

was *Ingrid Bergman* indiscreet? Photos Tell!

JUL 19 1949

modern screen

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Mum keeps you nice to be near

Product of Bristol-Myers

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.

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AUGUST, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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M-G-M gives you Gable and that gorgeous redhead...in the exciting drama of a gambler and his girl...and the intrigues and the romance that go with the game!

CLARK GABLE • ALEXIS SMITH

IN

"Any Number Can Play"

WITH **WENDELL COREY • AUDREY TOTTER**

FRANK MORGAN • MARY ASTOR • LEWIS STONE • BARRY SULLIVAN • EDGAR BUCHANAN

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION

Screen Play by **RICHARD BROOKS**
From the Book by **EDWARD HARRIS HETH**

Directed by **MERVYN LeROY** • Produced by **ARTHUR FREED** A METRO-GOLDWYN-
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Only a Goon Would Waste a Moon!



BILL, THE CHILL HERE IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! WHAT AM I — A BAD BREATH CHARACTER OR SOMETHING?

JOANIE, I NEVER COULD HAVE SAID IT, BUT — SOMETIMES A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND IS HER DENTIST!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATES 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

THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BILL AND I ARE ON THE BEAM!



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



ECONOMY SIZE 59¢ ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

Always use

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

after you eat and before every date



the inside story

TWENTY YEARS AGO, as we understand it, Jimmy Stewart's father asked him, "Boy, when are you going to get married and settle down?" Jimmy-boy shrugged his shoulders and pawed the ground. "I like to keep all the girls happy, Pop," he blushed. Time passed. All the girls were getting hysterical. "He'll never get married!" they screamed. "Never!" Then one moonlit night, Stewart went to Gary Cooper's house for dinner. Gloria Hatrick McLean was there. Stewart's comment: "The soup was good." Well, our writer, Carl Schroeder, was under the table at the time, taking cryptic notes on a napkin. "Quite a dish," he wired (showing just how cryptic things *can* get—because the dish he had in mind was Gloria). Jimmy must have had that dish in mind, too, because eventually one thing led to another, and finally to page 22 of this issue, where you'll find "The Bachelor Takes A Wife."

PEOPLE ARE PRETTY indifferent about what we do with our larynx. Whenever we break into song, someone invariably suggests we shut up. This throws us completely off key. Anyway, because we might have been one of ourselves, singers fascinate us—particularly singers like Doris Day (with all that golden hair). Another remarkable thing about Miss Day is her voice—she never really knew she had one until she broke her legs. She was 15 at the time, and a professional dancer. In Miss Day's case, everything turned out for the best (as you will see if you read "There's A Great Day Comin'," on page 34). We broke a leg once, too. A lot of good that did us. . . .

ONE THING THE Churchill sisters never thought: They never thought they'd have to play horsey to work for MODERN SCREEN. They were over at Betty Hutton's home with pencils poised when the phone rang. Next thing they knew, Betty was backing out of the garage and they were being ridden by her tiny daughters—the Huttontots. (For fuller details see page 44.) Pretty soon those Churchills will be wanting to get *paid* for the stuff they do. . . .

ON PAGE 38, there's a piece called "Hollywood's Tangled Romances." We tried figuring them out—but it'll take a better brain. All we know is, there's one good telephone number in our book—and we're sticking to that. . . .

EVERYBODY'S KNOWN SINCE June 6 that Elizabeth Taylor's in love. June 6 was the day her mother announced her daughter was fixing to marry Bill Pawley, Jr. Hedda Hopper, though, knew that Liz was in love with the guy some time before that. Liz told her—only she didn't exactly *tell* her. Didn't have to. Elizabeth's eyes—but the story's on page 30. . . .

A FEW MONTHS ago, people might have looked for Stromboli on a menu. Not any more. Now everybody knows that Stromboli's an island in the Tyrrhenian Sea, and that Ingrid Bergman and director Rossellini were on it to make a movie. Ingrid and director Rossellini also made the front pages. The exciting, exclusive pictures starting on page 50 show why. Had to *drag* that photographer out of the darkroom before he'd let us see them! . . .

JUST A NOTE to remind you we're here every month . . . There'll be some stuff in the next issue that you'd have a heck of a time buying anywhere else for 15 cents: Some intimate, some gay, some loaded with cold, hard facts. And, since we're name-droppers—how does Dan Dailey sound? Or Betty Grable? We'll have stories about them, and about Glenn Ford, Bill Holden, Roy Rogers, Susan Hayward and more. All wrapped up in our September issue . . . Don't crowd, now!

LADD

Man of Violence and Mystery

...VS.

Women of Wealth and Beauty!

Paramount presents

ALAN

LADD

BETTY

MACDONALD

FIELD • CAREY

RUTH

HUSSEY

BARRY

SULLIVAN

HOWARD

DA SILVA

in F. SCOTT FITZGERALD'S

"The GREAT Gatsby"

A love story to
match the tension
of the times.



with **SHELLEY WINTERS**.

Produced by **RICHARD MAIBAUM** • Directed by **ELLIOTT NUGENT**

Screenplay by Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum • From the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald and the play by Owen Davis

... and all the world said "ah-h-h-h!"



Rita and Aly sealed their marriage vows with a kiss on May 27, after the civil ceremony was performed by Mayor Derigon (right) of Vallauris. In a white suit (left), is the immensely wealthy Aga Khan.



Friends and relatives of Aly gave the wedding and reception lots of exotic color and excitement. Natives of the small town were thrilled to find the saried women and turbanned men suddenly in their midst.



Only the strong arm of the law kept the townspeople of Vallauris from mobbing the bridal couple as they drove from the wedding. Aly, in the spirit of a potentate, donated generously to town's charities.



Under Aly's watchful eye, Rita used a long, white-handled sword to slice the three-tier wedding cake. The reception was held at Aly's Chateau de L'Horizon in Cannes and champagne flowed like water.



In the brilliant Mediterranean sunshine, groups of musicians strolled in the sea-lapped grounds of the Chateau, serenading Rita and Aly and their reception guests with tunes from many of Rita's pictures.



Rita and Aly sat at a table with their children during the reception. Prince Karim and Prince Amyon are Aly's sons by his former wife, Joan Buller. Rebecca's father is Orson Welles, Rita's second husband.



Surrounded by Florida beauties, Rita's first husband, Ed Judson (left), wished her success. Rita's father (right) couldn't attend the wedding, but enjoyed photos of it with his wife.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

Louella Parsons was the only press correspondent to attend the wedding of Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan as an invited guest. The following is her special dispatch to *Modern Screen*.

■ VALLAURIS, France (By Cable)—I'm glad to be able to give first-hand news of the wedding of Rita Hayworth to Prince Aly Khan. I consider it to have been the most colorful experience of my life.

Rita is now Princess Aly Khan, mistress of many homes, possessor of many gems of untold value. She was presented with a king's ransom in jewels by visiting Ismailis. They gave her diamonds as big as walnuts, gorgeous silks, cloth of golden coins.

The town of Vallauris got up at daybreak to see the American movie queen become a princess. Every available window in town was rented and crowds lined the narrow streets of the quaint French village. Prince Aly's father, the Aga Khan, who has endowed hospitals on the Riviera, received big cheers when he drove to the city hall with his wife, the Begum. She was dressed in a periwinkle-blue sari, very becoming to her brunette beauty. She was still quite pale from her recent illness.

Rita was dressed in a "Rita blue" Jacques Fath creation.

She carried a bouquet of white roses and orange blossoms. A touching part of the civil ceremony was the presentation to Rita of a bouquet of roses by two little French girls.

Following the ceremony was the wedding reception at the Chateau de l'Horizon on the sun-bathed Mediterranean—something I'll never forget. There were only a very few Americans present, most of the guests being the Prince's Continental friends. Contrary to reports, the Chateau de l'Horizon does not belong to the Aga Khan but is the Prince's own.

The night after the civil ceremony, the Moslem ceremony was performed quietly, with only relatives present. According to Moslem law, it's not necessary for the bride to be present, but Rita attended. The Prince did not wear Ismaili garb.

I'm delighted to say that Rita returns to Hollywood this fall to make a picture. Her only stipulation is that it be a glamorous story. Aly saw *Carmen* four times and loved it. The Prince told me he wants Rita to be happy and also thinks it would be too bad to deprive the public of her.

This marriage, whot with the visiting Indians in native costumes, the manner in which the Prince lives and the lavishness of the reception, was so fabulous that if I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't believe it!

See FILM Routed By New Improved Pepsodent!

You'll have brighter teeth, cleaner breath in just 7 days
—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

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In just 7 days, new improved Pepsodent will bring a thrilling brightness to your teeth, new freshness to your breath—or we'll return twice what you paid!

New Pepsodent Tooth Paste foams wonderfully—goes to work faster, fighting film: (1) Pepsodent makes short work of the discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It routs film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent helps protect you from acid produced by germs that lurk in film. This acid, many dentists agree, is the cause of tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent.

Try New Pepsodent now on our double-your-money-back guarantee. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula! No other tooth paste contains Irium*—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.

*Irium is Pepsodent's registered trade mark for purified alkyl sulfate.

Use New Pepsodent for just 7 days. If you're not completely convinced it gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth, mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent Division, Lever Bros. Co., Dept. G, Chicago, Ill. Besides postage, you'll receive—

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!



Another fine product of
Lever Brothers Company

LOUELLA
PARSONS'
GOOD
NEWS



Jane Wyman carried her Oscar all the way to England to show to Laurence Olivier who, of course, had one of his own to show to her.

■ Who would have thought we would be Good Newsing from Paris this month?

But then, who'd have thought a few months ago that Rita and Aly Khan would be married? Which occasion, of course, is what sent me abroad as a reporter.

Gay Paree, in the spring! What could be more romantic? I wish every pair of lovers in the world could come to France during these wonderful months of May and June. Some evenings, the rain falls gently, wetting the pavements and streets just enough to reflect the lights on the Champs Elysées. The French girls wear garden flowers in their lapels—oftimes just a single rose or a spray of lilac. Their suits and dresses may be old—but the flowers make them look gay and young and light-hearted.

The very first thing I did was put in a telephone call to Rita at Aly Khan's palace in Cannes. She said, "Louella, I can't believe you have come all the way from Hollywood to cover my wedding. It's wonderful to have someone from back home."

What a simple old-fashioned phrase that was—"back home"—from the girl who is the talk of the Continent. People over here were goggle-eyed over Rita and her marriage to the Indian Prince. Not since the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor had there been such excitement over a wedding.

I couldn't have been more amazed over the changes in Rita I had heard about. When she was married to Orson Welles she seldom opened her mouth. Now, a mutual close friend says, "Rita has made a real study of her job of being the wife of a Prince, and the daughter-in-law of the Aga Khan, one of the wealthiest men in the world and leader of millions of people." She now speaks French almost as well as she speaks English. She knows how to preside over the most formal dinner parties. She has the graciousness that comes with *savoir faire* and confidence.

**MONUMENTAL BEST-SELLER!
TOWERING SCREEN TRIUMPH!**

GARY COOPER

THIS IS HIS ROLE OF ROLES!



**"No man takes
what's mine!"**

**IT'S AN
EMOTIONAL
EXPLOSION!**

*He's ROARK who lives
by no rules except his own!*

*She's DOMINIQUE
— the only kind of
woman for his brand of man!*

**A HIT TO REMEMBER
FROM WARNER
BROS!**

LOOK AHEAD TO THE THRILL OF **THE**
FOUNTAINHEAD

CO-STARRING

PATRICIA NEAL

with
RAYMOND MASSEY
KENT SMITH
ROBERT DOUGLAS
HENRY HULL
RAY COLLINS

DIRECTED BY **KING VIDOR** PRODUCED BY **HENRY BLANKE**

Screen Play by **AYN RAND** • From her Novel "The Fountainhead" • Music by **Max Steiner**



Are you in the know?



How to get to the dance floor smoothly?

- ☐ You walk ahead ☐ He leads the way ☐ You go arm-in-arm

Be sure who follows whom. When you rise to rhumba, your date won't expect an "after you" routine. Walk ahead! As to calendar-time, you can be 'way ahead in poise and comfort by choosing new Kotex. This napkin's made to stay soft while you

wear it. Gives downy softness that holds its shape. And here's the very last word in comfort!—your new Kotex Wonderform Belt that won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Made of duPont nylon elastic . . . quick drying, light weight, smooth-feeling.



To judge what you should weigh—

- ☐ Compare your pal's poundage
☐ See an "average weight" chart
☐ Measure your wrist

You and your gal pal may be the same height—but a large-boned femme should weigh more, and vice versa. For instance, are you over 5'4" tall? Measure your wrist. If it's less than 6 1/4" you're small-boned. More than 6 1/2"—large-boned. Consider your frame when you read an average-weight chart. In sanitary needs, too, all girls aren't "average." Find just the right Kotex absorbency for you by trying all 3 . . . Regular, Junior, Super. They're designed for different girls, different days.



If he's talkative, what's your cue?

- ☐ Lend bath ears
☐ Keep an eye on the field
☐ Plan tamaraw's schedule

What if he is chatter-happy. The fact remains, he's talking to *you*, so listen . . . without a roving eye, or daydreams, or tapping tatoos on the table. Boys are people . . . they like to be appreciated. And the best-rated fillies never forget it. They're also the gals who (on difficult days) never forget to choose Kotex. They've found the special flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines . . . and the exclusive safety center gives extra protection. What girl wouldn't appreciate that?



*More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Betty Hutton is delighted as Romo Burton, our Western editor, hands her M.S.'s Mother-of-the-Year award—a pink leather photo album.

As hostess of the Chateau de l'Horizon, Rita has brought a touch of America into the mansion on the Mediterranean. She has added gay chintzes to the oriental antiques with which the Aga Khan had furnished the Chateau. Rita's boudoir is in pink-and-white and is a combination of French and American decor.

Well, let's see what else is going on in France.

* * *

One of the first persons I ran into was Errol Flynn, our boy friend, who's very much on his vacation. Errol, gayer than gay, was dining at Tour D'Argant (one of the swank places to dine in Paris).

With him was his new flame, Princess Irene Ghica—and I must say I would not have picked her out, beautiful though she is, as the usual "Flynn type." She is very quiet and reserved and, I am told, she had many bitter experiences before she escaped from her native Bucharest.

You are going to have the opportunity of seeing the Princess on the screen, for Errol told me she will be his leading lady in his independent film, *Last of the Buccaneers*.

When I asked Flynn if the Princess could act, he said, "Who cares? She is beautiful. And I shall do the acting!"

Later the same evening, we all went on to the Carrere, and heard the most remarkable trumpet player since Harry James. Rita Hayworth's business manager, Johnny Hyde, who was with us, was so enthusiastic about this sensational young musician—who looks like Rory Calhoun—that he talked to him then and there about coming to Hollywood.

The night we were at the Carrere, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were guests. They walked out looking straight ahead and nobody seemed to be even slightly interested in them.



THERE'S MORE THAN MONEY
ON MITCHUM'S MIND...

When He Tangles With This Gal
With the Million-Dollar Figure!

"IF YOU PULL
A FAST ONE, I'LL
PULL THIS
TRIGGER!"

MITCHUM'S NEWEST
PICTURE...

hot off location
down Mexico way!

Heart-pumping action,
super-speed excitement,
when this T-N-Trio
crosses paths on the
danger-filled trail of a
fortune in stolen money!



ROBERT MITCHUM
JANE GREER · WILLIAM BENDIX

in
THE BIG STEAL

with

PATRIC KNOWLES · RAMON NOVARRO · DON ALVARADO · JOHN QUALEN

Executive Producer SID ROGELL

Produced by JACK J. GROSS · Directed by DON SIEGEL

Screen Play by GEOFFREY HOMES and GERALD DRAYSON ADAMS



Based on the famous Saturday Evening Post Story "The Road to Cormichael's" by RICHARD WÖRMSE

Does your nail polish CHIP? PEEL? FLAKE OFF?

**New miracle-wear
ingredient discovered!**

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN who've put up with polish which chips soon after manicuring are making a thrilling discovery . . .

It's the new 10¢ Cutex polish . . . the new *miracle-wear* polish! Now it contains Enamelon, a Cutex-exclusive ingredient designed to give incredible wear!

Cutex with Enamelon stays lovely day after day after day! Resists chipping, flaking, peeling as no polish ever did before!

Today, try this new, *miracle-wear* Cutex! So pure . . . even women with skins so sensitive they cannot use other polishes state that they can use new Cutex with perfect safety!

14 fashion-styled colors. Only 10¢ plus tax. In the bottle with the blue label, at your favorite cosmetic counter.

If you don't find that New Cutex wears longer than you ever dreamed possible, send the bottle to Northam Warren Corporation, Box 1355, Stamford, Conn., and your money will be refunded.



Angie Pappan, who is seriously ill with a heart ailment, dreamt about many things dear to a 14-year-old's heart. One of them came true, recently, when Shirley Temple arrived to cheer her up.

But, before doing more of Paris, let's cut back and forth to some news from Hollywood. Just call me Lopalong Parsons!

The last party I went to before I took off from Europe was the dinner dance given by Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor to observe their 10th wedding anniversary.

It is the first big party Barbara and Bob have ever given in Hollywood and when I said to her, on entering, "This is the first time I've seen your lovely new home," she laughed and replied, "It's the first time anyone has seen it."

The house is a small, but charmingly rambling red-brick place, set deep in rose gardens and wonderful trailing vines. It's right next door to Irene Dunne's.

Barbara had enclosed the entire terrace, overlooking the swimming pool, in cellophane walls and, I swear, the candlelit tables and gleaming silver decorations made the whole setting where we dined and danced look like a picture, wrapped up.

The most rabid movie fan among you could not have planned a more thrilling guest list of good-looking actors and beautiful movie stars. Don't envy me too much, but I had dinner with Gary Cooper, Alan Ladd, John Lund (who is as devastating off-screen as he is on) and Robert Cummings!

At the next table sat Van Johnson, William Holden, Claudette Colbert, Deborah Kerr and the Jack Bennys.

But the evening really got underway when the tables were cleared off the dance floor and the expert hoofers took over. Barbara,

who looked about 16 years old in a shorty pink satin formal, did a revival of the Charleston with Robert Cummings that would have been a show stopper on Broadway! Later, she did a dreamy exhibition waltz with Cesar Romero and a hot-foot foxtrot with Van Johnson. What a dancer that gal is—or had you forgotten that Missy Stanwyck used to be a chorus girl, and is proud of it!

Next most sensational couple on the floor was tall, lanky Gary Cooper taking the curves with tiny Gracie Allen—and believe me, that was something to see.

Alan Ladd danced only with Sue—not entirely because he thinks married men should always dance with their wives but because, "I've got just two good dances an evening in me—the first and the last."

The most incongruous couple were Anne Baxter and John Hodiak—John sporting a 10-days' growth of beard for *Battleground* and Anne done to the teeth in a décolleté red taffeta gown.

As dawn was breaking, the John Lunds drove me home. I hope Barbara and Bob don't wait another 10 years to give a party. They give such good ones.

Guess who has taken Judy Garland under her wing and is mothering the unhappy girl like a wise, older sister? Katharine Hepburn—yes, I mean crisp, cynical Miss H.

For years, Judy and Katharine have passed one another on the MGM lot, bowing politely when they met in dressing-room corridors or lunched at adjoining tables in the commissary. But that's all. They barely knew each other.

BIGGEST PICTURE IN TEN YEARS!

GREATEST CAVALCADE OF INTRIGUE,
SPECTACLE, ADVENTURE AND EXCITEMENT
YOU'VE EVER SEEN ON THE SCREEN!



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'BLACK MAGIC'
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AND
NANCY GUILD

WITH AKIM TAMIROFF • FRANK LATIMORE
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BASED ON ALEXANDRE DUMAS' "CAGLIOSTRO" from "Memoirs of a Physician"
Produced and Directed by GREGORY RATOFF • Screenplay by CHARLES BENNETT
Additional Scenes and Dialogue by Richard Schayer • Released thru United Artists

From a story by
**ALEXANDRE
DUMAS**
author of THE THREE MUSKETEERS
and THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO



Just Whistle...

by Bissell



Fred has fixed things, but good... with guests due any minute. It's dinner in the dog house for you, Fred, when your wife sees that rug. But...

Fred just whistles... and trots out the Bissell Carpet Sweeper. Swish, swaash! That new "Bisco-matic"® Brush Action picks up every speck, with no pressure on the handle a-tall!



"Adjusts itself to any rug, thick or thin!" brags Fred. "Even sweeps clean under beds and chairs, with the handle held low."

Adds Mrs. Fred: "My vacuum's fine for occasional cleaning. But for quick everyday pick-ups, we couldn't do without our 'Bisco-matic' Bissell!"



Exceptional values. "Bisco-matic" Bissells now as low as \$6.45. Other models for even less. Illustrated: the "Vanity" at \$8.45. Prices a little more in far South and West.

Bissell Sweepers

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush



The whole town's talking about this romantic duo—Brion Donlevy and Audrey Totter. Here they appear very affectionate at the Mocambo.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Then, along came Judy's big trouble—her temperamental outbursts on the set of *Annie Get Your Gun* which were climaxed when she threw down her script and yelled, "That's all. I'm through! You can take it from here—without me!" And her harassed studio bosses took her at her word. Little Judy had cried "Wolf" once too often. Betty Hutton replaced her in one of the biggest casting upsets ever to take place in Hollywood.

Judy hadn't expected that—it darn near broke her foolish little heart.

In the excitement that followed, her Hollywood co-workers were divided in their sympathy. Some loudly insisted she deserved it. Others shrugged their shoulders.

But Katharine Hepburn did an amazing thing. She drove herself over to Judy's house, marched right into the room where Judy was sobbing her heart out and threw her arms around her!

Then she started to talk—like a Dutch uncle. She told her, in effect, that it was up to Judy, herself, whether this thing made her or broke her. She told her she could come out of it a bigger person, with the good wishes of thousands of people, hoping and plugging for her. Or, she could smash her life and career to splinters.

She told Judy to hold her head up and to be the first to congratulate Betty Hutton. She told her there are some things in life more

(Continued on page 78)



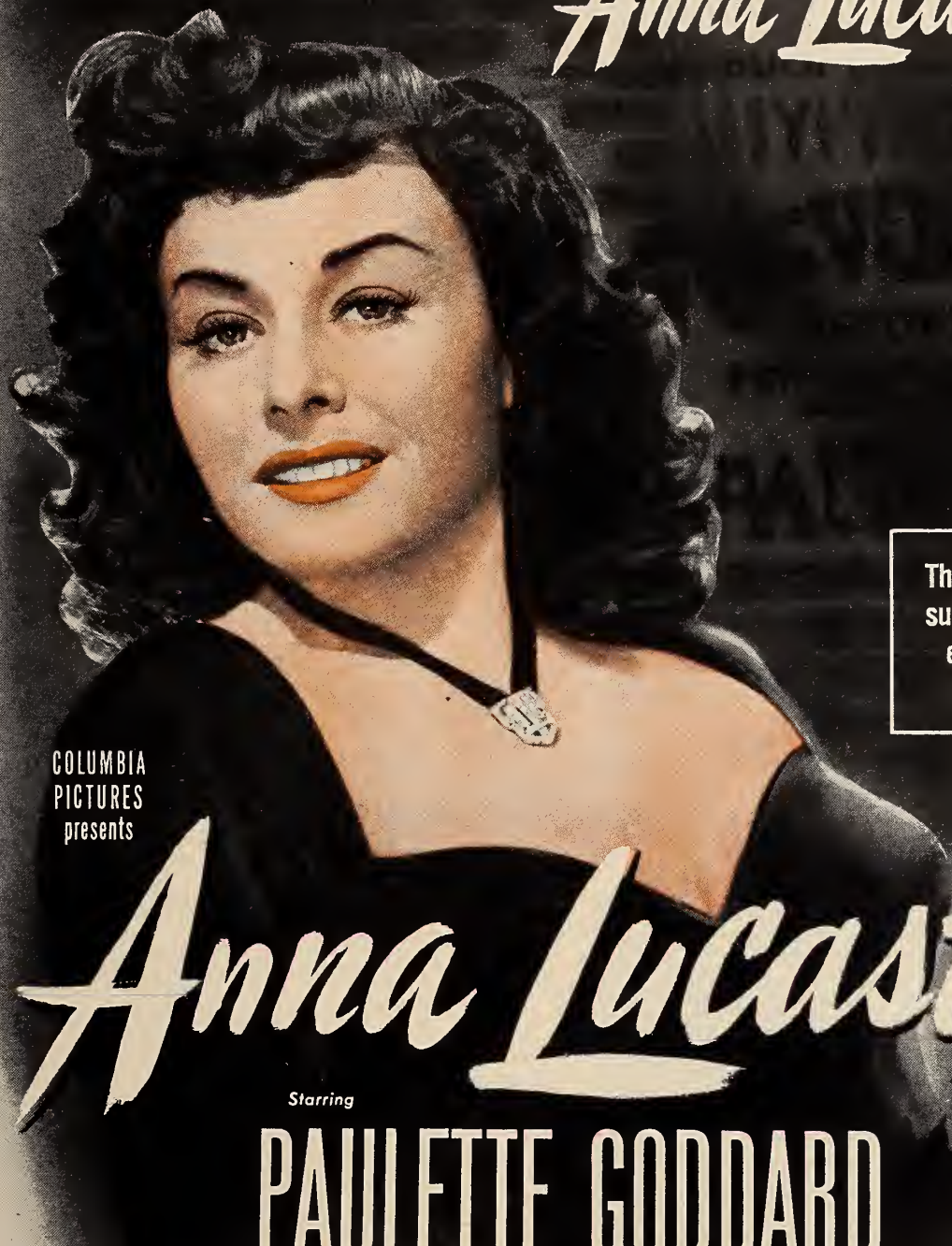
As a rising young star, Janet Leigh's been seen with a whole slew of handsome beaux lately. Arthur Lowe, Jr., is one of her frequent dates.



Could that be a flying fish Chris Mitchum's pointing out to his dad and brother Josh on Lake Mead? Bob took the whole family there.

Would you let your brother marry an

Anna Lucasta?



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success brought
excitingly to
the screen

Anna Lucasta

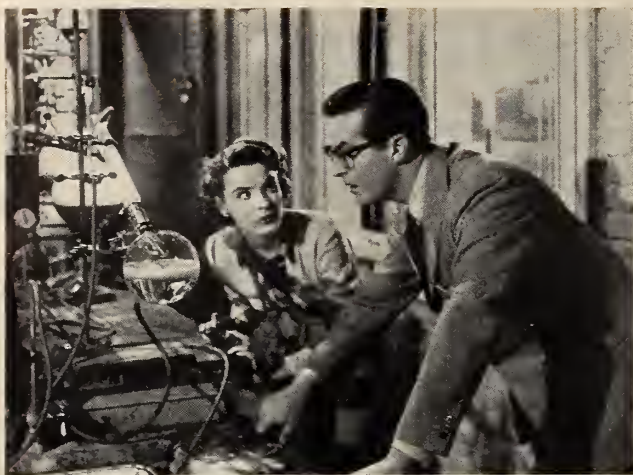
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PAULETTE GODDARD

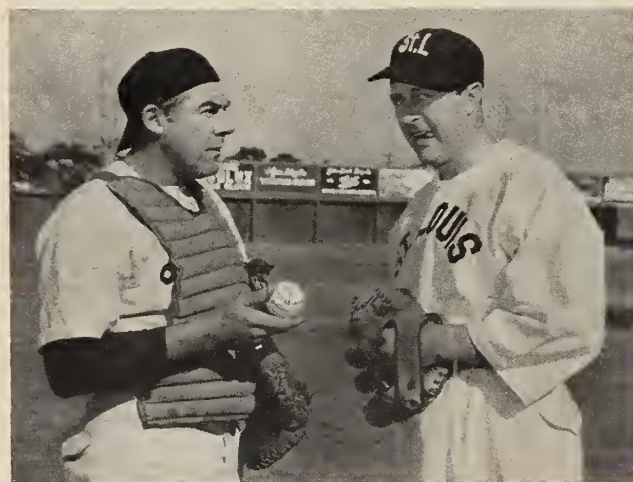
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and **BRODERICK CRAWFORD**

Screen Play by Philip Yordan and Arthur Laurents · Based upon the play, "Anna Lucasta", by Philip Yordan
A SECURITY PICTURES PRODUCTION · Directed by IRVING RAPPER · Produced by PHILIP YORDAN



In *It Happens Every Spring*, chemistry professor Roy Milland hopes to get rich by perfecting a chemical mixture, then marry the prexy's daughter, Jean Peters. But a wild baseball wrecks his gear.



He's crushed—then notices his mixture is wood-repellant. He sneaks out of town, becomes a great big-league baseball pitcher by using his invention on the ball, which then can't be hit by baseball bats.



But he's kept his activities a secret from Jean and her family—they'd think him undignified. When he sends her costly presents, she decides he's taken to crime. But eventually, he returns to her in triumph.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING

Cast: Ray Milland, Jean Peters, Paul Douglas, Ed Begley, Ted De Corsia, Ray Collins, Jessie Royce Landis.
20th Century-Fox

Chemistry professor Ray Milland loves co-ed Jean Peters (daughter of the President of the University). Ray and Jean are going to get married as soon as an experiment he's working on makes him a fortune. But some kid throws a baseball through Ray's lab window, wrecking his equipment, and sending his miracle solution into the sink. He's mopping up his broken heart and his shattered apparatus, when he notices a remarkable happenstance. The baseball (which was soaked in the solution) is wood-repellant. Wonder dawns in Ray's eyes. He funnels into bottles all the solution he can salvage, and sneaks out of town. He's decided to get a job with the St. Louis baseball team, (they need a pitcher) and make enough money for him and Jean to marry on. He figures no batter will be able to hit a ball thrown by him, because the ball (saturated by fluid hidden on a sponge in his glove) will simply zing back from the bat. So Ray becomes the world's greatest, if most dishonest, pitcher. He wins games and more games. But he'll never let the papers take his picture because he doesn't want the news to get back to Jean and Jean's family. They wouldn't think baseball was dignified. He sends Jean a trinket now and then—a huge diamond, to begin with—and she assumes he's trafficking with crooks, but she plans to stand by him. After all, he did it for her. I'm not going to give away the picture's ending, and I'm not sure but what its ethics are revolting (Ray really doesn't give anybody else a sporting chance), but if you want to spend a light-hearted hour and a half, don't miss *It Happens Every Spring*. Paul Douglas, as the team's catcher is wonderful, Ted De Corsia is just as good as the coach, and there's nothing wrong with the rest of the cast, either.

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with Penatenpenetrates deeper

into pore openings

cleanses skin cleaner



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If you're "over-thirty" . . . if your own skin oils are decreasing, supplement with lanolin's benefits . . . four special skin softeners . . . in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream. PENATEN speeds this richness deeper into pore openings. Softens instantly. Smooths tiny dry lines that lead to wrinkles. Soon . . . YOU look younger!



Jars dressed in pink-and-gold. Trial size, 20¢ to largest luxury size, \$1.39. Plus tax.

your cleansing tissue proves it!

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your hair
at home?



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broken fingernails with

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The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend: Rudy Vallee, Olga San Juan, and Betty Grable stage a gun battle with town hoodlums. Sterling Holloway and Danny Jackson are on the appasing side.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND

Cast: Betty Grable, Cesar Romero, Rudy Vallee, Olga San Juan.
20th Century-Fox

Since she was left an orphan at an early age, Betty Grable's grandpaw taught her to shoot awfully straight, so she could take care of herself. Grandpa's been gone to his reward these many years when you first meet Betty, but she's still shooting. She's jealous of her boy-friend (Cesar Romero) so she aims at him and a lady-friend, but she only succeeds in plugging a right honorable judge in the seat of his right honorable pants. The judge forgives her once, but after it happens again, a week or so later, he's very sore (both ends) and since he's threatening Betty with hanging, she and her pal Conchita (Olga San Juan) make a break for it. Olga swipes some clothes and pocketbooks from, I regret to say, a coffin, and she and Betty catch the first train out of town. Upon examination of their tickets (in one of the stolen purses) they discover they are one Hilda Swandumper and her Indian maid. Hilda's due to arrive in a town called Bashful Bend; she's the new schoolteacher. Now there's no danger of the real Hilda's showing up (alas, poor Hilda) but Betty's not keen on the idea of school-teaching. Still, she wants to save her skin. She and Olga descend on Bashful Bend, to be greeted by the town's leading citizens (including Rudy Vallee) and a drunken mob run by a man called Basserman. Basserman has two slobbering half-idiot sons, and none of his friends are clean-living prize packages, either. Betty tries to be a good schoolteacher. (Example: "The earth is divided into three kingdoms—animal, vegetable and-er-er-ah-uh—mineral. Now, ain't that something?") Olga doesn't even try to be a good Indian. Every time someone addresses her in pidgin English she grits her teeth and mutters, "How would

you like to go suck an egg?" Before the girls get out of Bashful Bend, there's been a whole-sale gang war, Betty's subdued the Basserman boys, Rudy Vallee's fallen in love with Betty, Cesar Romero shows up to say he always loved her, and if you think that's all, you're all wet. But this is a movie review, not a book-length novel, so go see this hilarious epic yourself. Words can't describe it, anyway.

THE GREAT DAN PATCH

Cast: Dennis O'Keefe, Gail Russell, Ruth Warrick, Charlotte Greenwood, Henry Hull, John Hoyt.
United Artists

Dan Patch, the greatest trotting horse in history, not only broke all the records there ever were but, according to United Artists, was involved in some pretty romantic goings-on as well. He belonged to an old farmer (Henry Hull) who'd waited all his life for a really fleet horse. When the colt was three years old, Hull had sent him to trainer John Hoyt, and Dan Patch became the first horse ever to run a mile in 2:04 with three weeks' training. Whereupon Hull had a heart attack, and died of excitement. He left Dan Patch to his son, Dennis O'Keefe. O'Keefe had always loved horses, but he's married to a social climber (Ruth Warrick) who's forced him to live in the big city and be somebody. He's made a fortune out of a sulphur process (he's a chemist) and Ruth has spent the fortune on formal gardens, butlers and satin chairs. She's not the girl to go back to the farm, the better to be near Dan Patch. Furthermore, Hoyt's daughter, Gail Russell, is in love with O'Keefe, so Ruth doesn't like O'Keefe hanging around the farm too much, either. O'Keefe conveniently loses his money, splits up with his greedy wife, comes home to Gail and Dan Patch (who by now is the talk of the countryside). This is as harmless as a picture can be. The horses are beautiful, and the era (before the motor car took over) so restful, it's a pleasure.

THAT'S JUST TO REMIND YOU...
YOU'RE IN A TOUGH RACKET NOW!

Tough? . . . you've got to be
tough with dames like her!
Here's dramatic tension that
screams from the screen!



ALAN was late in learning that she was the kind of woman who doesn't do anybody any good!



BLAKE knew her . . .
"Now we'll make a deal—
my way", he said.



DANNY: "You know Tiger,
I didn't know they made
them as beautiful as you,
or as smart, or as hard."

HUNT STROMBERG

presents

LIZABETH SCOTT
DON DE FORE
DAN DURYEA

in

TOO LATE FOR TEARS

with

Arthur Kennedy • Kristine Miller • Barry Kelley

Screenplay by ROY HUGGINS

Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

Directed by BYRON HASKIN

Released thru United Artists

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pages of Roy Huggins',
Saturday Evening Post
serial story that electrified
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readers!*



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**Kept smooth and
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Nair... the safe, odorless
depilatory lotion...
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quickly, easily...
leaves legs smoother...
more exciting...**

Lady—throw your razor away—use safe, odorless, new Nair lotion to keep legs smoother... more exciting.

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Nair keeps legs hair-free longer... because it dissolves the hair itself closer to skin.

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**For Legs that Delight
Use NAIR Tonight**

INTERFERENCE

Cast: Victor Mature, Lucille Ball, Lizabeth Scott, Sonny Tufts, Lloyd Nolan.
RKO

Victor Mature is star halfback of the New York Chiefs (played by the Los Angeles Rams). His wife, Lizabeth Scott, is a selfish pig. Wants to be a famous interior decorator, and pours Victor's cash into her chi-chi shop. The fact that she's such a bug for glamor and high sassiety loses Victor a big coaching job at Illinois State, his alma mater. (Some old coot of a head coach is retiring, and Victor's due to be offered the plum, but team-mate Sonny Tufts is elected because old coot doesn't believe Lizabeth is suited to the simple campus life.) Victor's doubly crushed, because it develops he has heart trouble, and he's about washed up as a player. What to do? Wifey won't love a broken-down shoe salesman, and Victor does love that girl. She, meanwhile, is having an affair with a rich, elderly connoisseur named Vollmer. Vollmer collects young women; when he's through with them, they commit suicide. I don't know exactly why. Vollmer lets Lizabeth redecorate his apartment, but he tells her she has no

taste and no talent. He's the frank sort. There's a dramatic moment toward the end, where you think Victor's going to go in and play a big game and kill himself (he never told coach Lloyd Nolan about his heart, and he wants to get Lizabeth back) but he's not that much of an idiot. He stops just in time. Lizabeth, given the air by Vollmer, comes weeping back to her husband, anyway, much to the sorrow of Lucille Ball, the football team's secretary, who loves Vic. I don't think Victor and Lizabeth are ever going to be happy together, but RKO does, and it's their picture. (That Mature's a good actor.)

STAMPEDE

Cast: Rod Cameron, Gale Storm, Johnny Mack Brown, Don Castle.
Allied Artists.

The parade of Westerns goes on, Stampede taking its place in line. Rod Cameron and Don Castle are brothers. They own a ranch in Arizona, and their cattle graze on the surrounding countryside. A couple of characters named Stanton and Cox (Donald Curtis and John Eldredge) sell this surrounding countryside (after first cutting it up into lots) to a
(Continued on page 107)

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We're always interested in ways to save you money and this is a fine way indeed. Works like this: If you're among the first 500 people to mail this questionnaire back, we'll send you a three-month subscription to MODERN SCREEN, absolutely free! All you have to do is list the stories you like, the stars you like, and we'll do the rest. Remember—the September, October, and November issues of a 100% saving. That is, free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| <i>Why Hollywood Prays for Judy</i> (Judy Garland)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Andrews)</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The Bachelor Takes a Wife</i> (James Stewart)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>How Could I Be So Wrong?</i> by Anne Baxter..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Her Eyes Have Told Me So</i> (Elizabeth Taylor) by Hedda Hopper.. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Huttontots: Care and Feeding of,</i> (Betty Hutton)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>We Fought to Save Our Marriage</i> by Dick Powell..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>I'm No Playboy</i> by Peter Lawford..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>There's a Great Day Comin'</i> (Doris Day)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Was It Love?</i> (Ingrid Bergman)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>John Wayne's Double Life</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>All That Money Can't Buy</i> (Robert Stack)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Hollywood's Tangled Romances</i> (Gardner, Duff, Brady, Granger)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Out of His Mind—and Back</i> (Gregory Peck)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>And The Living is Breezy</i> (Dana Andrews)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Picture of the Month</i> (Girl From Jones Beach)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> | <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

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SHANNON'S WAY. By A. J. Cronin. — Young Dr. Shannon risked everything to find a cure that meant life to millions. But the only cure for his own heartache was a woman he was forbidden to marry!

THE BURNISHED BLADE. By Lawrence Schoonover. — Dashing Pierre learned swordsmanship from a cavalier, manners from a gentle priest, passion from an innkeeper's daughter.

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As Hollywood's
leading bachelor, Jimmy
Stewart didn't even
know how to propose.
But he tried. And it
worked—beautifully!

BY CARL SCHROEDER

the Bachelor takes a wife



Jimmy Stewart and Gloria McLean take in a Hollywood night spot soon after the announcement of their engagement. A little over a year ago, Jimmy vowed he would remain a bachelor. He'll be married in August.

■ It was not a case of love at first sight.

The way Jimmy Stewart remembers, he first met Gloria McLean at a dinner party at the Gary Coopers. Sort of informal, it was, with the conversation racing along about everything except the subject of marriage. When the evening was over, though, Jimmy came out with a thoughtful statement as Gary saw him to the door.

"Ahh, Miss McLean . . . Very nice girl."

Coop considered his friend's judicious comment and delivered a fulsome reply. He said, "Yep."

This was about a year ago, at which time Jimmy Stewart was not considering marriage. Matter of fact, he seemed to be going in the opposite direction, he thought. He'd disposed of a beautiful piece of property over in Mandeville Canyon and tossed away the plans he'd sketched for a dream house. He moved into a home in Brentwood and was enjoying himself with things as they were—unless you count a certain annoyance with people who liked to speculate audibly in his presence, "Jimmy, you can't stay a bachelor forever. Why don't you find a nice girl and settle down?"

If Jimmy didn't go out, people felt sorry for him, being so lonesome and all. If he had a flock (*Continued on page 104*)

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*Advances against contract royalties



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RAY NOBLE

co-composer of "The Very Thought of You"... "Goodnight, Sweetheart"

LIVINGSTON & EVANS

composers of "To Each His Own"... "Buttons and Bows"

PAUL WESTON

co-composer of "I Should Care"... "Day by Day"

THINK OF IT!

YOU... writing the words to the melodies of internationally famous composers who have made many thousands of dollars with their music. Here's what you may win: For each winning lyric, you will be offered a regular songwriter contract (SPA form)—and \$1000 cash advance against contract royalties. (Winning songs will be recorded by famed Capitol artists and sold nationally!) You stand to make many times more than \$1000, if the songs become hits. (Remember, it's possible for you to win more than one prize...even all six!) **PLUS** the fact that as a co-writer with one of America's greatest popular composers you'll have made a big step to fame and fortune in a business where the rewards are great.

DO THIS...NOW!

- Capitol's new "Songs Without Words" album and Official Entry Blanks are available July 1, 1949, at your nearest record dealer.
- Write your own original lyrics to the melodies. All six are simple, singable tunes composed especially for this contest by the famous songwriters listed.
- Write lyrics for only one, or for all six songs. Each lyric will be judged on its individual merits.
- Be sure to submit each song-entry on a separate official "Songs Without Words" contest entry blank.
- All entries will be judged by the Contest Division of Reuben H. Donnelly Corp. in cooperation with the composers of the six melodies and two top lyric writers.

DON'T PUT IT OFF. GET STARTED TODAY. You have as good a chance as anyone to win this contest with a future! For full details get your Official Entry Blank!

FIRST WITH THE HITS FROM HOLLYWOOD



Never
Before
A
Contest
Like
This!

Here's your big chance to "team up" with Hollywood's top tunesmiths... become a recognized songwriter. Hear the music...get your official "Songs Without Words" contest entry blanks today, at your favorite record store. **NO FEE TO PAY!**

ATTENTION!

This contest—sponsored by CAPITOL, one of America's largest record producers—should not be confused with the dozens of "school offers" to make you "a songwriter overnight." Capitol expects to uncover new talent. Remember, it costs you nothing to enter!

See Your
Record Dealer Today!

Why Hollywood PRAYS for Judy

They're all pulling
hard for a great star
to come out
of the dangerous whirlpool
into which life has
plunged her.

BY DENISE CARLSON



Judy attends a Mocombo opening night with her personal monoger, Corlton Alsop.

■ Ten years ago, when Judy Garland was not yet 17, she made a picture called *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry*. Judy isn't crying now. But there are tears about her in Hollywood—tears and hope.

The tears are not for Judy, the star, because the studio announced it will look elsewhere to fill the star role she was suspended from in *Annie Get Your Gun*. The tears are for Judy, the person. They come because there is a fear, evident in the voices of all to whom one mentions her name, that she will succumb altogether under the weight of an emotional and physical strain that is already beginning to dull the snap of her coal-dark eyes and draw tight and wan the pertness and fresh bloom the whole world has learned to love.

"If she can't snap out of this, what difference does it make whether she finishes another picture or not?" asks a woman who has worked close to Judy for years. And her words echo those heard everywhere.

"If she can't snap out of it. . . ."

Can she?

Her friends will better be able to tell when Judy completes her treatment in the Eastern sanitarium which, at this writing, she has just entered.

Two summers ago she was advised to take a long rest. Then, too, she went to an Eastern sanitarium, though she was reluctant to leave her baby daughter, Liza, her Vincente Minnelli, her whole life in Hollywood. She returned looking better, telling friends that she had a wonderful new outlook on things.

"I found such peace!" she cried. "I can eat and I want to eat! I can sleep and I never think of a sleeping pill! I feel like a new woman!"

These words were cheering. But the peace that Judy found then, she has since lost, apparently.

During the early shooting of *Annie Get Your Gun* a few months ago, Judy failed to show up one morning—again. There followed soon afterward an unpublicized suspension which, however, was rescinded within 24 hours. Judy came back to work—and trouble broke out again. She didn't like her director. She didn't like her wardrobe.

As a concession she was given an entirely new wardrobe, and the director remained. But not for long. There were further arguments and, eventually, a new director.

It was expected now that things would go smoothly and the picture would be hurried to completion. (Continued on page 102)

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



Because

**Veto gives you
Double
Protection!**



*Always creamy and smooth
... lovely to use!*

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!

Beauty is my business—

AND SWEETHEART IS MY BEAUTY SOAP

say 9 out of 10 Cover Girls!

• We questioned the gorgeous girls on the covers of America's leading magazines this year. "What beauty soap do you use?" we asked. And 9 out of 10 replied . . . "SweetHeart Soap."

"I'm devoted to SweetHeart Care!"

says JUDY JENKS, Glamorous Cover Girl

"It gives my skin the radiant freshness of dewy rosebuds . . . leaves it soft and smooth as silk. That's why I can earn \$100 a day. Since my complexion is so important to my success, I simply couldn't afford to do without SweetHeart Care."

• And think of the many ways a clear, lovely complexion will pay you in happiness. So like 9 out of 10 cover girls, make pure, mild SweetHeart your beauty soap.

Each day enjoy the benefits of SweetHeart's creamy lather that has a gentle Floaring Lift. It's a remarkable beauty action. You'll quickly see results. One week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger.

Beauty is my business, too!

• Donna Lee Archibald, 6 months old, makes her bow as a model in a lovely SweetHeart complexion all over! For her mother bathes her with pure, mild SweetHeart Soap. Today get gentle SweetHeart in the new, large bath size, that's so luxurious, so economical!



SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

new faces

JOHN IRELAND made such an impression in *A Walk In The Sun* that he was immediately signed to other, more important roles. The newest of these are in *All The King's Men* and *Anna Lucasta* for Columbia Pictures. Before coming to Hollywood, John was well-known on Broadway. He was born in Canada on January 30, 1914, but was educated in New York and got his first acting job with a touring Shakespearean company. John is 6' 2" tall, weighs 175 lbs. and has blue eyes and brown hair. He's married and has a small son, John.



MARY JANE SAUNDERS became a movie star with hardly any trouble. Her mother heard that Paramount was looking for a talented little girl to appear with Bob Hope in *Sorrowful Jones* so she mailed Mary's picture to the studio and Mary got the job. She was born in Pasadena on October 12, 1942 and though her only camera experience had been as a model, she now is slated to become the second Shirley Temple. Mary has light brown hair and eyes and is 41 inches tall, but growing fast. She thinks acting's fine but she'd rather ride a pony or play with her dolls.



LOLA ALBRIGHT'S mother wanted her to become a musician. Lola wanted to become an artist, so they compromised and Lola went into radio—as a typist. She was born in Akron, Ohio, on July 20, 1925 but later moved to Chicago to try her fortune. There she became a model, and photographer Paul Hesse suggested she try Hollywood, where he felt her natural blond hair and blue eyes would be a definite asset. She now has a long term contract with United Artists and you've recently seen her in *Champion*.



LEO GENN, whom you saw as Dr. Kik in *The Snake Pit*, left his legal career in 1930 and except for a brief interlude as a war crimes prosecutor during the war, seems to have made his second career his best. Receiving his dramatic training in amateur theatricals, Mr. Genn made his screen debut in 1937. London born on August 9, 1905 he was first seen in this country in *Henry V* and *Mourning Becomes Electra*. He's 5' 11", weighs 175 lbs., has brown hair and eyes. You can write to him at 20th Century-Fox studios.



sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly
Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY—"My One and Only Highland Fling" by Buddy Clark-Dinah Shore* (Columbia); Gordon MacRae-Jo Stafford* (Capitol); Freddy Martin (Victor); Lawrence Welk (Mercury).

The Astaire-Rogers album recommended last month, has a little competition here, but Fred and Ginger did the best job.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEED—"Every Time I Meet You" by Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Art Lund (MGM). Title song by Art Lund* (MGM).

IT HAPPENS EVERY SPRING—title song by Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Frank Sinatra (Columbia).

What's happened to Frankie's voice? Some of his old drive and spark is missing. He sounds better on the coupling, *Huckle Buck*, aided by the Ken Lone Quintet, but he's still no Billy Eckstine, by a mile.

LUCKY STIFF—"Loneliness" by Jerry Wayne (Columbia).

NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER—"Baby, It's Cold Outside" by Esther Williams and Ricardo Montalban* (MGM), Margaret Whiting and Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Louis Jordan and Ella Fitzgerald** (Decca), Dinah Shore-Buddy Clark (Columbia), Sammy Kaye (Victor).

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE—title song by King Cole* (Capitol), Freddy Martin (Victor). This isn't really from the picture—just "inspired by it," it says here.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME—"The Right Girl For Me" by Gordon MacRae* (Capitol), Derry Falligan (MGM), Sammy Kaye (Victor).

TASK FORCE—"If You Could Care" by Freddy Martin (Victor).

POPULAR

SOUTH PACIFIC—original cast album** (Columbia).

Terrific competition among the big record companies to sell the songs from the year's No. 1 hit Broadway musical. Nobody will really compete with this Columbia collection starring Mary Martin, Ezio Pinza et al. However, there's a Decca album in which the songs don't suffer at all at the hands of Bing, Danny Kaye, Evelyn Knight and Ella Fitzgerald. The Capitol cuttings have Gordon MacRae, Maggie Whiting and Peggy Lee.

HOT JAZZ AND "BOPULAR"

DUKE ELLINGTON—"Singing In The Rain" (Columbia).

Nice, but not up to ducal standards.

BENNY GOODMAN—"Shishkabop" (Capitol)

GEORGE SHEARING—"September in the Rain"* (MGM).

ART TATUM—"I Got Rhythm"*** (Brunswick).

GEORGE WALLINGTON—"Knockout"*** (De Luxe). Wallington is the young pianist-arranger who wrote "Lemon Drop" and "Godchild." He has a good, well-recorded bopset here, with vocalist Buddy Stewart.

... dream girl, dream girl... beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
... hair that gleams and glistens... from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!.. Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look... after a
Lustre-Creme Shampoo

NOT A SOAP! NOT A LIQUID!
BUT KAY DAUMIT'S RICH LATHERING
CREAM SHAMPOO WITH LANOLIN

for Soft, Shimmering
Glamorous Hair



4-oz. jar \$1; 10-oz. economy size \$2.
Smaller jars and tubes 49¢ and 25¢.

No other shampoo gives you the same
magical secret-blend lather plus kindly
LANOLIN... for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, tonight, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

Now! Palmolive's
Famous
"Beauty Lather"
Brings You Something

*Thrillingly
New!*

New Fragrance!
New Charm!
New Allure!



And Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap—Using Nothing But Palmolive—
Can Bring Lovelier Complexions!

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.

Yes, 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!



Get Bath Size Palmolive, too!

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



ill will isn't good

an
open
letter
to
montgomery
clift

Dear Montgomery Clift:

Early this year, this magazine was bombarded by letters from groups of readers who wanted to be chartered by the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association as members of Montgomery Clift fan clubs. Knowing what these clubs represent, in terms of value to their communities and to the players they favor, we agreed. Upon request, you also agreed. A large number of Clift clubs came into existence.

Presently we found ourselves receiving troubled letters: "Clift won't write to us . . ."; "We tried to get a statement for the club magazine but he never replied. . . ."; "As club president, I tried to arrange a five-minute interview, but was told it couldn't be done. . . ."

And recently: "We have voted to disband our club. Why should we work hard and spend our money for someone who doesn't appreciate us?" (We'll come to that "spend our money" business in a moment, Mr. Clift.)

If these letters are accurate—and we're afraid they are—we think you are making a serious mistake. Entirely apart from the disappointment you have brought to people who offered their friendly admiration, you may be hurting yourself professionally.

You are a stage actor, accustomed to performing before "live" audiences. In your stage work, if you are as perceptive as we think you are, you can measure the effectiveness of your performance by immediate audience reaction. Now, as a screen player, you perform for invisible, silent millions. How do you propose to evaluate your work? By what the publicists tell you? By seeing your own films? By reading reviews? By box-office profits? All these studies can give you a part of the story, but you'll have to reach the people themselves for any complete understanding of your effectiveness.

That's where the fans come in—and the fan clubs. These young men and women can offer you respect, loyalty and (this may astonish you, Mr. Clift) honest criticism. Further, they associate your name with dozens of worthy causes. Fan clubs, under this magazine's sponsorship, have contributed large amounts of energy and money to such enterprises as CARE, community chest drives, cancer funds and other causes too numerous to mention.

In this situation we are merely interested bystanders. We like you; we like the fan club members. On that basis we'd like to make a perfectly fair suggestion: Ask the older, more established stars about fan clubs. You'll hear some criticism—no organization is perfect. But we know, with certainty, that you'll hear far more praise—and from actors you respect. Your course of action after that should be clear enough.

Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR

Elizabeth wouldn't say much about her new romance, but she didn't have to. There was a soft, gay look in her eyes that spoke of love . . .

by hedda hopper

her Eyes have told me so!



Liz Taylor met Bill Pawley, Jr. (above), shortly before Glenn Davis (right) returned from Korea. Liz broke her engagement to Glenn and is now engaged to 28-year-old Bill.



In recent months, the public was greatly intrigued by Elizabeth Taylor's romance with Lieutenant Glenn Davis. Then, almost overnight, the picture changed. Davis dropped out of it and a new man, William Pawley, Jr., entered Elizabeth's life. On June 6, her engagement to Pawley was announced. Here, Hedda Hopper tells the story of their sudden, exciting romance—and gives a charming picture of a girl in love trying to keep a lovely "secret."—THE EDITORS.

■ I sat with Elizabeth Taylor in the Taylor home just a few days before her engagement to Bill Pawley, Jr., was announced. "Officially, please say I'm not engaged," said Elizabeth, very officially.

"All right," I agreed, "then officially you're not. . . . By the way, what's that gold watch bracelet on your wrist—a present from Bill?"

Liz's china-blue eyes looked down and her rose-ivory cheeks reddened and swelled in a smile. "It is," she confessed. "How did you ever guess?"

"He has good taste," I told her, "that Bill of yours. In more ways than one, if you follow me."

"Thank you, ma'am," grinned that charming Taylor romancer.

Guessing is sometimes my business in Hollywood—but when I first heard about Elizabeth and Bill I was none too sure that she was in love again. I wasn't at all certain that love was the precise word to use about the hasty heart-throbs of a sweet seventeen-year-old, especially one as wrapped up in sighs and liable to sudden flip-flops beneath her bosom as Elizabeth is at this stage of her young life. I'd have called it romance, myself—which even Liz admitted to me was the best tag for her engagement to Lieutenant Glenn Davis, the ex-West Point football flash.

(Continued on page 95)



WE FOUGHT TO SAVE OUR

by Dick Powell



MARRIAGE

**I guess June and
I were about the hap-
piest couple in
Hollywood—until the
morning some wise
guy said our marriage
was skidding . . .**

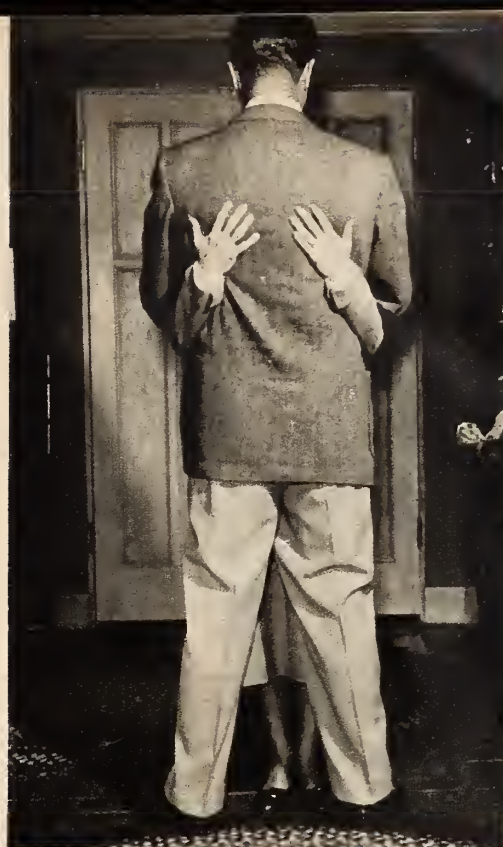
■ I don't want to sound like a wise guy—but I wish those termite-brained saboteurs who were trying to blow up June's and my marriage just about a year ago would screw on their false faces and come around to see me. You may remember some of the printed stories about how the Powell marriage was falling apart. Well, a year has gone by. We still have, as we had then, one of the happiest marriages anybody could locate.

It's time some actor spoke right out in public and let the people know what a devil of a lot of trouble the idiotic chattering of rumor-mongers can cause. There are quite a number of marriages around Hollywood that might have survived a little trouble if these worms hadn't chewed away the foundations. Here's the sort of thing I mean:

One morning around six a.m., I woke up and looked for Mrs. Powell. She was gone. Oh yeah, I forgot: Final scenes for *Little Women*. I put on my robe and clumped downstairs. There was June in the breakfast room, gulping a fast cup of coffee.

I presented her with a smack on the forehead. She looked up with that worried expression she gets sometimes that makes her resemble a pleasant turnip. "Read that!" she exclaimed, handing me the morning gazette.

Four lines in a column read something like



In a delightful scene familiar to all married couples, Dick kisses June hastily before leaving for work.

this: "What's skidding in the Dick Powell homestead? Too bad, blaa, blaa, et cetera, and blaa."

"I don't like it," June said.

"Some reporter this guy is," I growled. "Last night we were holding hands at the movies, as if we'd just met, and here's this boy smearing around his printer's ink, shoving us right down to the Hall of Justice. Why, I ought to punch him right in the nose."

"Gee," June grinned. "Get madder. Get real sore. Proves you love me on Thursdays." Then she kissed me goodbye, raced out, jumped into her convertible Ford and beat it for Metro.

Right after breakfast, I dialed a number and asked for somebody who'll have to be known as Joe Columnist. He was there, probably loading his typewriter with venom for the next day's blast.

"Joe," I said, "this is that actor, Dick Powell. Joe, I hate to be sensitive and all that rot—but where did you get the notion that the Powells can't stand each other?"

"I dunno, Dick," he replied easily. "I just pick things up."

"All right!" I snapped. "You're supposed to be a friend of mine. You just picked this up and it's wrong! Put it down!"

"Okay, Dick," he said. "Okay, friend. Want me to deny that you're (Continued on page 88)



■ The Chinese clerk on Grant Avenue handed over the package of lichee nuts to the leggy, freckle-faced girl who was doing San Francisco's Chinatown.

"You a movie star?" he inquired.

"No, sir!" protested the pretty customer. "Not me!"

"You're Doris Day, aren't you?"

"Yes," she admitted.

He nodded wisely. "Then you're a movie star, all right."

Doris Day shouldn't need the Wisdom of the East to tell her she's riding high in the Hollywood heavens. Right now all kinds of wonderful things are popping which should prove that D-Day in Hollywood is here for a young and healthy lady of the same name. Practically every time the clock chimes, fan letters enough to give the postman lumbago are piling in on Doris, saying, "You're terrific!" She's endorsing contract checks from Warner Brothers for movies, from Bob Hope for radio, and from Columbia Records for platters—all of which adds up to over \$2000 every Saturday night. She has *My Dream Is Yours* and *It's a Great Feeling* to back up the hit she made in *Romance on the High Seas*. She has stars and producers trailing her to sign contracts for more starring jobs at fancier figures. Wherever she's exposed her friendly grin, pearly pipes and bouncy body, the public's loved that girl. It was Doris' enthusiastic mobbing on her first personal appearance in San Francisco that tipped off the canny Chinese that his blonde young customer was something special.

But when her rise in the world is called to her attention, Doris keeps shaking her taffy-colored head and saying, "Who, me?" (Continued on page 79)

there's
a
great
DAY
comin'



Doris tries to be an hand when her turkeys get hungry. She loves animals—wants to own a ranchful of them someday.



Bob Hope and Doris head for a broadcast. Dynamic Doris divides her time between radio, recordings and movies. Her newest: *It's a Great Feeling*.

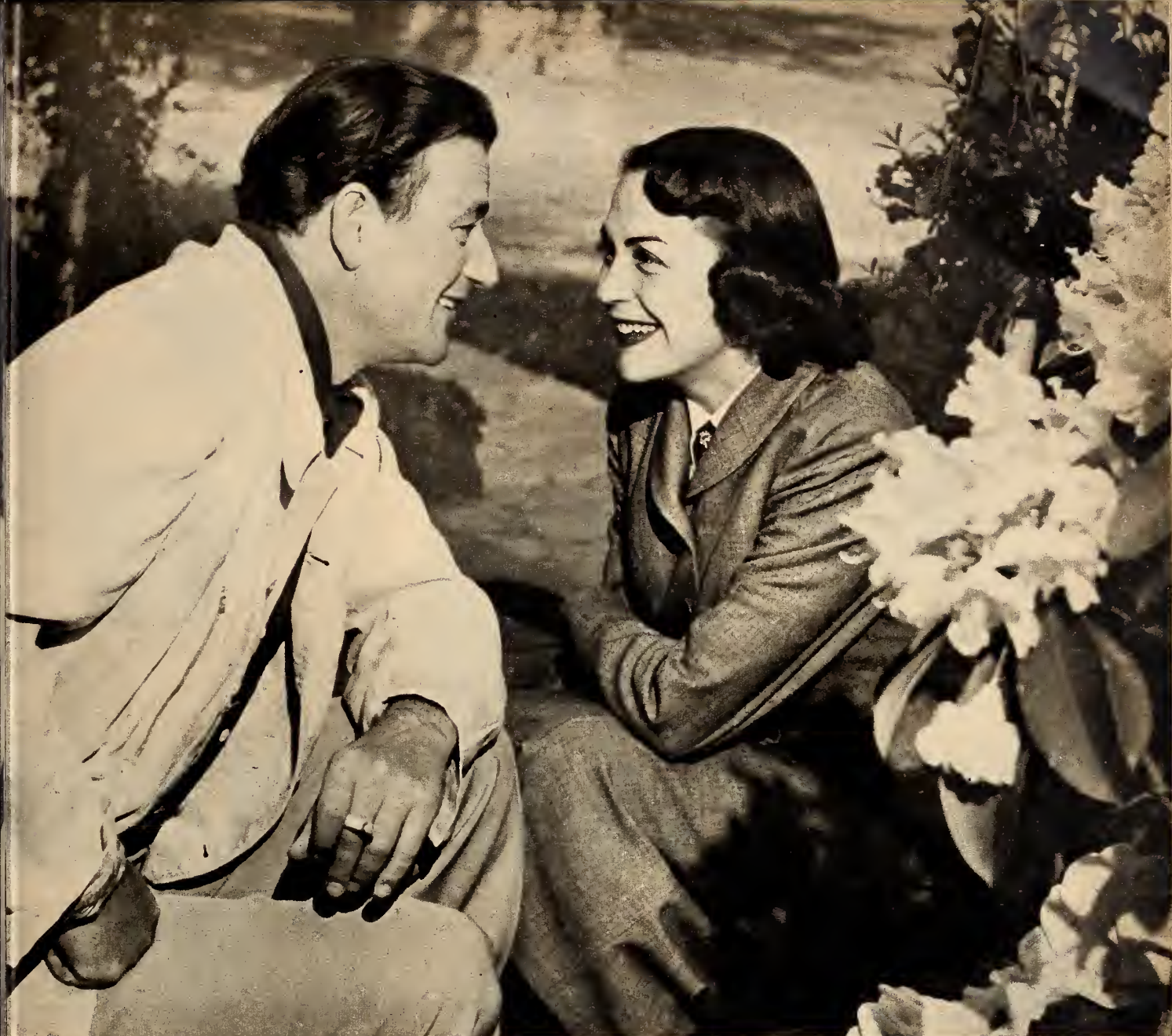
She'd never acted
in her life,
but that didn't matter.
She had taffy-colored
hair and a pure,
white smile—and
she knew what to do
with a song . . .

BY JACK WADE

JOHN WAYNE'S DOUBLE LIFE



In his 20 years in Hollywood, Wayne—here on the set of *Strange Caravan*—has been in 143 films.



John and his Chata sunning in the patia of their Van Nuys home. They met in Mexica, after his first marriage ended, and were wed in 1946.

**His virile image
on the screen is as
familiar as
sun and wind—yet
the real man
has remained
a silent enigma . . .**

By MORGAN MacNEIL

■ A few months ago Betty Grable and Harry James who, next to horses, like movies best, had a night off.

"How about going to a show?" Harry suggested.

"Okay with me," Betty said. "What's playing?"

Harry picked up the local newspaper and glanced at the movie ads. "I may be nuts," he announced after a few minutes, "but the only thing playing in Los Angeles is John Wayne."

"Now, come, Harry," Betty said.

"Honest," Harry insisted. "Just listen to this." He began reading aloud. "In Westwood, they're showing John Wayne in *Red River*. In Hollywood, they're showing John Wayne in *Wake of the Red Witch*. In Beverly Hills, they've got John Wayne in *Three Godfathers*. In Glendale, it's John Wayne in two revivals, *Stagecoach* and *The Long Voyage Home*. In Burbank, they're showing John Wayne in *Fort Apache*. And in Pasadena they're sneaking a preview of John Wayne in *She Wore A Yellow Ribbon*. . . I'm telling you, this guy is blanketing Los Angeles."

(Continued on page 99)

Martha
Vickers

Jane
Nigh

Douglas Dick

Ann
Sothern

Shelley Winters

Mickey Rooney

Scott Brady

Ann Blyth

HOLLYWOOD'S TANGLED

Greg
Juarez

Cara
Williams

Cesar
Romero

Barbara Lawrence

Bob
Neal

Turhan Bey

Arlene
Dahl

Cathy Downs



Farley Granger



Pat
Neal



Howard Duff



Ava Gardner

ROMANCES



Peter Lawford



Janet Leigh



Joy
Lansing



Tom
Drake



Barry
Nelson



Michael
North



Gloria
Haley

**Who's dating
in Hollywood—and
are they really?
Here's a play-
by-play account of
recently reported
romances.**

By **GEORGE BENJAMIN**

■ **NEWS ITEM:** *Ava Gardner has tiffed again with Howard Duff, who is now being seen around with Shelley Winters, while Ava dates Farley Granger, who used to go with Pat Neal.*

Reporters have no sooner settled down to the assumption that this is the way things are going to be for awhile when Ava and Howard are spotted strolling into Schwab's drug store for a late soda. That does it. A fella can take a girl to Ciro's or Mocambo and it may be only a casual date, but when they show up in look-alike gray sweaters and bright smiles at the local drug emporium they go together like ham and eggs.

What happened here?

Why, nothing much. Ava and Howard did fall out. Ava promptly went out with Farley Granger, which should have had a crushing effect on Howard. If such were the case, he didn't show it when he stepped out the next evening with Shelley Winters. Outwardly, Ava paid no attention at all to this turn of events. Inwardly, she must have seethed—for, a few days thereafter, Howard left to do location scenes for *Partners in Crime*, in which his leading lady happens to be Shelley Winters.

Everyone in Hollywood knows that an actor frequently falls more than a little in love with his leading lady during the filming of a picture, especially when location trips are involved. Then a man is away from telephones which can put him in instant touch with his best girl in case they want to make up. Then, too, a man finds himself in the great outdoors often with a great big moon hanging around, to enhance the charms of the girl he's been making love to all day.

If the studio gossip were true, Shelley and Howard weren't going to mind this situation a bit. Except for one thing. At the same time the columnists had Ava Gardner holding hands with Farley Granger, Ava (Continued on page 85)

And the Living is breezy...



The easy informality of the Andrews' home allows the kids a maximum of freedom. Even baby Susan joins Steve and Kathy for meals in the cheerful breakfast-room.



Dana's leather chair in the den is his favorite spot for relaxing with travel books. It's also Kathy and Steve's favorite spot for relaxing with Daddy, and half the time he's submerged by small, sprawling arms and legs.



The Queen Anne dining room in golden oak is Mary's particular joy. On a recent trip to England, she haunted antique shops and brought home some fine finds.



Dana and Mary's bedroom, within earshot of the children's rooms, shows a Victorian influence. They often use it as a sitting room when the kids are tucked away for the night. Tiled fireplace is actually used on cool nights.



Mary and Dana gather with Kathy and Stevie for a sing in the living room. The partrait is af Dana's aldest bay, David.

Nine years ago,
Dana Andrews began his
dream house. Now
he has it furnished—
with a lovely wife,
four rollicking kids,
and furniture those kids
can't take apart.

BY VIOLA MOORE

■ "You know those hermit crabs that won't go anywhere without taking their houses on their backs?" asks Dana Andrews. "Well, I'm kind of like that. I'm darned if I'll go on location anywhere in the world without taking my household with me."

And that's no gag. When Dana went to England not long ago to make *The Forbidden Street* with Maureen O'Hara, he took along his wife Mary, two of the children, Kathy and Stevie (his older boy, David, was at boarding school), and Mary's mother and dad. The merry Andrews are a close-knit clan.

Which is plain to see when you drop in at the Andrews' home—the focal spot of their world. One-year-old Susan, the newest member of the family, presides over the happy establishment, which is housed in a roomy, grey stucco structure trimmed with touches of white. A gabled roof looks over a paved courtyard. Sloping lawns are guarded by a high white wall, equipped with an electric gate to insure privacy.

The Andrews' home is no mere showplace, furnished by impersonal decorators: The Andrews have created their own atmosphere. Dark green

And the Living is breezy...



Baby Susan Andrews, here getting her hair brushed, was born January 30, 1948. Her nursery walls are done in deep robin's egg blue, set off by draperies figured with story-book characters.



The clan assembles in the den to discuss new voyages on their ship *Vileehi*. Except for Susan, all the Andrews (including 16-year-old David, who is away at school) are enthusiastic tars.



In their beautiful living room, Dana and Mary can smile now as they recall the tiny apartment they started married life in nine years ago. Dana has well justified her faith in his future.

walls in their beautiful formal living-room are accented by pastel printed chairs and a bright pink couch under the bay window. Mahogany-panelled walls in the den have been utilized to provide a bookshelf in the same wood. Stately Queen Anne dining-room furniture in golden oak is backed by scenic wallpaper depicting the early days of Boston, Philadelphia, New York and San Francisco. The children are allowed full run of the house, for Mary believes that only by *expecting* good behavior are you likely to get it.

In the spacious den, leading out of the living-room, the Andrews family gets together for evenings of fun and frolic. With one glance at the room, you can tell they're bound together by their truly fanatic interest in boats—particularly their own two, the *Katherine* and the *Vileehi*. Enlarged snapshots of the boats and its three young deck hands line the walls. Six-year-old Kathy, impish-eyed, with heavy Dutch bangs; Stevie, with his belligerent baby chin, and 16-year-old David are shown in assorted nautical poses. Prints of old sailing ships; maps and fishing equipment are scattered about. Dana's navigation books weigh down the oak coffee-table.

By one window, there's an oversized leather chair—in which, supposedly, Dana reads scripts and travel books of an evening. Usually, though, it's a mad scramble of slithering legs and arms as Kathy and Stevie clamber all over him. Slippery leather chairs—particularly if they're occupied by a good-natured father who enjoys rough-housing—seem to have a most magnetic appeal for all such energetic infants.

But the kids' behavior in the dining room is definitely different. Here, where a chandelier composed of six antique lamps glows softly upon her silver coffee service and her Queen Anne tea service on the buffet, slim, blonde Mary insists on manners to match the elegant appointments of the furnishings. The raspberry red carpet quiets the scamper of small feet as they hurry into their appointed chairs.

The Andrews children's sunny bedrooms are off the main hallway upstairs. In a central play-space are their record-player, books, paints and mechanical toys. Mary and Dana's master bedroom is within earshot. It's a restful room with twin beds of dark polished wood covered with quilted spreads of deep rose satin that match the large roses in the wallpaper. An early Victorian mahogany highboy and small tables match Mary's dressing table. The rose-patterned wallpaper is carried right through Mary's dressing room and into the bathroom, whose walls and ceiling are cheery with the same bright design. Flanking the massive fireplace in their room. Mary has placed (Continued on page 105)



Anne Baxter gives a little loving service to husband, John Hodiak. She's in *You're My Everything*; he's in *Malaya*.

how could I be so Wrong!

by Anne Baxter

I used to make
speeches on who
should marry and
who shouldn't;
on mixing careers
and domesticity. Then,
three years ago, the
unexpected happened . . .

Just the other day—July 7th—Anne Baxter and John Hodiak celebrated their third wedding anniversary. At this appropriate time, MODERN SCREEN is happy to present Anne's revelations of her married life.—THE EDITORS.

■ Once, when I was young, foolish and unmarried, I sounded off recklessly on a certain subject with words which have haunted me ever since.

I said—and right in print—that I'd never marry an actor.

I gave all the old, familiar reasons: Two careers, I argued, were domestic dynamite. Two ambitions could breed only rivalry and unhappiness, sure as shooting. Two incomes were deadly; a man has to be the provider. Two busy lives left no time for married companionship; a wife must be only a wife. And so on. At that point I believed every word I said—but I simply didn't know what I was talking about.

(Continued on page 92)



■ What's a Huttontot? Well, if you look in the dictionary you won't find it—it's not there. If it were, it'd be defined this way:

"Huttontot (hêd'āk), n. 1. One of a small race of offspring belonging to Betty Hutton. Famous for creating havoc and bedevilling baby sitters.

2. *Plural, Huttontots.* Double trouble."

But we didn't need a dictionary. We found out all about 'em at first-hand. . . .

Everything had started out so gay—so carefree. Just a nice, entertaining home interview with Betty for MODERN SCREEN.

As Betty greeted photographer Bob Beerman and us at the door of her Brentwood house, Lindsay, aged two, and Candy, 11 months, were shyly peeking around her slack-clad legs. It was the nurse's day off, and Betty had wonderful plans to spend her time relaxing with the children.

As Betty talked and we took notes, Lindsay and Candy kept up a steady procession from the nursery to the den. Candy would bring her favorite dolls and tenderly deposit them in our laps, while Lindsay showed up periodically with a book from her growing library.

"Lindsay's the bookworm of the family," explained Betty. "Don't know where she gets it! I'll risk sounding like a boastful mom, which I am, but she can recite over a hundred nursery rhymes without any coaching from (*Continued on page 47*)

H

HUTTONTOTS,

the care and feeding of

by reba and bonnie churchill

Candy and Lindsay
were little angels. But when
Betty Hutton left home, their
halos slipped and nearly
strangled the baby-sitting
Churchill girls!



Left, Betty Hutton has an urgent call from Paramount to come right over. But who'll baby-sit with Candy and Lindsay? Well, interviewers Reba and Bonnie Churchill happen to be there, sa. . . . Above: "Gaud luck!" says Betty.



Reba and Bonnie take Lindsay and Candy for a brisk gallap on their racking horses. The Churchills' first attempt at baby sitting was, ta say the least, strenuous—the kids have their mother's energy.

HUTTONTOTS, the care and feeding of



Reba ties a hair ribbon for Candy, the baby bombshell, as Lindsay supervises the delicate operation. Later, the small Briskins got around to making mud pies—and asking the Churchills to eat them.



The Briskins try their hand at their own type of be-bop in the nursery, with Candy at the ivories and Lindsay on the xylophone. Be-bop or not, the peaceful moment was music to the Churchills' ears.



Lindsay instructs Reba in the fine art of turning somersaults—which the athletic tot mastered at an earlier age. Fundamentally, however, Lindsay's a baokworm—she knows over 100 nursery rhymes.



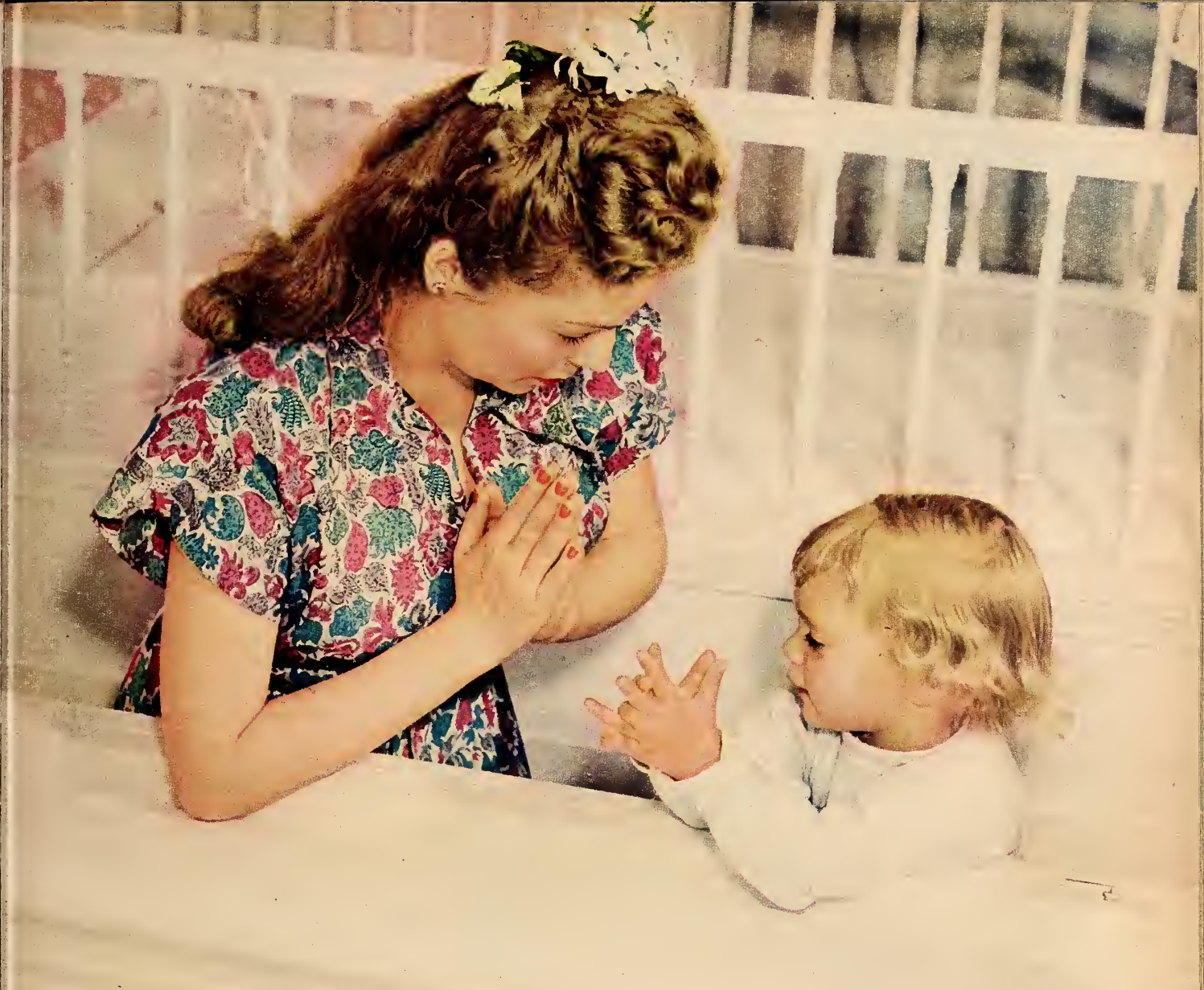
"Hi-Ho, Churchill," scream the Briskin tats as they ride the living room range. Play came to an end when Candy decided to use Bonnie's long hair far reins. "Harsey" is their favorite game with Daddy.



Outfitted in look-alike bib aprons, Candy and Lindsay have their lunch, prepared according to Betty's instructions. Lindsay doesn't go for spinach, but Candy does. Both have fine table manners.



Reba tries to convince Candy that it's time to put on sleepers. But the littlest Briskin doesn't like the idea. "Schnooklee" (Candy's nickname) usually wears anything or nothing with equal zest.



Bonnie kneels with Lindsay as she begins her prayers. . . . But afterwards, Reba and Bonnie had to sing to get the little girls to go to sleep.

(Continued from page 45) the audience. And you should hear her sing 'Buttons and Bows'! . . . Some of my friends are sending their kids to nursery school. But I said none of that for Lindsay—she's too smart already."

Betty continued to breeze along. The interview was proceeding as smooth as glass. And then—the phone rang. It was a call that changed our lives.

It was the Paramount studio. They wanted Miss Hutton to come right over. Something important about her latest film, *Red Hot and Blue*.

"But—but who'll baby sit with the youngsters?" said Betty. "It's Kirchey's—the nurse's—day off. Mother's in Palm Springs. And Ted's at the office."

She waved her hand in a desperate little gesture. She stopped. Her hand paused in mid-air and then slowly pointed a finger in our direction. "You!" she exclaimed. "Of course, you two!"

Looking around as if (Continued on page 101)



Betty and Ted returned home to find two exhausted Churchills collapsed on the nearest bed. "The kids've been giving you the treatment, eh?" said Betty. "That's what *we* go through every day."



This isn't just a gag shot. Pete spends so much time in the family garden in Brentwood that his mother calls him "Gopher."



Pete has managed to get this close to Noella Ouellette, MGM messenger, only because she hasn't seen the guy first—she'll probably scream when she does.



Hedy, the Lawford maid, helps Pete pack up for a vacation in England after he finished *The Red Danube*.

I'm
No

PLAYBOY

by Peter Lawford

In "Peter and the Wolf" in the June MODERN SCREEN, it was pointed out that there are two Peter Lawfords—the real Peter and the playboy his publicity has made him out to be. In the following delightful story, Pete tells of some of the awful misunderstandings he's had with girls as a result of his reputation.—THE EDITORS.

■ Was it Bilkie the Bear, or was it Hunky the Hippo, in the old nursery tale, who escaped his cage at a village carnival because he was such a friendly soul and wanted to meet the people at close range and be treated as one of them? Anyway, I don't have to tell you what happened. He got beamed with staves and whiffletrees by the frightened citizenry and ran back to his cage howling for protection.

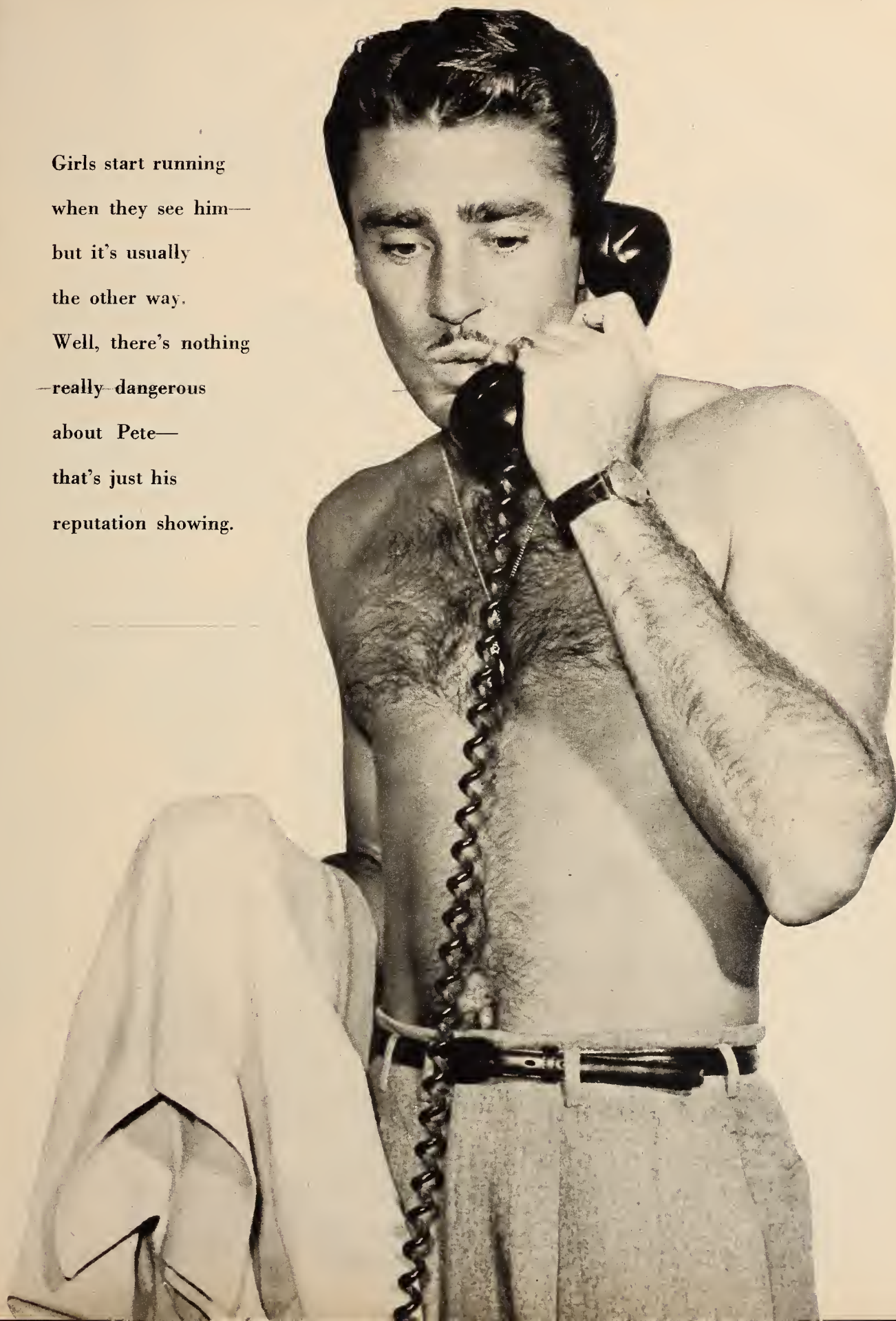
Well, that's me—Peter the Playboy, so-called.

I want to be friendly. But that reputation . . . whew! Every time I wander off the Hollywood reservation and meet a girl not in the movie colony, the things that happen! If she sticks around at all, she's hostile. If she isn't hostile she's narrow-eyed and watchful. If she isn't that she's a hundred other things—but rarely the pleasant girl she would be had she met anyone else but me.

Take a Saturday a few weeks ago in Laguna Beach. I went there to attend a beach party but arrived without a girl. (Yeah . . . I tried but it was short notice.) There was another fellow there—call him Joe—who also was without a girl. But Joe wasn't worried. He lived in Laguna and was sure he could run into somebody he knew. He even offered to help me get a date—and we went off in my car, recruiting.

How did we do? Well, let's skip our first two tries and go right into the third. We ran into a pretty two-some of blonde loveliness just outside of Carpenter's, the town's unique general store which sells everything from fat men's pants to (Continued on page 64)

Girls start running
when they see him—
but it's usually
the other way.
Well, there's nothing
—really dangerous
about Pete—
that's just his
reputation showing.





WAS IT LOVE?

Was Ingrid indiscreet? These exclusive photos from Stromboli tell a fascinating story.

The first complete coverage of the Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini story to appear in any national magazine was published in the July issue of MODERN SCREEN. Now, in the exclusive series of pictures beginning on this page, we present in graphic detail scenes from the story of Ingrid and Rossellini on Stromboli.—THE EDITORS.

■ The blue sea sweeps toward the rocks, striking, and retreating, and subsiding in twisted garlands of foam upon the endless waves that charge again. At night, when the few inhabitants have put out their lamps and the only sound is the roar of the dark water, the island becomes a place of shadows and mystery. . . .

They call the island Stromboli. It lies to the west above the toe of the Italian boot, like a pebble kicked into the sea. It is 132 miles from Naples on the mainland, 70 from Messina on Sicily, in the cup of the Tyrrhenian sea.

Until April of this year, few Americans had ever heard of Stromboli. But today, millions of Americans know about this strange, volcanic Italian island. It is a place to which an actress went to make a motion picture. The name of the actress is Ingrid Bergman. The name of her director is Roberto Rossellini.

Bergman, who had recently completed *Under Capricorn* for Warners before meeting Rossellini in Hollywood and going with him to Stromboli, had been to most moviegoers an embodiment of perfection, not only as an actress but as a woman above reproach, whose marriage to Dr. Peter Lindstrom had never been touched by gossip.

Rossellini, although his work has not been well known to American moviegoers, is a director whose reputation, both on the Continent and in the United States, is one of the highest in the profession.

. . . and the waves surge against Stromboli, foaming around the jagged rocks, echoing in the caverns, painting the blue water with a careless brush. . . .

Less than two weeks had passed after the arrival of



Like eager children in a strange new land, Ingrid and Rossellini rediscovered the ancient island day by day. Here, Rossellini pushes open the door of an abandoned cottage.



Anxious for her to absorb the atmosphere and to love the bleak country, Rossellini took Ingrid on long rambles. Village youngsters watched them curiously as they passed.

One of the few diversions for Ingrid and Rossellini was fishing in the Tyrrhenian Sea. They did this between scenes for *After The Storm*, and here, too, Rossellini was her director.

WAS IT LOVE?—or the enchantment of an island, silent and lonely and far away . . .

Ingrid, Rossellini, and the RKO company assigned to making *After The Storm*, before rumors began to appear in the American press. Reports had it that a deep affection had developed between Miss Bergman and Rossellini. Under the spell of the strange, wild island, the two most important figures in the movie company were supposed to have found each other irresistible.

"Romance!" the columnists shouted.

Dr. Lindstrom flew to Italy from Hollywood. Ingrid issued a statement. (She had been bombarded by cables and

phone calls from the American press, and the greatest mystery of all had centered around why she refused to deny, point-blank, the various stories in the press.)

Ingrid said, in part: "I have met my husband and we discussed and clarified the situation. . . . Once the film is completed, I shall leave Italy and meet my husband in Sweden or the United States. Beyond this there will be no further statements about our private lives. . . ."

. . . *More than just an island, Stromboli is a volcano rising from the sea. Once it boasted a* (Continued on page 54)

As a motor boat carries them out to sea where they will shoot an opening scene of the movie, Bergman and Rossellini sit arm-in-arm.





Her face tense and drawn, Ingrid waits to perform. In a little while she'll act the part of Karen, the young fisherman's wife who must make her home on the volcanic island amid alien customs.



After hours of tiring work, rest and refreshment are offered in the shade of a crumbling building. Now the mournful, silent island of Stromboli is suddenly, magically awakened.



Even deep-sea diving doesn't take director Rossellini's mind from the script. Before plunging into the water, he's pushed back his goggle helmet to deliver an opinion on acting technique.



With his diving goggles lying beneath his chin, Mario Vitale relaxes between his plunges. Vitale is the 21-year-old Salerno fisherman whom Rossellini has chosen to play opposite Bergman.



A young Frenchman explains to Ingrid his mysterious appearance on the island. He has come all the way from home just to present Ingrid with a song whose words and music he composed for her.



Ingrid, scenarist Sergio Amidei and Rossellini stand entranced before the door of their cottage. It is one of Stromboli's angry nights and the sky is overspread with a foreboding red glow.



Gently, Rossellini puts tears in Ingrid's eyes as they prepare for a scene. Although his work is little known to U.S. audiences, Rossellini has a high reputation among professional movie-makers.



An assistant shows the scene he's just typed out to Ingrid and Rossellini. Below: Amid the bustling activity, an island woman combs her child's hair, seemingly indifferent to her surroundings.



WAS IT LOVE?

(Continued from page 52) population of 5,000, but the danger of living in the path of frequent eruptions—the most dramatic and memorable were the ones of 1919 and 1930—has gradually driven its dwellers away. Of the 400 souls living there today, at least 300 are natives of the neighboring Lipari Islands, forced to Stromboli by homelessness. For this is one of the few places in the world without a housing problem. Abandoned homesteads, falling into ruin, dot the island. In many of them one can still trace the signs of hurried departure, of flight from the deadly streams of lava. . . . Stromboli is an island of death. In a few years' time, it will be utterly abandoned, its doors gaping, its walls crumbling, a new Pompeii. And the volcano will continue to seethe and rumble and flame, like a baleful and triumphant diety astride the sea. . . .

Was Ingrid indiscreet?

Indiscreet, according to the dictionary, means lacking in caution and prudence. Did Ingrid show caution and prudence with Rossellini on Stromboli?

For a person who must have been aware that her every movement was being observed by the public in all parts of the world, Ingrid showed little caution or prudence. On these pages, MODERN SCREEN presents a remarkable series of pictures—possibly the most remarkable ever to appear in a movie magazine. They tell, with clarity and perception, of the fascinating events that made the island of Stromboli suddenly so important.

Today, for a while, the island of death has awakened as if by a magic touch. In the narrow passages of the abandoned village are voices and footsteps. Faces peep into the deserted houses, the ancient walls echo with songs. But soon Stromboli will once again sink back toward the dim destiny of forgotten things that must, someday, claim it utterly.

Yet there are some questions about it that always will remain—questions concerning two persons whose names, whether they wish it thus or not, will be linked together in history so long as are told great tales of men and women and the strange involvements into which their questing hearts must forever lead them.

Like two figures in a classic drama, Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini face the oncoming storm atop the black rubble of Stromboli. The day's work done, they look forward to tomorrow, unaware that the swirling waters on the rocks' beneath may be symbolic of the forces now bearing upon their futures.



Bob Stack couldn't
help it if he was born rich,
and it wasn't his fault
he was handsome. But he had
to wage a mighty struggle
to overcome those advantages.

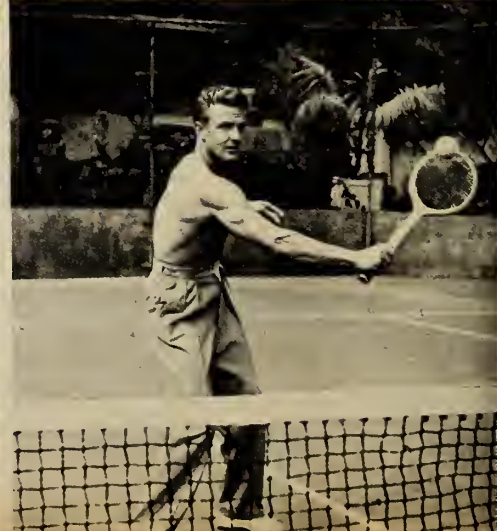
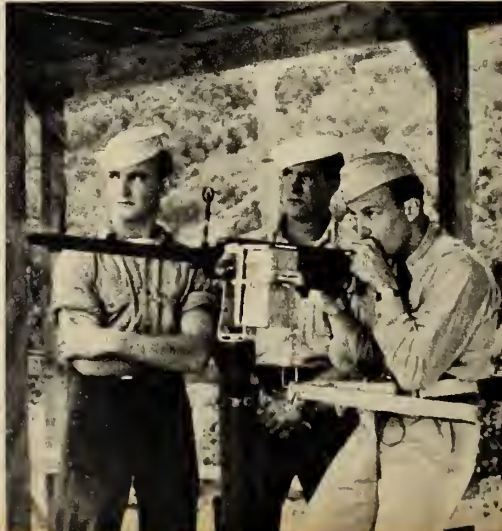
BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

All that money can't buy

Bob gets set to demonstrate the hard-won skill that has won him so many shooting honors.

His marksmanship paid off in the war when, as Ensign Stack, Bob taught gunnery. Previously, he had been graduated as top man in his naval training class.

Bob plays tennis (and every other game he tries) with an almost professional skill.





For years, rugged Bob Stack has burned when called handsome. That beautiful wave in his hair has been a constant pain to him.

■ On his desk at home Bob Stack keeps the remains of a particularly handsome picture of himself which looks tragically the worse for wear. The edges are mashed, the corners crumpled and torn. The boyish face which this wreckage frames is a debutante's dream for sure. The golden hair is curly, the nose straight, the lashes long, and the lips full. It's the face of a young Adonis—and that's just the trouble.

For the past nine or 10 years, whenever Bob has encountered that photograph face-to-face, he has seized it with his muscular paws and shaken it as a terrier does a

rat. "Get older, blast you!" Bob has growled. "Get older, do you hear?"

There's a wave, too—an irritating, rebellious wave on the left side of Bob's forehead that any girl would give the prospect of a mink coat to own. It sweeps, smart and smooth, just the right way to set off his crop of corn-silk and it's made of sturdy stuff. For years Bob has been pressing it flat, wetting it down and plastering it tight, cuffing and combing it out—with no progress whatever. It's still there to make him burn like a bonfire any time anybody calls him *(Continued on page 75)*



Picture
of the
Month

the
girl
from

JONES BEACH

■ While it may not wind up among the ten best pictures of the year, Warner Brothers' *The Girl From Jones Beach* is a shiny, fresh and diverting comedy—nice, light summer entertainment.

If you can't get to the famous Long Island beach yourself on a hot August day, a pleasant substitute will be to watch Virginia Mayo there. Miss Mayo plays a high-minded schoolteacher who resents the fact that men, the beasts, are less interested in her mind than her figger.

The gayly complex plot revolves about the efforts of promoter Eddie Bracken and artist Ronald Reagan to get Virginia on a national television show as Ronald's model. In the course of it, Ronald pretends he's an immigrant and enrolls in one of her night-school classes. Naturally, they fall in love. Virginia, in a sudden feminine shift, begins to worry because he seems interested only in her intellect, not in her good looks. She thereupon sets out to change his attitude. For details on these farcical generalities, see the pictures to your right.

The Girl From Jones Beach has been happily cast. Besides her obvious physical qualifications, Virginia Mayo brings to her role a surprisingly deft talent for comedy. Ronald Reagan, as the artist, is a proper blend of worldly and corn-fed charm. Eddie Bracken is consistently comic as the hungry promoter with a fondness for letting his girl think he's going to commit suicide. As Eddie's girl, Dona Drake disports with her usual pertness.

This movie's like a good soft drink—sparkling, harmless, refreshing. Go see.



1. Impoverished promoter Chuck Donovan (Eddie Bracken) will collect \$10,000 if he can sign artist Bob Randolph (Ronald Reagan) and his famed Randolph Girl model to a television contract. Bob refuses, for his creation is a composite of 12 girls.



2. Next morning, in a rowboat off Jones Beach, Chuck spots an in-the-flesh version of the Randolph Girl through field glasses. She disappears before Chuck reaches shore. He calls Bob. They haunt the beach until they find her—Ruth Wilson (Virginia Mayo).



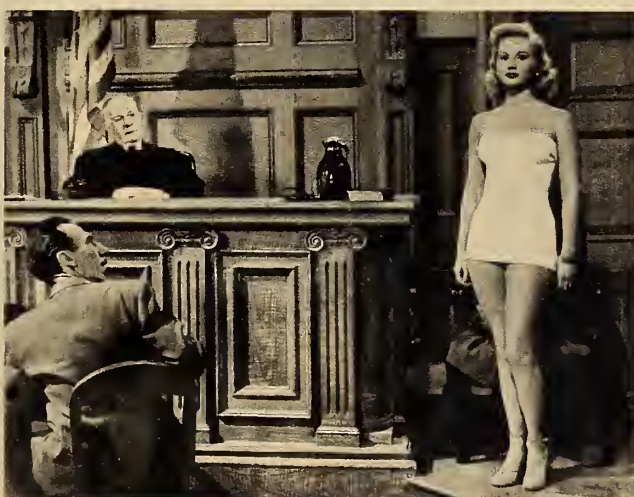
3. Ruth is a teacher who wants to be admired for intellectual rather than physical attributes. Learning that she teaches an evening naturalization class, Bob enrolls so he can get her to pose. When Ruth discovers his identity, she's in love—and doesn't care.



4. Ruth thinks she's loved for her brain—and now doesn't like the idea. Still not realizing just why Bob enrolled, she asks him to meet her at the beach, hoping to end his seeming blindness to her beauty. Meantime Bob decides to call off the hoax and marry her.



5. When Chuck hears the meeting being arranged, he and best girl Connie Martin (Dona Drake) arrive with newspapermen and cameras. The resulting publicity causes Ruth's school board to dismiss her from her position. It also ends her romance with Bob.



6. Ruth takes her dismissal to court where, in a bathing suit, she's exhibit A. Bob comes to her defense and the judge (Henry Travers) upholds her right to teach. After a surprise twist, Ruth and Bob reconcile as Chuck and Connie plan to make it a double wedding.



out of his **M**ind-and back

Or how Modern Screen's fun-loving photographer found Gregory Peck in Florida.

MEMORANDUM

FROM: Editor, Modern Screen

TO: Managing Editor Hartley

Understand Gregory Peck somewhere in Florida on location for *Twelve O'Clock High*. Isn't Ike Vern also in Florida now? If so, let's have Vern scoot over to Peck's location to shoot us some pix.

Nichols

IKE VERN

CORAL GABLES

FLORIDA

GREGORY PECK IS AT FORT WALTON FLORIDA. ONLY COUPLE INCHES AWAY FROM YOU ON MAP. CAN YOU SHOOT PICTURE STORY ON WHAT HE DOES WHEN NOT WORKING?

HARTLEY, MODERN SCREEN

WILLIAM HARTLEY

MODERN SCREEN

NEW YORK, N. Y.

HAPPY TO DO PECK COVERAGE. DON'T KNOW WHERE FORT WALTON IS BUT WILL FIND OUT AND LEAVE IMMEDIATELY. WILL REPORT TO YOU FROM THERE.

IKE VERN

IKE VERN

BACON'S BY THE SEA

FORT WALTON, FLORIDA

WHAT'S UP? THREE DAYS WITH NO WORD FROM YOU MAKES ME VERY NERVOUS. HOLDING SPACE IN MAGAZINE FOR PECK STORY.

BILL HARTLEY

(Continued on next page)



Technical adviser Captain J. W. Adams (right), director Henry King (center) and Peck discuss a scene of the wartime film placed in England. The Alabama site was chosen for resemblance to the English landscape.



Peck and the 20th Century-Fox crew form a chowline for their lunch of peanut butter sandwiches, cheese and lemonade. Peck was flown to the airfield daily—200 miles from his motel quarters in Fort Walton, Florida.

A ghost airfield in Alabama served as location for Gregory Peck's new movie, *Twelve O'Clock High*. Here, Peck waits as the set is made ready.



Gregory Peck went unrecognized during the early part of his stay in Florida. Then he sat under this Tringas Theatre poster and soon was mobbed. Owner Tringas and son are with him.



Peck had to charm the kitten before Betty Bacon would even talk to him. Betty's grandfather owns Bacon's-By-The-Sea, a motel near the Gulf of Mexico where Peck stayed during the filming.



Peck canoes to his "private" beach along the Gulf. There, on days off, he'd forget about the rigorous working schedule that called for him to be up at five and on the go till 7:30 P.M.



Ignoring the view, Peck sits on a buoy and studies his script. (Right) Meditating on the sand, he tries to work out his own reactions to a tensely dramatic scene in *Twelve O'Clock High*.

Mr. Wade Nichols,
Editor, Modern Screen,
261 Fifth Avenue,
New York City
Dear Nick:

Hartley can read this over your shoulder. Then both of you can drop dead. Nothing about this job was simple except me.

I should have known it when you wired, "It's only a couple inches away on the map." Listen, those two inches

took me two days and a night on busses, planes and a hired auto. What map were you looking at?

Finally reached Fort Walton at 2 A.M. Monday, Peck's day off. Hit the hay at 3, slept four hours, then started banging on the door of Peck's little rented cottage.

How a guy can be pleasant at that hour is beyond me. Peck was. I started to apologize, moving around to make myself a shifty target in case he started throwing things.

Then whaddaya think? The guy reverses the field on me by apologizing for sleeping so (Continued on page 84)



I'M NO PLAYBOY

(Continued from page 48)

guaranteed-never-to-turn-green engagement rings. Joe knew the girls and introduced me.

There they stood, their eyes taking me in apprehensively, their hands beginning to pluck at themselves nervously, and their nostrils twitching like Bambi smelling the first ominous whiff of the raging forest fire.

"Peter L-L-Lawford?" the nearest one finally managed to respond.

"Yes, that's me," I replied with my best smile. We told them about the party. What fun it ought to be. That we'd love to take them. So—

"Peter Lawford!" gasped the other girl—and I noticed that she was edging away from there. The situation took on a familiar aspect that wasn't at all promising. Maybe I began pressing about this point. After all, it's happened to me before. My car was right at the curb. I pointed to it and suggested that we all get in. Instead, the first girl noticed that her friend was moving off and leaving her. That was too much. With a little cry she turned and followed. Then they broke into a run and actually fled around the corner!

sheep in wolf's clothing . . .

I turned to Joe. He looked annoyed. "I'm sorry," I said, laughing a prop laugh. "Nervous kids, weren't they?"

"Never seen them that nervous before," replied Joe pointedly.

I gave up. "Blame it on me, Joe. But that's the way it is—all too often. You did your part all right. It's just the way I've been tagged. It scares them."

He nodded. "This being the third pair you've chased off, I began to figure that," he said.

"Maybe you better try alone," I suggested humbly. "I won't hold you to your promise. I'm kind of slowing you down."

He looked a little uncomfortable—but resolute. "I hate to do it to you," he said, "but, after all . . . well, you know. There are only so many girls. . . ."

"Yes, I know," I told him. "Go ahead."

He did. I'm sure he got himself a girl and had a wonderful time. I drove back to Brentwood—back home to sit and lick my wounds. . . .

Yes, to be a wolf in sheep's clothing is one thing. But to be just a sheep in sheep's clothing, and still look to others like a wolf—partner, that's rugged! Why, it's getting so that even the girls in the business, who have known me for years are beginning to fall for that playboy talk about me. I'm beginning to feel a certain resistance when I try to make a date. Used to be that the first two lines of dialogue in any phone call I made for a date would run like this:

"Hello, Cynthia? [Obviously, I'm using a prop name.] This is Peter Lawford. How about an evening out?"

"Why, sure, Peter!"

Now my calls run more like this:

"Hello, Cynthia? This is Peter Lawford. How about an evening out?"

"Who? [They don't seem to hear my name as clearly as before, somehow.] Oh, Peter. Tonight? Oh. Well-I-I. . . I'm sorry, but. . . ."

Remember the polo matches in Beverly Hills this spring? I took a young starlet with whom I've been out often. We were sitting in my car, watching, when I noticed a wasp on her shoulder. I raised my hand and was just putting it around her back to brush off the insect when she sensed the movement.

She exploded my name the next instant. "Peter!"

"B-b-but," I stuttered, "there's a wasp on your back. I was just going to. . . ."

"Peter!"

"Really! A wasp!"

Her eyes got like needles. "I don't mind wasps," she said. "Wasps, I don't mind at all."

Get it? So now there were three of us watching the polo game. And if the game meant nothing to the wasp, it meant less to me from that point on. And as for the girl—well, if you should happen to read this, B—, please believe me. So help me, it WAS a wasp!!

Peter the Playboy! I have started a three-man investigation of how and why this base canard ever got started—that is to say, a two-man, one-woman investigation. Helping are my friend Charlie Dunne and his beautiful wife, Molly. They're pitching in because they were recent witnesses to a demonstration of this *Lawforditus Playboyitis* that strikes some girls at first flash of me.

We were driving back to Hollywood from San Diego, very tired and very hungry, when we dropped in at a roadside restaurant for dinner. The waitress handed Molly and Charlie their menus and I held out my hand for mine. But at that moment she recognized me and stood frozen—the menu held just beyond my fingertips. I waited, hand extended, but nothing happened. So, to break the spell, I lurched a little from my seat to reach for it. She gave a backward hop and screamed at the same time. Other diners turned around and saw a perfect tableau depicting a man who had obviously tried to make a pass at a girl and was caught in the act.

What made it worse was that many people recognized me and gave vent to some choice comments—none of which they bothered to whisper:

"Yes, that's him, sure. Get the wolf coming out!"

"A fine thing! That's Hollywood for you."

MODERN SCREEN



"Molesting a poor waitress. It's a wonder someone doesn't pop him one!"

I fell back in my seat. I scrooched down throughout the meal, red-faced and dampish about my collar and the small of my back. When Charlie and Molly gave their orders I just mumbled, "the same." But it wasn't the same. What the girl brought me had no more relationship to what I ordered than a stick of licorice has to Yorkshire pudding. But I made no complaints. I knew when I was licked.

Yes, sir, Peter the Playboy—that's me.

good old Edna . . .

You know the old established custom of making a girl walk back from a ride. Well, has anything like that ever occurred in my romantic career? You bet. Only it wasn't the girl who did the walking.

It was at a party on a recent trip to New York. The hostess asked me to be nice to a girl who'd come alone—whom I shall call Edna. I was only too eager. Edna was smart, intelligent and lots of fun. By the time the party broke up we were getting along famously, so of course I asked if I could drive her home. She was delighted. And then I realized that my car was 3,000 miles away in Brentwood. I made a quick canvass of the fellows I knew and one of them obligingly handed over the keys of his car.

It wasn't far, she said. At her direction I started west across town through Times Square. A little later she had me run up on the Westside elevated highway heading north. It wasn't far, she assured me, as we kept going on . . . and on.

"We're coming to the little bridge," she volunteered a little later. "Just over that."

The "little bridge" proved to be that majestic span across the Hudson known as the George Washington Bridge. After that there were miles and miles of "just a little further" before we finally pulled up in front of a neat, suburban-type home in Tenafly, N. J.

"Don't bother to get out," said Edna, leaping to the sidewalk. "It's after midnight and you've got to get all the way back."

"No bother at all, Edna," I naturally replied, squirming out from under the wheel to follow. But the car door was neatly shut on that idea. Edna gave me a smile calculated to make up for the long distance we had come but which fell short by about 20 miles or so. And a few seconds later I was alone—alone in Tenafly, N. J.

I started the car. It moved about four feet, the motor gave three agonized gasps and stopped. I was whirring away at the starter when I noticed the little dingus on the dashboard that describes the gas situation. The needle was way over to one side where I could see a big "E" for empty.

Miles of dark loneliness were ahead of me up the street. Behind was the same. The last gas station I remembered seeing open was back near the Jersey end of the bridge. There was nothing to do but get Edna's help. Maybe I could phone someone to bring out a gallon or two of gas. Or maybe she'd let me siphon that much from the family car. I went to the door and knocked discreetly. There was just silence. I knocked again—louder. This time I thought I heard someone coming. Then her voice came to me in a whisper through the door.

"What is it?"

"It's me, Peter," I whispered back, following her cue.

"What do you want?"

"I've run out of gas."

"Huh!"

There was a touch of scorn in the way she said that which I resented, but I realized I was hardly in the position to resent anything, so I overlooked it.

"If I could just come in and phone someone," I suggested hopefully.

"Oh, no!"

"Or get some gas from your car. . . ."

"Oh, no! Dad would hear you fooling around the garage."

"Well, what if he does? You could explain."

"Oh, no. He'd want to talk to you. He makes it a point of meeting all my boy friends. And then he'd find out."

"Find out what?"

"You know—that you're Peter Lawford."

"Well. . . ." I was puzzled. "What of it?"

"Oh, you know. . . ." she said. "Anyone else would be different. But. . . . Peter Lawford. I can just hear what he'd say!"

Need I go on? Those weary first four miles which I walked. Those cars that ignored my thumb and whizzed by. The truck driver who finally picked me up, and his roaring laugh when I explained what had happened. How foolish and sickeningly unlike a wolf I felt when he so kindly brought me back to the stalled car and we pattered about transferring gas—while all the time, I'm sure, Edna watched from her window. Good old Edna. I bet she felt like the wisest of the Three Little Pigs.

what's the diff? . . .

You know, not long ago I appealed to Ava Gardner for advice. Ava is a friendly soul, someone you can open up to.

"Oh, you're kidding," she said.

"No. The girls just shy away from me. Or something odd happens," I protested.

"Then disguise yourself. Grow a mustache," she said.

"I beg your pardon," I said stiffly. "I happen to be wearing a mustache at the moment, if you will notice."

"Oh, so you are," Ava answered. "With some men it makes a difference. With you. . . well, you're still Peter Lawford, aren't you?"

I got a notion the other day that in all Hollywood there is probably only one other man who suffers more than I do under the weight of his reputation, and he is Frank Sinatra. Oh, I don't mean as a playboy. I mean the specialized effect on women credited to him. When I think of this I realize that maybe I'm not so bad off.

Frank was driving into town from Palm Springs one afternoon when he saw a sedan ahead of him swerve off the road and pile up on its side in the ditch. He stopped, ran over and clambered up on the car. Pulling at the door, he managed to get it open and then he worked his back under it to keep it that way. Looking inside he saw a pile of luggage which he started throwing out. Then, underneath, he saw a girl tumbled into a heap, her back to him.

"Are you all right in there?" he asked.

"Yes," came a voice and he felt thankful that whoever she was, she had retained consciousness and could probably climb out.

"Good girl," he said. "Just take my hand and I'll pull you up."

She managed to get on her knees and he got a good grip on her arm. But just then she saw his face. "Oh!" she cried. "Oh, Frankie!" And to his great disgust swooned dead away!

At least the girls I meet get away on their own power. I don't have to pick them up.

THE END

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your radio! It gives you the
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FROM THE FAMOUS PEPSODENT LABORATORIES

how to have

the sophisticated look

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ What makes one girl look sophisticated—and another girl look merely pleasant, in exactly the same dress? We think it's *how* she wears it, what she wears *with* it, and her general air of confidence.

In this issue we concentrate on sophisticated clothes, sophisticatedly worn. Beginning on the opposite page we show what happens when a smart cotton is made smarter by knowing accessories. On pages 68-69, cast an eye on what you can do with the modern version of a t-shirt—providing you know your way around belts, scarves and jewelry. (Notice also the cropped hairdos—tremendous rage among the fashion models.)

For that unmistakable New York look—see cotton trimmed with velvet on page 70. That's the very latest fabric teamup, and typical of the young woman of Manhattan. And on page 72, marvel at how dashing you half-sizes can look in side buttoned gabardine teamed with checked shoes and bag.

Joan Evans is a young sophisticate in polka pique

■ Joan Evans, the young star currently exhibiting very grown-up acting ability in Samuel Goldwyn's *Roseanna McCoy*, an RKO Radio release, shows how sophisticated cotton can be.

Her polka pique is smart because of the reverse dots; high fashion because of the shawl collar and soft shoulders; dramatic because of the red belt, which she echoes with matching sandals and a carnation. For mid-summer excitement, try it in navy, red, or green. 12-20.

By Nali-Bee—\$7.98.

At Loeser's, Brooklyn
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia
Crowley, Milner, Detroit
Other store information, page 71.

Pique gloves and Whisper nylons by Kayser. Bag by Kadin.
Red sandals by DeLiso Debs.



Are you really Lovely to Love?

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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.

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Test it. Write to FRESH, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.



modern screen fashions



the sophisticated upper half



Very if-you-want-anything-just-whistle. Cotton cardigan with flippant flap pockets. White, yellow, pink, blue, melon, navy. By Garland . . . \$3.98



Woman-of-the-world look: the plunge, the shawl collar, the soft shoulder line. Cotton knit in maize, pink, copen, turquoise, black, others. By Shepherd . . . \$2.98.



Sleek chic—the cardigan with the non-stop buttons. Started in Paris; madly adopted everywhere. White, maize, grey, pink, aqua or black combed cotton. By Loomtogs . . . \$2.98.

Belts by Vogue



Sophistication in two colors. Vivid yoke zips high to a closed collar; low to a daring plunge. Red, green, navy or brown yoke on white knitted cotton. By Coral . . . \$3.

High-fashion cardigan—the better to show off scatter pins. Ribbed to fit at waist. Combed cotton in white, pink, blue, mint, yellow, others. By Old Colony. \$2.98

Right: Patch-pocketed cardigan, over matching slipover. Cocoa, chartreuse and white; or navy, red and white; or rose, white and grey. Cardigan, \$2.98. Slipover, \$1.98. By Helen Harper.

All jewelry by Coro.

for where to buy see page 71



dark velvet on bright cotton

■ Silhouetted against
Manhattan's famous Queensboro
Bridge, the last word in
fabric duos: cotton print and
velvet. Very New York, very
advance fashion, for now and for
fall. Mustard with black; green
with rust; pink with green; blue
with purple. Sizes 7 to 15.
By Nan Scott Jr. About \$8.95.
Stern's, New York
Halle Brothers, Cleveland
Meier & Frank, Portland.
Other store information, page 73.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Reverse polka dot pique dress worn by Joan Evans in the full-color photograph (page 67)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's, 484 Fulton St., Daytime Dress Shop, 5th Floor

Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers, State & Madison Sts.

Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co., Gratiot Ave., House Frocks, 3rd Floor

New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable, 5th Ave. & 40th St., Cotton Shop, 5th fl.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers, 8th & Market Sts., Dixie Cotton Shop, 2nd Floor, Center Bldg.

Pique gloves, \$2 and Whisper nylons, \$1.95 by Kayser, shown in color photo (page 67)

New York, N. Y.—At all Kayser Shops.

Cotton cardigan with flap pockets (page 68)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, 420 Fulton St., Misses Sportswear, 3rd fl.

Cotton plunge neckline shirt with shawl collar (page 68)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Broad & Alabama Sts.

New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon & Co., 5th Ave. & 38th St., Sportswear Dept., 3rd Floor

Cotton non-stop button cardigan (page 68)

New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Sun and Sand Shop, 3rd Floor

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel's, 339 6th Ave., Cabana Shop, 3rd Floor.

Cotton two-tone shirt with zip close (page 69)

New York—Russek's, 5th Ave. & 37th St., Sports Shop, 7th Floor

San Francisco, Calif.—Joseph Magnin, Stockton & O'Farrell Sts., All American Sports Shop, 2nd Floor

Cotton patch-pocket cardigan, matching slipover (page 69)

New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, 5th Ave. & 34th St., Blouse Dept., Main Floor

Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop, 10th & G Sts., Sportswear, 3rd Floor, North Bldg.

Cotton cardigan, ribbed at waist (page 69)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's, Washington St., Jr. Sportswear Dept., 4th Floor

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Deb Sportswear, 3rd Floor

Vogue belts shown on pages 68 and 69

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, 420 Fulton St. Belts, Street Floor

Jewelry shown on pages 68-74 by Coro

Store list continued on page 73

"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!

side buttons— checked shoes

■ Super-sizzle for the half-size. Side-buttoned gabardine (Paris is crazy for buttons)—side pocket (fashion loves pockets)—plunge neckline, big cuffs. Worn with pearl lariat to dangle in plunge, plus Twenty-Ones' checked shoes and bag—wow!

Grey, blue, beige, aqua, brown.

Sizes 14½ to 24½.

By Demi-Tasse—about \$12.95.

At Loeser's, Brooklyn

Woodward & Lothrop, Washington

Frost Brothers, San Antonio

Shoes and bag at Mary Lewis, N. Y.

Other store information, page 73.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY (Cont.)

Printed cotton dress with velvet trim (page 70)

Cleveland, Ohio—*The Halle Bros. Co.*, 1228 Euclid Ave.

New York, N. Y.—*Stern's*, 41 West 42nd St., Jr. Dress Dept., 3rd Floor

Portland, Oregon—*Meier & Frank*, 621 SW 5th Ave.

San Francisco, Calif.—*Davis-Schonwasser*, Grant Ave. & Sutter St., Jr. Dress Dept.

Half size side-buttoned gabardine dress (page 72)

Boston, Mass.—*E. T. Slattery Co.*, 154 Tremont St., Casual Dresses, 2nd Floor

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Loeser's*, 484 Fulton St., Daytime Dress Shop, 5th Floor

Los Angeles, Calif.—*Coulter's*, 5600 Wilshire Blvd., Daytime Dresses, 4th fl.

San Antonio, Texas—*Frost Bros.*, 217 E. Houston St., Inexpensive Shop, 4th fl.

Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*, 10th & G Sts., Inexpensive Dresses, 3rd Floor, Main Bldg.

Wichita, Kan.—*Walker Bros.*, 123 N. Main St., Informal Frock Shop, 3rd Floor.

Checked shoes by Twenty-Ones, \$10.95 and matching checked bag, \$10.95, plus tax shown with half size dress (page 72)

New York, N. Y.—*Mary Lewis*, 746 5th Ave., Shoe Dept. 2nd Floor

Plaid dress with white wings of pique, flared cuffs (page 74)

Order by mail: *Florida Fashions, Inc.*, Sanford, 459, Florida

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.

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genuine leather soles.
Black, Red, Royal, Blue
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Sizes 4 to 9 (1/2 sizes)
medium widths.

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Little Miss Honeybugs, sizes 10 to 3 (full sizes) \$2.99

At your favorite store, or write to Holiday Casuals—39th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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white wings— black patent

For the girl with
a junior figure—a vivid plaid.
Plus—and this is what
makes the difference between a
merely nice plaid and a
sophisticated one—wide white
wings of pique—flaring
buttoned cuffs—and the high-
fashion touch of
a black patent belt.
Red or blue. Sizes 9-15.
By Florida Fashions—\$4.98.
For where to buy, see page 73.



ALL THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY

(Continued from page 57)

good-looking or, what's worse, handsome—both of which, of course, Robert Stack definitely is.

If Bob Stack had another item handy, namely the silver spoon he's supposed to have been born with, it would be taking a far worse beating than the offensive photo or the yellow lock. In fact, it might be a sterling sieve, by now, from Bob's angry teeth gnashing it into holes. And a Social Register would be pulpy tatters for sure. For if there's anything that makes Bob Stack bellow like a stuck bull it's that "rich society boy" guff he's been taking ever since he gave Deanna Durbin her first screen kiss in *First Love*, back in 1939, and found himself smack in the movie spotlight.

start of a legend . . .

At that point, Bob was a babe in arms Hollywood-wise. So when studio press agents ganged up on him for a publicity angle he told the truth and all the truth about himself. Yep, his great, great, great-grandfather or someone back there was one of the first Yankee settlers of Los Angeles. Uh-huh, he guessed his family was in the Blue Book. Money? Well, his dad had left him and his brother Jim a trust fund. Yes, he'd lived abroad as a kid, spoke three languages, had been educated at USC, while there was on the polo team, and had his own string of ponies. Hobbies? Racing boats, speed-planes, guns, horses. Girl friends? He mentioned a few he'd grown up with—Cobina Wright, some Los Angeles society buds.

What came out of that quiz was Robert Stack-the-millionaire-playboy, a blown-up blend of Alfred Vanderbilt, Tommy Manville and the Duke of Windsor—the bemused rich boy toying with a picture career as a whim. That's what they tacked on Stack at the start. After 10 years or more, Bob's still stuck with it—and nothing could be sillier.

The other night, for instance, George Jessel introduced Bob publicly at a Hollywood affair like this: "And now here's the rich man's Errol Flynn, Robert Stack." Bob gritted his even teeth and smiled; he had to. What he'd have liked to have done was say, "How about tying the can to that moth-eaten old wheeze?" But he knew that would only make him a bigger target than ever.

And when a caustic columnist slashed at him recently thus: "It must be tough to be down to your last polo pony and racing boat like poor Bob Stack," all he could do was write a polite note and point out that he didn't have a polo pony and his racing boat was gone, too, and what he'd like at this point was a job making a picture!

Bob has racked up some pretty impressive personal triumphs—such as his championship sport records—which took persistence, determination, work, skill and guts. Yet he's always had to buck the sneer, "Ah, he's a rich guy—it's easy for him." Only people like Bob Stack know—but they can't say it—that a heck of a lot of times being the fair-haired guy makes things twice as tough. There's always that hostile, undeclared dare of "Prove it," and always the crowd is ready, willing and eager to roar, "I told you he was a softie" if ever a foot slips. Bob's had to steel himself to the test time and again to lick that.

One tight moment he'll never forget happened in Hawaii where, as an ensign,

he was ordered after his training at Pensacola. (At Pensacola, incidentally, he surmounted the skepticisms all Hollywood stars faced in the war—and graduated top man in his class.) Well, in Hawaii, because of his fame as a rifle champion, Bob was chosen to teach air-to-air machine gunnery on an Island firing range. When he reported to his commanding officer, the c.o. bent a slightly leery eye on the handsome movie face he'd seen on the screen.

"Would you like to go out and shoot a round of skeet this afternoon?" he invited.

Bob broke into a happy grin. "I sure would, Commander," he accepted eagerly. He hadn't held a skeet-gun since leaving home and his hands itched for a good shoot. He supposed it was to be a friendly afternoon of sport. Perhaps they'd heard he was something of a trap shooter and they'd like to compete with him. Not exactly.

When Bob walked on the range he found 50 or so officers standing around, along with the skipper. They handed him a gun and ammunition. Bob looked around the array of brass. They weren't there to

forecast:

sunny and warm

followed by

betty grable

on our

september cover.

on sale

august 9.

shoot with him, but to see if he really was all he was cracked up to be. It was no fun session; it was a test. Bob took the gun and gave the signal. Though out of practice, and taut-nerved under the challenge of "Okay, Mister Hollywood, be terrific"—he was terrific. He shattered 100 clay birds in 100 shots.

When he was through, his commander said curtly, "You take over here tomorrow. It's your range."

There's a big table in Bob Stack's apartment—out by the garage behind his mother's big Bel-Air house—crowded with enough loving cups to stock a jewelry store. They testify that Robert Stack is one of the real competitive shooting masters of the United States, and that he got that way when he was still a kid.

I can't list them all here, but among his target trophies are some for being Western open skeet champion, All-American skeet team-member, holder of the world's record for long-run skeet shooting, national 20-gauge champion, Southern California skeet champion, open 20-gauge champion, Del Monte pistol champion—and on and on through the years.

You don't buy baubles like that with

money or social standing, or a handsome profile. You earn them with steel nerves, patience, and skill.

Naturally, Bob Stack loves guns and when he picks one up you'd think he was fondling a baby. But there's a big difference between just loving something and being a champion in its use. "You know," Bob said to me the other day, "maybe all these trophies and cups are the evidence of a wasted youth. Maybe some of the things I've done seem frivolous. Sometimes, at my ripe old age of 30, they do to me. But they sure didn't when I competed. I gave them everything I had. People can criticize me all they want for riding a sport hobby so hard—that's okay. The only thing that makes me burn is when they say it's easy."

Every shooting trophy he has, Bob pointed out a little indignantly, represents long hours of patient study, learning everything about shooting irons—the science of ballistics, muzzle velocities, range, balance, a hundred bores and actions, the chemical make-up of ammunition, physics. For seven years Bob Stack ate, slept and lived shooting. Most people don't know what he's talking about when he discusses guns. They just say, "It must be fun," or "that sounds lucky," when they read, for instance, that Bob smashed 999 out of 1,000 clay pigeons. They don't know about the patience, practice and sweat—which, incidentally, paid off very practically when his country could use an ace marksman.

It was the same in college days when Bob set his sights on making the polo team at USC. Before he ever swung a mallet, he put in two years of gruelling horsemanship training at Riviera, going through riding, jumping and dressage under the toughest instructor in Southern California. He made the team at 17, and that team won the intercollegiate matches. Bob, the good-looking "rich boy" with his own horses, had to swarm all over the field to keep the respect of his skeptical teammates. He wrecked his knee, banged up both eyes, had a ball flatten his mouth and broke his wrist three times to prove his moxie.

Before that, too, as a high-school kid of 14, Bob teamed with his brother, Jim, and hauled their little speedboat across the Atlantic on a cattle boat to win the International Outboard Motor championship at Venice, Italy. But before he went Bob knew how to take his boat apart and put it together again blindfolded. Not to mention how to give her the gun expertly, in action.

look at the record . . .

"Sure I was lucky to be able to shoot and race and play polo—and believe me I know it," Bob tells you frankly. "I didn't have to sell newspapers to get my start when I was a kid. But," he'll add, "my dad did."

That's true talk and now's as good a time as any to look at how the legend of the elegant young Mr. Stack got started. How, too, Bob shucked the future his family had all picked out for him to take off in what one relative snorted, "that dreadful profession"—meaning acting and the movies.

Bob's dad, James Langford Stack, peddled papers in rough and tumble Chicago, then scrapped his way to a fortune in the advertising business (he thought up many slogans that have become nationally famous) before he married Bob's mother, who was old Los Angeles family from 75

away back. Bob was born in Los Angeles January 13, 1919. When he was a mere nipper of three, a family rift blew up and his mother took him to Europe to live, while his big brother, Jim, stayed in America with his pop.

Bob went to school in Paris, Italy and Switzerland and when his parents patched things up again and he came back to Los Angeles, he couldn't even talk to Jim without an interpreter because he didn't know a word of English—although he could prattle French, Italian and German like a Continental.

snap that story! . . .

No kid ever tried to live down the pretty, rich-boy onus harder than Bob did. His foreign accent drew jibes from American moppets, and his pretty looks got him into fist fights. His dad died in Bob's early teens, leaving him and Jim those trust funds, also a guardian until he was 21—and every time Bob mentioned "my guardian," especially when he was a young man, he knew darned well a lot of people thought he referred to a nurse.

Bob Stack did everything in his power to snap the Fauntleroy story that chased him. He went out for every reckless sport in the book—motorcycles, speedboats, a French racing Talbot. He packed off some summers to a logging camp where he drew the toughest duties, designed to get his goat—and came through.

The others he spent playing perpetual motion on Lake Tahoe, where the family had a summer lodge—swimming, climbing mountains, sailing and roaring his speedboat over that choppy lake. He boxed, worked out on the bars, went all out for every rugged sport he could find—and one look at the whip-muscled body Bob owns today proves he had no cream-puff past.

But he couldn't hide his looks. "I used to oil up with everything I could find in the medicine cabinet to grow a beard and moustache," Bob laughs. "All I got was a chapped face."

Among the things that make Bob grind his back molars resentfully is the fiction that family pull eased him into his Hollywood break. The way I'd heard it myself, rich producer friends of the Stack family had been patting Bob's golden head ever since he was a tot, saying, "Bobbie, my boy, when you grow up, come see me and I'll make you a star." I should have known better; nobody makes anybody a star but the public. But the set-up was deceiving.

Bob's mother has always been mixed up in artistic circles, music and the arts. Bob's uncle by marriage is Richard Bonelli, the Metropolitan Opera star. His grandmother was Mrs. Modini Wood, a pretty famous soprano who sang at La Scala in Italy. Come to think of it, that old Yankee ancestor settler in Los Angeles also built one of the first theaters in the *puebla* in the 1849 days of the Dons. So neither stars nor Hollywood Big Wheels were strange sights to Bob around the Stack home as he grew up. But if those associations gave him ideas, they didn't hand him any free passes.

Most of the influential Hollywood family friends shooed Bob off his movie ambitions with avuncular frowns. "It's risky and a rat race," they told him. "You're the type for law—it's respectable and dignified." Bob sometimes wonders what kind of an attorney he'd have made.

But if Bob missed his calling, he missed it with his eyes wide open and of his own free will and he's never had a single regret. He crossed his Rubicon when his guardian called him into his office one day around Bob's 21st birthday and said, "Bob, those polo ponies have busted your bank

account. You're going to have to earn your own living and you'd better decide how, right now. What is it—law or acting?"

Stack replied by quitting USC and enrolling in the Henry Duffy Acting School to learn his dramatic ABC's. What happened soon after to clinch the career question was nothing connected with family pull. "Just fool luck did that," Bob admits.

He was out listening to Deanna Durbin record a song one day at Universal Studios. When she'd finished her silver notes, Bob, who still lapses now and then into a foreign phrase, exclaimed, "Wunderbar!"—which, of course, is German for "Wonderful!" Producer Joe Pasternak heard him, whipped around, and they jabbered together in German. Joe was looking for a young, handsome and completely-unknown leading man to bring love into Deanna's screen life in her next picture, *First Love*. He saw what he wanted in Bob—and Bob knew a break when one bit him.

Since *First Love*, Bob Stack hasn't bothered often to blast the rich boy, playboy, beautiful boy Bob stuff that has buzzed

picture, came down with what he thought was a bad cold. It turned out to be mononucleosis, a blood bug pretty common with Army and Navy GI's who saw the Pacific. It took Bob four months to bounce back from that attack. By then, of course, the picture was finished—without Bob Stack.

And Bob bet on the wrong horse when he picked up the reins of his career which the war had snapped. He had contract offers from several studios, but he picked Liberty Films, the independent movie outfit which ace directors Frank Capra and George Stevens started. Bob thought they could teach him more than a bigger lot could and he wanted to get really good this time.

the breaks . . .

Well, unluckily, that combine dissolved at the start of Hollywood's hard times and Bob was stranded. He had a part in *A Date With Judy*, but it was scarcely up to what he can do and MGM didn't ask him to join the regular studio star squad. It was the same story at Paramount after *Miss Tatlock's Millions*. After *Fighter Squadron*, Warner Brothers closed down production for a while, so his option wasn't picked up there either.

That's how it's gone. Yet Bob's fan popularity has zoomed like a jet. Bob Stack won't have any trouble finding jobs. But he means what he says about getting good before he takes any marriage vows. He can't touch that trust fund of his until he's 35—and anyway, it's just about enough to keep the wolf from a bachelor's door.

So, meanwhile, Bob Stack is enjoying life as he always has in an active, masculine way. But not exactly as the moneybags myth would have him—surrounded by million-dollar toys, society belles and buckets of champagne. Bob's very comfortable in the made-over garage guestroom with his guns and sporting gear scattered over some Stack family antiques that his mother slipped in. He drives a good car and doesn't exactly go cold or hungry.

He has plenty of the soft, roomy sports clothes he likes, the fine food he's always appreciated and spending dough enough in his pocket. He has a flock of friends. They're mostly the boys and girls he grew up with around Los Angeles, but he also has a lot of sportsmen friends from hunting, skeets and polo—people like Andy Devine, Walt Disney, Bob Montgomery, Hal Roach and Alex Kerr. Other screen colony buddies are Bill Holden, Glenn Ford, Macdonald Carey and Bill Orr. Since he's a very eligible bachelor, Bob's date book is always black with invitations for this and that.

Bob Stack, six-feet-one-inch and 172 pounds of young, healthy and ambitious manhood, is obviously more than ordinarily blessed with the good things and the gifts of life. But that's no reason why an absurd pampered-playboy label should be pinned to his coattails, bobbing around after him all these years. Maybe it's high time to yank it off and give Bob an overdue break.

It would be appreciated, I'm sure. Although if that ever happened, Bob might feel as did other uniformed Hollywood stars at one time or another during the war.

They all got the chill and distant treatment for weeks and weeks—then, finally, a grudging backhanded compliment from their buddies, something like this: "Say, you're not such a bad guy after all!"

Today, Bob Stack might feel very much like retorting what he often did then: "Well, for Pete's sake—don't act so surprised!"

THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"No coaching from the audience, please!"

out about him from that beginning ballyhoo. For one thing, he's been too busy trying to dig a foothold as a real actor in what he knows is a mighty tough league. He was rocking along perfectly swell as a hit leading man when Pearl Harbor made some changes in his plans and four years later, more matured but every bit as handsome, he had to start his movie career all over again.

Bob confesses frankly he's mighty fond of Irene Wrightsman, a Los Angeles girl he's known a long, long time. He likes her a lot—no secret about that. But he won't admit anything about wedding bells.

"Listen," Bob explains with that unaffected honesty he owns, "I've got to work for a living, believe it or not, and when I get married—and I'm still hoping—I'll have to support my wife and future family not on any trust fund, but on what one Robert Stack makes. That's why right now I'm interested in getting good enough to make it."

Bob hasn't kicked for a minute—but he has drawn the punkest kind of career luck in Hollywood since he took off his naval senior lieutenant's stripes. He had the part of his life dropped in his lap, playing opposite Barbara Stanwyck in *The Other Love*. He worked ten days in the

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Which Twin has the Toni? (See answer below)

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*Cuts winding time in half—
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New exclusive Toni SPIN Curler grips . . . spins . . . locks with a flick of the finger. *No rubber bands!*

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*Gives you the most
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No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and lustrous, so easy to set and style. For the Toni Waving Lotion is the same gentle lotion that has given over 67 million perfect permanents. Try this exciting Toni with new SPIN Curlers and see how quickly you give yourself the most natural-looking wave you've ever had!

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New Toni Refill Kit. Guaranteed to give you the most natural-looking wave you've ever had—or your money back! Waves many types of hair in as little as 30 minutes! **\$1.00**

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Both for \$2.29

"Now we're both Toni Twins," says Katherine Ring, of Chicago, Ill. "When I saw how easy it was for Kathleene to give herself a Toni with the new SPIN Curlers I decided on a Toni, too!"

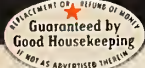


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**Helene
Curtis**
creme shampoo
rich in emulsified lanolin



half pound \$1 (LARGE REG. SIZE, 604)
more shampoo... more quality
for the money



Who knows what *shampoo* is best? Your beautician! Use this 2-to-1 favorite of professional beauticians. Leaves hair misty-soft, dazzling clean, manageable, glowing. Billows of foam instantly even in hard water. No soap film! Rich emulsified Lanolin prevents drying. America's greatest value.

HELENE CURTIS INDUSTRIES, INC.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 14)

important than a great role. Good sportsmanship is one. Then, she told her not to hide away, to go out and see people or plan a vacation trip (which Judy sorely needs).

Judy listened to Hepburn as she has never listened to anyone else. And, until Judy went East to enter a hospital there for rest and treatment, there was not a day that went by that they did not see one another or talk on the telephone.

This is the nicest story I have had to pass along in a long time.

(For the story of Judy's current difficulties, see page 24—Ed.)

* * *

The James Masons are so crazy about their baby, Portland, they won't have a baby-sitter. When they go over to the Van Heflins or the Glenn Fords to play poker on Saturday nights, they pack Portland in a basket, surrounded by her feeding formulas, and take her along.

But the funniest sight was when they took baby-in-the-basket to a Beverly movie show. They bought an extra loge seat for the basket, and deposited baby in it. Everything was peachy until Portland woke up in the middle of a dramatic scene and started hollering.

Then, Beverly movie patrons were treated to the odd spectacle of Mr. Mason swinging the basket over his arm and heading outside—where he walked Portland up and down until she calmed down!

* * *

Have you ever wondered what takes place when a happily married couple in Hollywood hear a radio announcer blare out that they are on the verge of getting a divorce?

One night, not so long ago, I happened to be having dinner with Frances and Van Heflin. We had just come back into the playroom, after dinner, and Van switched on the radio. By accident he got a Hollywood gossip program (not mine, natch).

Says this ether gent, "The Van Heflins are on the verge of divorce. Van has been trying to keep their marriage together for months!"

Well, Van looked at Frances—and Frances looked at Van.

If I had expected fireworks, I had another guess coming.

"When are you leaving?" grinned Van to his red-headed wife.

"Oh," she drawled, "in my own sweet time. I've got to pack up the kids!"

"I'll keep the kids," replied Van. "I'm used to them."

"In the meantime," said Frances, "want to get me a long, tall, cold beer? Don't forget, you're the one trying to keep the marriage together!"

Then they threw themselves in each other's arms, laughing helplessly.

They didn't really start getting serious until several hours later when Van's mother and Frances' mother, terribly distressed over the "news" put in long-distance calls.

"That's the sort of thing that breaks your heart about such nonsense," said Van. "Our parents have been so needlessly distressed."

(For the story of another couple who've also been the victims of false reports of divorce, see page 32—Ed.)

* * *

Is Jennifer Jones becoming a recluse? Friends in Paris tell me she is. Jennifer, who had been resting in Zurich, Switzerland, at the Grand Hotel Dolder, a charming spot in the mountains, joined David Selznick in Paris. They chose an old hotel for their rendezvous, one of the less fashionable places.

No one saw them. They visited none of the Paris night spots and kept entirely to themselves. They will be married, I am sure, by the time this is printed.

* * *

That's all for now—see you next month!



Dining together at New York's Stork Club, Dick Hoymes and Noro Flynn plot to marry as soon as their individual divorces are final. Dick's wife, Joanne Dru, may eventually marry John Ireland.

THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMIN'

(Continued from page 35)

Frankly, Hollywood fame and fortune has socked Doris so hard and so fast that she's dizzy—and Doris Day is a little on the dizzy side anyway, just naturally.

One day when Doris was shooting her first movie, *Romance on the High Seas*, she trotted on to the set bright and early lugging a suitcase, all set for a trip.

"Sit down, take off your hat and make yourself at home, Doris," suggested Jack Carson. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Rio!" said Doris, enthusiastically. "They said we'd shoot the Rio scenes today, remember? When do we start?"

Jack couldn't believe it. But in a minute he got enough breath back to say, "Look, Honey, I've got news for you: This is Rio—right here on this set."

"Oh," said Doris, definitely deflated.

No starlet was ever more innocent about the scientific do's and don't's of camera drama than Doris. For a few days they even had to walk her up to the chalk marks and say, "Stand here, now, and look this way." But once she got there, nobody worried much about Doris. The director just said, "It's like this," and she caught on the first bounce. "I know what I'd do in about any situation," Doris admits, "and so I do it naturally. If that's acting, that's good." Mike Curtiz, a veteran director if there's one left around Hollywood, sized her up shrewdly the day Al Levy, Doris' agent, trotted her out to Warners. Mike needed a new girl for *Romance on the High Seas*, and fast—but the right girl. He'd never heard of D. Day, which made things square, because Doris had never heard of him, either. She'd been 'way out of this Hollywood world in a music mist, singing with dance bands.

Mike took a look and liked what he saw. "Can you act?" he asked.

"Heavens, no!" confessed Doris. "Unless you call being a duck in a Mother Goose play at school, acting."

Later on, when Doris had established herself as Mike's pet protégée, she asked him time and again, "Don't you want me to take drama lessons or something and learn to act?" And each time he blew right up. "Do—and you're fired," thundered Mike. "I want you to stay just as you are!"

In Doris Day's life there's been plenty of sunshine, but lots of rain, too. She keeps the sunny side up, her grin working overtime and her queen-sized heart wide open. She meets what comes along head-first and chin-up. It's a pretty happy ending—or, rather, beginning—that's happened to her in Hollywood.

Friendliness sticks out all over Doris' freckled face. Last year, when she was East singing with Frankie Sinatra on the Hit Parade, she took a train between shows to Cincinnati to see her mother and Terry.

SEEING STARS?

Everyone sees stars at one time or another. We see them practically all the time, but we're not qualified—for the \$5 bills, that is. They're for the lucky people whose "I Saw It Happen" anecdotes we print. So, if you've ever had an amusing incident happen to you and a movie star, write it down and send it to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. The anecdote must be true and it must be short. Try for one of our \$5 bills—we've plenty!

Is there
Adventure
in your hand?

THE ADVENTUROUS HAND

One of a series... watch for your hand

Is the tip of your
middle finger rounded?
You're optimistic, daring,
not afraid to
take chances

Is the space between
your ring and little fingers
wide when your
hand is relaxed?

You love freedom, you're active,
pay little heed to criticism

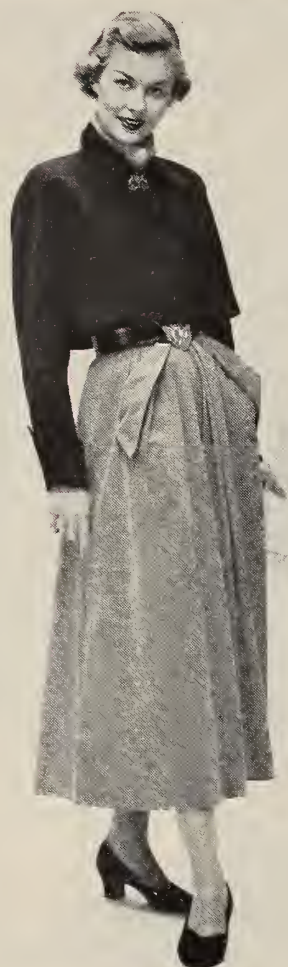
Are the knuckles of your
index finger straight? You're quick,
impulsive. Your first impressions
are usually right

Can your hand be read like a book? Whether
you believe it can be or not, your well-groomed
fingertips reveal your smart fashion sense.
When you use Dura-Gloss, they show you're
practical, too. For Dura-Gloss means exciting
shades, quick application, long lasting
beauty... all yours for 10¢.



DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH
non-smear remover 10¢ and 25¢...lipstick 25¢
10¢

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



1. "At work, I feel like a 'best dressed business woman' in my smart black jacket with clear, clean-cut lines above a pumpkin-colored skirt. I add a black belt, an orange silk scarf, 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. "At the party, the jacket comes off and my pretty, boat-necked jersey blouse makes its appearance. Highlighted by the gold of my necklace, bracelet and belt buckle, it's perfect with my pretty pumpkin skirt! 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!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)

Time crept up on her and she had to return to New York by plane. She was the only female aboard. One look at the pack of hungry travelling men, and Doris' heart went out for the stewardess. She trotted up and begged, "Let me help," and spent the whole flight hustling trays and coffee.

Her fast break in Hollywood caught Doris short in the clothes department; all she had to her name were a few pairs of slacks and evening drapes, fine for night club singing, but hardly correct for the Vine Street Derby or Romanoff's. On a day off from *Romance*, Doris trotted into Magnin's and there met up with an unusually friendly, helpful salesgirl, Lee Levine. They hit it off right away. So Dodo said, "I like you and I'm lonesome. Why don't you come and live with me?" Now Lee's her top chum and firmly settled in the new Day home as a regular member of the family.

A girl like that was bound, sooner or later, to make friends and influence people. Especially a girl with the talent drive and ambition with which the good Lord blessed Doris Day.

what's in a name? . . .

Doris was born in Cincinnati on April 3, 1924. They christened her Doris Kappelhoff. It was only when Doris bagged her first singing job with Barney Rapp's band, considerably later on, that her moniker drew complaints. Barney clapped his brow at the "Kappelhoff."

"It means 'churchyard' in German," explained Doris.

"Then put it back where it came from," suggested Barney, "six feet deep. You need a new name."

She took the "Day" from a song in her early repertoire, "Day After Day,"—and it's worked out pretty well. Of course, Dodo gets things like "Day Dream," "Happy Day," "Hey Day" and "D Day" tossed at her right and left, but she thinks they're kind of cute. (Besides, the name's led her to a very healthy Pay Day, so she can't exactly kick.)

But about that Kappelhoff kid: Doris had a prophetic hint of things to come when her mother named her after her own screen star idol, Doris Kenyon. Doris herself grew up worshipping Ginger Rogers—and maybe that's why she grew up to look so much like a young Ginger. Anyway, it was pretty plain from the start that the snub-nosed, round-faced towhead was going to do something besides bake *apple-strudel* and scrub the front steps.

Her father, a pianist who played with symphonies, gave organ concerts at the cathedral and taught serious music, plunked Doris down on a piano bench, early. But it didn't take. "I didn't like the black keys," sighs Doris, "too gloomy. And I couldn't handle Handel." So she didn't progress much beyond "Chopsticks." After she hookeyed off from practice a few times to bust up some neighborhood ball games, her dad gave up.

Pretty soon he and Alma, Doris' mother, were divorced and the cultural influence waned. Tough times took over then; Doris' mother had to work and Doris, when she wasn't bending over her books at St. Mark's Parochial School, started beating the floorboards at Hessler's Dancing School, with lessons on credit. Even as a kid, she was leggy and loaded with rhythm, and Doris was willing to begin dancing her way through life as soon as possible to pick up a few extra bucks to help the family.

That's how she started out, all right. But, luckily for us cinema customers, the future had other ideas, which it dumped on Doris in rather drastic fashion. Before she hit high school, Doris had worked up some dance dates around town, at

church and school affairs, at clubs and such, with a boy partner, Jerry Doherty. They got so good that Alma Kappelhoff and Mrs. Doherty toured their young hopefuls out to California and Hollywood. Fanchon and Marco snapped up Doris and Jerry and toured them around on kiddie stage shows to do their comedy dance routine. By the time she was 13, Doris was a fairly seasoned stage veteran. It looked as if the only thing that could stop her from being an Eleanor Powell some day was a couple of broken legs—which is exactly what she got next.

She was visiting in Hamilton, Ohio, and had gone for a ride with a boy she knew. On the way back, they crossed some gateless railroad tracks a split second before a fast freight high-balled through. The whole front of the car was ripped off and they got dragged a block and a half. Nobody was killed, but both Doris' educated legs snapped like pipestems. It was 15 months before she could walk again. That was goodbye to dancing right there.

But long before Doris was cracked out of her plaster cast, she was planning to take a crack at another life's ambition. Her brother, Paul, had heard her humming around the house and told her she'd been wasting her time tapping her toes. "Ought to sing," he said. As it turned out, Paul had something there. Because the minute Doris put herself in the hands of Grace Raine, a voice teacher who'd started Jane Froman and other songbirds off to fame, Doris started off in the same direction, and on the fly.

About a year later, bandleader Barney Rapp needed a new singer for the Cincinnati nightery he'd bought, "The Sign of the Drum." He called Grace Raine. "Got anyone who's ready for band work, Grace?"

"Yes, I have," she told him right back. "Doris Day." (Only she said, "Doris Kappelhoff." I've told you how Barney changed that pretty quick.)

Doris got the urge to travel as soon as she'd polished off the rough spots in her pipes by working with Barney. Soon she heard news: Bob Crosby could use a girl to sing with the Bobcats up in Chicago. That looked like the spot. Being young and cocky, Day had no complexes about asking for the job. But she used her head, too. She cut a record of "With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair" and sent it right off to Brother Bob. A wire bounced back, "COME UP RIGHT AWAY." So she was in at the Black Hawk. From then on, Doris has had nothing but Big Time.

She sang for Fred Waring next. Then came Les Brown, New York and a taste of national fame when she waxed "Sentimental Journey" and the GI juke-box bunch ate it up. She was a Number One favorite

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Many of Mel Tormé's fans went to see him after his show at the Chase Hotel in St. Louis. I and many other of his fans tried to speak to him all at once, and at the other end of the hotel lobby, another group of

people were making more noise. Suddenly, Mel pulled out a little gold whistle, blew it, and the whole lobbyful of people paused to listen and then laugh.

Rosemarie Stroeher
St. Louis, Mo.

Mirror, mirror on the wall . . .
is my hair fairest of them all?



**Your hair behaves
so beautifully with
Rayve Creme Shampoo**

**Even on shampoo day you'll see
the miracle in your own mirror!**

Your hair does just what you want it to—when you use wonderful Rayve Creme Shampoo! Rayve leaves your hair silky soft, clean and lustrous—yet so easy to manage!

Here's the secret! Your hair has a natural body that helps keep it in place. The pure lanolin in Rayve is specially blended with other important ingredients to help preserve the natural body of your hair. That's why Rayve makes hair behave *beautifully*—even right after it's shampooed.

Rayve is not a soap so it can't leave dulling soap film! Rayve billows into rich, active lather that cleans—rinses thoroughly. No flaky dandruff remains. Always use Rayve—the perfect shampoo before and between home permanents.

To make your hair behave *beautifully* use wonderful Rayve Creme Shampoo. See your hair shimmer with highlights—your curls lie softly obedient—the very day you use Rayve!

In handy tubes or jars at drug and cosmetic counters—costs no more than ordinary shampoos!



Another fine product of Pepsodent



**TOBACCO
MOUTH**
[OFF-COLOR BREATH
OFF-COLOR TEETH]

Why take it with you?

**New tooth paste with
Lusterfoam attacks tobacco
stain and off-color breath.**

Don't kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it's as real as the stain on a chain smoker's fingers!

But your tongue can tell! (You can "taste" an odor.) And your dentist knows when he cleans your teeth. And your friends *might* notice . . . you know.

But they won't point the finger at you (after you've left the room of course) if you're a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!



...give it the
"brush-off"
with

**TOBACCO
MOUTH**



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

far and wide overnight—and what Doris didn't know about the band business she got very busy learning. She stayed with Les Brown three years—although there was time out for a marriage that didn't take.

At 25, Doris is already a two-time loser at marriage. She was 18 when she married Al Jorden, who played with Jimmy Dorsey. She moved right back home to Cincinnati the minute her boy, Terry, was born. Although she was well on her way to being the top-paid girl vocalist in band business, Doris stopped singing to raise a family.

It was only when she couldn't make a go of it with Al Jorden that Doris took up her career ambitions where she'd left off. By then, Terry was pretty hard to tear away from, but he had to be supported, too. His grandmother took over the care and feeding, and back went Doris Day to Les Brown's band.

On swings around the country to the top dance spots, Day went, of course, to the famous Palladium in Hollywood. Every time she got within earshot of a movie studio, Doris got offers to make pictures. But they were never big enough to lure her away from band work. Besides, she tumbled hard for another musician.

In 1946, she married George Weidler (he's Virginia Weidler's brother), who played the sax in Stan Kenton's band.

They'd separated a year after they'd said "I do," without having had much chance to set up the home Doris had dreamed about since she left her old one in Cincinnati. In fact, everything seemed to gang up on the newlywed Weidlers.

They tried to settle in Hollywood—but at that point there was barely room for an extra termite in Hollywood's crowded housing set-up. "We bounced around like golf balls at motels on a 'Four Days and Out' booking," recalls Doris. "A new home twice a week was two too many." They wound up buying a trailer and parking it out by the bean patches on Sepulveda Boulevard. Then George's band job pulled him out of town.

Doris got so depressed sitting around the trailer park alone that she went back to work at the Little Club in New York. The hit she made at that exclusive supper club eventually proved to be the pass for Doris Day, movie star. But it also proved to be a passout for Mrs. Weidler. Song-

writers Julie Styne and Sammy Kahn heard Doris sing there and told Mike Curtiz at the psychological moment how good she was. But George Weidler was someplace else all the time—and when she got back west, the spark was dead. She was granted a divorce in Los Angeles last May 31st on grounds of desertion.

But by now, Doris has some everyday homelife and happiness to back up her sudden success, even though it's single blessedness at this writing. When she started clicking and her spot on the payroll looked permanent at Warners, Doris started hunting a house. She searched for a whole year without any luck. Then one day, taking a ride in the San Fernando Valley, she spotted one of those "Open House" signs in Hidden Village, walked in, loved it, and had her down-payment check ready that night.

Today there are cozy French provincial pieces spread around, rugs, draperies, color and warmth in the house. Outside, bulbs are shooting up flowers and there's a new lawn for Terry and the two pups to rip to pieces, with Doris' energetic help when she has a free day. Which seems to be rarely.

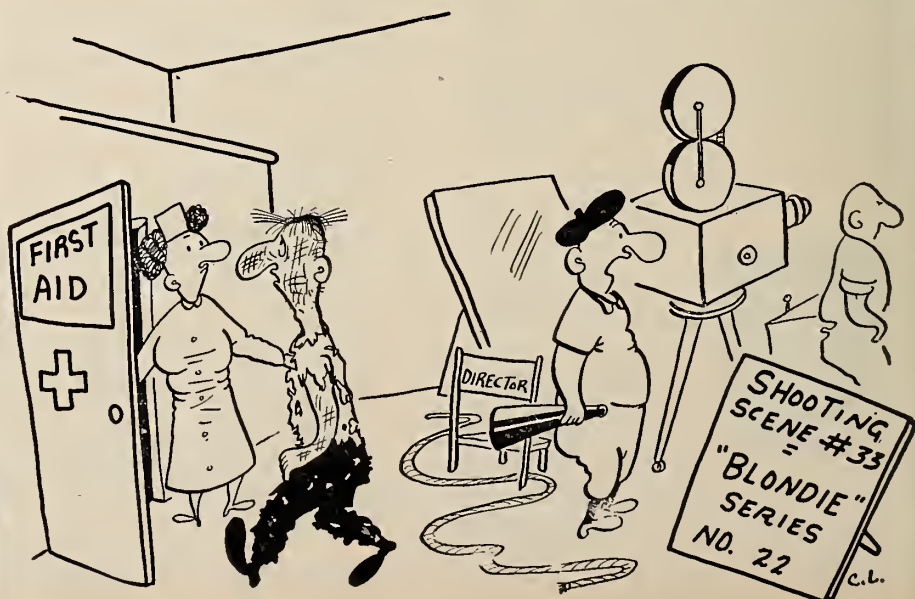
But pressed though she is, Doris Day wouldn't have a single thing different—except maybe a California ranch swarming with dogs, horses, chickens and ducks to give Terry and herself more room to romp and play cowboy. She's promised him that paradise someday and he hasn't forgotten. Also, Terry's still plugging for what he considers real success and eminence for his mom. Out on a recent Bob Hope city-to-city radio tour, Doris got lonesome and blue for her boy one night, and called home, hoping to hear him wail, "Oh, Dodo—I miss you so," or something equally sweet and tender.

Demanding Terry, "Hey, Mom, when are you going to make a picture with Roy Rogers, anyway, and get famous?"

Doris Day is counting her blessings night and day, glad she's alive, doing what she's doing and living where she is. "Let the smarties knock Hollywood all they want," she says right out loud. "I've been all over, from Memphis to Saint Joe, and points east and west, and Hollywood's Shangri-La to me."

Which points up the eager accent on youth that Doris Day lives and works by. Shangri-La was the place where you didn't grow old, wasn't it? **THE END**

MODERN SCREEN



"Okay—so we drop the scene where Dagwood gives the neighbor's cat a bath!"

Your letters . . .

ABOUT M.S.'s SALUTE TO YOUTH

Dear Editor: Reading your "Salute To Youth" issue recalled the pleasure I used to get, going through the old High School annual and checking over the familiar faces. I got a great kick out of catching up with the latest doings of some of the gang I haven't been able to see in months—you lose touch when you're working night and day. I'd like to thank writer Lou Pollock, too, for the encouraging words he wrote about me in his "Meet the '49ers." The Brady dream is off to a good start.

SCOTT BRADY, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor: I was in Florida making *Twelve O'Clock High* when the June Modern Screen came out. I beamed all over the little drug store in Valparaiso when I read "Baby Face"—an account of the face that has given me a prolonged juvenile life on the screen and off. Nothing can be quite so disastrous to the ego as to feel you're fully grown and then have someone yell, "Hey, Sonny." Your writer, Carl Schroeder, didn't yell "Sonny" when he interviewed me. He just laughed with a certain understanding—and he doesn't look as old as he feels, himself!

ROBERT ARTHUR, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Dear Editor: Your brilliant Liz Taylor cover stopped me on my way to the MGM soda fountain, and right quick I plunked down my fifteen cents. My college pal, Marge Hiers, will certainly get a thrill out of our joint picture layout. My first impulse was to call her long distance and tell her to buy a copy, but knowing Marge as I do, I figured she already had it on her lap. Thanks for both of us for our story, "There's No Place Like Hollywood," and congratulations on a wonderful issue.

JANET LEIGH, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor: . . . I'd never miss reading Modern Screen but I think you deserve a scolding for overlooking Douglas Dick in your "Salute To Youth" issue. . . .

ROBERT JEAN, WELLS BEACH, MAINE

Dear Editor: . . . You didn't mention a single word about one of the most popular young actors, Lon McCallister. . . .

PAT BLAKERY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Dear Editor: . . . How could you ever have ignored Michael Kirby in your "Salute To Youth" issue? . . .

BARBARA PARKES, LIVINGSTON, N. J.
(We might have known this would happen. There are so many promising young players in Hollywood, we couldn't have hoped to include them all in one issue. We apologize if we've overlooked one of your favorites—it was purely unintentional.—The Editors.)

Dear Editor: I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your "Salute To Youth" issue. You not only covered all the best young actors in Hollywood, but you devoted a whole magazine to them—that was a pretty wonderful idea.

ROSALYN BROOKS, NEW YORK CITY

Dear Editor: Thanks so much for the June issue of Modern Screen. I think it's about time the fan magazines paid some attention to the newer people in Hollywood. Hedda Hopper's "Make Way For Youth" sure hit the spot.

LANE BROWNING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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OUT OF HIS MIND AND BACK

(Continued from page 62)

late! SLEEPING LATE! he says. If seven A.M. is sleeping late, you take his contract! "Usually get up at five," Peck says.

We ate in the dining lodge. It's fixed up to look rustic. So is his appetite, as follows: orange juice, eggs (scrambled, soft), toast, two cups of coffee and grits. ("Great stuff, grits," he says, "sticks to your ribs.")

Over coffee, I explain I'm going to tail him for a couple of days—just show what he really does. I expected a squawk. Peck didn't even mutter, although he certainly must have known I'd use up all of his free time.

"What do you do on days off like this?" I asked him.

"Take a canoe. Paddle to that beach over yonder."

"Let's go," I said.

We borrowed a canoe, and went to what Peck called his private beach. This was a beautiful stretch of stuff on the Gulf of Mexico.

I took some shots of Peck on the beach, and also trying his luck with a fishing pole. He didn't catch anything. That's always the way when you're standing there with a loaded camera in your hand.

We went for a swim. Out a little way, porpoises were ducking and playing. There was also a shark's fin cutting through the water. Seemed to me that if that shark ever came our way it would be the most expensive nip any shark ever took.

After the swim, we sat on the beach and talked. Greg told me all about the summer stock theater he was running with a group of Hollywood actors at La Jolla. And he talked about his new house, his expected baby (a daughter, he hopes), his eventual vacation in Europe with his wife.

"This is a normal guy," I told myself. And it's a fact. The guy deals it straight.

We finally paddled back to Bacon's, where we were staying. I was a beat-up character when we arrived. My arms ached, my shoulders ached, my head was beginning to ache—but Peck, he was doing fine. He posed with the various guests for their husbands' cameras, and even took the trouble to pass out advice on their photo problems.

I figured a good shot would be one of Peck with little Betty Bacon, the granddaughter of the owner of the motel, and her cat. Betty wasn't much interested—not old enough, I guess—and the cat was even less interested than the kid. I'd get it all set up—and then the cat would take off, with Betty after the cat. Finally Greg charmed the cat into sitting still, and I got the picture.

We went downtown, to the center of

Fort Walton, drank a couple of malts and visited with the local movie manager. I wanted to get some shots of Peck signing autographs, but would you believe it, nobody recognized the guy.

"I'm not doing so well, am I?" Peck said.

Finally we fixed it. We sat Peck down in front of the local movie house, right beneath a poster advertising *The Paradine Case*. Chums, that was really funny. People would stroll by, look at the poster, look at Peck, look away, look back again—brother! Our boy signed some autographs, and passed up a dinner invitation offered by a woman who said her husband would never believe she had met Peck unless she brought him home. The way he did it, she'll be a fan for life. This guy has plenty finesse.

Then back to the motel, where Greg took time off to write a few letters and study his script. I hit the sack for a few minutes. So far, everything had worked out fairly well.

At six, Greg banged on my door and invited me to have cocktails with him and Dean Jagger, and dinner at a local nightery. Very good filet mignon.

To bed at nine, with a five o'clock date the next morning to leave for location.

Five o'clock is for birds. For actors, too.

A quick breakfast, followed by a 20-mile drive to a local Army Air base. Slept all the way. And now troubles.

I was pretty sleepy, but I suppose I looked too happy. Soon as I stepped out of the car the Army started to complicate my life. It's the same old snafu. Remember?

Where were my credentials? Lost. Had the story been cleared with Army Public Relations in Washington? Sure. Well, if it had been cleared, why hadn't they been notified?

"Look," I said, "all I want to do is to fly up to location with these guys." (Location was 200 miles north, at a ghost field in Alabama.)

The Army says no.

By this time, quite a crowd has collected. Guys from 20th are milling around and yelling, a couple of colonels are arguing, I'm saying, "Why don't you call Washington, why don't you call New York, why don't you call Hollywood?"

Peck is right beside me through all of this, punching on my team. Turns out that 20th Century-Fox has a chartered plane, but there isn't room for me on it. Things are looking very bad, and I'm yelling at a colonel and he's yelling back at me, when suddenly an Air Corps captain steps up.

"I would recognize that voice anywhere," he says. "How are you, boy?"

MEET THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Ike Vern, who shot the pictures of Gregory Peck for this story, has been a photographer for national magazines since 1939, busily taking photos of presidents, politicians, crooks, beautiful women, Rotarians, horses, cops, bombing runs in the Aleutians, snakes, wildcats, athletes, movie stars, draft boards, cities and circus performers—to name merely a few subjects. During the war years, he traveled thousands of miles while photographing activities at various military installations. His recent work has appeared in *Holiday*, *Collier's*, *True*, and many other national periodicals. He is a former president of the Society of Magazine Photographers.

So help me, this is the guy who flew me all around Alaska during the war. With his help, the colonel quieted down and I was loaded into a B-17.

Off we go to location. This location was chosen, incidentally, because it looks like England. Never having been to England prevented me from arguing that a cold autumn morning, described in the script, didn't mean May in Alabama. I settled down, though, to watch acting the public will never appreciate as much as it should.

Sheep-lined flying jackets and boots—and a temperature of 90 in the shade! And to make things real dandy, the arc lights were turned on. Arc lights are used to kill shadows—and actors. Now I know how Peck manages to keep his excellent figure.

One thing. Peck was worrying about a scene the script called for. He told me this scene showed him reacting to the news that a buddy had been killed during an air mission.

"I couldn't figure how to handle it," he said. "Should I look at the ground, should I turn my back—how would I do it?"

"Well, how will you do it?" I asked him.

"Let me tell you," he said. "A couple of nights before you got here, some guys at the air base learned that a friend had been killed in a crack-up. They laughed. They said, 'Well, old Joe finally got it!' To cover their emotions, they treated it almost as if it were a joke. I'll handle the scene pretty much along those lines."

That's an example of why this guy Peck doesn't ring sour on the screen. He figures the angles, and plays it realistically.

Well, boys, that's about all. We had a very bad lunch—peanut butter sandwiches, dry cheese, lemonade—and flew back to Walton, arriving at 7:30 P.M. Peck came in to help me pack. I suddenly remembered I was short of dough.

"How much in your pocket?" I asked Greg.

"About 60 bucks." He never flinched when he saw the bite coming.

"Give," I said. I wrote out a check for it. Raised another \$30 from the motel. Am writing this on the plane.

There's just one thing more. I've seen plenty of celebrities, but this guy Peck is a right guy. If he had been putting on an act with me, I would have known it. Acts I've seen.

When I left, he said he was going to be in New York before he left for Europe. "May I call you?" he said. "We ought to get together."

Notice the way he put it. "May I?" That's a nice guy. And that's more than I can say for two guys who will send me out on a "nice, simple little story" that nearly gets me thrown in a military prison.

No regards,

IKE

THE END

Special offer to our readers

The 1948-49 edition of MODERN SCREEN's exclusive "Super-Star Information Chart" is something no real fan should be without. It's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of over 500 of your favorite stars—complete with birthdates, hobbies, real names, recent pictures and inside facts. To obtain your copy, send 10¢ in coin, plus a large self-addressed, stamped (3¢) envelope to Service Department, MODERN SCREEN, P. O. Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y. Send soon!

HOLLYWOOD'S TANGLED ROMANCES

(Continued from page 39)

had packed a bag and gone to visit Howard on location. There she made up with Howard. If Shelley looked at the moon, she gazed at it alone. But was she unhappy? Not that one, because . . .

NEWS ITEM: Now that Ava Gardner has gone back to Howard Duff, Shelley Winters and Scott Brady are dating, while Farley Granger, who has been seen around so much with Shelley, is being seen again with Pat Neal.

Well, who's this man Brady and what's he doing here? Oh, not much, maybe, unless you count the fact that Scott has just been named the nation's Number Three new leading man by vote of 11,000 exhibitors, who place him just a hot breath behind the remote Montgomery Clift and the much-married-to-Shirley-Temple, John Agar. Scott Brady! Look out for him. Handsome, blue-eyed, hard-muscled, six-foot-three of male who just a little more than a year ago was shuffling lumber in Beverly Hills for \$1.10 an hour, Scott has just recently finished such picture assignments as *Montana Belle* with Jane Russell, *The Western Story* with Yvonne De Carlo, and now goes into *The Story of Molly X* opposite Ginger Rogers.

double-trouble . . .

That's some speed, but it's not half as fast as the way he's been going around the romance set. Strong man Brady makes news after the manner of a Tyrone Power in the old days. For example:

NEWS ITEM: Scott Brady, who double-dated Shelley Winters and Cara Williams the other night, took Cara home, then fell asleep in the car in front of her apartment.

"What the heck," Scott Brady declared when this item was called to his attention, "you live only once, and I guess every actor has to get publicity like this. The trouble is that if I didn't know Shelley pretty well, she'd get sore about a story like that. Well, I didn't double-date. But I could have fallen asleep. It's a funny thing, I fall asleep any time I get tired, and I can give you a list of 10 girls I've been out with when I fell asleep with my eyes wide open—but neither of these two. While you're at it, you might correct the impression that I've been dating six dozen girls. I was spanked over the air one night by a radio columnist, but the only girls I've dated, and with not too much frequency at that, have been Shelley, Jane Nigh and Cathy Downs—all wonderful people. And as for Cara, though I've never done anything more with her than drive her home one night from a party when her escort was called away on urgent business, you might say she's a swell little actress, and her work in *Knock on Any Door* proves it."

That should be sweet music to Cara's ears. For some fool reason she's been one of the regular casualties on the merry-go-round ride, always taking the bad bumps. For instance:

NEWS ITEM: When Pete Lawford leaves Ava Gardner, he late-dates Cara Williams. "When I saw that story in the newspapers," Cara Williams declared, "I wept." That made twice in a row that she was classified as the girl to be called for as a late date.

"Somebody seems to have it in for me," the tiny, red-haired actress said indignantly. "I've said hello to Peter Lawford at parties, but we haven't dated once."

About six years ago, before she was



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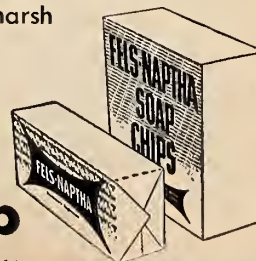
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married, had a baby, was divorced, and then settled down to hard work, Cara used to date like mad around Hollywood. Too much, if you asked some executives who thought she wasn't serious about her work. That isn't the situation today. The fact is that while she was supposedly late-dating various people, Cara actually was in Palm Springs with her little daughter, resting up for an important screen test.

As for Pete, what's he been doing?

NEWS ITEM: Peter Lawford has had it bad for Gloria McLean, so what's he going to do now that she's engaged to Jimmy Stewart?

Say that isn't so! What really happened is that aside from his occasional dates with Ava Gardner, Pete has stepped off the merry-go-round. For him it's a game of musical chairs and he's at least temporarily the boy who's odd man out. Quite a bit of the time, he's just plain lonesome to the point that old cronies like June Allyson and Dick Powell have been saying they wish they could find a really interesting girl for him. (Yes, Pete and the Powells are really good friends—that old, ridiculous rumor that he was "breaking up" this marriage to the contrary.)

what goes on here? . . .

Funny thing about Pete. He used to be a top man in the tangled romance department. When he first started his career, he was worried. Nobody paid any attention to him. The only time he got his name in the paper was when somebody cast him in a picture with Lassie. "Start dating," he was advised. "Go get yourself a romantic reputation."

[For Peter Lawford's own account of the trouble that's got him into, see page 48.—Ed.]

But what really went on while he was reported to be so interested in Gloria McLean? Why, he'd climbed back on the merry-go-round again.

NEWS ITEM: Janet Leigh, who used to be seen with Peter Lawford, is all excited that Barry Nelson is about to return from New York, while Pete Lawford and Ava Gardner are on fire again. What's with Howard Duff?

Uh-huh, you guessed it. Ava and Howard decided to take another vacation from each other. Lucky Pete Lawford. Lucky Howard Duff, too.

NEWS ITEM: Howard Duff is consoling himself with Ann Blyth.

"Off the record," Ann advised, "I wouldn't make too much of it. Howard and I have been friends for a long time, but if I'd been going seriously with every man I was supposed to be interested in, I'd have to be a dozen women."

"Every other day I see myself, in the newspapers, out with someone new, dining at this restaurant or that. Why, if I ate that much I'd weigh 203 pounds instead of 103. If you want to know, I've been out most with Tony Curtis, a new actor at Metro; Richard Long, and Roddy McDowall."

Shucks, up until now this romantic pyramid has been an unbroken chain of everyone dating everyone else. Can it be that little Annie is the one to break all this up? Wait a minute, though. Miss Blyth overlooked one important date—Scott Brady.

NEWS ITEM: Scott Brady is dividing his time these days between Ann Blyth and Shelley Winters—who has been dating Douglas Dick.

Ah, that starts a whole new train of romantic events, for wasn't it Douglas Dick and not Kirk Douglas, as reported, who had that date with Ann Sothorn?

Said Kirk Douglas: "I'm not dating anyone who is well known in pictures. Who can tell what a man will do a couple of weeks from now, or a couple of years?

In the meantime, the radio commentators have been wrong week after week with their predictions that any minute now, my wife and I would reconcile."

As for Ann Sothern, she isn't really a part of the Hollywood circle of romance, although she seems to fit in, for she has had two dates with Clark Gable, who also has had an evening or two out with Joan Crawford. Although it was true that, way last February, Clark and Joan stepped out together three times in a single week, they simply arrived at social functions and spent a lot of time together. Joan's real heart is still the attorney, Greg Bautzer—so to follow the trail of mutual daters, the news hounds must make a detour to the Metro lot—where they'll discover the beautiful, Minneapolis-born Arlene Dahl.

Arlene has been having dates with Turhan Bey. Remember him? Turhan burst on Hollywood a few years back with his furious foreign look and immediately scared the daylights out of all the local swains. Before anyone knew it, he was Lana Turner's steady date, but this didn't stop Hollywood's anxious males from warning their girls not to step out with Turhan.

At the time, Lana suffered a temporary broken heart when all was over between them. The finger of scorn was pointed so heavily at the Turkish lad that he went into seclusion in a little beach cottage and made himself scarce at parties. Now, he's very much alive, and he fits neatly if more modestly into the giant jigsaw puzzle in which Hollywood boy meets girl. For example:

NEWS ITEM: *The suave Turhan Bey has been out dancing several times with lovely Barbara Lawrence, who adds a new touch of glamor to 20th Century-Fox.*

What's so exciting about Turhan? Well, for a couple of hints, Barbara said, "He has just about the most entertaining sense of humor of any man I've ever met, and he's a superb dancer."

all fall down . . .

This last qualification doesn't count the crazy accident Barbara and Turhan had one night at Ciro's. She was wearing a long lace dress, and as they got up from their table to step onto the dance floor, someone stepped on the train. Barbara promptly sat down with a resounding thud. Turhan bent over to pick her up, slipped and fell. Brandy Brent, with whom they were sitting, went to their aid—but in so doing failed to notice that he was sitting on a corner of the table cloth. As he stood, the entire table was swept clean of glasses and the place looked as if it had been struck by an earthquake.

All this, so help poor Barbara, was done without the aid of a single drink, for she doesn't indulge.

There's something spectacular about Barbara that requires no accidental dance-floor tumbles to mark her as a girl to watch in the field of romance. Nineteen years cute, tall, with a beautiful figure that has resulted from her passion for swimming and horseback riding, she has grown up in studio atmosphere since she was first signed to a contract at age 14.

"I used to have the most violent crush on Tyrone Power," she'll tell you, "but I was just a baby. By the time I'd grown up a little, all the interesting actors I'd gawked at were married. Hollywood is such a disappointing place for a teenager." Her arresting blue-gray eyes twinkled. "Why, I've never even met Clark Gable. As for Errol Flynn—well, we almost had a date one night. Loretta Young was sweet enough to ask me to a party she was giving, and promised to introduce me. But me—what did I do but go skiing the weekend before. I picked

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up the most awful wind-burn you ever saw, and rather than show up with a bright red face I stayed home and nursed my sorrow."

It's impossible to tell when Barbara is, or isn't, kidding.

About a year before Mickey Rooney became serious about Martha Vickers, whom he married in Hollywood last June 4th, he called Barbara up one day and said, "I saw you at the polo games Sunday and thought I'd like to meet you."

Barbara fleetingly considered her five feet, seven inches of height, compared it to The Mick's stature, and was about to say no when she remembered that she had a girlhood chum visiting from Oklahoma. She'd be a perfect match for Mickey.

As it turned out, when Mick burst into Barbara's place, he was so full of fire and excitement that she forgot all about how tall he was. An hour later, they were over at his place holding a jam session with a gang of his musician friends.

Barbara, who is going to be a very important young actress when her work in *Collision* is seen, thinks that people seldom really get a true picture of Hollywood folk. "Mickey, for example. You spend 10 minutes with him and you realize that there couldn't be a more entertaining man anywhere in the world. It turned out that we were the brother and sister type. The only thing that bothered me about him was what would happen when we tried to dance. One evening, he asked me. I had been looking at a woman dancing with her little boy—and thinking; oh, no! But you can believe it, when Mickey began to whirl me around the floor it was as much fun as dancing with Cesar Romero."

NEWS ITEM: Cesar Romero and Barbara Lawrence did not plan to elope to Mexico. They simply went there on a personal appearance.

"This is how that story got started," said Barbara. "The studio asked Cesar and me to go for the opening of a theater in

Vera Cruz. Somehow, word got around that we were eloping. Newspapers began calling my mother to see if it were true, and fortunately she knew that we were only buddies."

As for Barbara's other dates, she's been going out occasionally with Bob Neal and Greg Juarez, two old friends, and more recently with Scott Brady.

Yes, you read that last line correctly—Scott Brady. It's just like watching a movie, and this is where we all came in, because in Hollywood everyone sooner or later is likely to have dated just about everyone else.

Which brings us right back to the beginning with this press-time gossip item in a Hollywood column:

NEWS ITEM: Ava Gardner has tiffed again with Howard Duff, who is now being seen with Shelley Winters, while Ava dates Farley Granger who used to go with Pat Neal.

But where does Mr. Brady come in? Don't worry about that. Just because Mr. Brady hasn't met Ava yet doesn't mean that he isn't going to—because in answer to a direct question he said, "The most beautiful girl in Hollywood? Well, if you say she's Ava Gardner, who am I to disagree?"

Of course, the dating cycle doesn't always match up perfectly, even though it will eventually if one waits with patience. Consider Howard Duff again. He doesn't always take out Shelley Winters when Ava dates someone else. Not long ago, he and Gloria De Haven were seen together while Gloria's ex, John Payne, dated Joan Caulfield.

Then, to start another small flurry, the so-beautiful blonde television starlet, Joy Lansing, dated in one week Peter Lawford, Michael North and Tom Drake, who's been reported engaged to Gloria Haley. Meantime, Cathy Downs, who had been seeing Bruce Cabot, showed up at a party with Turhan Bey.

And on and on the tangled romances go. According to reports, anyhow. **THE END**

WE FOUGHT TO SAVE OUR MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 33)

really thinking about getting a divorce?" "I don't want you to do anything! Just skip it!"

"All right," he agreed. "But how about some news?"

So I calmed down and gave him some. I explained that it looked as if the baby we were adopting would be along any day now. He thanked me kindly—and that was that.

Oh, it was, was it? That first printed rumor was like a rabbit growing up and having 5,000 relatives. Within a week, about 60 reporters had noticed the first item, re-circulated it, denied it, revived it. Then, to curdle up a sour climax, some granite-head observed that the reason we were adopting was that we hoped this would tend to smooth out our domestic problems.

How silly can things get?

June and I had been waiting for that baby for two years. But as the fury of outrageous rumor swept over us like a black South Dakota tornado, there was the danger that those who controlled the adoption might postpone the event or cancel it altogether. How could they know that there was not one particle of truth in any of those rumors?

I had to go to New York for the opening of my picture, *Pitfall*. June intended to come along, but was prevented from doing

so by added scenes at the studio. When I returned, she went East to keep commitments she'd already made for radio shows. These separations, understood so well between us, added more fire to the rumors. We were both so sick of making denials that we finally stopped talking to anyone.

Before June could get back from New York, I received a rather anxious call about those rumors from the Tennessee Children's Home. I was alarmed that they should be the slightest bit perturbed. I thought it best to go there and explain that the divorce-mongering idiots had broken out of their padded cells and were haunting us Powells for no sane reason.

I wired June what I was going to do and grabbed a plane. The weather was rough. We had to sit down in Arkansas. I called June to explain. She said she'd go home and wait for me there. I went outside the little airport and swore at the weather. It growled back at me and dumped down another 8,000 gallons. All this had to stop sometime.

Before I could continue on to Tennessee, urgent business called me back to Hollywood, so I returned there and did some more long-distance reassuring. The people at the Tennessee Home who had been arranging for the adoption of our baby were very understanding. I explained that

there was not, nor had there ever been, a grain of truth in any of the stories printed about a pending separation of June Allyson and Dick Powell.

I knew that none of the gossip had really touched June's and my feelings towards each other, but who could tell what might happen if the end result was the loss of the child June wanted so badly?

The whole thing was beginning to get us down. Outwardly, it's possible to withstand almost any amount of pressure. Subconsciously, though, there's a fight to maintain your balance. Then too, there's something we men never really learn about women. There are times when they can walk around with the Rock of Gibraltar on their shoulders and a laugh on their lips. Then, a harsh look, a little snub, or some other trifle can drive them into a corner, whimpering. When June arrived back from New York, she was about done in.

I KNOW THAT SHE KNOWS

Twice a year June decides to retire. "I'm going to quit," she says. "No more pictures. I don't care what it costs. I'm going to buy back my contract and just stay home."

"All right," I agree. "We'll see the men about it in the morning."

"You won't mind?" she asks.

"Not a bit," I reply. "Of course, there are several million people who may be a little upset. And then, working isn't work for you. It peps you up. You like it. However, you're right. When you get tired of a thing, just quit, that's all. I admire the way you're doing it."

Next morning, we don't go to see the men about June quitting. We don't even mention it. And at night, there's a preview of one of her pictures. When we come out, everybody is raving and congratulating June.

"Did you like it?" she asks me. "Did you really like my work? Tell the truth, now."

"I thought you were great."

"Hmm," she ponders. "Somehow, watching you watching me, I got the idea you didn't care much for the way I played it."

"Look," I retort, "you know about my face. It doesn't jump up and run up and down the aisles. I thought the picture was fine. I thought you were better than the picture. You were even better than the reviewers are going to say you are, and nobody'll be able to top that."

Now she feels swell. "I'm glad," she says. Then a few seconds later she begins again. "Dick, I don't know. Did you really . . . ?"

Her voice trails off as I look at her. She gets the point. She knows that I really.—Dick Powell

Fortunately for both of us, Pamela Allyson Powell arrived a few days later. Then, too, another Hollywood couple began to make genuine divorce news. With the baby keeping June knee-deep in books on how to raise children, formulas and diapers, we soon forgot the grim fight to save our marriage from unthinking attacks—which had come from all but a few of the more reliable and honest members of the press.

But, of course, our plans to sell our Bel-Air home were shot to pieces. We had decided, after almost completely rebuilding the house, that it wasn't quite the thing we wanted for our family, and we hoped that we could at least get our money back. Then, when those divorce stories began to pop, two interested prospects backed off.

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happy Swimming days with Tampax

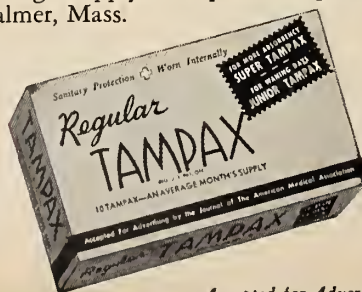


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NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



They figured they'd hold off for awhile because it's easy to grab a bargain when a couple is splitting up. Well, we fooled 'em, but in the meantime, the market fell way off.

Besides keeping us from planning our new home, all this monkey business cost us a really sizable amount of money, what with all the running around, telephoning, and extra plane travel.

"Sure does put a dent in the old budget," I pointed out.

"Uh-huh," June agreed. "Like it was hit with a Mack truck. But thank goodness we weren't even scratched." As I write this it occurs that she should have a little present from me. Something important. But there I'm stumped. She doesn't want anything.

Could be my fault. The first real present I ever gave her was a mink coat. June doesn't know from mink coats. You have to put the coat in storage, have it fixed up regularly. But do you think she can get around to that? Not on your life. She takes care of it herself and won't let the coat out of her sight. She thinks there's something special about it that nobody should have custody of it in off season. That's her coat. Something not to be fooled with by total strangers.

Even if it falls apart.

Oh well, I guess it won't. Mink coats wear well forever.

Like a good marriage. Like ours.

This might be a good place to stop. And yet... Did I say that it had been almost a year since June and I were bothered by a rash of silly, dopey and phony rumors? Well, on a recent Sunday, a certain radio commentator let go with another blast. The Powells, he said, had indulged in a "king-sized" quarrel at Romanoff's restaurant in Beverly Hills.

I didn't hear the news myself until my good friend, columnist Harrison Carroll, called up Monday morning to "check." I turned from the telephone and asked

CAN'T STAY MAD

The other day I came home, opened the front door and called for June. "I'm in the den, Richard," she called back. "We've got company."

I'll say we had. Two tall motorcycle officers who looked like the types that have beaten me up in some of my pictures. We had a nice talk. Seems that June had been in a hurry to get home. She brought the boys along. They sold me 12 tickets to a policeman's benefit.

June disappeared and as I was showing them to the door, one of them handed me another ticket. "Almost forgot this," he said cheerfully. It was for June—a traffic ticket for doing 45 miles in a 25-mile zone.

When I shut the door, she was standing right behind me, looking like a little girl three years old who'd whipped off her party dress in front of company and gone running through the water sprinkler.

"You angry?" she asked.

"No," I retorted. "No, I've got nothing to beef about except a 10-dollar ticket and 12 tickets for the policeman's ball. Think what it would cost if I hired somebody to drive you around. I guess I'll just give you a solid spanking and let it go at that."

"You wouldn't dare," she said, putting on her imp face.

Well, maybe not. You never can tell who's hanging around our place, and think how a thing like that would look in the columns!—Dick Powell

LOVE THAT FLYING

I can't begin to tell how amazing this girl June is. She insists on knowing what everything is about, down to the smallest detail. Take the matter of my flying. I am an earnest advocate of private plane advancement. I fly everywhere I can. June gets nervous and rarely flies. Still, she can talk your arm off on the subject of such things as determination of wind force and direction as it applies to dead reckoning navigation.

Once when we were going across country on one of the finest airlines, we ran into rough weather. I could tell by the look on June's face that she was scared pink, but before I could deliver a small lecture, she was bouncing up and down the aisle while the plane lurched through the murk.

"Isn't flying wonderful?" she exclaimed to a jittery young mother with two children. "I wouldn't travel any other way." She launched into an explanation of the non-importance of a few bumps and the complete non-existence of such false items as "air pockets."

As we walked away from the plane after landing I said, "What a little fiber you are. You were jumpy as a morning after."

"I know," she agreed, "that's why I didn't want to pass it on to other people."

—Dick Powell

June, "Honey, where were we last Thursday night?"

"Gee," she replied, "I dunno."

"Were we at Romanoff's having a big fight?"

"What's all this about?"

"It's Harrison. There was a broadcast last night—said we staged a family quarrel at Romanoff's. He wants to know."

"Oh, I remember," June chuckled. "We had dinner with your radio producer, Don Sharpe. You were talking about your radio show, and you had that hard-boiled look on your face. I remember, you looked at the salad and it just curled up and withered."

Well, there you have it. Actor takes his wife to dinner. Commentator hard up for news dreams up an argument that never happened and blabs a completely erroneous story over the air. Next day you have a hot little rumor trying to grow up into something important.

What should we do? Hire a radio program and talk baby talk to each other? Punch the offending reporter on the nose? You figure it out. All June and I know is that this is where we came in. It's an old story and we hope that everyone else is as tired of it as we are.

As for the columnist, if he really told the truth, he'd say something like this: "An informant told me that the Powells were arguing in a restaurant the other night, but I've been so busy this afternoon that I didn't have a chance to check with them personally. So, instead of passing out false information about a couple of people who have a real nice marriage and would like to keep it that way, I'm going to keep my mouth shut."

In other words, there wasn't any fight, there isn't going to be, and what the man said was an unfair attack on our small share in the institution of matrimony which he loudly claims to uphold.

That ought to settle it.

THE END

(Dick Powell's latest film is Mrs. Mike; June Allyson's is The Stratton Story.)

don't
flirt
with
old
sol



Screen stars like Lizabeth Scott, who never gamble with their beauty, protect their skins with suntan lotion.

IT'S NO FUN BEING A BURNT COOKIE—PROTECT YOURSELF FROM SUNBURN!

■ Just make up your mind that you can't get as brown as that gorgeous life-guard on your first afternoon at the beach without getting gruesomely burned! Too many of us feel so deliciously cool and free in our new bathing suits or play clothes that we forget about the sun's ultra-violet rays. They don't *feel* hot for about three or four hours after the first exposure; then, each year, they send some 25,000,000 of us to the drug store for a package of sunburn remedy! The heat rays of the sun are harmless. Look out for the ultra-violet ones, though, which can burn on a cool summer day. They bounce back from the water and creep under beach umbrellas to do their mischief. They even poke through a hazy sky.

Of course, your white and pastel summer things look terrific with a rich, golden tan, but don't risk all the complexion difficulties which can come from careless burning. Freckles might be the least of your troubles in that case, because your pigment often goes splotchy; warts and moles show up importantly; your skin gets dry and thick and unlovely and if you have eruptions, they may get worse after a sunburn.

The smart and obvious thing to do is cover yourself with an antiseptic sun tan lotion which is greaseless and invisible on the skin, screens out 90% of the burning rays but lets you tan glamorously. If that's too slow, there's always a wide choice of coppery make-up to give you that summery glow at a minute's notice.

Wear sun glasses, too, when you're actually out in the sunlight. Continual squinting, otherwise, will put lines around your eyes as well as make them feel hot and puffy.

Lipstick protects your lips from unsightly parching and looks extra luscious with a tan skin.

Don't neglect your hair—wear a turban or a big, floppy hat whenever possible. Give your hair a hot oil rub frequently to keep it silky and smooth. A little care now can bring you into fall looking prettier than ever.

BY CAROL CARTER, BEAUTY EDITOR

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Have You Heard?



Pride comes before a fall... and if it weren't for Kay Kyser my pride would still be intact. Perhaps I should explain. When I first heard that Georgia Carroll, John Powers' famous model, was slated to change "Carroll" to "Kyser" I thought, "Well, there stands another victim of 'southern charm'. Fifty million 'y'alls wouldn't devastate ME!" But now for the awful truth. I heard Kay's "College of Fun and Knowledge" over the ABC network the other day and I find that I am not only susceptible to 'southern charm' in the form of Kay Kyser but that I'm ready to send an apple to the teacher wrapped in a natty rebel flag.

Pillsbury's Professor is in a class by himself as far as entertainment goes. His spirited version of laughter and learning from the halls of his mythical college is imaginative. And the playful way he leads contestants into unpredictable "slur of the moment" remarks is downright ingenious. All of which should prove that you *can* teach an old dialer new tricks. And Kay Kyser with that certain captivating something (I'll admit it! Southern Charm!) is the man to do it. Kay's College is in session at 4 P.M. EDT Mondays through Fridays.

★ ★ ★

There's a scriptless wonder—also on the ABC network—that is unquestionably the greatest "rise and shiner" since the invention of the sun. It's the sixteen year old tradition called "The Breakfast Club." Don McNeill, with his "be good to yourself" philosophy is irresistible as the M.C. and his delightfully daft gang which includes Jack Owens (the cruising Crooner), clowning Sam Cowling, Fran (Aunt Fanny) Allison contribute a buoyant humor and freshness that make every program as irrepressible as a premiere. Patsy Lee and Eddie Ballantine share the musical honors on this bouncing breakfast bonanza which is understandably regarded with pride by its fathers: Swift, Philco and General Mills. First call for breakfast is 9:00 A.M. EDT—every Monday through Friday.

★ ★ ★

Other Tips on ABC Daytime Dialing

"My True Story" 10:00 AM edt
Drama ripped from the pages of real life.

Galen Drake 11:45 AM edt
A relaxing quarter hour of homey philosophy.

"Welcome Travelers" 12 Noon edt
A daily visit with interesting people from the world over.

Joan Lansing

HOW COULD I BE SO WRONG!

(Continued from page 43)

About the same time, a young actor I'd never heard of was sitting at a lunch counter between radio shows in Chicago and telling a friend of his, "When I go to Hollywood and break into pictures, I want to fall in love with an actress and marry her. Then I'll be happy."

The day that young man—whose name was John Hodiak—walked into my life, that foolish idea of mine flew out, and for keeps. I remember how suddenly it happened. Hume Cronyn pointed him out to me in the studio café and kidded, "Now there's a nice eligible bachelor you ought to meet." John had just made *Lifeboat* with Tallulah Bankhead and he was very interesting to plenty of unmarried young actresses around Hollywood. But not to me—I said.

"Don't be silly," I answered, "I'm not interested in eligible actors. Two careers—" But Hume was beckoning him over and all of a sudden I forgot what I'd started to say. Soon afterwards—three years ago this July to be exact—I was walking down a flower-banked path in my mother's garden toward an altar, with the strains of Mendelssohn sweet in my ears, on my way to being Mrs. John Hodiak, an actor's wife. And as much in love as I was then, I didn't know how lucky that was.

no one else but . . .

So now, with our Third Anniversary just around the corner, maybe it's high time to make a confession: John had the right idea—and mine was all wrong. Also, perhaps, a slight correction is in order: Being an actress, I don't see how I could ever be happy married to anyone *but* an actor. Because, by now, I know that two careers don't menace a marriage. They make it all the better. At least for Mr. and Mrs. John Hodiak they do. And for some very solid reasons.

First of all, I know that when two people are deeply devoted to the same thing in life, when their common ambition, their mutual goal is the same, they're not hunting for something to share—they have it, every day, every hour. John and I have acting.

I've wanted to act ever since I can remember. I started on the stage at 13, broke into pictures at 16. As a boy, John was probably the most all-out movie fan in his hometown, Detroit. He skipped school one whole year just to watch movies. He saw three and four a day sometimes, watched one picture 27 times! He sneaked into theaters, faked passes, got himself in Dutch with truant officers and at home. That's how crazy he was, and still is, about what he wanted to be.

To us both, an acting career is the most vital, thrilling life imaginable. Double that life with marriage and you double the joy and excitement, the surprises and delights. It's as simple as that.

The other afternoon when I came home, our maid met me at the door with an important message. "Mr. Hodiak called when you were out," she said. "He has some big news. He wants you to have two drinks ready." I fixed cocktails, and fussed around the house dying with curiosity and suspense. John was busy shooting *Battle-ground*; I felt sure it must be something about that.

At last he got home, looking wildly happy. This was a moment, an occasion. I took his arm, we walked into the front room, sat down by the drinks. "Well . . . ?" I said. "They've taken me out of that supporting part and given me the lead!"

"Oh, how wonderful! Darling!" And we both hit the clouds. I couldn't tell you who was more excited and happy, John or I. Any wife is happiest when her husband is happy; any truly married couple shares the good things to the full. But for us I think the thrill packed extra-special kick for this reason: I knew exactly what that meant to John. The same thing could have happened to me; in fact, it has. Maybe I'm wrong, but I don't think I could have shared that joy so deeply if I'd never stepped on a stage or a movie set in my life. How could I have really understood?

Actors are poor self-critics. The only time you really believe you're good is when you're told so by someone who you think knows what he's talking about. You can lose yourself in a bottomless pit of the ghastly awfuls so easily when you watch yourself on the screen. When I've done a scene and I think, "It's horrible, just no good at all!" someone who wasn't an actor might say, "Oh, I thought that was very good"—and, even if he were my husband, I wouldn't believe him. It might even make me madder than ever. I'd think, "He's just trying to make me feel better, and anyway he doesn't know anything about it."

But when John says, "Wait a minute, Anne. You're crazy. That was swell!" Well, suddenly I believe him. He's an actor, himself. Suddenly, I think, "Maybe it was all right, after all"—and that's all I need. The world's sunny again. That's comfort coming from where it counts.

Actors are emotional people; they'd be terrible actors if they weren't. But their hair-trigger temperaments make them moody or merry, up in the clouds or down in the dumps, especially when they're working. Luckily, actors are also expressive. They can blow off steam, and usually do. It's only when emotions are clamped down and repressed that all sorts of serious things happen. There isn't much danger of that in our house.

so nice to come home to . . .

Both John and I go through stretches when, frankly, we are no joys to live with. Something's going wrong at the studio, a job is tedious and exasperating, the pressure is on to do something we don't want to do. Or we're just sore at ourselves for not being better than we are.

At such times, being exposed to exactly the same thing, we usually know enough to leave each other alone. If I drag in around seven o'clock, glum, silent and worn to a frazzle, pad silently upstairs and have my dinner in bed, nobody asks me why, John knows why. He knows as only a Hollywood actor knows, that nowhere else is there quite the kind of tiredness that comes after a tough day on a picture set—the drained emotions, the numb, exhausted nerves, that result when the harassed self is exposed for long hours to the pull and haul and exactness of picture making. I'm not on the spot to be fresh and bright, seductive and charming to my husband. He understands—he's so often dragged through the same thing himself.

Or if John wobbles home with that beaten-carpet look you get when the studio day has been rugged in all directions, do you think I'm going to bounce up and hey-hey him out of the house to dine and dance at some hot spot? One look and want to put him to bed with milk toasts and a hot water bottle, because I can see myself in the mirror of his played-out face.

To act at all, you have to put yourself

in someone else's place. You have to know people inside and out—and the more you know people, the more you understand and sympathize with what makes them tick and the more tolerant you become. Actors are famous for their tolerance. And certain tolerance is of prime importance in marriage.

There's rarely a dull moment in our lives, but if there ever is we can banish it quickly at the movies. Movies are not just an idle hour to us; they're our lives' work. John and I will often drop something twice as glamorous to chase across town to a neighborhood theater where an interesting picture we've missed is playing. On Sunday evenings, we haunt the Academy Theater to see old-time silent movies and movie stars who made Hollywood history—Wally Reid, Rudy Valentino, Garbo, Swanson and all the others. We run and re-run pictures at our studios so often I'm sure they'll send us a bill one of these days. We talk movies constantly, study and kibitz, happily argue and analyze. We take them apart for direction, camera angles, scoring, acting and art. We love our profession—and that doesn't hurt us in loving each other.

But I can sense some resistance rising at this point, perhaps like this: "Okay, but those are *little* things. What about the big ones—such as having time to make a home for husband, looking after the old man's comfort? How about that necessary feeling of providing that a man has to have to be happy—can John have it when you have your own salary? How about time to do things together, with both of you on call at different studios and neither one knowing about his leisure hours from day to day?"

All right—one at a time.

on the agenda . . .

First, let me admit right off that being Mrs. Domesticity is harder with a career. But before I leave for the studio in the morning, I'm up at six o'clock. After breakfast, I write a flock of notes. To John: *Do this, please; or how about a party, Tuesday; or call me here or there; or what do you think of this or that?* To the cook: *Here's a complete menu and shopping list. To the laundress: Not so much starch in Mr. H's shirts.* And so on. Then I pack up my lunch of cottage cheese and tomatoes. If John's working too, I pack his ham sandwich and thermos of coffee. (We take our lunches because that's best for our stomachs and nerves.) I don't clean the house with a rag around my head and I don't fry the breakfast eggs and wash the dishes. But I know how and what's more I know how it's being done and when. That's about all an actress acting from nine to six can do.

Then there's the ever-present question of family finances, of who supports whom. And it's an important one. So important that before John Hodiak said "I do" he made it plain as print that he was supporting the Hodiak household, or else. He still does, and no back talk—not that I'm thinking of giving any.

I have my salary and John has his. It would be pretty silly to ignore that and pretend you were making pictures for fun. It would be just as silly to expect your husband to pay the running expenses of your screen career. There's really no issue at all when you look at it sensibly. I'm Mrs. John Hodiak, so John Hodiak supports me. He pays all the household expenses, all the family bills. I buy my clothes, which are a business necessity to an actress, even though sometimes it's hard convincing Uncle Sam of that fact. I pay any bill connected with Anne Baxter, Hollywood actress.

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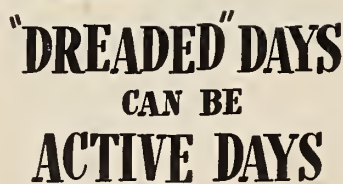
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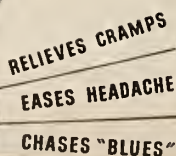
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we're off! . . .

So what I'm saying on this Third Anniversary of ours is that it's a pleasure to eat those silly words I once spoke. Thank Heaven I married an actor—especially since his name is John Hodiak!

HER EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO!

(Continued from page 30)

"It was never official with Glenn and me," she pointed out. "It was never announced. It was more like going steady—you know. I thought he was a wonderful man. I still do. But it was just romantic."

At first, as I say, I was tempted to tie the same fragile label to her second *affaire de coeur*. I mean, of course, the one that seized Elizabeth right at the dramatic climax of that first love when, with Glenn flying to visit her packing a ruby-and-diamond miniature class ring in his pocket to make their troth official, she fell head over heels for another man. He's the tall, dark and handsome William Pawley, Jr., of Miami, Florida, who—very officially, now—is keeping Elizabeth's beautiful head in the clouds.

She was already smitten that new way when a camera caught her giving Glenn a big, beautiful kiss as he stepped off the plane, which seemed to tell the world that they were altar-bound. Right after that Glenn got the bad news: They were not. She'd met Bill two weeks before.

Hollywood didn't get the final straight dope on the Taylor love tangle until the day Elizabeth arrived by plane from Florida with no fiancé anywhere in sight. "Where's Glenn?" asked the baffled reporters. "I don't know," answered Elizabeth. "He's not here." Obviously.

their last date . . .

A week later I called Sarah Taylor, Elizabeth's mother. I wanted to know if Glenn Davis would take Elizabeth to the Academy Award ceremony.

"No," she answered. "He's gone fishing with his father." She said they thought so much of Glenn and his fine family, and oh dear, it was all so awkward.

"Well," I suggested, "you'd better get him back from that fishing trip to take Elizabeth tomorrow night or there's going to be a lot of talk about their engagement being broken that will embarrass everyone concerned." She said she'd do her best.

So Glenn Davis came back and escorted Elizabeth to that spotlighted Hollywood affair. It was a tough assignment, but they don't come any nicer than he.

That night he was a self-sacrificing escort and that was all. I never saw two kids look so glum and unromantic. It was all over by then.

The next time I spied romantic Liz, she was on the arm of the reason why, Bill Pawley. It was at the Icecapades, the second time Elizabeth had appeared publicly in Hollywood on the arm of her new dream guy.

He was visiting the Taylors, staying at their Beverly Hills home, and Elizabeth was keeping him as much to herself as possible. The preview of her new picture, *The Conspirator*, was the only other time she'd exposed him to the public gaze in Hollywood.

Bill had just flown home to Florida when I trotted over to the Taylors the other night to quiz lovelorn Lizzie on the tender subject of her mixed up amours. I've known Elizabeth since she was five years old and I'd never seen that beautiful girl so gorgeous. She was simply blooming with ripe young womanhood and wore a lovely pink dress that set off her black and white beauty superbly. It had a high collar.

"You aren't still wearing a certain gold football underneath that collar, are you?" I teased her. For a long time Elizabeth

wouldn't take Glenn Davis' gridiron trophy off, even when she took a bath.

"Not lately," smiled Elizabeth.

"There wouldn't be a ring dangling there on a fine gold chain in its place, would there?" I teased. She shook her head and her eyes twinkled.

"Want to inspect?"

"No," I told her, "I'll see it later on—maybe. Right now I've got some questions to ask. I want to know all about Glenn and Bill."

"I'll tell you nothing but the truth," promised Elizabeth. Well, she told me nothing, period. That is, nothing official. And at the same time she told me all I wanted to know.

In fact, Elizabeth went to great pains to convince me, by denying everything, that she'd fallen for Bill Pawley like a ton of orange blossoms.

Yes, romance was in bloom again for Elizabeth. Her eyes—if not her lips—told me so then. It stuck out all over her pretty self. And incidentally, it's a pretty self that's noticeably more grown-up and mature since she travelled to England, then to Florida—and met Bill Pawley. I told her, "My, but you look grown-up."

"Oh, thank you," she breathed gratefully. "I wish I were—lots more."

"Like maybe 28?" I suggested. Elizabeth laughed and blushed. That's Bill Pawley's age. "Now, look here," I baited her, "you can't marry an old man 28 years old!"

"Who said I was getting married?"

Well, that's the way we operated—playing cat and mouse all evening. I must say the lady was too cute and coy about her heart for any direct confessions. But in between rounds I learned the story of how it switched, the way the hearts of 17-year-old girls have been switching since time began.

she was true blue . . .

The new deal in Liz's romance probably would never have happened if her Uncle Howard Young, who's a prominent art dealer in New York, hadn't owned a dreamy Florida winter home on Star Island, out in Blue Biscayne Bay off Miami. The Taylors have been going down there to visit hospitable Uncle Howard (he's Francis Taylor's uncle and Elizabeth's great uncle) every time they're East, if it's winter and the place is open. This time, Elizabeth and her mother headed for Miami after their stay in England where Elizabeth made *The Conspirator* with Bob Taylor. She'd been strictly loyal to Glenn ever since she kissed him goodbye and they parted in sweet sorrow, going in opposite directions—Elizabeth crossing the Atlantic to Britain and Glenn heading over the Pacific to Army duty in Korea. Even when happily-married Bob Taylor asked her out to dine and dance in London, she declined. In Manhattan, too, when she landed, Elizabeth spent two weeks without a date, although the Taylors know plenty of people there with sons to beau her around.

"I was being true blue," she explained.

"Did you write Glenn every day?" I asked her.

"He wrote me every day," she said. "I wrote him maybe every other day." But when I asked Liz if she'd kept those first love letters to warm her heart in her old age (I have mine), she shook her head. "Oh, no—I'm not that sentimental."

For seven long months they didn't see each other, months in which Elizabeth dreamed about marrying her dashing lieutenant—or did she? I asked her.

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"Well," she said, "you see we really couldn't plan on getting married until 1951 at least, when Glenn could get out of the Army. It was definitely in the future all the time. And I'm not sure we really knew each other as well as we thought we did. We'd only had seven dates before he went away."

So to give Liz a break—and I think she deserves one in her first semi-serious heart troubles—there were certain unrealities about her engagement, official or not, to Glenn Davis. It was so very long-term, and I've never been sold on drawn-out engagements—they're too risky at any age. At Elizabeth's, especially, when everything's fascinating, including every attractive young man you meet, and when even vows that you yourself think are true blue can fly away with your heart and you can't do a thing about it. Nothing's going to hold a young girl back if she falls in spite of herself with no strong arm to grab her. Certainly not when that arm is 5,000 miles away.

Another unreality about the romantic affair of the handsome lieutenant and his Hollywood princess was what Elizabeth specializes in on the screen—glamor. Only this time it was on Glenn Davis' side.

her hero . . .

There never had been a greater football star at West Point. For four years Glenn and his husky pal, Doc Blanchard, were the nonpareil, unstoppable big wheels of the collegiate pigskin parade. Sport writers tabbed Glenn an all-time gridiron immortal, a peer of Jim Thorpe, Red Grange, George Gipp. At the very moment Elizabeth met Glenn—and swooned—he was the man to watch in a big, ballyhooed charity football clash at the Los Angeles Coliseum. It was the only game the Army would let Glenn play, off duty, the lone chance for every Southern Californian to see their great rambler in action. Glenn's home town is Claremont, near Hollywood. So the papers were full of him, and he was the hero of the hour.

Now, at Elizabeth's age football heroes are dashing young knights. Glenn Davis was an All-American and from West Point, too—and what girl's heart doesn't thrill to that manly long, gray line with its shining brass buttons and high ideals, the very cream of the USA's college youth? How more glamorous than Glenn Davis could you be to any girl?

Also, Liz was sweet 16 and dying to be doing what every girl she knew was doing—"going steady." She was frank enough about that in our cagey conversation. The Taylors had taken a house at Malibu beach just so Elizabeth and her older brother, Howard, could have their boy and girl friends down to have their fun around home. Most of them wore fraternity pins, or rings. But Elizabeth had no beau. She wasn't going steady, there was no pin or ring to sport like the rest of her girl friends, no special man to sigh and rave over. Gosh, she was withering on the vine, passing up life—and life is never so urgent as it is at 16.

So when Doris May Kerns, a friend of hers at MGM, and her husband Hubie, an ex-USC athlete, brought their friend, Glenn Davis, down to the Malibu house one day, what happened was practically inevitable. Glenn's really divine looking, a wonderful young man. He was just out of the Academy and any cadet wants a best girl, object matrimony, the first thing after he pins on his gold lieutenant's bars. What sweeter, more beautiful girl could you meet anywhere than Elizabeth Taylor? The romance sparked hot and bright. A more handsome and glamorous pair teamed with tender intent hadn't hit the front pages for a long time—although how they did that,

by the way, was pretty unreal, too. In fact, it was a trick on Elizabeth which put her and Glenn on the spot just a little too quick for comfort. It happened like this:

A sharpshooting columnist grilled Elizabeth after her first date with Glenn. "Would your parents stand in the way if you'd want to marry Glenn Davis when you're 18?" she asked.

"Why, no, I don't think they would," Liz answered honestly.

The headlines blared, "ELIZABETH TAYLOR REVEALS PLANS TO WED."

So that's how it began, with unrealities—and then the very real facts of two different lives took over.

Lieutenant Davis would proceed to Korea, his orders read, and duty with the Occupation Forces. Miss Elizabeth Taylor, her studio advised, would go to England, to make *The Conspirator*. Liz left to sample, as a young lady, the cosmopolitan world she had left as a baby girl. She saw London, was presented to the King and Queen, grew up some more, had her eyes widened with fascinating sights and interests, and time passed—those seven months.

I know that Elizabeth has neither a fickle character nor a flighty heart, really. Even if she herself kids about it, Liz is "true blue." She just got caught in a love trap she couldn't help, that's all, and changed her mind—a lady's privilege—to Glenn Davis' loss and Bill Pawley's gain.

I feel sorry in a way for Glenn because he's such a swell young man and it isn't fun for him to taste the defeat he never sampled on a football field. But he's so attractive himself that I'm not worrying about the future affairs of his heart—and besides, Glenn's a soldier and knows all's fair in love and war. And he and Elizabeth still are undoubtedly "good friends," whatever that means after romance.

Elizabeth knew the old feeling wasn't there even before she met Bill Pawley in Florida. Absence had not made the heart grow fonder. But she was still holding her romance, keeping her vows, being "true blue." So was Glenn Davis in Korea, counting the days until he could fly to Elizabeth and slip on that ring he'd had a jeweler make. But when he stepped off that plane in Miami it was too late—two weeks too late.

Uncle Howard had given Elizabeth a big party for her 17th birthday. The Star Island house was festive with his friends and among them were Mary Ann and Dick Reynolds of the tobacco Reynoldses, who had a home in Miami. How older people do love to team up young beauties and eligible young men! "Elizabeth will just have to meet Bill Pawley," they said. "They'd be perfect together."

Bill Pawley was a favorite with everybody, you could certainly tell that. Every-

PHOTO CREDITS

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

6 Top., Wide World, Cen., Lt., Acme Cen. Rt., Wide World, Bot., Acme—7 Wide World—8 Acme—10 Bob Beerman—12 International News Photo—14 Bob Beerman, Exc. Bot., Wide World—22 Wide World—24 Bob Beerman—29 Paramount—30 Top., Bob Beerman, Bot., Wide World—31 Nickolas Murray—32, 33 Bob Beerman—34 Bert Parry—35 Lt., Bert Parry, Rt., NBC photo by Earl Zeigler—36, 37 Bert Parry—40-42 Bob Beerman—43 Bert Parry—44-47 Bob Beerman—48, 49 Bob Beerman—50-53 Fed. Patellani—Pix, Inc.—54 Fed. Patellani—Pix, Inc. Exc. Top., Wide World—55 Fed. Patellani—Pix, Inc.—56 Lt., Roman Freulich, Cen., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Rt., Bob Beerman—57 Bob Beerman—60-63 Ike Vern—67 Mathias Caldys of Pagano Studios—67-74 Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios—78 Stork Club News Service—91 Paramount.

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

one there, including Uncle Howard, sang his praises. "He's a wonderful young man, such a gentleman, so sincere, so bright and honest and such fun—just the nicest boy in the world." Everyone knew Elizabeth would be in Florida several weeks, no one could stand seeing her bored. She needed an escort. After all, she wasn't *officially* engaged. "You've just got to meet Bill." But Bill was up in Palm Beach that birthday. So two nights later the Reynoldses gave a party at their house with a definite objective: "Elizabeth, this is Bill." By then, Elizabeth admitted, she was curious as a cat about this dream man. Who wouldn't be at 17, on a holiday, under a tropic moon?

"Was there a moon?" I asked Elizabeth. Because they grow those big ones down there and they make silver sweeps on the bay that look like bridal trains.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't remember. I guess I didn't look to see." She had eyes only for Bill.

Well, who is this new sweetheart of Elizabeth's? What manner of young man is this who can step in on fast-stepping Glenn Davis' time, who can beat out an All-American back for Hollywood's All-American beauty?

William Douglas Pawley, Jr., is his full name and he's the son of William D. Pawley, former U. S. Ambassador to Brazil. His father now runs the Miami Transit company—buses and things. Bill helps out there and also, with his brother, runs a Florida radio station.

Bill was born in Georgia and educated in a Southern military school. He's a pilot who flew the Hump for three years during the war, wants a private jet plane of his own some day, considers his dad's DC-3 way too slow and old-fashioned. He's an athlete too, a snap swimmer and skier, expert with horses. He's 28, four years older than Glenn, tall and sun-bronzed. I was amazed, when I saw him, how much he looks like Elizabeth; he could pass for her brother, since he has exactly the same coloring—fair skin, dark hair and eyebrows, piercing blue, blue eyes. He's good-natured looking, poised, easy in his manner. "He's humorous but intelligent, too. Not the personality type, sort of—uh—conservative," Elizabeth added him up.

I wouldn't know about that, because Bill wasn't exactly conservative about making time with Elizabeth's wayward heart. They spent a lot of it around movie mogul Nick Schenck's pool, swimming and lying in the sun and—well—getting acquainted. They rode horseback on the white sands. They spent the nights at gay parties, here and there—in the two weeks before Glenn Davis was due on the scene with that ill-starred engagement ring burning inside his blouse pocket. All in all, Bill sounded like a pretty smooth operator to me; I asked Liz if he'd ever been engaged before.

"Yes," she said, "but not *officially*. Oh," she caught herself, "understand, I mean he's not engaged *now*."

"I wondered when you'd get around to that, dear," I teased her. "But tell me, after all the build-up, what did you think of this wonderful Bill when you finally met him?"

"Oh, he was very nice," dodged Lizzie. "Did he send you flowers and things?"

Elizabeth looked horrified. "Oh, no!" she said. "Not down there. It wouldn't have been proper. I'm an old-fashioned girl with old-fashioned ideals. I was supposed to be engaged to Glenn, you know. . . . I wouldn't have ever posed for that picture at the plane if I'd known about it. The photographers promised they'd give us time to say hello before they took a picture. But they didn't." Elizabeth meant that surprising embrace that came out in a national picture magazine to embarrass them both after her romance with Glenn was dead. I believe her, too, because I know she wouldn't hurt any one if she could help it. "After all," she explained, "I'd invited Glenn down there. He was my guest."

"Did you ever see that engagement ring he brought along?" I wanted to know.

She nodded. "Yes, it was very pretty."

"Come on now, Elizabeth," I prodded her, "didn't you slip it on just once—just for size?" She shook her head. I had another question:

"Did Glenn and Bill ever meet?" She nodded, said they met each other at a party a few nights later.

"What happened?"

"It was very interesting," said Elizabeth. I'll bet it was!

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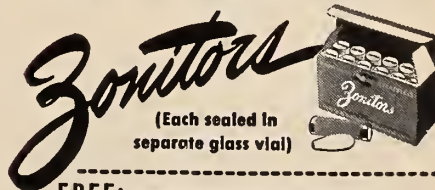
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"Well, did Glenn know what went on between you two when he looked at Bill?"

"He didn't have to look at Bill," came back Elizabeth. "All he had to do was look at me!" And yet she wouldn't admit—officially that is—she was in love with the guy!

In Florida, Elizabeth and her mother were entertained at Bill's home. And Liz hadn't been back in Hollywood very long before ardent Bill Pawley accepted their invitation to visit them and meet Francis, her dad. If you wanted to make a case for a betrothal you could very well start from there. Moreover, Bill stayed at the Taylors for two-and-a-half weeks, right in the house. I asked evasive Lizzie:

"Did you like him as much at breakfast as you did at dinner?"

unglamorous atmosphere . . .

"Every bit," she answered firmly. Well, with a man underfoot around the house for that long, with no gay whirl to enchant either one, I should think Elizabeth and Bill would have had plenty of time and opportunity to know if they really suffered from anything like real love. And Elizabeth admitted frankly that she'd planned it that way. She said, pretty sensibly, but at the same time giving herself away more and more:

"We'd seen each other in Florida before, it was almost always at parties, having fun. You can think you like someone terribly much in an atmosphere like that—but it might be just the glamor. When you're around together alone all day, having a quiet time, you find out so many important little things that show each other's character and disposition. So we just stayed around the house."

Well, if that didn't betray a girl bending a seriously-interested eye on a man, I've flunked my psychology course in sweet young things! And it's true, too, that Elizabeth and her visiting boy friend acted more like old married folk than a strictly good-time team when Bill was in Hollywood. They never went dancing. Bill wasn't interested in seeing studios; he went to MGM just once. He'd never seen Elizabeth in a movie, so she showed him her girlhood hit, *National Velvet*, and then one night when she was tired he went by himself to see *Little Women*.

"Bill wasn't too impressed with the movie me," grinned Elizabeth, implying that's exactly the way she wanted it. "I think he likes ice cream better than me, anyway. That's the most exciting thing we did—run down to Will Wright's and eat hot fudge sundaes. I do wish," said Elizabeth, with a mock frown at her blooming figure, "I didn't eat so much."

"That settles it," I kidded her, "you can't be in love."

"Oh," she bit, "when I'm in love I eat twice as much!" Then Liz caught herself. "Oh, oh, what did I say?"

"You've said enough by now to tell me that you're pretty crazy about Bill Pawley," I told her. "And now—when will you see Bill again?"

"I'm very tired and overworked," sighed Elizabeth in her most dramatic actress manner, "and Bob Taylor shook some vertebrae in my back out of place in a scene of *The Conspirator*. So I really need a long rest in the Florida sun, don't you think?"

"There's plenty of sun right here in California," I informed that pretty joker, "but not Bill." By then, of course, Elizabeth knew darned well she wasn't kidding me and I think she was glad I knew her glorious secret.

I kissed her goodbye and wished her good luck.

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THE END

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JOHN WAYNE'S DOUBLE LIFE

(Continued from page 37)

So, like millions of other movie fans, they went to see John Wayne.

John Wayne is a guy with a double life. There's John Wayne, the star, today probably the most widely-seen motion picture actor in the world. And there's John Wayne, the private citizen, today probably the least known of all Hollywood personalities.

In the last 20 years, the public has seen him in 143 pictures, a number few other stars can approach. And yet, ask any movie fan about the tall, rugged Duke, and the chances are you'll get something like, "Oh! He's good. I like him very much." That and nothing more.

Now, the reason for this appalling lack of dope on Wayne lies in the man's character. He's frank, polite, easygoing, and friendly—but somehow he's constitutionally incapable of speaking at great length about any subject concerning himself.

he don't say nuthin' . . .

A press agent who was his Sigma Chi fraternity brother at the University of Southern California and who has known him all his adult life, recently explained Wayne in this manner:

"Duke is the only actor I know who has never made any attempt to get his name in the papers. In this business, that's almost incredible. I've handled dozens of stars, and they've always done things like calling me at daybreak to say, 'My cat just gave birth to kittens. Do you think we could make Louella's column with that?'"

"Duke is entirely different. Even when something really newsworthy happens to him, you can't get it out of him. A few years ago, for example, he went hunting with Ward Bond. When he returned, I asked him if anything interesting had happened, something I could use for a publicity item. 'Nothin' much,' he said.

"Later, I found out that on that trip Duke had mistaken Bond in the woods for a deer and had accidentally shot him in the back. He then carried Bond 20 miles through a forest to reach a hospital—where they took 20 pieces of buckshot out of Ward. To Duke, that wasn't worth a line in any paper."

When Wayne was first signed to a contract at Republic pictures, he was handed the usual publicity questionnaire to fill out.

What's your real name? "Marion Michael Morrison," he wrote.

What was your first job? . . . "Picking apricots."

What was your employment before acting? . . . "Truck-driving."

List any distinguished ancestors. . . . "Have never looked 'em up."

When the publicity man read the answered questionnaire, he shook his head in disbelief. "This guy," he said, "is just about as colorful as a dead fish."

That was more than two decades ago, and in two decades a man can pick up a lot of color and glamor. But Duke Wayne today is the same sort of man he was back in 1929.

He's plain, simple and unaffected. He combines picturesque ruggedness with the type of awkward tenderness that most American women love. He's the kind of guy who grows on you. And almost imperceptibly, he has grown on movie fans to that rewarding point where they accept him as a full-fledged star and yet make no demands on his private life.

The Wayne home is a ranch-type house that's furnished half in Early American and half in guns. His best friends are lusty fellows like Ward Bond, John Ford, Frank Borzage and Bo Roos, and while he now gets \$100,000 a picture, this rise to affluence has been fairly recent.

"I'm just a guy," he explains, "who's trying to make a living in the movies. I don't have a capital gains set-up like some of these other guys, and that's why I've got to keep working."

"I've got two families to feed, and Bo Roos, my business manager, tells me my overhead comes to \$2,600 a month. I don't know where it goes to, but that's an awful lot of dough, and I've got to keep hopping."

"Actors who make one picture a year think I'm working like the devil now—but for 15 long years I averaged eight pictures a year, and once I made a 25-chapter serial in 18 days."

"I used to work for peanuts, but I guess I've come a little way since then."

"The little way," Duke has reference to began May 26, 1908 when he was born in Winterset, Iowa, and christened Marion Michael Morrison. "He didn't look like any Marion," his mother now says. "He was a tall, skinny baby and even before he could walk, we started calling him Duke."

Marion Morrison is still Duke's legal name, though, and he's used it on all such legal documents as his two marriage certificates, his high-school diploma, and so forth. But when Winnie Sheehan, head of Fox Studios many years ago, was told that Duke's real name was Marion, he quickly pronounced it impossible. "From here on in," he stated, "the boy's name is John Wayne. With a name like that, he's at least got a chance."

When Duke was five, his family moved to Lancaster, California, and from there to Glendale where his father purchased a drug store.

falling in love . . .

"Once we were in Glendale," Duke's mother recalls, "Duke decided that he'd like to make the Navy his career. He had a real yen to go to Annapolis, and all through high school he used to study hard. But he lost out in the entrance exams, and when USC came across with a football scholarship, he decided to go there."

Duke remained in college two years, and then his money ran out. In those two years he became a member of Sigma Chi, he took the start of a law course, he played football, and he fell in love with a dark-eyed campus señorita named Josephine Saenz.

As a football player, Duke was fairly good, but he was never the All-American that studio publicity departments later made him out to be. These phony releases are still a constant source of embarrassment to him.

"Just for the record," he says, "I earned my letter playing football. And that's all. I was never an All-American, an All-State or an All-Anything."

At the time, however, he was all-out for Josephine Saenz. And people like Mrs. Gladys Belzer (Loretta Young's mother) who remember that love affair, claim it was idyllic. "Duke," Mrs. Belzer says, "wouldn't get married until he could decently support a wife, even though Josephine, I'm sure, would have married him if he hadn't had a thin dime."

Thanks to John Ford and Raoul Walsh, Duke did have more than a thin dime

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when he was married. He had half a dozen Westerns behind him, a screen contract in his pocket and, according to Ford, "one of the finest futures in the business."

Ford, who's won the Academy Award for direction five times, is the staunchest Wayne supporter in the movie colony. He will not direct a picture without Wayne if he can help it. He refused to make Stagecoach unless his protégé were given the lead.

Wayne's affection for Ford borders on hero-worship. It was Ford who gave the tall hunk of handsomeness his first break in *The Big Trail* 20 years ago, and Duke isn't the kind who ever forgets.

On June 24th, 1933, Wayne and Josephine Saenz were married. Ten years later, Duke was sued for divorce, his wife charging him with mental cruelty. She was awarded custody of their four children—Michael Anthony, Mary Antonia, Patrick John, and Melinda Ann.

A basically uncommunicative man on any topic, Wayne is downright balky when it comes to any discussion of his first marriage. All you can get out of him is, "Well, it was just one of those things."

Friends are of the opinion, however, that the marriage hit the rocks because of the couple's difference in backgrounds and faiths. Daughter of the one-time Cuban consul in Los Angeles, Josephine Saenz was raised very devoutly in the Catholic faith and churchly way of life. Duke Wayne is a Presbyterian.

In the 10 years of that first marriage, he worked harder and longer than any other actor in the movie colony to support his family.

Duke was never seen in night clubs, was never privately or publicly connected with any girl but his wife. When Mrs. Wayne's lawyer was drawing up the divorce petition against Duke, all counsel could find to level against the actor was the charge that on several evenings he had absented himself from home. Today, Duke still supports his ex-wife and four kids in elegant style and sees them often.

The present Mrs. John Wayne is a 26-year-old Mexican actress named Esperanza Baur. She is tall, dark-haired, extremely well-built, and speaks English with only the slightest trace of a Spanish accent. Duke calls her "Chata," which is Spanish for "pug-nose."

They first met in Mexico City in 1945 when Wayne was on one of his rare vacations. They were introduced at a dance where "Chata" snuggled into Duke's arms and turned on the charm. Six months later they were married. They're currently living in Van Nuys with two cocker spaniels, one mother-in-law, and three large piles of scripts.

After 20 years, practically every studio in Hollywood wants John Wayne for a picture, but Wayne has enough of his own scheduled to last for the next few months. Currently he's operating as actor-producer on Republic's *Strange Caravan*.

When it was announced at Republic in 1945 that John Wayne, besides acting in *The Angel and the Bad Man*, was going to produce it, several of the grips and prop men who were assigned to the job were puzzled as to how to address him. In Hollywood, all producers are called Mister. The boys decided to use that title.

So when Wayne walked on the lot, he was called Mister by three persons. He failed to acknowledge them. When one of the boys finally broke down and called him Duke, Wayne grinned broadly. "Thought for awhile," he said, "you fellows had forgotten my name."

"I'm just a guy," says John Wayne. And he'll never be able to see himself as anything more.

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

THE WINNERS: 9th semi-annual Trophy Cup contest. **League 1—Jane Wyman club**, prexy Jeanette Mendro—with 1550 points. Runners-up in this league were the Gene Autry club with 1400 points and the Nelson Eddy Music club with 1100 points. **League 2—Bob Crosby club**, prexy Isabelle Lee—with 1450 points. Runners-up were the June Allyson club carrying 1300 points and the Joan Crawford club with 1150 points. **League 3—Charles Korvin club**, prexy Nelda Clough, with 1250 points. Runners-up were the Nina Foch club with 800 points and the James Melton (Dot Reisser) and Ron Randall (Anna Hreha) club tied for third place with 700 points . . .

Notice of revocation of charter: The Modern Screen Fan Club Association has revoked charters of the following clubs, effective May 23, 1949: The Peter Lawford Fan Club, Urban Jones, President (Buffalo, N. Y.); The Virginia Mayo Fan Club, Urban Jones, President (Buffalo, N. Y.).

Prizes: Well, this contest may be over, but we have another thrill-packed, and prize-packed one coming up. Compacts are one thing, but **Elgin-American** compacts are something else. They're beautifully finished and a real joy to any girl's purse. We're really proud of the nice things you correspondents have been saying about them . . . **Reylan's King's Ransom** sets may be fit for a king, but they're none too good for our fan club editors. Handsomely packaged in a black velvet box, each set comes with a gold lipstick holder and seven luscious, separate shades . . . All the colors of the rainbow very aptly describes our wonderful **Enger-Kress** wallets. We have them in gold, green, blue, red and violet and they've been specially designed to hold lots of your favorite snaps as well as money and valuables. The **Tangee Trip-kit** is so wonderfully packed with such necessary cosmetics for that trip you've been planning, we don't wonder it's such a favorite with club artists. The kit includes make-up base, cologne, powder, rouge and other swell articles.

9th Semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST

This Is My Best: (100 points) "As the Years Roll By," Florence Utolla, Lanny Ross Journal. "The Dreamer," Iris Cohan, Martin and Lewis Journal. "Stars and Stuff," Eleanor Ciccarone, Marilyn Maxwell Journal. "Does Vaughn Monroe Have Adenoids?" Edward Howard, Vaughn Monroe Journal (Staeb). "Pirate Invasion," Cathy Cali, Glenn Vernon Journal (Olson). "We're To Blame, Too," Helen Highsmith, Freddie Stewart Journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Rise Stevens Journal. League 3. Tied. Nina Foch Journal. Dorothy Kirsten Journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Dorothy Crouse, Gene Autry Journal. League 2. Dee Fling, James Stewart Journal. League 3. Alice Geigley, Douglas Dick Journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Marge Delgarian, Bill Lawrence Journal (Lawson). **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. None qualified. League 3. Vanessa Brown Journal. **Best Correspondents:** (100 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Marion Hesse, Ginger Rogers Club. League 3. Beatrice Smith, Marta Toren Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. Nelson Eddy Club (Motola) (Donation Juilliard Scholarship Fund.). League 2. Bob Crosby Club (Box of toys for Crippled Children's Home). League 3. Art Mooney Club (Donation to Children's Home). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Gene Autry Club. League 2. Perry Como Club (Staley). League 3. Dick Contino Club (Rosenthal). **Candid Camera Winners:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others) Martha Kaye, Joan Crawford Club. Dorothy Nix, Sinatra Club of Staten Island. Kay McGowan, Jean Pierre Aumont Club. George Bunch, Penny Edwards Club. Maggie Keith, Eddy Arnold Club. Gerry Kee, Alan Ladd Club.

HUTTONTOTS, THE CARE AND FEEDING OF

(Continued from page 47)

there had been ten other persons in the room, we swallowed, "Who-o-o? Us?" "You're not scared to tackle it, are you?" asked Betty, fixing her extra-large hazel eyes directly on us.

"N-not exactly," we stammered. "But . . . well, baby-sitting's a little out of our line, we've never. . ."

Our sentence trailed off, as we sneaked a swift glance at Lindsay and Candy. They were shy and sweet—and not even half our size. At that moment they couldn't have looked more spiritual if halos had been prancing above their heads.

"Fine! It's settled. Thanks a million!" said Betty. "Be right over!" she said into the phone, and hung up, beaming. "Now, come with me, gals, and I'll show you everything to do." And with this she zipped off to the kitchen. We tagged along, notebook still in hand—only this time we were jotting down pointers on care and feeding.

Betty lined up a row of baby food cans. In between her rapid-fire *be sure to's*, and *you mustn't's*, and *oh yes, remember's*, we nodded and noted. We continued the procedure in her dressing room as she changed to go out. Then, in the driveway, as she jumped behind the wheel of her chartreuse Cadillac, she delivered a few last-minute instructions that ended with a prophetic line: "Good luck, girls—you'll find this an interesting experience."

We sure did!

dick tracy saves the day . . .

A cloud began to cover Candy's sunny face as she contemplated what was happening. Before Betty had backed out of the driveway, Candy was bawling lustily.

We began to get a helpless, lost feeling, like someone adrift at sea, until Lindsay (bless her) said, "Please read to us." Instantly, Candy turned off the tears and looked up at us expectantly.

"Sure!" we cried in relief. "Where's your book of nursery rhymes?"

"No-no," said Lindsay. "Let's hear Dick Tracy."

"Dick T'acy," echoed Candy.

So, Dick T'acy it was. We went into the living room, stretched out on the yellow hooked rug and spread the funnies before us. Lindsay followed every word with large, fascinated eyes. It was almost as if she were reading along with us.

The funnies, however, soon lost their appeal for Candy. She preferred the livelier sport of bouncing up and down on Reba's back, exclaiming, "Burrump! Burrump!" with each bounce. Being on the unenlightened side, we had to get Lindsay to interpret.

"She wants to play horsey."

"How do you play that?"

"Our daddy knows how. He plays it with us every day. He even gave us cowboy boots. Mine's red. Candy's brown."

So we played horsey. We went scampering around the room on all fours while our two riders rode us behind the couch, under the piano and around every table in the room. This would have continued indefinitely, but Candy decided she'd like to improvise.

She grabbed hold of Bonnie's long hair and reined her in—but hard. The steed, naturally, r'ared back with a most unhorselike yell. We decided to try some other type of fun.

The baby Briskins, still brimming with zest and bounce, wanted to play outside. We sized up the yard with its swings, slides and sand-box. There were giant palm

trees, skirted with clinging ivy, that edged the wall-enclosed yard.

At the far end was an oval swimming pool, carefully fenced in. The gate boasted several padlocks and a caution to guests to "Please keep gate closed." (We knew Betty had taught Lindsay to swim, and we'd often seen her floating across the shallow end of the pool making like a whale.)

We felt sure that nothing could go wrong in such a peaceful and well-protected setting. We left them enjoying their little playthings and quietly re-entered the house, hoping for a little peace.

We were just beginning to relax when an ear-piercing scream shot in from the yard. Our hearts went up and down like yo-yos. Absolute silence followed.

We tripped over chair legs and tables in our scramble to get to the yard. We arrived just in time to watch the opening round of a sand-throwing fight to the finish. Candy, the powerhouse of the Briskin family, was holding—or rather, throwing—her own.

We broke it up. At least, the spat was suddenly interrupted when Lindsay spied the artificial red flowers adorning Reba's hair. Immediately she observed, "Poises need water." And thereupon picked up a pail and gave them a liberal dunking.

Hereafter, we kept an eagle eye on events. From time to time we consulted Betty's list of instructions. At 11:30 we said, "All right, girls. Time for lunch!"

"You eat, too," said Lindsay, pulling at our skirts. "Here, have this apple pie." She shoved her latest culinary effort in our direction—a mud pie swimming in water and decorated with blades of grass.

"Doesn't look quite done," we remarked.

"Oh yes, it is," affirmed Lindsay. "Look!" She took her tiny hands and spanked the wet goo, splattering everything in sight—which, besides ourselves, included Candy. She immediately set up a howl.

At this moment, their halos were fading and our thoughts were showing.

We had considerably more success when



critic's corner

WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

Joan Crawford gives an impressive performance [in *Flamingo Road*] as the put-upon heroine of the story. She creates sympathy by making her seemingly courageous in the face of adversity, and having her stand up with fortitude under brutal injustices. . . .

Kate Cameron
N. Y. Daily News

Miss Crawford runs this gamut in 94 minutes flat, and we think it rather significant that she isn't even winded in the end. . . . From one dramatic crisis to the next one she moves like a sleek automaton. Her face deeply plastered with makeup, in an ageless, emotional mask. Adversity only registers now and then in her glycerin-moistened eyes.

Bosley Crowther
N. Y. Times

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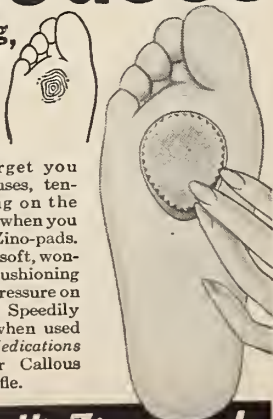
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it came to lunch. Following Betty's instructions, we outfitted them in their look-alike bib aprons and settled back to watch them enjoy their food. They both can feed themselves and have excellent table manners. All went well.

After lunch, Candy gave a one-woman concert on the nursery's tiny white piano. Lindsay preferred to show us what mama brought them from New York. Tiny look-alike dresses. (Betty plans to dress them in twin outfits until they develop their own likes and dislikes.)

Lindsay has already developed a style sense. Whenever possible, Betty takes her along when shopping and allows her to select her own socks. She'll eye the assortment at the counter for a few moments and invariably pick out a pair with fire-alarm red, yellow and purple stripes. She's happiest when she's wearing them.

"Schnooklee" (that's one of Candy's nicknames—the other is "Stuff") will wear anything or nothing (preferably the latter) with equal enthusiasm.

Whenever Betty has to go out of town, she brings back souvenirs for the children. She always tells them where she's going and why. Recently, she and Ted were invited to Washington to meet the President and attend the Press Photographers' Ball. Lindsay knew all about it and when she saw a photo of the trip afterward she promptly pointed, "That's my mommy, and that's Harry."

While away, Betty spends half her time worrying if the babies are all right, and the other half long-distancing to make sure they are. Lindsay can carry on quite a phone conversation. "But," Betty will tell you, "when she grows tired of talking she simply says 'good-bye now' and hangs up. On long distance yet!"

Candy is a little young for the phone. Once in a while the nurse will hold the receiver up to her ear. Her eyes will fill with wonderment and surprise as she hears Betty's voice. After the first thrill, she usually decides to see what makes the thing tick.

We noticed that Candy's piano-playing was growing steadily slower, so we decided it was about time to put them in their sleepers for their nap.

We knelt beside Lindsay as she began her prayers. "Now I lay me down to sleep..." She was very earnest. That's due to Betty's training. She wants Lindsay and Candy to learn about all religions, so when they grow older they can decide for themselves on the church they wish to join. Betty and Ted see alike on this sub-

ject. Since they are of different faiths, they plan to have a tutor instruct the youngsters in the principles of all religions.

We tucked Lindsay and Candy into their identical ruffled canopied beds. "Have a nice nap," we said.

"But Mommy always sings to us," said Lindsay.

"Well—we'll just play a record, and then you two go to sleep."

"But Mommy *always* sings to us," retorted Lindsay in a somewhat louder tone.

So we hummed a lullaby. Nothing happened. We switched to something more gay. The third time around on "MacNamara's Band," they were still wide awake.

"Do 'Doctor, Lawyer 'n' Indian Chief' like Mommy," coaxed the bright-eyed Lindsay.

We sang—we gestured—we hopped around the room.

It wasn't until we'd reached the louder wavelengths and were beginning to stagger slightly, that the Briskins rolled over on their tummies and went sound asleep. (We'll never know if it was from our singing, or from sheer boredom.)

Seeing them lying there, so warm and cuddly, we got all fluttery inside. We picked up Lindsay's baby book and saw where Betty had carefully recorded Lindsay's first haircut and enclosed a few of her blond locks to remember the event.

We looked at the youngsters again. Their faces were angelic. We could forget the drenched flowers, the pulled hair, the sand-box caper. . . A sharp snap in our sacroiliacs brought us back to earth!

We decided to collapse quietly in some corner for a few years. Then, we heard a car enter the driveway, the screen door slam, and a vibrant, "Yoo-hoo!"

Betty and Ted were home. They bounced in with merry cries. "How'd you get on? How're things?"

"Please!" we cautioned in our best librarian whisper. "Not so loud. We've finally got them to sleep."

"Oh," laughed Betty. "The kids've been giving you the treatment, eh? That's what we go through with them every day."

"It is?" We gave a groan. But they seemed to be enjoying our misery. Ted was practically in hysterics.

With such goings-on, the expected thing happened: Lindsay and Candy both woke up with a bang!

Betty hurried into the nursery. "None of that, now!" she said firmly. And that was that.

Why hadn't we heard of this approach before? THE END

WHY HOLLYWOOD PRAYS FOR JUDY

(Continued from page 24)

But again the old quarrelsome pattern reasserted itself, delays took place, and the gentlemen who sit in the accounting room to estimate costs began slowly tearing their hair out as the figures started zooming upwards again.

This time Judy was accusing the new director of needlessly shooting scenes over and over. The situation took on a hopeless aspect with scores of actors standing by while the bickering went on. Then, with Judy's failure to report on the set after lunch one day (she arrived that morning only a little while before lunch), her suspension was ordered.

This decision was not lightly taken by the company. It has been reported that Louis B. Mayer, for whom Judy originally auditioned in a dusty pair of slacks when she was but 13 years old, climbed from a sick bed at home to come to the studio

and consider the case. But, serious as the suspension was, to her friends it served only to point up the whole strange aspect presented by the girl they loved.

The Judy of today is a mother who adores her baby, yet lives apart from it, saying, oddly enough for any mother, that it is best for the child.

The Judy of today is a wife who admits, that her best friend is her husband, to whom she runs continually for advice and comfort, yet announces, nevertheless, that they cannot continue together.

The Judy of today is an actress long acquainted with the simple but important obligations of her art, yet fails repeatedly to appear on the set on time.

The Judy of today, in the opinion of all who know her, is ill—and has come to a crisis in her life.

Yet Judy is only 27 years old. She has



HOW TIME FLIES!

Marlene Dietrich won't let photographers snap her with her daughter Maria Sieber any more. It's not because Marlene doesn't love her offspring, but it seems Maria has grown so rapidly of late, that right now she's as tall as her mother. And glamour queens simply don't have grown daughters.—*Modern Screen*, August, 1937.

the resiliency of youth still in her on which to draw in bouncing back to her old, vital self. That is why there is hope mingled with the tears.

Those who make excuses for Judy, and sometimes even condone her erratic viewpoint on her relationship with her friends, her associates and her studio, often speak of the tender age at which she began her professional life.

It is perfectly true that, at 27, she has already had a career—complete with both hard luck and good. Hedda Hopper, a close friend of Judy's ever since she came to Hollywood, often points out that at the age when other girls were graduating from grammar school, Judy was already caught in the throes of a competitive acting life on the screen and suffering sleepless nights worrying whether she'd get the parts she wanted—and whether she could handle them if she did.

But a good deal of the confidence that her friends still have in her is based partly on the hope that Judy will not accept this as an excuse for herself—even if others do. They have in mind that Judy can still achieve adult happiness even if she spent childhood and youth before the public. A few of these friends received a pointed illustration of this one evening, not so long ago, when they attended a special revival showing of Sam Goldwyn's *Hurricane* in Beverly Hills. They were standing in the lobby of the theater when they noticed Judy entering, her face pale, her manner subdued, and looking neither to right nor left.

"Hello, Miss Garland," said a man standing just a few feet away from her. Judy nodded, but her eyes failed to light with any sign of recognition. She vanished quickly through an aisle entrance. There were other people in the lobby and a momentary feeling of depression seemed to touch them all. The old Judy would have winked and sparkled to find herself among people she knew. She would have left those behind her smiling and aglow with just the fleeting sight of her. And, surprisingly, that very effect was created in the same lobby hardly three minutes later when another girl entered.

This second girl, exactly Judy's age, came running in on a burst of happiness, followed by her husband. She, too, knew people in the lobby and it developed that she was running because she thought she was late for the picture, and that she was happy because she had just found a wonderful baby-sitter and felt she could get

out for a night without any worries on her mind. Along with this breathless explanation went merry sallies, quick reports of her baby, and greetings to every familiar face. Then, with her husband having to tug her away, she marched laughingly into the auditorium.

The contrast between the two girls was startling for more reasons than the fact that they were of the same age. It happens, as everyone present very well knew, that they also were stars together at one time. Both had started their professional careers as tots, both had worked their way to the top. But here their paths had split . . . without seeming to. The second girl had turned to marriage and motherhood, finding so much satisfaction in it that, without giving it a second thought, she has practically abandoned her career. Judy? Judy still has her career, as well as a husband and a child. Yet her life has arrived at a point characterized mainly by her discontentment with it.

This was not the dream that Judy had in her 'teens, which those who knew her then very well recall, and which particularly saddens them. For years she always kept her grandmother's wedding gown in the bottom drawer of her bureau. She planned to be married in it. But when she eloped with Dave Rose on a July night in 1941 the wedding gown lay in the drawer forgotten. Nor did she wear it when she married Vincente four years later after her divorce from Dave. Impulse had outsped plan . . . and Judy has long been a creature of impulse.

Impulse, of course, is often very much the outstanding trait of an artist. When Judy wanted to learn to play the piano she wouldn't take time to study music. She placed her fingers on the keys and made such music as she could—made better music as she went along. When she wanted to sing she opened her mouth and sang. If her voice wasn't trained, her heart was full of melody and more than made up for any technical shortcomings. When it came time to embrace life for the lasting happiness that is possible in it, Judy didn't stop to plan. She just leaped—more or less blindly, her friends feel.

And now?

For a few nights after her suspension, Judy was not seen anywhere around town. Then, on the opening night of a new attraction at the Mocambo, she attended with her personal manager, Carlton Alsop. She was draped in a white, flowing, Grecian gown, had her hair combed back severely, and wore no wedding ring.

Hollywood eyes are observant. Judy must have realized she was being studied closely by most of those present. But no sign of this was forthcoming from her. She danced, laughed at Carlton's quips, seemed to be having a most enjoyable time.

"A wonderful kid," commented an actor seated nearby. "Whatever her studio situation, whatever her trouble, she's out there smiling. That takes a great heart—and she sure has one."

"You think she'll come through?" asked his companions.

"I'm praying for her," he answered.

The other nodded, as if to say, "Aren't we all?"

THE END

The screen story of Judy Garland's latest film, *In the Good Old Summertime*, is one of the brightest items in the August issue of that bright Dell magazine, *SCREEN STORIES*.

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THE BACHELOR TAKES A WIFE

(Continued from page 22)

of dates, reporters broke out in a rash of speculation. One zealous journalist suggested to Jimmy that perhaps there was some girl in his past who'd jilted him, thereby dooming him forever to the single life.

"Well, now that you mention it," Jimmy said, "that's exactly what happened."

The writer bloomed with expectation of a scoop.

"Uh-huh," Jimmy continued. "Vivian was her name. A beautiful redhead. Most gorgeous girl you ever could imagine. Why, when we held hands I was speechless for hours. A man couldn't want for anybody more perfect."

"Well, what about this girl? Why didn't you marry her?"

"I thought of it a good many times, but her folks broke up the romance."

"Oh, that's too bad."

"Yeah, sure was. Vivian moved to another town and I guess I was just about the unhappiest nine-year-old in Indiana, Pennsylvania."

All things considered, though, Jimmy Stewart made a remarkable recovery from this crushing blow and in later years he went around with quite a few pretty girls who almost made him forget this Vivian creature.

But enough of this. Jimmy has a large, all-inclusive statement to make about Gloria, the lady of his final choice:

"She's a wonderful girl, that's all."

You ask anyone who knows Gloria McLean, brunette, 31, fragile in a pretty sort of way and pretty in the style of a strong little thoroughbred racehorse, charming, witty, philosophical, practical, over-all delightful—and they'll say that's it: She's a wonderful girl.

without benefit of script . . .

As Jimmy says, he didn't reach this conclusion in a split second. The idea grew in his mind by easy stages as they had dinner together several times a week at Dave Chasen's restaurant, to which people like to go to rearrange their lives in a congenial atmosphere.

Jimmy began to think about proposing to Gloria several weeks before he got around to it on May 20th, which was his birthday. This was the first time Jimmy had ever asked a girl to marry him—outside movies, that is. In pictures, he'd always had the choicest of dialogue for such occasions, and he found himself wishing now that he could think up something really distinctive. Some way of asking the girl in a way she'd never forget.

Well, he made it all right, but the words will never be preserved for posterity because he was a little nervous at the time.

"I just asked her if she'd have me and she said yes," he remembers.

After a while, Jimmy is going to take his girl back to Indiana, Pennsylvania, and show her off to the home folks—some of whom, by the way, weren't too sure that this Stewart boy would ever amount to very much in the world.

"Uh-huh," Jimmy ruminates, "I was quite a problem. I didn't realize it at the time. Everything I did seemed to be logical, but the end results were something else again. Thinking back, my earliest recollection is the time I ran away from home. I wasn't going anywhere—just down to the hardware store a few blocks away. Got there all right, navigating really fine even though I was only four at the time. Walked right in and said to my dad, 'Well, here I am!'"

"Dad wasn't much for talking. He just looked at me and said, 'Son, let's go out in back.' So we did. We sat down on a couple of nail barrels and he began whittling with his pocket knife. I thought that was pretty nice of him, going to all that trouble to carve something for me out of that board he had. Yup, it wasn't until I saw what he was whittling that I began to lose interest. It was quite a thing—a big, solid paddle. He didn't say a word, just whopped me good about eight times."

That's the way it was with Jimmy and his father. And maybe his dad's example accounts for Jimmy's growing up not wanting to do a lot of talking about this or that, or himself. When Alex Stewart made a point, words weren't necessary.

"Come to think of it," Jimmy declared, "if I'm not too hard to get along with now, maybe it's because I got a lot of hell-raising out of my system when I was a kid. Not that I ever really intended to get into trouble. I was just mighty curious. Still am, I guess."

He sure was. He ran around with a bunch of kids who were like millions of other American kids before and after. "I'm lucky I stayed out of the penitentiary for what happened one time with a train. We were looking at this thing when it pulled into the station, and being mechanical-minded, I wanted to find out how the air brakes worked. Well, we found out that by moving a certain gadget, the steam came out with a wonderful hissing sound. Then, after awhile, we worked our way up to the front of the train where I discovered I could ease all the steam out of the brakes clear to the end of the train with one manipulation."

"I was pretty proud of myself. Then I looked up—and there was the train crew. They picked us up by the scruff of our necks and our feet didn't touch ground until we got to the hardware store. I don't remember what happened to the other guys, but Dad got out that bat he'd carved. Didn't say a word. Just let me have it. And ever since, I haven't had any interest in what makes a train stop or go."

Yes sir, when Jimmy brings his bride



"I've been proposing for 20 years now, Motildo. Isn't it time you gave up on Francis X. Bushmon?"

back to the old home town, sure as shootin' there's going to be some old timers who'll say, "Well, Alex Stewart's boy's finally got himself a real nice wife." And then they'll add, "Funny thing—never would have thought the way he started out ne'd turn into such a solid citizen."

Yup, as Jimmy says, you can kind of see it now. . . . Jimmy and the folks in the front room. Maybe Gloria'll show 'em she's got a talent for the piano. The same one they used to try to get Jimmy to practice on is still there. Jimmy's mother says he was quite a disappointment in that department. He just made a noise as if he were practicing and never took an interest in music until Dad bought that old accordion at the Salvation Army. It was a present for his sister, Virginia, but she couldn't lift it.

As it turned out, though, that accordion was what really got Jimmy started. Helped him get into the Triangle Club show at Princeton. Then, when he was graduated, he joined up with the Falmouth Players in Massachusetts. Not as an actor, though. He played the accordion in a tearoom until the customers objected, so they let him act instead.

At this time, while Jimmy was breaking into show business, Gloria McLean, his bride-to-be years later, was just entering high school in Larchmont. It's doubtful whether Gloria would have been much impressed, being around 13 at the time, with this raw-boned apprentice actor who made his Broadway debut at the Biltmore Theater in *Carrie Nation*. As for Jimmy, if by some miracle she had been transplanted backstage at the moment, he would have looked at her and said, "Out of my way, child. I'm a busy man."

And he was. In *Carrie Nation*, Jimmy did more acting in one job than he has ever done since. He played a gardener, a sheriff, a vigilante, a deputy, and a man in a crowd wearing a derby hat. For this last character, he came in walking on his knees, figuring that way the audience wouldn't recognize him as the four other people.

The play wasn't good or bad, but it was the beginning of a career that led to Hollywood.

Jimmy has a way of keeping his friends. Consider Billy Grady, whom he chose as best man for his wedding. It was Billy

who brought Jimmy into the office of Harry Rapf when that producer was looking for a man to play the part of Shorty along with Spencer Tracy in *Murder Man* back in 1934.

Rapf took one look at Jimmy, then turned to Billy and yelled, "Are you trying to kid me? We want an actor to play Shorty and you bring me in a man 12 feet tall!"

"Couldn't we rewrite the script," Grady suggested, "and call the character Slim?" Raft snorted. "Nothing doing. The character is Shorty and he stays Shorty."

Even so, Jimmy played the role, and he didn't do it on his knees. He credits Grady with having a great deal to do with his success in pictures. Another good friend—this one tied up with his romance—Jack Bolton, Jimmy's agent.

Way last February, when Jimmy and Gloria first started going together, Jack Bolton and his wife, Peggy, invited them on a fishing trip down around Mazatlan, Mexico. They flew down and for the first two days the results were nil. Then the fish began to cooperate and in two-and-a-half hours they established the season's record, catching five marlin.

"Gloria," Bolton says, "is one of the wonderful people. She's not the exotic type. She has the glamor of reality, and she'd be just as much at home shooting marbles with kids on the corner as she would in the swankiest Bel-Air drawing room."

Matter of fact, Gloria has two children by her former marriage to Ned McLean—Ronald, five, and Michael, three. They are a couple of fine little fellows whose mother never treats them as pampered darlings, as was observed by a friend who watched her send them off to bed one evening. Instead of kissing them and saying, "Good-night, sweeties" in approved Hollywood fashion, she swooped them up and, after being partially strangled by bear-hugs, saluted them with, "So long, men."

It was Gloria who caught the biggest marlin on that trip which was the beginning of her romance with Jimmy. It took her 40 minutes to land the critter—which tipped the scales at 185 pounds.

Bolton took one look at it and whistled, "Some fish!"

"Yup," Jimmy retorted. "And some girl!" He's right. Look what she landed.

THE END

... AND THE LIVING IS BREEZY

(Continued from page 42)

two high-backed chairs covered in Wedgewood blue linen.

The Andrews were married nine years ago. David, Dana's son by his first marriage, was seven at the time. Mary remembers how, in the courtship days, the three of them used to go on picnics to Lake Malibu, and how David took her for granted in his little world and called her "Mary" as though she were his contemporary. She was worried then, for she didn't quite know how he'd take her and Dana's marriage, and whether he'd ever call her "Mother" naturally. She decided to do nothing about the matter, just to wait and see what would happen. When Dana and Mary were first married and had a small apartment, David stayed with his grandmother. But when they moved a few months later, David moved into the rooms Mary had fixed up for him—and it's been his home ever since. He has a wood-paneled study with lots of shelves and cabinets for his mechanical gadgets, a short-wave radio and a writing desk. Off the study are his sleeping quarters, with

a man-sized bed and a yellow decorative scheme.

David came into Mary's room the day she got home from the hospital with baby Kathy. He stood hesitantly in the doorway, as Mary smiled at him from her blue chaise longue—then came forward to inspect his new sister. Kathy's face was red and rather angry, and she waved one tiny foot at him. David took the foot in his hand and closed his fingers round her ankle. For a moment he said nothing, then he lifted his serious face to Mary.

"When the baby gets a little older, she's going to think it funny if I keep calling you 'Mary,'" he said. "I think I'd better start calling you 'Mother'—right now." That decision made, he gently released Kathy's foot and hurried off to put a new condenser in his radio. Mary marks that moment as a definite milestone in her marriage.

Dana first got interested in boats when his stand-in took him out for a mild afternoon's sail at Newport harbor. Dana, who never does anything by halves, soon found

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himself the owner of not one, but three boats of his own. All within the space of three months. Five years later, he still has two of them, and parks them at Terminal Island. There, they rock at anchor from week to week, ready at instant notice for jaunts to Santa Barbara or Catalina.

On ordinary fishing trips, Dana takes the whole family. Mary dresses the kids warmly in blue jeans and pullovers and they fish as though their lives depended on it. Kathy has just recently landed her first catch, a two-pound bass. She landed it unassisted, except for a maternal hand on the belt of her pants. Stevie is still hoping. Quivering like a bird dog, he has almost dived into the ocean in his anxiety to scoop up his prey. So far, the wily bass that have nibbled so tantalizingly at his live bait, manage to nibble and scam with disheartening regularity. In a little while it will be Susan's turn to fish. She has already inherited Stevie's outgrown polo shirts, but right now she'd rather tug at Dana's hair or scramble over the deck on all fours.

having wonderful time . . .

Mary had the time of her life on their trip to England. She haunted antique shops and auctions from London to Oxford and brought home a crateful of treasures for the house. Old English bellows for the den fireplace, chestnut tongs of gleaming brass, and an Old English coach horn for the mantel.

"Everything was dated prior to 1830, so in that way we didn't have to pay any duty on our finds," Mary says delightedly. "The whole trip was wonderful, particularly for the children. We got a good English Nanny to take them on trips to the zoo, Kensington Gardens, and Hampstead Heath. They got a real child's-eye view of the London sights and once when I got lost, Kathy showed me the way home.

"We had a few bad weeks waiting for the *Queen Elizabeth* to sail home. First, dock strikes held us up, and then it was the fog. Being cooped up aboard the ship with nowhere to go was pretty dull—but I used the time in teaching Kathy to read from the primers I'd brought along. That is, while I wasn't keeping an eye on Stevie, who had a horrible habit of hanging out the porthole to see how far he could reach without losing his balance."

Every morning, chunky young Stevie would leap from his bunk and scramble over his prostrate mother to the porthole over her bed. He'd survey the sky and the sea and then shake his head portentously.

"Uh-uh. We don't sail today. Too foggy," he would announce cheerfully. For three days he was right. Then came the great day. Stevie made his usual leap to Mary's bed and peered outside.

"Fog's going away. We'll sail today," he squealed. To Mary's amazement, they did. The captain of the *Queen Elizabeth* was evidently of the same opinion as Stevie, for a few hours after Stevie's pronouncement, the *Queen* was heading for the open sea.

Dana has been treating his four-year-old with added respect ever since. Seems to think he'll be quite a help on the *Vileehi* this summer.

THE END

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is an experience that you owe

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Written by **MARY RENALT,**

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GOOD READING FOR EVERYONE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 20)

passel of Westward-ho'ers. Stanton and Cox neglect to tell these settlers that their land is awful dry, because Rod and Don control all the water in the area from a dam on their ranch. The settlers feel they've been gypped, and they holler to Stanton and Cox. Rod and Don won't help, because they don't want the settlers around, puttin' up fences, and wreckin' it for the cows. Stanton, sick of the settlers' complaints, decides he'll blow up the boys' dam, and send the water coursing through the vicinity. When Don surprises him with dynamite in hand, he kills Don. After that, he sends men to stampede Rod's and Don's cattle off a cliff. He's not going along on that party though; he's staying to blow up the dam, like the stubborn cuss he is. Rod, his cattle stampeded (in one of the grimmest scenes of all time), his brother killed, his visage stony, goes to the dam. First he kills Stanton. Then he's joined by the daughter (Gale Storm) of one of the settlers. She loves him. That's all he's got left. That and his dam. But he decides the dam never brought him anything but trouble anyway, so he blows it up himself. Now the settlers will have water, and he'll have a settler's daughter. Probably even have to become a settler (whatever they do). Didn't seem to be much future for a cattleman there.

SORROWFUL JONES

Cast: Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, Mary Jane Saunders, William Demarest, Bruce Cabot. Paramount

In this one, Bob Hope's a Broadway bookie, and a miser—but a hard-working, sincere miser. Damon Runyon wrote the original story. It's funny and crazy and sentimental—the kind of mixture Runyon was famous for. Hope is Sorrowful Jones, Lucille Ball loves him despite her better self. She hasn't seen him in four years, but she recognizes him by his suit. Lucille's a night club singer and her boss (Bruce Cabot) is a louse. He thinks

he owns Lucille and the horse-racing racket (but don't worry, he gets his). Sorrowful has to pay graft to this cur to make a killing on a horse called Dreamy Joe. Seems Dreamy Joe runs on speedballs. (Slip him three and he'll fly.) Now enters a poor, deluded fool, Orville Smith (Paul Lees). Orville thinks he can beat this racket, but unfortunately, he doesn't own a dime. He leaves his five-year-old daughter, Mary Jane Saunders, with Sorrowful as security for a \$20 bet and he goes off and gets himself tossed into the East River. Seems he overhears Cabot's plot to fix Dreamy Joe's race and he's gonna tell. Anyway, the police find him in the river with a \$20 marker in his pocket. (Now it gets complicated.) Mary Jane doesn't have a place to go, so Sorrowful takes her home. Eventually, he amazes everyone by moving to a high class joint—he wants to treat this child proper. He breaks open his piggy bank to buy her milk, he buys her dresses—all that soft stuff. Meanwhile, the police are on Cabot's trail, so Cabot registers Dreamy Joe in Mary Jane's name. He doesn't know who her father was. When he finds out, he wants to get rid of Mary Jane and Sorrowful Jones. (Children in institutions and dead men don't talk—get it?) When Cabot's men come to get Mary Jane, Sorrowful hides her on the fireescape—from whence she falls. Scene shifts to the hospital day before the race. Mary Jane's delirious. She keeps calling for Daddy and Dreamy Joe. Sorrowful dashes out to the racetrack, steals Dreamy Joe, gallops down Broadway (better than a Western) and into the hospital. It's pretty funny when Hope walks Dreamy Joe into the elevator. A doctor looks at the horse inquiringly. "Oh, him," Sorrowful laughs apologetically, "that's my brother—he thinks he's a horse." A lot more happens—but you can guess. It's nice; it's heartwarming—and there's Hope.



Sorrowful Jones; Hope takes care of Mary Jane Saunders in Damon Runyon's racetrack tale.



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Neptune's Daughter: Esther Williams is a career-minded girl in the bathing suit business with Keenan Wynn. Betty Garrett's her sister.

NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER

Cast: Esther Williams, Red Skelton, Betty Garrett, Ricardo Montalban, Keenan Wynn. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

With a title like *Neptune's Daughter*, you know it's going to be Esther Williams. With a studio like MGM, you know it's going to be Technicolor. These simple truths established, we can proceed. Esther's a swimming champ who goes into business with Keenan Wynn, to design, manufacture and sell bathing suits. You should see the lush layout they've got. Complete to large landscaped pool where they put on their fashion shows. Keenan loves Esther, but she's a career girl. Her main worry is sister Betty Garrett. Betty falls in

love a lot, and she's none too bright. Right now, she's read that the South American polo team is in town, and she's declared herself enamored of the entire aggregation. Esther says Betty must stop chasing men. "Men are men," she says, "and women are women, and you can't change it." "I don't want to change it," says Betty. "I just want to get in on it." Eventually, she fastens on Red Skelton, whom she discovers in the captain-of-the-South-American-polo-team's dressing-room. (She happened to be passing through the neighborhood.) She assumes Red's the captain, though he's really just a dopey masseur. That's one romance that starts in a blaze of glory. Esther also finds love when she meets the *real* captain, Ricardo Montalban. There's oodles of mistaken identity (captain, captain, everybody's got a captain), there are dance sequences which are nothing short of orgasmic (Cugat plays, and the spectators throb), there's the wonderful song, "Baby, It's Cold Outside," there are crooked gamblers, and kidnapping, and slapstick; it's an entirely satisfying movie.

SAND

Cast: Mark Stevens, Coleen Gray, Rory Calhoun, Charley Grapewin. 20th Century-Fox

Here's a picture version of Will James' "Sand." And, I might add, there is no particular reason why it should be called *Sand*.

I didn't see no sand. I didn't hear no talk about sand, and I didn't under-sand it. Otherwise, I guess I have no fault to find. Mark Stevens plays the Technicolored owner of a prize horse (worth \$35,000) who escapes into the wilds of the West from a blazing box car. The box car (along with the rest of the train) is en route to California. Well, Mark wants to find that hoss. He gets help from rancher Coleen Gray, and her old grandpappy, Charles Grapewin. (Grandpappy's eager to pair off Coleen and Mark; he treats them like a couple of blooded horses.) Coleen's foreman, Rory Calhoun, loves Coleen and hates Mark. You see, he shot at Mark's prize horse (thought it was a wild stallion) and killed, instead, his own prize mare. Rory's mare meant a lot to Rory, and from then on, he's not to be trusted. He'd rather kill Mark's horse than bring him back alive. Mark's horse, meanwhile, has turned a mite crazy, due to various encounters with wild animals and some Indians who try to brand him on the ear. Mark keeps tracking him through the hills, but the horse keeps right on going, only stopping long enough to neigh derisively, or to paw some innocent human in the face. It looks for a time as though he's become a real killer (he sure doesn't want to come back and be civilized again) and then we have the trouble between Rory and Mark to settle, etc. This picture won't strain your brain, but maybe it will relax your nerves.

also showing . . .

capsule criticism of films previously reviewed

ADVENTURE IN BALTIMORE (RKO)—Shirley Temple, as a young lady of 1905 who thinks women ought to vote and has other radical notions, gets herself, her parents—Robert Young and Josephine Hutchinson—and neighbor John Agar in various fixes. Brightly performed by all concerned, pleasant and amusing.

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY (MGM)—An extremely happy re-teaming of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, just what we've all been waiting for. There's a story—something about the female member of a bigtime musical comedy team wanting to be a great actress—but it doesn't matter much. What does matter are the clever lines, the good songs and the wonderful dancing. In Technicolor, with Oscar Levant and Billie Burke.

CHAMPION (U.A.)—Kirk Douglas punches and double-crosses his way to the top of the prizefight racket, wrecking a few lives en route. A tense, exciting and realistic film, brilliantly acted, directed and photographed. With Paul Stewart, Ruth Roman, Arthur Kennedy and Marilyn Maxwell.

EDWARD, MY SON (MGM)—Spencer Tracy, determined to become rich and powerful for his son's sake, doesn't let morality, legality or common decency stand in his way while achieving that goal. An absorbingly dramatic picture, well performed. With Deborah Kerr, Ian Hunter, and Leueen MacGrath.

FLAMINGO ROAD (Warners)—Carnival dancer Joan Crawford, tired of being pushed around by Sydney Greenstreet, a political despot, decides to play the game his ruthless way and rapidly rises in the world. The background of crooked politics is convincingly presented, the complicated plot moves along fast, and the acting is good. With Zachary Scott, David Brian and Gladys George.

THE FORBIDDEN STREET (20th-Fox)—Maureen O'Hara, a young lady of the Victorian era, marries

slums, to her sorrow. He dies, along comes a nice young down-and-out, together they find romantic and financial happiness. Dana Andrews plays both men's roles. Slow, but well acted.

THE FOUNTAINHEAD (Warners)—Gary Cooper is a famous architect with rather psychopathic ideas of integrity (when they change his plans for a low-cost housing development, he dynamites it). Patricia Neal is a rich girl who gets a yen for him. With Raymond Massey, Kent Smith, Robert Douglas and Henry Hull.

HOME OF THE BRAVE (U.A.)—A powerfully outspoken study of racial discrimination, told in terms of the story of one young Negro G. I. in World War II Pacific warfare. James Edwards, as the Negro, gives a tremendously moving performance, and Douglas Dick, Steve Brodie, Frank Lovejoy, Lloyd Bridges and Jeff Corey lend effective support. A tight, absorbing and exciting drama.

ILLEGAL ENTRY (Univ.-Int.)—Immigration Service investigator Howard Duff becomes a member of a gang of alien-smuggling racketeers to get the goods on them. Done in semi-documentary style, this has a large quota of pretty breathtaking thrills. With George Brent, Marta Toren, Paul Stewart and Gar Moore.

THE LADY GAMBLER (Univ.-Int.)—Barbara Stanwyck as a luckless lady who just can't stop gambling. Presumably a study of human frailty à la *Lost Weekend*, it never, despite Stanwyck's all-out performance, quite achieves reality. With Robert Preston, Stephen McNally, Edith Barrett and John Hoyt.

THE GREAT SINNER (MGM)—Another gambling drama—a big, lush, highly entertaining one laid in a fashionable European resort in the 1860's. Gregory Peck becomes a gambling addict, rapidly degenerates, then is brought back to respectability by spiritual rebirth and Ava Gardner—who started him downward in the first place. The outstanding cast

includes Walter Huston, Melvyn Douglas, Ethel Barrymore and Frank Morgan.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING (Warners)—June Haver as the late Marilyn Miller in a Technicolor biography of the famous musical comedy star. Much singing and dancing, of course. With Ray Bolger, Gordon MacRae and Charles Ruggles.

LUST FOR GOLD (Columbia)—A violent Western about a lost gold mine, with Glenn Ford, Ida Lupino, Gig Young and Will Geer. Good show.

MASSACRE RIVER (Allied Artists)—Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun, Cathy Downs, Carole Mathews, Johnny Sands and a number of redskins involved in a good deal of gunfire on the post-Civil War frontier. A solid, satisfying, well-executed Western.

MR. BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE (20-Fox)—The vastly talented Mr. Belvedere of *Sitting Pretty* fame, again superbly portrayed by Clifton Webb, becomes a beanie-wearing freshman. Among the collegiate lives he influences are those of Shirley Temple and Tom Drake. A lot of fun.

SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC (Eagle-Lion)—The story of the British explorer, Captain Robert Scott, and his ill-fated attempt, in 1910, to be the first man to reach the South Pole. Done with elaborate authenticity, this remarkable Technicolor film contains some of the most magnificent and terrifying vistas ever photographed. The all-British cast, with John Mills as Scott, is first rate.

THE STRATTON STORY (MGM)—A fine and inspiring biography of Monty Stratton, the big league baseball pitcher who came back after losing a leg in a hunting accident. Jimmy Stewart, as Stratton, and June Allyson, as his girl, give memorable performances. With Frank Morgan, Agnes Moorehead and Bill Williams.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME (MGM)—Esther Williams owns a baseball club in Teddy Roosevelt's day, and among her players are Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra. A very diverting Technicolor musical, with Betty Garrett, Edward Arnold and Jules Munshin.

TULSA (Eagle-Lion)—A drama of the oil fields, showing how Susan Hayward gets rich and materialistic. Plenty of spectacular action and good acting. With Robert Preston, Pedro Armendariz and Lloyd Gough. Technicolor.

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