

FIVE GREAT LESSONS IN LOVE

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modern screen

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AN LADD

How much lovelier your Skin is with your First Cake of Camay!



MRS. CHARLES H. OGILVIE
the former Betty Hyott
of Louisville, Ky.
bridal portrait painted by
Ally Pross

ABOUT ENSIGN AND MRS. OGILVIE—

It all began when Betty visited Annapolis. Just being there was exciting! But meeting Charles was the wonderful part—soon Southern belle became Navy bride!



At Coney Island — in New York — Betty and Charles won all kinds of prizes! A prize-winner for beauty too, Betty helps keep her complexion romantically lovely with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

A beautiful complexion inspires affection! You can have softer, smoother skin with your very *first cake* of Camay. Give up careless cleansing. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors had scores of women test Camay's thrilling beauty promise. Nearly every one of these women won a lovelier complexion with just *one cake* of Camay. Follow the directions on the Camay wrapper for a really lovelier skin.



Camay

the Soap of Beautiful Women

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"Whatever it is I'm ag'in it" was his creed . . . even to the romance of his beautiful daughter and her boy friend who sowed a new crop of ideas down-on-the-farm. It's rural but it's riotous . . . It's the surprise movie of the year!



a GLENN MCCARTHY production

THE GREEN PROMISE

starring

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN
WALTER BRENNAN
ROBERT PAIGE

and NATALIE WOOD with

TED DONALDSON • CONNIE MARSHALL • ROBERT ELLIS
IRVING BACON • MILBURN STONE

and JEANNE LA DUKE The 4-H girl from Mt. Vernon, Indiana

Original Story and Screenplay by MONTY F. COLLINS
Produced by ROBERT PAIGE and MONTY F. COLLINS

Directed by WILLIAM D. RUSSELL
Released by RKO RADIO Pictures

You'll applaud NATALIE WOOD, the little lavely who didn't believe in Santa Claus in "Miracle on 34th Street". She reaches into your heart to stir up all the joy and goodness there.

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is *in every way* the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

modern screen

the friendly magazine

stories

JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS (Kirk Douglas).....	by Fred Morgan	22
TRAVELING MAN (Montgomery Clift).....	by K. Roby Eunson	24
THEY'LL REMEMBER MAMA (Betty Hutton).....	by Ida Zeitlin	30
LIES THAT HURT ALAN LADD.....	by Erskine Johnson	32
IS SEX NECESSARY? (Jane Russell).....	by John Reynolds	34
CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR FATHER (Glenn Ford).....	by Ben Maddox	36
SLOW BOAT TO ROMANCE (Cornel Wilde-Patricia Knight).....	by Jack Wade	38
HOLIDAY IN THE SUN (Rory Calhoun).....		40
RING ON HER FINGER (Jane Powell).....	by Florabel Muir	46
SAY IT ISN'T SO! (Gregory Peck).....	by Hedda Hopper	48
WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN.....	by Roy Rogers	50
FIVE GREAT LESSONS IN LOVE (Ingrid Bergman, Betty Grable, etc.).....	by Morgan MacNeil	52
HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS (Robert Taylor).....	by Christopher Kane	55
LANA TURNER'S BITTER TRIUMPHS.....	by Kaaren Pieck	56
HOLLYWOOD'S AMAZING LOVE SQUABBLE (the Errol Flynns, the Dick Haymes).....	by Carl Schroeder	58
LET'S GET IT STRAIGHT! (Judy Garland).....	by Ethel Garland	62

features

THE INSIDE STORY.....	4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS.....	6
EDITORIAL: Are Parents Human? (Margaret O'Brien).....	29
PICTURE OF THE MONTH: Little Women.....	43

departments

MOVIE REVIEWS.....	by Christopher Kane	16
MUSIC: Sweet and Hot.....	by Leonard Feather	23
YOUR LETTERS.....		26
NEW FACES.....		27
FASHION.....		72
THE FANS.....	by Gloria Lampert	96
ALSO SHOWING (Films Previously Reviewed).....		110

ON THE COVER: Color Portrait of Alan Ladd with Jezebel by Nickolas Murray
Other picture credits, page 21

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One of M-G-M's Gala
Silver Anniversary hits!



Everybody loves
Little Women
...and they love
the boy-next-door!



M-G-M
presents its newest
TECHNICOLOR
Production

Little Women

STARRING

JUNE ALLYSON • PETER LAWFORD
MARGARET O'BRIEN
ELIZABETH TAYLOR • JANET LEIGH
ROSSANO BRAZZI • MARY ASTOR
LUCILE WATSON • SIR C. AUBREY SMITH
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A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by **ANDREW SOLT, SARAH Y. MASON**
and **VICTOR HEERMAN**
From the Novel by **LOUISA MAY ALCOTT**
Produced and Directed by **MERVYN LeROY**
A **METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE**

**SENSATIONAL
SOUVENIR
OFFER**

(FULL COLOR ALBUM OF STARS)

★ Now you can own and treasure a beautiful album of
★ the exciting stars you will see in "Little Women". There
★ are six 6" x 8" pages, handsomely printed in thrilling
★ life-like color—each portrait autographed. Just send
★ 10c to cover postage and handling. Address M-G-M,
★ Box LW9, 333 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.
★ NAME.....
★ ADDRESS.....
★ CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

I wouldn't want to be in his shoes!



IF YOU'D TELL ME WHAT I DO WRONG, MAYBE WE COULD OMIT THE SNARLING, DARLING! HOW ABOUT IT?

JIM, WHEN YOU LOVE A GUY, YOU JUST CAN'T TELL HIM TO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT ABOUT BAD BREATH!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth —helps clean out decaying food particles— stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



I'D SAY THAT USING COLGATE'S PAYS 'CAUSE I'M THE LUCKY DOG THESE DAYS!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

NEW! ECONOMY SIZE EXTRA BIG! EXTRA VALUE! 59¢



WE'VE BEEN CALLED a few names in our time, but no one ever called us Mother of the Year. The fact that we were never a mother might be reason enough, but even so we've always been very decent to children: Helped them cross numerous street corners, gave them pennies on Thanksgiving, borrowed their comic books—all that sort of thing. And so—seeing all too clearly now that we'll never make the grade—we're going to do our own name-calling. Betty Hutton comes first. As far as we're concerned Betty Hutton is Mother of the Year. We arrived at this decision after a visit to Betty's house. Just dropped in with our yo-yo, as it were, and took a look at the kids, the mother, and the situation. Then, without anyone's having told us we suddenly *k-n-e-w*. What we knew is now on page 30 of this issue in a piece called, "They'll Remember Mama." "They," of course, refers to the sprouts, Lindsay and Candy, but all Betty has to do is say the word and we'll put ourself up for adoption . . .

WHEN WE HEARD that Robert Taylor was in England our first reaction was to run off with Barbara Stanwyck (who was in Hollywood). We didn't know what Barbara would think of the idea, so we controlled ourself. When Bob returned home we did the obvious—got a story on what happened in England. Turn to page 55 and you'll discover that "Home Was Never Like This" . . .

JUDGING FROM OUR own, we suspect that the American family could do with a little more discipline. Fellow, name of Peter Newton Ford, agrees with us. For it took him all of 14 weeks to get his father into line. But then, *his* father is Glenn Ford—and that makes matters rather special. The elder Ford's confessions are on page 36 of this issue. By the way, Peter N. Ford is four years old . . .

MORE OF OUR continuing introduction of our composite self: Gloria Lampert is a girl who came to our office wanting to write. We fixed that. We put her in a corner and gave her a stack of white cards. She looked at us, unabashed, and filed them. Did it alphabetically, too. That was three years ago. Today, Gloria is Assistant Editor of M. S. Born in Mount Vernon in 1924, reared in the theaters, art galleries, concert halls (and schools) of New York, she is directly related to our inferiority complexes. We get even by making her read proofs. She builds up her resistance by taking walks that would cripple a Boy Scout, and by riding any horse that will let her. Her milder pursuits include clay-modelling, whistling and men—all of which Gloria gaily pursues only when her multiple activities as assistant editor and Fan Club director will permit her . . .

WE WOULD LIKE to clasp the youth of America to our bosom. Because of the overcrowding that would result, however, we are limiting ourselves to the youth of Hollywood. Next month we plan to devote MODERN SCREEN to the movies' youngsters—Janet Leigh, Elizabeth Taylor, Bob Arthur, Guy Madison, Monty Clift, Wanda Hendrix, Lois Butler and many others who've already displayed their great possibilities. Join us in our "Salute to Youth," won't you

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 (!!!)

20th
CENTURY-FOX



One of the best Hollywood parties in years was the one Errol Flynn recently threw. Here the host tosses epigrams with Shirley Temple.



A fine assortment of big movie names was there. Clark Gable came with Joan Harrison—one of the few female producers in the industry.



The camera happened to catch Suson Peters in a bad moment—her strand of pearls had just broken. Von Johnson remained quite calm.



Jennifer Jones was present with David O. Selznick. Everyone was saying they'd be married in the near future—probably in England.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



Ronald Calman was seated at Jane Wyman's right. Her escort was Lew Ayres. Jane and Lew are no longer making a secret of their affection for each other.



Craig Stevens and Alexis Smith share a party jacularity with Ray Heindorf and his wife. Ray's the famed musical director who won an Academy Award in '43.

Errol Flynn's party gets the spotlight this month—and why not?

Everything happened—from Shelley Winters' "arrest," to the discovery of a stranger with a gun on his hip, right on through to the white mice races!

It was an evening of "surprises" from start to finish—one of the earliest being that Errol was assisted in receiving his guests by the stepmother and father of Nora Eddington, his almost ex-wife. Yes, they are definitely siding with Flynn in the marital breakup and seem sad and unhappy over her constant dating with Dick Haymes. (This very night of Errol's party, Nora and Dick were conspicuously present at the Mocambo dancing every number cheek to cheek.)

(For an account of the Dick Haymes-Joanne Dru-Errol Flynn-Nora Eddington marital jumble, see page 58.—ED.)

But to get back to the party—it was really a wingding, with Mike Romanoff giving out with his best catering, with beautifully set-up tables around the swimming pool, and the lights from the San Fernando Valley making a shimmering backdrop for the glamorous women, gorgeously gowned in their best dresses and jewels.

The unscheduled excitement started almost immediately. Two policemen showed up and "arrested" Shelley Winters. Later, it turned out to be a publicity stunt in connection with her appearance at a police benefit. It was a doubtful gag and when Shelley returned to the Flynn party—a lady columnist (not I) ripped her up and down her bare back for trying to steal the spotlight with such a stunt.

But that was only the beginning, kids.

There have been a lot of robberies in Hollywood lately and there might have been one at the Flynn affair if it hadn't been for the quick eye of Jack Eddington, Nora's father, who is with the Sheriff's office. He spotted a bulge in the pocket of an unknown guest and, sure enough, it turned out to be a revolver!

The man gibberingly attempted to explain that he had taken the gun from Errol's desk as a souvenir. But it was highly suspicious when a search revealed another gun on his person. Rather than call the police and em-

LOOK
better
SMILE
brighter



USE THE BRUSH WITH

**Real
Nylon
Bristles**



Made by the makers of
DR. WEST'S
MIRACLE-TUFT 50¢

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Tyrone Power and Lindo Christian were wed with solemn ceremony in Rome's Church of Santa Francesca Romana on January 27. Outside, thousands rioted to get a glimpse of Ty and Linda.

barrass his guests, Errol gave orders that the suspicious stranger was to be given the bum's rush off the hill.

Ava Gardner, looking like another touch of Venus in a gorgeous white dress, laughed, "Have you ever seen so much excitement?" And I had to admit I hadn't. Not in one evening, anyway.

Two other lovelies in white were Mary Livingstone and Jane Wyman—Jane's dress of white lace being ultra form-fitting. She actually beamed, walking around on the arm of Lew Ayres. Janie no longer makes a secret of being very much in love with him.

Jennifer Jones and David Selznick were another arm-in-arm couple—although I thought they seemed unusually quiet and reserved.

Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson, those mighty queens of the silent screen, were receiving a lot of attention from the younger crowd. Gloria is returning to pictures in *Sunset Boulevard* for Paramount and she looked as slim and glamorous as she did when her exotic hair-dos were the sensation of the screen.

I spotted Peter Lawford dancing with Gloria although he had come with another Gloria—Gloria Hatrick McLean. I don't know where her steady boy friend, Jimmy Stewart, was. They had just returned from spending a weekend in Mexico, chaperoned by the Jack Boltons.

Joan Fontaine arrived late because her baby had been baptized that afternoon. I attended the baptism and held the baby, who certainly scowawked lustily. If that means good luck, Miss "Debbie" Dozier will lead a charmed life. What a pair of lungs!

Everyone was having a hilarious time reading the program of entries for the White Mice races. Printed in regular tip-sheet form, some of the names were a little on the risqué side, but a few I can pass on are:

- Jack Benny: No Hope.
- Pidgeon II: Still Trying.
- Ava Gee: Has plenty of chances.

Crawford Gal: Winning form.

Everyone was crowding toward the tent where the Mice races were to be held—everybody but me. I don't like mice, white or any other color—and I have good cause to suspect Greer Garson feels the same way.

I saw Greer, who looked like a magazine cover in a startling green dress offsetting her red hair, peeking in at the races. But she had her skirts held tightly around her ankles! Of course, her escort was Buddy Fogelson—the more I see of that charming Texan, the better I like him.

Joan Bennett, in a luscious ice-blue gown, was having the time of her life doing a really wonderful jitterbug routine with none other than Jack Benny. I don't think they'd ever jitterbugged together before—but what they lacked in practice they more than made up in enthusiasm.

I had a radio show the next day so I couldn't stay for the finale which I hear took place long after dawn the next morning. But on thinking it over, I don't see what else could have happened in one evening.

* * *

What are we going to do about Montgomery Clift? Hollywood hostesses and the leading bachelor girls are just about to give up where he is concerned.

When he does occasionally accept an invitation, he always informs his hostess he will come with the Gene Kellys or some other married couple, forestalling any plans she might have to play matchmaker.

The official Bobby-Soxers association recently nominated Monty as their dream man of the year. But listen to this:

A Hollywood girl who has a yen for him, decided to take things in her own hands and not wait for him to call. She called him and invited him to a very swank affair.

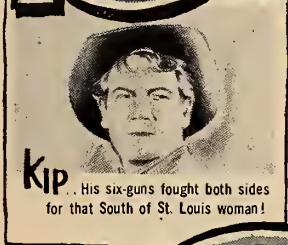
"I'd like to go very much," said Monty, politely, "but I don't have a dinner jacket."

And, honest—he doesn't. He ordered the

YOU COULDN'T TELL A TRAITOR FROM A HERO

...and SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS NOBODY CARED!

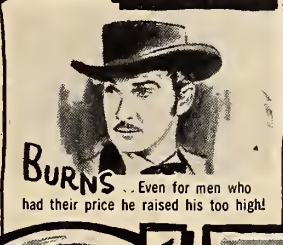
SOUTH



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.



THE RANGER He pulled the trigger first and asked questions later!

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

With thunder-clap violence comes this never-told chapter of Southwest history - presented by **WARNER BROS.**

STARRING

JOEL McCREA ALEXIS SMITH ZACHARY SCOTT DOROTHY MALONE

DIRECTED BY **RAY ENRIGHT** A UNITED STATES PICTURE PRODUCED BY **MILTON SPERLING**

WITH **DDUGLAS 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.**

DORIS DAY

...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!

"MY DREAM IS YOURS"

The story of a love-song that swept a girl to star-glittering fame!

A MICHAEL CURTIZ PRODUCTION
IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

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 ALDUBIN)

STARRING

JACK CARSON · DORIS DAY · LEE BOWMAN
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!

**LOUELLA
PARSONS'
GOOD
NEWS**



Frank Sinatra, Walter Pidgeon and Esther Williams were among the 1,000 guests of MGM's 25th Anniversary lunch honoring Louis Mayer.

first he has ever owned for the Academy Award shindig because he was told that all nominees must be in formal attire.

One of his best friends told me that Monty is a great deal like Lew Ayres. He is a "lone wolf" who falls just once or twice in a lifetime and who has no use for smitten femmes who pursue him.

(For some interesting sidelights on Mr. Clift, see page 24.—ED.)

* * *

Alan Ladd is not a temperamental guy. But he hit the ceiling when the script of *After Midnight* had him socking little Wanda Hendrix.

"Nothing doing," said Alan, "that comes out." He was told that a very important story development hinged on the face slapping.

"Listen," said our boy friend, "I'm not going to hit any woman in a picture—but I'm certainly not going to hit one who weighs 98 pounds!"

Result: The script went back for a new plot hinge.

(Which is very much in keeping with Alan's character—as you'll read in the story on page 32.—ED.)

* * *

Clark Gable drew me aside at Joan Crawford's dinner party and said, "Louella, have you caught up with this Burt Lancaster?"

"Caught up with him?" I echoed. "I'm one of his biggest boosters."

"So am I after seeing him on the screen for the first time last night," Clark said. "I think he's the most terrific personality we've had on the screen in years."

I thought—yes, the most terrific personality since Clark Gable! I've always thought that Burt had the same menacing punch and romantic wallop that Clark registered when he was first starting out. And now here was Clark, himself, doing a rave about a possible successor.

He must have read my thoughts because he grinned, "When they cast me as Lancaster's father—that's the day I retire!" Are you listenin', Burt? You should be plenty pleased over all this praise from Mr. King!

Joan's dinner was très elegante because she entertains in only the most formal way. Her dining room is stately enough for a banquet hall and her silver, crystal and linens are out of this world.



You don't want that
"Left-Out Feeling!"

Stop looking on while others go places, Honey. Join the gang and be welcome—but first remember this: *never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum!*

This unique cream deodorant makes you sure of charm. Contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl—get Mum today!

Mum-Safer for Charm ... Mum checks perspiration odor for the whole day or evening. Protects against risk of *future* odor after your bath washes away *past* perspiration.

Mum-Safer for Skin ... Gentle Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum-Safer for Clothes ... No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical, too—no shrinkage, no waste.

keeps you nice to be near

Product of Bristol-Myers



For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this important use, too.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



**Yes, "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or cream
shampoos hides its natural
lustre with dulling soap film**

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide your hair's natural lustre with dulling film. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo brings out glossy, shimmering highlights the very first time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly, completely in any kind of water—needs no lemon or vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally colorful, lustrously soft, easy to manage—use *Halo Shampoo*! At any drug or cosmetic counter.

- ✓ Not a soap, not a cream—cannot leave dulling film!
- ✓ Quickly, effectively removes dandruff from both hair and scalp!
- ✓ Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!
- ✓ Leaves hair lustrously soft, easy to manage—with colorful natural highlights!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

**LOUELLA
PARSONS'
GOOD
NEWS**



Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan dancing in a Paris night club. Aly's divorce proceedings have bogged down due to the illness of his first wife.

One of the most conspicuous guests was Greer Garson. I say "conspicuous" because there have been rumors that Joan and Greer were not the best of friends—that, in fact, they did not like one another at all. Well, there goes that gossip down the flue.

I must say, however, that only a daring hostess would have arranged the seating just the way Joan did it. She had Buddy Fogelson, Greer's boy friend, on her left and Clark Gable on her right. At another table, Greer dined with Gordon MacRae and two other couples.

A close woman friend who was with Olivia de Havilland soon after she was told by her doctor that she was going to have a baby, said that no woman ever received the news with deeper feeling.

Olivia was so overcome with happiness that her hands seemed almost unconsciously held in prayer as she talked about it—and her eyes were moist.

You can bet that nothing in the world will induce Livvy to do anything that would endanger her health at this time. She has wanted a baby for so long. Marcus Goodrich, the excited papa-to-be, told me, "This is the great happiness we have hoped for."

Speaking as a radio commentator and newspaper gal—the announcement came at an odd time for me. Livvy was scheduled to be the star of my next radio show. Her doctor had told her that she had to stay in bed for several weeks.

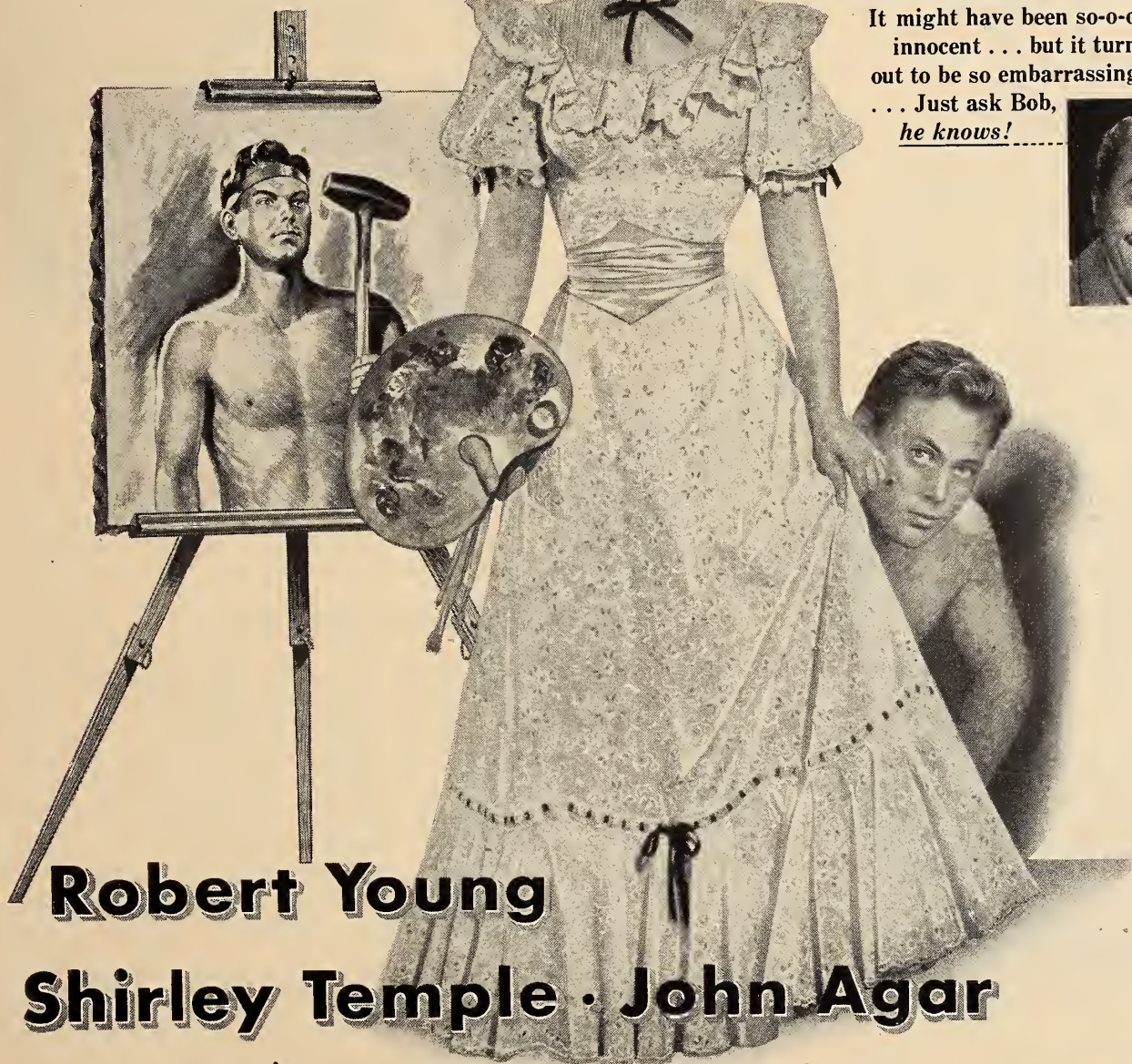
The only thing to do was to take the "show" to Olivia—and that's what we did. My radio producer, our writers and the technicians all hied ourselves over to the Goodrich home for the interview. We did our "spot" in an atmosphere of boudoir surroundings and much advance "baby" talk. Radio was never like this—before!

* * *
Personal Opinions: Katharine Hepburn's appearance at MGM's party given for 80 important salesmen of their pictures, didn't go so big with the boys. She showed up in slacks and about a half-hour late. . . . Isn't it about

Oh, the things they said ...

about the things she did ...

Her reputation suffered ...
but her romance didn't!
It might have been so-o-o
innocent ... but it turned
out to be so embarrassing!
... Just ask Bob,
he knows!



Robert Young
Shirley Temple • John Agar

in

Adventure in Baltimore

A DORE SCHARY Presentation

Produced by Richard H. Berger • Directed by Richard Wallace • Screenplay by Lionel Houser



You'll never know how pretty you can be until you try Magic Touch



Campana's new truly magical or sponge. Touch finger tips to Magic Touch. As by magic they lift off a film of beauty which you apply to your face. Blend over face and suddenly you have the loveliest complexion you've ever known. 6 shades, 39¢ and \$1 sizes. FREE! Beauty Booklet of Make-up Secrets! Write to Campana, 1100 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois. Booklet mailed you at once.

time Margaret O'Brien stopped acting sulky about her mother's marriage? She is a sweet little girl and she has her career. Her devoted mother has the right to her happiness, too. (We agree—see our letter to Margaret on page 29.—ED.) . . .

Can't blame Gloria De Haven for almost breaking out in tears when she is continually "checked" about whether or not she and John Payne are breaking up again. Once they were queried just as they were leaving the house to go to church. "Don't people want us to stay married?" young Gloria asked the reporter sadly. . . . How come Paramount introduces Mona Freeman as a full-fledged star in a Western? She's one of the most chic and sophisticated of the younger group. I consider her wasted in a shooter-upper like Streets of Laredo.

Paulette Goddard, who has put on ten pounds for Anna Lucasta, says her new figure will start a fad for plumper belles. Paulette has never been a modest gal and she's pretty well pleased with the way she stacks up as the voluptuous Anna.

I ran into her in one of her snug-looking outfits—steel-gray satin—on the Columbia lot when she was on the way to the set. The seams weren't bursting—but they were straining!

Paulette said, "It's the 'over-ripe look.' How

do you like it?" I had to admit that she certainly looked well.

"Believe me," Paulette added, "the too-slim girl is a dodo bird. Men are demanding the womanly woman again—and that means curves and more curves."

When there is a baby shower in Hollywood, the glamor girls "oh" and "ah" over the pretty little things just like the Mrs. Joneses and Mrs. Browns in Kokomo.

Mrs. Reginald Gardiner was given one of the loveliest showers by Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, and Nadia and the expected heir received so many gifts it practically took a Mack truck to get them home.

The nursery is being done in yellow, an unusual color and a novel change from the customary pink or blue. Virginia gave Nadia a yellow bassinet, and the yellow blankets to go with it were so pretty.

Joan Fontaine was just full of information and advice about how to bring up a baby—Joan being an experienced mother of several months. Kay Williams Spreckels, who is expecting a baby in July, took notes on what the best-dressed babies are wearing.

Mrs. Louis Jourdan, Nadia's closest friend, seemed a little wistful, I thought. She is so happy for her friend, but she told me she and Louis have wanted a baby for so long.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS

It's almost as easy as filling out a questionnaire. In fact, it's just as easy and much more fun because if you're among the first 500 to send this questionnaire back, you'll win a three-month subscription to MODERN SCREEN absolutely free. All we want to know is which stories you liked in this issue—and which you didn't. And if you're like us, you probably have some favorite stars you want to see in MODERN SCREEN, so list those too. Remember—the first lucky 500 receive the June, July and August issues, free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| Just One of Those Things (Kirk Douglas) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Say It Isn't So (Gregory Peck) by Hedda Hopper | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Traveling Man (Monty Clift) | <input type="checkbox"/> | We're Together Again (Roy Rogers) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| They'll Remember Mama (Betty Hutton) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Five Great Lessons in Love (Bergman, Grable, etc.) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Lies That Hurt Alan Ladd | <input type="checkbox"/> | Home Was Never Like This (Robert Taylor) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Is Sex Necessary? (Jane Russell) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Lana Turner's Bitter Triumphs | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Confessions of a Bachelor Father (Glenn Ford) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Slow Boat To Romance (Cornel Wilde) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Let's Get It Straight (Judy Garland) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Hollywood's Amazing Love Squabble (Errol Flynn-Dick Haymes) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Holiday In The Sun (Rory Calhoun) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Louella Parsons' Good News | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Ring On Her Finger (Jane Powell) | <input type="checkbox"/> | | |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

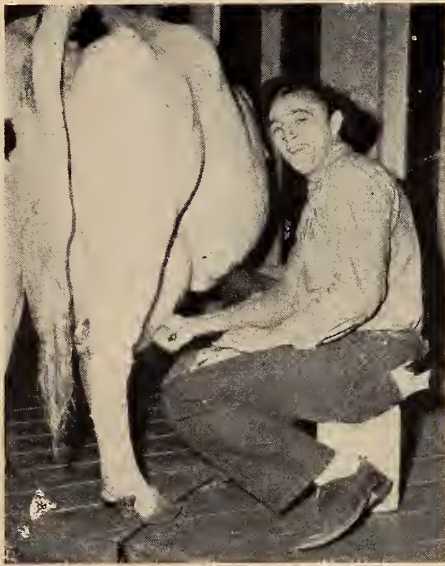
My name is

My address is

City Zone State I am years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

**LOUELLA
PARSONS'
GOOD
NEWS**



Robert Mitchum was a model prisoner at the county sheriff's prison farm while serving his 60 days. (This cow was the envy of the herd.)

Joan Bennett, who could have passed for 25, looked radiant in a purple suit and really had it over the other gals. She's Hollywood's youngest grandma!

The luncheon table was set with the cutest little boy and girl dolls and with pink and blue flowers. The ice cream was molded into baby cradles with a doll in each.

The laugh of the afternoon came when a big, luscious-looking package arrived for papa Reggie Gardiner. It was from his pal, Jack Bolton, and it was a big apron with embroidered pockets for safety pins, aspirin and cigarettes!

There were lovely gifts from Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell and Ginger Rogers. Pretty lucky baby, don't you think?

A close tab on your letters to my office this month, reveals:

More sympathy for Robert Mitchum with the idea of giving him "one more chance."

Several tips to Shirley Temple to let her hair grow a little longer.

Requests for Montgomery Clift and Jane Wyman to be teamed. One girl says, "Maybe they would fall in love and become the perfect team on and off the screen." (!?????)

The more adult letter-writers cheering for Hamlet and Laurence Olivier. The younger ones cheering for Montgomery Clift, Peter Lawford, Glenn Ford, et al.

An upswing of interest in William Holden. Less Ava Gardner mail than last month.

Rita Hayworth still on the side-swipe list.

Linda Darnell being rediscovered as a "great beauty" after *A Letter To Three Wives*. Evidently Linda's type of beauty is much admired by her own sex, because many more femmes than males wrote about her.

Some scattered complaints about the way Ingrid Bergman dresses off-screen—but none regarding her performance in *Joan of Arc*.

Well, I guess that's all for this month. Keep writing and letting me know your ideas. See you next month!

THE END



ARE YOU REALLY
SURE OF
YOUR PRESENT
DEODORANT?
TEST IT AGAINST
NEW PERFECT
FRESH

SEE
FOR YOURSELF
WHICH STOPS
PERSPIRATION—
PREVENTS ODOR—
BETTER!

Are you really
Lovely to Love?



59¢-13¢
25¢ and 10¢

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference . . . and you will never know how lovely you *can* be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use . . . Different from any deodorant you have ever tried.

use **FRESH** and stay fresher

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



We Were Strangers concerns Cuban revolutionists. When Jennifer Jones' brother is killed by official Pedro Armendariz, she joins John Garfield in the underground.



The revolutionists tunnel from her house to a tomb in a cemetery, planning to plant a bomb to kill the government heads when they attend a prominent funeral.



The plot is thwarted when the funeral is switched to outside the city. Jennifer and Garfield plan to flee Cuba together. But he dies after a gunfight with police—just as the revolutionists sweep to victory.

WE WERE STRANGERS

Cast: Jennifer Jones, John Garfield, Pedro Armendariz, Gilbert Roland, Ramon Novarro, Wally Cassell, David Bond.

Columbia.

In my opinion, this picture is a work of art. It tells of a group of Cuban revolutionists in the early 1930's, when that island was ruled by a dictator-president, and it seemed that freedom had vanished, to be replaced by machine guns. The revolutionary group is composed of four Cuban men, a Cuban girl—Jennifer Jones—who's seen her brother murdered by a police official, and an American of Cuban birth—John Garfield. They have a plan whereby the assassination of the president, high police and other government officials can be achieved in one move. They're going to tunnel from Jennifer's basement (which is directly across the street from Colon Cemetery) into the tomb of some important family. At the proper time, their organization will see to it that a member of the important family is killed, the funeral will bring out the big "hyenas," a bomb planted in the tomb will do the rest. The tunneling is not undertaken lightly. The revolutionists love liberty, but they are also men of conscience. They know the bomb may kill some innocent people, and they are troubled. Still, innocents are being slaughtered daily by the police, so the risk must be taken. The six live together, eating, talking, digging. They who had recently been strangers are now inhabitants of a private world. The digging reaches the poor part of the cemetery. The smell of death is so strong the diggers must wear handkerchiefs over their faces. One man, sickened and horrified, escapes into insanity, wanders out onto the street, and is killed by a truck. The others work on. . . . But there isn't room to tell the whole story. In brief, the plot fails, Garfield is killed by police bullets just as the Cuban revolution breaks out. Cubans force the president to flee, Cubans battle the police, Cubans parade in the streets singing, but in the house where the six strangers had lived together, one man stands looking at the body of his friend, and says, "A man can die five minutes too early." This is a picture that will exhaust you. It mixes moments of poetry with moments of nightmare. It is beautiful, and terrible, and the acting is all so magnificent there's no sense in even trying to single out any performer. See *We Were Strangers*. Its like may not come your way again.

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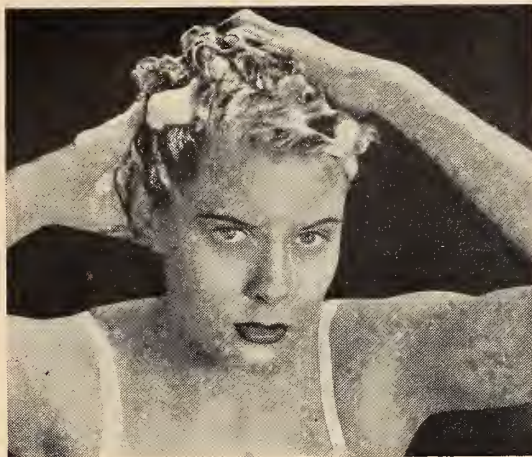
Red Canyon: Girl meets boy, but Papa abjects. Ann Blyth and Howard Duff carry on against Papa's wishes and breathtaking Western scenery.

RED CANYON

Cast: Ann Blyth, Howard Duff, George Brent, Edgar Buchanan, Jane Darwell.
Universal-International.

Here's George Brent growing old gracefully. He's grey-haired, fatherly and unromantic in the middle of Utah. His name's Bostel, he rules a settlement called Bostel's Crossing, and when he isn't concentrating on horse-breeding, he's giving his motherless daughter Lucy (Ann Blyth) orders, or he's swearing vengeance on the coyotes that made her motherless. (The coyotes are a bunch known as the Cordt gang.) One day Lucy defies papa, takes off on a race horse named Sage King (he's never been beaten, and he's awful lively) and heads for open country. She meets Howard Duff, a "saddle tramp" (isn't it colorful?) who explains he's going to capture and train the wild stallion known as Black Velvet. Not only that, Black Velvet's going to beat Sage King in the big race which is only a few months away. Ann laughs out of the side of her mouth, but you know girls. She thinks Howard's lovely. She even helps him train Black Velvet (after he catches him, of course) and Howard and Ann are definitely something for Winchell to think about by the time the big race rolls around. But trouble, trouble. Papa George says Ann can't ride a wild horse; she's too young to get killed. And Howard confesses that his father is really Floyd Cordt, and that he grew up in the Cordt gang. Says he never went along with them, once he was old enough to know better, but he doesn't think that'll help much in Ann's pappy's eyes. He's right. Black Velvet wins the race, Papa George attempts to rub out Howard, and Howard has to kill his whole murdering family to prove he's a right guy. He does it without blinking. This is a very superior Western as to color, scenery, horses and dialogue. One of the funniest lines belongs to John McIntire (Floyd Cordt) the outlaw chief. At one point, he studies his honest youngest son sadly, and then he murmurs, "That Lin. He coulda been such a help to us, if his thinkin' was only straight."

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing



Lather . . .
was Alva's problem!

"Imagine trying to shampoo your hair without enough lather," complains Alva Anderson. "And that's just about what happens every time I use a soap shampoo!" Of course, Alva won't ever get the lather she wants with a soap shampoo—especially in hard water! And she can't rinse away that dulling soap film, either. That's what leaves hair looking drab and lifeless. Makes it hard to manage, too!

But Alice
got heaps of it!

"Toni Creme Shampoo is wonderful! Even in hard water, I get all the rich, creamy lather I need—and then some!" says twin Alice. And Toni does more than that! After Soft-Water Shampooing, your hair is exquisitely clean . . . shinier . . . more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible! Each strand shimmers with all, yes all its natural beauty! Curls are fresh, vibrant-looking . . . soft as a moonbeam!



Now it's Toni Creme Shampoo for Two!

The Anderson twins know there's nothing like Toni Creme Shampoo! Nothing like Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! For Toni bursts into oceans of thick, billowy lather . . . rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Toni leaves your hair wonderfully fresh and radiant . . . sparkling with precious new highlights. Helps your permanent "take" better . . . look lovelier longer. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. Try Soft-Water Shampooing. It's for you!



Enriched with Lanolin

One Word Led to Another



DISGUSTED—What woman wouldn't be disgusted?—when the lure of mysterious washing miracles and other 'inducements'—ends in the same old weary wash days and dingy, half-clean clothes.



DELIGHTED—Any woman will be delighted—when sparkling, fragrant washes, done easily with the help of golden soap and active naphtha—prove there still is nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap.

In many a 'clothes line chat', the Fels-Naptha Story is told again and again. The plain, straightforward story of two great cleaners—mild, golden soap and active Fels naphtha—combined to do a thorough, gentle washing job, in machine or tub.

No mysteries. No 'inducements'—unless whiter washes and easier wash days can induce *you* to try Fels-Naptha Soap.



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



MADE IN PHILA.
BY FELS & CO.



Mother Is A Freshman: Loretta Young enrolls in college to save the family fortune. Rudy Vallee's her lawyer, Von Johnson's her prof.

MOTHER IS A FRESHMAN

Cast: Loretta Young, Van Johnson, Rudy Vallee, Barbara Lawrence, Robert Arthur, Betty Lynn.
20th Century-Fox.

You think being rich is such a good deal? Why, widowed Loretta Young doesn't know where her next silver-blue mink is coming from. Her trust fund only pays off once every three years, she's used up all her ready cash, and her lawyer Rudy Vallee won't lend her five cents. (He's willing to marry her, but she'd rather die.) Betty Lynn, Loretta's spoiled daughter (you'd go far to find a more horrible example of modern youth) insists that she must have the means to go back to Painter College. She's not so interested in education, but she's terribly interested in an English professor named Michaels (Van Johnson). "You've got to get the money, Mother," she says. "Even if you have to go to work in one of those sweat shops. You're pretty good at getting spots out of things." The solution presents itself when Loretta remembers a scholarship her grandmother once set up at Painter. It provides \$3000 for any female by the name of Abigail Fortitude who wishes to advance her education. (Granny's name was Abigail Fortitude; so was Loretta's, before she wed.) The \$3000 will keep Loretta and daughter in the chips till the next trust fund payment comes due. Hitch: Loretta must go to college, to get the money. Double hitch: Professor Michaels is slated to fall in love with Loretta, which enrages daughter to an alarming degree. Before she'll permit her unhappy elders to wed, she makes them both suffer. Picture's fun when they keep it light; toward the end it bogs down a little painfully (daughter's renunciation scene, to be specific) but don't stay away on that account.

THE UNDERCOVER MAN

Cast: Glenn Ford, Nina Foch, James Whitmore, Barry Kelley, David Wolfe, Frank Tweddell.
Columbia.

Glenn Ford, U. S. Treasury agent, traps a Capone-like mobster in a couple of hours of exciting melodrama. This mobster, known as the Big Fellow, has successfully terrorized a



The Undercover Man: Glenn Ford's a U. S. Treasury agent tracking down a mysterious mobster, much to the anxiety of wife Nina Foch.

whole city. His syndicate collects protection from small businessmen, runs gambling places, murders anybody who steps out of line. No citizens will testify against any of the Big Fellow's gangsters because they're afraid to. Glenn finds this out when a stool-pigeon coming to meet him and sell him valuable information is mowed down in broad daylight. A crowd of spectators sees the killing, but none will admit it. Glenn's next lead—to a Salvatore Rocco, one of the Big Fellow's "frontmen"—is more productive. The gang gets to Rocco before Glenn does, of course, but Rocco's little daughter (Joan Lazer) salvages Rocco's records, and brings them to Glenn. The records are the break he's been waiting for. He goes into action, and, finally, the Big Fellow is brought to trial and convicted. The cast in *Undercover Man* is wonderful—Robert Osterloh and Anthony Caruso as the greedy ex-gangsters, Barry Kelley as the Big Fellow's rich and frightened lawyer, Frank Tweddell as an outspoken Police Inspector (the only one in the city), John Hamilton as a policeman who isn't so outspoken, Nina Foch as Glenn's worrying wife, James Whitmore and David Wolfe as Glenn's Treasury Agent companions, and Glenn himself as an investigator Edgar Hoover could be proud of.

THE BRIBE

Cast: Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Charles Laughton, Vincent Price, John Hodiak.
MGM.

FBI man Robert Taylor gets sent to Central America to investigate some funny goings-on. Scrap is being shipped out of the United States, but when it turns up in Central America it's airplane motors; and a few big crooks are cleaning up. The crooks are a cold-blooded killer (Vincent Price), a drunken weakling (John Hodiak), and a frightened fat man with fallen arches (Charles Laughton). Hodiak, who has heart trouble, is married to Ava Gardner. Ava sings in a night club, and knows from nothing about her low-life husband's enterprises. (He's got a spark or two of manhood left, by gosh, and he's insisted that she mustn't be dragged into any dirty work.) Robert and Ava fall in love; Ava confesses that she's married to a drunken

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 glamorous 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

"I dress for a dinner dance...
at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "For a busy day, I love my chic ensemble in contrasting woolens with its matching bonnet. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "For a brilliant evening, I remove the jacket and hat, and presto! My dress turns into a new off-the-shoulder formal! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream . . . because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the *perfect* deodorant.



New Odorono Cream
safely stops perspiration
and odor a full 24 hours!



The Bribe: Federal Agent Robert Taylor succeeds in capturing a gang of smugglers. Ava Gardner, for her part, succeeds in winning Bob.

bum, and they let it go at that. Robert still isn't sure she doesn't know Hodiak's a crook. Anyhow, she positively doesn't know Robert's a Fed (that's the casual way to refer to 'em). Vincent Price, who suspects Robert's a Fed, offers him a bribe (through Laughton) and when he won't bite, attempts to drown him. Unfortunately, Taylor's native guide gets drowned instead. After this, the heat's really on. Price turns meaner still, and murders his aide, Hodiak. Ava, who finds out the truth about Robert and her husband simultaneously, drugs Robert so he won't be able to make a raid and send her husband to jail. She doesn't think jail's good for people with heart trouble, and she doesn't know her husband's already dead. Now—is Bob going to wake up in time to make the raid? Or will Vincent escape? Or will Ava kill herself because of the mess she's made of things? There's a really spectacular finish to this picture—a chase through streets which are a blaze of fireworks—and the acting's very nice. Lots of excitement, too.

MY DREAM IS YOURS

Cast: Jack Carson, Doris Day, Lee Bowman, Adolphe Menjou, Eve Arden.

Warners

Lee Bowman is a rat. Take my word for it. Jack Carson discovered him when he was nobody, and made him into a world-famous crooner, star of the Hour of Enchantment. Now Lee Bowman's walking out on Jack. Which means Jack's boss, Adolphe Menjou, who owns an advertising agency, may lose his biggest account—the afore-mentioned Hour of Enchantment. Because the Hour's sponsor, S. Z. Sakall, is a funny little man who likes Lee Bowman better than anything. Well, Jack borrows money from Eve Arden (Menjou's secretary) and goes to New York to get a different singer for Sakall to love, so Menjou won't lose Sakall. In New York, he finds a singer (Doris Day) who's also a war widow with a four-year-old child (Duncan Richardson). He totes Doris back to Hollywood, where she auditions for Sakall, who wants schmaltz. Doris is too jazzy to suit him. Now what? Doris auditions everywhere. No job. Jack feels responsible. He moves Doris and her kid into Eve's apartment. Eve feels terrible. Lee Bowman (the rat, remember?)



My Dream Is Yours: Jack Carsan goes to great and laughable lengths to see that protégée Doris Day finally gets her big break in radio.

falls in love with Doris. So does Jack. Doris falls in love with Lee Bowman. Unfortunately, she gets her big chance one night when Bowman's so drunk he can't do his show, and she goes on. Bowman leaves town in a huff, Doris becomes a big star, etc. She's carrying a torch. Bowman comes back to town. He's still the same conceited jerk he used to be. On the skids, but doesn't know it. Doris tries to help him. No soap. So Jack gets the girl. It happens to him every 30 or 40 pictures. This one's fun. It's like the old Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler-Joan Blondell musicals. Fairytale plot, happy ending, pretty music, very enjoyable.

EL PASO

Cast: John Payne, Gail Russell, Sterling Hayden, George "Gabby" Hayes, Dick Foran, Henry Hull, Mary Beth Hughes.
Paramount

Lawyer John Payne, fresh from the Civil War, gets sent by his old grand-daddy, Judge Fletcher (H. B. Warner) to investigate the whereabouts of a certain Judge Jeffers (Henry Hull) and his daughter Susan (Gail Russell). Rumor has it the Jeffers are out West in some new development called El Paso. John's

(Continued on page 108)

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

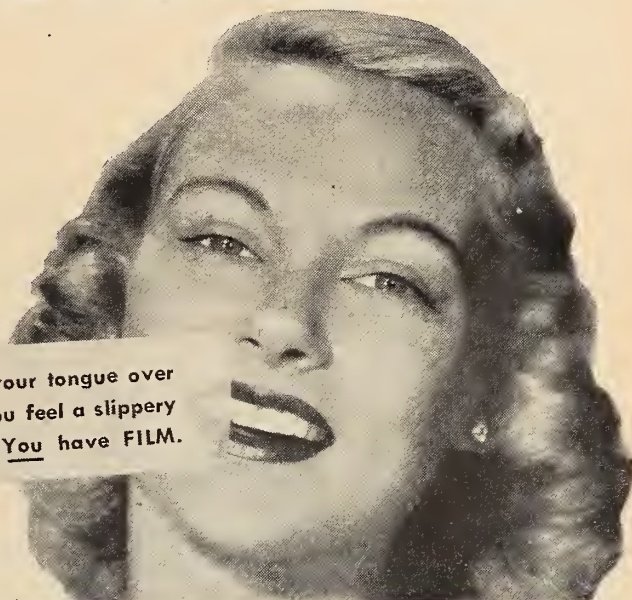
6 T., Schuyler Crail, Bot., Bert Parry—7 T., Bert Parry, Bot., Schuyler Crail—8 Wide World—11 Bert Parry—12 International News Photo—15 Wide World—22 T., M. S. staff, Bot., Wide World—24 Paramount—29 Acme Photo—30, 31 Bob Beerman—32 Bob Beerman—33 Paramount Exc. Rt., National Broadcasting Studios—34, 35 Bob Beerman—36, 37 Bob Beerman—38 Jean Howard—39 T., Jean Howard Exc. Lt., 20th Century-Fox—40, 41, 42 Bob Beerman—43 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—44 Bert Parry Exc. Bot Lt., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—45 T., Bert Parry, Bot., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—46 Nelson Morris—47 Bob Beerman—48 T., Gus Gale, Bot., Bert Parry—49 Bert Parry—50, 51 Bob Beerman—52, Bert Parry Exc. Cen., Chic Farmer—53 T., News Service, Bot., Wide World—54 Bert Parry Exc. Cen., Gus Gale—55 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—56 T., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Bot. Lt., Julius Buck, Bot. Cen., Rt., Modern Screen staff—57 Press Association—62 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—63 T., Eddie Hubbell of MGM, Bot. Lt., M. S. staff, Bot. Rt., Julius Buck—73 Virgil Agger—74, 75, 78, 79, 80 Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top

New Improved Pepsodent Removes FILM Amazingly!

In just 7 days—you'll have
brighter teeth and fresher breath—or

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!



Run the tip of your tongue over
your teeth. If you feel a slippery
coating there—You have FILM.

Why FILM must be removed

1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull
2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath
3. FILM glues acid to your teeth
4. FILM never lets up—it forms continually on everyone's teeth

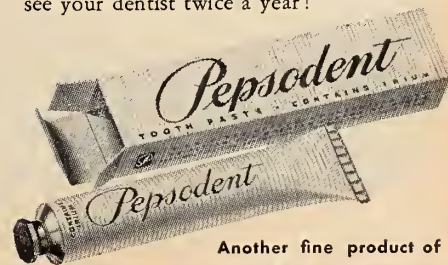
Now Faster Foaming! New Pepsodent Sweeps FILM Away!

New improved Pepsodent will bring a thrilling brightness to your teeth, a new freshness to your breath—or we'll return twice what you paid!

No other tooth paste can duplicate new Pepsodent's film-removing formula! It foams wonderfully—goes to work faster, fighting film: (1) Pepsodent routs discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It checks film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent helps protect you from acid produced by germs in film. This acid, many dentists agree, is the cause of tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent. No other tooth paste contains Irium—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent!

Try new fast-foaming Pepsodent with Irium for 7 days. If you're not convinced it

gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth—mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent, Division Lever Brothers Company, Dept. G, Chicago, Ill.—and you'll receive double your money back, plus postage! Offer expires August 31, 1949. Remember, for the safety of your smile, use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



Another fine product of
Lever Brothers Company

Just one of those things

How can Kirk Douglas explain one of those inexplicable things? It happened to him and Diana—they were so much in love and now are only strangers again.

BY FRED MORGAN



Break-up of Diana and Kirk Douglas shocked friends.



Mike, four, has Pop play records before bedtime. Another son, Joel, is two.

■“A year ago I’d have punched anyone on the nose who dared to suggest that my wife and I were splitting up,” Kirk Douglas said, the line of his jaw tightening grimly. “But—here we are.”

There indeed he was, all six feet and 180 solid pounds of troubled actor, moved out of his neat Swiss Chalet home in Laurel Canyon and moved into the Hollywood Athletic Club.

“You may as well say it: There goes another Hollywood marriage. But when you rack this up as just another domestic failure, the verdict is wrong. . . . Yeah, I know what you’re thinking. Why can’t Diana and I get back together again? Friends have said to me. ‘Kirk—swallow your pride, go back. This will smooth itself out, somehow.’ I wish it were as easy as that.

“Of course people are giving the usual pat explanation that two careers in the family just won’t work. That we had to call it quits because the girl I married, who gave up her career and brought me two wonderful sons, was now making life intolerable by going back into pictures. This explanation simply isn’t true. That’s not the root of the trouble. I just don’t have any excuse that makes sense when you put it in print, any more than do (Continued on page 84)

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars:
Average

For lips men love
—and love to kiss— *Tangee*



"KISS ME"

as interpreted by

MEG RANDALL

AND

RICHARD LONG

in a scene from

THE LIFE OF RILEY

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

Tangee

KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—A new pink ... to give extra "kiss appeal" to your lips.

TANGEE RED-RED—Best bet for brunettes. This rich, intriguing red is a sure magnet for kisses.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—This dramatic color makes red-heads look doubly warm and tempting.

TANGEE GAY-RED—Terrific for blondes...gives lips that gay, reckless, "I-dare-you" look.



Tangee

KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!

FROM THE MOVIES

EASTER PARADE—album featuring Judy Garland, Fred Astaire, Ann Miller, Peter Lawford** (MGM).

Here's an album that couldn't be released during the recording ban but has since been sliced from the sound track of the picture. Eight Irving Berlin hits, the best of which is still the title song. (You'll miss the visual touches in "A Fella with an Umbrella" and "A Couple of Swells".) Album makes a nice Easter gift, even if it's from you to yourself.

MY DREAM IS YOURS—title song by Patti Page* (Mercury). "Someone Like You" by Ella Fitzgerald* (Decca), Eddy Howard (Mercury). "I'll String Along With You" by Doris Day & Buddy Clark* (Columbia). This is the picture listed last month as "Forever and Always." The "String" song is a revival of a 1934 hit.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE—title song by King Cole* (Capitol)

Actually you can no more hear this in the picture than you heard "Gone With the Wind" in that film. "Inspired by the David O. Selznick Production," says the label on this King Cole release, and a pretty inspiration it was. String orchestra joins the trio to set a mood similar to Nat's "Lost April."

STREETS OF LAREDO—title song by Ray Noble* (Columbia), Patti Page (Mercury).

A little off the beaten Noble path, but Ken Carson sings the vocal, as he does in the picture, and Robert Maxwell supplies some interesting harp work.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—"Girls Were Made to Take Care of Boys" by Rose Murphy (Victor), Herbie Jeffries (Columbia).

WORDS AND MUSIC—"Blue Room" by Perry Como* (Victor).

POPULAR

SAMMY DAVIS, JR.—"The Way You Look Tonight"*** (Capitol).

Billed as the "man of many voices," this new star gives impressions of the voices of Billy Eckstine, Al Jolson, Nat Cole, Frankie Laine and others in a manner that would fool the imitatees! Unique.

BETTY GARRETT—"Humphrey Bogart Rhumba"*** (MGM).

They say Bogie hung around the recording studio all day so he could throw in five words at the end of this amusing satirical lyric. Cute.

JANE HARVEY—"Always True to You In My Fashion"*** (MGM).

The former Benny Goodman chanteuse does the neatest job of all the records on this song and the companion ballad "So In Love," both from Cole Porter's "Kiss Me Kate" score.

PEGGY LEE—"If You Could See Me Now"*** (Capitol).

Peggy's prettiest record in a year is this lovely Tadd Dameron tune.



traveling man

by k. roby eunson



Montgomery Clift, individualist.

The sensational Mr. Clift won't be tied down. The wide world is bigger than Hollywood, and Monty's going places by his own route and speed.

■ When Montgomery Clift landed in London last November, nobody noticed. He found himself a modest hotel room and settled down to two or three days of intensive theater-going, sightseeing and visiting picturesque pubs with a couple of London pals.

This happy existence as an ordinary tourist was easy for Monty to achieve last November. Nobody in London knew who he was. The lady behind him in the theater queue was dreaming of the New Look dress that required so many coupons to buy, and the little man sitting next to him on the bus was thinking more about that one egg he was going to get for breakfast a week from next Tuesday. The business of living is still pretty grim in London. Consequently, it takes more than just an ordinary Hollywood "cinema actor" to cause the slightest stir. . . .

Then Monty departed for the places he'd gone abroad primarily to visit: Italy and Israel. There were great stirrings and ferment in both places.

"It's a fine feeling, being able to go wherever you like when you're not working," says Monty. "Hollywood's a very pleasant place to be—almost too pleasant—somehow it's very far removed from the rest of the world. I should think living there continuously would make it fairly difficult to keep a sense of perspective—it would be for me, anyway. So, I finish a picture and wham! I'm 6,000 miles away."

So to Rome and Tel Aviv he went, talking to people to whom he was just an ordinary, friendly guy, observing (Continued on page 83)



DIAMOND JEWELRY BY CARTIER

Heavenly new spring shade

"Star Bright" NAIL BRILLIANCE

BY CUTEX *only 25¢**



Pink just blushing into flame . . . that's "Star Bright," dream-come-true color for nails and lips. Very right with the new fashion colors. Very exciting in the most flattering, best-behaved nail polish and lipstick you ever wore.

Nail Brilliance is more than a luxurions glamour polish. Fantastically long-wearing! So immaculately pure and harmless even women whose skins are allergic to other polishes tell us they can safely use it.

Cutex Lipstick is new make-up magic at its most alluring. Like clinging satin! Dare Cutex Lipstick today! In "Star Bright," and other shades to echo Nail Brilliance colors. Only 49¢.*

*PLUS TAX.

Beauty is my business—

SAYS JUNE THOMPSON
Adorable Cover Girl



and My Delicate Skin Looks Softer...
Smoother... Younger Since I Changed
to Gentle **SWEETHEART** Beauty Care

• "I never knew how fresh and clear my complexion could look when I was coasting along on casual skin care. Then I started to use only SweetHeart Soap Beauty Care. The difference it made was wonderful to see. For in just one week my skin felt silken-soft. It looked rose-petal fresh and young!"

Like June, change to SweetHeart Care. Massage your face, each night and morning, with gentle SweetHeart's rich lather. Rinse with warm—then cold water. In one week see the difference!

For SweetHeart's creamy lather has an amazing beauty action. Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings. *Lift off—float away*—dirt and rough skin flakes. In seven short days your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger!

Beauty is our business, too!

• Kathleen and Maureen McGurk, 10 months old, are pretty twin models who enjoy their SweetHeart baths!

For baby's bath—for your family's tubs and showers—you can now also get pure, mild SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.



SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES
with Your Skin



Your letters...

DISGUSTED READER

Dear Editor: I just finished reading "The Strange Loves of Hedy Lamarr" in your March issue.

If you ask me, Miss Lamarr is just plain spoiled. As you say, she's "wealthy, famous, intelligent, and admired all over the world," if she still can't find someone to make her happy—I don't think she deserves to be.

MARY SIBLEY, PORT HENRY, N. Y.

MIND OVER MARRIAGE

Dear Editor: Why can't these Hollywood couples make up their minds?

I was happy to hear that Glo De Haven and John Payne have reconciled, but I wonder how long this "State of the Reunion" will last.

J. D. GLUECK, MANHATTAN, N. Y.

SOLID CITIZENS

Dear Editor: Just a line to tell you how much I enjoyed your editorial, "The Hard Way," which appeared in the March issue.

It's about time we heard more about the people who live sanely and happily in Hollywood.

Glenn Ford and Dorothy Lamour, the two you mentioned, can certainly set an example for the youth of America to follow.

DOROTHY EVANS, EVANSTON, ILL.

GOOD SKATES

Dear Editor: I wonder if you know how helpful to parents are articles like "Good Skates" by Viola Moore.

I'm the mother of two daughters and have been active in Girl Scout work and in Parent-Teacher Associations for many years. Recently, the latter group helped launch a campaign against poor juvenile literature.

Not only is "Good Skates" entertaining and wholesome, but it helps us in our fight against unfit reading material.

MRS. S. D. DALE, SANTA ANITA, CALIF.

UNFAIR TO TOM

Dear Editor: I don't think Hollywood is treating Tom Drake fairly. He's not as flashy as some, but he's a fine actor. After the impression of his excellent performance in *The Green Years* faded, everyone just started forgetting about him. Hollywood ought to wake up and give some attention to one of its most attractive and good actors.

BILLIE O'NEILL, MEXICO, D. F.
(Have you seen *Words and Music, Billie?* You couldn't have missed Tom Drake.—Ed.)

new faces



CORINNE CALVET gave up a brilliant career as a sculptress to become an actress. Against her parents' wishes she enrolled in the French Government School of the Cinema. She did quite a few ingenue roles in French movies before coming to this country. Corinne was born in Paris 20 years ago, is 5' 5" tall and weighs 110 pounds, and recently married John Bromfield, another rising young star. She makes her debut in Hal Wallis' *Rope of Sand*.



JOHN RODNEY was born in Brooklyn, March 7, 1916, and at the age of 14 enlisted in the Canadian Army. They found out about it, however, and shipped him back to Brooklyn. After a short career as a bank clerk, he joined Michael Chekhov's theater group and he appeared in several Broadway productions. John served in the Navy for four years and there met John Ford. Back in the United States, John was tested for and received the role of Adam in *Pursued*. He's 6' 2" tall and has brown hair and blue eyes and is married. His latest movie is *Fighter Squadron*.



VALENTINA CORTESA may be a new face to Hollywood, but she's already an outstanding actress in Italy. She was born in Milan, Italy, January 1, 1925, and spent most of her childhood in a small fishing village on Lake Maggiore. During a village feast, she took part in the dramatic offering and was promptly discovered by two critics. She was advised to go to the Academy in Rome, but on arriving there was immediately snapped up by the movies. Valentina became the toast of Italy and was re-discovered by Zanuck. She's made *Cagliostro* in Rome with Orson Welles and you will see her soon in *Hard Bargain* with Dick Conte.



JIM BROWN, or "Lefty" as he is known to his friends, was vocalist with Garwood Van's Orchestra prior to his entry into filmland. Henry Willson spied him and signed his name to a long term contract. Jim was born in Desdemona, Texas on March 22, 1920. He attended Schreiner Institute, military school in Kerrville, Texas, and later entered Baylor University where he majored in journalism. He will soon be seen in the Universal-Int. production of *Baby Makes Three* with Donald O'Connor and Gloria DeHaven.

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Because

**Veto gives you
Double Protection!**

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

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New Fragrance!

New Charm!

New Allure!

So Forget all other Beauty Care and use Palmolive Soap as Doctors advised for a Lovelier Complexion!

Get Bath Size
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Use it in tub or shower.
The alluring new
fragrance of Palmolive's
"Beauty Lather" leaves
you even lovelier *all over!*



Millions of women will prefer this "Beauty Lather" Palmolive over all other leading toilet soaps . . . the minute they try it!

And small wonder! For Palmolive's famous "Beauty Lather" has a new, clean, flower-fresh fragrance for new allure, new charm.

And using Palmolive Soap, the way doctors advised, is so effective that *all types of skin*—young, older, oily—respond to it quickly. Dull, drab skin appears brighter, coarse-looking skin finer. Even tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads—

disappear or improve remarkably.

So do as Doctors advised. Stop improper cleansing! Instead, wash your face with Palmolive Soap three times each day, massaging Palmolive's wonderful "Beauty Lather" onto your skin, for sixty seconds each time, to get its full beautifying effect. Then rinse! That's all.

But 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—advised this way for 1285 women, and *proved* Palmolive can bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 in just 14 days. Get Palmolive Soap and start today!

are parents human?

Dear Margaret:

The papers have been full of accounts of your heartbreak over the marriage of your mother to orchestra-leader Don Sylvio. It's said you wept throughout the ceremony, refused to kiss your stepfather when it was over, and afterwards seemed sadly doubtful when you were assured that you would "grow to like him."

We realize what a tragic thing it must seem to you to have another person apparently come between you and your mother—a mother who, since your father died before your birth, has been the only parent you've ever known.

And yet, Margaret, we feel certain that her affection toward you will remain as strong and constant as ever. Her love for your stepfather is on another plane—and this new and different love, far from weakening that which she bears toward you, should strengthen and deepen it. This marriage means great happiness to her, and when a person is happy, all affections flow the more easily.

As a daughter who owes a great debt to her mother for a fine, devoted upbringing, you have a responsibility to her not to cast any shadow on that happiness by persisting in showing disapproval of her marriage.

In this you also have a broader responsibility, Margaret. Very young people always have a tendency to feel that their parents are such powerful and self-sufficient beings that they're above human emotions. It does seem that you're making this mistake about your mother. You've said that, for your sake, she should have waited for at least two years before marrying—as if she had no right to her own life. Such an attitude might well encourage misunderstandings in millions of families whose youngsters consider you a model and guide.

You're obviously an intelligent girl, Margaret. We're confident that your intelligence will soon assert itself—and that you'll then behave as if you realized that after all, parents, too, are human.

Wade K. Nichols
EDITOR

an
open
letter
to
margaret
o'brien



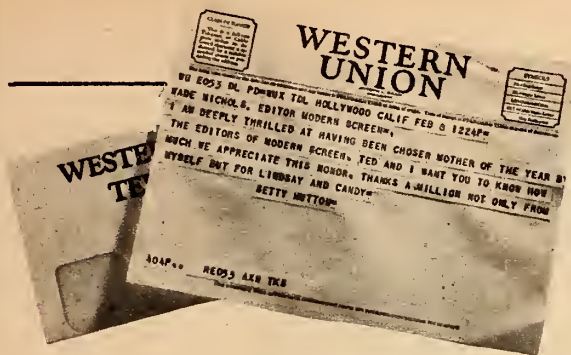
Margaret flicks back a tear as she poses after the wedding ceremony with her mother, bridegroom Dan Sylvio and Judge Robbins.



After work (Betty's in *Red, Hot and Blue*) the Briskins get right down to living—with Candy, one (on Pop's lap), and Lindsay, two.

they'll remember mama

by Ida Zeitlin



MODERN SCREEN SELECTS BETTY HUTTON AS MOTHER OF THE YEAR

Because she is raising her children with common sense, understanding, and a simplicity rare in Hollywood; because she has provided a sane, wholesome family atmosphere, unmarred by the intrusions of her busy career and made happy and secure by a whole-hearted observance of her marriage vows; because, beyond the devotion to her own, she shows a constant awareness of what the future should hold for children everywhere; because, in brief, she so well exemplifies the ideals of motherhood, MODERN SCREEN has chosen Betty Hutton as Hollywood Mother of the Year. We're sure that after you've read the following inspiring story you'll agree we couldn't have made a better choice.—THE EDITORS.

■ One is fair-haired and dainty, and looks at you with the eyes of a forest doe. She was two last November. The other's a character, all zip and bounce like her mother, busy every waking minute exploring the world. She'll be one in April. They're Lindsay and Candy, otherwise known as the Briskin treasures.

Betty wants still another treasure, but she's willing to wait. Two years of solid work first, to roll up a backlog of pictures. Then a baby . . .

"Maybe we'll even get around to two more," says Betty. "We really ought to have four. Most of the happy families are big ones. Besides, these two are so close in age, they'll have lots in common—but Number Three would stand a chance of feeling left out, which I couldn't bear. And of course if I don't have a boy, I'll die. That's the comedy angle. It used to be Ted who was crazy for a son. Now he doesn't give a hoot if we wind up with four dames. As we probably will!"

Meantime, they're hoping to build a new house, once the market settles. A house with an upstairs. This goes back to Detroit, and a kid who lived with her mother and sister in whatever ramshackle tenement they could afford. Other kids at school would sometimes invite her home, and soon a conviction settled in her childish bones: All the *real* families lived in two-story houses, with the bedrooms upstairs. Those were the (Continued on page 67)



Betty wants Candy (on the floor) and Lindsay to grow up with the feeling of security she herself lacked as a child. The Briskins may have two more bobbies; they believe most hoppy families are large.



One of Betty's doily hobbits is going over menus with Kirchey, the children's beloved nurse. Here, Candy joins the session. Maybe she can't read—but she's obviously interested in what's cookin'.

LIES

THAT HURT ALAN LADD

When you're a Hollywood star, words can often harm you—even if they're all wrong. Now, a famous reporter separates the facts from the fiction about Alan Ladd.



secretive is what some have termed Ladd, referring to the lack of publicity about his kids. But Ladd has always spoken proudly and openly of them.



under sue's thumb is a phrase used by Alan's detractors. But Sue gave up being Alan's manager as soon as they married.

by erskine johnson

■ When a kid from Arkansas moves to Hollywood, goes to North Hollywood High School, then suddenly gets a break in motion pictures and becomes a star overnight as the screen's Number One tough guy, a lot of things are said about him. Rumors lambaste his reputation from all sides, legends spring up around him—in other words, people talk. Most of their talk is bunk—and debunking is my business. That's why I decided to dig into some of the myths that have accumulated about Alan Ladd. And from now on—take it from me—you can say "nonsense!" about a number of absurdly bum steers you continually get on the guy.

Take the impression that he's a tough guy off the screen as well as on: That just isn't so—for actually, Alan is a soft-spoken, mild-mannered man, likeable and pleasant at work, at home, and at play. He's almost too pleasant for his own good, and lets people impose on him and on his time far beyond what's reasonable.

As to his being soft-spoken, sitting only a few feet away from him in his Paramount dressing room I actually had difficulty in hearing what he had to say. There are those, of course, who point to his being a quiet type with whispered alarm: "Beware of the quiet guy. He's got a hot temper."

I mentioned that to Alan: "Just how hot is your temper?" I asked.

He thought it over. "No hotter than average," he said.

He told me he could remember being hot-tempered as an athlete in North Hollywood High School, and getting into a number of fights—but almost all of those were in the heat of games. Any other fights he had were with a pal named Bob Nestell—they went through Grammar School and High School together and fought all the time and, it seems, took turns losing.

But I don't think you'll find anyone who really knows Alan Ladd today who'll say he's easily riled. That fiery stuff is for the screen—that's acting, and acting is his business. He learned to control his real-life temper long before he left high school. The nearest thing you can call temper in Alan today is his quiet habit of beating his fists on the side of any wall that's handy when something goes very wrong.

About the time Frank Sinatra was reaching his peak of popularity, Alan was just as sought-after by the autograph hunters. That's when a Paramount publicity writer released a story saying that when Alan parked his Buick station wagon (the first car he ever owned) anywhere in Hollywood, he'd remove the registration card so the kids wouldn't know it was his.

That story raised a welt on Alan's reputation. It rated an editorial in a Hollywood trade paper which said that Alan was double-crossing the kids who made him a star.

Well, that was preposterous. (Continued on page 93)



just lucky, many called him when Ladd reached fame "overnight" in *This Gun For Hire*. But years of hard work got him there.



no athlete, his he-man feats are just publicity, "insiders" say. Actually, Ladd's a brilliant swimmer, and once won the West Coast Diving Championship.



hates fans, they even say of him—but Ladd goes out of the way to please fans, admits it's they who pay his salary.



■ Everybody is more or less a split personality, with contrasting characteristics. Human beings wouldn't be human if they weren't made that way. But it's difficult to name a person as contradictory as Jane Russell.

Most people still think of her as the girl whose slumberously inviting face and spectacular figure became known to millions through the enormous advance publicity given *The Outlaw* a few years back. Because of *The Outlaw*, Jane Russell became synonymous with female lure on its most seductive level. Many impressionable citizens leapt to the titillating conclusion that here was a gal slated to stir up all kinds of gaudy doings as a riotous *femme fatale* in her private life.

Yet Jane Russell has conclusively proved herself to be one of the quietest, most wholesome, most happily domestic girls in all moviedom. And she's clearly demonstrated she's going to remain celebrated without it being necessary for press agents to stress her sex appeal. She has qualities that could keep her on top if she had no more than average physical allure—spiritual qualities that constantly surprise those who expect to find her nothing but an animated pin-up.

This notable contrast between what she actually is and the heated expectations of the public is but one of the many contradictions you'll find concerning Jane Russell. Such as:

She's fundamentally very earnest indeed in her outlook on life—yet she easily holds her own in any company of wisecrackers. She's married to a professional football player whose interests are so divergent from hers that few gave (Continued on page 87)

IS SEX

NECESSARY?



Jane Russell and her football star husband Bob Waterfield. Cynics said the marriage couldn't last. It's going into its eighth year.



Jane has taken up painting—and unlike most Hollywood amateurs, she's said to be really good! Here she works on a friend's partrait.

Jane Russell's still
a pin-up girl, as anyone
can see. But she's
much more besides—this
girl of great spirit
and amazing contrasts.

BY JOHN REYNOLDS



While wife Eleanor Powell was away on a 14-week dancing tour, Glenn Fard took care of son Peter. Here they tackle a shoe-lace problem.



Glenn and Pete usually dined in the den adjoining the kitchen—but Glenn, who likes his food hot and spicy, sometimes took Pete along to an exotic restaurant. (Eleanor wouldn't have approved!)



The men did their necessary marketing on Saturday mornings, although Glenn let Pete believe he hunted for all their meat. Sundays they devoted to such masculine interests as good fast games of catch.

**Glenn Ford knew
exactly how to handle
Peter. All you needed
was a firm hand.
But Pete didn't
follow the rule book . . .
by BEN MADDOX**

CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR FATHER

■ One day not long ago, Eleanor Powell packed her dancing shoes and dropped her share of the parental load into Glenn Ford's confident arms.

"Now, are you sure you'll be able to manage?" she said for the umpteenth time. "Remember—Peter needs a firm hand."

"Don't worry!" said Glenn. "Firm, yet kindly discipline—that's what Peter'll get from me. When you get back, you'll find him a regular little man."

So she slipped her arm in Glenn's and they went down the driveway to the family Cadillac. Three-and-a-half-year-old Peter Newton Ford skimmed past them to open the door himself. His parents followed him into the car and settled themselves amid the luggage.

Glenn cleared his throat. The *(Continued on page 90)*



Peter's very good about sharing his toys with other children—and with Daddy, who always fixes what he breaks. Right: The little man, following a busy day and a bed-time story, delivers a good-night kiss.





In their dreams,
this trip had started
11 years ago —
but now it was real for
the Cornel Wildes,
and Italy was beautiful . . .

By JACK WADE

SLOW BOAT TO ROMANCE

■ The way the scene turned out was just a pain in the neck to Richard Widmark—but it sent Cornel and Pat Wilde on the heavenly honeymoon tour they'd been dreaming about for not quite 11 years. Which only shows what beautifully screwy things can happen sometimes in Hollywood.

Dick was trying to murder Cornel in a roughhouse brawl, the very last scene in *Road House*, and the director said, "Now, boys, go to it as if you meant it." So Cornel grabbed Dick's neck and yanked it back just short of snapping his Adam's apple. That's when he felt his old bad back go "Crunch!"—the back that's been acting-up on and off ever since the time he went out for football at Columbia University and had his 142 pounds tied into a pretzel by the Varsity beef trust.

That night his doc said, "After *Shockproof*, no more pictures for a while, my lad. You've got an inflamed nerve, besides five or six wrenched vertebrae—and if you have half the sense I think you have, you'll just take it easy for three or four months."

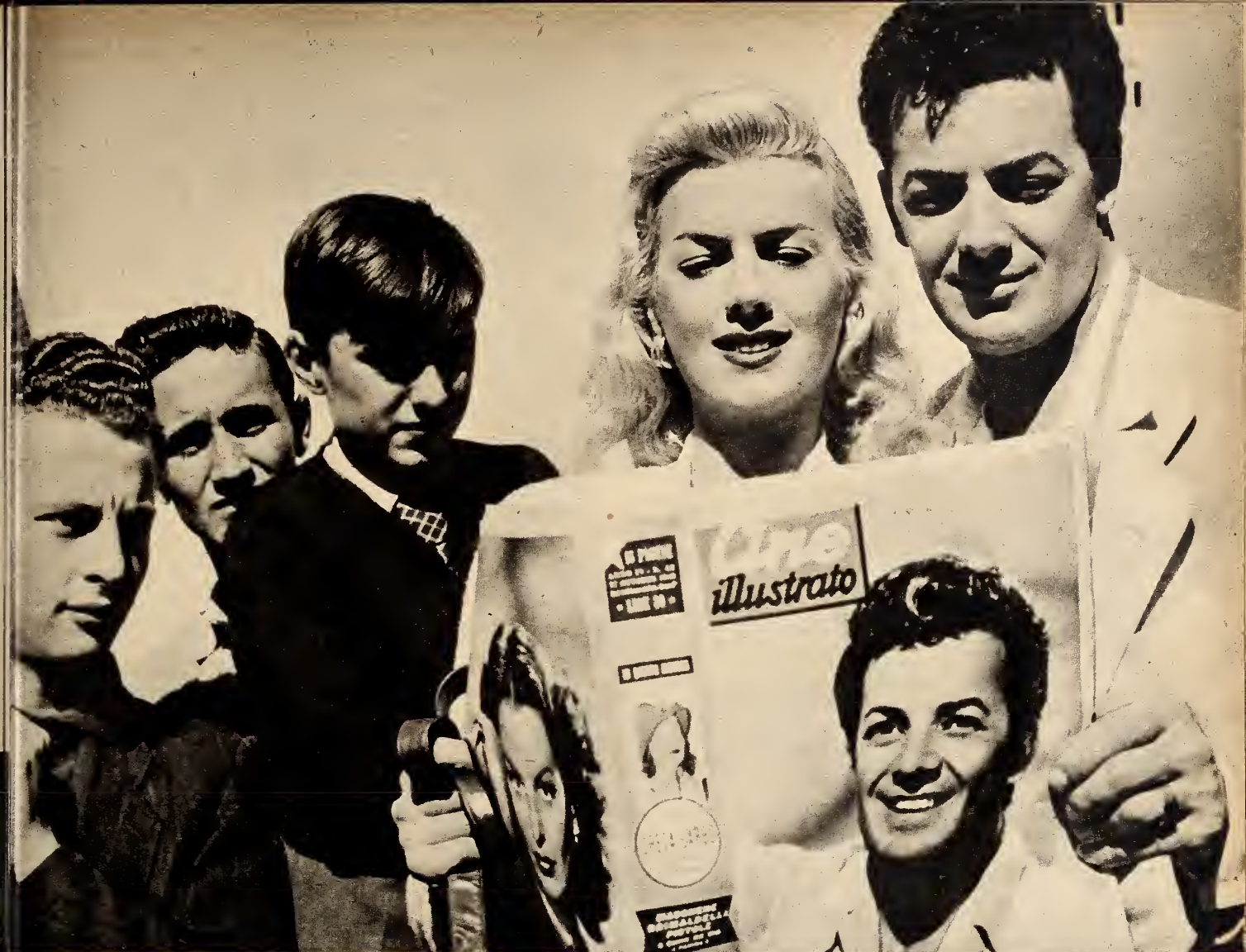
"You mean I can't *work* for that long?" He got a gloomy headshake.

Cornel looked at Pat and Pat looked at him and they hugged and almost did a dance right there in the X-Ray room. "Time on our hands at last—call my boss, Darryl Zanuck," Cornel begged the physician, "and tell him it's doctor's orders—official! Pat, what are we waiting for?" And he kissed her, which for Cornel Wilde is very easy, and they hurried home to plan.

That's how Pat and Cornel Wilde's Dream Trip started . . . Or did it? No, (*Continued on page 69*)



A couple of tourists visit Siena, Italy. Cornel readies his camera as Pat gazes at an ancient cathedral tower. While there, the Wildes visited Tyrane Power, who was an location for *Prince of Foxes*.



Even in Italy, Cornel's face is familiar on magazine covers. Wherever the Wildes went they met Hollywood friends—and hundreds of fans.



En route to Europe, the Wildes dine with pianist Artur Rubenstein (left) and Norma Shearer, aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*. Pat and Cornel went on their vacation as a long-delayed honeymoon.



Cornel's an amateur photographer, but picture postcards always turn out better. Here, the Wildes select a few for remembrance. Daughter Wendy was swamped with gifts on her parents' return.

HOLIDAY IN THE S



Miniature boating is popular at the Shadow Mountain Club. Here, Rory and wife Lita prepare for a lazy cruise around Henderson Lake—which

Once it was a desert
full of cactus plants, but
now it's a desert
full of gaiety and
striped umbrellas
for vacationers like the
Rory Calhouns.

■ "So this is Shangri-La," said Rory, as a bellhop parked the Calhouns' sporty convertible.

"No, darling," said Lita, "this is the Shadow Mountain Club, and I'm your wife. Remember?"

"Oh, I remember *you*," he said.

"That's nice," grinned Lita. "And in the promised 'blissful, sun-filled days' that follow, I trust you won't forget."

Thus began the Calhouns' second honeymoon beneath the pine-capped peaks of the Santa Rosa Mountains in Palm Desert.

Originally, Palm Desert had been just that—without the palms. The nearest people lived 12 miles away in Palm Springs

and were too refined even to mention the place. Then a man named Cliff Henderson came back from the war with a big idea and two million dollars. He bought these 1,600 acres of sand lots overrun with cactus, and he and a few engineers sat on them for a while with only occasional twinges of doubt.

Before long, a well 612 feet deep was tapping water, and an architect was set to work drawing up plans for the Shadow Mountain Club—one of the swankiest, one of the most beautiful, one of the most luxurious resorts in California. (Complete with 800 transplanted, date-bearing palms.)

Rory and Lita had heard about the place—as who hadn't? Every night when he

SUN



Lita and Rary muscle in on the children's playground to try out the see-saw.



In a 1907 model International automobile, they tour the resort's 1,600 acres.



Rary (currently in *Massacre River*) and Lita relax on one of the velvety lawns.



was once a sandy area covered with sagebrush.

staggered home from *Massacre River*, his latest role and a really rugged one, Rory would dream about the things Shadow Mountain had to offer. Lita would help him.

"You know," Rory would sigh, "I hear they have a pool shaped like Jane Russell . . ."

"You know," Lita would sigh, "I hear they have a lifeguard shaped like Tarzan . . ."

Turned out Shadow Mountain had both.

It also has a huge, artificial lake where you can row your own boat; it has championship tennis courts, a playground with wading pool for children, a pony golf course for the adults and a magnificent view of the surrounding mountains.

It was the view that inspired Cliff Hen-

HOLIDAY IN THE SUN

derson. In fact, the continuous shifting shadows cast by the sun on the mountains gave the place its name. In order not to obstruct the view, Henderson put up sheets of plate glass wherever there should have been an outside wall. And not a piece of drapery was hung.

Even the interior decorations were made to blend in with the colors of the mountains and the remodeled desert.

So it hadn't taken much persuading when Henderson decided to invite the Calhouns over for the official opening of the Shadow Mountain Club . . .

And this same afternoon they were being ushered into the Palm Desert Adobe, one of the prettiest of five sprawling bungalows that surround the modern-design clubhouse. Shortly thereafter they were sliding down a ramp into the figure-eight pool, having a snack on the terrace beside it, lolling on the incredibly green grass. Later, they ate the first dinner that was ever served in the Club, and danced to the strains of Todd's Rhythm Orchestra along with Dick Powell, June Allyson, the George Murphys and assorted athletic millionaires.

It was lovely, and even though the Calhouns have been married for more than half a year they felt like honeymooners . . .

All next day the sun was very warm and the sky was very blue. You could see snow on top of the San Gorgonio Mountains. If you wanted you could go skiing up there and then come down for a dip in the pool, but Rory and Lita didn't, though they thought about it for a while. What they needed was a quieter sport—like sitting. So they sat, and when that had exhausted them they decided to borrow a flashy 1907 vintage automobile with a fringe on top (the management keeps it around for the amusement of the guests), and all afternoon they clattered about, kicking up the dust 'neath Shadow Mountain . . .

They visited the Vernon Pecks, friends of theirs who live in Palm Desert, and they talked about buying a house themselves, but it was mostly just pleasant talk, just passing the day. Then, at sunset, they watched the purple shadows fall while they ate their baked Alaskas.

And there really was nothing more they could have wanted—except perhaps a second helping, or a weekend ten days long . . .



Rory and Lita on the patio with radio's famous "Archie" Gardner.



Mrs. Vernon Peck, Jr., entertains Rory and Lita in the kitchen of her Palm Desert home.



The Calhouns admire the Pecks' extensive collection of firearms.



One of the staff at Fire Cliff Lodge chats with the Calhouns as they have luncheon.



Rory and Lita wear formals to the grand opening of the Club.



Dancing in the dining room concludes the opening-night festivities at Shadow Mountain.

LITTLE WOMEN



Picture
of the
Month

Liz Taylor, June Allyson, Margaret O'Brien and Janet Leigh in MGM's superb Technicolor version of the old novel.

■ Since it was first published in 1869, countless millions of readers all over the world have found Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women" a beautiful, moving and delightful treasure. The years have added the charm of quaintness—yet today, unlike most popular classics of yesteryear, it seems by no means merely an endearing museum piece. For despite its unabashed sentimentality, it deals truthfully with warm human beings moved by emotions and situations universally shared in timeless human experience.

And this is true of the eminently satisfactory movie that Mervyn LeRoy has made of it for MGM. Sparked by June Allyson and Margaret O'Brien in performances that seem certain to win Academy Award nominations, and lovingly produced in the best Technicolor yet seen in an American film, it has caught the spirit and content of the book to a remarkable degree. Even the

artificiality of some of the groupings and studio exteriors are perfectly in keeping: there's a constant effect of beautifully rendered illustrations.

The story of the four teen-age daughters of the March family of Concord, Massachusetts, in Civil War days is too familiar to recount in detail. The central character is Jo (June Allyson), a tomboy with literary ambitions who vows she'll never wed and who desperately wants nothing to change the happy family circle. Her sisters are Meg (Janet Leigh), Amy (Elizabeth Taylor) and Beth (Margaret O'Brien). To Jo's sorrow, but eventually triumph, time insists on marching on.

The acting honors of *Little Women* definitely belong to June Allyson, who makes no perceptible slip from sensitive magnificence in the taxing major role; and to Margaret O'Brien. Miss O'Brien, in the scene in which she tells Jo not to feel badly about her (Beth's) (Continued on page 45)



In the dark days of the Civil War, Mrs. Morch and her four girls give up their first good breakfast in months to take it to a poor family.



Ja (June Allyson) and her sisters try to disguise the patch on her party dress. Amy (Liz Taylor) wants to paint it. Beth (M. O'Brien) offers a bow. Meg (Janet Leigh) offers sympathy.



Ja decides it's hopeless—she just won't dance at the party. But when Laurie (Peter Lawford) keeps insisting, she gives in and they dance in the hall—where nobody will notice the patch.

MEMORABLE SCENES FROM "LITTLE WOMEN" HAVE HUMOR AND POIGNANT PATHOS

(Continued from page 43) approaching death, will dissolve in tears anyone not beneath contempt. But all the other members of the cast do everything one could ask with their parts.

Elizabeth Taylor, in a blonde wig, performs with fine humor as the elegantly malaprop Amy; Janet Leigh is deft and radiant as Meg; Peter Lawford as Laurie, the rich boy next door, proves again he doesn't have to rely on charm alone; Lucile Watson is properly insufferable as the acidulously generous Aunt March; Rossano Brazzi, making his American debut after an outstanding career in Italian films, is just right as Professor Bhaer; and Mary Astor makes clear why mothers are held in general esteem. Then there's—but everyone involved is excellent.

Little Women does have its flaws. Here and there the pace might have been brisker, and sometimes the sweetness and Technicolored light flows a bit too continuously. But as a generally faithful transcription of the novel, packed with incidents gay and sad, it's a vast and enchanting delight—certainly a refreshing antidote to all the gunfire and gore currently showing.



Jo dreads to think that she and her sisters must grow up and that their happy companionship must be disrupted. When Meg is married, Jo stays aloof from the festivities.

With Meg married, Beth in her grave and Amy the bride of Laurie, Jo sadly looks back on the happy old days with her sisters.



BY
FLORABEL
MUIR

Ring on her finger

He was teaching
her how to skate—
and it was lovely
the way Jane Powell
fell—so easily,
so beautifully—
for him . . .



In March, Modern Screen ran this photo of Jane—a lonely girl on tour in New York. Now, the whole path of her life has changed excitingly.

■ There's nothing like the magical beauty that illuminates and idealizes a lovely young girl in the heyday of her first real romance.

If I sound lyrical, it's because I feel lyrical. I've just come from Jane Powell's house where Jane's been telling me about her engagement to Geary Steffan.

Geary was on the other side of the room as Jane chattered away—and she glanced often at him with frank adoration in her eyes. She was wearing the blue-white diamond ring Geary gave her the night of January 5th.

I asked them about that beautiful ring.

"I had it last December," Geary said, "but I didn't want to give it to her for a Christmas present. She was getting so many other presents—and I sort of wanted the ring to stand out by itself as an important event."

The jewel shone on Janie's finger like a headlight. I noticed that she kept brushing it against her lips in an unconscious gesture as she talked.

"He gave it to me early in the evening," said Janie. "Then we went to a party together. Honestly, I was frightened to death to tell my family about it! On our way home, Geary and I talked over how we'd do it—and we decided just to kid it through. We went to my mother's and father's bedroom at one o'clock in the morning—thinking we'd wake them up and let them in on our secret. But they hadn't gone to sleep.

"I said, 'I've got something very important to tell you.' And Mother answered, 'Yes, we know. Let me look at the ring.' She wasn't one bit surprised! I guess she'd known about Geary and me all the time."

They haven't yet set a date for the wedding. "It may be a year or longer before we can be married," Janie said.

"Don't be too sure about that," Geary interposed with a grin. (Continued on page 89)





by Hedda Hopper

SAY IT ISN'T SO!

■ He stood on an RKO sound stage for his first test for his very first picture. He was practically unknown to everyone in Hollywood except Casey Robinson, who'd brought him out from Broadway. I took one look and busted right out with,

"Golly! How I wish I owned a piece of you!"

I'm afraid I'm used to coming out with what I'm thinking. He blushed to the roots of his black hair, looked for a place big enough to drop through the floor and couldn't find one. "Why—uh—thanks, Miss Hopper," he said, because he had to say something. "You're very nice."

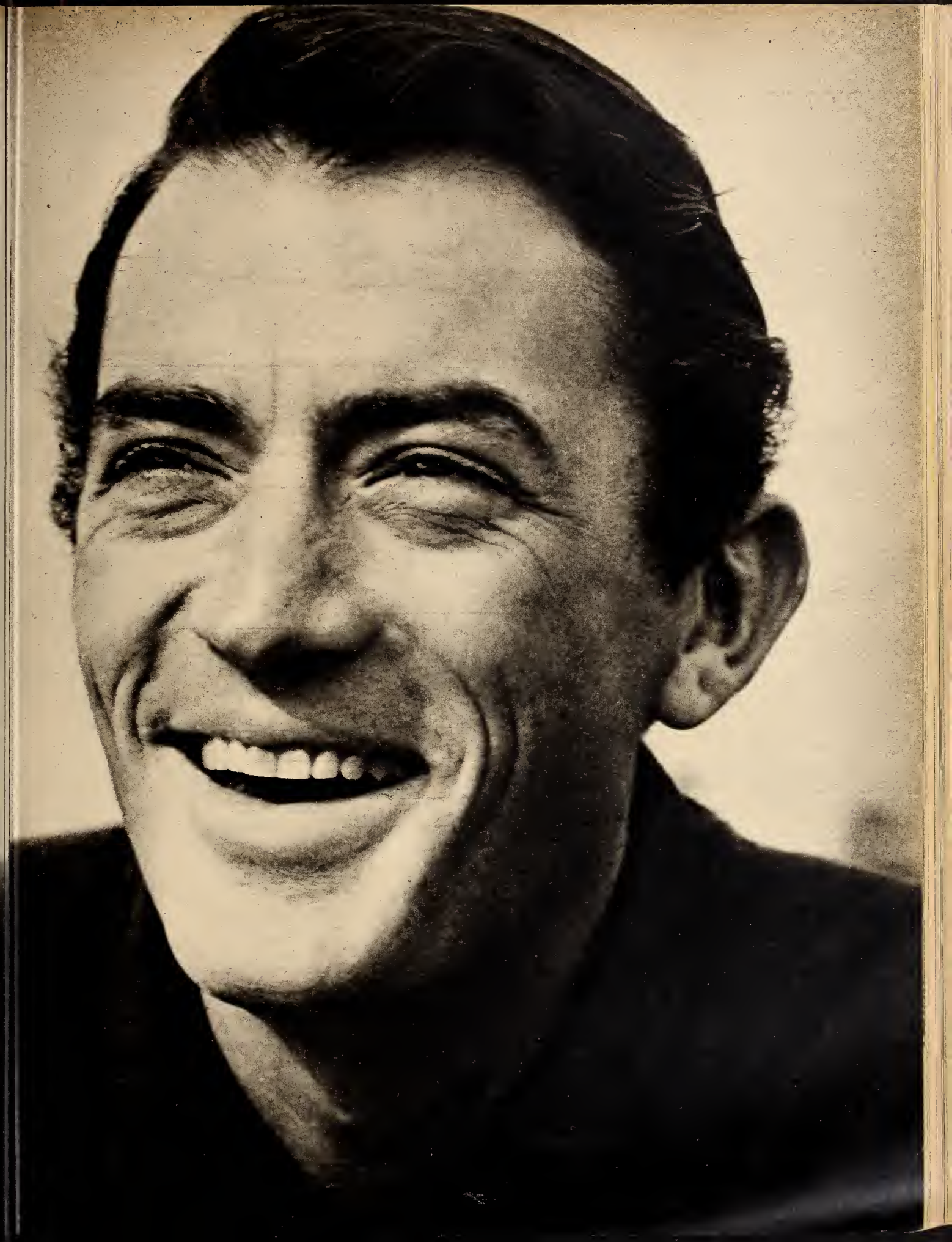
Now I'll shoot that polite compliment right back at him—and I'm not just being polite. Gregory Peck is indeed very nice—in about every department I can think of. Seven years have passed since we were introduced and not for one minute have I changed my mind: I'd still like—above almost everything else in Hollywood—a stake in Greg Peck's career, his future greatness. I haven't the stake, but I still have the interest. Which is why I'm writing this piece. I've got my dukes up for Greg. Nobody's going to pick on Peck while I'm around—and that's what seems to be happening.

It may seem sort of silly for a slightly antique and beat-up blonde like myself to stick out her chin for a husky six-foot-two-er like Greg, whose (Continued on page 103)

He has only one love besides acting and the kids—that's his wife. So don't say Greg Peck's having trouble at home—it just isn't true.



"Heddo," said Greg, "sometimes when two people see too much of each other, some trifle occurs and they take it out on each other, blow their tops and have a spot."





WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN *by Roy Rogers*

That cowboy and his lady figgered they could work things out just like they'd planned, now they'd been hitched. Then it appeared their dream was busted proper—but not for long!

After Roy Rogers and Dale Evans were married on New Year's Eve in 1947, Republic Studios, believing that the public would no longer like to see Roy and Dale on the screen as a romantic team, announced that Dale would no longer be Roy's leading lady. The fans at once deluged MODERN SCREEN with letters of protest. The studio has recently reconsidered. So Roy and Dale, from now on, will again be thwarting them varmints where the sagebrush grows—together. Here, interrupted now and then by Dale, Roy tells how he feels about it. —THE EDITORS

■ I am writing this in my portable dressing room at Republic Studios where we are shooting *Susanna Pass*. Right next door is the dressing room of the girl who is playing opposite me in the picture, and—what do you know?—once more she's Dale Evans!

It's just like old times. All I have to do to find out if she's ready to go on the set is to raise my voice and holler, "Dale? They're waiting for us. Are you ready?" And all she has to do is yell back, "No! Not yet!" Yes, sir, just like old times.

(Well, if that's the way Roy's going to talk, I'm going to say something too. It isn't true that I'm generally late on the set. Roy just likes to wander out early so he can talk fishing with the boys on the crew. And furthermore, let's take it right from the moment our day begins. Have you ever noticed that when two people are sleeping in the same room only one ever hears the alarm clock in the morning—and has to get up and shut it off and wake the other? Well, Roy always manages to come in second in that competition!—Dale.)

But, all kidding aside, I'm really tickled that Dale and I are together again. It fits right into the plan of life we'd talked about when we were married—the plan the studio busted all to bits when it decided that a married couple made a poor romantic team on the screen. And, in addition to Dale and myself, there are three other members of our family who are plumb delighted: Cheryl, our oldest, who's eight, Linda Lou, who's five; and Roy Jr., who's 27 months old and whom we call "Dusty" on account of he generally is. And all five of us are deeply grateful to the thousands of fans who wrote us at Republic (and the thousands who wrote MODERN SCREEN—Dale) and convinced the studio that it was wrong about separating us.

That plan Dale and I made when we were married a year (Continued on page 81)



THESE LONG-TERM MARRIAGES SUPPORT HOLLYWOOD'S BELIEF THAT STARDOM DOESN'T HAVE TO RESULT IN DIVORCE.



26 YEARS: CAGNEYS



25 YEARS: TRACYS



22 YEARS: ROBINSONS



20 YEARS: MONTGOMERYS



Divorces, separations, scandals make front page news. But happiness can come to those Hollywood couples who follow five simple rules.

BY MORGAN MACNEIL

5 great lessons in love

■ Two weeks ago, a young writer-turned-actor on the Paramount lot, name of John Lund, ambled up to Bob Hope and asked ski-nose to reveal the secret of good publicity.

Hope, as usual, snapped out a quick answer. "The only way an actor can make the headlines nowadays," he cracked, "is to divorce his wife and marry a five-year-old Eskimo."

What Hope meant by that gag was simply this: it's the separations and scandals that make the headlines—and of them you read plenty. But of Hollywood's lasting love affairs, the tried and true marriages so rich and ripe with heart and romance, so replete with tenderness and passion, so bountiful with memories—of these you read next to nothing.

And this is a great and crying shame, for in these matings lie Hollywood's foremost lessons in love, lessons learned the hard way through experience—lessons whose principles, applied to your own life, can enrich it just as they've enriched the lives of so many prominent cinema people.

Do you know that the James Cagneys have been married 26 years, the Spencer Tracys 25, the Edward G. Robinsons 22, the Robert Montgomerys 20, the Pat O'Briens 19, the Bing Crosbys 18, the Bob Hopes 13, the Gary Coopers 14, the Robert Youngs 18?

Do you know that Ingrid Bergman has been wedded to her doctor-husband 10 years, Irene Dunne to her dentist-husband 19, Claudette Colbert to her doctor 12?

And do you know the great love stories behind these marriages? The chances are you don't—for recently, good publicity concerning the movie colony has been as rare as a quiet month in the life of Errol Flynn. (As Groucho Marx once quipped, "Ever since they found out that Lassie was really a boy, the public has believed the worst about Hollywood.") But the time has come to call attention to the fact that Hollywood boasts some of the



LESSON ONE: The wife must give up acting aspirations. Dana and Mary Andrews illustrate this lesson well. Friends were stunned when she retired to marry the struggling young actor from the Pasadena Playhouse. "My career? Poof!" said Mary. "He's going places and I'm going with him." And she has.

LESSON TWO: If an actress wants both career and happy marriage she must wed someone outside the picture business. The ideal marriage of the Peter Lindstroms proves this point. They were wed ten years ago in Sweden. As a brain surgeon, he's as eminently successful in his profession as Ingrid is in hers.



5 great lessons in love

most happy and inspiring marriages in existence—and that from these marriages there can be derived five great lessons or rules.

The first one may be stated this way: *When a husband and wife seek a career in the motion picture business, the wife must give up her acting aspirations if she wants her marriage to be a lasting success.*

There are exceptions to this rule just as there are to any rule, but the exceptions are far and few between. Think of any actress who was married to an actor and declined to give up her career—Greer Garson to Richard Ney, Joan Crawford to Franchot Tone, Jennifer Jones to Robert Walker, Betty Grable to Jackie Coogan, Annabella to Tyrone Power, Jane Wyman to Ronald Reagan—the list is endless. And the result in the great majority of these cases has always been the same: divorce.

On the other hand, take the Bing Crosbys. Eighteen years ago when Bing first proposed marriage to Dixie Lee, he was a happy-go-lucky crooner with as much sense of responsibility as a beachcomber.

On those nights when he could be found, he would warble at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles while his best friends would advise Dixie, then an up-and-coming star, to drop the Spokane boy gently, but to drop him nevertheless.

"For a while," Dixie now recalls, "they had me worried. They'd come up and say, 'Dixie, we love the guy, but we're giving it to you straight. If you marry Bing you're going to have to support him the rest of your life.'

"I wasn't going to support any man," Dixie says, "and I told that to Bing. 'Dixie,' he said, 'if you marry me, you can quit show business, and I give you my word, you won't have to worry.' When we got married I did quit, and Bing's been the breadwinner ever since."

And what a breadwinner! In 18 years Bing has earned more than ten-million dollars. And the inspiration behind his fabulously successful career has always been Dixie. Bing is the first to acknowledge that.

"By sending me out into the world to make an honest living," he says, "Dixie made me what I am today, and she'll have to take the responsibility."

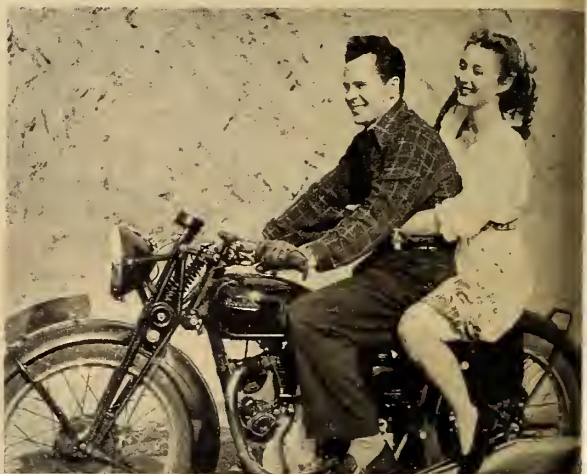
This is also true of Louise Treadwell and her 25-year-old marriage to Spencer Tracy—a mating which is one of the really top melodramatic love stories of the movie colony, a love story so replete with drama and self-sacrifice that it might easily be transferred to the screen as a great motion picture.

Spence first met Louise Treadwell on a train bound for White Plains, N. Y. He was an actor at the time, or at least claimed to be. "I was making \$15 a week," he says, "and I had a part in a Broadway play entitled *The Man Who Came Back*. The part consisted of my saying one line, 'To Hell with him,' and usually I was drowned out by the falling of the first-act curtain.

"Louise, on the other hand, was the leading lady in our stock company. Why she married me, I'll never know. She says it was because I had a (Continued on page 97)



LESSON THREE: Marriage must be sealed by the relatively rapid arrival of children. Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan were a marital failure. But she and Horry James have kids and contentment.



LESSON FOUR: Share your partner's interest as much as possible. Betty Garrett goes overboard for this lesson. Lorry Parks loves motorcycles. She hates 'em, but she rides, too—"it makes him happy."



LESSON FIVE: Have faith in the fundamental goodness and loyalty of the man you marry. You can't find a more loyal husband than Gene Kelly. And Betsy knows it. She just disregards all gossip.

■ Bob Taylor and his ex-Navy pal Ralph Couser were exchanging recipes for boiled eggs in their suite in London's Savoy Hotel when the phone rang. Ralph answered it.

"For you, Bob," he said. "A woman. She sounds like Harry Lauder."

"It's Mrs. Stotts," Taylor said. "Wait and see."

He was right. It was Mrs. Stotts, more Scotch than ever, though he could follow her closely enough to get her drift. She said the staff at the palace sent their kindest regards. Furthermore, she said if he'd like to go through the palace (Buckingham), the royal family would shortly be leaving for the other palace (Sandringham) so the palace (Buckingham) would be entirely at his disposal.

He thanked her cordially, and they talked for a while longer. When he hung up, he was grinning. "Now I really feel I'm in England again."

The relationship between himself and Mrs. Stotts dated back to 1937. That was the year he'd been making *A Yank at Oxford*, and he'd had a house out in Westminster-on-the-Bias, or something, and he needed a cook. Somebody'd come up with Mrs. Stotts. "I cooked for Queen Mary," Mrs. Stotts told him, and Bob said that was good enough for him.

As it turned out, Mrs. Stotts' cooking wasn't anything to worry Oscar of the Waldorf, but Mrs. Stotts' character was sensational. She was so tremendously eager to please, she was so positively certain she couldn't do enough for him, that Taylor found himself falling in love. When *A Yank at Oxford* wound up, and it was time for him to head home, the handclasp between him and Mrs. Stotts was fervent, the gaze they exchanged was brave, and moist.

Years passed. Each one brought a Christmas card from Mrs. Stotts. Finally, in 1947, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor traveled to England for a visit. Mrs. Stotts got in touch at once. "I'll take you through Buckingham Palace," she said, almost literally producing the keys to the castle. "Of course, Their Majesties are in residence, so we won't be able to see it *all* . . ."

She came to meet them at Claridge's, dressed in her best black, and Bob and Barbara had a chauffeured Rolls Royce ready for the trip.

Along the way, Mrs. Stotts busied herself with dispensing information. She spoke her pieces like a radio announcer, each statement sounding rather formal and complete, allowing of no possible question. "King Zog, the former ruler of Albania, has been living in (Continued on page 106)

Bob Taylor

might have wondered,
as he dragged out
the kerosene stove—
what he was
doing in England . . .
with steak and
Stanwyck at home?

BY CHRISTOPHER KANE

Home was never like this



Liz Taylor peeks at one of Bob's letters to his wife. They're on the set of *Conspirator*, in England.

Bob shared his suite at the Savoy Hotel with Ralph Couser, an ex-Navy pal who cooks.

Lana Turner's

BITTER TRIUMPHS



Lana Turner was only 19 when, after one date, she was married in Los Vegas to bondleader Artie Shaw. And her youthfully romantic impulse proved a mistake.

She's been hurt by life
many times . . . and fate
was never too kind
with her heart . . . but Lana's
always come back
again with new courage.

BY KAAREN PIECK



Before marrying Shaw, Lana had planned to wed lawyer Greg Boutzer. It's said she wept wildly when the break came.

Lana's marriage to Steve Crone was annulled when they learned his divorce wasn't final. They rewed, soon parted. Cheryl was born in 1944.

The Ty Power-Lana Turner romance was the most publicized of 1947. Suddenly, Ty fell in love with Linda Christian and Lana turned to Bob Topping.



Bob Topping, who'd sent her roses as early as 1946, married Lana in April, 1948. The press was critical in reporting the wedding.

■ Last January, Lana Turner lay in Doctors' Hospital in Manhattan and learned that she'd lost her baby.

Only 48 hours earlier, she'd been radiant, waiting for her son. "I *know* it'll be a boy," she kept saying from the first. "And we'll call him Timothy." Now she lay white and quiet, and her thoughts must have turned to another day when she fought a desperate battle for the life of her firstborn. That time she'd won. This time—well, there wouldn't be any Timothy. . . .

An anxious friend called Bob Topping at the hospital. Bob's voice sounded tired.

"The poor kid's had a rough time of it. But you know Lana—she'll come through it all right—she's got all the courage in the world."

I agree with him. I don't propose to go sentimental over Lana Turner. She needs no sob-stuff from me or anyone else. But truth's truth, and it's never one-sided. For my

money, they've taken one side of the girl and roasted it to a crisp, ignoring the others. All the holier-than-thous, all the envious, all the wisecracs have set her up as a target for sniping. The reasons are obvious. She's in the lime-light, she's beautiful, she has an allure that most women would give their right arms for, and her romantic adventures sell lots of newspapers.

They pick on her for the very qualities that make her exciting. "Why can't they leave her alone?" Mervyn LeRoy once snapped. "From her first appearance, they started yelling 'Be quiet,' and they've never stopped since. It's like telling a bird of paradise to be a little gray hen. I've yet to see a gray hen roll up boxoffice records."

All I know about birds of paradise is that they're gorgeous. Lana's that, all right—but the record shows that she's also impulsive, warm-hearted, generous to a fault, full of zest for life, and the one (Continued on page 100)

HOLLYWOOD'S



nora eddington



errol flynn

AMAZING



joanne dru

LOVE



dick haymes

SQUABBLE!

■ Errol Flynn once said, "The trouble is, when you're in love with a girl and she's not sure of it, you do fine. But when she knows you're really gone—look out!"

Not long ago Errol made the headlines again—as one of the key figures in perhaps the most complex four-cornered drama ever recorded in Hollywood. But this time not as Don Juan, but as low man on the domestic totem pole—the lad who'd made the mistake, if such it were, of letting the girl know he really loved her.

When, after several false rumors of separations, Nora Eddington Flynn announced in February that she was definitely leaving Errol, events moved swiftly—to the accompaniment of sardonic chuckles around town. Dick Haymes' wife, Joanne Dru, went to see attorneys and the story of her now-impending divorce broke in the news. Shortly thereafter, Nora admitted to the press that she was devoted to Dick Haymes and hoped to marry him when both were free. This statement she later declared was a misquote, but the cat was out of the bag and rumor began to add spectacular touches to the affair as Joanne's dates with John Ireland, also in the throes of getting a divorce, became known.

Who fell in love with whom first, and what will be the outcome of this not-too-attractive exhibit of life as it is lived on Hollywood's sometimes florid and high emotional seas? And who is to blame?

The inside story goes back to 1943, when Flynn was then, as now, a troubled man. A girl had brought him into court on paternity charges. Of these, Errol was promptly and properly cleared. But as he walked the corridors of the Hall of Justice, being photographed and interviewed by his friends in the press, something new came into his life.

He stopped to buy cigarettes at the cigar stand, and the girl who waited on him was 19-year-old Nora Eddington. There was sympathy and understanding in her eyes. Right there, in full view of alert newspapermen, a romance was born. But her secret marriage a short time later to Errol in Mexico was not discovered until she returned to Hollywood in February 1945. Then it was that Errol said, "I'm married, I like it, and it's nobody else's business."

He was mistaken about that last part. What goes on in a movie star's life is seldom his business only. Before long, there were periodic reports that all was not well between Nora and Errol. Occasionally, he was seen in public alone at various restaurants and night clubs. Flynn, declared the experts in such matters, was still Flynn.

Actually, the reverse was taking place. In 1946, Errol took off for Acapulco, on a vacation and scientific cruise, accompanied by Nora and his father. There were numerous stories bandied about by the crew that the real reason for the near-mutinous situations which arose stemmed from Nora's apparent desire to make Errol jealous. True or not, on his return Errol was seldom seen in public until the October of 1948, when he and Nora separated briefly and Nora told reporters, "This is the worst break yet." That statement left much unsaid and heightened the assumption that Flynn was again being Flynn. Errol admitted to friends that he was deeply in love with Nora and willing to do almost anything to keep their marriage intact. Then, privately, he and Nora agreed on a six-months separation and Nora took off for New York.

Now occurred the thing that brings the story to the proportions of a

**Hollywood has
had more than its
share of broken
marriages. This is
a divorce story
that reaches new
depths of tragedy,
as two homes are
caught in a confused
web of romance.**

By **CARL SCHROEDER**

HOLLYWOOD'S AMAZING LOVE SQUABBLE



Dick Haymes and Joanne Dru met in New York's Paramount Theater while doing separate acts. They married in 1941. Recently, Joanne resumed her screen career.



Errol Flynn and Nora Eddington met at a courthouse cigar stand during his famous paternity suit. They wed in Mexico in 1943 and now have two children.

love squabble. In New York, Nora met Dick Haymes. Sometime previously, Dick had stood on the brink of separation from Joanne Dru, ostensibly because of "career trouble." Nora and Dick liked each other instantly, and on their separate returns to Hollywood renewed their interest when they met again in Palm Springs.

There was no secret about it. Errol was furious. (Reports that he threatened to punch Dick on the nose are not inconsistent with his man-of-action temperament, but it is dubious that Errol ever went so far as to install microphones, or threaten to, in the hillside home into which Dick moved.)

Nevertheless, the idea of a six-months trial separation was abruptly dropped and the true situation exposed when dynamic newspaperwoman Florabel Muir broke a story in the *Los Angeles Mirror*. She quoted Nora as saying she was seriously in love with Dick Haymes and that, when their marital ties were over, they might consider marriage.

This was tantamount to Hollywood's recently established practice, in the cases of advanced young ladies, of announcing an engagement before going through the legal process of becoming unmarried. Nora later is said to have denied making the provocative statements, but Miss Muir's accuracy as a reporter is generally conceded to be slightly better than that of a wire recorder accompanied by a sworn oath.

The fire of excitement over the alleged love parlay became the hottest gossip since Rita flew away with her prince. And, as in the latter case, the moment the news broke a shattering silence fell, with everyone assuming a "Who, me?" attitude.

At the risk of being accused of presenting a prejudiced story, it must be admitted that the behavior of Errol Flynn and Dick Haymes's wife, Joanne Dru, added at least a small touch of dignity to this otherwise un-hilarious travesty on marriage. Through spokesmen at MGM where he is now appearing in *The Forsyte Saga* with Greer Garson, Flynn commented that he would make no comment whatsoever. After he gave a huge party in his Mulholland Drive home—perhaps secretly hoping that, with 99% of Hollywood there, Nora might consider this a propitious moment to return home—Errol let it be known through his attorney, Bob Ford, that he'd appreciate it if reporters refrained from saying anything in any way derogatory about his wife.

Meantime, Nora and Dick Haymes spent a portion of the evening on which Errol gave his party, holding hands with each other at Mocambo—Nora being unaware, or at least unimpressed, by her husband's obviously sincere gallantry.

Concerning her break with Dick Haymes, Joanne Dru says: "The decision to part was abrupt and final. We were separated once before three years ago for a period of two days. The reason given then was that I wanted a career. It wasn't true. At that time I didn't want a career. Now I am going to devote myself solely to my work and my children."

Joanne Dru met Dick Haymes in 1941, two full years before Nora Eddington's first encounter with Errol Flynn. Joanne already was a career girl, "a Samba siren," dancing at the Paramount theater in New York. When Dick came into the Paramount with his band, they worked together, and in private life they became more or less a brother and sister act, with no idea of a romance.

Then Joanne moved on to Boston. There she met and became interested in a Harvard boy, a fact duly reported by Walter Winchell. Next day after the Winchell item appeared, Dick called Joanne by long distance and began his proposal (*Continued on page 108*)

John Gail Sterling George "Gabby" Dick
PAYNE · RUSSELL · HAYDEN · HAYES · FORAN



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Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster • A Pine-Thomas Production





LET'S GET IT STRAIGHT!

by Ethel Garland

There have been many wild tales about Judy Garland's illness, about her "pathetic" childhood. The writers have overlooked one thing—the truth.



Ethel Garland (shown at left) has been getting more and more indignant at the wild tales she's been reading about her daughter Judy. Recently a national magazine ran a story on

Judy's childhood and upbringing that Mrs. Garland considered "peculiarly vicious." This was the last straw. To set the record straight, she has turned to MODERN SCREEN to bring the facts about Judy to the public.

—THE EDITORS.

■ On the whole, I'm a patient woman, but I've just about reached the end of my patience. I've heard that movie stars live in goldfish bowls. If so, lots of people can't see through glass. I've read so much dreamed-up drivel about my daughter Judy that the time has come for a good big explosion. This is it!

I've read that she led "the tough life of a vaudeville kid." The weeks she played vaudeville you could count on one hand.

I've read that she dressed out of trunks, and had her oatmeal cooked over a gas jet. We never owned a trunk, just some very nice suitcases, and her oatmeal was cooked on a stove exactly like yours.

I've read that she knew little of normal youth. If Judy's youth wasn't normal, Mr. Webster had better write himself a new dictionary. No circuses, they say? She went to every circus in town and sat right down front! No children coming over? The place was full of them! No penny candy? Well, there they've got me. Judy didn't have penny candy—it was nickel candy.

I've read that she was never strong as a child. Doesn't anyone remember her early pictures? Did she look fragile? As a youngster, her only trouble was hay fever. That's why we moved from Lancaster to Los Angeles, and that was the end of her childhood ills.

I've read fables that sounded as though my husband and I had stuck all three children under a railroad car and ridden the rods. I've read them until I thought either the writers must be talking about five other people, or else I was losing my mind. I kept wondering why these imaginative writers didn't invent their characters from scratch, and come up with the great American novel.

Luckily, Judy keeps the humor she was



Judy wasn't forced into show business as reports say. Her oct with Sue ond Jimmie was strictly their awn idea.

Despite tales to the contrary, Judy attended public school just like any normal girl. She graduated with her high-schaal class in 1940.

born with. "What about that time you put me through the meat-grinder, Mother?" she'll say to me, deadpan. Or: "Liza was working at two-and-a-half. How come I never did a lick till I was three?"

Jimmie, who used to be a script girl, tries to explain. "It's more interesting, Mother. They think folks won't care unless you've been 'pore' and struggled and risen from the depths."

That's ridiculous! Who lived a nicer, plainer, more everyday life than Shirley Temple? I notice the public's still interested in her. I think most Americans like to read about homey, happy people—because most Americans are homey, happy people themselves. And I think a very good thing to come up with is the truth. The truth about my family is that none of us rose from the depths, and that Judy's young life was as simple and normal and happy as the kid's next door.

I can't remember ever having trouble with Judy. Susie was the one with the temper. Jimmie was the placid, quiet child and Judy was a breeze, forever laughing and joking. Even then, the other girls thought she was the prize comedian and she was in her glory when she could make them laugh. Sometimes she went too far and had to go stand in the corner with her back to the rest of us until she counted 10. By the time she got to 8½, she was out. That's as far as we ever pushed punishment with Judy. And *that* was almost more than her Daddy could stand.

My husband and I didn't come out to California to shove our little brood into show business. We were very happy in Grand Rapids, Minnesota. We'd lived there 12 years. Frank had a picture theater and everything was going beautifully. We came to California to get away from the coal bills, if you must know, and the storm windows. The whole thing started

with Frank saying: "Let's go to California for a week." For a week it didn't seem worth uprooting the children. They were supposed to stay home with their grandmother. Well, I was packing the day before we left, and there they stood watching, and all of a sudden I looked up at them and knew I couldn't leave them. So I chased downtown, picked up three pairs of overalls and some middies, and we took them along and had a wonderful time. Walked our fool heads off. Camped on the lawn of the old Warner studio on Sunset and watched the movie stars come out. Of course, we wanted to see them, just as any tourist wants to see them today.

But what Frank and I really loved was the climate. Roses and balmy skies in the middle of winter. This was the place, we decided; this was it. Back we went, sold the theater, and packed up our goods and our youngsters. Then we found on returning that most of the L. A. theaters were owned by the big chains—and so we finally bought a theater in the little desert town of Lancaster, and settled down to living.

Poor little Judy, I've read, yanked from town to town in the middle of the night through drifts of snow. That's absolutely absurd—would Judy have been yanked anywhere in the middle of the night? She slept in her own bed, except when she found excuses to crawl into mine: "Mother, my feet are cold. . . ." She stayed in Lancaster, where there wasn't any snow. Once in a while, on weekends, all three girls would do a show at the Biltmore in Los Angeles put on by the Meglin School—where they went once a week for dancing lessons. They'd each receive 50 cents. Or when school was out, they'd play the Pike Theater in Long Beach for a couple of days. Because they wanted to, because they thought it was fun. Nobody *made* them. If Judy was unhappy or felt abused,

I never knew it, and I *would* have known it, because there was precious little she didn't tell me.

Even that much-touted vaudeville tour against "fatherly opposition" started out as a joke. The girls and I were headed for the World's Fair in Chicago—Frank couldn't get away. In an idle moment one of us said: "Let's see if we can get some bookings and pay expenses."

"Don't be silly," said Frank. "Just go and enjoy the Fair." We started kidding about it and decided we'd show him what we could do on our own. "Okay," he said, "but take a checkbook along." That was the extent of his opposition. (When we ran out of money, we used the checkbook.) And the only reason we ever got on at the Oriental Theater in Chicago was that Jack Cathcart, who was in the band and who's now Susie's husband, gave us a hurry call at the last minute: "Maybe you can fill in for an act that's just quit." And when I say last minute, I *mean* last minute. Jack caught us right spang in the middle of packing.

opportunity knocks . . .

Well, the girls were a great success and doors started opening. We did a week in Detroit, another in Milwaukee, and boom! Our trip was over. By this time the agents were after us, but we'd had enough. We'd proved our point, we were terribly homesick for Frank, so we piled into the car and went back where we belonged.

None of this interfered with the girls' normal living. They never missed school. They went to church and they went to Sunday school and they sang in the choir and made their first communion. . . . I ran across Judy's Bible the other day, with the lock of hair I cut off when she made her communion. She was so pleased that I'd carried it around all these years. I've carried them all around—all three Bibles and all three locks of hair—and mooned over them the way any mother does. . . .

Even after she'd gone to Metro—where she didn't do much at first—Judy said she'd like to attend public school instead of the one they ran at the studio. So I got her into public school, though they made it as difficult as they could. I had to tackle the whole Board of Education and bear down on the fact that I was a taxpayer, and my child had as much right in public school as any other. But go she did in the end, and had a wonderful time running errands for the teacher and graduating with all the other children.

It was Frank who took her to Metro. Of course I'd have taken her, if I'd been able to, but I happened to be in Pasadena, playing for a community affair. And let's get this straight now, how Frank and I felt about Judy. We were always in perfect accord. Being human parents, we were proud of her and her voice, and thought she sang like a bird. But we never talked career—there was nothing to talk about. Neither did Judy, till after she was signed at Metro. She was a child, remember. As long as she could sing—at home, at school, in the choir—it didn't matter where. And the only reason Frank took her to Metro was because of an agent who kept calling. He'd heard Judy sing when we'd been up to Tahoe that summer. Later he called, asking us to bring her to the office. We said we would, but never got around to it. This particular day he was insistent, said he'd made an appointment for her at MGM. Judy was playing in the backyard. Her slacks were none too clean, and she wasn't in a mood to be bothered. Neither was her daddy. Still . . .

"What about my slacks? Do I have to change?"

"No," said Frank, "you're all right as you are."



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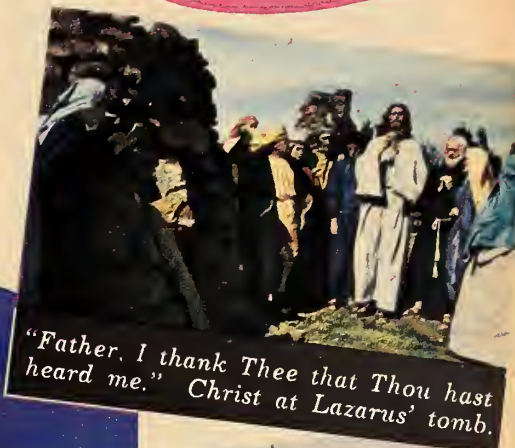
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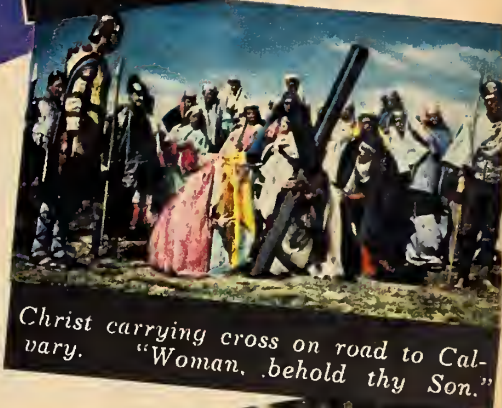
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Songs by EDDIE MAXWELL and LASSES WHITE
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"Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard me." Christ at Lazarus' tomb.



"Holy, Holy, Holy." Ginger sings a solo in her Uncle Mark's church.



Christ carrying cross on road to Calvary. "Woman, behold thy Son."



Millard Coody, who portrays Christ is bank teller in real life.

"There Are People in Hell Whom This Picture Could Have Saved." --- Rev. A. H. Wilson

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When I got back from Pasadena and they came home and told me where they'd been, I took one scandalized look at my child. "Like that?"

"Oh, what's the difference?" said Frank. "Nobody was impressed, anyway."

Believe me, we didn't care. Expecting nothing, how can you be disappointed? All that bothered me were the dirty slacks. When the unexpected happened and they called us about a contract, our reaction was: "Judy? You mean they want her?"

Once she signed a contract, we went on the same as before. We'd just bought a new theater. Our home-life was more important than Judy's career, which everyone knows didn't start in any blaze of glory. I remember one day we were all around the piano, Frank and the kids singing *Among My Souvenirs*. It's a sad song and though I'm not given to brooding, its sadness affected me. I looked up at them—every human's gone through the same experience—and thought: "Here we are together. If only this moment could last..." It wasn't six months before my husband, who'd never known a day's illness, went within 24 hours of meningitis. He died on my birthday—which is why I've hated the day ever since. . . .

I was glad Judy had the studio, then. At least it wasn't tied up with a million memories of her daddy. Besides, she'd made up her mind now that this was what she wanted. It was Judy herself who had show business in her blood, like her daddy before her. Nobody can explain these things. Frank came of a perfectly conventional family in Tennessee, who all but disowned him when he left to sing in the theater. After we married and the children started coming, he gave up his dream for the more practical end of the business. But somehow it must have been handed on to Judy.

"Mother," she'd say, "if I can be a success as a singer and actress, that's all I'll ever ask of life."

I encouraged her, of course. "All right, if that's what you want, we'll work for it." But I'd have encouraged her in anything she wanted to do. It's one of my beliefs. "Typist or clerk or deep-sea diver," I've told the girls, "as long as you're happy, it makes no difference to me."

I've read that their "ambitious" mother persisted in making celebrities of her daughters. That floored me. When Susie and Jimmie wanted to stop their careers and get married, they stopped and got married. Judy didn't want to stop. All I ever wanted for them was to be happy. I don't set myself up as any model mother. I don't hold with the saying that mother knows best, I've been wrong too often. But there's one attitude I've stuck to all my days: don't force your children to anything. Whatever you force them to isn't worth a dime.

And this I can tell you. Suppose I'd said to Judy, "No, I don't want you to sing, I don't want you to go into films"—she'd still be exactly where she is today. One gentleman asked a question I'll be glad to answer. "Would Judy Garland be happy if she'd married some farmer in Fresno?" Judy Garland wouldn't. First of all, she'd never have married some farmer in Fresno, it's too far from the studios. And if she'd married an Eskimo at the North Pole, she'd have found some way of dragging him and his igloo down to Hollywood. No matter what the barriers, there's a will in Judy that would have conquered them. Not the will, may I add, for money and fame. But that of the born entertainer to express herself. . . .

Another thing I would like to make clear. Judy over-dieted, they say, during adolescence, injuring her health. Judy didn't diet at all during adolescence—

though there were times when she should have. However, she stayed tubby till she had her tonsils out. Then the fat fell off and didn't come on again—though right now she weighs more than she has in years. That's because she recently had a good rest.

But when she took that rest—what wild stories started appearing! The simple truth of the matter is that Judy had made *The Pirate* and *Easter Parade*—two long, hard pictures—and had followed them up with sequences for *Words and Music*.

Musicals, with their hours of song-and-dance rehearsals, are naturally very tiring. The studio had a string of pictures lined up for her. Mr. Mayer said: "Judy, why don't you take a rest? Then you'll be fresh for the next one." So she did! This was only common sense.

There's just one thing Judy doesn't like about movies, and that's getting up with the chickens. All my children are the same. (If you think Judy's bad, you ought to see Jimmie, and Susie's not much better. Of all the problems I ever had with my daughters, the toughest was dragging them out of bed in the morning.)

miniature dose . . .

Alarm clock and all, however, Judy loves her life and wouldn't change it for any girl's in the world. The proof is, she hopes little Liza'll follow in her trail. "We're not going to push her," she says, "but nothing would make Vincent and me happier than to have her decide to be an actress."

From all observations, Liza won't need any pushing. She's already pushed herself into two pictures. The studio fascinates her. Judy and Vincent used to take her over now and then just for the fun of it, but now and then didn't suit Miss Liza. "Mommy and Daddy go all the time, why can't I go?"

"Look," said Arthur Freed. "Mary Martin's daughter played one of the little sisters in *Annie Get Your Gun*. How's about using Liza for the part?" So they're using Liza, and she's already fixed up the title: *Annie-Get-My-Gun*, she calls it.

Meanwhile, there's a scene in *The Good Old Summertime* where Judy and Van Johnson are walking along, with their daughter between them. Liza's the daughter. She's a ham to her fingertips if I ever saw one! They photographed her pointing to her name on the *Costume Bulletin Board*—LIZA MINNELLI, right under JAMES MASON and AVA GARDNER—and she ate it up. After the fittings with Irene, they shot her again in this adorable costume with a little straw hat perched on top of her head. As long as the cameras were clicking, she stood like a dreamboat. The minute they stopped, she announced to the world: "Look, I've got all new underwear on, too"—and pulled up her dress.

Later they took her over to the set where Judy was just breaking for lunch.

Vincent joined them, and you've never seen a prouder couple. I couldn't help thinking how life repeats itself—Judy and Vincent beaming over the baby, just as Frank and I had beamed over Judy. I couldn't help wishing, either, that some of these fictioneers had been around to see Judy laughing, and as blooming and radiant as I've ever known her. In two days she'd recorded seven songs. That was a record, according to Joe Pasternak. He sent her a tiny gold Oscar on a gold chain. "As far as I'm concerned," he wrote, "you've won your Oscar."

As far as I'm concerned, that's all there is. Having gotten this off my chest, I can now forget it. I know that Judy is completely happy.

THE END

YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS THE JUNE ISSUE OF MODERN SCREEN—OUR SALUTE TO YOUTH!

THEY'LL REMEMBER MAMA

(Continued from page 31)

houses where you felt snug and warm. Where you could raid the icebox, and nobody cared. Where they always had a big round dining room table, loaded with food at mealtime, and everyone sat around it, liking everyone else.

Upstairs became to Betty a symbol of family and home—a deep-seated feeling that had nothing to do with logic. Before Lindsay arrived, she wanted the nursery upstairs. That proved impractical. So they'll build the new house with *all* the bedrooms upstairs. There'll be a big round table in the dining room, and an outsize refrigerator in the kitchen.

"I want everything solid," she says, "like Boulder Dam. I want a place where kids can romp without being shushed. I want them to have their little friends in for dinner and to spend the night. I want a gay house that children'll love to come to. I want them to say, 'Let's go over to the Briskins, it's fun there.'"

Boiled down, she wants for her children the security her own childhood lacked. She wants it with all the warmth and force of her nature—but intelligently, too. Just money isn't enough.

the littlest rebel . . .

The Huttons were poor, the Briskins aren't. Yet it wasn't poverty alone that scarred Betty's childhood. Marion was pretty and easy to handle; Betty was a scrawny, stringy-haired little rebel. Relatives, more well-to-do than themselves, made a fuss over Marion, bought her clothes, hadn't much use for the difficult younger one who could get along on Marion's hand-me-downs. To their mother, the girls were equally dear. But Mabel Hutton worked all day on an assembly line, trying to earn enough for food and shelter. She wasn't around to referee their battles. So Betty grew up with a rankling sense of injustice—at odds with her sister, her relatives and most of the world. "I wouldn't like anybody, even when I wanted to, for fear of getting hurt."

That's why, above everything else, she's determined that nothing shall go wrong between Lindsay and Candy. That's why the one line you'll never hear in the Briskin household is, "Look at your sister, see how *she* does it." That's why Betty searched desperately, long before Candy was born, for a nurse who shared her own ideas about bringing up children. She found her in the person of beloved Kirchey, who's now installed with the Briskins. Whether the kids or Betty love her most would be hard to figure, and doesn't matter anyway. The point is, she sees eye-to-eye with Betty. She knows it's the older child, still a baby herself, who needs plenty of coddling, now that another baby's arrived on the scene. If she's pushing Candy in the kiddie-coop, she'll sometimes pick Lindsay up and drop her in too. "Want to ride?" Certainly Lindsay wants to ride. Only yesterday she was doing *all* the riding. . . .

All the books tell of the danger of jealousy between children. Betty didn't have to be told, she knew from bitter experience. "You can't leave it to chance that they'll love each other, you've got to be sharp." One day she came home with look-alike dresses for the kids. This enchanted Lindsay, and gave her a sense of one-ness with her sister. Whatever might make for ill feeling between them is out. For instance, they no longer have meals together.

"Why?" Lindsay asked.

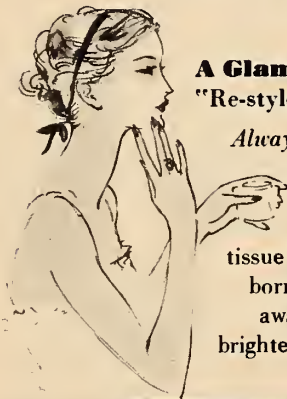
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Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III says...

"My favorite complexion 'refresher' is a 1-Minute Mask—and I'm extremely fond of just a sheer *film* of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

"Because you're a big girl, darling, and can stay up later. Candy's too little."

The real reason is that Candy eats like a horse, downs her grub in ten minutes. But Lindsay and food have always been a problem. When they ate together, Candy showed Lindsay up. There'll be no showing up in the Briskin family. It's Lindsay's self-confidence that needs bolstering now, so they bounce things off Candy, who's too little to know or care. Lindsay has excellent table manners. "Now, Candy, watch Lindsay eat." Candy's off somewhere in a fascinating world of her own, but Lindsay figures she's watching her, and makes a better meal for benefit of her sister.

The result is, she adores the baby, she wheels her round in a doll-buggy, telling people, "'At's *my* Candy!" So far, so good. Betty sets no pattern. She's aware that other days will bring other routines. As a child, Marion's beauty gave her a big fat complex. Well, Lindsay's a beauty too. Hair like a halo, delicate features, lamps that are out of this world. Right now it looks as if Candy won't be as pretty.

"I'm her mother and I worship her," says her mother, "but I'm not blind. It's blindness in parents, and not facing facts, that makes for misery in kids. Candy's a happy-go-luckier baby than Lindsay. She's got so much personality, maybe it'll never bother her if Lindsay's prettier. But I'm not waiting around to see if it does. I learned the hard way that looks have nothing to do with happy living. If I can't pass that on to my children, what good is my learning? Every kid has its own points. Develop those points without making darn-fool comparisons, and the kid'll be on its way."

Betty's not the all-knowing mother. Some of her boners she caught herself. Others were pointed out by Kirchey or Ted. In her anxiety to give Lindsay all the things *she'd* never had, she went overboard. Toys that were too expensive, dolls that were too big. After a while she noticed that what Lindsay enjoyed most were the beat-up toys, and dolls to her

own scale. At Christmas she asked Gail Patrick, who runs a children's shop, to get her a doll-buggy. Gail turned up with the plushiest thing on wheels.

"Uh-uh!" said Betty. "I know why you brought this, but I've changed my tack. Can't you find me a \$2.95 number that squeaks?"

On the other hand, there was the record machine. Lindsay loves music; her sense of rhythm is perfect. Betty got so worked up over this that, without using her head, she dashed out and bought a blue-ribbon model. Ted took one look—and back it went. Now Lindsay has a little machine that's her pride and joy, because she can work it herself.

There was a time when, before everything else, Betty's house had to be pretty. Now it has to be a place where you're not forever telling the kids to quit climbing the furniture. Normal kids climb furniture, period. So you get the kind of furniture they can climb. But this doesn't mean you let them run wild over grownups.

"Normal's one thing," says Betty, "and a brat's something else again. I've been places where you couldn't hear yourself think for the kids screeching. Because their folks didn't want 'em frustrated. Nuts! I don't call ordinary good manners frustration. The easiest way to bring children up is to spoil them. Take the easy way, and before you know it, the kids can't endure themselves and other kids hate 'em. Is that doing your child any favor? For security, they need discipline as much as anything, but discipline with love behind it. *And* common sense. We've got low tables all over the place. Lindsay's learned there are certain things she can touch, and others she can't. If we'd put all the touch-me-nots on a high shelf, it would have been easier, but not so good for Lindsay. When I have guests, my two are allowed to come in, but not to take over. If they start yelling, out they go."

The first thing that ever struck me about Betty Hutton was her honesty with herself. That remains unchanged. She still

loves her career. She doesn't kid herself that you can have career and motherhood both, without losing out somewhere. She loses out by not being with her babies when she's working. Instead of denying a self-evident fact, she makes the best of it.

Most important to her is that the children are happy with Kirchey—that she can go to the studio without worrying about them. If any major matter comes up, Kirchey will call—because Betty and nobody else is the boss. So long as there's no call, the kids are okay and Betty's mind is at peace. Sometimes Kirchey brings them down to the studio. But you can't break up their routine too often. By their mother's standards, that's being selfish. She skips the evening rushes, to get home before Lindsay's bedtime, and even manages to catch Candy awake now and then. Nightly huddles with Kirchey bring her up-to-date on all that her daughters have said and done that day. And, of course, Sundays are devoted to them.

non-stop courtship . . .

Security for children presupposes security between parents. Take your marriage for granted, and that's when it starts down the drain. Betty's idea is that courtship should never stop. She's as careful to look pretty for Ted now as she was on their honeymoon. For no reason except the best in the world—"Because I love you"—she'll send flowers to his office. She likes the same kind of attention from him.

"Every woman does, but some men are funny. They think wives aren't women."

Recently Betty had a call from Abe Lastfogel of the William Morris agency, who is also president of Veterans' Hospital Camp Shows. "We need someone for a hospital tour—Salt Lake City, Denver, Cheyenne. Will you go?"

Betty went—with Hal Belfer, guitarist, and Martin Weisner, pianist. "You can't do it alone," she explains. "For one thing, you've got to keep your emotions bottled up. A lot of good it would do those kids to see you break down! At the same time, you can't always control them. So with a team, you help each other out. Hal and Martin were both terrific. As performers and as humans. They'd sense when I was getting a lump in my throat and couldn't go on, and right away they'd take over."

Once Martin caught her after a show, sobbing her heart out. "Don't, Betty," he said gently. "You've got to be objective about it."

Next day she was leaning over the bed of a boy, singing to him. He could move only his eyes. As she finished and looked up, there stood Martin at the window, objectively wiping his tears away.

"It's the hardest job in the world," says Betty soberly. "And the most worthwhile. There's selfishness in it too, because it makes you feel marvelous that you can help. But then what? The most you can bring is a little fun for a while, a little change, a little something else to talk about. Then you turn back to the life they're cut off from, thinking 'There, but for the grace of God, go I.'"

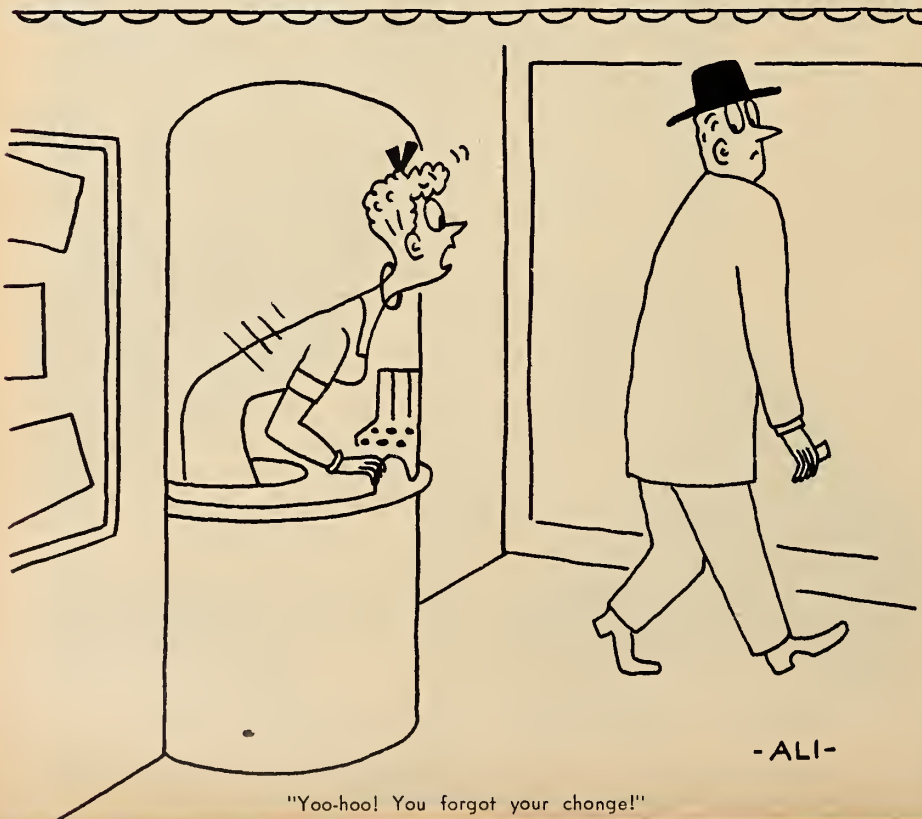
"Look, I've got two daughters. My sister has two sons. I don't want my girls to be war widows. Or Marion's boys to wind up in a hospital. But that guy with the bandaged head—did *his* mother want it?"

"It comes down to this: You can't get security for your own, without working at it for every kid that's born. Oh sure, you can start them off right—protect their early years, give them love, and confidence in themselves. You can even build them a house with an upstairs."

"But it's not enough." Her eyes darkened in remembered pain. "What we need," she said, "is a world with an upstairs."

THE END

MODERN SCREEN



-ALI-

"Yoo-hoo! You forgot your change!"

SLOW BOAT TO ROMANCE

(Continued from page 38)

it really began one night some 11 years ago at a little café on Sixth Avenue near 50th Street in New York City. That afternoon, Pat Knight and Cornel had vowed themselves Mr. and Mrs. Wilde for keeps. They owned barely a bean between them and at that point they were blowing it on two incredibly extravagant filets mignon at \$1.35 a copy and a bottle of wine to celebrate. And that was the works. A honeymoon trip? Out of the question. That took money, and there they were with no visible means of support. Fame? It was even more remote, although they both packed solid dreams about acting careers, fame and fortune—and those came true. But the price was hard work and no time for what Cornel dreamed about out loud that unforgettable evening.

"We'll go there someday on our honeymoon."

see the alps . . .

He pointed to the sign on the little café's window. "The Alps," he read backwards. "We'll see Switzerland," he promised, "and travel all over Europe and I'll show you all the things I've seen and—"

"I wonder," puzzled Pat, with a new wife's practical responsibility, "if we'll ever be able to afford it?"

"Of course not," grinned Cornell, "but we'll go anyway."

So now when the doc said what he said and his studio bowed to the inevitable and Cornel called up his business manager, who doles out the dough, and told him, "Pat and I want to go right away on a trip to Europe. Can we afford it?"

"No!" screamed the moneybags. "Absolutely not!"

"Okay," nodded Cornell. "That's what I thought. We'll go anyway."

So, exactly 48 hours from the time they first latched on to the idea, the Wildes were piling aboard the plane at Los Angeles Airport. Studio pals had pitched in to help them get short order visas and those awful passport pictures they take to prove you're no spy. (Luckily, their daughter, Wendy, was snug in school, with a trusty couple at the Wilde house to tuck her into bed nights; and the French poodles, Punch, Pogo and Domino, were plenty well stocked with dog biscuits.)

It took a night in New York to visit Pat's and Cornel's families and then the *Queen Elizabeth* glided them through the Narrows and out to sea. . . .

Cornel and Pat had a week in Paris—a glorious week of wonders and wide-eyed draughts of beauty, fresh and intoxicating to them both. Pat had never been across the pond, and Cory's only other trips to Europe before had been when he was a baby and again at the age of 14, when his dad took him to visit his native Hungary—and he'd gone right there and back with hardly a boyhood peek at Paris . . . Paris, France! Hollywood seemed so far away—and they were just starting, with weeks and weeks of fun, adventure and romance ahead and not one touch of Hollywood anywhere around.

Then they walked back to the Hotel George V and into the bar for a martini before dinner.

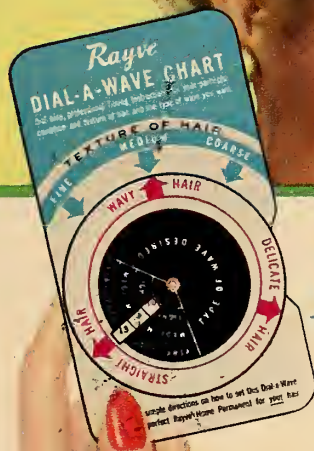
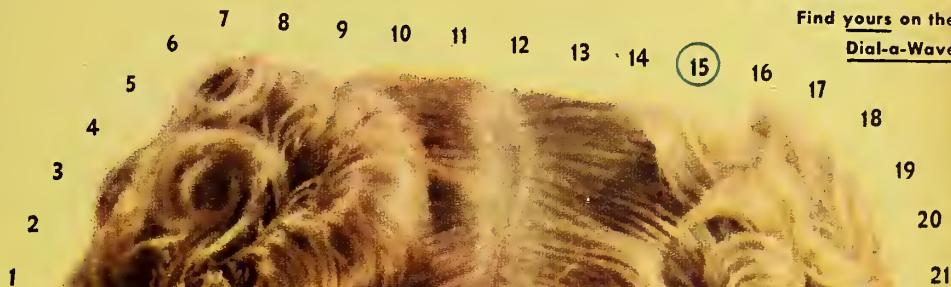
"Well—perish forbid!" rasped a Brooklyn voice. "If it ain't Cornel and Pat. Leave us face it—it's a small world."

"I give up," grinned Cornel. "Travel

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Find your "Rayve Number" and get the one right wave for your kind of hair

You set the *Dial-a-Wave* that's in every Rayve kit for the texture and condition of your hair and the amount of wave you prefer . . . and up comes your "Rayve Number". This number is your personal guide to the special timing procedure that's best for your hair.

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REFILL KIT with "Dial-a-Wave"—complete except for curlers and bands.

\$1



BE SURE TO READ THE JUNE MODERN SCREEN—IT'S OUR SPECIAL SALUTE-TO-YOUTH ISSUE!

FROM THE FAMOUS RESEARCH LABORATORIES

6,000 miles to get away from Hollywood and the first guy I see is Ed Gardner—and, as usual, in a bar! Why aren't you back in Duffy's Tavern where you belong?"

So they had a drink with Ed and talked about—guess what—Hollywood! Then the phone rang and it was Bob Hutton with Cleatus Caldwell breaking in on the receiver. Seasoned Parisians of at least six weeks, they were in Paris making *The Man on the Eiffel Tower*. Then, next morning, they popped into the American Express for their mail, and who was getting his too, but Cary Grant. "Honey," wailed Pat, with mock gravity, "let's get out of here! If we don't watch out, we'll all be getting together and making a picture or something!" She didn't mean it, of course—there's no face more welcome than a face from home, in Paris or anywhere else. But their week was up, and they had plans—plans for two.

They remembered the advice of pianist Artur Rubenstein, who'd been at their table on the boat over. "Hire a car and driver and ramble south through France, Switzerland and Italy. You'll never know Europe until you do. You'll never forget what you see." That's how they happened to find themselves next day in the back seat of an ancient Packard with Albin, the Swiss chauffeur, grinning from ear to ear up front and constantly looking back to grin, "*C'est jolie—n'est ce pas?*" ("It's pretty— isn't it?")

Oui! It was. At least to Pat and Cornel's second-honeymoon eyes it was—all of it, every inch of the way.

followed their noses . . .

First there was the trip south toward Switzerland. They started out with everything carefully mapped by the American Express—but set programs never have worked for Cornel. Their trail wound up looking like a mosquito's flight, because wherever and whenever they saw something they liked, and that was almost every minute, they pointed Albin that way and investigated. They slept in narrow little cubbyholes, up under eaves of the provincial taverns, strolled before breakfasts of *croissants* and black coffee through the angled streets and trim gardens—forgot who they were or where they were from or what a shooting schedule meant. . . .

They saw all they could of Switzerland. Interlaken sticks in their memories, particularly, with the towering Jungfrau mountain seemingly just outside their window. And Vevey and Montreux, where Cornel reaped another deep-seated thrill going through the castle of Chillon, the poet, Lord Byron's fantastic dream-spot beside its blue-green lake. Cory has long been absolutely fascinated by the life of Byron. He wrote Byron's story for the screen, longs above all to play the tragic young poet himself. Every niche and corner of Chillon was alive to him. Pat had to pry him away at last or he'd have tried to buy the place.

They left Switzerland, the sight-drunk Wildes, by the Gothard pass into Italy. That's the one where shaggy St. Bernard dogs used to tote brandy flasks, to help snowbound travelers keep alive. Pat and Cory didn't run into any portable bowser bars in the Gothard, but they wondered a few times if really they'd ever see the Italian slopes, alive. It wasn't the snow—it was Albin and his Packard. He careened them around curves built for a snake, and just when they'd be skirting, on one wailing tire, a wriggly ridge with nothing on either side except ozone, this Albin joker would bend his moustaches their way and beam "*Magnifique?*"

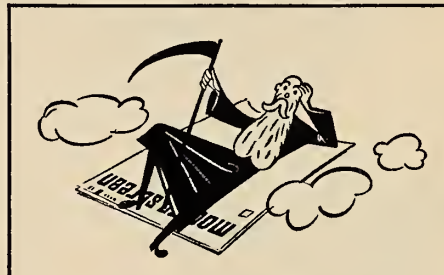
"Y-yes, wuh-oui, très magnifique!" Pat

would squeak, holding on to Cornel for dear life.

But they made it—just like Bonaparte and Hannibal and all those other Alps crossers. Albin left them to fend for themselves in Lugano and Pat and Cornel hopped a train to Como for a look at the azure lake, then took another to Venice. They got the wrong one and instead of arriving in Venice that afternoon they dragged in with the milk past midnight.

The moon was silvering the waters of the lagoon lapping right under the balcony of their suite at the Royal Danieli. Late as it was, gondoliers still sang on the grand canal, accordions still played, and the paddles splashed. As far as they could see, until the moonlight faded, marble-like buildings, old and beautiful, stretched beside the gleaming water.

"We can't go to bed now," sighed Cornel. "This is what we set out to find. Magic."



HOW TIME FLIES!

Captain Blood introduces that handsome new star Errol Flynn, in the role of a buccaneer. He resists the temptation to overact, justifying the producer's faith in him with this first important role. He appeals to men, and the feminine fans will rave about him.

March 1936, *Modern Screen*

This engaged pair, Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable, are touring the country together in vaudeville.

March 1936, *Modern Screen*

And Barbara Stanwyck recently stepped out on her first unchaperoned date since the split-up with Frank Fay. We saw her at the Trocadero with that handsome young man about town, Bob Taylor.

May 1936, *Modern Screen*

"Magic," repeated Pat, and they drank it in until the silver turned to gold and the mother-of-pearl city woke up. Only then did the Wildes go to bed.

But there didn't seem to be any need for sleep in Venice; some tonic in the air kept them awake and doing things—and there were so many things to do. They cruised endlessly up and down the Grand Canal, the side canals, under the famous Bridge of Sighs. They visited the Venetian glass factories, sailed across to the Lido's famous strand for a day of bathing in the blue Adriatic and lazing on the white sands.

They'd planned five days in Venice—they were there three weeks. They never again quite matched the magic mood that stayed with them in Venice. Cornel celebrated his birthday there. For his present, Pat found some wonderful knights on horseback, swashbuckling little ceramic figurines in action poses. They had dinner for two that night in a restaurant overlooking St. Mark's Square, in a room alive with mosaics and frescoes, as the big gong in the clock tower outside signalled time

which didn't exist, not even on birth-days. . . .

Throughout Italy, Cornel and Pat lived in a world of never-ending beauty and romance. Next to the beauty of Venice, the artistic wonders of Florence thrilled them most. The hotel there perched right over the Arno river, violet in the moonlight below their balcony, with the hills of Florence rolling rich and lovely before their eyes every time they stepped out.

And then they drove to Siena—and that's where the spell broke.

Cornel and Pat rented a car for the trip to Siena. They rolled at dusk into the medieval market-square, centuries old, and from the square trooped a familiar sight—a movie company breaking up—lights being trundled off, trucks coughing, extras streaming away. They knew they'd see that in Siena; that, of course, was why they'd made the trip up. *Prince of Foxes* was being made there, and even when you're lost in a dream trip—well, there's nobody like somebody from home.

friendly faces . . .

Ty Power was in Leo Shamroy's room when Cornel knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" asked Ty.

"Signor Corneli Weeldo."

"Who?" He got it again. Ty, frowning, flung open the door. Then—"Well, I'll be hanged!" he yelled when he saw Cornel. "I never heard anything so hokey in all my life as that Italian accent. You're fired!" So they grabbed each other—and soon Linda Christian was there and they had themselves an evening. Next day there was lunch and dinner in Tyrone's home located down near Rome. But in between, Cornel and Pat drove to the little town of San Gimignano, and lost themselves again in centuries gone by, for that tiny city of towers is exactly as it was in the Middle Ages.

Then they headed for Rome—and Rome might just as well have been Romanoff's, with all the Hollywood pictures shooting and about to be shot in the Eternal City. Ty and Linda and the *Foxes* crew came down from Siena at once and Henry King, Binnie Barnes, Mike Frankovich, Alan Curtis, Mikail Rasumny and a dozen more hometown faces met them wherever they went.

Still, there really is no place like Rome—and they had five weeks there. Weeks spent exploring the Catacombs, the Baths of Caracola, the Coliseum, visiting St. Paul's and the Vatican. Days dolling Pat up at last with the dresses she'd thriftily by-passed in Paris. For while she could resist Paris' Dior and Mainbocher, when it came to Rome's Fontana, Pat surrendered.

Then came wonderful news—a bulletin from Darryl Zanuck, that told Cornel he could stay on a few more weeks. Wonderful! So after they'd had their fill of Rome, they checked out of the Excelsior, rented another car and headed south for Naples, Pompeii, Amalfi. They flew on over to Sicily to visit Palermo, Taormina and Capri, riding the local trains and sharing their Swiss chocolates with the passengers.

As far as Cornel's mood was concerned, he could have dallied forever in Amalfi, surfing in the cobalt coves. That type of never-never existence is strictly his dish once he pulls himself off the hook of his ambition. Only, about the time Pat and Cory got to talking about sending for Wendy and the poodles and beachcombing in luxurious poverty the rest of their lives—well, they got a sample of what it would be like. They ran out of money. And that, Cory discovered, isn't so good—not even in Italy.

It took a full week's sleuthing to locate

the Hollywood bank draft that had mysteriously disappeared in Rome (it wound up at the wrong bank) and by the time Cornel located the missing moolah, there was that fatal cable from the boss saying, "How about that back? Aren't you well yet? When can you get to work?"

And Pat and Cory Wilde found themselves winging their way back across the Alps, not quite as scenic or convivial a trip as with Albin and his Packard, but lots easier on the blood pressure. And lovely old Paris still looked wonderful to Pat and Cornel.

Luckily, they had a full week before their plane took off for home to sample its civilized delights again. They saw all the sights they'd missed the first time, by day and by night, with Bob Hutton, Cleatus Caldwell, Franchot Tone, Burgess Meredith and some other fun-loving Hollywood expatriates, the Wildes did their best to see what Paris After Dark was like. In fact, Pat and Cory wound up their holiday in a blaze of fun, frolic and champagne.

home at last . . .

Then, after 14 hours straight snoozing in the airborne hay, they landed at LaGuardia Airport in New York—and if Cornel had any doubts about being back home they vanished when the cab driver tossed him a belligerent look. They'd been so formal and courteous all through Europe.

"Okay, Mac," barked the cabbie. "I ain't got all day. Where to?"

And they knew for sure they were home next morning, when they rolled up the eucalyptus-shaded drive of their Benedict Canyon home and the door popped open and a boiling mass of three dogs—Pogo, Punch and Domino—with Wendy all mixed up in the middle, swarmed over them with frenzied yelps and little girl screams of delight, wanting to know—

"What did you bring me?"

Well—there were two lovely Leuchi dolls that roll their eyes and talk, and some blue porcelain poodle dogs from Paris, and little dresses and coats tailored by the finest dressmakers, and boxes and boxes of yummy Swiss *chocolat*, and a necklace of beautiful seashells from Capri.

As Cornel and Pat Wilde watched Wendy unwrap the presents, they sank happy but tired, into the heavy arm-chairs of their own familiar front room and looked at each other. What they said was what they'd been saying all those lovely, wonderful gateway months.

"*C'est jolie, n'est ce pas?*"

Only this time they had a special way of saying it and a special way of meaning it—which, translated into plain Hollywood American meant simply, "There's no place like home." Or so Pat and Cornel truly thought.

But now, of course, Cory's back at work—but in Hollywood? Not exactly. He's in Zermatt, Switzerland, making *The Skiing Story* which only shows again what beautifully crazy things can happen to a Hollywood star. Cornel had just two months at home sweet home and then the starring job he came back for turned out to be right back where he had been having the time of his life!

Sure, Pat went right along with him—and this time Wendy, too. This trip's supposed to be strictly business. But the way Pat and Cory feel, any business in Switzerland comes under the heading of high romance. And if a second honeymoon for the Wildes could pack such a load of thrills—what's wrong with a Third?

THE END

Spring Garden



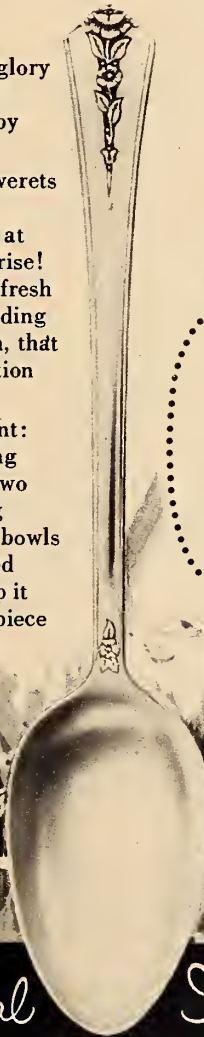
THE GLORIOUS NEW DESIGN IN
SILVERPLATE BY HOLMES & EDWARDS

Sweet *Spring Garden!*
So gay, so adorable!

At last, all the bright glory of springtime has been captured in silverplate by master designers.

First, you see tiny flowerets deeply carved upon a gleaming surface...and at the very tip, a gay surprise! Bursting forth in all its fresh beauty, is a delicate budding flower. A brilliant touch, that forever will give distinction to Spring Garden.

And terribly important: Spring Garden is Sterling Inlaid silverplate with two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks to keep it lovelier longer. The 52 piece service for 8 is only \$68.50 with chest.



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HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

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★ *Special* *Introductory Offer!*

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These lovely spoons in the new Spring Garden Design are ideal for desserts, ice cream and sherbet. At all jewelry and department stores for a limited time only.



THE JUNE MODERN SCREEN IS THE BIG,
LONG-AWAITED SALUTE-TO-YOUTH ISSUE!

Plan your Summer around

Dan River's Background Stripes

This smart cotton basic suggests dozens of new plots with accessories. It's Dan River's new chambray stripe, woven of combed cotton, tubbable as a hanky. Fast color, Sanforized*.

Dan River Mills, Inc.

Dress by Betty Hartford. Green, fuchsia or yellow with gray.

Sizes 10 to 18. About \$9 at Stern Bros., New York;

G. Fox & Co., Hartford; Woodward & Lothrop,

Washington D. C.; Famous & Barr Co., St. Louis;

Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago;

The Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver.

*Fabric shrinkage no more than 1%



crisp cottons steal the show

connie bartel, fashion editor

■ The crisp look is the high-fashion look, and what could be crisper than stiff-starched, crackling-fresh cottons?

Cottons, natch, have always been everybody's love for hot weather fashions, but they've never been such a smash hit as this season. Cottons are all over the place—in playclothes, street clothes, date clothes.

In this issue we concentrate on crisp cottons both bare and covered—and we especially dote on peel-as-you-go jacket jobs; you wear the jacket for a chic town look on the street—you peel it off to show a sunback whenever you get the chance!

And while we were pursuing the best sunbacks for the easiest prices, we were especially proud to snag a honey for half sizes (page 80). You know that *Modern Screen* has always had a special interest in you girls who wear half sizes—and we think the nifty on page 80 has all the oomph you ask for—especially proportioned for you.

janet leigh
wears demure checks
from "little women"

■ We'd like to meet the girl who can come away from MGM's "Little Women" without a burning yen to wear the costumes therein . . . they're that irresistible.

To keep you from lankering hopelessly, here's a dress adapted straight from one which Janet Leigh wears as "Meg." Its tucked yoke, dropped sleeves, and faintly hoop-like deep hem are as appealing now as they were when the March girls wore them in Old Concord. (P.S. It has the kind of look men have always loved.)

It's made in Ameritex's pink and green checked chambray, with pink sash, collar and piping. Also in chamois and brown or lilac and gold. Sizes 9-15.

By Saba of California—about \$18.

For where to buy, see page 76.

modern
screen
fashions



COTTONS



Covered

We've got you covered for that first warm day—when you crave something summery, but not too nude. Here's super-sophistication with V-shaped stripes to make the most of your figure—semi-plunging V neckline to tuck a rose in. Crisp woven satin stripe chambray in brown, navy or green. 12-20. By Sorority Frocks, about \$8.98. Wanamaker's, N. Y., Madigan's Chicago, other stores, page 76.

COTTONS



uncovered

We've got you uncovered when you want to show as much bare skin as possible—as boldly as possible. Who could fail to see you coming in those big crisp checks? Who could over-look the huge pique eyelet-embroidered daisy blossoming on your skirt—and repeated on your stole? And—what pretty shoulders you have! It's Dan River gingham in red, blue, green or lilac. 9-15. By Vicky Vaughn Jrs. Dress with stole, about \$8. Stores, page 76

Gold-edged sandals by Parkhill Casuals, \$3

WORN BY
 BEATRICE (BEBE) SHOPP
 MISS AMERICA—1948



A Catalina Convertible* of Celanese and Lostex knit boucle, \$12.00

* can be worn with or without straps
 *Registered

The suit always worn by America's most glamorous beauties—who compete for the title of Miss America at Atlantic City! A sleek Catalina in Celanese and Lostex knit boucle, \$12.00



THE
 SELECTED

"Official Swim Suit of the Miss America Pageant"

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

WHERE YOU CAN BUY

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Pink and green checked dress inspired by "Little Women," and worn by Janet Leigh in full color photograph (page 73)

Austin, Tex.—*Yaring's*, Junior Shop, 2nd Floor

Long Beach, Calif.—*Walker's*, 4th & Pine Sts., Hi-Teen Shop, 2nd Floor

Striped dress with semi-plunging neckline (page 74)

Chicago, Ill.—*Madigan's*, 4030 Madison St., Cotton Shop, 2nd Floor

New York, N. Y.—*Wanamaker's*, Broadway & 9th St., Moderate Priced Dresses, 3rd Floor

San Antonio, Texas—*Frost Brothers*, 217 E. Houston St., 4th Floor

Syracuse, N. Y.—*The Addis Co.*, 449 S. Salina St., 2nd Floor

Checked sunback dress with stole, pique daisies (page 75)

Chicago, Ill.—*Marshall Field & Co.*, 121 N. State St., Budget Floor

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Junior Dresses, Basement

Rochester, N. Y.—*Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.*, 250 E. Main St., Better Dress Dep't., Downstairs

St. Louis, Mo.—*Stix, Baer & Fuller*, Washington Ave. & 6th St., Jr. Dept., Downstairs Store

Paisley print sunback dress, matching jacket (page 78)

Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.*, State, Madison & Monroe Sts., Tub-em Shop, 2nd Floor

Dallas, Texas—*A. Harris & Co.*, Main & Elm Sts., Budget Dress Shop, 2nd Floor

Los Angeles, Calif.—*Broadway Dept. Store*, Broadway & 4th Sts., House & Town Shop, 3rd Floor

New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's*, 34th St. & 5th Ave., Cotton Dresses, 2nd Floor

St. Louis, Mo.—See next page

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

St. Louis, Mo.—*Stix, Baer & Fuller*,
Washington Ave. & 6th St., Daytime
Dresses, 2nd Floor

**Eyelet trimmed sunback dress, matching
peplum jacket (page 79)**

Akron, Ohio—*The M. O'Neil Co.*, 226 S.
Main St., Jr. Dresses, Downstairs Store

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus*,
420 Fulton St., Downstairs

Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.*,
High & Town Sts., Junior Misses
Dresses, Downstairs

Milwaukee, Wis.—*The Boston Store*, W.
Wisconsin Ave. & 4th St., Junior
Fashions, Downstairs Store

**Half-size sunback dress, matching jacket
with dark lapels and collar (page 80)**

Akron, Ohio—*The M. O'Neil Co.*, 226 S.
Main St., Daytime Dresses, 3rd Floor

New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's*, 34th St.
& 5th Ave., Women's Dresses, 5th
Floor

how to buy modern screen fashions

buy in person

Go to the store in your city listed in
the Where to Buy Directory, and be
sure to go directly to the proper
department and floor, which are also
listed.

To save even more time, take
along the Modern Screen photo of
the fashion you want. If you haven't
the page from the magazine, be sure
to tell the sales girl you saw it in
Modern Screen.

If no store in your city is listed,
write *Connie Bartel*, Modern Screen,
Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New
York 16, N. Y.

buy by mail

Order by Check from any store
listed, whether in your city or not.

Order by Money Order from any
store listed, whether in your city or
not.

Order by C. O. D. from any store
listed, whether in your city or not.

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Other stores, page 77

WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN

(Continued from page 50)

ago New Year's Eve in Oklahoma, was centered around our home. We decided we'd guide our careers so we could spend as much time as possible together—as a family. Dale made one rule we haven't broken yet—that there must always be one of us present at home every night to have dinner with the children, to tell them their bedtime story, to hear their prayers and, of course, to fetch them that last-minute glass of water they never fail to ask for after they're all tucked in neatly.

Having dinner with the children every night is very important to us. It's more than just a chance to enjoy them—it's the process of finding out what's really going on with them, what they're thinking about and which way they're headed.

Little Dusty sits in his high chair (around which Roy has fastened a belt with holsters and toy guns.—Dale) and, small as he is, gets a sense of the whole family of which he is a member. He already knows he's an individual—but, bit by bit, he has to learn that he's also a member of a group and must fit into it pleasantly and cooperatively.

Things come up daily with Cheryl and Linda Lou that I want to know about. Let's say, for instance, that Linda has lost her watch and wants another. But I learn that she carelessly left the watch over night in her open school locker. That's hardly the sort of deed for which she should receive the reward of a new watch. She agrees, after it is pointed out to her—and promises to earn the new watch by good deed and deportment.

her two front teeth . . .

Cheryl is losing her first teeth—especially in front—and she's always asking, "What shall I do about my snaggy mouth?" What bothers her most is that she's a fan of Rocky Lane, the Western star, and would have me invite him to dinner—if it weren't for her teeth. "Of course, you could keep your mouth shut," is Linda's suggestion to her. (I can see that these two girls are going to help each other in life, even if it'll be a mite painful at times!)

All this is the best part of living for me, because I know how fast youngsters can grow up and out of your life. I remember how it was with my sisters at home. One day I had three sisters. The next, it seems, they were gone—married and in their own homes.

This is how Dale and I figured we would live—close to home—when we thought we were to go on acting together in the same pictures. It was a good program on that basis. Then came the studio ruling splitting us up into separate films. It was a kind of staggerer. We talked it over but I left the decision to Dale. She made it—she voted to stay home.

(But not to rest! We had just bought the old Noah Beery house in the Hollywood Hills and my first little job was to sew up 15 sets of white marquisette curtains for 15 big, fat windows plus necessary draperies that I wanted to hang just so. I thanked my stars that my mother introduced me to a sewing machine early and often when I was a little girl down in Uvalde, Texas.—Dale)

Dale's reasoning was simple. She figured she could have gone on in other pictures but the shooting schedules would never be the same, one of us would be working

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when the other wasn't, and instead of pictures taking up four or five months of our time during the year it would run up to eight or ten months. Since you have to leave the house before the children are even up when you're working, and you come home plenty tired in the evening, there would have been precious little home life together for us. We still worked together on our Sunday radio show with Gabby Hayes, and of course, Dale went along on my ten-weeks rodeo tour, and on the other personal appearance trips I made.

(So did the children, on our last trip, which was to Kansas City. When we told them they could go, Cheryl and Linda had their bags packed two weeks before it was time to leave and kept asking every five minutes whether it wasn't time to start yet.—Dale)

But as far as her picture career was concerned—well, as Dale put it, "I guess if the master of ceremonies on a quiz show asks me what I do my reply will just be, 'Housewife'."

(But once I acted! That was when I brought Dusty to the studio barber for his first haircut and I had to whoop and dance and emote in front of him to keep him from howling.—Dale)

We had a chance to pitch in together at fixing up the house. Even the children got in on it, too. That was when we all took part in what they called a "treasure hunt," but what was really a fireplace hunt. You see, our playroom had no fireplace, but it's right under the living room which did have one—and I wondered if the flue didn't extend downward in the wall to the playroom. I talked about it for weeks and Cheryl Arlene and Linda were all for investigating and finding out. One day I gave in, took a heavy hammer, and we all went down to the playroom. There was a plaster wall where the fireplace should be. I cracked at it a couple of times, the plaster fell away, and there, under it, was the brick of a swell fireplace! Cheryl and Linda cheered. Dale, who'd been set against ruining what she called a perfectly good wall, just said, "Hmmm!"

(What would you say if you saw your husband take a sledge hammer and start knocking your home off its foundation? Especially if you lived on top of a hill and could just imagine everything coming tumbling down to land in a heap in the middle of Vine street?—Dale)

i know what i'm doing . . .

It was nice having Dale home, because whenever I was between pictures she was right there ready to come along if I wanted to go hunting or make some other trip. I introduced her to coon and bobcat hunting down at Lake Henshaw where we went with ten coon dogs.

(All in the same car with us!—Dale)

And Dale got a bobcat, too.

(Was that what that was?—Dale)

And I took Dale on a visit to the place where I was born and raised—Duck Run, Ohio—and showed her the two-story house that my dad and I built. There was a purpose to this—I plan to do a lot more fixing around our new home and I wanted her to feel that I know what I'm doing when I get a chisel and a saw in my hand.

(I'm not worried about the chisel and saw. It's the sledge hammer that bothers me.—Dale)

We could have gone on nicely like that, with just one of us working in pictures, but whenever we made personal appearances people kept asking Dale why she'd retired. On top of that—well, an unusual thing happened as far as her popularity was concerned. Usually when a player in Hollywood stops being active, her fan mail starts dropping off and pretty soon she's

well on the way to being forgotten by her former audience. But this didn't happen with Dale. The folks kept writing and asking about her. So many wrote and so often that her fan mail began to increase steadily and was soon more than double what it had ever been before!

That fact, plus the letters that were coming by the thousands addressed to the studio, finally got the production heads thinking and they insisted that Dale come back. But that's where Dale had her say.

"As long as I'm on the radio with Roy, and I'm making personal appearances with him, there should be no further objection to my being in the same picture with him," she told them. There was no argument—well, not much of an argument, as Hollywood arguments go—and Susanna Pass in which Dale is once more my heart interest, was the answer.

super-chef roy . . .

If the shooting schedule calls for a lot of dialogue shots, Dale and I can go over them and rehearse at home after the children are asleep. That means I, for one, sleep better, knowing that I'm up on my lines. And towards the end of the week, we don't have to start worrying about going over our Sunday radio program. We can look it over on a Thursday or Friday, in between picture shots. All our work dovetails nicely. And, of course, our home life. I can even do some of the shopping for home, and some of the cooking.

(The only shopping Roy does is for scrap bones for his dogs and for chickens for our table. He likes to buy chicken fryers whole and cut them up himself instead of letting the butcher do it. He claims the butchers don't take the time and trouble to hunt for the joints and just cut or chop through "approximately." This makes for splintered joints, which Roy thinks are dangerous for the children. But the best fun he has is getting into his red pickup truck and going hunting for bones. He'll drive up an alley to the back of a restaurant and disappear into the kitchen where he has probably made friends with the cook. Pretty soon he's back, lugging a carton full of greasy bones. As soon as the dogs at home catch sight of the truck and smell his cargo they start howling the hills down. As for the cooking, the only cooking he does is when he prepares a "late snack" if we're having a party. But this, the way he does it, becomes a project. His object seems to be to find something that won't mix in an omelette. So far he hasn't come across this, even though he's used everything he could find in the kitchen including chili, pickles, left-over hamburger, biscuits, any kind of cooked vegetable, cheeses, jams, and the children's cookies. But his own favorite dish is not an omelette. It's beans. They can be boiled, fried, roasted, cold or burnt—he loves 'em. That, all his friends agree, is the real cowboy in him.—Dale)

Yes, sir, it's just like old times—and I'm sure thankful to the fans, to MODERN SCREEN, and to everyone who brought my Dale back to me. Just think—in three-and-a-half years, up to the time of our marriage, we made 24 pictures together! I don't have to tell you that we got so we could sail through a scene, no matter how tough it was, because we were comfortable with each other, knew just how the other worked. And then, just because we moved even closer together in our personal lives, we had to split up professionally!

But that's all over now. I'm a happy man again. Dale is right next to me—and all I have to do is look through the window to see old Trigger tied to a post.

(I knew it! I knew he'd have to get his old Trigger into this somewhere!—Dale)

THE END

TRAVELING MAN

(Continued from page 24)

first-hand the tremendous developments of a seething era.

He'd planned to return home for Christmas. But in Paris, he encountered his friend, the Pulitzer Prize playwright and novelist, Thornton Wilder. And first thing you know, Monty, Wilder, Wilder's sister and another friend had decided to go to Switzerland and ski.

We asked Monty about his skiing talents. "Oh, I'm a great skier!" he said. "The fact that I can't ski doesn't faze me a bit."

When the skiing was concluded—with Monty unfractured—Paramount scouts tracked him down and flew him back to Hollywood for one day's retakes on Paramount's *The Heiress*. A few days later, Monty turned up in London again.

he conquers london . . .

And now he found there'd been a considerable change in the climate. *Red River* had opened in London. And in *Red River*, Monty had knocked London for a loop.

C. A. LeJeune, the critic Britons read when they want it straight, said:

"Mr. Clift is not at all the sort of person you would normally expect to find in a cow opera. Although he has a way with a horse that suggests he might have been born to the saddle, his way with a part makes it clear that he has been trained, and very thoroughly trained, too, in the theater. . . .

"There are actors who give the screen a kind of electric quality. When, as in Mr. Clift's case, obviously trained intelligence is added to this gift of nature, the result is really something to shout about."

Other critics had more to say, along the same line—and stodgy, hungry, weary old London sat up and took notice of this young upstart from America who had blazed across the skies.

Thus, when Monty wanted to go to the same little hotel where he'd stayed before, the Paramount people said, "This cannot be!" They set him up in a swank hotel suite in the center of town. And then the telephone started to ring. It didn't seem ever to stop ringing.

The British wanted to get acquainted personally with the 28-year-old American fellow who, they decided, was the most intriguing movie personality in years. They wanted to lionize him, dine him, wine him, photograph him, grab his autograph and drag him to first nights.

Three days and three nights of this sort of business and the Clift boy, the one who usually picks his own friends, hotel rooms, crooners, and motion pictures, moved out. A Paramount man who had an extra room-and-bath in his apartment offered it to Monty, who gratefully accepted.

"It's just a little bit confusing," Montgomery Clift admitted as we sat sipping sherry with him. He leaned back on a comfortable old fireside couch and clasped his hands behind his head. "I certainly don't think my job in *Red River* was anything startling. But then—well, I guess it's hard to judge yourself in a movie. It just doesn't seem anything like what you'd hoped for. What you finally see up there on the screen so often seems far removed from what you were trying to do."

We observed that the public, besides admiring his screen work, seemed very curious to know about his private life.

"My private life?" sighed Monty. "Ah, the inevitable questions: What girl have I been chasing? What girl am I chasing?

What girl am I going to chase tomorrow? The dull truth, I suppose, is that I don't pursue my private life in public. Otherwise—well, you know what happens. You're seeing a girl—the press gets hold of it—blows it into a big romance—and from then on everybody starts playing games. . . . Incidentally, some people seem to think it's mysterious that I don't shuttle from one expensive night club to another. There's no mystery about that." He grinned. "I'm just too darned cheap."

What about the London bobby-soxers? Had he had any mob-scenes with them?

"If you mean any fights for life," smiled Monty, "no. The English kids seem very sincere. It's as if they looked on you as a friend—not as an inanimate object. At home in the States—boy, they sure do get intense."

He turned the discussion to Sir Laurence Olivier, with whom he had recently dined. ("Imagine me having supper with the Oliviers!" said Monty.) Olivier is currently occupied with his usual combination actor-director employment at the famous Old Vic theater.

"I've been an admirer of his for some time," he said. "What I most admire is the kind of man Olivier must be to be the kind of actor he is. He's a man with all the endowments of nature—his face is actually noble, something you can say about almost no one—and to him, all the easy avenues of success are open. If he'd taken these roads, by now he'd be a very different man—certainly not the arresting actor he is today."

There's a prevalent idea that Clift would far rather act on the stage than on the screen. This Monty firmly denies. "As a matter of fact, film work to me is fascinating—it can be tremendously so. The camera makes it possible to be far more subtle than you can be on the stage. I should imagine that a director—tackling, say, a certain theme both in a play and a picture—would get greater satisfaction from a well-done movie. He has an infinite variety of things at his command which enable him to create a mood—sustain it—and once it's done to his satisfaction, it's printed—and there it is for good."

he knows where he's going . . .

But he does like the theater?

"Yes, I do. Actually, the challenge of acting on the stage is greater than in the movies. There's no coasting along on personality alone. If you have a long part, you have to sustain it all evening until the curtain comes down, eight performances a week. And if the play's a hit, it may run a year or two. The trick is to try and find an interesting flop—something that won't run forever. . . . I guess you can see how naturally lazy I am!"

And what did he plan to do next?

"I really have no idea. When I go back to America in a few days, I'll start reading scripts—and just pray that one comes along that'll be interesting enough to warrant giving up this lovely lazy life I'm leading."

And until an interesting part comes along, he's going to "sit around, read, travel and study a little."

Clift is fond of traveling, and, in addition to the European tour he is just completing, he has been to Cuba and Mexico. One day he hopes to go to Rio de Janeiro.

Yes, Montgomery Clift is going places. But one thing is certain: He's going where he wants. THE END

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JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS

(Continued from page 22)

the hundreds and thousands of couples to whom this is happening every week."

Well, that's something. Just try to delve into the facts behind any Hollywood divorce and the immediate excuse is "not guilty and not guilty by reason of career trouble." Then, after this monotonous alibi is dutifully recorded by a bored press, the next breath brings the announcement that one or both parties already has selected a prospect for future mating.

This is a different story. One in which the disillusionment is frankly exposed, with no pussyfooting. Both Diana and Kirk Douglas are well aware that the news of their separation came as a shock to Hollywood friends.

From the beginning, Diana and Kirk were sensible. They chose to live in unfashionable Laurel Canyon; to avoid night life; to make a point of conservative living, free of debt and fancy Hollywood ideas.

As Kirk puts it, "We'd heard fantastic stories about marriage in Hollywood and were determined that it wouldn't happen to us. When we faced our own failure it was a tough chore for Diana to call her family by long distance, and for me to call mine and break the news. I know that to them and to anyone else our determination not to file for divorce now, but to stay apart for at least two months until we know what must be done, may seem an old story. Ancient theme or not, we at least aren't carrying on the sham of pretending to live happily together—and all we ask is a chance to work out our problem just as young couples in cities all over the country are trying to do. Personally, I am frankly ashamed to admit that I can't quite understand what has made our life so complex."

This wasn't always so with Doug, who came out of the small town of Amsterdam, New York, the son of Russian-born parents. There was no confusion in him then. He was poor. His parents were proud and thrifty, but there were six sisters. Kirk thought nothing of working his way, going through St. Lawrence University, from which he secured his degree, partially financed by the money he earned as a wrestler.

boy meets girl . . .

Then he took off for the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. So too, did Diana Dill, whose father was a government official in Bermuda. Diana had never faced poverty, but in the pursuit of acting she placed herself on an equal footing with all comers and refused to trade on the family background. There was nothing of the snob in this girl who met and began to date Kirk, who by now had become proficient at bell-hopping in order to pay rent on his hall bedroom. Diana then might have become his steady girl except that Warners signed her to a contract and sent her to Hollywood. That put an end to their "if-you-have-a-dime-I'll-treat-you-to-a-soda" relationship.

For Kirk, the going was tougher, for a while. He played two small Broadway bits, one as a singing messenger boy in the Grace George play, *Spring Again*; the other as a disembodied echo in *Three Sisters*. Then he caught on as the juvenile lead in the smash hit, *Kiss and Tell*. Meantime, Diana and Kirk lost track of each other. She didn't even know that he'd gone into the Navy, and he wasn't aware that Diana's Warners job had folded up and she had returned to New York—until one evening when he returned to his room

at Notre Dame where he was in training for anti-submarine warfare.

Kirk's roommate flipped him a copy of Life magazine. "Get a load of that girl on the cover. How'd you like a date with that?"

"Well, well!" Kirk retorted. "I'd like it! I'd like to date her again the way I used to."

"Haw!" said the roommate.

So Kirk sat down and wrote the girl on the cover a letter. In a few days he waved a reply at his unbelieving roommate.

"Haw!" Kirk said. "And me loaded for the first time in my life. A leave coming up and me fat with pay."

Kirk had \$189 when he hit New York. He looked up Diana. They went dancing on the Starlight Roof. They had a front row table at the Copacabana. They saw plays, had night caps at the Penthouse Club, rode the length of Fifth Avenue on bus tops, held hands, fell in love and said goodbye.

Kirk was ordered to New Orleans. Diana

memo

date: **elizabeth taylor**
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went back to modeling. She was in Phoenix when Ensign Douglas called her. "Guess what?" she exclaimed. "I'm heading for New York. I may do a play." "Great!" said Kirk. "Why not go by way of New Orleans?"

Diana thought about it. She took off for New Orleans. They were married by a chaplain in the Naval chapel on the station with Kirk's fellow officers in attendance. Their honeymoon in the romantic Southern city was a breathless affair because Kirk knew that every day would be his last before they shipped him out.

But they actually had a month together before they parted, Diana to return to New York, Kirk to climax his career in the Navy when wounded by a depth bomb which slammed him against the deck, causing injuries serious enough to bring him a discharge.

After his recovery, Kirk climbed back into civvies and headed for New York, where he and Diana settled down to life in Greenwich Village with baby Michael, who is now four. They lived on 11th Street, right next door to St. John's Church. Life had flavor and excitement. Kirk picked up some good money in radio, some short change in plays that opened and folded with startling rapidity.

Then came *The Wind Is Ninety* and an offer from Hal Wallis.

Kirk discussed it with Diana. "I want no part of movies. They tell me you fall apart in Hollywood, lose your vision."

"Right," Diana agreed. "That's what

you do. I certainly had enough of it."

Ten days later, with the play closed, Kirk came to the realization that he was stony broke. No work in sight. He thought about that offer from the Coast and next day he was on the train. In Chicago he sent Diana a wire: GET ME. I'M ON MY WAY TO THAT AWFUL PLACE CALLED HOLLYWOOD. WILL EXPLAIN LATER.

He did, in a long letter. Diana and Michael followed him West and in later family sessions it was agreed that Hollywood wasn't so bad, particularly the way the critics greeted Kirk in *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*.

fond parents . . .

Now everything was fine. Really fine. Joel, who is now two, arrived. Eight pictures and one play went by. Kirk scored heavily in *A Letter to Three Wives* and *Champion*. (He's sensational in *Champion*.)

Diana, whose career hadn't progressed beyond modeling, did well in *The Sign of the Ram* and *Let's Live Again*. Live again? They were living now—but—

"But Diana's career had nothing to do with it," Kirk says. "Last year we were able to adjust our working schedules for a second honeymoon in Bermuda. When Diana has been working, I frequently haven't been—so that between us I think we've had more time with our children than the average couple not in the movies."

The kids?

When Kirk says, "How about a ride?" Michael invariably protests. "Naw, Dad, who wants an automobile? Let's go hiking up in the hills." So they do. "You have no idea how many Indian outbreaks have been taking place recently up in Laurel Canyon," Kirk grins.

Then, quietly, he says, "The youngsters couldn't have a more wonderful mother. I'm not trying to be noble about anything. Diana and I have simply found that we disagree seriously on many things that would seem ridiculous if we paraded them."

"We used to laugh at the dozens of articles in magazines by matrimonial experts and psychiatrists, trying to explain and remedy the divorce fever that seems to be sweeping across the country with increasing fury. We agreed that perhaps if there weren't so many people explaining people to each other, couples might have a better chance to stay happy."

"Now it's no longer a joke. If the solution of our problem involved someone else, perhaps the break might be easier in one respect. We could at least have a healthy hate for each other. But it's a case of the two of us standing at the crossroads and not knowing which way to go, for the sake of our children first and ourselves secondarily. We've tried to say to ourselves, 'Oh stop it, kids, and get back together—remember all you once meant to each other.' That hasn't worked."

"So we've reached the decision without any self sympathy. We hate to invoke such a trite term as 'trial separation.' That's not it. We've simply stopped being married to each other for a period of time until we make up our minds. Fortunately, our children are so young and our work of such a nature that they are used to our being away from them often and don't mind it. Anyhow, I still see those two boys of mine almost as much as before."

"Above all, Diana and I haven't lost our respect for each other. We hope that our ultimate decision—whatever it may be—will be right." THE END

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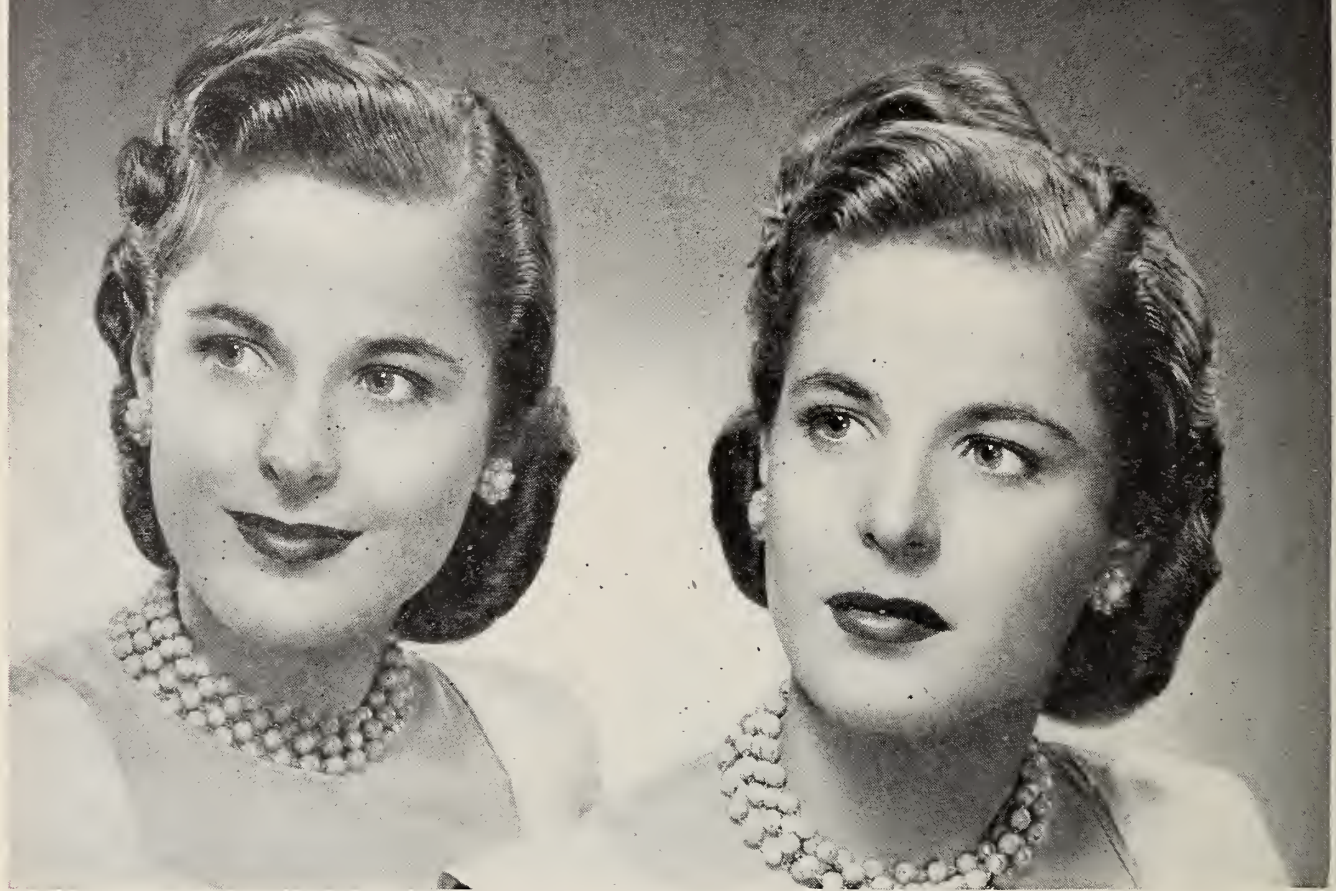
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Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the \$15 beauty shop wave? Answer below.)



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nents. Actually, more women use Toni than all other cold waves combined.

Why do most women prefer to use TONI?

Because the Toni Waving Lotion isn't harsh like hurry-up salon type solutions. Toni is a creme cold wave made especially for home use. That's why Toni leaves your hair in such wonderful condition — so shiny soft and natural-looking!

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Which twin has the TONI?

Talented, teen-age Kathlene and Helene Crescente won the Beauty Contest for Twins in New York City. Kathlene, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I never knew a permanent could look so natural." And Helene says: "Next time it will be Toni for two!"



The wave that gives that natural look . . . Toni

IS SEX NECESSARY?

(Continued from page 35)

the union a chance to last—but they've been getting along beautifully for seven years now. She's relaxed and sociable among friends—but markedly aloof with strangers. She's considered quite shy—yet she doesn't shrink on occasion from forthrightly dominating her friends. Almost everyone in Hollywood nowadays has taken up painting, with generally sad results—but Jane, unlike most screen figures, paints seriously and even well. She's practical and full of common sense—but she's serenely careless about money.

Let's examine these contradictions: "Earthy" was obviously the word for Russell as she followed her celebrated chest around the screen in *The Outlaw*. Yet, though the real-life lady is certainly down-to-earth, it's in an absolutely nice way, and the term "spiritual" is actually no misapplication in describing her.

the spiritual side . . .

Jane is extremely reserved in discussing her spiritual activities, since they involve her deepest convictions about her life and the lives of those for whom she has lasting affection. But it's known that the Bibles most of her friends possess were given to them by Jane. And it's also known that for a long time Jane, who has no special religious affiliation, has been setting aside one-tenth of her salary for the support of religious institutions. The money goes to the small San Fernando Valley church she attends, or to a mission recommended by her mother, or to some needy charity.

Her project to build an entire community for paraplegics—persons paralyzed from the waist down—has been postponed because of legal red tape and the many other problems involved. "I believe, though," Jane says, "that when something you want very much to do simply can't be done, you'll discover that sooner or later the way will be shown." Faith is a concrete reality in her life.

Don't, though, get the mistaken notion that Jane is all solemn seriousness. When she wants to, which is often, she has a very deft way with a brisk comeback. She surprised Bob Hope. On the set of *The Paleface*, Jane and Bob eyed each other warily the first two days. ("Gosh," Bob recalls, "if she'd been any more remote, she'd have disappeared completely.") Then Bob tossed a fast quip her way. Without batting an eyelash, she topped him—and from there on in, the picture was a frolic. "Don't let her fool you," says Bob. "Tangle with her and she'll shingle your attic."

Now let's look at her marriage with Bob Waterfield—the marriage that wasn't supposed to last.

Bob is nationally famous in professional football circles as a mainstay of the Los Angeles Rams. Jane has been in love with him since she was a blue-jeaned sophomore in Van Nuys High School and he, the campus gridiron hero. He tolerated her in a cheerful, gentlemanly fashion, encountering her in the school halls as regularly as you'd see a drinking fountain. She was always there and unimportant—until suddenly he fell for her like an oak chopped down in a forest. They announced their engagement while Bob was a backfield star in his senior year at UCLA.

When the news broke on Easter, 1942, that the two had eloped to Las Vegas, the cynical press gave their union a couple of years at the outside. What could a professional football player and a movie actress have in common?

"We have almost nothing in common,"

Jane blandly admits seven years later—and you know she doesn't mean it at all.

If you're sitting around the Waterfield home of an evening, you'll never encounter any "big name" movie stars. But you will encounter some of the most famous athletes who ever broke each other's noses on a football field.

"That athletic conversation is really educational," Jane explains. "If you happen to mention that you'd like to go to some place like Bemidji, Minnesota, where I was born, for a real North Woods vacation, you've launched a conversation that'll last the rest of the evening. One of Bob's giant friends will exclaim, 'Minnesota? Wonderful place. Gosh, will you ever forget that Minnesota-Illinois game when Minnesota stopped Red Grange? He made a touchdown in the first three minutes—but before the half they'd carried Red off, him shaking his fist at the Gophers and half of those Illinois guys cryin' like babies!'"

"No kidding," Jane says, "I've listened to so much football tales I can personally replay any big game of the last ten years."

Matter of fact, Jane, who grew up with four big brothers, actually can handle a pigskin with startling proficiency. (No one has ever made a point in describing her to mention her broad shoulders and the easy coordination of her body movements—which give her the cat-like grace that further heightens the dark, somber beauty of her face.) She can whip a bullet pass with a force and accuracy far beyond the skill of the average man. One of her neatest demonstrations of this talent was performed one Sunday afternoon when she and Bob were tossing each other passes. Every time Jane threw the pigskin it went higher, with her husband jumping high up in the air and catching it with consummate ease. Finally Bob had to go way back to snare a sizzler. There was a splash that half emptied the pool, and Bob came up spluttering.

"Why, you fiend!" he yelled. "You did that on purpose!"

"Ha!" Jane laughed. "If you could do that in every game you'd pack the stadium!"

MODERN SCREEN

NEWSREEL THEATRE



"Sove your money, Mrs. Merkle, I have lots of news."

The undercurrent of affection is always bubbling just below the surface of Jane's and Bob's cheerful insult-trading. Bob likes to walk into the room and squeeze in beside Jane in one of their over-sized chairs.

"Find a chair of your own, you big lug," Jane says, throwing him a playfully murderous look.

So he doesn't. But the moment Jane suggests that it's time to start preparing dinner, he leaves for the kitchen and she goes on sitting. Let no one declare in Bob's presence that cooking is not man's business. What he can do with roast beef is enough to send a Waldorf chef into raptures. After dinner, though, he moves out and Jane takes over the dish-washing.

"Woman's work," Jane sighs. She and Bob drew the rough plans for their hilltop home themselves. Then the architect moved in to finish the job.

"It's not Chinese modern," she insists. "It's modern, decorated with emphasis on old Chinese. . . . The miles of windows? Oh, that's no washing job at all. They've been washed carefully only once since we moved into the house over a year ago. The rest of the time we just turn the garden hose loose on 'em. Don't they look fine?"

There's a reason why they chose to build so high on a hill that a car seems to stand on its hind legs coming up the driveway. Both Jane and Bob see enough of crowds in their work. . . .

social but shy . . .

And this brings us to the point about Jane and her aloofness toward people she doesn't know. With her "gang" of close pals, she's as friendly and sociable as any popular small-town matron. But with strangers—well, it's reached the point where, on a couple of occasions when she and Bob have gone dancing at some out-of-the-way ballroom, she's worn an auburn wig. (The people have stared curiously, thinking for a moment they've seen her somewhere before, then have given up and left them alone.)

"If I can manage to be unimpressed with who I am," Jane reasons, "why shouldn't they?" This explains her standoffish attitude to a degree. She's not suspicious or distrustful of people. She simply realizes that solid friendships form slowly.

This withdrawn attitude has led to a wide belief that Jane's a shy, retiring type. In contradiction to this, there's the fact that Jane frequently demonstrates a breathtaking directness in getting her friends and associates to do things she thinks they should.

This will be vouched for by one of Jane's newer friends—her stand-in, Carmen Nisbitt, who looks like a tall version of Jennifer Jones. "All through the shooting of *The Paleface*," Carmen will tell you, "Jane kept at me to get my hair cut short. I told her I liked it long. Then, while we were making *It's Only Money*, she started the campaign all over again. I wouldn't give in. But finally, while they were setting up the last shot, Jane grabbed me, merrily pinned me down, and with her own little scissors trimmed my hair on one side of my head! After she'd finished her fiendish work, they called me to stand in for Jane's lighting. Well, I couldn't do it in that condition, with my hair half off and half on. So Jane had to stand in for her stand-in, while a hairdresser finished the haircutting job and I sat around like a star having my new hair-do set and dried. . . . But I'm not mad. Jane was 87



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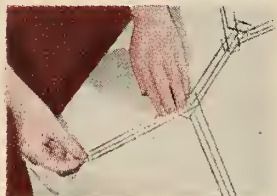
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right—I guess I do look better this way."

At one time or another you've heard that some Hollywood star has taken up painting and will shortly exhibit his or her work. To serious artists, this sudden fad in which movie stars abruptly reach the point where they feel no qualms about publicly displaying their "art" is a joke. But this professional contempt is not to be directed against Jane Russell's canvases.

Two other close friends of Jane's are Margaret and Dave Martinez. She's a writer (her novel, "The Way of an Eagle," which Jane bullied her into finishing, will soon be published) and he's a rising young artist. On an easel in their living room is an arresting painting, not quite finished. It's a head study of Margaret and Dave—by Jane Russell. Artist Martinez is conservative in his critique. "Jane's painting shows definite promise," he says. "The heads are unfinished—but I think that almost anyone with a knowledge of painting would agree with me in saying that they're quite good."

it's only money . . .

Then there's another major contradiction about Jane: In practically all her daily activities, she shows herself to be a reasonable, logical, eminently sensible young lady. But when it comes to money matters, she's blithely indifferent. She usually has about 20 cents in her bag and takes care of everyday expenses by leaving a trail of small checks from an account which her husband keeps meticulously balanced for her. The amount in the account had to be drastically reduced not long ago—Jane's such a soft touch that on some occasions she'd written checks for as much as \$100 simply because some stranger had sent her a sad letter. As one of her agents explained to her, "You have to understand that even if you might help one worthy person, nine out of ten will be playing you for a sucker—and there's not enough money in the world to indulge yourself in that kind of charity."

Finally, there's one more contrast in Jane's personality that, in a minor way, belongs in the same category as the difference between that flaming creature of *The Outlaw* and the fine girl of reality. Jane doesn't smoke or drink off screen. Yet in *It's Only Money* you'll see her play a drunk scene so expertly you'll possibly think she must have had extensive firsthand experience to call upon. Let stand-in Carmen Nisbitt describe it:

"I do hope they leave all this scene in, because Jane plays it to the hilt—including a priceless moment in which she's literally cross-eyed. Don McGuire is the bank president's son who takes Jane out and gets her looped with cocktails. Then he takes her back to her rooming house and is making romantic passes when he discovers that Frank Sinatra, in the role of a lowly bank clerk, can hear everything that's going on through the paper-thin walls. Don leaves, highly frustrated.

"Then Jane and Frank sing a number called 'Kisses and Tears,' alternating choruses on opposite side of the walls. I've seen the rushes and think that this scene alone, to mention one of many, indicates the great talent reserve Jane has—which is only just now being fully realized."

And maybe one of these days something else will be generally realized about Jane Russell: She's not a movie actress who can be placed in any of the usual easy, simple, definite classifications. She is, instead, an extremely individual, highly complicated, and wonderfully contradictory young woman.

Classify Jane Russell? You'd need an entire filing cabinet—and the folder labeled SEX would be merely one in an infinite variety.

THE END

RING ON HER FINGER

(Continued from page 46)

"I'm a fast worker, you know. I'll be set to pay our household bills quicker than you think."

Jane thereupon expressed her complete faith in Geary.

"He's a terrific salesman," she told me. "I know he'll be doing wonderfully very soon. He can sell anything! Geary and Dad went into a business deal selling Christmas trees just before the holidays. They bought about 1800 trees and sold just about every last one of them—and at good prices, too.

"They set out their trees over on Ventura Boulevard not far from right here where we're living, and evenings I took cookies and hot coffee over to them."

Geary's face lit up like a neon sign. "Say, you ought to taste Janie's brownies," he put in. "Out of this world. And her pancakes—I could eat 'em all day. So light and fluffy. I'm telling you, she's a marvelous cook."

She took Geary's extravagant praise with the equanimity of a girl who is good and knows it. "Cooking is my favorite hobby," she said. "I love to putter around a kitchen. Would you like one of the cream puffs that I whipped up this morning?"

"Sorry," piped up Geary. "I ate the last one a few minutes ago."

reducing course . . .

"What an appetite! Always hungry!" Janie tried to appear disappointed that I wasn't to sample one of her confections—but you could tell how pleased she was. Her grin was a dead giveaway. "Well," she remarked resignedly, "I can see we'll both get too fat. . . . But we can take off the extra weight when we go to see your sister and get in a lot of skiing."

Then Janie started telling me about what a wonderful skier Geary is. "He was a ski trooper in the war."

"I'm really not such a hot skier," Geary protested. "Don't let her kid you. She's as good as I am. Why, after only 12 hours' coaching she could go down the long run at Sun Valley without ever a fluff. She went at it the right way. Three hours coaching in the morning and three in the afternoon. Janie really concentrates when she wants to learn anything.

"You see, little Janie here isn't the athletic type—but when she makes up her mind she wants to do something, she sets out and does it. She's a perfectionist."

A pretty cute couple. I listened to some of their plans for married life.

"There's one very important thing," Janie said seriously. "I think a couple should live separately from both his parents and hers. That's because there are so many adjustments that young people have to make all alone and on their own. There are things that you have to figure out for yourself without outside advice from anybody, no matter how close. Who can know all the little circumstances that go to make up a problem? And those are matters a couple can't share with others."

"Have you definite ideas about children?" I asked.

"You bet!" Janie cried. "I want three. I don't care whether they're boys or girls—just babies. I love 'em! And I'll tell you another thing—I'm going to have a big church wedding with all the fixings and lots of people. This girl is getting married only once—and that one time will be just right."

Jane, who celebrated her twentieth birthday on April Fool's Day this year, met Geary—who'll be 25 in October—two

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years ago when she went to take ice skating lessons at Sonja Henie's rink in Westwood Village. Geary, despite his growing up in Beverly Hills where ice forms only in refrigerators, became an exhibition skater and traveled with Sonja as her skating partner for two years.

Geary taught Jane how to keep her physical balance on ice—but threw her heart definitely off balance almost from the start. Gradually, in the contest for her love, the other boys flocking around were eliminated. When I talked with the cute little singing actress a few months ago, there were still several boys in the running. David Holt, the good-looking young actor, was the principal contender with Geary.

At that time young Steffan, son of Willie Ritchie, one-time lightweight boxing champion of the world, was working in Chicago selling trucking insurance for the Witmer Rumsey Agency. When Jane arrived in Chicago for a three weeks' singing engagement at the Oriental Theater last fall, he had a clear field—with young Holt and the other boys out in California 2,000 miles away.

Jane's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Burce, were invited with Geary's parents to a house party at the home of Geary's boss in the suburbs of Chicago. During those few days, Geary devoted all his time and attention to winning his sweetheart's promise to wed. She told him she'd give him her answer when her singing engagements were over and she was back in California at Christmas time.

When she left Chicago, Geary made up his mind that despite the old saying to the contrary, distance did *not* lend enchantment. He was afraid that with him in Chicago and her in California, anything could happen. So he quit his job and came back home to look for work.

One thing is certain, he told me. He'll have nothing whatsoever to do with the motion picture industry. Never, never will he try to be an actor.

Jane is in complete agreement with him on this. "One thespian in the family," she says, "is quite enough."

She laughed when I told her about the talk that her bosses at MGM were trying to discourage her plans to wed. "That's silly," she said. "I talked with them about it and all they want for me is happiness. They know I won't let anything interfere with my work. It's too much a part of me to give up. And if other girls can make a go of their careers and marriage too, why can't I? Look how happy Shirley Temple is."

The day I visited them, Geary had just brought Jane a big, fat, ceramic piggy bank into which they'll pop their loose pennies, nickels and dimes. "When we get it filled we can have a splurge," she said brightly.

"Splurge nothing!" said Geary. "With this bank we're starting a nest egg for our home."

The fat, gaily-colored pig, sitting contentedly in front of the fireplace, seemed to be grinning, too, at the prospects of love's young dream fulfilled. THE END

CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR FATHER

(Continued from page 37)

time had come—Peter would have to be told.

"Now Peter," he said, "you've got to be brave. Mommy's going away for a few weeks to dance for some nice people, and you and I are going to take her to the train. You must be brave. Do you promise not to cry?"

Peter did. He promises lots of things with complete abandon when he's in the mood.

Glenn gave Ellie his widest smile and off they went. He reeked assurance. Their child wasn't going to shriek his head off. Ellie had already dutifully promised she wouldn't set the wrong example by wearing a sad face.

And the life of a bachelor father wasn't going to be such a production after all. Women really always ham everything up. When a man takes over, a household falls into a simple, serene, positively stagnant-with-peace condition.

He felt so smug he nearly let another Los Angeles driver mangle the Ford family. That jolted him back to Ellie and her lengthy, last-minute instructions. Like his son, Glenn nodded expertly. "Yep. Yep. Sure. Will do. Now, honey, relax!"

When they reached the Los Angeles Union Depot, Glenn swiftly engineered an inconspicuous path to Eleanor's train. They all kissed goodbye, successfully blending the operation with everyone else. Glenn held Peter fondly in his arms to watch Ellie climb on the train. All was well.

Cleverly, father Ford and Peter spotted Ellie waving from inside her window. Then—horrors! Suddenly her eyes started to fill with tears. "Oh, no!" Glenn mumbled at sight of Ellie's tremendous, silent misery.

Those tears, of course, did it. Instantly Peter began bellowing at the very top of his husky lungs. Glenn, having avoided

a riot of movie fans by his skillful modesty, became the explosive center of all eyes. Hundreds of goggle-eyed tourists recognized him running the entire length of the station with a kicking, screaming little boy over his right shoulder. Glenn Ford, in person, behaving like that! What was he doing to the poor child?

All the way home Peter kept it up. He'd evidently misunderstood and had thought he and Daddy were going on the train, too, and Daddy had betrayed him by pulling a fast one. Daddy was no darling, but a monster, not to be liked at all.

As soon as they reached Beverly Hills, Glenn stopped briefly at a stationer's and bought a large calendar. Arrived home, they went directly to Peter's room. Here the calendar was hung on the wall. Each day Peter was to blacken one square with a crayon. When it was all black, Glenn told his still-sniffing son, Mommy would be home.

That got Daddy out of the doghouse. When bedtime came that night, Glenn learned his son was a lot smarter than Ellie had ever suspected. He said, kindly but firmly, "Now, Peter, go on up to your room, get undressed, brush your teeth, and when you're in bed I'll come on up." Without the slightest hesitation or protest, Peter, for the first time in his history, calmly followed through.

Glenn virtuously restrained himself from too much gloating. Just gave himself a wink as he passed a mirror on the way downstairs from tucking Pete in. Ellie always had had to encourage Peter. She'd had to forsake Glenn to lead Peter upstairs. Then she'd had to undress the boy, compliment him endlessly on his knack with a tooth brush, and lift him into bed. Glenn saw that Peter had been blithely putting across a fine act.

So next morning he pitched smack into

a heart-to-heart, male-to-male talk. A Judge Hardy to Junior tack. "Peter," he declared briskly, "you're a big man now. We men have to work out running the house together. You see—" But he didn't have to go further into the neat speech he'd prepared. For, with complete, man-to-man understanding, Peter interrupted: "Awright, Dad! We run the house."

At mealtime, it had often been a tough proposition for Ellie and Glenn to coax Peter into eating what he should—made no easier by Ellie's frequent, "Glenn, please don't make him eat if he isn't hungry!" Now Glenn had a wonderful inspiration. He'd solve the feeding problem by dramatizing the source of all food. If, in the course of the dramatization, Glenn wandered a mite from literal truth, we may forgive this on the score of dramatic license.

that's my pop! . . .

Overnight, in the eyes of Peter, Daddy became the best fisherman, farmer, and hunter in the whole world. This was accomplished simply: Glenn told him so. (Dramatic license, remember!) There were enough tomatoes growing in the Ford yard to allow Glenn to get away with the claim that he personally grew all vegetables cooked up for Peter's plate. The next time Glenn went fishing, he not only returned with the limit catch, but slyly asked for help in stowing away the fishing-pole so Peter would appreciate the feat. When Glenn, with his wide-eyed son at his side, reached into the deep freeze for meat, he frightened Aggie, the cook, by simultaneously brandishing one of his rifles. "I know you'll want to eat all your hamburger, son!" Glenn said enthusiastically. "Daddy shot the cow."

Peter's appetite surged happily.

Ellie, away on her tour, felt relaxed in the thought that they were eating only the ideal food she had left mapped-out with Aggie in detailed menus. If she'd only known!

For Glenn decided that, obviously, the child deserved more of his dad's companionship after studio hours. Now Glenn has an insatiable hankering for every variety of fancy cooking, the spicier the better. So one evening he took Peter to a favorite Italian restaurant in Hollywood. Then, as special treats, he began carting him along to barbecue kitchens and tamale joints that Ellie has never approved of for anyone. To Glenn's delight Peter went mad about the hottest chili bowls. The climax of each of these food toots was a solemn request: "Now, Peter—be sure you never mention this to your mother!" (Glenn has broken down and confessed to Ellie by this time. And why not? Peter



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I SAW IT HAPPEN



A group of kids were eagerly waiting for Ingrid Bergman outside the Hampshire House in New York. In a few minutes a dream in dark glasses and mink made her way through the

crowd. Everyone suddenly realized it was Linda Darnell. One boy, a little too anxious, walked up to her and said, "Gosh, Miss Darnell, I came all the way from New Hampshire." "Well," quipped the beautiful actress, "I came all the way from California."

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wasn't sick a single day she was gone.) Yet gradually, like any father turned loose with a house and boy to be responsible for, Glenn began to suspect he'd been merely taking for granted a huge amount of patience in his absent mate. Peter would ask the same question in a dozen different ways before subsiding for a minute's blessed lull. "Now can I have some candy?" would shade into "Mommy always lets me have candy"—and then into all the other switches on an identical track.

He'd taken for granted Ellie's constant straightening up of his own room. He'd thought her preoccupation with neatness almost funny. He'd called her quaint. But he lived with Peter, and learned! His own room promptly became a junk room. Peter had his own bedroom, but he was used to bringing his playthings into Ellie's room. In her absence, he began moving all his possessions into Glenn's. Soon Glenn was convinced the whole house was centered under his bed.

And he'd taken for granted Ellie's household-management efficiency in general. A brand-new appreciation rose in him as he waded through the ledger that Ellie had filled with lists of things for him to do. Routine details had never been able to dent him. Now he couldn't duck out—not with Peter counting on him. So Glenn groaned and recalled, for the first time, which day Frank, the gardener, came; when the laundry and cleaning men reported; the servants' days off; when the narcissus bulbs were to be ordered; when to pay the bills. (He forgot to pay the gas bill, until Aggie came in with a pleading stare. The gas company was about to turn off the gas!)

a model gentleman . . .

Being a Perfect Model of etiquette and behavior had never been too much of a concern to this parent. Now, under the undivided attention of Peter, he didn't dare even lean an elbow on the table when they were dining together. Anything Peter couldn't do, Glenn couldn't do either. And a meticulous regard for the weather was inflicted on Glenn. Whenever Peter goes out into the cold, he's bundled into an overcoat and a cap. That's one of Ellie's basic rules. Glenn never wears a hat, except in a film, and pulls on an overcoat not more than twice in an entire year in California. But, as a bachelor father, when he'd go out in temperature that called for a coat and hat for Peter, Glenn too had to wrap up. When they'd go out together, Glenn would swelter. When he'd sally forth alone, he'd wave goodbye and then drive around the corner and peel. Once he made the awful mistake of coming home without sneaking his hat and overcoat on first. Did he catch it from Pete!

As a direct result of having had Peter's eagle eyes so steadily upon him, Glenn is now one of the most careful auto drivers in Hollywood. For Peter's use when he'd take him along on relaxing drives, Glenn bought one of those fake steering wheels that can be set up in the front seat beside the real one. Earnestly gripping it, Peter would faithfully copy Glenn's every steering move. When Daddy would travel a bit too fast, Peter, although naturally he isn't old enough to read the speed warnings, would sense the excess of speed and insist on slowing down. When Glenn occasionally was tempted to make one of those easier, gear-shift pauses instead of a full halt at a boulevard stop, Peter would yelp an emphatic complaint. And the kid was fanatical about preciseness wherever there was a red, green, or yellow traffic light.

On several Sundays, Glenn and Pete and Bill, the huge Shepherd dog, drove far up the Malibu highway where the long



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stretchers of bare beach are. Here Bill crazily chased the seagulls, Peter pantingly pursued Bill, and Glenn got completely winded shadowing his super-energetic son. . . .

As the months crept by, Glenn sent Ellie a constant stream of graphic evidence to prove he was doing a brilliant job as a combined parent: he sent her daily snapshots of their offspring. He adorned Peter with horn-rimmed spectacles and sat him in a studious reading pose with a volume of the deepest philosophy. The caption had Peter saying, "My reading is a bit more advanced now that Dad is at the helm!" One showing Peter presumably twirling was labeled, "Look, Ma, I'm dancin'!" Another day Glenn dragged a sack of potatoes out of storage, posed Peter beside it paring a spud, and captioned the resulting picture, "Here's how Dad makes me work!" He made Peter up with a terrible black eye for a view captioned, "Charlie was bigger than you said!"

But the nicest pose of all was strictly sentimental, for her birthday greeting. Glenn made a large sign reading "HAPPY BIRTHDAY MOM!" Then he placed Peter on the ladder leaned against it, with a brush in his hand as though he'd just finished painting it.

And then came the grand and gala occasion: Ellie's return. Glenn dressed Peter in a brand new, mature little suit for the trip to the Los Angeles depot. As they walked into the station, Peter blew what almost sounded like a tune on his harmonica. Glenn smiled down proudly. After all, how many fellows not quite four can play an harmonica?

Ellie whirled off her train, arms loaded with bundles. Books flowed from her left arm all over Glenn's feet as she bent to kiss Peter, and the next moment Glenn was making a lunging catch of the tool chest she'd been toting under her right arm for him. The third moment she got around to embracing her adoring and flustered husband. . . .

Then Ellie stood back. She looked from one to the other. "Well, darlings," she said. "How—how did you really get along? Confess!"

Glenn grinned. "Just ask Pete," he said. "Was Daddy a good daddy, Peter?" she asked.

"He was a good daddy!" said Peter firmly. "He wore his coat!"

"Absolutely right," said Glenn. "In fact—I was just about the best-disciplined daddy there ever was." THE END

LIES THAT HURT ALAN LADD

(Continued from page 33)

To this day Alan has never removed any identification from his car to foil autograph hunters—nor has he tried to foil them in any other way.

"I know darned well that if it wasn't for those kids, I wouldn't be able to own a car. I'm one guy in Hollywood who realizes those kids pay my salary." That's what Alan had to say on the subject.

But I have a good deal more to say.

I've seen Alan make himself late for important appointments just to sign autographs for mobs of kids outside the studio gates, or at a theater, or at a radio studio. He's patience itself. He jokes and laughs with them; listens to what they say, good or bad, about his pictures; and sends them away as even better friends than before.

Alan has never ducked an obligation to his fans in all the years he has been in the "Autograph Bracket." Other stars may



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take side doors and side roads, or, like Rita Hayworth, scurry up a cargo gangplank to sidestep the trouble of signing their names—but not Alan Ladd.

In Battle Creek, Michigan, not long ago, Alan was trying to catch a train. Some 500 members of the younger generation had come down to see him off. Before he could get his luggage aboard the train, they were after him for autographs. He kept signing their books until the train started pulling out.

When he made his run for the train, those kids grabbed his luggage and pushed it on the platform behind him. It was a credit to Alan that they put it on the train instead of scattering to the four winds with souvenirs from this suitcases.

Yes, anytime anybody says to you that Alan Ladd ignores or avoids even the least of his fans, you'll be getting a very bum steer!

Then there are those who say that Paramount tried to soft-pedal his marriage to Sue Carol. Nonsense!

Though they were married at the time when Hollywood thought it was better business to let the public cherish the impression that any leading man was a bachelor, Alan was firm: He demanded that Paramount's publicity department include Sue in all his interviews, in all his "at home" picture releases, and in all stories written about him.

Later, it was said that the studio tried to hide the fact that each of them had a child by another marriage. This, too, was all wrong.

rumors run wild . . .

Sue has a daughter, now 16 and cute as a bug's ear; and Alan Ladd, Jr., now 11, is Alan's son by a former marriage. If some people didn't report the existence of the youngsters it wasn't Alan's fault—he always pushed them into the foreground whenever possible. He and Sue are naturally proud of them, and have never kept them secret. No secret, either, is the fact that they now have two more of their own—a daughter, Alana, now almost six, and a son, David Alan, who was two on February 5.

And speaking of wild rumors: There are some who insist that Sue Carol, who discovered Alan and was once his agent, is still running his career as his wife.

If you want to see Mr. Ladd scorch, mention that one.

"That positively is not so!" says Alan. "That notion is completely cock-eyed! And yet, Sue is still sometimes blamed for things that happened in my career that actually were all my doing."

The reason some people come up with these ideas concerning Sue lies in the fact that she was once his agent. She's still an agent, but the name Alan Ladd does not appear on her list of clients.

Sue discovered Alan at the time he was a radio actor in Hollywood when she heard him do a 60-year-old character part on a dramatic show. She helped him fight his way to stardom and was his agent up through their first week of married life. Then they decided that a wife couldn't represent her husband around the studios, so they gave the right of that representation to Bert Allenberg of the Berg-Allenberg Agency.

Another preposterous Alan Ladd myth concerns the way he gets along with his co-workers. You hear things like this: "Did you know that Alan Ladd has no consideration for the men who work with him in pictures? Why, I was told that in the course of shooting fight scenes in pictures, instead of faking punches the way he's supposed to, he's knocked out eight different guys."

I've had the pleasure of telling a number of people that such a statement is a

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lot of hogwash, and now I'm saying again that it just isn't so.

When I mentioned the rumor to Alan, he said, "Eight guys, eh? Boy! Do they actually believe that? . . . It's true, I did hurt one stunt man once—and, incidentally, I was sick over it for days after it happened."

I knew that incident. It was during the filming of a scene for *Wild Harvest*. You may remember the scene: ten men rushed Bob Preston and Alan in a free-for-all fracas staged in a wheatfield.

Now actors, you understand, learn to miss with their blows in a fight. It looks as if they hit their opponents, but actually their fists graze by the other guys' chins by a hair. In this scene, Alan misjudged his distance and the blow landed on the cheek of the stunt man who was attacking him. Because Alan had a belt wrapped around his knuckles, he made a gash in the man's cheek.

"The stunt man's name was Vic Marchetti," said Alan. "I still apologize to him every time I see him."

That's the only time Alan ever hurt anybody in any picture sequence, and it was purely an accident. Ask anybody on the lot at Paramount and you'll find that Alan Ladd is tops with the whole crew, right down to the messenger boys.

Now let's examine the notion that the publicity about Alan's athletic prowess is mere hot air. Alan's biography sent out from Paramount says that he was a brilliant swimmer in high school and held the West Coast diving championship in 1932. This is the sort of thing people like to say isn't so. But it happens that this particular item is completely true.

On one occasion, Alan had to prove it—and did so. He was in New York to attend the preview of one of his pictures. The newspapers had received his biography as background material for anything they wished to write about him. The morning after his arrival in the big city, an editor with an overdose of skepticism phoned Alan's hotel room.

"Your biog says you were West Coast Diving Champion," the skeptic growled. "I don't believe it. If you want me to print anything like that, you'll have to prove to me you can dive."

Alan listened to the man's challenge, then said, "How do you want me to prove it?"

"Meet me at the New York Athletic Club this afternoon at two. I'll have my pho-

tographer with me. We'll go down to the pool and give you a chance to dive."

That afternoon, Alan showed up at the New York Athletic Club pool ready for the test. The editor was there, the photographer was there with his camera loaded. But they weren't alone. The word had spread around town and the pool was lined six deep all around with fans waiting for their hero to prove his publicity.

The editor grunted a greeting as Alan came up to shake hands, then watched the star climb the ladder to the high board, walk out, try the spring, poise a moment for balance and then float out on space in a perfect swan dive which brought an "Ahhhhh" from the breathless fans around the pool.

The flashbulbs on the photog's camera worked overtime for the next half-hour as Alan, without a word, climbed the ladder again and again to launch into a series of plain and fancy dives.

When it was over the photog said, "What a bunch of pictures I got! Alan, you were terrific."

The editor apologized—and has been an ardent Ladd fan ever since.

So if anybody whispers, "those things about Alan Ladd's being a big athlete are just publicity"—you can say, "Nuts!"

By the time you read this story, the Ladds will be moving into their Holmby Hills Dream House, just outside of Hollywood. They have been living in Sue's Los Feliz home—and this has led wagging tongues to say, "he's never bought her a home."

room to grow . . .

As fact shows it, Alan bought the lot in Holmby Hills about five years ago. Alan paid \$12,000 for the spacious private knoll in one of the most exclusive residential areas. He's been offered a handsome profit on it many times.

But he hasn't sold. Instead, he has built Sue a dream house of modern French Provincial design, with a swimming pool and lots of bedrooms.

They need the bedrooms. Sue's daughter is growing up, and, as I mentioned before, is cute as the dickens. She's dating the field, and the field is standing in line. That means she has to have a room of her own to keep her things out of five-year-old Alana's curious reach. And Alan, Jr. is 11. His footballs and hockey sticks would raise hob with David's two-year-old noggin if the contact came too close, so he needs a room of his own.

About three years ago, Sue and Alan bought a 25-acre ranch at the western end of San Fernando valley. Out there they raise Palominos and thoroughbred horses to sell. There's a converted garage on the property which they've made into a week-end hideaway. It's plenty of fun and a good investment.

Alan says, "I don't know anything about stocks and bonds, so I bought a ranch. I can put my two feet on it and know what I've got."

Finally, let's look at the idea that Alan reached the top of his profession overnight through one fortunate break—getting a sensational role in *This Gun for Hire*. Well, Alan had an ulcer which recently kept him on milk and eggs. And the reason he had it was because he starved for six years around Hollywood before he got any kind of a break. (However, he seems to have it under control—if the healthy lunch he put away when I saw him the other day is any indication.)

So if anyone comes to you and says, "Alan Ladd is just another one of those lucky so-and-so's who got to be a star without working hard and going hungry to get there," you can do Alan, and me, a great favor if you'll just say, "Nonsense!"

THE END

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critic's corner

WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

But somehow, this Warner cut-up does not have the natural spontaneity nor the artificial smoothness of the play. Something has been subtracted in the transmission to the screen, and this time *John Loves Mary* carries neither conviction nor charm.

Bosley Crowther
N. Y. Times

John Loves Mary is more hilarious than the play, a cinema knockout. The difficulty in transplanting a one-set comedy to the screen is enormous, yet the bridge is spanned so expertly here, the laughs are uproarious and sustained without much action.

Justin Gilbert
N. Y. Mirror



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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

News: Lois Carnahan, president of the June Allyson club, asked us to announce that her club is in no way connected with the former club for June. This is an absolutely new club and we'd like to add that it is a fine one with excellent journals. Another little known but well-liked club is the one in honor of John Garfield. Dues are 50 cents a year. The New Stars club has been re-organized, and if you're one of those interested in all stars, that's the club for you.

Crooner Darwin Dane sang at a Heart Association Fund dance and collected over \$100, prexy Bette Dunihue writes... We think the Roy Rogers club has the right idea. They recently donated \$50 to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, and their Indiana branch collected a large sum for the Red Cross. How about you other clubs taking a lesson?... The Agnes Moorehead club is disbanded and Roy Buchanan would like all former members to write to him at 1219 N. 15 Ave., Pensacola, Florida, so that he may refund their dues.

9TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST 3rd Lap

When you think of compacts, you just naturally think of ELGIN-AMERICAN. And we're giving them away as prizes in our monthly Best Correspondents contest. Handsomely finished in jeweler's bronze, they're lightweight and durable. We've noticed some wonderful work among you editors, ever since we announced that your particular prizes were to be REVLON'S KING'S RANSOM set—and we can't really blame you. Those seven lipsticks plus a gold holder in a black velvet box would tempt anyone. FOR THIS IS MY BEST winners, the ENGER-KRESS COMPANY has provided a winner in billfolds. You writers will love the Candlelight model which comes in pink, yellow, green, blue and red. And there's room for your wealth of folding money and coins as well as snaps and passes. TANGEE TRIP KITS are real incentives for bringing out the drawing pencils. The set, packed with cosmetics, is handy at home and you'll find it indispensable when you take that well-deserved vacation!

This Is My Best: (100 points) "The Great Day," Gene Barnath, Joan Goldsamt, Robert Q. Lewis journal. "Are You Really a Good American?" Ann Dubria, Art Lund journal (Dunn). "Madness at Gilmore Field," Bev Shoemaker, Frank Sinatra journal (Bachman). "Death Comes to Aunt Marion," Shirley Grosbier, Harry Babbitt journal. "Open Letter to Christina," Doris Pyle, Sinatra journal (Pacillo). "Terry Takes a Tour," Robert Waste, Terry Moore journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Alan Ladd journal (Kee). League 3. Macdonald Carey journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Peggy Pearl, Alan Ladd journal. League 3. Tied. Barbara Parkes, Michael Kirby journal. Evelyn Fish, Peggy Lee journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Gerry Robertson, Dick Contino journal (Rosenthal). **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. No entries. League 2. Alan Ladd journal (Pearl). League 3. Peggy Lee journal. **Best Correspondents:** (100 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Margaret Grant, Dan Duryea club. League 3. Marge Lacko, Dorothy Shay Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Tied. Ginger Rogers Club (parcels to England and Holland), James Stewart Club (\$60.00 to Runyon Cancer Fund). League 3. Tied. Bobby Breen Club (Contribution to Chicago Heart Association). Martin and Lewis Club (March of Dimes Contribution). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Nelson Eddy Club (Mottola). League 2. Dick Contino Club (Diefenbach). League 3. Penny Edwards club. **Candid Camera Winners:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others) Margie Clay, June Allyson Club. LaHamer Branlett, Larry Parks Club. Nelda Clough, Charles Korvin Club. Alyce Gogos, Darryl Hickman Club (Campbell). Barbara Troeger, The Bingites. Lee Garber, Mel Torme Club.

Leading Clubs: League 1. Gene Austry Club (850), Jane Wyman Club (700), Roy Rogers Club (600). League 2. Joan Crawford Club (850), Contino, Peck, Melari Club (700), Bob Crosby Club (600). League 3. Charles Korvin Club (750), Peggy Lee Club (650), Macdonald Carey Club (600).

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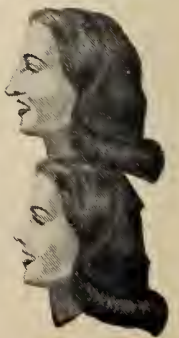
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FIVE GREAT LESSONS

(Continued from page 54)

little neck and a lot of freckles and she felt sorry for me."

Whatever the reason—and of course it was love—Louise married Spencer Tracy. After a year together on the road, she decided to abandon the stage because she realized that two theatrical careers in one family usually make for a good deal of discord.

It took a lot of courage for her to do that, because Tracy was then unknown and making very little money. In fact, when their first-born, John, arrived, the Tracys were flat broke. A few weeks later they learned that their little son had been born deaf.

"Spence kept looking for stage parts," Mrs. Tracy says now, "and he kept getting them, but they never lasted very long and in order to increase his income he began selling pianos.

"I was urged to go back on the stage and to keep Spence in the piano business. I think it was Pat O'Brien who put that bee in my bonnet. He and Spence had lived together at Mrs. Brown's boarding house on West End Avenue—on credit, of course, but I didn't think that my going back to the stage or his going into the piano business would do much for Spence's pride, and I said so. I stayed in our little apartment in New York taking care of John and knowing in my heart that one day Spence would get a break."

self-made man . . .

That day wasn't too far off. John Ford, the director, spotted Tracy in the New York production of *The Last Mile* and brought him to Hollywood. After seeing his first screen test, MGM turned him down, but a few months later the big shots had a change of heart, and Spence was signed. He's been at Metro ever since.

Mrs. Tracy says, "Whatever Spence has today he's earned himself through hard work." A modest little woman, she steadfastly refuses to take any credit for her husband's success, adamantly declines to say how tempting it was to her back in the lean 1920's to tell her husband to give up acting and get a steady job.

Instead, she likes to talk modestly about the John Tracy Clinic for the Deaf which she founded in Los Angeles. It's an organization which teaches deaf children how to read lips and understand the language. "It claims most of my spare time," she says, "and most of Spence's spare money."

"If it weren't for Louise," says Pat O'Brien, "Spencer Tracy might today be a house-to-house salesman, ringing your front door bell and saying, 'Lady, would you like to buy a piano?'"

Like Mrs. Tracy and Mrs. Crosby, there are a dozen other Hollywood wives who've realized the basic incompatibility involved in having two entertainment careers in one family. Readily, they've all been willing to sacrifice their own.

Dana Andrews' wife was a promising young actress at the Pasadena Playhouse when she met the former filling-station attendant from Van Nuys. As soon as the wedding bells sounded for her, however, she renounced her acting career.

Jimmy Cagney's wife, the former Frances Vernon, dropped her histrionics when she married Jimmy.

Dolores Hope, Bob's wife, was considered a potential singing star, but when she caught Les Townes in her net (that's Bob's real name) she realized that taking care of him was career enough for her.

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Macdonald Carey's wife gave up her career as soon as Mac slipped a ring on her finger, and the latest convert to the one-career-in-a-family fold is Brenda Marshall. "I've decided," she says, "to let Bill (Holden) do most of the acting while I do most of the child-caring. Marriages out here last longer that way."

Bette Davis is still another actress who has long felt that if a girl has a choice between husband and career, she should always choose husband. Years ago, there was a young actress under contract to Warner Brothers named Jane Bryan. Everyone agreed that Jane not only had a sensational figure but also a sensational future. She was pretty, intelligent, talented, and all primed for the big star buildup.

It so happened that Jane fell in love with a man named Justin Dart who is today president of the Rexall Drug Company. "What shall I do?" Jane asked Bette who was then her best friend. "Justin wants to marry me but that means I can't have an acting career."

"Don't think twice," Bette advised. "Marry him before he changes his mind and get out of the business."

Now a mother, albeit belatedly, Miss Davis may pursue her old counsel. She may quit the movies and retire to Laguna Beach and run a dramatic school. It would be difficult to find a better teacher anywhere.

respected mates . . .

It frequently occurs that there are many actresses who aren't willing to renounce their careers for marriage. These actresses—like Irene Dunne, Ingrid Bergman, Loretta Young and Claudette Colbert—came up the hard way and feel that the abandonment of all they've worked for is far too great a price to pay.

They believe, moreover, that it's possible for a successful actress to combine marriage with a career—but in doing this, all of them have explicitly followed rule number two: *If an actress wants both career and a happy marriage, she must wed someone outside the motion picture business, preferably a professional man who is as respected and well-known in his profession as she is in hers.*

A classic example is Irene Dunne's marriage to Dr. Frank Griffin, who for many years has been recognized as one of the foremost dentists in the country.

"I honestly believe," Irene says, "that I've been able to combine a successful career with a happy marriage because my husband and I have different vocations."

The Griffins live in Holmby Hills in a nine-room French Provincial home, and when the sight-seeing buses roll by, the guides always point it out as, "The Griffin home where Irene Dunne lives," and not as "the Irene Dunne residence."

Claudette Colbert, who is married to Dr. Joel Pressman, one of the great otolaryngologists (nose-ear-and-throat doctor) in America, has a wonderful marriage, because she too enjoys a similar set-up.

She realizes that, in the worldly scheme of things, a doctor is more important to humanity than an actress, and she gladly makes her career subsidiary to her husband's. She is called Mrs. Pressman by all her friends and, unlike that of other actresses whose husbands do nothing but manage their wives' careers, Claudette's circle of acquaintanceship is not bounded by Warner Brothers on the north and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on the south.

Ingrid Bergman whose dentist-husband only recently was graduated to the ranks of brain surgeon, is as proud as all get-out to be the wife of Dr. Peter Lindstrom. When tradesmen address her as "Miss Bergman," she's always quick to correct

them firmly with, "I'm Mrs. Lindstrom."

When she was in England last year, the switchboard operators at her hotel kept referring to the actress as Miss Bergman. One day, Ingrid was standing in the lobby when her husband strode through. As he did, she reached over and tapped the chief operator on the back. The girl turned around. "There," Ingrid said, pointing to the tall, blond man, "is Dr. Lindstrom." The operator cocked an eyebrow quizzically. "Dr. Lindstrom is my husband," the actress said.

After that, whenever Ingrid was phoned, the operator was sure to say, "Mrs. Lindstrom, there's a call for you."

One of the reasons actresses divorce husbands who have no high professional or occupational status is that they cannot respect them either for their earnings or accomplishment.

Rita Hayworth, for example, was once married to a man 22 years older than she, named Edward Judson. "The trouble with our marriage," she told her lawyer, "was that Ed didn't do anything. He had an allowance of \$400 a month from his oil properties, and he spent all his time managing me. If only he'd had something to do, it could have worked out. But he hadn't worked for eight or nine years and it left him too much time to watch over me. He was my husband, nursemaid, and everything."

Joan Crawford, who's been married to three actors in the past 20 years, recently made the statement: "In all the years I was married, I always supported myself."

No prominent actress ever stays married very long to a husband whose position in the eyes of society is inconsequential.

The third lesson in love to be derived from happy Hollywood marriages is this: *In order to surmount the competitive sex perils of Hollywood, the inevitable husband-stealing and flirtations, marriages must be sealed by the relatively rapid arrival of children.*

It is basic sociology that more marriages have been cemented by children than by any other one factor. The recent reconciliation between Gloria DeHaven and John Payne was prompted by the fact that the persons most hurt by the divorce would have been two innocent children. Now, because of the kids, the Payne marriage may yet prove lasting.

Greer Garson in her two marriages had

MODERN SCREEN



Reamer Keller

"Your mother and I are canning a bushel of apples, dear."

no children. As a result, it was relatively easy for her to obtain a divorce. Ditto Ginger Rogers, Ava Gardner, Doris Day, Paulette Goddard.

There used to be a Hollywood-held theory, fallacious as most, that the public did not like its great actresses to bear children. It was felt that such natural behavior might detract from an actress' glamor and cost the star her following at the all-important box-office.

Betty Grable, Jeanne Crain, Loretta Young, and a host of others have knocked this theory into the cocked hat where it belongs.

"It's really the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard," Loretta says of it. "The primary purpose of a wife is to bear children, and I believe that every woman who can, should."

Bing Crosby says that if you've got four boys, your marriage can't possibly go on the rocks. "What woman in her right mind," he asks, "wants to steal a guy who has four wildcats?"

Bob Hope, who has four of his own, says that for once in his life Bing is absolutely right. "Young girls look up to me," Bob says jokingly, "until they find out I'm the father of four. Then they ship me back to Dolores."

Dana Andrews' wife, Mary, says: "Dana not only has a flock of kids to support but also two boats. I can see a woman trying to take a man with four kids, particularly if she's strongly maternal—but no woman is going to try it with an actor who's also in love with two boats."

share-holders . . .

Scan every Hollywood marriage that has lasted ten years or more and, with rare exceptions, you'll discover they've been blessed by the binding presence of children.

You will also discover, particularly if you're perceptive, that all these marriages are exemplifications of love-lesson number four: *Share your partner's interests as much as possible.*

Claudette Colbert's husband was a Naval flight surgeon during the war. He loves flying and finds deep relaxation in it. Claudette, however, can't see flying under any circumstances. She hates it. This hasn't stopped her from taking flying lessons in order to understand her husband's off-hours talk. "No greater love," says her instructor, "hath any woman for her husband. Every time Claudette gets out of a plane she looks white as a sheet."

As a little girl, Betty Garrett, who's married to Larry Parks, was never particularly fond of motorcycles. She was a dancing student, and she was always taught to take care of her feet. Having a motorcycle fall on top of your knee, she realized, was no way in which to broach a successful career.

When she married Larry Parks, she learned that she was wedded to a man who would rather ride motorcycles than play Al Jolson. Parks is the premier motorcycle fanatic in Hollywood. As a result, Betty now escorts him on his wild cycle rodeos through the Hollywood hills—even though she has a deep and abiding fear of the darn machines. Her explanation is simple: "It makes him happy," she says, "to have me along."

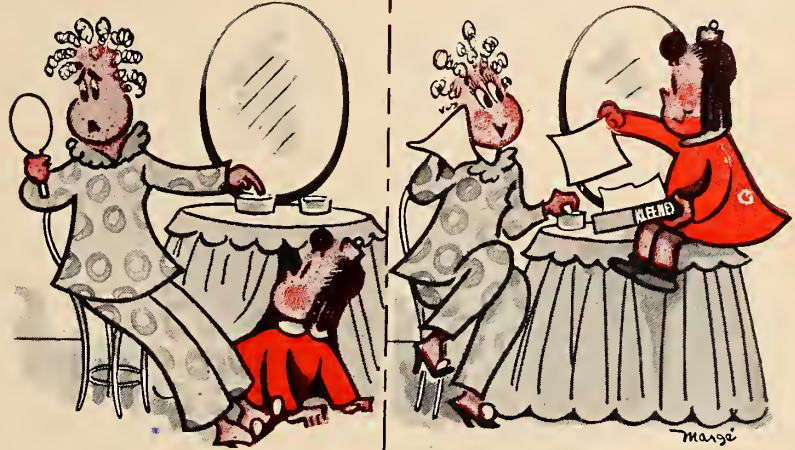
Eleanor Powell Ford was raised in conservative New England where nice girls were never taught the fine art of playing pool. When she married Glenn Ford, however, Glenn insisted that he needed a partner who could handle a cue stick in a pinch.

He bought a nifty billiard table and began instructing Eleanor in the art. Today, Ellie can put the eight ball in the side pocket as neatly as any sharp on Broad-

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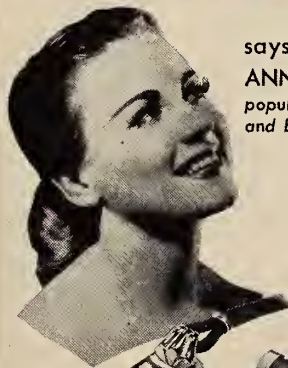
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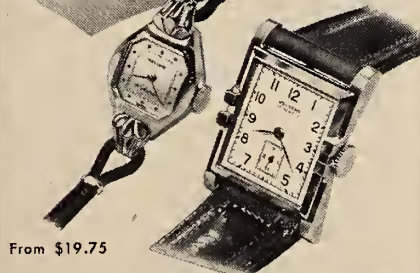
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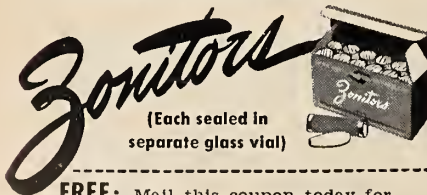
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way. "Some women," she cracks, "wash for their husbands, others cook, clean, and slave. I play pool."

Motion picture work being what it is, there are long periods of time when actors and their wives are separated. Actors go on location or promotion trips, and their wives stay behind. While Mrs. Gary Cooper is taking care of their daughter, her husband is working, making love to Ingrid Bergman. While Ronald Colman is in a clinch before the cameras with say, Shelley Winters, Mrs. Colman is cleaning house. Under such an occupational set-up, there is a fifth love-lesson which all Hollywood wives have learned: *You must have faith in the fundamental goodness and loyalty of the man you marry.*

If Mrs. Sinatra, Mrs. Tracy, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Crosby, et al, believed one-tenth of the items they read or the rumors that are circulated about their partners, their marriages wouldn't last a week.

Publicity, it so happens, is a necessary adjunct to the motion picture business, and publicity agents are a highly imaginative lot who will stop at nothing to get their

charges in the columns. As a result, columnists have paired Dan Dailey with Betty Grable, Bing Crosby with Joan Caulfield, Frank Sinatra with Lana Turner, Robert Montgomery with Joan Crawford, Robert Young with Jane Greer.

Hollywood wives have learned to accept such gossip with the proverbial grain of salt. Those who haven't, find that they live hours of torture, torment, and suspicion.

For the most part, however, Hollywood wives have learned to dismiss anything they read in the gossip columns with a collective shrug of their shoulders.

Some of them learn more easily than others. When Mr. and Mrs. Gene Kelly first came to Hollywood, a local gossip columnist carried the following item: "Gene Kelly, the dancer who made such a hit as *Pal Joey* on Broadway, is carrying the torch for that very cute Tina Boswell."

"Well," says Mrs. Kelly, "I tried to find out who that girl, Tina Boswell, was. After three days I discovered that Tina Boswell was the name of a horse running at Santa Anita." THE END

LANA TURNER'S BITTER TRIUMPHS

(Continued from page 57)

woman in a million who attracts men as naturally as she breathes. The record also shows that her loves have been stormy. Okay, they've been stormy. Let's drop it there for a while.

Now look at the other side, and you'll see a girl of 15, plunged into a strange and glittering sea, trying at first just to keep her head above water. Look at the pattern of her search for love, and you'll see that Lana's been the one to get hurt. That she's never whined, never borne a grudge, never spared herself by blasting the other fellow. Given the same experience, most girls would have turned cynical and cagey. "Next time I'll watch out!" Not Lana. There's no room in her make-up for bitterness or caution. If there were, she might have been saved a number of heartaches. When love appears, she believes in love, no matter how many times it's crashed round her head. Call her gullible, shortsighted, or pick your own adjective—her way is to give without counting the cost, and if she loses, to lose like a good sport.

"I've skinned my nose a few times," she told a friend, "yet I'm glad I've lived as I have. I can't believe anything very awful happens to you, as long as you know your feelings were true when you felt them."

Going all the way back to Greg Bautzer, no one will dispute the truth of her feeling for him. It was Lana who waited at the phone for him to call, and Lana who wept wild tears when the break came. Some people think she married Artie Shaw out of pain for Bautzer. Yes, that was a crazy marriage. One date, and they were off to Las Vegas. But Lana was 19. Older and wiser women have married Artie Shaw, who seems to be a gentleman of persuasive charm.

A year after her final divorce from Shaw, she married Steve Crane. For once she was cagey, for once she took Hollywood by surprise. She'd kept Steve under wraps for months, which was quite a feat. Nobody knew about him but her mother and Louis B. Mayer. Even Linda Darnell, who went along as bridesmaid, didn't meet him till Thursday night. And Lana didn't know till then that Friday was to be her wedding day. Originally they'd planned it for Sunday. But that evening, while they were double-dating with Linda and Alan Gordon, they phoned Steve's mother in

Indiana—and Lana came back all blushes and laughter because Steve's mother had called her the most beautiful girl in the world. Suddenly it seemed silly to wait till Sunday.

"Why do we have to wait?" asked Steve.

"I don't know," said Lana. "Linda, if we go tomorrow, will you be my bridesmaid?"

That's how it happened, and of course Lana was head-over-heels in love. Why else would Lana have married Steve? Her best false friends have never called her calculating. Steve had only himself to offer and, as things turned out, he was somewhat premature in offering so much.

In December came the news that Lana was expecting a baby. On January 8th she filed suit for annulment of her marriage. Two blank factual statements, behind which a girl's heart was being torn apart.

Most women want babies. With Lana, it was more than wanting—it was an ever-present hunger, a passion for children. She told me how she'd gone to the doctor's office, not daring to believe. "Don't let me hope," she prayed. "Don't let me hope, and then be disappointed. I couldn't stand it."

The doctor came back.

"It's—not true?" quavered Lana. "I'm—not going to have a baby?"

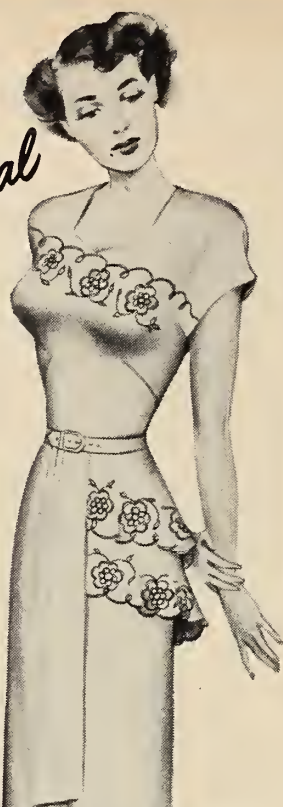
"It is true. You are going to have a baby."

Her head went down on her arms. "I can't help it," she sobbed. "I just never thought I'd be that lucky."

But then came a crushing blow: she discovered that her marriage wasn't legal. I'm not rehearsing the details of that mess. The story goes that Crane had signed separate maintenance papers early in '41, and taken it for granted that these constituted his interlocutory decree. Well, they didn't. After the first shock, Lana's one thought was for the baby. By a quirk of the law, only an annulment could give her child the right to the name of Crane. So she lifted her head and faced the music. . . .

That took one kind of courage. Soon she was called on for another kind. All along she'd known that, because of the Rh factor in her blood, child-bearing wouldn't come easy to her. Her grandmother had died at her mother's birth. Her mother had all but died when she was born. The emotional upheavals Lana had gone through had

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lightly and frivolously from one man to another."

I've said it, and I say it again—there's no falsehood in Turner. She's on an eternal quest for happiness in love, and when she thinks she's found it, she thinks it'll be forever.

Everyone was convinced that Lana's love for Ty Power was the real thing. There was no question of Lana's utter devotion to Ty. She wouldn't so much as look at another man. And certainly he seemed just as devoted to her. They were constantly together. They held hands like a couple of moonstruck kids. He gave her diamond earrings, and a diamond ring which she wore on her engagement finger.

"Is it love?" Ty was asked.
 "If it isn't," he said, "it's the nearest I've ever come to it."

Lana didn't hedge. "I'm deeply in love with him." But she wouldn't answer any marriage questions. "Please don't ask me. That can't be discussed till after Ty's divorce."

What they discussed between them remains between them. But from the bystander's viewpoint, if ever a girl had reason to hope for marriage, that girl was Lana. Their love was out in the open. Ty heaped her with every attention a man can offer the woman of his choice. In return, his wishes were her law.

But again, a love which she'd tried to build solid, crumbled to nothing. In my considered opinion, the blow from Ty was the worst she'd taken yet. . . .

tower of strength . . .

But she's easily comforted, you'll say. A few months later, and she's married to Bob Topping. Understand that, and you'll understand Lana. When a thing's washed up, it's washed up, and she doesn't look backward. Nor does she go crawling into holes when she's hurt. Holes are for weaklings. She gets dolled up and goes out and laughs—because nobody's going to poor-Lana her!

So she met Bob Topping, multi-millionaire, and knocked him for a loop—which was balm to her wounds, as it would be to any woman's in the same position. Bob was different from all the others who came a-wooing. He had everything to offer—wealth, position, security—and he offered them promptly. No reservations, no temporizing, no wait-till-I-get-my-divorce-and-then-we'll-see.

"I'll have my divorce by such-and-such a date," said Bob, "and we'll marry the next day." And in spite of thunder-and-lightning from Arline Judge, he had it.

Is it any wonder that she turned to Bob Topping, who was both a haven of kindness and a tower of strength? But he couldn't save the wedding. Take it from me, none of it was Lana's fault. She had one simple, reasonable wish. Her ill-starred marital bonds to Shaw and Crane had both been tied on hasty trips to Las Vegas. She wanted this marriage launched with dignity. She wanted flowers and music and the fixings a bride loves. And she wanted it quiet. So only 12 guests were asked to the ceremony.

But Lana had to be nice to the press too—knowing darn well, if she weren't, that they'd have her scalp. She invited them all to the post-wedding reception, and they took her scalp anyway.

Newspaper people are notorious cynics. It's their business not to believe in anything less obvious than the multiplication table. It's also their business to make hot copy, and poking fun makes hotter copy than sentiment. This was Bob's fourth marriage, and Lana's third. You could hardly expect the boys to take it seriously, or give a thought to the fact that it might be serious to the principals. The simplest

account was edged with irony and embroidered in wisecracks. Lana'd posed patiently for 45 minutes after the wedding, then gone upstairs. "To swoon," chuckled the boys. None of them had been present at the ceremony, which didn't keep them from quoting verbatim. "The whole circle of guests distinctly heard Bob Topping say, 'This is forever.' Lana said, 'Yes, darling.' Manufactured or not, that seemed to be the biggest joke of all.

When it comes to publicity, Lana can't win. Talk, and they mock you. Shut up, and you're uncooperative, so they're free to spin yarns out of the blue. It's the price she pays for being top glamor queen. She paid it in England and all over Europe. But when she came home last September, she didn't care. The world was rose-colored. She and Bob were going to have a baby in April.

Do you think the death of that hope stopped the gossips' mouths? They went right on chattering. They said she ran around too much, she wasn't careful. That's one for the books! She followed every order the doctor gave her. She knew the danger, as she'd known it with her firstborn. "I'm going to have this baby if it kills me," she said that day six years ago. Does such a woman take chances on the new life within her? Honestly, sometimes people make me sick. Lana lost her child for one reason and one reason only—for the same reason that almost cost her Cheryl—because of the Rh factor in her blood.

She's returning to MGM to make *The Reformer and the Redhead*. Instead of bending over a crib, she'll be facing a camera. Her career's important to her, but I'm sure she'd have given up ten careers for Timothy. . . .

You movie-goers have proven yourselves her friends. Go on proving it. Don't believe everything you hear. When you read the stories, knock off 90% for malice. In what's left, you won't find any plaster saint. She's got her flaws, even as you and I. But she's honest and kind and brave, and she's held her bright head high under a barrage that would have flattened most of us. In this imperfect world, I think that's enough. **THE END**



When Ben Hecht was making *Crime Without Passion*, he offered Oscar Levant a job for \$15 a week. As Levant tells it: "I knew it was a gag—all he wanted me around the studio for was to play duets with him. But after I'd been there a week or two, I found I was actually working. I went to Hecht and said 'Hey, do you want me to WORK here for \$15 a week?'
 "I'll raise your salary," Hecht said, "From now on, you're getting \$300 a week!"
 "Pay day came, but there was no check for me." I complained to Hecht.
 "From now on, you're getting \$750 a week."
 When my salary was finally increased to \$2,000, I went to Hecht and pleaded: "For God's sake, cut me back to \$15 a week—I'm starving to death!"
Irving Hoffman
Hollywood Reporter

SAY IT ISN'T SO

(Continued from page 48)

square-cut jaw signals the fact that he doesn't need Old Aunt Hedda or anyone else to look after his interests. But there are times when a manly star, and especially a very amiable star like Greg Peck, is fairly defenseless. That's where I come in, and it's a pleasure.

A lot of fuss was recently made over a dinky domestic dilemma that Greg faced—faced and solved, I might add, very reasonably and normally. Yet because this minor incident was blown up and ballyhooed, the very mistaken impression may still exist that Gregory and his pretty wife, Greta, are having home trouble, that Greg Peck has let his success get him at last, that his balance is teetering. We used to call it "going Hollywood." Well, that doesn't fit Gregory Peck. And it never will. I'll bet on that.

"Sure," said Greg, easily and frankly, when I called. "Come on up, Hedda, I'll tell you just what happened." And pretty soon he was telling me, like this:

"We're a close family here," began Greg. "I'm home a lot and Greta and I are around each other all the time. I don't play golf or tennis, I don't shoot ducks, don't race horses or fly planes. When I'm not working I'm right here with Greta and the kids 24 hours a day. When I'm working out of town on location, she's with me if it's halfway possible. That's the way we like it. That's the way our home life ticks."

down to the sea . . .

"You're very lucky," I told him, but I didn't have to. "Darned right," he agreed. "Only sometimes when two people see too much of each other, some trifle occurs and they take it out on each other, blow their tops, have a spat. That's what happened with us and so I decided to get away for the good of us both for a few days. I packed my bag, hopped in the Lincoln and headed South. Stopped at Del Mar, stayed overnight and got an idea: How about some fishing to relax? I'd been tied up pretty tight making *Yellow Sky* and then *The Great Sinner*—bang, bang—like that. If I have a hobby it's deep sea fishing and I have a friend who feels the same way. I gave him a ring, he met me in Tiajuana, we hopped a plane to Mazatlan, and—well, I caught me a 145-pound marlin swordfish! Then I came back home and things have been fine ever since."

Now, that's a plain and honest statement of fact—the only kind of an answer I've ever received from Gregory Peck to any question at any time. "And I can't think of a more commonplace happenstance in any home since marriages began than the one he explained. Yet—because he's a Hollywood star and because, when a reporter called Greta and she answered, "Greg? I don't know where he is right now," there arose a windstorm of harsh and hard-to-forget phrases like "separation" and "broken home."

I admire Gregory Peck tremendously. I think Hollywood should be proud of him—for the type of acting he does, for the kind of life he leads. Believe me, our town would not be the target for a lot of brickbats if there were more like him and his sweet little blonde wife, and his two darling kids.

Those kids tumbled over him as we talked in the homey setting of his den, on a deep leather sofa beside a fireplace that crackled and sparked. They teetered up on his big knees and across his broad

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shoulders, pulled his lank black hair, popped him in the jaw with their fists, made horrifying noises, threatened to rip the joint to pieces, and Dad Peck along with it. Greg grinned happily, never shot them one black look, cross word, or even a "don't." Jonathan, four-and-a-half, is dark and thin and the spit-and-image of Greg; and Stephen, two-and-a-half, is chubby and blond, a little-boy copy of his Finnish mother.

Jonny disappeared down the hall and in a second there were stealthy pads. "We're being stalked and in dire danger of our lives," explained Greg softly. "He's an Indian—but I can break that up."

"Hey!" he said loudly. "I know where there are some strawberry tarts—right here on the table. Wonder if Jonny wants some?" That Indian bit the dust immediately and Jonny was with us again.

Greg manages to spend a lot of time with Steve and Jonny. You can tell the minute you get him on the subject how much they mean to him, what fun he collects in their company. Last summer, Jonny had a surprise birthday party and Greta hired a troupe of entertainers. With dozens of moppets looking on, they staged a small-time aquacade in the Peck pool, complete with a hula dancer on a surfboard. "I couldn't tell you who had the best time—the kids or me," Greg admitted. He was on hand, of course, to see that nobody got lost, strayed or stolen, and when the magician's rabbit scurried down into the canyon, poor Greg had to chase it through the cactus on his hands and knees to hush up the kiddie wails. "I never had such a workout," he grinned. "I was scratched and bruised as if I'd been in a fight—but I had that rabbit."

who's big man? . . .

Jonny and Stephen were banging away on the piano now making enough noisy discords to waken the dead. "Hey, Jonny," Greg called, "Who's the greatest man alive?"

If I thought Greg was bidding for a tribute to bask in, I was certainly mistaken. "Hopalong Cassidy!" Jonny came back.

Greg chuckled. "We're Hopalong's hottest fans every time he comes over KTLA (a Hollywood TV station), and if you think I can compete as a Big Man, you're crazy!"

"I don't believe that," I told him. "One look at that kid's face when you talk and I see different." Greg Peck blushed slightly—that always a sign he's touched, and pleased.

Now, I'm not trying to build up Gregory Peck as the All-American Father and Husband. But of all the men I know in Hollywood—with the possible exception of Wild Bill Wellman—he's just about the most kid-happy home boy in town. In fact, Gregory Peck is interested really in just one other thing besides his family—acting.

"I don't need any other outlet for my self-expression, Hedda," he told me. "I happen to like my work, and frankly, everything else that's fun to most guys leaves me cold. When I'm not mixed up in some kind of acting—on a stage or at a studio—I'm here. They're the only two places I want to be—one or the other."

Well, I've seen him often in both settings and I can't tell you which Peck I like and respect most. But let's keep on for a while with a picture of Greg Peck at home. The day I was there, it was just Greg, me and the kids. Greta was downtown shopping, and if Greg had eyes that could see that far he could probably have watched her, even though he lives clear out in Pacific Palisades by the sea. From the Peck's hilltop house you can look 20 miles in all directions.

Their home's a beautiful place, built on a four-acre spur sticking out into the canyon, so that a new neighbor couldn't spoil the Pecks' view if he tried, unless he was a cliff dweller or a goat. It's designed for comfort, with great glass windows opening to the breathtaking picture views. It's furnished comfortably in blond modern pieces with splashes of bold color in draperies, rugs and paintings that Greta and Greg have picked up here and there. It's an open and frank house, a sensible and honest house.

There's a big swimming pool, rimmed by high glass walls to keep out the sharp winds, kids and puppy dogs, sitting right where the land drops away, and that one touch of Hollywood luxury is the only jarring note to the establishment's simplicity. But, I quickly found out, the pool is practically a necessity. Swimming's the only sport Greg can enjoy anymore.

He's got a bad sacroiliac that kicks up on him all the time, banning pretty permanently any athletic sport, although for several years it let him ride horseback—and Greg did so constantly to keep in trim. While making *Duel in the Sun*, in Arizona, he mounted a show horse who got the idea that a giant *saguaro* cactus was a monster of some kind, bolted into a barbed wire fence and shot Greg over the handlebars. He got off that time with cuts and bruises. But last year he was out in the San Fernando Valley where a rancher friend has a saddle string and as he was riding meekly around a riding ring his horse slipped and pinned down one of Greg's long legs. The bone was broken in three places—and now he can't even climb aboard a hay burner. "Which wipes all lingering athletic responsibilities right off my conscience," Greg laughed. "I'm not the hero type anyway."

Greg and Greta Peck have practically no social life. They go to parties—always come to mine—but they leave soon as they've stayed long enough to be polite. They were the first couple to arrive at the big shindig David Selznick tossed for his all-star cast after *Duel in the Sun*—the first, too, to leave. Greta's a wife and mother above all; she has no career ambitions other than being Mrs. Gregory Peck. Their romance was born of the theater and she understands acting people. Greg met and fell in love with her on tour with

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Katharine Cornell when Greta was Kit's hairdresser. She works at Birmingham Veterans hospital one day a week for the Red Cross, but the rest of the time she's just Mrs. Peck. And right now she's engaged on a very special project in that capacity. Along about July there'll be another member of the family—this time, both Greg and Greta hope, a baby sister for the boys.

Neither Greg or Greta care a whoop about dancing and dining at Hollywood night spots, and they've never yet entertained in a Hollywood way that I know of. They have just occasional dinner guests, a few penny-ante poker games, evenings of conversation (usually about kids or acting, Gregory confessed), and if they feel like singing—well—they call in Jessie, their cook, who's been with them five years. Jessie's the best piano player in the place. Greg took one of those "play in ten easy lessons" courses once, but he couldn't work up enough interest away from his acting to get results.

One clue to Gregory Peck's constant love hung about me on the walls of the little library-bar where we sat—a row of old playbills featuring the immortal Edmund Keane on the London stage, and dated 1817. Another was the record he played for me of John Barrymore's famous *Hamlet*. Still another, the rows and rows of bound plays in his bookshelves.

measure of the man . . .

Right now, Greg's the determined sparkplug in a big league project to give Hollywood first class legitimate drama, all the year round. Like dozens of other stars who love the theater, it dismays Greg that only tired New York road companies come now and then to supply Los Angeles, a city of almost four million souls, and Hollywood the drama capital of the world, with the theater. What concerns him even more is that there's no place in Hollywood for young actors and actresses to get stage training, without which, he holds, they'll never develop into great performers. He's seen too much promising young talent killed off by screen roles they're not ready for. Currently, I'd say, Greg's as worked up and excited about that civic baby of his as he is about the new Peck due next summer! I can't give away any details right now because I promised Greg I wouldn't.

So that's the kind of 18-carat actor and sterling man Gregory Peck is—and that's why my hackles hop right up straight when anyone starts picking at Greg in picayune pecks. Frankly, I think Gregory Peck is perfectly happy in his home life. I know he's planning on taking Greta and the boys with him when he goes to Florida soon for eight weeks to shoot *The Virgin Bar*, a sponge fishing yarn he'll make with Elia Kazan. He wants them with him every minute. As he says, "We like it that way."

"I'll fix you a drink," Greg offered before I left his hospitable house, but I said, "No—I'll take just one more swig of that marvelous view of yours." We strolled over to the superb vista spreading out in panorama beneath his windows.

Far below, the green Pacific stretched out, calm and placid, to misty Catalina. To the left and as far as we could see, the stucco structures of workaday Beverly Hills, Los Angeles and Hollywood gleamed white on the sunny flatlands.

"Come around here," Greg said, "and I'll show you another." He led me to the other side of the house, swept his arm out, circling the view. A canyon climbed steep and fast up the mountains, to the blue sky, the clouds and the hidden stars.

"This is the view I like," said Gregory Peck. **THE END**

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HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

(Continued from page 55)

our house," she said at one point. (They found out later she didn't mean her own home, she meant Bob's *Yank at Oxford* house.)

As the limousine drove through the back gate to Buckingham Palace, Mrs. Stotts sat up straighter. "This is the gate," she said solemnly, "through which the Duke of Windsor left, when he abdicated as King of England, December 11, 1936."

After that, the Taylors got out of the car, visited the palace carriage room and the harness room, were introduced to the staff, and considered themselves to have been educated.

That was in '47. And here it was '49, and a Barbara-less Taylor in England again to make a picture, and Mrs. Stotts on the phone again, and it was just as he'd said to Ralph, it was just like old times.

fuel for the machine . . .

Now, Ralph proceeded to drop a can of kerosene on the floor, and then grab it up nervously. "In the old days," he inquired, "were you never thrown out of your hotel for breaking the fire laws?"

"Stop worrying," Taylor said. "You'll get wrinkles."

The reason for the kerosene was simple. They'd been starving to death. According to Taylor and Couser, the English can't cook. Salt of the earth, you understand, but they'll murder any food that doesn't stand right up and bite 'em back.

To begin with, when the boys had first known they were coming abroad, they'd made arrangements to have eggs, bacon, etc., shipped to them. The British are still on painfully short rations, and you don't want to take food out of anybody's mouth.

First couple of days in the hotel, they'd been sending their own breakfast provisions down to the kitchen for preparation. The bacon came up floating in grease; the eggs were bullets.

Ralph, a man of action, went marching out of the hotel the third morning. He came back loaded with a kerosene stove, several jars of wood alcohol, and a primer. It was obviously nothing the Savoy management would have condoned, but he'd neglected to tell the Savoy management about it.

There were three hall waiters on their floor. Bob and Ralph christened them Baldy, Slim and Shorty, which was inconsistent with their dignity, since they (the waiters) sported long tail coats even at six A.M., but it was chalked up to, "oh, you know Americans," and passed over charitably.

Ralph appraised the waiters of his alcohol stove routine, and from there on, low farce set in. Every night, Slim would greet Bob. "What time do you wish breakfast tomorrow, sir?"

"Seven."

"The usual, sir?"

"Yes, please."

The next morning, at seven on the dot, Slim would wheel in a table. On the table, there'd be two plates, two napkins and two glasses of water.

Ralph would snatch the cooked eggs from underneath the electric core in the fireplace where he'd put them to keep warm, and they'd eat.

One hideous dawn, they thought the jig was up. Ralph was cooking in his room, when they heard the knock on the door. Bob went to answer it. There was a London bobby standing at attention.

He's been sent by the fire department, Taylor said to himself. For sure. From the

other room came the noises of Ralph's domesticity. (If you've ever primed a kerosene stove, you know it sounds like you're welding.)

"How do you do?" Taylor said meekly.

The constable pulled out an autograph book. "I have a niece," he began.

Taylor'd never signed an autograph more cheerfully, or quicker.

The very next morning, the Savoy's "Head of Security" (that's British for house dick) came barging in.

It was seven-ish. Ralph's stove-priming symphony was in full swing. Bob looked resigned. Another escape was more than a man could expect. But the Head of Security just smiled, checked their identity cards, got an autograph for some relative of his, and beat it.

The whole thing was too hard on Taylor and Couser, though. They gave it up. Got themselves a nice little electric plate. That blew all the bulbs in the place, but at least it was quiet.

Speaking of food problems, Barbara sent Bob six steaks from the Stork Club, which precipitated another tragedy.

The steaks were as thick as your fist. Taylor and Couser ordered a couple of them broiled for dinner, and sat back.

But not for long. What that cook had done to those steaks wasn't nice. Taylor tucked his tongue, which had been hanging out, back into his mouth, and sat down to write an indignant letter.

"You don't even know the chef's name," Ralph said.

"I'll call him 'Dear Sir,'" said Taylor.

Another time, Jack and Mary Benny sent six steaks via a friend. The friend, who'd flown across, delivered the meat with his own two pink hands.

Bob called Slim in for a conference. "Has the hotel a deep freeze?"

Slim said yep.

"Okay," Bob said. He wrapped the steaks carefully, first in waxed paper, and then in newspaper, and sent them down.

frozen food . . .

About a month later, the boys decided they wanted steak for dinner, and ordered one of their cold-storage jobs cooked. When it came, they had to open the windows, and leave the room.

"You know," Bob said, "I don't think that steak is as fresh as it might be."

"What gave you such an idea?" Ralph asked, and they went off to investigate the kitchen. Turned out that Slim thought a deep freeze was the same as a refrigerator, and if some jerks wanted to eat meat that was 12 years old and crawling, it was none of his business.

For the most part, Bob's stay in England was reasonably uneventful. He was there from mid-October until mid-February, and he traveled from the Savoy to the studio, from the studio to the Savoy, with very little time for anything else but writing letters. (He's a fiend at the typewriter: Barbara got a volume every day, and a neat volume at that. He never x-ed out anything, or made a typographical error. Ralph once mentioned some woman's astonishment at the perfection of Taylor's manuscripts. "Yeah," Bob said. "But what she doesn't know is, I've got a little dickens of an eraser.")

The picture they were shooting is called *Conspirator*. Bob and Elizabeth Taylor were the only Americans in the cast.

"I play an Englishman," Bob says. "That makes it a comedy."

Elizabeth came in for some intensive

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teasing on the set because she had to go to school. She'd spend hours kissing Bob passionately (she plays his wife), and then, once the scene was over, she'd be shipped off to classes.

It made her feel like a cross between Dietrich and Margaret O'Brien.

In London—at the Savoy, in fact—at the same time Bob and Elizabeth were there, were Ann Sheridan, Ronald Reagan, Patricia Neal, Joe Cotten, Gene Kelly, Montgomery Clift, Joan Caulfield, Michael O'Shea, and Virginia Mayo. Not all at once, but a few of them popped in now and again.

"Only time we had any trouble," Taylor says grinning, "was the day Alan Ladd arrived. The fans love him."

Taylor's convinced that he himself doesn't draw a crowd any more. "I've had 15 years of this racket," he says. "I've had my tie torn off, and my pockets ripped loose. I've been through it all. But I can go out and walk down the street today, and nobody'll bother me."

What he means is he's no longer a Van Johnson-Guy Madison bobby-sox hero, having graduated from that school some time back. Still, Ralph swears the police had to control the crowd of admirers in front of the Savoy the day that Bob checked in.

Bob and Ralph got to Paris a couple of times, once over Christmas. The first time, they flew across in the same plane with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, and Bob went to Olivier and bowed his head and whispered with reverence, "Sir Laurence."

"Kneel," Vivien suggested.
"No room," said Olivier. "But I accept his apology."

on the town . . .

They did the tourist things in Paris, even walked part way up the Eiffel Tower, only it was snowing that day, and you couldn't see the ground from the first level, when you got there, so they turned to each other and shrugged. "No point walking to the third level," Bob said. "Lazy dog," Ralph said. "You're right."

They went to Maxim's, where the decor hasn't been changed in a hundred years, and the little orchestra in the alcove played *Auld Lang Syne* when Bob walked in, because *Auld Lang Syne* was featured in his picture, *Waterloo Bridge*, and *Waterloo Bridge* had been playing in Paris a few months before.

He was so touched he could hardly see straight, but he played it casual. "Typical Paris," he said to Ralph. "They'd do it for anybody."

Paris was nice, all right, but London was still the place to break your heart. Things just as tough as they'd been a couple of years before, and the people still not admitting it. The people still standing in queues for cigarettes, to catch buses. . .

"There's a sound man on my picture," Bob said one night. "He stood for three hours to get a seat for *Manon*. And I wouldn't go around the corner to see all the grand opera in the world."

"You're spoiled and uncouth," Ralph said. "I think I'll write a letter to the *New York Times*."

In the end, he never got a chance to use the typewriter. Bob didn't leave it alone for long enough. Even during their rough trip home, aboard the Queen Mary, Bob pounded away, setting down his impressions for Barbara and posterity.

"When they took that machine off the boat," Ralph says, "it was still hot."

"When they took Couser off the boat," Bob says, "he was still shot."

But they had a wonderful time. They really did. THE END

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HOLLYWOOD'S AMAZING LOVE SQUABBLE

(Continued from page 60)

by declaring, "Joanne, I can't let you go over to the Harvards." A few days later they were married.

Dick, who had studied earlier to become a Jesuit priest, married outside his church. He was still a struggling young singer and they lived in comparative poverty until Hollywood beckoned. Almost at once, Joanne wanted to and did become a mother. Their first child, Richard Ralph—or "Skipper"—is now six-and-a-half. Their second, Helen Joanna—"Pidgeon"—is four-and-a-half, and the baby, Nugent, is just 18 months old.

The children, naturally, as in the case of Nora and Errol's two offspring, are not aware of what has happened in their lives. In the Haymes household, "Skipper" is aware, and Joanne suspects that he knows more than he indicates, for he had been told that Dick was looking for a house at the beach. When he later asked, "Does that mean that Daddy isn't going to live here any more?" and was told "We'll see," he declared, "Well, that means you don't have a husband any more." Then he went back to his toys. But later in the evening he came to Joanne, threw his arms around her and said, soberly, "Mummy, I love you more than anything in the world."

Make no mistake: Joanne and Dick are not unfriendly. Of those involved in this unusual story of divorce in the making, Joanne is perhaps the most adult. She faces the issue squarely and talks frankly. "Dick is a good person. He has had a very difficult time, but to me he will always be a very great entertainer and star."

Just as squarely, Joanne faces and an-

swers the rumors about John Ireland, with whom she worked in two pictures. "He's a very fine person," she declared. "No, it's not a question of a romance leading to marriage. He's simply a friend."

Before this story is printed, Errol's policy may have already paid off in a reconciliation. But at this writing, it appears to be a dubious possibility. Indeed, it looks as if the marital merry-go-round which began to move the lives of Nora, Errol, Joanne and Dick will shortly speed up to more tragic whirlings.

Tragic? That's the only word for it. For beyond the desires of four adults, the futures of five innocent children are involved—children who, even though they are offspring of famous movie stars, still remain subject to the undeserved penalties all children must suffer from the bitterness and insecurity of broken homes.

And so it goes—another pair of Hollywood divorces for the record, unless there are some startling, unsuspected changes of the sort that intimate friends pray for. The cost—an approximate \$25,000 in attorney's fees for Dick Haymes, and probably a like amount for Flynn is a tidy sum. The many thousands for alimony over the years is too astronomical for the average citizen to think about.

Cost? It can never be reckoned in terms of money. What these people may eventually pay in heartache and later suffering to be paid for by the children is something neither they nor all the couples everywhere now planning divorces, feverishly or complacently, can now reckon.

THE END

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 21)

glad to do the errand, because Gail's an old flame, and he could never figure why she disappeared so fast. Well, you should see what's going on in El Paso. Judge Jeffers is a drunk, a pawn in the hands of Sterling Hayden and Dick Foran. These two are rats, engaged in the remunerative pursuits of gypping Civil War veterans out of their land. (Veterans were off fighting for their country, so neglected to keep up with taxes.) Foran's the sheriff; he forecloses on the hapless citizens when Hayden, the boss crook, gives the word. Gail's trying to put a brave face on things—makes like her daddy's still an upright soul—but the old sot insists upon appearing in public loaded, so John sees what's what. He manages to sober the judge up just once, long enough to sit on the bench and render an honest verdict, and for this brave effort, the judge is wiped out. This makes John mad. When the veteran in whose favor the judge returned the verdict is also wiped out, along with his wife (if Hayden can't get your land one way, he'll get it another) John gets even madder. He starts his own retaliatory reign of terror. His grand-daddy comes west to counsel him, begs him to fight in a legal way, with words, and first thing you know, Hayden's gang has killed grand-daddy. Before John and Gail are reunited, almost everybody else

in the cast has got his. You never saw so many smoking pistols.

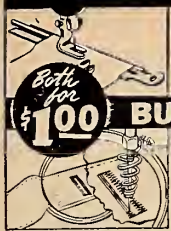
DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

Cast: Richard Widmark, Lionel Barrymore, Dean Stockwell, Cecil Kellaway, Gene Lockhart, Berry Kroeger.

20th Century-Fox

Bering Joy (Lionel Barrymore) who's older than almost anybody, is captain of a whaling vessel called the *Pride of Bedford*. He wants his orphaned grandson, Dean Stockwell, brought up in the Joy tradition. Only thing is, Lionel's self-made. He knows about character-building, but books are out of his line. When the shipping firm for whom Joy sails signs Richard Widmark up as *Pride of Bedford's* first mate, their reasoning is obvious. Widmark already has his master's papers, Joy's ancient, and getting more so, the *Pride of Bedford's* going to need a new skipper. Barrymore's one jump ahead of them. He doesn't intend to let any young whippersnapper usurp his place; on the other hand, this particular whippersnapper has been to college, and in his spare time, he can teach Dean all he knows. Still, when Dean develops a great respect and admiration for Widmark, Barrymore gets jealous. Widmark tries to brush the boy off, because he doesn't want to make any trouble. One

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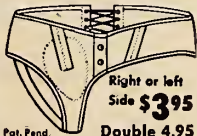
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Down To The Sea In Ships: Dean Stockwell, carrying on his family's sea-going tradition, vastly admires First Mate Richard Widmark.

day, however, Dean, along with several crewmen, leaves the ship in a small boat, to go after whales. When the boat doesn't come back, Barrymore sends out a crew of searchers. He refuses to lower a second searching boat, though his heart is broken. He abides by his rules. He wouldn't risk the safety of the ship for any other man; he won't do it for his grandson. Widmark takes matters into his own hands, lowers another boat, finds and rescues the boy. The captain's grateful, but he still abides by the rules. He relieves Widmark of duty, only to become ill himself, to have his grandson turn against him, and to have the ship tangle with an iceberg. So there are emotional problems and physical problems to be worked out. The acting's fine, the atmosphere authentic, the scenes at sea exciting.

BRIDE OF VENGEANCE

Cast: John Lund, Paulette Goddard, Macdonald Carey, Raymond Burr, Donald Randolph. *Paramount.*

Purporting to be about the infamous Borgias, this picture's an unfortunate blend of melodrama and slapstick comedy. Caesar Borgia (Macdonald Carey) has his sister's young husband (John Sutton) killed. He lays the blame for this dastardly deed on the Duke of Ferrara (John Lund). You see, Caesar's been gradually taking over the various independent states of which Italy is composed. He wants Venice, next. To march on Venice, he has to go through Ferrara. Now, if sister Lucretia (Paulette Goddard) gets mad enough at the Duke of Ferrara for murdering her husband, maybe she'll marry the Duke of Ferrara, and poison him, and then she'll be Duchess of Ferrara, and brother Caesar can march his army right through her front yard. Ferrara agrees to marry Lucretia, but he's no dope. When he isn't mooning around at her side, he's down in his foundry, making a giant cannon. He doesn't trust the Borgias worth a nickel. Lucretia, however, succeeds in poisoning him (he doesn't die, because he's got a heap good witch doctor) only to discover what a rat her brother is. He killed her second husband! She turns against Caesar, and the tide turns with her. The Ferrara cannon minces up a goodly portion of Caesar's army, Caesar goes home, and Lucretia lives with Ferrara happily ever after. Yeah, that's what I said. Anyhow, Paulette's costumes are nice.

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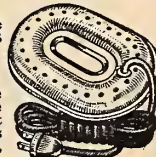
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THE ACCUSED (Para.)—Loretta Young, a prim school teacher, loses some of her inhibitions after she kills Douglas Dick when he gets over-ardent. Wendell Corey is the detective who tracks her down. Robert Cummings the lawyer who defends her. Well-acted, moderately suspenseful and entertaining.

AN ACT OF MURDER (Univ.)—A film dealing with mercy killing that misses being dramatic by failing to come to honest grips with the painful subject. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge and Geraldine Brooks are excellent. (This has been released in some localities under the title, *Live Today for Tomorrow.*)

ALIAS NICK BEAL (Para.)—Some first-rate performers—among them Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell, George Macready and Audrey Totter—are rather wasted on an old-fashioned story in which a well-meaning politician sells his soul to the devil.

BAD BOY (Allied Artists)—Audie Murphy, most decorated U. S. infantryman of World War II, is very good in his first major role as a young criminal who is reformed at the Boys' Ranch in Texas. With Lloyd Nolan, Jane Wyatt and Jimmy Gleason. Solid entertainment.

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY (20th-Fox)—Dan Dailey accomplishes a lot for the good of his community but not for his home, which Celeste Holm keeps going by taking in boarders. A nice little movie with Colleen Townsend, Alan Young and Bill Callahan.

COMMAND DECISION (MGM)—Clark Gable, as an Air Force general, has the terrible duty of sending bombers over Germany on high-casualty missions. One of the best studies of men at war ever made. The cast, which is all male, includes Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Brian Donlevy, Charles Bickford and Edward Arnold.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE (Para)—This has Bing Crosby, Technicolor, some fair songs, and a fine supporting cast including William Bendix, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Rhonda Fleming—but it's something of a disappointment. You keep waiting for more to happen than ever does. Still, don't expect too much and you'll find it pleasant.

CRISS CROSS (Univ.)—When Burt Lancaster finds he still has that old feeling about his ex-wife, Yvonne de Carlo, he goes into business with her new husband, Dan Durveya. The business, for shame, is crime. Not bad of its kind.

FAMILY HONEYMOON (Univ.)—College professor Fred MacMurray marries widow Claudette Colbert—then things happen which mean they have to pack her three kids, Gigi Perreau, Peter Miles and Jimmy Hunt, along on their honeymoon. There are some weak stretches, but some pretty funny ones, too.

THE FAN (20th-Fox)—This is a version of Oscar Wilde's old play, *Lady Windermere's Fan*. Nice sets and costumes and knowing performances by Jeanne Crain, George Sanders, Madeleine Carroll and Richard Greene make it something to delight the ladies.

FORCE OF EVIL (MGM)—Life and love among the numbers racketeers, with John Garfield, Beatrice Pearson and Marie Windsor. A fairish crime opus.

HIGH FURY (U.A.)—A suspenseful drama laid in the Alps, with a climactic mountain-climbing sequence that'll stand your hair straight up. With Madeleine Carroll, Ian Keith, Michael McKeag and Michael Rennie. Better see this one.

JOAN OF ARC (RKO)—Maybe it's irreverent to say so, but Ingrid Bergman, despite some moving moments, is a disappointment. That goes for this entire mammoth epic, except for José Ferrer's first-rate performance. Still, it's something you should see.

JOHN LOVES MARY (Warners)—This shows, and very amusingly, what happens when a guy marries his buddy's girl just to get her into the U. S. for him and then discovers the buddy already has a wife. With Ronald Reagan, Jack Carson, Pat Neal and Virginia Field. Good comedy.

KISS IN THE DARK (Warners)—Jane Wyman teaches longhair pianist David Niven a out humanity and hot jazz while Victor Moore, Wayne Morris and Broderick Crawford weave in and out of the fairly bright and original plot.

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR (Col.)—This delivers a message that can't be repeated too often: Poverty breeds crime. John Derek, as a young criminal, and Humphrey Bogart, as his socially-conscious lawyer, are remarkably good in an outstanding film.

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES (20th-Fox)—A lady up to no good succeeds in disturbing Jeanne Crain, Linda Darnell and Ann Sothern no end when she writes them she's leaving town with one of their husbands, neglecting to state which one. The husbands are Jeffrey Lynn, Paul Douglas and Kirk Douglas. One of the best comedies in years.

THE LUCKY STIFF (U.A.)—A complicated and nonsensical comedy-murder mystery that stirs up only mild amusement. With Dorothy Lamour, Brian Donlevy and Claire Trevor.

THE MAN FROM COLORADO (Col.)—Glenn Ford as a kill-crazy federal judge and William Holden as his disapproving marshal in a wild and gory Western with terrific pace. Ellen Drew is the girl.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (Seiznick)—Struggling artist Joseph Cotten meets a strange girl, Jennifer Jones, who comes to him from another dimension to give him his great inspiration. A beautiful and distinguished film, one of the best of the year. With Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Cecil Kellaway and David Wayne.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES (RKO)—First released in 1942, this moving film biography of Lou Gehrig is being reissued, and a very good thing. Gary Cooper is Lou and Babe Ruth appears as himself. Teresa Wright and Walter Brennan are also prominent.

SHOCKPROOF (Col.)—Patricia Knight is a murderer paroled in the custody of parole officer Cornel Wilde, and she gets involved with a shady gambler, John Baragrey. Not so good.

STREETS OF LAREDO (Para.)—Still another good Western, this one with William Bendix, William Holden, Macdonald Carey and Mona Freeman.

THE SNAKE PIT (20th-Fox)—The ups and downs of Olivia de Havilland as an inmate of a typical state mental hospital. All the performances, including that of Leo Genn as a sympathetic psychiatrist and Mark Stevens as her long-suffering husband, are excellent. But the show belongs to Miss de Havilland, in a magnificently wide-ranged performance that's one of the best of all time. A great motion picture.

WAKE OF THE RED WITCH (Republic)—John Wayne as a self-reliant skipper in an action-filled dramma of pearl, octopi, and passionate villainy in the South Seas. With Gail Russell, Adele Mara and Henry Daniell.

WHISPERING SMITH (Para.)—Alan Ladd, a railroad detective, hates to think the worst of his old pal Robert Preston, but Robert won't stop wrecking trains. Lots of noise and action.

WORDS AND MUSIC (MGM)—A Technicolor "biography" of the famous song-writing team of Rogers and Hart. Mickey Rooney and Tom Drake have the leading roles, and in there singing and dancing are Judy Garland, Inne Allyson, Gene Kelly, Vera-Ellen, Perry Como, Lena Horne, Cyd Charisse, Betty Garrett and dozens of other highly talented persons. A wonderful musical.

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