

Comate is warranted to be made of U.S.P. standard ingredients, scientifically and accurately compounded. You, the user, must be beneficiary of generally improved condition of hair and scalp — or we, by our Policy of Insurance guarantee to refund double your money back upon return of bottle and unused portion.

SIGNED: Comate Laboratories

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

Comate Laboratories, Dept. 7-M, 366 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please rush my bottle (30 days' supply) of Comate hair and scalp formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you GUARANTEE refund of DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

- Enclosed find \$5.00 (Cash, Check, Money Order). Send postpaid.
- Send C.D.D. I will pay postman \$5.00, plus postal charges.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

APO, FPO, Canada & Foreign—no C.O.D.'s

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

I *nside*
H *ollywood*
 continued



Elizabeth Taylor's so gay as she greets Roddy McDowall at a movie premiere. Escort Glenn Davis seems a little glum. Hollywood says this romance is over—but definitely.



Here's something new! Rod Cameron's been smitten—by pretty newcomer Marie Windsor.

Glenn Davis seems to have dropped completely out of Elizabeth Taylor's young life, and her new heart throb must be Bill Pawley, Jr., who really gave Liz a rush in a visit out here.

* * *

Susan Peters, who's made one picture since the hunting accident that brought her permanent paralysis, is trying a come-back the hard way. This summer she'll do the daughter role in "The Glass Menagerie" for nine weeks on an Eastern strawhat theater circuit. Susan's made a

very gallant attempt to overcome her handicap. She had her wheel chair rolled into duck blinds during the hunting season last year. She went up to the snow for tobogganing, and now she's taken up horseback riding.

* * *

David Bair, who played Joan Bennett's son in "The Blank Wall," has been sending orchids to Joan's daughter, Melinda. Looks like love's young dream there.

THE END



Ever since "The Stratton Story" Jimmy Stewart has been autographing baseballs for his movie fans.

Before NBC's Star Theater went on the air, Gregory Peck showed Nancy Gates all he knew about drums.



Your Hollywood

Memo from the Editor

It was Eastward Ho! for so many stars this month that we've been positively jumping. We've eaten our way through luncheons; we've discreetly sipped a trail of cocktails from the Plaza to the Ritz-Carlton and we've had a wonderful time greeting old friends and meeting new ones.

My pal Kirk Douglas came in with a bang for the opening of the spectacular "Champion." Even at the Stork Club, where we lunched and exchanged gossip, all the gay lunching ladies (in incredible hats) gawped at Kirk who is even handsomer in the flesh than on the screen.

On Kirk's heels, who blew into town but Mr. Belvedere. (Clifton Webb, of course.) He gave a wonderful lunch for us at the Ritz-Carlton (horribly fattening; chicken smothered in mushrooms and thick gravy; peas, potatoes and ice cream with strawberry sauce yet). Clifton Webb is exactly the same off screen as on screen; the same dry wit; the same caustic delivery of his lines. In short it's type casting—Mr. Webb is Mr. Belvedere!

Well, we barely had done penance from the rich Belvedere lunch when Sam Goldwyn threw a beaut of a lunch for lovely little Joan Evans whom you will see opposite Farley Granger in "Roseanna McCoy." Joan is only 14 years old but so poised and so adult as to seem older. She showed us the scars from her accident (Farley Granger accidentally shot her in the wrist) but I think mainly to display a lovely silver chain bracelet Farley gifted her, the huge silver medallion attached has "Roseanna" on one side and "Johnsie" (the name of the character he portrays in the picture) on the other.

Between lunches, there was a lovely cocktail party for Betty Hutton way up on the 40th floor of the Waldorf Towers. Betty Hutton is beautiful!

In rapid succession we partied with Kathryn Grayson and her husband, Johnnie Johnston, at Essex House (a truly delightful couple); Ginger Rogers at the Sherry-Netherlands and then to top off a hectic schedule, we hopped a train to Baltimore, Md., with Dan Dailey and a lively group of 20th Century-Fox executives to attend a formal, and very swank dinner party for one of 20th's major distributors at which Dan was guest of honor.

I wish I had room to quote some of the highlights of Dan's speech. It was extemporaneous and extremely witty and Dan is a surprising combination of intellectual, wise-cracking hooper and sophisticated man-about-town. And that dinner! It was Baltimore cooking at its best—but really, someone should be on hand to give a course in girth control!

See you all next month. Till then, keep happy!

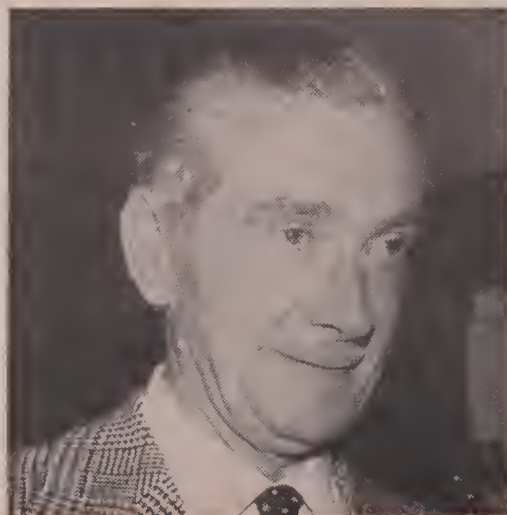
B. L. C.



Enthusiastic Betty Hutton and *Movieland's* Executive Director, Beatrice L. Cole, had a grand chat at the Waldorf.



Dan Dailey is a man of many moods; each one guaranteed to keep you entertained.



On or off the screen . . . it makes no difference. Clifton Webb is Mr. Belvedere!



Fans got their wish to have ▶
Ava Gardner and Greg Peck
co-starred. They're together
in "The Great Sinner."

Sleek and
sophisticated
Ava Gardner
pulls a
switch —
turns out
to be just
a home, sweet
home girl

At home Ava prefers comfort to glamor. Gardening is her newest hobby, but right now the crop is mostly weeds. For more pictures of Ava at home, please turn to page 63.

The Amazing AVA!

By TED and JANE MORRIS

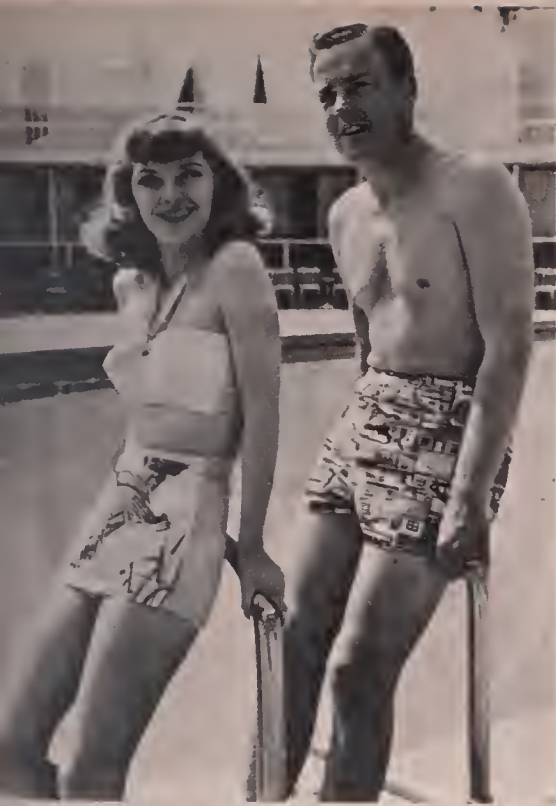
★ The house of Ava Gardner, the first house that has been her very own, is in Nichols Canyon which twists in between the high, rough Hollywood Hills. The road is narrow and trees lean over, dragging their foliage. Half-way up the hill stands the pink house with its small white picket fence.

Raised on a tobacco plantation in Smithfield, North Carolina, Ava was always used to a house and she loves the "feel" of it, the sense of having one's own kingdom.

The apartments she has lived in since she entered the movies have been small and cramped and gave her a feeling of being shut in.

Ava likes a garden. She likes a drying yard where towels and sheets and clothing can whip in the sun. She likes to step out of her own door, walk about and breathe fresh air.

For two years now, she has hunted for a house. Every day off from the studio, in between "The Killers," "The Hucksters," (Please turn to page 63)



Julie London, who's in "Task Force," likes Ray Montgomery's multi-colored, hand-print shorts. But Ray's impressed with Julie's lastex "White Ducks" suit which you can also get in black, sunlite, palm green.



Starlet Pat Hall is neatly tucked into an aqua seersucker Schiaparelli suit. This snappy two-piece number—also available in green, black, scarlet and gold—is referred to by Catalina designers as a "puckerette"!

Schiaparelli's

STORY
IS BRIEF!

brief...

for back-yard sunning!

brief... for

sun-lazing at the beach!

brief... for swimming!

One suit — convertible three ways for a full day of fun under the sun.

Exclusively designed for Catalina by famed Schiaparelli. Featured at better department and specialty stores. \$8.00.

Catalina

a Catalina Creation

LOOK FOR THE  FLYING FISH

This picture of Anne Baxter is John Hodiak's favorite pin-up. He snapped it during vacation at Jamaica.



Everything went wrong when Anne Baxter and John Hodiak started out on this trip.

But that was only the beginning—fortunately!

★ When Anne Baxter finished “You’re My Everything” at 20th Century-Fox (in which she plays a movie star of the silent era known as “The Hot-Cha Girl”) she and John Hodiak (he was able to steal the time between “Command Decision” which he did at his home studio, M-G-M and “Malaya” in which you will soon see him) decided to have a second honeymoon.

They decided on glamorous Jamaica, which is a tropical island three and a half hours by air, south of Miami, Florida.

Imagine glittering days on a pink coral beach; envision a night sky draped softly behind the lacy outlines of pimienta trees, and you have Jamaica.

And now, as they say in the travelogues, “Let us visit this tropical isle where the land breeze is heavy with the fragrance of ripe mangoes and the ocean breeze is sweet with the spice of the sea . . . and let us join those glamorous second-honeymooners, Mr. and Mrs. John Hodiak, in this equatorial paradise. . . .”

Of course, like all long-planned trips, the Hodiaks’ vacation started badly. They entrained for Chicago from Los Angeles and anticipating chill days, Anne had decided to wear a suit, a cloche hat, and a beige cashmere coat. John wore a tweed suit and carried a light topcoat. This was wise clothing for Los Angeles, Chicago, (*Please turn to page 82*)

By FREDDA DUDLEY



Turnabout's fair play. Anne tried her hand with the camera, got this candid study of John and natives.

While in Jamaica Anne and John were entertained by Errol Flynn's parents, Prof. and Mrs. Theodore Flynn.





A picture to be cherished and one the Bogarts undoubtedly will give Stephen's bride in 1970.

LITTLE BOGEY

**They don't care
who knows it.**

**The Bogarts are
mad about baby Stephen.**

**Accomplished scene-
stealers, both
are willing to let
the baby get all
the close-ups!**



Whom does Stephen resemble? We'd say he has Bogey's "look" and mommy's charm.

★ Fresh from his triumphs with his first produced picture, "Knock On Any Door," Humphrey Bogart really has hit the jackpot in "A" productions. Even before the roar of applause subsided for the first Santana Production, young Stephen Bogart made his bow to the delight of Bogey and Lauren Bacall.

Stephen's arrival at the peak of his dad's career makes Bogey truly a lucky man; he now has everything worthwhile in life. Lauren, too, has been fulfilled by love, marriage, motherhood and a successful career. Speaking of careers, while Lauren's busy filming "Young Man with a Horn," with Kirk Douglas, Bogey's hard at work on "Tokyo Joe."



AM MOST PERSTITIOUS about only one thing:
membership in the Telegraphers Union.
At these years I've never let it lapse.

Even Champion
will get a surprise
when he reads
these intimate
revelations of
his famous boss,
Gene Autry



HIGHPOINT IN MY LIFE: the day beautiful schoolteacher Ina Mae Spivey promised to marry me.

Confessions of a **COWBOY**

By

★ MY REAL NAME is Orvon Gene Autry, but I've always been called Gene. I don't think anyone in Hollywood knew that my first name was Orvon until Bing Crosby spilled it when we were doing a Christmas Day broadcast for the Wrigley Company. A guy with a name like Harry Lillis *needs* somebody to pick on!

I'M MAD AT Crosby anyway. Champion has been consorting with Der Bingle's horses lately, and I'm afraid Champ will pick up some of their bad habits. Champion is a Tennessee Walking Horse and I don't want him to start confusing his breed for a description of his abilities.

I'M CRAZY ABOUT speed. I like fast horses and fast airplanes, and when I drive, I drive fast, too. Never had an accident though (*Please turn to next page*)



I'M PROUD of the 11-year-old Gene Autry Friendship Club. (Here I am with members Dorothy, Ted Crouse) . . .



and I'm proud of my wonderful wife, Ina Mae. We celebrated our 17th wedding anniversary on April first.



Confessions of a **COWBOY**
continued

I'LL NEVER GET OVER the big fuss British fans made over me and my smart horse, Champion.

because I'm not a careless or reckless motorist. My wife, Ina, used to be a little nervous about driving with me. Now she relaxes completely. I've even known her to put up her hair in pin curls while we were driving.

I LIKE to keep busy. That's why I make so many personal appearance and rodeo tours, in addition to my movie, radio and record commitments, and why I take an interest in so many business enterprises. I haven't had a real vacation in years. Two weeks of nothing to do would drive me insane.

I ALMOST BECAME a professional baseball player. Years ago when I was working for the Frisco Railroad Line as a telegrapher, I played quite a lot of semi-pro ball. A professional team offered me a full-time job, but I turned it down. They offered me \$100 a month, and I was already making \$150 on the railroad.

THE TURNING POINT IN MY LIFE was the night a stranger walked into my telegraph office in Chelsea, Oklahoma. I liked to sing and play the guitar even then, so while he wrote out his message I gave him a free concert. When he had finished

writing, he said: "You ought to try singing for a living, son."

I assumed he was just being courteous, and thought no more about it. But when I started to tap out his message, and noticed the signature, I nearly fell off my chair. The stranger's name was Will Rogers!

THE LOW POINT IN MY LIFE occurred in the city of Danville, Illinois, circa 1932. I was making a personal appearance there. It was the middle of the depression, the middle of winter, and the theatre was nearly empty. I was so discouraged that I printed in big letters on my dressing room door: GENE AUTRY, AMERICA'S BIGGEST FLOP. I understand the theatre manager has now removed the door, put it under glass, and decorated the wall of his lobby with it.


THE HIGH POINTS IN MY LIFE have been numerous. Among them the day a beautiful school-teacher named Ina Mae Spivey promised to marry me; the day I earned my commission as a Flight Officer in the Air Transport Command; the day I signed the contracts to *(Please turn to page 80)*



I GET A KICK out of "Joe, the Indian." I fixed him up to greet Melody Ranch guests. At night he looks very real.

MY FAVORITE SPORTS are riding and golf. Only shoes I own are golf shoes; otherwise, I wear western boots.





Today Esther Williams dreams of a big house and lots of children. Tomorrow (or sooner!) the dream will come true

Dreams of a family are about to come true for Esther Williams. She's hoping the blessed event will be as cute as husband Ben Gage was in these baby pictures. Ben says he'll settle for another bathing beauty like Mama.

BLUEPRINT

For Happiness

By JANE KESNER

★ There is one quality that sets Esther Williams apart from most other celebrities of stage or screen—it is that quality of health that goes with her career as an athlete and which reflects itself both in her appearance and in her mental attitude, her healthy approach to living.

"Ben and I feel we must have a plan," she says. "It isn't enough to have a wonderful *today*; we must try to make that today pay off toward a wonderful tomorrow!"

In the first three years of their marriage, she and Ben Gage have done a lot of planning; and

now with the beginning of the new house and with their dream of a family about to come true, the "blueprints" are taking on a reality that should be stimulating to any young American couple.

One of the fallacies handed down to us from the Victorian era was the hackneyed ending "and so they lived happily ever after." That is where the book should start!

Esther and Ben at the start of their book had everything on their side. They had youth and health and handsome appearance. Esther's performance in "Neptune's Daughter" finds her film career



Esther and Ben will move from this little brown shingled cottage when their new, ocean-view house is completed.

Ben breaks ground for the new house. Living-room will have simply sensational view of both city and the ocean.



Quiet evenings at home are spent checking blueprints of the new house. Nursery calls for immediate attention.

at its peak; Ben is scoring as m.c. of the television Rumpus Room show over KTTV, CBS. Thus far they have been living in a little brown shingle house in Pacific Palisades with braided wall-to-wall carpeting designed to take wet feet from the swimming pool or the dog's muddy paws or spilt lemonade, or anything else.

It never looked like a movie star's home. To prove it, Esther tells how Ben and she came out of a local theatre recently and two Pacific Palisadians came around for autographs.

"Do you live in that brown shingle house up
(please turn to next page)



BLUEPRINT

For Happiness continued



Hill in back of property is abundant with white lilacs. Esther will leave them as is.



New house won't be too far away from Ben's latest business venture: the successful Ben Gage Gasoline Station.



There are so many things on Esther's mind these days. Most important, of course, is a wardrobe for junior.

there?" one of the fans asked. Esther and Ben made haste to say no. They have enough trouble insuring their privacy. "See, what did I tell you," the other fan said triumphantly. "What movie star would live in a crummy little place like that?"

Nevertheless Esther and Ben loved the house with its comfortable furnishings. Gradually they have acquired the antique American pieces which fit in with their dream of an early American farmhouse. Now they are ready for that house, and for the family which will live in it.

Their property is a great bald flat up on the mountain above the Riviera Country Club. The road going up hasn't been dug. It's a steep, precarious climb, but once there, they have a view of the city and of the ocean in every direction. White lilac, Spanish broom and heather tangle on the hill behind them. It's a beautiful lot, wind-blown and free and the farmhouse with its windows catching the view on three sides, will shield the swimming



Like all about-to-be-homesteaders, the Gages spend spare time at their site thinking up new ideas for their dream house.

pool from the breeze. A slide, slanting out of Esther's upstairs dressing room, will carry the Gages right down into the pool for their morning dip. That's Esther's idea of heaven.

As for the young Gages, they'll be taught to swim when they're about two. Esther says you can't make much headway with children in the water until they're about five, but it's never too early to give them the feel of the water and the fundamentals.

She hopes her children will be all-around athletes. One of the difficulties of concentrating on one sport is that you have so little time to develop others. Esther says she feels so stupid playing golf, for example, with Ben. He shoots a wonderful game. "Then I get up," Esther laughs, "and everyone expects me to be a champion golfer!"

Someday, she wants to perfect the art of skiing. The little Gages, Esther hopes, will not only swim but golf and play tennis, ice-skate and dance.

Esther learned to dance when she was a tot. They all danced together at home; and Esther hurried home from school for those dancing sessions which "were as good as a party any day."

That was part of Esther's mother's plan to enable her children to handle themselves socially. A good many of Esther's sensible, wholesome ideas are acquired from her mother who, a child psychologist herself, did such a bang-up job of raising a family.

Esther and Ben's plans include a nursery and a nurse's room (which can become a child's room when a nurse is no longer necessary) and their own master bedroom with fireplace and twin dressing rooms upstairs. Downstairs, the house will have a large living room with a step-down into the dining room at one end and into the den at the other.

There will be a fireplace in the living room, extending into the den and outside onto the patio for barbecues.

Another fireplace will (*Please turn to page 77*)



That's
My

Bob's more than a great entertainer. He's a great man—with a heart the size of Texas.

★ Can you imagine working for a whirlwind? Well, I do! Only this whirlwind happens to possess a heart about the size of Texas, a wit that never fails, an amazing calmness under pressure that makes those around him calm. He's a chap you may have heard of, this boss of mine. His name? Bob Hope. I'm a secretary, but if I sound like a praise agent on the subject of Hope, I just can't help it. I've worked with him for well over a year now. During that time I went to Berlin and on a long personal

appearance tour around the United States with him and his "gang." I've seen him working under the toughest conditions and have learned that he's much more than a great entertainer. He's a great humanitarian and a great man. All right—so I'm prejudiced, but I'm not alone in my opinions.

This writing business is brand new to me. I'm used to taking down the words of others, not making up my own, so I must confess I fluttered a little when our editor suggested I write about my

BOSS!

By BOB HOPE'S Secretary

Jean Wagner



One word will sum up my year with Bob—an unqualified “wonderful.”



Just what is Bob Hope like? If you really want to know, just ask his secretary ... she can tell plenty!

It was love at first sight for Bob and Mary Jane Saunders both in “Sorrowful Jones.” Mrs. Hope didn't mind a bit.

boss in my own words—with no holds barred!

“What can I say? Everybody *knows* all about Bob Hope!” said I.

“Tell about Hope the man you know from working for him,” she suggested. “But remember that everyone has some minor faults and foibles. You won't be convincing if you don't mention them.”

That's the part that has me in a quandary. I can't think of anything about my boss that isn't complimentary!

A few months ago a very high-pressure reporter came out from New York to do a life story on Bob for a big national magazine. She talked to just about everyone in town who had ever known him. When she had finished this extensive research I heard her wail, “I can't find anyone who isn't complimentary about Hope. Isn't there anything wrong with him? Has he put the whole town on his payroll as press agents?”

That's my boss! Always (*Please turn to page 78*)

Betty's

★ If houses could talk, Betty Hutton's would probably be quoted as saying: "Jeepers! I'm growing fast. One more Briskin and I'll blow my top."

And the house would have a case.

When Betty bought this rambling California ranch house on the rim of Santa Monica Canyon, it was the summer of '45. She was single with every intention of remaining that way. But Betty was one career girl who wanted a home.

She wanted one so badly that for months she spent every free afternoon and all her Sundays with real estate agents. Her friends and family were amused but indulgent. They regarded this house-hunting as a phase. Among themselves they agreed that fun-loving Betty would never be content by a fireside. Betty knew better.

"As nearly as I can remember," says Betty vaguely, "I wanted a large kitchen where I could cook a complete dinner instead of always going out to eat. I wanted a yard where I could raise my own flowers instead of calling a florist. And I wanted more closet space than rooms."

The moment she saw the house in Brentwood, a residential section west of Hollywood, Betty knew it was for her. It had a beautiful walled garden to insure privacy. The kitchen as well as the living room had a breathtaking view of the canyon. And there was a dressing room that consisted entirely of closets.

In other respects it was a small house. There was one guest room besides Betty's bedroom. The dining room seated six comfortably. The library-bar was a cozy nook for reading alone or throwing a party, while the living room had a Dutch tile fireplace to end all fireplaces. *(Please turn to page 46)*

You can see how Betty Hutton spends her free time! Double stroller keeps 2-year-old Lindsay from feeling left out when baby Candy has an afternoon stroll.



House

and How It Grows!



Nothing would please Betty more than to have Lindsay and Candy follow in her footsteps. They're already learning how to put across a song.

This small house tells a big story of love, devotion
and the unlimited happiness of Betty Hutton and her family



That well-known Hutton bounce is just what a mother needs to see her through an afternoon with those active children!



Children changed Betty's lovely croquet lawn into a playground. And that's the way it will stay for future Briskins!



Personal maid Mary Thompson claims Betty pays more attention to children's clothes than to her own.



Sometimes long studio hours keep Betty from seeing her babies, but she gets a full report from nurse Amelia Kirsh.

Betty saw the house and bought it in the same day.

Call it fate—or life—or merely coincidence, but buying a home marked a turning point in Betty Hutton's personal life. It also caused quite a change in the house!

The first thing Betty did after purchasing a home was telephone set decorator Ray Moyer and ask him to take charge of the interior decorating.

Ray had designed the sets for such pictures of Betty's as "Stork Club" and "Dream Girl." He also had decorated her Paramount dressing room. He knew her tastes, her likes and dislikes. She, in turn, loved his work. They only had to confer a few times because Betty knew exactly what she wanted. She had planned it so many times in her imagination.

"Be sure and put glass doors on all my wardrobe closets," Betty instructed Ray, "so I'll have to keep my things straight. And please dream up a coffee table I can put my feet on."

Then Betty left town on an 8-week USO tour.

Ray figured he had an easy assignment. According to Betty's specifications, he designed a combination ottoman and coffee table. He built a dining room table like the one she'd admired in "Stork Club." He was proceeding on schedule without a single headache.

"I should have known things were going too smoothly," recalls Ray. Because on Sept. 2nd he received a telegram from Betty. It read: GETTING MARRIED STOP FIX OUT OF THE WORLD ROOM FOR TED STOP ARRIVING SEPT. 20 LOVE BETTY.

Ray was happy to hear the good news, of course, but his happiness was tinged with panic. He had 18 days to reconstruct his thinking. So far he'd been planning a home for a single girl and now he had to think in terms of a husband and wife.

With the resourcefulness born of long movie experience he switched the delicate blue and white guest room into a virile setting of brown and char-treuse with leather accessories. He introduced a

(Please turn to next page)

Betty's House

and how it grows!

continued



The little girls love to watch Mommy rehearse a song and aren't the least bit backward about joining in!



Peace—it's wonderful! While Lindsay and Candy take afternoon naps, Betty takes up housekeeping routine.

brass spittoon ash tray into the library. One look at a photograph of tall Ted and he increased the scale of all the living room furniture. That explains why the fireside chairs can accommodate two Briskins and their couch can seat six.

Two hours before arrival time Ray was nervously fanning the last coat of grey-green paint in the living room. He hoped he hadn't forgotten anything but he wasn't sure. He was in a state of jitters for fear Betty and Ted wouldn't approve the completed house. He needn't have worried.

As the newly-weds walked hand in hand across the deep yellow carpet they looked like two children entering fairyland. They had difficulty expressing their feelings as they looked into the spacious living room. Their eyes took in the soft green couch, the

raspberry colored easy chairs, the white concert grand piano and the picture window that extends for a whole wall. Finally Ted spoke as one who'd always lived in Chicago. He was intrigued by the indoor planting that seemed to bring the garden inside, and he thought the sun-drenched, yellow dining room was the most cheerful room he'd ever seen.

They stepped into the library and Betty gave a small squeal of pleasure. The shelves were painted her favorite: hot pink. Ted added a masculine nod of approval as he tested the deep leather chairs. But it was Betty's reaction to her own bedroom that repaid Ray Moyer for all his work. She took one long look and burst into tears.

"It's so beautiful," she sobbed, "just so beautiful

Betty's House

and how it grows!

continued



Picture of Betty in the kitchen is not a publicity pose. This movie queen really is a kitchen expert.

Dining room is a reflection of Betty's good taste—and her well-ordered life.



I can't help crying because it's so beautiful."

That did it. Ray Moyer left for Palm Springs and a long rest in the sun.

A few months later the Briskins called him out of temporary retirement. "Ray," they confided, "we need a nursery. Will you add another wing on the house?" And so he did.

Betty's idea for a nursery was to make it as beautiful as her own room but reduced to a child's level. Therefore all the toy cabinets start at the floor and stop at the window sill. The furniture, such as the toy piano, the chairs and table, the pink record player and the beds are miniature. Even the bathroom fixtures are lilliputian in size.

To make room for a nurse, another room had to be planned for Ted. (Please turn to page 71)



Flower gardening is restful after a busy day of work filming "Red, Hot and Blue."



This house has everything! Built-in bar is another relaxing feature in a corner of the comfortable library.



Furniture is built for comfort. Raspberry fireside chairs are big enough for two. Coffee table welcomes weary feet.

Gallery
OF FAME



MONTGOMERY CLIFT is due for new honors after "The Heiress."



JEANNE CRAIN braves controversy in 20th Century-Fox's "Pinky."



Magazines carry many photos of Gene and Betsy but none of their 6-year-old daughter, Kerry. Kellys want the child to grow up without Hollywood fanfare.



Those *nice*

By
ARNO
JOHANSEN

**Two stars in one family could
mean lots of trouble in any household
other than the Gene Kellys'**

★ Of all the young couples in Hollywood, the most widely admired today is the Gene Kellys.

Gene, as you all know, is one of the most versatile talents the movie colony has ever offered. Bob Hope says of him, "Every time Gene Kelly dances, Fred Astaire begins to count his money."

In addition to his dancing, Pittsburgh-born Gene is an extremely sensitive actor, a competent writer (he wrote "Take Me Out to the Ball Game") and a brilliant director, as you soon will see when M-G-M releases "On the Town."

Gene's wife, Betsy Blair, has just begun her screen-acting and she's not nearly as well-known as her husband. But she was superb as the demented girl who couldn't talk in "The Snake Pit," and she

scored as Birdie in "Another Part of the Forest" made by Universal. By the time you read this, she will be in Europe, making Shakespeare's "Othello" with Orson Welles, the bad boy of the motion picture industry.

It's not because both Kellys have successful careers, it's not because Gene earns \$2000 a week and Betsy \$750 a week [when they work] that they're so universally admired.

It's because fame has not corrupted either of them. They are as plain, as simple, as sincere and unaffected as any young couple you might find in, say Wheeling, West Virginia.

In other words, Gene and Betsy Kelly have not gone Hollywood; and this indeed is refreshing when



KELLYS

When Betsy Blair first met Gene Kelly at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe she thought he was a busboy instead of the dance director. (P.S. She got a job in the chorus.)

you realize how violently and quickly most young people react to success.

Gene and Betsy Kelly have one child, a six-year-old girl named Kerry. The child has no nurse and goes to public school. She regards her parents as ordinary people who work for a living. When you ask Kerry what her father does, she'll quickly answer, "He's the best dancer in the world." But she would say the same thing about Gene if he were a carpenter, a bricklayer, or anything.

The Kellys have seen to it that Kerry maintains a very good sense of values about her place in the social scheme of things.

A few years ago, for example, Gene caught Kerry bragging about her picture which had appeared in a fan magazine. In order to protect Kerry from getting spoiled, he immediately issued an order. "No more home layouts for the magazines."

The publicity boys yelled at that. "Think of your publicity," they cautioned Gene. "It'll drop to nothing."
(Please turn to page 83)



"Gene does better at acting than at Anagrams," says Betsy. He's a good director too, as you'll discover in "On the Town."

★ Romance is blooming in Hollywood! True, real, genuine love!

If you have any doubts, just take a little peek at this season's latest offering in sizzling romance.

Errol Flynn and Greer Garson!

Nora Flynn and Dick Haymes!

Joanne Dru and John Ireland!

Farley Granger and Pat Neal!

Howard Duff and Shelley Winters!

Janet Leigh and Barry Nelson!

Peggy Cummins and Derek Dunnett!

And that's saying nothing about Clark Gable and Jimmy Stewart—both of whom are ripe for matrimony—and nothing about half a dozen other romantics who will fall in and out of love with the change of tides.

Yes, love is flourishing richly in filmland this summer, and come autumn, the town may be completely shorn of its eligible bachelors.

Unfortunately, the rivers of true love rarely run smoothly. And behind virtually all of the aforementioned romances, romantic as they now may be, runs a thread of heartache.

Take, for example, the Errol Flynn-Greer Garson romance. A few short weeks ago, everyone was willing to wager that eventually Greer would break down and marry Buddy Fogelson.

But what happened? Greer went into "The Forsyte Saga" where she met Errol Flynn on his first picture away from Warner Brothers. The spark was kindled, and Buddy Fogelson, at least at this writing, has taken a back seat in Greer's affections.

Greer should be in England with Errol by the time you read this. She may deny that her affection for the dark-haired Lothario exceeds the bounds of friendship, but the fact is that Greer wants very much to do a (*Please turn to page 72*)

Love is busting out all over Hollywood.

these days. Just take a peek at this season's

latest offerings in sizzling romance



When Errol Flynn and Nora Eddington decided to divorce, the action started an amazing sequence of events in Hollywood.



Gossips had Greer Garson all set to marry a Texas millionaire; then she met Errol Flynn on set of their film, "Forsyte Saga."

By CRAWFORD DIXON



The Nora Flynn-Dick Haymes romance is so compelling, irresistible and magnetic that its partners willingly sacrificed their homes and families for each other.

Love
Love
Love!



Joanne Dru (Mrs. Dick Haymes) has new interests: her movie career and John Ireland, her co-star in "All the King's Men."

★ Practically everyone in Hollywood worries about shedding weight and keeping slim. Practically everyone has his own pet set of exercises, his daily dozen. Everyone except Dan Dailey.

Dan's problem is to get enough rest, relaxation, peace, quiet and solitude. His highest ambition is to do nothing for, maybe, three whole days.

Dan has made six or seven pictures in a row; he has lost exact count. As far as he can see ahead,

By **FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING**



He's Got



He's come from bit player to star—and now every producer at 20th is bidding for him.



When will Dan stop this mad pace? Not soon, according to his studio. His next picture is "You're My Everything."

roles stretch end to end like the tireless turnout of a twenty-four-hour bakery. Every producer on the 20th Century lot, it seems, wants Dan Dailey just as soon as he finishes "You're My Everything."

Before "Everything" he did "Chicken Every Sunday" and before that "When My Baby Smiles at Me" and before that. . . . But, something should be said about "When My Baby Smiles at Me."

One Sunday in January, shortly before Academy

Award Nominating Ballots were mailed to Academy members and others eligible to vote, one of Los Angeles' metropolitan dailies featured a group of Award possibilities on the front page of the drama section.

Featured as "Most likely to receive the Award for his performance as an actor in a leading role" was, of course, Laurence Olivier for his brilliant performance in "Hamlet." (*Please turn to page 74*)



**Dynamite and
determination
and everything
lovable—
that's what
Dan Dailey's
made of**

EVERYTHING

The Daileys aren't kidding when they boast of their two-year-old son's dancing ability. Dan III can already do a simple time step.



Barbara Lawrence knows—and tells whenever she has a chance—how wonderful he is to work with. They were in "You Were Meant for Me."



Is it wise for a handsome young actor

to get married the minute he finishes his

first picture? Is he ready to be a

successful husband as well as an exciting

star? Here's Mrs. John Derek's answer

I'm In

WITH A



By MRS. JOHN (PATI BEHRS) DEREK.

LOVE

WONDERFUL GUY

★ John Derek and I are now two-thirds through our first year as Mr. and Mrs. Derek. I can't believe that such happiness as we have can be actually happening to me. He is everything I dreamed about, only doubly so.

I had to come a long way to find him, half-way around the world. I was born in Turkey when my parents' titles and estates were confiscated in Russia. I grew up in Paris. But crossing an ocean and two continents to discover John wasn't too far to go for him.

He was born right here in Hollywood, amazing in itself since so few actors are. He didn't want to go into the movies—another jolt. He was, however, spotted by talent scouts from the time he was four years old.

We celebrated completion of his first film, "Knock on Any Door," by becoming Mr. and Mrs. John Derek.



I guess my greatest fault is jealousy. I have faith in John—but women DO find him attractive!

I remember so well how cautious we were at first towards one another. We met, quite casually, when both of us were under contract at 20th Century-Fox and reported to the classes of Helena Sorrell, the dramatic coach there. John, just twenty, was fresh out of his Army uniform and finally was giving the movies a serious try.

Having gone to work as a dancer at thirteen when my father died, I luckily had reached the same studio from France.

We didn't have our first date for a whole two months. Neither of us flirted. We'd both gone through the giddy adolescent period. John's appearance didn't throw me off balance. I fully enjoy it, and never will stop envying him his fabulous eyelashes. But I was used to good-looking men, so what impressed me about John's handsomeness was that it hadn't made him conceited. He isn't the least bit vain. When he had to be so for his first picture, that was acting!

I admire the way he always looks straight at the person to whom he's talking. He takes everything

(Please turn to next page)



It's fun learning all about John's childhood in Hollywood, and telling him all about mine in Paris.

Right now we're living in a Malibu beach house but we've got big plans for a terrific ranch in Montana.



I'm In Love

WITH A WONDERFUL GUY

continued

in earnest, with a polite consideration for your viewpoint that is irresistible to me. If he isn't clear about your meaning, he asks again. Or he is silent, listening and learning.

John has a genuine sense of humor. He can laugh about his own human quirks, as well as at absurd situations. But he is basically a serious person.

In our dramatic training we had to practice pantomime. We had to create a character and scene from our own imagination. I recall John beaming his approval when I interpreted a girl in a house that was being bombed. I never hung around to gossip when our classes ended. Now John admits he was very favorably struck by that. He says he was fed up with flighty girls.

I didn't try to seem glamorous, and fortunately this also intrigued him. He still remembers the heavy green corduroy jacket and skirt I often wore; says it made me look like an artist. I wore a minimum of make-up, and now he even wants me to skip lipstick. He contends I stood out to him because I



In his second picture, "All the King's Men," John plays a pampered, drunken brat, which is quite a change from his own quiet, dignified life in the home he loves.



The Derek flair for portrait painting could have led him to fame as an artist.

was the girl who was so healthy and honest looking.

Gradually we began dreaming up love scenes we could do together in class. We wouldn't reveal to one another the extra pleasure we found in them.

I asked him for our first date. I wanted to go to a certain play in downtown Los Angeles. The evening we went we both had colds, and snuffled relaxedly. John had some sort of allergy that made his lower lip swell terribly the very next day. He had to stay out of dramatic classes for two weeks to get over it, and was I kidded! Since that first date neither of us has ever dated anyone else. Nor have we ever broken a date with each other.

John's courtship was romantic in the old-fashioned, gallant way. He was, and is, so thoughtful, protective, and tender! I found out he wasn't a party hound. I was delighted to find he doesn't have to have fun—he has to feel happy inside. An artistic, sensitive, idealistic person, my husband.

My cocker spaniel fell in love with him instantly. My intuition told me this was a sign to respect.

He was definitely the first man in Hollywood to take time to show me so many fascinating things the movie crowd usually passes up. John took me to my first football game, my first rodeo, my first midget races, my first prizefight, my first wrestling match—how we howled at Gorgeous George's antics! We began going to ice hockey games twice a week.

Then he really introduced me to California. You know many Hollywood people never venture out of Los Angeles, except to fly to New York. He drove me down to the Mojave, to thrill at the great desert. He drove me up to Yosemite, to marvel at the forests and water falls there. I noticed how he could go into an ecstasy over the beauty of nature in even a rock.

We sampled the quiet charm of Santa Barbara, the impulsive air of Laguna. As we whizzed along the highways he'd stop, all of a sudden, if he saw a flower stand. He'd buy me one perfect red rose. This meant more to me than the most expensive corsage sent from a (*Please turn to page 69*)



Penny and David DeFore, assisted by Ma and Pa, loved riding the visiting pony.



Dorothy Lamour shows her son, Ridge, how to fill basket he'll give to L. A. orphanage.



Joan Crawford and her two children grin approval at the show provided by Capitol.

Stars' Sprouts

★ Movie people are known for their big hearts, and following in the footsteps of their famed parents, scores of Hollywood young fry recently turned out to lend their support to a worthy charity.

The party was sponsored by Capitol Records, and the children had a wonderful time filling baskets with gifts for orphanages in the Los Angeles area. When the baskets were full to overflowing, the kids enjoyed ice cream and cookies, and the antics of "Bozo the Clown," a Hollywood favorite.

Stars' kids

Assemble to

Lend a hand to

L. A. Orphanages

Susan Peters' adopted son Timothy disappeared as soon as Judy Garland brought daughter Liza over to meet him. Little Liza seems upset about his disappearance.



The Amazing AVA!

continued



Ava Gardner's pink house suits her personality: it's feminine without being fussy.



High on hill above Nichols Canyon is Ava Gardner's little pink house surrounded by white picket fence.

"One Touch of Venus," "The Bribe," she scouted the hills from Hollywood to Santa Monica.

It couldn't be too far from the studio; it couldn't be too expensive; it had to be high up where the sun could fill it, and there must be a touch of wilderness about it.

One Sunday during the filming of "The Great Sinner," she found it. The house wasn't perfect, but the rooms were small and cozy; there was nothing of formality or pretense.

A week later she moved in with her ice box, her stove, and her maid Maureen, who calls Ava "Venus."

In the months since then, the busy actress has made a trip to New York; she has gone home for a family reunion in Carolina. Now she is finally home and getting installed.

One of the big problems is landscaping for the house is bare and Ava wouldn't let a sprig be planted until she was there. Having come from a farm, she has had gardens all her life and knows how to weed and prune and dig.

Her trips east and south prohibited any early winter planting and the bad freeze caught the few shrubs she had put in. Now that she's back, she's

The Amazing AVA!

continued from page 26



In dungarees and jersey blouse Ava could make a fortune painting picket fences. Only thing she lacks is union card!



Lots of guys would be more than willing to do this chore for her—but she manages nicely, thank you.

been preparing the soil (it's like a rock and she's going to need help with it) and she has laid out her landscape plans which will someday turn the sandy hillside into a mass of bloom.

She'll use purple and yellow ice plant for that and there will be yellow roses behind the little fence which she's brightened up with a fresh coat of paint. She has a trellis up at one side of the house and a giant honeysuckle will climb there. For the moment the only real signs of life are a half dozen struggling petunias. Ava babies them as if they were the most important things in her life.

Most of the house is yellow. So is Ava's hair! That last was just a sudden impulse, she says, shaking the short gold crop. "I know I shouldn't, but about every two years I can't resist it."

But whatever the color of hair, it's the same face, with its finely chiseled features; and the same beautiful hundred and eighteen pounds poured into blue jeans for her chores around the house.

The yellow walls of the living room, dining room and bedroom give the illusion that the house is filled with sun. The living room is still empty but Ava's shopping for fabrics and as soon as she finds them, the upholsterers can get under way.

The fun of the project is the selection of each object herself. From the small Degas dancing girls for her bedroom, to the antique book cases in the den, Ava is the decorator.

Here is a girl who is much more than merely beautiful, and much more than a good actress. She is a serious and well-rounded person whose taste in books and music is mature and whose abilities as a home-maker are sound.

She likes to be able to do everything. "I'm not saying I'd want to do solely domestic things every day of necessity," she says, earnestly. "But I do want to be able to cook when I wish, to make the kind of curtains I want for the bathroom, plant what I want where I want it."

She feels that too many people in Hollywood devote themselves exclusively to their craft. "That has been true of artists in every field. It's the ivory tower attitude." In Ava's opinion it necessarily limits the artist in his flexibility, in his ability to understand all ways of life and all types of personality—an understanding an actor must have.

Ava was furnishing the living room when we got there. The furnishings consisted of two book cases, a lamp and a vase of flowering peach blos-

Please turn to next page

Decorating effects are Ava's prime worry these days. She's just about decided walls will be yellow, carpet gray.



The Amazing AVA! *continued*

soms. The carpeting is grey frieze. She plans on using grey and chartreuse in the upholstery.

There isn't much furniture in the dining room yet, either; but there is a handsome silver coffee service, bought at auction recently, "which of course I need like I need a hole in the head," grins Ava.

Ava's sister, Bea, in to help with the curtains, says she's glad Ava got the service. It's such a graceful, beautiful set, and the look on Ava's face while she polishes it, is something to see. The initials engraved on each piece are MEW, but Ava says she can always change her name. Mayme Emma Wogglehoof would do nicely.

Ava's bedroom is almost complete. She has done it in grey and chartreuse with a string rug which blends beautifully with the ash grey wood. The big bed is modern and simple with a chartreuse quilt. There's a radio right beside the bed, "and I can play it as loudly as I want and as late as I want. There's nothing like a home of one's own, is there?"

A big bottle of hand lotion stands beside the



Which lamp would you put on the bookcase? Looks like either will interfere with plant-filled wall brackets.

"I need this silver service like I need a hole in the head," Ava admits. But she couldn't resist it at auction sale.



radio and on the dressing table are dozens and dozens of bottles of perfume. Above them she's putting the Degas prints in their modern frames.

Modern as most of the decor, the lady of this house has not been held down to any rigid rules. One of the most charming variations imaginable is the den. Opposite the bright yellow living room, the den is done in cocoa-wood and deep green, the ceiling is beamed. There is a red brick fire-place with brass andirons. The table and bookcases are walnut, the divan is covered with a hunting scene print. It is a warm, comfortable little room, a wonderful place to relax before the fire and read.

Ava has the natural instinct of a home-maker—for a house is largely a matter of atmosphere, color, line, and little touches; flowers, books, prints, a silver service with the wrong initials. Even now, you can guess what her house is going to become. It should be fun to go back up Nichols Canyon eight months from now and see what has happened to the seeds Ava Gardner has planted. Let's make a date and go up and call on her then!



Books and albums are arranged in alphabetical order. Ava's library indicates mature taste in literature and music.



Ava turned nook next to kitchen into sewing room. Or-gandy curtains throughout will be Ava's handiwork.

For walls of her own bedroom Ava has chosen six Degas pas-tel prints. Gray frames catch the tone of her modern furniture.





Royal blue silk dinner gown defies summer heat but stole is fine when breezes blow.



Laraine might start a heatwave—but she'd never feel it in this gunmetal silk taffeta gown. Gold thread design complements diamond necklace and earrings.



COOL

CHARM

Take a tip from the
 clothes Laraine Day
 wears in her new
 picture, "Twilight."
 They've been air-conditioned
 for style and comfort

Calico sun dress is multi-colored, has a matching stole with wide edged red border.

singer. They became fast friends. Joanne learned that Dick had been born in Argentina, that he was listed as a citizen of a neutral nation; that he had been reared a strict Catholic and had once studied to become a Jesuit priest.

Joanne moved up to Boston and was about to marry a Harvard college boy when Dick phoned her one day and said, "You wouldn't marry one of those Harvards, would you?"

Joanne said, "I'm afraid I might." Whereupon Dick proposed and was accepted.

Dick went on to become a stage, radio, and screen star, and for a while everything was serene in the Haymes household. The couple have three children.

During those years, Dick averaged more than \$100,000 a year. The whole world looked good and no thought of a divorce ever entered his head.

He separated from his wife for a few days back in 1947, but the excuse given was that Joanne wanted a career and he was against her having one.

Joanne says now, "There's no truth to that story."

In any event by Christmas of last year the Haymeses were on separation terms again.

"We're going to separate for six months or a year," Dick explained at that point. "I think probably our trouble is that we've been away from each other too much. I haven't really seen Joanne for three months."

"When I came back from New York she left the next day for location. I hope we can work out our life together. . . ."

Apparently, that was an idle hope. While Dick and Nora Flynn made the rounds at Palm Springs, their friendship ripened into something deeper.

On March 15th of this year, Dick and Nora flew to Las Vegas where Dick took up residence in the Flamingo Hotel.

Nora said flatly, "I've registered at a ranch in Nevada for the purpose of es-

tablishing six weeks' residence in order to obtain a Nevada divorce from Errol."

Dick said nothing. But his wife immediately filed for divorce in California, charging Dick with cruelty and demanding \$5,000 a month for herself and three children.

The fact that Joanne filed for a divorce in California means that Dick Haymes and Nora Flynn can't get married at an early date since decrees in California do not become final for one year.

It now looks very much as if Joanne will marry John Ireland when she's free.

John is the young actor under contract at Columbia who's played in two pictures with Joanne. He recently separated from his wife. He has a 7-year studio contract and is an accomplished actor. You'll see him as a star in "Anna Lucasta" and "All the King's Men," and his screen future is most bright.

In order that there be a happy ending for all concerned, Errol Flynn should marry Greer Garson; Nora Flynn should marry Dick Haymes, and Joanne Dru should marry John Ireland.

All of this might very well come to pass. All of you might very well watch for it.

While you're scanning the horizons of romance, you might consider the Farley Granger-Pat Neal duo, largely because they both insist they're not interested in marriage. Whenever a pair speak like that, watch out!

Farley says, "Sure, I've dated Pat Neal. I like her very much but I'm still more career-minded than I am marriage-minded. Somehow, I don't think I'm ready for marriage yet."

Pat says, "Farley's one of the best friends I have, but I'm just starting out in motion pictures, and I'd like to get established before I think of marriage."

In any event, these two are a steady pair. Their companionship has been interrupted solely by the attentions paid to Pat Neal by Harry Kurnitz, a very

witty writer at Warner Brothers who knew Pat in New York when she was first trying to crash the stage. Harry has a crush on Pat and doesn't care who knows it.

As for the Shelley Winters-Howard Duff romance, Duff is a quixotic sort of fellow who loves the bachelor life he's now leading. This affair may be nothing but a publicity stunt, although Duff as a rule refuses to be party to any such gag.

He's been engaged twice before, however; he's reached a very susceptible age, 32; and he is capable of being captured by the proper combination of feminine charms and personality. Howard's always being mentioned as the future husband of Ava Gardner but at this point it looks as if their fondness is only a nice brother-sister or "good pal" relationship.

As for Janet Leigh and Barry Nelson, Barry, a young-man-about-town, has been after Janet ever since her divorce last year. Janet is currently the busiest contract player at M-G-M and having had one disillusioning marital experience, she says she's going to do a lot of thinking before taking another step towards the altar.

Peggy Cummins, however, may do that very thing with Derek Dunnett, a handsome young Englishman she met abroad last year. Dunnett is the heir to one of the largest seed fortunes in Great Britain and when Peggy returned to Hollywood, he pursued her to the West Coast.

It looks from here as if Dunnett is deeply in love with Peggy and would like nothing better than to lead her into matrimony. Peggy says, "Of course, I like him, but. . . ."

June has always been a big wedding month in Hollywood, as it has throughout the rest of the country; so don't be surprised if Hollywood's busy Cupid shoots arrows into the hearts of many of its most glamorous citizens.

THE END

for Allied Artists, Johnny Sands joined sightseers at New York City's Museum



"Big Six" volunteer firewagon operated 1851, required six men pulling a shaft and additional twenty tugging on rear wheel hubs.



Old gooseneck hand water pumper, used from end of 18th century until 1835, cost the city \$500, rests in honor spot in museum.

HE'S GOT EVERYTHING

(Continued from page 57)

However, the writer qualified this selection by explaining that no one could predict the state of mind of Academy voters; because of the hassel over British picture quotas, Hollywood might decide to award the Oscar to an American player. In which case, said the article, the honors should go to Dan Dailey for his work in "When My Baby Smiles at Me." And there, side by side with Mr. Olivier, equally large, was a picture of Dan Dailey.

Naturally, Dan's best friends at 20th have given him a bad time about this. Dan would be the first to insist that, compared to the resplendent Olivier, Dailey's performance was as the village fountain figure to Rodin's "The Thinker." Certainly Dan is a competent actor and is increasing in stature all the time, but who is in the Olivier class?

Said one of Dan's hecklers, as Dan fell into his customary chair at the 20th Century commissary, "Dan, I figure you've really got a cinch this year. I've been investigating, and I've discovered that this guy, Olivier, can't even do a time step!"

Incidentally, Dan has seen "Hamlet" several times, plans to see it many more. The Olivier-directed play justifies one of Dan's long-ago revolts against his high school English teacher who insisted that Shakespeare should be read like strongly accented poetry.

Says Dan, "All beautiful speech is poetic; it isn't necessary to pound on the rhyme to prove that you have poetry."

The amazing thing to Dan's friends is not that he is an articulate and an erudite commentator upon high drama, but that he has time to keep track of what is going on beyond the gates of his home studio. His personal schedule is a man-killer, but he appears to thrive on it.

Six days a week he rolls out and throtles the alarm at 6:30 A.M. He leaps into clothing, goes into a brief dance routine with his son, Dan Dailey, III, who is now almost two, swallows a cup of black coffee as it is proffered by the housekeeper during Dan's sprint from Danny's nursery to the garage, and reports to the studio at 7:30 A.M. Occasionally if Danny's dance instruction becomes too interesting, Dan is as much as half an hour late.

Little Danny exhibited dancing inclinations as soon as he was able to pull himself up on the top rail of his play pen; there he would jiggle, lifting first one foot and then the other in time to any music which happened to be playing. "He could march, waltz, samba, and jig before he could walk," is Dan's boast for his son.

As soon as Danny was able to get around under his own power, Dan began to teach him a few time steps which the youngster picked up faster than he did chocolate cookies.

Because Dan boasted of his son's prowess, some of Dan's studio friends insisted upon seeing Dan, the Third, in action. These hecklers were certain the kid would merely jiggle a little, as almost any child will do, when Dan tried to show him off.

The hecklers were wrong. Danny delightedly executed half a dozen simple time steps and ended the program by doing splits in professional form. And all of this, mind you, has been learned in those fast morning sessions.

Once Dan reaches the studio, he roars through Wardrobe and Makeup, and is

on the set at 9:00 simply rarin' to go!

At ten the company knocks off for coffee and doughnuts, and lunch is usually called at 12:30. At 3:30 or 4:00, Dan and his dancing partner (whichever actress it happens to be at the time) have to stop for another cup of coffee or tea to keep from fainting flat on their faces.

Dan gets home around seven each evening, script in hand.

Most actors, at this point, study their lines for the next day's shooting, and turn in at nine, dead beat.

Dan scans his script, then hurries to his one-room studio at the back of the lot on which his home is built. This retreat is soundproofed, in deference to the neighbors, and it is here that Dan works out some of his more intricate dance steps. Here also, he practices his slide trombone.

Yes, he's learning to play trombone, the fulfillment of a lifelong ambition. Also, the extension of Dan's theory of living. Says Dan, "I have no patience with people who say, 'I've always wanted to play the piano, but I've never had a chance to learn.' Anyone can learn to do anything at any time, if he or she will simply make the time. Most people never try."

Dan, himself, has a right to make so positive a statement because he has always had a goal in mind, and he has always set out dynamically to reach it. He wanted to be a dancer. (People told him he was too tall; was starting too late.) He wanted to work in a Broadway production. He wanted to make the grade in Hollywood. Then, having danced his way to these accomplishments, he decided to become a full-fledged actor. Anyone who saw "When My Baby Smiles at Me" must accord him a bow of accomplishment in this field, too.

In addition to his determination to excel at the trombone, Dan has another plan for his first available free moment. He wants to assemble a variety troupe, charter an airplane, and barnstorm the country for about three months of one-night stands. "That will be a cinch," he has told friends enthusiastically. "A downright vacation. Only one show a night—then on to the next town for an honest night's sleep."

In many of the cities he plans to visit, Dan will renew his friendships with army buddies. When he hits Dallas, for instance, he will chew the fat with a brother officer . . . and check up on his stranded automobile, which is still garaged in that Texas city.

Undoubtedly you, like every other Dailey fan, wondered about the story which hit the newsstands several months ago: Dan Dailey, said the headlines, had disappeared.

This, like the story of Mark Twain's death, was greatly exaggerated. Here is what actually happened. Dan was exhausted. He had just finished "Chicken Every Sunday." He understood that no retakes were necessary, and that he had three beautiful weeks of freedom before "You're My Everything" was to go into rehearsal.

Telling Mrs. Dailey that he didn't want anyone to know where he was going (meaning his hundreds of friends who keep the Dailey telephone wires hot, and who always have a flock of suggestions for the use of Dan's vacation time) he set out in his car for Dallas and a reunion with the brother officer previously mentioned.

Dan was not only tired from his long program of continued picture making, but he was stale with the staleness that every creative worker suffers after remaining in one place, under one set of circumstances, for a long period of time.

When the studio called Dan's home, three days later, to say that they must get in touch with Dan at once, Mrs. Dailey—a blithe sphinx in behalf of her weary husband—said that she had no idea where he was. Eventually he would get in touch with her, she said, and when he did, she would deliver the studio's message.

Wifely love and big business are often at odds, and this instance was no exception. The studio, having established an earlier release date for the picture, had to finish it against a new deadline. Executives did the only thing they could think of: They broadcast an all-points alarm for Mr. Dailey.

Astounded at the ensuing clamor, Dan telephoned Hollywood to ask what all the shooting was for. Then he boarded the next plane for Hollywood, his ever-lovin' wife, and a studio rehearsal stage.

Everyone was a little pink-faced before the episode was forgotten. Everyone grins somewhat sheepishly nowadays when Dan's Dallas-garaged car is mentioned. He'll call for it one of these days and snatch a few precious days of vacation at that time.

After a few hours' sleep, Dan usually drives out to the valley to spend Sunday afternoon riding one of the sixteen available horses which are owned and operated by a syndicate of Hollywood equestrians. Altogether there are eight members of the group. Some members own several horses. All members are expected to ride all horses as interest dictates. The horses are hunters and jumpers, and it is a rare and lovely experience to hear Mr. Dailey discuss the fine points of horse-trading and horse-breeding. He has ridden since he was hoof-high to a Shetland pony, and he'd be lost without a horse—to coin a phrase.

The group to which Dan belongs has put on several horse shows: the first was a modest little affair, planned without fanfare. It attracted an audience so large and enthusiastic that the group was fired into planning a second gymkhana within a few weeks. It was even more successful than the first horse show. As things stand now, the group regards itself as the San Fernando Valley's answer to Ringling Brothers.

"All we need is a script to make 'Black Beauty,'" says Dan. He corrects himself at once. "Not that a script ever did me much good. When I get the script for a new picture, I scan the pages in pursuit of two sentences which I know will show up somewhere in the parenthetical print.

"One sentence reads: 'Here they do a terrific dance.' That's all. The next sentence states simply: 'Here they do a dance that would stop a Broadway show.' I put aside the script. I begin to think of every dance step I have ever seen or dreamed of. . . . You ask me which I like better, a dancing role or a straight dramatic role? I ask you, which do you like better, picking ripe peaches or picking ripe oranges? They're both delicious. They keep you busy, and that's for me. I like to be busy."

They don't come any busier in Hollywood. Or any more talented. Or more lovable than Dan Dailey.

THE END



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The End

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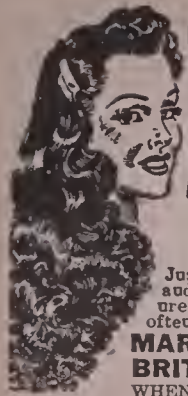
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MOVIELAND'S Casting Bureau



Today Everett Freed is a carpenter—but tomorrow he may be a star.

hollywood hopeful

This story doesn't have a happy ending—yet. But *Movieland* predicts a bright future for Everett Freed

By ALYCE CANFIELD

★ Everett Freed was excited. The Grand Junction High School in Colorado was planning a show with a cast made up entirely of fifth graders. Everett had been offered the lead. As quickly as his excitement rose, however, it subsided. For the part called for a top hat and tails. Everett knew there wasn't the faintest possibility of his being able to acquire a top hat and tails to wear in a school show.

At home, they didn't even have enough to eat. His father was away more often

than not. His stepmother was hard-pressed to keep their clothes clean and mended. Everett had never owned a single thing that was new and store-bought in his entire young life.

The next best role was as part of a trio. Here old clothes were okay. He took the part, rehearsed the songs, ecstatic he could be in the play at all. Then, he began to worry. The trio was supposed to do a little dance. Go out to the footlights and kick—and Everett had holes as big as marbles in the soles of his shoes.

At rehearsal that day, there was a fair-sized group of youngsters watching out in front. He sang his song and then started the dance. He kicked—and the kids out in front began to laugh. "Lookit him," they howled happily, "Old Holey Shoes!"

Everett stood there, his face aflame. Now the school knew. The tears fought up to his eyes. He ran off the stage and home.

After a few days, his teacher found out why he was home. She sent a gift coupon from a shoe store for Everett and his brother. Here was a real treasure: a boy's first pair of store-bought shoes.

Everett was good in the show. His golden voice became the talk of the district.

Everett was farmed out to work for a lady who had no help. She was kind, but severe. She didn't understand boys. He wanted to run away. But you couldn't even do that—without money.

One summer, he worked fifteen hours a day picking peaches to earn money for clothes and books for high school but his stepmother said, "We need the money, son. Your pa and I have to use it."

So the kid rode the freight cars to Beaver, Oklahoma, to the home of Reverend Unruh and his wife, who had befriended him when he was in grade school. When they left for Beaver, they told him, "If you find you can't go to high school here as you planned, come to us."

He walked in, just at dinner time, tired, dirty, hungry. All he asked was, "Are you sure you'll let me go to school?"

The Unruhs were the first people who had ever been kind to him in his life.

As a freshman in school, he began to distinguish himself. He was made a class officer. He won the county award at the Song Festival, which is sponsored by the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music. During his sophomore year, he won the county and district. His junior and senior years, he won the county, district and state. The Unruhs promised that if he won the state his senior year they would send him to Norman where the nationals were held at the University of Oklahoma.

When he finished the song he had

chosen at the nationals, there was a slight pause, and then the whole auditorium broke into a frenzied ovation. He was now acclaimed the best young male singer in the United States—Everett Freed, the kid who had never had a pair of store-bought shoes until he was in the fifth grade.

With the honor of winning the nationals went the scholarship to the University of Oklahoma. Everett had to make the most serious decision of his life. Should he go to college four years, or should he head for Hollywood? He decided on Hollywood—buying a 1927 Chevrolet to get there. He and his brother drove to California, counting pennies for gas. Through some miracle, the car took them—without a blowout or major repair—to within thirty miles of Hollywood.

Once in Hollywood, Everett worked at anything to keep going. He had come to California in the first place because he believed the greatest dramatic coach in the nation was there: Josephine Dillon—formerly the wife of Clark Gable.

After the war, he picked up where he left off with Josephine Dillon. He trained and studied. His voice took on an exciting new maturity. When Josephine Dillon thought he was ready, she had Metro's Ida Koverman listen to him. He got a contract with M-G-M.

Here's where the story should have the happy ending. He was getting paid—not much, but more than he had ever earned before. Now his dramatic coaching and singing lessons were free.

But Metro is a big studio. The people who counted didn't realize he had great talent. He didn't know how to play studio politics, get noticed. He just thought if he studied and worked, as he had his entire life, he would succeed.

This one time his success formula was not to pay off. When the big layoff came, he was out of a job. Today, he's finding it hard to buck the lassitude that has hit the studios. Jobs are hard to find, even for old-timers.

That's why he's working as a carpenter for a cement contractor in Venice, California. Everett Freed is not a boy who is afraid of working with his hands—and hard. Because, you see, he knows he's going to get there. . . .

THE END

BLUEPRINT FOR HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 41)

start in the dining room and carry through the wall into the kitchen sitting room, which is to be the heart of their house. In colonial New England, such a room was called "the keeping room," the center of family life was there. That's how Esther wants hers.

In every regard, the Gages are practical. Take money, for example. Ben feels that money must be at work, and Esther agrees with him. They have made several investments so far.

One is Ben's gas station at 18th and Montana in Santa Monica. The gas station attendant and Ben were talking one day, and a few weeks later, the chap told Ben about this station which could be bought.

That was six months ago and business looks good. Ben's in the market for another station now. They also have their house overlooking the Bay at Acapulco. They bought it originally as a hide-away vacation spot. Then it occurred to them that they might rent it when they weren't there. That's proven profitable too. So has Esther's long-

term contract with Cole of California, for the design of the Esther Williams bathing suit.

But their happiest business venture has been the building project at Twenty Nine Palms. Esther's brother Dave is an asthmatic and he'd found his health so precarious that he'd moved to the desert. Esther and Ben used to visit him there.

The great difficulty was for Dave to find work in such a small town. The little houses were Esther's idea. If Dave found the climate so beneficial, why wouldn't others? The three of them put their heads together and decided to build.

That is the best investment Esther ever made. Her eyes sparkle telling of it. Then she shows you Dave's picture. He has gained forty pounds working under the desert sun. He is sun-tanned and handsome. It was an investment that profited, not just financially, but in a human life.

That's a reflection of Esther's attitude. That's why she can feel, and rightly so, that planning pays off.

THE END

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MY BOSS, BOB HOPE

(Continued from page 43)

on time. Doesn't forget names. Always willing to entertain or play golf for charities or servicemen. Never reluctant to do interviews. Continual energy and boyish enthusiasm. Easy to work for and with. He likes people and thrives on work. The man is amazing! I think the best way to prove it is to tell about those two trips I was lucky enough to make as part of his entourage.

Army personnel are Bob's greatest boosters. Without exaggerating I can say they are crazy about him. And why not? He has played to more servicemen than any other entertainer. He started back in the early days of selective service, one year before Pearl Harbor.

During the war he made six overseas trips, often getting in a "hot zone" where real slugs were flying, besides selling war bonds, visiting hospitals, working for war charities and entertaining at hospitals and camps at home. Someone who figures out such things estimates he has traveled a million miles in his work. And he hasn't stopped.

On our flight to Europe for those Christmas shows he put on, we left Hollywood December 21st and got back ten days later. Bob learned that the 400 American men stationed at the Azores hadn't had a live show for three years. The schedule did not permit his doing one on our way over but he insisted that it be fixed so he could on the way back. He did. At 2 A.M.! And every man who wasn't on duty was there for that show!

He did another similar ad-libbed show at a stop in Burtonwood, England, a repair base. Bob entertained in a hangar, with an awful public address system. But he doesn't worry about equipment; he's even more eager to entertain in spots that are often overlooked. And Bob doesn't care if there's a crowd—or half a dozen men—he'll give them just as good a show.

When we landed in Germany Bob was met by top brass of the Army, one of whom said a "suggested itinerary" had been worked out for him but that it was "plenty rugged."

"Stop right there," said Bob. "We'll do it!"

The officer seemed amazed. I've learned since that some of the entertainers have complained that these suggested schedules were too tough and reneged on some appearances.

Bob put on nine shows in Germany. As I look back the cities were just a whirl to me. Frankfurt, Wiesbaden, Nuremberg, Berlin! One of the biggest thrills was going into Berlin on an airlift plane. Bob was supposed to fly on a VIP (Very Important Person—in case you don't know) plane, but at the last moment was asked if he'd like to take one of the supply planes which usually don't carry passengers.

Al Capstaff, the producer of Bob's radio show (who is also my boss because I work for him and the agency in charge of the broadcasts as well as for Bob) and announcer Hy Averback and I were invited to go along on that airlift plane. I've never been more excited.

It was windy and freezing cold. As we boarded the plane the pilot asked if we'd ever used parachutes! He told us we were carrying a load of canned milk and corn. To which Bob replied, "I consider this flight a personal challenge. Corn!"

The airlift planes keep in touch with

bases and each other by radio and when it was time for our pilot to report, he put Bob on to give our position, then said, "Hey fellas, know who that was? Bob Hope!" The other flyboys wouldn't believe it, so Bob went back on and did some typical ad-libbing. They'd hardly let him off.

The airlift trip takes about two hours and Bob during that time also did a tape recording on equipment we had along, about highlights of the trip. He really was dog-tired. Several times he deliberately dropped off for five or ten minutes of sleep, which is one of his happy faculties. He needs to, with the work he does. Then he wakes up just as alert as if he'd had several hours of sleep.

Going in to Tempelhof airdrome is really exciting, zooming down over the apartments close to the field, and there seems to be a steady stream of planes landing and taking off. We were lucky. The night was clear, the clearest in months. Our pilot told us there had been ceiling and visibility zero for weeks before!

The only time I saw my boss upset on that whole trip was in Berlin. He was doing our regular Tuesday broadcast there and Bob was told to be at the studio at 4. But there had been a mistake somewhere. The G.I. audience had been told the show went on at 3 and most of them had arrived at noon to get seats. They were plenty restless and a bit antagonistic when Hope didn't arrive until 3:45. He was—he thought—a quarter hour early.

Bob was really perturbed when he learned the facts. "Why wasn't I told?" was all he said, but firmly. Then he walked out on the stage, yelled "Hi, fellas," told them what had happened, gave them a fast joke and then there they were, right in the palm of his hand.

You probably remember that Mrs. Hope went along on the Christmas trip to Germany. I could write another whole story on how wonderful my boss's wife is! She used to be a singer, you know, and sang in all the shows on that trip. The boys loved her for it, and for coming. Tony Romano accompanied her on the guitar and her big number was "Always." While she sang Bob would try to break her up with ad libs, like, "I'm going to learn to wash dishes and let my wife take over my shows." That always went over big with the G.I's.

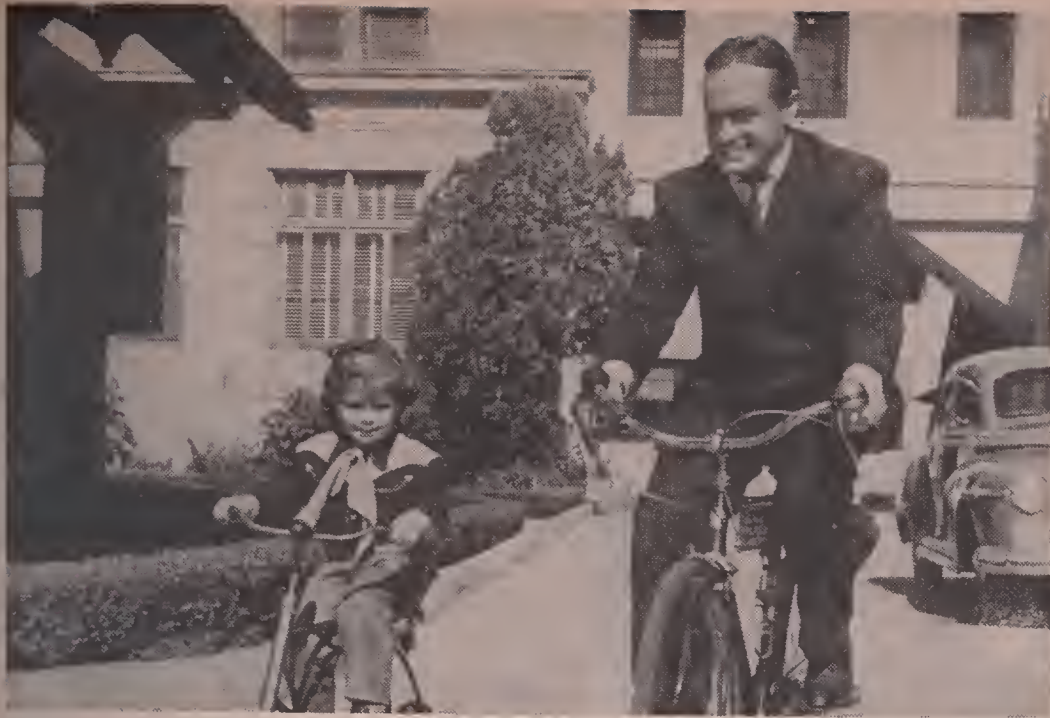
One of the boys asked Mrs. Hope if she and Bob weren't worried about risking the flight together and leaving their four children at home.

"Not at all," she answered with conviction. "We made up our minds it was what we should do and that nothing would go wrong."

And nothing did. Everything was right, just like the weather clearing up for our flight to Berlin.

My work with Bob has been almost exclusively on his radio show, but before we left for Germany, I had been on the set at Paramount a few times while Bob was making "The Perfect Lover," and discovered he works the same in pictures as in radio. He kids during rehearsals; he never gets tense; he is the trouble-shooter who always unsnarls things when they get hectic.

The things I've learned about him away from business I've heard from Mrs. Hope, on our trip abroad, and from Marjorie Hughes, Bob's personal secretary. (He needs one for all his outside



Mary Jane Saunders' impressive debut in "Sorrowful Jones" is credited to Bob's help.

activities.) They confirmed all my opinions.

One thing I was curious about. Bob is so obviously fond of his children, Tony and Linda, Norah and Kelly, that I wondered how, with his staggering schedule, he ever found time to spend with them. I asked Mrs. Hope.

"He seems to concentrate his efforts with them as he does in everything else," she told me. "Five minutes with him is worth hours with someone else. He makes a point of arranging his time so he can have dinner with the older children whenever he's in town. That gives us time together—and they make the most of it. They can hear him on the radio, see things about him in print. He's never gone, even if he's away!"

In his latest Paramount picture, "Sorrowful Jones," Bob really adored his leading lady, little Mary Jane Saunders, and it's no secret she reciprocated in kind.

He plays golf with the same concentration. If time is limited he has as much fun and relaxation from four holes as if he had played eighteen. I learned that on our second trip.

We returned from Germany on December 31st. Bob did a stint at the Rose Bowl the next day, several benefits, a radio show on January 4th and that night he was off again for a personal appearance tour from coast to coast, coinciding with the showing of "Paleface." The tour lasted 35 days during which he made 42 appearances in 36 cities—plus four regular broadcasts for Lever Brothers! In many cities, particularly through the South, charity golf matches had been arranged. The schedule often went like this:

The chartered DC-3 plane, "The Bob Hope Swan Special," would land; there would be reporters and photographers—who always got their pictures and stories—(Bob is always considerate of and courteous to the press) then Bob would be whisked off to a golf match.

Later he'd get to his hotel, have a rub down, dress, go to the dining room where usually he ate a sandwich with his left hand while he signed autographs with his right, then rush to a theater for a three hour show. Usually a party followed; he'd get back to the hotel about 2 a.m.; get a few hours' sleep; catch the plane and hop to another city. Fortunately, as I said before, he can make the most of cat-naps.

One thing I'd like to tell you about those charity golf matches. Bob had played a little golf at the beginning of the trip for his amusement, where matches had not been arranged, and somehow developed blisters on his feet. They got so bad later that he had to have a doctor open them every night. But he never missed a charity match and never complained. All he ever said was, "They're so big, those blisters, they make me a half inch taller!"

On that tour sometimes I had to fly ahead to work with the radio script writers. I had a typewriter and mimeograph machine along, to do the scripts, and I'd like to tell you about an incident in Nashville that proves what a swell boss is mine.

There was a script conference after the theater show until 1:30 a.m., then I was typing and mimeographing until 4. I left a call with the hotel switchboard to be awakened at 10. Somehow they forgot to call me.

I was dead-beat and slept 'until Al Capstaff called from the airport at about 12:45 and asked why I wasn't there. When he heard, he said they'd send a police escort for me. The plane was supposed to leave at 1 p.m.

My suitcases had gone ahead. All I had to do was throw on my clothes. There was a knock at the door. In came two policemen. One picked up the mimeograph machine and typewriter, the other picked up me and we rushed to a waiting squad car. With siren screaming we streaked for the airport. Half-way there I discovered I'd left my fur coat in the hotel closet. The police got on their radio, told another squad car to pick up the coat and get it to the airport in time.

When we reached the plane, which by that time had been held up for 45 minutes, everyone was in a lather—except Bob. Anyone else, I believe, would have blown his top. Instead, he walked over to me, patted my shoulder and kidded, "How's Sleeping Beauty this afternoon?"

Now do you see what I mean?

THE END

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CONFESSIONS OF A COWBOY

(Continued from page 37)

produce my own pictures at Columbia Studios.

My tour of the British Isles just before war broke out in 1939 was another high point in my life. The British made such a fuss over Champ and me that even folks in America who had never paid much attention to westerns before began to sit up and take notice.

Then we visited Dublin, and 750,000 people gathered there to meet us. They tell me it was the biggest crowd ever assembled in Ireland to greet anyone. When we left for the U.S.A., men, women and children lined the docks and wharves and as our ship set sail they all sang "Come Back to Erin." That was a real thrill. I've never come so close to crying.

I LIKE TO COLLECT music boxes and watches. Friends knowing of this hobby have given me musical pitchers, desk sets, and storage boxes of all shapes and kinds. As for watches, I'm always picking up some tricky new device in time-pieces. My latest acquisition is a wrist-watch with an alarm on it.

One day recently the alarm went off by accident during a broadcast. "Melody Ranch" was in an uproar and the CBS switchboard was flooded with calls wanting to know what had happened. Our producer, Bill Burch, has asked me to refrain from wearing that particular watch whenever I'm on the air.

MY FAVORITE SPORTS are riding (of course), golf, and baseball. I seldom play ball any more, but I follow all the League games religiously and always try to be in the East for the World Series. I play golf pretty well, shooting in the high 80s. Incidentally, the only pair of shoes I own are golf shoes. Otherwise I wear only boots.

I DID A LOT of flying for the ATC during the war, and guess I had my share of scares and mishaps. But the worst time I ever had in a plane was right here in the United States, and strangely enough, the plane was on the ground when it happened.

My press agent, Bev Barnett, and I were flying a twin-engine Cessna from Hollywood to Ft. Worth, Texas. Near Phoenix, Arizona, we ran into a terrific wind and rain storm that closed in on us from all sides.

I found a deserted army air-strip, and tried to bring the ship down to sit out the storm. Now a Cessna is a pretty substantial little ship, but in that wind it started bouncing around like a tumbleweed. I pointed her nose into the wind

and turned on the motor. Then Barnett and I jumped out in that rain—and what rain it was—each of us grabbed a wing, and we hung on for dear life, literally holding the plane down, to keep it from blowing away.

It was a rough deal. After the storm passed, we finally made it into Phoenix, and took an American Airlines plane on into Ft. Worth.

I HAD A LOT OF FUN that same trip. We took a train from Ft. Worth to Houston. While we were sitting in the lounge car, the conductor came by, introduced himself, and asked if we'd like to ride up front in the engine.

We were delighted at the opportunity, particularly when the engineer let us run the train for awhile. We sounded the whistle every couple of yards and opened the throttle till it was full speed ahead. If ever a couple of grown men behaved like a couple of kids, that was the day!

I'M SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT only one thing: my membership in the telegraphers' union. In all these years, I've never allowed it to lapse. When I first decided to try my luck as an entertainer, I maintained my membership as a practical measure. Telegraphy represented an occupation I could always fall back on if necessary. Now I have the feeling that it would be bad luck for me to drop my membership, and so every year I pay my dues, and also spend at least 12 hours during the year actually working as a telegraph operator.

I DISLIKE inefficiency, people who cheat, people who are not kind to animals.

SOME PEOPLE SAY I have a lot of poise and stage presence, that I'm a good businessman, that I'm even-tempered (but sometimes stubborn), that I dress well, but that they can't understand how I ever became a movie star. If they knew how nervous I actually am just before going on stage, and during the last 30 seconds before broadcast time, they wouldn't be so sure of that "poise."

I'M PARTICULARLY PROUD OF my wonderful wife and the Gene Autry Friendship Club—the largest and best fan club in the world. The G.A.F.C. celebrates its 11th anniversary this year. Ina Mae and I celebrated our 17th wedding anniversary on April 1 and Ina Mae has just taken up my option again.

I BELIEVE IN America and the American way of life.

THE END



At home Gene Autry rehearses songs from his new western, "Tale of the Whistling Pine."

Chalk off another disc hit for Doris Day. "If I Could Be With You" is fine.



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LISTENING

By HY GRAUBART

★ Sprightly Doris Day gives out with an easy-going rendition of "If I Could Be With You" (Columbia 38453). Background is nicely supplied by George Siravo and his band. Turn the platter over for the lively shuffling rhythm of "How It Lies! How It Lies!"

For a bit of old Erin there's none better than that rich tenor voice of Dennis Day. His interpretation of Arthur Cohalan's "Galway Bay" (Victor 20-3413) brings a misty look to many a colleen's eye. The flip, "Because I Love You," seems a bit sluggish, but recoups with some fine backing by Charles Dant.

"That Sentimental Gentleman" is back again with a tune reminiscent of the old Dorsey band. "Huckle-Buck" opens with a harmonic riff by the sax section in a jump tempo, and features some great altissimo trumpeting by Charlie Shavers. The disc is marred only by a Shavers vocal. On the reverse is "Again," and a change in vocal. Marcy Lutes this time, with a fine handling of the hit parade favorite (Victor).

If you like be-bop, lend an ear to former Woody Herman Bassist Chubby Jackson on Columbia's 38451. "Father Knickerbopper" is an uninhibited performance of a real bop instrumental. The flip is "Godchild," another bop tune by the composer of "Lemon Drop," and features a boppy vocal by Tiny Kahn.

Small and big fry alike will go for "Animal Crackers in My Soup," with Mel Blanc and the Sportsmen (Capitol 57-560). It's a swingy novelty featuring Mel (Bugs Bunny) Blanc and his animal voices, with the quartet supplying the background. Reversed, the disc becomes a bit lugubrious with a novelty

called "Big Bear Lake."

We like records with a bit of dialogue on occasion, and there's a cute bit of it in M-G-M's waxing of "Open the Door Polka." Judy Valentine and Phil Goulding are the conversationalists, and the polka is as gay and sprightly as a polka should be, with Blue Barron supplying the downbeat. "Whose Girl Are You?" is the flip, and it's treated like a bright Austrian peasant waltz.

Victor recorded Tex Beneke and his Orchestra doing "Tulsa," and "Old Fashioned Song," but we can't quite make out why. "Song" is by far the better of two poor sides; only the singing of Glenn Douglas and the Moonlight Serenaders saves this from utter futility.

Three stars for Milt Buckner and his Orchestra making their debut with the M-G-M recording of "Milt's Boogie." Milt, the former mainstay of Lionel Hampton's Band, presents Boogie in a jump rhythm tune which the boys whip up into a full-scale jam session. Flip for "Bucks Bounce," a bop with progressive overtones. A fast vibes takes a solid solo ride to make this an excellent disc.

Vaughn Monroe is back again with what promises to be another "Ballerina." It's the Victor waxing of "Gigolette." "Dreamy Old New England" is the flip, and a dreamy tune it is; with Vaughn backed melodically by the chorus.

Another M-G-M hit is "Portrait of Jenny"—a pretty picture painted by the nimble fingers of Jack Fina, in 88 tones. Jack Palmer adds telling brushstrokes to the picture with his vocalizing. On the flip is "Josephine," which provides a neat showcase for Jack's fine piano technique. THE END

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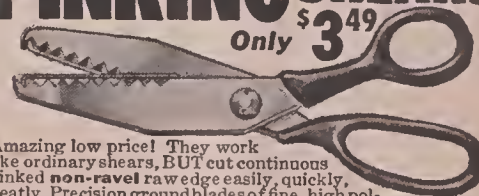
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SECOND HONEYMOON

(Continued from page 31)

and the plane from Chicago to Miami. At a Florida hotel, John changed his tweed for a much lighter suit, and packed his topcoat.

In addition to her traveling suit, Anne had brought only light resort cottons, so she had no alternate traveling clothes. "I'm glad that no one we know is meeting us at Kingston," she told John, "because my suit looks like an accordion. Also," she added darkly, "my smallpox vaccination is beginning to kill me."

When the plane discharged its passengers at Kingston, Anne's assumption that she and John would be able to arrive in peaceful anonymity was exploded in a burst of flashbulbs. By that time, Anne had added a high fever to her air of dishevelment, but she posed for pictures anyhow.

She spent the ensuing two days in bed at the world-famed Myrtlebank Hotel in Kingston.

As if aching with vaccination chills and fever weren't enough, Anne bit into a piece of fruit the following morning and broke the porcelain veneer of one of her front teeth. Luckily there was a good dentist on the island who went to work at once on repairs. Meanwhile, Anne had to be charming with a hand over her mouth.

John had his troubles, too. While Anne was having dinner on a tray, that first night of the Jamaican holiday, John went down to the dining room to scout the situation. He returned to join Anne for dinner in the suite.

"All the men in the dining room," he announced hollowly, "are wearing dinner coats or white mess jackets. It's true—what you see in the movies about the tropics. The British do dress for dinner. And here I am without a tuxedo."

He bought a white dinner jacket the next day. "From now on, I'm not going anywhere . . . probably not even to Catalina without packing dinner clothes," was his ultimatum.

By the third day, Anne's health and John's wardrobe had recovered, so the Hodiaks were set to enjoy Jamaica. They fell into a delightful routine: In the morning they breakfasted on their private balcony, overlooking the lush tropical wonderland of the hotel gardens. They drank coconut milk and ate tree-ripened bananas, star apples, mangoes, tangerines, and other tropical fruits.

Each morning the waiter, a talented lad named Ezra, prepared a different breakfast and tricked up the napkins in some fascinating shape. He made sailing ships

and roses, ducks and native carts. He could do more with a square of linen than Houdini could do with a silk hat and a wand.

Every morning Anne had him teach her another trick. She can scarcely wait now until she has a large dinner party. She's going to stun friends and amaze people.

After breakfast and a magic-napkin lesson, the Hodiaks would set out for the beach, five miles from the hotel; usually they were glassy-eyed passengers of one of the native drivers who took the blind curves of the single-lane highway on one wheel, sounding the horn with enthusiasm, by way of precaution.

Of course, in a way this was fine; John and Anne were supposed to be relaxing, resting, storing up energy for the picture schedule awaiting their return to Hollywood. After their daily dash to the beach, they were so unraveled that all they could do was lie on the sand, and soak up revitalizing sunlight while they breathed words of gratitude for their escape—for that trip at least!

Recovered by noon, they would open the picnic lunch prepared by the hotel. They loved it, not only because the food was fresh and delicious, but because stowed in the wicker hamper would be sliced bread, a head of lettuce, butter, mayonnaise, a series of different meat spreads, jellies, relishes, cheese, and fruit. There was also a thermos of hot tea. (Ants in Jamaica are no different from ants everywhere—they are never too busy to go to a picnic.)

Jamaica is, of course, tropical, so its rainfall is heavy and frequent. Sometimes it would be raining at the hotel and not at the beach; sometimes vice versa. When clouds hung heavily over the sea, John and Anne did their beaching around the hotel pool. Here they were entertained by the singing of a native troubadour named Stanley.

One of his best songs, and one the Hodiaks asked him to repeat often, is titled "Linstead Market." According to Stanley's pathetic little ditty, an elderly woman came to sell her wares at Linstead Market, was arrested and tossed into jail.

Another delightful calypso which the Hodiaks learned to sing is: "Gal, yo character gone; gal, yo' character gone ain't no use to lace yo' stays up, cause, gal, yo' character gone." There is much more, of course, but not for teen-agers!

A third fascinating calypso is called "The White Witch of Rosehall" and ends



Back in Hollywood Anne Baxter catches up on her film news with a copy of Movieland.

with the haunting refrain: "Three husbands she kill, and the fourth kill she."

John took lots of pictures in Jamaica. The natives don't like to be photographed, however. Their reluctance is partly superstitious; it may also be a matter of pride. Even so, John grabbed a shot here and a shot there, proving what his Hollywood friends have long said: that if he ever gets tired of the front of a movie camera, he can always excel on the shutter side.

On the first day the Hodiaks decided to remain at the hotel instead of going to the beach, they had luncheon in the hotel dining room, which is served from 1:00 until 2:30, then returned to the pool to soak up sunshine.

Gradually they became aware of an intense silence. Anne asked what had become of everyone.

"Siesta, lady," murmured the pool attendant drowsily, "siesta."

This was a habit John and Anne were afraid to acquire for fear it would be rough to explain, at a later date, on a sound stage.

A second delightful practice which had to be skipped was high tea at four. The Hodiaks eyed the dainty array of open-faced sandwiches, tiny cakes and filled pastry, then fled to a safe spot, remembering what the motion picture camera thinks of ten extra pounds.

From five to six, John and Anne usually watched the tennis matches from their own balcony, and then dressed for dinner at eight. Anne wore one of the crisp, cotton ballerina outfits she had brought along, and John wore his glistening new mess jacket and dark trousers.

All this customary island serenity vanished when *H.M.S. Jamaica* dropped anchor in the harbor and several hundred eager British sailors roared into town. John and Anne met many of them in the hotel dining room that night.

In every case, a sailor's first question

was, "Well, what is going on in Hollywood?"

"The next time we take a trip," Anne told John afterward, "I'm going to collect Hollywood news items for a month in advance."

The next morning Anne and John left for Ochos Rios, a city sixty-five single-lane, tortuous miles away. They thought they'd leave early, that is!

As it turned out, nothing—not even the car—seemed ready to leave early the next morning. The Hodiaks had driven the rented car no more than twenty feet when a tire went flat. John fixed it, eventually, but it was nearly noon before the tourists set out, honking, around the bends toward Ochos Rios.

They had to stop every few miles because John's long legs, folded into the tiny English car, went to sleep. When he and Anne arrived at the world-famed Shaw Park Hotel, John literally staggered up to the registration desk.

They turned in early that night, but they were too keyed up over the trip to fall asleep. Chimes of the carillon in a nearby tower of a Church of England pealed hourly.

Farther away, high in the hills and muted both by distance and the mysterious tangle of jungle undergrowth, rolled out the barbaric rhythm of voodoo drums, the sound as hollow as a frightened heartbeat, as deathless as the ageless beat of time.

The jealousies at the room's windows stood wide open and stars poured their light across the floor. Suddenly the stars turned red and came flickering into every corner, first bright, then invisible. . . .

"What on earth . . ." gasped Anne.

"Fireflies," said John grimly. "Millions of them!"

Anne lay back, as veiled as Juliet behind her fine mosquito netting. Very softly she said, "As long as I live I will never forget this moment. . . ."

THE END

THOSE NICE KELLYS

(Continued from page 53)

"I'm thinking of my kid," Gene said.

Betsy feels the same way about ostentation. "We just want to be ourselves," she explains. As a matter of fact, no one has ever known the Kellys to be anything but.

They are frank, open, and above board about everything. They are both political liberals. Betsy, who has more time than Gene, takes an active part in as many progressive causes as possible and makes no bones about it.

Both of them have little use for the members of so-called "high society." Practically all of their friends are productive or creative people. No lounge lizards around the Kelly house.

Betsy has one housekeeper, a wonderful woman named Mrs. Bertha Tatum, who fits in as a jack-of-all-trades; and between her and Betsy, they see that Gene and Kerry are kept happy.

Betsy says, "It's relatively easy to keep Gene happy when he's working. All I have to do is stuff him with meat and potatoes. He doesn't like vegetables.

"When he's working, he goes to the studio early in the morning. He comes home at 7:30. Then he sits down to eat. On this current picture, 'On the Town,' he's directing with Stanley Donen. So Stanley comes over to eat, too. Both of them then discuss the next day's shooting. By that time, we're all ready for bed.

"Ordinarily, however, we hate to go to bed and we stay up real late, maybe until two or three in the morning. And then we love to sleep until noon or one the next afternoon. Of course, I can't. I have to get up with Kerry. But Gene just sleeps on and on."

This affinity for late hours that both Kellys manifest can be attributed to their backgrounds. Their youth was spent in show business, and as anyone who's ever been in the entertainment world can tell you, show business doesn't start until about 10:00 P.M.

Betsy, who's twelve years younger than Gene—she's twenty-five—started out in show business as a chorus girl. She broke into the line when she was only fifteen.

At that time her name was Betsy Boger. She'd been born in New York City in an apartment house on West 58th Street. The date was December 11, 1923. (Few actresses in Hollywood will reveal their birth dates. Betsy is one of the precious few.)

Soon after, however, her parents moved across the Hudson River to Cliffside, New Jersey. Her mother, Mrs. Frederica Boger was a schoolteacher; her father, Mr. Willett Boger an insurance broker.

"I used to love my father's name," Betsy says. "I thought Willett was real nice but Gene says it's a farmer's name

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and who knows, maybe's he right."

Betsy is the baby in her family—she has two older brothers—and when she was a little girl, her mother wanted her to become a schoolteacher.

A precocious child, Betsy was graduated from Cliffside High School at fifteen. She wanted very much to attend college at Northwestern.

"My brother'd been a big football hero there, but my folks thought that was too far away for a fifteen-year-old so they said no soap and then I decided that I'd go to Sarah Lawrence.

"You should've seen me back in those days," Betsy grins. "I was a real string bean. A tomboy sort of kid, sweet but very unknowing and very undecided. I didn't know what I wanted to be or what I wanted to do, so for two weeks I visited with a girl friend of mine who lived outside of Ossining in New York. And then one day I got a letter from my father. 'Betsy,' the letter said, 'no more fooling around. You'll either go to Sarah Lawrence College or take a business course at Katherine Gibbs.'

"Well, I got on the train to go back home, and while I was on it I bought a newspaper . . . and there was an ad in it for chorus girls at the International Casino. I'd always taken dancing lessons like most young girls, and when the train hit New York and my mother was waiting for me, I told her that I was just determined to try out for that job. I expected Mother to object, but she was just as sweet as she could be.

"She took me down to Macy's and got me my first pair of high heel shoes and she put a little lipstick on me and then we went over to the International Casino. Lucky for me, Georgie Hale was in charge of hiring and he loved all girls under eighteen. He hired me for \$40 a week. And there I was only fifteen years old and I remember saying to myself, 'Gosh! Betsy, you're making more money than your brother Bill who's a college graduate.'"

Betsy Boger changed her name to Betsy Blair at this point largely because she had a crush on a boy in Cliffside named Buddy McClave. He was the only boy in Cliffside who'd ever gone to Blair Academy, and Betsy thought the combination of the B's in her name was alliterative, euphonious and honor enough for the crush she bore Buddy.

When Betsy first met him, she proved Gene Kelly. At that time, Gene was a man of considerable experience. He was working as a dance director for Billy Rose.

Prior to that, Gene had run his own dancing schools around Pittsburgh; he'd majored in journalism at the university there, he'd starred in Bill Saroyan's "Time of Your Life"; he'd worked a period of summer stock in Connecticut. In short, he was a handsome, talented young fellow who knew his way around. Betsy didn't.

When Betsy first met him, she proved that. She thought he was a busboy. She had received a card from Billy Rose asking her to drop by the Diamond Horseshoe for a chorus job.

When Betsy arrived at the club, sixteen, and dressed to the teeth, she found a pleasant young man in shirt sleeves sitting on a chair. Here's the dialogue that followed.

Betsy: (Haughtily) Is Mr. Rose here?

Gene: No, he's not.

Betsy: But he should be here. He sent me a card for the call.

Gene: I'm sorry but he's not.

Betsy: How do you like that!

Gene: I think they've postponed the call until tomorrow. Are you a dancer?

Betsy: Naturally, or I shouldn't be here.

Gene: Are you good?

Betsy: (Annoyed) Oh! yes. Very good.

Gene: Well, come back tomorrow then.

Betsy: (Indignant) Well! How do you like that.

In any event, Betsy returned the next day and danced for Billy Rose, John Murray Anderson, his stage manager, and Gene Kelly, who she was mortified to learn was Billy Rose's dance director.

After she finished her routine, Billy Rose said, "Not sexy enough."

John Murray Anderson said, "Too skinny."

Gene Kelly said, "Sign her. She's a good dancer."

Betsy was signed. She was very grateful to Gene who has always been capable of recognizing talent. During her early Diamond Horseshoe days, Betsy spoke constantly of Gene. Her mother says now: "It was always 'Mr. Kelly says that,' or 'Mr. Kelly says do this.' She was certainly smitten by the boy."

As a matter of fact they were married on September 22, 1941, in Philadelphia after Gene'd been signed to a Hollywood contract by David Selznick on the basis of his terrific performance in the stage production of "Pal Joey."

The young couple drove to New Orleans, put their car on a boat to Vera Cruz and spent their honeymoon in Mexico. A few weeks after they arrived in Hollywood, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Four days later, Betsy Kelly was eighteen years old.

A year later she was a mother, and her husband Gene, was recognized as the future heir to Fred Astaire's mantle. His film debut opposite Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal," had been nothing short of sensational.

At this point, the movie colony expected Gene's hat size to swell—that was the usual reaction to success—but nothing like that happened.

Gene and Betsy and their little Kerry remained solid. Gene, smart cookie that he is, played a variety of small dramatic roles rather than get himself typed as a dancer. Betsy stayed home and took care of the house and the baby.

When Gene joined up with the Navy, she went back to Washington with him. She returned to the Coast when he was ordered to Japan for duty. In fact, she bought the house in Beverly Hills which they now own, hoping to fix it up for him on his return from the Orient.

The atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on the day Gene Kelly was scheduled to leave for Japan. His orders were cancelled.

For a long while there was nothing in the Kelly house but a rug, a piano, and a few beds. But gradually, Betsy got around to buying things and today it's completely furnished.

Betsy usually goes around in sweater, skirt, and flat-heeled shoes. She wears no make-up, except for an occasional dab of lipstick.

There is an Ingrid Bergman quality about her, a natural beauty which is extremely photogenic, and a frankness and an openness of countenance which was once characteristic of Bergman.

Stories to the effect that the Kellys have quarreled about her having a screen career are completely false. "More than anything else in the world," Gene says, "I want Betsy to do whatever brings her the most happiness."

"Isn't that funny?" Betsy says. "That's exactly the same way I feel about him."

A nifty couple those Kellys. None nicer.

THE END

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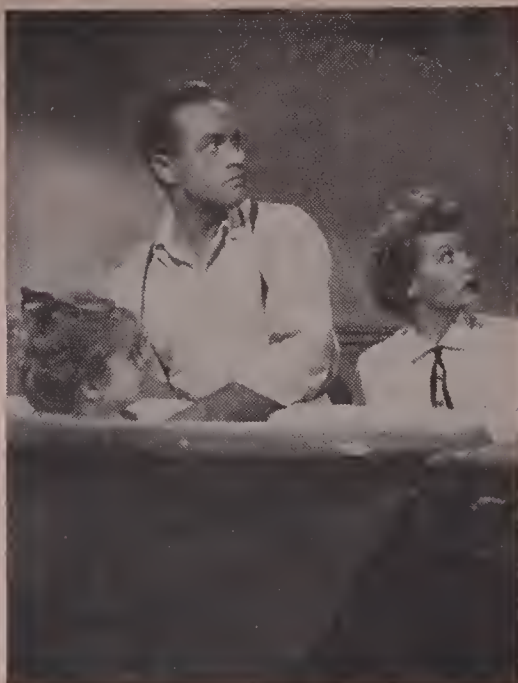
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Hope learns about babies from Lucille Ball, Mary Jane Saunders in "Sorrowful Jones."

EDWARD, MY SON (M-G-M) . . . ♦♦♦ 1/2

This picture is strictly for adults. Brilliantly acted by Spencer Tracy, Deborah Kerr, Ian Keith and Luen McGrath, the relentless characterization of a thoroughly selfish, self-centered father comes to the screen without losing too much of the impact of the original stage hit.

While Spencer Tracy is the dominating character in the picture, Deborah Kerr doesn't miss a fine opportunity to live up to her reputation as one of England's most capable actresses. Her portrait of the mother: the disintegration of a lovely woman, is shockingly realistic.

Ian Keith and Luen McGrath (both from the stage version) are splendid in their roles of friend and mistress of the father.

The boy, Edward, never appears on the scene but the effect of his presence from the day of his birth through the years is felt by everyone.

Leave the kiddies at home—but go prepared to be completely absorbed in this **DRAMA!**

SORROWFUL JONES (Para.) ♦♦♦

Everybody adores Bob Hope pictures! And while "Sorrowful Jones" may not be the best picture he's ever made—it's darn close to it! For given a swell, human and exciting story (by the great Damon Runyon), Lucille Ball as feminine interest and such sturdy supporting players as William Demarest, Thomas Gomez and the sensational little scene-stealer, Mary Jane Saunders—how could this fail to be a grand picture?

This is the story of a practically honest race track bookie (Hope!) who becomes the guardian of a little girl he has accepted as security for a bet, and is a remake of the old Shirley Temple starrer, "Little Miss Marker."

When the child's father is killed by crooked gamblers, Hope becomes her rather unwilling custodian. The plot thickens when the gamblers register the sensational race horse, Dreamy Joe, in the name of the child.

How Lucille Ball and Bob Hope save the child's life by bringing the horse to the hospital, how they outwit the gamblers for a happy ending, make the funniest sequences seen in pictures in years.



Honors go to Spencer Tracy and Deborah Kerr in M-G-M's splendid "Edward, My Son."

**THE GREAT GATSBY
(Paramount) ♦♦♦**

Alan Ladd fans will love this! Even if you're not one of his vast admirers, you will be after seeing him as Gatsby.

For "The Great Gatsby" is good, exciting melodrama set in the roaring twenties—the period so brilliantly chronicled by F. Scott Fitzgerald who wrote the fine novel from which the screen play was taken.

When Gatsby was a lieutenant in World War I, he fell madly in love with a beautiful socialite (played superbly by Betty Field). By the time the war was over, Daisy had married multi-millionaire Tom Buchanan, so Gatsby started amassing a fortune by bootlegging. Eleven years after Daisy jilted him, Gatsby was as wealthy as her husband.

Daisy, still in love with Gatsby, was willing to divorce her husband for him. But Fate—in the guise of Shelley Winters—comes between them and tragedy strikes the lovers in the chilling climax.

Magnificent performances by Ladd, Betty Field, Ruth Hussey, Macdonald Carey, Shelley Winters, and Howard Da Silva make this picture first-rate.



Alan Ladd is the fabulous "Great Gatsby," with Betty Field and Barry Sullivan.



THE GUINEA PIG
(Pilgrim Pictures) ♦♦♦½

This British-made picture is a story about English public schools—but the story isn't English alone.

The son of a London shopkeeper receives a scholarship to Saintbury, an exclusive school for boys. He's the only "commoner" at the school and has the scholarship by virtue of an experiment recommended by the British government. Although his previous scholastic record is excellent, his chances of being a success at the new school hinge on factors other than academic ability. From the first he's an outsider: his small talk, manner of dress and background place him apart from his classmates. Thus his early days at Saintbury are difficult.

The understanding of a schoolmaster (Robert Flemyng) and the strong character of the boy himself finally overcome the stuffy traditions and prejudices.

The cast of this picture is first rate. Richard Attenborough does a fine job as the young student and his performance gets good support from Sheila Sim, Bernard Miles, Cecil Truncer and Robert Flemyng.

English schoolteacher Robert Flemyng meets "Guinea Pig" Richard Attenborough (right).

ILLEGAL ENTRY (U-I) ♦♦♦♦

Howard Duff helps the FBI track down a group of black marketeers whose most profitable business of smuggling European refugees into this country leads to murder.

Swedish import Marta Toren is in the middle of the nefarious business but only because her brother is involved. Love and revenge take her to the side of the law and into the arms of her sweetheart, Howard Duff.

There's lots of excitement to this one and the semi-documentary style of handling the movie makes for authenticity.

The idea of this kind of black market existing in our own country may come as a surprise to many of you—and you should find consolation in the fact that the immigration authorities keep a strict eye on such activities.

George Brent, Paul Stewart and Don Richardson round out the fine supporting cast. Paul Stewart, in particular, turns in a fine performance—but then, he always does! This is good movie fare.



You'll learn all about the work of the Immigration Office in "Illegal Entry."

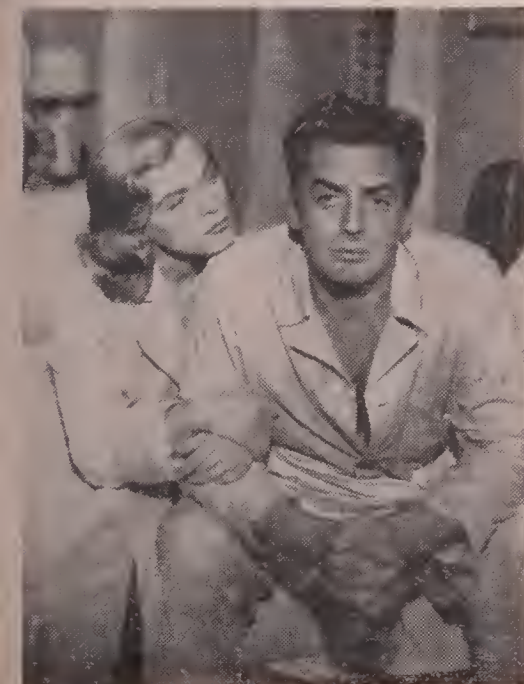
INTERFERENCE (RKO) ♦♦♦♦

Football season gets an early start in this story about professional players. Star honors are shared by Victor Mature and Elizabeth Scott—a very interesting screen duo.

Star football player Vic Mature is cursed by a heart ailment which dooms his spectacular career. Elizabeth Scott is the selfish wife whose main interest in her marriage is the limelight she shares with her famous and popular husband.

When Vic's career begins to suffer, Elizabeth finds solace in the company of a wealthy admirer, Vic turns to Lucille Ball for sympathy and understanding. But his real love remains with Liz. Since Vic's a man of action, he eventually shows Liz a thing or two about love in a knock-down-drag-out fight with the glamorous gal, and manages rather violently to make her see the light. Everything resolves itself eventually. And while you may get the feeling that the story doesn't hold in several instances, the action will keep you interested.

Fine support from Sonny Tufts (in a sympathetic role) and Lloyd Nolan helps make this picture good entertainment.



Romance, heartbreak in the story about pro football, with Liz Scott, Vic Mature.

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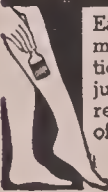
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PAGEANT

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THE BLUE LAGOON

(J. Arthur Rank-U-I) ♦♦

Everybody has dreamed of being shipwrecked on a tropical isle and living a Robinson Crusoe idyll—especially with a Friday of the opposite sex! Well, this English picture tells your dream, so to speak, in Technicolor. And like a dream, it's fascinating, beautiful, romantic, even though it doesn't make much sense.

Jean Simmons is exquisite as the child grown to womanhood and Donald Houston is appropriately browned and muscular as the hero. The scenery is superb and if this picture hits your town, I know you'll enjoy it.

THE BIG CAT (Monogram) ♦

The Big Cat—a vicious mountain lion preying on the livestock of a band of farmers in a Utah backwoods settlement, is the star of this show. Filmed in natural Technicolor, this exciting picture is concerned with a drought-plagued farm settlement, its feuding farmers, and the effect of a city boy, Lon McCallister, who not only does—in the Big Cat, but is instrumental in patching up a long-standing feud and bringing rain to the drought-plagued community.

Peggy Ann Garner is refreshingly beautiful as a farmer's daughter who's sweet on the city fellow. Preston Foster is a rough and rugged woodsman who meets his death at the claws of the Big Cat. The city boy, realizing the death resulted because he carelessly left the only 30-30 rifle lying in the woods, sets out to avenge the murder, and does. The scenery is beautiful and the hunt's exciting. The dialogue, unfortunately, is neither.

BLACK MAGIC (UA) ♦♦

Orson Welles rides again! This time he's the scheming, clever magician, Cagliostro, famous Alexandre Dumas character from "Memoirs of a Physician."

The story tells of the hypnotist's invasion of the court of Louis V and how his hypnotic powers almost made him the most powerful man in France.

When Cagliostro meets a young French girl, Lorenza, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Queen Marie Antoinette, his plans for political power come to a head. Through hypnosis the magician is able to pass off his charge as the Queen of France. The plot is discovered and Cagliostro comes to a bitter end, but before he does, Orson Welles has a wonderful time miming the egotistic, magnetic sorcerer.

Nancy Guild plays a dual role of Marie Antoinette and the lovely Lorenza, and does well with both parts. Akim Tamiroff and famous Italian actress Valentine Cortese turn in outstanding performances.

The film is a bit on the melodramatic side, but you won't mind that, for it's also colorful and very exciting.

THE GREAT JOE YOUNG (RKO) ♦♦

The exciting thriller moves from the heart of the African jungle to Hollywood. The hero, Joe Young, is a mammoth gorilla raised from infancy by Jill Young (Terry Moore) in Africa. The story tells what happens when producer Max O'Hara (Frank McHugh) decides to collect some authentic jungle background for his Hollywood club, and brings Jill and Joe back to civilization. Chaos ensues when a party of drunken guests ply Joe with whisky, and he breaks out of his cage. Joe finally reinstates himself with the law by rescuing a child from a burning orphanage, and returns to Africa with

Jill and cowhand Ben Jonson. This is a really good thriller, which might have made a magnificent satire.

THE LADY GAMBLES (U-I) ♦♦

Barbara Stanwyck makes a play for next year's Oscar with the dramatic role of a gambling lady. Barbara handles the role with typical Stanwyck know-how but poor dialogue prevents the picture from making a good showing in next year's line-up.

Melodramatic, with a theme which offers a change from the usual film story, "The Lady Gambles" is the tale of a girl reporter who becomes a gambling addict. Completely consumed by the gambling disease she squanders her husband's savings, gets involved with a gambler. Finally, despondent because her husband has left her, she tries to commit suicide. Psychoanalysis gets to the root of her problem and brings about the happy ending.

Robert Preston as the husband, and Stephen McNally as the gangster, are splendid. McNally, in particular, continues to climb toward stardom.

THE CROOKED WAY (U-I) ♦

This is a routine gangster film—so if you're looking for tough guys, molls, gang wars—this is for you.

GI Vet John Payne is released from an Army hospital with the knowledge that he's suffering from amnesia. In an effort to discover his past, he returns to Los Angeles with the hope that somebody will recognize him. They do—and things start popping immediately.

First the local police drag him to the station, offer good advice: He's to leave town within the next five minutes! Then a lovely young lady steers him to a hotel where another reception committee awaits him. This group, however, is out to get revenge. Finally, our hero learns that he's really a former gangster himself. As he tries to put together the jig-saw puzzle, gang leader Sonny Tufts sees to it that a murder rap is pinned on him. Out of all this maze, John's wife decides he's not the heel he was, that she's in love with him. Together they manage to get his life straightened out enough so they can relax, live happily ever after.

Ellen Drew is the pretty wife and does her acting chores adequately. Sonny Tufts forsakes hero roles for this one, and emerges as a tough guy—and he's tough enough to chill your blood!

REIGN OF TERROR (Allied Artists) ♦♦

Dramatic events in the French revolution are the basis for this exciting movie.

The time is 1794, the most hated man in France, Robespierre, heads the reign of terror which has swept to the borders of the republic.

A small group of patriots decides to revolutionize the revolution and do away with Robespierre. Their plans, actions and accomplishments make this picture one of the most exciting historical movies. There's never a dull moment.

Cast includes Robert Cummings, Arlene Dahl, Richard Hart, Arnold Moss, Richard Basehart, Jess Barker, Beulah Bondi.

Meet Hollywood's
Most Glamorous Newcomer
Marta Toren
in August Movieland
On Newsstands July 8th

Sincerely Yours



Exotic charmer Marta Toren will soon be seen in "Illegal Entry." For more about this exciting newcomer, see August *Movieland*.

A new star has risen and it's my bet that this star is due to really shine soon. Her name is Marta Toren. She is one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen, on or off the screen. Her accent and charm sent my blood racing in "Casbah," but I was disappointed by her not-so-choice role in "Rogues' Regiment."

Let's see more of this Swedish sweetheart. I understand that there will be a Technicolor western called "Cripple Creek" built around her because of her excellent performance in "Illegal Entry." I hope this is more than just a rumor.

Woody Bankson

Greenwich, Connecticut

Orchids To The Ladies

I want to thank you for your splendid story on Lana Turner in the April issue. It was simply grand and most heart-warming. I hope people now realize that Lana is really a human like the rest of us and show some consideration for the fact that she does want to be left alone sometimes and when she does, that doesn't mean she is breaking up with that "most understanding and wonderful" husband of hers. I'm pulling for Lana and hope that her one tragedy won't keep her from coming back to make more pictures for the fans who still love her.

Let the columnists' gossip and write, but give me Lana as she really is—not as they imagine her to be. She is really a wonderful sport and champion.

Betty Wells

Kenton, Tennessee

I want to say "Thank you, Irene Dunne, for allowing me to keep my illusions about Hollywood."

Not once in the more than seventeen years I have seen her in films has she caused my faith to be shaken. Not once has she failed to give an admirable account of herself. Few have been the mediocre pictures and many have been the pictures her acting has made memorable.

Not once has she resorted to cheap publicity. Rather it has been the sort of publicity that has enabled her to retain the constant admiration and respect of both Hollywood and her fans. Someday I'm sure there will be a well-deserved Oscar to be a symbol of her magnificent career. Until such time, there must be a still greater satisfaction for her achievements in the handsome gold plaque recently awarded to her for her outstanding work in promoting the idea of the "Brotherhood of Man." I'm proud of her—and grateful too, to Irene Dunne.

Emma Lou Shotwell

Montclair, New Jersey

Courage, Faith, Loyalty

I'm interested in Bob Mitchum's future, and if they're thinking of dropping him because of his recent mistake, they're making a bigger mistake themselves. Even when I saw him in "Blood on the Moon," released after the unfortunate incident, he still made me—and the rest of the women in the audience—swoon! Why should his career as a movie star be ended? Plenty of others have gone on. Please don't take one of our most romantic stars away from us!

Mrs. H. L. Ross

Mercedes, Texas

I think it's a shame the way the movie stars get such bad publicity. If I were arrested for anything, it wouldn't be publicized in all the papers. Actors and actresses have admirers all over the world and I don't like it when their mistakes—which, after all, are only human—are spread all over the front pages. What about the kids who are worshipping these people and following in their footsteps?

Not only myself, but plenty of other people as well, think that Robert Mitchum is swell and that Bob Walker is too, and we hope they'll be well soon, and in more pictures than ever before.

Mrs. H. E. Murphy, Jr.

Astoria, Oregon

I have been reading the stories about Bob Mitchum and the trial and I feel that he's just a kid who got off on the wrong (Please turn to next page)

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JULY

and Television
Screen Guide

is an
**OFF-SEASON
CHRISTMAS
PACKAGE!**

We're rushing the tinsel season to give you loads of happy surprises smack in the middle of summer . . . a refreshing issue highlighted by a Jekyll-Hyde interview with **RICHARD WIDMARK**, the heel who's turned hero.

We know you'll want to snatch some of the swimsuit styles our shapely water wenches model in a *Sun-sational* bathing beauty layout. That goes for the high-style, low-budget wardrobe **JEAN PETERS** wears in the photo feature, *Pretty as a Picture*. Her story and romance is told, too.

BILL HOLDEN is the breodwinner in his family is what Brendo Marshall Holden has to soy in o foscinating story. **DANA ANDREWS** confesses why he odores his wife. **JEANNE CRAIN** tells the world why she wants a big family now.



Then there's: Plenty of gossip—hot from Hollywood; movie reviews; color pages of your favorite stars; a yummy cover of **JUNE ALLYSON**; special departments; articles on **JOAN CRAWFORD**, **GINGER ROGERS**, **FRED ASTAIRE**, **MONA FREEMAN**, **JEANETTE MACDONALD**, **LUCILLE BALL**; introductions to the screen's newest finds; and an interview on film-land's *Super Talent Scout*, **KEN MURRAY**.

**NO
CHRISTMAS TREE
COULD
YIELD MORE!**

Get the
JULY ISSUE
of

and Television
Screen Guide

On Sale, June 15th
At Your Newsstand

SINCERELY YOURS

(Continued from page 89)

track, but by the help of his loving wife and the fans who helped to make him popular, he will win over this terrible situation which has come up.

He is, and always will be, my favorite star. We are all human and don't we all make mistakes? Those who criticize Bob now are the people who should want to help him. He is fortunate to have such a wonderful wife, who must be an inspiration to him. I hope the future will bring them happiness.

Eleanor Robinson

Caldwell, Ohio

THANK YOU!

Received your \$5 check today, and want to proffer my sincere thanks. I trust my entry in your contest will be of value to you. I enjoy your publication very much, and wish you much success.

Mrs. Agnes B. Ford

Roda, Virginia

Many, many thanks for the prize award in your recent If I Were Editor contest. It was indeed a thrilling experience to be among the winners, as I know the competition must have been keen.

My best wishes to you and your magazine for continued success. I'd like to add that part of my prize award went to the Wisconsin Association for the Disabled.

Rudolph Jorgenson

Stoughton, Wisconsin

Thank you very much indeed for the check awarded me as one of the second prizes in your recent contest. I truly enjoyed making suggestions and comments on the makeup of your very fine magazine. My prize has been the subject of much admiration and discussion among my associates. Best of luck to you.

Bernice Atwood

Waterbury, Connecticut

I'd like to thank you for the check I just received as an award in your recent contest. I always enjoy reading *Movieland*, and also enjoy participating in contests.

E. H. Mayer

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Received your nice fat check today for one of the second place awards in "If You Were The Editor of *Movieland*" contest. Thank you very much for your consideration of my efforts.

Ben R. Daly

Daytona Beach, Florida

I was pleasantly surprised and quite pleased to learn that I had been chosen as one of the winners in your recent contest. Thank you for the check.

Junna Lee Lanham

Cincinnati, Ohio

My prize in your recent contest has made me very happy. Thank you very much! Please accept my best wishes for the continued success of *Movieland*.

Miss E. O'Hara

Detroit, Michigan

COMMAND DECISION

I am wondering just what method of shorthand "Homer" used in *Command Decision* . . . I and several million other

secretaries in this country would like to learn it. I think that by any method taught, it is highly improbable for Homer to take shorthand in such a tiny notebook, with such little arm motion, at the terrific rate of speed which Gable was talking. Several times during the scene, Homer leisurely turned the page while Gable did not slacken his pace. For a picture which was filled with technicalities, in an effort to bring out the reality of the war, it was certainly lacking in the reality of the secretarial world.

Norma Lanterman

Chicago, Ill.

CHEERS FOR DeCAMP

I saw *The Life of Riley*, and it is without a doubt one of the most delightful pictures of the year. I thoroughly enjoyed it from start to finish. Although William Bendix was billed as the star, it was the quiet, sincere, understanding performance of Rosemary DeCamp as Mrs. Riley that I liked best. She is a wonderful actress and I hope at last she is beginning to get the break she deserves. I say, let's have more of DeCamp.

Sgt. Charles W. Hughes

Tucson, Arizona

Ed. Note: Watch for Always Sweethearts.

WHERE'S THAT FRENCHMAN?

I've bought every movie magazine in the past three months, and all I see is Peter Lawford, Howard Duff, and Bob Hope. Where oh where is Louis Jourdan? He's the reason I can't sleep or eat! Do something! Please!

Helen Dick

Wailuku, Maine

MITCHUM TYPED?

Why does Hollywood continually cast Robert Mitchum in Westerns? Are they trying to type him? He was very good as the detective in *Out Of The Past*, and as the artist in *The Locket*, and he was the only good thing in the entire picture *Desire Me*. No matter what part he plays, he always manages to turn in the best performance and steal the show. I would like to see him in a good love story with one of the big female stars like Rita Hayworth or Paulette Goddard. He's really one of the best actors in the industry.

Jewel D'Arcourt

New Orleans, La.

STRONG FOR WILCOXON

Recently I saw a re-issue of *The Crusaders* in which Henry Wilcoxon plays Richard the Lionhearted wonderfully. Yesterday I saw *A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court*. In spite of a silly script, he gives a life-like portrait of Sir Launcelot.

I can't understand why Hollywood neglects Wilcoxon so. It seems to me that anyone who acts so well has much potential excitement to give to the screen.

In fact, the credibility of *A Connecticut Yankee* was ruined for me when Rhonda Fleming jilted Henry Wilcoxon for Bing Crosby.

Emily Lee Dove

Jersey City, New Jersey

Movieland would like to know what you like about the movies, who your favorite stars are, who and what you don't like about Hollywood and why. The most interesting letters will be printed on this page each month. Address all letters to The Editor, Movieland, 535 5th Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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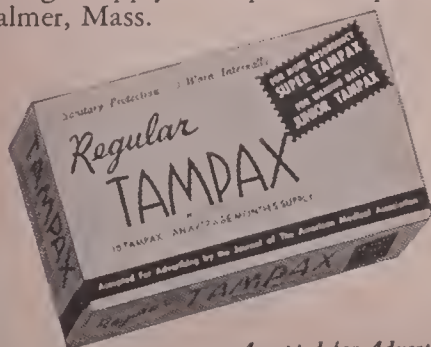


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Life and Love in Hollywood

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Movieland leads this month's magazine parade with the first fan book cover of Hollywood's new sensation: Monty Clift. For more about this fascinating newcomer, see page 30, this issue.

Peg Nichols, Managing Editor	Bob Becker, Art Director
Annette Leisten, Assistant Editor	Robert Crosett, Art Editor
Frank Friedrichsen, Hollywood Managing Editor	Walter Davis } Joe Shere } Staff Photographers

Beatrice Lubitz Cole, Editorial Director

MOVIELAND, published monthly by Movieland, Inc., at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Advertising, editorial offices: 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood editorial office: 916 No. La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Chicago advertising office: 333 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Vol. 7, No. 7, August, 1949. Entered as second-class matter December 15, 1942, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price 25c a copy. Subscription price \$3.00 in the United States and \$3.00 in Canada. Copyright 1949 by Movieland, Inc. The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the United States of America. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.



M-G-M gives you Gable and that gorgeous redhead...in the exciting drama of a gambler and his girl...and the intrigues and the romance that go with the game!

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WITH WENDELL COREY · AUDREY TOTTER
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A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION Screen Play by RICHARD BROOKS
From the Book by EDWARD HARRIS. HETH
Directed by MERVYN LeROY · Produced by ARTHUR FREED A METRO-GOLDWYN-
MAYER PICTURE



Won't be long before Jimmy Stewart and pretty Gloria McLean are Mr. and Mrs. They've set the date for August and, according to both, it's going to be a quiet wedding.



Liz Taylor's romance with Bill Pawley may be short. She's due to make a movie in Italy.



Newlyweds Diana Lynn and John Lindsay are still in the honeymoon stage—and so happy.

I *nside*
H *ollywood.*

BY BEATRICE LUBITZ COLE

★ The \$64 question in Hollywood is what will be the final outcome of the Ingrid Bergman-Rossellini affair. Long before that story hit the front pages, Hollywood was rife with rumors that Ingrid was rather friendly with the Italian director. Since Bergman has been played up as an angel, people refused to believe the stories, until those pictures showing her fondly holding hands with Rossellini hit the newsprint. Now that she's let herself in for this kind of gossip, people are digging back through the years and bringing up other uncomplimentary in-

cidents in Ingrid's life. Ingrid was usually on the Hollywood Women's Press Association list as the most uncooperative actress of the year, so naturally when a story of the Rossellini affair broke, few newspaper people felt sympathetic enough to play it down. But there's a new switch in the publicity at this writing, and we've been trying to find who's at the bottom of it. The new slant is to make Rossellini the heavy who capitalized on the publicity, leaving Ingrid as the victim of innocence betrayed. Maybe fans will go for the switch.

Love, love, love is busting out all over Hollywood. Dan Cupid's zinging bows and arrows all over the place

Cary Grant lost 37 pounds during his illness with jaundice, but he's rapidly gaining his health back, and his doctor has told him if he continues to improve he'll be able to make another picture after a short rest. It was at first thought that Cary would have to lay off the screen for a year. There's a very strong rumor here that Cary and Betsy Drake were secretly married in Germany; but neither will confirm the report.

* * * Hollywood is expecting Marion Marshall and director Howard Hawks to take



Nobody knows what's with Dick Haymes and Nora Eddington—but they're still in love.



Ronnie Reagan is finding solace in the very pleasant company of attractive Kay Stewart.



Still the cutest, steadiest duo in town: Janet Leigh and her handsome feller, Arthur Loew Jr.



The Keenan Wynns want everybody to know they're happily married. What's more they look it, too! Keenan's next film is MGM's comedy, "Neptune's Daughter."

the altar march before very long.

* * *
Ann Sheridan is making no bones about her bust-up with Steve Hannagan. She says that the 3,000 miles that usually separated them was just too much for the romance to cope with. However, we hear that Steve is not giving up. As far as he's concerned the romance is still on.

* * *
We ran into Alan Marshall on the set of "Three Came Home," his first picture since his long illness, and are happy to
(Please turn to next page)

Inside Hollywood

continued

report that he looks as fit as a fiddle. He says he feels like a million dollars and is ready to resume his screen career on a full-time basis.

Betty Grable has become a platinum blonde for "Wabash Avenue." The color changes her looks so much that we had to look twice before we recognized her.

The Kirk Douglasses are making little headway toward a reconciliation. He says, "The facts are that we're simply separated, and I don't know what's going to happen. If there were just my wife and I to consider, that wouldn't be bad; but we have two children involved, and a divorce is never good for kids. I hope we'll be able to work something out."

Bob Mitchum after these successful years in pictures still claims he's broke. He says his house is in hock and he's got to do some hard work to get himself solvent this year. He and Dorothy still live in the little house they got when Bob first started making pictures, but they need a new one to give playroom to their two growing boys.

The George Sanderses certainly have a funny design for living. He owns a four-unit apartment house. He lives in one; his wife, another; her baby and nurse in the third; and the servants in a fourth. George always was a man who liked his privacy.

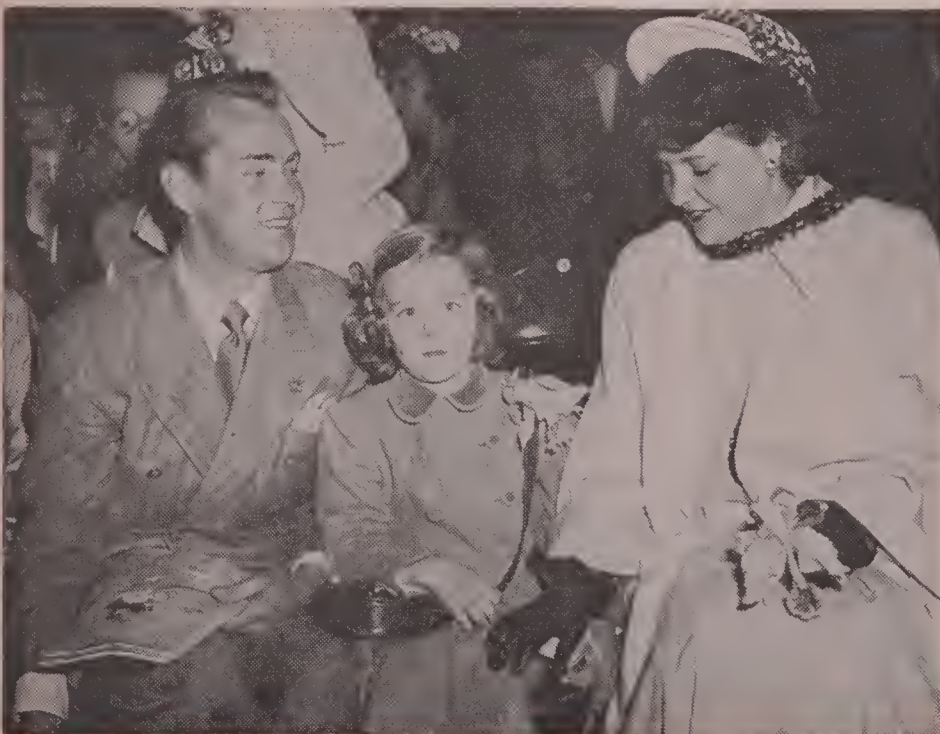
(Please turn to page 10)



Jeanne Crain's back in the swing of things after birth of her newest son. She and Paul Brinkman entertained, were entertained at IceCapades.



Polo matches brought out seldom-seen Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. Talk about happily marrieds! They head Hollywood's list.



IceCapades turned out to be a family affair for the Alan Ladds. Little Alana is old enough now to enjoy an occasional night out with famous Mom and Pop.



Esther Williams and Ben Gage enjoy a last fling at IceCapades before Esther retires to await stork.

*This one's better
than a dozen
vacations!
It's so full of
laughs and
kisses you'll
be having a
wonderful
time all
through the
winter!!!*

**DON'T LET THIS ONE
GET AWAY!!!**

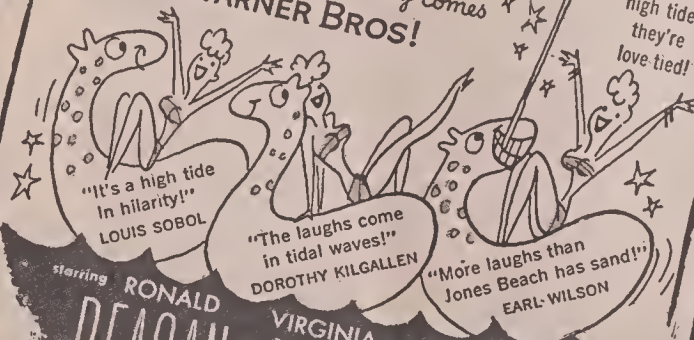
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positively the
season's best
catch for
laughs!!!

**The
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The screen's big laugh holiday comes
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**JONES
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... where the
guys and
gals meet
at low tide
— and by
high tide
they're
love tied!



"It's a high tide
in hilarity!"
LOUIS SOBOL

"The laughs come
in tidal waves!"
DOROTHY KILGALLEN

"More laughs than
Jones Beach has sand!"
EARL WILSON

starring **RONALD REAGAN** **VIRGINIA MAYO** **EDDIE BRACKEN**



Directed by **PETER GODFREY**

Screen Play by I. A. L. Diamond
Based on a story by Allen Boretz

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A GREAT ENTERTAINMENT IN YOUR LOCAL THEATRE!



Ricardo Montalban's heavy beard is for his role in "Battleground." Sister-in-law Loretta Young and his wife think it's pretty funny!



New Yorkers wanted to know how a movie producer could be so pretty when Ida Lupino (with husband Collier Young) visited.



There's always a huge turnout for Hollywood's fashionable polo matches. Among interesting and interested spectators were those always charming Doug. Fairbanks Jr.'s.

Inside Hollywood

continued

Ida Lupino is telling friends that she's fed up on acting and wants to quit it entirely and devote her whole time to writing and producing. Ida's got talent with the pen. She and her husband, Collier Young, wrote the script for their new picture "Never Fear." But the screen will lose a great actress if Ida gives it the go-by.

The James Masons are denying those stories emanating from New York that they're unhappy with Hollywood and will return to England. They insist that they like it here; but also deny the report that they're becoming American citizens.

George Montgomery is getting so busy with his sideline business that he hardly has time for acting any more. He started out making furniture for his home; then for his friends; and then for whoever wanted it. Now he's expanded and taken on contracts to build entire houses.

We tried to dig up the dope on Ann Blyth's love life, and she said, "There simply isn't any. I've never had a real romance in my life, but I want one, and I want to get married and have a family when the right guy comes along." Incidentally, Ann's grooming herself to do musicals. She began at the age of five singing on the radio, and in her new picture with Bing Crosby, "Top of the Morning," she'll warble several ditties.

When Vic Mature's wife went to Las Vegas alone for a week's vacation, the

(Please turn to page 12)

LADD

Man of Violence and Mystery

...VS.

Women of Wealth and Beauty!

Paramount presents

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LADD

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RUTH

HUSSEY

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in F. SCOTT FITZGERALD'S

The GREAT Gatsby

A love story to
match the tension
of the times.



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Produced by **RICHARD MAIBAUM** • Directed by **ELLIOTT NUGENT**

Screenplay by Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum • From the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald and the play by Owen Davis

M



Looking natty in his checkered jacket and black hom-burg, William Powell squired "Mousie" to the polo match.



To celebrate the very successful N. Y. exhibition of his paintings, William Grant Sherry took wife Bette Davis dancing at the Stork.



Hollywood's happy marriages don't get the publicity they deserve. Witness Don DeFore and his charming wife Marion.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*
continued

reports got out that they'd split up. But of course there wasn't any truth in it. Las Vegas was Vic's old hangout in his pre-marriage days, and he has a host of friends there.

* * *
Maureen O'Hara and her standin, Sue Shannon, have opened up a second dress shop and plan to expand to six, as insurance for a rainy day.

* * *
Debra Paget, who'll play Jimmy Stewart's leading lady in "Arrow," has the part of an Indian girl. After tests had been made, somebody noticed that she had blue eyes. So she'll have to do the pictures wearing brown contact lenses to give herself that old Indian look. Bob Taylor's going to have the same problem when he plays an Indian in a forthcoming picture.

* * *
The makeup man had to spend hours making Ethel Barrymore look 70 for a part in "Pinky." Funny thing is she'll be that old on her next birthday we hear.

* * *
Charles Laughton is planning to do another series of recordings from the Bible. His first album brought in more than 5,000 fan letters, which topped the number he'd ever received for a picture.
(Please turn to page 14)



Here's another twosome you don't see stepping out much. But when you do, it's obvious at a glance that the Gary Coopers are a mighty happily married pair.



GREATEST CAVALCADE OF INTRIGUE, SPECTACLE, ADVENTURE AND EXCITEMENT YOU'VE EVER SEEN ON THE SCREEN!



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'BLACK MAGIC'
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ORSON WELLES
AND
NANCY GUILD



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ALEXANDRE DUMAS
Author of THE THREE MUSKETEERS
and THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

BASED ON ALEXANDRE DUMAS' 'CAGLIOSTRO' from 'Memoirs of a Physician'
Produced and Directed by **GREGORY RATOFF** - Screenplay by **CHARLES BENNETT**
Additional Scenes and Dialogue by Richard Schayer - Released thru United Artists



Dinah Shore is properly fascinated as camera fan Rudy Vallee shows her how to gently remove the finished product from his new print-in-a-minute polaroid camera.



Fun and work are combined by actor Donald Buka and Moss Hart at New Hope, Pa., playhouse.

Inside Hollywood

continued

Gale Storm tells us that her husband Lee Bonnell is definitely through with acting. He's in the insurance business and happy with it. The two met when they won a "Gateway to Hollywood" contest in 1941, and were married a short time later. Now Gale is hot in pictures, and she says, "We've got three children, so I'm taking time off this year to have a career instead of a baby."

Shirley Temple is being criticized highly for not playing her roles like the grownup that she is. Seems a lot of fans think that her cute days are over and she'll have to get down and do some real acting if she wants to remain a star. Shirley realizes this herself, and she's trying hard. Incidentally, both she and John Agar vigorously deny that they're having any domestic trouble other than the little tiffs that normally come between people.



Andrea Leeds Howard, wife of the fabulous race-horse owner, chats with Robert Young at the polo matches. Famous in "Stage Door," she has since retired.

Ingrid Bergman used to explain her lack of cooperation with the press with that it would be unethical to publicize the name of the doctor-husband, since most doctors frown on publicity. Well, Ingrid sure got him some publicity finally.

Despite their difficulties, David Selznick and Jennifer Jones will likely iron everything out when they get together in Europe. Hollywood expects a summer marriage there.

We hear that Metro is going to give Bob Walker every break possible when he returns here to resume his career. His first picture will be a big one, and it'll be followed with others as fast as Bob can take them, until he's re-established himself.

Dane Clark tells us that his wife refuses to trade on his name in her profession, which is that of a painter. When (Please turn to page 18)



A MAN OF ICE...

A WOMAN OF FIRE...



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NEWEST PICTURE!**

Adventure with steel-grip
suspense in its nerve-jolting
drama of two desperate
men and a woman who
knows every way to a man's
heart—even to pulling a trigger!



**A GUY WITH A GUN...
—and a deadly goal!**



**ROBERT
MITCHUM**

**JANE
GREER**

**WILLIAM
BENDIX**

in

THE BIG STEAL

with

**PATRIC KNOWLES • RAMON NOVARRO
DON ALVARADO • JOHN QUALEN**

Executive Producer **SID ROGELL**

Produced by **JACK J. GROSS** • Directed by **DON SIEGEL**

Screen Play by **GEOFFREY HOMES** and **GERALD DRAYSON ADAMS**



Based on the famous Saturday Evening Post Story
The Road to Carmichael's" by **RICHARD WORMSER**

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I enclose \$1.20 (tax included) for regular size
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Check Shades: Black Brown

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Address

Town State



DO

You're a diplomat if you write like Bob
Young! This particular star will be seen
soon in RKO's "Love Is Big Business."

You Write Like

Robert Young

By Helen King, President, American Graphologists Association

★ Would you ever think this rather plain,
easy-to-read signature came from the
pen of one of the highest paid men in
the cinema world? It's the handwriting
of a man who has held an important and
respected place in the hearts of the people
for many years. Yes—this is the honest-
to-goodness signature of one of your
favorite stars, Robert Young.

This could be the handwriting of the
average American familyman anywhere
in the country—a man who is friendly,
affable, and inclined to trust others just
a wee bit too much.

Let's look at it stroke by stroke start-
ing with the slant. The "lack of slant"
indicates that Robert Young tries to be
impartial in his judgment, that he at-
tempts to view both sides of any problem.
The moderate pressure reveals that he
has a good balance between material and
spiritual things.

Notice how tall the "R" is. This shows
pride, desire for independence, desire to
do a job thoroughly. Notice, too, that
the "b" is written rather widely, loosely.
It is a sign that Robert Young trusts
others a little too much. He trusts al-
most everyone until they have proven
themselves unworthy of it. The little
tent-shaped "t" is indicative of his ten-
dency to keep a secret, to respect a
confidence.

Are you the diplomat he is? If your

writing tapers off, chances are you can
be an old smoothie, if you wish. How
do you find this? Look at the last four
letters of "Young." Notice how the "o"
is taller than the following letters, how
they diminish in size as the pen pro-
gresses along the paper. That diminish-
ing tendency is "diplomacy."

Do you separate some of your letters
as Bob did in his last name? Just as
he jumps from letter to letter so does
he occasionally jump from thought to
thought. "Intuition" is another name for
it and the rule applies to your writing as
well as to Robert Young's.

THE END

DON'T CLIP THIS COUPON!

Unless you want Helen King to tell you what
secrets are revealed by your handwriting. If so—
if you want a personal handwriting analysis from
one of the foremost American graphology experts
—send this coupon, together with 25c and a sam-
ple of your penmanship, to Helen King, care of
MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 535 Fifth Ave., New
York 17, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed
envelope. You will receive a personal analysis—
no form letters!

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CITY.....

STATE.....

THAT'S JUST TO REMIND YOU...
YOU'RE IN A TOUGH RACKET NOW!

Tough? . . . you've got to be tough with dames like her! Here's dramatic tension that screams from the screen!



ALAN was late in learning that she was the kind of woman who doesn't do anybody any good!



BLAKE knew her . . . "Now we'll make a deal—my way", he said.



DANNY: "You know Tiger, I didn't know they made them as beautiful as you, or as smart, or as hard."

HUNT STROMBERG

presents

LIZABETH SCOTT

DON DE FORE

DAN DURYEA

in

TOO LATE FOR TEARS

with

Arthur Kennedy • Kristine Miller • Barry Kelley

Screenplay by ROY HUGGINS

Produced by **HUNT STROMBERG**

Directed by BYRON HASKIN

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From the shock-packed pages of Roy Huggins' Saturday Evening Post serial story that electrified twelve million readers!

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LITTLE LULU



Now — all you need is Kleenex*!

*Little Lulu says: FOR BIBS -- FOR SOOTHING BABY'S
SNIFFLES -- PATTING POWDER ON HIS TENDER SKIN,
NO OTHER TISSUE IS "JUST LIKE" KLEENEX. SOFT! STRONG!
POPS UP! KLEENEX SAVES, SERVES SO MANY WAYS.*

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* T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 14)

she has exhibitions of her pictures, she won't let Dane say a word about it, and uses the name Veres to sign her canvases. Of course Dane, being proud of his wife's attitude, is her best advertiser. Their marriage, which was in rather stormy waters for awhile, seems to have leveled off for some smooth sailing.

For the first time in seven years Bob Taylor will be without his mustache when he does "Ambush."

Friends expect wedding bells for Rod Cameron and Marie Windsor just any minute now.

Maureen O'Hara, returning to Technicolor in "Bagdad," will sing three songs in the picture.

For the first time Donald O'Connor will have nary a song or dance to support him in a picture when he does "Francis." Furthermore, he'll be competing for scenes with a talking mule. That's a tough assignment if we ever heard of one.

Marjorie Main pointed out to us the coincidence of Wally Beery dying in the last scene in "Big Jack," the last picture he made. She said that Wally was very ill while making the picture and told people on the set that it would be his last one.

Johnny Weissmuller started shedding weight too late. After being dropped from the Tarzan series because of surplus poundage, he shed thirty-one pounds and is fit as a fiddle. He and his wife will be in Europe until the latter part of August when he returns here for his next "Jungle Jim" picture.

June Haver, star of Warners' "Look for the Silver Lining," says that one of her dance costumes for the picture consists of "a smile and some feathers." By the way, did you know that Junie is an aspiring writer of popular songs? She's already had two of her numbers, "Shooting Stars" and "You Had to Be Mine," performed on radio shows.

Gary ("The Fountainhead") Cooper has built himself an honest-to-goodness artist's studio, and is now busily painting in oils. So far, however, he describes his canvases as "looking like things at which mud has been thrown."

Note to Davis fans: Bette often types answers to fan letters on her own machine. Lucky admirers can distinguish this personal touch by the fact that when she types the letter herself, there are no stenog initials in the lower left-hand corner.

Guess we won't be seeing Ann Miller and Cyd Charisse around for a while. Both gals were suspended by MGM for constant tardiness in getting to work. The studios are really clamping down these days; any star who arrives on the set late is an expensive item to them, and it's about time some stars realized this.

English western fans are clamoring for Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, but they're sticking to the U. S. They turned down an offer to play the Palladium because their picture schedule in Hollywood is loaded . . . but good.



*"I'm Walking on Air . . .
formerly I felt mentally depressed"*

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● Is psoriasis cheating you also out of life's pleasures? Then try Siroil which has helped thousands of others . . . Siroil tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of Siroil will help keep them under control. Applied externally, Siroil does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere with your daily routine. Certainly Siroil is worth a trial, particularly, since it's offered to you on a 2-weeks'-money-back basis.

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Are you a young wife who knows only half the truth?



Then read this scientific knowledge you can trust about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

It's really a pity when you consider how many young women continue to enter matrimony without first learning the *real truth* about these intimate physical facts. So often a young wife finds her husband's honeymoon devotion rapidly cooling—yet she doesn't realize the wife is often the guilty one.

Every young woman has a right to be instructed on how necessary vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, married happiness, after menstrual periods and to combat offensive odor.

And even MORE IMPORTANT, she should be told that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE!

Developed By Famous
Surgeon and Scientist

A great surgeon and scientist developed

the ZONITE principle—the *first* antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germ-killing and deodorizing action yet ABSOLUTELY SAFE to tissues. ZONITE is positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as you want* without the slightest risk of injury to most delicate tissues.

A Modern Miracle!

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective*—it kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can FEEL CONFIDENT that ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Complete douching instructions come with every bottle. You can buy ZONITE at any drugstore.

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For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. M-89, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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Ingrid Bergman . . .
SAINT or SINNER?

Read about this star
in September issue of
MOVIELAND

on newsstands August 10th

A new look has been achieved in the make-up department of Warner Brothers. The walls are now painted "rapture pink." Department chief Perc Westmore says the female stars adore it, but it has no effect whatsoever on the males. **MOVIELAND** has it 'way over Warners', though. Our rugged production and art men are perfectly happy in their bright new "Blue Heaven."

There were real fireworks on the Columbia lot when George Reeves, who plays the title role in "Sir Galahad," dropped a burning cigarette down inside his armor. They finally came to his rescue by pouring a bucket of water down through the neck hole of the iron suit.

Step down, Mr. Sinatra! Tough egg Humphrey Bogart makes his debut as a cinema singer when he chants the Air Force favorite "Bless 'em All" in Warners' "Chain Lightning."

Wayne Morris went temperamental for the first time in his career while working on the set of the new Warner adventure drama, "The Younger Brothers." The script called for husky six-foot-two Wayne to haul off and slap petite Janis Paige smack across her lovely face. Terrified of hurting her, Wayne balked like mad, and even threatened to leave the set. Director Edwin Marin finally got him to comply, and the scene was filmed. Afterward, when Wayne and Janis had retired to their respective dressing rooms, Marin reported their condition was similar to that of new parents. "Janis is fine," he announced, "but Wayne is doing no better than can be expected."

George McManus' famous comic strip "Bringing Up Father" gets four screenings by Monogram. Joe Yule and Renie Riano co-star as the incompatible Jiggs and Maggie, and McManus himself will appear in "Jackpot Jitters," and two others in the series.

By popular poll, the best square dance caller in Hollywood is Jack Benny's next-door neighbor, one Ronald Colman!

The Mexican crewmen and townspeople in Tehuacan, Mexico, where RKO Radio's "The Big Steal" was filmed, thought so much of lovely star Jane Greer that they commissioned a local sculptor to make a bust of her. Technically, Jane was to be presented with it, and then it was to be shipped to her home in Hollywood as a token of their esteem. But the over-zealous sculptor made it so big . . . 850 pounds, that now it must remain in a Tehuacan park.

For an Academy Award winner, Jane Wyman has been playing some most undignified scenes. In Warners' "The Lady Takes a Sailor," she gets pushed in the mud, hung by her ankles upside-down from a second story window, and takes her first screen bubble-bath.



Martha was flying high at RKO in pictures like "Thunder Mountain," with Tim Holt. But when Howard Hughes took over the studio Martha joined list of unemployed contract players.

By
ALYCE
CANFIELD

paging MARTHA HYER

Just around the corner there's a star-making role—and pretty Martha Hyer's ready for it

★If ever a girl carefully planned her life and her career, that girl is Martha Hyer. She was only in her mid-teens when she decided to become an actress.

That's where the usual Hollywood-slap-happy girl tears off without a cent to movie-town. Not Martha! After high school in Texas she decided to go to college. Even at that tender age she realized that Hollywood was a highly competitive place and that she was going to need more than a pretty face to crack big time.

So off she went to Fairfax Hall in Waynesboro, Virginia, for two years. Every summer she worked in candy stores or just baby-sitting—anything to save enough money to get to Hollywood. She went to Northwestern University, in Evanston, Illinois, for her last two years of college. Although she was active on campus, a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority, she still found time to work summers and Saturdays to add to her nest egg. When she was graduated from Northwestern in 1945, she had saved \$600.

"My family put me through school handsomely," says Martha. "But I felt

taking money after graduation would be sponging."

She bought a one-way ticket to California; it was going to be sink or swim for Martha.

Even in Hollywood, she had a plan. First off, she found herself a reasonable room with a nice elderly couple. Next, she enrolled for the summer session of the Pasadena Community Playhouse so she would be seen in a play. Milton Lewis, talent scout for Paramount, spotted her.

Martha went to Paramount and read for him. She worked on scenes with the dramatic coach. Milton was encouraging, and Martha could almost taste a contract when the big studio strike called a halt on any and all new contracts.

The future didn't look hopeful. Martha didn't have much money left, but she wrote her father, brightly, "Everything is fine!" She went to work in a jewelry store on Hollywood Boulevard so she could eat.

Her father, at that time, was judge advocate of the Fifteenth Army in Germany. One day Ella Logan was doing a show at his camp and she noticed

How

A
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Anatole Robbins

Not a liquid... Not a cream... it's
LIQUI-CREME

Looks like an ordinary tube?
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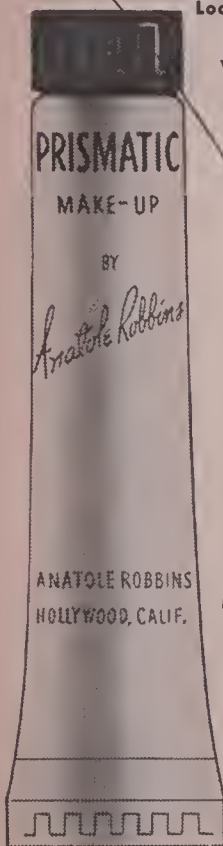
Within is Anatole Robbins' Prismatic LIQUI-CREME Make-up that liquefies the second it coresses your skin. No need for powder, puff or compoet because Anatole Robbins' make-up lasts from dawn to dusk to tender down.

There is a comero-tested shade for you. Anatole Robbins, Hollywood's magical creator of beauty, has now captured his magic in a tube. It can be yours today.

\$1 a tube
Just plus tax

Also Anatole Robbins
Liquid Prismatic Make-Up:

- Pin-up \$1.
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Prismatic
make-up

by
Anatole Robbins
5533 Sunset Boulevard
Hollywood 28, Calif.

Martha's picture on his desk. Colonel Hyer told Ella about his little daughter who was plugging away in Hollywood.

"My husband, Fred Finklehoffe," Ella said, "is a producer at 20th Century-Fox. He can help your daughter get an agent."

The minute Martha got in the big executive's office, however, she could tell by the atmosphere that good-hearted Ella had sent her husband aspiring actresses before. Mr. Finklehoffe was in the process of telling Martha to go back home and forget Hollywood when big-time agent Victor Orsatti walked in the door. "Who is that girl?" asked Orsatti. That afternoon he signed her.

"If Mr. Orsatti hadn't come in the door that precise moment, I might still have been looking for an agent—a very difficult thing for a newcomer to get."

Orsatti thought that RKO would be a good studio for her. There was no one her type over there. He took her straight to the late Charles Koerner, head of the studio, and that afternoon she signed a beautiful contract which said that Martha Hyer was going to get \$150 per week, beginning immediately.

The real work began. She worked with Lillian Albertson, the drama coach. She had a small part in "Woman on the Beach," but it was cut. She had a bit in "The Locket." She was sent on the road to guest star in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," playing the Bette Davis role.

She had two months' rehearsal, two months on the road—complete with one-night stands and tank towns. It was wonderful experience. When she came back, she was given the lead with Tim Holt in "Thunder Mountain." Then she was sent on a wonderful Caribbean cruise for a publicity fashion layout.

When Koerner died, William Dozier took over RKO; when Dozier left, Dore Schary had command; when Schary left for Metro, it was Howard Hughes' show—and Martha Hyer was lost in the shuffle.

Schary had believed in her. She was cast in "Rough Shod," a good break. Then she had to have an emergency appendectomy, and the studio shot around her until she could come back. While she was in the hospital, however, she didn't just look at the ceiling. She wrote a story about how hard it was to get a start in Hollywood and sold it to the American Magazine for \$400.

When it came out, Schary read it and called her in. He said he hoped he could do something for her, but there just wasn't anything on the studio agenda. She did another western with Tim Holt; played Alexander Knox's daughter in "The Judge Steps Out." Schary left before the "big plans" he spoke of went through.

Under the Howard Hughes banner, she made another western, "Gun Smugglers." She was hoping for a role of real dramatic scope when Hughes let all the contract players go. She was dropped in January, 1949. It was a big blow.

In her usual methodical fashion, she had saved her money. Her rent was paid until June. Just around the corner, perhaps, was a star-making role. Tomorrow—well, tomorrow it might happen that everyone would know the name MARTHA HYER. But, after you've had your foot on the ladder, it's harder than ever to be patient, to wait.

But Martha will be patient. She has come this far—and she feels her big success is just around the corner.

There's one big man who could do a lot for Martha. His name? Dore Schary, brilliant discoverer of talent. That's why MOVIELAND is paging Dore Schary.

THE END

Are you in the know?



How to get to the dance floor smoothly?

- You walk ahead He leads the way You go arm-in-arm

Be sure who follows whom. When you rise to rhumba, your date won't expect an "after you" routine. Walk ahead! As to calendar-time, you can be 'way ahead in poise and comfort by choosing new Kotex. This napkin's made to stay soft while you

wear it. Gives downy softness that holds its shape. And here's the very last word in comfort!—your new Kotex Wonderform Belt that won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Made of duPont nylon elastic . . . quick drying, light weight, smooth-feeling.



To judge what you should weigh—

- Compare your pal's poundage
 See an "average weight" chart
 Measure your wrist

You and your gal pal may be the same height—but a large-boned femme should weigh more, and vice versa. For instance, are you over 5'4" tall? Measure your wrist. If it's less than 6¼" you're small-boned. More than 6½"—large-boned. Consider your frame when you read an average-weight chart. In sanitary needs, too, all girls aren't "average." Find just the right Kotex absorbency for you by trying all 3 . . . Regular, Junior, Super. They're designed for different girls, different days.



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



If he's talkative, what's your cue?

- Lend both ears
 Keep an eye on the field
 Plan tomorrow's schedule

What if he is chatter-happy. The fact remains, he's talking to you, so listen . . . without a roving eye, or daydreams, or tapping tattoos on the table. Boys are people . . . they like to be appreciated. And the best-rated fillies never forget it. They're also the gals who (on difficult days) never forget to choose Kotex. They've found the special flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines . . . and the exclusive safety center gives extra protection. What girl wouldn't appreciate that?

More women choose KOTEX
 than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

There's
a little of
Anna in the
best of
women...
and more
of her in
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The
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stage hit
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to the
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PAULETTE GODDARD

William Bishop · John Ireland · Oscar Homolka
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Screen Play by Philip Yordan and Arthur Laurents • Based upon the play, "Anna Lucasta", by Philip Yordan
A SECURITY PICTURES PRODUCTION • Directed by IRVING RAPPER • Produced by PHILIP YORDAN

Your Hollywood *Memo from the Editor*

There's no business like show business, and believe me, there are no people like show people! Take Harpo Marx, for instance: I had a wonderful time at the cocktail party Harpo threw at his suite at the Hampshire House—and so did everyone else.

Harpo had thoughtfully provided red wigs and high silk hats for the guests, and everyone had fun doing a "Harpo."

John Garfield, Anna Neagle, David Wayne (from the cast of "Mr. Roberts") and Ida Lupino came to congratulate Harpo on completing his United Artists picture "Love Happy," and to join the fun.

Then there's Steve McNally, U-I's hopeful who is here to make personal appearances in conjunction with his picture, "The Lady Gambles."

His wife has just had a fifth baby, and to make things easier for her, Steve took their eldest daughter, 5½-year-old Rita, with him on tour.

"She's no trouble at all, really," fondly grinned 6-foot, huge-shouldered Steve. "The only difficulty I'm having is with her hair. I can braid it fine, but just before I left, her mother handed me a box of curlers. I can't seem to master them!"

That lucky girl, Joan Fontaine, came to the Big City to pick out a complete new wardrobe at Hattie Carnegie's for her new RKO picture, "Bed of Roses." Joan chafed a bit at spending all the time at fittings, but the clothes are divine. We snared Joan to pose for pictures of her summer wardrobe. (see page 64)

Had a most interesting lunch with Jose Ferrer and his wife. Jose, you will recall, played the Dauphin in Ingrid Bergman's "Joan of Arc," and for my dough, stole the picture. The lunch was a farewell to Broadway, and his play "The Silver Whistle," because he's off to Hollywood to co-star with Gene Tierney in 20th Century-Fox's "Whirlpool."

One of the nicest parties this month was Ida Lupino's. She and Collier Young, her husband, came to New York to exploit their first produced picture, "Not Wanted," to be released by Film Classics. You'll remember Ida chose as her leading man Movieland's first Casting Bureau recommendation, Keefe Brasselle. Ida is very grateful to us for helping her find Keefe, and of course, we are madly happy at having been instrumental in giving a newcomer a break.

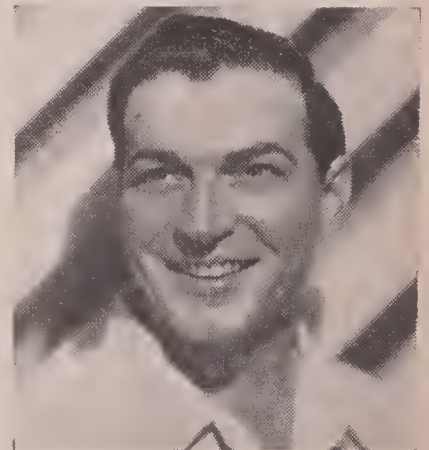
Ida is much taller than she appears on the screen, and is slim to the point of being thin. She can eat everything, she tells me (how lucky can a girl be?) and she never gains an ounce.

I'll see you all next month!

B. L. C.



Who says Harpo won't talk? John Garfield had a grand chat with the elfin-faced comic.



Handsome Steve McNally, father of 5, took daughter Rita on N. Y. tour.



Luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Jose Ferrer was fun, Jose is headed for Hollywood to star in Twentieth's "Whirlpool."

Picture of radiant happiness, Rita reminded everyone of a beautiful fairy tale heroine.

to LOVE

And so they were



HAPPILY . . . ever after

married—Rita the dancing girl and her 20th Century prince charming, Aly Khan

By MUSEL MORGAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An eye-witness account of the fabulous Rita Hayworth marriage by Movieland's On-The-Spot Reporter.*

★ The fabulous fairy tale has come to fruition.

When you encounter Brooklyn-born Rita in the future, you will curtsy or bow, as the case may be, and you will refer to her as Her Royal Highness, the Princess Margarita Cansino Hayworth Judson Welles Khan. For on May 27th, in one of the most colorful and widely-publicized weddings of our time, beautiful Rita, nervous and trembling, became the bride of Prince Aly Khan, eldest son of the incredibly wealthy Aga Khan, spiritual leader of all the Ismaili Moslems.

Yes, the little dark-haired dancing girl married her Prince Charming and there was great feasting in the town. Champagne flowed like water. Musicians lined the roads and serenaded the couple with soft string music. The peasants in the small French village of Vallauris went wild with joy. "Is this not a wondrous world?" they asked, "where a \$50-a-week dancer can marry one of the richest princes on earth?"

And the whole world answered, "Yes," for in distant points where Rita had gone to school (P. S. 69, Jackson Heights), in far off lands where she had danced (The Border Cafe, Tia Juana, Mexico), in sumptuous resorts where she had lived (Bel Air, Monte Carlo, Paris), people happily realized that this lovely brunette had defied warnings, public opinion, slander and threats. She had sought out her love, and love had conquered.

And let's face it: the whole world loves a lover.

Prince Aly Khan made an effort to keep the wedding ceremony a closed and private affair.

A week before the marriage was scheduled, several weeks, in fact, before the great occasion, he applied for special permission to hold his civil marriage at his Riviera Villa, the Chateau de l'Horizon, rather than in (*Please turn to page 85*)



Like all brides Rita made a wish before she cut the cake. (So far all her wishes have come true!)



Now Rita's daughter, Rebecca Welles, will share mother's attentions with Aly's sons: Karim, Amyon.



Phone calls at home break the monotony while Pat's "in training" for her biggest role.



Her beaus are patient, understanding—and generous. (Particularly one Farley Granger.)



Ho-hum! A quiet evening at home means Pat Neal will try to relax, read a while, get to bed early—all in preparation for the next day's scenes.

PRISONER of LOVE

★It's the quiet life for Pat Neal since filming of "The Fountainhead" started. The role of the passionate Dominique requires all her energies, every bit of her strength—which means that Pat is spending her evenings at home, studying, resting, preparing for the next day's torrid love scenes with leading man Gary Cooper.

Fortunately admirers always are loyal to a girl as pretty and as popular as Pat Neal. Daily phone calls and boxes of flowers are a constant reminder that her beaus are waiting patiently for the picture to end so she can escape from the clutches of this demanding role.

Love scenes with Gary Cooper in "The Fountainhead" come under heading of Hard Work. (It says here!)



Fans have boosted Doris Day to stardom. Watch for her in Warners' "It's a Great Feeling." →

My friend DORIS

By LEE LEVINE

★ I first met her when I was selling lingerie in a Beverly Hills store and a pert-looking, tall blonde sashayed over to my counter and asked me to show her some things. She had a warm, sunny smile and eyes that lit up when she talked. I noticed that immediately. She wasn't like many of my customers, aloof and bored. She sparkled even when she looked at an inexpensive little slip.

Doris Day became one of my best customers. I never dreamed then that she would also become my best friend. Things don't happen that way, you know. Stars don't become pally-wally with salesgirls.

But now that I know Doris well, it seems as natural as walking for her to make friends with people she takes to, whether (*Please turn to page 68*)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Have you ever wondered what it's like to be the best friend of a movie star? Lee Levine is Doris Day's best friend. So close are they that Lee even lives with Doris. They met 2 years ago when Lee was working in a department store and Doris came in to shop. From that meeting evolved one of the most unusual friendships in Hollywood—and one of the warmest. Lee tells you all about it in this revealing story.



Doris is a devastating mimic, and after she finishes panning a new boy friend of mine, he seems so ridiculous that it's hard to keep from laughing when he calls.

Three gals in search of a man! Dodie, her mom and I still haven't found our elusive dream men.







Faint brush of masculine lips against white, delicate fingers . . . A gentle word declaring there was never a girl as lovely . . .

Making Love . . .

The **CLIFT** Way



Montgomery Clift's love-making

The kiss: Soft, yet possessively brutal; pleading, but demanding all . . . That's kissing the Monty Clift way.



The promise: Nothing in the wide world can keep us apart . . .



Devoted kiss that means farewell for just a little while . . .



"I must go now, but I'll be back . . . because I can't stay away."

He's gone. Doubts assail the heiress; she can't resist him.



★ Montgomery Clift met spontaneous acclaim after his performance in the "Red River." His love-making left fans drooling in the aisles. But you ain't seen nothin'! Wait'll you catch a glimpse of him in "The Heiress." He makes love to Olivia De Havilland in a style all his own; a softly sensuous sort of loving which will make you want to melt. You'll sympathize with him, in spite of the fact that his role is that of a fortune-hunter. Frankly, if you feel as we do, anything that Monty does is strictly OK.

leaves Olivia De Havilland swooning in "The Heiress." (P. S. She's not the only one!)



Should an actress give up her career
if she's planning to have a big family? How
many of you agree with Joan Fontaine's reply?

A Working Mother . . . *and Glad of It!*

By **JOAN FONTAINE**
as told to
HELEN HOVER WELLER

★ With the birth of my baby daughter, Deborah, last November, I have taken my place in that exclusive coterie of working mothers. I like it! My plan right now is to turn out three pictures and one baby every two years for the next six years. It's an ambitious project. I hope I can do it.

When I told this to a friend of mine she looked slightly alarmed. "But don't you think you should give up your career if you're planning to have a family? After all, it isn't fair to the baby to have your energies divided like that."

Nonsense! I think that in many respects it is actually better for the baby when Mama continues with her work!

I am going to teach my young daughter (*Please turn to page 64*)

Since I can't regulate my screen work to fit an iron-bound timetable, Debbie's schedule is constantly changed to fit mine, and it hasn't disturbed her a bit. When I get home from the studio I want to be able to wake the baby, play with her.



I'll teach Debbie the art of housekeeping and cooking too—for I pride myself on being able to bake a good cake, or scrub a floor.



◀ It's hard to go off to work and leave Debbie behind—but I must get started on my next movie production, "Bed of Roses."



★ I'm a changed man these days—and all I can say is, "It's about time!"

To go from the hey-hey stage of a hep-cat teenager to the settled state I now find myself in is quite a jump, but it's the kind of a change that creeps up on you and takes you by surprise. Suddenly, one day, without having realized it before, you take a look at yourself and say, "Well, well, look what's happened to me."

I'm not at all sorry I went through the stage I did when I was younger. After all, psychologists say one should express himself in order to become a better character. Okay—I've expressed myself—and I've been told I was a character. I was cer-

tainly the complete personification of the extrovert anyway.

When I first realized that I was changing, I was a little worried. I wondered if the maladjustment that came with slowing down would make me lose something of my personality. I wasn't sure I hadn't lost something I wanted to regain. Then I began to take a look at other kids my age around me and I found they were reacting in pretty much the same way I was. So I stopped worrying. I relaxed and let maturity seep into me without putting up a fight. After all, what I went through is what most young kids go through—and should.

It's all the impulsive (*Please turn to page 66*)

I'm a **BIG BOY** now

By · DONALD O'CONNOR

On the screen he's still the hep cat comic; but in his private life Don vies with the Man of Distinction

"Yes Sir, That's My Baby," the O'Connors say, introducing Donna and their UA film simultaneously.



How to Torture Your Husband



Desperately needing clothes, I urged Gwen to go shopping with me. After I twisted her arm, she consented.



Oh . . . ho! I knew this would happen. Say, is this supposed to be a shopping spree for *you* or *me*? Please, honey, you've got umpteen of those!



These handkerchiefs look mighty good to me, but the little woman says "Come away, Donald. They're too expensive."



I try to intrigue her with a daring pair of undershorts. Her reaction is brief and final. "My dear," says she, "must you be a comic even in drawers?"



I believe I look mighty distinguished in this suit. "Looked better on the dummy," murmurs my wife, deep in a magazine.

Confucius say: "When a man need clothes, never shop with wife. Unfair." But Donald O'Connor learns the hard way



In order to captivate Gwen's waning interest in *my* needs, I artfully model a little mother and daughter outfit for her and Donna.

Well, at least the little woman is happy. She bought herself a full summer wardrobe. (P.S. I still desperately need a new suit.)



Eureka! How well I succeeded! Fully alert now, my adoring help-mate buys herself a few little numbers. I'm consoled by the dummy.





WORK

BY SIDNEY YUDAIN

Smart Nina Foch redecorated her apartment to suit her personality—and her purse

★ In the plush days before the economy wave engulfed Hollywood, most movie stars would consider a sum such as \$203 a fair down payment for an interior decorator's services. Now we find that a star who certainly could afford much more has renovated her entire four-and-a-half-room apartment for just that amount.

It's not an easy thing to do, but it is possible when you're as talented as blonde, blue-eyed Nina Foch.

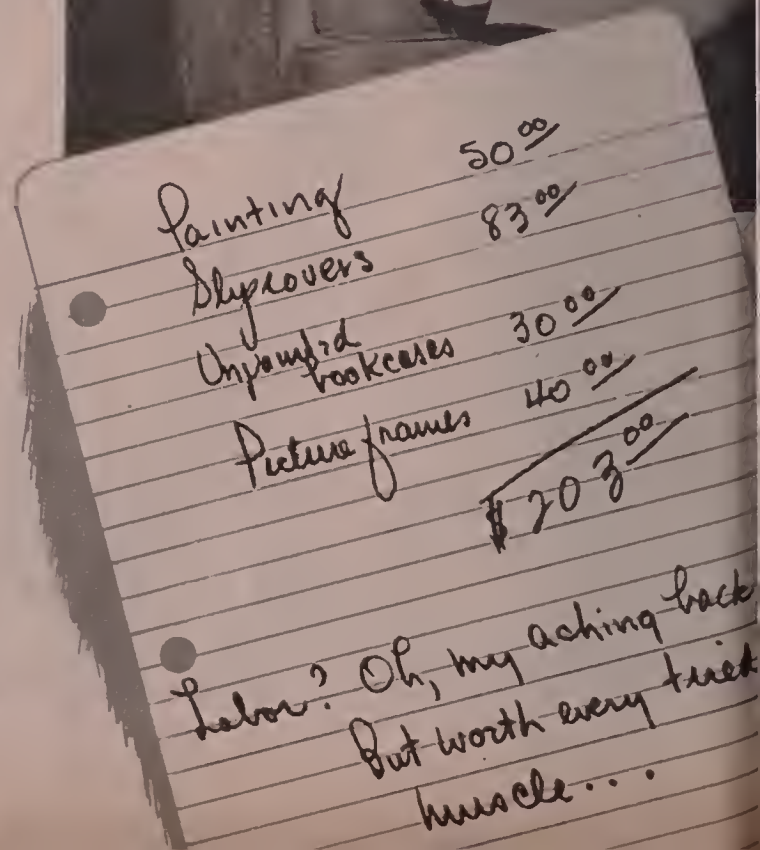
Nina's acquaintance with the arts is not limited solely to the dramatic; besides being a top-flight actress, she is also a proficient sculptress, artist, musician and interior decorator.

The only reason she didn't start work on her Beverly Hills apartment much sooner than she did was because of a sort of superstition. Now, Nina is not a superstitious girl. As a matter of fact she considers the Number 13 as a lucky number for herself. She had appeared in 13 pictures, most of them emanating from Columbia's B-Hive, before she got her Big Break.

Her only superstition, really, is centered around the redecorating of her apartments. And it is founded on fact.

"It all started in New York," she told me, sparkling her big blue eyes and shaking her blonde hair into place. "I was comfortably holed in a modest Manhattan apartment while working in a Broadway show. A Hollywood talent scout arrived on the scene just a few days after I started redecorating—and a few weeks later I had closed down the apartment and was making pictures for Columbia.

(Please turn to page 40)



This job has to be done quickly for she's due to start U.A.'s "Johnny Allegro." with star George Raft.



Nina Foch's new decor will be blue linen print chairs, rose sofa, pale green walls and off-white woodwork.



These orange crates have served their purpose well, but out they go. Books, albums will go into new bookcases.

Nina's completely frustrated! She can't do a thing now until painter finishes the walls and woodwork.





-WORK

continued



Cabinet is shabby so Nina starts from scratch. First old paint is removed. Later, she'll sandpaper, stain, rub down for fine finish.



Shades of Tom Sawyer! Nina watched the painter just so long, then couldn't resist trying her brush on the white panelled woodwork.

"I made 13 pictures there. Mostly minor parts in major pictures and major parts in minor pictures. After my 13th, I decided to settle down and re-decorate my apartment.

"I had just completed the project when an angelic message arrived from New York. I was offered the lead in 'John Loves Mary.'"

Nina's effervescent performance in that Broadway hit-comedy won critical acclaim and established her as an actress of big-league calibre. After about 18 weeks Nina began apartment hunting in Manhattan. Finally, after an exhaustive search, she found one befitting a young Broadway star.

You guessed it. A few days after she started re-decorating, Columbia wired her to come back to Hollywood. They had set her for the lead opposite Glenn Ford in "Undercover Man."

When Nina got to California she installed herself in a little apartment in Beverly Hills. With the promise of two starring roles in top pictures—one with Glenn Ford, "The Undercover Man," another with William Holden and Lee J. Cobb, "The Dark Past"—Nina remembered past occurrences and decided to forego redecorating the apartment. She didn't want a change now.

However, between these two and her latest picture, "Johnny Allegro," with George Raft, she had a little time and so she decided that it was the right moment for her apartment to begin to reflect her own personality. She would go ahead with her re-decorating—regardless of consequences.

Nina drew up her plans. She had definite ideas and knew how to carry them out. She told herself, "When I'm through with this thing, I don't want it to look like a decorator had been here. I don't like people to say, 'You have a beautiful apartment.' I'd rather have them say that the apartment looks like me. I want it to reflect my personality."

Nina defines her personality as sort of a "cluttered friendliness." She says frankly, "My personality is cluttered, and so my house is cluttered!"

The first thing she did was hire a painter. He cost her \$50, but she skimped on other things to keep the budget down. Most of the furniture she picked up in the backs of antique shops and second-hand stores at bargain prices.

Nina adores black Staffordshire China. Spying several objects in a little Los Angeles shop she pushed open a creaking door and walked into a room so cluttered that the Collyer Mansion would have looked ship-shape by contrast. From one corner of the room, dark and dusky, there emanated organ music.

Though she had set off a mechanical bell upon opening the door, no salesman came to greet her. Nina, somewhat puzzled, wandered about the store digging in nooks and crannies viewing the dusty merchandise. All the while (*Please turn to page 73*)



Can't blame Nina for wanting her friends to see the finished effect. Soft rose sofa contrasts beautifully with blue chairs.

Room has taken on more style. Chest is now stained dark walnut. Lamp has new shade. Tall bookshelves replace orange crates.



Outside looking in, the room looks warm, cozy and very inviting. Nina's really proud of her work—she has a right to be!



John Wayne and his lovely wife, Esperanza, whom he calls "Chata." (Spanish for Pugnose!)

★ After twenty years and more than a hundred pictures, John Wayne has suddenly been discovered by the world.

Seemingly overnight, this tall hunk of leathery-faced Western manhood has become irresistible to women, admirable to men, and downright dynamite at the box office.

"Wake of the Red Witch," for example, which Duke made last year (no one in Hollywood ever calls Wayne anything but Duke), is the biggest money-maker in the whole history of Republic Pictures.

In addition, you movie-goers are flocking to see

Handsome Hunk of Sex

By Fred Morgan



Dad of four, Duke refuses to exploit his children for publicity. Rare photo shows him with daughter Toni, son Michael.

Duke's pictures in such droves that theatre-owners have been compelled to re-issue twelve of his old vehicles, ranging all the way from the memorable "Stagecoach" to "Ft. Apache."

Add these to the trio of new films Duke has recently completed—"Three Godfathers," "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon," and "The Fighting Kentuckian"—and you can easily see how within the next two years John Wayne will become the most frequently seen actor in America.

It's hard to believe after all the time he's been around, but Duke Wayne is so hot right now that every studio in Hollywood is literally pleading with

him to star in some picture. Competition is keen.

Only two weeks ago, an M-G-M executive phoned Wayne and said, "Duke, if you do a film for us, you can name your own salary, your own leading lady, and your own story."

To date, in response to all these offers, Duke has signed to do one picture a year for the next seven years at Warner Brothers, two or three pictures a year for Republic, some of which he will produce himself, and one or two a year for Argosy Pictures, a company owned in part by John Ford, the great director (five Academy Awards) who is Wayne's best friend and the one (*Please turn to page 70*)

Appeal!

John Wayne

hasn't changed

but his career

has. Suddenly

he has become

box-office

DYNAMITE!

Wha' happened?



"All I can say is that I'm grateful to fans who like me," says John Wayne. He'll be seen next in "The Fighting Kentuckian."

Mrs. Henry Wilcoxon chants "Take a Little Peek" as she swings partner.



Take a Little Peek

Around that couple and you take a little peek
Back to the center and swing your sweet
Around that couple and you peek once more
Back to the center and swing all four.
Circle four with the couple you know
And now you're doing that doocey-doe.
With a little bit of heel
And a little bit of toe
You'll get to heaven
If you don't do so, one more change and on you go.

Something old
has been added
to the Hollywood
scene. All the
stars are swinging
and swaying at
old-fashioned
square dances

Hollywood SQUARES



Long before guests arrive, Joan and Henry Wilcoxon prepare food. Menu: baked beans, green salad, doughnuts.



Gay decorations will add a bright note to the informal party. Joan hammers away while Henry blows and blows.



You'll never figure out this one! Rosin has to be spread on floor for easy dancing. Joan's getting her shoes smooth.

★ Hollywood chatter is jammed with phrases like "Birdie in the Cage," "Roll the Barrel," and "Take a Little Peek." These are names of square dances—Hollywood's latest fad.

Recently a group of Hollywooders gathered at the home of the Henry Wilcoxons (she's Joan Woodbury of films) for the kind of swing evening Grandma and Grandpa loved.

For Henry who had just finished chores of villainy in "Samson and Delilah," the dances offered pleasant diversion. For Joan and other guests they added up to an active evening.

(Please turn to next page)



Joan's party dress is a red, yellow calico—very popular this season. Henry will wear a western outfit.

First arrival Jeanne Cagney gets an impressive view of rest of Joan's costume—long, beruffled drawers!



Hollywood SQUARES

continued



Leo Penn, Olive Derry, Roddy McDowall, Patine Ballester, Dr. E. Czukor, Barbara Britton start off.



Nothing formal about the midnight snack, agree the Jack Reynolds, Patine Ballester, and Roddy McDowall.



Roddy McDowall and Patine Ballester go "through the tunnel," which Henry and Joan make by holding hands.

Best dancer Marjorie Reynolds is gifted with phony panties while Jeanne watches with surprise—maybe envy!



★ Dear Beatrice:

I know you were only being polite when you rashly asked me to write you my experiences as a housewife in London. But I am not the type that needs coaxing (don't you loathe the girls who play like Oscar Levant whom you can't budge towards the piano?) so here are a few pages (only eleven!) of my impressions of Mother England. . .

I arrived at Southampton on December 7th after ten days of rolling. Never let it be said that a troop ship is a glamorous business, for I can tell you, it isn't! We were tossed from wall to wall in our cabins. During meal time, food sailed through the air with the greatest of ease, along with a few unfortunate people. The troops aboard were ill; the ship's doctor was ill and women and children fell in the alleyways and on the ladders with alarming

(Please turn to next page)

**Leave it to
Ella Raines
to speak her
mind! We're
still laughing
over her troubles
in jolly England**

I'll take the USA

**By
ELLA
RAINES**





You should have seen glamorous old me scrubbing the walls inside this mansion of ours in Selsey.



We enjoy a real free-for-all in the front drive. We're evenly matched because Robin is ticklish.



Dirty-kneed, but happy, Robin poses with Flight Leader Kieth Pierch after a fast game of rugby.



This is Mr. Poo, our little black and white Pekingese, who definitely resembles a skunk!

I'll take the continued

frequency. It was a hard tough journey for everyone and thanks very much, but never again. I'll be going home on the smoothest, biggest ship afloat.

After a four-day whirl in London where we completely exhausted ourselves in theaters and night-clubs, Robin brought me home to Selsey.

It was a cold, wet day and as we approached the house, the bleakness of its appearance was hardly welcoming. Around the trees in the driveway rain dripped from branch to branch and the ground was a soggy black.

The front door was bolted and as we walked to the back of the house, we slushed through mud-puddles and soft gravel. Both of us were chilled from the seventy-mile drive from London and looked forward to the warmth of the house. We entered the scullery (a room adjoining the kitchen) and set down our bags.

As Robin went for the rest of the luggage, I flipped on the light to survey the kitchen. I almost cried. The walls were a dirty mustard color—a barn of a room with a dirty, soot-covered floor. There was a dank wet smell, combined with coal dust,



Skiing at St. Moritz was truly glorious. After my siege of glandular fever, you can imagine what fun it was to be up and about.

and I was more chilled than when we were outside.

Robin returned to see the despair in my face and began to build a fire. It took an hour, for neither of us knew about coal. We stood, still in our coats and wet shoes and it was then that I became homesick for all the wonderful luxury of America. We lit the gas stove (a camp-sized apparatus) and fixed ourselves a delightful dinner out of cans. I think we had vegetable soup and chili.

As the kitchen began to warm up, the walls became wet with moisture and large drops poured down the sides. The light bulbs were covered with grease and cast an eerie light upon us as we huddled, still in our coats, at the table.

That night we slept in a cold damp bedroom under equally cold damp sheets and finally shivered ourselves into slumber. I remembered, with a huge lump in my throat, all the comforts of home; our lovely wide bed with nice fresh sheets, push-button heating and the warm bathroom; the smell of orange blossoms outside the bed- (Please turn to page 77)



We were really thrilled when Robert and Simon joined our household as chauffeur and cook.



Ella loves Robin. After two years of wedded bliss and controversy, we still kiss in public.

Gallery
OF FAME



RICARDO MONTALBAN becomes M-G-M's top romantic star in colorful, tuneful "Neptune's Daughter."



LORETTA YOUNG adds a new character type to her acting album in 20th's "Come to the Stable."



Hold it! Vic Mature turns the camera on his family: wife, Dorothy, her son Mike, pet Genius.



Vic's face won't break a camera; but that fist sure will! Wait until you see him in "Samson and Delilah."



Step-son Mike gets a lecture on bicycle repair. Vic loves children; is the idol of the neighborhood kids.



Personality clashes occur often in the Mature household but they don't seem to interfere with the mutual admiration Vic and Dorothy have for each other.

By
ALICE
BENTON

the 1st Year . . .

When the Victor Matures
celebrated their first wedding
anniversary everyone was
as relieved as they were!

People said Vic could never be a family man, but it looks as if this marriage will last a long time. ➤

★ When Dorothy and Victor Mature hit February 28, 1949, they congratulated each other roundly. "Well," they said, "we made it!" Their close friend, Jules Seltzer, sent them a cake. On it was written, "I don't believe it!" It was the Matures' first anniversary, and everyone was as relieved about it as they were.

You see, people have been waiting for the axe to fall on this marriage almost since it began. Well, as of this writing, Dorothy and Vic are nuts about each other.

The night of their anniversary, they ankled over to the house of some friends for dinner. Afterwards, they played poker. Everybody went home at a reasonable hour, and the day ended happily, and without mayhem. A dinner party? *Vic?* It's a far cry from the night-club-Victor of a year ago.

In many ways, Vic is shedding the mantle of the

playboy and taking on the role of husband. Although they haven't been on any long trips together since they eloped to Yuma in 1948, these days they drive down for the weekend to take in the races at Del Mar's Turf Club. Sometimes, they spend a weekend at Coronado—just about the quietest resort in the world. There has long been a gag that people go there to die. The Matures go there to live.

They have a special way of living. When they were first married, they lived at Vic's house in Laguna, coming up to their house in Los Angeles only when Victor was working on a picture. But it got so the change of hauling clothes from the beach house to the city was too much of a thing. They settled in Los Angeles, and holed in.

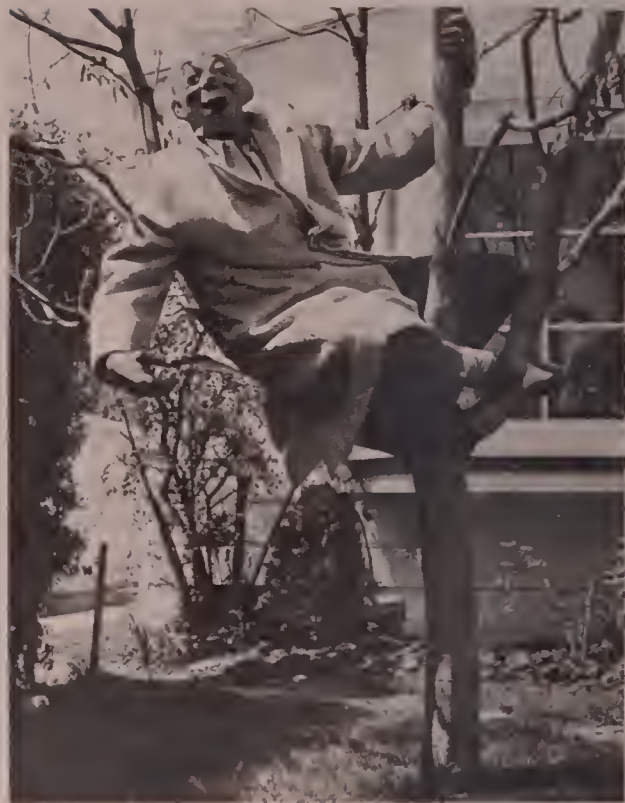
The house is a modest one. It used to be a typical bachelor's lair. Victor never ate at home, so the dining room was just something you walked through.

(Please turn to next page)





You can depend on Vic to get in the midst of any activity. At home he'll even tell the painter how to apply paint.



Meet a "different" Mature! Vic occasionally dons this mask, blandly claims to be brother "Charlie."

the 1st Year . . . continued

The bath, by masculine standards, was quite good enough to shave in.

Now the house has taken on the woman's touch. There is gay wallpaper in the bathroom. The dining room is being renovated. The extra bedroom has been transformed into a boy's room for Dorothy's five-year-old son, Michael.

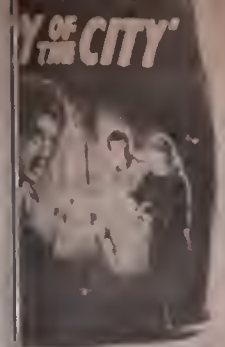
There are groceries in the kitchen. Things aren't strewn around as they used to be. Victor has a home. Before, it was just a house.

All this shows the gentle hand of Dorothy. Victor, however, is still cut from different cloth than ordinary mortals. For one thing, his perfectly screwy eating habits are just the same. Dorothy doesn't have to worry about having a hot meal ready at seven when Vic comes home from the studio. He never eats dinner when he gets home—but then, he never did! Maybe later on, around ten, he'll go into the kitchen and picnic. Dorothy, who should eat more because she has been recuperating and still has to take it easy, eats alone with her son.

For breakfast, he might go for some of last night's spaghetti or pork roast, or something Dorothy may have cooked for herself and Michael—but eggs in the morning, cereal, toast, hotcakes? Ugh!

Dorothy has managed to adapt herself to Victor's ways with remarkable aplomb. For one thing, she still has to rest a lot. (*Please turn to page 76*)





Vic, known as that "Big Hunk of Man" in former years, works hard to keep his muscular frame in condition. While he admits there's nothing like a steam bath after a rugged game of handball, he doesn't look happy as steam gets hotter, hotter, HOTTER!



First a warm, then an ice cold shower, to set teeth chattering. Now Vic is ready for his next activity, which is . . .



Complete relaxation. If he had a little more ambition, he'd change those beat-up shoes. But why bother?

◀ Between pictures Vic likes to play a fast game of handball—if he can find an opponent for this game.

Wanda Hendrix brightens up her wardrobe

Try Something New



That's hubby Audie Murphy's book in Wanda Hendrix' hand as she admires her sheer negligee. Yoke, cuffs, hem are outlined in wide ruffled organdy.



You can see why Wanda decided she just had to have the clothes Mary Kay Dodson designed for her picture, "After Midnight." Darling pure silk nightie matches negligee shown above, and features empire waistline, full sleeves, tight cuffs.



Wanda's breakfast pajamas are one-piece, tailored in heavy white crepe. Tight cuff bands accentuate the full sleeves. The belt is of gold braid.

(Please turn to page 58)

with some of the clothes she wears in her new picture, "After Midnight"



There's nothing like new clothes to give a girl a lift. Wanda Hendrix spiced up her 8-months-old trousseau with these practical, chic additions.



For shopping, Wanda likes this cocoa-colored shantung with deep plunging neckline. Shoes and bag are white calfskin, designed by Laurel, and are called "Sandabs."

Wanda's pure silk luncheon dress has a tiny rolled collar, fitted bodice, and pegtop skirt. Background is white; print is natural, cyclamen and green floral.



Wanda stops for a lemonade at the Bantam Cock, in a natural colored Irish linen. Midriff is appliqued white Irish lace, and sleeves are bracelet length.



Mary Kay Dodson designed this dinner-evening gown with full circular skirt and suspenders in raw silk. The tucked net top is worn over sheer black lace.



Million Dollar \$ Babies\$ \$

Jessica and Victoria James don't know a thing about movies or a famous star by the name of Betty Grable. They're only interested in the lovely lady who answers to their call of "MAMA"

"Are the dolls cold?" asks Betty. Victoria says yes, Jessica says no. They compromise: use only one cover.



Little Jessica James tenderly puts her dolls to bed, as sister Victoria and Mama Betty supervise the operation.



"Now," Victoria says, "you have to pull the covers over her." Jessica objects violently, says *she* knows better.





Paul Douglas wowed Broadway in "Born Yesterday," then did the same thing to Hollywood in "Letter to Three Wives." His new film is "It Happens Every Spring."

Going UP!

Jayne Meadows has been a standout in every picture she's made, but her role in "Enchantment" won her an Academy Award nomination.



Can a guy be too handsome? That's what producers said about John Derek until they spotted his fiery personality in "Knock on Any Door."



★ Step up and meet the fastest-climbing crop of new stars—six of 'em! They're the prize catches of the year—and you fans will be the ones to award them their unofficial Oscarettes.

One of them, Paul Douglas, has become a smash hit in his very first picture and is the hottest man in Hollywood today. Another, Jayne Meadows, has already become an Academy Award contender because of her brilliant work in one picture. A third, John Derek, will hit you like a bullet when you see him in his first leading role. Marie Windsor and Susan Perry combine beauty with out-and-out come-hither—and John Russell is set for stardom.

All in all, they're strictly *whaaaam!* You'll be hearing plenty about them in the months to come—so get acquainted with them first here.

First of all, there's Paul Douglas, the champ of them all. Wait till you see him in "A Letter to Three Wives."

Paul scarcely has what you'd call a pin-up boy face—rugged features, a three-cornered grin, a leathery, humorous noggin, a hulking physique and friendly eyes—but sisters, will he send you!

Every studio wants him. All the women stars are

crying for him. So will you when you see him. And the men like his kind, too—Paul's a man's man, not a glamour boy. Why, we wager he'll match Montgomery Clift in popularity before the year is out—and that's a tall bet. He's the exact opposite of Monty, being worldly-wise and flamboyant where Monty is boyish and reserved.

Paul's name is probably familiar to you. He's the famous radio announcer you've heard so many times spiling for the top shows and sports broadcasts.

Paul, who was born in Philadelphia, has always wanted to be an actor, but none of his friends took him seriously. He knew the most influential stage people but no one would give him a chance. "They all laughed when I sat down in a casting office to read a line," he recalls. "They told me to stick to radio announcing."

His break as an actor came about as a fluke. His old pal, Garson Kanin, was looking for a "Paul Douglas type" to play the roughneck lead in "Born Yesterday" on Broadway. When he was unable to get an actor "like Paul Douglas" he reluctantly gave the role to Paul—expecting (*Please turn to page 80*)

By MARCELLA PALMER



John Russell's "Cinderella" story came true because he *didn't* want to be an actor. "Slattery's Hurricane" makes us glad he changed his mind.



Marie Windsor's excellent performance in "Hellfire" didn't just happen. She worked hard to be ready for her big break when it came along.



Susan Perry's a two-man girl. Bogart's her co-star in "Knock on Any Door," but Mel Tormé's her leading man—for life.

Look out above! The pearly gates of fame are being stormed by these newcomers who are hot on the trail of stardom



Calling Dr. Kaye... Calling

While other comedians yearn to be Hamlet, Danny Kaye burns the midnight oil over a good book—of medicine!

Dr. Kaye ... Calling Dr. Kaye

★ Home is one place where I never have to ask, "Is there a doctor in the house?"

While Danny does all right as a cut-up on stage, screen and radio, his secret desire is to be one over an operating table.

Other comedians may yearn to play Hamlet. But not Danny. His leisure hours are spent wistfully gazing at the scalpels of his doctor-friends or burning the midnight oil over a good book—of gynecology or psychosomatic medicine.

For sheer enjoyment at his own fireside, give him a nice jam session with medicos discussing cases in our living-room. He'd go crazy with joy at a medical convention.

Soon after we married, I grew accustomed to this

idiosyncrasy. It was a little harder getting used to Danny's turning up three hours late for dinner and telling me, with shining eyes, "Sorry, Sylvia, but the operation took longer than I expected."

Yes, Danny watches operations—and not on television either. He isn't even content to take a seat in the amphitheatre.

"I've sat in too many gallery seats at the Brooklyn Bushwick Theatre," he says. "At an operation, I want to be in with the boys."

And he is! A lot of the fellows he grew up with in Brooklyn knew that he was mad about doctoring but didn't have the funds to go to medical school. That, by the way, is one of the main reasons why—for better or worse— (Please turn to page 72)

By SYLVIA FINE KAYE
as told to Dena Reed

Danny, Sylvia, and little Dena look like an advertisement for Danny's new Warner Bros. picture "Happy Times."



A Working Mother...

and Glad of It!

continued from page 33



Joan Fontaine's glamour begins at home in a green satin negligee, trimmed with tassels.



Joan is fond of hostess outfits. This one has tangerine silk crepe Persian trousers, and a coat of beige crepe.



Busy Joan Fontaine takes time out

that she must pick up her own toys and put them away each night, for that is her particular job. As she gets older she will do more and more things for herself—make her own bed, keep her room tidy and so on.

I think, basically, the reason why I am such a nut about a child learning early to do things for herself is because as a career woman I have to do so many things for myself.

Because I haven't the time to dawdle around, I plan to teach my little one that constructive things are fun—that working in the garden with me, setting a table or squeezing orange juice for breakfast can be as pleasurable as making mud pies.

In our house, because Daddy works hard as a producer and president of Rampart Productions, and because Mama works hard as an actress, our baby will have to adjust to our hours—and I believe she will benefit by it.



Shopping at Magnin's, Joan wears a Hattie Carnegie light weight wool suit of Navy blue, with a pert daisied hat.



She's a bathing beauty in this brown linen two-piece swim suit. Terry cloth skirt was designed by Edith Head.

to model her new wardrobe for you

There are no rigid schedules with us, because neither Bill nor I can regulate our work to fit an iron-bound timetable that would force our baby to function like a little machine.

When we come home from the studio in the evening, we want to see Debbie and play with her so her schedule is constantly being changed to fit ours. I want to feel, when I get home after a long day on the set, that I can wake the baby, hold her in my arms and cluck over her, instead of tiptoeing somberly around the house for fear of disturbing Princess Baby.

It has given us all a more relaxed frame of mind to break some of the rules. Already, Debbie is accustomed to this unorthodox environment and is one of the happiest babies I've ever seen. She is being exposed early to the way working parents live—and will see more and more of it as time goes on.

Of course, in my profession I can still make pictures and be at home a good (*Please turn to page 84*)



For a luncheon date at the Bel-Air Hotel, she chooses a black wool Bergdorf suit trimmed with satin cuffs and lapels.

A favorite dinner dress is black lace with a satin cummerbund. Hubby Bill Dozier adjusts her pearl bracelet above the elbow.



I'M A BIG BOY NOW

(Continued from page 35)

way of life, the business of doing exactly what you wish without having to give a lot of weighty thought to it. That's all a part of growing up. Kids have to express themselves and I'm not in the least embarrassed that I expressed myself as completely as I did.

However, this story might have been different if it weren't for my wife. Now, there's a great girl for you.

I met Gwen when I was knee-deep in the rootin'-tootin' stage. I liked her because she was a lot of fun besides being a real companion and a great friend. We had dates about three or four times a week, but hardly a day went by that I didn't go to school and see her or when she didn't come to visit me on the set. When we did have dates, they always followed the same pattern—dinner at a favorite Italian restaurant of mine first and then a movie, a trip to the Roller Bowl, the beach or a rousing badminton game. She had to be in by ten o'clock on week nights and by twelve on weekends, but that didn't stop us from having a good time. We had a gay, full life—and loved it.

It's a wonder to me now, looking back on everything, that I had enough good solid sense to consider marriage. And it's even more surprising that Gwen and I were as realistic about it as we were. But, of course, she must take the credit for that because she was always an intelligent girl with plenty of sense. We knew tying the knot was not a hit or miss proposition and that we would want a family some day. We even went so far as to discuss the future. Oh, we were very profound for a couple of young kids but not so profound that we wanted suddenly to embrace age and all of its responsibilities. We wanted to be sure that we wouldn't lose that boy-girl quality or let problems weigh us down too soon.

I don't know what would have been the story of our marriage if the army hadn't stepped in and decided they could use me. I was away for most of our early married life—and I think now it was a good thing. The army aged us, as far as marriage was concerned, much faster than we would have grown up under ordinary circumstances.

When we were able to begin living a marriage, I got all hopped up about my foreign cars. I had plenty of them—all rather expensive. Gwen never shared my enthusiasm for them at all. She thought they were just too erratic. But they were the big thing to me. Not that I liked them because they could zip along and I was a fast driver. I'm not one for a lot of speed. I drive fast when I'm in a hurry—but I drive carefully. I think you get too confident when you just amble along. Anyhow, I never had an accident and I've been driving since I was nine. And I've only had one ticket.

I guess Gwen didn't react too violently to my passion for cars because she knew I was a safe driver. There has to be some reason for the patience she showed during that stage in my life.

I know now I was being typically young in my reaction to my marriage. I had so many interests and was doing so many things that at times I wasn't able to express fully and consistently the real affection I felt for Gwen. I was being selfish by trying to enjoy myself too much. It took me a while to catch on to the fact that I should never be over-

confident where my wife was concerned and that I had to remember that we were still two individuals, two free-thinking souls. I was taking too much for granted and giving too little. I suppose my attitude was typical of all young kids who are bent on having a time. It's tougher to grow up in a marriage when you're young than it is if you marry when you're a little older. You get off on a tangent of thinking too much of your own pleasures. It takes time to realize what you have to give up as far as the other person is concerned. It takes time to gain full understanding.

That is one of the biggest ways in which I have grown up.

When our baby, Donna Gwen, was born, stability began to set in to an extent. Not right off the bat—but subtly. Before she arrived on the O'Connor scene, people used to ask me what I wanted—a boy or a girl. I never knew. When Donna was born, I made up my mind—I wanted a girl. Gwen told me later that she had always secretly wanted a girl.

It was darned hard for us to realize at first that she was our baby. We kept thinking we were just taking care of someone else's child. Once I realized that I was actually a father, I began to look at things more solidly. This was definitely a contributing factor to my growing up. I knew I had to build a future not only for Gwen and me but for Donna.

Donna Gwen's arrival, however, didn't make us feel confined. We didn't suddenly reach for our slippers nor did we begin to hover about the fire. We still enjoyed a certain freedom, but really we like to spend our time at home. And there's nothing that makes you appreciate a home as much as having a baby.

We've certainly had no problems when it comes to disciplining Donna Gwen. Neither Gwen nor I has ever interfered with the other in managing the baby. If she is giving our daughter an order, I keep my mouth shut. She is equally silent when I'm assuming the dominant role of fatherhood.

I've often wondered just what big factor was responsible more than anything else for making me grow up. I think now it was the realization that the future had to be looked at with real thought—that I had to begin saving something for a rainy day.

I didn't actually learn this until fairly recently. For a long time I had received an allowance from my mother and even after Gwen and I were married this system stayed in effect. I used to try to get a buck or two on the sly from my mother when I ran low but with no luck. So I began to think that to be able to spend as much money as I wished was the greatest thing in the world. When I got out of the army and had money to do with as I pleased, I could think only of making as much as possible. I went out on personal appearance tours, I did radio broadcasts, and I made as many pictures as possible—and I went hog wild spending all I earned. I bought three homes almost at once—one for my brother, one for my mother, and one for Gwen and me. I then bought my mother and brother each a car and I bought five for myself—all expensive ones. I also went on a spending spree buying fantastic things for Gwen.

She put on the brakes first. While she loved the presents I bought her, she decided I was spending too much and began to return the things I had purchased.

She was always a good manager anyway and she decided enough was enough.

That didn't sink in with me quite so much until Gwen and I started to look for a large house to live in. It seemed we were always being shown homes that were once owned by people who had been big stars in the business. We got the life stories of such stars every time and they all had the same finish—they had lost everything because they hadn't saved a cent. I decided I wasn't going to put myself in such a spot. I wasn't going to lose my home because I couldn't pay the mortgage or the taxes. I took hold of myself and said, "Now comes the change, O'Connor." And it did come. I sold all of my cars except the Cadillac and one old French one—which is practically an heirloom. I gave up all my gun collections. I got a business manager who put Gwen and me on a strict allowance. She was allowed twenty dollars a week and I got thirty-five. However, when I found that I was always running about fifteen dollars short each week he finally upped my allowance to fifty. Much to my surprise, I've discovered I'm actually saving enough now out of that fifty to buy little surprises for Gwen and the baby—and occasionally a small thing for myself.

Believe me, the O'Connor of today, financially speaking, is quite a change from the guy of yesterday.

I think one of the biggest changes I've made in my life has been in my attitude towards my career. Before, it was just a chance to make more money to spend. Now I'm taking it far more seriously. I've set up a pattern and I've been forming plans as to where I want to go in this business. In short, I have a goal in mind for the first time. I'm not living from day to day as far as my work is concerned and, as a result, I have more happiness and security—and definitely more confidence. I realize now the importance of my job and the demands it must make of me if I'm going to get anywhere.

My work keeps me pretty busy. I have to spend a lot of time before a picture actually begins in rehearsals for the involved dance routines, such as I had in "Curtain Call At Cactus Creek." But I enjoy my work so I don't mind the extra deals handed me. And because I enjoy it I also don't mind if Gwen takes up a career—as she plans to do. I think she will have a real profession and be a fine legit' actress and comedienne in about a year and a half. She's already on the right track. She did a small part in "Yes Sir, That's My Baby" and she got the biggest laugh in the picture. I could hardly live with her for two weeks after that.

I have no objection to her having a career because I think she has talent. If I didn't think so I'd certainly speak my piece. I don't believe in kidding anyone about a thing as serious as that. However, if I felt that her career was going to interfere even mildly with our marriage I'd raise the roof. I don't think that will happen, though, because she is as intent on keeping our marriage on an even, steady keel as I am.

Everything considered, I'm glad I've grown up. I no longer look upon responsibilities and maturity as products belonging exclusively to greyhaired old ladies and men. I think the way I'm living now can be as much fun as the hip-hip-hooray carefree life of an unfettered youth. I know it's certainly much more satisfying.

And now if you'll pardon me, I must get my pipe and slippers. There's a book I want to finish.

THE END



Concrete Evidence of FAME



Wonder horse, Trigger, nuzzles affectionately against Roy, seems embarrassed as he leaves hoofprint for posterity and Sid Grauman.



Dale Evans, wearing latest western finery, sees that husband Roy Rogers comes clean for ceremony.

Roy Rogers and Trigger
make a fine impression at
Grauman's Chinese Theater



Thrill of a lifetime. King of Cowboys, helped by Sid Grauman, leaves his mark on the sidewalk in front of the famous theater.

Movieland's Counter Spy

Going shopping? Here are a few of the latest gimmicks to look for on your buying spree

READY FOR FUN, this perky getup seems to shout. It's the "Legionnaire" ensemble, made by Obadie of Hollywood, and modeled by pert Virginia Gilmore. It's just the thing for picnics, beachwear, and windy days. Also to hide your pin curls. In percale, cap and matching "feed" bag are \$1.98 each.



GIMMICK OF THE MONTH is Peggy Sage's novel "Finger Rest Package." It contains your favorite shade of polish, cotton, remover, and a clever little plastic finger rest to steady your finger as you apply polish. In a gaily flowered box (which makes it perfect for gifts), it costs 75 cents. (Plus tax, of course).



ALWAYS WELL GROOMED is the motto of this Tek Hughes kit Jane Wyman spotted for us. Called the "Copy Cat Kit," it's handy to carry wherever you go. Holds a comb and nylon-bristled hair and clothes brushes to insure your good looks. Sells everywhere for \$2 plus tax—well worth it.



TRIM IS THE WORD for this smartly tailored carry-all. It's perfect for suitwear. Designed by Lin-Bren in Madagascar hand-woven straw, it comes in two styles, and holds a matching compact, lipstick holder and comb. Available in a slew of other attractive fabrics too, and they're all priced at \$2.98.



MY FRIEND DORIS

(Continued from page 28)

they're toiling behind a lingerie counter or in front of a camera.

The second time Doris came into the store, she greeted me like an old buddy. I sold her so many things that my commission from her buying spree hiked my salary way up. But you'd have thought that I'd done *her* the favor, so appreciative was she of the time and attention I showed her in helping her shop.

I used to phone her from time to time to tell her about some new things that had come in. This is a procedure we follow with our good customers. But Doris takes nothing for granted. When I called her one day to tell her about some cashmere sweaters that had just come in, she said, "Look here, you've been so nice to me. Please come out to the studio and have lunch with me."

"But," I started to explain, "it's part of my job—"

"Job, my foot," Doris said firmly. "Do you know how to get out to Warner Brothers? How about lunch here with me tomorrow?"

Of course, I didn't have to be coaxed! When we met for lunch we jabbered away as though we'd known each other for years. Doris, at the time, was making her second picture, "My Dream Is Yours," after a very successful debut in "Romance on the High Seas." She was hot at the studio. I could tell that by the number of people who stopped by at our table to congratulate her.

With it all, however, Doris was lonely. Her little boy, Terry, was in Cincinnati and she couldn't wait until she brought Terry and her mother to live with her.

So much did she yearn for a real home atmosphere, that half the time she'd have dinner at my aunt's house, where I lived, and be happy to sleep on the studio couch in the den.

Finally, Dodo—as we call her—bought the house she'd been looking for. She burst into the store, her eyes dancing, to tell me about it.

"It's in the Valley. It's small and Early American and just what I want," she said breathlessly. "As soon as I saw it I knew this was home. It's the kind of house where you can put your feet up on the table and be yourself. I'm sending for Terry and Mom. And you're going to move in with us, too."

"Hold on," I said. "I won't do that."

"Oh yes, you will," said Doris.

"Oh no. I couldn't."

"We'll see!" She left to do some furniture shopping.

An hour later she was back.

"You'll have to move in with us," she told me mischievously. "I just bought my bedroom set—and one for you!"

I was afraid that living with Dodo might put a strain on our friendship. It cemented it all the more.

Living in the Day household is like suddenly inheriting a million laughs a day, plus a warm, wonderful friendship.

There's more to Dodo than just laughs—although she's the happiest girl I've ever seen. She's cute and she's fun, but she has a heart, too. No matter how high up she goes, her feet will always be on the ground. It's her heritage to be down-to-earth no matter what glamor trappings her career drapes on her.

Take, for instance, our first night in the new house.

"Let's scrub it clean," Doris said.

It looked clean to me, but Dodo by this time was filling two buckets with soap and water.



Two for the show. Doris Day and band leader Les Brown are making Bob Hope's all-star Hollywood show a big hit. Audiences claim Doris' freckles are an added attraction.

"Here, you take this one, and I'll take that," she said with disgusting energy.

Well, we scrubbed the house from top to bottom. She scrubbed one bathroom, I scrubbed the other. We did the floors, the walls and the shelves. And when we were through, we scrubbed the garage.

It was my friend's idea, not mine, I assure you. Dodo works hard at everything. Thank heavens she doesn't do much housework nowadays because she's too busy, but when she tackles it she's not content to vacuum a floor or dust a table. Oh, no! With her it becomes a Big Project. She has to turn the house upside down, scrub it from top to bottom, and then put it back together again.

For the first three weeks we lived in the house without a stove or refrigerator, waiting for her mother and Terry to arrive.

"The kitchen is Mom's department," said my sentimental friend. "Let her choose the stove and refrigerator she wants."

So we lived on Danish pastry and cartons of coffee sent in from the drug store until Mom came out.

Mom is wonderful. Knowing her, you understand why Dodo is the way she is. Mom is warm-hearted and loving, with merry eyes that twinkle behind her glasses, a broad smile for every situation and an overwhelming love for everyone. Terry is a seven-year-old bundle of streaked lightning with Doris' blonde hair and clear blue eyes.

Dodo must have some hidden atomic force inside of her. I still don't know how she does it, but she's always peppy, always smiling—even at six in the morning. She goes to bed with a laugh and wakes up with one. I wish I were triplets so that I could keep up with her.

Once she couldn't sleep, so she got up at four in the morning and shampooed her hair.

"I can't just lie in bed and do nothing, can I?" she said when I sleepily opened one eye and wanted to know what on earth was going on. Doris was singing and setting her hair with such appalling ambition, that I crept back under the blankets again.

If she comes home late and I'm asleep, on go the lights and Doris' husky voice calls out, "Hey, crow-type (Doris' nicknames are purely her own invention!)."

Get up and let's have coffee and some laughs."

It's always time for coffee with Dodo. We go to the kitchen, set up the coffee and talk away all night. The next day I'm as wilted as a two-hour-old soufflé; Dodo is fresh and bouncy.

Doris has a sincere philosophy of her own that all things—no matter how grim they appear to be—all work out for the best.

"Every experience you have is a stepping stone," Dodo has told me time and again when things have gone sour with either her or me.

With Doris it's not a Pollyanna act. It's on the level. She doesn't believe in wasting her time or energy in worry over a misfortune.

"It's happened," she says. "It's over. Now, what benefits can I get from it?" And darned if she doesn't always emerge with a constructive idea.

I like to get my problems off my chest to her. I value her judgment. When she sees me moping, she doesn't barge in and try to force me to talk. She says very quietly, "What's the matter, Lee? Got a problem?"

When I feel like talking, I tell her about it. Hours later, when I've forgotten all about it, Dodo will turn to me and remark, "Do you know, I've been thinking about what you've told me, and I think that it might be smart for you to do this..."

She's quick and impulsive when it comes to fun. But she thinks out serious problems intensely. When I gave up my job at the store, and then immediately regretted tossing away a pleasant job, it was my friend Dodo who took it upon herself to worry out my problem.

"You were getting in a rut there," she told me that night. "It's for the best that you gave it up. Don't take another job like it. Turn to something else. Why not take a business course and then you may be able to get a more interesting job where you can advance?"

Which is just what I did. You see, she makes sense.

Her philosophy that you learn from all your unhappy experiences has helped tide her over two ill-fated marriages.

"The first time," Dodo told me one evening as we sat in the den in our robes having coffee, "I gained something from

my marriage—my son. From the second, I learned what mistakes not to repeat, so that I'm prepared for a real marriage now."

Doris would like to get married and find lasting happiness. She first married when she was very young and didn't know what time it was. In the second, to George Weidler, a musician in the band where Dodo was the girl singer, she was carried away by the romance and the love songs that surrounded them. Away from the glamor of the band, they couldn't face the realities and everyday problems of marriage.

She and George are still friendly and Dodo has no regrets in finally securing a divorce. Once before they tried a reconciliation, but it didn't work.

"A clean break is better than hanging on and on and being miserable," Doris told me at the time. "This way, we can part before we get to hate each other."

Evenings when we sit around and talk, our conversation is often about those things that most girls talk about—men and marriage.

"It won't be easy for me to get married," Doris has told me several times. "I want this one to last, so it has to be right. There aren't many men who can take being married to a girl who's busy with a career like I am. And it would take an exceptional man to make me want to give up my work. That wouldn't be right. I doubt very much," Doris went on, "that I'll marry an actor. I'd like to marry a man in music. I get along best with people in my business."

We call ourselves—Mom, Dodo and I—three girls in search of a man! For Mom is alone and I have not yet found my dream man.

My poor boy friends have to run the gauntlet of Dodo's and Mom's scrutiny when they come calling. Heaven help the man who doesn't come up to their expectations. Not only is he off the list, but Doris does a burlesque of him that's so devastating I could never look at him without laughing after that.

Because friends talked her into it, she called in an interior decorator to do the house. After two weeks of it, she let the decorator go and is doing it herself.

"How could I let anyone else decorate the house I'm going to live in," she exclaimed. "He wanted to furnish my house for a movie star. That's not for me!"

It's taking time to do the house because Doris is a very busy girl, but on Sundays we drive out to a little antique shop in Santa Ana, fifty miles away, and if you could see Dodo's face as she prowls around and picks up something she likes, you'd know that even if it took her ten years, she has to select every last little ash tray herself.

She's changed in only one way. Dodo used to live in blue jeans and sweaters. She still wears them, but she has also become one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood. She never used to wear a hat—now she has a collection of them! With her tall, slim figure and that bright, starry look about her (nothing deadpan about Doris!) she makes clothes mean something. She gives them life—just as she livens everything about her.

She's not so serious about clothes that she can't clown when we go shopping. On those occasions, Doris parades around the store wearing, for instance, a very chic green hat with the price tag showing, and adds the final flourish by bouncing over to another counter and returning with a big, floppy red beach bag twisted around her shoulders and putting on a riotous fashion show. Everyone around howls.

That's my friend, Dodo.

THE END

HANDSOME HUNK OF SEX APPEAL!

(Continued from page 43)

man most responsible for his success. When you realize that such stars as Clark Gable and Gary Cooper make only two or three films a year, Wayne's screen output seems relatively large. But to Duke, it's actually quite small.

"You know," he says in that hesitant, self-conscious manner of his, "for years I used to work in eight to ten pictures a year. I mean really work, day after day without a letup. I was in everything I could get in. Once, I did twenty-five chapters of a Western serial in little more than two weeks, so that now working in four or five pictures a year doesn't seem very tough to me.

"Besides, I'm a guy who not only likes to work but has got to work. I've got two families to support and my monthly overhead comes to around \$2500 a month. That's a lot of dough and somebody has got to make it and that somebody is me."

The big lug is genuinely modest.

When Claudette Colbert, for example, told newsmen some years ago that Wayne was one of the finest actors she had ever played opposite, and the story came back to Duke, the tall boy merely grinned. "You know Colbert," he said. "She's just being sweet. I can't act. I never learned and I don't reckon I ever will."

Duke really believes that, notwithstanding the statement by John Ford that "Duke is the best actor in Hollywood."

"That's why he's such a wonderful guy," a friend of Wayne's recently explained. "He refuses to believe all the praise and propaganda put out about him."

Duke has played opposite practically every well-known actress in the movie colony: Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Claire Trevor, Claudette Colbert, Jean Arthur, Susan Hayward, Paulette Goddard, the list is endless. And yet, not one of his leading ladies has ever dropped a harsh word about him.

Duke never hogs the camera, he never fights about lines, he's always willing to accept advice, and he will do anything to make the girl opposite him look good.

"That's the trouble with the guy," a press agent who has worked on several of his pictures, points out. He never thinks about exploiting himself.

Duke has been a press agent's nightmare ever since he broke into pictures twenty-two years ago.

At that time, his name was Marion Michael Morrison (you can see now why his mother started calling him Duke at age 5) and he was working as a property man on the old Fox lot.

He was working there during the summer because he was a football player at the University of Southern California, and most collegiate football stars are usually in need of money, and Duke was no exception.

He weighed 210, he still does, and he was a handy man to have around when a director wanted some furniture moved.

One day, Duke was to carry a sofa on stage five when he bumped into director Raoul Walsh and knocked him down.

Duke expected to be fired that day. After all, you can't go around knocking high-priced directors down on their sensitive fannies. But instead of being fired, the boy was hired as an actor.

Walsh asked Duke to put down the sofa he was carrying and to walk for him. Duke did. Walsh liked his easy gait. The next morning, Duke was signed as an actor, and the Marion Michael Morri-

son became John Wayne.

A few weeks later, Duke was starred in "The Big Trail," and studio press agents tried to build him up as a genuine cowboy.

They gave him all sorts of questionnaires to fill out. Duke filled them out honestly. He wrote that he and his Scotch-Irish parents moved from Winterset, Iowa, his birthplace, to Lancaster, California, when he was five. He lived on a ranch for a few years and picked apricots but he never lassoed any cattle or shot any Indians or trained any horses.

When he was about to enter high school, Duke said, his family moved to Glendale, and his father bought a drug store.

In high school, Duke became a star athlete, and after failing to qualify for Annapolis, entered the University of Southern California where he played football for two years and met Josephine Saenz, a campus lovely who was later to become the mother of his four children.

Immediately, the publicity departments built Duke up into a former All-American football star. Duke was plenty good as a gridiron great, but he was never All-American. He was also never graduated because he didn't have enough money to finish his education.

Today, there's a Sigma Chi scholarship fund at USC that puts quite a few boys through that university, and the fund is supplied by Duke Wayne, but without any publicity or fanfare, which is how he got married, too.

Duke is a great believer in silence. He is not the ambitious or aggressive type. He's the good-natured, hard-working plugger.

He married Josephine Saenz, daughter of the Panamanian consul in Los Angeles in June of 1933. The wedding was performed in Loretta Young's Bel Air garden, and Loretta, of course, was bridesmaid.

In thirteen years, the Waynes were blessed with four children, two boys and two girls, and in those years, Duke worked like a demon to support his family. He worked for 20th Century, Monogram, Republic, any studio that would give him a job. Most of the roles he played were Westerns.

For years, Duke made a living but it was a living without recognition, until John Ford gave him the lead in "Stagecoach," the 1939 Academy Award winner.

Duke had worked for Ford as a prop man, and the director had always promised him that one day he would make him a big star. In "Stagecoach," he kept his word.

Duke, of course, swears by Ford. "I would rather act for John," he says, "than any man living."

It was Ford who first proved to Duke that directors aren't the temperamental, uppity, stuffed-shirts many actors make them out to be.

"It's an old story how I got to meet John," Duke says, "but I like to tell it. I was a prop man for him, you know, many years ago, earning some dough while playing football for USC.

"A lot of the guys on the lot used to come up and ask me to show how I crouched in the line, and then they'd trip me. It was a corny joke but I tried to be patient.

"One day, Ford tried it and I went flat on my face in the mud. 'Okay,' I said to him, 'let's try it again.' Only this time I

brought my knee up and let him have it in the pit of the stomach. I was sure he'd bounce me off the set and out of a job. But the man really loved it. And I've been crazy about him ever since."

When Duke was divorced from his first wife in 1945, the whole break was executed on a friendly basis. There was no "other woman" in the case, no scandal, no mess. Two very wonderful people had just outgrown each other and had come to the parting of the ways.

Duke re-married in 1946 to Esperanza Baur, a Mexican film actress he had met in that country and whom he calls "Chata" which means pugnose. They live in the San Fernando Valley, in a modified sort of ranch house which is not too far from Duke's first home. And hardly a day passes but what Duke doesn't see his kids.

When he's on a radio show, they come into Hollywood and lunch with him between rehearsals, and they all recognize him for the very wonderful father he is.

Off-screen, Duke is pretty much the same sort of character he plays on-screen, easy-going, jovial, down-to-earth and honest. He's a masterful chess player, and he loves the game, but he's never been able to beat Sidney Davis, his stand-in who also happens to be a chess champion.

Unlike other actors for whom stuntmen have to be employed in dangerous scenes, Duke insists upon performing his role in a picture, no matter what dangers it calls for.

Frequently, he'll take chances that no stunt man will. Many years ago, for example, when John Ford was shooting a submarine film, two stunt men were supposed to shoot up to the surface from the depths of a sunken sub. They refused. Without a word, Wayne dove into the water, submerged himself and played the scene.

The only time he's ever been really afraid of anything was when he accidentally shot Ward Bond in the back during a deer hunt. He drove Ward twenty-two miles to the nearest doctor and then helped the physician remove twenty-five pieces of birdshot from his friend. "That really had me worried," Duke says. "I thought old Ward was a goner."

And yet when Duke returned from that trip and newspapermen asked him if anything eventful had happened, he replied with his characteristic understatement, "Nothing much."

In order to provide his children with some sort of estate, he's purchased a hotel in Culver City, an interest in a country club, and he's hired a business manager to see that he doesn't wind up in the old folks' home when his working days are over.

His family's welfare is always the thought uppermost in his mind.

At this moment, after twenty-two years in the business, Duke Wayne stands at the very peak of his career.

Besieged by all the studios, capable of earning anywhere from \$150,000 to \$300,000 a year, dearly beloved by millions of fans, it would only be natural, it would only be human nature for his hat-size to swell at least a little bit.

But you know what that handsome hunk of rugged sex appeal said to me when I asked him the other day how it felt to be on top—how it felt to be a recognized and popular and greatly demanded actor?

"Don't kid me," he said. "I can't act. I never learned and I don't reckon I ever will."

That's John Wayne for you. They don't come any nicer.

THE END

Debbie's Day Off

Versatile is the word for Debbie. She enjoys working on the stone patio she and Tony plan for the edge of their garden.



A day off means a day spent in family style with red haired blue-eyed Melanie Jane and her very proud papa Tony Bartley.



After making "Edward My Son" for MGM, Deborah catches up with letters (hunt-and-peck-style).



She keeps two scrapbooks; one of family activities; one of her professional career.



**MGM's lovely English
star, Deborah Kerr,
divides her day off
between letterwriting,
hobbies, and adorable
daughter Melanie Jane**

CALLING DR. KAYE

(Continued from page 63)

Danny became a comedian.

With those pals who did make it, Danny was right there in spirit and frequently in person. He sweated out their exams with them and was on deck for all the bull sessions. He studied their books so hard he could coach them. As a result when they got their M.D.'s and went into practice, they indulged his passion by lending him mask, gown and gloves and letting him stand by and watch at close range while they did their stuff.

Never has he been known even to blanch at the proceedings. Everything would have been fine if he'd had sense enough to keep quiet. However, when the doctors laid down their instruments, shed their gloves and went to scrub up, he tagged right along for then it was that the discussions really taught him things. Danny might never have been found out if he had kept his mouth shut. But this was too great a strain on his will power. He had to chime in too, and then—whoops! He'd find himself in deep water so he'd lapse into doubletalk. Some of the medicos—worthy souls—weren't in on his secret. They'd ask him suspiciously, "Doctor, what did you say your name was?"

This was Danny's cue to beat a hasty retreat. Before he went to sleep that night he'd call his pals to get a complete play-by-play explanation of anything he didn't understand. As a result Danny knows as much about medicine today as any comedian who ever cut a caper!

Fate played into his hands from the beginning. Years before Danny and I ever laid eyes on each other, he used to mind my father's dental office while Dad went out to lunch. Danny insists that his weekly stipend for this chore was \$1.25 but he more than augmented it by all the dental journals he took home and forgot to return.

Soon after we'd met at Camp Tamiment where we both had come to whip up a show for the paying guests, Danny and I married on nothing a week. His first important engagement was at the Club Martinique. It was housed in the Medical Arts Building in New York City

and I wouldn't be surprised if that's why he took the job in the first place, although the \$250 he brought home weekly was a slight consideration too.

Danny loves his work but at the Martinique he had as much fun off-stage as on it. Every spare moment he had between shows, he'd spend with the doctors at the operating table. Once he was so fascinated by the show in the operating room, he showed up forty minutes late for his own performance.

"I'm sorry to be late, folks," he apologized to his audience, "but I was watching a man's left kidney being removed."

The audience, thinking this was a new gag, howled with laughter. Danny was telling the truth and nothing but!

The number of his doctor-friends grew. As Danny got to know them and they got to know Danny, Friday night at the Martinique turned into a regular doctors' and dentists' night.

Danny developed some comedy routines based on what he'd learned from the medicos. Some of these, unfortunately for you, are not for public consumption and can be given only in our living-room for a few close friends. But some he was able to use at the Martinique and he put the doctors in stitches, instead of vice versa.

The medicos and Danny formed a mutual admiration society. When Moss Hart discovered Danny and put him in "Lady in the Dark," his first big hit, he almost filled the audience with his doctor friends and they've been fans and friends ever since.

But not as much of a fan as Danny is for them!

For his first big picture break in an art layout, Danny was missing. He had vanished without a trace. I phoned; his manager phoned all around town without results. Then the phone rang and there was Our Boy breathless with excitement and calling from a hospital.

"Where in blazes are you?" asked his manager gently. "The photographers are about to leave."

"Photographers? Oh!" answered Danny in a small voice. Then rallying he said happily, "Let 'em go, pal. I can't

make it today. Complications have arisen and this operation is going to go on for hours."

"But what about the pictures?"

"They can take my picture any time. This is an unusual operation and I wouldn't miss it for the world."

Danny has long since ceased to get his learning only from his personal friends. He's a gregarious soul and on planes and trains I can be sure the Man of Distinction he'll gab with and bring home to dinner will have an M.D. or a D.D.S. after his name.

Sometimes Ellie, our cook, and I play a game. Whom will he capture this time, we ask each other. A neurologist, a urologist or a plain old-fashioned family physician? I give Ellie ten to one it will be all three!

I've learned to keep a well-stocked larder for I never know whether the doctors will number one or six.

When Danny is called upon to carve the roast or the chicken at dinner, he'll eye it speculatively and attack it as carefully as if he were preparing for an appendectomy. I'm thinking of giving him a set of clamps for his birthday.

As for me—don't imagine I don't know how it feels to be a doctor's wife. Well do I remember the time I twisted my shoulder out of commission. I went to a doctor and had it strapped. Danny couldn't wait till I returned to have a professional look at it.

"Umm," he said thoughtfully. "Uh-huh."

"For heaven's sake, what does that mean?" I demanded.

He took a closer look and clucked sadly, "Tsk-tsk! Not bad for a tape job—but I can do it better."

I was young and foolish in those days so I answered, "Oh yeah? That, I'd like to see!"

"You shall," said Danny with calm professional detachment. Before I could say "uncle," he ripped the strapping off. And before I could regain my breath, he whacked me across the shoulder and then, with nimble fingers, taped me up again.

"There," he said. "You'll find that more comfortable. Take a deep breath and see."

I took a breath—gingerly at first. Finding myself still conscious, I drew a deeper one and began to relax. Call it hypnotism if you want to, but my shoulder did feel better!

Not long ago, Danny was asked to entertain the doctors at their medical convention in Detroit. Danny was happy to oblige—and then he got a bright idea. He's usually paid \$5,000 upwards for a personal appearance. He didn't want a penny from the docs but why couldn't he barter for some free operations to give to those who can't afford them!

He suggested this tentatively and the doctors liked the idea so much that instead of volunteering ten operations as he hoped for, they signed up for a hundred.

Danny's going to have a marvelous time distributing them when he gets back from his London booking at the Palladium. By then his plan should really get going. It makes him feel pretty happy just to think of it—happier even than he is in his first picture for Warners—"Happy Times," and that's plenty.

"Even though I can't hold a scalpel," he said jubilantly, "I'll be holding it by proxy, won't I?"

Sometimes I think Danny is the layman's answer to socialized medicine. . . . Anyway, as far as I'm concerned, I'd say I definitely have a doctor in the house!

THE END



"Two wits in tune" is our title for this picture snapped when Danny visited the amazing George Bernard Shaw in England. A record of their conversation would have made history.

HOME SWEET HOMEWORK

(Continued from page 41)

the organ music played an old hymn. In the corner from which the music swelled, hidden by myriad antiques, was an old gentleman seated at a foot-operated organ, playing and humming, oblivious to everything—especially customers.

Nina had made several selections. But despite the fact that she was pressed for time, patiently waited for the old gent to complete the hymn. Then she patted him on the shoulder to inform him of her presence.

Without rising the proprietor accepted the money, made change, and returned to his music.

Nina employed the French style of covering two walls with furniture and paintings and leaving two walls blank.

She mixed all the paints herself. The living-room wainscoting was done bright white and the top of the wall Van Gogh green—a pale watery green—a color Nina discovered from her oil painting. She splashed the chair covers with blue, green and white paint to effect a harmony of color.

In addition she purchased some unpainted bookshelves, coated them with walnut paint. She covered the middles of her odd chairs with red-and-white checked oilcloth.

She spent \$83 for pale green slipcovers, and \$30 for the unpainted bookcases. The other \$40 she splurged on picture frames in which to display her own oils. Nina's been painting for 14 years, having studied with some of the finest artists both in this country and in Europe. She made her own frames, painted them rococo and baroque.

Upon completion of the project, by some miracle, the timing was right this time, and Nina went to work before the cameras. In "Johnny Allegro" she gets her first opportunity to wear glamorous clothes and turn on the Foch charm which, indeed, is plentiful—and as George Raft will testify.

Nina's superstition concerning the redecoration of her living quarters and its effect on her life was to prove true once again, however.

For not long after she completed "Johnny Allegro" in California, I ran into her in New York City. She was rehearsing a television show—her first, and was quite excited over the new medium. And, she added grinning, the California apartment would be closed down for quite a while—she was off to Chicago to play the lead in the Chicago company of "The Respectful Prostitute."

In New York Nina lived at her mother's sumptuous Sutton Place apartment, completely decorated in expensive Italian Renaissance style.

"Quite a change from my orange crates and splattered chairs," observed Nina. "What I'll do in Chicago, I can't yet say—but I doubt I'll furnish again."

Nina is an ambitious girl. She would like to achieve the ultimate success in her profession. But she has built no castles in the air. Her beau, Broadway actor Kermit Kegley, takes a dim view of Hollywood, so that it is a question where Nina will ultimately settle.

"I have lived comfortably all my life," she says, "and all I want is to continue to live that way. A modest home and a successful career are my only wishes."

If I may offer a prediction, Nina will have all that and more—including, perhaps, a good-looking and talented Broadway actor—to share them with.

The End

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Jimmy Edwards is keen to make good as an actor. His next role may be in Warners' "Young Man with a Horn."

Meet

JAMES EDWARDS

★ By this time, even if you live in the most remote hamlet in the United States, you have heard of that exciting and thrilling tale out of the South Pacific called "Home of the Brave." If you've seen the picture, you must have been impressed with the fine, sincere acting of James Edwards, who plays one of the five men who undertake a dangerous mission. If you still haven't seen the picture, we hope you will lose no time in seeing it for it is a rare and moving experience—an excitement-thrill-packed movie that will hold you enthralled.

We'd like you to meet James Edwards, the young actor who plays one of the leading roles, for Edwards is one of the few serious Negro actors to make his mark in the movie industry. Stars like Lena Horne and Bill Robinson have contributed much towards films in which they've appeared but they have always been seen frankly as high-class vaudevillians.

Jimmy Edwards is something else again. He is a Negro actor who brings his fine acting ability to pictures. He is a good-looking, intelligent performer who, unlike previous members of his race who have registered in Hollywood, is not being sold as a comedian, singer or dancer. And that's news.

Edwards is currently getting critical plaudits all over the country for his sympathetic and carefully delineated portrait of a confused G.I. in "Home of the Brave," and he is portrayed as a human being, with the same complexes, fears and other emotions that have been limited, dramatically at least, to members of the white race.

In the movie, there is a scene in which

By
TOM DE VANE

"Home of the Brave" introduces a talented newcomer to the ranks of Hollywood stars

the major tells one of the men: "Since we came to this island, I forget that Mossy's colored." The soldier answers simply: "I never notice that you're white!"

The whole point of the picture is that men are men—no matter what the color of their skin.

Jimmy Edwards is a tall, well-built, good-looking young man with intense sincerity. He is a native of Muncie, Indiana, where he was born on March 6th about 30 years ago. He graduated from the high school at Hammond, Indiana, and later attended Indiana University, where he specialized in track and basketball. Like most other young men his age, he went into uniform shortly after the war started, and was discharged as a first lieutenant in the infantry.

He was always interested in acting—and was determined to try his hand at it. He got his first chance in Chicago, and played at the Goodman Theater there. Jimmy's first big break was playing the gangster in "The Petrified Forest."

Jimmy tells his story from here: "I didn't work steadily—and since I had gotten married, and needed security, I joined three other fellows in a nightclub act called 'Four Kings of Strings.' We did very well for ourselves for a year or so—and I was making about \$350 a week. But I still wanted to act. I had been under consideration for the lead in 'Deep Are the Roots,' and finally, when they were casting the road-show company, I had a phone call to come to New York. I talked it over with the other boys in the act and they agreed that it might be my big chance. So I left by plane on several hours' notice, and the



Jimmy (left), Lloyd Bridges and Frank Lovejoy are thrown together while on a dangerous mission in the Pacific. Each man is different—yet they have the same hopes.

next day I was reading for Elia Kazan, the director."

The success story, however, was not quite ready to start. Kazan said that Edwards was much too inexperienced, and so Edwards became understudy to Gordon Heath, star of the New York company—as well as assistant stage manager—at about \$50 a week.

"My former partners wanted me back but I was determined to stick it out," Jimmy recalls. "I stayed in New York, and worked very hard. I joined a group sponsored by 'Stage for Action.' We met several times a week, reading plays and rehearsing with the best directors. That's when I got the Shakespeare bug," he added.

After playing "Deep Are the Roots" in Minneapolis, Edwards came to Los Angeles to repeat his success for 16 weeks at the Belasco Theater. Through Betsy Blair, Gene Kelly's actress wife who was also in the play, he met many film personalities, including Robert Ryan, whom he had known briefly in the service.

It was Ryan who got him a role in his film, "The Set-Up," and later introduced him to Stanley Kramer, producer of "Home of the Brave."

Producer Stanley Kramer, a man of keen perceptions, bought "Home of the Brave" because of its challenging theme. The protagonist originally was a young Jewish soldier, but "Gentleman's Agreement" and "Crossfire" had taken the edge off this subject.

Still, it was a story of racial prejudice, and under cover of the strictest secrecy, it was filmed after writer Carl Foreman had made a very few minor changes.

"No one even knew that we had made the picture until it was all over," Jimmy Edwards told me. "Stanley just told people that he was making tests for a western. I went in through the studio auto gate, and ate my meals on the set—just so people wouldn't ask questions. Everyone working on the picture was sworn to secrecy—and strangely enough, no one talked.

"I am not so much interested in any personal praise I have gotten from 'Home of the Brave,'" he continued seriously. "The main thing is that it may encourage other young Negroes to attempt dramatic

careers without feeling that they have to do buck-and-wing dancing or sing torch songs."

And to prove his sincerity, Edwards is now starting a new career as a dramatic instructor. He is "screening" several hundred young Negro men and women, and will soon select 15 or 20 who have a real love for the theater, and promise to be conscientious in their studies.

"Someone has to help them," Jimmy says simply. "And I feel that there is a definite place for Negro actors in both the theater and the movies. Luckily, I had Robert Ryan to help me—or I never would have gotten started!"

Edwards now has a two-picture contract with Stanley Kramer, who will choose his future roles with extreme care. And the actor himself is hoping to play with the London "Old Vic" players in the near future. Working with Laurence Olivier is Jimmy's idea of actor's heaven.

Edwards has been married and divorced, and has a 5-year-old son named George who is his pride and joy. Young George will visit his father in California this fall, and Jim can hardly wait.

Besides his son, Edwards is also extremely proud of his younger brother, Chase Edwards. Chase was the great track star who in 1944 broke the previously all-time high record of Jesse Owens for the 100-meter dash. Now he is a surgeon, studying in Vienna—and Jimmy hopes to visit him within the next year.

There is a part that the new actor is dying to play in "Young Man With a Horn" at Warner Brothers. This is the fictionalized story of the late, great trumpeter, "Bix" Biederbeck, and has a background of jazz and blues, which Jimmy loves. Kirk Douglas is to star, with Lauren Bacall—and everyone is rooting for Jim to get the part of the hero's best friend.

"But I'm not counting on it too much," says Edwards, philosophically. "You can't rush things—especially careers."

James Edwards is an intelligent, serious-minded chap, but with a saving grace of humor that makes him a welcome newcomer to the ranks of Hollywood stars.

THE END

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(Continued from page 54)



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Victor—as he did when he was a bach-
elor—likes to stay up half the night. He
can do with less sleep than any man you
have ever known.

As long as he gets a catnap from five
to seven—when he has to go to work—
he's all set for the day. He's a boy with
more energy than fifty lion cubs.

On the other hand, Dorothy needs her
regular eight hours' sleep, with perhaps
an extra one for good measure. So, after
Victor leaves for work, she gets back in
bed and stays there all day. She gets
up in time to greet Victor and stay up
with him until dawn. She's simply turned
her nights into days, and everybody's
happy.

If they have a major problem it's just
that Vic's love of people is something he
will never outgrow. The house is full
of his friends all the time, at all hours
... as soon as Vic walks in the door. Or
he will go over to see friends, make new
ones, stay until they almost throw him
out bodily.

"We simply don't have enough time
alone together," says Dorothy. Wherever
Vic has gone, his whole life, he has been
surrounded by people. It has not changed
with marriage.

But all this zest for living is not being
spent on thin air. In the past, many of
his friends felt that if he would spend
his time on his career instead of just
throwing it away, there would be no lim-
its to his success.

Although Victor was on the shining
path before he and Dorothy were mar-
ried, with such terrific pictures as "My
Darling Clementine" and "Kiss of Death"
under his belt, he has never really set-
tled down as seriously to his career as
he has this past year.

Recently, after his stint over at Para-
mount in "Samson and Delilah" and the
new Betty Hutton picture, "Red, Hot and
Blue," his agent got a letter from Director
John Farrow, as follows:

*"We want to thank Mr. Mature for
his extreme cooperation. Almost en-
tirely due to his all-out effort, we
brought the picture in under sched-
ule and under budget. He always*

*knew his lines perfectly when he
walked on the set in the morning.
We had very few retakes because he
knows his craft so well. When he
was hired at Paramount, we thought
he might not be all business. But
we have found he is a business of-
fice's dream boy."*

A lot of fans will find him their dream
boy, too. In De Mille's three-million-
dollar "Samson and Delilah," Vic isn't
just a bare-chested bronze god, he comes
through with the wonderful acting di-
rectors have come to expect since his
return from the Navy.

Now that he's also budget-conscious,
the whole industry is taking notice. For
his powerful box office draw has long
been known. A great part of this new
recognition of Mature, the actor, is be-
cause he's no longer an odd ball. Pro-
ducers are beginning to think of him as
an earnest, gifted actor rather than a
handsome guy who escorts the glamor
girls to all the swank spots.

Because Dorothy is a non-professional,
she has had to learn about being mar-
ried to an actor. They are a different
breed.

"I don't know what I expected," she
told me, laughing rather helplessly. "I
knew him long enough before we were
married to know about his habits. But
sometimes I could do with a quiet eve-
ning by the fireside."

Victor has changed in many respects
since marriage, but he hasn't changed
that much!

Indeed, there are many ways in which
he lives almost as he did before. His bills
still go to his business manager. He
never sees them, but then neither does
he see his salary, either.

He gives Dorothy her own personal
allowance. They have a woman in by
the day to look after Michael, but this
leaves them without a baby-sitter at
night. However, Vic is adored by the
neighborhood boys, and a fourteen-year-
old boy stays with Mike when Vic and
Dorothy are out—which is practically
every night.

Very soon now, Vic's mother is coming



A torrid scene is set when Vic makes like a repentant husband, sprawled on a semi-circular divan with curvaceous Lizbeth Scott. Look for this episode in RKO's "Interference."

out to see them. Dorothy must be a joy to Mrs. Mature because Dorothy handles all correspondence. Victor is not a boy who likes to write letters. He'd rather send wires, telephone, anything but get out a pen and write.

When Vic and I were close friends, I used to write to his mother for him. Now that Dorothy has taken over the letter-writing, Victor must be very happy. For he loves his mother and he loves his friends. He means to write, but he never gets around to it.

Dorothy is not an extrovert, so she and Vic are well mated. He likes to engage in animated conversation. When the spotlight is on him, he responds like a real trouper. He holds a whole room entranced. He can make any party a sensational success.

Dorothy, on the other hand, is a quiet girl who likes to sit in a corner and listen to one person all evening. She's very proud that Victor can brighten a party, but it's the last thing in the world she could ever do.

One thing that is hard for her to get used to is the demands of publicity. She's not used to discussing how she feels about Victor, their marriage, rumors of separation and all the intimate things the press feels it has a right to know.

Vic protects her from interviews. He discusses his pictures with her; she knows all he is doing in his career and is trying to do, but talking she leaves gratefully to him. She appreciates the fact that Victor is sensitive enough about her feelings to keep her out of the limelight.

Now and then, the gossip grapevine starts the rumor that the Matures are breaking up. The gossip has foundation in the fact that Dorothy and Victor fight like a couple of kids. They fought this way before they were married, and marriage has not solved the situation.

They have personality clashes over almost everything. Victor has to have the radio going full blast twenty-four hours a day, or he feels lonesome. They like different kinds of people. They like different kinds of amusement.

And yet she adds, "Still, if Vic weren't

the kind of a guy he is, I guess I wouldn't love him." However, you sense that she didn't expect the hectic existence would go on with atom-bomb energy after they were married.

Then there's jealousy. With Dorothy at home all day while Victor makes love to glamorous movie stars, you'd think Dorothy would be jealous of him. The truth is that it's the other way around. If he calls her from work, and she's out for lunch or something, he doesn't come home. He'll show her! When they do get together, the words fly.

"He's not stubborn, though," says Dorothy. "He makes up. I'm the one who holds out. But, then, of course," she adds practically, "I'm the one who didn't stay out!"

Sometimes when Victor gets jealous, it seems as if two little children were trying to see who could hurt each other the most. But it's all over as fast as it was begun. They are holding hands and looking starry-eyed. They are in love, and it shows. Then he will start telling you how wonderful Dorothy is and how she's so completely understanding.

This is typical. Victor will tell you he has the most wonderful friends in the world; the director on his current picture is the most wonderful he has ever worked with; Michael is the most wonderful kid in the world—he's a man of vivid enthusiasms. So, it only follows he would feel more so about Dorothy, build her up, praise her to people, put her on a pedestal.

Dorothy views all this with rueful honesty. "You know, Alyce," she says, "I love him for saying that I'm so understanding and everything—but I'm not. I raise holy ned. I get hurt and I hurt back. We really have some bang-up fights. I'm no angel."

That's what I like about Dorothy more than anything else: her terrific honesty. Besides this, her terrific loyalty. For she thinks Victor—wild and unpredictable as he may be to this day—is the most charming, intelligent, handsome, and wonderful guy in the world.

THE END

I'LL TAKE THE U. S. A.

(Continued from page 49)

room window. Ah, America!

The servant problem in England is quite difficult and although we immediately applied to the local agencies for help, there was no one to be had—nor even a promise for the future.

I had dreamed of assembling "my staff" in England (HA!). I was quite surprised in the next two days to find myself on hands and knees in the kitchen, scrubbing up coal dust and grease. Robin took on the walls and higher spots. However, it required most of his time to keep the coal fires burning in order to have hot water for the scrubbing.

Between my menial chores, I rose to the high station of cook. After each meal I smelled exactly like the food we had eaten, for there is no such thing as ventilation in an English kitchen. Robin had to return to the field in the midst of our cleaning-up, although he was on semi-leave in preparation for our trip to the continent.

While he was gone, I leapt from fire to fire with the coal bucket in hopes of keeping the house warm.

There is the furnace in the ante-room near the garage; the coal fire in the kitchen, the fireplace in the sitting room and one in our bedroom—all to maintain! It was a full time job.

Occasionally small cute children knocked on the door and I rushed at them with bucket in hand and soot all over. They looked frightened and soon scurried away with soot-smearing autograph books in their hands, looking back furtively at a female in black-face who posed as a movie actress.

Our house in Selsey is a twelve-room affair of typical English architecture. The bedrooms are on the second floor, and our own room has its private bath. The other bedrooms open onto a hall and one bathroom is shared by all guests.

In each of the rooms there is a wash-basin, something I have never seen in America. Downstairs, the sitting room adjoins the entrance hall and stairway, and there is a most peculiar arrangement from kitchen to dining room.

Instead of a door there is a waist-high butler's pantry. From the kitchen, the food is pushed through to the butler who stands in the dining room. Before we had any help, I gave a dinner party for eight. I ran at a fast trot between kitchen and dining room with doors slamming behind me, attempting to serve people nicely. For a table cloth, I used a bed-spread and since the dishes were inadequate, they had to be washed between courses.

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Before our escape to the continent, I discovered, much to my disgust, that I had three weeks' laundry staring me in the face. Considering the facilities, this little job would be quite an undertaking.

First there would be the coal burner to stoke for hot water. After six buckets of coal, and blowing on embers till I was blue in the face, the water was luke warm.

The next project was to string up rope in the kitchen to hang the clothes, for nowhere else would they dry. I got through the washing all right, after three hours. The kitchen bulged with panties, nylons, slips and other intimate details.

There was a knock on the door. I opened it and saw, to my deep chagrin, the local preacher. He explained rather hurriedly, as he looked at me, that he had first knocked at the front door, but there being no answer, wandered to the back. I asked him to come in.

As he stepped into the kitchen, he ignored the female apparel so rakishly displayed. He sat at the table while I fixed him some coffee. He asked me about our religion and about our length of stay in England and if we wished to attend his church.

He was a kindly sort of man, and I was embarrassed for him, for all the while he talked, nylons flapped in his face and he had to keep brushing them gently away from his head. The panties hung directly above the kitchen table and were making great pools of water on the oil-cloth. I'm afraid that some of the water dripped in his coffee, but he didn't seem to notice.

It is rather anti-climactical to say I've never been to his church—I've always been ashamed for fear he might wonder whether I was wearing the pink ones or the blue.

Our trip to Paris and Switzerland was a huge success and we returned to Selsey with our wallets sagging limply in our pockets and with ten suitcases full of dirty clothes. We had stuffed ourselves on the good wine and food of the continent. We had stripped ourselves of all money in the various night-clubs and entertainment places and only a few post-cards (obtained in Paris naturally) remained to remind us that we had finished with a grand and glorious vacation.

We unpacked, only to pack again the next day. Robin was required to go to Scotland for three weeks' gunnery school and he dropped me off in London. I sorted our letters of introduction, and dropped slightly formal notes to everyone, announcing our long awaited arrival.

One of my first social engagements in London was a formal dinner party given by The Honorable and Mrs. Astor. I dressed with care in a tasteful Travis Banton costume and arrived at their home promptly at eight o'clock. The butler took my wrap and I followed him, at a discreet distance, up the stairs to the drawing room.

He opened the door with a slight bow, and when I passed him for my entrance, he bellowed, "MRS. OLDS." The declaration bounced from wall to wall in the quiet room and I rose fully six inches from the floor.

Although poise had taken to the wind, I managed to make a landing with wheels down and proceeded timidly into the room to greet my host. I was amazed to discover that the dinner party was in my honor. The guests were lovely people and ranged from a member of Parliament to the minister of finance of Shanghai.

As we drifted into dinner, I felt warmed by their friendliness. The table was beautifully appointed and as I was being seated to the right of my host, I noticed

there was a bountiful array of wine glasses at each place.

It is not generally the custom in America to have a different wine with each course, and I thought this was a magnificent idea. Our first course and wine was served and as I dilly-dallied with my glass, waiting for our hostess to begin, the guests were rather quiet.

Rising to the occasion, I began a spirited conversation with the gentleman on my right and still there was an ominous silence. Everyone was looking in my direction and I began to wonder what in the world I had done wrong.

Some minutes passed before I realized that it is the custom in England for the guest of honor to begin. Furtively I picked up my fork and we were off to a marvelous dinner. Thank heavens there was candle light and the blush on my face faded in the flickering flame.

In London I hired a little English woman with blue hands and a blue nose (I have never determined whether the blue was from port wine or the cold) and brought her back to Selsey as housekeeper. Well!! She soon dispensed with her gentle attitude and during the four weeks she was here, I was continually in a state of aggravation and agitation.

The American food we prized so highly from the Embassy Commissary was sniffed at and pronounced as being "rotten stuff." Each meal there was an argument because she wanted to boil everything from roast beef to duck. We had hot water for a bath only when she got good and ready to light the furnace, and I crept through the house in terror for fear she would catch me snooping. When the couple we finally hired—Robert and Simon—arrived, I welcomed them tearfully and gratefully and the monster was dispatched to London. Her parting bit of sarcasm, as she stepped out of our nice shiny Buick was that America builds big cars because we have an inferiority complex!!!

Now that the house is clean and Robert and Simon are here, we are happy in England. It seems like home. We are lucky to have them and hope fervently they will accompany us to California.

H-o-m-e has grown to mean a great deal to us. Of all the countries we have seen, there is only one America. In Europe you learn to appreciate the fact that you are an American citizen. Taking the risk that 47 states will be offended (especially Florida) I will say that there is no place like California.

Of course this may be because in Beverly Hills there is a house we call our own. Near us are my Mother and Dad whom I miss very much. There is also Bunny and her son Rip and although they are only dogs, they are part of our family.

I can hardly wait to step out into our own patio, filled with sunshine, or jump into my yellow convertible with the street car bell, speed to the nearest drive-in and order five hamburgers (everything on 'em) and five big chocolate milkshakes.

Yes, I am already counting the days to our return. The house will be jammed with friends and family. There will be cocktails with ice and magnificent hors d'oeuvres. Bunny and Rip will leap through the house with Mr. Poo close on their heels.

Robert and Simon will serve their first American party. You, I hope, and your lovely daughter will be there and it will be a grand celebration, for the Major and his Mrs. will be Home, Coldwater Canyon, USA.

Affectionately,

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Beauty Spot

By
ANNE
ANSLEY

Hands up! Do your paws bear close inspection?
They should speak eloquently of loving care

★ You've brushed your hair until it gleams, your make-up is faultless, and your dress is in the latest style. But hold on. Let's have a look at your hands!

Your little paws are a dead give-away to your personality, you know. Ragged nails, half bitten away and straggly, will shout to anyone near that here's a gal who doesn't give a darn how she looks. Dry, coarse skin is accusing evidence that the dishpan or the weather has left you so limp that you just can't be bothered to remedy the situation. And it can be remedied!

Everyone—but everyone—knows hands should be washed thoroughly in warm soapy water. But washing is only half of the battle. Rinsing is important, too, for the soap left on leaves a drying film. Another thing, be sure to dry your hands carefully, pushing the cuticles back. Then, give them a liberal going-over with a good hand cream. (Experts suggest you keep the cream on for at least 15 minutes.) Now you're ready for a manicure:

1. Remove old polish

Moisten a piece of cotton with oily polish remover. Hold this on your nail for a moment, then wipe down toward tip in a single stroke. This method keeps polish from "decorating" the rest of your hands.

2. File your nails

An emery board is the best instrument for shaping, unless your nails are extremely hard. (In this case use a nail-file, reserving the emery board to smooth the edges.)

File nails from the side to the center; don't saw back and forth. Try not to file too closely at the corners, because this causes calloused cuticles, and weakens the nail's support.

3. Push cuticles back

Do not cut your cuticles; they'll only grow back thicker.

Use an orange stick wrapped lightly in cotton to work cuticle back. Start from the base of the nail at the center, and gently move up and out, as if making up your lips.

If you have hangnails, use a nail scissors or cuticle nippers to remove them.

4. Apply polish

Two coats of polish applied carefully should last for days and days . . . especially if you remove a hairline from the tip of each nail with your thumb as you go. Make sure the first coat is absolutely dry before applying the second; fifteen minutes between each coat allows them to dry thoroughly, and insures a long-lasting manicure.

Avoid using a too-full brush. Best method to apply polish is to cover the nail by one stroke across the base, one stroke on either side, and one down the center. After the second coat of polish has dried completely, apply a colorless overcoat lightly. You'll find your manicure won't chip so easily if you extend the overcoat over the hairline, and under the tip of the nail.

Let's face it—lovely hands aren't a luxury. If you really want lovely hands—you can have them.



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SIX GOING UP!

(Continued from page 61)

the worst. Who'd have guessed that the fast-talking sports announcer would have become a smash hit in his first stage role? But that's exactly what happened.

After that every studio tried to sign him up. He was nervous when he started his first picture, "A Letter" for 20th, but when it was reviewed his worries were over. He was the shining light of an excellent picture that was filled with fine performances. Everyone began raving about Paul Douglas. He took a deep breath and signed a long-term contract with 20th. He was immediately rushed into "It Happens Every Spring" with Jean Peters and Ray Milland, then into "Everybody Does It" with Linda Darnell. Betty Grable wants him as her next leading man. The guy is so hot that he could be quintuplets. In fact, Hollywood producers wish he were. They could use plenty more like him!

Paul was once married to Virginia Field but it ended in divorce. They have a three-year-old daughter named Maggie. On the personal side he's as exuberant as he appears on the screen. He's a tall hunk of man with massive shoulders and twinkling blue eyes. He makes friends easily, everywhere, and is a wonderful conversationalist, breezy and witty. On or off the screen, the guy's dynamite.

Marie Windsor looks like the kind of girl to whom things come easy. You know what I mean—tall, beautiful in a languorous way with exotic green eyes and red hair. You saw her as the sexy, hard-boiled wife of the gambler in "Force of Evil" and as the sultry desert princess in George Raft's "Outpost in Morocco."

But for all of Marie's lavish physical endowments she's a girl going places because she worked hard to make an actress of herself. No short cuts for Marie, although her spectacular looks might have been enough to get her into pictures.

Marie's a small town girl, although she doesn't look it. Sleek and sophisticated, you'd never guess she comes from Marysvale, Utah, which she describes as "a country town at the end of the railroad." A beauty winner and a champ horseback rider as a youngster, she rolled up a multitude of titles in the home state, such as being chosen "Utah's Covered Wagon Day Queen," "Miss Utah" and "Miner's Day Queen" among others. That's what decided her on turning to an acting career.

Instead of trying to crash the film gates on beauty alone, she headed for the best dramatic classes in Hollywood. Now and then she did bits in pictures, but all her salary went for more dramatic training with the best coaches she could afford.

"There were times," she says, "when I only ate if someone took me out to dinner." But she never stinted on her dramatic studies.

Marie went on the road with a vaudeville show for the experience of playing before live audiences. Then came New York and some stage roles. That's how M-G-M discovered her and brought her back to Hollywood with a contract. Marie waited around for almost two years without working before the cameras. Instead of beefing about it she took advantage of all the training the studio offered its contract players, studying dramatics, voice and dancing with the teachers on the lot.

Marie was caught in the studio payroll trimming and went out on her own. By

this time she was ready for bigger things and in quick succession came "Force of Evil," "Outpost in Morocco" and the lead in a Republic western with William Elliott called "Hellfire."

No one will believe that Marie does all her own stunt riding in the picture. She doesn't look the type. But take our word for it, she does! As a matter of fact, there isn't much Marie can't do. She's a crack shot, makes her own clothes, is a talented painter and sculptress, writes free verse, cooks and as a culmination of all talents, she can milk a cow!

Preston Sturges saw Marie and was so intrigued with her that he wrote a special scene in "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" just for her. She plays a French dance hall girl. Oh yes, she can do a can-can, too!

John Derek looks like a younger Tyrone Power—dark, intense, poetic-looking—and we'll go out on a limb and predict that when he's seen in the Humphrey Bogart picture "Knock On Any Door" he'll hit the movie fans like an atom bomb.

What makes John such a comer is that where his extremely handsome face might hurt another actor who would immediately be termed "pretty boy," John has such fire and vitality that his combination of looks and personality puts him in the sensational class.

To give you an idea of the type of guy he is, John created his own movie break. He'd been under contract to 20th Century-Fox (after he came out of the Army) and for three years sat out his contract without making a picture. The trouble was that most producers thought of John as the typical juvenile, and handsome juveniles were a dime a dozen.

One day John read the best-selling thriller "Knock On Any Door" and became obsessed with the idea that he must play the role of Nick Romano, the baby-faced killer. Nick was a boy who'd gone wrong, a brooding, sullen fellow who is the pivotal character in the story. When he learned that Bogart was going to make the picture at Columbia Studios he went there and begged that he be given a chance to try out the role.

Finally, he had a reading. While John read, Bogie sat in the background watching closely. When John finished, Bogie came forward and shook his hand. "I'm not supposed to tell you so soon, but you have the part."

John was born right in Hollywood where his mother was a former screen beauty. He's married to Patti Behrs, a cute starlet whom he met when they were both under contract to 20th. He's as hot as a be-bop rhythm and from all indications should be a new bobby-sox rave. Wait and see!

Jayne Meadows is a girl you're not likely to forget. By sheer force of personality and talent she stole all honors in Samuel Goldwyn's "Enchantment" with her vivid portrayal of the embittered sister who breaks up the romance between David Niven and Teresa Wright. In fact, this performance earned her an Academy Award nomination.

In real life, as well as on the screen, Jayne is a colorful character. She's tall and striking, somewhat on the style of Katharine Hepburn but younger and warmer. She's a study in animated action, a torrent of bright, spirited talk.

Born in China, the daughter of mis-

sionaries, Jayne lived in the Orient as a young child until the family was bombed out. She grew up in Providence, R. I., and after sundry and odd jobs she broke into acting through the back door of an overseas USO troupe. Then came the stage and that's how she was discovered by an M-G-M talent scout. In Hollywood her resemblance to Katharine Hepburn was noticed and she played Katie's sister in "Undercurrent."

Jayne's real name is Jane Cotter, but when she worked in "Lady in the Lake" with Robert Montgomery an amusing thing happened. The other girl in the picture was Audrey Totter. Bob started to introduce the two girls: "Miss Cotter—Miss Totter; Miss Totter, Miss Cotter; Cotter-Totter, Totter, Cotter."

Everyone laughed and Jayne latched on to a family name, Meadows, after that. She did a number of pictures, including "Luck of the Irish" when Goldwyn, who was looking for an actress with great dramatic ability for the role of Selina in "Enchantment," sent for Jayne. After talking to her for five minutes he signed her.

A cosmopolite, Jayne's been around the world twice. And wouldn't you know that her wedding would take place on another continent? Last summer she married writer-director Milton Krims—and they said their vows in the very romantic setting of Rome, Italy. The bridegroom was busy working there on "Prince of Foxes," the Tyrone Power picture. She and Milton honeymooned in Europe and then returned here. Jayne loves to travel, but we have a hunch she'll be staying put in Hollywood. She's too much in demand to have much time for globe-trotting.

* * *

If there's such a thing as a male Cinderella, John Russell is it. Many amazing stories have come out of Hollywood, but the way John was discovered is one of the most incredible of all.

John's one of 20th Century-Fox' most promising young male stars. He's over six feet tall, has wavy black hair and the physique of a football player. You saw him as one of Gregory Peck's outlaw cronies in "Yellow Sky" and he plays Linda Darnell's husband in "Slattery's Hurricane."

John was born in Los Angeles but although he lived within the aura of the film capitol he never thought of becoming an actor. It was the last thing he ever dreamed of.

John had seen over two and a half action-packed years in the Marines. He'd been in Guadalcanal where he picked up malaria and he'd really been through the works.

When he received a medical discharge back in 1944 he and his bride decided to celebrate in a small Beverly Hills night club. He hadn't made any plans for the future—he was only out of service two days—but he thought he'd go into the insurance business or something like that.

As he and his wife were having dinner, a man came up to him and introduced himself as Herbert Tobias, an agent.

"You should be in pictures," started Tobias.

"Go away," said John. "You must be crazy."

"I'm not," persisted Tobias. "I'm an agent. I think you're good movie material and I can help you."

"Not interested," said John attacking his steak.

"Just a minute," spoke up John's wife, Renata. "How much money can he make as an actor?"

Tobias smiled. "More than he ever

dreamed of—if he's successful."

"Honey, you'd better listen to the man," said Renata.

That settled it. They made an appointment to meet the next day. John never believed that anything would come of it. How could he? Here he was, a guy without a day's dramatic experience, just plain average Joe American. Because he'd promised to meet Tobias he kept the date, but he began to feel like a fool about the whole thing.

What happened after that is almost unbelievable, but I assure you it did happen: Tobias took John to 20th Century-Fox. They gave him a screen test that day. John was so positive that the whole thing was a joke that he didn't even bother to feel nervous. Which is probably why the most astounding thing of all happened: his screen test was terrific and he was signed to a contract!

He's on his way to stardom and the studio picks him as a winner. He's easy-going and natural on the screen and has a boyish appeal.

As for John, even after five years, he still can't get over the wonder of how the whole thing happened. "I continue to be amazed and dumbfounded every single day," he says with awe in his voice.

* * *

This is Susan Perry's year. First of all, she was chosen by Humphrey Bogart to be his leading lady in "Knock On Any Door" (the film that gives John Derek his break, too).

Getting Humphrey Bogart and Mel Torme in one year is quite something, and Susan's making progress on the screen and off!

Susan was well-known in Hollywood's gayer circles when, under the provocative name of Candy Toxtton, she was one of the most popular belles in town. She used to be seen at Ciro's and Mocambo and people would ask, "Who's that beautiful girl?"

"Candy Toxtton," the reply would be.

So after building up a glamorous reputation as "Candy Toxtton" wouldn't you know that when she got her big movie break the first thing they did was to change her name!

Susan (her real name is Florence Tockstein) is from Vienna, Missouri. Which reminds me that when Bogie and Lauren Bacall took Susan to a party not long ago they told everyone she was from Vienna, but didn't bother explaining that it was the Vienna in good old Missouri. Susan went along with the gag by speaking with a heavy European accent and a famous producer was hot on her trail trying to sign up "that exotic foreign actress."

But to get on—Susan's a gorgeous number. She's tall, well-molded with long brown hair and green eyes. It was inevitable that with such obvious beauty Susan would go into acting or modeling. She tried modeling first and then came to Hollywood where she did summer stock. That's how she happened to be spotted by Bogart who was looking for a leading lady for his Santana Productions picture.

THE END

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BABY-SITTER PROBLEM

Dear Miss Crawford:

I have a very terrible and important problem to discuss with you.

Two years ago one of my best girlfriends married a man in this town. A year later they had a baby. My girlfriend then asked me if occasionally I would work as a baby-sitter. I agreed.

For a while everything was fine. But lately when my girlfriend isn't at home and I am watching her child, her husband comes home from work and starts to make passes at me. I tell him not to be silly and to act his age but he insists that he doesn't care for his wife any more and wants only me.

If I tell my girlfriend I don't want to watch her child any more, I'm sure she'll be hurt. And if I do watch her child, I know her husband is going to make trouble. I'm really between the devil and the deep blue sea. Won't you please help?

Joan L.
Wilson, N. C.

I think that you'd best give up your job as a baby-sitter. Should your girlfriend ask you why, I'm sure you're capable of dreaming up several tactful answers. Tell her you want more time for yourself or that you need your evenings for dates or studying or some form of relaxation. Don't tell her, of course, that you think her husband a cad. I'm sure she'll find out herself in good time. It's also a good pol-

icy to avoid temptation. You can avoid it by staying away.

PARENTAL PROBLEM

Dear Miss Crawford:

Have my parents the right to tell me to whom I should get married?

I'm eighteen years of age and I want to marry a lieutenant in the Air Force. My folks, on the other hand, want me

to marry a boy I grew up with. He's a nice chap and he's a school teacher and I guess he makes a good living, but I don't love him.

I'm in love with my lieutenant. He's going to leave the Air Force pretty soon and look around for a job in aviation. My parents insist that he'll never be able to support me. And because of this we argue all the time. What do you think I should do?

Helen L.
Waterbury, Conn.

I think you should certainly never marry any man you don't love no matter what his financial position. By the same token, I'm sure your parents have only your welfare at heart. If you explain to them that you don't love this school teacher, I'm sure they won't force you into marrying him. It might be a good idea for you to wait until your lieutenant gets out of the service and lands a job. Then, you can have some small idea of what the future holds for your marital life.

SUDDEN SILENCE

Dear Miss Crawford:

You've been around with a lot of men. I wonder if the experience I am having with one of them is typical of the entire tribe.

A few months ago I met a young gentleman at a dance who began to rush me. He seemed quite taken with me and called me for five consecutive dates. We went rowing and dancing and picnicking, and I must say that I began to have a strong liking for this man. He felt similarly about me and told me so.

Three weeks ago we went to the movies. He took me home and told me he would call me. He hasn't called me since. What should I do?

Margaret C.
Providence, R. I.

I think you ought do nothing. If this beau is genuinely fond of you, he will take the lead and seek out your company. Men sometimes react very strangely to seemingly innocuous statements. You may have innocently said something that offended him, or he may have just gotten tired. It's been my experience that the most lasting friendships with men begin slowly. My advice is to do nothing.

SELFISH SELMA

Dear Miss Crawford:

I have a sister who is undoubtedly the most selfish girl in the world. I'm nineteen and she's seventeen and she's the baby of the family and perhaps that's why she's spoiled.

Anyway, whenever she has a date, she takes my best clothes and goes out, regardless of anything I might have scheduled for that night.

For example, last night I went to a movie and found her sitting in front of me with my best boyfriend. Don't you think I should tell her off? I mean where is she going to stop? She'll probably steal my husband when I get married!

Jane S.
Seattle, Wash.

I think you're being over dramatic about the entire situation. There are many sisters who when they reach the age you and yours have, bicker and quarrel most of the time. Perhaps that's part of growing up. Since you're the older sister, you're the one who should be more tolerant.

THE END

STRICTLY FOR LISTENING

By HY GRAUBART

★ Claude Thornhill's new Victor album is guaranteed to appeal to trippers of the light fantastic. Its title is "Invitation to Dance," and it's mighty inviting. The album contains such sparkling Thornhill piano stylings as "Where or When," "There's a Small Hotel," "Autumn Nocturne," "Sleepy Serenade," "Lullaby of the Rain," and "I Don't Know Why."

The Mad Mab (Charley Barnet) is back with his latest effort to fill the vacancy left by Stan Kenton's band as the new-progressive-band-of-the-year. His latest Capitol waxing, "O Henry," is a frantic-paced tune featuring the Barnet sax in a series of riffs. Bunny Briggs does the vocal honors. Backing is an unleashed fury of sound and tempo called "Easy Living," from the Paramount picture of the same name.

If you're not already rumba-conscious, Columbia will make you so with Xavier Cugat's latest release, "Los Timbales" (Drummer Boy). It's a bright snappy rumba with Spanish lyrics handled by Del Campo. The reverse is a slow and smooth hip swinger called "Muchachita," with Bob Graham doing the English vocal.

Alfred Drake, the versatile Broadway star of "Kiss Me Kate," provides a virile vocal of "Malaguena" on one of RCA Victor's platters from its "Spotlight Series." (This series highlights the most popular tunes from Broadway hits.) On the flip is "In the Spring of the Year," a beautiful waltz enhanced by Henri Rene's musical scoring.

You'll get a short and sweet jaunt to Italy with Vic Damone's "You're Breaking My Heart," because the melody is based on an old Italian folksong called "Mattenata." Vic's pleasant voice makes this a real earful. Mercury has mated it with "Four Winds and Seven Seas," which Vic sings with cheery vim and sock.

If you crave Dixie, then Pee Wee Hunt's "Clarinet Marmalade" is your meat. This is a real Dixieland arrangement with a reet beat. Spotted on this disc is Pee Wee and his trombone, with a Dixieland trumpet and clarinet playing the obligatos. Capitol combines this side with "Bessie Couldn't Help It," which is an old Hunt number spotting Pee Wee's voice and trombone.

For something different, give an ear to the Victor recording presenting Louis Prima, the man who "plays pretty for the people." The hot novelty, "All Right, Louie, Drop That Gun," has some wonderful mimicry—especially the Brooklynese sung in the last chorus. If this isn't enough, the flip is destined to cheer you from beginning to end. "It's a Cruel, Cruel World" is an infectious ditty which starts with a calliope, and ends with Louis' wonderful Italian dialect.

Vaughn Monroe presents a fine recording of "Riders in the Sky" for Victor. There is a thrilling dramatic emphasis placed on this tune by Vaughn and the Quartet. The coupling, "Single Saddle," is a lilting cowboy ditty which is thoroughly enjoyable.

Another Victor presentation which should go far is the "Three Suns Serenade" album. It contains a suave blend of organ, guitar and accordion. The six dance-provoking sides are "The Donkey Serenade," "Serenade" (by Schubert), "Penthouse Serenade," "Frasquita Serenade," "Serenade" (from the "Student Prince") and "Serenade in the Night."

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A WORKING MOTHER—JOAN FONTAINE

(Continued from page 65)

deal of the time between assignments. In that way, I'll never be a stranger to my daughter. I know that most mothers who voluntarily continue their careers manage in some way to have time with their children.

Since there is so much that a working woman has to jig-saw into her day, we learn how to budget our time closely. Every moment is precious, and every moment we spend with our children means something. A great appreciation springs up between mother and child.

I cherish every bit of time I have with Debbie—and she, in turn, as she gets older and knows that her mother has a career, will look forward to the times we can be together. It will teach her, I believe, to be self-reliant. More than that, I think it will teach her to be unselfish, to regard her parents as hard-working people and to be considerate of them instead of ruling the household like a Little Queen as I've seen other children do.

For instance, when Debbie is old enough I want to establish a custom that when Daddy comes home from the studio and is probably tired, we must be especially sweet with him.

We'll plan a gay welcome for him—have his slippers ready, the newspapers near his chair; be full of laughter and talk about what happened during the day. Debbie will also get accustomed to seeing her mother come home from the studio a little tired—and if she's the daughter I think she'll be, she'll feel some responsibility toward me, just as I do in a larger measure toward her.

We will look forward, Debbie and I, to seeing each other instead of taking each other for granted. It should make for a very understanding relationship. In that way, I can be not only her mother but her friend.

Weekends when we're all home will be doubly precious. Sunday is our big "at home" day, starting off with a lively breakfast which Bill and I prepare, since we both love to cook. Debbie will participate, too, when she's able to, helping to set the table and having her hand in the mixing bowl.

If a woman who has children works because she must out of financial necessity, I don't think she ought to feel sorry for herself, nor develop an attitude that she is depriving her children of her companionship.

Even those women who have no outside occupation aren't with their children constantly. When they're busy with their housework the children have to play by themselves. Very few mothers remain at home all day. They have outside interests—luncheons, shopping, golfing or some club activities.

I don't want Debbie to be spoiled, to think that she can have anything she wants merely by asking for it. It is easy for a child of well-to-do parents to be flooded with the most expensive toys and frocks so that even as a baby she has absolutely no value of her possessions. Not my child, if I can help it!

It is not too early for her to learn that life is not handed to her on a silver platter and toys and dresses do not appear out of thin air but are the results of her parents' toil. I truly believe that a woman who continues with her work has a greater appreciation of the dollar than the woman who doesn't—and she can instill in her child the realization that she must take care of what she has. I have a vain reason, too, for wanting

to continue with my career even as I have a family. There is nothing that keeps a woman as attractive as a job. She can't let down on her appearance.

This applies not only to an actress but to women who work in offices or shops, also. Competing with others in your job, meeting people all the time is a stimulus to keeping physically on your toes. I'd like, frankly, to have my child proud of me and think I'm a smart-looking mother, not a dowdy one.

Having a job makes a woman mentally bright, too—she knows what is going on in the world. She has to! I don't want to be a mother who is left out of things as her children grow older—who becomes relegated to last year's clothes and is spoken of as, "Oh, mother doesn't understand. She lives in another generation."

Keeping up with her work usually keeps a woman abreast with changing modes and manners.

A friend of mine is an active publicity woman with a seventeen-year-old daughter. This youngster paid her mother the highest compliment when she told me, "My friends envy me. Mother is so keen."

Although my friend is an intelligent woman and would be so even if she stayed in the kitchen all her life, I don't think she would be quite as keen if she didn't have a lively profession to keep her in close touch with outside affairs.

I plan to have Deborah share the broader aspects of my work. By that, I don't mean that I will have her visit me on the set, because I think there will be too many grown-ups around to fuss over her and turn her little head.

But I will have her lunch with me in my dressing-room and that should be fun for both of us. When I go on location to interesting places, you can rest assured that Debbie will travel with us.

Because I am accustomed to making decisions and to being consulted on various problems in picture-making, I have a great desire to develop in my little daughter the ability to think for herself.

Mama isn't going to do all the thinking for her. Of course, I shall try to guide her so that she will develop good judgment about things, but I will respect her opinion just as my own opinion is respected by those I work with.

I will expose Debbie to all the arts I possibly can—to picture work, to radio, television, dancing, music, painting—even to the art of housekeeping and cooking for which I have a high regard since I pride myself on being able to bake a cake and scrub a floor with the best of them.

If, years from now, I have my heart set on Debbie becoming an actress and she comes to me and says, "I'd like to be a horse doctor," or whatever, I'll let her follow her choice.

I don't want to force my decision on her because, you see, being an independent woman myself I resent having anyone force decisions on me!

Motherhood has been the fulfillment of everything I've ever wanted. I've known great happiness in my marriage and in my career—but having Debbie is the climax of everything.

Motherhood has also offered a challenge to me. I think the best thing I can do for young Missy Dozier, and for all the little Doziers who I hope will follow, is to continue to lead an active "working" life.

THE END

TO LOVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER

(Continued from page 25)

the town hall before the entire populace. He applied to Paul Derigon, the Communist Mayor of Vallauris. He even suggested that he give some sort of gift to the town. But under French law, all civil marriages must be held in the town hall, and the Aly Khan was told that he was out of luck.

It was then that he and Rita decided to make it a grand and glorious affair. Hundreds of invitations were sent out to friends all over the world. Photographers and reporters were flown in by the dozen. Three hundred cases of champagne were ordered for the nuptial celebration.

Two days before the wedding, Aly gave Rita her bridal gift, one of the largest diamonds ever seen, estimated to weigh thirty-four karats.

On her wedding day, Rita was up at 7 A.M. She had slept badly the night before. "I'm awfully nervous," she confided to her maid.

The wedding was scheduled for 11:00 A.M. Rita arrived eight minutes late. Aly was two minutes early.

Rita, when she emerged from her car and appeared on the steps of the town hall, was breathlessly beautiful. Her wedding outfit, which cost an even thousand dollars, consisted of a long light blue silk crepe dress and a broad picture hat wound with tulle of the same color. She carried a bouquet of white and red American roses.

She drove up in a long, slick convertible, preceded by a jeep and two motorcycles which carried the local gendarmes.

One of the motorcycles almost ran me down as I moved in to photograph Rita at close range. As other photographers did the same, Mayor Derigon shouted to us in French. "Behave yourselves," he cautioned. "This is an affair of dignity. Don't make fools of yourselves."

Aly sped up to the town hall in a gray, Italian sports car, accompanied by his step-mother, the very beautiful Begum Khan who was a beauty contest winner in France a decade or so ago.

The couple then entered the hall, and the ceremony began.

As I looked around, I counted sixty invited guests. Among these were the Aga Khan, seven other princes, and four princesses. There were also approximately seventy-five press representatives plus several local dignitaries.

The Prince of Orleans-Braganza and General Georges Catroux, former French Ambassador to Moscow, were the official witnesses. Prince Sadri Aga Khan, sixteen and the Aly's half-brother, was the boy of honor (garcon d'honneur).

Both Rita and Aly were nervous as the ceremony began.

"Prince Aly Khan, do you take Mademoiselle Rita Hayworth for your wife?" the Mayor asked.

"Oui," the Prince answered.

"And you, Mademoiselle Rita Hayworth, do you consent to take Prince Aly Khan for your husband?"

"Oui, oui," Rita answered.

Aly then tried to slip the wedding band of white gold on Rita's finger. His hands shook. He missed the first time. On the second he made good.

Rita then placed the wedding band on Aly's finger. It was a double-ring ceremony.

The Mayor then said, "After your separate and affirmative responses, we pronounce in the name of the law, that you are united in marriage."

At this point, most of us were prepared to move forward and kiss the bride. But the little Mayor kept talking. "Thanks to you," he told the couple, "our little laboring city where some of the best ceramics and pottery are made, is honored today and the name of Vallauris resounds around the universe with that of Prince Aly Khan and the great artiste, Rita Hayworth."

After that was over, about forty of the guests got to kiss Rita. Her lipstick was smeared pretty badly by the time we all got through wishing her luck.

The actual wedding ceremony lasted less than six minutes, and fifteen minutes after Rita and Aly entered the town hall, they were outside posing for a horde of photographers. This done, they were driven back to their chateau for the wedding reception.

At the chateau, the air was full of a wonderful scent. I asked one of the attendants how come and he told me that gallons of toilet water had been emptied into the swimming pool on the previous night.

The attendant also told me that it was the Prince who had managed the entire affair. It was he who had picked Rita's trousseau, invited the guests, supervised the menu, run the entire affair.

Quite a guy, the Prince.

At the chateau, the reception centered around the swimming pool. Many of the guests were drinking a new cocktail, something called *Ritaly*, a drink concocted of vermouth and chartreuse.

Rita was positively beaming. Her eyes were flashing. She was no longer nervous. She moved from group to group, graciously accepting congratulations. She tried not to stay too long with any one coterie but rather to lose herself in the throng. She was unsuccessful.

Several of us reporters managed to corner her for a few minutes. "How do you feel?" I asked.

"Just wonderful," Rita sighed. "Just wonderful."

Finally, Rita and Aly strolled by the side of the pool as the cameras ground.

That night after the wedding reception, there was a wedding supper. When that was over, Rita and Aly were at last alone, but only for short hours of bliss.

The following day the Moslem wedding ceremony was performed, this time without the presence of the Aga Khan, Aly's father who had had enough excitement to hold him for a while. The ceremony was performed by two Moslem priests, who according to Moslem law asked Aly if he could supply the bride with a house, a dowry, and loving care.

Aly said that he could.

The priests then admonished the couple "to fear Allah as he should be feared" and said that "whosoever obeys Allah and his Messenger (Mahomet) shall surely attain mighty success."

When this ceremony was over, neither Aly nor Rita would tell any of us where they were going.

Most of us surmised that they would spend the early part of their honeymoon in Paris and England. And how right we were in surmising, most of you will know by now.

In any event, the fiery, voluptuous dancer who was born Margarita Cansino, of poor but honest parents, is at this moment Rita Hayworth, Princess Aly Khan, and a living proof that the legend of Cinderella will never, never die.

THE END

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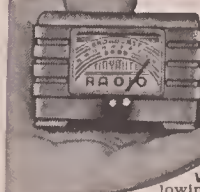
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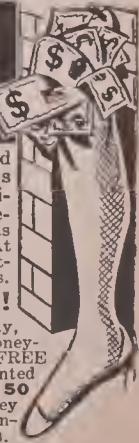
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NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER

(M-G-M)

A movie with Esther Williams in a bathing suit can't miss being a hit. But just to make sure, MGM added Ricardo Montalban, Betty Garrett and Red Skelton to the cast, tossed in a couple of hit songs: "Baby It's Cold Outside," and "My Heart Beats Faster," wrapped the whole thing up in gorgeous Technicolor. Result: "Neptune's Daughter" is an A-1 musical-movie.

The picture gives Ricardo Montalban his first break as a romantic lead, and from the looks of this movie, MGM won't dare cast him as anything else from now on. The boy is quite terrific.

The plot of the movie is one of those mistaken identity deals. Betty Garrett falls in love with Red Skelton who's pretending to be a South American polo player. Esther decides to break up the romance—only she goes to work on the real polo player, Ricardo Montalban.

The story line is obvious, of course, but the whole thing is done in fun.



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IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING

(20th Cent.-Fox)

20th Century-Fox has done it again in "It Happens Every Spring." Even if you're not a baseball fan (are there such people alive?) you'll get a kick out of this sprightly story.

Ray Milland plays Vernon Greenleaf, a brilliant but poor University chemistry instructor with two passions in his life—lovely Jean Peters, and baseball. He is ready to marry Jean at the end of a long involved experiment on a wood repellent when bam! Some kids bash a baseball into the laboratory, and ruin the experiment.

Heartbroken Milland must now start from scratch—which means he must postpone his marriage... and then suddenly he notices that the baseball, immersed in the fluid, reacts strangely to the wooden desk... and at once an idea is born... how to make a fortune as a baseball player.

We won't divulge the rest of this charming plot; all we'll say is that here's a must for a gay, exciting, and wonderfully stimulating evening at the movies.

THE STRATTON STORY

(MGM)

Jimmy Stewart finally has a role that's worthy of his talents. "The Stratton Story" is warm, moving, and thoroughly human.

June Allyson plays Mrs. Stratton in this dramatization of the life of Monte Stratton; and the tender love story is all the more poignant because it is true. You all know the facts; at the height of his career, Monte accidentally shot himself in the leg while hunting. His wife, her heart breaking, had to sign the order to amputate her husband's leg in order to save his life.

A baseball player's legs are his life, and the soul stirring struggle back to a useful life is the drama of this fine film.

Don't miss "The Stratton Story." It's a picture for both men and women. You'll root for Monte all the way; for the high moral purpose of a man's struggle to overcome terrible odds is something every human being faces at some point in his life. "The Stratton Story" is an inspiration to everyone.



"It Happens Every Spring"—love, baseball.

SARABAND (J. Arthur Rank) . . . ◆◆◆

"Saraband" is another feature in the cap of producer J. Arthur Rank. This colorful spectacle literally takes you out of this world—back into the 18th Century Germany, then merely a collection of small and independent states.

From a little-known chapter in history a deeply moving story unfolds—the story of the unfortunate wife of King George I, the woman who *might* have been Queen of England.

Beautiful Dorothea is forced to marry the fat, ruthless George Louis in order to further his political aspirations, his bid for the throne of England. Doomed to a loveless marriage, she finds solace in her children until they are sent away.

Alone and miserable, she falls deeply in love with dashing Count Phillip Koenigsmark. Her love is returned, but the wicked and powerful Countess Platen has similar yearnings toward Phillip, and her jealous scheming becomes the downfall of the lovers.



"Saraband" portrays violent emotions.

THE WINDOW (RKO) ◆◆◆

If you have strong, steady nerves and can stand almost excruciating suspense, then "The Window" is an experience you mustn't miss!

As a chiller-thriller, "The Window" is 100% effective. Bobby Driscoll plays the kid who witnesses a murder—and then has to outsmart the murderers who are out to kill him because he menaces their safety.

Because Bobby has a vivid imagination and has told tall tales before, no one believes him when he says he saw the couple upstairs (played with a chilling sinister kindliness by that excellent actor Paul Stewart, and Ruth Roman who portrays his wife) murder a man.

In desperation the kid goes to the police—but they are amused and indulgent, and a kindly detective takes him home.

The kid is beside himself with fear—and no one believes him. Each moment he is in greater danger. Only his own sure instinct for survival saves him.

This is a hair-raiser!—but thoroughly entertaining movie fare.



Bobby Driscoll is terrific in "The Window."

THE FOUNTAINHEAD (WB) ◆½

"The Fountainhead" undoubtedly started out to be an important picture. The book from which it was adapted was a best seller, but the film is pretentious, badly motivated.

Gary Cooper is Howard Roark, the architect who refuses to compromise his artistic integrity. Because of convictions he can not get clients to build the houses he designs, and he goes to work in a quarry, where he meets Dominique (Pat Neal). There's quite a love scene between them: the subjection of a woman's will to a man's strength!

Although Dominique admits Roark has won her love, she rejects him, marries a newspaper publisher.

The rest of the picture—all told is double-talk!—is devoted to Roark's struggle to be an honest architect (even while his heart yearns for Dominique).

Fans of Gary Cooper will admire his performance as Roark. Pat Neal is young, lovely and when given better roles probably will become a Hollywood star.



"The Fountainhead" has torrid love scenes.

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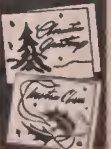
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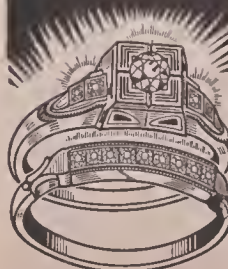
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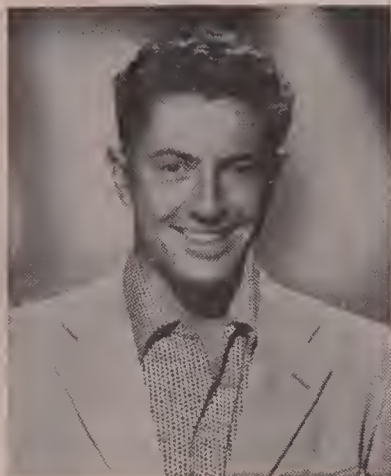


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AUGUST

and Television
Screen Guide

is bailing over with exciting features an your favorites, old and new. Dreambay FARLEY GRANGER is informally interviewed in New York... RONALD REAGAN is also carnered by our cameraman on his visit to the East... JANE RUSSELL is exposed by comedian GROUCHO MARX and you'll be surprised to read what he has to say about Jane! JUNE HAVER tells about her great love... And there's a revealing review of the life of the fabulous GRETA GARBO... JAMES MASON is purring aver his new hame in Hollywood... That swaanguy, ROBERT ARTHUR, who has the charm and freckles of VAN JOHNSON, is a threat to Van's place in the hearts of the fans.



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AUGUST ISSUE

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Screen Guide

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THE GIRL FROM JONES BEACH

(WB) ♦♦

This picture won't win any great film honors but it will take your mind off the hot weather.

Virginia Mayo of the body beautiful is disguised as a prim school teacher for part of this movie. Fortunately she emerges as a lovely thing before the picture is over.

When Press Agent Eddie Bracken discovers that artist Ronald Reagan's famous drawings of "The Randolph Girl" are only a composite of many lovely ladies, he decides to find a beauty who really will be the Randolph girl. Virginia Mayo (lolling on Jones Beach) is the answer to the problem. Since she scorns cheap publicity and any sort of display, the boys have a little trouble winning her favor. Artist Reagan finally persuades her to put her talents to good use—and falls in love with her.

If you're an old timer, you'll get a kick out of seeing silent star Lois Wilson, who plays the part of Virginia Mayo's mother in this film. Cute little Donna Drake does a lot with a slim role. This talented little actress really deserves more attention than she gets.

SAND (20th) ♦♦

"Sand" is Will James' famous story about a valuable show horse who is lost during a fire, and goes wild in desert country.

The horse is a beautiful stallion named Jubilee, and his handsome and wealthy owner, Mark Stevens, anxiously searches for him throughout the territory.

Meantime, Jubilee has a series of exciting adventures during his freedom. Used to the pampered life of a show-horse, he is badly frightened by the wild animals and Indians he encounters.

When Jubilee is reported near the ranch of pretty Coleen Gray, Stevens comes a-lookin' (and a-courtin'). Rory Calhoun plays the villain ranch foreman, who is also in love with Coleen; and we've never seen a handsomer villain.

There's plenty of suspense and excitement in this film. Jubilee turns killer, and it takes some thrilling moments before Stevens knows if he should be captured or shot.

Filmed in Technicolor, the scenery in "Sand" is simply breathtaking, and every member of the family will enjoy the story.

STAMPEDE (Allied Artists) ♦♦

Handsome Rod Cameron hits the trail again as one of the fabulous cattle kings of the lawless west. You'll find action, laughs, thrills, and romance in this exciting story which is based on Edward Beverly Mann's book "Stampede."

Rod, who is used to running things his own way, refuses to supply water to the settlers who have bought the land adjoining his. He runs up against a hot-

tempered adversary in the shapely form of settler Gale Storm, and a formidable one in the villain, Donald Curtis. The fights that result are grimly realistic, and are guaranteed to keep you breathless with suspense. (That guy Cameron can really use his dukes!)

Gale Storm and Rod Cameron are a delightful movie team. Don Castle, with his personality-plus smile, is charming as Rod's brother. (In fact, you may even give a sigh of regret when he doesn't get the girl.)

If you're a western film fan, this is an action-packed drama you're sure to enjoy.

RED STALLION OF THE ROCKIES (Eagle Lion) ♦½

Don't let the title fool you. This warm and human story is more concerned with circus people than cowboys.

Arthur Franz and Wallace Ford portray a trick rider and spieler who find temporary work at a ranch owned by narrow-minded Ray Simpson. Prejudiced against show people, Simpson keeps his granddaughter, winsome Jean Heather, under strict rule.

A herd of wild horses, led by a gleaming stallion terrorizes the area by stealing brood mares and destroying crops, until the circus men discover the stallion is the long-lost trick horse, Dynamite. That's where the action really begins; for the community has sworn to destroy the horse, and Franz and Ford want him for their circus.

You'll enjoy the romance of young couple Arthur Franz and Jean Heather, and the supporting cast of Wallace Ford, Ray Collins, and Leatrice Joy.

ROUGHSHOD (RKO) ♦♦

Here's a western with plenty of romance. Robert Sterling is the hero (whose beard doesn't hide his good looks). With his younger brother (Claude Jarman Jr.) Bob sets out to drive a herd of cattle to his California ranch. He's avoiding an escaped convict who has sworn to kill him.

Enroute, Bob grudgingly offers a lift to some dance hall ladies, whose wagon has broken. Leader of the gals is slinky Gloria Grahame, who young Claude becomes fond of.

The adventures of this group are related as the story unfolds. One by one the girls leave to marry and to join their family, until only Gloria is left. Then the fireworks begin, for despite Claude's open admiration, Bob is not convinced that she's the girl he wants to marry.

The three separate angrily, just before Bob's enemy catches up with him, and the suspense is terrific when he's ambushed. But Claude returns just in time to help him, and has the last laugh when Bob eventually proposes to Gloria.

The ladies will go for this western.

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★ Larry Parks	★ Ingrid Bergman
★ Corinne Calvet	★ Rod Cameron
★ Cary Grant	★ Jane Powell

in

MOVIELAND

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Sincerely Yours



Stars of the Future

Three cheers for you! The inauguration of your column spotlighting newcomers to the acting profession, or those with a reservoir of talent which has not yet been tapped, is a commendable one! You are indeed to be congratulated upon this worthwhile venture.

I enjoyed the article on Keefe Braselle who has been a favorite of mine for several years now. I hope to see the spotlight given soon to Warren Douglas and DeForest Kelley. I'm most confident that they are our stars of tomorrow.

Alice Meyers

San Jose, California

Open Letter to Barbara Lawrence

I recall having read that Barbara Lawrence made such a good showing in her latest movie that she should easily be ready for a major role. I'd like to comment on this in an open letter to her:

So far you have been very fortunate in having been cast with a variety of well-known stars in a number of movies which were unusually successful—"A Letter to Three Wives," "Give My Regards to Broadway" and "Street With No Name." If you attempt to take the spotlight upon yourself, you will not have these veteran actors to rely upon, and you'll also face the possibility of being cast in movies which have a plot or setting much inferior to those mentioned above.

I don't think you're ready for major roles. It is my opinion that you will go much farther if you continue to play a variety of minor parts as well as you've done in the past.

Earl S. Mattill

Helena, Montana

Mad at the Press

I'm fed up with the way the so-called "gentlemen" of the press have handled their stories about Rita Hayworth and Prince Aly Khan. Other movie stars followed the men they loved, and were not as publicized. It most certainly is not an insult to all decent women, and I, for one, think that it's wonderful that Miss Hayworth has found a man she can love and be happy with. If things don't turn out right, Miss Hayworth is hurting only herself. Her marriage is her own personal affair, and after all the heartbreak she's had in the past, I think most women would wish her all the happiness in the world.

Ann Benzamin

Chicago, Ill.

Oscar for Barbara

Barbara Stanwyck did not win the Academy Award, but in my honest opinion she is, and always will be, the greatest actress of our times. For good, solid,

dramatic portrayals, Miss Stanwyck always turns in a top notch performance, and she gets my personal "Oscar" with every role she plays on the screen. She's certainly a credit to the movie industry, and a truly great and intelligent actress.

Bev Montalbano

San Francisco, California

Plug for Mayo

Whoever says that Virginia Mayo isn't the "Most Beautiful Blonde in the World" should have his eyes examined. I like Grable a lot and her movies are good, but Mayo outbeats her by a mile. It's true that Virginia hasn't had a really great picture yet, but inside information says that she's terrific in "Girl From Jones Beach."

Billy Lawford

Buffalo, N. Y.

[ED NOTE: *She is!*]

Portrait Fan

Just want to tell you how much I liked the color portraits of Doris Day, Tyrone Power, John Agar, and Burt Lancaster, in one of your recent issues. They're terrific! And I certainly did enjoy reading the article, "My Sister Is a Star," because Lizabeth Scott is one of my favorites.

Irma Reid

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Daft about Clift

I just had to write and tell you how I feel about that wonderful actor, Montgomery Clift. There aren't enough words to describe him. Besides being a marvelous actor—well, just look at him! Let's have more stories on this marvelous man.

Marilyn Boland

Brooklyn, New York

[ED. NOTE: *This issue has your answer!*]

Love at First Sight

Last March I saw the sneak preview of "Rope of Sand," and all I have to say about Corinne Calvet is one great big ARF!

Larry Hampe

Pomona, California

[ED. NOTE: *Watch for our September issue. . . . ARF ARF.*]

Movieland would like to know what you like about the movies, who your favorite stars are, who and what you don't like about Hollywood and why. The most interesting letters will be printed on this page each month. Address all letters to The Editor, Movieland, 535 5th Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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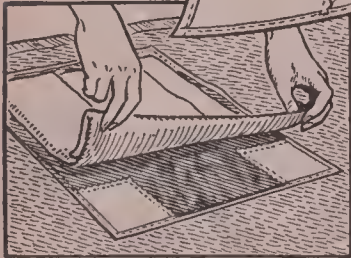
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Movieland's cover girl this month is adorable Jeanne Crain, who is talented as well as beautiful. Read all about her unusual and dramatic new picture, "Pinky," page 44.

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} Staff Photographers

Beatrice Lubitz Cole, Editorial Director

MOVIELAND, published monthly by Movieland, Inc., at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Advertising, editorial offices: 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood editorial office: 916 No. La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Chicago advertising office: 333 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Vol. 7, No. 8, September, 1949. Entered as second-class matter December 15, 1942, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price 25c a copy. Subscription price \$3.00 in the United States and \$3.00 in Canada. Copyright 1949 by Movieland, Inc. The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the United States of America. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

Life and Love in Hollywood

Whatever it is
that French women
have ...
Madame
Bovary
had more
of it!



M-G-M presents

JENNIFER JONES
VAN HEFLIN
LOUIS JOURDAN

Madame Bovary

with **CHRISTOPHER KENT** • **GENE LOCKHART** • **FRANK ALLENBY** • **GLADYS COOPER**

and **JAMES MASON** Portraying **GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, THE AUTHOR**

The Madame Bovary Waltz
and Themes From "Madame Bovary"
available on M-G-M Records

Screen Play by **ROBERT ARDREY** • Based on the Novel by **GUSTAVE FLAUBERT**
Directed by **VINCENTE MINNELLI** • Produced by **PANDRO S. BERMAN**
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



According to Hollywood, the NBC broadcast that brought tall, blond, handsome Kirk Douglas and sultry Ava Gardner together, was the start of a beautiful friendship.



Rumors may come and go but June Allyson and Dick Powell say their love will last forever.



Fashion for organdy dresses seems just right for Janet Leigh, dancing with Danny Scholl.

Inside Hollywood

By
**BEATRICE
LUBITZ COLE**

★ John Huston and Evelyn Keyes were living apart for two weeks before a chance remark by Evelyn gave away the fact that they'd separated. Intimates believe that the rift, particularly from Evelyn's standpoint, is permanent. We wonder what will happen to the little Mexican boy the couple adopted about two years ago. The split-up we believe is due mostly to differences in temperament. Evelyn is an easy-going girl; but John, as he readily admits, is no easy guy to live with. Evelyn once told us how they happened to get together for a whirlwind romance and marriage. She

and John's dad, Walter, sat side by side on a plane trip once; and Walter spent most of the time telling her about his son. He sold the boy so completely to Evelyn that she'd already fallen for him before meeting him.

* * *
Gloria DeHaven assures us that for the next few years she's going to concentrate on her career. After being off the screen for two years, she's ready to take any good film part that comes along. She turned down a chance to return to Broadway in the musical version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" to remain in

film work; and she hopes to do at least two more pictures this year. This won't leave much time for romance. But if we know Gloria, she's very likely to mix business with pleasure. And we expect to see her linked romantically with some fellow any day.

* * *
Kirk Douglas, since his separation, seems unable to settle down to any one girl. His dates are more varied than were Jimmy Stewart's during his pre-engagement days. Kirk's being seen about town with everybody from Joan Crawford to Ava Gardner. That all seems

**You haven't heard
anything until you've given
an ear to the gossip
about your favorite stars**



Little Liza Minnelli didn't miss a trick when dad Vincente Minnelli cut his birthday cake on set of "Madame Bovary." Cast and crew gave the celebration.



Ava Gardner, with Howard Duff, was official cake-cutter at "Stratton Story" premiere. Ava gets around!

Seems to be cake-cutting-time in Hollywood. Cake was for Mickey Rooney-Martha Vickers wedding. Altar march was Mickey's third, Martha's second.



to add up to not reconciling with his wife.

Though Valli and her husband have applied for divorce papers, they're still living under the same roof. Could be the housing shortage. But then there's Jean Wallace and Franchot Tone, who seem to prefer somebody else's company, but the same house as living quarters.

Hollywood now believes that Rita Hayworth will definitely continue her screen career; but, with her marriage to Aly Khan, she won't be an easy girl to handle.

(Please turn to page 8)

Hollywood

continued



There's spice in those hors d'oeuvres, comedian Keenan Wynn warns his pal Robert Ryan. From her expression, we'd say that Mrs. Wynn has discovered that fact all by herself.

We hear that the studio is quietly preparing her a story on the lines of "Gilda" for her return picture. And doubtless Glenn Ford will play opposite her. "Gilda" was not only Rita's biggest money-maker at the box-office, but it was the one Hayworth picture that her new father-in-law had seen. And he liked it.

Rory Calhoun, who doesn't care for Hollywood as a place to live, is turning his acreage near Ojai, California, into an enormous guest ranch. By next year he hopes to take care of 300 people, giving them meals, cabins, horse-backing and swimming at \$10 per day. From the interest and energy he's devoting to the project, he must be thinking it will eventually supersede his movie career.

Linda Christian and Tyrone Power are further delaying their return to Hollywood. After finishing "The Black Rose," Ty plans to take his new bride on a tour of the Scandinavian countries; and that means they won't get back to Hollywood until at least early next fall. We hear that Linda's getting homesick; but Ty doesn't seem to be missing the movie capital at all. Wonder why?

Dick Haymes and Nora Eddington's European honeymoon, scheduled for August, won't be all for fun. Besides his appearances in the London Palladium, he'll make a number of records with English and French orchestras giving with the music.

The James Masons, arriving at a party at 10:30 in the evening, had their baby along. The baby keeps their hours, and not vice versa.

(Please turn to page 10)



Glamorous homemakers Deborah Kerr and Anne Baxter thoroughly inspect the kitchen range which went off at auction for St. Anne's Foundation Benefit.



Mrs. Ricardo Montalban holds her own among Hollywood lovelies, but she's happy basking in reflected glory of husband's career.



Latest beau, Glo? Looking radiant, Gloria De Haven arrived at the premiere of "The Stratton Story" escorted by Jack Sasson.

IT'S THE SONGFUL, DANCEFUL
JOYFUL LIFE OF BROADWAY'S
MOST GLORIOUS GLORY-GIRL,
MARILYN MILLER!

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING

IN COLOR BY

Technicolor



ALL THE MAGIC MARILYN MILLER
MELODIES AMERICA KEEPS SINGING!
'Look for the Silver Lining'
'Time On My Hands'
'A Kiss in The Dark'
'Who' 'Sunny'

**Now WARNER BROS. MASS ALL THE PLEASURES
OF THE SCREEN WORLD FOR THE STORY OF THE
DARLING OF THE SHOW WORLD!**



STARRING **JUNE HAYER** **RAY BOLGER** **GORDON MACRAE**

DIRECTED BY **DAVID BUTLER** PRODUCED BY **WILLIAM JACOBS**

From a Story by Bert Kalmar & Harry Ruby
Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf

Screen Play by Phoebe & Henry Ephron
and Marian Spitzer



Despite record heat-wave world premiere at Radio City Music Hall brought out all New York!



Keenan Wynn and Betty Garrett salute each other, but Larry Parks smiles for *Movieland*.



Art exhibit of Mary Ann Nyberg's paintings at the Saddle & Sirloin merited a star turn-out. Among the interested spectators were Denise Darcel and Roddy McDowall.



Yep! Van Johnson making like Monty Woolley, with Evie at "The Stratton Story" premiere.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*

continued

With the last big tiff, the Ava Gardner-Howard Duff romance seems all over but the shouting. We hear the trouble between those two is that Howard's on the serious side; while Ava would like to keep their relationship on a friendship basis. Many of those close to Ava still insist that her heart belongs to Artie Shaw. We do believe that Artie had more influence on Ava than any other Hollywood individual. Ava readily tells you how he helped develop her appreciation for music and literature, and has only kind things to say about her ex-husband. If Artie were willing, we wouldn't be at all surprised if Ava remarried him.



While making "The Western Story," Yvonne DeCarlo found a new fan. Friendly horse Swanky followed her to hotel dining room.

Paramount presents



BETTY
HUTTON
VICTOR
MATURE

IT'S HAPPIER
THAN NEW YEAR!
...
IT'S ZINGIER
THAN THE
4TH OF JULY!
...
IT'S THE BIG
MUSICAL FUN-SHOW
OF '49!



RED,
HOT
AND
BLUE



A
JOHN FARROW

production with

WILLIAM DEMAREST

JUNE HAVOC

Produced by

Directed by

ROBERT FELLOWS · John Farrow

Screenplay by Hagar Wilde and John Farrow

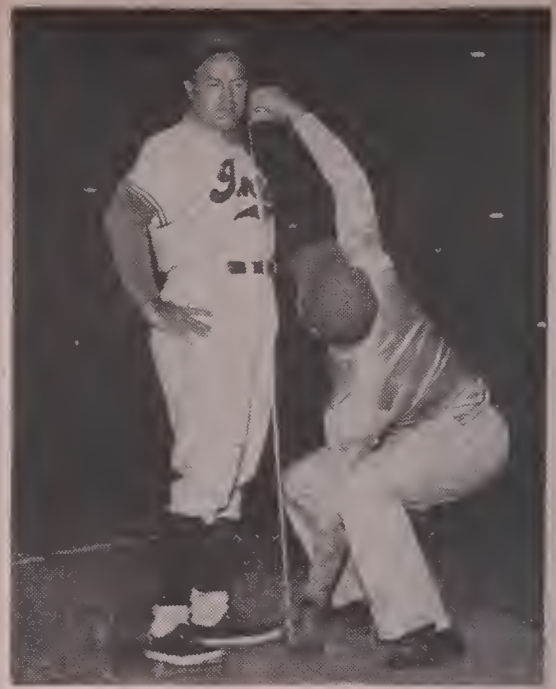
Story by Charles Lederer

Wait'll you hear
those **FOUR** wonder-
ful tunes written
especially for Betty
...by Hollywood's
No. 1 Songwriter
Frank Loesser!





At the stars' ball game, Sonny Tufts woefully lost Gloria De Haven as team mascot when "Indian" Hope gripped successfully against him.



Bob Hope, blandly advertising the team which he owns, originated most of the horseplay.



It's a hit for bat girl Ava Gardner! (She also made a hit with dazzled spectators.)

I
inside
H
ollywood
continued

* * *
Humphrey Bogart tells us that he's limiting his picture work to two films a year. Said he, "If a guy can find a couple stories that are good each year he's lucky." We asked him why he didn't do another picture with Lauren Bacall, and he said, "I'd sure like to, but I can't borrow my wife from Warners." While Lauren resumes her career in "Young Man With a Horn," Bogey will while away the time cruising the coastal waters of California with some of his pals.



The game was in full swing when suddenly disaster struck! Ronald Reagan slid to first, broke his right thigh, had to be rushed to the hospital.

YES SIR, **IT'S TUNEFUL!**
(OH! THOSE SONGS!)

YES SIR, **IT'S TERRIFIC!**
(OH! THOSE CO-EDS!)



You'll **ROAR** for more - when the whole family goes to college on Daddy's G-I BILL OF RIOTS!

YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR!**

Starring **Donald O'CONNOR · Charles COBURN · Gloria De HAVEN**

...and Introducing **BOOPKINS**
...Baby of the Year!

Yes Sir...
4 HIT TUNES!

"LOOK AT ME"... "THEY'VE NEVER FIGURED OUT A WOMAN!"
"MEN ARE LITTLE CHILDREN"... "YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY!"





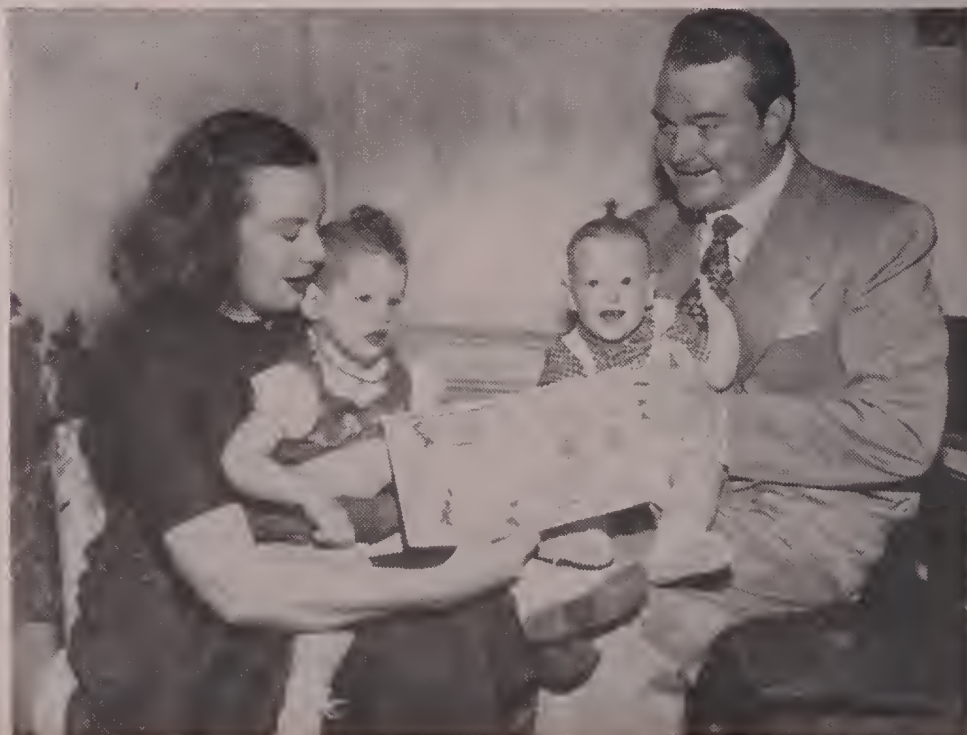
Child's "Shmoo Certificate" comes with U. S. Treasury Bonds—much to delight of Celeste Holm and son Daniel S. Dunning.

everybody's **DOING IT!**

Stars insure the future of their
children and their country by
investing in U. S. Savings Bonds



Roy Rogers' little son, Dusty, is among lucky Hollywood youngsters to receive savings bonds. Why don't you join the "E" Bond parade today?

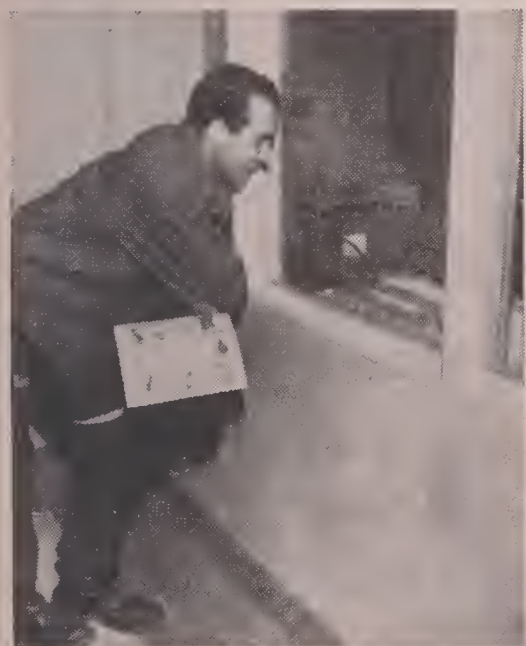


They dood it too. Red and Georgia Skelton got "Shmoo Certificates" for daughter Valentina, son Richard. Bonds are "E" series, can be bought in any denomination.

You owe it to your daughter to tell her these *Intimate Facts of Life!*



Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman Jr. show a close-up of eute "Shmoo Certificate."



Too early for Anita Montalban to know dad Ricardo bought bonds on day of her birth.



William Holden joined the bond buying spree for his children, Virginia, West and Scott.



Before she marries—make sure she has this modern, scientific information . . .

Isn't it a blessing that in this modern age of enlightenment, helpful truths can be outspoken? Today, vaginal douches 2 or 3 times weekly are so widely recommended and practiced for intimate feminine cleanliness that the all-important question has really become—WHAT to put in the douche!

So, mother, make sure your daughter realizes: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE.* (If you have the slightest doubt, send for PROOF in free booklet below.)

Cautions Against Weak or Dangerous Products

If, through old-fashioned advice passed on down through the years, you are still using 'kitchen makeshifts' such as salt, soda or vinegar—let us warn you these are NOT germicides in the douche.

On the other hand, no wise woman

would want to resort to dangerous products—overstrong solutions of which may burn, harden tissue and, in time, even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

Truly, ZONITE is a modern miracle! ZONITE has a powerful germ-killing action yet is ABSOLUTELY SAFE to tissues. It's positively *non-poisonous*, and *non-irritating*. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish—there's not the slightest risk of injury.

Zonite's Miracle-Action

ZONITE eliminates odor, removes waste substances and discharge. You feel so dainty and refreshed. Helps guard against infection. It *kills* every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can BE SURE ZONITE DOES KILL every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Any drugstore.

Zonite

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feminine hygiene

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. M-99, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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CITY _____

T

stands for the **Terrible Time** that most women have every month in their struggle with belts, pins and external pads. Sanitary protection has been called women's oldest problem and until recently little progress has been made toward its solution.

A

stands for **Another Way** to deal with this problem —by means of "Tampax," a doctor-invented device which absorbs while being worn internally instead of externally. Made of highly absorbent cotton, it is inserted with patented applicator.

M

is for the **Millions of Women** (yes, actually millions) who have already adopted this miracle Tampax — college students, secretaries, trained nurses, housewives, sales girls, athletes, actresses—all kinds of women all over the world!

P

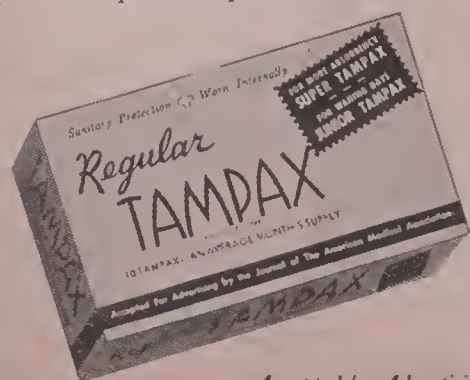
indicates the new **Poise and Confidence** resulting on those days from the use of Tampax. No odor can form. No chafing. You can't even feel it. Wear it in tub or shower bath if you like. Easy disposal.

A

represents the **Absolute Certainty** that no single bulge or ridge under your dress or skirt will be caused by Tampax. It simply *can't*, because Tampax is worn internally. It's only one-ninth the size of the other kind!

X

stands for all the **Ex-Users** of external pads who now march up to their drug or notion counters each month and buy Tampax —3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Columbia's "Jolson Sings Again" brings Barbara Hale to the screen opposite Larry Parks.

the 2nd Mrs. Jolson

By **SIDNEY YUDAIN**

★ You might call Barbara Hale somewhat of a bigamist, for, you see, she's really married to a chap named Bill Williams. But to millions of theatre-goers throughout the world she's going to be Mrs. Jolson—Larry Parks' screen wife—when Columbia's "Jolson Sings Again" is released.

Barbara Hale is pretty—and almost as talented as the old mammy singer himself. In many instances her own private life bears a striking resemblance to the Mrs. Jolson she'll portray on the screen.

"She's a wonderful girl—she must be," says Barbara about her alter ego. "I'm so proud that I was picked to represent her to the public. I've never been happier."

Barbara's a happy girl, a modest girl, a girl very much in love with her husband. When not rhapsodizing over her real-life counterpart, she would be ex-



Barbara Hale

tolling the praises of Bill Williams. It was not easy keeping her on the subject of Barbara Hale as we lunched during a break in the "Jolson Sings Again" shooting.

"The parallel in our lives and in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Jolson is amazing," said Barbara.

"For two years Bill was out of work. He had nearly lost his self-confidence, and it was up to me to inspire him to get back in the groove again. Jolson, too, was sunk in despair for many years. "It was his wife who encouraged him to come back in spite of many disillusionments and disappointments." In the movie, following Jolson's decline as a sought-after entertainer he is a broken man. Not until World War II comes along does he find the courage to try a comeback. While entertaining troops in the South Pacific he is stricken with pneumonia, is near death. He is taken to an Army Hospital. His nurse is Barbara Hale. Her understanding care helps him back to health. According to the movie script, it is this girl who becomes the second Mrs. Jolson.

Barbara herself is an adept nurse. In fact when hubby Bill was ailing for three months with a severe case of arthritis, it was she who nursed him back to health. Bill still refers to her every now and then as "Florence Nightingale."

Mrs. Jolson is constantly removing her shoes throughout the picture. In this regard, Barbara recalls a visit she once made to her mother's original home in Kentucky, when she was just 19.

"We came down the holler and Dad honked his horn. My aunt jumped up from the tomato field, her apron filled with tomatoes, and came over to greet us. She was so proud because Willa Mae, her daughter, was going to party—and had donned a pair of shoes for the occasion. Willa Mae was paraded out for us to inspect. She was immaculately garbed, shoes and all, and looked beautiful—and uncomfortable. After we had all expressed delight with her appearance, Willa Mae took off for the party. We learned later that less than five minutes after she'd gotten there she had removed her shoes.

"I guess I was the same way when I

was a girl. In fact, I still take off my shoes every chance I get. I guess I've gone most of my life without shoes," said Barbara.

There are many other parallels in the Jolson-Hale lives. Bill, who has carved quite a niche for himself in the acting world, got his start in the entertainment sphere at a tender age—in the same medium in which Jolson started—vaudeville.

Both the Williams' and the Jolsons' roots are planted in San Fernando Valley—they both think it's the most heavenly place on earth. The Williams have a baby, and so do the Jolsons!

"Our Jody looks so much like Bill," said Barbara, "that Mom is actually embarrassed when she loves him."

Jolson was extremely bitter following the disappointment over his first marriage. In his second marriage he found complete happiness with a girl who understood him, encouraged him.

Bill, too, was bitterly disappointed in his first marriage. His marriage to Barbara opened a new and wonderful life.

Barbara finds it hard to believe that she is actually portraying Mrs. Jolson on the screen.

"Al and I are such good friends," she notes. "I never dreamed I'd be married to him."

The cast of "Jolson Sings Again"—all the same principals who appeared in the first and highly successful edition of Al's life—is extremely happy over the "new Mrs. Jolson."

Says Larry Parks, who made screen history with his portrayal of the mammy minstrel in the original film, "Barbara's a beautiful and talented actress. She's a rich and full woman beyond her years. "For these reasons, and because of her experience, she's perfectly wonderful for the role."

The Williams-Hale merger got off to an inauspicious beginning. After their first date, Barbara wrote to her mother (Please turn to page 84)

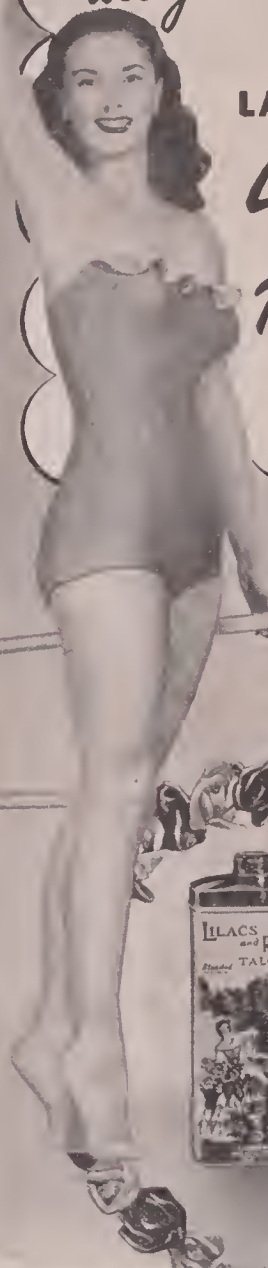
Barbara Hale's leading a double life—and enjoying every minute of it



In real life, Barbara's the wife of handsome Bill Williams and mother of a little son.

BEAUTIFUL BROADWAY STARLET SAYS:

"Feel Summer Sweet all year round"



WITH
**LANDER'S
Lilacs
and
Roses
TALC**

Rosemary Williams now in the Broadway hit: "As the Girls Go"



1 lb. economy size only
25c PLUS TAX
ALSO AVAILABLE IN
10c SIZE
HIGHER IN WEST

Now appearing in one of Broadway's all-time hits, dark-haired Rosemary Williams has won nation-wide acclaim for her loveliness. Charming Rosemary says: "One thing I know. It's more important to be feminine and dainty than it is to be beautiful. That's why I use Lander's flower-fresh talcs. Those garden fragrances are really captivating. You'll love them!"



10c each
HIGHER IN THE WEST

Gardenia and Sweet Pea
Spicy Apple Blossom
Sweet Pea

Available at your favorite variety store

THE LANDER CO. • FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK



The score is love—when Rita and Aly play. She scorns usual tennis “whites,” dons blue jeans for daily practice.



Tanned and blissfully happy (who wouldn't be?), Rita admires the blue Mediterranean.



Prince Aly Khan is a golfing enthusiast—so his princess has taken up the game, too. Rita apes Aly's unconventional dress; even wears high-heeled shoes on the golf course.

Playful Princess

★ In Hollywood, Rita Hayworth—Princess Aly Khan, that is—could never have been accused of being a sportswoman. Perhaps it was because she never had the time, nor the inclination. . . . After all, Orson Welles was hardly the type who liked to spend his time golfing or playing tennis, and it was natural that Rita would concur in his likes and dislikes.

But Rita's husband, the gay and charming Aly Khan, is a great sportsman. He breeds and trains his own horses and races them on the world's most famous



Errol Flynn's having himself a grand fling in Paris. His new royal heartthrob introduced him to Maurice Chevalier.



Jennifer Jones and David Selznick keep to themselves, rarely show up in public except for occasional dinners at famed Paris restaurants.

Rita Hayworth Khan gives acquaintances something to talk about—so do other U. S. stars vacationing in La Belle France

courses. Next to horse racing, there's little that he likes better than a day on the golf course, with a bit of tennis thrown in. Rita, being a good wife and wanting to participate with her husband in everything he does, is doing her best to become proficient in tennis and golf.

Every day when the couple are at their Cannes villa, Rita and Aly are at the Carlton Hotel Tennis Courts where they play with the pro, Englishman Tommy Burke. And Burke says that Rita is an eager and conscientious pupil. Having a natural grace and litheness, the movie

queen is catching on to the game rapidly. Being a non-conformist, Rita ignores the ancient rule of the courts which forbids anything but white attire. She comes to play in a variety of sports clothes—but seldom the prescribed white. The prince, notorious for his sloppy dress, does too.

The prince's favorite golf course is at the Monte Carlo Golf Club, located a thousand feet up in the mountains surrounding Monte Carlo. Described by experts as one of the most difficult golf courses in the world, it is the first place
(Please turn to page 70)



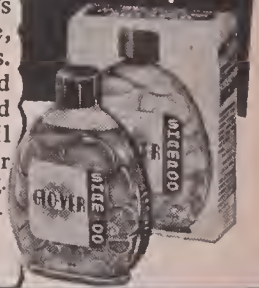
"GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo helps me match the stars I fly among," says Eileen McNeil, lovely PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS stewardess

Eileen knows the way to glamorous, lovely hair gleaming with highlights—Glo-Ver Beauty Soap Shampoo! GLO-VER is made from the finest blended vegetable oils. Contains *NO harmful cleansing agents* to dry out hair! No free alkali. No alcohol. Leaves no film. Glo-Ver shampoos in hardest water—rinses instantly! Protects hair from dry scalp and dandruff, too. Get Glo-Ver at any Drug Counter today!... H. Clay Glover Co., New York.

Make This Easy **DANDRUFF TEST** At Our Expense!

Are you troubled with dandruff? Send Coupon now for FREE Glover's Sampler Package for personal test of Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine, Glover's Hair Dress. 3 hermetically-sealed glass containers and free booklet. Mail Coupon today for Glover's 3-Way MEDICINAL Treatment. Use Glover's—it's MEDICINAL!

GLO-VER
Beauty Shampoo



FREE TRIAL APPLICATION

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Send FREE Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail—Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine, Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with free booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

M



SEE THE DIFFERENCE
Maybelline
 MAKES!

WANT a fascinating surprise? You'll find it in this picture. First, cover the right side . . . then cover only the left. Isn't the difference amazing? That's what lovely, natural-looking Maybelline Eye Make-up can do for *you*. Lashes look much longer when they're darkened to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara. Magically this makes your eyes seem larger and brighter. Then notice how the smooth, soft Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil gives brows expressive new beauty. Enjoy the added charm you can have so easily, with Maybelline — the Eye Make-up in Good Taste.



MAYBELLINE SOLID MASCARA in the smart new gold-colored metal vanity, \$1. Refills, 50c. Shades: Black, Brown, Blue.



MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA (applied without water) comes in handy leatherette case, \$1. Shades: Black, Brown, Blue.



MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL with fine, smooth, soft point—so easy to use. Black, Dark Brown or Medium Brown.

Maybelline
 WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP



The object of glamorous Joan Crawford's screen affections in her new Warner Brothers picture, "The Victim," is lucky newcomer David Brian.

Can
 I help YOU?

By
 JOAN CRAWFORD

Let glamorous Joan Crawford help you solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 916 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif. Your letter will receive her *personal* reply

I LOVE A YOUNGER MAN

Dear Miss Crawford:

I'm a young woman of twenty-six. I'm in love with a young man of twenty-one. My parents tell me that because of that five-year age difference, my chances for happiness with this young man are very slim.

They tell me that if I marry him I am doomed to unhappiness. They imply that my intended husband will leave me when I grow old and whatever beauty I have begins to dim.

I'm in love; and I don't think they're right. You are a woman of the world. What is your opinion? Is it all right for me to marry a younger man? Do these marriages have less chance of success than others? Please give me your advice.

Marsha H.
 Chicago, Ill.

If the age-difference you mention is the only obstacle to your marriage, forget it. If the man you love is your equal mentally, if you have many things in common, if you two are reasonably sure of a happy home together, then five years, one way or another, isn't going to make much difference in your marriage.

Just be sure you don't develop one of those age complexes. Women who are a few years older than their husbands occasionally try to hide the fact by acting so foolish, so girlish, and so giddy that their husbands frequently remind them to "act your age."

The chances are that one of the reasons

this young man fell in love with you is your maturity and outlook. You get that with the passing of years. It's an asset, not a liability.

BLIND DATE

Dear Miss Crawford:

Several weeks ago a friend of mine got me a blind date with an Army sergeant. At the end of the evening, an evening which consisted of going to a night club, dancing, and some small talk, this sergeant proposed marriage. He said that he was scheduled to be sent overseas pretty soon and wanted a wife who would join him.

I thought he was kidding and refused to take him seriously.

Last week, this sergeant phoned me at home and asked if he could see me. I said yes, and he came around, and we spoke. He told me he had received his shipping orders and wanted to know how I felt about his proposal. He was extremely serious. I told him I would think it over.

I discussed the matter yesterday with my mother. She advises me to marry the sergeant since she says I am a plain-looking girl, I am twenty-three, and offers of marriage are far and few between. My question, Miss Crawford, is this: must you be in love with someone in order to marry him?

Marjorie D.
Dallas, Tex.

No, you don't have to be in love with a man in order to marry him. In many countries, marriages are arranged without the consideration of love. If a couple has mutual ideals, mutual objectives; if a couple is pleasant, adult, and compatible, love may not be a necessary ingredient.

In your case, however, you've only been out once with this man. You know virtually nothing about him. You have no basis for judgment insofar as marriage is concerned. I suggest you correspond with this young man rather extensively before you take any hasty or regrettable action.

MIKE FRIGHT

Dear Miss Crawford:

Is it true that the reason you won't broadcast is because you're afraid of the microphone? Other motion picture stars with much less experience than you are heard on the air all the time. Exactly what is the true story?

David M.
Boston, Mass.

The true story is that I suffer from mike-fright, especially in front of a live audience. I have made recorded broadcasts, but somehow when there's an audience in the studio, I become nervous and start trembling and simply ruin the whole show. I've acted in front of hundreds of people, and audiences shouldn't bother me, but somehow they do, and this is one weakness of mine that I'm trying terribly hard to overcome. I hope I can beat it this year.

IRRESPONSIBLE FLIRT

Dear Miss Crawford:

Eight months ago I married the most wonderful girl in the world. Since then I've done nothing but make her unhappy. I'm an irresponsible flirt, I'm afraid, and I can't do much about it.

Every time my wife's girlfriends come to the house, I flirt with one of them. I don't know why I do it. The girls seem to like it, but my wife dies a thousand deaths, and I don't seem to be able to control myself.

I love my wife and I can't understand why I hurt her and try to give her friends the impression that I love them, too. What's wrong with me?

Carl N.
Cornwall, N. Y.

I'm no psychiatrist but offhand, I would say that you're either jealous of your wife or that you feel insecure or inferior personally. You know your flirting will hurt her, but that is your way of getting even for something she may or may not have done to you. If you love your wife as you say you do, and you're any sort of a man, then you should be able to control this flirtation impulse you talk about.



make merry at home...wear the
"Petit Point" Jester.....

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3319 Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.

I enclose \$1.20 (tax included) for regular size package of "Dark-Eyes" with directions.

Check Shades: Black Brown

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

* T. M. Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.



Just for luck, Bozo the clown decorates Clark Gable with balloons before start of MGM's golf tournament.



Wearing Bozo's charm (as if he didn't have enough of his own!) Clark walks with partner Howard Strickland.



That Bozo will do anything! Clark drove golf ball right off the clown's nose—a false one, of course.



Clark Gable
swings a
mean golf
club at
M-G-M's
annual
tournament

the Champ

Applause from crowd brings on the famous Gable smile.



"Thank you, noble friend!" Lassie, also an MGM star, acted as caddy for Gable and got his share of compliments for a very sharp golf game.

Your Hollywood *Memo from the Editor*

Air travel to Hollywood is fun! On the plane with me were Bob Cummings (traveling with his mother) and Bob Sterling who reluctantly left New York (where he had had a fine time right up to the take-off!) to do a picture with Joanne Dru.

We certainly had a lot of partying on the East Coast before leaving for Hollywood. There was a memorable lunch for Jane Russell who had just finished "It's Only Money," for RKO. Jane's not the least like the girl you associate with "The Outlaw." In fact, she's just the opposite! She's quiet, dignified—very lovable.

Meeting Corinne Calvet was interesting, too. Corinne is Paramount's challenge to Columbia's Rita Hayworth—or should we say Princess Rita?

Wait until you see Corinne in "Rope of Sand." She's terrific. For more about her see page 40.

We also squeezed in a visit with seductive Marta Toren whom you'll see in "Illegal Entry." Marta is a glamorous Swedish actress, graduate of the same school as Ingrid Bergman. We found her fascinating—especially the dress she wore! The skirt was made of panels which swung as she walked. Underneath were knee-length trousers of the same material. Provocative!

Men stars were interesting, too. A wonderfully gay party was given by Gene Autry who turned out to be as handsome off screen as he is on.

Then, a few days later, Gene's only real rival (or is it the other way around?), Roy Rogers, gave a party. Receiving with him was his radiant Dale. Roy presented each of us with an orchid. The men got handsome replicas of his famous pistol. Gabby Hayes was there, too. His only resemblance to the old coot he plays on the screen is the twinkle in his eyes—and, of course, the beard.

We had time to join Cameron Mitchell (you'll see him in "Leather Pushers") after his performance as the younger son in "Death of a Salesman." Cam threw a champagne supper at Sardi's in honor of his wife. We were joined by Arthur Kennedy who plays the older son in "Salesman," and who does such a fine job as Kirk Douglas' brother in "Champion."

After all this, we arrived in Hollywood and whom do we meet on our first night at Mocambo but Clark Gable and Elaine White (she's the MGM secretary who rates high with Clark), Rory Calhoun, Isabelita, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

Incidentally Desi told me he and Lucille were being married the next day in a Catholic wedding ceremony—after 8 years of civil marriage.

"We waited a long time, but we're sure of our marriage and we want it sanctified by the church," he told me gravely.

Well, more next month. This is a most exciting place. Wish you were here with me!

B. L. C.



Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz rushed back to Hollywood to marry for 2nd time—this time in Catholic church.



Swedish sex appeal is terrific if pretty Marta Toren's any example.



Editors got, gave orchids to Roy Rogers and Dale Evans at their wonderful party. Trigger stayed home.

Jimmy Stewart is a man of few words! Here's the wedding data he typed out for *Movieland* fans.

James Stewart and Gloria Hatrick McLean

WEDDING

DATE: Sometime in August after finishing present film "Arrow," for 20th Century-Fox.

CHURCH: Little Presbyterian Church of Brentwood.

MAID OF HONOR: Gloria's sister, Ruth Draddy.

BEST MAN: Billy Grady.

OTHERS: Jimmy Stewart's parents, Alexander and Ruth Stewart, Gloria's mother, Mrs. Ed Hatrick.

HONEYMOON: Hawaii.

RECEPTION: To be given by Jack Bolton.

GLORIA McLEAN: Age 31; 2 children, Michael 3, Ronald 5.

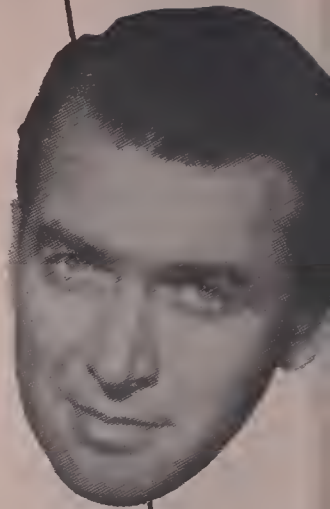
GLORIA McLEAN WEDDING ATTIRE: ballet length taffeta dress, small hat.

WHERE DID JIMMY MEET GLORIA? Dinner at Gary Cooper's.

DID HE THINK HER ATTRACTIVE? Not love at first sight.

DATED HER WHERE? Chasens for dinner, Mexico once with Boltens; and in New York.

WHERE WILL THEY LIVE? They will buy their own home; had no time to buy one before the wedding.



LOVE

By ARNO JOHANSEN

★ A week before Jimmy Stewart was engaged to Gloria Hatrick McLean, non-professional and mother of two, the Henry Fondas, who have known Jimmy for fifteen years, were discussing his bachelorhood.

"I'm very much afraid," said Frances Fonda, "that if Jimmy doesn't get married pretty soon, he may never."

"Oh, I don't know about that," mused Hank. "You know how Jim is about marriage. When the right girl comes along, well, that's it."

One week exactly, after Hank Fonda's prediction, the announcement was made that "Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hatrick of Larchmont, N. Y., take great pleasure in announcing the betrothal of their daughter, Gloria, to Mr. James Stewart."

The newspapers filled in the rest. Gloria was thirty-one, and the ex-wife of Edward B. McLean II of Washington, D. C. Her former husband was a sportsman which means, in the language of so-called high society, that he had inherited a lot of money from his father. Mrs. McLean was also the mother of two little boys, Ronnie, 5, and Michael, 3.

As for Jimmy Stewart, everyone knew all about him, and the papers let him rest in bliss with the factual statement that he was forty-one, an actor, that he was born in Indiana, Pa.; and that he was one of the last of Hollywood's few remaining and authentic bachelors.

Following the announcement of their betrothal, an engagement incidentally in which both their families acceded with great joy, Jimmy and his tall, beautiful bride-to-be flew to the Pacific Coast.

When Jimmy and Gloria arrived, they were met by demands from the entire Hollywood press corps for all sorts of intimate stories. How did the lovers meet? When did they decide to get engaged? When would the marriage be? (Please turn to page 77)



Before their engagement was announced, those "look-alike" grins should have told intimates something was brewing.



At the "Stratton Story" opening, not even Jimmy's co-star June Allyson suspected his date was future Mrs. Stewart.

affair

Cupid took his time about hitting
Hollywood's No. 1 bachelor with his dart,
but Jimmy Stewart gave in to the little
archer without a struggle when
Gloria "Right Gal" McLean came along

★ The Barkers' brown shingle and fieldstone English cottage out in Sherman Oaks has an air of charming serenity. Pink, yellow and white roses ramble all over the front of the house and red ones cover the gate posts of the white rail fence. In the middle of the close-clipped lawn is an ivy covered well. All this serenity, however, is as deceptive as a pair of falsies. There's a lot of hoopin' and hollerin' and rough stuff, boy style, that goes on around this quiet-looking cottage.

And why not? What would you expect of a home that boasts two husky, healthy and very normal twin boys, aged four-and-a-half? Peace and quiet? Not at the home of flaming-haired Susan Hayward and Jess Barker! The Barkers have fun; they want their kids to have fun and the household is run accordingly.

There is a swimming pool in the back yard, well fenced in to protect the (*Please turn to page 72*)

This is Jess' favorite portrait of Susan and the twins, Timothy (left) and Gregory.

Susan Hayward
combines career
and family. The
emphasis is on
the latter—an
easy thing to
understand when
you meet husband
Jess Barker and
their twins,
Gregory and Tim

By DOROTHY O'LEARY

Blond Tim resembles dad, Jess Barker; while Greg's a red-head like mama Susan Hayward.







It's great being a movie star—and half the fun of John Lund's success has been sharing it with lovely wife, Marie.



"Everything doesn't happen for the best—you have to make it turn out that way!"

**Life was no bed of roses for John Lund—
He had to learn to make each setback a step forward**

Success . . . the Hard Way

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

★ John Lund's career is proof positive that a man can get ahead on bad breaks. This sounds like a paradox, but John is serious. The trick, of course, is to turn bad luck into good luck.

For instance, during the depression, John and one of his friends were kidding around on a street in Rochester, New York, one night, pretending to box, when John inadvertently shoved his friend into a plate glass window.

John volunteered to pay for the show window. He was doing odd jobs to get by, so he was able to pay only a few dollars a week. As the months rolled by, John allowed himself no recreation. No dates, no movie trips, no cokes, not even a pair of desperately needed shoes.

During this grim period, for recreation John (*Please turn to page 76*)

John rides high, wide, handsome in Paramount's hilarious movie version of "My Friend Irma." →



HOLLYWOOD *wants* YOU

By ARTHUR FREED

If you want the real lowdown
on how to crash the movies—
READ THIS ARTICLE



Author of this article is Arthur Freed, famous M.G.-M producer and talent scout.

★ For some strange reason, word has spread throughout the nation that Hollywood, once the Mecca of opportunity, has shut its doors on new talent.

As a motion picture producer, I can tell you that this is definitely not true.

At this moment, we in Hollywood are more in the market for new faces than we have ever been before. The reason for this is simple: many of our stars have passed their prime, and the public is clamoring for replacements.

Our present crop of stars can't last forever.

In short, the market for talent in Hollywood is wide open, but the truth of the matter is that talent is extremely rare to find. That's why my office is constantly open to any agent or talent scout who can offer me any entertainer of undeniable ability.

In the past I've been extremely fortunate in discovering or developing in my productions, such fresh names as Gloria De Haven, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, June Allyson, Cyd Charisse, and Vera-Ellen, but these people were all standouts with long years of previous experience who had something very definite and worthwhile to offer.

Right at the outset, I want to go on record as saying that there is no easy sesame to Hollywood success. *The only way you are going to make the grade in motion pictures, unless your father is wealthy enough to buy out a studio, is to make the grade in some place other than Hollywood.*

This may sound strange, but the reason is that the competition in Holly- (Please turn to page 68)



Olivia de Havilland



Katharine Hepburn



Vera-Ellen



Van Johnson



Judy Garland



Bette Davis



Liz Scott modeled, understudied Tallulah Bankhead before she was discovered.



Lauren Bacall

Greg Peck and Greer Garson had drama training before they tried for the films.



Claire Trevor started as chorus girl—but it's not an easy way.



Gene Kelly

June Allyson

- ★ How to start on the road to stardom.
- ★ How much training do you need?
- ★ Is an agent necessary?
- ★ How to interview a producer.
- ★ What about summer stock, community theaters, and stock companies?
- ★ How to spot a REAL talent scout.
- ★ The truth about dramatic schools.
- ★ What chance has your child of becoming a star?
- ★ Have you the qualifications for screen success?



◀ Paulette duz everything for her movie roles: what's more, she enjoys these film dunkings.

Queen of the Bath



Seems as though everybody at Columbia Studios got into this act! Really can't blame anyone for wanting to help Paulette Goddard prepare for her movie bath.

Columbia's "Anna Lucasta" is abundant with sex and suds as pretty Paulette Goddard films her 7th bathtub spectacle



She'll be forever blowing bubbles if this keeps up.



"Anna Lucasta" must be a clean picture. This scene took a whole week to film.





Betty Garrett
and Larry Parks
prove that when
you're in love
even the most
commonplace
things are fun

The awakening! Larry doesn't believe in sleeping late—even on Betty's day off from MGM's set of "On the Town."

Never a Dull Moment

★ Two of the busiest and happiest people in Hollywood these days are Betty Garrett and Larry Parks, who are Mr. and Mrs. in private life. Larry's just finished "Jolson Sings Again," for Columbia, and Betty is currently giving her all to MGM's "On the Town."

When that rare day off together occasionally does roll around, likely as not a good part of it is spent in a huddle over the piano discussing how either Betty or Larry should handle a song. Right now Betty's getting the musical "business" as Larry helps her run through "On the Town's" catchy Bernstein melodies.

(Please turn to next page)



While Betty straightens out her closet—a chore she's put off for days . . .



Larry's busily preparing their breakfast. He's an absolute whizz as a coffee brewer.

← Talk of happy marriages! The Parkses are so much in love it's positively dazzling!



That's service for you! For a nominal fee, Betty has her coffee in the living room.

Larry raves about his Mrs.' cooking. His favorite is Potato Pudding a la Garrett.



(RECIPE)

Potato Pudding—Garrett Style

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| ½ cup melted shortening | 1 well beaten egg |
| Salt & pepper | 1 lb. flour |

Grate 2 medium potatoes, beat other ingredients in, and pour into casserole. Cook in moderate oven, ½ hour covered, ½ hour uncovered. Serves 3 people.

*Never
"Dull Moment"*

continued



The Parkses team up to make sweet music together. Larry has just completed "Jolson Sings Again" for Columbia.

When the TV bug bit Larry, it bit hard! He's always fiddling with the dials or antenna.

Please turn to next page

*Never
"Dull Moment"*
continued



"Have a care for my delicate person!" Betty screams, as she's lifted bodily into Larry's recently acquired English runabout.



You can't miss the Parkses in traffic! Fans can't

Shopping with Betty is riotous! Larry enjoys the unique way she gets cooking hints from storekeepers.





decide what to look at first, the stars or the car.



"Give me my boots and saddle," Betty sings at the Hollywood Saddlery. But Larry's much more interested in a new rifle.



Browsing at the Farmer's Market is a favorite sport. Luckily, dress and book departments are side-by-side.



Last stop is famous Schwab's drugstore for a "super duper." Is that look of bliss due to the sodas or just plain l-o-v-e?

For pure unadulterated glamour, see Corinne Calvet's first U. S. film, "Rope of Sand."



*My
French
Wife*

Corinne Calvet

By JOHN BROMFIELD



I'm mad about fishing, but what red-blooded man could concentrate on fish with a gal like my wife, Corinne, nearby? The woman's fascinating to the point of distraction.

★ My first glimpse of Corinne Calvet was in a Paramount newsreel. I was in Skagway, Alaska, making a whaling picture, and had stepped into the local theater while the newsreel was going on. Down the gangplank of the Queen Elizabeth came a young and pretty French girl with a lovely smile.

I said to a pal with me: "There's a cute girl!" The idea of meeting her didn't occur to me: it would have seemed much too impossible; but I didn't forget her. Who could?

In January, 1947, with a free day on my hands, I called a friend to suggest going to the Santa Monica pier. I used to be a commercial fisherman and I still like to hang around where it's going on.

"Sorry," he replied, "I'm taking Corinne Calvet for a drive. She's been in an accident; her face is bandaged, and she doesn't like to go where there are many people. Perhaps we can come back by the pier and pick you up."

They did that. Corinne's jaw had been fractured and the lower half of her face was so heavily bandaged that all I could see was her light-brown hair, her big blue eyes and pretty nose. I couldn't really tell what she looked like, but she had a haunting voice. The minute she spoke I was interested.

Next day, I called and asked her if she'd go out.

"Yes," she agreed, "but I can't go to a nightclub or anything like that."

"That's fine! I don't like nightclubs."

"What do you like?" she asked, in that provocative voice.

"Oh, fishing—ball games—drives into the country. How'd you like to see a ball game tonight?"

(Please turn to next page)



Ever since I've known my darling, there hasn't been a dull moment in my life.

**They were destined
to meet, fall in love,
marry—but how Fate
must have chuckled
as the Boy discovered
the Girl in a newsreel**

She'd never seen a game before and hadn't the vaguest notion what was going on, but she tried to understand. After that, I took her to more ball games, midget auto races, ice-hockey, all sorts of sports. I used to play football and she has learned to understand that, but she still sits, completely baffled, during a baseball game. I like to push my scat back a little, so I can watch her as well as the game—I get such a kick out of her!

For six weeks she wore bandages. All that time

we went around together, having fun. Then came the day the bandages were to be removed. Corinne went to the doctor in the afternoon, and I called later to take her out to dinner. There she was in a green dress, white coat, a little cap and scarf, looking at me anxiously. "I'm not pretty, am I?" she asked—she was so afraid I wouldn't like what I saw!

I tell you, she was beautiful . . . just beautiful! And she's wonderful, too! If you hand Corinne



Burt Lancaster, Paul Henreid, and Claude Rains all fall for Corinne in Hal Wallis' production "Rope of Sand." It's the logical



I love the way my wife sparkles. The smallest attention makes her eyes light up as if you've given her the world.



She's a glamour girl on the screen, but you should see her fishing in my old corduroys and hip boots!

an ice-cream cone, her eyes light up as if you'd given her a diamond ring.

You see, Corinne grew up in France during the war. When most girls over here at her age were having fun, going to parties, dating and enjoying themselves thoroughly, Corinne was enduring bombings and blackouts, half-starved, living in daily terror.

We walk along a street of little shops and suddenly come upon, say, a candy shop. Corinne halts

before the window with its miracle of chocolates.

"If only the people in France could enjoy this!" she sighs. We go in and buy some for her to send over there. She's always buying stuff for her family and friends in France, selecting what she knows they like, packing and shipping it herself.

When we knew we cared for each other seriously, Corinne said: "I want to do everything you like to do; I'd like to learn to enjoy what pleases you. Please teach me." *(Please turn to page 75)*



thing for any man to do.

*My
French
Wife*

Corinne Calvet

continued

It's mighty hard to steal a scene from veteran actor Claude Rains. But Corinne does it.



"Pinky"

Jeanne Crain's star
reaches a new high with
20th Century-Fox's dramatic
story of the emotional
and social problems of a
Negro girl who looks white

★ We'd like you to meet Pinky—the lovely Mulatto girl who took a train to the North and was henceforth white. This is the dramatic story of a girl who found happiness in a new life, yet ran from it rather than face the task of telling her loved one the truth about herself. Once more clasped in the bosom of the South, Pinky finds herself a misfit even more. Her intelligence and training cannot be reconciled to the surroundings she knew as a child.

This picture won't solve the "hush-hush" problem 20th Century-Fox has dared to bring to the screen—but it is a warm, moving story in the direction of tolerance and understanding—and one you'll want to see.



1. Pinky, a graduate nurse, leaves the Boston doctor who wants to marry her, returns to the south. Her grandmother (Ethel Waters), is shocked to learn she's allowed herself to be considered white.



4. Tom (Bill Lundigan) surprises Pinky by coming to get her. When she tells him of her background, he begs her to forget it, and marry him. But she's promised grandmother to stay till Miss Em dies.



7. In need of a sympathetic lawyer to plead her case, Pinky tries to recruit Miss Em's old friend, Judge Walker. Though he hates to, he admits the will is valid, and reluctantly agrees to be her counsel.



2. Involved in a dispute over the money which a friend was to forward to her while she was at school, Pinky is arrested, and suffers indignities from local authorities because of her race.



3. Disgusted with southern bigotry, Pinky wires Tom she is returning. Her grandmother insists that she stay to nurse Miss Em, the last survivor of an aristocratic southern family, who had cared for her when she was ill.



5. To Pinky, Miss Em (Ethel Barrymore) personifies all the old slave-master tradition of the south; and she hates her. Gradually, however, a deep, mutual admiration grows between them.



6. Miss Em dies, leaving her home to Pinky, saying she knows that Pinky will use it wisely. But when Miss Em's bigoted relatives contest the will, Pinky fears southern courts won't uphold her rightful ownership.



8. With the entire town against her, Pinky is amazed when she wins the case. Tom tells her of the publicity in northern papers, of his plans to move west where no one knows them.



9. In a dramatic climax, Pinky gently tells Tom she loves him, but has decided to stay in the south to start a badly needed school to train Negro girls in the nursing profession.

IRELAND'S

the Name

By
HELEN LOUISE
WALKER



Starring part in Columbia's "All the King's Men," led to friendship with leading lady Joanne Dru.

At last! John Ireland's scene



John wasn't too interested in taking a role in "Anna Lucasta," at first—but changed his mind. Co-star is Paulette Goddard.

★Any actor who makes a success in Hollywood and then fails to settle into some sort of groove comes to be regarded with curiosity and possibly with some suspicion. Take John Ireland. Hollywood is becoming increasingly aware of him as one of the most powerful scene stealers to come into pictures in a long while.

But knowing little about him personally, the colony has begun to think of him as something of a lone wolf with a touch of mystery.

He has, to be sure, attended exactly two large parties since he arrived in Hollywood in 1945. One was at the home of Director Lewis Milestone after the opening of a picture, and the other was at Gregory Peck's house one New Year's Eve. He didn't "dress" for either of them and he recalls that, although no one seemed to notice that at the Milestone party, he was mildly relieved at the Peck affair to find that Walter Pidgeon had also turned up in tweeds.

John, however, is no hermit. He just happens to have his own ideas about parties and people as well as a lot of other things.

He lives in an Italian-type, furnished apartment in the hills above Hollywood and he takes especial pleasure in such touches as wrought iron balustrades and shining, solid brass fixtures. His most special joy is the kitchen—a gay room, with a great deal of gleaming red tile and a huge stove in the middle of it which looks and glows exactly like an old-fashioned, down-on-the-farm coal range but which actually is as efficiently modern as any range in town.

He leased the apartment at about the same time he decided to engage a business manager to handle his finances. The contract with the manager was signed on the fourteenth of the month and five minutes after putting pen to paper John suddenly thought, "O-mi-gosh! I've agreed to let that man put me on an allowance and here I have an apartment of my own and not one thing of my own to put into it!"

So he rushed off on a shopping tour and bought a record changer, an extravagant number of really fine recordings and dozens of books for which he had always yearned but (*Please turn to page 82*)

stealing is paying off. Fans are rushing him—right to stardom!

What a Character!



This is Shelley Winters of Hollywood . . .



mugging, clowning, daring; an extrovert . . .

★ When Shelley Winters was three years old, a theater in her native St. Louis, Missouri, sponsored an amateur talent contest. It was supposed to be for teen-agers; but Shelley, never noted for her conventionality, managed to detour around the age brackets and appear upon the stage. There, to the consternation of those in charge of the program, she began screeching "Moonlight and Roses" at the top of a very shrill voice.

"The more they tried to get me off, the louder I sang," says she. "Finally in sheer desperation, the master of ceremonies handed me a sweater as a prize. It was size fourteen and hung down to my feet. But from that day forward I was convinced that if you worked hard enough—and long enough—you'd get what you wanted."

Seemingly she has followed that formula to attain motion picture stardom. But since she sprang

into fame, the "loud" part of her career has been emphasized in print, while the "hard" part has usually been overlooked. Though young and beautiful, she has been classified as "a character," both off screen and on, by Hollywood. With candor, keen wit, and a ready humor, Shelley has gone along with the idea. Her off-hand remarks to the press caused plenty of sweating among publicity men, whose job was to see that she said nothing "undiplomatic" for print.

It was also reported that her studio ordered her to exercise more care in expressing her opinions and to start acting like the successful actress that she is. The studio denied this. But it brings up a question frequently asked in the movie capital. Just how is a successful actress supposed to act?

Let's take an off-screen peek at Shelley.

When I knocked at her apartment door recently.
(Please turn to page 50)

**Hollywood may think she's zany, but
Shelley and Shakespeare know better**



always good for a happy-go-lucky grin . . .



her candid remarks are pearls to the press

By SPEC McCLURE

The *real* Shelley Winters is quite another story. She's easygoing, sensitive. Shelley lives alone; hopes not for long.

She answers her mail on the typewriter, devotes her spare time to trying to write short stories and a screenplay.





Baby-sitting with little Sandra Schatter, who lives next door, is a chore that's really fun.



In the launderette, Shelley catches up on her reading and keeps an eye on her bundle as it goes through the machine.

What a

Character!

continued



Just how is a successful actress supposed to act? Shelley Winters keeps on being herself.

she was telephoning. She broke off the conversation long enough to let me in, wave a greeting, and drag the telephone into a bedroom. It was plain she had learned some caution. She didn't trust my big ears.

When Shelley returned to the room, she was flushed and a bit breathless. "Romance," she sighed cryptically, explaining the telephone conversation.

"Yeah?" said I. "Tell me more."

"I'd better put on my shoes," she said, having been walking around in her stockinged feet. She slipped on a pair of golden sandals and curled up in a chair.

"About this romance?"

"Oh," she said, with a wrinkle of her nose and that classic question of evasion, "how would you like a beer?"

Sticking to the classic tradition, I said, "I'd love one."

We went into the kitchen, where Shelley opened a cabinet door, presumably in search of a beer. But instead of beer we found a few dozen cans of meat products.

"Oh," she said vaguely. "I appeared on a radio show; and the sponsor sent me all this stuff. Good will, I suppose. That's the fine thing about being an actress. You never know what will happen next."

I could have said the same thing about being an interviewer—especially when it comes to trying to find out what makes a gal like Shelley tick.



At the gym Burt Lancaster and his assistant explain the circus act they intend to take out on tour soon.

Continuing her search, she located a plate of celery and a salt shaker which she carried into the living room.

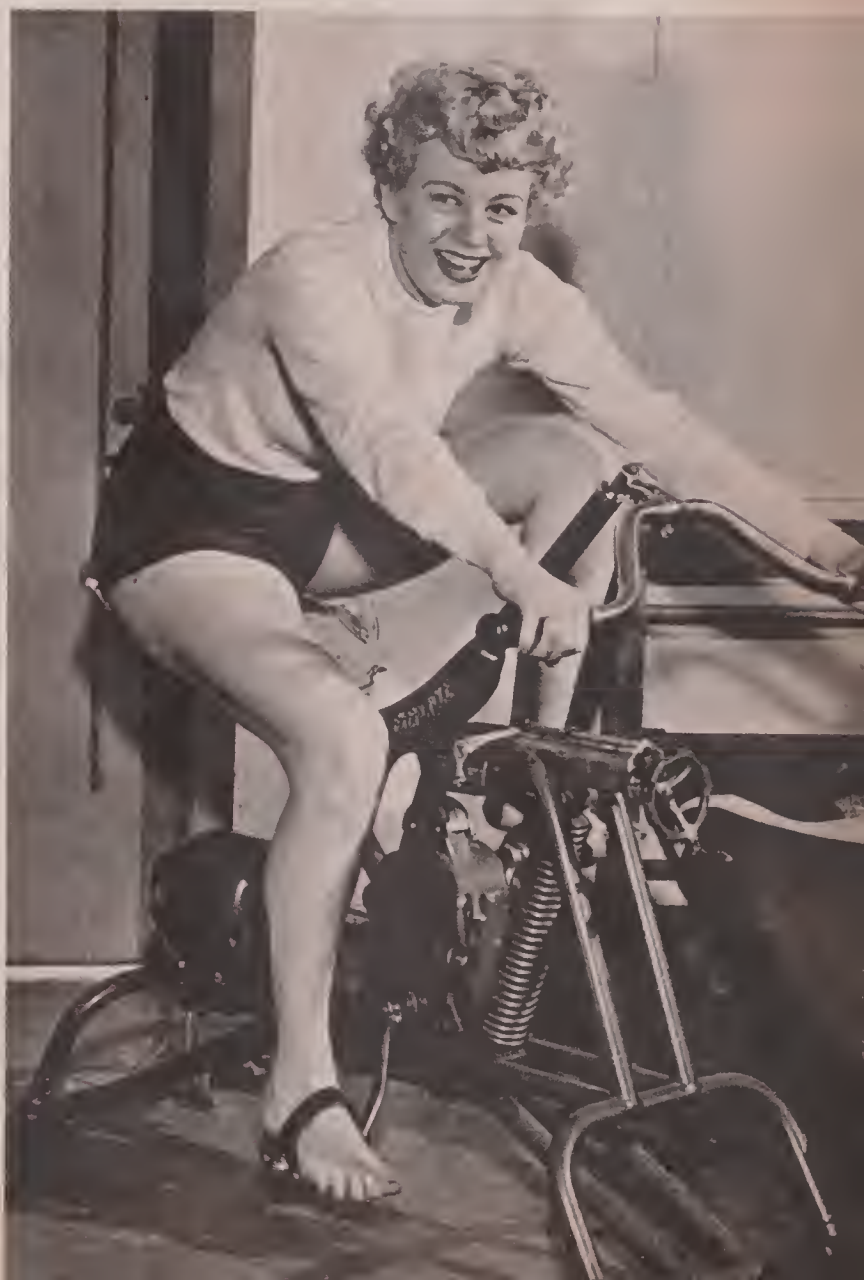
During our conversation, she sat munching on the green stalks, alternately dashing one sprinkle of salt on the celery and another over her left shoulder to ward off bad luck.

"You are superstitious?" I asked.

"Very," she confessed. "I never start a movie scene without first knocking on wood. The noise sometimes confuses the sound men. They keep wondering where the 'woodpecker' is. But you see, I still can't believe it's all true. I feel like the little girl who expects somebody to tap her on the shoulder and say, 'It's all a mistake. You've got to give the money back.'"

She shouldn't. Because far from being an overnight phenomenon, she came up the long, hard way. She began acting during her kindergarten days and, as an amateur, collected all the experience that she could. With the aid of her mother, an ex-opera singer, she developed a singing voice that later almost typed her for musical comedy.

Her first job was that of a clothes model for a New York department store. And her career as a model almost died aborning. For her initial appearance, she was required (*Please turn to page 66*)



Like all U. S. gals Shelley fights weight. Pounds must go before filming U-I's "Partners in Crime."

MOVIELAND'S
Hall of Fame



CARY GRANT's every girl's dream of Prince Charming in romantic, funny, "I Was a Male War Bride."



WANDA HENDRIX earns stardom in her biggest role to date, 20th's exciting "Prince of Foxes."

By
TED and
JANE MORRIS



"Never be caught short on food," instructor Elizabeth Ramsey tells Janie.

When Janie Powell becomes Mrs. Geary Steffen, entertaining will be no problem. She knows all the answers.

Gracious hostessing is

ATTENTION



Keep that silver gleaming! Just a rub-a-dub-dub with a chemically treated cloth will do the trick.

★ There are a couple of kids in Hollywood so completely and so radiantly in love that they carry an aura of happiness wherever they go. They are Janie Powell and Geary Steffen, who announced their engagement January 5th and who dream of the day they can be married and move in to some little Early American house that will be their own to paint, to furnish and to live in.

Like a good many other young Americans, they're just waiting to save enough money to get started on and like any other vet and his gal, Geary and Janie hope it won't be very long!

Meanwhile, they can dream, can't they? And plan. Jane's plans, however, have a practical side. She's joined the Hostess Class at Van Nuys High School, where she's been taking a course with a dozen other students, in one of the evening adult classes designed to give the prospective hostess a whole bag of tricks on the job of being KP, pin-up gal and hostess.

The teacher of the group is Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas Ramsey, who inaugurated her class two years ago and has since helped many a prospective bride or housekeeper of long standing, take the barbs out of what should be a charming occupation.

"There may be a good many young women who find themselves a guest more frequently than a hostess but if they don't reciprocate they won't be guests very long," says Mrs. Ramsey. Her idea is that entertaining can be fun and should be fun! You want people to enjoy coming to your house and you want to enjoy having them.

(Please turn to next page)

JANIE POWELL'S RULES FOR EASY ENTERTAINING

1. KEEP AN EMERGENCY SHELF. Unexpected (and hungry!) guests hold no terror if the hostess has a well-stocked shelf of "quickies" on hand: Canned soups, brown bread, fish, etc.
2. SILVER SHOULD SPARKLE. Tarnished service is a dead giveaway that you're not an accomplished hostess. Silver cloths, chemically treated papers make the job easy, keep hands nice.
3. LOOK HUMAN. Make sure your face is on right before you answer the doorbell. Assurance that you look your best will put you at ease. Your guests will feel much better, too!
4. OPEN THE DOOR WIDE, PLEASE! Greet friends with a big smile. Etiquette rules say the perfect hostess controls impulse to kill any chums who decide to drop in unexpectedly.
5. LIGHT SNACK makes guests feel at home. Your "Emergency Shelf" (see Item 1.) solves this problem. Attractive tea table looks pretty—and so will you as you play the hostess.

art to be learned and studied, so

BRIDES!

when you have to roll out the red carpet for unexpected

guests, don't swoon. Crib some tricks from Janie Powell



Perhaps you'll never entertain formally; but you should know how. Janie learns how to serve properly . . . just in case.



A peek in the mirror is worth a pound of caviar. Remember, good grooming is kin to good hostessing.

Janie Powell thinks that's exactly right. She has always been a gracious hostess, and ever since she came to Hollywood, her parties have attracted the other film youngsters. Especially her spaghetti parties.

Of course, since she met Geary one day, it's all had more meaning. They met at the Ice Palace in Westwood where Geary was instructing. He taught Janie to skate. This summer he's going to teach her to water ski. Meanwhile, they have all sorts of fun doing anything that comes along; square-dancing, swimming, or just dancing at home to Janie's juke box.

Sundays are usually long and leisurely with Jane doing the cooking. As a matter of fact, she likes to cook and wants to learn all the short-cuts she can; for she'll probably be doing her own cooking for some time and she wants Geary to feel free to bring anyone home at any time.

One of the first tricks Mrs. Ramsey taught her was the value of the "emergency shelf." If the hostess always has a well-stocked shelf of "quickies" on hand, unexpected guests can hold no terrors. According to the rules of the class, you're always to



Open the door wide, Janie—show a nice BIG smile. Make your guests feel welcome from moment they arrive.



Janie's days are busy with MGM's "Nancy Goes to Rio," so she took the hostessing course at night.

ATTENTION BRIDES!

continued

have something to eat when people show up. In the old days, that was a matter of course. In many countries, it is still the mark of courtesy. As they say in Mexico, "This is your house. Eat and drink here."

There is no quicker or simpler way to make your guests feel at home. The "emergency shelf" should include cans of fruit for fruit salad, a couple of which should always be on ice. There should be tins of Boston Brown Bread and Date and Nut Bread, which can be opened quickly and served with butter or cream cheese at tea time or with fruit punch.

Your shelf should contain canned soups. Two or three varieties, mixed together, produce some amazing results. There should be canned fish. Tuna or salmon mixed with mayonnaise serves as a sandwich filler and served with cream of chicken soup, constitutes a fine lunch or interesting Sunday breakfast.

Cream of chicken soup, incidentally, is Teacher Ramsey's standby. She says it eliminates the time and trouble of making white sauce and is more piquantly seasoned. (Please turn to page 78)



Service with a smile . . . a well stocked larder for such occasions makes unexpected hostessing fun.

Ingrid Bergman is the victim of a legend which set her up as a goddess—



Ingrid hoped her frank press statement would satisfy the public—but effect was opposite.

a legend doomed to burst because no woman could fulfill its requirements

As "Under Capricorn" heroine Ingrid's loyalties are torn between husband Joseph Cotten and admirer Michael Wilding.



Saint or Sinner?

By CRAWFORD DIXON

★ Several years ago I was assigned to do a story on Ingrid Bergman. First I had to clear with Kay Brown.

Miss Brown, now a middle-aged redhead, had once worked for David Selznick. It was she, in fact, who had talked Ingrid into signing with Selznick.

"Tell me something about Miss Bergman," I asked Miss Brown.

"Such as?" the redhead inquired.

"Such as how is the best way of approaching her; of getting her to talk."

Miss Brown smiled. "When you interview Ingrid," she advised, "take her out some place. She likes good times. Just (*Please turn to page 80*)



Many claim Rossellini's great yen for publicity is responsible for Ingrid's bad press.



Destination: Shopping. Jean's all set for buying spree in this white tailored blouse, pink, black, white and grey plaid taffeta skirt with cummerbund. Cute jockey cap matches skirt.



Blazing afternoon sun won't faze Jean in this sheer brown on white print dress. Green straw hat with chiffon scarf is by John Frederics. Huge pouch bag, toeless pumps are of brown alligator.



Early Bird ignores the worm when Jean Peters dons this morning robe of cocoa flannel. Trim and lining are of brown and white polka dots.

what'll I wear?

Jean Peters' round-the-clock wardrobe answers the big question in every career girl's life



One Enchanted Evening calls for romantic, sophisticated evening gown of magenta satin. Fitted bodice is supported by halter of pearls. Turquoise gloves are color accent.



Ho-Hum. Off to bed to dream of another movie role like "It Happens Every Spring." Jean's negligee is soft blue satin with Peter Pan collar, tricky shoulder shirring.



Tea For Two. Graceful afternoon gown of navy blue taffeta has new low neckline and draped overskirt. Jean completes outfit with huge straw hat, navy suede pumps.

Does this remind you of a famous swimsuit ad? It's Rod Cameron and fiancée Marie Windsor greeting underwater.



Ah, love!

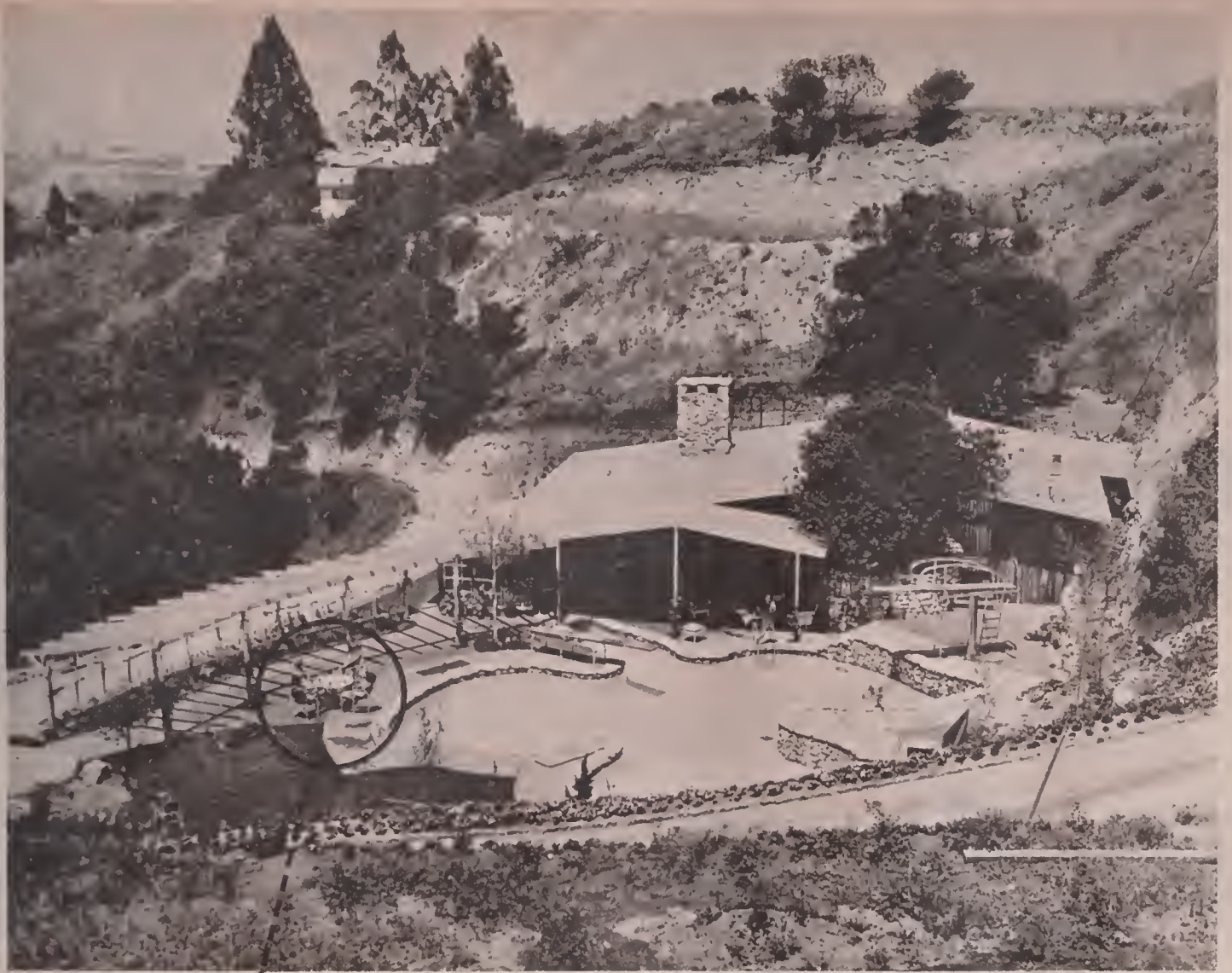
★ If you don't have a summer cottage the next best thing is to have a friend who owns one. At least that's what Rod Cameron, Marie Windsor, Barbara Lawrence and Scott Brady decided when they went off to investigate the wonders of a house with a swimming pool that runs right into the living room.

Now, swimming pools in Hollywood aren't an unusual thing—but this one, high in the hills of Coldwater Canyon, really rated the oh's and ah's it got from the young stars. Designed by Paddock Pools, the glamorous pond is in the shape of a three-leaf clover, cost its owner approximately \$25,000.

An added touch of grandness comes from the pool's glass wall which gives onlookers a chance to watch the under-water antics of the swimmers. That explains the picture above, which was snapped while Rod and mermaid Marie Windsor thought no one was looking. Not that they'd care; for they're madly in love and want everyone to know it!

Rod and Marie met at Republic studios while both were making pictures: Rod was filming "Brimstone," while Marie was busy with "The Fighting Kentuckian." According to their friends, dating was strictly for publicity—until Cupid pulled a switch.

Well! Looks like another bachelor has hit the dust—if what we hear

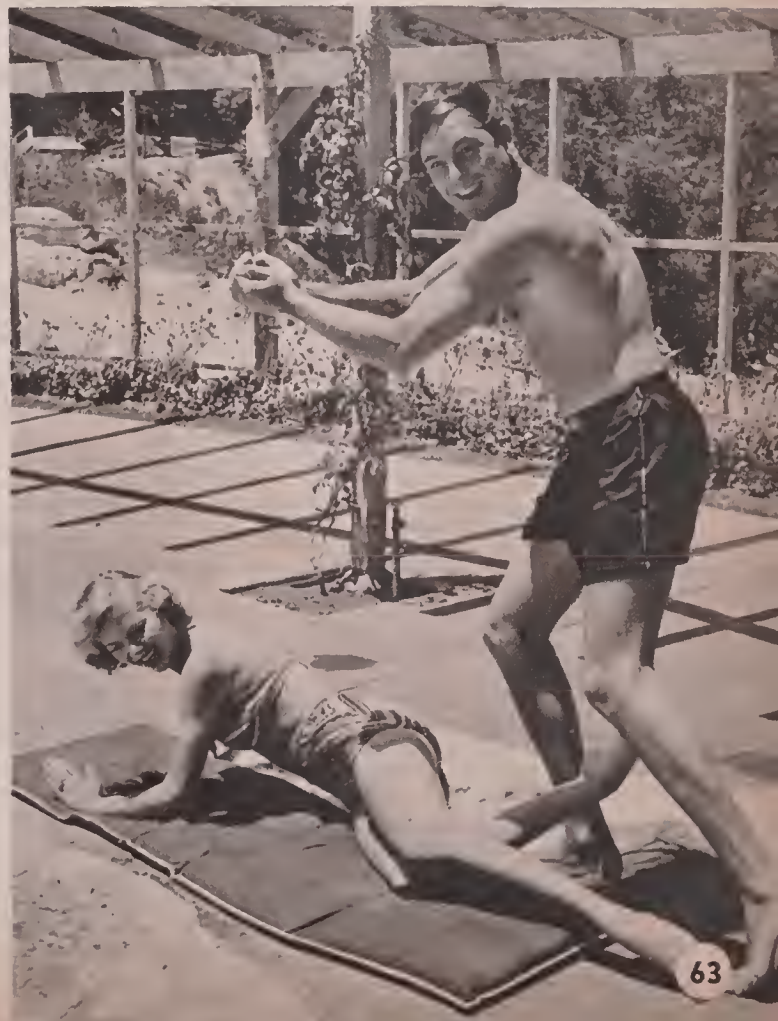


Swimming pool of this summer house is in shape of a 3-leaf clover. Stem runs right into living-room. Pool was designed, executed by famous builders, Paddock Pools.



Romance loves company—in this case. Barbara Lawrence and Scott Brady share hamburgers, soda pop with Rod and Marie.

That Scott Brady's a cut-up—and he's heading for trouble here. Barbara won't take that cold water without revenge.



about Rod Cameron and Marie Windsor is true



Poor Marie gets the heave-ho from Scott and Rod while Barbara howls. Don't worry, Barbara's turn will come.



How do you like the tricky mirror gadget? The girls find it convenient when they put on heavy sun tan oil.



Now you can understand why Rod and Marie have such lovely tans.

Gee, a guy can't even kiss his girl without causing comment.

Ah, love!
continued





Scott looks quiet—but it won't last. He's plotting some trick to perpetrate on unsuspecting, peaceful Barbara.



This is the height of something or other! Pool comes right into the living-room.

WHAT A CHARACTER!

(Continued from page 51)

to wear high heels and a long skirt. Shelley had never before tried navigating with such a get-up on; so with her helter-skelter personality the inevitable happened. She tripped and fell flat on her face before the startled customers.

Typically Winters, she picked herself up off the floor with exaggerated dignity and continued with the job, spending the salary that she earned by day in a dramatics school which she attended at night. Finally she got a break on Broadway. In her seventh play, "Rosalinda," she scored so solidly that Hollywood called her. She came west under contract to Columbia. For a brief period it seemed as though she had vaulted into big time. She tested for the lead in "Cover Girl," but the part eventually went to Rita Hayworth, and Shelley's career went into doldrums.

For the next four years she was relegated to roles that amounted to little more than bits. She was getting nowhere fast until her sensational performance as the waitress in "A Double Life" finally opened Hollywood's eyes to her dramatic, rather than her musical, ability.

Within eighteen months she was starred opposite William Powell in "Take One False Step" and followed with another lead in "Partners in Crime." She had found her niche; and her services were much in demand for loan-outs.

Still you couldn't help believing what she said as she sat there eating the celery and tossing the salt over her shoulder. She was somewhat like a lost little girl looking for her way.

"I know that I'm supposed to be the happy-go-lucky type," she explained.

"According to my assignment, you're supposed to be a beautiful extrovert," I said.

"I wouldn't know about the 'beautiful'; but I guess I do act like an extrovert," she said. "Anyhow I don't like the other word—what do you call it?"

"Introvert."

"No, I don't like that. But actually I'm very susceptible to people's opinions. When I walk into a room filled with

strangers, I think I have to put on an act before they'll accept me. I'm sensitive really. An unkind remark used to make me cry. Then I learned to fight back. But the scrappiness is only external. I still feel a great need for inner security. Perhaps, you'd call it self-conviction, a belief in yourself.

"For instance, sometimes I think that I have an idea for improving one of my scenes. But then I ask myself, 'Who are you to be telling a director or a writer how to do his work?' While making my last picture, I got up enough courage to offer a suggestion to the director; and to my surprise, he said, 'That's a wonderful idea, Shelley. You're right.'"

"But you knew you were doing good work in 'A Double Life,'" I said.

"Knew!" she replied. "After waiting four years for such a role, I thought it was my big break. But when the picture was completed, I took one look at it and began packing my clothes for New York. There wasn't any use of kidding myself any longer. On the screen, I appeared overweight, awkward; and my voice sounded terrible. At least it did to me. I told myself, 'Well, this does it. You're through in Hollywood.'"

"I returned to New York and got a few months' work on the stage. When that job ended, I began pounding the pavements looking for another. Then the picture I thought had done me in was released. Things began to happen. Hollywood called me back. Universal-International gave me a wonderful contract; and I haven't lacked work or good parts since.

"You'd think I'd be contented now," she continued reflectively. "But I'm not. I woke up one morning with a fat contract, an apartment, a car, a mink coat, and money in the bank. But still I wasn't happy. I kept asking myself, 'Why? Why aren't I happy?'"

"I believe it was because my values were all cockeyed. I had looked at a successful career in terms of the material things it could bring me. That seemingly is what the average movie and popular novel teach American kids to do.

But it's not right. The wrong things are emphasized. Now don't mistake me. I'm not turning up my nose at money, glamor, and good times. They're all right in their place. But if you work for them alone, you're going to wind up with empty hands, because in themselves they don't make for happiness.

"You know, the biggest thrill in my life came to me in a theater in Cincinnati, Ohio. I wandered into it to see a Saturday matinee showing of 'Larceny.' When I saw that my performance in the film was coming through—that the audience was getting what I'd tried so hard to do—I almost burst into tears. You can have all the skill and experience in the world and still lack that something that establishes communication with an audience. If you have it, you're just lucky. I guess Keats said it: 'Truth is beauty; and beauty, truth.'"

"So there is one of my answers. I saw that happiness lies in giving the best and truest in yourself to your work. My first ambition then is to become an accomplished actress. If I seem to be going off the deep end artistically, I'll confess that I want to be a box-office name too. Of course, the economic security of professional success is important. But more than it, I want the spiritual security—the inner satisfaction—that comes from a job well done."

"Well, you're certainly cutting out some career for yourself," I said.

"Oh, I talk career and independent womanhood," she laughed. "But the second point on my program is to get married. As I see it, a good marriage is the only solution for loneliness. And I want children. I regard them as a form of immortality. And I don't mean the mere blood relationship. The main thing is to instill in children all the best you've learned in life. So when you're gone, that will keep on living."

Remembering that John Payne, Errol Flynn, Farley Granger, and Scott Brady were among those with whom Shelley's name had been linked, I asked, "How about your present string of boy friends? Isn't there one of them you'd like to marry?"

"No," she replied. "My dating, incidentally, has been highly exaggerated. But I can't help what breaks in print. I rarely go out except on weekends; but I'm always reading items about my dining with such-and-such fellow in certain restaurants. That's just publicity. I've never even been inside one of the restaurants that the papers say I have."

"My idea of a good time? Well, an evening at the theater. Seeing a fine film. A small party with just intimate friends present. But I do like living alone. I think everybody should live alone for a while. That way you really get to know yourself. Perhaps then you can understand others better."

"And that brings up the third point of my program. I want to be a good citizen—like Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is in a quiet way. You can't live selfishly if you want to be happy. You owe a lot to others—to your community, and your country. If you expect to receive, you've got to do some giving. Do you get what I mean?"

"I get you," said I. "But where's my story about Shelley Winters, the extrovert?"

She arose, finished the last stalk of celery, tossed the salt over her shoulder, and came up with a solution. "Just put it this way," she said. "Either you have some philosophy of life, or you're going to get all loused up. How's that?"

"Cut," said I. "That one we'll print."

THE END



Old friends. Radio's Jack Benny visited Shelley Winters at Universal-International while the blonde glamor girl was making "One False Step," with star William Powell.



At milking time the bull's wife proved to be a little more agreeable than her mate was!

Pitchfork isn't for atmosphere. Unfriendly bull charged after picture was taken.

The HAPPY FARMER

Farm work gives
Macdonald Carey a
trimming for his
role in Paramount's
"Copper Canyon"



Just a farmboy at heart, Macdonald Carey enjoyed getting behind a tractor again.



Day is done. Mac rests his tired (strained!) muscles while pup laughs at his barking dogs.

★ Old MacDonald had a farm, but young Macdonald Carey borrowed one. Deciding to trim down excess weight before starting work on his new Paramount picture, Mac took a friend up on his offer to let him work his 385-acre farm in Ventura, Calif.

Mac's an old farm hand from 'way back. As a youngster he spent summers working on his uncle's farm near the Carey homestead in Sioux City, Iowa. So, though his personal appearance among the chickens startled some of his Hollywood chums, Mac was right at home performing chores he used to as a boy.

Up at the break of dawn, Mac found all the exercise he needed. But by night fall he decided it would take a heap of doing to get back his charley-horse-free youth.

HOLLYWOOD WANTS YOU

(Continued from page 31)

wood is killing and discouraging. Thousands of girls come out here each year, hoping to break in as extras. Either they don't know or don't realize that Central Casting is full up and that no girl can get a job as an extra unless she's first recommended to Central Casting by a director or producer who's promised to use her in a picture.

Don't think I'm being negative or discouraging, but it is my belief that the best avenue for entrance to Hollywood is the stage. Practically every star you can think of who has any ability whatever as an actor or actress, earned it via the stage. Greer Garson, Katharine Hepburn, Irene Dunne, Clark Gable, Van Johnson, Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien—they're all recruits from the stage.

If you plan to crash Hollywood, your best hope is to crash the New York legitimate theatres.

How do you do this, you ask, if you happen to live in a small, isolated town?

Well, here are the answers:

To go to New York, untrained, is almost as bad as coming to Hollywood untrained. Thousands of girls come to New York each summer looking for stage jobs and most of them wind up going home or working in Gimbel's basements.

By training I mean you should have some sort of previous dramatic instruction in a little theatre, a drama group, a college, or you should have studied singing, dancing or perhaps acrobatics.

Those with training usually stay at the Barbizon for Women or the Allerton House or the Three Arts Club or at the various branches of the YWCA, or, if they're lucky, they manage to break in at the Rehearsal Club where a girl can stay for \$15 a week.

Once settled in New York, the aspiring actress makes the rounds of the various producers' offices. Practically all of the major producers have their offices on 44th or 45th Street in Manhattan; and practically every young actress hangs around Walgreen's Drug Store on 44th

and Broadway to find out what openings there are and what plays are being tried out.

Agents

There are several methods of looking for a job on Broadway. You can phone, make the rounds, read the tip sheets, or use an agent. An agent does the job-looking for you. But how do you get an agent and how much do you pay him?

To get an authorized agent to place you in a play is very tough indeed, especially if you've had little or no experience. Agents usually interview from 10 A.M. to 2 P. M., and if they think they can possibly place you, they'll have you sign a contract which gives them ten per cent of your gross earnings.

If you live in a small out-of-the-way town, and you want to employ an agent, write him first, enclosing a snapshot and telling all about your talent and experience. Beware of any agent who offers to take you under his wing for more than ten per cent.

Agents are reluctant to sign new persons. This is understandable. They operate on commissions and unless they can get you a job, they see no sense in handling you. If one does agree to work for you, you had best call on him every two or three days to see that he's bearing you in mind.

Actors Equity has a list of rules concerning authorized agents. For example, if you're a young actress and your agent gets you a job in a play and the salary is \$100 a week, he is entitled to only 5% commission for the first ten weeks that the play is in progress.

Most good agents have more actors and actresses than they can find a job for; but if they genuinely think they can place you or get you a screen test or develop you into a star, they'll sign you and work like the devil.

The best way to get in touch with an agent is through a friend who already has one. Or else write to the agent.

If no agent is willing to handle you, don't get discouraged. You can go out and try and find a job for yourself. Many top-flight actresses have done this; only it's tough. You go and see the producers directly and you tell them you want a job and you ask them for a chance to strut your stuff.

Interviewing Producers

When interviewing a stage producer, unless you've had scads of experience, ask for any sort of a part: Ask for a walk-on or a bit-part, anything. Don't misrepresent. A producer can spot a phony in a minute. If the producer has an opening, he'll give you a chance.

Remember, however, that the competition for any part is terrific, and that the salary is negligible. For example, a walk-on part is good for only \$15 a week. Equity's \$60-a-week minimum does not apply to walk-on parts. Small parts pay up to \$200 a week, but there are usually a hundred girls trying out for the role.

The best break any young actress can get is the role of understudy to the star. . . . Lizabeth Scott and Olivia deHavilland broke in that way. . . . Understudies make anywhere from \$60 to \$200 a week, but their chance for success is great, should anything happen to the star. Many times when one star is ill, she is replaced by another star and the understudy never gets a shot at the big role. Occasionally, however, she gets an opportunity to fill in.

Star salaries in the legitimate theatre run from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a week; and many an actress who's a hit on Broadway stanchly refuses to go to Hollywood. Helen Hayes, Lynn Fontanne and Katharine Cornell are three such examples. . . . No young actress should try her luck looking for a job on Broadway, unless she's had actual stage experience some place else. How do you get such experience, you ask?

Summer Theatres

A girl who intends to make acting her life work should make every possible attempt to join a summer theatre. Most of these theatres are in New England and the East; and practically all of them are scouted by Broadway producers for talent.

These theatres are set up in barns, outdoor stages, old shacks, even on boats. They accept students or apprentices as they call them, and they charge anywhere from \$100 to \$1,000 to teach these students all about stagecraft. The training is severe and thorough and consists not only of acting and constructing scenery but of ushering, selling tickets, and sweeping out the theatre.

Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire and many of Hollywood's famous names are products of summer stock. Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullavan and scads of others would never have gotten to first base if they hadn't taken summer theatre jobs.

Frequently, summer theatres use big names for big roles. Tallulah Bankhead, Edward Everett Horton, Paul Muni, many such stars act during the summer and receive good money. The lesser roles, however, are sometimes played by talented students, and this experience is considered of great value. Summer theatre owners usually cast their plays in April and May when they come to New York and scout around for available talent.

It is best, however, to write them before that, because they're usually swamped with requests and applications from students.

If you cannot afford a summer theatre, you'd best try a community theatre.



One case where being a star's child helped her to crash films: Producer Freed congratulates little Liza Minnelli, who appears with Mama Judy in "The Good Old Summertime."

Community Theatres

It is relatively easy for the beginner to break into a community theatre, largely because these organizations are non-profit and are run solely for the amusement of citizens in the community. In such cities as Omaha, Charlotte, Pasadena, etc., there are community theatres, organized by the local citizenry.

Broadway producers recommend the beginning actress to get her start in one of these houses. The competition isn't very great and a novice can get acquainted with the various aspects of stagecraft. She can learn about all the groundwork and she may be able to pick up a few hints from the local stage director. Once a girl has some little theatre experience, she has a chance of crashing a stock company.

Stock Companies

Stock companies are considered the best entree to the New York stage. They consist of ten or fifteen players who put on a new play each week. The actress with stock company experience finds that she's played practically every kind of role there is. Stock company directors are usually competent; and Broadway producers will practically always give a girl a hearing who's played in stock for six or seven months. Stock companies are professional theatre outfits and pay their actors and actresses professional salaries. If you can break into a stock company, you've got a good chance of breaking into Broadway and eventually Hollywood.

Talent Scouts

Every large studio in Hollywood uses talent scouts. These men and women don't stay in Hollywood. They tour the entire country. They drop in at night clubs, road houses; they study movie

magazines and college annuals. They are constantly on the lookout for talent. They pore through thousands of pictures, hoping to find one which will please them.

Beware of fake and phony talent scouts. Beware, too, of so-called talent scouts who can get you a screen test if you put up a certain amount of money. When a talent scout, that is, a real talent scout, offers you a screen test, *there are no strings attached*. His studio is genuinely interested in you. If you believe you have the necessary talent, you might write any of these talent scouts, explaining your abilities. The worst they can do is say no.

Chorus Girls

Many Hollywood actresses started out as chorus girls; and many young hopefuls believe that the chorus line is a good way of crashing into Hollywood. Actually, it's not. To begin with, you need more than a good figure and a pretty face. You need stamina and intelligence, and you must remember that even if you do get a job in a chorus, you have no opportunity to demonstrate your dramatic ability.

Many chorus girls have singing and dramatic coaches on the side, but few of these ever amount to anything.

The average chorus calls for 32 girls; and for each 32 vacancies, approximately 500 girls apply. A chorus girl makes \$55 a week, and those who do specialty numbers earn \$150 a week. Variety and Billboard, however, advertise for-chorus girls with or without experience, from time to time, and the young hopeful, if she likes, can take a crack at it.

She may make some valuable contacts and if she takes care of herself, she won't regret the experience. Musical comedies use more women than men; and the field

isn't as tough to crack as are others.

What the Young Actress or Actor Needs

In my opinion, here are the bare essentials for a screen career: a decent command of the English language, the ability to speak it properly; good posture and gait; and proven talent.

Dramatic Schools

There are more than 8,000 dramatic schools in the United States. Many of these are completely worthless. They charge youngsters anywhere from \$50 to \$500 for their courses. Remember, anyone can start a dramatic school. In many cases, schools have been organized by teachers who have no training, no background, no connections and should be out selling brushes or peddling pretzels.

Beware of any dramatic school which advertises wildly. Beware especially of schools which offer to make you a finished actor in five or six weeks. Beware too of such phony advertisements as "Musical Comedy Casting, Attractive Girls Wanted Immediately." This is usually a come-on. Some fast-talking salesman sells the applicant a two- or three-weeks' dancing course for \$50 on the promise of a job and then skips town.

Before any young person registers for a course in dramatics or radio or modeling or, for that matter, in any private vocational school, she should check that school very thoroughly. This can be done in several ways: Write to the Chamber of Commerce of the city in which the school is located. Ask about the school's reputation and financial condition. Write to the Better Business Bureau in the same city and ask the same questions. Write to the Department of Education in your state and find out if the school is on the accredited list.

Under no circumstances pay tuition

Doctor's Amazing Easy

14-DAY PLAN

REDUCES while You Eat!

...Lose Up to 15 lbs. in 2 Weeks or No Cost to You

LOSE UGLY FAT VERY FIRST WEEK...HAVE MORE ENERGY...FEEL BETTER...OR YOUR MONEY BACK

- No Exercise . . . No Starving
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without first carefully investigating the school's curriculum and faculty. Do not fall for any flattering or beguiling promises of employment. Remember that a school educates and an employment agency gets you a job; each has a separate function.

Beware of schools that claim to have produced hundreds of famous movie stars. Many schools have their walls plastered with autographed photos which are out-and-out forgeries.

Beware of schools that are newly organized, and finally beware of the man who offers you an awful lot for a very little. I am not in any position to recommend all the accredited drama schools in America, but a few of the outstanding are The Pasadena Playhouse in Pasadena, Calif., the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and Mme. Ouspenskaya's Dramatic School, both in New York.

Most of the state universities also boast fine dramatic departments. Yale University's workshop, the University of North Carolina Playmakers, the Stanford University Theatre, all of these are topflight.

Children in the Movies

If you have a talented child at home, and you're convinced the child belongs on the screen, your best bet is to get an agent for him or her. Write any of the Hollywood agents and tell them about your child. Enclose a snapshot and ask if there is any movie coming up in which the child might be used. There are few motion picture stories starring children and as a result the studios have very few

child stars under contract. You can count child stars such as Shirley Temple, Margaret O'Brien, Butch Jenkins, and a few others on the fingers of both your hands.

When a studio buys a story in which a child plays a large part, it sometimes conducts a nation-wide search for the child actor. For example in "The Yearling," Claude Jarman Jr. played the role of Jody. He was discovered by my studio in Tennessee.

Many mothers take their life savings and come out to Hollywood with their children; and for the most part, they can't even get into a studio. Don't come out to Hollywood unless a studio sends for you.

Send your child's photo to the studio casting director if you think he or she can fill a part which is coming up; but don't bring the child in person. Most movie fan magazines report on what the studios have and hope to have in production.

There are more mothers and children in Hollywood today looking for studio work than ever before. I repeat—don't come until you're sent for.

You don't have to be beautiful; but you do have to speak well, act well, and intelligently understand a script. If your specialty is dancing or singing or mimicry, also make sure that you excel at it.

Be sure and get *Movieland* October NEW FACES issue: On sale, September 9th at your favorite newsstand!

PLAYFUL PRINCESS

(Continued from page 18)

ardent golf fans go when they visit the Riviera. Last year Clark Gable asserted that it was the most arduous course he had ever played, and the greatest challenge to his skill as a golfer.

So far, Rita's golf game isn't so terrific, and here too she flaunts tradition by violating the most sacred rule of golfers: wearing high heels. Rita is much less enthusiastic about golf than she is about tennis, but with her usual determination coming to the fore, she's out to master the game.

Art is a new interest for Rita. She has become a great admirer of Picasso. One of her favorite wedding presents was a specially bound volume of the works of the master, designed and dedicated by Picasso himself. When Rita received it, she clasped it in her arms and cried, "I shall take this to bed with me every night."

Despite the fact that it is months since the wedding, gifts continue to pour in for Rita. The latest count in weight for the diamonds she has received places it at 50 kilos (roughly 110 pounds), all carefully sorted and placed in a safe deposit bank. Rita, who has never been one to wear ostentatious jewelry, now has a fortune cached away.

Errol Flynn always enjoys his brief vacations in France, because even his eccentricities go practically unnoticed in this country of individual liberty. In Paris Errol made the headlines when he announced a unique pact with photographers: He gave them the right to photograph him at any angle they wanted for 24 hours, but if after that they tried to take his picture he would beat them up. No one tried. (Few were interested.)

At Cap d'Antibes where he has extended his stay much longer than planned,

Errol has been working on a screen-play. But he hasn't been working so hard that he has forgotten to be Errol Flynn. The girl who has been seen with the actor the most often—which means mornings at the Eden Roc swimming pool; lunches at the Hotel du Cap's Pavilion; afternoons, fishing on Freddie McEvoy's yacht, "Black Swan"; and evenings dancing at the Palm Beach Casino of Cannes—is Countess Marietta Ghika, a slender aristocratic Roumanian girl in her early twenties.

Jean-Pierre Aumont and Maria Montez have made up, and are spending their second honeymoon on the Riviera, staying with friends at artistic St. Tropez. Aumont, who insists that the world's press exaggerated his differences with fiery Maria, doesn't plan to be back in Hollywood until the spring of 1950. His wife, however, will return this fall to fulfill movie commitments.

David Selznick and Jennifer Jones really outdid themselves in trying to remain incognito and avoid reporters the two days they stopped in Cannes. Sneaking out of the Hotel Carlton by back doors and freight elevators, they managed to evade a persistent photographer who had learned of their arrival. At the moment they are hiding away in a villa at San Remo, Italy, about fifty miles from Cannes, but they come out of retirement occasionally to come to the French Riviera for dinner. A surprise marriage any day is indicated. Jennifer, to the surprise of everyone, walked away with French popularity honors, having won two polls conducted by the two most powerful fan magazines in France.

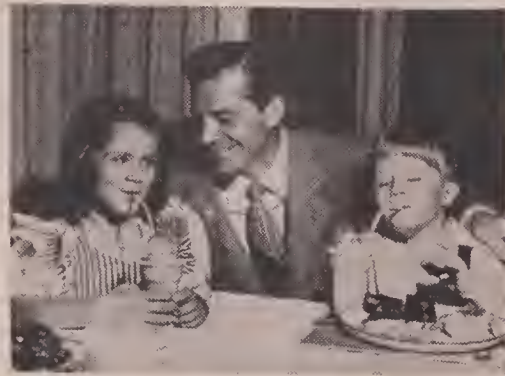
THE END

By ANNE ANSLEY

Movieland's Counter Spy

Something new for you, milady? A beauty aid perhaps—or a gadget for your favorite baby

"MAKES 'EM ASK FOR MORE," says 20th Century star Dana Andrews, about Topic Toy's new "Merry-Go-Sip." It's a plastic milk glass topped by a dome under which are three adorable animals. As the child sips milk through attached straw, the animals spin around. \$1.29 in gift box. Youngsters love it!



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twins from their ambitious ideas about swimming. The house, however, is not pretentious. In fact, although the Barkers have lived there two years, the living room has never been furnished!

"We couldn't afford to do everything at once, so we by-passed that. We use the den as a living room, and the real living room makes such a wonderful storage room, I don't know what we'll do without it when it's finally furnished. Look. Broken chairs, an extra bed, the kids' wagons!" explains Susan with no trace of apology.

"We didn't have a decorator do the rest of the house and we won't for the living room. We'll furnish it ourselves—when we finally get round to it. It will be completely livable and comfortable. Possibly mahogany tables, but big deep chairs and sofas covered in inexpensive fabrics so we'll never have to keep the boys out!"

The den, still really the living room, is large and cheerful, with a fieldstone fireplace, yellow walls and a beamed ceiling, pine tables and cozy chairs and sofas upholstered in cherry red or flowered chintz. Lamps have bases of gleaming copper and brass, Colonial prints decorate the walls. There is always a large box of candy on the low coffee table and, at the moment, a pair of Susan's brown suede pumps under it. She loves to kick off her shoes.

The dining room with rose-covered wallpaper, the breakfast room and kitchen complete the downstairs. The boys, Timothy and Gregory, now are allowed to have dinner every night with their parents in the dining room, unless they have misbehaved. Then they are exiled back to the breakfast room, called "the babies' dining room," for discipline. They hate it! It's worse than a spanking to them.

"We used to spank them but I discovered it did no good and I finally felt it was wrong for them. So now we just take some pleasure away as a disciplinary measure," says mother Susan.

It's easy to believe that a mere spanking wouldn't stop the Barker boys.

They're characters. Not identical twins, their personalities are different, too. Gregory has inherited his mother's red hair. He's thinner than his brother, more quiet but possesses the natural talent of a clown and is very funny. Timothy has blonde hair like his dad's. He is the more protective of the two. He herds his brother around and watches out for his welfare. He asserts himself—in a loud voice, according to his mother—but doesn't clown.

"Jess is full of fun, has no reserve and is always ready with some sort of act to amuse the kids or anyone else who happens to be around," laughs Susan. "Greg takes after his father in that respect, if not in the color of his hair. Tim and I maintain the family dignity," she adds in mock seriousness.

Susan is a mighty busy girl, whether or not she's working in a picture, for she manages to combine her career with being a successful wife and mother, with lots of emphasis on the last.

She seldom has much time between pictures. Almost as soon as she completed "House of Strangers" with Edward G. Robinson at 20th Century-Fox, she trekked to Tulsa for the premiere of the picture named for that city (which she made for Walter Wanger) and then on her return reported to the Goldwyn studio for "The Girl in the Brown Dress."

Susan is under contract to Walter Wanger but makes so many pictures at other studios that it seems as if she is completely a free-lance star. Jess is a freelance, too, but much to their regret they never seem to be working at the same studio nor at the same time.

The latter point has one slight advantage: it leaves one of them free to do the marketing. "It's much better for the family exchequer when Jess does it. He knows bargains and I don't," says Susan.

The household staff consists of a cook and a combination maid-nurse. On cook's day off, Susan takes over in the kitchen and does right well by chicken, roast lamb and steaks. Jess can cook but doesn't very often, usually limiting him-



The Barkers' kids keep them plenty busy—and they love it. With parents like Susan and Jess, it's no wonder carrot-topped Gregory views the world through rose colored glasses.



Tim and Greg are allowed near the swimming pool only when one or both parents are there to supervise. (Their ambitious desire to "swim like fishes" might prove too strong.)

self to Dagwood-type sandwiches.

"He's a whiz at sandwiches," exclaims his wife. "Did you ever know a boy from the South who worked at the lunch counter at a drug store who *didn't* make wonderful sandwiches?" she challenges.

The Barkers do relatively little entertaining at home, because the boys' room is directly over the den-living room and their sleep would be disturbed. So their parents usually take company out to dinner. They like to dance but haven't in a long time, Susan says, because they have lost interest in night-clubbing.

Whether or not Susan is working she manages time in the early evening for a story session with the twins.

"They really seem to prefer my tale telling or story reading to Jess's. But he has his sessions with them, too. Rough house! They'd get into that with me, too, if I dared let them, but with a combined weight of 90 pounds flying at me from all directions, I'm knocked out in a few minutes. They're too much for me!" says the mother of these real boys.

"This summer we're teaching them to swim. Both Jess and I love it and the boys do, too. They're practically ecstatic about it. 'We'll be just like fish,' they promise. Incidentally, they love fish. They'd eat it every day if we had it. And they can hardly wait until they can go fishing.

"In a few more years we'll teach them. I like it, but I'm not too good at it. Jess is, though, and what a lark it will be when the three of them can go fishing together. When they're seven I hope they can start learning to ride, too. And they'll be Cub Scouts as soon as possible. I won't let them have guns until they're about 15, but they should have plenty to keep them busy until then!"

In another year young Tim and Greg will start school, and on that subject Susan has very definite ideas. They will go to public school right in the neighborhood until time to go away to college.

"We didn't have them to send them away," she declares.

Susan insists that the Barkers are not hobbyists, although Jess is interested in photography.

"I think our only real hobby is talking. If we don't have to work the next day, we both love to sit up almost until dawn, just talking. Nor are we interested in collecting things. Personally I think most collections are rather dull. I know one woman who collects old coffee

mills and has them all over her living room.

"They're positively ugly—and dust-catchers, besides. Maybe someday I may collect old music boxes, just so I could play them all at once," grins the pixyish Susan.

Although she enjoys swimming and riding, Susan doesn't try to be the great girl athlete. Jess plays tennis, but she doesn't. She isn't interested in golf, either. Both of them like to garden and do quite a lot of the work around the yard, although they also need a gardener.

"We're not specialists. We like to dig and plant, but there's just too much to do. The front lawn, the back lawn, the fruit trees and grape vines that go up the back hill! Jess and I like to potter around with flowers. We've raised some rather nice pansies and chrysanthemums. I never have to worry about canning any of the fruit. The birds get it all. We put up a scarecrow last year but they just nested in it."

In the boys' nursery is a little portable organ and usually before they go to sleep they coax their mother to sing them a song.

"My accompaniment is the simplest possible and my voice is a basso-soprano, but they seem to like it," she avers. "In another year I think they'll both start taking piano lessons. They seem musically inclined. At the moment Tim thinks he wants to play the violin, but he'll probably change his mind again. They both change their minds almost as often as their overalls."

Some day the Barkers would like to retire to a ranch, a big one with lots of cattle and horses in Arizona or Nevada—not one of those little ones in the San Fernando Valley.

Most of their close friends are not in motion pictures.

"There's nothing wrong with movie people as friends," Susan hastens to explain, "but we feel that since we're supposed to portray real people we should *know* them. We can learn more from them because they live normal lives and aren't always on parade.

"If anyone were to ask me, I'd say we lead a nice, dull, comfortable life. We have lots of fun in our own way. Some people believe life should be lived like a flame. Well, ours is on a slow gas burner," concludes Susan, "and that's the way we like it!"

THE END



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By Helen King

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Look at the slant. Slant always indicates the degree of affection. The more the writing leans rightward the more intense the emotions. This one signature of Shirley Temple's has several degrees of slant, each letter bending a little more to the right than the one previous! Shirley is becoming more intense even as she writes her own name.

Check the letters next. Notice how plain they are. There's no doubt in your mind as to their identity. They're very

clear. Note the i-dot placed so carefully. That is the sign of attentiveness to details. And note, too, the tendency to reverse the natural loop in the "y." Shirley is an altruist, willing to give the other fellow a chance to prove himself before condemning him.

Do your letters taper off? Do yours get smaller towards the end? If so, you and Shirley Temple are diplomats. You can say "No" without offending; can smooth over rough spots; can win many a friend.

THE END

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NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....

MY FRENCH WIFE CORINNE CALVET

(Continued from page 43)

She'd never fished, but she was sure she'd like it if I did. We fished from the pier at first, but when she could bait a hook and cast, we went out in a boat. The first three times, she didn't catch a thing.

"I'm jinxed!" she told me, "I shall never be a fisherman!"

The fourth time, she caught three barracuda and two big halibut. She was so excited, she was dancing.

When we go fishing, Corinne wears hip boots over a pair of my old corduroy pants. I wanted her to buy slacks, but she thinks my corduroys are lucky for her. With them, she wears a wide belt, a little plaid jersey blouse, a fleece-lined coat I bought her for Christmas, and a cap with a peak.

Staggering along through the deep sand in those big hip boots, her cap on sidewise, Corinne looks like an early Charlie Chaplin! Only much, much cuter . . .

We had planned to marry around Thanksgiving. In October, I had to go to New York for the opening of a picture. She came to the station to see me off, her eyes brimming with big tears. I could hardly bear to leave her. Those two weeks were years long. When we were together again, we decided not to wait and set the date for November 7th.

We wanted to be married in a pretty place, so we chose Boulder City, where everything is clean and green. Reverend Winston Treavor of Grace Community Church performed the ceremony. It was all very solemn and beautiful. The little church was filled with flowers.

Corinne wore a Bermuda blue wool suit, a little satin hat with a blue feather and veil, and matching blue shoes. Even though at the time I was dazed, I know she looked beautiful.

Afterwards we went to the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. They did the nicest thing: They gave us a boat for our honeymoon, 42 feet long, that sleeps six. We sailed around on Lake Mead, caught bass, and sailed back to the Wishing Well. We tossed in a coin and wished . . . You can guess mine!

Corinne is the daughter of Monsieur and Madame Pierre Dibos of Paris. She went to the University of Paris School of Fine Arts and studied interior decoration, but the theater fascinated her, and she did some work on the stage and in radio.

At two o'clock one morning, she woke from a sound sleep convinced that it was time for her to try the movies.

Picking up the telephone directory, she thumbed through it till she found the number of Director Marc Allegret, and on the impulse dialed. He wasn't too happy about being awakened at that hour, but Corinne explained that she was sure she was movie material and was really doing him a favor in permitting him to discover her. Perhaps he thought that any girl with her nerve must be worth seeing, because he made an appointment for next day.

She walked up the three flights of stairs to his office. On the second flight, five men were huddled together, holding a conference, and she couldn't get by. She waited, getting more impatient by the moment. When they still made no move to let her by, she said icily: "Permit me to pass, monsieurs!" As she mounted the stairs, she heard one of them say: "That's the girl we want!"

"Fresh thing!" said Corinne to herself—or whatever is the French equivalent.

Monsieur Allegret had nothing for her, but he was interested and said he thought he could use her in about six weeks. She was still in his office when she heard voices in the outer room. The men on the stairs turned out to be a producer, director, writer, cameraman and their banker, and they were about to make a picture. They signed her then and there to a contract and she starred in her first picture!

At that time, her name was Dibos. Her father didn't object to her acting, but he suggested she find another name for the screen. On the dining table was a bottle of Calvet Wine.

"Corinne Calvet," mused Corinne. "That is it!"

She made five films for the company. One of them attracted Paramount's attention when they were about to make "Sealed Verdict" and were looking for a French girl to play the lead. They brought her to Hollywood, but her English wasn't good enough, so Florence Marley played the role.

There are few parts for French girls, and when lean days came Paramount dropped her contract, and MGM picked it up. They couldn't find a part for her, either, but they gave her a test that was very good. While we were going together last year, I suggested to Paul Nathan, Hal Wallis' talent director, that he look at her test. One look was enough. Mr. Wallis signed her to a contract and prepared to star her in "Rope of Sand."

Now we have the same agent, the same producer, and are in the same picture, though unfortunately we have no scenes with each other. We cue each other; I tell her if she mispronounces a word, but I don't interfere with her interpretation. William Dieterle is directing. He understands Corinne, knows what he wants from her, and gets it.

Corinne doesn't understand American jokes. I sit chortling over Jack Benny, Bob Hope or some radio comedian, and she listens carefully, blue eyes puzzled. "What are you laughing at?" she pleads. Then, suddenly, she'll laugh at something that's not a joke at all . . . So cute! Since I've known her, life's so interesting—truly, never a dull moment.

If we both live to be a hundred, life with Corinne can never be long enough!

THE END

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SUCCESS THE HARD WAY

(Continued from page 28)

browsed in the public library, where it was warm—and free. He read practically everything written by F. Scott Fitzgerald, Joseph Hergeshimer, Joseph Conrad, Thomas Wolfe, Hemingway, H. L. Menck-en, and others. When the library closed, John would check out several books and take them to his bedroom, where he read himself to sleep.

Several years later, when John was asked to write a few skits for a revue called "New Faces," he turned out a series of excellent episodes although, at that time, he had never seen a revue. His wide reading had given him the background and the urge to try his hand at writing, too.

Later in his career, that winter spent in the library paid off again when he was hired to write the Billie Burke radio show, and the Jack Pepper Show.

Not only did Lund become familiar with literature, but he discovered poetry too. He used to walk home with a friend, Al Sweeting, and John would recite with deep feeling. His memory could provide a two-hour program without tiring his voice.

Years later, when Al Sweeting was preparing to direct an amateur production of "Waiting For Lefty," he thought of John. He needed a guy with a "big" voice.

The fact remains that out of John's bad break when he had to pay for the smashed window, he got launched on his career.

John didn't finish school. He quit after the ninth grade, and that ended his formal education except for a few months when school authorities caught up with him. Looking back now, John wishes he had finished high school and taken at least two years of university work.

However, during the years when other boys were studying, John was collecting characters. At one time he worked with a construction crew building a new school. One of the laborers was a Scot; another an Irishman. To this day, John can imitate both men with uncanny accuracy. "They were a real comedy team," John recalls. "Some of their arguments stood me in good stead when I was

writing for radio. They were a riot."

Working on a construction gang also taught Mr. Lund how much sweat goes into the earning of a dollar. No one will ever read about the Lunds going on a mad spending spree. John has a wholesome respect for money and the way to spend it. He believes that not having a dollar to spend is fine training for eventually spending a dollar.

Even John's determination to crack New York was one of those bad-breaks-that-paid-off. He had arranged for space in one of those taxi services that operate between certain points. When he arrived on the designated morning, he was told that he must be mistaken; no reservation had been made for him.

Luckily, he had the receipt for the fare he had paid in advance, so he was promised a place in the automobile leaving the following morning.

Was this an omen that he wasn't supposed to go to New York? Or was it merely a warning never to trust wild-cat transportation systems?

Anyway, thinking it over, John got his money back. He took the train. A few days later he learned that the automobile in which he had his original reservation had been wrecked near Auburn, New York, and everyone in the car had been critically injured or killed outright.

Having arrived safely in Manhattan, John was all set to go into the circular advertising business with a friend—a shopping news publication, to be exact. They had arranged financing which would carry them through their first few months of operations, and after that, they would be making enough money to pay back their loans and still net a nice profit.

It was late winter of 1939; business was looking up. But, one of John's backers withdrew from the plan. John's friend was offered a highly-paid position, and John found himself in that old familiar position of holding the bag.

However, work was going forward on the opening of the World's Fair, so John went to work in a pageant titled "Railroads on Parade." In one skit, John was a rail-splitter (a blonde Lincoln!), in



Joan Crawford found John all decked out in a dapper suit, dark shirt, and flaming tie when she dropped by to say "hello" to him on the set of Hal Wallis' "My Friend Irma."

another he was a cowpoke, and in another, an Indian. The company did five or six shows a day, a routine which was distinguished by quick switches from one outfit to another.

John could anticipate no benefit to be gained from his experience in "Railroads on Parade" but some time later, the same man who directed the pageant undertook to direct a road show production of "Charley's Aunt," starring Phil Baker. The director asked John to take the part of one of the college chums.

"Charley's Aunt" closed after four days in Chicago.

Even that experience wasn't wasted! John knew definitely that he wanted to remain in the entertainment business.

He tried out for the George Abbott production, "Highland Fling," but was told he was too young-looking for the part. He didn't let the setback bother him. Being too young looking was a malady always corrected by time, and one way to pass the time was to get into radio.

John's next experience was in television. Unfortunately, he acted before a tele-camera which served up the program to people in the studio only, and they could make out John only through a ghostly fog. John frequently asked himself in exasperation: "What in the world am I doing here?" Yet he had faith in video and he felt that no matter how hopeless it appeared at that time, something was certain to come of the experience.

At about this time, the advertising agency for which John was writing the Billie Burke show decided to send him to Hollywood. John really ripped into his radio writing job, working eighteen hours a day.

Finally he had to see a doctor. "What do you do for recreation?" the doctor asked.

"Work," said John.

"Keep it up," said the doctor, "and I'll give you six months more."

Two days later, having turned over his responsibilities to others, John waved goodbye to his chance of being the youngest radio magnate to go mad, and returned to New York.

A play, he decided, would be a vacation—with pay—if he could find a suitable role.

Luck was with him this time. He was signed for the role of Yank in "The Hasty Heart," and after that was tagged by Paramount. His introduction to motion picture audiences in "To Each His Own," opposite Olivia de Havilland, was a break accorded a Hollywood newcomer only in years when snow falls on Sunset Boulevard.

"So," John says earnestly, "no matter how black life looks, cheer up! Though your house may have been washed away in a flood, get out the next morning and search for a vein of gold laid bare by the storm.

"Don't get the idea that I'm a Pollyanna," John adds hastily. "I don't believe that everything happens for the best. I think you have to make it turn out for the best. I think a person has to keep right on trying."

Of course, nothing really could have prepared him for co-starring with the irrepressible Marie Wilson in the Hal Wallis production, "My Friend, Irma." For the first few days she persisted in calling him "Jeffrey" because of having confused "Lynn" with "Lund." When John painstakingly pointed out to her that he wasn't Jeffrey Lynn, she began to call him "Alfred," as in "Lunt."

Grins John, "It isn't important. She's a wonderful girl. Besides, as one midget said to another, 'What's in a gnome?'"

THE END

LOVE AFFAIR

(Continued from page 25)

What would Gloria wear? Were her two children living with her? How did Jimmy think he'd work out as a step-father?

Jimmy Stewart is not an expansive man. He does not talk freely, at least not to women magazine writers. They have a ceaseless barrage of feminine questioning, he becomes shy, stuttery, embarrassed and very much like a tongue-tied boy. "I can't help it," he apologizes. "I just have never been able to talk about love."

When Jim hit Hollywood, he knew that he would have to sit for no interviews, because he was scheduled to go to Arizona on location for his new picture, "Arrow."

He knew, too, however, that he was obligated to fulfill these requests from the members of the press who had been so kind to him in the past.

He therefore went up to the office of his publicist and said very nicely, because Jimmy is really a very sweet guy—"Bernie, what sort of stuff do you need?"

Said Bernie, "They want the inside story. How did you two meet? When did the fondness bloom into love? How does it feel not to be a bachelor any more?"

Jimmy slumped more deeply into his chair. "One thing, I'm not gonna talk about," he said flatly, "is my bachelorhood. I'm tired of all that stuff."

"Well," said Bernie. "Maybe we don't need the trimmings. But we certainly need the facts. Why don't you give us all the facts in the case, such as when you plan to get married, who's gonna be there, where you hope to spend your honeymoon, stuff such as that."

"Good deal," said Jimmy. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll type out a fact sheet on the wedding, and if any of the boys want to write a story around that—okay."

So Jimmy Stewart sat down at a typewriter and banged out a fact sheet on his marriage, a marriage which may or may not have taken place by the time you read this.

That fact sheet as Jimmy originally typed it appears on Page 24.

As you read it, you can tell that Jim is a man of few words. Some of the names on the sheet may puzzle you.

The wedding reception, for example, is to be given by the Jack Boltons. Jack is Jimmy's agent and works for the Music Corporation of America, a talent agency that takes 10% of Stewart's income.

The Boltons are also good friends of Jimmy and chaperoned him and Gloria when they flew to Mazatlan, Mexico, not too long ago.

Chasen's is the name of a Hollywood restaurant frequented by Jimmy and Gloria, and Billy Grady, listed as best man, is the casting director at MGM.

THE END

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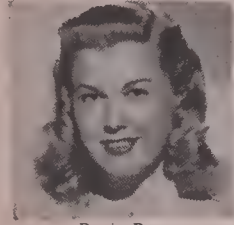


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ATTENTION BRIDES

(Continued from page 57)

cream sauce for a very tasty tuna dish.

What intrigued Janie most on the shelf was French's Instant Potato which makes ten servings of mashed potatoes in one minute with the addition of water, milk and butter. It makes potato soup too, in less time than it takes to yell, "Action! Camera!" All very important matters to a prospective housekeeper who will be dashing home from busy days at MGM.

Right now, Janie is studying her script for "Nancy Goes to Rio"; but after her sessions at Van Nuys Evening High it shouldn't surprise Producer Joe Pasternak if, instead of the lines, his little star starts chanting: "Keep on hand cream cheese; it blends with roquefort or blue cheese; also with clams, avocados, chopped olives, crisp, crumbled bacon, and can be served on crackers, corn curls, or as celery stuffing at hors d'oeuvres time!"

One of the most important tricks for a hostess is to have her silver polished and ready. This can be done with prepared silver cloths or with disposable papers chemically treated.

Janie took her turn polishing a whole silver service at the class and found it went very quickly, without any mess. She didn't even have to take off her diamond engagement ring.

Another trick when you're expecting guests is to try and rest for ten minutes before they arrive. After you finish the work as KP, a shower and fresh make-up, and ten minutes' rest makes you feel like a glamor girl.

In Janie's case, many of the guests will be droppers-in, her friends and Geary's, driving around on a bright Sunday afternoon.

"Always open the door with a smile," Mrs. Ramsey says, "and always open the door wide. If your silver is polished and flowers freshly arranged, if you yourself are neat and well-groomed, there's no problem."

One of Janie's assignments in class was to open the door to unexpected guests. She greeted the two members of the class gaily and easily, dashed to the mirror to be sure she had lipstick on, grabbed a handful of Martha Washington geraniums from the bunch in the school kitchen, ar-

ranged them tastefully in a small cornucopia, and had a table set for tea in less than five minutes.

While the water boiled, Jane chatted with her "guests," then ran for the teapot, for a box of cookies and a tinned Brown Bread from the emergency shelf. Ten minutes later, tea was being served as prettily as you please.

Cinnamon toast goes well with tea, too or bread and butter sandwiches with water cress. If the guests are unexpected, however, the idea is to do things rapidly.

Janie had a great many questions to ask about formal dinner service. She isn't worried about the cooking, but she wanted pointers on serving.

Question: "Are service plates always necessary?"

Answer: "Dinner plates can be used just as well."

Question: "Where should the napkin go?"

Answer: "It can be laid in a rectangle across the plate. If a sherbet glass or salad plate rests on top the dinner plate, the napkin goes to the left."

Some of the other aspects of the Hostess Class, Janie really didn't need, such as the business of keeping a conversation going. Other members of the class found her most adept at that. The same charm and poise that marked her performance in "Holiday in Mexico," "Three Daring Daughters," "Luxury Liner" and "Date with Judy" carry over into everything Jane does.

"Of course, this class was fun," Janie says, "and I didn't have to work as hard as I did in my class in Italian." She would like to go back to school and take some of the wonderful classes that are listed in the catalog. She found a number of adult evening classes that sounded very interesting when she enrolled at Van Nuys. Principal Philo Chambers took her to visit the canning class and the tapestry weaving class.

Of course, at present, studio work and her plans for becoming Mrs. Steffen are a full-time job. But Janie's making plans now—for she wants to be the Perfect Wife. And the sooner the better!

THE END



Janie sold her fiancé, Geary Steffen, on the idea of attending night classes at Van Nuys. They'll attend the Square Dance Group just as soon as Janie's movie schedule lets up.

Arlene Dahl, heroine of MGM's "Scene of the Crime," sports pixie-ish harlequins.



By ANNE ANSLEY

Spec-tacular!

★ Perhaps you're one of those gals who refuse to wear goggles, even though you can't see three feet ahead of you. If you are, chum, you're blind to the truth.

A nearsighted gal who needs glasses and doesn't wear them has trouble keeping her blinkers wide open. She has to squint to see what's going on. And she's liable to be stooped-shouldered, from peering forward in order to see. Sometimes friends think she's stuck up; she doesn't recognize people she knows, merely because she can't see them.

Farsightedness is another story. Without glasses, a farsighted girl squints at objects that are near; and she must keep her distance from the object of her vision in order to see it clearly. She'll find few dates who'll be willing to enjoy seeing a movie from the very last row of the theatre, to appease her foolish notions about not wearing her goggles.

Posture and popularity difficulties aren't the least of your worries if you should wear glasses, and don't. Your health is in danger, too. Recurrent headaches may be a sign that your eyes are undergoing unnecessary strain that correct lenses would relieve.

Along with being blind to the fact that glasses are necessary for some people to see with, you've overlooked how really chic those goggles can be. If you need glasses . . . make them one of your most flattering accessories.

The important thing to remember when you choose your glasses is that they must fit your face. If you're a round-faced gal like Arlene Dahl, pixie-ish harlequin glasses like hers will add a new and ex-

citing air to your appearance. If your face is long and thin, frames which are round or squarish will make it appear fuller. Glasses, you see, can do as much as make-up—or even more—to flatter the contour of your face.

Another item to consider in your choice of goggles is the weight of the frame. There's never been as vast a selection of interesting types as today. They range from scholastic-looking heavy black ones to dainty silver rims. Consider your features when you choose your specs. Remember that no matter how good-looking a pair of glasses is, a heavy frame will look ridiculous on your nose if your features are delicate. On the other hand, a full-featured face looks incongruous sporting thin-rimmed specs.

Color is important, too. Current favorites are horn-rimmed frames, edged in gold, and black lace pressed into light-colored plastic. Some gals have a real collection of differently colored glasses. This is mighty nice, if you can afford it, but there are better and cheaper ways of achieving variety. The most practical method is to choose two entirely different styles, and wear them alternately; or have one for casual wear and one for dress. If you *must* have color, there's a chameleon-type kit on the market that contains a pair of clear-colored frames and a complete set of different colored plastic pieces to hinge onto them.

Anyone who thinks spectacles are the sign of old age is suffering from optical illusions. If you need 'em—wear 'em. You'll feel and look spec-tacular!

THE END

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INGRID BERGMAN: SAINT OR SINNER?

(Continued from page 59)

remember that she's a very natural and beautiful woman. She's not a Goddess."

That statement by Miss Brown was the first inkling that Ingrid Bergman was not a saint, so to speak; that she was, in fact, as other women—warm, friendly, and subject to the love, attractions, and temptations of life.

The second inkling came some months ago when newspapers everywhere carried insistent reports that Ingrid planned to divorce her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and marry the very handsome and irresistible Italian director, Roberto Rossellini.

These reports became so widespread that Dr. Lindstrom first sent Kay Brown over to Italy to determine their truth, and after she returned, he traveled to Stromboli himself. He talked to his wife, and Ingrid issued the following statement:

"I have met my husband and we discussed and clarified our situation. After this film is completed, I shall leave Italy and meet my husband in Sweden or the United States. Beyond this there will be no further statements about our private lives."

That statement, of course, said very little. Immediately after it was issued, Rossellini's lawyer, Gino Sotis, announced that his client was determined to make binding in Italy, the divorce he had just secured in Hungary.

In other words, Roberto Rossellini wanted to be free to marry anyone, anywhere.

In issuing her statement, Ingrid had hoped that it would satisfy both the public and the press, that after its release, she would be let alone.

It had the opposite effect. It whetted

the appetite of sensationalists. It aroused the sleuthing instinct in reporters. Walter Winchell wrote, "Ingrid Bergman's financial advisers have assigned a female chaperone with orders never to leave her at any time."

The Hollywood Reporter stated, "Our always accurate Rome source says the Bergman-Rossellini doings are hotter 'n ever; just lucky to be escaping press coverage."

The upshot of all this was that several women's organizations in the country unfairly began to demand that Ingrid's pictures be banned. These were the same organizations who had campaigned for the boycott of Rita Hayworth's films before her marriage to Aly Khan. These organizations, without knowing any of the basic facts in the love-life of Ingrid Bergman, had set themselves up as both judge and jury and had come to the conclusion that Ingrid was acting like a sinner.

Now, the truth, the whole truth about Ingrid Bergman is this: she is neither a saint nor a sinner, neither devil nor deity. She is a fine, forward, upright, honest, talented, and incomparably lovely young actress.

She is also, unfortunately, the victim of a legend she had no part in creating, the legend which set her up as a Goddess; a legend which was fated to boom-erang because no woman on earth, no matter how perfect, could fulfill its unreal requirements.

The legend began in April of 1939 when Ingrid Bergman arrived in New York aboard the Queen Mary and descended the gangplank at Pier 90.

At that time Ingrid could speak very little English. A passenger who asked



This is one time the camera lied. Ingrid Bergman isn't twinking the nose of this young English reporter. She's only illustrating a production point with enthusiastic gesture.



Healthy-looking Ingrid gets an extra dab of powder to create the pale wan look needed for the scene she's going to do next in Alfred Hitchcock's new film, "Under Capricorn."

her how she had enjoyed the trip was told by the actress, "I just had a wonderful time."

Ingrid also knew nothing of publicity men and when the studio publicity man suggested that she let him take care of the interview with the inquiring reporters, she was only too glad.

At that point, the studio did not want the public to learn that Ingrid Bergman was the mother of a year-old baby and that she was married to a Swedish dentist named Lindstrom.

It was said that when David Selznick first met her, he ran his little finger across her lips. He wanted to see how much lip rouge she wore to give her mouth such fine crimson color. When he discovered that Ingrid used no lip rouge at all, Selznick turned to an assistant and is supposed to have said in amazement: "Why, this girl is a goddess!"

Perhaps, the publicity boys took their cue from that statement. Whatever the source of their direction, that's when the goddess legend was born.

They launched her as the goddess of goodness, beauty, kindness, and virtue. In all fairness to them, it must be said that they had plenty to work with. For Bergman was the nearest thing to a true goddess Hollywood had ever known.

She didn't smoke (she does today); she wore no makeup; she was unaffected; she spoke to all reporters with honesty and charm; she revealed her true birthdate, August 28, 1917, whenever it was requested. She was unspoiled, genuine, and gracious. She never plucked her eyebrows. The only jewelry she wore was a simple gold wedding band. Her honey-gold hair, her unlined skin, her blue eyes—all this made it easy to surround Ingrid with an aura of perfection.

What the press boys failed to do, however, was to humanize Ingrid. When Bergman staunchly refused to hide the fact that she was both married and a mother, they went along with her, but regretfully, although the family side of her life was never played up.

"I was lonely always," Ingrid says of

her youth, "so I turned to acting. I would get dressed in my mother's old clothes and I would read poetry aloud—not poems of nature, but funny poems and sad poems—and I dramatized them. Sometimes I acted for old people, and I was happy to do it for them, but not for young people because I was terrified of anyone my age."

Ingrid's childhood was an unhappy one, punctuated by death and tragedy, and it was always older people who showed her kindness and understanding and took care of her. That's why she loves them so devotedly; that's why she respects them; that's why she frequently falls to her knees and clasps their hands when she meets and talks to them.

But to explain all this half a dozen years ago, the publicity boys would have been compelled to talk about Ingrid's early life, and somehow that period of her growth didn't fit the goddess legend.

The ironic part of the goddess legend is that Bergman is one actress who never needed it.

She can stand on her own virtues. She needs none manufactured for her.

She will not, for example, tolerate a dirty or smutty story of any sort. She will permit no one, if she can prevent it, to be pushed around. Some years ago, for example, she was invited to a dinner for the diplomatic corps. She asked to meet the Swedish Minister. When it was explained to her that the Swedish minister was "one of the lesser ministers" and had not been invited, she quickly but politely said, "If he is not here, then I am afraid I must go at once." The Swedish Ambassador was sent for.

Up until the Rossellini affair, no breath of scandal had ever touched Ingrid. She had occasionally been mentioned in connection with Selznick, Cary Grant, Ernest Hemingway, and Gary Cooper, but everyone knew such tieups were ridiculous and unworthy even of the slightest mention.

This, however, hasn't been true in the case of Roberto Rossellini; and that's why the public has been shocked.

(Please turn to next page)

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Many of Ingrid's fans simply cannot understand how their goddess might be attracted to one of the most handsome, charming, talented directors in the world, attracted even in a professional way.

It's really quite simple. Ingrid is extremely career-minded. Acting is her whole life. She will re-do one scene a hundred times in order to make it perfect. She will sit on the floor and discuss lines with a writer over and over again. She wants to please the public always.

She thought, for example, that "Arch of Triumph" would prove a huge success. She was so confident that she signed to appear in it for virtually no salary but 35% of the profits. To date, the picture has still to return its cost, and Ingrid has still to draw a penny from it.

The unfavorable response to "Arch of Triumph" made Ingrid very unhappy. She began taking inventory of her career. She hadn't had a good picture in a long time. One night, she saw two Italian pictures directed by Roberto Rossellini ("Open City" and "Paisan") which had won several awards.

She had met Rossellini in Paris the Summer before, so she sat down and wrote him a fan letter. "If you can find a small part in one of your new productions for a little Swedish girl by the name of Bergman, she is ready."

A few weeks later, the Italian director flew into Hollywood. I met him at the Beverly Hills Hotel. His English was bad, his manner charming.

"What brings you here?" I asked.

He flashed a winning smile. "Ingrid Bergman. I wish to do in Italy a picture with Ingrid Bergman."

"What is the picture going to be about?" I asked.

"Very difficult to say," Rossellini answered. He then explained that when he directs a film, he does so without a

script. Each day's dialogue is written on set to fit the individual scene and mood. What he hoped to do with Ingrid, he said, was to put her in a love story. "I want to show," he explained, "that love is understood everywhere. In this picture I have in mind, she will be only character who speaks English."

I shook my head. "Do you think Miss Bergman will play in that sort of haphazard vehicle?" I asked.

Rossellini smiled again. "I think so," he said.

And he was right. Roberto and Ingrid discussed the project for days. He stayed at her house and when they conferred, Ingrid's husband was always present. Once, when Ingrid and Rossellini went to a restaurant alone, they were later joined by Dr. Lindstrom.

At the beginning, Ingrid's interest in Roberto Rossellini was primarily professional. Whether it became a heart interest when they reached Italy, only Ingrid knows.

Regardless of the development, however, no one has the right to condemn or imply that Ingrid Bergman is a sinner. She is a warm, intelligent, upright, normally passionate woman. She is incapable of lies, deceit, or duplicity. By background, philosophy, and personal standards, she is not the type of female who cheats. Such action is completely foreign and reprehensible to her.

If she wants to marry Roberto Rossellini, she will go about it in the correct and legal way. If she doesn't, she won't. She is not devious, conniving, or tricky. Everything about her is clean and above board.

Like every other member of her sex, Ingrid is entitled to make up her mind about her personal life and to change her mind if she wants to.

Because Ingrid is not a goddess. Ingrid is a lovely, normal, upstanding woman.

THE END

IRELAND'S THE NAME

(Continued from page 47)

had never owned. What a spree that was!

Then he persuaded the sellers of these things to date the bills for them as of the twelfth so that the new manager wouldn't make him return his treasures in the interests of his bank account.

After that, as rapidly as the allowance would permit, John proceeded to express his tastes and personality still further in the new home. He began collecting fine prints of fine paintings and rigging baby spotlights to show them at their best on his walls. This eliminates the necessity for more conventional lighting and creates one of the most interesting rooms in Hollywood.

And here, amid surroundings which he has made vividly characteristic of himself, he gives the kind of parties he enjoys for the people he likes. Small groups gather on Friday or Saturday evenings for what he calls "a cocktail and a snack." Then they all sit around and talk and have music, some of it contributed by the guests, until all hours. Martha Tilton and Helen O'Conner are frequent guests.

The "snack" usually consists of a buffet with fried chicken or spareribs which John has sent in from a neighboring restaurant. People serve themselves and then balance their plates on knees, coffee tables or the rug, as they prefer.

"Sure I can cook!" John told a curious visitor who had noted his affection for the glowing kitchen range. "I cooked for

a living once in a delicatessen and that's probably why I think it's fun now to have someone else cook it and send it in!"

Perhaps John has worked too hard and too steadily to be able to relax successfully now. In the ten years since he started in show business he has never been out of work. And he literally swam into show business!

He was born in Victoria, British Columbia. His father, also named John Ireland, was a well-known breeder of race horses, who had married a pretty Scottish girl named Katherine Ferguson. John Ireland, Senior, died while John was quite young and when his widow remarried she took her boy to New York City where young John attended grade school and Commerce High School. One of his half brothers, Tom Noonan, is also a Hollywood actor.

As John matured, he developed into a fine all-round athlete and an especially expert swimmer. In 1935 he was entered in the William Wrigley Marathon Swim in Toronto, Canada. There he was invited to join a "water carnival" where he learned to swim under colored lights and in time to music. This heady experience gave him an idea. He liked show business. He'd try the stage!

And so he did, starting with Shakespearean roles with small repertoire companies (most actors dream of working up to Shakespeare) and going on from there to modern roles.

His first play on Broadway was "Macbeth" with Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson in which he had a small role. He was playing Lorenzo in "The Merchant of Venice" in 1937 when he met the pretty actress, Elaine Sheldon, who afterward became his wife. They have two sons, John Anthony Ireland, aged seven, and Peter Ireland, aged four. The Irelands are now divorced.

His stage career developed into a distinguished and very busy one, including roles in "Jane Eyre" with Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler; "The Moon Is Down"; "Counterattack"; and his favorite of them all, the role of merchant seaman in Elmer Rice's "A New Life."

He was playing in George Abbott's "The Highland Fling," when Charles K. Feldman saw him and the next thing he knew, John was in Hollywood.

To date he has worked in twelve pictures and has begun to be dreaded by a lot of actors because of his habit of running off with most of the honors.

"Red River," his eighth, catapulted him into the sensational class after "Mr. Soft Touch" had won him his contract at Columbia. His biggest roles are in the yet-to-be-released "All the King's Men," and "Anna Lucasta."

Somewhere he managed to get into the low-budgeted and almost unheralded "I Shot Jesse James" which, as this is written, is developing into a sensational hit. John is 'way at the top of newcomers in Hollywood!

He still goes his own way in his private life. He is ruggedly handsome in an unconventional, somewhat tousled fashion, although he doesn't think so. One of his ambitions is to portray Abraham Lincoln, whom he hopes he resembles. Now that I think of it, he does, too!

He likes what he calls "sloppy, comfortable clothes" and he hardly notices what colors they are when he buys them, so long as they aren't bright colors. He guesses that he likes blues and grays.

He thinks his worst fault is a tendency to obey his impulses and he finds that isn't always wise. He has a hot temper, too, but that doesn't seem a real fault to him . . . at least, as it seems to work out.

"For one thing, after I blow my top I always feel fine," he confided. "Sort of relaxed and—uh—satisfied. For another thing, it sometimes gets results."

"For instance, when they first asked me to take the role in 'Anna' I was sure I couldn't do it and when they insisted, I blew up and shouted and stormed out of the office. Later the casting director asked, 'Why do you think you can't do that role? All you have to do is storm and shout exactly as you did in my office!' So—o—o I took it, and I liked it better than anything I have done in pictures. Temper paid off that time." And talking about pictures, chalk off another Ireland hit in "I Shot Jesse James," in which he plays the killer.

He is a nonconformist in more ways than one. He maintains that he "hates pets," which he describes as usually being "large, ravening beasts who leap all over you and scare you to death or else little, sniffly things who jump onto your lap and get your chin all wet with unwanted licks, and," he adds, darkly, "people expect you to admire these beasts and even coo at them!"

He admires feminine women and can't bear women in slacks. "I like skirts and sweaters in the day-time and frilly, soft-colored things with floppy hats at other times."

Pressed about rumors of a romance in his life, John mutters, "It isn't anything—yet. You might say it's just a—well, a sort of—shadow!" And that is all he will tell you for the present.

He doesn't understand what people mean when they tell him it is important to be seen "in the right places." "Right for what?" he demands.

"The 'right' place for me is a place that suits my mood and has good food. There is an old-fashioned restaurant bar in the San Fernando Valley with a tile floor, big rotary fans on the ceiling, a red-faced, smiling bartender and perfect steaks and lobsters. They serve nothing stronger than beer and there is a juke box which plays really good music. That is a 'right' place for me very often."

John, by the way, is an ardent seafood, steak, salad and cheese man. No sweets, no starches, and he wants his steak rare and his 'cheeses sharp.

His favorite city is Boston because he has encountered his favorite restaurants there. He will name them with ecstatic nostalgia.

He says he has no pet extravagances. "I don't make enough money to be really extravagant. But I don't spend any more than I do make," he adds, proudly. "I guess that's being practical, isn't it?"

He plays a lot of tennis and likes to swim when he can find a pool. He won't swim in the ocean. He hates the feel of it, the sound of it and even the smell of it.

He has never had a garden and feels no urge, as do so many actors, to dig in the good earth. He loves trees in an inarticulate and somewhat bewildered fashion. They seem symbols of strength to him somehow and the feel of rough bark gives him a strange sort of pleasure.

He thinks he hates to shave more than any man he knows. He shaves every day because he would be uncomfortable if he didn't!

I wouldn't say John Ireland is a very happy man, despite the hard won success which has come to him and which seems to be growing more important by the moment. Perhaps he has worked too hard and too steadily to have had time to find out what he really wants from life. He thinks he wants to be a free soul but he is restless and searching. Perhaps, 'way down deep, he, actually wants a groove; roots (like the tree) and he hates to admit it.

Perhaps that "shadow of romance" which he mentions with a sort of defiant wistfulness, will be the answer!

The "shadow of romance" at this writing seems to be Joanne Dru who is his leading lady in Columbia's "All the King's Men." But only time will tell—John won't!

THE END

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STRICTLY FOR LISTENING

By **HY GRAUBART**

★ The surprise of the month is the latest MGM recording of "San" by the Korn Kobbler. It's done in the plunking style of the 1920's, and features all the rhythmic features of that era, from the infectious beat to the twanging banjo. Stan Fritts handles the vocal. The disc is coupled with a slow dance tempoed number called "The Goodnight Song." Spotted in this number are solos by a muted trumpet and a piano. Harmony is supplied in style by the Korn Flakes.

Spinning on the heels of his successful "Open the Door Polka," Blue Barron offers a perky novelty called "There's Yes! Yes! Yes! in Your Eyes." A huffing, puffing tuba, and whistling by the chorus add affirmative charm to this disc. The flip of this MGM disc is a carefree novelty done in the "talking back" manner, called "I Had My Heart Set on You."

Charlie "Mr. Saxophone" Ventura's matchless technique is exhibited to great advantage on Victor's latest waxing of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Barney Google." The bop medium is expressed artfully in "Smoke," while "Barney Google" (the revival of the tune which rocked the country a decade ago), finds itself all dressed up in intricate bop style—ready to make a hit all over again.

Capitol just released a new disc by the old Woodchopper and his herd. "Keeper of the Flame" is its title. It's a fast-paced tune in which Woody Herman's clarinet keeps the joint jumping, while Terry Gibbs zooms around on the vibes. Departing from this fast tempo, Woody and the boys offer a slow number called "Early Autumn" on the flip, displaying a neat and moody sax solo by Stan Getz.

Want to make love "vegetable style"? Then listen to the 4 Blues as they sing an infectious ditty called "The Vegetable Song" on their latest Apollo release. You'll get a kick out of the subtle lyrics. The reverse, a tune called "Re-Bop-De-Boom Rip-Bum," is a bright bop satire sung by Ben Smith leader of the Four.

Mercury offers a new Jan August disc which you really have to hear. The first side is that ever-popular "Nola" which Jan accelerates till it makes your feet start hopping. The second side, "Cumbanchero," is an old Latin-American favorite done up in sparkling August manner.

Noro Morales is right up there on top with two fast-paced rhumbas that you're sure to like. "Walter Thornton Rhumba" is an instrumental spotlighting Noro

at the piano, in a tribute to the famous model director. "Pancho Villa," the other half of this MGM disc, is a sketch of Mexico's modern Robin Hood with Nita Del Campo's deft vocalizing.

Replete with echoes and top-notch harmonizing, Capitol sends you "Me and My Shadow," which should turn out to be another triumph for the Sportsmen. The flip is another oldie called "I Found a Million-Dollar Baby," and features a musical setting by Billy May and the orchestra, as well as the terrific Sportsmen harmony.

Perry Como delivers two new sides for the Victor label. The first, "Everytime I Meet You," is a tender ballad which Perry sings in the smash Como style. The reverse, "Two Little, New Little, Blue Little Eyes," is the lullaby-style song Perry does so well. Mitchell Ayres and the orch do the backing. This is one of Perry's most persuasive platters.

Billy Eckstine has waxed a couple of hits for MGM. They're "Temptation," and "Crying." The first is the great torch standard which Billy projects perfectly via a throaty vocal. "Crying" is a graceful mood song written by Barney Ross, the boxer, in an effort to regain the love of his estranged wife.

Benny Goodman and the sextet send you on a Capitol trip to the land of "Oo-Bla-Dee," with his new bop love song. If you don't understand bop, then this is a good introduction. "Oo-Bla-Dee" features Buddy Greco on the vocal and the "King" himself on the clarinet. The other side is titled "Bedlam," and it's a fast-tempoed affair with plenty of kick. Wardell Gray is featured on the sax, and Buddy Greco at the piano, with Benny's unmatched clarinet riding throughout.

For a spoofing of Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld" overture, lend an ear to David Rose and the orchestra as they supply the themes in rhythms that vary from the waltz to the can-can. The other half of this MGM duet is a haunting melody called "Dreams Do Come True," which the Rose string section builds into a soft mood in the minor mode. Bob Carroll's pipings are good.

Irving Berlin's old favorite, "Cheek to Cheek," is given a remodeling by Alvino Rey in what promises to be a top Rey recording. It's got a bright dance beat, and moves along as smooth as silk. The flip is "Strummin' on the Old Banjo," which show-cases Alvino's terrific guitar.

THE END

THE SECOND MRS. JOLSON

(Continued from page 17)

about the nice guy she had met. "But," she added, "I'm not interested romantically."

Bill wrote to his friend Eva Wiere: "I was out with the nicest girl in the world . . . but, of course, I'm not interested."

"Neither of us realized at the time that we'd one day be husband and wife," said Barbara.

"I knew very little about him. He didn't talk much. One day, while driving home, I decided that there was a lot inside Bill, and I made up my mind to know him better. I discovered he used to live in a tenement, that he'd slept in a bathtub, that he'd been married three years.

"And I'm still finding out. That's what makes life with Bill so interesting.

"In the matter of egos, there is absolutely no comparison at all. Al was a pusher, a promoter, and reputedly possesses one of the greatest egos in the country. Bill, on the other hand, is completely opposite. He's so modest. I wish he had more of the Jolson in him."

Bill arrived at our luncheon just in time to miss that remark. Over coffee we explained the parallels Barbara had drawn of their marriage and the Jolsons'.

"That's all very well and good," dryly commented Bill, "except for one thing."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Jolson," he said, "has \$11,000,000."

"Well, I didn't get that far," laughed Barbara, "but I can say right now, that's where any similarity to Jolson ends!"

THE END

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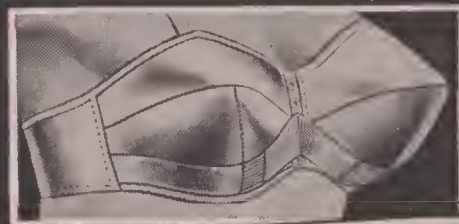


Good Guy: Scott Brady, friendly as a pup, likes horseplay (see page 64).



Man of Action: Farley Granger likes the great outdoors, but wines and dines his dates with finesse.

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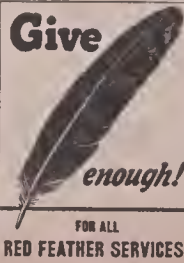
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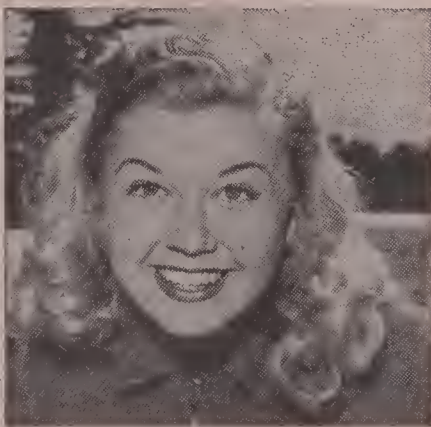
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COME TO THE STABLE (20th) ♦♦♦

You're in for a delightful evening's entertainment when you see "Come to the Stable."

Clare Boothe Luce's delightful, heart-warmer is about two French nuns (Loretta Young and Celeste Holm) who come to New England to fulfill a promise that they would build a children's hospital. Their trials and tribulations bring them in contact with a painter of religious objects (Elsa Lanchester) who gives them her stable to use while they work out their plans to build their hospital.

Their good humor and simple faith overcome the many obstacles placed in their way—and when they eventually triumph you'll be as happy as they are.

Few pictures boast two Academy Award winners: Loretta Young and Celeste Holm do their "Oscars" proud by the performances they turn in. The supporting cast is brilliant. And let's not forget Elsa Lanchester, whose performances always are a highlight.



"Come to the Stable" has warmth and charm.

ROPE OF SAND

(Hal Wallis' Prod.) ♦♦♦

This picture introduces one of the most glamorous newcomers to come to the screen in a long time. Hal Wallis' new star, Corinne Calvet, brings a sultry, intriguing new type to movie fans' attention and gets her Hollywood film career off to a flying start.

She's exquisitely show-cased. Three leading men: Burt Lancaster, Claude Rains and Paul Henreid, make an interesting background for this young lady's screen debut.

The story is an action-packed, suspenseful drama about African diamond mines. Corinne adds to the general excitement of things when Claude Rains hires her to get valuable information from Lancaster. While she's trying to do this, she falls in love—and the story makes a quick switch. The climax of the picture comes after a series of breathtaking violence, cut throats and romantic interludes.

You should enjoy this adventure-type picture. Wm. Dieterle's direction is sharp.



New team sensation: Calvet and Lancaster.

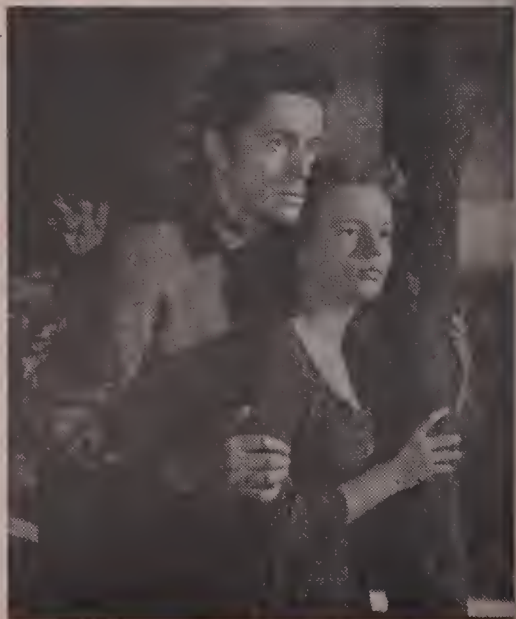
ROSEANNA McCOY (RKO) ♦♦♦

When Farley Granger grabbed Joan Evans—and bit her, there was a long sigh from every female in the audience. Samuel Goldwyn has turned a wasp-sting into an introduction to one of the most passionate love scenes ever enacted on the screen.

"Roseanna McCoy" is the thrilling love story of a backwoods Romeo and Juliet. In spite of the ancient feud between their families, Johnse Hatfield (that's Farley) and Roseanna McCoy (14-year-old Joan Evans) find their love greater than any loyalty to kinfolk, and vow to wed. Farley comes to Joan's home in the dead of the night and in the impulsiveness of his youthful ardor, he carries her away to the Hatfield cabin. The feud which follows is almost history.

A young man we never see enough of is Richard Basehart, who brilliantly portrays psychopathic Mounts Hatfield. His chilling performance should earn him top roles.

We guarantee you'll love "Roseanna McCoy."



Joan Evans debuts in "Roseanna McCoy."

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME
(MGM) ◆◆

There's no doubt that MGM has the knack of producing the tuneful musical which sentimentally glorifies the early 1900's. This time the action revolves about a music shop owned by S.Z. "Cuddles" Sakall and managed by high-collared, correct Van Johnson.

Into this snug little shop comes Judy Garland looking for a job—the day after she collided with Van Johnson on the steps of the postoffice, where he practically strips her clothes off as his bicycle catches her skirt.

Of course, Van discovers Judy is the girl he loves, but he won't admit it. Judy, too, is in love with Van, but feels he's always picking on her. Eventually the lovers see heart-to-heart.

Where the title "In the Good Old Summertime" comes from, we wouldn't know, since most of the action takes place in the winter. But it's all pleasant and colorful and sweetly nostalgic.



Romance, songs, Van and Judy in Technicolor.

THE BIG STEAL (RKO) ◆◆

If you've nerves of iron, you'll go for RKO's "The Big Steal." It's guaranteed to keep you on the edge of your seat.

Robert Mitchum, a U. S. Army lieutenant, steals the identification papers of a superior officer, William Bendix, when the latter tries to arrest him in a Mexican port.

In an effort to find the man who robbed him of a payroll, for which he was responsible, Bob teams up with Jane Greer, who has been swindled by the same guy. They set off in a car to follow him along the crazy Mexican highways.

Careening madly around the curves, preceded by the villain, and followed by Bill Bendix, who makes no bones about the gun he packs, Bob and Jane will give you many a breathtaking thrill before the scoundrel is brought to justice in a surprise ending. Bill Bendix's unusual role in this picture is a pleasant change from the sort of thing he usually does.

This is an action-packed thriller, topped with a smouldering romance between luscious Jane and sleepy-eyed Bob.



Mitchum returns to screen in "The Big Steal."

YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING
(20th) ◆◆

Romance between Dan Dailey and Anne Baxter flourishes gaily after they meet in a rain storm. Anne's a dancing daughter of the 20's and Dan's a vaudeville hooper.

When Dan gets a chance for a screen test Anne pinch hits as the girl in his love scenes and turns out to be a movie star instead of Dan. He's honestly pleased for her so their marriage doesn't suffer. Anne's busy life as a popular actress ("The Hotcha Girl") may remind old-timers of Clara Bow's movie hey-day.

When talkies come in, Anne's star fades and Dan's rises. Conflict finally occurs when Dan encourages their little daughter (Shari Robinson) to be an actress.

When they don't see eye-to-eye on the subject, the once-so-happy couple separate. Good old Aunt Jane (played by Anne Revere) gets everyone straightened out in the nick of time and everybody lives happily ever after.

This movie is pleasant filmfare.



"You're My Everything"—music, love, laughs.

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TAKE ONE FALSE STEP (UI)

When married and respected Professor William Powell takes one false step, he finds himself neck-deep in a nice little case of murder.

The step leads him to a chance meeting with Shelley Winters, a woman out of his past. Yielding to her entreaties, Bill escorts her home. He wakes the next morning to see newspaper headlines screaming that Shelley has disappeared, leaving his scarf with blood from an accidental cut on it to indicate foul play. Bill, convinced that he's in hot water, decides to track down the truth before police close in on him.

He steals Shelley's diary to find a clue to her whereabouts, and is bitten by a dog in the process. Tension mounts when he discovers the dog has rabies. Knowing that each moment without treatment will bring death sooner, he sets out to track down Shelley's husband and boy friend.

The suspense will grip you right up to the bang-up surprise ending. Don't say we didn't warn you about this chiller! It's good!

THE JUDGE STEPS OUT (RKO)

When "The Judge Steps Out," Alexander Knox steps in... into the limelight as a terrific screen lover. (That make-up he wore in "Wilson" covered a mighty handsome face.)

RKO has cast him as Judge Thomas Bailey of the Massachusetts Probate Court; a man who is made miserable by a wife and daughter who are extravagant and socially ambitious. When he discovers how unconcerned they are about him, he takes the advice of a friendly doctor who tells him to "Run for your life."

Wandering about the country, the judge ends up in California. There he falls deeply in love with Ann Sothern, who runs a roadside diner. You'll be enchanted with this moving story of two people who unexpectedly find happiness; the story which asks the question: can you ever run away from your own life?

Lovely Frieda Inescort is excellent as the judge's wife, and Ann Sothern plays "the other woman" with touching sincerity. You'll find "The Judge Steps Out" a great portrayal of human emotions.

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY (MGM) 1/2

A confused story ruins this picture's chance of being a really good movie. The top-notch cast: Clark Gable, Alexis Smith, Wendell Corey, Audrey Totter, Frank Morgan, Lewis Stone, Marjorie Rambeau, do beautiful jobs—but they're handicapped right from the start by the script.

Gable's a big-time gambler who's known for his fair play. Despite his fine reputation, his young son (Darryl Hickman) is ashamed of his dad's profession. Dad's heroic handling of a couple of hoodlums impresses the young boy and gives him a new slant on things.

Gable's a natural for the role of the gambler and handles it in his usual debonair way. Top honors go to Wendell Corey who turns in an outstanding performance as Gable's crooked brother-in-law. Special mention must be made of Marjorie Rambeau's delightful portrait of a shady dowager; and Lewis Stone's fine portrayal of a down-and-outer. Edgar Buchanan, Leon Ames, Mickey Knox and Richard Rober round out this splendid supporting cast.

HOUSE OF STRANGERS

(20th)

This is the story of a family vendetta. When Italian immigrant Gino Monetti's

successful banking business runs afoul of the law the loyalties of his sons waver. Joseph leads his two brothers away from family ties by grabbing control of the bank. Only Max (Richard Conte) sticks to his father but he's betrayed by his brother, Joseph, and ends up serving a jail sentence.

When the old man dies, Max swears revenge. Even the love of his girl, Susan Hayward, doesn't sway him from his grim purpose. But when Max visits the old homestead and relives past scenes of his life, he realizes the tyranny of his father, the heartbreak and ruin the man was responsible for.

The cast is excellent. Edward G. Robinson, Richard Conte, Luther Adler, Paul Valentine, Efram Zimbalist, Jr., and Susan Hayward turn in wonderful performances.

ONCE MORE MY DARLING (UI)

This little comedy will keep you chuckling from beginning to end.

Robert Montgomery, an ex-Army officer turned actor, is furious when he's recalled to active duty to track down a jewel thief. The Army wants the man who gave young heiress Ann Blyth part of the loot. Bob becomes acquainted with the young lady who in turn falls madly in love with him. Being an aggressive female, Ann sweeps him off his feet in short order.

Their engagement is announced so the thief can be lured from his hiding place. Poor Ann believes Bob is in love with her but is quickly disillusioned when the story breaks and the thief is caught. Bob soon realizes he can't forget the silly kid and finally convinces her that their romance means everything to him.

This is a fun picture—you'll like it.

THE WEAKER SEX

(Rank rel. thru E-L)

This is not a smart English drawing room comedy as the spurious title would lead you to believe. Instead it's a long drawn-out study of English family life from 1944—the time of the invasion of Europe—to the present. It's designed to make you love the English; to admire their sterling character, their stiff upper lip, their courage, fortitude, kindness, dignity, family solidarity, and their utter utter worthiness.

If you're one who already feels this way about the English (There'll always be an England!) you'll enjoy this picture, but if you regard the English with a slightly jaundiced eye, you'll feel they're protesting their worthiness just a little too much.

As entertainment "The Weaker Sex" is interesting—but curiously unexciting.

Don't Miss

- Elizabeth Taylor
- Kirk Douglas
- Shirley Temple
- John Derek
- Plus Hollywood's

NEW FACES

in October

MOVIELAND

on newsstands September 9

Sincerely Yours



This is the great Valentino, whose mere presence on the screen made women swoon.



Rudolph Valentino Freeman's likeness to namesake is startling.



Neighbors think Michael Briscese fills the bill.



Howard Kanter's wife is absolutely sure he's "it."



Paul Startzman bears a strong resemblance

ASPIRING VALENTINOS

In a recent issue of MOVIELAND, we told you that Edward Small was still looking for a man to portray the great Rudolph Valentino in the screen version of his life. Well, the search is still on; and the mail about the subject is so strong that we decided to bring you a group of photographs and letters we received.

STRONG FOR THE PRETENDER

I'm a very ardent Valentino fan, and I think that the movie extra who calls himself Rudolph Valentino should be given a chance. When I saw the pictures in your magazine comparing the real Valentino and the young man with the same name, I realized that he was made for the part. The resemblance between the two is unbelievable!

Frances Paiva
Newark, N. J.

Since we read your article about the search for someone to play Rudolph Valentino, we just had to send you this

picture of Michael Briscese. Although he doesn't know we're sending it, the people in our town think he's the ideal man for the part. He's over six feet tall, latin complexion, and very, very handsome.

M. B. Fetta

Keyport, New Jersey

I was very much interested in your article on Rudolph Valentino, because I have been told by so many people that I resemble him. I couldn't resist sending along this snapshot for your opinion.

I have acted in about thirty-three little theatre plays, but have never been to New York or Hollywood. Needless to say, I'd like to try out for the part.

Paul Startzman
Anderson, Indiana

It may seem foolish, but my wife insists that there is some resemblance between Rudolph Valentino and myself. I'm 24 years of age, 5' 8" tall, and weigh 140. I've heard of many strange things happening in Hollywood; so who knows?

Howard Kanter
New Haven, Connecticut
The End

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125	128	5'3"
128	132	5'4"
131	136	5'5"
135	140	5'6"
139	144	5'7"
143	148	5'8"
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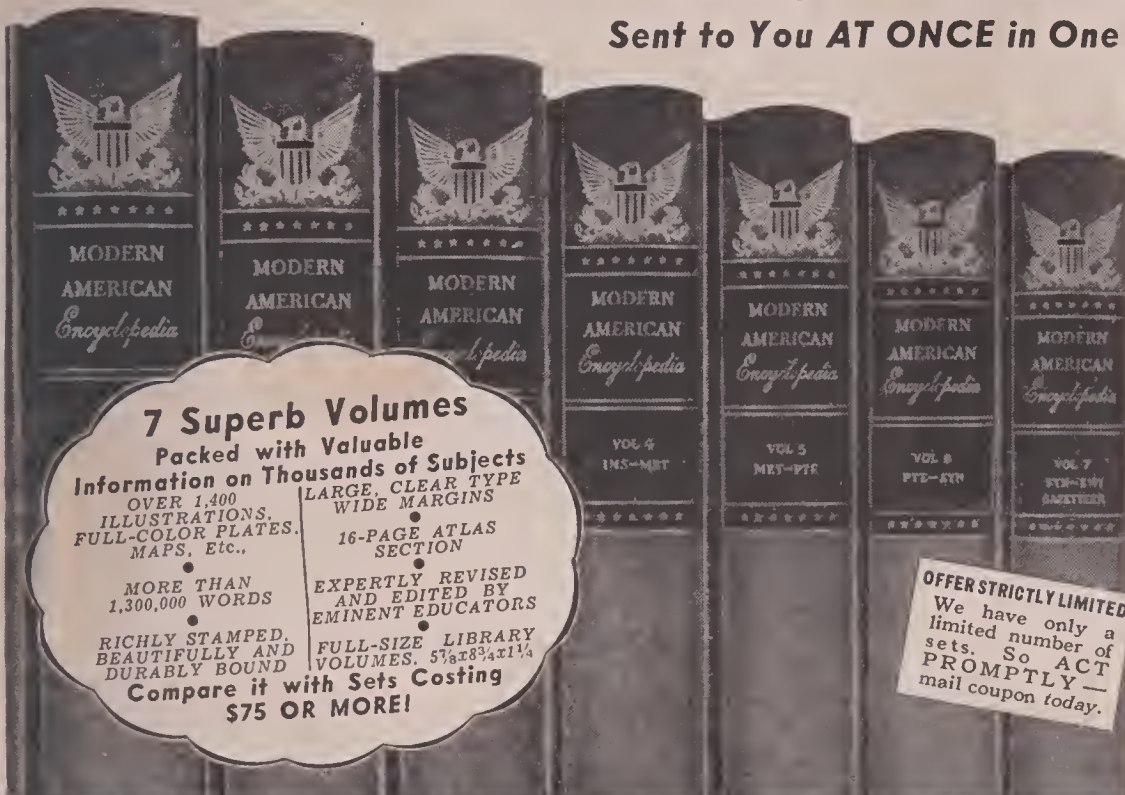
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Meet the Stars of Tomorrow!
 NEW FACES... NEW FACES... NEW FACES...



Few stars can compare screen careers with Shirley Temple, who still leads Hollywood's Youth Parade. For more about this star, see page 43.



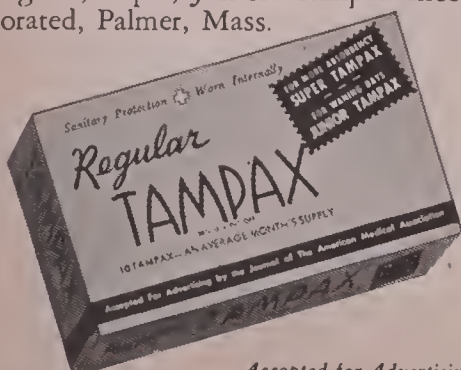
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Don't hesitate any longer about Tampax or hold back from using it. You are sure to go modern *some day* in your choice of monthly sanitary protection — so why not do it now?...Tampax will save you much worry and self-consciousness on those "you-know days" — no belts or pins to adjust, no external pads to twist or chafe, no ridges to show through your dress.

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IT SPEAKS OF LOVE! IT SINGS IN
Technicolor!
COLOR BY



Worlds apart...
yet their hearts
are as close
together as the
hands of a clock
at midnight!

M-G-M...
producer of the
screen's finest
Technicolor musicals...
presents another
wonderful
entertainment!

That Midnight Kiss

STARRING

KATHRYN GRAYSON

JOSE ITURBI

WITH

ETHEL BARRYMORE

KEENAN WYNN

J. CARROL NAISH • JULES MUNSHIN
THOMAS GOMEZ • MARJORIE REYNOLDS

and introducing

MARIO LANZA

MEET A NEW STAR!

He's the rugged,
romantic type
and the singing
discovery of a
lifetime!

Screen Play by Bruce Manning
and Tamara Hovey

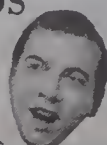
Directed by

NORMAN TAUROG

Produced by

JOE PASTERNAK

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



NOTE! Something to watch for! The greatest picture since sound is M-G-M's "BATTLEGROUND"!



Dancing cheek to cheek led to this romantic scene at Romanoff's. This is the way Jeanne Crain and her husband, Paul Brinkman, ended a dreamy waltz.



Ava Gardner looked pop-eyed when reporters claimed she was plotting an early merger with Howard Duff.



Quietest—and steadiest—romance in town is that of June Haver and Dr. John Duzik.

H *inside*
H *ollywood*

BY BEATRICE LUBITZ COLE

**The magic spell
of love is
everywhere, but
its headquarters
seem to be
in Hollywood!**

★ Marion Marshall tells us that despite all those reports to the contrary, she and director Howard Hawks haven't even discussed marriage. The report got started when a friend of theirs was being interviewed, and said, "Howard and Marion are very fond of each other. I wouldn't be surprised if they got married." His statement was turned into fact and spread over Hollywood by other journalists. Marion, when we caught up with her on the "Turned Up Toes" set, was wearing a dress so loaded with beads and sequins that it weighed fifteen pounds. She's go-

ing to concentrate on her career and wants to do comedy. Her ambition is to play opposite Burt Lancaster.

* * *
Betty Grable and Harry James are getting away from it all. They're building themselves a four-bedroom ranch house near Calabasa, about 25 miles from Hollywood, and hope to move there from Beverly Hills by the first of the year. They'll concentrate on breeding race horses. Despite those rumors that they don't get along, which crop out frequently in Hollywood, Betty and Harry



After finishing "My Friend Irma," Don DeFore and his wife vacationed in New York City, dined and danced at the Waldorf.



Premiere of "The Fountainhead" gave Dinah Shore and George Montgomery a chance to say hello to many of their film friends.



Still honeymooning, handsome David Brian and his lovely bride make everybody feel happy—just because they look so happy!

have managed to make a go of their marriage. He gave her a blue mink coat as a sixth wedding anniversary present, which, incidentally, was the first anniversary they've ever spent together.

* * *
The cure that Robert Walker took at a mental clinic in Topeka, Kansas, had astounding effects. Bob returned to Hollywood looking, talking and acting like a new man. In the old days, he put his thumbs completely down on fan magazine articles; now he's inviting them. His chief
(Please turn to page 10)



As soon as a scene is completed on set of "Wabash Avenue," Betty Grable rushes to nearest phone, talks to her children.

Here's how **WARNER BROS.** head yo

THE
ALL-HAPPINESS
MUSICAL!

DENNIS
MORGAN

DORIS
DAY

JACK
CARSON

It's a
Great
Feeling

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

And a Studioful of
Guest Stars!

GARY COOPER

JOAN CRAWFORD

ERROL FLYNN

SYDNEY GREENSTREET

PATRICIA NEAL

ELEANOR PARKER

RONALD REAGAN

EDW. G. ROBINSON

JANE WYMAN

DIRECTED BY **DAVID BUTLER** PRODUCED BY **ALEX GOTTLIEB**

Screen Play by JACK ROSE and MEL SHAVELSON
From A Story by I. A. L. Diamond • Music by JULE STYNE
Lyrics by SAMMY CAHN • Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf

7 NEW SONG HITS!

'It's a Great Feeling'
'Give Me a Song
with a Beautiful Melody'
'Fiddle Dee Dee'
'At the Cafe Rendezvous'
'That Was a Big Fat Lie'
'There's Nothing
Rougher than Love'
'Blame My
Absent-Minded Heart'

NEW HIT! NEW HEIGHTS!

JAMES CAGNEY

IS
RED HOT
IN



CO-STARRING

VIRGINIA MAYO with **EDMOND O'BRIEN**

FRED CLARK • Screen Play by IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS

Suggested by a Story by Virginia Kellogg • Music by Max Steiner

DIRECTED BY

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RAOUL WALSH • **LOUIS F. EDELMAN**



ur theatres' parade of New Fall Hits!

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD
WILL HAIL ITS GREATNESS!

GARY
COOPER



TASK
FORCE



with JANE WYATT · WAYNE MORRIS · WALTER BRENNAN

WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY
DELMER DAVES

PRODUCED BY
JERRY WALD

ORIGINAL MUSIC BY
FRANZ WAXMAN



Strange things keep happening to
INGRID BERGMAN
JOSEPH COTTEN
MICHAEL WILDING



Screen Play by JAMES BRIDIE • Adoption by Hume Cronyn • Based on the play by John Colton and Margaret Linden • From the novel by Helen Simpson
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
A TRANSATLANTIC PICTURE



glorious colors... \$7.95
slenderizing strategy

Here's the dress you've dreamed of—fabulously slenderizing... with lavish dressmaker touches. Collar and huge, Paris-hipped pockets beautifully tucked in window-pane pattern. Buttons inset with tiny golden pellets. 20" covered zipper down the front. Rich-textured, wrinkle-defying silky gabardine in enchanting new shades: Blue; Brown; Green; Grey. Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15; also 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.

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Please send me.....new Gabardine window pane pocket dress. I may return dress within 10 days for refund if I am not satisfied.

Size	1st color choice	2nd color choice

Send C. O. D. Enclosed is check or money order.

Name..... (please print)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Mary Lester SHOPS

454 W. Chicago Av., Chicago 10, Ill., Dept. B1



On the screen—and then the air! Betsy Drake and Cary Grant re-created their movie roles in "Every Girl Should Be Married" on CBS "Radio Theatre."

H *inside*
H *ollywood*
continued

spent off the screen. So far, there's been no new romance in Bob's life. Since his return to Hollywood, he's been strictly a home guy and says he can't bear the thought of putting on a white shirt and tie in order to come into town.

Bette Davis, who sold her Toluca Lake home and went into seclusion at Laguna Beach, has bought herself a new house in the same North Hollywood district. This must mean that Bette, too, is planning to make more films and wants to be closer to her studio. She'll still keep the Laguna place as a hideaway.

Virginia Welles retired from the screen after her marriage last fall, but when offered the role that she created in the first "Corliss Archer" picture, she couldn't resist the temptation to do the sequel to the film. So she's coming back to the screen as Shirley Temple's pal, which we take means she's resuming her career.

After "Adam's Rib" 'tis said that Katharine Hepburn will quit Hollywood and return to New York for stage work. She's been none too happy here, but we believe that's a lot her fault. She's not been overly-cooperative with the press.

Elizabeth Taylor has promised that despite the fact she's wearing a 3½ carat diamond engagement ring, she won't (Please turn to page 12)

interest in talking is to put over the fact that there should be no shame connected with a mental illness or going to a clinic for the treatment of it. Bob's moved into a ranch-style house, which he bought a year ago. He has his two boys with him and the nurse who used to take care of Margaret Sullivan's children. The home is almost completely barren of furniture, having only a dining-room table, four chairs, two beds for the boys and a third one for Bob. He plans to furnish the house gradually, adding things that he finds and likes. Metro is planning to give him every opportunity possible to make up for the year he

Are you in the know?



How to outsmart the "home date" type?

- Podlock the ice-box
- Plant junior in the parlor
- Use the hot-and-gloves approach

'Tisn't that he hasn't the moola—or that you're glitter-minded. So, if every date's a "home" deal, better change his pinch-penny ways. To say "come y'about"—greet him dressed for gallivanting: if only to the local Cokery. Or suggest bowling; or the skating rink . . . and if it's calendar time, no matter. You'll be comfortable with the new Kotex, for this new softness holds its shape. After all, isn't Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?



Which suit should the lofty lassie wear?

- The one on the right
- The one on the left
- The one in the center

Ever feel as though you're built on stilts? Be wiser than the tall teen pictured here and shy away from vertical stripes. Likewise from an outfit that's all one tone. The suit on the right breaks height . . . you'll discover a contrasting jacket brings you down a peg! There's a difference in different girls' needs; on problem days, as well. For which Kotex gives you a choice of 3 absorbencies. Try Regular, Junior, Super. There's one exactly right for you.



To be the picture of poise, try—

- A blosé attitude
- That "cosuol" slump
- Sitting pretty

You may be a walking posture lesson, but how do you fare with a chair? Plop down? Recline on the tip of your spine? Lady, be seated gracefully, with your weight on the foot nearest the chair. "Sit tall"; keeping soles of feet on floor. Correct posture's a poise-magnet. Also helps avoid "that day" discomfort—and you'll feel so at ease when you've chosen Kotex. For extra protection, there's an exclusive safety center. (Boo coo welcome feature—n'est-ce pas?)



If he spilled a soda on your best dress, would you—

- Grieve and leave
- Grin and forget
- Call the monogor

You know the fizzician didn't drench you on purpose. Why brow-beat the poor guy? Grin . . . say the dress can be easily cleaned, then forget it. That's good sportsmanship. And it jet-propels your rating. Your con-

fidence, too, hits the stratosphere—when you hurdle "certain" handicaps with Kotex. Because those special, flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines, you can forget you were ever self-conscious.

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- A cream
- A powder
- A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about deodorants for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a powder deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing Quest Powder is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest destroys them. Safely. Positively. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!



Quest
Deodorant
Powder

Ask for it by name

marry Bill Pawley, Jr., until she's finished high school. And the way the schedule looks now, she won't be graduated before next February at the earliest. Bill has been offered a crack at the movies, but turned it down to stick with his father's business in Florida. We wonder if that means Elizabeth will give up her movie career or commute between here and the sunshine state.

* * *
 Although Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith have dissolved marriage partnership, they'll continue as business partners in their antique shop in the east. Paulette, who's seen frequently with John Steinbeck, denies their relationship is anything other than business and friendship. As for her romance with John Huston, which the press built up, there's nothing to that either. Evelyn Keyes is Paulette's best friend.

* * *
 Evelyn Keyes says that her marriage with John Huston is definitely and positively finished, but that she's in no hurry to get a divorce. "If I got a divorce," says she, "I might be tempted to rush into another marriage. So long as I'm legally prevented from doing that, I'll have plenty of time to think it over before acting." She still sees John, and they remain friends. She plans a trip to Europe in late summer and hopes she can remain until around the first of the year.



Peggy Cummins, whose name is linked romantically with almost every Hollywood bachelor, had plenty warm smiles for handsome John Dall at the Stork Club in New York.



Dan Dailey and Lew Schrieber were a willing audience for Anne Baxter's radiant comments about "The Fountainhead," when they met at Romanoff's after the premiere.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*
 continued



Gale Storm and Audie Murphy desert UP's "The Kid from Texas" to scan Earl Wilson's new book.

One reason Marie Wilson quit "The Blackouts" in Hollywood after appearing there nightly for seven years is that she wants to have a baby.

Ellen Drew tells us that her son wants to be an actor, but that his pal Dean Stockwell is trying to dissuade him. Though Dean is one of our finest child actors, he doesn't like the profession. Ellen doesn't care if her son does follow in mama's footsteps. But she wants him to finish high school first.

John Ireland and Joanne Dru are planning an elopement in early fall at this writing. They don't want a fancy Hollywood wedding, with all the hullabaloo. And one reason they've waited for the altar march was to let Dick Haymes and Nora Eddington take the step first, since that couple was the one that made the headlines most frequently.

Ann Sheridan, since her bust-up with Steve Hannagan, has started making the rounds again. Her favorite escorts are Cesar Romero, Bruce Cabot and Jacques Mapes, the producer. Since Cesar and Bruce are two of Hollywood's most hard-grained bachelors, you can be sure that Ann's dates with them are just for fun. Ann's been devoting considerable time toward helping raise funds for an orphans home to be built in the San Fernando Valley on the pattern of Boy's Town.

The Ginger Rogers-Jack Briggs marriage has been in stormy waters; and despite protests that they'll "work things out," we wouldn't be surprised to see a divorce there any day. After Jack married Ginger, he gave up his acting career, and with the demise of their production company hasn't been very active professionally. Meanwhile, Ginger, with "The Barkleys of Broadway," has a new lease on her career. A busy wife and an idle husband don't make for married happiness.

Ida Lupino and Collier Young declare those rumors that they're rifting are completely false. "We're still very much in love," they say; and surely they wouldn't be contemplating a separation with the formation of their new production company, of which they will both be executives. Ida says that she intends to do less acting and more writing. Their company will feature completely new talent. "I want to do for youngsters what was never done for me," explained Ida. "We'll tailor stories to fit their personality; I'll coach them myself; and help with their direction and wardrobe."

Ray Milland, who perhaps will never be able to live down "The Lost Weekend," is being considered for a lead in a picture dealing with Alcoholics Anonymous. In this one, the character that he'll likely portray is strictly a man who gets off the bottle and stays there.

A Texas theater bills Rita Hayworth on the marquee as Princess Aly Khan. There's still no definite news on when she'll return to Hollywood, but her boss, Harry Cohn, has gone to Europe and he'll doubtless try to use a little persuasion in getting Rita back for another picture.

Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer surprised everyone by getting back together again after everybody thought that romance had been put on the ice forever. Their feelings toward one another looked anything but chilly when we spotted them in an isolated Malibu night spot.

(Please turn to page 16)

BING AND WALT

(CROSBY, THAT IS)

(DISNEY, OF COURSE)

team up on **The Headless Horseman!**

Walt Disney
presents

THE ADVENTURES OF

"**ICHABOD** AND **MR. TOAD**"

told and sung by **BING CROSBY**

and told by **BASIL RATHBONE**

color by **TECHNICOLOR**

Distributed by
RKO Radio Pictures



Hear **BING** sing:

"THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN"
"KATRINA"
"ICHABOD CRANE"

TWO TALL TALES

In *one* hilarious all-cartoon feature... *two* of the finest stories ever written, are told by... *three* of the world's greatest storytellers: Walt Disney, Bing Crosby and Basil Rathbone.

Walt and Bing bring to rollicking, melodious life that famous masterpiece... Washington Irving's fabulous "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" with awkward Ichabod Crane, curvaceous Katrina and the hair-raising Headless Horseman.

Walt and Basil Rathbone tell another tall tale about that rich, reckless, uproarious rake, The Magnificent Mr. Toad, and his frantic friends in a sparkling interpretation of Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows."



Jennifer Jones and David Selznick happily greeted guests at Cannes wedding reception. Left to right are: George Raft, Mrs. Louis Jourdan, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Louis Jourdan, and an unidentified friend.

Latest score
in Hollywood's
game of love
is three hits,
three runs,
and two errors

Men, Maids



Nora Eddington Flynn and Dick Haymes had a beautiful old-fashioned wedding, under the fragrant blossoms of an orange tree.



After an eighteen month courtship, Greer Garson said "Yes," and made Colonel Buddy Fogelson the happiest man in the world.

By ARNO JOHANSEN

Hollywood Love Score Card

MARRIAGES

Jennifer Jones
and
David Selznick

Nora Eddington
Flynn
and
Dick Haymes

Greer Garson
and
Colonel Elijah E.
Fogelson

The Winner—LOVE!

SEPARATIONS

Betty Hutton
and
Ted Briskin

Dan Dailey
and
Liz Dailey

and Marriages

★ June has always been the proverbial month for weddings. But Hollywood picked July, of this past Summer, as the month for wedding bells and, in a few sad instances, for partings.

First-off, Jennifer Jones married her producer-sponsor David O. Selznick in Genoa, Italy.

Selznick, who always does everything in a great big way, hired a yacht on the French Riviera. The yacht cruised beyond the 3-mile limit on the Gulf of Genoa. When the boat pulled into Genoa, the story spread like wildfire that Jennifer and Selznick had been married by Captain Stroud aboard the vessel.

The witnesses supposedly were Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hayward and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jourdan.

When I called Selznick on the long distance phone and asked him if he and Jennifer had actually gotten married at sea, he said, "No truth to that story at all. We were married in the City Hall of Genoa late this afternoon."

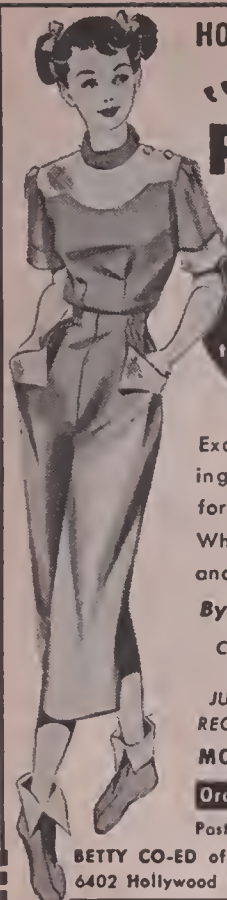
The ceremony was performed by Dr. Lucarelli, chief of the vital statistics branch of the Genoa City Hall, and after the ceremony, Jennifer and David boarded the yacht, (Please turn to page 70)



The wedding day of Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin was followed by four years of happiness. No one believed their break-up could be final.



"Overwork—just plain overwork," is what Hollywood says upset the marriage of Liz and Dan Dailey. He's trying hard to win her back.



HOLLYWOOD INSPIRED
 "Snuggly"
 Pajamas

only 4⁹⁵

Nighty Booties
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Van and Evie Johnson declared a holiday at finish of "Battleground," then left for a short vacation in New York City. First stop: the famous Stork Club with a friend.

I
 H
 Hollywood
 continued

Margaret Sullivan's hearing has greatly improved since she had a delicate operation on her ear. And she's being ardently wooed by Hollywood to make more pictures.

David Niven, who declares that he was misquoted by a British reporter when he said he was through with Hollywood and wanted to return to England permanently, is stating now that he wants to divide his time between here and Britain. Since his contract with Sam Goldwyn has been washed up after all these years, he'll be free to go where he pleases.



French Corinne Calvet's gestures were so enthusiastic that husband John Bromfield had to protect himself. That's Jim Davis laughing at Corinne's surprise.

Barry Fitzgerald, after turning down two top pictures, quietly sneaked out of town on a tramp steamer to spend four months abroad. He'll bicycle over Holland, Denmark and his native Ireland before returning here.

They do say that Dan Dailey is still packing a blazing torch for his estranged wife, who seems totally unimpressed by the flare.

Johnny Mack Brown's fourteen-year-old son, Lachlan, is taking up an acting career. He makes his screen debut with his dad in "Range Justice," and is considered one of the best riders in town.

The James Masons will return to England next spring, but only for a visit and a picture, which will be shot largely in Spain.

Though Shelley Winters has a number of hot songs to do in "East of Java," her voice will be dubbed in. Shelley's having such a hard time keeping off rich food which puts on extra weight that the waitresses in her studio commissary have been instructed to serve her not what she wants but what is non-fattening.

Esther Williams' husband, Ben Gage, is seriously considering turning actor, since his success in the "Salute to Gershwin" show at the Coconut Grove here. We always believed that Ben had secret ambitions along that line, and he should make a go of it. When Ben was in the hospital recently, a special extension had to be put on his bed to accommodate his six-foot-five-and-a-half-inch frame. Esther's planning an aquacade, somewhat similar to Sonja Henie's ice show, which Ben will likely M.C.

Lana Turner and Bob Topping plan to buy a house in Hollywood in which to live while Lana's here making pictures. They'll keep their eastern place also, and shuttle between the two dwellings. Perhaps their marriage couldn't risk a long separation such as would be necessary if Lana stayed here alone to make pictures while Bob remained in the east.

(Please turn to page 18)



Fame is catching up with pretty Ruth Roman. She was so sensational in "Champion."

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After "My Friend Irma" and "Bitter Victory," Diana Lynn rated an evening of dancing with husband John Lindsay.



"The Fountainhead" premiere brought out Angela Lansbury and fiancé Peter Shaw. Friends predict they'll elope very soon.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*
 continued

The reason you haven't seen much of Brian Aherne on the screen is that he's been concentrating on farming. He's been raising grapes on his desert ranch, and is this year shipping out 15,000 crates.

Linda Darnell has been miffed at all those reports that there's trouble between her and Pev Marley. Such causes trouble in the adoption of their child as the adoption homes are reluctant about giving children to couples who are likely to divorce. They want to adopt still another child.

Cary Grant is still suffering from a yellow jaundice attack, and may have to remain off the screen for a year under doctor's orders until he recuperates his strength.

Jane Powell and Gary Steffen have not yet set a marriage date, and evidently they don't plan to be wed in a hurry because they say if the wedding takes place in summer they'll honeymoon in Maine. If in the fall, they'll honeymoon in Sun Valley; and if in the spring, they'll go to Lake Louise.

In "Buccaneer's Girl," Yvonne de Carlo will have such form-fitting clothes that she won't be able to wear any undies whatsoever.



Oh, for the life of a movie magazine editor! *Movieland's* editorial director Beatrice Cole got a hearty greeting from Kirk Douglas at her recent *Ciro* shindig. Enjoyed it too!

The romance between Joan Caulfield and Jean Arthur's ex-husband, Frank Ross, has been overplayed by the press. They have a couple dates a week, and Joan says she likes the guy very much but gave no indication that she was in a marrying frame of mind.

* * *

Gene Tierney will be joined in London by Oleg Cassini as soon as she finishes her picture "Night and the City" there this fall. They'll then spend three months touring Europe during which time Gene will visit her old school in Switzerland and several of her old friends.

* * *

They do say that the Ingrid Bergman-Rossellini matter has busted wide open, and that while Ingrid may still think he's a great director, she has quite a different opinion about him as a man. We think that the headlines Ingrid made damaged her movie career enormously. It'll take a lot of work and a lot of forgetting on the public's part to put her back on the pedestal that she once held.

* * *

Orson Welles, who always did like to get up in the glad-rags for his pictures, ought to be happy with his part in "The Black Rose." For it he wears a coat made of Russian leather, and lined with mink skins. It reaches to his toes and measures over 12 feet around the hem. This coat is so ponderous that two men are required to help him put it on. Orson gives little indication of returning to Hollywood, where his last picture here, "Macbeth," proved to be a fiasco—to put it mildly. But if he stays in Europe, there's a likelihood that he'll be bumping into his ex-wives and children. Not only is Rita Hayworth there, but also his first wife, who recently married a wealthy Englishman, and is living in a villa on the French Riviera not too far from that of Rita and Aly Khan's.

* * *

The romance between Yvonne De Carlo and Jacques O'Mahoney has reached the flaming stage and may wind up at the altar before the summer's over. He's a stunt man at Yvonne's studio and handsome enough to be a leading man.

* * *

We hear that Bob Walker, while recuperating in a sanitarium, fell very hard for one of the nurses there. But Bob's not talking.

* * *

John Hodiak's career was in a very bad slump two years ago; but he's suddenly become one of the hottest actors in town. He has three pictures to do, one right after the other. "Manhunt" will take him to Cuba; and the "Mrs. Miniver" sequel to England. That probably means that he and Anne Baxter will be apart considerably for the next year, as she's busy as a bee in a flower garden with her 20th Century commitments. We asked John what he attributed his sudden popularity on the sound stages to. He said, "I think it was because of 'Malaya.' I finally got to play a sympathetic part in that one; and the public seems to like it." John was very much fed up with playing heavies and had no hesitancy in telling all and sundry that he was unhappy with his career previously.

John wants to do "Green Mansions," which his studio owns. The picture was originally slated for Elizabeth Taylor; but we fear that she's outgrown the part, which deals with a girl and her love for wild animals. At one time Liz would have been a natural for the part; but in the past year she's become quite a sophisticated young lady.

THE END

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Screen Guide

is brimming over with
exciting exclusives on:



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Dream Man.....**JOHN WAYNE**
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Outspoken bombshell...**SHELLEY WINTERS**
Adorable singer.....**JANIE POWELL**
Tap favorite.....**LANA TURNER**
Charming bachelor.....**PETER LAWFORD**
Magnetic actar.....**JOSEPH COTTEN**
Personable champion.....**KIRK DOUGLAS**

PLUS: ROZ RUSSELL's rare advice on how to get rid of those blues—a scoop story about the kissing techniques in Hollywood with torrid pictures to illustrate —

ALL THIS IN ADDITION TO:

Screen Guide's inside gossip about the stars; movie reviews on the best pictures of the month; beautiful color pages; an interview with a favorite cowboy actor; fashion and beauty tips and pages of scoop pictures.

**Don't walk—RUN to your
nearest newsstand on
SEPTEMBER 9th for
the October issue of**

Screen Guide



Mel Dinella seems to be Joan Crawford's new heart interest. They're being seen everywhere together—but Joan won't admit that it's a serious romance.

can I help you?

By
JOAN CRAWFORD

Let glamorous Joan Crawford help you solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 916 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles 46, Calif. Your letter will receive her personal reply

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am a young girl of nineteen. I am madly in love with a man of thirty who refuses to marry me. We have been going together for three years. I really mean going together.

Two weeks ago when I proposed marriage, I had to do the proposing. Harold broke down and said he wanted very much to marry me, only he couldn't. He confessed that he was already married to a girl back East.

He never told me this before. He swears that if I will only keep going with him, he will eventually get a divorce and marry me.

What do you suggest I do?

Clara C.
Denver, Col.

I strongly suggest that you have nothing to do with this man again. If he were at all truthful, he should have told you about his marriage in the first place.

I am convinced from the little that you have told me that he hasn't the slightest intention of marrying you. I am inclined to believe that you would be better off with a younger, more honest man. Drop this fellow at once. He's wasting your time, love, and affection.

JEALOUS JANE

Dear Miss Crawford:

I wonder if you can help me with a friendship problem. I have a girlfriend, let's call her Jane Taylor, who means a lot to me. We pal out together all the time.

Unfortunately, Jane is not very attractive, although she has a wonderful character. None of the boys like to date her. They date me, however, and when I go with them, Jane is always the first to run them down. No matter whom I go with, she always has a nasty story to tell.

I know this is sheer jealousy. It is the kind of jealousy that is warping Jane's character. After a while you get so that you don't want to see her. That's what's happening to me. How can I straighten Jane out?

Beulah V.
Des Moines, Iowa

I think you had best talk to Jane frankly. Explain to her why she has this habit of running people down. Once she

gets to admit it, she will see the habit for what it is. She will understand what causes it, and she may be able to rectify it.

If possibly you could get her out on a double-date, I'm sure that would be of great help, too. Jane feels out of the swim of things, unwanted and un-needed. If you can make her feel once that there is some young man who considers her attractive you will find a complete change in her attitude.

JAIL-BAIT

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am violently in love with a sixteen-year-old girl. I am twenty-four myself. I have asked this girl to marry me on several occasions but her parents will not listen to us.

They insist the girl is too young to marry. Luckily, I am in a position to support my wife having inherited a good bit of money from my grandparents. We have decided to ask her folks for permission once more, and then, if they don't give it, get married anyway. Do you think we are doing right? Do you think two old people should stand in the way of our happiness?

Frank S.
Chicago, Ill.

I think you're being very impetuous and very wrong about this marriage. I have said time and time again that sixteen is too young for a girl to give up her single state. Most girls of sixteen don't know their minds yet. I know you will raise your voice in anger as you read this, but it's true. If only you will wait two or three years, you will find that your sweetheart will make you a better wife, and you her, a better husband.

I am not against young marriage when such union is economically possible, but sixteen is too young. Listen to your girl's parents. In many states a girl cannot marry before the age of eighteen. That law is on the books for a good reason.

MINOR IRRITATIONS

Dear Miss Crawford:

Do you think marriage changes men? I have been going with Charles for several months now. No matter where we go, he never picks up a check when we're with other people. When I speak to him about it, when I tell him he's acting like a cheapskate, he says he just can't part with money.

Do you think if I marry Charles I could change his spending habits?

Rachel F.
Detroit, Mich.

Women have tried this from time immemorial. You can profit by their experience. My answer is: no.

STAR QUESTION

Dear Miss Crawford:

I read in the newspapers where many stars earn tremendous sums of money. They have to pay tremendous taxes, of course. Instead of paying taxes, why don't they give their excess funds away?

George M.
Dallas, Texas

Many stars give away to charity as much money as possible. You see, when a star's salary is paid, so much is automatically held back for withholding tax. That tax goes directly to the Government so that the star doesn't wind up with very much take-home pay. The figures you read in the newspapers are extremely misleading to say the least.

THE END

LITTLE LULU

Got hay fever?



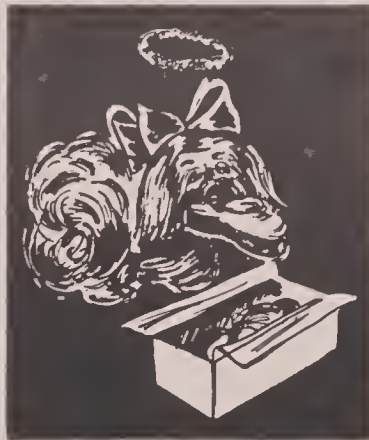
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THE MOST HILARIOUS HIT IN MANY A HONEYMOON!

Your Hollywood

Memo from the Editor

Hollywood, Calif.

I love Hollywood—but what a routine! From breakfast to bedtime I had a steady run of dates with the most beautiful people in the world. I wish you could lunch with Joan Crawford, for instance, as I did at Romanoff's. It was like dining with royalty!

Not only did everyone of importance stop to greet her, but tourists gaped wide-eyed at her, while all around her glowed that aura of glamour that is Hollywood! Through it all, Joan ate heartily (lamb stew and fresh tomatoes), chatted easily, and never lost her equanimity for a moment.

And then there was the memorable party for the young stars that the Lauritz Melchior gave. Never have I seen such spontaneous gaiety and beauty under one roof.

I was enchanted with all the young stars—Elizabeth Taylor, who is just as sweet as she is breathtakingly beautiful; fresh-faced Betty Lynn, and all the others (see page 52).

My own cocktail party at the Ciroette Room was a great success—even if I do say so myself! Just everyone came, and even though it was scheduled from 6 to 9:30, last guests left at 11 P.M.

The life of the party was Kirk Douglas. He really is a wonderful chap and as generous-minded as he is talented! He and Bob Ryan ("The Set-Up") had a lot of fun comparing punches, and both are appreciative of their respective prize-fighting pictures, which brought them fame.

Gail Russell whispered her marriage plans to Guy Madison in my ear. Guy is doing a play in the East at the moment, but Gail said they'd marry as soon as he gets back.

My good friend, Dottie Lamour, who was expecting her second baby momentarily, stayed only a little while. She looks marvelous—and radiantly happy.

I wish I had room to list all the stars who came: Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, Georgie Jessel and Milton Berle (later Georgie's ex-wife, Lois Andrews, came in looking serene, even though she had been robbed of \$50,000 in jewels the night before), the Don DeFores, the John Lunds, the Herbert Marshalls, Jim Davis and David Brian, Marie Windsor, Ruth Roman and many, many more.

I could go on forever talking about my favorite city and my favorite people and all the wonderful stories and pictures I've lined up for the next several months. But you'll see them all in these pages soon, so do watch for 'em!

B. L. C.



Tall and short of *Movieland's* party: David Brian and Editor Beatrice Cole.



Kirk Douglas of "Champion" and Bob Ryan of "The Set-Up" had a chance to compare punches.



Beatrice Cole and Donald O'Connor were right there when Gail Russell announced that she'd marry Guy Madison.

New Faces . . . New Faces . . . New Faces . . .

Corinne Calvet reminds fans of these sirens:



Lauren Bacall



Rita Hayworth



Lana Turner

Magnifique!



Resemblance to sultry sirens is merely coincidental. Corinne's strictly in a class of her own.

New Faces . . . New Faces . . . New Faces . . .

Height:
5'5"

Bust:
35"

Waist:
23½"

Hips:
33"

Dress
Size: 10



Head:
22"

Neck:
12¾"

Wrist:
6"

Thigh:
19¼"

Calf:
9¼"

Ankle:
8"

Weight:
110 lbs.



Experts claim Corinne the Body Beautiful. Figure shows they're so right!

Fans adored torrid love scenes with Burt Lancaster in Hal Wallis' "Rope of Sand."

★ Screen hopefuls come and go but once in a blue moon a new personality hits the public's fancy with terrific impact—and a star is born. Such a thing happened to curvaceous, very French Corinne Calvet, whose first appearance in Hal Wallis' "Rope of Sand" established her screen career right there and then.

After loan-out to 20th Century-Fox for a Dan Dailey movie, she'll be back at Paramount for another Hal Wallis production—as the star.

The French have a word for it—but U. S. fans are discovering they don't need to parlez francais to describe the sensational charms of Corinne Calvet

New Faces . . . New Faces . . . New Faces . . .

John's huge appetite takes a big ribbing from Joanne Dru on "All the King's Men" set.

One sensational screen role put John Derek in the ranks of Hollywood royalty . . . and he's there to stay



John Derek reminds fans of these stars:



Tyrone Power



Clark Gable



Robert Taylor

New... Crown Prince?

★ It's unusual—even in Hollywood where *anything* can happen—for a newcomer to receive the tremendous ovation John Derek got from his audience after just one picture. Humphrey Bogart is plenty proud of his protege—the break he got for John in "Knock On Any Door" booted the handsome young man right onto the ladder of success; and he's bounding up it like crazy.

Looking back, John is mighty happy he persuaded his father that acting was a better career than painting. At 23, he's all set with a nice long Columbia contract, a pretty starlet (Pati Behrs) as his bride, and a startling number of fans waiting breathlessly for his new film "All the King's Men." If John set up his easel now, he could paint a rosy picture of the world in general.

Rumor has it that John will soon be starred in exciting swashbuckling adventure stories.



New Faces . . . New Faces . . . New Faces . . .

Barbara Bates reminds fans of these glamorous actresses:



Esther Williams



Ann Sheridan



Ava Gardner



Bates Statistics:
Age: 24, Height 5'5"
Hair: Very blonde
Eyes: Gorgeous green.

Beautiful Barbara Bates

She walks in beauty like
the night—followed by
appreciative male whistles

★ Luscious is the word for Barbara Bates, whose dainty footsteps have instinctively led her toward success.

Fresh from leading roles at North Denver High School in Denver, Colorado, Barbara set out for New York, determined to become an actress. Her breathtaking beauty made her a sought-after model at the Conover agency, and when her picture appeared on the cover of a famous magazine, Walter Wanger snapped her up for a small part in "Salome, Where She Danced." It was only a matter of time before Warner Brothers signed her to a long-term contract.

Ever see a dream walking? You will when you see Barbara in "The Inspector General." →





Joan Evans is all set for classroom or afternoon tea dance in this coral corduroy skirt and sleeveless sweater of gold striped, white boucle.



Tweed suits are practical and smart. This one is moderately tailored to wear to school, studio or on informal date. It's black, white check worsted.



Joan has a passion for shoes. Prefers plain pumps. High heels are out!



Back to school wardrobe just isn't complete without a corduroy skirt and matching jerkin. Appearance can be changed by alternating blouse with sweater.

Head of the



Nothing like an assortment of handbags to give a girl a well-dressed feeling. Joan has shoulder bags of almost every color, description—plus a few dressy "extras."

by Monica Mackenzie

New Faces . . . New Faces . . .



Glamorous evening wrap is waterproof. Made of grey velour drapery material, it has hood and lining of pale blue silk, buttons with braid frogs.



Joan's out to be belle of the first formal school dance in brown taffeta with matching velvet trim. Cape comes off.

Class

Joan Evans rates an

A-Plus for her smart

back-to-school clothes

★ Joan Evans, the young Goldwyn discovery, who left school to appear in "Roseanna McCoy," is not quite through with books and studies.

Joan has two more years of high school, most of which will be spent with tutors on the studio lot.

Because she must combine school and work, Joan has sensibly selected a "back to school" wardrobe that is convertible. It can be either informal and campus-like or dressy and business-like.

Her tweed suits, for example, may be worn with saddle shoes and sweaters, and they also can fit with silk stockings, pumps, and a touch of jewelry. Her

collection of flare skirts are the kind that go to school under a sport jacket or combine with a dressy blouse to look well on a date.

Joan is a staunch believer in many dates and a wide choice of escorts. Her wardrobe is therefore heavy with party dresses. Her favorite date outfit is a powder blue brocade suit that looks sophisticated and at the same time is rather perfect for a girl of her years.

In the evening gown department, Joan favors great wide skirts that lend a romantic effect while she's dancing. Her newest (*Continued on page 82*)



New Faces . . . New Faces . . . New Faces . . .

Cathy O'Donnell
reminds fans of

ARRIVING

C.O.D.



June Allyson



Bette Davis



Teresa Wright

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

★ You might not guess just at first, if you were to meet Cathy O'Donnell, that she is one of Hollywood's most exciting newcomers. You would see a soft-voiced, graceful girl who exudes gentle poise and who has a sort of glow about her. But her brief career has already been one of the most interesting and truly exciting ones we have seen. Cathy is one of those people who make news.

As long as three years (*Please turn to page 81*)

Cathy's "girl-next-door" look is DYNAMITE on the screen.



A lass with a great
big future—C. O'D.

Sizzling combo: Cathy O'Donnell and Farley Granger in RKO's "They Lived by Night."



Cathy
O'Donnell
is a
rising
star with
dreamy eyes
and a yen
to write
love poems



Life with LIZ

By JANE KESSNER



Notice resemblance between Liz and Mother? That's fiance William Pawley Jr. beaming between them.

Elizabeth Taylor's album is filled with memories—the special memories every family enjoys

★ Every family has its special memories. With the Taylors it's their vacations in England, the caravan (trailer) in which they went on jaunts when Elizabeth and Howard were tiny. They'd take their nanny along and the dog, and off they'd go, asking permission of farmers to set up camp in a woods near a stream. It's the summers they spent later at

Cranbrook in Kent at their place, The Swallows . . . the Christmas playlets the children would enact in the parlor . . . the summers in Wisconsin where they all fished for bass and muskie.

One of Elizabeth's earliest memories is of her horse, Betty, her first very own horse. That was at Cranbrook when she was three. One day she and

(Please turn to next page)

← "Conspirator" marks Elizabeth Taylor's first grown-up, really dramatic role in her career.



This was Liz's picture debut. First photo was taken with mother in garden of Hempstead home in Britain.

February 27th,  1932.

Mr. & Mrs. Francis L. Taylor
announce the birth of their Daughter
Elizabeth Rosemond.

8 Wildwood Road,
London, N.W. 11.

Announcements of new arrival, Elizabeth Rosemond, were simple, done in conservative Taylor manner.



Summers at Cranbrook in Kent gave Liz chance to ride horses and develop the skill that won her role in "National Velvet."

Howard went riding together, Howard in front holding the reins and she in back, holding on to his shirt. Betty had been a New Forest wild pony but she was old enough by that time to be tired and safe for children. Howard wanted to go fast. He dug his heels in the horse's side and yelled, "Charge, Betty, charge!" All of a sudden Betty caught on. She gave a great lurch and off went both little Taylors, Elizabeth into a bush of stinging nettles. She remembers that vividly. She was prickling all over and swollen from head to foot when nanny and Howard pulled her out. The Taylors gathered docweed and covered her with the big leaves to draw out the nettle sting.

Then she remembers when Howard saved her life. She was five and he was seven. Both children loved collecting things—tadpoles, frogs, squirrels, everything. This day they had gone with a jar for tadpoles. They found a ditch about six feet deep and a foot wide. It was muddy and slimy and crawling with interesting specimens. The two Taylors knelt on the bank and Howard put his arm across for a brace. "Don't you try it," he told Elizabeth, "it's slippery and you'll fall in." She promptly tried it. She put her arm across just as Howard had and slid right down, head-first into the ooze and water. Howard caught her first by the foot,
(Please turn to page 38)



From age of 4, Liz and brother Howard, then 6, shared enthusiasm for fishing. Liz baited her own hook from start.

Life with LIZ

(continued)



In 1939 the Taylors came to America. Photo shows Liz, Howard and a friend on deck of U.S.S. Washington enroute to States.



After a visit with Uncle Howard in Wisconsin, the family settled in California and children started school. Hollywood had yet to hear of Elizabeth Taylor, but soon would.



While Howard devoted himself to baseball, Missy Liz studied ballet.



Vacations with Uncle Howard in Wisconsin are always wonderful. This picture was snapped just last year.



Growing up together Liz and Howard have shared interests. He's her closest friend, also her severest critic.



Life with LIZ (continued)

then by the hair and dragged her up. She had whooping cough that day too; they both had whooping cough. The mud bath helped a lot.

Mrs. Taylor remembers how, when Elizabeth was naughty, she couldn't wait to make things right. "Oh, I'm so sorry," she'd say, "I'm so sorry." As soon as she was old enough to write, there were notes of apology. Stacks of them. But Howard was of a different temperament. Where Elizabeth is demonstrative, he is reserved. He would *not* say he was sorry. He'd take his punishment, more if necessary, and still not a word. One night. Mr. and Mrs.



Conference on this art object has to be lively. Howard's an artist but Liz posed for the terracotta head. Final decision is Mrs. Taylor's.



She's engaged! Lovely Liz's wedding plans include William Pawley Jr., son of U. S. ex-Ambassador to Brazil.

Taylor were sitting in the living room reading. They had just come back to America. Elizabeth and Howard sat on the bench before the fireplace and Mr. Taylor was reprimanding his son. Not a word in return. Mrs. Taylor peeked over her newspaper. Mr. Taylor peeked over his. There was Elizabeth nudging Howard hard enough to shove him off the bench.

"Say you're sorry," she was whispering with tears in her eyes. "Say you're sorry, Howard."

Mr. Taylor remembers the Christmas playlets the children's nanny used to write when they lived in

Hempstead. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor had gone to Europe shortly after their marriage, traveling through Italy, France and Germany, collecting old master paintings for his uncle's art gallery. Shortly before Howard was born, they moved to Hempstead. Howard was born on one side of the square; then the Taylors bought a big, red brick Georgian house just across, and Elizabeth was born there. (She visited the house recently when she was in England making her first grown-up picture, "Conspirator," with Robert Taylor.) Mr. Taylor remembers the Christmas playlets and (*Please turn to page 91*)



Different backgrounds didn't matter when Kirk and Diana met, married. They were so in love.

What really happened to mar



Kirk Douglas

VACATION

from



Was it marriage or his past that made Kirk decide to have the fling he missed in lean years?

the happy marriage of Kirk Douglas and his beautiful wife, Diana?



Diana Douglas

Marriage

By CRAWFORD DIXON

★ Kirk Douglas has been separated from his wife for six months now.

In that time he has achieved a fame and popularity little short of sensational. On the basis of his performance in one picture, "Champion," his future has been previewed, his past has been reviewed, and his present has been interviewed.

The back-stabbers who know nothing of Douglas would have you believe that success went to his head and that following its arrival, he left his wife.

This isn't true. Kirk and Diana Douglas were separated before "Champion" was released, before Kirk received a share of that picture's fabulous profits, and before he signed a seven-year deal with Warner Brothers that will assure him a cool million dollars.

When you ask Kirk why he and his beautiful wife agreed to a trial separation, he says, "It was just one of those things. I can't explain it very well. If two people think they can't make a go of marriage, the thing to do is to dissolve it. But when kids are involved, that's an entirely different problem. I want you to know one thing, however; my Hollywood success had nothing to do with the split-up. Diana and I had reached a state where we were getting on each (*Please turn to page 88*)



Since the separation, Hollywood actresses regard Kirk as an eligible man. Ava Gardner's name is linked with his.



Dating lovelies like Pat Neal may be Kirk's way of making up for the glamor and gayety that he lacked in his youth.

ARE CHILD STARS WELL-



As a child star Shirley got her education first-hand from the world's most famous people.

While other kids were studying tap and toe, Shirley was dancing with famous star Bill Robinson.

EDUCATED ?

Movie moppets have the jump
on the average youngster
when it comes to the 3 R's.
Take the case of Shirley Temple . . .

★ Say what you will about Hollywood—there is one accomplishment at which no scornful finger can be pointed: the education provided for Hollywood moppets who are reared in Hollywood studios. Hollywood has merely to nod with pride toward Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Linda Darnell, Elizabeth Taylor, and Margaret O'Brien (to name a few) to prove its point that studio diplomas are awarded to well-equipped world citizens.

Take the admirable example of Shirley Temple: what other twenty-one-year-old girl is equally at home with kings or carpenters, with venerable statesmen or members of her own generation, with the wise and the foolish, the sincere and the phony, with—in brief—everyone she has ever met in the past or could conceivably meet in the future?

What other twenty-one-year-old girl has visited the Hawaiian Islands three times, has seen Bryce National Park at sunset, has descended into the Grand Canyon

with a fascinated Ranger and has been carried back to the canyon rim by him, has watched the Fire Fall at Yosemite while seated on the lap of G-man, J. Edgar Hoover? What girl has been through the Carlsbad Caverns, and has visited in the Bermuda home of stage-star, Miss Gertrude Lawrence? (Shirley will never forget Miss Lawrence's fabulous leopard slippers, on the bows of which tinkled tiny bells.)

What other young wife and mother will be able to tell her daughter at bedtime, the story of her trip through the streets of Honolulu in a fire truck, and through the mint in Washington, D. C. in company of Secretary Morgenthau of the U. S. Treasury?

What student of political economy has both seen a dust storm in the nation's dust bowl, and discussed Dentistry with the President of the United States?

In all this land, what student outside of Hollywood has been given the (*Please turn to page 74*)

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING



Jane Withers (with Darryl Zanuck, Shirley, Jane's husband William Moss) is another youngster who benefitted from Hollywood's school system.

← Whether little Susan Agar follows Mama's movie footsteps remains to be seen, but chances are she won't have as much fun as her mother did.

Kiss Kiss Kiss



Great Lover Rudolph Valentino had a way of kissing which left audiences swooning, leading ladies black and blue.

★ To the average boy and girl, kissing is part and parcel of having a good time.

In Hollywood, however, kissing is an art, to be studied, learned, rehearsed, and practiced.

In a way, it is also a business, since kissing is one of the sure-fire ingredients of any picture, and a film with the correct ingredients will always draw a crowd.

Like all arts, however, the art of kissing has changed over the years, and today in Hollywood, the belief is widespread that people kiss and make love



So you think a kiss is just a kiss? There is much more to movie love-making



"It's much better when you help," said Lauren. So Bogie introduced a new brand of movie love.



An exuberant, young-married sort of buss wins fans' sighs when Dan Dailey soundly kisses Anne Baxter in 20th's "You're My Everything."

even when they're doing the most ordinary things like eating, drinking, or talking on the telephone.

As a result, there is more kissing content in today's screen output than ever before, but this is controlled kissing, controlled by the Johnston Office which refuses to permit "excessive or lustful kissing."

Just what sort of kissing is "lustful" or "excessive," the authorities decide for themselves on an individual picture basis, and since this varies from production to production, no one has ever been able to figure it out. Usually, however, no screen kiss is permitted to last more than twenty seconds, and when it is begun, at least one of the two persons engaged in the delight must be assuming a vertical position.

There are many ways of skinning the cat. Some years ago, for example, Alfred Hitchcock directed Cary Grant in a picture, entitled "Notorious." The love sequences in this production were so hot that the film melted, and yet none of them were ruled "lustful" or "excessive;" and in all of them, Grant kept his feet on the ground; literally, that is.

What Hitchcock did in this picture was to have Grant kiss Bergman while he was purportedly listening to someone at the other end of a telephone conversation. In one sequence, Grant ran his lips over Bergman's neck, her cheeks, her eyebrows. In fact, he did everything but kiss her, and yet the effect was even more stimulating and fascinating than if he had planted a twenty-second (*Please turn to page 72*)

than merely lip-service



Richard Widmark leaves Linda Darnell afutter in "Slattery's Hurricane." His intensely ardent kisses suggest an undercurrent of brutality.



Fans go for the way Richard Conte makes gentle-but-passionate passes at Susan Hayward in 20th Century-Fox's exciting "House of Strangers."

By MAXINE LaFARGE



Great tenor Lauritz Melchior and lovely wife Kleinchen outdid themselves in party arrangements.



First arrivals Jane Powell and her fiance Geary Steffen merrily sign the Melchiors' guest book.

By TED and JANE MORRIS



some

BEWITCHING

evening

All the charm of Halloween's traditions comes to life as the Melchiors

entertain Hollywood's younger set



Look, no hands! Liz Taylor won this contest before Scotty Beckett, Sally Forrest, Jerome Courtland could even say Boo!

★ Halloween may be the night for hobgoblins and cats; it may be the night when uncanny supernatural creatures of darkness stalk the highways—but when it's Halloween at the Melchior's, when Lauritz, the great tenor, and Kleinchen, his petite blonde wife, play hosts to the youngsters of Hollywood, why, it is strictly a bewitching evening and all good dreams come true.

Their house, called the Viking, on the crests above Coldwater Canyon, is a magic spot. It might well be within the charmed Ring of Die Walküre where Melchior's voice has so often sounded as *Siegmond*.

Let us try and describe the house for you. It is almost entirely fronted by glass and surrounded by luxurious foliage so that when you are indoors, you can look out and see the lush green of plants and flowers. A huge glass solarium runs almost around the house and in the semi-circular garden outside, there is a lovely swimming pool around which are placed white wrought-iron chaise longues and comfortable chairs.

(Please turn to next page)



When Janie Powell walked backward holding mirror and lighted candle, face of her true love was supposed to appear. What's more, it did!



While playing traditional "Ring, Tumble, Penny" game, Marshall Thompson found the thimble—and bride Barbara took a razzing.



Lucky number pulled out of witch's hat brought beautiful porcelain bird to prize winner Marshall Thompson.



And when Liz Taylor pared an apple, dropped paring to the floor it formed letter "P"—for Pawley, of course.

some
BEWITCHING
evening (continued)

Exquisite compact was prize for the apple-bobbing contest and was won by the champion, Elizabeth Taylor.





Mmmm-good! Jerome Courtland, Sally Forrest, Danny Scholl, Liz Taylor agreed hotdogs keep goblins away.

The living room, too, has huge glass windows which overlook the rose gardens; and the hallways in the house are of glass brick so that you get the impression of light, airiness and tremendous space.

On this bewitching evening, a full moon rose over the Melchior garden, casting its platinum light on the shimmering pool and shedding the cool, exquisite radiance of moonlight over the whole scene.

Loudspeakers amplified music from the den and the night was made gay with the brightest young people in Hollywood whom the Melchiors had invited to charm the hobgoblins of Halloween. As we watched the gay, radiant young actors and actresses (whose combined salaries run into hundreds of thousands and who could well be the most expensive young people in America) who were as gay and carefree as young people anywhere in the world, we thought that this party gave the lie to rumors that Hollywood young people are spoiled.

They're not! They're as gracious, as fun-loving as freshly radiant as the young people in your church group or your college; they are as unspoiled as any group of youngsters and as eager to find love and happiness.

When Janie Powell walked backward down the
(Please turn to next page)



Scotty Beckett startled Betty Lynn and Bob Arthur out of the romantic reverie they were sharing a minute before photo was taken.



Liz thought she'd startle guests by donning a witch's hat—but the reaction wasn't exactly what she expected.



Romance didn't interfere with appetites of Betty and Bob who managed to munch, talk and vice-versa.

Jane tried some bewitching, too. Willing victim was genial host. Remember them in "Luxury Liner"?

some
BEWITCHING
evening (continued)

dark steps, with a mirror in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, whose face appeared in the magic mirror but that of Geary Steffen, the boy she loves and is engaged to marry. (Like you and you, they're waiting only for him to be settled in his career before they take the step.) And when Elizabeth Taylor pared her apple, twirled the unbroken paring thrice about her head and dropped it to the floor, what initial appeared but the letter P? Quite right, since the hand that held the apple was wearing the lovely, square-cut diamond ring given Elizabeth by her fiance, Bill Pawley.

Oh, it was definitely the evening for romance; and every trick that has been used to foretell young lovers' futures worked like a charm. Betty Lynn unwound her ball of yarn to find it caught and rewound from across the room. By whom? By Bob Arthur, her fellow actor at Twentieth Century-Fox. Hollywood seers predict they'll be a permanent twosome.

When Danny Scholl, Bob Arthur and Scotty Beckett tried the old saw of sitting on round bottles while they attempted to thread a needle, it was Scotty who first speared his thread through the
(Please turn to page 52)





Trophies hanging in the solarium gazed down in amazement as the gay crowd was treated to a priceless Melchior-Powell duet.



No mask Janie wore could fool Geary. Anyone around these two for any length of time seems to find their happiness contagious.



Halloween trick of unwinding ball of yarn drew Betty right to arms of Bob Arthur—which was the way he had it planned!

some
BEWITCHING
evening (continued)



At height of festivities Mr. Melchior emerged with basket of chocolate mints. Basket was made of almond paste.

needle's eye, indicating that he'll be the first to marry. And most appropriately, too, since his engagement was just announced to Beverly Baker, the tennis champion, who was East playing an exhibition match. It is only a few years since Scotty was one of "Our Gang." Now he is winning acclaim for his performance in MGM's "Battleground."

When it was Barbara Thompson's turn to invoke the powers of wizardry, she bit into her apple, eyes closed before the mirror, and it was Marshall's face beside hers when she dared to look. Marshall and his bride are still honeymooning. They roasted walnuts in the fire together, thrilled because neither nut exploded—proof of the steady burning of their love.

Then there was the game of Ring, Thimble and Penny. Lauritz Melchior had hidden the tokens himself in the living room. Marshall Thompson made the first find. He opened a cigarette box, felt down among the cigarettes and came up with the thimble. (Could this mean Barbara isn't much of a hand at sewing on buttons?)

Sally Forrest was next to find a token. She's the lovely young blonde who so resembles Ida Lupino and who won the coveted lead in Miss Lupino's new picture, "Not Wanted." She squealed rapturously when she found the ring (Please turn to page 76)



Something new in square dancing was created when host Melchior blew the Tristan horn for the Halloween merry-makers.



Dancing by moonlight at pool's edge was grand finale. (Even Liz could forget her dress was just like Nancy Olson's!)

Married . . .

*and
loves
it!*

There's a new sparkle in her
eyes and contentment in her face.

Looks like Diana Lynn has found
the way to a happy heart



Love is wonderful—but there's just time for a quick kiss before guests arrive for the Lindsays' dinner party.

★ Take a look at a happy girl. Her name is Diana Lynn—or, rather, Mrs. John Lindsay.

There's a sparkle in her eyes; there's contentment in her face; there's assurance in the way she speaks and acts. Maybe you'd say she has found the way to a happy heart.

At any rate, Diana is a new person. I've known her for some time and if ever a girl radiates joy, it's Diana. And why shouldn't she?

Diana met John Lindsay, prominent industrial engineer, not so long ago—about a year ago to be exact. She had her first date with him August 18th and they were married December 18th. Two cautious people who always used to tread carefully, they suddenly knew what they wanted.

Diana had just returned from her honeymoon

when I saw her at her home. Her hair was becomingly blonde and bobbed short. She wore her clothes with an air of real sophistication. And when she talked—she practically sang.

“John and I had a really wonderful honeymoon,” she said. “We went to New Orleans first and then to Miami. Now, there's a fabulous place. I've never seen such exotic hotels. I was so dazzled by it all that I couldn't believe it. At Nassau we really had a dreamy time just lying on the beach without a care in the world.

“We must have been completely mad to leave Nassau and head for New York, especially since we arrived on New Year's Eve and the climate there had nothing in common with the Bahamas. But we wanted to catch the opening of ‘Kiss Me, Kate,’ and



Now take cooking—I'm very self-conscious about that because John can turn out marvelous meals. But we're happy to report I'm improving!

By JACK HOLLAND



I love entertaining friends for dinner, and even found it relaxing after a hard day filming "My Friend Irma."

I think the show was worth it all. We spent a week in New York seeing shows and then headed for home."

For the first few days after Diana and John came back to Hollywood and settled in the rented house they plan to live in until they can build their own home, Diana was a little confused by all the domesticity that confronted her.

"I straightened up the house, planned menus, did marketing, and made the beds," Diana said gaily. "By noon I didn't have anything left to do. I was just a bundle of nervous energy. I began to itch to go back to work. I tried (*Please turn to page 85*)

Zero hour approaches. Don't I look calm for a bride who's going to give her first dinner party in about 10 minutes?





Calm outside, butterflies within, Pat Neal awaits start of "The Fountainhead" with date Kirk Douglas.

A

Dream

COMES TRUE . . .

It was a night to remember! A world premiere with bright lights and famous people acclaimed a new star—Patricia Neal

★ The letter came at noon. It was addressed to Patricia Neal. As she read it, her heart began to triphammer.

For a moment, she did nothing. A warm little smile curled itself on her lips. Then she raced to the telephone.

"Operator, operator," she repeated in an excited breathiness. "Get me Nashville, Tennessee."

She doodled with a pencil nervously. Then she

heard a thin metallic voice waft over the line.

"Mama," she shouted, "this is Pat. Yes, Pat. I'm calling from Hollywood. They're going to give 'The Fountainhead' a big premiere, mama, a world premiere. You've simply got to come . . . When? . . . In about three weeks . . . Will I be able to get any extra tickets? . . . I think so. After all, I'm one of the stars."

That's how Pat Neal reacted five minutes after

By MARVA PETERSON



The excitement began when Pat received tickets and police pass three weeks before premiere of "The Fountainhead."



Pat found *the* dress for *the* occasion—a dream in classic black Chantilly lace—at Athena's exclusive shop.



An established star rates a luxurious furpiece, so Pat really splurged on a white mink stole for the big event.

she received her engraved invitation to the premiere of "The Fountainhead," the controversial picture in which she shared top billing with Gary Cooper.

The news, of course, sent her into a feminine flurry of activity. After calling her mother in Nashville, she dialed the studio and asked for the publicity department. "I wonder," she said, "if I could get a few extra preview tickets for my family

(Please turn to next page)



Hollywood reviews precede premieres: on the big morn Pat and brother Petey happily found critics favorable.



Western Union and Pat had a busy day with the congratulations of her many friends.



By noon she had the jitters, and couldn't eat. Finally her mother insisted on a quiet garden lunch and several hours sleep to calm her jangled nerves.



It seemed as if the big evening would never come, but it finally did. Studio hairdresser came to comb out her tresses.

A *Dream* COMES TRUE...

continued

and my friends?" The man who answered said, "It's a cinch, kid."

Overjoyed, Pat thanked him, cradled the phone, and went over to her desk. From the top drawer, she withdrew her bank book and studied it. Thank heaven! She had enough money, enough money to buy one really sensational dress for her first premiere.

"The kind of dress I need," she thought, "is one that will really bowl them over. There are going to be a lot of photographers at that prevue, and the bleachers will be filled with fans, and they'll probably televise the whole affair. This dress has just got to be a nifty."

She looked at her bank book again. "I wonder," she said, "if I could possibly afford a fur piece?" After all, this was going to be one of the great, one of the truly memorable occasions in her life as an actress.

It didn't take Pat very long to decide. A fur piece



Eager fans acclaimed Pat when she arrived at the theatre with her date Kirk Douglas.

Pat rates as a perfect neighbor! She made sure next-door friends, the Carters, got tickets to "The Fountainhead."

was definitely in order. Who ever heard of an actress at her own premiere without a fur piece?

Patricia Neal is one actress who loves to shop for clothes. All her young life, she's been interested in fashions, and she knows to a "T" exactly what looks good on that long voluptuous figure of hers.

On this day I describe, Pat visited all the famous Hollywood dress houses. I trekked along with her. The girl's patience is absolutely limitless. After shopping a dozen stores, she finally ended up at her favorite couturiere, Athena.

Here, she selected a classic dinner gown of black Chantilly lace, one that would contrast well with her blonde hair and her magnolia petal complexion. To that, she added a pair of black sandals and a small black evening bag.

"And now," she announced, her eyes sparkling with great expectancy, "let's go over to Al Teitelbaum's."

Al is a pet of the movie (Please turn to page 68)



Basking in the limelight with co-star Gary Cooper at Jack Warner's after-the-premiere-party at Mocambo, Pat knew she had ARRIVED!

By Helen Hover Weller

MOVIE *Debs*



Exotic, lovely Marta Toren is burning up the screen with Continental allure. She's in U-I's "Sword in the Desert."



Fresh as a daisy, Terry Moore talks like a breathless teen-ager, knows what she wants—and she's getting it!



Everyone called "I Was a Male War Bride" a jinx-picture, but to Marion Marshall it was her biggest screen break.

★ Meet the coming stars of Hollywood—perhaps the Hayworths, Dietrichs and Turners of tomorrow. They may not all make the grade, but one or two might rise to sensational heights and become screen immortals, and perhaps some of the others might be like shooting stars—enjoying only a brief burst of glory.

Arlene Dahl is probably the most beautiful of our group of movie debbs—and that's saying a lot because they're all stunners. Arlene is a modern Helen of Troy, with a face that launches a thousand admiring stares. Tall and willowy, with titian hair, a creamy skin that goes so beautifully with red hair and clear blue eyes, she's a Technicolor vision. For

a long time columnists have referred to her as "Dahl-face."

With looks like that, Arlene couldn't help but walk right into pictures. Which is how it happened.

For instance, when an international fashion show reached Arlene's home town of Minneapolis some five years ago, the director of the show saw Arlene and insisted that she model bathing suits for the event. Arlene continued with the show when it moved to Chicago and the finest stores in Chicago proceeded to fall all over themselves trying to get Arlene to model for them. While she modeled she studied acting and also did some work over a Chicago radio station. (Please turn to page 83)



Fifteen-year-old Debra Paget is a little young for the "glamor routine," but you'll be hearing lots about her.



Flame-haired, glamorous Florence Marly has everything—including Humphrey Bogart—in Warners thriller, "Tokyo Joe."

**These Hollywood debutantes
may be the stars of tomorrow.**

**Right now their futures
are as bright as their looks**

Most beautiful starlet is Arlene Dahl—a modern Helen of Troy. Her newest film is "Scene of the Crime."



Tim Holt hits a dusty trail in RKO's "Rene-gade of the Rancho."



Billie
Lynn

Duck for cover, pardners!

These Western lads mean

business—they're really

shootin' their way to fame!

★ Things aren't so quiet on the western front these days since studios discovered the tremendous popularity of the cowboy epic. While tried and true western heroes like Columbia's Gene Autry and Republic's Roy Rogers continue to hold their overwhelming popularity, new stars are beginning to gallop over the screen's purple sage.

Fans have declared their preference for movies with western themes and Hollywood's out to see that moviegoers get the pictures they want.

The handsome heroes on these pages are a few of the newcomers we're predicting will ride right to the very top of the western hit parade.



Republic's new star, Rex Allen, provides thrilling protection for Teala Loring in "Arizona Cowboy."



"She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" brings new Indian scout Ben Johnson to RKO screen.



Watch out! That gun's loaded, and Audie Murphy intends to use it despite Gale Storm's pleas. Audie dons spurs in U-I's "The Kid from Texas."



Scott Brady and John Russell are gunning for Cupid because "The Gal Who Took the West" (U-I) also took their hearts.

I'm DAGWOOD'S Favorite Blondie



No one in our family escapes the Dagwood influence—from Artie, the two children and me, down to our little dog, Hedy.

★ Little did Chick Young know when he sat down a number of years ago to sketch out the first strip for the comic series of “Blondie,” that to a great extent he was simply sketching out my husband, Arthur Lake. Because in more ways than a few, my husband *is* Dagwood Bumstead!

Don't get me wrong! It's not that Artie is an utter child in the vast corporate structure of American life, as Dagwood seems to be. Artie is a smart man with an income tax blank. Business doesn't baffle him. Under pressure he can be a bear with a budget. In that department I'm the foggy one. When he adds two and two, it always comes out

far different from when I do. But in many other ways—well, listen and see what I mean.

For one thing, the comic strip version of Dagwood has a number of physical similarities to my husband, Artie. They are of like build; tall and slim. The facial structure is somewhat similar. And by the time they plaster Artie's tonsorial tangle into those little Dagwood horns of hair, there's a striking similarity between Artie and Mr. Young's beloved character.

Too, Artie happens to be married to a blonde (me); and, like Dagwood, has two young children. Our little boy, Arthur Patrick, is five years old, and

By
PAT
(MRS. ARTHUR) LAKE



Even the Dagwood appetite in "Blondie Hits the Jackpot" has rubbed off on Artie in real life.

our little girl, Marian Rose, is four. We have a white Pekinese dog, Hedy, who is as mildly pixilated as Daisy.

But more outstanding than the physical characteristics are the psychological similarities between Artie and Dagwood. Looking back I sometimes wonder if the script has rubbed off on Artie, or if he always had these—shall we say "failings." I can't honestly remember when he didn't have them.

For instance, there's the Never-On-Time-Arthur.

Rather, I should call him the Just-Under-The-Gun-Arthur. (Actually, I shouldn't talk about this phase, because unlike Blondie, I am rarely on time



Artie stays in character when it comes to clothes, hangs everything on the floor and he's a *little*—shall we say—forgetful.

Arthur Lake really is Dagwood
Bumstead—or is it vice-versa?
Even his wife isn't sure!

either.) Artie is either always late or just barely on time. Generally we are in a continual process of making photo finishes. We travel a lot—about once or twice a week—to hospital shows, personal appearances and studio locations. We always seem to reach the departing transportation just as it is pulling out, throw our things on, and hitch aboard an old propeller or observation platform.

Frequently this last minute arrival stuff has unpleasant consequences.

For instance, there was the day we were to go to the L. A. County Fair at Pomona where one of my horses was to run in an (*Please turn to page 78*)

The

HEADLESS

HORSEMAN



Fans from six to sixty
will love the latest
Walt Disney charmer,
"Ichabod and Mr. Toad"



Rides Again

Two great folklore tales are told in Walt Disney Productions' new Technicolor picture "Ichabod and Mr. Toad." One is the famed American epic by Washington Irving, "The Tale of Sleepy Hollow." The other comes from Kenneth Grahame's English classic, "Wind in the Willows." Combined, they're a full-length film to be enjoyed by all who find enchantment in Disney fantasy.



A DREAM COMES TRUE

(Continued from page 59)

colony and one of Beverly Hills' great furriers. He helps husbands select furry gifts for their wives. He originates new and breathless fur designs. He lends simply ravishing coats to starlets who can't afford to buy them, and the stars just swear by him as a friend, designer, salesman, and confidant.

Patricia sailed into Teitelbaum's and asked Al to show her the most exquisite, most luxurious fur piece in the store.

Al smiled. "I hope," he said, "you've brought the Bank of America with you."

Pat laughed. "Al," she said, "this is for the premiere of 'The Fountainhead.' And I've just got to look beautiful even though I'm not."

"If you're fishing for compliments," Al said, "you've come to the right place. You're irresistible, particularly in white mink." And with that, he reached into a vault and came out with an armful of fur coats worth a gold mine.

Pat tried them all on.

She and Al finally decided on a mink stole consisting of forty-five soft fluffy skins. How I envied her!

From the time she first learned of the premiere up until the morning of the event, Pat was so busy thinking about her clothes that she forgot about a possible escort.

Luckily for her, Kirk Douglas who'd never attended a premiere either, phoned and said, "How about going to your premiere with me?"

Pat thought for about two seconds. She needs a tall man. Kirk is six feet. "You bet," she answered. "You've got a date." "Pick you up at seven-thirty," Kirk said.

On the morning of the prevue, Pat awakened early. Ordinarily, she doesn't. She sleeps until she's called. This day was different. She scooted down to the kitchen of her duplex apartment and started the coffee. Her thirteen-year-old brother, William Petrey Neal, otherwise known as Petey, was up and prowling around the kitchen for food. He'd come West with his mother for the opening. Pat offered to fix him breakfast if he'd go to the corner drugstore for copies of two trade papers, the Hollywood Reporter and Daily Variety.

When Petey brought them back, Patricia scoured them for reviews.

This may come as a surprise to you, but in Hollywood, reviews of a new picture are printed in the trade papers one day before the picture is premiered. The film is run off in studio projection rooms for just a handful of critics, and they file their criticisms.

Fortunately for Pat, she received favorable notices. Daily Variety said: "She turns in a sparkling performance." The Reporter said, "Pat Neal veered not the slightest from the author's concept of the heroine."

All of which should have made Pat happy, but somehow it seemed only to heighten her nervousness. "You see," she tried to explain to Petey, "this premiere tonight isn't like a stage play where I can tell by the audience's reaction whether I'm convincing or not. I'm nervous because I'll have to sit in the theatre and listen to people's reactions and not be able to do anything about them. I can't change my performance and I can't take it back. It's all done."

At this juncture, Pat's mother stepped into the breakfast room. "Patty dear,"

Big BROD



Broderick Crawford's screen career has been steady but unspectacular up to now—but he's headed for stardom after Columbia's "All the King's Men."



On a day off from movie-making, Brod likes to putter around his Encino ranch house. Here his boxer pup keeps him company.

In real life Broderick Crawford does a complete about face from his movie roles



Cook at the Crawford manse is patient for a while, but Brod's helpfulness is a little hard to take some times!



One of his hobbies is collecting old-fashioned shaving mugs. Fans knowing this have sent him many.



Sunday night supper is informal, buffet-style. This night Brod and his wife are entertaining his mother, actress Helen Broderick, and Brod Crawford, Sr.

(Continued from page 68)

she said in a soft Tennessee tone. "There's a stack of telegrams on the desk, and after you read them, don't forget, you've got to pick up your clothes, and oh yes, you've got to deliver some tickets to your friends."

Mrs. Neal knew that activity lessens nervous tension, and she wanted Patty to relax.

When Patty returned from her errands, it was time for lunch. She ate lightly, salad and chop suey.

She was too nervous to eat any dinner. In fact, she was busy getting dressed two hours before Kirk Douglas arrived to call for her. The studio had sent a make-up artist and a hair dresser to make sure that she was perfectly groomed.

Pat took a long time deciding whether or not to wear any jewelry. She finally agreed with her mother that any ornamentation would detract from her dress. She was practising how to drape her white mink stole when Kirk rang the bell downstairs.

As Pat descended the stairs, Kirk was conscientiously checking his watch. "I promised the studio and your agent," he said, "that I'd get you there by 8:30. And by the way, you look positively . . ." Words failed him.

Pat blew him a little feather of a smile. She looked cool, collected, and well-poised. The actress in her was coming out. "The studio promised to send a car," she said.

The car was waiting. She and Kirk entered. On the way to the theatre, they each discussed what sort of little speech they would make if the radio announcer called upon them. In twenty minutes, they arrived at the theatre. Pat's heart began to triphammer again. The photographers mobbed around her and asked her to pose. The fans lining the bleachers on either side, applauded madly. The announcer came up with his microphone. "Won't you say a few words, please."

"I want to thank Mr. Jack Warner," she said, "and all the people at the studio for giving me an opportunity to appear in 'The Fountainhead.' I hope everyone enjoys seeing it as much as I enjoyed making it."

A moment later, Kirk took her by the arm and whisked Pat into the theatre.

Once the premiere was over, Pat and Kirk drove to the Mocambo where Jack Warner was throwing a party. Here, for the first time, Pat could enjoy the compliments, the praise, the flattery, and the adoration. She danced; she smiled; she laughed. The champagne and the small talk flowed smoothly.

At 2:00 A.M. Kirk took her home. By 2:30 she was fast asleep in bed.

Her mother who looked in, said she slept with a small smile on her lips. For the first time in three weeks, Pat wasn't nervous. She had passed her first premiere with flying colors.

Pat Neal had arrived.
THE END

FRANK SINATRA

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Movieland

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MEN, MAIDS AND MARRIAGES

(Continued from page 15)

Menona. Count Rudy Crespi, whose name has been linked with Merle Oberon, gave the pair a wedding reception at Rapallo later that night.

The wedding ended once and for all, the constant discussion of the Selznick-Jones love status.

For months, people in Hollywood had been going around saying that Selznick would marry Jennifer within twenty-four hours. There were others who insisted that he would never marry her at all.

Jennifer, who has few intimates in Hollywood, was reportedly undergoing treatment by a psychiatrist in Switzerland. The whole Selznick-Jones affair was shrouded in romantic mystery. And then happily, they were married on July 13th, and all the Hollywood tongues stopped wagging.

Jennifer and David honeymooned a week, cruising the Mediterranean, but after that, duty sternly beckoned the bride. They returned to London where Jennifer has now just about finished her role in "Gone to Earth."

Jennifer and David have known each other for eight years and they fell in love after Jennifer's marriage to Bob Walker failed to bring her happiness.

Both Jennifer and David have two sons each by previous marriages. When Robert Walker was told of Jennifer's new marriage, he said sincerely, "She's the most wonderful girl in the world and I wish her every happiness."

David was once married to Irene Mayer, daughter of movie magnate Louis B. Mayer. Irene obtained her final divorce decree last January. When she received an interlocutory decree twelve months previously, she told the court that Selznick had stayed away from home so much she suffered a nervous breakdown from worry.

Selznick has given up most of his movie interests in Hollywood, and with the pressure of the studio off his mind the chances for genuine happiness for Jennifer and David are very bright indeed.

The Greer Garson Marriage

Two days after Jennifer and David had

made their vows in Italy, Greer and Colonel Elijah E. "Buddy" Fogelson made theirs in Santa Fe, N. M., and one of the most gracious ladies of the screen has become "The Colonel's Lady."

During the shooting of "The Forsyte Saga," rumor had it that Greer was falling in love with her leading man, Errol Flynn. When the picture was over and Errol left for Europe, Greer was scheduled to follow.

Re-takes were necessary on the picture, and Metro had to fly Flynn back to Culver City. While he was abroad, Flynn had fallen for a Roumanian princess named Irene Ghika. Greer wished Errol every happiness with his princess for Greer never lost her heart to Errol, despite the excellence of their love scenes.

When the re-takes were over, Errol flew back to Paris, and Greer entrained for Santa Fe to meet her real love. She was met at Lamy Stop by Fogelson who drove her to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Fletcher Catron where the ceremony was performed at 11:30 A.M. by Justice James McGhee of the New Mexico Supreme Court.

Greer was radiant in a wedding frock of white linen that was trimmed with aquamarine lace. She also wore a blue hat, veil, and gloves. She had with her a handkerchief, dyed blue, which her mother, Mrs. Nina Garson, said was a family heirloom. Mrs. Garson was unable to accompany Greer under strict orders from her doctor but her mother's heart rejoiced that Greer has found true love at last.

Greer, as you probably know, has been married two times previously, once to Edward Alex Abbott Snelson, a British civil service employee whom she divorced in 1940, and once to Richard Ney who played her son in "Mrs. Miniver."

Colonel Fogelson, once president of the Dallas Little Theatre, maintains his office in the Mercantile Bank Building of Dallas, an apartment at Maple Terrace in the same city, a ranch at Pecos, N. M., an apartment at The Shoreham in Hollywood, and is recognized as a big shot in the oil industry. He has two sons by a

previous marriage, a full-fledged fortune in oil, and is one of the most likable, charming men in America.

By the time you read this, Greer should be in England, making a sequel to "Mrs. Miniver," the role that made her an international film favorite.

Colonel Fogelson, who was a delegate on the reparations commission at the Moscow and Potsdam Conferences, told me that he and Mrs. Fogelson expected to spend this Christmas in Dallas come what may.

Greer met Buddy Fogelson eighteen months ago. They were introduced to each other on the Metro lot by Peter Lawford and at once they got along famously. With Buddy it was practically love at first sight. He proposed marriage rather early in the game, but Greer wanted to be sure this time that this would be a lasting marriage.

She was also not too happy in her professional life. She hadn't had a really good picture for some time, but she hopes now that "The Forsyte Saga" will bring her new laurels and that Buddy Fogelson will bring her new contentment.

Dick Haymes-Nora Flynn

Dick Haymes and Nora Eddington Flynn were married in a garden ceremony beneath the fragrant blossoms of an orange tree.

Before their marriage, however, their romance hit many an obstacle. Nora was married to Errol Flynn and had two children by him, and Dick was married to Joanne Dru and had three children by her.

Everyone wondered what would become of the five children in this interchange of partners. It now looks, however, as if everything has worked out for the best.

Joanne Dru's name has been linked with John Ireland and it is possible that the irresistible Errol Flynn winds up betrothed to the Princess Irene Ghika.

Dick and Nora, however, spoke their vows on July 17th. In the presence of a hundred friends, a double ring ceremony was performed in the garden of Haymes' home.

The bride was given away by her father, Jack Eddington, and Charles Farrell served as Dick's best man.

Nora's ring was a wide platinum band with the names Dick and Nora spelled out in diamonds. The ring given Dick by his bride was a plain platinum band.

After the ceremony, the couple stayed in Beverly Hills a few days and then left for Honolulu on their honeymoon.

Nora's mother, Mrs. Eddington, is Errol Flynn's secretary-housekeeper. She was very much against Nora's divorcing Errol, but apparently this made no difference in her working arrangement with Flynn; for Mrs. Eddington still takes care of Rory, the little girl over whom Errol was given custody by the court.

Nora found life not too easy with the quixotic Flynn, and the chances are that Haymes is more suited to her temperamentally.

Born in Buenos Aires, Haymes studied for the priesthood before he decided to become a crooner. Haymes is steady where Flynn is mercurial and everyone hopes Nora—a sensible, level-headed girl—will find the happiness and contentment with Haymes that she has always vainly sought.

The Dan Dailey Separation

Let's hope by the time you read this that the Dan Daileys have reconciled. Theirs was one of the happiest Hollywood marriages and overwork—and only



Sister Marion Hutton was as surprised as everyone else to hear of the Briskin break-up. They're one big happy family again, now that Betty and Ted have agreed not to disagree.

overwork on Dan's part in his career, has split up Dan and Liz.

Dan met Liz when she was a sophomore at the University of Southern California and married her on his first furlough from Camp Crowder in 1942.

He was then a G.I. He hadn't as yet been signed by 20th Century. He knew nothing of fame, publicity, and riches. He'd been married and divorced once before to Esther Rodier, but all this meant nothing to Liz Dailey who had fallen madly in love with the gay, happy-go-lucky, easy-going Dan.

She was happy to be Dan's wife, and she spent as much time with him as possible at Ft. Riley before he was sent overseas. When Dan came back, his agent, Al Melnick, got him a contract at 20th Century. Betty Grable shrewdly saw the charm and talent of the hooper, and he was put in several of her musicals. Almost overnight he became a star with a tremendous fan appeal.

Zanuck starred him in half a dozen pictures and used him so frequently that Dan soon came to be recognized as the hardest-working actor in town. In fact, he worked too hard—and this is the direct cause of his marriage break-down.

Dan Dailey has worked very hard for his success, and his wife has worked very hard to keep her marriage a going-growing twosome. This past Summer when she felt that she had taken enough of Dan's moody and inexplicable behavior, she moved out of their San Fernando Valley home with Little Dan and went up to Lake Arrowhead with her mother. She told reporters that she was determined to divorce Dan.

Dailey says he's been trying "like the very devil to get her to come back." Since Dan can charm almost any girl off her feet, he may succeed. Unfortunately, he hasn't at the time this article goes to press. Let's hope, however, that he can win Liz back. He needs her, and theirs is a marriage that ought to survive for there were never two more charming people and their friends believe they're both still in love with each other.

The Betty Hutton Separation

Four years ago when Ted Briskin married Betty Hutton in Chicago, everyone around the Paramount lot was thrilled at Betty's happiness. The gay, hectic, irrepressible Betty had finally been tamed.

As the months winged on, Ted and Betty turned out to be a genuinely happy couple. Betty gave birth to two charming little girls. Ted opened a camera factory in Santa Monica, and domestic bliss seemed the order of the Briskin household. Betty was voted the mother of the year. Ted was congratulated on being such a fine husband and father. And then—

On July 18th, Betty walked out, and moved into a single room in a hotel. Her two children, Lindsay and Candace, were left with Betty's mother at Malibu Beach.

When Betty was asked for an explanation, when it was hinted that Ted was at fault, the blonde bombshell quickly said, "I won't allow anyone to say a word against Ted. If anyone is to blame for the breakup in our marriage, I'm probably the one who's at fault. All I can say is that we both tried hard to avoid this breakup but we just can't seem to get along."

When I asked Ted Briskin what happened, he said, "It was incompatibility, just plain incompatibility."

MOVIELAND sincerely hopes that both of these lovely people can and will work out their problems.

THE END



Vic Mature and Betty Grable are the real stars of 20th's "Wabash Avenue," but it's Vic's boxer pup, Genius, who gets all the attention on the set.



Vic needs a dog-sitter for Genius—but until he gets one, Mature will have to do.

"Love me, love my dog,"
is Victor Mature's motto as
he goes to work on his
new film, "Wabash Avenue"

A Dog's Life



Guess who rates around here? Genius manages to put up with discomfort pretty well. 71

KISS, KISS, KISS

(Continued from page 45)

kiss squarely on her mouth.

Hollywood directors are convinced that the secret of good screen-kissing lies not so much in the correct use of the lips as of the eyes. When Bergman kisses, for example, she first has her eyes focused on her lover's brow. Then, as the man draws her to him, she slowly closes her eyes, half in abandonment, half in anticipation. When her lover's lips finally touch hers, her eyes are completely shut, and she gives the impression that she is drowned in sheer ecstasy.

No actress, except in a greeting or light farewell scene, ever kisses with her eyes open, and almost always in love-scene close-ups, the accent is on the woman's face, for girls are much more capable of expressing deep emotion than men. The only time the camera closes-up on a man in a love-scene is when he is faking a kiss, kissing a girl on the left side of the mouth, or when he has a superb profile as in the case of the late John Barrymore.

Right now (although it might change tomorrow) the most popular kiss in Hollywood is the open-mouth kiss in which the two participants kiss with their lips slightly and gently apart. Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall introduced the technique to the screen in 1946, and it was so effective that they got married.

The first kiss ever photographed for motion pictures was filmed in 1896. It was called "The Kiss," and it featured May Irwin and John Rice as the two lovers.

Nowadays, when theatres which show old-time movies, flash this film on their screens, audiences howl with laughter. But fifty years ago, it was a different story. The nation was shocked. Just imagine! A man and woman kissing in public! "Such things," wrote one critic, "call for police interference."

In the era of sound pictures that followed, however, the police interfered with no motion pictures. Actors and actresses kissed, but the art of the close-up had not yet been perfected, and for the most part, every time an actor kissed an actress on the screen, he jumped back so quickly that the audience felt the girl was electrically charged. Actually, it was the fault of the cameras which back in the early 1900s were yet incapable of finer work.

After World War I, however, screen kissing came into vogue. Rudolph Valentino, John Barrymore, John Gilbert, all three great lovers, developed individual love-making techniques which were the envy of lesser-looking men.

Valentino, for example, a master of the prolonged kiss, used to bend his screen sweethearts so far back that on one occasion even Pola Negri complained, and Pola was genuinely in love with the handsome Latin.

Cameramen who worked with Valentino, say that he handled his women like pretzels, and that unless they were double-jointed, they had a very rough time when Rudy took them in hand and planted a long one on their lips.

John Gilbert who succeeded Valentino as the foremost cinematic lover, engaged with Greta Garbo in love scenes so tempestuous that they would never pass the Production Code today. In silent pictures, there was only one way of showing passion and that was by action and movement. Gilbert and Garbo therefore, had to develop some very unique clinches and love-making positions. These they did.



The succulent aroma of fresh fish is absolutely wasted on amateur chefs Roz and Bob. They have one word for the smell which reaches their nostrils—"ugh."



Roz has read somewhere that a fish has to be scaled, but Bob is more anxious to get down to the real business of frying.



"Something's fishy," says Roz, "maybe we ought to cut off the head." "You do it," says her partner, "I have a weak stomach."

Fish Fry

After this
experience
in Columbia's
"Tell It to
the Judge," Roz
Russell and
Bob Cummings
no longer
mention fish



"Off with his head!" cries Relentless Roz. Eyes closed, she plunges into the sad task.



She missed! Convinced this is an act of fate, Roz insists that the fish be reprieved. Bob reluctantly agrees to eat canned tuna instead.

(Continued from page 72)

Because of Miss Garbo's beauty, the close-up was used all the time, and in several love sequences, the lips of the two lovers were magnified so much that one director said he could count the hairs on Gilbert's moustache.

Once sound came to motion pictures, the entire technique of love-making was radically changed. Actors and actresses could say "I love you," or "I'm very fond of you," without demonstrating the words. As a result, the early 1930's offered few movies in which there were passionate or torrid love scenes.

As a matter of fact, that was the era of the gangster and the tough-guy, the James Cagney era in which the actor treated the actress as if she were a football dummy. Life in those days was tough, so was love. Instead of kissing his sweetheart, an actor would just as soon blacken her eye. In the movie, the actress was shown as understanding her lover's problems and forgiving him this trespass. Richard Widmark, for example, would have been a great lover in the Depression days of the 1930's.

In the 1940's, the kiss flowered to renewed prominence with imaginative directors introducing a variety of ingenious variations.

There were shadow kisses, teasing kisses, voluptuous kisses, come-on kisses, friendly kisses, kisses which could be heard but not seen. In short, the kiss was exploited as it had never been before.

In only one avenue of film production was it neglected, and that was a studied neglect. Westerns are one type of film in which kissing is conspicuous by its absence. Youngsters who go for cowboy pictures in a big way are inclined to believe that their hero is a sissy if he takes the heroine in his arms and kisses her.

All they will permit their hero to do is to hold his sweetheart in a warm embrace, and even then, they regard this emotional manifestation with a jaundiced eye. That is why cowboys like Gene Autry and Roy Rogers refuse to kiss on the screen.

To the average moviegoer, however, screen-kissing affords a vicarious thrill, and whenever there's a good bit of dialogue connected with it, the fans are sure to remember and use it in real life.

In "To Have and Have Not," for example, there's a scene in which Humphrey Bogart barely touches Lauren Bacall's lips with his own. She seems obviously disappointed. In a few minutes the pair go into a real clinch. They're so close together you can't get a blade of grass between them. Finally Miss Bacall draws back, and a little smile flits across her lips. "It's much better," she whispers huskily, "when you help."

After the film was released, this line and one other: "If you want anything, just whistle," gained great currency and were used by young couples everywhere who had seen the film.

Oddly enough, there are certain communities in the United States with their own censoring judges on the art of kissing, and many of these will ban a scene in which an actor is shown kissing an actress' neck.

This doesn't happen very often, however, for fans often scorn a movie that doesn't have a number of heavy love scenes to its credit.

For the most part, however, the whole world loves a lover; and in the movies, there's usually only one way of judging a lover's technique—either he kisses well, or the studio puts him in Westerns.

THE END

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SENT ON APPROVAL

ARE CHILD STARS WELL-EDUCATED?

(Continued from page 43)

opportunity to follow the usual curriculum during school hours, but has been supplied the world and its people as teachers when school was dismissed?

Possibly the most important lesson for anyone to learn is the steadfast respect due both likeness and the differences which exist between creeds, races, and ages as all are represented in the world today. Usually this is a difficult lesson to teach and to learn because of solidified opinions in some communities, but in a Hollywood studio only two questions are asked of a human being: "Are you regular (decent, conscientious, clean of spirit)?" and "Are you a trouper?"

Good guys are regular; they are seeking to improve themselves as people. Good guys are troupers; they are seeking to benefit the team, or all of humankind. And, hopefully enough, Hollywood gives even the bad guys, the mistaken, the confused and the ailing ones, a series of repeated chances to improve or to reform.

Shirley started in pictures when she was just past two. By the time she was four, she was a star. One of her first dancing partners was Bill Robinson, a great gentleman with a golden heart. Shirley loved him then, and loves him now, with grand-daughterly devotion.

In the summer of 1935, when Shirley was seven, she and her parents made their first trip to Honolulu. They were met at the boat by magnificent Duke Kahanamokua, who loaded them down with leis until they were peering at the stupendous Hawaiian scenery through a mist of blossom, and who drove them through the streets of Honolulu in a fire truck. Shirley thought Duke was the most delightful person she had met in years. (Aside: the only thing about Honolulu that bored Shirley was having to sing "The Good Ship, Lolly Pop" from each of the four balconies of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. She couldn't understand why multitudes of people had collected just to hear one silly little song. "Don't they have movies here?" she wanted to know!)

Older travelers are usually struck by the commingling of races which is one of the charms of Hawaii. Shirley was totally unimpressed by it; already a sophisticate at seven, in the racial sense, she took it for granted that human beings were produced in almost as many shades and types as fruits and flowers.

Brought up as a Methodist, Shirley associated from childhood with Catholics, Jews, Mohammedans, agnostics and atheists. With a child's sure instinct, she knew that one intelligent, well-intentioned person was very like another, no matter what his church affiliations. Incidentally, Shirley's parents discovered with real regret that she couldn't be enrolled in Sunday School on a weekly attendance basis, once she had become famous. Her presence caused the other children—and their parents—to create disturbances.

For this reason, Shirley was given her religious training by her parents. She still cherishes the four volumes written by Mrs. Adelaide Bee Evans, entitled "Bible Pictures and Stories." One or two of these stories were read to Shirley every night before she went to sleep, with the result that her relationship with the Deity was both warm and fanciful. She trotted up to a set visitor one day and inquired in admiring tones, "Did God give you that hat?"

Although Shirley was always formally

protected on the set by her mother, a welfare worker, and a school teacher, when Shirley was of school age, every workman in the studio served as a self-appointed guardian for her.

Looking back on the experience from the vantage point of her twenty-one years, Shirley has said, "One of the nicest things a child can learn is how good most people are, and how sincerely they try to guard and guide a youngster."

One of the studio officials undertook to teach Shirley the rudiments of both economics and charity. Mr. Winfield Sheehan, who was general manager of Fox at that time, gave Shirley a toy pie-wagon boasting such accessories as rubber tires and a red-and-white striped awning. Shirley propelled this all over the set, selling pies. Business was terrific. She understood both the cost of the pies and their selling price, which was large enough to give her a profit. The profit went into the Babies' Milk Fund, which was one of the studio's charitable activities. Shirley understood that, too.

That same summer the Temples started construction of a new house. They moved in before windows or doors were hung; Shirley loved it. When the cement contractor arrived to pour driveway, Shirley watched with an inventive eye. During the noon hour, when the mixer was unattended, Shirley prepared a fine batch of cement pies. When discovered by her parents an hour or so later, she had only two of the pies left. She had sold the rest to amazed but delighted tourists for twenty-five cents each.

For a long time Miss Temple planned to become a baker when she grew up. Obviously, there was a fortune to be made in cement pies.

Shirley's friendships with people twice, thrice, and during the early days even ten times her age, have always flourished and many of them have continued to this day. It was on her first trip to Honolulu that she met Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Morgenthau. Their admiration was



Movie kids get around. The three film-making Perreaus had a great time in N. Y.

mutual and immediate; they played shuffle board, deck tennis, and went for a tour of the boat.

Three years later, Shirley met him again in Washington, when he took her through the mint. As they emerged, he said to Shirley, "That was really very interesting. Very interesting. Do you know, I have never been through the mint before?"

After that excursion, Shirley—accompanied by Mr. Morgenthau—went to the White House to call on President Roosevelt. Shirley was in a humiliating condition: she had lost a front tooth. During the first part of the visit, Shirley kept her lips tightly closed while the President did his best to put her at ease. Finally he asked why she wouldn't smile at him. Shirley, hands across her mouth, confessed her dental deficiency.

The President, chuckling heartily, told Shirley about Sistine's identical trouble. This field of common interest established, the great man and the great little girl had a happy chat.

At the age of ten, Shirley had already learned what some people never find out: one of the hallmarks of true gentility is the ability to put another human being completely at ease.

Another enormous advantage of a Hollywood education is that it always, of necessity, teaches first-hand geography. Again and again, adult stars who have grown up provincially in a small town, have studied briefly in New York and then have come to Hollywood, are enchanted with the Hollywood practice of sending players on nation-wide public appearance tours so that they can be seen by audiences, but—more important from a personal viewpoint—they can learn something about the broad acreage we call America.

Shirley has never made a personal tour, but she and her family drove from Los Angeles to Boston in 1938, visiting every point of interest en route. One of the most dramatic incidents took place in Hays, Kansas. The Temples reached the city just at dusk, in the midst of a blinding dust storm.

To many persons, the problems of farmers and townspeople living in the dust bowl will always be academic. To youngsters who grow up in the future and read the story as a chapter of our economic history, it will still be an incident between the great depression and World War II, but to Shirley Temple, the suffering of the area will forever remain vivid.

The Temples took lodging in a motel, after having driven through a desolate landscape and finally having been engulfed in flying silt so thick that visibility was zero-zero. Exhausted, they fell immediately to sleep. It was just growing light when Shirley and her mother were awakened by the surf sounds of murmuring. "If I didn't know better, I'd think we had awakened in the midst of an Easter sunrise service," said Mrs. Temple. "It seems to me I can hear hundreds of people moving around and speaking softly."

Shirley hopped out of bed and peeked around the drawn blind. "Even if it isn't Easter," she piped, "we're surrounded by people."

The residents of Hays, Kansas—notified by some latter-day Paul Revere, had assembled in force. They opened a polite aisle for the Temples to traverse on their way to breakfast, then the crowd re-assembled about the local restaurant. The Hollywood Family Temple might have been harbingers of good fortune to judge from the beaming, respectful attitude of the townspeople.



In "You're My Everything," Shari Robinson learns about movie industry from Dan Dailey.

Not long ago a friend of Shirley's came through Hays and reported that the restaurant had roped off the table used by the Temples, and that a copy of that long-ago day's menu had been framed and placed on the table. Shirley was deeply touched by the report. Thought of this tribute added a new truth to her education: that those to whom other human beings pay homage owe an obligation to behave with royal manners. The Temple family has always lived up to this concept.

When Shirley had reached B7, it was decided to enroll her in Westlake School for Girls. Because there was no B7 class starting, she was placed in A7 and had to scramble like mad to keep up her math. It required no scramble at all for her to be absorbed by the school community; she was a nine day wonder and then the girls forgot that Miss Temple was a picture star and remembered only that she had a fine sense of humor, a healthy suspicion of history, and an acceptable interest in literature.

For five and a half years she was an integrated part of ordinary school life as it is lived by girls from fine Hollywood families.

Shirley's own daughter, Linda Susan, will profit by her mother's vast education—an education which yielded her no scholastic degree, but taught her in the ways of the world, and the ways of all kinds of people. The memories she will share with Shirley are precious ones which very few people have had the opportunity to experience.

Today, Mrs. John Agar is as accomplished a young matron as any cosmopolitan area on earth could have produced. In addition to the usual accomplishments of gently reared young women, however, she has a kindness and poise, an unpretentious yet easy assurance of manner, a humorous attitude about herself and her position in the world, and an insight into the foibles, embarrassments, generousities and ambitions of other human beings which could have been provided ONLY by a liberal education in Hollywood and its studios.

The End

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SOME BEWITCHING EVENING

(Continued from page 53)



Jerome Courtland thought Sally Forrest looked so bewitching without her mask that he almost forgot to remove his own as they danced away at the Melchior's Halloween party.

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CAT-TEX

SOLE OUT-WEARS LEATHER!

CAT'S PAW

in a notch of the andiron in the huge living room fireplace. It should mean that Sally is ripe for love and that her luck in landing a leading part for her first acting venture may be duplicated in love within a year.

Jerry Courtland, who is dating Sally, seems to like the idea. Jerry is making a name in pictures too for his work in Columbia's "Palomino" and in MGM's "Battleground." Jerry has come a long way since the days when he was helping the other kids in his Tennessee town move model A Fords into classrooms presumably to study the mechanics.

Jerry got his break in pictures unexpectedly when he met Charles Vidor at a party. Jerry was a student at Riverside Military Academy, Georgia, at the time and was interested in architecture. Now he hopes to sing in pictures, and above all he wants to direct. For in direction, he feels, is the most genuinely creative and challenging aspect of motion pictures. (Yes, we discovered all this about Jerry when we cornered him for a moment alone in the den.)

Now the thimble and ring were accounted for, but there was still missing the elusive penny. Mr. Melchior had tucked it into the mouth of the giant bear, one of his hunting trophies, that lies spread before the piano. Elizabeth Taylor almost found it, but she confessed, on rigid cross-examination, it was another penny out of her own purse! It was Johnny Sands who plays the young cavalry officer in Allied Artists' "Massacre River" who finally stuck his hand into the bear's mouth to win the penny and the promise of untold riches that goes with it.

Johnny is another new face destined to go a long way. He is a farm kid from Texas who came to Hollywood on vacation and was discovered by Mr. Selznick. Johnny had never thought of acting. Up to then his greatest worry was hoping for a lift for part of the twelve miles each way that he traveled daily to high

school at Lubbock, Texas, on foot.

The exciting life of Hollywood's younger set still seems wonderful to Johnny, who is as unspoiled and fun-loving as any Texas youngster. He couldn't get over the cordiality of the Melchiors to himself and his date, Nancy Olson, who scored first in "Canadian Pacific" with Randy Scott and now is completing "Sunset Boulevard" with Gloria Swanson and Bill Holden at Paramount.

Talking about Nancy, she was discovered by Paramount scouts while acting in a student play at UCLA.

The Melchiors laughed when the young people tried to thank them. Lauritz and Kleinchen were having the time of their lives. Married twenty-four years, the Melchiors are childless but they have opened their hearts to young people and in them have sublimated their love for children.

Their house was designed for parties and so are their hearts. They love people; they love young people in love!

From his long operatic career, his concert successes and screen experience, and from Kleinchen's career as a movie actress in Germany, they have not forgotten how it is to be young, or how much courage it takes to be a "new face" on the way toward recognition.

Janie Powell, of course, is their "own"; ever since Melchior appeared with Janie in "Luxury Liner." They have delighted in her success in "Holiday in Mexico" and her current starring role in "Nancy Goes to Rio."

The Melchiors have watched both Janie and Elizabeth grow up from such early pictures as Elizabeth's "National Velvet" to her current role in "Conspirator," and the forthcoming "Father of the Bride." They have watched Elizabeth grow more sure of herself with each picture. The others, such as Betty Lynn and Bob Arthur, the Melchiors had seen on the screen and wanted to know. They listened eagerly to Betty's adventures in

"Father Was a Fullback," in which she will play with Fred MacMurray.

"I'm still playing kid roles!" laughed Betty. "In 'Mother Is a Freshman' at least I was college age, but in 'Father Was a Fullback' I'm back to fifteen again. I get younger day by day."

This is the girl that the brains at Twentieth pick to be another Janet Gaynor. Just a few years ago, Betty was a little girl in Kansas City playing Trick or Treat on Halloween and startling neighbors with horrible masks she painted herself.

Hollywood awed her at first but after "Sitting Pretty," she felt she was beginning to learn and she decided maybe she'd stay. She is still frightened before a take, but she's in love with the business and she's in love with love! She and Bob Arthur both dream of doing a musical together. Who knows! They may make another kind of music together too!

Bob is the kid from Aberdeen, Washington, who spent every waking minute on the local radio station. He wrote copy and sang and worked the transmitter. He came to Hollywood originally to learn the technical side of radio.

His landlady in Hollywood was an ex-vaudevillian and she thought Bob ought to try for pictures. Twelve days after he had applied at Warners' he was playing Rosalind Russell's son in "Roughly Speaking." Now he's really making strides in "Twelve O'clock High" in which he plays a sergeant.

Kleinchen Melchior's mother, Mrs. Hacker, a lovely, dignified lady in her 70's, was at the party, too. She too is young—in spirit! She took a great fancy to Marshall Thompson and his Barbara and taught them to say, "Yeg elsker dig," which is Danish for "I love you." Marsh had to work harder learning that line than any of those he handles so superbly in MGM's "Battleground."

When Melchior gave out the prizes, Marsh received one for finding the thimble and Barbara got one just for being Barbara. We got Marshall to talk about his marriage.

"Has marriage changed you?" we asked. "I'll say!" Marshall grinned. "My mother and dad are dumbfounded. I'd never done anything domestic around the house, but now I bought a table for five

dollars and I've finished and painted it and varnished in photographs of paintings. I'm working on book shelves, too, and on an old rocking chair that's certainly seen better days. My folks think it's a minor miracle but that's what love does to a guy."

There was more than talk and witchcraft at this party. There was food and lots of it. Hot dogs barbecued by Mr. Melchior. A wonderful Halloween punch with strawberries floating in gingerale, and a light champagne poured over an enormous block of ice.

There were fortunes drawn from a witch's hat, bobbing for apples (Liz Taylor won that), and all sorts of impromptu fun. And, of course, dancing cheek to cheek in the moonlight. . . .

Not all the guests were movie stars. Hollywood parties are never that narrow. Pretty Judy Cole, daughter of editor Beatrice Cole, visiting from New York, and Danny Scholl, the lad who sang the lead in "Call Me Mister," and singing now with Ann Sothern in "Nancy Goes to Rio" were among the "outsiders." Melchior, who is, of course, interested in singers, asked Danny what sort of voice he had.

"Baritone, sir."

"Ah, good, baritone, eh?"

Danny flushed a little. "A high baritone, sir."

Melchior chuckled at that. "We all start as high baritones," he said. "It is only later, with growth and development that the baritone deepens."

The first to tear herself away from this bewitching party was Janie Powell, but with an early call in the morning, curfew had to ring for her at eleven o'clock. Slowly, reluctantly, the couples danced out of the moonlight into the flower-fragrant house to gather up wraps, say their goodbyes and to sign the guest book. Slowly, like fireflies in the night, the cars turned in the driveway to descend into the valley.

A wonderful party was over—a party that each of the young people will long remember with the other sweetly nostalgic memories of their youth for, as all over the world, youth is precious and hours of beauty are never wholly forgotten—even by the very young.

THE END

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Unmasking time at the Melchiors' party brought about the discovery that Liz Taylor and Danny Scholl didn't know each other. He's Hollywood's newest recruit from Broadway.

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DAGWOOD'S FAVORITE BLONDIE

(Continued from page 65)

important race. We live out toward the beach on San Vicente Boulevard, and it's a long hard haul across a very busy section of Los Angeles, to reach Pomona. Artie, in order to make it on time this time, got off work early. He dashed home to change clothes, picked me up, and we broke a speed record or two getting out to Pomona. (If any Beverly Hills policemen are reading, I'm only kidding.) We knew we had little time, didn't want to waste time parking, so we rushed up to the back stables, jumped out of the car, and left the motor running. We ran to the back gates, preparing to sprint across the race track to the grandstand.

The old chap on the gates greeted us jovially. "I hope my horse wins!" I said hurriedly.

"Yours just did. Sporty Jack won it!" the old boy said.

After we both recovered from a quick faint, we helped each other over to the winners' circle in time to see my horse receive the acclaim of the happy bettors who had put their dough on his nose. Neither of us had a penny on him!

Then there was the time we got to a train too early.

We were going to San Francisco on a presidential campaign rally. We were taking the train at Glendale with a bunch of others—Hoagy Carmichael, Dennis Morgan, George Murphy and a crowd.

I told myself that morning: This time—if never again—we're going to be some place on time. We'll make that train if I have to chloroform Artie and have him carried on. All day I nagged at him to get ready so we'd make it. Along about time to go I was getting nervous. I was afraid he'd get involved in something—a long-distance call, perhaps, or a bunch of visitors—and we'd wind up breaking speed records through the evening traffic. So, after a series of dire threats, I heckled him into the car very early.

It was early all right! We got there 1½ hours ahead of train time. I had forgotten about the daylight time schedule out here.

So there we were. Artie was fretful. The station is a small, none too comfortable place. The only person who

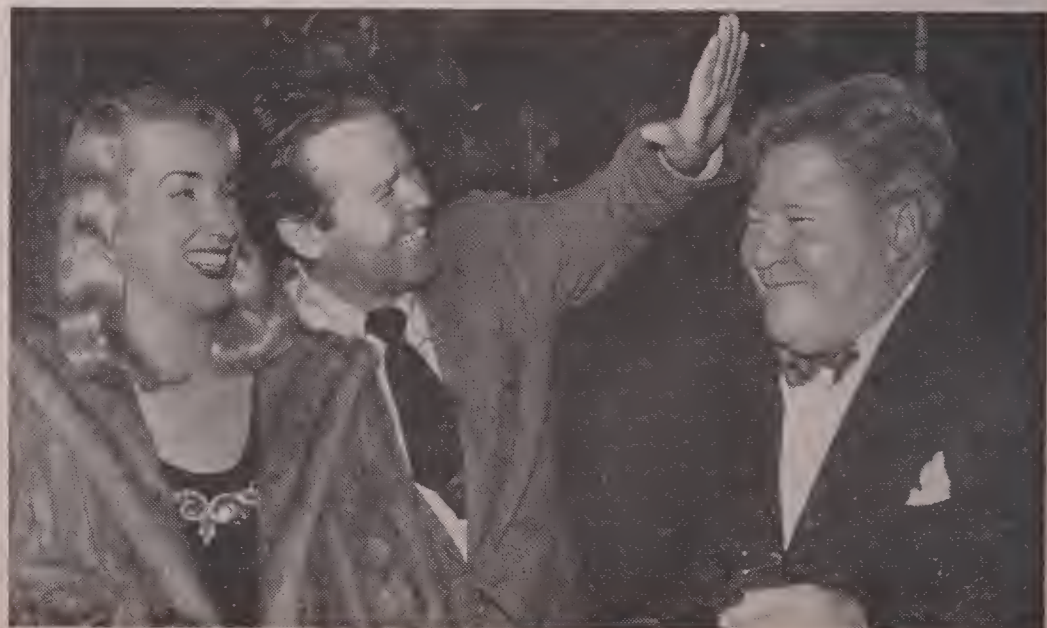
had arrived besides us was George Murphy. Artie and I had not eaten. I had dragged him away without his dinner. He was starving, he maintained, really suffering.

George suggested there was a little restaurant just two blocks away. But Artie stubbornly and resolutely refused to entertain the idea of going. I was responsible for this horrible predicament, and I was just going to be stuck with an unhappy husband. We would simply sit there and wait the full hour and a half.

But we got hungrier and hungrier. And after I tossed in a few well-chosen words about how good a cheeseburger with lots of mustard and relish would taste, Artie let himself be persuaded. We got into the car and drove the two blocks. We had a hamburger and beer and were through in plenty of time. It was still 15 minutes to train time, and only a couple of minutes' drive. We leisurely paid the bill, got into the car, and with no hurry or worry congratulated ourselves as we started the drive to the station.

We were congratulating ourselves as we neared the depot. But things always happen to the best-laid plans of Dagwood and Artie. There is A Crossing that must be passed before the station is reached. As we approached The Crossing, the warning bars fell before us. And a freight train slowly began to cross in front of us. It was endless. Naturally, as all freight trains do on crossings, it eventually stopped—right in front of us. We waited and waited. With Artie getting more frantic all the time. As we approached utter madness, the thing finally began to move and got out of the way. We dashed across, drove into the depot, leaped out of the car—just to see the end of The Lark leaving the station. Artie jumped up and down and screamed there on the station platform, but the train didn't stop.

The outcome was that we got into the car and drove up to Santa Barbara. We beat the train there by ten minutes. The others hadn't even missed us, didn't know we had missed the train, and thought we'd been back in our com-



Turnabout: Dagwood Bumstead portrays Arthur Lake, much to the delight of friend Jack Oakie, who thinks, like Mrs. Lake, that the two characters have much in common.

partment all the time.

Artie is something of the absent-minded type, too, as is Dagwood, his alter ego. One of his most consistent lapses of memory is regarding his Monday rehearsal. For years he has had only the Sunday rehearsal. Then a few months back, they switched a dress rehearsal for the program to Monday. For weeks we both have completely forgotten this little chore. Nearly every Monday we'll be some place—at the race track or off at a cocktail party.

Suddenly Artie'll yell, "Oh, My Gosh!" Three people will drop their cocktail glasses on the hostess's rug. Or some horse will be frightened out of his stride. And the sudden flying wedge through the crowd will be Artie headed for rehearsal. Late, of course.

He usually arrives on the set just by the skin of his teeth—but half dressed, his shirt not tucked in, his tie untied. Our neighbors had a weird idea of his sartorial taste till they became acquainted with the reason for his dishabille. And he nearly always forgets his "Dagwood" suit and tie which he wears, so somebody has to follow him from the house across town to bring it to him.

Like I said, Artie is the "money" man in our house. He takes care of all finances. And he arranges trips and all that sort of thing. But sometimes his passion for running things in a business-like manner manages to have repercussions.

For instance, we had a cute little house, just big enough for us. My father has been sick for quite awhile, and he and his wife and male nurse lived in another small place. Artie decided it might expedite things and save money, if we got one big house and all moved in together under one roof. We started house hunting, and found the place we're now in. It was far too large, actually, but it was a real bargain. Artie wasn't sure. Then he remembered that his sister, mother and niece lived in a small place, too, and we could save in that way by having them move in with us, too. So we all moved in. Plus Artie, the two kids and me.

We also brought along Carey, who's been with me for years. There was room, now, too, for my maid Rita and her little boy to live with us. And Artie decided there was no point in the Skipper of our boat, *The Blondie*, looking for another place when he and his wife and two kids were evicted. So they moved in, too. There is also a little girl friend of ours, Betty, and her sick mother. And I believe there are a few others. Besides the people who come to parties and stay for a week or so. And the people we now ask home for a few days from other parties, since we have the room.

Well, we don't save any money on the deal, but we have a lot of fun.

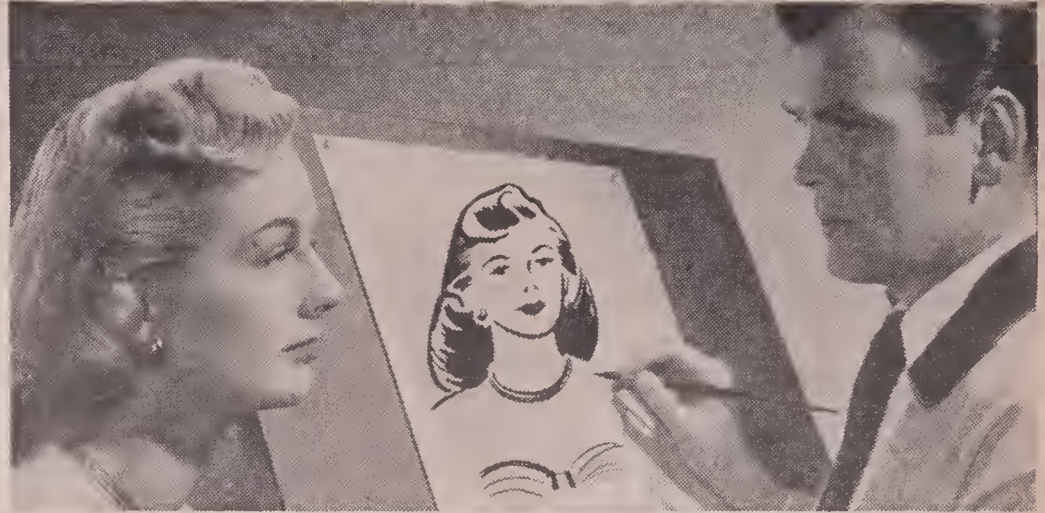
Like Dagwood, too, he likes most everyone, and everyone seems to love him. He's got a "Hi" and "Hello" for everyone, and they toss it right back at him, wherever he goes. People sometimes get under his skin—people who don't know him—by approaching him with the angle of "I knew you when. Bet you don't know me now," or "Bet you can't remember my name—"

But despite his flare-up temper, that's gone almost before it begins, he's wonderfully easy to live with, the same kind of sweet, lovable guy as his character-prototype.

Yep, sometimes it may be a little hectic to be Mrs. Arthur Dagwood Bumstead Lake, but there's never a dull moment!

THE END

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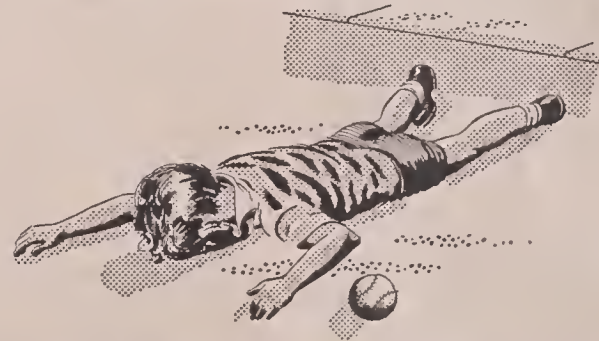
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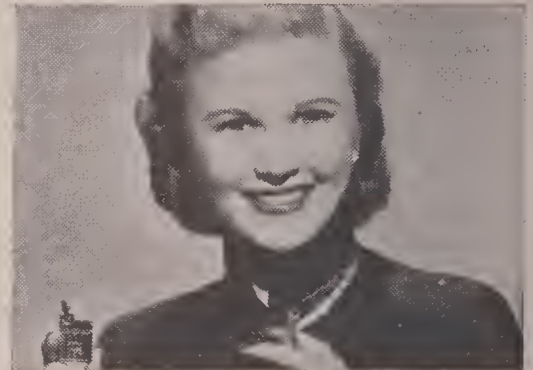
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By ANNE ANSLEY

Movieland's Counter Spy

Be on the lookout for these items. They're perfect for personal as well as gift shopping

JOAN CAULFIELD, charming Paramount star, goes for this American Safety Razor midget lighter. Only 1½ inches high, it's just big enough to fit into a man's vest pocket. Finished in rhodium, which doesn't tarnish, it's priced at \$7.50, a wonderful gift for anyone.



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"EVERYONE IN EUROPE will appreciate the new CARE Thrift Food Package," says Danny Kaye. Danny presented one to the cleaning lady at the London theatre where he appeared. \$5.50 buys this substantial gift at any CARE office in the country, and delivery is guaranteed.



CATHY O'DONNELL

(Continued from page 33)

ago Hollywood was excited and curious when Sam Goldwyn signed her to a seven year contract and then hid her. Her name was Ann Steely then. Sam wanted, he explained, to protect her from "the distracting glamor of filmtown while she was being groomed for great things ahead." Nothing, of course, could have fascinated Hollywood more than such secrecy. But no one paid any particular attention when a pretty girl named "Ann Jordan" played at the Pasadena Community Playhouse in two plays, "Little Women" and "The Makropoulos Secret."

Then Sam renamed her Cathy O'Donnell and sent her, still in deep secrecy, to study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. When she finished there, she went on a road tour in the ingenue role in "Life With Father." Then Sam thought she was ready.

Her very first picture role was the important one in "The Best Years of Our Lives." You remember she was the sweetheart of Harold Russell, the armless veteran. The picture and Cathy were smashingly successful. She was on her way; but she was only beginning to make news in Hollywood.

Interviewed shortly after her role in "Lives," she announced that when she married it would be to "an older man. They are likely to be more considerate and less selfish than younger ones." That had a familiar ring and Hollywood smiled its indulgent smile. Then—Cathy did it! Abruptly she astonished everybody by marrying Robert Wyler, brother of director William Wyler, a man who was quite a few years her senior. Cathy was "news" again.

Cathy's next film made her greater news than ever! She was teamed with Farley Granger in a tender love story called "They Lived By Night." The young pair bring so much simple and genuine emotion to their performances in this modest little picture, that when it was previewed, they found themselves acclaimed overnight as "the most sensational romantic team in years—a new Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell combination." Nothing like it had been seen in years, and Sam Goldwyn decided to hold the picture for winter release, and made great haste to announce big plans—especially for Cathy. She would be starred in three pictures in quick succession, he said.

The next "news" was a puzzler because, when "Enchanted" was half finished, it was announced that Sam and Cathy had severed relations! No one knows what happened between Cathy and Sam but three days later it was announced that she had been signed to a long term contract by no less a producer than David O. Selznick!

"Mr. Selznick called me on a Sunday," she relates, looking a bit puzzled about it even now. "Wasn't that an odd day to do it? I wasn't at home. But then, who is at home and ready to talk about contracts on a Sunday—except Mr. Selznick?"

The fact that David O. Selznick wanted to "talk contract" to Cathy on a Sunday should give you a rough idea of how strongly she had registered on the screen. That really was news.

I know it is good for me, I simply can not be ordered to do anything. When I was a little girl my mother used to order me not to do things she really wanted me to do. I knew, even then, that she was 'managing' me tactfully. But it was the way I was then and I'm afraid it's the way I still am."

Cathy had worked hard for the chances she had won in pictures. She was born and lived until she was six in the tiny town of Siluria, Alabama, where her father, Henry Grady Steely, taught school and operated the small movie theater. Her parents moved to Greensboro, Alabama, where Cathy finished the sixth grade in the Julia Powers School. After her father and mother separated she moved with her mother to Oklahoma City where she went on to high school and business college. She can still write 120 words a minute in Gregg shorthand—and she will, if you ask her to!

She was fired from a job with the Army Induction Center in Oklahoma City because one day, at a fountain lunch, she found herself inspired to write poetry and spent the entire afternoon dreamily doing exactly that. She still writes poetry (some of it very good) when the mood is upon her. She invested twenty-five hard saved dollars in a dramatic course at the Oklahoma City University and another stenographic job netted her enough cash to get to Hollywood. Here, two weeks after she arrived, she was indulging in another fountain lunch (although not writing poetry on the side) when an agent approached her, introduced himself and took her to see Sam Goldwyn. Which brings us to the beginning of our story and the sequels.

Cathy and her husband now live in a medium-size house on a quiet street in Cheviot Hills, on the outskirts of Hollywood. The iron fence around it encloses a rose garden which is one of Cathy's joys, "although I don't do anything to it except water it." She delights, too, in the interior of the house because it is all pink and blue, her "very favorite colors." Living and dining rooms are in blue with dainty, ivory-framed Degas ballet dancer prints upon the walls. The two bedrooms are pink. "And even," Cathy exalts, "a pink bath!" She loves the roses on the living room drapes and the sheer, pale curtains in her bedroom which suffuse the room with rosy light.

"It is a happy house," she says, "and I think it is a nice present from life that I am allowed to live in it for a little while." But she thinks "deep down" that the most wonderful feeling must be to own your own house so that you know, when you plant a rose, that it is yours and that you will be there to enjoy it when it comes to full bloom next year.

Her one maid, Billie, worked for Cathy's aunt in Oklahoma City and she used to know some of Cathy's thoughts. She would tell the dreaming child, "When you are a big movie star, I shall come to Hollywood to take care of you!" So when Cathy found that she actually was a star, she sent for Billie, naturally! But first she and her husband invited close friends for a party and the entire group of them made a great romp of painting and furnishing a room especially for Billie.

So now there are small and intimate dinner parties, "for best friends," in the little gray house, with Billie distinguish-

(Please turn to next page)



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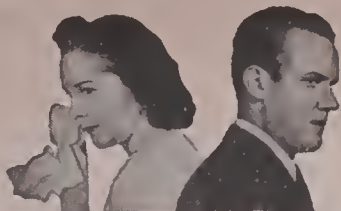
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ing herself over fried chicken, spoon bread, black-eyed peas and other Southern specialties. Cathy's own favorite dish is fried okra.

Cathy, herself, can't cook a lick except to fix a rather simple breakfast and she doesn't especially like to do that. She can't sew, either, and this distresses her because she thinks that she would feel that she had created "something real" if she could put a satisfactory garment together. Her mother sews beautifully and sends Cathy lots of pretty dresses. A recent one was a beautiful white lace dinner frock with a white sharkskin jacket to accompany it. Cathy likes swirly skirts and sheer blouses and gay colors in her clothes and here, too, pinks and blues are her "very favorites."

The only piece of jewelry which she owns and values is her engagement ring, an exquisite old-fashioned gold one, set with a pearl and two diamonds, which once belonged to her husband's mother. She owns no furs at all and rarely thinks about them.

She doesn't like parties much and rarely attends them. She likes movies, the theater and concerts. She collects albums or recordings and plays her favorites over and over. She likes to swim but doesn't care for any other outdoor sport and cares very little about watching sports of any kind.

She confesses a debt to and a great reverence for several of her teachers. Professor Wayne Campbell, of Oklahoma City, is one she remembers with especial gratitude, as is her present coach, Gertrude Fogler.

When she was younger she was oppressed by the fear that she wasn't pretty

enough to be an actress. It was Professor Campbell who sensed that and soothed her by teaching her to "think beauty" and "watch her heart" and that everything would be all right.

She thinks she has not changed much fundamentally since she was a little girl. "I still like the things that I liked then, still have the same dreams, the same silly fears. I still day dream too much, my longing to be a Great Actress (like Greta Garbo) has merely increased . . . and I am still lazy. I hate to hurry, I hate noise and I don't like to hear people say hateful things about other people. In fact, I won't listen.

"I put things off. I plan to take French lessons but I don't start them. I forget to have the car serviced. I don't like people who give me advice and I don't like myself when I listen to it. I buy too many blouses. I also buy too many books. I am no better at taking care of money than I was when I was nine!"

She loves children and she loves to listen to the sound of the sea. She has no pet economies that she can think of and she is sure she isn't superstitious about anything. Her favorite memory, although she isn't sure why this is so, is of singing in church in Greensboro when she was a little girl. Her saddest memory is that of hurting someone who was dear to her.

Hollywood expects a great deal from this lovely girl who is outwardly so gentle and so quiet and who has so much unexpected fire within her. She is an exciting personality, is Cathy. You'll be hearing more and more about her. And it will be news!

THE END

HEAD OF THE CLASS

(Continued from page 31)

winter formal is a warm, brown velvet that complements the auburn shades in her hair.



Joan Evans' school wardrobe is sprinkled with old favorites like this grey wool jumper, which she's had for four years.

Like a great many other teen-agers, Joan loves glamor-loaded clothes. Her parents feel wisely that this is as it should be. "It's a perfectly normal desire," her mother says, "and a part of growing up that should be expressed."

Her mother, however, doesn't think it appropriate for Joan to go out wearing drop earrings or carrying a long cigarette holder, so she encourages Joan to concentrate on glamor at home. To that end, her parents gave her last Christmas an elegant lace negligee of pink silk and lace. Her agent, Lilly Messenger, contributed a pair of clear plastic mules trimmed with pink ostrich feathers and a card, saying, "Merry Christmas to Cinderella."

Joan is no different from other teen-agers in that she loves collections. She owns an assortment of ribbons that she wears in her hair, and a variety of pocketbooks that come to fifteen or twenty. Her weakness for shoes can be seen in a closet full of pumps, sandals, and play shoes; and she has a chest of real antique jewelry, part of which belonged to her maternal grandmother Evans (whose name she bears) and part of which is costume stuff. Lately, Joan has taken to collecting square-dance scarves which she wears over her curls, around her waist, or her neck.

Joan Evans may have left her schoolmates behind at Birch Wathen School in New York; she may well be on her way to screen stardom; but she still has to continue her schooling, and when she does this Fall, she wants to be well dressed.

I'm sure you do, too.

THE END

MOVIE DEBS

(Continued from page 61)

With the intention of getting more acting experience she moved on to New York City where she won a leading part in a Broadway musical. There she was seen by a Warner Brothers' talent scout who promptly brought her to Hollywood.

One evening she was dining at Ciro's with a beau when a producer and his wife entered the popular filmland night club. The producer's wife stared at Arlene and whispered to her husband:

"There's the most beautiful girl I've ever seen."

The producer could see for himself. He sent his card to her table and asked her to come to his office at M-G-M the next day.

That led directly to Arlene signing with M-G-M and she went into "The Bride Goes Wild" with Van Johnson and June Allyson, and then played opposite Red Skelton in "A Southern Yankee."

Things happened quickly after that. Walter Wanger borrowed her for the top role in "Reign of Terror" and Louis B. Mayer, viewing the picture, asked, as so many people ask when they see Arlene: "Who is that beautiful girl?"

He was told that she was on his very lot but hadn't been given very important parts yet. He recommended her for a big buildup and now Arlene is playing opposite Van Johnson in "Scene of the Crime," which is star-making stuff.

* * *

Tiny, teen-age Debra Paget is not the beauty that Arlene Dahl is. She's pretty, in a demure, soulful way; but you have to look at her twice to notice the wide blue-green eyes in her high-cheekboned face. Debra can act, period. What's more she's only fifteen and already she has played Richard Conte's grown-up sweetheart in two pictures, "Cry of the City" and his latest, "House of Strangers."

That Debra would choose acting as her career was a foregone conclusion almost from the time she was born. Her entire family—grandparents, mother, brother and two sisters—all are in show business. Only her father, a studio set worker, is not an actor.

Debra's mother, known professionally as Margaret Gibson, has been on the stage most of her life and loves it so much that she wanted all her children to have careers. Debra was born in Denver, Colorado, but the whole family moved to Hollywood to further the screen career of her older sister, Teala Loring, who is with Republic pictures.

Debra studied dramatics and dancing. She was with a Little Theatre group playing the title role in "Joan of Arc"—her mother and brother were also in the cast—when an agent saw her and was struck by her fragile loveliness. He brought her to 20th Century-Fox where the studio was looking for a girl with an ethereal quality to play Conte's religious young sweetheart in "Cry of the City." Debra's quiet beauty impressed them. She made a test—oddly enough, with her brother who was also being considered by the studio—and was signed immediately.

* * *

Twenty-year-old Terry Moore looks like a cute little dish who has nothing on her mind but the Fall Prom. She talks in the breathless manner of a teen-ager, but she knows just what she wants—and she's getting it.

What Terry wants most of all is to become an important star. She's getting there, what with turning in such a

sprightly performance opposite Glenn Ford in "The Return of October." You can catch her now leaping through the African veldt in an exciting King Kong type of picture for RKO called "The Great Joe Young."

Terry was born in Glendale, a suburb outside of Hollywood, but as Terry says, "It's so far removed from Hollywood in spirit that it might just as well have been in Texas."

She's always had the acting bug. In school she wrote, directed and starred in the class plays. A neighbor thought she was pretty enough to be in pictures and sent Terry's photograph to a casting magazine. Terry was eleven then with braces on her teeth. The studio called her for an interview and Terry quickly slipped the braces off her teeth. When she went in she was told that she could have the part—with one proviso. She would have to wear braces on her teeth.

That started her on a career. She did picture work (she played Ingrid Bergman as a child in "Gaslight," for instance) and some radio jobs, too. By this time, she had become quite a little performer and was such a fine little actress that at the age of twelve when she read a commercial on a radio show the audience applauded. That was the greatest compliment of her life.

Nothing very eventful happened, however, and she thought at the age of eighteen that she was through. She was just about to start classes at UCLA when she was called by Columbia Studios to test for the role of the little racetrack girl in "The Return of October." This was one of the biggest comedy parts the studio had since "The Awful Truth" and for two years they'd been trying out young actresses for the role. Terry got it, and instead of going to UCLA she had to take special courses that could be squeezed in between picture-making!

Terry still lives with her family in their little bungalow in Glendale and helps with the dishes although she has signed a seven-year contract that will make her independently wealthy.

* * *

Florence Marly is the most exotic and cosmopolitan of our group. She is a flame-haired beauty who has made movies in French, Czech, Spanish and English, and she looks a bit like Garbo, Dietrich and Lucille Ball—quite a trio. She is tall and willowy, has an interesting face with high cheekbones and a fascinating European accent. Her first popular picture here was opposite Ray Milland in "Sealed Verdict" and you'll be seeing her with Humphrey Bogart in Columbia's "Tokyo Joe."

Florence's real life story is as romantic as any she's ever done on the screen. Just listen:

Florence was born in a tiny Czech village and then went to Paris to study. While there she married a young French movie director named Pierre Chenal and started playing small parts in French-made movies.

Her bright future as a movie actress was shattered with the coming of the war. Her husband was in the French Army and Florence herself was in danger. The first bomb which fell on Paris dropped in front of her apartment.

Just 24 hours before the Germans entered Paris, Florence fled to Portugal. For one year she had no information as to whether Pierre was alive or dead.

(Please turn to next page)

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Another newcomer to hit the Hollywood jackpot is Jean Wallace, ex-wife of film star Franchot Tone. The blonde siren gets her big break in "The Man on the Eiffel Tower."

Finally word came that he was alive and well. They arranged a reunion in Argentina. While she waited for him there, she made some Spanish-speaking films. By the time Pierre arrived in Buenos Aires, Florence was already fast becoming one of Argentina's most popular movie stars!

Then began a Continental screen career. She made a picture in Paris, then in Prague, in Denmark and in England. In less than a year she had made pictures in four foreign countries in their own languages.

Ray Milland, meanwhile, was in Europe planning to start "Sealed Verdict," but no leading lady had been set. In the Danish office of the Paramount studios Ray noticed some photographs of an intriguing European screen star and asked who she was.

One week later Florence had signed a contract and was on location with Milland at Strasbourg, France.

When Florence arrived in Hollywood last year she worked at her English to perfect it, and now speaks with the faintest of accents. She lives in an apartment and has no desire to own a home. The reason, she says, is that all her personal belongings were lost in the war and she no longer has any sense of property.

Her husband is in Paris where he is a director and Florence plans to make a picture in Europe this year. There have been rumors that their 6,000-mile-apart marriage is shaking, but Florence will not talk about it until she sees Pierre again.

Marta Toren is another European exotic who is burning up the screen with her Continental allure. Marta, who was discovered at the Royal Dramatic Academy in Stockholm, doesn't look like a Nordic. She has dark hair, blue eyes of startling lightness against an olive complexion.

Marta is going places on these shores. Because of her excellent work in "Illegal Entry" in which she co-starred with Howard Duff, Marta has the female starring role in the much talked-about Universal picture, "Sword in the Desert," with Dana Andrews.

Marta was discovered by a film writer who sent her screen test to Hollywood.

"Casbah" was her first Hollywood picture and everyone sent up raves about Marta's unique type of allure. Marta is in Hollywood to stay and would like to bring her family here. Like her Swedish sister stars Garbo and Bergman, Marta is reserved and doesn't go out much. Although half of Hollywood's wolf pack is panting to date her, Marta leads the quiet life.

"I Was a Male War Bride" was a hard luck picture for everyone but tall, blue-eyed Marian Marshall. The two co-stars, Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan, both became seriously ill in Europe and production on the comedy was halted for months. But while everyone called the film a jinx, to Marian Marshall it was her biggest step upward in a promising career.

Marian plays Ann Sheridan's wise-cracking pal in the "War Bride" picture and when you see her in it, you'll realize that here is the makings of a bright new comedienne, somewhat like the Jane Wyman of old. So hot is Marian right now that she goes into "Bandwagon" at 20th Century-Fox with Bill Powell and Mark Stevens.

Eighteen-year-old Marian was discovered by accident. Although she was born in Los Angeles, within a few miles of the major studios, it never occurred to her to become an actress, so she didn't study dramatics or anything like that. Life was fun and she was very happy as one of the busiest models in town, setting up a record of 22 covers in one year.

An agent noticed Marian's picture on the magazine covers and asked her to let him try to get her into pictures. The agent was showing one of the casting directors at 20th pictures of various clients when the director spotted a photograph of Marian in the agent's book. Actually, the agent hadn't planned to try to "sell" Marian just yet, as he didn't think she was ready. But when the director accidentally came across Marian's picture he said, "Who is she? I'd like to give her a test. She has sparkle."

Marian "sparkled" in her movie test and is now on the way to fame.

THE END

MARRIED . . . AND LOVES IT!

(Continued from page 55)

my hand at cooking. About all I could do was prepare chops and steaks and a few salad dressings I whipped up.

"I admit I was considerably self-conscious at first because John is the one who can really turn out the meals. I'd usually get all involved with some concoction or other, would find that something was missing, and would have to call John in to taste the stuff to see what it was I'd left out.

"Later on, we got a cook who was wonderful, and I went into the stage of being very efficient and competent with my instructions. I had the wind taken out of my sails one day when she said very kindly, 'Mrs. Lindsay, you're just a bad little girl.' I made a speedy—but a meek—exit.

"I'll be very glad frankly to move into our new home—if and when—because of our lack of closet room in our present home. I admit I'm one who has always thought women who complained about closets were a dreary lot, but how right they are! John and I simply have no place for our clothes at all. As for space for our books and record albums—there isn't any such thing. Most of our books are in a cupboard on the back porch and our albums are scattered all over the place. Our new house will have dozens of closets, a library for our books, and cabinets galore for our records—believe me!

"As to the kind of house John and I plan to have, it will be modern since he will have nothing else. The more I see of it, the more I like it. However, I'm a bit worried about one thing. John is forever building houses and selling them. I have a hunch that he'll build a place for us, get a good offer and sell it, especially if a new idea comes into his mind—as I'm sure it will—for a new feature to incorporate in a house.

"Because of our present uncertain state of affairs, I'm furnishing this apartment as economically as possible. It's great fun and I think decorating will probably be my second career."

It is at this point that one should get profound and ask: "Diana, what readjustments did you have to make in your marriage after you began to settle down?" And that's exactly what I asked her.

"I've heard all my life that the first year is the hardest," Diana remarked. "I've heard of all the readjustments that must be made. I've read books on marriage that predicted dire things if their rules weren't followed to a T. I guess I expected John to turn green after we were married, so seriously did I take all such advice.

"I've found, however, that it's not the emotional upheaval you read about. So many books on marriage succeed only in confusing you and scaring you to death. I'm glad to admit that John and I found nothing about each other that was a real surprise."

Not that Diana wants you to believe they've been living in a dream house with love birds chirping outside their window. They've had their little disagreements—and have met them sensibly.

"John and I never hold grudges," Diana said sincerely. "Oh, I know well-meaning people tell you not to jump at your husband, not to nag, to say nothing when you're annoyed, and work everything out through sweetness and light. I can't follow that—probably because I

talk too much and because I don't believe in all that nonsense. If John gets mad at me or if I become annoyed with him, we get the whole thing off our chests. After all, if you can't be honest with the man you marry, whom can you be honest with?

"Actually, John is very easy to get along with because he's so understanding. I found that out when I was making 'My Friend Irma' which I began shortly after we returned from our honeymoon.

"I worked every day but three during the production and I was ill part of the time. I'd come home, sit down and read a paper, and not talk much. He never once complained. He understands the demands of my work.

"Fortunately, he doesn't want to go out all of the time. He's busy, too. As a result, during the picture we didn't do much entertaining. I did have a dinner for his business associates one night and I gave him a birthday party at which I had fourteen guests for dinner.

"John does things for me, too. One night, 'Bitter Victory,' in which I appear, was being previewed. I wanted him to go with me, but I knew the showing was on the night he goes to a structural engineering class, so I told him I'd go to the preview alone. He surprised me by coming back a half an hour later—and he went with me to the screening."

In career matters, which is a big item in a Hollywood marriage, no difficulty seems to be arising.

"John is frankly more impressed with my piano playing than with my acting," Diana said lightly. "He loves me to play for him. He's heard me play a lot recently since I've been practising for a Cole Porter album I'm to record for Capitol Records.

"We have no taboos in our marriage—not even about discussing careers at home.

"John approves of my career since he believes in my having outside interests. He hasn't seen many of my pictures . . . just 'Bitter Victory' and 'Ruthless.' He thought I was pretty good in 'Bitter Victory.' As for my opinion of his work, I think he's a tremendously talented man. He has just finished a sixty-nine unit apartment house and has had four pages in a national magazine devoted to a house he designed.

"Because we have so many goals, I don't think we'll ever take our marriage—or each other—for granted. For instance, raising a family is among our plans. We want, of course, to have a home that John will build for us and for our needs. We intend to go to Europe and we plan a trip to Australia where John has business."

Diana readily admits what marriage has done for her. "Marriage has given me more self-assurance and confidence in myself," she says, her eyes sparkling. "Naturally, I can't make a lot of bright conversation like an old married woman, but I do recognize the change in my life. I know I have more direction and purpose in what I'm doing. Perhaps it's because I have an anchor to hold on to."

As I took my leave, Diana set a couple of chops on the stove. It was the cook's day off and Diana had to get dinner. She seemed very efficient about it.

Does Mrs. Lindsay love marriage? You can say that again, brother!

THE END

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WHO IS Warren

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These were the instructions from my editor. Warren Douglas? Well, okay, but who is he? I thought I'd heard the name but I hadn't the vaguest idea where he was or who he was. So I asked around town a bit. The typical response was "Warren Douglas? Sounds familiar, but don't know him."

The only ones who knew who he was were a large group of wide-eyed fans who had been clamoring for news about him!

So I hit out on the trail of this mystery man. I heard there was a Warren Douglas who lived in the valley. Yes, it was thought he was an actor. What had he done? Well, no one quite knew for sure.

I stopped at a modest-looking apartment house. No movie star's mansion. This. But pleasant-looking from the outside. I don't know what I expected when

I rang the doorbell. Maybe Bing Crosby without his hairpiece.

A well-built guy, dressed in tweeds, answered the door. He had black, wavy hair, blue eyes, and a smile that made his whole face light up. I began to see what had caused the uproar from those fans.

"Warren Douglas?" I asked, feeling like a fool because a fan writer should at least know an actor when he sees one. He did look familiar at that.

A warm, cheery, "That's right!" greeted me and so I introduced myself. The next moment I found myself being cordially ushered into Warren Douglas' apartment.

It was a kind of place that seemed to welcome you as you walked in—not big, as I discovered when Warren took me on a tour of his manse. The motif throughout was modernistic. Blue-gray walls, rose and green drapes, furniture that was big and spacious and red and

green. Mahogany tables. Everything very livable.

Warren and I—sure, I was calling him Warren by now since he's that kind of a friendly guy—were about to sit down for a bit of gabbing when in toddled a cute little girl.

"This is Anne, my pride and joy," Warren told me. "Seventeen months old—and the real star of the family."

Anne smiled shyly and then turned happily to her toys and began to play in the sunny space in front of the big, bright window.

"Sorry that Dorothy, my wife, is out shopping at the moment," Warren went on contentedly. "I'd like you to meet her. She's quite a beauty. It's no new experience, though, for me to be in charge of the house and looking after Anne. In fact, I'm a very snappy man with the diaper routine."

He cast a fond glance in Anne's direction. "We'd better do our talking while we can because I promised to take her to the park. She loves to see the flowers there. She's crazy about flowers and dogs."

Fatherly devotion and pride were definitely two of Warren's most notable characteristics. But, as for Warren himself—well, after some adroit questioning, I got some facts about him. His last picture was at Warners in "Task Force." He'd also made "Homicide" and "Incident" and had been the cocky young ball player in "The Babe Ruth Story." That rang the bell in my mind. I remember how impressed I was with that scene.

Warren, I discovered, is a product of the stage. First came an appearance in

a little theatre play in Minneapolis where he was born and raised . . . then a tour with a Shakespearean repertory company, the first of the Federal Theatre projects . . . stock work in the east . . . Hollywood where luck evaded him . . . back east for more stock . . . a part in "Separate Rooms" on Broadway . . . back to Hollywood with a Warner Bros. contract which lasted three and a half years, during which he made 25 features and 50 shorts.

"Oh, I've made plenty of pictures but the trouble is I've been in so few important ones that nobody's seen me," Warren said. "No wonder I'm a mystery man. But I don't get too bothered. Dorothy doesn't either. She just encourages me, and reminds me that this business is chickens one day and feathers the next. She ought to know—since she's an actress."

The two met while on tour with the Shakespearean company. It wasn't until they played in stock together in New York that they tied the knot. She has given up her career to be a housewife and mother.

"Not that she won't go back to it someday," Warren insisted. "And not that I couldn't take over the domestic reins if I had to. Dorothy and I take turns getting up in the morning to get Anne her breakfast. That's one side of my domestic nature."

"I've also tried my hand at cooking. I don't go in for fancy things—just good plain food like steaks and chops. If I do say so myself, I whip up a mean batch of mashed potatoes. I've done a lot more cooking, I admit, since Anne joined us than I did before, but I get a kick out of helping around the house when I'm not working."

"That's not all I do. I have darned socks—even ironed—in my day. That ironing routine has come in very handy when Dorothy was busy. As for the socks business, well, I took a domestic science course in high school along with the rest of the guys on the football team, and—so help me!—if they didn't teach us to darn socks! What a sight that was! All those big lugs making with the darn- ing needles. . . ."

I asked him about his social life and he grinned.

"I went to a night spot about three years ago," Warren ruminated. "I didn't particularly like it so I haven't gone to one since. Dorothy and I much prefer spending our time with our few close friends. Our main relaxation is going for long drives. Dorothy and Anne would rather ride than eat, I think, and I've always been a guy who loves to travel. Probably a hangover from my days on the road with a show."

Warren's also a great sports fan. He loves to play tennis and golf—usually with his father-in-law—and he's always the first in line to get tickets for a football or baseball game. Dorothy goes along with him since Warren has made her as sports-conscious as he is.

The more I sat and talked to this young fellow, the more I was impressed with him. Here, with proper pushing, was a sure bet for stardom. No wonder all those fans had been hollering to the high heavens about him. His fan mail is terrific.

I couldn't help thinking, "If those producers who are forever yelling about wanting new faces mean what they say, just what are they doing passing up Warren Douglas? Or do they simply need some better glasses?"

But there's no doubt about it—the fans are the real star-makers after all!

THE END

Douglas?

By Jon Bruce



This is Warren Douglas—handsome film personality, sports fan, and sock darter.

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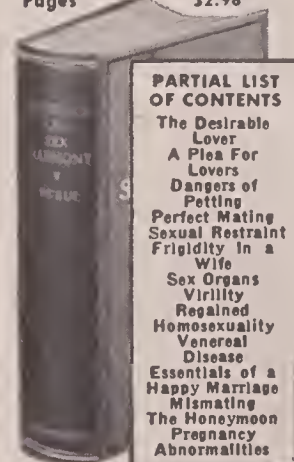
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VACATION FROM MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 41)

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other's nerves. Being sensible people, we decided to try it alone for a while and see how things shape up."

When you ask Diana why she and Kirk are living apart, she says, "I'd rather not discuss it. I hope Kirk and I can work things out."

Both of these statements tell nothing. Actions, however, do.

In the six months that he has figuratively been free of his marital ties, Kirk Douglas has dated Marilyn Maxwell, Ava Gardner, Joan Crawford, Pat Neal, Gloria De Haven, Virginia Grey, and many other charming damsels both in Hollywood and New York. In short, he has been playing the field with great appeal and ardor. He has been seen at all the large filmland functions: the prevues, the parties, the well-known restaurants, and always with an attractive female.

In those same six months, Diana Douglas has dated no one. She has stayed at home with her two small sons, enjoying vicariously her husband's new-found success.

Now, what really goes with these two? Why such opposite courses of action? Why, when both are separated, does one play the field and one does not?

A friend who has known Kirk Douglas intimately for many years, explains his current activities with great compassion: "What you must understand about Kirk," he points out, "is that basically he's a child of poverty, real poverty. His parents came from the other side. They had nothing, nothing but seven children who inherited their great strength of character."

"Kirk himself worked his way through St. Lawrence University. His real name, believe it or not, is Issur Banielovitch. He was a wrestler in college and when he was graduated and he couldn't find a job, he took work as a wrestler in a carnival.

"When he decided to become an actor and joined the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, he had to work nights and in off-hours as a waiter or a bus boy. He met his wife Diana, while they were both in drama school, but he couldn't marry her then, because he was always broke. Diana, you know, comes from a well-to-do family. Her dad was Governor-General or Secretary-General of Bermuda or something like that. Anyway, it's only been recently that Kirk has had enough money to enjoy a minimum of security.

"I may be wrong, but what I think happened to him was this: consciously or subconsciously, he looked back on his early days. He thought of all those times when he wanted to date certain girls, all those times when he wanted to date and drive around in his own car and have fun and go dancing and buy things and maybe drop in at a night club and spend a little money and just live.

"He looked back on all that and realized sadly that he had enjoyed no such times, that poverty had robbed him of a normal youth.

"The only time he had had any money to speak of was during the war when he was in the Navy. He came to New York on leave and for five days and nights he did the town with Diana. They went to the theatre and the night spots and they ate in Schrafft's restaurant where Kirk used to work as a waiter. He was very much in love with Diana after that week, and he wanted to marry her, but he didn't have enough money. They promised to

get married immediately after the war.

"A month later, however, Kirk was stationed in New Orleans. He called Diana who happened to be in Arizona modeling for the Montgomery Ward Catalog, and Diana came to New Orleans and the two of them got hitched.

"The point I am making is that up until the time Kirk came to Hollywood, he had no money (except for his stay in the Navy) with which to play the field, court girls, take the fling all young men are entitled to. After the war, he found himself with a wife and child and the necessity of getting a job and supporting his family in a hurry.

"He could afford no period of readjustment. He had to work or he wouldn't eat. After several stage jobs, Hal Wallis brought him out to the Coast. Not long after, Diana gave birth to another son. At this point, luck smiled on Kirk, and he began earning some real money. 'The Strange Love of Martha Ivers' and two other pictures established him as an up and coming star. In one year, he earned \$40,000. To a young man who has known stark poverty, even to a young man who hasn't known stark poverty, \$40,000 is a lot of dough.

"I think Kirk at this point looked back on his youth, a youth he had considered long-lost and irretrievable and suddenly decided or gradually awakened to the fact that his youth wasn't lost, that here he was at thirty-two, a young successful man; and I may be wrong but I think he then wanted his freedom. He wanted it for just a little time, a little time in which to live the single life which had heretofore escaped him by dint of financial circumstances."

However we regard this analysis, as either right or wrong, the fact remains that at this writing, Kirk Douglas is living the single life. Hollywood's single actresses regard him as an eligible man.

In New York when "Champion" opened, he was squiring Marilyn Maxwell.

In Hollywood when "The Fountainhead" opened, he was escorting Pat Neal.

In between, there have been half a dozen other actresses. When you ask Kirk about any of them, he smiles and says, "You know, most of the stuff about me in the gossip columns isn't true. I go out with a girl once and immediately the columnists blow it up."

Kirk Douglas seems to be enjoying the single life. There is about him a great charm and wit. "I know I've arrived," he says, "because now my agent talks to me." He sees his wife and children several times a week, but technically they are still separated, and they each live apart.

It is entirely possible that by the time this article appears in print, the Kirk Douglasses will have reconciled. We certainly hope so. If that doesn't turn out to be the case, then we'd like to say to Kirk that for our money, his wife Diana Douglas is one of the kindest, sweetest, most beautiful women anywhere.

"You're a wonderful guy, Kirk Douglas, and we all love you; you can date as many Hollywood beauties as you want. You can play the field as long as you like—but when you're all done, you'll find that the girl you married is tops.

"Come home, Kirk. Come home before it's too late, and some other man beseeches Diana for one ounce, one drop, one modicum of the love she bears in her heart for you."

THE END

Dreamy-eyed Gene Tierney stars in 20th's "Whirlpool."



I dealize your EYES

By ANNE ANSLEY

★ Your eyes are your windows to the world, but there are two sides to a window. While you're looking out of your peepers, someone else is looking in. So let's concentrate on making what they see as pretty as a picture.

Rest is the prime requisite for healthy eyes. Six to eight hours a night of peaceful slumber is the only method we know of to keep your eyes full of lively brilliance. When your eyes are red or strained from harsh weather, colds, or overwork, an eye-bath will do wonders to help. Eye-Gene, for instance, will soothe and refresh them; leave them sparkling.

Make-up is the next step to eye-appeal. For the very best results, eyepaint should be applied after powder and before lipstick.

When it comes to choosing eye-shadow color, it's every girl for herself. In general, brown or green is best for brown, hazel or green eyes. Blue-eyed maidens usually find that blue, blue-gray, gray or violet does miracles for them; and for violet eyes, there's nothing that adds depth and brilliance as well as violet shadow. No matter what color your eyes are, though, you'll want to experiment with lots of shades before you decide on the one that's just right for you. The only set rule you have to follow is to apply the eye shadow as lightly and subtly as a summer breeze.

Eyebrows are your next objects of interest. Brows should never be pencil thin, but they shouldn't be straggly either. A happy, natural-looking medium may be

reached by plucking the stray hairs which wander above and below your natural brow line. With a brown or black pencil (depending on the actual color of your brows), feather stroke them lightly—don't let the pencil touch the skin unless your brows are extremely scanty. Next, soften the effect of the pencil with your finger tip, so there will be absolutely no danger of your looking like a painted doll.

Your lashes will be a cinch to glamorize if you've invested in a Kurlash. This handy instrument, used with care, will curl even the shortest and straightest of lashes. Apply it gently but firmly, holding it in place for the count of ten. You'll be amazed at the difference it makes!

You've two choices in types of mascara—cake or cream. Maybelline, long known for wonderful eye make-up, has both, inexpensively priced. With a not-too-wet-or-too-full brush, apply your mascara gently, beginning at the base of the lash, and sweeping upward and outward to the tips. Too much mascara on your brush will leave blobs of it on your lashes—so go easy. After your lashes have had time to dry, go over them with a dry brush to remove the surplus and separate the hairs. For a super job for a super date, repeat the whole mascara operation; but be doubly sure not to over-apply it.

Now, take a long look in the mirror before you apply your lipstick. There's no denying your eyes have new depth and color—new sparkle and mystery. In short, your eyes have "IT."

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Van Johnson, who is currently seen in MGM's "Scene of the Crime," writes just the way he looks—he has a likeable, friendly, confident scrawl.

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Van Johnson

By Helen King

★ Only two and one-half inches of writing, but it means Heaven to thousands, manna to the box office, and an all-American lad to most of us. Yes, that is Van Johnson's signature, one which is characteristic of a likeable chap, a friendly fellow, a man who knows how to handle others effectively.

Do you write like Van Johnson? Do you have those plain capitals which always tell of good taste? Do you have that fairly large, normally slanted script? If so, you love a normal home life, an array of companionship, a few friends.

Do you underscore as Van does? This clean-cut underscore tells of a pleasing personality, a businesslike man who knows his value, knows that his personality is his income, and is aware of its monetary value. Only those who like attention or who already have "arrived" use underscores perpetually.

Does your writing taper? That is, does it start out fairly large, but diminish as you go along? This is a sign of diplomacy, of being able to say "no" and make the other fellow like it. It is a sign of knowing how to handle others.

Note the added pressure at the end of the "n" in both of his names. Van hangs on to his own ideas, no matter what happens. He may forgive but sometimes finds it hard to forget.

If you write like Van Johnson you ought to be popular.

THE END

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LIFE WITH LIZ
(Continued from page 39)

how Howard tolerated them and Elizabeth loved them. They used to "perform" and sing their little jingles in the family living room on Christmas Day. One summer when they brought the children to America, Elizabeth was about three, they were telling Uncle Howard of the playlets and how well the children did. Uncle Howard and the other guests wanted to see for themselves. The neighbors gathered on the big log porch facing Lake Minosqua. That was perhaps the only time in her life Elizabeth refused to perform. She stood on the lawn and put her head on the ground, giving the audience a view of nothing except her little rear.

The Taylors have a hundred fish stories. Elizabeth and Howard fished with their father as soon as they were old enough to hold a little square frame, with a string and a hook. Elizabeth baited her own hook from the beginning. Her first fish was an eel. Since then, they have fished in Kent, in Wisconsin, in Florida and out west, and have eaten their bass, their muskellunge and tuna with gusto. Talking about it makes Elizabeth excited. "We've got to go deep-sea fishing, Howard! Let's do it this summer!" She wants to hunt too, not to kill animals but to bring them home as pets. She's always wanted a skunk and the least Howard can do is get one for her.

But Howard is almost as busy a boy as his actress sister. A student at Palos Verdes College, he is interested in ceramics and painting; and the recent art exhibit at the school found a number of his pieces on display. His father, an art connoisseur, gets a sparkle in his eye, talking about Howard's work. "The boy has talent. He has the makings of an excellent silversmith," he'll tell you and show as proof the cigarette case, the jewel boxes, the rings he has fashioned.

Both the parents feel that one of the chief factors that have helped to keep Elizabeth a normal girl has been her brother. For "Little Women," "Date with Judy" and "Conspirator" notwithstanding, so far as Howard and his friends are concerned, Elizabeth is just a kid sister. "In England," Liz says, "boys aren't ashamed of having little sisters. Howard always hauled me around with him. Even after he began to grow up, in America he did—well, sometimes." Her first dates were with Howard's friends from high school. Oh, she had to work on Howard pretty hard to get 'em, and Howard had to work even harder. It isn't

easy, getting dates for a kid sister. But they always had parties at home. Howard would bring his friends and Elizabeth would bring hers. Then there were parties at the Westmores'. Anne Westmore has been Elizabeth's closest friend, since the two were little girls, and Jimmy Westmore has been one of Howard's closest friends. With Anne, as with Howard and his pals, Elizabeth's career on the screen has little bearing on their friendship. She and Anne never talk about the studio or about the picture Liz is working on.

Luckily, she has grown up in a family where there are many phases and many interests. The Taylors had a well-established life before Elizabeth's motion picture career was dreamed of. They don't depend on her. Quite to the contrary, she depends on them. For Sara Taylor is her daughter's confidante and a companion who guided her through the first rash of purple lipstick and other more serious matters. Howard is the brother with whom she has grown up and shared interests from the time they hunted tadpoles. He's the one who says, "This dress is okay. That's awful." And Francis Taylor has been the very solid gentleman and head of the clan who is always there to help with the big decisions. He used to listen to her spelling on the way to the studio school, now he hears her Sociology, for Elizabeth does homework in whirlwind fashion. To all three of them she is not a motion-picture star, she is not even one of the most beautiful girls in the world. She is their little Elizabeth, always warm, affectionate and eager to share; and it has not been long since, on the way to Cranbrook, she was shouting, "Go faster, Daddy, faster, we're coming to Giddy Bridge!"

The fact that their little Liz is a grown-up young lady, engaged to be married to handsome, wealthy William Pawley Jr., just means more happy reminiscences for the Taylors' memory book.

Liz, whose romances have been front page news from the moment she started dating, isn't thinking of anything but her wedding plans. According to last report she'll join the group of Hollywood's young matrons early next year. As for her career, well—she'll continue with that, for her M-G-M contract still has a long time to run. But her main interest will be the private life of one Mrs. William Pawley Jr.

THE END

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This may sound like an impossibility. There is a tradition that no sequel is ever as good as the original—but you can toss that tradition right out the window!

"Jolson Sings Again" picks up at the exact spot where its predecessor left off, and once more you are completely immersed and held by the life of the greatest singer of them all.

Once again Larry Parks plays Jolson. Only this time Larry Parks also appears in the picture. And the way he manages to keep each part separate and distinct only proves that Larry is a fine actor.

"Jolson Sings Again" more nearly follows the true story of Jolson's life than did the preceding one. Here is the valiant story of Jolson's work overseas entertaining troops; how he contracted fever in the tropics and then pneumonia, so that eventually one of his lungs collapsed.

Yet this was a break in disguise, for while recuperating at an army hospital he met his wife, played beautifully by Barbara Hale. (Curiously enough, there is a startling resemblance between Barbara Hale and Erle Galbraith, the second real-life Mrs. Jolson.)

After their marriage and encouraged by his wife, Jolson's comeback is told step by step.

You'll want to see this entrancing picture not once but many times. It rates as the most entertaining picture of the year.

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◆◆ RECOMMENDED

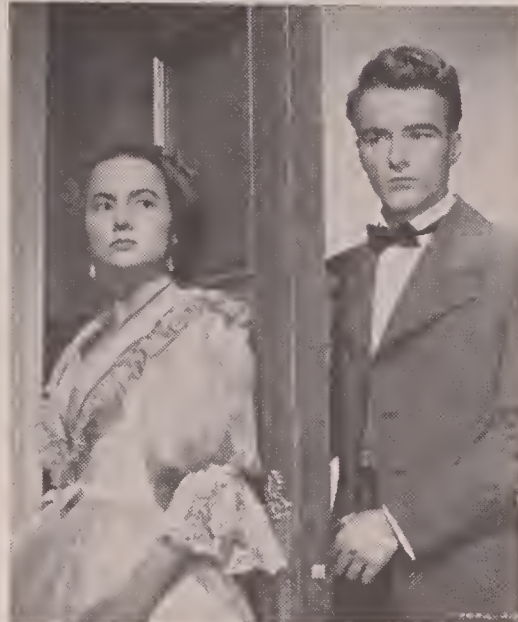
◆ AT YOUR OWN RISK

THE HEIRESS (Paramount) ◆◆◆

If the Academy Awards are discontinued, it will be a great pity, for Olivia de Havilland will be cheated out of the Oscar for her magnificent performance in "The Heiress."

The story is a complex study of character and action. Katherine (Olivia) is the suppressed mousey daughter of a dominating and wealthy physician who is frankly contemptuous of her plainness, her lack of artifice, and her disarming honesty. And so when a handsome young man falls in love with her, he's certain it can only be for her money.

Montgomery Clift is sensational as the lover. His panther-like strength, the light in his eyes, and his tight hold on himself—as if he were holding his passions under lock—all combine to make him one of the most exciting men on the screen. It's a toss-up who dominates most of the scenes—he, or Olivia; but Ralph Richardson and Miriam Hopkins ably hold their own.



Love is beautiful, but sad, as Montgomery Clift and Olivia de Havilland portray it.

LOVE HAPPY (U-A) ◆◆◆

If it's laughs you're after, then run, do not walk, to your nearest theatre featuring the Marx Brothers' latest adventure into hysteria.

The story really has no plot. It just combines a barrel of laughs with songs and dancing, and turns out one of the most hilarious pictures of the year.

Groucho, of the huge mustache, modestly underplays his role as (what else?) a private detective. Harpo makes you laugh and cry, alternately, with his sympathetic characterization, and harp playing. Chico emerges as an Italian piano player who tries to help a theatrical troupe round up some greenbacks to put on a show. Paul Valentine and Vera-Ellen are the stars of the show, who get mixed up with a million dollar necklace, a can of sardines, and a sultry countess, Ilona Massey. Harpo is such a sweet character you'll probably wish he could win pert, pretty Vera-Ellen. The curly-mop comedian madly runs away with this picture.



Vera-Ellen cuts curvaceous capers with the zany Marx Brothers in "Love Happy."

MY FRIEND IRMA (Hal Wallis) ◆◆◆

Laugh? You'll never stop! "My Friend Irma" is the best gloom-buster we've seen in many a month!

Marie Wilson is Irma (the blonde with the wind whistling between her ears). Diana Lynn is her long-suffering roommate, Jane, and John Lund plays her always-looking-for-a-big-deal-boy-friend, Al. Richard, Jane's wealthy and handsome boss, is Don DeFore.

This wonderful cast, however, is overshadowed by "promoter" Al's discoveries, new-comers Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. No words can describe this zany combination—Dean's crooning voice is lush as velvet, and Jerry's face and antics are convulsing. We're still laughing over the way he twists Dean's love-songs into hysterical pretzels.

Naturally, Irma confuses every situation in her bland, well-meaning manner. When Al tries to rope Richard into helping him get Dean an audition, she proceeds, in her inimitable fashion, to make a mess of all his schemes—and Jane's love life, as well. Don't miss this!

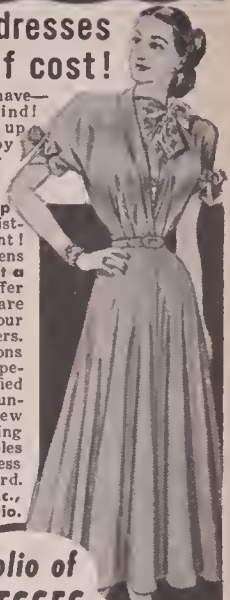


Marie Wilson, John Lund and Diana Lynn give a most "enlightening performance."

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IT'S A GREAT FEELING (WB) ♦♦

Almost everyone on the Warner lot got into this pleasant comedy to help make it an interesting visit behind the Hollywood scenes.

Bill Goodwin is a harassed producer faced with the task of getting a director for a Dennis Morgan-Jack Carson picture. All the best directors agree to work with Morgan, but not with little old Jack. In desperation, Goodwin assigns the job to Carson, and Morgan refuses to act in the film.

Jack gets pretty studio waitress, Doris Day (who is trying to break into movies), to win Morgan's sympathy by posing as his wife, who needs money to have a baby. Dennis signs on the dotted line; but no actress on the lot will agree to be their leading lady. They try to plug Doris for the role, and succeed only in driving Goodwin crazy, and Doris back to her native Wisconsin, to become the bride of Jeffrey Bushfinkle.

Technicolor, songs by Doris Day, antics of Carson and Morgan, and surprise appearances of other stars make this an enjoyable, but brief trip to Hollywood.



Carson and Morgan have many problems getting their producer to discover Doris Day.



"Task Force" is stirring film of true war events, with Jane Wyatt and Gary Cooper.

TASK FORCE (WB) ♦♦

Warner Brothers, with help from the U.S. Navy, recreates the early struggle of a small group of pilots who helped build today's Navy airpower.

Gary Cooper, as a retiring rear-admiral, reviews his service with Uncle Sam's fleet. His story begins in 1921 with the first aircraft cruiser, the Langley, and progresses through World War II up to the day of his retirement, when he leaves his ship for the last time.

The film is semi-documentary. Reels of actual Navy film inserted throughout give the movie a feeling of authenticity. In fact, these bits of action film give the picture its claim to good movie fare.

Gary Cooper is the true-blue hero throughout, which should please his fans no end. He struggles valiantly with some dull dialogue but so does everyone else. Jane Wyatt plays her role of the Admiral's wife with understanding and feeling. Supporting cast is very good.

The attack on Pearl Harbor will make you feel you were there, and the sea battles—particularly the battle at Okinawa—rate as spectacular movie making.

YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY (UI) ♦♦

When a married vet goes back to college, should his free time be spent pushing a baby carriage—or a pigskin? That's the problem football hero Donald O'Connor faces in "Yes Sir, That's My Baby."

His wife, Gloria De Haven, says Baby Boopkins should occupy his spare moments. Her decision is the signal for other gridiron wives at Granger College to lay down a similar law at home. A nationwide sport disaster is imminent, as wives of college football stars all over the country take up their cry—no football for married men.

Instigators of the feud are Profs. Barbara Brown and Charles Coburn, who've hated each other since their engagement was broken years before. It takes the charm of Baby Boopkins, and some unbelievable pigskin antics to convince the professors that love is a wonderful thing, and to convince the wives that football is here to stay.

You'll love this gay little comedy spiced with songs and dances by Gloria and Donald.



Do babies, college and football mix? Gloria De Haven and Donald O'Connor disagree.

TOP O' THE MORNING

(Paramount)

This surely isn't one of Bing's best, but with the Crosby personality on the screen most of the time, it's entertaining. Bing is teamed again with Barry Fitzgerald—a grand actor and scene stealer.

There's a lot of blarney in the story—a little too much, we'd say. In fact, it's all about the mysterious disappearance of the famous Blarney Stone. Barry is the chief of the local police force (consisting of himself and Hume Cronyn). He's a bumbling, but lovable old chap anxious to solve the case so that in the eyes of the community and his lovely daughter (Ann Blyth) he'll be a success at last. Bing enters the picture as an American insurance investigator, also bent on recovering the Stone—and on winning Ann. There are lots of ups and downs, misunderstandings, and a surprise ending, but as long as Bing is there, just being himself and singing some delightful songs, the muddled story doesn't matter at all. Hume Cronyn's role gives him a fine chance to show his wonderful flair for comedy. He's a delight to watch.



Bing Crosby's voice, Ann Blyth's looks, give a big lift to "Top o' the Morning."



Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten share a love so strong that it is almost hatred.

ANNA LUCASTA (Columbia)

The gripping vitality "Anna Lucasta" had as a play is lost somewhere between the watered down screen play and the Johnston office. Paulette Goddard doesn't quite bring the flesh-and-blood Anna of the stage to life.

Driven away from home by a jealous, sullen father, Anna ends up in the waterfront sailor haunts of Brooklyn, where she becomes a disillusioned, bitter so-and-so.

Her family sees a way of making money, by marrying her off to Rudolph, a rich young man, and they call her home. She falls in love with Rudolph, and marries him. But on her wedding day, her father steals Rudolph's money and threatens to expose her to him for what she is. In despair, Anna returns to Brooklyn with sailor friend John Ireland, to sink lower in drink and degradation until her husband brings her news of her father's death, and begs her to return.

Broderick Crawford and Oscar Homolka turn in fine performances, and though it promises more than it delivers, "Anna Lucasta" is a field day for Goddard fans.

UNDER CAPRICORN (WB)

In 1831, Australia was a bad place to inquire into a man's past, for after they served their term, convicts like Sam Flusky (Joseph Cotten) became prosperous citizens.

When Irish nobleman, Michael Wilding, visits Cotten's mansion, he discovers his host's alcoholic wife (Ingrid Bergman) is a childhood acquaintance. She'd eloped with her father's stableboy, and came to Australia where he was imprisoned for killing her brother. Her spirit broke during the years she waited for his release, and she took to drink. When he got out they'd grown far apart. Touched by the situation, Wilding tries to return her to her old self.

It's only natural that Wilding falls in love with Ingrid. It takes only a few well chosen words from Cotten's housekeeper to bring out the stableboy in him. His inferiority complex bubbles over, and there are emotional fireworks on all sides.

"Under Capricorn" has its excellent moments, but they're fused between lengthy speeches, and melodrama.



Fans will enjoy Paulette Goddard as the wayward "Anna Lucasta" in screen version.

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SAVAGE SPLENDOR (RKO) . . . ♦♦♦♦

Here is the record of the Armand Denis-Lewis Cotlow African Expedition which traveled for a year over 22,000 miles to visit tribes and places never before filmed.

This picture will thrill you with the fierce elephant dance of the Pygmies; the sight of the three-hundred-pound Congo King resting on the bare back of a kneeling slave; the dance of the graceful and proud Watusi, led by their seven-foot-tall chieftain; and the horsemanship of the fierce warriors who still adorn themselves and their mounts with the trappings worn by the crusaders.

Lions, zebras, giraffes, and rare aardvarks are just a few of the animals filmed in Technicolor in their native habitats. You'll hold your breath when the explorer's truck is overturned by a charging rhino; and you'll gasp at the rare picture of the secret pool of the hippopotami.

"Savage Splendor" is a living adventure deep in the heart of Africa. Don't miss it!

THE ADVENTURES OF ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD (RKO) . . . ♦♦♦♦

Walt Disney's delightful animated version of "The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad" is exciting and different.

You all know the "Tale of Sleepy Hollow." Well, it's enchanting and terrifying as narrated by Bing Crosby. Though we were frightened out of our wits by the Headless Horseman, we had some wonderful laughs at Ichabod, who has green eyes and a crooning larynx, just like the "Groaner."

"Mr. Toad" who hops right out of Kenneth Grahame's English classic, "Wind in the Willows," tells of the wild adventures of a wealthy and reckless sportsman. This monocled frog has a love of excitement, bordering on insanity. His friends are constantly trying to get him out of the trouble he gets himself into. Though there's really no moral to this story, you'll enjoy and envy Mr. Toad's carefree life.

The two stories are linked to constitute one truly entertaining full length feature.

SONG OF SURRENDER

(Paramount) . . . ♦♦♦♦

The wonderful acting of Wanda Hendrix makes this a warm and exciting story.

The year is the early 1900's, and Wanda is cast as the young wife of Claude Rains, elderly curator of a Civil War Exhibition. Like other citizens of the town, he is proper, narrow-minded, and God-fearing, and allows his wife no frivolities.

It's only fate that Wanda falls deeply in love with Macdonald Carey, a sophisticated city visitor in the town. When Rains is furious with her for buying a phonograph at a local auction, Wanda plays it when he is away lecturing; and Carey comes to talk to her of music, and love. On an impulse, she goes dancing at a nearby city with him; but when he begs her to run away with him for good, she refuses to go.

When Rains finds out about her escapade, the story becomes a bit "pat"—but then, who would want it to end any other way? You'll love the wonderful Caruso records Wanda plays; and the moving scenes that leave you in tears.

ONCE UPON A DREAM

(J. Arthur Rank) . . . ♦♦♦♦

A beautiful scatterbrained wife, a husband away in the Army, a perfect (and very handsome!) servant sent by the husband to run the house—these are the ingredients of this bit of comedy froth from England.

When the wife dreams that her charming servant has made love to her, and wakes to find roses he'd given her in the dream on her pillow (really placed there by her husband who has returned) she believes her dream was real—and things become complicated, to say the least. Through it all, Jackson, the servant, moves with dignity and resourcefulness, and it all ends happily.

There are too many loosely contrived situations in this giddy story, but it has some light, entertaining moments, and a competent cast. Googie Withers as the wife is charming—and Hollywood should take a long look at Griffith Jones, who plays Jackson.

THE GIRL IN THE PAINTING

(J. Arthur Rank released thru U.I.) . . . ♦♦♦♦

There's lots of suspense to this picture. It's English-made and the presentation of the story has a reality to it that will transport you from every day routine for the full 90 minutes running-time.

An English army officer falls in love with the girl in an oil painting. Upon investigation he discovers that the girl is a D. P. but her whereabouts are unknown. This news starts him on a hunt for Hildegard, the girl in the portrait. The search through several displaced persons' camps finally leads him to her but he finds she's an amnesia victim. Her father obviously isn't interested in having her memory restored because, as it turns out, he's not her real father but a Nazi masquerading under the name of a missing D. P., the girl's real parent.

Eventually Hildegard's memory is restored and love conquers all, including the nasty Nazi.

You'll find this movie thoroughly interesting. And while the suspense won't shatter your nerves, it will keep you absorbed.

RED LIGHT (UA) . . . ♦♦♦♦

This picture has good intentions, but the combination of religion, gunplay and George Raft just doesn't jell.

Embezzler Raymond Burr seeks revenge from his former employer, George Raft. He hires a fellow convict to kill Raft's brother, Arthur Franz, a newly returned Army chaplain. Before Franz dies, he tells Raft the Bible holds the answer to his murder.

By the time Raft discovers that Franz meant the Gideon Bible in his hotel room, the Book is missing. Tracking down the people who had the room after the murder and might have taken it, Raft meets Virginia Mayo and hires her to help him.

The question involved is whether a man should take the law into his own hands; and though the film has some terrifying moments, on the whole it is not particularly convincing. The only acting worthy of mention was contributed by Raymond Burr, Gene Lockhart, and killer Barton MacLane.

Don't Miss November

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STRICTLY FOR LISTENING



MGM's recording of "Roseanna" will remind you of the torrid love scenes Joan Evans and Farley Granger have in Goldwyn's "Roseanna McCoy." Derry Falligant does the vocals.

By ANNETTE LEISTEN

★ Have you seen Samuel Goldwyn's production, "Roseanna McCoy"? You should—it's great! Frank Loesser penned the title ballad, "Roseanna," a lovely sweet refrain which is played at intervals throughout the picture. MGM has waxed the song with their young singing star, Derry Falligant, doing the vocal honors. His gentle, romantic style is absolutely sigh-provoking! The flip is a moody ballad called "Deep as the River," and you'll go for the imaginative orchestration Joel Herron weaves around Derry's velvet voice.

"You're My Thrill" is Doris Day's latest Columbia album, and it's full of nostalgic tunes done in the great Day manner. She sings "That Old Feeling," "Bewitched," "When Your Lover Has Gone," "I'm Confessin'," and six other lilting melodies.

If your passion is bop, Dave Barbour and his orchestra will surely please you with their Capitol recording, "Little Boy Bop Go Blow Your Top." Featured are Dave and his co-composer, Heinie Beau, on the guitar and clarinet, respectively. Ray Linn blows in on the trumpet. The flip is "Ensenada," an instrumental of mood form in the modern vein.

A collector's item you'll surely want to own is MGM's original sound track recording of Esther Williams and Ricardo Montalban singing "Baby It's Cold Outside." It's backed by Ricardo singing "My Heart Beats Faster," and believe me, yours will too!

For a bit of Broadway in your own living room, give an ear to Columbia's disc, "Me and My Bundle." Buddy Clark sings the "Miss Liberty" ditty, and Hugo Winterhalter and his orchestra provide

the melodious background. On the reverse, Buddy goes romantic with "Nothing Less Than Beautiful." It is.

Flash to lucky owners of 45 rpm players! Capitol has a wonderful recording of Margaret O'Brien narrating her favorite fairy tales. "The Frog Prince" and "Little Red Riding Hood" are the stories, and background music is supplied by Billy May.

Love that boy! Bud Hobbs, popular western disc jockey, is an amiable sort of character on record. He's waxed "Matrimony Mama" for MGM, and it's a cute folk tune with a fancy free beat. "Any time you're ready," Bud tells his gal, "you can matrimony me." This novelty is coupled with "Right On Down the Line." Both are musicaled with the spice of the Trail Herders and Bud's good-natured vocalizing.

Square dancing has become the rage of Hollywood, and a lot of other places we've visited lately. You haven't lived until you've swung your partner and do-si-doed! If you'd like to learn, invite the gang over to hear an album Capitol calls "Cliffie Stone Square Dances (With Calls)." It has one side of instructions, and seven sides of rollicking dances. Before you know it, you'll be tapping your toes, and joining in; for each number is a separate dance, with Cliffie Stone's famous caller, "Jonsey," telling you just what to do. By the way, Capitol added special care to this album by having dancers perform during all recordings; so the tempo is just right. And if you're an old hand at this type of dancing, and want to call your own turns, the album is also available without "Jonsey's" voice. Let us know how you like it, won't you?

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The Strange Marriage Bargain That Placed Love Last!

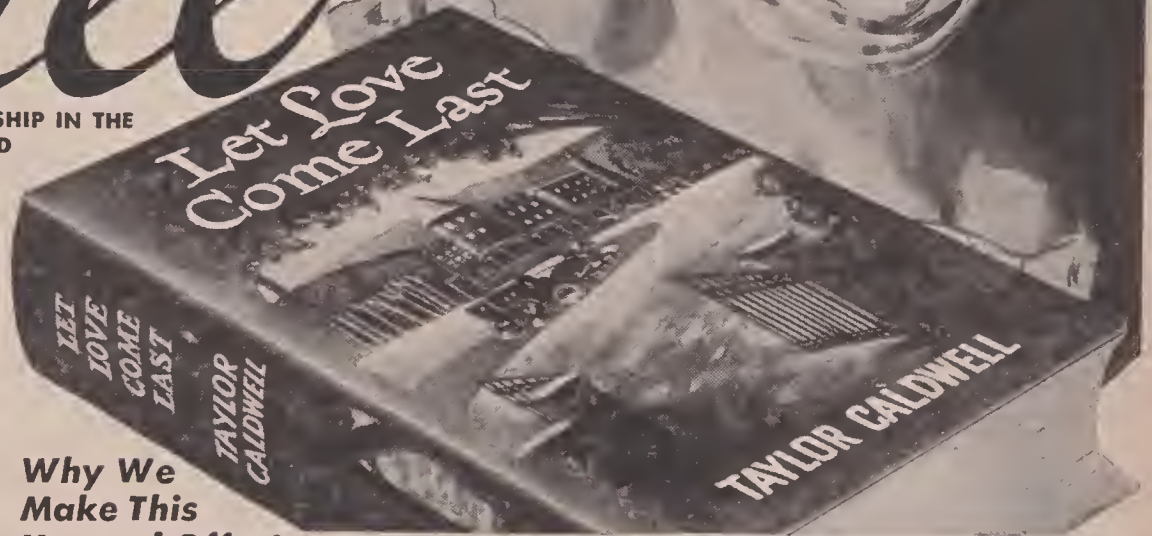


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20 Exclusive Star Features



Glomorous Jane Russell, star of RKO's "It's Only Money," will soon be seen in "The Outlaw," which has been held up 3 years by censors. Picture will finally be shown to the public this fall—without cuts! For more about Jane turn to Page 46.


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Peg Nichols, Managing Editor	Bob Becker, Art Director
Annette Leisten, Assistant Editor	Robert Crosett, Art Editor
Frank Friedrichsen, Hollywood Managing Editor	Walter Davis } Joe Shere } Staff Photographers

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MOVIELAND, published monthly by Movieland, Inc., at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Advertising, editorial offices: 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood editorial office: 916 No. La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Chicago advertising office: 333 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Vol. 7, No. 10, November, 1949. Entered as second-class matter December 15, 1942, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price 25c a copy. Subscription price \$3.00 in the United States and \$3.00 in Canada. Copyright 1949 by Movieland, Inc. The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the United States of America. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.



Beautiful
Maria...

the four lives
that touched
here were
never the
same again!

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ETHEL BARRYMORE
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ANGELA LANSBURY
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with **LOUIS CALHERN** • **FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN**

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Based on a Novel by **BRUCE MARSHALL**

Directed by **GEORGE SIDNEY** • Produced by **CAREY WILSON**

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**THE RED
DANUBE**
An exciting MGM Picture!



NEW ROMANCES?



"We're just good friends," say Marilyn Maxwell and Clark Gable. Paulette Goddard is rumored lady in first place.



Peter Lawford dined and danced Ava Gardner at Ciro's—while everybody wondered where Howard Duff was.

Everybody is talking
about the latest ro-
mances in Hollywood.
If you want the *real*
lowdown—here it is!

I[™] inside Hollywood

BY BEATRICE LUBITZ COLE



Arthur Loew, Jr., and Janet Leigh are seldom seen around without the other, yet neither will admit that there are wedding plans brewing.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES



Did Brenda Holden really have a deep dark secret for husband Bill? Or was it just an excuse to cuddle?



Alan and Sue Ladd had a great time at the Aquaparade. Looks as if there is no truth to rumors that they're rifting.



The Bob Mitchums made a hit at Gert Niesen's iron anniversary fete; gifted Gertie with a manhole cover.

Here's Walter Pidgeon's seldom photographed better half. They sailed for England where "Pidge" films "Mrs. Miniver" sequel.



When Bette Davis played her last scene on the Warners lot, after 18 years of picture-making at that studio, she received many gifts from the crew on her film, and from people she'd worked with during the years. A lot of tears have gone over the dam since Bette began her career there as a blowsy blonde in 1930.

The divorcement between Bette and Warners came because she didn't think they were doing right by her with screen stories. For several years, she has felt

she wasn't getting material worthy of her talents—and so have her fans. The unfortunate "Winter Meeting" was almost too much for her, and we hear she was none too happy about "June Bride." Bette, who was trying hard to hold her throne, showed her displeasure by being none too cooperative with the publicity people assigned her.

She made 76 pictures for Warners, which grossed \$140,000,000. Bette probably will get her pick of screen stories

around town, and with the right vehicle, she can add another Oscar to her already over-loaded mantel.

* * *
The annual rumor that Laraine Day had left Hollywood for good isn't confirmed by the lady herself. "For a good role," she says, "I'll be on the set twenty-four hours after notification."
* * *

Coleen Gray, on her first vacation in
(Please turn to next page)



Marie Wilson's husband, Alan Nixon, whisked her off to New York for a well deserved vacation after she finished filming "My Friend Irma." They celebrated at Stork Club.

a long time, took a sentimental journey to La Jolla, and ate dinner in the restaurant where she worked as a waitress not too many years ago. She said it was wonderful to sit down at one of the old familiar tables and order—instead of being ordered.

* * *
It was Bill Dozier who insisted that Joan Fontaine make a separation announcement before she left for Italy to make "September" with Joe Cotten. Joan wanted to postpone doing anything about it until she returned to Hollywood. Intimates believe that the marriage hit the rocks because Dozier, who was a top motion picture executive at U-I, hasn't worked for a year, while Joan has been busy making three pictures.

Wonder if this separation will have any effect upon the relationship between Joan and sister Olivia de Havilland? It was after Joan married Dozier that the feud was publicly aired.

* * *
Joan Evans is dating 15-year-old Roy Durstine, Jr., son of the advertising executive.

* * *
Daniel James Dailey III, who is two years old, had a great deal to do with the
(Please turn to page 10)

I *inside*
H *Hollywood*
continued



Two zooming careers, plus wedded bliss, may account for the radiant smiles of Adrian Booth and David Brian.



Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper are no night club habitués—but when they occasionally do step out in their best bib and tuck, they're glamour personified.

**NOTHING
EVER LIKE IT!
NOTHING YOU EVER LIKED MORE!**



Gary gets the
girl with the
Baltimore
smile!



Now
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GARY COOPER

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DELMER DAVES · JERRY WALD

PRODUCED BY

Original Music by
Franz Waxman



**THE
BIGGEST
WARNER HITS
OF ALL ARE
COMING TO
YOU THIS
FALL!**



A famous sister-in-law makes a glamorous bridesmaid: Shirley Temple was an attendant to John Agar's pretty sister Joyce, when she married John Wheeler.

I Hollywood

continued

reconciliation of his parents. Dan's wild about the child, and was miserable when Liz took him to live with her mother. Evidently, Dan convinced his wife that he would spend more time at home, because her beef with him was that she was neglected. It's a sort of "trial" reconciliation, but it's a step in the right direction.

* * *
 Maria Montez has bought a home in Paris, and says she and Jean Pierre Aumont may make it their permanent hangout. Her Hollywood home is rented to Dean Martin (of Martin and Lewis), and she has so many commitments coming up in Europe for picture work that she may just stay for awhile. Maria's daughter, Christina, and her sister, Adita, are with her in the French capital.

* * *
 Wanda Hendrix, after waiting for a long time to make a picture with husband Audie Murphy, chipped a bone in her ankle the day before the picture was to roll, and was on crutches when she should have been on the sound stage. They had to shoot around her for several days. Wanda said, "This would happen to me."

* * *
 Doris Day and her handsome agent, (Please turn to page 12)



Dick and Nora Haymes are still honeymooning. They were holding hands under the table at Ciro's. Nora looks happy—and seems to be putting on a bit of weight.



The big turn-out for Gertrude Niesen's party included crooner Gordon MacRae and his Missus.



NOW THE CURTAIN IS SWEEP ASIDE!

THE INGRID BERGMAN PICTURE YOU'VE BEEN READING ABOUT!

INGRID BERGMAN JOSEPH COTTEN MICHAEL WILDING



THIS A MAN DOESN'T FORGET!

IT'S NEW HEIGHTS FOR ALFRED HITCHCOCK . . . SO expect the unexpected!

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S UNDER CAPRICORN

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THE BIGGEST WARNER HITS OF ALL ARE COMING TO YOU THIS FALL!

DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Screen Play by James Bridie Adaptation by Hume Cronyn • Based on the Play by John Colton and Margaret Linden • From the Novel by Helen Simpson



M



When Lana Turner threw a big 7th birthday party for daughter Cheryl, she got right into swing of things by dressing up in cowboy clothes like all the little guests.



Some folks say that Lana and Bob are so in love, they fight just so they can make up!

I *inside*
H *ollywood*
 continued

Marty Melcher, have quit trying to hide their romance. They're now seen in public places together. You can look for a marriage here, as soon as Marty and Patti Andrews are divorced.

* * *

We hear Errol Flynn had a little apologizing to do to the passengers on a sleeper plane bound for Europe. Seems he celebrated a little too much before boarding the plane in New York, and thought every gal aboard was a leading lady. We hear Errol's new heart interest is Mary McPherson from Nassau.

* * *

Yvonne De Carlo must have a soft spot in her heart for singers. Her latest flame is Fernando Lamas, an Argentine baritone, who's making a picture in Hollywood.

Incidentally, Yvonne, whose praises are sung long and loud by the publicity boys at U-I because she's so cooperative, blew her top at a story which quoted her as saying she no longer wore undies. Seems Yvonne's clothes for "Buccaneer's Girl" are all form-fitting, and she had to shed all the undertrimmings for her scenes in the film. But she says it's only for the picture, and in private life she'll keep on wearing all that beautiful lingerie she bought in Paris.

* * *

Linda Darnell's husband, Pev Marley, brought home a two-year-old pup, Smoke, for their baby. Linda draped (Please turn to page 16)



Lana and Bob Topping surprised Cheryl with a prize pony—a gift which delighted her and impressed her friend Steffi Wanger, offspring of Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger.

Only Your Heart
Can Grasp The Full Greatness Of These Stars...This Story!



"Love Me... Love Me...
For All Of Those
Who Didn't!"

Paramount presents

Olivia de Havilland · Montgomery Clift

Ralph Richardson

in

WILLIAM WYLER'S

"The Heiress"

with

MIRIAM HOPKINS

MONA FREEMAN · VANESSA BROWN · SELENA ROYLE

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER · Screenplay by Ruth and Augustus Goetz
Based upon their stage-play



★ Claudette Colbert is what every brunette aspires to be. She has deep skin-tone, which gives her complexion a coppery cast; her eyes are darkly fringed. Her hair is impudent—and the cross of her life, she will tell you, because it isn't naturally curly. There's a husky throatiness to her voice that is exciting, and she had it long before Lauren Bacall and Lizabeth Scott were slugging it out as to who got husky-voiced first.

She creates a mood around her: vitality, a love of life, a lack of pretense. She is honest. But what is most revealing of all is her laughter. Claudette stands aside to view Claudette, and the result has its moments of hilarity.

Like the afternoon we were having tea together. Tea at Claudette's house is an occasion you want to repeat. Not only is her china tea service exquisite enough to belong in a gallery, but her cook has a way of making cinnamon toast that makes you forget you'll probably spoil your dinner if you take another slice. I'm sure it's some sort of coffee cake, made by the cook, herself—but the super trick, I found, was that the butter and cinnamon are spread on the bread *before* it is put into the oven to toast. The result is heavenly, and I don't blame Claudette for waiting expectantly every afternoon for tea time.

This day, however, she said brightly, "Let's have tea!" We all thought that was an inspirational idea, having had tea at Claudette's before. But something had evidently gone wrong in the kitchen. We waited, and four o'clock tea shortly began to look like five o'clock tea. "Dear God," moaned Claudette in that husky voice brushed with laughter, "whatever has happened to the tea?"

Just then the maid brought it in, and Claudette flashed us a guilty look—and started right in pouring the tea. She looked exactly like a small child caught in the act. It was immediately apparent that she is either afraid of her servants or doesn't want to hurt their feelings. But you get the impression at Claudette's that the people who work for her are on the order of rather exciting gremlins, and it's *their* house and *their* world. Claudette wouldn't dream of intruding.

Indeed, there are many things about her that remind you of a child. The mischief that devils her conversation; her guilty look if she says anything she terms "bad," and the way she pretends to keep her address a secret . . . even after you have been to her house. You send letters to Claudette through her agent, you see, because you don't know her address . . . although you have just driven away from the place. Perhaps she thinks carrier pigeons deliver the mail. At any rate, she's like a little girl who makes play-rules of her own.

Yes, she is one of the most adult, sophisticated, exciting women in this town. She is definitely sexy, with an earthy approach to living that is tantalizing and provocative. Men are always aware of Claudette when she enters a room. And yet she doesn't flaunt her sex, nor "use" it to attract attention. It just happens to be there—from the way she walks, her voice, to the way she looks. Her mouth is large, warm, full and sensual. If Cecil B. DeMille had done his casting correctly, it would never have been Hedy Lamarr who played Delilah. It would have been Claudette. For even Delilah could have learned a few things from Colbert.

You learn she's very sensitive to your mood, to affairs of the world, to the undefended in the world . . . such as ani-



As a comedienne, Claudette is tops. You'll adore her in RKO's "Love Is Big Business."

Candid of COLBERT

Years of picture making haven't dulled Claudette's youthful enthusiasm

mals. She loves dogs; and cats come in for a share of her affection, too. Her house is lovely and stately, one of the most beautiful and pretentious in Hollywood. Yet she doesn't keep her pets locked out. She puts more value on things that are alive than on things that are inanimate, such as sofas and chairs.

She speaks of her mother with humor and affection, as if her mother were a child. Their relationship has great tenderness and understanding, for Claudette has been "bringing up mother" ever since she was a little girl. Yet those who know the remarkable woman who is Claudette's mother realize she has more temperament in one little finger than Claudette has in her whole body. Living with temperament is never easy; it requires tact and diplomacy and love; yet Claudette never mentions this, only how proudly she regards her mother.

Claudette has the greatest drive and determination of anyone I have ever known. It is the more amazing because she is so feminine. At no time in her life has she ever been demanding or aggressive. Yet what she wants done is somehow mysteriously done. She never drops halfway through them. She finishes everything she starts. She is a hard worker, tireless, relentless in her drive upon her own energies. Yet there is nothing about her of the hardness so often found in career women.

She has a warmth that makes you part of her life even if you only see her for

ten minutes and will never see her again. She has a way of accepting you, blending you into the pattern of what she is doing. You never feel strange with Claudette, never uncomfortable, never as if you were visiting with a "movie star."

Finally, she has an ability to be herself under any and all circumstances. She never puts on an act. Yet she totally captivates you.

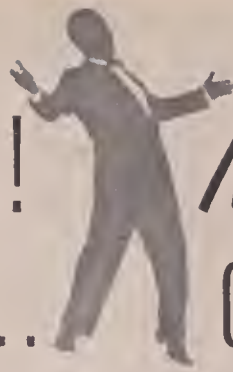
She thinks well, uses words expressively, has practical advice that she gives with gusto and belief. Of unmarried women who want a husband, she's quite apt to remark, "Any woman can get married if she wants to. The trouble with most women who don't get married is that they won't settle for the men they COULD have and they don't get a chance at the others. They could be happy with a nice fellow who wasn't Clark Gable if they'd just get their values straight."

That's where her straight thinking is revealing. For many glamorous stars are glamorous to the public, but they can't seem to hold a man. They are in and out of marriages and divorces.

Since Claudette Colbert has been happily married to Dr. Joel Pressman many years now, it would seem that her most glamorous moments are those he shares. For Claudette is one woman who is a woman to the man she loves BEFORE she is a love-happy heroine in a Hollywood script.

THE END

NEW MUSIC! *NEW* MAGIC!
NEW TIMES... OF THE WORLD'S
 GREATEST ENTERTAINER!



JOLSON SINGS AGAIN

A SIDNEY BUCHMAN PRODUCTION



starring **LARRY PARKS** and **BARBARA HALE**

with William Ludwig Bill Myron Tamara
DEMAREST · DONATH · GOODWIN · McCORMICK · SHAYNE

Directed by **HENRY LEVIN** · Written and Produced by **SIDNEY BUCHMAN** · A COLUMBIA PICTURE

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR



Are you in the know?



At a large party, how should you introduce a late guest?

- "Everybody—this is Jim Brown" Give him the guntlet routine Lead him to the nearest group

Would you like being tossed to a sea of unfamiliar faces? Or run the gauntlet, mumbling "how-d'you-do's"? Be a *considerate* hostess. Guide newcomers to the nearest group. Let them get to know your guests by easy stages. And at calendar time

—ever think how considerate *Kotex* is, of you? Yes, because with those *flat pressed ends*, *Kotex* prevents revealing outlines. And because that special *safety center* gives you *extra* protection, all the evening's an "easy stage" for you!



Should a present for her Sigh Man be —

- Expensive
 Personalized
 Strictly for laughs

Come any "what to give him" occasion — your beau'll welcome some little remembrance that says *you*. Maybe a wallet equipped with your picture. Or mittens you've knitted to match your own, in your school colors. Or a box of your chocolate chip cookies. It's the personal angle, not price, that counts. You know . . . at certain times, with *Kotex* you can have really "personalized" sanitary protection. For one of the 3 *absorbencies* is sure to meet your own personal needs. Try Regular, Junior, Super *Kotex*!



To keep your formal frock outstanding —

- Wear a willless petticoat
 Dance more waltzes
 Avoid sitting down

Dig up an old bed sheet you can presto-change to a petticoat. Make it in three tiers, ruffle edged. Starched to a stand-alone stiffness — *voila!* — this petticoat holds its shape. For *comfort* (on "those" days) you'll want *softness* that holds its shape. Choose the new *Kotex* — made to stay soft while you wear it. And don't forget the new *Kotex Wonderform Belt* made with *DuPont nylon* elastic. Won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Light weight; dries in a flash. Keeps your confidence wilt-proof!



More women choose **KOTEX**
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 12)

her blue mink coat over a chair, and before she could say "scat," Smoke had chewed off a hunk of the precious stuff. The coat can be repaired, but Smoke wasn't too popular around the house for a while.

Wally Beery's household effects brought only \$15,000, but in one of his safety deposit boxes his lawyers found over a million dollars in cash.

You can look for a new Lauren Bacall on the screen. After 17 months away from the camera for motherhood, Baby has a new glow. In "Young Man With a Horn," her hair is cut and curled, and she wears satins and pearls. "No more slinky, sloppy Bacall," says she.

Lauren wouldn't let Humphrey Bogart take their son Steve on their yacht. She thought it was too dangerous. So Bogart called in an instructor and started giving his son swimming lessons. Seven months is a pretty early age to learn the backstroke, but swimming lessons for kids is the latest fad in the film capital. There've been so many accidents where children have drowned in swimming pools, wise parents have decided to acquaint their children with the water. Joan Bennett's daughter started at the age of four months, and James Mason's Portland is the younger generation's Esther Williams.

Marion Marshall insists there is no romance between her and director Howard Hawks, but she's been painting the lawn and swimming pool furniture at Hawks' home. Maybe she just likes to work.

When Kathryn Grayson commented "an unbeatable record" to Ethel Barrymore on her 57 years as an actress, the Queen majestically rumbled, "Nonsense, dear, my grandmother was on the stage for 75 years."

Teresa Wright returns to the screen after a long absence in "Daybreak" with Lew Ayres. Teresa tells us that although she hasn't been busy as an actress recently, she hasn't been idle. She has four children—her own little boy and girl, aged five and two, and two stepsons, sixteen and twelve. She says her five-year-old son shows a definite tendency toward becoming a ham. She doesn't let him see pictures, but one night she and husband Niven Busch ran the final reel of "Stage Coach" for him twice, and ever since he's been acting out the story for them.

Trigger's going to have some competition. Roy Rogers found a white Greenland husky dog, which he's planning to train in dramatics and use in all his pictures. The pooch comes from an acting family. His father, Zorro, played in "The Big Cat," but Roy says the mother is strictly a homebody.

Ronnie Reagan's the unhappiest guy in town. He was hospitalized for six weeks after breaking his leg in a charity baseball game, and will be off the screen for six months. After gazing at the cast on his leg for a while, he had a television set installed in his hospital room. Incidentally, Ronnie's friends are autographing his cast, and it will have a prominent place above his mantel when he finally sheds it.

THE END

In The John Ford Tradition of Greatness



John Ford and Merian C. Cooper
present

JOHN WAYNE
JOANNE DRU
JOHN AGAR
BEN JOHNSON
HARRY CAREY, Jr.

in

JOHN WAYNE

in his most heroic role as
Captain Brittles of the
U.S. Cavalry.

She Wore a Yellow Ribbon

with VICTOR McLAGLEN
MILDRED NATWICK • GEORGE O'BRIEN
ARTHUR SHIELDS

Directed by **JOHN FORD**

Story by JAMES WARNER BELLAH

Screen Play by FRANK NUGENT and LAURENCE STALLINGS

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Produced by ARGOSY PICTURES CORPORATION Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES



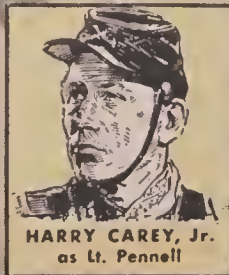
JOANNE DRU
as Olivia



JOHN AGAR
as Lt. Cahill



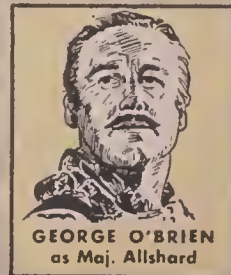
BEN JOHNSON
as Tyree



HARRY CAREY, Jr.
as Lt. Pennell



VICTOR McLAGLEN
as Sgt. Quincannon



GEORGE O'BRIEN
as Maj. Allshard



When you're flat on your back with your leg broken in five places, it takes spunk to make you grin. His next picture is "Hasty Heart."

VALIANT *is the word for Ronnie*

**Ronald Reagan says his accident may be
a blessing in disguise—it has given
him a chance to do some real thinking**

★ As I walked down the bleak hospital corridor of St. Johns Hospital in Santa Monica to Ronald Reagan's private room, I thought, what a pity this had to happen to a guy as nice as Reagan; a chap who's always willing to lend a hand; to give of himself for every cause; an actor who is one of the most unselfish—and hence imposed on men—in pictures. Well, he's getting a rest now, I thought. At least I'll find Ronnie unharassed, relaxed, and I hoped, serene.

He should have had time to do some pretty solid thinking while sweating it out in a hospital. I was sure he was lonely and more than happy to talk.

When I opened the door to the room, I got the shock of my life. It looked like dollar day in a bargain basement!

Ronnie, with busted leg hoisted on traction, was broadcasting from his bed in the middle of a merry pandemonium. A tape recording machine, with an engineer and a producer, was busily getting Mr. Reagan's voice recorded as he chatted away into a microphone.

His mother was playing hostess to various people in the room, passing out candy and grapes. . . Two friends were watching television on Ronnie's set between the recorded takes; a photographer and his assistant were shooting off bulbs

By MARGARET MORTON McKAY

and film at Ronnie from every bedside angle. . . The phone rang constantly. . . Two young fans peeked in from the door behind us and an old Army friend of Ronnie's breezed in with a book on warfare in the infantry.

Oddly enough, Ronnie was filling in for Sports Announcer Bill Stern, who was on vacation. I wondered when Ronnie himself was going to get a vacation.

As the twilight deepened into near night, the broadcast was finally over, but the room remained filled with people. Since it was hospital dinner time, I gave up. Ronnie didn't show it, but I'm sure he must have been relieved to have me suggest that we do it another day—when things were quieter.

"Really, they aren't this way all the time," he laughed.

The next day when we arrived, Ronnie had swept the room clear of people.

Ronnie looked at me with a sudden flare of determination.

DON'T LET YOUR DAUGHTER DOWN WHEN SHE ASKS ABOUT THESE *Intimate Facts of Life!*



Here's Up-To-Date Scientific Information You and She CAN TRUST . . .

What a comfort that the age of hypocrisy and prudery has passed and that helpful scientific facts can now be made available to women today. Vaginal douching 2 or 3 times weekly for intimate feminine cleanliness is so widely recommended and taken for granted that the *real* question is *what* to use in your douche.

So make sure your daughter knows this! *No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues as ZONITE.* (If you have the slightest doubt about this scientific fact—send for PROOF in free booklet offered below.)

Warns Against Weak or Dangerous Products

If you are following old-fashioned advice passed on and are using kitchen makeshifts such as salt, soda or vinegar in your douche—let us warn you now that these do NOT exert germicidal action in the douche.

On the other hand, you certainly don't want to resort to dangerous products—overstrong solutions of which may burn, harden tissues and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

That's why you should be so grateful for ZONITE. It has such a powerful germ-killing action yet is absolutely safe to tissues. ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating.* Use it as directed as often as you wish.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE eliminates odor, removes waste substances and discharge. You feel so dainty and refreshed. Helps guard against infection. It *kills* every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can BE SURE ZONITE DOES KILL every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE at any drug counter.

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"You know, I've come to some pretty strong conclusions lying here on my back: One is we all need more time to look inside ourselves. It's one of the things I'm going to do something about in my life. But even here, I weaken and let activities clutter me up.

"I believe that's the trouble with most of us today. Our speed mania. We are all trying to accomplish too much. This tempo is robbing us of our values. It's costing us too much in happiness.

"Somehow I can't help think this broken leg of mine is nature's way of telling me to change my way of life.

"Having been slowed down by force, the habit, I hope, will remain with me permanently. It seems to me that we must all realize that 'it is later than we think,' and that we mustn't let our over-civilization rob us of our life—before we have really lived."

"What do you mean by living?" I asked.

"I mean I want to spend more time out in the sunshine and space. I want to get in a car, when I am well, and go off on some unplanned trip into the country. I'd like to spend more time riding my horses too. You know I have a breeding and training ranch. Out-door life is the best preventive of our over-civilization and is wonderful medicine both spiritually and physically.

"Getting off by one's self once in a while is important, too. I was always so busy with my undertakings with people and events, I seldom took time off to look at my own problems. In fact, I got very unacquainted with myself. There is a solitude we all need now and then—the only way we can reach a spiritual growth.

"I'm sure we'd come up with a better solution to a problem—certainly a better perspective—if we took time out to think about it. My enforced 'solitary' here at the hospital has made me see this particular weakness in my own life."

A bleak look came over Ronnie's sensitive face and he changed the subject abruptly.

"Another thing I've learned—how disastrous practical jokes can be. I've seen them turn out badly time after time, and now I'm a victim of a practical joke myself. Naturally, no one meant for me to fall and break a leg, but it was a practical, unscheduled gag that caused it.

"It has caused me plenty of pain, but it's causing Uncle Sam's income tax collector some too, for my earnings are cut about in half this year. \$100,000 on the picture I was ready to do, for instance. I'll be at home a long time with a cast and crutches. 'Hasty Heart,' which I did for Warners' in England, will be my next release and then you won't see me again until this is all over.

"There is some constructive purpose in everything that happens and there's something to be gained from it. Perhaps in a year or so I can look back and say, 'Well, this better adjustment to life all came about because I broke my leg at that time.'"

We already know one good thing that came from that situation, Ronnie! We got you to talk for once about how *you* felt and thought and not about the problems of the Screen Actors Guild or some civic improvement. And I think your advice might well benefit many of us. So you see, even while discussing your own problems, you are indirectly helping others.

Well, that's Reagan!

We want you to know we're all pulling for you, Ronnie, just the way you're always pulling for somebody else.

THE END



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"Dark-Eyes"
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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 —EASILY APPLIED—QUICKLY DRIED
 ONE APPLICATION LASTS 4 TO 5 WEEKS**

Ends all the bother of daily eye make-up. Assures you *lastingly* lovely, alluring dark brows and lashes in one easy application! Swimproof—tear-proof—*time*proof! Never runs, smarts or smudges. Caution: Use only as directed on label. Try amazing "Dark-Eyes" today!

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"DEW"®

SPRAYS ITSELF ON!



Joan Crawford beams proudly at her godchild, 15-year-old Joan Evans, who is starred by Samuel Goldwyn in "Roseanna McCoy." Miss Crawford's next film is Warners' "The Victim."

CAN I HELP YOU?

By
JOAN CRAWFORD

Let glamorous Joan Crawford help you solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 916 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif. Your letter will receive her *personal* reply

PROBLEM OF INDEPENDENCE

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am a girl of twenty who's just finished business school, and I want to take an apartment in town. My mother says I should live at home (we have a house in the suburbs), until I get married.

I have a job as a secretary and with three other girls, I can share an apartment and get along on my salary. Mother says I will be better off at home, less apt to get into trouble, and certainly more comfortable.

I personally feel that I'm entitled to my independence and that mother is acting selfishly. We have had quite a few arguments on the subject. How do you suggest I resolve this problem?

Helen M.
 Chicago, Ill.

NO MARRIAGE

Dear Miss Crawford:

What do you do when you're in love with a man who won't marry you?

I'm in love with an artist, a painter who insists that he loves me, too. "Only," he adds, "I'm not the marrying type and there is nothing you or anyone can do about it."

I'm sure that I can make him change his mind, but mother tells me he's a worthless good-for-nothing and that I shouldn't waste any time on him. What do you say?

Rachel G.
 High Point, N. C.

I believe that you're right. Every girl when she finishes school is entitled to make her own way in the world. What you must realize, however, is that all mothers are fearful of losing their daughters, of having the ties of mother-child relationship broken. Some mothers can adapt themselves to this development; others can't.

Your mother wants you around her as long as possible. I suggest you talk to her and explain that you will visit her on weekends, that you'll be in constant touch over the telephone. Do anything to give her the feeling that you're still her child. She wants to be needed, and you must make her feel that she still occupies a very large position in your world.

I believe your mother is right. What's the point of going with a man who doesn't love you enough to give you his name, his respect, his protection? It's only normal for a man to want a family, to have children who bear his name. You can make all the excuses you want for artistic temperament, but disregard of marriage is not one of them.

MAN-TROUBLE

Dear Miss Crawford:

Several months ago, I was introduced to a charming young man of twenty-five at a church social. He told me he was a salesman. He then proceeded to sell himself, and I must say he did a wonderful job, because I became fascinated by him, and I broke off my engagement.

To make a long story short, I went with this young man for three months. Yesterday, he told me that he was in love with a girl in Iowa and wanted to go back and marry her. I told him to go.

What I want to know is should I now phone the fellow I was once engaged to and tell him frankly that I made a mistake and would like to go back to him? Or should I just take my medicine and do nothing?

Laura R.
Boston, Mass

I don't see what possible harm there is in phoning your ex-fiance. The trouble with most girls these days is that they put pride above truthfulness. You made a mistake and you're willing to admit it. Whether your former boyfriend wants to take you back is, of course, up to him.

I think, however, that you should ask yourself these questions: "Am I really in love with this man? Am I asking him to take me back because I merely want a boyfriend? Do I want this man for my husband?"

If you merely want to go back to your boyfriend to salve your ego, I suggest you don't. If you really love him, I suggest you do.

CAREER-CONSCIOUS

Dear Miss Crawford:

All my life I have wanted to become a concert pianist. My parents have given me lessons ever since I was eight. I am now eighteen.

The piano has always been my first love, and I've concentrated on it to the exclusion of boyfriends. Recently, my parents asked a very famous pianist to hear me play. This man said that I played well but that I had no great talent and would never become famous.

My parents now want me to stop taking lessons and to live the life of a so-called normal girl. They want me to go out and date and have generally what is considered a good time. I know in my heart that the man who heard me play was wrong and that some day I will be very great. How can I convince my folks of that?

Marsha H.
Denver, Colo.

I don't know. I've been told by musicians that a pianist either has talent or hasn't. There's not too much you can do about it. Some of us are born with a spark of genius. Some of us aren't. My suggestion would be for you, in conjunction with your parents, to decide on one judge of your ability. Play for this judge and agree to abide by his decision.

Even though your first love is the piano, I think it's silly to avoid all the other pleasures of a full, rounded life.

THE END

LITTLE LULU



My, my... strong, like Kleenex*!

Little Lulu says: NATCH - YOU GET EXTRA SOFTNESS WITH KLEENEX TISSUES, BUT DON'T LET THAT SOFTNESS FOOL YOU! STURDY KLEENEX HAS PLENTY OF WHAT IT TAKES TO CATCH BIG-TIME SNEEZES - WHISK OFF MAKEUP.

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AND I'M
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new girl on
Thieves' Highway...
VALENTINA CORTESA
— wait'till
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THIEVES' HIGHWAY

WHERE DANGER ALWAYS HAS THE RIGHT OF WAY!

RICHARD ^{with} VALENTINA
CONTE · CORTESA

LEE J. COBB · BARBARA LAWRENCE · JACK OAKIE
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20th
CENTURY-FOX

Joseph Pevney · Morris Carnovsky · Tamara Shayne · Kasia Orzazewski · Norbert Schiller · Hope Emerson

Directed by JULES DASSIN · Produced by ROBERT BASSLER · Screen Play by A. I. Bezzerides
Based on his novel "Thieves' Market"

LEE J. COBB—
star of the Pulitzer Prize-winning
play "Death Of A Salesman"...
in his most dynamic screen role!

THE REVIEWER'S BOX ♦♦♦DON'T MISS

♦♦♦RECOMMENDED

♦♦♦AT YOUR OWN RISK

SWORD IN THE DESERT (U-1) ♦♦♦

Suspenseful, thrilling, and with a tender love story, "Sword in the Desert" is first-rate entertainment.

The story is true—the valiant fight the Jews waged against the British for Palestine is history.

Stephen McNally has the best role of his career as David, a Jewish fighter in the Underground. Newcomer Jeff Chandler as the leader of the Jewish forces is terrific—handsome, forceful, and a wonderful actor. Marta Toren, too, is excellent as Sabra, a radio commentator in love with McNally.

Perhaps the most outstanding role is that of Dana Andrews, the captain of a ship who successfully sailed with a cargo of Jewish refugees through the English blockade, for a price. His reformation from a hard-boiled trader to a man of courage and ideals is a magnificent portrayal.

The story is a simple dramatic account of the landing of the illegals, who are unwittingly betrayed and captured.

It's really a palpitating experience.



Mercenary sea captain Dana Andrews joins forces with Israel patriots Marta Toren and Stephen McNally in U-I's exciting "Sword in the Desert."



Jennifer Jones plays MGM's "Madame Bovary"—a daring woman of violent emotions, and no inhibitions. One of her ardent lovers is Louis Jourdan.

MADAME BOVARY (MGM) ♦♦♦

While defending his novel, "Madame Bovary," before a French court, Gustave Flaubert (James Mason) tells the story of his heroine, the beautiful, passionate, misunderstood Emma Bovary.

His role of narrator is brief for as he sets the scene the movie flashes back to the history of the fabulous Emma.

Jennifer Jones' characterization of the unhappy Emma Bovary, whose love of beauty sent her careening recklessly, rates raves. In fact, she completely overshadows everyone else in the picture. This is a good thing, for it will help audiences overlook the miscasting of Van Heflin as her clumsy, ineloquent husband, Dr. Bovary; and Louis Jourdan as her supposed-to-be-exciting lover, Rudolph Boulanger.

Gene Lockhart, Henry Morgan, Christopher Kent, and Frank Allenby head an outstanding supporting cast.

While suspense and conflict of the novel are missing, the gorgeous production almost manages to cover up that deficiency. We enjoyed it, and think you will too.

WHITE HEAT (Warner Bros.) ♦♦♦

None of James Cagney's previous gangster films can hold a candle to this scorcher. Cast as Cody Jarrett, a homicidal paranoiac, he is grimly and forcefully maniacal.

"Some day, Cody, you'll be on top of the world," Ma Jarrett keeps telling her boy. She urges him on to bigger and more outrageous robberies, which his twisted mind plans ingeniously.

The story of how the "T" men tracked down Cody Jarrett and his gang is straight from police files—for such a man actually did exist.

Virginia Mayo plays Cagney's indolent wife, and Margaret Wycherly is "Ma." Edmond O'Brien is the "T" man whose courageous work brought the gang to justice. All turn in fine performances.

There's not one dull moment in this fast and exciting film. Suspense and horror will grip you from the very first moment until the dramatic climax at the end.

This is Cagney at his best.

(Please turn to page 95)



Warner's "White Heat" is red hot when curvaceous Virginia Mayo tries to persuade her gangster husband, Jimmy Cagney, she didn't two-time him.



Most afternoon activity on the Riviera centers around Darryl Zanuck's cabana. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jourdan are constant guests.



★ Cannes, Antibes, Nice, Monte Carlo . . . magic names which spell romance, adventure, gaiety . . . the French Riviera, noted in song and story for its colorful atmosphere and glamorous inhabitants, has been made even gayer this season due to an influx of glamorous Hollywood stars.

The cycle, which saw the Riviera born as the playground of the crowned heads of Europe during the winter months, has revolved into its present state—the summer habitat for rich Americans, European black market kings, adventurers and parasites, and the inevitable International Set. But to this rich and bored crowd has been added another element: the Hollywood star, producer and writer, who in the years since the war have discovered that life on the Riviera offered a much more satisfactory way of relaxing than Miami Beach or Palm Springs.

What is even more astounding is that the International Set, whose months (*Please turn to page 86*)

George Raft forsook the Palm Beach Casino gambling table to show Jennifer Jones the latest dance steps from home.

FRENCH

Riviera...

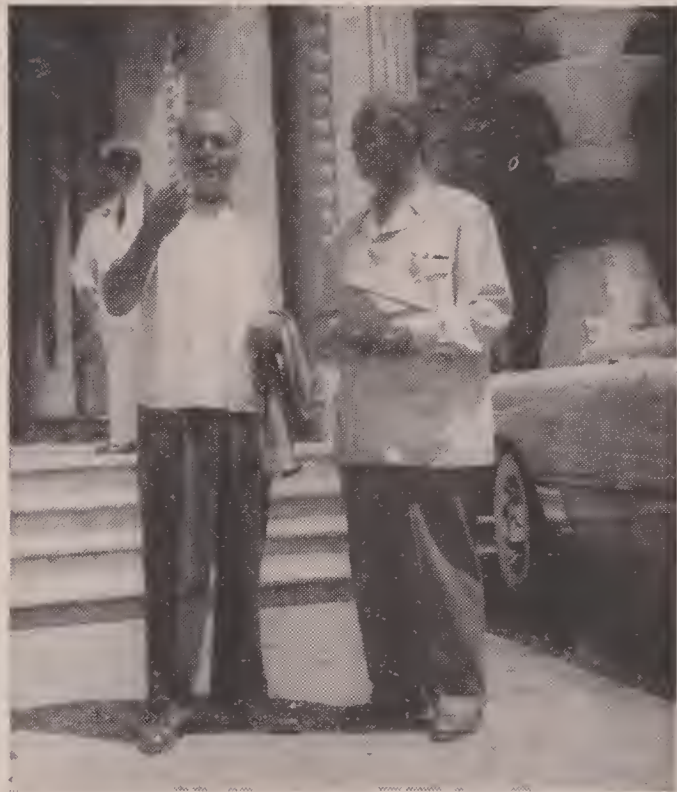


Newest Playground of the Stars

Hollywood invades the summer habitat of Europe's nobility—and gallivants with the best of 'em



Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick don't mind being photographed now. Before marriage, they hid away in an Italian villa.



Two famous Frenchmen, Charles Boyer and Maurice Chevalier, compare notes in front of Carlton Hotel in Cannes.

Richard Greene and his lovely wife enjoyed a gay evening at a glamorous Cannes casino on their way to Italy.



Marriage Can Wait

By
ALICE L.
TILDESLEY



Co-starring with Bing Crosby in "Top O' the Morning" was a thrill for Ann Blyth.

The wedding is
all planned down
to the tiniest
orange blossom.
Now the only
thing Ann Blyth's
waiting for is
The Right Man

★ The recurring complaint of newly arrived feminine players is that it's hard to find a husband in Hollywood.

If a girl's name is in lights on theater marquees, and she's drawing a fat check on payday, interesting nonprofessional males are apt to pass her by.

"She wouldn't care about meeting me," they say. "Her life is so glamorous I'd have nothing to offer to compare with it. Besides, my funds wouldn't run to the sort of entertainment such a girl would demand."

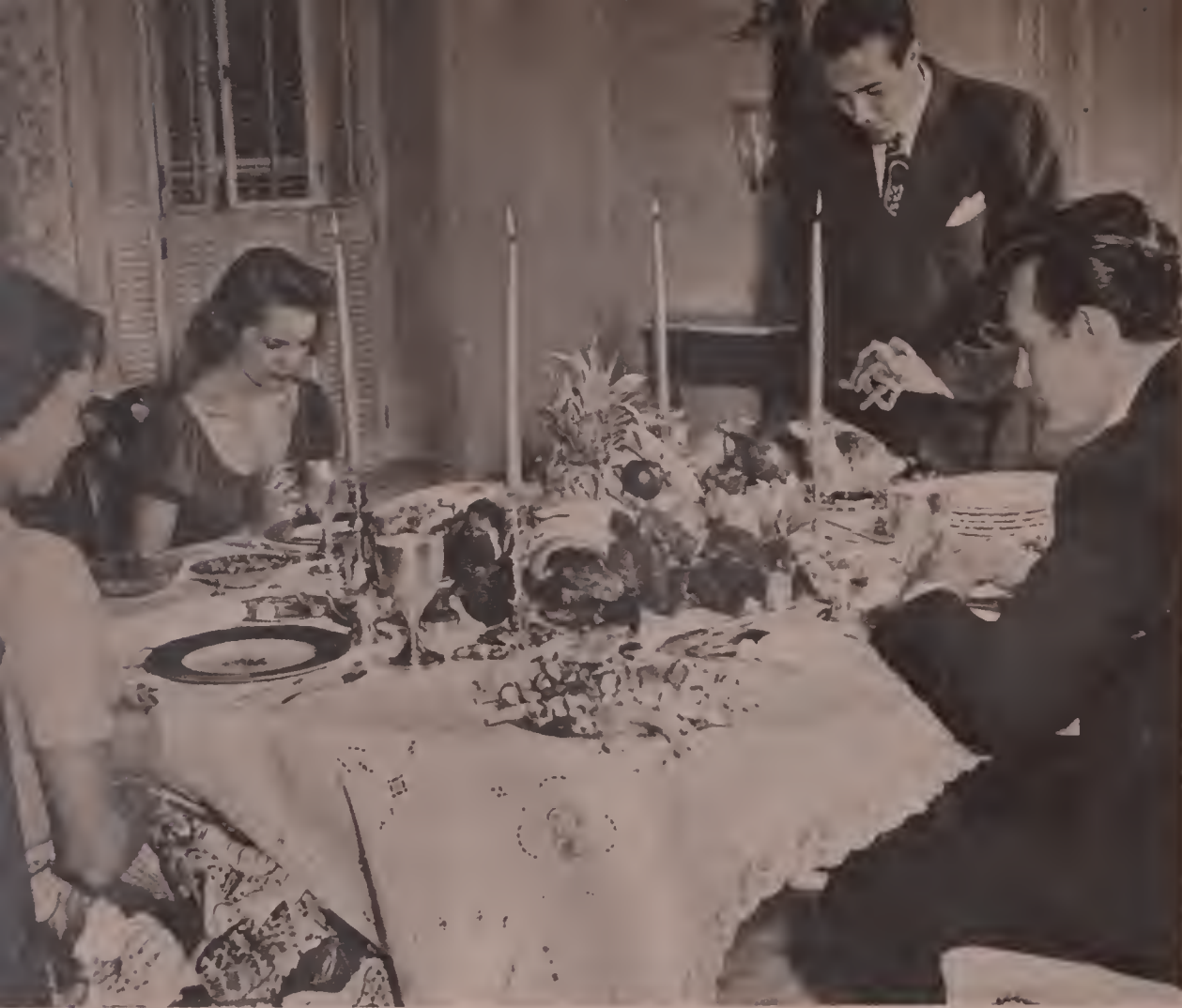
Since most of our top-ranking male actors are married, your young glamor girl can have a pretty lonesome time of it.

"It's a real problem," agreed Ann Blyth, toying with jellied soup in U-I's commissary. "Let me say at once that I'm not belittling it. I know I'm lucky that I lived in Hollywood for quite a few years and got to know a good many nonprofessionals—otherwise I know I'd be one of the lonely, unattached bachelor girls in this town. I have friends in college, also friends who are writers, actors or businessmen. The problem, thank heavens, isn't mine." *(Please turn to page 84)*



Her home life is very happy now that Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat are with her. Ann likes to entertain, and takes an avid interest in community affairs at Toluca Lake.





"We thank Thee for all these blessings, Lord." There was much to be thankful for at this Thanksgiving celebration. Janet Leigh and Danny Scholl have much to look forward to, while Georgiana and Ricardo Montalban have so much already: happiness, a closely shared life, three lovely children.

Thanksgiving

By Ted and Jane Morris

★ Thanksgiving is a very special day at the Montalbans'—Ricardo and Georgiana—because they have so much to be thankful for. They enter into their preparations as they do everything, with enthusiasm and together. To Ric, Thanksgiving is part of the wonderful inheritance of his life in America, and with his sensitivity and deeply religious nature, he has entered into the spirit of the day in a manner that would have delighted the Pilgrim Fathers. They too were newcomers to a strange land, and their observance was in gratitude for a good harvest.

Well, Ricardo, too, has had an American harvest: He met Georgiana, he has three beautiful children, and his performances in MGM's "Border Incident" and in "Battleground" have definitely cinched his screen success.

He has felt from the first, when he was a youngster at Hollywood High School who didn't know a word of the language, how hospitable and receptive this country is to strangers. So Thanksgiving in its essential spirit goes straight to his heart and Georgiana has initiated him into the observance which was always an important one in the Young family.

Most of the recipes for dinner are those handed down to the Young girls by their mother and from her mother to her; the Chess pie and cornbread stuffing for example.

The Montalbans always share their dinner. The guests this year were to be Janet Leigh and singer Danny Scholl, *(Please turn to page 30)*

Part of Ricardo's American harvest is his screen success. Fine performance in MGM's "Battleground" cinched his career. →



Even the
turkey
outdid
itself
to make
the
Ricardo

Montalbans'
Thanksgiving

a day to
remember







Tart fruit cup

Roast Turkey with cranberries

Cornbread stuffing

Green peas with mint

Candied Yams

Olives * Celery

Chess Pie * Coffee Anisette



ROAST TURKEY

Wash bird, singe thoroughly. Dry with clean cloth. Stuff and truss. Rub butter over surface then put in open roaster with cloth cover. Oven 325 deg. Allow 4 hours for 15 lb. bird. Add salt toward end of cooking. (Little basting is required if cloth cover is used.)

CORNBREAD STUFFING

6 C cornbread 1½ C chestnuts
2 C celery } . . . 2 or 3 eggs
1 C onions } Salt, pepper to
 . . braised in butter taste
2 tsp. sage

Gizzards and giblets cut small plus liquid in which they were cooked. Mix ingredients. Toss lightly. Do not stuff too tightly.

GREEN PEAS WITH MINT

2 pkg. frozen green peas
1 tablespoon chopped mint
2 small bottles pickled onions
1 tablespoon sugar

Drop peas in 1 cup boiling water, drain when tender (about 8 min.). Add onions, mint, butter, sugar.



Following American tradition Ricardo and Georgiana like to select their Thanksgiving turkey. Both show professional touch by pinching the bird to make sure that it's a tender one.

both of whom are working in Hollywood and a long way from home.

Early on Wednesday morning, Ricardo and Georgiana drove down to the Farmers' Market on Fairfax and Third. Here, the aisles are lined with stall after stall exhibiting fruit and vegetables, meat and poultry, cheeses, nuts, and every other delicacy imaginable.

The farmers bring their produce in each morning fresh from the fields; and the mingled aromas of celery and apples, tangerines and grapes, the pungent scent of churning peanut butter, and the smell of piquant cheeses entice the shopper.

First, of course, they bought the turkey, a plump hen with a deep, meaty breast. The clerk showed Ric and Georgiana how to pinch the breast bone to see if the bird would be tender.

Then there were the romaine and tomatoes, radishes and onions for salad; the groceries, the squash, bananas and apples for a center-piece, a pineapple flown in from Hawaii, the apple cider, and a hundred and one small items carefully noted on Georgiana's shopping list.

The open stalls at the Farmers' Market are reminiscent to Ric of the stalls in the square of every Mexican town, from his own Torreon to Mexico City itself.

The day before a holiday, the Market is jammed, that's why they started early in the morning. Before noon, as the aisles became crowded, and bobby soxers began to trail them, they loaded their station wagon from the wheeled shopping carts and were ready for home.

(Please turn to page 81)



While 2-year-old Mark watches, Ric gets down to business of preparing bird while Georgiana whips up a Young family specialty: cornbread stuffing.



As delicious aroma of roasting turkey permeates the kitchen, Mark and Laura hear Ricardo tell how turkey is cooked in his Mexico. There it's called *Mole de Pavo* and "it's magnifico!"

As a newcomer to America, Ricardo Montalban loves to share spirit of Thanksgiving—as well as his Thanksgiving turkey.

Mark and Laura stayed up to greet guests Janet Leigh and Danny Scholl. Janet hadn't eaten all day in preparation for the big dinner—or so she told Mark (who didn't believe her!).





HOME *is where*

the HEART *is*

Wherever Ty and Linda go they move their castle of love with them



Sightseeing in French Morocco was fun when Ty wasn't busy filming "The Black Rose." Evenings were spent quietly—usually at cards. Linda and Ty are avid Canasta fans. What's more, Linda's the champ in the family.

By MARIAN RHEA

★ We flew seven thousand miles to Casablanca, wangled a car and a driver, and took off for Marrakech, French Morocco, a hundred miles or so of desert, Arabs and camels.

The first English we heard was when we met the staff of "The Black Rose" company, on location near the city in a sort of waste-

land where crumbling walls of centuries-old dwellings pushed against the desert sand.

Marrakech means "City of Red Walls" and even the ruined ones are reddish. As our car stopped, a young man detached himself from a group of Arabs, camels and cameras, and approached us with (*Please turn to page 79*)



★ You know, it's a tough job, taking ten years of a man's life, the hungers and happiness, the triumphs and tears, the achievements and failures—and putting these all on paper so that they add up into some design for living, some recognizable pattern of behavior.

Sitting here in front of this typewriter, trying to recall the whole stop, catch, tide, quick, ebb, and flow of my last ten years—it's like some wild, incredible dream. It's hard for me to believe that all this has happened to me, Frank Sinatra.

It's as if a man went to sleep, and sleeping, dreamed that he was in love with the most beautiful woman in the world, and upon awaking actually found an angel in his arms.

Ten years ago, I was an unknown kid, singing with Bill Henri's Headliners in the Rustic Cabin on Route 9W outside of Englewood, N. J. I was twenty-two years old, and my salary was \$15 a week.

My wife, Nancy (we'd then been married five months), was working at the American Type Founders in Elizabeth. She was a secretary, earning \$20 a week. *(Please turn to page 37)*

**Looking back, the Hoboken kid still
can't believe all this has happened
to a guy named Frank Sinatra**

How successful can you get? In "It's Only Money" Frank Sinatra has to fight off Jane Russell!

my first 10 YEARS in show business

by Frank Sinatra



Sinatra continued



The Sinatra family album perked up considerably when Frankie had this picture taken at age of 3.



Mother Sinatra's big problem was to get more weight on 9-year-old Frankie. That's a herculean task even today!



At 12, Frankie was the typical American boy, wearing knickers, fondling softball.



Dashing photo of 21-year-old Frank with pipe was an effort to look sophisticated.



Harry James discovered Sinatra at Rustic Cabin, Englewood, N. J., where he was earning \$15 per week. (Nancy was getting \$20 then!)



Fame came while Sinatra sang with Tommy Dorsey's Pied Pipers; but so did growing pains. Frankie left to continue his career alone.

At that time, I'd been singing with pick-up bands and knocking around for a couple of years, and I was pretty well convinced that as a singer, I'd make a pretty good newspaperman. I was a little weary and heartsick at not getting a break, and as a matter of fact, I had only three days left at the Rustic Cabin, when Harry James walked in one night and completely altered the course of my destiny.

It was a Monday night, supposedly my night off, but I'd exchanged free nights with Lucille Kirk, the girl singer in the band—when Harry came in and listened to me sing.

Harry had just left Benny Goodman's band to form an outfit of his own and he was casting about for a vocalist. "How about it, kid?" he asked.

Frustration died in me at once. "When do we go?" I said. I didn't give Harry a minute in which to change his mind.

"Tomorrow," he said. "The salary is \$65 a week and the contract is for two years."

I can't tell you how thrilled I was at getting that job. It was like being born anew. I was filled with a wonderful nameless rapture.

I called Nancy and told her to quit her job. She was going to travel on the road with me and Harry James. And I was going to get \$65 each and every week. The whole world looked good, golden, and glorious.

I stayed with Harry James for six months, six of the happiest months in my life. During that period, Nancy got pregnant and went back to Jersey City. She rented an apartment (*Please turn to page 39*)



Nancy went everywhere with her husband until little Nancy arrived. Then the family settled down in a tiny house in Hasbrouck Hts., N. J.

Sinatra

 continued

Film career got off to inglorious start with RKO's "Higher and Higher." About this time he began warbling on famous Lucky Strike radio show.



Uncle Sam turned down Frankie as a recruit but he gave much of his time to entertaining servicemen.



Defense of minority groups brought on so many brawls that friend Joe Louis decided to show him how to box.



After MGM bought his contract from RKO Frankie's film career zoomed. He joined top star ranks of Gary Cooper, Jack Benny and Danny Kaye.



A never-ending fight for tolerance earned Frank the "One World" award at a huge Carnegie Hall ceremony.

for us and we bought furniture on time, and I was well on my way towards becoming a father and a substantial breadwinner.

One night towards Christmas in 1939, I was standing backstage in Chicago, ready to go on and sing my numbers when a fellow built like a beer barrel whose name was Bobby Burns, stuck a piece of paper in my hands. The paper was torn off one of those paper sacks in which you carry groceries home. It said, "Tommy Dorsey would like to see you at the Palmer House."

As I read those words over and over again, my heart began to beat in double time. Tommy, by unanimous consent, was then the leading band leader in the country. His outfit was really tops. To sing with T.D. meant that you'd arrived, that you'd hit the big time.

I went up to see Dorsey. He'd had a falling out with Jack Leonard, his vocalist, and he offered me the job. I grabbed it, shook his hand, and then raced out of his apartment and down to a telephone booth, where I put in a long distance call to Nancy.

She was over-joyed. She knew Dorsey's reputation; and to think that her boy had made the grade well—an indescribable sort of ecstasy ran through her very being and it was discernible in her voice even as it wafted tinnily over the telephone line. "I guess," she said, "that means a considerable increase in salary?"

"Gosh," I said, "I never even asked Dorsey about that."

The next day I called Tommy. "The salary," he said, "is \$150 a week. You sign a three year contract with an option for one year more."

Listening to Dorsey, I suddenly realized that I

had a contract with Harry James, a contract that had eighteen more months to run. I went to Harry, and I put it to him on the line.

"Harry," I said, "Tommy Dorsey has offered me a job with his band. I was wondering if you'd . . ."

Harry, one of the sweetest men this side of heaven, wouldn't even let me finish the sentence. He called the band manager in and said, "Bring me Frank's contract." And then before my eyes, he tore that contract into a hundred little pieces. "You're free, kid," he said. "Go whenever you like,

(Please turn to next page)



Christmas broadcast had Crosby kids. Peggy Ann Garner, Liz Taylor, Roddy McDowall, little Nancy.



"The Voice" became a public institution. His radio shows, movies, records were in demand almost everywhere in the world.

Despite feud fans built up between Crosby and Sinatra, the two crooners became close friends, but mutual ribbing still goes on.



Sinatra

continued



Return to the Big City for a week's performance at New York's Capitol Theater broke all attendance records. Also on same program were Pied Pipers with whom Frankie used to sing.



Frankie's talent for mimicry hit a high-point when he aped comic Milton Berle.



Mother and Dad Sinatra didn't want to give up Hoboken for Hollywood; Frank bought them this house.



Nancy with the laughing face is proud of her little brother, Frank Sinatra, Jr.

only remember, Dorsey's is a rich band and you get yourself some real dough."

I wanted to cry. I really did. Harry had given me my first break. He'd taught me a lot, and here he was ready and willing to give me my freedom even though he didn't have a replacement.

"Listen, Harry," I said. "I'm not leaving you until I get you another singer."

"Go ahead," Harry said. "We'll find another one."



Memories of early days with discoverer Harry James and his orchestra were brought back when Frank joined the band evenings to entertain servicemen at famous Hollywood Canteen.



Radio clowning made him sought-after as a guest star. Here he's with Jimmy Durante.



Not satisfied with all the morale work he was doing in this country during the war, Frankie joined Phil Silvers for overseas entertaining.

"No," I insisted. "I'm staying until I get a darn good replacement for myself."

I went on to Cleveland with Harry James that Christmas, and as we booked into the Hotel Statler I came down with pneumonia. I really had it! My temperature shot up to 104. I couldn't sing. I couldn't walk. I lay flat on my back in that hotel room with no one to look after me.

Nancy called from Jersey City to wish me a Merry Christmas, and I (*Please turn to page 74*)



American servicemen in Italy, the land of Frankie's forefathers, liked his singing as much as folks back home did.



Suits win the male vote every time! I like this two-tone gray gabardine with its cute matching cap with tilted visor.



No padded hips for me! Slim skirts are flattering to my tall, size 10 figure. I have this style in all colors to mix and match with different jackets.



Men adore blue; so do I. This raw-silk suit is soft, feminine. Hat is natural straw, accessories are black.



Blue jeans are fine for working around the house after a day's work on "It's a Great Feeling." The boys like them because they're neat—and so cute.

★ Do girls dress for men or for other girls?

Through the years, I've heard so many debates on this question that I can now take any side of the argument and defend it quite violently.

If a girl is honest with herself, however, she hopes that the clothes which please her most will also please her boyfriend. Girls dress to please themselves, but before they plunk their money down and walk out of a dress shop, they always ask themselves, at least subconsciously, "I wonder if John will like me in this?"

I know I do, and I consider myself just a plain, normal, average American female.

I hate to admit it, because I don't want to spoil them, but I sure dress for men.

Basically, I believe that (*Please turn to page 97*)

Dress
for
MEN

By
**DORIS
DAY**

Have your
clothes
Sex Appeal?
If not, why
not follow
Doris Day's
suggestions



Pique top on this semi-formal gown gives it the crisp look men always admire. One of my two Dior creations.

The Loves of

ERROL FLYNN

His first wife was a French actress, his



Few people know Errol has a young son living in Europe with his first wife, Lili Damita.

By CHARLES NORCROSS



second an American salesgirl; will his third be a Roumanian Princess?

★ "Are you in love with Princess Ghika?" I asked Errol Flynn in a voice as intimate as the whisper of bedroom sheets.

His amber brown eyes twinkled. "If you may coin a phrase," Errol replied, "the Princess and I are merely good friends."

I then spoke to the Princess Irene Ghika in Paris over the Trans-Atlantic telephone.

"Forgive me, Princess, for this intrusion," I said, "but are you in love with Errol Flynn? All Hollywood is buzzing with the rumor that you two

will shortly get married. Is this rumor true?"

A small, dark, attractive Roumanian exile who has been living in France for the past five years, the Princess was taken by surprise. "I don't know Mr. Flynn very long. He's a very nice gentleman, and I'm very fond of him. That is all I can say," she told me guardedly.

Those conversations took place this past Summer. In the months that have intervened, Errol Flynn and Princess Irene Ghika have been seen together everywhere in Europe. (Please turn to page 89)



In Errol's divorce agreement with Nora Eddington, she kept two of their children, and he gained custody of the third.



Errol gave Nora a movie role in "Adventures of Don Juan," but he couldn't save their marriage.

Princess Irene Ghika says she's fond of Flynn. He's also been courting socialite Deedee Tatum.

While filming "That Forsyte Woman" at MGM his name was linked romantically with Greer Garson. (She recently wed Buddy Fogelson.)





Star girl

★ Jane Russell believes in astrology.

Oh, she doesn't live by a day-to-day astrological chart; she won't even have one around. She doesn't fret and think, "I mustn't go out today because it's a bad day and I might break a leg stepping off a curb."

She doesn't believe in astrology to *that* point, but she does hold that "natural man, natural events and the firmament, all created by God, are inter-related and inter-dependent," and that it's logical that the stars' positions at the time of a person's birth exert a strong influence on his character.

(Please turn to page 48)





healthy, quickness, alertness of mind and body

talent in arts; fame, fortune

strength of purpose and determination

dual personality—one part gay, one part moody

Are you a Gemini?

If so, you too may have
the talents this benign
sign of the Zodiac bestows on
vivacious Jane Russell

Don't miss Jane in "The Outlaw"
and in RKO's "It's Only Money."

By DOROTHY O'LEARY

Star girl

continued



Being a Gemini, Jane is always on the go—in the new convertible Bob surprised her with on her birthday.



The Sun saw to it that Jane would never lack for talent in the arts—dancing and acting included.



Bob is a typical Leo—the best husband a Gemini could have. Quiet, and slow in deciding, he's just the opposite of Jane.

Jane was born at six o'clock in the morning of June 21, 1921, in Bemidji, Minnesota, in the last day of the sign of Gemini.

On the morning she was born, let's imagine we're listening to a three-way conversation between Mercury, the Sun and Saturn, which all influenced her birth. (Aw, come on! If you can believe Buck Rogers, you can believe this, too!)

"I'll be her ruling planet," said Mercury. "I shall give her vitality, quickness, alertness of mind and body. I'll bestow on her an adaptable and versatile nature."

"My influence will be next most important in her life," counters the blazing Sun. "I shall give her talent in the arts and bring her fame and fortune. She'll be destined for prominence. And like me, the Golden Orb of Day, she will be happy and warm-hearted."

(Please turn to page 90)

The lights dimmed
and the music swelled,
as the lovely bride
joined her eager
groom at the altar
and became his—
for ever and ever



Gloria and Jimmy - August 9, 1949

"To love, honor
and cherish—until
death do us part."



No screen kiss could compare with the one Jimmy gave his Mrs. when the wedding ceremony was over.

★ The love story of Jimmy Stewart and Gloria Hatrick McLean really began many, many years ago—long before either had set eyes on the other. It is a love story made possible by a number of things, the most important being the presence of both in the same town at the same time.

Gloria Hatrick was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 10, 1918. By the time she was ready for high school, her Dad, Ed Hatrick, was vice-president of Cosmopolitan Productions, and the family moved

(please turn to next page)



The bachelor dinner best man Billy Grady gave for Jimmy at Chasen's will go down in history as "the Bachelor Dinner to Pale All Others."



When he arrived at the party, Jimmy found Mickey Rockford, Spencer Tracy, Jack Bolton and Dave Chasen waiting "despondently" on curb.

Gloria and Jimmy - August 9, 1929

continued

from Brooklyn to California. Gloria was enrolled as a student at Beverly Hills High.

This fact is important, because it explains why Gloria chose, many years later, to establish a home for herself in Beverly Hills instead of selecting a site nearer her parents who eventually settled in Larchmont, New York. Her happiest days, her school days, had been spent in Southern California.

Between the time Gloria was a student at Beverly Hills High, and the time when she returned to California, a great many things had happened. She attended a woman's college in the east, and had done some modelling. At this she was highly successful because she was tall (five feet seven inches in stockings), she was slim; she was beautiful; she had an infectious smile. Furthermore, she had an excellent mind and a mischievous sense of humor.

On a vacation with her parents in Colorado Springs, Gloria met Edward McLean, Jr., a grandson of a renowned Colorado gold miner, and son of Evalyn Walsh McLean. They were married in a fashionable ceremony held in Denver's rococo



Gloria was hysterical with laughter over the life-sized portraits of Jimmy in the two movie roles he detested.



Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stewart were thrilled with daughter-in-law Gloria. Like Jimmy, they thought she was well worth waiting for.

Brown Palace Hotel. To this union, two sons were born. Ronald is now five and Michael is three.

When the marriage went to pieces in 1947, Gloria took her youngsters to California. She took a house in Brentwood near the homes of several of her former school friends, and settled down to the life she thought she really wanted: days which would consist of taking care of her two boys and evenings which would be passed pleasantly, if unexcitingly, with trusted friends.

This was the situation on Christmas Eve, 1947, when Jimmy Stewart and his friend, Bill Grady (Metro's casting department executive and one of the best-loved men in Hollywood), went "pushing doorbells," i.e., calling on friends who were holding Open House.

In one particularly gala home, Jimmy and Billy noticed this brown-haired, blue-eyed girl sitting somewhat apart from the rest of the celebrants. Alone, she was obviously not lonely. Not actively participating in the dancing, or the caroling around the piano, or the racon- (Please turn to page 71)



Jimmy and Gloria are congratulated by her sister (maid of honor), Mrs. Gregg Draddy, and best man Billy Grady.

★ Two years ago MOVIELAND's editors spotted Kirk Douglas as a fine bet for stardom.

With his recent success as the fighter in "Champion," critical and box office praise has vindicated MOVIELAND's wager.

Actually an ex-wrestler, Kirk was able to convincingly portray the boxer—but it was a difficult transition.

While preparing for this role Kirk spent many hours learning a fighter's mannerisms, his movements and ring-craft. *(Please turn to page 54)*

Rogers and

Autry beware!

Kirk Douglas is

riding the

purple sage and

he's already able

to tell a

cactus from

a gopher



Tenderfoot

Kirk Douglas gits along to practice cowboy tricks for his role in "High Noon."



Atop lofty heights of Apple Valley, Kirk looks over mesa surrounded by San Bernardino mountains, joshua trees, sage brush. Ranch below is luxurious all-year desert resort.



Whittlin' and sittin' on the fence, Kirk makes like a typical cowpoke.



Ooops! That whittlin' business is dangerous—he discovers a bit late.



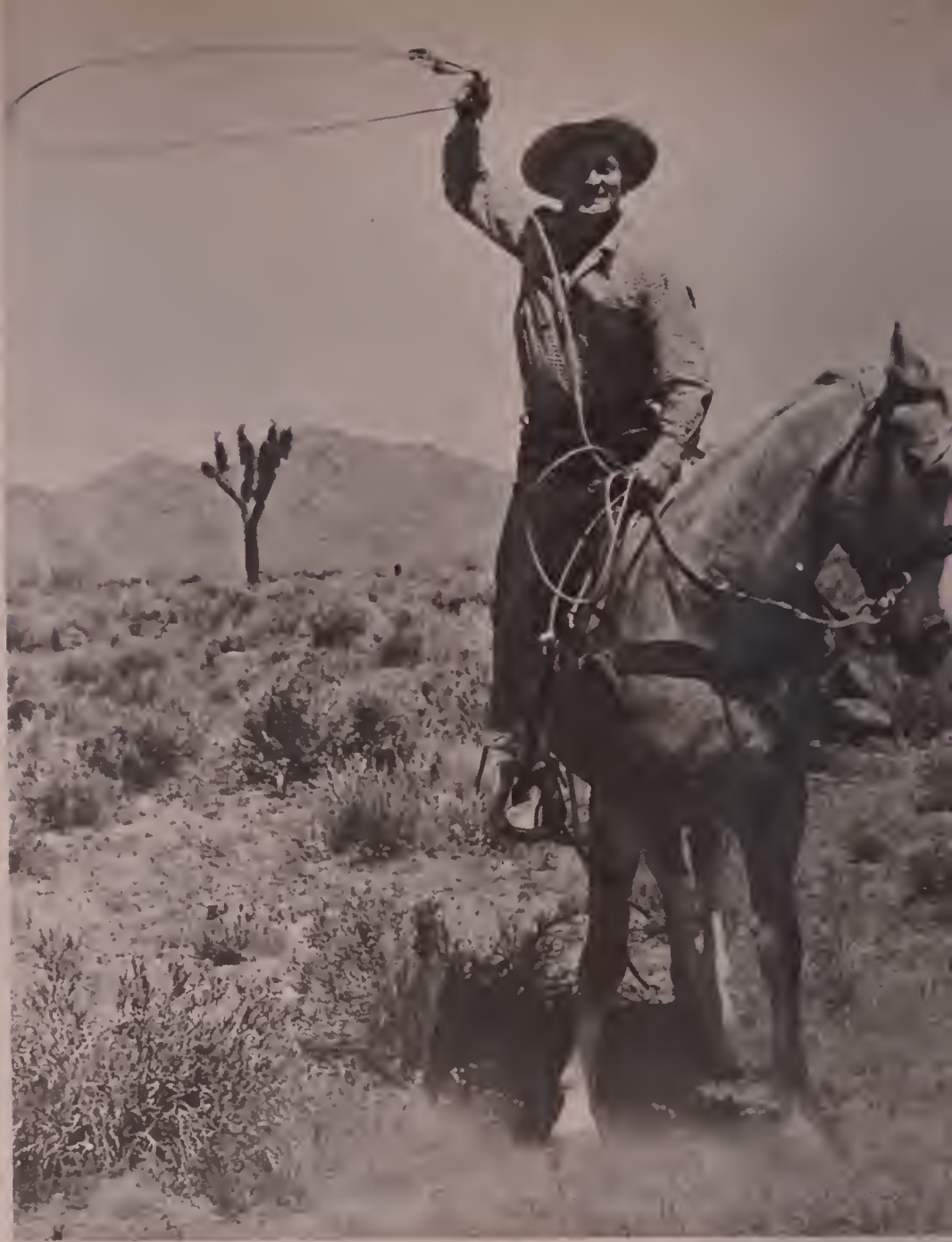
Kirk's preparation for his new role is typical. He learned to play a horn for "Young Man with a Horn."



Real cowboys always check their mounts' hoofs before starting out on long ride.



Another touch of old west glamor is the swinging doors to Apple Valley ranch bar.



How's this for some fancy roping? Either that horse is being careful or he can't bear to look while Kirk swings the rope from the leather deck of his cayuse.



No! You don't have to crawl under, just walk in. And if you don't know what this place might be, you'd better ask grandpa.

Tenderfoot

continued

For "Young Man With a Horn" Kirk had maestro Harry James teach him proper handling of the instrument.

Kirk approached his first western, "High Noon," with the same determination. For this picture he felt he should learn all about roping, horses and ten-gallon hats.

Just back from the rigors of a personal appearance tour in the east, Kirk journeyed to Apple Valley Ranch, 100 miles north of Hollywood. Here he found the surroundings ideal for quiet study—while MOVIELAND found Kirk an amusing subject for a photo study.



Rest is just the thing for this active cowboy. Later on he'll try out the pool—which, incidentally, is electrically heated.



Kirk makes little claim to being a smooth diver, but he is a powerful swimmer. (He should be with that build!)



Just for kicks, Kirk is taking dance lessons. He may have to swing a partner in his new western film.



Give somebody else the boots and saddle for a while. Kirk will settle for a snooze 'neath a joshua tree.



When radio executive Tom Lewis phoned Loretta Young about a Sunday rehearsal he ended up going to church with her instead of to the studio.



Esther Williams' first date with Ben Gage was spent snoozing while he talked psychology with her mother.

taine, an energetic and forthright young lady, employed to meet her first husband, Brian Aherne.

That was years ago. Joan was Joan de Havilland then and her screen career was strictly from hunger. She consulted a gypsy palm reader who told her she'd have more luck if she had an "e" at the end of her last name. So she immediately adopted Fontaine, her stepfather's name, and her career began zooming. Naturally she's been nuts about palmistry ever since.

One night she attended a party at Brian Aherne's home where a palm reader was engaged as an attraction.

"You are going to marry your host," the palmist told her. Nothing loath, Joan approached that gentleman and said, "Mr. Aherne, you and I are going to be married." He thought the idea was enchanting, Joan recalls. He asked her if they shouldn't help their romance along by going out the next Wednesday or Thursday night.

"I told him," Joan said, "we should go out both nights, and we did and we were married five weeks later."

When that marriage went on the rocks Joan gave up Brian—but not palmistry.

Palm reading came through again when she married her present husband, Bill Dozier. Her favorite palmist revealed that she would marry a man "of, but not in" her line of work. Quick as a whip Joan construed this strange talk to mean William Dozier, a producer. "Because he's *of* but not *in* my line of work, acting," she explains.

This can get pretty complicated if you worry about it too much, and it didn't make for an extremely happy marriage for Joan and Bill.

In Alexis Smith's case, it wasn't palmistry but a little matter of a disintegrating moustache which



So many things happened to Marie that John Lund decided he'd better look after her!



At a Hollywood dinner party Bette Davis and Bill Sherry discovered similar tastes in art, beachcombing, and life in general

provided the boy-meets-girl gimmick situation.

Blonde and statuesque Alexis was a young novice actress sweating out her initial rehearsal at Warner Brothers. "Your first scene will be a clinch," said the director, and quickly introduced her to a handsome and moustached young man named Craig Stevens. That gentleman expertly caught up the nervous Alexis in a bear hug. When the director yelled "Cut!" Alexis stepped back. People on the set screamed with laughter. Alexis looked at Craig's face. Half of his handsome, but Westmore-applied false, was gone. And that half of the lip spinach was firmly clinging to her own upper lip.

From then, naturally, it was love and a proposal.



Everyone on set howled when Craig Stevens' false mustache came off on Alexis Smith's face—but they fell in love.

Amateur matchmakers almost ruined the Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell romance before it had a chance to get started.



HOW THEY

MET...

Hollywood Style.

continued

Maybe it would be a good idea if screen writers left their cubby-holes when they're trying to dream up new marriage proposal gimmicks and talk to the actors on the lot!

Like Mark Stevens, for instance. It was far from love at first sight with him. He was under contract to Warners' and was very annoyed when he was asked to appear in a test with a new girl. He felt it beneath his dignity to lend his talents and experience to playing background for a nervous young upstart.

Besides, too, he knew that type of girl; she was usually a little hard-boiled, pushing, always using people to further contacts and plugging away at her career. He wanted no part of it and resolved to be no help to her at all.

Annelle Hayes, a Texas girl living in a \$6.00 a week room at the Studio Club, turned out to be far different and he drove her home after the test. Then started the typical courtship of a couple with no money but with plenty of star dust in their eyes. He was busted at the time. One day when on a date he discovered that he had just money enough to buy gasoline to get to the beach, to provide a round of hot dogs and lemon cokes and a ride on the ferris wheel. While they were in the ferris wheel, the mechanism broke down—for hours! Stranded in the sky, Mark and Annelle talked and talked. Finally they ran out of conversation. Mark looked down at the timeless ocean and the calm hills, and suddenly knew that money worries have no place in the cosmos; that two can live as cheaply as one. Before he knew it, he was blurting out a proposal.

Another romance that had everything but money to help it along was that of John Lund and his beautiful wife, Marie. Lund was at the time working at the World's Fair in New York as a narrator. His weekly paycheck, he says, was "about the size of a headwaiter's tip." So when he met his dream girl, Marie Charton, "all swathed to the ears in white fox," he decided she looked expensive and he resisted his impulse to ask her for a date.

A few weeks later, he (*Please turn to page 72*)



"Little Barbara" Godfrey, 2, is the apple of her famous godmother's eye.

to read this I will have learned to tell it gently, too.

You can learn a lot from your father, who is a fine director. This I know because our friendship dates from the time he directed "Christmas in Connecticut," "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," and "Cry Wolf," three of the pictures I made for Warner Brothers. But you will learn most from him because he is a gentleman.

Your Dad is a man of eloquent silences; of enormous enthusiasms behind his economy of speech. Sometimes, during an entire evening your father may actually speak not more than fifty words. He is not bored nor disinterested. His eyes sparkle with amusement, interest, always. And when he speaks, he says something. He knows the

score. So when he breaks his silence for you—hear him.

You'll have an example from him of how much zest it lends to life to have absorbing hobbies. One of your Dad's is magic. He's an amateur magician—one of the very best. Your mother knew nothing about magic when she met your Dad, but she learned to work the act with him and now their mutual enthusiasm is another wonderful bond between them.

During the war your 'parents entertained—and bewildered—thousands upon thousands of servicemen. Night after night they did their act. They gave over three thousand performances!

Now your parents are absorbed with the huge model railway your Dad is building. You'll come to notice, Bobbie, that your father is a man of inexhaustible patience, that he takes infinite pains with all he does. He'll pass to you his conviction that if you are going to do anything you should give it painstaking attention to detail.

Your education started, Bobbie, the day you were born. Everything that happens to you is part of that education. During the first few years of your life your world will be very sweet and very small. Inhabited only by those nearest and dearest. That is a world you can trust.

(Please turn to page 87)

t's cold

It have her frustrated for the world, has only off a week from the Nerney automobile agency, lay off never seemed to coincide with hers. Her Joan Caulfield was busy with tests and wardrobe forthcoming "Petty Girl" and all Joan's beaux put to find a day off that coincides with any others.

It could go on, of course, ad infinitum. As a matter of fact, it wasn't until a chilly day at the very end of the season that Mona and Pat had a day off together; and miracle of miracles, so did Joan. Bob Stack, too.

(Please turn to page 64)

Certainly this isn't such a big deal—a simple picnic at the beach? Pat, her husband, who adores her and

Joan Caulfield and Mona Freeman wondered why the lunch basket wouldn't fill. (Bob Stack and Pat Nerney got hungry early!)

Mona was kidded unmercifully about "her" beach. The air was so cold they had to take a brisk stroll in order to warm up.



outside!

Move over, polar
bears! Four hardy young
souls, bent on
having themselves
a picnic, brave
icy waters for a
last swim of the year

"Cut-up" Bob succeeded in cutting *himself*—on a piece of broken glass. Joan's sympathetic concern relieved the pain.



Mona plays her first grown-up role in Paramount's "Dear Wife," is actually the mother of a two-year-old daughter.

Baby, it's cold outside!

continued

happened to be free, and so the four of them decided this was D-Day.

Not without some misgivings, however. The sun was thin that day and tantalizingly came out—and went in—and repeated this irritating process all day.

The two girls made a picture in the little kitchen. Both of them blonde, both beautiful. A few years back their faces looked out at you from magazine covers. Now they are both on the upgrade in pictures, sisters in "Dear Ruth," sisters again in "Dear Wife," and good friends off the screen. They gossiped over the egg sandwiches like school girls. Joan is just setting up her first bachelor apartment and she is intrigued by her friend's housewifely efficiency.

Joan cut and trimmed the sandwiches and wrapped them in wax paper, while Mona packed the picnic basket with cookies, fruit and potato chips. Then the foursome took the lunch, their beach ball and gear and headed for the ocean.

Mona knew just the spot, she said. It was a little far

—but well worth the added mileage. She kept them zooming North toward Malibu. Finally they emerged on the palisades over Zuma Beach. Below, the sand was white and clean and stretched away empty as far as you could see.

"No wonder, besides the steep climb down with the lunch, the cokes, the blankets, and what-not, the cold winds from the north," said Bob pointedly, "would discourage practically everybody but the most hardy."

Among other things, Mona's prize beach proved too rocky to swim in and Bob cut his foot on a spear of broken glass. Outside of this, they assured her, she couldn't have found a choicer site.

The foursome had a wonderful time as these pictures prove, even though "certain forces, which shall be nameless," said Mona darkly, "tried to spoil our plans!"

Mona's picnic may not go down in Hollywood annals as "The affair of the season"—but it was a darn nice picnic, Mona insists!

THE END

This music wouldn't soothe the savage beast, that's for sure! Good thing the kids were on a seldom-frequented beach for they gave the corniest concert ever heard!

Now do you understand why Joan's a natural for Columbia's "Petty Girl"?





Weather may be chilly but the Nerneys have their love to keep them warm, they say. This is why the beach is *really* fun!

This feat was child's play for athletic Bob Stack. In fact, it was just a breeze.

Mona's rocky beach came in for some caustic comments from the crowd until Bob discovered the fun of heaving rocks. Soon all of them joined the game.





"Where does giving children nice things stop being sensible, and become a means of spoiling them for a normal life?" Robert and Betty Young ponder over a problem which many well-to-do parents face in raising their children.

The Youngs make quite a doorful, as they pose in front of their lovely home in exclusive Beverly Hills. Says Bob proudly, "Through these portals pass the most beautiful Young ladies in the world."



"Betty and I have found that the best way to influence our girls is to set a constant example for them," says Bob.



FATHER

knows best

Robert Young reveals the fourfold problems he faces daily as a famous father

★ (In the immense playroom of the Robert Young home, three people meet to probe the "problems" involved in bringing up a teen-age daughter in Hollywood. These people are movie star Robert Young; his sixteen-year-old daughter, Carol; and MOVIELAND's reporter, Alyce Canfield. It is five o'clock in the afternoon, the sun is setting over the horizon; the water sparkles in the swimming pool. What problems could possibly lie hidden here?)

ALYCE: Looking around at your attractive home, Mr. Young, I'd say you have been able to give your children a great deal.

ROBERT YOUNG: Believe it or not, that's one

of the problems. Not that material things create a situation unique to Hollywood. Any family able to afford luxuries faces the question of where to stop. Where does giving children nice things stop being sensible and become a means of spoiling them?

After all, it is as human for youngsters to want nice things around them, as it is for me. We have long ceased cramming down their throats the fact that we had less opportune childhoods. I don't believe you should keep bringing that up. But our children must learn to evaluate the difference between their circumstances and others and to be grateful for what they have and not take it for granted.

ALYCE: How do you mean, specifically?

ROBERT: Well, one time when Carol was back at school after summer vacation, the teacher asked everyone to write a paper telling what they had done on their summer vacations. One boy wrote that he had spent his vacation in Hollywood with a poor family. The reason he knew they were poor, he explained, was because their swimming pool was so little and the butler's uniform was frayed at the cuffs.

ALYCE: The boy couldn't have been serious!

ROBERT: Oh, but he was! When you think about it, it's not funny, because that boy is growing up with dreadfully false standards. Yet he has no other yardstick to measure by than his own surroundings.

ALYCE: What can a parent do?

ROBERT: You can give them books to read. You can take them to visit the slums. You can get them interested in social and charity work, but it still isn't very real to them.

ALYCE: There must be some way.

ROBERT: It isn't easy. We try every day of our

(Please turn to next page)

Robert Young considers himself a very lucky man. He has five "best girls": Carol Ann, 16, Mrs. Young, Barbara, 11, Betty Lou, 5, and baby Kathy, 3.



FATHER

knows best

continued

lives to teach them not to take for granted the things they have that other children haven't. As I said, this problem isn't peculiar to Hollywood. It is apropos of any family in affluent circumstances.

ALYCE: Carol, you have been very quiet through all this. How do you feel about being a movie star's daughter?

CAROL YOUNG: I like it!

ALYCE: I don't blame you, but are there problems for you, too?

CAROL: Y . . . yes . . . when I arrived at the Bishop school, in La Jolla, some of the girls expected me to be stuck up.

ALYCE: Is that a private school?

CAROL: Yes.

ALYCE: Well, then you can't be financially different from the other girls.

CAROL: No, but some of the girls told me afterwards they thought I'd be high-hat. When they found out I wasn't, they treated me just like anyone else.

ALYCE: How old are you, Carol?

CAROL: Fifteen. I'll be sixteen in December.

ALYCE: I guess we can call you sixteen then. Are you dating yet?

CAROL: No, I'm not.

ROBERT: That is one of the things that worried us a little when we were trying to make our decision about a school. We knew Carol wouldn't have a very good chance of meeting boys at a girls' school, and we felt this was important.

ALYCE: How did you finally settle on Bishop?

ROBERT: For one thing, it has compulsory chapel every morning. For another, it has a very good scholastic rating. That finally decided us.

ALYCE: Are you happy with the decision?

ROBERT: Yes, it's a fine school, but it still leaves us with the boy problem. Carol doesn't seem to regard this very seriously, but her mother and I feel we should do something to bring her into



It may not be too long before Betty Lou and Kathy start to plague their Dad for a raise in allowance the way Barbara is doing. In the meantime, they soft-soap him with sweet music.

contact with boys her own age before she begins regarding them as strange characters from Mars.

ALYCE: How about vacations?

ROBERT: For the past three summers, we have been going up to our farm at Carmel Valley. The girls love it there. They have horses to ride and they have a wonderful time. But it's pretty isolated and that doesn't help the boy situation, either.

ALYCE: Well, it's interesting to learn that you're in favor of dating. At least you're not one of those heavy fathers who say she can't!

ROBERT: That is something I couldn't possibly be able to do. You see, the children are avid fan magazine readers and they have read all about both of us—and one of the cherished items that has been repeated many times is that I took my wife out on our first date when she was thirteen!

ALYCE: I can see where that puts you in a spot.

ROBERT: Yes, the other day when my 11-year-old wanted to go someplace with a crowd of boys and girls. Her mother told her she was too young, and she wanted to know when she could go out with boys. My wife told her that she had to wait until she was fifteen. My 11-year-old said, "But you went out with Daddy when YOU were thirteen!"

ALYCE: How old are your children?

ROBERT: Our four daughters are fifteen, eleven, five and three. All ages and all problems! They furnish wonderful material for my radio show, which is a family show called "Father Knows

Best." I said the only way I could get a son was to write one into the script. The writer of the show has a girl of five, so we have plenty of anecdotes about our own children to draw on for the show.

ALYCE: What sort of anecdotes?

ROBERT: Oh, situations, mostly.

ALYCE: Carol, do you get into situations?

CAROL: Yes, Mother says I can't go out with boys alone yet. I can only go if someone drops us off at the show and then picks us up later, or I can go out somewhere if our parents are along.

ALYCE: From what I remember of going-on-sixteen, that can be quite a situation. *(Please turn to next page)*



Carol Ann wants to model, and the Youngs encourage this interest in a career. Bob thinks his children should be prepared to take care of themselves, should anything happen to him.

Every female member of the Young household has a special recreation. The man of the house has found his own diversion most interesting by far. His hobby is watching over them all.



"We've tried to teach our daughters the things we know instinctively—understanding and tolerance," says Bob. "It all boils down to the Golden Rule—our credo for living."



When the Youngs go out for an evening's entertainment, Bob collects a kiss from every member of his private chorus line. "Being a father is no problem. It's a privilege," he says.

ROBERT: Well, it's not quite a *serious* situation, however. We have never nurtured any plans of sitting around and making a chummy family group with the girls and their boy friends. After all, I'm not so old I can't remember what a pain that is. We would like to encourage them to use this playroom we built for them. Somehow they don't seem to use it. Maybe it's too close to the parental eye.

ALYCE: Why don't you use it, Carol?

CAROL: I don't really know. We're either downstairs swimming, or playing tennis, or in the house; or away from home.

ALYCE: How about parties?

ROBERT: They aren't giving large parties yet, but that's something I'd like to get started. We've tried to make the house and grounds attractive with a barbecue pit and a swimming pool. When Carol does give parties we have every intention of making ourselves as scarce as possible. As for dropping Carol and a boy friend off at the movies, it's only to make sure that she comes directly home afterwards. I'm also not so old I don't remember how many opportunities there are not to come directly home afterwards!

ALYCE: How do you feel about this supervision, Carol?

CAROL: Well. . . I haven't had a chance to try it out yet!

ROBERT: Unless Carol is holding back, I think her parents are more concerned about the problem of her meeting boys than she is.

ALYCE: Carol, do you see any of your friends from Bishop during vacations?

CAROL: I don't have any friends in town who go to Bishop except one and she's in Laguna.

ALYCE: Are the parents of any of your friends in the movies?

CAROL: Yes, one of my friend's father is a cameraman at M-G-M, isn't he, Daddy?

ROBERT: I believe he is a film processor. He works in the laboratory.

CAROL: My other best friend's father owns a chain of grocery stores. I don't know what my third girl friend's father does. I never asked her.

ALYCE: Robert, do you get around to meet the parents of Carol's friends, or does the movie caste system interfere?

ROBERT: Oh, no! We frequently have the parents of Carol's friends over and make an evening of it.

ALYCE: Knowing the Hollywood caste system, I was curious about whether the fact that one girl's father is a cameraman and you a movie star would have any effect.

ROBERT: Unless I am blind, I have never found any evidence of it in my children—for which I am grateful.

ALYCE: I see another problem, let's hope it's in the future.

ROBERT: What is that?

ALYCE: So many people want favors from movie stars that the time comes when movie personalities figure they can't accept people outside their own level. I think one day someone will cultivate Carol with an eye on you, and it will surprise and hurt her.

ROBERT: Yes, it happens—and it's hard to detect. I have to exercise precaution myself not to develop a growing cynicism. Thank heavens, not everyone is after something. There are people who just want to be friendly without any ulterior motive. I wouldn't want Carol to get the idea that anyone was cultivating her because of her father. On the other hand you're right; I wouldn't want her to be too hurt if it should happen, for it often does in

Hollywood. In other places too, I guess.

ALYCE: It happens all over, Robert. Remember your own school days? There was always the boy who took out the lawyer's daughter because he thought it might help him when he hung out his own shingle. It's a form of social climbing, only instead of being fortune hunters or wanting to crack the Blue Book in Hollywood it's a career they're after. Later, there may be boys who will want to take Carol out because of you, and it could hurt her heart.

ROBERT: We will just have to depend on Carol's good sense and judgment. She will have to accept it as just another facet of being a movie star's daughter—taking the good with the bad.

ALYCE: Carol, have you thought about this?

CAROL: No. It never occurred to me before.

ALYCE: What do you want to do, or be?

CAROL: I would like to be a model.

ALYCE: You are tall and graceful. You'd probably be a very attractive model. Have you ever thought of being an actress?

CAROL: I don't think I'd care to be an actress.

ALYCE: How do you feel about her being a model, Robert?

ROBERT: That's a hard question to answer. I thought you were going to ask me how I felt about her being an actress. I was ready for that one! We have often talked about her preparing against the chance of having to take care of herself should anything happen to me. I have annuities, of course, but it would mean a greatly reduced scale of living.

ALYCE: How about her working regardless of whether anything happened to you? Do you think she might be criticized if she did?

ROBERT: You mean taking a job from someone who needs it?

ALYCE: That, and the fact that it might reflect on you not supporting her properly.

ROBERT: Yes, that's another problem faced by all parents who are well-to-do. Yet if you keep them in glass houses, how do they learn what the world is like, what other people are like, what it feels like to stand on one's feet eight hours a day?

ALYCE: Like every parent, you want to protect them.

ROBERT: Yes, and sometimes I wonder if it isn't a disfavor to them. What do I do? Move them all on the other

side of town so they'll know how other people live?

ALYCE: You must have some solution. They seem pretty wonderful, regular children to me.

ROBERT: Our solution is just constant example—a hundred times a day, in every conceivable way you can think of their mother and I try to influence them to think right, to act right and to be decent, regular people.

ALYCE: That takes time. Do you have more time to devote to your children than the average father?

ROBERT: Oh, yes, much more. I've only been free-lancing four years. It's either a feast or a famine in this business. Last year I made only one picture. This year, I'd made "Love Is Big Business," "Forsyte Saga," and "Baby Makes Three" by June.

ALYCE: Do you think your father gives you more time than the average father, Carol?

CAROL: Definitely! We have almost all our evenings together.

ALYCE: What about discipline?

CAROL: When I was little, I was spanked. I'm too old to be spanked now, but I get punished.

ALYCE: How?

ROBERT: Well . . . we take privileges away. Staying up past a certain hour, visiting with friends, movies on Friday nights, allowances.

ALYCE: What are their allowances?

ROBERT: Carol's is \$1.50 a week. Her eleven-year-old sister gets fifty cents a week and is working on me for an increase. I've never seen such a determined campaign.

ALYCE: What do you spend your allowance for, Carol?

CAROL: Magazines, records. If someone has a birthday then we buy presents with it.

ALYCE: I often wonder, Robert, why people "go Hollywood," and how that affects their children? Do you know?

ROBERT: I guess it's an unbalancing situation to earn a lot of money suddenly and that's what happens in the picture business. And then the public expects you to live on a certain scale and your children to dress in a certain way—although I don't recognize this completely.

ALYCE: What do you mean exactly?

ROBERT: Well, my Scotch instinct, and my better judgment tells me that I shouldn't be living in a house this size, still if I lived in a smaller one, I'd be criticized.

ALYCE: What do you consider most important in bringing up four girls?

ROBERT: I cannot and will not tolerate rudeness in anyone under any conditions and I won't condone it in my children. I detest a sense of superiority and snobbishness such as the acceptance of gifts in an offhand way, which I consider a form of rudeness. It all boils down to the Golden Rule. It is our credo for living.

ALYCE: How do you go about putting these values in your daughters' lives?

ROBERT: Now you have hit on the \$64 question. It's a process of long development. I don't presume to tell you I have the answer, or that I could tell you the secret of our success or the basis of our endeavor. Whether we have been successful or not remains to be seen. It is just something my wife and I know instinctively—we teach them understanding and tolerance, and love is the constant ingredient we use.

CAROL: I never realized before, Daddy, what a problem it is, being a parent!

ROBERT: It's not a problem, my dear. It's a privilege.

Don't Miss
CHRISTMAS AT
OUR HOUSE
by Shirley Temple
in December issue of
MOVELAND
at newsstands November 9th

GLORIA AND JIMMY

(Continued from page 51)

teuring of the group of returned travelers before the fireplace, she seemed to be taking it all in, missing nothing, enjoying herself to the fullest.

"Who's that pretty gal?" Jimmy inquired of Billy.

"The daughter of Ed Hatrick, executive vice-president in charge of all Hearst film activities. She's a great girl. Now that I think of it, you should meet her." So Gloria and Jimmy met at one of the most romantic periods of any year.

Afterward, in discussing this meeting, neither could remember much except that Gloria had said, "You remind me a little of my brother. The two of you are built alike, both tall and spare."

When they met for the second time, at a dinner party given by the Gary Coopers, the first thing Jimmy said was, "You remember me—the fellow who reminds you of your brother? That's me, the brotherly type."

A little later in the evening he wanted to know how Gloria's brother was at golf, and, quite incidentally, if she played. She said she did, so he suggested a game.

On the course each observed all the time-worn courtesies of competitive golf, but there was never any doubt that each was out to win. They played heads-down, follow-through golf as if Gloria had been another man . . . or as if it were a brother-sister match.

Although Jimmy won, Gloria gave him enough lively competition to leave the outcome of any future game in doubt. A thing like that cannot be allowed to languish; another golf game was scheduled.

Jimmy won again. Over a tall glass at the nineteenth hole he explained that he had to attend the preview of a new picture, "You Gotta Stay Happy" the following evening. He said it wasn't a bad little picture, that he thought Joan Fontaine was pretty cute in her role, and would Gloria like to have dinner with him and see the movie?

Aha—this was more like it, a dinner date was not easily interpreted as a brother and sister arrangement!

When Jimmy arrived at the restaurant with Gloria, however, seven of his closest male friends were waiting for them. It turned out to be a nice, cosy dinner date—eight men and Gloria. The picture was good, too. The eight men and Gloria discussed it in detail over late coffee after the preview.

Gloria, who is described by some of her friends as "always standing in a trunk, ready to start anywhere after twenty minutes' notice," went to New York, and was photographed at the smart clubs with various highly eligible escorts.

Back in Hollywood, Mr. Stewart thought it over. It wasn't, of course, that he was jealous. It was simply that Gloria had become a pleasant part of his life—always ready for a golf game. He missed her, just as he would any congenial companion. Besides, some of those fellows might persuade her to remain in the east. . . .

She returned to California.

The Jack Boltens (he is Jimmy's agent) were planning a fishing trip to Mazatlan, Mexico, and asked Jimmy and Gloria to join them, along with other members of a party.

"Sounds like fun," Gloria admitted. "I've never been deep sea fishing."

"Rough sport," explained Jimmy.

(Please turn to next page)

Meet the WIFE

David Niven
persuades his camera-
shy wife to "look
at the birdie"



David Niven's lovely wife, Hjordis (pronounced Yordis), turned down a film career in favor of homemaker role.



Hjordis is so proud of her husband's film success. His newest is "A Kiss for Corliss."



Admiration for his lovely Mrs. is evident in the portrait David painted of her.

"Takes a man's stamina to haul in the big ones, you know. Now golf—that's co-educational, but game fishing is something else again."

Gloria said nothing. All she did was catch the biggest fish that was caught during the outing.

A few weeks later, Billy Grady and his wife planned a trip to Phoenix and suggested that Jimmy and Gloria join them. It seemed like a good idea. Late one evening, while Billy and Jimmy were smoking a last cigarette, after Mrs. Grady and Gloria had gone to their bungalow, Billy demanded suddenly, "Say, why don't you marry this nice girl, Gloria? I've known her family for years . . . wonderful people. It's time you settled down. Come on, why don't you marry her?"

Jimmy considered. At length he said confidentially, "Well, here's the thing, Billy. She hasn't asked me yet."

As a matter of fact, Gloria had never mentioned marriage in any way, even obliquely, to Jimmy. She had never discussed marriage as an institution. She had never said, as might have happened casually in a group, that she thought marriage could be wonderful with the right person, or that she hoped to re-marry some day, or that she thought growing boys needed a man around the house, or that being a divorcee was not the most satisfactory life in the world. She dated Jimmy because he was fun.

She had given the impression that she was entirely contented, that she valued her freedom, that her life was full and busy. It wasn't that she was playing hard to get; it was even more serious: she was hard to get.

She came to watch Jimmy on the set during the filming of "The Stratton Story" and during "Malaya." She indicated that she had an excellent picture mind when she asked questions about the script and about the characterizations, parts of which she had witnessed.

She was cool, self-possessed, humorous when people asked her about Jimmy. No one would have guessed that her older son, Ronald, aged five, had become a violent Stewart booster.

One afternoon, after Jimmy had brought Gloria home from a golf game and had rough-housed with the youngsters for an hour before leaving, Master Ronald demanded of his mother, "How soon may we stop calling him 'Mr. Stewart' and start calling him 'Daddy'?"

That was the situation the night of Jimmy's forty-first birthday. Gloria was among the guests invited to a celebration dinner, and it was Gloria who made the evening a success. When Jimmy was taking her home, he said, "Look, Sadie Russell" (this was a nickname by which Jimmy had been calling Gloria for a long time; no one seems to know where it came from, or why—it simply seemed like a good idea). And from the Sadie Russell beginning, Jimmy proposed. Gloria said yes.

The first the world knew of it was the following morning when a publicity expert at MGM was called down to the "Stratton Story" set. This publicity man found Billy Grady and Jimmy seated side by side in canvas chairs on the set, looking solemn to the extent of a world catastrophe.

"Jimmy's in trouble," announced Mr. Grady in sepulchral tones.

"Must've been coming on for some time," conceded Jimmy darkly.

The publicity man swallowed hard. This was totally unlike Model Actor Stewart. "Wha' happened?" he demanded.

Said Jimmy, controlling the grin, "Yup . . . decided to get married. Thought

you'd better tell anybody who wanted to know."

The instant the announcement was published, a dozen resourceful Hollywood hostesses gave parties for Gloria. Billy Grady gave a party for Jimmy that will go down in Hollywood annals as the Bachelor Dinner to Pale all other Bachelor Dinners. Of course it was dignified—any other type of party for Jimmy would have been out of keeping—but it was dignified with a floy-floy.

For instance, there was a three-piece German band which was instructed to play "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" as Jimmy arrived at Chasen's, the scene of the banquet. Instead, the band rendered the ditty it considered appropriate: "Goodbye, Forever."

Festooned across the entrance to the restaurant was a ninety-foot banner bearing, in eight-foot letters, this strange device, "JIMMY STEWART, ACTOR (???????) FAREWELL APPEARANCE."

Thus far in Jimmy's career he has made two pictures which he thoroughly disliked. One was "A Wonderful Night" in which he was required to appear in a Boy Scout outfit, and the other was "Ice Follies" in which he startled theatre-goers by wearing a pair of tights. Billy Grady had portraits of Jimmy in these costumes blown up to life size, and mounted on heavy cardboard, and one was placed on either side of the entrance, to greet him when he came in.

In front of the restaurant, eight kleig lights—in the manner of the grand opening held for a hot dog stand or a shoe repair shop—had been wheeled into place, and when Jimmy arrived, he descended from his car in a blaze of glory to find eighteen of his friends lined up, in seated positions to indicate extreme despondency, along the curbing. It was a great evening.

And so, all of the traditions having been satisfied, Jimmy and Gloria were married at the Brentwood Presbyterian Church (where Jimmy had aided in the laying of the cornerstone only a year earlier), by the Reverend Dean Osterberg, at five o'clock on August 9, 1949.

Jimmy wore a navy blue suit, and Gloria wore a cocktail-length gray satin frock, designed by Stella. She wore matching gray satin shoes, and her chic white hat was composed entirely of flowers draped low on one side. Her bouquet was fashioned of white orchids and she carried a white prayer book.

Just below her left knee she wore a blue garter bordered by antique lace; it had been loaned to her by her sister, and matron of honor, Mrs. Gregg Draddy of New York. Sewn into the lace was a new-minted dime for luck.

Before the service began, organist Harry Q. Mills played Traumerei, Schubert's Ave Maria, Liszt's Liebestraum, and Clair de Lune by Debussy.

Outside the church, nearly a thousand fans—ninety per cent of them armed with cameras, and one resourceful teenager perched on a horse—cheered the arrival of the celebrities. When Gary Cooper reached the church door he inquired softly of the usher, "Someone getting married here today?"

The answer was quite definitely yes, and all of Hollywood could have chorused, "Getting married forever." The feeling is unanimous that this is one of the great love stories of this harried town, and that the gold ring, bearing the engraved words "Gloria and Jimmy, August 9, 1949," will be worn in full accordance with the promise, "until death do us part."

THE END

HOW THEY MET

(Continued from page 58)

was sitting at the starving actor's home away from home in New York—Walgreen's Drug Store—when beautiful Marie walked in. It turned out that she really preferred Walgreen's to the Stork Club. "We," says Lund, tersely, "hit it, as they say, off."

Their courting was done on long walks, on Fifth Avenue busses; even on their favorite, the Staten Island Ferry (a half-hour ocean voyage for a nickel). One day they were in a rowboat in Central Park. Lund remembers that he heard himself saying, "Suppose we get married." Then, when he thought of his stony financial state, he quickly added, "Am I out of my mind? What am I saying?" But the mischief was done—and, anyway, Marie had swiftly accepted.

Marie knows the real reason he married her—a little four letter word, L-O-V-E.

In the case of Alan Ladd and Sue Carol love got all mixed up with business. Ladd at the time found that his movie career had hit rock bottom and he accepted a job at a small Los Angeles radio station where he did some 20 shows for a salary of \$18 a week.

He played everything; he was a Chinese statesman, an Irish cop, a small boy and a frightened old lady—all in one script. Sue Carol was then an actors' agent. One night she was idly listening to the radio when she heard a play about an old man and his son. Both actors seemed to have great potentialities, so she phoned the radio station and asked the switchboard operator to have the actors playing the father and son call on her at 10 o'clock the following morning.

"I'll be glad to, Miss Carol," said the girl, "you know, of course, the same actor is playing both parts."

"Better make that nine o'clock," said Sue.

Next morning she told Alan she'd get him back in pictures and asked him to sign a contract. He decided he'd better stay in radio (where a contract had been offered him) but he asked for ten days to think it over. He came back at the appointed time, intending to say, "I'm signing with CBS." Instead he looked into her lovely big brown eyes and heard himself saying, "Where's your contract?" Not too long after they both signed another contract, only this time it was for marriage.

In the case of Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell the wooing almost didn't take place because of the Big Build-Up by amateur match makers. Pat O'Brien and his wife, dear friends of Glenn's, decided he ought to meet a really nice girl. They had just the one for him. They kept on building up this girl and Ford became less and less interested.

True, he had confided in the O'Briens that he wanted to marry a girl who hadn't dated every Hollywood bachelor. He had been disappointed in so many girls that he was lukewarm about meeting the O'Briens' Build Up. Finally, he did, at their house for dinner and it was Love-At-First-Sight. Like the story books. For the girl was Eleanor Powell.

So started a thoroughly small town romance, with no Hollywood over-tones at all. Their first date was at Eleanor's house where Mrs. Powell cooked dinner. Glenn listened to recordings, made small talk. Before he left he knew Eleanor was The Girl. He proposed later over an ice cream soda.

It was a more exotic dish over which Lucille Ball received her proposal, though. She and Desi Arnaz appeared together in "Too Many Girls." One night he invited her to dinner at a Mexican restaurant and introduced her to enchiladas, chile rellenos and guacamole. Desi's glances were the same temperature as the food. He proposed and they eloped soon after. Recently nine years later they decided to have a real church wedding with all the trimmings. One of the congratulatory telegrams they received was from Groucho Marx which said simply, "What's new?"

It's true that some Hollywood real-life romances are no more exciting than those that happen in Little Rock, Arkansas. They present no exciting gimmick for a screen writer to sink his teeth into. But to the principals involved the way they first met is the most exciting thing in the world.

When you ask a film star how she met her husband a glazed, dreamy look suffuses her eyes. Loretta Young is no exception.

"I was," Loretta says dreamily, "slated for an appearance on a Screen Guild show. Tom Lewis, white-haired boy of radio, was the producer. Soon after I'd approved the script my phone rang.

"Miss Young? This is Tom Lewis," said a nice voice—a mighty nice voice.

"Yes, Mr. Lewis," said I.

"I called to tell you that rehearsal is Sunday at 11," said he.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lewis, I go to church on Sunday at 11."

"There was a pause. 'I'll go to church with you,' said Lewis. 'That is, if I may?'

"We've been going to church together ever since."

Loretta, with that mighty dreamy look still in her eyes, explains the moment when she knew *this is the real thing*. "Just before New Year's Eve in 1940," she says, "Tom was in New York. He phoned and asked my New Year's Eve plans. I told him I was going with a large party of friends to Myron Selznick's house at Lake Arrowhead.

"I'll see you there," said Tom. 'I thought he was kidding, forgot about it and in the rush of Christmas duties I decided not to go to the Lake after all. Just before midnight that New Year's Eve, the phone rang. It was Tom. He was at Selznick's.

"I'll be right there," I gasped, "then rushed to my car, drove like mad for three hours. I had almost reached my destination before I realized that it hadn't even occurred to me to have *him* make that long drive down for me. That's when I knew I was going to marry Thomas H. A. Lewis."

In Hollywood, like any place, how boy meets girl falls into set categories. There's the love at first sight on some enchanted evening; dislike or indifference later turning into billing and cooing. And sometimes it's the Hand of Fate. That was the case with Bette Davis and her artist husband, William Sherry.

At the time Bette used to go to Laguna Beach between pictures to relax on the sand and to do a strict Greta Garbo. Because, she explains, "On the set I see from 25 to 50 people daily. So when I wasn't working I didn't feel the need for seeing people or going to parties. On this particular occasion a friend begged me to attend a party at her house in Laguna. I begged off, explaining that I wouldn't know anyone there and was really too tired to make the effort. However, I finally decided to go. I didn't know anyone there except, of course, my friend, and foresaw a rather dull evening. I sat down next to Bill Sherry, began to dis-

cuss painting, beachcombing, Laguna. And later found that I was in love."

Esther Williams' first date with Ben Gage was almost her last. She was appearing as a cigaret girl at a charity show in Earl Carroll's one night. Ben was a sergeant in the Army and had a date with Ginny Simms. Johnny Green, music director, and his wife, Bunny, were in the party. Johnny introduced Ben to Esther. She was delighted when he knew that she had been national swimming champion. Few people knew—or cared.

Some months later she was at a party at Santa Ana (where he was stationed) and they met again. He asked her for a date for the following Friday when he'd have a pass. She declined, saying she always went to her mother and dad's for Friday dinner in their unpretentious little house in Inglewood. Knowing that Ben was a well-known radio announcer used to hobnobbing with Filmland's chichi, she felt he wouldn't want to waste his precious pass on a simple homey evening. But Ben was anxious to go.

That Friday Esther was very tired. She'd worked hard on the set of "Thrill of a Romance" and felt neither thrilled nor romantic. Her mother, a well-known psychologist and teacher, began to discuss clinical psychology with Ben who found the subject fascinating. Esther curled up on the sofa. "You two keep on talking," she announced. "I'm going to sleep."

Even with that bad start romance, with a capital R, developed.

It was indifference at first which characterized the exciting meeting and romance of British-born Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley. Deborah, a well-known star in English films and now MGM, went to Brussels with a group to give stage performances of "Gaslight" for British soldiers. After the first performance a host of RAF fliers swarmed around the beautiful red-haired Deborah and among them was Anthony Charles Bartley, son of Sir Charles and Lady Bartley. Tony was a famous Battle of Britain hero who had shot down 24 planes.

The meeting, on Deborah's part, she recalls, registered exactly zero, although he was handsome, debonair and obviously interested. But then, so were all the others. The next night Tony came to see the play again. Still he made no impression on Deborah. Then he called to tell her he had a jeep and could take her shopping. Since wartime Brussels had no transportation except shoe power, she was

delighted. Love, after its fashion, quickly blossomed. She returned to England to make "Black Narcissus" and a furious correspondence began.

When he could, Tony flew to England to see her, completely against regulations. But, then, when has Cupid waited on rules? Then he was ordered to the South Pacific.

One day on the set there was a long distance call from Australia. It was a bad connection. In addition, Deborah's head was shrouded in the tight coil of a nun and she couldn't get her ear near the phone. She implored people to be quiet but they went right on talking. All she heard, she says dreamily, was "Two weeks' leave. Will you marry me?" "Yes," she gasped.

Meanwhile Tony began the hazardous flight from Australia. He was forced down on a South Seas Island; weathered in in Honolulu; forced down again and again. Every place that Tony flew he told his buddies about the approaching marriage. The invitations were sent; Deborah was madly trying to continue her work in "Black Narcissus," to find material for the wedding dress when there wasn't a yard of white silk in the shops. Finally she managed to snare some synthetic war material. There was no champagne, either, and what is a wedding without champagne? A flier pal of Tony's sneaked over a bit from Paris. Deborah planned a small church wedding—but 300 RAF fliers from all over Europe and the South Pacific showed up for the nuptials, which turned out to be the first big church wedding in war-bitten England. Meanwhile the two weeks' leave ran out but they were married and as the fairytale goes: They've lived happily ever after.

One of Hollywood's real life romances is so fabulous and unbelievable that even the most romantic screen writer, brought up on a steady diet of Cinderella stories, wouldn't dare to introduce it into a *real* life script. And that, naturally, is the international love story of Rita Hayworth and her Prince. Here is the true Cinderella romance of a poor little Spanish dancer from the wrong side of the tracks ending up as wife to a man who is heir to one of the greatest fortunes in the world.

In all the world there's only one romance to top it—when the King of England gave up his throne for "The Woman I Love."

THE END



Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball fell in love while they were appearing in "Too Many Girls." He proposed over a plate of enchiladas. They eloped, had a church wedding 9 years later.

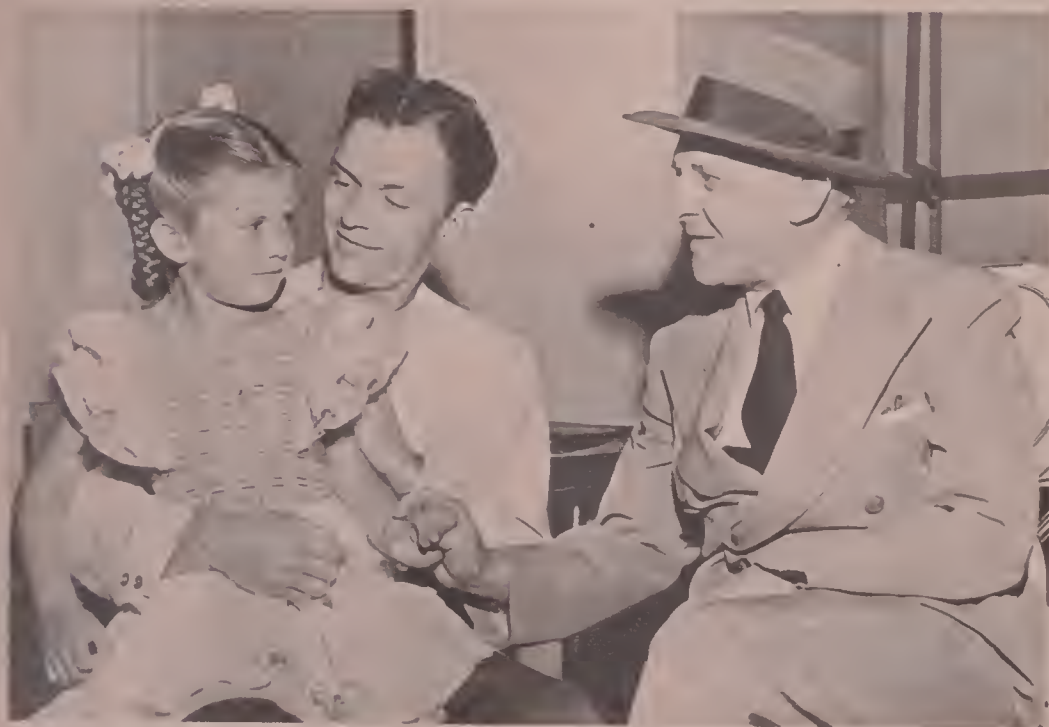
Sinatra continued from page 41

told her I just had a bad cold. It was more than that. It was incipient death.

The night before the pneumonia reached its peak of virulence, I received a present from Nancy. It was a pair of gloves. Weakly, I tried them on. They wouldn't fit. Paper seemed to be rolled up into each finger. I thrust my fingers in and began to extricate the paper, and I noticed for the first time that each little wad I pulled out was a one-dollar bill.

Maybe I'm an emotional—a hyper-emotional Italian kid from Hoboken—but at that moment I began to cry . . . there I was six hundred miles away from the girl I loved, alone and sick and dying—and this thoughtful gift from my Nancy came, and somehow, inexplicably enough, I knew I'd just have to get well and regain my health and work for this girl and make her proud of me . . . And by heaven, I did. My temperature began to fall and when morning came, I was my old self once more.

I traveled with the James band to Buffalo and that was the last time I sang with that band. I'll



When Frankie gave his services to Damon Runyon Fund, little Nancy was right on hand to hear Daddy sing and to meet his good friend, famous news columnist, Walter Winchell.



Battle of the baritones must also include Perry Como—another very good Sinatra pal.



In 1948 hometown Hoboken honored its favorite son with "Sinatra Day." Mother Sinatra and Dad, a city fireman, were on hand to help Mayor Fred DeSapio make the day official.

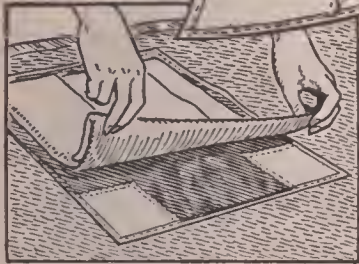
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never forget those boys. And then I went home to Nancy and my family. I stayed in Jersey for nine days and then I joined Tommy Dorsey's band in Milwaukee. I was in the big-time.

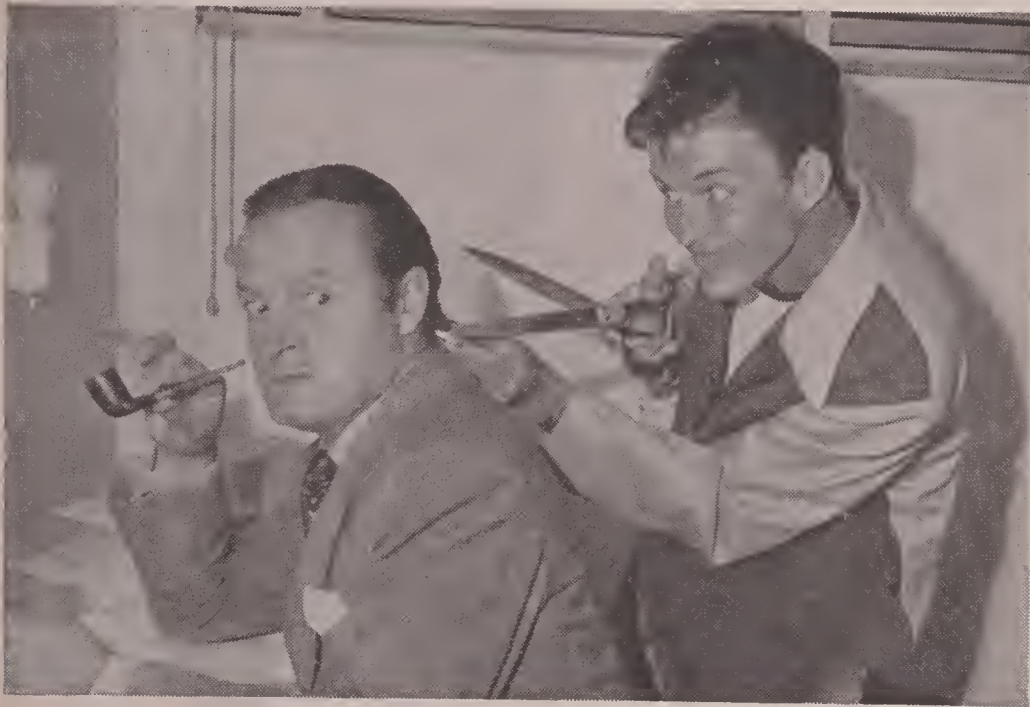
I watched and studied Tommy's band for a week, planning how best to sing with it, picking up a hint here and a pointer there. My first appearance with the band was on January 25th, 1940, in Rockford, Illinois, and the first number I sang was "My Prayer."

Traveling with Tommy Dorsey was an eye-opening experience. In addition to matters musical, Tommy taught me how to get along on three hours'

sleep per night; he taught me the finer points of two-handed pinochle; I learned from him the art of blasting your way out of a sand trap on the golf course. When little Nancy was born, I was rooming with Tommy on the road, and I appointed him godfather to my first-born.

Tommy and I got along beautifully until the very end of our relationship. In Christmas of 1942, I told Tommy that I was giving him eight months' notice. I told him that I planned to leave the band the following September.

He thought I was a little screwy. After all, who ever gives anyone eight months' notice? Maybe



There's never a dull moment when Frank and Bob Hope happen to be on the same radio show—as Bob has discovered. This time they were cutting up at CBS' Hollywood studio.



When Nancy Sr. gifted Frank with tiny daughter Tina, life was complete. Family group now includes Frank Jr., Tina, Nancy Sr., and little Nancy. What more could a man ask!



He'll do anything for a benefit show; and if act calls for clowning he goes all the way!

two weeks, maybe a month, but never eight months.

Anyway, at that point in my life, I had a yearning to get out on my own. I had observed the audience reaction to my singing, and I felt that I could do pretty well by myself. I started laying plans. I signed a deal to make records for Columbia. I also signed a three-times-per-week sustaining deal with CBS, and I put my name on a contract that called for me to sing a number or two in a film to be made by Columbia Pictures.

When September came around and I asked Tommy for my release, he suddenly stopped talking to me. "O. K.," I said, "I'm gonna leave anyway."

A few days later, Len Vannerson, Tommy's business manager, came around and said that Dorsey would release me providing I signed a contract which would give him one third of my gross earnings for the next ten years.

Anyway, I never paid Tommy one third of my earnings. My lawyer finally got together with him and my agent, and they straightened out the whole affair. Today, Tommy and I are still pretty good friends. But for a while back there, it was really touch and go.

Early in December of '43, Bob Weitman, manager of the New York Paramount, came backstage to see me. "What are you doing in town?" I asked Bob. "I thought they had you quarantined in N. Y."

"Nothin' much," said Bob. "I came out for the country air. But they've got some Italian kid singing around here, and the air has never been the same since."

That's the kind of kidding dialogue Bob and I always engage in. But he's a wonderful man, a person of probity and foresight and unshakable integrity.

During our conversation, Bob said, "How'd you like to open at the Paramount this New Year's Eve with Benny Goodman?" He threw the line away as if he were saying, "How about a cigarette?"

"Stop teasing," I said, my heart beginning to leap into my throat.

"It's on the level," Bob said. "You'll get \$2,500 a week."

"Come again."

"You'll get \$2,500 a week," Bob repeated.

I slapped my forehead in disbelief. "I'm sorry," I said, smiling all the time I said it, "but I'll have to consult with my lawyers to see if that trifling pittance is enough."

I was so happy I wanted to scream. I grabbed Bob's hand and shook it until it almost dropped. Even after I signed the contract, I still couldn't believe that I was going to make all that money. There I was twenty-five years old and about to earn \$2,500 a week.

"Pinch me," I urged Nancy that night. "And if I'm dreaming, please don't wake me up."

It's absolutely impossible for me to describe how nervous I was on the day I was scheduled to open with Benny Goodman. My voice seemed to be locked in some tight, unopenable vise. My legs shivered uncontrollably as I waited backstage of the Paramount to go on. And then I heard Benny Goodman introduce me. "And now," he said, "Frank Sinatra."

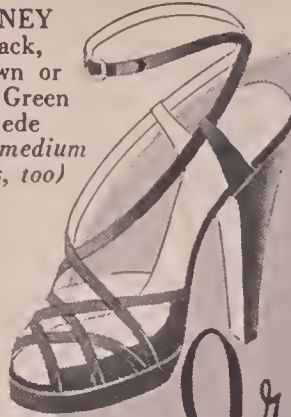
I parted the curtain and walked out, and the sound that greeted me was absolutely deafening. It was a tremendous roar; a violent cacophony; five thousand kids stamping, yelling, stomping, and applauding. I was scared stiff.

Benny was so startled at this overwhelming reception given me that un-

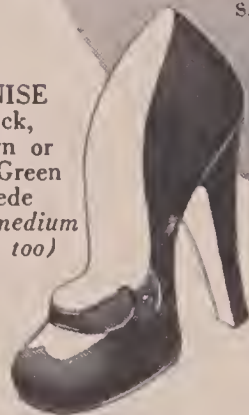
(Please turn to page 78)

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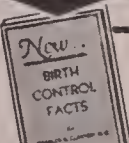
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wittingly he said into the microphone, "What the devil is that?"

Well, I heard that crack, and I burst out laughing, and that laughter dissipated my tension, my vocal chords loosened up, and I gave out with "For Me and My Gal."

Well, I was signed into the N. Y. Paramount for two weeks at \$2,500 a week. I stayed ten weeks and wound up getting \$4,500 a week. With a good share of that money, I bought a little house for Nancy and my daughter and myself in Hasbrouck Heights. It was a cute little Cape Cod cottage with two bedrooms and it was located at 220 Lawrence Avenue, and I'll never forget it, because it was the first house Nancy and I ever owned.

I had some money then, and I bought my wife the engagement ring she'd never had and I also bought her a fur coat, and little Nancy got some new dresses and her father got himself an automobile.

While I was playing the Paramount, Bob Weitman tried to get Paramount Pictures to sign me to a film contract. As a matter of fact, he tried to get the parent company to sign Harry James and Red Skelton and Tommy Dorsey and other personalities who had played the theatre, but Paramount wouldn't listen. The verdict on Sinatra was: "The kid's a band-singer; he'd fall flat on his face in pictures."

Fortunately, RKO didn't feel that way about me. Charles Koerner, president at that time, was all the way out in California, but he gave the okay to sign me, and I agreed to do a motion picture for RKO at \$25,000 for the picture.

After doing a night club stint at the Riobamba in New York, a stint, incidentally, which everyone advised against, I signed a deal for the Lucky Strike Hit Parade; and then, I came out West to California.

I did "Higher and Higher," and I followed that with "Step Lively."

One night at a benefit staged at Earl Carroll's, L. B. Mayer, head of MGM, was in the audience. I sang "Old Man River" that night, and L. B. must have liked it, because he turned to one of his associates and said, "We could use that boy over at our lot."

It wasn't long after that MGM bought my contract from RKO and assigned me a role in "Anchors Aweigh." Later that year Nancy gave birth to our son, Frank, Jr.

We bought a house out in Toluca Lake, and I went ahead making more pictures like "Till the Clouds Roll By" and "It Happened in Brooklyn," and I continued, of course, on the radio and made recordings, and I tried to branch out and broaden myself intellectually.

In the past ten years, I've gotten into a few brawls, and I've thrown my fists around; but those days are over. Sinatra is a settled citizen of the community, but that doesn't mean I'm not going to raise my voice when I think some poor guy or some minority group is being pushed around.

Last year, Nancy gifted me with a third child, a daughter we call Tina; and this year, I retaliated by buying a new house for my family. It's out in Holmby Hills and it used to belong to Gloria McLean who's now Mrs. Jimmy Stewart.

People keep asking me about my plans for the future. I can't possibly expect the next ten years to be as kind and good to me as the past ten have been. But if they bring health to me and my family, and I can go on singing, recording, and acting; if I can continue to please you people—that's all I ask of life.

So far, it's been so good!

THE END

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outstretched hand and a big smile. He was done up in the sort of outfit they wore in these parts in the 13th Century, complete with turban. He looked like a million dollars. . . .

You guessed it! It was Tyrone Power and it was Tyrone we came to see. He has been away from the United States for more than a year. Here, in darkest Africa, we caught up with him to find out how he is, and what he has been doing besides making "Prince of Foxes" in Italy and "The Black Rose" in Africa for 20th Century-Fox, and getting married to one of the most beautiful girls in the world.

I can assure you everything is well with Ty! It is written in his smile, which is easy and humorous; in his manner, sure and confident. True, the honeymoon of one of the world's most famous and glamorous couples, is over. No more balconies in Switzerland or gondolas in Venice. No more walks at sundown across the fabulous Ponte Vecchio in Florence. No more Cannes or Nice or Antibes. All of this is three months in the past.

There has been, instead, Africa. Places like Meknes, a strange, isolated Arab city; Ouarzazate, an abandoned French Foreign Legion outpost on the border of the Sahara, and now Marrakech.

Ordinarily, a man wouldn't take his bride to such places. But it happened that Tyrone Power's next motion picture assignment was in Africa and so it was there that Mrs. Tyrone Power went, also. And she learned instinctively and immediately to do those things which can transform a stopping place into a home. The honeymoon of Tyrone and Linda Power ended about April 1st, when "The Black Rose" company landed on African soil, but their real marriage then began.

At Meknes, home was a hotel—good enough, according to Ty and Linda, but nothing outstanding. Ty's days were made up of work from seven until six, every day including Sunday. New places fascinate Linda, she says, so she explored the city, shopped a bit, slept a lot, and pleasantly whiled away the time while Ty worked.

"Bored?" Linda laughed. "I am never bored. I can always read. And in Meknes, where I admit there wasn't much in the way of night life, Tyrone and I could always play cards. We both love that and never tire of it."

At Meknes, too, there was the little old man across the street and Linda and Ty grew quite fond of him. He lived in a shrine and people used to come there by the scores to worship.

Linda tried her best to paint him, or at least to catch his strange, vital, personality in a crayon sketch. But he was never still long enough, she said, for her to complete it.

After Meknes, it was Ouarzazate, on the other side of the Atlas mountains. It was during the journey to Ouarzazate that "The Black Rose" company encountered the terrible storm already described in the news; were marooned by the floods that accompanied it. Ty, Linda, Bill Gallagher (Ty's best friend who always accompanies him on location) and Jack Hawkins, the British actor who plays Ty's buddy in "Rose," had quite a time—which is probably the world's best example of understatement. The four of them were in one car, with Tyrone driving. Cold, hungry, wet and cut off by the rivers which suddenly roared out of the moun-

(Please turn to next page)

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tains, they found themselves marooned at a place called Agouim.

"I have never seen anything to match the squalor of the hotel," Bill Gallagher told me. "The beds were covered with the filthiest blankets you have ever seen. When we went out to the car for our things, it was covered with snow, so we decided to grin and bear it.

"During the night we had a windstorm with a gale that blew about sixty miles an hour. That convinced us it was better to sleep indoors than to be out in the car, freezing to death. I'll admit, though, that those blankets made the choice pretty difficult."

There were more hardships before the "Rose" company finally assembled at Ouarzazate, which was no easy place to live in. Quarters were army barracks which had been rehabilitated for the company's use.

"The shower was in the living room—quite an innovation," Linda giggled. "Still it was better there than no place at all. There was matting on the floor. We made divans out of suitcases covered with rugs. And there was a table."

On it Ty and Linda played cards many an evening—canasta, the new, glorified gin rummy, and canfield. As I say, they love to play cards. Linda always wins, she says. Or almost always.

"When I need a little extra spending money, I say, 'Come on. How about a little game?' Tyrone usually says why bother to play at all; why doesn't he just give me the money, but I tell him it is more fun to win it. Incidentally, I won sixteen thousand francs (French Moroccan francs; about \$50) from him last night."

While "The Black Rose" company was at Ouarzazate, the wind blew for practically three weeks straight, a gale so terrific that it daily interfered with production. Sand seeped in, white, fine, implacable, and covered everything.

"It was everywhere," Linda recounted. "In your hair, in your eyes, in your clothes and your food. You smelled it and you chewed it." She was cheerful about it, though.

Finally, the company finished the great battle scenes at Ouarzazate and came down to Marrakech. There the Powers lived at the beautiful Mamounia hotel—that is—the hotel was closed for the season and almost all of its furniture had been taken away for refurbishing. Their quarters consisted of one fairly small room and bath at the end of a dark, uncarpeted, echo-ridden corridor.

Marrakech was fun, though. Ty, as usual, went to work very early.

"I don't know exactly what I do with my time," Linda told me. "When you are happy, it goes almost too fast, it seems."

Around eleven o'clock, she would invade the vast hotel kitchen and whip up lunch for herself and Ty. Linda likes to cook; knows esoteric recipes and understands seasoning and sauces.

"Give her a can of spaghetti and some spices and she'll come up with something terrific," Ty told me enthusiastically.

Linda loves to talk recipes, too. She has lived in many countries and knows the best things to eat, in each. "Perhaps I am just a gourmand," she confesses. "Or maybe the word is gourmet. A gourmand just thinks of eating; a gourmet likes to eat, but understands and enjoys exciting, interesting foods."

She can't wait to reveal to Tyrone the wonders of Indian rice as it is eaten in Holland. "They learned to do it in the Orient, of course," she explained. "Rice, beautifully cooked, is the body, or basis, but with it come innumerable little dishes of meats and vegetables."

Ty interrupted with a grin. "Why don't

you get excited like that when you talk about me?"

She smiled back. "I do. I just don't tell you about it. I don't want to spoil you."

Seriously, though, I discovered Linda's a wonderful wife. It gets pretty hot in the Mamounia kitchen. They use coal for cooking. And sometimes the big range would fairly glow with heat—and the thermometer 100 in the shade outside, too! But Linda stirred and tasted and mixed and fixed and at noon, a car would drive up to the "Rose" set and Mrs. Power would alight bearing a trayful of carefully covered viands and Mr. and Mrs. Power would lunch in style.

"Wish my wife were here," Bill Gallagher remarked.

It was in England, of course, where the final sequences of "The Black Rose" were shot, that the Powers learned that early next year there will be an addition to the family.

"Do you want a boy, or a girl?" I asked. Tyrone considered. "Well, I suppose a man always dreams a bit of having a son. But Linda likes girls, perhaps because of her sister, Ariadna, whom she adores. What's the difference what it'll be. It is wonderful news, any way you look at it."

Tyrone, Linda and Bill plan to take a vacation in Scandinavia and the Low Countries for a few weeks after "Rose" is finished, then come home to California. Ty bought Henry Hathaway's home in Brentwood before he left and they will settle down there unless another assignment takes Tyrone, and Linda with him, away again.

Some day they'll build their own dream house, but not just yet. There are too many other things they want to do before that.

They thought at first they might build a new house right after they returned to California. But the home they have is wonderful, they both insist, and just right for a newcomer, too. There is an upstairs den which can be transformed into a nursery, a big, fenced in, sheltered yard, a children's play house left by the Hathaways' small son, and a sand pen.

"Anyway, as I was saying," Linda went on, "if Tyrone is sent away from home to do more pictures, I shall always go with him. I think that, with a marriage, you either grow apart or you grow together. You have to work at making a marriage happy and successful and how can you, if you are separated? If Tyrone has to leave before the baby comes, I shall be with him. If he has to leave later on, it will always be the three of us together. Or the four of us, one day, perhaps. Or the five of us.

"Plans? Who can say about specific things? We know what Tyrone's work will be—making moving pictures. We know where we shall live. I mean, we know where our—shall I call it 'home base'—is. If we stay in California any length of time, it will be wonderful to settle ourselves in our house; redecorate it a bit, perhaps; learn the wonderful things I am sure every married couple learns when they make a home together.

"But all of this isn't essential. I mean furniture, wallpaper, pictures, dishes, even the house, itself, aren't essential. For instance, some of the unhappiest marriages I've ever seen have been set in the most beautiful backgrounds.

"No, home isn't a house. Home is more than the biggest and best house ever built. I know that now after the weeks I've been with Tyrone on 'The Black Rose' location.

"You see," this wonderful girl told me earnestly, "home is where the heart is."

THE END

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THANKSGIVING
(Continued from page 30)

They stopped for flowers at the Beverly Doheny stand, where chrysanthemums of every color were arranged in a fragrant flower garden. They chose deep red and pale yellow for their flower decorations, adding a handful of bouvardia so fragrant that the scent haunts a whole room.

The manager of the stand disappeared for a moment and then returned with an exquisite gardenia for Georgiana. "Aren't you Loretta Young's little sister?" he asked shyly. Georgiana laughed and assured him that she was.

The Montalbans are no strangers in their own kitchen. Thanksgiving morning, they prepared the turkey. Ric plucked the few pin feathers with a tweezer while Georgiana mixed the cornbread dressing, without which Thanksgiving wouldn't be complete.

Ric told how they prepare turkey in Mexico. It is *Mole de Pavo* and when his mother comes to visit them soon, he's going to have her show Georgiana how it is made.

"You have never tasted turkey until you eat *Mole*," he told us as his face took on that look of rapture his fans associate with a Montalban love scene.

"*Mole*," he sighed, "it is unbelievable. A nun in a little town near Puebla invented it many years ago. The sisters were expecting a visit from the Archbishop. They had killed a turkey but at the last minute discovered they lacked the ingredients for dressing. There was nothing to color the sauce to the right depth of brown. So the nuns used ground chile and ajonjolí (sesame seed), ground almonds and peanuts, allspice and anise, garlic and onion and fried tortilla, for color, they used bitter chocolate paste."

"Not chocolate!" Georgiana was appalled. Ric explained that you cannot taste the chocolate. It melts into the red *Mole* subtly, loses its identity, entices something beautiful from all the rest, and when the turkey is prepared in this sauce, ah, *magnifico!*

Georgiana still looked skeptical. The children watched round-eyed while Ricardo and Georgiana worked in the kitchen. Laura, four, and Mark, two, wanted to taste the moist corn dressing. They climbed on chairs to watch their daddy singe the turkey. By next year, baby Anita will be able to join the family in preparation. Right now, she was merely carried in for a moment by her nurse. Ric calls her his "beautiful Anita."

It was a busy day. The bird was in the oven by two o'clock, then there was the table to set, the center-piece to arrange—the children helpfully delaying the schedule but no one cared.

Dinner was to be at seven. It was planned that the children would have their turkey and trimmings a little earlier.

The youngsters were particularly intrigued with the cranberry molds. Georgiana had cooked the berries the day before, chilled the sauce firm and now cut it into individual servings with a sharp-edged little turkey mold. Each turkey was then placed on a thick slice of orange and was used to garnish the turkey platter.

The table itself was a picture. Squash, pineapple, bananas, bright red apples and nuts were grouped on a silver platter over a mass of shiny lemon leaves.

Laura was allowed to help swab the leaves with a bit of cotton soaked in olive oil to make them glisten. The tablecloth (Please turn to next page)

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was of heavy white embroidered damask, with lace medallion inserts; the tapers were of pale green.

Goblets, bread and butter plates, nut dishes and candle holders were of gleaming silver and the service plates with their wide border of blood red and gold gave the table a richly exciting holiday look.

It is obvious, even in these little things, that Ric and Georgiana are completely compatible. He has a quick response to beauty and Georgiana knows how to achieve it.

The two girls made a picture together, Georgiana in chartreuse blouse and flowered evening skirt. Around her throat she wore a twisted gold necklace. Janet wore a deep red velvet dress trimmed with brilliants.

After Mark and Laura visited with the guests and got one last look at television, they went to bed. The grown-ups took their places at the table. Ric said grace, and now, at last, after the long preparation, the turkey was carried in. Triumphant, superb! More delectable-looking than Georgiana had dared to dream.

And such eating! It literally melted in your mouth. The wonderful food started reminiscences.

Janet Leigh told of the delicious tur-

keys of her childhood in her home town of Stockton, and of turkey dinners that have been consumed since Janet has electrified the movie-going public by her performances in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge," "If Winter Comes," "Little Women," "Act of Violence," and "The Story of Maria Buhl." Now she is appearing in "That Forsyte Woman" and opposite Glenn Ford in "The Doctor and the Lady."

Danny Scholl reminisced about his own early days as a singer and then the big break in "Call Me Mister," followed again by tough days in Hollywood. After that, he sang in semi-amateur shows and over television. Danny was ready to give up and hoof it back to Broadway when the second break came at MGM in "Nancy Goes to Rio."

Yes, the four young people had a great deal to be thankful for at the Montalbans that evening. Danny and Janet have so much to look forward to; Ricardo and Georgiana have so much already—their happiness, their closely shared life, their three beautiful children, their deep and profound love for the world they live in.

You could hear it in Ricardo's voice as he offered a simple prayer of gratitude: "We thank Thee for all these blessings, Lord."



Like the dutiful wife she is, Georgiana helped Ricardo to a huge mound of homemade cranberry sauce. Everyone agreed dinner looked, tasted, and was absolutely scrumptious.

THANKSGIVING MENU

(Continued from page 30)

CANDIED YAMS

- 6 medium sized potatoes
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup sherry (or water)

Boil potatoes, pare, cut in half length-wise. Heat butter and brown sugar in heavy frying pan. Add potatoes, turn until brown on all sides. Add sherry, cover closely and cook until tender and delicately brown. If there is room in oven along with turkey, they may be put in covered baking dish and heated in oven.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

- 1 quart cranberries
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups water

Boil water and sugar to a syrup (about 4en minutes), add cranberries washed and picked over. Cover at first and cook until cranberries are clear. Mash through sieve. Let stand in refrigerator over night. This can be poured into one large mold and then

unmolded on a tray, or it can be cut with a cookie cutter in shape of turkeys.

CHESS PIE

- 5 eggs
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 large T butter
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 t vanilla

Beat yolks and two whites together. Boil sugar and water and butter until thick and caramel-like. Pour on beaten yolks, add vanilla. Bake in uncooked pie crust in very slow oven. Make meringue of whites (3 whites, 4T sugar).

PIE CRUST

- 2 cups flour
 - 2 large T lard
 - 1 t baking powder
 - 1 t salt
 - cold water to handle
- Work lard in flour, salt and baking powder. Add enough water to mix. Roll thin on floured board.

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STRICTLY FOR LISTENING

By ANNETTE LEISTEN

★ Bring on the candles! Jimmy Durante says "It's My Nose's Birthday," and a big celebration is in order. The guy with the proboscis recorded his felicitations to his most prominent feature on an MGM record which is a classic! And on the flip, "Fugitive from Esquire," Jimmy makes his vocal bid for the title of "man of distinction." These are two sides you won't be able to resist!

We got right up out of a deep comfortable chair to dance to T.D.'s latest Victor disc. It's called "Dry Bones"—don't ask us why. Any resemblance to a skeleton waltzing is coincidental. "Dry Bones" is an easygoing bounce with a lumbering instrumental. It keeps you jumping—back to the machine to turn it on again. On the flip, Dorsey and his crew give out with a dreamy danceable interpretation of Gershwin's "Summertime."

Vic Damone's Mercury waxing of "Through a Long and Sleepless Night" is definitely swoon stuff. This lovely ballad comes from 20th Century-Fox's "Come to the Stable," and Vic sings it straight from the heart. The backing is "My Bolero" a number with a terrific bolero rhythm which builds up to a powerful climax. Vic really lets his voice out to its fullest—and it's beautiful!

The best recording of Irving Berlin's hit song, "Homework," is delivered by Fran Warren for the Victor label. Her warm, sympathetic interpretation will bring tears to the eyes of every working gal who'd rather stay at home and mend her man's socks. The reverse, "You Can Have Him," is another tune from "Miss Liberty," done in the Warren way, which will appeal to the ladies especially.

Baseball stars turn storytellers for Columbia's album, "Slugger at the Bat." Young and old alike will get a thrill out of hearing Brooklyn Dodgers' Jackie Robinson and Pee Wee Reese, telling the story. This original baseball tale by Lyon and Steel will make a wonderful Christmas gift for the kids on your list.

Keep an eye on Gene Williams, the 22-year-old bandleader who recorded "Can't Understand It" for Mercury. This novelty, half in double-talk, is just a sample of what he can do. "You Don't Say Anything" is the reverse; and Gene proves his vocal chords are as able as his baton—and a lot more romantic.

We got a big bang out of Rose Murphy playing and singing "You, Wonderful You," and "Don't! Stop!" on a new Victor release. (If you don't know why they call her the "Chee Chee Girl," just say "Chee" and let your voice go uphill at the end. The squeak at the top is our Rose.) She gives out with these two numbers amid happy finger-snapping, "chee-cheeing" and cheerful keyboard capers. Rose's style is all her own, and we love her!

Johnny Desmond (whose recording of "Fiddle Dee Dee" is making his bosses mighty happy; it's that terrific) has waxed another hit for MGM. It's "The Wedding of Lili Marlene"—the continued tale of the "memory lady" of World War II. Johnny first made his name in the music world when he sang to fellow G.I.'s during the war; and his mellow vocal on this touching ballad will bring back many memories. The flip is "Let Me Grow Old With You"—a delightful setting for romance, especially the way Johnny sings it. Growing old with him would be a pleasure!

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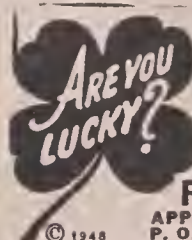


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MARRIAGE CAN WAIT

(Continued from page 26)

Ann has few dates with schoolday pals, since she never attended public school. Her career began at the age of five on radio station WJZ in New York City. She studied dancing, drama and radio techniques at Ned Wayburn's dramatic school while at work in radio programs, and attended the Children's Professional School when she sang for three seasons with the San Carlos Opera Company.

Later she appeared on Broadway as Babette, the daughter, in "Watch on the Rhine." This play, after a tour of eleven months, reached Los Angeles when Ann was fourteen. (She's been here ever since.) Universal immediately signed the child to a movie contract and her education was transferred to the studio school, from which she was graduated three years ago.

Ann is only two inches over five feet tall; her weight is scarcely two pounds over a hundred; she's pretty, but she's not cute. The way she uses her blue eyes and curves her lovely lips is distinctly on the Mona Lisa pattern. She's a girl of great dignity.

With her Uncle Pat and Aunt Cis Tobin, she lives in the Toluca Lake district in San Fernando Valley, the first permanent address she's ever had. The young star is taking an avid interest in community affairs. She's laid a cornerstone for a valley church; she's taken part in the ceremony of opening a new business area, and was appointed honorary mayor of her section. No wonder Ann never sits by a silent telephone.

"My idea of a wonderful time is to go dancing. I adore dancing!" Her rose-tipped fingers pantomimed a waltz rhythm. "When we're out for an evening, we usually go to dinner at a place where we can dance. Or we go to see a picture, and later stop at a place that serves delicious ice cream—my favorite dish."

Because she's so crazy about her home, Ann gets a kick out of giving parties, preferably with nine guests so that there will be ten to play charades, her favorite game. Afterward, she serves ice cream and cake and they all talk.

In Hollywood, almost invariably, party talk is concerned with the industry! *What picture are you making? Did you like last night's preview? Will you go abroad to do a film? How did you like working in Italy—or France—or England? Who will snag the newest coveted role? Is it true what they say about Soandso?*

A nonprofessional is lost. People look at him without seeing him; they talk around him, as if he weren't there, and naturally he's bored and ill at ease.

"I've seen that sort of thing happen," Ann conceded, "and it's a risk you take if you invite someone not connected with pictures to such a party. It never happens at my house, because our crowd is not exclusively a picture crowd. We know each other, and what interests one is likely to interest the others. We talk about pictures at times, but not exclusively."

She can't help talking about "Free For All," the light comedy she's currently doing with Robert Cummings. It's such fun—more fun than anything she's ever done. Although she seems to recall feeling the same way about several other comedies, notably "Once More, My Darling," in which she played with Robert Montgomery.

"He's an actor in the picture, and I'm a Pasadena debutante," she explained eagerly. "That may sound dull, but the

girl was really a character to portray." At the moment, there's no special romance in Ann's life. "Fortunately for me," she added, with that small, mysterious smile. "I say 'fortunately,' because just now I'm enjoying my work in pictures; I'm getting good roles and trying to improve my technique, which takes practically all my energy.

"I hope I won't fall in love and get married for another three years at least. Marriage can't be taken lightly. You must concentrate on it, if it's to be a success; you can't give it the tail ends of your time, and think: 'Oh well, it'll work out somehow!'"

Ann's not ready to concentrate yet. Like all girls, however, she has given the matter plenty of thought and like other girls her age, she thinks The Man for her should be tall, attractive, and blessed with good looks, if possible. She's prepared to skip these requirements if he measures up to her essential demands—he positively must be faithful, sincere and understanding.

"He needn't be a college graduate, but he must be able to absorb an education from reading, experience, knowing what's going on around him," she explained. "He must have a mind that can grow. He needn't be rich, or even very well off, but he must have an aim in life, an ambition that he's willing to work for to make it come true. It would be ideal to find a husband who has a burning desire to do something useful or important to the world, and who is eager to work hard for it.

"I know money is supposed to be important. It often has a false importance and I don't see why it has to be so. I couldn't bear to marry a man who would let me support him, but I hope I have sense enough to realize that my husband, unless he's in the picture business, isn't likely to be able to earn the kind of money that's paid to movie stars. That shouldn't be a bar to a good marriage."

Ann has dates with actors as well as with nonprofessional men, but she hasn't made up her mind that she'll marry one rather than the other.

"Two careers in a family may take a bit of doing, but it can be done," she said thoughtfully. "Fredric March and Florence Eldridge have managed it, so have Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, and a good many others. So could I, I hope."

Much has been said about the advantages and disadvantages of marrying young. "If you're both very young, you're likely to develop along different lines, and one may outgrow the other," said the young actress. "If you're doing something exciting and have to give it up for marriage, it would be difficult not to regret the sacrifice if you found life dull. It seems to me you'd have to be very sure. I've heard of girls who insisted on marrying at seventeen against their parents' wishes, who found out how right their families were, when it was too late. But perhaps when you fall in love, you don't listen.

"I think you always believe that when you meet the man you'll marry, you'll find he comes of a good family. I don't mean one with lots of money or a high social position, or blue blood and crests, necessarily, but a family of fine character and ideals.

"I'd like my husband to have a splendid outlook on life. I hope he won't be narrow-minded about things he knows noth-



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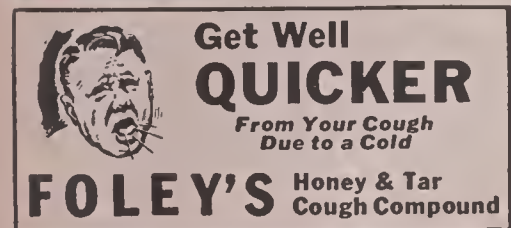
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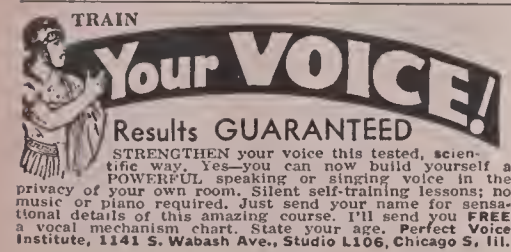


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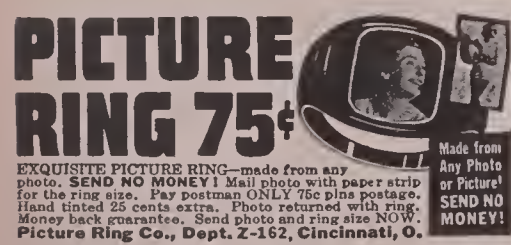
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ing of at first hand, but that he'll have high standards, and try to live up to them.

"I'm really lucky: I've never known jealousy. I've read about it, and seen it happen to people in pictures and plays, but fortunately no boy or girl I've met has ever been jealous of me. If I discovered that a man I cared for had a jealous streak, I hope it would end the romance. I know there could be no happiness for me without trust."

When Ann marries, she hopes to have her wedding in her church, and she wants to wear white satin and a long veil. She has imagined herself carrying lilies-of-the-valley, her favorite flowers, and it would be pretty if her maid of honor and six bridesmaids should be dressed in graduated shades of pink, from palest shell to deepest rose.

"If it was becoming to them and they liked the idea," she qualified, "they could carry sweet peas, in delicate colors to go with their gowns." The flower girls, who will be a small niece and little cousin (provided they haven't grown out of their roles before Ann walks to the altar) might wear pastel shades of blue and yellow, respectively, and carry flower baskets filled with tiny sweetheart roses.

"It would be fun to have the wedding reception in a garden, so that it wouldn't seem too crowded. I'd like to invite everybody!" planned hospitable Ann. She'll probably do all the traditional things brides do—wearing something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue, and tossing her bouquet to the bridesmaids. Not to mention having the whole bridal party stir the wedding cake, in which there'll be a coin, a ring and a thimble.

As you can see, she's giving the ceremony quite a bit of thought.

An engagement, Ann believes, shouldn't be longer than six months. In that time, she confided, with her accustomed modesty, you could try to discover what your future husband likes, and learn to make your likes coincide, if possible.

Ann told me about a friend of hers who couldn't hit the biggest ball made, yet when she married a golf fiend, she almost broke up her marriage trying to play his game with him. Her efforts maddened her husband, who had to wait impatiently while she struggled with each stroke. Here was an extreme case where it would have been better to let him keep his hobby to himself!

"This won't happen to me because I'm learning to play golf and I love it!" Ann laughed. "I love any sport! I can swim, ice-skate, bowl, ride, play tennis and badminton. Now what I long to do is learn to water-ski. It looks simply fascinating."

Her fierce love of sports may root from that day she went tobogganing in Snow Valley with two of her young friends, was hurled from the flying sled on a wicked curve, and suffered a broken back. Like the brave girl she is, Ann walked to an automobile with a fragment of vertebrae protruding from her flesh, and was driven down to a hospital where X-rays revealed her serious injury. For seven months, she lay in a cast; for another seven she had to wear a steel brace. Now she exults in swift and exhilarating action.

Coming back to the subject of marriage, Ann assured me, "There is no special romance at the moment. Believe me, I'd tell you if there were. With me everything must be in the open! But give me a little more time!" She grinned impishly, leaving implications you can fill in for yourself.

THE END

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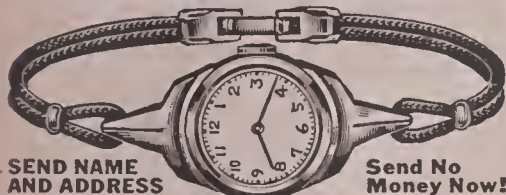
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FRENCH RIVIERA

(Continued from page 24)

are taken up gallivanting between Deauville, Paris, London and New York, have accepted these Hollywood folk into their midst.

Stage and opera folk have always been sought by this crowd, but until recently the Hollywoodites have been looked upon as a rather vulgar, showy element.

This change which began in the summer of 1948, has finally reached the point where no party given by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, or the Aga and Begum Khan, or the Marquis of Milford-Haven, or the Prince Ruspoli is complete without the Darryl Zanucks, the Louis Jourdans, the Leland Haywards, Errol Flynn, the David Selznicks, George Raft, Norma Shearer, Eddie Cantor and other noted Hollywoodites. The Hollywood contingent is crowding the beaches and night clubs of the Riviera.

It has become the favorite wedding spot of show folk. Rita Hayworth started it, and then Jennifer Jones, and the next marriage awaited is that of Steve Crane and Martine Carol.

What is it about this crowd and this life that Hollywood likes? Well, Darryl Zanuck explains it by saying that the International crowd is gay and carefree and completely uninterested in movie problems. It isn't necessary to talk shop to create an atmosphere.

What qualities in the movie folk appeal to the blasé-hardened sophisticates of the International set? They find our stars amusing, light-hearted and naive, like children who play their movie roles off stage.

What kind of life do these spoiled children of fortune lead on the Riviera? The setting in which they play is one of immense beauty, of a deep blue sea, and a deeper blue sky, of blood red rocks jutting wildly into the water, of high mountains, and exquisite sunsets, of picturesque ancient civilizations, side by side with practical modernity. Their daily routine has a sameness, it must be said, whose monotony is relieved only by the excitement and glamor of the atmosphere.

One-thirty in the afternoon, Eden Roc, the chic swimming rendezvous of the Hotel du Cap in Cap d'Antibes, comes alive. Seated around the cabana of the Darryl Zanucks can be seen Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jourdan, Errol Flynn, Norma Shearer and her husband and 15-year-old daughter, George Raft, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hayward, the newly-weds Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick and such other Hollywood stars who happen to be passing through.

Everyone argues as to whether they should go water-skiing or underwater fishing, the two great water sports of the South of France. It is decided that it is the moment for water-skiing, and a Chris-craft is chartered for a few hours. After skimming over the water, perhaps over to neighboring Cannes, where they descend for a quick drink at the Carlton Bar, the crowd reconvenes at the cabana.

An hour or two of sun-bathing, with a swim now and then to cool off, and around 3:30 everyone leisurely strolls to the Pavilion for lunch. It's 5:30 now and time for a "siesta"—a nap of an hour or so—to strengthen one for the strenuous evening to come.

After dressing carefully, the women to show off their beautiful tans, the men in smart, white dinner jackets, the crowd is ready to have an "apéritif" at the Carl-

ton Bar in Cannes, a "must" event. Here between 8 and 10, can be seen the smartest and most famous people in the world, all concentrating on seeing and being seen. By 10, the Carlton empties, as everyone goes on to dinner and dancing and gambling at the Palm Beach Casino in Cannes.

A Gala night at this Casino means the most beautiful gowns and the greatest fortunes in Europe displayed; it means millions won and lost at the gambling rooms. Here Darryl Zanuck went 5,000,000 francs into the hole. Here came David Selznick and Jennifer Jones the first night they returned from being married in Italy.

Perhaps it's a Tuesday or a Friday night, which means Monte Carlo is mandatory for these are the gala nights at the smart little principality, 50 miles away. There is no more sumptuous event on all the Riviera than a Monte Carlo Gala, when a great star like Maurice Chevalier, or Katherine Dunham or Benny Goodman is featured, backed by two great bands, and the 8 Dancing Girls from Broadway.

It's here that Errol Flynn dared to walk in with red socks and a dinner jacket, and it's here that Darryl Zanuck, Anatole Litvak, and Elsa Maxwell played Chemin-de-fer to the tune of a million francs at each draw. When Elsa lost all, Zanuck calmly threw her over another million with which to play.

Then again it may be the night of a big party, given by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at their chateau on Cap d'Antibes. All the Hollywood crowd goes, and life is gay and riotous until the tiny hours of the day.

Or it might be the sumptuous dinner that the Begum Khan gave for which the Aga Khan drove all the way down from Paris to officiate, in order to give denial to the rumors of their rift. Here the titled lords and their ladies of every country in Europe mingled and danced with the Hollywood folk. Here were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Prince Othon of Hapsburg, Archduke Robert of Austria, Princess Ghika, Princess de Haiderabad, Baron and Baroness de Rothschild, Princess Bourbon-Parme, Prince of Luxembourg. Here also were the Louis Jourdans, the Darryl Zanucks, Norma Shearer and her husband, and Errol Flynn.

When one is a guest one must also be a host, and one of the greatest party successes of all the season was the affair given by the Darryl Zanucks at the Hotel Carlton to present to their friends the first showing of the Tyrone Power starrer "Prince of Foxes." It was the same old guest list, true, and the same setting, but it's the glamor, the allure of the French Riviera.

This is the life our Hollywood folk lead for three months of the year when they come to the Riviera.

For Louis Jourdan it was his first trip to his native France in three years. He arrived by plane with George Raft, and after a few days in Paris flew directly to the Riviera. He had a rendezvous with his boss, David Selznick.

After having hidden away in a villa on the Italian Riviera for several months, never going out for fear of being photographed, David Selznick and Jennifer Jones finally arrived at the Hotel du Cap. While they were in Italy they had applied for all the papers necessary for their marriage, except one which had to await the actual day of the wedding.

LOVES OF ERROL FLYNN

(Continued from page 45)

In Paris, Cannes, Cap d'Antibes, Monte Carlo, aboard Errol's two-masted schooner, the Zaca (a Polynesian word meaning peace), the Princess and the Hollywood star have been an inseparable pair.

As far back as last May, shortly after he'd first been introduced to her by mutual friends, Errol, spontaneously smitten by the Princess, wanted her to star in "The Last of the Buccaneers." This is a picture which Flynn has written himself and plans to produce.

"Don't you think she would make a great attraction?" he asked a friend in Paris, after introducing the Princess.

The friend, a movie columnist, agreed. When she returned to Hollywood, she told everyone, "I have never seen Errol so much in love. All you have to do is to take one look at him, and you can see that girl has him in the palm of her hand. "I must say she's done wonders for him. He's been very polite to movie fans and newspaper reporters and you'd never know him as the same depressed Errol who left Hollywood a few weeks ago."

That the movie columnist was correct in her appraisal of what new love had done to Flynn was brought out when Errol flew back to MGM in July to do some retakes with Greer Garson on "That Forsyte Woman."

Many of us thought that Errol would be low and down-at-the-mouth. His wife, Nora, was in Nevada getting a divorce—a divorce he had tried mightily to stave off.

But instead, Errol was his old jaunty, debonair self—so jaunty, in fact, that he pulled off one of the funniest gags Hollywood has ever known.

Errol got so tired of reading in Hedda Hopper's column that he had actually brought Princess Ghika to Hollywood with him that he hired a girl to impersonate the Princess.

He coached her and then took the girl with him to MGM. He introduced her to Compton Bennett, his director, and to Greer Garson, his leading lady, as Princess Irene Ghika.

Both Bennett and Garson fell for the gag like a ton of bricks. Greer even said to the fake Princess, "But darling, you must let me throw a party for you. I want you to meet Errol's friends."

The fake Princess said to Greer, "Do you think Errol will make a good husband? Does he have lots of money?"

The girl played her part perfectly, and Flynn was having the greatest time imaginable, especially when he picked up the movie columns of Hedda Hopper and Sheilah Graham and read how these two experts knew *definitely* that Princess Ghika was in Hollywood.

When the gag broke, everyone thought it was hilarious, except the columnists, of course. All over the studio, one could hear, "How typically Flynn!"

Before Errol flew back to Europe this past July, Nora secured her divorce from him and she announced that Errol would retain custody of Rory, their youngest daughter.

"I always promised Errol," she said, "that if we ever separated, he could have one child, because it wouldn't be right for a father to be left alone."

This was extremely considerate of Nora, who is now Mrs. Dick Haymes. However, Errol isn't the kind of man who stays alone for very long.

He has a way of attracting beautiful women and of eventually marrying them.

Take his first wife, Lili Damita, for example. Errol met her in 1934 when he was twenty-five. They met aboard the boat that was taking Flynn from London to New York. They fought, made love, got married, fought some more, reconciled, separated, reconciled, separated, and finally in April of 1942, Lili obtained an uncontested divorce. She was given a huge wad of alimony and custody of their infant son, Sean.

Many people forget that Errol Flynn has a young son currently living in Europe, and many have forgotten the wild tempestuous days of his colorful marriage to Lili. But even back then, we knew that Errol Flynn was one man whose destiny would be shaped by women. And what a strange, varied galaxy of women! All sizes, shapes, and nationalities.

Number two, of course, in the feminine lights to flit across the Flynn marital world was Nora Eddington, the 18-year-old daughter of a deputy sheriff.

Errol met Nora while she was working behind a cigar store stand in the Los Angeles County courthouse. You all know the story. He took her to Mexico in 1943, and they were married. Errol became a father for the second time, and then a father for a third time.

Nora, when she first married Errol, suffered from an inferiority complex. She felt out of place with Hollywood's sophisticates, but gradually, she developed into a sophisticated, beautiful woman. At first, she was just content to love Errol, to worship him almost madly. Every and anything he did was fine with her.

"I love Errol more than anyone on earth," she once told me. That was back in 1944.

Last year, Nora blossomed out. She cut her hair. She began buying expensive clothes. She became one of the most beautiful young women in the movie colony. Errol even gave her a small part in one of his pictures. Nora was refusing to take a back seat in her marriage any longer.

Then, she met Dick Haymes, and as it sometimes happens, they fell in love.

Nora moved out of Flynn's house. When Errol heard about her leaving and the subsequent rumor that she was in love with Haymes, he was actually startled. He couldn't believe it. Nora leaving him? Why, that would be impossible!

There are some who say that Errol's great vanity was sorely shaken. There he was, one of the world's great lovers, and his wife was walking out on him.

At this point in his life, Errol was genuinely hurt, so hurt, in fact, that he refused to talk about his separation. "Whatever Nora wants," he said, "is all right with me. If she wants a divorce, there isn't anything I can do but give her one."

Errol looked like a beat character when he left Hollywood for London last Spring; he looked exactly what he was: a man who had lost at love.

But inside of a few weeks, all that was changed. Flynn flew over to Paris, and at a party he was introduced to Princess Irene Ghika. A resilient character, he bounced right back into his best courting shape.

The Princess, a cosmopolite who has been around, was not swept off her feet by the dashing Lothario from Hollywood.

(Please turn to next page)

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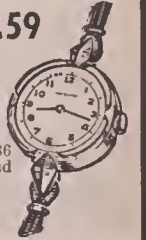
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She, in fact, took him very much in hand. She knows Paris a good deal better than he. She is a member of royalty. She is a woman of charm, beauty, and great background; and before Errol knew it, he was squiring the Princess around France with all the ardor of a college freshman, and even offering her a part in his next production. No greater love hath any actor!

As a matter of fact, he was rather put out when MGM for whom he starred in "That Forsyte Woman" ordered him to fly back to Culver City at their expense and re-take a few scenes for the picture. He wanted to spend the entire Summer in Europe in the company of the beautiful brunette Balkan.

Flynn, however, is basically a good-natured and cooperative man; so he left his Princess and returned to California. But only for ten or twelve days.

He stayed long enough to do the re-takes and to send a wire to Nora and

Dick wishing them good luck, and then he took off again with John Perona, a friend of his, for Paris.

In Paris, he teamed up with the Princess again. They went to Cannes, then to Monte Carlo where Errol was seen in tuxedo and red socks (he has a colorful way with clothes) and they spent the day in blissful sight-seeing.

Errol is due back in Hollywood this November; and whether or not he'll return with the Princess Ghika as Mrs. Errol Leslie Flynn, remains to be seen.

A far-seeing man of the world, Errol believes in the romantic approach to marriage. His first wife was a French actress; his second was an American salesgirl; and his third may turn out to be the Roumanian Princess.

Flynn may not adhere to foreverness in matrimony, but the dashing Don Juan certainly believes in variety. Also in the United Nations.

THE END

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STAR GIRL
 (Continued from page 48)

"I too will influence her," says Saturn with a slight sneer. "As a true Gemini—which means the twins—she will be like two people in one. She'll have a dual personality, one part gay, one part moody. I foster moodiness and depressed spirits."

"Of the three of us, you're the least important influence in her life," contradicts Mercury. "The Sun and I will make her so vital and happy, she'll have few black moods. We'll see to that!"

"Well, I'm not all bad," sulks Saturn. "I'll give her some good qualities, too. Strength of purpose and determination. . . ."

Well, to sum it up, you can say that her three governing astral guides have done all right by their favorite daughter, Jane Russell. And she, in turn, hasn't let down her celestial controls.

When Jane meets strangers and talks to them a little while, she likes to peg them according to the month in which they were born. She'll guess, "You're a Capricorn," or "You're a Libra," and usually she's right!

"I've studied astrology as a hobby," Jane explains. "I do it for kicks. I never went so far as knowing how to cast a chart. I'm too much of a Gemini—too impatient and too anxious to do so many other things—to be that thorough about it. But I've studied the characteristics of people born under the twelve signs and it seems to me that most people are typical and stick to their signs in latent talents, personality traits and reactions."

An interesting footnote to all this is that Jane is a religious girl. Her mother, a woman of deep religious convictions, instilled her beliefs in Jane in childhood; Jane continues to abide by them and still reads her Bible every day. She feels that belief in astrology—at least to the degree to which she believes in it—does not conflict with religious teaching.

"God made the stars just as He made us. So why is it wrong to believe that there is a relationship between us and the stars, depending on the position of them as related to the sun at the time of our births?" challenges Jane. "This isn't like drumming up an evil spirit to tell the future!"

"I feel there are three great forces in our lives—the natural, the psychic and the spiritual. Astrology may be said to be a part of the psychic in its application and as such it is stronger than the natural and can overcome it. But spiritual force, the force of true religion, is strongest and most important and overcomes both!"

Yes, this is whistle bait, luscious Jane Russell speaking, the gal who looks like a sexy, sultry siren on screen. If you suspect her sole interest in life is glamour, you're so wrong! Away from a clicking camera she's a gal without any affectations, a former tomboy who still loves sports and beat-up leisure clothes. . . . A girl with a firm handshake, one who is reluctant to talk about herself but will chat on and on about a subject which interests her—like astrol-

ogy. . . A girl who doesn't merely accept astrology without question but who has studied it and has figured that it has a basis in truth because it is all part of God's creation.

Jane first became interested in astrology nine years ago through a fellow student at dramatic school, a boy named Brad. He had been a trapeze artist in a circus and became friendly with the astrologer who traveled with the show. Brad scoffed at astrology.

"If you will study it, learn everything you can about it, I'll bet you \$100 you will believe in it," the astrologer challenged. Brad studied for a year and at the end of that time paid the \$100. He was so converted that he decided he was in the wrong business and left the circus!

"He went to an extreme which I don't believe in," Jane relates. "He had a day-by-day chart and if he felt a day was bad, he just wouldn't move! I think that's silly because belief like that can make unreal things become real. If you fear something enough you can worry yourself into it, get yourself into a sweat over it and finally bring tragedy to yourself.

"It's been said many times that the stars impel but don't compel. Geminis are subject to blue funks, in contrast to high gaiety, but we don't have to give in to them! We can try to snap out of such moods. We don't have to stay in bed all day.

"Another friend of mine who has made a study of astrology—a very thorough one, not sketchy like mine—cast my horoscope two years ago and it was marvelous. Everything good, I felt. Of course there were a few warnings and disappointments but I certainly can't go around worrying that on a certain Friday I shouldn't eat fish because I might choke on a bone, just because Mars is kicking Saturn downstairs in my fifth house," Jane grins.

"I don't believe in fortune tellers at all. Once several years ago I went to one who told me then, 'You'll never marry the man you're going with. (That was Bob Waterfield, my beau since high school days; we've been happily married since 1942!) You don't have enough in common,' this seer told me. 'Instead you will marry an older man who will be interested in the same things you are.'

"That preyed on my mind. I decided Bob and I were rather widely separated in our interests, and perhaps I should marry someone more like me temperamentally. So I broke off with Bob. Fortunately I came to my senses, and we were married. But think of the damage that fortune teller could have done if I had taken her too literally!

"Bob is a Leo and we prove there can be a real attraction of opposites. As a Gemini I am always on the go; restless, doing things quickly and impulsively, then going on to something else. Bob is a typical Leo—named for the lion. He is quiet—not all over the place as I am. He does things after careful consideration and can't be rushed. I was ready to buy a certain lot before we built our home and wanted to do it right away; Bob said it would be better to wait and look at others. Of course he was right!

"I think every Gemini deserves a Leo! Certainly Bob's the best thing that could have happened to me! If a Leo knows he's annoying some quick, mercurial person with his deliberation, he just slows down more; sometimes he makes you feel you're pulling nails out of the floor to make him move. But a Gemini like me needs slowing down.

"The Leo person's disposition is more even, too, than a Gemini's. If I come

home from the studio in a blue funk, Bob doesn't sympathize; that would just prolong it. Instead, he says, 'Aw, knock off that,' and it works!

"I appreciate this, because once in high school I had a boy friend who was a Gemini. We liked all the same things, had the same temperament. If I was depressed, he'd get depressed, or vice versa, so that we'd both always be in the same mood. Imagine being married to someone like that. It would be like living with yourself and no one else. A pretty lonely, dreary business, I think. And that's what that fortune teller was suggesting. I think attraction of opposites is a wonderful thing. Bob and I really are opposites.

"We both like sports, but different ones; everything he likes best in sports, I can't do. But that doesn't matter. He likes television and watches it for hours. I don't; I'd rather read, and do. So what? He's extremely thoughtful; sometimes I'm afraid I'm not. He loves to surprise me with presents, will go to great pains to keep a secret—like the new convertible he bought me for my birthday which he had to hide in a friend's garage because it was delivered early. He gets a big boot out of things like that and of course I love them. Who doesn't?

"We agreed, fortunately, on our idea of a home. Big rooms. Lots of space. Big windows so that the outdoors comes right in. I like to upholster furniture and paint—pictures or woodwork. Bob doesn't go for those things but he likes to cook and I hate it—so-o that's good, too.

"Most of my girl friends, who are old school chums, not in pictures, are Geminis. That means we have similar dispositions and interests, which I think is desirable. Geminis usually see both sides of any issue—that's part of the dual personality—and hate scenes and arguments. Sometimes this is a disadvantage. A Gemini might know he's being taken advantage of, be burned up about it, but he won't do anything because he wants to avoid a scene.

"Bob Hope with whom I made 'The Paleface' is a typical Gemini. Go-go-go. Mercurial. Always doing a million things. Maria Montez and Paulette Goddard are, too. Bing Crosby is a Taurus and in contrast to Hope, Bing does things slowly.

"I've found it's lots of fun to check people I work with against their astrological signs. Frank Sinatra, with whom I just made 'It's Only Money' to me is typical of Sagittarius and Bob Mitchum with whom I'll work next in 'His Kind of Woman' is another typical Leo.

"Funny thing," adds Jane, "everyone seems to be happy with his own sign. I suppose it's because most people are essentially satisfied with themselves, although possibly not with their achievements."

One thing Jane hopes. If she has children she'd prefer that they wouldn't be Pisces.

"Pisces people usually are amusing and witty. If they face facts, they are wonderful but they so often find facts too dull. They are idealists and build walls around themselves; can't stand to have anyone look inside, or won't themselves face what's inside. Geminis spend their lives looking into themselves and other people. That would make a pretty grim mother-daughter combination, I think. Pisces people need self-discipline and with it they are marvelous. But so do Geminis need self-discipline.

"There I go again, seeing both sides. I could never deny that I'm a Gemini!"

THE END

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★ Once there was a poor little boy who loved music. . . . That sounds like the beginning of a fairy tale, and indeed it is. Only it's a fairy tale that really happened.

The little boy was Mario Lanza, who was born Alfred Arnold Cocozza on the East Side of New York. His father was a disabled veteran, and his mother worked hard to keep her little family happy and together. When the Cocozzas moved to Philadelphia, and Mario started school, all their extra pennies were put aside for records—for music is the food of the soul and young Mario was a music-hungry little boy.

As he grew older, the family's one regret was that there wasn't enough money for singing lessons; for everyone who heard him recognized that the warm full tones which soared from Mario's throat were nothing less than sensational.

But there was one member of the family who was not thrilled with Mario's singing. That was his grandfather. The old man believed that muscles—not voices—earned a living; and since Mario had muscles, he went to work as a piano mover after he graduated from high school.

One of the first pianos he had to move was the one which went into the Acad-

emy of Music in Philadelphia, where Koussevitsky, the great symphony conductor, had just finished rehearsing. The great man was in his dressing room, when suddenly his ears were filled with singing—the kind of singing only heard on the concert stage. Half dressed, Koussevitsky dashed out to investigate.

Koussevitsky arranged for Mario to come and live with him in the Berkshires where he conducts the Berkshire School and Musical Festival. For the first time in his life, Mario was able to eat, sleep, and drink music.

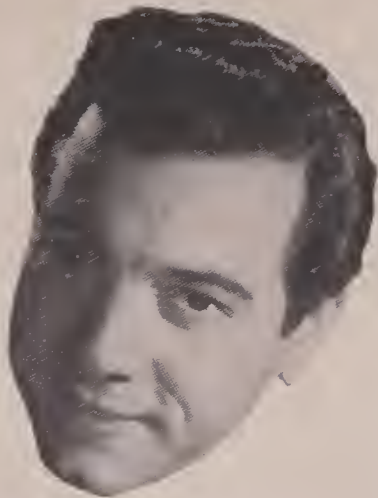
In the summer of 1942, he made his professional debut, singing with some of the greatest musical celebrities of our times.

The critics were unanimous in their opinions. "Here," they wrote, "is the greatest tenor since Caruso." But amid these wonderful notices came one from Uncle Sam. "Greetings," it began.

So, although he sang at various shows for the other G.I.s, his career halted in mid-air until he was discharged in 1945. That was a great year for Mario, for it was then he married pretty Betty Hicks, the sister of an Army buddy. (They now have a little daughter Colleen, and both Mario and Betty are sure she will sing too.)



Success to Mario means that he'll be able to give his family all he lacked as a boy.



Some of the greatest music critics are calling Mario "Young Caruso."



Betty and Mario think baby Colleen will be a singer. They've already started to coach her. Papa Mario claims she's always in fine voice.

He signed a contract with Victor records and made appearances on the Columbia Concerts program, taking Jan Peerce's place for the summer on his radio show.

A New York business man, Sam Wiler, recognized Mario's need for additional training, and under his managership, Mario soon was studying with the teacher of the great Gigli—Enrico Rosati.

In 1947, Mario Lanza sang in the Hollywood Bowl. The applause lasted 12 minutes! Almost before he knew it, the handsome, dark-haired singer found himself signed to a long-term MGM contract which allows him six months each year for concerts and opera.

During the past two years, Mario has studied extensively, and toured all over the country. He appeared with the Philadelphia and Boston Symphony orchestras, made his operatic debut in "Madame Butterfly," with the New Orleans Opera Association, and gave a second memorable performance in the Hollywood Bowl.

Then, MGM cast him in "That Midnight Kiss," in which he makes love to charming Kathryn Grayson, and sings the songs Caruso made immortal. The part he plays is—of all things—a piano mover!

"So you see," he grins, "Grandfather was right, after all!"

THE END

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DO You Write Like

Dana Andrews

By HELEN KING

★ One of the first questions asked a graphologist is, "Why do I make an 'n' or 'm' like 'u' and 'w'?" And the answer is always: "You're adaptable. You learn to make the best of conditions, to accept life as it comes, and adjust yourself accordingly." The upside down "n" is shown clearly in the signature of the personable Dana Andrews whose entire life is one of adjustment and adaptation. Good or bad, fun or sorrow, Dana has accepted it and has endeavored to grow with it.

Do you make a tall, closed "D"? If so you have much pride, much desire for independence, and a definite tendency to keep your mouth shut about your personal affairs. Do you make larger letters at the beginning and then gradually taper off? Brother, you're a diplomat! Like Dana you can tell a person off without offending. You can refuse graciously, and still retain friends.

If none of these traits applies to your handwriting then let's look at the slant. The Andrews slant shows an affectionate, demonstrative man. Dana will express himself, will respond to affection, will let you know if he likes you a lot. Or

maybe you leave various letters open on top—like "a," for example. If so, you have an open pocketbook, will give much; an open mouth, will chat freely; an open heart, will share your kindness with others.

If you write like Dana Andrews you are an all around wholesome guy who makes a good friend. I doubt if he has many enemies. I think he adjusts himself and them to better thinking, better living!

THE END

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THE REVIEWER'S BOX

(Continued from page 23)

THE GAL WHO TOOK THE WEST (U.I.)

This picture is one of the nicest surprises of the year!

"The Gal Who Took the West" has all the earmarks of a western movie: the wide open spaces, men totin' six-shooters, dance hall cuties and the U. S. Infantry. Done in Technicolor, its satirical approach to the horse-opera theme turns the picture into a laugh riot.

A newspaper man, looking for story material about early Arizona settlers, the O'Hara family, gets his details from three old fellows who remember the days when the fabulous O'Haras owned and controlled Arizona.

Two young cousins, Scott Brady and John Russell, always at odds, become more so with the appearance of opera singer Yvonne De Carlo. The family feud takes on the proportions of a civil war when the two young men vie for the young lady's love.

When even Grandfather Charles Coburn can't control the boys, Yvonne takes over; and through some very feminine and funny logic, manages to resolve the case and find her true love.

There's a question right to the very end as to which young man she'll choose—and the surprise ending will send you out of the theater amidst great chuckles. This is a real sleeper. Don't miss it.

THAT MIDNIGHT KISS (MGM)

Leo, the lion, has reason to roar triumphantly about "That Midnight Kiss." It is charming, amusing, and a treat for the ear as well as the eye.

Mario Lanza, M-G-M's new operatic find, has a magnificent voice. While he's still a little camera-shy, he has natural grace and charm that more than compensate for the lack of experience. He's handsome, too. Mario Lanza is a name to remember; he'll go far.

Kathryn Grayson plays a young singer whose wealthy grandmother (majestic Ethel Barrymore) organizes an opera company, with Jose Iturbi conducting, to give her a break.

Kathryn hears the piano mover (Mario Lanza) sing, recognizes his fine voice, and promptly falls in love with him.

The story is pretty thin, but you'll overlook the obvious holes in the plot. The music is exquisitely beautiful; and the scenes between Thomas Gomez, who plays a fabulous Italian tenor, and Jules Munshin as the opera manager, are some of the funniest sequences ever filmed.

This you mustn't miss.

CHICAGO DEADLINE (Paramount)

When a beautiful girl dies of natural causes in a dingy Chicago hotel room, it's a "human interest" story for any newspaper that wants it. Alan Ladd, as Ed Adams of the Journal, finds the girl's address book, and tries to locate her relatives. To his amazement, none of the people listed will say a word about her. Some even skip town.

This inspires Ladd to delve into her past. He finds that Rosita D'ur (Donna Reed) meant something different to everyone who knew her. To her brother (Arthur Kennedy), she was a saint; to her roommate (June Havoc) she was a friend; to playboy Gavin Muir she was a gold-digger; to shady character Berry Kroeger she was a "moll"; and to Shepherd Strudwick, the man who loved her,

she was worth giving up his love and life to protect.

Based on a story by Tiffany Thayer, this thriller fires characters and situations at you as fast as a machine gun—almost too fast to digest. Alan Ladd is great as the reporter—he can join our staff anytime.

EVERYBODY DOES IT (20th)

Paul Douglas (remember him in "Letter to Three Wives"?) is a well-to-do housewrecker; and the harried husband of a would-be opera singer, Celeste Holm. He and his mother-in-law feud constantly, for she is a frustrated singer, determined that her daughter have the career she didn't have. Poor Paul doesn't have a chance to win against such formidable opposition.

Goaded into trying to line up a critic who will come to Celeste's first recital, Paul runs into the charms of Linda Darnell, a great opera star. It is she who makes the startling discovery that the great voice in the family belongs to Paul.

Celeste is infuriated with this development—especially when Linda gives Paul a part in her opera.

As a housewrecker-turned-baritone, Paul Douglas is hilarious! And everyone else gets a chance to exercise his vocal chords in this battle of the voices.

I WAS A MALE WAR BRIDE (20th)

Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan romp through this story about a French army officer who marries a U. S. WAC lieutenant.

The first half of the picture is devoted to the conflicts which arise when Cary and Ann share a military mission.

Of course you realize that although Cary thinks Ann's presumptuous and inefficient, and Ann feels that he's a wolf without disguise, all will end well. And it does.

The real fun of the picture comes when Cary seeks entrance to the U. S. and has to travel as a war bride. Traveling as an alien spouse of female military personnel, en route to the United States under Public Law 271 of the Congress gives Cary a running start on a series of hilarious situations which he makes the most of in traditional Grant style.

Assisting Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan are screen newcomers Marian Marshall and Randy Stuart. Both young women show promise and should please fans who are constantly on the lookout for bright new faces and new talent.

Since "I Was a Male War Bride" was photographed in Germany, background scenes are legitimate—and fascinating.

This is a pleasant picture—with a nice balance of comedy and romance.

RED, HOT AND BLUE (Paramount)

After two years (which is too long), Betty Hutton returns to the screen in Paramount's "Red, Hot and Blue." And all we can say is that the blonde blitz hasn't lost any of her explosive charm.

In this comedy-musical-murder drama, Vic Mature is the hungry young director of the Corner Group Theatre, who frowns at girl-friend Betty's attempts to be a big name on Broadway—at any cost. As it turns out, it costs *him* plenty of energy. Betty is kidnaped by thugs who think

(Please turn to next page)



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she can "put the finger" on one of them for a murder she witnessed . . . and it takes lots of Hutton vocal chords, and Mature strength, to bring her back alive. The villain, Haido Lempke, is played by Frank Loesser, the guy who pens sweet musical numbers like "Slow Boat to China."

The action runs from the ridiculous to the ridiculous—Betty's interpretation of "Hamlet's" mad Ophelia is enough to make Shakespeare sit up in his grave and roar.

This is a Hutton riot from the first chuckle to the last belly laugh.

ABANDONED (U.I.)

One of the biggest scandals to hit this country recently was the news about the nefarious adoption rackets—where babies are sold on the black market. This documentary film brings the story to the screen.

Gale Storm comes to California to look for her missing sister, and finds that she has died mysteriously, after having given birth to a child out of wedlock. Newspaperman Dennis O'Keefe suspects there may be a story behind this, and offers to help Gale track down the truth. Before long they realize that the unsuspecting girl had been victimized by an illegal baby adoption syndicate. Together, they uncover the ugly business in which racketeers lure unwed mothers into selling their children.

Though slow moving, this film is interesting and important; for it exposes one of the most criminal evils of present-day society.

FATHER WAS A FULLBACK

(20th)

Father (Fred MacMurray) finds his job as football coach at State University as rough as a T formation. The Alumni Association, headed by Rudy Vallee, expects miracles from the mediocre (to put it mildly) State team. Though his pretty wife, Maureen O'Hara, does her best to block the kicks of misfortune, Fred knows he must do the impossible to keep his job. His team must win a game.

Two unpredictable young daughters (Betty Lynn and Natalie Wood) don't make the situation any easier. Betty is dateless—a severe calamity at the age of 15. When she dramatically renounces men, and locks herself in her room to devote herself to literature, not even Fred would dream she'd write an article called "I Was a Child Bubble Dancer"—and have it published! Such goings on would be a blow to any coach's job, even one who's team wasn't consistently ringing up zeros.

Pigskins, romance and college life are brightly combined to make "Father Was a Fullback" fun for your entire family.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

(Alexander Korda)

According to this charming Irish film, a lot of supposed saints would turn out

to be sinners, if the truth were told.

The cast of this tale of Irish village life is composed of the famous Abbey Theatre Players of Dublin, and begorra, they're good!

Michael Kissane, an innocent man convicted of stealing church funds, returns to his native village and is shunned by everyone—even his lovely sweetheart.

In an effort to help Michael, and reveal the real culprit, old Ma Murnaghan foretells the end of the world; and the superstitious villagers believe her. They flock to the Canon to be confessed before the disaster occurs, and the holy man is shocked by the sins supposedly good people admit to having committed.

Of course, the world doesn't come to an end. The Canon rewards the villagers' lack of faith with a tongue-lashing and a penance, Michael gets his girl, and all ends happily.

This is a quaint tale from Irish folklore.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (U.I.)

If history could be told to children in this manner, it might be more interesting to them. Although slow moving, and not particularly exciting, the story sticks faithfully to history.

Fredric March plays Christopher Columbus, the great adventurer whose dreams were scoffed at. Florence Eldridge is Queen Isabella, who finally aided the explorer when it became evident that the court of France might be more interested in his schemes—and the land and treasures he expected to find in the Orient.

Though grownups may find this a bit dull, the costumes and scenery combine with actual fact to make this picture a living history lesson in Technicolor. The superstitions, court intrigue, jealousies and living conditions of 15th Century Spain are depicted; and the voyage to the New World (though not as thrilling as it might have been) is interesting.

FEELING ALL RIGHT

"Venereal disease is the curse of civilization." How many times have you heard that phrase? And exactly how much do you know about the origins and results of this dreaded affliction?

In a simple, down-to-earth manner, the Columbia University Press tells the story of venereal disease, and the havoc it wreaks in present-day society. This film makes no pretext of entertainment; it is a documentary which teaches facts everyone should know.

The cast of "Feeling All Right" is made up of a group of unprofessional Mississippi Negroes, and the story is told in a frank and forthright manner.

This film is available to churches, clubs, and neighborhood theaters. If it is not shown in your community; you may request it from the Department of Health in your state, or from the Communications Materials Center of the Columbia University Press.

Go Christmas Shopping
with the Stars

in the December issue of

MOVIELAND

On newsstands everywhere November 9th

I DRESS FOR MEN

(Continued from page 43)

all men like the kind of clothes that improve a girl's figure. To my way of thinking, a suit does this better than anything we wear. The bulk of my wardrobe, therefore, consists of suits. I have a few tweedy ones and several tailored gabardines. I own a smart, two-toned gray wool and gabardine suit, a dressy black faille, and a raw silk shantung, cut in soft dressmaker lines.

I wear these suits everywhere—on dates, to work, to parties—and I always feel comfortably and correctly dressed. They do wonders, not only for my figure but also for my peace of mind.

I happen to be tall and slender so I wear slim skirts and straight jackets and capitalize on my size 12 figure. I also own a few full-skirted suits of pure silk that don't make me look too broad. A straight, boxy suit, however, can make a heavy woman look thinner, and a softly fitted suit can make a thin figure look rounder. It's all in knowing how to "suit" your own figure.

In my case, I never buy a suit with a padded hip line like the ones the French designers were turning out a few years ago. Wide hips are unattractive no matter how thin you are beneath the padding. Similarly, a suit with a flaring jacket does nothing for me. I look simply awful in wild checks or anything fussy. I'm a simple dresser and rely on my personality to provide the sparkle. After all, who wants to play second fiddle to a dress, unless you have to?

Although I practically live in suits, I do own a few dressy, show-stopping outfits. At least I hope they're show-stopping. The only evening dress in my wardrobe, for example, is the one I wore to the Academy Awards. It was designed by Irene which means, of course, that the lines are simple but sensational. It's white trimmed with pistachio green, and it has a tight, heart-shaped bodice held up by thin rolled straps, and a full, graceful skirt with a gardenia half-way down.

My other two party dresses are semi-formals, and both were designed by Christian Dior, the Frenchman who introduced the new look. One creation is navy lace over a full underskirt, the only trim consisting of white shoulder straps. The other dress has a full black skirt, a strapless white piqué top and a gold kid belt.

I didn't set out deliberately to feature white in all my party clothes, but I sure like it. As a matter of fact, I might quite easily qualify as Miss White Piqué of America. I love starched white sun dresses, crisp piqué boiler hats and spotless white gloves. I love these, I think, because it's been my experience that men love to date a girl who looks as if she's slept on a bed of mint.

This masculine preference for crispy cleanliness in girls doesn't stop at appearance only. Men like girls who are spotless and dainty, and if you don't think they really give a girl the once-over, you're wrong.

I worked in Les Brown's all-male band for 3 years, and I still blush at some of the remarks the fellows used to mutter about the fairer sex. "Better take a DDT bomb with you if you're dating Helen So-and-So," was one favorite crack. "Why don't you lend her your Remington Dry Shaver?" was another, and "I'd sooner kiss a cow" was a third . . .

All of which taught me to redouble all

my efforts towards good grooming.

My own personal routine for cleanliness calls for showers each morning and night. I manage to take a few extras during the day when I'm working hard and get over-heated. I also like to shampoo my hair in the shower. It's so simple doing it that way that I wash my hair three times a week. I'm also extremely careful about deodorants, mouthwashes, and depilatories. I think any girl who's less than 100% careful about these things is being inexcusably lazy. I feel very strongly about that.

Grooming naturally goes hand-in-hand with makeup, which unfortunately takes too much time for me. I simply haven't got enough minutes in the day to apply nail polish. As a result, I don't wear any. I also don't wear mascara, false eyelashes, or pan-cake makeup. I stick to lipstick and let nature take care of the rest.

I like to think that I look well pretty nearly all of the time whether I have my best clothes on or not, and that's why I never go marketing wearing slacks and curlers-under-kerchief, nor will I wear peasant clothes and gold sandals to go to the corner drug store.

For day-to-day wear, I like a trim skirt and blouse with a jacket for added warmth. My favorite skirt of this type is called a glass skirt, because it's made of sleek, smooth gabardine. The top has loops for a belt and the bottom is slit fore and aft. I own about six such skirts in different colors, and I find they're marvelously practical.

For working about the house, I have two costumes: a bathing suit or blue jeans. Blue jeans are my great love. I always have five or six pairs on hand. I'm as fussy about their being clean and pressed as anything else in my closet. I wear them with cotton shirts and moccasins, and I like them because they're inexpensive, comfortable and always look so darn cute.

I also think there's a cute way of wearing curlers. My system is to wait until about an hour before date time and then turn up my short hair and cover it with a turban. In that way, should my date arrive early, I know I won't frighten him away. More girls have scared off prospective husbands by going around with their curlers showing than by any other means I know.

I like to tell myself that I can be surprised at any time or by any unexpected friend and still look natural and neat. Towards this end, I keep a list of things to avoid. On this list are such items as slips that show, lipstick on teeth, dangling earrings, platform shoes, and strong perfume.

I also have a positive list, and this one includes shoulder bags that hold all my essentials, a washable seersucker bathrobe, "Shocking" perfume, a fresh flower tucked in my belt, and FRECKLES.

There was a time not so many years ago, when I suffered great anguish because of the freckles that punctuated my face. But thank heaven, that day has passed. I learned that men like freckles and that's the way they have to accept me.

At any rate, whether they do or whether they don't is immaterial. I couldn't erase them even if I wanted to.

With Doris Day, it's strictly a case of love me, love my freckles. Let's hope they do.

THE END

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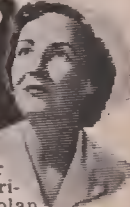
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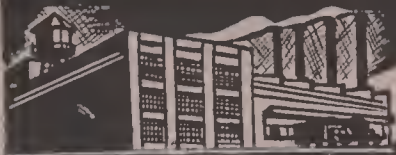
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ADDRESS

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6 IN 1 VALUE
EVER OFFERED!**

—all for
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—A Handful of Accessories

A smashing price cut makes this miracle value possible! Excitingly new! Exquisitely smart! Original designed in Paris! Six handbag essentials in one! Lustrous gold color! Once you have it, you'll never be without it!

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THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT!

Merry Christmas

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Peg Nichols, Managing Editor Bob Becker, Art Director
Annette Leisten, Assistant Editor Robert Crosett, Art Editor
Frank Friedrichsen, Walter Davis
Hollywood Managing Editor Joe Shere { Staff Photographers

Beatrice Lubitz Cole, Editorial Director

Statement of the Ownership, Management, and Circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), of Movieland, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1949.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Movieland, Inc., 535 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Beatrice Lubitz Cole, Editorial Director, 535 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Peg Nichols, 535 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Phil Keenan, 535 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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PHIL KEENAN, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1949.

(SEAL) MARGARET ROTHENBERG.
(My commission expires March 30, 1950.)



A newcomer to films, Janet Leigh's fine roles in MGM's "The Doctor and the Girl," "Red Doodle" and "That Forsyte Woman," have made her one of the brightest and youngest stars in Hollywood today. Far more about Janet Leigh, see Page 50.

MOVIELAND, published monthly by Movieland, Inc., at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Advertising, editorial offices: 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood editorial office: 916 No. La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Chicago advertising office: 333 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Vol. 7, No. 11, December, 1949. Entered as second-class matter December 15, 1942, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price 25c a copy. Subscription price \$3.00 in the United States and \$3.00 in Canada, Copyright 1949 by Movieland, Inc. The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the United States of America. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

M.G.M

Spencer
TRACY

hands you
the biggest
laugh in
10 years!

Katharine
HEPBURN

It's the
hilarious
answer to
WHO WEARS
THE PANTS!



Adam's Rib

JUDY HOLLIDAY
TOM EWELL
DAVID WAYNE • JEAN HAGEN



Little chance of Ronnie Reagan crashing Marilyn Rake's skating act. His leg's still in a cast.



inside



Hollywood

Ask Ava Gardner and Howard Duff what they want for Christmas this year, and they just look into each other's eyes. No telling what'll happen.



June Allyson's new hair-do was a conversation starter when the Dick Powells and the David Nivens met at the Ice Follies.



Does John Agar look glum as Shirley Temple signs autographs? Gossip has them disagreeing over careers, but John and Shirl deny there's trouble.



Nothing like a whirl at Ciro's after a hard day of Christmas shopping, agree Nancy and Frank Sinatra.

**The holiday season is
in full swing as the
stars get ready to
welcome St. Nick**

BY BEATRICE LUBITZ COLE

Van Johnson, one of the town's most avid film fans, brings his lunch to the studio with him so he can have a picture run for him while eating at noon. He and Evie are selling their Santa Monica home and moving into Beverly Hills so the kids will be closer to school facilities. They're also planning on a bigger house. Does that mean more children in the near future?

Martha Scott, one of our finest actresses, is preparing to return to Broadway after a long period of no work in Hollywood. Producers tell her she lacks sex appeal. With that we have to disagree.

When Jane Greer returns to the screen

after having her baby, she's going to demand a change in type of parts—or else. She's fed up with playing those pistol-packing mama parts, and is prepared to take a long suspension rather than do another of them.

Keefe Brasselle, who moved into Metro after his click in "Not Wanted," had to fight to keep his name from being changed. One casting director told him that a guy with a monicker like that couldn't be a good actor. But in his new contract Keefe had it stipulated that his name should remain as is.

Shelley Winters told us, "Of late I've become greatly interested in writers." We tracked down the clue and found out
(Please turn to page 8)



Liz Taylor's ruptured romance hasn't put her in retirement. She appeared at the Ice Follies with her brother and Evie Johnson.



At Ciro's, newlyweds Gloria and Jimmy Stewart grinned from ear to ear. These two fairly radiate happiness! They're in love, and they don't care who knows it!

I Hollywood

continued

the "interest" was Edmond O'Brien's writing brother, Liam. They're serious; and perhaps a happy marriage is just what the volatile Shelley needs.

* * *

If Warners re-make "The Jazz Singer," one of the first successful talkies starring Al Jolson, look for Al to do the seldom-happens business and re-star in the picture. Fans are demanding it.

* * *

Joan Caulfield insists that all those dates she's been having with Frank Ross, Jean Arthur's ex, are purely on the friendship side.

* * *

For the first time in five years Marshall Thompson has had the chance to get his hair cut as he wanted it. He's done 17 consecutive costume pictures and had to have his tresses trimmed to fit the parts.

* * *

Look for Betty Hutton's two children to make their screen debut with mama in "Annie Get Your Gun." Incidentally, after that brief separation, Betty and Ted Briskin have really been working on their marriage. It's never been more solid.

* * *

The romance between Lew Ayres and Jane Wyman, after her long absence in (Please turn to page 10)



Marilyn Maxwell and Joel Marsden shared a bag of popcorn at the Ice Follies opening.



Between the acts at the Ice Follies, Dick and Nora Haymes compared notes on the comedy skit. Nora found Dick's comments as hilarious as the comedian's.

WE'VE GOT BERLE!

BERLE'S ON THE SCREEN!

THE NATION'S NO.1 FUNNY-MAN!

BERLE'S HERE!

HELL BERLE YOU OVER!

WARNER BROS.
FILL THE SCREEN
WITH ALL THE ROARS
AND GUFFAWS
HE'S FAMOUS FOR!

MILTON BERLE

GETS VERY
FUNNY WITH
VIRGINIA
MAYO



"ALWAYS LEAVE THEM LAUGHING"

Oh what a story!

EVERYONE FALLS FOR HIS GAGS-HE FALLS FOR EVERYONE'S GAL!



Stop laughing
-and listen!
8 NEW HIT
SONGS TOO!



WITH **RUTH ROMAN · BERT LAHR** 
DIRECTED BY **ROY DEL RUTH** PRODUCED BY **JERRY WALD**

SCREEN-PLAY BY MELVILLE SHAVELSON AND JACK ROSE
FROM A STORY BY MAX SHULMAN AND RICHARD MEALAND
MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF



One of the smartest outfits seen at the opening of the "Ice Follies" was Evie Johnson's exquisite white knitted suit. Van's flashy polka dotted bow tie got its share of attention too!

Europe, is as cold as yesterday's news. But we look for a revival of interest when they both resume working on the same lot later on in the year.

Marlene Dietrich's new interest is Marlon Brando, who hit in "A Streetcar Named Desire." They met in Paris; and we're looking for Marlene to follow him to Hollywood.

Since his return to Hollywood, Bob Walker has been strictly a home guy,

devoting all his leisure time to his two sons--and skipping romance. We watched him at work in his new picture at Metro; and he never looked better.

Paramount plans to continue the "Dear Ruth" series with a third picture. It'll be called "Dear Mom."

The royal family of Egypt has invited the Red Skeltons over for a visit; and they plan to go next spring. If Red was ever lukewarm about his second mar-

H I nside H ollywood

continued

riage, those days are over. Since the birth of their two children, Red at the drop of a hat will start telling what a wonderful wife he has.

When you see the fight between Dan Duryea and Howard DaSilva in "Whiplash" that takes place supposedly in dead winter, you can thank wardrobe for the atmosphere. The scene was shot on one of the hottest days early this fall; and before it was over, Dan had to change his shirt 27 times because of the sweat.

(Please turn to page 12)



Dean Martin's bride, Jeanne Biegers, got a big buss from his partner, Jerry Lewis.

Time out! "Bow" Brummell Bob Hope gave Ann Blyth a hand with her costume when they paused for a breather between do-si-dos at a star-studded Toluca Lake Square Dance.



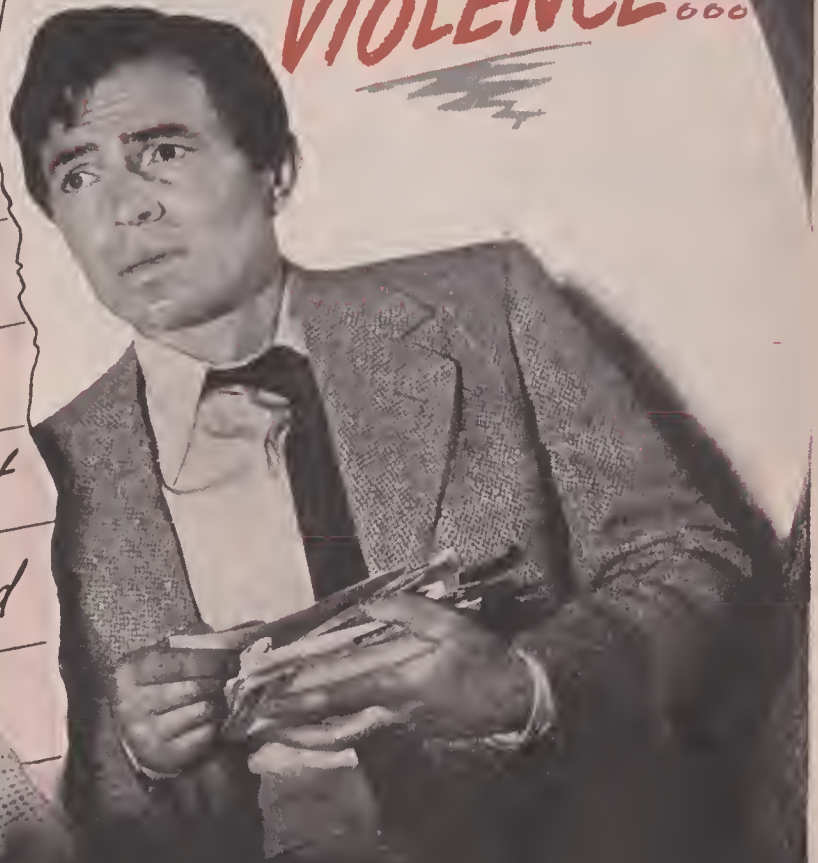
Those letters—

written in a reckless moment, exploding

in a chain of

VIOLENCE...

*I wasn't alive until I
met you. I don't know
if I can make
up my mind
to do what
you asked*



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

JAMES MASON

JOAN BENNETT

*It could happen
to so many married
women...*

The Reckless Moment

with

GERALDINE BROOKS

• Screen Play by Henry Garson
and Robert W. Soderberg

• Based upon a Ladies' Home Journal
story by Elisabeth Sanxoy Holding

• Directed by MAX OPULS
Produced by WALTER WANGER

M



New Hollywood Sensation!

weelit
LIP GLAMOUR
Just Roll It On!

NO MESS
NO SMEARING
NO GREASY LOOK



At last! Here's the new, professional and fashionable way to beautify your lips in a few seconds. Feather-lite Magic Wheel makes perfect natural lip lines easily, quickly...

Your lips look soft, alluring, kissable! Rolls on special "weelit" lip cosmetic evenly... smoothing out wrinkles. Stays on longer during and after meals because "it's rolled on." "weelit" is a precision instrument that'll last for years. Comes complete in beautiful, tiny dust-proof, gray compact with silvered mirror and ample supply of an expensive "weelit" lip cosmetic.

Your choice of one of seven exciting, glamorous shades. Sealed sanitary color refills only thirty cents, fed. tax included. Simple directions included. ORDER NOW!

Sealed Color Refills
Replaced in a Second!

\$1.50

PLUS
FED.
TAX

PAT.
PEND.



WEELIT COSMETICS, Dept. H-12
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CHECK DESIRED SHADE:

Send me "weelit" lip glom- TRUE RED—Naturally flattering
our. Enclosed find \$1.80 (in- LIGHT RED—Flaming orange-red
cludes 30c fed. tax.) Send RASPBERRY—Glamorous, wine red
prepaid. No C.O.D. Satisfac- ROSE—Ravishing, magnetic red
tion Guaranteed or Money FUCHSIA—Romantic deep pink
Refunded. PINK—For the age of innocence
 DARK RED—Vibrant deep red

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Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
(please print plainly)

© WEELIT, 1949



Gail Russell and Guy Madison have their heads together discussing great Christmas plans. It'll be their first Yuletide celebration as Mr. and Mrs.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*

continued

Virginia Mayo, tired of being a bathing beauty, wants to do some real swimming; so she's asked her studio to let her do the story of Annette Kellerman, the aquatic champion of yester years. In private life, Virginia's a crack diver and swimmer.

* * *

John Carol had the Argentina consulate on his neck when, after making a picture in Argentina, he made a statement about Madame Peron that came out very unflattering in print.

(Please turn to page 69)



As soon as Janet Leigh gets Christmas cards she sends them off to a local orphanage so that children can have the fun of seeing the pretty cards, too.



SHE'LL MAKE HIM GIVE IN

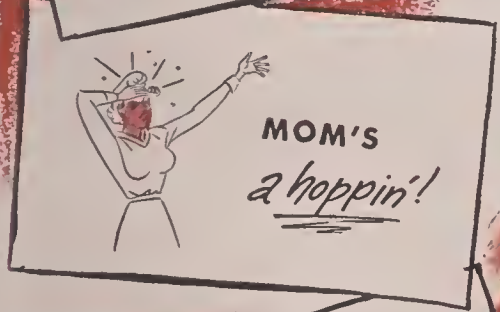
or
that
(FIERY)
diary
gives
out!

THE GUY
who KISSED
AND TOLD...
has a deep
dark secret
...

JAMES NASSER presents

SHIRLEY TEMPLE · DAVID NIVEN

(as Corliss Archer)



"a Kiss for Corliss"

TOM TULLY

VIRGINIA WELLES · DARRYL HICKMAN

Directed by HOWARD DIMSDALE · RICHARD WALLACE · COLIN MILLER
Produced by United Artists

From the fun-filled characters of F. HUGH HERBERT, who created "Kiss and Tell," "Sitting Pretty" and "Margie," comes his greatest rock-and-roar story.

M


The dream didn't come true. Now the baby clothes have been neatly folded and tucked away until another day—not too far in the future



"Ty was wonderful . . . he was with me every minute, never left my side," says Linda. "But the loss of our baby daughter was a deep blow to him, too."

Tears For Linda's Loss

By MARGARET GARDNER

 Paris, France. . . . As I sat facing Linda Christian Power in her elaborate suite in Paris' Lancaster Hotel, the first magazine writer to see her after the tragic loss of her first child in miscarriage, my mind flashed back to seven months before when I had interviewed the then newly-married Ty Powers in their honeymoon headquarters in Berchtesgaden, Germany. At that time they had confided in me their hopes and dreams for a large, healthy family.

Who could have possibly imagined that our paths would cross again in such tragic circumstances, and that I would be the first to hear from Linda Power all the sad details that accompanied their inconsolable loss!

Ty had left Paris for London the day before to finish the indoor shots on his latest Twentieth Century-Fox picture,

"The Black Rose." Linda received me in bed, propped up by stacks of pillows. Hovering near her was a trained American nurse, and grouped on her night table was an impressive array of vitamins, sedatives and assorted medicines.

Linda was very pale under her sun-tan, but her hair was beautifully arranged, long and loose, and she wore a pale sapphire-blue satin dressing gown. I was loath to broach the subject of the baby, knowing that it would be a sensitive subject, especially to one who had awaited motherhood with such eager expectancy . . . but it was Linda who began talking about it first.


Tears rushed to her eyes as she mentioned the baby who would have been the Powers' first daughter, but she quickly gained control of herself and started to speak with heart-breaking calm.

"I think that I can safely say that we lost the baby because of the inadequate medical care that I received here in Europe, and my carelessness in diet. I was over-confident, but, I thought, with reason. My doctor in London had examined me just a few months ago, and had pronounced me 'the healthiest creature alive.'

"So consequently I found it difficult to resist, and didn't resist, all the culinary delicacies we found in North Africa, France, and Holland. The rich, highly-seasoned foods for which the French of the South are noted undoubtedly proved my undoing. If I had been in America, I would have been put on a strict diet, and would have been advised to drink less water. I drank a tremendous amount of water, especially in North Africa, where Ty was shooting the picture. . . .
(Please turn to page 85)

LADD

pays off for a wronged girl who was a 'right guy'!



Paramount Presents
ALAN LADD
DONNA REED
in
"Chicago
Deadline"

with JUNE IRENE
HAVOC · HERVEY
ARTHUR
KENNEDY

Produced by ROBERT FELLOWS · Directed by LEWIS ALLEN · Screenplay by Warren Duff · Based on a Story by Tiffany Thayer

A SAGA OF SCOUNDRELS IN A CENTURY OF INFAMY!



Three Years in the Making!
Filmed Amid the Splendor
of its Original Locale! A
Spectacular Cast of 50,000!

SEE!

The Seven Cinematic
Wonders of the World!

*King of Romantic
Epics... From
the pen of
the Greatest
Romance
writer of
our time!*



Samuel
Shellabarger's



PRINCE of FOXES

Starring
TYRONE POWER · ORSON WELLES · WANDA HENDRIX

Marina Berti · Everett Sloane · Katina Paxinou · Felix Aylmer
Screen Play by Milton Krims · From the Novel by Samuel Shellabarger



Directed by
HENRY KING
Produced by
SOL C. SIEGEL

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Your Hollywood

Memo from the Editor

You'd think Hollywood had been moved into New York. Never have I entertained so many stars in one month! I wonder if the attraction is "South Pacific," the fine crisp New York weather, or our shops. Probably all three.

My great favorite, Kirk Douglas, here to shoot some scenes for "Young Man with a Horn," gave one of his gay cocktail parties and we had a grand time. Mike Curtiz, who directed "YMWH," was also present.

Another red-letter affair was the lunch 20th Century-Fox gave for Jeanne Crain, star of "Pinky"—a picture which I can't praise enough. It's only sensational! Jeanne and her husband, Paul Brinkman, are a stunning couple. It was fun seeing them again. Here's one star's husband who will never be known as "Mr. Jeanne Crain." On the contrary, Jeanne's very much Mrs. Paul Brinkman.

A cable from Ella Raines scrambled up my calendar a bit. She was going to be in N. Y. only two days enroute from Europe—where she left her beloved Robin (Olds)—to Hollywood, and I had to have lunch with her. Noon found us at "21" where everyone stared at Ella's beautiful Molyneux outfit. (Ella dashed back from her sojourn some months ago to make "Dangerous Profession" with George Raft. Now she's back for a long list of pictures.)

Well, Ella had no sooner taken off than there was a party for Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Stack; another for Bill Lundigan (he plays the doctor in "Pinky") and still another for Zack Scott and Faye Emerson—all the same day!

We could devote pages to Barbara Stanwyck's charm, her lovely skin, her complete naturalness, but we do want to tell you about the preview of previews!

Yes, we've finally hit the last word in superlatives! This was the preview of "Task Force," and Warner Brothers AND the United States Navy provided us with the thrill of our lives. On board the U.S.S. Midway we observed actual carrier operations at sea as Navy Corsairs, Douglas dive-bombers and Hellcats simulated an enemy attack against the Midway. You can see it all in "Task Force" which is a grippingly faithful account of carrier operations. For us, it was the preview-of-the-year. The picture is exciting, but the actual operations were breathtaking!

That's all for now. See you again next month—Happy holidays to all!

B. L. C.



Photo of a happy woman! Ed. Director Bea Cole having gay talk with director Mike Curtiz, Kirk Douglas.



Rising star: See Bill Lundigan in 20th Century-Fox's fine film, "Pinky."




Sweetest girl in town: Jeanne Crain, with handsome husband, Paul Brinkman.

Star of Warners' "The Story of Seabiscuit" lights the traditional Yuletide candles. ➤

By
SHIRLEY TEMPLE



Christmas at our House

 My favorite time of all the year is that crisp, tinselly period between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. I suppose the bubbly feeling I have when I first catch sight of Hollywood Boulevard, metamorphosed into Santa Claus Lane by its two rows of brilliant Christmas trees, or when I hear Christmas carols being broadcast, or when I see youngsters with their noses flattened against a toy window, is a flashback to my own childhood.

I had such lovely Christmases! The *(Please turn to page 89)*



Last year Linda was too small to know about Santa Claus; but this year she'll wait up for him.



May Christmas bring
you your heart's desire,
May the New Year fulfill
your dearest wish.

Shirley,
Linda Susan
and Jack Agar



Richard Conte co-stars with Gene Tierney in 20th Century-Fox's dramatic "Whirlpool." ➤

My WIFE

wants

a Career



Am I right or wrong?

By
**RICHARD
CONTE**

Recently, after six years of marriage, my wife, Ruth, decided to resume her acting career. In some quarters the crepe was immediately hung out. The Contes' marriage was headed for the rocks! The old bugaboo, you know! Two careers in a marriage would never, never do in Hollywood!

I not only don't share such qualms, but I believe that for the complete happiness of a marriage, two careers are often the perfect answer.


Ruth and I were not in the least afraid that our marriage would be destroyed by her taking up her acting again. Instead, we knew it would give our relationship together an even firmer foundation. *We (Please turn to page 68)*



**Richard Conte is
confronted by an old
Hollywood bugaboo!
Will two careers
in the family
wreck his marriage?**

Six years of marriage have proved to the Contes that their love can weather any possible crisis.



 Linda Darnell wanted a baby more than anything else in the world. She couldn't have one of her own, however. Great specialists in Los Angeles, New York, London, Switzerland had told her so.

All of them, with an impersonal pat on the back, said blithely, "Don't worry about it!"

But Linda did worry. She thought about it alone for a long time, then she told her husband, Peverell Marley, ace cameraman for Warners', that she wanted to adopt a child.

At first Marley hesitated. Adopt a child? Bring

the offspring of strangers into their own home and lives to raise as their flesh and blood? Then the two of them sat down to discuss the advantages—and disadvantages—of adoption like the sensible people they are.

Meantime the troubled filming of "Forever Amber" dragged at last to its finish and Linda, thoroughly exhausted, went to Europe with a woman companion. She was supposed to rest—but she kept thinking about and searching for the child she wanted so much.

What did I ever do before Lola came? I've forgotten what life was like without her.



She thought she'd found him in a Swiss orphanage—a beautiful, dark-eyed Italian boy of four who ran into her outstretched arms with a cry of instant love. Surely they'd let her have this little waif, this misplaced person, this pitiful war-orphan lost in the holocaust of a ravaged world!

Surely they'd allow her to take this little one to the United States and safety, to security and every advantage!

When the authorities said no, Linda was heart-broken.
(Please turn to page 78)



The little rascal is always imitating me. This is her version of the way I sing and play the piano.



I'll tell Lola she's adopted when she's old enough to know. She's so smart I know she'd understand if I told her tomorrow!



A brother for Lola is what we're both hoping for. She needs a playmate—and I'd love to have a s

BY
CONSTANCE
PALMER

Linda's Darling

Lola's only two—with tiny, rose-petal hands that pull ever stronger on the heartstrings of her mother, Linda Darnell




Fashion plate?
 Clothes horse?
 Best dressed woman?
 "Not I," says
 Ava. "Never in a
 million years!
 And here's why":



I'm definitely not the type for fussy frills. I adore simple clothes done in fabulous materials like this scrumptious white brocade by Don Loper.

By AVA GARDNER

dress as i please

 There's a current rumor around Hollywood that I, Ava Gardner, don't give a darn about clothes.

My sister Beatrice, who lives with me and knows me pretty well, says I've earned this reputation because of all the party invitations I "regret" when I'm too lazy to dress up in formal clothes.

People at the studio say I'll never be hailed as a fashion plate until I give up wearing skirts and blouses.

The family back home in Smithfield, N. C., is slightly apologetic because I don't wear a spectacular wardrobe when I'm down on a visit.

My closest friends laugh and say, "Ava will never



I don't like stuffy parties, but I love the evening clothes you wear to them. Irene designed this black taffeta dream.

◀ Ava continues her screen career as a sultry siren in MGM's "East Side West Side."



When you're a perfect size 14 shoulder, a 10 waist, and a 12 hip, you learn that suits were just meant for you.



Perhaps my clothes sense hasn't developed beyond the high school stage; I still love skirts, sweaters, and blouses.

When I forsake skirts and blouses for a dress, it's usually a simple little cotton, topped off with a cashmere sweater.

i dress as i please

continued

be named one of the world's ten best-dressed women. She likes to play baseball too much."

I say they're all wrong! I like clothes. I really do—but I like them—in my fashion!

I love wearing a new outfit but I hate shopping for it. I'm rabid about clothes fitting well but I can't stand having alterations made. I buy dozens of fashionable new shoes but I tend to wear my comfortable, low-heeled moccasins. I get a real thrill out of wearing a sensational evening gown but I don't like the stuffy parties or the restaurants and night clubs where formal clothes are expected.

I guess I'm slightly paradoxical!

On the other hand, I have my reasons. My objection to shopping, for example, is that it's hard, unrewarding work. When I start out on a shopping expedition I usually have something specific in mind. Naturally the manufacturers can't read my mind and they haven't designed such an outfit. I look from store to store and finally return home tired and disappointed.

(Please turn to page 70)





I was fascinated by the little stand-up collar on this halter and shorts combination. It's made of tie silk.



I never can resist sweaters; consequently, I've a collection which I have to file away according to color.



My skirts get lots of wear, but my fashionable high-heeled shoes remain idle in the closet. Moccasins are so much more comfortable!



There never should have been a divorce in our family. I'm glad we had the sense to realize our mistake and wipe it out.



"We're marrying Daddy again, aren't we?" Vicki asked. She wasn't at all surprised when we did.

Make mine

When a girl marries a man twice
there's madness to her method—in this
case the madness is Milton Berle

By JOYCE MATHEWS BERLE



There are two questions that almost everyone asks me about my modest husband, Milton Berle.

One is: "How come you married him twice?"

And two is: "Tell me, is Milton funny at home, too?"

Taking first things first, there never should have been a divorce in our family, and I'm glad that we had the good sense to realize our mistake and wipe it out.

Here's how my first and second marriages to Milton came about. I met him originally nine years ago at a Hollywood party. It was staged at the Trocadero by Jimmie Ritz who introduced me to Milton.

From that point on, Berle carried the ball with his usual dash and mercurial brilliance.

I thought him funny, of course, and witty and extremely likeable, but a girl can never tell about comedians, and sometimes, despite the exterior of humor they put on, they are basically sad or moody men.

This doesn't happen to be true of Milton, but I didn't know that when I first met him, and I remember saying to myself after that first night, "I wonder what sort of fellow he really is?"

In the year that followed, I had the opportunity to find out.

I went to New York to get some stage experience on Broadway. I had been with Warner Brothers for three years following my graduation from Hollywood High and Max Reinhardt's Workshop, but I didn't learn too much about the art (*Please turn to page 74*)



Milton proves he'll do *anything* for a gag with this underwater stunt in Warner Bros.' "Always Leave Them Laughing."

Movie making was "relaxing" for Berle after 40 weeks of staging, directing, and starring on his television show.



MILTON



FILE ON

Lana

Turner

STATISTICS:

Name: Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner
Born: February 8, 1921
Birthplace: Wallace, Idaho
Height: 5 ft. 2 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde (originally auburn)
Weight: 110
Marriages: 1940—Orchestra Leader Artie Shaw—divorced 1940
1942—Actor Stephen Crane—divorced 1944
1948—Socialite Bob Topping

Children: Cheryl Christine Crane, born July 1943
History: Discovered in 1937 while sipping malted in Hollywood drugstore. Brought to attention of director Mervyn LeRoy who re-christened her "Lana" and gave her role in Warners' "They Won't Forget." After first appearance in tight-fitting sweater Winchell called her "America's Sweater Sweetheart." 1939 LeRoy moved to MGM taking Lana with him. Supporting role in "Love Finds Andy Hardy" with Mickey Rooney led to stardom. Rest is Hollywood history.



Everything Lana Turner does is "hot copy"; but very little has been told about her amazing past.

By KENYON LEE



Of all the men in Lana Turner's twenty-eight years of life—and there have been many—the most important, career-wise, has been Mervyn LeRoy, the talented, cigar-chewing little producer who named and signed Lana to a motion picture contract when she was thirteen years old.

On Mervyn's office-wall, in his lavish MGM suite of business rooms, there hangs an autographed photo of Lana. Across it, written in the hand of an obviously young and grateful actress, are these words: "You made me what I am today. I hope



Even at 8 years of age there was a suggestion of glamor to Lana—known then as Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner.



Before tragedy struck down her father little Lana (right) enjoyed average childhood in home town of Wallace, Idaho.

you're satisfied." (It was evident that Lana was!)

Well, I asked Mervyn LeRoy who knows Lana as well, if not better, than any other director in Hollywood, if he would offer one, just *one* adjective that would best describe the delectable delight he contributed to the film world.

"There is only one word in the entire English language," he said, "that would do justice to Lana. That word is 'amazing.'"

Everything about Turner is exactly that: Her figure, her background, her career, her marriages,



Classmates at George Washington High remember her as "A nice girl but poor." Said one, "None of us noticed her."

Part in "Adventures of Marco Polo" was her third and last film for Warners. MGM contract brought stardom.





Fame had not touched 16-year-old Lana when this portrait was taken. Neither had the studio hairdresser. Her hair was auburn at this time.



"Love Finds Andy Hardy" starred Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, but 17-year-old Lana's bit role stole the show. Mickey tagged her "Baby Glamor" and the public agreed.

FILE ON

Lana Turner

continued

her behavior. The girl is absolutely unpredictable!

The other night, for example, Lana, accompanied by her husband Bob Topping, went to the Mocambo to catch a new act. As they entered the nightclub, the two of them looked the picture of perfect marital bliss.

Two hours later, Lana and Bob were snapping at each other spiritedly whereupon Lana rose from the table, told her husband off, and stalked out of the nightclub. Once outside, the night air proved a soothing remedy; so Lana thought better of her hasty departure, and went back in and re-joined her husband.

A day later, Lana told an interviewer. "Bob and I have never been happier."

Amazing, no?

Or take this one: Lana's last completed picture at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was "The Three Musketeers." The picture was finished one day before Lana was married to Bob on April 27th, 1948. And yet, despite the fact that she made no pictures in the twelve months that followed her wedding, Lana has come out number one in three 1949 popularity polls.

(Please turn to page 36)



Lots of publicity poses cinched Lana's movie career. Says Mervyn LeRoy, "Her personality was striking; the fresh, appealing beauty took the public by storm."



After Lana danced and sang in "Dancing Co-Ed" (1939) more than forty college fraternities voted her "college sweetheart." Leading man was Lee Bowman.



Graduation from musicals to dramatic roles came with films like "Calling Dr. Kildare." Lana shared honors with Lionel Barrymore and original Kildare, Lew Ayres.



According to Hollywood, the man who most influenced the seventeen-year-old Lana was man-about-town, Greg Bautzer. Their torrid romance had Hollywood keyed for wedding bells.



Lana made up for fun missed during childhood as she became part of gay Hollywood night life. It was 1939 and she was the most popular star on screen—and off!

An actress who can retain her popularity without making any pictures!

Amazing, no?

Lana's personality has so enraptured and intrigued the general public that it will follow her every move, with or without benefit of filmfare.

Lana has been hot copy ever since that day, fifteen Januarys ago, when she was spotted in a malted milk shop by Billy Wilkerson, publisher of a Hollywood

trade paper. And she has been making headlines ever since—another amazing phenomenon, since most stars enjoy a short burst of publicity and then quickly fade off the front pages.

Not Lana. Her staying power when it comes to publicity is positively amazing.

One of the most amazing facets of Lana's amazing life has been the scant information concerning her background.

FILE ON

Lana Turner

continued



While filming "Dancing Co-Ed" Lana and Artie Shaw seemed like potential enemies. A year later they eloped. This marriage lasted only a short time.



"Slightly Dangerous" gave Lana a chance to do light comedy with Robert Young. Fans copied her hair-do, drooled over the smart wardrobe she wore, and coined a new word for glamor: "Lan-allure."



1941. Co-starring with Spencer Tracy in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Lana played the good girl in contrast to Ingrid Bergman's role of the harlot. Lana was Queen at MGM, so Ingrid moved over to RKO.

Fans can tell you all about the men in her life: Artie Shaw, Steve Crane, and Bob Topping—but few know where and how she spent her childhood or what sort of early youth she had.

You never hear, for instance, of Idaho claiming Lana as one of her own—the way Tennessee claims Dinah Shore. Yet Lana was born in Wallace, Idaho (population 3,634) on February 8, 1921.

Her father, Virgil Turner, was a miner who trav-
(Please turn to page 39)



By 1941 Lana was still playing sweet young things. Her role in "Johnny Eager" offered little chance to do anything but look pretty. Demand for more dramatic roles brought a change of pace in 1942.



Fans swooned when Clark Gable made love to Lana Turner in "Honky Tonk." Lana's position in Hollywood was now assured. Top male stars were anxious to co-star with her.



Turner fans will never forget her hauntingly beautiful portrayal of "The Ziegfeld Girl." The role showed the world that Lana had the makings of a dramatic star.



Marriage to Stephen Crane in 1942 led to annulment, then remarriage when Lana discovered she was pregnant.



Lana's kindness to young stars is legend. Her "planned" romance with Peter Lawford gave his career a big boost.



Arrival of daughter Cheryl Christine Crane in July 1943, brought Lana the first real happiness she had ever known.



Few knew the real reason for the Turner-Crane divorce. Her mother was with her when final decree was awarded.



FILE ON

Lana Turner

continued

eled from job to job. One night, just before Lana was about to celebrate her tenth Christmas, Virgil Turner was slugged to death on a dark side-street in San Francisco.

At this period in her life, Lana's name was Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner. With the death of her father, Lana's childhood, for all intents and purposes, was over. When Lana's mother decided to try her luck in Hollywood—she felt during the depression that any city might prove better than San Francisco—she packed all of her belongings and Lana's few clothes into three bags and headed for Hollywood with friends in a small sedan.

En route, it began to rain. South of Paso Robles the car skidded, went off the road, turned over, and landed its occupants in a ditch.

Lana, all of thirteen, managed to wriggle free of the wreckage, despite the fact that two of her ribs were broken.

(Please turn to page 72)




At finish of "The Three Musketeers" Lana wed millionaire Bob Topping. This time she had a huge, formal wedding.



Ty Power and Lana kept gossip columns busy until the future Mrs. Power, Linda Christian, stole the show.



1949. "Bob and I are divinely happy," says Lana despite public brawls. Her new film will be "A Life of Her Own."

 Every facet of Van Johnson's life has been written about and pried into and dissected, but the one thing he has kept from public knowledge—the one thing he has protected from the goldfish glare of publicity—has been his other life.

I came upon it quite by accident. It was Christmas, 1948, and the boys out at the Veterans' Hospital in Santa Monica, California, were having their annual Christmas party. About a thousand hospitalized veterans were in the big recreation hall. Some walked in; some came in wheel chairs; some on stretchers. And some didn't come at all. They were the ones who were bedridden in the long miles of wards.

The war's over? Not for that boy who looks at the ceilings through the years. Not for the kid, for instance, who is allergic to anesthetics and pain-killing drugs but who had to have his arm broken and reset twice, one grim day. Not for the long rows of boys in the tuberculosis wards. Listen world, as one columnist (*Please turn to page 42*)



Veterans' Hospital,
Sawtelle, California

*I've known Van Johnson
a great many years,
and I've never be-
trayed a confidence
of his. I'd like to
remain friends with
him but something
tells me that when
he reads this article,
he's going to be boiling
mad!*

Alyce Canfield



Leo Diamond (next to Van Johnson), Jules Sanders (standing) and his wife, Edna Sanders, started the program of entertainment for veterans at Sawtelle.

The Secret Life of

By Alyce Canfield



**VAN
JOHNSON**

Half the veterans at Sawtelle Hospital have never seen him in the movies; nevertheless they're fans of the real Van Johnson.

would say, there's a lot of unfinished business from World War II.

Yet . . . people are funny. They don't want to hear about it. "Let's talk about pleasanter things. Let's forget about it!" That's today's theme song: let's forget about it.

But that night, that Christmas night, at Sawtelle, I saw a lot of wonderful Hollywood people who didn't think we should forget about it. There was Hoagy Carmichael, who charmed the boys with his singing and his inimitable piano. There was Judy Canova, who literally knocked herself out in full hillbilly costume to bring smiles to those patient faces. There was Sonny Tufts, who performed like a real trouper. Joan Leslie was there, with her freshness and beauty. Comedian Wally Brown kept the boys in hysterics.

Also present was Van Johnson.

He was with Evie, and you could tell this was familiar territory for him. He was surprised to see me, and a little embarrassed, too. "You know," he said, "I haven't an act, or a show, or a routine. I never know what I'll do when I go out on that stage."

"All they want to do, Van," I said, "is look at you."

He didn't buy that. "I wish I could *do* something," he said. Then (*Please turn to page 86*)

The Secret Life of

VAN
JOHNSON

continued



Pictures of the movie star visiting patients at Sawtelle never got any newspaper publicity per Van's own request.



Others may forget hospitalized veterans, but patients at Sawtelle remembered Van's friendly visits. Scroll signed by each patient was presented Van when these vets visited "Scene of the Crime" set.



This strapless bathing suit has two skirts to transform it into playdress or afternoon casual. All of Dottie's designs feature the sarong drape lines.



Dottie calls this the "Cocktail Sarongown." A two-piece Tahitian red silk crepe, it has a plunging neckline.

Sarong

NUMBERS



Lucille Ball and many other stars came to wish Dottie luck with her designing and expected baby. Dorothy Lamour Fashions Inc. will produce moderately priced dresses for the average business girl.



Lush dinner dress of pineapple gold has a glamorous detachable scarf draped over a strapless bodice. The only trim is its sprawling pineapple design.


**Dorothy Lamour has
turned the tables!
She's a dress designer
now—and that means
the sarong is on YOU**



Hedy Lamarr always had her own way—until iron-willed Cecil B. DeMille directed her in "Samson and Delilah."

They won't take
GOOD
ADVICE

Even their best friends couldn't
tell them! These stars
had to learn the hard way

 To people around Hollywood who make a study of such things, one of the most baffling characteristics of some truly talented artists is their inability to accept constructive criticism.

It is true, of course, that there is more frivolous advice kicking around Hollywood than there are wrestlers in television, but the fact remains that—mixed in with the nonsense—there is much hard-headed common sense.

A classic example of a beautiful, gifted girl who seems bent on ruining her career is Hedy Lamarr. Hedy has a circle of steadfastly devoted friends who are eager and willing to help her, but well-founded reports indicate that—six days out of seven—Hedy will disregard the suggestions of those who

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING



Dick Haymes (with Gregory Ratoff) enjoyed greater success when he was guided by manager-mentor, Bill Burton.

know and love her best. She will act upon the casual, sometimes kidding, guidance of someone whose genuine interest in Hedy has never been tested.

Hedy's start in Hollywood couldn't have been more auspicious. She was signed by a major studio which had plans for her extensive enough to have given her the eminence of another Bergman. Perhaps, in this very situation, Hedy's present highly-developed distrust of advice took root.

She was counselled from every side by executives, agents, coaches, hairdressers, wardrobe mistresses, and messenger girls. She was exhorted by directors, fellow actors, young-men-about-Hollywood, and the press.
(Please turn to page 92)

Jane Wyman's position as a screen queen is due to her good sense in accepting advice. Here she is with boss Harry Warner.



Viveca Lindfors' comments were not calculated to win friends, influence Hollywood.



Mark Stevens antagonized so many people, his slightest action became a *cause celebre*.



MOVIELAND'S
Gallery of Fame



GLENN FORD gives a performance which packs a wallop in "The Doctor and the Girl," his first MGM film.



Most exciting new movie personality: MGM's lovely, luscious **ARLENE DAHL** soon to be seen in "Ambush."

The Dancing
Lady and the
Lawyer have
Hollywood
in a tailspin
with their
kiss and cuddle
romantics—but
Ginger and Greg
don't care.
It's LOVE!



the

According to rumor, Greg Bautzer discovered Ginger Rogers after Joan Crawford gave him the gate.



At the moment of this writing, Hollywood's hottest love affair is apparently in the offing between a brilliant young lawyer named Gregson Bautzer, and a beautiful, experienced actress named Virginia Katherine McMath Culpepper Ayres Briggs, better known to all of us for the past eighteen years as Ginger Rogers.

Ginger and Greg are currently occupying the number one rung on Cupid's Hollywood love-ladder.

Greg may keep saying, "Ginger's merely a business acquaintance of mine, strictly business."

And Ginger may insist, "Really, there's nothing serious between us."

But Hollywood has eyes, and when Greg and Ginger are out together practically every night, when they're seen mumbling sweet nothings to each other on the dance floor at Mocambo and Ciro's, when they're seen dining two nights before Ginger filed her divorce against Jack Briggs, when they're discovered together in Monterey at the California Fair, when they're prominently mentioned in every gossip column in town—then love's in bloom, denials or no.

As a matter of fact, it's so much in bloom and flowering at so rapid a rate that all Hollywood is now convinced that the hectic, tempestuous romance between Greg Bautzer and Joan Crawford is but definitely *fini*.

In the past when Greg was seen out with another girl, most of us used to shrug our shoulders and say, "Well, Greg and Joan probably have had a spat again, but they'll be back together in the morning."

This time, however, it seems undeniable that Ginger Rogers has supplanted Joan in Greg's affections, and that she will be the top light in his love-life for months to come—perhaps forever. (Please turn to page 80)

When Ginger dropped Jack Briggs' option he became her third "ex." Others are Lew Ayres and Jack Culpepper.



Hottest Love Affair in Town

By MAXINE LaFARGE

memo

TO: MOVIELAND

FROM: JANET LEIGH

You said you'd like to have pictures of my first day at RKO Studios where I'm now making "Holiday Affair" with Bob Mitchum. So here you are.

When Bob found out that I'd never been to RKO he arranged a guided tour. Much to my surprise the "guide" turned out to be none other than Mr. Mitchum himself—lucky me!



I was intrigued by the collection of prize pictures by studio photographers. Wouldn't I love to be hung there!

We are all thrilled by our fan magazine stories. Here's the huge studio billboard where they're proudly displayed.



After our tour, Bob read me interesting bits from the script we're going to do together. Sounds wonderful!

We continued our script discussion over refreshments at RKO's soda fountain. Make-up man Jimmy House came, too. →

Janet Leigh's first assignment away from MGM is "Holiday Affair." Star Bob Mitchum

is so pleased with his new leading lady, that he considers *her* a Christmas gift!



What a break to have a star like Bob, who's so helpful. All I could say was "Gee! Thanks!"



Decorator touches throughout Skelton house are products of their imagination. Old stove is painted turquoise, holds ivy.




Georgia gave up a budding art career when she married Red Skelton. Self-portrait above is a prize possession of her dotting husband.

Hollywood's

Big Red Skelton mimics a tiny Red (son Richard) while redhead daughter Valentina looks pretty like her Titian-haired mama, Georgia.



 You'd never know it was the house of a clown. The rooms are big and spacious, the walls are done in deep, quiet tones of greyed blue and green. There are handsome oil paintings, rare old pieces of furniture picked up in junk shops across the country.

In the front hall stands the latest acquisition, a hat rack, gift from Gene Fowler in whose home it supported for many years, the hats of Winston Churchill, John Dekker, Jimmy Walker, John Barrymore, W. C. Fields and Red Skelton—whose life story is going to constitute Gene's next book. Red and Georgia, thrilled with Gene's gift, have painted it turquoise blue. On it will probably hang some of Red's "fright" wigs which he loves to use when he's at play.

It would have to be a big house, because this family of Redheads: Big Red (Skelton), Little Red (Georgia), and the Tiny Reds (Valentina and

Richard), are so full of beans, it takes quite a house to hold them. Two-year-old Valentina and year-old Richard are as much a part of the house as their vivacious parents and are as free to come and go.

They know it! They play the organ and the piano, drag their wagons through the house and make use of the children's furniture which is in every room.

There is an inter-communication system through which they can talk to either parent at any time. Valentina wakes up in the nursery saying, "Where is Daddy?" And the words come through, tremulous and sweet to the small house down the hill which is Red's office, den and sanctum-sanctorum.

"I'm in the den, honey, come on down to Daddy," Red calls. Valentina in the nursery chuckles and informs her nurse: "My (*Please turn to page 55*)

By TED AND JANE MORRIS

"Reds"

You can't help seeing red
when visiting the
charming carrot-top
family of Red Skelton





Skeltons love antiques, feel they lend depth to their otherwise modern home. Beautiful desk in Georgia's room is 250 years old, a prized item.



According to Georgia, Red has a fine nose for flowers—as well as side-splitting buffoonery.



"Valentina has talent," says Red. "But everyone has. People just don't develop themselves."





Nothing fazes Georgia! When Red sent home this old organ, she painted it white, added it to decorating scheme.



Red's desk bears evidence of many interests: poetry, books, musical compositions—to say nothing of painting.

Hollywood's

"Red's"

continued

Daddy is talking to me." At two she has a poise and assurance almost comic on top of her uncertain little legs.

"She knows she belongs," Red says. "When she is through with her wagon, she puts it in the driveway right beside my car. Then Richard brings something of his and lines it up beside Valentina's. Training is all right and we do try to guide them, but for the most part, raising kids is a matter of letting them develop their own capacities, leaving them alone to feel their way. No one in this world *likes* a job that they were pushed into."

The children adore Red because he clowns with them. When they fall down, he falls down. He laughs when he falls and they do, too, because he has taught them to laugh instead of cry after a tumble. He makes a face and they go wild patting and ministering to him. Red plays with them every afternoon on the lawn. They wrestle, climb in and out of the dog house, make up plays and take pictures.

Red says he doesn't teach the children a thing; they teach him. They're like miniature adults. "People are always shouting at children," he says,

"'Don't touch, don't touch, don't touch.' Have you ever seen women shopping in a department store?" Red gets to his feet and does a hilarious imitation. He picks up an imaginary vase, sees the price tag, and slams it down with a shudder.

"And that same dame goes home and screams at her kids not to touch," he concludes with a grimace that will have you howling with laughter.

"Children waddle when they walk. They take two steps forward and a step back and sway as if they'd fall or pitch and their old man yells at 'em to be careful. Have you ever seen the same guy when he's had a couple drinks?"

"I watch the children's faces. They have no preconceived ideas. Everything is fresh and new to them; everything is wonder. Then I practice the same facial expressions before the glass and I'm the kid Junior that I do on the air. Audiences believe in Junior. Many complain because I'm not on the program enough . . . Then when I'm all set up about it, others demand that we change the program, get rid of Junior!

"How could you possibly get rid of that kid?"

Hollywood's "Reds"

continued

He's so alive! For instance, after the program in which we took him to visit the Baby Factory, where Mother Nature showed him how babies are assembled, three hundred thousand requests came in for copies of that program from parents who agree with Junior that the time to answer a question, for a child, is when it is asked.

"We answer everything our kids ask. That is, if we know the answers. It's amazing how much they're able to absorb. Valentina sings herself to sleep afternoon and night. You can hear her over the inter-com, singing and rehearsing every word she has learned. 'La la tree, la la book, la la movie, la la grass.' Everything la la.

"And her iustinct for comedy! When I make a clown face, she makes a clown face and lifts her hands automatically in the right gesture. She and Richie love to watch the 8000 feet of movie film we've shot on them. They recognize themselves and all the other people and remember what happened. Instead of reading psychology books, we try to watch and to observe the children and get the clues to their potential development from *them*.

"Of course they have talent. Everyone in this world has talent. People are just too lazy to put their minds to work. They rush; they're too busy. They haven't time (Please turn to page 81)



Paintings are Red's own impressions of how he and



This may turn out all right if the "mean widdle kid" doesn't get the best of Red.

Day off from filming "The Yellow Cab Man" turns out to be a truly hair-raising experience.



Georgia might look staring into chrome auto fenders.



One-year-old Richard already is familiar with airways and twists dials happily looking for dad's radio show.



Here is the clown as you seldom see him. A family man, devoted to the interests of Georgia and his tiny Reds.

Happiness was like a rainbow—lovely and tantalizing—but always beyond reach. Is John Duzik's illness another obstacle for June to overcome?

By

CONSTANCE

PALMER



June's marriage to Jimmy Zito was a brief, unhappy experience.



Out of June's troubles and bewilderment emerged a blessed dependence on the sympathy and strength of the young dentist, John Duzik, whom she hopes to marry. Theirs is a beautiful, lasting love.



The day I interviewed June Haver in her dressing room at Warner Bros. where she is making "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," a huge box of fragrant yellow roses was brought in. Eagerly June undid the box. A warm flush suffused her face as she read the card—and then she tucked it into her bosom.

The three dozen golden blossoms, fresh and exquisite, were from John Duzik, the man June loves. Each lovely flower sent its sweet message of understanding to the girl

who needed just that. She positively glowed with happiness.

Curiously enough the titles of June's two latest pictures seem to fit her personal life as if they were made especially for her: "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" (which certainly fits her like her skin and which she made at her home lot, 20th Century-Fox) but even more so "Silver Lining" which she also made at Warners on loanout, seems tailor-made for June. More than anything on earth, this fragile blonde wants to be gay and happy again. (Please turn to page 83)




After she finishes "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady" at Warner Bros., June returns to 20th Century-Fox to become "The All-American Girl."



To coin a phrase, Bob has made his life a "Bed of Roses," which, incidentally, is the title of his next RKO picture.

P ortrait of a Happy Man

 This is the story of a man who found himself and his purpose in life—and in the most unexpected fashion. A tall, brawny man, Robert Ryan had sought freedom, in restless physical labor, moving from place to place, from strenuous job to strenuous job. He thought he would most certainly stifle if he tried to adjust himself to an office routine or to any routine at all, for that matter. He was seeking . . . well, he didn't know exactly what it was, but it was something exciting and masculine and active to befit the energy of his big, muscular body.

Guess where he found his answer? In a non-paying job in a polite, sedate, carefully chaperoned private girls' school!

Robert Ryan had been graduated from Dartmouth with a Bachelor of Arts degree smack in the middle of the great Depression. He wanted to write then, as did a surprising number of his contemporaries and he tried, as most of them did, to get a job somewhere on a newspaper.

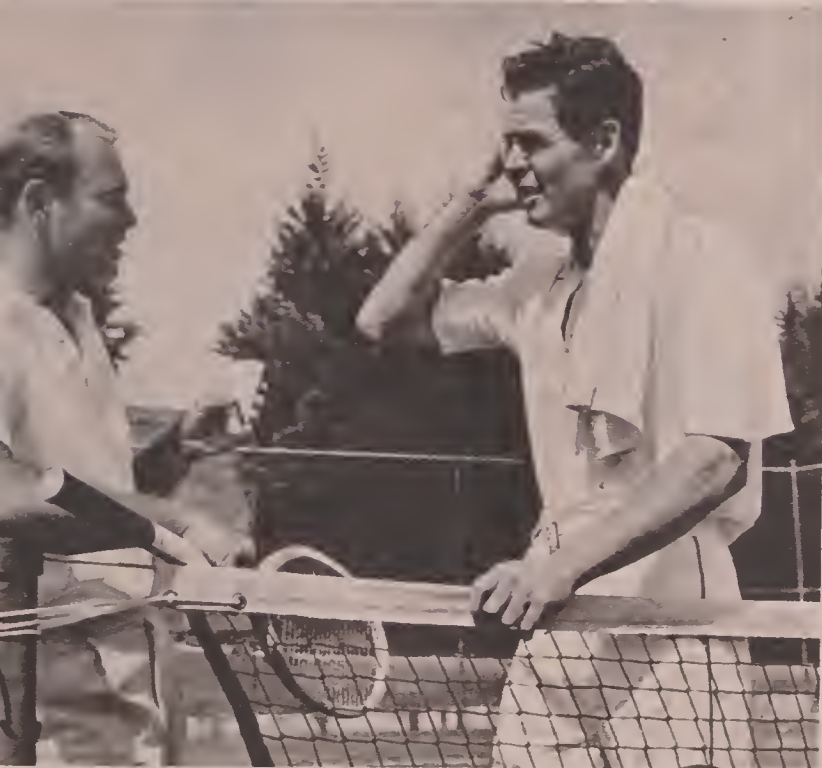
There were no vacant jobs on newspapers in those days so he did the obvious thing: settled in Greenwich Village and attempted (*Please turn to page 76*)

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Who says a lazy man can't get ahead?
Not that Robert Ryan is lazy! He just knows how
to relax, not to worry; how to enjoy life

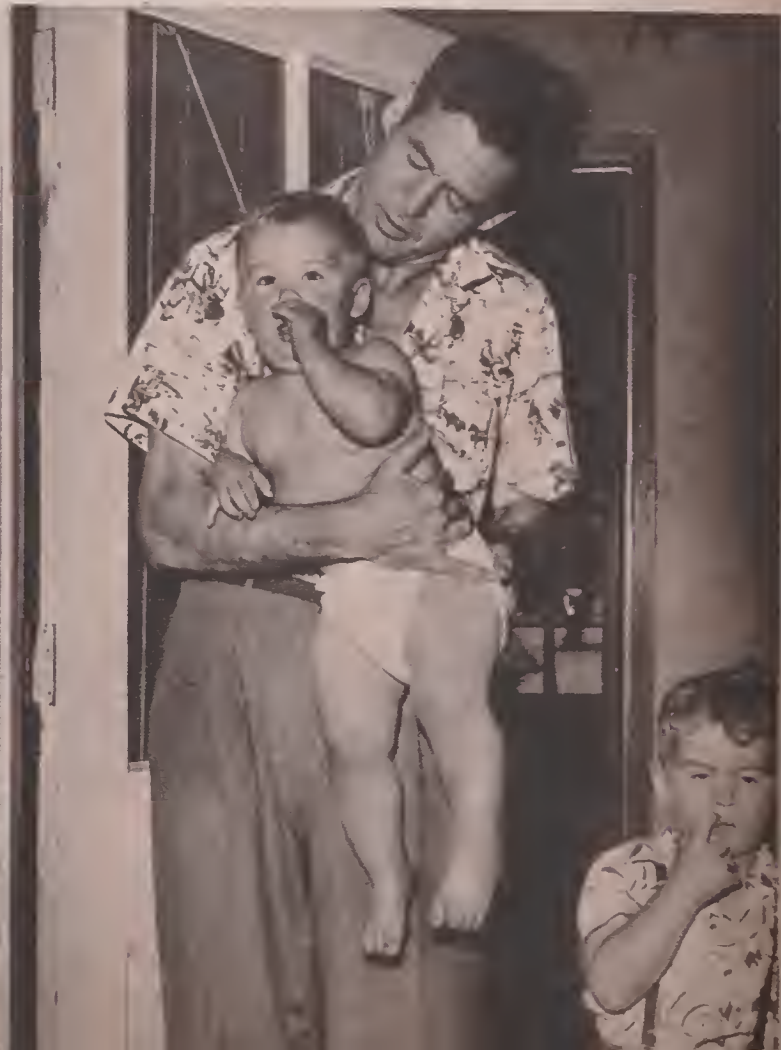


Bob and Jessica don't go in for Hollywood glamor, devote free time to young'uns and their own hack yard.



Tennis is one sport at which Ryan does not excel. After a game with pro Bob Harmon, he admits his score is absolutely "love"-ly.

The robust little Ryans show every sign of becoming as powerful as their Dad. Three-year-old Tim is already learning to swim.



Poor Marion DeFore! Taking Don Xmas shopping in the toy department is a big problem.



Santa's Helpers

Now is the time for
all good men to come to
the aid of St. Nick.

All of which means:

**DO YOUR CHRISTMAS
SHOPPING EARLY!**



Jerome Courtland's friends are getting
paintings from John Beal's Hobby Shop.





As if Macdonald Carey's daughter will have to pick train to keep dad happy. They're at Enchanted Cottage.



Lucky boy friends will get Cashmere sweaters from Joan Caulfield. She's ordering them from Sidney's popular Hollywood men's shop.




"Yellow Cabman" Red Skelton's giving the clown an ear- about the bikes he's bought for his kids, the tiny Reds.



Bob Mitchum looks weary but triumphant. His shopping is all finished—and is he glad!



Husband John Payne will be surprised to get these clubs since it's wife Gloria DeHaven who's the real golf fan.

 To many of us, 1949 has been just another year gone by, with the usual number of good things and not so good. To one man, however, it has been a dream year during which all the good things in life have been piled up on his very doorstep. It was as if some benign fairy had labeled 1949 "The Year for David Brian"; and then proceeded to gift him with success, fame, and a lovely bride, Adrian Booth.

If anyone was awed by these phenomenal happenings, it was David himself. Only a few months ago, he was driving along Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood when he gradually became aware of a lot of angry noises around him—honking, tootings

and exasperated shouts. He looked vaguely around wondering what was causing the tie-up and was shocked to discover that *he* was!

"There I was, driving at seventeen miles an hour, getting in everybody's way and almost blocking traffic in both directions," he says. "I had been gazing around dreamily, assuring myself that I was a part of Hollywood co-starring in 'Flamingo Road' with Joan Crawford."

After eighteen successful years on the stage David had, after a long period of inactivity, become discouraged and had given up the theater to go into the construction business. *(Please turn to page 87)*



Fair-Haired BOY

"Santa can just skip his visit to me this year," says David Brian, "my blessings are complete."

Dave's dramatic triumph in "Flamingo Road" led to role in WB's "Beyond the Forest."

By LOUISE IRWIN



The Brians certainly are hardworking thespians! Each willingly cooperates when the other has love scenes to rehearse.



Flattery gets Dave nowhere. Though he raves about Adrian's cooking, she watches his weight—and one dessert is all he ever gets.



David moved into Adrian's small apartment; now they've bought a home more to his size.

Richard Basehart is such a convincing actor that cast in a new role, Hollywood producers immediately

Poor RICHARD

By SIDNEY YUDAIN



In Samuel Goldwyn's "Roseanna McCoy" Richard is Mounts Hatfield, a terrifying killer.



In Universal-International's "Outside the Wall," Richard gets a reprieve from a life of pushing nice old ladies down elevator shafts. He portrays an ex-convict who reforms.

It all started with a tough little Irishman squashing a California grapefruit into the pretty blonde features of his leading lady. The guy was Jimmy Cagney, the gal Mae Clarke. Had the incident taken place in any one of Hollywood's soigné chophouses, it might have attracted the attention of the gossip devotees, brought a polite reprimand from the boîte manager, and then promptly been relegated to the realm of to-be-forgotten Hollywood mishaps.

However, the incident was recorded on film. And far from being forgotten, brought fame to Cagney, and even more important, set in motion a new cycle, a cycle that has brought onto the American scene a new type of film idol—the screen sadist.

Whereas early-day movie audiences garnered vicarious thrills by booing and hissing screen villains, modern moviegoers began swooning at the cur who blackened the eyes of the girl next door because she accepted another's bid to the Junior High Prom. The love technique underwent a drastic change. No longer were sweet music and soft words the persuasive magic that won screen ladies; it became "kiss me youze" and brass knuckles that did the trick.

It all reached a fever point when James Mason became England's commodity of Lend-Lease to the United States. He had won undying fame as a screen-sadist supreme in a series of English pictures, climaxed by his cane-lashing of the delicate fingers of Ann Todd in "Seventh Veil." When American audiences swooned with delight James was brought across the seas to Hollywood. And American producers began a concentrated search of their own talent rosters in hope of uncovering the new magic money maker: the screen sadist.

The new trend proved profitable for a number of good actors who up to this time had attracted little attention. Dan

each time he is type him



Cupid's arrow hit Richard and Stephanie at a Pennsylvania boarding house breakfast table.

Duryea, Stephen McNally, Richard Widmark and several others gained public favor by exceeding the bounds of good behavior on the screen.

Richard Basehart is one of the few actors to bridge the gap from screen sadism to screen romanticism. Enacting the cold-blooded, heartless, tough-guy roles earned him plaudits as one of the most promising of the current crop of film personalities. But Richard was aware that such roles were more conducive to type-casting than permanent status as a versatile leading man.

After several unsuccessful flings at films, Richard scored a personal success playing a scientific killer in a sensational sleeper called "He Walked By Night." That was only the beginning. In Samuel Goldwyn's "Roseanna McCoy," Basehart engages in some screen sadism that makes Jack the Ripper seem a sissy by comparison.

Just when it looked as though he was to be typed for life, along came MGM with a sympathetic lead in "Tension," and reports on this picture are so good that Richard is quite convinced he has overcome the "lovable menace" bugaboo that first brought him attention.

"Blood-thirsty, sadistic roles are attention-compelling," says Richard, "but an actor cannot hope to build his career entirely on such characterizations."

Looking for all the world like a nice, respectable, blond, blue-eyed actor and not a ruthless killer at all, Richard slipped off his saddle shoes, sipped on some coffee, and gave out with some studious opinions based on years of hard work and experience in his chosen profession.

"My first role in pictures," he recalled, "was nearly my swan song. I played a weak, neurotic poet in a picture called 'Repeat Performance.' Nothing much happened, except that after it nobody would cast me in a good, romantic part. They'd say, 'Yeah, sure, he's good . . .

but too weak.' It was pretty rough."

Basehart made his screen comeback; and despite the resultant success as a big-time bad boy he still found it tough getting that cherished romantic lead.

"After I did 'He Walked By Night,' producers were shocked to hear my name suggested for leading man in their films. 'That cold-blooded sadist! Oh, no, we're looking for the romantic type,' was their reply," said Richard. "But finally I have become a success," he grins. "In 'Tension' I actually get a girl (Cyd Charisse). I have arrived."

Just what are the rewards for all this knocking about of pretty girls? Can it build a successful screen career for an unknown? How long will the public go for it? Is the screen sadist really the American Heart-throb?

Richard had answers ready for all of these questions.

"To begin with," he said, "there is a sort of an American ideal of what a guy should be. The American movie idol can best be described as a 'nice, hard guy.' Take a look at most of the big-name male stars of today. Do you consider Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Cagney, Clark Gable, Humphrey Bogart blood-lusty brutes? No! Not any more, anyway. They've lasted throughout the years because they've fitted themselves into the successful leading-man pattern: nice, hard guys.

"Sure, a mean guy, a killer, some sensational type character will attract a lot of attention. But an actor will find that he can't live on it forever. Nobody, except a few character actors, has made a big success of playing weaklings.

"But still," opines Richard, "you can't go on talking out of the side of your mouth and pushing old ladies and crippled children down elevator shafts for very long. You don't develop any range. You can't become a fine performer, glued to that type of role."

Richard admits it's a lot of fun. "But how long can it go on?" he asks. "It's the law of diminishing returns. You keep piling horror on horror, and soon you're back to 'Hamlet' and 'Oedipus Rex.' You eventually won't be able to shock the public any more. What shocks the audience the first time becomes mildly amusing the tenth time."

Success did not come fast nor easily to Richard Basehart. It was a long, tough climb up that rugged Recognition Mountain. Even now, with his services heavily in demand and fan clubs springing up throughout the country, Richard is not entirely certain that he has arrived. He has known both great success and great failure, and is always conscious of the fact that the slip from the former to the latter can come swiftly and easily.

Richard's Dad had been an actor but gave it up to be a newspaperman. Richard started out as a newspaperman but gave it up to become an actor.

"My Dad got me my first part back in my home town, Zanesville, Ohio. It was in summer stock, and I was positively brilliant as a child actor. Every child," philosophized Richard with a laugh, "is brilliant at the age of 13."

After high school Richard did some newspaper work, joined a surveying crew, then decided to survey the acting field. During his five years at the Hedgerow Theatre in Pennsylvania, he performed in nearly forty plays. There, too, he met his wife.

"When you're living at a boarding house some of the people at the breakfast table you get to like, others you get to hate. Stephanie Klein was one of the people I got to like. She's now Mrs. Basehart," said Richard.

After the record number of appear-

ances at the Hedgerow, Richard invaded New England for a job on a Connecticut radio station. He had signed to do a Broadway play, but while waiting for rehearsals to begin he accepted a job as radio announcer as fill-in for a young man named Cameron Mitchell (he, too, hit his stride in pictures) who was doing a play try-out in Philadelphia.

"One thing I cannot do is radio announcing," confessed Richard. As proof he adds, "I got fired after a week's work. I had to report the local news each evening, and it seems as though all of the people in Stamford, Conn., are named Troczxycskoscic or something equally difficult. I hit a new high in fluffs."

The play, "Counterattack," fared a little better on Broadway than Richard did in Connecticut. It lasted six weeks. Six more legitimate flops followed. Then in 1945 Richard knew success for the first time when the New York critics and public acclaimed him in "The Hasty Heart."

Warner Brothers brought him to California, where he did little more than sit around and enjoy the California sunshine. After a year they dropped his option and Richard trekked back to Gotham. Shortly after arriving in New York a new company, Eagle-Lion, offered him a major role in one of its first productions, "Repeat Performance."

Because he played a weak character, he did not create much of a stir in Hollywood, although critics were impressed with his sensitive performance. Richard thumbed his nose at Hollywood and returned to New York.

Together with Louis Calhern and Hume Cronyn he hit Broadway with a play called "The Survivors." Despite the title, the play failed to survive the critics' pounding. Richard returned again to Hollywood.

After "He Walked By Night," Richard found himself walking on the Avenue of Success. Critical acclaim poured in from all sides. Samuel Goldwyn borrowed him for a neurotic killer in his mountain picture, "Roseanna McCoy." MGM borrowed him for the male lead in "Tension." Basehart had finally arrived.

Success hasn't changed him at all. He lives in a modest furnished apartment in Hollywood, not far from Goldwyn and Eagle-Lion studios.

"It's a bad thing for actors to be saddled with possessions," he notes. "Option time comes around all too soon. The only protection an actor has is his freedom. When you're saddled with possessions you're bound to accept bad roles to keep your home. You have to work to keep your possessions."

Naturally, life in a furnished apartment gets dull, even for two such interesting personages as Stephanie and Richard Basehart. So, off moments are spent in playing tennis, swimming, motoring and sight-seeing.

Richard likes California, but notes that he feels "awful lazy out here." New York, he believes, is more stimulating, and there is much more drive in the Big City. "But," he observes, "you can make more dough out here minus the stimulation and drive—and that's all right with me."

Despite his wonderful background in legitimate theatre, Richard is now sold on movies. He'd like to do a play once in a while, just to keep in the swing of it, but movies hold first place in his professional affection.

He would like to do a picture in Europe and combine it with an over-all sight-see abroad. Aside from that he is one of the few actors completely happy over his present lot in Hollywood.

THE END

MY WIFE WANTS A CAREER

(Continued from page 20)

knew our marriage was so strong that no mere career could shake it. If any marital union can be torn apart just because the wife wants to go back to the work she loves, then the marriage was pretty feeble to begin with.

There are many reasons why I didn't resent Ruth's decision. I confess my first reaction was one of misgiving, but I soon recovered from that typical male uncertainty when he's faced with the fact that his wife is going to work. I got over it because I remembered the six years we had spent considering such an eventuality.

Actually, the problem—if it must be called that—was something we had thought of for nine years, for it's nine years ago that we met. Since then we have tried to have a completely realistic approach to the whole matter.

Ruth and I met when we were both attending special classes in New York conducted by Michael Gordon and Bobby Lewis. The first time I saw her she seemed to me a sweet, intelligent, talented girl. On our first date we went out for supper after class. It wasn't long after that we knew we were in love; our interests were the same; we understood each other. We also knew that we were not financially able to set up housekeeping, so we had to wait.

We waited three years. All during this time, Ruth went on with her career. She appeared in several Broadway plays, including "Fabulous Invalid," "Stage Door" and "The American Way," in addition to radio work.

I worked on the road in "Golden Boy" and "Heavenly Express." Not once during those three years did it ever enter my mind to ask Ruth to give up her career when we married. On the contrary, I assumed she would continue to act.

Soon after I got out of the army, 20th Century-Fox saw me in a show and offered me a contract. I came out here and as soon as I was assigned to my first picture, "Guadalcanal Diary," I sent for Ruth. We were married the day she arrived—and we spent our honeymoon on location.

Ruth had offers from several studios when she came here but she was more interested in seeing to it that our marriage had a good start, so she gave up all thought of acting.

For the last six years, Ruth's whole interest has been in my career. She gladly subjugated her own talent to mine. She realized that an effort had to be made to get me started. We both wanted to find out if I could be happy in pictures. Ruth did keep up with her acting, however, by working with me on scenes from my pictures.

Recently, she cued me on my role in "Whirlpool" by doing Gene Tierney's part. Gene and I co-star in the picture. Ruth's reading of the lines was so terrific that I realized that talent such as hers should find expression, that it was right for her to go back to acting.

During these sessions at home, Ruth and I often have spirited arguments over the way one or the other is playing a part. We argue in a spirited way but we're always willing to concede defeat if we are convinced the other is right. Working together like this has made Ruth feel as though she hasn't given up her career completely.

Her primary interest has been in building a house. She has taste and imagina-

tion so she has done a very successful job of home-making, even though it was, from the beginning, a completely new experience for her. The only trouble she had was cooking, about which she knew nothing. Very subtly I lent her a hand in this respect. Now she has developed into a very good cook.

At all times I have relied on Ruth for good honest advice. She has helped keep me on an even keel in my transformation from stage to screen actor. When it came to any important matter, she felt the final decision should be mine.

For the most part, she and I agree particularly when it comes to deciding on scripts I am to do. At times I have become vehement over a part that I didn't care for. This happened regularly during the time I was trying to get romantic roles and was being asked to do everything but. Ruth agreed with me but she was less emotional—which provided a good balance for me. She kept telling me to be patient and that I'd get what I wanted eventually.

Well, she was right!

I won't be so naive as to say there are no problems to be met when a wife goes back to work.

In Hollywood, for one thing, actors and actresses are subjected to a kind of pressure. They're overwhelmed by the desire to get ahead and improve their position. To me, that's a mistake. There are more important things in life than success that may not always glitter. A happy marriage, for example, is far more important.

I can't understand why so many people here permit the success mania to take hold of them, for it builds a fear complex that can be paralyzing.

This fear—this concentrated emphasis on career—can destroy a marriage because it destroys happiness. This fear is reflected in marital relationship.

I believe—and so does Ruth—that she can manage her career in such a way that it adds to the general happiness of our marriage. The demands of her career will have to be secondary. Our marriage will always be first.

Jealousy is also a hazard in two careers. That will be no problem between Ruth and me.

Through our work together, we have developed a critical evaluation of our work as actors, and we have never been jealous of the other's success. Instead, we have worked to build a trust and dependency on one another. We're not

worried about the possibility that she might become a top star while I found myself on the down-grade. How can there be jealousy if you're both working for one common purpose?

Another objection to two careers is the matter of separations between a couple when both are working in pictures. Ruth and I are determined to turn down any picture that will keep us apart for more than a few weeks. This may be hard to do at times and might even cause one of us to be suspended for refusing a role but we have no desire for separate careers.

Again it's our marriage that's important.

There's also a lot of talk about married couples who are working coming home tired. This is supposed to create havoc. Actually, Ruth and I aren't worried about this because we have always talked over studio problems at home, no matter how tired we were. We enjoy sharing everything connected with our work.

Frankly, I can't understand why the problem of a husband and wife working in pictures has been made out so hazardous. Thousands of husbands and wives have careers—many in the same business. It's the wise husband who can be understanding rather than tyrannical when problems arise out of husband and wife both being earners.

When Ruth finally decided to go back to work, I knew to thwart her would have led only to frustration on her part.

I know it's hard for the male animal to agree to a career for his wife. It's his nature to want to be the breadwinner, to say, "I'm able to support you. Why should you work?" But I don't believe, however, any husband has the right to deny his wife a chance at self-expression. She has the right to the satisfaction of having achieved something as an individual.

As a matter of fact the wise husband, I think, should do all he can to encourage her. Such an unselfish gesture on his part would strengthen the relationship between them.

There are conditions, of course, under which I would ask Ruth to give up her job, if we had children and she was unable to give them enough attention because of the demands of a career, or if our home began to suffer as a result. I don't think I'd even have to ask Ruth to quit under such circumstances. She'd quit automatically.

I'd also ask her to give up her work if she found herself running into a series of bad breaks which would lead to frustration.

Taking it all in all, I feel that two careers can bring a couple closer together. That is true in the cases of Fredric March and Florence Eldridge; June Allyson and Dick Powell; Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, and many others.

When both husband and wife are in the same line of work, they have more things in common. Each has the same problems to discuss. It is also easier to be of help to each other when both understand and sympathize with the trials faced during the day.

Certainly a husband and wife can give far wiser advice to one another. It's in the matter of giving advice—and taking it—that many marriages are ruined, because when interests are too divergent there can be no logical meeting ground.

We feel it is not our names on the marquee that count. It is our roles as husband and wife that are most important in our lives.

THE END

What's with
SHIRLEY TEMPLE

and

JOHN AGAR?

Read about them
in January

MOVIELAND

on sale at newsstands December 9th



Farley Granger had double reason to be proud; he squired Pat Neal to the premiere of the Samuel Goldwyn production in which he stars.



It was a memorable evening for Joan Evans, too, who plays the title role in "Roseanna McCoy." Her date was handsome Jess Morgan.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*

continued from page 12



The announcer was on hand with the microphone to catch a few words from Vanessa Brown before Major George Fisher escorted her inside.



Ann Blyth and Roddy McDowall made a handsome young duo at the star-studded premiere. Romance? Could be!



Phyllis Kirk and Barry Nelson came to see the picture, paid more attention to each other than to the screen.

**"Roseanna
 McCoy"**
 premiere
 was a gala
 affair for
 Hollywood's
 younger set

AVA GARDNER

(Continued from page 28)

There's only one painless way I know of to acquire new clothes, and that's unintentionally. Experience has taught me that when I set out to buy presents for other people, I find things for myself. I do well at window shopping, too.

Whenever I can persuade a dinner date to take me walking along the Sunset Strip, I discover clothes I like and hurry to buy them the next morning. And every time I stop at Will Wright's to pick up a quart of ice cream for dinner, I pop into Amelia Gray's next door to see if she's received a new shipment of cashmeres.

Invariably, I stagger out of her shop with several sweaters, a skirt or two, and just the kind of dress I'd been thinking about. Shopping by accident is the only way for me.

Now, my problem of getting a good fit is pretty complicated, too. I'm three "perfect" sizes. My shoulders are a perfect 14; my waist is a 10; my hips are size 12. Altogether I'm a fitter's headache. And the fact that I hate to stand still and have pins stuck into me doesn't help matters.

The only way I get clothes to look properly on me is by wearing two-piece outfits and by having some clothes custom made.

My addiction to two-piece clothes starts with bathing suits. Some day I'd like to find a one piece suit that covers my extra long torso without looking as though it shrank in the wash, but so far I haven't been that lucky. As a result, I always wear two-piece bathing suits.

For the same reason, I wear more suits than one-piece dresses. My wardrobe usually contains ten or twelve new or reasonably new suits. I like them tailored and made of men's suiting such as smooth tweeds, worsted, glen plaids and flannel. Whenever I'm getting ready to take a trip I buy a new suit and I'm ready to go.

For just ordinary home and studio wear, I draw on my large assortment of skirts, blouses, and sweaters. It may be that my clothes sense hasn't developed much beyond the high school stage but nevertheless I think such clothes are wonderful.

Even if you haven't a large collection, the different combinations of skirts and tops are endless. I know I go through phases where I try to match my sweaters and skirts exactly. Then in another phase I work out startling or subtle color combinations. It makes dressing every morning so much more fun.

The kind of clothes I have made to order are evening dresses. As a case in point, I recently ordered a couple of Don Loper gowns. The moment I saw them among his new winter collection, I knew they were my kind of dresses.

Both have simple lines but they are made of fabulously beautiful material. One is made of black point d'esprit net and the other is white mousseline de soie with a silver thread. Both dresses are extremely décollete with tight bodices and full skirts. When I have such breathtaking, bank-breaking gowns made to my own measurement, I like them to accentuate my positive features like my long torso and my all-year tan.

These do. Once I've made up my mind to buy two such extravagant creations, I'm not happy until I've found an excuse to wear them—even if it means giving a party myself.

Irene, Metro's head fashion designer



From their favorite niche, which Mother Nature carved out for them in an old oak tree, Lita and Rory get a bird's eye view of the surrounding countryside.

It's a LOVELY LIFE

When the cameras stop grinding,
Rory Calhoun heads for his
rambling Ojai ranch, where lovely
Lita Baron is waiting for him



The Calhouns hit the dusty trail—on wheels. Rory just finished "The Return of the Frontiersman" for Warners'.



There's lots of excitement down at the hen house. Here a chick, there a chick, *everywhere* a newly-hatched chick.



Oooooops! Rory was all set for a quiet little snooze when vivacious Lita happened along and upset his applectart!

who plans all my screen wardrobes, tells me that I'm not a difficult personality to dress—providing she keeps her ideas simple. She and I have learned together that elaborate clothes which may look dramatic on her sketch board, look overdone on me. Picture after picture she's dreamed up some terrific wardrobe ideas and then has had to pare them down, strip off the trim, and remove the superfluous—all because I really look best in a "little" black dress.

It may be my dark coloring that is responsible for this strange thing—but it's something I think happens to a great many girls. Don't be afraid to simplify a dress; in fact, it's a good idea to try out if you've happened to buy a dress which boasts extra pockets, braid or other trim. You may be happily surprised with the results. (Of course, you may not, too! But it's worth the risk for very often an exaggerated flounce or a bulky collar will detract from the smooth effect you're trying to create.)

I've learned a lot from Irene's trial-and-error sketches. I've learned that for dressy occasions, I look best in extreme white or ultra black. My in-between range of color is pretty limited, too. I wear navy, kelly, yellow and blue. For a bright accent, I use red—usually a red sweater.

I hardly ever look at fashion magazines so I can truthfully say I don't follow fads. Instead, I cling to a number of becoming fashions that Irene and I have worked out.

I love to look at "new" things while shopping, but I've learned to restrain myself because the items end up cluttering my closets. The real satisfaction of my clothes rules comes from being comfortable. When I'm completely at ease in my outfits I feel well-dressed. If I'm the least bit self-conscious of what I'm wearing—then the outfit is a flop as far as I'm concerned!

Once I've hit on a flattering style nothing can make me veer from it. High-fashion and fads are not for me. Fads aren't too practical anyway for they last such a short time.

For example, I wear jackets with up-turned collars, dresses with narrow plunge neckline, circular skirts and no hats. I don't even own a hat of my own. When I have to wear one in a picture, I make sure it's as inconspicuous as possible. That goes for hair ornaments, too.

These, then, are the few details I keep in my head when I'm choosing new clothes. But like all girls I have my own set of slightly silly, highly personal idiosyncrasies that have a lot to do with how I dress.

Just for the record, I never wear slacks. Nor do I lounge around the house in a negligee, a hostess gown, pedal pushers or blue jeans. About the only kind of jewelry I wear is heavy gold stuff but not much of it. I don't bother with gloves because I'm always losing them.

I go without stockings when I can, but if I must wear something on my legs I make sure they're terribly sheer stockings with sandal feet. I like perfume but frequently forget to use it. I collect heavy leather belts which I think add a finish to the top of a skirt. Being in pictures, I also own a mink coat and a silver mink stole.

In contrast to other actresses who get slightly neurotic trying to decide what to wear, I have no problems.

I simply dress as I please!

Watch for Janet Leigh's Wardrobe "I Dress On A Budget," declares Janet in January MOVIELAND on Newsstands December 9th

FILE ON LANA TURNER

(Continued from page 39)

"I'll never forget that day," she recalls. "I wanted to cry, but I knew that wouldn't do any good, so I got up and limped onto the highway. I flagged a truck-driver who stopped and took us into Hollywood. That's the way I first arrived here—and I'll never forget it."

The official Turner biography put out by her studio reports that at this point in her life Lana enrolled and attended Hollywood High School.

The officials at the school—or at least those I have questioned—claim that there is no record of Lana ever having attended that institution or any institution in the neighborhood.

Be that as it may, Lana was sipping a coke ("a nickel coke because I couldn't afford a tall one") in a soda shop across the street from Hollywood High when Billy Wilkerson saw her and sent her to see agent Zeppo Marx.

At ten, she lost her father and with him, all security, home-life, and family protection.

Is it any wonder then that a few years later she became the darling of the night-clubs, seemingly obsessed by a terrible hunger to live life as fully and rapidly as possible lest some untoward circumstance quickly take it away?

Many people have condemned Lana for her three marriages, the wild hectic days of her early career, and the care-free way in which she once lived her life. None of these persons ever realized or understood that this behavior was a reaction brought out by a basic insecurity and lack of love.

All her life, Lana has sought love; mainly because she lost at an early age the normal father love that most of us have.

After her father was murdered, leaving his family virtually penniless, Lana was sent to a convent while her mother went to work in a beauty shop.

Lana doesn't like to talk about those early days, because they were tough and hard. She attended George Washington High in San Francisco for six months, and classmates who remember her usually say, "She was a nice kid but awfully poor and none of us noticed her very much. She seemed very well-developed for her age, but she wasn't in school long enough for anyone really to get to know her."

At that time, Lana told Zeppo that she was working as a salesgirl in a lingerie shop. Zeppo turned her over to one of his assistants, Henry Willson.

Henry took the young girl and her sweater around to several studio casting directors. They all turned her down. "But she had guts," Henry recalls. "She wouldn't give up. I remember for one audition I taught her a few dance steps, real simple stuff. I even hired a piano player to accompany us. His name was Mickey Rooney, but Lana didn't get the job."

It was Solly Baiano who took her to Mervyn LeRoy. Mervyn gave her the once-over and put her under personal contract at \$50 per week.

"I think," Mervyn LeRoy told me now, "that Lana used to call herself Judy or something like that. I didn't like the name at all."

"One night I was thinking of a girl I used to go with in San Francisco. Her name was Dana. I played around with that name for a while and came up with Lana. 'From here on in,' I told Judy, 'your name is Lana Turner.'"

LeRoy says that he was always convinced of the inevitability of Lana's rise to stardom. "It was her personality," he says. "It was striking, arresting. I knew she had what the public wanted—a fresh appealing kind of beauty. I gave her a small part in 'They Won't Forget,' and my judgment was verified. Walter Winchell began calling her 'America's Sweater Sweetheart,' and I knew this was the beginning of a great career."

"When I left Warners and went over to Metro, I took Lana with me. Carey Wilson was then producing the Andy Hardy series, and I asked him to see if he could cast Lana in some sort of role. Carey has good sense. He let her appear in a bathing suit."

Here's what Carey Wilson has to say about that episode.

"One day Mervyn LeRoy asked me to do him a favor, to meet and talk with Lana Turner. I went down to his office, and he called Lana in, and for the next two hours I talked and I listened."

"Lana said that they were calling her 'the sweater girl' around Hollywood and she was disturbed about it. She wanted a chance to act. She felt that the sweater girl label was embarrassing. She was only sixteen at the time, and it seemed sort of shameful to her."

"With her strong physical personality, she reminded me of Jean Harlow. 'If I were you, honey,' I said, 'far from feeling shame, embarrassment, or inferiority about being called a sweater girl, I'd—well, frankly, I'd buy a bright orange one and wear it around the lot. Many girls would give an awful lot to have your sweater-wearing ability. Be yourself, and you'll go far.'"

"A few days later, I passed Lana on the lot. She was wearing a bright orange sweater. I cast her in 'Love Finds Andy Hardy' and then gave her a role in 'Dr. Kildare.' I had her wear a bathing suit in the first film and a sweater-dress in the second. That's how fearful I was of the sweater-girl label!"

It was at this point in her life, touched by the first gleanings of screen fame, that Lana became known as Queen of the Nightclubs.

She played them all and made the night-club owners very happy. The boys who worked with her at the studio had different ideas. A cameraman, for example, once asked to tell something about her, said bluntly, "Her outstanding trait is laziness."

This, of course, wasn't true. Lana was then young and gay and imagined herself to be in love with an attorney and man-about-town named Greg Bautzer, and having a good time seemed then to be the most important thing in life to her—certainly more important than posing for pictures in furtherance of her career.

As a matter of fact, it has long been said in Hollywood that the man who most influenced Lana was Gregson Bautzer.

He was her first beau when she was young, impressionable, and seventeen, and the general belief about town was that these two were scheduled for matrimony.

A Southern California boy, tall, handsome, and extremely personable, Bautzer not only practices law but also ballroom dancing. He is suave, polished, debonair, and in him Lana saw all the masculine characteristics she admired. Greg was roughly ten years older than she, also he was mature, intelligent, and settled, and she could come to him with all and

any of her problems.

As things worked out, Greg happened to run into Joan Crawford at a Gary Cooper premiere at about this time and from that point on, his relationship with Lana was never the same.

You've probably heard the popular fairy tale that Joan stole Greg away from Lana, but there's not a word of truth to that. The true story is that when Greg started sending Joan flowers, Joan invited Lana to her house for a Sunday brunch.

"Exactly how do you and Greg stand?" she asked Lana.

Lana began to cry and said that she hoped to marry Greg one day, and Joan said that was good enough for her, and after that she refused to see Greg. But then one night, impetuous Lana flew off to Las Vegas with Artie Shaw and got married.

This was really unexpected, because Lana had worked with Artie in "Dancing Coed" a few months before and had argued with him and had criticized him for his "immense ego," and no one thought these two were potential mates. If anything, they seemed like potential enemies.

But they got married, and when Greg Bautzer was told about it by a reporter, all he could think of to say was, "I wish them the best of luck."

Anyway, Lana Turner didn't talk to Joan Crawford for three years, and the popular reason offered for this silence, was Gregson Bautzer.

Lana's marriage to Shaw lasted only seven months, however, and then she returned to play the field.

This was when she met Stephen Crane, an actor who later became a restaurateur. Once again, Lana eloped to Las Vegas, and once again the marriage was good for only about six months.

Eloquents in Lana's love-life have never paid off. She asked for an annulment of her marriage to Crane on the grounds that his divorce from his first wife had not been final when she married him. A few weeks later, Lana found herself pregnant. She was in a pretty legal pickle, all right.

She waited, however, until the annulment was granted and then she re-married Steve on the night before he left for his induction into the Army. "I re-married him," she said, "because I love him and because I want our baby to have a normal life with its father."

Not long after the birth of her daughter, Cheryl Christine, Lana decided that she couldn't make a go of things with Crane.

I don't want to go into a long rehearsal of Lana's heartaches and the love-matches that proved wrong, but these are the epic points of her life which have made her the sort of woman she is today—a wife determined to keep her marriage intact no matter how great the odds.

Just what went wrong when Lana re-married Crane, few people know. The popular reason was career trouble. Crane supposedly wanted to become a big star. Perhaps he thought Lana might help. Lana, of course, had definite ideas and words on the subject.

"Acting just isn't right for most men. When a man has to put on a mask and assume poses, I think it's bad for him. With a woman, it's practically second nature. With a man it often becomes an affectation, and neither Steve nor I want that."

Steve must have wanted just that, because he got himself a contract at Columbia; but acting obviously wasn't his forte, and he soon was dropped by the studio, and also by Lana.

Lana, however, is a girl who must

have love; this is the crying need of her existence—and in Turhan Bey she thought she might find it. But here again, the romance faded into nothingness.

"I don't know what happened," Lana said at the time. "I don't know whether I did something or someone told him something or what. He said he would call me and he never called and I never heard from him again."

Apparently, Greg Bautzer had bowed out on Lana previously, and the beauty couldn't understand what there was about her which attracted men but only kept them attracted a short while.

"It's so bad for me," she said, "with Cheryl growing up, to have everyone think I don't know my own mind. I knew my mind for a long time about Turhan. Because of my little girl, I don't want it said that I turn lightly and frivolously from one man to another."

When Lana turned to Tyrone Power, there was nothing light or frivolous about it. Lana was in love with the man, and he with her, but again, only for a time. Linda Christian captured his true affection, and Lana met millionaire Bob Topping.

Topping fell for Lana in a hurry. It cost him a pretty penny, but he got a divorce from Arline Judge and married Lana as quickly as he could.

This time, Lana insisted on a formal wedding; no hasty Las Vegas elopement. She had flowers, bridesmaids, the whole works. She honeymooned in Europe, found herself with child, and then unfortunately lost the baby before it was born.

After this shock, Lana went down to Florida and aboard the *Snuffie*, the Topping boat, cruised the Florida waters, gradually regaining her health.

Lana has been back in Hollywood for six months now, and by the time you read this, she should be starring in "A Life of Her Own," or "The Reformer and the Redhead."

There are many cynics who will tell you that Lana's marriage to Bob Topping is fated to go on the rocks. This is Lana's third marital attempt and Bob's fourth.

Undoubtedly, you have heard many stories of their frequent nightclub bickerings. These, in part, may be due to the fact that both Lana and Bob are restless and need activity. As soon as they get it, these bickerings will probably cease.

At the moment, however, Lana, more than anything else, wants to make her marriage a success. Topping, reportedly, is not the easiest man in the world to live with. (What millionaire is?) Lana, however, is going all out in her every effort to please him. He is an intelligent, discerning, worldly man, and such men usually take a lot of pleasing.

In the years gone by, it's been fashionable to condemn Lana as an impetuous, fun-loving girl out on a perennial fling.

That has never been the truth. The true story of Lana Turner is the story of one woman's search for love, a love denied her in her youth, a love unreciprocated in her teens, a love without which her life becomes a mockery and her existence a hollow shell.

We hope with all our heart that Lana has found it at last!

THE END

What's in store for the Stars?
Read Astrologist Nella Webb's
PREDICTIONS FOR 1950
in January **MOVIELAND**
on newsstands **December 9th**



Hiding behind that fluffy beard is Roy Rogers, star of Republic's "The Bells of Coronado."

★ Christmas Greetings

★ *from*
Roy Rogers



To all my friends this is more than a heartfelt Christmas Greeting. It is my prayer for the world.

At year's end I count my blessings, and find enough to share with everyone. They are the blessings of America, where men can live in peace; where a bootblock can become a bonker, and a farm-boy like me, a movie star.

The news from the rest of the world makes me want to remind us all again of the Golden Rule. With continued faith in God and our country we may yet make the whole world a place of peace.

Until we meet again, may the Good Lord take a liking to you, and may you earn, and keep His love.

Roy Rogers.

MILTON BERLE

(Continued from page 31)

of acting, and I felt that the best school, albeit the most difficult, was Broadway.

Luckily for me, I got an offer to play in a musical called "Hold onto Your Hats." While I was taking part in that production, Milton came East to play the night club circuit.

All that wonderful winter we dated. A native New Yorker, Milton showed me the Big Town as only a native can—Sardi's, Twenty-One, the Gaiety Delicatessen, Toots Shor's, Lindy's, a hundred Broadway haunts made famous by Damon Runyon. And, of course, there was always one favorite spot. For us, it was the Stork Club.

Milton isn't the type who likes to listen to off-tune music in romantic little side-street cellars. Practically every night, after we made the rounds, you could find us at the Stork.

A year of continued dating made us an accepted duo in the eyes of the Broadway habitues. We were mentioned regularly in Winchell's column, Lyons' column, any column you can think of.

What mattered most to me, however, was that Milton's family, his mother, his three brothers, and his sister Rosalind, began to take us for granted.

Milton's mother was particularly happy that her boy had settled down to one girl. "Joyce," she once said to me, "you're the best thing for Milton's constitution."

Milton, by this time, was also the best thing for mine, so when 1941 rolled around, we went out to Beverly Hills and got married. Judge Edward Brandt performed the ceremony with Milton's brother, Frank, as best man, and a small army of friends as guests.

The first year we lived in Hollywood, we lived in a house rented from Tom Mix. Milton was making a picture at 20th Century-Fox and also working on a radio show. When he finished those assignments, he decided to return to New York and play night clubs and vaudeville.

I went along. I couldn't hope to keep up with Milton in his night club routines, but when he played theatres on the road, I used to play his stooge in the balcony.

It was a lot of fun, and at least it was one way of seeing more of him—even if I did have to play the stooge.

Ours was a companionable marriage, and our basic common interest was show business, but we had our differences, too. I guess every married couple has. Milton and I used to fight about my career and his not-too-funny jokes and several other items. But we both agreed on one thing: we wanted children.

Four years after our wedding, we adopted a little girl with blue eyes and a head of hair, Milton's shade of brown. We named the child Victoria Melanie because she was born on the day the Pacific armistice was signed.

We started calling her Vicki, however, right from the start. When my mother first saw the baby, she almost fainted, because the baby, she said, "Looks exactly as you did, Joyce, when you were an infant."

As a matter of fact, Vicki today looks so much like both Milton and me that few people realize she's adopted.

To be really truthful, Vicki is one of the reasons I went to Reno to divorce Milton. The heated exchanges we used to have with each other didn't seem so bad before we got the child, but once she was in the house, they somehow sounded degrading.

By ANNE ANSLEY

Movieland's

The stars reveal these gifts will be a sure



ELLA RAINES SAYS you'll really rate if you choose this American Safety Razor "Heritage" table lighter for the "special" person on your list. Made of tarnish-proof Rhodium, easily monogrammed, it has a graceful ebony Tenite handle. \$12.50, and not taxable.

Christmas list got
These

THIS JOLLY SANTA has two hollow legs, in which he carries Helena Rubinstein's luscious Heaven Sent Eau de Toilette, and Command Performance Eau de Parfum. He's a thrifty Santa, too—can be used as a bank when the scents are gone. The girls love him! (\$3.50, plus tax.)



AN UNUSUAL GIFT for the girl who always seems to have everything, are the Tang Tipped Perfumed matches. They make a lovely sachet for her purse, and have none of the sulphur odor of ordinary matches; they leave a lingering fragrance. \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00.



Counter Spy

fire success on Christmas morning



ALEXIS SMITH picked out this scrumptious Volupte compact, called "The Garden of Eden." Gracefully apple-shaped, it has a bird and some apple blossoms beautifully etched into its gleaming surface. Not taxable, this handsome compact is well worth its \$7.50 tag.

you stumped?
suggestions may
solve your gift problems



SAUCY AS A CAN CAN are these adorable "French Panties" by Schiaparelli. They make a truly glamorous stocking case for a gal's best nylons! And what a color! They're Shocking Pink rayon satin with black lace frills and a tasseled drawstring. A luxury gift, at \$2.95.



SMALL WONDERS are these Harriet Hubbard Ayer items. Left, are three sachet notes tied with red and green ribbon. Right, is an adorable sachet Christmas card. Both dangle a tiny bottle of Golden Chance perfume, come with mailing box. Cost \$2.00, \$1.50.

I wanted to put a stop to the bickering and unpleasantness, so we decided upon an amicable divorce.

Milton was very sweet and kind about it, and I went back to work. I landed a part in a Broadway show and then signed to do a small part in "The Barkleys of Broadway."

Milton and I lived apart for only a year, but it seemed like a decade. Both of us were busy but we were also in love with each other and a mutual loneliness kept gnawing away at our hearts.

Gradually, we began going to the Stork Club together again. Then, when Milton rented and furnished a nine-room apartment on East 88th Street, he included a nursery in the setup. No one was surprised when we announced our intention to re-marry, least of all Vicki.

One evening as I was dressing to go out, she came up and asked me if I had to go to work. "No, baby," I said. "I'm going to have dinner with Daddy."

"Oh, that's right," she said, as though it had passingly slipped her mind. "We're marrying Daddy again, aren't we?"

The second marriage for us Berles is notably calm. We've found out what's best for our combined happiness. I, for example, know that Milton has to be busy or he's not content.

This means he has to run a faster pace during vacation than during the regular working year. This includes living with a constantly ringing telephone, keeping up-to-date with Milton's syndicated column, charity shows, benefit appearances, and well, there's always something hot on the griddle.

The only difference between M. Berle in New York and M. Berle in Hollywood is sleep. When Milton is working on his television show, he sleeps late. In Hollywood, he has to be at the studio by 7:00 A.M. He works until six and after that, he watches the day's rushes (film that's been shot) with director Roy del Ruth and Jerry Wald, the producer.

Some time around 7:30 a slightly knocked-out father returns to our suite in the Beverly Hills Hotel. He stretches out on the couch and for once, is perfectly content to let Vicki do all the talking.

Vicki gladly takes over, giving her old man a running account of everything she's done that day—play school at Ann Rutherford's, swimming, an invitation to a party at Frank Sinatra's, a blue fire engine she saw, and so on.

Milton is wonderful with all children and perfect with Vicki. He's patient, understanding, and fun. But he has a firm side, too, which I must say, came as a surprise to me. I always expected him to spoil his own child, but he doesn't. One word from Milton and Vicki goes to bed like a lamb.

Naturally, we're looking forward to a companion for Vicki, and to tell you the truth, we're both a little amazed at finding ourselves such model parents.

To this end, Milton who never touches alcohol, is cutting down on cigars and watching his language most carefully. As for me, I'm not accepting any more stage or screen offers that take me away from home. I'm learning to play golf because that is the one sport that Milton likes.

You see, I want to be prepared for that mythical day when my husband addles up to me and says, "Darling, let's take the afternoon off from show business and play a little golf."

That's the day I'm going to say, "Show business, Milton . . . what's that?"

Just once, I want Berle to be stymied for a punch-line.

THE END

PORTRAIT OF A HAPPY MAN

(Continued from page 60)

to "express himself" there. This led exactly nowhere except to the end of his financial resources. So he went to work at whatever work there was to do, so long as it was outdoor work with no "office routine" attached to it.

First he became a "human mule"—pushing rock barges under sewer tunnels in Chicago. He went on to be a sandhog, miner, cowboy, bodyguard chauffeur to a mobster, outdoor salesman, WPA laborer and paving supervisor.

None of these things satisfied his terrible urge for self-expression, but in 1936 jolting reality caught up with him when his father, Timothy Ryan, and four of his uncles were suddenly dead, within eighteen months.

All of them, he is convinced, were killed by business worries brought on by the Depression. He went home to Chicago to live with his mother and now he felt that he must settle down. So he took his first office job with the Chicago Department of Education and spent most of his time trying to hide the fact from his mother that the office routine was surely and rapidly driving him mad.

Then it happened. A friend of Mrs. Ryan who taught in a girls' school was wailing that the school's dramatic coach had been taken ill just as it was time to start rehearsals for the senior class play. Something inside Bob suddenly came alive and he couldn't believe his own

eagerness when he cried, "Let me direct the play! I know how! I can do it." He knew he could, although he had never had a moment's experience in any kind of stage work.

When he had the script in his hands, he went to a dime store and bought little dolls and other odds and ends to use for experimental props and that evening, as he studied the movements and positions of his characters (the play was the old amateur standby, "Dear Brutus"), he knew suddenly that he had found what he wanted to do, what, indeed, he must do in life. Work in the theater.

And work he did, most of the time for nothing except the joy and the experience. "I had never known what hard work was before," he says now. "Me—who had been voted the 'laziest' in my class at Dartmouth!"

He knows now, with deep certainty, that once you know what you want and if you are willing to work for it, a way will open for you. He was feeling rather dismal about his own "way", when a friend offered to let him in on that most dubious of gambles, an oil well.

"He needed 300 dollars," Bob remembers, "and I happened to have exactly that much." The gamble paid off with enough money to bring his mother to Hollywood with him while he enrolled in the Max Reinhardt school of drama.

The day he enrolled he was introduced to a pretty fellow-pupil named Jessica Cadwalader and four months later they were married. Both were imbued with youthful faith in the future. The fact that the oil well dried up about then didn't diminish that faith.

"I thought of what had happened to my father," Bob says, "and knew that it was worse than useless to worry. The moment I stopped worrying, things began to come right for us."

That was ten years ago and things have been coming right, slowly but steadily for Bob, with time out for a year-and-a-half hitch with the Marines during World War II.

There was one mental jolt when he took off his uniform and a Hollywood-wise friend advised, "Better give up the acting bug this time, Bob. You were off to a good start before the war. No one ever gets a second chance in this business. You'll find you are all washed up."

But Bob, as everyone knows, did get his second chance and perhaps his greatest opportunity came to him in the courageous picture, "Crossfire," which launched him on an almost new and certainly powerful career in pictures.

If you could see Bob today in his cool, comfortable, rambling home in the San Fernando Valley with its gracious sweep of lawn and garden, its paved terrace; the two brown little sons romping in the wading pool beyond, you would know what he means when he says, "I've found it!" It isn't the end of anything that he has found. It is the beginning of a lot of things.

This is the house, he says, they "bought for Cheyney." Cheyney is the younger, year-old boy. Timothy is three and already learning to swim. When the Ryans learned that Cheyney was soon to make his appearance they knew that they must have more room than their Hollywood home afforded so they found a comfortable house with enough ground around it for space and fun for children and they started adding wings and bathrooms and terraces as fast as possible.

The house had no landscaping whatever and presented a challenge which the Ryans have met head-on and very successfully in a comparatively short time. The grounds are beautiful and the vista from the back of the house is made gay with brightly-painted slides and swings and awninged sandpiles.

Facing the garden is a wide, airy living room with almost one whole wall of glass, opening onto the terrace. A beautiful antique chest dominates one end. The chairs and divans are tailored and comfortable; the tables low and wide and hand-rubbed to a satin glow. The muted greens and grays and blues of walls, carpets and upholstery are brightened by huge bouquets of fresh garden flowers. It is truly a room to live in and enjoy.

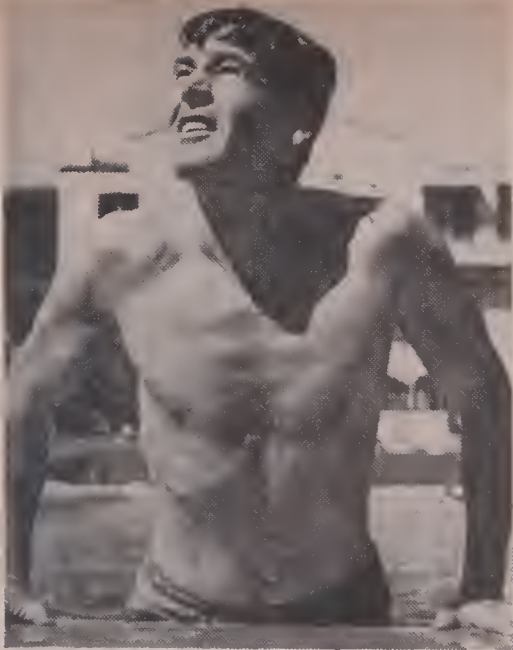
You gather something of their preoccupations with home and family when they tell you that somehow they never did get round to giving a big, formal party until their tenth anniversary a short time ago! Then they really shot the works and invited practically everyone they knew in Hollywood. They had a wonderful time, too.

There were few names, however, which the columnists would call "important." Bob has what amounts to a phobia about the familiar Hollywood credo which maintains that an actor must be "seen with the right people."

He can get quite red in the face with annoyance over this and he splutters, "As I understand it, the 'right people' are the ones who can do you some good professionally. Well, I'll tell you this . . . no one who could 'do us good' has



As Bob and Jessica Ryan take a leisurely stroll around their spacious San Fernando Valley home, little Timmy toddles along behind, hoping to lure his Daddy into a game of golf.



Swim in the Tennis Club pool is refreshing after work on "I Married a Communist."

ever been invited to this house and no one will ever be asked here for any such reason."

Then his good-natured grin appears as he adds, "Of course, we aren't invited to the big, important Hollywood parties, either. That kind of people don't like us any more than we like them!"

They like, however, to give small, informal parties, especially for friends who may be counted upon to engage in animated discussions. Bob likes to needle alert intellects into political discussions if he knows they can be counted upon to keep the conversation on a friendly, give-and-take basis.

Jessica, who has a true gourmet's tastes and talents, enjoys producing novel and exciting food for these occasions. Beef Stroganoff is one of her specialties and she has a number of other imaginative culinary tricks up her sleeve, too, with which to surprise and delight her guests.

One of her joys in the grounds of the new home is the elaborate herb garden she has planted there for the purpose of adding sophistication to the seasonings of her food.

Bob must be a bit unsatisfactory in this domestic department, however. He never willingly eats what other husky men would call "a square meal." He wants food in small quantities several times a day and he doesn't much care what it is, so long as no mayonnaise is involved in it.

He likes eggs in any guise at any hour. He confides, to anyone's amusement, "I'm almost afraid of being considered un-American in this day and age when I confess that I simply can't abide steak. I mean that! No matter where it was bought, how much it cost, how long it has been hung or what sauces have been poured over it, I just don't like it."

However, it doesn't seem to matter what Bob eats or when or even whether he exercises or merely lies in the sun. His weight hasn't varied more than a pound or two from his normal one-hundred-and-ninety-four in years and he looks almost exactly now as he did when he was first coming into prominence in pictures.

About eating several times a day, he points out, "When guys get ulcers, that's what they make them do—take small quantities of food often. I've done it nearly all my life because I like it that way and I don't have any ulcers. Maybe I have something there that the dietitians should look into."

The Ryans don't like night clubs and almost never go to them. "They are too crowded; they bore us; the food is dull; neither of us likes to dance on a crowded floor and besides. . . ." that grin again. . . . "they are financially inexpedient." Which would seem to settle that!

Bob still likes to box occasionally for a workout. He was undefeated intercollegiate boxing champion in his college days and his skill stood him in good stead in that fine picture, "The Set-Up."

His tastes in clothes are casual and comfortable as Jessica's supervision will permit. "Sure, I have some good suits," he admits. "But I'd probably wear the same one day after day if Jessica didn't rotate them on the hangers in my wardrobe and see to it that they went to the cleaners on time." At home he leans to T-shirts and dungarees or no shirts at all.

His wife has a terrible time and must often resort to subterfuge to induce him to part with old clothes. "I get fond of the things," he mourns.

When someone asked him if he thought he was practical about money matters he looked honestly bewildered and then admitted, "Well, y'know, that's the first time that question has ever come up. I have a business manager who handles money matters for me but he has never put me on a spending allowance as lots of managers do their clients. I never carry much cash. I just don't seem to need it. I guess I'm not interested in things which are usually called extravagances.

"I have never even thought of gambling—since the oil well. I'm not interested in clothes. . . or fussy foods. . . or airplanes or even cars. I don't much care what I drive, so long as it goes where I aim it. With my tastes there isn't much to be extravagant about. But I don't know that you'd call that being 'practical,' exactly."

He is abnormally punctual and this habit causes him a great deal of frustrated exasperation in a town where everyone is habitually an hour or two late for any appointment.

His "dream girl" at the moment is Joan Fontaine with whom he has been working in RKO's "Bed of Roses." Joan is always on time on the set, always has her hair in order ahead of time, always is letter perfect in her role before a scene starts.

The Humphrey Bogarts are the only other punctual couple they know.

Mostly Bob is even-tempered, possibly because of that innate laziness his classmates noted at Dartmouth. It takes a lot of energy to do right by a real tantrum and Bob doesn't think it's worth it. There are so many more important things to do with energy.

He is a little mite superstitious about small things such as putting hats on beds or shoes on chairs and he can't imagine how he got that way.

He spends a lot of time trying to get jobs for people who need them and keeps a list of candidates for various kinds of work beside his telephone. "I don't seem to be very successful at it," he remarks, ruefully. "But I try."

Perhaps he is trying to explain this impulse when he says, "I was so lucky to find what I wanted to do so soon in life. And still luckier, I suppose, to find a way to do it. Although I think that if you know what it is, you'll always find a way. Some people never find out until it's too late what it was they wanted. And that's tragic.

"I found out—in time—and it was worth every bit of effort and struggle it required."

So speaks a contented man!
THE END

AMAZINGLY LIFE-LIKE

"Baby Blue Eyes"

DOLL with MIRACLE SKIN

She Sits Up! She Sleeps! She Cries!

She's LIFE SIZE!

24 INCHES TALL



Regular \$12.95 value

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GIVEN!

Beautiful gold-finish heart-shape locket necklace

Look at these features:

REAL MOHAIR CURLS!

And real eyelashes, too! Eyes close in sleep when "Baby Blue Eyes" lies down. And the cutest plump little face you ever saw, perfectly framed in chic organdy bonnet, with lace, tulle and satin trim!

SIX-PIECE WARDROBE

"Baby Blue Eyes" is all dressed up in flared organdy dress, bonnet, white cotton slip, rubber panties, white socks and booties!

MIRACLE SKIN!

Movable arms and legs are made of "Miracle Skin" latex rubber that's soft like a baby's skin. Easy to clean, too—just wipe with damp cloth.

10-DAY TRIAL

Soft skin feels real

Eyes go to sleep

She cries

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430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.
Please rush complete Baby Blue Eyes Doll and heart locket and chain on money-back guarantee.

Name..... (please print)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Send COD plus postage.

I enclose \$5.95—ship postpaid.

LINDA'S DARLING

(Continued from page 23)

By the time she was back in California, Peverell Marley was thoroughly convinced that Linda could only be happy if she had an outlet for the mother-love that welled in her. So the search began and the wheels of adoption began to turn.

For the safety and future well-being of the baby who turned out to be Lola, the greatest secrecy must be preserved as to when, where and how they got her—but suffice to say the process was slow, painstaking and exhaustively legal.

California is perhaps the strictest State in the Union about putting the life and welfare of one human being into the hands of two other human beings.

At last Linda and Peverell knew they were next in line for an expected baby. They waited. Linda worked in "Walls of Jericho." . . . She started "Letter to Three Wives."

Meanwhile they furnished the baby's room in pink and blue. And still they waited.

"I couldn't even buy the little clothes and the baby's furniture myself. Somebody else had to do it for me," Linda told me in her dressing-room at Twentieth Century-Fox. "One glimpse of me in the baby department of a shop and the gossip would start! Everything had to be so secret that I missed out on a lot of the fun!

"Then, all of a sudden, word came that the baby would be brought next day! Pev sent word to his studio saying he couldn't be there—you see, the State requires both parents be on hand—and we worked until two in the morning to finish painting the baby's bathroom pink.

"We were up at dawn, nervous as cats. We fussed with a hundred details. And we waited. We'd engaged a nurse but she was late. Then at one o'clock in the afternoon, when we thought we'd fly out of the window with anxiety, a car drove to the door and the welfare worker walked up the steps with the baby!

"Of course she had to be changed right away but even though I'd been a nurse's aide during the war and have been around children all my life, my knees were so weak and my hands shaking so I could hardly do it!"

They named the baby Lola, after Pev's mother, Charlotte, and soon there'll be a big christening party. From the first, as the household became geared to her schedule, baby Lola reigned in the center of every thought and activity—a pink-and-white, ever chubbier queen. Her rose-petal hands pulled ever tighter on the heartstrings of Linda and Pev.

Outside the nursery there was still a sense of waiting and tension. The year of probation had begun.

With Linda's personal success in "Letter to Three Wives," she'd become—most unfortunately at this particular time—hot copy for the gossip columnists. Gossip is lapped up, whether it's true or not. Well, the gossip-mongers seemed determined to separate Linda and Pev—and the State of California doesn't permit adoption when there are rumors of a rift.

All the damaging items were clipped and collected by the welfare worker in charge of the case. She confronted Linda with the clippings; she questioned and cross-questioned her with the most intimate details of her personal life.

Then Pev was questioned and cross-questioned separately. Linda's parents were questioned and cross-questioned about Linda from the time she was born.

"Really, they put us through the mill!" Linda told me, her lovely eyes clouding over at the memory. "On one call, it just happened that the blueprints for our new house were spread out on the library table.

"Does that look as if we're going to separate?" I asked, pointing to the plans. I think this finally convinced her!"

Lola and her growing sweetness, however, took most of the sting out of these experiences. Pev had become her abject slave and now Linda could shop openly for her, could be seen in public with her, could talk about her on the set while "Everybody Does It" was being made.

Pev teases her that Lola's first word was "Da-da" and not "Mommy." Linda admits it was. For Lola, as she becomes less a baby and more a little girl, definitely prefers the boys. True, she tolerates women; she is gracious and polite to them, but she really puts on the charm when there's a man around.

She's strong and sturdy, with a beautiful body. Extremely feminine, she's as vain as a little peacock. Spreading out the skirts of her party-dress, she stands before the full-length mirror and announces, "Prit-ty!" with deep satisfaction.

She loves Linda's shoes. Sitting spraddle-legged in front of the shoe cabinet, she arranges all she can reach around her on the floor. "Mommy's shoes," she croons. "Mommy's prit-ty shoes!"

Linda doesn't dare wear earrings, bracelets or necklaces when she picks the baby up. A scarf is quickly snatched and draped over Lola's hair as she runs to the nearest mirror. Cocking her head from side to side, she studies her reflection with pleased brown eyes. "Prit-ty!" she murmurs contentedly.

Though there's a soft wave in the baby's blond hair, Linda's hairdresser gave her a very mild home permanent just for fun. Holding still as a mouse throughout the process, Lola was pleased as a belle going to her first cotillion at the result.

Right now she's tanned a beautiful *café au lait* almost all over as Linda lets her run around in overalls or in practically nothing all day long. She has a play yard with collapsible swimming pool, sandbox, swing and every sort of outdoor toy you can imagine.

When she began to walk, they put a folding gate across the door of the nursery, but Lola soon found out the combination of that! So now they watch her carefully, making sure she doesn't get down the long hall from her room to the head of the stairs as she's still too little to manage the steps.

"When I was carrying her down the other day," Linda laughed, "she kept saying, her little arms tight around my neck, 'Care-ful, honey! Care-ful, honey!' just as we say to her!"

On the regular nurse's day off, Linda often tells the relief nurse she won't be needed. Taking over herself, it's then really Linda and Lola. Sunday, too, with Pev shooed off to play golf and no servants in the house, it's Linda-and-Lola day, too.

Not long ago Linda was alerted by Twentieth Century-Fox to go to England to make "Night and the City." Linda took her shots, shopped madly and was packed to leave on twenty-four-hours' notice. Then the whole thing was cancelled.

"Of course I was disappointed after getting all steamed up to go," she said,

"but secretly I didn't care too much. I didn't want to leave Lola and she's too young to have had the shots so that I could have taken her. I do want to go abroad again later when I can take her with me."

One consolation is the two fur coats Linda got out of the trip she didn't take. One is a beautiful dark mink to her heels and the other a silver-blue mink scarf—which unfortunately was torn to ribbons by a toy Schnauzer puppy Pev brought home for the baby!

Linda, with the help of their architect, has planned a super-nursery for Lola in the new house they're building in Bel-Air. It will be thirty-three feet by eighteen—really two big rooms in one, with folding doors that can divide it in half. Outside is a wonderful sun-deck twelve feet wide, running the length of the room.

Drawers, cupboards, shelves, cabinets will be built in everywhere and there will be a hot plate and tiny refrigerator not far from the dumbwaiter that comes up from the kitchen.

There's a reason for two rooms in one. You've probably guessed it: Linda wants to adopt another child. This one will be a boy, possibly from somewhere outside the State. Later, there may be another adoption—and probably another.

"Rather than get a little baby next time, I think we'll ask for a boy who will be the same age as Lola," Linda said. "The schedule of a very tiny baby is so different from that of a three- or four-year-old. Besides, Lola would have to wait so long for the baby to grow up to be her playmate."

Linda has no set plans for Lola's future. She only wants to help her to be what the child wants to be. Linda knows how swiftly the years pass and won't be too astonished to find herself the mother of the bride!

She allows no baby-talk in front of Lola, who already speaks the words she knows clearly and distinctly. Her mind is trigger-fast, a constant delight to the parents who picked her from nowhere.

"I don't know how we lived through the day in court when the adoption became legal!" Linda recalled. "We were so afraid—with all the gossip and that terribly strict investigation—that the judge wouldn't let us have her.

"We were down there for hours sweating blood while Lola was having the time of her life! She pulled down law-books; she made friends with everybody; she climbed up on the judge's lap and waved, 'Hello, Mommy!'"

At last it was over and Lola was theirs, and no one could take her away from them. No more prying investigations, unexpected calls or suspicious questions. The birth certificate came with Lola's name and the names of her parents, Linda and Peverell Marley. Now they could live like a real family.

"Of course I'll tell her she's adopted when she's old enough to know what I'm talking about," Linda said seriously. She laughed as she added, "Though she's so smart I know she'd understand if I told her tomorrow! It'll make it easier for her later if she knows that we chose her out of all the babies in the whole wide world because we wanted her most!"

Linda paused and looked at me with a wondering smile.

"What did we do before Lola? How did we put in our time? How did we exist? Sometimes I try to remember—and I can't.

"Why—" her happy laugh rang out, "I've completely forgotten what life was like without Lola!"


THE END



Donald O'Connor is taking quite a ribbing from Gwen these days. In his new UI film, "Francis," he "co-stars" with an honest-to-goodness Army mule!

DO YOU WRITE LIKE

By Helen King

 If you hadn't seen Donald's picture, or had missed reading the title of this page, would you have known that these last few letters add up to "O'Connor"? The exuberant young star dashes off his signature so quickly that it is almost illegible. He thinks so fast, plunges into an act, a song, or signing his name with such rapidity, that others find it difficult to keep pace. Even his pen finds it difficult to keep pace; thus the cryptic style of signature.

Have you a fairly large, rightward slanting style? If so, you too are an extrovert. You thrive when with a crowd and pine when alone. Does your handwriting show an open "a" and a large, round "d"? Then you're enthusiastic, generous, willing to give of yourself and your time.

Or has your scribbling a shaded effect? (Turn your writing upside down to really find out! Shaded portions show up more readily.) If so, you're on the impatient side and dislike others who slow you down, or try to control you.

There is a contradictory note in young Donald's signature. It is that "D," tightly closed, and a little unorthodox. Although Donald may be the recipient of con-

fidences, although he hails his fellowman, he often tightens his mouth, clamps down on personal thoughts, and keeps his innermost thoughts to himself.

Does your handwriting tend to creep up the paper? You're optimistic, my friend, usually looking on the cheerful side of life. You'll never say die, and never call a thing quits.

THE END

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HOTTEST LOVE AFFAIR IN TOWN

(Continued from page 49)

Greg, as you probably know, has a marvelous taste in beauties. He was Lana Turner's first beau, was rumored engaged to Dorothy Lamour, went steady with Joan Crawford, married Marion Janss, a Pasadena society girl, then married Buff Cobb, the actress—and now he's squiring Ginger Rogers.

Ginger let no grass grow under her beautiful feet from the very first day she announced that she and her third husband, Jack Briggs, were finished.

As soon as she admitted that her third marriage was washed up, she and Bautzer immediately became an item in the press.

I must admit that I was surprised when Ginger intimated to friends that she and Jackie couldn't make a go of their marriage.

I knew that Ginger was almost ten years older than Jackie; I knew that she was successful in her acting career and that he was not; I knew his vanity was hurt because of this, but I was under the impression that these two were very much in love and would iron out their differences.

It was Ginger, as a matter of fact, who had said, "If Hollywood will let us alone, I'm sure we'll be able to work things out. There are few married couples anywhere, in my opinion, who haven't problems from time to time, and succeeding years of married life don't lessen them.

"They are part of living, but the public can't judge and give the answer. The couple have to work that out themselves. If they happen to be part of Hollywood as Jack and I are, they have less chance to survey their marital life serenely and arrive at decisions on personal issues. And this can only be accomplished if they are left alone."

And yet, a week after Ginger made this statement, she was dancing with Greg Bautzer, and a complaint was on file in Superior Court to the effect that for some time past, her husband had caused her "grievous mental suffering." She accused Jack of falling asleep at social functions, of coming home late, and of other similar marital offenses.

I don't put much stock in official reasons filed for divorce purposes, and I must say that divorce or no divorce, Jack Briggs is still regarded in Hollywood as a very nice guy. His was one of those war marriages that didn't work out.

When Jack first met Ginger he was a Private in the U. S. Marine Corps. Ginger ran into him while she was out on a war bond tour. Jack was stationed at San Diego—a tall, handsome athlete who'd been under contract to RKO before the war, and Ginger fell for him in a really big and ecstatic way.

"He's everything I've ever dreamed about—companionable, intelligent, a grand sense of humor and a six-foot-two brown-haired, brown-eyed American." Those were her exact words when we asked her to describe him six years ago.

It's too bad that the marriage didn't last, because I'm sure Ginger tried to make a success of it. I know that Jack did. When he couldn't land or make the proper sort of Hollywood connection he wanted, he went up to Medford, Oregon, and worked on the ranch Ginger has up there, and he did a magnificent job.

When an actress is ten years older than her husband, however, and more

successful than the man of the house, I guess certain irritations develop which are difficult to conquer.

Unfortunately, for Ginger, this had happened to her before; the unsuccessful marriage, I mean.

When she was in her early teens, for example, she married a vaudevillian in New Orleans, named Jack Culpepper. A few years later she testified in court that Culpepper used to take her money and squander it by gambling and that he used to come home drunk, and in fact, never supported her, but used her own money for that very purpose.

Culpepper said the charges were absurd and denied everything. "I have only the greatest love and admiration for my wife," he said. But the Judge believed Ginger and gave her a divorce.

That was many years ago—before Ginger became the star she is today.

Few people know anything at all about her marriage to Culpepper, but practically all of us remember her betrothal to Lew Ayres. That took place in 1934, so did the marriage.

I was sure that one would stick, but here again Ginger fooled us. She separated from Lew less than two years after their ceremony took place at the Little Church of the Flowers. It was almost an additional four years before Ginger decided to file for divorce.

"Both Lew and I," she said at that time, "are in no hurry to get married again."

And they weren't, although Ginger was more than once rumored as head over heels in love with both Howard Hughes and Cary Grant.

Well, all those marriages, and rumors, and love affairs are so much water over the dam.

Ginger, at thirty-eight, has a new man in her life, a new, tall, virile charmer. Greg Bautzer is well-known in Hollywood circles, and heaven knows, he's been coupled with scads of actresses, but somehow, Greg isn't the publicity-seeking type, and as a result, most fans know practically nothing about him.

Gregson Bautzer is a local boy who went to school at the University of Southern California where he studied law. He, too, is thirty-eight or thereabouts; he has dark wavy hair threaded handsomely with grey, piercing eyes, and the most charming and personable manner about him.

He dresses superbly; he dances divinely; his tennis is simply top-flight, and he lives in a large home on Sunset Boulevard owned by Billy Wilkerson, publisher of the Hollywood Reporter.

As a youngster freshly out of school, Greg married Marion Janss, a Pasadena debutante, but the marriage didn't last very long.

Lana Turner was then unofficially engaged to Greg. She told me once that she wanted to marry him in a very formal and elaborate ceremony, and eleven years ago, all of us were expecting this when Lana pulled a surprise of surprises and eloped to Las Vegas with Artie Shaw.

Greg may have been heartbroken at this point, but I doubt it, because he turned quickly to Dorothy Lamour, and when he and Dotty sailed on the same boat to Hawaii on a vacation, I was sure they'd return as man and wife. But here again, I was fooled.

Greg took up with Joan Crawford for a short spell, and then during the war,

married Buff Cobb, granddaughter of Irvin S. Cobb, the great humorist. But that marriage went on the rocks pretty quickly—just about the same time as Joan's marriage to Phil Terry did—so, naturally, Joan and Greg met again; and this time, love bloomed again.

Up until a few months ago, the Bautzer-Crawford romance was the number one love-match in Hollywood, even though it was a wild, tempestuous off-again, on-again sort of madness. But Joan one night decided to call it quits.

"I don't want to be one of an army," she said, the implication being that Greg was dating other actresses in addition to herself.

In any event, she reputedly gave Greg his walking papers, and he, figuratively speaking, walked right over to Ginger Rogers, who conveniently enough was in the market for some masculine companionship because she was in the process of dropping Jack Briggs.

Well, and this happens in Hollywood all the time—what should happen a few nights after Ginger dropped the option on her third husband? She was in Ciro's dating Greg when who should walk in and occupy an adjoining table. You guessed it! Her ex-husband, Jack Briggs, accompanied by Ann Miller.

Naturally, all of us who were there wondered what would happen. Tactful diplomat that he is, Greg got up and shook hands with handsome young Jack, passed a few pleasantries with Ann, whom of course, he has also dated, and what everyone considered a possible crisis, faded into a casual greeting.

Now, exactly what will develop between Greg and Ginger no one knows at this time. Greg supposedly is handling some of Ginger's business affairs. He's told people that he's arranging for her to star in an independent picture to be called "I Kiss Your Hand."

The truth of the matter is that Ginger is a very capable business woman in her own right. Independent producers who have entered negotiations with her, characterize the one-time Charleston dancer as "sharp as a razor." When it comes to money, Ginger is certainly that.

By nature, she is a dominating, shrewd, intelligent, forceful, aggressive woman.

She is also a most capable actress and a very great dancer.

This combination of talents doesn't make for the best in marriage, according to the experts on the subject. Dominant women need even more dominant husbands, whose dominance they, in turn, resent. As a result, they frequently turn to weak men, or pliable, easy-natured fellows who refuse to argue and accede to their every whim and demand. Eventually, women of this type despise such men for their weakness.

What then remains for a beautiful, attractive, talented actress like Ginger? She has money; she has position; she has career. Will she try a fourth husband? Will she play the field? Will she give up on marriage? Or will she concentrate on handsome Greg Bautzer?

We can't predict the future, but at present, the accent's on Greg.

Good luck, Ginger!

THE END

HOLLYWOOD'S "REDS"

(Continued from page 56)

to be neighborly or to take part in running their country. In their haste, people start out not knowing where they're going. When they get there, they don't know where they are. When they get back, they don't know where they've been."

With this point of view, it is obvious that the Skeltons are building their lives thoughtfully. "Oh, not at first," Georgia admits. "At first we gadded about and accepted every invitation that came our way; and finally wound up late at night, exhausted, wondering why we had done it."

"Now we live at home. It's the place for us and we only go out when the expedition promises to be rewarding. We are very careful choosing our friends—careful that they are the people with whom we can really share and grow."

The Skeltons are building a world for themselves on this hillside in Bel Air. Not a completely peaceful world, for this is a family of Redheads.

There is perhaps no more volatile and exuberant man in the world than Red Skelton. He acts; he paints; writes music; plays the organ; composes poetry and short stories and skits, in addition to keeping a fat notebook bulging with his observations on life, which we might add, are discerning, piquant and brilliant.

Georgia says the children have changed Red more than he realizes. He gets out of doors now; he has become more patient, kind and gentle.

Red is not the kind of man for whom you can put down rules. When Valentina was born, Red and Georgia had a very proper nurse who kept the baby in isolated sanitation. Red was crazy to see her but the answer was always no. He

could see her through the door, from a distance, with a mask on.

"My mother raised four kids and we never went through this routine," he'd wail. "I'm healthy, I'm her father!" Finally one day, Red came home unexpectedly and found the nursery door unlocked. The old "watch-dog" had gone to the kitchen. Red marched in, took his baby and carried her away to his bedroom. He wanted to look at his Valentina. She was so little and her hair was so red.

The nurse, when she discovered the baby missing, notified Georgia; then they called the police. The household was in a complete uproar. Soon the police department was in an uproar. They tried to reach Red at the studio; they tried everywhere.

At last, Georgia, exhausted and frantic, came into Red's bedroom. The big comedian was in bed asleep. Curled up in his arms was his baby. She was asleep, too.

No, there are no rules for Red. Maybe people should get eight hours' sleep. He requires about four. After a social evening with friends, he works, writes, makes jottings in his voluminous notebooks. He can't spare the time for sleep; there's too much to do in life.

Georgia feels that Red's thinking has changed a great deal in recent years. "It was always trenchant, witty and sharp; now it has depth as if he'd found a book that contained the answers to most of life's questions."

The book he found, of course, is his own heart. It's the gaiety and warmth and understanding of that heart which insures happiness in the home of Red Skelton.

THE END

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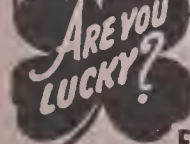
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JUST TIRED

Dear Miss Crawford:

I've been going steadily with a boy for six years, in fact, ever since I was fourteen. This boy is now twenty-three. He has a pretty good job and wants me to marry him.

The truth is that I'm tired of him. I know all his ways, all his habits, and while I don't mind having him as a steady, I know it would be a great tragedy to marry and live with him.

Unfortunately, I haven't got the courage to tell him that. I also don't want to give him up because it's so pleasant and comfortable to have an escort to dances and parties. But he's forcing the issue. I have no one I like better, and I wonder if I'm just being silly and ought to marry him anyway.

Doris D.
 Boston, Mass.

JEALOUSY

Dear Miss Crawford:

I don't know whether men write to you with problems, but if they don't, then let me be the first.

I am twenty years old and engaged to a girl I love very much, but my jealousy is turning me against her. She is very attractive and very true, but my imagination gets the better of me. When I'm not with her, I imagine that she's carrying on with other men, and I almost go out of my mind.

I've actually stooped so low as to follow her, and I'm afraid that in one of my jealous rages, I may even do her some harm.

Before you ruin both your lives, I think you ought to tell this young man exactly how you feel about him. Tell him that you like him as a playmate but not as a potential husband. Of course, what you've done is a most dishonest thing. You've led this young man on, merely because you wanted to enjoy the advantages of masculine companionship. If you marry him now, you will merely be continuing to live a dishonest life which is certain to end in unhappiness. By no means, marry this man, and by all means, make your feelings to him absolutely clear, even if it costs you his friendship.

It's unfortunate that you've let this situation go on this long.

I have never been jealous of anything before and this has me stumped. I can't speak to anyone about it, so I turn to you. Please help me as I do not want to lose this girl who is now finding my jealousy very irritating.

J. W. C.
Winnipeg, Can.

I think you had best speak to your family doctor about your problem. There is usually some deep underlying reason behind jealousy, an inferiority complex or a mental disorder of sorts, and I'm not qualified to advise you along those lines.

This may be your first serious attachment, and you may be a very ardent person, but if there is one chance in a million that you may harm this girl you like so much, then please stop seeing her until you talk to your family physician.

CAREER TROUBLE

Dear Miss Crawford:

I'm an excellent swimmer. At eighteen I have won several prizes, and I want very much to become a star like Esther Williams.

I am therefore going to dramatic school learning stage presence and elocution. My father says this is a waste of time, that Hollywood doesn't care a hang about girl-swimmers and that Esther Williams will be washed up as soon as they stop dreaming up swimming stories for her to do.

This defeatist attitude of his has made me very unhappy, and I wonder how I can show him that there is a place in life for talented young swimmers.

Dorothy B.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

You're right about there being a place in life for talented young swimmers. But I agree with your father. That place is not in Hollywood. Esther's career is the exception, not the rule.

TWO FOR ONE

Dear Miss Crawford:

I've got the darndest problem. Two brothers are in love with me. Worse yet, they're twins. Half the time I don't know whom I'm out with, Harold or Jeff.

They're identical twins, and they've both proposed, and the only way I can tell one from the other is when they kiss me. Harold kisses so much better than Jeff.

Both boys want me as a steady. I'm fond of them, of course, and in time, I probably could learn to tell them apart, but right now I can't.

Can't you see what a terrible mixup it would be, to get married to one, and then not to be able to tell him apart from your brother-in-law?

In the meanwhile, all three of us usually go out together, and that only makes things worse. I find myself falling in love with two men, when all the time I think I'm only in love with one.

What do you think I should do?

Mary B.
Newark, N. J.

I think you ought to see these brothers separately until you reach a point where you can tell them apart. Otherwise, you're in for a peck of trouble. It might also be a good idea to double-date with them. Make sure that the one you're not interested in has a date of his own. In that way, he may fall for another girl and take the heat off you.

THE END

LOVE AT LAST

(Continued from page 59)

Out of June's trouble and bewilderment following the unfortunate episode of her brief, mistaken marriage to, and divorce from, Jimmy Zito has emerged a "Silver Lining"—a blessed dependence on the stability of the young dentist whom she hopes to marry. They both feel their love is the stronger and deeper because of all she's been through.

June was just eighteen when she first met Duzik, then twenty-seven. Dick Haymes had recommended him as a dentist. June, although attracted to him immediately, was doubtful at first about his "advanced age." These doubts, however, didn't keep her from inventing numerous reasons for dental appointments or from discovering they attended the same Church or from ascertaining exactly which Mass he went to on Sunday morning.

It was a supposedly chance meeting after Mass that led to his invitation to breakfast at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby and discovery of the many interests they had in common.

At that time June was making up for the lost gay times she'd never had before. Back in Rock Island, Illinois, Junior High, June was singing with the school orchestra while her friends were dancing. When she went touring with Ted Fio Rito's band, she was behind the microphone watching the customers have fun. Now it was her turn, she felt, to have some of that fun herself.

Then, on March 9, 1947, came the sudden elopement to Las Vegas with Zito, whom June had known since she was

fifteen and they were both with Fio Rito's band. Though she and Zito were remarried a few weeks later in a formal church wedding, divorce was inevitable and June obtained an interlocutory decree in March, 1948.

The one person to whom she turned was Doctor John L. Duzik, whose advice and strength carried her through her heartbreak. Since then, neither has gone out with anyone else and June, in her new maturity, has learned the value of the man who has remained so steadfast.

"John and I have found we like all the same things; we're completely congenial," June told me earnestly. "We don't put on any kind of act with each other. If we're tired after a hard day, neither one tries to force conversation, to be gay when we don't feel like being gay. It's easy to be silent together.

"We both love sports, golf particularly which I took up because John loves it. Now I love it, too, for its own sake. I play every day I can at the California Country Club, where we're both members. Am I good?" June laughed. "Not very! But I find I play much better when John's there than I do alone!"

Modest though she is about her game, June and the Doctor were winners not long ago in a tournament in Riverside. Indeed, golf and the Country Club, where she's on the entertainment committee, are becoming increasingly important in June's new social life.

"John is such a good mixer," she continued. "He has friends in all professions and at the Club, for instance, he talks

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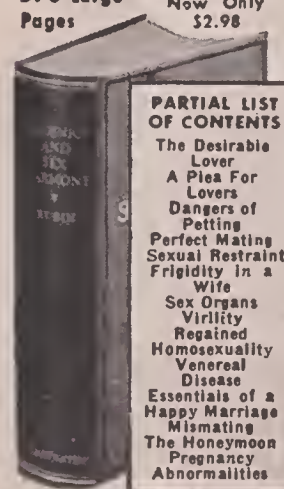
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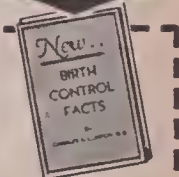
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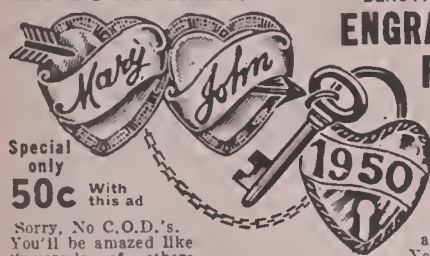
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just as easily to lawyers and businessmen as he does to doctors or to other dentists."

They are sure the wedding will be small and quiet, but they haven't decided where they will go for the honeymoon. They're thinking of Honolulu, where John has friends, or of Mexico, where he has more friends.

"But we'll probably end up in Jackson Hole, in the Grand Teton Mountains in Wyoming," June smiled. "We love it there and John has a ranch about 150 miles from Rock Springs, where he was born and where his folks still live. I've visited them there and fallen in love with the country!"

Someday, in the long-range plan for the future the Duziks want to live on a ranch and bring up their children in country atmosphere.

"That's another feeling John and I share: we both love children!" June went on. "I'd like to have three, two boys and a girl. And if the boys come first I'd like to move away from the city as soon as possible so that they could be with their father constantly in a wholesome life. I think a boy deserves that advantage—and, luckily, a dentist can hang out his shingle anywhere! Besides that, statistics show that the small-town dentist not only lives longer but is much happier than the city dentist. As for my work, Wyoming's only an overnight plane-trip from Hollywood!"

For the present, June's living in an apartment building the Doctor owns and has been having the time of her life redecorating not only her own unit, but all the others. She's sure that, if she hadn't been an actress, she'd have been an interior decorator!

"After we're married, we're going to put up a four-story, twelve-unit apartment building with a penthouse for two on the top," she said. "We're looking now for the right location. I own two lots in Westwood and John has some property near Wilshire Boulevard. Or we might buy somewhere else. That's what we're trying to decide now. We do know one thing, however, the rental requirements will be that the tenants must have children and pets! We're going to be landlords who are different!"

When June and John build that penthouse for two, they'll have to plan extra space for their joint collection of books. June's library fills her apartment now and John's place overflows with his. Each has a large collection of religious volumes. They often read aloud to one another from "The Life of St. Thomas Aquinas," "Imitation of Christ" and "Lives of the Saints."

Where John taught June to love sports—he was a University of Southern California football and basketball star—she has taught him to love music. She has hundreds of fine records, mainly classical, that they play over and over. In addition, they attend every ballet, opera, concert and play that comes to Los Angeles.

"John gave me a camera and projector a few months ago and we've already taken dozens of reels of pictures in color," June said. "Often, we get two or three feature films—lots of them made by Twentieth!—from a rental place we know. Then we invite a few friends in on Sunday afternoon, and keep running pictures, one after the other, far into the night!"

They don't play bridge because they argue (as who doesn't?) about it, but they do play gin, poker and the new game of Canasta, imported from the Argentine. It has some of the fine features of bridge without the arguments.

June's learned to cook because John's so tired of eating out. Nevertheless they've discovered many quiet, little obscure places to dine where they can go without finding themselves in next day's gossip columns.

"Indeed, we're called Cupid's Guides by people in love who don't want to be too conspicuous about it!" she laughed. "So we tell them about Kelbo's, a tiny place on Pico Boulevard that serves the most powerful Hawaiian food. We warn them to go for dinner before six or after eight because there's always a line of people waiting outside to get in! Then there's El Encanto in Westwood Village that has good, plain American cooking, or Tang's Chinese cafe on Main Street opposite the Union Station. There, in the plainest surroundings and on marble-topped tables you get more little dishes of divine Chinese food than you think you can possibly eat!"

June's own cooking is her pride. Good, plain things like cabbage-roll, pot roast, meat-loaf and apple pie are the favorites.

"My first experience with a pie was disastrous!" Her eyes twinkled. "One Sunday morning John phoned to ask if I wanted to go over to the Club for golf, but I had a cold and didn't feel like leaving the house."

"Come to dinner, though," I said airily. "We'll have baked ham and an apple pie!" I'd never made a pie in my life but I was confident there was nothing to it.

"Out came my lovely cookbook, with all the pretty pictures in color, and in I plunged. I must have left out something, because the first effort was a gray, sticky wad of dough I couldn't do anything with. Down the garbage disposal it went and I started all over."

Three more tries went the same way but the fourth was perfect. Did our little June mention the preceding disasters? Not our girl! She's too smart for that.

"John's so thrilled with whatever I fix!" cried his fiancée with enthusiasm. "He praises everything to the skies. I know I wouldn't feel like attempting to cook without his appreciation. It would just be drudgery."

She sincerely enjoys being domestic, even after a hard, gruelling day in front of the camera. Although cooking's work, too, June declares once she starts, she gets interested in whatever she's preparing and actually feels rested and refreshed.

However, she draws the line at washing dishes afterward. That's a chore she wants no part of, so leaves it to the cleaning woman who's been coming in by the day for the past six years.

All signs and portents indicate happiness for this staunch little girl who's managed her career so astutely that she's risen in a few short years from a \$75 a week stock-girl to one of Twentieth Century-Fox's foremost stars. After "Rosie O'Grady" at Warners, she's already scheduled for "The All-American Girl" for her own studio.

She is providing for her financial future by shrewd real estate deals and the purchase of an annuity. And when she is free to do so, she is providing for her matrimonial future by marriage to the man she loves.

THE END

GIRLS, Meet

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TEARS FOR LINDA'S LOSS

(Continued from page 14)

It was frightfully hot there . . . and it was the bursting of that delicate bag which holds water that brought on the miscarriage.

"I don't say that European doctors aren't good," Linda hastened to add. "The French doctor that I have now is a wonder and he makes yearly trips to America to brush up, but the doctors that I had before I came to Paris never realized how serious my case was.

"I was just going into the first day of my fifth month when I had the attack," Linda continued. "I had been feeling fine . . . in fact we had been out dancing the night before with the Walter Wangers. (Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger are also residents of the Lancaster while Wanger prepares the Garbo movie for production.)

"I was rushed to the American Hospital where I received marvelous care. But I don't like hospitals; they are so sad; those plain white beds, and undecorated walls."

Linda glanced around her own magnificent suite of rooms as if to confirm the contrast—the same rooms that Rita Hayworth had last year after her siege at the American Hospital.

"Ty was wonderful . . . he was there every minute, never left my side. It was only the urgency of his having to finish this picture that took him from me these few days. The loss was such a blow to him. He had been looking forward so to being a father." Linda glanced affectionately at a huge portrait of the actor on her night table.

"Even though I discovered a Dutch nurse on my floor and we had great fun conversing in Dutch, I was very sad at the hospital, and I made them take me back here. I wanted to be surrounded by my own belongings, and my pictures and my books. So they took me home in an ambulance."

Home . . . the Ty Powers haven't known the meaning of the word since June, 1948, when the two of them, then engaged, left America for Europe. "Home" to them has been hotel rooms from North Africa to Italy, from London to Paris, from the hidden hideaways of the Riviera to Austria and Germany. The nearest thing to home that they saw was Holland, just a month before their tragedy.

"Ty wanted to see my family and childhood friends, the schools I attended, the scenes of my youth, so after the outdoor shots of the movie were finished in Morocco, we went to Holland. I haven't much family there now," explained Linda, "except my father, an aunt and a cousin, but it was so grand reviving the memories of the past.

"From Holland we took Ty's private plane and went in complete secrecy to St. Tropez, in the South of France, off the beaten path of Riviera tourism. We stayed in a tiny hotel, completely incognito, and the only Hollywood person who knew we were there was Errol Flynn, who had docked his yacht near our hotel for a few days."

I expressed surprise, since I had been on the Riviera for six months, and I can vouch that no one knew that the Ty Powers were within driving distance of the Carlton Hotel terrace, where Hollywood makes its Riviera headquarters, until Ty showed up at the opening of the film festival.

Linda laughed when I told her that, and agreed that they had successfully

carried out their plans to remain unknown.

That sounds like Ty Power. . . . None of the luxury palaces for him! He prefers St. Tropez . . . Montparnasse and the Latin Quarter transplanted to the South, which is the summer headquarters of the artistic and literary worlds of Paris.

"Another factor that I believe contributed to my general run-down condition, of which I was completely unaware, was all the traveling that we did, by plane, boat, train and car," Linda continued sadly.

"But soon it will be over, and we will really be home," and Linda smiled in anticipation. "We plan to sail on the *Nieuw Amsterdam* on October 12, spend two weeks in New York seeing the shows, and then back to Hollywood. And how good it will be. While we were away Ty has had his little home remodeled, added more closet space, and a few more rooms, and it will be all ready for us when we arrive.

"Will we get itchy feet??? I guess we will, after a while. There are plans afoot for Ty to move in the other direction for pictures, perhaps the Islands, or Tahiti, or the Far East, but on one fact we are agreed. We are going to spend Christmas with my mother in Mexico City. She has a new baby, not quite a year old, and her husband has just been decorated by the Mexican Government for his contributions to cancer research. My brother's wife is expecting a child, too, and it will be such a happy reunion."

I was thinking and I knew by the look on her face that Linda was thinking, too, that if their child had lived she would have been born around Christmas time.

"What about all those beautiful maternity clothes that you had made at Hartnell's in London?" I asked softly, knowing that I was treading on delicate ground again.

"I have put them away in my trunk." Linda's answer was just as softly spoken. "Together with all the beautiful baby clothes I had collected, but they won't be there long, I hope. This French doctor assures me that in three or four months, we can start thinking of having another baby. That big family of which I spoke to you months ago in Germany will be ours yet."

At a warning look from the nurse, who feared that her patient was tiring, I said my goodbyes to Linda Power. As I passed through the hall on my way out, I saw against a wall an open trunk, its racks revealing the loosely cut, ample forms of obvious maternity clothes.

The few that I could see were of expensive material and beautifully fashioned, but maternity clothes they were. I knew that as the doors of that trunk closed, a little of the heart and spirit of Linda and Ty Power would be locked there until another day, not too far in the future.

THE END

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SECRET LIFE OF VAN JOHNSON

(Continued from page 42)

he added, a little shyly, "You know, I'm better at just walking through the wards than performing."

As I learned later, that was a masterpiece of understatement.

Let's go back a year to the first time Van went out to Sawtelle. He was greeted by three people who were trying to help the hospitalized vets. Edna and Jules Sanders and Leo Diamond were trying to personalize entertainment and recreation, and they were digging deeply into their own pockets and hearts to do the job well.

They had discovered there is little for the patients to talk about or think about in a hospital. If celebrities brightened a day, this was food for conversation and thought for days and weeks afterwards.

On Van's first visit, Van said to these three, "I'm scared stiff! What will I do? What am I supposed to say?"

"You don't have to do anything," Edna Sanders said. "You're not on parade. Just visit with the boys."

Then Van made the most revealing statement of his life. "I'm so glad," he said, "because I wouldn't want to come here as a star. I want to come here as a friend."

Have you ever been in a veterans' hospital? There are miles of corridors and beds. There are men without legs, and basket cases, and the blind. There are the boys who were wounded, discharged as healed, and have now come back with the development of cancer in those supposedly cured wounds. Many wards are a shocking sight.

Some stars walk through fast. Van didn't. He stopped and visited with every single patient in twenty-two wards. He shook hands with everyone. He put the warmth and humanness and greatness of that smile into action. "I'm glad to know you," he said to each of those six hundred patients. And he meant it.

There is a treat cart financed by Edna, Jules and Leo, which they take through the wards every Sunday. On it are chewing gum and cigarettes and candy bars and ice cream, small things—but the boys in the hospitals don't have money for small things.

On Van's next visit to Sawtelle, he went right along with the treat cart, serving ice cream and passing out cookies. He remembered all those names; he remembered things each of the boys had said the time before. He didn't sympathize. He laughed and kidded. One boy said, "I've got troubles."

"You've got troubles," said Van. "You should be me. Evie baked her first cake for me, and I had to eat it!" The kid laughed.

It could be that Evie's a great cook and the cake was superb. But Van got the boy laughing, and that took a real performance. You see, the kid didn't have any arms.

Now, maybe you don't know how things are in Hollywood a lot of the time. In case you don't, I'll tell you. There are a lot of stars who make one fast appearance at a veterans' hospital and then are never seen nor heard from again at that hospital. They walk through the wards one bright day, and, so far as they are concerned, that's that. They visited a hospital, didn't they?

Then, there is another group who only "appear" at a veterans' hospital if they also appear in print. It's good publicity,

you know, visiting the sick and wounded. Like the Ole Massa down south visiting his sick slaves. It's good for his civic reputation.

But Van is cut from different cloth. He was so deeply moved by the gallantry and patience and courage of the boys in the hospital that he said to Metro's publicity department, "I don't want one line of this in any newspaper or magazine in the country, for I wouldn't ever want those boys to think I was using them."

So, unknown even to his closest friends, week in and week out, Van visited the wards. The second time he went to Sawtelle, the boys in the wards started applauding. It was a spontaneous thing, right from their hearts, and Van stood there pretty close to tears before he laughed it off.

I can't explain what he did, but he brought something precious into those gloomy wards—for gloomy and stern-looking they are. He brought laughter and friendship. He also brought the feeling . . . you are not forgotten. And no one ever meant it more sincerely.

Gradually, his memory for names became a legend. The boys couldn't believe he actually remembered them. But he did. This is a rare gift with him.

Recently, he went to his class reunion back in Newport. It has been fifteen years since he was graduated, and the class had decided he was its most successful member. As part of the celebration, he went to a dance in Newport. Although he hadn't seen his classmates in fifteen years, he remembered every single one of them by name.

Some of them had changed with the years, too, but that didn't throw Van. His ability to remember names stems from the fact that he is always interested in you as a person and as an individual. You remember the names of people you like, and Van likes people.

Sawtelle loved seeing him. Even when he didn't come around, the vets knew Van was visiting some other hospital. They knew of the time he and Evie went on an exhausting cross-country tour of the veterans' hospitals. They went on any kind of a plane they could get, with stops at Oklahoma City; El Paso; Alexandria, Louisiana; Memphis, Tennessee; Fort Worth, Texas.

Van walked through ward after ward; he must have walked fifty miles a day. Big brass had entertainment scheduled for him, but Van didn't have time for parties. He only wanted to see the boys. There were no social events, no fanfare connected with the tour, no publicity.

Back in Hollywood, he called Leo Diamond and said, "I haven't anything to do today. Can I come out to Sawtelle and help?"

Nothing to do! He was just back from a gruelling trip. He had three pictures in the works. He was getting ready for "Battleground," and he was just completing "Scene of the Crime." Nevertheless Sawtelle saw him before Metro did.

That night, as he was leaving, he said a strange thing. "Leo," he said, quietly, "here is my home phone number. If you ever want me to come out here, just call me. Don't go through the studio. I might not get the message; they might think I'm too tired, or something. Call me direct. I'll never brush you off, and I'll never lie to you. If I can't come I'll

give you an honest answer why I can't. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough," said Leo.

Not long after that, Leo Diamond made arrangements with Metro, and the Jules Sanders', Leo, and some boys in wheel chairs went out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to visit Van on the set of "Scene of the Crime." Van introduced the boys to everyone. He thought the kids were there to tour the studio.

That's when they surprised him. They presented him with a scroll made by the boys at the hospital and autographed by every single patient. There was a soft quiet when Van opened the book and read the names. There was Chuck, the kid with his legs in traction. Every day they stretched his legs a little more, hoping he would walk again—but the cure was slow and painful. There was Rita, a nurse whose face had been completely shot off at Corregidor. There had been years of painful plastic surgery, but Rita had a nose now, and a mouth. God had spared her eyes. As Van read each signature, tears began to sting his eyes.

"Those kids," he said, with a voice that was suddenly gruff, "those blessed kids. Why should they thank me? Why should they thank anybody? Who's thanking them?"

Well, the Christmas party will roll around again this year. Again, Leo Diamond and Edna and Jules Sanders will worry and plan and take money from their none-too-flush pockets to get Christmas presents for the veterans in the hospitals. This isn't their job. They work other places. Leo owns his own paint distributing plant, and Jules deals in antique furniture. They don't have money to throw away, but they always seem to find money to spend on the boys and girls at Sawtelle.

There will be a Christmas party, because Christmas is a lovely time of year when Goodwill toward men comes out into the open and shines from their hearts.

But the long weeks and days and months between?

The times when people are busy living life?

That's when Van Johnson, in his quiet way, will start visiting the wards again, remembering every name, and leaving that million dollar smile deep in the hearts of his friends.

For they are all his friends at Sawtelle. And here's an odd twist: at least half of them have never seen him in a picture. You see, it's this way. They are fans of Van Johnson, the man.

THE END

FAIR-HAIRED BOY

(Continued from page 65)

One night, as a friendly gesture, he went to a small night club to applaud a young acquaintance who had a singing engagement. There he was introduced to another young woman who was a friend of Joan Crawford. A short time later when Joan was worrying aloud about finding a suitable leading man for "Flamingo Road," her friend remembered David and mentioned him. This led to his meeting with Joan which led to the rest of the success story.

"No, I wasn't afraid of not being able to handle an acting job," he will tell you. "Acting had been my business for a long time. But I had always heard that extreme youth was the most important commodity in Hollywood and, after all, I was thirty-four. Anyhow, I simply couldn't believe that such a break could come to me almost by accident.

"Later it was difficult to believe how kind people could be. I knew nothing about lights or camera angles but Miss Crawford made the test with me, herself, and told me about things. Everyone helped and it couldn't have been more wonderful."

To this day he speaks of Joan, almost reverently, as "Miss Crawford," although he is on first-name terms with many celebrities whom he has known a shorter time.

Before "Flamingo Road" was released, MGM borrowed him for "Intruder in the Dust" and he barely finished that one in time to go into "Beyond the Forest" opposite Bette Davis.

But being "in," David was to learn, wasn't all there was to it. New problems and new thrills came to him almost daily.

While making "Beyond the Forest" the publicity department suggested that it would be good for the picture if he would arrange to be seen at night clubs with pretty Ruth Roman who was also in the cast.

David didn't know that this was routine Hollywood procedure and he was embarrassed as all get-out because he had plans which he wasn't quite ready

to divulge for an early marriage to lovely red-haired Adrian Booth, Republic Pictures actress, whom he had met soon after he arrived in California.

A man doesn't want to appear to be un-gallant or uncooperative but David had never encountered such a problem before. However, everything was smoothed out and he and Miss Roman are now excellent friends.

But David didn't really find out about the Hollywood spotlight until he and Adrian were married. They didn't tell a soul before they had the knot tied one Sunday afternoon but a radio newscast broadcast the news to the world that very evening.

There are always speculative rumors about a sudden marriage, especially a second one—and this was David's second—but he couldn't know that, either. He was hurt and upset, although anyone in the know could have told him that this was as routine as the publicity gags, and that they didn't mean a thing.

It all had the happiest of endings. Adrian had a lovely apartment, tastefully furnished in Beverly Hills. It was much larger than his bachelor quarters so he moved in with her. (At this writing they've just bought a lovely home in Sherman Oaks.)

Then they really began to have fun. They began to paint and paper like crazy, with the usual frantic vicissitudes of amateurs. They miscalculated the number of rolls of paper they would need for the crimson and gold paneling in the dining room and when they dashed back to the shop they found the last roll had been used in a window display and that one edge was faded. They finished the panels with exactly one-eighth of an inch of paper to spare.

Adrian's proudest possession is a truly spectacular stove which she will take with her into the new house. David says the girl certainly knows how to use it! She is a wonderful cook who can concoct elaborate sauces and salad dressings with the true gourmet's touch. The

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Few days after this happy picture was taken of Adrian and David Brian, the first Mrs. Brian declared David's divorce invalid, and announced she was expecting his child.

trouble is that David is a pushover for desserts and yet he must watch his weight. Adrian still hasn't solved that one.

David is excited at the newness of everything. He reads his fan mail avidly and is gratefully amazed that strangers in faraway places consider him a friend and take an interest in his private life.

"I can't imagine how anyone can resent it, as lots of actors seem to do," he told me earnestly. "The people who help build you have a right to want to know about you."

He was thrilled a few weeks ago when he was invited to a cocktail party for Beatrice Lubitz Cole, *MOVIELAND*'s editorial director. It was one of the first affairs of the kind he had attended and he was as excited as any fan over the throng of celebrities who were present.

"One big moment," he says, "was when I was introduced to Herbert Marshall. I wanted to tell him how much Adrian and I have enjoyed his recording of Paul Gallico's 'The Snow Goose' and that we listen to it at least once a week. I was afraid he might think I was presumptuous—so I didn't say it. Later on I realized how wrong I had been to imagine that a man of Marshall's stature would be ungracious, and I'm still sorry I didn't tell him! You get a little mixed up about things when you are new in this business!"

David was very poor, during the first twenty years of his life. His father, Clarence Davis (David was born Bryan Davis), died when the boy was quite young, and his mother, Rose McNally Davis, didn't remarry until David was grown, when she was wed to his present stepfather, Charles Leah.

The family lived in the tough Vinegar Hills section of New York City and one of Dave's early memories of boyish excitement was hurling rocks under the wheels of passing coal trucks and industriously gathering up the coal which bounced out as a result. It all helped in those days.

One of his first jobs was that of doorman at Roxy's Theater. One lunch hour he joined the group of men outside the Imperial Theater . . . just out of curiosity. They were waiting to be auditioned for a chorus boy spot in the musical

show, "New Moon." To his astonishment, he was picked. This accidental break led swiftly to good parts in a succession of successful musical comedies, with some sound dramatic roles, for variety, along the way. He also did a few night club and vaudeville stints until he joined the Coast Guard.

After the war, he was settling down in the building industry when he got the second accidental break which opened a picture career.

David and Adrian like to give small, informal parties at which she can show off her cooking and he can dramatize his carving. Believe it or not, he loves to carve! Afterward they like to play charades because, David says, "We are both terrific hams . . . and so are our best friends!"

They like to dance but this poses a problem, on account of David's size. "We nearly always like the floorshows at night clubs but if it is a really popular spot they make the tables smaller and smaller and the dancing space seems to shrink, too, to accommodate more customers. I'm too long for the little tables and too bulky to dance on a crowded floor."

David is a comfortable six feet, four inches in height, and weighs just over two hundred pounds.

He likes well-cut, casual clothes and he tells you, with that nice grin, that "of course I always own the one dark blue suit—for best."

He is a magnificent swimmer and looks forward, still with some unbelief, to the swimming pool which unbelievably came with the house they just bought. His only other desire is to own a modest, sea-going boat.

One of his favorite pastimes is to play handball with Mushy Callahan, one of Hollywood's ace trainers, although he admits that he has never won a game from Mushy. "He's really rugged," is his verdict on Callahan.

He thinks the most important thing he has learned recently is not to allow himself to get into a panic or a temper about anything. "I have learned that you can't plan anything because none of us can be wise enough to know what fate has in store for us. We can only try to be ready to do our best."

THE END

CHRISTMAS AT OUR HOUSE

(Continued from page 18)

memory of them is a perpetual gift, still hanging on our Christmas tree as each holiday rolls around. In addition to those memories, we have a number of concrete items which keep Christmas traditional.

For instance: we still have, and use, the yards and yards of silver tinsel which were draped on the first tree Daddy and Mother had after my older brother, Jack, was born. Every year the tinsel is taken out of its black tarnish-proof paper and strung on the tree; at the end of the holidays, it is carefully stored.

At home, our tree was always green, but Jack and I decided—when planning our first married Christmas—that we would go modern. We had a white tree and have had a white tree ever since. We think the snowbound look is more becoming to our house, but we love to go over to the folks' home to smell their lovely fragrant evergreen.

The home tree is always topped by a glistening silver spire which looks exactly like a quick-silver church steeple; it has been in our family ever since I can remember.

The first decoration which Jack and I bought for our white tree was a set of bubbling lights. They are so fancy that no other ornaments are really necessary, but we usually add quantities of cellophane rain. We plan to keep the lights as part of our family tradition so that, as Linda Susan grows up, she will have the fun of learning to recognize the signs of the season.

Another bit of traditional Christmas trapping is the Santa Claus which, when wound, plays "Jingle Bells." Santa is between two and three feet tall, and he was a gift to me when I was very small. The present miracle is that, in spite of my insistence upon spending many Christmases in the concentrated task of winding and playing Santa, he still operates perfectly. If he could take the punishment I gave him year after year, he should get along fine with Linda Susan who is a precise little lady.

There is already talk around our house, from Linda Susan's father and grandfather, about getting her an electric train. I am saying nothing; because I remember quite clearly the time I awakened one Christmas morning and found that I had been given an electric train complete with tunnels, stations, bridges, and a little town.

I was delighted, of course . . . but suspicious. It was just as well that I assumed from the start that I was going to be little more than an assistant whistle, because my father and my two brothers spent the rest of the day playing with the trains. I was allowed to stand on the sidelines and watch, of course, but when I suggested that I take control, there was a family chorus about the dangers of electricity.

Considering the unceasing interest—after all these years—of Linda Susan's grandfather, her two uncles, and her father in electric trains, she is a cinch to get one!

Last year, incidentally, one of her gifts from her daddy was a set of miniature golf clubs. Jack is determined to bring up his daughter as a golfer. He went to work at once, giving her a lecture about how to use her clubs and illustrating his advice.

The lesson was progressing fine—by that I mean that Jack was fascinated

while Susan was busily undressing one of her new dolls—when Jack smashed into the carpet with the driver and broke the shaft. Susan laughed, but for a few seconds I thought Jack was going to cry!

Another gift that Susan is almost certain to receive at some stage of her amazed experience with Christmas, is a rifle of some sort. I remember how I acquired my first "deadly weapon." I was interviewed on a set when I was about nine, and I told the gentleman who was questioning me that I had a collection of guns. I didn't bother to explain that these were mainly the glass kind which come filled with candies. He seemed to be impressed.

Came Christmas, and this man sent me an air rifle that would have been lethal up to a distance of half a mile. My brothers promptly confiscated it, explaining that only men could be trusted with firearms.

As you can see, my brothers enjoyed my Christmas gifts to the utmost.

On only one occasion did I disappoint them. Early in December that year, I had caught sight of a magnificent doll equipped with a complete wardrobe. I told my family and everyone at the studio about this doll, pointedly remarking on what an appropriate gift it would be for Santa Claus to leave at the home of a little girl. (This was my idea of tact.)

On Christmas morning I unwrapped not one but three dolls, exact duplicates, which had come from Santa Claus and various aides-de-reindeer. I had the grace to be a little embarrassed, until Mother suggested that she and I take the two extras to the Children's Hospital.

Incidentally, it has always been our practice to take the over abundance of gifts which I received, to one of the children's hospitals. We have also made it a practice to deliver all the Christmas cards we receive to shut-ins. The children use them for a variety of purposes.

Last Christmas, Linda Susan received far too many gifts for her ever to enjoy thoroughly, so she and I delivered the excess to the hospital. We will make this an annual practice, so that she will learn how much richer a shared Christmas can be.

Another traditional part of our Christmas is a pair of badly matched fireside stockings. One is only about a foot long and is made of bright red felt. The other is nearly three feet long, is bright green felt, and is cuffed in white felt, bordered by silver bells.

The red felt sock was purchased for one of my first Christmases and most of my gifts were tucked into it. I don't remember the beginning of the tradition, of course, but I recall how as a little tot I flew out of bed long before dawn and rushed to the fireplace to grab that package-filled sock.

One year when we were in Palm Springs shortly before the holidays, I spotted the long green sock in a window. When the vigilance of my family had relaxed for a moment, I escaped into the store and with my own pocket money, bought that mammoth Christmas stocking. I was very cagy about it . . . didn't tell a soul.

On Christmas Eve I placed my purchase beside me on my bed. With supreme confidence in Santa Claus, I had figured out a sharp plan for catching the wily old character in my room. He would come

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Study in contrasts. Shirley Temple as the perennial teenager in "A Kiss for Corliss"

after the sock, I reasoned, and when he picked it up the bells would utter a giveaway tinkle, awakening me.

Just before dawn I awakened and slid my hand along the bed where the stocking had been. It was gone. Santa had snatched the stocking and had disappeared. Shivering, I raced to the living room and found the filled stocking there, hanging from the mantel.

Several years later, Mother confided to me that she had been astonished when she had come to see if I were tucked in that night, and had found me fast asleep beside my giant sock. She gathered it up, being careful not to let the bells ring more than could be avoided, and carried it to the living room where it was filled. This drama was enacted annually. I never once awakened in time to catch Santa.

I don't suppose Linda Susan will be more successful than I was, when she is old enough to claim the green stocking. At present, of course, Jack is the annual recipient of the sock's heavy load.

When I think of Christmas and all its marvelous gaiety, there are two particular years which stand out above the others. One was when I was ten.

When I rushed to my green stocking that year, I found a note pinned to the top. The note told me to go to the living room window and look outside.

Set up on the lawn was a miniature merry-go-round, large enough and powerful enough to accommodate eight children as passengers. The canopy was red and white candy stripes. On the platform were six horses and two gilt chariots. As the carousel circled, a

phonograph played records. I had never seen anything like it; I had never even dreamed anything like it.

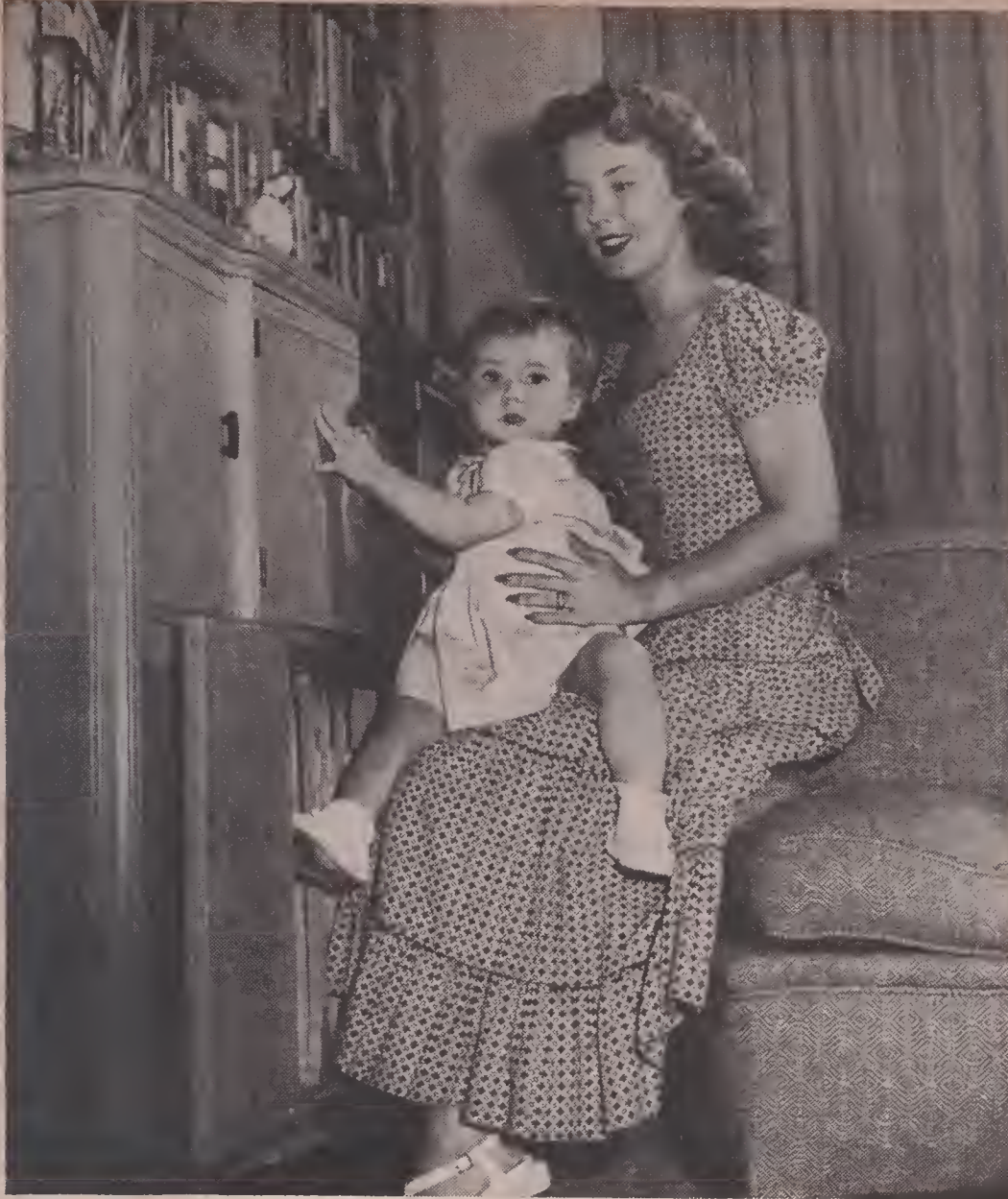
For at least a month, it was all my family could do to lure me in for meals. Youngsters came from miles around to see the wonder toy and to ride on it. For five or six years, it worked harder than a cash register in the 5 and 10, but finally it simply fell apart from weathering and use, yet—to this day—my spine turns to tinsel when I think about it.

The second memorable Christmas was my sixteenth when I was given my baum marten jacket. I'm still wearing that jacket and will probably continue to wear it until I'm a grandmother. I love it.

Christmas at our house sort of starts officially on the day I receive my annual letter from Mr. J. Edgar Hoover. He has written me a Christmas note ever since I met him on the set when I was seven. I have saved every letter, and someday I will say to Linda Susan, "You see, your mother was pretty important; she knew one of the greatest men of the day, J. Edgar Hoover!" And I'll have letters to prove it.

Once the season is launched, things begin to move fast. I nearly always do my shopping throughout the year and wrap as fast as I purchase, identifying each parcel with a note slipped under the ribbon. Unless I do that, I simply don't get my shopping done at all.

Last year, for instance, I was working on "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College." We finished the picture at four o'clock on the morning of December 24th! This year I will finish "A Kiss For Corliss,"



... and as mother of Linda Sue and wife of up-and-coming movie star, John Agar.

and will be working at Warner Brothers in "The Story of Seabiscuit." We think that Jack will have finished "Sands of Iwo Jima" long before Christmas, but we can't be sure.

Christmas Eve, we will have my family and Jack's over for dinner. We will serve turkey, sweet potatoes frosted with marshmallows, mashed Irish potatoes, peas, oyster dressing, celery and cranberry sauce. For dessert we will have plum pudding, mince pie, and fruit cake.

After dinner we will sing Christmas carols, perhaps call on a few friends who are having open house, and then we will attend midnight services.

Christmas morning Jack, Susan and I will open our presents around our Christmas tree. Later in the morning we will go to my parents' house and go through our annual routine with Daddy. My father is the sort of person who can nearly always guess what is in his packages.

"This will be cologne," he will say, studying a shoe box in which we have hidden aftershave lotion. "This is a tie," he will say, although we have done our best to make it look like a hat box.

Last year we crossed him up: we gave him a tankful of tropical fish. It was set in place Christmas Eve, much to his amazement, after we had stacked a lot of decoy packages around for him to pinch, rattle, and smell.

The fish were a huge success. I'm not sure my own private contribution to his Christmas went over so big. I had stopped at a game store on Hollywood Boulevard early in December and had seen a large

skull (ceramic) punch bowl surrounded by small skull punch cups. Not being the morbid type, I decided that this would be highly amusing for Daddy to have in his rumpus room. I was pretty smug about his not being able to guess what was in the package, but I didn't feel so chipper when he simply stared at the set and said, "Mmmmm . . . well, at least it's unique!"

By some strange feat of secret transfer, that punch bowl is now downstairs in our rumpus room.

Because Mother loves antique china, I usually give her a set of rare cups or plates, but this year I have a real surprise for her. I bought the gift early in the fall and I've been loving my secret ever since. I'm sure she is going to be pleased and surprised. *Very* surprised.

At noon we will go over to the Agars'. Each year it is traditional for Jack's family to give an eggnog party.

At three or four we will return to my family's home for Christmas dinner, consisting of the same menu mentioned before. We love turkey!

If I could have just one wish granted this year, I would wish that everyone on earth could have a Christmas as full of love, laughter, and happiness as the one we Agars plan. So here is a great big Christmas card to everyone, everywhere, reading simply:

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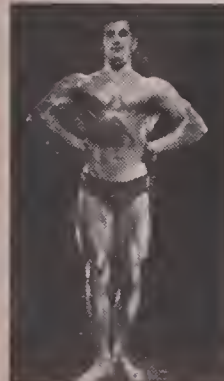
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The result was that she developed a towering fear that someone was going to put something over on her.

Around the average star in ascendancy there is plenty of intrigue. A certain Hollywood element delights in achieving the second-hand spotlight of being a star's "best" friend. During the elimination contest which goes on *sub rosa* to determine who shall be this boon companion, reputations are given the ink-blot test, and honor disappears behind a mud pack.

Hedy became bewildered. She didn't know who could be trusted. According to her true friends, Hedy must have decided to disregard all advice and to rely upon her own hunches.

Life on a Lamarr set began to be complicated. Hedy, troubled by an artist's divine discontent with everything she did and many of the things her co-workers did, strove for perfection. "It isn't quite right," became her theme phrase, and has remained so to this day. Although her command of English was excellent, she would occasionally miss the nuance of an American idiom; having missed the point, she wanted to alter the dialogue. This irked the director, the dialogue director, and the writer.

Production was slowed while details were adjusted. The impatient Hollywood hierarchy, which refers to actors and actresses as "properties," began to be impatient with this exquisite, well-meaning but confused property.

Not long ago a studio for which Hedy has never worked, bought script in which there was a perfect part for Hedy who is now free-lancing. One of the lot's top men was penciled in for the masculine lead. This chap, an easy-going, humorous, highly talented person, was originally delighted with the plan.

Then he began to hear rumors. Finally he decided to conduct a poll. He learned that, according to the stories told by a dozen people, there was no more lovable girl in Hollywood than Hedy Lamarr when she was away from the studio. But when Hedy was working, said rumor, she needed exhortation. The actor decided that he wasn't the master-mind to offer advice since it might not be received in the spirit in which it was tendered, so he spoke to head office instead. The picture—and Hedy knows nothing of this—was set with another leading lady.

Many people were not impressed by Mark Stevens' behavior.

Mark's instincts are those of a mastiff. He is a natural-born protector of anyone whom he considers an underdog. He will fight without consideration for his own welfare, for anything or anyone he believes to be right. No one can quarrel with the basic principle by which Mark is governed; what his friends complain of is that he uses no judgment in fighting for the right.

People have tried to point out that Abraham Lincoln, watching a slave auction, announced that when the time came he would hit that evil hard. And he did. But if, on the spur of the moment, he had waded in and had beaten the auctioneer to death, Abe would not have lived to sign the Emancipation Proclamation.

Sometimes the very people Mark seeks to help would be just as grateful if Mark would just get off his high horse and refrain from being Sir Galahad.

One night when Mark was returning

from location, he and another actor climbed into a studio sedan, dead tired. A moment later they were joined by a third man, not an actor but a workman with whom Mark had been friendly.

At this point the transportation manager, who is responsible for getting a picture company out to location and safely home again, came to the car to ask if a bit player could ride with the other three men. He said to the workman, "How about your sitting in the jump seat, so Mr. Blank can ride in comfort?"

Mark decided that this amounted to asking a workman to give up his place to an actor. Mark announced that he wouldn't allow caste advantages to be extended to one member of a company at the expense of another. Mark really meant well. There is much unfair favoritism practiced on picture lots.

He embarrassed the workman, however (who knew he should have been riding one of the trucks in which his gear was stowed); it also embarrassed the actor, who felt that Mark had some personal grudge against him; it embarrassed the transportation manager who felt that he had committed an obscure faux pas. A day later someone reported the incident to a columnist, and it became a cause celebre—which was silly.

In discussing the affair later, one of the individuals involved in the melee summed up Mark's behavior nicely by saying, "He is a sweet guy. Everybody knows that. He has real guts and a heart bigger than Hollywood Bowl, but he doesn't use his head. He's forever hunting gnats with a twelve gauge shotgun. Somebody should have a talk with him."

Mark has more friends than almost any other young actor in the business, yet few, indeed, are those who feel free to speak frankly with him. One couple, deeply interested in Mark's future, invited him to join them at their home for dinner and "to discuss something important." Mark accepted, but failed to make an appearance on the designated night.

Later, realizing his oversight, he sent them a staggeringly expensive gift. In return, they ached to give him the one thing on earth for which he had no use: advice.

The case of exquisite Viveca Lindfors is slightly different. She had what she considered to be a legitimate cause for unhappiness: after two years of picture-making in America, she still had no released pictures. The film was warming the shelves in the "Completed, But Pending" Department. In sharp contrast was the experience of Alida Valli whose first American picture, "The Paradine Case," was released six months after she landed in Hollywood.

Viveca, probably out of pique, posed in a pair of black tights for a series of pictures which were published in a national magazine. The pictures themselves were scarcely what Viveca's studio would have chosen to enhance their new star's reputation for glamour and charm, and her comments—printed with the pictures—about her studio, were not calculated to win important friends.

As this is written, Viveca is in Sweden. Her Hollywood friends hope that she will return and give the picture business in America a second try. Furthermore, they hope that, this time, Viveca will listen to the counsel of steady old heads who would save her from this sort of blunder.

Deanna Durbin has not made a picture for two years, yet Deanna has millions of fans eagerly awaiting a new camera appearance. As this is written, her original studio contract has expired and Deanna has the right to sign elsewhere or to free lance. Perhaps it will never be known precisely who was to blame for the bad scripts which gave Deanna's career a case of pernicious anemia (not Deanna, certainly), but if Deanna will select sage guidance, she could regain the supreme position which was once hers.

There are, incidentally, some excellent Hollywood examples of what miracles can be brought about by the application of good advice. Both Bob Walker and Judy Garland were saved by the insistent and devoted suggestions of those who had their best interests at heart. It took a long time for both of these talented people to realize that they must reverse their directions or destroy themselves.

Jane Wyman's enviable position as one of the first ladies of the screen is due as much to her good sense in accepting earnest suggestion as to her talent. For years Janie was the wise-cracking blonde who always had the right answers at the wrong time. She was ambitious, but felt shackled. She knew she was being typed by casting which dropped her into one Tillie the Toiler role after another, so she developed a defense: She ridiculed everything and everyone.

At parties she climbed onto a piano and sang the Helen Morgan songs in

an excellent voice, but even her most devoted friends found that they could take only so much concentrated Morgan.

Around the studio Jane told off anyone who happened to provoke her annoyance and she was so unhappy that she was irked much of the time.

One day a woman who knew Jane well and who was not at all in awe of the sharp Wyman tongue, told Jane, "You want to advance professionally—and don't give me any smart answers just to prove that I don't know what I'm talking about. For some reason you've picked up the idea that the way to get people to like you is to insult them. Well, listen to me: You catch flies with honey, Jane, not with vinegar. All of life, and don't forget it, is a process of catching flies."

Jane did not turn into Miss Happiness overnight, but she took her friend's advice almost instantaneously. She stopped snapping at people, stopped beating her head against stone walls. She listened for implied criticism in casual conversations and tried to take advantage of every constructive idea she heard. She began to grow into the great actress she is today.

Jane Wyman and other stars who can accept good advice, are exceptional. The average actor or actress is more likely to flounder around, listening to the wrong people and being needlessly headstrong before taking advantage of old-fashioned horse-sense.

THE END

STRICTLY FOR LISTENING

By ANNETTE LEISTEN

Head your Christmas shopping list with two albums from Capitol which will delight each and every child you know. One is called "Bozo and the Birds," and is done by the famous clown who is so much in demand at all Hollywood kiddie parties. The other is "Woody Woodpecker and His Talent Show," featuring Mel Blanc, the man of a hundred voices. Both albums have text and colored illustrations inside, so the kids can follow right along with the records.

Marion Hutton breezes through the Jolson-revived "Toot Toot Tootsie" for MGM, and really puts her gay all into it. The Crew Chiefs are on hand to help her with the tune, and it's guaranteed to dispose of the blues. The reverse is Marion's rendition of the title tune of the Marx Brothers' new and hilarious comedy, "Love Happy." We hummed this lively melody long after the record was over.

Two Apollo records we treasure dearly are Erroll Garner's latest keyboard waxings. If you go for impressive piano interpretations, you won't want to miss them. "What Is This Thing Called Love" is coupled with "Lover Man," and "These Foolish Things" is backed by his original "Erroll Garner in Paris." At times his tones are almost harp-like, and throughout, the individualistic, subtle interweaving of themes and innovations is clear-cut, original, and completely Garner. No two ways about it—these you've got to hear!

Victor's latest novelty release by Ray McKinley is an odd and catchy song called "Sarong." You'll enjoy Ray's unusual vocal on this one—it veritably slides along to a jungle beat. There's a wonderful bass clarinet solo in this too. The flip is "Where Did the Wild West Go?" a bumpy, horsey sort of ditty with cute lyrics and a mighty nice tune.

If you go for good-natured, homey kind of harmony, you'll like "The Same Old Crowd" recorded by Ted Steele and his orchestra for Columbia. Everybody joins in on the singing in this one—and you will too. The reverse is "The Jack Eigen Polka," a swell tribute to a swell disc jockey. (It's complete with the ringing telephones which Jack constantly answers on his radio show.) The Marlin Sisters handle the vocal, and the fast-paced lyrics will leave you as breathless as the polka itself.

You've never heard "Body and Soul" really sung until you've heard Billy Eckstein sing it! He truly puts his body and soul into the song, and it's the most haunting and beautiful interpretation of the classic favorite we've ever listened to. The backing is a new blues ballad, "If Love Is Trouble." It's the sort of number you dance to without moving from one spot—especially the dreamy way Billy sings it on this MGM disc.

Fran Warren's latest Victor release is "Envy," and it's nothing less than sensational! Her warm, haunting voice is perfect for this kind of torch song. Fran's amazing breath control makes it possible for her to carry through complete phrases without a break (a style which makes Dorsey so distinctive), and it lends deeper meaning to the words she sings. The B side is "You're in Love With Someone," another torch ballad sung in Fran's own interpretive way.

Milt Buckner and his boys had a wonderful time recording "M. B. Blues" for MGM. Matter of fact, if you listen closely, you can hear Milt singing happily along in the background. This is a blues tune with a touch of bop, and there are some wonderful sax rides throughout. The sour note at the end will really send you. The flip is "Oo Be Doop," a bop piece with a jumpy rhythm and ridiculous nonsense lyrics. Lots of fun for bopsters!

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THE REVIEWER'S BOX

PINKY (20th) ♦♦♦♦

This is not only a deeply exciting picture, it's also a courageous and important one. Pinky (Jeanne Crain) returns to her cabin home in the south. A trained nurse, she has fallen in love with a doctor and he wants to marry her. But Pinky is Colored; the doctor is White.

The young girl's bitterness overflows at the terrible prejudices that exist in her home town against Negroes. After a brief stay she is ready to go back north with Dr. Adams (William Lundigan) when Miss Em (Ethel Barrymore), the aristocratic landowner for whom Pinky's grandmother (Ethel Waters) has worked all her life, dies and wills her beautiful home and grounds to Pinky.

The will is contested by Miss Em's outraged relatives and the trial that follows receives nationwide publicity.

Pinky's valiant fight and finally the decision which brings her peace and contentment are deeply poignant and can't help pulling on your heartstrings.

Jeanne Crain is magnificent as Pinky.



Pinky (Jeanne Crain) tries to explain her emotions to her grandmother, Ethel Waters.

MISS GRANT TAKES RICHMOND (Columbia) ♦♦♦♦

There's one word to describe this Bill Holden-Lucille Ball side-splitter, and that's "hilarious"!

Bill (Mr. Richmond) chooses Lucille (Miss Grant) from an entire business school class, because she has nice legs, and a pretty head with no brains in it. She invariably gets tangled in her typewriter keys. She's perfect, he thinks, to be a front office receptionist for the Richmond Realty Company, which is a coverup for the bookmaking business he, Jimmy Gleason and Frank McHugh are carrying on in the private conference room in the rear.

Lucille, ignorant of the fact that Bill is a bookie, is determined to make good in her job. She makes every effort to stimulate the real estate business.

With Lucille on the job, anything can happen—and does.



New team of Lucille Ball and Bill Holden are a riot in "Miss Grant Takes Richmond."

BATTLEGROUND (MGM) ♦♦♦♦

Those of you who have wearied of drawing-room comedies, Technicolor musicals and other movie fare will love MGM's stirring account of World War II's famous "Bastards of Bastogne."

Except for a small role played by pert Denise Darcel, the cast is male. Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy, Marshall Thompson, Jerome Courtland, Don Taylor, Bruce Cowling, James Whitmore, Douglas Fowley, Leon Ames, Guy Anderson, Thomas Breen, Richard Jaeckel, Jim Arness, Scotty Beckett, Brett King bring excitement to the realistic presentation of a thrilling story.

The war isn't too far removed from everyone to have forgotten the dark days of the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium. And you'll find your heart beating painfully as the "Bastards of Bastogne" hold their position at terrible cost to finally turn the tide of the war.

Everyone turns in an Academy Award performance, but special kudos go to Van Johnson for his wonderful "Sergeant Holley." Don't miss this.



MGM's "Battleground" and Van Johnson's acting rate Academy Award nominations.



Janet Leigh and Glenn Ford make "The Doctor and the Girl" a warm, sympathetic movie.

THE DOCTOR AND THE GIRL

(MGM) ◆◆◆

This is a 3-star and a 3-handkerchief story! Beautifully acted by Glenn Ford, who plays the Doctor, and Janet Leigh, who is the girl, this film is absorbing.

Photographed in New York, against authentic hospital and city backgrounds, it has a stark reality comparable to the better European pictures.

It is the Cinderella story of a poor girl admitted into Bellevue Hospital as a charity patient, and in need of a dangerous chest operation. Glenn Ford, a socialite doctor, son of a dominating specialist, falls in love with her and marries her. This so infuriates the old tyrant (played magnificently by Charles Coburn) that he washes his hands of the boy.

The reformation of Glenn Ford from a snobbish young specialist who has inherited the worst tendencies of his father into a warm-hearted, compassionate young doctor makes this a particularly noteworthy human drama.

PRINCE OF FOXES (20th) ◆◆◆

Movie studios aren't content to let the notorious Italian Borgias rest in peace these days. (Remember Paramount romanticized Cesare and sister Lucrezia in "Bride of Vengeance.") Twentieth's venture is a spectacularly successful film dramatization of Samuel Shellenbarger's novel, "Prince of Foxes."

The presentation is robust, romantic, exciting, colorful, with the added treat of authentic backgrounds of Italian cathedrals, palaces, familiar art objects—for this film actually was photographed in Italy.

Ty Power as Orsini, a Borgia lieutenant, is the very essence of a swash-buckling hero of the Renaissance, and Wanda Hendrix makes a lovely Camilla; however, Everett Sloane, Felix Aylmer and Katina Paxinou give this picture the dignity and stature it enjoys.

Although the picture runs about 120 minutes, there's not a dull piece of business in the entire film.



Ty Power and Wanda Hendrix find love and politics don't mix in "Prince of Foxes."

LOST BOUNDARIES

(Film Classics) ◆◆◆

With great frankness and genuine emotion, Louis de Rochemont reveals the true story of a Negro family which "passed" as white.

Dr. Carter, a young physician, and his wife (wonderfully played by Mel Ferrer and Beatrice Pearson) are beset by more problems than most couples just starting out. Of Negro descent, they both look white.

Unable to secure an internship any other way, Carter "passes" as white, and in the course of his work, saves the life of a fellow physician in an emergency operation. The grateful doctor offers Carter his father's medical practice in Keenham, New Hampshire, convinces him to "pass" permanently.

This is the story of how Dr. and Mrs. Carter came to be loved and respected in Keenham—until the war, when Carter tried to enlist in the Navy, and was turned down because of his race.

No one with a heart will ever forget this realistic portrayal of "Lost Boundaries."



Story of a Negro family which "passes" as white, stars Mel Ferrer, Beatrice Pearson.

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OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

(20th Century-Fox)

"Cuddles" Sakall, June Haver, Mark Stevens really go to town in this Technicolor musical.

"Cuddles" plays the role of the flustered composer Alfred Breitenbach, whose career gets a sudden jarring uplift when Mark Stevens, a high-pressure press agent, puts some "action" into his tunes, and proceeds to plug them. Alfred's bewilderment (and problems) increase when his daughter, June Haver, falls for the volatile Mark.

Love blossoms gaily amid old-time favorite tunes like "Peg O' My Heart" and "Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine."

You'll adore "Cuddles" in this role, and June Haver was never lovelier. (She's the beautiful singing doll!)

Twentieth Century has another hit on its hands! This tuneful musical leaves you with a smile on your face, and a song in your heart!

This is no human drama—it's just super entertainment from beginning to end.



Love comes to June Haver and Mark Stevens in 20th's musical, "Oh You Beautiful Doll."



Vera Ralston, John Wayne and Oliver Hardy in Republic's "The Fighting Kentuckian."

THE FIGHTING KENTUCKIAN

(Republic)

There's action, romance and laughs in this story about the exiled followers of Napoleon who were given land grants in Alabama by the American Government.

John Wayne provides the romance. He's a Kentucky rifleman, returning home after five years of service with Andrew Jackson. When his company halts briefly in Mobile, he falls helpless to the charms of Vera Ralston, daughter of an aristocratic exiled French general.

Vera is betrothed to John Howard, an influential and wealthy American, and her father is determined that she marry him, to cement relations between the French settlers and their neighbors. Wayne discovers that Howard's men are planning to swindle the Frenchmen out of their land; and the action speeds up as bullets and fists begin to fly.

Comic relief is supplied by plump and jovial Oliver Hardy, who deserts his partner Laurel to solo as Wayne's fellow-Kentuckian—drawl and all.

We're still sighing over John Wayne in this one.

I MARRIED A COMMUNIST

(RKO)

This is supposed to be a Laraine Day starrer but she comes off fourth best with Robert Ryan, Janis Carter and John Agar running away with the picture honors.

Robert Ryan is Brad Collins, a former member of the Communist Party. Brad broke away from the group, became a successful shipping executive and, after a whirlwind courtship, married Laraine Day.

When a former girl-friend (Janis Carter) discovers his wedded bliss, the woman scorned reveals Bob's identity to Communist boss Thomas Gomez. Brad valiantly tries to buck the power but rather than reveal his former connection with the political group he has to stand by while enemy agents attack and destroy everything dear to him.

This picture can't rate as a real expose of Communist activities in this country, but its melodrama will give you an exciting evening at the movies.

As usual, Thomas Gomez turns in one of his polished performances. The big surprise is John Agar's accomplished handling of his role. Looks as if the young man is in movies to stay.



Bob Ryan and Laraine Day see red in RKO's exciting drama, "I Married a Communist."



THE RECKLESS MOMENT

(Columbia) ♦♦ 1/2

A mother trying to protect her offspring will do many things, in a terrifying situation, that she would never dream she could do—even get rid of the corpse of the man her daughter has killed.

Joan Bennett is the mother, whose entire life is built around her home and family. The daughter is Geraldine Brooks, a 17-year-old, who became infatuated with a disreputable character. And the character (Shepperd Strudwick) is the corpse.

Add to the scene one Irish blackmailer (James Mason), and you have the dramatic and fearful situation.

This story of mother love and sacrifice will grip your heartstrings. Miss Bennett has a Madonna-like beauty which comes from within, and her performance is thoroughly convincing. James Mason's interpretation of the blackmailer, chained by the past to a vicious uncompromising master, is subtle and stirring. Both Geraldine Brooks and Shepperd Strudwick lend excellent support.

You'll definitely want to see this one.

THE DOCTOR'S CAPTIVE

(J. Arthur Rank-Eagle Lion) ♦♦♦

When J. Arthur Rank produces a suspense picture, you remain suspended! Our hands are still clammy from this English thriller.

Robert Newton plays Dr. Clive Rioridan, who becomes obsessed with jealousy at his wife's constant flirtations. He determines to kill her current flame, Bill (Phil Brown), an American diplomat, and let his wife (Sally Gray) suspect, but never know for sure, that he killed him.

At the point of a gun, he informs Bill that he is "the straw which broke the camel's back," and hustles him off to a long, drawn-out fate.

Now the problem of murdering a man is not too difficult for the icy-nerved doctor; but getting rid of the body—that's where it takes ingenuity! You'll cringe in horror at his schemes, as poor Bill sits chained in a dungeon watching his captor prepare for his demolition.

Scotland Yard was so slow on the up-

take we thought they'd never get there!

You'll overlook all the loopholes in this murderous plot, and adore the real hero of the story, a wooly poodle named Monty!

THIEVES' HIGHWAY (20th) ♦♦ 1/2

In spite of a confused, jumbled script, "Thieves' Highway" manages to be very exciting—in spots. The story of truck drivers who speed along California's highways at night, carrying fruit products to the market, is a fascinating tale of rugged men. Unfortunately director Jules Dassin didn't make the most of his material.

Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb, Millard Mitchell, Jack Oakie, and Joseph Pevney make up the important part of the cast, and always can be depended on to turn in fine performances.

Italian movie star Valentina Cortesa, whose claim to U.S. fame so far has been her romance with Orson Welles, makes her American debut here. She, too, is handicapped by the poor script and one can only hope that was the reason for her over-acting.

GERMANY YEAR ZERO ♦♦♦

Roberto Rossellini's films always rate special attention and this one will be no exception.

The director of "Open City" and "Paisan" tries to tell the story of Berlin during the first post-war years. His camera paints a bitter picture of destruction and poverty—and the finished portrait is painful to see. Unfortunately there are no light touches to offer contrast—but perhaps that's impossible with a story of such bitterness.

Twelve-year-old Edmund Meschke is the most tragic figure in the story about one German family. His efforts to keep his group together, his sense of responsibility and the efforts to survive will tear at your heart.

The cast, picked in the usual Rossellini style, is not made up of professionals; however, each one is perfect in the role he has been given.

You may not like what you see—but there's no denying the power of this production.



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I suppose a lot of people are ready to have me shot at dawn. But I just want to show you there's an exception to every rule, and in this case it's me.

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Stewart, Cuba

Long Live John Hodiak!

I sure wish I could see John Hodiak in another film like "The Harvey Girls," or "Marriage Is a Private Affair." Why always the sad and tragic end kind of roles for him? In "The Bribe" he only had 3 or 4 scenes and died, in "Command Decision" he didn't last long, and in "Desert Fury" he was doomed right from the start.

Here's a man—handsome, charming, likable, and healthy-looking, with a beautiful speaking voice, and what happens? Each picture he's been in lately has him gone before one gets the drift of the story.

Please, producers—give Mr. Hodiak some leading roles with happy endings.

Mrs. J. Klakowicz

San Francisco, California

Voice From Britain

I have been reading a letter in "Sincerely Yours" about the superiority of English films over American ones. I don't know of any British stars that can equal any of yours, and I don't think any of your readers can think of a British actor that has as much charm and personality as Roy Rogers, a British actor who is as handsome as Montgomery Clift, or a British actress who can equal the acting ability of Jane Wyman.

When I go to the movies, I sit down to thoroughly enjoy an American picture. They are so natural; the sound-track is just perfect. With a British film, the sound-track alone is enough to deafen you for a couple of weeks. I think I would just about die if they took American films off the British screen.

Peggy Foweraker

Aylesbury, England

True to Ingrid

"Sensitive" movie fans are always shouting that they aren't going to see any more of Ingrid Bergman's pictures, because she doesn't give out autographs, or pictures, or some such thing. They ask, "Where would Ingrid Bergman be if it weren't for her loyal fans?" Why don't they grow up and ask themselves "Which comes first, the admired or the admirer?"

Arthur M. Harris

Ontario, California



"I'm Winning Because of You"

JOIN THE MARCH OF DIMES

January 16-31



FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, founder

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to The Editor, MOVIELAND, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York.

**“I was
a nice
girl-
wasn't
I?”**

*Please wait
until you know
the Truth
about
“My Foolish
Heart”*

**SAMUEL
GOLDWYN**
PRESENTS

DANA ANDREWS · SUSAN HAYWARD

“MY FOOLISH HEART”

with Kent Smith · Lois Wheeler · Jesse Royce Landis · Robert Keith · Gigi Perreau
Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein · Based on a story
in the New Yorker by J. D. Salinger · Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

Directed by
MARK ROBSON
who gave you
“Champion” and “Home of the Brave”



FROM PARIS comes this
newest hair style...set it with

DeLong

Bob Pins

stronger grip—won't slip out



Here's the newest hair fashion right from the world's fashion center. And you can put it up at home with DeLong Bob Pins! Round-ended, smooth-sliding DeLongs are perfect for easy setting. Firmer grip keeps your hair in place indefinitely. Take the blue card home today.



The CLOCHE—
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of Paris. Set top in two
rows. Start left side high,
with ridge and two rows
of curls. Set right side
lower with ridge and two
rows of curls. Set back in
two rows. Brush hard—
comb close and cover ears.



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Curl Setting Pins • Hair Pins • Safety Pins
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Vol. 7
January, 1950
No. 12

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Happy New Year

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Peg Nichols, Managing Editor Bob Becker, Art Director
Annette Leisten, Assistant Editor Robert Crosett, Art Editor
Frank Friedrichsen, Walter Davis
Hollywood Managing Editor Joe Shere Staff Photographers

Beatrice Lubitz Cole, Editorial Director



Ava Gardner welcomes the New Year in a fabulous Josef necklace, luxurious Teitelbaum furs, and a new MGM film titled 'Carriage Entrance.' For more about Ava, please see page 66.

MOVIELAND, published monthly by Movieland, Inc., at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Advertising, editorial offices: 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Hollywood editorial office: 916 No. La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Chicago advertising office: 333 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Vol. 7, No. 12, January, 1950. Entered as second-class matter December 15, 1942, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price 25c a copy. Subscription price \$3.00 in the United States and \$3.00 in Canada. Copyright 1949 by Movieland, Inc. The publishers accept no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Printed in the United States of America. MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

Come on, everybody, let's all go
ON THE TOWN!



Three gay gabs go on a 24-hour shore leave...and it's a musical frolic from the Bronx to the Battery! They get taken in tow by a female taxi-driver...make havoc with a dinosaur in the museum...rock Radio City with laughs...raise the roof of the Empire State with song...and steal kisses in Central Park! They land back in Brooklyn Navy Yard...busted, exhausted but happy! It's wonderful fun, so come along...EVERYONE!

M-G-M PRESENTS IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

GENE KELLY · FRANK SINATRA

BETTY GARRETT · ANN MILLER

On The Town

JULES MUNSHIN · VERA ELLEN

HEAR THESE TOP-HIT TUNES!

"New York, New York" · "Miss Turnstiles" · "Prehistoric Man" · "Come Up To My Place" · "Main Street" · "You're Awful" · "On The Town" · "Count On Me"

Song Hits from "On The Town" available on M-G-M Records

Screen Play by Adolph Green and Betty Comden · Based Upon The Musical Play · Directed by GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN · Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

M

5



The DAVIS

A marriage break-up isn't a new problem to Hollywood.

What would you do if you were Bette Davis?

★ As dusk fell over the Warner Brothers lot, I walked toward a friend's cottage dressing room. On the steps sat a drab figure of a girl. Wondering at the identity of the owner of the ill-fitting dress and stringy black hair, I had started to pass her by, when she glanced up, called my name, and said "Hello." Startled, I paused and had to look twice before I could believe it was Bette Davis!

I'd known Bette for years as a pleasant, extremely intelligent acquaintance. But this girl seemed a stranger. True, she was in make-up for her new picture, "Beyond the Forest." But more than that had happened to Bette. Her attitude, in direct contrast to former days, invited no further conversation. She seemed lonely, troubled, and infinitely weary. So I passed on, glancing back at the small girlish figure with bowed head and hunched shoulders sitting alone in the twilight.

Not long after I saw her sitting on the steps she severed connections with the studio that had her under contract for eighteen years. She described the incident as a "professional divorce."

A short time later she sued for another kind of divorce. This one was from her third husband, William Grant Sherry. Charging cruelty, she had filed for the divorce, asking for custody of their two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Barbara, and a restraining order against her husband. Implying fear of bodily harm from him, she asked the court for protection.

For a man pictured in such a light, Sherry reacted strangely to the news of his wife's action. Declaring that she had given no hint of her intention when he had last talked to her, he exclaimed, "Divorce is silly. I adore her, and she adores me."

Sherry did indicate that his temper was something a little hotter than a September breeze.

Bette on her part, expressed her adoration by announcing the separation through her private press agent, Bob Taplinger, before she went into hiding

with her daughter and sister.

Hollywood, just recovering from the John Agar-Shirley Temple divorce news, was not overly shocked. Most knew and understood Bette's devotion to her career. She had worked long and hard to become the drama queen of the movies. One of her directors said, "The trouble with Bette is that she never knows when to rest on her laurels. When most actresses make a hit they're content to keep repeating similar performances. But not Bette. She's got to be trying something new."

People who have worked through the years with Bette tell me that they are always overjoyed when she is happily married or when her career is going well. "Then it is a pleasure being around her," they said. "But let a romance go on the rocks, or let her career take a reverse, and it's time to hoist the storm warnings. Something has to give!"

Harmon O. Nelson, her first husband, divorced Bette on the grounds that she put her career before her marriage, and charged that she had "become so engrossed in her profession that she neglected and failed to perform her duties as a wife."

Bette, on the other hand, claimed that the difference between their salaries irritated him. Though he insisted on supporting himself, Bette claimed that he just couldn't take the difference between their pay checks.

Nelson and Bette had been high school sweethearts and married when Bette was twenty-four. That was two years before she made "Of Human Bondage," the film that first brought her screen recognition. It was while married to Nelson that she won her two "Oscars": one for "Dangerous," and the other for "Jezebel."

But it was after her divorce that she attained her greatest heights at the box-office. For the following three years she was listed as one of Hollywood's ten top money-making stars.

Bette's second marriage was to Arthur

Farnsworth, a flyer and fellow New Englander whom she had met on a summer vacation. That marriage ended tragically when Farnsworth died from injuries received in a fall nearly four years later. After his death, Bette threw herself into her work; and the following year she was again among the top ten at the boxoffice.

Though Bette was six years older than William Grant Sherry, the age difference meant little. They were married in the autumn of 1945; and, for a while, seemed very happy. When their daughter was born in 1947, Hollywood was sure that was all Bette needed for complete happiness. But since Bette's happiness seems to go hand in hand with the state of her career, she was headed for trouble.

Bette had been off-screen for about a year while awaiting the stork's visit. As her return vehicle, she tried "Winter Meeting," with newcomer Jim Davis as her leading man. The ill-fated picture was literally murdered by the critics. This catastrophe plus her year's absence from the screen practically sent her career into a tailspin.

She tried to come out of it with a comedy, "June Bride." The picture was successful but did little for the Davis prestige. In much of it she played stooge to her co-star Robert Montgomery, who had the lines and the part to dominate the picture. He also had acting ability to take advantage of the opportunity offered him.

Bette was then truly worried. She bought a house in North Hollywood; and it looked as though she were returning to town to battle for her career.

In "Beyond the Forest," she played a super sitch, the type of role that had brought her fame. The lady she portrayed had not one redeeming feature, unless it was boredom! One columnist wrote that she could not have picked a more perfect vehicle to wreck her career—if that had been her deliberate purpose.

Bette must have had something like that in mind when she got out of her

Dilemma!

By

WILLIAM BRUCE



studio contract shortly after completing the picture. She may also have been thinking of the matter when she separated from William Grant Sherry right after adverse reviews of the film had begun to appear.

The ink had hardly cooled on the divorce announcement before a columnist linked her to a new romance with publicity agent Bob Taplinger.

Friendship between the two dates back for many years when Bob was head of publicity at Warner Brothers studio, and Bette was queen of the lot. It has been reported that the two were more than friends in days gone by; but it must be remembered that he in his publicity position could do much for her career.

It was Taplinger's job, as her private press agent, to announce her separation from Sherry. Taplinger also issued the news of their quick reconciliation when Bette decided to try to save what was left of their marriage. The reconciliation is on a trial basis and the next few months will determine whether the aid of a psychiatrist will solve the problems confronting the Sherrys.

There is more to be considered in this marriage than the two adult individuals involved. The Sherrys' little daughter, Barbara, so dear to both her parents, is in the center of the maelstrom. Both parents realize that a home life of constant bickering, and perhaps violence, will be much more detrimental to the child's happiness than a severance of the marriage.

It is up to the Sherrys to file down their temperaments to a point where studios, careers, and disappointments are moved into the background when they are at home. If they can subordinate these outer intrusions from the privacy of their home, they may achieve the contentment which both of them need so desperately.

A psychiatrist alone cannot rebuild this marriage if both Bette and William don't value it enough to place it before anything else in the world.



"I adore Bette, she adores me," said William Sherry. Bette expressed her devotion by announcing separation and going into hiding with their little daughter, Barbara.



Just about the happiest woman in Hollywood is Olivia de Havilland who's now (see story page 38), mother of handsome son, Benjamin.



Mike and Bobby Walker make sure that dad, Bob Walker, doesn't lack valet service during filming of MGM's "Please Believe Me."

Inside Hollywood

Hollywood's youngsters
steal the limelight from
their famous parents—
who don't mind a bit!

★ Since her bust-up with Bill Pawley Jr., Elizabeth Taylor has been mighty careful to keep her name out of the papers in matters of romance. On one of her first dates, with Richard Long, incidentally, she made it a sextette with two other couples.

When Stewart Granger was in town making tests for "King Solomon's Mine," he did the place up high, wide, and handsome with some of our top glamor girls, including Ava Gardner. And it's our guess that as soon as he finishes the picture, which is being shot in Africa, he'll make a bee-line for Hollywood, where, incidentally, he'll find little difficulty in finding plenty of work.

Marie Windsor, one of our most popular bachelor girls, finally got around to that man-about-town, Otto Preminger. (She was once reported engaged to Rod Cameron, with the wedding set for last fall.)

Ida Lupino, who brought her first directorial job on "Never Fear," in under both schedule and budget, will likely do as she's long wanted to do—concentrate on directing and writing, and let her acting career slip.

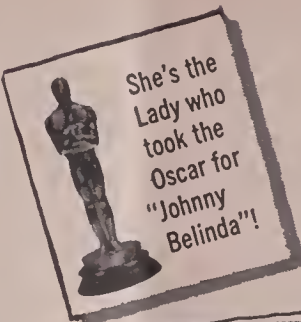
Brian Donlevy, who seems to have completely forgotten Audrey Totter, has been burning the long distance wires to New York socialite Marilyn Marlow.

Joan Crawford will have 53 wardrobe changes in "The Victim." Since Ginger Rogers took over with Greg Bautzer, Joan's interested in a big financier in the East. He has a grown daughter.

Margaret Sullavan, resuming her film career with "No Sad Songs," has been telling friends that she wants to get married again, after previously being wed to Henry Fonda, Leland Hayward, and William Wyler. But this time, Margaret declares, the ties will stick regardless. She intends doing one picture a year for Columbia, arranging her work for the summertime when her children go to camp.

(Please turn to page 10)

**JANE
WYMAN**



**DENNIS
MORGAN**

MAN THE LAUGH-BOATS!!



**WHAT
MANEUVERS!
JANE'S GOT
THE NAVY
ALL AT SEA
OVER
THE MAN
SHE WANTS
TO LAND...**



*IT'S THE LAUGHIN'EST LOVIN'
EVER FROM WARNER BROS!*

*DEAR ADMIRAL,
PLEASE SEND
THE WHOLE FLEET!*

The Lady Takes A Sailor

WITH

EVE ARDEN

ROBERT DOUGLAS • ALLYN JOSLYN • TOM TULLY

DIRECTED BY

MICHAEL CURTIZ • HARRY KURNITZ

PRODUCED BY

SCREEN PLAY BY EVERETT FREEMAN
FROM A STORY BY JERRY GRUSKIN
MUSIC BY MAX STEINER





Lauren Bacall and Farley Granger were looking forward to seeing Clifton Webb all decked out in the pink satin dinner jacket he's been sporting all over town. They were slated for disappointment when he showed up at the Chanteclair in conventional evening dress.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*
 continued

"No Sad Songs" deals with the taboo subject of cancer. The woman played by Margaret, realizes she is slowly dying of the dread disease, but instead of becoming embittered or scared by the situation, she has another woman come into her house and teaches her to take over as wife and mother after she's gone. That sounds like a natural for Maggie, who is still vividly remembered for her portrayal of the tragic tubercular girl in "Three Comrades."

* * *
 Nancy Guild, who recently separated from Charles Russell, has certainly been seeing eye to eye with Broadway producer, Ernie Martin.

* * *
 Since his separation from Ginger Rogers, Jack Briggs has been dividing his time with Ann Miller, June Horne, and Reva Fredericks, who's Bob Mitchum's secretary. Of the three, he's seen most constantly with Reva. Incidentally, it was Mitchum who engineered Jack's return to the screen as an actor by getting him a part in "Carriage Entrance."

* * *
 The Greg Bautzer-Ginger Rogers romance has all Hollywood guessing, with
 (Please turn to page 12)



Westerns have been keeping George Montgomery so busy that he and Dinah Shore don't get much of a chance to go stepping. His latest picture is "The Iroquois Trail" for U.I.

Man with a past
...meets woman
with no future
...in the last
port of call for
adventurer,
renegade, and
outcast!



"I could be a one man
woman...
if I could
find the
right man!"

(It's Shelley, that wonderful bad girl at her...best!)

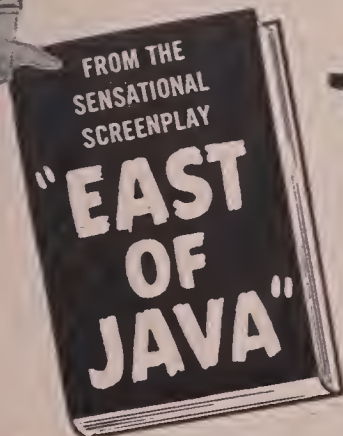


UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

South Sea SINNER

Starring

SHELLEY WINTERS • MACDONALD CAREY
HELENA CARTER



with LUTHER ADLER • FRANK LOVEJOY and LIBERACE



new sensation
of the piano!

Screenplay by JOEL MALONE and OSCAR BRODNEY • Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE • Produced by MICHEL KRAIKE



the hard-to-get Hollywood attorney seeming at last very much in love. A little birdie tells us that the two have also been looking over houses, which could mean but one thing—contemplated wedding bells.

Lana Turner and Bob Topping have surprised Hollywood with the infrequency with which they show up at night clubs since their return here. They average about one visit a month. Having bought a house here, they'll make Hollywood their permanent headquarters, going east only on visits. The much publicized, enormous Topping estate in Connecticut does not belong to Bob alone. His two brothers also have their share of it; so it is not as if Bob and Lana owned a home back east.

Charles Laughton, who's skipping pictures for a series of lectures and readings from famous books, gets a guarantee of \$2000 for his appearances, which is a sufficient temptation to keep him off the screen for a long time.

Just a few days after Carmen Miranda's husband vigorously denied that he



Biggest celebration in town was for Ed Wynn, now a successful television star. Lucille Ball, a friend from musical comedy days, joined his party at Chanteclair restaurant.

H *inside*
H *ollywood*
continued



According to Stork Club spies Peter Lawford and New York debutante, Melissa Weston, saw eye to eye many things during his recent vacation from Hollywood glamor girls.

and his wife were rifting, the break was announced. The next time who'll believe him? The trouble with those two seems to have been too much in-laws—Carmen's that is.

Just when it seems certain that Ann Sothorn and Cy Howard were altar bound, he gets interested in Evelyn Keyes. But she's not a hard girl to get interested in.

Walt Disney spends his evenings working on the manufacture of a toy train, which though quite small, will operate exactly like a big one and be able to pull Walt over his estate.

The final break between Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight ends one of Hollywood's most tempestuous marriages. And though they've reconciled before, this time the rift looks permanent. They're putting up their house for sale, and have a publicity man to handle the press releases on their divorce.

Those reports of Glenn Ford's serious illness have been greatly exaggerated. As soon as he finishes "The White Tower," he moves into a new film before going to Europe after the first of the year to make a picture there. That doesn't sound like the schedule a sick man would cut out for himself. With their son well started

(Please turn to page 14)

HARRY POPKIN · SAM STIEFEL · JACK DEMPSEY present

MICKEY ROONEY

...in his most exciting role!...

"THE BIG WHEEL"

co-starring

THOMAS MITCHELL



Actually filmed at the famous Indianapolis 500-mile race classic and the nation's top speedways!

with
MICHAEL O'SHEA · SPRING BYINGTON · MARY HATCHER · HATTIE McDANIEL
STEVE BRODIE · LINA ROMAY · ALLEN JENKINS · DICK LANE
HARRY M. POPKIN · Original Screenplay by Robert Smith · Produced by SAMUEL H. STIEFEL
Executive Producer

Directed by EDWARD LUDWIG · Released thru United Artists



"Anniversary Waltz" got a big play from Scott Brady when newlyweds Gail Russell and Guy Madison arrived at The Palms. They came to celebrate their second month of marriage!

Inside
Hollywood
continued

in life, Eleanor Powell is returning to pictures in "Duchess of Idaho," which is being shot at her old studio MGM.

Two of the most ardent love birds in town are Edmond O'Brien and Olga San Juan. When either is away from home, it means long distance telephone calls all day. They miss each other that much.

Hottest rumor in town is that it was Harry James, and not Betty Grable, who strenuously objected to her playing opposite Dan Dailey in "My Blue Heaven." Seems he didn't mind the story, but objected to the company she'd have to keep during the picture's production.

Gertrude Lawrence, the famous stage actress out here for her first Hollywood picture, says that when she married Richard Aldridge, Constance Collier told him, "You think you've married Gertrude Lawrence. But you haven't. You've married a myth." His pet name for her since has been "Myth Lawrenth." She's playing Jane Wyman's mother in "The Glass Menagerie."

They do say that the reason Orson Welles is lingering so long in Europe is
(Please turn to page 16)



Minus boots and saddle but flashing his big grin, cowboy star Rod Cameron visited the Stork Club with society songbird Helen Edwards.



As part of a sightseeing tour, Jerome Courtland showed his pretty sister, Joanne Carter, the gay Hollywood nightlife at Chanteclair.

"Maybe I am just a 'dame' and didn't know it!"

"Thelma Jordon"



HAL WALLIS'

production starring

BARBARA STANWYCK · WENDELL COREY

with **PAUL KELLY · JOAN TETZEL** · Directed by Robert Siodmak

Screenplay by Ketti Frings · From a story by Marty Holland



Inside Hollywood

continued

that government officials are waiting to snag him for back taxes when he returns here. Orson was never one to watch a buck.
* * *

If Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli have definitely reconciled, why don't they make a little announcement on the matter?
* * *

Van Johnson and wife Evie are preparing to make a stage debut together at one of the local theatres here.
* * *

Sterling Hayden, who once gave Hollywood the frigid shoulder and took off to sea, is now more than anxious to have a successful career. He's even getting rid of his boat and moving his family to Beverly Hills, where he can concentrate on his film work. But is it too late? He has the lead in "Asphalt Jungle." After that, what?
* * *

From the talk around Hollywood, Olivia de Havilland, Susan Hayward, and Evelyn Keyes will be three feminine contenders for the Oscar next spring. Livvy's in because of "The Heiress"; Susan, for "My Foolish Heart"; Evelyn, for "Mrs. Mike." All three had great feminine parts and made the most of them.
* * *

One of worst breaks here came to June Lockhart. After capturing raves for her work in a Broadway play, she was sought by nearly every studio in town. One signed her; gave her no parts for nearly eighteen months; then dropped her. She's about as cold professionally as when she started.
(Please turn to page 18)




John Huston and Arlene Dahl made a companionable twosome at the Chanteclair recently but it's rumored he and Evelyn Keyes may still iron out their marital difficulties.



John Lund talked about his Paramount film "The Lie," and Elizabeth Scott about "Bitter Victory" which she does for Hal Wallis, when they co-starred on the CBS Lux Radio Theatre.



At opening of "The Palms" Howard Duff was much more interested in Keenan Wynn's wife, Betsy, than in the funny man's profile.



**From a great book
to a greater picture...
the exciting love story
of a man ... a woman
... a wilderness!...**

DICK POWELL and EVELYN KEYES
in
"MRS. MIKE"

The strange triangle
of a woman who fought
a million miles of
northland for the
man she loved!...

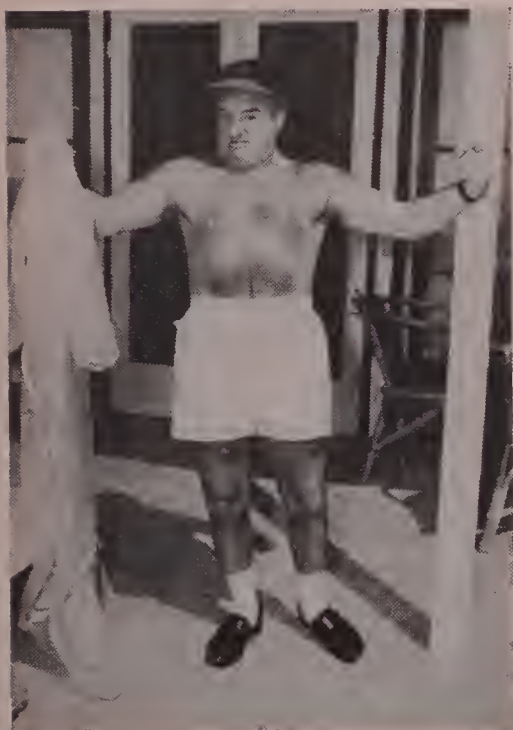


The Bill Holdens (Brenda Marshall) teamed up with Pat Knight at the Chanteclair. Pat is awaiting her final decree from Cornel Wilde.

I *inside*
H *ollywood*
 continued



Newlyweds Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw appeared at the new Coronet Theatre opening.



Lou Costello has reduced 60 pounds with the aid of plastic "Hollywood Silhouette Suit."

Humphrey Bogart is most loath to discuss the episode of himself and the two panda bears in a New York night club. Seems wife Lauren Bacall really got miffed at that antic of Bogey's; and he'd be very happy to forget the whole matter.

* * *

Yvonne de Carlo on her last tour of Europe, saw plenty of her old flame Turhan Bey. That's one gal who makes no secret of the fact that she'd like to get married. But so far, no takers.

* * *

Jack Beutel, who starred with Jane Russell in "The Outlaw" about eight years ago, hasn't made a picture since.

But he's been under contract all the time to Howard Hughes and drawn his full salary regularly. What gives with that situation?

* * *

Isn't that romance between Jack Carson and Lola Allbright nearing the altar stage?

* * *

Jeanne Crain, who played a sixteen year old girl in her first picture, gets younger by the year. In "Cheaper by the Dozen," she's just fifteen. In that picture, you'll have an opportunity to hear Clifton Webb sing. He warbles two numbers: "When You Wore a Tulip" and "Memories."

Are you in the know?



What to do if Mom says you're too young for dating?

- Try crowd psychalagy Play Hannah the Hermit Stick to hen parties

Chances are, it's *solo* dates the family vetoes . . . they're not against your having friends. Why not get your schoolmates to rally at your homestead, now and then? Show Mom you can cope with a mixed crowd. Dating first on the "gang" plan is good practice for

solos later. And whatever the doings, whatever the day, remember—those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Even when you're togged for a gala evening, you know you can brave the limelight with confidence . . . (and Kotex!).



What Has A Free Country Got To Do With A New Dress?

THE BIG DANCE is only a few weeks away. How to wangle that dream dress you sigh for? Dad wouldn't *understand* that a girl's got to blossom out in something "special." So? You decide to *earn* it.

And right here's a thought that may never have occurred to you. Except for getting the family's permission, you don't have to ask anyone else. Certainly not Uncle Sam.

Now . . . which job? Baby sitting? Clerking part time at the corner drug, or at your town's department store? Which-ever job you choose, you find you can snag your heart's desire in time for the shindig!

It Only Happens Here

But — if you lived overseas, you'd learn things just don't happen that way. Because in one country across the Atlantic, it would take *twice* as long to earn the price of that dress . . . while in others it would take *up to 10 times* as long.

Only one example of how much it can mean to *you* to live in this free country. Whether it's a matter of earning some little special luxury — or your daily bread — you know you have a *free choice*. A chance to earn more in *less* time than any other people on earth. And that's how it can always be, as long as you do your part to keep our American way of living the very *best* way.

Free Booklet For You

Learn *why* Americans live better . . . how machines make jobs . . . why freedom and security go together! *Right now*, send coupon below for the fascinating free booklet, "The Miracle of America."

(Offer expires May 31, 1950)

Georgia Hughes,
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.
Please send me, without charge, a copy of the booklet: "The Miracle of America."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Should you break a movie date with Bill—

- Far a Big Man On Campus
 If you're asked to a farmal fray
 To meet a blind find

You're booked for Saturday night at the cinema. Then the real Bikini comes along. Should you call Bill and beg off? Check *no* on all three counts above! Breaking dates is a rating-buster. And "calendar" time, too, is no excuse . . . for new Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that *holds its shape*. And your new Kotex Wonderform Belt won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Made with DuPont Nylon elastic: feather weight, fast drying!



It's a mighty sharp student who—

- Snags the prof
 Has the Tweedy Look
 Majars in poetry

Competition's keen when the prof's cute. True, you may not be a ball of fire at scanning. But your tweeds'll tell him you're on your toes, style-wise. For this year, tweed's terrific . . . new, inexpensive, with a "high fashion" look. In coats, suits or dresses, it's for you! And just for you on problem days, there's a Kotex absorbency you'll find exactly right. How to tell? By trying *all 3*: Regular, Junior, Super. Each has a special *safety center*—pledging *extra* protection!

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



M

Movieland's
Picture of the Month



In MGM's "Key to the City" Clark Gable and Loretta Young attend a party dressed as they were when first kissed by a member of the opposite sex. Clark has on a Fauntleroy suit under the dapper raincoat; it's obvious that both he and Loretta started romance at an early age.

FUN



BOB HOPE, LOVER OF THE YEAR

The Profile...Women At His Feet...Men At His Heels...Laughs Everywhere!

In A Paramount Picture

"The Great Lover"

with Roland Roland Richard Gary
YOUNG • CULVER • LYON • GRAY

Produced by Edmund Beloin • Directed by ALEXANDER HALL

Written by Edmund Beloin, Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose



"I know the devil that is in you
— you love as you live, without mercy
...without regret!"

Samuel Shellabarger's
**PRINCE
of FOXES**

*A Saga of Scoundrels
in a Century of Infamy!...
Three Years in
the Making!...
A Magnificent
Cast of 50,000!*

20th
CENTURY-FOX

TYRONE POWER ♦ ORSON WELLES ♦ WANDA HENDRIX ♦

WITH MARINA BERTI ♦ EVERETT SLOANE ♦ KATINA PAXINOU ♦ FELIX AYLMER
DIRECTED BY HENRY KING ♦ PRODUCED BY SOL C. SIEGEL

SCREEN PLAY BY MILTON KRIMS ♦ FROM THE NOVEL BY SAMUEL SHELLABARGER

IT'S A GALA HOLIDAY OF ENTERTAINMENT! ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN HE'LL PLAY IT!

to
1950



There once was sadness in a passing year.
A child holds to each hour not letting go,
Beseeches life and wins a limp echo,
Dreams the unknown and sheds
a lonely tear.

That is all past. Time runs now and I hear
Its swivel hasting feet with joy to know
How firm we stand together, how we grow
Toward happiness, achievement,
all that's dear.

See how the doors swing wide. You did that,
you!

You touched my hand and
the whole puzzle fell

To patterned beauty. Oh, you teach me well;
Your hand in mine we find
each dream comes true.

Bells, ring your noisy challenge,
I've no fear,

Come quickly, come, I wait the brave
new year.

Elizabeth Taylor



Always willing to turn an honest dollar, Ben Gage and Esther Williams now are proprietors of a new restaurant. Esther already is a successful bathing suit designer; she also shares interest in a gasoline station with Ben.

Hollywood's elite meet and eat

at Esther Williams and Ben Gage's
new restaurant, The Trails

**Esther
and
Ben's**
Eatery



Betty Garrett's transparent evening bag won as much comment as The Trails' western decor. She was with husband Larry Parks and Joe Kirkwood.



Newest man-about-town, English Stewart Granger, squired Ava Gardner who seemed to enjoy the food, fun and Mr. Granger.



MGM's new star, Mario Lanza, and cute wife Betty are a permanent part of Hollywood's whirl since success of "That Midnight Kiss."



Floor show starred Esther and Ben. It was hard to tell which got more applause: Esther's singing or her short evening gown.



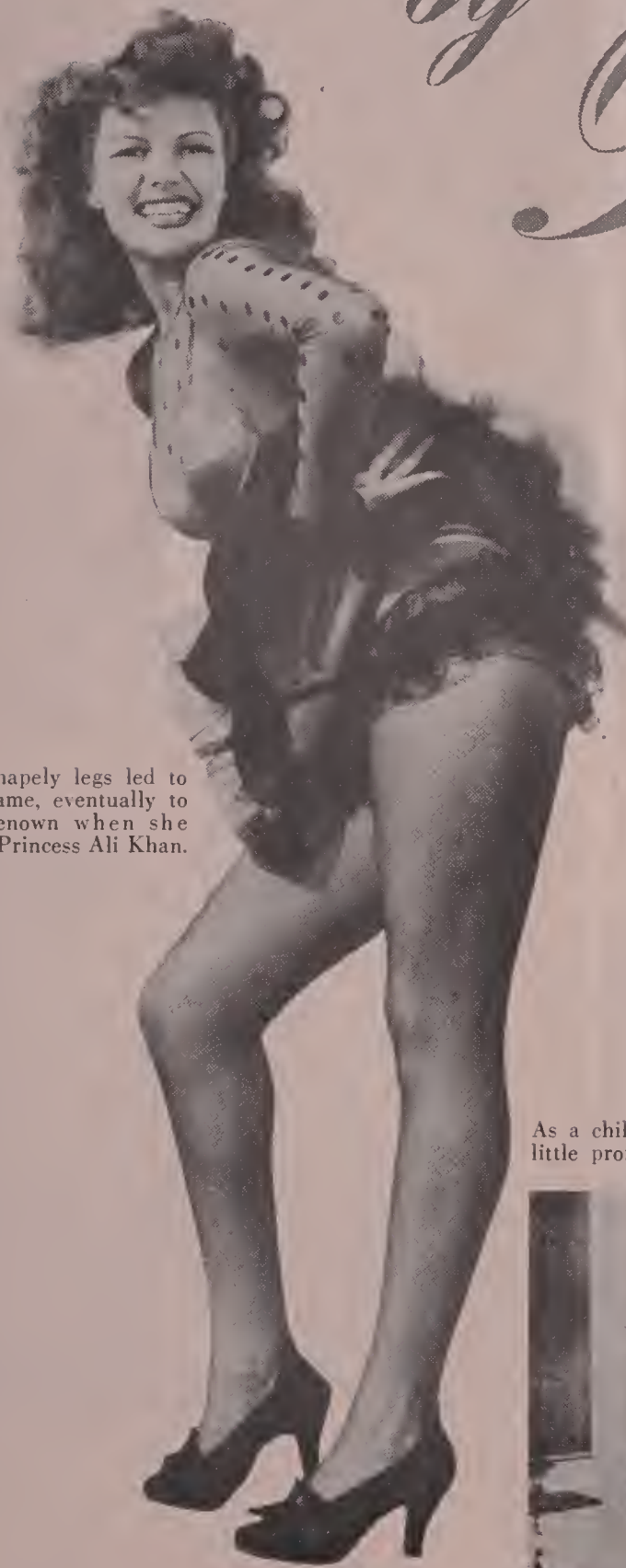
Keenan Wynn listened patiently while Fred Cole described new swim suits fashions to Betsy before they all sat down to sensational steak dinner.



Even Jimmy Durante's smile can't outshine Ben's this evening! The new restaurant got off to a fine start.

The storm of publicity hasn't interfered with Rita Hayworth's movie popularity. Fans still rate her tops and clamor for pictures of their favorite star. So, here they are

by *Request*



Rita's shapely legs led to movie fame, eventually to world renown when she became Princess Ali Khan.

As a child, Rita showed little promise of beauty.



Her child may never have to work the way Rita did. Her career started early as father's dance partner.

Although she's been away from the screen for over a year, she hasn't lost her fan appeal.



The Truth about



Shirl and John looked happy at their wedding anniversary celebration, but a few minutes after photo was taken an argument started. John left the table at Chanteclair and didn't come back.

Shirley and John

This impending divorce has shocked the nation. Nobody wants to believe the real reason for the breakup

*Dear Shirley and Jack:

It was with deepest regrets that we learned of your decision to file suit for divorce.

It would be wrong to say that this move took us by surprise—for when rumors fly, there is usually some basis of truth behind them. However, we can't believe the rumor that you, Shirley, are in love with Kathryn Grayson's husband, Johnny Johnston.

Nevertheless, it's a mighty difficult thing for an editor to weed out what's true; and even more difficult to decide whether to print it or not. Therefore, we went out on a limb, and carried your Christmas story in our last issue; hoping that somehow, things would work out for you, and that you two could recapture the love which the whole world blessed when you married four years ago.

But—we were wrong. You've separated; (Please turn to page 78)

Friends say adjustment to a new screen career has been difficult for Jack Agar. Latest of his five films are RKO's "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" and Republic's "Sands of Iwo Jima."





No longer the neurotic recluse who felt the whole world was against him, Bob Walker now is able to talk about those bitter, dark days

"I know myself now..."

says

BOB WALKER

to MARVA PETERSON



Bob sees all his friends now, but admits that life centers around his two sons. Here he is with friend of many years, star June Allyson.

★In a few weeks' time, Robert Walker will be going back to the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas, for a complete check-up.

You will probably read about it in your local newspaper.

Only, for Pete's sake, don't think that Bob has blown his top or suffered another nervous breakdown. No such thing!

At this moment, Bob Walker is probably the best-adjusted actor in Hollywood and certainly one of the most changed-for-the-better personalities the screen colony has ever known.

A year or so ago, for example, when you asked Bob for an interview, he'd usually shake his head and mumble a disgruntled, "Sorry, no dice." He was a mixed-up neurotic, soul-torn and unhappy, miserable and disillusioned.

Today, he's a pleasant, cordial, obliging young man. When I called him some days ago and asked for an interview, he very politely explained that his picture schedule kept him busy all day. "But why don't you drive out to my house some evening," he suggested, "and I do mean out."

Two nights later, not very far from where Sunset Boulevard meets the Pacific Ocean, I went searching for Bob's (*Please turn to page 86*)

"I rebelled against help," says Bob. "Then one highly publicized incident made me so ashamed that I was willing to meet the doctor half way."





Scott Brady's brother,
 Larry Tierney, was the
 reason he came to Holly-
 wood; but St. Jude was
 responsible for keeping
 the big lug here—as
 a full-fledged actor

By HELEN HOVER WELLER



Marriage can wait till Scott buys that house for the one girl in his life—Mom.

Success Story



★ Scott Brady, a six-foot-two husky who leaped to fame playing convicts, gangsters, pugs and tough guys, owes his career to a prayer!

Scott's story is one of the strangest I've ever heard. And one you wouldn't ordinarily connect with this exciting young actor who packs such a punch.

Scott, whom you fans have discovered, is the brother of Larry Tierney of "Dillinger" fame. It's heartwarming to see how close the brothers are. In fact, Larry started the wheels going for Scott to get into pictures. But silently, in the *(Please turn to page 80)*

Scott Brady's "show" experience was limited to the Chinese, Burma-Indian, and Far East Theaters of Operation.

Scott rates a place among the stars for his new role in UI's "The Story of Molly."





★ I dress on a budget; I also have to budget my time, parcel out my energy, balance my calories, and divide up my date-life.

Sometimes I think I live, not by bread alone, but by budgets.

This may come as a surprise to you—a movie star on a budget! ! ! But I am. I just couldn't live any other way. As an actress my appearance is an important part of my business. I need a lot of clothes. I need evening gowns for premieres, cocktail dresses for parties, suits and dresses for work, and slacks for relaxation. If I didn't keep my clothes-buying within bounds, I'd always be in debt to the garment industry.

Because I want to save my pennies for traveling, annuities, and the future, I spend approximately one-eighth of my income on clothes. This sum is half as much as I put into savings bonds. It's more than I spend on rent because I live with my parents. It's also more than my medical expenses but less than taxes. I figure it's just about right.

Once in awhile, I must admit, I go over the budget. I try not to, but I'm human. And when a special invitation comes along, I splurge. A few weeks ago, Arthur Loew, Jr., invited me and my parents to the opening of the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera season.

I just had to have a new formal. I went shopping and bought a dreamy white-over-blue sheer. It was expensive but it was worth it. For the rest of the month I didn't go near a store. I even refrained
(Please turn to next page)

i dress on a **BUDGET**

By JANET LEIGH

**So you want to dress like
a movie star? Use your
dollars and sense the way
young Janet Leigh does**



A suit is the answer to any career girl's budget. My one and only is a red, black tweed, says Janet, star of MGM's "Doctor and the Girl."

from window shopping. (That was the hard part!)

I find, however, that it takes more than will power to dress on a budget. It takes planning, ingenuity and a sense of style. But most of all, it means analyzing yourself and your needs and then sticking to them.

About a year ago, I stopped short between pictures and took a long objective look at myself. I'd ceased being a "Cinderella girl," and had become an established, full-time actress: I was getting more

i dress on a **BUDGET**

continued



Velvet vest, skirt, slacks give me two entirely different ensembles. The slacks make a dressy at-home outfit.



Versatile black and white suit-dress is smart with or without jacket. Dress has a black taffeta top.



Care of clothes stretches the budget. Garment bags help here, but I never put away a dress unless it's clean, ready to wear again.

invitations to appear at opening nights. My circle of friends had increased and I was dating much more. And wonder of wonders—people recognized me. I was practically a celebrity.

In view of the changes in my life, I decided that I needed a more appropriate wardrobe, so I scrapped everything but a few sweaters and skirts from my college days and bought what I consider to be a basic wardrobe.

I bought two evening (*Please turn to page 32*)

I give my classic black cocktail dress a fresh slant by changing the color of my gloves, adding a bright flower.



My style is demure, but not too sweet. This lavender organdy and lace gown is right for my type.

Kelly green Square Dance dress has a double life, too. Striped petticoat is used as separate skirt.





The Feud Goes On

*The bitter rivalry
between Olivia de Havilland
and Joan Fontaine is deep-
rooted and forever erupting!*

"Lots of little Doziers" was Joan's plan until her ideal marriage failed.



When her marriage to producer Bill Dozier failed, Joan headed for Europe to star in a new Hal Wallis film called "September."



Joan outdistanced her sister in the Romance Department. First husband was Brian Aherne, one of Livvy's beaus.



Motherhood didn't come easily to Olivia but she got her wish—a son.



Her happy marriage and the success of "The Heiress" have given Olivia an edge on Joan.

★ It is safe to say, without fear of contradiction, that Olivia de Havilland Goodrich was the happiest young woman in Hollywood the day Dr. A. M. McCausland leaned over her bed at Good Samaritan Hospital and whispered, "You are the mother of an eight-pound baby boy."

To brown-haired, brown-eyed Olivia, once the trouble-ridden, frustrated Bachelor Girl of Hollywood, true and total happiness had come at last.

Motherhood came no easier to Olivia than her other cherished goals in life—screen success and a successful marriage. For seven long months she was ordered to lie flat on her back in her new Brentwood home. Although she felt no pain, was physically and mentally perfect, Dr. McCausland ruled that she must remain absolutely still and undisturbed if she were to keep her baby.

And there was nothing in the world Livvy wanted more. Shortly after her marriage, the new, smiling Olivia said, "A family is my last requisite for happiness."

How ironic that Livvy attained the ultimate happiness just a few months after her sister, Joan Fontaine, announced the (*Please turn to page 74*)



Olivia (with Cathy O'Donnell) smiled happily when she received her Academy Award—even though it came two years after Joan's.



Eight young
Hollywood
hopefuls are
cutting fancy
figures on
skating rinks
as well as
movie screens

Ann Pearce was so anxious to get out on the ice, she didn't wait for Douglas Dick to help put on her skates.



Clowns of the crowd were Anthony Curtis and Peggy Dow, who seized every opportunity to show off Peggy's multicolored under-britches.



The gang's all here! (l. to r.) Peggy, Tony, Donna Martel, Dick Long, Peggy Castle, Roc Hudson, Ann and Doug.

Skating Room Only

★ Hollywood has always had a few year-round skating rinks; but they've usually been patronized by imported Eastern relatives who've already tumbled onto the fact that a figure-8 doesn't necessarily refer to Jane Russell!

Suddenly, all Hollywood is agog over the "new" sport, and if you drop over at the Pasadena Winter Garden any night during the week, you'll find the younger set learning the ups and downs of ice skating. They may not be competition for Sonja Henie, but they do have lots of fun!



Tony Curtis took a ribbing about his long hair until he described scenes from Universal's "Sierra" (which he's letting it grow for).



Peggy adopted Tony's trip-and-run tactics, and sent him sprawling. She'll soon be seen in the Universal picture "Woman in Hiding."



This is one way to stay on your feet! Hollywood's gay blades ▶ may be new to the ice, but they sure are catching on fast!



No Help WANTED

ed	Help	Wanted	
men	COOK Venneise first class		\$900
	Houseworkers excellent		\$17
	Chambermaid-waitresses		\$125-1
	Command Governesses		\$17
	Members lately landed		\$2

GENC

COUPLE

Elaine and Zack are no longer guests in their own home. Housework is now strictly a family affair.



He's not a "Guilty Bystander" (the title of his new Warner film). When it comes to stacking linens, Zack's right in there pitching.



This pane-ful job of window washing is tackled by Zack every 2 weeks. (A cinch for a guy who's made 9 movies in 22 months!)

★ One evening last March, Zachary and Elaine Scott were walking up Fifth Avenue in New York talking about life. They have keen intellects, these two, and they like to evaluate what they are doing and the world they live in. They love a sense of individual freedom and accomplishment, they love to test what the Scotts have been building together. Perhaps being away from home gave them the necessary perspective. In any event, they suddenly decided that their own home had gotten away from them. Yes, they had furnished it themselves and planned the landscaping of the beautiful hillside in Brentwood—but with a competent cook and a housekeeper who had been with them since Waverly was born, there was little left for the Scotts to do for themselves. They were just visitors in their house. To them, such a situation seemed decadent; even more important, they felt that Waverly at the age of thirteen should be learning to assume responsibility and should be acquiring the foundations for a career as a successful homemaker.

So when they returned to the West coast, they found new posts for their housekeeper and cook and took over the house themselves. A laundress comes in for washing and ironing; but from there on out, the three Scotts are on their own, and they have developed an efficiency and ease which keeps the house immaculate and themselves free, with more time to relax than they had had in their whole previous married life, and a far deeper understanding of each other. "There's nothing like working together," Zack says. He and Elaine worked together in the theatre

(Please turn to next page)



Weeds wait for no man, woman or child; everyone gets into the gardening act—even Waverly's bosom buddy Katherine Murray.

**Who does the housework at
Zack's home? Believe it
or not—the Scotts do!**

By Ted and Jane Morris



Meet the Scotts' chef supreme! When it comes to culinary skill, Zack is as much at home on the kitchen range as on the screen.



13-year-old Waverly hopes to be an actress. She enthusiastically supports the Great Scott Slogan: "Them that eats, works."



No Help WANTED

continued

years ago, Elaine as stage manager and casting director, and Zack in his first parts at the Westport Playhouse, and later on Broadway; but this joint enterprise at home is a different thing, it's intimate, it's sharing and it's fun.

According to Elaine, Zack is the home economist. He has always loved to entertain. The Scott family grew up in a great colonial house in Raymondsville, Texas, and it was Zack who helped his mother entertain. His father was a doctor, constantly on call, and Zack began early to help plan the parties, the menus, the table decorations and to fill in as host when his dad was away. He is completely dextrous around a house and has an inherent neatness so important in keeping a place ship-shape.

Out on Ayreshire Road, they do heavy cleaning every two weeks (this includes windows, woodwork, upholstery, etc.). They shop (Elaine and Zack do the shopping together) three times a week. When Zachary is home, he does the cooking; when he is working, Elaine has everything organized for dinner, vegetables cleaned, meat on grill, everything ready for the chef's fine touch. (*Please turn to page 79*)

"Swab those decks, Zack!" Elaine orders. *No one* may leave the kitchen till it's spotless, with everything in place.



Luncheon is unpretentious, but lots of fun, with Waverly doing the serving. Frequent guest is "4th Scott," Katherine Murray.



There's absolutely no "Brass" around these parts! A movie star by the name of Zachary Scott is chief cook and bottle washer!



Early afternoon on cleaning days finds Zack, Elaine, Waverly and Katherine in a relaxing state of complete collapse!



Famous stars have relied on the findings of Astrologist Nella Webb, who says, "I am no fortune teller; I can only point out the possible future of human beings from indications given by the stars and other heavenly bodies. These possibilities may not necessarily happen, but they point out the 'way ahead'." Here, then, are Nella Webb's

What's in the

Hollywood stars? **MOVIELAND**

to cast their horoscopes

Predictions for 1950

Judy Garland has combatted the elements since she was ten. Will she ever find the happiness she seeks?



January 10, Capricorn (the Goat)
JUDY GARLAND'S illness and marital and emotional upsets have everyone worried. 1949 was a difficult year for Judy in many ways, but she has been through difficult "stretches of the roadway" since she was ten years old. Her confusion of mind is due to the mystical planet Neptune of the world, which is adverse her moon.

She was always bound to have at least two marriages, and her mental confusion would likely have to do with these as well. She is sensitive, and often takes things to herself that are not meant for her.

There could be a new baby in 1950, and also a new and important artistic success. All Judy needs in 1950 is love and encouragement for the full realization of her possibilities.

future for these
asked a famous astrologist
—and tell all



February 1, Aquarius (the Water Carrier)
CLARK GABLE has been the subject of much
Hollywood speculation during the past year.
Will he marry again? Can he really fall in
love again?

Well, 1950 will be the best year Clark has
known since 1938. (Which forecasts good no-
tices for his new MGM film, "The Key to the
City.")

A love affair which was interesting in 1949
may not be of much potency now—that might
mean Paulette Goddard. He's going to see an
old friend in 1950, and that meeting may
kindle the fires of the past. I wouldn't advise
marriage, however, before 1951. There's some
confusion in Clark's mind; a marital venture
before September, 1950, wouldn't last.

Careerwise, Clark will do well; but this is not
a time for him to make financial investments.

The Paulette Goddard-Clark Gable romance was brief. 1950 will bring Clark lasting love.

Will Christopher, Christine, and Joan Crawford's other two adopted children have a new Dad?



March 23, Aries (the Ram)
JOAN CRAWFORD has not yet reached the
top of her capabilities. According to her stars
the new year will bring dramatic changes for
her. Beginning with June, the powerful planet
Uranus will be adverse her Sun sign of Aries.
If she doesn't fight these changes, they'll be o.k.

She will have some unexpected benefit
through meeting an old friend, or possibly an
old bean between the 17th and 27th of October,
and it is highly probable that Joan will be mar-
ried again before the end of 1950. It takes her
a long time to make up her mind about being
in love, although she likes or dislikes at once.
Joan also will have an unexpected opportu-
nity to go across the seas, and if the trip is
made for film commitments, she will definitely
have marked success. She just finished "The
Victim" for Warner Bros.



August 28, Virgo (the Virgin) INGRID BERGMAN is ambitious and a capable manager of her own affairs, but it is often difficult for her to make up her mind about urgent matters.

The planet Venus is important to her, and an eclipse of Venus on August 26, 1949, reveals that something will be catapulted out of her life during 1950. This may be her divorce. Even if Ingrid hadn't met Rossellini, she would have had a great love affair between September 23, 1948, and September 23, 1949.

Artistic success and an emotional upheaval were both indicated for her during that period. Now the signs point out that the road she'll travel during 1950 will be a hard one.

According to the stars, Ingrid definitely will continue with her career. Her career will be greater than ever before.

Will the turbulent career of Ingrid Bergman end with "Stromboli"?

Cary Grant has a domestic year ahead—does that mean a Mrs.?



January 18, Capricorn (the Goat) CARY GRANT didn't have a very exciting old year. His romance with Betsy Drake (above) never quite got to the serious stage—but his illness did. The handsome star of "I Was a Male War Bride" (20th Century-Fox) should do better during 1950. The stars say he should be mentally and emotionally happy, and his health should improve. Projects he has been building up since November, 1948, should go through with a bang.

This is a domestic year for Cary, for the stars say his mind is on the home. There is an eclipse of the Sun along adverse lines on October 21, but there is also a full moon eclipse on October 5th, which is in favorable aspect of Venus—so if Cary has a new love affair, it probably will be a serious one.

1950 will be a big year for Cary.



A big year for Bing, here with Morton Downey.



There'll be smooth sailing for Dorothy and Bob Mitchum now.

August 6, Leo (the Lion)
ROBERT MITCHUM is a powerful individual: of the nine planets, he has four in fire signs!

Bob is open and honest, liking to put all his cards on the table. He expects everyone else to do the same. The combination of Sun and Moon, both in fire signs, makes him tremendously attractive, and gives him a love of philosophy, and a tendency toward religion. It also gives him a persistent, dominating, enthusiastic, energetic nature. He can be led through love, but never bossed. It is possible—but not inevitable—that he will have two marriages in his life.

Bob has been over a rough stretch in the past year, but he seems to have come out of it a wiser and steadier man, and an even better actor than he was before. (Watch for him in RKO's "A Holiday Affair.")

Will Jimmy Stewart soon be telling pals like Bette Davis the stork is expected?



May 20, Taurus (the Bull)
JIMMY STEWART'S horoscope indicated his marriage this year, and now there are indications that the stork will be winging its way to his house sometime in 1950!

There is every indication that the bad stretch of road which he has had in the way of personal matters—and which few people know about—is behind him, and that his hopes, his ambitions, everything he has desired, will be realized over the next few years.

Jimmy has a few complexes, and he dramatizes everything in his own life. He really loves a home, likes to entertain, and to have people around him, so the next seven years should bring him much happiness. He'll have to rise above the subconscious fear that kept him a bachelor for so long, or emotional confusion will result.



May 2, Taurus (the Bull)
BING CROSBY is the man of whom Hollywood has said: "Nothing ever goes wrong for him." Every year there are rumors that Bing will retire from radio or films.

The stars say differently! Bing's success up to now is nothing to what it is going to be! The powerful planet Uranus, in favorable aspect to the planet of the mind, Mercury, shows his whole mental outlook is going to change and broaden. It will bring travel across the water—possibly opportunities for success in European pictures.

There is a little matter of health which concerns him or someone in the family in 1950. There could be some brief disappointment this year about artistic matters; but on the whole, Bing will be "Riding High" (title of his new Paramount film).

LOVE

takes a

Everyone felt
the Wanda Hendrix-
Audie Murphy
match was made
in heaven—but
the marriage went
on the rocks in
less than a year.
What happened?



Wanda seems to want both husband and a career. Audie wants only Wanda.



Beating



There's little doubt that they love each other; unfortunately their personalities clash violently.



Audie doesn't believe the Hollywood social game is important. But Wanda has other ideas.

★By the time you read this, Audie Murphy, the most decorated hero of World War II, and Wanda Hendrix, his little wisp of a bride, will be living apart.

How come?

Audie says, "It's all my fault. She tried very hard. I just think that if we live under separate roofs for a little while, perhaps we can work things out."

Wanda says tearfully: "He's not well. He's all mixed up. He's so tormented by all he's gone through. I think he tries very hard and he doesn't mean to be irritable and I know I get on his nerves when I sympathize with him."

What does this sound like?

Well, it has all the familiar trademarks of the shell-shocked veteran who comes home, tortured by the thoughts, the scenes, the mental re-enactments of death on the battlefield; and it has all the familiar ring of the sweet, understanding wife who cannot compete with these haunting memories of war and bombings and infantry charges.

But is this actually the case with these two handsome young people?

Is it as simple as that?

Is Audie really a mentally disturbed war veteran who cannot re-adjust himself to the civilian way of life?

No, I'm afraid not. I know Audie Murphy, and I can tell you that his re-adjustment to civilian life has been complete.

He is twenty-four, adult, and experienced beyond the measure of most men, and he has because of this experience, adopted a sense of values which Wanda, bless her little heart, just cannot see.

Audie, for example, does not believe that the sun of life rises and sets on money. He does not believe that in order to be a success, a married couple must play the social game to the hilt. He does not believe that night club publicity is essential to screen fame. He does not believe in using people, in contacts, in being seen with the right personalities at the right restaurants.

Wanda cannot understand this. She wants very much to be a famous and celebrated actress. She likes money and what it will do for her. She likes to play the Hollywood (*Please turn to page 87*)

MOVIELAND'S

Gallery of Fame



DANA ANDREWS finds love, heartbreak, tragedy in the Samuel Goldwyn production "My Foolish Heart."



EVELYN KEYES portrays "Mrs. Mike" in the United Artists picture adapted from the best selling novel.



On a rolling knoll in Holmby Hills, just outside of Hollywood, stands the Ladd's picturesque French Norman farmhouse.

LADD'S HOME... *at last*



The house rambles around a patio, with all the major rooms opening

This is the story of Alan Ladd's dream house and how it grew—from ideas to



Alan and Sue didn't overlook one small detail in their plans. They even had contractor Ed Warmington leave openings on the mantel for treasured portraits of offspring Laddie, Alana, David, and Carol Lee.

By MONICA MACKENZIE

★ It takes something pretty extraordinary to cause a stir among the permanent residents of Hollywood. At least a large-scale scandal, a visitor from Mars, or a good-sized California earthquake.

Well, Sue and Alan Ladd have caused that stir. They've built a new home, and with it, they've aroused the excitement and interest of Hollywood's heretofore unexcitables. Everyone is talking about the Ladds' new house.

The Ladds aren't saying a thing. They're too happy for words. In fact, they're just about the most pleased, self-satisfied family you could find anywhere, and they have every right to be. Their new, four-bedroom home isn't the largest in the screen colony, but it is without a doubt one of the best planned and decorated, largely because Sue and Alan are people of taste and discernment who spent many years thinking of and planning their dream house.

When they were first married eight years ago, Sue was living in a home of her own. Back then, Alan preferred getting a new place, but there was already a marked housing shortage in Los Angeles and it seemed wiser to the Ladds to hold onto what they already had. It seemed especially wise from an economic standpoint because Alan was on the verge
(Please turn to next page)



onto a spacious garden and huge swimming pool.

blueprint and then to reality



It was Alan's idea to bring the outdoors inside by having sliding glass doors which open from the garden room to the patio. The doors keep bad weather out, bring the lovely view in.



Though separated couches serve double

LADD'S HOME... at last

continued

of being invited to join the Army, so they stayed.

According to expectations he was drafted, whereupon Sue, Carol Lee and the baby, Lonnie, sat out the war years in what they thought of as a purely temporary arrangement.

After Alan was released from the Air Corps, he and Sue hopefully bought a rolling knoll of a lot in Holmby Hills. It was near the Westlake School for Girls which Carol Lee was then attending and Alana now attends; it was near UCLA where they both might go to college; and it was also just a stone's throw from the homes of their best friends.

It seemed a perfect site for a house with a growing family. Next, Alan and Sue inquired into construction costs. They got some rough estimates, gulped at the amounts, and decided to transfer their building desires into the construction of a clapboard ranch house on some property they owned in Hidden Valley.

"All things considered," Alan says, "it's a good thing we built the little ranch house first. We did a lot of the work ourselves and we learned an awful lot about building that we'd never have known

otherwise. We learned the mysteries of plumbing. And we learned what you can and can't do with lumber, mortar, and glass."

By postponing their home-building a little longer, the Ladd family grew in size and number. Carol Lee became a teen-ager. Laddie, Alan's 11-year-old son, spent his vacations with them. Lonnie grew like a bean sprout, and David was born in February of '47. All of which meant that when Sue and Alan finally sat down to draw house plans, their main objective was to provide the right kind of rooms for all their children. They wanted a grown-up bedroom-study for Carol Lee, a pretty feminine room for Alana, and an indestructible kind of play-room for Laddie and David.

First, they drew plans, plans, and more plans. According to Alan, "we can still see all the different sets of plans we drew by the indentations on the dining table in the ranch house." Finally, after they were satisfied that they had thought out all the possible variations of their living needs, Sue and Alan called in an architect to draw the plans

(Please turn to page 58)



by glass, the raspberry colored garden furniture and indoor duty, are used inside and outside, make a conversational corner.



Alan asked his builder to design this special foolproof hanger for trousers. Rack pulls out to the length of four feet.



Alana's favorite reading spot is in front of the handsome fireplace in the master bedroom suite. Note how Sue has used the print on bedspread, window seat, draperies, and on one wall at right. Other walls are painted yellow and raspberry red.



The Ladds' L-shaped paneled playroom is an office-at-home for Alan and his secretary, Belle; a television-projection-rumpus room; and a prospective social annex for UCLA!



LADD'S HOME...

at last

continued



Alana's room is wonderfully feminine—practical, too. Cabinet door can be pulled up to serve as bedside table or tray.



Built-in furniture, sturdy spreads were chosen for young Ladds. Little David and brother Laddie share this room.



All the latest gadgets went into the huge kitchen. Alan is fascinated by the tricky ice water spigot on the refrigerator.

to scale. The homestead was beginning to take form.

They hired an architect who specializes in rather severely modern homes. He laid out the floor plan so that the house embraces a patio and has large expanses of glass, providing a maximum of sunlight and view. He also arranged the living, dining, and playrooms so that they merged together and extended outside. He did a fine job of planning separate rooms and dressing rooms for the children but with shared baths. He provided for an indoor nursery and an outdoor play yard. He even found a way to give Alan and Sue a large master bedroom suite with a masculine dressing room for Alan and a feminine bath for Sue.

Satisfied with the plans, the Ladds started to build. For a contractor, they selected a man whose work they'd long seen and admired. "It got so we could recognize an Ed Warmington job right away," Sue explains. "Ed's a wonderful guy and his crews are the kind of craftsmen who enjoy their work. They're mostly Scandinavian and they really know their business. They come on the job early and you have to notify them when it's dark.

"Ed ended up being a (*Please turn to page 76*)



Alan is the picture of contentment—and justifiably so. He has a new home, a new film, "United States Mail," and Movieland.

My WIFE

If you're a pal of Lundigan's, don't show this article to his wife!

"Praise from the world is sweet," says Bill, "but more lasting is the joy of the woman you love."

Bless Her!



Bill Lundigan gained rave notices for his performance with Jeanne Crain in 20th Century-Fox's fine production, "Pinky."

★ The first time I saw the girl who is now my wife, I really didn't see her at all. And the first time she saw me, she didn't care whether the experience ever repeated itself or not. This is probably the best possible way for a romance to start because, commencing at zero, nobody begins by being deluded.

The sensational meeting described above occurred at Schwab's Drug Store, known locally as the Schwabadero; Rena, who is the late Helen Morgan's adopted daughter, was a school girl in saddle ox-

fords, anklets, pleated skirt, sweater, and an expression of disdain for all young actors. According to Rena, she watched me at the Schwabadero counter on numerous occasions, behaving in what she considered an offensively conceited manner over a hamburger and a coke.

As I look back on that era of my life, I recall myself only as a struggling type full of high spirits and low comedy; I was not alone in either category in Schwab's. If we were (*Please turn to page 90*)

By WILLIAM LUNDIGAN



The Lundigans' romance started off with a big zero. Rena thought Bill a conceited young actor; he considered her just a hobbysoxer.



Rena and Bill manage to keep their rose garden to themselves; but the front porch has been appropriated by neighborhood dogs.



Georgianna Montalban's heart is doing flip-flops, and Doctor Ricardo is surely to blame.

No Hollywood ham is ever cured of trying to hog the spotlight at the Press Photographers' Ball



Ann Blyth admired one of the most unusual costumes of the evening. Vera-Ellen, covered from head to toe with gilt paint, represented the coveted golden "Oscar."



William Shakespeare would have quaked to see Hamlet hiding behind Ophelia's lovely tresses, as Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cummings mugged.

Actors
will be
 Actors



This affectionate Frankenstein doesn't scare Barbara Lawrence. She knows he's really only Scott Brady.



Never fear, fair Cleopatra, Marc Antony will save you! Jeanne Crain and hubby Paul Brinkman portrayed the duo.



Before she takes off, helicopter Ann Blyth accepts a wee package for delivery from U. S. mailbag Roddy McDowall.

★ Every year the stars rack their brains to dream up an unusual get-up to wear to the gala Press Photographer's Ball, and as you can see by these pictures, some of the costumes can be pretty wacky.

But it's all in fun, and while the proceeds pile up for a worthy cause (the Fund for Indigent Photographers) everyone makes merry, gapes at everybody else, and starts thinking about the costume he'll wear next year.



Esther Williams and Ben Gage mixed publicity with pleasure, advertising their brand new Hollywood restaurant "The Trails."



from a

Doting DAD

Brian Donlevy's daughter is a child of divorce—but she need never question her Daddy's love



Judith emotes so well that I've a feeling she'll be an actress. I'd like that. I can't help her to be a good actress but I can keep her from being a bad one!

★ Dearest Judith Ann:

This morning, here in Hartford, Connecticut, where I plan to spend Christmas with friends, I have been troubled by thoughts of other day-before-Christmas mornings when you and I were together in far-away California. But from now on, because your mother was awarded your custody from July 1st through December 31st, and I was awarded your custody from January 1st through June 30th, you and I must be apart at Christmas.

I have sent all of your presents to your mother's home. In years to come, when you have grown old enough to read this diary (which I have been keeping since shortly before you were born) I know that you will agree with me when I say that I have sent too many gifts. I have always sent too many gifts. You are surfeited, and that is wrong, but it seems to be one of the few ways I have of letting you know how dear you are to me.

When you came into the world, Judy, I had high hopes that you would be the oldest child in a family of at least six. Children, to a thoughtful man, represent the onwardness of life. Sometimes when I look at you, I think, "She will live to write the year 2000 on a letter." That seems like a sort of magic to me. *(Please turn to page 91)*

By BRIAN DONLEVY



The Malibu house seems filled with happiness when Judy spends her 6-month vacation with Brian.



Father-daughter talks rate high with Brian and little Judith. All problems are ironed out in their cozy living-room.

Ava Gardner, the girl with a future, wears gorgeous gowns of the past in RKO's film hit, "Carriage Entrance."



She seldom dates while making a film but beaus phone hopefully anyway.

BIG YEAR



Just before cameras start, Ava's locks and make-up get a final going over by the studio hairdresser, Fritz LaBar.



When the romantic scene gets under way, Ava concentrates on her role. Meanwhile, everyone else concentrates on Ava.

for AVA

Luscious Ava Gardner
 gets the new year off
 to a good start with
 RKO's "Carriage Entrance"



To rehearse the dance she does with Bob Mitchum, Ava waltzes with tiny movie extra Rodney Wooten.

mac has a baby!



Macdonald Carey got word his wife was on the way to the hospital, so he dashed off UI's "East of Java" set like a comet. Shelley Winters, Helena Carter helped in the get-away.



What's the big hurry?
Haven't you heard?
Mac's having a baby!



Who can read at a time like this? Why doesn't something happen! This is killing him! She's been hours!

When Mr. Stork signals for a landing Macdonald Carey's reactions are no different from any other expectant father's

★ Elizabeth Macdonald Carey is here! Seven pounds, thirteen ounces of beautiful, perfect baby came safely and swiftly into the world at Hollywood's Cedars of Lebanon Hospital the night of July 12th, 1949, with Doctor L. Siegel, several nurses and her anxious father in attendance.

With the title "Stork Talk," MOVIELAND for May, 1949, carried the story of Betty and Macdonald Carey's determination that their little daughter, Lynn Catherine, would have a playmate. That story told of the succession of miscarriages that were endangering Betty's health and of her decision to stay in bed most of the nine months on the chance that she'd win this time.

And she did win!

The last months of waiting went smoothly enough, but the Doctor banned any sort of excitement. There were no baby-showers and the weekly poker-game with the Bill Holdens, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, was forbidden because Betty got too enthusiastic about a straight flush. Bridge, being tamer, was permitted.

Betty's always had difficulty sleeping and sedatives only make her more wide awake. So night after night she'd lie watching the screen of the television set at the foot of her bed.

She finished knitting the yellow cashmere sweater for Mac and made one for herself in black wool from Vogue directions. About a year ago she took the Singer Sewing Course so she'd be able to make the children's clothes. Betty won't attempt any for herself, she says, and scorns a course in millinery, preferring to buy a couple of expensive "fun-hats" a year "that lift you when you're down and really *do* something for you!"

Betty was alone with Linnie the late afternoon Lisa announced her arrival. The doctor had been there only two hours before and had assured her she'd have at least four days, probably more, to wait. Mac was on loan-out from Paramount to Universal-International for "East of Java" and Betty was to go over to her mother's cottage on the rear of the Carey grounds, for dinner.

"Linnie and I were having a wonderful time,
(Please turn to next page)



Mac glares at a fellow sufferer who's just been told he's a father. "What's the idea?" he wants to know, "I was here before he was!"



His nerves are jangling; all the ash trays are overflowing; no father ever suffered more. This thing *can't* go on much longer!

mac has a baby!

continued



IT'S A GIRL! He can hardly believe his ears! Mac, so thrilled about it, almost collapses with relief in the nurse's arms.

laughing at some silly joke we had," Betty said. "Then suddenly she leaned over and gave me a terrific whack on the stomach. She'd always been so, so careful before and I haven't an idea in the world why she did it then.

"It struck me funny and I laughed harder than ever. And, all at once, I *knew!* There wasn't any pain—but I just knew this was *it*. I called the doctor and he said to get to the hospital as fast as I could. I said all right; I would be there in a little while. 'Not in a little while!' he said. 'Right this minute! Right *now!*'

"Somehow I just couldn't believe the moment I'd been waiting for so long had finally arrived! I got up and walked into the kitchen. I made myself a lettuce and tomato sandwich. Munching away, I could see Mother and Anna, her companion, moving around the cottage getting dinner ready.



Ahhhh! Isn't she cute! As proud Papa Carey gets his very first look at Elizabeth, he forgets all the anguish he's been through.

"All of a flash it occurred to me I really ought to tell them about this. After all, they were interested! So I picked up the inter-com and watched Mother, as I said, quite calmly through chews of sandwich that I was having a baby."

Betty's mother was quite annoyed with her. Nonsense, she said crisply, it couldn't be possible; the doctor'd just been there and he hadn't said so. This was no time to make silly jokes! Betty could hear her tell Anna to go over and see what her daughter was up to. Playing practical jokes at a time like this, indeed!

The moment Anna saw Betty, she knew this wasn't a practical joke.

Everybody went into fast action right away. While her bag was being packed and the car brought to the door, Betty called Mac and luckily caught him just as he was leaving the studio.

"He was starting for the cocktail party at Ciro's given in honor of your Editor, Beatrice Lubitz Cole," Betty laughed, "but he landed at Cedars of Lebanon instead!"

Doctor Siegel gave her a caudal (spinal) anaesthetic immediately as the pains, now really felt for the first time, were only a minute apart. And little Lisa Carey was born less than an hour later.

"Would I go through another nine months of inactivity if I knew there were no other way?" Betty repeated the question. "Why, of course! After all, when you, yourself, look back on the last nine months—or any nine months—of your life, can you tell exactly what you've accomplished? They pass so quickly; they have no particular significance. But I can look back on my nine months and know I've accomplished Lisa. And I can know, too, the effort was worthwhile!" (*Please turn to page 84*)

At home at last, the Careys pose for a family portrait. Mac and Betty are justifiably proud of their latest production.





The Tyrone Powers left Europe to return to the States, where Linda is convalescing from her recent miscarriage.

Paris Pranks

Headlines really pop
when our Hollywood stars
cut capers in Europe's
glamor cities

★ What is it about Paris that acts like a magic elixir on so many visitors, notably our Hollywood stars? The most dignified and most correct seem to throw off all their inhibitions like an off-season coat when they reach the French capital. Perhaps it's because the French have survived centuries of scandalous escapades, and greet every new headline with a shrug of the shoulders.

More likely, it's because the Individual is King in this most liberal of cities, but, of course, when one is an international movie star, it's difficult to keep oneself out of the papers, and news has a way of traveling fast.

The most sensational of Paris-Hollywood escapades, of course, was Jane Russell's brief visit to the capital. There hasn't been so much excitement here since Errol Flynn decided to transfer his activities to the South of France and environs. There have been conflicting stories about what happened, but the real lowdown is this:

Jane arrived with a friend, a Mrs. Nichols, to the dignified, chic Hotel (*Please turn to page 73*)



Shy as ever, Greta Garbo turns pale, quakes with fright whenever cameramen try to photograph her.

Lancaster, the latest rage in Paris hotels for Hollywoodites. They were given an elaborate suite, and all was quiet and serene until early evening when Jane's friend was seen outside the Hotel, slightly inebriated, holding a bottle of champagne in her hand and drinking out of it as if it were a bottle of coke.

The management, slightly shocked and a little hurt by this incident, gently reprimanded Jane for the actions of her friend; but all was forgiven until later in the evening, when a great deal of noise, laughter, screaming and bottle crashing was heard from their suite.

After all, this was the hotel which was housing the great Garbo, Ty Power and Linda, the Walter Wangers, and Marlene Dietrich, and entitled its guests to better associations. So the management regretfully told Jane and her friend to leave. They did so, and Jane disappeared into the vastness that is Paris.

Later, upon investigation, the management discovered that all the blame lay upon the shoulders of said Mrs. Nichols, and not upon Jane. The actress was finally located, told that all was forgiven and that she could come back to the hotel . . . alone . . . if she wished. She did, and from that time until her departure a few days later to London, where she was to appear in a night-club, her behavior was exemplary. . . .

There were two big movie premières to start the Paris fall season off to a big bang. One was the first showing here of "The Snake Pit." Anatole Litvak, who directed the picture, was there and autographed 2000 programs.

An interesting commentary on the affair was the fact that Olivia's sister, Joan Fontaine, was conspicuously absent, although at the time she was in Paris, a house guest of Sir Charles and Lady Mendl. Joan went to London a few weeks later for a brief visit, fell sick there, and spent her sojourn in the English capital in a hospital bed. . . .

The other big opening was the première of "Joan of Arc," at the Paris Opera, a charity affair, with all the profits going to the Joan of Arc museum in Orleans.

Ingrid Bergman was invited to come from Italy for the affair, but she refused, saying that she was afraid that her recent behavior might make it embarrassing for the French, who so idolize their great Joan of Arc.

The critics were especially kind to her and the picture, and considered the film a great tribute to them. Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett were present, and the producer gave a short speech.

Joan Bennett and Wanger are very popular in France. They have left the Hotel Lancaster and have rented a villa in Versailles. Joan is going to make a movie in Paris for her husband, as soon as he has conquered all the difficulties he is having over trying to make "The Duchess of Langeais" with Greta Garbo.

The film was to have been produced in Italy, with co-star James Mason. Then Mason backed out. Next innumerable difficulties arose about production and financing in Italy, and Wanger decided to make the film in France. Garbo, who had travelled to Italy, together with her inseparable companion, Georges Schlee, decided to motor to France. Always incognito, but by her very insistence on secrecy, drawing attention to herself, she arrived in Paris, by way of Monte Carlo, neglecting to stop off at Cannes, as everyone expected.

At the Lancaster she barricaded herself in her suite, and on the few occasions that she went out, it was always with at least four guards. She almost caused a slight

war at Existentialist hangout, the Club de St. Germain des Prés, when she showed up at the hot stuffy cave one night. After five minutes of watching the bearded, blue-jeaned existentialists (who are almost all American brand) Garbo got very bored and decided to leave.

She discovered that her chauffeur, taking advantage of a few minutes of liberty, had sneaked across the street to a bar, and Garbo had to wait outside the club until he had finished his whisky and soda.

He arrived back just in time, because the four guards, plus Mr. Schlee, were having a time keeping Garbo's fans from tearing her to pieces to get a look at her.

Marlene Dietrich is surrounded in Paris by her ex-loves but she is too engrossed in her present one to worry. She also is at the Hotel Lancaster, where (ex-flame) Erich Maria Remarque is a guest, but more important to her is British actor, Michael Wilding.

The two have just finished making "Stage Fright" in London, and Marlene persuaded the handsome Englishman to come to Paris with her. Marlene is also pulling a Garbo, by evading reporters and refusing to be photographed. She and Wilding have arranged an elaborate system of meeting at street corners, after one dashes down the back stairs, and the other by a service elevator. They were seen together at the popular play, "La Soif" (The Thirst), which stars Jean Gabin, for years Marlene's favorite flame until his recent marriage to a French model who looks just like Dietrich.

Another Hollywoodite who angered the local press by a systematic campaign of evading photographers was Yvonne de Carlo. Later, it was discovered that it was all a clever publicity stunt by her press agent to incite interest in her. The French comment was "Garbo can get away with it, but who is Yvonne de Carlo?"

Paris is awaiting with hope and fear the projected visit of Orson Welles because that will spell a break in the current calm. News from London links his name with that of little Jean Simmons, who was so great in "Hamlet."

When her boy friend, Stewart Granger, left for Hollywood to make his first American movie, Jean was lonely, but not for long. Orson came to her rescue. Orson's latest scheme is to make Homer's "Odysseus" in Egypt. Needless to say the biggest role will be reserved for himself. . . .

The behavior in Paris of Myrna Loy has done much to restore confidence of the French in Hollywood stars. The actress has been working very hard and seriously with the UNESCO here and has given many lectures and speeches on the film capital's contributions to world understanding and peace.

No one will be surprised if Merle Oberon remarries Sir Alexander Korda. Since the death in an air crash of Count Cini, to whom she was engaged, it has been her ex-husband, Korda, who has consoled her. Still in the South of France, where she will make a film this winter with Paul Henreid, Merle may return to London with Korda, before the start of the film.

Well, Rita had the last laugh, as she has had so often these past months. She had entered her horse, "Double Rose," in the Arch of Triumph Sweepstakes, the most important and biggest money race in all of Europe. Everyone laughed saying that the red and green colors of the Princess Aly Khan would be lost laps behind the greatest horse flesh in all of Europe who were entered. Rita's horse went to the gate a 60 to 1 longshot. You guessed it! It came in second, only a few lengths behind the winner, Coronation.

Yes, Rita really had a horse laugh!
THE END



Excitement was too much for this French youngster Doug Fairbanks Jr. was trying to calm during recent distribution of CARE Food packages to needy French families. Doug took time off from movie making to act as chairman of voluntary CARE Committee, which helps raise funds to send food packages overseas. Orders for CARE packages at \$4 to \$10 each, or contributions can be sent to CARE, 20 Broad Street, New York City: Delivery guaranteed in 12 European countries, Israel, Philippines, Japan, Okinawa, Korea.

THE FEUD GOES ON

(Continued from page 39)

breakup of her "ideal marriage" to Producer William Dozier.

The long and bitter rivalry between Olivia and her sister Joan is one you would expect only to find in the pages of a Faith Baldwin novel. In Hollywood the rivalry is known as "the feud." It has often been passed off as a publicity stunt. Unfortunately, it's no myth; it's a flaming rivalry, deep-rooted, forever erupting.

Conflicting personalities and professional rivalry have given impetus to the feud which began early in childhood. Without variation, the pattern has followed a definite course.

In their quest for greater professional success, greater personal happiness, Joan has always taken an early and definite lead, only to have Olivia coolly, calmly, and competently surpass her every achievement.

To fully grasp the situation, let's turn back some thirty-three years to the early childhood of the sisters.

Livvy was the first-born. Like her own child, she was brown-eyed, plump, and healthy. Next year Mr. and Mrs. Walter de Havilland were parents again. Joan, blue-eyed, blonde, was sickly from birth.

When Joan was three, Mrs. de Havilland divorced her husband, a patent attorney in Japan, and she and her daughters returned to the little town of Saratoga, California.

One of the few instances where both sisters see eye-to-eye is the decision completely to ignore their father, for when he remarried, his second wife was his Japanese housekeeper.

Meantime the ex-Mrs. de Havilland met and married George M. Fontaine.

This is approximately the time when the feud started.

Squabbles upset the household. Mrs. Fontaine decreed the house big enough for only one girl at a time. Joan, who decreed "I am now a Fontaine," was sent to a convent at Belmont where she became a pet of the Sisters. However, when Joan yearned for her Mom and Saratoga, she was sent home.

It was now Olivia's turn to be sent away.

The Sisters at the convent were hardly prepared for the girl who replaced Joan—she was the complete antithesis of Joan—"little angel." They pegged Olivia as too brash, too vivacious, too forward, and far too active physically. Olivia came out a poor second to Joan.

Olivia, according to her own recorded admission, once even harbored the germ in her child's mind of murdering Joan. It was during a period of ostensible amiability that dark thoughts were brewing in 9-year-old Olivia's mind.

"I decided that we would have a fight as usual," Olivia was quoted as saying, "and I would let her hit me several times, and then I'd say to myself that I would have to kill her in self-defense.

"I even knew what I'd tell the judge. . . ."

Fortunately, however, shy Olivia turned her excess energies from murder to the somewhat more civilized pursuit of acting, despite her stepfather Fontaine's stern disapproval of her stage ambitions.

At the age of nine she appeared in a school production of "Hansel and Gretel" in which she played the mother, head angel and witch, and protested bitterly because she had not been cast as Gretel.

As a High School Junior, Olivia was offered the role of Violet in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." "No!" thundered Mr. Fontaine.

Olivia left home. She never returned to Mr. Fontaine's bed and board.

Mrs. Fontaine's parents had similarly frustrated her stage ambitions. She turned her ambition towards her children. She told her bridge club about her daughter Livvy's plight. They raised \$200 to help her out. Olivia boarded with a lady friend, and went on to triumph as Violet.

Livvy was the beauty of the family and all indications pointed to the fact that she would be the actress of the family. When Joan, in her early teens, was sent to Japan to visit her father, she returned to find her older sister already embarked on a Hollywood acting career, having scored a success as Hermia in Warner Brothers' "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Joan returned from Japan healthy and happy, prepared to marry a young consular attache she had met in Tokyo. Although she began an earnest study of French, German and Spanish in preparation for her role as an attache's wife, she suddenly decided to turn her talents to the stage and not to a home.

Jesse Lasky offered her a contract. Joan insisted a clause be inserted stating: "I am never to be advertised as Olivia de Havilland's sister."

The child's feud was now building on an adult level.

Though Livvy was leading in the career division, Joan outdistanced her in the romance department.

Olivia had been dating handsome actor Brian Aherne, and there were rumors of a marriage. One night Aherne threw a party at his house. Joan was escorted there by one of the guests.

The story goes that a fortune teller present at the shindig told Joan, "In a few weeks you will marry the host."

Aherne, the dashing and charming host, overheard the prophecy, and like always happens in Grade B movies, said that as long as she was his destined bride, that he would like to be introduced to her. A few weeks later Joan and Brian were married.

Livvy, meanwhile, was forging ahead with her career. Joan's, at this point, had lagged. In 1939, Livvy was nominated for the Best Supporting Role Academy Award for her Melissa in "Gone With the Wind." She lost out, however, in the final balloting.

In 1940 Joan hit her stride. She was nominated the Best Actress for her role in "Rebecca." She, too, lost out in the final balloting. Both sisters embraced in their mutual misery.

The following year saw the sisters pitted against each other for the Best Actress Award. Olivia was nominated for "Hold Back the Dawn," Joan for "Suspicion."

Joan won! At the Academy Dinner she walked over to Livvy's table, swiped some of Olivia's dessert, and for the benefit of photographers, both gave out with big, happy smiles.

Joan hadn't only come out first in the romantic race, now she was leading Olivia in the career department, too. But things were destined to change.

In 1944 marital troubles came to Joan. She divorced Aherne. The feud quieted down for about two years. Then, again, in 1946, it roared on.



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Joan announced that she would marry Producer William Dozier.

Three months later Livvy surprised even her intimate friends by marrying Author Marcus Goodrich in Wilton, Connecticut.

That same year Livvy hit her stride, winning the Academy Award for Best Actress for her emoting in "To Each His Own."

At the Academy Award dinner, Joan, arms outstretched, rushed backstage to embrace her sister. Olivia turned her back on Joan and walked away.

"I don't know why she does that when she knows how I feel," explained Livvy.

Joan, chagrined and tearful, went night-clubbing. Livvy went to a gay party to receive the praise of Hollywood.

Next day Livvy explained: "Our relations have been strained . . . and I simply could not change my attitude because it was a public situation. I am not that insincere."

Joan had nothing to say, but Livvy's husband needed no prodding to state: "This always happens when photographers are around. Joan always comes up to have her picture taken with my wife. Olivia doesn't like it, and doesn't mind saying so."

Joan's husband hurled himself into the act, too. "Joan had been asked by the photographers to stay after the presentation and be photographed with her sister. What happened was nothing but a family squabble. They just don't seem to have anything in common," said Bill Dozier.

That was the last public outbreak of the feud.

One thing the girls did have in common was a desire to be mothers. Joan said she wanted to turn out three pictures and one baby every two years. She hoped her first would be a boy.

In November she gave birth to a baby daughter, Deborah.

In August she announced that her "ideal marriage" to Bill Dozier would end in divorce. There would be no little Doziers every two years.

Meanwhile Livvy and Marcus had moved into a charming and comfortable home in Brentwood. Livvy never got a chance to use the luxurious swimming pool. Shortly after moving into the new home she was confined to bed. She could see no one, talk to no one, not even on the telephone. She must remain absolutely quiet—or she would lose her baby, expected in seven months.

Livvy had received tremendous praise for her work in "Snake Pit," had just finished "The Heiress." She was deluged with scripts. Thus she occupied herself during the long hours in which she had to lie in bed.

Dr. McCausland said he had never attended such a cheerful, cooperative patient in such circumstances. Livvy was fighting for her baby, more heroically than for anything she had ever fought before.

And it paid off. Benjamin Briggs Goodrich, big and healthy, with a fine lusty voice, bowed into the world on September 27.

And so, at this particular era in the lives of the celebrated sisters, one basks in complete fulfillment of her every wish; the other, alone and broken-hearted, lies ill in a hospital across the seas.

But everyone is certain there will be a happy ending to the story. The very rivalry between Joan and Livvy is insurance that neither will be frustrated for very long either in adding new laurels to their professional status, or in that inalienable right of both—the pursuit of happiness.

THE END

STRICTLY for LISTENING

By ANNETTE LEISTEN



Fans have crowned Tony Martin and Fran Warren "Sweetest Singers of the Year." Tony's recording of "There's No Tomorrow" was rated Victor's top disc.

★ No New Year's party will be complete without Spike Jones' Victor recording of "My New Year's Resolutions." Spike and the City Slickers have gone all out on their pledges for 1950, and we'll bet a tin horn your gang will go for their bland hysteria. The flip is the Don Gardner vocaled "All I Want For Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth," which has become a real classic.

Like pixies? Well, you can almost see the little fellers waltz clog when you listen to Bob Houston singing the "Leprechaun Lullaby" for MGM. It's a truly pixilated novelty number that's utterly delightful. The backing gives Bob a chance to air his vocal chords in the romance department. This time it's "Just a Kiss Apart," a misty little waltz which should be danced to exactly as the title suggests. Russ Case and his orchestra provide the instrumental.

Our Mercury rave this month is "My Burrita," sung by John Laurenz, with Mitch Miller's orchestra. John's dramatic story of Pedro hurrying home on his burro to visit his favorite senorita, is as cute as it can be. "Roseanna" (from the Samuel Goldwyn production "Roseanna McCoy") is the ballad John sings on the backing. His easy-going manner of singing is beautifully backed with an effective echo treatment.

When you hear Mindy Carson's new Victor recording, "Lonely Girl," you'll realize why all Hollywood has been raving about her. Mindy has the voice of a lark: simple, exciting, and stirring; and her "girl-next-door" quality is perfect for this song. On the flip is "You're Different," a torch song sung in Mindy's untorchlike manner. Think you'll go for the choral and string framework around this—and also for Mindy Carson.

Another favorite of ours is Kay Starr, who waxes for Capitol. Her "Break It To Me Gently" is lush. It's just the song for her velvet-sometimes-throaty voice. Frank de Vol and his orchestra set the mood. Turn the platter over for the happy go lucky song of the gold digger, "You Gotta Buy, Buy, Buy for Baby." Kay's delivery on this is a knockout!

If you're too young to remember the old Peabody, you'll want Mom or Dad to show you this graceful dance when you hear Sir Charles Thompson and his All Stars shooting the works on "Benson Alley" for Apollo. The tempo is just perfect for it! The flip is "Mr. Big Horn" (nick-name belongs to Leo Parker who plays the baritone). Thompson is at the piano, of course. You may not be able to hum this coupling, but you won't forget it!

Baby-voiced Judy Valentine has been getting lots of attention over at MGM lately, and after you hear her new love song, "I'm Cooked, Boiled, and Toasted," you'll know why. Of all the adjectives that have been used to describe the state of falling in love, these clever lyrics take the cake—fried, marinated, and par-boiled! The wolves will get a kick out of Judy's song on the backing. It's called "Please Take Me Home This Very Moment."

Gordon MacRae fans will go wild over his new Capitol record, "The Prairie Is Still." The interpretive backdrop painted by Paul Weston and his orchestra is weird, eerie, and cold; and Gordon's voice is even more warm and rich than usual by comparison to this desolate picture behind it. Flip it for a change of climate in "The Sunshine of Your Smile," a lyrical ballad-type love song which Gordon handles beautifully.

very dear friend of ours, and now that we're living in the house and haven't any complaints, Alan calls him up anyway. He pretends the roof leaks or the chimney blew down. Ed's so conscientious he really believed us the first few times Alan pulled the gag."

Midway in building the house, Alan was invited to England to attend a Command performance before King George and Queen Elizabeth. It was an invitation he and Sue just couldn't decline, and yet they hated to miss a day of progress on the house. They went, however, and it turned out a fortuitous trip.

In the first place, they found some decorating accessories they couldn't have bought in America. They bought a fireplace set for their bedroom and a copper coffee-maker for the barbecue in the playroom. Sue picked out just the right kind of bone china dinnerware she'd always wanted, and Alan found some unusual miniature scenes in Paris.

They returned home with treasures in hand and hearts in their mouth. How would the house look after all the weeks of work? Their first impression was that it looked pretty large. Then Sue sort of wrinkled up her nose.

The roof had not yet been built and from the plan they decided that it looked too low and too modern. There still was time to make changes, fortunately, so Alan and Sue sat down and practically re-designed their dream house. They remembered things they had forgotten to put in, designs they had seen in Europe; finally they arrived at a definite plan.

What the European trip did for them was sort of to crystallize their thinking. They realized that they wanted a home with a modern floorplan and the latest mechanical aids but with the charm of their old French Norman house.

They therefore called in Gerard Colcord, an architect who likes to design French Provincial and contemporary farmhouses and they asked his advice. He surveyed the problem and said it would be a simple, albeit expensive, matter to raise the roof, lengthen the eaves, and give the house a French Norman farmhouse exterior. Sue and Alan exchanged a glance. "Go ahead," they said.

There were other minor changes as the house was going up. A closet was converted into a trunk room. The pool bathhouses were incorporated into a part of the playroom, and a small den was added to the master suite. Alan was also responsible for changing the garden room.

When you enter the Ladds' house you step into the front hall and your eyes travel straight through the house out to the patio and the pool. Originally, this center area of the Ladd house was to be a garden room with a great deal of interior planting.

"If the idea is supposed to be to bring the outdoors inside, why not go all the way and make sliding glass doors so we can push the walls aside and actually move freely from the garden room to the patio," Alan suggested, and that's exactly what they did.

Ed Warmington built glass doors that slide back into the walls. He also put in a set of sliding screen doors because Sue wanted no nonsense about flies during the summer months. She also arranged the furniture so that the two raspberry colored couches inside are matched by the garden furniture.



Many people believe Shelley has the shape to fill the spot left vacant when Jean Harlow passed away. In Universal's "South Sea Sinner," she gets to sing and dance.

South Sea Sinner

Sensational

Shelley Winters

seizes sexy

siren songs

and sings them

sweet, sad,

and loud!



Jolson-like vim and vigor go into Shelley's actions.



No red hot Mama could be hotter than Winters singing "One Man Woman."
(Could that one man possibly be Edmond O'Brien's writer brother Liam?)



"I'm the Loneliest Gal in Town," sings Shelley; and well might she blush when she says it—a larger falsehood was never fabricated!

"We don't have a name for this room," says Alan, "but we certainly know how to use it. I keep all my cameras stored in the built-in pine cabinets. There's a bar and small refrigerator behind another cabinet-front. And although the room is open most of the time, I find that I sometimes have to close the sliding doors to reroute the parade of children who keep running through when I'm having a business conference at home."

On one side of this "garden area" is the living room. The dining room is on the other side. Both are painted an apple green and the same grey-green carpeting extends throughout—giving the effect of one big room.

Sue Ladd kept their old dining room set because it consists of the French provincial furniture and as such, is quite appropriate in the new house. To it she's added a couple of china display cabinets and a fieldstone fireplace.

The living room is a cool, spacious room overlooking the patio. It's furnished with two over-scale couches, a baby grand piano and the children's portraits. Having figured on them ahead of time, Ed Warmington left four openings over the fireplace. Each niche contains a child's portrait by Frederick Seeley. Each is properly lighted and effectively framed by an antique mirror.

In the corridor that skirts the living room there are also built-in, lighted, display boxes for the miniature scenes Alan brought back from Paris.

Sue and Alan's master bedroom suite is a complete break from the rest of the house. It's brown, dull green, lemon yellow and red. This may be hard to imagine but it looks wonderful. Sue wanted something quite different from the traditional blue or rose bedroom colors so she (with Alan's approval) chose a print with a brown background and all these other colors in it. She used this fabric for draperies, for her bedspread, and headboard, on the fireside chair and also on one wall. "It will easily outwear wallpaper," she claims.

This bedroom suite is also full of well-planned touches. In the corridor leading to the dressing rooms, there's a shallow closet for storing pocket books. There's a corner niche loaded with small, silver-framed pictures of the Ladds' favorite people.

That about sums up the Ladds' exciting new home except for mention of the kitchen and the family room. The latter is a small informal dining room where the family eats most of its meals and holds all of its round table discussions.

The kitchen boasts the latest in equipment and cheerful décor. Alan maintains that all you really need in a house (or so he found out at the ranch) are bedrooms and a big kitchen. Acting on this principle, the Ladd kitchen is good and big with a work table in the center, a large refrigerator, and a large oven. The traffic through this part of the house is something fierce, since the Ladd youngsters do as much entertaining as their famous parents.

About a month after the Ladds were well-settled, Sue and Alan gave a housewarming party. The tour through the rooms went on most of the evening. Towards midnight, one of Alan's friends who'd had a bitter home building experience himself remarked, "It looks great now, Alan, but I bet you never want to build another place, do you?"

Alan nodded towards Sue. "She's ready to begin again tomorrow," he said. "And I would be, too, except for the fact that this is our home from now on, and here we stay."

THE END

THE TRUTH ABOUT SHIRLEY AND JOHN

(Continued from page 28)

and divorce proceedings have begun. We have a sinking feeling deep inside when we think of the home and love which you've built together, only to shatter.

Who's to say that one or the other of you is to blame? You've learned that playing house is entirely different from real life—and that there is no such thing as an "ideal marriage"—unless you make it so.

The entire town of Hollywood along with the rest of the movie-going world was set back on its heels with the news, on October 13, 1949, that you two had separated and that Shirley would secure a divorce. The first reaction was complete incredulity.

Then those who had known both of you began to mull over the facts. You, Shirley, were seventeen and a half when you and Jack were married. Were you mature enough to know your own heart? Or was marriage an experience which you wanted with the same enchanting childishness which had caused you to want a mink coat for Christmas when you were fifteen? Did you, Shirley, upon your separation from Jack, realize even remotely the vast ramifications of divorce? Have you any insight into the regrets that the years might bring?

Some things are certain. Jack adores you, Shirley, and your daughter, Susan. He has made some serious mistakes, but he is a man, a thorough-going man, through and through, and there are not many like him in Hollywood, or in the world. He comes from an excellent background, and it is reasonable to believe that he will mature into a splendid actor and citizen.

Certainly when he married you, Shirley, he wanted, more than anything else on earth, to make your marriage ideal. True, there were many obstacles in the way.

From time to time, close friends admitted that your marriage was not the *Liebestraum* that the world imagined. For one thing, it is a cliché that a young marriage is difficult to operate successfully if in-laws are under the same roof.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple live in the same garden with you. The houses are not more than a hundred feet apart (if that much). You, Shirley, have always been and will always be *The Little Princess* to your family. This is entirely understandable. But it is an attitude not calculated to help a young husband to establish a full-partnership situation with his wife. If he asserts himself in such a case, a husband is all wrong. The wife can dart home to her mother and be certain of sympathy.

You, too, Jack, made some serious mistakes. Sometimes you spent too much time with your golf cronies, and sometimes you took a nip too much to relieve the enormous strain caused by your application to your career.

But you knew when you were wrong. You told a friend, "Shirley seldom gets mad at me except when I make a donkey of myself."

We know, for instance that shortly before you were married, Shirley's eldest brother, Jack, had a man-to-man talk with you. "We know that you're in love with Shirley," said Jack Temple, "and we know that she is deeply in love with you. We think you are getting a wonderful start in life. However, you mustn't think it's going to be easy, because life ahead is sometimes going to be

plenty rough. Forewarned is forearmed.

"We think Shirley is as unspoiled as a girl could possibly be, considering the adulation she has always been given outside of our family, but the fact remains that she is accustomed to attention. Her career is going to cause occasional difficulty. It has in our family; it will in yours. Sacrifices are going to have to be made. In brief, Jack, there are going to be some hills to climb. Some long, steep hills."

You smiled. "We know that," you answered with quiet sincerity. "But when Shirley and I encounter those hills—we'll climb them hand in hand."

You were married on September 19, 1945, while you were still in service.

On September 19, 1949, Shirley, you and Jack celebrated your fourth wedding anniversary by taking a group of friends to the Tail O' the Cock (social and theatrical rendezvous) and on afterward to Ciro's to hear singer Mindy Carson and to dance. Jack gave you a polaroid camera, one of those which produce a completed picture a few moments after the exposure has been made; you gave Jack a handsome pair of distinctively styled gold cuff links.

The first four years of your marriage have involved some hills. Some long, steep climbs . . . but you have made them hand in hand, and if there was not laughter at the time of the climb, at least there was afterward.

In four years Jack has established a career which promises a splendid future. You have become the parents of Linda Susan, now two years old. You have made seven pictures: "That Hagen Girl," "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," "Honeymoon," "Baltimore Escapade" (with Jack), "Fort Apache" (with Jack), "The Story of Seabiscuit," and "A Kiss for Corliss."

Jack has made five pictures: "Fort Apache," "Baltimore Escapade," "I Married a Communist," "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," and "Sands of Iwo Jima."

Many of the hills you have had to climb were those which arise in the path of any young marriage, but some of them were steep paths which occur only when a career in the entertainment world is undertaken.

Jack was still stationed in Utah when he received, to his utter amazement, a contract for consideration from the Selznick Studios. You were with him, Shirley, remember? You were living only a short distance from the post and being very much the Army wife. You and Jack discussed the contract for days. It was one of those provisional things; it merely asked Jack to agree to test for Selznick as soon as he was out of service.

You talked against Jack's considering a picture career . . . or rather, your words were opposed, but your tone was favorable. In effect you said, "It's a terribly difficult business in which the individual is constantly criticized. But, if you were an actor, we could work together, and we'd speak the same professional language. Of course, if it shouldn't work out for you—after seven years of training—it would be late for you to return to school to learn a new occupation. However, I think you would make a success of anything you tried. Acting or any other career."

After several days of listening to this yes-no advice, Jack decided that if the Selznick organization thought his chances were good enough to merit a

test, he should at least make that test.

He did, in January, 1946, immediately after he had been honorably discharged. To this day he speaks of that test with blanching face and a long shudder. "It was," he confides in sepulchral tone, "horrible!"

The Selznick organization did not agree. Was Jack awkward? Yes. Self-conscious and embarrassed? Yes. Overly aware of the camera and the crew? Yes. Over-zealous? Yes. John Agar was all these things and many more. But he also possessed that indescribable thing known as "charm," and it was fondly picked up by the camera. He was photogenic, intelligent, imaginative, cooperative, and gave promise of being hard-working.

He was given a seven-year contract (with the usual option clauses) at a respectable salary. A salary, incidentally, which would have been the envy of almost any young man getting a start in industry, but one which did not approach your salary, Shirley, by many, many dollars.

You approached your joint financial arrangements sensibly. You spent a good many evenings in perfecting a budget. You decided to split, equally, the expenses of the house and to contribute fifty-fifty to funds for recreation, travel, gifts, and entertaining.

The mechanics of your life together established, you busied yourselves with your careers. For eighteen months Jack was given intensive instruction. He had never before been even slightly interested in dramatic activity; he had never appeared in a school play, never given a school speech.

He had to be taught breathing technique, the effective reading of lines, pantomime, the projection of emotion. Eight hours a day, five days a week he was coached.

He would come home at night in a state of depression bordering on complete exhaustion. "I'll never make it," he would tell you. "I do everything wrong. I'm supposed to be this guy whose wife is leaving him. I'm supposed to beg her to stick with me—you know, pour my soul into it. Well, I figure a man should have more pride than that. It's hard for me to understand this joe. The coach says I'll have to make my imagination work a little harder. Harder! I don't know whether I'll make it or not. I'm doing my best, but it isn't good enough."

At the end of eighteen months of training, John Ford saw a test of you, Jack, and asked to borrow you from the Selznick organization for "Fort Apache." You had never been so entirely frightened and unsure of yourself in your life. There came one terrible day when you had to stand on the set and beam into the rafters where, presumably, Shirley was seated at her window. According to the plot, you had brought along a troubadour to serenade your beloved, and you were supposed to announce the fact to her and then to smile romantically upward. (Don't wrack your brain to remember the scene; it was cut because the picture was too long.)

As you looked upward, smiling on cue, your dialogue stuck in your throat and the corners of your mouth froze in a grin while the muscles of your cheeks began to twitch. John Ford (whom you revere, we know) understood your plight and postponed the scene.

During the entire shooting schedule of "Baltimore Escapade," you made it a daily habit to soak yourself with nervous perspiration. The director, meaning to be encouraging, said, "Don't worry about sweating like a stevedore. There's going to be a scene in this script which will call for all the nervous perspiration you can squeeze out. I regard you as being in training for that scene."

The episode referred to by the director was that in the greenhouse when, clad as a gladiator, you were being painted by Shirley. Came the time for the sequence, and you were as cool and comfortable as if you had been acting for thirty years.

We know you laughed about it for days.

But the rough times were not yet over. To a man of your proper upbringing and natural reticence there were many things about accepted Hollywood practice which embarrassed you. For instance, every time a newspaper person came on the set, you were asked whether you and Shirley were planning a family "yet." When you blushed, you were furious with yourself, but you still felt, defensively, that this question was an encroachment on your private life.

Studio counselors explained that the entire world was affectionately interested in the Agars. This interest was expressed in millions of letters of inquiry, and writers were merely trying to keep their readers happy.

Furthermore, every time you had a perfectly normal married spat, the telephone would ring day and night for forty-eight hours while half the population of Los Angeles called to elicit

confirmation or denial of the rift rumors. (Or so it seemed to you two most intimately concerned.)

Wise heads explained to you that this would go on as long as public interest in the Agars continued; that motion picture people were regarded as relatives-in-law by everyone who had ever bought a ticket to a neighborhood theatre, and that the questions were not prompted by a spirit of nasty prying, but by fond solicitude. The romance-loving world was anxious to have its favorite love story continue throughout the years.

Tensions began to build up. When things became too taut, you could always repair to the golf course. There, you had no stage fright. Currently you shoot in the low seventies over a familiar course, in the low eighties over unfamiliar meadow. Don't forget Shirley tried to learn the game in order to develop one more mutual interest, but the going was difficult. On one occasion she shot a 20 on the first hole at Riviera and announced that she had had enough golf to last for a long time.

On another occasion, at Ojai, she insisted on playing eighteen holes to keep you company. As she was returning to the clubhouse, she extended her right hand for your scrutiny. The hand was blistered in five places.

In telling your family about it later you said, "She's a game little thing," and all your love shone in your eyes.

In a final attempt to establish a comradeship with you in the wide open spaces, Shirley took putting lessons from a professional golf instructor. Afterward, you spent a good many evenings at one of the miniature golf courses which still operate successfully in Los

Angeles. You both enjoyed these games.

In spite of Shirley's efforts, there were occasional temperamental clashes in the Agar household. Your dispositions are entirely different. You, Jack, are the "blow-off" type. When you are irked, you say so and get your complaint out of your system. Three minutes later you have forgotten about it.

You, Shirley, contrariwise, don't announce your troubles. You are inclined to keep your complaints within yourself, and to retire into a private silence. Jack discovered, shortly after your marriage, that instead of talking out differences you were inclined to stack the phonograph with a series of classical recordings and listen, out of this world, to the music.

In spite of these differences, however, we believe that you, Shirley, are due for an awakening. Do you realize that you will now be pursued by every wolf in town and that there are few boys like Jack Agar in the world? Jack is a gentleman and we think he is still in love with you.

We urge you, Shirley, not to get into any scandal and we hope it isn't true that you are phoning Johnny Johnston. But we believe you must face these rumors, and do nothing to incite them further.

Perhaps this separation is only one more hill to climb. Perhaps, on the other side, you will join hands again in a true partnership, an adult marriage, which will bring both of you happiness.

Things may not work out this way, but it's the hope of young and old everywhere that you'll both reconsider before it's too late.

THE END

NO HELP WANTED

(Continued from page 44)

Waverly sets the table, usually with the aid of her close friend, Katherine Murray, whom Zack and Elaine call "the fourth Scott." When he gets home from the studio, Zachary mixes cocktails and after dinner, everyone clears and helps with dishes. Their entertaining is informal and simple, on Sunday evenings, candle-light dinners for ten or twelve guests, served buffet style with ham or turkey or a roast prepared in advance or with chafing dishes. Sometimes they barbecue out of doors and serve picnic style. Now that the home is theirs, they hate to go out of it. They can eat when they feel like it and what they feel like, they can be lazy and lie in the sun after chores, they all three work in the garden and get exercise they never had before, and they find a wonderful sense of peace and freedom.

This is an important factor to a guy who has made nine movies in twenty-two months—which is just what Zachary Scott has done. Just completed are: "Death in a Doll's House" with Ann Southern at Metro, and "Bed of Roses" with Joan Fontaine at RKO. "Death in a Doll's House" started while he was still making "Flamingo Road" at Warner's; and he ate his lunch in a stand-by car en route between the two studios.

Now the Scotts are off to New York where he will make "Guilty Bystander," first of the productions of the New York Film Ass'n Ltd. Faye Emerson, Mary Boland and Sam Levine are members of this company which plans to make two pictures a year, one here, one in Europe. Zachary isn't the only member of the Scott household with Eastern plans.

Without mentioning the matter to mother or dad, thirteen-year-old Waverly wrote a letter to Lawrence Langner of the Theatre Guild, asking for a walk-on part in some production this summer. Mr. Langner, who has known Elaine and Zack for many years, wrote back a charming letter. He couldn't promise anything, he said, but if Waverly would like, she might try again when she came to New York. Waverly came to dinner crestfallen that night and told her parents about it for the first time. "I hate to go East without something definitely lined up," she said. Elaine tried not to smile. She assured her daughter gravely that that is exactly how ninety percent of the veteran actors go East. Then she and Zack began talking of the old days when they first went to Broadway. They were just out of university, they had been married while they were still in school and Waverly had been born, but the theatre was in their hearts and they headed straight for it, without anything "definitely lined up."

A backstage baby if there ever was one, Waverly, too, dreams of the theatre and one of the basic tenets of her parents has always been to let their child choose her own life. If a youngster doesn't start developing tastes of her own, how will she ever learn? So the child has been allowed to select her own schools and her own friends and her own interests. What pleases Zack and Elaine is that, loving the theatre as much as her parents do, Waverly says candidly, "I'll have to wait and see if I have any talent." They are proud too because she has passed up private schools to be a student at Emer-

son Junior High where she can know all kinds of people. Her friends include young people of all classes and creeds and with widely varied economic backgrounds.

"When her friends come to the house, it's like a League of Nations," Zack says, "a wonderful thing because Waverly's learning from them above and beyond what she could ever learn in a classroom. It's so important to have an open mind and a flexible one."

Flexible is what the Scotts have always been. Elaine keeps an overnight bag packed at all times so she can be off at a moment's notice; for if Zack has a few days off production, he is likely to come home, cook and garden like mad, or he is just as likely to arrive with that unmistakable glint in his eye, burst in the door and say, "How about a trip—to the mountains, to the beach, to Mexico?" Waverly usually goes along and Kathie Murray too, Elaine and Zack taking turns playing teacher, putting them through the paces their schoolmates will cover in the same stretch of time.

No getting around it, the man with the black moustache who can look wicked before a camera, is a wholesome gent in his own house. There is no pretense or pose in that house and Zack has learned the best way to relax. He wields the vacuum while Elaine dusts and Waverly makes beds, he puts a meal together with the finesse of a gourmet, and fast, he fights mildew on his roses and prunes and weeds. He washes windows and has time to play and to know his two gals. This man has got himself a castle!

THE END

SCOTT BRADY'S SUCCESS STORY

(Continued from page 33)

background, it was a prayer—the Prayer of St. Jude, the Patron Saint of hopeless cases, that effected the miracle of Scott getting his all-important first screen role.

Scott, who shot out in front in the stardom sweepstakes as the result of "Canon City" in which he played an escaped convict, reaches star rating as a cowboy in "The Gal Who Took the West" for Universal-International.

Up until the time he came to Hollywood to stay with his brother, Larry, Scott had never dreamed of acting. As a kid in Brooklyn, he with Larry and a younger brother, Eddie, were crazy about sports like baseball, football, and, inevitably, boxing. He was an average student and played hookey once in a while, but he became a good boxer and won several fights at the Brooklyn Navy Base.

During the war, when he was in the Navy, the athletic director tried to persuade him to become a boxer, but Scott's father talked him out of it. "I don't want any kid of mine to end up punch-drunk."

When the war was over and Scott was released after having seen service all over the South Pacific, he ended up in Hollywood because Larry, by this time in pictures, had moved the rest of the family there.

Scott had no idea what he wanted to do except to spend his discharge money and have a good time after his four-year hitch with the Navy.

He used to pal around a lot with Larry, watch him on the set and often sit in with him at press interviews.

One afternoon, he was having lunch with Larry and a newspaper woman in Lucey's, a popular filmland restaurant, when Hal Wallis, seated nearby, sent word to their table that he'd like to meet Scott.

"You have an interesting face," Wal-

lis told him. "Come to my office tomorrow and I'll arrange a test."

Scott thought this was crazy. He'd never acted before, and while he has a rugged type of good looks, nobody'd ever singled him out in a crowd as having exceptional looks.

He wore one of Larry's suits for the test. Scott was such an amateur about the whole thing that even now he cringes as he remembers what happened when the director, assigned to the test, asked him, "What theatres have you been in?"

"Why," Scott replied easily, "the Chinese, Burma-Indian and Far East Theatres."

"No, no," said the director patiently. "I mean what theatres have you played in—summer stock, little theatre, or what?"

"Oh that," said Scott red-faced. "I've never acted in my life."

Because he was so nervous his voice shook and he didn't know what to do with his big hands, he flopped in the test. But that one shot before the camera did something to him. "I became a ham right away," he says. "I wanted to become an actor—but I had to get experience."

In this, Larry did everything to help. He loaned him his well-tailored clothes so that he'd look good when seeing casting directors. He read lines with him, gave him some solid acting pointers, introduced him around and encouraged him, finally, to go to dramatic school en his GI Bill of Rights.

Larry was always parked in the first row when Scott appeared in a play at the school. When finally, Larry thought Scott had training and looked good on the stage, he brought his agent to see Scott in one of the plays. The agent brought him to Eagle-Lion Studios.

Here is where Scott's story takes an unusual turn.

"The studio was looking for an actor to play a fighter just out of the Navy in 'In This Corner.' The guy was practically me," he says, "but they didn't want to trust the lead to me. Why give it to a jerk who'd never done anything but a couple of plays in dramatic school? I wanted that part more than anything else, because I had a feeling I could do it and that it would give me the start I needed in pictures.

"My mother knew how anxious I was. The morning I was leaving for the studio to be interviewed by the director for the role, she gave me a prayer. It was the prayer of St. Jude, the Catholic saint of hopeless cases. Then I said the prayer and put it in my wallet for luck.

"As I was talking to the director, Chuck Reisner, I took out my wallet to show him some Navy snapshots of myself. When I opened my wallet, the prayer fell out.

"What's that?" Reisner asked.

"I told him it was a prayer my mother gave me to help me get the job.

"He started to smile and fished in his pocket for his wallet. He opened it and also took out a prayer of St. Jude!

"This is my first picture at Eagle-Lion, kid," he told me, "and I'm a little scared myself. That's why I carried this prayer with me today, too! I think we'll get along fine."

"As a result of that, he fought all the way down the line to convince the executives that I could handle the lead. And that's how I got the role."

Scott sat back and lit a fresh cigarette. By this time I was curious.

"I would like to see your prayer," I said. "Will you show it to me?"

A slow smile came over Scott's face. "I haven't got it now. And that's the odd sequel to the story. Brynie Foy saw me in 'In This Corner' and gave me the role of one of the escaped prisoners



Family spirit has done a lot to help Scott Brady's career. Brother Lawrence Tierney (right) helped him get started in

Hollywood. Just as Larry pushed Scott on, so Scott stood by Larry during black periods when he got into front page jams.

in 'Canon City,' the picture based on the actual prison break made at Colorado State Prison.

"Those of us who were playing the escaping convicts were taken to the prison to meet the guys we were to portray. The fellow I was playing had been placed in solitary since his capture. I was taken to see him in that black hole of a cell. The guy was a picture of complete and hopeless despair.

"Look," I told him, 'this may be corny, but I'd like you to take this.'

"I took out my St. Jude prayer and gave it to him. He looked at it and laughed. 'You're a crazy guy,' he said. 'I thought you were going to give me a racy story—instead, you hand me this prayer.' But he kept it."

Scott paused for a minute, then went on in a quiet voice. "A few days after I'd given Jimmy the prayer," he said simply, "he was released from solitary."

I think it's that quality of faith that you'd scarcely suspect in this big, swaggering guy that's made Scott Brady the vigorous personality he is on the screen. Being tough and terrific isn't enough. There's a warmth about him, too, that gives him such tremendous appeal.

It's the tightly-knit family spirit that's responsible for this. The Tierneys (Scott changed his name not to cash in on Larry's fame) are a close Irish clan, all for one and one for all. Mom and Pop are in Hollywood, and they're an integral part of their sons' lives.

They're often on the set, charming everyone around with their mellow Irish wit. Larry and Scott are trying to get their brother, Eddie, a break as a screen writer. Each one helps the other. Just as Larry pushed Scott on and encouraged him to become an actor, so Scott stood by Larry during many black periods when Larry got into those front-page jams. Scott understands Larry as no one else does.

"The trouble with Larry is that he played Dillinger so well that he was always compared with Dillinger," Scott explains. "When he got into a minor escapade it was blown up because of that Dillinger comparison. That started the snowball rolling. Everything he did after that became front-page. Larry's all right. He just finished a picture in Portugal. He's in New York and in wonderful shape. When he returns to Hollywood he'll pick up his career again and be bigger than ever. He's a great talent, and if he was mixed up before, he's certainly straightened out now."

In the meantime, Scott is looking for a house in which the whole family can live. Right now they're all camping in a small Beverly Hills apartment, made even more crowded by the fact that a constant stream of actors and writers flows in all day long, many of them remaining for dinner.

Mom, miraculously, always manages to have dinner for everyone, even the dozen or so "unexpected" guests who seem to be there every night.

Scott enjoys everything. He goes to church and he also has a gay time at Ciro's. He likes to take out the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, but he won't get married until he's well-established and has bought that house for Mom. He's level-headed, but has a reckless, restless nature which he tries to harness.

It's all these contradictory qualities that combine to make him the exciting new rave that he is. After all, wouldn't you know that a tough ex-gob, who carries a prayer around with him, would be like that?

THE END

Diana Lynn's
choice of shoes
is something to
kick up your
heels about!



White satin with a glitter of gold for evening magic.



You'll want open-toed pumps for important dates.



Sling-heel with small platform is perfect for suits.



Ankle straps are flattering—but only with full skirt.

Wear opera pumps in suede for dress; in calf, alligator or lizard for sport.

IF the Shoe Fits

Like most girls, Diana Lynn loves shoes, in all shapes and colors.

But when making additions to her shoe collection, Diana gives careful consideration to three important qualifications.

Her choice must fit her feet, her budget, and her wardrobe.

Diana, who's currently working on "Bitter Victory," has found the five basic styles pictured here most practical for the needs of a busy young actress.

I DRESS ON A BUDGET

(Continued from page 37)

gowns, three cocktail dresses, one suit and two suit dresses, three cottons, one pair of gabardine slacks, a cloth coat and a mink cape stole. The accessories I selected to wear with this new wardrobe were equally basic.

I stuck to four colors: white, black, navy and light blue. I even selected shoes that were classic pumps so that I could wear them with suits or evening dresses. And I accomplished my purpose. I am now ready to go anywhere and feel well-dressed. I'm never caught short, fashionably speaking.

Since acquiring a basic wardrobe I've naturally added to it. The new additions are made according to a strict formula. They must combine with what I already own. For instance, one of my new dressy cottons is a light blue that just matches the blue pumps I had dyed to wear with my white evening dress. I could have had a green, yellow or pink cotton but blue made more sense—budgetwise.

On the same shopping tour I found two darling scarf-and-glove sets. They go wonderfully with the simple black cocktail dress that is part of the basic wardrobe. I think I've fooled a few of my dates and several press photographers into thinking I have three times as many dresses as actually hang in my closet.

I also have a great fondness for what I call dual-purpose outfits. Dresses with tailored jackets and the new sunback dresses with boleroes are the type of thing I mean. Also ballerina skirts with plain or fancy blouses serve two uses. And in my own case, my luxurious mink stole doubles in so many ways that it is worth the initial cost (which was considerable, although my father got it wholesale).

I wear the fur piece as an evening wrap. Over suits it's that added glamour touch. On top of my cloth coat it's the only really warm wrap I own. And whenever I brush against it in my closet, I feel like a star. A feeling like that means a lot in my business.

This business of dressing on a budget is a good way to learn values. I've concluded that there are some cases when it pays to be extravagant. In other words, to buy the best quality. Shoes are one such item. A pair of \$20 shoes will last me three times longer than an \$8.95 pair, and all the time I'm wearing them, I'm well-dressed. I also recommend buying one good leather pocketbook rather than several imitation leather models. Similarly, I prefer a few pieces of real jewelry rather than a drawer full of costume pieces. Then you never run the risk of looking like a trimmed Christmas tree.

Where value really pays off is in selecting good materials and expert tailoring. Given a choice between a pure silk shantung and rayon shantung, wool or cotton gabardine, crease-resistant linen or ordinary linen, it pays to buy the quality merchandise. The cheaper cloth will spot, wrinkle and wear in a hurry. If you were to compare the relative costs you'd find, as I did, that the less expensive fabrics soon make up the difference in cleaning and pressing bills alone.

Expert tailoring is something I know little about. However, I tend to buy most of my clothes at one store and the salesgirls tip me off to a dress that is well-made and one that isn't.

They are very candid. Whenever I'm debating whether I can afford a dress or

Pampered



There's a lot of dog to Ruth Roman's pet, Sean. The mutt looks like a walking advertisement for her newest film, "Always Leave Them Laughing."



Cockatoo that works in Warners' "Young Man with a Horn" gets paid off with lip service and peanuts, both provided by pretty star, Lauren Bacall.

Pets

These animals like to be seen with the best people!



Valentina Cortesa, exciting Italian actress who makes her U. S. film debut in "Thieves' Market," likes cats—especially Siamese.



There's little chance of anyone annoying Barbara Bates while movie dog Flame is around "The Inspector General" set. They're friends of long standing.

not the girls at Amelia Gray's will say, "Frankly, Janet, it's not worth the money." Or they'll advise me, "This is a marvelous buy. It will last a lifetime and you can always remodel it into a new style." Little by little I'm learning to pick out the best values by myself.

One thing I haven't had to learn is how to stretch a clothing dollar. Ever since high school days I've known some pretty economical tricks. For example, asking the family to give you presents in the form of clothes is a good way to stretch the dress budget. Buying things in partnership with another girl, particularly coats, bags, and accessories, is a money saver. Then being able to remodel old things into new styles and knowing how to bargain-hunt are two more smart tricks.

I don't have much time to track down bargains but friends who do, tell me it's a skill in itself. They say that the famous cut-rate stores like Bloomingdale's, Ohrbach's, Macy's and Gimbels are gold mines—if you know what to buy. The best buys, they tell me, are in stockings, underwear, gloves, and hats.

However, in selecting anything else, the principle to remember is to choose the highest priced article in the line. In other words, if you're looking for a silk blouse in a large department store, don't buy a \$2.98 bargain. It won't stand long wear or many washings. Better pay \$8 to \$10 and then you're profiting by the store's volume purchase policy and really getting value for your money.

No matter how much or how little you spend on your wardrobe, it won't be worth the expense unless you take care of your clothes. And it's all in forming the habit.

Now that I'm working as hard as I am, Mother tells me not to bother hanging up my clothes at night. She'll do it in the morning. Somehow I can't help but put them away. I have the habit and it really doesn't take much more effort than dropping them in a heap.

In addition, I make a practice of putting shoe trees in my pumps and stuffing paper in my toeless sandals. All my dress hangers have dust protectors. I keep tissue paper around my pocket-books and tuck my four pairs of white gloves into a silk case.

I never put anything away unless it's clean, pressed, polished and in good repair. I may not be a fashion-setter but I'm always neat and tidy. In fact, the compliment I like best is hearing someone—a certain someone—say, "You look so sweet and clean."

I try to live up to the compliment. It's what I keep in mind as I'm buying new clothes. Out of it has evolved my personal style—demure but not too sweet; plain but not severe; smart but not sophisticated.

By and large, I wear full skirts because they are young-looking. I like little stand-up collars for the same reason. I wear tight waists because mine is small. And I stick to simple unadorned dresses because I'm rather tall. I wear very little jewelry and soft colors for the same reason. Except for one bathing suit and a pair of denim sailing pants, I don't own play clothes. And my favorite, most useful outfit, is a black velvet skirt and beret.

Add it up and you have a complete picture of me, Janet Leigh—operating on a budget. THE END

Don't Miss
LANA TURNER
In February Movieland
on newsstands January 8th

By ANNE ANSLEY

MACDONALD CAREY

(Continued from page 71)

Movieland's Counter Spy

We scouted all over the place to find these "buys" for your personal and gift shopping

ANN PEARCE, UI starlet, really goes for the dainty Charmore Carry-all. It holds a ball point pen, a metal-covered memo book, a pill or powder box, a perfume flacon, and a tiny signal whistle, on a sturdy key chain to hang from your favorite belt. Costs a mere \$2.95.



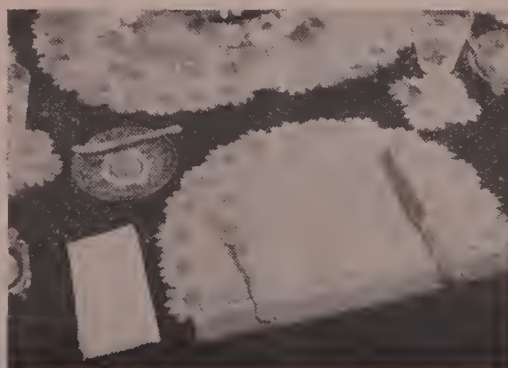
FLAP-JACK is what this unique billfold is called. Draw bills through center opening, fold, and pull out on other side. Nylon stitched, Flap-jack comes in varied colors of morocco leather, pigskin, and cowhide, for men and women. And the price is \$1.00, plus 20% federal tax.



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BRIGHTEN YOUR TABLE with colorful, practical Princess plastic placemats. Every woman adores these easy-to-wipe-off table decorations. This pattern is "Daisy," and costs 75¢ each setting (placemat and glass mat). One of many exquisite Princess designs shown.



Betty was absolutely and firmly convinced all along that the baby would be a girl and thought first of naming her Colleen. "Colleen Carey. . . Wouldn't that look nice in lights?" she mused. But, the saints be praised, she thought better of this and chose Elizabeth, her own name.

"We started right out calling her Lisa, so that she won't be nicknamed Liz or Lizzie later," Betty went on. "I think the combination of Lisa and Lynn is nice, don't you? Because after all, there's less than three years between them and the older they grow, the closer they'll come in age. When Lynn's twenty, Lisa will be eighteen—and from then on they'll seem almost the same age."

Lynn is wonderful with the baby, so proud and possessive and gentle with her, fully aware of her responsibility toward the tiny thing who's something like a doll only better. For, though Lynn's not yet three, she has the personality and poise of a child three times three.

"We've tried to show her that she hasn't taken second place," Betty explained, "and there've only been a couple of instances when she seemed to have any feeling like that.

"One was a night about two weeks ago when we were going out to dinner. Perhaps it was because I'd been home day after day and night after night for so long that she didn't realize I could possibly not be right there with her always.

"She asked me where I was going and I told her and that I wouldn't be back until late in the evening. She stared at me for a moment with a look of such utter desolation that my heart sank. Then she turned and ran as fast as she could to the nurse and flung her arms around her knees. 'Kiss me quick, Nana!' she cried. 'Oh, Nana—kiss me quick!'

"Of course I almost didn't go but I knew that wouldn't be right. She'd have to realize I wasn't deserting her; that I was only taking up normal, active life again."

Luckily for Mac's peace of mind during the long months of anxious waiting—for there was always the big chance that either mother or child (or both) might not survive the ordeal—he was almost constantly at work on a picture. First for Paramount, his home-studio, came "Copper Canyon," then "Song of Surrender" with Claude Rains and Wanda Hendrix. The loan-out to Universal-International followed for "East of Java" and "Comanche Territory" and soon he will go to RKO for "Ricochet," opposite Ann Sheridan.

Perhaps the mink coat he planned to surprise Betty with as a new-mother present wasn't the direct result of all this activity, but it helped. Only Betty discovered the secret by calling him at the studio one day to announce in one of her joking moods that she saw by the papers Saks' was having a special on minks.

"Darn it!" Mac exploded. "For eight years you've spoiled every surprise I've ever tried to give you!"

"What surprise?" Betty asked innocently.

"Why, the mink coat, of course," Mac fumed. "I'm going to give you a mink coat!"

This was a facer because, while Mac's the open-handed one, Betty's the penny-watcher. When he came home she argued

against it and almost convinced him. It cost too much; it was a needless, foolish extravagance. Then, when she saw him weakening, she experienced a strange sinking feeling.

Oh, she wanted that mink so much! She'd been wanting one for years. She suddenly remembered a little cruiser named "Mama's Mink" among the sailboats in Los Angeles Harbor. Perhaps her mink-money wouldn't go for a boat, but it would certainly go for something else—a new car, an addition to the house, the children's education later.

And she wanted that mink now, while she was young and gay and full of love and life. She quavered a few of these thoughts to Mac and he smiled at her.

"You mean I can still have it!" she gasped. "You mean I haven't talked you out of it?"

With the mink coat in the making, Betty thriftily suppresses a wistful desire to have two in help. Always pleased when she finds a special on pork-chops or a good buy in the market, she knows she'll manage with the help she has.

For one thing, her Mother's companion, Anna, is wonderful with Linnie. Instead of telling the little girl to run out and play while cup-cakes are being made, she stands her on a stool and explains each step. Then, when all the ingredients are in the bowl and no harm can be done, Linnie does the stirring. Naturally, they're "Linnie's cup-cakes" at dinner that night.

"But there's no use saying the schedules of a tiny baby and a three-year-old don't conflict, because they do!" Betty declares, being realistic about it. "While Linnie's being given her bath, Lisa's howling for her bottle. The only thing worse, I guess, is having twins! Then they both want the same thing at the same time.

"Lisa's on the standard ten-two-six schedule for feedings, but we relax it—give a little, take a little—if she's hungry before the hour or asleep when it's time to feed her. And we got her off that two A.M. feeding almost at once.

"I nursed her up until a few days ago because until a baby's six weeks old it has no anti-bodies to protect it from disease or other infection. Look at the epidemics that sweep through maternity wards in hospitals! No wonder mother's milk—the only thing that supplies those anti-bodies to the baby—costs twenty dollars a quart if you have to buy it."

Just then Lisa was brought in by her sweet-faced, white-starched Nana to give us an audience. And a beautiful baby she is, with a strong resemblance to Betty's handsome mother.

Betty looked at her proudly. "I don't know why a mother can't say she thinks her child is beautiful!

"Perhaps she does look like Mother. After all, her Mother was one of the Sutton sisters of New York—famous beauties who were painted by every great portrait artist of the day!"

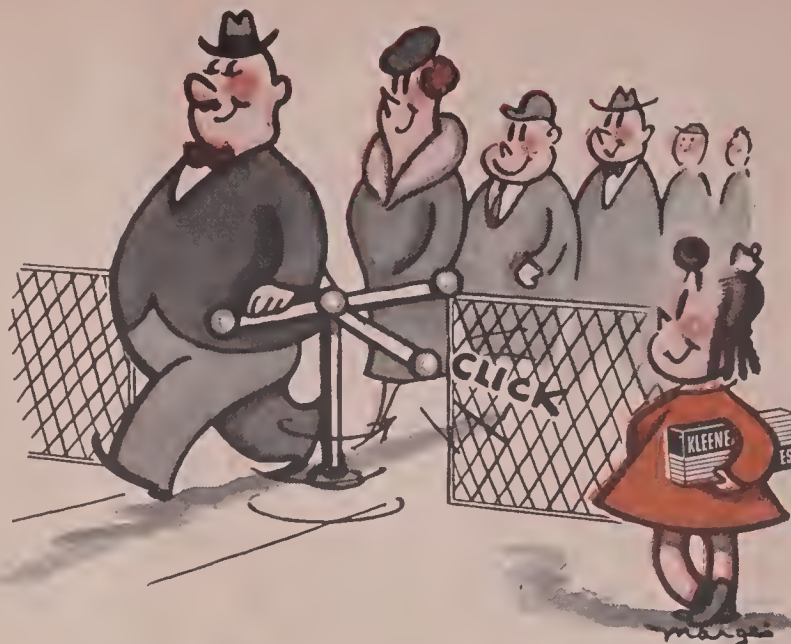
Though the MOVIELAND story on Betty's sacrifice to have Lisa drew sympathetic response from many people, Mrs. Stevens Hecksher of Philadelphia read it with horror. "Is nothing sacred?" she demanded indignantly while Betty soothed her with, "Now, Mother, you're living in Hollywood, you know. You can expect anything."

As I was leaving Betty told me, "In your last article about us you mentioned I was saying a Novena for Mac, and dozens of Catholic women wrote me that they were praying for me, too.

"I'm so grateful. I know their prayers helped me and I'd like you to say thank you to them all for me."

THE END

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I KNOW MYSELF NOW . . .

(Continued from page 30)

comfortable, low-slung ranch house.

As my car's headlights illuminated the digits stencilled on a rural mail box, three lean figures leaped out from the curb. They were Bob and his two sons, Bobby and Mike Walker. Dressed in blue jeans and plaid shirts, they looked like three stringbeans which fittingly enough happens to be the name of their home: La Casa de las Ejotes (stringbeans in Spanish).

"I think," I said jokingly, "I could have found the place without your searching party."

Bob grinned. "This is no searching party. The boys and I hang out here practically every night. We like to sit on the curb and watch the cars whiz towards the beach." His sons smiled politely. "This is Bobby," he introduced, "and Mike."

The "stringbeans" were already climbing onto the tailgate of my Jeep station wagon. I eased the car into gear, and we putt-putted up the lane. "Gee, Dad!" Mike blurted out, "this is the kind of car we need for our camping trips. If we took the back seats out we could even sleep in it."

Bob shook his head. "How do you like these guys?" he asked. "I make them working partners. I pay them fifty cents an hour, and right away they want to become big shots and start buying cars." He chuckled; it was a chuckle of parental pride and camaraderie.

Bob Walker and his two boys enjoy an ideal father-son relationship. Bob takes the boys to a drive-in movie about once a week; he referees their boxing matches every Saturday morning, and they in turn clip the shrubs, do some of the gardening, and it's quite apparent from their conversation that they all love and respect each other.

The rest of the Walker household consists of Pedro, the Filipino cook who strives mightily but vainly to put weight on his three charges, and Buck, who has the official title of nurse, but is actually more of a family friend.

Buck was hired as a concession to the boys' mother. Jennifer Jones wanted the peace of mind which comes from knowing that an experienced nurse is living in the house. At first, Bob disapproved of the idea, being reluctant to have a woman in his ranch-like scheme of living. Besides, he felt that the boys were too old for a nurse, but finally he gave in.

"I'm glad I did," he admits. "Buck is just what we needed. Her presence keeps us from getting too raucous or rough. She keeps a check on our table manners. Besides if it weren't for her, I'd have to do all the darning and mending."

Yes, Bob Walker has come the full circle, all right. From a neurotic recluse who once felt that the whole world was against him, he has returned to a normal way of life; and it wouldn't at all surprise me, if one of these days he turned up with another Mrs. Walker.

As a matter of fact, I asked him what sort of social life he was leading.

"Well," he said, "I see all my friends like Charlie Trezona, who's also my business manager, and Pete Lawford and the Gene Kellys, but my social life for the most part is centered around the boys."

"Don't you go to parties or have dates?" I persisted.

"Come to think of it," Bob said, "I've only worn a tie about five or six times

since I got back to Hollywood in May. I had dinner at Dore Schary's one evening. I wore a tie then. Another night, Pete and I went to a concert at the Hollywood Bowl with director Norman Taurog.

"My first party since coming back from Topeka was at Pete's. It was an informal, casual kind of evening. Most of the guests were non-movie people. They dropped in during the evening, played games, danced to records and joked a lot. I thought they were an attractive bunch and a week later I asked one of the girls I met there for a date. I took her to see 'New Moon' at the Greek Theatre. I wore a tie that night, too.

"Then about a month ago I decided to pay back my social obligations. Pedro and I put our heads together and planned a party. The boys were in Yosemite with their grandparents and I felt the moment was right for a good, gay time. It worked out that way, too.

"I asked about thirty people and thirty-eight came. A lot of the guests had never been to my home and I felt pretty pleased about showing it off. Pedro served a magnificent midnight supper. I had the foresight to invite talented guys like Keenan Wynn, Andre Previn and Gene Kelly who can't help but improve a party.

"Anyway, it lasted until 5:00 A. M.; only two glasses were broken and absolutely no food was left by anyone."

From Bob's social life, I switched the conversational gears to his well-publicized crack-up. "If you don't want to talk about the Menninger Clinic," I said, "and your treatment and subsequent recovery, that's all right with me, except that an awful lot of stuff has been written about it. And I'd like to hear exactly what happened from your own lips."

Bob took a deep breath. "I don't mind talking about it at all. Matter of fact, I think the whole subject of psychiatry is pretty darned exciting.

"I don't mind telling you that most of my difficulties were treated by psychoanalysis, and as a result, I'm a happier individual and a better father to Mike and Bobby."

Bob then started to explain that he was trying to give his sons a sense of security. He was doing this first by establishing a daily routine. They go to school at a set time. He comes home at a regular hour. Saturdays and Sundays are excitingly planned, but in general, things are calm and repetitious.

He is also giving the boys a definite, undeniable assurance of his love. "Not that you have to tell children you love them," he pointed out, "just do it, and they'll know. It's funny but I've found out that you can scold kids, punish them, disagree with them and be darned strict and they won't mind so long as your love's behind the severity."

Something of this type of basic security was lacking in Bob Walker's childhood. Whether it was an unconscious omission on the part of his family or whether it was due to his always being a "skinny boy with glasses" doesn't matter. The end result was the same.

Bob grew up feeling alone, acting shy, and thinking that he had to prove his worth to himself and the rest of the world.

This feeling of inferiority is common to a lot of people. In its most innocent form, it's hoping you won't have

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to take the lead. It's wanting to be noticed and yet avoiding attention. Finally, it manifests itself in shirking responsibility and then hating yourself and everyone else for your inadequacy.

In Bob's case he grew up with more than his share of self-doubt. Through school at the San Diego Army and Navy Academy and then at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, he knew he was no great shakes. He was shy, uncertain of himself but he kept trying. Finally he met and married a shy little actress by the name of Phyllis Isley. They had two sons and Bob became a popular radio actor, also earning a fair measure of self-confidence.

This gain was lost, however, when Phyllis came to Hollywood, took the professional name of Jennifer Jones and won an Academy Award in her first picture. Although Bob followed her west with a movie contract of his own, things were never quite the same. Ultimately, the secure pattern of their marriage broke.

Bob admits, with remarkable detachment, that if he had had proper help at any given point in his life, he might not have arrived at the extreme state of depression which eventually overcame him. As it was, he kept things to himself. He pretended he didn't care. And it was a long time before he realized that he needed psychiatric care.

"One of the unfortunate shortages in this country," says Bob, "is in trained psychiatrists. There are only about 1400 in the whole United States. Los Angeles a city of four million has less than one hundred qualified men. This means that treatments are expensive. But even if you can afford medical help, you don't always know when you need it. And this is where public education is needed.

"Of course I'm not a trained psychiatrist and know only from my own experience but I think the next best thing to seeing a practicing psychiatrist when you're troubled is talking to a friend or a family doctor or a minister—someone who will listen to your expression of doubts, and your feeling of inadequacy, without censure. To have this confidant assure you that other people in the world, a lot of them, are unhappy, frightened

and alone is the most comforting thing you can hear."

Bob had plenty of friends but none of them could offer the kind of help he needed. Instead, he did what is quite common in such cases. He turned to alcohol. His friends watched and waited and hoped he'd snap out of it. But he didn't. Except for the time he spent with his sons, he was miserable and combative. He fought with the studio; he fought with the law. Every day was just a little worse than the last.

Finally, a friend did step in. Dore Schary, production head of MGM, called Bob to his office and laid it straight on the line. He said Bob could throw away his life, embarrass his employers, jeopardize his sons' future, and continue on at the reckless pace he was going—or he could take a trip to a mental hospital.

The hospital Dore Schary recommended was the Menninger Psychiatric Hospital in Topeka, Kansas. This clinic is a well-established institution with a long record of cures but it is a small, exclusive hospital. It only cares for about 65 resident patients and about 200 non-resident. Consequently, there is a long waiting list; the course of treatments is expensive.

"I was fortunate to get in," recalls Bob. "But once in the hospital I rebelled against help of any sort. It took one final highly publicized fight to make me so ashamed that I wanted to meet the doctors half way."

Before his year was up Bob felt ready to return to work. "I'm not a new person, as some people seem to expect me to be," explained Bob. "I know myself now. I no longer hide my anxieties. I bring them out in the open and live with them. And what a relief it is, too.

"I'm going back to the clinic in a few months, however, for further analysis and a sort of renewed emphasis on my new-found confidence.

"Meanwhile I'm doing my best to be a good father, a sound actor and a substantial person."

Bob Walker's best is good to a superlative degree. And that's because he knows himself now.

THE END

LOVE TAKES A BEATING

(Continued from page 51)

game. She loves to be seen dining in public with Audie or being escorted by him to the latest party. She believes firmly that this is part and parcel of marriage.

A friend who knows them both very well told me this: "During the war, Audie volunteered for every dangerous mission. He felt that he was single, that no one would miss him if he were killed. He gambled with his life. Now, he is willing to gamble with what little success he has had on the screen; he has thrown all his money into his marriage, decorating and furnishing an apartment for Wanda.

"Wanda, on the other hand, knows how tough it is to earn a dollar, and she's held on to her money very tightly. She's also nursed her career very deftly. I think Wanda wants both husband and career. I think Audie wants only Wanda."

This may be an over-simplification of the true story; and in the final analysis the true story may well be that Audie and lovely little Wanda really didn't know each other when they got married last January 28th.

You see, Audie fell in love with Wanda when she was a picture on the cover of Coronet Magazine.

He looked at that picture, and in his mind there came visions of the typical American girl, the young little sweetheart who wanted only home and children and a husband to protect her.

You know how it is, I'm sure. You go to the movies, and you fall vicariously in love with Gregory Peck or Clark Gable or Betty Grable; and for a few minutes you imagine them to be in real life exactly the characters they played on the screen.

I know that Audie looked at that cover-girl picture of Wanda, he looked at that cover at a strategic time in his life, at a time when he was fed up with the so-called Hollywood glamor dolls, at a time when he wanted and needed a plain sweet girl born of the soil and the backwoods and the rural life.

Wanda, he felt, was all that. He took the magazine to a publicity man he knew at Cagney's, his first Hollywood employer. "Y' know," he said, and his voice was pregnant with bashfulness, "I'd sure like to meet that girl."

It was arranged, and the two youngsters met. No, it wasn't love at first sight. But it wasn't dating at the right nite-

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spots, either. Audie and Wanda went hunting and fishing and horseback riding; and they told each other the stories of their lives.

Wanda told Audie how she was born in the Florida backwoods of poor, plain people, how her father used to work as foreman in a logging camp. She told him how she attended dramatic school in Jacksonville and was brought to Hollywood by a Warner Brothers scout when she was only fifteen.

Audie felt that her background was akin to his, albeit much more fortunate.

Audie is one of nine children. His father was a Texas share-cropper. As a youngster, he rarely had enough to eat. In ten years, he was given one or two new suits. Practically every stitch on his back was a hand-me-down.

When he was sixteen, his mother died. His younger brothers and sisters were placed in an orphanage; he was left to get along as best he could. He wandered over the face of Texas, supporting himself doing odd jobs. When the war came, he tried to enlist in the paratroops. He was turned down, underfed. He tried the Marines. Turned down. Underfed.

Finally, the infantry accepted and sent him overseas. He volunteered for the most incredibly dangerous jobs in the war. Time and again he was shot and wounded, but somehow he hung on; and soon he became the most decorated infantryman in Italy, then the most decorated infantryman in the entire war.

By 1945 when Wanda Hendrix was an obscure character-part player in Hollywood, Audie was one of the most publicized young men of the nation.

His picture was plastered over the cover of Life. Jimmy Cagney saw it and offered him a contract.

Audie came to Hollywood. Believe me, he didn't know what the score was. Luckily, he has an intuitive sense about people. There were hundreds who tried to exploit him. Girls, for example, who were nothing but celebrity-hunters invited him to parties in order to show him off. They treated him as if he were some rare insect they'd just caught and wanted to share with the world.

After a while, Cagney let Audie out. The hero's first impulse was to return to Texas, to the little town of Kingston where he felt at home. A friend of his, however, Harry Reginald, urged him to stay on. Another friend, Terry Hunt, told him to try and write his war memoirs.

But Audie had very little money and no place to stay. No one would give him room or board. He felt a little embittered. Who wouldn't? One moment when he'd been under contract to Jimmy Cagney, he'd been Hollywood's darling. Now, without a contract, almost everyone gave him the brush-off. But not Terry Hunt. Terry insisted that Audie remain in Hollywood and live in the rear of his gym where he'd put up a few cots.

Audie did this, at the same time working on his book; and it was during this period that he first met Wanda.

As I've said before, it wasn't love at first sight. As a matter of fact, after Audie dated Wanda a few times, he realized that here was a girl madly, desperately, in-

tensely in love with fame. He then wanted to call it quits.

He was nothing, he felt, but a broke ex-soldier. Wanda was on her way up, the star of "Miss Tatlock's Millions."

What future did they have? He had no money. How could he possibly support such a wife? At this point, a producer named Paul Short entered Audie's life. He offered Audie the lead in "Bad Boy," a picture dealing with the Variety Clubs of America, contingent of course, upon the results of his screen test.

Before Audie could test for the role, however, the French Government asked him to come over to France to receive several awards. Audie went. When he returned, he discovered that his book of war memoirs, "To Hell and Back," had been accepted by a publisher. On the economic strength of that, he became engaged to Wanda.

But these two had only two weeks together. Wanda flew to Italy to co-star in "The Prince of Foxes" with Tyrone Power.

It's old hat, but let's face it. Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Five thousand miles apart, Wanda and Audie imagined themselves more in love than ever.

Audie took every bit of money he could get his hands on and began to furnish an apartment for his intended. Having secured the lead in "Bad Boy," he felt he was in a spot to propose marriage.

As soon as Wanda returned, he did; and they were married.

Living together day after day, each discovered what the other was really like.

Wanda, for example, was surprised to learn that her cooking didn't make Audie the happiest man in the world.

Audie, for example, was surprised to learn how highly his wife cherished a screen career.

Wanda banked her money each and every week.

Audie spent his on his younger brothers and sisters whom he took out of the orphanage in Texas. He also insisted upon paying all the household expenses despite the fact that Wanda's salary is greater than his.

It's entirely possible that after the newness of their togetherness wore off, after the excitement and passion of the honeymoon dissipated itself—it's entirely possible that these two fell out of love with each other.

Starred together in "Sierra," they went on location for two weeks. If ever there was a God-given opportunity for a reconciliation, for an ironing out of differences this was it. And yet, when they returned—the fundamental differences in outlook and temperament remained unaltered; and they decided to separate.

There are many who say philosophical-ly that young love never runs smoothly, and that Audie and Wanda will get back together again, because they really love each other.

I hope with all my heart that's true. But somehow, I think each is in love with an ideal that first came to life for them on the cover of a magazine. And living with a magazine cover can be pretty empty at times.

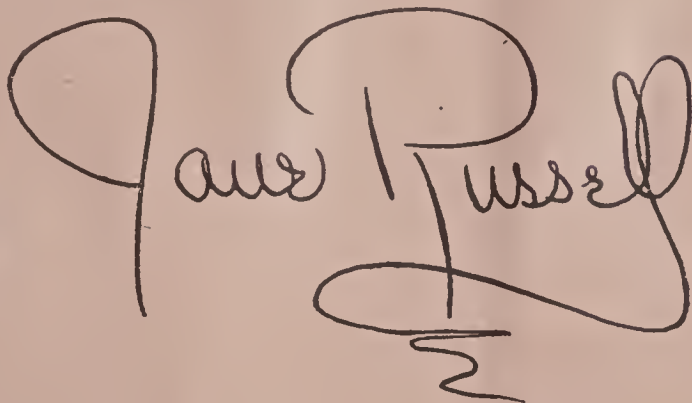
THE END

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By HELEN KING

★ Movie fans, who are surprised to find their swashbuckling heroes conservative, quiet men and the sirens naïve at heart, are due for a bit of shock when they see Jane Russell's signature. She portrays "personality plus" on the screen, is personality itself, and writes a personality style. Her large and curvaceous signature is fitting for the curvaceous Jane Russell.

Do you write like Jane Russell? Do you have the overstuffed "I" in place of a "J"? Then you are conscious of your public, of your association with personality in the work. You are anxious to make good in a personal, as well as professional, way.

Do your capitals appear to be twice the size of the small letters? If so, what you do you want to do well. Do you reverse an "n" so that it is mistaken for a "u"? This shows adaptability, a willingness to make the best of a situation.

So far all signs point to an extrovert; yet the upright style of the signature indicates a definite reserve in some manner. Thus we know Jane Russell usually allows her head to rule her heart. She can think clearly and unemotionally.

Is Jane Russell shy? Many have asked that question! Her handwriting shows a combination of sensitivity (in the uneven small letters) and the desire to be somewhat reserved (in the slant). Yet the size of the writing and the underscore add up to some extroverted tendencies.

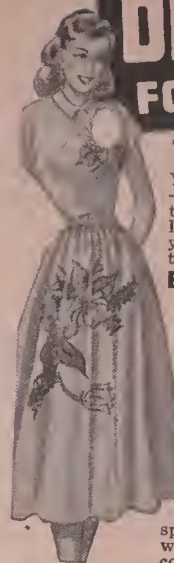
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MY WIFE, BLESS HER!

(Continued from page 61)

conscious of the "school children" at all, it was only when they were reading (with no intent to buy) a movie magazine which we coveted (but had no intention of buying either).

Well, that's the end of chapter one: It leaves the heroine filled with disdain, and it leaves the object of her disapproval filled with the knowledge that he was about to report to Marine Corps boot camp in San Diego.

When this cocky type emerged from boot training he was no longer cocky, although he was still a type.

A number of things had combined to remove both his high spirits and his low humor. For instance: A magazine story entitled "One-Punch Lundigan" had been written about this chastened buck private just before he was given his first flat-top haircut. His ever-lovin' buddies had altered the title to read "Punch Drunk Lundigan" and had pasted the story on his bunk shortly before Saturday inspection. You can imagine the rest. . . .

Eventually I was sent to Quantico, Virginia, for what is laughingly known as "further training." Actually it consists of the final step in converting flesh and blood into duraluminum.

Whenever I could get a weekend pass I went up to Washington to visit friends. The friends provided me with a date with a luscious number, by then blossomed into womanhood. She was of course Rena Morgan. We went steady for something like two weeks before I was shipped to the Pacific.

I asked Rena to write. She said she would, and she did. She wrote one letter every day without fail. Sometimes she wrote twice. They were good letters, funny, blithe, *civilian* letters. She kept me hep about what was doing in the theatrical business, what was new to sing, to see, to think, to talk about.

I wrote when I could, but there were plenty of times when I couldn't, and plenty of times when I didn't want to write. Every man I knew had a case of jungle fever. We were scared, sick, lonely, miserable, hot and dirty; we had the g.i.'s and the jitters.

And then I was on a ship returning to The States in July, 1945. When we reached Honolulu, I telephoned Rena. There were only about two thousand people listening in on that conversation (for purposes of military security, among other reasons) so I could scarcely hear her and she could hear me only in surges. I suppose the important thing was merely the sound of the voice, whether the words had meaning or not.

We were married on August 18, 1945, (just two weeks after I hit the mainland); the nuptial mass was performed by a priest who was a friend of mine and who had a parish in a small community near Los Angeles.

Because I was still in the Marine Corps (I had worked myself all the way up to corporal) I had to report to San Diego to await my discharge. There Rena and I took a honeymoon suite in one of the best hotels. Our windows afforded us a view of the entire city, and the appointments of our rooms were, in my jungle opinion, the ultimate in luxury. Even so, I had to roll out every dawn at 0400 hours, which is four A.M. to a civilian, so that I could report for duty at 0500 hours.

My first duty each day was to clean the lady marines' powder room from five until six.

When I was discharged, we returned to Hollywood, finally found a small apartment, and settled down to rebuild my picture career. Nowadays I feel that with "Pinky" and "Oh, Doctor" completed, both of which have been well received by people who are competent to judge such things, I may regard myself as a guy with a job he likes and one which promises a pleasant future. I hope.

Meanwhile, after four years of apartment living, Rena and I have rented our first house and are operating our first front lawn. This is causing Rena a good deal of mental anguish. Dogs have a fascinating habit of preferring our lawn to all others in our vicinity.

Rena, exasperated, finally learned about a compound to be placed upon the grass to discourage the dogs. She discussed it with me. (We agreed when we were married to take no major step without a family conference, and this situation was plainly fundamental.)

I said I thought it would be a waste of time—the compound would probably be as unpleasant to the nostrils of human beings, us for instance, as to the trespassers. My opinion was overruled and Rena decided to spread our lawn with the anti-canine gook.

It served its purpose. It drove the dogs completely off the lawn. Instead, they come up on our front porch.

Because I laughed evilly at this development, Rena is almost as irked with me as she is with man's best friend. However, I think a truly inspiring wife should inspire her husband to laughter as well as to heights of accomplishment.

We have another little family joke. Rena read an advertisement praising a certain type of tea table. The price was absurdly small. "It's exactly what we need," said Rena, who loves a bargain as much as the next woman does.

I agreed that the portable affair would be convenient, but I added that I thought we should get a good one while we were about it. I felt that the advertised item was too cheap to be reliable. Again I was overruled. Rena bought the wagon, and I must admit that it was handsome. "Some hidden flaw," I suggested.

Several weeks later, when we had guests, Rena wheeled in her acquisition and was just about to accept compliments upon her dessert service when one of the wagon legs broke. Glasses, dessert, napkins, and plates flew in every direction.

When I came home the next evening, the wreck of the cart had mysteriously disappeared. I have asked no questions and we have never discussed the tea tray since.

According to divorce statistics, the most frequent cause of marital difficulty is the handling of money: how it is to be spent and when; how much is to be saved; what division of income is to be made between the partners.

During our first month of marriage, Rena and I worked out a budget. She set up the fanciest bookkeeping system I've ever seen . . . and it works! She can tell within minutes exactly how much we've paid for everything we've purchased during the years of our marriage. She has all the statistics about grocery cost, insurance premiums, car upkeep, clothing expenditures, dental and medical fees, and last but not least, the total of our income tax.

Rena's management gives me a feeling

of overall security and of having a steady partner on whom I can rely. This is important to any man. Another fact of emotional importance to me is this: Rena has always saved enough money from her household funds to buy Christmas, birthday, and anniversary gifts for me.

When we had a large enough balance in a savings account to permit us to buy a second car, I discussed the possibility with Rena. At first I had planned to buy the car and surprise her, but I changed my mind and concluded that it was a corporation topic. We finally agreed that we would remain a one-car family.

Rena drives me to the studio in the morning and picks me up, after I have called to let her know how late we will be working, at night. When I have a day off, I drive Rena to the market and on whatever other errands she must do, before I take the car to the golf course.

We feel that, by following this plan, each of us knows at all times where the other is. In the olden days a family was built on interdependence; we think the automotive age has interfered with this fine basis for family life, but we don't intend to let the age in which we live make us independent or unmindful of one another.

Rena has absolutely no interest in a public career for herself, but she is deeply interested in my career. When I am studying a script, she cues me. When I confide to her some "inside" information I've heard, she remembers it whenever she thinks the facts will be of importance to me, but I have never, never known her to be guilty of a breach of tact when we are out in company.

Every man wants to confide in his wife, knowing that such confidence is not going to be abused. Sometimes, I've noticed, women are inclined to talk too much and to tell too much simply in order to hold the limelight for a moment. That sort of thing may please a woman's ego, but it is likely to alienate her husband.

Rena is an excellent cook. Since home-making is a woman's basic job, I admire a woman who is able to prepare a delicious dinner, to serve it with charm, and not to hint that she has destroyed herself in the process.

Not only does Rena know her way

around the kitchen as *Iturbi* knows his way along the keyboard, but she has made it a point to keep a record of the foods I like extremely well, of those I can take on occasion, and of those I think should be buried in a remote spot.

One night I overheard her talking to two of our feminine dinner guests. One asked if Rena had ever prepared a certain dish. Rena said she hadn't because I didn't like it. One of the girls announced airily, "I cook what I like whether Tom likes it or not. When we have dinner guests, I prepare what they like, no matter what Tom thinks."

Rena answered, "Nothing that Bill dislikes ever comes into this kitchen."

I suppose some people would insist that a hostess should prepare the favorite dish of her guests, regardless of a husband's opinion. However, I hold that contentment in a home is something that no chef could hope to imitate.

Of course the most wonderful thing that a good marriage does for a man is to give him self-confidence. It's a rough and tumble world, no matter what profession a man happens to choose, and there are always days when a man returns home after having taken a figurative beating of some kind. If he can retire to the safety of his "castle" and find haven there—a warm welcome, tender understanding, and the source of renewed courage, he is lucky.

There are also days when a man has scored a triumph of some kind; at such times the praise of the world is sweet, but the most intense satisfaction and the most lasting thrill is that awarded by the woman he loves.

In this world it is not difficult to find someone to love. Love can be poured into hobbies (this is sublimation, of course); it can be lavished on children, on parents, on pets; but it is rather difficult to find someone to love you. Love is easy to give; rare to get. That is why, when a husband knows truly and permanently that he is loved, he should be grateful day and night for that boon.

Yes, marriage is a great institution, and a wife is a great inspiration.

Especially Rena, my wife; bless her!
I'm a lucky, lucky guy!

THE END

LETTERS FROM A DOTING DAD

(Continued from page 65)

Had you been one of six, Judy, I would not run the risk of spoiling you, or loving you too much. Too much attention is as bad for a young child as too much shade for a young tree. In order to survive and to grow strong, a child and a tree must not be protected too much; they must learn to deal with the elements of life.

From one thing you have not been protected; like millions of other boys and girls throughout the world, you are a child of divorce. That mere fact is not, in itself, important. What is important is the interpretation given to you of the idea of divorce.

Divorce doesn't take place in a court, really; it has already taken place months, sometimes years, earlier in a human heart. A divorce is merely the written acknowledgement of a fact that has existed for a long time.

I want you to realize this, Judy, so that you will have neither fear nor awe of the word "divorce." As you grow older, I will try to explain what elements of life are to be feared and held in awe. I will try to help you to choose a way

of life which will not include such words as "disillusion," "despair," "anger" and "heartsickness."

That promise of guidance is merely one more Christmas gift which I am sending you on this December 24th, which you won't see, as it hangs on your Christmas tree, my beautiful daughter.

LATER: (same day) Here I am, in the air over Detroit, heading westward to Hollywood and you.

What a break! My attorney called about four hours ago with the news that your mother was willing for me to take you on the morning of December 25, this year. I made plane reservations, commuted from Hartford to New York, descended upon the toy shop of F. A. O. Schwarz, to buy your second Christmas, telephoned Hollywood to ask your nurse to pick up a Christmas tree and decorate it, and somehow managed to catch the plane. It seems almost too good to be true.

I'm looking forward to the next six months with eagerness, Judy, and with gratitude to the fates for having given me such a daughter as you. While reminiscing I'm remembering the fun I had

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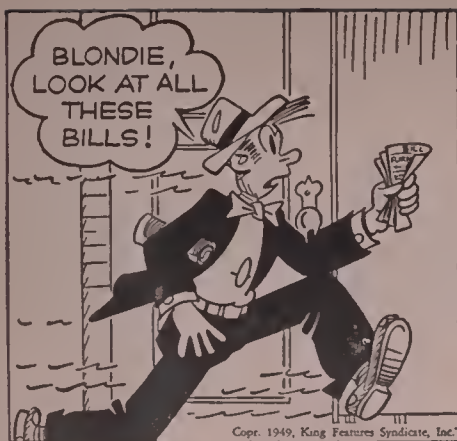
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last year when I sent you off to school. It had been my habit to take you to school each morning, a twenty minute trip from our house in Malibu, and to pick you up each afternoon.

For the first week, you were thrilled to have me escort you to school and meet you afterward. You chattered all the way, and you were filled with reminiscences when school was dismissed.

Then, you began to grow accustomed to me. You read your comic books, or studied the scenery. I was old stuff to you, and you were taking me, for granted. That being the case, I must see somewhat less of you for a time in order to regain my status as an interesting person in your life!

Then there was the day I discovered another side to your personality.

I don't suppose there are more than a dozen men in the world who really understand women. It is man's nature to be straightforward; it is woman's nature to be oblique. I learned this morning, my small daughter of Eve, that you are, believe me, intensely feminine.

You had asked to remain at home from school, not because you were ill, but simply because you didn't feel like going to school. I told you laughingly that school was as much your responsibility as working at the studio was mine, and I delivered a brief lecture about everyone having to work in this world.

You stared out of the window with a sigh. At length, darting a swift glance in my direction to catch the effect of your words, you said, "Gee, I miss my mommy."

You knew that you had hurt me, as you had meant to do. Afterward, you came out for breakfast wearing a big smile. You cuddled up to me and chattered like a magpie. I accepted this as apology. I think you had learned an important lesson in life: Words are weapons, and we must be as cautious in handling them as if they were loaded guns.

Shortly after my birthday we celebrated yours. You were six. Such an important age! You were ready for school, not just kindergarten, and you had to be regarded as a young person, not merely as a little girl.

Your birthday party turned out very well, I thought. There was a puppet show for your guests (I couldn't count all of them, but it was quite a crowd) and afterward a movie. Then there was cake, ice cream in fancy shapes, favors, fruit punch, and I don't know what all.

The gift you seemed to enjoy most was a collection of vari-colored modeling clay. To my amazement, it did not find its way into anyone's curls or ruffles. Perhaps you are going to turn out to be a sculptor instead of an actress, or in order to justify the shapes of some of your animals, you may have to turn African explorer.

All this brings to my mind another problem I faced last year!

A father in my spot is faced with the constant temptation to be a mother. I think this would be a great mistake; life is lived by two sexes, and the lives are quite different.

When I was taking a shower this morning, you wanted to join me. Now I know that some enlightened parents believe in mixed bathing, but that wouldn't do for me. I would be embarrassed; you would sense my embarrassment, and an unpleasant situation would have been created between us. A mother can bathe with her daughter; a father can bathe with his son.

I hope, as you grow up, you agree with me that simple human dignity must be maintained in the home. If one doesn't learn it there, one is at a loss forever,

because manners—like straight teeth—must be secured while one is in the formative period.

Do you remember the fun we had around Easter? You and I flew to Palm Springs for the weekend in order to rid you of a cold. We were met at the resort by a friend of mine and her sister. Their cottage at La Quinta Hotel was just down the walk from ours.

When you first met my friend, several weeks ago, you didn't care much for her. A terrific case of green-eyed jealousy. But she liked you, and she understood the reservations you might have about her.

I think your problem was solved over this weekend. You had to realize that at some time there may be another woman in my life. Sometimes I think I would be a fool not to marry again; sometimes I'm on the other side of the fence. But in case such a thing should happen, it is important for you to be prepared.

You were aloof and hostile with my friend right up to the very moment when we decided to drive back with the girls instead of flying. You and my friend sat in front with me, and we hadn't driven ten miles before you became car sick.

My friend was wonderful with you and helped you as much as she could. At last you gave up your jealousy and realized that you, too, had found a friend. You curled up on her lap with your head on her chest, and you slept soundly all the rest of the way home.

I'm thankful that we have passed that particular hurdle in our life together, Judy. From now on you will be able to accept my friends without question.

May brought the flowers and another milestone, my dear. We decided you were to have a small allowance. And I gave you the following advice.

Money will not buy happiness, although it will buy some substitutes for it. But money, badly managed, will buy misery . . . more misery than you can imagine. Perhaps the best rule to follow, until you understand financing, is simply this: Never buy more than you can pay for with last week's salary.

This was to be our last month together during this year, so I took a new series of pictures of you, Judy. I suggested that several of them be framed and placed in my bedroom. Our housekeeper informed me, "You have thirty-four pictures of Judy in your bedroom now."

She was right. So I replaced some of the old ones with the new, that's all.

August was a wonderful month because you telephoned one morning. Last spring, while we were in Malibu, I taught you to manage a dial telephone and to read telephone numbers from the book, because I felt certain that the day would come when you would think of me . . . and a telephone . . . in the same instant. You didn't disappoint me, Taffy-top.

What you had to say was a big thrill, too. "Mommy says that I may spend the weekend with you. Can you come for me right away?" And then you added in a burst of confidence, "Oh, Daddy, I've missed you!"

Once again you were asleep in your own room, and the house seemed full of happy importance. These unexpected visits give my life much of its excitement, and make it possible for me to get through the months during which we are parted.

Now I'm getting ready to see you again. The house is waiting for you. Your small bedroom slippers are placed neatly beside your rocking chair—and January 1, 1950, is not too unbearably far away.

Your Dad is waiting for you.

THE END

Mickey's Back

Rooney's
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Big Wheel"
at
home
and in
his new
U.A. film



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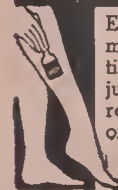
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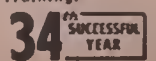
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SAMSON AND DELILAH (Paramount)

No two ways about it—Cecil B. de Mille is a master motion picture maker.

It will move you, thrill you, set your heart pounding furiously, stun you, chill you, inspire you, and awe you.

Samson, as portrayed by Victor Mature, is as believable as any contemporary character.

The thrilling scene where he kills the lion with his bare hands will have you rooted to your seat. It is then he attracts Semadar, daughter of the Philistines (played by Angela Lansbury), who marries him only to betray him on their wedding night. In the debacle that follows, Semadar, and all the wedding guests are killed.

Though Samson loves Semadar, it is Delilah who is thrilled by him; and Hedy Lamarr is a breathtaking Delilah.

Following the Bible story faithfully for the most part, the film is deeply religious in feeling. It dramatizes the forces of good and evil, and the final triumph of good and all that is Godly.



Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr bring to life the Biblical "Samson and Delilah."

THE THIRD MAN

(Carol Reed-Selznick) ♦♦♦

Put "The Third Man" down on your list of Pictures-to-See.

Made in Vienna, and starring Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles and Valli, "The Third Man" rates applause from beginning to end.

Joseph Cotten arrives in post-war Vienna to visit his old friend Harry Lime and discovers poor Harry has met sudden death.

Suspecting foul play, loyal Cotten starts reconstructing the events preceding his friend's death. As the puzzle is put together he comes in contact with Harry's sweetheart (Valli) and a group of sinister people who try to keep him from discovering the fantastic story of Harry's demise.

The tale is full of surprises and the suspense will keep you jumping to the rhythm of strange zither music which provides the background.



"The Third Man" owes its success to Joseph Cotten and Orson Welles' fine acting.

THAT FORSYTE WOMAN

(MGM) ♦♦♦

Greer Garson has been away from the screen for too long! But it is only fitting that she return in the role of Irene Forsyte, a lovely character created by John Galsworthy in his first volume of "The Forsyte Saga."

Irene is doggedly pursued by rich Soames Forsyte (Errol Flynn) who has fallen in love with her. Although she doesn't love him, his persistence, and iron will finally dominate her, and she marries him.

Because she is not in love with Soames, and finds no comfort with him, it is easy to see why Irene's heart is won by Soames' niece's fiance (Robert Young).

Irene's choice of action, and her fate will be long remembered by every woman who sees this film.

Janet Leigh (who plays the niece), Robert Young, Errol Flynn, Greer Garson, and MGM deserve top honors for bringing to life a great piece of fiction.



Errol Flynn's iron will dominates Greer Garson in MGM's "That Forsyte Woman."



BEYOND THE FOREST
(Warner Bros.) ◆◆

Bette Davis plays the darndest witch of them all in this film. Unsympathetic, in the extreme, the "heroine" of this story is really a lulu!

Rosa Moline is a selfish, self-centered, evil murderess-adulteress. In a frenzied effort to kill her unborn child, so that she can marry her wealthy lover, and leave the drab town of Loyaltown, Wisconsin, she dies. She's just too ornery to regain her health, in her hurry to leave her good, but dull husband, who is the only doctor in town.

Joseph Cotten is the husband-doctor; and he's a saint for having put up with Bette for even a day. The author of the screen play has pulled out all the stops in this characterization of the worst woman to ever cross the screen!

David Brian is excellent as the Chicago millionaire whom Bette is determined to marry, and Ruth Roman is appealing as the daughter of the man whom Bette murders.

You'll like Bette better as a nice girl.

Bette Davis plays her wickedest role to date as Rosa Moline, pursues David Brian.

ADAM'S RIB (MGM) ◆◆

The screen team of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy is almost a guarantee for a hit picture. If you remember their last comedy, "Woman of the Year," you'll want to run to your nearest theater to see "Adam's Rib."

This time, Spencer Tracy is an Assistant District Attorney. Katie is his beautiful wife—and a brilliant trial lawyer. All is lovey-dovey until they take on the same law case—then the battle of the sexes roars on to a hilarious climax.

High point of the picture is the introduction of newcomer Judy Holliday, who manages to steal scenes right from under the gorgeous Hepburn nose. This young Broadway actress, star of "Born Yesterday," emerges as the most sensational newcomer of the year.

As a matter of fact, the supporting cast reads like a Broadway playbill with Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen and David Wayne making screen debuts in this picture.



Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy put a hilarious tickle into "Adam's Rib."



BRIDE FOR SALE (RKO) ◆◆◆

"Bride for Sale" is a load of rib-tickling shenanigans which add up to sparkling comedy.

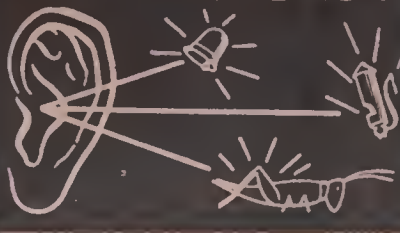
To improve the efficiency of his firm, Paul Martin (George Brent) hires sight unseen, a highly recommended ex-Major as office manager. He's jolted when the Major turns out to be Nora Shelley (Claudette Colbert), a former WAC officer; though her brisk way of taking over reassures him she means business. But before long he discovers that she plans to snare a husband from among the firm's wealthy clients.

Shocked by her cold-blooded attitude, Paul persuades Steve Adams (Robert Young), an archaeologist, to help him teach Nora a lesson. Steve becomes a "wealthy and suitable" client of the firm, and Nora proceeds to fall for him.

Complications ensue when Nora and Steve really fall in love—and you'll be delighted with Nora's revenge.

Tale of a girl determined to get her man stars Claudette Colbert and Robert Young.

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Happy New Year! BRIGHT NEW SCREEN GUIDE

Well, we've done it and we're glad! SCREEN GUIDE has switched to a new picture policy and will bring you exclusive, important candid shots each month. You can expect to read the latest news developments about Hollywood stars and events in SCREEN GUIDE first!



The JANUARY ISSUE also introduces the exciting STAR-OF-THE-MONTH contest with PRIZES. LANA TURNER is the cover girl and the Star-of-the-month. You'll want to read what famous astrologer Nello Webb has to say about Lana in the coming year and you'll want a chance to win a fascinating prize in this easy, different contest!

IN ADDITION TO ALL THIS: you'll love seeing and reading about:

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Roy Rogers	Gail Russell
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Douglas Dick	Joan Evans
Janet Leigh	Gordon MacRae
Monty Clift	Kirk Douglas

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START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT . . . get the NEW SCREEN GUIDE, January, 1950 issue, at your newsstand on

December 9th, 1949

THE GREAT LOVER (Paramount) ♦♦

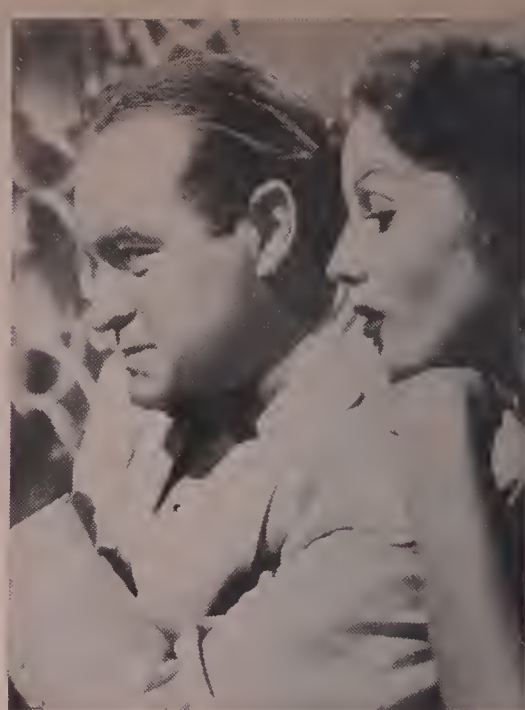
This film has all the ingredients of good comedy, but somehow, it isn't as hilarious as it might have been.

Bob Hope, chaperoning a patrol of Boy Foresters through Europe, finally loads them onto a homeward bound ocean liner. The boys have kept Bob in check so far; no drinking, no smoking, no embracing women other than his mother.

Bob is only human, however, and as soon as he hits the deck, he falls madly in love with the Duchess Alexandria (Rhonda Fleming). A fellow passenger (Roland Young) introduces him to the Duchess, and arranges a "friendly little poker game" for Bob with her father.

Young, unfortunately, has a charming habit of letting young Americans win at cards, and then eradicating them in an equally charming, but final manner. So—Bob is in line for a fortune, and a bit of murder before love conquers all.

The most delightful face we've seen in a long while belongs to Rhonda Fleming. We don't blame Hope, the great lover, for going overboard for her.



Paramount has cast Bob Hope as "The Great Lover." His leading lady is Rhonda Fleming.

THE STORY OF SEABISCUIT (Warner Bros.) ♦♦½

The only criticism we can offer on this tribute to a great race horse, is that there is more Barry Fitzgerald and Shirley Temple in it than Seabiscuit.

Shirley and Barry are uncle and niece, just arrived from Ireland to settle on one of the big horse farms in Kentucky's Blue Grass country. Barry brings with him his stupendous reputation for selecting young horses for racing; his infallible judgment is almost part-fey! When his instinct tells him that a nobby-kneed little pony named Seabiscuit will some day be a winner, his co-trainer, and the owner of the farm merely scoff. Of course the remainder of the film proves how right Barry is.

The young love story is sweetly injected into the plot by Shirley and young Lon McCallister.

There are some exciting scenes in this Technicolor film, many of them taken from actual newsreels. In some spots you see the real "Biscuit," but for the most part he's ably portrayed by two of his sons: Sea Gambol and Sea Voyager.



Shirley Temple and Lon McCallister also run in Warner Bros. "The Story of Seabiscuit."

MY FOOLISH HEART (Samuel Goldwyn) ♦♦♦

I've given this nostalgic, haunting picture three stars, but I wish I could designate it with three handkerchiefs, too.

It is a complete confession-type story—beautifully dramatized. As in all Samuel Goldwyn productions, the direction, sets, photography, and music are all superlative. There is a reality that makes you feel you know the characters as well as you know yourself. In fact, Eloise, the heroine, might be you; for as one of the other characters says: "I might have been the girl in the brown dress."

Susan Hayward is Eloise, "the girl in the brown dress," who meets Dana Andrews at a dance at the beginning of the war. From this moment love, heart-break, and tragedy are unfolded with gripping reality.

Susan Hayward and Dana Andrews are tops, and there is an unforgettable performance by Robert Keith. Women will love this picture.

Long after you leave the theatre, you'll think about the sad, nostalgic charm of "My Foolish Heart."



Goldwyn has another hit in "My Foolish Heart," with Dana Andrews, Susan Hayward.

SOUTH SEAS SINNER (U.I.) ♦♦ 1/2

From out of the mysterious South Sea Islands comes this exciting melodrama of love, intrigue and murder, which establishes Shelley Winters as the star who most nearly steps into the shoes of the late Jean Harlow and adds new laurels to Macdonald Carey's career.

After an emergency operation aboard a tramp steamer, Mac is taken to the Island of Oraca for hospitalization. It was on this island that Mac was discredited and outlawed as a Jap collaborationist—a charge he could never disprove.

Cognac (expertly played by Luther Adler), unsavory proprietor of a waterfront dive, recognizes Mac and plans to use his past as a blackmailing device. He enlists Shelley Winters, a luscious singer in his cafe, to help him. Instead, she falls in love with Mac, and complications ensue that finally lead to his exoneration.

The air-tight plot, excellent acting, and the brooding air of intrigue that hangs over "South Seas Sinner" give it a realism that most Far East pictures lack. It's one of the best South Sea melodramas out of Hollywood—and we know you'll thoroughly enjoy it.

THE BIG WHEEL (UA) ♦♦

This exciting story of "hotrods" and racing, and the drivers who make their living speeding neck and neck with death is a natural for Mickey Rooney. He's been away from the screen too long, and it's good to see him back.

"The Mick" plays a brash, quick-tempered youngster named Billy Coy, whose father, Cannonball Coy, was killed driving in the big Indianapolis auto race years before. With his mother (Spring Byington), "engine-happy" Billy moves to California, and gets a job in the racing auto garage owned by Red Stanley (Thomas Mitchell), who had been his father's mechanic.

It isn't long before Billy promotes himself into driving the big racers; and the chills, thrills, and spills of the track will keep you on the edge of your seat.

There's some wonderful emoting by the principals of this action-packed film; and Mary Hatcher is cute as a button as Billy's "greaseball gal." Lina Romay rates mention, too. She swings a wicked hip!

"The Big Wheel" fits Mickey Rooney like a glove. By all means, see him in it—but don't try to imitate his 125 mph. speed on the way home!

MRS. MIKE (U.A.) ♦♦

If you enjoyed reading Benedict and Nancy Freeman's best-seller, "Mrs. Mike," you'll love the film version of the novel. (For that matter, you'll like this picture even if you're not familiar with the book.)

United Artists has followed the story faithfully and the result is an entertaining movie that will appeal to everyone.

This is the story of a Boston girl (Evelyn Keyes) who falls in love and marries a Northwest Mounted Policeman (Dick Powell). Their married life starts in the barren, dreary Northwest territory where she's faced with icy wilderness and primitive living.

Mrs. Mike's adventures, sorrow—just her plain, everyday living will engross you completely. So will Joseph Biroc's fine camera work. His photography is especially fine.

As Mr. Mike, Dick Powell gets a pleasant change of pace from the gangster-type role he's been doing for these many years. J. M. Kerrigan, Angela

Clarke, John Miljan, Nan Boardman and the rest of the supporting cast did their best to make this picture a good one. And they all succeeded. Don't miss it.

THE RED DANUBE (MGM) ♦♦

This is another anti-communist picture. Beautifully acted by Walter Pidgeon, Ethel Barrymore, Angela Lansbury, Louis Calhern, and the lovely young star, Janet Leigh, "The Red Danube" is overlong, but absorbing and intensely interesting.

Janet Leigh, as Maria Buhlen, plays a Russian ballet dancer living in Vienna at the end of the war. The Russians demand her expatriation, but Maria doesn't wish to return. She falls in love with Peter Lawford, a dashing English major and their love story is the most absorbing part of the film.

Maria finds sanctuary in a Nunnery. The Mother Superior (superbly played by Ethel Barrymore) is sympathetic to the young lovers, and violently anti-communist. She does her utmost to instill faith in the heart of the Colonel, Walter Pidgeon, even as she outwits the Russians.

Rather than return to Russia, Maria prefers to die. There is a poignant death-bed scene after she jumps from a window.

"The Red Danube" is a better picture than its anti-communist predecessors, but it is still more propaganda than entertainment.

DEADLY IS THE FEMALE (UA) ♦♦

Ever since Bart Tare (John Dall) was a youngster, he was "gun crazy." Not that he liked to kill things—he just liked guns. It was this passion for firearms that sent him to reform school—and which later brings him into contact with Annie Laurie Starr (Peggy Cummins), the sharp-shooting carnival queen who becomes his wife.

For a while, Bart and Annie work as a carnival team. Then, anxious for easy living, Annie persuades Bart that they should use their guns for another sort of job—holdups.

Together, they begin a series of robberies, each more daring than the last; until, with the police searching the state for them, Annie gets "trigger happy," and murders one of their holdup victims.

Love for Annie, and horror at what they have done, is all mixed up inside Bart. Pursued, frightened, and trapped, he takes the only way out.

There's some really terrific acting by John Dall in this thriller.

TOKYO JOE (Columbia) ♦♦

Old world rituals of Japan, the red tape involved in its occupation, modern Nippon retribution schemes, and war-torn lives are the subjects of this somewhat confusing picture.

Humphrey Bogart plays Joe Barrett, who deserted his White Russian wife (Florence Marly) in 1941 to return to the United States, leaving his partner Ito (Teru Shimada) to run his gambling cafe, "Tokyo Joe's."

He returns, after the war, and finds that Tina has married an American officer (Alexander Knox) and has a daughter (Lora Lee Mitchell).

Playing for time to win Tina back, Joe goes into partnership with the Baron Kimura, in a small freight airline. Before long, he discovers that his cargo is not only frozen frogs—but party war heads. There's melodrama, love and suspense in this story. Not all the angles are explained, but it's still exciting movie fare.

Bogart is Bogart, and the backgrounds of Japanese interiors are fascinating.

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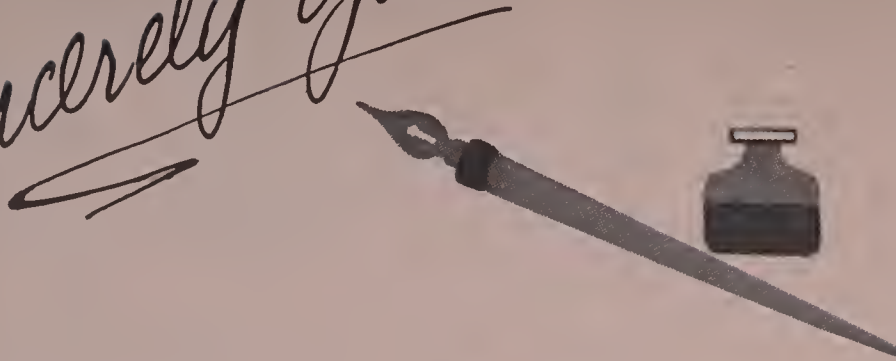
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Sincerely Yours



Praise From Hollywood

Congratulations! Your article on Ingrid Bergman contained the fairest and most honest analysis of the episode that has been written, and Crawford Dixon is to be commended for it!

I've worked with Miss Bergman, and witnessed her sincerity, honesty, and humanness. She doesn't "gush"—no one was "darling" or "honey" to her—she's a real person, and it will be many a day before anyone convinces me she is not at this moment the same Miss Bergman I knew. The press has done her a grave injustice—possibly because they enjoy tearing someone down—someone whom, they realize very well, they placed on a pedestal where she did not wish to be.

We in this community read the type of reporting as it has been done in this case, think about it, laugh about some of it, see the flaws in it, and forget it soon. That is not so of the rest of the world which relies only on the printed word for a basis of judgment. For some reason the press has singled out Miss Bergman, presenting her to millions of people as a "fallen woman" while they're silent about the other notables who really deserve to be blasted in the public eye.

Regardless of whether Miss Bergman is or is not enamored of Mr. Rossellini, the blatant disregard for honest reporting in this affair has been a discredit to newspapers, publicity departments, and Hollywood itself. By scandalous reporting they have taken the favorite motion picture actress of the day and relegated her to mediocrity. They may have been responsible for turning what might have been an "interlude" into something from which there is no turning back, because there is no workable solution.

Again, congratulations to Dixon and MOVIELAND.

Name Withheld,
Hollywood, California

Faithful to Tom

You can have your Peter, and Tyrone Power,
And all the other stars of the hour.
You can have Ronnie Reagan, and Monty too;
But dear Tom Drake,
I still love you!

Joan McCarthy,
Roxbury, Massachusetts

Raves for James Edwards

For his fast growing fans, I think James Edwards deserves a larger write-up, and more pictures. How about a big article on his life story? I've just seen "Home of the Brave" and I think he's simply wonderful!

Let's see and read more about James Edwards!

Lelia Digron
New York, New York

Family Affair

While looking into MOVIELAND to keep my family posted on what's good to see on the screen, I came across the article, "John Wayne, Handsome Hunk of Sex Appeal." We're the parents of 6, and grandparents of oodles more—and every one of us were pleasantly pleased to read that article. It was interesting, down to earth, and truthfully told with a human touch.

We're Wayne fans through and through.

Mrs. L. F. Morris, Sr.,
and family,
West Union, West Virginia

Sorry, Wrong Theater!

Orchids to MOVIELAND for your tribute to a wonderful guy, Frank Sinatra. May he reign for another 10 years

Being both a Sinatra fan, and a San Franciscan, I noticed just one error. The theatre pictured, where he appeared in person, was the San Francisco Golden Gate, where Frank appeared for one week in 1946. How well I know! I spent most of that week in that theatre!

Bob Chiappari,
San Francisco, California

EDITOR'S NOTE: *How right you are! Thanks to you and to many other alert San Franciscans for bringing the error to our attention.*

Wants the Real Thing

Perhaps it isn't fair to other actors or prospective ones to say "There'll never be another Valentino," but I really believe this is so. It was just three years ago that I went to see one of his re-issued films. I went prepared to scoff, and remained to admire.

I've seen many actors on both the stage and screen, but none with the personality and impact that Valentino possessed. One rarely speaks of him in the past tense. He seems as much alive today as he was to millions of others during the roaring twenties.

It would indeed be grand to see a portrayal of his short, eventful life, but it would not be half as appreciated as the re-issuing of several of his old films. You have to be a veritable Sherlock to track one down nowadays.

Mary E. Selfe,
Corona, New York

The Perfect Heel

Just saw "Johnny Stool Pigeon" and "Too Late for Tears," and Dan Duryea is the best movie villain of them all! In my opinion he's the best movie heel!

Dan puts a suave, cultured characterization into every role he does, and his acting is tops!

Bev Montalbano,
San Francisco, California

Great Day

"My Dream is Yours," starring Doris Day, has more real feeling in it than any musical picture I've ever seen. I think Doris Day has the most sparkling personality in the movies.

I could write reams about her, but I know you're limited for space, so just put me down for saying "More Orchids to Doris Day!"

Dorothy Cutler,
San Francisco, California

Statistics Wanted

I want to say that your October issue was the best you've published yet. My girl friends and I enjoyed pages 24 and 25 (Corinne Calvet) the most. We all ran home and got our tape measures to compare ourselves to the new French beauty.

Please give us more measurements of other Hollywood stars!

Mary Lou England,
Detroit, Michigan

Where's Tony?

Will you please feature Anthony Curtis soon?

He played in "Criss Cross," and soon afterward was "Mitch" in "City Across the River," both very good pictures. He's very nice looking and deserves to get a major lead in future films.

When do we get to see a picture of him in MOVIELAND?

Pauline Warick,
Jersey City, New Jersey

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See "Skating Room Only," in this issue!*

Kirby Conscious

As an ardent fan of MOVIELAND, I'm disappointed in not seeing any photos or articles of Michael Kirby.

If you've seen Michael in the "Countess of Monte Cristo," I'm sure you've noticed he's an up and coming star. Here's hoping we'll see something of Mike in a future issue.

Marcia Pfeferstein,
Elizabeth, New Jersey

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Here he is!*



Michael Kirby

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to The Editor, MOVIELAND, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York.

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The teaching is so interesting and the pieces so beautiful I couldn't ask for anything better. I recommend your course highly. My sister shares it with me and feels the same way. *D. E. G., Wausau, Wis.



Plays Hit Songs

I am on the seventh lesson and can already play several hit songs. The cost seems so little for what I have already accomplished. I don't know how to thank you for making such a course possible. *B. E. S., Lunenburg, Arks.



Plays After 2 Months

I hesitated before sending for your course because of an earlier experience I had with a course by ear from another company. I am playing pieces now I never dreamed I would play after only two months. *E. T. Pritchard, Ala.

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