

MOVIE TEEN

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PLASTIC SURGERY and YOU

MOST people have heard about the wonders of plastic surgery. They realize that near-miracles can be accomplished on the operating table in correcting faults in face or body caused by accident or maldevelopment. Despite this, most of us feel that plastic surgery is the other person's miracle. We rarely think of it in relation to ourselves or our families.

I have received three hundred and twenty-eight letters during the past few months asking me to lift the veil of secrecy on plastic surgery. Girls with smallpox or bad acne scars ask me about the sandpaper method of removing these deep scars. In the hands of a competent plastic surgeon, this can be done.

Little boys with flap ears no longer need to grow up with the taunts of their schoolmates wounding their egos. I remember one such kid when I was a schoolgirl back in Brooklyn. "Look at old Big Ears!" the other boys used to yell derisively. Naturally, "old Big Ears" carried around an inferiority complex as big as the stadium. He didn't ask for a single date all the way through high school.

He thought everyone was laughing at his disfigurement.

We can ignore, for the moment, the fact that this boy might have overcome his feeling of inferiority without plastic surgery. Naturally, that's the ideal solution. Clark Gable had big ears when he came to Hollywood; he still has them. It hasn't affected his charm, popularity, or success. But Clark Gable had an immense inner security which most youngsters do not have. If my twin sons had ears that were going to stick out, I'd try to give them this inner security *first*. If that didn't work, I'd hie them to a good plastic surgeon. It takes only about twenty minutes to perform the operation. The younger the child, the less noticeable the scars behind the ears will be. I don't think I'd wait and take the chance that my boys might be able to ride the taunts and insults as well as Mr. Gable was able to do.

THE wonderful thing about plastic surgery is that it can do almost anything you want it to do. If you have a big nose—perhaps a family nose that has been a trademark down

through the generations—you don't have to accept that fact. By the time you are eighteen, you will be old enough to have plastic surgery done on your nose. With a reputable surgeon (That means one who does NOT advertise in newspapers), you can go through the rest of your life with a turned-up nose, a classic Grecian profile, almost any type you want. The reason you have to wait until you are eighteen or over is because your bone structure should be pretty well developed by the time you have surgery. You wouldn't want your nose to grow another half inch after the operation, would you?

If you have a birthmark on your face or body, a good plastic surgeon can remove it. If you have black, ugly moles, they, too, can be removed. Even if you have such real disfigurements as a harelip, an ex-

Susan, now being seen in Twentieth Century-Fox's "With a Song in My Heart", has been writing these "How to Be Lovely" articles for over four years!

by Susan Hayward

AN OPERATION FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE IS NOT SOMETHING OUT OF

THIS WORLD, ONLY FOR THE RICH . . . IT'S POSSIBLE FOR YOU!



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pert plastic surgeon can achieve the impossible. A good dentist can then make an artificial palate for you, so that your speech improves noticeably. If you have an ugly scar, it can be removed. Even when the face is apparently disfigured for life, due to a tragic automobile accident or industrial injury, a plastic surgeon can often rejoin severed nerves and restore not only your beauty, but the mobility of your face. I have seen women with terrible leers as the result of automobile accidents. These disfiguring leers can often be completely eradicated—giving back hope and life to these tragic cases.

There used to be a time when plastic surgery was regarded as a rich person's privilege. Even then, it was generally believed that only old ladies who wanted to catch young husbands indulged in face lifting or face beautification through plastic surgery. Now, we know this reasoning to be false. Sure, there are little old ladies who have their faces lifted, and more power to them. They aren't doing it to catch young husbands, but to hold jobs and be self-respecting citizens even though they are past the age where employers want them on the payroll. "You are as young as you look," has a great deal more validity these days than, "You are as young as you feel." I've known women of sixty-five who didn't feel a day over forty-five. This didn't help them get jobs. Plastic surgery can. Today, a woman's throat, face, even her hands can be lifted. She can create a whole new productive life for herself.

I know one plastic surgeon who

lifted the face of a twenty-seven-year-old woman. It was a necessary operation. The girl's face had been badly wrinkled and scarred due to X-ray treatments for prolonged and severe acne. Before she was thirty, she looked forty. She felt unwanted, old, defeated. She felt her husband didn't love her. After the operation, which restored her looks to her normal age, she was a changed person.

It is impossible to estimate the damage that can be done by thoughtless people who continually harp on a defect. A girl with a receding chin is heralded by her well-meaning aunt, her mother, her sister, all of her school chums, as, "Mary, who is so weak-willed." It's an erroneous belief that a weak chin means a weak character. But my point is that by the time all these people have drummed it into Mary's head that she has no character, no will power, no spunk, she's quite apt to wind up believing it herself. Yet a simple operation—the insertion of a piece of cartilage under the chin—could have changed that girl's life, brightened her future.

Yes, she can still have the operation performed when she is an adult, but by that time the damage may have been done. It may be too late to convince her that she is a normal, useful, purposeful individual.

THERE are some people who will argue that if you depend on plastic surgery to correct a so-called defect, it is only surface correction. My contention is that it's easier to correct inferiority complexes if what you see in the mirror is what you want to see. I don't say you can't grow into



a charming, normal person — even with a nose like Cyrano. But I am saying it's easier to do so if you don't have to see Cyrano in the mirror every morning. Why spend half your life worrying about hats with brims just to draw attention away from a nose that is out of balance with the rest of your face? Why do this sort of thing every day, every moment, when it is such a simple procedure to remedy the problem for once and for all?

This is where you will say, "The idea may be right for rich people, but I'm not rich." Plastic surgery is not necessarily unreasonably expensive. You can work for a summer vacation and wind up with enough money for any one of the necessary operations. A face lift or a nose bob costs no more than a cheap fur coat, and the results last longer and make you happier.

If you have a problem you think plastic surgery might solve, write to the American Medical Association, Chicago, Illinois, and ask for the name of a reputable plastic surgeon in your area. Or go to your County Medical Association and get the information there. Or write to this column. (Continued on page 58)

PLASTIC SURGERY AND YOU

Remember, plastic surgery *can* apply to *you*. This can be your life and your happiness we are talking about. Plastic surgery is not the other person's miracle; it is yours—if you want it to be, if you feel it should be.

AND here's the mail. First, let me say that to the hundreds of you who have written me about plastic surgery, the above article is your answer. There was not space to answer each of you individually in this column. Also, in writing to me, kids, don't forget to fill out the blank on page eight.

Dear Miss Hayward: I am thirteen and am going into high school. My problem is that my complexion is much darker than the other people in my class. Can you suggest any way I can make it lighter? Some of it is tan, and some of it is just plain dark. I would like to have a peaches and cream complexion. Elizabeth.

Dear Elizabeth: Brunettes are very attractive, and, since you aren't going to ever have a fair skin, I'd make the most of your vivid coloring. Wear red. Wear bright lipstick. Meanwhile, stay out of the sun as much as you can. Try a cucumber and lemon bleach every night. See if your druggist doesn't have a good freckle cream. This removes tan as well as freckles, you know. If you are really self-conscious about your problem, make a real effort to find what colors seem to make your skin lighter. Black, navy blues, brown, and the darker greens often make the skin pale by comparison.

Dear Miss Hayward: About once a week I go down to a local skating rink. Almost every time I do, this boy asks me if I would like a ride home. I cannot accept his offer because my mother doesn't like me to go home with boys who don't take me in the first place. How can I get to know him better without accepting a ride home? Sue.

Dear Sue: The next time you go to the rink, go with a gang of friends—boys and girls. When this boy asks to take you home, say that you are sorry but you are going home with the gang for some hot chocolate. Invite him to join you at the house later. When he arrives, introduce him to your friends, initiate him to the hot chocolate, and see that your parents meet him. The next time you see each other at the rink, you can accept his invitation.

Dearest Susan: I want to tell you about a problem my girl friends and I have. I live in a very small town. There are only two shows, and one of these is closed. We have different crowds of girls. Some of the girls hang around beer joints. My

crowd hasn't ever done this, but there isn't anything else to do. What would you do? Penny.

Dear Penny: All through life, there have to be the followers and the doers. If I were you, I'd organize some sort of a community gathering place. Get the women's clubs, churches, schools or civic organizations in back of you. No matter how small the town, there must be groups such as these. Go to the local newspaper and talk to the society editor. Get her to make an appeal in the newspaper for a civic center. If you can have dances in some local clubhouse; if you can start a little theatre drama group; if you can organize sort of a junior league—well, any of these things can be the answer. You'll have to be the one to do the organizing and the doing, but it's better than following the sheep into the nearest beer joint.

Dear Miss Hayward: I have a problem that no one else seems to have. I perspire profusely, so much that even shields and anti-perspirants don't seem to help. I ruin all my clothes. I've even been to a doctor about it, but he says it's nervousness. Even my hands perspire. There is really nothing for me to be this nervous about, but, even as I write this letter, I am perspiring. If you know of anything that might help me, would you tell me? Mollie.

Dear Mollie: In the first place, since your doctor said it was nerves, why doesn't he give you something to calm you down a little bit? In the second place, have you given the various deodorants and anti-perspirants on the market a really fair trial? You have to be clean-shaven under the arms, you know. Otherwise, too much of the liquid or cream is absorbed by the underarm hair. If you use a liquid product, you have to lie perfectly prone while it is drying so that perspiration doesn't wash it off and destroy its potency. The best time to use an anti-perspirant is at night, because you will be inactive for several hours. No one product is the right one for everybody, but Five-Day Pads have been helpful to others I have known with this acute problem.

Dear Mrs. Barker: I have just read your most enlightening and sensible article on complexion care in the magazine MOVIE TEEN. I think your advice is excellent, and I am going to try the diet immediately.

I wonder if you could tell me how I can remove scars left by acne? Would you recommend face peeling? I have a terrible complex about these scars and I would appreciate any advice from you. Thank you very much. Sincerely, Leonard.

Dear Leonard: There is really a miracle cure these days for acne or smallpox scars. A reputable plastic surgeon can remove the scars by removing the outer lay-

ers of the skin through an antiseptic sandpapering process. This method has been used with notable success throughout the country. It takes about two weeks before you can go out in public, but the scars are gone—permanently. In very severe, deep-pitted cases, a second sandpapering is sometimes necessary. But this is the exception. I am sure there are excellent plastic surgeons in Honolulu, but, if you want to be safe, why don't you write to the American Medical Association, Chicago, Illinois, for the name of the best one in your area?

Dear Miss Hayward: I have read your advice to young people and thought perhaps you could help me, though the situation seems hopeless. I used to be very shy and unhappy because of a troubled skin. I am twenty now and my skin has improved, but my eyes look very bad. I have deep, dark circles under my eyes, and make-up doesn't seem to help. Eye cream doesn't help, either. I have been trying to get plenty of fresh air and sleep. I am blonde and sunburn very easily so can't take too much sun. I would appreciate any help you could give me. Rita.

Dear Rita: Circles under the eyes sometimes result from a bladder or kidney condition. Just on the possibility that this may be your trouble, will you drink eight glasses of water every day for ten days, get plenty of rest and sleep, and see if the condition doesn't improve? If this is the answer, go to your doctor and find out what other things can be done to help this condition. If the circles persist despite the "water treatment," check on the possibility that the circles may be due to heredity. Are they common in your family? If so, it probably indicates that your skull is so formed that the skin around the eye sockets naturally forms these circles. Again, plastic surgery can remedy this condition if it is due to the size and depth of the eye sockets in the skull.

Dear Miss Hayward: I am thirteen and go to a private school. There are no boys of my age around my neighborhood. All girls and no dates seem to be making me a lonely girl. Our school gives a lot of dances, but, if you don't have a date, how can you go?

Dear Friend: You will have to make a big effort to meet boys over the weekend. If you have any girl friends who have brothers, visit them and get acquainted. If your church gives Sunday socials, invite the couples to your home afterwards. If you hear of a big football game being held at the local high school on Saturday afternoons, buy tickets and go. You may run into girls you know who can introduce you to boys who attend that high school.