



Marie and Jack Lord literally live in a world of their own . . . so gentle, serene and love-filled as to stagger a poet. They are beautiful people with a beautiful marriage.

There are many kinds of love and many kinds of marriage . . . but only once in a long, long while do we find a love like Jack and Marie Lord's . . .

## A FABULOUS LOVE STORY

by BARBARA HENDERSON

★ What makes a good wife?—What should a wife's role be? These are questions each of us has to answer for himself. There are probably as many different ideas about marriage as there are men and women in the world. What's bliss for one couple can be damnation for another. How two people, who love each other and want to spend their lives together, can find happiness is something that only those two people can discover. Talented Jack Lord and his young wife Marie have found their answer. It's right for them and that's what matters. Their marriage is probably one of the most remarkable husband-wife relationships in the whole sophisticated world of show business.

We stumbled on to it quite unexpectedly. We had just asked Jack a routine question—something about career girls and what he thought of them. We expected a routine answer, but we got more, much

more than we bargained for. This is how it all happened.

"I don't have anything against women working," Jack said as he settled his muscular, six-foot-two frame into a booth in the grill room of New York's swank Pierre. "After all, where would I be without people like you?"

We nodded and picked up a menu. Hearing a man O.K. the female breadwinner isn't so revolutionary these days.

"My wife Marie used to work, but she stopped as soon as I could support her," he continued.

We nodded again. Marie sounded like millions of other women who work for a while, meet the right guy, work maybe a year or two longer—just long enough to save that "nest-egg"—and then settle down to the usual domestic routine of children, shopping, housework, a (Continued on page 62)

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bridge club or two. Depending on the type of woman, it can be a fulfilled way of life, enriched with family love, or it can simply be an unvarying, monotonous routine. We wondered which type of woman Jack Lord had married. What was her life like, now that her handsome husband was making a name for himself in motion pictures, on Broadway and in television? Were the days long and lonely for her? And the nights—those endless nights when Jack was doing a play and had to be at the theatre or a rehearsal—did she yearn to get out and mingle with celebrities too?

We asked another routine question: "What did she do before you were married?"

"She was a fashion designer—head designer for one of the biggest firms in New York," he answered.

"Wasn't it hard for her to give up such exciting, creative work and settle down to being a housewife?"

"Of course not," Jack replied quickly. "She has a full-time job taking care of me."

"Do you have any children?"

"No."

"She just takes care of you?"

"Absolutely."

At this point the menu suddenly lost all interest for us. Was it possible that this very good-looking, highly gifted young actor had a slightly exaggerated sense of his own importance? We looked at him a trifle skeptically.

Jack must have interpreted our glance. "Marie," he said with more than a trace of pride in his voice, "is one of those rare things in this world—she is a completely dedicated wife."

Now we were really curious. We wanted proof.

"How, for example, does a completely dedicated wife do it? How does she spend her day?" we wanted to know.

"Well," he began, "she gets up at 5:30 to make hot bread . . ."

"Stop right there!" we gasped. "Did you say 5:30? That couldn't possibly be in the morning, could it?"

"Yes it is—5:30 a.m."

He went on before we could recover. "She makes hot bread—rolls, biscuits, bran muffins or something like that for breakfast."

Then we got our wind back. "Do you mean to say there's a woman in this day and age, and in the city of New York of all places, who gets up at that hour to bake?"

"Marie does." Jack started to laugh at us. "I told you she was very unusual."

We didn't look so skeptical any more. But we had to know more about this remarkable woman.

"I love to talk about Marie," Jack

said with a grin that relaxed the lean lines of his face and warmed the cool blue of his eyes.

"When I'm not doing a play, she makes breakfast at 7:30. Buckwheat cakes, eggs—any style—meat, wonderful freshly ground coffee—Marie's very particular about that sort of thing. Then we read the paper together, and after that I study or go out to rehearse."

"What does she do while you're gone?" This was beginning to turn into an interview with the main figure in absentia.

"Well, running an apartment the way a woman like Marie does takes a lot of time. She does all her own shopping and housework, and she adores cooking. In fact, she's turned most of her creativeness to cooking."

"Doesn't she ever use any of those ready-to-serve foods?" we asked, thinking of those biscuits baked in the wee hours.

"Never!" Jack looked shocked. "Here, maybe this will give you a better idea. Marie collects cookbooks and recipes. She has several file cabinets filled with recipes and all kinds of information about food. For example, she doesn't just have one recipe for soufflé. She has dozens. And she'll have a whole section devoted only to egg whites, for instance—how to separate them, how to beat them and things to do with them. She has a whole card catalog that she devised. The whole thing's perfectly organized. Once, I remember, I just happened to say something about matzo ball soup. Before I knew what was happening, Marie had boned up on the subject, read everything she could find on it, and we were eating the most fantastic matzo ball soup I'd ever tasted."

We were beginning to get the picture.

"Do you entertain a lot?" We had visions of Marie preparing tables of glorious food for the world's gourmets.

Jack looked a little hesitant. "I suppose I should say we do, but I have to confess—we hardly ever do. We really don't care about it. We're much happier when we can be alone, just the two of us."

Ah, we thought—the happy newlyweds.

"How long have you been married?"

"Eight years."

Our newlywed dream exploded. "Eight—and you're still living like honeymooners?"

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," he said patiently. "We're both completely devoted to each other, and we've molded our lives around our marriage. I guess you could say Marie's something like the ideal of an old-fashioned wife. Her home is her life."

"She does all her own sewing, too. Designs and makes all her clothes. They're terrific—people are always coming up to her and asking where she bought this or that. But she'd never be tempted to go back to the kind of turning designs out for money."

"What else?" we asked, feeling at nothing he could say now would surprise us about this unique woman who had dedicated herself so wholeheartedly to the man she loved.

"Let me describe her to you," he answered, "so you won't harbor any fears of her looking like an over-affected house frau who samples too much of her own cooking. Marie's not a little thing, not even five-foot-five. I don't know exactly how tall she is, but she's just right—fits right under my chin. She looks like a porcelain doll, with dark hair, beautiful skin and an amazing 19-inch waist." (We gasped again.) Her clothes aren't loud but, being a designer, she has wonderful color sense and a flair for drama.

"Let me tell you how we met. It's like a fairy story come true." Something in Jack's eyes looked at us and back through the years. Perhaps he was experiencing again one of the joys of his wonderful life when it was new.

"I was hunting in the woods near my brother's farm in Woodstock, New York. It was 1945. I was carrying a rifle, and just walking without any particular direction, when suddenly I saw a tiny stone house in a clearing. It looked just like a doll's house. I went to the door and found it open. Inside, everything was thrown around and messed up. But it was a lovely little house just the way I'd imagined it. I got the notion that I'd like to buy it. I spent hours when I got back to the closest town trying to find out who owned it. Finally, I found a man who was supposed to take care of the house. All he would give me was the name 'M. de Narde' and an address in New York City. I had to go overseas again soon, so when I got back to New York I tried to get in touch with the owner. I wrote and called it never got an answer. Finally I had to go abroad—to Persia as a welder for the U. S. Engineering Department. But all the time I was away the dream of the doll's house haunted me. As soon as I got back to America I started calling M. de Narde' again. One night I finally got an answer. The young man sounded very angry—seems like he had me mixed up with a real state agent of the same name, who'd been trying to get the house from her for peanuts. When we got it all straightened out I made an appointment to see her—at eight. I got to her apartment, she opened the door—it was Marie, of course—and there she stood, the girl I'd always dreamed about, like a little

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French porcelain doll. Just like that. We talked for five hours—and never even mentioned the house! One of those amazing things—love at first sight, believe it or not.

"We finally sold the house. Once I found Marie that was all I was interested in."

We wondered whether it was possible for the Lords to preserve their private, intimate way of life when Jack was making a picture in Hollywood.

"Don't you miss Marie's cooking when you have to shift the household to the West Coast?"

"Not at all," Jack said smoothly. "We usually stay at a hotel—the Chateau Marmont, whenever we go out there. There's just one requirement—the suite has to have a kitchen. And of course the hotel is near a supermarket so Marie doesn't have to walk far to do the shopping."

We were reminded of the story about a woman who managed to bake a lemon meringue pie in a makeshift Dutch oven while on an African safari. Marie, we decided, must be just such a woman.

We wanted to know more about the kind of home where Jack and his wife shared life together.

"It's a beautiful apartment," he said, "in the east forties. It's the same one Marie had before we were married. She had it decorated so beautifully we haven't changed anything except worn-out slipcovers and draperies for the past eight years. Not even a piece of furniture has been moved. It has three rooms, with everything done in white and ivory. Even the rug is white—or at least it used to be, eight years ago."

"What happens in the evening when you're at the theatre or rehearsing?"

"Oh, I guess Marie does what most other women do when they're alone. She reads or watches TV or sews. Ordinarily she's asleep by the

time I get home, but before she goes to bed she leaves a sandwich for me in the refrigerator. It takes about an hour for me to unwind after the tension of a performance. Then I call her and she gets up and we talk for a while till we both get drowsy."

Talk of work reminded us that Jack's professional career, apart from his domestic life, is flourishing. As soon as he finished Warner Brothers' "The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell" (he plays Commander Zachary Lansdowne, skipper of the ill-fated Navy dirigible "Shenandoah" in which the original Lansdowne lost his life), he took over a top role in Elia Kazan's Broadway production of Tennessee Williams' play "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Kazan's stamp of approval meant a new rush of interest in the young actor, who first caught critics' attention on the stage in '53. Soon after, he won the coveted Theatre World Award for 1954-55 for his work opposite Kim Stanley in "The Traveling Lady." On TV, Jack is rapidly developing into first-class leading man material, with quick succession appearances on most of the big-name dramatic programs. His next film is Paramount's "The Vagabond King."

It also occurred to us that Jack is an exceptionally artistic person himself, what with two prints in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. When we asked him about it, he told us he had graduated (with honors) from New York University with a degree in fine arts—plus three years of varsity football, which may account for his magnificent 180-pound physique.

We discovered, too, that the breadwinner in the Lord household is not exactly a slouch in the kitchen either.

"Of course, Marie is the artist in the family—particularly when it comes to cooking," he insisted, "but

there are a couple of things I can manage once in a while. A very simple cream custard and cheesecake."

But not even Jack's exclusive cheesecake recipe (for all you readers who'd like to give it a whirl in the oven, see opposite page) could quench our appetite for just a few final details about the wife—extraordinaire—Marie.

"How do you explain it?" we asked. "What is it that makes Marie so different? After all, you couldn't call her an average wife. She's one of the most unusual women we've heard about in a long time."

"I don't know exactly how to explain it," Jack replied thoughtfully. "For one thing, she went to France to live when she was a young girl. She grew up there and was educated there, and I guess she absorbed some of the way of life too. Somewhere along the line, whether it was in Europe or not, she developed a very high conception of the role of the wife."

"But," we hounded him, "doesn't it seem remarkable that such a highly successful career girl could settle down to the quiet routine of housework and attending to her husband's needs without a trace of boredom or dissatisfaction?"

"Well," he said, "originally Marie thought designing would be very creative. But she found out that above all it's a business, and a pretty hectic, cold-blooded one at that. She made a lot of money, but her work wasn't particularly appreciated. She could hardly wait to devote all her time to our marriage. Now that she can, she rarely even sketches or draws any more. Her real creativity has developed in being a wife—a wonderful wife."

"You see"—Jack was speaking very seriously, yet gently too—"we're an entity. We have all we need—in just having each other."

We did not say then what we were thinking, what we saved to say until now—that there are many kinds of love and many kinds of marriage, but only once in a long, long while do we find a love like Jack and Marie Lord's, with two people living only for each other.

Perhaps Jack and Marie live a rather solitary kind of life according to some people's standards. Perhaps they seem too wrapped up in each other, too dependent. Perhaps. But whatever the Lords miss—whether it be friends, one or more or dozens, or glamorous parties, or the luxuries of paid housekeepers or cooks—no matter what they miss, they have gained a treasure that, for them, makes up for all the rest. They have found the kind of love experienced only by people who believe they were made for each other. And, after all, perhaps there is a fate that destines certain men for certain women. Perhaps.

## JACK'S FAVORITE CHEESECAKE

Here's an exclusive recipe straight from the fabulous files of Jack Lord's wife, Marie. Not only is this cheesecake guaranteed delicious—it's even easy enough for husbands to make:

### Ingredients:

- 3 small packages Philadelphia cream cheese.
- 2 eggs
- pinch of salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

### For crust:

- vanilla wafers
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 stick butter

### For topping:

- 1/2 pint sour cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons sugar

### Directions:

Place cream cheese in 2-quart bowl (to be used in electric mixer) and allow to come to room temperature.

Heat oven to 250°, melt 1/2 stick butter in 8-inch pyrex pie dish.

Meanwhile, crush vanilla wafers to make 1 cup of crumbs, add 1/3 cup sugar

and mix into melted butter right in the pyrex dish.

Take out 1/4 cup of crumb-sugar-butter mixture for topping, then press remaining crumbs to bottom and sides to form a thin crust. Refrigerate while doing the following: Increase oven heat to 350 degrees.

In 1-quart mixing bowl, beat 2 whole eggs until light and stiff. Add a pinch of salt.

Then beat the softened cream cheese until very fluffy. Gradually add sugar (1/2 cup) and 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Next, beat in eggs, one-third at a time. Pour into refrigerated crust and bake at 350° for 25 or 30 minutes.

Carefully blend the following mixture and spoon over the top:

- 1/2 pt. sour cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Bake 5 minutes longer. Sprinkle the 1/4 cup crumbs around very edge of pie.

Chill at least 4 hours, preferably overnight.

P. S. Happy eating!

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