

FOR GIRLS ONLY see page 32

may 15c

# modern screen

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# *New Loveliness* begins with your First Cake of Camay!

MRS. WILLIAM S. DILES the former Mary Kathryn Heaton of Scorsdole, N. Y. Bridal Portrait by *Skor*



Get set for new beauty! Be ready for romance! Your *first cake* of Camay will make you lovelier! Just change to regular care—and use Camay alone. Let no lesser soap touch your skin.

Where will you find a finer beauty soap than Camay?

Camay is mildness itself. It caresses your cheek with its gentle, creamy lather and brings you that "beautifully cared-for" look.

And no other soap has ever quite captured Camay's flattering fragrance. No wonder Camay is called "The Soap of Beautiful Women."



**NOW! BUY CAMAY BY THE CARTON!**

"DREAM GIRL"  
BECOMES  
CAMAY BRIDE!



Mary was chosen "dream girl" of Bill's fraternity, the same week their engagement was announced. The prize was a string of pearls!



The "Enchanted Isle" of Bermuda was the scene of Mary and Bill's honeymoon. Mary will never tire of singing gentle Camay's praises. Her *first cake* brought new beauty!

## Camay The Soap of Beautiful Women



Yes, you can keep your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*.

So don't risk halfway dental care. Use *doubly-effective* Ipana care for healthier teeth *and* gums—better protection for your whole mouth.

# Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

**Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!\***

Yours can be a healthier, more wholesome mouth—if you simply do what dentists advise: guard against *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

With one famous tooth paste—\*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums **BOTH**.

For no other dentifrice has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste

is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

So get Ipana and get *double* protection—to help keep your whole mouth wholesome. You'll like Ipana's wholesome flavor, too—it's so refreshing. Start using Ipana today.

**"I use Ipana with confidence . . . it's made by Bristol-Myers,"**  
says *Barbara Ann March*  
of Roselle, N. J.

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums *both*. It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

**NEW!**

*Big economy size Ipana  
saves you up to 23¢*



## IPANA

**For healthier teeth, healthier gums**

NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF  
SUCH RESULTS! PROOF THAT USING

# COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!



**2** years' research by LEADING UNIVERSITIES  
proves that using Colgate's right after  
eating helps stop tooth decay before it starts!

More than 2 years' scientific research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—proves that using Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps stop decay before it starts! Modern research shows that decay is caused by acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed helps remove these acids before they can harm enamel. And Colgate's active penetrating foam reaches crevices between your teeth where food particles often lodge.



## The Most Conclusive Proof In All Dentifrice History On Tooth Decay!

Yes, the same toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in Colgate's flavor, foam, or cleansing action! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop decay!



ALWAYS USE  
COLGATE'S TO CLEAN  
YOUR BREATH WHILE  
YOU CLEAN YOUR  
TEETH—AND HELP  
STOP TOOTH DECAY!



MAY, 1950

# modern screen

## stories

COLLEEN TOWNSEND'S FLIGHT FROM HOLLYWOOD	by Louis Pollock	24
HEARTBREAK FOR SINATRA?	by Kathy O'Shea	27
INGRID'S FORGOTTEN CHILD (Ingrid Bergman)	by Consuelo Anderson	28
HOLLYWOOD TAKES ITS MEDICINE (Robert Walker, Ava Gardner, Robert Mitchum, etc.)	by Hedda Hopper	30
FOR GIRLS ONLY	by Marie Wilson and Elizabeth Scott	32
I LOVE A CHARADE (Anthony Curtis, Barbara Lawrence, etc.)	by Beverly Ott	34
MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED	by Loretta Young	37
PETE'S PLACE (Peter Lawford)	by Duane Valentry	38
I'M YOURS! (Elizabeth Taylor)	by Cynthia Miller	40
NO TIME FOR LOVE (Ann Blyth)	by Kirtley Baskette	42
MAD ABOUT MONTY (Montgomery Clift)	by Shelley Winters	44
SOMETIMES I HATE MY HUSBAND	by June Allyson	46
WHY OUR MARRIAGE WILL WORK (Jane Powell)	by Geary Steffen	48
MY HEART STOOD STILL (Farley Granger)	by Christopher Kane	58
BRINGING UP SUSAN	by Shirley Temple	61
HOW INGRID GOT HER DIVORCE	by James McArthur	80

## features

THE INSIDE STORY	4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS	6
MODERN SCREEN'S HOLLYWOOD PICTORIAL	51

## departments

MOVIE REVIEWS	by Christopher Kane	16
YOUR LETTERS		25
FASHION		65

ON THE COVER: Color Portrait of June Allyson by M-G-M  
Other picture credits, page 104

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# "ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"

**M-G-M BRINGS  
THE FAMED  
STAGE HIT  
TO THE SCREEN  
AT LAST!**



It played three years  
on Broadway! Road  
companies toured  
America! A triumph in  
the world's capitals!  
Now the screen's biggest  
Technicolor musical!

**11 IRVING BERLIN SONG HITS!**

"There's No Business  
Like Show Business",  
"Doin' What Comes  
Natur'ly", "You Can't  
Get A Man With A  
Gun", "The Girl That  
I Marry", "They Say  
That Falling In Love Is  
Wonderful", "My  
Defenses Are Down",  
"I'm An Indian Too"  
and others!

**BIG CAST! BIG THRILLS!**

The fabulous Buffalo  
Bill Wild West Shows...  
cowboys... Indians...  
riding girls...  
the great Buffalo  
Stampede... cast of  
hundreds in a wonderful  
musical spectacle!



COLOR BY  
*Technicolor*

**'ANNIE GET YOUR GUN'** An M-G-M Picture **BETTY HUTTON • HOWARD KEEL** with LOUIS CALHERN • J. CARROL NAISH  
EDWARD ARNOLD • KEENAN WYNN • Color by **TECHNICOLOR** • Screen Play by Sidney Sheldon • Based on the Musical Play with Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN  
and Book by HERBERT FIELDS and DOROTHY FIELDS • Musical Numbers Staged by ROBERT ALTON • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by ARTHUR FREED



## for Enchanted Moments

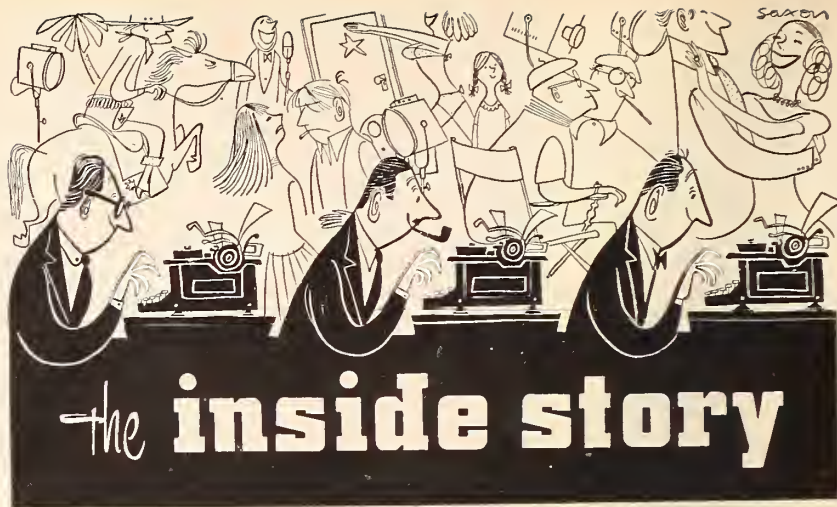
For your enchanted moments—at last a lipstick that *will not smear*...at last a lipstick of such exquisite texture that it goes on easier and stays on longer than any you have ever used.

The new, exclusive Tangee formula makes all this possible for the first time.

In Tangee Pink Queen and six other enchanting shades.



THE  
New  
Tangee  
LIP STICK



MEN, WE FIND, generally fall or are pushed into categories. The first and more prevalent variety is known as "sloppy." The members of this category behave as if they'd never heard of coat hangers or green vegetables and have to be threatened before they'll have their hair cut. The telephone, to them, is an instrument of torture and more times than not its clarion call is answered with the simple invitation to drop dead. The second category, scientifically termed "neat" is rapidly becoming extinct and maybe it's a good thing, too—even though Dick Powell happens to belong to it. He and others of his stamp are usually the great organizers and rearrangers. This drives June wild. For instance—but June tells more about his fantastic cruelty in *Sometimes I Hate My Husband* on page 46.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE IS *Bringing up Susan* on page 61—but the two-year-old seems to have the situation well in hand herself. Linda Susan took her first plane ride to Hawaii the other day and comported herself as if she'd been born with wings. Ate a whopping good meal, made conversation with the other passengers and probably would, if they'd asked, have given sound advice to the pilots. And when we think how wildly excited *we* used to get over our weekly horse-and-buggy ride . . .

SHELLEY WINTERS AND Monty Clift are practically blood relations. Six years ago they were both learning the Broadway ropes, getting bit parts and darn glad to be eating regularly. Now they're both in Hollywood, and times have changed—but not Monty. He still can eat three steaks and four desserts at one sitting, he still doesn't go for the brassy nightspots, he's still in love—with acting. All of which goes to show why she is, was and always will be *Mad About Monty* (on page 44.) Well, move over Shelley—you've got company, kid.

WE USED TO think that Hollywood parties were nothing but champagne, caviar, and glitter. Dresses down to here and patent leather pumps for the men. We couldn't have been wronger. MODERN SCREEN's Bev Ott got an invite (along with Dick Long, Peggy Dow, Douglas Dick, Anthony Curtis and other bright young things) to a charade-type party and there was nary a drop of champagne and nobody got dressed—at least not up. It's something we can't explain, but you can read the hilarious and mystifying experience in *I Love a Charade* on page 34.

WANT TO KNOW how girls get ahead in Hollywood? Do you think it's talent?—or luck?—or knowing the right people? Well, there's a surprise in store for you on page 34. Elizabeth Scott and Marie Wilson reveal all in *For Girls Only*. (And no self-respecting male we know is going to let an inviting title like *that* stop him.)

WE'LL BE BACK on the same corner next month with special coverage on Liz Taylor's wedding plans. We're also telling how Clark Gable's new wife is making certain changes in the King's heart and home. We're telling all that and lots more when we go on sale—May 10!



Gable and Harry James sit with their sweet-faced youngsters, six-year-old Vickie and two-and-a-half-year-old Jessica for a portrait. The fours are rightfully considered one of the happiest families in Hollywood.



Tyrone Power finds time between scenes to chat with Hugh Marlowe, 20th Century's newest nominee for stardom. Ty and Hugh are on location at Lone Pine, in the Rockies, for *Rawhide*—rugged new stagecoach drama.



Freeman and her husband, Pat Henney, are among the 300 guests at Harmon Billingsley's party in the Stork Club. The party, which lasted two days, was given for Louella Parsons on her recent trip to New York.



Emmett Kelly, the sad-faced and most famous clown of all, greets Sylvia and Clark Gable at the premiere of *Key To The City*. Gable played the role of mayor in the film which starred him and Loretta Young.

T  
P

date Betty Hutton sure gives the big the idea that English are staid and c beaux. Staid? Prosaic? Not this boy. fr in the moment he set eyes on blonde, a shell Betty at Ciro's just a few nights b she separated from Ted Briskin, he has pursuing the belle with the ardor of a cavalier. t, Stewart got a cameraman to intro- them. Then he immediately moved in danced every dance with Betty. When eft the café to attend a private party, went Granger. ward dawning, when the Hutton group ed by the Van Heflins for scrambled y, and coffee, the smitten Stewart was rancing on!

Without a wink of sleep, he reported to MGM to work the next day on *King Solomon's Mines*. But the minute the company was dismissed, Granger was ringing Betty's doorbell.

The lady, flattered but flabbergasted, asked how come?

"You're having dinner with me tonight, and tomorrow night and the next night—I hope," said the dashing actor.

Betty couldn't help laughing. But she told Stewart she isn't doing any dating, except in groups of friends, so soon after her separation from Ted Briskin.

"All right," said Granger. "Invite lots of people."

What can you do with a cavalier like that?

Exciting, I calls it—I'll bet Betty does, too!

\* \* \*

The invitations to Adrian's spring fashion show read, "So many men have asked me, 'Why can't we come to your fashion show and see what our wives are buying?'"—that he invited the gents.

Even so, seeing Clark Gable sitting beside his bride, Sylvia, who carefully marked all of Adrian's best numbers down, was something I thought I'd never live to witness! Yes, there was King Gable, looking as interested as all get-out—and seeing him was worth paying admission for. At first I thought Clark was blushing, but it was only a deep sunburn!

Loretta Young's husband, Tom Lewis, sat 7

# "Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,  
not a cream—  
Halo cannot leave  
dulling, dirt-catching  
soap film!

Gives fragrant  
"soft-water" lather  
—needs no  
special rinse!



Removes  
embarrassing  
dandruff from both  
hair and scalp!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils.

Thus Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.

Ask for Halo—America's favorite shampoo—at any drug or cosmetic counter!

Halo leaves hair  
soft, manageable—  
shining with colorful  
natural highlights!



## Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



Rhonda Fleming, star of *The Eagle* and *The Hawk*, is caught prettily by the camera on her well-earned vacation in Las Vegas, Nevada.

next to me and he said: "You know, Clark isn't looking at the clothes at all—he just keeps looking at Sylvia and agreeing with her."

Adrian really started something new in Hollywood by inviting the husbands to see his collection, feeding the hungry creatures and plying them with champagne. Believe me, it was no ordinary fashion show. He put on a revue Ziegfeld might have envied.

For instance, in the "Frogs in the Organdy Garden" number, he had seven beautiful girls in diaphanous organdy, each gown more beautiful than the other. But to top it all, there were two huge frogs who croaked their appreciation!

In the "Shepherd's Dream" number, he had one black sheep in a flock of white. In the "Colony" number, the entrance to the Colony restaurant in New York was duplicated to a T—all the girls wearing the smartest cocktail and dinner clothes.

I can tell you, it was a night to remember. Not one person—not even a male—left before the show was over.

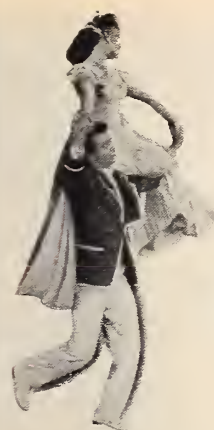
Irene Dunne, looking like a model herself, checked off number after number of the more conservative gowns—but I also saw her mark a very swirly and beautiful evening gown.

Next to Gable, the biggest surprise of all was to see Darryl Zanuck, boss-man of 20th Century-Fox, sitting quietly by the side of his lovely Virginia and pointing out the dresses he thought she should buy. When I commented on his being there, Virginia said, "Oh, he always goes with me when we're in Paris."

Clifton Webb picked out a few numbers for Mabelle, his favorite mother.

If you ask me, I think Adrian has started something new in this town. From now on there won't be any trouble getting the men who pay the bills to come with their wives to his beautiful shows.

Elizabeth Taylor's mother said, "Poor little thing! She didn't get to announce her engagement like other girls, at the party she planned for 20 of her girl friends. The story



It's Springtime!

It's Love-time!!

It's Happiness-time!!

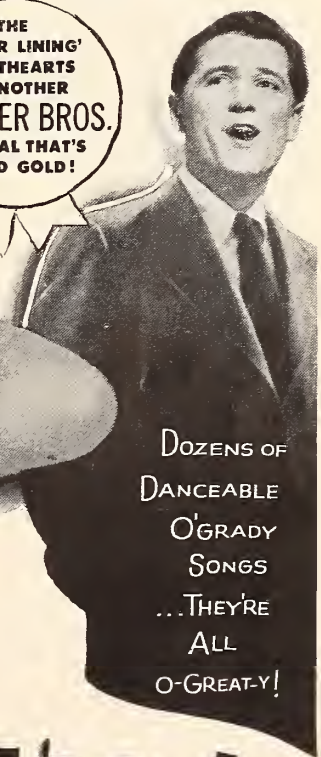


It's  
The  
Perfect  
Time  
for



# The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady

THE  
'SILVER LINING'  
SWEETHEARTS  
IN ANOTHER  
WARNER BROS.  
MUSICAL THAT'S  
SOLID GOLD!



DOZENS OF  
DANCEABLE  
O'GRADY  
SONGS  
...THEY'RE  
ALL  
O-GREAT-Y!

IN COLOR BY

TECHNICOLOR



STARRING  
JUNE HAVER GORDON MACRAE

WITH  
JAMES BARTON • CUDDLES SAKALL  
AND WARNERS' HANDSOME GENE NELSON  
DANCE-SOME NEW STAR  
DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER • PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS

SCREEN PLAY BY JACK ROSE, MELVILLE SHAVELSON & PETER MILNE • FROM A STORY BY JACK ROSE & MELVILLE SHAVELSON • MUSICAL DIRECTOR PAUL HEINDORF

Deodorant News to Delight You!

# New finer Mum more effective longer!



**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW  
INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS  
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

**New Protection!** Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that cause underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

**New Creaminess!** Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

**New Fragrance!** Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.



**Mum's protection grows and GROWS!**

Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria instantly—but keeps down *future* growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular, exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

  
**New MUM**  
cream deodorant

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Jennifer and David Selznick, sitting with Selznick's ex-publicity chief, Paul MacNamora, have fun at the opening of Felix Young's nightclub.

leaked out, even the date, and my baby is so disappointed."

She was talking about Elizabeth Taylor's "surprise" that she is marrying Nicky Hilton, son of the millionaire hotel man, on May 6th. I was one of the first to tip the date on my radio show, and the word spread like wild-fire—so Elizabeth's pretty announcement party was definitely on the anticlimax side.

Mrs. Taylor says that luscious Liz and young Nicky have been "going steady" ever since Christmas when they met on the Paramount lot. Frank Freeman, Jr., son of the Paramount executive, introduced them after Nicky told him he wanted to meet Elizabeth more than any girl in the world.

Well, all the world knows now that our teen-age American beauty will be married with a big church wedding with six bridesmaids and matrons, including Janie Powell. Ann Westmore, daughter of the Wally Westmores of cosmetic fame, will be her matron of honor.

Helen Rose, MGM designer, will do Elizabeth's wedding gown and Edith Head, the Paramount designer, will make her going away suit and several dresses for her trousseau. Ceil Chapman, of New York, will make the rest of her clothes.

Maybe it ain't so bad being a "poor little movie star" after all.

(For further details about Liz Taylor's engagement, see page 40.—Ed.)

\* \* \*  
"Charleston, Charleston,  
Get hot, Charleston! . . ."

I tell you, our town has gone crazy about the revival of that dance from the roaring Twenties, and the place they are going the starkest raving mad is at the Mocambo, Monday nights.

At that time a musical group calling themselves (heavens knows why) "The Firehouse Five Plus Two" takes to the bandstand and the Pied Piper himself never attracted a more glamorous swarm of dancers than those crowding the floor and practically shagging up the walls of the famous old niter.

The Firehouse bunch wears red shirts and

# Bing Crosby's greatest is Frank Capra's Riding High



The "Blue Skies" kind of music . . . the laughter of "Road To Rio" . . . the heart-warmth of "Going My Way" . . . all wrapped up in the happiest Bing picture of all time!

Paramount Presents  
**BING CROSBY**  
Coleen Gray  
Charles Bickford  
Frances Gifford  
FRANK CAPRA'S  
**RIDING HIGH**

with WILLIAM DEMAREST  
RAYMOND WALBURN • JAMES GLEASON • WARD BOND  
CLARENCE MUSE • PERCY KILBRIDE • HARRY DAVENPORT  
Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA  
Screenplay by Robert Riskin • Additional Dialogue by Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose • Based on a Story by Mark Hellinger  
New Songs: Lyrics by Johnny Burke • Music by James Van Heusen

BING SINGS HIS BIGGEST HITS...IN HIS BIGGEST HIT OF ALL!...

"Sunshine Cake" • "Sure Thing" • "The Horse Told Me"

"Somewhere On Anywhere Road"

"Whiffenpoof Song"  "Camptown Races"

Paramount's Joyful Springtime Hit! See It Soon At Your Favorite Theatre!



Let it fall!



It can't break—  
It's **PLASTIC!**

# New!

## Shulton

### SHAMPOO

5 1/2 oz. **.85**

Perfumed with the  
famous Old Spice



Made by Shulton, long famous for soaps and toiletries, this wonderful shampoo is tops in every way—and gives you

- more glory lights in your hair
- more glamour in its perfuming
- plus an unbreakable plastic bottle!

At Drug and Department Stores

**SHULTON**

Rockefeller Center, New York

helmets and dangling suspenders. When they aren't tooting their hot jazz, they work on the Walt Disney lot as artists, carpenters and technicians. But man and boy—do they go!

Just to give you a rough idea, her Nibs, Bette Davis, recently contested in the Charleston—and the gal is good!

Another big thrill was when Ginger Rogers and Ann Miller, both terrific dancers, answered a roar of popular applause with an exhibition "sister act." They were so wonderful dancing the Charleston together that they could easily step into a Broadway show without another rehearsal.

So far, they haven't been able to lure Joan Crawford out onto the floor—though Joan was the Queen of the Charleston addicts at one time. But she's beginning to show up on Monday nights, and the bets are that she won't be able to hold out much longer.

\* \* \*

Everybody's been asking me, "What was Katharine Hepburn really like when you were

interviewing her for your radio show?" This girl gives so few interviews (never gives them is nearer the truth) that press and public seldom get a glimpse of her real personality.

Well, let me say she was swell!

She is quite the most devastatingly honest person I have ever met. From time to time I have chided her in my column for her political views. Instead of ignoring what might have been an embarrassing topic, she led off with, "How come you invited me on your show when you think what you do of my politics?"

I had to laugh. "Well, I've never thought you were other than a swell actress, Katie," I told her.

Another "touchy" topic she took up immediately was the subject of her imitators—some of them have been really cruel.

I hope you heard my show with Hepburn, because if you missed her imitating her imitators you missed the one and only Hep-

## FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

If you have spring fever, we can sympathize with you. We know what it's like. We love to sit and pull petals off daisies, too. We like to have things nice and easy—like this contest we dreamed up for you. It's so simple—all you do is tell us which stories you liked best in this issue and which you liked least. And tell us which stars you like, too. Then send this questionnaire to us right away, because we're giving a prize to the first 500 people who do so—a prize that'll help you pass the time of day all summer. For free, you'll get the June, July and August issues—so come on! Don't put it off another minute!

### QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- |  |                          |   |                          |
|--|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| Colleen Townsend's <i>Flight from Hollywood</i> .....                                | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Mad about Monty</i> (Montgomery Clift) .....                             | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Heartbreak for Sinatra?</i> .....   | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Sometimes I Hate My Husband</i> (June Allyson) .....                     | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Ingrid's Forgotten Child</i> .....  | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Why Our Marriage Will Work</i> (Jane Powell) .....                       | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Hollywood Takes Its Medicine</i> (Walker, Gardner, Mitchum) by Hedda Hopper ..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>My Heart Stood Still</i> (Farley Granger) .....                          | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>For Girls Only</i> (Lizabeth Scott, Marie Wilson) .....                           | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Bringing Up Susan</i> (Shirley Temple) .....                             | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>I Love A Charade</i> (Barbara Lawrence, Anthony Curtis, etc.) .....               | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>How Ingrid Got Her Divorce</i> .....                                     | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>My Prayer Was Answered</i> (Loretta Young) .....                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Hollywood Pictorial</i> (Janet Leigh, Kirk Douglas, Linda Darnell) ..... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Pete's Place</i> (Peter Lawford) .....  | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews</i> .....                               | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>I'm Yours!</i> (Elizabeth Taylor) .....   | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Modern Screen Fashions</i> .....   | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>No Time for Love</i> (Ann Blyth) .....  | <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

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

# MICKEY ROONEY

It's a new kind  
of role for  
Rooney...the  
rough, tough,  
tense story  
of a guy who  
yields to one  
temptation—and  
can't stop 'til he hits  
bottom! *A picture  
that must be  
seen by every  
boy...and girl...*

# "QUICKSAND"

A SAMUEL H. STIEFEL PRODUCTION

## "QUICKSAND"

Starring

## MICKEY ROONEY

with

JEANNE CAGNEY · BARBARA BATES · PETER LORRE

Directed by IRVING PICHEL • Original Story by Robert Smith  
Mort Briskin, Producer • Released thru United Artists



# Which Twin has the Toni?



Eleanor and Jeanne Fulstone of Smith, Nevada. "Toni is the one wave that never frizzes my hair—but always leaves it soft and natural looking," says the Toni Twin. Can you tell which one she is? See answer below.

*Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist*

## *Toni looks as lovely as a \$20\* permanent —feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

Isn't it wonderful? Now for only one dollar you can get a wave that's marvelously soft—like naturally curly hair... and guaranteed to look as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing \$20. (\*Including shampoo and set.)

What's Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula—a gentle-action formula especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that feels and behaves like naturally curly hair. But remember, only with Toni Home Permanent do you get this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again!  
What better proof of Toni quality!

"Now daddy calls both Mummy and me his Toni Twins," says Barbara Wiltgen of Evanston, Illinois. "Everywhere we go people say our hair is so soft and pretty and natural-looking... guess that's why daddy's so proud of us and our Toni waves!"



Toni is the only permanent that has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether it's your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as a \$20 permanent—feels as soft as naturally curly hair. Eleanor, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you, get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.



**NEW!**

### TONI MIDGET SPIN CURLERS



For perfect neckline curls  
far easier—far faster!

Wonderful for new, short hair styles.  
Winds short, wispy ends closer to the  
head for longer-lasting curls.

SPECIAL! Toni Refill Kit with 6 Midget  
SPIN Curlers and tube of Toni  
Creme Shampoo. \$1.50 value only \$1.33



Monty Clift recently mastered the art of handling a billiard cue—something he learned for a scene in Paramount's *A Place in The Sun*.

burn at her very best and most humorous.

Around Town: Howard Duff, looking like a private thunder cloud when his date, Gloria De Haven, sat on the piano bench and sang with the pianist at the new Encore cafe... Almost every set you go on, some star is telling fortunes or reading cards and palms. Joan Fontaine turned her dressing room into a "Gypsy Tent" and read palms all during *Bed of Roses*. Lloyd Bridges, working with Valli in *White Tower*, reads palms and cards for his co-workers. A very good handwriting analyst is Signe Hasso. Everybody's doing it!... Linda Christian (Mrs. Tyrone Power) goes in for the Oriental when she dresses formally for the evening. She has a Chinese coat—several of 'em in fact—and she twists her long hair into a bun on top of her head with exotic pins stuck through the coils... Arlene Dahl brushing her lips against Lew Ayres cheek as they sit side by side in a quiet corner of their favorite night club... Ginger Rogers closes her eyes when she dances with Greg Bautzer... Shelley Winters is acting temperamental again. Shelley, I thought you said that was all over... Kirk Douglas astounding Stanley Kramer by telling him he will make another picture for him for the same salary he got for *Champion*—which was \$50,000. Now Kirk's salary is \$150,000 for a picture. That's what I call \$100,000 worth of gratitude!

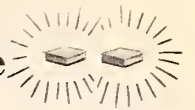
I might as well have been in Hollywood the five weeks I spent in New York and Florida—I saw so many of our stars.

Sherman Billingsley, of the Stork Club, gave me a wonderful party for 300 of his and my most "intimate" friends. All the visitors from Hollywood were there dining and dancing until the wee small hours.

Alice Faye was having a marvelous time and it was good to see her. Alice greatly admired Carol Channing in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and the way she talked gave me an idea that Alice may be hankering after the movies again.

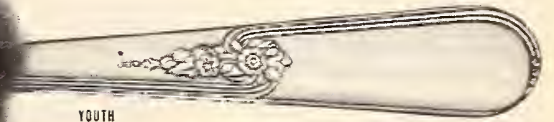
I have to tell this on Baby and Bogey. While the tough guy (Continued on page 105)

Dream house, Dream pattern . . . with these



New SPRING GARDEN

Happy young home planner!  
And so very, very wise . . . for the pattern  
of her choice is by Holmes & Edwards,  
the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid!



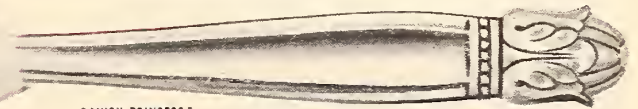
YOUTH

Two blocks of sterling silver are  
inlaid at the backs of bowls and  
handles of most-used spoons and forks to  
keep Holmes & Edwards lovelier longer.



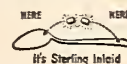
LOVELY LADY

And why take years buying silverware by  
"place settings," when tonight you can serve  
a dinner for 8 with Holmes & Edwards  
for only \$49.95, and no Excise Tax.



DANISH PRINCESS\*

**HOLMES & EDWARDS**  
**STERLING INLAID®**  
**SILVERPLATE**



\*ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.

Picture  
of the  
Month



Clarence Muse provides the gay string music as Bing Crosby and Coleen Gray let themselves go before the big race in *Poromour*—*Riding High*.

# MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



## RIDING HIGH

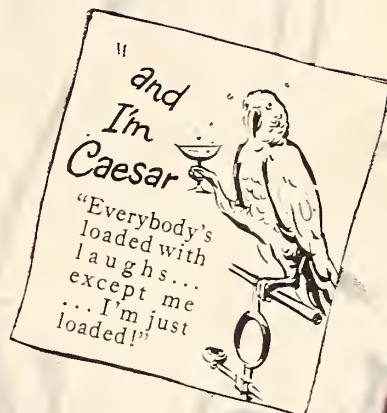
● Bing Crosby, who's always talked to horses, talks to a girl (Frances Gifford), and it's love. But if he weds this girl, he'll have to be head of a paper-box factory (girl's father owns everything in town) and paper boxes bore him silly. He gets rid of all his horses except one—he keeps Broadway Bill for sentimental reasons—and tells himself his youth is over. It's time to settle down. Father-in-law-to-be demands the ultimate sacrifice: Part with Broadway Bill. Never! cries Bing. I'd rather part with your daughter. Bing leaves town with horse and sidekick (Clarence Muse); they're off to the races. Ex-fiancée's younger sister, Coleen Gray, also loves Bing. She follows him to Imperial City, where he's planning to enter Broadway Bill in the Derby. She raises the horse's entry fee, she stands by and helps nurse the horse when he gets sick (the barn where he's quartered leaks when it rains), and she's at Bing's side the day of the race. As if having just got over the horse equivalent of pneumonia isn't enough, Broadway Bill's got a crooked jockey on his back (a big gambler's paid the boy to throw the race) and the horse has to fight his own rider, as well as the other horses. Does Broadway Bill win, does everything work out? Well, I won't spoil the story. There's a tremendous cast of characters and bit players in this picture. All of them are good; most of them are funny. You see Raymond Walburn and William Demarest as racetrack habitués, Gene Lockhart has a tiny part as a rich old man, Oliver Hardy (without Stan Laurel) plays a bettor who loses his shirt (vast though it is), and Jimmy Gleason's a crisp track official.

# THE COMEDY TOAST OF THE YEAR!

COLMAN'S A ONE-  
MAN RIOT AS  
THE SMARTEST  
MAN IN  
THE WORLD.



CELESTE IS A ONE-  
WOMAN RIOT  
SQUAD WHO  
REALLY  
SMARTENS  
HIM UP!  
IT'S THE  
BUBBLIEST,  
FROTHIEST,  
TICKLIEST  
MOVIE YOU  
EVER  
CELEBRATED!



HARRY M. POPKIN  
presents

**RONALD  
COLMAN**

!! *in*  
**Champagne  
for Caesar** !!  
co-starring

**CELESTE HOLM**

with

**VINCENT PRICE**

ART LINKLETTER  
and

**BARBARA BRITTON**

Produced by GEORGE MOSKOV • RICHARD B. WHORF  
Directed by  
Story and Screen Play by Hans Jacoby and Fred Brady  
Music Written and Directed by Dimitri Tiomkin  
A Harry M. Popkin Production  
Released thru United Artists

# FILM GLUES ACID TO YOUR TEETH !

Tooth decay is caused by the acid that film holds against your teeth. This acid is formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat.

## PEPSODENT REMOVES FILM ! HELPS STOP DECAY !

When you use film-removing Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. It also removes the dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.



## FILM NEVER LETS UP !

Film is forming on everyone's teeth day and night. Don't neglect it. Don't let decay start in your mouth. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium\* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!



\*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY



Stage Fright: In Hitchcock's newest thriller, Richard Todd, accused of murder, flees from the London police into the arms of Jane Wyman.

### STAGE FRIGHT

Cast: Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Michael Wilding, Richard Todd, Alastair Sim.  
Warners

Alfred Hitchcock's new one is good. It's pleasantly tense—with only small doses of horror—and a large, flawless cast makes watching and listening a delight. Richard Todd (the *Hasty Heart* star) plays a young man of London fleeing from justice. He gets girl friend Jane Wyman to take him to her father, out on the seacoast, where he, Todd, can lie low. Todd tells Jane that his mistress, musical comedy star Marlene Dietrich, has murdered her husband. He went to Dietrich's house to get her clean clothes (she was a trifle bloodstained) and was seen there by her maid. Now he has to run from the police. There are complications, including Jane's getting a job in Marlene's employ, in order to discover the truth about the situation, and then a charming detective (Michael Wilding) comes into her life, etc. Surprise ending, too. But real joy of this movie is the acting, including that of Alastair Sim as Jane's faintly diabolical father; Dame Sybil Thorndike as Jane's vague, yet bossy mother; Kay Walsh as Marlene's maid; and a lady named Joyce Grenfell, who operates a shooting gallery with the most comical accent you've ever heard. That is, she doesn't operate the shooting gallery with the accent, but she . . . Oh, well. Jane and Michael have a wonderful love scene, and Marlene sings a song about all the money she'd have if she wasn't forced to turn down propositions because of being the laziest girl in town. Though maybe the censors will catch up with her before you ever get to see that act.

### PERFECT STRANGERS

Cast: Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan, Thelma Ritter, Margalo Gilmore  
Warners

This starts out like one of those FBI-ish documentaries. You see a big office with books of names, and a man calling off every seventh name. All these names are typed up, and rolled around in a barrel (I've left out several steps) and this, you're informed, is how a jury is picked in a big city. Now on to the serious business. On our jury are Gin-



*Comtesse de la Begassiere*, French Resistance heroine, like so many Frenchwomen, makes Evening in Paris a lovely part of her life. She completes the effect of her lovely clothes with Evening in Paris, applying it at the tips of her ears, at her temples, curve of arms, wrists and neckline, letting the warmth of her skin float its loveliness about her.

# Wear Evening in Paris the way French women do



*Suzy Solidor* sings and entertains in her Paris nightclub, *Club de l'Opera*. Her long-lasting Evening in Paris Lipstick goes on smoothly, evenly, matches her complexion and her fashions. Final touch—Evening in Paris Perfume where there is a pulse to keep the fragrance warm, alive!

*Evening in Paris Perfume,*  
**\$12.50 to 75¢**

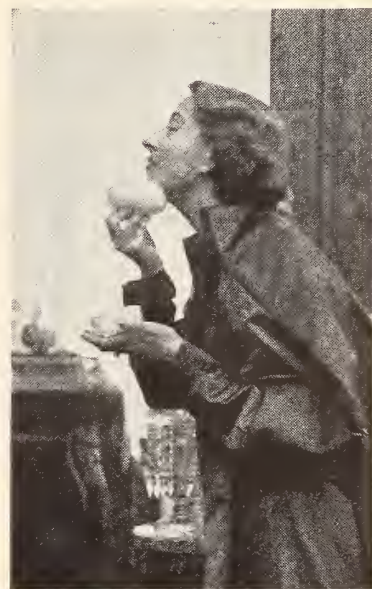
*Eau de Cologne,* **\$1.50 to 65¢**

*Face Powder,*  
in 8 shades,  
**\$1.00**

All prices plus tax



*Comtesse Yves de Saint Seine*, connoisseur of art, lavishes her body with stimulating Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne after her bath. Frequently, she bathes her wrists, throat and temples with its fragrance. Even on the warmest days, Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne keeps her refreshed, cool!



*Madame Edouard Prat*, popular member of Paris society, chooses her delicately scented Evening in Paris Face Powder to compliment her clear, fair skin, but varies the smooth, clinging shades for day and evening—so easy to do with such a choice of flattering colors.

✱ *It's the largest-selling fragrance in France!*

# Bourjois

THIS  
MONTH

# SPRING CLEANING

## Must Guard Against Germs



MRS. FRANCIS BARR, DALLAS, TEX., declares: "Spring cleaning calls for extra vigilance,

with potent 'Lysol' for all cleaning . . . woodwork . . . walls . . . our whole house."

## Wise Mothers Fight Infection Risks



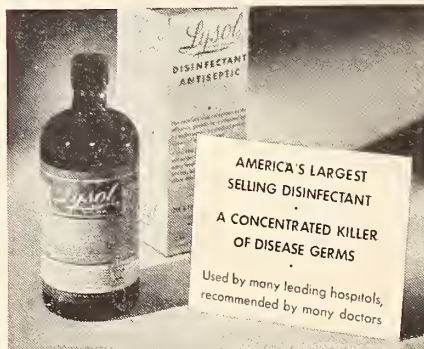
MRS. B. VERNON SMITH, BALBOA, CALIF., says: "I use 'Lysol' when cleaning bathroom shelves, all cabinets, other dust collectors, as well as all the routine places."

**A CLEAN HOUSE**, these clever young mothers realize, is not necessarily hygienically clean. Because many disease germs lurk in ordinary house dust. So these, and other wise mothers from coast-to-coast, add potent, effective "Lysol" brand disinfectant to the cleaning water, daily, to fight infection risks.

**"EVERY DAY,"** they say, they use "Lysol." And in a thorough job like spring cleaning, they use it all through the house. Walls, floors, *everywhere*. Just 2½ tablespoons of economical "Lysol" to a gallon of water—and house cleaning becomes an important step in guarding family health.



MRS. ELVIN ERICKSON, BAY RIDGE, N. Y., says: "'Lysol' works wonders . . . I add it to the water when cleaning the kitchen, the baby's room . . . and our whole house."



**IN YOUR HOME**, as you get rid of winter's dust and dirt, fight disease germs with effective "Lysol," as these and millions of other smart mothers, all over America, do.

ger Rogers, separated from her husband, Dennis Morgan, married father of two children. Also 10 other more or less familiar types, such as the society lady (Margalo Gilmore), the amorous traveling salesman (Anthony Ross) and the simple, good-hearted truck driver's wife (Thelma Ritter). This jury's sitting in judgment on a man whose wife has fallen (or was she pushed?) off a cliff. The man's admittedly in love with his secretary, and the state contends that he did away with his helpmeet. Dennis and Ginger, however, fall in love themselves (the jury's locked up for the duration of the trial, so it won't be influenced by outside opinion, and Dennis and Ginger see lots of each other), and they decide the prisoner isn't guilty. According to a studio synopsis, they discover, "it's wholly possible for a married man to fall honestly in love with another woman, and such a love need be no motive for a criminal thing, nor something that necessarily must end in dishonest action." Ginger and Dennis convince the other jurors the guy didn't do it, and he's freed. But Ginger and Dennis suddenly know they can't be happy if they make Dennis' wife and kids sad, so goodbye. I'll love you all my life, it could have been so beautiful, etc. Last we see of Ginger, she's going back to her estranged husband in Cleveland. Lord knows why. I thought she couldn't stand him. There isn't much action in this movie, but there's characterization galore (you get to know all 12 of those quaint jurors) and the whole business is based on an old play by Hecht and MacArthur. I'm told the play was a terrible flop.

## THE CONSPIRATOR

Cast: Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Fleming.  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Plot: Aging communist Robert Taylor marries schoolgirl Elizabeth Taylor. Suggested motto: The hand that robs the cradle rules the world. Anyhow, Robert's a respected English officer (subversive, under the skin), Elizabeth's an American girl visiting abroad, they fall in love, get married. Liz doesn't know Robert's a communist, not even when he gets all fixed up with horn-rimmed glasses and a trench coat and goes off into the night with irritating regularity. Liz is a social butterfly; politics bore her. The Communist Party, however, is very resentful that Bob has seen fit to wed without its sanction. "Rub her out," they say coldly, referring to Liz. Oh, what a fix. Shall Bob rub her out, or shall he resign from the Party, or will the Party resign him with a bullet through his head? That's the thanks you get, after being a faithful party worker since you were a mere lad. The real crisis comes when Liz discovers Bob's dastardly other life, and demands that he throw off the scarlet chains that bind him. (Scarlet sounds more dramatic than red, don't you think?) Bob takes Liz on a hunting trip and almost blows her brains out, before she gets the notion that maybe he'd rather dispense with her than his ideals, peculiar as those ideals appear to be. This isn't what you'd call a powerful picture, but Liz is very pretty to watch, whether she's squealing with delight, or horror. She does quite a bit of both.

**A STOLEN FORTUNE**

**A BORROWED WOMAN**

**AND ONE MAN TOO MANY!**

*Kiss  
Laura once,  
just once,  
and you're  
headed down a...*

**ONE WAY  
STREET**

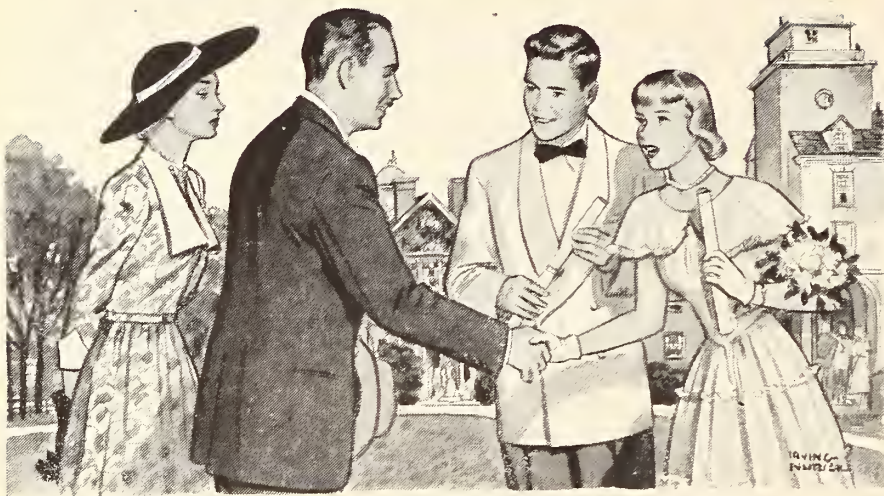
starring

**James MASON**  
**Marta TOREN**  
**Dan DURYEA**



Story and Screenplay by LAWRENCE KIMBLE • Directed by HUGO FREGONESE • Produced by LEONARD GOLDSTEIN  
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

# Are you in the know?



## To make a favorable impression on his family —

- ☐ Greet them in Spanish    ☐ Affect a chawmin' accent    ☐ Avoid Slurvian

"Widen Bill tell me you were here? I bin dine to meetcha." You wouldn't say that, anyway! But in all your chatter, avoid Slurvian—if you'd win favor with this family. It's the language that slurs words, lops off syllables. Like "widen" for "why

didn't" . . . "dine" for "dying." Good diction builds confidence. And to stay confident on certain days, do yourself the favor of choosing Kotex: made to stay soft while you wear it. *This softness really holds its shape.* Keeps you serenely comfortable!



## If wrinkles worry her, should she bring —

- ☐ Just denims  
☐ Double-dark sun glasses  
☐ Her new argandie dress

Your holiday's better with a bit of la glamour. So if "wrinkle-phobia" tempts you not to pack that dreamy cotton formal—here's news. *Now* many cottons are crease-resistant. Even organdie can shed wrinkles! And even at calendar time you can be your smooth, unruffled self—with Kotex. For no telltale outlines show. With those *flat, pressed ends* you're free from outline-phobia! And by trying all 3 Kotex absorbencies you'll find Regular, Junior or Super suited to you.



## In removing a bone, should you use —

- ☐ Your fingers  
☐ A napkin  
☐ A spoon

Don't use your dinner napkin as a "catcher" or a "curtain"! Get the bone back to your plate quietly, neatly, with your fingers. Learn how to save yourself embarrassment, in all sorts of situations. On "problem" days, Kotex is the answer. That special *safety center* gives you extra protection—and you're so comfortable with your new light weight Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's made with DuPont nylon elastic—non-curling, non-twisting. Washable. Dries fast!



More women choose KOTEX®  
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



Woman of Distinction: Innocent victims of a newspaper-promoted romance, astronomer Ray Milland and Deon Roz Russell find true love.

## WOMAN OF DISTINCTION

Cast: Ray Milland, Rosalind Russell, Edmund Gwenn, Janis Carter.  
Columbia

Roz Russell is dean of a women's college. Got no time for romance. Ray Milland is an astronomer. Over from England on a lecture tour. Janis Carter's a press agent who thinks astronomy's dull. Wants to liven up Ray's tour. So she promotes a newspaper romance between him and Roz, and Roz gets very indignant and follows Ray around smashing him across the face with a large handbag, and love is so terrific. Before they admit they were made for each other, Roz has been drenched by a garden hose, had mud slathered on her face, been taken for a ride in a hot rod. Ray has worn ill-fitting riding breeches, fallen off a broken bicycle, and been shoved into a river. Now, what have I forgotten? Roz has a child she adopted in France, but both Ray and Francis Lederer claim to be the kid's father because they don't believe that adoption story, and they're chivalrous. Jerome Courtland, as a college kid (owner of the hot rod) who thinks Roz loves him, is the funniest thing in the picture. Every time Roz comes near him, he ducks painfully, and cries, "Ah, gee whiz, Dean, cut it out."

## STROMBOLI

Cast: Ingrid Bergman, Mario Vitale, Renzo Cesana, Mario Sponza.  
RKO

By now, you must have heard nearly everything there is to hear about Stromboli, and there's not much point in my putting my two cents' worth on paper. But anyhow . . . I think Ingrid Bergman is pleasantly natural (for the first time in years) as the girl who marries a simple fisherman in order to get out of a European detention camp. I think Mario Vitale is remarkably wonderful as the simple fisherman (especially since he's supposed never to have acted before in his life). I think the story is interesting, up to a point. You can believe in a sophisticated woman's horror when she's brought to live on the island of Stromboli. Barren, rocky, with a live volcano, a little cemetery, a view of the sea, a

few fishing boats—that's Stromboli. You can also believe that such a woman, trapped in such a place, would go to any lengths—even attempted seduction of a priest—to free herself. But you—or at least I—find it hard to believe the rather abrupt ending which has Ingrid, in the shadow of the volcano, suddenly repentant, ennobled and, indubitably, saved. Not that she isn't basically decent enough to be saved, just that the conversion comes so fast you'd think they'd been trying to cram the whole thing into a half hour on television.

#### CAPTAIN CAREY, U.S.A.

Cast: Alan Ladd, Wanda Hendrix, Francis Lederer.

Paramount

Alan Ladd's an ex-OSS officer. In Italy, during the war, somebody betrayed his outfit's hiding place, and now, after the war, Alan's going back to find the guy and kill him. Alan thinks his Italian sweetheart, Giulia, is dead, and this makes him especially vengeful in attitude. In Italy, however, he discovers Giulia (Wanda Hendrix) not only alive but kicking. She's married to a baron (Francis Lederer), but she still loves Alan; her grandma, the Countess, had told her Alan was killed so she'd marry the baron. Since you know Alan and Wanda have to wind up together, figure out who's that betrayer. You got it—husband the baron. Worked with the Nazis during the war, helped Grandma the Countess get Wanda's brother out of a German prison camp by telling the Nazis about the OSS hideout, and the partisans in the village. (Grandma the Countess is the actual betrayer, in cold fact.) Twenty-seven partisans were shot by the Nazis, the night of the double-cross, so nobody in the village is too delighted to see Alan when he shows his face in those parts again. But he sets things straight in fine Alan Ladd fashion. His name, by the way, is Captain Carey, U.S.A.

#### NANCY GOES TO RIO

Cast: Ann Sothern, Jane Powell, Barry Sullivan, Carmen Miranda.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Gorgeous Technicolor, sweet music, thousands of actors—oh, MGM does give you a ride for your money. Here Ann Sothern's a famous actress, toast of Broadway and everything. Her daughter Nancy (Jane Powell) has aspirations in the same direction, but nobody takes her seriously. Ann falls in love with a new play, goes to Rio with her papa (Louis Calhern) to study it. Jane stays home, meets the man who wrote the new play. Lo and behold, he decides she should play the lead; Ann's too old. Well, Jane doesn't know that Ann's up for the part, and Ann doesn't know that Jane's up for the part. Jane goes to Rio, to have her mother coach her, discovers her mother's reading the same script, and decides to drown her sorrows in marriage with Barry Sullivan. (She met him on the boat coming down.) Sullivan isn't in the mood to get married—until he sees Ann—but everybody figures he's the father of Jane's unborn child. Not that Jane has an unborn child; it's all a lot of misunderstandings. So—Sothern is beautiful, Powell is cute, Sullivan has S.A., and Carmen Miranda never made me laugh more. P.S.: Jane gets part, Ann gets man.

# AMAZING SHAMPOO DOESN'T ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

*Doesn't destroy precious natural oils your hair needs to be...*



#### PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

Buy Shasta. Use only once. If you're not overjoyed with beauty results, return unused portion to your dealer and get your money back.



NEW, IMPROVED

# SHASTA beauty cream SHAMPOO

*Doesn't rob hair of natural oils*

Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, more beautifully groomed, after your first Shasta shampoo. New, improved Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils. That's important because your hair must have these natural oils to be naturally soft, shiny—healthy.

If you're not entirely satisfied with the appearance of your hair, try new, improved Shasta today. See how lovely your hair can look. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob it of its natural oils.

There's a long road  
 ahead for courageous  
 Colleen Townsend—  
 a humble road of service  
 to God. Behind her  
 lies her movie career.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

# Colleen's FLIGHT FROM HOLLYWOOD



■ It hung in the window of one of Los Angeles' most fashionable stores early this spring—a white, strapless formal with lovely tulle *bouffant* around the shoulders. Colleen Townsend, young enough at 20 to ache for it, and with the money to buy a hundred like it, knew she would never wear it.

She knew more than that—she would probably never again in her life be able even to *consider* buying anything that expensive. Just that morning she had given up her movie career—a career already highlighted by early stardom—to devote herself fully, and for always, to spreading the teachings of Christ. She would need all the money she had saved to complete her religious training. And she was content.

This was last February. A year before, many people in Hollywood had been skeptical when MODERN SCREEN broke the news that Colleen was primarily interested in Christian work, and only secondarily in acting. She had said, "If I felt that it was God's will that I shouldn't be in the movies I would leave them." That was exactly how Colleen did begin to feel a few months ago when she was finishing *When Willie Comes Marching Home*, in which she is co-starred with Dan Dailey, and Corinne Calvet.

Her problem (Continued on page 87)

# your letters . . .

## NO MORE MOB SPIRIT

Dear Editor: I am so glad fans are finally beginning to treat the movie stars like human beings! Last month, a popular male star was dining at a hotel here. He was spotted by three big-eyed bobby-soxers. As they made a beeline for him, I thought he'd had his last bite of dinner for the night. But to my relief and amazement, instead of falling all over him, the girls merely said "hello" and told him they'd enjoyed his latest picture! Then they left him to enjoy his dinner!

MARGIE WELCH, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

## BABY TALK

Dear Editor: That story you printed in the April issue about Rita Hayworth, Aly Khan and Yasmin just about made me sick. Honestly, I never saw such a stupid fuss over the birth of a little baby, as if there were anything so unusual about that, princess or not!

MARIANNE DUNCAN, SEATTLE

Dear Editor: Shirley Temple's story, "Bringing Up Susan," in the April issue was one of the best you've ever printed. Really, I was so deeply touched by Shirley's description of her baby's cute behavior that I cried as I was reading it! Shirley certainly is a brave young woman to try so hard to carry on in the face of her disaster. I think she's wonderful, and I'll look forward to future installments of "Bringing Up Susan."

MRS. NORMA GOLDBERG, CHICAGO

## LINES ABOUT LIZ

Dear Editor: Why, oh why did you devote so many pages of your magazine in March to Elizabeth Taylor? It doesn't seem fair that one star should get all that attention. I suppose she has a lot of fans, but surely not that many. Please give the other stars a break from now on.

ROSITA GUTIERREZ, HOUSTON

Dear Editor: Your wonderful magazine is even more wonderful since you printed all that grand stuff on Liz Taylor in the March issue, and I love you for it. Liz is my favorite star, and I think she deserved every inch you devoted to her. So do lots of other people. Thanks!

MARIAN JEFFRIES, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

## PLEASEING PICTORIAL

Dear Editor: I have wanted to write you for some time now to tell you that I think your Modern Screen Pictorial is one of the best, if not the best, features in your magazine. It's so packed with human interest, so full of action, so realistically done in comparison with what most screen magazines try to do in showing what the stars are like in their daily lives, that I want to congratulate you in all sincerity on the fine job I think you're doing.

JOSEPHINE BURNS, BOSTON

## INGRID'S BAD EXAMPLE

Dear Editor: I admire the stand writer Arthur L. Charles took on the Ingrid Bergman case in his story in the March issue. It is nice to know that there are those who sympathize with Ingrid without condoning her actions. Perhaps, though, it would be best for the press to drop the whole matter. Then there would be no bad example for the public and less suffering for Ingrid.

NANCY LYONS, NEW YORK CITY

# Beauty is my business—

says EVELYN McBRIDE,  
Stunning Cover Girl

*And SweetHeart Care  
Does So Much for Me!*

"For it agrees with my delicate skin—reveals the peaches-and-cream look that photographs beautifully. So it's really SweetHeart Care that keeps my date book full."



## 9 out of 10 Cover Girls Use SWEETHEART Soap

• All the world looks fresh and young, so be part of the springtime picture! Awaken your complexion's true radiance and dewy-fresh young look the way America's glamorous cover girls do.

For the one heavenly gentle beauty care almost all cover girls choose is SweetHeart Care. Try it and you'll see why! Just one week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . far fresher and actually younger!

*Beauty is  
my business, too!*

• Nadine Koehne, 10 months old, is already a popular model. And every day—like grown-up cover girls—she enjoys a real beauty bath with pure, mild SweetHeart Soap.

# SWEETHEART

*The Soap that AGREES  
with Your Skin*



• Today get SweetHeart Soap in the new, large satiny bath cake.



*You'll be drifting in a cloud!*

Remember the delicious dizziness of your first kiss? Or the way a certain voice explodes in your heart... or how a bar of music surrounds you with clouds? You'll get that whirling, sparkly sort of lift when you first wear Dream Stuff.

Dream Stuff is a tinted foundation-and-powder...magically blended into one brand new make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its own puff—it clings for hours! It can't spill in your purse. Four dreamy shades, only 49¢, plus tax.



NEW! TINTED FOUNDATION  
AND POWDER IN ONE!

**WOODBURY** *Dream Stuff*

ONLY **49¢**  
PLUS TAX

# heartbreak for Sinatra?

Gossip comes easy  
about him and Nancy.  
But who ever told  
the truth about Sinatra—  
the kid who climbed  
out of the gutter, who  
fought for the right to live?

BY KATHY O'SHEA

■ You all know Frankie Sinatra, the fighting, loving, wisecracking crooner.

That is, you all know the Frankie Sinatra his publicity paints.

But almost none of you knows the essence of this man, his true character and background. And the reason for this is simply that the truth about him has never been told.

Oh, sure—over the years there've been dozens of stories printed with the claim that here, at last, is the "real" Sinatra. A few of them have, superficially, hinted at the truth. The others have all been phonies.

Why hasn't the true Sinatra story been plainly stated?

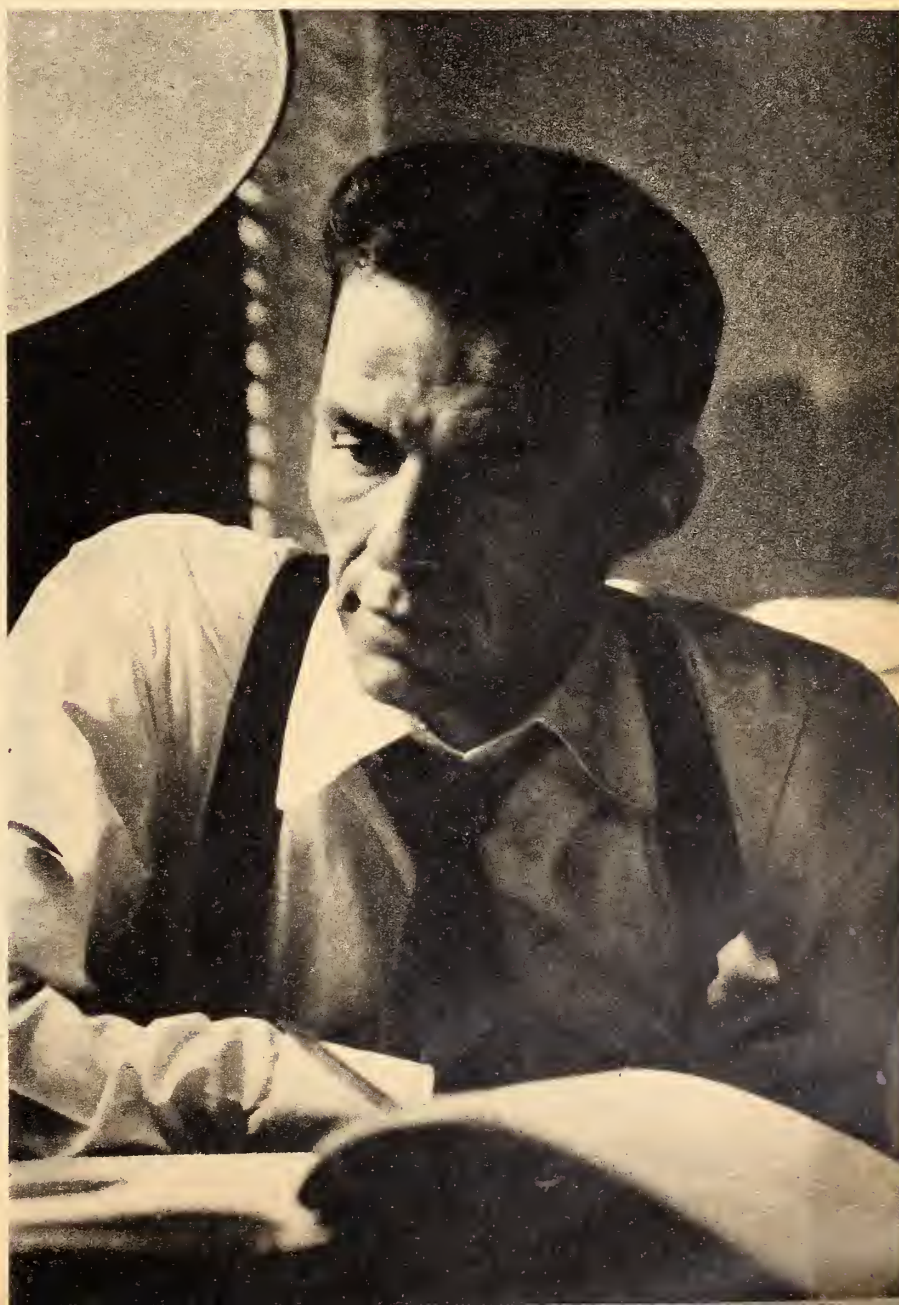
The answer is that it's been considered too unbelievable, that it's too raw, too tough, and would violate the legend the public has been taught to believe about him.

But the millions of Sinatra fans who have given Frankie their support and loyalty have the right to know the truth about him and his background and his separation from his wife, for they have been responsible for his success. They are not children to be insulted with story-book falsehoods. They are young men and women entitled to be told the blunt facts.

So, to begin with, let's present the facts about his separation from Nancy.

Frank didn't want that separation. He felt and still feels that the problems of his homelife can be worked out. But Nancy felt that her pride and self-respect called for some sort of direct action.

Whatever you (*Continued on page 89*)





Overlooked amid the sensational tumult of the Bergman-Rossellini affair, there stands a small, pathetic figure—Ingrid's daughter, Pia Lindstrom. What is she like, what are her feelings as the mother she so adores is swept from her side in a bewildering storm of scandal? Here, in a moving and illuminating story, is the first complete portrait of this innocent victim.

# Ingrid's

■ The story of Ingrid Bergman's little girl, Pia Lindstrom, must surely have a happy ending. There will be a wonderful reunion with her beautiful mother one day, and after awhile others will make new headlines and the story of Bergman and Rossellini will recede and be forgotten. Pia will proceed with the business of growing up. Bruising her knees roller-skating and getting bubble gum in her hair . . . thrilling to her first orchid and her first kiss . . . falling in love and then out again. And people will say, "Youth is resilient. See—she has forgotten everything."

Yes, Pia will recover—but she will never forget what it was like to be 11 years old. Some things you can't forget as long as you live. . . .

There was a bright blue morning last summer. Pia, visiting on a farm in Minnesota, was hurrying through her breakfast, thinking of the sunshine and activity outdoors. There was a rap on the door, and two newspapermen stood there. Masquerading as broom salesmen, they had gotten past the hired hands, and they stood there now facing the small girl in blue jeans. They asked her questions like, When is your mother coming back? and What does your father say about her? and Are you lonely for her? Questions that put a lump in her throat and hot tears in her eyes. Something is wrong, Pia thought, lying wide-eyed in her bed that night. And frightened, she longed for the warmth and comfort of her mother.

Pia and her father were living in the San Fernando Valley with the John Vernons (John is Dr. Lindstrom's close friend and advisor) when he told her the terrible thing: Her mother didn't love him any more, and had fallen desperately in love with Roberto Rossellini.

Perhaps Pia had already guessed the truth. She is an intelligent and sensitive child, and in spite of Lydia Vernon's best (Continued on page 75)



Pia goes shopping with Mother—getting the same thrill from it that all little girls do. This rare photo was taken in Beverly Hills shortly before Ingrid left for Italy.

# forgotten child

by Consuelo Anderson



**ROBERT WALKER** is Hollywood's outstanding example of how psychiatry can help sick minds if the patient has enough courage.



**JEAN ARTHUR** (here with ex-husband Frank Ross, left, and director Ed Goulding) is one whose fears psychiatry hasn't helped.



**JENNIFER JONES** wisely consulted a psychiatrist to be sure she knew her own mind before her hoppy marriage to Dovid Selznick.



**AVA GARDNER**, after her divorce from Artie Shaw, sought psychiatric guidance—on his advice. Living with the intellectual, emotionally-complicated bandleader had given her a sense of inferiority. Now, mental therapy has built up her self-confidence—to the point where she may re-wed Shaw.



**PAT WILDE'S** marriage was ruined by film ambitions. But psychiatry, which made her see greater value in homemaking, may reunite her with Cornel and Wendy.



**VICTOR MATURE** recently took his d... Genius, to a mind doctor when Genius... ill—and, claims Vic, the doc cured h...

# Hollywood takes its MEDICINE

by Hedda Hopper

Stars whose  
emotional mix-ups  
threaten to wreck  
their personal lives  
are facing facts  
with the aid of  
science—and  
finding happiness.

■ I've wanted to write this story for a long time—ever since one day last year when a young Hollywood star, calm and clear-eyed, sat in my sunny patio and told me how a modern miracle of science had brought him back to a new life and a new career from the very brink of the deep end.

Robert Walker had suffered from a desperate mental illness; now he was back on balance, confident and happy. He was deliberate in recalling every detail of his cure at the Menninger mental clinic in Topeka, Kansas. "I want to tell this straight," he said, "so people will understand that a mental illness is nothing to be ashamed of. There's needless and cruel suffering among the mentally sick. I know, I've been one. Maybe in talking about myself, revealing personal things, I can show people, I can help. . . ."

A few months before, Bob had been fleeing from every question and snarling at every criticism of his rash, unbalanced acts. He was resentful and hostile to almost (Continued on page 101)



**DOROTHY MITCHUM** persuaded Bob to see a psychiatrist—who warned him to say "na" to phony friends. But Bob learned too late.



**BETTE DAVIS** began divorce action against William Sherry because of his temper. Now he visits a psychiatrist regularly and he and Bette are back together.



**SUSAN HAYWARD** and Jess Barker found the way to married contentment through the helpful advice of a marriage psychologist.



No doubt about it,  
a girl in the movies  
must learn the facts of life.  
Here, two experienced  
and forthright ladies tell  
with remarkable frankness  
how Hollywood has  
taught them what every young  
girl should know.



## FOR GIRLS ONLY

by Elizabeth Scott

■ I've learned about life from men. And most of the lessons I've learned they taught me the hard way.

Once upon a time, a playwright was my beau. His masculine directness and poetic nature seemed very necessary to my happiness. I respected him and I respected his opinions—except one. This particular belief of his I thought was nutty as a fruitcake.

"Women of the theater," he used to say, "so steep themselves in make-believe that they lose the naturalness which made us admire them to begin with."

My hackles would rise whenever he'd make this solemn pronouncement—but I had enough sense (I thought) not to argue with him. I wanted to wait to *prove* he was wrong.

So six years ago when I did *Rain* in summer stock, I invited him to the opening. "This'll show him!" I thought. "He'll watch me as that hard-boiled Sadie Thompson, and afterward when he sees the real me he'll understand I'm the same natural, feminine female I always was."

The third act curtain was barely down opening night before I floated to my dressing room, heady with applause, to wait for him. Not only was I eager to point out to him how I'd disproved his theory; I was also anxious to get his reaction to my performance.

I threw open the dressing room door before he even had a chance to knock. "Well?" I asked breathlessly. He gave me a long, studied look. Then, with finality, he said, "You (*Continued on page 85*)

by Marie Wilson

■ I've been fighting my way up through Hollywood since I was 15 years old, so I know what I'm talking about: Hollywood is a man's town.

And I'm sure your town is, too. All this talk about women's emancipation and equal rights is grade A malarky. Men everywhere hold the whip hand—and most of the time they crack it hard enough to get what they want, when they want it.

It was on my first day in Hollywood, when I got off the street car, suitcase in hand, and walked the three blocks to the realtor's office, that I learned that sad lesson. Or should have.

"Hello," I greeted the realtor, a Mr. Jonah, my eyes shining with all the self-assurance of an innocent 15-year-old. "I want a house that looks down on Hollywood. Not that I'm a snob, you understand. It's because I'm going to be a movie star."

"A movie star!" he echoed mockingly, fixing me with his business-wise eyes. I could feel ANAHEIM written all over me in neon letters. He sized me up, down and across the middle. I had the distinct impression he thought I should go back where I came from via the most direct route.

But he was a business man, so he condescended to show me a big, empty, frame house up on Verbena Street in Hollywoodland. If I'd ever had anything in mind, this was it. And I had to go and open my big mouth and tell him so. I was "delighted" in the living room, "enchanted" in the dining room, "thrilled" in the kitchen. By the time I'd peeked into the first bedroom, I (*Continued on page 96*)



For the party's first charade, Barbara Lawrence tries to convey the title *I Was A Shoplifter* to girl teammates Piper Laurie,

Peggy Dow and Anne Pearce, who guess gaily. Tony Curtis, Dick Long and Jerome Courtland, of the opposition, watch anxiously.

# I love a charade

Think Hollywood  
parties are all mink  
and champagne?  
Not the ones—like  
this one—that are  
the most fun!

BY BEVERLY OTT

■ As Western Editor of MODERN SCREEN, I was over on the Universal-International lot on some glamorous business or other when I ran into Anne Pearce. She seemed in an awful hurry.

"Hi!" she gasped. "Can't stop to talk. The gang's coming over tonight. Don't know how I'll ever *make* it! I work till six, then have to rush home to get things ready for the party."

"Sounds like fun to me," I said. (A genuine Hollywood party! . . . Champagne sipped by a swimming pool . . . Orchids strewn around . . . In the distance, an orchestra of strings led by Jascha Heifetz . . . White ties and tails, dresses down to here . . .) "Sure does sound like fun."

I must have sounded as wistful as I felt. You see, I'm new to Hollywood.

"Say," said Anne, "why don't you come? A wonderful crowd will be there, you should meet them. You *must* come!"

She grabbed a near-by paper cup, scribbled an address (Continued on page 36)



Peggy eavesdrops as, before the charades start, the boys think up things to stump the girls. She figured anything was fair in a battle of the sexes—but bearded Douglas Dick caught her.



Barbara and Tony give their version of an ad for Eskima Pie. They were each other's blind date—blindfolded, they were introduced to one another as Charlie Cliff and Hedy Toren.

Jerome tries to catch an alive tossed by Piper (he made it!) as the gang attacks party eats, prepared by hostess Anne Pearce.





Jerome sews away on the third syllable of *Superstition Mountain* at Anne Pearce's zany party.



Anne has put all her dramatic fire into pantomiming *Buccaneer's Girl*, and now someone's on the verge of guessing it.



Time's running short as Barbara frantically enacts *Peggy*—but the girls got it just in time!



The second word of Piper's charade, *Sleeping City*, has her a bit worried before she manages to put it across to her teammates.



Peggy forgot rules and answered Dick's charade. "Don't look now, your brains are bulging," he says.



Peggy peers into the distance and then rows across the floor. "*Deported!*" shrieks her team—when she's done it five times.

on it, and before I could say, "What shall I wear?" she was on her way.

So a few hours later, back in my apartment, I was on the phone confiding to this friendly girl that I didn't have a mink coat to my closet. Anne laughed and set me straight. "A sweater and a skirt will be most appropriate," she said. "We're going to play charades and it's strictly informal."

It sounded like something that would happen back home. And later, when I found myself sipping coffee—with not a mink coat or a swimming pool in sight—I really felt at home. . . .

Barbara Lawrence, Piper Laurie, and Peggy Dow were at Anne's when I arrived. They were having a bull session on the living-room floor and the main topic of conversation was Barbara's blind date. His identity was a fine mystery. Barbara, who'd been working in *Peggy* every day of her loanout from 20th Century-Fox on the Universal-International lot, hadn't had much of a chance to get to know the younger set. For all she knew, this guy's name was Charles Clift—as Anne had told her it was. And the gentleman, when Anne had telephoned him, had been equally mystified. He'd been told he had a date with a beauty named Hedy Toren.

Meanwhile, Jerome Courtland had been invited for Piper. Peggy's date was Richard Long. And Anne's partner was her old friend, Douglas Dick.

The gabfest broke up when the doorbell rang. Anne reached for a large hankkerchief, folded it carefully and tied it over Barbara's eyes. "This is a blind date that is a blind date," said Anne firmly.

"I should have brought along a seeing-eye dog," Barbara murmured.

When they opened the door, it was like a meeting of great minds—because the boys had had the same idea. There were Jerome and Douglas, leading a blindfolded Tony Curtis.

"Charlie?" said Barbara hopefully.

"Hedy?" queried Tony expectantly.

Off came the handkerchiefs and, if Tony was surprised, he didn't show it. But he was pleased—and he did show it. He clicked his heels, bowed low, and offered his date his arm. "To the Casbah," he said, and the couple swept superbly into the living room.

When Dick Long (Continued on page 82)

At first I prayed  
for reward, then I prayed  
for understanding—  
and I discovered  
the mysterious ways  
in which a prayer  
can be answered.

# MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

by Loretta Young

■ When I was 15 I saw the play *Berkeley Square*. I knew it was to be made into a picture at Fox and I immediately decided the leading feminine role belonged to me. I was doing very well in pictures but *this* part was just what I needed to make me really important. I was under contract to Warners. Fox was going to make the picture. But that was a mere detail. God would take care of *that*!

I prayed earnestly, specifically for the part. "Dear God, please give me the part in *Berkeley Square*." Day after day I made this request—adding courteously, "If it be Thy will." I lived with the conviction that the part was mine and waited confidently for my studio to phone the order, "Loretta, go over to Fox. They want you for *Berkeley Square*."

But as time passed and the telephone call failed to come, I became impatient. Mindful that "the Lord helps them who help themselves," I went to the casting director of my studio. "Hasn't anyone from Fox called for me for the lead in *Berkeley Square*?"

No one had. "Well, then," I said, "you call Fox. Tell them I'll make a test for it." And shortly afterwards I was told to go to Fox to make the test. I walked on air. The test was a mere technicality. I would be tolerant of such studio gestures. The test made, I waited almost smugly.

Then came the bombshell.

I was totally unprepared for the announcement in the paper. Unbelievably (*Continued on page 95*)



SIXTH  
in a series



Pete checks over his large assortment of socks. Today one of the best-dressed young actors, Pete can remember the time not many years

# Pete's place



Taking his ease in the den of the Brentwood home he shares with his parents, Pete uses the coffee table as males universally do—a convenient foot-rest. He designed the house and its furnishings



It's warm  
and happy now  
where Peter Lawford lives.  
But he's known  
what it means to be  
out in the cold . . .

BY DUANE VALENTY

ago when he could afford few clothes.



The living room reflects the two worlds to which Peter Lowford belongs. Here are family heirlooms from the Lowfords' bombed-out English home, in contrast to up-to-date things like Pete's tiny radio on the foreground table.

■ Softly, the rain began to fall. Peter Lawford and his father, out walking that autumn night in Hollywood, hurried their steps toward home. As a sudden gust of chilly wind shook drops from the shining leaves onto their shoulders, Sir Sydney pulled closer the collar of his tweed jacket.

"A bit like England, this rain," he said cheerfully.

Peter nodded. Then, whatever he was about to say remained unsaid, as suddenly he stopped short, listening. . . .

His father, a few steps ahead, looked back. "What is it, son?" he asked.

"I heard something. . . . Wait, there it is again!" Peter bounded off into the darkness. His father looked after him, somewhat impatiently. "I don't hear anything but rain," he said.

But then he too heard the little sound. A faint mewing, it seemed to come from the air about them. The General peered into the shadows toward Peter. "It sounds like a very small kitten in a very small place," he murmured. He began, like Peter, to explore the shadows and bushes. The cry was continuous now, and plaintive.

"Sounds as though it's coming from that can there . . . though surely it couldn't be," said Peter, moving towards the vague outline of a garbage can against the wall.

He wrenched off the lid. A tiny black object hurtled into the air, landed in a puddle, righted itself, and began to purr about his ankles. Peter reached down and picked it up. The kitten meowed loudly, twisting in his hand.

"Why you poor, forlorn little creature," said Peter, gently. "How did you ever get in that garbage can, anyway?" And, pulling out a large silk handkerchief, he began to mop the wet black fur. The rain came down, suddenly, in a torrent.

"Let's get home, Dad," yelled Peter, pushing the kitten into the pocket of his jacket and making off at a run.

Today that kitten is a fine, sleek creature, and one of Peter's best friends. When Peter listens to his favorite records, his languid length sprawled out on the red leather cushions in his den, the feline orphan of the rain curls companionably beside him, purring gratitude and contentment. . . .

Like that kitten, Peter Lawford knows what it is to be out in the cold. And he knows that there's no cold quite like that of being Nobody when you desperately want to be Somebody.

Even though the family name's an old and respected one, and the family income as assured as the Bank of England, and you're definitely Somebody to loving parents and friends—all this doesn't help. The (Continued on page 60)

# I'm yours!

■ She stood there in her bridal gown, a dream in white, her face radiant in its glow of happiness.

Elizabeth Taylor was about to be married.

Spencer Tracy walked her down the aisle. He was her father, and he was giving her away. As they reached the altar, and Spence moved away, director Vincente Minnelli called, "Cut."

The company broke—all but Elizabeth Taylor. She remained fixed, her eyes focused on infinity, her mind carried away by the play-acting. She seemed to be saying to herself: "So this is what it's like. This is what it's like to get married."

A woman walked up to her. "How do you feel, my dear?" she asked.

Liz turned her head. "I feel so wonderful," she said, "I could cry."

This marriage ceremony occurred on the set of *Father of the Bride* which Elizabeth has just finished with Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett, and Don Taylor. But a real marriage ceremony starring Liz will take place on May 6.

The cast of characters, of course, will be slightly different. For one thing, Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Jr. is scheduled to play the groom.

Twenty-three-year-old Nicky is the son of Connie Hilton, the hotel magnate who owns the Waldorf-Astoria (New York), the Plaza (New York), the Manor (San Diego), the Caribe (Puerto Rico), the Palmer House (Chicago), the Mayfair (Washington, D. C.), the—but why go on? I'm sure you get the general idea: Nicky Hilton, who's been going with Liz since early last December, comes from a family that doesn't have to be too careful about turning the electricity off.

And the attractive Nicky's family believes in young marriages. Nicky's brother, Barron Hilton, is 15 months younger than Nicky and is already the father of two.

A tactful and well-bred young man, Nicky would say nothing about his honorable intentions toward Liz when I asked him prior to the announcement except that "we're going steady, I'm more than fond of her, and anything connected with weddings, engagements, and formal announcements will have to come from *her* parents.

"I see that my father, when he was in New York, said that Liz and I were scheduled to be married on May 6th—but I can assure you that I'm a whole lot closer to Liz than my father is.

"I don't know. Maybe he has some inside information. Maybe Liz has been holding out on me. But if you don't (Continued on page 98)

"He's so right for her,"

they all said—keeping

their fingers crossed.

And now, at last, Elizabeth

Taylor has given her heart

to the man of her choice.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER



A bit of perfume is the last touch as Liz prepares for a date with fiancé Nicky Hilton—who (right) brings his lady orchids.





# NO TIME FOR LOVE

Ann Blyth is Hollywood's prettiest puzzle. The whole town adores her—but can't figure out why her unselfish heart is still her own.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ "And now," boomed the announcer, all heartiness and smile, "stepping up to our microphone is that lovely teenager, Ann Blyth. Will you say something, Ann?"

"Yes, I will," replied Annie, frowning with mock indignation under the spotlight. "You've made a terrible error. I'm no teen-ager—I'm 21! . . . Still," she added, breaking into a grin, "sometimes I guess I behave like one, at that."

That happened the other night at a Hollywood première. And the same error gets pulled wherever unbelievable Annie floats around Hollywood, trailing girlish sunshine and charm.

But the late Mark Hellinger, as keen an observer as Hollywood ever saw, had this to say of Ann after he got to know her three years ago while making *Swell Guy*: "Outside, she's as untouched as a convent girl—and inside, she's as wise as a woman of 50."

It's no wonder that the young lady has acquired an extensive knowledge of life. Ann Blyth has been as busy as a beaver ever since she was five years old, building the career that's been her everything—with little time for fun or frolic. At six she played so many kid radio shows she can't remember them and at eight, she sang in grand opera. She made a Broadway stage hit at 13, bucked the rigors of a nation-wide road tour at 14, came to Hollywood the same year, and (Continued on page 92)



Ann got a shellelagh from Mayor Bowron of Los Angeles on becoming honorary mayor of Toluca Lake. She takes the job seriously, happy to help.



Roddy McDowall often squires Ann around—yet, as are the other boys she goes out with, he's on a gay but strictly friendship basis with her.



First he made  
me forget my sandwich,  
later he made me  
forget my woes, now  
he's made me forget  
our love scenes aren't  
real. Ah, yes—I'm . . .

# MAD ABOUT MONTY

by Shelley Winters

■ Back in New York in 1943, I was sitting alongside my girl friend, Lyn Whitney, in a restaurant booth on 45th off Broadway. I was having a minor experience everyone's had a hundred times: I was carefully eating a tomato, cheese, bacon and lettuce triple-decker sandwich—carefully, since because it must be illegal or something to serve triple-decker sandwiches without first slicing them into four collapsible sections, every time I took a bite I had to hold the arrangement just so or all the insides would fall out. This takes concentration.

So I didn't even notice when this guy walked in and parked himself in the booth opposite. But Lyn, who was merely having a double caramel marshmallow sundae, dug her elbow into my ribs.

I jumped and said, "Whub?"

She pointed with her eyebrows. So I turned and looked across at him.

"It's him!" she whispered.

"Yeah!" I whispered back, letting my sandwich fall apart and not caring.

The lad under our goggle-eyed observation was Montgomery Clift.

That, as I say, was back in 1943. Now the scene shifts. We got a scene six years later—October, 1949, at Lake Tahoe in Northern California. Two people are in a rowboat on the lake. The man is Montgomery Clift. The girl is me.

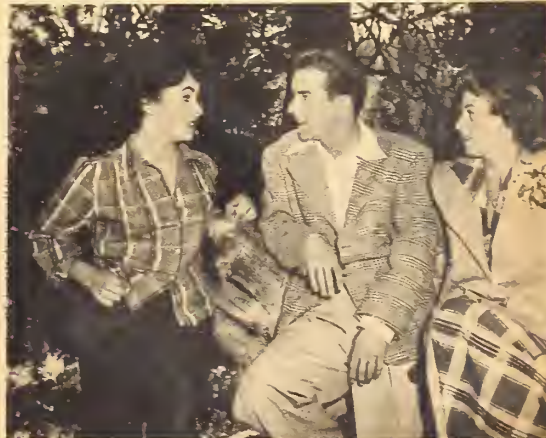
When we are well out from shore, Monty stops rowing. We have a little talk about this and that. Then the boat tips over and we are tossed into the water. I drown.

Now, the ghost of Shelley Winters isn't writing this story! For right after I drowned in the icy waters of Lake Tahoe they fished me out and handed me a towel and some dry clothes.

Then we did it all over again. (Continued on page 72)



A make-up man maps Monty, the hard-working, between the shots of a scene with a deglamorized Shelley Winters for *A Place in the Sun*.



On location at Lake Tahoe, Monty expounds on the character he plays in the film—who draws his girl, Shelley, so he can switch to Liz Taylor.

I'm sure he loves me,  
and I sure do love him.  
I guess he'd cross  
the burning desert  
barefoot for me  
if I said please.  
And yet—

# Sometimes I hate my husband

by June Allyson

■ I wouldn't trade the big lug for any 10 men out of the Union League Club, the Brain Trust or the 4-H Club, but there are times when I have a strong urge to bash him in the head with a piano.

It isn't that Richard's inconsiderate or unkind—the wonderful guy couldn't be that way if he tried. But he *is* possessed of a few little habits and idiosyncrasies that sometimes make me want to retire to a clothes closet and count to 2,000 while I regain a calm frame of mind.

There is, for instance, his habit of lecturing me to be prompt. Which is silly in the first place because I'm always on time for appointments and am irritated when other people are late. But I understand his motive; it all stems from his desire to be doing something, to be thinking of something every minute. And so it is that he comes into my dressing room each time we have an engagement for the evening.

"Wife," he says, "we are due there at seven, you know, so please try to get yourself ready in plenty of time."

I restrain myself from the obvious answer, which is that it is now only five o'clock, and I have all the time in the world. Instead, I dutifully run the water in the tub and discard my beloved blue jeans, and at 6:30 present myself, dressed to the teeth,

Like all husbands, Dick Powell has his little quirks; like all wives, June Allyson sighs



How can men wear such huge things, anyhow? And why must Dick leave them around for June to trip over?



The guy's got a mania for removing the trees around the house. June hates to see the poor things chapped down—but here gives wifely aid in eliminating one.



Even binoculars can't help her decipher her own bookkeeping code. Dick knew the code wouldn't work. He's so irritatingly right!

in his dressing room. There I find him, in slacks and sport shirt, talking busily on the telephone. He swings in his chair and looks at me, aghast at my trim and waiting presence.

"Why, doll! Dressed already?" he says. "Now, you just wait a minute—I have a couple more phone calls and I'll shower and be with you in a jiffy."

So I go downstairs and sit until after seven o'clock, all bound up in new clothes, and gaze moodily out the window.

Once I conceived what I considered a brilliant idea, and determined to stay in the tub until Richard was dressed and ready. On trial, it turned out rather badly, as I was submerged for more than an hour and finally had to give up for fear of erosion. And then when I finished dressing, he wasn't ready anyway.

Sometimes I think he should have married a telephone instead of me. As it stands now, the accursed instrument is my only rival for his affections. When he comes home at night he kisses me only if I happen to be standing inside the door. It is a hurried little kiss, unworthy of the name, and more like a cold wind going by. He zooms past me and into the den and soon I hear the dial clicking merrily away.

"Hello—Joe?" (Continued on page 100)


nd puts up with all of 'em.



All ready to go out, June has plenty of time for a waltz with Dick's coat while he sings in the bath. He usually hurries her into dressing—then is late, himself.



But, with all his little husbandly flaws, Dick is still to June just about the most wonderful thing in the domestic line since the invention of the vacuum cleaner—and her affectionate feelings carry her away as she rehearses a radio show with him.



Sure, like any  
young couple who  
dream of sharing  
a life, Janie and I had  
problems. But  
together, we've made  
our dreams win  
through. Now  
we know . . .

# why our marriage will work

*by Gearty Steffen*

■ When Janie and I were married last November, I happened to overhear one of the reporters who was covering the affair talking to his photographer.

He was a youngish, matter-of-fact cynic, this reporter, with the kind of face that very early in life begins to look like a family portrait. I guess he'd covered 50 or a hundred weddings, and no man could blame him for feeling complacent about this one.

"Well, Joe," he said, as the photographer popped his last flash bulb, "this one should last all of six months."

Now, I don't know. Maybe it's fashionable to be skeptical about Hollywood marriages. Certainly, there's enough reason to be. Only somehow, that crack so sandpapered my temperament that for a minute I wanted to grab hold of that reporter and say, "Look, wise guy, you're the kind of heel who gets a big kick out of telling two-year-olds there isn't any Santa Claus."

But then I stopped and thought for a moment—and thinking, I realized how people might come to the conclusion that our marriage was destined to a bitter brevity.

There are few working actresses today who are still married to their original husbands. A fellow like myself may be called "Mr. Jane Powell" any day in the week. Jane earns a whole lot more money than I.

And there are dozens of reasons why any marriage may go on the rocks. But the Jane Powell-Geary Steffen marriage? Never! And I'll tell you why.

To begin with, Jane and I are very much in love, yet we entered marriage not through any adolescent and romantic haze, but after sound and simple reasoning.

Janie and I have known each other four years. I met her first in 1945. Tasie McCarthy, Mike Kirby's sister-in-law (Mike is Sonja Henie's skating partner) introduced us. We took it from there.

When I say we took it from there, I mean we started going around with each other under all sorts of circumstances. Janie knew at the start that I didn't want to spend my whole life on skates. She understood my varying moods. I came to understand hers.

She seemed so honest and down-to-earth, so plain and unaffected that for a while I thought she was putting on. Then, "My father used to manage apartment houses during the Depression," she told me one night, "so that we could have a place to live. So I never had any luxuries."

When a girl tells you something like that, you know she's not putting on or merely trying to make a good impression when she says, "Save your money. I'd rather have an ice-cream soda than go to the Mocambo."

Over the years you exchange confidences with a girl. Janie quickly came to realize that sports meant a good deal in my life. She herself had had no opportunity to learn any. I taught her to skate and ski and ride. She in turn, opened up a whole *(Continued on next page)*



Good housewife that she is, Janie gives the apartment's linen closet a brisk tidying. Besides linen, many wedding gifts are stored here—for the day when she and Geary have room enough to use them all.



Janie fixes dinner, her favorite domestic duty—cooking has been one of her hobbies for many years. Below: Being a sensible wife, she makes herself beautiful for her husband before he gets home.



# why our marriage will work

(Continued from preceding page) new musical horizon for me.

Our engagement lasted 11 months. In those 11 months we saw each other practically every day. It's impossible to camouflage your basic emotions and your natural instincts for that length of time. If Janie weren't the girl for me, I would certainly have found it out in that length of time.

So I'm sure I know my wife and all her strengths and weaknesses. I knew these before we got married. I gathered my information from many sources. For example, one of the best information sources in any studio consists of the people who work with an actress, the extras and grips and electricians.

Lots of times I'd be waiting for Janie to finish a scene and some grip would come up to me and say something like, "You've got a good one in that little girl. Not a false bone in her body." And workers who didn't know of my connection with Janie would tell me out of thin air, "That girl is going to make some guy a wonderful wife."

And she has indeed. She does all our washing. We have no help of any sort. We live in a small apartment. Janie does the cleaning. Mornings when she has to be at the studio by eight, she gets up extra early and fixes breakfast which she leaves in the kitchen for me.

I love Janie and she loves me. Our love is founded on common interest, mutual respect, and combined objective. That's reason number one why our marriage is going to work and last.

Reason number two is that we both have our feet on the ground. I work for the Murrell Brothers Agency in Los Angeles, and I write insurance for the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company. The organization pays me a fair salary. It isn't anything compared to what Janie makes, but no other industry can compare salary-wise to the entertainment business—except, of course, in the very top brackets.

I was in the entertainment business myself for several years when I toured the country with Sonja Henie's ice-skating troupe, and I like it and understand it, but I prefer the insurance game even though it pays less. For one obvious thing, I can still have a career in it when I'm old and gray, and how long does the average entertainment career keep a paycheck coming in regularly?

We're a sensible young couple living on a budget that I can afford. I have my pride and so has Janie, and I'm not the kind of husband who would let his wife support him.

Janie and I have worked out a very equitable system as regards finances. We pay and pay alike for everything. It's strictly a 50-50 proposition. We had this understanding before we were married, and Janie has abided by our agreement perfectly.

She's not a girl who has expensive tastes. For example, we bought a lot of our furniture unpainted and then painted it together. It's a whole lot cheaper that way. Janie also makes her own clothes and really knows how to economize on the cooking.

Fortunately, Janie is not a night-club fiend. It costs very little to go ice-skating and to play badminton. When we go dancing, it's not at Ciro's or Mocambo. We go to the Biltmore Bowl or the Ambassador or some other place where I can

get away with \$5 or \$10 for the evening's fun.

Janie and I make believe that she's getting no more than the average secretary's salary. Janie's in the position right now where she could go out and buy a large house and expensive car, but if she did, what would we have to look forward to?

This way, if I work and save, and we buy things jointly, our eventual enjoyment and appreciation will be much greater.

We're also blessed in that we have no in-law trouble. I'm extremely fond of my mother-in-law, Eileen Burce, and, I think, she is of me. After Janie and I returned from our honeymoon, we found that our apartment wasn't yet ready. So we moved into Janie's house. Know what Janie's mother did? Moved right out. Checked into the Knickerbocker Hotel and let Janie and me have the house all to ourselves.

"Newlyweds," she said, "should never be bothered with a mother-in-law cluttering up their home."

Janie's mother and father have been separated since last year, but I get on just as famously with my father-in-law as with my mother-in-law. Paul Burce runs an ice-cream parlor, and Eileen Burce gets a salary from MGM for looking after Janie. I call them by their first names.

Janie is simply crazy about my whole family. When she learned that my father was once a prizefighter—he won the world's championship under the name of Willie Ritchie—she was really overwhelmed. "Why didn't you tell me you were the son of a famous boxer?" she demanded.

"That's simple," I said. "You never asked me."

I have a married sister, Barbara Covington, whose husband runs the fuel and ice company up in Idlewild, California. When we go up to visit her, Janie and Sis just can't do enough for each other. Matter of fact, only a few weeks ago, we went up there to ski, and Janie wound up as the baby-sitter. Barbara has two little boys, and Janie's mad about them.

"Taking care of babies," she says, her eyes twinkling, "gives me practice."

"I know exactly what you mean," I answer, "and what's more I agree." Janie and I both want kids of our own. I'd like our first to be a boy. Janie wants a girl. But of course, we'd both be terribly happy with either.

One night before Janie and I got engaged, we were parked in my Buick, talking about life and love and all the things young lovers talk about. "What do you think," I asked Janie, "breaks up most marriages around town?"

Well, we sat and thought that one out. Four reasons came quickly to mind: career trouble, financial trouble, in-law trouble, and fading-love trouble.

We also listed such other causes as selfishness, cruelty, lack of manners, indifference to the other's aims and interests, laziness, impatience, and lack of consideration.

After that, we took inventory of ourselves, but honestly. The only obstacle that stood in our way a year ago was the financial one. I didn't have a job and a future. That lone problem has now been solved.

So now Janie and I are Mr. and Mrs. Geary Steffen, a very happy married couple. We'll be that always. THE END

## modern screen's hollywood pictorial

■ Tearfully happy as she embraces a jumbo token of esteem from friends and neighbors, Janet Leigh on the opposite page has just reached the high point of a recent flying visit to her home town of Stockton, California. She hadn't been back since the day three years ago, when she took off for Hollywood to become a movie star—and one of Stockton's fondest boasts. Among the affectionate celebrations formal and informal, that the home folks put on for her, was a testimonial banquet, complete with the mayor, educational and business big wigs, and that gilded key to the city. In other ways, too, Janet found her native city extremely nice to come home to—as you'll learn in detail from the story and pictures on the following pages.





Away three years, Janet Leigh returns as a movie star to her home town of Stockton, California, with her parents, Fred and Helen Morrison.

## janet's homecoming

by tom carlile

■ Stockton, a friendly northern California city of about 75,000 people, is bursting with civic pride these days. It has the only inland seaport on the West Coast. Which is fine. It has the beautiful College of the Pacific. Which is splendid. And it has a famous and pretty native daughter known to the world as Janet Leigh. Which is *wonderful*!

Janet, greatest reason for the city's pride, is known to Stockton as Jeanette Morrison. Most of the citizens can remember her as a pretty little girl who, dressed in a gay, fur-trimmed skirt and red booties, led the Stockton Scouts band on every festive occasion. A good many others, who went to high school or college with her, remember her as a nice looking teen-ager who blossomed into a lovely young woman before she went away to Hollywood. In short, they remember her as a home-town girl, (Continued on next page)



Her first night home, Janet brings herself up-to-date on her boyfriends and their new wives at a party given her by four College of the Pacific classmates at the Naval Officers' Club.



Janet and her friends make a sentimental stop before the house they lived in for Janet and her friends. It marks the high point of their early-morning sightseeing tour of Stockton's streets. Janet points nostalgically to her old bedroom.



Mergrad Eddie takes alumna Janet for a tour of the COP campus—though, though it's grown some since she was there, still holds countless memories, and is still "the most beautiful school in the world" to Janet.



Janet meets some new sorority sisters as Mrs. Velma Turner, the house mother, conducts her down the receiving line. It's easy to see why the sorority has a reputation for pledging the school's prettiest girls.



Janet broadcasts with Eddie LeBaron, the College of the Pacific All-American football hero, to open officially the town's March of Dimes drive. She excitedly fluffed several responses to announcer Arthur Farey.



On their way to a reception at Janet's sorority, Alpha Theta Tau, Eddie gets Janet to stop by with him at his Omega Phi fraternity house—he wants the other brothers to turn green with envy. And do they!



Finding time to visit an old Stockton friend, Marie Boyle, and her husband, Janet patty-cakes happily with their little girl—who, like the children of most of her young friends, she'd never met.



Janet Leigh and All-American Eddie LeBaron speak up for the March of Dimes at Stockton's Fox Theater. The pair inspired big donations.

and they still can't quite get over feeling a little amazed when she appears on the local screens as a full-fledged movie star.

As a rule, it doesn't take long for glamorous Hollywood to completely overshadow the average star's home town. In no time at all, the place she hails from has become just another small item in her press biography. And if the star ever goes back home, the celebration usually turns out to be an artificial affair in which both the townspeople and the star find themselves behaving with staid formality and uncomfortable ceremony.

But when Janet Leigh went home, it wasn't that way at all. Not that Stockton didn't do her honor. If her welcome had been any greater, Janet perhaps couldn't have stood it. As it was, the welcome made her easily the happiest girl in California that day. . . .

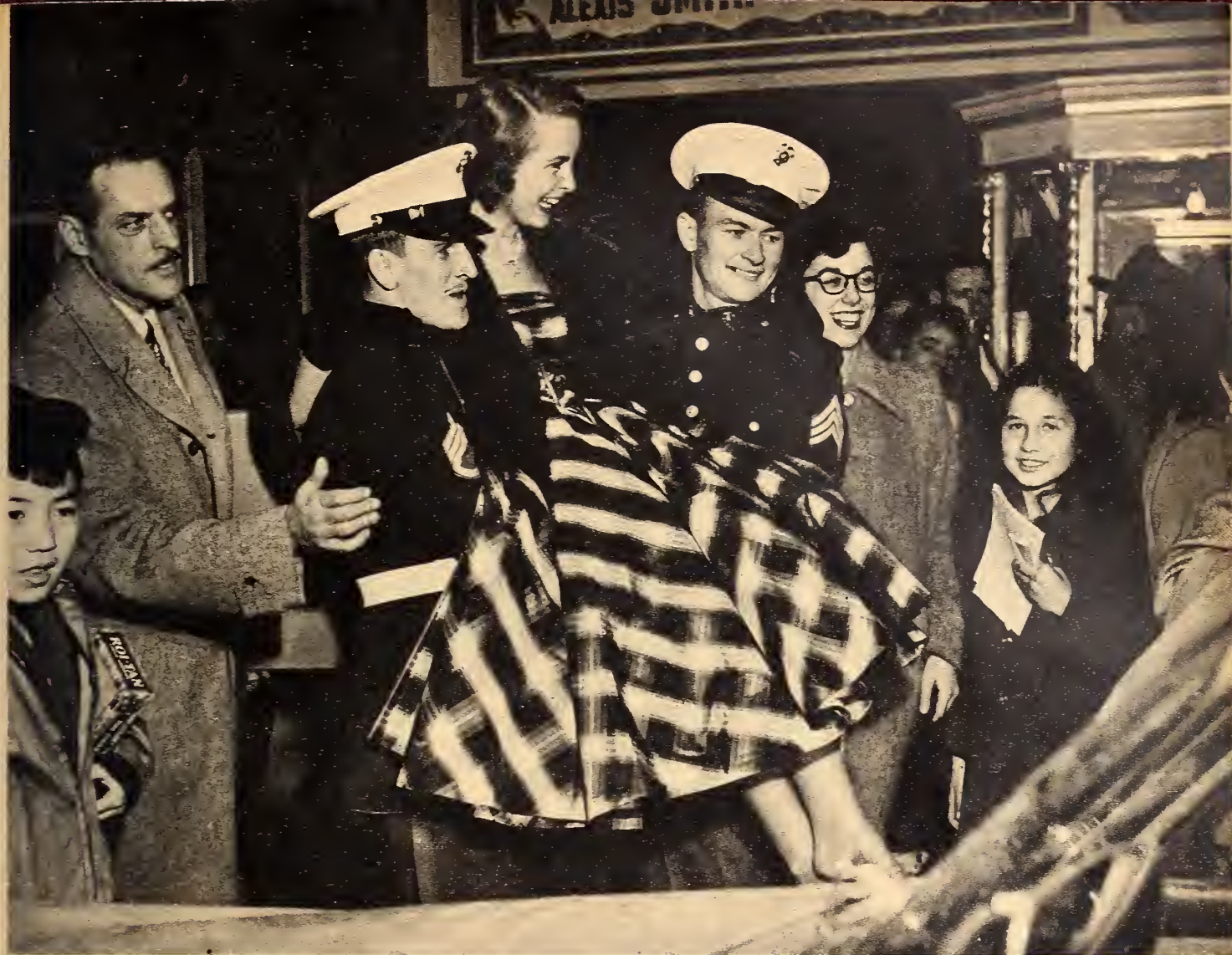
Janet had just finished a very emotional scene in *Jet Pilot* when the letter arrived. John Wayne, who plays her jet-pilot husband in the movie, had just discovered that she was a foreign agent, stealing his secrets as she cooed sweet nothings in his ear. It had required several extra takes for Duke to hit her convincingly. So Janet was pretty tired when she settled down in her dressing room to read the letter. It was from a college chum, Marian Jacobs, and it said:

"Dear Jeanette: I find that I am on the March of Dimes Committee again, and I was wondering if you could come (Continued on page 77)

#### JANET LEIGH GETS THOROUGHLY KISSED



That night, at a banquet for her, Janet received autographed photos plus kisses for the drive. The first custom of the COP is the first custom.



After autographing for an hour in the theater lobby, Janet gets a lift from her Marine Guards—a souvenir hunter has swiped her shoes!

CITIZENS OF HER HOME TOWN WHO PAY FOR THE DELIGHTFUL PRIVILEGE WITH CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MARCH OF DIMES.



Carlos Souza, San Joaquin's sheriff, gets a good grip on himself and Janet to display his simple yet effective technique.



Football star John Poulous collects a kiss for a shy business man. (Taking no chance on losing them again, Janet holds on to her shoes.)



Another COP gridiron hero, John Robde, is the other enthusiastic kiss-collector for bashful purchasers. This is much more fun than football!

■ The hands at the right do not belong to a pair of people playing some sort of kids' game. They are those of Linda Darnell and Valentine Becker, California State Vocational Rehabilitation Officer for the Deaf. He's giving her a lesson in sign language—a means of communication she employs in her role in 20th Century-Fox's *No Way Out*. No, Linda isn't doing a Johnny Belinda in the movie. But in it she and co-star Richard Widmark must use sign language to talk with Widmark's deaf-mute film brother, played by Harry Bellaver. Mr. Becker, acting as technical adviser, has been instructing them. Linda has been an earnest student. "I'm so afraid I'll forget the signs," she reported, "that I keep practicing wherever I am. When I got home the other night and my husband asked me something, I found myself trying to answer with my hands. And I caught myself doing it to a salesgirl in a store the other day!" Still, it's a handy thing to know.

## IT'S ALL IN WHAT YOU SEE—BUT LINDA DARNELL



## IT'S ALL IN WHAT YOU HEAR—BUT KIRK DOUGLAS READS HIS LINES WITH GESTURES



Performing for the eye as well as the ear, Kirk warms to his role as he stars in a "Suspense" radio drama.



Kirk portrays a supermarket clerk who's falsely accused by the butcher of carrying on with his wife. Here Kirk defends himself—and begins to perspire a bit.



Kirk locks himself in a refrigerator to escape the furious butcher—who then accidentally kills himself. Kirk knows he'll be blamed.

## HAS TO LISTEN ATTENTIVELY TO LEARN THE ART OF SPEAKING SIGN LANGUAGE.



Linda gets a sign-talk lesson from Valentine Recker, of the California Department of Education, for her role in *No Way Out*.



Linda, long noted for her expressive hands, makes rapid progress. In the film she plays a normal character who must communicate with a deaf-mute.



Linda soon can hold simple conversations with her teacher—and, at home, she forgetfully tries sign language.

## AND FACIAL EXPRESSIONS, EVEN ON A RADIO SHOW.



■ When Kirk Douglas starred recently in one of CBS's "Suspense" radio plays, he gave the studio audience as well as the far-flung listeners at home a fine time.

The half-hour drama was called "The Butcher's Wife," and it was quite up to the grisly standard of enjoyable horror that "Suspense" maintains. Kirk played Harry, a supermarket clerk, who after hours one evening is chased about the premises by a knife-wielding butcher, who incorrectly thinks Harry has been making passes at his wife. Harry ducks into the meat refrigerator, slamming the glass-panelled door—through which he sees the charging butcher slip and impale himself on his knife. So there's poor Harry, locked in the icebox—with, it develops, the dead body of the lady in question. Clearly, he'll be charged with two murders he didn't do. End of drama.

As these pictures taken at the broadcast show, Kirk's performance was quite a sight to see.

BY  
CHRISTOPHER  
KANE

I used to have  
a crush on Farley Granger,  
but that was before  
we held hands  
for three heavenly hours.  
Now, I am merely in  
love with the guy.

# My heart stood still

■ A while ago, I became the movie critic for *MODERN SCREEN*, and developed a very blasé attitude toward movie stars.

"Stars," I would say in a bored voice. "I make 'em and break 'em every day." (None of the people to whom I said this believed me, but it's one way of amusing yourself if you're a movie critic.)

The chink in my armor developed the night I saw Farley Granger in *Roseanna McCoy*. I had to be carried out.

"Oh, something I ate," I said airily, gasping between words. If that doesn't sound airy to you, never mind. A while later, I saw Farley Granger in *They Live By Night*, and had the same experience. "Nonchalance at all costs," I muttered, as RKO officials poured water on my head.

So to make a long story even worse, when *MODERN SCREEN* assigned me to do a story on Farley Granger, my heart ———. (See title of this story.)

However, I kept my dignity. "Why me?" I said, fixing the editors of the magazine with a fishy eye.

"Oh, no special reason," they said. "Except you have 47 pictures of Farley Granger on your bedroom wall."

"It's to cover up the (Continued on page 99)





# Lovely lady... Lovely hair

## She's a "Rayving Beauty" now!

"Rayve Home Permanent is my  
wave from now on!"

says **Terry Thomas**

PROMISING NEW YORK MODEL

"I'm ready for the camera any time since the day I had my Rayve Home Permanent. It left my hair so lustrous and softly waved right from the start. As natural as could be. Believe me, that's important to any woman!"

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A Rayve wave lasts longer... yet looks lovelier from the start!

It will shimmer with highlights... and almost set itself! No frizzy ends, *ever*... for Rayve's improved waving lotion is so much *gentler*, safer for hair. And because it's timed *individually* for you, your Rayve permanent stays lovely *weeks* longer!



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with Rayve Creme Shampoo. Not a soap... gets hair cleaner!

## pete's place

(Continued from page 39) nagging, devilish, driving imp within isn't satisfied. Ambition, with one goal in view is a whip-wielding master and a tyrant until that goal, and none other, is achieved. Peter Lawford, from childhood on, was driven by an ambition sparked by the strong feeling—almost an obsession—that he could act.

Today, Peter is a Somebody—in his own right and in the way he chose. But having his cup filled with the wine of fame after thirsting for it for so long, has left him a bit breathless. And adulation is a heady thing. But Peter learned a few hard lessons in humility a while back that should enable him to withstand its intoxicating influence.

Drab and dingy, cheap and cheerless were the only rooms Peter could afford when he was an usher in the Westwood Village Theater. Watching the guys and girls up there on the screen doing what it seemed to him *he* was born to do, he often had to force himself to snap out of his dreams. After all, he'd reason, he had a job, he could pay his room rent—he was lucky. Real lucky. Patience, Pete learned then, was a virtue not to be despised. Yet, back in his drab quarters, some of the lustre of dreams that refused to fade out lent the ugly rooms a certain glow...

In the beautifully-furnished and comfortable home which Peter Lawford shares today with his parents in Brentwood there are many signs of real appreciation for the security he's achieved. There are signs, too, of the tradition-steeped past that is his family background, and which forms further acute contrast to the tempo of his life today.

### among their souvenirs...

Although most of the family possessions were bombed-out in England during the war, a few treasures survived—and they make islands of Old World charm in the snug and attractive modern home. Two small tables in the living room came from the ancient Pekin summer palace of the Empress of China—as did a wonderful 58-piece jade collection, of which only a solitary gold-figured piece remains.

A 13th-Century French Bhul clock, sparkling with exquisite color and design, is atop the spinet piano, where Peter's mother may have her favorite "Blue Danube Waltz" on the music rack. Around the room are photographs of such world figures as the King and Queen of England; the Aga Khan, an old friend of many years; the former King and Queen of Belgium. There's a water color of Peter's father—a retired British general who, as a young officer, fought in the Boer War—in full military regalia.

Contrasting these objects are Pete's up-to-the-minute record collection; the tiny, streamlined radio that was a gift from fans on a recent personal appearance tour, and the bronze bust of Peter done by the nationally-known sculptor, Gladys Bush.

His parents, Lady Lawford and Sir Sydney, are certainly as attractive folk as can be found in Hollywood. Strong ties of affection and respect join the three.

"Peter designed this house and its furnishings," says his mother with the pride the two parents feel in their boy who overcame obstacles of ill-health, family taboos and the disdainful cold-shouldering of producers before succeeding in the career on which he'd set his heart. Long ago they gave up any sense of distaste concerning his heart's desire, realizing that if this were the thing with which his happiness was bound up, they could only pray he'd make the grade.

Far removed (Continued on page 62)

She packed  
her small toothbrush  
and seized a large  
lollipop—she knew  
she was going,  
though she didn't know  
where, for Hawaii  
to her sounded  
like "bye-bye."

# Bringing up susan

by Shirley Temple

*Here's the second charming story from Shirley in her series about her and her tiny daughter—a little girl who is, in so many delightful ways, exactly like other little girls you know. And once again Shirley indirectly reveals herself—as a young mother who is not allowing her own recent tragic experiences to cloud in any way her daughter's sensible and happy upbringing.—THE EDITORS*

■ For the third time, Linda Susan had untucked the skirt of my grey dress which I had just neatly folded into my suitcase. The first time she did it I thought it was a game. When she did it again while my back was turned, I had warned her. "I wouldn't, Linda Susan." But when, unlike her usual self, she ignored my warning, I became curious about what she was up to. And as I tucked in my dress for the third time—I discovered she had pushed her tiny toothbrush beneath the dress! It was her own little share of packing for our trip to Hawaii.

When I first told her that as a second-birthday present for her, Grandpa was taking her, Grandma, Linda Susan's nurse, Mrs. Halversen, and me to Honolulu for three weeks, it hadn't made much impression on Linda Susan. Beautiful-sounding names like Waikiki and Lanakaoi didn't mean anything to her—but Hawaii sounded like "bye-bye." So as we packed she knew we were going some place, and she intended to help with the preparations by bringing along a very necessary—and very cherished—item: her toothbrush.

Linda Susan's affection for her toothbrush dates back to last September when she first got acquainted with a habit most children dislike, brushing teeth.

Until last fall I used to do the brushing for her, and I don't think she liked it any (Continued on page 71)



Linda Susan is a sleepy girl as she and Shirley wait to board the plane for Hawaii. She soon perked up and was the life of the party on the trip—her birthday gift from Grandpa.

**DANGEROUS  
CURVES  
AHEAD...**

in a

**Catalina**

Left: Bow Peep in Laton taffeta. \$11.95

Right: Shirred, slim Laton taffeta. \$11.95

Both have straps for swimming.

LOOK FOR THE  FLYING FISH



(Continued from page 60) from the Peter Lawford who so often makes headlines as a youthful Don Juan of the Ciro-Mocambo circle is the tumble-haired, be-sweated fellow who daily says family prayers in his home with his mother and dad—a Lawford custom of long standing that is faithfully followed.

Last month Peter Lawford, the Ronald Colman of tomorrow, signed a new long-term contract with his studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It looks as if Peter, no mere flash in the pan, is on the screen for keeps, and his studio is building him that way. From now on there will be less "playboy" and a lot more dignity in his publicity.

On his recent 10-weeks' personal-appearance tour of most of the nation's large cities, both Pete and his studio were surprised at the wild reception he met everywhere. Surprised, because while response of movie-goers to Pete has always been healthily active, it wasn't known to be of the "Oh, Frankie!" variety until he met the crowds face to face. In every city, they mobbed him and stormed theaters where he appeared with his picture, *The Red Danube*. At the Capitol in New York City, where he did a comedy routine and dance, it was necessary to schedule 72 shows a week to take care of the lined-up bobby-soxers.

On the same bill was the veteran comic, Jerry Lester, who shook his head as he watched the irrepressible throngs gang up on Peter. "I've worked with a lot of movie celebs in my time," he said, "but I swear I haven't seen anything like this in a long, long while! Not since the days when Sinatra first made them swoon in droves."

#### family black sheep . . .

To Peter's staid British kin, the world of theater was a world apart and alien and the idea of any scion of the Lawfords doing a session of comic patter and jitter-bugging would have met with reactions of horror. As would the cry, "Hi, Lover-boy!" which usually greeted Peter as he emerged from stage doors into the myriad clutches of passionate autograph-seekers.

It was a weary young man who returned home to Brentwood to catch up on a few hundred hours of sleep and sunshine.

The pleasantly English-hedged home is comfortable but a bit small for the three Lawfords. Recently Pete decided to put aside certain savings for a bachelor wing for himself. Maybe one or two rooms—a place to bring friends late at night where, without disturbing Peter's parents, they could hear the latest King Cole or Billy Eckstine recordings on which he dotes.

"Two or three thousand ought to do it," decided Pete. Then he got estimates.

"My plans evaporated fast," said Peter ruefully, "when I found I couldn't get anything built for less than \$8,000. That seemed a little steep. Actually, I'm not home much, anyway—so I guess we'll manage a while longer with our 'cottage,' as Mother calls it."

Pete is likely to be home even less since the success of his tour. The studios have decided there is no better way to sell a picture than to send its stars on the road.

One of the cities on Peter's tour was Washington, D. C. He had no sooner established himself in his hotel than, as usual, the phone began to ring. His friend and secretary, Peter Sabiston, answered it. He listened awhile, gravely, murmured a polite thank you, and hung up. He turned to Lawford.

"Well, what d'you know?" he said. "That was a personal invitation from the Russian Embassy to a cocktail party to meet Vishinsky!"

The two looked at each other. Very nice—but after all, Pete was in town to ballyhoo his picture, *The Red Danube*, and

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there was no sidestepping the fact that this was an anti-Communist film. What did one do in such a case?

So Sabiston got on the phone. Called the British Embassy and found the British Ambassador would be present—it would be quite proper to go. Checking elsewhere, he got the same answers.

So Peter Lawford went, and had an interesting time, and met Mr. Vishinsky—all quite without strain, while up the street, a scant half-block away, theater lights boldly announced his presence in *The Red Danube*—and its theme.

In Hollywood, the English Peter's friends are, among others, the very American Van Johnsons and Gary Coopers—as well as many students, boys and girls, from nearby UCLA.

Occasionally Peter will entertain, with his parents, at a small, formal dinner at Romanoff's. But usually his parents do their own entertaining while he's off with his crowd—at the beach, for volley ball, or at the many University dances, where the presence of a movie star doesn't excite as much interest as any football name. And there is tennis, at which Peter is quite expert; and going to football and baseball games—he's a fan of both. Recently Peter got himself a green jeep, and finds it swell for rocketing to the beach and studio.

"Next thing I've planned," he says, "is to take up skiing, something I've always wanted to learn."

One thing he doesn't plan for the near future is marriage. Although his name has been coupled with more glamorous femininity than any other five male stars, there isn't, as his fans know, any particular One. Not right now, there isn't. Still, next week could be a different story.

### **Charmed circle...**

Columnists have been making much of Peter's interest in the international charmer, Sharman Douglas, daughter of our ambassador to the Court of St. James and friend of Princess Margaret Rose. Peter and Miss Douglas have had several Hollywood dates and he has been a guest of the Douglasses at their Arizona ranch. While there, he flew back to Hollywood to pick up a present for Sharman—a gold wrap-around bracelet set with diamonds. As Louella Parsons observed, "engagements have been popped on a lot less evidence—in Hollywood, at least."

But, when Peter has been asked when he'll quit the fast-diminishing Hollywood bachelor list, he has answered emphatically, "Not before I'm 30." After all, he's as yet barely used to the feeling of the solid fact of security after those long and anxious years.

Preparing his own breakfast of tea and eggs and toast before dashing off to the studio these mornings, Pete will remember those far-off days when he made \$15 a week, and the bare rooms and motels that went with it—when he had preceded his family here and was hanging on by sheer persistence to his Dream.

Or perhaps, as he tans his lithe body in the little, grassed, walled-in patio, Pete thinks of more pleasant memories—all the earth's elegant corners he knew as a child and adolescent, when the Lawfords traveled to the Riviera, Paris, Palm Beach.

Some kids have all the luck? No, not when that hankering is going on inside you, when the only skies that look blue are the remote and seemingly impossible skies of a place called Hollywood.

Under those skies at last, and knowing he belongs, Peter Lawford is enjoying the satisfaction of having reached the goal he set himself—and enjoying every minute of the hard work it entails.

He doesn't plan too much the details of the future. This is it! He's found his place.  
THE END



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New! Here is a Fresh Cream Deodorant in a handy new tube for those of you who find a tube more convenient.

## wardrobe for a summertime sweetheart

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Love is lovely all the time—but if it happens to happen in summer, it's most delicious of all. June, moon, and so on. The scent of wisteria, or maybe honeysuckle. A dance tune you'll (both of you) never forget. *You* know.

In this issue we have rounded up a wardrobe calculated to give romance a gentle shove. Our chosen fashions are all designed to make you look pretty and feminine and as though your phone rings constantly. More capably, they have been carefully selected to cover practically every occasion which could possibly turn up.

We begin, therefore, with the darling sunback Mona Freeman wears opposite. Suppose you meet him sunning on someone's terrace? Or, suppose it happens while you're dancing? Here's your dress, either way . . . bare-shouldered and bewitching.

On pages 66 and 67 we offer two cute cottons that could turn up absolutely anywhere. The pastel's for your demure moods; the dotted camisole is rakishly what-the-heck!

Page 68 features sweaters and skirts, which you naturally can't live without—and which men can't seem to see enough of. On page 69, a super-slick shantung suit—for moments when you want to look woman-about-town. And on page 70—denims, from hat to sandals, if your guy likes to date his girl outdoors. All in all, we think we've covered every boy-girl situation from beach to balcony, and from sun-up to midnight. Why don't you just buy *all* of them. and bank on a beautiful summer?

### Mona Freeman bares her shoulders in pink pique

Mona Freeman, currently in Paramount's *Dear Wife*, looks like the typical summertime sweetheart all the boys dream about. She shows her pretty shoulders in a pale pink pique sundress which can go sunning or dancing with equal grace. The bodice is lightly boned, the skirt swings gently, and the little matching jacket has a tiny square neckline and buttons snug to the waist.

Waffle pique, also in blue, maize or aqua. Junior sizes 9-15. By Betty Barclay. \$8.95.

All fashions this issue at The Hub, Baltimore. How to buy, page 72.

*Pumps by Capezio, Necklace by*

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*the cutest*

*girls*

Sweet and smooth  
as a Jordan almond.  
Pale lavender dress,  
with palest pink portrait  
neckline and inset sleeves.  
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blue with pink neckline,  
pink with blue, grey  
with maize, maize with grey.

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By Miss Peggy Ann Jr.

At The Hub, Baltimore.

How to buy, see page 72.

deLill bags  
Grandoe gloves  
Coro jewelry  
Capezio shoes

# wear Cotton

Look, ma, no sleeves!  
The smash hit camisole  
dress—lime-dotted  
navy over lime inset bodice  
and pleat—with a  
cummerbund to brag about  
your waist.

Sanforized broadcloth.

Also navy with coral;  
brown with aqua. 9-15

By Perky Frox . . . \$10.95.

At The Hub, Baltimore.

How to buy, see page 72.





## *proportioned skirts*

■ Big boon to sweater-and-skirt girls. Proportioned skirts—for happy hemlines—whether you're tiny, tall, or medium. Look: the trio above are all wearing the same skirt in the same size 12—yet each skirt hits each girl in exactly the right places. Proportioned skirt in tall, medium and short lengths, also sweaters, at The Hub, Baltimore. See page 72.

THE SKIRTS: Washable Soap 'N' Water butcher rayon with snug-tex waistband. Cherry, aqua, beige, green, navy, toast, black. Sizes 10-18 short; 10-20 medium; 12-20 tall. \$4.95. By College-Town. THE SWEATERS: Button front, slip-on, or plunge. Cotton-and-rayon boucle. Flame, lime, blue, maize, oyster. \$3.95. By Little Miss English.

# *shantung pocket suit*

Four pockets where they'll  
do the most good: two high on the  
breast, in the French manner;  
two curved at the hips, to cut  
a figure. A super summer  
suit for street, travel, dates.

Silky rayon shantung. White, gold,  
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Misses' sizes 10-18.

By Joselli . . . . . \$22.95.

The Hub, Baltimore.

How to buy, see page 72.



*Agnew necklace  
Jana bag  
Grandoe gloves*

# denim from head to foot



Beautiful, dutiful denims—ready for anything from maximum bareness to complete coverage—topped and bottomed with denim hat and shoes. Above, jut-pocketed skirt with waist-whittling semi-belt; sleeveless striped blouse with longer-than-usual pockets.

Above, when you're serious about sun but don't want it in your eyes: brimmed denim hat; moulded halter bra; beautifully cut shorts with triangle cuff pockets. Soon as you're toasted—quick, the long-sleeved jacket (right) with coolie collar!

Blouse, \$2.95 . . . Skirt, \$3.95.  
Hat, \$1.69 . . . Halter, \$1.95.  
Shorts, \$2.95 . . . Jacket, \$4.95.  
All in faded blue, pink, maize or dark green denim.  
Blouse in Superset chambray.  
All in sizes 10-18. By Korday.  
All at The Hub, Baltimore.  
How to buy, see page 72.  
Denim shoes by Cobblers.

## bringing up susan

(Continued from page 61) better than I did at her age.

But knowing Linda Susan's love of imitating, I let her watch me when I brushed my teeth. After a couple of times she wanted to try it, too. So I gave her a brush of her own and ever since, without any pleading or prompting on my part, whenever I brush my teeth, Linda Susan keeps me company by brushing hers. In fact, it has become a pleasure for her because it makes her feel more grown up. It was no pleasure for me, however, until I decided to put an apron on her—Linda Susan not only takes delight in swallowing her toothpaste, she also smears it all over her face and lets it dribble on her dress via a shortcut down her dimpled chin. On top of that, she either groans or chatters during the process. (All this she hasn't learned from me!)

Linda Susan had no intention of leaving such fun behind when we were getting ready for our journey.

All along I was afraid that once we got to the airport, Linda Susan would be frightened by the plane or the people rushing about in the usual commotion that accompanies any departure. In anticipation of tears, I had fortified myself with half-a-dozen extra handkerchiefs. I should have known her better.

The people didn't scare Linda Susan. Neither did the plane. And the photographers? That was old stuff. She's been used to photographers since she was four months old—when her first picture was taken.

### not-so-camera-shy . . .

Incidentally, her introduction to cameras and flashbulbs has made a lasting impression on her. When that first flash went off one-and-a-half years ago, like any child or grown-up she blinked her eyes. Ever since, she associated cameras with flashbulbs and flashbulbs with blinking eyes. As a result, whenever she sees a man carrying a camera she immediately starts blinking her eyes. She was doing it continuously at the airport the day we left—that, and saying "bye-bye" to everybody.

There was, however, a moment when I thought she was going to cry. I had given Linda Susan a lollipop when we left our house, hoping to keep her occupied till we had settled in the plane. In the rush of boarding the plane, it slipped out of her hand and shattered into a dozen pieces. Linda Susan looked heartbroken for a moment—but swallowed her tears. Too many other exciting things were going on.

When we took off, Linda Susan was hunched in the seat next to mine. It was the first airplane ride for both of us—so neither knew what to expect. I must confess, however, that Linda Susan was a lot calmer than I was.

So smooth was the take-off, I didn't even realize we had left the ground till the stewardess unfastened our safety belts. I felt as comfortable on the huge clipper as on the grey couch of my living room.

And Linda Susan? No need to have worried about her! She had a wonderful time. I had expected she'd fall asleep on my lap after a short while because of all the excitement and also because she'd gotten up so early that morning. But no indeed! She stayed awake till long after we had arrived in Honolulu. And did my little daughter get airsick? The only way she almost got sick was by overeating. Linda Susan ate so much at her two meals it was almost embarrassing. People might have thought we didn't feed her at home!

I worried that she'd get in the way of other passengers and the crew because she toddled all over the plane chirping

"bye-bye" to everyone. No one seemed to mind, though. As a matter of fact, one elderly lady told me that Linda Susan's unconscious little shows greatly helped everyone pass the time.

Linda Susan soon found a playmate on the plane in Buster Crabbe's daughter. In spite of the nine years' difference in age, the two nevertheless got along fine for the better part of the ten hours' flight.

When we arrived at the Honolulu airport we received a wonderfully warm welcome. People immediately took Linda Susan to their hearts. And as usual my daughter made the most of it with "bye-bye's"—and a few "hi's" and "no's" thrown in for variety.

Although awake for over 14 hours, Linda Susan still didn't show any signs of weariness when we arrived at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. After dinner, members of the hotel band came to our room to

serenade us with Hawaiian music. Worn out as the rest of us were, we couldn't help feeling inspired by the exuberant antics of Linda Susan—trying to keep in time to the exotic, vibrant rhythm with her version of the hula-hula!

But when I put her to bed an hour later, the trip finally caught up with her. I usually make a game out of undressing Linda Susan. I talk, and count her toes, and explain her garments—trying to make going to bed fun for her, so she doesn't mind it. But that night in Hawaii, her little head kept falling forward. It had suddenly gotten s-o-o-o heavy.

My tiny girl fell asleep long before I had her undressed.

THE END

(There'll be another heartwarming story by Shirley Temple in this "Bringing up Susan" series in the June issue of MODERN SCREEN.)



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Mona Freeman bares her shoulders in  
pink pique (color photo, page 65)  
Junior Miss Shop, Second Floor.

The cutest girls wear cotton (pages  
66-67)

Pastel dress and dotted dress  
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Proportioned Skirts (page 68)

Boucle Sweaters (page 68)

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Shantung pocket suit (page 69)

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Misses' Suits, Second Floor

Denim from Head to Foot (page 70)

Sport Shop, Second Floor Mezzanine.

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## mad about monty

(Continued from page 45) Of course, we  
were making a movie. It's called *A Place  
in the Sun*, and it's based on Theodore  
Dreiser's terrific classic, *An American  
Tragedy*. I'm a happy girl to have played  
in it. And certainly one big reason I am  
is because I worked with Monty Clift.

Yards and yards of words have been  
poured out about this "rising young star."  
Most writers have used their best super-  
latives for Monty. Real rave stuff. Well,  
if you think I'm going to rave about him  
some more—you're right! I find it hard  
to remain calm on the subject of Mont-  
gomery Clift.

But let's flash back to 1943.

I'd love to be able to say I "discovered"  
Monty Clift that day in the restaurant  
booth. But—shucks!—somebody else had  
seen him first. He was then already well-  
established as a young Broadway star.

I didn't even meet the guy that first  
day. I just got a look at him. But I was  
affected in much the same way he's since  
affected a few million movie fans. This  
reaction may be summed up in one little  
word: *Wham!*

I learned that Monty was playing in  
Lillian Hellman's *The Searching Wind*.  
I was playing a teeny-weeny part in a  
musical called *Rosalinda*, in a theater close  
by the one housing *The Searching Wind*.

That night, when I wasn't on stage dur-  
ing the second act, I sneaked over to the  
Fulton Theater to see the second act of  
Monty's play. (It's against Equity rules to  
leave the theater during your own per-  
formance, so maybe you'd better not men-  
tion this to anyone.) There was Monty  
Clift, on the stage. And it happened again.  
*Wham!*

At a party a few nights later, we were  
introduced. I remember exactly what  
we both said. Oh, it might have been yes-  
terday.

Monty said, "Hiya."

And I said, "Hello."

After that sparkling introduction Monty  
and I became friends. I saw him several  
times during the following months. When  
you work in show business in New York  
you move in the same circles with other  
young hopefuls. Some of them are work-

ing. Some of them are just making the rounds and living on hope and mighty little else.

But you all have a strong common bond—that great, wonderful, make-believe business, the theater. So Monty and I found a lot to talk about. We both loved show business. It filled our lives in those days. It still does.

In Hollywood today, the word is around that Monty is not very sociable. They say he never drops in at the plush night clubs and fancy restaurants.

"Look," says Monty. "Just because I don't happen to like the glitter spots, is that wrong? I have fun just sitting around hoisting a few beers with friends. We have some good talk, and we don't get hoarse trying to compete with a 16-piece name band."

The "good talk" Monty likes is about—what else?—the theater. The Broadway stage, and the Hollywood sound stage. That's Monty Clift's whole world.

After those first meetings with Monty in New York, our paths separated. I got my first chance in Hollywood. I was signed at Columbia, and I rushed out here prepared to take over for Bette Davis. But it didn't quite work out that way. Bette's brilliant career went smoothly ahead. And mine ran smack into a stone wall. I played a few very small parts, then my contract was dropped. After that I did some free-lance work, but the going was rugged.

Then one night at a party at the Gene Kellys' I looked up and there was Monty. "Hey, Shelley!" he hollered when he saw me. "How you doing?"

Well, I told him I was doing fine. I said everything was going great, I was a big success. But I wasn't fooling Monty. He caught on right away that I was feeling pretty low. So then and there he gave

fresh as  
a daisy!  
**jane powell**  
on the **june**  
cover of  
**modern screen**  
on sale  
**may 9**

me a much-needed fight talk.

"Look," he said, "This town isn't so tough. They need and want young players with experience and talent. You'll get going. It's just a question of time. You can't miss."

Naturally that made me feel better. There's nothing like a pat on the back from a friend. But there's a little more to this episode. I found out later that Monty had come to Hollywood to make a screen test. It hadn't worked out. So he was about ready to pack his bags and head back to Broadway.

How do you like that? Right in the

middle of a great disappointment for him he takes time out to cheer me up. And not one word does he mention about his own troubles!

What follows after that is pretty well known. Monty was soon back in Hollywood, signed by Howard Hawks to make *Red River*. Then he went abroad to play in *The Search*. After the two pictures were released it was clear as day that he'd become a big star.

I'd talked to Monty on the *Red River* set. I worked in the picture exactly one day. Between takes he came over and sat down beside me and gave me another pep talk.

"Don't give up, Shelley," he said. "I'm getting my break now. Soon you will, too. I know it."

And not long after that it happened. I was signed to play the waitress in *A Double Life*, which starred Ronald Colman. That got me my present contract with Universal-International. Since then I've played opposite William Powell, Alan Ladd, and Howard Duff.

And now—Montgomery Clift.

Within his powers, Monty leaves no corner of a role unexplored. And believe me, those powers are very great. In a scene with Monty you feel his earnestness. It's so great it's almost a passion. And it inspires confidence in those around him. I know.

Let me tell you something that happened while we were on location at Lake Tahoe. In this scene Monty and I were going on a picnic. We had a lunch basket, and I had my coat and a scarf. We were supposed to be a little embarrassed—Monty because he had something on his mind, and I because I was very much in love with him.

Well, we rehearsed the scene, and then we started to play it. Then something

be nifty and thrifty in '50  
wear...



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went wrong. I was a little late for a cue, then I jumped in too soon and crowded Monty's lines. Then—horrors!—I dropped my scarf.

Now, as you probably know, if this sort of thing happens on the stage, you're trained to work your way out of it. You must never, never step out of your character. But in Hollywood it's different. If you make a mistake somebody says, "Oops!" or words to that effect, the director says, "Cut!" and you do the scene over again.

So, when I dropped my scarf, I expected that the next voice I would hear would be director George Stevens saying, "Cut!"

But no. The next line was Monty's and he was still playing the scene for all it was worth. I took one look into his eyes and I could almost hear him pleading, "Come on! Stay with it. Don't let go of the character." He was giving me a helping hand and letting me know he was right in there with me, working all the time.

Well, I leaned down to get my scarf, and Monty did, too, and we bumped heads. But he kept right on playing. And I went along with him. Then we picked up tempo and went on through to finish the scene.

I looked up just as George Stevens said, "Print that," which meant that the scene was okay. He was grinning as he walked toward us. He said, "That was wonderful! You were supposed to be a little embarrassed. So your momentary confusion made it look absolutely real."

And that's the sort of thing that happens when you work with Monty Clift.

But I think I've rambled on enough about Clift, the actor. Now let me tell you about my friend Monty who is also quite a fella.

For one thing, you may have read that he has a huge appetite. I believe it's been reported he often eats two whole steaks at a sitting. I want to deny that statement. It's absolutely untrue. Montgomery Clift

does not eat two steaks at one meal. He eats three!

And they've said that for breakfast he polishes off four or five eggs in addition to coffee and a few side dishes. Another lie. He has six.

And for dinner, three desserts. I've seen it with my own eyes. The other night he had some fruit, and then he had a piece of apple pie. After that he said, "Guess I'll just have an order of cheese and crackers. To go with my coffee. Always like a little something to go with my coffee."

How he does it I'll never know. And he's still as thin as a rake handle. Maybe it's because he moves around a lot and burns up so much nervous energy.

You ought to see the way he handles a car. We had some scenes up at Lake Tahoe in an old battered Ford coupé. And the way he hurtled that crate around those narrow mountain roads, I used to shut my eyes every time we'd come to a curve.

"Say," I asked him once, "how'd you ever learn to drive a car this way? Did you work in a parking lot?"

"Nope," Monty said. "In fact, I never worked anywhere. Never had a job except acting."

"You mean—you never worked as a soda jerk or an office boy or a truck driver, maybe? Just acting?"

"That's right. No—I take that back. I had one job. One summer up in Napa Valley, California. I worked a couple of months laying irrigation pipe."

(Maybe that gave him his muscles. He doesn't look it, but he has 'em!)

Monty's quite a swimmer. When he churns along in the water he looks like a reduced edition of Johnny Weissmuller on his way to mix with a team of crocodiles.

His swimming prowess came in handy while we were on location at Lake Tahoe. Director George Stevens wanted a long shot of the tragedy that happens out on the lake.

"Our camera," explained George, "will be high on the side of the hill. After the drowning, George Eastman (that's Monty) swims to shore, struggles up over the rocks and scrambles his way up the hill. Then he disappears briefly in a clump of bushes and comes out to finish the scene right in front of the camera."

"Why disappear?" Monty wanted to know. "Wouldn't it be more realistic if the camera followed him all the way?"

"Of course," George agreed. "But that's a long swim with all your clothes on. And then that long hike up the side of the hill. We ought to use a double for that. Be easier on you. The double can disappear in the bushes and we'll pick you up coming out the other side."

Monty shook his head. "No doubles for me. I'll make the whole shot. If I'm tired by the time I get to the camera we'll have greater realism."

And that's the way it was done. No once but four times. Monty skinned his legs and arms on the rocks, and when the day was finished he was thoroughly bushed but he and George Stevens agreed they had a fine scene.

Working with Monty Clift has been real experience for me, a liberal education in the art of acting. But it hasn't all been work. We've had fun, too.

In *A Place in the Sun*, Monty and I have four love scenes. And as I've pointed out, Monty is all for realism.

Wham!

THE END

You'll enjoy the bright

feature on Monty Clift in the current issue of SCREEN STORIES—another Dell magazine.

ingrid's forgotten child

(Continued from page 29) efforts to protect her, some of the gossip must have reached her. In any event, she took the news standing up—and in the manner of children when they are deeply hurt or deeply moved, she changed the subject.

"Daddy," she said softly, "let's buy a tent so we can go on hikes, and sleep in the woods."

"Fine," her father said. "I'd like to." Tall, thin Dr. Lindstrom, with his heart aching, his illusions shattered, went out and got that tent, and for three consecutive nights he and his little girl slept outdoors, 50 yards away from the house.

What does a little girl think about, lying under the stars, knowing that nothing will ever be the same again? She remembered the three of them around the dinner table, close and secure. And Christmas morning with her mother and father opening her hand-made presents and looking at her and at each other. Never any more. Pia remembered other things. The funny slang her mother learned when she was making *The Bells of St. Mary's* with Bing Crosby, and the jitterbug steps the soldiers taught her when she toured overseas, and which her mother in turn taught her long-legged, serious-faced father. (How they had all laughed that night when he was learning!)

She remembered the first time she realized that her mother was an important actress. Driving in New York traffic with Pia, Ingrid had broken some minor rule of the road and had been given a ticket.

"What will happen, Mother?" Pia had asked anxiously.

"I made a mistake," her mother had explained, "And it will cost me five dollars."

"Five dollars!" Pia had gasped. To Pia that meant months and months of allowances, dozens of ice cream cones. It meant practically all the money in the world.

"Where will you ever get five dollars?" Her mother smiled at her and squeezed her hand, and afterwards Pia's nurse had told her that they paid her mother a good-sized salary for all the hard work she did.

so young for tears . . .

Pia remembered visiting her mother in New York when she was starring in the play *Joan of Lorraine*, and being allowed to go to the theater twice to see the first act. She had watched both times, her heart bursting with a curious mixture of love and pride, and had then been hustled home by her nurse before the second act.

"Why can't I stay?" Pia would plead. And her nurse would explain, "The next act is sad. You're too little to be sad."

Lying in the tent in the quiet dark, Pia remembered that. "I am 11 years old now," she told herself staunchly, "I am not too little any more."

Somehow, a little girl gets through her first heartbreak. Pia is lucky in that she has a restrained and understanding father—one who seems to see inside her heart and does all he can to make her ordeal easier. He took her out of school at a time when he felt that the curious eyes and small sharp tongues were more than she should be called upon to bear, and he enrolled her when he felt that Pia's own adjustment to the situation had somewhat insulated her from her classmates' gossip.

When her beloved dog, Laila, a Labrador retriever, was run over by a car, the doctor couldn't bring himself to tell his already over-burdened little girl the truth.

"Our Laila ran away," he told her gently, and—though Pia misses him—she is sure that he has a fine new home somewhere. Meanwhile, she consoles herself with her prize Welsh terrier, Happy.



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Dr. Lindstrom, who knows from experience that keeping very, very busy is one antidote for loneliness and unhappiness (he himself often works 14 hours a day), has arranged a great many activities for his youngster. There are ballet lessons, piano lessons, and ballroom dancing lessons—and when he has an afternoon off, they go horseback-riding together. In the evenings, though he may be dead tired from long hours of surgery, he visits with her. "I learned a new step today," Pia will tell him.

"Fine," the doctor will say, smiling his slow smile. "Let's see it."

"You have to do it with me." He gets up from his chair, on goes a record, and for a little while Pia and Dr. Lindstrom are just any little girl and her devoted pop—except that there is nobody there to watch them with shining eyes, to applaud like mad when the record is over.

In November, Ingrid Bergman's personal representative, returning from a trip to Italy, brought Pia a package of gay Italian dresses from her mother. Holding them in her arms, almost smelling the familiar scent of her mother's perfume—the mother she hadn't seen in over half a year became a reality again.

"Is—she coming home soon?" Pia wanted to know, hoping again just for a minute, believing again for the space of a heartbeat that everything might still be all right. The answer to that, of course, was "no."

On December 12, Dr. Lindstrom read the headline in a Los Angeles newspaper that announced his wife was expecting a baby. It was the very first word he had had about it. If he had only known before, how different things might have been. If Roberto Rossellini had gone to Dr. Lindstrom, if Ingrid herself had written him and told him of her pregnancy, the chances are that the doctor would have granted his wife a quick divorce so that her son would not have been born out of wedlock.

As soon as he read the report, he wrote to Ingrid for confirmation—but his letters were never answered. While the rumors were vigorously denied, reliable sources insisted that they were true, and at length, there was nothing for the doctor to do but tell his daughter as kindly as he could. Pia listened, tight-lipped and still, but what she thought about it is her own secret.

like father, like daughter . . .

They didn't talk about it very much, this father and daughter who are so close, so alike in many ways. (Those few people who knew Ingrid and her doctor intimately say, "There is more of Peter in Pia than there is of Ingrid.") But one day soon afterward, Pia went to the hardware store and bought a hammer and a bag of nails. That night she gave them to her father.

"Here is a present for you," she told him simply—and he knew that she was really saying, "Please don't feel so hurt. I'm here. I love you."

Pia spent the Christmas holidays with the Gary Coopers and their little girl, Maria at the Coopers' magnificent new ski lodge in Aspen, Colorado. The only harsh intrusion for Pia on those blessedly beautiful white days and silent nights was the news broadcast stating that Roberto Rossellini's Austrian divorce had come through on December 23—and that the dark-eyed stranger was now free to marry her mother as soon as her mother's divorce came through. But this had not yet happened. It still might not happen, Pia's thoughts ran. In the midst of so much beauty and so much kindness, it was impossible to feel really unhappy.

Pia returned from the mountains, tanned and glowing, with so many things to tell her school friends that she simply wouldn't

her mother. And then, a few short weeks later, the news came that started them all whispering again, all looking at her in that funny way that made her cold inside.

On February 3, the newspapers front-paged the story of the birth of Bergman's baby boy. Pia, Ingrid's first-born, the little girl whom she had brought to this country at the age of 15 months and whom she had carried everywhere, papoose fashion, in a snug fur bag, must have read the story furtively, her 11-year-old heart breaking. While Renzo Rossellini, Roberto's eight-year-old son, was being rushed into the chintz-decorated suite at the Villa Margherita Clinic to see Ingrid, here was Pia 6,000 miles away.

How some of Ingrid's quoted statements must have hurt—the one that she was "fiercely happy," the rhapsodies about her new son. How hard a thing it all must have been for a little girl to understand. Suddenly her own mother had become an alien creature—a name in a garish newspaper headline, a smudged picture staring with challenging eyes from every newsstand, a woman gossiped about on every street-corner.

Can you imagine her feelings about Rossellini? The black hatred she must bear him? Yet everyone claims that when she meets him, he will woo her and win her. There are those who say that the 43-year-old Roberto is irresistible. In Rome, he has frequently been called the Ace of Hearts, *Il Asso di Cuore*.

saint and sinner . . .

Anna Magnani, the fiery Italian actress who knew and loved him before Ingrid came along, says, "When a woman is with Roberto, she feels that she's on the brink of a spiritual whirlwind. He is more than a man; he is a hurricane."

Marlene Dietrich, another Rossellini friend, says, "He is a charming, intelligent, talented human being."

Renzo Rossellini, Roberto's brother and a musical composer who has written the scores for more than 50 films, reportedly says, "He's an incorrigible sinner and a profound mystic."

When Pia Lindstrom tries to find out what sort of man stole her mother's heart, she will discover much that is puzzling, for this man Rossellini is cunning, wise and devious.

He claims that he was under the influence of drugs when in 1936 he married Marcella de Marchis, a slender, warm-hearted brunette. It wasn't, however, until December of 1949—having fallen in love with Ingrid Bergman—that he had that marriage annulled. This was 13 years later, by which time he had had two children by Marcella, one of whom died.

He claims to be a great believer in freedom and democracy, and yet, under Mussolini, he made some of the best Fascist propaganda pictures the dictatorship ever turned out.

Yes, Pia Lindstrom will find her Latin step-father a man of many talents, of many moods, possessing a temperament quite incomprehensible to a girl of Scandinavian blood. She will be puzzled, for instance, to hear it alleged that a week before he became a father for the third time, Roberto was so depressed that he contemplated suicide because of the publicity he and Ingrid were receiving. Yet, despite all this, Pia is sure to be charmed off her little feet when she first meets him sometime this year.

Rossellini is a great director of children. In his pictures, *Paisan*, *Open City*, *Germany Year Zero*, his understanding of a child's mentality and motivation is absolutely masterful. At this moment, he must know that Pia despises him and, knowing this, he will employ all his wiles on her at

Pia's mother, it is believed, will make her home in Italy—because Italy is Roberto's home and the birthplace of the son she calls Robertino, and—most important—it is a nation of broad-minded people who cast no stones. She says that she is finished forever with making motion pictures. Yet it seems safe to predict that she is finished for only a little while. In time she will find surging mightily through her the great, driving, unquenchable desire to act. Someday, this girl who once said that acting was her life will act for the films again.

As for Pia, when she is grown and knows all the facts in the case, she will be certain that this woman, whose flesh is her flesh, was—aside from any moral judgment of her conduct—a woman of courage and pride, a woman who, undaunted, defied the whole world for the yearning of her heart.

As long as she lives, Pia Lindstrom will never exist in obscurity. Always, she will be known as "Ingrid Bergman's daughter."

Whether this title shall bring her pride or shame only we, the public, can decide.

THE END

## janet's homecoming

(Continued from page 54) back home to help us launch the campaign this year. I know you're making a movie right now, but Stockton would be very grateful to you if you could talk your studio into giving you a day off to come up."

A few minutes later, Janet was telling John Wayne about the invitation.

"Do you think the studio *would* let me go?" she asked, hoping that Duke would reassure her by saying he thought so. But Duke is a realist.

"Honey, you know the schedule as well as I do," he drawled—and then, seeing that she was disappointed, added, "But it certainly wouldn't hurt to ask them."

*Jet Pilot* has been one of those pictures with a murderous schedule, for its co-stars. Janet and Duke are in almost every scene, and with production costs still way up in the stratosphere, studios naturally are not inclined to allow the non-professional activities of their stars to interfere with movie-making. It didn't look very likely that Janet could go, March of Dimes or no March of Dimes.

But as it turned out, Janet found she had a day off on January 15—the day which, it just happened, was the national kick-off day for the March of Dimes campaign.

"Oh, how I'd love to go back to Stockton," Janet told the unit manager of *Jet Pilot*. "I haven't been back for nearly three years. Please, please, don't let anything happen to my day off."

But because motion picture schedules sometimes change faster than you can say "filmed in gorgeous Technicolor," Janet didn't know definitely that she could go to Stockton until just four days before she did. And as she dashed off the set on Saturday afternoon, the last words she heard from the assistant director were:

"Have fun up there, Janet. But don't forget you have a make-up call back here at eight o'clock Monday morning."

As she drove toward Stockton, 400 miles away, with her mother and father, Janet sat excitedly on the edge of her seat, paying very little attention to her father's warning that she should get some rest.

"I understand the town has some big plans for you," he cautioned.

"Why, I couldn't sleep," she replied. "It's broad daylight."

She was still wide awake six hours later when they drove into Stockton and pulled

## LITTLE LULU

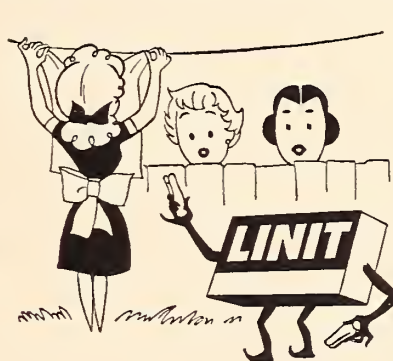


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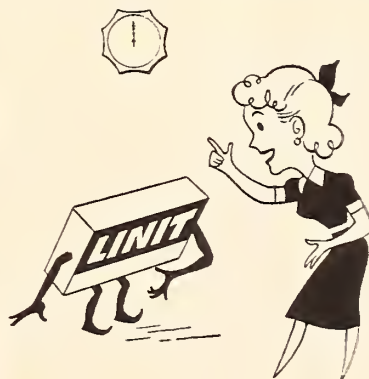
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up in front of the old Stockton Hotel. Her letter-writing friend, Marian Jacobs, was waiting for them in the suite upstairs, and after an exchange of greetings, told Janet a few things about her schedule.

"Tonight, a lot of your friends from the college are throwing a party out at the Naval Officers' Club. You'd better get dressed right away."

There were more than 40 of her college friends at the Club when she arrived, and Janet had a busy time for the first hour meeting the new husbands her girl friends had acquired, and the wives her old boy friends had acquired. It was a wonderful evening, and she didn't get back to the hotel until 2:30 a.m. As she explained to her folks, she'd stopped with some of the kids at Ferguson's drive-in and had had a Fergyburger. Hadn't had one for three years and couldn't resist the urge.

The next day started off with a bang for Janet when, up bright and early, she saw the headline in the morning paper which announced, "MAYOR MORRISON PROCLAIMS TODAY JANET LEIGH-EDDIE LEBARON DAY." In the story below, the Mayor—who is Janet's uncle—was quoted as saying, "Because of the achievements of these two young people, and the honor which they have brought to Stockton, I have issued my first formal proclamation, naming this day as Janet Leigh-Eddie LeBaron day."

gridiron napoleon . . .

At breakfast, which Janet had with her folks, Judge Robert Sullivan and her high-school music teacher, she met Eddie LeBaron, her fellow celebrity for the day. Eddie is a guy about three inches taller than Mickey Rooney, who, last year playing football for the local College of the Pacific, climaxed three years of brilliant play by being named an All-American. Stockton thinks he's a pretty special young man—and it wasn't hard for Janet to think so, too, just a few minutes after they met.

"You're even prettier than I thought you would be," he told her sincerely. Even a movie star likes to hear that!

After breakfast, Eddie and Marian took Janet for a quick tour of the COP campus, which has grown some since Janet was there. Eddie pointed out the new students' lounge, built last year, and Janet caught herself wishing she could come back for another semester just to enjoy it. . . .

"I hate to break up your reverie," said Marian, "but we're due over at the radio studio right now."

College of the Pacific has its own radio station, which presents some of the best special events broadcasts in town. Fifteen minutes later, Janet and Eddie were seated in front of a microphone there, telling the Sunday stay-at-homes why they should give generously to the March of Dimes this year. Janet made several rather bad fluffs that would have dismayed her directors—and her—in Hollywood. But it didn't matter much here. She was back home, and a little excitement was understandable.

When they left the radio studio to attend a reception at Janet's old sorority house, Eddie grabbed her elbow and said,

"Do me a favor, will you? Stop by with me at my fraternity house. I want to see the guys' eyes drop out when we come walking up." Naturally, she did. Naturally, the Omega Phis' eyes dropped out.

Janet's sorority, Alpha Theta Tau, has a campus reputation for selecting beautiful girls as members, and this year, they pledged a bumper crop. There were about 30 of them sitting around the living room when Janet arrived. After Janet had walked down the receiving line with Mrs. Turner, the house mother of Alpha Theta, it wasn't long before the party had broken

up into informal conversational groups. For more than an hour, Janet made friends with the new girls.

They took her upstairs to her old room and showed her the new coffee mugs that have become a house tradition since Janet left school. Then, back downstairs, Janet had a chance to talk to many of her former teachers—including Mr. Brown, the college drama director who once told her she didn't have enough dramatic ability to be an actress. While Janet was talking to Mrs. Turner a few minutes later, a good-looking young man in his twenties tugged at her sleeve.

"I'll bet you don't remember me," he said, with a smile.

For a moment, Janet had an inner struggle—and then she exploded, "Roy! Roy Kirsten! How are you? Daddy, look who's here."

Her father didn't remember Roy at first either—until Janet told him that Roy was the boy she used to play with when she was in grammar school and lived on California Street.

Reluctantly, Janet and her parents had to say goodbye to the Alpha Thetas and rush back to the hotel to get ready for Janet's appearance at the Fox theater that afternoon. She ate a sandwich hurriedly while she put on a plaid dinner dress. Then she walked out to meet the two stalwart Marines who were her guard-of-honor for her appearance at the theater—the marquee of which boasted, "IN PERSON, STOCKTON'S OWN JANET LEIGH."

Eddie LeBaron was waiting for her at the curb, and she had to tell him right there about the first time she'd been in the Fox Theater. It had been the day it opened, and she'd stood in line for more than an hour to get a seat. She was eight years old at the time—never dreaming she'd someday see her name in lights on the marquee.

Suddenly, she and Eddie were out on the stage. When the applause had died down Mayor Morrison read his proclamation and introduced them to the crowd.

"Never before in my life have I had the privilege of proclaiming a day which gives me as much pleasure as this one. Janet and Eddie, on behalf of the people of Stockton, I want to say thanks for your participation in the opening of the March of Dimes campaign this year. Especially to you, Janet, for making the trip up from Hollywood."

return of the native . . .

"Thank you, Uncle Dan," Janet said. "I'm the most thrilled girl in the world to be here. I feel that I should be up in the balcony there, holding hands, instead of down here on the stage." This provoked a series of shouted invitations from the balcony. When they ended, Janet smilingly went on, "Coming back to Stockton would be wonderful at any time, but I'm glad the studio let me come up here now to help launch the March of Dimes. I'll always be grateful to Stockton for the fun I had here. Thanks for the memories."

Then Eddie made a speech, too—after which they both spent nearly an hour in the lobby signing autographs. When the crowd finally thinned out, Janet found that some ardent fan had stolen her shoes, which she had slipped off while signing autographs. Her two Marines gallantly carried her out to her car, and her father and Judge Sullivan took over when they reached the hotel. A barefooted actress looks pretty silly, even in her own hometown. But fortunately, she'd brought an extra pair of shoes to wear to the banquet that night.

Stockton's biggest restaurant, the Punt Room, was filled to overflowing for Janet and Eddie's testimonial banquet. Who

Mayor Morrison got up to introduce her, he said, "Now that she's a big movie star, maybe I shouldn't tell this about Jeanette. But about 15 years ago when I first knew this young lady, she used to come into my drug store at California and Sutter, twirling and tossing her baton around. She'd make a complete circuit of the store and, nine times out of 10, she'd have a package of gum or a candy bar in her hand when she went out. Remembering those days so well, it is a real privilege for me, as Mayor of Stockton, to extend the key to the city of Stockton to this beautiful young woman who has brought so much fame to her home town."

It took two people to bring the huge golden key up to the table, and when Mayor Morrison gave it to her, Janet finally did what she'd almost done several times before that day: She cried.

"Look at me," she sniffled. "And I'm a big girl now, Uncle Dan. . . . But I wish I could tell you all how happy it has made my mother and father and me to come back to Stockton for this day. I'm never going to forget it."

The rest of the evening settled down to a torrent of tributes for Janet and Eddie. All Janet's teachers were introduced and credited with the parts they played in making her the girl she is. A delegation from her sorority presented her with flowers and sang the Alpha Theta song: "She likes sorority life, those midnight get-togethers every night. There'll be nothing but sweet dreams for our Alpha Theta gal." And Janet had another surge of tears.

kiss from cinderella . . .

Then, to raise money for the March of Dimes, the m.c. began auctioning off a few autographed pictures of Janet. Dr. Tully Knoles, chancellor of the college, bought the first one—and when Janet gave him a kiss to go with it, the bidding for the rest became spirited. After the Sheriff and several of the town's business men had bought a picture, a gentleman in the back of the room began buying them for the members of the football team. Half an hour later, Janet had been substantially kissed, and the March of Dimes was off to a fine start in Stockton.

It was nearly midnight when Janet and her parents finally said goodbye and went back to the hotel to pack. Half an hour later, they had all their bags in the car and were ready to start rolling down the 400 miles of highway back to Hollywood. Completely exhausted, Janet curled up in the back seat. Before they had passed the city limits, she was sound asleep.

Fortified with coffee, her father drove all night and arrived in Hollywood just half an hour before Janet was due at RKO. She woke up just a few blocks from the studio.

When they drove onto the lot, Janet said a hurried good-bye, pulled her key to the city of Stockton out of the back seat, and dashed for the make-up department. An hour later, she was on the set of *Jet Pilot*, ready to go back to work.

When John Wayne arrived a few minutes later, he walked over to Janet's dressing room to say hello.

"Well, girl, how did it go?" he asked with a grin. "I hope you didn't disgrace us Morrisons."

"It was simply wonderful," Janet bubbled. "I saw all my old friends and look, would you, at what they gave me!" She ran over to her closet and hauled out her key to the city.

Duke whistled when he saw it. "Say, that's a mighty big one. They must think a lot of you up there."

Duke doesn't know the half of it.

THE END

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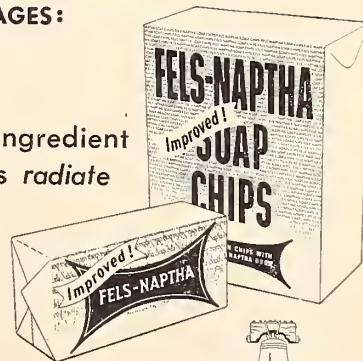
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The setting was unspectacular—yet here was enacted a vital scene in one of history's most dramatic romances.

BY JAMES MCARTHUR



Judge Eugenio Calzada Flores signs Ingrid's divorce decree in her lawyers' presence.

# how ingrid got her divorce

■ ON FEBRUARY 11 there was posted on the official bulletin board of the First Civil Court in Juarez, Mexico, under "divorce decrees," the names, Ingrid B. Lindstrom—Peter Lindstrom.

And thus Ingrid Bergman was free to marry Roberto Rossellini, avowed father of her son.

So ended another act in one of the most famous and spotlighted romantic dramas of modern times.

The Juarez scene was highly unusual. In the middle of the action, the spotlight turned from Juarez to Rome—and then slowly and almost grudgingly came back to the Mexican setting. The temporary shift stole the show. But on the local action rested the drama's entire development.

The Juarez scene was unusual in another way—even for a Juarez divorce court. Not a single principal was on-stage during the entire proceedings.

An expected appearance of one star performer, Ingrid Bergman, had to be cancelled due to a prior and more important booking. The co-star, defendant Peter Lindstrom, chose not to appear. A stand-in armed with power-of-attorney, together with the judge, played the principal parts in the ending of the important local scene. Then the action again shifted to Rome. The number of scenes yet to be enacted and the drama's ending no man could toretell. . . .

Despite the many widely-publicized divorces that have been granted in Mexico, "quickie" divorces are not prevalent among the Mexican people. Such divorces can, in fact, be secured only in two of the nation's 28 states—in Chihuahua and in Morelos, the one handy to the border, the other handy to Mexico City. Mexican lawyers will tell you that "the easy divorce laws are just made for the convenience of people from the United States."

Juarez is the divorce capital of Chihuahua, while Cuernavaca—where Faye Emerson re-

cently received her divorce from Elliott Roosevelt—is in the state of Morelos. In all other Mexican states it takes from 10 to 14 months to secure a decree.

Juarez is just across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Texas. It is a progressive Mexican city of 75,000 persons with modern schools, theaters and hotels. It is one of the main points of entry for Mexican commerce.

(Continued on next page)



City Hall in Juarez, Mexico, where the suit was heard.

Its First Civil Court is located in the large and impressive Palacio Municipal (City Hall), which also houses the Second Civil Court, the mayor's office, police headquarters and other municipal offices.

The court, itself, is comprised of a suite of three plain but well polished offices—the reception room, the clerks' office and the courtroom. The courtroom is simply furnished with two desks, one for the judge and one for his secretary. The few chairs stand around the walls. The only adornments are a calendar and a picture of Miguel Aleman, President of Mexico. In this austere setting the court carries on its work.

Thirty-year-old Judge Eugene Calzada Flores is presiding judge. With six years experience in the judiciary and with a professional regard for law and for propriety, he was perturbed at the furore that the Bergman decree was causing in his court, declaring that this divorce was just another case. The world, to put it mildly, did not agree.

The divorce action had been filed in the Juarez court on January 25, but word of the proceedings did not leak to the press until two days later. By that time the wheels of justice had already been thrown into high gear to speed the action and to permit the appearance, if possible, of Miss Bergman in the court at the earliest possible date. But it was not to be.

A special trip by one of the lawyers to Chihuahua City, some 200 miles south, on the same date that the decree was filed, enabled the first legal publication to appear in the official state bulletin that same day.

#### no contest . . .

Dr. Lindstrom chose to ignore the suit. It seemed that the suit would be granted without contest at the end of the two-week waiting period.

However, on February 4 a possible explosive was placed under the suit. Arturo Castillo Calero, a former state and Federal judge, requested that he be named "official intervenor" in the suit in behalf of the defendant. Under Mexican law an individual may ask to be appointed intervenor without the defendant's permission if he posts bond in an amount set by the court. However, no action was taken on the request and the suit remained uncontested.

The judge set February 6 as the date for a hearing at which Dr. Lindstrom could appear to answer a set of questions submitted in a sealed envelope with Ingrid's petition. When he failed to appear, the envelope was opened. On February 7, Ingrid's attorney asked the court to state that all the questions had been answered in the affirmative—as the law provides in a case in which a defendant, having been advised of a suit, fails to appear.

The court thereupon ruled that Dr. Lindstrom had, in answering affirmatively all the questions, admitted the following to be true:

1. That on July 10, 1937, he contracted marriage with Mrs. Ingrid B. Lindstrom in Stode Medelpad, Sweden.
2. That as issue of the marriage there is a child 11 years old, whose name is Pia Lindstrom.
3. That the minor child is presently living with the defendant.
4. That there is not any common property that can be divided within the jurisdiction of this court.
5. That the defendant has caused ill treatment to Mrs. Ingrid Bergman Lindstrom.
6. That the defendant has failed to support Mrs. Ingrid Lindstrom as provided by law.

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Whenever you want to look your loveliest, "re-style" your complexion with a 1-minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Cover face, except eyes, with a lavish cloak of the snowy Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens and *dissolves off* stubborn dirt and dead skin particles. After 1 minute, tissue off clean. See how *vibrant* your skin looks, how much softer and clearer—ready for a make-up that stays flawless all evening!



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The gay and charming young Mrs. Gould has a delicate skin that rebels against a heavy make-up. She says, "My favorite base for make-up is Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's so smoothing and protecting, and keeps my make-up fresh for hours."



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● "You bet the Ayds Way figures for me," says Maureen O'Sullivan, motion picture star, wife of famous director John Farrow and mother of six children. "Every woman wants to keep her figure looking lovely. I know that Ayds will help me lose weight the way Nature intended me to. I look better and feel better while I'm taking Ayds."

## **"It Figures" says Maureen O'Sullivan**

### **How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier**

Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight *the way Nature intended you to!* A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet . . . no massage . . . no exercise.

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*The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS*

7. That the defendant's temperament is incompatible with that of his wife, Mrs. Ingrid Bergman Lindstrom.

8. That due to the incompatibility of temperaments the defendant and his wife have been separated since the 11th day of March, 1949.

If Dr. Lindstrom had appeared and answered questions 5, 6, 7 and 8 in the negative, the divorce would not have been granted.

As it was, the judge signed the decree on February 9, the court finding "the marriage of Peter Lindstrom and Miss Ingrid Bergman . . . is hereby dissolved with all its legal consequence, leaving both parties their legal rights to contract a new marriage." The divorce was granted on grounds of "cruelty, non-support and incompatibility of temperaments existing between the parties."

The 24-hour appeal period having elapsed, the official notice was posted on the court bulletin board. The board on which the decree was posted has listed other prominent Hollywood names—including Paulette Goddard, Merle Oberon and Laraine Day. Only the day before the Bergman decree was signed, John Huston secured a mutual consent divorce from his actress-wife Evelyn Keyes.

But no names appearing on that bulletin board have ever received such world-wide attention as those of Ingrid B. Lindstrom, Peter Lindstrom. And, it seems safe to say, none ever will.

THE EN

## **I love a charade**

(Continued from page 36) (who's in *M and Pa Kettle Go to Town*) arrived a few minutes later, Anne announced that for charades the males would be teamed against the females.

(Right here would be a sensible place to tell readers who've never played the game just what in tarnation the game of charades is all about. Well, it's simply this: Both teams go off into separate huddles before the excitement gets under way and write on slips of paper the names of a number of things—all in some classification previously agreed on, such as name of famous plays, or people, or painter. Then each team takes a hat or something, places its slips therein, and the opposing team-members draw from it in turn the name of something they must act out in pantomime for their fellow team-members to guess—within a three-minute time limit for each one.)

Anne passed out pencils and paper. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "the classification will be *movie titles*."

I decided to stay neutral and watch. The boys retired to the hall stairs for the huddle. Peggy Dow, figuring everything was fair in a battle of the sexes, tried to listen in. But, before she could overhear any vital information, Douglas Dick detected her pretty head peeking around the doorway. "Hey!" he shouted. "A spy!"

"Spy?" said Peggy, all innocence. "I'm merely checking on the fire escapes."

"O.K.," said Jerome. "Escape."

She did.

Once the teams had decided on the movie titles, they all regathered in the living room—and the game began. Barbara drew first. She drew *I Was a Shoplifter*—which happens to be Tony Curtis' new movie. And she was a very d. shoplifter, indeed. In fact, it took the girls almost their time limit to figure out what she was up to.

Dick Long took the floor next. He indicated that his title contained only a

word. But before he'd acted out the first syllable, Peggy forgot which side she was on, and shouted, "Stromboli!"

Dick stopped in mid-gesture. Then he walked over to Peggy and offered to examine her head. "Don't look now," he said, "but your brains are bulging."

It was entirely possible, because Peggy had been across the room eavesdropping when her team had come up with that particular title to confuse the enemies. "Well, here's an easy one," she told the girls and proceeded to take her turn. First, she waved a frantic goodbye, then got down on her knees and began to row across the rug. She did it five times before someone guessed *Deported*.

Tony thought it was very funny. "That was so misleading, it makes you the best player on our side," he remarked. "You could have been deported to Mexico, you know, and that doesn't require a rowboat."

"Sure it does," said Peggy. "I was going by way of Bermuda."

Jerome followed Peggy. Douglas recognized the first two syllables as "super" and Jerome started to sew furiously. No one caught on, and he had to tell them. "Superstition Mountain," he explained.

Dick Long held his head in his hands. "That was changed to *Lust for Gold*," he moaned. "Sabotage."

The girls had better luck, when Anne enacted *Buccaneer's Girl*—her latest flick. But poor Douglas never had a chance. He was about to take the spotlight when he got a call from one of his neighbors. Someone was prowling around his apartment. He had to take time out to play cops-and-robbers—at home.

guess again . . .

And the charades? Well, that game really got out of hand. The kids decided on a new ruling. Whoever guessed the title first, would get to act out the next one.

For a while it seemed as if Barbara and Tony had a monopoly on right answers. Tony always knew Barbara's titles and vice versa. But finally Piper guessed the tough *Curtain Call at Cactus Creek*. Then she stumped the experts with *The Sleeping City*—Peggy Dow's in this new one.

The second word was a cinch. Piper curled up on the floor with her head on folded hands. "Sleep . . . sleeping?" cried Barbara.

Then Piper looked toward Mecca, or some such place. "See?" Anne shouted.

Next, Piper sat in a chair and pretended to drink tea. Somehow it always came out *Sleeping See Tea*.

Finally, Tony, who'd read the Universal-International production chart that day, got it. And so it went. After everyone had a turn—Barbara and Tony having had five turns apiece—they thought they'd try another game. The idea was for one person to go out of the room and let the rest of the group select a word. When the victim returned, he'd attempt to guess it.

Tony was elected. The word was a dilly. It was "naturally." Poor Tony. You've never seen anyone work so hard.

"Smoke a cigarette in the manner of the word," he commanded Dick Long. Dick smoked his cigarette—naturally.

It was a rugged beginning, but 10 minutes later—with a little help from Piper and Anne—Tony came through with flying colors.

Barbara volunteered next—and went into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. The word chosen was "accidentally." Barbara returned, coffee in hand, puzzled look on face. She asked Dick to smoke his cigarette again. He promptly dropped it.

Peggy offered sympathy and aid. She and Dick staged a short skit. "Now—the scene is laid at a party," explained Peggy.



**DRY SKIN!** "Before I started using Noxzema, my skin was very dry," says pretty Margaret Jeffrey. "Now my complexion looks so much softer, smoother! Noxzema is my regular night cream and beauty aid."

## LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

**Doctor develops new home beauty routine—helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests**

● If you want a more alluring complexion, if you've suffered from dry, rough skin,\*externally-caused blemishes or similar skin problems—here's news.

A noted Doctor has now developed a new home beauty routine. He found, in clinical tests, that a *greaseless* skin cream—famous Noxzema—has a gentle, *medicated* formula that helps heal such blemishes . . . helps supply a light film of oil-and-moisture to the skin's outer surface . . . helps your skin look softer, smoother, lovelier. Here's what you do:

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**Morning—1.** Apply Noxzema all over your face and with a damp cloth "creamwash" your face—just as you would with soap and water. Note how clean your skin looks and feels. **2.** After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

**Evening—3.** Before retiring, again "creamwash" your face. **4.** Now massage Noxzema into your face. Remember—it's greaseless. Pat a little extra over any blemishes\* to help heal them.

This new "Home Facial" actually helped 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests. The secret? First, Noxzema is a

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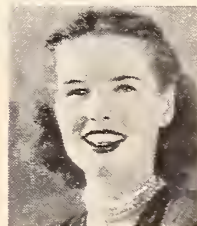
### Money Back If Not Satisfied

Try this Doctor's new Home Beauty Routine for 10 days. If you don't see a real improvement in your skin, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. That's how sure we are you will be wonderfully pleased with the results.



**Blemishes!\*** "I was troubled with annoying facial blemishes\*," says Dorothy Johnson. "My girl friend advised Noxzema. In a very short time it helped my skin look softer, clearer."

**Protective Cream!** "Ever since I've used Noxzema as my powder base I've found my dry skin looked so much softer and smoother. Noxzema's wonderful!" says Mary Proctor.



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She turned to Dick. "Hello, darling," she cooed.

A surprised look crossed her face. "Oh—I'm sorry. I thought you were someone I knew."

End of skit.

Sherlock Holmes Lawrence was deep in thought. "Something that shouldn't have happened," she concluded. Her face brightened. "Mistake?"

She was getting closer. Then she did it—spilled a spot of coffee on her skirt. "That's it," screamed Anne.

"It was an—an—well, what was it?" coaxed Piper.

"Gosh, it was an accident," Barbara said patiently. Came the dawn.

Tony, the perfect date, was very tactful. "Our reputation is being ruined," he suggested. "Let's go back to charades!"

Which they did. Lawrence and Curtis, Inc., went into a huddle. "Figure this one out," they challenged.

They escorted Dick to the piano; switched the lights off, then on again; and, while Dick played, began a jitterbug routine. Of course, the title was *Dancing In The Dark*, but nobody, least of all me, wanted to put a stop to the floorshow by guessing it. When it ended, Anne had still another idea. "How about some refreshments," she ventured—and almost got trampled in the rush to the table.

We were all rushing through the hall when the doorbell rang. It was Douglas—and what perfect timing! He hadn't found the prowler, and had decided to console himself with a sandwich or 10—which he had with him. You've never seen such a table. It was all but sagging from the weight of the food. I'm sure there was enough material for 20 Dagwoods.

Between bites, came conversation. Piper took a lot of teasing. That day a news

story had broken which claimed she'd been kissed some 549 times during screen tests to find a leading man for her first picture, *Louisa*. So Jerome kept wondering out loud if she'd like to play a game of post office. Piper declined, with thanks. "Now look," said Jerome. "Just because I'm *The Palomino*—I'm not a horse!"

Peggy and Anne got together in a discussion of long-lost mutual ambitions. At one time, they'd both wanted to become doctors. Peggy has a Bachelor of Science degree from Northwestern. And Anne was a pre-med student before she decided to become an actress.

I'm not much for medical terms, so I joined the group listening to Douglas Dick explain his beard. Seems he grew it to relieve the "between pictures" monotony. And presto, he found himself with a part on a television show—a t.v. producer spotted him sporting the whiskers and invited him to his office for an interview. "I need just your be-whiskered type for a role," Doug was told.

I looked around for Barbara and Tony. They were busy working out another charade. "Here's one you'll never guess."

"Oh, no!" said Peggy. "I've got an early call at the studio—and I need some sleep."

She and Dick started for the door. A half hour and six charades later, they made it.

The rest of us sat around watching Jerome and Tony do vaudeville routines, and having hysterics.

I was still laughing when I got back to the apartment. My roommate was up. "You don't look at all soaked in champagne," she commented.

"I'll take coffee and charades anytime," I said. And I was beaming—because at last I'd been to a Hollywood party and it was like I'd never left home! THE END



## a modern screen quiz

Bert Parks, the bright young m.c. of radio's Break the Bank quiz show—which comes over the NBC network every Wednesday night at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard time—has dreamed up these special questions about movies and movie stars for MODERN SCREEN readers. Test your movie knowledge with these brain teasers.

(Answers are on page 99)

1. What actress won an Academy Award in 1948 without speaking a word in her winning role?
2. What MGM feminine star used to work in Billy Rose's Aquacade?
3. What famous Hollywood celebrity has been a pearl fisherman, a boxer, and is still a "great lover?"
4. What anti-war movie won an Academy Award in 1929?
5. What movie was based upon an epic novel of the South? (Clark Gable starred in this one.)
6. What son of the actor who was known as "The Great Profile" made his screen debut recently in *The Sundowners*?

break  
the  
bank

by bert parks

## for girls only—by liz scott

(Continued from page 33) were terrible." He couldn't have shaken me more if he'd thrown a glass of ice water in my face. I stood staring at him a moment in hurt disbelief—then tore into what I like to think of as one of the greatest unwritten scenes in the history of theater.

"Why, you self-appointed poor man's George Jean Nathan!" I shrieked. "How dare you tell me I was terrible? You heard that applause, didn't you? What did you think it was for—your last Broadway flop? Why, you're so prejudiced, blind and stubborn you wouldn't admit a woman was good in a part if—if—if your own mother were playing herself in the story of your life! Maybe you think we should all go back to the kitchen! You're no friend or critic—you're an insulting snob!"

My friend bowed stiffly in my direction. "My opinion," he returned coolly, "remains unchanged. You've proved I was right. You were Sadie Thompson on stage. Now you're playing her off-stage." And he turned on his heel and left the room.

I stood there trembling with rage and let him walk right out of my life—simply because I had neither the intelligence nor the courage to take his sincere criticism.

Looking back on it now, I realize that scene was something I needed in order to grow—but the memory of it shamed and hurt me for months.

Later on, when I'd been on the screen about a year and a half, another man I liked and respected, a reporter, ambled onto the set. He waited for the assistant director to call lunch, and then he ushered me into my dressing room.

### a dressing-down . . .

"Scott," he said sternly, "sit down." I could tell by the look in his eye that he had something stern to tell me. "I'll take it standing up," I said.

"I've been hearing stories about you, kid," he said. "And I don't care for them at all. I think it's time somebody who likes you wised you up."

"Oh?" I said—and sat down.

"You're a very warm, friendly girl, Scott," he went on, "but you're alienating people by being so outspoken. I know that frankness is part of your nature—and I wouldn't have you change that part at all. But, for Pete's sake, I wish you'd put a bit in your teeth to keep from blurting out the first thought in your mind. Learn to think a situation through before you open your mouth—before you ever form an opinion!"

"When—— (he named an important female star) snubbed you on the lot the other day, you took it like a slap in the face. But did you stop to think why she snubbed you? Scott, I found out she'd just filed suit for divorce against her husband that morning. She wasn't snubbing you—she was too emotionally upset to even see you!"

"I'm going to hammer this idea into your head," he went on, "so you won't be hurt by the things people do to you—and so that you won't hurt them: Always remember there's a reason behind everything anyone says or does to you—a reason that usually has nothing to do with you as an individual."

"You know, you have to be like a prize-fighter," he continued earnestly. "I don't mean you have to approach everyone as a potential enemy. But just watch a boxer's technique. He doesn't come out of his corner swinging—he sizes up his opponent first. That's what you have to learn to do. In your dealings with the people you work with, you must take their different personalities into consideration. You can't

# ARE YOU A MODERN MOTHER in whom your daughter can confide?

GEE, MOM, IT'S SWELL TO  
BE ABLE TO DISCUSS THESE  
INTIMATE THINGS WITH YOU

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ALWAYS BEEN PALS?



*There's a womanly offense greater than bad breath or body odor*

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treat everyone the same way!"

That's probably the most important lesson in human relations I ever had. That dressing-down from my reportorial "Dutch uncle" made a much happier, better-adjusted girl out of me.

My first picture had been released only a few weeks when another man, a perfect stranger, gave my morale a large boost and convinced me for all time that individuality is a girl's most valuable personal-ity trait.

Lunching alone at a Hollywood restaurant one day, I suddenly remembered an important call I'd neglected to make earlier. There was no booth, so I used the telephone at the cashier's desk and stood with my back to the room. As I was about to put down the receiver, a man behind me said in puzzlement—"I know I've heard that voice somewhere before!"

I could have kissed him!

If my voice was the quality that made me so different from everyone else that he remembered it after my only screen appearance, then I was glad I'd made a pet of the frog in my throat!

Until I went to the Alvinne School of the Theater in New York, I never even realized I had a quality that could be classed as "individual." It wasn't until my third day in dramatics that one of the boys sitting near me turned and said, "I hope you don't mind my saying so—but I've never heard such a husky contralto before."

#### the golden gift . . .

There it was. It may seem strange to you that I hadn't been aware of my voice before that, but few people have the knack of hearing themselves as others hear them.

I'd been criticized before for a tendency to take on the qualities of people I associated with, for coming up from time to time with their inflections and mannerisms. Now I guarded my new-found individuality with loving care.

It was a real chore for a girl like me, with such a "quick ear," to keep the frog in my throat uninfluenced by my classmates' more highly-pitched voices; but I'm glad I took the time and trouble to develop, as I then did, that one characteristic that was peculiarly "me."

Nowadays, too many girls seem to be cut from one pattern. I'd much rather be identified as the girl with "the voice," "the look," or "the legs," than just as—"Oh, you know the one, the third secretary from the left as you enter the office."

One of the major studios recently was casting for an important film, and a close friend of mine showed up for an interview for a supporting role. She was one of six possibilities. The producer, a man well-known in film circles for his frankness, finally selected one of them for the part, and dismissed the other girls—including my friend. She was crushed but stayed behind long enough to ask the producer why he hadn't liked her test.

"Oh, I thought your test was splendid," he told her. "But, frankly, I thought you looked too much like every other young starlet in town. This part calls for individuality." . . .

I wasn't born with a silver-plated script in my hand; I've had to work hard to achieve any small bit of success. So I'm afraid that during a great deal of my Hollywood existence, I've taken myself much too seriously.

One of the nicest guys I've ever met, Victor Mature, is just the opposite; he takes nothing—and no one—seriously at all. And Vic is the man who taught me the most valuable lesson I've ever learned.

We made *Easy Living* together last year, and Vic seemingly dedicated himself to breaking me up before we did our scenes together. It was fun at first. But I've

never been what they call a "quick study." I pore over the script for hours, and work like a horse to get and sustain a required mood. So Vic's jokes were my undoing.

He can hurl himself into any emotion on a moment's notice, and his off-screen levity didn't throw his scenes off-key at all. But I had to beg off. I asked him nicely, sweetly, politely, if he would desist. "Hold your gags until after our scenes," I begged.

He did. For a couple of days. I was congratulating myself on having disciplined the undisciplinable Mr. Mature when, just before a tender and emotional love scene, he pulled another uproarious gag out of his personal joke book. He broke me up completely. But it wasn't until after the fifth take that anything was said.

Director Jacques Tourneur spoke up. "Liz," he said quietly but with great meaning, "you're not getting the feel of this scene at all. Put a little more tenderness into it—now, we'll try it again."

Then I had my say! I told Vic just what I thought of him. "You've made me look like a fool." I wound up, "just for laughs!"

Victor, Mr. Tourneur and I parted coolly at six o'clock.

The next morning, after a very chilly day of shooting, I joined them and the rest of the cast in the projection room to view the previous day's scenes. It was painful to watch all five takes of that one, agonizingly awful scene. The fifth take was even worse than the first.

Then I sat up, puzzled, as a huge head close-up of me flashed on the screen. It took me a couple of seconds to realize what was happening—even after the rest of the "audience" began whooping with laughter. Then, I had to throw my head back and howl right along with them. For there on the screen, blown up out of all proportion, was Elizabeth Scott, screen star, being outraged and hurt and—worst of all—just too righteous for words!

While Victor and Jacques, those manic master minds, had maneuvered me into making a darned fool of myself, the cameraman had gleefully kept on grinding!

And, believe me, if you ever want to see what a silly and pompous ass you can be, have someone blow up your angry face twenty times larger than life and make you look at it! If you don't learn from that to laugh at yourself, you're a lost cause.

In one way, a job in Hollywood is like a job anywhere—it takes a sense of humor to get you over the rough spots. And when that humor can be refined to the point where you can laugh loud and lustily at yourself and your failings, then no problem can ever get too tough to beat.

I'm grateful to the man who taught me that—as I am to the men in my life who've otherwise contributed to the education of Elizabeth Scott. And believe me—I'm still an eager student!

THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"You can't possibly be any more curious about how it all ends than I am . . . I wrote the book."

## colleen's flight from hollywood

(Continued from page 24) came to her in the form of a simple realization: She could not go any further working for Christ—or at least it would be difficult—without more training. She wanted to be more effective when she visited missions and jail camps, when she accompanied other workers in special deputations to churches all around Los Angeles. When those she sought to convert asked questions, she wanted to be able to answer them without having to turn to others to help her. And more than anything else, this was the work she wanted to do.

"Why?" asked a friend. "You've been in pictures only three years, you're just getting recognized. Isn't it exciting enough? Don't you like it?"

"I do," replied Colleen. "I love acting. But I find it just as exciting, and much more satisfying, to talk to a person about his life and the way he can come to God. It is more real than acting; it is truth itself."

Colleen has a saying which most of her friends have heard her quote: "You don't know what your future holds, but you know the One who holds your future." And so, as she reports it, "I began to discuss my problem with Him Whom I reach through prayer."

When her decision was made, the first person she told about it was her mother, Mrs. Stella Wilhelm. Her mother had made no comment at all up to that time, although she had long surmised what was in Colleen's mind—or, more accurately perhaps, what was in her heart. Mrs. Wilhelm had known because, ever since Colleen had taken on active church work when she left Brigham Young University for a studio contract, her love for it had been apparent. Also, though Colleen began making a lot of money, she didn't change her mode of life in any manner, and indulged in no extravagances. Save for buying a car to get her around, she lived exactly as before and banked her money. It is this money that is going to pay for the completion of Colleen's college course, majoring in Church doctrines and religious philosophy.

### her own choice . . .

"I'm glad," her mother said to Colleen when told of her plan. "I didn't want to confuse you by saying anything beforehand."

Colleen's step-father, James Wilhelm, who operates a filling station in Beverly Hills, smiled his acceptance of her decision. Colleen, who calls him "Jimbo" (he calls her "Cokey," as do all her friends), thinks he is the easiest-going man she has ever known in her life. He has treated her as his own daughter ever since he married her mother, but without presuming to impart any parental advice—implying in this manner a respect for her judgment that Colleen feels has done wonders for her.

There was one more person who would be importantly affected by what Colleen had chosen to do—her agent, Mel Shauer. He had labored long to help her to get to prominence in Hollywood, and now, just as they were both succeeding, she was going to quit. But there were no cries of pain from him.

"How could I say anything?" he has commented. "There never was a client like Colleen. Never a complaint from her about the parts I got her—she took whatever I did with a grateful smile. She set me an example I'm glad to follow now. With me, her personal happiness comes before her career."

As soon as Colleen told him what was on her mind, he accompanied her to the

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20th Century-Fox office and made arrangements for her to step out of her contract.

These were the people to whom she went. There were many who came to her, or wrote. Dan Dailey looked her up in the studio when he heard about it. "I'm sorry because I thought we were going to make another picture together," he said. "But I'm glad you're going to do what you want."

Kay Kyser wrote her immediately, wishing her the happiness he knew would be hers in her new work. Lew Ayres had to phone right away and tell her that there was no more important side to life than the spiritual. Jane Russell, one of her best friends, said again what she's always told Colleen many times before, "If it's right for you—it's right." And Portia Nelson, who sings sophisticated songs in night clubs, wanted to know if Colleen had a good Bible. Colleen did—but Portia expressed her sentiments by giving her another one, big and leather-bound.

There was another man who made it his business to come and see her—the head of one of the largest chains of department stores in the country. He offered financial help in any religious or welfare work Colleen would like to start. "You go ahead with it," he said. "I'll back you."

It was something to think about . . . but she decided against it because it meant either postponing or foregoing the education she felt she needed to best prepare herself for her work. And since it was this feeling that had originally led to her decision, she thought it wrong to deviate from her plans now. She prayed quickly for confirmation and got it.

"Thank you," she replied to the department-store man. "I don't know enough about what is needed to be able to accept such an offer now. When I do, I will come to you."

Colleen's praying is, as she puts it, a sort of "talking to God." She actually talks—as if putting a question to someone she is with. She may pray for quite ordinary things—and do it simply and without stopping whatever activity she is engaged in at the moment. She will quickly pray if someone asks her to—and her ready, guileless compliance usually silences anyone who is tastelessly trying to kid her about it.

### voice from within . . .

When Colleen prays, or "talks," she hears no answering voice in her ears—but she does feel a Presence and senses an answer. Many people argue with themselves and are aware of inner promptings. Such promptings are what she receives, but with them a conviction that they come from Him.

One night, while still working on *When Willie Comes Marching Home*, Colleen attended a prayer meeting in Westwood. Leaving late, she was driving home fast on Sunset Boulevard, because she had an early picture call at the studio, when something urged her to slow down. She obeyed and as soon as her speed abated a tire went flat. As she came to a stop, a cab driver ran across the street to her and offered to fix the tire. Nearby stood a little old man waiting for a bus.

The tire was soon fixed. Colleen paid the driver and started off again. Almost immediately she seemed to sense the Presence and became conscious of a prompting to go back and "witness" to the cab driver and the old man—to tell them what Christ had done for her in warning her to slow down and to ask them if she could not help them to accept Him.

"Oh, no!" she replied, talking aloud. "I'm late and I have to get up early. And besides, I hate to go up to strangers and talk like that. How absurd I would look!"

But the feeling that she should return persisted and there was no denying it. Colleen turned her car around and drove back. Just as she approached the same corner, the cab driver jumped in his cab and drove away. Before Colleen had brought her car to a stop, the bus came along and the little old man had hopped on in.

In that moment the parable of Abraham, whom God directed to sacrifice his only son, Isaac, came to her mind. Abraham desisted at first, then finally climbed the mountain with Isaac. But no sacrifice was necessary. God was only trying him out. God—as Colleen interpreted this minor experience of hers—had only been trying her out.

Colleen readily admits that often she seemingly prays in vain. Nothing happens, a problem is not solved. "But through having to face the problem I get strength," she points out. "I may have been lacking in something, and this way I get it. Whatever it is—strength, faith, love—I get it. It is the long-range benefit of prayer."

### final fling . . .

Her last picture at 20th Century-Fox, *When Willie Comes Marching Home*, will not be the last picture in Colleen's career. This summer, while waiting for the beginning of the fall semester at college, she will work as an independent star in several religious pictures, one of them for the Protestant Film Commission. She may even take a theatrical role if it can be over by school time. But after that, the acting days of the blue-eyed, dark-haired beauty, who had only to walk along a downtown Los Angeles street as a 15-year-old girl to be discovered by the show world, will be over.

It was a talent scout for a television station who first brought Colleen to professional attention. But the world in which she was really interested, the spiritual world, needed no talent scout, no special emissary, to win her over. The call came from within her, she knows not how exactly, and has grown stronger over the past few years.

Her mother was a churchgoer but not what is known as a strong or ardent one—still isn't, in fact. There was no special religious background to Colleen's life, no relatives in the ministry or in mission work. As one friend has commented, "She directed her own footsteps towards Christ to begin with—and has kept them headed that way by herself ever since."

Colleen says definitely she will not become a minister when she finishes her course in religious instruction; rather she feels she will turn to Christian education or mission work among the underprivileged—mainly the young. She is quite sure she will marry—"and raise a large family"—and she is very sure the man she marries will be a militant follower of Christ.

"The Lord guides my affections and desires," she says. "He won't let me fall in love with anyone who would place anything else before the church. He will pick the boy for me, I know."

The boys who call Colleen now, and those who take her out, find her a pleasant and entertaining companion—but also a girl for whom night clubs and drinking parties have no attraction. Often when someone calls for a date Colleen will reply that she is on her way to a church meeting—as she generally is. Hollywood being the way it is, this generally stumps the boys. One lad replied, "Well, I won't go along, but when you get to run your own Sunday School I'll certainly send my children."

Colleen thanked him. She really liked the idea. THE END

## heartbreak for sinatra?

(Continued from page 27) may have heard to the contrary, Frank's primary interest in life is to make his family happy. When Nancy told him she'd be happier with a separation, he agreed to try it. There would be a simple joint announcement to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sinatra "have mutually decided to separate for a brief period until such time as they can work out a satisfactory solution to their marital problems."

What happened instead is typical of Hollywood. Nancy went to her lawyer, Arnold Grant. Mr. Grant got in touch with a press agent named Arthur Jacobs. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Jacobs distributed to the press the following statement, purportedly from Nancy: "Unfortunately, my married life with Frank has become most unhappy. We have therefore separated. I have requested my attorney, Arnold M. Grant of the firm of Weisman, Grant and Jaffe, to attempt to work out a property settlement. I do not contemplate divorce proceedings in the foreseeable future."

When reporters then besieged Frank for a statement, this supposedly emotional firebrand was his usual calm self. "After 11 years of marriage," he muttered, "all I can say is that it's a shame we have to part."

That's all he said—but in that sentence he covered his entire marital life.

A girl reporter who'd been present came out with a remark that gave much food for thought. "In 11 years," she said, "Frank worked his way up from a \$15-a-week job to a point where he could give his wife three beautiful homes, cars, furs, swimming pools, three fine kids and all the help and money she wants—and she's unhappy. I wish I were that unhappy."

he could've been a bum . . .

Nancy Sinatra is a fine, sweet girl and a wonderful mother, but friends who know her well have declared over and over that she has never quite understood the miracle of Frank Sinatra. And the miracle is that today this man is a successful and popular actor, an all-time-great singer in the field of popular songs, a man of wealth and position; whereas by background and environment, Frank Sinatra well might have been a criminal, a hoodlum.

The fact that he isn't is a tribute to his character, his will power, his instinct to do good, and his unshakable integrity. That's pretty high-sounding. But here's the proof.

Frank was raised in Hoboken, New Jersey. The street was a slum. The tenement in which he lived was one of the slummiest. He lived with his parents, Italian immigrants, in a four-room flat that rented for \$14 a month. The only heat came from the kitchen stove. The toilet was a community project out in the hall.

When Frank was 10, one of his sweet refined playmates broke a Coca-Cola bottle across his nose. When he was 11, his skull was creased with a chunk of lead pipe. In order to get spending money, he and his pals used to steal building supplies out of condemned buildings. When he was 12, he stole a bathtub with two other kids—that brought them all of 60 cents.

He was raised in a breeding ground for criminals. He used to play hookey from school for 30 days at a time. His father, who worked as a steamfitter in a shipyard, could give him little parental supervision.

Of the kids he played with, one has already been electrocuted for murder, another is doing life for killing his wife, and a third is serving 15 years.

In brief, Frank Sinatra had no advantages. He is a self-made man. Everything he has, he earned—earned by singing his guts out, by getting to the top after years

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of being kicked around, insulted, pilloried, rebuffed, but all the time trying, working, singing and sweating.

You don't read about it in his biography, because the studio thinks it's too tough. but when Frank left Demarest High School in Jersey, he went to work in a shipyard as an ironworker's helper. They paid him 40 cents an hour; he weighed 95 pounds. and his job was to carry tools and heavy metal. On several occasions, it was thought he had ruptured himself. Whether he had or hadn't, no one seemed to care.

Then, when he was 16, love came into the barren, dog-eat-dog, slum existence of this thin, bony-faced, unloved and unloving young boy.

His Aunt Jo invited him to her house at Long Branch. In the house across the street from Aunt Jo, there lived a girl named Nancy Barbato. Her father was a contractor.

Frank said "Hi" to this little dark-haired girl one day—the first girl he'd ever known. the first girl he ever met socially—and there came over him a wonderful feeling. "She was the first person I felt I could love," he has told friends.

Frank was married to Nancy Barbato when he was 20. He had no youth. That's the all-important point to remember. He became an adult at the age of 10 when he stole lead pipe to buy himself an ice-cream cone. He met one girl and he married her.

was it a mistake? . . .

Sociologists and marriage experts say this sort of thing is a great mistake. Boys and girls should date frequently before they decide on a life mate. If they don't, the chances are that they will do so after marriage, because they will then feel that marriage has robbed them of companionship and the carefree dating they should have known previously.

But Frank never went to college, and he didn't know sociology. All he knew was that he loved Nancy and wanted her; so wanting her he married her, and not very long after, she gave birth to little Nancy. There was Frank, all of 21, saddled with the responsibility of supporting a family.

There's little point here in going into his fabulous singing career. The one fact to bear in mind, however, is that whatever money he earned went for his wife and children and parents.

First, he bought a house in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey; then he bought Nancy a fur coat; then he bought his parents a house and himself a car. When he moved West and began to star in pictures, he bought a handsome home in Toluca Lake. When Nancy got tired of Toluca Lake, he bought another home in Holmby Hills.

Sinatra has always been generous to a fault. You'll read about his escapades in the newspapers, but what newspaper has ever carried the story of Mildred Bailey and Frank?

Never heard of it? Well, Mildred was one of the great singers of popular music. A few years ago, she became desperately ill in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. She lay there, neglected and dying. Frank and songwriter Jimmy Van Heusen had her sent to a hospital and given the best medical care possible. After she recovered, Frank saw to it that she was brought out to California and the mild climate. To date, he's spent more than \$5,000 on Mildred.

Ever read a word about it? Never.

There's a little fellow by the name of Frankie Dranda. Used to go to school with Frank in Jersey. Has no folks or anything. Frank brought him out West and put him on his payroll. A few weeks ago, Dranda came down with appendicitis. Sinatra sent him to St. John's Hospital, had his own doctor perform the operation. Cost to Sinatra: \$2500.

Several years ago, the high-school kids in Gary, Indiana, went out on strike. stayed away for 30 days. It was a political mess. The Mayor and the Governor called Frank. He gave an anti-prejudice talk. The kids knew he meant it. He'd been the victim of some pretty rotten prejudices himself. Three days later, they returned.

In Banning, California, there's an orphanage, St. Boniface's. It looks after abandoned Mexican and Indian children. It's a poor, out-of-the-way orphanage. Frank learned that the place had no stove. He bought an \$1,100 stove from Kalamazoo, the biggest hotel stove he could buy. It was so large, it couldn't fit into the orphanage, so the Brothers got together and staged a huge raffle. The raffle brought in \$6,000 and the Orphanage had enough money for several stoves of its own. Every year, Frank sends St. Boniface's about \$500 worth of toys. Ever read about that? No.

Frank Sinatra is not the most wonderful, self-effacing person an earth. He's a mortal man like the rest of us. He has his allotment of wild oats to sow, and he's sowed most of them.

But fundamentally, this is a good, kind, charitable guy. Don't let anyone tell you differently. This man's virtues have mostly gone untold. If you look back on the women in his life, you'll find that what attracted him most was the fact that they were in trouble, and he wanted to help.

He became Lana Turner's friend when she was disillusioned, heartbroken, and embittered. He came to her with help and advice and friendship. Hollywood being what it is, the community refused to believe that the relationship was platonic. It was built into a big romance, and the next thing any of us knew—Frank was living apart from Nancy.

But then what happened? Lana got married to Bob Topping. And people never said, "Maybe we were wrong about Frank and Lana." Human nature doesn't work that way. Neither does gossip—those affected and waylaid by it, suffer—those who can recover, go on.

Frank went on. He and Nancy reconciled.

Now, at this writing—it's Ava Gardner. Again, the Grand Romance. Ava is so mixed-up at the moment, it's not even funny. She's afraid of men, afraid of falling in love; afraid that she will suffer what she suffered while in love with Artie Shaw.

And perhaps Nancy has still to understand that this former boy of the streets has a sort of greatness—of which she is part, the inspirational part.

Maybe she'll understand something further—something Frank himself must sadly understand by this time. And this is that the price of eminence in life is heartache—sometimes, indeed, heartbreak.

THE END

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



Dailey." Her escort went over and asked Dan Dailey if it might be arranged. He was glad to oblige and posed with her. I never saw a happier person than she.

One evening while at the Copacabana in New York, I noticed Dan Dailey sitting a few tables away from me. Nearby I heard a girl say, "Gee, it would make my birthday complete, if I could take a picture with Dan

Olga Havelock  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Dated....., 1950

Signature of head of family.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Occupation..... Age..... Birth.....

## no time for love

(Continued from page 43) won an Academy nomination two seasons later for *Mildred Pierce*. Since then, Ann's piled up a dozen hit movie jobs. Now, at 21, she finds herself the undisputed queen of Universal-International and one of Hollywood's very best bets for a marathon stardom.

Along that professional path to fame, Ann Blyth has had more than her share of rocky going, including scattered schooling, shattering Hollywood disappointments, a broken back and, in her teens, watching her adored mother die.

She's earned her own living since she was 12. She bought the first house she ever lived in and fixed it over, survived four nasty automobile accidents, traveled 150,000 miles playing scores of benefits for church schools, t.b. camps and veterans' hospitals. She's worked devoutly at her religion and for her church, served energetically as mayor of Toluca Lake, where she lives, and learned to bake terrific but unpredictable blueberry muffins.

About the only thing she hasn't done is fall in love—not once.

And that's why Hollywood just can't figure out Ann Blyth. That's why she's its prettiest picture puzzle on two trim feet, and a curiosity in a place where you see all kinds of strange things ambling around.

**nobody's sweetheart now . . .**

Annie baffles the most brashly inquisitive community in the world by staying out of love, out of the gossip columns, out of nightclubs, out of easy-come-easy-go engagements and marriage—which in the Hollywood book are what prove you're a grown-up woman of the movie world.

But she hasn't a sweetheart. Yet, if lovely Ann is in love with nobody, you certainly can't twist that one around. For everybody's in love with her. She's the darling of a rugged business which ordinarily shuffles pretty young actresses callously around like so many playing cards.

"Ann has more guardian angels than any girl this side of Heaven," says Bob Cummings, who's on that privileged flying squadron, along with Bing Crosby, Sam Goldwyn, Barry Fitzgerald, Nunnally Johnson, William Powell and practically everyone, great or small, who has ever been exposed to Annie.

"If any Hollywood wolf ever even got fresh with Ann," thinks Dan Duryea, "he'd get run out of town, or maybe murdered!"

Rules, business or otherwise, simply melt the minute they bump up against the warming, disarming Irish miss with the gentle manner and winning ways. When Ann was making *Free For All*, she fell hard for a helicopter they used in some scenes. The whirligig was parked on a hill overlooking the U-I lot and there were ironclad orders from the studio chiefs: No one at no time for no reason—no sir—was to ride in that buggy. Everyone wanted to, of course—particularly Ann. She has no more guile than a goldfish, but she doesn't need it. To get her ride, Ann simply went up to Jim Pratt, production head, and said, "I'd really like a ride, Mr. Pratt. I really would."

That did it. Next lunch break, Annie was whirling through the skies with the delighted pilot, cruising over the San Fernando Valley and dipping down at her own roof to thrill Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat, with whom she lives. Jim Pratt doesn't know yet how he happened to say yes. "For Ann," he thinks, "it's just different."

The truth is, Ann Blyth is different. She's different, because in a hardboiled, unreal world she's stayed soft yet successful and very, very real. How come?

The reasons are that Ann is dedicated

to three faiths: to her faith in herself and her future, to the faith her mother had in her, and to the faith of her church, which is a living part of her every day. She's been that way almost since babyhood.

Ann Marie Kathleen Assumpta Blyth was born in Mount Kisco, New York, on August 16, 1928. She was in a hurry then to get going, as she's been ever since, because she picked four o'clock in the morning to make her entrance and her mother made it to the Westchester hospital in the nick of time.

When Ann was a mere baby, the responsibility of raising the two daughters fell upon her mother, Nan Blyth. It meant she had to toil at tough New York jobs endlessly, doing sewing and laundry and dressing hair. But Dublin-born Nan Lynch wasn't the kind of girl to shirk responsibility.

Nor was she one to overlook any talent a child of hers might have. Right away she saw the talent in Ann—not the prettier of her two daughters, for Dorothy was and still is that—but obviously the one with the golden gift.

"I was a show-off," Ann confesses. "I was always putting on Mother's dresses and singing, dancing or trying out some kind of an act—even before I knew what an act was." These amateur theatricals began in the cramped fourth-floor flat on 49th Street near the East River in New York City that she first remembers as home, and were continued in her next apartment home on 49th near Second Avenue.

Everyone who saw her, including the sisters at St. Patrick's School where she went, thought Ann was one terrific tot. Especially did her mother's sister, Catherine, and her husband, Pat Tobin. It was out on their Mount Kisco farm that Ann spent all her summers and holidays. Aunt Catherine—or "Cis," as she's called—reminded her sister that the Lynches had been Irish story-tellers from away back and that some of the Lynch girls had won national prizes at piping and the Irish dances. Everybody agreed Ann must be an actress—especially Ann. "I wasn't backward about it at all," she says. "I may look it—but my record proves I'm not a shrinking violet."

She certainly wasn't the day she bucked up against 40-odd show-sharp moppets for a kiddie audition on WJZ. Yet, being no smart-alec brat projecting her personality precociously about the room, Ann looked the least likely to succeed. She simply didn't know how to slap on a phony act. (She still doesn't.) She just got up and beamed her Blyth smile and sang a Shirley Temple ditty—"The Codfish Ball," Ann thinks it was—and she got the job. She also got her picture in *Billboard*, the entertainment-world trade magazine, along



### HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Word comes from Olivia de Havilland's studio that she's caught the biggest swordfish of the season on one of her weekly deep-sea fishing jaunts. Imagine landing the biggest fish and Jimmy Stewart in the same season.

—April, 1940, *Modern Screen*

with the prediction, "This child will go far."

She had so many singing jobs right after that along Manhattan's radio row that her proud mom knew there was only one thing to do, whether she could afford it or not. She trotted Annie right into Ned Wayburn's famous talent-training school, where pictures of ex-pupils like Eddie Cantor and Fred Astaire beamed from the wall. To pay the fee, she worked twice as hard, and Uncle Pat and Cis helped on the tuition. Those are things Ann doesn't forget now that her mother is gone to her reward, and she's carrying on with Cis and Pat, the dream they all fostered.

At Wayburn's Ann bore down on dancing and singing (she had a contralto then and, now that she's grown up, it's soprano). Before she knew it, she was warbling away in the San Carlos Children's Opera at the Center Theater, the while boning up on dramatics. Soon thereafter she was playing kid dramatic parts on the radio and switching to the Children's Professional School, where she could skip classes for jobs and still carry on her lessons. That's where Fate yanked her one fine day right to a Broadway hit—and a through ticket to Hollywood.

Ann, dressed in a jumper and blouse, was filling up on chop suey in the cafeteria one noon when a teacher tapped her on the shoulder and whispered, "There's a big Broadway producer who'd like to see you." His name was Herman Shumlin, a very big one indeed, and he said he had a new play with a part he'd like Ann to read for him. All he'd done, Ann found out later, was walk in, look around the room and point to Annie pronto.

it's a long road . . .

She had her first dramatic reading, nabbed the part and was off to the races in *Watch on the Rhine* as Paul Lukas' daughter. It ran 11 months at the Martin Beck on Broadway and nine more on the road, including a command performance in Washington for President Roosevelt at the White House. When Ann's road tour took her to Los Angeles, a Hollywood director named Henry Koster saw her there. Before she left town Ann took a bus out to Universal City, calmly played a monologue from *Peg o' My Heart* for a Koster test, and hopped the bus back to her hotel. Then the chase began.

By the time Joe Pasternak, Henry Koster and other Universal big wheels got around to viewing Ann's test and picking her for Hollywood with one fast look, Ann was gone. They almost caught her in Arizona, just missed her in Oklahoma, trailed her through Chicago and Detroit and finally caught up with her in Birmingham, Alabama, bedded down with a cold. "I had a sore throat, a red nose and a bark like an airedale," says Ann. "But I got well pretty fast when I saw the contract."

When Ann stepped off the streamliner in Hollywood she was 14 years old and swelled with high hopes and bright promises. She got deflated fairly fast.

First off, there wasn't any place to stay in war-jammed Hollywood and she had to jump between five-day rooms in hotels. Then at the studio, to her dismay, she discovered both Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster had departed U-I for MGM, and the grooming she'd understood she was in for, to take over grown-up Deanna Durbin's girlish place, was out. Pasternak and Koster were the wonder-workers for Deanna, as everyone knows. There wasn't anything for a girl Ann's age left to do. It made her impatient—and when there finally was, it was as a colorless, nice girl in those snappy, gee-whiz, adolescent musicals Donald O'Connor used to make with Peggy Ryan. Ann did three of them, but she wasn't happy—she or her mother

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# Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

It's a fact! More women than men listen to mystery shows on the radio . . . which just proves that we girls really know a good thing! But it's no mystery to me that American Broadcasting Company programs lead the ladies' lists of "preferred" spinetings.

Right through the week chills and thrills come thick and fast via your local ABC station with mysteries and adventures sponsored by alert advertisers who know we've a sweet tooth for sleuthing! For instance, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 PM (ET) DAVID HARDING, chief of the Counter-Spies, keynotes dashing adventures on "COUNTER-SPY," sponsored by Pepsi-Cola.

The mood of mystery is maintained on Wednesdays at 8:30 PM (ET) when MARTIN GABEL recounts amazing tales culled from "THE CASEBOOK OF GREGORY HOOD." Hard on HOOD's heels is my favorite man of mystery fiction, the bard of Baker Street, with "THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES." The great SHERLOCK unlocks the doors to his famous detective domain at 9:00 PM (ET) for Petri Wines.

Friday, of course, is the night of nights for nifty, top-notch shows . . . with three thrillers, interspersed with a half-hour of comedy—our good friends OZZIE AND HARRIET, heard at 9:00 PM (ET). The prize-winning parade leads off with Norwich Pharmacal's "THE FAT MAN," the corpulent contender to the helm of the crime realm. Following the portly private-eye is one of the great radio programs of our time (and not really a "mystery") . . . "THIS IS YOUR F.B.I.," an exciting and authentic dramatization of cases from the official files of the F.B.I. This dynamic documentary is sponsored by the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U.S. At 9:30 PM (ET) "THE SHERIFF" winds up mystery-filled Fridays as he pursues hunted hombies relying on modern methods—rather than old-fashioned, shooting-tooting tactics. "THE SHERIFF" is sponsored by the Pacific Coast Borax Company.

Secret missions to far away places make "CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN" stimulating fare at 7:30 PM (ET) on Saturday nights. Yes ma'am, when it comes to suspenseful listening and high adventure, intrigue and romance . . . CHANDU is the man for you—and me!

Off-the-cuff-crime-stuff:

From coast-to-coast the girls all agree

The great mystery shows are on ABC!!

Joan Lansing

either. Their eyes had always been on higher things for the golden gift. And after all, hadn't New York critics tagged Ann Blyth as one of the season's finest young actresses in *Watch on the Rhine*?

She began to think everyone had forgotten about that until that prize part in *Mildred Pierce* came her way.

Ann bucked at least a dozen other young stars far better known than she was, but Joan Crawford made Ann's test with her in person and—well, Blyth is tough competition when she's made up her mind. Joan told her after she'd played her trial scenes for that Crawford Academy Award comeback, "I wouldn't bet on who'll come out on top in this one, you or me."

Curiously enough, the part that won Ann her first important Hollywood fame was playing an ungrateful daughter—certainly the opposite to what Ann Blyth was in real life. In fact, the thing she's most thankful for today is that her mother lived to see her sacrifices and devoted faith in her daughter justified, almost crowned with Hollywood's highest honor. She died not long after *Mildred Pierce*. Not long after, too, Ann had her own tragic crack-up.

Ann was only a few days into *Danger Signal* (appropriately titled) when she drove up to Snow Valley in the mountains on a day off to show the wonders of California to some visiting New York friends. It was April and the snow was mighty thin. Tobogganning down a mountain side, they slammed into an exposed hunk of granite. The next thing Ann knew, she was lying face down in the snow and it felt as if her legs would never move. They did—enough to carry her to the cabin where her mom was—and even though she could have screamed with pain, she rode in the car down to a San Bernardino doctor. He told her right away what was the matter: She had a broken back.

They kept Ann in a plaster cast for seven months, and in a brace seven more after that. She lost out on *Danger Signal*, of course, and her extra-picture contract at Warners was canceled. But no one has ever accused Ann Blyth of feeling sorry for herself. While she knew she couldn't act in a cast, she could graduate from high school—and she made up her mind to. Soon as she was propped up in bed, Gladys Hoene, her studio teacher, came out three times a week. Ann worked, and she prayed to get well, and she graduated right along with her class in a wheelchair at University High, with her mom in the audience.

spunk of the irish . . .

Ann's pretty proud of the diploma that hangs on her wall at home today—also the discarded cast, still out in her garage and scribbled with autographs of the hundreds of Hollywood friends who pulled for her to get well. She didn't miss the preview of *Mildred Pierce* either, although she had to see that triumph lumpily in her cast with the biggest dress she owned—a corduroy jumper—squeezed over it.

That spirit and courage to carry on, no matter what, has never deserted Ann. Her mother was dying when Ann made her comeback, stepping from her back brace right on to the set of *Swell Guy*. Even though Ann disappeared into her dressing-room between scenes for her tears, she had them dried when she came out to work again, smiling bravely. That loss left Ann all alone at 18 to carry on the high aim her mother had set for her.

Ann hasn't failed her. Through a string of swell performances in *Another Part of the Forest*, *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid*, *Top o' the Morning*, *Once More*, *My Darling* and *Our Very Own*, she's

climbed steadily to the top in a manner that would have made Nan Lynch mighty proud of her girl. She'd be just as proud, too, of the spunky way Ann has met her disappointments. But more than of Ann's movie maturity, she'd be proud of the widely-respected, worthwhile young woman her daughter has made of herself in the confusing world of Hollywood—without guidance in the years when a girl needs a mother most.

Of course, Ann has had Uncle Pat and Aunt Cis, who came out from New York before Mrs. Blyth died to make a home for Ann. They live with her today in the little white house out in the Valley with shamrocks cut on the entrance gate. "It's the first home I've ever had," says Ann wistfully, which explains why she loves it so much. She found it herself, drably decorated inside, and covered with gloomy vines, but it had "possibilities"—and the price was right. Ann sewed the draperies, pitched in on the painting, papering and general brightening-up. Today it's cozy and warm with all the family things from Ireland that Pat and Cis have hoarded along with sentimental Ann's personal treasures—Christmas cards stacked high from seasons past, all her play-scripts and movie-scripts, the jumper she wore when Herman Shumlin spied her, programs of her kiddie radio and opera shows, and the *Watch on the Rhine* scrapbook—of course. Even her sturdy cast, back brace and the bone sliver out of her baby arm! "I'm a pack rat," explains Ann. "I'd like to save everything that ever meant anything to my life, and I almost have."

the power of prayer . . .

On her wrist she still wears the watch Uncle Pat gave her when she graduated from high school. And always around her neck is her guardian holy medal. The only time it came off was when Ann crashed on her toboggan ride. Even then as she dropped her numbed hand into the snow, it touched the medal, and she clutched it to her and prayed. She's sure that's what kept her from being crippled or worse.

Ann's faith in her religion is a working faith. No girl in Hollywood pitches more than Ann for charities and causes. The Producers' Association calls her, "Hollywood's Number One Good Will Girl." Not long ago the Mayor of Vallejo, a Northern California city where she'd gone to help put over a Navy Day rally, told Ann, "If you are a representative of Hollywood, Miss Blyth, they've got a mighty fine city down there!" That's the impression Annie makes wherever she goes, working hard and giving of herself unstintingly.

She's Father Pat Peyton's ace-in-the-hole for radio's Family Theater, on which she's played, free of course, more than any other star in town. In fact, it was pinch-hitting on that religious radio show one night, when another actress was sick that Ann met Bing Crosby and Bing felt for both her voice and her wonderful face. The next day he called to ask if she'd consider playing his leading lady in *Top o' the Morning*—so Ann knows that, as the variation on the Biblical saying has it, the bread she casts on the waters comes back buttered.

But that's not why Ann does it. Her real reward is knowing she's helping others as hard-pressed as she and her mother once were. Her only regret is that "there's not enough of me to help more." She's convinced there's an obligation tacked to her fame.

Even when Ann got appointed honorar mayor of Toluca Lake—ordinarily one of those semi-joke jobs which lots of stars have had—she took it dead seriously and

did something about it. Mayor Annie started a campaign to beautify Toluca's streets, organized a get-together for business men of surrounding Valley communities, started a get-acquainted movement for Toluca citizens and promoted a community square dance, roping off the streets and enlisting every movie star for miles around, including busy Bob Hope, to put over the festivity. When she walks down the streets of her home town now and the kids yell, "Hi Mayor," they mean it. What was once purely a publicity honor, Ann made a real office.

That's typical of Ann Blyth and everything she touches. The golden gift in Annie's case is more than a talent for playing parts. She's brought it right into her private life. And maybe that's why she hasn't time for heart affairs and Hollywood romance. She's too busy making good the promises she vowed to herself, to her mother's memory and to her religion. She's too urgently anxious to be someone important to herself and to the thousands of people her fortunate fame can help. She's convinced none of this could have happened but for Something beyond the power of just one little girl, and she's determined to repay in kind and in kindness.

Since having her own home, Anne's learned to sew and knit and cook and she has Aunt Cis teaching her all the family recipes, especially puddings and desserts and her favorite blueberry muffins. She's saving her money thriftily, drives a small car (which gets smashed up fairly often because she's the worst or the unluckiest driver on wheels), and is socking her savings away regularly to give herself, Aunt Cis and Pat a trip to Ireland.

Ann does hope to fall in love someday, get married and have kids. But right now Ann's escorts around town are all on a strictly friendship basis. Boys like Roddy McDowall, Dick Long and Lon McCallister take her out most often, and half the time she calls to ask them to beau her to this and that, with no shy feelings whatsoever because, in her friendship with them, there's nary a heart flutter. She loves to get dressed, with French perfume and gold jewelry, and go dancing—the Cocoanut Grove's her favorite in Hollywood—but she doesn't smoke or drink. She had her first sip of champagne last August on her 21st birthday.

She had a grand time then—but after it was over and the guests had gone, Aunt Cis noted that Ann ran to her room and had a good cry. Whether it was the wistful feeling a girl gets when she passes that adult milestone and realizes girlhood's behind her, or whether it was a sign she felt lonely facing the grown-up world without someone to hold her hand, no one but Ann Blyth will ever know. She doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve.

But the general conviction around Hollywood is that while Ann Blyth's heart is not the hasty kind, it's no less warm because she hides it deep inside herself until the right and ripe time to give it. When that happens—well, a wise young married friend of Ann's predicts: "If Ann ever falls in love and discovers what she's been missing, you'll find a very different Ann Blyth from then on."

In one way, all who know her long for that to happen to Ann. In another way, they don't. They'd hate to see her change. The thing is, everyone loves Annie just the way she is. THE END

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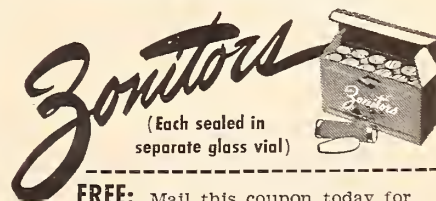
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## my prayer was answered

(Continued from page 37) I read, "Heather Angel Signed For Berkeley Square."

"But this can't be," I told myself. "I've prayed for it."

There was no mistake. And that's how I really learned about prayer. In the midst of a suddenly shattered world, in tears and bewilderment came the beginning of my greatest lesson. It was a dimly etched beginning—too dim for me to recognize it right away.

So I cried often and I cried good and hard. There was no acceptable explanation. I had asked. I had not received.

I listened indifferently when, a few days later, Warners' told me that I was going to MGM on loan-out—for a picture called *Midnight Mary*. *Midnight Mary* was a low-budget production. I was rebellious.

But the habit of prayer was so integral a part of my life that my agony of disappointment could not destroy it. Only now, I prayed to be given understanding.

I learned to bear my disappointment. I learned to walk with my humiliation as I realized that supplication cannot be dictation.

*Midnight Mary* was a box-office surprise. A nice, big, fat money-maker. That is important in Hollywood. So it made a kid named Loretta Young suddenly important in Hollywood, too.

*Berkeley Square* was a beautiful picture. Heather Angel was exquisite and Leslie Howard was perfection in this fragile, whimsical drama. But for all its loveliness, its enchantment, it was not a big, fat money-maker.

I was sad that this was so. I felt no triumph. I was too busy exploring the lesson He had given me.

The prayer for the part in *Berkeley Square* is the unforgettable specific prayer

in my life—because its answer was so different from my desire. Its lesson is part and parcel of all my prayers, a lesson that is proved to me in one way or another almost every day. I find it even in comparatively inconsequential events.

There was a woman who for no particular reason irritated me every time I met her. And I was forever meeting her. At parties, at my friends' homes, at the studio, on the street. I was actually exhausted by the strain it was to be civil to her. Exasperated, I prayed one evening, "Dear God, please don't let her be at the party tonight! I just want to enjoy myself for a change." I know this sounds childish—but aren't we all, sometimes?

Having prayed, I arrived at the party somewhat comforted. I was aghast to see her standing right beside the hostess! And then I remembered. I was telling Him again! "Well," I thought, "if this is the way it's to be, I'd just better stop seeing all the things I don't like about her and start looking for something that I can like."

Suddenly I realized she was smiling at me—and her smile was lovely. She came up to me tentatively—not at all the gushy, aggressive person she'd always been before. She said, "Loretta, I've always felt you disliked me—and I resented it. I want to apologize for the things I've thought about you. When you smiled so warmly at me just now I knew I was wrong."

I could not have been more surprised. I had no consciousness of having smiled at her first!

We are now and have been since that night the dearest of friends. Again He had led me and reversed my own expressed desire.

The greatest lesson I have learned in life is to be able to recognize the answer to a prayer when it comes—bewilderingly disguised. THE END



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for girls only—by marie wilson

(Continued from page 33) was telling him Buckingham Palace had nothing on this wonderful, big, barn of a place.

That did it!

I wish I'd known then that a little praise is music to a man's ears, but too much of it goes right to his head. Spurred on by my enthusiasm, Mr. Jonah had the shamelessness to demand a year's rent in advance!

And what a gullible girl I was. I paid him.

There comes a day in every girl's life when she has to make an important decision. When my day dawned, three days before my expensive encounter with Mr. Jonah, I wasn't prepared for it.

I'd come home from high school and had pushed my nose, as usual, into one of my favorite movie magazines. I was sitting at the dressing table in my bedroom, reading avidly, lost in the story of Garbo's off-screen life, when I happened to glance up into the mirror to see myself for one marvelous instant—as Garbo! The vision passed quickly, and in its place appeared my everyday face above the rigidly starched middy blouse, looking a little ashamed.

"See here!" I said to myself with sudden, dramatic decision. "Enough of this play-acting. You're a big girl now, and life is passing you by. The time has come for you to strike out for yourself—to ACT!"

It was a big and solemn moment. I jumped up and ran through the house looking for mother. She was doing the family wash on the back porch, and I think she was glad of the interruption.

"Mama," I said, "we're going to move! We'll leave Anaheim and the past behind us, and go to Hollywood. I'm going to be a movie star!"

move over, garbo . . . !

Mother looked at me sadly.

"C'mon, Mama," I begged. "Say we can go now!"

She smiled and sighed. "Now, look," she began.

"Mama," I interrupted, "it's a cinch! I know all about how to get into pictures. I've been reading about it for years. We'll just sell all this old stuff—" I swept my arm dramatically over the wash tub—"and move. Today—tomorrow, maybe. I have enough money—more than enough. The money Daddy left me."

Mother closed her eyes briefly. I guess she was trying to figure how far I'd be able to stretch the \$11,000 my father'd left me when he had passed away nine years earlier.

"It was supposed to pay for your schooling," Mama said, finally, "but I guess your father would have wanted you to use it for your career, if that's what you have your heart set on. . . . Now, now, you'll get all soapy!" she protested as I gathered her up in a bear hug. . . .

Three days later I stood in Hollywood in my new expensive living room, the town's carpet spread out at my feet just waiting for me to walk on it barefoot. I was excited, up there on Cloud Nine. But I was scared, too. My friend Jonah and his rent routine had taken a little of the starch out of my middy blouse.

Middy blouse! I looked down at my uniform and sneakers and wondered if they were still casting for "Our Gang" comedies. How sexless could a movie star be? What I needed, I decided right then, was something dripping bugle beads and satin.

Clutching what was left of my "career money"—still a sizable chunk—in my little hand, I walked down the hill into Hollywood proper to make like a movie star.

Two hours later I had put the finishing touches on my wardrobe. I ground to a stop in front of the house in a brand new used car—a huge 1928 Packard. In the back seat were a mink coat and enough elaborate gowns to see even a modest clothes-horse through six racing seasons.

Two weeks later, I had put the finishing touches on my legacy. There I sat in my hillside home waiting for the casting directors to begin to wear out the telephone line with offers—while the man in the bank began to figure up how much I'd overdrawn.

Yep! Marie Wilson, the girl with the head full of holes, had gone through her "fortune" plus \$1.38 of the bank's money in a fortnight. In those wonderful days of low prices it really took some kind of a reverse Einstein to blow \$11,000 in 14 days! Still, I felt I'd accomplished something. I'd installed my whole family in the house—my mother, my stepfather, my grandfather, my two half-sisters and my two half-brothers; I'd bought them all new wardrobes and had had their teeth fixed; I'd stocked the pantry with \$500 worth of canned goods; the rent was paid for a year, and I was on the verge, I felt sure, of becoming a star overnight.

Well, long before we'd made a real dent in those canned goods, I did actually break into the movies! MGM gave me a test—and then, while they did nothing about it, Warners saw the test and did. I got a \$75-a-week contract and, after a few small parts, I was given a big, fat role in *Boy Meets Girl*.

But after this good start, the bottom part of dropped out of the Marie Wilson market, along about 1940. And even a year later I was still haunted by the tune at the top of my hate parade, "No Casting Today."

**Wolf at my door . . .**

I remember coming out of Paramount one bleak November day in 1941, with the casting director's firm "Sorry, Marie," still ringing in my ears. It was cold. Darned cold. I patted myself on the back for having bought that fur coat. It wasn't this year's mink, but it sure kept me warm.

I remember looking around the cold, windswept corner of Melrose and Irving and suddenly thinking of a sun-drenched trip of beach in Miami, Florida—a spot I'd always wanted to visit. I looked into my purse. The buffalo on the lone nickel there looked back at me, and I swear he winked! On a crazy impulse I closed myself into a phone booth and used my last coin to call the local airline office.

"How much is a one-way ticket to Miami?" I asked the man at the other end of the line. When he told me \$240.35, I started to laugh. It began way down at my toes and rippled on up until even my pink chattered. As I pushed open the telephone booth door to leave I automatically slipped my finger into the coin return slot. And sure enough, I hit pay dirt in that pay phone! For the Bell Telephone Company, with rare good timing, had poured into my hand \$1.55.

On a hunch that maybe my luck was changing, I dropped one of the nickels back into the phone and dialed my agent. "Glad you called, honey," he chirruped. "I've just made a deal for you to appear in the Texaco Star Theater next week." Believe it or not, it was on that very broadcast that I met Ken Murray. Ken is that wonderful guy who, a few months later, put me into his *Blackouts*. And that venue kept my purse full for the next seven years.

And before it closed, I got another terrific break. Cy Howard saw me in it and gave me the title role in his radio show, *My Friend Irma*. And later on I

to have given my movie career a new and wonderful boost.

By this time, I've learned another big lesson—about pretending to be something or somebody you're not. Who're you kidding? The answer to that one is almost always—yourself.

Somebody touted me into acting like a movie star, once. Once was enough. "Marie," they said to me, "if you plan on being a big star, you'd better start acting like one. Forget you came from Anaheim."

So I did. I hired a chauffeur and a limousine. But I was allergic to the car upholstery, and the chauffeur's driving made me nervous. I smiled graciously at the Brown Derby waiter captain, instead of giving him my usual, "Hi, Bill!" And it almost broke his heart. I went to the opera, because it was cultural. I found it expensively restful. I fell asleep in the middle of the first act, in a seat that had set me back \$6.50! I read Homer and Virgil and the latest best sellers—and wound up with eyestrain. And the only person who was impressed with this big act was my bank teller. He told me he never thought money could go out of a checking account so fast!

**just plain me . . .**

Today when I drive my own Ford convertible, and take my dog, Mr. Hobbs, to previews with me, or ask Bill, the Derby captain, how his wife feels, I'm just being Marie Wilson. If that's type-casting, I'm all for it. . . .

Girls have to play it smart where men are concerned. We're not all quiz kids. (Goodness, I guess I should know!) But there's a pretty good substitute for brains—old-fashioned horse-sense. If it's good enough for old-fashioned horses, I don't see why modern girls can't get some good out of it, too.

Horse-sense is that thing that tells us when a man doesn't mean what he says he means. When a fellow talks about art, it may be just his way of inviting you to preview his etchings. Or when a man tries to convince you that black is white, it's horse-sense that tells you it doesn't necessarily mean he's color blind.

Horse-sense has saved many a girl's reputation—and believe me, your reputation is your most important asset! That's one reason I never dated the fellows on any set I ever worked on. Don't get me wrong—I had plenty of chances. But dating the fellows you work with is bad business. It always ends up with holes in your reputation, because, despite what they say, most men in a girl's life love to kiss and tell. It's just better all the way around to skip dates with people on the home team. That goes for that good-looking, wavy-haired clerk down the hall from your office, and the floorwalker in the store where you work, too. On the set or in the office—it's all the same.

I'd been in pictures eight years before I risked making a date with an actor. It was in *Rookies on Parade* at Republic Studios that I first saw this fellow. Gee, he was beautiful! Six-foot-three, brown curly hair, and a cute grin! His name was Allan Nixon.

When he walked across the sound stage to ask me to go to dinner with him, the butterflies in my tummy began stamping their feet! Believe me, it was the only time in my life I forgot to say "no!"

Allan told me later that if I'd been the kind of girl who had made a habit of set-dating, he wouldn't have even asked me to go out. As it turned out, of course, I've been Mrs. Allan Nixon for eight years.

Yes, the most precious thing a girl has is her reputation. Carry yours reverently in your lily white hands. And girls—this is no time to get butterfingers!

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## I'm yours!

(Continued from page 40) mind, I'd rather not say anything at all about a wedding. All I want to say is that Liz and I are still going steady. Any further announcement, Liz's mother will have to make."

This reluctance of Nicky's to discuss his relationship with Liz seemed understandable, since Liz has had a way of changing her beaux with alacrity.

Of course you remember how she supposedly was divinely in love with Glenn Davis. It turned out that she wasn't divinely in love with Glenn Davis at all. She was only 15 at the time and mildly infatuated with Glenn's reputation and record as an athlete.

And then she supposedly was enraptured with Bill Pawley, Jr. In this case, it was Bill who called it quits. He could see the handwriting on the wall. He realized after six months of "going" with Liz that she was never of a mind to renounce her acting career and settle in Florida. He knew which way the wind was blowing, and he resigned from Liz's heart before he was fired.

Then, who should advance to the fore of her love life but Vic Damone, the Bay Ridge lover from Brooklyn.

Vic was booked into the Mocambo in Hollywood. Liz went around to see him, well-chaperoned: and this is how those unfair stories of her being a night-club habitue originated.

Liz was so shaken up about "what those nasty columnists are doing to my reputation" that she called Vic when he was singing at the Flamingo in Las Vegas and asked him what to do.

### the truth will out . . .

Vic advised Liz to write Walter Winchell the truth—whereupon she sat down and wrote Mr. Winchell that she had only been to Mocambo three times: once as Jane Powell's guest, once with her brother Howard and his girl, Mara Regan, and once just long enough to catch Vic's act and then go home.

Winchell set the public straight, and Elizabeth Taylor was acquitted in the eyes of her movie fans.

It was because of the previous men in her life, her extreme sensitivity, and her mother's hypersensitivity that people understandably refrained from publicly discussing Liz and Nicky.

An intimate friend of hers, for example, recently said to me, "I think Liz is head over heels in love with Nicky Hilton, and I'm sure she'll marry him. Only for Pete's sake, don't quote me."

A colleague of Liz's felt much the same way: "While we were shooting *Father of the Bride*," he told me, "Nicky Hilton used to come on the set often. I've been in love myself, you know, and if the love light wasn't burning in the eyes of those two kids, then all my experience has been for nothing."

"Look," said a young girl who knows both Nicky and Liz and has double-dated with them. "I think they're going to get married and get married quickly."

"Nicky has had all the education he needs. He went to New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell, to De Paul University in Chicago and to Loyola in Los Angeles. He studied business administration, and he's in the process of making some hotel deals just like his father."

"As for Liz—well, she's been in the limelight with different fellows for the past three years. A lot of writers have called her a siren and a femme fatale and all that sort of silly stuff. The truth is that she's just a normal, healthy American girl just like me. She likes to go out with boys, and so do I, only she

has to be very, very careful. That's the price of stardom, of being famous. I can go out with any guy I want. Not Liz. She needs a young man, handsome, good family, unblemished reputation.

"She's got to stay out of nightclubs, dance halls, jam-joints. She might as well be running for President."

A day after Nicky Hilton had told me, "any further announcement, Liz's mother will have to make"—Liz's mother made one.

She said: "Oh, Liz and I planned to keep it secret. We wanted to make the announcement at a surprise party—but you know how those reporters are. Mr. Hilton spoke to them in New York and asked them to keep the news back for a few weeks, but they released it. So I guess we might as well come out with it now. Yes, Elizabeth and Nicky are definitely going to be married on May 6th. It will be a very large church wedding with all the trimmings."

The engagement tea which Liz gave after her mother's announcement was attended by Jane Powell; Marilyn Hilton, her future sister-in-law; Mara Regan, her brother's girl; Ann Westmore, daughter of make-up man Wally Westmore; Betty Sullivan; Barbara Thompson, and about a dozen others.

Pete Freeman, the son of Y. Frank Freeman, Paramount Theaters executive and a partner in the Hilton Hotel Chain, is the one who brought them together.

"It happened over at Paramount," Nicky says. "I was on the set of *A Place in the Sun*, the picture Liz was shooting with Monty Clift, and Pete introduced me to her. And I sure was impressed with her. We asked her to have lunch with us and then the four of us—Pete's wife was along—went to Lucy's across the street. Then, not long after, I asked her for a date, well, we simply fell in love."

Nicky Hilton—he was called Nicky by his mother because his middle name is Nicholson and there had to be some way of differentiating him by call from his father—is as good-looking, charming, and prosperous as any young man Liz ever dated. He seems very right for her.

As one of Liz's friends put it, "After all, Nicky lives in Bel Air. He won't insist that she move away or give up her career. Liz can have a real full life—a husband, a home, a family, two or three Cadillacs, all the clothes she wants, and stardom. What more can a girl ask?"

And what more could a boy ask for than Elizabeth Taylor?

THE END

### MODERN SCREEN



## my heart stood still

(Continued from page 58) cracks in the plaster," I cried, admitting nothing.

Well, they sent me to a Manhattan restaurant called Danny's Hideaway, where Farley was sitting with John Springer, who works for RKO. John Springer has a terrible tough job. When Jane Russell comes to town without her husband, poor John has to just devote himself to taking Jane to night clubs and theaters and restaurants every night. I gave him a pitying look. He returned it.

"This is Farley Granger," he said. Then he went away.

My heart ———. "I love you," I said. I'm no beater around bushes.

"Before breakfast?" Farley said. Him either.

He was drinking orange juice, in a suave, daring manner. I gave the waiter my order. A glass of aspirin, and two waters.

A lady from the next table stuck another lady's hand across under my nose. "Farley," said the first lady, "I'd like you to meet Miss So-and-So of Such-and-Such magazine."

"How do you do?" said Farley, and the lady said she did nicely, and that was that.

"After we're married," I said, "I won't have you speaking to other women."

"I think I'll call a cop," said Farley.

Now consider the problem. Caring for a young man who's cared for by all the other females in the country. He was just voted Most Eligible Bachelor of the Year, in fact. Montgomery Clift, who was first last year, only placed third. I believe a millionaire got in there between him and Farley. Which has nothing to do with the case. Not even my case on Farley.

"Tell me what you've been doing in New York," I said. (I have a whole stock of original questions like that, for when conversation bogs down.)

on the town . . .

He told me. The night before, he'd been to see the musical comedy, *Miss Liberty*, and then had gone backstage to visit its star, Allyn McClerie. Allyn is an old friend he hadn't seen in three years and theirs was an exciting reunion, because so much had happened to both of them in three years.

After that, Allyn, her husband, Adolph Green, and Farley went to the Copacabana to hear Lena Horne sing. They had a table right at ringside, and Lena, that gorgeous, sultry lady, grinned when she saw them, and when she sang "The Lady Is a Tramp," she really gave it to Farley. "Hate California, it's cold and it's damp," she growled, singing right to him, throwing it in his lap, so to speak, and he didn't know when he'd had so much fun.

I was hanging on these glamorous reminiscences with unbecoming avidity, when Cliff Cochrane, the Danny's Hideaway photographer, came over and snapped my picture with Farley, and I began mentally to rearrange the 47 other pictures on the bedroom wall.

"Jimmy Durante is very fond of this place," Cochrane said. "Whenever he's appearing in a night club, we get free publicity. I don't have to work here," Jimmy's always telling his audience. "I can go to Danny's place. Less money, but contentment."

Farley and I left Danny's Hideaway singing "My Foolish Heart," from the Goldwyn picture of the same name, and we ended up in a Pepsi-Cola luncheonette, over on Times Square. This used to be a Pepsi-Cola center for servicemen during the war. There's a nice lady here who faithfully watches out for Pepsi-Cola's interests.

Take the moment when the MODERN SCREEN photographer (another photographer, and his name is Nelson Morris) goes to shoot a romantic tête-à-tête between me and Farley, and this lady springs into action.

"Push the Pepsi machine into the foreground," she tells the fountain man.

"I can't," says the fountain man.

"Why not?" says the lady.

"Because the pipe from that machine runs down into the cellar," says the fountain man coldly.

Nobody went and sawed off the pipe, so the machine didn't get pushed into the picture, but you all know Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, don't you? (There, lady, how's that?)

By this time, Farley was due at CBS, where he was supposed to put an interview on tape for commentator Margaret Arlen. (They record the interview on a Thursday afternoon, for instance, but it isn't heard on the radio until the following Monday morning. Stick with me, and you'll learn the wonders of science.)

We walked from the Pepsi palace to CBS, and the temperature was about 75 degrees, which is the kind of cockeyed winter New York had this year, and there was a funny pink haze over the whole day. All along the way, kids stopped Farley to ask for autographs, or to take pictures, but they were marvelously polite kids, full of pleases and thank-yous.

At CBS, Miss Arlen, who is a brisk, chic, blonde girl, handed Farley a script, he read it once, and then they recorded it. To give you some idea how good that boy is, the dialogue sounded ad lib, completely conversational. If I hadn't been there, I'd never have guessed that any of it was written down on paper.

Miss Arlen interviewed Farley for her listeners. They talked about his first couple of pictures, *North Star*, and *Purple Heart*. They discussed his hitch in the Navy. They touched on the miserable year he spent after he got out of service.

"Going to the Goldwyn office to beg for work," Farley summed it up.

There he'd been, for a solid year—studying voice, being coached in drama, doing some sailing, playing some tennis, putting up a good front, but not working. It was frightening, because he's a boy who never wanted to do anything besides act. Oh, a few things, of course, but not in the same class. He's no personality kid who fools around with acting, can take it or leave it, thinks it's a nice way to make a living, and that's all. To Farley, acting's serious. He's still not convinced he's good. "I will be," he says. "But I have so much to learn."

Just when he thought he'd hit bottom, *They Live By Night* came along, and then Alfred Hitchcock used him in *Rope*, a kind of nervous, unpleasant part, but you could see Farley'd grown up to be a sensitive, intelligent actor, and then Roseanna McCoy put him over with a romantic lead.

They say his newest picture, *Edge of Doom*, is the greatest thing since *The Informer*, and that he's the greatest young actor of our day.

Miss Arlen's interview covered the foregoing facts neatly and completely. She sounded properly enthusiastic, Farley sounded properly modest, and I sat in a nearby chair holding Farley's jacket. It was a lovely jacket, some rough, grey Scotch material, and he looked beautiful in it.

### ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 84

1. Jane Wyman.
2. Esther Williams.
3. Errol Flynn.
4. All Quiet on the Western Front.
5. Gone With the Wind.
6. John Barrymore, Jr.



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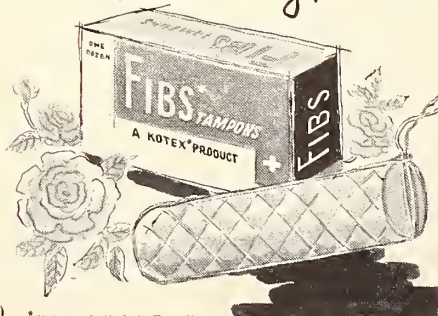
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The interview completed, Farley had to go see his boss, Mr. Goldwyn, who was also visiting New York that week. I couldn't follow him any farther. Follow him farther, and I had a vision of eight liveried minions heaving me out of a hotel suite on my ear. (I'm sure Mr. Goldwyn doesn't really have eight liveried minions, but I'm the fearful type. Maybe Mr. Goldwyn would heave me out all by himself.)

Anyway, Farley and I were phfft. Washed up. Finished. Goodbye, *au revoir*, *auf wiedersehen*, cheerio.

I came home sadly, to write my interview. You want to know the truth? I found out I'd forgotten to interview him.

## sometimes I hate my husband

(Continued from page 47) says my husband. "Now, about that deal we were talking about at lunch. . ."

And that isn't all. He then phones Regis Toomey, and Jimmy Cagney, and his business manager, and then maybe somebody else to make a date for flying on Sunday. He gets a million details out of his head (which is that of a frustrated businessman) and finally emerges flushed and triumphant from his tête-à-tête with Mother Bell. Then, I must admit, he makes up for it to me, because whether or not I had been inside the front door on his arrival, he finds me and *really* kisses me.

Take the matter of the trees around our house. I've talked before about Richard's mania for removing them, but believe me, it's still going on after two years. By this time, more than 20 have disappeared and I sometimes wonder when he has them all down if he'll suggest we go to live in Sherwood Forest so that he can have himself a whale of a time. It goes against my grain to see the poor things chopped down, and it seems to me that a new one disappears on a weekly basis—usually a eucalyptus, because Richard harbors a dislike for them. Recently he had an entire row removed from the edge of our driveway, and the other day when we drove in, he pointed to the lumpy earth.

"There," he said. "Now doesn't that look better?"

"No," I said. "It doesn't. It looks as though the house is doing a gradual striptease."

Bushes disappear by the score and days later I find them planted on the opposite side of the house. It all stems from Richard's penchant for puttering around the house, and his desk is cluttered with maps designing the replacement of trees, furniture, bushes, pictures; of everything, in fact, but me.

To add insult to injury, he spends hours chopping the wood and claims the exercise does wonders for him. The fourth time he made the statement that his muscles were growing by leaps and bounds I asked to see his biceps. He obliged by taking off his shirt.

"Pooh," I said. "They don't look one whit bigger to me."

I trust that fixed him for chopping up my trees.

His puttering can include anything. My desk, for instance. While he stands there talking to me, he makes four or five neat piles out of what had been two neat piles, and when I go there to find something, instead of being able to put my finger on it immediately, I have to re-sort everything.

It also includes automobiles. By the time I've broken in a new car and have grown to regard it as a member of the family, he drives me home some night and there will be a new one in the driveway.

"I wonder who's here," I say.

I don't know what he gave his mother for Christmas. I don't know how many rooms in his house, or if he owns an 80-foot sloop. I don't know if he does like raw onions, or sleeps in his butler's old pajamas.

But ask me what color eyes he has. Brown, that's what color. Deep, deep brown. His hair is crinkly, his laugh is special. He's very tall, he has lots of shoulders, he doesn't turn on that canned-in-Hollywood charm.

They tell me he cares for Shelley Winters. I guess I'll go kill myself. THE END (For his fans: Farley Granger is on the Kellogg Co.'s current variety cereal package.)

"That's for you," he says. "Like it?"

Now, I want it understood that I am far from unappreciative of Richard's generosity, and a new car is something really to get excited about. But he switches them like razor blades, and it's only been in the last few months that I've come to recognize the gleam in his eye that means my beloved convertible won't be here tomorrow. This at least gives me the opportunity to sneak out to the garage and bid the car a proper farewell.

He's always right. All the time. When I invented the code for my checking account, he smiled wisely and said it wouldn't work, that I might as well save myself the trouble and go right on forgetting what I'd bought.

"But it's quite simple," I told him. "After I mark down the amount of the check, I put my code after it. A question mark means it was something to wear for myself, a minus sign for anything for Pamela. I have a sign for everything."

"I'm sure you have, old girl," he said. "But it would be so much simpler to write down 'blouse' or 'wastebasket' or whatever the item is."

When the bank statement arrived, Richard approached me as usual, trying his best to smile brightly.

"Honey, I have a check here—"

I interrupted him with a wave of my hand. "Hold it—wait until I get my record. I have it all down in black and white." And after I'd fished the paper out of my desk, "Now—how much is it for?"

"\$18.79."

"Let's see—\$18.79. Here it is. Now—" I stopped short. I had marked a triangle next to the sum and for the life of me couldn't remember what it meant.

"Well?" said Richard.

"Give me time, give me time."

"You mean you don't know what it was."

"I guess I do. Don't, that is."

He patted me on the head. "You and your black and white!" he snickered.

When I learned that Richard and I would work together in *The Reformer* and *the Redhead*, I was a bit apprehensive, for I've heard it said that married people usually don't work well in a picture together. So in order to protect ourselves we made a pact that we wouldn't tell each other what to do, and it worked beautifully—except the night before the picture started. We were reading the script aloud together and after Richard had read a few lines I looked up and said, "That's funny."

"What's funny?"

"Well—you and I seem to have a different interpretation of the character you portray."

"Oh?" he said. "Well, what's yours?"

He disagreed when I told him, and it turned into a spirited five-minute discussion until it occurred to me that I had a nerve telling Richard anything, because he's had so much more experience than I and I told him so.

"But you're good, Junie," he said. "Really good, and I value your opinion."

"Oh, but I'm not. You're such a wonderful actor."

And so it simmered down to a mutual-admiration society. . . . But come to think of it, I guess that doesn't belong in this story because I started the discussion myself. When MODERN SCREEN asked me to do this I rolled up my sleeves in high glee. And—oh, dear!—here I am bogging down already. But there's one more illustration of my husband's little ways.

At a year-and-a-half, our daughter Pamela is just the age where she is inspecting everything, and one night when the three of us were in the den she reached for an ashtray.

"No, no," I told her. "Put it back. You may have this box but you can't have the ashtray."

One of Richard's eyebrows went up and he put down his book. "Isn't that sort of silly, honey?" he said to me.

"Silly?"

"Well," he said, "you can't expect the mind of a child Pam's age to distinguish between things she can or can't have."

"You're sure of that?"

"Certainly."

"And you don't want me to tell her anymore?"

"No."

So the next night when he came home and buzz-bombed into the den to phone, his voice echoed through the house. "JUNE!"

I came running, trying to wipe the smile from my face. The floor of the den was littered with ashtrays, logs from the wood-box, playing cards, and peanuts.

"This is ridiculous!" said my husband, scraping crushed peanuts from the sole of his shoe. "You'll have to speak to Pamela. Be firm. She'll have to be told they're some things she mustn't touch."

"Yes, dear," I said.

Yesterday I met a woman who told me she was married to the most perfect husband in the world, and if I'd known her better I would have told her to watch her language. She was speaking of the man I love. I'd rather have Richard any old day than 20 eucalyptus trees. THE END

## hollywood takes its medicine

(Continued from page 31) everything and everybody, and he was wrecking his life. Now, secure in his victory, he might have been a different person, a new man—thanks to psychoanalysis and mental therapy.

A few weeks later I ran into a beautiful woman, the wife of a big star. She'd been nagged with star ambitions herself until it made her life a hell. They had split up, as they'd done before, and I expected her to wear the harassed frown she'd carried since I first laid eyes on her. Not at all. She never looked happier.

"Things take on their true values for me now at last," she told me. "I don't care about a career—I know now that it's by no means the greatest thing in life." She explained that she'd been taking psychiatric treatment, and so had her famous mate. They hadn't solved their problem yet—they were still apart—but already there was inspiring progress and peace. She knew what was destroying her, and looking at it for what it was worth, she'd tossed it aside. He name is Pat Knight and her husband, of course, is Cornel Wilde.

Last fall when Bette Davis left her artist husband, William Grant Sherry, she told him frankly the only thing that would win her and their daughter, Barbara, back was a complete cure of his ungovernable temper. Sherry admitted his weakness, went to a psychiatrist on Bette's terms—still goes twice a week—and they're back together again.

Psychoanalysis won Ava Gardner the confidence and personality to tackle the big-time star's future which MGM mapped for her. Susan Hayward and Jess Barker have held their marriage together by steady, hard-slugging emotional lessons from a marriage psychologist. After George Sanders' divorce shocked him into taking scientific measures to wipe out his sullen and insulting self, he spent close to \$5,000 curing himself of a career-threatening delight in issuing remarks like "Women are little beasts" and "Children are grubby brats."

Judy Garland's crack-up was cured in part by probings into her confused nerves—and she'll need more to stay steady. Lew Ayres reconciles his spiritual self with the commercial business of being a star by self-analysis—and he told me recently, "I think I'm doing a pretty good job of it." Jennifer Jones flew to Europe for the very best psychiatric counsel before marrying David Selznick. And David,

himself, occasionally takes to a psychoanalyst's couch. So do Victor Mature, Jean Arthur, Bob Mitchum, Mel Ferrer, Vincent Price—a list of Hollywoodites too long to name, from top tycoons to the frustrated French poodles of both Greer Garson and Clifton Webb!

What is this wonder-work that has taken hold in Hollywood—the most notoriously neurotic, unstable, city in the whole wide world? Is it the real McCoy? Or is psychoanalysis, Hollywood style, just another movietown vogue, a fad of fakery—like swamis and sucker seers with their gypsy bandanas, crystal balls and tea leaves? Is it a gay game of glamorous self-deception? Are the stars just having fun being fooled, to make them feel better about fooling everybody else?

The answer is "No!"—not on their lives. Some archaic souls still think so, unfortunately. And some jaded ones, it's true, try out psychoanalysis just for a new thrill. But to high-strung stars who need emotional help in a high-tension world, serious psychological diagnosis and treatment is a terrific boon—and, believe me, it's here in Hollywood to stay.

There are over a hundred reputable mind-doctors around Hollywood (the real ones are all MD's, too) and they're busy night and day helping stars find themselves, their happiness and their usefulness in life. As a doctor friend of mine puts it, "psychiatry is as necessary to a sick mind as medicine or surgery."

Some successful stars are so wrapped up in the fictitious characters they play, they neglect to look at their real selves until they blow a fuse. Then, facing the dark facts of their lives isn't so pleasant. Bob Walker knows about that. His experiences at the Menninger Clinic make an illuminating case-history of what a really mixed-up star must face to find a cure.

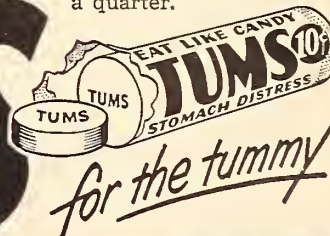
"To me," Bob told me, "a mental clinic had been an asylum for the insane. I couldn't stand the sense of shame attached to entering a mental institution. On the plane to Kansas I wore dark glasses, kept my hat-brim snapped over my face and hunched down in my coat collar. Actually, of course, nobody noticed me—and they wouldn't have cared if they had. But I couldn't realize that."

"I somehow had the idea that I'd find the clinic run on the line of a country club. My first shock came when I found myself behind locked doors. Then everything, including my razor, was taken from me. I bitterly resented it and kept thinking, 'Do they think I'm crazy?' But the greatest shock came when I stepped into

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my quarters. I found myself in a room with bars on the windows! I remember the terror of that first night alone in a barred room with strange sounds all around me.

"For the first month I was only under observation. I didn't realize it then, but a complete, scientific diagnosis was being made of me.

"At the end of the first month I was convinced the clinic was doing me no good. Being an actor I was able to convince a doctor I was perfectly capable of going into town by myself one night—or perhaps the clinic was only trying to convince me how sick I still was. Anyhow, I was allowed to go. I took a few drinks, got into a fight with a policeman, rammed my fist through a window. Again I was in headlines.

"Now I was convinced of my desperate situation. But I wanted to get out. I told myself I'd been there a month and here I was as bad as ever. My doctor advised me to stay, but his advice only irritated me. He said he had a psychoanalyst assigned to me. I said I wanted nothing to do with the man. You see, it was another attempt to avoid a show-down. I told my doctor I'd soon be leaving. He said, 'All right. It seems we can't help you.'

**clutching at straws . . .**

"A few days later the psychoanalyst came. I took a liking to him right away. His face was filled with kindness and understanding. He said he'd heard I was leaving but just dropped in anyway to say hello. First thing I knew I was talking to him as I've talked to few people in my life. But in the end I told him I was still determined to leave. He said that was all right.

"Next day I found an excuse to see that psychoanalyst again; this time I liked him even more. For the next few days I endured a hell of indecision, but finally I made up my mind. I told my analyst, 'I'm going to stay here and battle this thing out.' It was the most important decision in my life.

"I had one hour a day with the psychoanalyst, six days a week," Bob told me. "It was an emotionally-exhausting experience. For three weeks I spoke to nobody else, keeping myself shut in the room, eating little, sleeping little. Then one day the darkness began to clear and I knew I was getting well. You can't possibly understand that thrill. I had been shown how mental stumbling blocks had distorted my life. Four-and-a-half months later I was discharged." They'd warned Bob it might take him a year or maybe two, when he entered. Reason he could leave so soon was that he finally came to the point where he desperately wanted to help himself. He knows he's not completely well yet, but as he told me, "For the first time in my life I'm not being driven; I'm doing the driving. All the things that used to be terrors to me are challenges. And experience has shown me I can conquer them."

To me that's an inspirational story—but not a glamorous one. Tackling the job of ironing out a sick mind is no picnic, not when the illness almost always stretches back through years and years. Bob's trouble for instance, began as a kid; he got the idea he wasn't wanted, brooded about it until it took command of his life.

With that fix he couldn't adjust realistically to his grown-up life. He didn't believe he could possibly be loved—and this turned his own love to hatred. He loathed everyone including himself; the world was one big enemy. Drinking magnified that, and his split with Jennifer Jones added fuel to the fire. Being an actor didn't help either, Bob explained. "I only

saw myself the more as the chief player in a tragedy and thought 'Poor, poor me!'" He visited a psychiatrist in Hollywood but it wasn't any good. Bob wasn't ready. Only when he wound up in drinking jams and police stations and saw his disheveled self splashed over papers and magazines did the horror of it make Bob anxious for a cure.

Bob's case points up a vitally important factor in cures of Hollywood's sick psyches: You have to be ready, you have really to want help before you've got a chance.

It takes guts to face the facts but frankness is part of the treatment. Cures of crippling complexes, in spite of what you may think, aren't worked by weaklings.

Not all psychiatric treatments bring cures, in Hollywood or anywhere else. But neither do all medical prescriptions or operations. Reputable psychiatrists will tell you right off that they aren't magicians.

Jean Arthur suffered painfully from complexes for years. Psychiatrists tried to help her time and again. Jean toted, among other things, the absurd bugaboo that she was no good because she didn't have a college education. She hated herself so that when people interviewed her or shot photographs she became physically ill. She lived like a lady hermit, wore a frown deep between her eyes, while all the time she was a terrific actress with a popularity unmatched and unlimited.

After 14 years of marriage, believe it or not, Jean went to college to take a course in marriage. Yet, she was soon divorced from her husband, Frank Ross. As a star, Jean finally became so temperamental nobody could take her. She agreed to do *Born Yesterday* on Broadway, for instance, with a salary and play-percentage that would make her the highest paid star on the street. But she demanded this, demanded that, thought she was persecuted, overlooked, slighted. Finally, she stepped out. I hear Jean's still being unhappy about everything but I hope she finds a great doctor who can help her.

Robert Mitchum's stab at straightening himself out was also too half-hearted to help. It happened before his marijuana mess and that sordid black mark on Bob's record might never have stuck there if he'd listened to the psychiatrist's advice. Bob was going great guns as a star, but all the time, in his own words, "I was constantly obsessed with the phantom of failure." It's a long story and traces back to complex chapters in Bob's adolescence. Anyway, not too long before the lightning struck, Bob let himself get tied up with some hangers-on and leeches who lured him into easy vices. He earned the reputation of being a "soft touch" and a "good guy." There was a time when he preferred these phonies and their flatteries to his family, or so it seemed.

**word to the unwise . . .**

Finally his worried mother, his sister and his wife, Dorothy, persuaded Bob to visit a psychiatrist and get himself set on a truer course. The doctor gave him a thorough going over and his verdict, as Bob remembers, was this: "He adjudged me rational, but suffering a state of over-amiability in which failure to please everyone created a condition of self-reproach. He told me I was addicted to nothing but the good will of people, and suggested that I risk their displeasure by learning to say 'NO!' and following my own judgment."

Did Bob take that advice? Not a bit. He really wasn't scared enough then—as Bob Walker became—nor desperate enough to help. He wasn't "ready." So he kept on being a "good guy," and one night when some pals suggested a trip up a canyon for fun, even though he was headed for home and tired, he said "Yes," and—well you and the judge and Bob and everyone

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knows the rest. But it never should have happened.

Jennifer Jones hadn't quite finished *Madame Bovary* when suddenly she flew away from Hollywood to see a famous psychiatrist in Switzerland. Jenny was David Selznick's fiancée then but she just couldn't make up her mind whether to tackle marriage again. I don't know whether she sought psychoanalysis because of the wonders it had worked with her ex-husband, Bob Walker, or whether she was confused about her feelings for David. Nor do I know what the doctor advised her. But I do know that she was mighty certain she knew her own mind before she said "I do" at last. She ironed out every possible doubt which remained and it was probably as smart a maneuver as she ever made in her life. Certainly Jenny and David give every appearance of having a hammer lock on married happiness. And at the same time, Jennifer can enjoy her children with her former husband Bob, with no emotions stirred up, which is good for her, good for Bob, good for the kids. Maybe more Hollywood marriages should be as psychologically cautious.

In fact, a prominent mind doctor I know bewails this very fact more than anything when you bring up the subject of Hollywood divorce. "Trouble is," he told me the other day, "married couples too often come to us to repair the damage after it's done. Before they get married, they should know themselves and their intendeds psychologically, not leave their mating to luck. They stand a far better chance of finding the right mate that way."

Ava Gardner's date with the psychiatrist was one of those close-the-barn-door-after-the-horse-has-gone treatments. Ava's marriage to Artie Shaw should possibly have never occurred. Ava was a country girl from the hills of Carolina, Artie a frustrated sophisticate. He'd been wrestling his psyche around long before he became famous as a bandleader, and Artie's still trying to find out what ails him and his marriages. He's lived in a frustrated world for so long. Hated jazz, wanted to be a writer, a great musician, anything but what he was.

mind of her own . . .

Anyway, it was right after Ava's split-up with Artie that she took psychiatric treatment—at Artie's suggestion. Life with Artie had bewildered and beaten Ava down so—she dropped 15 pounds, worrying—that she had to build up her self-confidence again. The mental therapy did the trick—so well that Ava could not only tackle the major star's career she had always ducked shyly before, but could actually find herself grateful to Artie for telling her, "You haven't a personality of your own. Go find one." I think Ava did, all right—through psychiatry. And the strange thing is, her psychological cycle seems to have led her mind right back to—Artie Shaw! I haven't talked to Ava once in the past few weeks without hearing "Artie" in almost every sentence. It's no secret they get together now and then. If Ava actually should try it again with Artie, to be wife Number Six and the only repeat customer for the marrying bandman, and if it should work—brother, that would be a miracle of ironed-out egos!

But believe me, I'm not one to sell psychiatry short on anything. Not after what I've seen happen around Hollywood for those who take it seriously.

There's not a doubt in my mind but that most of Hollywood's tragedies could be avoided by frank psychiatric treatment. Would John Payne and Gloria DeHaven have been so yes-and-no about their marriage if they both had learned the score about themselves? Would Franchot Tone's ex-wife, Jean Wallace, have brooded her-



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self into a suicide try? Would Wanda  
Hendrix and her Audie have had all their  
troubles? I could ask Hollywood ques-  
tions like that all night. And, you can bet,  
plenty of others are asking them too.

In fact, from a cold-blooded standpoint,  
the men who really run the Hollywood  
show know by now that psychiatry is only  
sound Hollywood business. They've seen  
stars worth millions in the bank rescued  
by mental treatment in the nick of time  
when they were about to be cancelled out.  
They've watched big deals fizzle for want  
of a meeting of minds. They've seen use-  
less tragedies of mixed-up behavior wreck  
box-office bonanzas it took years to dig  
and develop. Believe me, the studio gates  
aren't closed to psychiatrists these days.  
It's come right down to the bankroll—and  
when that's threatened you'll always get  
action in Hollywood.

If you don't think the movie moguls  
are hep to the new help, listen to this:  
Awhile back Paramount wanted Paulette  
Goddard to star in a certain picture. She  
read the script and shook her head. There  
was a scene in which she shot a man and  
she didn't see why. What's more, nobody  
could tell her why. Finally Paulette set  
a condition and a deadline for the deal.  
"If by next week, you can give me a  
logical reason why I should kill this char-  
acter," she offered, "I'll play the part. If  
you can't—I won't." They couldn't and she  
didn't. Since that experience, Paramount  
has kept a professional psychologist on the  
payroll to explain emotional motives to its  
stars, and to smooth out temperaments  
and tempers.

Me, I've never had my soul searched,  
it's true, although I tried once and the  
doctor just laughed. "Go away," she said.  
"You're one of those garrulous extro-  
verts who never let a neurosis sit still  
long enough to get going. If you'll stop  
talking for a few minutes, maybe you can  
work up a case."

But I'm a believer. About everyone I  
know could use a psychological anchor in  
these confused days.

I know one Hollywood genius who had his  
psyche soothed recently. "Genius" is actu-  
ally his name, and he's Victor Mature's  
dog. The way Vic tells it, Genius fell into  
a bitter, brooding state and the vet said  
no canine misery ailed him—must be his  
mind. So Vic trotted him pronto to a  
psychiatrist, and they went into a huddle.  
"This dog," announced the doctor at last,  
"has B.O.—and he knows it. It gives him  
an inferiority complex."

So Vic bought Genius a bed of cedar  
chips to sleep in and the sweet-scented  
pup's been fat and frisky ever since!

At least, that's Vic's story. But after  
hearing it, I wonder. Maybe Mature had  
better call up his psychiatrist and make  
a date. Just to see if he's still perfectly  
okay upstairs, himself. THE END

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## good news

(Continued from page 14) (Humphrey Bogart) and his beautiful wife (Lauren Bacall) were at the party, they both disappeared. "Where have you been?" I asked when they returned. They answered in unison, "Oh, we had to call home in Hollywood to see how the baby is."

Every day while they were in New York, the Bogarts got a report on young Stephen Humphrey Bogart. Bogey claims I have ruined him by printing stories like this which make him out a softie, while his pictures call for him to be a tough guy.

Broderick Crawford and his pretty Kay were having an awfully good time. So were Mona Freeman and her nice young husband, Pat Nerney.

Our host, Sherm, personally saw to it that everybody got the "A" treatment with a special flourish or two for such nice people as the Charles Boyers, the Sam Goldwyns, Kay Thompson, Anita Loos, Jack and Mary Benny, and others.

Maybe it's spring in the air! It must be something—for romance is bustin' out all over.

Ruth Roman is another girl who is getting the rush "crush" treatment from a rich young farmer up in Victorville where she is on location with the *Lightning Strikes Twice* company.

The moment John Whelan saw Ruth—he fell hard and didn't care who knew it. The whole thing was sort of a rural *South Pacific* with Whelan and Ruth taking all kinds of kidding about "looking over the vegetables and seeing an enchanted stranger!"

Victorville is no new spot for movie company locations—but the town seems to have gone crazier over Ruth, Richard Todd and others of this company than any others ever to work there.

Richard, himself, told me: "I've never known such warm-hearted and wonderful people. When word came through that I was nominated for an Academy Award, these Victorville people took over the biggest banquet hall in town and proclaimed me 'Victorville's Own Academy Award Boy.'"

"You can imagine how I felt—a stranger

6000 miles away from London—my hometown."

Adding to all the warm-heartedness and romantics, Mercedes McCambridge (the gal who knocked us cold in *All the Kings Men*) showed up in Victorville as a brand new bride. Just before Mercedes took the train to join the movie troupe, she took time out to marry the well-known radio producer, Fletcher Markle—MGM's new associate producer.

You have to admire that kid, Wanda Hendrix, for the fight she put up to the last stand to save her marriage.

Wanda was all set to go into court with her charges against Audie Murphy. But at the last minute, she called her lawyer and said, "I'm going out of town for a few days to think everything over. Don't do anything until I return."

She didn't even tell her mother where she was going. But I hear she went to a quiet, secluded dude ranch near Palm Springs where no one knew her and where she wouldn't be getting "advice" from every side.

The gossips had whispered that Wanda would bring charges against Audie as sensational as those Shirley Temple filed against John Agar.

It is true she is as hurt and heartbroken and every bit as bitter as Shirley was. But when she came back to town—she had made up her mind against making any charges that would hurt Audie.

How wise she is—and how much respect she has won for herself.

I carefully checked your letters this month—with the following results:

Since the birth of Ingrid Bergman's baby, some letters show sympathy for her—the first of this kind I have received in two months of solid criticism and disappointment registered from her fans.

Richard Todd hastily caught your heart in *The Hasty Heart*. One woman writes, "He has much of the same charm which made Richard Barthelmess a great star."

Liz Taylor is still the leading letter lady and there were lots of letters about Colleen Townsend's taking up religious work.

Keep your letters coming!

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



Ronald Reagan and Ruth Roman are a frequent twosome these days. Here they attend *The Fabulous Invalid* première in Hollywood.



A bit of clowning on the part of Creesh Hornsby, Bob Hope's hilarious new discovery, livens rehearsal time at NBC for Bob and Doris Day.

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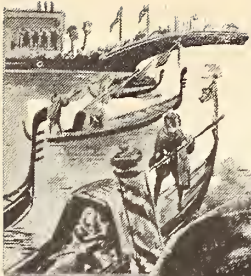
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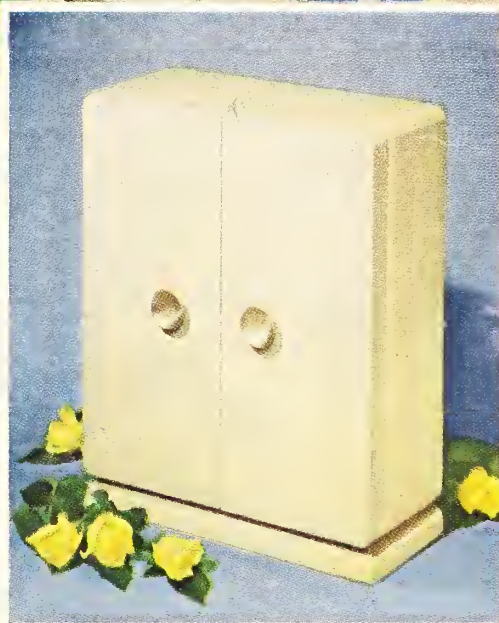
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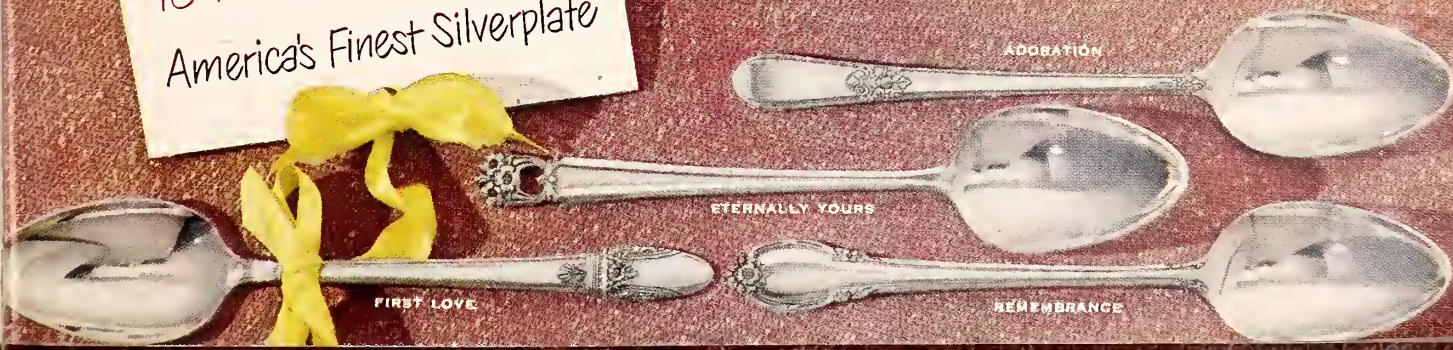
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See RHONDA FLEMING  
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"The Eagle and the Hawk"  
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE  
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

A color photograph of actress Rhonda Fleming. She is smiling and looking towards the camera, holding a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes in her right hand. She has blonde hair styled in waves with a white flower accessory. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, dress with a large white flower pinned to it. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a social gathering with other people and flowers.

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*Rhonda Fleming*

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