

the Strange Fears of AVA GARDNER

modern screen

MAZINE
EL
MAZINE

July 1954

betty grable

GLAMOUR from 9 to 5



Complexion Care for All of You!

You'll win new loveliness for arms and legs and shoulders with the Camay Beauty Bath! From head to toe, you'll glow with new beauty! All your skin gets the finest kind of complexion care when you bathe every day with big Bath-Size Camay. It's so quick and generous with its lather. And it touches you ever so daintily with the flattering fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

CAMAY GIVES OCEANS
OF CREAMY LATHER!

TAKE A
BEAUTY TREATMENT
—TOP TO TOE!

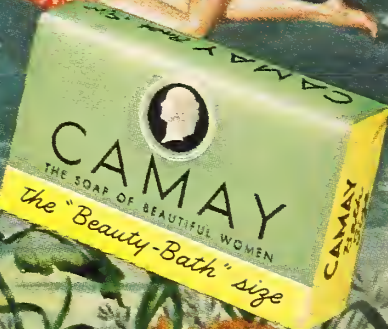
TOUCHES YOUR SKIN
WITH A
HEAVENLY FRAGRANCE!

LOVELIER SHOULDERS
—LOVELIER YOU!

CAMAY
MAKES A BATH
A JOY!

CAMAY'S GENTLE
AS A CARESS!

Bath-Size Camay
for your CAMAY BEAUTY BATH!





You can be confident you're keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Use *doubly-effective* Ipana care for healthier teeth and gums.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!



"I have confidence in Ipana—
Bristol-Myers makes it,"

*says Bobbie Snow
of Woodside, N. Y.*

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.

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

You want to have a healthier, more wholesome mouth, of course. You *can*—if you follow dentists' advice: fight *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 start using Ipana for *double* protection—to help keep your whole mouth wholesome. You'll enjoy that wholesome, refreshing Ipana flavor, too. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.

NEW!

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



IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

**NOW! Dental Science
Shows That Brushing Teeth
Right After Eating with**

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST



**Better Than Any Other
Way of Preventing Tooth Decay
According to Reports in
Authoritative Dental Literature!**

2 years' research at 5 great universities—case histories of hundreds of people who used Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—shows the Colgate way stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene known today! Yes, both clinical and X-ray examinations showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

**No Other Toothpaste or Powder
Ammoniated or Not
Offers Proof of Such Results!**

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

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



JULY, 1950

modern screen

stories

IS BOB HOPE KILLING HIMSELF?.....	by Jim Burton	29
GLAMOUR FROM NINE TO FIVE (Betty Grable).....	by Jack Wade	30
HOLLYWOOD'S SIX LONELIEST STARS (Shelley Winters, Ronald Reagan, etc.).....	by Steve Cronin	32
GIVE SHIRLEY A BREAK! (Shirley Temple).....	by Hedda Hopper	34
MUSIC! MUSIC! MUSIC! (Wanda Hendrix, Rand Brooks, etc.).....	by Beverly Ott	36
I DON'T WANT SYMPATHY.....	by Kirk Douglas	39
THE STRANGE FEARS OF AVA GARDNER.....	by Leslie Snyder	40
I'VE GOT A CASE ON CONTE.....	by Ruth Strome Conte	42
"EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME" (Joan Evans).....	by Kathy O'Shea	44
POOR RICHARD (Richard Todd).....	by Susan Trent	46
RUMOR!—MARRIAGE IN DANGER? (Lana Turner).....	by Marjorie Hayden	48
VAN AROUND THE HOUSE (Van Johnson).....	by Duane Valentry	50
ALL IN THE FAMILY (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans).....	by Margaret Waite	53
ARE THE BIG STARS TOO OLD? (Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Greer Garson, etc.).....	by George Benjamin	52
THE STORY OF A DIVORCE (Bette Davis).....	by Arthur L. Charles	72

features

THE INSIDE STORY.....	4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS.....	6
MODERN SCREEN'S HOLLYWOOD PICTORIAL (Who is Jane Wyman?).....	by Ida Zeitlin 57

departments

MOVIE REVIEWS.....	by Christopher Kane	18
NEW FACES.....		26
MUSIC: SWEET AND HOT.....	by Leonard Feather	27
FASHION.....		63

ON THE COVER: Color Portrait of Betty Grable by 20th Century-Fox
Other picture credits page 16

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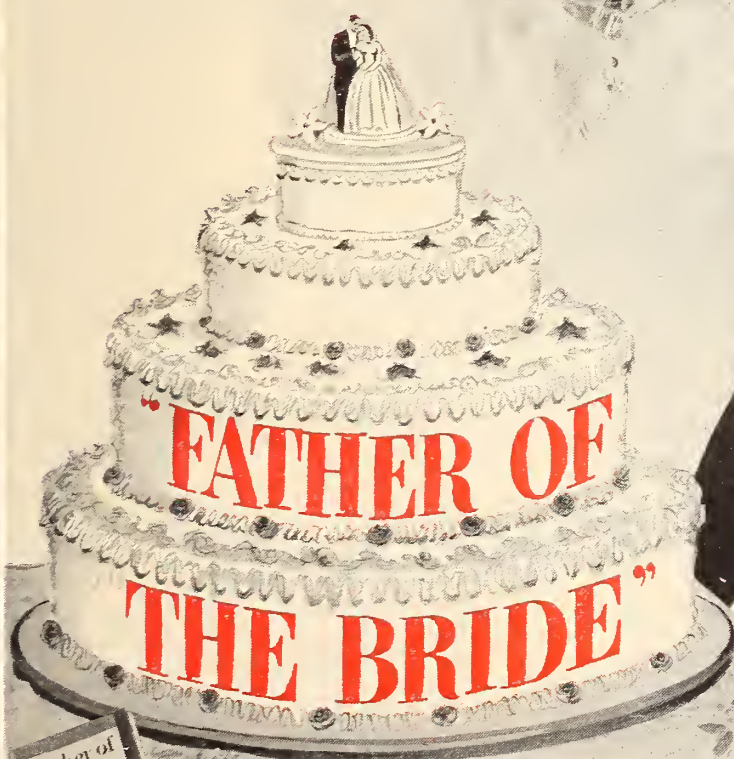
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M-G-M announces the event of the season!

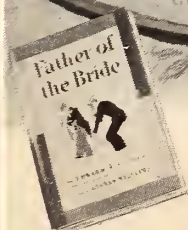
SPENCER JOAN ELIZABETH
TRACY BENNETT TAYLOR

THE BRIDE
gets the thrills!

FATHER
gets the bills!



All the fun, all the sentiment, all the romance
that brought joy to millions of readers of the
book come to life in a wonderful movie.



DON TAYLOR • BILLIE BURKE

SCREEN PLAY BY FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT
BASED ON THE NOVEL BY EDWARD STREETER
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

DIRECTED BY
VINCENTE MINNELLI • PANDRO S. BERMAN

TONI TWINS

Discover New Shampoo Magic



Soft Water Shampooing Even in Hardest Water



"We made a real discovery the very first time we used Toni Creme Shampoo," say lovely All-American twins Eleanor and Jeanne Fulstone of Smith Valley, Nevada.

"Our hair was so luxuriously soft...as if we washed it in rain water. And that delightful softness made it so much easier to manage."

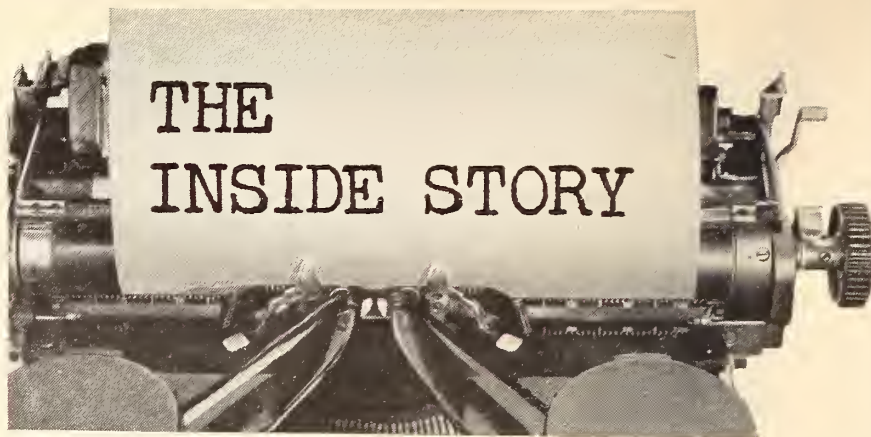
You, too, will discover *Soft Water Shampooing*... the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo! Even in hardest water you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with all its natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.



TONI CREME SHAMPOO

- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights.

Enriched
with Lanolin



The wildest tales ever told are those about Hollywood, because to many self-styled reporters fantasy is more exciting than fact. Modern Screen feels that you deserve to know the truth, want to know the truth. Learn it by writing to **THE INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, California

Q. Is it true that Mrs. Henry Fonda committed suicide because her husband wanted a divorce?

—F. P., ALMA, MICHIGAN

A. No, it isn't. Few people know it, but Frances Fonda attempted suicide by taking an overdose of sleeping pills prior to her husband's request for a divorce. A brilliant, hyperthyroid woman who had once worked for the National City Bank of New York, Mrs. Fonda oversaw the Fonda finances. She herself had obtained a settlement of close to \$1,000,000 from her first husband, George Brokaw. Her eldest daughter, Pamela, and the two children she had with husband Henry are owners in part of the fabulously successful stage play, Mr. Roberts. Frances Fonda was in charge of all those accounts. When her husband asked for a divorce, she understandably agreed to give him one. The financial settlement involved would have made her independently wealthy for life.



Q. Why is it that Joan Crawford never appears on the radio?

—M. G., Durham, N. C.

A. The lady suffers from mike-fright.

Q. Can Ingrid Bergman take her daughter to live with her and Rossellini in Italy?—HANSON B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. The custody plan approved by the California Superior Court specifically states that Pia will live and attend school in California. This means that if Ingrid wants to spend any time with her daughter, she will have to spend it on the West Coast. Dr. Lindstrom has been emphatic in his desire to keep Pia away from Rossellini as much as possible.

Q. Who is Jane Wyman's latest beau?

—CORLISS F., ST. JOSEPH, MO.

A. Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller whose divorce from "Bobo" made the headlines some months ago. Miss Wyman, who refuses to discuss any of the men in her life, will say nothing concerning her feelings for Mr. Rockefeller, but you can keep your eye on this pair.



Q. What is Montgomery Clift doing these days and what is his next picture?

—CLARA B., ELCO, NEVADA

A. At this writing, Clift is in New York working on an original screenplay with his friend Kevin McCarthy. He finished A Place in the Sun with Elizabeth Taylor in February of this year, then went to Italy on a vacation. He doesn't know what his next picture will be.

Q. Is Ezio Pinza, the star of *South Pacific*, coming to Hollywood to make a film version of the stage play. If so, when?—WILLIAM D., DEVERS, MASS.

A. Pinza left New York for Hollywood on June 6th. His agent, Paul Small, is a brother-in-law of Dore Schary, MGM production head. Pinza is under contract to that studio. His first movie will be Mr. Imperium opposite Lana Turner.

Q. Is it true that the Audie Murphy-Wanda Hendrix marriage went on the rocks because Audie is still suffering from shell-shock?—R.R., WACO, TEXAS

A. Nonsense. All this stuff about Murphy being unable to re-adjust to civilian life is so much press agent's poppycock. He just couldn't adapt himself to Wanda's way of Hollywood living.

Q. Is Elizabeth Taylor's mother still under contract to MGM as a movie mother?—CLARISSA M., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. Mrs. Taylor stopped getting her \$250 per week when Elizabeth became 18.

IT'S BANG! BANG! BANG-UP HOWLS!

...when IRMA
and her gang
take over
the West!

It's the **NEW**
"IRMA" Hit
...hilarious!

Paramount presents

JOHN CORINNE
LUND · CALVET

DIANA LYNN

DEAN JERRY
MARTIN^{and} LEWIS

The Greatest Laugh-Team
In The Land!

with MARIE WILSON AS IRMA



When Jerry and
Dean go West—
it's hilarity
at its best!

My Friend Irma Goes West

a HAL WALLIS production
Directed by HAL WALKER
Screenplay by Cy Howard and Parke Levy



Dean sings 4
wonderful hits ...
romancing
Diana!

"BABY, OBEY ME"

"SINGING A VAGABOND SONG"

"I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU"

"FIDDLE AND GITTAR BAND"

Meet **PIERRE**—
the screen's romantic
new discovery!





louella parsons' good news

■ There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that Shirley Temple will marry the handsome, young millionaire and socially prominent Charles Black shortly after her divorce from John Agar becomes final in December.

Shirley met Black, who was an executive with the Hawaiian Pineapple Company while she was visiting in Honolulu and their romance started then. I say "was" an executive because young Black resigned his Honolulu post so he could be near the former child star.

But Charlie won't have to worry about where his next job is coming from. His dad is head of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in San Francisco and has scads of money.

Young Black's family is very social and are sticklers for propriety and Shirley has an adoring public, many of whom look upon her as having been the victim of a very unhappy marriage. (For those who blame Shirley for its failure, there's a story on page 34.) So, Shirley, for those reasons, will not announce her engagement until she is free and has the final divorce decree in her own hands.

I happen to know that when the good looking, 32-year-old Black invited her to come to San Francisco for the very swanky Bachelor's Ball he did so because he wanted his mother to meet the girl he loves.

The photographs of Shirley taken with Black show her as a new Miss Temple, sophisticated and dressed to the nth degree in very chic clothes, looking vastly different from the curly-haired girl whose face used to appear so round and childish. This Shirley is beautifully slender.



Red Skelton checks to see if his name's included on the list of entertainers at the annual Friars' Frolic. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Stewart assure him that it is.



Informally dressed as usual, Harpo Marx threatens to club innocent bystander Edward G. Robinson. "He was looking at me," Harpo honked—indignantly.



Comics Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were completely fascinated by this young lady's curly hair and long eyelashes—until they found out "she" was Bill Lundigan.

how gay can you get? get a load of the friars' frolic!



The hilarious shindig is one of the town's most popular events. Roz Russell, elegant in a satin dinner coat, and Brod Crawford chat together.



Betty Grable's rarely seen without Harry James, but Harry was on tour, so she came with Gloria De Haven. (Gloria made *I'll Get By* with him.)



Backstage, charmer Burt Lancaster, right, tries to cheer up Floradora girl Bob Mitchum—who doesn't seem very elated about the whole affair.



Red Skelton, the charmer in satin (complete with red wig) looks a little skeptical as dandy Dan Dailey kneels to make his earnest proposal.



Van Johnson and Jack Benny double on the fiddle—(It's "Love in Bloom"). Van partnered a Floradora girl; Jack was a simple fire-chief.



Freckled and pigtailed, "Annie Oakley" Hutton thought gay blade Errol Flynn looked a sight for sore eyes. He thought she was a sight, too.

Best Deodorant News Ever!

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—but keeps down *future* bacteria 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



Little Kerry Kelly donned her Easter regalia to attend services on that day with her daddy, Gene, of The Church of The Good Shepherd.



Since her separation from Ted Briskin, Betty Hutton's been seen with many eligible men. Here she's with Stewart Granger of Macombo.

Speaking of denying engagements, Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling had a spat after I said they were going to get married and Paul did a lot of talking about never getting married again.

But he is too crazy about Jan to keep that up for long and now the great big lug admits that they are going to be married in August. Paul is just beaming with happiness. On him, being engaged is very becoming.

Funny thing, Paul played in *Born Yesterday* on the stage and so did Jan. But at different times and different cities, he with the original New York cast, Jan in the Chicago company.

The other day I saw a friendly little domestic scene. It was noon at Romanoff's and Jan and Paul were lunching at a table for two. Virginia Field came in, saw them, and went over to their table to show them a letter she had just received from her and Paul's daughter, Maggie, who is in school in Palm Beach.

Jan, who will be Maggie's stepmother shortly after you read this, enjoyed the much scribbled letter every bit as much as Paul and Virginia did.

Jane Wyman has become Hollywood's most avid golf enthusiast next to Ginger Rogers. Jane's interest was inspired by Clark Hard-

a
completely
new
experience
between
men
and
women!...



FROM THE PRODUCER WHO DARES TO MAKE PICTURES
AS THEY'VE NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE

MARLON BRANDO • TERESA WRIGHT
in STANLEY KRAMER'S

"The Men"

with EVERETT SLOANE • JACK WEBB • RICHARD ERDMAN
VIRGINIA FARMER • DOROTHY TREE • HOWARD ST. JOHN

more
punch
than
"CHAMPION" ...
more
guts
than
"HOME OF
THE BRAVE"
from the
producer
of both!

Produced by
STANLEY KRAMER • FRED ZINNEBANN • CARL FOREMAN • GEORGE GLASS • DIMITRI TIOMKIN •
Directed by
Released Thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Awake or asleep—FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!



Pepsodent removes FILM— helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. 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.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! 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!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

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



Bing Crosby gets a light from Miss Tabacca at the 1950 Tobacco Convention in Chicago. She's Trudy Germi, who almost became Miss America.



Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling celebrate their engagement. They'll be Mister and Missus come August. He was formerly wed to Virginia Field.

wick, the young Englishman who holds an amateur golf championship. First, Janie liked Clark (he's a dead ringer for Lew Ayres in appearance) and then she liked golf.

Her favorite partner on the links is Ginger Rogers and it was amusing to hear the two girls debate at a cocktail party over which one had won the most games.

I am glad Jane seems happier. She still has moments, I know, of great depression about her personal life. She is not a play girl. She does not like to date a lot of different men. I think she sincerely wants to fall in love again, marry and settle down to family life with her children. (For evidence of this turn to the story on page 57.)

Since it seems impossible to hope that she and Ronald Reagan will ever reconcile, I hope she will meet someone with whom she can fall in love. It could have been Lew Ayres—but it wasn't.

As a rule I do not approve of telling my readers about diets because I feel that no one should diet unless they have consulted a doctor.

But Hollywood has gone overboard for a new diet, many of our beauties have dropped pounds, and still feel so well that I am going to pass it on to you.

Some people call it the "MGM Diet"—because so many stars on that lot were on it. I hear MGM paid a fortune to Mayo Clinic for it and here it is free to you. But please bear in mind that it means what it says—TWO

FOR SHEER EXCITEMENT

IT HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED...

WITH EVERY GASPING THRILL

IN COLOR BY

TECHNICOLOR!

RKO has made James Ramsey Ullman's great novel into a motion picture that achieves new heights in dramatic intensity! Woven into this action-packed story are the loves, hates, hopes and fears of six remarkable people. These are performances you will long remember.



**Glenn Ford • Valli
Claude Rains • Oscar Homolka**

THE WHITE TOWER

with **SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • LLOYD BRIDGES • JUNE CLAYWORTH • LOTTE STEIN**

Produced by Sid Rogell • Directed by Ted Tetzlaff • Screenplay by Paul Jarrico • From the Novel by James Ramsey Ullman



ADVENTURER, who gambled his life to win a new love!



GIRL, who found new romance in the face of danger!



COWARD, who conquered his fear on the storm-swept peak!



GUIDE, who shared countless risks for a few dollars!



SCIENTIST, who tried to escape reality by defying death!



STRANGER, who came to discover in his desire for glory!

Now!
End
perspiration
troubles
with the
Safe-and-Sure



deodorant—

ETIQUET ends perspiration odor *safely* and *surely* —
really checks perspiration! Gives *long-lasting* protection
— yet does not irritate skin . . . does not harm clothing!

FLUFFY-LIGHT and soothing — Etiquet, made by a specially
patented formula, is a remarkable deodorant with a
luxury "beauty cream" base. Goes on easily, works
instantly, disappears in a jiffy! No gritty particles!

MORE ECONOMICAL — Etiquet won't dry out.
In jars and tubes . . . sizes from 10¢ to 59¢.

New! Etiquet Spray-On deodorant

Now a single spray keeps you dainty all day! So *fast*, so
easy to use, and so *effective*! New Etiquet Spray-On
is made by the patented Etiquet *safe-and-sure* formula.
It comes in a lovely new unbreakable plastic bottle
at an amazingly low price. Economy size 49¢.



Marcella Cisney, co-producer of *Light Up The Sky*, gives Guy Modison a couple of pointers of rehearsal in Hollywood's Coronet Theater.

WEEKS, and then stop. Here goes:
MONDAY

Breakfast: Exactly the same for every day of
the diet: Grapefruit, one or two eggs,
black coffee.

Lunch: Eggs, spinach or tomatoes; coffee.

Dinner: Eggs; combination salad; one piece
dry toast; grapefruit; coffee.

TUESDAY

Luncheon: Eggs; grapefruit; coffee.

Dinner: Steak; tomatoes; lettuce; celery;
olives, cucumbers; coffee or tea.

WEDNESDAY

Luncheon: Eggs; tomatoes; spinach.

Dinner: Lamb chops (2); celery; cucumbers;
tomatoes; coffee.

THURSDAY

Luncheon: Eggs; spinach; coffee.

Dinner: Eggs; cottage cheese; spinach; 1
piece dark dry toast; coffee.

FRIDAY

Luncheon: Eggs; spinach; coffee.

Dinner: Fish; combination salad; 1 piece dry
toast; grapefruit; coffee.

SATURDAY

Luncheon: Fruit salad—nothing else.

Dinner: Plenty of steak; celery; cucumbers;
coffee or tea.

SUNDAY

Luncheon: Cold chicken; tomatoes; grape-
fruit.

Dinner: Chicken; tomatoes; cooked cabbage;
carrots; vegetable soup; grapefruit,
coffee.

* * *

News that Joan Crawford is adopting an-
other little girl—her family will then be four
adopted daughters and a son—reminds me
of a very funny thing said by her oldest
child, Christina, when Joan told her there
would soon be twins in the nursery.

"Mother," said Chris, "don't you think we
should get a husband and a daddy in this
family before we have any more children?"

* * *

It would be nice if all Academy Award
winners could get the same kick out of their
honors as Broderick Crawford does!

The other day, Bob Cobb, head of the
Brown Derby Cafes, called to tell Brod that
the new Oscar winners' portraits—stunning
caricatures done in charcoal by famed cari-
caturist, Volpe, were going to be hung in
the Beverly Hills Derby the next morning.

At the crack of dawn, Brod showed up
arrayed in a pair of coveralls, and said he
was going to help hang the portraits. Not
only his own—but he did a laborer's job on

**WILL
SHE
COME
OUT
woman**

OR Wildcat?

**WARNER
BROS.**
PRESENT



The most
sensational
revelations since
'Fugitive from a
Chain Gang'
burned into
America's
conscience!

CAGED!

WOMEN WITHOUT MEN...EXCEPT IN THEIR MEMORIES!

Is she coming
out "good", or is
she coming out
to avenge
the terrors
and the
torments
that make
a prison
for women
a college
for crime?
This is the
angry story of
beautiful Marie
Allen, a one-mistake
girl that men betrayed
... and the law forgot!



Starring

ELEANOR PARKER

AGNES MOOREHEAD ELLEN CORBY HOPE EMERSON BETTY GARDE JAN STERLING

PRODUCED BY **JERRY WALD**

WRITTEN BY VIRGINIA KELLOGG AND BERNARD C. SCHOENFELD
MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

DIRECTED BY **JOHN CROMWELL**





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



It was strictly cowboy stuff at Alono Lodd's birthday party—complete with Roy Rogers as guest of honor and a western movie. Here Alon, Dusty Rogers and Roy give young Miss Lodd some help opening a mighty big present from an admirer.

all the rest of them.

"Sure dolls the place up," he beamed.

No wonder everybody is so crazy about that guy.

One of the most "different" parties this month was held backstage at the little Las Palmas theater after a flock of movie stars opened in *Light Up The Sky* and a lot more movie stars sparkled in the audience.

Guy Madison was the star of the stage show with Benay Venuta and Jean Parker as his leading ladies—and all their friends were out front to cheer them on.

That is—everybody but Gail Russell, Guy's wife. She was quite conspicuous by her absence, but these two still have their battles—and perhaps this was another feudin' spell.

Betty Hutton, Benay Venuta's close friend, laughed so loudly at her antics that some of Benay's funniest lines were lost—but nobody minded. That Betty is a show in herself whether she is on stage or in the audience.

She was with Milt Pickman, a beau she alternates with Bob Sterling. But I think Betty will think a long time before she gets serious about anyone.

Joan Evans, in the front row, with her parents and a young socialite, was in her daring decolletage, as usual. For a fifteen-year-old girl, Joan sure wears 'em low. From the back, she looked like she must be wearing a bathing suit. (For another discussion about the appropriateness of Joan's clothes see page 44.)

Joan Caulfield, in a beautiful pink dress, held hands all through the play with Frank Ross. They are soooo in love and Joan is just blooming now that she's Mrs. Ross.

When the show was over—about fifty invited guests trooped backstage for a champagne supper on stage—and since the set represented a swanky hotel suite, it was all very comfortable and lots of fun.

Kirk Douglas is one of the most amiable guys I know. Very few things annoy him. But Kirk has a red hot mad on at press agents for nightclub cafes who couple his name with "phony" dates and even girls he has never set eyes on.

Kirk says, "This is an abuse that has been going on for ages. Most actors just shrug and let it go. But not me! I'm going to raise hell about it!" (and he didn't apologize about that hell).

"In order for the cafes to get mention in the columns they pretend that certain well known movie couples were there 'holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes.' If you date the same girl for several weeks, you are no longer a good new 'twosome'. So what do they do but make up a date for you—sometimes another actress, more often than not, a girl you've never set eyes on who can use the publicity!

"There is plenty of harm done. For instance, my name was in the columns last week as dating a different girl in a different cafe every night of the week. I've got news for you, and them. I haven't got that much vitality and I don't like night clubs that much.

"As for the ladies I'm supposed to be with—I'm sure they are all very charming but I don't intend to be made to appear like a nitwit of a playboy in the public's eyes just because some newcomer needs a little publicity.

"That's my story—and I'm going to insist on it."

Bette Davis is the talk of the *All About Eve* troupe on location in San Francisco—she is having such a good time and is in such wonderful spirits.

The company is working in the old Curran Theater and between scenes Bette puts on Charleston records and gives with some hot steps from that revived old dance.

How different from the Bette of six months ago who was little Miss Gloom herself. Then, she was miserable with worry about her marriage to William Grant Sherry. Now that their troubles are aired and out in the open, she is like a person who has successfully come through an operation and is on the road to recovery.

Bette still is nervous about going to public places even though her lawyer hired a bodyguard for her. So she and Anne Baxter take turns hostessing suppers in their hotel suites.



Carinne Calvet and her husband, John Bromfield, share a secret before being seated at Las Palmas Theater to see *Light Up The Sky*.

After everybody goes, Bette and Anne, who have become very good friends, usually sit and "hash" for hours.

Did you hear the one about the "car caller" at the première who got tangled up about Deborah Kerr's name and yelled loudly over the public address system:

"Calling Miss Car's Kerr—Miss Car's Kerr?"

Dropped over to the blue-and-silver salon of Rex, the hat man, in Beverly Hills, to pick up my new chapeaux and ran smack into Joan Caulfield being fitted for her wedding hat.

She can't be superstitious because the gent who was putting his okay on it, even to the way the veil should be draped, was Frank Ross!

Some people believe it is unlucky to let the prospective groom get a look at the wedding finery before the Wedding March strikes up.

Joan just laughed. "I think Frank has such good taste," she said, "and, after all, I want him to like the way I look on my wedding day, more than anyone else. Fact is, we just came from Orry-Kelly where my wedding dress was fitted."

Yes, Frank thought it was lovely. He certainly has good taste—and in more than one department, too.

Phil Reed is an honest fellow as well as a handsome one. Phil admits he was scared to death searching the Donald Nelson house for a burglar who stole \$10,000 worth of Nancy Oakes' jewelry.

Phil and Nancy had been out dancing. When they returned to the Nelson home, where the heiress was visiting, they noticed a panel in the door had been broken and the latch had been slipped.

"In the movies," Phil grinned, "I often play a daring guy who rushes into situations like this, pops the bandit on the jaw, and returns the jewels to the gal.

"But in real life—whew—it sure is a different feeling wandering through rooms where someone who likes to use a gun may STILL be lurking!"

The Nelson party was held the very next day after the house had been robbed. The robbery had a definite note of mystery. Although several valuable pieces of Mrs. Nelson's jewelry and \$150 in cash were in plain

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

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"soft-water" lather
—needs no
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dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair
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shining with colorful
natural highlights!



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.

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"See it with
someone you
love very much"



OUR VERY OWN

A MOTION PICTURE
FOR THE MILLIONS
WITH THE

Samuel Goldwyn
TOUCH!



Barbara Lawrence and Marshall Thompson have just broken a record over Roddy McDowall's head during his disc jockey show.



Maureen O'Hara's hairdresser, Fay Smith, puts the final touch on her coiffure for a scene in Paramount's *Tripoli*, filmed in Arizona.

sight on her dressing table, the thief ignored it and took only the things belonging to Nancy.

All the guests turned amateur detectives, examined the broken glass door panel and came up with all sorts of theories. "The real detectives are puzzled," laughed Mrs. Nelson. "But these amateurs solve the robbery every five minutes."

At the Donald Nelson party honoring Nancy Oakes, I had a chat with Peter Lawford's mother, Lady Lawford, and while she absolutely denies that there is any serious romance between Sharman Douglas and Peter, she admits Sharman is the one girl Peter has met whom he cannot forget.

When the chance came for him to go to England to see his aunt who is ill, he grabbed at it so quickly that even Lady Lawford was amused.

Some of the gossip writers have printed that Ambassador and Mrs. Douglas do not like the idea of their attractive daughter marrying an actor. I doubt that. If Sharman and Peter really fall in love I believe that the parents on both sides will give their blessing.

Peter is a personable young man and well born and while he was visiting in London the Douglasses could not have been nicer to him.

Personal Opinions: Lauren Bacall is too thin, much too thin—although I never thought I'd ever say that about anybody the way I've been dieting. But I must say for Bogey's Baby, she certainly does her best acting in *Bright Leaf* with Gary Cooper. Ditto Pat Neal, in the same picture. . . . Jan Sterling, who will soon be Mrs. Paul Douglas, is very much the same blonde, chic type as his ex-wife, Virginia Field. Well, don't the psychiatrists say that men fall in love with the same type over and over? . . . Errol Flynn was REALLY a good boy and didn't step out on his bride-to-be, Princess Ghika, for almost six weeks while he was finishing *Kim* in Hollywood and she was in Paris. But the strain must have been a little too much, because Errol, who enjoys the society of pretty girls, did ask Claudette Thornton (a startling beauty) to dine with him at the Encore Cafe just a few nights before he left to join the princess in Jamaica. At one time, I believed this marriage would never come off. Now, I've changed my mind. . . . Understand that Ann Blyth has seven red evening gowns.

The way that girl looks in red, I don't blame her. . . . I am worried, and so are all her friends, about Ann Sothern who is so depressed over her long illness that she cries all the time. If Ann is one of your favorites, please drop her a note—just Hollywood, California, is enough for the address—and tell her how eager you are for her to be back again on the screen. She's really such a swell girl!

Your letters this month certainly prove one thing—your undying loyalty to Frank Sinatra. In your wild campaign to defend Frankie Boy, some of you have blamed his troubles on Ava Gardner—and surprise, surprise—a few have even insinuated that Nancy doesn't understand him. But Nancy understands him too well. Anyway for your money, Frankie is still A-1.

Alan Ladd continues to come in for much praise because of his happy family life.

In all my mail there is a note of disappointment, or anger or disillusionment about players who step out of line and get in the headlines.

Some of you have mentioned some silly recent publicity involving John Derek—pictures of him "diapering" a doll, for instance. Publicity gags do get ridiculous.

And some of the younger girls are a little shocked over the deep décolletage worn by many of our young starlets.

Thank you for your interest—and please keep writing.

That's all for now. See you next month.

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How proudly she chooses this beautiful pattern! And how wisely, too... for it is by Holmes & Edwards, the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid!

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MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

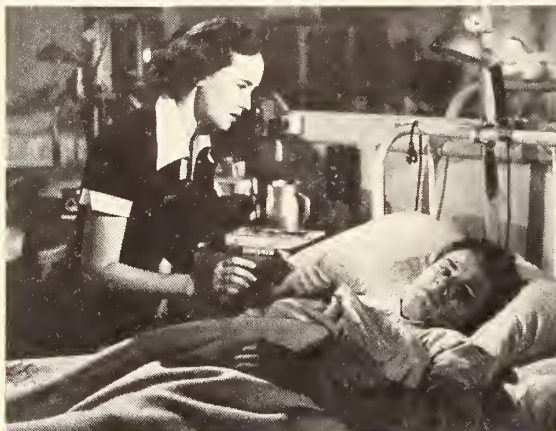
Picture
of the
Month



Wounded on the battlefield, Marlon Brando awakes in rage and terror to find he's paralyzed from the waist down.



Now a paraplegic, he learns to accept his fate. His buddy, played by Jack Webb, accustoms him to hospital routine.



Teresa Wright, the girl he was engaged to, asks him to marry her. He refuses, knowing he'll never walk again.



Doctor Everett Sloane urges them to marry. Finally, having found the courage to start a new life, Marlon consents.

THE MEN

Cast: Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Everett Sloane, Jack Webb.

United Artists

From the first sound of drums as *The Men* opens, you know you're in for an experience. You see the soldier, Ken Wilozek (Marlon Brando) shot, you watch him fall, you hear his voice from the hospital bed where he lies in an agony of pain and bitterness. "At first," the voice says, "I was afraid I was going to die. Now I'm afraid I'm going to live." *The Men* is a story of paraplegic veterans. A story of the soldiers who didn't die—or, at least, who only died a little. Paraplegics are immobilized from the waist down; they're sentenced to life in wheel chairs. They're sentenced to trying to make their way in a world which can only pity, and stare, and never understand. The rehabilitation of such men is the basis of this picture. All the acting is magnificent—Everett Sloane's, as the doctor who works his heart out, knowing he can never do enough; Brando's, as the particular boy whose problems are singled out for discussion; Teresa Wright's, as his fiancée. And the men themselves are magnificent—at once hopeful and hopeless, sweet, and cynical, funny in the bawdy way of soldiers. "Old bladder and bowels" Brock, they call the doctor. "If you wasn't so sexy, you'd remind me of my mother," they say to a skinny little old nurse. *The Men* is both heart-breaking and inspiring. In evaluating the human spirit, it says many things. It says there are men who have suffered too much, and are brave beyond belief. It says we must not forget their sacrifice, nor accept their broken lives lightly.



"You're adorable!"

ELIZABETH TAYLOR as she plays opposite DON TAYLOR in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "FATHER OF THE BRIDE"

"I'm a Lux Girl"

says ELIZABETH TAYLOR

A bride of dreamlike loveliness—that's Elizabeth Taylor in her latest picture. Notice the radiant beauty of her complexion—it's a *Lux* Complexion, given the gentlest, most cherishing care with Hollywood's own beauty soap.

"My Lux Soap facials with ACTIVE lather give my skin new loveliness—so quickly!" says Elizabeth. In recent tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time. Try this beautifying care! You'll love the generous bath size Lux Toilet Soap, too—so fragrant—so luxurious!



FOR ALL-OVER
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TRY THE NEW
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HOLLYWOOD'S ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL:



1. Here's the Active-lather beauty facial screen stars never neglect: Smooth the creamy Lux Soap lather in well—



2. It's such rich, abundant lather, even in the hardest water. Just rinse with warm water, then splash on cold—



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"DEW"
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Gives You All 6
Important Advantages

- 1 STOPS ODOR INSTANTLY!** Yet is absolutely safe. Can't irritate normal skin. "DEW" protects you, protects your clothes.
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- 6 MAGICAL SPRAY BOTTLE!** Unbreakable, squeezable.

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SAFE EYE-GENE
EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!



Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief? ...

Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in seconds—dramatically lights up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 25c, 60c, \$1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.



2 drops make this striking difference in SECONDS!

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Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

Cast: Betty Hutton, Howard Keel, Louis Calhern, Edward Arnold.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Dazzling to look at, enchanting to listen to, "Annie" is everything that a musical should be. Betty Hutton plays Annie Oakley, the world's best markswoman, and she plays her from A to Z. She shoots, she sings (she sings soft and she sings loud), she's a ragged little character all covered with freckles, mourning about how "you cain't shoot a male in the tail like a quail"; she's a vision in evening clothes, all pink and white and beautiful. She's gay and she's sad, and all with a western accent. It's her picture. Howard Keel (the second-best shot in the world, and Betty's love interest) is attractive, has a big, Nelson Eddy-ish voice (which Betty mimics superbly), and J. Carrol Naish makes a delightful injun chief. Now and then, there's a movie which has a kind of magic, a happy atmosphere that infects its audience. This one is like that.



BRIGHT LEAF

Cast: Gary Cooper, Lauren Bacall, Patricia Neal, Jack Carson.
Warners.

Gary Cooper's family's been run out of a tobacco town called Kingsmont because Gary paid attention to the daughter of the biggest tobacco grower (Donald Crisp) in the county. Years later, Gary comes back. Still got that daughter on his mind. She (Pat Neal) is a real nutty-type young girl, likes to stir up trouble, sets her poppa to fighting with Gary again, just for kicks. Then a guy with a cigarette machine (it rolls them automatic) comes along—in those days, cigars were the thing—and Gary goes to borrow money so he can start manufacturing cigarettes. Only person he knows with money is Lauren Bacall. She operates what's coyly referred to as a "rooming house for ladies," but you should see those ladies. Anyhow, Lauren's

grown sleek on her ill-gotten gains, but she's awful ethical when it comes to other people's ethics. Doesn't like Gary taking her money and kissing that high-born lady behind her back. When Gary ruins high-born lady's poppa, high-born lady ruins Gary, and the whole thing is based on a book, but I didn't read the book.



TICKET TO TOMAHAWK

Cast: Dan Dailey, Anne Baxter, Rory Calhoun, Walter Brennan.
20th Century-Fox.

This is about the early days of railroad-ing, and a traveling salesman (Dan Dailey), and a trigger-happy girl (Anne Baxter) who's never been kissed. A train named Emma Sweeney is the star of the picture; she's got to get to the town of Tomahawk by a certain day in order for her operators to acquire their franchise. (Dailey's Emma's first passenger.) A passel of ornery stage-coach devotees don't want no railroad runnin' through the west, and they try horrid tricks (Rory Calhoun's one of the villains), but Emma makes the grade. *Ticket to Tomahawk's* an odd combination of musical and western, with a huge, Technicolored cast. Its very weight makes it move rather heavily, despite everybody's talent.



THE SECRET FURY

Cast: Claudette Colbert, Robert Ryan, Jane Cowl, Paul Kelly.
RKO.

The title of this picture is explained when our heroine, supposed murderess Claudette Colbert, is packed off to the looney bin, and her doctor (Elizabeth Risdon) starts studying charts with big jagged peaks in them. "I call these," she says, "the mountains of the secret fury." Claudette's chart doesn't have any mountains because she's no murderess, she's just a trifle overwrought. Why? Well, on the day she's supposed to marry Robert Ryan, some guy pops in, claims she's already married to a man named Randall (of whom she's never heard); the evidence that she and Randall really are hitched piles up; Randall, when she tracks him down, is slain right in front of her, and she's put on trial for it, and a couple other little things like

Are you in the know?



How should you greet your date mate?

- ☐ Dash out when he "honks"
- ☐ Ask him into the house
- ☐ Take your own sweet time

"One toot and ye're out!" (As the Scottish lecturer said—to the old lady with the ear trumpet.) Does the toot of your joe's jalopy send you scurrying out? That's unsmart. Ask him into the house for a word with the family. Then leave promptly, on your merry way. Even on "difficult" days you'll be poised, comfortable. For Kotex gives softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!



Which neckline's best for your figure?

- ☐ Halter
- ☐ Camisole
- ☐ "Little Boy"

Could be you're the buxom type? Or maybe a build-up is what your figure lacks. No matter. Choose a "Little Boy" neckline and lament no more. It's camouflage for either figure fault. And for solving "certain" problems, why not let Kotex be your choice? You see, the extra protection you get with Kotex helps add scads of self-assurance... belittles "accident" misgivings, thanks to that special safety center.



What helps, if you've that "lobster" look?

- ☐ Antiseptic lotion
- ☐ Tinted makeup base
- ☐ A flame-colored formal

You got yourself barbecued just before the big dance! And with white marks left by your swim-suit straps and bracelet. Next time, take your sunning sensibly. Meantime, ease the broil with antiseptic lotion; plus a tinted makeup base, to cover up. The first two answers above are right. Always right for your sanitary protection needs is one of the 3 Kotex absorbencies. You'll find Regular, Junior or Super just suited to you.



Should you talk to a house-party guest you haven't met?

- ☐ Check with your hostess
- ☐ Give him the deep freeze
- ☐ Defrost

He didn't happen to be around when introductions were going on. So now, when he speaks—you're a snub-deb. Defrost! According to Emily you-know-who, it's correct to talk with any guest. Even if you haven't met officially. You can talk back to your

calendar, too (when it taunts you with "outline" qualms.) Just remember, Kotex has flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines. Unquestionably. Lets you stay in the party picture... fluster-proof... and so self possessed!



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than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



For extra comfort on "those" days, should you—

- ☐ Stay in bed
- ☐ Go square-dancing
- ☐ Buy a nylon belt

Comfort doesn't call for cod-dling—or "square" feasts. Your best bet's a new Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's made with DuPont nylon elastic—non-twisting—non-curling! Gives 118% stretch, yet it's strong, smooth-feeling; wisp-weight. Dries fast. Stays flat even after many tubbings. And see how much easier, quicker the new firm-grip fastener is to use! For extra comfort—buy the new nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES:
Pin style
and with new
safety fastener



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- 5 Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.
- 6 New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or hardens in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.
- 7 Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that this wonderful new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.



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Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in
the deodorant field for more than 30 years.



22 More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.

that. You'd be in the looney bin too. There are four deaths and a bit of blackmail before you get out of the theater, and a real maniac tries to polish off Claudette. Exciting, but terribly implausible.



THE BIG LIFT

Cast: Montgomery Clift, Paul Douglas, Cornell Borchers, Bruni Lobel.
20th Century-Fox.

Shot in Germany where it happened, *The Big Lift* is the story of the American planes which ran food into Berlin when the Russians were blockading the roads to that city. Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas play two American sergeants involved in the proceedings, Cornell Borchers and Bruni Lobel, German actresses, are the love interest, and a wonderful actor named O. E. Hasse makes a delightful Russian spy. The picture bends over backwards to be fair in dealing with the complex mess which is Germany today. Never hysterical, it kids the Russians, and while it overlooks none of the evil the Nazis worked (Douglas, as a passionate German-hater doesn't let anybody forget about Buchenwald and Belsen), it still says that some Germans are decent, anxious to learn about democracy, anxious to bury their old ideas, and help make a better world. *The Big Lift* is timely, terrific, and most—and best—of all, sane.



THE ASPHALT JUNGLE

Cast: Sterling Hayden, Louis Calhern, Jean Hagen, James Whitmore, Sam Jaffe.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

This is a movie about a bunch of men who execute a perfect robbery. Being a John Huston production, it's also a wonderful series of character studies. There's Doc (Sam Jaffe), the brains. Fresh out of jail, he wants to make one good haul, then go to Mexico and study women the rest of his life. He's courtly, philosophical. There's Alonzo Emmerich, the front. He's a middle-aged man of property, respected in the community—and entirely corrupt. He keeps a young girl, very blond, very dumb, in his house at the beach. There's Dix (Sterling Hayden), the "hooligan," betting on horses, hoping to raise enough cash so he can go back to Kentucky and settle down where he was born. You get to know these people, and the others—the bookie whom money makes nervous, the

close-mouthed hunchback, the girl who loves Dix. You meet corrupt policemen, and honest policemen. The picture has depth you don't find in ordinary cops and robbers stuff, and there's not a bad actor in the cast.



THE GUNFIGHTER

Cast: Gregory Peck, Helen Westcott, Millard Mitchell, Jean Parker.

20th Century-Fox.

The *Gunfighter's* about a famous killer named Jimmie Ringo (Gregory Peck) who wants to break with his past. He'd like to go back to his wife and little boy (whom he hasn't seen in eight years), he'd like to live on a farm, be at peace. But he doesn't have that kind of free choice. Every town he hits, there's some little big-shot eager to bait him, to decide "he don't look so tough," to be "the guy who got Jimmie Ringo." So Ringo keeps moving, without rest, hunted by the law, and the lawless. As Peck plays him, he's a real, pitiful human being, aging, sad, tired. You know he's fated to die the way he's lived—by violence—yet you keep hoping something will happen to change that fate. The cast is flawless—Millard Mitchell as an ex-outlaw sheriff, Jean Parker, Karl Malden, Skip Homeier, Anthony Ross—you can't say good enough things about them. Same for Peck and Miss Westcott. Beautiful, beautiful setting. Here's a western with heart.



CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN

Cast: Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy, Jeanne Crain, Mildred Natwick.

20th Century-Fox.

Cheaper By the Dozen is the Technicolor memoirs of a real family—the Gilbreths. Mr. G. (played by Clifton Webb) was a noted time study engineer; Mrs. G. (played by Myrna Loy) bore him twelve children, and these facts are supposedly cues for wild, uncontrolled laughter. Somehow, though, the picture isn't very funny. I don't know exactly why. It's pleasant enough, as it creeps along with occasional glimpses of old-fashioned bathing suits to lend it spice. The wind-up of course comes with the heart attack and death of father Gilbreth, and to me, this is no sock comedy finish. In fact, to me this is no sock comedy. I don't care what they say at 20th-Fox.

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Shasta does not rob hair of its natural oils. Leaves hair looking its loveliest. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or your money back.

like touch. So, to see your hair looking its loveliest, get new, improved Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.

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"glory lights"
in your hair



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Perfumed with famous Old Spice 5 3/4 .85 oz.
NO FEDERAL TAX REQUIRED

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THE DAMNED DON'T CRY

Cast: Joan Crawford, David Brian, Steve Cochran, Kent Smith.
Warners.

Joan Crawford starts out as a poor oil field worker's wife with big ideas, works her way to the top as mistress of the country's biggest crook (David Brian). David, "forceful and polished leader of an international crime syndicate" (that's right off the studio synopsis), hires a social secretary who teaches Joan to drink elegantly (a vermouth cassis is more refined than whiskey and water), and speak un peu de French. But gambling circles are rough. You never saw so many damned people get murdered, and some of them snivel a little, despite the picture's title.



ROGUES OF SHERWOOD FOREST

Cast: John Derek, Diana Lynn, George Macready, Alan Hale.
Columbia.

Robin Hood's dead. So is King Richard. Wicked King John is back on the throne, and up to his old tricks, taxing the people, and hanging 'em when they can't pay. Young Robin (son of old Robin) goes and gathers what's left of his pa's merry men—and they're off to harass the king, and defend the peasantry. If you've ever seen any screen version of "Robin Hood," it's just like this. The girl young Robin loves is named Marianne, just like the girl old Robin loved. John Derek acts like he feels silly in his green chemise, but Diana Lynn looks pretty.

EASY MONEY!

Summer's comin' in—and you know what that means. Lots of lazy days ahead—days to sit in a shady spot with a glass of lemonade and Modern Screen. It also means a chance to make some extra money—with very little effort. Simply do this: Read the stories in this issue, then fill out the questionnaire below (with care) and mail it back to us with great speed. To the first 100 people we hear from we'll send one new dollar bill. That means we're giving away \$100—so let's go!

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| Is Bob Hope Killing Himself? | <input type="checkbox"/> | Poor Richard (Richard Todd) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Glamour From Nine to Five (Betty Grable) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Rumor! Marriage in Danger? (Lana Turner) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Hollywood's Six Loneliest Stars (Shelley Winters, Ronald Reagan, etc.) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Van About The House (Van Johnson) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Give Shirley a Break! (Shirley Temple) by Hedda Hopper | <input type="checkbox"/> | All in The Family (Dale Evans, Roy Rogers) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Music! Music! Music! (Wanda Hendrix, Rand Brooks, others) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Are The Big Stars Too Old? (Greer Garson, Clark Gable, etc.) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| I Don't Want Sympathy (Kirk Douglas) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Who Is Jane Wyman? | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Strange Fears of Ava Gardner | <input type="checkbox"/> | The Story of a Divorce (Bette Davis) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| I've Got a Case on Conte (Richard Conte) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Modern Screen Fashions | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| "Everything Happens to Me" (Joan Evans) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | Louella Parsons' Good News | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | The Inside Story | <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.



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Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights

modern screen
readers spotlight

new faces

Every movie-goer is a talent scout, and our readers have an uncanny knack for picking tomorrow's stars.

I've just come home from seeing Annie Get Your Gun and I think I've made a terrific discovery. Howard Keel who plays opposite Betty Hutton has a wonderful voice and a very sunny personality, but I don't think I've ever seen him before.



He's headed for stardom, I'm sure. Mrs. R. Gillespie, Pawtucket, R. I.

Well, a few months ago, hardly anyone in Hollywood knew Howard. He started the first day of shooting with high hopes and promptly broke his leg. Luckily the movie was shelved for awhile, giving him time to recover. He's six-foot-four inches tall, weighs 195 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. Howard's married to Helen Anderson and MGM says you'll be seeing a lot of him.

Recently I saw a very pretty girl in a small part in Adam's Rib. She played the girl that Judy Holliday's husband was running around with and I think she's got that certain something to make her a star. Do you know who I mean?



Natalie Willis, Haverford, Pa.

Yes, that's Jean Hagen and she began her dramatic life ushering in Broadway's legitimate theaters. It was a good chance to watch professional acting, but Jean criticized the performers so loudly, word got back to writers Hecht and MacArthur. They thought she had a point though and let her understudy the lead. After that she won roles in *Another Part of the Forest* and *Dear Ruth*. She's Indiana born and married to Tom Seidel with whom she co-stars in *A Life Of Her Own*.

Next to Gene Kelly, I think Gene Nelson is one of the best dancers to hit Hollywood in a long time. I thought he was sensational in the Daughter of Rosie O'Grady, and I'd like to see him in more of the same. David Hammer, Bakersfield, Calif.



The critics thought Gene was pretty sensational, too, and in the face of all the offers he was getting, he went out and bought his wife a mink coat. Otherwise, things are still normal at his house. Gene was born in Seattle in 1920 and learned to ice-skate almost as soon as he could walk. He's six-foot tall, weighs 150 pounds and has blue eyes and blond hair.

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly
Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—Album from the sound track* (MGM)

Now you can really start to build a movie-music home library without crowding the family out of the house! MGM Records have started issuing substantial slices of sound-track songs on long-playing records. "Annie" is one of the best, with Betty Hutton at her most extrovert, playing Annie Oakley, helped by Howard Kee's romantic baritone, plus Keenan Wynn and Louis Calhern joining them in a hearty treatment of *There's No Business Like Show Business*. All the rest of the famous Irving Berlin score is on this platter, including *They Say It's Wonderful*, *Doing What Comes Naturally*, and *Anything You Can Do*.

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN—Doris Day and Harry James* (Columbia).

This Columbia long-playing item includes Harry's instrumental version of *Melancholy Rhapsody*, which was written as a theme for the film (Johnny Johnston made it as a vocal on MGM). The other sides are all standard tunes. Harry's horn is backed by his rhythm section on *Man I Love* and *Linehouse Blues*; by the whole band in a bright treatment of *Get Happy*, and the remaining four sides are pleasantly sung by Doris Day, who sounds to us as though she hasn't lost the enthusiasm and sincerity of her Les Brown band-singing era. Her four numbers are *I May Be Wrong*, *The Very Thought Of You*, *Too Marvelous For Words*, and *With A Song In My Heart*.

CLASSICAL

ERIC COATES—*Music Of Eric Coates** (Columbia).

OSCAR LEVANT—*Levant Plays Debussy** (Columbia)

POPULAR & JAZZ

BILLIE HOLIDAY—*God Bless The Child*** (Decca).

A new version with chair background of the beautiful tune Billie helped originate.

ANDRE PREVIN—*Previn by Request** (Victor).

Six more piano numbers by the amazing young musician from the MGM studios, including one of our preferred tunes, *Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered*.

METRONOME ALL STARS—*Double Date** (Columbia).

ART TATUM—*Piano solo album*** (Capitol).

The world's greatest jazz pianist plays *Dancing In The Dark*, *Nice Work If You Can Get It*, and other old favorites.

RAYMOND SCOTT—*Dedicatory Piece To The Crew And Passengers Of The First Experimental Rocket To The Moon** (Master).

Raymond Scott's music is as odd as his times. He has recorded ten new sides, each coupling an original opus like this one with a standard tune, such as *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *Dinah*, etc. Good vocals by Dorothy Collins.

Beauty is my business—

says CAROLINE O'CONNOR
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• "It gives my complexion the radiant freshness a cover girl needs. My skin photographs silken-soft and smooth—enchantingly young! That's why I can pose in high-style colors, like this dramatic new red."



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Yes, like 9 out of 10 cover girls, let gentle SweetHeart Care reveal your complexion's true, sparkling beauty. It happens so quickly! One week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer . . . smoother . . . younger.

Beauty is my business, too!

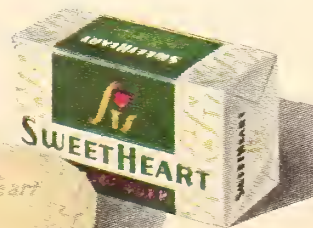
• Karen's a model, too—her mother—a smart New York housewife—always bathes her with pure, mild SweetHeart Soap. Probably Karen will grow up to be a famous cover girl with an exquisite SweetHeart complexion!

• Today get gentle SweetHeart Soap in the new, large bath size.



SWEETHEART

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gives you a lovelier complexion all over.

And its delicate, exciting scent leaves the merest hint of perfume on your skin—a delightful invitation to romance. Get Bath Size Palmolive today—for Palmolive's marvelous beauty lather means you, too, may have a



Is Bob Hope killing himself?

Here's new insight into an amazing character who never stops running. *by Tim Burton*

■ You probably heard the broadcast. It was the kick-off show for the 1950 Cancer Fund Drive, with a nation-wide hookup, an all-star Hollywood cast—and, of course, Bob Hope. He sang with Jo Stafford, acted with Roz Russell, kidded with Jimmy Durante, signed off with "Thanks For The Memory" and dashed to a waiting car headed for the airport and New York.

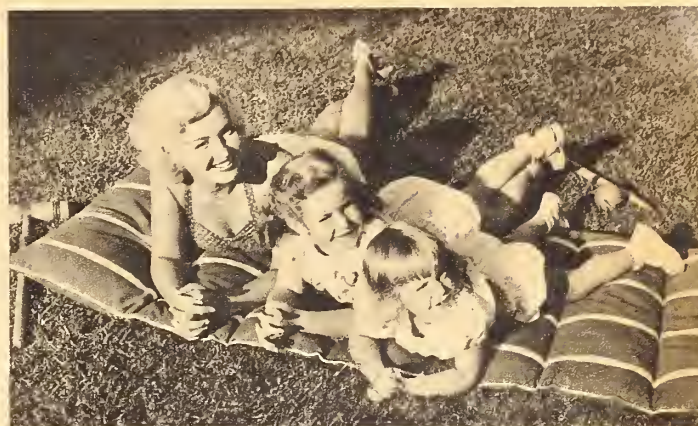
Two technicians in the control booth stared after him for a full minute, before one of them commented, "I just don't see how he keeps it up. Some starry evening he's going to pitch right over on his face."

Practically everyone who has worked with Bob Hope during the past two years has made a similar observation. It's impossible to watch the unrelenting way he drives himself without nervously wondering when the breaking point will come.

What is driving this dynamo? Where is he going?

(Continued on page 77)





Betty's just plain Mama to Vicki, 6, and Jess, 3.

glamour

from nine to five

She's Hollywood's
sexiest show girl, her
legs are worth
a million.
But Grable's glitter
works like a
clock—and she turns
it off at five.

■ One recent afternoon, Victoria James, aged six, sat viewing *Wabash Avenue*, in which her mother, Betty Grable, came at her like a creature out of another world. When the scene flashed on where Betty blew her top and pitched a few dozen shoes around the room, Vicki stared in amazement, then tugged anxiously at her father's sleeve.

"What's the matter?" she whispered. "Mama doesn't act like that at home!"

Vicki hit it right on the nose: Mama doesn't act like that at home. In fact, Mama doesn't act at all. About the last thing you'd suspect at the James house is that Mama ever wears tights.

To Vicki, Mama is a beautiful, golden-haired lady who, around eight months out of the year, gives her a good-bye hug after breakfast at 6:30, goes off to work, and shows up again at 5:30 P.M. to have dinner with her, Jessica and Daddy. Then, after another hour or so she tucks her into bed with a sweet-scented kiss.

It would be impossible for Vicki to imagine that Mama is Hollywood's sexiest show girl, that her boss at Twentieth Century-Fox gratefully (Continued on page 95)

They can
wrap their sorrows
in mink,
drown them
in champagne, but
they can't escape the
haunting solitude . . .

BY STEVE CRONIN

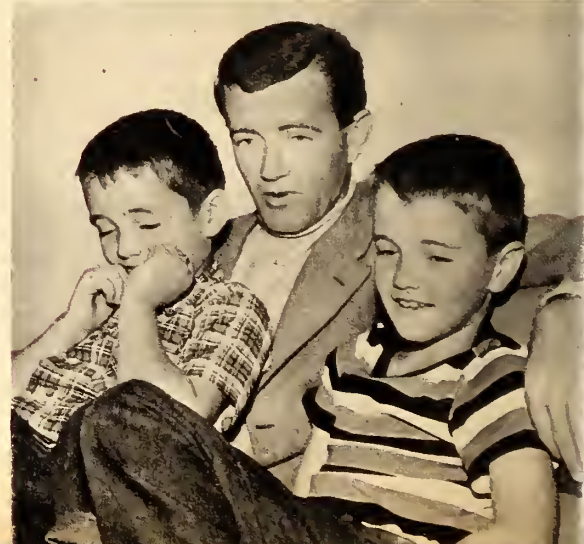
hollywood's six loneliest stars



Ronald Reagan vainly searched two continents for happiness.



Rita Hayworth fled, too—sought peace with Aly and Yasmin.
Bob Walker, with sons Mike and Bab, yearns for friendship.



Hollywood is full of lonely people. It would take a fat volume to list them all. Comic or terrifying figures on the screen; sophisticates or madcaps in public; lavish hosts or sought-after guests—alone, they are the lonely ones with tears for companions.

It has always been this way. As long as Hollywood has been news, there have been juicy stories of the erratic adventures of the stars. The stars, explained the newspapers, had too much money, or too much fame, or too great a craving for narcotic thrills. The real villain was never unmasked. No one ever suggested that it was the maladjustment brought on by years of loneliness that forced those sudden, pathetic escapes into unreality.

When we select six stars, and say that these are the loneliest in Hollywood it is presumptuous of us. But we do it only because these six are the obvious ones, the stars, who more than the others, feel their loneliness, wear it better, have a current reason for melancholy.

The first is Shelley Winters . . . Picture a Christmas party at Paramount studios. It's one of the most famous events to attend on Christmas Eve. Fellowship and good cheer are everywhere. This particular year it was no different. Movie celebrities filled the big room until the walls bulged. Wine flowed freely; laughter was loud and carefree. In the center of the gayest group was Shelley Winters. She sat on the edge of a table, her golden hair like a flash of sunlight in the dark—and she was the gayest of them all.

Fifteen minutes later, one of the girls at the party was walking down the dimly-lit hall when she heard an odd, mournful sound coming from one of the empty offices. She opened the door stealthily, and there alone, her face turned toward the open window and the starlit sky, Shelley Winters sat on the floor, sobbing.

This is not an unusual story; not an isolated incident in a full life. Just an honest breakdown by the gayest girl in moviedom. For, you see, Shelley Winters is lonely.

She's impatient, too. Undisciplined, uninhibited as a

puppy, she's lonely because she hasn't found a playmate of her own calibre. And when the party is the merriest, she will sit on the floor and cry for this companion she hasn't been able to find.

No one can deny that she's searched. The list of her escorts is as long as the arm of an ape. She's flitted from man to man like a squirrel seeking winter food. Each time there's been a new one, Shelley has blossomed. She's appeared in public places on the arm of a lad with possibilities and acted as though that was it, here was the boy. Then there would be a line or two in a column. "Shelley Winters and So-and-so turned a lot of heads last night as they skipped three blocks down Sunset Boulevard."

Then, for a dozen nights, Shelley would sit home alone, or go to a drive-in for a midnight cup of coffee, or lie wide awake in a nine o'clock bed counting the shadows on the ceiling, hoping to find the face of a male mad-cap there. Then she'd find the face at another party. She'd suggest on their third date that they take a dip in the fountain in the square in the center of town—and the bum would run like a coward. And she'd start her search again . . .

The anatomy of loneliness is varied and secret. No two people have the same requirements for happiness, the same reason for despair. But there is one thing all lonely stars have in common. They lack the tendencies for fraternity that a perfectly normal, well-adjusted person has—and most of them select their intimate companions warily, with infinite, soul-searching patience.

Take Lizabeth Scott, one of the six. A naturally light-hearted girl with the healthy body of a peasant and the face of a cover girl, Lizabeth spends many lonely hours gazing out of the window of her hill-top home, wishing she were someplace else, with a man, with a good pal—anywhere but on the hill-top alone . . .

Take John Agar . . . Young, handsome, intelligent, successful, rich. Divorced, yes, but that happens to a lot of people. All the other elements (*Continued on page 69*)

Lizabeth Scott lives all alone on a hill-top.

John Agar's loneliness led to trouble—drunken driving.

Shelley Winters can't find a playmate.





Give shirley a break!

BY HEDDA HOPPER

One mistake,
one broken dream—
that's all the
world will take from
Temple. But
Hedda Hopper's gone
to bat for her!

■ Last winter, right after her ugly divorce proceedings, Shirley Temple flew to Hawaii, her second home. Three times before, she'd been there, in '35, '37 and '39, but then it was different. Then she was the dimpled darling of the world, and Hawaii had treated her like a princess. Now she was a front-paged Hollywood divorcée, the target of gossip and whispered scandal.

She was almost afraid for the plane to land. But when it did there were three thousand people waiting to greet her, waiting to deck her with leis, waiting to take her into their hearts again. Shirley was overcome with gratitude.

Then, six weeks later, she flew back to Hollywood. When she arrived, there was no welcome at all—only photographers with blinding flashbulbs, and reporters with nagging questions. She was back on the defensive.

One newspaper featured a blast at Hollywood's morals under the headline, "Bergman, Hayworth and Temple," linking Shirley unfairly with two really shocking cases of moral offense. A columnist boldly announced—and wrongly—that Hollywood producers were afraid to put Shirley Temple in a picture for fear of public disapproval, that she was casting poison, that she was through.

On her desk were stacks of mail, most of it cruel. Cranks gathered outside her home and lectured her for her sinful ways. Every time she was seen with a friend it was headlined as a new romance.

She was a Hollywood divorcée, wasn't she—and fair game. Well, it wasn't fair to Shirley. I think it's high time someone went to bat for her. I'm sick and tired of the dim light she's been put in, and I'm outraged to see the shadow cast by another chasing her out of the sunshine she rates.

When I heard that (*Continued on page 85*)



Shirley attended the San Francisco Bachelors' Ball with socialite Charles Black, whom she met in Hawaii. She denies engagement.

AT VANESSA BROWN'S HOUSE THEY CALLED IT MUSIC. BUT I'M NO FOOL—I CALL IT MADNESS.

by Beverly Ott

music! music! music!

■ All I did was drop by Vanessa Brown's house one Saturday afternoon to return a book. I rang the doorbell and the only answer I got was a deafening crash, followed by a squeak.

Being well brought up, but curious, I ventured around to the side of the house. Vanessa was home, I saw, and she had company—a room full of musicians (they looked like musicians) who were having a jam session. They stopped when Vanessa noticed my head resting on the windowsill.

"Do you play?" she asked.

"Only the radio," I answered forlornly.

"Well, come in and listen," she invited cordially. "You've never heard anything like it."

I never have. But I've never seen six (Cont'd on page 38)

Nobody laughed when Vanessa Brown sat down to play. Betty Lynn, Rand Brooks and Wanda Hendrix find some real talent in their midst.





Wanda prepares to out-Benny Jack on the violin while the rest of the band pulls itself together. Dick Erdman is drummer, Rand Brooks is behind him with a guitar, Brett King's under the tuba. Betty has a zither, Vonessa o slide trambone.



During on intermission, while the other musicians rest their ears, Rand Brooks shaws Wanda and Betty haw he strums on the old guitar as Lucky in the Hapalang Cossidy series.



Vanessa ond the gong go out to the veropda far a buffet supper of tuno salad, cold meat ond opples. The food looks too pretty to eat. (Solad recipe's an next page.)



The music goes round and round at Vanessa Brown's party—and it comes out soop bubbles. Betty Lynn provides zither accompaniment for Brett King and tuba.



Dick Erdman, who filled Brett's tuba with soapy water, settles down for a hot lick at the drums. "Just call me Krupa," he told Wanda. But having stuffed her ears with cotton, Wanda remains unmoved during the performance.



Vanessa's Tuna Crunch Salad

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 No. ½ can Star-Kist Tuna (Fancy Solid Pack'or Chunk Style) | 1½ tablespoons lemon juice |
| 4½ tablespoons chopped sweet or dill pickle | 1½ cups crisp shredded cabbage |
| 1½ tablespoons minced onion | 1 small bag potato chips, coarsely crushed |
| 1 cup mayonnaise | lettuce |
| | tomato wedges |

Combine tuna, pickle, onion, mayonnaise and lemon juice; chill in covered dish until ready to serve. Add cabbage and toss together. Just before serving, add half of crushed potato chips and toss lightly. Heap into shallow, lettuce-lined salad bowl, sprinkle rest of chips on top, garnish with tomato wedges. Serves 6.

music! music! music! continued

people have more fun. Vanessa went back to the piano. Wanda Hendrix gave her violin a pleading look and began to saw. Rand Brooks put a guitar on his knee. Brett King wrestled with a tuba while Betty Lynn decided which end of her zither was up. Dick Erdman drowned them all out as he pounded a set of drums.

"New composition?" I asked gaily.

"It's the 'Johnson Rag,'" Rand replied in a tone that made me feel like crawling into the tuba.

"Don't worry," Betty said. "We'll perfect it—one of these sessions."

The sessions usually occur on Saturdays. But you never can-tell. Sometimes, they happen on a Sunday. No one's very good. No one's very serious. Which means they always have the time of their lives.

I settled back to watch. Suddenly the room was comparatively quiet. Everyone's eyes were fastened on Brett and the tuba. His eyes were closed and he was blowing hard. He didn't know that he was blowing bubbles.

"What *talent*," Wanda gasped.

Brett's eyes flew open and he held his instrument at arm's length, which is quite a feat if you've ever held a tuba. "Aw, all it takes is soapy water," said Dick Erdman (who'd supplied same). To add to the confusion, Dick suddenly broke into a drum solo, a hangover from his days in a high school band. (Continued on page 79)



I don't want sympathy

by Kirk Douglas

I was the poorest kid in town, but don't pity me. I learned what love meant. I learned about faith . . .

■ I wouldn't trade my wrong side of the tracks background for a Fifth Avenue mansion. I mean that. The proudest youngsters you see are the ones whose families don't have much, because those youngsters are secure in being loved, and love makes up for no money in the bank.

I'm glad now that I lived at the bottom of the hill instead of at the top. Without that beginning I might not now have my greatest asset—the devotion of my mother and father and six sisters.

I never wanted pity—although at one time I was a pitiable figure. I remember the afternoon I was doing some typing on the seventeenth floor of a New York skyscraper. At the moment I had turned to look out of the window and ask myself, "How can (Continued on page 80)"



She's all that's
beautiful, she's glamor
with a sigh—yet
Ava Gardner's afraid
to love, afraid
to be herself . . .

BY LESLIE SNYDER

THE STRANGE FEARS OF AVA GARDNER

■ I'd hate to be Ava Gardner. Maybe this sounds crazy. After all, what girl in her right mind wouldn't want to be gorgeous, famous and irresistible? I repeat. Not me. Don't misunderstand. What I have, Ava Gardner is lucky to be without. And if a camera ever came near me I'd probably shoot first. So it's not sour grapes.

All I know is, there's one thing in the world that's harder than being an actress—and that's being Ava Gardner, too.

Show you what I mean. One day, quite a while ago, I stood gazing at this fabulous creature and finally, I said, "Ava, honey, I guess you have just about everything."

She looked through me as if I were a glass wall, and she said, "Leslie, sometimes I think I have nothing at all."

Sounds silly, doesn't it? A woman like that. Why you just *know* she couldn't be happier. Only you don't know my friend Ava—the girl who thinks she has nothing at all; the girl who's pursued by so many strange fears she needs a file case to sort them.

All right, so you don't believe it. Everybody has fears, you say, what's so amazing about that? Well, doesn't it strike you as pretty amazing when a woman like Ava is afraid of losing a man?

Don't laugh. She was afraid not too long ago, and what's more, she lost the man—forever. He married someone else.

Ava was seeing quite a bit of Howard Duff at the time, but that was a blind to avoid publicity; the sort of publicity she got in her skirmishes with Artie Shaw. This man she loved was not an actor, he was in business and because his marriage is happy it wouldn't be fair to reveal his identity. But he was a plain, not startlingly handsome guy, and hardly the sort you'd picture for Ava.

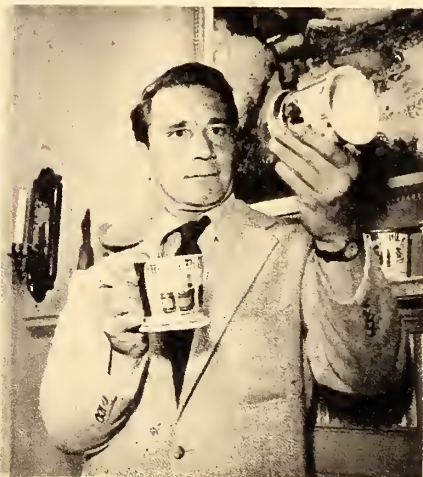
All the time they went together Ava, the great screen siren, (*Continued on page 82*)



Richard hangs his first portrait of Ruth. "He never makes me look like a movie star," she says. Painting's a hobby he cherishes



Ruth is Nicky's patient—and only—model.



Conte has a big collection of shaving mugs.



He loves tennis—his trophy's on the desk

I've got a case on Conte

by Ruth Strome Conte

He paints like Picasso

—well, almost.

He's an authority

on antiques—well,

practically.

Want to know what

Richard Conte's like

as a husband?

Well, wonderful!

■ He used to be a student in Professor Michael Gordon's drama class. I sat next to him. Every time he looked my way I smiled. When he didn't, I worried. You can see how it was with me.

With him it was different. All he cared about was acting. One day when he was very busy ignoring me for some notes he was scribbling, I nudged him with my elbow.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"Writing a biography of the character I'm playing," he said, not looking up.

"Oh. The lead?"

"No. A walk-on. I walk across the park looking lonely."

"Are you nuts!" I exclaimed.

"Look, he's supposed to be real, isn't he? There are a hundred ways he could look and behave. I have to know the one way he'd walk across the park. To know that I have to know his whole story."

One day, a couple of weeks later, a distinguished looking man in his fifties rang my doorbell. He had grey hair, a crisp mustache, and was wearing a fur-collared coat.

"Sorry," I said, starting to close the door. "You have the wrong apartment."

But I couldn't close the door; he had his foot stuck in it. I was terrified. I could just see the next day's headlines, *YOUNG ACTRESS FOUND DEAD*.

A moment later, it dawned on me, the man was Richard Conte, all rigged up for that walk-on role!

"You crazy fool!" I shouted, and started to laugh, and I guess, right then, I fell in love.

A little over a year later, he telephoned me from Hollywood.

"Come on out," he said.

"What for?" I asked him.

"For a honeymoon . . ."

So I dropped the phone and caught a train, and on May 21, 1943, we were married.

At that time, Nicky was working on *Guadalcanal Diary*, and we practically spent our honeymoon on the set. Oh, I'd dreamt of lazy hours at the beach, of outdoor dining to violin music, of dancing under the stars . . . But what I got were the sounds of guns booming, of planes whining as they dived to attack, of machine guns frantically rat-tat-tatting. The studio had transformed those peaceful beaches and hills into a convincing replica of Guadalcanal. And every evening my groom came home exhausted, unshaven, smeared with jungle slime.

Nothing seemed normal any more. Once Nicky had to leave me for three days to go to a different location, and on one of those days I decided to learn to fish. I rented some equipment at a dock, and I (Continued on page 99)



The Contes and their Belgian Shepherd.



BY KATHY O'SHEA

It's hard to be
a teen-ager, especially if
you're a star. Ask Joan
Evans who has more critics
than cocktail parties,
and for every laugh,
two sighs.

“EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME”

■ If you're under twenty-one, you can't win. No matter what you do someone older and wiser is around to tell you that it's wrong. And if you're a teen-age movie star, I pity you.

Take the case of Joan Evans. A couple of months ago, a radio commentator blasted her on the air. He told her that she should be mortified about the way she behaved at the Academy Awards presentation, that she looked twice her age and acted half of it, that her red evening dress was cheap and that her makeup was an inch thick.

“Well,” said Joan, when the attack was over, “I guess I'm in. When *he* takes a crack at you—you're in.”

Those were her words, but she was hurt deeply. She'd been misunderstood by that radio commentator, but there was no way of getting back at him.

Now I saw Joan at the Academy Awards; I saw the way she looked and acted. I'd like to tell you about it.

You know, Award night is one of the biggest events in Hollywood. To Joan it was as important as a high school prom, magnified a thousand times. So she thought about it for months in advance, planned for it, hoped (*Continued on page 92*)



Joan Evans attended the recent Academy Awards with newcomer Corleton Carpenter. She drew harsh criticism for her red gown, her makeup and her “unbecoming” behavior.



The Tadds live in a Hollywood hotel suite.



Dick loves fan letters—he gets 40 a day.

Everywhere he
turned, there was a doctor.
Everywhere he moved,
people said,
“Take it easy.” So Todd
walked out of their lives—
into his own.

BY SUSAN TRENT

POOR RICHARD

■ It was bad enough when he whistled in his dressing room—that was worse than breaking five mirrors. But on his way to the studio commissary, not ten minutes later, Richard Todd followed a black cat under a ladder, caught it by the tail, and proceeded to pat it (the cat).

“Nice kitten,” he said serenely.

A group of extras from his set watched for a moment in horror. “Hey, Dick—you shouldn’t be doing that,” one of them shouted hoarsely.

Richard Todd looked up and grinned. He continued stroking the coal black fur. The cat purred gratefully, and lightning didn’t even strike. Richard was doing what he felt like doing, and as usual, people were telling him not to.

“You shouldn’t!” was a familiar phrase. He was practically raised on it. And today, he has the same respect for those particular words as he has for “you can’t” or “you mustn’t.” Not much. He accepts them graciously, then happily ignores them.

However, on one occasion he met a man who said, “You *should*.” The incident occurred at a cocktail party in London. Vincent Sherman, the guest of honor, was in England to direct *The Hasty Heart*. He’d brought along a great script and had lined up a fine cast. But one of his actors was missing—a player who could portray (Continued on page 97)





rumor! marriage



Gossip's cheap.

It comes easy about
the Toppings.

But they won't let
words wreck
their marriage.

BY MARJORIE HAYDEN

The people in the portrait at the left (Lana, her daughter Cheryl, and Bob Topping) look as happy and as placid as you'd expect any young, wealthy family to look. But don't let the gossipers hear you say that. Only two years of marriage, and they've built up a case about that lady and her home life. Lana, they say, is going through a crisis. Unless she and her husband solve certain recurring problems, Topping and Turner will part.

Problems? What married couple doesn't have them? Arguments? Sure, the Toppings have a few. If you're not in love your wife can go off and shoot herself, and you won't argue. Otherwise, arguments can happen.

What's the basis for all this gossip? Nothing much. A rumor printed, a comment overheard, reports of a sudden cancellation of a trip to Japan, reports of a stormy quarrel in Mexico . . .

It isn't nice to delve into the privacy of anyone's married life. It isn't polite, and besides, you come up with all kinds of ridiculous stories—like the one a radio commentator told recently. Lana, he said, received a black eye as a gift from Bob. Actually, Lana hasn't had a black eye since she fell down the cellar steps when she was eight years old.

Well, let's delve a little ourselves to get nearer the truth. To begin with, Lana married Bob Topping after a very brief courtship. Too brief, say the gossipers, she had to combine the courtship and the honeymoon and the first year adjustments to marriage. That's too much of a challenge.

It's a challenge, all right, but other women have met it, so did Lana. It's pretty rare to find a young wife who, during the first two years of marriage, hasn't asked herself, "Why did I do it? —Does he love me?—Do I love him?"

By noon the (Continued on page 74)



The upstairs living room is twenty by forty feet, and triples as den and office. A ceiling-high mirror is over the fireplace and bookshelves line the

V

an around the house

Socks deck the marble bath—hamsters nest in the couches—and the Johnsons

■ The house is so big a ghost would be lost in it. As it is, the Johnsons count noses before they go to bed—five noses. The smallest one belongs to Schuyler who's two and blonde and has to be sung to sleep.

Then come five-year-old Tracy and nine-year-old Neddy who wouldn't go to bed at all if someone didn't disconnect the radio. Someone is Van. He's the one who sings Schuyler to sleep, although the way he does it it's a wonder she doesn't get up and walk out of the house.

"It's a wonderful home for the kids," sighs Evie.

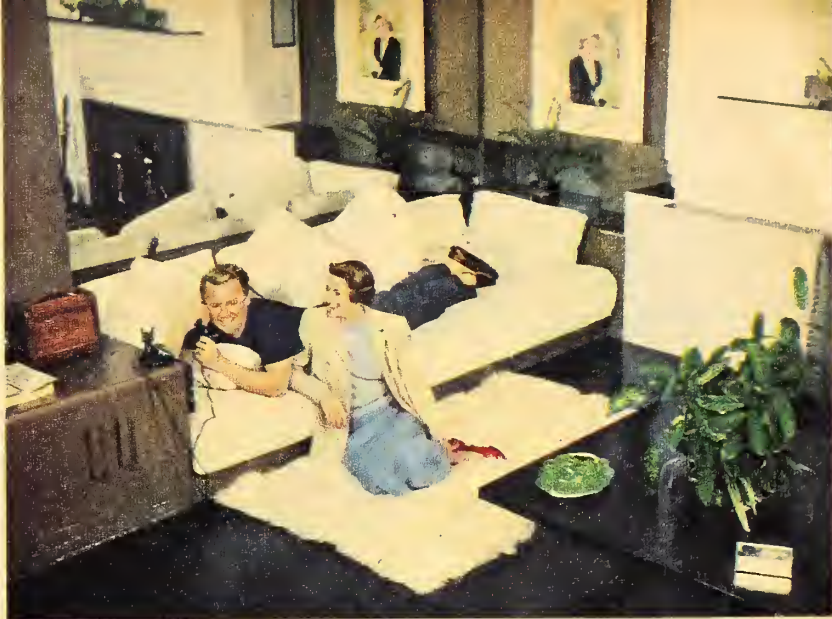
"For one thousand kids," sighs Van.

The house is in Santa Monica, at the end of a

BY DUANE VALENTY



walls. Van keeps the coffee table covered with candy.



Built-in sofas, softly colored oil paintings set off the reception room's cocoa walls.



The dining room is elegant with silver candelabra, blond furniture, glass buffets. Below: The dressing room is modern, leads into the imported marble bathroom.

happily get lost in the palace they call home.

dead end street. It was built in the early days of modern architecture when a sunken bathtub was the last word in plumbing, and a movie star felt cramped if she could see both ends of the drawing room. Originally, it belonged to Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, and there aren't many more places like it in Hollywood, or anywhere else.

There's a big wall surrounding it, and huge trees hiding it, and heavy old doors in front of it that would put fear into a welcome mat. Tremendous lawns lead down to a fenced-in swimming pool with its stone bath house, and to the tennis court with its own little house.

All of it looks very *(Continued on next page)*





Van Johnson shoots Evie on the flagstone terrace of their home in Santa Monica. One of Hollywood's "showplaces," it's almost too big for their comfort.



Like all proud papas, Van is an avid cameraman. He has a three year record of his children. Bound volumes of all his own movie roles are on the shelves.



Van and Evie are both interested in decorating. She converted this toy coal-burning stove, complete with pots and pans, into a lamp—it really works!

van around the house continued

austere and forbidding, but the people inside destroy that impression.

The master of the house, for instance, likes to wash his argyle socks in the imported black marble sink in the bathroom. No one else can touch his argyles; the colors might run. For him they stand still as he puts the socks on stretchers and hangs them along the wall.

The bathroom, with its imported marble and indirect lighting, and the silver-leaf dressing room next to it are fancy enough for a C. B. DeMille epic.

In fact, as soon as you enter the house, you feel like looking for an usher. The large entrance hall leads to a cocoa-and-white reception room where built-in white couches stand on either side of the fireplace. Oil paintings (one of them is a street scene by Van), soft fur rugs and green plants in wall boxes complete the decor.

"There's too much space, and not enough room," says Evie.

"Exactly," says Van.

What they mean is, they'd like more room for the children and less for the furniture.

Both Evie and Van have wonderful ideas about decorating, but so many pieces are built in (the couches, the record player, the bookshelves) they don't get much chance to express themselves.

Evie finds an outlet in lamps. She can buy almost anything and make it into a lamp. There's a brass toy stove with tiny kitchen utensils on it that she transformed, and an old coffee mill that won't ever see a coffee grain again.

Upstairs, in her bedroom, there are blackamoor lamps on bedside ladder tables. The bed, itself, is extra-size with an upholstered headboard. Here, as in almost all the rooms, the walls become windows above a height of eight feet, and great eucalyptus trees look in.

Upstairs, too, is the boys' wing, and the den. You reach them by way of a thickly-carpeted staircase. The den is at one end of a room twenty by forty feet in size. In one corner of the room there's a small piano, crowded bookshelves and ten-foot long couches, as well as a leather game table and chairs.

At the den end, there are more bookshelves, a large, triangular desk, and Van's home-movie equipment. Leather bound volumes of his movies are stacked on the shelves. (He's just finished *The Big Hangover*, and the *Duchess of Idaho*). Evie calls that collection, "the blood, sweat and tears section." They also have a collection of movie prints, and a cameraman—namely, Van. You can find him almost any free day—when he isn't playing tennis with Evie, or swimming, or off skiing at Aspen with the Gary Coopers—sitting on the floor surrounded by miles of black celluloid.

"Got some wonderful stuff," Van says. "A movie of Liz Taylor on vacation—that's a pip. Movie of Lana Turner's daughter's birthday party. And a complete record of our kids for the last three years." (That's how long Evie and Van have been married.)

Van doesn't like other people to take pictures of his children. It's not professional jealousy; he just doesn't want them posing when they feel like playing. "It's all right if the kids like to pose," he says. "But ours aren't hams at heart."

The boys, Neddy and Tracy (Evie's children by her marriage to Keenan Wynn) like to stand around and watch Van. It doesn't matter what he's doing—painting in oils, splicing a film, reading a book—they'll be there at his elbow.

Or else they'll be off spoiling their kid (Continued on page 77)



Dale gets assistance from Cheryl (at the sink), Dusty and Linda. There'll be a new baby soon.

All in the family

It's a growing household, and the Rogers like it that way. They have so much happiness to spare . . .

BY MARGARET WAITE

■ Dale Evans Rogers is expecting.

"What do you think of that?" she said to Roy.

"Think I'm going to faint," he told her.

"Hey," she said. "That's my line."

"Okay, then," he said weakly. "I hope she has green eyes—like you."

Dale didn't know then, and doesn't now, if it's a he or a she, but the sentiment was nice. The whole idea was nice—except for one thing. The baby's expected late in the summer, and Roy was supposed to make a movie in England, late in the summer.

"You'll have to go without me," Dale said.

"Try and make me," said Roy.

Republic Studios tried: "Our funds are frozen in England." (Continued on page 62)

"Leave romance to us," the young stars plead. But the older generation

laughs, "We have more experience"—and the grey hairs to prove it.

Are the big stars

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

■ How old do you have to be to be too old—30—40—55? When do you have to put away your nylons and pose with a parasol? "Not yet!" cry the stars who've been romancing on the screen for twenty years. More and more, the young newcomers struggling to grab a hunk of stardom, are giving up, are going home to Punxsutawney.

Hollywood producers have to face a grim fact. They must either give a break to newcomers, or they must sit back and watch thousands of people walk out of movie theaters.

And Hollywood's big stars have to face a grim fact; they're not getting any younger, even though their roles remain the same.

Greer Garson, for one, was rudely awakened a short time ago. Magnificent trouper though she is, she had tears in her eyes as she read the reviews of *Julia Misbehaves*. The critics weren't kind. Sure, they said, it was a lot of fun to see her romping around in opera length stockings, but that role should have gone to someone twenty years younger.

Twenty years younger? Just how young or old is Greer Garson? No one knows officially. Studio workers say she's in her late thirties. Others insist she's closer to fifty. If you look in the Motion Picture Almanac, where all the stars are listed, you'll see that Greer has a birthday, although she wasn't born in any particular year.

Luckily for Greer, she's decided to *act* her age, even though she keeps her age a secret. In *The Miniver Story*, sequel to *Mrs. Miniver* which made her one of our most beloved stars, she may again establish herself as a ruling favorite. In this picture she'll be older than she was in the (Continued on page 56)

Bing Crosby—46.
He acts his age.



Greer Garson—?
She grew up.



Who is Jane Wyman?

This is about a woman nobody
knows, a woman of many faces who
was a stranger even to herself. On the following
pages we present her story.

Who is Jane Wyman?

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ Every night she'd say the Lord's Prayer. Then she'd add her own particular passionate plea. "Please, *please*, dear God, give me wisdom—" With wisdom, she'd never have to cry herself to sleep or care whether Mary Lou liked her or not. Wisdom would make her happy.

She was eight then, but she'd already learned that wisdom doesn't come in a gift-wrapped package. It took her longer to discover that the search for wisdom is fundamentally the search for oneself, that until you've found yourself, any promise of happiness is just a big fat mirage . . .

Most of her life Jane Wyman's been somebody else. She's been Torchy Blaine, the flip babe, the brittle sophisticate always making with the wisecracks. She was also—paradoxically—the girl who walked a little alone, guarding the core of herself against invasion, wary of people who seemed to be moving in on her. If you tried getting too close to Jane, the protective curtain dropped. You could come so far, and no further.

There were moments, at first, when she looked inward, bewildered. "This isn't me. Why in heaven's name don't I stop?" There were long years when her assumed personality built itself up, layer by layer, and Jane thought she was happy within its shell. The other self lay buried so deep, it was practically lost. Only it refused to stay buried.

Let's answer one question before you ask it. None of this bears any relation to Jane's marriage and divorce. Go up and down the land, and you won't meet a finer person than Ronnie Reagan. She'll be the first to tell you so. No matter what pattern her life had followed, Jane would have had this private battle to face and to fight alone . . .

As with so many problems, its seeds were planted in childhood. Jane was the daughter of her parents' later years. A much older brother and sister were already married. She grew up in a home where her father was ill and required most of her mother's attention. Therefore she was lonely. At school, there were some girls to play with. After school, there was no one. With a sick man in the house, you couldn't have a bunch of noisy kids around . . .

One day she visited a schoolmate whose mother, a lively young woman, came out and jumped rope with them. To Jane, this was a minor miracle. That (Continued on page 60)



At 22, Jane was an unknown starlet whose life was strictly for laughs.



During the war, she learned that unselfishness brings contentment.

There were a couple of divorces, and a couple of big romances, and Peter Lawford took her for a whirl—but the right man has yet to come along.



Myron Futterman—husband

Until she found herself, happiness for Jane Wyman was a mirage.



With newcomer Lana Turner, she visited the Clyde Beattys.



When she married Ronnie Reagan, she thought she'd find lasting happiness.



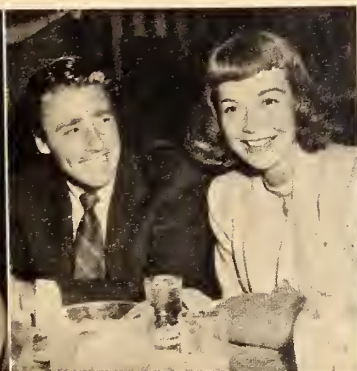
Jane gave her children the attention she missed as a child.



She finally expressed her inner self in the deeply-felt role, *Johnny Belinda*.



Ronald Reagan—husband



Peter Lawford—friend



Lew Ayres—romance



Manny Sacks—romance



INGENUUE



SMART-ALECK



GLAMOR GAL



SOPHISTICATE



BRITTLE BABE



SIREN

Who is Jane Wyman? She was the flip babe with a wisecrack on her lips

(Continued from page 58) night she gazed into the darkness, wishing that her own mother could jump rope. This was no reproach, only great longing. She knew it was as silly to expect her mother to jump rope as to fly the trapeze. But wishing was Jane's escape from reality into the never-never land where dreams come true.

She was a proud and sensitive child. Sensitivity made her vulnerable; pride kept her fiercely bent on hiding the wounds. Present-day psychology tells us that the gap between one generation and another often makes understanding difficult. Between Jane and her mother lay almost two generations. Her mother had been brought up by certain standards which were right for her, and must therefore be right for her daughter. One was plain dressing. Younger mothers wrapped their kids' hair in curl-papers. Jane's hair always hung straight. Other

kids sported silk stockings on special occasions, and white shoes tipped with patent leather. Jane wore cotton stockings. She did own a pair of white shoes, which were strictly church. The minute she got home, off they came. Blouses and skirts were a must with the other kids. Jane wore dresses. Trying to get the effect of a skirt and blouse, she'd tie her dresses so tight that the only effect she got was a busted string.

Jane's mother hadn't studied psychology. She didn't know that nothing's harder on a child than being different from the rest. In her old-fashioned clothes, Jane felt as self-conscious as a poor relation. Children can be cruel, and there may have been slights enough. But even where none were intended, Jane looked for them. Any knot of giggling girls stirred uneasy suspicion that she was the target of their giggles. Each thrust, real or imagined, struck deeper and deeper. And with each



CHEESECAKE QUEEN



PAINTED DOLL



THE REAL JANE

id in false eyelashes. She was the girl who walked alone—and cried at night for wisdom . . .

thrust she carried her head higher. They could hurt her, sure, but she'd die before letting them know.

From school she'd go home to find solace in the game of chairs. This consisted of placing chairs in a circle and pretending they were people. She'd talk to them and have them talk back to her. All the chairs loved Jane, all the chairs thought her clothes were simply wonderful. She didn't have to worry about the tone of a voice or the look in an eye. She knew they'd always be kind and affectionate.

Like every child, she craved the tangible evidence of affection. She wanted to be hugged and kissed and patted on the head. Her mother was shy of demonstration, as many older people are with children. Jane herself finds it hard to say, "I like you" to a friend. Her actions will make it abundantly clear, but words stick in her throat.

This inability to give expression to feeling may have come from her mother. As a child, Jane was on the receiving end. Unconscious of the stresses and strains that go to make up a human personality, instinct told her that behind the wall of reticence her mother loved her. Just as instinctively she groped for articulate tenderness. She'd keep her room shining neat, hoping to be praised. She'd pick up scattered newspapers and shove the living room furniture around, hoping someone would say how pretty it looked. Mother didn't have many clothes. In her favorite daydream, Jane somehow earned enough money to buy a new dress and toss it grandly into her mother's lap. For years she basked in the warmth of that prospect . . .

As at home, so at school, she hungered for approval. Her first taste of it came one Friday (Continued on page 89)

all in the family

(Continued from page 53) they said, "What's more, your English fans will feel pretty chilly, too, unless you go."

Republic Studios couldn't persuade him. Roy knows his rights. He's a father, and a father-to-be, and an American. He stood his ground.

"Next year," he says grandly, "we'll all go to England."

He may change his mind about that. All of the Rogers household means Roy, Dale, Virginia and Emily (who run the place), Cheryl, Linda and Dusty (who run Roy and Dale), six horses, 15 dogs, 35 pigeons and three hamsters. You total it.

Dale doesn't let that amount throw her. Only a couple of weeks ago she walked up to Roy and said, "You know, I've been thinking. If it's a girl, we'll have to get ourselves a boy."

"You sure you've been thinking?" asked Roy.

"Don't tease," she said, "in my condition. What I mean is, I don't want Dusty to grow up surrounded by girls."

"Listen," said Roy, "we have six horses, 15 dogs, 35 pigeons and three hamsters. A little boy will get lost."

"I'll watch him," said Dale.

"Promise?"

Dale promised. So if it's a girl they'll adopt a boy. And if it's a boy they'll probably buy a few more horses.

They have the names picked out already (for the children, that is). A girl they'll call Robin Elizabeth, in public, and Stormy, in private. The boy they'll name John Hillman (after Dale's father and brother).

baby talk . . .

Dale broke the news about the baby to her other children one by one.

She told Cheryl first.

"I hope it's a girl," Cheryl said. Cheryl's of the old school. She thinks little boys are made of "rats and snails and puppy dogs' tails." To convince her that little boys were really human beings, Dale let Cheryl give Dusty his bath, hear his prayers and put him to bed. Maybe Dale should have let her experiment with someone else. Cheryl's still set on a girl.

Linda Lou, who is tolerant and almost too good-natured, took the news differently. "I hope it's a boy," she said, "so Dusty'll have someone to play with."

Dusty has a more objective attitude. A few months ago he came across a nine-month-old baby when he was out visiting with his Mom and Dad. Immediately he took charge—picked the baby up, put it down, rocked it, sang to it, watched it sleep. He was completely fascinated.

"What would you like," Dale asked him, "a brother or a sister?"

"Aw," he said, "I'd rather have a baby!"

A few moments later, he came up to Dale, looking a little unhappy.

"What is it?" asked Dale. "Did you change your mind?"

Dusty shook his head. Then suddenly he shot the words out. "Will you like the new baby better than me?" he asked.

Dale bent down and swooped him up in her arms. "You're Dusty," she said. "Nobody can ever take your place."

Dusty was satisfied. When she brings

the baby home from the hospital, Dale plans on letting all the children pitch in and take care of it. She wants them to know from the start that the baby isn't hers alone, but belongs to all of them.

Dale isn't new to motherhood. When she was very young and married to someone else, she had a boy, Tommy. Not long ago, Tommy married his college sweetheart. Dale's marriage to Roy brought her a ready-made family—two girls, and sometimes, she thinks—two boys. The big boy is Roy.

"Every time I see him talking to his dogs or putting around with the pigeons," she says, "I see a twelve-year-old kid back in Duck Run, Ohio, 'prettying up' his prize pet for the State Fair."

"He's been crazy about animals all his life, and nowadays when he lets his hound dogs come into the house with muddy paws I feel just the way his mother must have felt back in Duck Run years ago—exasperated, of course, but full of tenderness toward a kid who'll never really grow up."

Dale senses that part of the secret of Roy's tremendous popularity is this boy-like quality. Children feel that he speaks their language, that it wasn't so long ago when he was a kid himself, milking cows, planting corn, wandering barefoot.

back on the farm . . .

"I wish I could've known him then," Dale says. "He went to a little red schoolhouse, teased his three sisters, hung around the grownups when they had Saturday night shindigs. He learned how to be a first class 'git-box' pounder and square dance caller himself before he was in his teens. When he was fourteen, his class at school made a trip to Hanging Rock, one of the scenic wonders of Ohio, and he still remembers it as one of the highspots in his life."

"I guess our kids won't get any more thrill next year when they go to England than Roy got those years ago at Hanging Rock."

With his kids along, though, Roy may get the thrill of his lifetime.

He's happy about the new baby. He and Dale have decided to turn the guest room into a nursery, and let whatever guests come sleep in the den. If the family gets any larger, they'll turn the den into a dormitory and turn the guests out into the guest house. It all depends on the kids.

In fact, the Rogers' whole attitude about children has given them wonderful reputations as parents. What they try to teach the children most is kindness and consideration for every living creature. One of the reasons they have so many animals is that they believe that if the children grow up loving animals, they will love everything human.

Roy can be stern. He doesn't believe in sparing the rod when a child is crying out to be spanked. But with every punishment goes an explanation, and a child is never spanked in anger.

"To be a good parent," Dale says, "you have to know your children as individuals. All three of our children have different personalities, and different problems—Cheryl's imaginative in the extreme, Dusty has a temper, Linda Lou is sometimes too unassertive. You shouldn't have children unless you can give them individual attention."

When the baby arrives, Dale will drop most of her outside activities, except for some movies, to give all her children all the attention they need. And when he comes home after work, Mr. Rogers will get his share.

It's a pretty big family. Go ahead, count them. Then multiply that number by happiness.

THE END

private cooling systems

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Is it possible to keep cool, when the heat rises from the very walls and pavements, and the humidity is doing its best to wilt you?

We think it is. Heat—and coolth—are at least partly states of mind; you can't help feeling cool if you look cool. Therefore, say we, install your own private cooling systems, in the form of special summer grooming and mercury-dropping, fashions. It ups the morale!

First, lots of showers, naturally—and lots of light cologne splashed on afterward. Plenty of fragrant summer undies, especially crisp cottons. And then, when you're brushed and polished and fresh and smell beautiful, slip into the coolest-feeling, coolest-looking, lightest-weighting fashions you can find.

Such as, for instance the airy coin-dot sheer Virginia Mayo wears opposite—a refreshing dress if we ever saw one. For hot days when you must pound pavements and look townish, try the squared and dotted sheer on page 64, or the silky dark cotton on page 65—both godsend dresses that make you feel "dressed" but keep you cool.

On your own front porch. In the country or for dancing evenings—bare your shoulders. The lighthearted bare-back fashions on pages 66 and 67 will show your tan—but if sleeves are suddenly necessary, quick!—a matching jacket, and you're covered.

And for the super cooler of all—there's always the ocean and a quick splash in the spray—in the most minimum suits you can find. Namely, the sophisticated stripe or the plaid faille on page 68. All coolly calculating—all designed to make your public marvel—"hot weather agrees with you!"

Virginia Mayo looks like a cool million in a coin-dot sheer

■ Virginia Mayo, soon to be seen in Warner Brothers' *The Flame and the Arrow* looks as appealing as raspberry frappe, in the color of the same name. Her airy coin-dot sheer dress has floating cap sleeves and drifting full skirt—as sweet a summer look as we've seen.

The dress is Bemberg rayon sheer Raspberry, aqua, grey, or toast. Sizes 10-18. By Barbettes. \$8.95.

At Bloomingdale's, New York. How to buy, see page 69.

Pearls by Heller.

You'll enjoy the story of Trigger, Jr., Roy Rogers' new movie, in the current issue of SCREEN STORIES—another Dell magazine.

**modern
screen
fashions**



private cooling systems

Shadow sheer

dotted swiss—squared as well as dotted—and transparently refreshing. Standup horseshoe collar, tiny ties at sleeves, cuffed pockets . . . heaven in the heat.

Navy, brown, red or green.

Sizes 12 to 20.

By Lenny Frocks . . . \$8.95.

Bloomingdale's, New York



In the background, antique fans



Shadow dark

city cotton—bliss on a hot day when you want to look "dressed"—but don't want to look hot! Wing collar, huge pockets to spill a chiffon hankie. Navy, kelly green, bronze, aqua broadcloth. Sizes 12-20. By Jane Evans Frocks. \$7.95. Bloomingdale's, New York

*A Modern Screen Fashion
How to buy, see page 69*

private cooling systems



Air-conditioned shoulders

prettily bared to show your tan. Wonderful squiggly ocean-wave striped sun dress—matching two-button jacket, collared in crisp pique. Sanforized cotton broadcloth. Navy, green or rust. Sizes 12-18.

By Kay Whitney . . . \$5.95
Bloomingdale's, New York.





Breeze-swept arms

frosted by icy white pique. Moulded chambray sun-dress—to say sweet things about your figure; jewel-buttoned jacket, to take you to town. Dan River chambray. Aqua, beige, grey, powder blue, flame. Sizes 10-20. By Berkshire Frocks . . . \$8.95 Bloomingdale's New York.

In the background, antique fans

private cooling systems



Sea-Level Minimum

Left: the girl drying off with terry mitts (first time on any beach this season) wears sculptured stripes in two-way stretch knitted nylonit. Blue or red stripes on white; white stripes on blue or red.

By Catalina—\$9.95.

Right: pert two-piecer, plaid peeping from the pants, making the belt and bra. Navy, yellow, emerald or rose acetate faille. Sea Nymph by Jordan—\$8.95.

Where You Can Buy Modern Screen Fashions

All the **PRIVATE COOLING SYSTEM** fashions (pages 63-67) are currently being featured at:

Bloomingdale's
59th St. & Lexington Ave.
New York 22, N. Y.

Coin dot sheer worn by Virginia Mayo (page 63)

Shadow sheer dotted swiss (page 64)

Shadow dark city cotton (page 65)

Air-conditioned shoulders (page 66)

Breeze-swept arms (page 67)

Economy Dresses **Second Floor**

You can also order by mail, write:

Bloomingdale's

P. O. Box 1187 Grand Central Station
New York, New York

Sea-Level Minimum (page 68)

One piece striped bathing suit

Los Angeles, Calif.—**The Broadway Dept. Store**, Broadway & 4th St., Women's Sportswear, Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—**Macy's**, Herald Square, Active Sportswear, Third Floor.

Phila., Pa.—**Gimbels**, 9th & Market Sts., Sportswear, Third Floor

Two-piece plaid trimmed bathing suit

Cincinnati, Ohio—**Shillito's**, 4th & Race Sts., Sportswear, Third Floor
New York, N. Y.—**Russeks**, 5th Ave. & 36th St., Sportswear, Seventh Floor

Washington, D. C.—**Woodward & Lothrop**, 10th & G Sts., Jr. Misses' Dept., Second Floor, N. Bldg.

hollywood's six loneliest stars

(Continued from page 33) of happiness are his.

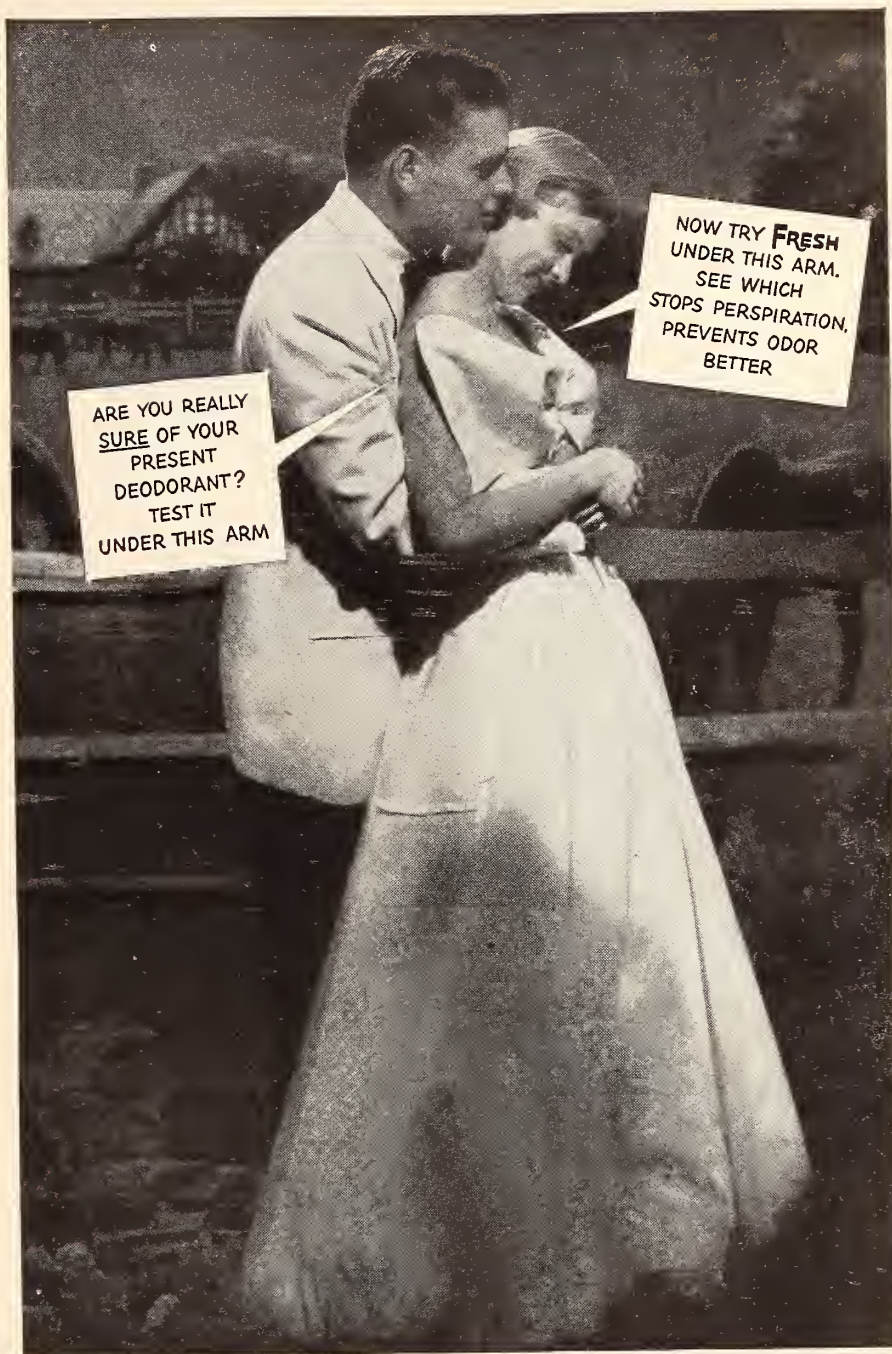
A police report of a few months ago stated that John Agar was arrested late at night and taken from his automobile to a station house in a drunken and belligerent condition. He'd allegedly started a fight with another motorist over a simple infraction of courtesy on the road. Agar was alone. . . .

Robert Walker fought his loneliness in the open. He didn't hide in a dark corner and curse it. He railed against it and set himself up as something of a crusader. It got his name in the papers.

Walker found the right weapon, and he used it. He bought a quiet home to share with his sons in a pretty valley where very rich people live. At every post in the valley there's a warning: **PRIVATE—KEEP OUT . . . BEWARE OF DOG . . . TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. . .** But at the Walker gate, there's a simple legend, written by a man who knew loneliness better than the others, and who knows its terrors. The sign has one word on a white shingle—**WELCOME**.

When she was in Hollywood, Rita Hayworth was high up on the list of lonely ones. She'd been through the mill. Married twice, despondent, fed up with waiting for the one man when she knew it was too late, she left Hollywood, in desperation, with Aly Khan.

Rita was a star of the first magnitude, and after work at night, she could have had a hundred dates, but when the butler announced the names of the bidders, they all came out of his mouth Joe Schmoe. Lucky Rita. Love is now a burning pas-



Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!



For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor.

Noreen

A Super Color RINSE

that REALLY does
what you've always wanted
a Color Rinse to do!

You have always wanted a rinse with long lasting, natural appearing COLOR to glamorize and beautify your hair, or blend in gray...Now you've found it! NOREEN SUPER COLOR RINSE will modify, augment, deepen and lusterize the natural color of your hair easily, quickly, safely, and economically. Noreen's abundantly colorful shades can be re-applied fresh and new, or changed at will, after each shampoo.

Noreen will effectively blend in the unwanted gray in graying hair without "that dyed look." With Noreen you can achieve results you never believed possible.

Noreen enhances the natural beauty of white and gray hair with light, medium or dark tones of pure, silvery gray. Yellow and other discolorations are eliminated and white hair kept snowy and lustrous.

Try Noreen today... Packed in dainty, easy-to-use capsules for convenient use at home. Choice of 14 colorful shades in 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, at leading cosmetic counters everywhere...or ask your Beautician to apply Noreen Professional Super Color Rinse.

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The rinse flows on so smoothly, and evenly... gives a much more colorful result, with so little trouble. Regular Price 60¢ each.

Special Sale Price...40¢
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"Me, too"

says

Teresa Wright

• "I think Ayds are just a wonderful help to any woman who wants to get slim," says Teresa Wright, star of *The Capture*, produced by Niven Bush, an RKO release. "Ayds has certainly helped me. The marvelous thing is that you lose weight so easily and pleasantly the way Nature intended you to."



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.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories... works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box (\$2.89) or your money back. Get Ayds from your drug or department store—a full month's supply, \$2.89.

AYDS Vitamin Candy

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

sion with her, but she couldn't and didn't find it in Hollywood.

Ronald Reagan, last but not the least lonely of the six, can't lose his loneliness in or out of Hollywood. Since his separation from his wife, Reagan has been the embodiment of the solitary male with nothing to do, and no place to go. He's traveled to Europe, been toasted by the society folk of two continents, but he is still buried in solitude and unhappiness.

All this isn't new. It's no invention of our current crop of actors and actresses. The melancholy order has been with us since Edison first showed his little box with the crank and the glass eye to an actor. And the actor said, "Hold that horse for a minute, and let me get in front of that thing, and see how I look."

The classic example is Garbo. Experts on Hollywood behavior say that Garbo never smiled unless she got paid for it. Why this sour puss on the greatest of all the Swedes? Was it the fact that she wanted money? Well, yes. But it was something else, too. She was brought to America as a lure for a famous Swedish director the studio wanted here.

By the time the director came, and decided that Hollywood was no place for an ambitious Swede, somebody had discovered Garbo. When she tried to follow the director home, she was all but tied down and covered with dollars. She stayed, but neither hell nor high water could make her compatible for the rest of her brilliant career. "I tank I go home now," became a national joke, but Garbo wasn't kidding.

She was a lonely, friendless woman, ever in a strange land. Misunderstood, bitter because of her loneliness, she's destined to go down in film history as Hollywood's richest lady hermit.

while the crowd cheers...

Back, too, in another day, there was John Barrymore, who sat alone night after night in his monstrous mansion, and brooded on the lack of companionship. He found a friend at last in a bottle, and it never left him. And when he died, two men, only two, kept the death watch, and wept.

Charlie Chaplin, the genius, the funniest man alive, counted his intimate friends and became a bitter man. He found no solace in the cheers of the crowd. The cheers disturbed whatever human relationships he might have been able to nourish, the cheers pressed him into his current shell of loneliness.

No, there's no novelty in loneliness in Hollywood. Look at the list in the Passport Bureau. You'll find the names of many stars there—seeking passage to far places where they are not so well known, and where they may find a friend, or a lover who will fit into their private lives.

Ingrid Bergman has been quoted as saying that she was unhappy for many years here. She was married, but marriage, unless it is a proper mating, is no panacea for loneliness. And along came a hot-blooded Italian as possessive as a zoo-keeper and Bergman tossed everything aside. Why? He offered her love; he offered her a shelter against loneliness. Condonement is not our intention, we merely state facts.

Cary Grant, at the height of his stardom, walked the spaceless beaches of Malibu in the rain and in the moonlight searching for an answer in the moonstones. He spent endless days watching the sea break on the shore and recede to nowhere, likening it to the adulation that surged and left, leaving nothing or no one to remain a companion. Until one day he found that companion.

And the King. Gable, the handsomest man in the world. Encino was his home—the wide acres of ground he had bought

with Carole Lombard. White fences and green fields were all that was left when she died. He spent years there, walking new furrows, petting friendly dogs and whispering into the ears of horses who couldn't answer back or laugh with him. "Gable is back and Garson's got him" was a big yak. Gable was back all right, and melancholy had him. And when he was married, the writers had a field day. She's not very pretty, they said. She's probably forty. They didn't know she was an answer to a long-said prayer. A woman who could walk into a room and make his heart swell with delight that she belonged to him.

Deep in the heart of every movie star there is a core of warmth. It must be there or they would not be good actors. But by the time they have achieved stardom, circumstances have coated the core with a hide of iron. To get to the center of their warmth it is necessary to break down a lot of barriers. They are not like ordinary people. A friendship to an actor of star prominence is a thing to be scanned very carefully. It is to be expected, then, that few proffered friendships stand up under the screening.

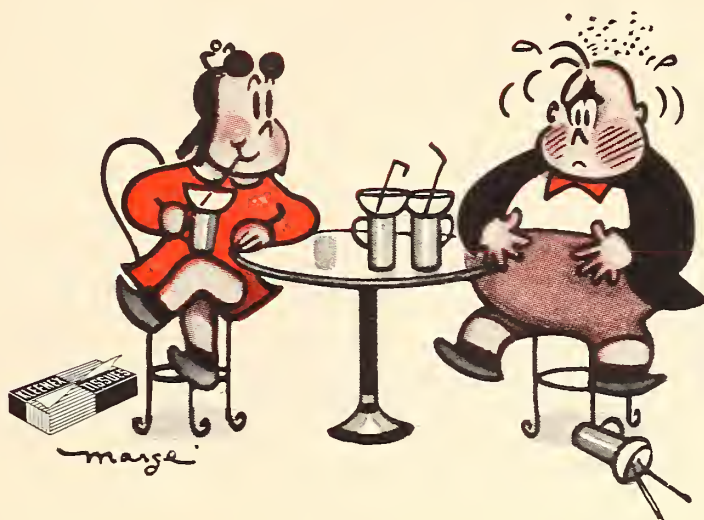
sweetheart
of summertime
jane powell
on the
august cover
of
modern screen
on sale
july 7.

Frank Sinatra, for instance, is without doubt one of the kindest, most considerate men alive. His generosity is unbelievable. But he has made more enemies, and lost more friends, than any other star in the business. It is not altogether his temper, or his willingness to settle matters with his fists that is the cause. It is his anger against the position which makes it necessary for him to distrust people. That's the truth about Sinatra.

And loneliness is the truth about the others—the six—Shelley Winters, John Agar, Elizabeth Scott, Robert Walker, Rita Hayworth, Ronald Reagan. We've seen them at their loneliest. Seen John Agar on his solitary nocturnal drives to the ocean front. . . . Seen Ronald Reagan climb the stairs of a small hotel to his bachelor room, a more despondent sight than a figure alone on a bridge at night. . . . We've seen Shelley Winters look around the room at a cocktail party, almost as if to say, "Has he arrived yet? Have you found his face in the crowd?" . . . We've seen Robert Walker battling it out alone, ashamed. . . . Seen Rita Hayworth fleeing, unmindful of the taunts. . . .

And when the lights are on in Hollywood at night, and the gay couples are dancing in the clubs, you can almost feel the searching eyes of Elizabeth Scott, scanning the city from her window on the hill, asking, without words, "Why is he taking so long. . . .?" THE END

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the story of a DIVORCE

"He's a brute!" the newspapers cry. Some call her a pampered queen. But the facts behind the Davis-Sherry breakup are even more confusing.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES



In public, Sherry is quiet, almost mousey. Bette does the talking—here to Billie Burke.

■ A short time ago, William Grant Sherry, reputed to be a former prize fighter, a former wrestler, and known to be a former husband of Bette Davis, charged through the gates of RKO studios and, despite the newspaper reports which set the damage at only one almost-black eye, made a small shambles of a section of the establishment.

This act of violence cost Mr. Sherry his wife (so *she* says), and his *two* homes, one at Laguna Beach and one in fashionable Toluca Lake, in the San Fernando Valley. Mr. Sherry, in fact, hit the jackpot of misfortune.

He also earned for himself the wide-eyed respect of countless men married to famous women, men who had never in their wildest dreams seen themselves shedding any real blood in the presence of their fancy meal-tickets. Mr. Sherry became a hero of sorts. A fool, perhaps, but a gladiator under that \$200 suit.

You have seen Mr. Sherry's pictures. He has a firm jaw and apparently a fairly muscular body. His eyes are direct. But, until you have seen him in person, you will not know that the pictures lie. Dorothy Kilgallen perhaps described him best in a column recalling their first meeting.

Expressing doubt that William Sherry had ever in his life smashed furniture, torn up rugs or committed any of the ferocious acts Bette Davis charged him with, Miss Kilgallen described Sherry as "a lower-case Milquetoast character, deer-eyed, semi-pixieish, a balding soul wearing funny little droopy bow ties, seldom speaking and then softly." It pictures Mr. Sherry, in person, in public, beautifully.

But in private, Bette Davis says he is murder on roller skates! In a surprise action for a divorce and restraining order against him in Santa Ana, California, early in November, 1949, Miss Davis told a judge that she feared for the safety of herself and her daughter. Irk William, she said, and no chair within his reach was worth a nickel.

If this seems confused to you—it is. Either William Sherry is a two-faced, hot-tempered monster, or Bette Davis isn't telling the truth. Either William Sherry is a lovable little man with funny bow ties, or a thug in his own kitchen. And Bette Davis is a sweet, terrified housewife or a woman who can drive a simple man nuts.

The gossip about the separation is that Sherry, six years Bette's junior, has tried valiantly to make a success of the marriage and that Bette has put every ob-

stacle in his way. This, of course, is all gossip, with no actual facts available from either party as to their real family life.

The gossips also have it that when Sherry charged into that RKO party, he found his wife being extravagantly attentive to the actor she was co-starring with—and not a camera was turning. The gossips go on to say that Mr. Sherry proceeded to boot this actor around for a good five minutes. At any rate, the picture was closed down for several days. Whether Sherry shut it down, or the company just decided to do it that way, is anybody's guess.

The marriage between Bette Davis and Sherry was a pretty silly thing from the beginning. No man sincerely in love with a woman, and convinced that she was sincerely in love with him, would have countenanced the deal he made. Till death do us part was cooked immediately, because Mr. Sherry signed an agreement before the ceremony stating that if and when the marriage ended, he would make no claims on the property. In other words, Bette Davis could try it out, and if it didn't work, it wouldn't cost her anything.

That makes William Grant Sherry about as much a cave man lover as Butch Jenkins. Hardly the type of man who would break up the joint after a couple of beers and a harsh word.

And by Mr. Sherry's own admission he was a bit of a Simple Simon around the house. Announcing stoutly that at last he was going to tell all, after their last separation, W.G.S. pleaded for understanding by explaining to some hardboiled newspaper reporters that he used to do the housework, cook the dinner on occasion, take his wife's shoes off when she got home from work, bring her her slippers and a drink, and, on maid's day off, iron a frock or two for his love. It is difficult to believe that such a personality could ever destroy a Duncan Phyfe table with an angry blow.

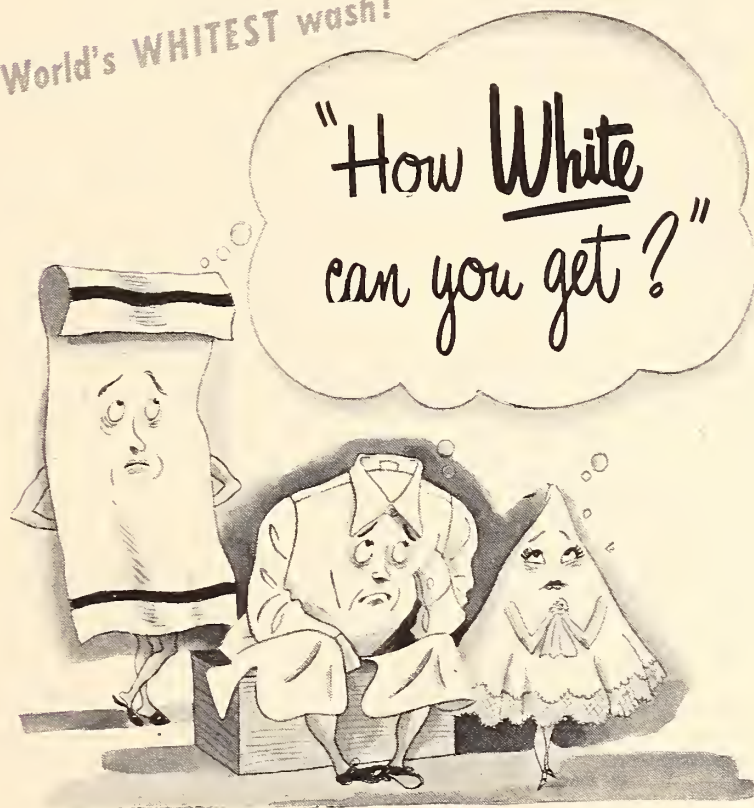
In his public declarations, William Sherry has been the very soul of cooperation and honor. With the exception, of course, of that one time he told all to the press. At the first filing of the divorce papers, he admitted frankly that he alone was to blame for the trouble. He said he was a violent man, given to rages, and that if his wife would come back to him, he would go to a psychiatrist for treatment. Like a small boy whose girl had spurned him, Mr. Sherry wrote all this down in a letter to Bette and left it with her lawyer for delivery.

Bette's answer was that she was determined to go (Continued on page 94)

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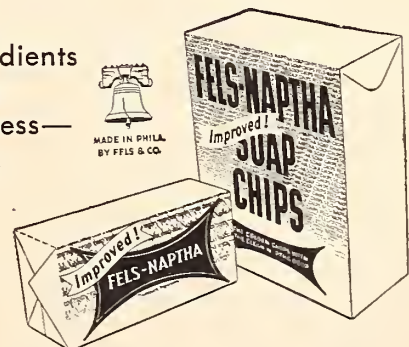


The makers of Improved Fels-Naptha Soap believe that any housekeeper will understand the plain facts about *whiteness and cleanness*, stated below:

Improved Fels-Naptha contains the finest ingredients that give your washes extra, brilliant whiteness. And Fels-Naptha *also* gives you *cleaner, sweeter washes*—because it combines the EXTRA WASHING ENERGY of TWO GREAT CLEANERS—good, golden soap and gentle, active naphtha.

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Made with a face cream base, Yodora keeps armpits fresh and lovely-looking as the skin of neck and shoulders. Tubes or jars 10¢ 30¢ 60¢

Kind to skin, chemically safe for clothes, it's the perfect cream deodorant... You'll adore Yodora!



McKesson & Robbins
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

rumor!—marriage in danger?

(Continued from page 49) she may be ashamed of her doubts, she may be the happiest girl in the world. Lana's friends will tell you that she's been through this same sort of emotional turmoil. Lana is an extremely earthy, human girl. She has her share of faults, and it takes an understanding man to know her. She feeds on flattery. This isn't unique. All women do in one way or another. A couple of well-placed compliments will go far toward winning her love and friendship, and it is possible that even so worldly a man as Bob Topping must still learn that after two years of marriage, friendship with a wife is just as urgent a matter as love. But men have learned harder lessons than this.

The trouble is not that Bob fails to be attentive. When Lana was 30 on February eighth, Mr. Topping presented her with a magnificent diamond and ruby cocktail ring. However, like many another ardent young husband, he may be too possessive, for there was no huge birthday party—a surprise of the sort which usually delights her.

It is true that Lana has "settled down," yet people don't change overnight. Bob is considerably more retiring than Lana. Although he likes to go out, there are few places where he's frequently seen, and he knows that if he takes Lana to the less sophisticated spots she's likely to attract a great deal of attention.

Only recently, Lana wanted to go to the Encore Room, a newly-popularized rendezvous for the younger set. Bob wanted no part of it. The way the little argument started was the way most apparently trivial things begin. Lana, while working on the set of *No Life of Her*

Own, heard some of the extra kids talking about how everything jumped at the Encore.

"It really throws you," one of the girls said. "Where else could you find Hoagy Carmichael sitting at the piano and characters like Dan Dailey and Donald O'Connor clowning around? Simply everybody goes there for a fast flip."

Lana went home to her Bel Air mansion, and as can well be imagined, she voiced her desire to see the Encore Room somewhere between the roast pheasant and the coffee. She wanted some laughs to relieve the monotony of picture work. Bob Topping likes to please Lana even though, like any other husband, he may hope she forgets the idea of the moment.

A short time later they drove up in front of the Encore. Observers claim that Bob suddenly changed his mind and said, "We're not going in there."

"Why not?" Lana cried. "Everybody goes to the Encore but me!"

They went, but they didn't have the best time in the world. A couple never does under such circumstances. Add to this little situation an occurrence of a Monday night when Lana and Bob went to catch the antics of the "Firehouse Five," and rumor gets another booster shot.

On this occasion, Bob didn't feel much like dancing, so Lana spent the evening doing the Charleston with Jimmy Cross, their house guest who had accompanied them. Far less than this has started Hollywood tongues flapping, even though, in this case, Mr. Cross has romantic interests elsewhere.

Obviously Lana, who is exceedingly proud of Bob, would have liked to dance with him, but husbands the world over are well known for not wanting to dance when they don't want to. It is understandable that Bob might not have wanted



well, what do you know?

■ Study this photograph carefully, then see how many of the questions you can answer about the movie it's from. It was voted one of the 10 best films of 1938. Remember? You should get four out of five correct. Answers on page 91.

1. The title was.....
2. The stars were (1)..... (2)..... (3).....
3. Who is the 13-year-old at the left who made his debut in this film?.....
4. True or false: All three players in the photo began their careers as singers.....
5. Hit tune from the film, sung in this particular scene is now a record collector's item. Name the song and composer.....

to Charleston. His background demands much more social dignity than one finds in show business.

Bob Topping, though, may sometimes forget that a girl of Lana's spirit can't lose the fever left over from her experiences of other years. Those who know Lana well can remember an incident which occurred at the now defunct Century Club about eight years ago. She was so intrigued with a new dance step that she persuaded one of the musicians to teach it to her in front of an audience of hardened Hollywoodites. The name of the step will place the date for you—it was the "Shorty George." At the time, Lana was already an important name, but then as now she had no affectations.

Snobbishness is no part of Lana. (Nor of Bob.) For example, her marriage to Steve Crane was against the warnings and advice of her studio and all her friends. Crane, at the time, was known more for his gambling proclivities than anything else, but Lana fell in love with him and that was all that mattered. He could have been a ditch-digger or an itinerant fruit-picker—it meant no difference, for Lana's heart always has ruled both her head and pocketbook.

Most of the Toppings' problems seem concentrated on where to go. This conflict of tastes, say the gossipers, is the greatest single threat to their marriage. Will Bob eventually be able to dominate Lana in these supposedly small matters? Or will she swing him around to her way of thinking? With a girl as breathtakingly exciting as Lana the temptation for any man is to bottle her up completely for himself, but this is very nearly impossible. Lana still retains many of the traits she possessed when she was plain Judy Turner of Hollywood High. Even at seventeen she had that strong sex attraction. She didn't fall in love with any man she met, but woe to a swain if he were jealous every time other boys began to flock around.

food for rumor . . .

The great fascination about Lana today is that the boredom that affects so many of our glamor girls has never taken hold of her. She's always been thrilled by music—hep music. She'll drive for miles to listen to a hot combination some musician has told her about. She's always been the same way about dancing. To give you a slight idea—Lana loves food to the point where between pictures she'd rather puff up and drive her studio a little batty than restrict herself to a regular diet. Lana loves food—but she'd rather dance than eat. Understanding these things about Mrs. Topping, it isn't hard to see why there are rumors of discord in her married life. But rumors neglect the fact that Lana doesn't give up easily, once she's in love—and she is in love with Bob Topping. That's for sure.

Even after Lana split once with Steve Crane, she went back to him. She carried a torch for a long time for Attorney Greg Bautzer who is now Ginger Rogers' heart-throb. She even cast pride to the winds and followed Tyrone Power across country.

Ty, it is said, had come to realize that they didn't have the same tastes in social life and had bluntly told her so, in the end. After that, Lana seemed to feel a lack of something in herself in the way of social development. She sought out the company of "blue-blood" types and was for a time rumored engaged to John Talbot. Friends expected that Lana, once completely out of love with Ty, would revert to the fun-loving type of guy she'd always gone with.

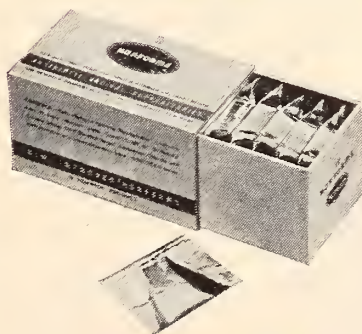
Instead, she and Bob Topping discov-

Now! Easier, surer protection for your marriage hygiene problem



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Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.
Thalhimer Bros., Richmond, Va.

or write Royal Miss, Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

ered each other. Bob personified certain things that Lana has always wanted. A rich man's son, he had the social position denied her through her early years, although Lana had no particular desire to marry wealth.

With Bob, Lana began to lose her feeling of social inferiority. Although he is still a comparatively young man, there is very little Bob hasn't done or seen. He's a world traveler. He's known to every fashionable restaurant and night-club head-waiter throughout Europe and America. Rarely is anything new to him and the resulting sophistication creates a contrast to Lana who views each new experience with great zest.

"Bob Topping is the most man Lana ever met," a friend said recently, "and she loves him no matter what the gossips say."

Sometimes, Hollywood "humorists" might tell you, her love gets a little noisy. When they took a trip to Ensenada, they quarreled bitterly. Finally they sent for a friend, and with company, they made up happily, returning home ahead of schedule. Still, since this was on the eve of their departure for the Orient, they didn't want to risk being alone on a long sea voyage—and cancelled the trip. This doesn't seem like the action



that's hollywood!

... Paul Denis reports: Roberta Quinlan told Milton Berle she was going to see his movie that night. "I'll come over and meet you later," said Milton. "Which aisle will you be rolling in?"

... "Some people," says Gene Kelly, "love to go to the movies, while others go to the movies to love."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

of a couple bent on destroying their lives together.

In his own way, Bob has been protecting their marriage. He's been thinking about organizing Bob Topping Productions, or a company which he controls, and including Lana in the plans. Lana, however, is a practical girl. Her career is the one thing that belongs to her alone. If she goes along with Bob in this idea you can be sure that the gossips are way off base.

If she doesn't? Well, their friends will tell you that no man is really smart about women, and that the real way for Bob to keep Lana's continuing interest would be not to tie her down in any way, much less in a mutual business enterprise.

A wise marriage counselor once said, "Some time after the first year of marriage a certain selfishness sets in. The girl who has waited so long for her prince to arrive is determined to make him over, and if she succeeds, discovers that what he had that first attracted her is lost. The same is true of the young husband. The time has now come when they are alone together, if they can't take it, they're lost."

We're betting that the Toppings can take it; we're betting that when they're old enough for wheel chairs, they'll be taking them together.

THE ENT

van around the house

(Continued from page 52) sister Schuyler. They try to teach her the rhumba. When no one's looking they try turning her into an acrobat, or sometimes they just put her up on the piano bench and ask for a concert.

The family likes to relax together in front of the vast fireplace in the living room. Van keeps the coffee table stacked with boxes and jars of candy. "The kids expect it," he says defensively.

Neddy'll haul out his xylophone and Van will let him play it for about five seconds before he grabs the hammers and starts banging. Or the two hamsters'll come strolling in. ("A hamster," says the dictionary, "is a rodent-like creature from Europe with cheek pouches.") The hamsters are the boys' pets. They also have a young husky.

Van doesn't mind the husky, but the hamsters send shivers up his spine.

"You're not used to them," says Evie. "They're cute."

"So are rats," says Van bitterly, "if you happen to like rats."

But the hamsters will stay as long as the kids want them.

The Johnsons get along fine, even though rumors have tried hard to wreck their lives.

"We decided right from the start," says Evie, "that it was no use denying every item that appeared in the newspapers. It just seemed best to ignore the rumors and go on being happy."

"And it's smart to leave Hollywood once in a while," says Van, "to get a new perspective, to escape from the movie talk, and the rumors."

is bob hope killing himself?

(Continued from page 29) Nobody can figure that out. It can't be money. Hope is one of the richest men in the world. It can't be prestige. Hope is one of the most popular entertainers the world has ever known. But he'll go into his act for any gathering over two people that needs a laugh.

During the war years, Bob worked harder than any other entertainer in Hollywood. Every one of his radio shows, between May, 1941, and November, 1943, were broadcast from army camps or navy bases. He made six exhausting personal appearance trips to the major battle-fronts. It was relatively easy to understand why he did it. His reward was always there before him—the happy, smiling faces of weary, homesick men in uniform.

But when the war ended, everyone expected Bob to relax and take it easy. Even his personal physician suggested that it was about time for Bob to start coasting.

"The war's over," he said. "Cut down your schedule. You'll live longer, you know."

"Aw, cut it out, Doc," Bob replied. "I never felt better in my life."

And to prove his point, he took off the next week on a man-killing personal appearance tour of 35 cities. The whole of 1949 went that way. He made three movies, *Paleface*, *Sorrowful Jones* and *The Great Lover*, broadcast 42 weeks of his regular radio show, appeared as the guest star on eleven major network shows, and made countless visits to servicemen's hospitals. To round out his year, Bob flew to Alaska in near-zero weather and entertained the troops of six army camps at Christmas-time.

A few weeks later, Bob told an inter-

viewer, "Last year, exhaustion almost caught up with me. This year, I'm spotting it six points."

What Bob meant, in plainer words, was that in 1950 he intended to defeat exhaustion by completely outrunning it. He got off to a fine start. He never stopped running—to Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, New York—giving and receiving awards, broadcasting, signing contracts, acting. During February, he completed *Fancy Pants*, his newest comedy for Paramount.

Early in March, while rushing back from Palm Springs, Bob drove his car into a ditch and suffered a shoulder separation. It would have put most anyone else in bed. But Bob recuperated by doing benefit performances. With his shoulder still in a sling, he left on a spur-of-the-moment personal appearance tour of eight cities. He ended up at New York's famous Paramount Theater where, for two weeks, he played six shows a day and broke all existing house records.

In New York again, for Easter, he did a 90-minute television show sponsored by Westinghouse. Bob showed up for rehearsals like a commuter pausing for a cup of coffee. When asked to do a scene over he'd comment, "What—at these prices?" (His take, for one television show, was \$40,000.) But later, when the gallery had gone home, Hope went back to a small hotel room he'd hired for the purpose and rehearsed the scenes in private. The night before the telecast he rehearsed till dawn.

This isn't the sort of routine you'd expect from a man who was just out for a dollar. This is the routine of a serious funnyman, determined to master a new medium. But why should Bob Hope be worried about mastery? He's tops in any medium that includes comedians.

THE END

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all day long



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There isn't another entertainer in America who, acting in his right mind, would bite off a schedule of work like his. (In a few weeks he'll start *The Lemon Drop Kids*, then he'll tour 60 cities, then he'll begin his fall radio series.) It doesn't seem possible that even Bob Hope can sustain the pace much longer. Somewhere along the line either the man or the schedule has got to run out.

The question is: How does he do it—and why? If you want to study Hope you have to do it at a dead run. Or, better still, talk to someone who knows him well—his brother Jack, for instance.

Jack Hope has been Bob's manager since he first became a star. He has a staff of five people, an office next door to Bob's home, and he acts as advance man on Bob's tours. Jack gets tired just watching his brother work.

"Still," says Jack, "he'd be absolutely miserable if he had any less to do. He likes being busy every minute; he'll go out of his way to give people a laugh. He thinks that's why he was put on earth, and he lives accordingly.

"Take last Christmas as an illustration. Just five days before, Bob and Dolores were sitting home talking about how this year they'd stay right in the living room on Christmas Day. The phone rang; it was General Symington in Washington, asking Bob if he could leave the next morning for Alaska to entertain the troops up there. Bob immediately said yes, and then meekly went in to talk to Dolores.

"Oh, no!" she said, when she heard the news. 'This year you promised to stay home and play Santa Claus for the kids!'"

"Why don't we take the children with us," Bob said. "We can all go, you know."

"Sure enough, the next day, after a big scramble with suitcases, the Hopes were flying to Alaska."

It takes an understanding and devoted woman to make that kind of quick adjustment to her husband's plans. But Dolores Hope has long since realized that she is destined to share her husband with the world for the rest of her life.

"It's not a lot different than being married to a traveling salesman who's on the road six months out of the year," she recently told a friend. "But I'd rather have a part of his time than a whole lifetime with anyone else. I could never give our children the zest for living that Bob can in just a few minutes each morning. They go to school with enough laughter to last the whole day."

The only place where Bob has even temporary release from the pressure of his activities is his comfortable home in Palm Springs. Very few people know his unlisted telephone number there. On those light weeks when he has only his radio show to do, Bob spends Wednesday through Sunday in Palm Springs, coming back to Hollywood on Monday morning for the rehearsal. But even there, Hope cannot get away from work. More often than not, his writers will come down to start writing the next week's script.

Why does Bob set the pace? He has nothing left to prove to the world, but somehow he has a great deal left to prove to himself. He remembers back, beyond the growing up years in vaudeville, beyond the hungry, hand-to-mouth years of breaking into show business. It's easy to soothe memories of hunger, uncertainty and buffeting. You get tough, you look for security in terms of dollars, you live big and plushy to show the process server you're out of reach.

Hope doesn't live big. He still lives in the first house he bought when he arrived in Hollywood many years ago. He has no swimming pools or yachts or airplanes. This man is not just making up for the lean years.

The people who attribute Bob's absorption in work solely to economic reasons are missing the point. Although he's a very wealthy man, the fabulous money he earns will always surprise him. One evening in Oakland, when Bob came back to the hotel after a two-hour performance in the Civic Auditorium with a \$19,000 check in his hand, he said to a friend, "Gee, look at that. Nineteen thousand dollars. Remember when we used to get \$5 a day for hoofing in Cleveland?"

always leave them laughing . . .

Bob remembers back to the early days. When he was one of six sons, the kid who never got a full share of the attention he needed; he yearned for the spotlight. He found it when he put on an act. Sure—money was important. But all his life, Bob has been running in one direction: front and center. He's got to be "on." He's got to hear the ecstatic roar of an audience that is with him all the way. His security comes only in front of an audience. And the laughs have to be guffaws.

He has developed a whole way of life that depends upon constant activity for nourishment. Nothing else can satisfy him.

Doris Day, who's been singing on Bob's radio show for three years, believes that the real secret of his driving energy is his turn-it-on, turn-it-off constitution. "Bob could fall asleep sitting upright in a hard-backed chair, and wake up two hours later feeling more refreshed than most people are after eight hours' sleep."

"Many times driving back from Palm Springs," another friend says, "Bob will drop off for 15 minutes, and when he wakes up, will take up the conversation exactly where he left off. I'm a guy who needs my eight hours, but Bob gets a lot out of those catnaps."

Bob's brother feels that Bob will always have the thought that this might be his last week's work, and, if he isn't good, people may not ask him back again.

"Self-consuming though his career has been," Jack says, "it has brought great rewards to Bob. The greatest of them all are the people who laugh. Bob really means it when he says, 'Thanks for the memories.'"

Bob himself says, "There's nothing in the world like hearing people laugh. It's the greatest noise there is. I was talking to Jack Benny the other day, and he said he was going out on tour this summer for the same reason. And the longer you are in show business, the more you need to hear it.

"Without live audiences to play to, I'd be cutting out doilies in no time. But I won't have to worry about that for quite a while, as long as I take care of myself, and keep the old ticker in shape."

How long can he keep that ticker in shape? There's no answer. The only thing Bob knows is that he *must* keep going, because without his spotlight he wouldn't have a schedule. He wouldn't have anything.

THE END



In his youth, Bob shared the spotlight with his five brothers. Here's the whole family. Bob, 78 aged 13, is in the lower right corner. Jack, now his manager, is in the center of the back row.

music! music! music!

(Continued from page 38) When he'd finished, he began telling us about those days. "I organized . . ." he began.

"The orchestra?" said Wanda.

"No," said Dick sadly, "the sheet music."

About this time, someone came up with a sensible idea—having Vanessa go through the classics. No one laughed when she sat down at the piano, as she really plays. She'd taken piano lessons when she toured with the stage production, *Watch On The Rhine*. She'd still be taking them, if she had the time. Anyway, a piano teacher recently moved next door, so there's still hope.

Next, someone asked Betty to render the *Third Man Theme* on the zither. That's why Betty had borrowed the zither from the Fox music department. But she was somewhat disillusioned to find that Anton Karas didn't come with it. (Karas wrote the music.)

Since specialties were in order, Wanda volunteered to out-Benny Jack with the stirring strains of *Love In Bloom*. She drew the bow across the strings several times before the others made her change her mind.

The sun had gone down—perhaps in desperation—when the session came to a close. The gang staggered outside for a buffet-style supper. They weren't as weak as they looked when it came to devouring the food. Vanessa had reckoned with their appetites and was prepared. She'd spent the morning moving the contents of a grocery store into her kitchen. And she'd prepared a tuna salad that seemed much too beautiful to spoil by eating. The musicians, however, expressed their regret; and the salad was soon gone.

Then there was time for relaxation. Relaxation for everyone but Rand. He's "Lucky," Hopalong Cassidy's sidekick, and he stayed busy, autographing slips of paper for the neighbor's children.

Peace was really too much to hope for. "Let's have just one more tune," suggested Vanessa.

One tune led to another and all of it led to bedlam. I had to leave in the middle of a solid beat. (It almost landed on my head.) But before I headed for the door, I borrowed another book and vowed that when I returned this one, I'd bring a harmonica, too.

"Have fun?" Vanessa asked.

"Out of this world," I told her. "Why, Vanessa, I'm really gone."

I'm tone deaf, too, but I'm sure no one noticed. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN

December 31, 1949, was our last vacation day in Hawaii, and some friends and I decided to make it one we'd never forget. At 1:00 A.M., after seeing the New Year in, we took one last spin along Waikiki



Beach, hoping to meet some celebrities we could talk about back home. Suddenly a sparkling 1950 car drove up alongside ours, and a handsome person stretched out his head and yelled, "Happy New Year!" Surprised as we were, we quickly answered, "Happy New Year, Clark Gable . . . Happy New Year, Mrs. Gable!"

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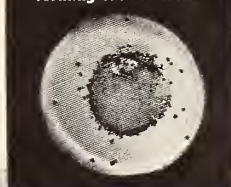
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more effective
in killing
odor-forming
bacteria

throw away your
perspiration and odor

Laboratory Proof

TEST X

Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S
action in removing odor-
forming skin bacteria



This microscopic photo proves that when you throw away your 5-Day Pad you throw away with it hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria that other types of deodorants leave under your arms.

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Easier! Each pad contains right amount. No guessing! Even smooth penetration instantly.

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The miracle is in the pad! 5-Day Pads are circlelets of fabric saturated with refreshing, mild yet very effective deodorant. 5-Day's exclusive formula checks perspiration—stops odor longer.

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STOP WONDERING

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INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE



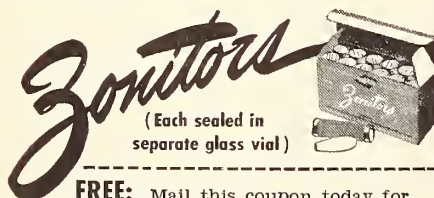
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i don't want sympathy

(Continued from page 39) I write home to Mother and tell her I'm happy and successful? Me, out of work and with four dollars and eighty-five cents in my pocket.

Suddenly the figure of a man hurtled crazily past my window. "That's funny," I thought. Nothing else. I turned back to the typewriter and watched the words race across the page: "Dear Mom, I have a lot of good news to tell you. . . ." Good news? Good God!

I rushed back to the window, and stared down at the crushed, broken body seven floors below, splattered against a jutting roof. Moments later a siren cried out from the street and the impact of my first encounter with death broke through my mind's numbness.

A great sense of shame flooded over me. Why had I gone back to the typewriter? Obviously I was completely preoccupied with myself and oblivious to everything else. I went to the desk, whipped the sheet of paper from the typewriter, picked up my topcoat and walked to the elevator. It was dark now on the street. A whisper of rain fell against my face as I pushed my way up-town against the tide of people.

This dead man. If he hadn't jumped, where would he have been going now? To an apartment in New Rochelle? Home to a wife and two kids? Or had he killed himself because he had no wife and no one to love? Was he an embezzler? Was he driven to suicide in the agony of incurable cancer? I let my imagination conjure up a dozen stories. Might make a good play, I thought, in the calloused tradition of struggling actors who turn everything into roles for themselves.

Abruptly, I shrugged the whole idea away. After all, thousands of men were unhappy in love, stole money, suffered inhuman tortures, but they didn't kill themselves. This man couldn't take it. He jumped. So he jumped. I had enough to think about without worrying over him. Yet, I did think about him every now and then through the years that followed. In fact, when the editors of MODERN SCREEN asked me to set down my thoughts on faith and philosophy, I thought about him almost immediately. And I knew finally why he had killed himself that day. It was simple, after all. He had lost faith.

the eternal question . . .

What is faith? A conviction, a creed, a belief in God?

How should I know? I'm Kirk Douglas, an actor. Some people like to see me perform. Some would rather watch two old men playing chess. Actors should act and not take on the mantle of psychology professors. The way I look at it, we leave brain operations to great surgeons, educating to teachers and religious matters to the ministers, rabbis and priests. Still, a promise is a promise and I'm going to say a few things my way.

To me, faith is not a nebulous thing. One's religion should be the confirmation of that faith. In other words, when you go to church you take the faith with you. You don't go to get it pumped into you.

Faith covers a lot of territory. It is a strength within oneself, for one thing. For example, since I was a tiny kid I had faith in my father. He was a junk dealer for a time. Naturally, some brat had to point that out to me in derogatory terms. So, I went to my father and asked him why he did what he did.

"Son," he said, "it takes a lot of people to keep this world going. Senators, bricklayers, street-sweepers, presidents. Now,

I've got to admit that sometimes I don't like my job, but just imagine what would happen if all the people in the world let this stuff pile up and nobody took care of it. Why, boy, people soon wouldn't be able to move around."

Then he winked, slapped me on the fanny and told me to go rustle up some coal down by the tracks. After that it never occurred to me to ask how anybody earned a living. Some people have more, some have less. All I knew was that part of what I had to do every day was pick up coal and coke along the tracks. If I did that we'd have a nice warm house.

Did you ever walk along and get the feeling that with each step you took you were walking up in the air, stepping higher and higher? Maybe you can understand what I mean if I explain about the hill above our home. There were fine houses up there, always freshly painted and sitting elegantly behind thick, high hedges. I used to trudge up the hill carrying groceries, but as I moved along I seemed to be walking into the air. I'd imagine that I could walk alongside the second-story windows, that I could look in on the old lady who had been sick so long and ask her how she was. Or I'd picture myself watching a man in another house sitting alone and drinking as they said he did ever since his wife died. After awhile I could even see myself kissing the beautiful girl who lived in the handsomest mansion of them all, because from where I walked I was a grown man and not a kid years too young to know his heart's desire.

i had faith . . .

Yeah, I was doing fine. Then I'd hear a car coming. I'd step over to the side of the road while a fancy convertible swooshed by. I remember how I felt then. There was a terrible urgency inside me to get going—to work, to run through life as fast as I could toward the things I wanted. And thanks to my parents I never once shook a fist at those fancy cars, swearing to be rich and famous just to get even. From the beginning I had faith that I'd get where I was going.

And even though I delivered groceries at the back door I went in the front entrances of those houses many times. Nobody ever looked at me in my threadbare hand-me-downs and exclaimed, "Pater, who let that little tramp in here?"

I didn't have any lasting quarrels with anybody, even when I was puny and kids in my neighborhood used to beat hell out of me. I thought that's what everybody did so I made up my mind to get stronger and beat tar out of a few kids myself. Today I read how I used to heroically get up at 5:00 A.M. to deliver newspapers, come home, gulp down breakfast and be in school by eight, carrying my miserable little lunch of two scrambled egg sandwiches. Know something? Those sandwiches were fine. Nobody could make them like my mom, and there must be a thousand kids living the same way.

That's nothing.

They work because they have to, and every day as they scratch out their living they dream of how it's going to be. Later on they learn something else—that they've been having a wonderful time and that they wouldn't trade places with the rich kid on the hill because they'd be bored to death in a week with nothing to do. I know now that the one worry I'll have with my own youngsters is that they won't have to go through what I did—and that their toughest competition in life will be those kids from the wrong side of the tracks.

Once, when I was a little older and came home pooped from a day in the steel mill, my father looked up over his

evening newspaper. He stared at me for a moment and then said, "Know something, boy? Work is the one love a man has that will never let him down."

Later on while I was on summer vacation from St. Lawrence University, I worked in a can factory in Rochester. I was sweet on a girl who had quite a bit of money. I can still remember her because she was about as attractive as any girl I've met before or since. Wonderful and democratic, and her name wasn't Kay, which I'll call her because she probably has five kids by now, along with some guy she's made happy for ten years.

Kay had a bright red convertible and used to pick me up at the factory after work. Sometimes she'd bring me my lunch until I asked her not to because the boys at the plant began to pour it on. Kay and I used to dream a little, and but for my determination to become an actor on my own we might have wound up together. Her father was a great character. He never asked me what my intentions were, but one evening after I'd kissed Kay good-night, he came up the walk.

"Why don't you stick around awhile," he said. "I'd like to talk to you."

I sat on the front porch while he went into the house for a couple of beers. We talked about this and that. Then he got down to cases. He'd give me a loan so I could concentrate on my university work instead of having to pick up odd jobs on the side. There were no strings attached. When he finished talking we both sat there pondering the idea.

"On second thought," he said, "I think it isn't a very good idea. You know how to work. If you stopped now you might lose faith in yourself."

Thinking back on it, he was dead right. Too much of a helping hand at that moment might have taken away from the

thrill of accomplishment. On top of that I'd never really have known if I could've done it on my own.

It is true that you'll find more honest faith among people who have to struggle for a living than among those who have a great deal of money. A young person working hard toward a career doesn't have time for doubts. If he wants to get into the acting profession, for instance, he'll realize that the one thing nobody seems to need is another actor. But that won't stop him. Sooner or later he knows that the business will have to move over a notch and let him in. Look around you in school or at your office. Locate the griping individual and you'll find someone without real faith in himself.

Getting right down to it, faith is something you develop, not a soothing ointment applied in some great emergency. You don't get it by rushing to someone when you're worried and being told "have faith and everything will be all right." Perhaps that sounds like heresy, but try thinking about it in reverse. If you don't have faith, try seriously to find it through religion. Suddenly you'll discover that you weren't made a present of a pious attitude, that this attitude only comes with the enjoyment of the struggle of living.

I have one more anecdote. It's romantic, but it's grim, and I can vouch for the truth of it because I was in on the beginning and the end.

A boy I knew met a girl I knew. He really fell for her, but they had trouble. She'd been pursued by dozens of men. He ran into her ex-beaux everywhere.

One day I bumped into him on the street. I asked about the girl. "That's washed up," he moaned. "Last week we had a date to meet for lunch at the Beverly Brown Derby. We talked on the phone and she said she'd be over in fif-

teen minutes. She never showed up."

"Isn't it possible that something happened?" I suggested.

"Yeah," he snapped, "something happened all right. I tried to reach her for several days. When I finally got her apartment a guy answered the phone and said she had a message for me—she didn't want me to call her any more."

How about that? I offered my condolences, but sure enough, a month later I met the two of them. They were married and very happy. She had changed quite a bit, though. She wore a black veil. Even so, you could see that she had been in some sort of accident. My friend found out why she never kept their date at the Brown Derby; why she didn't even call. She couldn't because she'd been in a terrible automobile accident. As for the guy in the apartment who'd told him not to call any more, he was the girl's father. When she got out of the hospital her father came out from the East and she made him promise to brush off the boy.

After all, she reasoned, could he love a girl who had one glass eye?

The answer was: He could. Something told him she wouldn't have stood him up without a good reason. He camped on her doorstep until he found out. Well, this all happened two years ago. Plastic surgery has removed the scars, and even without the sight of one eye she is more attractive than ever.

As for my doubting friend, you've never seen anyone with more faith in himself—and everyone else. He's a complete success in love, business and as a person.

Let's put it this way. According to my philosophy, you have to work to have faith, it doesn't come with your birth certificate. Sometimes a miracle can happen to help you along. But don't count on it. Count on yourself. **THE END**



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when the hot weather arrives

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the strange fears of ava gardner

(Continued from page 41) behaved the way everyone does with her first beau. She was afraid to show her true self for fear he wouldn't like it; afraid to respond emotionally for fear he'd think she was a bad girl.

She'd kiss him goodnight after a date, and a couple of evenings later you'd find her at some hideaway with a different escort, acting like the honeymoon would start tomorrow. This was her way of releasing emotional tension. The man she really loved she wouldn't let come too close.

Anyway, she overplayed her hand. She was too light, too gay, too flippant. Underneath she was suffering from such a great lack of assurance that it was frightening. She had a haunting fear of her own shortcomings built up in a mind that was brimming over with imagination and with painful memories of the past. She couldn't relax; she could only appear cool and distant.

Naturally, the man was puzzled. No matter how much he tried he couldn't convince himself that Ava cared. She'd done such a good job of keeping their romance a secret he could hardly believe it himself. So one day, after three years of doubting, he married someone else.

"If I'd have acted differently," Ava told me, "I might have been the girl."

"You mean you wanted to marry him?" I asked.

"I mean I made the biggest mistake of my life. And I acted like a fool."

"You just acted human," I said, and Ava laughed harshly. She wouldn't let herself off that easily. If there's any blame around, Ava's the girl who wants to take it.

Even so I didn't get it. No one drops Ava like a hot potato. That's *really* foolish. "How come?" I said. "Why did he take off like that?"

"I don't really know," said Ava. "I guess that when things reach an emotional breaking point one little incident can destroy it all. One afternoon, a friend of mine and I decided to visit him, and tried to phone him. The line was busy, so my friend, who likes off-beat schemes, told the operator it was an emergency call, a matter of life or death. Of course, it would happen just when he was talking over a big business deal. Imagine how he felt when a voice broke in saying, 'Honey, we're bringing over some ice cream. What will you have—chocolate or vanilla?'"

"Sounds funny now, doesn't it, but it wasn't then. We went over, and that was the last time I saw him."

Okay, you might say, so Ava's heart was broken a little, but he's just another guy, another incident. In Ava's life there are plenty of men, and she can be choosy; she can act the way she wants. You think so?

poor little rich girl . . .

Let me tell you about the day Ava asked me to introduce her to a neighbor of mine. "He's nice," Ava said. "Can you arrange a date?"

"Sure," said I, reaching for the phone. Well, I got this boy on the phone and I said to him, "Look, darling, I'm going to do you a big, fat favor. I'm going to fix it so you can date Ava Gardner."

I listened to what he had to say. Then I hung up.

"Well?" asked Ava.

"Well, I never!" said I. "He said no, twice."

"It doesn't surprise me," said Ava. "But what was his reason?"

"Money," I said. "He says you have too much money. He knew a girl once who

had too much money. She was the princess of all snobs and she was his last princess."

"Oh," said Ava.

There wasn't much else she could say. What does a girl have to do? Give up her career so someone can buy her a lemonade? There wasn't much else to say, but there was plenty she could think; there was plenty of material for any complex she wanted to build.

Maybe if people let her alone it would be different; she'd be able to work out her own problems in her own time. But people, especially gossips, don't leave Ava alone. Remember back a little to all the fuss that was created when Ava showed up "with" Frank Sinatra in Texas? Big romance, everybody said. Maybe. Ava never told me she loved Frank. She did tell me they'd always be the closest of buddies. Believe it or not that can happen in show business. And that's the main reason Ava suddenly went down to Houston without telling anyone.

She'd had a call from Sinatra. The guy was terribly unhappy. More than that, he



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ When Jane Wyman was assigned to *Honeymoon for Three* she scratched her head and said, "Boy, that's a thought!" Ever since she and Ronald Reagan were married they've been so busy in pictures they haven't had time for their own honeymoon. Now, according to Jane, they're going to wait until their baby is born in January so that all three can take it together!—October, 1940, *Modern Screen*.

was in trouble. Sinatra's a walking time-bomb and when he's upset he can very easily blow up. This time he was under a doctor's care. Ava snapped him out of it.

You can get pretty snippy here and say, why didn't Nancy snap him out of it? Well, he'd tried rushing back to Nancy before, and it didn't work. The bolstering he needed right then, Ava gave him.

A lot of trash has been written about that episode. Sinatra was supposed to have fired some shots in a hotel room after he and Ava had had an argument. Ava was supposed to have called the police, but I know Ava never called "cop" on anyone. The truth is Frank did fire two shots up in the air out of a window. When Ava came rushing in he was sitting in a chair all broken up over the gag. Ava didn't think it was so funny.

I'm a married gal and I don't particularly approve of the running around that goes on, but Frank was separated and Ava was free. Funny about Frank. He doesn't seem to be afraid of anything, but he is. Ava's afraid of a lot. People like this have a way of getting together, even though putting their problems in the same basket never works out.

The unusual thing about Ava is: she's honest. People don't expect that. They think actresses are phony and when they

meet one that isn't they're a little disappointed.

It's this same honesty in Ava that's the root of some of her seemingly strange fears. When we talked once about her marriage to Artie Shaw, she made a frank and willing confession. "I made plenty of mistakes there," she said. "I was rather young and quite cocksure at first. You see, I had always been spoiled at home, and my first marriage to Mickey Rooney hadn't taught me much.

"The longer I lived with Artie," she confessed, "the more I feared I wouldn't reach his intellectual plane." Ignoring the fact that Mr. Shaw is famous for gleefully letting any girl he's with realize that she isn't in his mental league, Ava went on: "I tried to join in on his friends' conversations and participate in his interests, but I always had the fear that I would embarrass him. It got to be a phobia with me until I was almost continually being thrown for a loss. I know now that I tried too hard to be what he wanted me to be. I read at every free moment, anything I could get my hands on. Not realizing that you can't become a Ph.D. in a couple of years, I even took a course in English literature and economics."

At the time I didn't tell Ava that as I listened to her it occurred to me that husband Artie would have done well to take a course in the Appreciation of Girls who Are Regular Guys. Perhaps then, fear wouldn't have been the destructive factor in their marriage. If Artie had tried to meet her intellectually, she might not have had the dread of being held up to contempt as mentally mediocre.

In retrospect, it is easy to understand why Artie still holds a fascination for Ava and why she grasps every opportunity to see him.

the farmer's daughter . . .

In a way, Ava always has been on the outside looking in. Originally she was a North Carolina farmer's daughter. She adored her mother, Molly, who died more than five years ago, and her father, Jonas, who long before Ava came to Hollywood was forced by illness to give up his farm and store. When he died, no girl ever grieved more over the disillusionment that came to him when he was forced by circumstances to run a boarding house for teachers in Newport News, Virginia. Ava, ever since, has not forgotten her simple background. She is proud of it, but she still lacks assurance. Because of this, unimportant things frighten her. The plush carpets, for instance, fill her with dread.

There's a smart little dress shop called Allardale's on the Sunset Strip. It's not unusual for celebrities to go there, wait on themselves or help take care of other customers when the regular salesgirls are busy.

I dropped in there one day recently. Ava Gardner came up, acting like she was not Ava Gardner, and said, "What can I do for you, Modom?" She was wearing a bandana on her head, no stockings, flat-soled sandals and a basque-waisted, full-skirted blue and white cotton striped dress. She explained that the saleslady had gone out to lunch.

"Let's see how much stuff we can sell," Ava exclaimed, "but for Pete's sake don't let any of the fancy customers know who I am."

"Why not?"

She looked uncertain for a moment, then shrugged her shoulders.

"All right with me," I flipped, "but don't worry about being recognized in that outfit of yours."

We began trying on clothes. Ava slipped into a stunning grey suit that fitted her the way only she can be fitted.

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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

June nights are made for spooning and man-in-the-mooning, but morning hours mean dishes and dusting—and time out for the SUPER SEVEN! Yes, ma'am, that's what you hear on your local ABC station—SEVEN SUPER SHOWS full of exciting entertainment to make the house-work fly.

Fresh as a June bud is our favorite man-of-the-morning, DON McNEILL, the lad who makes "THE BREAKFAST CLUB" (sponsored by Swift, General Mills and Philco, 9-10 AM, EDT) a cheerful way to start every weekday. DON and the BREAKFAST CLUB GANG skip around the breakfast table with the greatest of ease . . . all of which pleases the gals who like a merry program pick-up in the morning. Incidentally, DON and his cute wife KAY are off to Europe for six weeks of seein' the sights . . . and that means we'll be getting first-hand news of what's going on in England, France, Switzerland and all the other countries through which the McNEILLS travel.

At 10:30 AM, EDT, America's favorite homemaker, BETTY CROCKER, gives food, fashion and decorating hints on her famous "MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." BETTY is always sure to have tips that make housekeeping lighter and brighter. General Mills sponsors the "BETTY CROCKER MAGAZINE OF THE AIR." Another highlight of the SUPER SEVEN ABC programming is Serutan's VICTOR LINDLAHR heard every day at 10:45 AM, EDT, giving expert advice and comment on nutrition and good living through good health.

The modern miss enjoys ABC's "MODERN ROMANCES" at 11 AM, EDT. This half hour of romance combines all the features of dramatic heart-throb, suspense and thrills. AUNT JEMIMA'S boy, BILL CULLEN, comes around with "QUICK AS A FLASH" at 11:30 AM, EDT, with questions and prizes and cash . . . a breezy audience-participation show that's a real honey. At high noon, EDT, oh JOHNNY OLSEN says "LADIES BE SEATED" for music, fun, and audience and listener frolic (for Philip Morris Cigarettes) . . . and at 12:25 PM, EDT, lovely CAROL DOUGLAS makes "BEAUTY AND FASHIONS" a daily five-minute twin delight for the Toni Company.

Yes, ma'am, any day in June (or July or any month) tune to your local American Broadcasting Company station and hear marvelous morning shows . . . the kind of wonderful entertainment and variety that rate as the SUPER SEVEN!

Joan Lansing

"Do you think this will be all right for London?"

A customer came in and Ava ducked for the rear of the shop.

"Wasn't that Ava Gardner?" the lady asked.

"Gosh no," I replied. "That's sort of an idiot cousin of mine. She likes to come in and pretend she looks like a movie star."

Ava came back in a few minutes and I went out for a coke. When I came back she was struggling to get a size forty into a size fourteen dress. After we lost the customer I said, "How much can you kid anybody?"

She shrugged. "Poor gal, I didn't want to hurt her feelings. I hope that sometime when I'm twenty years older somebody will flatter me like that."

Funny thing about Ava. She can call up a producer and talk to him right smack out in language that would give pause to a truck driver. She'll face up to the big shots and make them back down. I've seen her go out of her way to be friendly with outspoken people in the industry and watched them warm up to her in a flash. Usually their attitude toward stars is an unspoken you-stay-on-your-side-of-the-fence-and-I'll-stay-on-mine. They seem to sense in her a person who wants to be liked. But she seeks friends outside of the industry, people who'll accept her as just another girl.

When Ava finally reads this she's liable to bat me right over the head with her copy of MODERN SCREEN. I haven't meant to make it appear as though she's wandering around like a lost doll in a sea of bitterness and confusion. She is a completely competent actress and confident in the knowledge that she has developed a craftsmanship second to few in her profession. The nice part of it is that unlike many another top star her eminence in the profession doesn't cause her to look on other people as though they were termites crawling out of the woodwork.

who, me? . . .

One day I stopped to say hello as she sat in the studio commissary. She was at a secluded table with Howard Duff, and at her most beautiful best. Her Irene gown was the clinging kind that seemed to know it had something worthwhile to cling to. Her hair was smartly set in an upsweep and her only jewelry was a pair of diamond earrings, the graceful, dangling kind. During our chat I asked if she had seen one of our mutual friends.

"Oh, her," Ava said. "I refuse to talk about her."

"What happened? An argument? Did you steal one of her men?"

"Are you kidding, Leslie?" she laughed. "Why, I'm terribly fond of her. It's just that she's so beautiful I'm afraid to sit in the same room with her."

She was joking, but not completely. Ava Gardner has never thought she possessed incredible charm and she hates to have people tell her she's beautiful.

To understand, you'd have to come with me to her home early some morning and find her sitting in the tiny dining room, hair piled frumpily on top of her head, sipping coffee, answering the phone and waiting for the daily barrage of requests from newspapermen and photographers.

Tell her she's beautiful. Go ahead. She'll laugh in your face. She'll probably tell you the truth—that her first date back in high school never called again. That almost any girl can be beautiful when she has high style clothes and years of polish as the result of being educated by studio makeup men. You'll listen to her, but you won't believe her even when you know that she believes it herself.

When the cameramen come, she'll pour

herself into a ravishing gown and earnestly work with them to preserve what she thinks is an illusion. Then she'll tell you that this glamour is just window dressing—that the night before she didn't have a date. That in the middle of the night she went hiking alone in the hills.

Ava, having skipped the normal social life that comes to most girls, now can't enjoy cronies. She doesn't know how to loaf around with friends. She has too many defenses to ever relax her guard. She's glamour plus and she's lonely with loneliness that can't be cured by jumping across the subtle lines of social distinction in Hollywood.

"You see," she said recently, "this business of acting takes up a murderous amount of time and I'll admit that I'm paid well enough for it. Still, I seldom have the opportunity to develop friendships with other girls. I don't have time for luncheons and card parties."

That's why she finds companionship in places like the dress shop. At one time she looked at a stunning dress hanging in the window. "I'd like to buy that creation and wear it to Mocambo tonight," she said "that is, if I had a date."

"Too bad," I jeered. "I'll bet your phone rings twenty times tonight."

"Maybe," she admitted, "but the man I'd like to call me won't. He'll be like that friend of yours who thought I had too much money. Then there'll be a couple of the other kind who'd like to get their hands on the bankroll I haven't got."

"Uh-huh," I agreed. "And the good old tired business man who wants to be seen with a celebrity and get his name in the columns."

"Not to speak of the monster type," Ava added. "There'll be about six of those. They've been turned down seventeen times by names beginning with A in their little black books. Along about seven-thirty they'll get down to the G's, and about that time I'll get into my slacks and take a hike into the hills."

"I get your point," I said, "but you'll hit the right type one of these days. All you have to do is keep on breathing. What gets me is will you know him when you do?"

She thought that over. "I've never been hard to please. The thing I want most is companionship and loyalty—a man who'll always be in my corner. I'm tired of going through life afraid of displeasing someone I love."

Ava is not really afraid of men. She's afraid of failing them. She'd rather not marry than risk another divorce. Men aren't afraid to take that risk with her. Give a smart man two dates and he'll propose. He figures that with a girl as reasonable and intelligent as Ava they can make a go of it together. What he doesn't realize is that this enchanting girl has spoiled his timing. He'd have to know her for a couple of years before he, himself, would be able to handle her emotionally.

But let's not be ridiculous. Somewhere there's a man for Ava—and she'll find him. When she does, she wants to have three children and a house in Pasadena.

And right now I'll go out on a sturdy limb to say that all of her fears will fade away with the sound of the wedding bells, because none of her fears are strong enough to beat real love. THE END

Paid Notice

AFRAID you'll be an OLD MAID?

SEE PAGE 69

give shirley a break!

(Continued from page 35) she had turned down two radio engagements in New York because she was leery about what would happen to her in crowded Manhattan, when she bucked a chilly audience at her appearance on a Screen Guild show right home in Hollywood and was scared for the first time in her life, when I learned she refused to go dancing because of the same bugaboo, I grabbed my phone and called her up.

"I'm coming out," I told her. "I want to talk to you."

"Well, I'm home," she answered, "as usual, so come on."

"That's what I want to talk to you about," I said, "being home." But that wasn't all. I had some information which made me pretty sure Shirley Temple was far more sinned against than sinning, for one thing. For another, while there are always two sides in a divorce story, I had a very solid conviction that Shirley's side had never really been properly presented in a fair light. There was something that didn't ring true to me about this one-sided post-divorce star stigma; why should Shirley pay in popular esteem while John Agar felt no pain and went merrily on his way, unscarred? I wanted some questions answered to clear me up on that and also some others, and from Shirley herself: What was she going to do about her life from now on, her career, her home, her baby, her heart, her happiness?

Shirley met me at the door, pretty as a picture in Chinese silk pajamas, blue top and golden yellow trousers. Only her hair, which she's letting grow long and which was nipped back primly in a tight hair-do, gave a hint that she was what she was, a grown-up woman and a mother.

"How's my girl?" I kidded.

"Fine and dandy," she fibbed gallantly.

How could she be? Suppose you had spent your twenty-two years as Shirley Temple had spent them—up until say about three years ago—with not even a suspicion of a slap from life on your adored wrist. Suppose everybody worshipped you, imitated you devotedly and everything you did made people sing your praises. Suppose you were not only famous, sought after, rich and universally loved but also newly married to the prince charming of your choice.

Then suppose the sky fell in on you.

You were still the same person, but now people got wrong ideas about you and the whole picture changed. Worship



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Cary Grant seems to be handing a very good line to Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton. They're frequent occupants of a dimly-lit corner of the Cafe Lamaze, where they dawdle for hours over their dinner, look tenderly into each other's eyes, and insist "there's nothing to it."—October, 1940, *Modern Screen*.



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switched to hostility, adoration to denunciation. Would you be "fine and dandy?" Well, Shirley was brave enough to pretend she was. She sat me down on a sofa and sank on another herself. It's the same house I remember from her happier days, same furniture, same knick-knacks, same lovebirds twittering in a cage, same tropical fish finning back and forth in their bubbly bowl. Shirley hasn't made any changes. But it's really an entirely different place and it would always stay different for Shirley Temple. Her love died there. Okay, that's life for you, but why in Heaven's name should Shirley sit and snuff ashes—and take the blame, when that's not where it lies?

I have nothing against John Agar. In fact, for a long time I was sure Hollywood's princess had found her ideal mate. I remember at Shirley's wedding, when the huge crowd before the Wilshire Methodist Church surged like a frightening sea to engulf the newlyweds as they came out the door, John took one look and swung his bride back inside, barring the door. They didn't come out until a half-hour later and then by a back entrance. I thought then: "That's fast thinking. She's got herself a man." If John hadn't made that instant decision Shirley's wedding dress would have been ripped off her and Heaven only knows what else might have happened. A wild mob is a terrifying thing.

her dream prince . . .

Nobody, certainly not Shirley herself, had any doubts about John then. She was deeply in love, she was seventeen. Nothing in the world could have stopped her from marrying him. Scribbled in her diary today are still her girlish qualifications for her dream prince, and Shirley told me she had read them over not long ago with a wry smile. "The man I marry," she wrote, "must be a blond. He must be strong and athletic. He must be handsome, a good dancer, he must have a sense of humor. He must be sincere." How typically teenage! I'll bet every girl who reads this has written up such a dream image, with variations, at one time or another, or certainly thought it.

John Agar was all of those—except possibly the last (and the only one that really mattered)—but how in the world was Shirley Temple to know that then? She met John when she was fifteen. She told me he proposed when she was fifteen-and-a-half and steadily from then on until she said "Yes," many months later. He was an "older man," all of twenty-two, and it was hard to resist when he urged, "Let's get married. We'll go to Mexico, or Nevada—tonight—run away with me!" Shirley held off for two years, all the time insistently coaxed by the man she thought was everything a suitor should be. Even her wedding at seventeen shocked some. But she knew what she wanted and her parents, who have always backed Shirley up, gave their consent. Why not? Shirley was mature, it was wartime and John was in the service, early marriages were the vogue, and the fact that Shirley Temple was the "first to get married" from her class at Westlake was another thrill.

I asked Shirley, maybe a little heartlessly, "Do you still believe now in early marriage?"

"I certainly do," she came right back. "You start your life sooner. It's the only thing if you're really in love and suited to each other."

Shirley Temple was really in love. But I'm beginning to wonder, and I think Shirley does too, if John Agar was ever really in love with her. Certainly they weren't suited to each other.

Shirley told me their trouble started six months after they were married—that

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When I took my little nephew to the circus in North Hollywood, he did what I'd expected. He got lost. After looking and calling to no avail, I began to get panicky. Suddenly I spotted my lost nephew contentedly eating cotton candy with one hand and holding the hand of the "nice man" who'd bought him all the goodies with the other. The nice man was Dennis Morgan.

Lucille Darby

North Hollywood, California



long ago, although few people suspected. The great myth of Hollywood happiness fooled everyone but Shirley and John. Shirley has some thoughts on that, as she has on everything, and pretty good ones, too.

"When two people are put up on a pedestal of perfection, painted perpetually in rosy tints with everything so beautiful—the disillusionment, when it comes, is a hundred times as great. You see Hollywood couples always in lovey-dovey poses, cozy in breakfast nooks, happy in laps before fireplaces and all those dreamy pictures. Why, two months after I was married I was in a magazine giving advice to young married people! What advice did I have to give them? You can't escape that 'perfect' build-up, but it makes the breakdown, if it comes, a great shock."

Shirley told me about one night when she was with John at Mocambo and I was there too, sitting across the room. "We were dancing and John was smiling so sweetly at me, but the things he was saying! Well, I thought: 'I wish Hedda could hear.'"

I wish I could have too, because like everyone else I tumbled for that illusion too long. When Shirley called me at home to tell me her sorry decision I blurted right out, "Oh, Shirley—you can't do that! Why, all the kids who've grown up with you will have their confidence in everything you stand for destroyed. You just can't let them down!"

"I know," she answered, "but I've made up my mind."

"Think it over," I begged.

"I already have, Hedda," she said. "for a long, long time." There wasn't anything more I could say.

But I still believed John Agar was a gentleman and my sympathy was with him as well as with Shirley. I'm afraid I was disenchanted and that sympathy flew out the window the morning I saw his picture in the paper, when police had arrested him for drunkenness.

But there's another and even stronger indication to me that John Agar had other objectives in mind than making Shirley happy when he married her. Evidence piles up now that he kept secret from her what may well have been his big ambition all along—to be a movie star himself.

There's nothing wrong with that ambition, of course—only the fact that Shirley firmly believed that when John got out of the service they'd return to Chicago, his home, and he'd enter the family's meat-packing business. She was prepared then to give up her career and be just Mrs. John Agar; in fact, that was her ambition. No one was more surprised, after

their marriage, when visiting her new husband in Salt Lake City, he told her of David Selznick's offer of a screen contract. Shirley was under contract to Selznick herself but it was baffling news to her, especially when John told her he was going to accept.

"But," she puzzled, "how do you know you'll like that? You haven't had any training or experience or even thought about acting, have you?" John said no, he hadn't, but he'd like to give it a whirl, and Shirley said she'd do all she could to help. I suspect she had already helped, although she didn't know it. I wonder if John would ever have had that offer if he hadn't married Shirley Temple?

I've since learned from friends that back in '41, before he knew Shirley, John Agar was angling for a chance around two separate Hollywood studios. He has a good voice, and also before he met Shirley he sang in Chicago's swank night spot, the Buttery. In the service, too, he sang and worked in shows. Yet he never told Shirley this and for a long time she was completely in the dark about his real ambitions, which were aimed straight at Hollywood. I'm not saying two careers broke up their marriage, although certainly that was a factor Shirley had never counted in her marriage plans.

golf-widow . . .

It may be more than a coincidence, too, that the moment John Agar got his Hollywood start he became indifferent to Shirley. That day I dropped in to see newborn Linda Susan, Shirley was there alone. I asked about John and he was out playing golf. He was always out playing golf. "But he should be back by now," Shirley kept repeating. He never showed up and I left late that afternoon. I suppose the 19th hole at Riviera Golf Club and his links pals were more fascinating then than his wife and new baby girl. At any rate, that's what led to the events which have placed Shirley in an unfavorable light. For John's regular foursome included Johnnie Johnston and Joe Kirkwood, names that soon were linked with Shirley Temple's in very messy gossip.

Well, by now all that is water over the dam for Shirley and she is anxious to forget it. Whatever I quizzed her about to confirm my suspicions, she answered frankly and truthfully without making any excuses or alibis. "I'll tell you the truth, Hedda, scout's honor," she said, "but then I don't ever want to talk about it again." I don't blame her. Shirley washed her dirty linen publicly in her divorce testimony, frankly and in detail, and I'm not going to rehash that here. But for that, too, she drew harsh criticism. She could have won her decree easily enough without baring so many unpleasant details, I knew. I asked Shirley about that.

"I felt I had to," she said. "It wasn't easy, but the judge said there should be no trivia. He instructed me to go back as far as I could and bring out strong incidents. Otherwise it would be just another Hollywood husband-shedding divorce story. Don't you see, if I'd done it the easy way it would give other young people the idea they could too. I think marriage," said Shirley, "should be difficult to achieve—and divorce difficult too, just as difficult as it can be."

She's well aware, believe me, of the seriousness of this sad chapter in her life. The hurt was deep and the ordeal exhausting. That's why she went to Hawaii with her parents and Susan, as Shirley said, "to lose myself for a while."

You can't beat Blue Hawaii for that. After her heartening welcome, Shirley

took a little house on Kalaniole Road with five cats to keep Susan company and the Pacific right at her lanai. She swam in the soft surf every day, sunned lazily on the beach. She revisited all the places she'd known as a child, the Ichii Gardens, Waikiki, Honolulu's famous shops, the sugar cane and pineapple plantations, Pearl Harbor. She made friends with Margo, a lady hermit up the road, and took bones along for her dogs. She visited the leper colony on Molokai and Father Damien's grave. She learned the Tahitian hula and bought a ukulele and a book of instructions. Wherever she went, guitars serenaded her, and when one island emcee coaxed her into a floor show, Shirley remembered "Little Brown Gal" and hulaed until her knees shook.

Her scores of Hawaiian friends treated her as if nothing had happened, as if she were the same Shirley Temple they'd always known and loved. She was entertained at beautiful estates all over the Island, escorted by handsome naval officers and young Honolulu men about town, one of whom, Charles Black, I think you'll be hearing much more about in Shirley Temple's life. She danced, romanced and had fun for six wonderful weeks.

But all vacations come to an end and Shirley's did, as she wanted it to, once she'd gotten a grip on herself again. Shirley is no escapist. She knows she has responsibilities to assume and problems to meet. One is her career. I asked Shirley about that.

Her contract with Selznick winds up this June, then she'll be free, "at liberty." Before that she has a picture to make at Warners. She told me she'd been reading a script the night before, one that made her cry. It's a sequel to *A Star Is Born*, Janet Gaynor's greatest, and she'd like to do it. "I'd like to make a good picture for a change," she said. "I always want to work and do something worthwhile. But maybe it won't be pictures."

"Look, now—" I began.

"I mean it," said Shirley seriously. "I'm not so sure I want to keep on in this business. It's a beautiful one and it's certainly been wonderful to me. But I always said if it ever stopped being fun, I'd quit. Now I'm not too sure it's fun any more." She waved aside my interruption.

"My last five pictures have been awful," stated Shirley bluntly, "and now all this." Maybe her lower lip trembled just a bit. I asked her what she'd do.

another life . . .

"I'd like to write a book about myself and Hollywood," Shirley confessed, "only, I don't know, it might hurt a few people. I always wanted to study languages too and learn to paint. I could study surgery—"

"Be a doctor?"

"No," she answered, "but I could be a nurse. I want to help people."

A girl like that isn't going to flinch—as Shirley certainly hasn't—at even the crucifying ordeal which her bad luck in the choice of a first mate has brought her. Moreover, she has a saving sense of humor which flashes through whenever she starts to sag. In the midst of our talk about her current setup and the headaches it posed for her private life, she told me she had a habit of always buying something alive whenever she was in the dumps, the way some gals buy a new hat. "I saw *Sands of Iwo Jima*, the other night," she said wryly, "and got pretty depressed. I went out and bought a Great Dane—that's how depressed I was!" (John Agar is in *Sands of Iwo Jima*.)

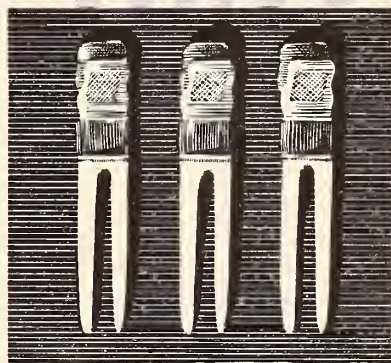
But Shirley admits no bitterness toward John. She told me, "I hope he becomes a big star now, a very big success. I

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think he'll be happy then and I hope he finds someone and gets married." But about chances of any reconciliation, Shirley looked downright shocked when I mentioned it. "Oh, absolutely not!" she cried. "That's all over." It is, I'm sure, and yet a bad situation lingers on. John has visiting privileges once a week at Shirley's to see Linda Susan, so, once a week Shirley has to go through that.

That cutie romped into the room fresh from her nap while we talked. She still had a trace of her tropical tan and some pidgin English picked up from Chinese servants. Susan is almost three now and the sugary apple of Shirley's eye. She spends most of her time with her these days and Shirley put a record on the Capehart to show me how Miss Susan could dance, up on her toes, snapping her fingers, rolling her arms and all. Shirley taught her the shim-sham-shimmy just the other day as the great Bill Robinson once taught it to little Miss Temple herself. But Shirley shook her head firmly when I mentioned any kiddie career.

I couldn't help thinking as I watched Susan perform gaily, how her mama has the same right to some fun out of life—yes, right now, and right here in Hollywood. But she's sticking too close to home, seeing only her old friends. Her biggest thrills of the week are the hockey games where, as practically the Los Angeles Monarchs' mascot, she sits between the players and the penalty box.

But Shirley's determined not to stick her neck out in a night club or any Hollywood showcase. I told her I'd take her out with me if she wouldn't go any other way, and she said, "Okay, that's a date—but no escort—it isn't worth it!" I'm sorry she feels that way, and I think what Shirley really needs is a vote of confidence. I think it's high time, myself, that she had a few tokens of the old love she used to bask in, because she's the same wonderful kid underneath, believe me. She needs more letters like the one she got from her long-time booster, J. Edgar Hoover, saying, "I'm sure you did the right thing, Shirley, and I'm for you."

Shirley can do a great many things if she pleases. She has brains, talent, beauty, youth, and more wisdom now. She has all the money she needs, because her family protected her fortune for her. Lately she has been taking over more control of it. She invested in a mine recently and the other day bought her first stock on her own hook. Her broker called next morning. "It went up," he told her, "you made seventy-five cents."

love's second chance . . .

But Shirley will not do any of the easy things. She looked aghast when I suggested that perhaps she might move away for a while, away from that honeymoon house and its memories, away from weekly visits by John Agar, away from curious, prying Hollywood. "This is my home," she said. And so it is and she's right and I think it's pretty swell of her to show so much moxie and spunk, the more because I know her feelings are deeply scarred and every day around Hollywood something tears the wound open again.

Shirley's final divorce decree rolls around next December 6, when she'll be free as a bird to marry again. I asked her if she would.

"I certainly hope so," said Shirley. "That's what I'd rather be than anything in the world—a real wife, a real mother." She's a real mother right now, if you ask me, but she never had a chance to be a real wife, the kind she wants to be. I'm not worried too much about her second chance at love. In fact, it wouldn't surprise me for a minute if she already

has the lucky guy picked out. Shirley wouldn't say a word, not a "yes" or a "no" or even a maybe—about the attractive man she dated most steadily in Hawaii, Charles Black. (Charlie Black, by the way, is the son of the president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Co., a very wealthy and extremely popular young man.) But she still can't control the twinkle in her eyes or keep her dimples from deepening under fire. And I'll bet a pretty that Shirley did more than "lose herself" in Honolulu. I think she lost her heart.

I certainly hope so, because more than any other thing Shirley needs a love interest in her life right now.

Frankly, I don't blame her for keeping mum as a clam about Charles Black. She's been singed once and she's cautious. Besides, if she is seriously interested, she won't risk spoiling anything real by a Hollywood fanfare, which the handsome Honolulu wants no part of.

Charles is thirty-two, the mature man Shirley should have if and when she marries the second time. He's good-looking, socially tops, an important man in Hawaii. What's more, from what my Island friends tell me, he's nobody's easy-to-get guy. He's not impressed with the fact that the girl he beamed around was the famous Shirley Temple of Hollywood. He's not impressed with Hollywood, period. That's



that's hollywood!

During the war, while Groucho Marx was entertaining overseas, he expressed a desire to see the front. He was escorted to a General's command post. The battle was close by. In the midst of the excitement, the field phone rang. Groucho instinctively picked it up and barked: "World War II."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

a refreshing new face to romance for Shirley, who's had about everything she wanted, might find something she can't have right away more valuable and lasting.

I do know she's mighty interested and the reports I got were that Shirley seemed very content to let Charles dominate her wherever they went and not at all shy in showing that she liked both him and the idea. There are certainly some mighty lovely rides up over the Pali and along beaches scented by tropic blossoms in Hawaii. They took those rides together, Shirley admitted that, and if she can resist their spell with a handsome bachelor like Charles Black, she's not the girl I think she is.

"If you do marry," I asked her, "what kind of a man will he be?"

"Someone with a mind," stated Shirley forcefully. "And preferably a business man." Well, from what I've been hearing Mister Charles Black has a mind, and he's in business.

If Shirley isn't in love she's close to it, and that's close enough for me to stick out my neck and say she's found it. That doesn't mean she's hiding a ring somewhere, but it does mean she's on the track back to happiness. And real happiness will come to Shirley Temple only when she's married again. Of that, I'm dead certain.

THE END

who is jane wyman?

(Continued from page 61) afternoon. From two to three—if they'd been little lambs all week—the class was allowed to put on a show. Jane could sing better than most ten-year-olds. On an impulse that day she sneaked in a ukulele.

"Who wants to recite?" asked the teacher.

Jane's hand went up timidly. "I can't recite but I know a song. . . ."

It was a funny song. Strumming the uke, Jane gave it her all. The kids were delighted. They beat time to the rhythm, they laughed and applauded. Later, in the school yard, they gathered round her, and begged her to bring the uke back again next week. She floated home on a high pink cloud, she was in. . . .

Her aim was to stay in, and that's where she started getting lost. For the sake of popularity, she covered up the sensitive Jane and her sensitive feelings. Growing into high-school age, her quick mind and tongue developed a breezy way with language that made people laugh, and she found they liked her for it. Often she didn't feel funny at all. Often a great sense of loneliness engulfed her and she wanted to talk her heart out to someone who would understand. But people were bored by such things, especially from Jane. She wasn't the type. "Are you kidding? With that nose of yours, who could take you seriously?"

crying on the inside . . .

Far too proud to force confidences on anyone, she forced herself instead into an artificial mold. "Jane's a clown, Jane's always good for a laugh." She liked to laugh when the mood was on her. But to keep her hard-won place among her peers, the mood had to be sustained. Jane wasn't the prettiest girl around, nor the plainest either. Plainer girls, more secure within, could afford to be themselves. She couldn't. Mirth, she decided, was all she had to offer—so come on, let's be merry, what can I do next, how silly can I act? The effects were gratifying. And if something cried inside, she could always drown it out by laughing louder. . . .

Along with this ran a great yen for independence. At home she was tied to her youth—too young to grow up, too young to go out with boys. She didn't especially care to go out with boys, they sort of annoyed her, they were the young ones. Herself, she didn't feel young at all. She felt mature and capable. Impatient to try her wings, she quit school as soon as she could for Hollywood. Not because she thought she had any special talent or had visions of her name on the marquees. But here she'd be free to depend on herself, and she'd reached the sage conclusion that self was the only thing you could depend on. Somehow, in Hollywood, she'd go about building a life that was bound to be good because it would be her own. Besides, she had something to prove to the world—what, she didn't know. Besides, she could sing and dance a little, which would help her get started.

By the time she arrived, the protective shell was pretty well formed. It was destined to thicken. Jane thought she was grown up. Actually, no one could have been more naïve. After snagging a chorus job at one of the studios, she went out to buy some clothes, the first she'd ever bought for herself. The dress featured a red georgette top and a black satin skirt. The big picture hat out-Dietriched Marlene. The clip was a rhinestone horror, with rubies yet. Then she caught sight of a foxtail cape in the window. To call it a cape was overstatement. There weren't

enough tails to go round, and a couple of legs tied the thing together in front. Jane found that her next week's check would cover it. Out of the shop she pranced in full regalia and took a slow walk up Hollywood Boulevard, swishing the so-called cape from front to rear in a gracious effort to accommodate all admirers.

This rig didn't express Jane. It expressed her notion of what you wore in Hollywood to produce an effect. For the same reason she dyed her hair coal-black, frizzled her bangs, coated her face with makeup and used artificial eyelashes—the kind that had to be stuck on one by one. At the end of two weeks a girl named Pokey, who danced in the line with her, took her aside. "Jane, why do you wear those jokers?"

"So I can flap in the breeze like the rest of the actors. . . ."

"That's fine when you're under the lights, but not in rehearsal. Look at the rest of us. See any eyelashes? And not to be mean, Jane, but while we're on the subject, d'you ever wash your face real good?"

"Why, of course!"

"Then do me a favor. Next time you wash it, just put a little lipstick on and that's all. If you don't like it, well, your makeup kit won't run away."

Jane liked it. So did Pokey next day, who took it big. "Well, how about that!" So did the other kids. Whether tipped off by Pokey or not, they all came up, even the boys. "You look super today, Jane." Lesson No. 1 was learned for good and all. Daubing your face with paint, tricking yourself out in flashy clothes—these brought attention, but the wrong way. . . .

Other lessons followed, some of them less kindly taught. They spread over many years and many experiences. For better or worse, Jane was in the movie game now, playing for keeps. She found it a challenging game, but tough. A man's game really, where you had to meet masculine minds on equal terms and fight for the chance to prove whatever it was you were trying to prove. In every encounter, Jane stood her ground. She didn't always win, but if she went down, she went down with colors flying. As an opponent, she came to be respected for honesty, courage and not knowing when she was licked. Never go soft, Wyman told herself. Going soft meant being crushed. Going soft meant reverting to childhood when everything hurt you. She was through with being hurt. If you forged your armor strong enough, no barb could pierce it. If a chink showed up, cover it quick before anyone saw it. Betty Kaplan, her dearest friend, sometimes saw these chinks. To Betty alone, Jane would reveal glimpses of the little girl who'd played chairs because they were nice to her. Otherwise, she kept this aspect hidden. Now as then, she refused to foist on people what they didn't want. Little by little, and without awareness, she thrust the serious side so far away that she all but stopped believing in it herself.

short and snappy . . .

She came to be identified with the parts she played—the wise customers, dipped to the ears in glitter, spraying their snappy remarks all over the place, the chicks who knew their onions and wouldn't be caught dead with a line of sentiment. You couldn't blame people for thinking this was Jane. She didn't need writers to put words in her mouth, her own stuff was as good and frequently better. In any gay group, she was the gay center. It was school all over again, it was Jane winning recognition from the crowd, it was lots of fun. If the old restlessness stirred, the vague sense of heartache that couldn't be



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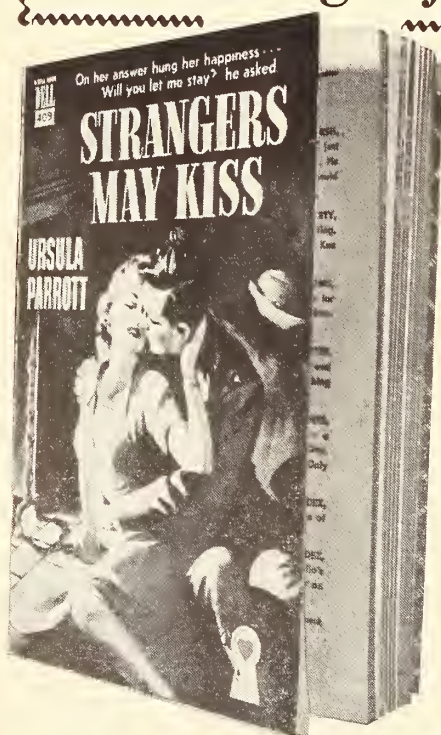
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by E. M. Hull

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On the Verge of a Broken Heart



STRANGERS MAY KISS

by Ursula Parrott

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nailed, she'd push it way under. "What's eating you, Wyman? You're sitting on top of the world."

Her first inkling of what was eating her came during the war. For years she'd been living in a land of make-believe. Now in camps and hospitals she faced up to reality. Boys leaving everything dear to them, not knowing when or whether they'd be back. Boys coming back with broken bodies, trying to keep their minds and spirits whole. She wasn't afraid of being soft with these kids. The question never arose. In compassion for them, she forgot all about herself—and wondered, with all the sadness, why her war work brought her a new kind of peace. Much later a friend explained it this way:

"Let's say life's a road, and you're in a motorcar. If you turn the headlights in on yourself, you're driving blind and of course the road is dark. If you turn them away from yourself toward life and people, you'll be amazed at how the shadows vanish."

She also began meeting real people in her pictures. After a weary succession of varnished puppets, she met Helen in *The Lost Weekend*. To take pieces of dialogue, draw a girl out of the pieces, mould her into a flesh-and-blood human—such a chance had never come Jane's way before. Helen excited her, and troubled her, too. What was it about Helen that made her real? The answer came. "She's always herself. She never bothers to put on an act. She's not afraid to show what she feels."

I'd hate to have anyone play me, Jane thought slowly. "They wouldn't know who I am. I don't know myself. . . ."

the buried heart . . .

She found out more about herself in *The Yearling*. Ma Baxter was like a mirror, reflecting Jane. She too had been hurt by life, she too was fearful of letting the warmth come through. In the end it broke through anyway.

They were preparing that scene. "Okay," the director said. "There was a heart, it's buried, let's find it."

Jane looked at him oddly.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Just the way you said it. Made the whole thing clear in a flash."

When you've spent years building up a fake personality, you don't break it down in a week or a month. It took Jane a long time to get through to herself and she suffered plenty of pain in the process. But she made plenty of discoveries along the way. That a sense of injustice carried over from childhood is like carrying an elephant on your back. That heart-aches aren't unique to you, everyone has them. That applause from the crowd may inflate your vanity, but leaves the real you empty. That most people have something better to do than sit around figuring ways to hurt you. That suspicion breeds suspicion and trust breeds trust and what you put into life, you get out of it. That the most important thing in the world is integrity, and unless you're willing to be yourself, you're nobody.

Little by little the defenses dropped and the heart came through. With Maureen and Michael, there'd never been any defenses, but once the blinders fell, Jane saw the fruits of her own false values even in the children. Especially Maureen, who was older and more impressionable. Children take their tone from their parents. If you're crisp, they're crisp. If you're nervous, the mood communicates itself to them. If you're a smart aleck, they're likely to ape your style. "Well, I'll be seein' you one of these times," Maureen called out to a departing friend. Jane

pricked up her ears. It sounded familiar, but not at all like Maureen. It sounded like Jane, as Maureen had heard her a dozen times on the phone.

She watched the children and their reactions more closely. "Maureen, please don't talk so loud," she said one day and saw the child's face cringe. Jane's heart cringed, too. How often had she spoken as abruptly without noticing the effect on her daughter? Next time Maureen's voice shrilled in excitement, Jane smiled at her. "Think you're talking too loud, honey?"

Maureen beamed back. "Guess I am, Mother. Better bring it down."

No cringing, no resistance, nothing but good feeling and better results. A few days later Jane heard an exchange between the children. "Michael, if you don't give me that—" said Maureen. Then a pause. "Michael, I'd love to play with the lizard. Will you let me?"

"Sure," said Mike.

Anyone suggesting five years ago that Jane could do a part like Johnny Belinda or Laura in *The Glass Menagerie* would have been told to go soak his head. Who, Wyman? Strictly for comedy, folks. They may have been right. Maybe the Jane who'd wrapped herself up like a mummy couldn't have done it. Maybe her difficult struggle toward self-understanding brought understanding to the heart and spirit of Belinda. This much is certain. What was in the lovely sensitive deaf-mute, looking at you through Wyman's soft brown eyes, must have been in

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 74

1. *Sing You Sinners*
2. *Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, Ellen Drew*
3. *Donald O'Connor*
4. *True*
5. *Small Fry, composer: Hoagy Carmichael*

Jane, too, or it couldn't have come out.

The portrait of Belinda brought her world-wide acclaim and Hollywood's crowning tribute—the Oscar. Jane was as thrilled with these as anyone else. "But you can go on forever getting great parts, and that's still not living. I don't set myself up as any philosopher. All I know is what I learned for myself, the hard way. To me, living means people. I'm steering my course by people and what little I can contribute to happiness, even if it's only bringing a light to the eye that really comes from inside and not just from the optic nerve."

The most important people in her life are a girl of nine and a boy of four. Her biggest job is getting them started right. She'll count some of her own troubles as clear profit if they help in avoiding trouble for Michael and Maureen. No childish problem is too trivial for Jane to take seriously. "Mother," says Maureen, "it's time for a heart-to-heart." Jane follows her to the dressing room. Heart-to-hearts have to be in the dressing room, with the door closed, else they're not the genuine article to Maureen. "Mother, I lost my jacks. I've looked simply all over and I can't seem to find them."

This misfortune and all its possible solutions are gravely explored. But as Maureen grows, so grow the problems. A dilly popped up when she went off to boarding-school. The decision to send her was a headache in itself. Jane hated separating her from home and brother. On the other hand, she badly needed companionship of her own age. Jane discussed it with Ronnie, and together they decided

that a good boarding-school, not too far from home, was the answer.

Maureen came back for her first weekend, looking stormy. "Mother, you've got to take me away from there. The girls don't like me."

Jane already knew the story from Maureen's house-mother, but kept her counsel. "What happened, dear?"

"Nothing."

"Look, honey, you don't get disliked for doing nothing."

A long silence. Then: "Mother, we'd better have a heart-to-heart." She could hardly wait for the door to close behind them. "The girls called me a bragger."

"Why?"

"I—said I had six fur coats."

"Oh, Maureen. You've got one mangy little beaver that somebody outgrew."

"Well, you've got six fur coats."

"In the first place, I don't have. Every coat with a piece of fur doesn't make a fur coat."

"Golly, Mother, I had to say something. There wasn't anything else to talk about."

"Maureen, look at me. Was that the real reason?"

What she saw in her mother's eyes brought an end to the conflict within Maureen. "No," she said. "I was trying to show off."

There was a time when Jane might have acted less wisely, might have been over-severe or over-protective. But she knew the pitfalls now and how to guard against them. "Maureen, I could fix this for you. I could tell them you didn't mean it, it was just a little girl's imagination. But I'd rather let you fix it yourself. Will you try?"

It wasn't an easy task to hand a child, nor for a child to perform. Maureen stuck with it, though. By the end of the season she'd won back the trust of the girls, which she wouldn't exchange for all the fur coats in the land. . . .

Michael's another character. Stubborn. When his two feet are planted, that's how he likes to keep them. Jane had told him never to ride his bike out front alone. She'd explained why. Michael disobeyed, and the nurse told Jane about it in his presence. He cocked an eye at her. "You want to see me in the library?"

Her impulse was to break up higher than a kite. She controlled it, and led her son to the "library." She sat him down. She went through it all again. How the cars were big, how Mike was little, how they might back out and not see him, how he might get hurt. "I don't want to use the paddle, Michael, but you're still at an age where it's pretty effective. And it won't hurt nearly as much as a car."

He listened amiably. "Are you froo now—?"

"Yes, I'm through now." Michael zipped out. Jane sighed. How was she going to lick this thing? She must have done something wrong or he'd have been impressed. He wasn't impressed.

Just then a head stuck itself round the doorway, and a honeyed voice spoke. "Mommy, I forgot sump'n."

"What? Your balloon?"

"I forgot to kiss you."

This meant surrender. It meant that Michael had unplanted his feet. A weight rolled off Jane. She gave him a bear hug and sent him on his way. . . .

Long ago there was a child who prayed for wisdom. She's found wisdom enough to handle her own children with intelligent love. She's found wisdom enough to know and be herself. As a fallible human, she'll go on making mistakes but they won't be the same mistakes she made before. Jane's achieved maturity. She's got the headlights turned toward the road where shadows vanish. . . . **THE END**

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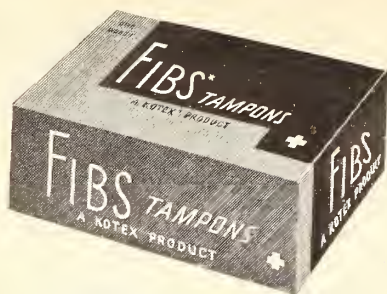
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"everything happens to me"

(Continued from page 45) she'd get a date for it.

The first thing she did was consult Mary Wills, chief designer at the Goldwyn Studios, for a gown.

"It's up to you," she told Mary. "And please, make it gorgeous. . ."

You wouldn't believe it to look at her, but Joan has a problem with her figure. She still fights "baby fat" with diet and exercise. She's even too short, by modern standards—a little under five-feet-four.

"We'll give you a long line," said Mary, "so it won't cut you in two at the waist."

But it was more than knowing the trick of proper line that went into the making of that "low-cut, red dress." Mary Wills is a creative artist. She thought of Joan as a flower, a young girl about to bloom, and she said that Joan reminded her of a rose. So she selected a light red taffeta and cut the skirt like enormous petals. The bodice grew into petals over—but standing away from—the shoulders.

When it was finished Mary Wills asked Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn to come see Joan in it. Mrs. Goldwyn is a woman of impeccable taste. Look at the way she dresses and you'll agree. Mrs. Goldwyn was enchanted. Joan's parents were, too.

As every honest teen-ager will admit, when you go to the senior prom—or the Academy Awards presentation—the dress comes first. The fellow who takes you is, really, secondary. He'll do so long as he is fun and nice.

Well, Carleton Carpenter had asked Joan to go with him to the Awards. Carleton is that wonderful kid from *Lost Boundaries*, and *The Tender Years*.

It was the first time either one of them had attended a presentation. And neither one had been nominated for anything. Carp said, boyishly, "This year we'll be able to enjoy the Academy Awards, but next year, why we'll be too nervous. That's how you are when you're up for an award."

For a long time Joan and Carp had kidded each other about which one had his picture in the paper more often. It happened that on the afternoon of the Academy presentation Joan's hair had been put back to its original color. When she'd made Roseanna McCoy and *Our Very Own* her hair was lightened to a reddish gold. Now she'd let it turn black again.

minor tragedies . . .

As a result, when she and Carp stepped out of the car no one recognized her and over the loud-speaker came the words, "Carleton Carpenter now arriving." Carp gloated and Joan pretended to be furious.

When, weeks later, the radio commentator declared that Joan had her face covered with makeup I wondered if he and I saw the same girl. At the Academy Awards presentation Joan wore lipstick and eyebrow pencil—that's all in the makeup line.

And about the way she acted. I saw how she greeted people—the photographers who were recording the event, her friends in the audience. She was a charming girl, excited because she was part of her town's biggest night.

The evening was not without mishap—as what senior prom or Academy Awards presentation ever is? Carp is a long, lanky kid; his toes turn in, and he has the biggest feet this side of the Mississippi. In getting out of the car he stepped on Joan's dress and the loosely-tacked petals came away from the taffeta underskirt. Joan managed to hold the dress together.

She had borrowed her mother's pearls

and the last words her mother had said to her when she left the house were, "If you lose my pearls, young lady, I'll never let you borrow anything of mine again."

As she held up her skirt, the pearls suddenly came unfastened and there was a mad scramble to find them.

When they were seated in the theater at last, Joan raised her arm to wave at her friend, Ann Blyth, and the two stitches that held the shoulder petals gave way, so Joan had to complete the evening wearing her coat.

When Joan and Carp got home they were bursting with excitement. "I cried," Joan said. "Every time anybody got an Award I was so happy. If I ever get an Oscar I'll be crying so hard I'll never be able to get up to the platform."

But the memorable evening had the edge of happiness taken off it by the snide criticism of the commentator who thought Joan's parents should be warned that her dress, her makeup and her behavior were unbecoming.

she's always wrong . . .

So what is a teen-ager to do? For, believe me, if Joan had appeared at the Academy in a girly-girly organdie and her hair in pigtails she would have been criticized, too.

Now the reason I'm going into all this in such detail is because when I sat with Joan as she listened to that broadcast I had the beginning of what I believe is a swell idea for a monthly teen-age feature in *MODERN SCREEN*.

It would deal, for instance, with important problems like dating. How should a girl conduct herself on dates, how often should she go out, when should she be in?

To get a clearer picture of this I asked Joan all about her social life and I unearthed a rather startling fact that might amaze the commentator who criticized Joan's behavior. There are five kids, including Joan, all somehow connected with the industry—who have gone out a lot together. One Saturday they drove to Apple Valley for lunch. On the way they talked—as always—about movies, particularly about the re-release of *Wizard of Oz*. Joan said, "I love every one of the thirteen Oz books. When I was a little kid I read them over and over again."

She got a big response. The other four had been brought up on the Oz books, too, but had not read them for years. It was then that the "Oz Society" was founded—a very exclusive society of five. So now once a week, the five get together in one of their homes and take turns reading aloud from those delightful children's books.

Saturday night is glamour night. Then Joan goes, occasionally, to a night club. Sometimes it's a foursome with her parents and sometimes it's four or six kids. But Joan doesn't go to joints.

And then there are the movies—movies, movies. All the kids Joan knows are ardent movie fans. They see films both for business and pleasure—but they go to early shows because they have to get to bed early on week nights.

So much for the movement of Joan's social life. I dug deeper. I asked her for the emotional side of the picture. "I've had crushes—two or three," Joan said. "what girl hasn't? And I go out with a lot of different boys and I've heard a lot of different lines."

"How can you tell a 'line' from the real thing?" I asked.

"Oh, you can tell," Joan said. "For example, a boy hurt me a lot not very long ago. He said I had a protective wall built up around me, that I didn't really care about anybody, that I was cold and only interested in other people for what

I could get out of them. That I had no real affection.

"Now, there's one thing I know: I am interested in other people. Even if my interest were not based in affection—and it usually is—I have so much curiosity that I'd take an interest. It always hurts you to be accused of being someone you know you aren't because then you begin to doubt yourself: you ask, 'Am I really like that?' I was hurt until I started to examine what he had said and suddenly it dawned on me. I thought, 'Why, that's a line. He's using the good old shock technique. He thinks if he says terrible things about me to my face he'll make such an impression on me that I won't forget him.' And once I knew it was a line I didn't feel bad."

"Anyway," Joan says, "I don't want to get too serious about anybody. I firmly believe that you have to know a lot of boys—and hear a lot of lines—before you can make up your mind about who is the one boy in the whole wide world for you."

In many ways Joan is wise beyond her years but she's still a teen-ager with many problems.

I was turning this over in my mind one day when I happened to be at the Goldwyn Studio and stopped by to see Joan. She wasn't working in a movie and yet it had been a rugged day. She had appeared at the studio at nine and for three hours was in the throes of a physiology test (she got an A, by the way, I later learned). At twelve she had eaten hastily in the studio coffee shop and gone to her singing lesson with Nina Koshetz. At two-thirty, back at the studio, she worked for



We think it's a swell idea, too. Beginning next month Modern Screen will present a new service feature to its teen-age readers.

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two and a half hours with her dramatic coach, Bob Paris. She had taken a physical beating, too, for the scene she and another of Bob's pupils, Marshall Romer, were doing was from *Duel in the Sun* and when the script read "he slaps her," Marshall really slapped her. Hard.

It was five o'clock and she was waiting for her father to take her home for dinner and then, immediately afterwards, to a dancing lesson with Nico Charisse. Yes, it had been a rugged day and added to all this, while running from the lunchroom to the taxi that would take her to her singing lesson, she'd bumped into one of the Goldwyn executives. She had called out a hasty "Hi" and run on. But he had stopped her to admonish her that this was not polite, that when she saw an older person on the lot she should stop and say, "How do you do, Mr. So-and-So."

Now, at five, she had just picked up her fan mail and was thumbing through the letters when I dropped into her dressing room. "Listen to this," she said. "Dear Joan: I'm a girl your age and so I wanted to ask you what to do. I'm a brunette and I think I should wear red lipstick. My mother says this is unbecoming for a girl of my age and I should wear a pale pink. My father thinks I shouldn't wear any—but I'd feel positively naked without it. However, he's pretty sensible and lets me. But when I go out with my friends I feel I look all washed out with the pale lipstick and the boys say the light shade is positively repulsive. Everyone says something different. What would you do if you were me?"

"See!" Joan said when she finished the letter and carefully put it back in the envelope, "teen-agers can't seem to do anything right."

And that's when the idea I've been talking about really took shape. I said, "Joan, how would you like to work for MODERN SCREEN?"

"Oh, please," she said. "I have enough troubles of my own."

I outlined a plan to her. "Why don't you answer—say—three questions a month in MODERN SCREEN. Let it be the questions you consider represent important problems to teen-agers. What do you say, Joan? I'm sure there are a lot of kids who feel the teen-ager is always wrong. I think you could help them."

"I'd love it," Joan said, "but it would be a big responsibility."

"Well, you're a big girl," I said, "and you have a lot of big responsibilities."

Then she was thoughtful for a long time. "Do you think I could do it? I've read many columns like that but they're usually written by people a thousand times wiser than I am."

"Could be," I said, "but let me tell you my thinking on the subject. You're a teen-aged girl faced with problems that seem unusual but when scaled down to size are exactly those of girls all over the world. And, it seems to me, you've handled your problems well."

Joan's face lit up in that big smile of hers. "If you think I can do it—well, then, I will."

So we made a verbal agreement, shook hands on it and I went home to write this story.

If you remember, I asked you earlier to put yourself in Joan Evans' place. Now Joan is going to put herself in your place.

So, if you have any problems, write about them to Joan Evans, at Box 93, Beverly Hills, California. Please, though, don't expect answers by return mail. With everything else Joan has to do this would be impossible. But she will pick—and answer—three questions every month. So remember, Joan is waiting—letter opener in hand.

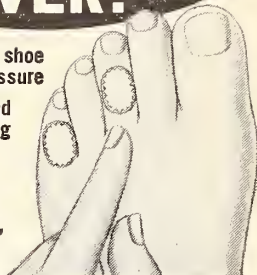
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the story of a divorce

(Continued from page 72) through with the divorce. But ironically, on Armistice Day, 1949, she gave Willy another chance. They shared a reunion lunch at Lucey's, and held hands. However, Mr. Sherry must have been under rigid restrictions, because when a photographer showed up at the cafe for some welcome-home pictures, Mr. Sherry ran like a rabbit out of one door while Bette stalked queen-like out of another.

Looking for a reason why these two people couldn't get along, a reporter must come to one inevitable conclusion. Bette Davis is a very tired woman. During eighteen years in the movies, she has made something like sixty pictures. Never in the history of acting has so much taxing work been done by an actress. The roles in those sixty pictures have been everything from floosies to queens. Each one required hard, sapping months of work, not only before the cameras, but at home, far into the night, week after week, year after year. Such effort must leave a mark on a personality.

And during this work, she was treated like an empress. For eighteen years, Bette Davis, the famous movie star, had every whim granted by her studio and the people she surrounded herself with. No mere man could come along and change all that. No man could tell her to have the supper on the table by six o'clock or she'd get a shellacking. No matter who had the most pockets, Bette Davis, by instinct, wore the pants.

pursuits of bette . . .

In her early life Bette was pampered. Oh, there were a few poor days, but she was educated in private schools, granted irregular concessions in the way of education and the choice of a career. At one time, when she decided to be a dramatic dancer instead of an actress, she left school for a year and went to New York to study under the tutelage of an East Indian authority. The death of the tutor halted that phase, but it wasn't until then that Bette went home.

Her preparation for marriage was flimsy. Her mother, suspecting that some day her child might have to settle down in a flat like other people, forced her to spend a year at home studying shopping, cooking, sewing and other chores. That was her preparation.

At a fairly mature age, Bette married Harmon O. Nelson, her childhood sweetheart. The marriage lasted six years, during which time all sorts of wild tales about tantrums and temper filtered out of their home. They divorced rather reluctantly, it seemed, as though they both regretted the decision. But later Harmon was said to have muttered to pals about being married to a movie star instead of a woman. It can not be denied, though, by anyone who knew Bette Davis then, that she carried a fair torch for some time.

Two years later, however, she married a businessman named Arthur Farnsworth. It was short-lived and, as reported in the gossip columns of 1940, Mr. Farnsworth passed away suddenly, halting divorce arrangements that were in the making.

There is excuse and explanation in the background of Bette Davis for her current adventure. But this doesn't make it easier for Mr. Sherry. A man does not look at the teeth and the psyche of a prospective bride. Mr. Sherry no doubt anticipated a full life of love and companionship with a vibrant, healthy woman when he married Bette. He was unwise to our ways, unaware of the drain picture-making has on an actress when she is working.

However, shortly after he was married,

he must have been cognizant of the fact that he was married to a girl who might throw a skillet at him. In the opening paragraph of a national magazine story telling the Sherrys' plans for bringing up their daughter, he was quoted as saying that the child, pictured holding a rock in her hand, was just like her mother—and might throw it at him. That quote may have been an accident, but it doesn't look like one now.

Any amateur student of human nature, analyzing the obvious things, must see in Bette Davis' off-screen face the evidences of her long reign as Empress of Burbank. Her mouth, drawn full on the screen, is tight and narrow. The upper lip is short and determined. Her eyes, without false lashes and heavy mascara, are wide and cold and queenly. They wear an expression of brittle insistence, as though to say, "We'll have no more of that nonsense!"

Her manner is nervous. And she is as likely as not to raise her hands in a sweep and expect to find a cigarette in her fingers, her wish anticipated. This is okay around a movie set, but hardly the thing in a man's own home. If Mr. Sherry had been the brute he has insisted he was, Miss Davis would certainly have had a number of broken fingers by this time.

Another suspected contributing factor to the Sherry debacle is that business of the two homes. Lots of people have two homes. Maybe one's big and the other's a shack at the beach or in the mountains. But the Sherry homes were close together, both very elegant and both served the same purpose. From the actions of the two of them when they parted, it can quite honestly be deduced that Sherry was not quite sure where he lived. As a matter of fact, he thought Bette was in bed in the Toluca house when somebody called him up at the Laguna house and told him he was the closest thing to a bachelor he'd been for five years. "I was shocked!" he said.

Three pertinent questions now present themselves. What truly happened the day Sherry tried to sack RKO single-handed? Is he going to fight the divorce? Is he going to ask for a property settlement?

The first question may never be answered. The last two are still hidden in Mr. Sherry's heart. They seem pertinent because Miss Davis hired an attorney named Jerry Geisler as her counsel. Jerry Geisler is California's most expensive lawyer. People don't pay the kind of fees Jerry Geisler gets unless they are in real trouble. It must be deduced, then, that Sherry plans to fight the action. Even that is not enough for Geisler. It must be, then, that Mr. Sherry is going to want to count all the money and divvy it up. This is pure speculation, but the facts seem to indicate that it is true.

Well, you've got the story. Take your pick. Is William Grant Sherry bloodthirsty or benign? Is Bette Davis Sherry a good, abused wife or a neurotic, overworked woman who can't find happiness because she is too tired? One guess is as good as another.

One thing, though, if Bette Davis were superstitious she might have thought twice before going to work at RKO in that last picture. You see, it's called *The Story of a Divorce*.

THE END

Paid Notice

Has YOUR MAN
CHANGED
toward you? SEE PAGE 69

glamour from nine to five

(Continued from page 29) calls her, "Our Little Gold Mine," and that she sings, dances and displays before the camera the most famous legs in the world. Because, at home, Mama hides what outsiders pay a fortune a year to see. Mama doesn't let glamour put one foot in her front door.

Betty's divided life is balanced as precisely as a doctor's prescription. She's been around Hollywood long enough to know that a career and home life are dynamite if you mix them.

At 5:00 P.M. sharp, no matter if genius is stirring, or inspiration is on fire at the studio, Mrs. Harry James wipes off her makeup, jumps into her jalopy and heads for home.

There's no projection machine in her house, and no shop talk. Her own husband, Harry, has seen her on the screen exactly twice since they were married. One of the pictures, to Betty's dismay, was *The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend*. That movie sent her diving from second to seventh place (although she's still top gal) at the box office, and even today when you mention it she winces.

Beautiful Blonde, oddly enough, was Vicki's favorite. She calls it "Mama's cowboy picture," because Betty was covered from head to toe in Western trappings most of the time. But with the public, that "covered-up" look fell flatter than a pancake.

It'll be seven years come July fifth that Betty's been Mrs. James. The job of pleasing him and the public, too, hasn't been easy. Every year, the Women's Press Club of Hollywood nominates her for the "most uncooperative actress." (This year, though, Hedy Lamarr beat her out.) And long ago, her studio found out that unless they tackle her before she leaves the studio for whatever publicity tie-ups they want, she's a strictly gone gal.

Just the other day, when she finished *My Blue Heaven*, the pent-up demand for Grable publicity overtook her. At the same time, a doctor had just decided that Vicki's infected tonsils had to come out. Right then nothing but Vicki mattered to Betty. She rented a room next to Vicki's at the hospital, never left her side day or night, and when it was all over stayed home to nurse her. Maybe that cost something in magazine covers but Betty didn't give a hoot.

switch-hitter . . .

About that same time, Betty was booked for Chicago and the opening of *Wabash Avenue*. Nobody knew better than she that it was smart to help sell her picture. But a couple of other things happened just then: Betty found the house she and Harry had been hunting for, and it needed to be remodeled, decorated and furnished; Harry's annual band tour had come up (he'd be gone from home 13 weeks once he'd left), and the few precious days to spend with him and the kids would be out if she made the trip. It was a tough decision for a trouper like Betty to make but home and Harry won.

Yet only a few days before, that same home took second place in Betty's attention, when second place was what it deserved. Betty had worked all weekend with her decorator. Monday she had one of her toughest acts to catch with a camera for *My Blue Heaven*, and along about 4:30, when they'd been at it unsuccessfully for hours, she got a call on the set. Workmen at her house, she was told, were at a standstill, a crisis loomed at the new place. "We've got an impossible problem, Betty," said her decorator, "you've got to come over here right away."

The answer was a loud "No!" Betty made that plain and clicked the receiver quick. She was plenty sore that they'd called her. "Can you imagine me quitting work to go over there?" she said. "What do they think I have here but problems?"

A few days after, when Betty was ducking around her new house among carpenters, drapers, plumbers and bricklayers, you couldn't have interested her in anything about *My Blue Heaven* either.

A switch-hitter like that is hard to figure in Hollywood. "Uncooperative" is a mild criticism compared to some Betty draws. She's been accused of laziness, indifference, hostility, ungratefulness, a long list of indictments. Well, let's see how they stand up—

Betty is about as lazy as a beaver behind in his rent when she makes a picture. She shoots only two a year but each one runs four months, at least, and *My Blue Heaven* lasted five. Practically all are in technicolor, which is tricky shooting. All are loaded with songs and elaborate dance numbers, long on tedious rehearsals and timing. A Fox efficiency expert recently figured out that twenty-seven separate things can go wrong with every Betty Grable dance scene—and wreck the take. Until *My Blue Heaven* too, every Grable film in the last six years has been a period picture with an intricate hair-do to whip up from scratch every morning, and Marie, her hairdresser, sighs, "For Betty you have to take each tiny little hair, one by one, and put it in exactly the right place." That's why she's up at six o'clock every morning for around 270 days out of every year!

ball of fire . . .

She's never had a makeup man, and always she's had a double job—face and body makeup, to put on and to take off. She goes through tiring wardrobe sittings six times as many as any other star. She usually burns through four pairs of shoes per picture and drops at least eight pounds. She's never late, because she'd wreck the day of a hundred-odd people if she were. She relaxes only at lunch, and keeps an athlete's hours at night, with a nine o'clock curfew.

While Betty made *My Blue Heaven*, for instance, her boss, Darryl Zanuck, had two big testimonial dinners tossed for him in Hollywood. They went on into the small hours. Every Fox star, great and small, showed up at both events—except Betty Grable. This was pointed out to her by a gossip guy hunting a feud, who asked, "What's the matter, don't you like Zanuck any more?" Betty's comeback was, "I think maybe he'd rather have me in shape for the camera the next morning than clapping for him the night before."

Director Henry Koster knows that Betty knows exactly what she wants out of every scene. He okayed takes time after time throughout *My Blue Heaven* only to have her object, "No, it didn't feel right—can we do it over?" She's her own toughest audience. She also knows what is good and what is bad Grable. (She cooked up her lone turkey, *Beautiful Blonde* under protest and against her better judgment.)

And Betty's determination to give her audiences only what they want cost her the only sniff she may ever get at an Oscar. She turned down the role of Sophie in *The Razor's Edge*, and that role won Anne Baxter an Academy Award. Betty has no regrets, though, because she's firmly convinced that she's a song-and-dance girl, and not a dramatic actress.

Betty Grable could make herself tons more money than she pays the income tax man right now (not far from \$300,000 a year). She turned down \$18,000 a week once for a radio program, and she knows



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perfectly well that she could clean up on personal appearances with Harry James practically any day she says the word. But she's leery of mixing up her family and her fame.

Since playing together in *Springtime in the Rockies*, which was a couple of years before their courtship, Betty and Harry have stayed strictly apart on the screen, although the pressure to bring them together before a camera has been terrific.

The only time Betty weakened enough to make a record with Harry's band she called herself Ruth Haag (Ruth's her middle name, and Haag's Harry's) and warbled "I Can't Begin To Tell You." It was a big hit, the truth leaked out and she's been refusing to cut another ever since.

She isn't trying to make enemies, and laziness was never one of her faults. But she knows there are only so many hours in a day. She knows that she can't spread herself around so thin without making her babies and her husband pay the price in happiness.

As it is, one of Betty's biggest fears is that her kids won't have enough of her love poured into them.

home girl at heart...

After every movie job, Betty bundles up her babies and sets out on a whirlwind shopping tour which sometimes lasts for days. Reason: they always outgrow their clothes during her long studio stretch—and Mrs. James insists that she pick out every stitch both Vicki and Jessie wear. She buys two of everything, size 8 and size 3, because she dresses her girls alike. Since becoming a mother, Betty has always written out complete instructions for their days. A year or so ago she started reading up on vitamins and family feeding, and decided she'd better do the grocery shopping too. That lasted longer than anyone had a right to expect, and only recently has she given it up as a steady chore. Even now, though, when she's not working she drops in and loads up. She knows her shopping bag onions too, which is a definite improvement. Betty's favorite honeymoon story is about the time she tried to cook Harry a dinner. She bought a roast of beef, opened her cook book and read, "first, wash the meat." Betty scrubbed it with soap and water, then popped it into the oven. She knew Harry liked his beef rare so that's how she cooked it. The "beef" turned out to be veal. She didn't know the difference then. How the veal roast tasted—rare and sudsy—is something she doesn't like to recall.

But if her training had been on the domestic side she's sure she would have been good, because she likes domestic life.

Betty's love and attention to her family is personalized in spite of her busy life. Last Christmas she had started *My Blue Heaven*, and was dancing every day. But she insisted on doing all the family Christmas shopping herself at night. "Nobody else is going to pick out my kids' bikes," she explained.

Betty likes her daughters to run in and wake her in the morning. And when she's not working she chauffeurs Vicki to and from Miss Buckley's school. On the annual trek south to Del Mar for the racing season (Betty's picture arrangement guarantees her holiday months then) Vicki and Jessie go along, too, to live in the seashore cottage and play on the beach, while Betty and Harry railbird every race at Bing Crosby's nearby track. Sometimes the kids even make it to the race track, but usually their share of the family hobby is out at the Calabasas ranch where Vicki has her own pony now, and both girls claim every new colt.

Betty and Harry's horse hobby has grown from two pinto saddle mounts, Bill

and Mae, to a ranch, a racing string and the almost exclusive extra interest in their lives. They bought the ranch to keep the horses, they bought more horses to populate the ranch—that's the way it's grown.

Today Harry and Betty own thirty-four hayburners—twenty-eight at the ranch and six at whatever California race-track is open. They've given each other brood mares for anniversary gifts these past seven years. This spring all seven had blessed events and Betty and Harry were on hand for each even though some of the colts arrived in the dark. After crawling out of the covers at six steadily for five months, the day after Betty finished *My Blue Heaven*, she got up at five o'clock to drive with Harry down to Hollywood Park and watch their racers work out in the dawn. They were shipping off that day to the Golden Gate track in San Francisco and she just had to tell them goodbye.

But the James family's horse-craze and all that goes with it exists neither to swell their bankroll nor to land them in Hollywood's swank horsey set. It exists because at the ranch they're a full family with everybody present every weekend.

There, Betty is exactly what she wants to be away from the set. She's the nurse for Vicki and Jessie the cook—even though it's just grilling steaks or hamburgers—and the lady ranch boss in the corral. There aren't any guests, besides an occasional horse trainer or jockey, so nothing of Hollywood has a chance to intrude. By the time Betty and her gang roll back to Beverly Sunday night, tired but refreshed, she's ready to tackle her picture Monday morning with everything she has.

The prescription works so well that Harry and Betty once dreamt of living their happy ranch life seven days a week. With that in mind they bought an even larger ranch across the road with two houses on it which they planned to remodel and enlarge into their hacienda. But they realized when they thought it over more seriously, that 20 miles each way is too far for those two careers which tug insistently at both, and besides Vicki and Jessie have the school problem coming up. So the first ranch is up for sale and the Jameses settled for a permanent Beverly Hills home just twenty minutes from Fox Hills. Right now Betty's having the thrill of her life fixing it up. It's the first time since her marriage that she's had that kind of fun.

her kind of vacation...

In all her seven years of married life Betty has never had her own furniture until now. The Jameses have lived in two rented houses and one they owned, but Harry bought that one completely furnished. They sold it when, as Betty says, "we ran out of rooms."

This time she's starting from scratch, without even a scatter rug to build from. Every day of her "vacation" she's been on the job, and alone, because Harry's on tour. By now the house is painted—white on the outside, with dark green trim, and a dozen different Grable-mixed colors on the inside. Betty's personally wrestled with every decoration problem, from the bright chintz draperies to the six boarded up fireplaces she opened. She's found a place for Harry's collection of baseballs and the eleven crates of classic jazz records they've had in storage too long. She's furnished every room with the English country furniture she had made, and annihilated three bees' nests up under the eaves. She's knocked herself out on an extensive labor of love hoping to have it all in apple pie order for that seventh wedding anniversary July 5, which she also hopes

Harry and she can spend together. If they
it will be only the second time since
ey became man and wife. (Harry has
ually been on tour in early July.)

But all of this home building is not to
opress her friends, or to set up a show-
se for a Hollywood social life. The
ameses don't entertain and they don't go
the Hollywood glitter spots—unless a
usician pal of Harry's is opening there
ith his band. They have one favorite
staurant, the Tally-ho, where they go
w and then on cook's night out, and
ey take in the baseball games some nights
hen the horses aren't running. But their
ollywood blue book rating sticks close
zero. The only Hollywood party they
ow up at is the annual New Year's Eve
fair at Jack Benny's.

Betty bought three beautiful evening
owns three years ago and two are still
inging in cellophane, untouched. The
ird she wore last New Year's to the
ennys', at which time Harry pried him-
lf into the same tuxedo he owned when
ey were married. He weighed 145 then
nd tips 190 today.

"I just don't see how people can find
ne to play around and stay up nights,"
etty puzzles, "when they've got a family
raise. It's all I can do to handle that
ght and my pictures, too."

That's the simply stated key to Betty
rable's aim in life. She doesn't want to
avel—both she and Harry have had their
l of that. She doesn't want the personal
otlight or swarms of admirers fussing
er her. They've had plenty of that, too.
Last time Betty was in New York she
pped out of the Astor on Times Square
nd although she wore dark glasses, low
els and even bobby sox, a crowd gath-
ed in a wink. She managed to fight her
ay into the street and hail a cab. "What's
ing on here?" asked the driver. "Some-

body jump out a window?"

"No," answered Betty truthfully. "I guess
they're just looking at me."

"Is that bad?" inquired the cabbie.

Betty knows it's not bad; in fact, it's the
most positive evidence she could have that
what she's worked for all her life is still
hers. Betty always said that if she ever
dropped out of the top box-office ten she'd
quit pictures. When *The Beautiful Blonde*
from *Bashful Bend* temporarily toppled
her from the top of that select list, Betty
brooded for days thinking maybe that
time might be around the corner. But at
breakfast one morning her face suddenly
brightened up. "You know," she told Har-
ry, "I've been thinking. What the heck
would I do with myself if I ever did quit?"

Betty Grable knows that the delicate
balance she keeps between too much
Betty Grable on one side and too much
Mrs. Harry James on the other is what
makes her life purr smoothly along.

On the Grable side there are still things
she'd like to do. She'd like to make a
picture with Fred Astaire, an ambition
she's nursed since she danced a specialty
in one of Fred's early hits, *The Gay*
Divorcée. She'd like to bounce back to
that Number 1 spot in the Top Ten, too.

On the home side, she'd love another
addition to the James family. And some
people who know her well believe that if
Harry said the word she'd risk her life
trying for the son Harry wanted so badly
when Jess was born. But the doctor
warned her then not to make another date
with the stork so they're thinking of
adopting a boy. If they do, Betty knows
that the hours in her day will shrink, but
her heart will expand in proportion.

The only things she hopes remain exact-
ly the same size are her legs. "As long as
they hold out," Betty grins happily, "I'm
okay."

THE END

oor richard

(Continued from page 47) Lachie, the
ot. When Sherman glimpsed Richard
ross the crowded room, he decided that
his casting problem was solved. Shortly
ter they were introduced, he discovered
at his troubles were only beginning. Not
at Todd wasn't trying to be of help. He
ew the play well, and he also knew
st the actor for the role—some other
low.

"That's a very interesting opinion,"
erman remarked as he recovered from
e shock. "But I had you in mind for
e part."

The reluctant candidate had another
inion. "I don't think I'd be good
ough," he said. "And it wouldn't be
r to the Scots."

When the party ended, Richard took
e thoughts and went home. Sherman
ok an aspirin and vowed to win the
ext conversational round. He did a good
o. Richard listened to the director who
t only said, "You should test for the
rt," but added, "Please." So the test
as made. And this was the notable
ception that changed the course of the
e that Richard Todd almost never lived.
Todd's iron will began to develop when
was 14. Soon after he had entered
rewsbury School, he became ill and
as sent home to Dorset, a rheumatic
ver case. The family doctor couldn't
er much encouragement. "Your son
ill be a semi-invalid for the rest of his
e," he told Richard's parents. "If he
es."

There were many doctors after that.
one of them would have given much
ore than a plugged nickel for his chances.

And for a year, Richard had to take it
lying down. For nearly another year, he
took it sitting up. And then, when he was
able to be out of bed, he moved under
watchful eyes and warnings. "You mustn't
exercise . . . no exertion whatever. . . ."
"I was even supposed to walk gently," he
remembers.

But Richard listened. He heard every
word they said. And he spent many a
mental moment disagreeing. As his health
improved, he resumed his studies and his
tutor made arrangements for him to at-
tend a nearby school for examinations.
Then he met the other students. The lik-
ing was mutual, but somehow he couldn't
feel as though he "belonged." In 16-year-
old Todd's eyes, a fellow who couldn't go
in for sports was a sissy. Even a fellow
whose heart might stop beating from the
strain.

At first, he was fairly content to watch
the Dorset teams. After a while, to take
away the sting of invalidism, he began to
help coach the athletes. He'd teach them
how to run faster, hurdle higher. Grad-
ually, he was thinking, "I'm getting bet-
ter." Then he started taking some exer-
cise, himself—long walks, bicycle rides.
This was on the quiet. However, event-
ually he was allowed to attend sports
meets in other cities as a spectator. And
finally he gaye up his seat on the side-
lines. He joined the rugger team, dropped
his last name, and as Richard Andrews he
became one of the team's best players.

It wasn't long before the athletic Mr.
Andrews was representing his county in
the London matches. His skill at the game
was winning him any number of medals.
But he couldn't take them home to a
proud family. Because to his family, he
was still a ground floor patient. And as
far as sports were concerned, a member

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of the cheering section. It was a great piece of deception, with the intrigue becoming thicker than a London fog. He thought his career was over once when he won an individual championship cup for his outstanding ability. It was a happy moment until he mounted the platform to receive the award. Face to face with the man who was to make the presentation, Richard recognized one of his father's best friends.

The old gentleman did a dignified double-take when he got a look at Richard Andrews, but the ceremony went on as scheduled. Afterwards, he called Richard aside. "I know you're not supposed to be doing this," he said. Then a perplexed expression crossed his face. "How in the world do you keep it quiet? And what do you do with your trophies?"

Richard explained that he passed out the medals to his friends. The cup was another problem. "I don't think I'd better take it home, sir. Would you mind keeping it for me?"

His father's best friend left with the cup under his arm and the secret under his hat.

walking miracle . . .

The thoroughly thickened plot blew up after a sports meet a short time later. The event was well covered by the press, and so was Andrews. He was photographed in action on the field and, unfortunately, the picture found its way into print. Suddenly Andrews was too famous for comfort. He returned home to find his father waiting, newspaper in hand. The senior Todd was frightened, but his lecture carried overtones of anger, too. His son promptly underwent a series of examinations. And the doctors checking his sound body and steady heartbeat proclaimed Richard Andrews Palethorpe-Todd a medical miracle. He'd played a thousand-to-one chance, and he'd won.

Once the physicians had assured him he was going to live, there came the problem of deciding about a very active future. Richard settled on the idea of becoming a writer. "Excellent," said his father, thinking fondly of Oxford or Cambridge. But when he was ready to enter a university, the thought of studying literature faded in favor of learning about the theater in a London school of drama. He had every intention of trying his hand at playwriting. And at this stage, it was a matter of drifting into the role of an actor.

When he left the school, he did a season of Shakespeare with a repertory theater. Again, he ran into opposition. It was friendly, as parental opposition goes, but nevertheless opposition. And no financial aid was forthcoming. Money was something he could have used when he and another actor founded the Dundee Repertory Theater in Scotland. They had barely enough cash to rent a theater. The building was ancient, the equipment likewise. Pieces of scenery were hardly visible beneath the dust. But the group of thespians was an energetic one. And fortunately, at first, members of the company didn't require much food because while their initial production was an artistic triumph, it was a box-office flop. However, their luck changed with a second offering. The theater caught on and out went freshly painted "Standing Room Only" signs.

In all, Richard had two-and-a-half years of stage experience before he left to play the theaters of war. He was in one of the first groups to volunteer. And facing the army physician, he thought, "Here I go again."

This was because the first question asked was a curt, "Any serious illnesses?"

"Rheumatic fever," came the reply.

A short discussion followed. "Todd," the doctor concluded, "you shouldn't be a soldier. You should be a corpse."

Richard, standing up for his rights, went through a rigid physical examination, and as he now puts it, "The doctors nearly fell flat on their faces when passed."

Soon after astounding the medicos, Todd was sent to Sandhurst Academy, where he trained as a battle school instructor. His excellent health was somewhat impaired when the academy was bombed and he spent two months in a hospital.

Next on his schedule was Iceland and he had to survive three days of physical examinations before they shipped him out. "An A-1 rating meant 100% fit," Richard recalls. "For Iceland, an A-1 plus rating was required." He grins, "I passed."

In the years that followed, Todd traveled extensively for the British government. After his Iceland stint, he returned to England to become a signals instructor and then he was transferred to a parachute battalion, just in time for D-Day. When questioned, he skims lightly over his war experiences. He remembers his 25th birthday spent in a deserted French farmhouse, a Christmas day in the front lines at the Battle of the Bulge, six weeks in the mud and water of Holland, the Rhine crossing, the Battle of Bismarck. "If it's your lot to be a member of a nation which has quite a lot to contend with, you should do what you can to help," he says.

In 1946, Richard thought about leaving the Army. He received a wire from his friend Robert Leonard, of Associated British Pictures, who had tracked him to the Middle East and was wondering if he'd like a screen test. Richard's first impulse was to say no. He'd lost any desire to be an actor. But Leonard persisted. "When you come home, drop by and see me. We'll talk about it," he wrote.

Instead, Richard decided to return to Dundee to find out if this acting bug was still with him. He found a thriving theater, about to produce the American hit, *Claudia*.

gentlemen prefer blondes . . .

At a party one afternoon he met the leading lady, Katherine Bogel. She was small and blonde and lovely. And she was very nervous about playing *Claudia*. She had been ill and temporarily retired from the stage. This was to be her comeback role. Katherine confided that a lot would depend upon the man who played opposite her. She wanted to feel that it was someone she liked. Richard did his best to reassure her. He did even better. That same evening he ran into the Dundee director, who invited him to take the part of David. "I'd be delighted," Richard said, thinking of Kitty Bogel. She had seemed to like him well enough. As it turned out, he was right. However, when the play closed, he didn't see a great deal of Kitty for several years. They met again in London in 1948. They became engaged some months later. She liked him fine.

But Richard Todd, who had survived illness and war, ran into another obstacle—tradition, and a time element. The Todds and the Bogels wouldn't hear of their offspring being married without the required pomp and ceremony. Richard had finished his first film, *For Them That Trespass*, and was scheduled for *The Hasty Heart*. There was simply no time for a large wedding in a Glasgow cathedral, as planned by Kitty's family. He made *The Hasty Heart*, and almost immediately was cast in *Stage Fright*. It was beginning to seem as if Richard and Kitty would have to be wheeled down the aisle for the ceremony, then live happily ever after on old-age pensions.

Richard credits Jane Wyman with getting them to a minister. She was in London to do *Stage Fright*, and one evening she listened to their plight, and said, "We'll have to see that you are married during the picture. I won't leave London until you are."

It was a small wedding in London, and here was one day for a honeymoon, but when Jane Wyman left for America, she said goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Todd.

So Richard became a star and a husband and the Todds even had their honeymoon, in an American one, enroute to California on his role in *Lightning Strikes Twice*. He also had his first taste of the U. S. kind of fame when they reached New York. Richard and Kitty had been in their hotel room for only a few minutes when the telephone rang.

"Hello. Is this Richard Todd?" came a small voice over the wire.

"Yes," assured Richard. "May I ask who's calling?"

"My name is Patty. . ."

Richard riffled through his memory. "I'm afraid. . ." he began.

"Oh, you don't know me," said Patty.

"I want to come up and get your autograph."

Recovering the composure he'd lost for a second, Richard explained that he and his wife were very tired and weren't up to receiving guests that day. He explained this five times before he asked the operator to notify him before another call was put through.

The phone jangled for a seventh time. "A Mr. Smith of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would like to talk with Mr. Todd," said the operator.

Perhaps he should talk with Mr. Smith. "Dick?" Mr. Smith said. "I was wondering when you'll be coming down. I'd surely like to get your autograph."

Mr. Jones of Paramount had the same request. So did a Mr. Buckwalter of 20th Century-Fox. Then came a Mr. Kramer of Warners and Richard started to let him have it. He began his lecture. . . "Young man," he let him have it, "you shouldn't—"

He caught himself, and he smiled. Who was Richard Todd to be saying shouldn't? "I'll be right down," he said, and started for the elevator. THE END

I've got a case on conte

Continued from page 43) spent the next hour trying to untangle myself from the one. Finally I made one halfway decent cast. Something grabbed the end of my line. Frantically, I hung on and tried to land it. Every fisherman on the dock gasped in amazement when I pulled in my catch. It was a shark! At that point I wouldn't have been at all surprised to hear Nicky's voice coming out of it, saying, "Don't you recognize me?"

When we at last settled down in Hollywood, we managed a usual enough existence. Some of our old friends had migrated from New York; we made new friends. All the time we planned for the day when his success would be assured.

When that day came, we rented a house and set out to furnish it. Our first real find was an antique phonograph. It had a big blue horn attached to it, decorated with pink roses. It was very sensational—even though it didn't work very well. Then we bought a shaving mug. Nicky had to have that mug. It seemed to recall the memories of his childhood when he'd been around his father's barber shop in New Jersey.

By the time Nicky'd persuaded his father to come visit us, we had a shelf full. Patsy beamed when he saw them. But when we told him how much we paid for each one, he couldn't believe it.

"I'll get you all you want for nothing," he said.

"But, Patsy," I said, "these are valuable. People don't give these away nowadays."

Patsy looked skeptical. After he'd gone home to Jersey, a whole army of shaving mugs began to cross the country to our Hollywood home. They were real beauties.

Later we learned where Patsy got them. Old friends of Nicky's family in New Jersey wanted to wish him well, and their gifts of mugs was their way of wishing.

Nicky and I began to go to art exhibits, and one afternoon, Nicky said, "I've got to paint." Pretty soon he started. I thought he'd be amateurish, but he certainly wasn't.

Now I'm Nicky's most frequent model. But he never makes me look like a movie star. First portrait he ever did of me, I was working at the ironing board.

After we'd been in Hollywood a while, and Nicky started getting parts opposite glamorous stars, I began to wonder how he liked another woman's claiming his kisses. Sometimes I got very curious.

My little worries were over, though, the day he came home and said, "I've been kissing Barbara Stanwyck all day. And boy, am I tired!"

Nicky was getting pretty well known then; his contract at Twentieth looked like a steady living. And after he was lent to U. I. for *Sleeping City*, which was filmed in New York, he got a taste of what it's like to be a celebrity.

The Mayor of Jersey City sent a special police escort clear into New York to bring Nicky home for a big, city-wide day in his honor.

First we were taken on a tour of all the places which had once meant something important to Nicky. We saw the house where he was born; at least, we saw the ground under it because only the foundations remained. The railroad yards next to it, though, were still there.

We went to Patsy's barber shop, where the windows were plastered with reels from Nicky's pictures. Then we went to Mr. Belasco's fish market. Mr. Belasco pours Shakespeare across the counter as he sells fish. Now he was so proud he could hardly talk.

All up and down the street it was like that—people wanting to shake hands, to offer us food. I couldn't help remembering the comment Nicky made to me once at a Hollywood party. "You know," he'd said, "it's strange how the poor always somehow manage to have something to eat for their friends, while the rich let you sit nursing a drink and starving."

These wonderful friends didn't ask about Hollywood. They asked only about Nicky, and how it was with him.

We ended our grand tour at the City Hall where Nicky was given the key to Jersey City.

Then came a testimonial dinner, and there were speeches and toasts and Nicky spoke about acting. He said it was a responsibility to be an actor. He said, "The people make you and your talent belongs to them. You must never lie to people."

I thought way back to the time he'd written a biography of a man who walked across a park, feeling lonely, and I felt choked up. I don't know, maybe it was the wine. But I don't think so. THE END

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are the big stars too old?

(Continued from page 56) that a change in story weakened the picture, the change was made.

Eventually, when the film was released, the verdict of the critics was, "It stinks!"

Let it be known that the star in question was not Joan Crawford. Admittedly 42 years old, Joan was for some years so violently sensitive about her age that any writer who mentioned it was subject to cold reception. Today Joan doesn't bother to deny that she has passed into the older star bracket. True, she plays women younger than her actual age. True, too, that her closeups are a problem. In closeups she may have as many as eight or ten baby spots playing on her from all different directions to erase those lines.

Actually, Joan was much older five years ago than she is today. At that time she had the fear of aging so firmly imbedded in her subconscious that she was seldom her natural self. It is a truism among women the world over that it is not age but the fear of age that makes a woman old. It wasn't until Joan realized this fact that her career, which had fallen into the doldrums, was suddenly revived.

Bosses at major studios are worried over the number of stars, both male and female, who are signed to airtight long-term contracts. In the privacy of conference rooms, these people are referred to as "over-age destroyers." They draw down huge sums of money and must be used in pictures in order to return some money on the investment made in them.

Still, some courageous studio executives refuse to be "shoved around" by older stars who fail to realize that even a strong contract cannot protect them against waning public popularity. Typical of the new type of thinking is this statement made by Stanley Kramer, young producer of *Champion*, "It is the idea power behind a picture, not the name power, that will bring the public the type of films it really wants. In time, a steady succession of pictures like *Champion*, which sent Ruth Roman and Kirk Douglas into the select circle of stardom, will revitalize the star system. Nothing is so good for a star as a good idea for a picture."

This is simple common sense that a great many stars cannot accept, because they actually believe that they know more about stories than do trained writers and producers. What many of the stars are really doing is insisting on characterizations they think will show them in a youthful light.

Such was probably the object of Ginger Rogers a few years back, when she attempted scenes in a picture during which she wore pigtails and acted like a little girl. The results were painful.

Similarly, Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy, aged 41 and 50 respectively, appeared in a picture called *Adam's Rib*. Hepburn played a female attorney which was not unreasonable. Tracy, however, allowed himself to be cast as an assistant district attorney. This was not so reasonable. Assistant district attorneys who are worth their salt are usually young men in their twenties, fresh out of law school. Not only that, but the kittenish manner in which Hepburn and Tracy played the little love story against the background of a fancy apartment and a country house was hardly in keeping with the new realism demanded of Hollywood.

In one theater a ticket-buying critic rose from his seat, exclaimed, "At their age they should be ashamed!" and left.

A touch of hilarity was added to the seriousness of the whole subject of aging romantic stars by Barbara Stanwyck.

When asked why she went around with no attempt to hide the fact that her hair was completely silver-gray, she said, "Only the young dye good!"

Many of our older stars who insist on appearing in stories of young love are so difficult to photograph that important cameramen make every excuse to avoid taking on the job.

One cinematographer, who must remain nameless, recently stood in the middle of an outdoor set looking at a strip of film. The scene was a daylight closeup of a male and female star who will never see forty again. "I'm either going to quit the business after this one," he moaned to his assistant, "or ask for a Lassie picture as my next assignment."

His objection was not to the stars or to their age, but to the fact that they were pretending to be people in their early twenties, and none of his artistry could cover up this obvious phoniness. Nor would this cameraman have voiced such an objection to Barbara Stanwyck, who throughout her career has insisted on uncompromising honesty.

Barbara has appeared in pictures which she herself will classify as "stinkers," but her personal integrity has never suffered. Always acting within five years or so of

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Outside the Coliseum Theater in London a large crowd had besieged Gregory Peck, giving a charity show there before returning to Hollywood. I stood far back in the crowd beside a lady who seemed unperturbed by the autograph-hounds who jostled her continually. "You don't see many British stars standing in the street like this to sign autographs," I said to her. "I raise my hat to Greg Peck. He could easily have walked out the back entrance and avoided this." She replied with a smile, "You don't know my husband."



L. Vigon
London, England

her actual age, which is 43, Barbara retains a tremendous personal sex appeal whether in person or on the screen.

To illustrate, a group of writers recently were passing remarks about various actresses who happened to pass by their table at the Metro commissary. These actresses were examined with bold masculine scrutiny, and classified according to various degrees of sex appeal.

"A very sad crop of dollies this season," one writer commented.

At that moment Barbara Stanwyck, fresh from her first scenes with Clark Gable in *To Please a Lady*, swept in. The writer's head seemed to spin like a top. "Ah," he said, "look at that sex appeal! Anyone present who wouldn't want to show Stanwyck his etchings is a liar."

In other words, there are exceptions to every situation. Another exception is Loretta Young, who will be 37 next January sixth. Almost anyone in his right mind will admit that by some unaccountable miracle Loretta seems to grow more beautiful and youthful as time goes by. Perhaps it's because Loretta has always been completely indifferent to age. While other stars have been known to start covering up their real ages after they pass 24, Lor-

etta always looked forward eagerly being an adult and the idea of complete maturity has never caused her anxiety.

As a friend of hers put it, "I know half dozen girls in Hollywood who are yet 21, but they worry so much about growing old that compared to them Loretta Young could pass for Elizabeth Taylor's twin sister."

And right here is indirect proof that most of our stars are far too old for romance. Even before she was 17, Elizabeth Taylor was cast in torrid romantic roles. Of course, she appeared a little older than her tender years, but the public accepted her immediately. Elizabeth Taylor is the unofficial queen of the Met lot today because people everywhere were around Elizabeth's age welcomed her affectionately both off screen and on.

Meantime, there are at least a dozen girls in Elizabeth's category who can break down the doors to studios.

Things are not quite so tough for the young male seeking a break in Hollywood, probably because women all over the country make their male preference strongly felt. Montgomery Clift, who is not exactly a young sprout, knocked them for a loop in only one picture. John Derek scored similarly, along with John Agar, Scott Brady, Richard Todd, David Wayne and Marlon Brando.

These young men are all grabbing the important roles, and every time they do some established actor must step into the background. You never hear what happens to the older actors who lose out. Some of them have gone into television; others have dropped completely out of the business. For the most part men do not fight so bitterly to hang onto your romance in pictures as do the feminine stars. Nor are they so sensitive about their ages.

For instance, Bing Crosby, who is 44 and remains one of our top favorite stars has only one policy—that is to act his age and treat any romantic situations in which he is put in the most casual manner. The net result is that he cuts across all age lines in favoritism and remains way at the top. Clark Gable is in a similar position. Next February first Gable will be 50, but let him make an appearance on the street and he will immediately be surrounded by young admirers.

The gray-haired Mr. Gable, who could have married any little glamor girl thirty years his junior but chose a mate almost his own age, has never tried to kid any one about his birthday. Because of this he's still King Gable of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer. There are many stars of his generation, however, who have fallen by the wayside, simply because they cheated themselves and then the public by refusing to act their age. They spent hours having their hair dyed. They bought toupees, which is normal enough for serious work, but an affectation otherwise.

It is an almost unbelievable contradiction that Hollywood studios, while selling both youth and glamor to the world, cling to stars past thirty-five for the main portion of their romantic stories.

Where does the fault lie? Not entirely with the stars. You can't blame them for not wanting to jump into retirement. Not entirely with the producers. Producers get their financial assistance from bankers. Bankers aren't movie fans; they're interested in making profits, and they're reluctant to gamble on newcomers.

Until the stars and the producers and the bankers get together and take a tip from the public who knows what it wants, the ridiculous contradiction will continue to exist, will continue to threaten the very foundations of the movie industry.

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