



She looks all right, but can she talk? It is Martha MacVicar's first interview with agent



The MacVicar gams pass inspection. "I've got something good," Shiffrin wires RKO casting director Ben Piazza



Piazza agrees, arranges screen test. The ubiquitous agent checks make-up, also helps select screen clothes

Ten-Percenter

SHE'S got a movie contract with RKO. And she's just finished playing second lead in the new picture *The Marine Raiders*. And now she's working on a better part in *The Falcon* in Mexico.

But whether Martha MacVicar develops into a movie star or not depends. . . . It depends a whole lot on her Ten-Percenter, an agent by the name of William Shiffrin. You won't see Shiffrin's passable pan in the MacVicar publicity photographs. You'll see MacVicar with tennis racket, MacVicar with mixing bowl, with collection of china cats, MacVicar with Army, with Navy, with Marine Corps, with new male star. Never MacVicar with Shiffrin.

Shiffrin will be there, all the same, hovering around solicitously while his client poses for stills. He'll see that she puts her best profile forward. He'll bawl her out, buck her up, fuss at her if she starts to gain weight. He'll speak for her when it's time to renew her contract—she's on the usual seven-year basis, with yearly options. He'll fight to up her beginner's salary. He'll worry about her health, her love affairs, her wardrobe.

For all of this—plus the fact that he steered her into her contract in the first place—he'll collect ten per cent of her salary.

"And still they call us leeches," mourns

Shiffrin. "A flesh peddler," he continues, inadvertently using another term he hates, "must be a hard-working conscientious philosopher-psychologist with horse sense. In addition, the practical agent will own a strait jacket—for himself."

If an agent backs a winner, he hits the jackpot. If he backs a loser, he has to look around for more promising "flesh" to peddle—and no commission until the contract is signed. Shiffrin's shining achievement so far was launching the movie career of that beautiful hunk of man, Victor Mature. We wouldn't know whether that's good or bad.

Another client, George Sanders, brought

Martha MacVicar to Shiffrin. She had been around Hollywood for several years, moved there from Texas with her family when her father took a job with Northrop Aircraft. She had movie ambitions. But they didn't get her anywhere until Sanders saw her—or as we say in Hollywood, discovered her—selling merchandise for the Naval Aid Auxiliary at one of the studios.

In these photographs you see the steps an agent takes to launch a discovery's career. You also see what inspired Zeppo Marx, one of the Marx Brothers turned agent, to say:

"Damn these actors! They keep 90 per cent of their salaries!" . . . AMY PORTER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE-PIX

The Ten-Percenter is a helpful kibitzer as the thousand-dollar test starts. It has to be good



It is good. Shiffrin is tense as he and producer Bob Fellows view rushes in projection room



Piazza says, "Sign here." Shiffrin beams. Fellows wants Martha as second lead in *The Marine Raiders*

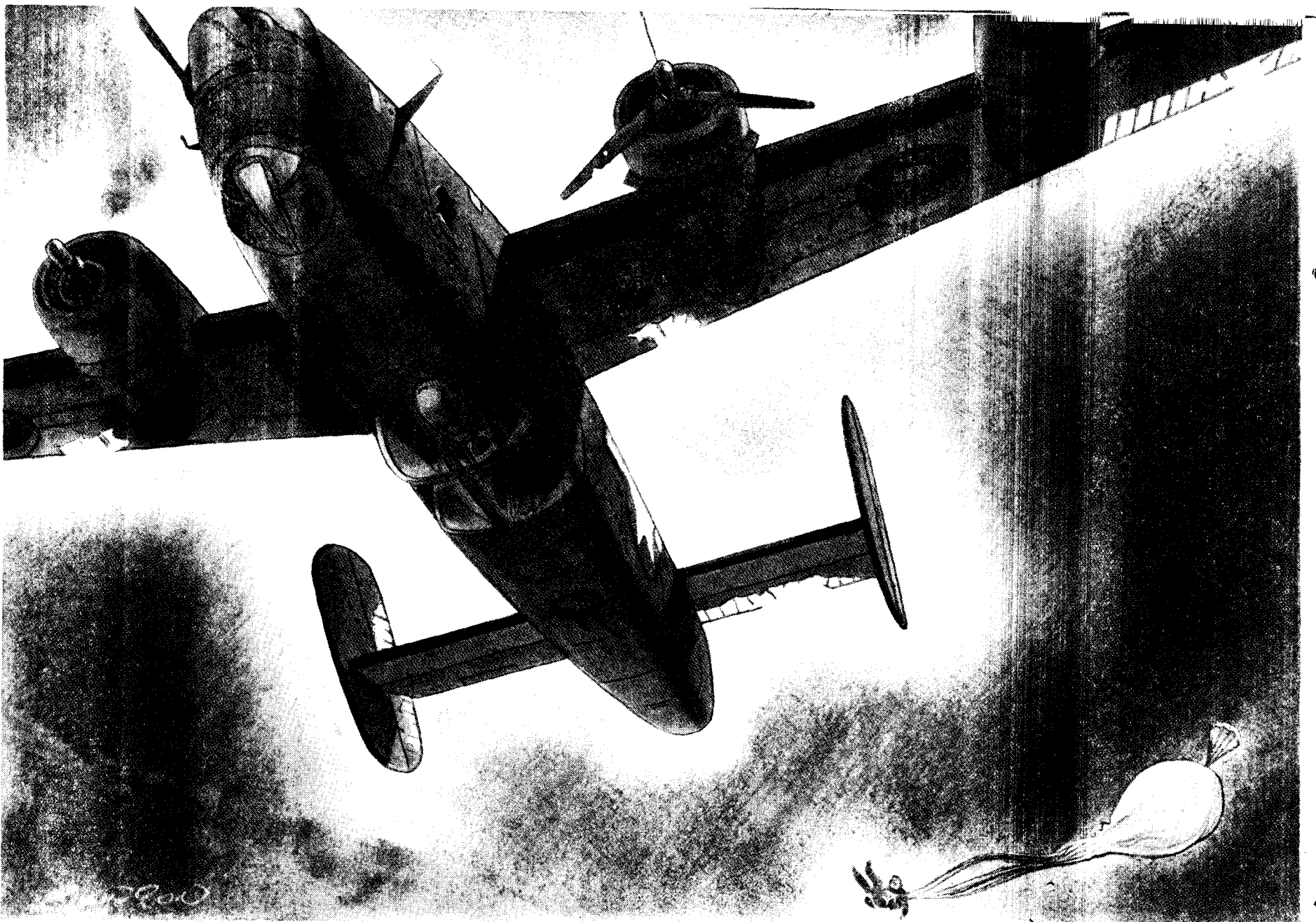




Publicity build-up is important, with Martha MacVicar posing for leg art (left) and for glamor art (above). Ten-Percenter checks glamorous details while the photographer, Ernest Bachrach, arranges Martha's skirt in graceful folds. A little smile, please

Martha has to be seen in the right places, with the right people. Shiffrin sends a photographer to snap her at Mocambo night club with the RKO player Russell Wade





The radio operator jumped, his body somersaulting once and straightening as his chute opened

NO SENTIMENT IN THE ARMY

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

ILLUSTRATED BY FRITZ WILKINSON

FIRST the bombardier jumped, and then the top-turret gunner, and as the battered plane came around again in a slow bank, Bennett could see their parachutes drifting down toward the green-and-brown checkerboard of the English countryside. Then the pilot motioned to the radio operator, who had been working in vain to free the jammed bomb, and the radio operator stepped to the open hatch and jumped, his body somersaulting once and straightening as his chute opened.

So that left just the pilot and Bennett. The pilot said: "Okay. Copilot."

Bennett did not answer.

"Copilot next," the pilot repeated.

"Sorry," Bennett's lower lip stuck out a little. "I'm sitting this one out."

He kept avoiding the pilot's eyes, and looking down through the cockpit window at the three descending chutes, and the geometry of fields and farms and villages, and directly under him, revolving slowly beneath the circling plane like the spokes of a wheel, the broad concrete runways of the base.

It was funny to be back safe from France, to be circling over their own base like this, and not be able to land. But their hydraulic system was shot out, they

had been trying for half an hour to get their wheels down, and now their gas was almost gone. And the bomb that had jumped its shackles hung halfway through the bomb bay, below the level of the fuselage, making a belly landing impossible.

"Only thing is to nurse this crate back to the coast, and drop her over the Channel where she won't hurt anything," the pilot said. "No sense both of us sticking with her. One is enough."

Bennett shook his head. "I'm not quitting while you're not."

"Don't be a damn' hero!"

BENNETT'S face flushed. He opened his mouth to speak and shut it again. There was no use trying to explain how he felt to Captain Haines. Haines was Regular Army; he wouldn't understand sentiment. There was no room for sentiment in the Army, he always said. Bennett felt the pilot's eyes on him, cold and hard.

"I'm ordering you to jump, Lieutenant."

Bennett's lower lip protruded a little more. "The hell with orders!"

Maybe Haines was his superior officer, but they were the same when it came to risking their lives; he could risk his life

as well as Haines could. The hell with it! The hell with discipline! All that Haines thought about was discipline; things like personal feelings and friendship and sacrifice were out.

For a year, since they had been flying together, they had argued it back and forth: Haines explaining in his icy efficient way that discipline was the backbone of the service, that the system was greater than any one individual, that Rover Boy stunts had no place in the Army.

"They've spent a lot of money on you, making you a pilot," Haines used to say. "You haven't any right to waste all that money just to satisfy some personal emotion."

But of course Haines was a professional soldier, and Bennett was only Reserve Army; a uniformed civilian, Haines called him. Probably Haines felt superior to him; probably that was why the older man had coddled and protected him for a year. Well, this was one time he wasn't going to be coddled. He looked up defiantly and met Haines' eyes, studying him curiously.

"You see, there's a message, Lieutenant. I want to get it back to the C.O." Haines took a notebook from the knee

pocket of his flying suit, scribbled on it as he talked: "I want you to deliver this to him personally."

He ripped the page from the notebook and folded it. "You're the only one who can do it."

Bennett took the folded paper in silence. "I guess that doesn't give me much choice, does it?" he muttered. He unbuckled his safety belt, rose and stepped to the open hatch, and without a backward glance shouldered into space....

THE C.O., a telephone pressed to his ear, unfolded the paper as he talked. "Where? . . . About two miles off the coast. . . . Spun in. . . . You didn't see a chute? Thank you." The colonel replaced the phone heavily, read the paper, and after a moment looked up. "Maybe you'd like to read the message yourself, Lieutenant."

Bennett took the paper and stared at the single handwritten line. "Recommend Lieutenant Bennett be disciplined for refusal to obey orders of his superior officer."

He wanted to say something, but his throat was glued tight. That was what he hated about the Army, he told himself. No sentiment.