

iz Taylor's Nicky tells his side of the story

modern screen

• DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL
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Can you
Catch the
boy you
want?

read
"tell it to Joan"
by **Joan Evans**

Jane Powell





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"It's still the thing to own"

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So, whether you choose 1847 Rogers Bros. brand-new pattern, or one beloved for years, you *know* that—like the brides of great-grandmother's day—you own *America's finest silverplate!*

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America's Finest Silverplate

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Brand-new, liting and lovely!
 Specially created for the young in heart!

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You can keep your whole mouth healthier, more wholesome—even your breath sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and

gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Always use two-way Ipana cleansing* for better all-around mouth protection.

Fight tooth decay, guard your gums— to keep your Whole Mouth Healthier!

**Two-way Ipana cleansing*
helps protect your teeth and gums both!**

Are you doing all you should to keep your whole mouth healthier? Not unless you follow the advice of dentists—fight tooth decay and guard your gums, too.

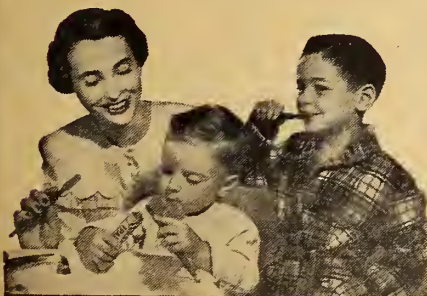
***You help guard your teeth and gums BOTH—by brushing and massaging the way your dentist directs—and by using famous Ipana Tooth Paste.**

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective

than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And proper massaging with Ipana does more than that—its cleansing action actually helps keep your gums healthy, too.

Remember, with Ipana cleansing you can get the doubly-protective care that dentists say you need for a healthier mouth.

Start using Ipana today—to keep your *whole mouth healthier*. You'll like Ipana's flavor, too—so refreshing. Get Ipana now!



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To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and guard their gums, too. Remember, tooth decay hits 9 out of 10 children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and gums. Ipana is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

SAVE! Buy the big
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IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

modern screen

stories

- THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THE POWERS.....by Giselle la Falaise 14
- A MINISTER LOOKS AT HOLLYWOOD.....by Kolma Flake 29
- THE SORROWS OF LANA TURNER.....by Steve Cronin 30
- ARE THEY HAUNTED BY THEIR PERFECT LOVE? (Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman)
by Louella Parsons 32
- NICKY HILTON TELLS HIS SIDE OF THE STORY.....by Kirtley Baskette 34
- BUT HERE ARE THE FACTS HE HAS TO FACE (Elizabeth Taylor)
by Sheilah Graham 34
- IT PAYS TO BE SENSATIONAL (Ruth Roman).....by Susan Trent 36
- WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CLARK GABLES?.....by Sheilah Graham 38
- I WAS AN ORPHAN.....by Marilyn Monroe 40
- THE TRUTH ABOUT HOLLYWOOD SOCIETY.....by Jill Mason 42
- CASTLE WITH A REDWOOD FENCE (Janet Leigh).....by Marva Peterson 44
- MISS WHISTLE-BAIT OF 1951 (Jane Powell).....by Jane Wilkie 48
- I CAN LOVE AGAIN (Wanda Hendrix).....by Jim Henaghan 50
- MAN IN THE HOUSE (Vera-Ellen).....by Robert Peer 52
- WEEK-END MARRIAGE (Betty Hutton).....by Mary Jane Lilly 54
- WHO KILLED ME?.....by Dick Powell 56

features

- THE INSIDE STORY.....4
- LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS.....6
- TELL IT TO JOAN (Joan Evans' advice to teen-agers).....78

departments

- MOVIE REVIEWS.....by Christopher Kane 16
- JEANNE CRAIN, YOUR HOLLYWOOD SHOPPER.....20
- SWEET AND HOT.....by Leonard Feather 26
- FASHION.....66

ON THE COVER: Color Portrait of MGM's Jane Powell by Globe Photos
Other Picture Credits on page 91

CHARLES D. SAXON, editor

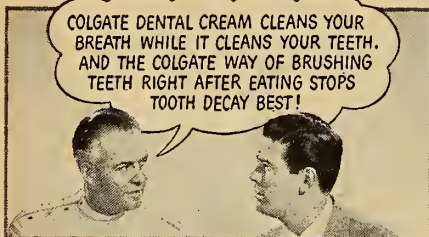
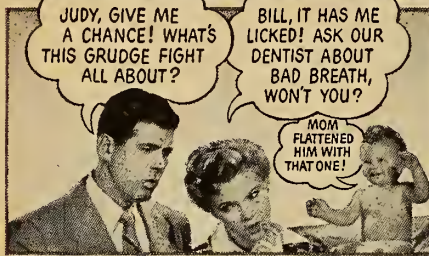
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READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, has proof of such results!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

FAMILY LIFE IS FAR MORE PLEASANT WITH A TUBE OF COLGATE'S PRESENT!



Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

M-G-M's Wonderful, Technicolorful Picturization!



ROMANCE!
Harem beauties
tempt a bold
adventurer!



ADVENTURE!
Assassins strike
treacherously at
the master spy!



EXCITEMENT!
Maharajahs' walled
palaces yield
forbidden secrets!



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Earth-shaking
avalanche engulfs
enemy warriors!

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KIM

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backgrounds in Mystic India!

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WITH DEAN STOCKWELL

PAUL LUKAS · ROBERT DOUGLAS

THOMAS GOMEZ · CECIL KELLAWAY · ARNOLD MOSS · LAURETTE LUEZ

Screen Play by LEON GORDON, HELEN DEUTSCH and RICHARD SCHAYER

Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE · Produced by LEON GORDON

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

If you knew
what she knows



You, too, could be more
**lovely
attractive
charming**

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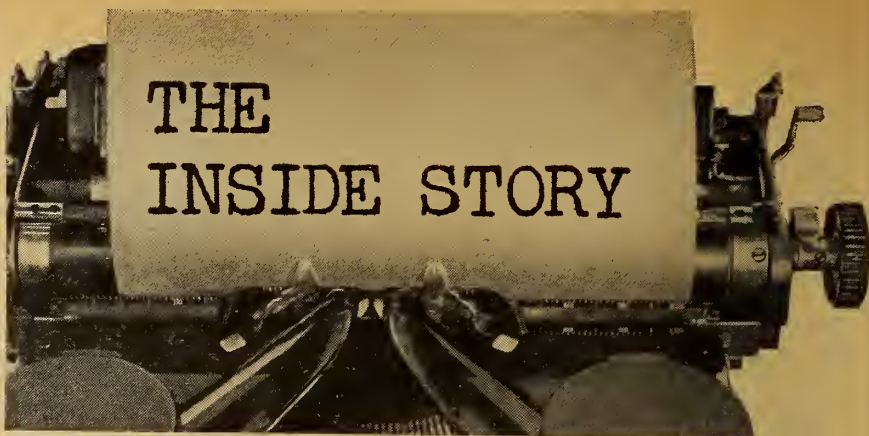
The Deodorant without a Doubt



New 25¢ and 50¢
sizes (plus tax)

Guaranteed Full 24 Hour Protection

THE INSIDE STORY



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Lana Turner has gone high-hat and is now difficult to handle both inside the studio and out?

—M. P., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A. Lana has changed since her marriage to Bob Topping, but to say that she's gone high-hat, is not true. She has developed a certain maturity towards life, has given up night-clubbing, for instance, to settle down to a more sedate mode of living. (For new insight, read The Sorrows of Lana Turner, on page 30.)

Q. What is the truth about Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston? Are they divorced, happily-married, or merely separated?—T. R., MOLINE, ILL.

A. Kathryn and Johnny officially separated on November 15, 1950. At that time, Johnny was scheduled to make a personal appearance in Washington, D. C., and Kathryn was scheduled to appear at MGM. Insiders who know them well, seriously doubt they'll reconcile.

Q. Is it true that John Agar was a crooner before he met Shirley Temple and wants very much to become a crooner again?—D. V., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

A. Agar did a bit of club-singing before he was married to Shirley. He has a pleasant voice, has been taking vocal instruction in his spare time, and may have made his crooning debut on the night-club circuit by the time you read this.

Q. Which motion picture do you think will win the Academy Award this year, and are the Awards a big fake?—R. L., GREENWICH, CONN.

A. Best possibilities for the Oscar go to Sunset Boulevard, Cyrano de Bergerac, All About Eve, Harvey, and Born Yesterday. The Academy Awards are not fakes. They are scrupulously honest, and the balloting is supervised by Price, Waterhouse & Co., one of the most reputable accountancy firms in the country.

Q. Is Ingrid Bergman pregnant again?—R. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Yes!

Q. What is the status of the Sharman Douglas-Peter Lawford love affair? Do you think these two will ever get married?—F. T., PASADENA, CAL.

A. Lawford would marry Miss Douglas if she gave her consent, but the chances are she won't for some time to come. Of late, she has been seeing a good deal of Montgomery Clift. If Miss Douglas had a choice between Clift and Lawford, odds are, she'd pick Clift.

Q. What is the score between Gregory Peck and Barbara Peyton?

—Y. D., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. No score—just good friends.

Q. I read somewhere that if Nancy doesn't give Frank Sinatra a divorce, he will get one in Mexico and marry Ava Gardner, anyway. True or false?

—O. P., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. False, at least at this writing. A Mexican divorce would not give Frank the legal right to live with Ava in California as her husband.

Q. I have a bet that both Vera-Ellen and Shelley Winters have been married before. Do I win or lose?

—T. D., MIAMI, FLA.

A. You win. Vera-Ellen was married to dancer Robert Hightower. Shelley was once Mrs. Mack Mayer.

Q. The New York columnists say that Janet Leigh's steady boyfriend is New York actor Bob Quarry. The Hollywood columnists say her steady is Tony Curtis. Who is right?—R. R., NEWARK, N. J.

A. Both sides. "When I'm in New York," Janet says, "I go steady with Bob. When I'm in Hollywood I go steady with Tony."

Q. Can you tell me how much money Gary Crosby has made on his recordings?—F. A., SCRANTON, PA.

A. As of Dec., 1950, Bing's oldest boy had earned approximately \$20,000 in royalties from "Sing A Simple Melody" and "Sam's Song."

Q. Is it true that Claudette Colbert turned down the Bette Davis role in All About Eve?—R. E., DENVER, COL.

A. Claudette had the part until she injured her sacroiliac and had to be replaced by Bette Davis. "And don't think that I haven't eaten my heart out about it, either," says Miss Colbert, one of the most honest women in Hollywood.

Eagerly Awaited... Widely Acclaimed...

AT LAST IT IS HERE!

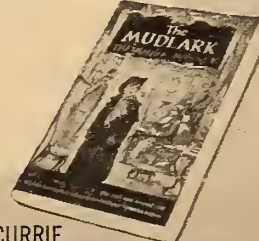
20th
Century-Fox's

THE MUDLARK

*The story of the kid
who wanted to sit
on the Queen's
throne!*



The heart-warming
motion picture that
takes you up the back
stairs of Windsor Castle
...and into the delightful
scandal that changed the
course of empire!



with **ALEC GUINNESS** • ANDREW RAY • BEATRICE CAMPBELL • FINLAY CURRIE

Directed by **JEAN NEGULESCO** Produced by **NUNNALLY JOHNSON**

Screen Play by **NUNNALLY JOHNSON**
Based on the Novel by **Theodore Bonnet**



LOVELLA PARSONS'

Good news



Dan Dailey's date with Shelley Winters for the *Harvey* premiere added to the rumors of romance. But lately, he and 19-year-old Barbara Whiting are a twosome. Dan recently went to the Menninger Sanatorium to think things over.

DAN DAILEY surprised everyone in Hollywood when he went to the Menninger Sanatorium—the place where Robert Walker was restored to health. Dan went there of his own accord after his doctor, a noted psychiatrist, told him that he must have complete rest. He had been very nervous following the separation from his socialite wife. I don't believe it was so much on her account as because of their little son. Believe me, my hat is off to Dan because it took a lot of courage to go to the Kansas City sanatorium to get away from everything.

Meanwhile, Barbara Whiting is head-over-heels dizzy in love with him, and doesn't care who knows it. The 19-year-old sister of songstress Margaret, may be "just a kid"—but, oh my, her yen for Dan is on the grande passion proportions.

She runs to fortune tellers a couple of times a week to see if they "foresee" a marriage for her to a "tall, sandy, song and dance man" in the immediate future!

At first, I think Dan was merely amused by the peppy kid—but now, to quote the song, I've got a feeling he's falling.

There's almost the plot for a movie musical comedy back of this real-life romance.

There's another lady (who shall be nameless) whom Dan was supposed to have been

quite serious about right after his separation from Liz Dailey. But he didn't want gossips linking their names so soon after the break-up of his home.

So, because he was lonesome, and thought little Barbara was a "cute kid" and much too young (for him) to start romance rumors—Dan started taking her out!

All this was very amusing to *The Lady In The Background*—at first! Now, I hear, she's as miffed as miffed can be!

Set this situation to music—and Dan and Barbara could star in it as their next musical at 20th Century-Fox.

WE will know by the time you read this whether the baby June Allyson and Dick Powell want so much is a boy or a girl. It doesn't matter to them if it's triplets—that's how many gifts Junie received at the shower given her by Mrs. Edgar Bergen, Dinah Shore and Mrs. Justin Dart (the former Janie Bryan of the movies).

When I walked in at the luncheon I thought—no small town girl could be getting more of a thrill out of unwrapping the pretty packages than was our June.

Gloria De Haven, who started in movies with the honor guest, brought a silver frame for the baby with a place on it for his or her

name—plus a lovely nightie for happy June.

Gloria told me that when she was leaving the house, her little daughter didn't want her to take the packages. "The baby should open them," she said.

"But the baby isn't here yet," Gloria told little Kathy.

"Well, then, keep them until the baby comes," Kathy insisted.

Frances Bergen gave June a lovely yellow bassinet. The flowers on the table were blue, pink and yellow. The centerpiece was a large stork standing on a mirror and at each place was a knitted bonnet in blue, yellow and pink, holding tiny little candy booties.

At my table sat Ginger Rogers and Mrs. Ray Milland, who was just home from England. Also Gail Patrick, who said she had done a landslide business in her successful baby shoppe, "The Enchanted Cottage," what with this shower and the one for Darrylin Zanuck Jacks the night before.

Roz Russell dashed in and right out again as she had to do a radio show.

Dinah Shore was a busy co-hostess looking after all the guests—one of the most active being Candy Bergen, who wheeled in the bassinet and wanted all the favors for herself!

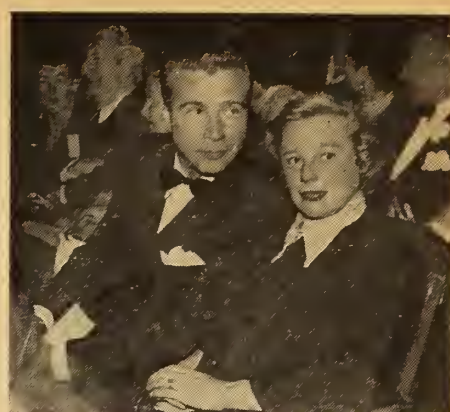
Steffi Duna (Mrs. Dennis O'Keefe) made one of her first appearances since her serious ac-



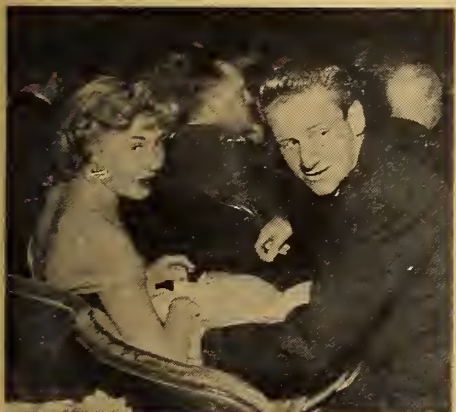
Those Brinkmans always look happy. As usual, Jeanne Crain was radiant at the informal *Born Yesterday* premiere with her steady date, Paul.



John Agar will turn crooner on his personal appearance tour for *Breakthrough*, a pleasant surprise for many. His date is Susan Morrow.



June Allyson's baby is due in January. Boy or girl, it will be one of the best dressed children in town, June's friends gave so many showers.



Jane Powell and Geary Steffen got all dressed up for the *Breakthrough* premiere. (Read about Jane's new-found personality on page 48.)



Glamorous Faye Emerson, who just announced her engagement to Skitch Henderson, chats with John Payne on her Pepsi-Cola TV program.



Frankie's in New York, so Ava Gardner came to the *All About Eve* premiere, one of the year's flashiest full-dress affairs, with Ben Cole.

cident which happened several months ago.

Bunny Green (Mrs. Johnny) brought her camera and was all over the place taking pictures. Georgianna Montalban (Ricardo's wife) brought a beautiful handmade dress.

Other guests were Connie Moore, Mrs. Merwyn Le Roy, Mrs. Leonard Firestone, Mrs. Ben Hogan (wife of the golf champ who is very well liked in our town), Julie Murphy, Marion Nixon Seiter and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt who really got a kick out of the filmland shower.

FARLEY GRANGER has moved into the smallest house in Laurel Canyon—a tiny place just clinging to the side of a hill. It has the fancy name of "Idylwilde"—and therein lies a gag:

With Farley's yen to travel and to be a free soul when he isn't actually making a movie the current talk of Hollywood—his pals have changed the name to "Wild To Be Idle!"

It's true he is actually living in two suitcases—hasn't even unpacked one—he is so eager to be off again the minute he finishes *Stranger On A Train* on loan-out to Warners.

This flitting of Farley's is, of course, a pain in the neck to his contract boss, Sam Goldwyn, who last month barred Farley's manager from the Goldwyn lot.

Personally, I would hate to see young

Granger get in the middle of a long drawn-out contract fight at this time. He is so popular now—right at the height of his career. I've seen so many contract fights injure the careers of promising young stars.

Also, I happen to have seen a letter Farley wrote Sam admitting he has been away too much and promising to concentrate more on his career.

And maybe you think Goldwyn isn't keeping this letter—just in case!

LIKE the buzz, buzz, buzz of the old saw mill, gossip was all over our town that Joan Fontaine had deliberately pushed Patricia Medina at Collier Young's Old Times party—and as a result, Pat was treated at the hospital for a slight concussion!

Take my word for it—there was never a more untrue, or unkind story. Here is what really happened:

Collier's party was a real old fashioned affair with kid games, pinning the tail on the donkey, musical chairs, Post Office and all that sort of thing. Everybody came dressed up silly-style.

At the height of the evening a group consisting of Joan Fontaine, Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart, Richard Greene and Patricia Medina were putting on an impromptu "ballet"

doing adagios. Everybody was running and jumping and Joan was supposed to catch Pat.

Accidentally, the girls lost their balance and Pat fell, hitting her head on a tile step between the living room and the dining room! At the time, she did not even seem to be hurt—but when she had to be taken to the hospital the next day, a veritable mountain of gossip was made out of this clowning!

"They" said—Patricia has been going around with Joan's ex-husband, Bill Dozier—and Joan is jealous! They said that Joan deliberately dropped her during the height of the horseplay.

Poor Joan! She was absolutely sick about the whole thing.

In the first place—she is not the slightest bit jealous of Bill Dozier. She certainly has no feeling against Pat who did not even meet her ex-husband until almost a year after he and Joan separated.

And, even more important, she is in love with Collier Young (Ida Lupino's ex) who was the host at the party. I believe she will marry him when she is free.

As for Patricia—she was a swell scout about doing all she could to set everybody straight about the accident, and she was just as indignant as were Joan's friends over the silly gossip. (Continued on next page)

Are you in the know?



How to win a reputation as a top-flight hostess?

- ☐ Hire a caterer ☐ Take an airlines job ☐ Give a "twenties" party

Want to throw the most-fun party of the season? Plan a costume jamboree—with gals rigged up in their Moms' old "twenties" outfits. (And maybe the boys' Dads could supply plus-fours.) Have a Charleston contest; with prizes. And if calendar problems

threaten you, don't retreat. Choose Kotex. With that new, downy softness that *holds its shape*, you're set for hours of comfort—for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. So, as a confident hostess—you'll be the "bee's knees"!



What to do about kingsize pores?

- ☐ Mosk 'em with makeup
☐ Make like an owl
☐ Tighten up

Can your complexion take a daytime close-up? To help belittle large pores, suds your face thoroughly, and *often*; then "tighten" with cold splashings and a good astringent. Come calendar time, you can take your place in the sun confidently. For those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. (No fear that anyone "knows.") And that special *safety center* gives extra protection; keeps you serenely *de-flustered*.



If his "competition" calls you, what's your cue?

- ☐ Be brief
☐ Linger on the line
☐ "Sorry, wrong number"

You chat for hours with the buzz boy—while your date smoulders on the family sofa. Be brief! Else next time you're waiting for *his* call, don't ask for whom the bell rings. It's not for *you*. But at problem time, one of the 3 *Kotex absorbencies* will seem "made to order" for you. Try Regular, Junior, Super (different sizes, for different days). You'll wonder why you never thought of trying all 3 before!



More women choose KOTEX[®] than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

P.S.

Have you tried Delsey? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

*T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

cont'd

LARRY Parks is the envy of every male on the MGM lot. The dressing room building for male stars is completely filled up, so Larry was moved into the women's section for his stint in *Love Is Better Than Ever*!

His neighbors are Arlene Dahl on one side, and Elizabeth Taylor on the other!

But Larry *did* insist on a redecorating job. He had all the chintzes and cushions and fripperies taken out and moved in his old red leather easy chair and portable radio.

This has been "preem" month in Hollywood—meaning all the important pictures not yet released gave themselves gala premieres getting in under the wire for Academy Award consideration.

First off—and by far the most glittering (Grauman's Chinese hasn't been so lighted up since the days of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin) was *All About Eve*.

Every glamor girl in town wanted to see Bette Davis' take-off on Tallulah Bankhead in this wonderful drama of back-stage Broadway—so they trooped in by the dozens arrayed in jools, furs, and gorgeous gowns.

Bette Davis, in décolleté black velvet and a diamond necklace, showed up, although she had promised her bridegroom that she would not look at the picture without him. (They fell in love making it—"just about the time of the second kiss," says Bette.)

Without breaking that promise—she got as close as she could—sitting up in the projectionist's booth while the movie was run off. Her guests, Gary's parents, sat in the audience and must have been thrilled to tears hearing their handsome son applauded.

If you ask me—Gary is the closest thing to Clark Gable since—Clark Gable!

Lana Turner, gorgeous in pale blue, got a special cheer from the sidewalk crowds—maybe because it was almost her first appearance in public since she lost her baby.

What a night it was for Anne Baxter ("Eve" herself) looking radiant in pink. This is by far her greatest role.

George Sanders, marching in nonchalantly with his red-headed Zsa Zsa on his arm, didn't fool me. He was inwardly trembling. George actually has an inferiority complex and is nothing like the blasé critic he plays in the picture.

Joan Crawford wore a red dress with red roses over one bare shoulder.

Greer Garson came with her mother, Nina (Buddy Fogelson being in New Mexico). She wore a simple black dress with a gorgeous mink coat—both perfect to set off her lovely red hair.

Speaking of hair—all the fans were intrigued by Danny Kaye who has trimmed his once shaggy locks to almost a "butch" haircut. Little Vera-Ellen furnished the fashion surprise by wearing a bright red tam with evening clothes. On her, it looked cute.

As usual, Arlene Dahl looked like a magazine cover, in a pink gown and ermine coat and, as usual, she was holding hands with Lex Barker.

The Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, across the street from the premiere, added a cute touch by blocking out everything but the letters E-V-E in their big electric sign.

After the picture there were many parties at Mocambo, La Rue's, Romanoff's and Ciro's. It was like New Year's Eve with so many gorgeously gowned women and their escorts.

... "Let's live for today" ...



It was love at first sight... for
a lonely man and a lovely girl...
in the world's most romantic place—
Capri! And amid its spellbinding
beauties their love grew!

Joan Fontaine Joseph Cotten in

HAL WALLIS'
production

September Affair

"It Happened in Capri"

Also starring

FRANCOISE ROSAY

ROBERT ARTHUR • Directed by

Screenplay by Robert Thoeren • From a Story by Fritz Rotter and Robert Thoeren • A Paramount Picture

with

JESSICA TANDY

WILLIAM DIETERLE



Perplexed what to use for INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE?



Then Learn About the
EXTRA ADVANTAGES of This Method
Which Assures Hours of Continuous
Medication!

Zonitors have proved one of the most important steps forward in intimate feminine cleanliness. They are greaseless snow-white vaginal suppositories which provide a modern scientific method of continuous medication — so much easier, less embarrassing to use yet one of the most effective methods. Zonitors are so powerfully germicidal yet absolutely safe to delicate tissues. Zonitors are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Easy to Carry if Away From Home
Zonitors come twelve in a package and each separately sealed in a dainty glass vial. No mixing—no extra equipment is required. All you need is this dainty suppository!

Easy to Use...
Zonitors are so easily inserted and they keep on releasing powerful germ-killing and deodorizing properties for hours. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to immediately kill every reachable germ and stop them from multiplying. Be sure to use Zonitors—the new, modernized method.



FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank, intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMR-21, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

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Address _____
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*Offer good only in U.S.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

cont'd

THE *Born Yesterday* première was not nearly as gay because nobody got so dressed up. But this picture gives the world a new star in Judy Holliday. She's wonderful—and you're going to be crazy about her after the picture is nationally released in February.

Judy gives the best comedy performance of the year—with no one even close to her. The surprising part is, although Missy Holliday played *Born Yesterday* for years on Broadway and was very cute in a minor part in *Adam's Rib* in the movies—she's sure to be a brand new star discovery to screen fans.

She's beautiful, cute, irresistible—and oh, well—just the comedienne we have been waiting for. Watch for Judy at Oscar time.

SIR Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh left Hollywood after a series of dinners and cocktail parties that would have "done in" less hardy and appreciative people.

Jack Warner gave a dinner for them the day Vivien finished *Streetcar Named Desire*

in the magnificent Warner home—one of the showplaces of the West Coast.

The placecards were miniature streetcars with each guest's name printed on the side!

Larry (he prefers to be called Larry instead of Sir Laurence) came in limping. He has been suffering from bursitis—but he didn't let it dim his wit or his spirit. He made a very amusing after dinner speech.

But, no one could have been funnier than Danny Kaye who sounded for all the world as if he were addressing a Rotary club. I've never heard anything so hilarious, made even more so by Danny's deadpan expression.

The Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilts, Ruth Roman, lovely, blonde Virginia Mayo, the Artur Rubins and the Louis B. Mayers were among the guests who numbered only twenty-five.

This intimacy made for wonderful conversation. Seems that conversation is a lost art in these days of jammed cocktail parties and night club affairs where you have to yell above the din of a swing band.

I FULLY believe that by the time this Good News reaches you, Mr. and Mrs. Gary

easy money!

This is the time of year when a shot in the wallet certainly comes in handy. And we're giving away one hundred crisp one dollar bills to the first hundred people who fill in the questionnaire below and mail it to us. So hurry! All you have to do is read this issue carefully—answer the questions and tell us which stars you'd like to read about in future issues. Write soon—to the first one hundred, each and every one—we'll send a new dollar bill.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in the February issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, 3, AT THE LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ They're Talking About the Powers
- ☐ A Minister Looks at Hollywood
- ☐ The Sorrows of Lana Turner
- ☐ Are They Haunted by a Perfect Love? (Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman) by Louella Parsons
- ☐ Nicky Hilton Tells His Side of the Story
- ☐ But Here Are The Facts He Has To Face (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ It Pays To Be Sensational (Ruth Roman)
- ☐ What's Wrong With the Clark Gables?
- ☐ I Was An Orphan by Marilyn Monroe
- ☐ The Truth About Hollywood Society
- ☐ Castle With a Redwood Fence (Janet Leigh)
- ☐ Miss Whistlebait of 1951 (Jane Powell)
- ☐ I Can Love Again (Wanda Hendrix)
- ☐ Man in The House (Vera-Ellen)
- ☐ Week-end Marriage (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ Who Killed Me? by Dick Powell
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It to Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories 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 TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



His
Fighting
Heart
Belonged to
His Submarine...

The
dive-for-glory
story of the
U.S.S. Thunderfish
—the
lone-prowler
sub that
fought along
the bottom
to keep
Uncle Sam
on top!

his loving heart to her!



JOHN WAYNE

IN WARNER BROS!

Operation Pacific

CO-STARRING

PATRICIA NEAL

with
WARD BOND SCOTT FORBES GEORGE WAGGNER LOUIS F. EDELMAN Music by
Max Steiner

And on the way, the long-awaited "CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER" in color by Technicolor! The stars: GREGORY PECK and VIRGINIA MAYO.

I dreamed I went skiing in my maidenform bra

"Speeding through space...and on top of the world...because the experts say my form is flawless! Figuratively speaking, I'm the loveliest sight on this dreamscape! Wonderfully moulded, excitingly dreamlined...and Maidenform* gives my figure a breath-taking lift!"

Shown: Maidenette* in white nylon taffeta; also available in satin and broadcloth...from 1.75. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N.Y. 16
There is a Maiden Form for every type of figure.



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

cont'd

Cooper will have forgotten their differences and will be together again. It was a minor bombshell when I printed an exclusive story that Rocky had gone to New York for an indefinite stay, taking their daughter Maria with her. Both Rocky and Gary are my close personal friends, and they admitted very freely that they had had a big misunderstanding. I talked to both the Coopers to get the straight of the story. Seems there had been trouble for some weeks and Rocky decided the best thing to do was to go East. Mrs. Cooper, who is a Catholic, is opposed to any idea of divorce, but I am sure the Coopers who have had a beautiful life together for many years will not risk the divorce thing.

Is anyone even faintly surprised at the parting of Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston? I'm not. These two, I think, have been straining at the matrimonial leash for a year.

But, always, when I checked Kathryn she would stall with, "No, everything's all right. Johnny has to go to New York for a TV show—or to read a play—or to see about a picture"—or any one of a number of invented excuses.

It was the same thing when she separated from John Shelton. Kathryn is down in my book as the "deny-ing-est" lady I know—even when she knows I know better.

I had the tip that she and Johnny (Johnston) were going to make an announcement a full ten days before they got around to doing it. As usual, I called Kathy.

"Oh, no," she said, etc, etc, etc.

There's no particular "inside" to this newest Hollywood rift. There is no "other woman" talk as there was once before when Kathryn and her singer husband parted.

Personal Opinions: Jose Ferrer is a cinch to be Mr. Hot in the Academy Awards race for "best performance" in *Cyrano De Bergerac*. By the way—did you know that Jose's real name is Jose Vincente Ferrer Otero y Cintre? Light that up on your old theatre marquee! . . . Never have two people tried to make soooo sure that their approaching marriage will be "for keeps" than Doris Day and Marty Melcher. Absolutely scorning a Mexican elopement, they are postponing their wedding until April when their marriage will be unquestionably legal in the California courts. Main reason is—Marty wants to adopt Doris' nine-year-old son, Terry. . . . John Agar will sing when he goes out on his p.a. tour of the nightclubs—you'll be surprised, I bet, at how good he is. There's a slight Sinatra quality about his way of delivering a tune—and that ain't bad. . . . Keep your eye on the Linda Darnell-William Dozier romance. All these steady dates mean something. . . . Isn't Arlene Dahl's red hair getting blonder and blonder?

The Letter Box: Those of you who wrote this month asking if Farley Granger is giving up his career—the answer is no, no, no.

I notice you're getting a hankering for Howard Keel after *Annie Get Your Gun*. You Florida fans be on the lookout—Howard's heading there soon to meet his in-laws for the first time.

Among the belles, you asked me more questions about Judy Garland and June Allyson. Well, I'll keep trying to bring the news to you. But that's all for now. See you next month!



Makes Money—and Friends Too

"Cards so attractive my friends gave their orders unhesitatingly. Am making friends in this new venture."—Mary Pasciucco, N. Y.



"Like a Friendly Call on People"

"Very profitable in dollars-and-cents, and in happiness passed on to others. It's not WORK; more like friendly call."—Mrs. Carver, Penna.



Beginner Gets 10 Orders in 1/2 Hour

"I received ten orders in 30 minutes. Everyone just 'ah'd' and 'oh'd' over your cards. It's going to be very enjoyable."—Rita J. Shaw, N. Y.



78 Boxes in 5 Days

"Received sample boxes on evening of 6th; sending order for 78 boxes today, the 12th. Have taken all but 12 of the orders over phone."—Etta Gaskill, Ohio.

Earnings Pay for Children's Clothes

"Couldn't afford things for my 2 boys. Extra money earned paid for more than boys needed. Now helping pay for home."—Mrs. D. Hance, Penna.



Invited to Bring Cards to Meetings

"One tells another until my business has surely grown. Church, other groups, call me to bring cards to meetings."—Lida W. Smith, Wash.



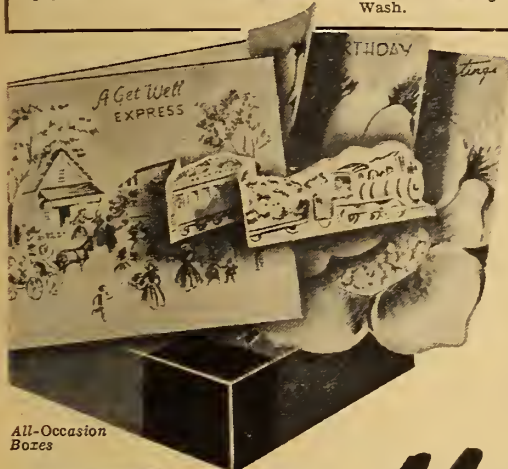
Plans a Home Card-Shop

"My customers grateful for such lovely cards; eagerly tell their friends. Planning to remodel a room in our home, as card shop."—P. Sargent, Neb.

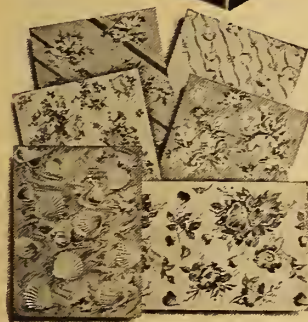


Fine Spare-Time Profits

"While in Nurses' course I made practically all my expenses. Now graduated, but wouldn't drop card business for anything."—D. Nephew, Cal.



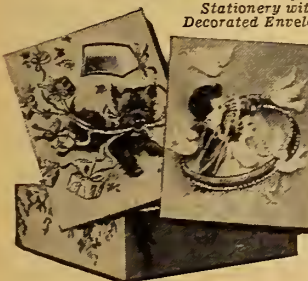
All-Occasion Boxes



Artiest Gift Wrapping; Matching Folders, Seals



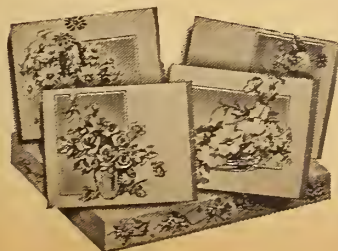
"Petal Script" Stationery with Decorated Envelopes



Gift and "Thank You" Cards

If your church . . .

club or organization can use extra money, and wants a quick easy way to raise funds all year 'round — write us, giving your name, the name and address of your church or organization, and the name of the person in charge of fund-raising. By return mail we will send our valuable guide for groups, "The Doebla Money-Raising Plan," together with sample kit, on approval.



"Bouquet" Decorated Correspondence Notes

GUARANTEED BY HARRY DOEHLA CO. IN ANY AS ADVERTISED METHOD

PEOPLE ALL SAY

"They're the most beautiful cards we've ever seen and such a bargain, too!" SO IT'S NO WONDER THEY SELL ON SIGHT . . . AND

NO WONDER SO MANY FOLKS

MAKE GOOD MONEY

In Their Spare Time . . . Without Taking a Job or Putting in Regular Hours . . . and WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!

HERE'S a friendly way to make a fine income, spare-time or full-time—without taking a regular job or putting in regular hours! All you do is SHOW lovely new Doebla All-Occasion Greeting Card and Stationery Assortments to your friends, neighbors or co-workers.

These assortments are so *exceptionally* beautiful that folks are happy to give you big orders. Their exquisite designs, glowing warm colors and rich looking novelty features delight all who see them. NO EXPERIENCE IS NEEDED—our Free Book shows you how even beginners make money right from the start. You make up to 50¢ on each \$1 box; even more on bonus orders.

You Make Money—and Friends, Too

Everyone in your community sends out greeting cards of all kinds throughout the entire year. That's why it's so easy to make good money and new friends, merely by showing something that everybody wants—and buys—anyway. Many church groups and clubs also use this same highly successful method of raising funds.

Yours for Free Trial—Everything You Need to Start Earning Immediately

Mail Free Trial Coupon NOW—without money. We will send you everything you need to begin earning money right away. Complete details about excellent profits, extra cash bonuses. Lovely sample assortments on approval. Free Samples of the new name-imprinted stationery and napkins, and richly decorated "Petal Script" stationery.

Also FREE—New Book Telling How Any Beginner Can Make Money

If you mail the coupon now, we will also send you a free copy of our helpful new book that shows many friendly, pleasant ways for *any* beginner to make money. Mail coupon today—without obligation. If friends don't "snap up" samples—and *ask for more*—return them at *our* expense. Don't miss this opportunity to make new friends and to add *really substantial* spare-time cash to your income—mail coupon NOW. HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio D12, Fitchburg, Mass. (or if you live west of the Rockies — mail coupon to Palo Alto, Cal.)

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Mail Free-Trial Coupon—Without Money or Obligation

FREE BOOK



This valuable new book shows easy ways for *any* beginner to make money! It is filled with practical help, showing how others are finding it simple to make friends and money in this field (without the slightest bit of previous experience) and how you can, too.

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Please rush me—for FREE TRIAL—sample box assortments on approval, money-making plan, and extra profit-bonus offer. Also send Free Stationery Samples, and Free Book, *How to Make Money and Friends—Showing Doebla Greeting Cards*.

Name..... (Please Print Clearly)

Address.....

City..... Please state Zone No. (if any)

State.....



Domestic evenings are rare now at the Power home. Tyrone appears six nights a week in *Mr. Roberts*, while Linda attends social functions.

report from London:

they're talking about the Powers

Mr. Charles D. Saxon,
Editor, Modern Screen,
261 Fifth Avenue,
New York, 16, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Saxon:

Everybody is talking about the future of the Power marriage, but I can't do a story on it because there just aren't any solid facts. All I can tell you is what "they're" saying, what I've noticed about Ty and Linda as people, and what has been going on publicly. You'll have to draw your own conclusions . . . like everyone else . . . and then wait and see.

On the face of it, the situation looks as though things were about over for the Powers. If seeing is believing, Mrs. Tyrone Power is not devoting her full time to her dashing movie-hero husband. And if those intimate reports from close friends are accurate, Mr. Power isn't exactly as dashing around the house as on the screen. His half-Mexican, half-Dutch wife is disappointed in the dream she had of married life when she was a bride two years ago in Rome.

Linda Christian is seen everywhere, at theatrical parties and at the most exclusive London shindigs. She confines her charity appearances to the glossy functions where there may be a (Continued on page 88)



Her date with Monty Clift for a command performance aroused rift rumors.

Which girl has the natural curl... and which girl has the Toni?



The lovely Toni girl says: "All my Toni waves have been wonderful, but this new Toni with Permaflox is best of all. It's just as soft and natural looking as naturally curly hair—even on the first day." Can you tell which girl was born with naturally curly hair and which girl has the Toni? See answer below.

New improved Toni guarantees your wave
will look soft and natural from the very first day!

You can't tell a new, improved Toni wave from Nature's loveliest wave. Your hair will feel like naturally curly hair—comb like naturally curly hair—look like naturally curly hair *from the first thrilling moment*. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known, plus amazing new Permaflox that leaves your hair in a softer, more natural condition.

Permaflox is a new wonder discovery of Toni research. Far more effective than any other neutralizer known. Permaflox actually conditions your hair... leaves your wave silky-soft at first combing—more natural month after month.

Toni is the only permanent with Permaflox—the only permanent that guarantees your wave will look soft and natural the very first day—and every day for months to come. No wonder more women use Toni than all other home permanents combined. Ask for Toni today. Joan Tebbe, the lovely brunette, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

Which Twin Has The Toni—and which has the beauty shop wave? Compare Barbara Dahm's Toni (at the right) with her sister Beverly's permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive beauty shop wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni.

TONI REFILL ONLY \$1



Toni the wave that
gives that natural look!



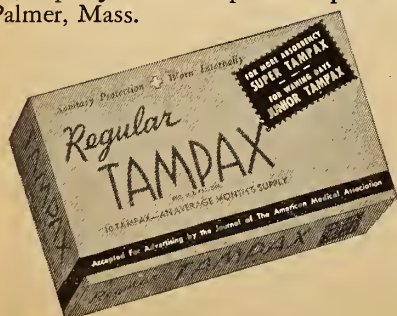
BEFORE TAMPAX WAS INVENTED

Women (of necessity) got along as best they could with regard to sanitary protection on "those annoying days" each month

BUT things are different now! Women need no longer depend on an outside harness of belts, pins and bulky absorbent pads. In contrast, *Tampax* is so small that a full month's supply will slip right into your purse. A doctor designed it for *internal* absorption and it's made of pure surgical cotton contained in dainty, one-time-use applicators, making insertion simple and easy.

The woman who uses *Tampax* experiences a new freedom all round... *Tampax* does not chafe—nor does it cause odor, winter or summer. You may be sure no bulge or ridge-line will tell tales during "those days" of the month. With all these worries eliminated, you are more likely to relax and be yourself.

You wear *Tampax* without feeling its presence. You can wear it in tub or shower. Another point: it's easily disposable. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Picture
of the
Month

HARVEY



James Stewart introduces Harvey to his sister Josephine Hull. Josephine loves James, but is convinced he needs psychiatric treatment.



She tries to make arrangements for him at a sanitarium. Despite her violent protests, Josephine is taken for the patient and carried away.



Josephine is released. Now Dr. Charles Drake and nurse Peggy Dow befriend the amiable James, try to lure him to the sanitarium.



An injection will shock James into forgetting about his rabbit pal, but Josephine, who must consent to it, can't decide to banish Harvey.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



Elwood P. Dowd (Jimmy Stewart) is a happy man. He's escaped from reality, and everywhere he goes, an imaginary six-foot tall white rabbit accompanies him. This dismays Elwood's sister Veta (Josephine Hull) and her daughter Myrtle Mae (Victoria Horne). Everytime Myrtle Mae is about to be introduced to society, Elwood comes home, introduces Harvey to the assembled company, and ruins Myrtle Mae's chances. Myrtle Mae, desperate at the thought of never arriving, convinces Veta that Elwood must go

to a sanitarium, and that's the crux of the matter. Much of the picture is hilarious (especially where Josephine Hull is convinced white slavers are after her), much of the picture is gentle and charming (credit Jimmy Stewart), and aside from a rather irreverent attitude towards psychiatry and psychiatrists, I can't think of anything about *Harvey* that would offend a soul.

Cast: James Stewart, Josephine Hull, Peggy Dow, Charles Drake, Cecil Kellaway, Victoria Horne.—Universal-International.

prediction:

After you've seen
"Born Yesterday",
your favorite new
star will be
Judy Holliday



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

BORN YESTERDAY

starring

JUDY WILLIAM BRODERICK
HOLLIDAY · HOLDEN · CRAWFORD

Screen Play by Albert Mannheimer • From the Celebrated Stage Play
Produced by S. SYLVAN SIMON • Directed by GEORGE CUKOR

BROADWAY'S BIGGEST HIT...NOW A PERFECTLY SWELL MOTION PICTURE!

Amazing shampoo guaranteed not to rob hair of natural oils

Shasta lathers out beauty-dulling film —
Leaves in glamour-giving natural oils that make hair...

*Naturally
shiny*

*Naturally soft
— healthy*

*Easier to
manage*

New Shasta, enriched with lanolin—that marvelous emollient from nature—does what women have always wanted from a shampoo... lathers out beauty-dulling film, leaves in glamour-giving natural oils.

Shasta is guaranteed not to rob hair of precious, glamour-giving oils which keep your hair naturally shiny, soft, healthy, easier-to-manage.

See how **Shasta** persuades even hair that seems dull and dry to look softer, silkier; sparkle with gleaming highlights. Try new lanolin-enriched Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.

PROCTER & GAMBLE GUARANTEE: Shasta does not rob hair of natural oils. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or money back when unused portion is returned.

LANOLIN
ENRICHED

Shasta CREAM Shampoo

DOESN'T ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS



BORN YESTERDAY

Judy Holliday re-creates her stage role of the "dumb broad" who's being kept by a junk tycoon, and it's like the Fourth of July, and Christmas, and New Year's Eve, to watch her. The story deals with a junk dealer and his lady coming to Washington to buy a senator. Junk dealer's afraid lady'll embarrass him in high society, hires a writer to educate her, and finds out she gets too smart too fast. She doesn't approve of his flouting the law, pushing little guys around, etc. But the story's unimportant. What's important is Judy Holliday, building out of her own gorgeous talent a character who is exciting, funny, tender and pitiful all at once. When she's on the scene, bells ring, and you hear music; the minute she goes away, everything stops, nothing happens. Forcing myself to consider the rest of the cast, I come to Brod Crawford, last year's Academy Award winner. He wasn't quite satisfactory as the crooked junk dealer, and I don't honestly know why. He was tough, and crude, and forceful, but he wasn't funny for a minute. With the same lines, Paul Douglas, on Broadway, was a howling scream, and I'm not sure where Crawford fell down. Anyhow, he's too good an actor to just mimic another man's performance, so maybe I'm complaining where I should be giving praise. Cast: Judy Holliday, William Holden, Broderick Crawford.—Columbia.

KATIE DID IT

This is a half-baked Petty Girl, without Joan Caulfield's curves. (And now that I think of it, didn't Virginia Mayo once play a prim school teacher who was lured into modeling for some crazy artist man?) Sure enough, Mark Stevens is a commercial artist, makes millions (you should see his apartment) out of calendar ladies, meets Ann Blyth, a librarian in her small hometown, and lures her into the big city. She needs money on account of her uncle's gambling debts. Ann falls in love with wicked old Mark, but it takes heaven's own time for her to get to the point of admitting it, and I don't know if you'd really want to wait that long.

Cast: Ann Blyth, Mark Stevens, Cecil Kellaway, Jesse White.—Universal-International.

FRENCHIE

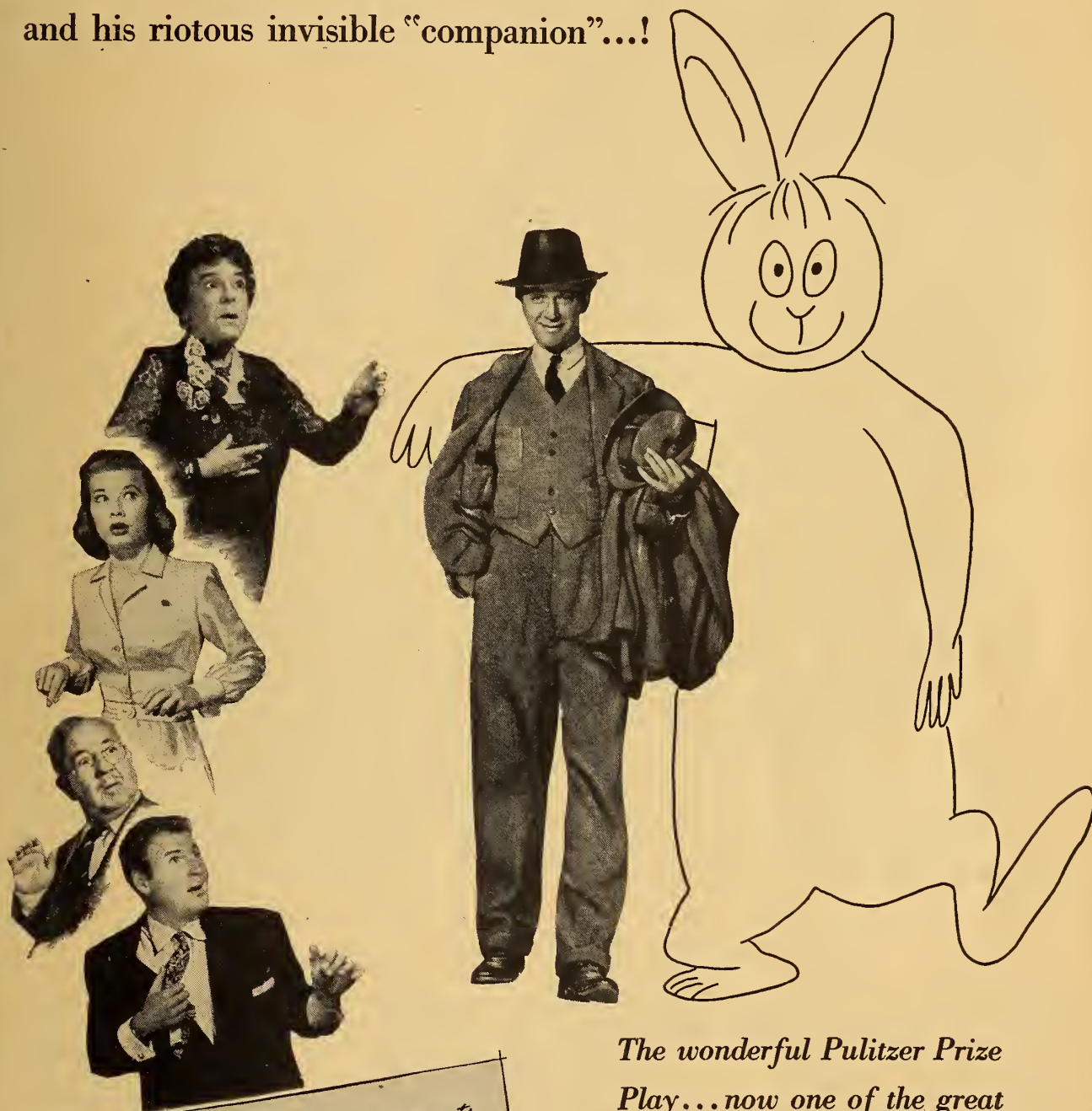
Shelley Winters sees her daddy shot dead by gunmen when she's just a tyke, and she vows to return to the frontier town of Bottle-neck, and even up the scooh some day. By the time she comes back, she's grown a bustle, has a perfectly ghastly French accent (which she uses to entice men with), and is accompanied by a whole entourage from a gambling place she owned in New Orleans. She's home to get the bozos who got Daddy, but she falls for a sheriff fella who's devoted to law and order, and he won't let her blow anybody's brains out. He's sentimental; don't want the blood on her little white hands. Paul Kelly is the villain of the piece, if you're going to take it seriously enough so it matters.

Cast: Joel McCrea, Shelley Winters, Paul Kelly, Elsa Lanchester.—Universal-International.

THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE

This is a quiet picture, about Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who came to Washington to be a member of the Supreme Court, in the middle of his law career, and who served the court and the nation for many years thereafter, telling the truth as he saw the truth, and bending his (Continued on page 99)

For the happiest laughs you'll ever have...here's the
hilarious story of Elwood P. Dowd...his funny friends...
and his riotous invisible "companion"....!



*The wonderful Pulitzer Prize
Play...now one of the great
Motion Pictures of all time!*

Universal-International presents
harvey

Starring **JAMES STEWART**

with **JOSEPHINE HULL • CHARLES DRAKE • CECIL KELLAWAY
JESSE WHITE • VICTORIA HORNE • WALLACE FORD and PEGGY DOW**

From the play written by **MARY CHASE** and produced by **BROCK PEMBERTON** • Screenplay by **MARY CHASE** and
OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by **JOHN BECK** • Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**



"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



a
special
service
for
Modern
Screen
readers

**hollywood
goes
shopping
for you!**



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

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



Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair
soft, manageable—
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.

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

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



■ A Hollywood star with a shopping list is like any other gal with a similar mission. She's looking for the best buys available for herself and her family with an ever watchful eye on her budget. Her standards of quality, style, and glamor are comparable to yours and she'll hunt tirelessly from coast to coast through the best shops in America until she has uncovered just what she wants. Her prize plums are "the best of the most for the least" and are sure to be the answer to many of your shopping problems, too.

MODERN SCREEN presents this special shopping service to you as an exclusive feature. This month, lovely Jeanne Crain recommends 27 wonderful buys.

Just write direct to the shops mentioned below each picture to get any of the items, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card if you like). Your selection will be rushed to you or any other address. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Only monogrammed merchandise cannot be returned. Money will be refunded on items that are not satisfactory, if returned within 10 days after delivery.

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

jeanne crain

your hollywood shopper

for february

Jeanne Crain
will soon be seen
in 20th Century-Fox's
*Take Care of
My Little Girl*.



■ Have you ever heard of going shopping with four men in tow . . . especially when one of them is still cutting his first tooth? Well, that's how I often shop these days.

It all started when Paul and I were first married. We tried shopping independently, but it simply didn't work. It was all my fault, too. I missed the man's viewpoint. As the male members of the Brinkman family increased I acquired more shopping companions.

Since MODERN SCREEN entrusted me with the thrilling job of shopping for all of you this month I found my male critics a tremendous help. Of course the boys weren't always with me, but they're severe judges and put the things I've chosen for you to a stiff test. I covered the West Coast (with Paul's help) looking for smart buys in the finest shops and then enlisted the aid of shop-wise friends around the country for other fascinating finds, mindful always of that very important male point of view.

Just choose what you like, then order directly from the stores mentioned under each picture.

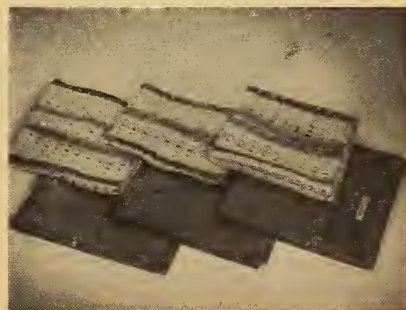
Don't forget your favorite Valentine, and I'm sure he'll remember you, too!



ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME travel with you in this handy stitched kit. Holds sewing tools, manicure set (tweezer, nail file and orange stick) and ball-point pen. Each unit in a smart gold-tone metal container. So small that during my scenes with him, Dale Robertson kept my kit in his pocket. Brown or wine with your name or initials. \$1.95. Treasure Mart, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



PROVERBIAL CONVERSATION PIECE IN SILVER. This particular one, if you haven't guessed, is "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Others are "a stitch in time, etc.," "birds of a feather, etc.," "penny wise, pound foolish," or send in your own favorite saying. Most any proverb can be hand crafted in sign language in a wide nickel silver bracelet. Perfect gifts. \$3.75. Old Curiosity Shop, St. Augustine, Fla.



THEY'LL GIVE YOU A HAND. Any kitchen will be prettied up by this smart set of three dish towels and three dish rags. Towels are made of pure Belgian linen and come in bright red or green to go with your kitchen colors. The dish rags are striped to match the towels. They're so attractive and practical. \$3.95 (add 8¢ sales tax in New York City). Shoenfeld Linens, 38 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

jeanne crain
your hollywood shopper
 for february



I always shop with my boys in mind, and sometimes I take two of them with me. So if you like what's here—don't thank me, thank my family.



A TV DIRECTOR AT THREE! Any tot can be just that with this sturdy folding chair of solid oak and maple with dark green canvas, "Foodini TV Director" and the three main characters of CBS' Lucky Pup TV Show are colored on the front of the back rest and the child's first name is painted on the reverse side. \$2.98 (plus 30¢ postage west of Miss.). Krinstock Bros., 112 N. Ninth, Phila. 7, Pa.



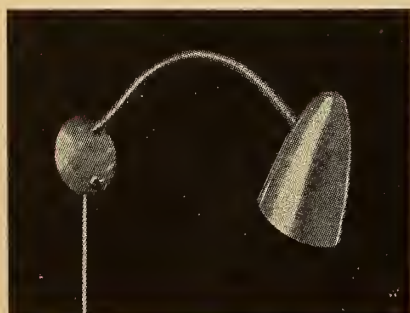
KEEP THEM ON THEIR TOES! These red shoes on the wall belong to no ballerina, but, filled with your favorite greenery, they're a permanent tribute to the fine art of terpsichore. Bright red pottery, with matching ribbon, they add a note of gaiety to any wall they touch. They remind me of that grand movie "Red Shoes." \$3.95. Malcom's House & Garden Store, 524-5 North Charles St., Baltimore 1, Md.



PAUL JR.'S REALLY A PICTURE in this charming hand-made ceramic frame. I have one for Mike and Tim too. Name (or initials) and trim come in pastel pink, yellow, green, or blue, \$3.50. Or send in a picture, describe the child's coloring and have it hand-tinted in permanent finish, reproduced to fit the 2 1/2" x 1 1/4" oval opening, \$5.00. Evelyn Reed, 538 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



GEMINI IS MY ZODIAC SIGN, so I'm thrilled to pieces to have these gold plated screw-type drop earrings made with the appropriate symbol for a Springtime birthday gal. Each the size of a U. S. nickel, they're adorable good luck pieces. They dangle prettily as you move, reflecting glamor in all directions. \$2.50. Send birth date for your own special sign. Flair, 420 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach, Florida.



SHED LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT with this smartly styled goose neck lamp and shade of spun aluminum that fastens to the wall. A long flexible arm twists and turns at will. Comes with a good long stretch of cord. It's so restful having a nice soft light to read by after hours of shooting under hot bright Kleigs. I think you'd like one too. \$6.95. Jan's Modern Lamps, Inc., Dept. MS 120, 15 W. 8th St., New York 11, N. Y.



"IT SUITS HIM TO A T!" Junior's crazy about his clown towel and face cloth set. Washing behind the ears no longer causes tears. Man-sized terry cloth towel and cloth with red, blue, and yellow hand-printed clown. Name (for more than 8 letters add 25¢ per set) on towel and first initial on cloth in big red letters. \$2.50 each set. 3 for \$6.75. Harry Rein Studios, 1146 N. Sierra Bonita, Pasadena 7, Calif.



A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK, is a cinch with this marvelous nutcracker. A sensitive mechanism, it jacks up the nut, cracks it competently, and stops just in time to preserve the nut meats intact. No more shell splinters. Does wonders with Brazil nuts, which are especially stubborn. Fine high-polish chrome finish, it's easy to use. \$2.95. Hoffritz for Cutlery, 551 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



HIS OWN MERRY-GO-ROUND is every child's dream, and here it is in a precious wall costumer. Catching the brass ring is no more exciting to a tot than being able to hook his clothes on each of the five wooden pegs. About 9" by 21", of sturdy masonite, it screws onto a wall or closet door. Teaches neatness the easy way. A grand gift. \$2.75. The Children's Shop, 986 Farmington Ave., West Hartford 7, Conn.



GET YOURSELF THIS "PENNY-PINCHER." It's a terrific gimmick in "golden" metal to hold the two items without which no girl can function . . . coins and keys. It has a kind of slot to hold coins of all sizes that reminds me of a conductor's change holder, and is just as quick to operate. The other end is a key ring to accommodate a large collection. Cute and only \$1.95. Edith Chapman, 50 Piermont Ave., Nyack, N. Y.



SAVED FOR A RAINY DAY! The strongest gale is nothing to this new wind-proof umbrella. The frame is protected so it turns inside out, rather than fall apart the way most umbrellas do. A smart simulated alligator case conceals a 16 cadmium-plated ribbed umbrella with shrink-proof acetate rayon cover. Strap and handle also of alligator. In popular colors. \$4.95. Sta-Dri, 765 Crotona Park N., N. Y. 60.



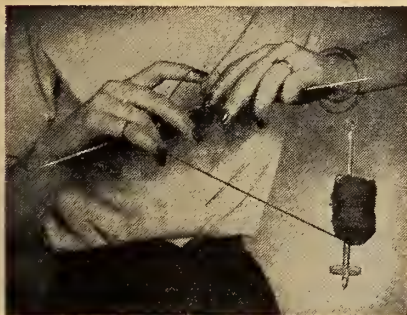
MY PEN WRITES WITH NAIL POLISH! A wonderful gadget for any meticulous Miss, this red metal fountain pen holds a liberal supply of nail polish. A safe traveling companion, it has a leak-proof screw cap. I find it a life saver between "takes" at 20th Century-Fox. Just press the button and the polish brushes on, evenly, easily. \$1.50. Miles Kimball, Kimball Building, 41 Bond Street, Oshkosh, Wisc.



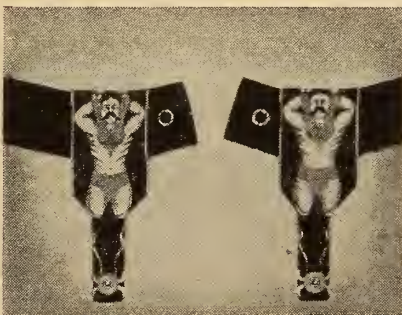
MAKE YOUR OWN PARIS CREATION on this marvelous dress form, adjusting seven ways for a perfect reproduction of your dimensions. Raises to any height or collapses to half-size for storing. Of durable papier maché, covered with jersey so you can pin fabrics right on it. Send dress size. (\$15. \$3 with order, \$2 monthly.) Acme Dress Form Co., Dept. MS-1, 380 Throop Avenue, Brooklyn 21, N. Y.



MY BOYS LOVE TO CLOWN around with these cunning bean bag dolls. Loved by tots like Tim, and fun to throw around for Michael and Paul (and their Mom and Dad too). These droll little circus folk are entirely hand made in gayly printed costumes with whimsical hand-painted faces. Each about 6" tall, making adorable companions for small fry. \$1.95 each, 3 for \$5.25. The Josselyns, Box 147, Dedham, Mass.



TEND TO YOUR KNITTING without fear of entanglements with this ingenious "Knit-bit holder." Knitters and crocheters delight in this expandable plastic bracelet from which dangles a staff to hold yarn, ribbon, string or spool, kept in place by a removable disc. A connecting ring lets the yarn feed evenly. Yarn stays clean. Red, green, amber, clear, \$1.00. The Gerard Company, 162 Green Bay Rd., Winnetka, Ill.

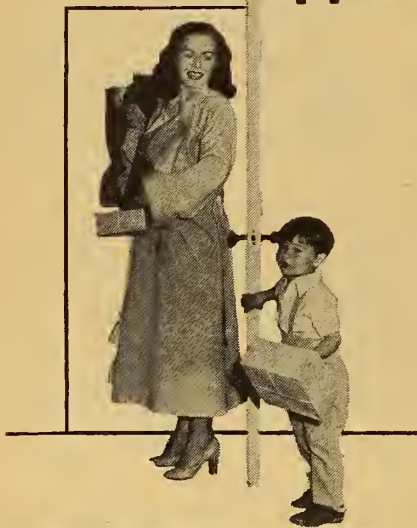


IT'S QUITE A STUNT TO SELECT these eye-catching acrobat garters for that man in your life. I'm giving them to Paul for Valentine's Day. "Mr. Muscles," with his red tights and handle-bar moustache add real zip to an otherwise drab man's accessory. A red and white design on black background, it comes with red or black elastic and English nickel fittings. \$2.50. Calvin Curtis, 60 E. 55 Street, N.Y. 22, N. Y.



THEY'RE DOING THE HIGHLAND FLING! This Scotch lad and his lassie are as gay a couple as you'll find on any lapel this season. Perfect on plaid, of course, but equally at home on a solid color coat, suit, blouse or dress. In sterling silver, they're skillfully designed with a fine feeling of texture and movement. Their costumes are genuine. Each \$3.60; pair \$6.95. Gaylords, 47 W. Elm St., Brockton 64, Mass.

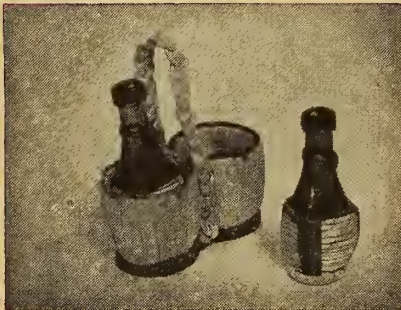
jeanne crain your hollywood shopper



HAVE A FINE SHOE SHINE. Here is a wonderful bucket made by New Hampshire folks (who really have the art down pat) to hold enough shoe cleaning paraphernalia for the whole family. Of pine, finished in maple, about 10½ inches high, it has a secure swinging handle. The top is the sole of a shoe, in reverse, and can serve nicely as a shoe shine box. \$2.90. Gifts of Character, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



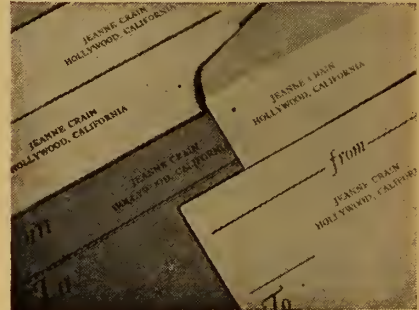
I CAN BANK ON TONY, the gay ceramic barber, as a safe deposit for my extra coins, and Paul has a twin Tony to hold his old razor blades. He's a very personable guy, colorfully painted, and made either to hang on the wall or stand on his own two feet. I've promised the boys each their own to encourage them to save their pennies and are they thrilled with the idea! \$1.50. The Bartons, Ridgewood, New Jersey.



MINIATURE CHIANTI BOTTLES FROM ITALY make these adorable salt and pepper shakers. The bottles are deep green and each nests in a straw basket, one with green trim and the other with red, to show which is which. The shakers fit into a double straw basket with loop holder. They add spice to any table decoration. A pair costs \$2.00. Write to FFF Fine Food, 35 W. 8th Street, New York 10, N. Y.



GIVE IT A CLEAN SWEEP with this "Glovo-matic," a new cleaning aid that puts the "duster" to shame and protects your hands in the bargain. An electrified shearing mitt, fits either hand and does a million chores without turning a hair. Polishes and buffs furniture so that it sparkles. Also polishes your car. Needs no water to function, but washes easily. \$1.00. Glovo-matic, 219 W. 29 St., New York 1, N. Y.



SEE YOUR NAME IN PRINT. Here is a complete desk kit full of all kinds of personalized stationery imaginable. You can have your own stock of "office supplies" right at home. There are 75 sheets of fine writing paper, 50 well-lined cheque envelopes, 50 gummed labels, 50 shipping tags and 50 return postcards. \$4.95. (Give your name and address.) The Ledyard Press, 427 Franklin Ave., Hartford 6, Conn.



BLOUSE WITH A PERSONAL TOUCH. This crisp sanforized cotton broadcloth shirt does wonders for a suit. Or wear it as a shirt 'n skirt ensemble. Has cuffed short sleeves and a pert Peter-Pan collar embroidered with any first name or nickname. In white, maize, aqua, blue, pink. Sizes 32-38. A grand Valentine gift. \$1.69 ea., 3 for \$5.00. Gaylord, Dept. MS-6, Fifth and Hamilton, Pittsburgh 6, Pa.



SCRUB-A-DUB-DUB! It's the cutest trick for small fry who are at the water-conscious stage. The cloth book is a technicolor opus called "Washing is Fun" and tells all about why. It's tubbable and boilable with no color change. Attached is a cuddly foam rubber stuffed elephant that doubles as a grand sponge when the baby isn't tossing it around. \$1.75. Peggy Cloth-Books, 109 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.



YOUR FACE ON A POSTAGE STAMP! Any size photograph (or negative) made into these adorable photostamps will personalize stationery, greeting cards, loads of other items. You can reproduce your favorite star-beau, hubby, child, pet. I think they're fun for answering my mail. A sheet of 100 glossy gumbacked photostamps \$2.00. (Returned with original photo intact.) Croyden Co., 516 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 18.



She lives by the code
of the *Vendetta!*

LOVE is wild...
LIFE is violent...
DEATH is cheap!



HOWARD HUGHES'
production

Vendetta

starring **FAITH DOMERGUE**

and introducing GEORGE DOLENZ with HILLARY BROOKE • NIGEL BRUCE • JOSEPH CALLEIA
HUGO HAAS • DONALD BUKA • Directed by MEL FERRER • Screenplay by W. R. BURNETT



There's one
in
every office



The other girls never asked Laura to lunch if they could possibly avoid it. Not that she wasn't good company or that she didn't pay her share . . . but she had one fault that outweighed her good points. What it* was, Laura, poor girl, would be the last to suspect. There's one in every office . . . and she had to be the one.

It can happen to you . . . any time

No matter what other good points a girl may have, they can be nullified by halitosis* (unpleasant breath). It may be absent one day and present the next, without your realizing when you have it. So play smart. Rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful. Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution. It freshens your breath . . . not for seconds, not for minutes . . . but usually for hours.

Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . .



IT'S BREATH-TAKING!

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

** Highly
Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars:
Average

FROM THE MOVIES

ATLANTIC CITY—*Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me* sung by Bill Darnel (Coral).

BEAVER VALLEY—*Jing-a-Ling* by the Fontane Sisters* (Victor), Andrews Sisters (Decca).

You'll like this theme melody from the Walt Disney production, written by Don Raye and sung by the Fontane gals with Dick Contino and the Hugo Winterhalter Orchestra. The Andrews' version is backed by a revival of the *Parade of the Wooden Soldiers*.

LEMON DROP KID—*Silver Bells* by Bing Crosby and Carol Richards* (Decca).

LET'S DANCE—*Oh Them Dudes* by Polly Bergen (Victor).

MR. MUSIC—*Life is So Peculiar* by Louis Armstrong and Louis Jordan** (Decca); Peggy Lee* (Capitol); Lisa Kirk* (Victor); Monica Lewis* (MGM).

All the records of this wonderful Frank Loesser song are so great it's hard to pick a favorite—better just listen to all of them.

MY FRIEND IRMA GOES WEST—*I'll Always Love You* by Eileen Wilson and Don Cherry* (Decca).

ROGUES' REGIMENT—*Just for a While* by Mindy Carson (Victor).

SAMSON AND DELILAH—*Song of Delilah* by Art Lund* (MGM).

TWO WEEKS WITH LOVE—original cast album* (MGM).

This set of slices from the soundtrack brings you everything but the Technicolor. Jane Powell does four of the six numbers alone, two with Carleton Carpenter. Records are available on all three speeds.

WEST POINT STORY—*You Love Me* by Gordon MacRae* (Capitol).

ALBUMS & LP'S

JOE BUSHKIN—*Piano Moods** (Columbia LP).

Columbia has started to corner the piano market, and if you're in the mood for pretty keyboard music for easy listening there are several other good sets by Dardanella, Walter Gross and a whole bunch of fine pianists. Best of all is the one by Erroll Garner.

HARRY JAMES—*Your Dance Date** (Columbia LP).

Here's another of those dance collections with no interruptions between tunes—just continuous James jazz mostly in the jump style but with some mighty pretty moments, too.

JEANETTE MACDONALD—*Favorites** (Victor). Six Jeanette MacDonald hits including *Ciribiribi*, *One Night of Love*, *Only a Rose*.

EZIO PINZA—*Enchanted Melodies** (Columbia LP).



Ever dream ***

you were dancing on a star?

You know that shiver of excitement when you suddenly look *new*? A delirious dress can do it... or a once-in-a-million hair-do... that *lift* sends you dancing up to the stars. That's exactly the way you'll feel when you first wear Dream Stuff.

This brand new make-up is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff—it clings for hours. Tuck it in your purse—it *can't* spill! 4 dreamy shades.

only **49¢** plus tax

Woodbury **DREAM STUFF** *

New! Tinted Foundation and Powder in one!



FREE! *Handy Convenient* OF EXTRA COST " **Push-Kap** " Dispenser

with large and giant size **Cashmere Bouquet** **Hand Lotion**

**Tip the bottle,
push the cap—
Have lovelier-looking
hands in seconds!**

No bothersome top to remove or replace. This handy "Push-Kap" dispenser gives you just the *desired* amount of lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion for the gentlest, most soothing care your dry, chapped hands (knees and elbows, too) have ever experienced. Cashmere Bouquet is the fragrant new formula that pours like a lotion, *softens* like a cream, dries quick-as-a-wink without stickiness.

Grand as a powder base, or complexion treatment for your entire body. Get Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion with the new "Push-Kap" dispenser, in the large or giant size, today!



1. No Fuss!

When ready to apply lotion—simply withdraw silvery pin from spout. No bothersome cap to unscrew, replace, or lose.

2. No Muss!

Turn bottle upside down. Press gently on knob behind spout with forefinger to dispense lotion. Can't spill, bottle never becomes slippery.

3. No Waste!

When exactly *desired* amount of lotion is dispensed, release pressure of forefinger and replace bottle upright. Simple, convenient, economical.



25¢ and 43¢

In 1919, Dr. Willis Martin became pastor of the Hollywood Methodist Church. He watched as Hollywood grew from a small community into the great center of the movie industry, and from that time to this, he has taken an active part in its spiritual life. Here, for the first time, is an analysis of Hollywood as he sees it.

a minister looks at hollywood

by kolma flake

■ *"I will never disgrace these hallowed weapons or abandon my comrade by whom I am placed. I will not leave my country less but greater by sea and land. I will obey the appointed rulers and the established laws and whatever new laws the state may lawfully establish. And if anyone attempts to abolish the existing laws or disobey them I will resist him."*—The Athenian Oath

"Every actor who makes Hollywood synonymous with motion pictures should be required to take and abide by the Athenian Oath. Hollywood is not and never has been as wicked as outside critics claim, but not until actors accept their responsibility will they take the club out of the hands of those critics. So far they have tried to dodge their responsibility in too many instances.

"They point indignantly to the fact that only one out of six has been divorced compared to like divorce figures in other cities; that their night-clubbing with its sprinkling of fist fights can be duplicated in some other places.

"Perhaps they are right, but they overlook entirely the truth that their influence is too great for them to regard themselves as anything more or less than important and richly rewarded public servants who must be above reproach. No such actor has the right to claim artistic license to flaunt those institutions or standards of conduct and morals in which people believe. It is time they recognized this and took themselves more seriously."

These are not the words of a space-grabbing politician nor of a distant shouting preacher so that Hollywood can sigh, "What, once again?"

They are the (Continued on page 81)



She never looks back, because the past is too full of shadows and broken dreams.

■ When they told Lana at the hospital that she had lost a baby for the second time, she died a little. And when the shock of that breathless, numb moment had passed and her tears came, it seemed as if they would never stop . . . tears for this unfulfilled promise, and for all the promises of life that had been broken, and for all the sorrows . . . If Lana Turner had ever known happiness at its fullest, it was because she had experienced sadness many times at its depth.

On that Friday night last October when she slipped on her porch and lost her child, another misfortune was added to her lengthy list. If there was anything that she had wanted then or now more than a baby, she couldn't name it.

Two years ago, when she suffered her first miscarriage, the doctors had told Lana that her chances of having another child were slim, because of the RH factor. "Your blood is RH negative," the doctors pointed out, "and Mr. Topping's is RH positive. A child of yours might be born, but it probably wouldn't survive."

This RH factor, which plays a great role in Lana's life, is a sub-type of four major blood types. Nowadays, before blood transfusions are made, the blood of the donor is matched to the blood of the patient, for if the blood doesn't match after the second transfusion, dangerous shock reactions result. These reactions also occur if the RH factor doesn't match, too. Most of the people in this country are RH positive; a small percentage are RH negative, and do not contain the RH factor in their blood cells.

During her first pregnancy, Lana's body managed to tolerate this antagonistic mixture of blood, and despite it, she gave birth to Cheryl, a healthy child. But the *(Continued on page 84)*

THE SORROWS OF LANA TURNER

by Steve Cronin



STILL GRIEF-STRICKEN BY THE LOSS OF HER BABY, LANA, REMAINING GLAMOROUS, MANAGES TO SMILE.

I had never seen
a romance like theirs, it
was so beautiful.
And even now that it's
over for Jane and
Ronnie, the ghost of their
love lingers on . . .

Are They HAUNTED BY THEIR PERFECT LOVE ?

by Louella Parsons

■ I sincerely believe there's not a chance in the world of Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan being married lovers again.

And, just as sincerely, I believe they will never be free of that perfect love they once shared.

If this were not true—how does it happen that neither has been able really to fall in love with anyone else although two years have gone by since a judge handed Janie her final divorce decree, and their separation was a year before that?

Oh, yes, I know that Jane, so chic, so poised, so much a woman of the world these days, has *thought* she was in love several times.

There was the moody-broody interlude with Lew Ayres.

Wealthy Mannie Sachs was crazy about her—and Jane was flattered.

Whether they admit it or not, a spark ignited briefly, flared, and died down between Jane and good looking attorney, Greg Bautzer.

As for Ronnie—he's had dates, naturally. He's good looking, successful and—very human. But never for a minute has he even pretended it was love.

They are quite sure, Jane and Ronnie, that their love is dead, cold and finished without the tiniest ember still aglow. But, I wonder if they are equally sure that what they once had shared has not made the other loves too pale?

I say, truthfully, that in (*Continued on page 73*)



"I introduced them twelve years ago when I invited Rannie and Jane on a personal appearance tour. Starlet Jane idolized Rannie."



"She loved being called Mrs. Reagan; she was the happiest married woman ever knew, and her career took second spot in her life."



"As success mounted, Ronnie and Jane went their separate ways until finally they parted. Jane found an understanding friend in Lew Ayres."



"Rannie, with Ruth Roman, dates a lot of girls but can't seem to fall in love. 'I think I've forgotten how,' he said recently."

nicky hilton tells his side

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE Six mornings a week, at 8:30 on the dot, a restlessly energetic young man in a neat business suit settles his six-foot frame behind a desk in his office at Los Angeles' Bel-Air Hotel where he is part owner and vice-president. On his desk rests a copper pen stand engraved "Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Jr.," also stacks of paper work and two telephones which start clamoring the minute he sits down.

Nick Hilton juggles the receivers from ear to ear and wades into his work—checking receipts, scanning color schemes for decoration, jig-saw puzzling reservations, plotting parties, getting the engineer after the heater that's gone out, soothing the fussy lady with the Pekingese. The hundred fascinating headaches of the hotel game he loves gang up on him and he's happy.

Then comes a call, from a friend, like the other day.

"Hello, Nick? Did you see the morning paper?"

"No—what?" But already a frown is planted on Nick Hilton's pleasant, boyish face.

"... Says last night you and Elizabeth had a row in a night club over an old boy friend and you huffed out of the place. That true?"

"Last night," replies Nick wearily, "Elizabeth and I played canasta with my brother and his wife at their house. Nobody huffed out of anywhere. Look—how can people make up such things, how can they print them? Isn't there some way to stop—?" Then he answers himself—"No—if you talk back, you only make things worse. We'll just rise above this one, too."

But already some of the steam is out of his morning. His brown eyes burn. He's on the defensive and he's sore. Who wouldn't be?

Ever since he married Elizabeth Taylor last May, Nick Hilton has been a target for unjust, even slanderous barbs. From the day he said "I do" to this they have never stopped slamming away with outrageous rumor and gossip at his home, and consistently Nick himself has been made out the villain of the piece. Why, is pretty hard to figure—unless the fact that he captured America's most sought after beauty made the whole world spitefully jealous. Whatever the reason, this good natured, ambitious and hard working guy Hilton has been persistently pictured as a fractious playboy, spendthrift young millionaire, gambler, tippler, glamor-struck husband—a sort of combination

but here are the facts here

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM By the time you read this health chart on the marriage state of Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton, anything might have happened—a big argument, a bigger reconciliation, a statement of undying devotion, or a visit to the lawyer. But whether they are together or whether they are apart, *I'm* going to add a powerful postscript—**THEY'LL STILL BE IN LOVE!**

I've written about Elizabeth and Nicky before but it was like riding a horse with blinders on—the scenery to the left and right could only be guessed at. Now, the marriage is emerging in its sharp outline. Conjecture can be replaced by clarification. The honeymoon is over. This is for real. And reality is sometimes a painful pill to swallow. So are facts. But because I'm convinced that Elizabeth and Nicky *are* in love, I'll be presumptuous, perhaps, and measure out the medicine. And I hope the young Hiltons will swallow it with an open mind—to mix metaphors.

First of all, Elizabeth and Nicky have been behaving like spoiled children. And I'm not blaming them for that. They've both had everything done for them all their lives. Nicky's father, multi-millionaire hotel tycoon Conrad Hilton, has wor-

shipped the oldest of his three sons ever since his birth 23 years ago in Texas. Nicky had only to ask, to get—a pony—a horse—a fishing rod, a trust fund, travel. The child of divorced parents, what he didn't smooch from his father, he smiled, out of his mother. They gave him everything. Everything except a couple of things money, not even millions, can buy—consideration for others, emotional happiness for himself.

And Elizabeth. The pretty child of a still pretty mother. It must be hard for a mama to keep her head when her heart is listening to the lovely sentence, "Your daughter is the most beautiful girl in the world." The Taylors weren't and aren't as wealthy as the Hiltons, not by several millions, but whatever they had, Elizabeth had most of—rented houses at the beach, dresses, devotion—dreams. Topped with the pink icing on the white cake—fame as a movie star in Elizabeth's own right.

So, the famous young beauty marries the handsome rich Prince Charming, and the whole world smiles, and expects them to be happy ever after. Maybe they will be—afterwards. But right now they are learning, and very painfully I'm afraid, via spats and separations, that there's more to living than loving.

of the story...

Errol Flynn, gay Tommy Manville and "Bet-a-Million" Gates.

In Paris, on his honeymoon, reporters kept his telephone at the *Georges V.* hotel jangling day and night until he had to have it shut off. Then they buttonholed him in the lobby: How many millions had he settled on his bride? What did his Cadillac cost? How much had he paid for her furs—how much for her jewels? How many hundreds of shoes had he bought her? Was it true he was ordering Elizabeth a custom made evening gown from every expensive couturier in Paris? And so on, until—as Nick recalls disgustedly, "I wanted to poke them in the nose."

London was worse. There Nick got even more absurd and some insulting reactions. Was he star struck? Was he after a movie career? Did he long to make a picture with Elizabeth? One paper printed a news shot of Nick and Elizabeth with the caption, "Mister Taylor Is All Burned Up!" And Mister *Hilton* was all burned up when he saw that—for sure.

At Cannes, in the south of France, where the Hiltons spent long honeymoon days, most vacationers swim in the morning, nap in the afternoon, visit the Casino at night—that's about all there is to do. But when Nick Hilton (*Continued on page 92*)



has to face

especially when the person you seem to love most is the one who looks back at you in the mirror.

Take the "help" question. The servant saga in the Nicky Hilton household is hilarious or heartbreaking—depending on your sense of humor this morning. Within the space of two months—from September when Elizabeth and Nicky so bravely set up housekeeping in the Pacific Palisades home belonging to his younger brother Barron, to the end of October when they decided they didn't, after all, want to *buy* the house—Elizabeth hired, fired, or was plain walked out on by six—count 'em—servants! And they might never have had a seventh (trouble travels fast on the exclusive servant circuit in Beverly Hills and points west) if Joan Bennett, in motherly compassion for the young flounders, hadn't loaned them her own housekeeper!

Who is to blame for the Hilton help problem? *I'm* not saying. But these are the plain ungarnished facts. Servants don't usually leave considerate employers. One of the dissatisfied six told me that she found Elizabeth and Nicky very charming to work for except for one failing—"You never knew when they'd suddenly appear with six extra guests for dinner" (*Continued on page 96*)



The public pictures movie stars in Russian broadtail negligees. Ruth Roman would like to own this one, but won't spend \$6,000.

Q



You can get a reputation for glamour overnight if you bathe in leopard skin. But Ruth's made her reputation by acting (see her in *Dallas*), doesn't need \$900 prop.

Ruth Roman says:

"It's the sense in 'sensational' that counts.

Why buy clothes that look good enough to eat if you can't eat enough to look good?"

BY SUSAN TRENT

pays to be Sensational



At Fuhrman's, Beverly Hills' fabulous fur shop, Ruth Roman daydreams in a Royal pastel mink. Unlike the dummy next to her, she could walk out with it, but she borrows minks from the studio for public appearances.



Ruth found a versatile scarf of grey Russian lamb with dots the size of silver dollars. It can be worn as belt or turban. All in all, she tried on \$150,000 worth of furs, but didn't buy even an ermine tail.

■ It happened the night of one of her first big premières. There were lights and cameras and hundreds of gorgeous people stepping out of limousines. Crowds lined the sidewalks—cheering their favorite stars as they entered the theater. Ruth Roman stopped to give an autograph. "Gosh, Miss Roman, you look just wonderful," said the little girl whose book she held.

Shyly, the girl reached out and touched the sleeve of Ruth's coat. "Mink . . ." she sighed, blissfully.

Ruth sighed, too, before she grinned her

honest grin and confessed. "Honey," she said. "It goes right back to the studio tomorrow."

"You mean it doesn't belong to you?" said the voice of utter disillusionment. That's when Ruth realized that she had a problem.

Just plain Ruth Roman can lounge around in denims. She can even walk down Hollywood Boulevard in a simple peasant outfit—as long as no one recognizes her. But Ruth Roman, movie star, is obligated to be spectacular most of the time. "It's

expected," she says. "Stars are supposed to have more imagination about clothes, and more money to spend on them."

Occasionally, you'll find that sensational clothes pay off—as in the case of Rita Hayworth. Rita was playing one small role after another. Nobody seemed to care. Until Ed Judson, her husband at the time, took her shopping. They spent a few thousand dollars on designs. It figured. If she dressed the part, stardom would follow. Rita and her gowns got the publicity. And the publicity launched an (*Continued on page 97*)



what's wrong with the Clark Gables?

Gable at a fashion show? Sylvia
frying hamburgers? It looks too good.
The public can't help wondering...

By SHEILAH GRAHAM

■ The time has come to examine the marriage of the Clark Gables. On December 20th, 1950, Clark and Sylvia passed the one year marriage milestone. That's not long, but already there have been some insidious whisperings of trouble in Paradise. Are they true? Are they false? And why and how do rumors like this start in the first place?

It may be presumptuous for an outside party to peer into the personal life of any individual, public or private. And what happens behind the closed doors of marriage is really no business of mine or yours. But the mating of a movie star is like the score board of the stock market. When you're an investor, you naturally watch with great interest as the points go up and the points go down. The fans invest love and loyalty in their film favorites, and as an accredited score-board keeper, I'm going to do my best to give you an honest accounting.

Okay. Rumor number one. Sylvia sent her favorite maid back to England after five years of devoted service simply because Clark does not care for her too much. At least, that is the story I hear behind the story. The maid *did* go back to England. At the time, just after her mistress married Mr. Gable, it was said there was no room for her in Clark's modest Encino ranch home. Since then there has been an extra guest house added. The maid has not returned.

Of course, if Clark really does prefer Sylvia without her maid, she is smart to keep her away. And take it from me, the new Mrs. Gable is smart. She looks like a piece of fragile china, but if she wants this marriage to last forever—and I'm sure she does—it would be easier to break a bar of iron.

When Clark drove alone in his big car to Durango, Colorado, for his picture *Across The Wide Missouri*, and Sylvia went solo by train in the same direction, the rumor mongers clacked busy tongues and called the columnists to say "This proves there is trouble." But I took the trouble to check the "why" behind the brief separation. I was told that Sylvia does not like long auto drives through the heat of the desert. I also learned that she left the train at Gallup, New Mexico, where Clark met her, and drove the rest of the way with him, so they could join the others of the company together. It's also true that when the members of the company saw the svelte Sylvia (*Continued on page 94*)

I was an Orphan

by Marilyn Monroe



But don't feel
sorry for Marilyn—
unless you're the kind
who weeps over
Cleopatra, and pities
a girl who has
so much glamor
that it hurts.

■ Before I was born, my father was killed in an automobile accident during a business trip to New York City. A short time later, my mother became critically ill, and while I was still too young to know much about what was happening, I became an orphan.

Naturally, that fact has greatly influenced my life. I know that often, in moments of loneliness, it has been the cause of deep personal sadness and even, at times, self-pity. But I also like to think that it is responsible, at least in part, for my having been able to realize my greatest ambition—an acting career.

I don't like to dwell on the confused and unsettled part of my childhood. When I was orphaned, the court, as is customary in the state of California, appointed a legal guardian for me. At first I lived with the guardian, but because she had a family of her own, it became necessary for me to live with someone else. I don't suppose I need to remind anyone that the 1930's were difficult times for everybody.

During the years that I was going through grammar school, I lived with a number of different families all over Los Angeles. I'm not sure, but I believe I went to seven different grade schools. And I always attended the church of the faith of the family I was living with at the time.

I don't believe that I ever really gave any trouble to the people I lived with. I was a shy little girl, and while I was still very young, I developed a make-believe world for myself. Every afternoon when I took my naps, I would pretend things. One day, I would be a beautiful princess in a tower. Or a boy with a dog. Or a grandmother with snowy white hair. And at night, I would lie and whisper out, ever so softly, the situations that I had heard on the radio before bedtime. I don't believe that I minded much being alone. In fact, I rather enjoyed it.

I remember a vacant lot that I used to cross on my way home from Bakman Avenue School in North Hollywood. It was just a dirty old lot overgrown with weeds, but from the moment I stepped onto it, it became a magic and private place where I could be all of the people I had (Continued on page 64)



Marilyn was a natural as the young temptress in *Asphalt Jungle*. Siren clothes accent her blonde, indoor beauty. She doesn't want to be a mere decoration, though, she's interested in fine acting.



Despite her high-flung aspirations, Marilyn can't deny her more earthy assets which monogues to make even shorts and shirt look glamorous. She also dresses up her part in *All About Eve*.

the truth about



hollywood's golden circle

Social success is assured by an invitation from one of these famous star hosts.

Fred Astaire
Jack Benny
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Joan Crawford
Clark Gable
Bob Hope
Barbara Stanwyck

Hollywood's social register is spelled C A S H, and a green check will pass for blue

■ A few weeks ago, a famous star walked into Romanoff's restaurant for lunch. Prince Romanoff greeted him cordially, as usual, and led him to a table. The table was not as usual, however. It was table number four, instead of table number one, and that was the first indication anyone had that this star's option had been dropped. What's more, if someone doesn't pick up his option soon, the star will have to bring his own chair along if he wants to get a seat at Romanoff's.

There's no Blue Book in Hollywood, no Lady Astor to determine your social standing, but go to Romanoff's before lunch or just before dinner and stand at the bar. In the space of an hour you'll know who's who in Hollywood society, without a word being uttered.

If a star is shunted to the back room he's on the way down. If he has to wait for a table, he's all washed up. If he's led immediately to one of the booths marked "Reserved," he's marching at the head of the legion of honor, temporarily at least, and is duly noted by everyone of importance, or their informers, as a "must" on all guest lists. Before he's finished with his dessert a platoon of agents are guaranteeing him more money than his present representative is getting him, regardless of the amount.

There are two factors that really determine social eminence in Hollywood—fame and the power to command a large salary. An old line Angeleno socialite, while attending one of Hollywood's famous polo games once wryly remarked, "This is the first time in the history of the game

hollywood society



blood any day.

by Jill Mason

that the horses have had better blood than the players."

In similar vein, a fellow wag once observed that in Hollywood an aristocrat is anyone who can trace his ancestry back to his father. While both these boys were certainly reaching to make a point, it is nonetheless true that social position in Hollywood does not rest upon the foundations that support it in most other communities.

Sometimes in a matter of two or three months, fame, fortune and a fawning public present themselves like a dream to some aspiring actor, and his social position is assured. That this position can be reversed in an equally short time is a matter of record. Is it any wonder then that a session among Hollywood's elite gives you the impression that (Continued on page 86)



The woven fence around Janet's property is the same redwood as the house.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH

castle with a redwood fence

by Marwa Peterson



Janet's taste in decoration is simple. Low-slung,

Indoors and outdoors are pleasantly mingled in Janet's home which is built around a patio. The patio's portable barbecue and bar make entertaining easy and gracious.

Originally designed for the architect himself, the house is planned for efficient living. The modern kitchen has a garbage disposal, snack bar, and loads of cupboards.





overstuffed furniture with clean lines, set in conversational groupings, make for uncluttered comfort in the living room.

When is a house a castle? When a princess like Janet Leigh lives in it—and loves it.

■ They call her Cinderella Girl so much she almost forgets her name is Janet Leigh. And even if she still hasn't married her prince, this Cinderella has a castle—a modern castle that's more beautiful than spacious, although it suits her family fine. Around it there's a redwood fence, but it doesn't keep the world from her door, or Tony Curtis, either. Janet doesn't mind. Her only regret is that she didn't think of buying that castle sooner.

She got the idea over one Sunday's breakfast. She was tired that morning. There was no sparkle in her eyes, no lilt in her voice, no enthusiasm. She'd just divorced Stanley Reames and had finished her eleventh consecutive movie.

Suddenly, Janet turned to her father. "Tell me, Dad," she

said. "Why am I knocking myself out? When I'm not in front of the cameras, I'm taking ballet lessons. When I'm not taking ballet, I'm studying lines. When I quit studying lines, I'm off on publicity junkets. I don't even have *time* to spend the money I'm earning."

Her father told her, "All that is the price of fame." Her mother told her that what she needed was a nice house to come home to.

"It was a wonderful idea," says Janet now. "It gave my career, all the hard work, a purpose. And for my parents, well, it was the dream of a lifetime."

The Morrison family launched their house-buying project immediately. But it took more than a year to find a place that

MORE >



Tony Curtis is a frequent, welcome visitor at Janet Leigh's small castle. He likes to discuss and plan other dream houses with her.

castle with a redwood fence continued

suited their tastes as well as the size of their pocketbooks.

"The first house we saw was beautiful," Janet recalls. "It would have been perfect if I had discovered oil instead of having been discovered myself by Norma Shearer. It was a modest California bungalow. I think it cost around \$37,500.

"That's a lot of money, but it was the upkeep that really bothered us. We would have needed a hotel staff. The real estate agent didn't even believe me when I told her we wanted a house without a maid's room.

"She looked at me as if to say, 'Sister, you can't be much of an actress if you don't even have a maid.'

"After a few false starts, she gave up calling us. I guess she figured that the commission she made on any house we bought wouldn't fill her thimble.

"For months, Dad and Mom and I spent our Sundays driving through residential districts we liked. It got so that I used to ask my dates to drive me home 'the residential

route' so that I'd be sure to spot the latest 'for sale' signs.

"We looked at a lot of beautiful homes, but we're sort of an idealistic family, and we decided to hold out until we found something every one of us liked."

Persistence paid off. One Sunday when Janet was driving around Brentwood in her Buick convertible, she spied a new sign. She and her parents hopped out of the car and inspected the house.

It seemed to have everything they wanted, everything they needed. But then came that awful moment when they had to ask the price.

"You won't believe it," Janet says, "but even the price was right. We saw the house on Sunday and bought it on Monday. Maybe you won't believe this, but honestly, I knew the house was right for us just as soon as I saw the cute fence out front. No fooling."

The fence that first caught Janet's (*Continued on page 76*)



Shoes are Janet's weakness. She owns seventeen pairs of high heels and twelve pairs of flats. Her father built these shelves for them.

A bulletin board, a doll on the bed reflect Janet's personal touches in her own room. Its glass doors open directly out onto the patio.

Two desks make the attractive office that Janet and her father share. He attends to his insurance business while she answers her fan mail.



MISS WHISTLE-BAIT



OF 1951

She always had what it took, but no one took a look—until she climbed into a corset. Now everybody's making eyes at Janie Powell.

JANE WILKIE

■ Maybe you've heard of her. Her name's Jane Powell, the girl with the voice—and plenty more. A couple of years ago, she'd walk along the street and people would say, "There goes Janie." Not now. Now the people, particularly the men, stop, look—and whistle.

What happened? Well, to begin with, Janie was put into a corset for *Two Weeks With Love*, and corsets don't come down to the ankles. Corsets don't hang like potato sacks. The people on the set had an awakening. Janie wore this same corset to the Press Photographers' Ball, and after that night it was public opinion that the glamor girls had better take one giant step forward if they want to keep ahead of Jane Powell.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is really excited. All the time they thought they had just a cute teen-ager to put in Technicolor. Now they have a woman, and so much more to work with.

Most people are surprised at this new Jane, but those who know her well could have predicted what would happen. Even when she first came out to Hollywood, at 14, she had an air about her. Charles Rogers, who produced her first movie, *Song of the Open Road*, will tell you that she might have been a little scared, a little lonely, but it didn't interfere with her performance.

"In the picture," says Mr. Rogers, "we wanted to make her look older, so we dressed her in more mature clothes. It was surprising to see how naturally she wore them. Not like most kids, who would look as though they'd swiped their mother's wardrobe. She made you believe she was 17."

Despite her maturity at that age, Janie was a lonesome, homesick kid. Lillian Burns, the drama coach at MGM, remembers the first time she rehearsed Janie for a scene. It called for tears. But Janie said, "I don't feel like crying."

So Miss Burns began talking about Jane's home, and the friends she'd left behind in Portland. Janie burst into sobs. "I want to go home!" she wailed. "I want to go back to school with my friends!"

Holiday in Mexico changed all that. She met Roddy McDowall, and through him, a lot of young people who lived in Hollywood. Soon she was happy and successful. Success brought enough fame, and money to turn anyone's head, especially a teen-ager's, but even now, Roddy McDowall says, "I've known (Continued on page 76)"



Jane's practicality isn't new. She started a scrapbook of recipes as soon as she became engaged, systematically shopped for furniture and never let a bargain get away.



Self-confidence came with marriage to Geary Steffen, but Jane's friends say that otherwise she hasn't changed. She was always mature for her years and always considerate.



Audie was her
first love, her lost love,
and the scar
was deep. But now
Wanda knows that someday,
someone else will
come to claim her . . .

“I can love again”

by Jim Henaghan

■ She had probably never said it before to anyone, but she said it right out, without prompting or probing. “I’m not in love. Not anymore. But I want to be. I will be. I can be—now.”

Very tiny, elfin, like an animated piece of Dresden, Wanda Hendrix sat across from your MODERN SCREEN reporter and said for the record that the last flicker of her love for Audie Murphy had died. If there was any emotion in her voice it was one of simple regret. Her manner was candid, and there was no roar of tumbling bulwarks as the admission was made that a marriage which had captured the romantic imagination of the world had failed, and that the institution has suffered.

Yes, the institution of marriage has suffered, because when a lovely young actress marries a boy who might well go down in American history as the greatest warrior of them all, we steep ourselves in the beauty of their love. When their dreams are revealed as clay, so are ours by reflection; and when their marriage words prove as sacred as evidence in a traffic court, a bit of our world crumbles.

A report is in order. The prelude to Wanda’s love, which was secret in the time of its existence, must be played again and viewed in retrospect, for we are all interested parties.

A question to Miss Hendrix: “When did you first love Audie Murphy?” (Continued on page 63)



Wanda met Audie at 17, too young to doubt emotions.



HER MOTHER'S HAPPINESS COMES FIRST, BUT VERA-ELLEN ALSO VALUES A SOCIAL LIFE OF HER OWN.



Vera-Ellen had fun with Cesar Romero at the British Film Garden Party.



Rock Hudson is a frequent escort. Last year they were Mr. and Mrs. Oscar at the Photographers' Ball.



When in New York, Vera-Ellen glamor-dates Ernest Byfield, Jr., at the Stork Club.

She's made her mother
laugh once more; she's conquered
the plumbing and the
blues. Now, Vera-Ellen's the head
of the house—and the heart of it.

BY ROBERT PEER

there's a man in the house

■ The day after Vera-Ellen finished her starring role opposite David Niven in *Happy Go Lovely*, she headed for Selfridges, one of London's oldest department stores.

The girl in the dress department recognized her immediately. "What can I do for you, Miss Ellen?" she asked, eagerly.

"I think I'd like a mother-daughter outfit. Something bright and gay . . ."

One hour later, Vera-Ellen raced up to her room at the Claridge hotel, a big carton under her arm. "Mother—I bought us something. Something we've always wanted . . ."

Mrs. Alma Rohe watched her daughter unpack two identical, colorful print dresses. "Don't you think it's a little bright for a woman my age?" she said, hesitantly.

"Oh, come on, mother. Try it on. I'll bet we'll look like sisters. Tonight we'll go out and paint the town red!"

Well—they didn't exactly paint London red. But Mrs. Rohe put on the dress. And that afternoon, the two women, chattering cheerfully, went to the Savoy for tea. If you'd been sitting nearby, you might have heard the sweet-faced blonde girl say,

"You look wonderful, mother, and honestly—isn't this fun?" You might have heard the lady sitting opposite her answer, a bit incredulously,

"You know, I really feel wonderful, and—well, this *is* fun. Let's do it often."

That afternoon was a double triumph for Vera-Ellen. She had won two battles, which, had she lost, would have ruined her career as well as the lives of two people.

Her battle started in the late summer of 1949, when life was over for Martin Rohe, Vera-Ellen's quiet mannered, (*Continued on page 60*)

She's capable, but cute, too—her legs are valuable studio property.





THE OFF-AGAIN, ON-AGAIN HUTTON-BRISKIN MARRIAGE HAS SURVIVED AN UNSTABLE PAST (SEE PICTURES BELOW).



BETTY'S FAMILY liked Ted. Mrs. Hutton and sister Marion couldn't have been happier when she married him in 1946.



THEIR CHILDREN gave the Briskin marriage a larger meaning. They both would do anything to insure happiness for Lindsay Diane, now three, and Candice, two.



HOLLYWOOD NIGHTLIFE bored Ted, though Betty loved its glitter. However, personality clashes went much deeper than their party tastes.

week-end Marriage

They want to
keep their marriage—
even at a distance . . .
Ted and Betty
live twenty-five hundred
miles apart but they've
never been closer.

BY MARY JANE LILLY

■ They were separated twice and reconciled twice, which is itself an unusual thing in Hollywood. Now they're back together again in a new kind of marriage—marriage by long distance.

The people who get their polish and most of their information by leaning on cafe tables say it won't work. How can it—they ask—if he lives in Chicago, she has a house in Hollywood, and they see each other weekends, some weekends? Is that marriage?

Betty Hutton thinks it is, but from the smile on her face you can't tell if she's serious. She smiled the same way after both her separations, and everyone assumed that she couldn't have been happier. She was as vivacious as ever with a goodbye-I'll-never-miss-you gaiety. Now that Ted's back, or at least within communicable distance, she talks about the past with a hint of tears in her voice.

"This must be for real," says one gossip to another. The other laughs, "That's what you said when they parted."

Nobody knows if this marriage will last. Her friends hope it will, but Betty's hard to understand and she plays whatever role she wants so well that someday she may even fool herself.

While she and Ted were separated, for instance, Betty attended an all-girl birthday party, (*Continued on page 90*)

THEY'RE BLISSFUL AT THE MOMENT, BUT THEY'VE BEEN THAT WAY BEFORE. WHAT'S NEXT?



MOTHER AND CHILDREN helped fill the gap for Betty during her two separations from Ted. She made great strides in her career, too.



FUNLOVING Betty carried on her social life with or without Ted. She never lacked dates, always seemed exuberant. Bob Sterling's name was linked with hers.



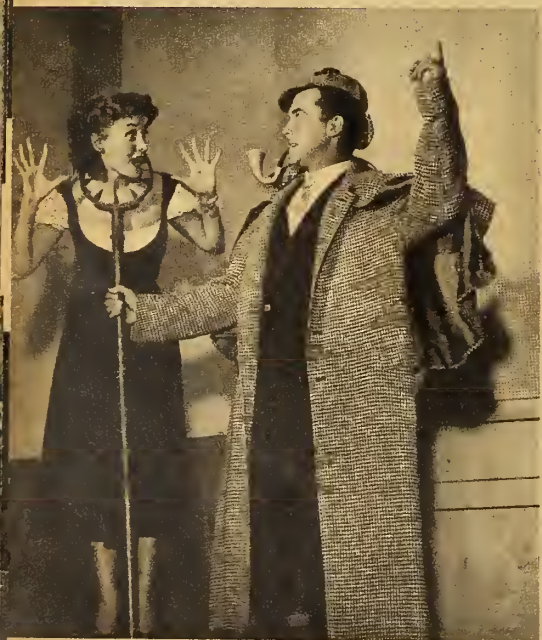
TOGETHER AGAIN—but only for week-ends. This long-distance marriage is the only solution that Betty thinks will ever work out.



Suspects or corpse? It's in the cards for Virginia Field, Mona and Pat Nerney, Rhonda Fleming, Moro Lynn and Joon Evans.



Guess who's the corpse? Dick looks horrified, but he planned it that way—maybe red-haired Rhonda will get to kill him.



Sherlock Greene knows how to track down beauties, foscinate Miss Fleming.

Happy little Frankenstein gets big tap on the head by husband, Pat Nerney.



Jack Grey decides to cut up a little, but Joan Evans thinks he may be going a bit too far.



The corpse uncovers the villain. As you will see in the story, the script is a dead giveaway.



KILLED ME?

by Dick Powell



The corpse proudly denounces his own murderer (poor Richard) while the crowd listens to his story with bated breath and mute admiration.

I gave a murder party for my friends, and we had so much fun that I died laughing!

■ I never speak to June—June Allyson, my happy little wife—about those nightmares. They all have a violent sameness. I am the corpse. One night I'll be the corpse propped up on the witness stand with the district attorney yelling at me, "Don't you sit there trying to tell the court that the defendant is guilty just because he mowed you down with a machine gun. You can't prove murder without malice, and when he shot you he was the happiest man in the world!"

Then again I'll be lying stone cold in a pool of blood, knifed to death by the butler. Detectives are swarming all over the place, suspecting everybody but that sanctimonious servant standing right in their midst, stiletto dripping red, laughing out loud and always looking like Orson Welles. When I try to tell them who did it they turn into sneering Boris Karloffs and



The murder party gathers in the American Room at Bob Cobb's Brown Derby for some of Cobb's famous salad and fixings. Dick Powell (he's still alive, you can see him in *Cry Danger*), is a model host to Joon, Mora and Rhonda.

The Brown Derby Recipe for Cobb Salad

*Lettuce
Romaine
Chicken
Crisp Bacon
Hard Boiled Eggs
Chives.*

■ Chop ingredients fine. Serve in bowl. Decorate with avocado balls, tomato, and eggs. Sprinkle with chopped Roquefort cheese. Serve with old-fashioned French dressing.

who killed me? cont'd

reply, "Some detective you are. You're just a ham actor. Besides, everybody knows the butler is never guilty."

Well, I wake up in the middle of the night out of these horrors and look over at Junie. She's always smiling in her sleep. And sometimes, giggling. I'd ask her what she dreams about but she'd only ask me the same thing and in the end insist that I go to a psychiatrist, or at least cut out those late hour snacks before bedtime.

That's why I decided, somewhat humorously you understand, to do something about these grim nocturnal visitations of mine. I figured that if I could concoct a plot crazier than my dreams the nightmares would go away or at least simmer down. So I called up the editors of *MODERN SCREEN*, told them that I had trapped a few friends into coming to the studio for a party after my Tuesday night show. Would they care to come around with cameras?

They would.

We had a good radio show that night. If I do say so, Richard Diamond (that's me) did very well. He got kicked around quite a bit but in the

end he solved the mystery and took his bows, the big ham. Can't say that I blame him, what with people like Virginia Field, Richard Greene, Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney, Rhonda Fleming, Mara Lynn, Joan Evans, and that elegant new young actor, Jack Grey, for an audience.

As soon as the announcer said, "This is NBC," I put down my script and took up my guests, most of whom never had a chance to participate in that wonderful pastime—the fine art of murder. They were delighted. June, who couldn't be on hand due to the pending blessed event, had written the word SUSPECT on little slips of paper. One for each guest, except for a lone slip on which was written VICTIM. We drew the slips out of the hat and, for the sake of staying in character with my nightmares, I palmed the slip so I'd be the corpse, a role with which I'd become familiar.

Then my guests proceeded to a large stockpile of murder weapons and were allowed to take their choice. The idea behind all this, in case you, too, should like to give a murder party, is to confuse the victim. The guests get in a huddle, have five minutes to decide on a plot and who among them did it. Then the victim stretches himself out in corpse position. If he can find out who killed him he's allowed to live—or he might even get a prize.

I guess you can figure out the rest. The pictures practically tell the story. They stretched me out on a table in studio C, ran me through with a prop sword and told me to take it from there.

There were practically no clues at all. Just a gang of innocent looking characters. Virginia Field for instance. She looked as if she had a halo spinning around her head, but I passed her up as a suspect. Too beautiful. I saw the Frankenstein-like equipment Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney were toying with and thought, "Well, maybe."

To make a short case of a hilarious party, I lined up all the suspects, still wearing that sword through my middle. (Don't worry, it only hurt when I laughed.) Before long I had the answer. Dick Greene was the killer. Why? Well, for one thing, all detectives (that's me) have an instinctive hatred for Sherlock Holmes. He knows too much. For another, Greene is an expert fencer. It was only natural that he should choose the rapier as a murder weapon. The motive? When Dick confessed, he explained that the guests figured the only reasons there could be to kill a radio detective would be (1) he was a lousy performer, which they insisted I wasn't, and (2) he might be exposing a murder plot on his show.

Hence the solution: Richard Greene, disguised as Sherlock Holmes, planned to heist a jewelry store. He was tipped off that the exact crime had been written into my show that night by a writer he knew. Result: if he eliminated me and stole all the scripts the cops would never suspect him. And how did I find out? Very simple, my dear Watsons. Looking around the studio—I noticed that right after the broadcast every script had disappeared, except the one in Dick Greene's pocket!

That did it. I want to point out that actors named Greene, living or dead, have no resemblance to guys who rob jewelry stores. Actors do like to raid a table loaded with food, though, because all of us have been hungry at one time or another and figure we'd better stoke up every chance we get. So we all hiked over to Bob Cobb's Vine Street Brown Derby, where they tossed a fine repast for the people who killed me.

P.S. I ate like a fool but I don't have those nightmares any more. After all, how could I dream up a plot crazier than this one?

THE END



Tony and Piper in *The Prince Who Was A Thief*.

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there's a man in the house

(Continued from page 53) soft spoken, amiable father. He had died in his sleep as peacefully as he had lived the fifty-odd years of his life.

For Vera-Ellen it was the start of a new life, and new responsibilities. An only child, with a mother, who, after three decades of a happily married life, seemed unable to face the world without her husband, Vera-Ellen now had to take over the full burden of the household. She became the man of the Rohe house.

HER San Fernando home is situated in a sleepy, out-of-the-way section, far from traffic, and people, and Hollywood. The peacefulness was ideal as long as her father was still alive. But when he passed away, the quiet became ominous.

At night, every falling leaf sounded like a heavy footstep thumping closer to the house. A bird chirping in the trees was like the turning of a key in the lock. "How silly you are," Vera-Ellen told herself the first night the two women were alone in the house. "How utterly stupid. . . ." Then she quickly locked and bolted the doors and windows, jumped into bed, and pulled the sheets over her head.

In addition to her own vivid imagination, there was, unfortunately, her mother's to cope with, too. She would just be dropping off into a jittery imitation of sleep when her mother would tap on the door quavering,

"Did you hear anything, dear?"

Oh no, Vera-Ellen would think nervously. I just heard a giant and a man climbing up the trellis and two thugs pussyfooting around in the garden. Quelling her impulse to dial the police immediately, she'd manage a firm, "Like what, mother?"

"Well—like people in the cellar."

After a few hideous nights, they got used to the noises, and a few weeks later ignored them as completely as when Martin Rohe was still alive.

That, Vera-Ellen soon discovered, was only the beginning of the period of adjustment. For herself it was not so difficult because she had her work to think about. For her mother, too frail and spent with grief to do her customary cooking and housework, the days were long and empty. She would greet Vera-Ellen in the evening, red-eyed and haggard, and poor Vera-Ellen, desperately anxious to see her smile again would tell her all the colorful and amusing little details of her own day. She got into the habit of calling her almost hourly from the studio and sharing every tiny tidbit of news with her. Then one night she made a frightening discovery. They were sitting at the dinner-table together, and Vera-Ellen said,

"I saw a dress at Bullock's, darling, that was absolutely made for you." There was a little silence, and then her mother said,

"But, dear, I'd have no place to wear it. You get that pretty dress for yourself."

It's true, Vera-Ellen thought, shocked and shaken. I've let this house become her world. My life is her life. Why, if I should marry, have a family of my own, she'd be lost. It's all wrong. And at that moment, Vera-Ellen, with only her stout heart and a lot of good common sense to guide her, undertook a job that might have staggered a trained psychiatrist.

"But you have some place to go," she told her quickly. "You've a heavy date with your daughter and her beau tomorrow night. Dinner and the movies. And Sunday, lady, we're going to church, you and I."

The dinner and movie date could hard-

ly have been called festive, with little Alma Rohe scarcely eating at all and contributing little to the conversation. But Vera-Ellen's date was a darling, and each time he made her smile he would grin at Vera-Ellen, pleased as a small boy. The Sunday church service was more successful. The sermon lifted their hearts, and the friendly nods of people in the congregation, whom they knew only by sight, made them feel very much at home. As they were leaving the church, a familiar-looking, motherly woman rested her hand on Vera-Ellen's arm.

"Nice to see you, child," she said. "We've been wanting to drop in on you, but one hates to intrude. How are you getting on?" It was one of the neighbors the self-sufficient, closely-knit Rohe family had never gotten around to meeting.

"Quite well, really," Vera-Ellen smiled, and they all walked home together talking easily of lawns and shrubs and the mysteries of changing fuses as though they'd been friends for years.

Taking off her Sunday hat and putting it in the closet, Mrs. Rohe said, "It's a good feeling having such nice neighbors."

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ON SALE NOW

And Vera-Ellen knew she was on the right track. They went to church again the next Sunday and were warmed once more by the greetings of their fellow worshippers.

SOMEHOW, after that, there were frequently flowers from one neighbor's garden in the big bowl on the living-room table, a batch of cookies from another new friend's oven for dessert. Often now there were two coffee cups on the kitchen sink when Vera-Ellen came home, evidence of new-found comradeship.

Then, one golden October evening, Vera-Ellen came home to find the house as slick as a whistle and a big fat chocolate cake for dinner. Her mother greeted her at the door, pink-cheeked and with that slightly breathless air of one who has been mighty busy all day. Vera-Ellen sat down, prepared to give her usual recital of the day's minutest activities right down to the liverwurst sandwich she'd had for lunch, but to her astonishment her mother was doing the talking.

"And then some of the ladies dropped in," she was saying, "and we had tea and cinnamon toast." In the course of the

afternoon, Alma Rohe had learned what to do about the blight on their rose bushes, the name of a good plumber in case they ever needed one, and a new recipe for chocolate icing.

"Why, you cute thing," Vera-Ellen beamed, giving her a big squeeze. "You're a perfect almanac of information." And she felt happier than she'd felt in months.

The most miraculous change of all, it seemed to Vera-Ellen—and of course it didn't come overnight—was her mother's new attitude toward household catastrophes. The first one that had occurred (soon after Mr. Rohe's death) had shattered her completely. A bathroom faucet that wouldn't turn off had flooded the hall, den and staircase before they'd finally—after endless phone calls—gotten a man from the Department of Water and Power to come and fix it. It had cost Vera-Ellen a week's pay to repair the damage, but more devastating than that had been the damage to her mother's morale.

"If only your poor father were still alive these things wouldn't happen," she had wept over and over, and for days had indulged in tearful reminiscences of his ability to cope with any situation.

Now she began to take current crises in stride. Bringing in some wood for the fireplace, Vera-Ellen contrived to knock against a table shattering one picture frame, two cups, one china parrot and an old and treasured vase. "Oh, and you loved those things," she murmured contritely.

"Well, I'll love them no longer," said her mother cheerfully, briskly picking up the pieces. Another day, when her daughter—who upon her father's death had inherited the heavy and difficult job of transferring five gallons of distilled water from a huge can into a huge bottle twice a week—spilled the water all over poor Mrs. Rohe, she burst out laughing. There was a time, Vera-Ellen thought, when she'd have cried, remembering how easily dad did this job.

There actually came a day when they could talk about Martin Rohe without tears. "Remember," her mother said to her one day out of a clear sky, "how impatient Dad would get over some of your fan letters?" (He had taken complete charge of answering his daughter's mail.) "Like the ones asking for locks of hair. Remember? I can hear him growling now." They chuckled softly thinking about it. That was a great moment.

AND in the summer of 1950, when Vera-Ellen went abroad for her first starring role in a British picture, on her daughter's urging, Alma Rohe went along in a final bid for a new life. Her efforts were climaxed the afternoon she changed into the gay mother-daughter ensemble—when her thoughts turned from the past to the future.

As for Vera-Ellen, she didn't return from England just as the breadwinner anymore. Once again she can make a quick change into a glamorous evening dress and be the life of any party, be it in London, New York, or Hollywood. She has found herself, just as she has helped her mother regain her place in life.

The evening they arrived back at their San Fernando Valley home, Alma Rohe asked Vera-Ellen to sit down in the comfortable grey chair in front of the fire place. Then she disappeared for a couple of minutes and returned with her daughter's slippers. Puzzled, Vera-Ellen watched as her mother proceeded to put the slippers on her daughter's feet. There was a mischievous look in Alma Rohe's eyes when she said, "Darling—you're the man in the house now." And the two started to laugh. THE END



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co-starring in
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A Paramount Picture

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I can love again

(Continued from page 51) Her answer: "I don't know. I can't be sure now. Maybe the first time I saw him."

A question: "And when did you lose him?"

Her answer: "The moment I married him. That very moment. I heard the words 'I now pronounce you man and wife,' and I turned to kiss Audie and he wasn't there. A man who looked like him stood before me, but Audie wasn't there. He'd run away while I stood by his side—and he never came back."

We have evidence to disprove that, of course. Some of us were there, and we have photographs of Audie Murphy and Wanda Hendrix, smiling and blissful, waving gaily as they stepped into their car to drive away on their secret honeymoon.

A question to Miss Hendrix: "But what of your honeymoon?"

Her answer: "There was no honeymoon. You must remember that Audie ran away during the ceremony."

Subtle? Well, rather. Unusual? Not at all. It happens every day. It happens everywhere. And because it is commonplace it can be spoken of freely, and analyzed openly. After two years Wanda Hendrix knows this and will speak of it.

"I WAS very much in love with Audie," she said. "I was seventeen. Even though I was an actress I didn't know very much, particularly about boys. Somebody said he wanted to meet me and it was arranged. Maybe you don't think he is handsome. But I did. He wasn't very tall, but he held himself straight. His hair was red—and I immediately liked red hair. He seemed thin, but I decided right then that I liked a man thin. His features were delicate, which surprised me, because I had heard that he was the fiercest soldier in the war. And his mouth was full, and looked generous and kind. His eyes were soft, and all about him there was the shyness of a little boy. I wanted to touch him, but I was afraid it would frighten him."

Living, for the moment, four years back into her life, Wanda Hendrix was nervously animated by her memories.

"I wasn't very pretty," she said. "At least I didn't think I was. And this wonderful boy seemed to like me. At first he was very reserved. He would call me on the phone and hardly talk—just ask me if he could see me, or if we could have dinner together or go to a show. As time went on I began to feel very close to him, and there was a restlessness in me. I thought he was never going to kiss me—and I wanted him to."

"Then one night he looked at me differently. His eyes weren't clouded with respect. They weren't shy. They looked at me directly—all of me. They frightened me a little, but in a moment they sparkled with devilment. Then he kissed me, and I thought I'd always been in love with him."

"After that," said Wanda, "we were together all the time. Murph was going to school, studying to be an actor, and I was working at Paramount. Whenever we could we'd meet during the day, and at night we'd be alone together always, generally in some quiet place. We talked a lot, about everything, but mostly about Murph. He didn't talk much about the war, just once in a while, but he told me all about his childhood and boyhood and all the things he thought about."

Wanda folded her hands on the table top, almost as if she were clasping a handful of dreams that she wanted to examine once again, and she stared at her hands to see the dreams better—and make sure she

wasn't mistaken about them.

"If I had been smarter," she said, "maybe I could have seen that Audie wasn't ready for marriage—at least not to me. He told me that his father had died when he was a baby, that he was separated from his brothers and sisters, and that all he could remember was the will to have enough to eat and enough to wear—and that he had never been loved, except by his mother. She died when he was sixteen, and he went off to war. If I had been smarter, I would have known that there hadn't been enough living in his life, or enough love, to make him ready for marriage to me."

"I never knew Audie after we were married," Wanda said sadly. "When I turned to kiss him, he was gone. The man who stood in his place, where he had been standing a moment before, was a stranger, and when I kissed his lips he didn't kiss me back. I was different, too. We stood hand in hand, we strangers, and posed for photographers, and then we went away together, and we didn't speak. When it became necessary, we spoke only of un-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



We were at a broadcast during the war when someone in the cast asked Alan Ladd how he and his daughter, Alana, got along. He proudly replied, 'Fine, except she must have seen one of my pictures. As I was changing her diapers last night she said, 'Watch it, Pop, you can't pin anything on me.'"

Mary Schwager
Santa Ana, California

important things, miserable details, not at all like lovers."

A PSYCHOLOGIST could explain it more elaborately, but the simple fact is that when Wanda Hendrix turned to her groom he wasn't there. He had run away. Audie Murphy, the greatest hero of history, had run away. And the sad part of the entire tragedy is that he couldn't help himself—nor could his wife help him.

"We were respectable people with a high regard for marriage," Wanda said, "and we tried to adjust ourselves to it. Maybe because of the fact that we were well known to the world, and because we felt, we owed it to the people who had placed such faith in our marriage, we tried harder than most couples would have. And it was harder than most. It seemed that every time we picked up a paper a quarrel or a kiss that actually belonged only to us was featured. When we separated, we were both censured, and when we reconciled, we were both publicly presented with the responsibility of not letting a separation take place again. And then—it seemed so fast, although it must have taken a long time—it was all over. And I was very unhappy for a year—I'm sure Murph was, too."

This writer's conclusion as to what happened to Audie Murphy is based on scientific fact, laboratory tested and proven to the exact science of psychiatry.

In a magazine article printed during the early part of his marriage to Wanda Hendrix, Audie Murphy was quoted as saying that he objected to writers labelling him a "psycho," the G.I. term for an emotionally maladjusted person. He had a

right to object. The word, as it is loosely used, has an unsavory connotation. During the war, it meant, popularly, a person who was so filled with the dread of battle that he was inefficient in combat—and in some circles it meant coward. In that sense it is a laughable term to apply to Audie Murphy.

However, spreading the word to its full stretch, psychopath, it becomes not at all unkind and, even though not fitting, remotely explanatory of a condition that inhibits all men. There are few men or women alive who are without some emotional instability. There are none with Audie Murphy's background.

THERE is an exact psychiatric formula that can trace the road Audie Murphy took when he fled from Wanda, his wife, but it would take a psychiatrist to explain it and another to understand it. But Wanda Hendrix Murphy, a good woman who wanted to be a good wife, searched for the answer, for she felt she had been remiss—and she found it. It agrees with the accepted beliefs of the psychologists, and is presented here without quotation marks, for Wanda's path is traced with it.

Take a boy, born in the big, sprawling, rich and rowdy state of Texas, where a youngster must be a man from the day he first tilts his big hat over his young eyes and spits into the dust belligerently. A state where a name, used as often as "if" in the north, means a fight, even with a man's best friend. A state where pitiful poverty squats in the very shadow of fabulous wealth. Take a particularly sensitive boy, who, by circumstances, is born listed in the gutter registry. Take his desire for love and confuse it by spreading it thin among a lot of people he's not sure he has the right to love then leave him only one human being to fix his love on like a small target, his mother. Let him know that only one human being, his mother, has the duty and the free unpartisan will to love him, and maladjustment forms like a boil.

Take his mother away forever at sixteen, when he is neither a boy nor a man, when the gateway to his life has just swung wide, when the crust of security has not yet hardened and his fears, hates, prejudices, and ambitions are in a molten state of flux. He'll explode or carry the hidden boil to his death, unless he has it medically, yes, medically, removed.

Audie Murphy's behavior in the war was a direct result of his childhood, and the addition of other emotional shocks suffered in combat. His patriotism and bravery is beyond question. Privately, however, in conversation and in his own book, *To Hell and Back*, he admits the growth of the compulsion to destroy without passion all evil in his path, and a complete and unnatural willingness, that was almost a desire, to die in the process.

It is to be gathered from reading *To Hell and Back* that the end of the war left little hope in Murphy's heart. Could it have been because his lover, Battle, had left him and died, too? Could it have been that in Battle he found something of the security he felt when he had his mother, a reason for existing, a reason, even, for ceasing to exist? At any rate, poverty, a single fixed love, and Battle had been his life—and he was at a stage in his emotional life when he might have rejected anything or anyone else.

That was when Audie Murphy met Wanda Hendrix.

Wanda Hendrix was a poor girl from a large family in the incredibly socially unbalanced state of Florida. Loved and protected and guided intelligently from her earliest childhood, she moved toward maturity on an even keel, emotionally

stable and unaware, actually, of any "difference" between herself and her "betters." She was without frustrations, at least pain-inflicting frustrations. Her goal was a career as an actress, and, because she was talented, lucky, and plucky she travelled toward it with such ease that at seventeen she was riding the crest of a comber headed for the big beach. Her normal appetites to love and be loved were well satisfied—and her appetite for a man of her own was normally keen. She was ready and able for marriage.

That was when Wanda Hendrix met Audie Murphy.

THE idolators, you and I, didn't know their backgrounds. All we saw was a boy and a girl of a proper age for one another, uncommonly attractive, both headed for individual successes—and, according to the gossip, very much in love. We took nothing else into consideration. And when they failed us, we took nothing else but the simple, current facts into our thinking in making our judgment. Somebody must have been at fault, we thought. He must have been a brute to her, or she was an

inadequate wife. At any rate, we thought, they're both young, they should forgive one another and start over again.

It is the contention of qualified medical authorities, presented with their problem by your reporter, that they should have both seen a psychiatric counselor, and that if they had, they would probably be together today.

I wanted Audie to see a doctor," Wanda said. "Not that there was the slightest idea in my mind that there was anything terribly wrong with him, but I knew something in his emotional make-up made him reject me. And that such a rejection, after all we had been to each other, must have been based on something that had taken place before—maybe in his childhood, maybe in the war. If we only had..."

However, in Hollywood, as in other communities, there is a prejudice against this very simple procedure. Even in this city, with an intellectual behind every bush, there is the inclination to establish the patient of the psychiatrist as a loony who at any moment might strip naked and do a Spring dance in the middle of the

street, or pull a knife on his best friend. So Audie Murphy and Wanda Hendrix, instead, went to see a couple of lawyers, and they both suffered through a divorce that neither actually wanted.

A question to Miss Hendrix: "And now is your life ruined? Do you fear marriage?"

Her answer: She laughs, "Certainly not! I'm only twenty-one. I'm sorry I made a mistake, but I believe in marriage. I want to marry again, maybe to an older man. Somebody as ready for me as I am for him. I don't even know what he looks like yet, but he'll come along one day and I'll know him. I can love again."

Wanda seemed relieved that she had said it and relieved that she meant it. She was brimming with good humor and smiles as she picked up her bag and excused herself to keep an appointment. She walked off, toward the door, and she stood aside as a tall young man smoking a pipe held it open for her. She looked into his face, maybe to see if he was the one—but if he weren't, there would be one, sometime, somewhere on the other side of the door.

THE END

I was an orphan

(Continued from page 41) been thinking about all day in the classroom. I didn't need much else to be happy even when I had to live in an orphanage for a couple of years.

WHEN I was about 12, I went to live with the woman who was the greatest influence in my life. Her name was Mrs. Anna Lower, and she was the only person I ever really loved.

Aunt Anna lived in Sawtelle, not far from the Veterans' Hospital. It wasn't an elegant neighborhood by any standard. That fall, I started at Emerson Junior High School, and was just at the age when clothes were beginning to be important. I couldn't help but notice that mine weren't as pretty or varied as the other girls'. One day, one of my classmates made a comment about the dress I was wearing and I came home crying. I was so self-conscious and miserable that I never wanted to go back to school. Then Aunt Anna started reassuring me, and I began to feel better. "It doesn't matter if other children make fun of your clothes or where you live," she told me. "It's what you are that counts. You just keep being your own self. That's all that matters."

At first, I didn't understand a lot of the things she told me when I was feeling blue. I was too busy being miserable. But I knew that she loved me, and that was a wonderful thing in itself. Most of all, Aunt Anna tried to convince me that there was nothing in life to be afraid of. "Live each day and take things as they come. Face everything, work hard at the things you want to accomplish, and you will have nothing to fear," she would say. "Maybe you don't think so now, but you will find out later that I'm right."

And I have. I can't remember Aunt Anna without thinking how fortunate I was to have had her wonderful philosophy as an influence in my life. She was in her 60's when I first went to live with her, but she was still a most attractive woman with great dignity and inner reserve. She was most tolerant of my big ambition of being an actress.

IN junior high school, I was completely movie-struck. I used to go see movies I liked three or four times when I could afford it. Ginger Rogers was my favorite

star. A girl who lived across the street subscribed to several of the fan magazines and she would give me all of the pictures of Ginger. I had several dozen of her portraits pinned up around my room.

I remember saying to one of the families that I lived with that I'd like to be an actress like Ginger. "You'd better get that silly idea out of your head," I was told quickly. Aunt Anna didn't think it was silly. In fact, she encouraged me to read aloud to her. I was probably pretty hammy but she never let me know it.

I lived with Aunt Anna until I finished my first year in high school, and then, when she was called East, I went to live with a family in the San Fernando Valley. At Van Nuys High School, I tried out for several of the school plays, but I was too scared even to do a decent reading. I never got a part.

Just about a week after my 16th birthday, I went back to spend the summer vacation with Aunt Anna, and it seemed almost as if I hadn't been away. That summer I got married. I know now that I was much too young for marriage, but at the time, it seemed sensible enough. My husband, whom I had met through my guardian, was six years my senior, and we liked one another.

I went back to Van Nuys High School that fall, and was somewhat of a curiosity to the other girls in my class. "She's married!" they would say, in an awed tone of voice, whenever they introduced me to someone new.

High school isn't exactly the place for a married woman, and I was very happy when I graduated the following June. None of my classes had meant much to me.

Because of our youth, our marriage did not have much chance for success. Shortly after I graduated, we were divorced, and I went back to live with Aunt Anna. I always felt that I had a home with her. She made me feel that way. I remember that summer I started writing a long narrative poem based on the theme that "Time Heals Everything." It was three pages long when I finally decided that it could go on forever.

Fortunately, I began to get work as a model soon after I registered with several of the top agencies in Hollywood. Within a few months, I had been photographed by Andre De Diennes, Willinger, Tom Kelly, and most of the leading glamor photographers, and it was not long before I received a screen test at 20th Century-

Fox on the strength of these photographs.

I was sitting on top of the world when they told me at the studio that my test was a great success and offered me a long-term contract. Aunt Anna was thrilled for me. It was simply too wonderful to be true.

And that is the way it turned out. If you saw *Scudda-Hoo, Scudda-Hay*, and were watching June Haver closely, you might have seen a 67-second closeup of my back during one of the dance numbers. 20th didn't think enough of my back to pick up my option, and my dream came tumbling down as quickly as it had been erected.

I LEARNED something from that experience. When I first was signed by 20th, I decided that at last I could begin affording some of the things I had always wanted. I began taking dramatic lessons (which was the most sensible investment I ever have made), and I bought a beautiful radio-phonograph combination on the installment plan (which was not). When I began working at Fox, I also moved into a small apartment near the studio. And I bought a used car.

Suddenly, I found that I was unable to make ends meet. One day when I got home, I found a man waiting to pick up my radio-phonograph. I was almost heartbroken as I watched him carry it away, and to this day I have yet to see a more beautiful cabinet or player. Then, a few weeks later, I had to give up my apartment. I didn't feel right about moving back in with Aunt Anna, so I got a room at the Studio Club. Under no circumstances, I promised myself, would I give up my dramatic lessons. I had been studying for about five months with Natasha Lytess, who is now the dramatic coach at 20th, and I felt I was making real progress.

So I went back to modeling. But despite the fact that I was working hard as a model, I simply wasn't earning enough money to pay my bills. I'd often get four or five weeks behind in rent at the Studio Club, and I don't know what I'd have done if they had asked me to move out. For about a year, I was living on the two meals they served each day—breakfast and dinner.

I never will forget the morning I went out to the curb where I had parked my jalopy and found that it had vanished. I went back inside and called the Hollywood Police station and reported that my car had been stolen. They called me back

about it only a couple of hours later. "Sorry, Miss Monroe," the desk sergeant told me. "Your car wasn't stolen. The finance company picked it up last night because there are two payments due."

I finally managed to bail it out, and somehow I managed to keep up my dramatic lessons. To make matters worse, Aunt Anna passed away that summer, and I was left without anyone to take my hopes and my troubles to. I was miserable.

THEN one day, Columbia called me and offered me a test, and suddenly I was caught up in "the big plans" the studio had for my career. I was signed to a long-term contract again and immediately given a role in a B musical they were casting. I worked nine days. And then I waited for something else to happen. Came option time and again I was unemployed.

This time, it was a dress shop that got me into hot water. Shortly after Columbia signed me, this shop sent a representative over to the Studio Club to see me, and offer me a deal.

"Miss Monroe," he said, "our shop dresses a good many of the young starlets in Hollywood. We would like you to feel at liberty to come in and select a wardrobe, and take as long as you like to pay. We understand how difficult it is for a young player just starting out to manage at first, and we would like to be of service to you by setting up this credit for you."

I have never been clothes crazy. Aunt Anna's good sense cured me of that. But I thought the man's offer made sense, so I went in and bought some clothes. Nothing fancy. Just two serviceable suits, a black dress, some shoes, and some hosiery. About two hundred dollars worth in all. But when Columbia dropped my contract, the store's sweet tone disappeared, and a

few months later I walked out in front of the Studio Club one morning to find a tow truck hauling my car away again. This time, it was a collection agency picking it up as collateral for the money I owed the dress shop. Once again I had to scratch enough together to bail it out.

I went back to modeling to keep eating, and I worked harder than ever at my dramatic lessons. It was several months before I got my next opportunity to try out for another movie role... this time a small bit in the Marx Brothers' *Love Happy*. Groucho chased me across a room and I was on the screen less than 60 seconds, but I got five weeks work out of the part by going on the P. A. tour, which promoted the film in eight major cities. I felt guilty about appearing on the stage when I had such an insignificant role in the film, but the people in the audiences didn't seem to care.

Shortly after I returned to Hollywood, I received a call from 20th's casting office. "Do you dance?" they asked. "Sure," I said, even though I didn't know any fancy steps. I went out to see them, and ended up getting five weeks work in *Ticket to Tomahawk*.

While I was working at 20th, Lucille Ryman, the head of the talent department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, told me that I ought to see John Huston. I went over that afternoon and Mr. Huston told me about *The Asphalt Jungle*. "You're the type," he said. "But I don't know whether you can do the part." I asked him to let me study the part and then read it for him.

I studied the script, and when I went back to see Mr. Huston later in the week, I felt confident that I could play the role. Mr. Huston was wonderful when I read for him. I was scared stiff, but he did everything he could to put me at ease. I

got the part. And as I walked out of his office, I was terribly thankful that I had kept up with my dramatic lessons, even when things were tough, because they had paid off when the chips were down.

Shortly after I finished *The Asphalt Jungle*, my first really substantial role, I received another call from 20th to read for *All About Eve*. I met Joseph Mankiewicz, the director, who gave me not only the part of Miss Casswell, but great encouragement and help. It isn't a big part, but it is a striking character I play. When Mr. Zanuck saw the first day's rushes, he offered me a new seven-year contract.

It's a great joy for me to realize these days that my childhood ambition wasn't completely foolish. I still have a lot to learn, but I'm very grateful that I was able to sustain that ambition and profit from the mistakes I have made in my life. I think I have learned a lot. For instance, I do not own a vast unpaid-for wardrobe. The other day, I splurged on two black dresses, but I paid cash for them both. Although I love music, I do not own a radio-phonograph, in cooperation with a finance company. Mine is an inexpensive portable covered in imitation leather, and it is mine, all mine. I own a Pontiac coupe, not a Cadillac, and I do not owe a single bill which will not be paid before option time rolls around.

And I have learned, too, as Aunt Anna used to tell me, that there is nothing to fear if you face life and work hard at the things you want to achieve. Once I wouldn't have dared to hope for what I wanted most. Now I want to work towards being a really fine actress. Being a good actress won't quite do. I want to be a fine actress, and I'd hate to settle for less. As a matter of fact, and for the record, I won't.

THE END



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let's go to the movies

by bobbie fog, fashion editor

■ The most popular date all over the country is an invitation to the movies. Whether it is with your best beau, a friend or a member of the family; the occasion usually calls forth the typical feminine complaint—I don't have a thing to wear! To try to help you cut down on this female malady, we are devoting this entire fashion section to Rite-Fit half size dresses. Just in case you don't know it, half size dresses are specially designed for women 5'5½ or under... (over 75% of the women in America are in this group.) Rite-Fit specializes in creating flattering clothes that are completely price perfect and have a special emphasis on FIT. There are not only youthful fashions but styles for every age group. We were so impressed with all of the many features of these half size dresses that we are passing the exciting story of half size dresses on to you. (Continued on page 73)

A Double Feature of Barbara Lawrence

■ Barbara Lawrence, currently triumphing in Universal's *Peggy*, sparkles prettily in brightly colored frocks. Both of these all occasion dresses are in two parts, giving the suity look.

Left: Trim and tiny checks for now and later. A becoming wing collar, neatly cuffed sleeves, with self buttons twice punctuating the yoke and parading down front. The skirt-pin slim. In gray, navy, or beige rayon menswear. Sizes 14½-22½. About \$8.

Right: Rosy red, the pick up color for a blue mood. The jacket of the two piecer stars buttons as trim, three side pleats for hip minimizing. A slender skirt. In rayon gabardine in navy, gold, aqua, coral and beige. Sizes 14½-22½. About \$8.

Both dresses by Rite-Fit

Flowers by Heineman

Gloves by Wear Right

modern screen fashions



Let's Go to the Movies...

Let's Go to the Movies...

IN A BUTTONED CASUAL

Jewelry by Coro—Hats by Colby



Fashion decrees buttons and buttons and buttons, for utility and for decoration. A stalk of a dress, the soft lines broken only by an unpressed pleat, the slash of the button edged pockets. To top all, an icing white collar of cotton lace. In black or navy rayon crepe. Sizes 12½-20½. About \$8. By Rite-Fit

Buttons double file down the bodice, down the sectioned skirt and trim the collar tabs. A good long line is accentuated by the up and down center stitching. In navy, aqua, gray and mauve. Sizes 16½-24½. About \$8. By Rite-Fit

MODERN SCREEN Fashions Photographed at the Paris Theater, New York City.

IN A PATTERNED PRINT

Gloves by Crescendoe



Get an edge on spring and appear early in a print. Horizontal rows of lily sprays circle an entire dress of rayon crepe. Rhinestones stud the center of each button. The group of pleats are stitched part way to insure flat hips. In navy, red, black and gray. Sizes 14½-22½. About \$8. By Rite-Fit

A daring modernistic print with high flying collar, moderate V neck. Gentle fullness falls below the strip-shallow pockets. The fabric is rayon crepe in red, taupe, gold and gray. Sizes 14½-20½. About \$8. By Rite-Fit

THE RITE-FIT HALF-SIZE DRESSES ON BOTH PAGES CAN BE BOUGHT AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE

Let's Go to the Movies...

IN A TWO PIECE DRESS



For a highly successful performance—choose a bolero ensemble. The sleeves are below elbow, the front is tuxedo. Remove the bolero, and there is a short sleeved one piece dress with a two piece look. In rayon crepe; black with black, navy with red, navy with navy. Sizes 16½-24½. About \$8. By Rite-Fit

The suit dress destined for a long and busy life, early and late. Double breasted, with the newer low revers, the side flaps indicate pockets that are non-existent. Sleeve length—three quarter. In black or navy rayon faille. Sizes 12½-20½. About \$8. By Rite-Fit

IN POLKA DOTS



The latest word from the fashion front puts the coat dress out in front. Here it is smartly executed in polka dot rayon crepe. Knife thin pleats are kept to the sides, breaking below the taffeta sections. Navy with white only. Sizes 16½-24½. About \$8. By Rite-Fit

Small dots, confetti size, are generously sprinkled over a wonderful two part classic. The scalloped front slopes out over the hips in cut-away fashion. In navy, black or red. Sizes 14½-22½. About \$8. By Rite-Fit

The Rite-Fit half-size dresses
on both pages can
be bought at your
favorite store everywhere

IN A SCROLLED PASTEL



And let's be dressed up! Wear a frock with a tunic front, the back remains smooth. Light flower-like tracery spills from under a softly rolled collar. In mauve, lilac, aqua, powder blue, or gray rayon crepe. Sizes 16½-24½. About \$8. By Rite-Fit

Diagonal embroidery and spinach bows are effectively used on a dress that can be had in a myriad of colors. In peacock, navy, powder blue, aqua, lilac, and cherry—each with self color embroidery. Also in navy with pink embroidery. Sizes 14½-24½. About \$8. By Rite-Fit

THE RITE-FIT HALF-SIZE DRESSES ON THIS PAGE CAN BE BOUGHT AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE EVERYWHERE

the story of half-size dresses

What is meant by half-size dresses? Many women today believe half-size dresses are for the older woman, or the stout figure. It isn't so! The majority of women are not built on model proportions. Rite-Fit half-size dresses are specially designed to easily adjust to the figures of this great majority, representing $\frac{3}{4}$ of the women in America, thus eliminating the costly alterations you so frequently find in regular sizes. They have a shorter waistline; certainly a feature to be considered for all these women 5'5 $\frac{1}{2}$ " and under. They incorporate the most current trends in fashions, the newest colors and the finest fabrics.

For those of you who have never before worn half-size dresses, you will find your Rite-Fit equivalent half-size in the chart below. This same chart is also found on every Rite-Fit hang tag.

These Rite-Fit half-size dresses are available at your favorite store, or write direct to the manufacturer, Max Wiesen & Sons Co. Inc., 463 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

**If you are 5' 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ " or under
check your equivalent size**

12 $\frac{1}{2}$	is equal to	14
14 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	16
16 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	18, 36
18 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	20, 38
20 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	40
22 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	42
24 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	44
26 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	46
28 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	48
30 $\frac{1}{2}$	"	50

are they haunted by their perfect love?

(Continued from page 32) my many years of reporting Hollywood love stories, I have never seen two people more deeply and excitingly in love than Jane and Ronnie back in those days when they first met.

I INTRODUCED them. You might say I practically threw them together when I invited them to come out with me on my first personal appearance tour twelve years ago. (Can it really be that long?)

Ronnie, already a leading man at Warners, was my most "famous" name guest. Janie, still a stock player on the same lot, was making about \$75 a week and playing bits. Redheaded and ambitious Susan Hayward and Joy Hodges were also just starting and mere fledglings careerwise.

Janie was openly and enthusiastically pleased at being invited along, and even before we opened our act in San Francisco it was obvious that she was especially pleased at being in such close proximity to Ronnie, whom she considered a "famous star."

Forget for a moment the picture you have of Jane Wyman as she is today—the famed actress praised by critics and fans the world over, winner of an Oscar for her *Johnny Belinda*; forget her as the gay sophisticate and one of Hollywood's "best dressed women."

Instead, imagine a tall, rather bony girl, very young and pert with a shoulder-length bob bleached taffy blonde and a burning desire to wear smart clothes and to own jewelry.

Only her limited income kept her from buying out the stores in every town we visited. Her dresses and suits, while not expensive and far from the custom frocks she wears today, were not really in bad taste.

She had no real jewelry. That was to come later—but she did have a great assortment of costume jewelry. You could actually hear her bracelets rattle two rooms away..

JANE had a one track mind where Ronnie was concerned, and no plans or ideas were separated from her overwhelming adoration of him. She was cute and pretty rather than beautiful with an ingratiating manner, almost an eagerness to please, which won her friends instantly.

After the nightly show, I used to take my group of starlets to some small nightclub café and when Jane wasn't inching herself into a seat next to Ronnie at the table, she was at the piano with an admiring group around her. She had a sweet voice and loved to sing.

On these occasions, Ronnie would look at her admiringly and I've always had a hunch she wanted to sing because the lyrics expressed exactly what she thought about him!

Jane's great friend was Joy Hodges, our singer on the show, and she and Jane were sort of teamed up against Susan Hayward and Susie's pal, redheaded Arlene Whelan.

I'm sure that Jane and Susan have laughed about this "feud" many times since those days—but at that time, it was hot!

As part of the act, Susan had to slap Ronnie, and once or twice I had to speak to her because she hit him too hard. Jane, usually fuming, would stand in the wings and watch.

I knew—and I'm sure she knew I knew—she was there to protect her "interests." Jane was just plain jealous.

One day, I said to her, "Jane—Susan says it makes her nervous to have you

watch her and Ronnie."

With her eyes flashing, Missy Wyman tossed her blonde head.

"Too bad about her," she snipped. "If I don't stand and watch, she'll knock Ronnie down! She hits him too hard!"

One day, when I was resting in my dressing room in Baltimore, Jane burst into the room almost breathless.

"I simply won't let Ronnie act with that Hayward girl any more," she stormed. "She just slaps him, that hard because she thinks it makes me mad. Say, do you think she'll ever be a great star?"

"Yes, I do, Jane," I told her barely able to keep my face straight. "I think Susie has great talent."

"I have talent, too," was the bombastic answer. "I'm going places—you wait and see. I'm sick of playing these gum chewing molls and when I get back to Hollywood I am going to walk right into Jack Warner's office and say, 'If you don't give me better parts—I'm leaving!'"

We had been on the road about three weeks when Jane told me that she was madly in love with Ronnie and that she was going to marry him some day.

It wasn't as easy to tell whether love had struck Ronnie as violently as it had my spunky little Jane. A quiet, dignified type of boy—he was much more reserved.

Ronnie hails from my home town, Dixon, Illinois, and so, from the first there was a strong bond of home town interests between us, although he lived there long after I'd left the pretty town on Rock River.

We used to have long talks about Dixon and the Dixon folks, never realizing that one day he would return there with me for Louella Parsons' Day and receive an unforgettable reception which warmed our hearts.

I had Ronnie summed up as a very level-headed, ambitious, young actor who planned to go places in a great, big way and who was hardly likely to be sidetracked with the responsibilities of marriage so early in his career.

That's what I thought!

ONE afternoon, just before a matinee, I stepped unexpectedly out of my dressing room. Locked in an embrace that would have done credit to Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler were Ronnie and Jane. Never in their careers have they played such a passionate love scene—and seldom have I seen the likes of that kiss!

I was far from surprised when they came to me in New York, a few days before Christmas, and said, "Mom—we're engaged!" Then, both talking at once, they poured out their happy plans:

"We're going to be married when we get back to Hollywood. We want Dockie (my husband, Dr. Harry Martin) to give Janie away"—and they were two delighted, eager children when I promised, "I'll give you your wedding dinner at our house!"

My Doctor, so happy over the role he was going to play in the wedding, came on to New York to join us—and I am sure that none of us will ever forget that Christmas.

While we were busy at the theater, Doctor went out and bought a tree for my gang of homesick kids, trimmed and decorated it in our hotel suite. We had the gayest of gay supper parties after the show.

It was wonderful just to watch Jane and Ronnie. The strong physical attraction between them actually sent out sparks. And yet we were all conscious of something stronger than just sex magnetism

between the handsome, healthy and ambitious youngsters.

There was a new tenderness about Jane that gave her a new beauty and dignity—yes, in spite of the bleached hair and the bracelets that still jingled.

It was as though she had found in Ronnie someone she considered almost a god, and as though she must treat the great gift of his love with reverence and devotion.

Jane's unhappy marriage in her youth was no secret. When she was sixteen and a model in New York before coming to Hollywood, she had impulsively married a young dress manufacturer, Myron Futterman. Although the marriage dragged on for two years, both realized the mistake early. When Jane came to Hollywood and Futterman's business kept him in New York—a divorce was inevitable.

My eager-eyed, peppy little girl friend regretted this early marriage much more than the youthful mistake deserved. She wanted so much that Ronnie should be the alpha and omega of her emotional life. She wanted everything to be so shining, so wonderful, so *first* with both of them.

Ronnie told her and I told her that nothing mattered now except the two of them. By refusing to let her even mention her previous marriage, I believe it really began to fade from her memory.

"Ronnie is my first love," she told me, "and he will be the last. Do you think other people have ever been so much in love as we?"

I didn't have the heart to tell her that there was a bare possibility others *had*. There was something so touching and tender about Jane sincerely believing she had found something so wonderful it could not be shared.

The impulsive, immature girl who had started this trip with me had in seven short weeks become a mature and fascinating woman—and love had worked the transformation.

Ronnie had seen through her pretended frivolous exterior before any of us. Even when they had lovers' quarrels (she was still a tiny mite jealous of Susan—or any other girl he happened to look at), he would say to me:

"There's only one Jane. Nobody else like her." Another time, he ruefully admitted after one of her explosions, "I admit it—it takes a bit of understanding—but she doesn't fool me. Underneath that fire and temperament—she's solid gold. She's the only girl in the world for me!"

THEY were married at the Wee Kirk of the Heather Chapel on a chilly afternoon in January and, with the exception of members of my immediate family, I have never been so misty-eyed at a marriage ceremony.

Jane wore a beige suit, trimmed in fur, and a small fur hat on her head—still blonder than its natural color.

My Doctor looked so happy and proud as he walked down the aisle with Janie on his arm. Ronnie might have been an illustration of a happy groom from a magazine cover.

What a gay affair it was—not big—just Jane's and Ronnie's closest friends and Ronnie's parents. It was typical of Jane that her best and oldest friend, Betty Kaplan, who had been her pal for years, was her matron of honor.

The champagne corks popped festively as we toasted the bride and groom or any other excuse we could think of to lift glasses and proclaim our happiness to the world.

But the sweetest moment of all to me was just before my "kids" slipped away. They called me into the library and

whispered they were leaving. And, then, with tears streaming down all our faces, they threw their arms around me:

"There is no one in the world who could have given us such a perfect day. We love you very much—and you will always be part of our happiness."

The others got wind that the newlyweds were stealing away—out came the rice and there was much shouting and yelling as we pelted the bride and groom in the old-fashioned way. There were still tears of happiness in my eyes for them as I watched them drive away.

MR. and Mrs. Reagan (how she loved being called *Mrs. Reagan*) took an apartment at the Sunset Plaza not far from our Maple Drive home. We saw each other frequently during the first months of their honeymoon but, one day, Jane's voice was particularly excited as she called to say we *must* come to dinner. It was something *special*.

And it was! She had just found out she was going to have a baby (Maureen). That is, she had found it out 24 hours before, and she had already gone out and bought baby clothes which she proudly showed me.

Happy? They were both in heaven and so were Doctor and I for them.

By this time Ronnie was going ahead by leaps and bounds in his career. Janie

WAS MY FACE RED

■ John Derek was performing in a Hollywood bowling alley for the benefit of a magazine photographer. He kept hearing the whispers and then the loud buzzing "Look, there's John Derek." As the crowds begged for his autograph, John felt mighty set up. As he started to leave, he heard someone ask the cashier what the crowd was about. "Oh, they've been photographing John Derek, whoever the heck he is," the cashier unknowingly slugged John.—*Kolma Flake*.

was advancing, too, at Warners. But now her career was in second spot in her world. Everything was the baby, the baby, the baby.

I once asked her if she thought she would give up her career to have children and be just Mrs. Reagan.

"Oh, no," she said. "I want to have both. There is something inside me I must express. Ronnie understands. He believes in me as much as I believe in myself."

Some months later we were again invited to the Reagan apartment.

"Please come early," Janie said. "We want you and Dockie to see Maureen. It's the nurse's night out and I am taking care of her. You know," said Jane, "we are calling her Maureen. At first, we had planned to name her Louella but—" she broke off a little shamefacedly fearing I might be hurt—"we love the name Maureen."

"It's all right, dear," I told her, "I never really liked my name myself. I wouldn't call my own child Louella. Besides I have a namesake in my niece."

"Ronnie and I thought you might be offended since we promised to name our first after you," she laughed.

Dinner that night was served while Maureen slept. Jane, the devoted mother, kept running to the nursery to peek at her. Ronnie, the doting father, slipped away while we were having dessert to be sure she was covered. The nurse had told

him the baby mustn't be uncovered and that she must be changed.

"Aren't they sweet?" I asked my husband on the way home.

"They are, indeed," answered my favorite doctor. "But just how long do you think Jane is going to play this scene of perfect domesticity? That girl has genuine talent and she isn't going to rock the cradle indefinitely."

Wise man, that doctor husband of mine. Indeed, Jane wasn't going to go on indefinitely rocking the cradle. She loved Ronnie—she adored Maureen—but she was ambitious.

Life then and later was very wonderful for the young Reagans.

THEN came the war, and Ronnie was made a captain in the infantry and stationed at San Francisco. It so happened that Dr. Martin was at Letterman Hospital, a major in the medical corps. Both Jane and I very often went to the Bay City to visit our Army husbands.

One night I remember especially we all had dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Jane was unhappy because Ronnie was not stationed closer to her and she feared he might be sent overseas. They were so much in love that they actually suffered at the thought of this separation.

But Ronnie's eyes were not good (his vision was dim) and it was not long before he was transferred to an office job at the Roach Studios in Los Angeles.

It was then that the Reagans decided to adopt a little boy to keep Maureen company—little Michael. He was as dark as she was fair, and Jane and Maureen and Ronnie showered him with as much love as though he were their own blood.

With the increase in their family they moved into a beautiful Colonial home in Holmby Hills and were thought of as a "perfect" married couple.

In the years that followed, Jane and Ronnie had so much, so very much. They entertained beautifully and were part of the happy married set numbering the Jack Bennys, the Johnny Greenes, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, and others. Ah, indeed, life was really beautiful.

Janie was loaned to Paramount to co-star in *The Lost Weekend* which won Ray Milland, and the picture, the Academy Award. Our pretty little girl was rapidly becoming an actress of great artistic stature. No longer just the little cutie who broke up movie homes, she was regarded as a rival to Bette Davis, then queen of the Warner lot.

It was obvious that this growth professionally was changing her personally. Gone was the glamor girl blonde bob. Instead, Jane had cut her hair short and neat and let it go back to its natural dark color which brought out her dark, expressive eyes so beautifully.

Someway our lives always seemed to dovetail. Jane was borrowed by MGM for *The Yearling*. The company went to Lake Arrowhead for the exteriors. Dr. Martin and I had rented a summer home on the lake and we saw Jane a number of times while she was making the picture—her first fling into sheer characterization as the unglamorous "mother."

The following winter, fate, again brought us together. Doctor, who hadn't been very well, went into the hospital for a complete checkup. In the next room was Ronnie with a very bad case of virus flu. Jane came every day, as did I to visit "our boys."

They confided that Jane was expecting another baby. How deeply happy they were over the news. There was Maureen and Michael, and a third child would be very welcome.

Then, one day, I walked into the hospital and Ronnie's nurse told me he had asked to see me—privately. He told me with tears in his eyes that Jane had lost the baby and that she was in Queen of the Angels Hospital quite ill.

"I feel so terrible," he said, "because I know if she hadn't had to make this long trip to see me every day after work this might not have happened. It was physically too much for her."

Who can't say that the loss of that baby had anything to do with the strain that began to be apparent between them—but it seemed to me from that time on there was a change in their attitude toward each other.

JANE seemed to actually throw herself into her career and Ronnie was rapidly becoming one of our most active citizens politically. He was elected president of the Screen Actors' Guild and he attended meetings night after night leaving Jane alone.

Just about this time, Jane started *Johnny Belinda*, the picture that was to win her the coveted Oscar. Ronnie was busy making speeches. She talked over this wonderful role with Lew Ayres who played opposite her.

For the first time, Jane and Ronnie were going their separate ways. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the news that Jane and Ronnie had parted.

She left for New York, and over the long distance telephone told me the bitter and sad news. I was speechless. I just couldn't believe it.

I asked Ronnie to come and see me. I'll never forget that session.

"I am married to a strange girl, Louella, but a wonderful one," he said. "No one can make me believe that all we have had between us is over."

"Right now, Jane is so deep in her work that she is actually living her roles. She brings them home with her. She is the character that she is playing on the screen."

"But Jane and I will be together again. That you can stake your life on!"

But Ronnie and Jane weren't together again!

I lunched with her when she came back from New York. She was smartly dressed, she was gay. But she would not discuss her matrimonial troubles beyond saying, "Ronnie likes his work as president of the Guild. He isn't unhappy."

I hoped against hope they would kiss and make up. But the months dragged by—and then one day, Jane filed suit for divorce.

I confess I am baffled—more baffled than I have ever been by a Hollywood love story.

Not long ago, I went to a dinner party at their home and Maureen came in to cut her birthday cake. Her mother and father stood by her side, polite to each other and respectful—so different from those gay kids who went barnstorming with me. I turned away so they couldn't see the tears in my eyes.

Since then, when I see Janie, she seems self-sufficient, independent, and, oh, so gay. But I know that not long ago she said to someone, "What's the matter with me? I can't seem to pick up the pieces of my life again. Will I ever find happiness ahead?"

And, one of the lovely girls Ronnie seemed interested in for awhile told me he recently said to her, "Sure, I like you. I like you fine. But I think I've forgotten how to fall in love."

I wonder—do those embers of the once perfect love they shared still burn deep with haunting memories that won't let them forget?

THE END

If you feel self-conscious in a **HEAVY** make-up...

Choose this dewy-fresh, sheer powder base

See your skin come *alive* under the subtle flattery of this delicate, completely *natural* foundation! Before you powder, smooth on a very thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This satiny, *greaseless* Cream gives a soft, transparent finish that never streaks . . . never discolors . . . never looks artificial. A powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps your complexion fresh, flawless as cream-velvet for *hours*!



1-Minute Mask quick beauty "lift"

A 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream can *re-style* your complexion! Just cover your face, except eyes, with lavish fingerfuls of the Cream. Delight in its snowy coolness as "keratolytic" action dissolves off clinging dirt, dead skin flakes. Tissue off after 1 minute. Right away, your skin looks *waked-up*—clearer, softer, even *lighter*! Now, how sweetly make-up smooths on!



The Duchess of Rutland

This charming Duchess has an exquisite complexion—soft and delicate. She says, "Pond's Vanishing Cream is *perfect* for powder base. It keeps my powder fresh and smooth longer than any other base I've ever used!"

miss whistle-bait of 1951

(Continued from page 49) Janie for five years, and she hasn't changed one bit. Geary's given her a lot of self-confidence, I think, but she's still the same as she was back in 1945."

As for the new-found sex appeal—that makes Lillian Burns laugh. "The first time she walked into my office she had the same cuteness, the same perkiness she has now. If you remember that scene in *Holiday in Mexico* where she imitated Ilona Massey, I don't think there's any doubt in your mind that she had sex appeal. And she was only fifteen then."

Add to this the statement of a former publicist at MGM, and you'll be even more enlightened. "As sure as God made green apples," he says. "Janie Powell had IT. Every guy at the studio was mooning around like a lovesick calf. She didn't know it—was completely unaware of it—but not because she was naive. She had a remarkable shrewdness about her career, and about people. But she was always a lady."

THE wardrobe department was never unaware of Janie's charms. "We really had to tone down her clothes," a designer says. "We were trying to make her look young, and we had trouble minimizing her allure. We never discussed it in her presence, though, because Janie isn't the kind of girl who takes well to that kind of talk. She blushes so easily you feel sorry for her."

And Joan Wilcoxon (wife of actor Henry Wilcoxon) who's been a friend of Janie's for some time, seems a bit incensed at the studio's claim of new glamor.

"That's silly," she says briskly. "They're asking us to believe that overnight Janie's ready to be a leading woman. She's been doing that since she was born. I think it's a mistake to believe that by spending two days or two months in the hands of experts, the true meaning of glamor can be achieved. Plunging necklines and new hairdos can make a girl look older, but that shouldn't be confused with glamor. Glamor's a dividend that MGM can't give to Janie. She has it already. God gave it to her."

Janie Powell has had the same trouble as other girls who started off early in a movie career. Despite the passing years, people tended to regard her as a child. They wouldn't let her grow up, at least in their own minds. When she went to Sun Valley on a vacation a few years ago, people were shocked by her mature be-

Never lovelier
esther williams
on the
march
cover of
modern screen
on sale
february 9

havior. "Goodness," they said to themselves. "What that Hollywood does to children's lives! It makes them old before their time."

Janie has disregarded these opinions with a great deal of equanimity. "Older folks," she has said, "never let kids mature. They don't even give them credit for having good sense."

JANIE Powell has good sense, and she's always had it. She almost married Tommy Batten when she was nineteen, but she was wise enough to recognize it as puppy love, and told him she wasn't ready for marriage, or even an engagement. She was never interested in night-clubs, but preferred instead the smaller, quieter spots for an evening's entertainment. She never gave a thought to leaving her parents' home to do the "accepted" thing of living alone because she was financially independent. She never felt she'd die if she didn't get certain roles at the studio, preferring to let her bosses choose her pictures, and performing her job with a minimum of temperament. She's always maintained a mature attitude about her voice, knowing that it's a great gift, and works hard at perfecting it. She isn't even a bit superstitious, and has already made many baby clothes and tucked them away for future use.

Her outlook on everything is practical. At the time she became engaged, for in-

stance, MGM was whipping up her wardrobe for *Nancy Goes To Rio*. After she'd seen the sketches, she went to Dore Schary and announced that the clothes would make a perfect trousseau. This broke all precedent, since clothes worn by the stars are used again and again by the extras. But Janie figured that few people can get into clothes made for her; a logical conclusion—she's five-feet-two, and weighs ninety-eight pounds. She got the trousseau.

WHEN she and Geary decided on the apartment that was to be their home after the wedding, it was Janie who arranged the lease and got the rental reduced. "I sat in the car and let her do the talking," Geary says.

She bought their furniture at bargain basements and auction sales. (Janie will buy anything on sale.) Their winnings from Canasta went into a piggy bank, and their honeymoon came out of it.

With a wedding in sight, Jane was naturally anxious to find a dreamhouse, but she refused to look at any until a definite wedding date was set. "We might find something just perfect, and then break our hearts because we aren't in a position to buy it yet."

The Steffens have their own house now, out in Brentwood, and whenever new people move into the neighborhood, young Mrs. Steffen gets herself gussied up and sets out to call on them.

This consideration for others is another thing that's almost as old as Janie is. Producer Rogers recalls that, at fourteen, Jane worried quite a bit about the money poured into her film debut. "I don't understand," she told him, "why you spend so much money on my first picture."

"Most kids," says Rogers, "would be bragging about it, instead of worrying. Another thing about Janie—she was so appreciative. I remember that I gave her a small watch at Christmas that year. You'd have thought it was a Cadillac the way she raved about it."

"Janie's never forgotten me, either. After the picture was finished, and she went back to Metro, she continued to write me little notes on Thanksgiving and Easter, and other holidays, always thanking me for what I'd done for her."

"Changed?" ask the stars and the friends who've always known her. "She's exactly the same as she always was. She's always had a lot of sense for her age, and a lot of glamor, too. But now that the years are creeping on through twenty, the glamor's beginning to show. And on Janie, it's a wonderful sight!"

THE END

castle with a redwood fence

(Continued from page 46) eye is a series of redwood batons woven horizontally in and out between redwood posts. It's particularly efficient because it's trim, it's modern-looking, and it's relatively inexpensive to build. It also provides more privacy than a picket fence, without offering a solid barrier between neighbors. If you're interested in fences you might bear Janet's in mind.

THE house behind the fence is also made of California redwood. Like so many houses in southern California, it's built around a patio.

To insure as much outdoor living as possible, one whole wall of the living room and one wall of Janet's bedroom is a series of glass doors opening on the patio.

"This outdoor living," Janet says, "was a little hard for us to get used to. I mean

that for years—in fact, all our lives—my parents and I had lived in apartments, and for the first few weeks, I had the feeling that the neighbors were looking in on us. I knew it was impossible for anyone but a giant to see over our fence, but I worried.

"When I got over it, I started to leave all the doors open, and one day a bird flew in. We had one crazy time trying to shoo him out again. I've decided that you can live just so close to nature, before nature moves in and takes over."

Janet and her family, however, are genuinely enthusiastic about the patio principle. Matter of fact, they were explaining it—at least Janet was to Tony Curtis—the other day. Tony is a frequent visitor. He spends all his spare time at her house. Well, Janet was giving Tony the lowdown about patio living. "If you buy any kind of house, a good patio acts as a second living room," Janet explained. "It also makes the house seem twice as large and it's wonderful for parties. When we have

company we simply roll the portable barbecue onto one corner of the patio and a bar onto the other. Then we set up card tables, and presto!—we're set."

As a sort of house warming, Janet only recently invited two dozen of her friends over to the house for a buffet dinner. She and her mother arranged the tables. Her father barbecued a turkey, and the small house took care of the crowd with ease.

ALTHOUGH Janet's new redwood house lends itself to parties, she is no veteran party-thrower. Actually, she's a home body, who is sold on family-living.

One large room takes care of that—the living-dining room. At one end, there's a dining area which looks like a separate room because of the arrangement of the living room furniture. The furniture turns its back on the dinner table and chairs.

The rest of the high-ceilinged room is arranged for comfort and home entertainment. The over-scale modern furniture

(all pieces from a former apartment) is grouped in front of a corner fireplace. The particularly comfortable chairs and the large couch face the television set. Against the wall and behind the couch stands a Magnavox record player and Janet's collection of albums.

"It's so pleasant sitting here listening to records," Janet explains, "that lots of times I hate to go out at night. Unless there's something really special taking place in Hollywood, I find that I can coax my date to sit at home with me—you know—just in front of a fire listening to some good music. And there's never any trouble about the use of the living room, either. If a few kids drop in, as they do once in a while, Mother and Dad move into their bedroom or into the 'office.'"

"The office" is another reason why the house suits Janet and her family so well. Mr. Morrison is an insurance broker, and he conducts his business from the house. In addition, Janet's increasing popularity has given her a lot more fan mail to answer, and there's a good deal of office work to be done by a movie star.

Thus the room nearest the street became "the office." It has its own entrance onto the street, an adjacent lavatory and two desks. Janet uses one desk and her father uses the other for insurance matters. Recently, a secretary came to help them both.

JANET'S bedroom, of course, is the room that really reflects her personality. The furniture is the exact set she owned when she first came to Hollywood five years ago. So is the blue and yellow color scheme. Only the draperies and the view are new.

Sitting on Janet's bed is a doll given her by Naomi Jaffe Carroll. Naomi happened to be visiting in Santa Cruz when Janet was on location with her first picture. They met, and as far as Janet can tell, Naomi was her first real fan.

Above Janet's bed is a bulletin board crammed with snapshots. Janet used to tuck these around her dressing table mirror, but with more and more success the amount of available mirror space grew smaller and smaller. Finally, her father made this good-sized bulletin board for her candid collection. He also constructed the extra shelves for shoe storage. Janet has a weakness for shoes. She takes good care of them, too—shoe trees, polish, heel repairs, all of that. She owns seventeen pairs of high heels, twelve pairs of flats.

In a prominent place over her dressing table hangs a color portrait of herself with Van Johnson. It was taken during the making of *Romance of Rosy Ridge*, her first picture. Van had it enlarged and gave it to her. The pictures on Janet's bulletin board reveal the whole amazing chronicle of Janet Leigh in Hollywood.

When Janet was asked what would happen to the house in case she should suddenly get married, she answered quite frankly that she would have to look for another home. Her parents own this one.

"But I'd want it to be practically a duplicate of this one," she insisted. "You see, the architect who designed this place intended to live in it himself, so he included all the practical features. For example, there's radiant heating in all the rooms. The garage door is made of aluminum and lifts like a feather. The kitchen has a garbage disposal. The snack bar is loaded with cupboard space on both sides of the counter. Even the clothes line is a handy gadget called a Bocaroy. When it's not in use it rolls shut with a snap.

"Yes, when and if I get married again, my home is going to be a lot like this one—small and simple and full of happiness."

Oddly enough, a young, dark-haired actor at Universal, named Tony Curtis, says the same thing.

THE END

Tonight! Be his dream girl...



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

**BETTER THAN
SOAPS**

Leaves hair sparkling, starry-bright... no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

**BETTER THAN
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Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Unlike many oil shampoos, Lustre-Creme needs no special rinse.

**BETTER THAN
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Leaves hair silken soft, manageable, easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN... is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!

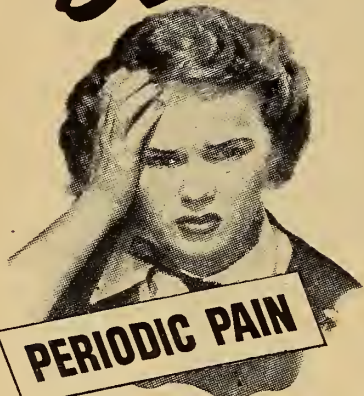


Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27¢ to \$2.



World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with **LANOLIN**

Bonnie's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. C-21, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



Ah, men! Every girl has an eye on that special one. Want to know how to get him?

I'M going to let you in on a secret—which may not be the thing to do. But if you and I are to get together, you should know how I operate this department for MODERN SCREEN.

There are always a lot of big problems in the letters—"How do I get thin? How do I put on weight? How do I overcome shyness? How do I convince my parents I'm old enough to have dates?"—but the most important problem is the boy friend situation. Hundreds of letters boil down to "How do I get the boy I want?"

After reading all the letters that come to me, I decide which ones seem urgent. Sometimes I can answer the problems myself. For example, the time I talked about losing weight—brother, that was something I knew all about. But if the problems are too big for me I consult either my parents or someone else older and wiser than I am. When I answered the "How do I get in the movies?" question, I talked for a long time to my dramatic coach.

When the "How do I get the boy I want?" problem reared its head, I thought, "Who do I talk to about this?" I didn't want to set myself up as a big authority on *this* subject. Then I had what I think is a bright idea. I asked a lot of boys I know for advice. What to do when a girl is crazy about a boy who doesn't seem crazy about her. And how a girl can meet a boy who is—say—a year ahead of her in school. What I found out from my one girl research was very interesting and helpful to me. Now I want to pass it along to you.

THE most fascinating thing is to realize that the boy you're yearning for may be yearning for you, too. Although the boys may seem self-assured and hard to get, they can be as shy as you are. One kid confessed to me that he kind of swaggered

around, pretending to be something he was not, because girls terrified him. This led me to the conclusion that it's up to the girl to take the first step—to put the boy at his ease.

As you know, Emily Post says that even if you know a boy very well, it is always up to you to speak first if you bump into him on the street or in the halls at school. That can be carried a little further. If there's a boy you want to meet, and you have no mutual friend to introduce you, you may go up to him in the school hall, for example, or after church, or wherever you gather, and say, "My name's So and So. I've seen you around school but we've never met. A bunch of the kids are coming over to my house Friday night. If you've nothing better to do I wish you'd come."

I asked the shy boy if this wouldn't be a good idea and he said, "Oh, if they only would do that." By "they" he meant us girls. Remember, of course, you must know who the boy is, and that you must introduce him to your parents.

Suppose this works. Without being bold at all you have very graciously made an introduction. And that's the first—and most difficult step—toward winning the boy you like.

It is difficult, because it's hard to go up to anybody you don't know and introduce yourself. A year ago last Christmas I was at a big party and Olivia de Havilland was there. I was very anxious to meet her, to talk to her—but I couldn't, somehow. My mother said, "Just go up to her and tell her how much you admire her work. That's always very endearing." I didn't, and I'm sorry now. I did so admire the nice kids who, when I was making my personal appearance tour throughout the country, were not too shy to come up to me and say something nice and friendly. Above all, in

your dealings with boys, don't overlook the fact that they are shy, too.

Now suppose the boy accepts your invitation and arrives on Friday night with the other kids. Here's the moment not to be over-anxious. I don't mean that you must play hard to get. But just don't scare him off by letting him know immediately that you're crazy about him.

As one boy said to me, "If a fellow knows right away that a girl is crazy about him, he may lose interest." I interpret his words to mean—don't rush the boy. Help him to enter into the group—that's just the common courtesy of a hostess—but don't wear your heart smeared all over your sleeve. And when he leaves, naturally you'll say, "I hope I see you again soon."

If, after that, he doesn't call or make a date you'll know that either he isn't interested or that he is terribly shy. If you're convinced that shyness is his trouble, you can, safely, make one more pitch. You may ask him to your home again, or perhaps to some school party where the girls are supposed to invite boys. By this time, if you haven't become good friends and started seeing a lot of each other, you'd better give up the whole idea.

For there's one thing I do know, boys do not like girls who chase them. And there's a big difference between just being friendly to a boy and chasing after him. Chasing will never get you anywhere.

I received a lot of letters from boys about the article I wrote that had to do with the "parking" and "necking" situation. The boys bawled me out royally. But I don't care—I'm going to stick my neck out again this time so the girls can whittle away at it. (My neck, I mean.) I do think that basically boys are more honest than girls. That's why they don't like the hard-to-get pose. If you like a boy, there's no reason why you shouldn't let him know it—if you're not sloppy about it. You let your girl friends know you like them, don't you? You are just being honest and friendly.

For example, don't take that high and mighty attitude of, "I'm not going to call him because he hasn't called me for two days." He may be busy or forgetful or—again, shy. I think that for a girl to call a boy just to gab nonsense over the telephone is foolish. But there's no reason to count calls if you have something to say—such as asking him about a school problem, or inviting him to some get-together. For heaven's sake, though, don't ever make him feel guilty.

Everybody—not only boys—hates the conversation that begins, "Why didn't you call me when you said you would?" or "I haven't seen you for so long; I thought you didn't like me any more." These words put the other person on the defensive—and that's a place he doesn't want to be. This applies to all friends—but principally to boys.

I was kind of disturbed to see several letters this month from girls who said, in effect, "The boy I like goes around with my girl friend. How can I get him?" Well, I think it is as important to have girl friends as it is to have boy friends. Sure, you can try a lot of tricks to take a boy away from your girl friend. But is it worth (Continued on page 80)

I just hated to wash work clothes until I tried Fels-Naptha Soap.



We've always used Fels-Naptha in my family. We like the way it washes.

Out of the mouths of Brides



Fels-Naptha's "sunshine" makes my sheets look whiter than new.



Tom fussed about his shirts till I washed them with Fels-Naptha.



Nothing washes clothes as clean as soap—Fels-Naptha, that is.



I like the clean smell of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.



Gentle Fels-Naptha helps my hands stay soft and lovely.



Fels-Naptha Soap

also makers of FELSOL, the new, White Instant Sudser

Have You Seen?



JOAN LANSING

While everyone's busy making New Year resolutions that they'll probably not keep beyond a concentrated week or two, let's settle down for a look at a new "point of view" you'll have no trouble keeping up with all year long.

What's this peerless "point of view"? Just turn your television dial to your local American Broadcasting Company channel and view what's-new in the program line. Great, eh? You bet it is, because the greatest names in entertainment are right there to give you hours and hours of pleasure.

For the kids, your local ABC television channel comes up with zippy programs such as **SUPER CIRCUS**, with ringmaster **CLAUDE KIRCHNER**, lovely **MARY HARTLINE**, the **CIRCUS BAND** and many colorful **CLOWNS**. . . . **DICK TRACY** is seen in weekly thrilling episodes; **BUCK ROGERS** and his daring exploits are here, too . . . as well as the swell **ACROBAT RANCH** show with "**UNCLE JIM**" . . . and the dog-gonned program of all, cheerful **CHESTER THE PUP**.

For the "grown-ups," the ABC television "point of view" features high-light shows such as **THE PAUL WHITEMAN GOODYEAR REVUE**, with **EARL WRIGHTSON** and fabulous guest stars . . . **SHOW-TIME** . . . **USA**, featuring the theatre's most famous performers . . . **HOLLYWOOD SCREEN TEST**, with **NEIL HAMILTON** and starting-stars and starlets . . . **THE COLLEGE BOWL**, a musical comedy series starring the irrepressible **CHICO MARX** and Company . . . **BEULAH**, starring **ETHEL WALTERS** in comic situations . . . **THE BILLY ROSE SHOW**, offering punch-packed programs of Broadway life . . . **CAN YOU TOP THIS** . . . **LIFE BEGINS AT 80**, emceed by **JACK BARRY** . . . the rousing **ROLLER DERBY** . . . **JOHN REED KING's** gay **CHANCE OF A LIFETIME** . . . the favorite **FIRST NIGHTER** program . . . **DON McNEILL's** **TV CLUB** with the whole gang . . . **STOP THE MUSIC** with bouncy **BERT PARKS** . . . **DON AMECHE** welcoming you to **HOLIDAY HOTEL** . . . **BLIND DATE**, festively femceed by **ARLENE FRANCIS** . . . **I COVER TIMES SQUARE** . . . the grand **LIFE WITH LINKLETTER** . . . the highly-scored **PULITZER PRIZE PLAYHOUSE** . . . **THE STU ERWIN SHOW**, "**THE TROUBLE WITH FATHER**" . . . and many exciting others that give you a choice "point of view." Be sure to check your newspapers' TV logs for exact time and day.

Joan Lansing

it? Is the loss of the girl friend's respect for you worth it? And suppose you succeed in taking the boy away from her—could you live with yourself? You could flatter the boy away—maybe. But if he left her for you, if you got him away by these methods, would you honestly want him? Could you ever trust him? Wouldn't you be afraid that the next girl who came along could take him away from you as easily as you did from your friend?

No, kids, this is not good. Nor is it good to convince yourself that you're crazy about someone unattainable. A lot of girls write me to say they're madly in love with a young man in pictures. Now it's wonderful to admire a movie star, to enjoy his work on the screen, and to feel romantic about him. But as for being "madly in love" with him—well, there is a million to one chance that you'll never see him personally. Even if you do, what are your chances for getting to know him? So be realistic. Don't break your heart by pining for a boy you know you can't get—and this applies to married men and men much older than you are. Why not charm someone who's eligible?

And if this isn't good advice, don't blame me. Blame the boys who gave me the advice.

Now here are some other letters.

"Dear Joan: I received a bad reputation about a year ago and haven't been able to live it down. My girl friends believe my bad reputation is gone, yet I can't get any dates because the boys who can't me out get teased by their boy friends—M.D. Detroit, Mich."

Well, you didn't tell me what you did to get this bad reputation so it's hard for me to say. If whatever happened was over a year ago and your girl friends still believe in you, I would suggest that you double date for a while. Your girl friends can certainly arrange this, then you can let your friend's date as well as yours see that you are behaving well. And in that way the news about how you have changed will spread.

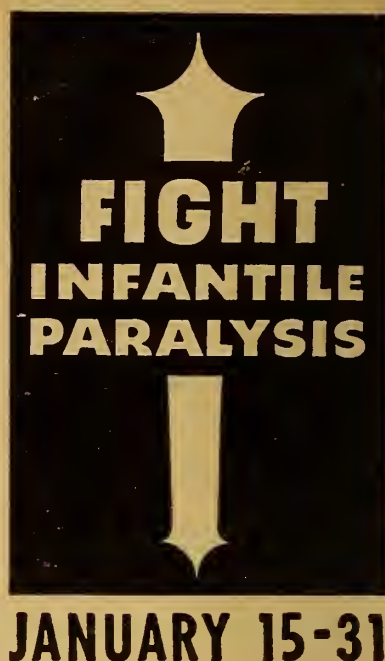
"Dear Miss Evans: I'm in the Pacific and a girl I used to take dancing has been writing to me. I like to get her letters, but now she is too serious. I do not want to hurt her feelings and spoil our friendship. What should I do?—Pfc. R.R. care postmaster San Francisco."

This is certainly a switch. So many of the boys overseas complain about the "Dear John" letters, about the girls who don't write, and the girls who aren't serious enough. If I were you I'd write her, explaining how young you are, and I'd tell her that so long as you are in the Army you just can't get serious about any girl. Tell her that nothing can be decided until you get home—but, in the meantime, you enjoy her friendly letters.

"Dear Joan: I met a boy last year and went out with him for four months. It was my fault we broke up, but I still like him. Do you think there is a chance of his liking me again?—B.J.M. Auburn, N.Y."

If I were you I'd go to him and admit you are sorry and that the break-up was all your fault. I feel sure he will forgive you, unless, of course, he's found another girl. But there's nothing better for all concerned than admitting you're wrong and asking a person's pardon.

MARCH OF DIMES



"Dear Joan: I've been going steady with a boy for nearly six months. I know his folks only by photographs and by telephone. They seem nice. How can I let my boy friend know I want to meet his family—without his thinking me forward?—N.P. Everett, Mass."

The fact that he has shown you their pictures means that he wants you to know what they're like. It is his place to suggest that you come to the house to meet them. Perhaps, though, he is confused and thinks you should ask. So why don't you say something like this: "Look, I don't want to be pushy but your parents look so nice in their photographs and sound so nice on the telephone. I'd love to meet them sometime." This is certainly not forward. If he doesn't respond—skip it.

"Dear Joan: How do I go about asking a girl for a date? I'm very bashful. I'm nineteen years old.—A.D. Denver, Colo."

Honestly, it isn't so difficult. All you have to say after you've first met a girl is, "It was very nice to have met you, and I hope to see you again." Then in a few days call her on the telephone and say, "If you're not busy next Friday night, I wish you'd go to the movies with me." After that it gets easier and easier. Shyness is a terrible thing. A good way to overcome it is simply to rehearse a little speech and then say it at the proper time.

And that winds up another month. I do wish I could answer every single letter personally but I simply can't. I can only answer in the pages of **MODERN SCREEN**. I just love to get your letters—they give me such good ideas about how to carry on this department. So goodbye for now. I'll be seeing you!

Editor's note: Do you have a teenager problem? If so, tell it to Joan. Write to Joan Evans, 1416 Queens Road, West Hollywood, California.

a minister looks at hollywood

(Continued from page 29) words of Dr. Willsie Martin, who, for 31 years of his half-century as a Methodist minister, has shared Hollywood's growth from a fly-by-night industry into the powerful one it has become. A man who helped secure for his community such outstanding things as the Hollywood Bowl for the famous Symphonies Under the Stars and inaugurated the equally famous local Easter Sunrise Services there; the Pilgrimage Bowl and its remarkable presentations of the Pilgrimage Play. A man who came to Hollywood in 1919 as pastor of the Hollywood Methodist Church and made that church a reality. So successfully—it is one of the finest of the Methodist churches today—that eight years later he was sent to make the Wilshire Methodist Church, just 2 miles away, a reality too. Upon his retirement three years ago, his congregation numbered over 2,000.

First, Dr. Martin and his lovely dark-haired, green-eyed wife with their three daughters saw a pleasant, neighborly Hollywood, a small town, from their modest home on Vine Street just north of Hollywood Boulevard. They could smell the fragrance of the orange grove then at Hollywood and Vine. On still nights they could hear the lions roaring at Lasky Studios at Sunset and Vine, now known as Radio Corner. The town was just beginning to grow and so was the motion picture industry.

"While we were urging that new buildings proposed for Hollywood Boulevard be set back far enough to save the beautiful old pepper trees with their grace and character," Dr. Martin recalls, "we were urging the picture industry to let the community itself answer the exaggerated and unfair attacks being levelled against their people through a Round Table composed of a producer, a director, an actor, a minister, a professor and other community leaders."

"We felt that by meeting once a month and discussing common problems we could effectively interpret to outsiders the true facts and the problems of motion picture people, thus winning sympathy and understanding for them instead of abuse. We also felt we could give the industry a better understanding of how other people feel about certain things so they could see that some pictures failed not because of technical imperfections but because they lacked human ideals."

He thought he saw the dawn of such effort by the movie makers when they formed an organization among themselves and brought Will Hays to head it. At the banquet given in 1922 by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce to welcome Mr. Hays, Dr. Martin said in part, "Hollywood is not a state of mind nor a condition of scandal. It is not a literary indigestion. It is not a place east of Suez where there ain't no ten commandments. It is not a colony, for that implies a mother country to which one will some day return. It is a town of folks. Some act, some write, some preach and some do nothing, even as folks in Indiana. Hollywood is just a going American community."

Today Dr. Martin says, "I thought at the time that our Round Table idea was to be part of that organization's efforts. Well, a few groups like the PTA are permitted to view motion pictures before release. Once in awhile our suggestions are accepted, but the Round Table, as we visualized it, never has been used. I still would like to see it tried."

"I feel the problems of the motion picture industry are as much a community

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problem as a junior high school which we found to be a center of juvenile delinquents. The leaders of 78 community organizations surveyed the neighborhood's contributing factors and suggested answers for correcting them. When the residents of the neighborhood were given the findings and suggestions, they went to work. Today that neighborhood is no longer a trouble spot.

"The movie heads should not overlook or belittle, as they do, the effectiveness of having responsible, intelligent groups in the community survey and suggest how best to eliminate those conditions which bring unfair outside criticism.

"Understand, I do not believe in censorship nor in the recent government proposal to license actors. I believe the things we hope for out of censorship can be obtained in other ways—democratic ways instead of regimentation. Government officials cannot comprehend accurately the problems of so highly specialized an industry. And actors, producers, directors, and writers have the same right as ministers, lawyers, doctors and other professional people to be judged and disciplined within their own profession. They should avail themselves of that right by effectively disciplining those among them who violate the principles in which people have faith and from which they expect decency. For violators provoke outside critics to condemn so unfairly not only the whole profession but the community as well."

Dr. Martin spoke of the movie industry with the personal objectivity of the community leader he is. The list of his effective activities is too great to print here but they include social, cultural, industrial, and civic improvements.

OF individual movie personalities and their unusual problems he speaks with such warmth and sympathy it is easy to see why so many of them agree with Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, who say, "Outside our immediate family there is no one for whom we have greater appreciation, affection, and regard than Dr. Willis Martin."

Of those who have not kept the marriage vows they spoke before Dr. Martin, he says, "They have our sympathy, understanding, and concern. How difficult it is for actors to have a happy, contented home life! They face unusual strains. The simplest, human, everyday disagreement between them is so magnified by that horde of gossiping reporters that it is difficult to keep doubt from creeping into their relationship. They pay a great personal price for their fame and popularity."

Speaking of one star whose name is familiar to millions, he shook his head sadly as he said, "When they came to ask me to perform the ceremony I was impressed by their happiness and earnestness. The young man told me, 'We intend to have a real private life.' Telling him I hoped they would, I warned, 'This will be very difficult because publicity will play on you pitilessly all the time and many factors will try hard to rob you of that privacy and perhaps your happiness.'

"They did lose privacy and eventually their happiness. That alone was not the answer, of course. Another factor probably was the fact the young star had little background for success. It takes defeats, long hard work, long striving toward goals to take success wisely and even then there is no guarantee one has learned to '... meet with Triumph and Disaster and treat those two imposters just the same...' as Kipling puts it.

"Stardom in any field is very hard on the home. If the home is to be maintained in happiness the crown of a star must be removed like the costume and grease paint

of the actor when one leaves the set. Not all can make this transition, apparently. Home is the place to be one's natural best self. The wearing of halos by anybody in public or at home is a mark of bad taste and poor upbringing. What I'm saying is that actors and actresses, when they leave the set, should act like human beings, avoiding adulation and the limelight or the expectation of them, remembering that the happy crown or halo is in the eyes of the beholder not the wearer. Not all have learned that before the test—and test it is for an actor—comes."

His troubled face indicated depth of sympathy and sorrow that in achieving stardom so many lose personal happiness.

Asked if the Methodist Church would permit him to perform the ceremony if a divorced actor or actress came to him, he said, "My church permits its ministers to marry the innocent party to a divorce provided the divorce has been secured on real grounds like infidelity, drunkenness, cruelty, etc. In such situations I try to treat motion picture people just as I treat other folks. Indeed, I feel that motion picture people should always be treated and regarded as fellow citizens. They should be accorded neither less respect nor more because of their profession. I'm against putting any group on pedestals or pillorying any group. Treat all alike is my theory."

DR. Martin's own personal happiness is patently evident. He met Muriel Eastman at the University of California at Berkeley where they were both what teen-agers call "Big Wheels" on the campus. Asked if she were good-looking he said, "She was very pretty." You get the feeling she was the prettiest of all. Certainly his popularity, talents and leadership would have made him welcome in any profession. Among those evidences are his membership in Psi Upsilon, Epsilon chapter; the Carnot Medal for Debating; membership in the university's honor Golden Bear Society; and presidency of his Senior Class. It was not until the middle of his Senior year that Willis Martin thought of becoming a minister. Muriel Eastman belonged to Alpha Omicron Pi; Prytanean Women's Honor Society; the Y.W.C.A.; and she, too, was class president the first half of her Senior year. They were married at her home in Marysville, California, three years after his graduation. By that time he had served as a Methodist minister for a year in a little church in Sacramento, a year as an assistant in the First Church in Oakland, and spent a year studying at the Drew Theological Seminary in Madison, New Jersey.

Together they went to serve at Chico and Alameda, California; then Boise, Idaho. While in Boise, where he served seven years, Dr. Martin was sent overseas on a Y.M.C.A. World War I Mission. Upon his return in 1919, he was sent to Hollywood. The Martins' three daughters attended and were graduated from Hollywood High School and went on to Pomona College where all three were graduated with honors. Today the eldest is the wife of Dr. John M. Ide, Chief Scientist at the U. S. Naval Underwater Sound Laboratory near New London, Connecticut. The Martin's second daughter is now Dr. Helen Eastman Martin, doctor of internal medicine and associate professor of medicine at the University of Southern California. The youngest, Elizabeth, is married to John R. Wolfenden, assistant director of publicity at Columbia Studios. She has succeeded her mother as a member of the board of the Hollywood Studio Club, a boarding home for young women entering the motion picture field. Of the two eldest of the Martins' six grandchildren, one is a student at Stanford and the other at Pomona.

"We have led a very normal life," Dr. Martin says. "Not at all what the newspapers insist is normal here. The press everywhere distorts Hollywood. I was in London in 1937, riding along on a bus, when I saw newspaper headlines promising an exposé of Hollywood's horrible night club life. I bought a copy. It was the same kind of exposé of which a part of the press is all too guilty when it comes to Hollywood."

"Set off because some actor was involved in a fist fight?" I asked lightly.

"I do not believe there is any excuse for an actor to engage in a fist fight," Dr. Martin said sternly.

With that I took exception. From my experience as a publicist in studios I told him of the husband who defended his actress wife in that way. Reprimanded by the studio—through me—he had said indignantly, "Just because my wife's an actress doesn't mean I can't protect her when a perfect stranger insults her."

As I repeated the sacrilegious, vulgar words of the insult Dr. Martin flushed.

"I have a good Irish temper," he said firmly, "but since I hold a responsible place in the community, I feel I should curb it, and I believe every actor should feel and do the same. I don't believe a night club fight is the answer. If that had been said to my wife, I would have taken action all right, but not that kind. I would have called the management, had them oust him, and if possible get the man's name and address. Then I would have taken legal action in the democratic way. Hollywood would have been spared the notoriety of a night club fight. If legal action had received publicity then the only shame would have been the insulting stranger's. The public would have given sympathy to the actress and have gained some understanding of the problems her fame creates."

THAT's the kind of help which we hoped to give the motion picture people with our Round Table. Then they could command the respect they have earned but are not given, because they too often have shrugged off or exploited exactly what gives the outside critics their clubs. Only when every person of importance in the movie industry is required by the industry itself to take and abide by the Athenian Oath, will Hollywood raise its profession to the dignity to which it is entitled.

"The office which Mr. Hays first headed has brought considerable improvement to motion pictures themselves. There are now more producers like Dore Schary, who so excellently instills human ideals into his pictures. But Hollywood must take itself more seriously before the world will know Hollywood as I know it, with such fine people as Mr. and Mrs. DeMille, Jean Hersholt, William Farnum, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Harold Lloyd, Nelson Eddy, Dennis Morgan, Barbara Britton, Shirley Temple, and the countless others I have met through my professional, social, and community activities and found to be a credit to their profession and their community."

Concluding, Dr. Martin said, "My experience here shows me we have a typical American community with very many splendid interests, fine activities, some of the best service clubs of any in the country, and some of the largest church memberships. These great congregations which are to be found in Hollywood include producers, directors, writers and actors as well as the professional men and their families, along with other citizens from many walks of life. We have real religion here in Hollywood. Not mawkish, but real and deep whether Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant.

"I've always held my citizenship here with great satisfaction and pride." THE END

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the sorrows of lana turner

(Continued from page 31) body can't put up that same fight again, and future pregnancies usually result in the death of the infant before or soon after birth. Lana's second child was lost because its red blood cells had been destroyed by antibodies produced in Lana's blood.

There's only one way of saving the life of such an infant. As soon as it is born, its own blood is drawn out, and transfusions of new and different blood are injected into its veins.

When Lana became pregnant for the third time last March, her obstetrician told her that this was the only way in which she might give birth to a child and assure its survival.

As part of the regimen, Lana herself would have to take three or four injections per week. "I want another baby more than anything else," Lana said, "and I'll do anything possible to make sure it's healthy."

The chances of any married couple's having RH factor trouble are only one in 500. It's Lana's luck to be that particular longshot—but all during the six months of her last pregnancy, she never once complained.

WHILE she was undergoing medical treatment, praying that her baby might be born alive so that it might be transfused with new blood, she was making *Mr. Imperium*, with Ezio Pinza.

Everyone was excited about the great Pinza, everyone but Lana. During the picture's filming, many people began to think that Lana had grown jaded. She seemed to have an almost cathedral-like self-sufficiency about her. Few people knew of the heavy, hopeful secret she carried in her heart.

One afternoon, a reporter came up to her on the set. "Darling!" the reporter exclaimed. "I've just spoken to Pinza and he tells me that he falls in love with all his leading ladies."

Lana merely smiled. In the old days of 1937 and '38, she might have made a snappy retort like, "That's nothing. I always fall in love with all my leading men." This time she was silent.

When Pinza planted his first kiss on her, instead of complimenting the 58-year-old lover on his technique as she once surely might have, Lana didn't say a word. When she left the set, she turned to her makeup man and said good-naturedly, "If he kisses me like that all the time, I'm going to look like a Ubangi. How about getting me some protection?"

A few minutes later, her lips were being covered by a protective padding of undetectable plastic. In the old days Lana never sought cover from the lips of any of her leading men.

All during the film's production, she was careful, sedate, and lady-like. No temper tantrums. No scenes. No flare-ups.

When a reporter interviewed her and asked about her future plans, Lana said simply, "I've always loved children, and I don't want to raise Cheryl as an only child. That's why my husband and I are looking forward so anxiously to the birth of this child."

"I understand," the reporter continued, "that this is going to be your last picture. I heard on the radio the other night that the only reason you're making this one is because you want to buy your mother an insurance annuity."

"That's not true at all," Lana answered. "My mother doesn't need an annuity, and I have no intention of retiring even after my child is born."

But the child Lana was carrying—as we

all know now—was never born. Three weeks after *Mr. Imperium* was finished, Lana slipped on her floor at home. Bob Topping rushed her to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, and Lana had no chance of determining whether the child might have lived with transfusions of new blood.

Fortunately for Lana, she never gives up or gives in. She never runs away from life. She runs to meet it no matter what it has to offer.

Less than a month after her miscarriage, she attended the premiere of *All About Eve*. Escorted by Bob, she looked as glamorous and beautiful as ever, although inwardly she may have changed.

She's no longer the young girl who obeys her every impulse, who lives with a feverish gaiety, who airs all her troubles, who lives her private life in public. "I've given up night-clubbing," she says. "We're furnishing our home in Holmby Hills and we may build a vacation place up in Monterey or Oregon."

Lana will not permit her home to be photographed, and she will no longer submit to the outlandish sweater stunts which brought in her first publicity. Her "planned" romance with young leading men like Peter Lawford is a thing of the past.

She has also had her name legally changed from Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner to plain Lana Turner, and has cloaked all her recent actions with a new dignity.

LIFE has always treated Lana Turner roughly. Her father, Virgil Turner, was an itinerant miner. He was working in Wallace, Idaho, population 3,634, when Lana was born. One night when Lana was ten, and the family lived in San Francisco, Virgil Turner was mugged and murdered on a side street near the bay.

Fatherless and virtually penniless, with her mother working, ten-year-old Lana knew none of the comforts or the small luxuries that young girls should know—a new dress, an ice cream soda, a birthday party were rare, fantastic pleasures.

By the time Lana was 13, her mother decided to try their luck in Los Angeles. They packed three cheap suit cases with all their worldly possessions, and borrowed a friend's car. Five miles out of Paso Robles, it suddenly began to pour. The old car skidded, hit a soft shoulder, teetered recklessly, and then turned over.

Two ribs broken, her face cut and bleeding, Lana managed to limp away from the wreck. "So long as I live," she once told friends, "I'll never forget that day. I wanted to cry, but I knew that crying wouldn't do any good, so I got up and I tried to flag some cars. Finally, a truck-driver stopped and took us into Hollywood. That's the way I got here—and I'll never forget it."

THERE is no point in going over Lana's entire career. What is significant, however, is the perverse and recurrently bad luck that has constantly hounded her personal life. Every time Lana made a successful picture or her contract at the studio was re-ordered, she somehow found herself involved in an unhappy love affair.

There was Greg Bautzer, the popular Hollywood lawyer, now rumored in love with Ginger Rogers. Greg got hold of Lana when she was 17, and she fell tempestuously in love with him. She even told Joan Crawford, "I hope to marry Greg." The hope was never fulfilled. Lana ran off to Las Vegas with Artie Shaw.

This marriage is listed in the books as one of the great mis-matings of all time. "If you put sex aside," a friend of Artie's said, "these two had absolutely nothing

in common." Shaw is primarily an intellectual. Lana is not. She attended Hollywood High School for fifteen days—no more—before she left.

Lana's marriage to Shaw lasted seven months. Her second marriage to Steve Crane lasted six months. She filed for an annulment but when she discovered that she was pregnant by Crane, she remarried him on the night before he left for his Army induction. "I want my baby to have a normal life," she explained.

The normal life never materialized. Crane's acting ambitions, it was rumored, lay behind the dissolution of marriage number two. "Acting just isn't right for most men," Lana said at the time.

At this point, Lana's career began to bloom. Her love-life did not. Of Turhan Bey, who courted her violently for a time and then stopped, she had this to say: "I don't know whether I did something or someone told him something or what. He said he would call me and he never called and I never heard from him again . . . It's so bad for me with Cheryl growing up to have everyone think I don't know my own mind. I knew my mind for a long time about Turhan. Because of my little girl, I don't want it said that I turn lightly and frivolously from one man to another."

CERTAINLY, Lana's love for Tyrone Power wasn't frivolous. She endangered her career by flying to Mexico to be with him. Supposedly, this was the great love match of the century. Lana, who used to wear her heart on her sleeve, held it in outstretched hands for him. When Linda Christian married Ty, Lana was crushed.

She tried not to show it, but her friends knew the truth. This was another kick in the teeth. Then, Lana met and married Bob Topping. The Hollywood wise-guys said she was marrying on the rebound, that the marriage would never last. They're still saying it, only they're not so sure any more.

When Lana honeymooned in England, the press raked her over the coals because she came late to a conference. When she returned to Bob's family home in Connecticut, the gossips said she was ill-prepared to be mistress of the tremendous Topping mansion. When she went to 21, or the Colony, or the Copacabana in New York, it was said of Bob and Lana that they were constantly quarreling, that the quarrels must end in divorce.

When Lana found herself pregnant by husband Topping the first time, she knew nothing about the RH factor. When she found out about it—it was too late. The baby had died.

When she learned about the RH factor and tried to save this last child by transfusions of whole blood—she never got the chance.

If anyone ought to be sore at life, it should be Lana Turner. It's given her money and fame but precious little happiness. However, she refuses to look back upon the past.

"When you're as happy as I am," she said three weeks before she lost her baby, "you have no thoughts for the past."

Whether that still holds true, no one can say.

A friend who has known her ever since she first arrived in Hollywood, said recently, "Lana has been smart enough never to sit down and take inventory of her life. There has been too much sadness, too many men, too much death and love, and because of love, too much pain. For Lana there is only one thing—the future. Whether it brings her another child of her own, or whether she and Bob adopt one—I am sure that she knows in her heart that the future must be better than the past."

THE END



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the truth about hollywood society

(Continued from page 43) everyone is walking on eggs? The whole structure can crack up at any minute.

One piece of bad publicity or two poor pictures and the toasts of one month have been transformed into the crumbs of the next. As for money, only the continued power to command a large salary counts, for under the present tax laws it's impossible to set aside—out of a salary—a fortune or even a nest egg that will see anyone much past his productive years. These productive years, with a few notable exceptions, average about five.

With these facts in mind it isn't difficult to understand why Hollywood society is frantic, ostentatious, and in a constant state of flux. Except for the syndicated columnists, the entrenched studio heads, and the boys—largely Easterners—who hold the purse strings, everyone is sitting on a time bomb, and knows it. What no one knows is when the bomb is going to explode. That is largely the reason why Hollywood society is fabulous, extravagant, and almost a caricature of the stories outsiders hear about it.

WHERE but in Hollywood could a self-styled prince, who has spent half his life living off the gullible rich, make the rich like it? And make every phony fear his stern appraisal? Because of his amazing personality and a curiously deep respect for the truth, Mike Romanoff, nobleman by choice, has achieved a unique position as social arbiter in Hollywood. And has made a business of it.

A few years ago, Mike Romanoff was a modestly-paid writer at one of the major studios. At that time, the Clover Club, a plush night spot with complete gambling facilities, was planning to reopen. Obviously, the club owners couldn't advertise, and they couldn't just open it like a super market. But opening night still had to have a turnout of the right people with the right bank balances.

One of the guiding geniuses of the club hit upon the idea of giving a lavish party in honor of Prince Mike Romanoff, at which he would be titular host. It was to be a great party with no expense spared, and the engraved invitations were highly prized by those who got them and deftly maneuvered for by those who didn't. At that time, the studio for which Romanoff was working had bought a story from Elsa Maxwell, had employed her as an adviser, and had planned to use her name in the title of the picture. It was here that Romanoff came a cropper. A reporter from *Time* magazine, writing up the forthcoming Clover party, asked Romanoff if he intended to invite Miss Maxwell. "Certainly not," was the imperial reply. "There are to be no phonies."

Time printed the interview—which naturally resulted in Romanoff's instant dismissal from his studio job. But, as is often the case, it was a blessing in disguise; for it led to the birth of Romanoff's restaurant. —On \$7,500 which Romanoff "allowed" his friends to lend him, he opened his tavern. By 1947, he was netting \$87,000 a year and his establishment had achieved a social pre-eminence that now rivals the royal enclosure at Ascot.

Another field of social activity in Hollywood which serves as an indicator of social desirability is the party where just some of the people are invited. After all, anyone can walk into Romanoff's. Maybe you can't get a table, but you can get in. A more restricted institution is the traditional Hollywood set party. These are given at the completion of the shooting of a picture and are paid for by the stars, the producer, the director or a combina-

tion of them. The guests are all those who worked on the making of the picture—grips, electricians, cameramen, actors, cutters, anyone actually connected with ushering the epic into this world. These parties are generally filled with a kind of camaraderie that promises to be eternal at the time, but evaporates within a few days. They serve a healthy purpose, for often the frictions that sometimes build up over several weeks of high pressure work are dragged out for discussion and what might have been an enmity becomes an understanding. There are rules about set parties too, unspoken but almost always obeyed. The cardinal rule is that no outsiders attend. They are strictly for the "family" that made the picture. This applies to the husbands and wives of those involved in the picture. The spouses are not welcome and their arrival, unexpected or otherwise, has often led to trouble. A recent example of this was the fracas created when William Grant Sherry attempted to crash a set party given for his wife Bette Davis after she'd completed *The Story Of A Divorce*. Refused admittance, Sherry rebelled and wound up in fisticuffs with Barry Sullivan, the leading man in the picture. There are some who say that this incident precipitated Miss Davis' immediate suit for divorce. Certainly it was more than a plug for the title of the picture since the divorce is now final and both have remarried.

THE problem of the visiting celebrity is one which has caused many bitter tests of power and many lasting feuds. Not too many years ago, anyone who got off the super-chief with spats, a walking stick, and an English accent became the immediate object of a race among the town's hostesses to see who could first land him as a guest of honor for a lavish party. Of late this situation has lost much of its international aspect. The Maharaja of Cooch-Behar can come and go and is largely left to his own devices. And the Shah of Iran was recently allowed to conduct whatever business he had here without any audible roar from the town's social lions.

People on allied business—like magazine editors from the East, are subjected to a rigorous caste system. Minor editors are invited to tour the studios and to spend a couple of minutes with the heads of the publicity departments. Important editors have limousines placed at their disposal and are often given parties at Ciro's or one of the other big night clubs. The top brass, the men who not only edit a magazine but probably own the publishing company as well, get their limousines even faster—in Chicago, for instance, where the Super Chief has a two-hour layover. There, a chauffeur snaps to attention, and offers convoy to a hotel where the traveling celebrity can take a shower and a nap before continuing his journey.

Lately, the celebrity ballyhoo seems to have narrowed down to those identified with the arts. Of course there was a great to-do as to who would have the honor of giving the first Hollywood party for Ezio Pinza, the famed singing star of *South Pacific*.

Actually, it wasn't much of a contest—not in the great old dog-eat-dog tradition of the past—for Pinza had been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and so his unveiling fell quite quietly into the capable hands of the comparatively recent Mrs. Louis B. Mayer.

Far keener campaigns were waged when Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien

Leigh arrived a few weeks ago. They presented a plum that was both artistic and international with the additional over-tone of involving knighthood. When the votes were counted Mr. and Mrs. Danny Kaye had won and the party they gave for the Oliviers was a lulu. Missing was the crude flamboyance of earlier eras, the noise, the backslapping, and the earthy jokes in mixed company. Gone, indeed, was the most revered bulwark of all Hollywood functions—the time honored battery of press photographers. They were not permitted to attend. This stroke marked a new level of class, aimed to set the tone of the entire affair.

Mrs. Kaye, quite naturally, went over the guest list with a microscope, and probably litmus paper as well. If a "must be invited" single woman had invited an escort ineligible in the Kaye view, the escort was changed for someone more acceptable. Well in advance of the party she checked with all the women guests as to the gowns they were wearing. One reason for this was that the proper details might be released to the newspapers and other interested publications. Another was a desire to avoid any duplication among the gowns. Still another, it is rumored, was the intention to eliminate any gown that might tend to lower the level of the party's general décor.

ANOTHER remembered affair was the party given by Nunnally Johnson (but paid for by Universal-International) honoring, for some now unfathomable reason, a picture he made with William Powell called *Mr. Peabody and The Mermaid*. There were buffet tables half a block long. A circus tent converted the entire back lawn and gardens into a night club complete with a hardwood dance floor. There, models dressed as

mermaids, posed behind thin screens of gauze. It was impossible to finish a glass of champagne, for it was refilled scarcely before it left your hand. The party may not have cost as much as the picture it honored, but it's a safe bet that it cost every bit as much as the picture made.

As they say in the gossip columns—"everyone who is anyone was there." In fact, once during the evening, one of Johnson's friends spotted him leaning rather disconsolately against one of the many bars and asked him how many of the guests present he thought he knew personally. After a pause Johnson answered, "I figure one out of every ten is about my average."

To a single girl who has really made the grade on the Hollywood social ladder, it is obvious that the expense of dressing is no minor consideration. She may go to two or three gala affairs a week, and no salary can support an expensive new dress and a different fur for each. Yet she is certainly marked as being on the skids if her wardrobe isn't on a par with the others. This has led to many a dodge, a trade, and a borrowing. The fine stores of the community—Magnin's, Saks, and the others have long been in the habit of sending out dresses, fur coats and such to their customers on approval. This phrase, of course, means to look at, possibly to touch, but never to wear. For a long time one of the stars had been suspected of carrying the "on approval" privilege somewhat beyond the store's intention. One day, she ordered a mink cape sent out "on approval." It was returned to the store bright and early the next day, and the star was properly horrified when the cape together with a two thousand dollar bill reached her before noon. She indignantly called the store. But they had her dead to rights. She'd worn the

cape to a premiere the previous evening. The store had taken the precaution of having a photographer there, and in a crystal clear eight by ten portrait was the star languidly swathed in the store's mink cape. Clearly, there was nothing she could do but pay the bill.

SEATING arrangements have caused many a sleepless night among Hollywood hostesses, for the problems thus presented can be many and varied. It's a safe bet, for example, that Arline Judge will have been married to at least two of the gentleman present at anything larger than a bridge party, and a thoughtful party giver would never put Gene Markey in the same group with Hedy Lamarr, Joan Bennett or Myrna Loy. And there are, of course, the feuds, such as the one between Olivia de Havilland and her sister, Joan Fontaine. More difficult to keep up with are those that develop from day to day between rival columnists, rival agents who accuse each other of stealing their actors, and rival producers who have done just that.

Probably Hollywood's most powerful and unique group of social arbiters is a relatively small number of men not formally organized, yet whose social whims are law to many of Hollywood's greater names. Hollywood refers to them as the Honorary Association of Stars' Husbands—HASH for short. Generally, the typical member is a non-professional—at least in the beginning. But regardless of his previous field of endeavor, he very soon becomes expert in all matters relating to the creation of motion pictures. This grows from scripts, casting, photography, and costuming clear through to film editing and the advertising campaign. The position always involves handling the couple's social life and frequently the

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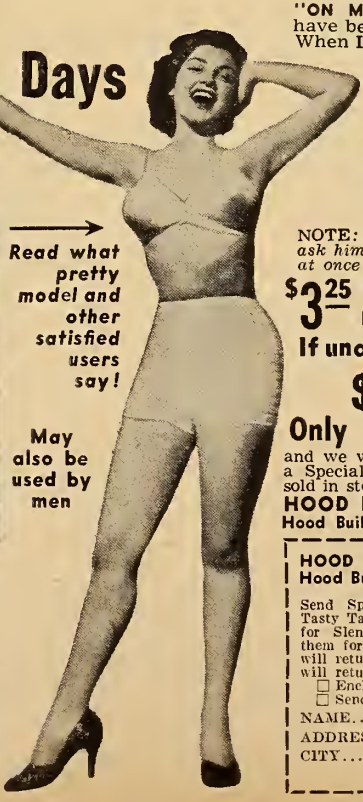


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knotty problems of finance and investment, though the general emphasis on the latter has declined in recent years.

OF course mere marriage to a movie star doesn't put a man into the Honorary Association. In Hollywoodese, membership in the association is limited to those who deliberately exploit their wives' fame and power for their own interest. There is, indeed, an imposing list of men who married stars and went on to well earned and lasting success strictly on their own merit. Among these can be included William Dozier, previously story editor of Paramount, who married Joan Fontaine and has gone on to win deserved laurels as a producer. Tom Lewis, now happily married to Loretta Young, was a successful advertising man and has made himself a motion picture producer of note. Freddie Brisson was an able talent agent when he married Rosalind Russell. Now, after an admirable war record, he has become an

executive and producer in his own production company. There is Jack Briggs who, since his separation from Ginger Rogers, is being offered more acting plums than ever before. Collier Young, onetime agent and story editor, has formed a vastly successful independent production company with his ex-wife, Ida Lupino. These are but a few examples on the credit side of the ledger and should serve to offset the typical, but non-honorable members of the "Honorary Association of Stars' Husbands."

Obviously, Hollywood can have no society in the sense that the old lineal communities of the nation have. As one observer puts it, "It is only in its efforts to be like other places that Hollywood falls flat on its face." In other communities, shapes and values have been set. But to be in society in Hollywood is like climbing into a Waring mixer—no one knows who is on top until someone turns off the switch, and no one has quite enough nerve to do that.

THE END

they're talking about the powers

(Continued from page 14) sprinkling of royal names. In other words, Mrs. Power is having a whale of a time in London town, and so far Mr. Power is not enjoying it with her. She doesn't go alone, though. Attractive men, Montgomery Clift among them, have been escorting the elf-like redhead hither and yon.

It is possible that in the case of Clift this was merely business (not difficult to take, you might say), when he and Linda appeared together at the recent command performance of *The Mudlark*.

People here are still wondering about that command performance date. Linda Christian is not a star in her own right. Why was it necessary for her to appear at all, much less be provided officially with an escort? Or, take it the other way around. Clift is a star big enough to warrant his being there, but wouldn't he have gone stag if he'd wanted to do so? Furthermore, if it were absolutely vital that he appear with someone, why not an eligible lovely?

The explanation may be that Montgomery Clift is leery of publicity romances, and prefers to play it safe from the rumor-mills. Probably no one would think much of Clift's escorting just any married woman to *The Mudlark*, but few women are as provocative as Linda. And as for Linda, this was not the first time, or the second either, that she was seen partying without her husband.

It is common knowledge, in London, not mere rumor or gossip, that Linda Christian Power is seeing the town with other men. Furthermore, the gossips are specific in saying that there is one man in particular who interests her very much. He is not a famous name but a private citizen who is either a Mexican, lives in Mexico, or has recently traveled there.

But where is Ty while all this is going on? Six evenings a week he stars in Mr. Roberts, in the part Henry Fonda made famous on Broadway.

Ty's playing Mr. Roberts may well be the reason for the situation. It is possible that Linda's escorts are handpicked by Ty himself to keep his vivacious little wife entertained while he is busy each evening playing to packed houses.

This is not the only possible explanation. The other is a matter of tradition and goes very deep. To understand it, you must also understand an old Continental custom that arose from Europe's perennial oversupply of women.

THINGS were different in America when it was young. The early settlers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries needed wives and mothers to build up families in the Colonies, and European countries were ready and willing to fill market orders for brides. Marriageable women were so much in demand that even widows were snatched out of their mourning before their tears were dry.

It is easy to see how America developed a tradition whereby wives do not go out freely with other men. On the other hand, Europe has developed the opposite idea. If her husband does not enjoy social festivities, it is perfectly acceptable for a wife go to balls or the theater with another man. But do not be misled by this, for while a wife usually chooses her escorts, it is all in perfect order with her husband. The situation parallels a father sending his daughter out to a party saying, "Have a good time," and telling the young man when to bring her home.

It may be like this with the Powers since both of them definitely have outlooks that are more Continental than American.

Essentially, Linda is European. Although she belongs to the generation of teenagers whose life was restricted by war, by 1939 she had seen enough of the world to know it as well as anyone of 14 or 15 could know it. Her father, a Hollander, had taken her everywhere as he traveled in his oil business. Like most true cosmopolitans she speaks many languages... even Arabic.

As you know, although Christian is her real name, Linda is not. It is actually Bianca, a tip-off to her Mexican maternal heritage. Her warm olive skin indicates this Latin strain and complements her Dutch-like light hair. She is one of those lucky children from two widely different ancestries who combines the handsomest qualities of each.

Tyrone, too, is a contradiction. He could scarcely look more All-American. But his solemn behavior and decorous attitude are the essence of the European type who lives with silence and dignity. This may come as a blow if you think that the Continental is forever sipping wine in a sidewalk cafe and paying outrageous compliments to each lady he meets. Characters like that are to be found only in novels and (Heaven help us!) in the movies. Ty's reserve, staunch personal dignity, and his two marriages, first to French Annabella,

now to Latin Linda, plus his preference for Europe as a home are greatly revealing. They all indicate that Tyrone Power, in temperament, is a Continental, too.

So, we can grant the Powers some benefit of the doubt, considering that Linda's going about with other men is what a European wife might do if her husband were busy or would rather stay at home.

However, if something really is wrong, and if you enjoy reading profound meanings into things, you can say that the loss of Linda's baby, born dead almost a year ago, hurt them both so deeply that a strain started between them. Others have said so. Who knows? There may be something to it, but it seems unlikely for a healthy young woman and her understanding husband.

To judge her fairly, it is important to realize that Linda, besides having sophistication and genuine glamor, also has elemental earthiness and simplicity.

Back in 1945, for example, when the Hollywood Athletic Club was still concentrating on sports, the swimming coach conducted the marathon swim that was the custom each winter. There was a large map of the world on the wall on which were stuck many pins, each with a little flag bearing the name of a competitor. In order to move his pin out of Los Angeles, a contestant was required to swim a certain number of lengths which corresponded to the distance to the next port. The goal was to swim "around the world" in this fashion, or as far as you could in the few months of the contest.

As you might imagine, such a game would appeal to eager youngsters, determined housewives, and health-conscious old men. Glamor girls were hardly expected to be interested. So, when golden-brown Linda appeared, wearing a Bikini bathing-suit that looked better in reality than it did in sketch-books, she caused quite a stir when she set out for Honolulu.

As she was then under contract with MGM, her effort was expected to last only as long as it took to take publicity pictures. However, no photographer showed up. To everyone's added surprise, through the winter the pin marked "L. Christian" kept pushing along over oceans and around continents, and in April finally hove into Los Angeles harbor just behind the one marked "J. Weissmuller."

By the end of the race, a month later, only a fifteen-year-old boy had "finished"; everyone else was declared "drowned" and received a "nice try" medal. Linda carried home a waist high trophy for her victory. "Pretty good for a soft glamorgirl," everyone agreed.

No one quite knows why she is as well known by the name Linda Christian as by Mrs. Tyrone Power. She wasn't that well known in pictures. When she declared she would give up her career for marriage, more than a few people asked "What career?" Evidently she meant that she would give up her efforts at a career in pictures for her new ambition to settle down and have many, many babies.

Part of this plan was blasted when, unfortunately, she lost her first baby. But was this responsible for her not settling down? Or has she changed her mind about being the best of wives? Have Linda and Tyrone Power a friendly little agreement continental-style?

Are they still happy together and are their so-called intimates shedding silly tears when they weep, "How can she do this to Ty? He's so wonderful!"

I don't know. But that's the way things stand on this side of the Atlantic. Maybe you could tell us. What do you think?

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week-end marriage

(Continued from page 55) where she, as usual, was the liveliest guest. While the candles were being blown out, a Paramount designer turned to Betty and remarked, "I've never seen you so gay, Betty."

Betty flashed her a big grin. "Going out with Bob tonight?" the designer asked. (She was referring to Bob Sterling, whom the gossip columnists were referring to daily as Betty's next husband.)

"I certainly am. He's fun." "I know he is," said the designer. "But I never thought you two would get together."

"Why not? He's a grand guy. And he talks my language."

Betty's language doesn't have much to do with casual conversation. It's intensely involved with show business, and her long struggle to make a place for herself in that extravagant world has lessened her interest in many other mundane matters.

Ted Briskin may have tried to talk Betty's language, but it was always hard for him. He could never take to Hollywood and its glamorous, brittle goings-on. And he couldn't take to the constant demands on Betty's time by other people whose pleasure it was to build a star into a whole constellation.

He feels at home in Chicago where he's taken over his father's business. He's top-man there, which is what he enjoys.

But business makes its social demands, too. It's nice to have a wife around the house to help swing a deal or charm a dealer. Ted can't have that now unless he invites Betty a week in advance. Even then, her work might not let her get away.

Betty has a social life, too—that's part of her job. There are all sorts of functions a famous star has to attend, and not always unescorted. During their separations, Betty never lacked dates. And even now, another escort besides Ted might have to step in.

ONLY recently, Betty flew to New York for a few days, but Ted didn't—even though Chicago's only four flying hours away. One night, during her stay, she dined at 21, and the diners almost spilled their vichyssoise when they noticed that the man she was with was not Ted Briskin. As she and her escort were being seated, Betty recognized a friend at the next table and leaned over to say hello.

"Darling, it's wonderful to see you," her friend cried. "How long are you going to be in town?"

"Not as long as I'd like to be," Betty laughingly replied.

"But where's Ted?" her friend asked. Betty's smile faltered momentarily. "Oh, he couldn't make the trip this time."

Probably he couldn't, but it didn't help public relations with the newsprint announcing their reconciliation hardly dry. Betty was in New York without him, and that's not the way their agreement read. The agreement said they'd spend week-ends together. He'd fly to Hollywood, or she'd bundle up the children and take them to Chicago. But from Chicago to New York is the shortest trip of all. . . .

This was the first time, but certainly not the last that his business commitments or her career would stand between them. He doesn't like being alone; she likes it even less. Their search for companionship is apt to widen the rift between them, and they may find that they're strangers. It may even add up to a case of absence making the heart grow fonder—of someone else.

If a clash of personalities separated them—Hollywood thinkers suggest—why should it bring them together again? Cer-

tainly their personalities haven't changed. And if their love is so strong, why can't they manage to keep it in one state? California's big enough for two, so is Illinois. Maybe they're doing it for the children. The gossipers think that that makes a cute story. Betty's not in love, they say, she's a martyr. And isn't it sweet to be a martyr for one's children? Unfortunately, a "weekend-marriage" can do the children more harm than no marriage at all.

Lindy and Candy are old enough to notice their father's prolonged absences. They're beginning to wonder why they have to pack a valise almost every time they see him. The contrast between their way of life and that of their friends will become increasingly apparent to them as the months go on. Children are pretty simple about complicated problems. We have a daddy—they think—why isn't he home? Children alone can't hold a marriage together; they need assistance from their parents.

All the sympathy and advice in the world can't stop two people from losing their tempers if that's what they want to lose. And even the nicest of in-laws—

HOLLYWOOD, HERE I COME



Hollywood had just become aware of Gregory Peck, and it began a long siege of phone calls against Leland Hayward, Peck's well-known agent.

Casey Robinson, a motion-picture writer who wanted

to become a motion-picture producer, started the ball rolling one day.

"You handle a boy named Peck," stated Robinson.

"Do I?" Hayward asked. "You do," Robinson said. "I've just seen him in a show, and he's good. Hal Wallis is going to call you, too, to try to sign him for Warner Brothers, but I'm first. I want Peck exclusive."

Hayward didn't know what Robinson was talking about. He'd never heard of Peck. So he stalled. "Of course, he'll want time off to appear in an occasional stage play," he suggested.

That didn't faze Robinson, so Hayward took a deep breath, said, "He won't make tests, either," and waited for the outraged howls. But Robinson took that one in his stride too. Hayward began to mention things that were ordinarily like flapping red flags in a producer's face. "He must have approval of the first two or three pictures he does . . . You can't sign him for more than three years . . . He must get a thousand a week for his first picture, fifteen hundred for his second and two thousand for his third." He sat back and waited for the wires to melt as they carried Robinson's reply westward. But Robinson merely said "Okay," and hung up.

The phone rang again. This time it was Hal Wallis. Hayward went through his list of Peck-won't-do-this-and-Peck-won't-do-that again. They bothered Wallis no more than they had Robinson. The same thing happened with two more producers.

Greg Peck was on his way.—(Pete Martin, from Hollywood Without Makeup)

the Briskins, and Betty's mother and sister—can't deliver any of the happiness they'd like to bring into Ted's and Betty's hearts. It's up to them alone to be faithful to the vows they made four years ago. They're trying the only way they think will work, but the problems they had before are still around.

Ted can be very thoughtless, especially when he's doing something he enjoys. One incident, which must have had a definite bearing on their separation, occurred when Ted flew down to the Del Mar race track for the day, with his brother.

On this particular day, Ted was having a run of bad luck, and he didn't want to go until he'd recouped his losses. He was too excited to make a note of when his plane was to leave—and he missed it.

When he called Betty to explain, Betty wasn't in a listening mood. They were expecting guests for dinner that night, and she'd taken special pains to see that the affair would be a lovely one.

Maybe other wives would have tossed the incident off lightly. "My husband's crazy," other wives might have said. "He'd lose his head if it weren't attached." But those wives you can count on your fingers after you make a fist.

Betty cried, and Ted bristled. He'd have to miss the dinner. So he might as well stay down at Del Mar for two more days.

He must have been trying to prove something—maybe that his desires were as important as anything for which Betty might demand his presence, maybe that his luck would change. Whatever it was, it wasn't for the best.

If a similar situation arose now, what would Betty do? She's too strong a personality to back down on principles. He's no weaking, either. It's hardly likely that a miraculous change will take place in the habits of a lifetime. Adjustments always have to be made in marriage, but this marriage is something unique. Ted and Betty were reared in worlds apart. She's a harum-scarum girl who loves gay parties and crowds of people. Ted can do without both.

He can do without both in Chicago. It might work out, if they really want it to. Betty seems to want it. She's tackling the problem like the whole Army team.

At this writing, Ted is with Betty and the children in Sarasota, Florida. She's doing personal appearances there for Cecil B. DeMille's *The Greatest Show On Earth*. They're calling this time between the acts together their "second honeymoon," but really, it's their third. Maybe for Betty, the third time will be the charm.

Her friends say, "We haven't seen Betty this happy for months. Her enthusiasm is wonderful; it's contagious."

But people are always saying that about Betty. She doesn't stop smiling till the lights go out, then there may be a different face on the girl. A face that would reveal a truer answer than anyone could possibly guess.

THE END

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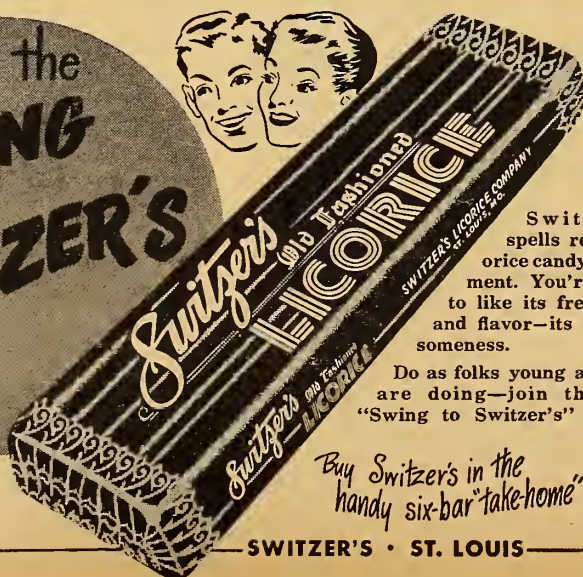
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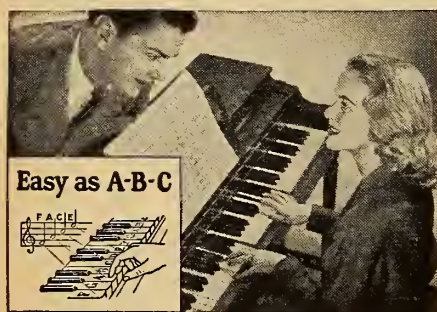
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nick y hilton tells his side

(Continued from page 35) went there wild stories flew out—that he was drinking and gambling huge stakes nightly—and one Hollywood columnist even penned that Nick had angrily tossed a stack of chips at Elizabeth when she begged him to stop!

Even as the Queen Elizabeth, bearing them home, approached New York harbor, Nick had a shore-to-ship call before he even landed—for the unkindest cut of all. It was a New York reporter demanding, "Is it true that you knocked your wife down in a drunken brawl?" That left Nick Hilton speechless, as well it might anyone. He did manage to retort though, "What a fine way to be welcomed home *this is!*" And wasn't it?

But since they've come back to Hollywood, where you'd think people would know better and want to see them happily home, has the tune changed? Unfortunately, no. Nick can't look sidewise at Elizabeth, or vice versa, without someone announcing a dreamed up domestic battle. No remote opportunity is missed to needle the man who married Elizabeth Taylor. Only the other day a gossip writer stated as fact, "People are wondering why Nicky Hilton isn't in the service." What people were wondering? And why? Former Seaman First Class Hilton owns an honorable Navy record in the last war and, like all veterans, he's classified 4-A. If they want him they'll reclassify and call him, like they will millions of other young men, and he'll go gladly.

None of this, I can report, is making Nick Hilton stay awake nights. He's too busy to get insomnia from reckless rumors even about himself. He's too good-natured to fly into a rage of denials, too smart to lower his dignity to a cat fight of answering back. If there are too many phone calls with irritating gossip for his ears, there's one regular one from Elizabeth every morning to say, "I love you," making the others seem passing stuff and nonsense which, of course, they are. Besides, as Nick will tell you, "I knew when I married a star what I was in for, although I didn't expect this much made of everything I do—or this kind of things said about me. It's not very pleasant," he grins wryly, "to be made out a louse."

MAYBE it's time to have a good look at the real man Elizabeth Taylor married. Maybe it's time to add Nick Hilton up right and see if he's the hooper dooper all this hullabaloo has made him—or if he's someone you might recognize—and like. Nick himself would be the last person to ask for any such break, but perhaps it's time to tell his side of the story.

Nick Hilton is a young man on his way. He has his own career and a future every bit as big, maybe bigger, than his famous wife's. Someday he might take over the multimillion dollar hotel empire which his dad, "Connie" Hilton runs. Right now he has his hands full with the Bel-Air, which Nick proudly calls "the most beautiful hotel in the world." It may be; it certainly is to Conrad N. Hilton, Junior. Because he owns part of it, it's his baby, his first sole business venture (the Bel-Air is not a part of the Hilton chain)—and Nick Hilton would rather be a successful hotel man than President of the United States. Or Clark Gable.

Just as some kids want to be a cop or a fireman when they grow up, young Nick wanted to run a hotel. "I never considered anything else," he says. "And I still don't. Why, it's the most fascinating business in the world! There's not one day like another or one problem like the one before. I'd rather be in a hotel than in a palace—

or even a movie studio," he laughs.

In Dallas, Texas, where he was born, the home he remembers fondly was a little hotel called—of all things—the Waldorf, which his dad bought. When he was ten he had his first hotel job—running errands around the lodge at Cloudcroft, New Mexico, a summer resort. He started working summers regularly at fourteen, first at the Hilton hotel in El Paso, where Nick hauled ice, helped the engineer, fixed lamps, and did odd jobs in the rooms.

After two summers at El Paso, Nick travelled on at sixteen for jobs at the Town House in Los Angeles and the Stevens in Chicago, clerking, working in the accounting office, commissary, repair shop. Los Angeles was officially Nick's home, he'd gone to St. Paul the Apostle's parochial school there and Loyola High, but actually he spent most of his teen years around hotels or away at another school, New Mexico Military Institute. He was hustling and self reliant early.

The Navy grabbed Nick after one year at Loyola University in Los Angeles where he'd started a Business Administration course. He was eighteen, six feet tall, weighing around 160. He played football, hunted and fished; there was nothing wrong with him. He was a boot in San Diego, studied radar at the Pearl Harbor Pacific Fleet School, was assigned to the U.S.S. *North Carolina*, and took part in the coastal bombardment of Japan. He came out a seaman first class after twenty months' service. He tried one semester back at Loyola U, but it didn't take. He told his dad, "I'm too restless to go back to school. I want to go to work." "Connie" Hilton nodded approval and sent him off to the Stevens in Chicago, the biggest hotel in the world.

Nick was there a year helping streamline the food controls and set up a new system of housekeeping. Then he tore into a survey of the whole Hilton chain, from Los Angeles to New York, room by room. Nick Hilton has probably seen more hotel rooms than any man alive. He inspected and reported on 12,000 of them with diagrams. But he didn't think he knew enough even then.

So in '48 Nick took off for Europe, studied five months at the *Ecole Hoteliere* (Hotel School) in Lausanne, Switzerland. He got a job after that at the Hotel Scribe in Paris, compared European operations with the Hilton system, gave talks about it at manager's meetings back in America. He went to the Southwest as assistant to the vice president of the Hilton Corporation, helped put in the new ideas he'd doped out at the Hilton Hotels in Albuquerque, El Paso and Lubbock, Texas. He had moved on to the Hilton office in Beverly Hills when he met Elizabeth and fell in love.

WAS he in love with her movie star glamor as has been hinted? Does a go-getting record like that suggest that Nick Hilton wanted to bask in anybody's reflected glory?

"That's the funniest one," Nick ponders. "I didn't know a single Hollywood movie star. I wasn't even a fan. I'd never seen Elizabeth in a picture before I saw her in person." Somebody asked Nick once, "What attracted you to Elizabeth?" and he couldn't believe his ears. "Migosh," he exclaimed, "what attracts anyone to Elizabeth—I mean—what doesn't?"

He thought she was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen and he wanted a date, so he pulled some strings with his friend, "Pete" Freeman, whose father, Frank Freeman, is a Paramount bigshot. Elizabeth was over there making *A Place in the Sun*. What happened then everyone knows. They had lunch at the studio, their first

date at Nick's brother, Barron's house, and a week-end at the Hilton's Lake Arrowhead lodge along with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Elizabeth's brother, Howard, and his girl. "It was a pretty romantic setting—moonlight, a mountain lake," Nick recalls, "so I just popped the question. I wasn't exactly discouraged." But he was surprised when, even before he came down out of the mountains, the newspapers had him engaged to Elizabeth Taylor. She hadn't said "Yes" then. Nick's been surprised at almost everything he's read about himself and Elizabeth since.

The first time Nick stepped out in public with Elizabeth was at a charity benefit at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. Elizabeth was a cigarette girl but she didn't peddle many cigarettes. Mostly, she was trapped at Nick's side while flash bulbs crackled. Nick asked his fiancée, "Is it always like this?" and she smiled, "You'll get used to it."

Well, he did. But he never enjoyed it. If he had, Nick wouldn't have nixed interviews about Elizabeth or refused to pose for lovey-dovey pictures. Nick didn't act up—but he didn't get in on the act, either. He was just a nice young guy in love with a girl, not her glamor.

I ASKED Nick if he'd ever take that long honeymoon tour if he had to do it over. He shook his head. "No, I wouldn't. Elizabeth and I probably wouldn't take that long a trip again on any occasion. Maybe when we're older, when I'm more established in business. But three months is too long just to lie around. You feel like you're not accomplishing anything—and it gets you jumpy. Elizabeth works very hard when she makes a picture," he added, "but she feels the same way. If she'd been home she could have been fixing up things around the house." Nick never forgot his business even on his honeymoon. He came back lugging hotel gadgets and ideas he collected wherever they had stopped. One, a trick ashtray he found in Switzerland, is already in Bel-Air rooms. It keeps a cigarette, left burning, from falling out and setting the place on fire.

But no gadget has yet been invented to keep people from starting fires and raising smoke about screen stars and the men they marry. Nobody knows that better than Nick.

Besides running a successful hotel, Nick Hilton's one ambition in life right now is to make Elizabeth Taylor happy. "That's the idea of marriage, isn't it?" he asks. He's crazy about fishing and golf. He took her out fishing—she fell asleep in the boat. He bought her a matched set of Patty Berg clubs—they still sit new and shiny in the garage. Few husbands indeed have worked a wife into their Sunday sports, but in the things that count Nick has changed more than one idea he owned to please his bride.

He wanted to live at the Bel-Air when they came back home. Nick never stops being a militant hotel man for one minute, and he's convinced that it's cheaper, more comfortable, and handier to live in them than run a house. But the suite they'd picked out wasn't ready, so they moved into the Pacific Palisades house that Barron and Marylin and their multiplying family outgrew. The night they moved in there weren't any sheets or blankets, or much of anything else, so while Elizabeth unpacked, Nick raced around in his car to his dad's house, to the hotel, to Barron and Marylin's new place and came back with the bedding and enough pots and pans to cook breakfast.

Domesticity has seemed to take with Liz, so now the Hilton living plans are changed. Nick's hunting a house to buy,

and he has a deal on for one he thinks will fill the bill. "What changed your mind?" I asked him. "Nothing," maintains Nick. "But Elizabeth wants a house—and she's going to have one. She wants to try her hand at cooking and housekeeping for a while." They're going ahead and re-decorating the Bel-Air suite just the same, and just in case Elizabeth discovers what Nick suspects she will—that making pictures and running a house are two full time jobs.

Right now the Hiltons live in Pacific Palisades with a maid, a gardener, and "Gi-Gi," the French poodle which Nick bought Elizabeth to replace her beloved "Butch" who died while they were away. They're home most nights when they aren't carrying on a canasta feud with Barron and Marylin, and sometimes Elizabeth cooks dinner. Lamb chops, potatoes and peas were her first bridal effort, which suited Nick fine because he's strictly a meat and potato boy. Outside of the ballet, a few concerts and a preview or two, they haven't made any kind of a stir socially—and that's perfectly all right with Nick.

"We're too busy—and too tired," explains Nick. "We're both working and if we have time to unpack a few wedding presents we're lucky. We've got a lot of catching up to do getting settled."

BOTH Nick and Elizabeth roll out of bed at 6:30 when she's working. It's a ten-minute drive to his hotel, fifteen to MGM for Elizabeth. But when they kiss good-by in the morning they enter separate worlds. Nick has been to MGM just once, for lunch with his wife. He hasn't been on the set of *Father's Little Dividend* and he isn't planning to go just to rubberneck around. "How would I find the time?" he asks. "Besides, I'd just be in the way. I don't know anything about movies or acting. I know what I like to see Elizabeth in—I liked *Father of the Bride* and, of course, *National Velvet*. But I'm no critic."

Sometimes Elizabeth comes by the hotel for dinner, but she feels the same way about Nick's hotel. That's his job. He's busy right now redecorating all the rooms and the other day he asked her advice about colors. It was pretty good until she added, "And of course, light carpets." Nick shook his head. "Honey," he said, "you may know colors, but you don't know hotels." Light carpets, he explained, would show every footstep.

The way Nick Hilton feels about Elizabeth's career is exactly as he says, "I think it's fine and I'm all for it—as long as it doesn't interfere with our having a family." Because Nick Hilton is a family boy himself and he's crazy about kids.

"Three will be enough," thinks Nick, "but more if we're lucky. I want some boys to take hunting. Elizabeth wants some girls to dress up." Nick's only twenty-three and Elizabeth's pushing nineteen, but he still thinks he's way behind. Barron, two years younger, has three. Maybe Elizabeth will have something to say about how many and when—a family's something no mere rumor in a column can start—although there have been those rumors, too. But they didn't make Nick sore. He kind of hoped they were true.

Nick Hilton is not really mad at anybody. He's too happily married and too wrapped up in every detail of his job and business interests. He's chasing success and the solid things of life, but he's no character out of Horatio Alger. He's no plaster saint and he doesn't pretend to be.

"I like fun, sure," he'll tell you—although you don't have to ask that after a look at his restless eyes and quick grin—"but not the kind of fun sometimes they say I like—if that's fun, I wouldn't know."

Nick will risk a buck or two on a wager,



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by VALDA SHERMAN

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like any normal Jo. He likes to watch the horses run, see football games, play poker and canasta. He smokes, takes a drink or sometimes two. He's a chip off his life-loving dad, "Connie," and his bringing up around hotels, where there's always something buzzing, has made him a regular guy, but he wasn't born yesterday. Smart-ies are always approaching Nick with "deals," "tips" or "sure things," but he can spot a racket a mile off. Although Nick has even broken up plenty of them right in his hotel jobs, the idea hangs around that he's a young sucker. And he knows he can expect to be baited and badgered for sensational headlines no matter what he and Elizabeth do, or don't do, although he admits that after a while the wallops make him wary and subconsciously on the defensive.

A while back, Nick took his sister-in-law, Marylin, out to the airport to meet Barron, flying in from Mexico. Elizabeth was busy and couldn't make it, so the two of them stood at the gate sweating the plane in. Nick found himself looking nervously around the crowd expecting something, he didn't know what.

Finally it struck him and he had to laugh. A few weeks before a demented husband got caught planting a bomb on an airliner, along with his pregnant wife and kids, to blow them all to glory.

"Marylin," whispered Nick, "maybe I'd better stand a little farther away from you. Somebody might see us and say that I was out at the airport getting rid of a pregnant woman!"

It hasn't gotten as fantastic as that, of course, not yet, and if it does Nick Hilton's sense of humor can save him. But it would be awfully welcome, just for a change, he thinks, and maybe high time too, for someone to say that Nick and Elizabeth Hilton were two nice and normal young married people starting out in life happy, ambitious, in love, and hoping to stay that way.

THE END

what's wrong with the gables?

(Continued from page 39) in her immaculate two-piece suit by Adrian, and five-inch high heels. They wondered how in heck she would survive the really rugged life on location. She surprised them.

Now the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Gable takes on a sweetly rustic note. They lived in a log cabin, a long drive from the nearest village. Clark has never been afraid to rough it. Neither, strangely enough, has Sylvia—as long as it isn't too rough. First of all, she changed into some fetching shorts and fancy plaid western shirts. Then she unpacked the trunks she had thoughtfully brought with her on the train. In them, Sylvia had stashed away her best table silver and her best bed linen. So there they were—in the wilderness, with soft sheets and shining silver. To add one more touch of home, Sylvia bought up most of the grass thereabouts and surrounded the hut with greenery.

"She got up every morning to have breakfast with me," Clark states, in a kind of awed wonder, "at 5:30 AM!" "And I was in bed nearly every night at 8:30," adds Sylvia, the sophisticate, who hasn't been abed by 8:30 since she was five years old. She cooked for him; she's in heaven with hamburgers sizzling on the stove. Economical, too. The stores in Durango reported "one pound of ground round, please" purchased at a time. "I ate the lousiest hamburger," Clark would say later in Sylvia's presence. But with a smile.

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who will never see forty again, just has to be in love with her husband to get up with him in the dark, retire with him before it's dark, cook for him, and even—yes, she did this too—wash his shirts for him. Everyone, including Clark, would have understood absolutely if Sylvia had preferred to stay behind in comfort.

"This just has to be love," reported this reporter emphatically at that time. "But didn't you think it odd when Sylvia went to England without Clark?" I was then reminded. Yes, I remember thinking so for a fleeting moment. Clark was then doing his *To Please A Lady* picture in Indiana, and the reason I was surprised was because only a few weeks previously Sylvia had told me that when the movie was finished, she and Clark would both go to London, where Sylvia owns a house in the smartest section of Mayfair.

No one quite knows why Sylvia didn't wait for Clark. You'd have thought she would have wanted him to meet her friends—Lord Beaverbrook, Winston Churchill, and other top drawer personalities. But apart from selling her Rolls Royce car, there is nothing too tangible to account for the British trip. Clark met her in New York, and by the time they returned to Hollywood, Sylvia was wearing a huge new diamond ring. I'm not sure whether she bought it or Clark bought it. If he did, it's the biggest, most expensive present Gable has ever given any woman in his life. I do know for sure, however, that he gifted Sylvia with a gold, bejewelled cigarette case that she recently showed to me.

THAT Clark is trying to make this marriage his last is very obvious. I nearly fainted when I saw him all dressed up with Sylvia at the first night of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Clark doesn't know one end of a ballet shoe from the other. He went to please Sylvia, of course. And the fashion shows! It's fascinating to see Clark at Sylvia's side, hob-nobbing with the elegant dress designers. He even bought a suit for her at one of the fashion flings.

Clark has never been a man for parties in his home. But Sylvia is a girl who likes to have people around, so Clark has enlarged what used to be the combination tap room and dining room. Now they have one big room, and most Saturday and Sunday nights they have quite a gang in—mostly Sylvia's friends.

And Sylvia, if she misses the non-stop traveling to the gay playgrounds of the fashionable world—well, at least she hasn't been heard to complain. I haven't seen her in a night club with Clark since the marriage. And she passes her days in the garden, fixing up the roses, or absorbed in her needlework. Sylvia has a "green thumb." Everything she touches blooms. Her roses are all over the place and very beautiful. The 8 by 6 rug in the living room, she designed and made herself.

A week before the surprise elopement of Clark with the girl who was then Lady Sylvia Stanley—before that, as you know, she was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, and before that, Lady Ashley, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Shaftesbury—a columnist printed the story that ever since the tragic death of Carole Lombard in a plane crash, Clark had kept the bedroom of the wife he adored, untouched. Every dress was in the same place. The perfume was undisturbed on the blonde colored dressing table. Clark was furious when he read the story. "It's completely false and ridiculous," he stormed. The dresses and personal belongings had been sent to Carole's relatives. But the furniture and décor was left as Carole had planned it. Why not? Clark wasn't going to marry again, so why redecorate?

No one wants to live with a ghost. The

new Mrs. Gable, with Clark's complete agreement, recently called in a top decorator to turn her bedroom into a gay green and white affair, which matches her coloring and complements her personality. The drapes and coverings are in English imported chintz with a white background. The chairs are quilted with the same expensive material. And to please his lady, Clark gave up his office and turned it into a sitting room for Sylvia. All this, plus the newly built guest house. And a barn converted into a studio for Sylvia who loves to paint. This doesn't seem to add up to trouble in the marriage, does it?

Of course, any couple has to make an adjustment. And Clark and Sylvia aren't kids. They are mature people and with completely different backgrounds. Clark, American to the core, outdoor, simple, without too much book stuff—unless they're about guns or fishing. Sylvia—born on the wrong side of the tracks in London. Some say her father was a pub keeper, others that he was a footman in an aristocratic home. Sylvia says he was a retired army man. She started as a manicurist, a model, and became a show girl on the stage. But all her grown up life after that has been played against a "smart set" back-drop. So, of course, there have been some differences of opinion and outlook. But this is the fourth marriage for both, and you can lay odds that their life together would have to get completely impossible before they would ever part.

This is how the future seems to be shaping up for them. Career-wise—Sylvia is rather vague about motion pictures. At Clark's last preview, she sat with him at the back of the theater, giggled a lot, then summed up, "It was very gay." But she plans to be with him again on the next location trip. This will be *Lone Star* for his own independent company. The plan now is to shoot it in Texas. So once again Sylvia will pack the linen and the silver and go by train, probably, while Clark drives alone. And that, I suppose, will start some more "trouble" talk.

Before the picture, they will have had the trip to Nassau and New York. Clark was always dashing off to New York prior to his marriage with Sylvia. But in those days he was bored in Hollywood between pictures. The reason for the last jaunt, I am sure, was to give Sylvia a change.

It's a surprising thing but, since the marriage, Clark has become much more ambitious. This year (1951) he will star in three pictures. Since *Gone With The Wind*, Clark has never made more than two a year, usually one. It can't be that he needs the money. Clark was earning half a million dollars a year in the old easy tax days. And he has always lived modestly and saved his dollars. I'd guess today he is worth a couple of million dollars, apart from the annuities and his \$25,000 a year Metro pension.

So it isn't money that makes Clark want to work so hard. It could be a desire to re-establish himself in some good pictures. They've given him some pretty mediocre stuff in the past four years, and some of the new generation have been heard to question "What's so hot about Gable?" (Brother!)

And it could be restlessness, personal restlessness. Why work at all, when you have all the fame and fortune you'll ever need, and when not working means you can spend all your time with the woman you love?

But we have finished looking over the shoulder of the Gables, totting up the ledgers—the red columns and the black. I'd say it adds up to a pretty good marriage. And I hope it will stay that way until the accounting is closed. THE END

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here are the facts he has to face

(Continued from page 35)—or when they'd appear at all for dinner." This last minute meal business is nothing new for Elizabeth, of course. At her mother's house, dinner might be mentioned for eight o'clock, and sometimes it would be ten before Elizabeth appeared with her guests. Then it was Mrs. Taylor's job to soothe the servants. Elizabeth will have to take lessons from her mom in that highly specialized department.

Nicky and Elizabeth are either very trusting or very careless about their personal possessions. They invariably leave the front door of their house, not only unlocked, but open! And inside all their silver and jewelry remain unguarded. (Memo to Liz and Nicky: For heaven's sake put a strong lock and an alarm on the door now or you will be burglarized.)

Then there's the smoking. Don't get me wrong. I'm all for it, if that's what a girl wants to do. But Elizabeth's current cigarette sessions are very much frowned on by her mother, who would rather Elizabeth stayed as fresh and unspoiled for as long as possible. Well, I've news for Mrs. Taylor, and I hope it won't be a shock. Elizabeth *did* smoke before the marriage and it was none of Nicky's doings. She just wanted to, like most young girls do. But she didn't want to hurt her mother's feelings, so she smoked secretly like thousands of dutiful daughters before her and after her. Personally, I think if she wants to smoke, it's better to do it in the open.

WHENEVER the story gets on the air or into print that Elizabeth and Nicky have had another battle, the four people most upset are the two mothers and the two fathers of the sparring couple. Especially Mrs. Taylor, because she has lived her whole life for and with Elizabeth, and she cannot conceive of anyone in the world who would dare to hurt her little girl.

Even before the marriage, Mrs. Taylor was so upset at something Nicky said to Elizabeth that she went off somewhere and no one could find her. When her daughter returned to Hollywood from Europe accompanied by those hard-to-understand stories of the beautiful bride neglected while the groom gambled, Mrs. Taylor was beside herself, and desperately unhappy. Elizabeth, always loyal to Nicky, defended him to her mother and denied everything.

Actually, despite the arguments they may have, they do love each other, and if only they can learn to keep the battles in the boudoir where no one can hear them, they might have a real chance for happiness. Because as it is, stories about them spread like wildfire. And if Liz isn't careful, people may start saying that the bruises she received in a recent airplane accident were administered by Nicky himself. (The plane, heading for New York, crashed through a wooden fence at the end of a rain-soaked runway and made an emergency landing at Long Beach, California.) That brush with death, incidentally, is doing more right now than all the doting advice in the world to make these two realize that only their love is important, and that all the spats, temperamental outbursts, and the like are just plain trivia. Naturally, they valued their love before this accident. So far, after every fight, they *have* kissed and made up, and Nicky couldn't do enough for Elizabeth. He showered her with all sorts of expensive presents to say he was sorry. But the realization that a power not in their control is capable of separating them, should bring them maturity, and less and less things to be sorry for.

Nicky, for whom life was always so simple—when he used to gamble, no one made a headline of it; when he quarrelled with a girl, no one cared—can't seem to accept the fact that marriage to a movie star makes him *news*. I've heard it said—never from Nicky or Elizabeth—that in order to stop the non-stop rumors, he will ask his wife to give up her career. If anything else were needed to break Mrs. Taylor's heart, this would be it. But I don't believe Nicky would ever ask this sacrifice. I think he enjoys being married to such a beautiful and famous movie star. I also believe that he wants the marriage to last "until death do them part." Nicky is very religious—he attends Mass regularly. It would be a very serious matter for Nicky with his church if his marriage vows were to be lightly tossed aside.

That is why, as soon as the separation stories reappeared recently when he was in Las Vegas without Elizabeth, who was in Palm Springs without Nicky, he cut short the hotel business which he said had taken him there. He then drove to the desert and spent one whole day with his wife, hand-holding by the pool of the Racquet Club—"so that everyone can see that we have not separated." Then he returned alone to their home here.

But when I talked to Elizabeth on the telephone next day, she told me, "I'm coming home from Palm Springs. I needed the rest, but I want to stop the rumors that we are separated." The "rumors" were potent enough to bring Elizabeth's mother rushing back from New York to be close at hand in case of a call for help from her daughter.

But I don't think Elizabeth is ever going to give that "yoo hoo." She's very proud, and as of this writing, she's more sure than ever that Mrs. Nicky Hilton will be her name for keeps. Although, with Elizabeth, or with any bewildered child, you can't predict.

FOR instance, after the brief separation in New York that time when the honeymooners landed from the Queen Elizabeth, she called her mother to the phone in Beverly Hills, and cried her heart out long distance. "Don't worry, baby," Mrs. Taylor soothed her weeping daughter, "I'll take care of everything, don't worry." Half an hour later she called back to tell Elizabeth, "I've arranged to have you flown back immediately to Hollywood." But by that time Elizabeth and Nicky had kissed and made up and wild horses couldn't drag her home—not to mention a plane. In fact, she was angry with her mother for suggesting any such thing!

Incidentally, the story that Elizabeth has broken with her mother and is refusing to see her cannot be true, because when I talked to Mrs. Taylor yesterday she told me she expected Nicky and Elizabeth for dinner that same night.

Elizabeth is generously extravagant. So is Nicky. With her first sizable pay she bought her mother a car. With all the dozens of dresses in her fabulous trousseau, she bought more clothes in New York on her return from Europe, and lots more dresses locally.

Nicky has never stopped to count the cost of anything—when you love to gamble you don't. So they don't save much. And contrary to popular belief, Nicky is not a millionaire—only his father is. Of course, young Hilton *does* have a trust fund which gives him \$12,000 a year—a fortune for all, except a few, twenty-three year olders. But peanuts for a boy with Nicky's penchant for poker (Elizabeth

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designates Thursday 'Nicky's poker night') and plush living. Elizabeth's salary at MGM isn't yet in the top brackets. Although it will be when she negotiates that new contract—in two years.

But in a rather belated attempt to teach his son the value of a dollar, the senior Mr. Hilton is withholding, so I am told, any further financial help. So Nicky has to get along on his trust fund and what he makes as manager of the Bel Air Hotel. And if he's the smart boy I take him to be, he will learn how lucky he is to have so much of the world's good fortune.

And for the future of their future, I hope he won't have Elizabeth dashing all over the place on trips to New York, trips to here, trips to there. She is still exhausted from her hectic honeymoon. And I was saddened but not surprised when she collapsed at the conclusion of her Metro picture *Father's Little Dividend*. Her fainting, of course, rekindled the rumors of a mother's little dividend, but Elizabeth and Nicky don't expect that happy promise to come true just yet.

I wish it would. The responsibility of a baby could prove just what the doctor ordered. A child would give them both something to live for besides their very charming selves. One thing I'm sure of. This baby will not only not be pampered—but never spoiled. It always happens.

THE END

it pays to be sensational

(Continued from page 37) exciting career.

In Ruth's case, her acting caught the rave notices, though she's the first to admit that the bathing suit she wore in *Champion* came in for its share of attention. However, when Warners offered her a contract, they didn't agree to throw in Fort Knox. And under these circumstances, a girl can't very well go dashing out for a Dior original every time she's invited to dinner. Even though she realizes that a star and her wardrobe should be sensational, she knows even better that you can't tear a paycheck in half and have twice as much money.

RUTH can prove that you needn't leave a year's salary as down payment on a gown to have it appreciated. For instance, scores of friends and strangers told her how perfectly stunning she looked as she made a presentation on last year's Academy Award program. Magazines and newspapers commented on her appearance. Ruth thanked one and all. Then *Life* ran a photograph taken during the Academy festivities. The text mentioned the price of Ruth's dress. Seems she'd found it on a rack for \$28.00.

Her friends were astounded. So were her fans, and the mail poured in. Everyone wanted to know whether the gown could possibly have been that inexpensive. "They thought I was lying," Ruth moans.

The dress was white and strapless, simplicity itself. It will be seen again on the Roman frame. But chances are that few will recognize it. There'll be a flower here and there. Or an unusual belt. Or perhaps an addition of lace to give a Spanish effect. And most likely a second and third round of compliments. "Why not have five dresses for the price of one?" Ruth wants to know.

"A smart person plans a wardrobe systematically," Ruth says. But even she will occasionally make a spur-of-the-moment purchase. A dress will take her fancy and next thing she knows it's in a box under her arm. She gets it home. Turns out the dress matches nothing. It

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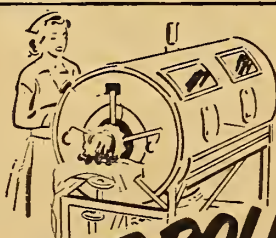
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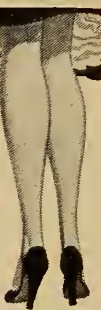
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hangs in her closet and whenever she opens the door she spies it and wonders, "Now why in the world did I buy that?" If she ever wears it, she's merely soothing a troubled conscience.

Generally, she's more conservative. She's been a firm believer in sales since her leaner days in Boston. And to Ruth there's something sentimental about a bargain basement—that's where she bought her first formal. At the time, she was a student at Bishop Lee Dramatic School. Receiving an invitation to a prom, she rushed down to Filene's basement and carefully cased the stock. She chose a chartreuse gown. With it came a Kelly green cape. The complete outfit set her back \$3.00.

Ruth can't help wondering how friends and fans would react to that one. She really takes their opinions to heart. On one occasion when photographers came calling, they found that she had recently moved into a brand new home. Since Ruth was working on a picture and decorating at the same time, progress on the interior of the house was going slowly. "Let's have a kitchen shot," suggested one of the lensmen. Ruth obligingly posed.

When the photograph appeared in print, she received an indignant communique. "Whatsa matter?" the writer wanted to know. "Can't you afford kitchen curtains?" She went out and bought some. Curtains, or clothes, she concludes, a star must have them. And everything with flair. "I have been tempted to wear curtains," she confesses.

That temptation was strongest one summer when she was in stock. She had an important date and her trunk hadn't arrived. Fortunately, necessity did prove the mother of invention. Ruth looked around her room. She eyed the curtains thoughtfully, but decided the pattern might seem too familiar if she met the landlady on her way out. So Ruth pulled a sheet from the bed. She whipped out needle, thread, and scissors. A short time later, Ruth had herself a dress. But her poor date couldn't understand why the girl had hysterics when all he said was, "How attractive you look."

RUTH dresses according to compliments. She's noticed that she receives the most when she sticks to vivid colors. When she comes out in navy blue or black, there's a dead silence.

She prefers tailored things to frills because she thinks the person should wear the clothes and not vice-versa. "A dress itself shouldn't be outstanding," she maintains. "It should simply help to complete a pretty picture."

And for a movie star, the picture as a whole should provide the spectacular. Ruth's working toward that goal, but it's difficult. One afternoon a friend stopped by at her house. "I'm in the market for a sable," she said. "Want to come along?"

"Sure," Ruth answered.

So they drove out to Fuhrman's in Beverly Hills. Seconds after she'd stepped into the store, Ruth eyed a stole. She closed her eyes and mentally juggled her bank balance. "I think I'll wait in the car," she said, being a girl who likes to avoid temptation.

Then she stopped to think it over. "Ruth," she told herself, "you can't go running away from every mink-lined shop window you see."

She stayed. With thoughts of the future, she even tried on some furs. About \$150,000 worth of it. But when her friend departed with sable, Ruth followed with pocketbook. She went home to her camel's hair coat. Someday in mink she'll be sensational. In a sensible sort of way. **THE END**



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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

knee to no one. It's not an exciting picture from the point of view of action, but there's something so beautiful about an intellect like Holmes', the pure, fine sweep of it, the wonderful superiority of brain and judgment and moral courage that makes one man stand out like a shining light in his time, and even afterward, that for me, the whole two hours were more than satisfying. Louis Calhern plays Holmes, Ann Harding is his devoted wife (theirs was a marriage you could take for a model) and Eduard Franz, as Louis Brandeis, Holmes' friend and Associate Justice, rounds out the fine, capable cast. Holmes read Plato in the original Greek when he was 90 years old, and when somebody asked him why, he said, "To improve my mind." A man like that can almost make you believe there's hope for the world, and I dare you to be bored by him for a minute.

Cast: Louis Calhern, Ann Harding, Eduard Franz.—MGM.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

The title of this picture is no lie. Irene Dunne, who writes musicals like *South Pacific*, and lives a life full of mink and French poodles, falls in love with a widowed bronco buster she meets at the Rodeo, and goes west with him to mother his two little children. For her pains, she gets more pains—dust storms in the house, sprains in the bottom (you try to ride a horse when your seat is used to a Cadillac), and her biscuits turn out to be suitable only for paper weights. Adjustments are necessary on all sides, before love triumphs over trouble. It's a cute picture, full of homely philosophy and pleasing performances.

Cast: Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray, William Demarest, Andy Devine.—RKO.

BRANDED

Alan Ladd, a no-count, shiftless saddle tramp, meets a murdering thief (Robert Keith), and they go into business together. They fix Ladd up with a phony birthmark, then send him to sell himself as the long-lost son of a wealthy rancher. (Son was kidnapped by Keith 20 years before, so Keith knows there's no danger of his showing up.) Alan pulls off the coup, but then he gets religion. His foster mother is so nice, and his foster father is so nice, and his foster sister (Mona Freeman) is so, well, not exactly nice, but boy, she got some curves, hey. Alan goes and fetches pa and ma their own boy back—it's not as easy as it sounds—and he marries Mona, and that is that.

Cast: Alan Ladd, Mona Freeman, Charles Bickford, Robert Keith.—Paramount.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

Because I expected something really unusual from Stanley Kramer (he produced *Home of the Brave*, *The Men*, *Champion*), I was a little disappointed in *Cyrano*. It's simply a beautiful filming of what seems to be a terribly dated, old-fashioned kind of play. *Cyrano* was always a one-man show, and this time it's Jose Ferrer's. He knows how to read lines well, and he knows how to use his physical presence well—the fighting, the sweeping gestures, are all there—but none of it was real to me. I never once felt the heart of a man beating under the wordy exterior,

and the whole business seemed a cross between inferior Shakespeare (the singing, poetic lines) and an Errol Flynn movie (the swashbuckling). I feel this is a fairly stock *Cyrano*, played the way almost any competent (or even exceptional) actor might have played it. If I'm wrong, I apologize. Since I've never seen any other actors play it, I have to admit I have no real grounds for comparison.

Cast: Jose Ferrer, Mala Powers, William Prince, Morris Carnovsky.—United Artists.

SEPTEMBER AFFAIR

This is an *Intermezzo* sort of business, with Joseph Cotten and Joan Fontaine sharing stolen weeks together in sunny Italy before they decide that honor, duty, and the Hays (excuse me, Johnston) office come before love and kisses. Joe's an engineer, separated from his wife (Jessica Tandy); Joan's a concert pianist. They miss a plane in which they're supposed to fly back to the States, the plane crashes with all aboard killed. Whee! Now everyone believes they're dead, so they can go rent a villa and live in jovous sin. That's what you think! Joe misses his son, and he misses building bridges and dams, and then his wife gets noble when she finds out he's alive, and Joe and Joan can't be any less noble than she, so the whole idyll goes pfft. Spelled pfft.

Cast: Joan Fontaine, Joseph Cotten, Francoise Rosay, Jessica Tandy.—Paramount.

DALLAS

Gary Cooper, an ex-Confederate colonel who has a price on his head (the Federal government, what there is left of it, is angry about his guerrilla actions) shows up in Dallas, Texas, a 'lookin' fer trouble. The Marlow brothers (Raymond Massey, Steve Cochran, Zon Murray) a bunch of cut-throats and wuss, are the ones who ruined Gary's home and family during the Civil War, and now Gary wants to get hunk. He forces the new U. S. Marshal for Dallas (Leif Erickson) to let him, Gary, play U. S. Marshal, because Erickson is fresh from Boston, and with what he knows about guns, he can get killed out here. Then Gary settles the score with the Marlow brothers, takes Erickson's girl away, receives himself a government pardon, and generally acts like only Gary Cooper can. You know what that means—lean, closemouthed, and powerful powerful.

Cast: Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman, Steve Cochran, Raymond Massey.—Warners.

BREAKTHROUGH

The newsreel shots in *Breakthrough* are magnificent, horrifying, moving, unbearable; the rest of the picture can't live up to them, though it tries, as it tells about Omaha Beach, and the climax of the invasion of Europe in World War II. It's got the 12 O'Clock High situation of a commanding officer (David Brian) who's grown to identify too closely with his men, and has to be relieved. It's got the familiar French girl with the off-the-shoulder dress, and you know before it happens, which men are slated to be killed. There are many good things about *Breakthrough*, however, if anything so agonizing as a war picture can be said to be good. There are times when the acting—Brian's, chiefly—breaks through the corny narration, and touches you; there are times when the war seems all too real, and close again.

Cast: David Brian, John Agar, Frank Lovejoy.—Warners.

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