leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action will make your hair look so lovely! Drene your hair and bring out all its gleaming beauty, as much as 33%, more lustre than any soap. Drene is not a soap shampoo. It never leaves any dull, dingy film on hair, the way all soaps do. Such manageable, satin-smooth hair, right after shampooing ... now that Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. Complete removal of unsightly dandruff too ... when you shampoo your hair this glamour way. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it.

Learn About Hair-dos From the Girls who Know

Lovely Lily Carlson, glamorous New York model, Cover Girl and Drene Girl ... poses for many famous fashion photographs. She wears her Drene-lovely hair in many exciting styles.

In Front of the Camera, Lily chooses this center-part upsweep to go with the jersey dress by Joel. "See how my back hair is combed up into shining rolls. Twist strands of pearls around velvet ribbon for the matching comb and choker." That polished-smooth look of Lily's hair is due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

• In Private Life, Lily often wears a shining example of a casual, soft hair. "Remember," says Lily, "the more so your hair-do, the more important it is to have a gleaming beauty." She knows that Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action will make her hair look so lustrous!
CUPID: What a couple! Coldest little romance since the Ice Age! Mister Frozen Face and Miss Poker Face! ... Sis... don't you ever smile?

GIRL: Smile? Me? I—

CUPID: Marshmallow, don't you know that even plain girls get dates if they go around gleaming at people? Try it, Sis! You—

GIRL: Hold it, Little One. I can smile, yes. Gleam...

No. Not with my dull teeth. I brush 'em like clockwork, but they just won't gleam.

CUPID: Hmmm. Any "pink" on your tooth brush lately?

GIRL: But—

CUPID: "But," nothing, Baby! That "pink's" a sign you'd better see your dentist! And in a hurry!

GIRL: Dentist? I haven't got a toothache!

CUPID: Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Dear. Yours might say that "pink's" a sign your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he might suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But what about my smile?

CUPID: Plenty, Precious. Because Ipana not only cleans your teeth. With massage, it's designed to help your gums. Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean brighter, sounder teeth. A smile that gets you a date with somebody besides that Fugitive from a Snow Shovel. Try Ipana, Angel, today.

For the Smile of Beauty  
IPANA AND MASSAGE
Let's Finish the Job! Buy Victory Loan Bonds at Your Movie Theatre! 

OCEANS FROM UNCLE LOUIS
You'd expect admiring females to rave over Van Johnson. But when Louis Mayer, his boss, joins the rooters—!!

MODERN SCREEN'S POLL PARTY!
The all-rounder blue lights for atmosphere, red roses for romance, a sweet-hot band for rhythm—and Van Johnson, June Haver, and Peter Lawford for glitter.

BOB WALKER'S LIFE STORY, Part I
Beginning the story of a B-a-a-b-a boy, who fought with everybody until he learned he was his own worst enemy.

FAIRY TALE FOR JUNE by Joe Pasternak
"She sings bad, acts bad and looks bad," decided producer Joe Pasternak. Then gave Miss Allyson the lead in her first picture!

YOU KNOW ME, AL by Alan Ladd
Your favorite "icy-voiced" hero telling tales out of school—with Al Delacorte, your humble ed., grinning and bearing it—

"SAD SACK"
Frankly, Frankie was worried. Sooner or later, but who has to travel 15,000 miles to get booed by a mob of GIs?

A BOY'S BEST PAL
The other kids used to worship baseball kings and football stars. But Gump Peak's dad was hero enough for his son.

MY BUDDY by Claire Drake
They call him Tom Drake now, and he's pretty famous, but he'll always be just the kid, just "Buddy" to his adoring older sister.

A CHRISTMAS HE'LL NEVER FORGET
He was an English lad, you know, this Peter Lawford—well brought up and "red, white and blue" correct. Until that certain Christmas...

THE KING OF MIKE
Dana Andrews couldn't believe his eyes when Mary fussed with an upstairs hairdo and mascara—and the stork 20 minutes away!

WATCH GUY MADISON by Hedda Hopper
He did one scene in "Since You Went Away" and the fan mail started pouring in. So Hedda Hopper's betting on your Guy.

GOOD NEWS by Louella Parsons
Talk about busman's holidays! Louella Parson's alternating hostessing with gossiping at the MODERN SCREEN Poll Party—and here she Tells All...

COLOR PAGES

Yvon Johnson in M-G-M's "Easy to Wed" ...
Sanjo Henie in RKO-International's "The Countess of Monte Cristo"
Leanna Dring in RKO's "Those Endearing Young Charms"
Glenn Ford in Warners' "I Stolen Life"
Tom Drake in M-G-M's "Hold High the Torch"
Peter Lawford in M-G-M's "Two Sisters From Boston"
Dono Andrews in Universal's "Canyon Passage"
Guy Madison in Selmuzk's "They Dream of Home"

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Folksie Hurst Selects "Spoolbound"...
Movie Reviews by Virgilio Wilson...
Swine and Hot by Leonard Feather...
Super Coupion...
MODERN SCREEN Fashion Guide—"Date Dresses for Teen Agers"
Information Desk...
Beauty—"Neither Hoi! Nor SIest!
Modern Hostess—"Dinner of the Derby"


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OH! THOSE HARVEY GIRLS...
They know the way to a man's heart!

See them woo the West from the wicked can-can dancing girls!

It's lovely, lyrical Judy and a gorgeous bevy of beauty...

It's M-G-M's musical romance of a bold and golden era in...
TECHNICOLOR

M.G.M
presents

JUDY GARLAND

Hear Judy Garland singing some of the nation's top hit tunes including the sensational: "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe."

in "The
HARVEY GIRLS"

with

JOHN HodIaK • RAY BolGER • ANGELA LANSBURY
and PRESTON FOSTER • VIRGINIA O'BRIEN • KENNY BAKER
MARJORIE MAIN • CHILL WILLS

Screen Play by Edmund Beloin, Nathaniel Curtis, Harry Crane, James O'Hanlon and Samson Raphaelson • Additional Dialogue by Kay Van Riper • Based on the Book by Samuel Hopkins Adams • Words and Music by JOHNNY MERCER and HARRY Warren • Directed by George Sidney • Produced by Arthur Freed • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
**It's new, thrilling ... and so effective—**

**THE FLOATING FACIAL**

for fresh make-up effects for lovelier than you may dream possible

MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST—

Remove one side of your make-up with your present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Wet some cotton and wipe the Albolene-treated side. How clean the cotton stays! Then wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudge from left-on dirt ...  

*ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY*  

Only a cream specially made for super-cleansing can give your skin the beauty of a Floating Facial—a cream so light, so pure and crystal clear—a cream that literally *floats* away old make-up rubble, dirt, dust, grit and skin scales, even stubborn cake make-up, without irritating rubbing or tedious "double creaming." And Albolene lubricates as it cleanses— a "must" for dry, flaky skins.  

This lovely, quick-liquefying cream tissues off so easily. All cleansing—no filters, chemicals—none of the water most "beauty" creams contain. Leaves skin miraculously cool, soft, dewy-moist—immaculately clean! That's why new make-up on an Albolene-skinned can be such a freshly radiant base for clear, breath-taking make-up effects.  

Thrill to a Floating Facial this very day. It's so modern, so effective! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction the cost. Sizes at 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and the big economy 16 oz. jar at $1.00.

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**Fannie Hurst SELECTS "SPELLBOUND"**

"Spellbound," presented by David Selznick, produced by David Selznick directed by Alfred Hitchcock, is based on a novel by Francis Beeding. It picture that obviously takes itself quite seriously. It uses psychiatry and psychoanalysis as the background of the solution of a mystery story. This might be and good, but—well unfortunately, it isn't always well and good. The "Spellbound" is by no means to be dismissed facetiously.  

The unwary spectator who finds himself relaxed in the restful darkness of motion picture theater, is going to be let in for shock. Its early footage story gives no warning that psychoanalysis is going to get into its hair.  

As a matter of fact, psychoanalysis has been relatively slow in creeping motion picture literature. I can think of only "Lady in the Dark." Compare are odious.  

From this point on, it may be just as well not to probe too closely into scientific authenticity of the story. We have the assurance that Alfred Hitch worked with an eminent English psychoanalyst.  

Be that as it may.  

Ben Hecht then proceeded to build the screen play (Continued on page 7)
HERS WAS THE DEADLIEST OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS!

BEN AMES WILLIAMS'

Leave Her To Heaven
in TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

GENE TIERNEY • CORNEL WILDE • JEANNE CRAIN

VINCENT PRICE • MARY PHILIPS • RAY COLLINS • GENE LOCKHART • REED HADLEY • DARRYL HICKMAN • CHILL WILLS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by WILLIAM A. BACHER • Screen Play by Jo Swerling • Based on the Novel by Ben Ames Williams

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
(Continued from page 6)

On the alleged psychiatric truths.
All this odor of Freud is rather subtly concealed as the story opens and for purposes of spectator enjoyment, I suppose it is none too fair to reveal the solution of the mystery.

The plot tells as spotlessly as it plays: The head of a psychiatric hospital, Dr. Murchison (Leo Carroll), is about to be replaced by a younger man, "J. B." (Gregory Peck). An expectant group, headed by Dr. Constance Peterson, awaits him. This latter role is played by a young lady sufficiently outstanding to save the rather preposterous climactic scene of the story.

Now is as good a moment as any to pause over Ingrid Bergman's performance as Constance Peterson.

Here is an actress fairly new to Americans, but not so new that she could not have been caught in "the pattern." Miraculously, she has escaped it and goes on escaping it. Her calm beauty is unique, her talent a steady flame; her quality, chaste. She is a valuable and needed contribution to "Spellbound," and for that matter, to Hollywood.

Well, to get on with our story: No sooner does J. B. arrive on the scene, than we begin to sense rather uneasily, that stream-of-consciousness and stream-of-plot, are in for a tangle.

A brief while after the personable psychiatrist, Dr. Constance Peterson, lays beautiful eyes on J. B., they begin to widen in a kind of suspicion.

"Who are you?" she asks, in the key of saying: "You are something more than just the successor to Dr. Murchison."

From then on, J. B. (Gregory Peck), who it transpires, is suffering from amnesia, is suspected of crime, even murder.

By this time, Ingrid Bergman is in love with Peck. Then begins her struggle to save him from punishment for a crime she is desperately sure he has not committed. And now the murder mystery plot begins its tangle with stream-of-consciousness. The analysis of one of Peck's dreams is what ultimately leads to the solution.

It is not fair to a mystery story, which is none too fair to the spectators, to unfold it step-by-step. Rest content with the knowl-
edge that the lovers wade through the impediments of plot and psychology in an effort to find one another.

Some of this complicated journey is made thoroughly delightful by the masterly performance of Michael Chekov in the role of Dr. Alex Ruflov, also a psycho-

The solution to J. B.'s amnesia comes to Ingrid as he whizzes down the flank of a snow-clad mountain. The spectator is to be forgiven if he feels that said young man is more concerned with keeping his balance than with apprehension as to what awaits him at the foot of the slide. What awaits the audience, is the solution of the story.

It is to be hoped that the skiers did not find themselves as entangled, when they looked at the plot, as the plot itself entangled in neurosis, psychoanalysis, and a happy ending.

All of which is not to say that there are not various other happy aspects to this picture, besides the ending. Miss Ingrid is a happy aspect. Indeed, she is such a happy aspect, that she succeeds in mak-

ing "Spellbound" a cinematic triumph.

**FREE OFFER!**

Want to take a chance on a good thing? We're giving away 500 DELL mags absolutely FREE to 500 of you who fill out the Questionnaire below and mail it to us no later than December 20. And those who saw about the early bird, the first 500 are NOT necessarily the winners. So take your time, read through MODERN SCREEN carefully, and base each answer on your considered judgment. Then we'll put all your names in our trusty gold fish bowl and pull out 500 at random. You'll be helping us out and testing your "lucky streak" at the same time.

**QUESTIONNAIRE**

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- Orchids from Uncle Louis (Van Johnson) ............. [ ]
- MODERN SCREEN Throws a Poll Party ............. [ ]
- Bob Walker's Life Story (Part 1) ............. [ ]
- Fairy Tale for June (June Allyson) by Joe Pasternak ............. [ ]
- You Know Me, Al, by Ady Ladd ............. [ ]
- "Bad Sack" (Frank Sinatra) ............. [ ]
- My Buddy (story on Tom Drake by his sister) ............. [ ]
- A Christmas He'll Never Forget (Peter Lawford) ............. [ ]
- That Man of Mine (Dana Andrews) ............. [ ]
- Watch Guy Madison, by Hedda Hopper ............. [ ]
- Good News by Louelle Parsons ............. [ ]

Which of the above did you like LEAST? ............. [ ]

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference. ............. [ ]

My name is ...........................................

My address is ...........................................

I am ........................................... years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN

149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
WHERE EVERY NIGHT IS NEW YEAR'S EVE!

Betty Hutton
in a wonderful story about a blonde hat-check honey who burns up her boyfriend as she burns up her sugar daddy's dough!

B.G. DeSylva
presents
BETTY HUTTON
in THE STORK CLUB
with
BARRY FITZGERALD
DON DEFORE
ROBERT BENCHLEY • BILL GOODWIN
IRIS ADRIAN • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
MARY YOUNG
Directed by HAL WALKER

and Introducing
ANDY RUSSELL

B.G. DeSylva
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ROBERT BENCHLEY • BILL GOODWIN
IRIS ADRIAN • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
MARY YOUNG
Directed by HAL WALKER

and Introducing
ANDY RUSSELL

A Paramount Picture
From the moment Bing Crosby walked on the screen as a priest in “Going My Way,” it was inevitable that he would play the same role again. With Ingrid Bergman as his co-star, he has made a picture that has the same moving quality, the same delightful humor as its predecessor. There’s one word that I think best describes “Bells Of St. Mary’s.” It’s a happy picture.

Maybe you don’t think of life in a Catholic school run by nuns as a very gay affair. But when you get a priest like Father O’Malley (Bing Crosby) and a Sister Superior like Sister Benedict (Ingrid Bergman) managing the school, things are bound to happen. The first day O’Malley arrives, he declares a holiday. Just like that, with no warning, no reason. The kids love it, but Sister Benedict shakes her head in distrust. That’s no way to run a school. It doesn’t make sense. Then O’Malley admits a girl to the school who has really no right to be there at all. She’s a nice child, but her mother... well, O’Malley just shouldn’t do the things he does! However, he keeps right on doing them.

The school is in a bad way, financially. It’s overcrowded, and the building is so old it’s falling apart. Right next door a fine new building is going up. It’s owned by Homer Bogardus (Henry Travers), who would like to buy the school, tear it down, and use the space for a parking lot. Father O’Malley looks at the new building reflectively. “If we could only get the old school to present it to us,” he muses. Sister Benedict tells him that she and the other nuns are saying special prayers for that every day. O’Malley is all for prayer, but he has a feeling that some concrete action (Continued on page 15...
WARNERS’ ROMANTIC WOWER OF THE HOUR!

He's gonna love that gal

like she's never been loved before!!

It's those 'Hollywood Canteen' honeys in a honey of a show from Warners!!

JOAN LESLIE and ROBERT HUTTON

Too Young To Know

-TOO WONDERFUL TO MISS-

The picture with the "Paper Moon" song hit

DIRECTED BY FREDERICK deCORDOVA
PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS

with DOLORES MORAN • HARRY DAVENPORT • ROSEMARY DECOMP
SCREEN PLAY BY JO PAGANO • FROM A STORY BY HARLAN WARE
BAND OF THE YEAR • WOODY HERMAN

Okay, okay, so the year isn't quite over as these words go to press. But d'you think there's any reasonable doubt that our choice—mine and yours—for the band of the year can be anyone but Woody Herman?

Guess you don't need me to tell you, with enough evidence all around to build up a waterproof case. Woody's Saturday evening radio show—commercial, no less. Woody's phenomenal Columbia record sales. Woody's habit of drawing five-block crowds to the theaters. And, most of all, Woody's band.

Woody is the Bandleader of the Year no matter which way you look at it. Me; I've always claimed that if a band plays the best hot jazz, it plays the best sweet music, too—look at Duke Ellington. So Woody, too, gets it both ways.

All this excitement about Woody, I thought to myself the other day, seems to call for more than just the occasional plugs I've been giving him by reviewing his records every month. So, with large quantities of blank paper carefully folded away (don't believe what Al Delacorte told you about my making notes on odd scraps!) I hopped a train for Youngstown, Ohio, where the band (Continued on page 18)

BY
LEONARD
FEATHER

He's the Christmas treat at N. Y.'s Paramount.
Bing—America’s best beloved actor—is back again, as genial, lovable Father “Chuck” O’Malley—and right by his side, Incomparable Ingrid, the screen’s finest actress—together in the kind of wonderful roles that top anything they’ve ever done for heart-appeal—for tears and laughter—for great and unforgettable story!—And when Bing and Bergman sing ... the world’s in tune!
CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'VE LIKE — NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED

FOR FANS

SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c)—Completely revised, telling you ALL about the stars—lives, loves, hobbies, latest pics. Tells you where to write to them too. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c) self-addressed envelope.

MUSIC-MAKERS—1945-46—by Harry James (5c) Be in the know! The Trumpet King tells ALL in this 15-page guide to the lives, loves, records, movies, radio shows of your favorite maestros, vocalists, song writers. Send 5c and a LARGE self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Join one or more of the 120 fan clubs on our list. How to get snaps of your favorite star, club journals, meet pen pals, and lots more! Read all about the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association! FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.


INFORMATION DESK—Answers ALL your questions about Hollywood, the stars, their lives, their loves, their friends, their movies. Also tells you all you want to know about pictures in general: casting, musical backgrounds, etc. See box on page 58 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR ROMANCE

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean Kinkead. How to be date bait, plus how to act once you are. The straight stuff on smoking, drinking, getting all tied up. Hold-your-man tactics that really work. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c) self-addressed envelope.

BE A BETTER DANCER!—by Arthur Murray. Easy to follow directions on all the turns and tricks that will make you a honey on the dance floor. Plus dance floor etiquette—what to wear, how to be gracious with the stairs. FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

PLEASE BEHAVE! Easy etiquette for soiling through any social situation without awkward, embarrassing moments. Everything from when to use the salol fork to how to introduce HIM to your family. FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how to get him to ask for a date? Or when it’s a date? Etc. Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. She’ll personally write you a letter, answering all those vital problems of the heart. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR GLAMOR

SKIN CARE FOR TEENS—Teen beauty is not just skin deep—it depends on care, diet, grooming. Here’s a chart that tells you all about skin care, facials, PROBLEM skins. PLUS a checklist of preparations and equipment you need to keep your skin perfect. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c) self-addressed envelope.

GLAMOR FOR THE TEENS—If you’re still in your teens—lucky you—this is your dish. Everything you want to know about make-up, hair-do’s, top-to-toe glamour, especially adapted to your needs. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c) self-addressed envelope.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL—Over eighteen? Keep this one right on your dressing table. You’ll consult it constantly for glamour magic that’s guaranteed to make a dream-queen out of any Plain Jane, or well eat the chart—without ketchup. FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

HAIR DO’S AND DON’T’S—This is the last word on hair glamour. It’s got everything—hairstyling directions, charts for facial types, new hair style ideas! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT—Slimming the silhouette is FUN this safe, scientific way. 2 vitamin-rich diets, exercises that are REALLY helpful, plus a personal score card to help you keep tabs on yourself. FREE, send a stamped (3c) self-addressed envelope.

FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

DATE DRESS DATA FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS. New-as-tomorrow ideas about dressing for dates. EVERYTHING you need to know organized into a chart so you can tell at a glance what to do. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

SPORTSWEAR FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS. Now that sport clothes are being worn from sun-up to dancing-in-the-dark, here’s the info on how you can look your best in them! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

ACCESSORIES FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS. It’s accessories that make your outfit. How to glamor-up your clothes with those little touches that mean everything! FREE, send to LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your or your G.I.’s handwriting, in ink (about 25 words), and Shirley Spencer will analyze it for you and tell you how he really feels. Send 10c for each analysis, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. For Handwriting Analysis only, ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO: MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN.

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Month Date Time
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Send 10c to 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y. No self-addressed envelope required.

Address your envelope: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Don't forget your zone number on your self-addressed envelopes!
MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued from page 10)

on the side is indicated, too. Only how would you go about making a hardheaded, hard-hearted businessman give a nice, shiny new building to the Church? Most people would say it couldn't be done, but that's not Father O'Malley's way. He begins with a very indirect approach indeed. Eventually it gets a lot more direct. And comes Christmas—but go and see for yourself what happens, and hear the sweetest Christmas music you've ever heard.

Ingrid Bergman is superb as Sister Benedict. There's one wonderful scene where she teaches a small boy how to box, that's worth the price of admission all by itself.—RKO.

SOME MUST WATCH
“Some Must Watch,” adapted from the Ethel Lina White story, comes close to being the classic mystery. Mysteries are—or should be—founded primarily on suspense, and there is enough of it here to keep your heart bouncing around in your throat for a good two hours. Dorothy McGuire is deftly appealing as the frightened heroine. Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, Kent Smith and Elsa Lanchester are among those who might be the maniacal murderer.

This murderer has strangled two victims before the picture opens, and we see the body of the third being discovered. Terror has taken over the small Vermont town, which has withdrawn into a state of shadowy, silent waiting. Each victim has been a woman who has some physical defect. Who will be next? The logical candidate seems to be Helen (Dorothy McGuire), the young servant who works at the Warren place outside town. Helen has a defect—she lost the power of speech from shock when she was a child. And evidence points to the Warren household as the center of the crafty murderer's operations.

Helen is thinking of this as she walks home from the village. Her eyes scan the fields anxiously, as dusk creeps eerily across them. The trees by the road are wind-twisted into terrifying shapes, and there is a brooding uneasiness in the atmosphere. The murderer is, actually, waiting for her, but Helen doesn't know that, and by sheer chance escapes into the house without realizing how close she has been to death.

Inside, everything is normal enough. Mrs. Oate, the cook, is scheming the theft of a bottle of her favorite brandy. The professor (George Brent) is working in his study. His half-brother, Stephen, is making love, in casual fashion, to the professor's secretary. Upstairs, old Mrs. Warren (Ethel Barrymore) has just hurled a cup of mustard at her nurse's head, and is calling for Helen. The old lady is devoted to the shy, mute serving girl. When Helen appears, Mrs. Warren says firmly, "This house is dangerous for you, Helen. Get Dr. Parry to take you away from here."

Tonight, Helen thinks dreamily that it would be nice to be taken away by Dr. Parry (Kent Smith) who believes he can restore her power of speech. Maybe she should go, tonight. But there are forces at work to prevent her escaping the murderer's net, and tonight death will visit the Warren house.—RKO.

KITTY
Horatio Alger probably didn't have Gainsborough's model, Kitty, in mind when he wrote "From Rags To Riches."

Copyright 1945, International Cellulose Products Co

LITTLE LULU

TATTOOING NO OTHER LIKE IT

Copyright 1945, International Cellulose Products Co

KLEENEX

LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—DEPENDABLY STRONG

Only Kleenex<sup>®</sup> has the Serr-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double tissue at a time!

would be an apt title for her spectacular career. When Kitty (Paulette Goddard) in a filthy ragged gown, her face streaked with London grime, gives you no inkling of the famous beauty she is to become, you live in the reality and steals for a living, under the drunken instructions of old Meg (Sarah Allgood). One day she is caught in the act of swiping a pair of earrings from a porter's wife. When his footmen haul the shivering, cursing girl into the house, she fully expects to be carted off to jail. But the porter's wife, it turns out, is to be Thomas Gainsborough, and instead of turning her over to the police, he washes her face and paints her portrait.

It is incredibly beautiful. It is displayed at the Royal Academy, and every gay blade in London falls in love with the unknown Kitty, said by rumor to be an anonymous lady of quality. Sir Hugh Marcy (Ray Milland) stumbles on the secret of her identity. Hugh has neither money nor morals, and he decides to make some of the former by posing the Cockney wench off as a great lady. The Duke of Marminster has evinced interest in the painting, and Hugh thinks a marriage can be arranged. But before he can train Kitty to talk, act, and even feel like a lady. It’s a lengthy process. So lengthy that Hugh is thrown into Debtors’ Prison before it is quite finished.

Kitty is desperate. She adores Hugh, in spite of the contempt with which he treats her. In order to get the money to save him, she marries a wealthy ironmonger who has been impressed by her beauty. Hugh is not as grateful as he might be when she gets him out of prison. He points out peevishly that he has trained her for much higher game than ironmongers. Fortunately for his plans, Kitty’s husband is killed. And in the space of a few days, the Duke of Marminster is soon bewitched by her charming, girlish widowhood. He marries her, and is intrigued when she soon whispers that she has a feeling for a man with an heir. She neglects to mention that the "heir" was fathered by the ironmonger. Kitty’s career as the Duchess is fabulously begun, and she returns to London with Kitty which is the guiding factor in her life.

Do go and see "Kitty." Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland are better than you’ve ever seen them.—For.

FALLEN ANGEL

Alice Faye’s return to the screen is an immediate success. It is important because she has chosen a completely new kind of role, in a picture that will remind you of both "Laura" and "Double Indemnity." The rest of the line-up is impressive—Dana Andrews, Linda Darnell, Charles Bickford, Anne Revere and Bruce Cabot.

Clay Hardin (Ava Gardner), California, Pop’s Diner has a popularity not due altogether to its hamburgers. Eric Stanton (Dana Andrews) finds the explanation when he sees Clay. Clay has met with a bad accident, and Stanton has met plenty of girls, but the sulky, sexy Stella has something pretty special. He goes on the make immediately, and long before they’ve met, Clay tells him frankly that it’s going to take a wedding ring, plus plenty of dough, to get her interested. Stanton has no money. He joins forces with a phosphorous movie producer who wants to make a picture about the Mills sisters, June (Alice Faye) and Clara (Anne Revere) who represent today’s beauty element. The producer represents a fancy heart account, and that interests Stanton. If he can get his hands on that money, he can marry Stella.

With his mind on Stella’s sultry beauty, he doggedly pursues June, flatters her, takes her everywhere. Clara suspects him, and tries to warn her younger sister.
Ava Gardner) has done all right in Chicago. The owner of a big department store wants to marry her, and if she had the brains of an undernourished flea, she could have taken him and forgotten all about the little town of Ashbury. Especially, she would have forgotten all about Jenny (George Raft) who was, everyone said, no good at all.

The point is, of course, that she loves Jenny and there's nothing she can do about it. As soon as she sees him, she knows he hasn't changed at all. He's still sitting by the pool instead of working, still running dollar bills from his mother so he can take out the local waitresses. He still hates Lew Lentz (Tom Conway) who runs the Flamingo Club, because Lew is in love with Mary. Mary goes out with Lew the first night she's back, just to prove to Kenny that he's welcome to his waitresses. And Gitlo (Victor McLaglen), Lew's bartender, gets the idea. He hates his boss, and he sees the look on Kenny's face when Mary comes in with him.

The plot Gitlo concocts is simple enough. Lew Lentz will take his profits from the club to his bank in Detroit the next week. Jenny's father is watchman at the railroad crossing. Suppose the old man gets drunk and can't show up for work. Suppose Jenny takes his place, as he has done plenty of times before. Then Lew could have an accident, and the money could disappear without anyone being the wiser.

Gitlo forgot about Mary, who is a heap and who wants to keep Kenny out of trouble. She prevents the plan from going through, but she can't prevent Lew's vengeance when he finds out what almost happened.—U. A.

LONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL

The minute that Roy Rogers, lean and true in cowboy attire, steps into a public place, he is mobbed by fans. There's good reason for his popularity. Every one of his pictures keeps right up to standard, every one is packed with fast living, trick shooting and some music thrown in. "Along the Navajo Trail" is perfect example of the kind of thing that has made Roy famous. In it, he plays Deputy Marshal who masquerades as a cowboy in order to clear up the trouble at the Ladder A ranch which is owned by Nell Alastair, whose charming daughter, Sally (Dale Evans) helps run it.

The Alastairs suspect the trouble originates with an unpleasant creature named Natley. He has made several offers to buy the ranch, and since the offers have been refused, cattle have disappeared and wildhorses have been mysteriously injured. So far, no one has been able to figure out why Bentley wants the ranch.

Leroy doesn't know that the good looking cowboy camping on their range is a U. S. marshal sent by the Cattlemen's Association. She tells (Gabby Waller) to run him off the range, but after a few days Roy have been caught in a thunderstorm together and he has crooned along The Navajo Trail into her heart. So she hires him to work for them.

There is a band of gypsies camped near the ranch, and when Janza, their leader, swindling Gabby in a horse deal, his n-up-type daughter, Natita (Estrellita Rodriguez), is making eyes at Roy. Roy and Gabby and one of the gypsies discover prospectors working in a canyon on the Ladder A. "The men ride off when they see we are discovered, and there is considerable shooting. Roy decides to search Bentley's house and see if he can find any connection with the intruders. He has luck, for in a drawer is a letter that explains the whole situation. By then Alastair is in a riot, surrounded by Bentley's men taking shots at him, Roy and the gypsies stage thrilling ride to the rescue.—Rep.
happened to be playing a theater.

It was 1 p.m. when I got to town, and the band's first stage show at the Palace Theater wasn't on until 2:30, so most of the boys were still in their hotel rooms or having breakfast.

Woody came downstairs and made it over to the theater just in time. I watched the door open from the side-saw Jackson going through his comedy routine with the bass fiddle, got a load of the swell new drummer, Don Lamond, who replaced the great Dave Tough when Davie got sick. Caught Frances Wayne in a glowing mood, and learned from her afterwards that wedding bells would soon ring for her and the band's brilliant young trumpeter-arranger, Neal Hefti.

"This day started off all wrong," said Woody, tired but good-humored. "Some character calls me up long distance to plug his new tune. He's got such an important radio record program that he figures if I don't play his tune he won't play mine. He calls me to play his records. Ah, music business!"

"Okay," I said, "how about the story of you and the music business? Were you really the boy wonder of the clarinet?"

"No, that might be said of Woody," said Woody, as we foraged through some old press clippings. I picked one out: "Grand Theater, Wallace Beery and Ray Hatton in 'The Squeaky Fiddle' now at the Navy Pier show. Sunday Florence Vidor in 'You Never Know Women."

"ADDED—On the stage we will present WOODROW HERMAN, Wisconsin, professional in vaudeville, has been doing saxes, dances, and saxophone solos. After this engagement young Herman will play the entire Saxe circuit, after which he will play your time circuits."

There was a big picture of a smiling kid holding a saxophone, hair slicked back, lips pursed in that typical Herman sort of a smile.  "Which did you play first, sax or clarinet?"

"I bought a saxophone when I was nine—nothing to play on it, mind you. The day after I got it I started theater work a year before, singing and dancing. Show business ran in the family; Dad used to be one of a vocal quartet, the Whole Town Four, and he changed his name to Veeder—show business to shoe business. See these?" He pointed to a handmade pair of brown shoes. Dad's design. He's been having them made specially for me as long as I can remember.

"I hated to go to piano lessons," Woody sighed. "Started when I was seven. First thing I ever did in public was speak a stage prologue to 'School Days' on the screen. I did a leg stage version of 'Daddy Long Legs' two years later.

Woody continued on the road until he was sixteen, accompanied by his mother and tutor, and a sax and or clarinet. He was working with local bands during his High School days, then 1933 came that big break. Tom Gurin, who had a real big band—all of ten pieces!—hired him as vocalist and saxman.

"You know, with another fellow playing sax in that band who sang too, so a little friendly rivalry sprang up between them. The other fellow's name was Al Morris, played tenor and baritone saxaxes and had movie ambitions—big ones. He liked to imitate Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo.

The two Tom Gurin saxophonists had done badly. Al Morris got into movies—his name is now Tony Martin.

"Then after I'd been with the band a while," recalled Woody, "Tom let me take a vacation to see my girl, Charlotte, in Los Angeles, and told me while I was there to look for a girl singer for the band. Well, a man at Warner Brothers helped me—but good! He lined up fifty girls to audition. Forty-nine of them looked fine but sounded sad. The fifth was a good looker, a kid in her teens, and she sang in tune, too, I told her she was hired, so we had another name to add to the band. Tom Gurin and his Orchestra, featuring Woodie Herman, (they spelled it with an "i") then 'Al Morris and Virginia Simms.'"

"And then the band went to Tennessee. We got back to New York," says Woody, "and people were nice to us. We gave arrangements for nothing, sat in on rehearsals without pay, talked agents into listening to us. Most of the Jones boys were still in the band. They let us rehearse in a room at the hotel we were living in, so that was for free, too. We had six weeks' rehearsal. Finally we made our debut at Brooklyn Roseland. We had a good week, hired for us by two fine arrangers, Gordon Jenkins and Joe Bishop—called it 'Blue Prelude.'"  I was a bandleader now, and I figured it was easier for Charlotte to be a bandleader's wife, so it wasn't long before I had a wonderful wife, a struggling band—oh yes, and a Decca recording contract."

Over the years, the record That Played The Blues' made a name for itself but not too much money. Bookers thought Woody was ahead of his time, trying to play the kind of music that the musicians themselves wanted to play instead of giving the public the music business wanted. But somehow Woody managed to convince that stubborn character, JoePublic. He sang 'River Bank Blues' and played 'Woodchoppers Ball' and 'Blues Upstairs' and 'Blues Downstairs' and pretty soon Decca had an album of Woody Herman's records.

"We used to get thrown out on four-week bookings after the first week! Once in Cincinnati we had to work for a manager who, when we called it that, we got the Wiener wall fan type. He'd just had Jimmy Dorsey in there, and the band had been too loud for him and the customers. Well, as soon as we walked in, the brass in the first section, he took one look at my five-piece brass section, saw me standing in front with a clarinet, and put his hand on his forehead. Those days were over.

Around 1942 things began to change in the Herman band. You can trace the changes just by looking back over their movie work. Woody cut a long session for me before he slipped out to play another show, and here it is:

'What's Cooking'... our first movie Universal... I did a dance routine in a jitterbug scene... band played Woodchoppers Ball and Golden Wedding and 'Amer.' 'Wintertime,' with Sonja Henie 20—Pox—things in the music written for the movie; nothing much of our own. Sensations of '44,' United Artists... we did Chiapanecas and a tune of Dinah Shore's: 'I Don't Care What the Under.' 'Een Carrol's Vanities,' Republic... that was a good one. We played 'Apple Honey' and 'Who Dat Up There?'

Hollywood is fun, says Woody. Last spring when the whole band was there most of the men disappeared eastward but Woody and Charlotte hired themselves an apartment in the Garden of Allah. Woody's lovely redheaded wife and the four-year-old daughter, Ingrid, are the chief objects of his devotion.

Woody is probably better liked by his musicians than any other leader. That's why his personnel changes so little.

Woody never seems to change, person all. He's always was—Fit—same even disposition, the little emblem of his conversation. Sarcasm is his favorite verbal weapon, but he uses it with levity.

We talked about the new radio program, "What a relief," said Woody, "we actually ground a sponsor, Ray Travers, from his company's sixty-piece choir, eig- guest stars and a ten-minute commercial. He just lets the band play."

Woody, who was lucky, but he never made it if the band had rated it. But what I want to know is the Woody and his "Modern Screamers.

I like to call them, are your band of 18- year, too. Drop me a line and let's talk over, shall we?"
"HAPPY NEW YEAR—I'M YOUR DAD!"

"What a way to start a new year
What a taste of future joy,
What a lucky break I'm getting
To be meeting you, my boy—
Happy New Year, I'm your Dad!

"How'd you ever get so husky?
Where'd you get that wrestler's clutch?
Glad you've got your mother's dimples,
And those eyes I love so much—
Happy New Year, I'm your Dad!

"Now I see you I know better
Why I've had to be away;
Dads like me want kids just like you
To grow up free, strong, and gay—
Happy New Year, I'm your Dad!"

This happy scene is being reenacted now in many thousands of American homes. Before long it will take place in many more.

We speak these thoughts not only as Americans but as a "friend of the family" as well. For 67 years now Ivory Soap has been one of the first and closest friends of most every baby in the land.

You see, Ivory's pure, mild lather has helped protect babies' angel skin for generations. Today the great grandchildren of Ivory's first babies are being bathed with Ivory Soap—and they, too, chuckle when they discover that Ivory floats like a boat.

To every one of America's brand new babies, Ivory says, "Welcome! We wish you a Happy New Year—and if your Dad's away, we hope he'll be home soon."

99 9/10 % PURE IT FLOATS
to our readers...

I guess this January issue is the happiest issue of our lives. It's all connected with Christmas, and we planned everything in our bare feet so as not to make a single sound. It was really supposed to be a surprise and not be opened before Christmas, but I can't wait to tell you all about it!

The essence of Christmas is give and take. The gift of you readers to MODERN SCREEN was a staggering 250,000 votes for your favorite stars, (see page 62) during the year 1945. The year's voting went like this: 1. Van Johnson. 2. Frank Sinatra. 3. June Allyson. 4. Alan Ladd. 5. Peter Lawford. 6. Bob Walker. 7. Dana Andrews. 8. Tom Drake. 9. Guy Madison. 10. Gregory Peck. There's a story on every one of these ten stars in this issue, and to show you the poll standing of each, we've dreamed up a cute little crown, like the one on this page, with a number on it...Watch for it!

But here's the little surprise, the extra sentimental touch you didn't order. Since everyone wanted Van Johnson, and there just isn't enough of the poor boy to go around, we decided to go into production immediately. Donald de Lue, President of the American Sculptors' Society, spent months creating a gorgeous bronze bust of Van.

Trouble was neither Henry nor I knew particularly much about giving a man a bust. Emily Post's etiquette book gave us a bland stare. About the best advice we got was to be sure and pick a guy our size, which wasn't much help.

Louella (Heart-Of-Gold) Parsons saved the day, and incidentally, came up with the sweetest Christmas gift of all. For the real Van, for the bronze Van, and for all the other stars on MODERN SCREEN's 1945 poll (see page 24), she threw the biggest party in the world right in her own lovely home. That's the Good News about Louella, and you'll see it splashed all over the magazine.

Well, now you know how everything happened. With all our love, we dedicate this issue to Louella, to the stars who gave us so much of their time this year, and above all, to you readers who've been such grand partners in pushing MODERN SCREEN ahead this year. Merry Christmas!

*Signatures*
Now Van’s boss has climbed the bandwagon. Only Mr. Mayer doesn’t swoon—he beams and says, ”Couldn’t happen to a finer boy.”

**Orchids from Uncle Louis**

‘‘It couldn’t have happened to a finer boy,’’ Mr. Mayer said. ‘‘and that pleases me doubly. You may think I’m putting the emphasis in the wrong place. You may say, his personal qualities have nothing to do with it—Van got this award because of his tremendous popularity on the screen. But here’s my point. To become a star, you need a number of things. Looks of a sort—though Apollos went out with the silent films. Talent—though you’d be surprised how much can be built up from how little. Poise and authority—which come through experience. But there’s one essential that no coach, no camera, no director can help you with. That’s character. We’ve had boys on the lot as good looking and talented as Van—with more know-how when they started. You’ve never heard of them and you never will. Why? Because they lacked what Van has and to spare—purpose, integrity, heart, character—’’

It had been our pleasure to tell Louis B. Mayer that Van Johnson had won MODERN SCREEN’S first award—a sculptured head of himself—as star of the year. We knew how Van felt about his boss, how grate- (Continued on page 98)

by Nancy Winslow Squire

Grins replaced words when MODERN SCREEN’s publisher (George D. and Executive Editor A1 awarded Van a bust of himself at Louella Parson: home for being “the actor who headed the M.S. poll for all of 1945.

Louis B. Mayer took time out from his big boss job at M-G-M to pose with Van and Pat Kirkwood on their “No Leave, No Love” set. And out N.Y. way, Jackie Dalva is refusing local dates with. “Uh-uh—I’m being true to Van.”
With 50 guests of honor to share the glory, Van coped top place by being awarded a bust honoring his being "the actor who headed the M.S. poll through 1945." Sonia flew west between business dates just to see the party—and Van?

Guy Madison came in for a triple thrill: It was his last appearance in uniform, he'd just been nominated MODERN SCREEN's top discovery of the year, and Suzi Crandall was his, all his...

Bob Walker came stag, smiled at ex-dates Sonja and Suzi and promptly plonk down to discuss a Las Vegas vacation with crony Pete Lawford. He took it out, though, to congratulate Laraine Day on her two new adopted bab
Who's comforting whom? Editor Al and H'wood Ed Sylvia Wallace had all they could do to soothe frantic pappo Glenn Ford, who raced to the phone every hour on the hour to check with Eleanor on the progress of baby's first painful tooth.

Very gay it was. Louella Parsons hostessed, the Delacortes beamed, and people you made stars—made merry!

Hollywood's still talking about it. The corner garage man and the beauty parlor girls and every grip and extra in town heard about those wonderful doings where the decorations were carved ice figures and Peter Lawford buttonholed perfect strangers to roll his eyes and sigh, "Imagine—I'm on the poll! Where necks got stiff and sore trying not to crane when Van and Sonja Henie kept making bee-lines for secluded nooks and "Hi" Hodiak was seen ambling over to Annie Baxter's table, his poor heart pounding all over his sleeve. Like they say in the movies, there was romance, adventure, fun! But to George and Albert Delacorte, the father-son, publisher-editor combine of MODERN SCREEN who threw the party, and to tireless hostess Louella Parsons, it meant much more. It meant that you, the movie public, are the movie industry! It meant that those 50 people who were our guests of honor had become stars because you had spotted them, loved them and boosted them to top place with your month after month votes to our poll. S'wonderful feeling and God willing, we're going to have a poll party every single year of our life. But make no mistake—it'll be your party, too—yeu, our movie public, movie industry, star making readers! (Turn page for more pictures—and also see Louella Parsons' "Good News" on page 56 for some other party shots.)
Modern screen's poll party!

When business tycoons get together—they sit back and enjoy it! Energetic George Delacorte settled down just once—to swap stories with hostess Parsons' radio boss, hand lotion king, A. Jergens.

Sue and Alan Ladd hosted Al Delacorte at Palm Springs—made him "one of the family" by bedding him on living room sofa! Sue's a night prowler, says she dreams of Xmas lists, Laddie's horseback riding spills.

Fans have been threatening to boycott June Storey if she dares make a pic without their beloved Gene. Mrs. Autry's just as pleased as hubby that his brother Don's signed up to do series of 10 hoss opsy pix.

Vanity be blowed—Dick Hoymes wore his goggles all evening and wife Joanne couldn't have been more impressed. As to their rumored rift, the kids were inseparable, held hands all night and just glowed.
Rare partygoers, the practically parents Payne attended as a tribute to matchmaker Al D. John's the anxious type, supervises Gloria's food, rest and medicos. What a pop he'll make!

Dana had to call on Al for moral support. Seems the Andrews top knot has to be just so for his newest pic—with a daily curling the only solution. But wifie teases so, he's turning grey!
Just over a 3-day feud, Ida and Helmut cooed and made up with a filagree silver brooch from Him to Her. I'd so busy—turned authoress with 2 scripts for Warne.

Poor Tom Drake! With Chris in Reno for a divorce and sis Claire keeping house for him, he selects a ring for Suzi Crandall—who ups and starts dating Guy Madison! Bev Tyler's the gal here, his new co-star.

Due to professional ethics, palmist won't divulge secrets she read in Van's. Could his heart line be leading to Sc...
Modern screen's top party!

Whatever it was, it must have been good, because it takes a rare wit to make George DeLacorte and professional funsters like the Jack Benny laugh. Claudette can't decide whether to go to Mexico for her new picture or remain in the U.S.A. in order to put through her plans for adopting a baby.

High spot of the party for Louella was when the palmist studied her hand, then pronounced, "You will become a successful woman!" It felt just like the old days when Jimmy Stewart, who was stiff and sore from a wedding session in the Hank Fonda's garden, and Roz Russell posed together.
Maybe M-G-M boss Louis Mayer did beam at Miss P., but did he feel glum! Raved all night about his filly, "Busher," who next day strained a tendon and was removed from a big race.

Cloudbette Colbert felt so fine over hubby Dr. Pressman's first outing in civvies in 4 years; even bubble blowing couldn't let off enough steam. Day after party Ben Lyon left for big Fox job in Eng. while wife Bebe Daniels stayed as Hal Roach producer.
Modern screen's poll party!

The father and son Delacorte, George D. and Al, got the joke, too, for while Don Taylor patiently awaits his discharge, wife Phyllis is calling N. Y. to do a play. With actors, it's first come, first served.

Her Williams thanked Al D. for this chance for a final shot before her 3-months trek to Mexico an location, or else on return she'll become Mrs. Ben Gede.

"Nothing's that tall!" grunted Mr. Tufts to ex-Follies gal Tony Lanier. Next day, he threw a Calif. style barbecue for Al D., froze his guests but refused to bring party indoors. Thermometer read 50°!
Part 1 in the life story of a boy who couldn't be good until he learned how to be happy. And how Aunt Tenny and a stolen ticket machine and a tramp steamer helped show him the way.
That night the Big Fire swept Salt Lake City like an avenging angel. Flames scoured the downtown streets, raced from roof to roof, spraying angry red embers high into the glowering black desert sky as far as the Wasatch Mountains which rimmed the city of Latter Day Saints.

Through the wide, western streets firewagons roared, sirens screamed and bells clanged frantic warnings. That night more than one good Mormon hurried from whatever he was doing to help stem the crackling, crimson tide of disaster.

Horace Walker changed his plans that night, very definitely. He was on his way to the hospital where his wife, Zella, awaited the arrival of her fourth child. But he had spun the wheels of his car around when the first firewagon careened by. Like the good newspaper man he was, Horace Walker headed for the city room of the Deseret News by instinct. He was the city editor.

It was smoky dawn before the phones on his desk stopped buzzing and he could get a call through to the hospital. When the fire extra was on the presses and he could lean back in his swivel chair and breathe again, he got the connection. His eyes, red-rimmed as Salt Lake's city blocks crinkled with the good news and he turned wearily to his
With the man shortage driving H'wood maidens ma-a-ad, Bob and Pete Lawford (who just made our poll) tour local clubs stag. Meanies!

bob
walker

There's been a long line of gals on Bob's gadabout schedule since his divorce went into its final stage. Audrey Totter, here at Mocambo, is rumored to be head woman, but with Diana Lynn and Florence Pritchett in the running, well...
typewriter and tapped out the item himself:

"A seven pound son was born to Mrs. Horace Walker last night at Salt Lake Hospital." He dropped it on the copy desk, jammed on his hat and went across the street for some black coffee.

The birth of Robert Walker, on October 18, 1918, was not necessarily big news to Salt Lake City. Stacked up against the greatest conflagration in the city's history, it barely deserved the one line Bob's news-wise father gave it. buried back in the paper. Bob's dad, himself, would have smiled skeptically if anyone had told him that one day this Baby Bob would come back home as Robert Walker, the Hollywood star, and that his own paper, the Deseret News, would run headlines heralding that event.

No, there was nothing exactly world-shaking about the arrival of another Walker boy in Salt Lake City, heavens knows. Three others already romped around the house on F Street where Horace and Zella Walker made their home.

Zella's Scotch McQuarry ancestors had started from the original settlement at Nauvoo, Illinois, to find a home free from the persecutions of religious bigots. Twelve of those sturdy McQuarry sons had hewn timber from the hills to build the tabernacle which still stood. Zella herself was from a family of eight. And Walkers—they were sprinkled all over Utah—their name a local symbol of fertility, solidity and success. Right in Salt Lake there was the big Walker Department Store and the Walker Bank. There were dozens of Walker and McQuarry cousins, aunts, uncles, "kissing kin" spread all over Utah by now.

Another Walker kid—so what?

Another Walker kid. There (Continued on page 88)
JOE PASTERNAK SAYS SHE'S 
THE GIRL EVERYBODY LIKES; SHE'S 
THE GIRL YOU WANT YOUR BROTHER 
TO MARRY; SHE'S JUNE ALLYSON

"If I try to think back to the first time I saw June Allyson, there are really three first times. On the stage. On the screen. And when the girl herself knocked me over almost, in the M-G-M commissary.

In New York I went to see a show called "Best Foot Forward" and here comes a girl and sings some cute little song. The way she sang it, the way those lines came out—it made me smile and at the same time it was touching. I thought, here's a girl who can't sing but there's something that pulls you. For a minute it hit me, then I forgot about it.

Now I'm back at M-G-M. One day we were all asked to go in and see a test of some girl Arthur Freed signed in New York. I go in, I sit down, and here on the screen comes this same bad-singing, bad-dancing, bad-acting girl. I give you the exact impression I got, no use to cover it up. Still, this was only half an impression, and the less important half. Because when we discussed it, all I remem- (Continued on page 64)

Eatin', eatin', how Junie hates it! Weight went down from her normal 105 to 93 after marriage. To encourage her, husband Dick Powell stuffs himself. She says he eats everything but the furniture. (J.'s latest is "Two Sisters From Boston.")
While singing in B'wav's "Best Foot Forward," where Joe Pasternak (above) found her, Junie kept up school work, graduated with 97% average.

After moving into new apartment, Powells took out bar, installed Dick's Capehart. They're extravagant about records, and Junie felt she must economize. So, since she's already lost three gold cigarette holders, her fourth one is chained to coat lapel.

by JOE PASTERNAK
A father himself, Al took a paternal interest in Alano Ladd’s breakfast menu. He told her stories about his child, Peter, born a few weeks before Alano, and bragged how much Pete ate. But Alano thought girls should be daintier.
I was plenty mad at Al Delacorte the first time I didn’t meet him—and believe me, that’s not double-talk, either.

Now, just a minute, Al—don’t lean on that blue pencil! We made a deal—didn’t we? You said you’d open the pages of Modern Screen so I could grab my little typewriter and take you and your magazine gang apart—just like you’ve been taking me apart for all these months. Okay. You said I could just make it the “simple reverse.” Well, I’m not a writer, Al, so it will probably be just simple—period. But you asked me for it and it’s a chance a Hollywood actor doesn’t get very often, so I’m going to tell the truth and nothing but the truth—let the chips fall where they may.

And that’s how it was. I was mad and I was hurt. For a long time whenever anybody said the name, “Delacorte” to me I gritted my teeth and what I thought wasn’t fit for print. Here’s why:

I was in New York on my very first trip to the Big City. I was staying at the Waldorf in a fancy deluxe suite. It had been a long, tough haul for me from nowhere to somewhere and one of the thrills that was rippling clear down to my toes was meeting all (Continued on page 76)
"Sad Sack"

At Command Performance the Trumpet King (H. James) and the Swoon King brag about their daughters. F. calls Nancy "Little Miss Moonbeam."

On tour, Frankie's one hand holds Fay McKenzie; other hides spry tie. Mrs. S. eyed pattern of Frankie's flap eared favorites; made others from dress goods remnants.

By GEORGE BENJAMIN

Phil Silvers (at left) has an armful of Fay, while Frankie clutches his pipe and Betty Yeaton, acrobatic dancer. Phil was amazed at F.'s stamina; years of band traveling trained him to keep night owl hours. See F. in "Till The Clouds Roll By."

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There were no bobbysores overseas, but Frank was mobbed by tough GIs and officers with requests to sign "short snorters" till pen ran dry.

WHO SAYS SINATRA'S A "SAD SACK?" THEY SURE LOVED HIM OVERSEAS—AND 150,000 GIs CAN'T BE WRONG!

One sunny day last summer a big C-54 Army litter ship bearing shot-up Yanks from Europe swooped gently down to Santa Maria Airport in the Azores. A few hours before, a C-47, heading East out of America, had sat down on the same landing strip. It carried a load of Hollywood stars bound for Italy to entertain the lucky all-in-one-piece GIs finishing off the victory job these wounded guys had put across. Anyone could recognize one of Hollywood's funniest clowns. Phil Silvers, two of its dreamiest song-and-dance cuties, Fay McKenzie and Betty Yeaton—and a skinny, bright-eyed, bony-faced guy, who sings a little now and then, named Frank Sinatra.

In a few minutes, the invalided heroes were lined up in rows of stretchers on the concrete strip, grabbing fresh air, coffee and a cigarette to ease their miseries. And walking up and down the aisles to hand out a first welcome-home were the Hollywood star bunch: knocking themselves out to make it a good, old-fashioned, impromptu American clambake.

For Phil Silvers that was easy. He had a gag for every occasion—a million of (Continued on page 84)
Introducing Gregory Peck, Sr., the block that Gregory Jr.'s a chip off of. After bowling in same league for 25 years, Pop won watch he's wearing for pin-hitting.

The friend at the left seems rather worn out, and no wonder—he's been keeping up with the athletic Pecks all day! Junior, in the middle, hugs the beach ball as Pop rests up. Pop's customers at his drug store in San Francisco call him "Doc," have great faith in his advice.

A boy's best pal...

Gregory Peck's dad drove six hundred miles to thrill at Greg's first movie—

and he'd wanted his son to be a doctor!

The San Diego High School principal tapped his pencil thoughtfully on the desk top and looked at the earnest man across from him. "I'm not recommending Greg for college," he said. "because I don't think he's ready for it. He's just passed his studies by the skin of his teeth. He's not prepared. Another year in high school—"

The man squared his athletic shoulders. He'd expected this but he'd prepared to battle when his boy dragged into the house the night before and said. "Dad, I'm in trouble. The principal won't sign my credits for State College. Guess maybe I'll quit school and go to work."

"I'd better go down and have a talk, hadn't I?" he'd said right away, urgency in his voice.

"Well—"

So there he was, sitting tense and worried and the principal was politely saying, "Sorry." Now it was his
Pop tried to teach Greg dancing, but times changed and Pop's technique didn't. So off to A. Murray's!
It was up to him.

"It's just a passing phase with Greg," he argued. "My boy's as smart as anyone. Maybe he hasn't worked too hard. But he'll snap out of it. Why, he's grown four inches in the past year and that's a strain. He's coming into manhood. The world's opening up. He's confused and restless. There are girls, and parties, and maybe too much sport. But, Mr. Principal—he's just got to go on!"

The principal stared briefly into the intense, sincere face. He reached for his pen and signed the credits. "There," he smiled. "Mr. Peck, I'll take a chance on your team!"

The man who told me that the other day was Gregory Peck, Senior—that is, Gregory Peck's dad. He finished the story by saying that Greg promptly stacked up nothing but A's on his San Diego State College report card to back up his dad's pledge and he never backslid once after that. But what got me was the way Dad Peck explained that crisis.

"It was the turning point for me," he said. "It meant Greg either went on to college or he quit for keeps. Some of his pals were taking jobs. Greg toyed with the easy out. But I couldn't let him quit on me. I knew that deep in his heart he wanted more out of life. So I had to save his future. I had to put it across."

Today, Gregory Peck, Senior, is the best pal, firmest fan and biggest backer-upper of Greg's—just as he always has been, even though there were times when he wasn't sure his boy was on the right track of life. His front room is starting to overflow with the scrap books and clippings he keeps of every move in Greg's bright and booming career. He's seen "Keys of the Kingdom" ten times. "Valley of Decision" eight and "Days of Glory" a half dozen. He's visited all Greg's Hollywood sets. He gets a report every week, by phone, mail or in person on everything Greg does and he still hands out advice when he thinks it's due.

Greg's dad has been by his side on every milestone of Greg's. (Continued on page 79)
Before baby was born, the Pecks had different names picked out each week. Tried them out on the dog to see which he'd bark at! Baby arrived in Jonathan Week; if he'd been born a week later, he'd have been called Barnaby, after pixie comedy strip character.

Sunday morning finds Greg playing baseball on the corner lot. Keeps in trim with weird breakfast, consisting of sherry and raw egg! Favorite food is steak—rare, and plenty! He and wife Greta like simple clothes, simple life.
by Claire Kennedy

Tom Drake skipped meals to
feed his dog; Sister Claire cried when the ear got
old . . . but they’re not sentimental—not much!

I suppose I’m the swooniest fan
Tom Drake has or ever will have. If you ask me, I think he’s wonderful. But, of course, I’m a little prejudiced. I’m his sister, his only sister. Tom’s my only brother.

We’re about as close, too, as a brother and sister can be—without being twins. I’ve known Tom, you see, ever since I was one year old. I was born in April of one year and Buddy (he’s always been “Buddy” to me) came along the next August. From the day he was born I’ve been crazy about him. I still am. I think I always shall be.

Maybe that’s the way every sister feels about her only brother. But maybe, too, in the case of Buddy and me, there’s a special understanding; we’ve always been a team.

Buddy took me to my first dance. He taught me how to ride my first pony, how to drive my first car, how to sail, how to swim, how to pitch a baseball straight, how to glide down a mountainside on skis, how to whistle through my teeth—yes—and how to smoke a cigarette, out behind the garage.

Buddy introduced me to my husband and he gave me away when I married. When I had my first baby, Christopher, he flew East from Hollywood and out-paced Chris’s own father at the hospital, until the nurse demanded, “Say, whose baby is this, anyway?” His best girl borrowed my baby’s name for her stage name and called her little girl Christopher, too, after mine. Then Buddy married Chris Dunne, and the first person they phoned the (Continued on page 67)
Peter closed the door of his room and looked at his watch. Ten o'clock. He'd have a while to wait. Mother and Dad were still up. What a strange Christmas Eve! No parties, no friends, no gaiety. Just the three of them round the fire, listening to carols on the radio and to scraps of war news. The *phony* war, they were calling it that year . . .

The Lawfords had spent Christmas in many strange places—on boats and trains—in lands far away from home. But wherever it had found them, Christmas had always been merry, in the traditional spirit of old England. Tonight Peter's father and mother weren't feeling festive. Not that they made any to-do about it. All Mother had said was: "Let's just celebrate by going to church on Christmas Day as usual—" But Peter didn't have to be told that their thoughts were with friends and kinfolk in England—with boys they'd known as babies who were flying now with the RAF.

So he'd made his own plans. Alone in his room, he checked off his purchases. Under the bed, a bowl of goldfish for Mother. In the top dresser drawer, a tie for Dad. In the closet, a tiny tree from the dime store, tinsel and snow, a few glittering balls, the chains of colored paper he'd been pasting together for weeks, a wreath for the front door. Adding up—he hoped—to a little holiday cheer for Mother and Dad.

He undressed, got into pajamas, set robe and slippers handy, and lay down to wait.

It was Christmas of '39. Peter was (Continued on page 73)
Christmas, 1945, will find a huge, tinsel-draped, light-strung tree in the newly-decorated Dana Andrews house. It will find David, Kathy, and Stephen Todd hanging up stockings beside (maybe) Mary's nylons, and Dana's Argyle plaids. It will find friends dropping in to exclaim over stacks of gifts, to warm themselves by quaffing a Christmas bowl and sharing the Yuletide mistletoe. There will be the scent of evergreen and of turkey in the kitchen; there will be laughter and song, and jubilation over the peaceful world and the hopeful sky.

And at the end of the blissful day, Dana will slide his arm around Mary's shoulder, and—grinning down at her—he will say, "Some difference from our nine dollar Christmas, huh?"

The nine dollar Christmas was the second since Dana and Mary's marriage, and it was a meager affair; Dana was under contract, and working in a picture, but his salary was moderate and he was saving every possible penny to pay back those who had believed in him and backed him during his building years.

During the first week in December, he said across the breakfast table to Mary, "Look, darling, let's be sensible about this. You and I want, most of all, to be out of debt. That would be the swellest Christmas gift two people like us could have. So, let's hang on to our dough—let's agree on a price that each of us (Continued on page 99)
date dresses

Adorable and practical is this smooth twopiece. Wear its skirt with a black sweater for grown-up glamor. Add gold bracelets.

Merry Xmas
from Joan Kirkaid
and Frances Perris

For New Year's Eve with The Guy, wear a dream of a white dress. Give it ballet slippers, two black velvet bows at your throat, on your wrist.
CHRISTMAS TIME, 1945!

PARTIES ARE DRESS-UP AGAIN—

AND HERE ARE DREAM DRESSES, DESIGNED

FOR YOU PARTY GOING TEEN AGERS BY EMILY WILKENS

Snow on your eyelashes and a funny sort of catch in your throat. Christmastime, 1945 — and this year when they say “Peace on Earth” they mean it! A gal’s cup runneth over. The boys are home and turkeys are back, and whee! parties are dress-up again.

Parties are dress-up again . . . gee, what beautiful words. And because it’s the first peacetime Christmas in four years, because maybe it’s your first grown-up Christmas ever, we’re dedicating this month’s sparkling fashion pages to you, all you cunning teen-aged ones. Ever see such spectacular stuff? Know why? Each of these honeys was designed by that very cute, very young Emily Wilkens, the teen queen’s Schiaparelli. She won the 1945 Coty Fashion award and the Neiman-Marcus Fashion award, which means she designs like crazy, and that we can see.

Member when practically all sub-deb formals were pink taffeta with an indefinable never-been-kissed look about them? Emily’s fixed all that, viz. these irresistible. Obviously, they’re not to be had for a song, but considering the (Continued on page 93)
(We feel that this second in Hedda Hopper's monthly series on "The young actor most likely to become a star" has an extra-added significance. Because, this issue, Guy Madison is receiving one of Miss Hopper's handsome Gruen Watch Awards not only for being the outstanding new star of the month—but of the year! Quite a thing. And don't forget to watch for the next ten monthly awards, when Miss Hopper comes up with some really top-notch surprise choices.—The Editors.)

Two scenes in David O. Selznick's "Since You Went Away"—and you kids started cheering for Madison, the screen find.

Two remarks at the Brown Derby—and I started cheering for Madison, the guy.

We'd ordered lunch. The young man wasn't very hungry, so he thought he'd just have a bowl of chicken soup, veal cutlets with rice, a large green salad and a glass of milk. (I'd enjoy watching him eat when he is hungry.) Then he looked around—

"This is the second time I've been to the Derby—"

I liked the matter-of-fact way he said it. Some boys would have tried to play the sophisticate, some would have been impressed by this hangout of the stars. This quiet-voiced kid wasn't impressed, but he was interested, and it never entered his head to pretend otherwise. Aha, thought Diogenes Hopper, an honest man!

Just then Donald Crisp came along and engaged me in a little (Continued on page 94)

Hedda names your Guy
"most promising newcomer of 1945" with
a big cheer for his talent—and a
twinkle in her eye 'cause he's cute

BY HEDDA HOPPER
Here's our straight-from-the-hostess'-mouth report on the poll party—including romance talk on Van J.

LOUELLA PARSONS’

Good News

With Maria Montez' expected baby no longer a secret, the Aumonts spent hours discussing its sex. Pierre wants a son, but Maria (who's still movie making) just wants a baby.

Maybe I should change the title of this department to "Party News" this month. We've just had a big time out here welcoming Ye Ed Albert Delacorte and his father, George Delacorte, the publisher of MODERN SCREEN, and whether a hostess should talk about her own party or not, I wouldn't know—but, anyway, that's our subject for today.

In addition to the two guests of honor, our dinner dance also feted the top winners on the magazine's popularity poll who were all on hand with victory smiles on their faces—plus about 300 other top movie people.

Van Johnson was an extra-special guest—for Van had won MODERN SCREEN'S yearly popularity poll. I helped Albert present the fair-haired boy with a handsome bust of himself, done by Donald De Lue, president of the American Sculptors' Society. De Lue has achieved a marvelous likeness of Van, and I saw a tear in Van's eye when Al made the presentation saying, "The bust will last a lifetime—just as will the affection and friendship of the Van Johnson fans." He's a nice boy who deserves all the good things coming his way—and he was frankly delighted over this tribute paid him by his fans and the readers of MODERN SCREEN. (Continued on page 58)

Hostess Parsons was slightly amazed, but thrilled at Gary Cooper's news that he's grooming his 76-year old mother for a bit part in the new movie, "Breakfast in Hollywood."

"Hi" Hodiak table-hopped over to ex-fiancée Anne Baxter (she'd just been bobbling fluent French with the Aumonts), kept the 3-cornered talk with Al going with rave references to his own jive disc collection.
TEMPTING...yet Deadly!

ALLURING...yet too anxious to help him forget his beloved wife...and his search for her murderer...the man he'd trailed down to Buenos Aires!

DICK POWELL in “Cornered” with WALTER SLEZAK
MICHELINE CHEIREL - NINA VALE
MORRIS CARNOVSKY - EDGAR BARRIER
LUTHER ADLER

The NEW DICK POWELL...rougher, tougher than in “Murder, My Sweet”

Produced by ADRIAN SCOTT
Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK
Screen Play by JOHN PAXTON
It was a helluva party, and I'm going to say so right out loud in print. But being a woman, and the hostess, I want to take you behind the scenes and tell you a bit of what went on beforehand.

My house in Beverly Hills is pretty big, but not big enough for 300 (what home is?). So I had the idea of covering my garden with a tent top which would have chiffon sides. Then putting down a floor for dancing with about 100 white tables with matching chairs surrounding the dance floor. My own flower beds are very pretty, but still, I thought it would be extra exotic to have long stemmed American Beauties planted outside for the evening—they would look so lovely through the cellophane curtains. A blue spotlight (supposedly moonlight) would illuminate the exterior—just in case there wasn't a real moon.

Guess that's what I got for asking for the moon—for two days before the big night it clouded up and looked as though it were going to rain like thunder.

So I'll let you in on a little secret. For three mornings the first thing I did was to stick my head out the window to see how the fates were treating me. Came the day of the party—I came the regular morning clouds. I looked at the beautiful tent and almost dampened it with a couple of tears of my own.

But either the Delocotes, the poll winners or Yours Truly must live right—because at noon—out came Old Sol, and while we never rated a real moon—the blue spotlights did their shining just as well.

By six p.m. the small army of caterers was on hand, the musicians in blue jackets were ready to strike up "California. Here I Come," the long buffet table was adorned with ice figures standing guard over the foods. We were ready to go—and we did!

The first guests were our honor guests, Al and George, and I don't feel a bit apologetic about calling Al's father George, because he is so young looking. Al, I have known for a long time, and I think I have told you before how much I admire this young editor who has managed to make up his success of his magazine because he chats with his readers. But I am thinking seriously of kidnapping his father and keeping him right here in California.

George Delocote is a charming man who will always be young because he thinks young. With these two men, father and son, behind the scenes—no wonder MODERN SCREEN has concentrated on the young players of the screen and has catered to the readers who want to know about them.

So it was appropriate that one of the first guests to arrive was very young Elizabeth Taylor, age thirteen, making her party debut in a black velvet dress bought especially for the occasion. She is a lovely child with a face like a flower and her young mother is pretty enough to be in the movies herself.

Another early arrival was the idol of American boyhood, Gene Autry, just out of uniform. Of course, Gene was with his pretty wife who looked even better in an Adrian dress I had admired and thought I would like to own until I remembered the income tax installment just around the corner.

And then they started coming so thick and fast that I had to hear all the "abhhhs" from the women and the "Welcome home" shouts from his pals before I could see that it was Hollywood's pride and joy, war hero Colonel Jimmy Stewart, struggling through the crowd. Jimmy was staying with Frances and Henry Fonda, and he came with them.

What a reunion it was when he saw Rosalind Russell. It was his first meeting with her since he returned home, and you remember how many movies they made together at M-G-M? It has been years since they have seen each other and these very good friends got over in a corner to talk over all the things that have happened in the meanwhile.

Jimmy is very thin, more mature and gray more than when you saw him last. You can't go through "what that boy has gone through without it showing on you. "But I am getting so much sleep at the Fonda's," he laughed. "I think I put on a pound every time the alarm clock goes off."

"Why an alarm clock now you are out?" gasped Roz.

"Just habit," grinned Jimmy with that same rare old charm of his. He was delighted with the way Roz looked because he had heard of her long illness and the time she spent in the hospital. Roz does sparkle these days—she is so happy to feel like herself again.

I was very amused to see young Don Taylor, the boy who played in "Winged Victory," and who is under contract to M-G-M, walk up to boss Louis B. Mayer and say: "I work for you but I bet you can't tell who I am. This uniform is the real thing." He was in his Air Corps gab and believe me, he is a handsome lad. For a split second, Mayer smiled and said, "Of course, you are Don Taylor. When are you coming back to work?" I'll say this for L.B.—he's marvelous at a party. He can thumbar with the best of them and never misses a dance.

Being a reporter as well as a hostess, I watched Van Johnson and Sonja Henie with special interest. Van doesn't often show as marked a preference for any girl as he has seemed to for Sonja. Hene, he say they were "in" the left with me in love with a certain Bill Eythe, who carried the torch for this Baxter girl for so long.
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THE PLACE: In Your Own Home at YOUR Convenience
THE GIRL... With the Pretty Curl Is YOU... at your loveliest

Enchantress is as ENCHANTRESS does... so if you want your hair to be at its enchanting best—give yourself a lovely ENCHANTRESS Cold Wave at home... at your convenience. It's so amazingly simple and easy... so quick—only 2 to 3 hours... and ever so flatteringly natural! Why, all you do is put your hair up in ENCHANTRESS curlers, dab each curl with ENCHANTRESS Quick-Cold-Wave solution, then simply go about tidying up your home or doing other household chores—and in no time at all, the enchantment of lovely, natural looking curls and waves is yours to enjoy for months to come! And when your friends exclaim, "How exquisitely lovely! Is that a $20 permanent?" you can say with real pride, "I did it myself!"

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Name
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City State

From Print Clave.
neither hail nor sleet ... WINTER WEATHER CAN'T COARSE YOUR COMPLEXION IF IT'S PROTECTED WITH CREAMS AND LOTIONS. HERE'S AN ARTICLE THAT BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD NEWS OF FROST-TIME SKIN CARE. • BY CAROL CARTER

If Jack Frost has been doing harsh things to your complexion, take lessons from the movie stars who know how to make the gruff old fellow sit up and purr. The film darlings know that a cracked, dry or chapped face doesn't look glamorous in a movie close-up. So, in Hollywood, face creams and lotions are as popular as Academy Oscars.

A creamy lotion is grand for quick clean-up jobs. Doused on cotton, it skims off soil and faded makeup in less time than it takes to describe. Good news for working lassies. The other soil chasers are the two kinds of cleansing cream—liquefying and the cold cream type. Liquefying cream melts on the skin and the dirt slides off with a flick of a tissue. It's best for average or oily skinned girls. And, children, it's intended solely for cleansing, not to double as an emollient or powder base. Cold cream keeps its solid consistency, and picks up the dust and makeup somewhat as snow absorbs dirt specks.

Emollient or night creams are designed for but one purpose . . . to make your skin smooth as Sinatra's crooning. They're especially welcome for complexions that are rough and red, or tender and super-sensitive.

And if your one-time peaches and cream complexion has turned muddy and just generally discouraged looking, you'll be happy to learn about bleach creams. They (Continued on page 83)

Face winter with a daisy-fresh complexion. Joan Leslie's in "Too Young To Know," but she knows the importance of skin care!
Hold this moment softly in your hands...this moment so dear, so near to heaven.

And be glad your hands are such an endearing part of you—kept lovely by Trushay.

Creamy, flower-scented Trushay is different from other hand lotions.

Use it to give your hands a fragrant softness. But use Trushay, too, in a special way...the "beforehand" way. Before you wash a dish, before you tub a garment, smooth on Trushay. It guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.

Remember always to use Trushay...whenever, wherever you need it.
It's really very simple how we work it our Modern Screen Poll. See, no strings, no wires, just you, our readers, licking a three-cent stamp and making stars out of people. As you've noticed, each month we run in a little box in the magazine headed "FREE OFFER!" where we ask you, pretty please, to list the names of stars you'd like to read about in future issues. And that's all there is to it. But after you've done your stint, well, that's where the tough job begins—tabulating your thousands of votes. Because all returns are assembled (and with over 1,500,000 readers, that's quite a job) results go to eds, and then you get to see Van Johnson and June Allyson and Pete Lawford when they were only gleams in Metro's casting department's eye.

As you've read in Al Delacorte's editorial on page 21, we threw a very gala, very big party for our top 50 poll stars at Louella Parson's home, with all the inside dope—and pictures, 8 pages of 'em—reported to you on pages 24 to 31 in this issue. We hope you like the pictures, we know you love the stars. And just to give you a clear-cut idea of exactly who is leading the poll and who our honored guests were, here is a list of the top 50 people on the Modern Screen poll for 1945:

1. Van Johnson 26. Clark Gable
2. Frank Sinatra 27. Jeanne Crain
4. Alan Ladd 29. Ray Rogers
5. Peter Lawford 30. Margaret O'Brien
7. Donna Andrews 32. Gene Kelly
8. Tom Drake 33. Judy Garland
10. Gregory Peck 35. Ingrid Bergman
11. Cornel Wilde 36. Diana Lynn
12. Dennis Morgan 37. Elizabeth Taylor
13. Lon McCallister 38. Roddy McDowall
15. Lorna Turner 40. Kurt Kreuger
16. Lauren Bacall 41. Joseph Cotton
17. Shirley Temple 42. William Eythe
18. Betty Grable 43. Gloria DeHaven
19. Bing Crosby 44. Sonny Tufts
20. John Payne 45. Tommy Dix
21. Turhan Bey 46. Jerome Courtland
22. Helmut Dantine 47. Hurd Hatfield
23. Bob Mitchum 48. Mark Daniels
24. Esther Williams 49. Richard Jaeckel
25. Don Taylor 50. Richard Crane

at all surprised if this isn't a marriage—proving that falling in love with Anne isn't fatal—even if John Hodiak does think so.

Peter Lawford, who is crowding every poll for top honors, sat with Keenan and Evie Wynn. Lawford seems to occupy the place in the Wynn's friendship once held by Van Johnson. Van spoke to his former pals cordially enough, but they didn't sit together at dinner.

An eyeful, believe me, was Jeanne Crain, who had on one of the brightest green dresses I have ever seen—and one of the smartest. Only a gal with Jeanne's perfect coloring, clear skin and reddish hair, would have dared to have worn such a color—but on her it looked terrific. She was with Rory Calhoun— and if you ask me—he's the boy to watch in the Crain romantic sweepstakes.

Claudette Colbert started tests for her new picture, "Thanks God, I'll Take It From Here" the next day, so she and Dr. Joel Pressman, who is just out of uniform, didn't stay very long. Claudette told me that as soon as she finishes this movie she'll go to New York for a three months' vacation with her husband. Brother, does she hate the title of the movie—and I'm betting it will be changed.

I'll let you in on something: A part has been written for me in Claudette's movie and by the time this appears in print, I'll probably be emoting before the cameras!

But right now, the blue feather on Ann Sothens' chapetou was claiming more of my attention than my approaching screen career. Annie was dead tired, having come straight from her radio show with her good looking husband, Robert Sterling. Yep, he's another one of our good actors just out of uniform and ready to report back to M-G-M.

Betty Hutton, in a stunning black dress and still radiant with happiness, arrived late with her bridegroom, Ted Briskin. This is the first party we've been invited to as Mr. and Mrs. Betty whispered, "and I'm so glad it's a big affair!" Betty is still showing Ted off and admits without a blush she thinks he is the handsomest man she ever saw.

Another very handsome gent, Dana Andrews, was nice enough to tell me that my party looked like fairyland after the bitter cold he and the "Canyon Passage" unit had gone through up in Oregon. "Everybody kidded the socks off me playing the big outdoor type when my blood is so thin I really needed long red underwear," Dana laughed. Young Guy Madison who, that day, had been given his discharge from the Navy and who has a contract with David Selznick containing a clause that the big smile off his face, Guy made only one film, "Since You Went Away," before he went into the service—but what a hit he was.

"Rookie" Cooper, Gary's stunning wife, who is easily one of the best dressed women in Hollywood, kept looking for Gary, who was constantly being dragged away to be photographed. Gary, good natured as always, left his dinner time after time and posed with the guests—and among them Andrew Jergens, head of the Woodbury Company (plug) and the man who pays my radio salary.

In the (by this time) throng, I saw Robert Walker just briefly. He doesn't look very happy and I don't believe he stayed very long. Ida Lupino and Helmut Dantine came together and stuck like glue. Yes, he has buried the torch he carried so long for his former wife, Gwen Anderson, and now seems mostly in love with Ida.

When I finally spotted cute little Diana Lynn with Henry Willson, I felt like asking her to play the piano—but by this time people were sitting on the piano.

Maria Montez, breathless as usual, kept saying over and over to everyone she spoke to, "I am very busy these days. I'm having a baby and starting a picture." Well, that's enough to keep anybody occupied!

The Dick Haymes' are certainly the quietest guests I ever had under my roof—or should I say, my tent? Since their reconciliation, they seem more devoted than ever and sat at a table near the dance floor holding hands most of the evening. Dick pulled a very funny crook. Someone asked him if he resented being asked to sing at social affairs. "Nope," reported Dick, "but sometimes the guests do!"

The Robert Youngs, who were expecting their fourth child any minute, startled everyone by saying that Mrs. Young would probably drive straight from the party to the hospital! They were kidding, of course, because the little girl came a week later.

One of the most distinguished and interesting guests of all was Major Thatch who came with Commander and Mrs. Milton Brem. He was on the battleship Missouri with General MacArthur when the Japanese signed the peace terms, and his description of the defeatd warriors held us spellbound. Darryl and Virginia Zanuck and Elsa Maxwell hung on to his every word. In fact, Elsa later desribed him all on her radio show.

The Nicholas Schenck came with Joseph Schenck who meant that the big boss of M-G-M and the big boss of 20th Century-Fox were present and having a happy evening. So were Sam Goldwyn and his charming wife, Walter Wanger, Mervyn LeRoy and Jack Benny with his Mary.

David Selznick, who never fails to arrive late, came just as the orchestra was playing "Home Sweet Home," Well, maybe Anita Colby, the glamorous girl who is fashion director for David, told him about the party. She came with Noel Busch, magazine writer.

At two o'clock in the morning, when the crowd had begun to thin out, I was a tired but pleased gal.

Hollywood had just said a big "Hello" to the Delacortes and all their poll-winning stars in a way that made me very happy. Wish you all could have been with us. But anyway, please continue to write me letters. I love to hear from you.
Are you in the know?

How to belittle a too-big foot?
- Wear shoes with instep interest
- Choose cut-out toes
- Shun fussy, light-hued shoes

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-embellished light-hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is really inconspicuous, for those special flat-tapered ends of Kotex don't show! The fact is, Kotex' flat pressed ends actually prevent revealing outlines. So there's no worrisome "give-away" bulge with Kotex!

Is this the technique for a—
- Water wave
- Pin curl wave
- Finger wave

You, too, can set a pin curl wave! Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut... wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. Now, Kotex contains a deodorant. Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.

Do you think she's carrying a—
- Ditty bag
- Knitting bag
- Bicycle bag

Grand carry-all for those umteen gadgets you're always cramming in your purse. A large charge—the bicycle bag! No need to wait for cycling weather. You can tote this high-wide-and-handsome job practically anywhere, right now. And any day, you can be carefree, confident—when you have the plus protection of Kotex. You're confident for you know Kotex has a special safety center that won't betray you. It keeps moisture away from the sides of the pad. You're assured because you're safe—with this exclusive Kotex feature.

Should you let him pay your way if—
- It's a pre-arranged date
- You meet unexpectedly
- You never saw him before

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—unless it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moola to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. And you're free from bunching... roping!

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I'm going all the way in the fight against polio...the torturing, crippling enemy of America's children. Won't you please go along with me?

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PLEASE GIVE
TO THE SISTER ELIZABETH KENNY FOUNDATION 1945 APPEAL

Half of everything you give remains in your state to help fight polio locally.

The other half goes to the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation in Minneapolis to help train additional technicians in the Kenny method of treating polio victims. These technicians will eventually man Kenny clinics in your community.

Please send in your contributions today, friends! Everything you give will be personally acknowledged by me.

Bing Crosby
National Chairman
Sister Elizabeth Kenny
1945 Appeal

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Hollywood, Cal.

Count me in to help sock polio!
Enclosed is $........ for the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation 1945 Appeal.

Name

Address

City.............. State

FAIRY TALE FOR JUNE
(Continued from page 37)

bered were those smiling, pathetic eyes.

"Don't ask me what it is, I don't know myself," I said. "But the girl has something—"

So after that many months went by, and the whole girl slipped my mind. There was no reason for her to stay there. Nobody talked about her, certainly nobody raved about her. Many little girls come on the lot and disappear away, but who don't even know if they came or went. Only with June, God put His finger in. And it could be that Junie helped Him a little—

Now I have to interrupt myself to tell you something I believe. You hear it said, this producer discovered that one or the other. A producer never discovered anybody. It's God who pushes you.

Well, we started to work on a script called "Two Girls and a Sailor" for Judy Garland and Kathryn Grayson. My writers kept asking, "What happens if Garland and Grayson are busy?" I remember we wanted to use Bob Crosby's band, and I said to George Sidney, my director: "If only we could get a couple of kids along with the band."

And George said: "Yes, it would be nice—"

As I walked out of the commissary that day, somebody bumped into me, but so hard that I had to hold myself from falling over. All I heard behind me was this little out-of-breath voice—"Oh, I'm so sorry, and I turned around, and there she stood, and I remembered her from New York and I remembered the test. But already she looked different. In the test she was a little girl with flat hair and frightened to death. Now her hair was different, her smile was different, and she wasn't so frightened anymore. Even when she said excuse me—"

I thought to myself, "Well, wait a minute—" And then who came walking over? Gloria De Haven. And they looked awfully cute together—"

I said, "You kids are in the 'Best Foot Forward.'" They said, "Yes, we are—" like a chorus, and I said, "Thank you very much and found George and told him we had two girls.

found: two sisters . . .

Then we come to the day when they're shooting the scene, and all of a sudden it flashes through my head—there they are! If we have any trouble casting the other picture, here are my two sisters. I rushed up quick and brought my writers down. I said, "Look!" and they looked—"

"Ahha," they said. "We knew it all the time. You never intended to use Garland and Grayson—"

"Wait. Don't say I never intended. I only say, if we have any trouble here are the sisters."

So of course we had trouble. Judy and Grayson went into other pictures, and I'm left with my idea. Maybe you'll ask, how can he take a girl whom he knows only from a bad test and put her in a big production? But, well, call it a hunch—"

And this is where Louis B. Mayer comes in. I went to him, and I said: "Here's my idea, and I think we should take a chance—"

And he not only approved, he appreciated it. How many others would do the same?

All right, I have the green light from Mr. Mayer, but I also have a policy. I don't like to tell people something before I'm absolutely sure. Because too many hear the story broken statements, which later you have to cancel—maybe even for their own good. So I brought my problem to a lady to whom it deserves a lot of credit—Lillian Burns.

Lillian coaches our young talent, and is kind enough to act for us as a sounding board. "Let me read the script with them," she said. "I'll tell them it's just for practice or something—"

which part for June . . .

I wait and wait, and finally she calls me and tells me, "They're both good. I don't think you can go wrong with them. Would you like to have them read for you?"

I said, "No, I'm afraid they'll be nervous. We'll go ahead with the tests—"

So she tells the girls, and now the suspense is on. The studio thinks the dramatic part should go to Gloria. I don't agree. I feel Gloria is the more flirty—type and June is more quiet."

Both girls read on both parts, with both girls, and she agrees with me. And every time June meets me on the lot it's always the same question. "Which part?"

"All I can tell you is, you'll be in the picture. Isn't that enough?"

"Yes, it's enough," she kept on saying, but I know she underlined June.

Anyway, we made the tests the way studio wanted. Strangely enough, Gloria was very good as Patsy too, but June was not very good in the flirty part. Why?"

I convinced me that I was right in the first place. And being 100 percent convinced, I was able to get the parts reversed.

"Nothing wrong. Only my heart was set on Patsy, and I couldn't concentrate on June. But now you're happy, right? The way you've found something for me. Remind me this—playing a very warm part, and my whole picture depends on you. If you're good, I'm a good producer. If you're bad, I'm a bad producer. So you have to stop talking through your nose—"

This she didn't expect. But when she looked at me with her serious little face and said, "Oh, I will, I didn't worry about it more.

How she played the part, I don't think you'll get to tell you, because you told us. And not to tell you our problem was to go on pleasing you—to find for June other parts where the public will like her. About this I can tell you a story, which shows again how God does things, and how we do them.

I was preparing a picture called "Millions." The director was my old friend, Bobby Koster, who came over work for M-G-M. Thank God. Bobby was
Susan Peters, I want Susan Peters, everybody wants Susan Peters. Junie hears about the story, but she doesn't know who's going to play it. Maybe June Allyson?

I said: "Look, that's for Susan Peters, that's not for you. For you I'm preparing something else—"

She made a sad face. "All right, you'll be sorry." But June is very honest, even when sad, and right away she took it back. "No, you won't, Joe. Susan's a thousand times better."

Then all of a sudden it looked as if Susan couldn't finish another picture in time. I went upstairs and tried to postpone our picture, but it was impossible because too many things didn't co-ordinate. So Susan was out and we had to find somebody else, and finally we came to Donna Reed. Donna's just the girl—sweet, sympathetic, a good little actress, we'll make some tests. But a certain director finds he can't finish with her for a certain length of time, and the dickering goes back and forth, and before we know it, Donna's out, too.

romance or realism?

Again Miss Allyson starts wooing with a faraway noise, again I tell her no. But now I'm not so sure, I feel something's haunting this picture. It wasn't, you understand, a question of June's ability, but only should we put her so soon in a dramatic part? When you decide to let Bing Crosby play a priest, you don't decide in a minute, you pray over it. Well, here's a gay little girl who made a hit in a gay little story, and maybe the public won't like her in a piece of realism.

Well, just because who knows what can happen, I asked Mr. Koster to take a look at June. And the minute he looked, the minute he saw those eyes, that face, he said: "That's the girl, that's the girl, that's the girl." Not once—three times. "Let me call her right away—"

I said: "Don't call her and don't tell her, because once you tell her and nothing happens and she doesn't get the part, I don't want to send any flowers to a funeral. Because that's how serious she takes it—"

So I'm running around, trying to find June Allyson, and I hear she's sick, she's come with a cold. I go in to Koster. "You're still sure you want Junie?" He's still sure. "Now you want to see something? Come into my office—" We go in, I pick up the phone, thinking I'm going to tell June something very new—"Hello, June, how are you?"

She can hardly talk, she croaks. But she doesn't even answer me how she is—not I'm fine or I'm sick or how are you?—no—"Am I going to play the part?"

I put Bobby on the phone and let him tell her, but I listened, too. Comes a silence for I don't know how long, then a whisper: "Thank you, oh thank you—I'll be good—you'll see—"

A doctor told her she should stay in bed yet a week. I ask her when she thinks she can come in. "Tomorrow," she says. "Well, tomorrow I wouldn't let her come, but on Saturday she was in, sniffing and crying on her clothes.

Sometimes people ask me, what is it about June? They feel it, the same as I felt it that time on the stage and with the bad test, and now I think I put my finger on it.

Every ten years or so a personality comes up like Janet Gaynor come up—an always a simple, sweet American girl, who could be Mrs. Maloney's girl or Mrs. Nelson's or Mrs. Greenberg's. Not too beautiful, but she's not being envied like some women, she's being loved for what she is. I think the average American girl feels she can look like June, be like her and get the things she's getting. And the average good American boy would be very happy

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Imagining these Gardenias to look like real flowers, the Perm Company of Chicago made the plants. They are so lifelike that they have become a fad. The idea of adding gardenias to hair, coats, and dresses got its start in France. A girl from that French country in the famous Gardenia district and the idea was brought to America by her. She tried to let people know what her hair looked like after the fresh flowers were inserted in it. The idea spread and the flowers became a fashion hit. They are so lifelike that people will not say they are artificial unless they are told so. A girl who has a bunch of these lovely flowers in her hair is sure to get her share of attention.

You can get these Gardenias in any color imaginable: red, pink, white, yellow, purple, and green. They are distributed by the Perm Company of Chicago, which makes them in the Gardenia district. The company is in the business of making artificial flowers and has been doing it for years. They have a wide variety of artificial flowers, from the simplest to the most elaborate. They are used in many different ways, from hair decorations to costumes. The Gardenias are a new addition to their line of artificial flowers.

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66
good news to, clear across the whole continent, was me.

That's the way it's been with Buddy and me, always and all along. That's why I know him and love him like I do and always will. We've spent the happiest hours of our lives together—and our saddest ones, too.

I'll never forget the day our Mother died. Bud and I were learning to act at Reginald Goode's summer stock company in Clinton Hollow, New York. I'd tagged along when Buddy decided to be an actor. As usual, what he wanted to do became my dearest wish, too. We were just kids then, I was 18 and Buddy 17, living with a bunch of other stage-dizzy kids like ourselves in a boarding-house.

double heartbeat . . .

I was home alone that afternoon when the phone call came. Buddy was at afternoon rehearsal. The news stunned me. Mother hadn't even been ill. First came the awful thought, "Now Buddy and I are orphans," because our father had died only shortly before. Then the second pang struck me, more for Buddy than myself. How he would miss her! How much there was of her in Buddy. How close they'd been. I couldn't bear news like this over a telephone. Still, I knew we would have to leave that night for New Rochelle. That might upset Mr. Goode's plans. I called him.

"Please don't tell Buddy," I begged him. "Just let him go on as if nothing had happened." He promised.

By the time Buddy rolled up in the bus, I had had my tears. I wasn't crying. I thought there was nothing to betray my anguish. I planned to break the news softly, I was even smiling.

Buddy bounced up the stairs, laughing. But the minute his eyes met mine he stopped dead, as if he'd been shot. His face froze and turned white. "Something terrible has happened," he said. "Mother has died. I burst into new tears. "Come on, Claire," he said quietly, "let's go home."

I still hadn't said a word. But words between Buddy and me have never been necessary.

That's why I've always thought the greatest performance Buddy ever gave was the time our father left us. I suppose Buddy felt about me with Buddy as I'd felt about him and Mother. He knew how close we'd been, how I worshipped the ground he walked on. I knew he was ill, in the hospital. But they didn't tell me when he died and Buddy was determined that I should be spared the prolonged grief.

There were two whole days until the funeral. All that time Buddy knew and I didn't. That's a pretty long performance—forty-eight hours—but Buddy never faltered. I never saw him so merry and gay, so much fun to be with. It was a wonderful act, because beneath his heart was in pieces.

Buddy's act was a triumph, because I never even suspected anything was wrong until an hour before the funeral, when Mother told me to get dressed.

That was how Buddy and I became orphans, tragically early in our lives. And perhaps that's why, like the Baby in the Wood, we waddled together instinctively.

After Mother died, a relative was appointed our guardian and there was a family meeting. When the family and I arrived, the plans were made. Our guardian explained them. I was to go north to Syracuse and live with my aunt. And there would be a job for Buddy with Bethlehem Steel Company in Pennsylvania.

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My heart dropped to my toes and tears welled up in my eyes. But Buddy wasn’t even looking at me. His jaw tightened and he said, “No.”

Legally, he hadn’t a leg to stand on. We were both minors and we could have been forced to stay the wills of our appointing guardian. But while Buddy’s voice was low, it was absolutely firm.

“I’m going back to the stock company,” Buddy said. “Dr. Claire’s going with me.” We drove back to Clinton Hollow that night—and from that minute until I married, Buddy and I were never apart.

Because we were young, Buddy, too, in everything we did, right from the start. We shared the same nursery at the big Dutch Colonial house on Elk Street in New Rochelle and the same Finnish nurse, Mary, who had both of us speaking Finnish before we could make sense in English.

animal kingdom ...

And I remember, when we were just moppets, we developed a mutual craze for cats. Dogs were welcome at home—both Mother and Daddy loved them there. We had names like “Jeff,” “Missy,” “Annie,” “Stony” and “Laddie” can always bring mixed memories of laughs and heartaches to both Tom and me. But an old orange alley cat we’d dragged home and ecstatically hugged gave Buddy the worst case of impetigo the neighborhood had known and Mother put aéd, youthful Mary, who had both of us speaking Finnish before we could make sense in English.

That, of course, didn’t change our deep feelings on the subject, and one day at a church bazaar, Mother turned us loose very unwillingly with a dime spending apiece. The first thing Buddy and I spent our rounds was an auction. And up under the hammer was the cutest inky black kitten ever to walk the streets. You can see the story and then look at each other.

“Let’s buy that kitty,” said Tom. I nodded. “Yes, let’s.” I always did think he had the most wonderful ideas.

We stepped up to the booth. “One penny,” said Buddy. There was a roar from the crowd. Somebody bid “two cents” with a last name that chirped right up.

“Three pennies!”

“Four cents.”

“Five pennies—a whole nickel,” cried Buddy.

“Six!”

I shouted, “Seven pennies!” recklessly. It went on up.

“Two nickels,” cried Buddy and the hammer went down. “Sold to the young man for two whole nickels, one dime.” The auctioneer. When Mother saw our prize, she almost swooned, but we got to keep the cat.

There was the time Bud saw a wonderful pedigreed puppy dog, a great Dane, which had always been his favorite kind. The price was $75, so immediately he started denying himself candy, ice cream and other luxuries. But it took a long, long time before ten Buddy’s pennies made the sum. By the time Christmas came along Buddy had $30 saved up for his dog. But he saw a quilted satin bathrobe in a store window and gave up his wish to love. That was the end of the dog dream. But Mother’s tears of joy were worth it.

I was always certain that Buddy would grow up to do some job—some day maybe he will. Our Dad was a pretty successful business man and even as a kid Buddy started right out as a shop offiler—what kids don’t—and one day when he was just a little boy, Buddy loaded up it with everything salable he could find in our house—toothpaste, canned goods, soap, potatoes—he practically cleaned out the place. Then he started selling this load around the neighborhood.

Of course, the raid was discovered that night, and while poor Daddy had to make the rounds of the neighbors, and repair the damage as well as stock up the house again, incidentally tickled him.

“T’ll you really try to sell things, Buddy,” he told him, “I’ll set you up in a real business. He got in touch with the office of the magazine in New York and arranged for Buddy to sell subscriptions in New Rochelle. And in two years Buddy sold so many subscriptions that he then had the greatest circulation in America sent a man up to New Rochelle to meet this high-pressure salesman and offer him a job. In two years Buddy sold more new subscriptions than any of their salesmen in the U.S.A. The man almost fainted when he discovered that the unknown whirlwind was a kid less than 12 years old.

In the end Daddy made Bud give up all his profits to the Salvation Army because, after all, he felt Buddy had put pressure on our friends. But he was always proud of the way his son came through.

Both our parents always wanted Buddy and me to do things, keep active, enjoy everything we could, and with them if possible. Perhaps, because we were just tiny kids—Tom was five and I was six—our sixteen-year-old sister, Monona, didn’t do much, and probably thought of herself as a fragile, lovely and almost unreal princess. She was ill a long time, gradually weakened, and died in the fall of a beauty. Monona was named after the northern lake where Daddy and Mother had spent their honeymoon. To both Buddy and me there she was our sister, with her old when her collie, Laddie, died—after Monona did—Buddy and I and Mother and Daddy buried him reverently in a special section of the cemetery, with satin-lined coffin and all. Laddie was the last love of Monona’s life.

keeping up with brother . . .

I think this shocking loss helped keep our family affections closer than most. We did everything together. The trips to Long Island, the excursions bus stand out in my memory and the wonderful days at Saltair, near Fire Island, the summer. Daddy caught most of the fish, and we used to let Buddy bid on when we got back and never expose him to fish stories. That’s where Buddy learned to swim. Daddy taught him when he was a very young fellow,

He was a real salmon fisherman, and a good one who really could go off by himself, and find fish, could outfish any other ag on the gridge, and catch more.

Then Daddy came along. He’d catch fish left and right. He wouldn’t fight hard, but we always tried to fish with him. He was a very good fisherman, and he was always out there on the gridge, and catch more.

Then Daddy came along. He’d catch fish left and right. He wouldn’t fight hard, but we always tried to fish with him. He was a very good fisherman, and he was always out there on the gridge, and catch more.
king of swat. I should have taken a lesson from Mother. She never let her sex stop her from doing anything for a minute.

Once, I remember, we went up into the Adirondacks for a Christmas vacation. Buddy and I could ski a little and Daddy was pretty good. Mother determined to learn if it killed her—and it almost did. She tumbled head over heels on the icy snow, slammed into trees and tangled her legs in every possible obstacle on the mountains. She was middle-aged then and not physically rugged at all. But she got up every time, grinning and swearing, "I'll beat this yet!" Finally she did, too—although she was black and blue for days.

Buddy inherited his spunk and determination to win out from her. As a boy he was undersized, actually tiny. Today Bud's a six-footer, but he didn't start to grow until very late and even at 17 I was as tall as he was, a fact which was very mortifying to Buddy. One of the few times he really looked as if he'd love to beat me to a pulp was the time, when he was 13, that I caught him smoking a cigarette.

"Oh, oh," I heckled, "you oughtn't to do that, Buddy. You'll stunt your growth."

"I'm bigger than you are!" he cried, his face turning dark with anger.

I teased. "Prove it."

He couldn't prove it, of course, and that made him madder. And it made him drag away all the more recklessly. I ended up making him let me smoke one, too. Pretty soon both of us were too dizzy to be very mad.

They'd call Buddy "shrimp" or "tiny" or "dink" at school and whenever they did it was a fight. Poor Buddy was always showing up back home with black eyes and a claret stained nose. Because, while most of his school mates towered above him, they didn't scare him one bit.

spunky shrimp...

But the very spunk that messed up his face most of the time made Buddy a popular kid at school. His size was a challenge to excel, so he knocked himself out at baseball, hockey, football—and he was good. Not as good as in the water, but good enough to win the respect of his pals—and the girls, too. Buddy always had a gallery of female followers.

Buddy went to Iona, a Catholic boys' school, and I attended a convent in New Rochelle. We weren't of Catholic faith, but our parents respected the order and sisters as teachers. Half the time I was hanging around Iona with some smitten, little neighborhood chick, breathlessly watching Buddy play handball or hockey. We gazed devotedly at every move he made and did the sub-geber version of a swoon. That made him knock himself out all the more, because even then, Buddy liked an audience.

I always thought Buddy was the handsomest boy in New Rochelle, and I certainly wasn't the only one. He had a mop of chestnut hair that was always curling down over his eyes, which were a sparkling brown, with those sweeping lashes that always seem to be wasted on boys. Like all of us, his eyes tilted up at the corners, "Vanderbilt eyes" people called them.

I can always tell when Buddy is mad, even today, by his eyes. The corners draw back and the skin goes white.

He carried himself straight as a stick, and even though he was small, he had a wiry, athletic figure. And I never knew a boy to take such pride in his clothes. I think the time he was most pleased with himself was the day of his "wedding" to pretty Jimmy Eastman.

Come to think of it, that must have been Buddy's first acting part. He wasn't really married, of course—he was only twelve then. But Jimmy was one of his first

Special Smile for Mother

It's that feeding-time smile that mothers who serve Gerber's know so well! Lucky babies begin with Gerber's, the strained foods with these four advantages:

1. Cooked the Gerber way by steam to retain precious minerals and vitamins. (2) Famous for smooth, uniform texture. (3) Made to taste extra good. (4) Laboratory-checked at every step.

Mother, be sure to get Gerber's—"America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Gerber's Baby Foods

Fremont, Mich.  OAKLAND, CAL.

Two Cereals for Babies' Needs

Baby's supply of precious iron, gathered during the prenatal period, often runs low at about three months of age. That's why so many doctors recommend Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal, both of which have generous amounts of added iron. Both are pre-cooked—mix right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula, hot or cold.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28
The Brown Derby
starts our cook's tour of Hollywood
eating places!

The Vine Street Brown Derby, made famous by film stars who come here for food and fun!

Betty Hutton and her secretary, Susan Hawkins, combine the fun of reading fan mail with a quick snack at the Derby.

On the walls are gaily done caricatures of your favorite movie stars up to the time military service called favorite artists.

How would you like to trip over celebrities? To see Frank Sinatra turn the menu this way and that and finally order what he wanted all along anyway—Spaghetti Derby? To watch the Silver and Lux Theater casts—one and all, hero, heroine and villain—troop in on Mondays for refills after rehearsals? To listen to the banter between Bing Crosby and his favorite waiter as waiter Benny tosses a delicious Cobb Salad for him?

You'll find a regular Big Dipper full of stars at any of the three Brown Derbys in Hollywood, especially the Vine Street Restaurant. The other two are on Wilshire, one across from the Ambassador, the other across from the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. The Vine Street Derby is almost never without somebody exciting. NBC and CBS studios are within easy walking distance so that you get the sound-effects of mobs of radio personalities deciding between Corned Beef Hash and Mexican Tamales. Bing comes here with his guest stars on Thursday nights; Frankie is sure to pop in on Wednesday! After the fights at the Hollywood Stadium, the place is jammed with Turkey Derby fans until guess-what o'clock. Most fun is Sunday at brunch time when the place is like a college town snack shop with movie stars taking the place of sophomores; everyone is relaxed and informal, wearing peasant dresses, slacks, shorts and sport shirts, enjoying Derby specialties.
COBB SALAD
1 medium size head romaine
1 head lettuce
1 bunch watercress
1 small head chicory
1 peeled tomato diced
4 strips crisp bacon, cut fine
1 avocado, cut in 1/4 inch dice
1 bunch chives, chopped fine
2 ounces Roquefort cheese, grated fine
1 cup finely diced cooked chicken
3 hard-cooked eggs, finely chopped
Place thoroughly chilled chopped mixed greens—romaine, lettuce, watercress and chicory—in bottom of bowl. Arrange remaining diced ingredients in even strips over greens. Cover with French dressing and mix as it is being served. Serves 4.

HAMBURGER DE LUXE
2 pounds lean ground round steak
1 egg
1 teaspoon dry or English mustard
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon salt (or to taste)
1 teaspoon pepper
1 cup chicken broth or consomme
1 medium size onions
3 cups tomato sauce

TURKEY DERBY
PREPARE 1 cup flaked, cooked, white meat turkey in 2 or 3 tablespoons butter over low heat until light brown. Place in bottom of double boiler and add 1 cup light cream, a tablespoon sherry, or to taste, 1 teaspoon salt and 2 slightly beaten yolks. Cook until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Serve on patty shells toasted. Garnish with cranberry jelly. Serves 3 or 4.

SOUR CREAM RAISIN PIE
1/2 cup raisins, cooked
1/2 cup sour cream
1 tablespoon flour
1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1/2 teaspoon vinegar
1-inch unbaked pie crust
Soak raisins in enough water to keep them from sticking. When tender, drain, reserving remaining ingredients and blend thoroughly. Pour into pie crust. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 20 minutes longer, or until set.
(Continued from page 69)

heart-throbs. Her parents lived nearby and one afternoon they gave her a garden party. Jimmy and Buddy were all dressed up to stage a mock wedding tableau.

I can see Buddy now, with his curly silvery hair, and a white tie and tiny cutaway, with a huge gardenia in the lapel. And Jimmy all lacy and white and beautiful in her bridal veil, walking down the aisle of the Savoy to get to her. Buddy enjoyed every minute of it. Even the ghastly fact that Jimmy towered above him didn’t bother him that afternoon.

Buddy had, of course, somehow always managed to work myself in on the romances with a brother or cousin of one of his “winnen.”

dreams of glory . . .

It was even that way, later on, with Chris Dunne, who’s now separated from Tom. Chris was my pal primarily up at Goode’s, a little cot-legged kid of sixteen with a terrible crush on Buddy which I pushed along the best I could and eventually, anyway, I think the whole thing was over. But Buddy was infatuated with him then, although he was a natural born actor from the start. Even as a boy he could mimic anyone to a T; he loved to be the center of a little group of friends around him—as he still does—and he had a humor and wit, as he still has, that is hard to match.

But if Buddy ever gave a juvenile eye on the movie world, I can guess the main attractions: Racy motor cars and Great Dane dogs. He used to sit up in his seat at the movies and watch the shiny Hollywood super roadster swept into the scene or one of the kingy Danes leaped into view. I’m sure he thought every movie star owned scads of both.

We had an old Buick for years until we loved it like a member of the family and Tom has had his present car six years. I sometimes wish I could always own things, or maybe you could call it sentimental. I know my brother is sloppily sentimental in a hundred ways and one of the biggest is the bracelet.

The other day when his Great Dane, Sigmund, caught distemper and died, and I mourned around the house for a week. It was almost as if one of our family had passed away. Siggie weighed 165 pounds, but he slept every night on Bud’s bed like every Dane Buddy ever owned. “Wrinkle” had the soft spot. “Wrinkle” was the Dane Buddy had when we were in Clinton Hollow. We took him on down to New York during Bud’s broke-Broadway-pame- na days and he lived with me and Buddy and I skipped a meal so “Wrinkle” could eat. And always “Wrinkle” snoozed peacefully away with Bud on a soft mat. It’s a most mysterious thing—how those times was on his room-mates who were forever moaning about “monsters roaring the dorm.”

I’ve got some very marvelous memories of Life With Buddy that it’s hard to sort them out and label them. Some of the best cling around our “college days” at Clinton, and that’s because Buddy owned the place really, because Buddy gave up the idea of Princeton when Mary Cary, a New Rochelle girl, with some theatrical experience, assured Bud Le was born to act. The slogan of Reginald Goode’s summer stock school—“Learn to act by acting,” was right up his alley.

I droved him up in Mother’s little Dodge and then drove back to New Rochelle. I had no idea of turning actress myself. But back home alone I got so blue and excited at having planned always seemed to fit me so perfectly, too, that I packed right up again and joined him. I called him first and I can still hear his laugh, “Harry understand all the things.”

That’s what I was mainly, too: Support. I was the perfect stooge for Buddy throughout our dramatic days. Deep down I was never too small or even quite myself. But I was always backing up Buddy with every ounce of enthusiasm.

With that strictly backer-upper attitude, it’s not surprising that I’m away and we’re the dramatic world on fire myself. Oh, I walked around in a part or two that summer, but more often I was Miss Utility Girl. A lot has already been written about Tom Drake’s days in stock, and the Broadway crashing era that followed. There’s no point in my reviewing all that again, except to say that as far as Buddy and I were concerned, it was exactly the same story as cown in New York. I went there because he did. I tried to fix up the apartment, and we trooped around something like home—although that was a

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Recently, several stars were scheduled to appear at the military hospital where I am employed. The stars were to have lunch in the mess hall at a given time, and the civilian employees who were fortunate enough to have a rest period at that time were expected to meet the more enthused, eager for a close-up of the celebrities. A soldier on crutches was standing at the edge of the crowd, patiently awaiting the arrival of the stars. As he stood there, Buddy’s face lit up. He had never seen a real live girl in his life, and he had a dream that he might meet one. He asked me if I could arrange for him to meet one of the girls.

"You’re Miss Lamour," the embarrassed soldier stammered, looking at me as if I wanted to pass out—and he almost did! Charlene McCarroll Penryn, Calif.

I sat in the front row and suffered, as I had up in summer stock. "That’s my brother, who’s married proudly to my seat-neighbor, ‘isn’t he wonderful!"

The drama critics didn’t agree—at least not about “June Night.” Together we have played twenty parts at night and I was just sick. But Buddy wisedcracked about the debacle with all his old spunk. I’ve never known him to lose his temper. Tom Drake and Heaven knows he had plenty of opportunity in the fiascos that followed. But I’d always manage to send him a telegram like this: "I suppose you have it for Thanksgiving," or "Lay another egg and I’ll make you an omelet." I knew he liked that routine far better than sympathy.

Buddy’s just as wrapped up in my life by now as I am in his, thank goodness. He and Bob have always hit it off like brothers and I can’t imagine a better uncle for my little girls than Uncle Bud. He was in the middle of his first fling at Hollywood when Christopher was on the way, but he flew to New York for the birth of Buddy and didn’t even open a bank account for the baby in the name of “Jean Kennedy.” It was a bad time, and I hope Buddy has never looked back on when the baby was christened, on the third day when we were huddled in the hospital room, Bob, Buddy, and me, worn out with waiting, I burst out, “Oh, Christopher Columbus, I wish my baby was here!”

“Christopher!” cried Tom. “How about that?” We all looked at each other and smiled like dodgers. That was it. Chris arrived promptly and Buddy changed the bank account.

bud’s family

When Buddy clicked in “Janie” at last and signed the contract that brought him to Hollywood, we were separated seven long months. I could tell from Buddy’s letters that he was horribly lonely for his “family.” All the fun Hollywood can offer a young bachelor couldn’t dull that zest for family, to live close to me, and that was the reason I was there. So on the third day when we were huddled in the hospital room, Bob, Buddy, and me, I knew that So the minute Buddy found a house in Beverly Hills big enough to cover our heads, out we trooped with Bud and I. Uncle Bud jumped with joy and right away started spoiling my girls rotten. He built a sandwich in back, bought all the toys he could find in the stores, including a giant Dumbo elephant that’s twice as big as they are, candy by the box and so many treats of ice cream and such, it was a wonder we put our foot down.

So, if there’s one fault I can find in my famous brother, it’s generosity. He doesn’t care a whoop about holidays and is likely to invite the whole neighborhood to an even Christmases, but in between he’s always thinking about those he loves and how to make them happy. I have boxes of gifts from him, every year, wrapped with the years—jewelry, clothes, book china, silver—all sorts of things, all thoughtfully selected and lovingly.

But I can also find a drawback now I think I prize as much as any, and I think, to it rather sums up how I feel about Buddy and how he feels about me. It’s just that he’s not what I used to put my foot down. It says—"Claire"—that’s all. No fan dedication, no flowery phrase. When comes to expressing how we feel about each other, we’ve never needed words not Buddy and me.
xteen. And he had a special reason for wanting his parents to be happy: Except for the war, they'd have been in Monte Carlo. Now there was talk of Bermuda or the Bahamas. Peter had nothing against either. They were lovely places but they weren't Hollywood.

At three, Peter decided to become a movie actor. Dressing up was his favorite occupation. All he ever wanted for Christmas was a makeup box so he could paint himself to look like an Indian brave.

At 7, he was a movie actor, hailed by the British press as England's Jackie Oggan. At 9, his career was halted by his parents' decision to travel round the world, stopping for six months here, for six months there. Peter was schooled by tutors. He found the four quarters of the globe highly interesting, but never once abandoned his fixed idea: To be a movie actor. Mother had given her word of honor. "When you're 18, you can go back to the movies," Originally, Dad had opposed the whole thing. Knighted for his services in World War I, General Sir Sidney Lawford had assumed that his only son would join his old regiment. But even he had yielded to the single-tracked intensity of Peter's ambition.

At 13, he crashed his right arm through a glass door. By a miracle, the arm was saved, but the nerves were permanently injured. Never again could he live in a cold climate. So Mother and Dad took him to California, the Mecca of all his dreams. To Peter, California meant Hollywood and the movies. He got a part in "Lord Jeff." Then came adolescence, a changing voice and a marked indifference on the part of the studios. Meantime, Mother and Dad sankered for the Riviera.

In Peter's circle, you're not sassy to your parents—even in levity. And you don't argue. When Mother and Dad said, "We've decided to go to Monte Carlo," that was the end of it. Finished.

Passage was booked on the Rex. Meantime they waited in New York. As they waited for the Rex to sail, Hitler's shadow lengthened over Europe. Disquieting letters came from friends. At length Lady Lawford, who'd once been a journalist, heard from a former colleague with unimpeachable sources of information. "I don't know whether you realize that the greatest war in history is about to break. I think you'd be wise to delay your return—"

long live the king . . .

Dad cancelled their passage. On September 3rd they stood quietly at the radio, listening to the King declare war against Germany. Peter choked up. Mother let the tears come. "Well, that does it," said Dad gruffly, and turned his back to stare unseeingly through the window.

The bank notified them that all funds from England would be stopped. Dad cabled the London bank and the lawyers. They cabled back that everything was frozen. Sir Sidney would be allowed so much a month and no more. The allowance was a small fraction of their normal income, but to that they could have adjusted themselves. What happens happens, and you cut your coat to your cloth. And you don't whine. But the trouble was that they couldn't count on what little of the cloth remained. One month the small check would arrive, next month it wouldn't. This threw them off balance.

Meantime, since Peter's arm couldn't be exposed to a New York winter, they'd gone down to Florida, and taken a tiny house in West Palm Beach. Cables were still shooting back and forth, plans were being discussed. Nothing was settled. But there was more and more talk of Bermuda or Nassau. In British-held territory, they could get at their money. There seemed no alternative, because what were they going to live on?

To all this, Peter listened with a sinking heart and a mind torn between conflicting viewpoints. He was young. The future ahead, having no money didn't bother him much. But what he could accept for himself, he had no right to ask his parents to share. It was pretty tough, after a lifetime of comfort, to submit to an uncertain, meager existence. Especially if you had a choice, and they had. In Nassau, things would be easier.

On the other hand, once they quit American soil, how did he know when he'd get back? Especially with a war on. If the war lasted, he'd enlist. Yet, because of his arm, he might be rejected. It was all pretty confusing, and the very confusion kept him clinging to the one thing he was sure of. He had to stay here. Even at the risk of unfairness to Mother and Dad. It wouldn't be too long before
he could make it up to them.
And so Peter deviated from type and became the family's manual laborer. He waited till the matter came up for discussion again. Then he butted in—

“I go, it will be the end—”

They looked at him, startled. “The end of what, for heaven's sake?”

“There's nothing more disgusting,” he continued firmly, “than a young man who lives on his father's love. That's laudable, said Dad, 'but you're a little young to worry about it. You haven't finished your studies yet—'

“Then I've 18, I want to be self-supporting—”

“You're 18, I'll give you an allowance—”

“No, it's not the same thing. I've got to stand on my own feet. When I'm 18, I've got to start working. The only place for that is Hollywood. If I leave now, it'll be the end—”

His eyes turned to Mother, who'd given her word of honor. She hadn't forgotten. “Of course,” she said, “I've got more fun coats than I need. I can always sell them. Or a ring, or a pearl necklace. But they won't last indefinitely, either—”

There, for the time being, they left it.

With all his heart Peter prayed that it should be right for them to stay in America. Lying in bed one night, he thought: “But I shouldn't ask for a miracle. If only we'd stayed in Hollywood! There I could find some job—”

He broached the subject next day with elaborate caution, “I've never even put away your own clothes—”

He'd never had to, Peter argued. He'd never needed a job till now. If you were observant, you didn't need to do a thing to know you weren't capable of doing it. He, Peter, had observed. He knew he could pick up his clothes and he knew he could handle them. Could Mother and Dad object if he looked for one—?

Mother turned to Dad—who deliberated while Peter held his breath. At last the whisper came, “If you'll let me do the work.”

At breakfast next morning Peter was very businesslike. His motor scooter waited at the door. He ate with dispatch, and asked to be excused. “Going out for a job, you know—” he murmured.

Scooting across the bridge to Palm Beach, Peter decided to consult his friends. They might be able to give him a lead.

that Oxford touch...

They did. The manager of the Worth Street parking lot said, “I'm closed. I'll look up the name of the lot—call him Mr. B., since Peter's not sure he'd like his name used—was a leading citizen. Peter felt he couldn't do better than apply directly to Mr. B.

Mr. B. was a busy man. Not till evening did Peter catch up with him.

“Hello, you're Peter Lawford, aren't you?”

“Hello, sir. And there's a business matter I'd like to discuss with you. I understand Bill is buying. May I propose my self for the job?”

Mr. B. blinked. “Well, Peter—you've never had any experience, have you?”

Peter said, “That's right, sir. That you see, no money is coming out of England and no one will cash an English check. So I really need the work; therefore, I'll work hard. Only I must be honest with you. I don't expect to make a career of it. My idea is to make enough money to get back to Hollywood.

But I will work all winter—you can count on that, sir. I know you'll need referents. I believe the London counsel will give them. He waited till the matter came up for discussion again. Then he butted in—

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Ethel had said, "I'll give you a very big tree."
He wouldn't have believed a tree could be so big. They opened the doors of the drawing room on the old stone hall, where great Yule log blazed in the fireplace, and the glittering tree rose high beyond the staircase and towered to the ceiling, where Peter's wondering eyes were held by a fairy with a star-tipped wand—
Nobody said a word till he'd looked his—till he'd run to Aunt Ethel and flung his arms around her in a wordless rapture of thanks...
Then Christmas dinner—the turkey and cranberry sauce, the twelve tiny mince-pies for twelve happy months, the breathless moment when the plum pudding was served in flame. And the pieces and pieces you ate hoping to bite against one of the killings or halfrows it was stuffed with. But Peter wound up with a thrupenny bit. That brought him ruefully back to the present. Under his thrupenny tree, he'd Dad's tie and set the goldfish bowl between the legs of the table.
He'd never slept well the night before Christmas and this was no exception. He was up first, waiting when Mom and Dad got out with two packages. They looked at the trees and the chains and the golden, and Peter nonchalantly opened the door to display the wreath—
"Surprise!..."
"Oh darling, how sweet of you!" said other, her eyes shining, while Dad admired his tie and Peter opened his own—his sweater and a model plane. And though nothing much more was said, there seemed to be a general lift in the air. Particularly after they got home from church. Mother started the chicken. Even Dad kept running to the kitchen to look and lift, as the bird turned unbelievably brown, exactly as if someone else had cooked it... In fear and trembling Mother watched them take their first bite. It's good," said Peter.
"Excellent," Dad agreed.
Only then did she find the courage to bring her own fork. "Good!" cried Mother daintily. "It's simply delicious!"
The dishes were done. A fire blazed, and the little tree glimmered on the table. Inside, the voices of children rose in a rol. Mother went to the door to give some cake, came back and sat down. Peter, she said quietly, "your father and I have another gift for you. We think you'll like it. We've decided to stay in Berlin—"
"Oh! The world whirled for a moment, in righted itself. "Thank you, Mother—d" His voice caught a little. "I'll to see that you don't regret it—later, Mother came to his room to say Goodnight. "Happy, darling?"
Terribly happy. Mother, there's something I want to tell you. I realize what Dad and are doing for me. I should have asked if I didn't think it was right me to work at the only thing I ever wanted to do. Remember what you've always said—if you ask God for something and your heart and it's right for you have it, you'll get it. I asked Him with my heart, Mother—"
If his mother needed compensation, she lent it—brimful and running over.
That was six years ago. Peter tried to list, but his arm kept him out. The Lawfords never regretted their de- on, even when the sledding was rough—
At the pace Peter's going, there's all chance they ever will.
He was over now. This will be a Christmas. But nothing Peter finds for any tree will bear comparison with what his parents gave him out of their love...
the Manhattan newspaper guys (I was one once myself in California) and telling
my story to the magazine editor. I was able to meet quite a few of them—because
—lucky me—I’d just been in a picture that people liked—This Gun For Hire. For
the first time in my life a few people were interested in me—and let’s face it—I liked it.
What struggling actor wouldn’t?

That’s how it was, Al. I was a country boy from California going to a town
New York City—and you didn’t know it—but the one editor I wanted to meet more
than anyone else was a fellow named Albert Delacorte. Reason? Well, I figured
MODERN SCREEN and I spoke the same language about Hollywood.

where’s al . . .

Except that you weren’t speaking to me.
I didn’t know that until my New York
visit was almost over. I met a lot of people
but I still hadn’t met this Delacorte and
finally I mentioned it to the Paramount
public relations guy who had me in tow.
“Seems to me,” I said, “I’ve talked to
every magazine but the Yon’s Companion
and the Police Gazette—but there’s one editor
I’d like to meet—Al Delacorte of MODERN
SCREEN. Is he in town?”

The publicity fellow nodded. “Oh, sure,”
said he, “but he doesn’t want to see you.
I asked him and he said, ‘No.’”

“Delacorte says he’s too busy,” explained
my friend. “Says he’ll see you later on.
But here,” and he stuck out a sheaf of
paper, “are some questions he wants you to answer.”

I took the stack, frowned. Eight pages,
and every page black with typed question
marks. How I combed my hair, brushed
my teeth, which side I slept on, how
I liked my eggs and how I answered the
quiz-biz angrily in my bag. I was from
Hollywood and I knew the old brusher
when I saw it.

“Tell Delacorte,” I snapped, “not to hold
his breath waiting for the answers!”

That was in the spring and I seriously
doubt if Al practiced Yoga until the Fourth
of July, because that’s when I finally got
around to scribbling the answers to that
questionnaire. Sue and I went up to Lake
Arrowhead for a holiday and I tossed the
questions in my bag Princeton. Mr. MacRae
matched my mood. While they popped I
sat down and answered Al’s questions.
Born? “There’s a rumor,” I wrote. Educa-
tion? Reform School.” I went on like
that, having fun. I dropped the envelope
in the mail box with a note. “Dear Mr.
Delacorte: Here are the answers to your
questions. Light ‘em up and see how people
in the fourth of July. Alan Ladd.”

Well, Al, I’m afraid it wasn’t much of
a feud. You forgot about it and so did I.
Then one day on the set of “China” a fellow
from the front office collared me between
scenes. “Want you to meet someonone,” he said. I walked over. There was
a good-looking young guy, about my age,
unpretentious, grinning, sticking out his
hand. I thought he must be another actor
visiting the set, or maybe a new stock
player sticking at the drama school.

“Alan, I want you to meet Al Delacorte.”

It was a good thing those sound stage
floor boards were solid. I’d have dropped
right through.

Al looked about as much like my picture
of a MODERN SCREEN editor as I look
like Abraham Lincoln. When I got over
the shock, I tried to work up that scowl
I wore in "This Gun For Hire" but it
wouldn’t work. I forgot how miffed I’d been.
Besides, Al beat me to the punch.

“Sorry I couldn’t get to see you in New
York, but I was all tangled up in a dead-
ly case of—”

It was impossible to be mad at this
friendly guy. I grinned and said "Sure,”
so off I went to the lobby to meet the
—and a man in the standing—just like in the movies—and
how do you like that?

But I started this story to take you and
you and it’s no time for bouquets yet. First of all, I’m going to accuse
you of fooling the public. I still cherish my
favorite picture of you as a magazine
editor—a hard-bitten officer of the pipe or smoke wrap with a green
eyeshade and you still look like a kid just out
of college. I’m going to prove that, too.

Remember the time on my second trip
to New York when Sue and I stayed in a
hotel, up the Park? This afternoon
there were Sue, Al, and myself, and we came out of the lobby to meet the
not after me, understand, after other stars—at the hotel, but they conspired themselves
with me while they were waiting, an
invitingly attractive editor—gave me
simply—this young tough grabbed me
and asked, “Hey, you, take that picture
grabbed him and said, “Hey, you, take
your picture.” He thought Al was another kid
and I was trying to pull a fast one.

I came late for the radio program, I called on Al. First, I told the kids I’d sign all their books that
night when I got back, and give them back
the next day. “Al,” I panted, “will you take these into the desk and leave ‘em for me?”

And he said sure. So in he went
crashing those autograph books to the desk
keeper, and matched him with his
fish eye and gassed it—very, “the nerve
of that kid!” And in less than a minute
two bellboys had given Al the burn’s rush
gate. I was sure that he belonged to that gang of teenagers. hone

hairedbreadth hero . . .

It must be catching—this youth move-
mint around MODERN SCREEN. Take Hen
Malmgren. With that crew he looked
as if he’d just walked out of Nassau H
d-scrollbar. And a little girl, Al, fit in
imperfectly. She touched those spikes of his last time I saw him and said “hairbrush!” You

had a fool. But on the other hand, like
said, it must run in your family.

I remember that night, Al, right after
we met on the “China” set, and I show
up at your cottage at the Garden of All.
I’d been down from the set and I had
wash up and shave before we went on to
to the Derby. So I barged in and there
was another young looking man and
said, “Alan, meet the other Delacorte.”

I mumbled, “Pleased-to-meet-you,”
explained about the washup and you
poured out the bathroom. Then when I
eyed, “Say, Al”—somehow I started
calling you Al right away—"have you got a
blade?” you said, “No,” and I said, “a
your brother if he got one.” Then
hear alarms going off and I came
covered with soap and confusion.

Because the other Delacorte grinned
said, “I’m not his brother. I’m his
Delo,” and George Delacote
the head of Dell Publishing Company,
a youngster.

Well, I suppose I know part of
answer to that Ponce de Leon stuff in
Delacorte tribe by now, Al—although
was fairly rugged finding out. The rea
you and your Dad and all of you cha
around like the Light Brigade, spouting atom-energy right and left without tiring, as because you know how to keep fit.

I've already given out the facts of my life at school. I played a little football and liked track, besides knocking myself out regularly from a high dive board. I've always tumbled, done calisthenics, ridden horseback—kept active. But how was I to know an editor—of all people—would turn out to be a muscle man? So here's another story on you, Primo...

I'd asked Al up to the house to meet he family. The minute we got home, there was a guy waiting with something to read and sign—business. I excused myself to Al and said, "Make yourself at home."

So I was sitting in the room going over his matter and suddenly I heard a rattling out in back, a kind of cross between a machine gun's rat-a-tat and a riff on a bare drum. I took a look out the door and there was Al busy at my punching bag and making it say "Uncle!"

"Want a turn?" he grinned. "Don't be silly," I said, "I have my pride." And asked him straight, "How did a swivel bat softie learn to punch a skin like hat?" And guess what he replied?

"My mother taught me."

I had to sit down on that one and we got to talking. Turned out Al has been a by athlete all his life. He's a bicyclist ante, has pedalled himself all over the U. S. at various times and you don't that when the fellows yell "Hey, knitty" on the beach as those Lionel troopfort ads say. You need legs. At prep school and Princeton, too, Al was one shots at gym and swimming, and a boxed around like a shipping clerk.

Well, my own reputation went right down the drain that same afternoon, because that week, in a fight scene, I'd slipped on a flight of steps on the prop boat at Paramount and I'd got a gimp in my back.

But I could keep working without yelling "Duch" every time I took a step and spilling a take, I had a Swedish masseur come p to give me a rub to get the kinks out. e was due then, and after watching Al ss himself around with that bag, I suggested he get a treatment, too.

He finally did, just to be polite. But you could tell he didn't think much of the idea.

Clothes duet...

Al Delacorte and I had a lot of private interests in common from the day we met. e and I were looking forward to the ripal of our Alana about then and Al d his wife, Littitt, had an option on the by who's now their son, Peter. Prospecting daddies have to stick together and took the approaching situation apart on all angles, in Hollywood and New York. When we got together on facts, turned out it was practically a stork derb, ther one of us might be a daddy first by matter of days. So we made a bet and Al in. The Delacortes' Peter is a few weeks elder than our Alana. But Al paid right pck by sending Alana, when she arrived, the biggest teddy bear this side of Kodak and she's been trying to grow up to now for over two-and-a-half years.

As for kids—can you take another ex- se, Al? It was on that hitch-hike trip he took home from Hollywood to New York last year. He was thumbing a ride own South and a migrating family of men slowed down, and took him aboard, in the dogs, chickens, furniture, pots and pans—and kids—all over the car. That's exactly what Al wanted most—I'll have tell you more about his meet-the-people ars—and he didn't mind a bit when he put the youngest baby on his lap. ell, came time to haul into a roadside rry and Al said lunch was on him, that'll you have?" he asked. "Ham- per, with onions," said Mama. "Make

"The Hand of little employment hath the daintier sense—" William Shakespeare

"Little employment"? These days?—Don't be silly, Willie!

Nowadays, it's polish and paint... scrub and scour till your hands are scratchy and rough and unromantically red. Protect your hands with snowy Pacquins Hand Cream. Pacquins helps your hands a dainty "young skin" look.

Ask your Doctor or his Nurse about keeping hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 scrubblings a day. That's hard on hands! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated for their professional use. It's super-rich with "humectant"... an ingredient that helps make dry skin feel softer, more supple.

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Creamy-smooth...not sticky, not greedy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE
it two,” said Pop. “I want a hamburger, too,” piped up three or four Juniors. It was down to the thirteenth-month baby Al had cradled all the way. Al turned to the mother. “What will we order for the baby?” he asked.

“Oh,” said the woman. “He’ll have the same—with onions.” Al gasped, but he did what Mama said.

Speaking of that cross-country hitch home from Hollywood, Al—thats one for the book—at least my book. I knew you were public opinion minded all right, with that Hollywood popularity winners every month, but I didn’t know until then that you liked to meet the people in person and find out what ticks the “pinchiest” heart. I knew it was a hobby, that you and Letitia had even spent your honeymoon thumbing rides all over Florida, and not because you couldn’t afford the railroad fare, either.

That’s why, I suppose, I still couldn’t face the obvious facts that time after I’d knocked myself out getting you train transportation back home from Hollywood.

**“STAR” IN HIS LIFE**

When the hotel situation was so tight in Hollywood, Al was parking his suite on the curb I almost had to wrestle him to make it up at my house where there was plenty of sleeping room. You see, there you cannot become, that FILMARTE BEAUTY way. See what simple “behind-the-scenes” cues to follow: lessons can do for you in 21 days. Shape you, change you right before your own eyes. (From TOP TO TOE!)

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Help yourself in an exciting new personality, new hair, skin and figure—relationship with these DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD secret recipes HOLLYWOOD’S “trade-master” with tube of magic cream for spit and shine and the COMPLETE STUDIO MAKE-UP KIT (right Below) cosmetics: Glowing Cream, Foundation Cream, Tinted Cream, Hand Cream, “You Mix” Powder and Powder (3 boxes are choice), Antiperspirant Eye Shadows, Eyelash Make-up and Brows, Lipstick and Blush, Eye Shadow and Laund’s Wool Puff. All 15 sessions are yours with the FILMARTE BEAUTY Home Course. Send for your today! Send yourself toward new radiance, loveliness and happiness for $9.95—Nothing else to buy.

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Send me your FILMARTE BEAUTY Home Course of 21 lessons, Andrew Chan, Self-Mastery, etc., today. Your FILMARTE BEAUTY STUDIO MAKE-UP KIT [1] will be paid on $9.95 plus postage and COD charges. [2] Exchange bad check or money order for $9.95, postage paid.

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**AUTHOR, AUTHOR!**

Stand up and take a bow, you bud, ding genius, you! And while you’re at it, take five dollars, with our com compliments. Because that’s what we pe people are so fond of saying about what hap happened when you met a star. So spec special true and write it clear (ink or type better) and tell us your story: “You Saw It Happen” Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And if you seem slow a shake—whether they’re forgivable! We’ve been swamped with letters, and since we read every word, it takes quite sometimes before you hear fro from us. But don’t despair; you send ‘em and we’ll read ‘em ... even if we get cross-eyed after the first thousand...
A BOY'S BEST PAL . . .
(Continued from page 45)

Life so far.
In both his public and his private life, Greg and his Dad are still a team—and both of them like it that way.

When you meet Gregory Peck, Senior, you know right away that he's as much a part of Greg Peck as Greg himself. It's not looks so much. Greg's dad is shorter and huskier. But he's as handsome as a man for his fifty-odd years as Greg is for his thirty. He walks with the easy, muscular carriage of an athlete and he's a dead shot with an iron and a wicket with a putter on a golf green. I know—I spent a couple of days with him and he took me to the cleaners on the links. But it was worth it to come up with such a heart-warming tale.

It starts back in 1915, the year Greg was born. That was an anxious, gloomy year for Gregory Peck Sr. He'd come out West from Michigan University with a pharmacist's diploma in his hand, ready to make his fortune. He'd bought a drug store, the only one in the little town of La Jolla, California. He'd married a pretty girl from Missouri, Bernice Ayres, and things should have been looking up. But in Europe a World War had burst loose and business was dropping off. He stood to lose his shirt unless he could sell out. And somehow he and the pretty girl weren't hitting it off too well.

The separation was tried, and later when his mother remarried and moved back West to San Francisco, Greg divided his time between both mother and father.

Being his son's dad had been the prime meaning of Gregory Peck, Senior's life. It never stopped being that.

Along came Junior . . .
Everywhere his dad went, Peck, Junior, aged along. Gregory Peck got the job of night pharmacist in the La Jolla drug store, so his days could be devoted to his son. They moved into a little place on Fay street, near the beach. A housekeeper took care of Baby Greg and cooked his meals. But half the time it was Greg and his dad who 'bashed' alone and boarded out. But in time, it seemed, young Greg was grown out of babychood into boyhood and then his dad's days of joy really began.

No boy could be asked to a dreamier dad than Greg Peck had—if only because of his athletic skill. Gregory, Senior, had starred at baseball and football on the University of Michigan varsities. He'd played semi-pro baseball after college in the East and when he came to San Diego he plowed right into the athletic swim. He made another semi-pro team there. He organized and coached a basketball team that won the city championship three years in a row. He coached the Y. M. C. A. and San Diego Rowing Club's crews. He was the only official A.A.U. referee in the county—so naturally he officiated at every sporting event within Greg's reach. Today you can see the cups Greg's dad won bowling in the same league for twenty-five years and the trophies at half where he still boasts a 10 handicap.

Greg and his dad lived near the rock cliffs and blue coves of La Jolla, world famous now for its summer resorting. Before Greg could walk straight his dad would kick him into the white surf. Before he was ten he was a little human fish, swimming and diving like a champion. Four years later when Greg was at the University of California, his first big crew race stroke on the Junior Varsity came off. He wrote his dad and asked him up to Berkeley. It was a funny time to take a

---

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1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leavens it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
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SEND NO MONEY; just mail photo, a postcard, and remittance of 57¢ to:
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Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. We teach you how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low cost and easy terms. Export millinery in demand. Free National Placement Dept. Send for free catalog.
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For under arms

QUEST
All-purpose DEODORANT
The positive deodorant powder that destroys all body odors!
vacation from the store, but Dad Peck made it. He sat on the sidewalks, and with a professional’s eye watched the Washington Junior crew unmercifully trounce Greg and his bunch.

After his shower Greg came running up. “Well, Dad,” he asked, “how did it look?” “It looked all right, but,” replied Greg Peck dryly, “And it looked awful.”

His boy threw back his head and laughed. “I know,” he said. “We just got royally whipped. They’re too good for us.” There was no soft soap or alibis. Greg’s dad was a boxer in college, and easy to do so after effect of in his high school days, and the gunshot wound. Not to Greg Peck. But his son had to be kept under sedatives several days and when he went back to work, he could feel his boy could feel his brow close. (Now he was out of trow and his dad, and this time a San Diego girl his dad had known seven or eight years. She was a grown-up pal of Greg’s too, and he seemed nothing unusual to him that she went with them on the vacation. Greg and his dad had one cabin at the Lake and the other was vacant. But one day when Greg was busy at the lakeshore, they slipped off and got married. Not until they started home in the car that night did they let him know. “Son, Harriet and I got married today.”

There was no answer from Greg. The news was too unbelievable. No word came to his trembling lips, only tears to his eyes. He wept for two hours on the silent ride toward home. Then it was all over. He’d weathered his upset. From then on, Greg stayed with his part of the family and it was one for all and all for one. Luckily, there was nothing strained about the Pecks’ family set-up. As a matter of fact, the Pecks were so happy about Greg’s marriage that they landed a job holding down his stepfather San Diego and, during vacations. They bunked him in their house, too, which was a great help.

an independent kid . . .

Greg was about sixteen when his dad remarried, and soon he would be on his own at California. But for little more than a semester, he stayed with his pop and Harriet at their San Diego house. And from that start, Greg had his down quarters. Or, he was away. Greg Peck told me. “Carried on his own business without asking questions an nobody around our place pestered him. W figured he could take care of himself and be reliable if I had his own room.” The room was, in his dad’s words, “usually a mess.” But it was Greg’s teen-age mess. Oars, tennis racket, pepperoni, soap, keys, and even a few strong drinks, drums, and balls. It had its own separate entrance and it was Greg Peck’s castle. He knew the rules of course. He had to mow the lawn, keep the car shiny and run errands. Even when he got into high school he had study club every Saturday.

Dad Peck didn’t try to dictate religion to his son, although from the time he was big enough to walk, Greg had trotted along to church with him every Sunday. He liked religion from the start and when he w
at St. John's, run by the Sisters of Mercy, they picked Greg right away as material for the priesthood. They approached his father. "Wait until he grows up and decides for himself," was the answer.

Greg's dad didn't believe in bending the twig one way or another. But of course, he had his hopes. Greg would say "gonna be a policeman" one day or "wanna be a fireman" the next. One day he said, "When I grow up I'm going to be a doctor," and that made Greg's dad's heart leap because he was a frustrated doctor himself. He just said, "That's fine son," but put it far away in his hopes.

Early in his boy years, Greg's dad tried to give him every advantage he'd missed. So he started Greg in piano lessons. But practice to impatient Greg was too tedious. He squirmed on the hard seat in the afternoons when the rest of the kids were playing. Soon the piano lessons fizzled out.

in six easy lessons . . .

Then, in high school, Greg got the music bug again. He made the glee club and he was beginning to notice the girls. Dance and dance music swam into his world and he came to his dad with his plans. "We're getting up a dance band, the guys and me," he said. "I know where I can learn the piano fast—six lessons for ten bucks." His dad drew out the ten spot. "Okay," he said, "if you'll stick to it this time—although that's no way to learn the piano."

"I'll pay you back out of the profits—we're gonna play a dance," promised Greg. Strangely enough, he stuck to the six easy lessons, did learn to bang out a few chords and did play a high school dance, but one or two was all. The budding swing career faded. His dad never reminded him about the ten dollars. Somehow he just couldn't play the stern parent when he saw the kid acting just like he'd acted.

He'd always encouraged Greg to grow up. He didn't hold him back. He went downtown to buy Greg his first suit of long pants, a terrific event, and when a high school prom came along that was "formal," he got as much kick out of looking over taxes as Greg did. As usual, Greg had saved up something on the dinner jacket deal—but as usual, too, it wasn't enough. And as usual again, Mr. Peck, Sr. made up the difference.

But Greg Peck was developing a sensitive pride about standing on his own feet. As he grew—four inches in one year at high school—and as he developed his own personality, the independent spirit he'd had all his life solidified. It cropped out in his second year in San Diego State College. "You've been carrying me long enough, Dad," he said. "I'm going to take some of the load off you. I've got a job."

Gregory, Sr. protested. He asked Greg not to quit school. It knocked a hole in his dreams for the boy. "Just for a year," insisted Greg. "I'll do me good and give me a stake—and take the load off you."

"Okay, if you'll promise it will be just a year," his dad said thoughtfully. "I promise," Greg had never broken a promise yet.

It was a job driving trucks for the Union Oil Company. A man's job, but by then Greg was wide in the shoulders and strong in the chest. Two weeks later he rolled by the heavy driving a heavy truck. He saved his money. After the year he had about $500, besides enough to put a down payment on a Model-T Ford jalopy. Dad Peck made up the difference in the $500 price. With that equipment, and that stake, Greg said he figured he could go on up to Berkeley, and start studying to be a doctor.

They'd often talked Greg's future over as he grew up. His dad plugged, "Take up something definite, plan a profession. The best thing's to be a doctor." Maybe

If your hand isn't satiny-smooth—it's time to change to Luxor

Do you say, "I do my own dishes—and my hands can't stay soft and smooth"? Or is it your job that keeps you from having lovely hands?

Don't give up! Change to Luxor Hand Cream and expect to see a real difference in your hands.

You see, Luxor Hand Cream gives real help to skin roughened by work or weather. For Luxor contains Carbamide—

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(ingredient long used by surgeons in the treatment of wounds)—and thus helps to heal tiny cracks you can't even see with the naked eye—relieves these cracks that make skin look red, feel rough! That's why the effect is so beautiful and so lasting.

Just one jar of Luxor Hand Cream will show you how easy it is to have softer hands, smoother hands—no matter what you do!
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Helen Shariter never wanted to believe anything. She thought she was meant to be stout and unattractive, but a friend told her how the Bonomo Culture Institute Home Course helped her and persuaded Helen to send for it. These pictures show the amazing improvement in 5 short weeks.

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Many girls say they don't care how they look. Actually they do! Ask yourself, "What do I want more than anything in this world?" A normal girl will say, "I want to be attractive, popular, successful!"

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With over 200 how-to-do-it-phones you'll learn simply and quickly...How to Make up Properly, the correct way to Do For You; How to Dress Better and save money; How to Move Gracefully; and many more valuable beauty hints.

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Mr. Bonomo makes you this offer, "Send for this Course today—try it for ten days. If you don't see a marked improvement in yourself...If you don't agree it's worth more than courses costing 10 times as much—then return it and your money will be promptly refunded. Remember, I only ask you to pay when you're satisfied!"

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Print me in plain wrapping complete Bonomo Institute Booklets of Facts and Form. I will deposit with postman $2.95 plus postage. If not delighted, I may return Course in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

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State

Special permission for the civilian. Seeing his boy in the movies for the first time is a thrill. Mr. Peck will never forget. The new year's first batch for even a week. All the time Greg was East, balking at the World's Fair. He wrote his dad about everything—about his plans to work at the Bonomo Culture Institute. He was more than happy about the breaks he hoped for and the break of playing with Katharine Cornell. Greg kept his dad posted on all the details—except as usual, the intimate ones.

Then one day he got the letter. He'd wonder when it would come and how he'd feel when it did.

"Dear Dad,

I've got some big news. Hope it will be all right with you. I got married Sunday. She's the greatest girl in the world and—" It went on to describe Dad Peck's new daughter. At the end Greg pleased, in the man-to-man fashion his dad had taught him:

"Be a good sport and give us your blessing."

Gregory Peck sent that right back.

He didn't even know Greg had been going with a girl. He didn't know her name or what her name was. But he wrote his son, "I've all the confidence in the world in your selection, boy."

And to Greta he wrote, "You've got the finest fellow I know. Take good care of him."

The Pecks—the Senior ones in San Diego—and the Juniors up in Hollywood—don't let many days go by without traveling north or south, as the case may be, to see one another. Greg's particularly interested in his brother, Donald. He's a smart kid, snappy, wiry and ambitious who, for the past five years, has held down the lead in every school play.

One evening last year, Gregory Peck Senior, paced the front room carpet of his San Diego home. It was almost time for him to go downtown to work. He hadn't missed a night's work for over a score of years and he was pretty proud of that.

But this night, Doc Peck wasn't thinking about his customers. His birthday was almost over and he hadn't heard from Greg, way down in Florida on location making "The Yearling." He'd been expecting a letter, but it hadn't come. Son grew up and change, he knew, and well—maybe this year it had slipped Greg's mind.

Then there was:

"Hello, Dad?" came the voice he knew so well.

"Happy Birthday—and many more of 'em!

"Thanks, boy."

"Dad," continued the voice, "I want to take this opportunity to tell you I'm the luckiest guy in the world to have a father like you.

"That's the way I feel about you, too, Greg."

"I can't thank you enough for all you've done for me. But I guess you know how I feel."

"I guess do."

"We'll be crossing the streets!"

"Don't let those alligators get you."

Dad Peck grinned as he walked down the front steps and backed the car out of the garage. All the way downtown it whistled. It had been a good birthday after all. He still had his boy.

STRICTLY G. I.

Long 'n lanky or five-by-five, you can be a dream-queen on a date, if you're on to a few simple clothes tricks. We'll exchange our secrets for a stamped, self-addressed envelope. See the Super Coupon, page 14.
SWEATERS—KITTEN-SOFT AND FLUFFY!

Washed in WoolFoam

Nothing washes sweaters so clean—leaves them so soft and fluffy as WoolFoam—since there is nothing quite like it! This soapless powder makes the ideal beauty bath for sweaters, sox, blankets and baby things because it is so gentle—so kind to woolens. Colors stay bright—fibres stay alive!

QUICK! EASY TO USE! WoolFoam not only saves woolens—it saves time and money, too! One 25¢ box washes as many as 16 sweaters or woolen equivalents. Sold at Department, Drug and Grocery stores wherever magazines are sold.

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A TRIUMPH TOGETHER

Take the lighter, for instance! It's a genuine "Feather Lite," famed in cleaning heat resistant black plastic.

Famed for the instant, positive action it's the favorite "Ramo" of smokers the nation over. Just a twirl of your thumb lights it—and its wind guard keeps it lit. And if you want the joy of a firm packed cigarette all the time, your answer is the matching feather-light cigarette case with its patented grooves that protect each and every cigarette until you're ready to smoke it. They're a pack of a pair, both yours to own for only $2.98—a price you'd gladly pay for either one. Seeing is believing! And if you don't think you've bought a double value when enjoying your thrilling two-piece—we'll refund your money cheerfully! And that's a promise!

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR SMOKER SET

Both Personalized

With a Rich Silver on Black MONOGRAMMED INITIAL of your own choice

NEITHER HAIL NOR SLEEP

(Continued from page 60)

he humdingers at dissolving the particles areas of the epidermis which have not been removed in the natural process of the skin's renewing itself.

Could it be that sometimes you make only all-hearted dabs at your cheeks with the cleansing cream? That you barely sprinkle to face with soap and water? Sometimes, errors, you fall into bed too tired to move your makeup? Which is all so sorry! Spic-and-span cleanliness is the basic factor in skin beauty! And skin beauty is definitely a basic factor in in-ging your pet male.

As to method: First whip your hair out the way. Pin it up or tie it back with a net. Next remove lipstick with a facial sive. It's a good idea to do this before backing your face with cream, for it prevents large red smears. Now scoop up a generous amount of cleansing or cold cream. (Remember! If your complexion is oily, try a liquefying cream.) Using both hands, pat the cream into your skin thorough about this. Begin at your nose line and work up to your hair line. And don't forget the back of your neck.

For you've done a thorough job, remove jam and soil with cleansing tissue. Next step in your beauty treatment is to use soap-suds scrubbing. Choose your facial soap with care; just to be on the nice-and-beautiful side. Work up a really vigorous lather and remember, again, toinclude neck as well as face. The hair line requires particular attention, well all the area around the base of the nose. Other point where stale powder and dust apt toinger is around the eyebrows. Don't scrub your eyebrows against the di-rection in which they grow, then smooth back into shape. When your face is roughly invigorated, rinse away the suds to warm water. Follow this with a splash of cold water, the cooler the better. Now before settling down to your dreams, if freshly scrubbed face would welcome a bit of lubrication. You may use a skin ton that can be patted on and leaves no residue, or you may use a lubricating cream. Knead it well into the skin. After this has remained on for about twenty min-utes, remove the excess with tissues and let your skin enjoy cleanliness, let it breathe with creams and lotions, and you'll be winter with a dashingly-fresh complexion!

If you would like the name of any de-defying creams and lotions, I'd be glad to supply the information. Send your request, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Carol Carter, Modern Screen, Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

CAN YOU SPARE $5,000,000?

Roundish sum, isn't it? But that's what the Sister Kenny Foundation has to raise in its drive during Nov-ember and December, says Bing Crosby. And he ought to know, because he's chairman of the campaign. You know Sister Kenny; she's the famous nurse who treatment for infantile paralysis victims has proven so helpful. Half the funds collected will go toward building Kenny Clinics throughout the country, and the rest will be used for research to find out what causes this dread disease, how to cure it, and—most important of all to you who have little brothers and sisters or children of your own—how to prevent it. So give for all you're worth; it's worth it!
em stored up from years of collecting belly busters.

In a few secs it was Old Home Week. Half those hero guys, flat on their backs, hadn't met their home bound neighbors. Phil, Frank and the girls ran up and down the aisles getting the gang together.

"Missouri—you from Missouri?—Hey—where's that other soldier with the St. Louis blues?", and Frankie would go running. Or "Miami, Florida? Why this doughfoot says, who can make a suburb of Los Angeles!" It was going great until Phil Silvers came to a burly rock-faced guy with a sheet over his legs. "Me?" he grated. "Say—I think I ever invented Brooklyn."

"Nat'l him, Frankie!" yelled Phil. "Brooklyn, your own home town." Frankie came running up. But he stopped dead in his tracks when the guy growled.

"Don't you come near me!"

Frankie turned white. The soldier scowled darkly. Frank's tongue jammed, but Phil Silvers was too broad enough to e Phil Silvers' guidance. "Aw—don't mind Frankie," he cracked.

"He just wants you to move over so he can lie down. That bow tie's got him weary—he ain't nervous.

"Don't tell me about Sinatra," broke in the soldier. "Listen, I used to hack in front of Lindy's. I know de guy. He's dynamite. Say—what about all the time dem crazy swoon fans wrecked my cab? How about dat, Frankie?" The Brooklyn joke was over. He broke into a whispered grin. "Member me, Frankie?"

Frank bent over and a happy wave of relief knocked him like a welcome shower on a hot day. "Katzie!" he cried. "You big bumm!

"Yeah, Katzie—that's me, Kid," the soldier chuckled. "But, Frankie, when you come to Noo Yawk—please—stay away from me, pal—you're poison! And listen—don't talk cause I got a scratching on my leg, I ain't gonna be back at de old stand.

There are a double dozen ways Frank Sinatra has improved with his overseas experience. He's got more audience reaction learned to send his voice out stronger when there wasn't a mike. He learned to out-ad lib Fred Allen. He turned into such a comedian and laugh-louise under Phil Silvers' guidance that Phil finally cracked rabidly, "Look, Frankie—you tell the jokes. Let me wear the bow tie and sing! But the best thing on Broadway what thrilled Frankie most was the happy realization that at last he'd smashed to smithereens the old ghost of absent GI scorn.

ripe tomato reception...

The audience he aimed to tackle had been overcome for three and four years. When they left, Frank Sinatra was nobody special. But they'd heard about the squeal-deals and the swoon-sessions going on back in the States, while they were blasting Krauts out of the Apennines in the slow, rugged drive up the boot. They were not amused.

Hollywood's Victory Committee officials didn't disillusion him, either. They were nervous. "There might be some unpleasantness," they said. "Maybe some hoots and catcalls, maybe.

But the war was over; discipline was naturally a little relaxed. It was up to Frankie.

He knew from talking to Bing that you couldn't ham and egg to an overseas crowd. "Those guys are hep," stated Bing when he got back from his last year Atlantic trip, "but when you hit 'em—right—brother, they eat you up. What a gang!"


gathering stars...

That's how come Frank asked Phil Silvers and Fay McKenzie, Betty Yeaton and the pianist, Saul Chaplin, to rally round Phil's a very funny man, seasoned bwaedsville and burlesque, who can pack a rowdy audience out of his head. He played dozens of service shows with all the big timers, including Bing Crosby. He knew Night at the Opera ever since Uncle Sam started the draft. Fay McKenzie you could call the original Kid and not look far off the beam. She started a year before Pearl Harbor and has as many camp stands to her record as a cat has heads. Headlines come, and headlines go. Like Phil, she strives to come show business from away back; her dad ran a tent show and made early flics and silent and her brother-in-law is Bill Gilbreth the slice-kneen comic old time. Frankie sang across the aisle at CBS one season from Fay on the Groucho Marx show. He'd never met her but knew her face and a few of her sweetenin' F's fairly oozed. He added Betty Yeaton, acrobatic cutie who can bend herself like a pretzel but with a shape that should never be wasted on a beer biscuit. So Chaplin, the accompanist, is musical director at CBS, so he was not exactly confined to Chopsticks.

They met in New York and preview the show at Camp Kilmer, over in Jersey. Right before show time, Frank came up Phil with a brain storm.

"Look, Phil," he said. "Let's beat the guys to the punch. None of this 'And how he comes now—the great King of Swo Frankie Sinatra!' Nuts to that. Here's your ticket. Louse me up. Make me a silly y with every joke. Murder me!"

Phil's eyes rolled. "Frankie, my boy, grinned. 'It's a pleasure. And how did you read my mind, Muscles?'"

Tom night at the Camp Kilmer premiere. Phil gave Frank the business, on a no experiment. No guinea pig ever got need more thoroughly. Every time Fran peeked out of the wings he got slam down. Frankie'd walk out wishfully hang around waiting to be introduced.

"Go away, Boy, you bother me," snap Phil. He'd polish off the other wing and give a glamour send-off to Fay and Bill and when Frank eased out again, head forlornly for the mike. Phil would me, line, "Look, son—there must be a mistake in the Blood Bank's down the street.

The whole show took it up, worked the booke routine pretty Fay. You know, the one where bets a half-dollar he can kiss her with touching her. Then he gives her a smoe, "You touched me!"

"H-m-m-m," sighs, "so I did," and drops the half do in her palm for the bargain buss.

But this preview night, when Fay muscled in on the gag, it was just an insult for Sinatra swoon appeal. Bec. When Frankie bussed Fay, handed her four-bits and walked away, the ye...
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few minutes he lifted the dress out, as smooth as silk and tidy. The steam does it," said Frankie. "I did it on the first time for all the suits I've pressed that way."

At Foggia the Red Cross asked Frank if he'd care to meet a litter ship due to arrive that night. Frankie rhinoed the C-54 to the Azores and the thrill of getting a grateful look from guys who had stopped the lead. "Sure," he said.

sweet and low...

Frank worried all night about that first litter plane p.a. It wasn't like the one in the Azores in the daylight with the stretchers out in the sun. He didn't mind a frost crawling out of his sack before dawn, but he didn't know exactly how to entertain a bunch of sleepy, wounded soldiers.

Four a.m. came to crane jump turns. He'd be inside the C-54. He'd have no accomplishment. But they'd expect something besides "Hello."

He didn't know until he got there, with Fay and Phil and the bunch. It was half light then and somehow all the soldiers stretched out and tucked in reminded Frankie of kids—like his own kids—and himself when he was a kid—being put to bed. Without thinking he crooned softly the words of Brahms' beautiful lullaby.

"To sleep. Good night."

He sang it soft and low in the Sinatra voice that the public doesn't often hear but which is mighty easy on the ears. Half the kids didn't know who was singing. In their half sleep a lot of them dozed off again. Frankie, Fay and Phil spoke softly to the ones awake and then tipped one here and there, then on he never feared to meet a litter plane that came in. And he always sang Brahms. He sang patients in camp hospitals to sleep with it, too. Somehow, it was just the ticket.

The funny thing about Frankie's night-and-day schedule abroad was that it actually put meat on his bones, which is something of a miracle if you knew Sinatra. The only explanation is that he's been starving himself all these years since he got famous, eating as if when he felt like it—when he was travelling for Army orders, you eat when they say, or else. Even on the notorious diet of Spam, Vienna sausage, powdered eggs and "beat-up breakfast," Sinatra swelled up five pounds worth.

A scene that touched Frankie very much was the sight of little Italian kids begging for food. Sinatra's a sucker for kids anyway, of any race, color or country. When he saw the pinched-faced Italian moppets crying "caramella" and raking the gutters, he couldn't take it. All the gang—Frankie, Phil, Fay, Betty, Saul—had army ration books entitling them to PX supplies of this and that—cigarettes, candy, gum, etc.—the hard-to-get items.

"Look," said Frankie. "Let's pool our points and load up on candy for these kids. How about it?" That was a brilliant idea that went into practice right away.

What blood Frankie has (Crosby will raise doubts, of course, that there is any) is Italian and on his first trip to the home of his ancestors, he was intrigued by the Italian people—also vice versa. Frankie speaks only a few catch words in Italian. And after a certain experience with a good-natured Englishman who spoke to English as she is spoken in America.

They had rattled down in an army command car to Venice, with a play date over on Lido when an army camp parade. The sleeper jump—as often happened—was at night. They arrived in Venice at 3:30, tired, bedraggled and dying to bed down. But something had snafued and nowhere was there to meet and ferry them across. Not even the Navy "duck" that usually rocked them over the waves.

But it was Lido or bust and finally Frankie knew he had to fast-talk a gondolier into padding them across. He thought he'd die all right, because the bird with the wicked eyes—Frankie only heard in his bad years said, "Si, Si," and led them down to a decrepit canal canoe. They pillaged it with all their traps and the thing almost swam away, but the gondolier was proud of his linguistic feat. He kept singling pig Latin at the gondolier who kept saying, "Si, Si" and hazing them over the water. But in his enthusiasm he caught a crab with his paddle and drenched Frankie and Fay with a spray of Venetian canal water, which is not exactly sweet smelling.

They were all tired and sore and even Frankie got put out. "I wish that jerk would watch what he's doing," he said out loud.

Whereupon the gondolier turned around and scowled, "If I'm a jerk—you're a bigger jerk!" he retorted.

Turned out the поля, had to have what the Sinatra was trying to tell them in Italian but American was his meat. He'd lived his life in New York City. Wherever Frankie played a lot of his audience on the fringes were Italians. They didn't know what to make of him. They heard about America's great singer, Frank Sinatra, but with leave out with Frank's lovely Parade tunes they just looked baffle.

Great singing to them meant opera.

Even his Holiness, the Pope, was a little envious. One of the big highlights of Frank's trip and one of his greatest events of his life, was his audien with the head of his church, the Catho faith. The Pope was a big fan of Sinatra, right, but that was about all.

"You are a tenor, my son," he asked.

"No, Your Holiness," corrected Frank.

"I'm a baritone."

"Ah, a baritone. What opera do you sing?" he asked.

"I don't sing operas, Your Holiness," Frankie explained. "You see, I never studied singing."

His Holiness smiled. "I see"—and conversation changed to other topics. Afterwards, Frankie ruefully mentioned his embarrassment to the gang.

"What can I tell him," he asked, "that I sang 'Man River' and 'Candy'?"

Crosby pluggers...

All of Frankie's troup, Fay, Phil, S. and Betty went with Frankie to the Vatican and met the Pope, too. Phil had two or three rosaries he had purchased. He asked His Holiness if he would bless the 'Crosby would like to take them back to Bing Crosby sons,' he explained. The Pope smiled blessed the beads. He knew about Crosby, too.

But afterwards, Frank needed Phil's" fine thing," he complained. "I take you meet the Pope, and you plug Crosby," he had a rosary blessed for little Nita too. It's one of his proudest possessions and a souvenir of his most reverent meeting.

Frankie never sang any operas in Italy. He wouldn't know where to start on opera. But he did play lots of house parties, the busco jobs have all over Italy. They needed six halls to handle the soldier audi Sinatra drew. Sometimes they ran an open air show that took care of the crowds, like the Forno Italian and Rome that Mussolini built for his Oly athletes and then used to train the Fy youth for war.

Next to our national anthem, the that gave Frankie the biggest thrill to before those patriots who'd proved it.
The House I Live In," an inspiring anthem about the great country we live in on the ballot for "Ballad For Americans." But maybe the biggest thing he got down his spine on the whole junket was hearing thousands of GIs give their battle cry. Looking around for local color at one camp stop, Phil Silvers uncovered the fact that a certain blustering Yank division that had made its way up the boot, owned a rugged yell every time it stormed into battle. Right into the guns the leaders yelled "Powder River!"—and the whole fighting outfit yelled back, "Let 'er Buck!

That was a fearsome yell for plenty of krauts, but dear to the hearts of that division, so one night, playing before them, Frankie and Phil yelled out "Powder River!" at the start of their show, and ten thousand heroes gave them a thrill they'll never forget when they roared back as one, "LET 'ER BUCK!"

It's moments like that stick with a guy. Frank Sinatra packed a lot of them back with him—some funny, some sad, and some that reached right down to the ticker. Like singing to an outfit of Japanese Nisei who'd hung up a glorious record fighting in a tough spot for their own country at war with their own race.

There was the running fun, too, and camaraderie of sharing good luck and bad, laughs and gripes, with a crew all plugging on the same job. Of holding breaths when the motor conked out on that take-off from Olafsvik. Of that foggy Foggia when a crash ambulance waited on the field. Of kidding air-scared Phil Silvers by whispering, "Don't look now, but our pilot has just Development a honey pot with all the "Mac West" life preservers in the ship. And then there was the nice kind of feeling it gave when Betty and Fay went out in the Seattle Florence with handsome Navy officers, but came home early saying—"Oh, nobody's as much fun as you and Phil, Frankie."

But nothing to compare with the tingle you got—and kept—when you discovered the guys who might be against you were with you—and the way they showed it, taking a good-natured swerve before they shook your hand, shyly asking for an autograph, or slipping you a message to give a back-home sweetheart, mother, or pal. When finally, their C.A. squeezed down on Lago Gutierrez Field with its load of weary troopers and joyful home-bound Army nurses, their pilot told them goodbye. And maybe just a bit symbolically, he made a gesture, the thing that a guy does when he thinks another is okay. The pilot took off his silver wings and handed them to Frank. "Here," he said, "take these home to your little girl."

But Phil Silvers couldn't resist gagging about the way it all ended. "The real reason Sinatra went to Europe," he said, "was to show the staring Italians that we're staring over here, too." Then he played his top­per, "If you don't believe the sad story of Frank Sinatra, I'll burn a picture of him," said Phil. "Just look. It took 20 nurses to bring the poor guy home!"

FEBRUARY ISSUE
On account it's G. Washington's birthday, we cannot tell a lie: so we'll just have to admit that our February MODERN SCREEN—which hits the newsstands January 14—is a humdinger... And why not, with Shirley Temple our rosy cover Valentine?
were already three—Wayne, 12; Walter, 10; and Richard, 2. Walt and Wayne from the aloofness of their years were almost like an extra set of twins, and the Will and the Walt. When the start, Bob adored Walt. He resembled him, people said, and throughout his stormy teens it was to be Walt with whom Bob would want to identify when the going got tough. He grew up alongside Dick, also like a twin. But all three were cut from a different pattern, even than Bob. They were normal, solid Walkers—easily adjusted at school, ready in their lessons, deft on the playground, good at sports, robust, and healthy without a nerve in their bodies or a bizarre thought—such as acting or art—in their brains.

odd pea in the pod...

He was the odd pea in the pod, that Baby Walker kid, and felt it. As soon as he could crawl, his natural reaction was to get out on his own. He was like a new-born chick, that if he was not in order to get his bearings was to sweep his tiny world away. "Mrs. Walker, have you a little boy named Robert?" Yes—well he's down here in our yard and I think you'd better come get him."

A kid as individual as Bob was headed for trouble in school. Everybody said so, but not even Horace and Zella Walker, who knew their Baby Walkers and who would come as soon as it did. When he was only six he trotted off to kindergarten. Pretty soon he trotted back. That afternoon a young lady pressed Mrs. Walker's door bell.

"I'm the kindergarten teacher," she explained. "It's about your boy, Robert."

"I know," said Mrs. Walker. "I sent him home. He was annoying the little girls.

"And Mrs. Walker," the teacher, "he pulled their hair and then hugged them. I'm afraid. Mrs. Walker," signed the teacher, "that Robert is going to be a problem in school.

The teacher was right. Bob was a problem. When he was seven he started grade school. The first week he committed the cardinal sin. He teamed right up with some of the "bad kids" and at the first recess they ran out of the schoolyard and up into the hills. The alarm went out and the search was on. Later that evening, the principal and some teachers uncovered Bob and his renegade gang hiding in the bushes up in the canyon, dragged them out by their ears and gave them their sternest lectures on what happens to truants. The next day Bob did it again. His report card came home black with demerits. In addition to black marks in deportment, Bob was merely flunking algebra almost everything.

Anything that Bob could pioneer, direct, exploit and manacle—his pocket money, his very hair, his dollars, his social life, the very air—was the source of his delight. He was the most enterprising kid on the block. He had this dandy pencil and mowing grass when he was barely big enough to make the lawn mower's blades whirl. He snagged a magazine subscription to Ephemera when he was only eight years old and collected enough coupons to cash in for his mother and dad's Christmas gifts and an electric train for himself.

Bob found some fellow spirits a couple of blocks away. One was an adventurous kid named Adrian, who was to be Bob's best friend for many years. They were an interesting pair. There were a couple of girls, too, Mabel Anson and Jean Murdock. Bob herded them together and presented them "back in the garage, borrowing sheets from his puzzled mother and ballyhooing his epics up and down the box office records in pins and sometimes real pennies. He always wrote the "plays" himself, and directed the whole madmammoth production, naturally dispensing the "star" parts as well. One had a dazed climax, typical of Bob's insistence on make-believe.

The "play" that time involved some cans of sand, props representing buckets of water which figured in the action. At the performance, so wrapped up in realism as our hero, that he tilted the can full of sand to his mouth and swallowed it. They had to call a doctor that time to sweep him out.

One of his Salt Lake treasures and a constant source of inspiration was the old Salt Lake Theater, long since torn down. In Bob's boyhood the Salt Lake was a wonderland of magic. Tired old school, box office receipts there several years after a show hit Broadway, but to Bob they were the greatest pages in the world. He saw his first play there—"the Crucifixion", and as that was about the time he was awakening to a spiritual consciousness, it impressed him as no other play ever has. He was a part of the audience when the Salt Lake closed its doors for keeps he hung around the place, peering into every corner to see what made a real theater go. In the theater stood a ticket machine, full of wonderful rolls of real printed tickets. If we had that," said Bob, "we could put on plays with real tickets."

"spin-the-bottle" champ...

Mabel Anson was a brunette and Jean Murdock was a blonde, and they supplied the two types of feminine beauty, talents and grace for Bob Walker's backyard theatrical ventures. But both had a more practical interest in Walker Productions. Both took turns being Bob's sweethearts. Jean had the headstart; she and Bob were sweethearts at the age of six and Jean was the first girl he ever kissed. Right away Bob liked that. With Adrian and Mabel and Jean and the other moppets scattered up and down F Street he discovered an amazingly delightful game called spin-the-bottle. The entire feature about this sport was that it ended up with a kiss. The girl who spun the bottle in the circle had to kiss the boy it stopped on. It was very decent. Bob, who was a natural philosopher, could understand very early in life.

Bob wanted to grow up fast. That, at least, was the official verdict of a University of Utah psychiatrist. But long before they employed professional opinion Horace and Zella Walker had some doubt with Bob's growing pains that he handles...
very efficiently, indeed. When he was ten years old Bob walked up to his father and told him, "I'm going to start smoking."

His editor, dad didn't turn a whisker. "Okay, Son," he agreed, "Then tonight after dinner you and I will go out on the back porch and have a nice long smoke."

Outside, his father handed him a wicked looking, black cigar, helped him light it, and Bob puffed importantly. This was grand.

He swallowed his scranny chest and felt very manly all of a sudden. "If you're going to smoke," suggested Bob's dad, "I think you'd better learn to chew at the same time." Here, and he handed Bob a plug of black chewing tobacco.

Bob stuck that in his mouth. Go ahead., said his pop, "chew it, Bob." He did.

Pretty soon he had turned the color of a sick chicken and his head whirled like a top. Green lights and purple flashes filled his watery eyes and all of a sudden he was hanging over the porch railing, losing his nice dinner very indignantly. His pop helped him back in the house and up to bed. "Next time you want to smoke," he said, "let me know. I've got plenty of tobacco. But," he added, "if you don't smoke until you're 21 there's a nice gold watch waiting for you." Bob decided to strike for that watch.

When Bob was twelve, the Walkers moved from Salt Lake City to Ogden, Utah, 130 miles down the Union Pacific mainline. Bob's parents weren't rich and Horace, like most newspaper men with families, decided one day that he'd never tire on a city editor's check. He found an opportunity to join an advertising agency in Ogden, so it was farewell to the familiar neighborhood on F Street for Bob and Dick. Walk and Wayne by now were both of college age and off to school. Unlike most kids, Bob had no fearful partings.

near world o'comein' ..."

He felt a pang, of course, leaving Jean, Mabel and Adrian, but after all, Ogden was only 30 miles down the Union Pacific Main line, and that was hardly more than an occasional ride. It was like moving to an unfamiliar place. Still, it was enough of a change to give Bob a new lease on his budding life, and for a while there were hopes at the new brick Walker house in Ogden that Bob had quieted down.

For one thing, he had officially embraced the Mormon faith—something none of the other Walker sons had never, none of the matters of religion Horace and Zella left entirely up to their children. They realized that a new generation had new spiritual needs and urges. Very early, Bob evidenced a marked spiritual side that was along the line of his thoughts—which were always more emotional than rational.

When he moved to Ogden, there were further flickering signs that Bob might be settling into the groove of a solid citizen. He was happier at Madison Grade School than he had been at Lowell, and seemed to take a more sober outlook on his studies. As usual, there was a reason.

The family was a dramatic one in Madison Grade School—not such a much, but it, gave kids who liked to express themselves a chance. The school staged an operetta and Bob, glory be, won the lead. He was the major of a pixie army and he sang and strutted around the stage in what he was sure was a terrific performance. Actually, looking at the photo snaps of his operatic triumph, Bob is now inclined to crawl a bit inside. He was starting to string out then, all bones and knuckles and elbows. Eyes, a suit of long underwear, dyed black, with enormous gold epaulettes at the shoulders and a feather pillow stuffed down inside to make a mighty big window.

Bob could stand responsibility for just so long. One school weekend when he

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OLD STORY, NEW VERSION...
And so it was the same old story for "Walk." He broke rules, he talked back to the officer teachers, he was sloopy at drill, he neglected his books. He tramped so many extra duty tours that he didn’t have a liberty all the time. He stayed in the awkward squad and exaggerated his professors with his bored indifference. The reports going back home were grim.

Luckily, these sad sack rumors reached the ears of the late member of the military faculty at San Diego A. and M. Miss Atkinson taught a dramatic class at the Academy, and she’d built up quite a thing. More kids, she had, discovered got rid of what ailed them by playing acting than anything else. And the Academy was faced every semester with delinquents, and she recourse as mixed up as Bob, although not all with the talent he packed—not at all. In fact, when she had called him in for an interview he was almost in the same matter with our hero pronto. Bob was so low in spirits by then that he couldn’t even work up much enthusiasm about acting.

But the thing broke under the spell of the clever Miss Atkinson, Bob found his blues vanishing before the path she pointed out. First time he read for Miss Atkinson, and it was a part that cast him right off in the lead of the Academy play of the season, the one they’d give in the annual San Diego High Schools Dramatic contest, which had become a major scholastic event of the year.

So the dramatic contest came—and when it was over, "The Other Side"—that’s the name of the play—won first honors in a walk. Not only that, but Bob got the nod for the best acting of the entire tournament. Suddenly the problem cadet who’d dragged more around the parade ground was a hero.

He couldn’t go to sleep that night after the play. Instead, he sat up with his light, and he hadn’t a clue he couldn’t get gigged for extra duty—and wrote his family all about it.

Dear Mother, Bob wrote, "I guess tonight I am the best young actor in all San Diego—" and he went on from there.

At the bottom he penned, "send this on to Aunt Tenny." He got letters back from them all. They were proud. They knew he had the stuff. And right away Bob began proving it.

He started getting A’s in every subject. From then on, when Bob came into a shining light. When Bob graduated from San Diego A. and M. four years later, he was class president, cadet captain and second in his class. He was a school standing! Besides all this he was as much of a school hero as the captain of the football team. Because Virginia Atkinson’s noble drama had an experiment piloted like the green tree bay and a dramatic contest was just as much an occasion for school spirit and cheers as anything.

In the end, to an All-Western California event, held annually at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. And there Bob Atkinson had been named a winner twice, copying the Best Acting prize himself both times.

By the time he’d left San Diego, Vir- ginia Atkinson had convinced Bob that he was born to be an actor. "Make this your life’s work," she urged, "and you’ll
never regret it." But the casting director Aunt Tenny had arranged an appointment with took one look at Bob's youthful face and figure and advised, "Wait a few years." Bob was crushed, but it didn't swervet him from the only idea that had ever seemed to fit perfectly.

And by now the all-important Aunt Hortense Odell was on his side. Aunt Tenny had lived around New York for years and she had very definite ideas. She didn't have to talk much to Bob's family about the project. They were so pleased and relieved that Bob had found something he loved and could shine in that they backed him to the hilt—only with three of them boys being educated, there wasn't much in the Walker sock to carry through the ambitious plans Aunt Tenny had. Never mind, she'd take care of that. Nothing but the best must this talented nephew have. Nothing less than the Academy of Dramatic Art in New York.

new career, new love...

The folks had put him on the train at Ogden—but it wasn't really like going to a strange land. Because Walt, Bob's brother-idol was in Manhattan now practicing law and Dick, his near-twin, was studying accounting at Columbia University.

From the start, Bob Walker knew that New York was his stage and his Aunt Hortense that night he bumbled over with his enthusiastic dreams.

"Well," said Aunt Tenny, "so you're going to be an actor?"

"I'm an actor," grinned Bob.

"Oh, yes, I forgot," smiled Aunt Tenny.

"Well, you be a good one, do you?"

"I did try to give my only thing I don't forget is half-heartedness."

Bob laughed—imagine stopping anything as much fun as acting. There couldn't be a more fascinating way of being wasted. But there was. Luckily, the two interests blended perfectly—like peaches and cream. In fact, Bob Walker's romance with Jennifer Jones started as a dramtic workshop mutual admiration society. Raven-haired, sweet-faced, Phyllis Isely from Tulsa, Oklahoma, was already at the Academy when Bob enrolled. But somehow the first few months they missed each other. Bob was extremely busy and no beaver was ever more eager. He didn't need Aunt Tenny's admonitions to plunge into his training. He was always prepared.

He'd started work in 2190 with the wonders of New York. Classes at the Academy were 9 to 4, and 9 to noon, or from noon until 6. Bob dove into the subway and came up at the Carnegie Hall corner to trot over and rehearse his scenes, watch other students work, hear lectures, and get taken apart by the fearful "Jelly," hard driving Mr. Jehlinger, who could cut a cocky student to pieces with his sharp surgical clashes at amateur acting school.

And at school—speech classes, fencing drills, dancing lessons, dramatic history, make-up, wardrobe—there was always something to do and always the lingering shadow of "not being invited back" next year. Yet Bob found himself smiling boldly at the dark, slim girl hurrying between classes, divinely intent. Then he started dropping in when he had a free afternoon to watch her do her scenes. He whistled low to himself. "Gosh, she's not only pretty—she's alive!"

Phyl Isley was thinking essentially the same thing about the tall, thin kid with the cute crinkles in his copper hair. And she was lowly, but it didn't matter. He was interested.

"I like the way you work," he told Phyl. "I'd like to work with you, if it's right with you."

Phyl smiled the happy smile that had melted more hearts than Bob Walker's.

"Yes," she said, "I'd like to, too."

It was funny, fate maybe, coincidence...
surely, how the plays they drew were what they were, how their parts were always invariably in romantic apposition. "The Barons Hotel"—"Romeo and Juliet"—and what romantic theme could be more tender?

Phyl stayed at the Barbizon Hotel for Women. He invited Walt to stroll up Lexington Avenue to take her home after classes. Bob found himself taking a later and later express out to Long Island. With Dick back, Walt would ask how come, he'd toss it off, "Working," and they believed him. No one could doubt that Bob was wrapped up in the acting. Phyl tried to get Walt to call her, but he didn't. Then he'd blush and cook up a story.

Besides, Bob didn't think he was in love. Maybe he wasn't—then. When the term came to a close, Bob had other things on his mind, and so did Phyl. There were the "finals"—the plays before the faculty that were the payoff. If you clicked, you got into the next term.

The big day came and Bob went on in his exam play. He had never been nervous before, but this time he felt the cold eye of Jelley. Here was a director who didn't know about Phyl, but when Bob began skipping the Sunday dinners at Aunt Penny's house there were some raised brows and a few rubbings off. Did Phyl know what he was doing?

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Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they are tired and don't work right, the fluid they have to give you up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restless sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause magnetic backache, rheumatism, headaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, etc.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant drug for kidney ailments. Doan's have been in use for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your body. Get Doan's Pills he pleased. One word led to another and pretty soon Bob, for the first time in his life, found himself actually having a terrific word fight with his favorite aunt.

"Whew," he shouted, "my mind's made up, I'm going back to the Academy.

"Oh no, you're not," decreed Aunt Tenny, her firm face never firmer. "At least you're not going with my help.

Bob slammed out the door. He was thoroughly mad, and so was the aunt who had lost faith in him. They wouldn't be speaking now, he knew, for months. At last he really was on his own. No more money from Aunt Tenny. None from home. How would he pay the tuition at the Academy? What was more pressing, how would he sleep and eat? "I'll get a job," muttered Bob fiercely. "Anyway, the only way to be an actor is to act.

But that was all in the future. What Bob needed now was a place to sleep. He headed for Beeckman Place where Brother Walt had the new apartment. He pressed the buzzer. "Hello, Walt," said Baby Bob, a bit sheepishly, "suppose I can bunk here until I find a job?"

Bob Walker's Life Story will be concluded in the February issue of Modern Screen.

DATE DRESSES FOR TEEN AGERS

(Continued on page 53)

designer, the superb workmanship, and the price your big sister would have to pay for 'em, baby, the sentence is light.

Snow Queen: Infinitely flatter ing is the square portrait neckline (exactly the same in the picture) that's simple enough for an off-the-shoulder effect. Deliciously old-fashioned are the vee-puffed sleeves, the snug tucked bodice, the marvelously skit that slims out from muslin stiffening at your sweet-nothing of a waist. Accessories are important, but keep 'em simple. Try the charm of velvet knapsack and throat-pressing, and for those "dancing feet of yours", precious Kelly green or bright red ballet slippers. Price: About $35.

Party Pins: Here's one to put that Christmas morning look in his eyes. Of fuchsia rayon faille, it has the adorable lines of a Christmas tree angel, from sweet winged shoulders to bell-bottom skirt. The heart-shaped neckling was black velvet belt and little bustle in the back are pure romanticism. On the practical side, consider this. It's two-piece and there is practically no end to the ways you can vary it. The upper part makes a heavenly topping for your black velvet skirt. The skirt is a divine foil for a night-black swallow-tail coat or long-sleeved dress with gold jewelry. Nice low back, perky pussy cat bow, and that flippant little bustle. Mmm—uh—good. Price: About $35.

Short One: Here's a different little soft blue dress. The rayon fabric crepe is marshmallow soft and comes back from the cleaners looking brand new. The back is beautiful with its deep, deep slit, its pretty little fanny-drapery and the unexpectedussy bow. Price: About $23.

Do you love 'em, girls? Care they not a poem in triplicate? Us, we're weak, and wishing we were sweet sixteen this minute. For sizes, colors and names of nearby stores, pen us a note or a penny post card, Address: Doan's, Inc., Chicago. Incidentally, we're a fashion clinic too, so if you're tubby or string-beanish, bring us your waist and we promise to help. Write to: Fashion Ad- vice, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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of the verbal fencing that we both get a kick out of. Turning back, I found my lunchcompanion eyeing me curiously.

'You know all the answers, don't you?'

'Yes, and if not, I make them up—'

'That I believe,' said Mr. Madison blandly.

Well, I whooped. Candor and humor and knowingsness all rolled up in the body of a sun-kissed giant.

Of course I realized before meeting him, that this guy was something special. Here's a great part like Cliff in 'They Dream of Home.' Half the male stars in Hollywood are going around with their tongues hanging out for it. Along comes Madison and cops it from their noses. And who's Madison? The sailor in 'Since You Went Away.' Remember the bowling alley scene? David Selznick wrote it in, specially for Madison.

**WATCH GUY MADISON! (Continued from page 55)**

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have faith in myself. Mr. Selznick never even made the test. He just went ahead and wrote in the part of Hal Smith. And Henry—I can’t even begin to thank him.

He arranged this and that, picked people for me to take lessons under, taught me how to dress, what to buy, showed me what the score was. We’re—well, we’re more or less buddies, you could call it.

But I started to tell you what Henry did that first night. He’d already discovered things about Rosebud’s background, and Henry felt responsible. It was up to him to show the kid the ropes.

I’m taking Anne Shirley to a night club, he tells me. Then he’s off again.

"Thanks," he said. "Only I’d like to ask a favor of you. Night clubs are out of my line. I might use the wrong fork or not know how to pull out a chair. Will you keep an eye on me?"

"Sure," said Henry, casually. But he knew he’d picked a right guy.

Well, the evening went off fine. Bob didn’t talk much, but then he never does. Certainly he wasn’t used into silence. Anne’s such a friendly person that he felt right at home. And, like everyone else, she found his frank simplicity delightful.

"I’d like to dance with you," he said, "but I’m a horrible dancer—"

"Come on," she laughed, "there’s nothing to it—"

he wasn’t kidding . . .

Of course the twist on that story should be that he danced like a dream. But I told you the boy was a truth-teller, didn’t I? He danced just the way he’d promised—horribly. And Henry made a mental note to send him to Arthur Murray’s for lessons.

After that, he came up whenever he got a pass, to be coached in dramatics and dictation. Meanwhile, Selznick had written the two Hal Smith scenes, and now Bob wanted his name changed—if only to keep the fellows at the base from getting wise and razzing the hide off him.

He and Henry were driving down Washington Boulevard and passed a huge ad for Dolly Madison cakes. "Madison, Madison—how’s that for a name? No Madisons in the picture business yet!"

Bob thought it was swell. So did Selznick, who matched it with Guy. I like Guy’s reason for liking his first name. "Knew a fella in grammar school called Guy. Pretty nice fella—"

They had to wait till he got a seven-day leave before shooting his scenes. He was nervous, but the only way it showed up was when he tried to smoke. He’d gone through the stage of cigarette-swiping and puffing behind the house and getting sick—but he hasn’t used them since. Except for the smoking, however, John Cromwell had no trouble with him. And when they ran the first rushes—all medium shots—Cromwell and Selznick were two minds with but a single thought.

"Close-ups?" asked Cromwell.

"Big ones," said David.

Not till Selznick himself assured Guy that he wouldn’t be least bit on the cutting-room floor, did he tell his family. Even then there was no hullabaloo. He didn’t wire or phone. From San Diego he wrote home a plain letter, and they answered in the same way. Pleased, but with their feet very much on the ground.

He told me a little about his boyhood in Bakersfield, Blackhawk’s golden boyhood.

About his dad, a machinist in the railroad shops. About his three brothers and only sister. David’s the eldest, Rosemary works for the Navy in Sacramento, Wayne’s in the Philippines with the Navy, and Harold’s still at school.

Guy and the two younger boys had a lot in common—baseball and football.
swimming and hunting and archery. He did all right at school when he was interested, and he was interested in many subjects. At Baker Field Junior College, he used to get up at 4 in the morning to do janitor work and earn money for clothes and extras. He'd been in the Navy eight months when Wilson spotted him.

The minute they started sneaking "Since You Went Away," Selznick knew he had something. The reaction never varied. When Madison appeared, a buzz went through the audience—"Who's that kid?"

"Never saw him before."

"Golly, he's cute."

Guy took Judy Garland to the preem, and people turned to stare.

Mike fright ...

Then I saw them stop him at the mike, and wonder what would happen. He was obviously taken aback, but realized he'd have to go through with it. At first he followed the pattern which, heaven knows, no one was following. But I was living, "I'm very happy to be here—I'm sure going to enjoy myself." Then his voice steadied, and the words came loud and clear. "I'm also scared stiff."

Everybody howled. With those three words he won the crowd, and I'm sure they had the same effect on tunes-in.

Finally, the mixture was nosed and the fun started. They had to shovel themselves out from under the mail. Who's Hal? Who's the sailor? What's he done before? What's he going to do now? They spent crowded weekends autobiographing pictures—no secretaries for him—every last one that went out, he signed himself—Guy Dirls.

But there were no more pictures. Guy belonged to the Navy and didn't get out till last October. Except for an accident, he might still be in and he's a little chagrined about the accident. Because he knows the surf like you know your own pocket, and for a Navy lifeguard to dive out of a surfboat and land on his head is something he can't get over. "What a laugh!" he snorts.

Anyway, he cracked a few vertebrae, pulled neck and shoulder muscles out of kilter, and spent weeks in the hospital where he lost a lot of weight. By that time the war was over and Guy was really in the duds. Finally, he turned the corner toward recovery. His case history was presented before the board and Seaman Bob Mosely was recommended for discharge.

That's also the way when things began popping for Guy Madison.

On a 3-picture deal, Selznick had turned over to RKO "They Dream of Home," Dore Schary producing, Dorothy Maguire playing the girl. Cliff wasn't sold. There were various possibilities, till Selznick heard that Madison was about to be discharged. Then the possibilities faded, leaving one chance. The bowling alley sailor would be the Marine.

On his last day at the base, Guy checked out, headed the car for Hollywood, received a sort-of commission to see his folks. He worked fast—dumped his gear at the house, kissed his mother and grandmother, drove over to the shops to see his pictures. They had much time for that, but his father sized the situation up.

"Looks like you're a little nervous, son," he said. "Just take it easy."

Then it was time to go, and his mother's goodbye was characteristic. They both wished he could stay, but he couldn't, so why talk about it? "I'm so glad you could come," she said. "Now be careful driving back, like a good boy."

It was only a few days later that I lunched with Guy and learned about his one-man clothes revolt. To appreciate it, remember that Henry's his trusted guide and mentor, the final word on all matters social and sartorial. Till Henry suggested...
a couple of bow ties.

Under his tan, Guy went pale. "Look," he said. "I don't want to be difficult. And I don't want you to do anything against your judgment. But bow ties are out."

Henry laughed, but for Madeline it had been a crisis. He was new at this game. For all he could tell, she might make you wear a bow tie.

Yes, I asked him about girls, knowing you'd never read my stuff again if I didn't. No special girl, he always did. But that very evening, Ingrid Bergman's ideal of natural beauty. He likes her fairly tall—say, five feet six or seven—and he can't stand a woman who chip-chip-chip-chips all the time. Being of his own generation, you'll know what that means. I didn't. "It means she's got nothing to say and never stops eating," he explained with admirable lucidity.

...are important, but so is intelligence. Only she mustn't think she's more intelligent than you are, even if she is. She should have brains enough not to show you up. It bothers him to be out with a girl who overdoses drinking. He loathes lots of makeup. He no longer dances, dislikes dancing horribly and thinks that's the nicest way to get acquainted with a girl. His favorite nightspot is Ciro's, because there's more room on the floor. In most places people keep bouncing into you, and what he's never been able to figure is why you should pay for being uncomfortable.

one of a time...

And remember this, girls. If Guy Madisoe ever takes you out, don't try playing games. Don't flirt with the fellow at the next table, and don't make eyes at somebody else's partner. If you're out with him, you're out with him—not two other guys. He's got one and he's his own. "For sure," he says. "For sure, he doesn't like to take girls to the beach. In fact, he can't see any women out of sports of any kind, they're just in the way. If you're round with a bunch of fellows, they don't fit in. If you want to swim, they don't feel like it or they'll muss their hair. Don't get him wrong, though. A girl-less beach wouldn't suit him either. But it's fine when they walk around and give you an eyeful of female pulchritude.

Guy has no illusions that he's landed a soft snap. He knows he'll have to work like the devil against fierce competition. He knows you can be the fair-haird boy today and a has-been tomorrow. But that won't stop him. It's like in sports, he says. "You develop a competitive spirit. The tougher it is, the more determination you work up and the harder you fight."

On the other hand, he won't slit his throat if the breaks go against him. There are plenty of good things in life outside the movies. He's lucky in his heritage, which gave him a sense of proportion. His mother once wrote the him a letter of appreciation for their kindness to him. But I think her real heart must have been in these two wistful lines: He's always been a boy. He hopes acting in motion pictures won't change him.

Apropos of which, Guy was spending one recent week end at Henry Willson's. "What're you doing this morning?" he asked Henry on Sunday.

"Going to church," Henry said.

"Mind if I go along?"

I don't know why Henry should have looked a little startled. He was going to church himself. But startled he looked.

"Does it surprise you that I'm a church-goer?" asked Guy. "In my family, we always have been."

No, for sure I don't think that acting in motion pictures is going to change Mrs. Mosely's boy.
What's the other thing we ought to do this Christmas?

For the last four years, the Christmas phrase “Peace on earth, good will to man” has had a pretty hollow, bitter ring.

This year, it won’t.

And surely, one thing each of us will want to do this Christmas is to give thanks that peace has finally come to us—both peace and victory.

One other thing we ought to do:

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MODERN SCREEN

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council.
You all know about the smashup in the middle of "A Guy Named Joe," you've heard how Van lay there, his life literally draining away, his brown eyes just one thing—"The picture, the picture... But perhaps you don't know that it was Mr. Mayer who went to the hospital, who leaned over the bandaged-waived head and said: "Don't worry about the picture, Van. We'll hold it for you, no matter how long it takes—Van couldn't speak, he couldn't even smile, but his eyes that had been tormented turned quiet. Which was answer enough for the man beside the bed.

"Yes, it was a gambling holding up production," Mr. Mayer agrees, "and a gambling we wouldn't have taken for everyone. It's true I felt Van would be good for the picture, but—let's face it—we could have found another boy. But, granting his recovery, I felt he'd earned the right to that picture—and Fleming.

"You see, Dunne, everyone connected with it felt the same way. The part was his because he'd served it with all his heart and strength. You don't, take from a man what belongs to him," said L. B.

By the same token, we're not giving Van—MODERN SCREEN'S award—he's earned it. And with Van on the subject, Mr. Mayer's earned something from Van—a special glow in his wide smile, a special feeling of trust. Not because he's head man of the studio, but Van earned stardom. Not even because he saved the picture for Van that made him a star. But because he took time out four years ago to talk to a man in the business nothing, and sent him away with his head and heart higher, with renewed hope and courage and faith in himself.

THAT MAN OF MINE

(Continued from page 51)

will spend on the other, and let's stick to it..."

"Okay with me," grinned Mary. She'd been saving a dollar or a dime, a few pennies or a quarter out of the household fund for months. With Dana's gift as the subject, she'd been saving for a gift for him. "Well, I've thought that five bucks was a little too small—it's hard to get something, well... that I'd want to give you, for that amount, but I've been getting up there toward the..." he chuckled—'motion picture bracket. So how about our compromising on a gift to set us each back not more than nine bucks?"

On Christmas morning, Dana proudly presented his wife with a large oblong box. "I sure hope you like it," he said.

Mary loved it. The box contained a magnificent quilted cotton housecoat. She modeled it, and they decided that it did every flattering thing for Mary thought was going to have a great deal of use in the spring. Then she brought forth her gift for Dana. "A traveling bag!" he exclaimed. And, after tearing off the price tag, she immediately amplified, "A top-grain cowhide traveling bag! You didn't get this for nine bucks."

"No. For thirty," grinned Mary, and she told Dana how she'd saved for it, how eagerly she had shopped, what fun it had been to make the final decision, to count out the stubbornly hoarded dimes and quarters, to bag home and to hide it until Christmas. Dana couldn't speak. He girted his teeth, took Mary in his arms and pressed his eyes against her blonde hair. Mary was as happy about her robe as Dana was about his gift. She wore it every morning, and sometimes in the evening, too. It began to fade, and grew threadbare. Said Dana one morning, "I
wish you'd throw away that weepy wrap, Mary. Look, just because I gave it to you for Christmas doesn't mean it must become a family heirloom.

"Mom, I like it, and I like it," said Mary cheerfully.

Three days later one of the swankiest stores in Los Angeles delivered a large package addressed to Andrews. From the box came a roll of sewing thread, some spools of ribbon, a notebook, and a pair of long white gloves. When Mrs. Dana cut the string and investigated the tissue folds: Dana had sent her a satin robe, hand-blocked, hand-quilted, and bordered with gold; she didn't need the robe, she didn't even touch it. She simply circled it, as it hung on the hanger.

Finally she said, "The first time I'd held you, heh, and fed you, I'd planned some breakfast egg. I'd want to cut my throat. The sight of any mess on that creation would destroy me—but utterly.

So she bade the man lift and return it to the store. In exchange she selected a slim sports dress with dreamy lines, and a pair of wool gabardine slacks.

"It's exchange here." Dana said, "only I'm getting darn tired of that old robe.

When Mary was shopping, perhaps a month later, she saw a pair of dramatic blue slacks that were to her liking, Mary turned over the price tag. Then she walked swiftly away.

That night she said to Dana, "Don't ever let me worry you. I'm not the diamond tiara type; the way I select clothing is positively Rockefeller." And laughingly, she described the pajamas, topping the tale with the price tag.

A week later, the hostess pajamas were delivered. Inside the box was a brief note: "I have instructed the store to refuse to exchange the robe. I want to see you wearing them. With all my love, Dana.

Not only is Dana a husband to have and hold, but she is a partner in business; which is the salutation. Mary thought.

"Sure—I like it," Dana answered abstractedly. "Swell robe; smooth script."

"Nothing wrong?"

"Nothing."

Mary thought he really has something on his mind, but because the baby is due, he won't tell me. And in the manner of all women she imagines things—all bad.

Finally, Dana came home so dejected one night, that he simply couldn't hide the feeling. "I've got to talk something over with you," he sighed. "But let's eat first."

They had dinner. That is, each seated himself before a heaped plate, and each plodded on. A study of the mysteries of nature is how two people can spend an hour at table, chatting about this and that, and arrive—saying they are stuffed—having eaten nothing.

"I think I'll lie down," Mary ventured. "I'm sort of . . . tired, I guess."

She couldn't say she was frantic with worry. She didn't want him to see the effect of the anesthetic wore off. When Mary opened her eyes, Dana was grinning at her. "Well, darling, we got the girl we wanted," he said.

"Poor Dana, you're looking to be so tired today," Mary whispered.

The stock created even more excitement when Andrew, Todd Andrews, was born.

At the time, Dana was working in "A Walk In The Sun" and had been out on location. On this particular night, the instant Dana reached a local telephone, he called Mary. She said she was fine, the doctor had said that junior wouldn't arrive for ten days or so.

Two hours later, Dana called a second time. "Just a call to check up," he told Mary where he was and where he would be. Each time Mary laughed lightly. "Ten days, dear—remember?"

Dana's puzzled: Andrew had, in fact, been a refugee from Minsky's; this time he was the burlesque queen and I'm the formal character."

Let's ask Mr. Mary.

"MODERN SCREEN just sent me this color picture of Kathy and me—isn't this something for the album?" chatted Mr. Andrews.

"Get me to the hospital," said Mary.

Dana was watching his own time. He dropped in as fast as possible, considering the fog and the traffic on the highways. As it was, he could feel little trickles of perspiration dribbling into his collar.

"Making ready for the hospital; this time, Dana was told to wade into the pattern of the spacious room. Dana had just decided to slip out for a pack of cigarettes when the nurse put in a cheerful head to say, 'You have a son, Mr. Andrews.'

Dana's jaw dropped. "But we've only been here twenty minutes," he protested.

"Yes—" said the nurse. "Mr. Andrews. You may come visit for a few minutes tonight.

Dana walked swiftly to her bedside and took one of Mary's hands. "Baby, you're terrific," he said.

After she had gone to sleep, he went out into the dawn and scrutinized his car. The right front tire had a flat. Dana broke into a new frenzy of perspiration when he thought of the possibilities.

This was just the first instance of Dana's being gasped by his children. Like not a few parents went to take Miss Kathy to the zoo on Sunday. "What a zoo?" demanded Kathy.

Dana explained: At the zoo one saw elephants and bears.

Kathy was enchanted. She checked Dana every day for two weeks as to the time of their visit. When at last they arrived, she asked, "Where's the zoo Daddy?"

"Right here," said Daddy. "Now that animal is an elephant. Look at his long trunk and his silly ears."

They moved on to the monkeys' cage. "But where are the zoos?" said Kathy.

Leading her to the bear cage, Dana said triumphantly, "Darling, that one's in a zoo." So Kathy Andrews is currently under the impression that a bear is a zoo; she is quite happy about the whole thing.

One Sundays ago, Dana had taken the youngsters down to the beach; he, David (his son by his first marriage), and Kathy were riding the merry-go-round when spotted by a bobby-soxer. "Look," she ordered her girl friend "there's Dana Andrews."

The girl friend favored Dana with a haughty smile. "Are you crazy?"

That isn't Dana Andrews. What movie star would spend Sunday at the beach with a couple of little kids?"

The next day it was Dana, and that he was having the time of his life, tells a great deal about the man: His family is the most important thing in his life and he is eximiously proud to admit it.

SWEET TOOTH FOR FRANKIE?

Frankie has a sweet tooth, too—
for Nancy's homemade desserts.

Want to try her secret recipe for

Swoony Pic Crust or Sigh-Guy

Gingerbread? See Super Cou-

pon on page 14.

ma jacket, house slippers over bare feet! Come on, woman, let's go.

The nurse took Mary's history and ushered her into a small room with the sentence, "It will be several hours yet, Mrs. Andrews." So Mary ordered Dana to drive the car beneath her window, lie down on the car cushions and try to sleep.

He tried, but every time Mary moaned or moved, he could hear her. He would call, "Mary, do you want me?" She would say, "Go to sleep, you! I'm all right. If you don't rest, you won't be able to give a good performance tomorrow." "Do you need me?" said Mary, "I'll make a fuss the instant I need you.

But it was the doctor who drove, after having given Mrs. Andrews some medicine, to Dana. "If you want to see your youngster ushered into the world, come with me," So Dana was outfitted with a surgical mask, a sterile gown and rubber gloves, and had the precious experience of personally welcoming his daughter.

Afterward, he sat patiently at Mary's bedside, waiting for the effect of the anesthetic wore off. When Mary opened her eyes, Dana was grinning at her. "Well, darling, we got the girl we wanted," he said. "Poor Dana, you're looking to be so tired today," Mary whispered.

The stock created even more excitement when Stephen Todd Andrews was born.

At the time, Dana was working in "A Walk In The Sun" and had been out on location. On this particular night, the instant Dana reached a local telephone, he
The Great Stars and Director of "Woman in the Window"...

WALTER WANGER presents
a FRITZ LANG Production

EDWARD G. ROBINSON    JOAN BENNETT
Scarlet Street
WITH DAN DURYEA

The things she does to men can only end in Murder!

A DIANA PRODUCTION
Produced and Directed by FRITZ LANG
A UNIVERSAL RELEASE

JESS BARKER • MARGARET LINDSAY • ROSALIND IVAN • SAMUEL S. HINDS
Based on the novel "La Chiennne" Screenplay by DUDLEY NICHOLS
Art Direction by Alexander Golitzen
To Maybelline

The eye make-up I would never be without.

Sincerely,

Jean Crawford
There's a softer glow, fresher beauty for your skin—with your first cake of Camay! Simply change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—had fresher, softer skin.

"I tumbled—Bill fell, too," skiing at St. Adele in the Laurentians. Both devotees of outdoor sports, Ginny keeps the warm sun-glow in her skin radiantly fresh. "It's Camay for me—and has been, since my first cake brought out a real sparkle in my complexion."

Precious Moment: While overseas, Bill cherished each memory of Ginny's fresh young beauty. "I wanted to look my best when he returned," Ginny confides, "so I never neglected my Camay Mild-Soap Diet. To make your skin lovelier, just follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.

Cherish Camay—make each cake last. Precious materials go into soap.
"Gonna send it to yourself, Sugar?"

GIRL: All right. And what if I am? Everybody can’t be a rich, beautiful, glamorous, witty heiress with beaus all over the place sending Valentines all the time!

CUPID: True, my ferocious little fruitcake, true. But everybody can smile... and you don’t! Don’t you know a sparkling smile gets more men than home cooking?

GIRL: Sure. But my smile’s as sparkling as a boiled potato!

CUPID: Ever try brushing your teeth?

GIRL: Did I ev—? Listen, my fresh little friend, I brush my teeth regular as anything! And they still don’t sparkle. And what’s more I’ve even begun seeing “pink” on my tooth brush lately!

CUPID: Oh? And what’d your dentist say?

GIRL: Dentist? What dentist? Who said any—

CUPID: Well of all the waffle-brained—! Listen, Sis, that “pink” on your tooth brush is a warning to see your dentist right away! Because he may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today’s soft foods. And he may suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

GIRL: My smile. We were talking about my smile. Remember?

CUPID: Sugar, we still are! Don’t you know that a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums? And this Ipana not only cleans teeth, it’s specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth, and... bang! You’ve started yourself on the road to a sparkling smile! Okay? Then get started... Today, Sugar. Ipana and massage.

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE
**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LIONS ROAR**

Published in this space every month

It was a best-seller...a Reader's Digest classic...a Book of the Month. And now it's The Picture Of The Year.

It's W. L. White's "They Were Expendable"—carved out of some of the most dramatic events of all time.

This is M-G-M's heart-stinging story of some of the most heroic headlines of recent years.

The story of "Brick", who loved a boat; of "Rusty", who loved a girl.

Robert Montgomery (back on the screen after his war-years with Uncle Sam's Navy) is magnificent as "Brick", who'd rather command a PT-boat than a battleship. The part's a natural for the star who was skipper on a PT-Boat when they were shooting for keeps.

John Wayne is "Rusty", who scoffs at the "sea-going mousetraps". But that was before the fighting started!

There's a tremendous thrill in watching those suicidal "sea-scooters" in action. The thrill of battle, of terrible peril. And a surge of pride that will quicken the beat of your heart.

There's a thrill, too, in the romance between the hard-bitten PT-boat Commander and the Army nurse. Lovely Donna Reed makes a perfect "Sandy", danged angel of mercy, who tends wounds and steals hearts.

There's a gripping sense of realism in "They Were Expendable"—evidence of the directorial deftness of Captain John Ford, U.S.N., the expert screen play of Comdr. Frank Ward, U.S.N. (Ret.), the excellence of the action photography, Clif Reid is associate producer.

Jack Holt, Ward Bond and a consummate cast back up the stars with stellar performances.

The screen can offer no greater thrill than this story of gallant men and women who never expected to return. "They Were Expendable."

We salute them. — Leo

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**EDITORIAL PAGE**

COVER: Shirley Temple in Columbia's "Kiss and Tell." Cover and color portraits of Bob Mitchum, Turhan Bey and Dane Clark by Willinger.

Albert P. Delacorte, Executive Editor

Henry P. Malagreen, Editor

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Robert Montgomery (don't you feel like shaking his hand and saying: "Welcome home, Bob!") plays "Brick," in love with thirty fighting tons of wood and steel, a PT boat. John Wayne is "Rusty," afraid of only one thing in the world, losing Sandy. Lovely Donna Reed is Sandy, the nurse who heals heroes' wounds, and steals their hearts.

Here's the exciting picturization of the terrific best-seller that has taken America by storm, "They Were Expendable." Acclaimed by the reading public as a Reader's Digest thriller, then as a Book-of-the-Month...and now as an M-G-M film destined to be called the Picture of the Year. Here's roaring action...suspense with a wallop...flaming romance as real as flesh and blood can make it. The screen can offer no greater thrill than "They Were Expendable."

M-G-M presents

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

starring

ROBERT MONTGOMERY • JOHN WAYNE

WITH DONNA REED • JACK HOLT • WARD BOND

A JOHN FORD PRODUCTION • BASED ON THE BOOK BY WILLIAM L. WHITE
Screen Play by FRANK WEAD, COMDR. U.S.N. (RET.) • Associate Producer CLIFF REID
DIRECTED BY JOHN FORD, CAPTAIN, U.S.N.R.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Out of the smoke and death, the mud and boredom of war, has come a truly great picture. Without being either documentary or overly dramatic, it shows you the way things were. The way they mustn’t ever be again. It takes a platoon landing on the beach at Salerno, and follows it from that landing at dawn to noon of the same day. Dawn until noon. Not a long time, is it? Just long enough for a little walk in the sun. A little walk in sunny Italy. Dana Andrews and Richard Conte have the principal roles, and play them with unfaltering conviction. The rest of the cast, equally effective, includes Sterling Holloway, John Ireland, and George Tyne.

Sunny Italy! In the dawn, viewed from a landing barge, the black, threatening beach ahead doesn’t look much like the guide book’s descriptions. The men are jumpy. And scared. The lieutenant who was to have been in charge of the operation has just had the side of his head blown off. That leaves Sergeant Porter in command, and the men aren’t happy about it. Porter has been in lots of battles. Too many. He’s going to crack, and they know it. Sergeant Tyne (Dana Andrews) is worried. Rivera (Richard Conte) isn’t worried at all. Rivera has his machine gun—and a theory that nobody ever dies. He’s sticking to them.

So they land, and somehow they get across the beach and into the woods. Not all of them, of course. A plane strafes them, and eliminates some more. They have to leave the wounded where they fall. There isn’t time for anything else. The platoon must get on toward its objective—a bridge near the farmhouse on the hill. All they have to (Continued on page 13
The Musical!
THAT'S ALL DOLLED UP...
GOING PLACES...
And doing WONDERFUL THINGS!

Doll Face

* VIVIAN BLAINE
* DENNIS O'KEEFE
* PERRY COMO
* CARMEN MIRANDA

Martha Michael Reed
STEWART-DUNNE-HADLEY

PRODUCED BY
BRYAN FOY
DIRECTED BY
LEWIS SEILER

SCREEN PLAY BY LEONARD PRASKINS
ADAPTATION BY HAROLD BUCHMAN
FROM A PLAY BY LOUISE HOVICK
DANCES STAGED BY KENNY WILLIAMS

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Songs: "Dig You Later" (THE HUBBA-HUBBA SONG) • "Somebody's Walkin' in My Dreams" • "Here Comes Heaven Again" • "Chico-Chico" • by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson
Well, the New Year's smack in our laps, and if you've been promising yourself to fill in on your record collections, I'm the boy who'd like to make a few suggestions. Like always. But just in case the holiday season hit you hard and you bought this copy of MODERN SCREEN with your last fifteen cents, and you're sitting there looking mournful—cut it out. Because you can probably scrape together enough for the two "Records of the Month," and they'll keep you happy until your finances stage a comeback. Here they are (the records, not the finances):

I suggest Frankie's "The House I Live In" on Columbia, for the best popular number, and Erroll-Garner playing "Somebody Loves Me" as the best hot jazz.

By the way, have you heard that splendid, scintillating RCA show? With the wonderful music, and sparkling conversation? Raymond Paige and his orchestra furnish the beat, while Deems Taylor and—yes, I admit it—Leonard Feather wrangle politely. It's a sort of jazz-versus-classics setup, and Mr. Taylor gives his all for Bach, Beethoven—the old boys—while I speak up for my own true love. Jazz, naturally. The show's at four-thirty Eastern time, over the NBC network. Maybe you'd get a kick out of it, and I'd like to hear your opinions, if you'd care to send 'em on.

Now, to work. As usual, the records are arranged with popular selections first, hot jazz next, and albums at the end. Have fun.

**BEST POPULAR**

CHICKORY CHICK—Gene Krupa (Columbia), George Olsen (Majestic), Sammy Kaye (Victor)—I'm not too wild about this tune, so why am I listing it? Because Gene Krupa's arrangement, strangely enough, is good. And because it features Anita O'Day. Anita's such a terrific singer she manages to make something of it, but it's a shame they have to drag her down like that. And speaking of Anita, her husband, Carl Hoff, used to be a professional golfer before he went into the army. When he got out of the army, his problem was this. Mr. Anthony. Anita and the Krupa band did not do their stints at golf courses. He, Carl, on the other hand, could not follow them around with a golf course under his arm. There was no way that he could see to keep Anita from being a golf widow, except (Continued on page 10)
Kitty winked an eye from behind her fan,
Smiled just once, and caught a million dollar man!
She took all his dough, 'cause she had a way of knowing
That he couldn't take it with him where he was going!

Kitty and the duke were a handsome pair
Soon they were married—with a son and heir.
But kitty had her eyes on his bank account,
And she got what she wanted, thanks to Paramount!

Kitty as a duchess was a sight to behold.
No man could resist her in satin and gold.
She started holding hands with a conquering hero,
But at the end of the game his score was zero!

Kitty was really waiting for a certain guy,
The conniving gent who put that gleam in her eye.
She drew a circle that took him in
Because Kitty was a woman with a will to win!

From rags to ermine Kitty made no stop.
On a ladder of husbands she climbed to the top.
(Continued from page 8) maybe if he gave up golf, Carl Hoff is now Gene Krupa's press agent.

COME TO BABY, DO—Duke Ellington (Victor), Georgie Auld (Mustard)—This Georgie Auld version of "Come to Baby" features an excellent new singer named Lynn Stevens. Funny thing about Georgie—he once played tenor sax with Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman, but now his band is more important in jazz than either of theirs. At the moment, Artie Shaw hasn't even got a band. He's just broken it up. Since nobody ever knows why the unpredictable Artie does any of the things he does, your guess is as good as the next guy's. He recently married beautiful Ava Gardner, and after all, who'd want to look at a bunch of musicians all day, with a girl like that around! But to get back to Georgie Auld, the other side of "Come to Baby" is called "Just a Sittin' and a Rockin'!" It's a four year old Duke Ellington—Billy Strayhorn number 8, on which lyrics have just been added, and it's being made into a popular song.

I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU—Andy Russell (Capitol), and Harry James (Columbia)—The James version features a new singer, Ruth Haag. Kitty Kallen's left the band to become a singer, and Anita Baker is Harry's new, regular vocalist. (Whoops! Hold on a minute. I just got some very secret information, and don't you breathe a word to a soul—but the vocalist on "Ruth Haag, I just got finished naming up there is really Betty Grable! Haag is Harry's middle name, and Ruth belongs to Betty, and isn't that a fine, fat scoop?)

MY GUY'S COME BACK—Thelma Carpenter (Majestic), Benny Goodman (Columbia)—Written by Mel Powell and Ray McKinley, two members of the former Glen Miller A.A.F. band, this record has a vocal by Thelma Carpenter, who used to sing with Teddy Wilson and Count Basie. She's now Eddie Cantor's new radio star.

At the first public appearance over here of the Glen Miller Air Force Band—at the National Press Club dinner in Washington—before President Truman, Clement Attlee, etc., when Cantor introduced the band, everybody, including the President, spontaneously stood up. It's supposed to be the second time in memory that a president has risen on a public occasion. General Eisenhower and General Hap Arnold praised the band's work, said it had accomplished fine things.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)—An awful lot of people believe that this number was specifically written for Frankie, which it was not. He simply thought it was a good thing, and took it up. Josh White, who inspired him to try it made the original recording about a year ago, in an Asc album. You'll probably be hearing lots of it, due to Frank's having used it in his short movie on tolerance, as title and theme both. There's a cute story going around about Frankie and his softball team whose sweaters sport the legend: "How many times have you seen Anchors Aweigh?" And the rival who showed up one time with letters across his chest demanding, "How many times have you slept through Anchors Aweigh?"

BEST HOT JAZZ

GET HAPPY—Red Callender (Sunset)—This is by the Red Callender Six—six guys from various bands on the West Coast who got together on this record date. You'll hear some wonderful piano work from Arnold Ross (of Harry James' band) and the "Paul Leslie" listed on the label is really Les Paul, guitarist. He's under contract to Decca, and records with Crosby, and his own trio. Quite a big man.

I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU—Savannah Churchill—Al Killian (Manor)—Savannah Churchill's a singer who's been around a long time. You've probably heard her, one place or another. Well, when she was booked into the Zanzibar, recently, she decided to take a new lease on life, and she changed her name to Gloria Shelton, as Savannah said, "It's a bad year for Churchill's." She was billed as Gloria Shelton, and introduced as Gloria Shelton. And then it began. Time after time, people would come into the club, and one would say happily, "Why, there's Savannah

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

CHICKERY CHICK—Gene Krupa (Columbia), George Olsen (Majestic), Sammy Kaye (Victor)

COMING TO BABY, DO—Duke Ellington (Victor), Georgie Auld (Mustard)

HERE COMES HEAVEN AGAIN—Perry Como (Capitol)

JACK CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU—Andy Russell (Capitol), Harry James (Columbia)

JUST A LITTLE FOND AFLECTION—Gene Krupa (Columbia), Kate Smith (Columbia), Louis Prima (Majestic)

MY GUY'S COME BACK—Thelma Carpenter (Majestic), Benny Goodman (Columbia)

NIGHT DO—King Sisters (Victor), Xavier Cugat (Columbia)

THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU—Martha Tilson (Capitol), Les Brown (Columbia)

THE NEXT TIME I CARE—Shep Fields (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

RED CALLENDER—Get Happy (Sunset)

MAYLON CLARK—I'm a Dreamer (Jewel)

SAVANNAH CHURCHILL—Al Killian (Manor)

ERROLL GARNER—Laura (Savoy)

JOHNNY GUARNIERI—Honeysuckle Rose (Continental)

HELEN HUMES—Be-Baba-Luba (Phil)

CHARLIE SHAWERS—My Man (Keynote)

KAY STARR—Should I (Jewel)

TEDDY WILSON—Blues Too (Musicraft)

BEST ALBUMS

JUDY GARLAND—Kenny Baker—Virginia O'Brien—The Harvey Girls (Decca)

EUGENE GOOSSENS—Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra (Victor)

HISTORY OF JAZZ, Vol. Ill—Then Came Swing (Capitol)

HISTORY OF JAZZ, Vol. IV—This Modern Age (Capitol)

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMIC—All Star Jam Session (Musicraft)

OSCAR LEVANT—Popular Moderns (Piano Solos) (Columbia)

JAMES MELTON—Operatic Arias (Victor)

MARGARET O'BRIEN—Stories For Children (Columbia)

TEX RITTER—Songs & Stories (Capitol)

AL SMITH—Memorial Album (Majestic)
Once Again an exciting entertainment achievement from Warners!

"YOUR GUNS GET YOU TO SAN ANTON'
- FROM THERE ON YOU TRUST TO LUCK!"

They poured lead into the prairie badlands and built the city the devil once called home!

SAN ANTONIO IN TECHNICOLOR

Errol Flynn · Alexis Smith

With S. Z. Sakall · Victor Francen · John Litel
Directed by David Butler · Produced by Robert Buckner

Original Screen Play by Alan Lemat and W. R. Burnett · Music by Max Steiner

"A woman's as good as her reputation... and a man is as good as his aim!"

She sings "One Sunday Morning" the nation's song delight!
Churchill," and another would contradict him. "No, that's Gloria Sheldon," but it certainly sounded like Savannah Churchill, and it sounded like Savannah Churchill, and after a while, Savannah herself got so sick and tired of the whole business that she called it off. She's once again Savannah Churchill, and feeling no pain.

LAURA—Erroll Garner (Savoy)—This is the other side of that best jazz record of the month, the one I recommended in the introduction. Really, this Garner's terrific. He's the young Pittsburgh discovery Diana Lynn raved about—doesn't read a note—but he has an amazingly creative mind, and there's a lot of classical influence in his work. Though he plays hot like mad, this "Laura" side isn't really hot at all. It's just beautiful music, and the prettiest version of "Laura" I've heard.

HONEYSUCKLE ROSE—Johnny Guarnieri (Continental)—Johnny Guarnieri's a pianist, but this record also marks his debut as a vocalist. Crazier thing about it is that he sings and plays "Honeysuckle Rose" exactly like Fats Waller. Several years ago, he made a private record for me, during the same thing, and I played it for Fats one night, up in my apartment. Fats had had a few drinks—and he thought it was himself! Also on this Guarnieri job are Red Norvo and Slam Stewart.

YOU BROUGHT A NEW KIND OF LOVE TO ME—Jonah Jones (Commodore)—The label reads: "Jonah Jones and his orchestra," though actually eight of the nine men on this were from Cab Calloway's band—including Jonah himself. The record features Hilton Jefferson, the very fine alto sax man. The other side is "Hubba Hubba Hub," not the same tune Perry Como recorded, however. There's been several numbers with similar names.

BEST ALBUMS

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC—All-Star Session (Asch)—This is the first time a real jam session has been recorded. Or part of a session, at least. It took place at the Philharmonic Auditorium, in Los Angeles, under the direction of a young jazz fan named Norman Granz, and the men themselves never even knew the records were being made. So you hear it all, the spontaneous, unrehearsed playing, even the occasional mistakes, the comments of the men while one works out something especially sensational, and the audience, clapping, coughing, yelling their applause. The album has six twelve-inch sides, but because tunes always run so long in these sessions, there are only two numbers in the whole album. They're "How High the Moon" and "Lady Be Good," each on three sides. Some of the soloists are: Willie Smith, alto sax; Illinois Jacquet, tenor sax; Charles Ventura, tenor sax; Joe Guy, trumpet; Garland Finney, piano; Ulysses Livingston, guitar; Red Callender, bass. Gene Krupa was on drums, but he's under contract to Columbia, so he's not listed on the label.

AL SMITH MEMORIAL ALBUM—(Majestic)—Recorded shortly after Jimmy Walker became president of Majestic Records, this tribute to a famous New York bandleader includes, naturally, "Sidewalks of New York" —the tune which somehow became synonymous with Al Smith. Here also are, "Give My Regards to Broadway," "My Gal Sall," and "Porgy." If you're not a New Yorker, ready to shed a sentimental tear over the old songs, you'll still enjoy the album. There are solos by Danny O'Neill, Kay Armen, and the five DeMarco sisters from the Fred Allen Show.

HISTORY OF JAZZ—Vol. III: Then Came Swing. Vol. IV: This Modern Age (Capitol). Here are the final two volumes of Capitol's four-part history of jazz. Trying to tell the history of jazz on twenty records seems to me to be as simple as writing the whole of "Gone With The Wind" on the head of a pin. All these records were made in the last couple of years, and most of them sound like it, but if you want to treat the results as just plain wonderful music and not worry your head about whether they match the right chapters in your history books, then okay, you'll find plenty of kicks.

Biggest one, for me, is the singing of Kay Starr on "If I Could Be With You" with an all-star colored band in Vol. II, including King Cole, Benny Carter, John Kirby and Coleman Hawkins.

Dave Dexter, in the leaflet with this volume, says that, in the 1930's, "most of the large bands failed to produce the rich, exciting jazz that the small bands offered. That's a matter of opinion on which Dave may be right, but me, I think of the 1930's as the days when Benny Goodman's big band started the swing era and Bob Crosby's big band revived Dixieland and Country Basie's big band started the jump craze in other words, big bands made plenty of big strides! Of course, there have always been plenty of big and small bands making good music in every period, and I guess you would be that way too—but personally I'd rather listen!

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

"You pick them for their taste, don't 'cha?"
do is blow up that bridge. Sure, that’s all. But maybe they’ll meet some tanks on the way. And certainly the farmhouse will be full of “krauts,” who will see them coming. There must be a way to do it, if they could only figure it out. There ought to be a simple way, an easy way.

There’s a way, but it isn’t simple, and it isn’t easy. Even though it’s just a little walk in the sun.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Responsibility for the most authentic GI dialogue to yet come out of Hollywood belongs to Harry Brown who authored the original book. An enlisted man in the Army, Brown had access to soldier mail, thus building up a first-hand knowledge of war’s lingo. Of the approximately thirty men who took part in the picture, more than one-fourth of them had been in the service. Director Lewis Milestone gambled with the picture, hoping that its great realism will make up with the box-office for the fact that all members of the cast, with the exception of Dana Andrews and Sterling Holloway, are unknowns—plus the fact that it is an all-male cast.

THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE

John (Robert Walker) and Mary (June Allyson) meet, fall in love, and get married all on one weekend. It’s all very wonderful until it occurs to them that they haven’t done anything about sleeping quarters. John has a dingy room in a third rate hotel, not at all the kind of place to take a beautiful, shining bride like Mary. And Mary lives in a girls’ club. They think it over, on the way back from the justice of the peace in New Jersey. They’re pretty romantic, both of them, and they want their marriage to start out just right. So they decide to forget, for the moment, that they are married. They’ll wait until next weekend when John will get another leave, and by then Mary will have found an apartment, and everything will be cozy and sweet and fun.

That’s what they think. Evidently they haven’t heard about the apartment shortage. Mary leaves her job, and spends the week hunting for a place. She finally rents a little apartment on the fifth floor of a remodeled building. At least, the owners claim it’s been remodeled. Presumably from a Neanderthal cave. When John arrives at the apartment, he’s in civies—the Navy has given him a medical discharge. Somehow nothing seems the way it was before. Especially after Mary invites her former boss (Hume Cronyn) to dinner, along with a bewitching blonde babe from down the hall. John ends up by sleeping on the couch every night, and it begins to look as if the sailor has taken a wife in name only. Still, you know the Navy!—M-G-M.

P. S.

After two years of wearing Army or Navy uniforms, and appearing in a bellhop’s regimentals in his last picture, Bob Walker finally has a role that allows him to don civilian clothes and act in comfort.

...The set was a continual round of merriment, due for the most part to the slap-happy antics between June Allyson and Director Richard Whorf. ...Her first straight comedy, Junie enjoyed the role immensely, and had even more fun making the picture than its audiences will have laughing at it. ...Bob Walker was out of the

You’re so cute. So curvaceous. And you could be so alluring in a sweater. If only it didn’t trick you into trapping underarm odor!

Warm winter clothes increase your chances of offending. For even in freezing weather, there’s a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture and cling to those close-fitting wools.

Winter or summer, your bath washes away past perspiration, but it can’t protect you against underarm odor to come. Smart girls count on Mum for that.

So take half a minute for Mum. Clinch your bath-freshness for the day or evening. Keep yourself nice to be near.

Gentle, velvet-smooth Mum won’t irritate skin or harm fabrics. It’s safe, sure—can be used before or after dressing. And Mum won’t dry out in the jar.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.

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Oh, the magic of it! He holds your hand... satin-soft, satin-smooth to his touch... and your heart hears the words that mean forever. Ah, yes, hands like these for you... with Hinds.

Soft Hands in 30 seconds
IN A NATION-WIDE TEST, NEW LANOLIN-ENRICHED HINDS GAVE A FEELING OF SMOOTHNESS TO ROUGH HANDS IN 95% OF CASES

Hundreds of women everywhere have been praising the new Hinds. "My hands do housework aplenty—and showed it until I tried the new lanolin-enriched Hinds. Why, 30 seconds after I rubbed it in—my hands felt smooth and soft as silk. That new Hinds is for me!"

That's what Miss Elizabeth M. Connolly, 400 Main Street, Fort Lee, New Jersey, said. "Fast worker... the new Hinds. Smooth results in an instant. And no sticky after-effects," said Mrs. Harry T. Batten, of 136 Seventh Avenue, N.E., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Make this sensational 30-second test yourself—
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!
Please accept with our compliments a generous trial bottle of the new lanolin-enriched Hinds along with your purchase of the regular 50c size. Make the test on your own hands. If you aren't 100% satisfied, return the large bottle and get YOUR MONEY BACK! That's how sure we are that you'll say the new Hinds is the grandest lotion you've ever used!

Lohengrin in the Air
When the company was swimming between scenes near Flagstaff, Arizona, Cornel Wilde unaccountably proved himself a hero. When Gene Tierney screamed at the sight of a nearby snake, Cornel picked it up and tossed it aside. "Just a water-snake," he told her, and nearly swooned when he learned it had been a water-moccasian. . . . But Cornel and Gene went into the picture with little or no rest. Gene had three days after finishing "Dragonwyck," and Cornel finished a previous film at six in the evening, had a haircut and at ten was on his way to Bass Lake in the High Sierras. . . . Required to faint for a scene, Jeanne Crain had to learn the technique, never having had the experience in real life. One week later, in 121 degrees in Arizona, she keeled over with the greatest of ease. . . . Vincent Price tackled the longest dialogue in his career when he memorized eighteen pages of script, delivering a six minute scene in the morning and a seven minute scene after lunch. He got through it without a muffin.

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN
It takes courage for a girl as popular at the box-office as Gene Tierney to risk that popularity in an unsympathetic role. Ellen, in "Leave Her To Heaven," is a psychopathically jealous woman, who stops at nothing, even murder, to get her way. Handsome Cornel Wilde plays the hero, and Jeanne Crain is sweet and appealing as Ellen's adopted sister. The whole cast is way above average, with Vincent Price, Mary Phillips and Darryl Hickman in its number. Technicolour adds richness to the scenes of mountain and forest.

Ellen Berent (Gene Tierney) is the kind of girl that makes psychiatrists rich and happy. She has had a definite "father fixation" since childhood. Now that her father is dead, she falls madly in love with Richard Harland (Cornel Wilde) who resembles him in many ways. They are fellow guests at a western ranch. Ellen's mother and adopted sister, Ruth (Jeanne Crain) are also in the party. Richard is attracted to Ellen, but he doesn't approve of her overpowering desire to win in every game and to be the constant center of attention. He is aware, too, that Ellen is engaged to a lawyer back East.

Ellen, however, has no intention of letting Richard get away. She breaks her engagement, and goes after him with a combination of subtlety and passion which eventually achieves its object. They marry, and go to Warm Spring for their honey-moon. There Richard's young brother, Danny (Darryl Hickman) is slowly recovering from infantile paralysis. Richard is delighted with Ellen's apparent devotion to the boy. He has no idea, yet, of the depths of her jealousy.

There are obstacles in the way of her complete possession of Richard. Danny, for one. Her quiet "sister," Ruth, for whom he develops an obvious affection, for another. Even his writing which makes them a living, interferes with her desire to be the center of his existence. So—Ellen takes steps, hideous, unbelievable steps, to eliminate these things. The result is a tense and terrifying story of the lengths to which jealousy can lead a woman.—20th-Fox.
... Darryl Hickman was so realistic in his drowning scene that Director John Stahl stopped the cameras and sent a lifeguard for the boy. Darryl popped up a minute later, asked if the scene was okay.

WHAT NEXT, CORPORAL HARGROVE?

Private Hargrove keeps his effervescent charm and his infinite capacity for getting into jams, even when he gets to France and becomes a corporal. Not that he is ever a corporal for long. Those stripes go on and off again like a neon sign. In France, Hargrove is still the epitome of the sad sack, and—since he is again played by Bob Walker—still completely appealing. Keenan Wynn, as Mulvehill, furnishes expert comedy to back him up, and Chilli Wills is again the tough-sergeant-with-heart-of-gold.

Corporal Hargrove (Bob Walker) is not the type you'd expect to get involved with a French girl. Even as cute and obviously alluring a one as Jeanne (Jean Porter). That he does get involved is her due partly to the French temperament, partly to the Army, and partly to the machinations of Mulvehill (Keenan Wynn). It happens this way. Corporal Hargrove and a truckload of men are separated, through the Corporal's inability to stick to orders, from the rest of their section. They've been told to head for Mardennes and when they get lost for awhile, they eventually go on to that village. In the meantime, the rest of the Army has decided to by-pass Mardennes. So Hargrove and Mulvehill and the rest arrive alone in all their glory. They are greeted with open arms and equally open bottles of wine. To Mardennes, and especially to the Mayor's pretty daughter, Jeanne, they are the Army. Of course eventually they are returned to their irate sergeant, Corporal Hargrove becomes Private Hargrove, and he and Mulvehill are assigned to digging garbage pits.

But the liaison officers who then take over Mardennes find the Mayor curiously uncooperative. He is unimpressed by majors, and talks wistfully of a fine corporal named Hargrove. At last, Hargrove and Mulvehill are sent for to do liaison work and their diplomatic efforts are really something!—M.G.M.

P. S.

Marion Hargrove had nothing to do with the script of the sequel to "See Here, Private Hargrove," yet M.G.M. paid him a fat sum merely for the use of his name. . . Keeping one step ahead of the studio, Hargrove was promoted to the rank of a corporal while Metro was making "Private Hargrove," then during the filming of "Corporal Hargrove," was made a sergeant. . . Director Richard Thorpe traveled to free training camps throughout the country looking for location spots, finally decided on Camp Pendleton, field artillery training center eighty miles south of Hollywood. All combat groups were filmed there. While on location, Bob Walker visited the nearby San Diego Army and Navy Academy, and made a speech to several hundred teen-age students. In his younger days, Bob was enrolled as a member of the Academy for three years. . . Studio received a letter from a group of GIs overseas, protesting the low rank bestowed on Bob in his films. "The guy's always a private or a corporal," they wrote. "It's time he got sergeant's stripes." With the war over, it's unlikely that they'll get their wish. . . Since his motorcycle accident, Keenan Wynn's been intent on building himself up. He kept a set of bar-bells in his dressing room, amused the company with his callisthenics between scenes. . . Jean Porter,

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pint-sized and sole feminine member of the cast, reported for work to find herself surrounded by scores of rough looking soldiers. The next day she arrived in costume, plus a catcher's mask, chest protector and shin guards. . . Most spectacular event during filming of the movie was an unexpected rope scene. A cow used for the picture went berserk, charged through the studio gates and ran a mile down the boulevard before it was finally caught by an SPCA officer.

SHADOW OF A WOMAN

It's hard to be sinister and charming at the same time, but Helmut Dantine is the lad who can do it. As Dr. Eric Rogers, who marries lovely Brook Gifford (Andrea King) for purposes of his own, he is the most attractive villain imaginable. He meets Brook for the first time, gives her the rush of all time, and in a week they are married. Three days after the wedding, they are sitting placidly on the bench. A huge boulder crashes from the cliff above them, and only Brook's warning scream saves Eric's life. Brook is sure she saw someone on the cliff just before the boulder came over, but Eric laughs it off. Who would want to kill him? Brook finds out the answer to that, soon.

When they get back to the hotel, Eric glimpses a man that Brook obviously knows. He tells Brook to pack to pack at once—he has decided that his own hunting cabin will be a much more romantic spot for their honeymoon. When they reach the cabin, she is disturbed to find definite evidence of a previous female visitor. "Oh," Eric explains easily, "that was my first wife." He also admits he has a five year old son. Brook is upset. Why hadn't he mentioned all this before?

That night another attempt is made to murder Eric. They leave the cabin and go back to his home in the city, but there, too, murder stalks them angrily. Brook finds that her husband is not really a doctor. He has a peculiar system of dieting which he claims will cure practically any ailment, but it seems to have had fatal results in several cases. Brook tries to help his little son, who is not well, and incurs Eric's wrath for her interference.

Her marriage was a mistake—she can see that now, yet loyalty holds her to her husband. A (McKell-Parrish Prince), tries to warn her of danger, but she stubbornly refuses to listen. That refusal almost costs Brook her life.—War.

P. S.

The plot pulled a switch for Helmut Dantine and Andrea King. In their last picture together, Dantine played a sympathetic role and disposed of the villainous Andrea by shooting her. In "Shadow of a Woman," Dantine is about as nasty as they come, while the innocent Andrea spends ninety minutes trying to get out of his clutches. While making a suspended picture, Andrea had some suspense of her own. Expecting her husband to arrive any day from the Pacific zone, Andrea was jumpy as a Mexican bean, interpreting every phone call coming into the set as THE phone call. Arriving home late one night, she ran to embrace a Navy officer standing on her front porch. He turned out to be a stranger looking for directions to a neighboring house. . . . Portraying a quack doctor, Dantine was coached on the procedure in hypnotism, and after working over a patient for a scene, was hurried to find that she was in a coma that lasted for five minutes. Not until the actor was on the verge of a breakdown did Director Joe Santley admit that the whole thing was a gag.

DON'T FENCE ME IN

Once upon a time there was a famous outlaw named Wildcat Kelly. He lived a tough life, and—apparently—died with his boots on. For twenty years after that, he was only a name in Wild West legends. Then a dying man in New York whispers that Kelly isn't dead at all, that another man lies in his grave. The editor of a national picture magazine sends his ace photographer out west to investigate.

The photographer happens to be a girl, Toni Ames (Dale Evans). Toni doesn't think much of her new assignment, especially after she talks to some of the local characters in the town where Wildcat's grave is. They're all sure he's deader than the proverbial doornail. Then an old man, Gabby Whitaker (Gabby Hayes) tells her he was Wildcat's best friend. Toni follows him out to the R Bar R ranch where he works, and discovers that he himself is Wildcat. The ranch owner, Roy Rogers, doesn't like the idea of a gal photographer prying around. He knows Gabby's past and he wants it left in the past. But Toni is determined. She gets the pictures she wants and sends the story to New York. It appears in the next issue of the magazine, and hell starts popping immediately.

Bennett, owner of a gambling resort near the ranch, sends one of his gunmen to dispose of Wildcat. Because when Wildcat "died" before, Bennett collected fifty thousand dollars as a reward. They might want it back. The gunman's aim is lousy, and Gabby gets off with a flesh wound. But Roy sends out an announcement that he'll buy the place. So Wildcat Kelly has a second phony funeral, and Toni stands by with her camera concealed in some calla lilies, to take pictures. She photographs a woman who exhibits an undue interest in the 'corpses,' and this trail leads straight to Bennett. Roy and Toni stop their own personal argument long enough to do some sleuthing, with excellent results.—Rep.

P. S.

This movie includes not only some of the best familiar western songs, such as "My Little Blanket," "The Last Roundup" and "Along the Navajo Trail," but throws in two sure-fire hits, namely "Choo Choo Polka" and "A Kiss Goodnight." . . . In Dale Evans' eleventh starring role with Rogers, she completely out-acted the cowboy in on scene. According to the script, Roy was to have said several for Gabb Hayes in order to trick a criminal into confession. Director John English told Dal Evans that she was supposed to believe the Gabby had died, but neglected to inform Rogers on this point. Roy went through a long bit of dialogue at Gabby's bedside, then, as the camera panned with him unpacked to the door to admit Dale. To heroine stood there, choking back sobs, tears streaming down her face, "Great gun Dale," yelled the cowboy, "what's wrong.

TARS AND SPARS

Hollywood has a new dream man. His name is Alfred Drake, and he played to lead in the famous "Oklahoma." Now he's making his cinema bow in the Coast Guard musical "Tars and Spars." It's tough to have your girl think you're a lawyer. Howie You (Alfred Drake) is not to blame when I find myself in this predicament. It is, his pal, Chuck (Sid Caesar) who to prove his worth final (Blair) that Howie had spent twenty-one days on a life ra in the Pacific. The statement was literal true. The raft, however, was at the Co
The story that could not be told!

Hollywood called this story “impossible to produce.” Such mounting suspense...such daring emotional power...such difficult starring roles. Yet, here it is, in all its flawless fascination!
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Guard station in the harbor, and Howe spent those days on it as an experiment in the cause of science. He ate nothing except a new kind of chewing gum, guaranteed to preserve life, but not to make it worth living! When Chris hears the facts, he finds them a distinct anti-climax.

Howie gets back into her good graces by making a recording of a love ballad that he called "I'm Glad I Waited For You." His dreamy voice persuades her to forgive him, and everything is just ducky. When Howe gets his orders to ship out, Chris is left to brave at their dramatic parting. They both promise to write every day. Howe reports to the ship—and is sent to Catalina Island, twenty miles away! After his previous experience with disillusioning Chris, he just plain doesn't dare tell her he's only gone to Catalina. So he doesn't write.

Meanwhile, at the base, they are rehearsing for a big show. The lieutenant in charge hears Chris playing the recording that Howe made for her. "That guy can sing," he remarks. "I'd like to have him in the show." "Me, too," says Chris wistfully, "but Howard Young shipped out a month ago." The name sounds vaguely familiar to the lieutenant, who goes back to the office and looks it up. There's a phone call to Catalina. The rest is mostly music, and very nice music, too.—Col.

P. S.

Filmed during the cigarette advertisement, "Tara and Spurs" was the most popular set on the Columbia lot. Each Coast Guard member of the cast received a weekly allotment of a carton of cigarettes, at which time they were mobbed by eager fans at the entrance to the studio. . . . Victor Mature, overseas in the actual fighting, was originally set to play the lead role, but refused on the ground that it was too late for him to be making movies. . . . Both Alfred Drake, the eventual male lead, and Marc Platt, dancer, were members of the original "Oklahoma!" stage show. . . . Two weeks before the Coast Guard Patrol Base at Wilmington, Calif., filming the training and camp shots. . . . A percentage of the profit to make funds for the Coast Guard Relief Fund. . . . Songs written by Sammy Cahn and Julie Stein will be certain hits, among them "Love is a Merry-go-round, and I'm Glad I Waited for You," sung by Alfred Drake. "I Love Eggs," the most entertaining ditty of the show, is sung by Bud Caesar, S.I.C., who received his discharge from the service the same day the picture finished shooting. The originator of his own routines, Caesar, whose style is much like Danny Kaye's, is set for success in a movie career. . . . Janet Blair's long hair was cut for the first time in years for her role as a Spar . . . The carnival set was rented in its entirety from a carnival company. Two weeks before the film was finished, the merry-go-round was on its last wheels, having submitted to hours of extra-curricular fun for the cast and crew.

ON THE CARPET

The roll-em-in-the-aisle boys are with us again. Abbott and Costello's latest opus has more than the usual quota of laughs, with Costello playing the yokel boy who makes good. The plot centers on a mind-reading vacuum cleaner salesman, which is a neat twist in itself. Benny (Lou Costello) isn't a salesman at the beginning. He's taking a correspondence course in selling. Comes the day when the final lesson arrives, and with it his diploma. Benny says goodbye to Mom, gives a quick kiss to his girl friend, Martha (Elena Verdugo), and goes off to the big city to make his fortune. (Continued on page 20)

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
by Beverly Linet

Hi, gang!
Well, here's another New Year, and one that's bringing slams of our past favorites back to the screen. Even more important, it brings to our attention young vets whose screen careers were interrupted by the wonderful work they did in the service. They are the stars of the day-after-tomorrow, so here's four for your inspection:

In "Mildred Pierce" you discovered in "Ted Kennedy," the youngster, JOHN COMPTON, who was born in Lynchburg, Tenn., on June 21, 1923. He's 6 feet tall, weighs 183 pounds and has brown eyes and hair and is unmarried. Currently in "Too Young to Go" he can be reached as Warners'. Jordan Mayo, 133 S. 49th St., Philadelphia, Pa., has his club.

Also from the Air Forces comes 23-year-old REEFE BRASSEL, who scored as "Johnny" in "River Song" and "Blinken" in "Action Report." He's at Universal and is 6'11", 165 lbs., with black hair and blue eyes. Anyone seeing "Kiss and Tell" can't help fearing Frisco-born SCOTT ELLIOTT (birthday Aug. 24, 1921), better known as Temple's brother "Lenny" in the film. He couldn't be missed, with his blonde hair and green eyes, and 6'2" of cuteness. Write him at Box 31, Beverly Hills, Calif. His next gig is looking for "Wagon Wavey.

And last, but not least, there's 23-year-old BOB TURNER, who was under contract to 20th-Fox, and in store for the lead in "Johnny, Doughboy" when he was whisked away to the U.S. Navy. Imagine a combination of Madison, McCallister and Lawford in person, with Bob. It would give a future as bright as the aforementioned. He's with Mary Martin in "Lute Song," and you can write him at William Morris Agency, 1370 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y.

It's up to you to plug them with your letters and interest. Ready? Willing? Well, go!! And don't forget to send your letters on everything, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City 16, N.Y.

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Outlaw!
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in
The BANDIT of SHERWOOD FOREST

with
Anita
Jill
Edgar
LOUISE - ESMOND - BUCHANAN

Screenplay by Wilfrid Pettit and Melvin Levy

Directed by
GEORGE SHERMAN and HENRY LEVIN
Produced by
LEONARD S. FICKER and CLIFFORD SANFORTH
He has an Uncle Clarence who works for a vacuum cleaner company, and through his somewhat unwilling assistance, Benny gets a job there. Selling vacuum cleaners sounds easy. You just ring someone's doorbell, go in and demonstrate the cleaner, and come out with fifty-nine-fifty in your hip pocket. The difficulty Benny soon learns, is that you can't get in the door. People shut it in your face. When he finally does get into a very de luxe apartment, he gets the cleaner's attachments mixed up. He sprays snot all over the place, and comes out with a lawsuit on his hands. On top of that, he manages to get his demonstrating machine stenciled. The office manager, Morrison (Bud Abbott) fires him. Who wouldn't?

Uncle Clarence comes reluctantly to his aid again. He is pals with the firm's branch manager in a nearby town, and sends Benny there. "Don't tell them you've worked for the company before," he warns. Benny starts working again, and this time he's in a stately house. In the office play a gag on him, and convince him he is a mind reader. This gives him so much self-confidence that he sells nine hundred gizmos, nine vacuum cleaners in one day. That breaks the firm's record, and Benny is summoned back to the main office. By now, he is oozing self-confidence at everything. He hits a D above. He'll show up that jerk, Morrison! However, a luscious blonde confuses the issue, and for a while it looks as if Benny is out of luck. But you can't keep a good man down, not when he's a mind reader!—Univ.

**P. S.**

Studio employees pull in their ears when Abbott and Costello hit the lot to make a picture. Not one of them is safe when the two zanies start their marathon of practical jokes. Costello makes a habit of grabbing beneath commissary lunch tables and bestowing hotfooters on the occupants. Abbott holds long, involved conversations with people who simply aren't there, adding to the complete confusion of visiting firemen. The pair choose an utter stranger and inaudibly with a flood of questions about his family, his home and his personal life, then pass on as though there had spoken a word to him. . . During the filming of the picture, Brenda Joyce was so excited about her husband, expected to arrive any minute from the war zone, that she couldn't keep her mind on her work. In free hours, she toore around town looking for a new and very slinky negligee . . .

**MASQUERADE IN MEXICO**

Angel Reilly (Dorothy Lamour) is the kind of a girl things happen to. She came to Mexico City in the first place because she was to marry a guy named Boris. But she found out en route that Boris was a crook and had given her a stolen diamond ring into Mexico ring him. Instead, she drops it into the pocket of the passenger next to her, Tom Grant (Patrick Knowles), who is promptly arrested. Andoel decides that Boris plays rough, and she gives him the brush-off. Leaving herself broke and out of a job in a strange city.

Grant, who is rich and influential as well as charming, is released by the police. He decides that he has a use for the beautiful and—he thinks—unscrupulous girl who slipped that diamond in his pocket. Grant's wife is infatuated with a handsome bull-fighter, Manolo (Arturo De Cordova), and maybe Angel can distract Manolo's attention. Angel, disguised as the Condesa de Costa Mora, can, and does, to the complete fury of Mrs. Grant (Ann Dvorak). Mrs. G. has the disposition of a frustrated rattlesnake, and she really goes to work on Angel. Catty remarks are tossed back and forth with girlish abandon. Poor Manolo is in the middle, and he gets out, preferably in the direction of Angel, whom he considers a definite addition to Mexico City.

Who would show up at a party but Bridget O'Neil, the one-cynical eye on Angel and the other on Mrs. Grant's diamond necklace. He is, he explains blandly, the Conde de Costa Mora, and he so gallops on the plot. Just concentrate on Arturo De Cordova, who is enough to keep any girl contented.—**P. S.**

**DAKOTA**

John Wayne, sauntering reassuringly through this two-mugged, two-gun Western, almost

---

**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

After the Sinatra show we went back stage to get our dream-boy's autograph. But when we saw the huge crowd waiting ahead of us, we gave up in despair and decided to take a walk instead.

It was a windy day and I was wearing a cardigan, so of course you can guess what happened—It flew off my head and went sailing down the street. Before I knew what had happened, the hat had disappeared from my sight. I was about to continue my walk without it, when I suddenly heard a man's voice behind me.

"Pardon me, miss," the voice said, "but did you lose this hat?"

I turned around to see The Voice in person, holding my beanie in his hand! Yes, it actually was Frankie, and he had bothered to get my hat!

I was stunned at first, but I soon recovered my wits and murmured my thanks. My friends crowded around him at once, and we each got his autograph.

"I shall always be thankful for windy days!"

Marilyn Caca
Chelsea, Mass.
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by Ben Ames Williams

She stopped at nothing—not even murder—to hold the man she loved! Ellen Berent was so intensely jealous that she could not bear to share any praise or victory with the man she adored. When her enemies were at last all failed, there was—murder! "Will you hold me from start to finish with your spine crawling." —Boston Post. "Will hypnotize you until you have read the last page." —N. Y. Times. A national best-seller.

---

**LUSTY WIND FOR CAROLINA**
by inglis Fletcher

**A** rich, flamboyant adventure-romance that takes you back to the days of swashbuckling pirates, hot-blooded cavaliers, glamorous courtiers. You meet Anne Bonny, the celebrated woman pirate whose exotic beauty was matched only by her devilish cruelty; Gabrielle Fountaine, who braved her father's displeasure to find romance in the new world; David Moray, her soldier-lover; Steele Bonnet, "gentleman pirate," and other colorful characters in this thrilling action drama.

---

**THE PEACOCK Sheds His Tail**
by Alice Tisdale Hobart

When Jim Buchanan, Young American diplomat, steps into the narrow orbit of the Navarro family of Mexico, tradition is smashed. Conchita, idol of the family, falls madly in love; with him, they defy the stigma of foreign birth and religion, outlive the disapproval of an autocratic family, and outwit a rival who has every right on his side—except love. A colorful, turbulent romance of modern Mexico.
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convinces you that the whole thing really happened. Quite a guy, our John. He has considerable assistance from Walter Brennan as an irascible, old riverboat captain. Vera Huerta Ralston helps the scenery, and Mike Mazurki plays one of his more muscle-brains killers. The plot is easy to follow, since you’ve seen it all before, but it moves so fast you forget about that. It starts moving when Devlin (John Wayne) and his lovely bride, Sandra (Vera Ralston) take the train out of Chicago. Devlin thinks they are headed for California where his gambling talents will come in handy in the Gold Rush territory. But he has made the mistake of letting the little woman buy the tickets, and Sandra has an idea that her good-looking husband would be better off among the placid wheatfields of Dakota.

She’s probably right, only the wheatfields turn out to be not so placid. By the time the Devlins arrive in Fargo, they have been shot at, robbed, seen the smoking remains of farms burned down by “Indians,” and had a riverboat sunk under them. Devlin begins to get interested. For one thing, he doesn’t believe the “Indian” story. He thinks those farms were burned down at this time, when the harvest is almost ready, so somebody can buy the wheatfields cheap. It doesn’t take him long to identify the “somebody” as a suave rascal named Bender, who owns half of Fargo and would like to own the rest. Bender’s henchmen, including the half-breed Collins (Mike Mazurki), regularly shoot their way through law and order. But they make the mistake of robbing the Devlins of twenty thousand dollars—all the money they have in the world. Devlin begins to have a personal interest in robbing the landowners to the peril they are in. Bender is tricky and clever, and he has managed things like this before. He doesn’t expect to have any real trouble in disposing of Devlin. So the shooting gets faster and louder, with various fist-fights thrown in for good measure. You’ll get plenty of action in Dakota. Rep.

Dakota is based on the real life experiences of producer-director Joseph Kane’s father, Frances Inman Kane, a Lt. in the British army who retired and came to the Dakotas for his health. Ancestor Kane played a great part in the formation of the states. . . Vera, who was working on the stage in the play “Murder In The Music Hall,” would complete a scene for “Dakota,” in which she wore heavy woolen 30-pound gowns, rush over to the “Hall” set and change to skates and the briefest of costumes. . . They had a football team on the set: Three members of the cast are in the football Hall of Fame. John Wayne (backfield) was voted All-American of University of California. Ward Bond, also of U. C. and Mike Mazurki, All-American tackle at Manhattan College, N. Y., are both plum picks. Incidentally, Andy McLaglen, offspring of Victor, makes his debut as assistant to director Kane. . . . Three time Oscar winner Walter Brennan completely outshone just as his daughter, Ruth, was given a contract. . . John Wayne dislocated his shoulder in one of the rough-em-up fight sequences. Also on the disabled list was Ward Bond. Because of a year-old auto accident, he had to hobble around the set with the aid of a cane.
“Frankly, this was written for lazy people

— who want to get slim
— who don’t like to exercise
— who do like to eat!”

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How? Simply by knowing certain newly discovered scientific secrets of food selection!

It’s Easy—Once You Know THIS FACT!

“Oh, of course,” you may reply, “it’s just a matter of calories.” But let me tell you, if you happen to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half a stalk of celery, you’ll burn 15 times as many proteins and energy calories in the process. The number of calories in each is roughly the same.

So you see, it ISN’T “just a matter of calories.” It’s the KIND of calories that makes the big difference!

Calories, Yes—But Which KIND?

Some foods are high in fat-producing calories. Others are high in energy-producing calories. Science has discovered that if you eat the first kind of foods, your body produces LESS ENERGY and MORE FAT. But if you eat the second kind, your body produces MORE ENERGY and LESS FAT.

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You get a “10-DAY MIRACLE DIET,” by which you can lose a pound a day for 10 days; a diet for losing 5 pounds a week; and a stay-slim diet, so that when you reach alluring slenderness, you can stay there. You don’t have to stick to each day’s menus either; Substitution Table gives you dozens of other meals and foods you may eat instead. These diets give you a Hillmer figure, and also (for definite scientific reasons) greater health and beauty!

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It costs only a postage stamp to have this book delivered to you for FREE EXAMINATION. No money need be sent now. “Eat and Get Slim” is a plain wrapper; you or your friend may keep it if you order for 5 days FREE EXAMINATION. Otherwise I will return it without further obligation.

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**CO-ED**

**CO-ED LETTERBOX**

I am bored with going steady, but I'm afraid if I burn my bridges, meaning him, I'll be sweating out Saturday nights from now on. What do you think? H.A., Shenandoah, Iowa.

We see what you mean, but it ain't necessarily so. Can't you talk the thing over with your guy, telling him that you've come to think "going steady" is sort of young, sort of sophomore, or, not very smart? Let him know that you're still fond of him and still want to see him, but not on the old basis. Agree to noise it around among the gals that you've very amicably come unhinged, and ask him to let the boys know, too.

My mother says no nice girl kisses a boy until they're engaged. I know that's slightly obsolete, but when does a nice girl kiss a boy? J.B., Middletown, Conn.

You'll like an awful lot of boys an awful lot before you run into That Man, and it would be pretty rough if you couldn't kiss a few of them now and then. Nowadays a kiss can mean, "I like you" as well as "I love you," and if you're very sure your kiss means that, we don't think your mom will disapprove.

I am crazy about one of my sister's guys. She in turn can take him or leave him. Am I justified in making a small play for him? L. F., Elmira, N.Y.

All's fair, you know. But why not be a square-shooter and talk to your sister about it. Since she's not mad about him herself, she might be able to throw you a little technical advice, and also give you a gorgeous build-up to him. Next time he asks her for a date when she already has one, have her say casually, "I have a date, Joe, but come on over anyway. Maybe we can get Betty to play bridge with us." (That's you.) He'll come that first time out of devotion to your sister, but if you and she play your (Continued on page 131)

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Peace time, wintertime, mean just one thing—it's sigh guy time. How to find 'em, catch 'em and above all else—hang onto 'em!

- Wintertime is the best time in the world for that world-shaking business of meeting new men. They come out of their lairs then and are all over the place. Skating down at the pond, their red-and-black checked shirttails flying, zinging down the hills on their out-sized toboggans, leering at you over their hot chocolates at the local spa. Wintertime, moreover, is party time. There are the nice, informal ones—a crackling open fire, cider and doughnuts, Goodman on the victrola; and there are the glitter ones where the lads turn out in tuxes and the gals wear something long and swish. Wintertime. It's heaven if you're in the groove. And if you're not—you can be.

Go on out! The important thing for you to do is to go where things are happenin', and—rather than go with a group of unattractive, unattached females, go by yourself. If you can't skate well, practice on some secluded bit of ice until you're at least a fairly vertical skater, then toke to the pond, looking your smoothest. Stock a nice loud shirt, a short velvet skirt and a bosque jacket, your snow suit with a bright, bright scarf. There'll be boys you know down there, and no matter if your heart is doing barrel rolls, speak to them. It doesn't much matter what you say—"The ice looks beautiful," or "This is more fun than Latin Class." Don't linger or force yourself on them, but let them know you're alive. Afterwards, when the kids are taking off their skates and getting ready to go, contrive to (Continued on page 92)
Where do pretty models come from?

Ask June Cox—“peek-a-boo baby” in 1919, she’s a pin-up girl today!

Wonder if she knew, when that baby picture she’s holding was snapped, that some day her lovely complexion would make her a famous model. (She might have suspected it—for she was an Ivory baby!).

No wonder fashion designers like June to model new styles—she’s one of America’s most beautiful girls.

June prizes her complexion most of all. Her beauty secret? "Regular, gentle care with Ivory—the soap many doctors advise," June says, "just as it was back in 1919 when I had my first Ivory Bath!"

What’s better than a pin-up picture? Boys who’ve been overseas will tell you it’s meeting June Cox in person.

And she says she’s not engaged, so a soldier can look at her lovely Ivory complexion and dream—can’t he?

(If you want a softer, smoother, lovelier complexion, change to Ivory Care—and get That Ivory Look!)

Meet Mr. Chips, Miss Cox’s talented spaniel. Maybe you’d sit up and beg for a clear, fresh skin like June’s. Here’s her beauty secret:

"It doesn’t pay to be careless about your complexion—whether you model for millions of eyes or just one special pair. Change to regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap."

Don’t Waste Ivory—it contains scarce materials

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap.
leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Queen of the winter scene with sparkling hair;
All aglow in the sunlight or firelight.
That’s Drene-lovely hair.

Cover Girl Shari Herbert shows you these exciting hair-dos to go with the things you’ll do and the clothes you’ll wear on a gay winter week-end.

“Changing your hair style is part of the fun,” says Shari. “And your hair is so easy to manage after a Drene wash. This wonderful shampoo with Hair Conditioning action leaves hair so smooth and easy to manage.

You’ll love the way Drene brings out all the gleaming beauty of your hair...as much as 33% more brilliance than any other shampoo.

Drene is not a soap shampoo. It never leaves any dull dingy film on hair the way all soaps do.

Fashion models, like Shari Herbert, are always so smartly groomed. No unsightly dandruff, not when you’re a Drene Girl! Start today. Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action or take it home to use it.

**Winging Down a Ski Slope.**

If you want a hair-do that stays put, “fasten your hair at the nape of your neck with a barrette.” advises Shari. “and comb under into a smooth top.” No other shampoo...or Drene with Hair Conditioning action...will make your hair look so lovely.

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**Wonderful Hair-dos for Your Winter Week-end**

- **GLAMOUR BY FIRELIGHT...**“Change to something romantic for evening,” Shari says. “Sweep up your hair and arrange in four or five long shining curls.”

For that wonderful shining-smooth look, follow Shari’s example and be a Drene Girl. So simple yet really dramatic!
I guess this Valentine season is as good a time as any for a guy to blush. I'm blushing crimson this minute because I'm a gentleman of the old school who doesn't like to use the word "bathroom" in mixed company. But before I get on that subject, I've got to tell you about a fascinating $21,000 survey we're making.

The point of the survey is to find out who reads MODERN SCREEN. By now, most of the answers are in, and I must confess we don't know whether to be flattered or bust out cryin'. Everybody reads MODERN SCREEN, says the survey! And all along we thought we were so young and exclusive. Daughters read us. Mothers read us. Fathers and brothers, too.

We are your family magazine, and we usually wind up perched on the edge of the bathtub (see, I'm back in that room, blush, blush). Mom goes for Louella, Hedda, Fannie Hurst and all the bigshots. Sis's bubble-bath reverie is Pete Lawford. And, let's face it, if Dad doesn't stop shaving with that Williams gal propped up in front of him, he'll be sorry. Yup, everybody reads us. So says the survey . . . and our tub runneth over!

All this talk leads up to this. With a throb in my voice, I'd like to say, "You are my Valentine!" And I don't mean just you—but the whole darned family.

P.S. Please don't get any tooth paste on Shirley Temple.
HOLLYWOOD'S A CRAZY TOWN AND BEAUTIFUL
AND GAY. SO WHEN 2 PEOPLE ARE IN LOVE, LIKE
SAY, PAT AND CORNEL WILDE, AND THEY'VE GOT SOME
CELEBRATING TO DO, WHY, THEY UP AND PAINT IT RED!

"... a happy birthday, dear wife!" Cornel does things in a big way, gave Pat a sang, a gold necklace, bracelet set—and a big night out.
The Wildes eat shashlik at the Charochka. No double talk, translation reads: “Skewered lamb and tomatoes at the Loving Cup.” Omlint was coge, read Pat’s palm, then whispered the results.

When you’re seven years old, they call it nooping. When you’re big and pretty and I’wood Ed. Sylvia Wallace, they call it overhearing. So when Sylvia just happened to be around during Cornel’s phone plotting for Pat’s birthday surprise, she didn’t twitch a muscle. Just looked at the ceiling and practically sprouted an extra set of ears. “Kin I come?” she asked, sophisticated as all get-out. Come where?” “With you—where you going?” “Well, it’s this way,” grinned Mr. W., “we’re going to a progressive dinner.” And as Sylvia told us to tell you, it’s this way: a progressive dinner is a meal in stages. You start off for your oysters on the half shell at Restaurant A. Then you smack your lips, pay the bill and dash to Restaurant B in time to hear “Soup’s on!” And so it goes, different course, different eatery. The Wildes had a wonderful time! (More pix on next page.)

The Temple of Heaven features round walls, tapestries, fried shrimp and a benevolent Mr. Yee, who alternately manages Heaven and rhapsodizes over the pea pod casserole. P. and C. had the pods—also chopstick difficulties.
Confusing, no end. The Coffee Grog at the Beverly Tropics a. puts you to sleep, b. jives you up. Why not, it's coffee, cinnamon sticks, hot rum!

"Reservations, please." The buffet of the Cock 'n' Bull serves everything but soup and nuts; the walls carry autographs of famed authors.

ON THE TOWN

Obviously, Pat doesn't believe in that "a minute in your mouth, 2 hours in your stomach, a lifetime on your hips" routine. Mr. W. went wild every time an orchestra would strike up the Polonaise—happened 4 times.
“Mirror, mirror on the wall . . .” No fun house mirror is going to make Pat ugly, but hubby had to leave (while he was still ahead) and go chase fugitive poodle Coco down the Strip. Poor Coco, cooped up in a rumble seat—and no hydrant.

Sitting incense, candlelight, haunting gypsy fiddles, ahh. Pat (on Murray grad) and Cornel (but awful!), melt into a waltz, lookful—then return to crushed pea soup at Little Hungary.

.me in the wee hours after a big night. Two wild deer met them the door, Pat shrieked “Stop, you’ll crush my gownless strap!” C. murmured “I love you” in 6 tongues. Sooo progressive . . .
One morning last year, a character named Bob Mitchum tumbled out of bed, slupped some black coffee, looked at his watch and hopped into his rusty jalopy. He was late for work at a picture he was making at Columbia studios.

He wheeled the heap wildly down the street, skidded it inside the gates with a dusty wave at the startled gateman, dug a key out of his jeans and pushed open the door of his dressing room. He had his clothes half off before the scenery registered. The place was full of corsets, girdles, skirts, rats, snoods and dainty feminine unmentionables.

“What the . . . !” expostulated Bob and got the heck out. He raced over to the front office spouting indignation. “Hey,” he demanded. “What goes on? What dame has moved into my dressing room?”

“What do you mean . . . ‘your’ dressing room?”

“You heard me,” boiled Bob. “I’m making a picture here. You know I’m late. I’ve got to change . . .”

“You were making one here,” they told him, “but that was last month.”

“Has everyone gone nuts at Columbia?” exploded Bob.

“This isn’t Columbia,” was his reply. “It’s Universal.”

Now an actor who can’t even remember (Continued on page 80)
His size 45 coat's custom-made to cover those enormous shoulders, yet fit that dainty thirty-inch waist. Thinks wife Dottie's just perfect.

Josh (for formal occasions, James Robin) started talking at 5 months, is still going strong at 4½. Christopher's 2, answers faster to Cricket.

Bob's got an even disposition, which helps when feeding Cricket. Doesn't rough-house with kids, says "we have an understanding about that."

By George Benjamin
What's happiness?
For the James' it's Sunday
in the park, hide 'n'
seek in the living room,
and Vickie's
laughter everywhere.

HAPPINESS, Inc.
By ABIGAIL PUTNAM

Those fabulous Grable gams look best in ankle strap shoes, claims husband Harry James, but Betty lo-ooves to loaf in wedgies. She's let her hair go back to its natural light brown for new pic, "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim."

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If you lived anywhere near the south end of New York's Central Park last summer, you might have bumped into the Jameses on their regular Sunday outing. There'd have been four of them—tall, kind-faced Harry pushing the Taylortot, Vickie babbling nonsense to perfect strangers, your favorite blonde pinup walking sedately beside them, with black poodle Punkin prancing on a red leash.

Down Fifty-ninth to Fifth Avenue, across to the entrance and along the paths till they came to a spot that was partly hidden by trees. There they'd spread a rug, release Vickie from her stroller and Punkin from his leash and, like millions of others who spend Sunday in the park, sit and watch the young things tumbling around on the grass.

Once in a while a kid would come through to ask for an autograph or if he could take a picture. But not often, and that was a funny thing. You can't be Betty Grable and Harry James in New York without having folks stare and crowd (Continued on page 131)
The James' propped up a mike to record Vickie's first "Mommy, Daddy" cooings. But Vickie wouldn't talk. Instead, she grooved mike and started kissing it!

Betty preferred domesticity with Vickie to touring with Harry. Besides being a natural-born mother, versatile B. wrote two songs that Harry wants to publish!
When Bob Walker started out on his own in New York, even the tiny check the United Fruit Lines owed him for his four months at sea would have come in handy. He was broke flatter than a flounder.

His brother Walt gave him room to sleep in his Beekman Place apartment and, as usual, staked him to cigarettes and spending money for a few days. But Walt was just getting his foot in on his law career and there really wasn't space for Bob in the apartment. Besides, Bob was in no mood to mooch any longer off relatives. He had told Aunt Tenny, when he left her house in a huff, that he could row his own canoe and it was that for him now or nothing. After all, he was just turned nineteen and practically a man, and one of those old independent flare-ups of his boyhood burned bright.

Like anyone out of a job, Bob bought a newspaper, parked on a bench and riffled through the want ads. Right away one caught his eye.

"Wallace Co-operative Lodge. Inexpensive room and board for young men. Apply Y.M.C.A."

Bob hotfooted it over to (Continued on page 97)
Slowly it came true. The dreams
a boy wove of fame and wealth. Of a great love
he'd had—but couldn't hold. (Life story, concluded)

Newest Walker wrinkle is strewing tiny metal coin savers about his house,
auto dashboard and dressing room. Sure, it saves money, but pity his
pals who have to shell out with candy, gum and ciggie change!

by Kirtley Baskette
He's new, cute, and awful
young to have kissed
Shirley T. and Irene Dunne.
Who? Jerome Courtland!

If you had known Jerome Courtland from the time he started school until he was graduated from Riverside Military Academy in Georgia, you would seldom have called him anything except "Cojo." A fact that brings to your attention the entire complex story of Cojo's attaining the name of "Jerome Courtland."

His mother is Brentwood's glamorous and frightfully popular Mary Wordeman, who has long been divorced—in a highly civilized and friendly manner—from Cojo's father. Cojo had
always used, not his stepfather's name, but his own legal moniker, Courtland Jourolmon.

When he came to Hollywood, after school closed in 1944, he arrived—all six feet, four-and-one-half inches of him—on the day when his mother had been invited to a party which would, she knew, be attended by many of the motion picture great who are her intimate friends.

Said Mary Wordeman to her son, "Wouldn't you like to come along on this party, Cojo? I think it may be so'ta (Continued on page 76)
What makes him Hopper's Star of the Month? Just being blonde, and boyish—and looking like heaven in tweeds.

I happened to miss the preview of "Those Endearing Young Charms."

Next day sixteen people got on the wire. "What about this Bill Williams?"
"What about him?" I asked, and they proceeded to tell me.

At first I thought, could it be a plant? But the calls kept coming from scattered sources that had nothing to do with RKO or one another. So I got the studio to run the picture for me. Having been oversold, I was skeptical. Plunked myself down in the darkened projection room—and dared this Bill to make me like him.

In less than half a reel he had me hooked. By the time I walked out, he was my candidate for find-of-the-month. Without Peter Lawford’s polish or Guy Madison’s striking good looks, he packed his own wallop. Something fresh and honest, something gay and cocky and vibrant like young America itself coming out at you from the screen.

We waited to see if you readers would agree with me and, like the smart cookies you are, you did. Then I invited Bill and his girl to lunch.

His girl’s Barbara Hale. They’re the cutest pair I’ve met in a twelve-month. Imagine Jerry walking straight out of "Endearing Young Charms," and that’s Bill. Barbara—well, take a good look at this page. And just as if the dream-puss God gave her wasn’t enough, she’s got to have naturally curly hair yet. Sitting over their turkey, they reminded me of a couple of good children, waiting to get outside and pinch themselves to (Continued on page 71)
Watch BILL WILLIAMS!
Esther knocked herself out jitterbugging on "Hoodlum Saint" set with Bill Powell, then went out dancing with husband-to-be Ben Gage.

S/Sgt. Gage watched closely to see that Esther dotted her 'i's, crossed her 't's in filling out license. For V-J Day, Esther gave Ben loudest plaid shirt she could find, bought in shop for oversized men. He's 6 ft. 5!

A wedding of
two wonderful people who
think life should
be lived for the laughs:

Esther Williams

and Ben Gage
It was a lovely wedding. The little church was lit only by candles—tall and white on the altar and at the pews. Garlands of white chrysanthemums and Shasta daisies roped off the aisle.

Sonny Tufts, Ed Gardner, Ed Morgan, Bill Tracy—close friends of Ben—showed the guests to their places. As Esther's mother and Ben's were seated, Jane Powell's fresh young voice rose in Grieg's "I Love You."

In the vestry, Esther's eyes suddenly brimmed. Mel McEldowney, her best friend, knew how to handle a crisis.

"Don't let 'em spill over. It'll ruin your makeup—"

Between a gulp and a giggle, Esther forced them back.

Now Jane was singing "Because." Then came the first notes of the Wedding March. Mel walked down the aisle, followed by Robin and David, Esther's niece and nephew, five and four years old, respectively. Robin, in flowered silk, carried a nosegay of sweetheart roses. Holding tight to her hand, David looked around in an interested way.

The bride wore pink. As she came down, all radiance now on her father's arm, her eyes went to Ben, standing at the altar with his brother, Captain Chuck Gage.

In the simple ceremony the guests noted one variation, not knowing it had been made at Esther's request.

"Who gives this woman to be married to this man?"

"Her mother and I," Mr. Williams replied.

They noted too, (Continued on page 87)
Dane Clark was snoozing peacefully in his hotel room one morning when he felt a rude bang on his shoulder and heard a voice like a cannon's cough order him roughly:

"Roll over, Mac!"

Dane rolled over and stared his big brown eyes up into as lethal a looking sample of humanity as he ever hopes to see. The mug had a beak like a buzzard and eyes as cold as dry ice. He was levelling a snub snouted automatic at approximately the level of Dane's startled brain and his trigger finger shook almost as much as the bed sheets that covered Clark.

"Uh-uh," he finally grunted with a disappointed sigh. "Wrong guy. I must have de wrong room. My mistake, Pally." And he slipped the rod back into his pocket and shuffled out.

That happened not in Hollywood or before a camera, but in real life and in Chicago, where Dane was playing on the road in "Golden Boy" and sacking down nights in a dim little hotel across the Chicago River between shows. Not until he checked out in haste did he discover that the hotel was owned by a gang of mobsters and that the wall nicks over his dresser were bullet holes where Buggsy Somebody's gang had rubbed out Cock-Eye Somebody Else's gang and where a similar murder party had been scheduled for his own narrow escape.

But it's one typical reason, among many, why Hollywood held few (Continued on page 113)
Don hauled the bags out. Phyllis looked at them as if they were snakes.

"I'm not going to take a lot of stuff. Just what I absolutely need."

"Sure," said Don. "Make believe it's a weekend or something."

A hopeful gleam lit her eye. "Maybe they won't like me and I'll come right back. Or it might be a flop."

"Is that nice?" he demanded.

"No." She wandered toward the closet, and her voice came back slightly muffled. "Look at all the things you can do while I'm gone. Play tennis, go to football games, make lots of cabinets for when we have our own home—"

"Yeah," said Don.

She turned and gave him an overbright smile. "I'll write every day and tell you what to do tomorrow—"

"That reminds me—" He fished out an envelope and handed it to her. "Your going-away present." It was full of airmail and special delivery stamps. "No wires. The budget can't stand 'em."

"I hate them anyway. They're so short, they always sound mad."

Suddenly they were tight in each other's arms, all the silly words drowned in the ache of parting. But just for a minute. Then Don lifted her chin. "We're pigs," he said firmly. "Look at the millions of kids who really had to say goodbye—" (Continued on page 126)
THE LAZY LOOK IS STILL THERE, AND THE
SOFT VOICE AND WAY WITH THE GALS.
BUT TURHAN'S A GI NOW, AND YANKEE
AS THAT CREW CUT  •  BY JACK WADE

“Selly” Selahettin, or just “Butch” Bey to his buddies, came back to Hollywood a few weeks ago, sporting three—count 'em, three—expert marksmanship medals on his manly chest and five precious points on his army service record. He came back to tell his folks and his friends goodbye, before Uncle Sam shipped him overseas. And he had a terrible time remembering that he was Turhan Bey, the Terrible Turk, erstwhile movie star, swoon sheik, bobby sock boon and languid lover.

In fact, the first day Private Turhan Selahettin (you don't find the “Bey” on the gold dog tag Lana Turner gave him) came back home from Camp Roberts, he committed the cardinal social sin in Hollywood. He bounced out of bed at 6:30, by force of new habit, making his mother, grandmother and even his black Scottie, Keddy, think he had lost his mind. He made his own bed to drum-tight perfection, rubbed his shoes to a blinding gloss, ran a comb and scissors over his spiky black GI facsimile of a homemade haircut, gobbled a half-dozen eggs and even offered to help with the breakfast dishes.

Then, at 7:30 sharp he grabbed the phone and dialed Ella Raines' number.

“Good morning,” greeted Selly over the wire. “Miss Raines?”

“Yes?” yawned Ella fuzzily.

“Who—who is this—Western Union? Is there a death in the family?” (Continued on page 120)
A famous author looks at La Turner (and that's not hard!) and sees more than blonde beauty... he sees an actress!

When Carey Wilson of Metro called up one day with the news that he had Lana Turner to play in my "Postman Always Rings Twice," I was not only pleased but elated. For you may think of Lana as a glamor girl—the type that brings nothing but her own flaming personality to the screen. And you can't be blamed at all, for leave us face it, she is a tasty dish. I didn't think of her that way, at least not after that week at the studio last winter when I had to run a number of her pictures one after the other, not only once but many times. This is a murderous test for an actress, but I didn't tire of Lana because I began to notice something. She moved me. Whatever she did, I felt something. Then, in "Ziegfeld Girl," I noticed the deft way she played a pretty little rumpot. She didn't go overboard with it. She wasn't monotonous with it. She didn't fail to get vividness into it. So you realized that the girl's trouble was not only booze, but a profound and terrible crack-up inside. Not only did Lana arouse pity in me for this little sinner, but she made such interesting shadings between tight, lit, high, stinko, blotto and stiff, that I became...
With her wonderful 2½-year-old daughter Cheryl absorbing most of her free time, Lono still manages to cram in a great deal of gallivanting. Bob Hutton's her top fella right now, with Peter Lawford (here at the Press Photographers' Ball at Ciro's) and Rory Calhoun in the running.

Lana loves clothes, goes from one extreme to another, like being a femme fatale one day, emerging a tall Margaret O'Brien the next. In "Postman," (she's checking here on lines with co-star John Garfield and script girl), she wears dead white clothes throughout.

No athlete, she wears sport clothes in order to ton, prefers books any time—mostly fiction and biography—and reads by the light of the moon!
fascinated with her. And suddenly it dawned on me; this is no new glamor girl at all, in spite of her lovely face; this is an actress of the very first competence, one to watch, and watch with sober respect.

So when Carey told me she would do my story, I knew my character Cora was going to get the works. And then later, when it had all turned out so beautifully and I found I was to meet her, I was quite excited, as you may imagine.

I hadn't been in Romanoff's five minutes before I got my first surprise, a most agreeable one. Promptly at four o'clock, splitting the minute in half, she showed up. Now punctuality makes more friends than wit, but you don't quite expect it of picture stars meeting writers for afternoon tea.

My next surprise was her height. On the screen, she seems to me petite. No doubt this is because all things in perfect proportion, whether the Parthenon, Frank Sinatra's voice, or a woman's figure, always seem a little smaller than they really are. Her actual height is 5' 3½", which is medium, and yet, with her slimness, high heels, and everything else, she's tall.

Next there is her total effect, which is much quieter, simpler, and more subdued than I would have thought from her pictures. When I mentioned this she laughed and said: "That glow you say I have—maybe it is just an act." She has little of the pert, rapid manner that you might expect from her acting style. She is inclined to be serious, and to speak in a considered, careful way, frequently using (Continued on page 109)
3. Nick suspects nothing, and one day, after a beach outing, they hatch a plot to murder him by electrocuting him in his bath. They love each other, yes, but also this is Cora's chance to "make something" of herself.

4. The murder attempt fails, and in desperation, they get Nick (Cecil Kellaway) drunk and plan to jump the car, then hurl it with the groggy Nick inside, over a precipice. But Frank isn't quick enough, and is also pitched down.

5. Dazed, Frank says that Cora tried to murder him, too, but they are acquitted. Riding home, the car overturns, Cora is killed—and Frank is convicted of the one murder he didn't plot!
teen dream
Was Diana confused on the "Our Hearts Were Growing Up" set? She got her signals crossed, and three boy friends showed up at once!

Diana's all grown up now, changed her hair to golden brown (and doesn't care who knows it), grew four inches in a year, even buys dress-up hats... but never gets around to wearing 'em!

Mom and Pop groaned while Diana Lynn moaned and mooned around the house. But now the growing pains are over...

By Fredda Dudley

The scene is night in Hollywood, deep night—say around three-thirty a.m. Even the late spots on The Strip are closed, cabbies are dozing or doping the next day's races, and through the sleeping night ring the steps of a man with insomnia.

In a pleasant house in a charming residential district, a girl named Dolly Loehr is stirring fitfully in her sleep. She throws out one arm, flounces over, makes an awful face. Almost at once, she moans, rolls on the other side, thrusts one arm up over the pillows. Then she bites her tongue on a scream and sits bolt upright in bed.

It's the dream again. She has it occasionally; not often enough to get accustomed to, and not seldom enough to scare a person witless, but frequently enough to keep her remembering it.

The dream starts (Continued on page 110)
Esther Williams says "I do;" Liz Taylor turns author; Jimmy Stewart's back on the town! Dana Andrews prefers blondes; marriage puts the lid on Betty Hutton

When Esther Williams walked down the aisle to meet Ben Gage at the altar of the Westwood Community Church, one of the most in-love couples I have ever known in all the long years I've been in Hollywood, said, "I do."

And how they looked at one another when they said it.

Only the members of both families and the closest friends were present at the Church ceremony because Ben and Esther wanted to be surrounded by only those nearest to them during their big moment.

But it was a lovely setting. The little church was a bower of white chrysanthemums, for it
was the chrysanthemum season—a lovely, crisp winter day.

Irene made the bride's gown—and let me tell you about it: It was a long pink crepe trimmed in soft lace and the pink hat that showed her face was trimmed with the same lace. In Esther's hand was a small white satin prayer book and from its pages hung small pink orchids strung along a pink satin streamer.

Her matron of honor, Mrs. Malvina Humphries, looked lovely in her graceful gown. The unbelievably good looking best man (and these gorgeous Gage guys are certainly tall, blonde and handsome!) was Ben's brother, Captain Charles Gage.

But what made everybody particularly happy was the presence of Ben's little 82-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Louella Austin, who made her first trip in an airplane to be on hand for the wedding. What a charmer she is, really overshadowing the glamor girls who attended the reception, later, at the home of Malvina. A word about Malvina: She is the girl who, ever since Esther arrived on the M-G-M lot, has been her personal representative.

An amusing incident occurred at the wedding when Ben's little grandmother was introduced to Lana Turner. The glamorous Lana was with Bob Hutton. "What is your name?" asked Grandma, to whom the movies are a closed book. Quick as a flash, Lana answered, "Betty Hutton." Being with Bob, I suppose she had Hutton on her mind. Grandma, none the wiser, politely said, "Pleased to meet you!"

The tall and handsome groom was given a radio contract on his wedding day, so he had only a two-day honeymoon with his lovely bride.

All the young set were there: Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly (on leave from the Navy), Peter Lawford, Sonny Tufts, William Tracy, who has landed a job which he'll take...
Louella Parsons' Good News

as soon as he gets out of uniform, and Jane Wyman with husband Ronald Reagan. The Reagans posed for dozens of pictures with the bride and groom.

At the wedding I had a long talk with Elizabeth Taylor, whose book, "The Adventures of Nibbles," will come out in March. Her mother showed me a letter from the publishers, and I have never read such raves. They believe the little girl has written a classic. She expresses her own psychology through a squirrel. Really a marvelously imaginative child.

I don't often go out on a limb predicting that Hollywood couples will be happy—and stay married. But I am doing it in the case of Esther and Ben.

Many months before their marriage, in fact it was at a time when they didn't see when they could be married because Ben was still in the service, I had a long talk with these two at my house. It was obvious that they were madly about each other. But better than the big romantic urge, was the knowledge they both had that they were grand companions—"the same kind of people" as they put it.

"You know, Louella," Esther told me, her young face very serious, "I would never have married again unless I had been sure it was right. My first marriage to Dr. Leonard Kovner was not happy although we stuck it out for four years. They were miserable years for both of us. We had nothing in common. He hated my career and I knew a few weeks after I married him that it was all wrong.

"After we parted, I went out with a lot of other boys. But I made up my mind that I would never remarry just because I was infatuated or lonely. It would have to be the real thing—something to last a lifetime."

"And then I met Ben," she said with her eyes glowing. "It was at a Jewish Auxiliary dinner for the Old People's Home! Ben had come with Ginny Simms but I guess it must have been just a "date" between them because, suddenly, Ginny was surrounded by dozens of admirers and Ben was on the outskirts. I was alone—he was alone. So we just naturally gravitated to one another, I suppose.

"That was the beginning. From there on I never wanted to go out with anyone else. Once in a while, I did—like the time the studio wanted me to attend a premiere with Van Johnson." (I had to laugh at the idea of that being a hardship!) Esther was absolutely dead pan when she continued. "But Van understood—and right after the preview he took me back to Ben who was waiting at the Mocambo!"

Do you wonder I say I'm betting this marriage sticks?

Betty Hutton and Hedy Lamarr never used to wear hats. But now Betty has gone in for fancy hats on a big scale. The reason? Her husband, Ted Briskin, likes 'em and buys them for her by the half dozen lots. Sounds funny—but one of the most amusing was a black satin affair that looks exactly like a man's derby. Maybe you or I couldn't wear it—but on Hutton it looks cute and sassy.

Of all the things for a hobby—Sonny Tufts has gone nuts over fishes, fishes, fishes.

Not only is he out off Long (Continued on page 62)
CHRISTINA MUIR NEWBERRY, II
daughter of
Lt. Col. and Mrs. Phelps Newberry
engaged to
James Douglas Darling, II

CHRISTINA AND JIM met early last spring in Overbrook—one of Philadelphia’s fashionable “Mainline” suburbs.

A few weeks later Christina said “Yes”...she’s another charming Pond’s bride-to-be—tall, slim, with shining dark hair, green-gray eyes.

Christina has a happy little way of knowing just what she likes and why. And Pond’s Cold Cream is one of her “likes.” “I don’t see how there could be a nicer face cream anywhere,” she says.

This is how she uses Pond’s: She smooths silky, fragrant Pond’s Cold Cream on face and throat—then smacks it lightly to help loosen and dissolve dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more Pond’s—using quick little whirls of her fingers to work it all around. Tissues again. “This second creaming is grand to make your face feel extra clean and soft,” she says.

She’s Engaged!

You’ll find Christina’s way of using Pond’s Cold Cream delightful. Copy her twice-over Pond’s creamings every night and every morning—for in-between-time freshen-ups, too! Watch your skin look softer, smoother, prettier! It’s no accident so many more women and girls use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a luxurious, big jar at your favorite beauty counter, today. Start your Pond’s beauty care tonight!

A few of the many Pond’s Society Beauties
MRS. MORGAN BELMONT THE LADY GRENFELL
MRS. RICHARD C. DE PONT
Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowska

CLOTHING NEEDED! Christina helps regularly at the Needlework Guild in Detroit. Here she is helping to pack new clothes to send away. “Never have so many people needed just everyday clothes,” she says. There are clothing relief agencies you can help.

ASK FOR A BIG JAR OF POND’S! You’ll love the luxury-size jar. It has a nice wide top that lets you dip in with both hands so you whisk out all the cream you need with one sweep of your fingers. Get a big Pond’s jar today!
Warner party drew Bob Hutton and Tom D'Andrea. Bob, whose fans plead with him to date Joan Leslie, grins and plays the field. Drinks 3 qts. of milk daily to gain weight.

Sonja Henie enjoyed playing spectator instead of performer at Ice Follies opening with Van Johnson. Only pic in Van's room is autographed photo of Norma Shearer and husband.

Upsadaisy! And Edijor Henry Malmgreen's little Abigail was boosted atop Trigger at Rodeo. Roy Rogers calmed the crowds, averted panic when a bull got loose and threatened to charge into audience.

Beach fishing for abalone every minute he has off from the studio, but he now wants to open a cafe on the pier specializing in unusual fish recipes and dishes.

If you know any novel ways to whip up a fish or if you have some old family recipe for a good sauce, Sonny boy would be glad to hear from you.

"I have a recipe book with about 500 unusual ways to prepare fish dishes," he told me, "all sent me by friends or fans. Now all I need is to get the right chef to prepare them and I'll be set up in the cafe business."

When little Kristen Morgan lost a baby tooth recently, her pa, Dennis Morgan, told her to put it under a pillow and make a wish. So Kristen wished for a doll and the next day it was there.

Not long after, Lillian Morgan, Dennis' wife, had to have a tooth extracted. Little Kristen was very excited. "Put it under your pillow, mamma" she said, "Daddy said if you make a wish, you can have anything you want."

"All right," said Mrs. Morgan with a gleam in her eye, "I want everybody to hear my wish so you children can see how your father is never wrong. I'm wishing," she giggled, "for a mink coat!"

Last month, (or was it a couple of months ago?), I gave Dane Clark a little slap on the wrist for taking it big.

Now it is only fair to tell you something nice that happened at a recent radio broadcast which (Continued on page 64)
SHE CREATES THE MOST MISCHIEVOUS
LOVE SITUATION IN HISTORY!
(because she knows, but definitely,
everything about love)

Watch Eliza in
The Year's Greatest Motion Picture Event
NOEL COWARD'S
"Blithe Spirit"
in Blushing TECHNICOLOR

How to kiss . . . and hold your man!
How to stay in his life!
How to make the competition look pale!

Coming soon to your favorite theatre to bring you the best laughs ever!
Richard Ney's a civilian now, and asked to be released from M-G-M because "I feel I should be at a studio where my wife (Greer Garson, above) is not an important star." They've just vacationed in N. Y.

Paul Brooks knows better than to tempt Jeanne Crain with anything more than soft drinks. Escort who coaxes her to touch hard likker is crossed off date list! Paul's supposed to resemble Errol Flynn.

He's back in tweeds again, is ex-Capt. Ronald Reagan, and still tops with fans after three years in service. Ex-Lt. Wayne Morris sheds medals and navy blue, too. (With Eleanor Parker at Warners' party.)

proves the kind of all right guy Dane really is.

Dane was starring on the radio show and there were several bit players around him rehearsing their lines before the broadcast started. Everybody was smoking and talking over the play.

Suddenly, a radio attendant came up and said to one of the girls playing a minor role, "Can't you read? That sign behind you says 'NO SMOKING.'"

Embarrassed, the girl quickly snuffed out her cigarette and Dane started to do likewise.

"Oh, I don't mean you—Mr. Clark," said the attendant, "you're the star!"

Zowie! Bing! Bang! Dane's got a temper—and he lost it. He told that guy plenty about one set of rules for stars and another for lesser players—and believe me, he certainly earned the admiration of everyone within ear-shot. So this month, Dane, I'm pinning a carnation on you.

What They Think of Each Other Department:

Betty Hutton thinks that Joan Leslie is one of the most beautiful girls, off screen, in Hollywood.

Ingrid Bergman loves to slip into the projection room and see the rushes on Jennifer Jones' movies. Then she telephone her and tells her how good she was.

One of the funniest romantic mix-ups of the month occurred at the Mocambo the other night. Talk about your comedy-of-errors—the following (Continued on page 94)
Look at this sparkling procession of new and different nail lacquer and lipstick shades—yours to choose from—and each one a genuine CHEN YU "original!" Right here on this page, in this collection of fashion right colors, you are sure to find the shade that will bring your nails and lips exquisite, new and steadfast beauty. You may get them at your favorite store and beauty salon—the nail lacquer 75c—the lipstick $1 (tax extra). Or, here is your chance to try two shades! Send the coupon from this announcement and you will receive two chip-repellent CHEN YU lacquer shades and a bottle of CHEN YU Lacquerol Base. Each trial bottle gives you many luxury manicures—months of startling new beauty. You can get trial size matching lipsticks too. Mark coupon. Send it today.

CHEN YU Inc., 200 E. Illinois Street, Dept. MM-2, Chicago (11), Ill.

☐ CHINESE RED
☐ SEA SHELL
☐ PINK SAPPHIRE
☐ WISTARIA
☐ FLOWERING PLUM
☐ BLACK CHERRY
☐ BLACK SAPPHIRE
☐ MANDARIN RED
☐ CANTON RED

☐ Send me two sample size flacons (shades checked here) of CHEN YU Nail Lacquer and a bottle of Lacquerol Base. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

☐ BURMA RED
☐ ORIENTAL SAPPHIRE
☐ DRAGON'S BLOOD
☐ TEMPLE FIRE
☐ FROZEN FIRE

☐ For an additional twenty-five cents, I will receive two trial size CHEN YU Lipsticks to match the Lacquer shades I have checked.

Name: ..................................................
Street: ..................................................
City: ..................................................
State: ..................................................

(This Offer Good in U.S.A. Only)
by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

Joan Fontaine's lips entice Mark Stevens—they're play-acting in "From This Day Forward."

Maybe I was looking skeptical. Because Joan insisted again, "Really, I always do my own lips. No studio make-up man has ever wielded my lipstick!"

Now, there. That takes care of all you complainers who whine that your lips could never be as perfect as the Hollywood stars' because they have professional help that you lack. All that you may lack is the know-how of Joan Fontaine. And the business at hand is to provide you with that very lip lore!

SEEING RED. There are still more lipstick colors on the makeup horizon than shades of red in the rainbow. The tones run from pale orange to russet brown, from tender pink to deep purple, from light, clear red to brilliant scarlet. Joan Fontaine chooses a delectable cyclamen pink to set off her pale gold hair and delicate, honey-colored skin. Of course, a Rita Hayworth type, with her exotic, Spanish beauty, picks her paints from the other side of the box, in the glamorous blue-red range. One and all, the Hollywood lassies use a darker, bluer-

Rosy, ripe, lush
and gently curved!

Let that description fit your own lips.

Learn to use lipstick
toned coloring at night or before the camera because orange tones don’t vibrate under artificial lights. Remember that when you want to capture a male on the dance floor, or have a picture taken to send to a distant beau. You might as well use the same “lovable lip” technique that the movie girls have found so successful!

Hollywood experts all agree that no girl need wear the same toned lipstick day after day. You may have as many as your purse can hold—and afford—as long as you don’t try bright orange lips with a plum-colored hat, purple toned lipstick if your hair is golden, or heavy, vampire shades if your coloring and features are delicate and unsophisticated. Wear makeup that suits your type and blends with your hair, skin and costume colors; and, within these limits, you’ll find a wide range of shades that you can call your own.

ART SCHOOL. Artists take years to learn how to draw a picture and it wouldn’t hurt Nancy, Betty and Sue to spend a few hours studying lip-art. Most of the females from Maine to Texas brandish their lipsticks a couple of times a day, but too many of them still look as if they put it on in a blackout. Joan Fontaine says, “Let’s have a little less speed and more skill. A good lipsticking job should last a long time, so learn to do it right.”

Joan and practically all movie stars use a brush to paint their lips. They say an artist can’t draw a picture with a thick, blunt pole, and they can’t make a delicate, clear-cut mouth with a wide, clumsy lipstick. But if you refuse to follow the lead of the Hollywood lovelies, and prefer to depend on the lipstick alone, the least you can do is to keep the end in a workable point! Heavy pressure is unnecessary. It doesn’t improve the shape of your mouth to push your lipstick out of shape. If, in spite of your care, though, your lipstick gradually assumes the form of an indefinite blob, put it in the icebox to harden, and shave the end to a neat point with a sharp knife.

It’s a timid girl who doesn’t try a new mouth on the old lips once in a while. A simple trick is to up-turn the corners of the upper lip. Susan Hayward uses two colors at the same time—a bright one to add width where her mouth is too narrow and a darker one to decrease the size of her lower lip. You can wear light, bright makeup when you want to look like a fresh-faced cherub, and darker, exotic shades when you feel in the glamor girl mood.

LIPSTICK STICK-ING. The answer to “How can I make lipstick stay put?” is to put it on right! Never smear new lipstick over stale. Use cream and tissue to give a clean working surface. Draw your outline, fill in the color and then call upon the ever-helpful tissues to blot away excess lipstick.

Learn to depend upon lip pomades and colorless sticks to keep your lips smooth in this rugged weather. Cream your lips at night. Keep ’em fit to deserve the glamor of lipstick. Then your lips will be lovely—and lovable.

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Straight Line Design

**Cleans Teeth Best**

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Why Pepsodent Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best. Most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent’s Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs... Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

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Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend
American career gals are the best-dressed women in the world. Who says? Statistics, for one thing. For another—and this is warmer—The Great American Boss. Whose clothes is he always raving about, to his girl, to his mom, to his wife? His smooth-typing, smooth-looking secretary's, or the little copywriter's on the 14th floor, or the-babe-who-sat-next-to-him-on-the-subway's. Whose clothes? Yours. This month's fashions are, we think, in the tradition you love. The easy-going, deliberately simple, ever-so-versatile tradition that keeps you looking as though you lived 'way beyond your means. They are all Nantucket Naturals, which means they are designed with dash and imagination, out with infinite care and devotion to detail. They are all business-and-pleasure jobs, even as the gals who own them. Quick-change them with accessories, with expensive looking costume jewelry. All the good, heavy looking stuff on these pages is by R. M. Jordan. Heirlooms for pin-money!

Double-check: The elegant black and white checked wool for this dress might have been lifted straight off your fella's back. Pre-war as a 'round the world cruise, it's the kind of fabric you've dreamed about. Perfect for the office, it sheds carbon smudges like a duck sheds H₂O, doesn't get "sat out" even after dozens of nine-to-fives. The jacket's softly tailored as a silk blouse, from dolman sleeves to nipped-in waist, perfect foil for the straight 'n' narrow, strictly business skirt. Here's a marvelous basic outfit with more lives than a cat, more chic (Continued on page 70)
HERE ARE CAREER CLOTHES WITH
THAT BEST DRESSED AMERICAN GIRL LOOK.
MADE BY NANTUCKET NATURALS.
THEY'RE WORN BY CAREER
GAL JINX FALKENBURG.

This versatile two-piece will grow
to be your wardrobe’s mainstay. It dresses up,
dresses down, always looks just right.

To remind him that Spring is just ahead,
here's a lusciously colored heart printed jersey dirndl.
Wear black accessories to give it winter glamor.
Why most young babies need these cereals rich in added iron

Baby starts off with a supply of iron gathered during the prenatal period. This supply often runs low about two or three months after birth, then baby must get his precious iron from what he eats.

That's why Gerber nutritionists, working with doctors, have added generous amounts of iron to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal. Both cereals have added vitamins of the B complex derived from natural sources as a further help to baby's well-being.

Both cereals are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve—mix right in baby's dish with milk or formula, hot or cold. Pediatricians advise serving Cereal Food at one feeding, Strained Oatmeal at the next. It helps baby eat better! Be sure to get Gerber's cereals—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods

Free sample
Cereals - strained foods - Chopped foods

Address: Gerber Products Company, Dept. D& 6-6, Fremont, Michigan.

My baby is now ______ months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

Name __________________________

Address _________________________

City and State ____________________

ARE YOU DATED?

Don't be a leaky dream-boat.

Get in the social swim. Jean Kinkead (the gal that knows) gives you all the lowdown on how to snag stags in "HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS," a MODERN SCREEN Service Chart. See Super Coupon on page 22.
make sure it was true.

I don’t know which of the two was happier over the watch. Barbara touched it and looked up at Bill. “If your head ever swells, I’ll take it away from you.”

Bill looked at her. “If my head ever swells,” he grinned, “will you cut my throat, please?”

Barbara had to eat and run. She was working—getting her first big break at RKO in “Lady Luck,” opposite Bob Young. When Bob’s name was mentioned, they fell all over each other in a race of words to tell me how wonderful he’d be to them both—coaching them, fluffing his own lines to cover their mistakes, brushing their thanks off with a gag. They’ve been quite willing to give this whole story to Bob Young if I hadn’t stopped them. However, it was Bill’s story I was after, so here it is.

There have been two women in his life—Barbara and his mother. By the time life eased up on Mrs. Williams in one direction, it cracked down in another. She developed bronchial asthma and would wake up at night, gasping for breath. The doctor taught Bill how to give adrenalin shots. For years he slept with one ear open. When he was 18, his mother died.

They’d lived for each other. After the death of Bill’s father, she’d gone to work as a waitress—working fourteen hours a day, so exhausted at night that she’d drag herself home from the El with her shoes in her hand. The Jewish family upstairs took care of Bill as if he’d been one of their own. He ate their “lockshen” soup and matzoh balls and slept on a little mattress in their bathtub, since they had no other bed to put him in.

brooklyn boy ...

It was the kind of neighborhood—in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn—that develops the best or worst in its children, depending on their fibre. Bill learned self-reliance early. He ran errands, sold papers, shined shoes and brought the pennies proudly home to his mom. When he was nine, she married a fire department lieutenant, who earned sixty a week—riches in Williamsburg—and was very kind to Bill. But Bill continued to work after school and do his share.

There were no parks or playgrounds in the district, and you took your recreation where you found it. Bill was no sissy, but the tough gangs didn’t attract him, and once he’d discovered the YMCA, life took on new meaning. He found that sports were his dish, and especially swimming. His future was engineering for a living and swimming for fun. He became junior national champ in the 220 and 440 yard races, and began picking up a few bucks at exhibition meets. Instead of washing dishes, he could swim his way through Pratt Institute.

He’d been at Pratt six months when a man named George Golden stepped up to him at Sands Point Beach, where ritty people pay to watch you swim, and asked:

“How’dja like to be in show business?”

Uh—uh, a kidder! But Bill’s a polite boy. His mother taught him to say sir and ma’am his elders—a habit that still persists, by the way. He’s the first movie guy who ever said “yes, ma’am” to me, and I liked it.

To return to Mr. Golden, however.

“What could I do in show business, sir?” asked Bill.

“Well, you wouldn’t have to talk, if that’s what’s worrying you. I produce vaudeville and nightclub acts, and I need a blonde boy—your height and weight and...
Now...Let the Magic of "Make-up" add Color and Sparkle to your hair

Here's Glamour Made Easy...yes, in just 3 minutes—at home—you can give your hair glorious new color, with Marchand's wonderful Make-Up Hair Rinse. So easy to use, it goes on and washes off with as little fuss as your facial make-up!

Many Different Color Effects...No matter what shade your hair may be, with this thrilling hair "make-up", you can highlight and brighten its natural shade...give it a definitely warmer tone, or add a soft copper glow...even blend little gray streaks in with your original youthful shade!

Not a Permanent Dye...Marchand's Rinse is absolutely harmless—as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And these delicate tints do so much more for your hair!

After your shampoo, simply dissolve a package of Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly dulling soap film disappears, your curls sparkle and gleam as they never could with a shampoo alone!

12 Smart Shades...you can get the very color effect you want with this modern Hair Make-Up. Try it, after your next shampoo!

looks. Here's my card. Give me a ring tomorrow.'

A few months later, the team he captained was swimming at the Park Central Hotel, when this guy pops up again. 'Why didn't you call me?'

'I forgot all about it—'

'Look, do me a favor. When you're through here, come up to the roof of the Forrest Hotel. You don't have to sign any contracts. Come up and take a look tonight.'

That sounded reasonable till Bill found himself on the Forrest Roof, watching two blonde huskies tossing a little dark girl around. He backed hastily away.

Mr. Golden grabbed him. "It's not as tough as it looks. We wouldn't expect you to do it right away, but you can learn, can't you? It pays sixty a week—"

So that's what got Bill into show business—no ache for the footlights, but sixty smackers a week. In a sober mood he went home and asked Mom what she thought.

"It's up to you, son. You're old enough to make up your own mind—"

"Well, it just sounds like too much money to turn down. Think I'll try it.

Adagio act . . .

They rehearsed for two months, and thanks to his disciplined body, he was soon tossing Lila around like a vet just before the war was declared. The Stuart Morgan Dancers were ready for their first booking. Bill went along as a full-fledged member of the troupe.

At first they played working and going to school at York. Then they'd go out on the road. Bill and his mother never said goodbye. It was always "Well, so long, son."

"Slong, Mom. See you soon—"

He'd bought a little convertible job, which he'd park on the opposite side of the street so she could see him when she waved from the third-story window. Every day he was gone, she'd get a letter from him, and he from her.

Meantime, the act was making itself a name. Booking agents yelled for them, and engagements took them farther and farther afield. In the summer of '38 they went down to Texas.

Bill and his mother had said their good-bys. As usual, he stood at the car door for a moment, looking up. The window was open. Mom leaned out a little as she waved. "Be careful, honey," she called.

It hadn't meant a thing. Bill kept telling himself all the way to Texas. He was a doggone fool to let it upset him. So she'd said goodbye—he was acting like a superstitious dope. Sure she was sick, but no sicker than she'd been in years. In fact, she'd been looking better lately, he assured himself.

But he didn't rest till he found her first letter waiting at the hotel. Other letters followed. Mom was feeling fine..."

They went to a movie theater in Fort Worth that week, and living in Dallas. Every night Bill raced the freight train home—33 miles in 40 minutes. One of those silly games—he'd bet the train or the train'd beat him, it didn't matter. Something hit him wrong. He was too darn anxious. The dark slick road, the rain peeling against his windshield, made him uneasy. They'd be in the room, and he found that his hands were trembling on the wheel. "Slow down, you jerk!" he snarled at himself—and went faster.

At the hotel he found a message from Western Union. They had a wire for him. As he moved toward the door, a girl in the company caught sight of his face, and started for a second guess.

"Where you going in this weather, Bill?"

"Western Union. Says here they've got a wire for me. Nothing important, I guess, but I thought I'd drive down. Want to come along?"

They didn't say much on the way down, but he was glad when she got out of the car and went in with him. The wire was from his stepfather. "Mother dead—"

He didn't remember going back to the car. But he does remember the girl's voice, "Go ahead, Bill, cry—" and her arms around him, and himself bawling till there weren't any tears left—"

Then she said, "Let's go back, and I'll make some coffee." Then they went outside. The storm was over, the stars had come out. It was a lovely night. She let him talk for hours about his mother. She wasn't his girl, they weren't even particular friends. But for her tenderness and understanding, he'd have burst, for she knew what to say and what to leave unsaid, he'll never forget her.

Nor will he forget what the rest of them did. Bill was a bank holiday, and he didn't have enough money to fly home. So they all chipped in for the plane fare.

He didn't see his mother again. "Don't you want to look at her?" they asked.

Bill shook his head. He wanted to remember her alive. That's how she's wanted it, too.

Three and a half years later, Uncle Sam sent Bill his greetings, but they didn't take. Those years included a brilliant tour of Europe, and except for Hitler, they might have stayed on and on. As it was, they sailed back in triumph with war declared. They signed with Earl Carroll in Hollywood for a long-term stay.

Knowing that it wouldn't be long now, Bill and the troupe went to a working and operating in school at the same time. With his eye on the air force, he studied navigation and radio from nine to five, gulped his dinner, and worked at the theater till night. But a plane shortage interrupted his pre-flight training. He was drafted, sent to Fort MacArthur, and released in three months.

"I was the last of a horse," Bill explained, "and me being a smart aleck."

A couple of years earlier he'd swagged into a riding stable. "Give me the wildest horse I've ever seen.

And they did. And the horse got away from him. He managed to hang on till they came to a turn in the road. Horsie made the turn, and Bill went off on his back. He was laid up for four days, the back got a little troublesome as time went on, but he paid no attention.

Doctors discovered a sacroiliac injury that couldn't be repaired, and Bill was turned loose in Hollywood.

Nothing to Lose.

The act—which was both home and job to Bill—had broken up. He knew Hollywood was a tough nut to crack. Still, being home, he tried his chances on it. And at first Hollywood seemed bent on proving that it wasn't tough at all.

A friend sent him to Bob Oakley, the agent. Oakley asked him to try a movie, or to go to a show, like where Les Goodwins was making "Murder in the Blue Room." Goodwins threw him a glance and said, "Yes, that's the boy."

This bit was followed by another in "30 Seconds over Tokyo." That was followed by a phone call from Oakley. "Come on down. I've got a surprise for you—"

The surprise was an RKO contract. "They're training you, Bill. "I've never even been on the lot—"

"No, but they got a load of the Tokyo film. Sign here."

That was in '43, and Bill spent the next year going through the grinders and coming out mimsed.

Then 20th-Fox dropped Tracy, and Warners' dropped Van Johnson. At RKO, they were hunting a big name to play the second lead in "Endearing Young Charms," and couldn't find one. Charlie Koerner, smart fellow, said: "Let's test some of our own kids." Bill was one of those tested. He walked out on the set, elated, and walked off, sunk. (Continued on page 74)
Thanks to
John-Frederics
for a lovely hat-

-and for lovely hands

- Incomparables both — a mad but wonderful John-Frederics hat for Spring
- the skin softening action of Campana Balm! Famous for
generations, Campana Balm is different. Concentrated, rich,
full-bodied — not thin, not watery. It provides such sure protection
against wind, water, work — such lusciously soft, smooth skin.
Why not have the best — Original Campana Balm! Only 10¢ to $1.00.

- TRY THIS DIFFERENT LOTION
ACTS SO FAST! Overnight you'll feel the difference in your skin.
THRIFTY, TOO! Spreads widely — lasts longer. One drop serves
both hands.
It was just before Christmas. He was so sure they were dropping him, that he felt like a fool going to the Christmas party. He was so sure that, when Laraine Dish walked over and said, "You got the part, Bill," he bristled. With movie people, anything's good for a rib, but he thought this was overdoing it a little. Except for him, Laraine, if he didn't hava—

Then Mr. Koerner came up. "Congratulations, Bill. I see Laraine's told you—"

I'm glad they're not typing him as a cute kid, because he's more than that. In "Deadline at Dawn," he goes dramatic. In "Until the End of Time" with Guy Madison and Bob Mitchum, he plays a highly emotional part. Then he'll be co-starred with Barbara in "A Likely Story." Watch for that one, girls. I think you'll get as big a bang out of seeing them together as I did.

At first they didn't even know each other's names. Bill was that blonde boy with the dimples. Barbara was that sweet looking kid with the dark curly hair. He wanted to take her out, but he knew she was dating somebody else at the time, and it's against his code to horn in on the other guy's gal.

But when you're on the same lot, you can't help bumping into each other, and having coffee or lunch together isn't a date. One noon Barbara told Bill—for no particular reason—that she and the boy friend had broken up.

"Bet you'll be back together inside of three weeks—"

"What would you like to bet?"

Bill saw his chance. "A dinner." Either way, he couldn't miss.

happy loser . . .

Sure enough, three weeks later Barbara called him. "You lost your bet. When do we eat that dinner?"

They went to the Villa Nova on the Strip. She told him she was over the other boy. They began seeing each other one or two nights a week, then three or four till it finally stretched to seven.

When Barbara left us that day, I commented on her beauty.

"I don't want to sound like a square," he said, "and a face like hers never hurt a girl with a guy. But I've been around, Miss Hopper, and it's not her looks. It's what she has inside—"

Bill shares a small apartment with a friend. Barbara lives with Annette and Harold Soldinger—he's a cutter at RKO, and she's Barbara's stand-in. They budget their money. Bill allows himself $33 a week. Barbara gets along on $25. The balance goes into annuities.

"I had too rough a time as a kid," says Bill. "I don't want my own kids—when, as and if—to go through that. I'd rather skimp now for security later—and by security I don't mean plush and platinum. These annuities'll bring in sixty or seventy bucks a week, and that's enough. Then if Hollywood gives you the business, you can always say, 'Thanks for the socko, boys. It was nice bein' here—"

"Even if Hollywood's kind, I don't want it to own me. I want to live while I've got it—not make a pile, and then you're too old to enjoy it."

That's the declaration of independence they're working toward. The budget permits no clubbing or dining out. They eat at the Soldingers. If the girls are working, and Bill isn't, he markets and cooks. Says he learned how to broil a steak here and there and a pork chop there, with meat loaf and spaghetti as his specialty. Only thing he won't bother with are vegetables on account of the cleaning—those he gets out of a can. Dinner's on the table when the girls get in at 6:30. By 8:30 they're in bed. The boys sit around for a while gabbing, then Bill goes home to his fan mail.

He's got theories about that, too. "So
far, I've handled it myself. If it ever gets too heavy, I'll have someone address the envelopes. But the signatures'll be mine. I don't want that phony touch. You get letters from kids who are sick, kids just back from overseas. If they set any store by your autograph, the least you can do is give them the real thing.

I asked Bill what they did with their evenings when they weren't working.

"Go ice skating—take in a movie—roll back the Soldinger rugs for a jam session, wind up with coffee and scrambled eggs and call it a big night. Or we sit with babies."

That one threw me. "Come again," I blinked.

everybody loves a baby . . .

"Sure. Show Barbara a baby and she's gone. Any time our friends need sitters, they call us. Barbara thinks they're doing her a favor—"

"What about you?"

"As long as I'm with Barbara," he said quietly, "I don't care what we do—"

Somehow we got on the subject of clothes. I admired his tie. "That's because I'm having lunch with you," he informed me. "Otherwise, I turn around in an open shirt. For professional reasons, I've got to have a wardrobe. But personally, I can't get excited over clothes. Besides, I have no taste. Barbara picks my ties. And I wouldn't think of buying a suit without her—"

"Then of course you let Barbara choose her own," I suggested, and couldn't help howling when I got a flat no.

"It's like this," he explained. "I don't know what colors go together, but I do know what I like on a girl—"

He knows so well that he made Barbara give up makeup. "You look better without it—"

Then, they'll pass some cutie on the lot.

"Gee, but she's pretty—"

Barbara's nose goes up. "Funny, you like a lot of makeup on her—"

"Nothing funny about it!" says the eternal male. "I don't care if she gets herself up like an Indian. She's not my girl!—"

People who know her better than I do tell me what they've done for each other. Barbara aimed to be an artist. Someone asked her to model, and then came a movie offer. To Barbara, this was a laugh.

"That's a silly attitude," said Bill. "Either don't do it, or do the best you know how."

Bill, having slugged from birth, was over-serious. He played it too heavy. Barbara keeps it young. But she's got more than the gift of girlish laughter. Under the bubbling surface lies an educated heart. She knows all Bill's missed through the years of struggle and loneliness, through the loss of his mother and, as far as she can, she's going to make it up. I realized that when I heard about his last birthday.

happy birthday, willie-boy . . .

They went over to Lucey's to celebrate driving Barbara's car. It's a little shinier than Bill's, so they use it for swank, and this was definitely a swanky occasion. As they got out, she said: "There's something in the back for you, Willie—" Yes, that's what she calls him, and he calls her Monkeyface.

In the trunk, he found a huge box crammed with packages. He looked at her questioningingly.

"Don't worry," she laughed. "I've been saving up for weeks. Anyway, some of them are gag's and they didn't cost so much—"

"But why so many?"

"I owe them to you, darling." Barbara said softly. "One for every year you've lived—"

A lesson in luxury . . .

It's easy to enjoy the sheer, caressing luxury of pure linen sheets . . . merely launder your cotton sheets with Linit, the superior starch that makes cotton look and feel like linen.

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Sunny says: It's so easy to use Linit . . . simple directions on every package . . . for starching all household fabrics, curtains, cotton dresses, children's clothes . . . even daintiest underthings are restored to "newness" by light Linit starching.

... adds the "finishing touch" 75
fun." (Mary Wordeman has Southern California's cutest Southern accent—straight from Tennessee.)

"I reckon I might as well go," said her son, whose accent is also strictly from Dixie.

At the party, Charles Vidor (who was looking for someone to do the juvenile role in "Together Again," starring Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer) spotted the happy features of Cojo. Strolling up to him, Mr. Vidor said, "How would you like to have a screen test?"

Said Cojo seriously, although he thought he was being ribbed, "Ah'm fixin' to go in the Army when Ah'm eighteen, which Ah will be next February, but in the meantime Ah reckon Ah might as well."

"Be at the studio tomorrow," said Mr. Vidor.

The next morning nothing of note happened around the Wordeman household. Cojo had a late and leisurely breakfast with his mother, and gossiped about the very nice party of the previous night. The telephone disturbed a scene of domestic relaxation. "Where is your son?" demanded Mr. Vidor of an astonished Mary Wordeman. "That wasn't a joke—I want to test him."

So Cojo was tested and signed the following morning. Mr. Vidor, in making out the preliminary legal forms, said to Cojo, "How do you spell 'Jerome?'" Because he had never really penetrated the Southern accent that turned the name Courtland Jourolmon into something that might be spelled 'Cou'tland J's'm,' Mr. Vidor actually thought that Cojo's surname was Jerome or Jerrom or Jeromn.

Answered Cojo with magnificent indifference, "I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Vidor. Anyway you like."

Mr. Vidor gave him A Look. "Come one—" he asked. "Or one r or two?" he asked. "And one m or two?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say, but I feel that one m is probably right," said Cojo, no authority on the names of other people.

After Cojo had gone, Mr. Vidor telephoned Mary Wordeman. "We've decided to turn your son's name around," he explained. "We think Jerome Courtland is a little better for motion picture purposes. We can call him Jerry. And, by the way, how do you spell 'Jerome'—Cojo didn't seem to know."

Mary howled. She said that her son's name was Courtland Jourolmon, not Jerome. But she didn't think that it mattered. Jerome Courtland was a fine stage name. "Everyone who knows him will go right on calling him Cojo, anyhow," she said blithely.

Being in pictures was fine, Mr. Vidor.

I BEGGED HER.... I PLEADED!

I begged her to stop, but that pesky little sister of mine kept making with the ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta all day, giving for free with what happened when she met that glamorous, gorgeous hunk of movie star. "Pam me for petting," I finally interrupted, "but don't you know that Modern Screen pays for the privilege?" She should have seen her face when I told her she might win $5 if she'd just write it out—clear and brief—and mail it off to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
didn't try to direct Cojo; he simply explained the meaning of a scene and the general audience reaction that he hoped to obtain, then left it to Cojo to devise his own business. But Mr. Vidor, being a shrewd operator, kept his camera trained on Cojo, in most instances, after Cojo thought the scene was shot. Remember, after he had kissed Irene Dunne, how he pulled up his trousers over negligible hips, hopped into the air and clicked his heels? Well, that was not directorial technique, but the shot remained in the picture.

Only once did the camera fail to catch something that would have been terrific. When he was supposed to have backed Irene Dunne into a corner to kiss her, Cojo's great worry was that he was going to get some of her lipstick smeared on his face. Even after the final take, he pulled away, rubbed his hand across his cheek, and demanded, "Did you get lipstick all over me?" Unfortunately both the sound track and the camera had been killed.

**thumb sprainer**

During the three months or so of the picture's production time, Cojo was hopping about onto Sunset Boulevard every morning and thumbing a ride to the studio. He could have borrowed any of the family cars, but he didn't want to be bothered. He liked the independence of hitching; the responsibility of taking good care of a car in Los Angeles traffic was a worry, so he skipped it.

One night when a group of friends were spending the evening with the Wordemans, a conversation arose as to the exact wording of a popular song. "It goes like this," said Cojo with authority, and rippled over the first five or six bars of the music. His voice, not quite settled at that time, was a voluminous baritone-bass.

Ralph Blaine, musical genius under contract to Metro, happened to be one of the guests. He didn't exactly leap from his chair and do a jig in the middle of the room, but his mental reaction was along those lines. "Huckleberry Finn," he managed to say, "Perfect for Huckleberry Finn."

Seems that Mr. Blaine, in conjunction with other writing experts at Metro, has written a musical based on the homespun stories of Mark Twain. It would have been produced long ago, except for the problem of casting Huckleberry Finn—and here he was, shy good nature, step-ladder legs, active Adam's apple, deep-set intelligent eyes and all. The perfect Twain character. They persuaded Cojo to come down to Metro the following day and to spend several hours making recordings.

**lend-lease**

Whether Columbia will loan Cojo, when he comes home and is demobilized, is a question that Metro would like to take up with a reliable crystal-gazer.

"Don't think for a moment that acting, hitch-hiking, and singing end the list of Cojo's accomplishments. He's versatile. Cojo's interest in zoology and botany has always been intense. One summer, when his family had rented a ranch in San Bernardino County, he made it a habit to say to his mother, "How about a wax-paper package of eats? I'm going out to get a picture of some deer tonight."

His mother would prepare a stack of sandwiches; Cojo would assemble cameras, lens attachments, and flash bulbs, and set off into the summer night. He'd come back at dawn, scratched, torn, stuck with brambles, and blissfully happy. "I got the best gosh darned shots last night that you've ever seen," was his modest comment.

On another occasion, after sitting for hours observing the antics of a bumblebee, Cojo went to his room and busied himself with pencil, pen and ink, and paint.

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**STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION**


2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.

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At any store which sells toilet goods
When he came downstairs, he was carrying a drawing of a bumblebee wearing a pilot’s turtleneck sweater and boxing gloves on the upper FOUR of his paws.

When Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney were guests at the Wordeman home one night—
d when Cojo wasn’t around—Mary Wordeman showed the bumblebee drawing—
to Mr. Disney. “Send that boy over here to me,” she said to Donald Duck’s director. “He has the talent to do exactly the kind of thing we need—and can seldom find.”

exploring nature . . .

When Mary Wordeman wrote to her son, who was on his way to serve in the Army of the Pacific, she wrote: “I’m sending you three logs to let her know at once what he wanted for Christmas, he answered that he wanted all the drawing materials that could be crated; the biggest of those small-sized overseas mailing cartons. He wanted pastels, poster paint, charcoal, poster board, and drawing paper. This last had to be paper for a small man to satisfy mailing restrictions, but at least Cojo would have something to work with. He wrote, “The scenery is super; I want to record it. And don’t forget the occasional shot of a lot of expert craftsmanship from some of the types of Oriental art I see around here.” How’s that for taking advantage of a situation—and having fun, too. . . .

Cojo’s interest in nature history led him to tell a newspaper writer, while he was working opposite Shirley Temple in Kiss And Tell, that he was going to make an expedition to chart the Amazon Valley.

This news had barely hit print when Cojo began to mail. One husky Tech Sergeant in Georgia wrote that he was about to be demobilized. After having served his hitch and that, he, too, had always been interested to chart the Amazon Valley. He said he didn’t have any dough except his mustering-out pay with which to finance such an expedition, but he would be thrilled if Cojo could get financing elsewhere. Cojo had to answer that the army was going to take care of his voyages of discovery for a few years. That would keep the sergeant in mind, if things developed in the future.

A girl wrote to say, “Gosh, when you talk about the Amazon, don’t you realize that the region is simply alive with snakes? Ugh!”

Cojo grinned. As a kid, some of his best friends were snakes. In the morning, his mother used to go to his bedroom door, open the door, but remain just across the door sill. Before she entered the room, she scrutinized every inch of floor space, and all shadowed corners, because Cojo had a pet black snake that he loved with a great affection. The black snake had a perfectly satisfactory wire box in which he was supposed to sleep, but Cojo decided that this was not as much fun as it would be if Cojo could sneak his four-foot playmate into the house when Mary wasn’t looking, and into his bed.

Cojo was missing, Mary went in to kiss the boy goodnight, and was startled— to put it mildly—to find a heap of coiled reptile peacefully snoring beside Cojo’s toothbrush. Luckily, Mary Wordeman is not a screamer. She would withdraw to the door and call in a ringing voice, “Courtland Jourlomul, you wake up this instant. And put that black snake out of your wire box. I will not have a snake sleeping in my house.”

While Cojo was taking his basic training, a last minute gathering of men were gathered on parade ground one morning, so Cojo joined them. The men were keeping a respectable distance from a fine, fat serpent. Cojo moved into the circle, knelt down, fondled the snake and looked over carefully. Then he killed it without haste, but with great care that it would be thoroughly dead. One of the men said, “That was a funny thing to see you pick up that snake, look it over, then kill it. You acted as if you would make a pet of it.”

Said Cojo, “Because the weather’s so cold, the snake was sluggish, so he was safe to handle for a minute, but that was a copperhead. I had to kill him.”

Instead of killing the copperhead with a club, Cojo could have, if necessary, dispatched him with one shot from a revolver—that’s how accurate his shooting eye is. All during his school days, Cojo won success after success. And when he received a trophy or a memento of any kind, he would mail it to his mother. Now she has a velvet-lined box filled with silver: a miniature of the 1940 Olympic Games. She was in Texas, he sent her another medal: The silver oblong, blue-enamelled, on which is superimposed a silver rifle, indifferent, but there is always this question, “How’s Kurt?” Tell him hello for me.

Kurt is Cojo’s kid brother, a very husky gent who was aged nine on November 4th. When Cojo was at home, it was quite a sight to see him lugging around fatcheeked, round-eyed Mr. Wordeman, Jr. When Kurt was hungry, Cojo gave him his bottle; when Kurt turned out to be a drip, Cojo rushed reinforcements in the form of three-cornered slacks.

Cojo, when he reached San Francisco on his way to Korea, was able to notify his mother, so Mr. and Mrs. Wordeman rushed North. On the way there, Cojo asked, “Did you bring that old saddle, Kurt, along?”

No, they had left Kurt with the nurse. The nurse had told them that the trip would be too much for so small a traveler; he might have caught cold. Really, everyone tried to explain at once, it was no place for a little boy like him near the mother’s arm, “That’s okay,” he said gently. “Just tell the youngster so long for me for awhile.”

In the several days that the Wordemans were with Cojo—as often as he could get a pass—Cojo’s mother noted a vague change in him. She tried to analyze it: He had been so much at home, his father was away, but now his quiet was not so much of uncertainty, as of perfect adult assurance. His questions were to the point, and neat as a bone. His answers were firm and fast. Mary Wordeman, groping in her mind for an explanation, finally found it: Cojo had grown into the army very much a boy. Just eighteen, he had been carefree, easy—going. But now, not quite nineteen, he was a man who had taken a man’s responsible place in his outfit.

At night, she said to her husband, “I know I’m foolish to cry, but I just can’t help it. He’s so much of himself as my baby, and I suppose I’ve got to get over that. He’s a man, and very much of a man. I guess I know now how a mother feels when her only daughter gets married.”

Cojo knew that a change had taken place in their relationship. He had always kidded his mother in exactly the same casus, very much like her girl friends. He teased her about her hairdo, her sloppy joe sweaters, her pleated skirts. Because she had been only seventeen when he was, they had not put them together.

Now his attitude had changed. He had begun to call her Mother instead of the junior name, “Mommy.” The last time they were back at home together, he said, “I’ve never looked at it as a life work. You see, when I get back, I may not be as gung-ho as I am now. The reason they liked me was that I was a small adolescent. Having outgrown that stage, I mayn’t appeal to directors. I figure I’d better have a profession in mind.”

That’s a girl, Cojo. Looks like a good scout.

“I’ll say she’s a good scout,” enthused Cojo. “That girl can climb a mountain right beside me, keeping up my pace, and never even getting winded.”

when a gal’s a pal . . .

She can also give him a fast game of tennis, and he’s plenty good, having played in the Vince Richards category. She also shares his excitement over a double hot fudge sundae. Last afternoon, before Cojo went into the army, he and the G.F. whipped over to the local sugarbowl and sat for hours, working at mounds of ice cream and all sorts of syrups, chocolate, peanut butter, and gobs of whipped cream.

Stuffed as barracks bags, they would lie there, amazed at the way in which they would sit around the Copeland and play recordings—strictly on the sweet and sentimental side. You may take your Spike Jones and Judy Garland, for your Krupa, but Cojo and his fluff will stick to Glenn Miller, Lombardo, some Dorsey, Freddy Martin and such smoothies.

So the kid in Korea has a plenty on his mind and plenty to come home where they would sit around the Copeland and play recordings—strictly on the sweet and sentimental side. You may take your Spike Jones and Judy Garland, for your Krupa, but Cojo and his fluff will stick to Glenn Miller, Lombardo, some Dorsey, Freddy Martin and such smoothies.

C'MON, JOIN THE PARTY!

Wild about June Allyson? Got a yen for Pete Lawford? Wouldn’t you like them to know how you feel? Then come on and join the gang.

"How to Join A FAN CLUB," an M.S. Service Chart, tells you all about the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION; how to get free snaps, club journals, etc. See Super Coupon, page 22.
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“One Rose, by those Fair Fingers cull’d, were worth a hundred kisses” — Tennyson

Nice going, Mr. T. . . . but can fingers stay “fair” and make with the mop?

It can be done! Yes. . . . in spite of scrubbing floors. . . . scouring. . . . cooking. . . . all the hard housework in the world. . . . Pacquins Hand Cream still helps keep hands adorably soft and smooth. Use Pacquins regularly for whiter, smoother-looking hands.

Ask your doctor or his nurse about keeping hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 soap-water scrubbings a day. Pacquins was originally formulated for their professional use . . . and their hands get really hard treatment! Pacquins is super-rich with humectant, an ingredient that helps parched, roughened skin feel softer, more supple. Pacquins is pleasant to use too. Snow white. . . . not greasy!

Pacquins
HAND CREAM
Creamy-smooth. . . . not sticky. . . . not greasy! More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

ROGUE MALE
(Continued from page 34)

where he’s working is not what you would call very Hollywood conscious. He hasn’t got what made Sammy Run. He does not know who was Circumventing and what they wore. He is a ringer in on a free pass; in other words—being a movie star shouldn’t happen to a guy like Bob Mitchum. He’s not the type.

The day he started work at M-G-M to make “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo,” Bob breezed up to the gate, “Wait a minute,” called the cop. “Where do you think you’re going? There ain’t no jobs at the studio now for you guys.”

“I’ve already got a job,” came back Bob.

“Yeah?” challenged the gateman. “Well, let’s see your union card.”

He had to explain it wasn’t that kind of a job. He was an actor, making a picture. He wasn’t a set laborer, a grip, a prop or a carpenter. But you couldn’t blame the cop. Bob was wearing an old sweat shirt and a pair of blue jeans. He looked about as much like an actor as L’il Abner.

Frankly, Bob Mitchum feels that way too. Especially now that the lightning has struck him and he’s getting the movie star glamor treatment wherever he goes. It’s twice the surprise to Bob, because all the time this fantastic fame is cooking, where is Mitchum? Not even in Hollywood. He’s in the army. When he went in, he was nobody to toss a director into a twit. When he came out—he was a star in Hollywood.

“gotta see a guy” . . .

There’s no more happy-go-lucky, reckless, easy-going guy ever to hit the town than Bob. Why, he even ran out on his first look at the biggest picture he’s made to date—The Story of GI Joe”—the minute some real life excitement started popping. That was just a few weeks ago, when Private Robert Mitchum was traveling with that Ernie Pyle epic of Yank dog-faces, as it played around the nation. He was under orders to plug the picture, when he played Captain Walker. If it was a hit, Mitchum’s Hollywood post-war future was set. So here was the army ordering him to make a hit out of the last film he’d done in civilian life—all expenses paid, no K.P., no sassy top sergeants, no nothin’, riding on Pullman cushions and stopping at fancy hotels (when Bob has been used to the rods and hobo jungles whenever he traveled before). Could anything be dreamier? Wouldn’t you think Bob Mitchum would know every scene of “GI Joe” backwards and forwards?

Well, Bob never could find time to take a look at “GI Joe.” In New York, for instance, he ran into an old pal of his, Freddie Steele, the ex-middleweight ring champ, who’d also had a part in “GI Joe.” They both put up at the Sherry-Netherland and started buzzing for bellboys and swapping yarns, so as soon as he’d finish his trick on the stage, (“Mostly I just apologized for being there,” Bob says), Bob would hustle back and join Freddie and his prize fight buddies. He told himself, “I’ll catch the picture in Detroit.”

But when he got to Detroit, he’d hardly cracked open his bag in the Book-Cadillac when a knock came on the door and a wide-eyed young girl was stuttering, “I-I-want to interview you-you for my newspaper!” Bob didn’t ask what newspaper, if any. He knew it was a smitten sweetie and he just grinned, “Come on in,” and went ahead with his unpacking. Right away another teener trooped in with the same excuse, and pretty soon the room was filled with gigglers who somehow never asked him a single question that a newspaper
THE Countess of Carnarvon

An exquisite ballerina, the former Tilly Losch is one of today's most beautiful society favorites. Unbelievably bright blue eyes accent the creamy loveliness of her skin. "Three or four times a week I have a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," the Countess says. "It makes my skin look brighter . . . smoother!"

1-Minute Mask

makes my skin look brighter and smoother!

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Cover your face—all but your eyes—with a cool, white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on for one full minute.

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The lovely Countess of Carnarvon—she's delighted with Pond's 1-Minute Mask

could use. When he had to report to the theater to make an appearance, they all looked so crushed Bob told them he'd come back and be "interviewed" — and he did. So that killed the chance to see "GI Joe" there.

Pretty soon he was packing for the plane, and the first "newspaper girl" who'd crashed Bob's room in the first place, said she just had to get her story.

"But I'm leaving," explained Bob.

"Oh," said the girl, "I'll wait here."

"I'm afraid, sister," cracked Mitchum, "you might want a long time. I'm catching a plane for Texas!"

He thought he'd surely get a look at his own movie down deep in the heart of Hollywood, where time stands still and all that.

Well—he was moseying past the Adolphus Hotel on his way to the matinee the day he got in Dallas when a gang of soldiers (Bob was in uniform, of course), grabbed him and said, "Come on upstairs— we got a party going."

"Why not?" said Mitchum. "Soon as I finish my act."

one strike—he's out . . .

It was quite a party. One of those "Shore Leave" claambakes being tossed by Lieutenant I. T. Quinn, who's a legendary hero in Arab land, where he rescued the correspondent, Hal Boyle, in a wild jeep ride that was one of the war's classic adventures.

Lt. Quinn and his fellow celebrants took Mitchum right over and he was lucky enough to get out of there for the times he had to put over his job on the stage.

Bob just never did get around to seeing his own movie until he landed in San Francisco, after spending V-J Day crossing the desert on a hot train with the air conditioning busted. That calmed him down a bit and he actually sat in a seat in the United Artists theater one day after his personal appearance and watched the very swell picture unreel. But he'd barely got a good look when he heard the usherettes screaming and a lot of shouts, crashes and smashings and uproar in the street. Somebody yelled "Riot!" and Bob jumped up in the middle to see the excitement.

That was the day some Bay City characters picked to go berserk and smash shop windows and tear up the town (you probably read about it in the papers) and with that sort of goings-on going on—you don't expect a steel-spring type like Mitchum to sit through a movie, do you—even if it was his own? He raced out and mixed in the cops-and-robbers battle, and had the time of his life dodging brickbats and night stick billys. Whether or not Bob Mitchum has yet seen "The Story of GI Joe" from beginning to end, I wouldn't know. But I maintain that traveling all over the nation with it and never getting around to taking a look would be some sort of a Hollywood record—for any actor, that is, besides Robert Mitchum. When you bump up against Baby Boy Bob, though, you just toss away the Hollywood rule book and relax. What happens to him is always out of this Hollywood world.

Who, for instance, ever heard of an actor, under contract to a studio for over a year, turning up as star when his own bosses—and practically everyone else on his home lot—had no idea who he was? That happened to Bob Mitchum.

Shortly after Bob finished "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" he went right into "GI Joe." Then he went right into the U. S. Army. After "Tokyo" was released and the fans had a good swoon, rumors of this sensational young Mitchum character began to float around RKO, where Bob draws his check. Studios began asking for loan-out and some even offered to pay cash on the line for Bob's contract. Naturally, all this finally came to the desk of
There's something about an American girl...

RKO's production chief, Hal Wallis. He was puzzled.

"Who is this Robert Mitchum, anyway?" he asked, "and where is he?"

"He's in the army," they told him, "but he was around here for a year."

"What does he look like?" Wallis wanted to know. "I can't place him."

Until Bob Mitchum came back from the army the other day to make "Until The End Of Time" at his home lot, he had never made no impression around RKO than a pea-shooter on a tank. As I said, he's not the type. He had signed-on originally to make hoss operas, and half the time those epics weren't even shooting inside the studio gates. But when he was hanging around, he never even had a dressing room, but changed his costumes back between the flats with the extras and stand-ins. Until he came back from the army he'd never even sat at a table in the commissary, perching instead on a corner stool with the camera crew, who were his buddies. He didn't know a star on the lot, outside of the star of his cowboy picture. He'd been in the photo gallery for a portrait only once, and when RKO found they had a new star on their hands, they were amazed to discover that there were only two pictures of Bob Mitchum in all their jam-packed files. One full face and one profile of Mitchum—like a rogue's gallery shot!

free soul...

But that's just part of what makes Reckless Robert Mitchum a brand-new experience for glamor-gorged Hollywood. He doesn't do anything according to Hoyle. He's one rugged individualist—hallelujah!

For instance, Bob's never started a picture yet where he didn't lose his script the very first day. Most young actors practically take their movie scripts to bed with them, but something always happens to turn Bob's mind to other, more interesting things. He never learns his lines until he gets on the set and then if he forgets what he's supposed to say in a scene he just rattles on.

The other day, shooting "Until The End Of Time," this happened to Mitchum and Doré Schary, the producer, was amazed to hear Bob come up with some sock dialogue that improved the scene. But the camera had already cut, so he asked Bob to repeat the ad lib.

"I can't remember what it was," said Bob airily. "But let's do it and I'll come up with something else."

He did—and it was even better. They kept it in the picture.

Bob's easy-ace attitude toward the career that has caught up with him is only natural, after all. He's been a free soul all his life, from the time he slipped on long pants and away from home to have a look at the world. There's not half the dreamed-up drama in all Hollywood's studios to match the real life he's seen. It's the life he's led that makes him as much a character as any he'll ever play, nutty to conventional Hollywood at times, but nimble-witted and ready to rise to whatever comes along. You'd expect a normal reaction from a normal, happy guy—but to Bob Mitchum, Hollywood's just a step along his private royal road to romance.

Before he ever saw inside of a studio he'd bummed across the country and back nine times. He'd been in and out of trouble more times than a chafing dish. Among several dozen ways of earning his tick, Bob has been a truck driver, walker, bus boy, bouncer, chauffeur, ditch digger, life-guard, fisherman, mechanix, prize fighter, stevedore, astrologer's assistant, dock walloper, powder monkey, and just plain bum—to mention a few. He can sit and spin yarns for hours about each and every one—and will at the drop of a beer bottle.
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Look, Danny, 65% of all pen troubles are caused by high-acid inks. But the solv-x in Quink actually prevents rubber rot and corrosion of metal parts. It safeguards your pen—adds years to its life!
chase the cubby-hole.

Of the two evils, Dottie will pick the former any day of the week. She doesn't bother her pretty head about Baby Boy Bobby straying from the fold, because in their relaxed marriage they're as happy as larks. She lives with each of them and doesn't give everything as only schoolday sweethearts who've made a go of it can be.

Other day Bob gave a rattle letter from a girl in a Midwest small town, wild, as it happened, he'd passed through many times on his travels.

Dear Bob," she wrote, "Didn't you used to sit on my girl friend's front porch and sing—I'm in the Mood for Love?"

Bob showed the letter to Dottie. "Well, did you?" she asked.

Bob grinned, "Could be," he said, "so what?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Dottie, giving him the back of her hand, "I'll just bet you were thinking of me all the time!"

Bob was looking around one of his favorite night spots (not the fashionable kind) the other night with a "disreputable" pal of his when a couple of cuties, who had been following the moving vehicle, edged up and started a conversation. "You know," said one, "you could be a good looking guy if you wanted to."

"Tell me more Baby," cooed Bob.

"Well," said the cutie, "Do—do you always dress like that?"

"Uh-huh," drones Bob, without batting an eyelash. Dottie had in an everchanging pair of slacks and an open shirt. His hair was slipping down over his eyes. He wore carp- slippers. The girl gave him another size-up from tip to toe for good measure.

"Say," she said, "are you married?"

Bob still gave her the lazy eye and nodded, "Uh-huh."

"Well," she huffed, flouncing off, "that answers that for us!"

He tells that one to Dottie whenever she gets upset. "See—it's all your fault. I'm no pretty-boy," he says, and she just gives him a low, fast look. But when Bob starts to look back to what he's wearing in one of his many immature, Dottie frowns for sure. Why has he got dressed up to turn mechanic she doesn't know, and Bob probably wouldn't either, if he were asked an honest question, much less a reverse quirk. But what happens when he puts on a coat and tie and lets go on an automobile is usually disastrous.

It he 1929 Whippet that he took apart and worked over, and the first time he took Dottie and the kids out for a spin in the new job, the motor hopped up and was just as good to go as the kayak in the river. Then he bought another jalopy and took it around back for a remodel job. It blew up in the garage and knocked off the garage door. When he was on location with Guy Madison down at Del Mar, near San Diego, a few weeks ago, Guy took along his crate, which promptly stalled the machinery. They fixed it, said Mitchum. He did, all right. He spotted all his tools and went off on the trip pushing Guy's car around, and loose-leaf everything in the motor. He took off the fuel pump, dismantled the carburetor."

Jimmy and Chris, got caught in the housing shortage in Los Angeles and have had to settle for a little bungalow in the un-fashional part of Hollywood. It's not exactly the kind of a castle you'd expect a million dollar star to live in. But that's typical. What other Hollywood star—I ask you—would have reacted like Bob did recently and come right out with his financial affairs?

He was house hunting for a bigger and better place—and around Hollywood these days that's a long, ghastly and grim process. But you have to give your family tree, fingerprints, high school grades and birth certificate, practically. So Bob tied into a prospect that looked swell.

"What do you do, Mr. Mitchum?" Bob said he was an actor. In the movies? Yes. H-m-m-m-m. "What are your assets?" was the next.

"Hey, Dot," yelled Bob. "How much dough do we have?" She called the answer. "One hundred and twelve bucks cash," said Bob. "He didn't get the house.

For such a frank, forthright and free-wheeling guy as Bob Mitchum you'd expect him to be something other than a decent, a decent fellow that's practically em- blematic in the army. But, being a man's man, perhaps, or knowing by plenty experience how to get along in any set of circumstances, he made Bob a very soldier. For the short time he was in, he hung up the best record in his battalion at Camp Roberts, snagged an expert rifleman's badge and got six separate recommenda- tions for his personal bravery. That wasn't because he was a Hollywood actor, either, because all his service time Bob went incognito as possible, and, in addition, nobody in Hollywood knew the guy—how do you expect a bunch of soldiers to know he was a movie hero? Of course, when "GI Joe" came out, he had to go up in the world. He was practically out of the army, on dependencies. The only time Bob got any Hollywood star treatment was on his theater tour I mentioned before. He was practically, then even there wasn't enough to make Bob think he was somebody. And since he's been back he's been far too busy to sit back, puff up and say, "Boy, I'm swell now, ain't that smart?" As though he would!

Bob Mitchum was anxious to get back to Hollywood and to work. He was so anxious that he was the one who got the old crew back together in 2½ hours—which Bob thinks is some kind of a world's record for getting your "ruptured duck." It was on duty at the separation center, which explains the technique—but the stimulus was getting back on the job in Hollywood. He loves to make movies—really goes for the life of an "actor" he'll give you a queer look and tilt that left eyebrow dangerously.

There's an odd hangover Bob Mitchum packs from his days on the road. Sometimes—for no good reason at all—he'll take it on the chin, can't think. It happens when he's still talked. One night, he came home late from the studio and flopped on the bed before eating. While he was snoozing, Dottie stepped out of the house to go to the drugstore for something she needed and when she came back in she slammed the door. Pretty soon she called for Bob—but no answer. She looked in the bedroom—no Bob on the bed. Ball was over.

In a few minutes, the phone rang, "Is everything all right?" hissed Bob.

"Sure, you dope," she said. "Where in the world are you?"

"Around the corner," he said. "I heard somebody after me."

"You nut!" said Dottie, "that was me. Come on home."
Apple of his eye: Wise as the ages, she knows instantly this altogether new red is pure lure on lips and fingertips.

Outrageous...

the rush for

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Nail Enamel, Lipstick and Face Powder
of incomparable quality...
for American women of great chic!
AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

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PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

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Our Customers Participate in Beauty Gifts!
that, through all the responses, Esther and Ben kept their eyes on each other.

"In sickness and health," she said, looking straight up at him.

"—Till death do us part," he said, looking down at her.

It was very moving. It made you think of the old words—they pleased their throat. It made you feel as you ought to feel at a wedding—that this was a sacrament, sweet and good and lasting.

**how they met...**

"They gotta meet cute!"

That's a Hollywood classic. Producers pull it on writers. "How doya get the girl and boy together? They gotta meet cute—"

Esther Williams and Ben Gage met cute. She was selling cigarettes for a benefit at Earl Carroll's. He'd brought Ginny Simms who was going to sing. Bunny Green introduced them.

Esther likes to look up to a man. Being six feet in her heels, it's not always possible. But here was this tremendous blonde creature in uniform, grinning down at her from a peak of six-foot-five. Golly, that looked good.

"What do you do, young man?"

I was a radio announcer. Now I announce for kids in storybooks. She was grown up.

When she left, it was raining. Because of the war, parking lots were scarce, and she couldn't find a cab. Normally, she's an independent gal who's been known to cope with worse. Now she began feeling sorry for herself. Other women had men to get their cars. She had to go walking in the downpour, long white formal, floppy sandals and all. Of course it had its funny side. Champ swimmer afraid of the rain, but she felt more like crying.

"Well, Girl, you seem to be in trouble—"

It was the blonde young giant. "Can I get your car, please?"

"Oh, if you would—"

He brought it around, she thanked him, they said goodnight and she drove away, thinking, "Gee, that was nice—but she still felt lonesome.

Though she'd been only 17 at the time of her first marriage, its failure had struck deep. Brought up in a happy family, she'd woven the rosy dreams of girlhood around her own marriage, and set it up on a beautiful shining pedestal. When it began to show flaws, she couldn't see them. When her eyes were forced open, she kept on trying desperation to make it stick.

When it crashed at the end of four years, she lifted her head from the wreck with one deep resolve. If she never married again—never had the children she longed for—that would still be better than making another mistake.

It was very moving. It made you think of the old words—they pleased their throat. It made you feel as you ought to feel at a wedding—that this was a sacrament, sweet and good and lasting.

**no marriage talk...**

But she wouldn't let him talk marriage: there were too many things in the way. Till her divorce was final, she had no right even to think about marriage, and though she found him terribly attractive, she'd concentrated herself on his making money. Ben, she'd found, was to the roots. Besides, Ben himself, while perfectly willing to plan, wasn't ready to marry. The army'd taken him almost three years ago on a contract from a newspaper as Bob Hope's announcer. Well, Ben was the kind of guy who'd have to be head of his household, who'd have to foot the bills and run the joint. He wasn't marrying on a sergeant's pay, and who knew how long he'd be in the service?

"Let's not make any plans," said Esther. "Let's just get to know each other and leave the rest to time—"

Mrs. Williams once summed her daughter up. "When her time came to be born, I think God said, 'This one's for laughs.'"

In Ben, Esther found another such...
character—sunny and openhearted. They both like people. She calls him the great nerve of the street corners. Truckdrivers hail him, cops are his pals and he’s a guy every newsboy in town by his first name. Esther understands that language, because high-hatting isn’t in her. When kids crowd around, they get close, talking to along with the autograph ... "Crimsey, at your age I didn't stand around waiting for some stale movie star to scribble me her name. I was busy swimming—tire.

"Look," says Ben, "they want an autograph, not a lecture—" "Look," says Esther, "they're getting two-in-one—" Ocean Park’s been a favorite hangout with them. Ben would come up on a weekend pass from Santa Ana, they'd start out for a party and wind up on the roller coaster. One night they’d been having a heck of a time playing bingo, when Esther got a yen for an ice cream soda. The first two or three drugstores they tried were out of ice cream. The last she had Ben come, but by then it was closing time...

and make it sweet...

"Please," Esther begged, "Please make me a chocolate soda.

A bunch of kids who'd been fairly quiet for kids up to that point started raising the roof at their table. The manager hurried over and hurried back.

"Listen. I don’t know if you're Esther Williams or not, but will you please settle the argument and shut those kids up?

"I will," she said sweetly, "if you’ll make me a chocolate soda."

As she dug into the kids started inching over. The last night wearing the loveliest clothes, dancing to the swoniest music, if she wasn't with Ben she didn't want to be there.

Time will tell, Esther'd thought, and time did. It told her nothing but good about Ben and it also told her how she felt herself. He's a man who'd wear the best clothes, in the most different ways, wearing the loveliest clothes, dancing to the swoniest music, if she wasn't with Ben she didn't want to be there.

The time her final decree came through last September she was sure in her heart. If she hadn't been, Mexico would have cinched it.

In mid-October she flew to Mexico to be fitted for the Matador costumes she wears in "Fiesta," and to make the picture. But the starting date was postponed, and M-G-M found they needed added scenes for "Hoodlum Saint," in which she co-stars with Bill Powell. So at the end of two weeks she was called back.

She'd been away from Ben ten days before, and for longer than two weeks, but before she'd missed him like this. Now she knew how close they'd grown, how Ben waiting at the airport wrapped her in a wonderful warm glow. And all of a sudden she could hardly wait.

Mel was with her, and she drove Mel crazy. "I've got to be back in time for Ben's birthday. I've got to—"

glass kiss...

His birthday was the 29th. By nagging and coaxing and the skin of their teeth, they made it. The customs kept Esther and the cake in the car for twenty minutes, but she sang "Happy Birthday" and kissed him through the glass partition, which was better than nothing. They dined at the Derby. They had the cake Esther'd ordered by wire bore a Spanish inscription, translating into "Happy Birthday to my Darling from her best girl—" Ben opened his presents—a ring, a sweater and, as the topper, two pairs of pre-war pajamas.

"Whoa, that's what I call an achievement—" "Me, too," she agreed modestly. "Especially after last Christmas, tramping through the whole chilly town of New York, trying to buy a shirt big enough to cover the clerks were so helpful. "Sure you don't mean a tent?"

Ben smiled, but a little absently. "'Honey,' said Esther, "You've got something on your mind—"
"Be Lovelier Tonight!"
"My Beauty Facials bring quick new loveliness"

Gene Tierney
Lovely star of
20th Century-Fox's
"LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN"

"Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says Gene Tierney. "Feels like smoothing beauty in as you work the creamy Active lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, then cold."

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In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this Beauty Care
Lux Girls are Lovelier!
He nodded, his eyes on hers. "My unit's been disbanded. Only four of us left. I'll be out by the end of the week."

She drew a long breath. Her smile was tremulous, but radiant. "Well—what are we waiting for?"

They set the date for November 18th. Ben had a streak of luck; a dubbing job in Vic Nature's new picture for the first real money he'd earned in years. Honeymoon money, he called it.

The fun and wham, went the wedding plans. Word came that he'd been transferred to the armaments office service, and would thus be the first to see six months' pay. "I know how Punch and Judy feel," Esther wailed, "when the ball socks 'em."

All was confusion. Ben's mother, visiting his grandmother in Illinois, wrote, "I see by Louella Parsons that you're getting married, and I see by Hedda Hopper that you're not. But Jimmy Fidler can't seem to make up his mind, so I'm just waiting till the three of them get together."

Punch and Judy picked themselves up and set another date—March 20th, the anniversary of his father's death. On November 15th, a new army directive was issued. All men in the service 42 months or longer would be promptly discharged. Ben had been one, and now it was too late. Esther had to leave for Mexico on the 23rd. She'd always sworn there'd be no hurry-up stuff for her. She wanted a civil wedding, forgetting all the fixings, and all her family around.

If Peggy Wright hadn't married Gail Patrick's brother that night, Esther and Ben wouldn't now be Mr. and Mrs. Ben was Lieutenant Richard Fitzpatrick's best man. The wedding was at Gail's house, and Esther wept steadily through the whole thing. Ben had called the other way—he couldn't stand it.

Later, with Mel and her husband, they went to Bob Dalton's, their favorite eating spot.

"I want to get married," said Esther, all forlorn.

"Look," said Ben. "Couldn't we—?"

And suddenly they were all talking and figuring, and if this and if that, and especially if the studio'd give Esther a little more time, they could be married on the 24th. They could have a three-week honeymoon in Mexico. At this prospect, they flung their arms around each other while Mel tried to shush them and they said the whole world could listen, for all they cared.

nothing's impossible . . .

"It can't be done but we're doing it," caroled Esther.

The studio was marvelous. Jack Cumings, producer of "Fiesta," said they could shoot around Esther till December 3rd. And if they could digest the wedding dress. No studio designer's supposed to make personal clothes, but this was to be a gift from M-G-M. Esther phoned her tailor in New York to give him the news before he got it from the papers.

Ben called his mother in Evanston. He'd always promised his grandmother that he'd never marry without her. His grandmother's an independent little lady of 82—who refuses to live with her children and drove miles once to spend five minutes with her husband. So she took her sewing circle to see "Thrill Of A Romance," and reported back to Ben:

"The girls all think you've got something there."

Now Ben said to his mother: "I wonder if we ought to let her fly—"

This was repeated to Granny, who took the phone over. "I'm flying, young man. Rather risk my skin than miss your wedding."

Esther called Sue Ladd. She and Ben had a dinner date at the Ladds house that night.

"You may not know it, Sue, but you're throwing an anniversary party," Hospitable Sue was ready to do it up brown, but Esther wouldn't let her. She did get hold of Barbara and Sonny Tufts and, though the table was lovely with crystal and silver and flowers, and Alan dug out some pre-war champagne for the toast.

In fact, the one villain of the piece was our own Modern Screen. Earlier, we'd set up a date with Esther to shoot pictures that Friday, and wedding or no, Esther's girl of honor, Mrs. Ben, who had married the other day, Ben wanted to meet her at the settlement's look at rings. The stop close at five, and at five she was still in the gallery, possibly. We felt pretty guilty about it, and said so.

"Skip it," she smiled. "I like Modern Screen too—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One Saturday, a friend and I decided we were going to see Sonny Tufts before he left town. We were staying at the Henry Grady Hotel, so off we went. Upon arriving at the hotel at 10:30 a.m. we asked for the number of his room. It was 1419. Off we went to the top floor. We walked out of the elevator and who should be there but some other boxersockets. We sat with the others till around 12 when the bellboy politely told us to leave.

So we went downstairs. Mr. Tufts had left the hotel at 9 o'clock. Finally a spokesperson him—where was he surrounded. He was enormous. He signed my autograph book and I saw his hankie—it was in his upper pocket. I grabbed it. "Mr. Tufts," I said, "may I have it?" He looked up from his signing and smiled—so I took it. Later I found out that the smile wasn't here until he got his ring.

That Sunday it was all in the paper. Mr. Tufts had gone to Lawson General Hospital and it was very hot. He reached for his jacket—but where was it? Someone with him remembered seeing a "boxersocket" take it.

Once in all my life I got in the paper! I'm the bobbysocker! —Joyce Wender

Atlanta, Georgia

And that, folks, sends Miss Williams to the top of our honey parade. They chose the rings next day. Ben had found one he liked but wanted Esther to make her own. She bought the diamonds and the jeweler to mix it up with the others. As she picked each ring up, he'd cover the price tag with his finger. Finally she said: "I think for us they come under his call—choice—star sapphire, perfect in cut but modest in size, set in platinum."

"Are you sure, honey?"

"No, I know, but the one under the pad. Now she picked it up fast and, before Ben had a chance to stop her, glanced at the price tag.

"Yes, I'm sure—oh Ben, don't look at me like that. This is the one I want, but if it cost too much, I just wouldn't enjoy it. After all, you've been in the army for four years—"

His look changed. "Do something for me, will you? Remind me to tell you later you're a nice girl—"

They picked up a narrow diamond wedding band. Then the jeweler—no ope—brought out a pair of beautiful sapphire garnets.

"No," said Esther firmly.

"We'll compromise," said Ben. "Next year I won't be in the army. Would you like the guards for your first anniversary gift?"

"Yes, if you'll let it be a double ring ceremony, so I can buy you a sapphire garnet."

So that was settled. On Sunday they found the church. Esther wanted a small church, since only close friends and family were being asked to the wedding.

"My movie star bride. She can't play an empty house—You can get something there. I want someone who loves us in every seat, and there can't be more than a hundred—"

"Why, you've got that many right in your own family."

He wasn't exaggerating much. Mrs. Williams was one of ten. Esther's brother and sisters are married and have children. But she was in earnest about having the church filled. As to the idea of not wanting it, I want it, not grand. An aisle that's not too long—an organ that's not overpowering.

They ended it in the Westwood Hills Congregational Church—a simple, old-fashioned place with wooden pews that seated a hundred. One look was enough. "Here's where I'd like to be married. Mr. Gage—"

Fate had still another crisis in store for them. Ben's separation from the army had been announced.

"Oh, darling, we'll have dinner and you'll be a civilian. How long before you get adjusted to civilian life?"

"It's the time it takes me to get my uniform off—"

But when he walked into the restaurant, Esther turned green. He was still in uniform.

"What—does it mean?" she croaked.

"I don't know, honey. I sailed through all the prelims, stood there at 5 waiting for the final papers, and they said it would take another week—"

"Then we can't have a honeymoon—"

"Take it easy, Baby. There's still a ray of hope. I don't want you to know me now and the generals. I said they can't do this to me. He said 'Come back Saturday and I'll let you know if they can."

fuss 'n feathers . . .

Well, he did get out Saturday—with just enough time to phone his delightful bride, dash back to town, climb into civvies and appear at Bob Dalton's for his bachelor dinner. Of course the affair was supposed to be strictly stag, but Esther couldn't wait to start telling the boy about the party. Ben had to parade for Esther in his civvies, and she returned the compliment in her maribou jacket.

The wedding was at five. Mel helped her dress. It was funny about the slippers. They'd been made for "Thrill of A Romance," and Esther'd bought them.

She knows, she said, at the time, "I hardly ever wear pink—"

They were perfect for the dream Irene had designed in pale pink crepe—short, but with long crepe and ribbon ties around the hips and edged with matching lace. The hat was like a little tiara, from which hung a shoulder-length veil. That was all new. Something old was the pearls, once used by Mel's grandmother. Something borrowed—a lace handkerchief, brought by Ben's grandmother for just
Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, wife of the suave and distinguished screen star and a reigning beauty in her own right.

Constance Luft Huhn Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up. Mrs. Huhn is the creator of that exciting new lipstick color, Tangee Gay-Red, and of Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up as well as many other cosmetic triumphs.

Mrs. Adolphe Menjou says:

"In lipsticks, Tangee Gay-Red is the hit-color of Hollywood!"

In Hollywood—city of beautiful women—Tangee's newest color creation in lipsticks...Gay-Red...has made a sensational success. Stars and starlets...members of the motion picture colony...agree that this is the lipstick shade to make lips look young and gay!

* * *

At last...a perfect cake make-up! Some cake make-ups you've used are good in one way...some in another...but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal in every way. It's easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect the skin—and does not give you that wearing-a-mask look.

Use Tangee and see how beautiful you can be
Don't let up when Nature lets you down!

It's just plain old-fashioned to assume a "rockin'-chair-got-me-attitude" certain days each month. Old-fashioned, because today, Midol can free you from much of menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues".

So don't pamper—don't give in to menstrual pain. Instead take Midol and experience quick comfort. Midol is offered specifically to relieve menstrual suffering. It contains no opiates, yet acts quickly in three ways: Eases Cramps—Stoothes Headache—Stimulates mildly when you're "Blue".

Try Midol next time. Take it as directed. See how comfortably those trying days pass by. Midol is sold by all drugstores.

MIDOL

used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS • HEADACHE • "BLUES"

that purpose. Something blue—the St. Christopher medal June Allyson had worn at her wedding. The idea is for Esther to wear this in to the next M-G-M bride in the prayerbook she carried a bouquet of small white, pink-centered orchids and bouvardia.

Last year, Esther was behind time. She kept darting frantic glances at the clock. "Before I was old enough to know what a wedding meant, people said, 'That child'll be late at her own wedding.' Me, I don't let me be late at my own wedding—"

Mel came through for a photo finish. They drove up to the church at 4:55. The reception was at Mel's house. Old family friends mingled with movie stars. Mrs. Gage, Sr., was responsible for the big laugh. Ben introduced Lana Turner to her. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't quite catch the name—" Ben's roar threatened to knock the house down.

Their plane didn't leave till 12:30, but they Betwee hugs and kisses, Esther tried to open wedding presents. She heard that some kids with cameras were hanging around outside, freezing to death. So she and Ben posed in the doorway, then shoved them home. And suddenly it was time to change to the blue suit and the gray lizard shoes. And the last laugh came when she threw her bouquet. Because it was caught by Little Robin, held high in her mother's arms.

An M-G-M cameraman went to the airport with them. "If you don't take another shot, I'll give you my red pink for the hallway that scared me at first, but now she loves it. While she's in Mexico, his dad, a retired landscape artist, will do the garden over. Later they'll build a jungle house Esther bought last year. She feels it's as much Ben's as hers. He mixed buckets of paint and helped her decorate it, and chose a color. "Eh," he said, "there's one I must have. Me and Ben grinning at each other in the plane on our wedding night. For our dear little grandchildren.

This year, an amateur photographer. Esther bought last year. She feels it's as much Ben's as hers. He mixed buckets of paint and helped her decorate it, and chose a color. "Eh," he said, "there's one I must have. Me and Ben grinning at each other in the plane on our wedding night. For our dear little grandchildren.

"It's got to be perfect," said Mrs. Benjamin Gage. "Because it's for ever and ever and ever—"

CO-ED

(Continued from page 26)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was nearly 6:30 in Hollywood on St. Valentine's Day, 1945, and the Frank Sinatra show was coming to a close for that Wednesday. For the signing-off theme, Lou Crosby finished with a few words for the sponsor, and it was over.

Then we all rushed forward to collect (if we were lucky enough) precious pieces of Frank's script.

Then I noticed that a member of one of Frank's clubs handed Frank a huge red paper heart. He held it up for the audience to read and on it were inscribed the words:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Bing's okay but
We swoon for you."

Frank smiled that boyish smile, and his eyes twinkled as he said, "Well, I swoon fo Bing."

Beverlee Cresto
Los Angeles, Calif.
Usually, our faces show what's happening to us. For instance, suppose financial matters are constantly on your mind.

Suppose you know that there's practically no cash reserve between you and trouble.

It would be surprising if your face didn't show it.

But suppose that, on the contrary, you've managed to get yourself on a pretty sound financial basis.

Suppose that you're putting aside part of everything you earn... that those dollars you save are busy earning extra dollars for you... that you have a nest egg and an emergency fund.

Naturally, your face will show that, too.

There's a simple and pretty accurate way to tell which way your face is going to go in the next few years:

If you are buying, regularly, and holding as many U. S. Savings Bonds as you can, you needn't worry.

Your face will be among the ones that wear a smile.

Buy all the Bonds you can... keep all the Bonds you buy.
Put your right hand here... then you be the judge!

If your hand isn’t satin-smooth — it’s time to change to Luxor

Do you say, "I do my own dishes—and my hands can’t stay soft and smooth"? Or is it your job that keeps you from having lovely hands?

Don’t give up! Change to Luxor Hand Cream and expect to see a real difference in your hands.

You see, Luxor Hand Cream gives real help to skin roughened by work or weather. For Luxor contains Carbamide — (an ingredient long used by surgeons in the treatment of wounds)—and thus helps to heal tiny cracks you can’t even see with the naked eye—relieves these cracks that make skin look red, feel rough! That’s why the effect is so beautiful and so lasting.

Just one jar of Luxor Hand Cream will show you how easy it is to have softer hands, smoother hands—no matter what you do!

Luxor hand cream not sticky—not greasy

GOOD NEWS
(Continued from page 64)

might not be as good as Shakespeare’s, but it certainly held the interest of a fascinated crowd.

Lana Turner walked in with Bob Hutton and was seated at the next table to Cleatus Caldwell (Bob’s former big moment) who was with Vic Mature (a former breathless interlude in Lana’s life). Get that much?

Then, at the very next table, sat Buff Cobb (who used to be mad for Vic and vice versa) with Robert Walker.

Everybody was trying to pretend that everybody else wasn’t there when the head waiter called loudly, “Mr. Greg Bautzer on the telephone for Miss Buff Cobb.” And, in case you don’t know, Greg is supposed to be back in Lana’s life again (he was also her first Hollywood beau!).

Some fun. And it could happen only in Hollywood.

• • •

Ran into Alan Ladd and Sue Carol at the Beverly Hills Club the very night of the day his contract squabbles were settled with Paramount. What a change in Alan! He was his old gay self again. He makes no secret of the fact that he is a worrier and when things go wrong he’s always sure they are going to get worse.

"Why, just the other day we bought two horses," said Sue, "and Alan picked out a terrible looking nag. I asked him why, ‘Oh’ he replied, ‘he looked so worried that he might never be bought. And I know just how he felt.’"

• • •

It was a beautiful baby shower Mrs. Bob Hope gave at the Beverly Hills Club for expectant mother Dorothy Lamour. I can’t think of any girl who has looked so pretty during the time she was “expecting” than our former sarong girl. Dottie is one of those lucky girls who seem more beautiful than "before" the happy event was scheduled.

The room was decorated in the most beautiful pink and blue flowers and many of the guests had been invited to wear pink or blue chapeaux if they owned them. The table decorations were pink and blue stalks and on each table was a little music box playing nursery rhymes.

But the cutest idea of all was the baby picture game. All the girls, including Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert, Sue Carol, Ann Sothern, Betty Hutton, Rita Hayworth, Barbara Stanwyck, Mrs. Ray Milland, Mrs. Fred MacMurray and two dozen others, were asked to bring along a baby picture of themselves.

Then all the pictures were put in a big box and everybody was supposed to guess “who was who” when they were all in diapers! Hedy Lamarr was the easiest to guess. She was gorgeous even when adorned with only a safety pin. Barbara Stanwyck looked the least like her own baby picture. Dottie Lamour looks almost the same. She certainly was a beautiful baby, to quote the old song And, oh, yes—almost forgot to add that the
gifts looked good enough to eat with ice cream.

* * *

Ciro’s is a night spot in Hollywood where celebrities are always seated in a certain section of the cafe where they can see (and be seen) to better advantage.

So the other night, mine host Herman Hover was flabbergasted to walk through the cafe and notice Van Johnson stuck away over in an inconspicuous corner, the Gregory Pecks equally hidden away and Robert Walker parked over somewhere behind the orchestra.

"I thought I told you always to give actors our best tables,” said Hover heatedly to a new head waiter.

"Actors, sir?” said the new captain. "Are there any actors in the place?”

"What do you call Van Johnson, Gregory Peck and Bob Walker?????” demanded the boss.

"If you are asking for my critical opinion, sir,” replied the waiter, "I would say they were personalities!” Yuk, Yuk!

* * *

Vignette on Dana Andrews: Blondes are his favorite “type” and he doesn’t care who knows it. Both his wife and daughter are blondes. . . . He won’t give interviews at noon or during the lunch hour because he always drives home for lunch. . . . He doesn’t drink cocktails. Highballs are different. . . . He loves the movie “Laura” but is doggone sick of the song. . . . He likes ham sandwiches, women to wear gloves, to drive a car very fast and the color of tomato red. . . . He hates motorists who honk horns, purple, sardines, people who hem and haw when they talk, suntan makeup and bare legs with street or evening clothes. Just thought we’d let you know.

* * *

The M-G-M studios started getting in a worried mood when Sonja Henie told a Chicago newspaper man that she didn’t know what might happen with Van Johnson—that he was telephoning her every day. At that time, Sonja hadn’t yet obtained her divorce from Dan Topping, and M-G-M didn’t want their fair-haired boy to be entangled.

As for Van—he was a little surprised, himself! His feeling for Sonja is merely a friendly one and the romantic angle had never entered his head. Van told someone I know that his friends are eager to get him married. But he’s a thoroughly nice boy and a gentleman, and when a lady makes a statement well, what can he do?

* * *

On the other hand, I predict that one of these days Helmut Dantine and Ida Lupino will marry. They have had their quarrels—yes, some unpleasant publicity and their spectacular moments. But she is the only girl for him.

The torch he carried for his wife is doused and almost any evening he can be located at Ida’s house, or you’ll see them out dining together.

A romance that has come along as steadily as this will hardly die out in a hurry.

"Two’s better’n One!—here’s what we mean—"
It's a little late to be talking about the fabulous party Mike Romanoff gave at which the guests were asked to come as their ancestors. But Hollywood is still talking about this most sumptuous post-war affair to date.

I think the thing that pleased everyone most was the way Jimmy Stewart seemed to have thrown off his war worries and entered into the fun. He came as a skeleton, and he told me that he had called up one of the leading undertakers and asked to be delivered to the party in a coffin. "Certainly not," said the undertaker, horrified, "that would be in very bad taste."

It was at this party that Lana Turner met Bob Hutton for the first time and danced and sat and talked with him—and that was all. But it was certainly a pain in the neck to Cletus Caldwell, ex-wife of Ken Murray, who has zee beeg yen for Bob and was supposed to marry him when her divorce is final. That night, she and Bob quarreled, and up to the hour of going to press, they haven't made up. It shows you can never tell what will happen at one of these big parties.

It's too bad—because as far as Lana is concerned, Bob is just one of many admirers. She told me after the Turhan Bey break up that she has no intention of getting seriously entangled again.

A radio commentator had it on the air that Joan Crawford showed up at a night spot wearing black lipstick and black fingernails. Far be it from me to call the gent a fibber, but I think Joan is too smart where her public is concerned to show up looking like a caricature. If it's true—I gotta see it with my own eyes.

Now that we are almost to the end of this month of GOOD NEWS there are several things I want to ask you—and I would appreciate your writing me about them.

For one thing, I have heard many people say lately that they think Frank Sinatra is becoming too serious and "preachy" with his deep-rooted interest in juvenile delinquency and racial tolerance. I don't feel that way myself. I respect Frank's sincerity—but I'd like to know how you feel.

Then, one fan wrote me and said she thought it was "indelicate" for me to mention in my newspaper columns and in this department, that a movie star was "expecting." Said the lady, "Such intimate things should not be mentioned months and months in advance. Why not be dignified and confine yourself to announcing the birth of the movie babies and not the expectations?" Zowie! I would lose out on a lot of scoops if I did—but how do you feel?

Still another critique was that Hollywood was being too gay these days and toasting too many big parties. After the long, long years of the war in which there was practically no social life in movie town, it seems to me to be perfectly natural that the movie folk should relax a bit and be happy. Do you enjoy reading about the parties I tell you about in Hollywood? Then drop me a little note and say so—and I'll appreciate it. That's all for this month.

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"SOAPING" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.

2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap.

3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-shine... Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!


5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!

6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! 10c or larger sizes.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of your Hair!

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CUTTING CUTICLE

TRIMAL keeps cuticle trim without cutting
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the "Y." He said he was a young man of good character and—yes—he was willing to work for his bed and board. They wrote out the address on a piece of "Y" stationery and Bob grabbed a subway. He rode to the end of the line. Then he took a street car and joined on. Finally he swung off, carrying his suitcase. He was clear up in Yonkers. He hugged the grip down the street to the number written on the "Y" paper. His heart sank. It was an ancient house, miles from anywhere.

But inside it wasn't as bad as all that. The Wallace Co-op operated on the old time-honored American colonial principle—"No work, no eat." The room was fifty cents a day and you worked for your meals. Bob hung up his clothes and rolled up his sleeves. He was hungry.

He crawled into the hay that night weary but at peace. He was earning his own way, even if he dreamed about a stack of dishes ten miles high tottering over and about to drown him in a sea of dishwater.

mother's little helper...

For weeks, he rolled out of his cot in the bare room and was mother's little helper around the Wallace Lodge. Then he chased after the Yonkers street car, dived down in the subway and finally got to civilization. For some reason, the first rounds he made were Manhattan restaurants. He thought everybody had to eat and certainly he could land something there that didn't require any skill, experience, training or social standing. He tackled the business offices of all the eatery chains—Horn and Hardart, the Automat people, Childs, Schrafft's, and dozens more. For some strange reason they had plenty of bus boys, cooks' helpers, waiters.

Bob hustled around to all the possible job hunting grounds. He filled out enough applications to bind into a book. "We'll let you know," they said—but they didn't. In 1938 jobs were tough to get, even dog-meat jobs—and oddly enough, those were all Bob wanted. He wasn't interested in starting a business career with a future. The only future that made sense to Bob was an acting future. He just wanted to stay in New York until he could stick his foot in a stage door and pry it open a crack. But his first disappointment, still seared Bob's sensitive soul. He didn't hit the Broadway pavements in his husted condition. He didn't have the heart. There was nobody to tell him he was good, and he needed that. Then the letter came.

It was postmarked "Tulsa" and the address was the handwriting Bob knew so well. "I'm coming back to school," exulted Phyl. "We'll have a wonderful year."

Bob skipped his job chase that afternoon. When his Co-op labors were over, he pulled the pants of his best suit out from under the mattress and slipped on the snowy clean shirt he'd been hoarding.

Phyl flew into his arms at Penn Station chattering a mile a minute—Tulsa, the tent show, the home folks, the fun, the thrill of being back in New York. They'd both be "seniors" at the Academy of Dramatic Arts this year. What balls of fire they'd be, now that both had been out in the world and rubbed off the green paint.

Bob hailed a cab recklessly and listened, smiling, all the way up to the Barbizon for Women. It was so wonderful just hearing Phyl's voice and he didn't want to dam the gay cascade by saying what he had to say. "If you have any class," he told himself, "you'll let her down easy." Bob sat in the Barbizon lobby while Phyl fresh-

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**Want Sweet Kisses?**

Have kissable skin—with the smoothness of satin.

Dry skin troubles you now?

This new 1-Cream Beauty Treatment (with thrilling Jergens Face Cream) helps smooth dry skin in no time.

Easy to give yourself this exciting 1-Cream Beauty Treatment

Here's all you do for your daily smooth-skin treatment—simply use this new Jergens Face Cream (but faithfully), as though it were 4 creams:

1. for regular Cleansing and Make-up Removal
2. for Softening
3. for a velvet Foundation—every time you make up
4. as a Night Cream—effective against dry skin; helps prevent dry skin lines

Skin scientists make Jergens Face Cream for you—the same who make your Jergens Lotion. Many a smart girl is thankful. You will be, too. See lovely results, using Jergens Face Cream this way. 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax). Give this new 1-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial.

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**JERGENS FACE CREAM**

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin

(Continued on page 100)
By Nancy Wood

STAR-GAZING at LUCEY’S

Second in our series of Hollywood restaurants, Lucey’s feeds many of your favorite movie stars

“STAR-LIGHT, star-bright, first star I see tonight—” The first movie star you might see on entering Lucey’s Restaurant is Steve Crane, who, with Al Mathes, owns this favorite Hollywood eating place. (The restaurant business happened to Steve last spring?) Then, after getting Mr. Crane’s autograph on one of his own menus, you’d look around and see whole constellations of heavenly bodies from Paramount, Columbia and RKO.

Lucey’s has very few tourist guests. It’s a little Italian castle, located in the heart of Hollywood. In general, quiet reigns. Dim lights, soft music, little tables in tucked away nooks, a huge fireplace, a placid old-world atmosphere make it an ideal spot for coherent conversation. Jimmy Fidler, Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons are here often, interviewing. Producers have large luncheons, agents discuss who, what and how much, and movie people can really enjoy a peaceful meal because cameramen aren’t permitted to shoot on sight, but only with previous consent of the stars.

Lucey’s list of famous patrons is a long one—Rita Hayworth, Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Janet Blair, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Sonny Tufts, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Ingrid Bergman, Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake among others. The favorite guest of the management is little Cheryl Crane, who comes here twice a week to eat ice cream with her daddy. She is usually accompanied by either her nurse or her mother, Lana Turner (the former Mrs. Steve Crane). Lana makes a dainty meal of cold sliced chicken and potato salad.

These glamorous customers are exceedingly easy to please. Each usually has his or her favorite booth. Booth 13 was Buddy DeSylva’s before his recent illness. Veronica Lake always eats in No. 3 and Betty Hutton superstitiously prefers 13.

When he is working, Bing Crosby is in at least twice a day. Always in a hurry, but, as you would expect, never shouting for service. If the staff’s busy, he asks them to put him in any little corner and
leave him to his steak and hashed brown potatoes. However, during the production of "The Bells of St. Mary's," Bing, Ingrid Bergman and Director Leo McCarey could be found lunching in the shaded patio, in plain view of passing fans!

Alan and Sue Ladd are salad fiends. And no wonder! Lucey's is widely known for gorgeous salads—the Lorenzo, Caliente and Marinare. (Coaxing is useless! They won't tell how they make them!) Sonny Tufts can make his way through a really impressive steak. Joan Fontaine can't let the French pastry tray pass without indulging!

**VEAL SCALLOPINI**

2 lbs. veal cutlet, sliced ¼ inch thick
Salt and pepper
Cracker meal
1 clove garlic, finely minced
½ cup olive oil and salad oil, combined
½ cup sherry

Pour thinly sliced veal thoroughly until "spongy." Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper and dip into cracker meal. Melt butter in hot skillet, place veal in pan and brown quickly (takes about 2 minutes). Add finely minced garlic to oil and pour over veal slices. Lower heat to simmering, baste veal with sherry and simmer 30 minutes, or until meat is very tender. It's perfectly delicious eating at this point, but perhaps you'd like to serve it with the special sauce Lucey's makes: Sauté sliced mushrooms in butter for five minutes over low heat. Add about a cup of meat sauce (like that used for spaghetti) and 2 tablespoons mustard sauce diablo (or add brown prepared mustard to taste). Add a dash of salt if needed. Serve hot over veal. Serves 4 or 5.

**ZUCCHINI FLORENTINE**

1 lb. zucchini
½ cup olive oil
2 cloves garlic, minced
Cracker meal
Pepper, if preferred

Cut zucchini lengthwise into slices ¼ inch thick and then into 3 or 4 inch strips eight hours before cooking time. This allows it to soften. Soak in salt water for 1 hour or more. Drain thoroughly. (This is Lucey's method. By an alternate method also used in cooking this Italian specialty, freshly sliced zucchini is soaked in hot water 30 minutes before sautéing.) Add finely minced garlic to olive oil in skillet and brown. Meanwhile dip drained zucchini in cracker crumbs (if soaked in unsalted hot water, sprinkle with salt at this point). Place in hot fat in skillet and fry, uncovered, over high heat 9 or 10 minutes or until tender. Serves 2 or 3.

**LUCEY'S ALMOND PUDDING**

8 ozs. almonds, finely chopped
½ cup butter
½ cup powdered sugar
2 eggs, separated
½ teaspoon orange flower water
½ teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons cream

Chop almonds very fine, or put through nut grinder. Cream butter until soft, add sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten egg yolks, orange flower water (you can buy this at the drug store, or use vanilla instead), salt and cream. Add almonds and blend thoroughly. Pour into small buttered pudding pan. Place pudding pan in pan of hot water and then in moderate oven (350° F.). Bake 25 minutes, or until firm. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until frothy, adding 3 tablespoons sugar gradually and beating until stiff. Return to moderate oven and brown meringue. A rich dessert, which should serve 6 to 8.

"They almost weaned me!"

"I've been on a queer diet the last year or two... sometimes I wondered if I'd ever see any more Fels-Naptha Soap.

But a fellow who's always had the best doesn't give up easy. And now that I'm getting my Fels-Naptha, the laundry work in this house is strictly pre-war.

I do a family-size wash without a quiver, finish the job on schedule, and believe me—those clothes are really white again!"

**Fels-Naptha Soap**

*Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"*
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...
Oklahoma and Missouri and it was the Iseley Stock Company that Phyl had starred with that traveling tent show summer. Papa Iseley also had an interest in a radio station. He thought his daughter could get just as valuable experience and live a lot more befitting an Iseley back home. He put in a call for New York. There was a spot open on the radio station for a dramatic show and it would be Phyl's baby if she wanted it. She could produce, direct and star in her own show.

The Cherry Lane season would end soon. Phyl thought of Bob up in the Co-op, the struggle he was having and how it seeped into her heart. This would be such a wonderful breather for them both—a little money, a project of their own, relief from the grinding, competitive city. But not without Bob;

"Papa, can you use a leading man, too?"

"Sure, bring him along."

Phyl put it up to Bob that night. She didn't say anything about that conversation. She just said the job was open for both of them and it was a wonderful break. What could he lose? It sounded swell and wherever Phyl went that was for Bob Walker.

let's go . . .

Phyl went on to get things started and Bob followed. First, though, he went around to Aunt Tenny's and patched up things. On his record, Hortense Odilum declared Bob had plenty of character to get by and obviously anybody who would act the hard way he did down in the Village and play houseboy days for his board and keep wasn't lacking in character.

Tulsa was almost like being back home in Ogden. A small, live-wire Western city, plenty up-to-date and receptive to new ideas. The Radio Lab Phyl and Bob worked up was one and it went over like a B-29. The Phyllis Iseley Radio Theater was the official tag. Phyl and Bob acted in all the air plays, wrote, directed, studied and pioneered. They had the time of their lives and the program was a success all of its fourteen weeks run. They made $30 a week between them, and on top of that Bob took over the job of managing a movie house of the Iseley chain. That brought in another twenty-five. They were practically filthy rich.

Bob camped in Tulsa at a boarding house down town from the Iseley's, but somehow he seldom showed up there for meals. Generally Phyl would say, "Oh, come on home!" and it was hard to refuse. Pretty soon he was accepted as one of the family and nobody in Tulsa battened a surprised eye when they announced their marriage. They knew it would happen someday, but even Bob and Phyl didn't dare hope it would be so soon. He was still 19 and Phyl 18 when they said "I do."

That was right after the P. I. Radio Theater had completed its successful run. By then, between Phyl and Bob, there was a nice little starting out stake of $600. Papa Iseley came through with a gorgeous red convertible Packard for a wedding gift and with the wheel in his hands, Bob had only one idea.

"We've got to drive to Ogden so the folks can meet you," said Bob. So that was their honeymoon.

On the way they stopped in Salt Lake to meet the old P Street gang, and show lovely Phyl off to the Walker clan. And in Ogden, Horace and Zella Walker swelled like pouter pigeons when they introduced their beautiful new daughter around town.

Now Bob hinted, "You know Hollywood's not far away. It would be a shame not to go there, long as we're so close."

"I've never seen Hollywood," said Phyl. "Look," argued Bob. "I've got an uncle who has a drag at RKO. I'll bet we could get tests. It would be easy with all the experience we've had. What do you say?"
"How much money have we left?" asked Phyl.

"About four hundred bucks."

Bob had forgotten his Hollywood heartbreak long ago when he came up full of beans and the bright boy actor of San Diego Army and Navy; but after all, he was just a raw kid then. Now it would be different. They had influential friends. Phyl's father had Hollywood connections. It should be a breeze to get a break. Once they got a wedge in they always came through. There were lots of arguments you could toss at yourself kicking the idea around in your head, like that. The red car was just built for Hollywood Boulevard. Four hundred bucks, sunshine, palms and careers waiting to be plucked.

"Aunt Daisy" ran a boarding house up on La Brea, just North of Sunset Boulevard, in the heart of Hollywood. She was a sweet, motherly old lady and perennially young in heart. All her boarders for years, it seemed, had been youngsters like the couple who drove up, busting to show Hollywood a thing or two. She had a room for the honeymooners and also inexhaustible advice and encouragement. The room was cheap and the advice absolutely free.

They moved into Aunt Daisy's Hollywood haven and before they'd unpacked their bags the hunt was on. Bob and Phyl both toted a formidable sheaf of letters of recommendation from their New York dramatic professors and the Cherry Lane. Bob came back baring to Aunt Daisy's one night with the glad news. "We're getting a test at R.K.O." They knew his uncle there and they had smiled sweetly. Aunt Daisy came through with a celebration feed that night. She always had to be in on all the results of Bob and Phyl's day. When they'd come dragging in from their studio rounds, no matter what, she'd shoehem them into the kitchen and put on the coffee pot. "Now, dears," she'd say, when she had them sitting at the kitchen table. "Tell Aunt Daisy all about it." As the tale unwound she'd nod her head wisely and give advice.

Same old brush-off . . .

Sometimes Bob and Phyl took her advice and sometimes they didn't. But the results were about the same. It was the old brush, the freeze. The polka dot, the old square-toed kick, not subtle but convincing. At R.K.O. it was more refined and ladylike. Bob got whizzed through his "relative" test there so fast that his head was dizzy. "Ah—that's fine—now, speak your lines—fine—perfect—perfect—cut . . . . A great personality, Mr. Walker—photograph like a million—never heard such a recording voice—gosh, Daisy—we'll call you—don't you call us . . . ."

At M.G.M. the treatment was more direct. They just said "No"—period—and they said it right away. It is a little bewildering to Bob, today, to recall his first contact with Leo who purrs happily at his approach today (and why not—he's one of M.G.M.'s biggest bets). But then, Bob couldn't even find Culver City in the first place. He zig-zagged the red Packard over half Southern California before he could locate the studio he'd read about. And when he got there at last the closest he got to an interview was the girl at the reception desk in Casting. His name? Did he have an appointment? No? Then, she was sorry. Goodbye, Next?

Bob and Phyl got their biggest chance at Paramount. They worked their hearts out to get in there, pulling all the wires they knew and finally wangling a test from that young minded studio, then interested in building up young stars. They pocketed themselves out at Aunt Daisy's, running up her light bill polishing off scenes from Ibsen's "Ghosts" and "Tovarich." That, they figured, with typical little theater reasoning, was the stuff to show. It was a wrong mistake. If Bob and Phyl had been less highbrow they might have had a chance. Fra. k Freeman, the Paramount boss, came into the testing stage six times to give them the eagle eye. But all the artistic acting that Bob and Phyl were throwing around wasn't what he had in mind for the Paramount stock company. A couple of young, appealing kids, such as Bob and Phyl undoubtedly were, might have won a double contract in a walk, by other tactics. As it was, Paramount teetered on the fence for weeks about Phyl, who interested them most, and Bob himself just missed snagging a part in "Henry Aldrich." But in the end the decision was than it's down.

Phyl finally landed—at Republic—in "New Frontier," a western with John Wayne, and Bob found himself actually before a camera with film in it at Walter Wanger's, chasing Helen Parrish with some other stock kids and in out of "Winter Carnival," one of the saddest film efforts the Lone Star Wash ever produced. But it was $75 a week for Bob while it lasted. Bob wasn't too sensitive. He had no illusions about his early Hollywood art. He was interested mainly in keeping solvent. While he made "Winter Carnival" he packed manuscripts to the set, read and synopsized them for a story agent. Dave Rader, who'd given him a $35-a-week reading job. He spent most nights that way, too. Both he and Phyl were determined the Iseleys weren't going to play Santa Claus any more.

Bob and Phyl left Aunt Daisy's for a little dream cottage they found in Laurel Canyon for $35 a month, with a fireplace, everything. It was their first home really, but even at $35
it was an extravagance for the Robert Walkers. Sometimes Phyl came through with a dinner. But mostly she was too busy chasing a job. They dined at Thrifty Drug Stores, hamburger stands and wherever they could. It wasn't all love-in-garret, Hollywood style, though. They rolled along the Pacific Coast in the soft moonlight in the big Packard, just as if the world was a bowl of peaches and cream. Then the gilt rubbed off and the hard, cold brass of Hollywood showed underneath, "I didn't come out here to read scripts," grumbled Bob.

"If you think I'm going to be the cowgirl of the Golden West, you're crazy," rebelled Phyl. They looked at each other and the look met in the middle and spelled "New York." They practically dived for their bags and started packing.

By the time they were packed and cleared out of the bungalow, Bob and Phyl had sobered up. They remembered—New York is expensive, acting is undependable. They both looked at the shiny, red Packard outside. It had been their buckner-upper all through Hollywood.

Goodbye, car . . .

Phyl spoke first. "We'd better sell it." "It's our wedding gift." She bit her lip. "We'd better sell it."

They got $1100 for it. That got them to New York, paid the first month's rent on an apartment in Woodside, Long Island.

It was fall. The city was a cocky, bouncy air. The summer visitors were gone and the New Yorkers were back home, rarin' to go. "We can't miss," Bob grinned, optimistically. "Meet you on the 5:15."

But they could miss. In fact, it was very easy—despite their training, despite the people they knew. They missed for four long weeks and then one day, when they met for lunch at Walgreen's counter, Phyl couldn't eat. She didn't feel well, she thought she'd see a doctor. Bob went along. The doctor grinned. "How'd you like to be a father?" he asked Bob.

It was the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. But it was also a stunning shock to Bob. Marriage was wonderful—responsibilities?—well, he hadn't thought about that, certainly right then he hadn't. Frankly, he got scared. He knew he'd have to do something about it. Suddenly the Broadway acting drama seemed wildly impractical. After he hugged Phyl happily he went outside and had a cigarette.

He'd never thought of radio much before. He knew there was money there, but all he could see was the stage. Now he didn't have the patience to take the brushoffs. He went over to Radio City now—and he found it just as tough. But he landed a tip: An agent named Chamberlain Brown was holding auditions every week for undiscovered talent. In his day Chamberlain Brown had been a big agent in Broadway; he still had the best connections and he'd talked them into looking at the kids he auditioned. It was a good bet and what could a guy lose? Bob went over that week and Phyl went along to help. They did scenes from "The Shining Hour" and "Our Town." A man came up to them afterwards.

"I'm the talent representative here for Paramount," he said. "Gosh, I think you kids are great! How'd you like a test?"

Bob and Phyl laughed. They told him about all the tests at the studios.

"I don't care," said the New York man. "You kids are still great. Let me call them long distance, tell them. If they say yes, will you make another test?"

Sure they would, the man called. He told his story to the Hollywood powers. He built them up big. "What's their names?" asked Hollywood.

"Robert Walker and Phyllis Walker." The answer came back, "No, thanks!"

GLAMOROUS COVER GIRL SAYS:

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"So I Use SweetHeart Soap's 1-2-3 Extra Lather Beauty Care"
Bob and Phyl hadn't expected anything different. But there was a lady agent who was in solid at NBC, Audrey Wood. She liked them, too. Through her, Bob Walker got his first job on the air, one line in a "Yesterday's Children" show. Five words and his check was $25. Five bucks a word! To Bob, with his bank account gone and his boy, Bobby, on the way, that was sensational. He plunged into air acting seriously, forgetting the stage, forgetting Broadway. His agent friends, Bill Liebling and Audrey Wood, told him, "Stick around here and keep at it a few months and you'll make a nice living." At that point Bob was ready to settle for just that. He was only twenty-one but he had to be practical. Life, not dreams, was his ticket now and life was a practical business.

In a few months he was busy almost every day, in morning shows like "David Harum," "John's Other Wife," "Stella Dallas"—soap operas and corny tear-jerkers all, but the biggest bonanza in radio.

But long before the big checks came in, Bob and Phyl started tightening their belts for the Big Event. The cozy little apartment in Woodside made them feel like spendthrifts when they checked up on what it cost to have a baby. Their Manhattan friends had the answer, "Move to the Village—it's cheap, and it's handy."

They found an unfurnished walkup over on West Tenth, way past the jail, practically in the slums, for $18 a month. The kitchen was combined with the living room. The lavatory was in the hall. There was no heat. It was hardly the Ritz Towers. They juggled their entire house furnishings in from Woodside—one chair, a love seat, a table and two lamps. Bob will never forget the day they moved in. It was raining a gray, sodden downpour, and the Village streets looked incomparably shabbier. And dry and they weren't either. They had rented their stock of worldly goods up the stairs. He sat them down and when Phyl surveyed the bleak apartment she curled up in the love seat and buried her face. Bob could have cried too, but neither did. They were so forlorn, weak and weary, it tickled them.

**Village life**

Bob and his wife lived the Bohemian life only briefly. At bottom they were nice, normal western kids and the artistic village simply wasn't their dish. They didn't thrill to all the cults and movements and all-night parties that made the ancient brick patch-up places rock most nights. They didn't drink, they had no political crusades. They didn't paint or sculpt, and unless you could call Bob's script synopses writing, they didn't do anything connected with the arts, except long to act. Phyl sent home for "Polly," her parrot, and "Tinker," the inky black cocker, to help warm up their loft. But as Bobby's arrival drew nearer and nearer they came to their senses and longed for the plain suburbia which was more their speed. The deadline was mighty close when they finally managed to move into a summer shack in Long Beach.

That nest is distinguished in Bob Walker's memory only as the first home of his adored boy, Bobby. It was, frankly, another mistake, in the scrambling attempt of the Walkers to find a place they could call home. They moved there because it seemed to do nothing but rain in the Village and the leaky flat was damp. So to get out of the damp before Baby Bobby came they went to Long Beach. What was worse, Bob talked the landlord into an extra two months free, before the season opened, so they moved in at the height of the clammy seaside spring. Bob picked up an old flivver for $75 and they chugged out that day with their sticks of furniture. A couple of trips did it and together Bob and Phyl set about unpacking.
They were only half way through—on another day when Phyl thought she'd better stop. It was around three o'clock in the morning when she whispered to Bob and he jumped out of bed and grabbed his clothes. Instantly he cursed his dumbness for all the jouncing and jolting of their rackety-packety ride in the flivver, for the hasty unpacking and shifting around they'd done to get settled. Now this was it—and there was no phone in the house—and it was raining cats and dogs.

He dashed through the storm down town whistling and yelling for cabs. Luckily, the one prudent thing Bob had done was to tell the cab office he might need one that night. Luckily, they had one there. In a matter of minutes the Walkers were skidding down the pavement to Jamaica in as wild a ride as Bob cares to remember. All the dreadful tales he'd heard about everything connected with babies flashed through his mind—and it was all his fault. He was a nervous wreck and prepared to be more so when they closed the maternity ward door on him at five A.M. But in ten minutes the nurse popped out smiling, "Congratulations," she beamed, "You are the proud father of a fine son!"

Bob just gawked. He'd thought he'd be pacing all the morning and maybe into the night. With his red curls matted and his clothes soggy and wet, he looked more like the kid who'd run away from home back in Salt Lake City, than a brand new, 21-year-old father. He muttered, "Th-thanks," and sank weakly down on the bench. Only then did he realize he'd practically had the baby with Phyl. But, through all that day and night of moving and getting settled, the hospital, reached in the nick of time, was the very end of the event. From that moment on, Bob Walker felt, as he feels today, that he's an especially privileged parent. What's more, Bobby brought him bright new luck. He landed jobs in two new radio shows the very next day.

But you could hardly attribute all of Robert Walker's success in Radio City to Baby Bob. As he did better and better—won spots on night shows, too, like the Aldrich Family—what was paying off was the training, natural talent, the thorough hard work, the urge for perfection which has always marked Robert Walker's bid for fame. He still owns the recording machine he bought for Phyl to wax his programs at home. They'd replay them together and find out what he'd done wrong the air that wasn't as good as it could be.

Before long the Walkers were edging right along toward Easy Street. They moved from the Long Beach shack to a furnished house in Garden City, where, a year after Bobby, Michael boosted their family to four.

**smooth sailing** .

Outside of occasional snags, Bob and Phyllis Walker sailed along as smooth as silk. When Bob snagged his own air show, "Maudie's Diary," and got billed over the air, when he found himself dragging down $300 and $400 a week and getting his name in radio, he began to believe—against his inner voice—that this was the life. He bought a swell new Buick convertible to race back and forth to town in. He moved the family to wealthy Sands Point, Long Island, to a dreamy Colonial house, set in four green acres. He joined the exclusive Sands Point Club, played tennis with Phyl and his friends while the boys splashed in the salt-water pool. They took in the Forest Hills tennis matches, drove around Long Island in the summer, took long walks by the sea and thrilled to watch their boys get a healthy outdoors start. They even got a nurse for the kids, to take the load off Phyl.

Because Bob was the working breadwinner, even since they came back from

---

**Are you in the know?**

For that wee-waisted look, she'd better—

- Give up breathing
- Minimize the midriff
- Try corset faces

The "doll-waisted" style and your chubby waistline don't seem made for each other? Better minimize that midriff! Stand erect, feet together, arms stretched overhead. Bend torso right and left as far as possible (feel the pull!) . . . working up to 25 times daily. On "certain" days you can look trim, even in your snugger outfit. With Kotex, no revealing outlines nag you—for Kotex has **flat tapered ends** that don't show. And to help you stay dainty, there's a **deodorant in Kotex**. Gals who rate appreciate this grooming aid!

**Does a square shaped hand indicate—**

- An inquiring mind
- An impulsive nature
- A dynamic personality

Your hand can reveal your traits and temperament! Have you a square shaped hand? If so, palmtists say you're a practical soul; self assured. You have an inquiring mind— which is good, for it helps you make wise decisions. And when you inquire about sanitary protection, and learn that Kotex has lasting softness (doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch) . . . that Kotex is made to **stay soft while wearing** . . . it's ten to one you'd decide on Kotex. Because you value real comfort. No wonder you're self-assured!

If the lady doesn't laugh, would you consider her—

- A pickie-poo
- Dracula's mother
- Justified

This little laplander didn't mean to tumble. But to the lady it's the last straw. She's tired of being pushed around by boisterous characters. The lady's justified. Accidents and a "who cares?" attitude often go together. That's worth pondering . . . on "those" days, as well, for if you use care in choosing a sanitary napkin, you'll choose Kotex—and avoid mishaps. Yes, Kotex exclusive **safety center** gives you extra protection from problem-day accidents!

Contains a deodorant at no extra cost!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

Hollywood and found Broadway closed clam-tight to their joint assaults, Bob achieved the prosperity on his own, while Phyl took care of the home and family. That's the way both of them wanted it, although deep inside the old frus-trated acting spark had never been doused in either Bob or the beautiful girl who was to become Hollywood's Jennifer Jones. She still went over to his radio scripts with him, criticised his shows, and for fun sometimes when the nights were rainy and the kids put to bed, they'd build a fire and go through one of the plays they did together at the Academy and the Cherry Lane. Hollywood—that seldom came up—the memories weren't too pleasant—but Broadway still was an open crush with both Walkers and they admitted it. In fact, their greatest pleasures were the trips in town to see a play. Before the nurse came they worked out an alternating deal. One night Phyl stayed home with the kids while Bob drove in town to catch a hit performance. The next time he fed the boys and put them to bed while Phyl had a night at the theater. With the babies under a nurse's care, they made the trip together. And when they did, Bob noticed the rapt look that Phyl wore for Phyl. She was born to act herself, as he was, and knew and he wasn't surprised when, with the household running smoothly at last, she started driving in town with him days, just as she said, "to look around."

Phyllis scores one . . .

Nor was any one in New York more tickled than Bob when Phyl met him one afternoon at their favorite spot on 51st Street, babbling about a chance to try for the Chicago company of "Claudia." Dorothy Maguire had made that one a big Broadway hit. The words "Chicago Company" gave Bob's heart a twinge but they were two of a kind and he caught the thrill of the break. It was second nature. 'Gosh, Phyl, that's great,' grinned Bob. "Chicago—there's lots of radio there. Maybe I could get a spot and come along."

They had a drink to celebrate. But Phil didn't get the part. Another Phyllis, Phyllis Theater, was a phony Rose Frankenstein's choice. For both Phyls, however, that test was a one-way ticket to Hollywood—only Phyl Walker got there first. Selznick's agent in New York scouted her and phoned his boss. At that time Twentieth Century was combing the world for the one and only Bernadette for the great religious picture, "The Song of Bernadette." So when Phyl Walker lost, she won. But could she fly out to Hollywood and make a test for "Bernadette?" "Wait until I call my husband," said Phyl.

It was hard to tell it over the phone. But she babbled something and then raced out to Sands Point. Bob and Phyl stayed up most of the night making excited plans. Phyl would go to Hollywood, of course. What a wonderful unbelievable chance! And Bob—he'd keep on with "Maudie's Diary" and watch over the nurse and Bobby and Mike in Sands Point. It was all a long, impossible gamble, but what a swell kick to be thinking and hoping.

But Phyllis Walker flew off to Hollywood, saying, "I'll call you the minute I know!" And it seemed like Bob would have no nails left at all by the time he heard the operator say "Los Angeles calling." Still he really didn't believe it could happen to Phyl—not—boom!—like that. Maybe she'd get a stock contract, anyway.

He was home with the kids when the call came. It was short and sweet. "Bob," came the familiar voice, high with excitement, "I've got it. I'm Bernadette!"

Bob had a hard time keeping his own voice level. All the old plugging, undis-covered actor came back to him and he was as tickled as if it had happened to...
him. "I'll send out the kids with the nurse," he said, "so you won't be lonely. And maybe later I can come out myself."

"Hurry," said Phyl.

It was Bob who broke up the home at Sands Point, stored the furniture, packed off the boys and the nurse, made the inventories, cleaned up the odd, and ends.

He knew he couldn't stick in New York with his family 3,000 miles away.

Soft radio spot or not, he had to go West, too. He talked it over with his agent, Marcella Knapp. "There's plenty of big time radio in Hollywood." She wasn't saying anything Bob didn't already know.

The glamour radio had practically moved to the Coast. "You won't have any trouble getting set in, but look," urged Miss Knapp. "Hollywood means one big thing—pictures. Why don't you take some screen tests while you're there?"

Bob laughed. "You should see my report cards," he scoffed. "Ask Paramount, RKO, M-G-M—any one of 'em. It's a long and sad story. For radio—yes, but for pictures—well, no studio has ever chanted, 'We want Walker!'

Marcella Knapp planted one on the button. "Of course, they were crazy about Phyl from the start. That's why she's doing 'Bernadette' today, I suppose."

She had him. Bob grinned. "Okay," he said, "if they start waving screen tests in my face I won't run."

**look who's here!**

He had told Phyl he'd be showing up on a certain date in December, when his radio contract left him off the hook. Happily for Bob that event came around two weeks early. He rushed home and packed his bags and grabbed a train. He was aboard before he realized he had even called Phyl. He started to write a telegram and then tore it up. A dad doesn't get a chance to surprise his wife and kids often.

Bob rolled up in a cab to the apartment house in Beverly Hills and rang the doorbell. Phyl opened the door—and almost fainted with surprise into his arms.

That was almost Christmas. They scurried around town and came up with a house, in time to give the boys a real Christmas, with tree and toys and everything like they had back East. They didn't know it then, but that was to be the last Christmas they would spend together as Bob and Phyl Walker. The day after Bob came to town, he was home when the telephone rang and he answered it.

"Hello, is Miss Jones there?"

"Who?" asked Bob.

"Jennifer Jones," Bob yelled, 'Phyl, do you know any Jennifer Jones around here?"

She laughed. "Sure I do—that's me."

Maybe it's best to leave the private life of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Walker on the happy note of that last Christmas of 1942. Not too long afterwards, when Bob was making "See Here, Private Hargrove" and Jennifer was deep in "The Song of Bernadette," they decided to part. No one knows why and few even guess. Neither Bob nor his Phyl has ever explained, nor do they intend to. It is none of our business, either. Their family still flourishes, normally, happily, with Bobby and Mike growing into healthy, husky, boys, dividing their time between their adoring parents. And one thing is certain—it wasn't unbalanced success—the trite but often true story behind movies was not their story. Because Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker crossed each other's separate ways—became two of the brightest young stars in the Hollywood heavens. Bob's Phyl was his Academy Oscar with her first camera part. If history had played your career is screen history that bears no repeating here. Neither does Bob's.

He took that test almost the minute he got in town when M-G-M wanted a young

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**ADVERTISMENTS**

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**AMERICAN HOSIERY MILLS**, Dept. 8-315, Indianapolis 7, Ind.
sailor type for "Bataan." He won his contract in a few minutes. "Private Hargrove" made him a star in his second picture, "Since You Went Away," "The Clock," "Her Highness and the Bellboy," "Sailor Takes A Wife"—for Bob they have marked a new three-year contract. and handed him his first thoroughly grown-up job, one that offers the greatest acting challenge of his life. They picked him to play the late, great popular composer, Jerome Kern, in "Fills The Clouds Roll By," Hollywood's musical saga of that melody master's life.

Along with that, they handed Bob a new three-year contract which matches his star-stand with what makes the world go 'round—money! So immediately, Bob started looking around Hollywood for an apartment house to buy. Because the kid from Salt Lake is still a Walker and like a good Mormon, he's always thinking of his family. Two years from now his dad, Harold Walker, will retire from his job in Ogden and Bob thinks it would be swell to have the folks down in Hollywood. He knows they'd go crazy just sitting around, so he'd like to hand them the apartment house to manage. And that's a dream that looks like it might soon come true.

He picked another dream out of the sky last year, when he traveled back to New York for a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater on Broadway. Years ago, when he first hit New York, Bob and his brother, Walt, used to sit in the Capitol on Sunday afternoons and way back then he'd look at the blazing marquee and muse, "Wonder how I'd look up there?" He looked swell this year in mile-high letters, on all four stories, "ROBERT WALKER ... IN PERSON" and he knows it'sorny but he couldn't help hauling out of bed at dawn and hiking over from the Waldorf to watch the workers hang the letters up as he muttered, "I never thought it would happen to me!"

broadway on the brain ...

There's still his dream of those same words announcing a starring play on Broadway, and that's one he'll never give up until it's a reality. It blends inseparably with one great ambition in life—an ambition he's clung to since the San Diego Army and Navy Academy days—to be a fine, polished actor. Sometimes it's hard for Hollywood to understand that side of the quiet guy who loses his personal self in the major art of his life.

Bob made his most poignant film scene so far in "Since You Went Away"—the farewell love scene which he played tenderly with Jennifer Jones, the girl with curly weeks before had been his wife, Phyl Walker. Sensing a story, a reporter collaborated him on the Selznick set.

"How can you stand," he asked, "to make love like that to your wife when you've just separated?"

He drew a puzzled stare from Bob Walker.

"Why," he said at last, "That's got nothing to do with me and Phyl. You see, it's acting."

But the world which sees his pictures takes a more personal view of Robert Walker, as the world always does when a screen actor becomes a star. Acting craft or not, what comes across when Bob Walker faces a camera is something people like, and if personality, as the sages say, is the sum

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Simply follow directions in package.

VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL
of all experience—then Bob Walker has been on the right track to success since his runaway Salt Lake City days. Because wherever you go, you don't find any complaints.

The other day, before Bob was set for his dream part in "Till The Clouds Roll By," and before the composer's tragic passing, Jerome Kern sat in the office of Arthur Freed, the M-G-M producer. Kern's consent was necessary before Freed could cast the starring part.

"There's only one actor I can see doing it, Jerry," stated Freed. "And that's Robert Walker."

The composer smiled and reached for the telephone. "Just a minute," he said. "Let me call my wife." He dialed that number. "Hello, Eva? Listen—I'm in Arthur Freed's office and he suggests Robert Walker to play me in the picture, what do you think?"

Jerome Kern grinned and tilted the receiver so Arthur Freed could hear. "Well, Jerry," said Mrs. Kern, "you send Robert Walker home to me and you can stay there and play the part yourself!"

LANA by JAMES M. CAIN

(Continued from page 52)

the "played line," as they call it on the stage. I don't mean she acts when she talks to you. But she becomes intense, and makes every effort to make you feel what she is saying to you. Yet her face is always animated with a real sparkle; expressions fit across it with the rapidity of shadows and light on water. She has never acquired a browne A, and there is nothing about her speech that suggests the stage, screen or radio.

Yet of course I was curious as to why she had wanted to play in my story. When a woman goes romantic over a hobo, then helps him kill her husband, you couldn't exactly call her "sympathetic." So I asked her what had attracted her to Cora. "Her honesty," said Lana. "I almost choked on my tea. "Honesty! Are you kidding?"

honest cora . . .

"Look," said Lana, "Cora didn't pretend to herself. She knew she was a punk, and that what she was going to do about it was wrong. But she wanted something out of life. She wanted something she could never get if she went along in the same old rut."

"And what did she want?" I asked.

"Respectability!"

"I've often wondered if my readers could believe that."

"I believe it. It's what made Cora so human. She'd kill a man so she could have a little piece of property away out in the hills, a lunchroom, some cabins, and a filling station. Then she'd be something. That's what she said. Well that's so silly you can't help feeling sorry for her. But a lot of things people do don't make any sense, and when she was so honest with herself about it, I wanted to play her. And I loved the chances I had to show her when she was human just like anybody else. There she was—just a woman in love, doing things for a man, feeling the way other people feel, even if she had killed somebody."

Well, there's Cora in a nutshell. Lana understood her better than I did. And I wrote the book! The hunch I'd had about Lana was completely justified. She's more than a glamour girl. She's an actress. When she played Cora, she was Cora. I think she's going to make a hit of that "Postman" book yet!

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from
Hollywood

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star of Paramount's
"HOLD THAT BLONDE"

An even brighter idea, says Eddie, and one that should be in everybody's bathroom, is Calox Tooth Powder for cleansing and polishing teeth. Calox contains five different ingredients to help remove all kinds of surface stains and bring out all the natural lustre of teeth. No wonder it's the personal dentifrice of many famous movie stars!

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(1)

In the hazy way of nocturnal happenings when a bearded man (the beard blows back and forth like fog) tells Dolly that her father and mother have gone mad.

By this time, Dolly is trying to run away, but her legs have the power of soaked spaghetti and as she looks back over her shoulder, the little old man begins to laugh a horrible, shaking laugh, while shouting, "And you're crazy, too."

Then she wakes up.

This should prove conclusively and for all time that dreams are a lot of nonsense, because Dolly Loehr is Diana Lynn of Paramount, and—together with her urbane, charming mother and father—the Hollywood family Loehr is one of the most sensible and intelligent in America.

Diana is now nineteen, but like her contemporaries who are seniors in high school, or who are going to business, or who are in their early university years, she relies very much on the judgment of her parents in all business affairs, and they take a courteous but firm hand in her social life.

While Diana is working in a picture, she has to be in bed at nine every night, because she rolls out around 8:30 A.M.

When she's between pictures, she may remain out until twelve-thirty or one, but her parents always know where she is, with whom, and at approximately what time she'll reach home. Frequently her parents are still reading in the living room when she arrives. Sometimes they go into the kitchen to raid the icebox, but Diana usually sticks to a glass of fruit juice instead of lacerating a chicken bone.

It has only been something over a year since she shed her baby fat, and she doesn't want to get it back. Just before Mona Freeman was married, Mona and Diana went to Santa Barbara for a week's rest.

Mona eats. Diana watches...

Each morning they would have breakfast together, to wit: Diana: Scrambled eggs with tomatoes and coffee; Mona: Cereal with cream, a heated gooy coffee-cake, a glass of milk, a dish of bananas with cream.

During the morning, tension or so, Mona would lift her head from the suntanning sand and observe to her roommate, "I'm hungry. Let's go get a bite!"

"For you—yes. For me—no," replied the Spartan Miss Lynn. She even accompanied Mona to the fountain and sat there stoically sipping water while Miss Freeman drooled over a double chocolate awful-awful with whipped cream, nuts, and cherry topping...

and stayed thin.

There is always an occasion when Dolly skips all thought of appetite control: That's when her father mixes up a batch of his out-of-this-world hot cakes.

A old time friend of the family who is always called "Aunty" arrived one morning last spring with a service man as her guest. "I've been promising him all summer about a stack of Loehr cakes. Now don't disappoint me."

The breakfast went on and on. Afterward, Dolly—Diana said ruefully, "I know I've gained a pound or two. It was a wonderful breakfast. Dad—never better. But I'll never forgive myself for eating so much—never."

Several months passed. Then, one afternoon, a parcel was delivered to Diana. Shipped from Germany by the service man who had been the rollicking guest at Diana's non-dieting table, was a magnificent hand-made black lacquer mantilla.

Completely awestruck, Diana managed to say, "I forgive myself."

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Quick, easy Twin Treatment speeds up removal of dry outer skin flakes.
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Once a week ... this exciting Beauty Mask!
Spread Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax. Feel its stimulating effect on your tense, tired skin. Wash off when dry (about 8 minutes).
Notice the new youthful bloom on your cheek—a bewitching glow from Clay Pack's gentle blushing action. Your skin seems firmer, finer-textured—free from unlovely “top skin”. How glamorous your make-up will look now on the clearer smoothness of your skin—a dazzling, alive look you'll want to keep.
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Daily...this protection for your lovelier underskin!
Faithful daily use of Facial Cream will help make your weekly Clay Pack even more effective. This exquisite blush pink cream not only cleanses marvelously but lubricates better because it's homogenized. Wonderful as a powder base—and a night cream, too!
Pat on with upward, outward strokes. (See diagram.) Remove with tissues. Your skin feels soft and baby-fresh, as dry, rough spots seem to disappear. Your mirror—and admiring eyes—proclaim your lovelier-looking complexion.

Edna Wallace Hopper
Twin-Treatment
for a lovelier, younger look
party, you always lose your courage and wear some simple little afternoon dress."

"Not this time," chirped Dolly. "All the fashion books say that we're slipping into the<br>eloquent season, so watch me slip."

Several days later she received an invitation to a small dinner party. "I think<br>you could wear your new dress," suggested Mrs. Loehr.

After thinking it over, Dolly decided that it was a fraction too formal. Better<br>wait for a bigger party. Several weeks passed, then invitations to a really posh<br>affair were put into the mail. "Now you're all set to spring that sequin affair," said Mrs.<br>Loehr, folding the invitation.

"I'm a cinch," agreed Dolly. Came the night of the affair. She descended<br>the stairs in a girlish blue frock, explaining, "I've talked to some of the other girls to<br>find out what they were going to wear, and this is more appropriate."

To date, the lavish job hasn't been worn outside Diana's bedroom.

mad hatter . . .

Another pet madness of Diana's is hats. The wilder they are, the lovelier they seem.<br>When she went to New York on a personal appearance tour this fall, she had only one<br>day to shop with a friend.

So they descended upon one of the most<br>imaginative milliners in town, and Diana<br>began to try on hats. In joyous succession,<br>she selected six, one a little more fantastic<br>than the other. "At least," Diana said<br>prudently, "I can go home and show off my<br>headgear when everyone asks me what<br>I did in New York."

For the first luncheon to which she was<br>invited on her return, Diana got gussied<br>up like Easter on Fifth Avenue; she was<br>but elegant. Mad hat, slim, slick dress,<br>gloves the gay shade of the hat, and mood<br>strictly from Manhattan.

Everyone raved over her; the outfit was<br>a huge success. But early in the afternoon,<br>Diana removed the hat as inconspicuously<br>as possible. When she reached home, she<br>was carrying it.

Since that time she has worn a second<br>hat, but the other four New York pur-<br>chases remain on the closet shelf, leering<br>maliciously at the unworn sequin dress.<br>Shortly before Mona Freeman was mar-<br>ried, Diana gave a shower for her. In dis-<br>cussing it, one of the guests said: "I've been<br>trying to think what it was about that party<br>that struck me so forcibly. The girls all<br>looked like high school or college students<br>instead of professional people.

typical teensters . . .

"When we arrived, Mrs. Loehr and Diana<br>were beside Mona in a receiving line—<br>the first I've seen in lackadaisical Holly-<br>wood for a long time. When gift time came,<br>Mona sat in the middle of the floor, opened<br>her presents and squatted with delight, then<br>passed around the gifts for everyone to see.<br>The presents were charming, but not em-<br>barrassingly expensive.

"For refreshments, we had ice cream,<br>chocolate cake, and coffee. I've been trying to<br>think why I was so impressed," said the<br>guest.

Her friend, who had also attended the<br>party, laughed. "Well, the answer's simple:<br>There were no gold-plated goblets among<br>the bride's gifts, and there was no champ-<br>agne served. Everyone was natural, sincere<br>and friendly. Here's the secret: that party<br>would have been in perfect taste in Detroit,<br>or Dallas, or Denver."

So there you have it: Dolly-Diana could<br>belong to your Girl's Club or your sorority,<br>and she'd fit in perfectly. There she is, worrying about weight, fussing about<br>clothes, forgetting her belongings, mooning<br>over boy friends, amusing her parents,<br>but generally having a smooth time—a <br>typical teenster.
tack, the realism was even greener than Dane Clark was about the emoting game when he walked in with his guard down back in New York just fresh out of college. Even today Dane will put you straight right away, “I’m no actor’s actor,” he’ll tell you right off without apologizing a bit. “I’m not artistic. I’m just realistic.” Oddly enough, Dane

**Hobo Hamlet**
(Continued from page 46)

terrors for Dane, ever since he headed his jollop way one day and decided to smash the movies right in the nose. Knocking around the country playing road company shows, Dane collected a flock of rugged experiences Hollywood could never match in a million years, and he thanks his lucky stars today for that. For one thing, because it’s whetted an edge on his slashing personality that paid off on the screen the minute he got a break, and tagged him pronto as the most vital package of male star material to storm the studios in years. For another, because his strictly-from-hunger trouping past had handed Dane Clark’s natural eager-beaver ambition a knock-down punch spirit that turned a raw college athlete into a finished actor. And for a third, because it got him into the habit of seizing a chance by the neck, like a bulldog, and hanging on until something happened.

Take the day, a couple of years ago, that Dane latched on to a flock of referrals and turned them into a ticket to fame.

He’d been eased out of Producer Jerry Wald’s office twice that day, when he followed up a tip that there was an acting job open with Humphrey Bogart in “Action in the North Atlantic.”

“No,” said Jerry, the first time Dane breezed in. “I’m looking for a young John Garfield.”

“Why look further?” asked Dane. “That’s me.”

“Goodbye now,” said Mr. Wald.

The second time it was more painful...

“Sorry,” explained Producer Wald. “You see, this guy has to act right along with Bogart.”

“I think he can keep up with me,” said Dane with a straight face.

“Are you kidding?” barked Mr. Wald, closing the door.

The third time Dane ducked his fresh face in, Jerry Wald was patiently grim.

“Look,” he said. “There’s no use of all this. I might as well tell you I’ve already tested twenty experienced actors for the part.”

“Then why not make it twenty-one?” came back Dane. “What have you got to lose?”

That struck Mr. Wald as logical—and besides, his defenses were crumbling before Dane Clark’s undismayed peppering persistence. He waved him through to the test stage—maybe to get rid of the guy, and Warner’s got themselves a brand new star.

learning to be a tough guy . . .

When Dane’s friends tell him to take it easy and relax, for a change, he usually grins and relates to them the above handy incident. “Suppose I’d taken ‘No’ for the answer the first trip,” he points out. “Where would I be today? In a furnished room with housekeeping privileges, that’s where—sitting around frying eggs and latching on to the extra line!”

He doesn’t bother to explain that what’s made him tough inside and tuned up like a dynamo was the catch-at-catch-can career up and down the land scratching a living out of heartbreaks, disappointments and stranded hopes, and bouncing back from dainty haymakers by Lady Luck.

He had it coming, of course, because no pea was ever greener than Dane Clark was about the emoting game when he walked in with his guard down back in New York just fresh out of college. Even today Dane will put you straight right away, “I’m no actor’s actor,” he’ll tell you right off without apologizing a bit. “I’m not artistic. I’m just realistic.” Oddly enough, Dane

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113
"Yes, this happened to me!"

Mrs. Laurene Donaldson loses 57 pounds, becomes a slender beauty

"I can hardly believe it myself," says Laurene Donaldson of Connersville, Ind., when she looks at these pictures. "It's like being a new person, living in a new world.

"For several years, I had been getting heavier. Finally I faced the situation. I weighed 186 and had to wear a size 40 dress — at the ripe old age of 26, mind you! Almost in desperation, I enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course. The first week I began to look and feel better. I went through the Course again and again and in seven months lost 57 pounds. Now I wear size 14, find more styles to choose from, and for less money. My skin and hair show great improvement. I feel so buoyant I want to sing again — and I do, all day long."

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"Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping"
out around Broadway. But the way Dane figured, whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing up brown. He screamed so loud that a couple of old dowagers in front of him fainted away and almost had heart attacks and getting into the aisle, he got so tangled up with another row of females that he bowlied half of them over. They rose and stomped out indignantly and the house manager read him the riot act.

Another time they had Dane mixed up in one of those lusty dramas about prisoners and stool pigeons and his particular stage job was to uncover a jerk who’d been singing to the cops and choke the daylight’s out of him. Strictly with motions, of course. But to Dane choking was choking and he got so wrapped up in his art that the poor Thespian turned as purple as the Northern Lights and two other actors had to run over and louse up the performance to pry Dane away.

That event in his all-out saga happened right after one of Dane’s artistic enthu-

siasm bustled up his first real chance to make a name for himself in the arty stage set and left him right where he’d started from—only maybe a little farther back.

The play was “Coriolanus” and Dane’s job was playing Junius Brutus, a rabble rous-

ing Roman who spent most of his time on the stage making long speeches to imaginary mobs. The play was one of those modern, stylized productions making its debut before a special Sunday audience of nobody but highbrows. All the drama critics were there and the swallow-tailed pooh-bahs of Manhattan’s “theatuh.” Not only was it Dane’s first crack at a real speaking part, at Shakespeare and at the center of the stage, but it was also his first chance to show himself off to the People Who Count.

But that prospect only made Dane double up on his high octane, super charged job approach. So he tore his heart out in every rehearsal speech, screamed, thundered and raved and ranted so perfectly tremendously terrific that when he woke up the Sunday morning of the performance he could barely open his mouth and squeak. He went on stage sounding like a bullfrog with tonsilitis and walked off again without half his important audience hearing what he’d croaked. The critics were not impressed and after that débacle Dane Clark decided the best thing he could do was get out of town.

art for art’s sake ...

How he ever let himself in for the beat-
ing he took with “Sailor Beware” Dane will never know, except that he was young and foolish and trusting and as always, an eager beaver supreme. But right after his disastrous tangle with art and Shakespeare he went for the phony project of a fast talking promoter hook, line and sinker. We’ll call the wacky impresario Fred, be-
cause that’s not his name. Fred was the owner, business manager, director, ad-

vance agent, press agent and everything else for “Sailor Beware.” He was also the star and his wife was the leading lady.

Life began for Dane and the other young hopeful suckers in an attic over a delica-
tessen, where they had to yell at rehearsals to make themselves heard above the El train that rattled by inches away. But that made it all the better because at last Dane told himself he was in the right room. It was La Boheme, art for art’s sake, the divine fire, and a couple of Muses thrown in. Like the rest of the kids who fell for Fred’s fast talk, he was fired up like a furnace at the very suggestion of “the road.” There was nobody in the audience to yell, “You’ll be sorry,” either—although the funny part is Dane’s not sure he is sorry. Anyway, they all met for the triumphal tour one gray dawn at 45th Street and Broadway and piled their luggage into a train of the rattling automobiles Dane had

ACT I: Back Home to Mother ...

Mary expected sympathy from her mother when she left Joe after that last big quarrel. But what she got was better—good, sensible advice! “Of course you know about feminine hygiene,” her mother told her, “But listen to me, dear... now-and-then care isn’t enough. A wife shouldn’t risk her marriage happiness by being careless even once!” She advised Mary to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—always.

ACT II: Love is a Wonderful Thing!

Joe and Mary, together again—and now their love is even more beautiful than at first! Yes, Mother certainly knew best. Since Mary started using Lysol always in the douche, she knows for herself how thoroughly this proved germ-killer cleanses. Lysol is far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. Really does the job... easily and inexpensively, too.
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Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

ever seen, fugitives from a junk heap. Stil he wasn’t dismayed although he’d been rehearsing for weeks and weeks without any pay except promises and fine talk. They ratted and wheeled down toward Wheeling, West Virginia, in the chilly fall weather and almost froze in the Alleghenies. Half the cars rattled and died en route. Of course there wasn’t a red cent to have them fixed or even to keep the gas tanks full and if the Mighty Art Players themselves hadn’t dug down into their pocketbooks, that part of the Drama Caravan that finally made it to Wheeling would never have showed up.

As it was, when curfew time came for their gals first night in Wheeling, two-thirds of the cast of “Sailor Beware” were scattered around the West Virginia mountains with flat tires, and among them was the leading man, director, producer, Fred. Somehow, Dane and the survivors scraped together a ragged performance, but, naturally the audience hooted and the theater informed them pronto that the engagement was terminated. Next morning Fred arrived. Turned out he’d spent the night undismayed with a bottle.

barnstorming commands . . .

That fiasco should have been the tip-off of coming events, but Fred had a mesmerizing way about him that Dane admired to this day. Why the going got tough, that’s when Fred really got in the groove. He could tell the most awe-inspiring fibs, make the most glowing promises and charm the arm off a statue. Looking back, Dane cherishes the experience as a liberal education and a living lesson in how to live off hot air. When the claim was raised, Fred raised salaries magnanimously. Dane had his salary hiked so many times that, on promises he was making Hollywood wages, although in cold cash he took only all of ten dollars. He even had a percentage of the show, as it was, which Fred liberally bestowed one time when he put up a square.

They found themselves back in Wheeling that the advance bookings were as phony as Fred. They were really on a barnstorming tour, set to live off the land like Commandos. The next target was Toledo, Ohio, where “Sailor Beware” was streamlined down to a prologue for movie theaters, but sounded good to a gullible theater manager hypnotized by Fred’s high fown testimonials. Dane will never forget his entry into Toledo.

He started out again over the mountains in one of the surviving shaky heaps with another disciple member of the cast. They survived snow, rain, sleet and empty stomachs until, 75 miles out of town, the tissue paper tires popped and rolled them into a ditch. Towing was out of the question with plenty of no money, and passing cars whizzed merrily past ignoring their thumbs. But finally Dane flagged down a vegetable truck, and explaining on what he’d learned from Fred’s breezy chatter, Dane sold the driver a bill of goods to haul them into town. He rolled at last into Toledo mixed up with a load of cabbages and tomatoes and smelling just as ripe.

But strangely enough, the show actually clicked at the Toledo movie house the first night and that called for a party. Fred and his wife threw a big whing-ding (on the cuff) at a Toledo hotel and the walls echoed with optimism and get-rich promised. The only trouble was Fred kept right on celebrating the next day and when show time came around he was out like a light. That did it. The manager kicked them all out on the street.

That’s the way it went, while Dane sopped up about every trick any trembling ham-and-egger knows, from sheer necessity. Somehow the show dragged around towns in Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and points all over, between Fred’s...
bings. When the jalopies expired, Fred fast-talked bus companies into transportation deals. Dane slept in flop houses and ate whenever Fred could charm a restaurant out of a hamburger. He marveled at the way Fred could charge hotel bills, bus bills, cafe bills and all other bills to the theater where they weren't even working yet.

Obviously the system couldn't last forever. One day in Cleveland their sins—and the cops—caught up with "Sailor Beware." One of Fred's rubber checks had bounced fast enough to upset his calculations and the hotel grabbed his baggage. Dane came to the rescue with his legal knowledge and got the troupe out of jail and their suits back, but for him that was the last straw. He'd seen plenty.

"Let's get out of here," he told the gang, sitting on their suitcases on the sidewalk.

The sixty-four bar question was: "How?" Dane took up a collection with the four guys who had the same idea he had. The kitty added up to ninety cents. "I'll be back," Dane said. He walked off to the hotel lobby, bought nine chances on a punchboard and won a gold watch. He took it to a hock shop and collected forty dollars. He bought four-dollar-coach tickets to New York with a few cents over for candy bars. He got back home maybe broke, sadder, but plenty wiser.

As for Fred, what with him and "Sailor Beware" immediately afterwards. Dane doesn't know. But the last time he heard, Fred was doing most of his fast talking to himself and a few keepers. He was in an insane asylum.

Turning scene stealer . . .

After "Sailor Beware," Clark was prepared for practically anything, but that was a good thing, because it seemed Fate kept slipping him some kind of a Mickey Finn every time he tried to get into a show. Back on Broadway he broadened his rugged record considerably when a casting tip landed him in the office of a new show called "Dead End." He nabbed an understudy job and later went on the road. "Dead End" was no Sunday school picnic, to begin with. And for Dane it was the first of a stretch of tough guy parts that played on his punchy, burly face, and Brooklyn accent which still hung over even after a couple of colleges. He didn't mind being "Babyface Martin" a bit, a nice little charmer, and was usually rubbing somebody out, and kicking his mother around the house. By playing something he could really get his teeth into, Dane found out that acting his realistic hobby horse he was turning into a guy who could steal scenes with the greatest of ease. And he wasn't exactly mad when he got compared to him.

In fact, Dane thinks that about the nicest last-line he ever collected got tossed at him inadvertently up in Providence, Rhode Island, home of Brown University. Dane had snarled through his "Babyface" at the local theater and was sharing a room with another east coaster at the best hotel in town. So one day a couple of girls from the Brown school paper came in to interview the visiting actors. Dane was in the room getting dressed, but he stopped, put on his robe and said to be the perfect host. But the girls shied away from him like he was poison ivy and finally, in a huff, he walked out of the room. Then he heard them whisper to his roommate.

"How can you live with that awful person?"

"Huh?" gasped Dane's buddy. "Why?"

"Why," said the girls, "he's such a heel, such a mean, contemptible lowdown, louse. I don't see how you can stand it!"

That eavesdropping made Dane sore as an owl for one split second. Then he

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realized that he really must be putting something over on the stage to work up a reaction like that. So he walked back in the room, took a bow and thanked the kids—to their immense surprise.

But back in his stage days, the bitter pill Dane Clark had to swallow was his very obscurity, which persisted through all kinds of stage jobs and road company tours. Somehow Broadway could keep the guy busy but refused to put him up in lights. When he wasn’t an understudy to a star he was shot out in the sticks with the road company. Dane understudied in “Dead End,” “Of Mice and Men,” “Stage Door,” “Golden Boy,” and four or five more, and as long as he was out of the way he’d get his chances to fill in the show. At least, Dane figures, it taught him patience and it made him a quick script study, sometimes too quick for comfort.

For instance, when Dane was subbing for Wallace Ford in the John Steinbeck prize play, “Of Mice and Men,” he knew the part of George as well he could almost say it backwards. But Wally Ford felt just dandy every night and Dan sat in the wings biting his nails for weeks and weeks. So who should I come down with the line one night but Sam Byrd, whose part was “Curly,” and who didn’t even have an understudy to his name, because he was considered indestructible, had played for five years in “Tobacco Road” without missing a minute. And Dane it was who stepped into the spot, grabbing the next scene as he exited from the one before and learning it before his cue came to go on again!

For an up and at ’em, high pressure personality like Dane Clark playing second fiddle, if and when he got the chance, was slow torture, and it’s a tribute to his moxie that he stuck to that sort of life for five long years before deciding to make Hollywood yell “Uncle” and break the jinx. Especially since, by the time a couple of years had rolled by, Dane had dropped thatstrictly-for-the-cheek attitude he had for acting and was all wrapped up in it like a Christmas gift. That’s when it was especially tough to watch another actor playing a scene and Hosing it up.

telling ‘em off...

In one show of which Dane was very proud to be even an understudy, he thought the leading man was kidding and gawking around on the stage and being too cute. Dane didn’t like it. So he walked up to the star and told him off.

“Listen,” he boomed, “I think you’re a four-star heel, mugging up a good play like this. Here I am telling all my friends to see it and working overtime to pressagent your hit and you’re playing Little Lord Fauntleroy with yourself. You’re just a big, swell-headed ham!”

But sometimes Dane’s frank, outspoken opinions, no matter how unpalatable to sensitive egos, were as medicine for the stage. One of the bitterest disappointments in his stage career was getting fired from a part in “Stage Door” on the tryout trip, a part he’d won in competition with Broadway’s best. But once he had the job, Dane couldn’t help sticking in his oar and the other actors got sore. Pretty soon they had accused him and the producer was explaining, “It’s not your work—that’s swell. But for the sake of harmony—”

Yep, Dane Clark learned plenty in the five years he was on Broadway, and the sleeper jumps. But his oddest job was cut out for him in “Dead End.” That’s when he had to play the semifraid to those cackling, hell raising young stars, the Dead End Kids. Dane was only an understudy in the original cast with time on his hands, and that’s one reason why they saddled him with the job of keeping the kids from wrecking the play. The other was—Dane was the only one in the company husky.
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walked in about nine o'clock, in fact, because he wanted to wind up a few things and hit the hay by ten to start his army career daisy-fresh the next day. In his room he found three suitcases, all packed. He called his mother, the handsome, youngish European lady who's as much his pal as his parent.

"What's this?" asked Turhan.

"Why," explained Mrs. Selahettin, "the things you'll need in the army, of course. Your robe, smoking gown, riding clothes, dinner jacket—"

She looked a little puzzled when Turhan whooped and explained that in the army he was joining you didn't need duds like that. Maybe in Europe, but for a Yank GI, all he aimed to take along was a razor kit and toothbrush. He spent his last night in Hollywood unpacking the suitcases and putting his clothes back in the closet.

You see, Turhan had had a crack at the military life before. He was a cadet in Turkey when he was a growing lad, and there it's quite a dress-up affair all the way. Not that it's panty-waist. In fact, the way they bring up young stags over in those parts is on the Spartan plan and that's why Turhan has been grousely underdressed as a gorgeous guy ever since he started making faces on Hollywood sets and let his sideburns grow. The truth is, that before half the U.S.A. brand of Hollywood actors who are the Bey's contemporaries could spell c-a-t, Turhan could ride like a Cossack, shoot like a Dead-Eye-Dick and drill like a West Pointer.

His father, in short, made a man of him early, as is the Turkish custom. Along the way, he learned the correct manners, dress and gallantries of Continental court circles. He knew the right people and did the right things.

For instance, the week before he joined up on Uncle Sam's service team, Turhan and his handsome mom were up in San Francisco at the United Nations Conference. They had a nostalgic bit of the old days, doing the town with friends in the Turkish diplomatic delegation. There were formal dinners, receptions, wining and dining with all the fuss and ceremony. Naturally, after that week, it was easy for Mrs. Selahettin to slip in a tux and pearl studs for her boy's career in the army. She just forgot.

American by adoption...

But Turhan, in spite of his background, became Americanized easily. He likes democracy's doings and has always managed to carry his own weight in Yankland. He knows it's a joke for the Joe Miller book that the world regards him as a kind of 1945 Valentinio, a Menace from Venice, a Turk at Work. His slanty eyes and accent did it—let's face it—but underneath the oily villain parts and torrid love scenes with Maria Montez and Katharine Hepburn, Butch Selahettin was always a right gay and no perfumed poodle to pick on—as was painfully discovered by various Hollywood characters who knocked chips off his shoulder.

Steve Crane, for instance, picked himself off the floor the night he tried it, you'll remember, at Ann Rutherford's party a year ago when Turhan was aspirating Lana around. Steve asked for it and got it, and the impression was so ruddy awakened that they were in taking boxing lessons ever since. But Turhan already had had 'em.

All of which is beside the point, except to show that Turhan Selahettin entered the army with no complexes, inhibitions, or shrinking violet soft spots. He was as good a hunk of GI material as the next guy and he's proved it. So far he's been a model soldier. And he says, "It's my ambition to make as good a record as it's
possible to make in the army. It’s the biggest chance I’ve ever had.”

Not for ambition or advancement. The Bey, despite his gold spoon raising, is going it the GI way—and by choice, because he had an opportunity to put in for O.C.S. With his military training and continental connections, there were plenty of specialized jobs he could be trained to handle as an officer. But Turhan had a funny angle on that: “You don’t know what’s really going on in the army if you’re an officer. You don’t know what the army’s thinking and I want to learn.”

And that’s another facet of Turhan Bey’s makeup; you’d probably never suspect from looking at his snly pictures. The guy is bright, alert, up to the minute in current affairs, and you can’t catch him flat-footed on many subjects. He’s intelligent and articulate. He reads everything, stops, looks and listens—and he thinks every young man and woman had better, too, if this old world’s to be saved. But before we go into that serious side of the Terrible Turk, I’ll have to tell the story on him about the GI-vs.-O.C.S. item I mentioned a few lines back.

There were a couple of army majors Turhan knew in civvie life and they both put the boost on him to go out for officer’s training. The month after he’d been there, he’d done all the screening tests and induction rigamarole they put all rookies through down at Fort MacArthur. The officer friends he’d no for an answer at that point so they went right ahead staring the ball rolling. But in a few hours they came back to Turhan. Their faces were long.

“Mory Purdue test, said one diplomatically, “You can’t even apply for O.C.S. if you’ve flunked that.”

“What’s an I.Q. test?” Turhan wanted to know.

“Briefly,” explained the officer, “it tells us whether you’re a moron or whether you can bend your brains around a bit.”

“Which means?” grinned Turhan.

The officer sighed. “Moron is a horrid word. But your test is one of the lowest on record. How did it ever happen?”

Turhan couldn’t remember. Except that they’d shot all kinds of tests at him at MacArthur and some of them he’d just sort of done as an open-ever-light and no-hot-towel. He didn’t know which was important and which wasn’t and being a foreign guy, his English wasn’t as fast as that of Yanks, born and bred. So to keep up, he’d skipped here and there—and one of the ones he’d given the go-by to was the all-important I.Q. test.

“Retake please . . .”

They arranged another I.Q. for him and Private Turhan passed with a blue ribbon mark, when he paid attention. But he still wagged “No” to the chance to apply for O.C.S.

Turhan joined the Army last June, right after he finished “Night in Paradise.” In fact, he got deferred ten days to make retakes and added scenes for that one, which will be the last time you’ll see the Bey on the screen. Not that he has any plans to give Hollywood the pitch, but then the fortunes of a soldier are precarious, even in peace time, and two years—which is what he figures he’ll spend in uniform—is a fairly long time in which plenty can happen.

The day before he left, Frank, the Universal studio barber, who’s been trimming his hair in that long sleek sweep and letting the sideburns creep down below his ears, almost went to sleep. He’d spent his own glamorous tonsorial handicraft, including the wispy black mustache. But when he got through, the transformation was enough to fool an expert. Turhan got such a kraft head-crop that on the street car
ride down to the Fort and when he got there, not one of his inductee buddies recognized him, although it turned out practically all of them had seen him in the Montez extravaganza. (Although they all admitted the attraction was sexy Montez and not Bey!)

The funniest thing about his incognito, to Turhan, though, was the reverse side. He came back to Hollywood on his first liberty pass from Camp Roberts, wearing the GI clothes that always seem to be sizes too big in the wrong places, and this lawn mower hair-do. He went to a party with Lana Turner (they were still love-happy then) expecting to get the same kind of good natured razz he'd drawn when he did a show at Camp Roberts. He'd played "Don Jose" in "The Loves of Carmen" that night, in costumes and everything, and it was supposed to be very romantic. But when the other dogfaces saw the silly Bey looking like a reaper had waltzed over his noggin, they rolled in the aisles.

part of the act . . .

But at this particular Hollywood party, Turhan strolled around without getting even a raised eyebrow. Finally one of his actor friends inquired, "You doing an old picture now?" He thought Turhan had just rushed over from the studio set.

Others he'd meet on Hollywood Boulevard would spot his uniform and ask, "are you still in the army?" "Still in? I just got in!" Turhan would bark back. It was all very confusing to the Hollywood folk and still is, more or less. Half Turhan's friends don't know but what he's still out at Universal creeping up on Maria Montez with a scimitar or something. As for new GI buddies, they're tactfully refrained from giving him the Hollywood treatment, too, for which Butch Bey is very grateful. Because he went into the army to be a soldier, not a actor, and that's exactly what he's been concentrating on.

Outside of that "Carmen" show and another stage turn in "Hit the Deck" at camp, Turhan has been strictly in the audience at post theatricals. He sat and cheered when Earl Carroll's cuties and the Ice Follies came up to entertain the boys, just as if he hadn't seen them both a couple of dozen times in Hollywood.

He only did the two camp productions because they asked him to, and it was no rest cure going through his official training drudgery until all he wanted was to make with the shut-eye. Instead, he watched his buddies sink on their cots blissfully while he changed into costume and started a full night's work for Special Service! But he was glad he was able to bring the boys he worked with a few laughs—even if they stemmed from his clipped haircut.

What has been foremost in Private Selahattin's ambitions, however, since he donned khaki, is to celebrate up top in the War Department calls a good soldier. On his first test at the range Turhan captured the Expert Medal in rifle, machine gun and automatic pistol. He's officially an infantry riflemann, but by now he's handy with all the weapons his outfit uses. He hasn't been in a speck of disciplinary trouble because from his cadet days he already knew what was expected in the neatness department. Like a lot of GIs, he learned to make a bed tight enough to bounce a golf ball on, and to keep it that way by cheating a little and sleeping between the blankets instead of mussing up the nice white sheets.

K.P. was sort of new to the Bey, because he'd never run into the kitchen mechanic side of army life in his European cadet days. Did he like it? He did not! Until he went on the detail, he'd never washed or wiped a dish in his life, much less greased pans, manicured spuds, hoisted

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garbage or slung hash at tables. And as for latrine and such details—well, what happened to Turhan shouldn't happen to a dog. But he rallied around for all of those minor tragedies of a rookie's existence and kept his record clean. He didn't even get gassed once for A.W.O.L.—even though all the time he was at camp he kept a car handy and when he could snatch a pause, roared South with eight hours driving to spend four seeing somebody precious, like Lana or Ella, or one of his stable of cuties. Because that's one way in which the army didn't change Turhan.

It was on one of these flying junkets that Turhan came as close to spoiling his lily-white report card as he ever did. The Beverly weaknesses have always been women and automobiles, and when he changed over from Torrid Turhan to plain Butch Bey (he got his nickname from a leather-tough sarge who'd spent a whole year in the front lines in Europe, named "Uncle Joe," so he's pretty proud of that "Butch" tag). Well, as I say, going into uniform didn't alter Selly Selbetti's bruises. And of the two—I hate to disillusion you gals—motor cars come first.

Turhan has a flock of them, he hopes, still scattered around Europe in storage, a Mercedes at Vienna, a Lancia in Vienna, a Fiat in Rome

just like a Nazi . . .

He came up next with a little BMW, a pint-sized German car. Turhan found it hidden somewhere around Hollywood, worked it over, and took it on its maiden trip back to the states. In no time at all it was looking like a true Nazi—it gave him the double-cross, expiring just short of Ventura with a sardonic cough. That put Turhan in a pretty pickle of reasons. One night he had to find another ride or wind up A.W.O.L., and two, he had to do something about the case of beer he was bringing back across the line.

That started the midnight ride of the case of beer—and I wish I could rhyme that with Paul Revere—but what can you do with a couple of Robert Richmans? He knew if he showed up without the lager, as advertised, his name was mud. So he started along the highway lugging the beer and trying his thumb along the way, in that sometime for your chilblains. After a couple of miles he got a ride. It lasted about ten miles and then—bang!—two tires were blown. Turhan was forced the long and ledge journey again. A truck driver picked him up. He broke down on a hill. More making with the hoofs lugging beer. That night Turhan had six separate hikes and he landed in a farmer's pickup truck mixed in with a load of fertilizer, but he was on time—and he had his beer. He and his buddies buried that treasure not too far from their barracks and for several nights the pleasant tinkling sounds of trench shovels striking glass disturbed the midnight calm.

Of course, Turhan, like any other soldier, would far rather fight than flunk. I said his weakness is women—next to jalops—and that's true talk.

He met a couple of cuties in a cafe at Paso Robles, who had never seen Hollywood. He fell for their typically American, un-Hollywood charms and so when the want to and when the hour came up, he invited them down to see all the wonders of Glamoland.

"Oh no," they shied. "We'd be embarrassed going around Hollywood with a celebrity."

khoi disguise . . .

"Nuts, my dears," replied the Bey, "Nobody knows me in Hollywood. I'm in this GI rig. I assure you I'm just one of the mob." And he told them how sometimes
even his own movie set pals passed him by these days without a tumble. Finally, Butch Bey talked them into the junket.

Well, they did pretty well along Hollywood Boulevard and the Strip. The screen comedy let Turhan and his double dates alone, just nodding "hellos" and strutting on by. Without Lana he wasn't an item to the columnists or a picture for the camera boys. Then Turhan took his out of town to the one where he passed the spot where every visiting elk or doe always ends up—Olivera Street, the old Mexican bazaar you don't find anywhere else but in Los Angeles.

They were doing fine with their enchiladas, jumping beans and serapes, until a gang of strolling dusky Spanish maidens turned their dark eyes on the Bey. He was their particular film favorite in the Main Street movies, with his smooth Latin love looks, it turned out, and they penetrated his G.I disguise in a wink.

"Toor-nah!" they screamed. "Primo! Caballero! Hombre! Dulce! Sweetie-pie!" And in a flash all the sparkling señoritas in the Spanish quarter swarmed him like bees around honey. They snatched his army buttons, ripped off his tan tie, covered him with seven different flavors of saltn’ lip balm.

But those episodes and escapades, while bound to creep up now and then on a 23-year-old guy who's stood looking, full of himself, and moved into the boot, didn't interfere during Turhan's five months' basic training stretch with the job at hand—which was learning to be a soldier in the U. S. Army.

He won his expert marksman medals, like I said, for automatic rifle, machine gun and M-One shooting. His machine gun crew made the best record in the battalion, even though he snapped his favorite pipe to smirtheen's and bunged up his face hitting the dust in the tests. Butch Bey made a whiz at the clean record and moved into the boot, didn't interfere during Turhan's five months' basic training stretch with the job at hand—which was learning to be a soldier in the U. S. Army.

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MR. BIG AND MRS. LITTLE

(Continued from page 48)

"And we've been so darn lucky. Together through the whole run of the show."

"And how long can it be? A few weeks—or a couple of months maybe."

"And what's a couple—DON!!! I never washed your socks. Shall I do them now or do you think I'd better pack first?"

"Wash my socks, he grinned.

Little Phyllis Avery and big Don Taylor—Pinkie to you—were married in September of '44 while they were playing in "Winged Victory." Madly in love then, they're even more in love now and more deeply necessary to each other—sign of a true marriage. This was their first real separation. The other didn't count, because its end was in sight before their marriage.

That was last May, after the show closed and Phyllis had her appendix out and Don was transferred to the AAF Base Unit in Hollywood. But he didn't have to go till the operation was over, and she'd left the hospital.

Nowadays an appendix is nothing. "Like yanking a tooth," Phyllis assured Don. He pretended to be equally nonchalant.

"I said in sickness and health, but did you have to take me up on it so soon?"

moral division...

There was just one thing she insisted on. He had to be sticking around when it happened. You couldn't have her appendix taken away with block busts, but Phyllis was taking no chances. At 7:30 a.m., all groggy from last night's shots, she called him. "Get up, Don. It's time for you to come. They're going to operate on me now."

"An appendix is nothing, Don,' you'll tell."

"Except they lie just as still. That was the bad moment—that thrill of unreasoning terror when they wheeled the stretcher in with its quiet burden, which wasn't his laughing Phyllis but something mute and remote, beyond his reach."

They said she's come out of it soon. But it felt more like eons before the lids fluttered and the lips moved. He bent over to catch the words.

"If he's not dead by the time I come out," said Phyllis, the gentle, "I'm going to kill him."

"What?" Don asked softly, though he wanted to shout and sing. "Yehudi," she sighed. And fell asleep.

The rest was a lark. Word got around that the pretty little appendectomy in Riverdale by So and So, Pinkie's wife, was a success and everyone crowded in to see the patient. She was discharged the next day, and so was pinkie. He was told he was doing a lot of radio work at the time, but he'd come in every noon with wooden legs and blue elephants and lipsticks and she'd sit up in bed, making herself new faces. After the show he'd come back, and she wouldn't let him leave till midnight. That was against the rules of the course, but whoever looked in pretended he wasn't there. Sometimes he'd fall asleep in the low chair and wake up to find her eyes fixed on him in wistfully admiration.

"It's your long legs," she'd explain. "They look so cute, sprawled halfway across the room."

Don left for Hollywood two weeks ahead of Phyllis, and worked a miracle. Within six days he'd found an apartment. Not just any apartment either, but one with a fireplace, an upstairs and down, and a feeling of home. Luck had something to do with it. So did the Pinky-charm, which he turned on brazenly, twisting his
cap and looking appallingly forlorn. "My wife's just out of the hospital. She needs home cooking. We've only been married nine months. We've never even opened our wedding presents." The agent, a woman, fell, and one Sunday afternoon Don took off to meet Phyllis's plane. Instead of a wife, he met with tragedy. She went without him. He waited till three in the morning and then gave up. At five, Phyllis phoned from Mines Field where her plane had landed.

"I'm coming in an army bus. It feels just like 'Winged Victory.' One girl and a hundred guys."

It felt even more like "Winged Victory" when the bus drew up at the Roosevelt Hotel, and Phyllis hopped off into Don's welcoming arms, while a hundred guys gushed-ed like nettles.

Don had told the truth when he said his wife needed home cooking. They both needed it. Only he'd neglected to add that his wife couldn't cook.

While they'd been traipsing cross country with the show, it hadn't mattered. Everyone ate. Now Phyllis wasn't working, and Don's pay was small, and the kitchen stove kept glaring, "Why don't you use me?"

One morning she said: "We're eating in tonight."

"What, for instance?"

"Look, Don, I'll have to learn some time."

Are you game—"

"If you want, I'll eat it." He kissed her and was off to the post. When he got home that night, smoke poured from the kitchen. He went in to find his wife surrounded by cookbooks and every pot and pan the establishment boasted. She looked flustered but radiant.

"I'll go in and sit down. I'll have everything ready in a minute.

A few minutes later Phyllis appeared, proudly bearing a platter of eight enormous baked potatoes, stuffed with tuna fish. Her pride was of the finished dish. They weren't very good. Each managed to choke down one. "What'll we do with the rest of 'em?" she asked.

"Look, honey, I know people are starving in Europe. But with transportation the way it is—let's just chuck 'em out, huh?"

it's confidence that counts . . .

By knocking her head against the wall, Phyllis finally learned. The crisis came the night she tried her favorite dish. After three hours, he led down his fork with reverence. "You're in, Mrs. T!"

That gave her confidence—which is all you need, says Phyllis. Before long, they were throwing parties for six—roast beef, browned potatoes and a salad you'd pay a buck-and-a-half for at Chasen's.

They were so happy that's how they like it. A good thing too, since they couldn't afford to live any other way. Once they went to the Mocombo—to celebrate their fortieth anniversary. Phyllis gave Don some hand-made socks, and a Kelly green album. When he brings it out, you notice that it's pasted up two pictures of Phyllis for every one of himself. He gave her a subscription to Vogue magazine, and a cushion for the car. The cushion was in self-defense. She kept whipping them off the couch, till the poor guy didn't know where to lay his head.

While Don was at the post, Phyllis kept house. Never having worked at anything but acting, she'd expected to loathe housekeeping, and was pleasantly surprised to find she didn't. Once in a while she'd go on a shopping jag—run up to Saks', price everything in sight, decide what she'd buy if they had any money, and come home feeling almost as good as though she'd bought it.

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Phyllis tries to beat Don to bed. Otherwise, he appropriates all the pillows and the side with the big light, so he can read and do his crossword puzzles. Seats there smug as a shah and deaf to protests. "Big lights for big people, little lights for little people," he murmurs. That's his favorite line. His wife's smallness enchants him—he likes to dwell on it. "We'll have a Doberman and a Peke—big dogs for big people, little dogs for little people." Or: "I'll take the armchair and you can sit at my feet—big chairs, etc."

Besides, the last one in has all the dirty work to do—opening windows, turning out lights, running down to the kitchen for milk and cookies. It never fails. The minute they climb into bed, they're starved. So he generally has to hit at the same second, and then there's a battle of wits to see who can shame whom into getting up...

dream house...

On Sundays they'd go looking at houses. Found one that was perfect, except it wasn't for sale. Which was lucky, because they hadn't no money to buy it with. Just the same, they'd go back every week, driving by slowly, turning at the end of the road, and driving by again. Once, when it looked as if no one were home, they got up nerve enough to peer over the back fence to make sure there was ground enough in the rear. A small brown-eyed boy lifted his head from a sandpile to smile at them—

"That settles it," whispered Don. "We won't buy the place unless he goes with it—"

One of their treasures is a book, bound by Don within wooden covers in the shape of a shiny red, white—windowed barn. It's full of magazine clippings—a fireplace here, a stone wall there, a room with a lovely corner, an article on how to build your roof out of plastic. If nothing else, at least they've got lots of ideas for the house-to-be. It'll have a big workroom for Don. There'll be a four-poster and a fireplace in the old-fashioned bedroom, and a maple tree on the lawn—dropping leaves in autumn—no matter what it costs, or how far they have to haul it. The house'll be big enough for kids and dogs, and not so big as to swamp Mom and Pop when the kids grow up and take off.

Finally and most important, it's got to be a white house with green shutters and a lawn in front. That's the only kind of house that spells home to these two.

Phyllis grew up in such a house, and Phyllis fell in love with it, shortly after falling in love with him. By birth and background, Phyllis could have been a sophisticate. Her father's a well-known playwright. She was born in New York and spent much of her girlhood in Paris. But not till Don took her to Freeport, Pa.—pop. 300—did she feel that she'd come home.

"Oh, Don, it's so wonderful. You walk up the stairs, and the stairs belong to the people, and the people belong to the house, and the whole place smells like hot biscuits and polished wood—"

"Glory be!" yelled Don. "I'm married to a small-town girl—"

They went up to Penn State, Don's alma mater, to see his sister Janet. They
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Taylors. Because two people in Freeport built love and kindness and laughter into theirs.

Till the war ended, they were happy in Hollywood. But with V-J Day, Don started champing at the bit. Like all service men whose usefulness has come to an end, he wanted out, he wanted to start living his own life. The biggest word in his vocabulary was availability.

At M-G-M, where he’s still under contract, they’d smack their lips. “Boy, what a part we’ve got for you! If only you were out—”

Meantime, Phyllis had received offers for Broadway shows, and had turned them down. She and Don couldn’t bear the thought of separation. Phyllis loves acting, but Don comes first, last and always. They’d talked it all out. When Don goes back to work, she’s quitting—

“I’ll miss it, but it’s not worth the sacrifice of one little sliver of our happiness, you can’t put your whole heart into marriage and a career. You can hope both, but not the way we want it. I’m putting my whole heart into marriage.”

Then why is Phyllis doing a show in New York while Don stays in Hollywood? For three reasons. Because he’s in the army and can’t bring home the bacon yet. Because Jean Dalrymple’s a persistent woman. Because Phyllis and Don are remarried adults, as well as a couple of kids in love...

pretty please...

Jean Dalrymple, producer of “Uncle Jeffrey,” wanted Phyllis for the lead. Twice Phyllis had told her no. One day last October Miss Dalrymple called again.

“Won’t you please reconsider, Phyllis? I’ve got such a strong hunch about your doing this part. We’ll make it worth your while. You’ll give us thus-and-such—and-this-and-the-other.”

“Well, I still don’t know, Jean. Let me talk to Don and I’ll wire you tonight—”

They talked for hours. There were a dozen arguments pro against the one big CON. Don paced, with his hands in his pockets and a light in his eyes. Phyllis made a discovery. You’re excited, darling. For the first time in months—

“Sure, we’ve got something to talk about—instead of sitting in twos, with nothing to say to each other. When you’re not working, you’re only half alive. This way, at least one of us would be perking. And you know, Phyl, I’d get something out of it too. Even stuck out here, I’d be right in the midst of it with you—”

“You could send me refreshers courses by mail. And, oh Don, we play Pittsburgh. I could go to Freeport—”

“Maybe I’ll be discharged by Christmas. Imagine Christmas in Freeport together—”

“But you’re not. I don’t want to spend Christmas away from you, Don.”

She made him decide, half hoping he’d say no. Finally he turned to her. “Look, honey, I’m like a democracy with two parties. One’s yelling yes and the other no. But I guess the ayes have it. I guess we’d be awful saps if you didn’t go.”

The plane soared and circled and melted away into the distance. Don went back to the car. His eyes carefully avoided the white walls Phyllis had painted, only to come smack up against the little cushion on the seat next to him—

Then a thought hit him. Suddenly he was out beyond the wheel, sprinting for WEUP. Don’s heart at least ten degrees lighter as he wrote his message. They’d said no wires, but this one was different. It wouldn’t cost much. And while it was very short, it still didn’t sound mad.

Phyllis got it next morning. “HELLO, DARLING,” was all it said.
The "Dolly Sisters" schedule had been arranged so that Betty could finish in time to be with Harry on his three-months engagement in Manhattan. Ever since their marriage, that had been one thing they've schemed for—how not to be separated.

As luck would have it, they even found an apartment that some friend of a friend wanted to sublet for the summer. These people were charmed to have Betty and Harry take over, till they heard about Punkin. Punkin almost ruined the deal. The lady's brow furrowed. Frankly, she didn't like the idea of a dog.

"Oh, you don't know Punkin!" Betty was almost insulted. "Why, he wouldn't do as much as a tred old slipper—"

So one day they all went out—Harry and Betty and her mother, Vickie and the nurse—leaving Punkin locked in the bedroom. Normally, he'd have gone straight to sleep. But a gale was blowing that day, especially strong around the umpteenth floor where they lived. As they reconstructed their day by the half-opened window, the wind must have turned the Venetian blind into a rattling enemy, and Punkin attacked. When they got back, he lay with his head on his paws, but he was triumphant. Half the Venetian blind hung from its string.

"He couldn't have done it," wailed Betty.

"It must have been the wind—"

"Since when, if I may inquire, do winds leave toothmarks?"

Shopping wasn't easy. Like any movie favorite with sense, Betty appreciates fans. On the other hand, there are certain advantages in being able to go about one's business unhindered. So she works out what she called her disguise—lowheeled shoes, a blouse and dirndl skirt, a head wrapped tight in a scarf, face washed clean of makeup, and a pair of dark glasses. Mrs. Grable called it "getting yourself up like a fright." She thought it was silly.

One evening, "Dinah and Horseshoe" was playing at a neighboring house. Harry was working. Mrs. Grable hadn't seen it—"I'll go with you," Betty offered, "if you'll let me wear the disguise—"

"Oh, Betty, you don't have to doll up. But can't you look normal?"

"No disguise, no movie—"

the legs have it . . .

They had to stand in line for tickets. People looked at her face, then at her legs. "Too bad you can't disguise them," murmured her mother.

"I can," Betty murmured back—and stood pigeon-toed.

At this point, a boy detached himself from the line. "Please can I have your autograph, Miss Grable?"

But it was a taxi-driver who helped Mrs. Grable. He had been standing at the curb, waiting for a cab. When somebody yelled, "Betty Grable!" That was all it needed. The crowd gathered so thick that the cab could hardly inch through.

As they finally pulled away, the driver asked: "Wotta sensation? Anybody hurt?"

"I'm afraid it was," said Betty meekly. During the war GIs wrote to Betty from all over the world. No, she didn't answer every letter herself. That would have needed six of her. But pinups were posted to all who asked, and the special letters got personal replies. What touched her most deeply were the toys and souvenirs that came for Vickie from Germany and Italy and the South Pacific. She went out and bought a hope chest and stored them away, knowing that Vickie would treasure them always.

While Harry was playing Atlantic City, she made some dates of her own at Camps Kilmer and Halloran, at St. Albans and Mitchell Field Hospital. At Kilmer, ten thousand boys waited in the open-air auditorium, with five thousand more standing.
Betty came on in a black dress and big picture hat and was greeted by a roar. 
TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, BETTY! She stepped to the mike. My hair'll fly-
"LET IT FLY!"
Off came the hat. First, she sang tunes they'd liked in pictures, then they hollered requests. In between, they'd ask her-
"Why didn't Harry come along?"
"He's working."
"Where's Vickie?"
"Taking a nap."
"How about a dance?"
She was wearing high heels and the stage was rough, but they wouldn't let her go till she'd done a few steps. Then they crowded round the car with helmets and belts and shirts to be autographed.
At St. Albans a car was standing at the door as she went in.
"Hello," said Betty, "how are you?"
"I'm all right," he growled, frozen-faced. Okay, she thought, if that's how you feel about it, and moved on. It was so hot that one boy followed her from bed to bed, wielding a fan. But she got her biggest laugh out of two characters—one in a wheelchair, the other on crutches—who never took their eyes off her legs and never intended her to overhear their comments.
"Gee, there's just about all right, but what's so different about 'em?"
"Whajja expect her to have?" she'd asked the other. "Three of 'em?"
When it came time to go, the first guy blocked her way in the hall. "What do you do this for, anyway?"
"Oh, I don't know. To see some of the boys I've written to maybe—"
He eyed her for a moment. "Well, I guess you're okay—"
"Gee, thanks, mister. So you finally came around—"
"Yeah, and you know why? I was lookin' for four cameras to be trailin' you. They never showed up—"
"I know how you feel," grinned Betty, and stuck out her paw. He almost pumped it off.

a lady called sugar ...

First thing the James' did when they got back was to buy a couple of horses. Betty's always loved horses—longed to ride as a kid, but was always a city girl. Having heard of a pair of perfectly matched pintos for sale, they bought them on the spot. The gelding's name was Billy, the mare was named Betty, but that's too formal for Betty. She calls her Sugar.

"Now that we've got the horses," said Harry, "we'll have to find that ranch—"
They'd been ranch-hunting for a year. You're more likely to associate them with nightclubs, and that's where you're wrong. Except for purposes of Harry's profession, they've never been to a nightclub together. Once, before they were married, the Palladium ran a dance contest for band-leaders. Harry asked Betty to be his partner. He won the couple of dancing. At the last minute, Betty got cold feet.

One day a boy in the band called up. "Can you drive out to the valley this afternoon? I think I've found you a ranch."
And so it turned out—63 acres near Calabasas, beyond a couple of miles of dirt road, with terraces and stables and barns and a darling white farm house. Betty was enchanted. "The horses'll love it," she squealed.

Once the horses were moved out, Betty had to take over, because Harry was scheduled to leave on a short tour. Also, she had to work fast. Her new picture, The Shocking Miss Ellis, was being shot in November. She shopped for brushes and sponges and currycombs, ordered hay and oats and grain.

"Are you sure they don't want something tastier?" she asked the caretaker.

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"That sounds like a bunch of shredded wheat without cream."

"Well," he said, "you can get them carrots for dessert."

So the family went to bed feed now, Farmer Grable explained, because the place is run down. But pretty soon they'll be raising their own crops. Like all farmers, they have a lot to worry. When Harry phoned one night, Betty told him it was raining. He seemed upset.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"I think you're supposed to plant hay before Christmas."

Not till she'd made the horses comfortable, did Betty turn her attention to them. It's a real farmhouse, with a porch all around and living room, bedrooms, large kitchen, laundry and bathroom. For the bedrooms she got bunk-beds, so they can sleep a lot of people. But for the living room, where they eat, she bought good old pieces—a big maple table with benches and armchairs, a chest for linens, a cobbler's bench coffee table—stuff they can use when they build their ranchhouse and go out there to live.

**oats or diamonds?**

Betty's not a showy spender. Her income tax man was astonished at her relatively small expenditure for clothes. But buying for a place that you're going to keep, that's different. Apropos of which, Betty and Harry have just bought another horse. A little brown horse and a little brown saddle for Peter, Betty's invalid nephew. When the folks come out Christmas Day, and we go to the coral and say, 'Peter, here's your horse,' and see the look on his face—well, I don't know what we'll be getting the Christmas present—"

There's never been any discussion between the James about Betty's work in radio. She can do a show whenever she wants to. We've formed, once for publication that, if it ever came to a choice, the career would go. But she and Harry don't talk about it. If they did, he'd probably say: "Look, honey, it's up to you. You've worked hard to reach this spot, and I have no right to ask you to drop it. I know Vickie and I come first, and that's all that matters. The rest is your business—"

Betty's too clear-eyed to kid herself. She knows she can't have both without making sacrifices. Her sacrifice, however, isn't Harry's, for instance, have never coincided. He's been free while she worked, and the other way around. That's bad, she says. But it's hard to be away from Vickie all day when she works.

Because she's so alive to the hardships of the situation, she probably gives more thought of her own than plenty of women who have nothing else to do. There was a time, while "The Dolly Sisters" was shooting, when they had no cook. Well, she and the assister chose the kitchen table than go out to a meal. And that's what he doubtless thought he was going to eat.

Mrs. James has her own ideas. Mrs. James has no dope, she'd learn how.

"Nothing to it," said the kids at the studio. "Just bolt your steak, bake your potatoes."

"Not so fast. How do you bake a potato?"

They drew diagrams and she bought a cookbook. Next evening she dashed home, popped them in the oven. Grable was taken in care of her that day—and down to the kitchen. Betty's nothing if not thorough. Things may turn out wrong, but all that she ever eat bread and rice in the book exactly what temperature they wanted. She twisted the dial, then—to make doubly sure—stuck a thermometer in. It said in the book that the steak had to be three inches below the flame. So she knelt on the floor, tried to keep

mand it as a right. There's no fussing next night, if they don't bring her down.

"Only two things make her cry, and one of them's her roll."

Recently, she'd scream blue murder when her ears and nose were being cleaned. Now that she's growing up, she just whimper. And she's ran away in the morning. She adores riding, so they're not sure whether it's Betty or the car that she wants most. It wouldn't be so bad if she didn't mind all she does it out her arms, and the lower limb tipples. That kills her mother.

"When she's consistently happy baby. Of the whole, she prefers people to things, but she can also amuse herself. Give her a bunch of magazines and she'll sit for an hour, turning the pages. The thing is that Betty can't string an ecstatic "Mama!" and her daddy's still easier to recognize. She knows him by the howling.

She likes playing with Punkin more than Vickie Likes playing with her. He doesn't quite trust her. She pulls his topknot and niffs them over his head. When she's through, she tightens her grip and he gets away. But he's a glutton for punishment. Because all she has to do is call, and he goes trotting.

"She's a tease, too. "Love Mommy?" asks Betty. She shakes her head. "Love daddy?"

Another solemn wag. "Love Vickie?"

No, she's less of less and less often, and maybe by the time we're eighty, it won't happen at all—" Betty jumped up. "Anyway, I'm talking too much. I can give you my recipe for happiness in three words. Harry Harry James. Only I saw him first, thank God—"
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HERE is a special opportunity for ambitious women who want to earn money during spare hours. We are through with war work and are now devoting our full time and effort to producing more Fashion Frocks than ever before. To take care of this greater post-war expansion we now need more women to show and take orders for these lovely dresses in the latest and most charming styles. And despite rising costs Fashion Frocks still sell at surprisingly low prices. The work is pleasant and dignified and gives you an opportunity to earn $18, $20 and up to $25 in a week ... and besides get all your own dresses without a penny of cost. No experience is needed and no money is required. For full details rush coupon below.

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Let your friends and neighbors see your elaborate Portfolio of last minute Spring and Summer Fashion Frocks and just show them the vast assortment of over 125 smartest, original styles, made up of gorgeous fabrics in beautiful color combinations and offered at sensational low prices. These women will be delighted to order—not merely once—but season after season. It’s like having your own dress business with a steady income and without investing a penny. We do all delivering and collecting—you get paid immediately.

Women Everywhere Know Fashion Frocks

For many years Fashion Frocks have been extensively advertised to millions of American women and are recognized as fine quality, highly styled, popular priced dresses. They have the approval of leading fashion editors and prominent stars of stage and screen. And these lovely dresses were worn by the famous Powers Models at a Television Style Show. When you represent Fashion Frocks you show dresses that are well-known and in demand because every month the Fashion Frocks advertisements are seen by millions of women everywhere.

Send No Money—Everything Furnished FREE

The elaborate Presentation Portfolio—with special plans for your success will be sent you absolutely FREE. For years thousands of women have enjoyed steady incomes representing Fashion Frocks. War work interrupted our full dress production and naturally curtailed the number of representatives needed. Now we are ready for a great expansion program and are again seeking ambitious women in every community who want to make money like Mrs. Claude Burnett in Alabama whose average weekly earnings were $28.84—or $27.10 made by Marie Patton, Illinois. Paste coupon on a postcard and mail for complete details. There is no obligation. Mail coupon today.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Desk 22054, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Send for FREE Portfolio of ADVANCED SPRING DRESSES

$3.28

THE FAMOUS, NATIONALLY ADVERTISED Fashion Frocks

OUR 38th YEAR IN BUSINESS

Style 323
Color chiffons highlight a ray-
on-linen casual.

Style 333
Picture-book pretty in soft
rayon prints

Style 319
Butcher lips cut with polka-
jointed advises
THERE'S NO FINER COLD WAVE AT ANY PRICE

New Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave

For Only 98¢

A new COLD WAVE PERMANENT in 2 to 3 hours at home

Complete with a 3-ounce bottle of salon-type COLD WAVE solution, 60 curlers, 60 end tissues, cotton applicator, neutralizer and easy-to-follow instructions.

Now, give yourself the sensational guaranteed, easy-to-care-for COLD WAVE PERMANENT in 2 to 3 hours, at home... do it at a cost so low, it's amazing! Thanks to the wonderful discovery that's yours in the NEW CHARM-KURL SUPREME COLD Wave Kit, you can know the joy of soft, glamorous, natural looking curls and waves.

SIMPLE, EASY, CONVENIENT... Perfect Results or Money Back!

Women everywhere demand permanents the new Charm Kurl way. By an entirely new, gentle process, you just put your hair up in the curlers provided and let the CHARM-KURL Supreme Cold Waving solution do all the work. Perfect comfort, no heat, no heavy clamps, no machinery, no ammonia. Yet, given closer to the scalp, your Charm-Kurl Cold Wave permanent results in longer lasting, lustrous curls and waves that appear natural, glamorous, ravishing. The result will compare with any beauty shop cold wave costing up to $15.00 or more. Why put up with straight hair that is hard to dress in the latest fashion when you can know the joy of a genuine Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave Permanent, by tonight! Ask for it by name. You must be pleased or your money back.

— works "Like a million" on children's soft, fine hair.

The New Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave

The new Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Drug Stores, Cosmetic counters and 5¢ and 10¢ Stores. Get one today—thrill to newfound glamorous hair beauty by tonight.

Price in Canada $1.35 Tax Included—at Drug, Cosmetic and Variety Counters

Canadian Address: FRASER HAIR FASHIONS • 22 COLLEGE ST. • TORONTO, ONT.

MORE WOMEN HAVE USED CHARM-KURL HOME WAVE KITS THAN TOTAL OF ALL OTHER BRANDS!
No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage

Romance in the air! Dates in the making!
And you...looking irresistible with shining-smooth hair. There's something about Drene-lovely hair that goes straight to a man's heart.

"Change your hair-do to match the moods of many wonderful evenings," says famous Cover Girl Madelon Mason. She shows you these alluring hair-dos you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to duplicate.

Your hair is so easy to fix, so smooth and manageable when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning Action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

IF HE'S A SOPHISTICATE and loves you to look glamorous, try this brilliant upsweep. "I use Drene," says Madelon, "because it leaves my hair far more lustrous than any soap." Actually as much as 33 percent more lustre! Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene completely removes unsightly dandruff the very first time you use it. The dramatic neckline of this Ceil Chapman gown sets off this striking hair-do, that you can arrange by gathering all hair to side-top, tie and divide into twin swirls.

Drene
Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

IF HE PREFERENCES SPORTS like bowling, admire a tailored hair-do like this shining braid. "I like to wear a scarf active games," says Madelon, "but still sh plenty of hair." Of course you'll want show your hair too, when it's so lovely, the natural brilliance is revealed by Drene.
"Brush me off, will you?"

**CUPID:** Now wait, Sis! *Hold it!*

**GIRL:** For *what*, you faithless little imp! It's about time some girl taught you not to go around ignoring girls just because they're not beautiful!

**CUPID:** So! It's that way, huh? Well now you listen, my little fugitive from spinsterhood! It's about time you stopped looking at men with all the charm and radiance of a tired wash cloth! Smile at 'em, Sister! Sparkle!

**GIRL:** With my dull, dingy teeth? Hah! Heaven knows I brush 'em enough, but sparkle... hah! They—

**CUPID:** Ever see 'pink' on your tooth brush?

**GIRL:** Just lately. Why?

**CUPID:** Why? Why Great Day in The Morning, Pet, don't you know that's a sign to *see your dentist*—and right away! Because he may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** Fine, fine, fine. Very impressive. But weren't we discussing my smile a while back? What happened to it?

**CUPID:** Pet, don't you know that a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums? This Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you start on your way to a sparkling, radiant smile that'll stagger any stag line. Now get going, Baby! Ipana and massage!

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**
modern screen

STORIES

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Yes, Adventure adds up to being the most exciting and thoroughly enjoyable screen Adventure we've been on, in many a season of movie-going... 32

Gable's a tough, swaggering, romantic bos'n who has made love and trouble in every port on the seven seas.

Gable's a girl whose greatest Adventure is a picnic on Sunday.

Then—WHAM! They meet!

It's lighting and thunder...it's sound and fury...it's wind and flame...it's heaven and some of the other!

It's love on every note of the keyboard—laughing, lifting love; roaring, raging love. It's Gable and Garson in the screen's most exciting Adventure!

Pardon us, while we doff our cap to Joan Blondell and Thomas Mitchell, who turn in such stand-out performances.

And a low bow to the excellent supporting cast—to Victor Fleming for his fine direction—to Sam Zimbalist for his super production—to Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Vincent Lawrence for their screen play with a punch!

They've given us a great entertainment Adventure that marks the return of our favorite swell guy, Clark Gable—and the advent of Greer Garson in a zestfully different role! —Leo

It's smart, modern, exciting, the new

FLOATING FACIAL*

*Literally floats off pore-clogging make-up remnants, grease, grime. Ordinary creams may miss...

A CREAM must liquefy quickly and thoroughly to cleanse your skin of complexion-fogging debris... dirt, grime, grease, stale, old make-up... and particularly, stubborn cake make-up!

ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY—

Albolene, 100% pure, crystal clear, liquefies on application, sweeping away gently and thoroughly these menaces to beauty... conditioning your complexion for truly subtle, flattering make-up effects.

You see, Albolene is all-cleansing... no fillers or chemicals... and none of the water so many creams contain. Smooths on, tissues off so easily and daintily. See the amazing difference in your skin texture... how infinitely softer and more flattering fresh make-up looks.

Thrill to an Albolene Floating Facial today! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction of the cost—from 10¢ trial size to big 16 oz. jar at $1.00.

MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST—

Remove your old make-up—one side with your present cream, the other with Albolene Cleansing Cream. Then wet some cotton and wipe the Albolene side. See how clean the cotton stays! Now wipe the cotton over the other side. See the ball of smudge... from left-on make-up, grease, grime...

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

The Road to Utopia

If Crosby, Hope and Lamour ever run out of roads, I will build them a new one personally. "The Road To Utopia" is as breezy and nonsensical and utterly delightful as its predecessors. It has a talking fish, a talking bear, and a running commentary by the late Robert Benchley. It also has a very screwy plot, which may look silly in print, but looks fine on the screen with Crosby and Hope to put it across.

It seems there's a gold mine in Alaska. Yeah, I know, there are lots of gold mines in Alaska, but this one is special because it belongs to the father of Sal (Dorothy Lamour). He is murdered by a pair of bearded desperadoes named Sperry and McGurk who escape with the map of the mine. Sal, a determined type, starts for Alaska after them. Meanwhile, a couple of confidence men are also on their way to Alaska. Duke (Bing Crosby) and Chester (Bob Hope) are specialists in gypping suckers out of their hard earned cash. Duke is convinced that Alaska, where everyone has gold practically coming out of their ears, is a Utopia for crooks like them. Chester isn't so sure. He's heard that they shoot first up there, and ask for your biography afterward.

As usual, Duke gets his way. Chester is going to win one argument, however. "I'm going to put all our dough in this nice safe," he says as soon as they get to their stateroom on the boat. Unfortunately, the "safe" turns out to be a porthole, and there goes all that lovely money! So the boys have to work for their passage, and in the course of their labors, they find the map of the mine which Sperry and McGurk have (Continued on page 14)
"Turn away!
  Turn away!"

"You can’t stop
  loving him!"

"You can’t,
  You can’t!"

DARRYL F. ZANUCK presents

GENE TIERNEY

Dragonwyck

From the Novel by Anya Seton

with

WALTER HUSTON
VINCENT PRICE
GLENN LANGAN

and ANNE REVERE · SPRING BYINGTON
CONNIE MARSHALL · HENRY MORGAN

Written for the Screen and Directed by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
CO-ED LETTERBOX

My mom says my guy is "too old" for me. I'm sixteen, he's twenty-one. What do you think? K. L., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

You'll bash our teeth in for this, but we're afraid Mom's right. At sixteen, you really should be picking on kids your size, although a few years hence, that five-year age difference won't mean a thing. You see, at twenty-one, a guy has grown-up ideas about smoking, drinking and woo, whereas your contemporaries are still fairly unsophisticated. Granted, there's glamor in an "older man," you'll still have much more fun with the 17 and 18-year-old bracket. Not only that, if you stick to the bush leagues, you won't be a faded old lady who's seen everything when you turn twenty-one.

I haven't a prayer of getting a date for the Sophomore Hop, and I honestly wouldn't mind so much if the gals in my club weren't all signed up alreadY. I just can't bear their scorn. What can I do to shut them up? H. Z., State College, Pa.

Gee, we gals can be mean to each other, can't we? Here's how we'd deal with that group of ghouls. Cease walking and chomping over your plight in front of them, and go to work on some chap. (See "First Love" in the other column.) If it's still no dice, cook up an out-of-town engagement, and then put yourself under wraps that weekend. Come the Monday-after, when it's all yah-ta-ta, yah-ta-ta about who wore what to the dance, be interested, but not glib, and just a wee bit superior and mysterious about your Saturday night. By the following Friday, the whole business will be so much ancient history, and you'll wonder what all the stew was about anyway.

Our dancing school has evening classes, and of course (Continued on page 10)

To have and to hold is this month's text:

How to snare your gent, know when it's puppy love, make him forget that "let's be pals" routine.

- Valentine time again, and we can't think of a better excuse for dusting off our favorite topic—that heart-shaking, heart-breaking business of love. There are so many angles to the darn stuff—how to get it, how to hang on to it, how to brush it off. And you just think you know 'em all, when—wham!—there's another one. This is by way of helping over the rough spots. It's kind of a guide post, so if you've got a guy, or want one, read on.

First love: It's wonderful when you get it, but it's so darned elusive. How does one hook that very first guy? Well, let's see. S'posing there's a lad in Latin who is absolutely atomic. Blond and barrel-chested. And definitely for you, only he doesn't know it yet. How can you get him looking your way? First of all, be sure he's not already staked. If he's going steady or is ma-od for some other gal, don't waste your wiles. If all's clear, begin inquiring around about him. What's he interested in? Where does he hang out after school? All that stuff. (But be foxy with your questions or everyone will know you adore him, and that is bad.) Then, looking ever so cute, plant yourself where he can't possibly miss you. Smile at him, say something friendly and casual, and then move on to someone else. Now and then bring him a good clipping on baseball or jazz or whatever he's all wrapped up in. Give him a scrumptious brownie you've made. Take his side in a red hot argument. Don't haunt him, don't be self-conscious with (Continued on page 12)
A Million Dollars Worth of Fun in the New Billion-Dollar Smart Set Playground!

Paramount sets a new style in romancing, dancing, singing and laughing... in the lavish... lovely show that only Mitchell Leisen of "Lady in the Dark" and "Frenchman's Creek" fame could give you!

DOROTHY LAMOUR and ARTURO DE CORDOVA in "Masquerade in Mexico"

with PATRIC KNOWLES - ANN DVORAK - GEORGE RIGAUD
Natalie Schafer - Mikhail Rasumny - Billy Daniels
and The Guadalajara Trio

A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION

Produced by KARL TUNBERG - Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
Screen Play by KARL TUNBERG - Based on a Story by EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER and FRANK SPENCER
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
we wear long dresses. My father won’t give me the money for a couple of formalas because he thinks it’s silly. How can I convince him that it’s vital? J. J. B. Pensacola, Fla.

Why not be very adult and independent about the thing and get the dresses for yourself? Earn money being a “sitter” or working part-time at a local store or cooking breakfast and supper for your family. There are all sorts of jobs a big girl like you could do. Then when you’ve amassed the dough, spend it wisely. Get a black velvet or black jersey skirt and two knock-out blouses, one white and off the shoulder-ish, one in a blazing color like Kelly green or brilliant blue or hot pink. The works shouldn’t set you back more than fifteen dollars if you shop around. And don’t think your pa won’t be proud!

It’s almost my turn to have the kids to my house for Sunday supper again. How can I change the potato salad and hot dog routine without running it into Money?

A. R. Stowe, Vt.

Why not have Heavenly Hamburger’s with all sorts of fixings the way they have them in the deluxe New York meat wagons? Get lots of freshly ground meat (1/4 pound per person), make it into patties—two each, and wrap ‘em in wax paper till you’re ready to serve them. Then round up four or five smallish wooden salad bowls, and fill each with one of these items: Onion rings, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, bread and butter pickles, sweet relish, a plate of sliced American cheese, and any other accessory you can think of. Also line up three or four bottles of sauces. Have buttered rolls in the oven, and let the lads do the cooking, while the gals pour peas, dish out hot uncooked baked beans. Fun, different, and not expensive.

I’m just plain fat, and still my family won’t let me go on a real diet. Please give me a few reducing hints that won’t antagonize them or starve me. I love to eat.

B. K., Athens, Ohio.

If you’re very, very fat, say—twenty pounds overweight—you should persuade your family to let you see a doctor, just in case it’s a glandular irregularity. If you’re just kind of tubby, chances are all you need are a few dietary changes and a couple of very important don’ts. Don’t eat between meals, unless it’s just a glass of tomato juice or a cup of tea with lemon. Cut out butter, and take no more than two slices of bread a day. Try to limit yourself to just one gooey dessert a week—fruit the rest of the time. Dispense with seconds in order to shrink your stomach. Get in enough sleep, but not too much. (Anything over nine hours is rubbing it in.)

Kiddies, thanks for all the peachy mail. We eat it up, you know, and we’re awful glad that we’re really and truly helping. The quiz biz is due out any day, so keep questions coming and we promise to answer ‘em all. Write me, Jean Kinkead, at MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

APRIL ISSUE

You’ve got a date with Alan Ladd on March 12 if you’ll just get to your newsstand fast enough ... because Laddie decorates our April cover!

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 8)

INFORMATION DESK

(Hear ye:)

Hear ye: This month, steed of answering questions, your Info Desk is going to play Columbus and do some discovering. So let’s forge ahead with info on another batch of young hopefuls, who, with your help and encouragement through fan mail and votes on the MODERN SCREEN Poll, can’t miss their goal of stardom.

Let’s start off with terrific DANNY MORTON, who scored so as “Bugs Kelly” in “Crime, Inc.” He’s a Brooklyn boy, and Feb. 5, 1912 is his official birth date. He’s 5 feet tall, weighs 165 lbs., and has topaz eyes and light brown hair. He is married to Marie Rhodes, and has two children. He can be reached at Universal, where his latest film is “Crimson Canary.”

RORY CALHOUN is the one that intrigued you with his performance of “Jim Corbett” in “The Great John L.” His real name is Francis McCowan, and he was born in Los Angeles on Aug. 8, 1922. He has black hair and blue eyes, is 5’7” tall, and weighs 185 pounds. He was discovered by Alan Ladd and Sue Carol while horseback riding one day. He is under contract to Selznick-Sanford, so why not write him there? P.S.—Not a wife in sight!

Although he just intoned to “Why Do You Want to Make Eyes at Me For?” with Betty Hutton in “Incendiary Blonde,” your attention was nevertheless drawn to 25-year-old, New Haven-born JOHN DEAN, CALHOUN. He’s 5’11” tall, 170 lbs. and has brown eyes and hair. Unmarried, he was discovered for films while dancing with a date in a Los Angeles ballroom. Will next be seen with Eddie Bracken in “Ladies’ Man,” and Paramount Studios is his address.

Everyone calls him “Mr. Johnson” cause the resemblance between 28-year-old JAY NORRIS and your latest W. C. Fields look-alike is so real. Jay hails from Albany, Ga., and is an ex-Navy man with a Purple Heart to his credit. Is 5 feet tall, has reddish-blonde hair and deep green eyes, and is unattached. His latest films are “Walk In The Sun,” and “Well Groomed Bride,” and he’s currently trying his luck on Broadway in “Strange Fruit.” Write to him at The Royale Theater, Broadway and W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

And remember Durbin in “It’s a Date?” Well, surely you can’t forget her leading man, charming LOUIS HOWARD. Louis is just out of the Army and featured in “Up Goes Ma- lie” and “I Have Always Loved You.” Is 6’3½”, 195 lbs., and has green eyes and brown hair. Strictly a bachelo- lor! Write to him at M-G-M, Culver City, California.

That does it for now ... but remember, I’ve put-up a file of other info stored up on pullet of other stars, featured play- ers, movies, and what have you. All I ask is that self-addressed (with zone number) envelopes, sent to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. are you with me? Lots of love— Bev.
"I know what I'm doing!" she said...

"A woman isn't meant to be lonely, she's meant to be loved. From now on I'm going to live my life my way!"

Barbara Stanwyck
Will never be forgotten as "Jess" in "My Reputation"

It's Barbara's best, truly! And a new triumph for Warners!

George Brent · Warner Anderson · Lucile Watson · John Ridgely · Eve Arden · Curtis Bernhardt · Henry Blanke

Screen play by Catherine Turney from the novel "Instruct My Sorrows" by Clare Jaynes · Music by Max Steiner
CO-ED
(Continued from page 8)

him, and don't make yourself conspicuous in front of him via giggling, loud talking, etc. Very gradually, he'll become aware of you. You'll see it happening. He'll come up to the juke box near you, and you'll be his next victim; for you what you want to play. Some day he'll ask you to dance. And then one wonderful Saturday night, he'll take you out, and you'll look wonderful, be wonderful—and it will hit him the way it's hit you. You'll be in love, you two.

He Loves You Like a Sister: You've known his friends, and he's always called you Goonface, and you've always called him Driz. For years he's run errands for your mom and thought he owned your dog, and just generally been all tied up with your life in a completely unromantic way. Now all of a sudden you realize he looks like Van Johnson and that all the gals burn for him. And gee, how you'd love to change the brother-and-sister act to something cooler. Well, it won't happen overnight, but it can be done. Your first move is to eliminate "Driz" from your vocabulary and start calling him by his right name, or—better still—Van! (He'll tell you to lay off, but he'll love it.) Next, make it your business to talk a little more about yourself. No more of that curler 'n' cold cream stuff when he comes to shovel the walk for your dad. Begin flattering him a bit (subtly, natch) instead of running him every which turn. "That's a wonderful looking sweater," or "Gosh, I wish I could skate like that."

Tell him some of the nice things you've heard about him. Then some night, when you've got your relationship going on a more civilized plane, get your mom to invite him, in an offhand way, to stay for dinner. You'll appear looking daisy in your best sweater and skirt, friendly and merry and plying him with steak. After dinner, you'll dig out some good records or a pack of cards or an old year book, and you'll both have a wonderful time. And what do you bet, when he's going home, it'll be "Night, Swoonface." Instead of you-know-what.

It Can't Be Puppy Love: There are stars at high noon, and the world's never been so beautiful. You're in heaven when he's around, and when he's not, you're just a big blond ache. The stuff is really there, still your mom beats on you to break it up and play the field. It's only puppy love, she says, and we know that's unbearable to hear. In the first place, you just don't want to date other guys, and in the second, if you do break it up, maybe no one else will ever ask you out. How to appease your mom, hold your man, and do right by yourself simultaneously is quite a trick, but it can be done. First you must acknowledge, be it ever so painful, that your mom may be right. Maybe it is puppy love. In that case, you'll make it last twice as long by being uni—more wonderful, if you'll spread it a little thin. If, on the other hand, this colossal amour of

FREE OFFER!

You can assure your favorite star a place on MODERN SCREEN's Popularity Poll—and maybe win a free gift for yourself, besides. For it's you fans, filling in the Questionnaire below and mailing it in to us no later than February 20, who are judge and jury when it comes to deciding what stars should be featured in MODERN SCREEN. And speedy does it this time, too. Because we've got just 500 super Dell magazines to give away to the first 500 of you who fill in the blank spaces herein and scoot your frank views M.S.-ward via the trusty postman.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your first 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

For Pete's Sake (Lawford) .
Dennis Morgan's Life Story (party)
One)
Watch Johnny Coyle by
Hedda Hopper
Lover Man (Helmut Dantine)
Sentimental Gentleman
(John Hodiak)
From Mother, With Love
(Dick Haymes)

All God's Chillun
"Diary of a Chambermaid"
Bogey Girl (Lauren Bacall)
Portrait of Hurd Hatfield
Billy, the Kid (William Eythe)
Good News by Louella Parsons

Which of the above did you like LEAST?
What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

My name is.
My address is.
City.
Zone.
State.
I am... years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

BRIGHT EYE-DEAS!

Looking down into mirror, apply mascara clear to end of lashes. Hold brush there till lashes "set." (About 30 seconds.) Wipe brush clean with half Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!*) Go over lashes to separate. Apply upper lashes only for "natural" look.

To extend eyebrows, remove almost all mascara from brush with half Sitroux Tissue. Brush brows the wrong way to pick up tiny hairs. Then brush back into place. If necessary, sketch in hair-like lines with eyebrow pencil.

At bedtime, use eye-cream generously. Gently work out toward temple under eye—back toward nose on eyelid. Remove excess with Sitroux. Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleansings, manicures, dozens of daily "beauty" aids!

* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties... but we are doing our best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!
So much love, yet love's a luxury... to be indulged at dawn and dusk. So modern... millions are living it today!

WHEN A BRIDE WORKS DAYS
... and her husband works nights!

JOAN FONTAINE
"From This Day Forward"

with MARK STEVENS
ROSEMARY DeCAMP - HENRY MORGAN
WALLY BROWN - ARLINE JUDGE

Produced by WILLIAM PEREIRA • Directed by JOHN BERRY
Screen Play by HUGO BUTLER
ROY SINGS THE ANSWER TO A GYPSY LOVE CALL!

It's a carnival of romantic musical thrills when a wild-ridin' cowboy crosses trails with a wild-lovin' gypsy.

Meet ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ, The Gypsy Bombshell!
She's Sensational!

Hear ROY Sing the No. 1 Song Hi, "LONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL", to Dale Evans!

Roy Rogers • Trigger
KING OF THE COWBOYS
THE SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES

ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL

Featuring GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES and DALE EVANS

with ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ and DOUGLAS FOWLEY • NESTOR PAIVA and
BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS • A REPUBLIC PICTURE

your's is deep and good and unending, dating other lads won't change it, but it will make you a more poised, more interesting, more attractive gal, and—in the long run—a much more satisfactory wife. Either way, then, playing the field obviously makes sense. The thing to do is to have a nice adult talk with your fella and tell him that he is It, your favorite guy, but that you feel that both of you should shop around a little more. The junior prom, church on Easter, New Year's Eve—times like those belong to you and Him, but a stray Friday or Saturday night here and there can go to Tom, Dick or the other guy, and to Mary or Janie or Bett. It'll keep you both on your toes, keep you from getting stodgy and old-married-ish before your time. Not only that, it'll give you more and more opportunities to prove to yourself and mom that your very young love is very true love.

How To Brush It Off: This is a good stunt to know, when things just plain have ceased to fizzle for both of you or for one of you. In the first case, where the two of you no longer give much of a hoot, but just can't seem to break the thing up, proceed so: In a blithe and ungoopy mood, tell him that you think you've both hit the end of the line, and that you think he's been an angel and a gentleman to you do the breaking off. Tell him you hope he'll still drop around, 'cause you still think he's a wonderful gent, but that you feel variety is what you both need. Ask him if he'll tell the lads that you have amicably gone off, so that you won't be left high, dry and guy-less, and promise to do the same for him with the gals. Wind up the evening merrily, with all the emphasis on what fun it's been, rather than how deadly it became, and you'll have brushed it off beautifully and sensibly. If you have ceased to care, while he still goes for you, the procedure is very much the same. Pretend you think it's mutual in order to save his face. Be less merry, more tender about it, and play up the "I hope you'll still come to see me," part. He'll be crestfallen of course, but he'll still have his pride, and he'll still think you're terrific. If he's the one who's cooled, while you're still a-flame, try to beat him to the draw if it kills you. However, if he throws you over before you have a chance to resign, keep your chin up and don't tell a soul what it's done to your heart. Be casual when you see the guy, neither cutting him nor drooling over him, and when the kids start quizzes you about what happened, grin and say you ran out of allure. If you don't brood or get bitter, there'll be other guys pretty soon. Wait 'n see!

MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued from page 6)

hidden in their cabin. "Aha! A gold mine. What did I tell you! We're rich!" Duke says blandly. But just then Sperry and McGurk show up. The boys dispose of them temporarily, and go ashore in their clothes and false beards. They walk around scaring the hell out of the citizens of the Yukon, who think they are Sperry and McGurk. By Sal has arrived and confided her troubles to Ace Larsen (Douglas Dumbrille), who promises to help her. Don't trust him, though. In fact, don't trust anybody!—Par.

P. S.
"Road to Utopia" is the fourth in a series of "Road" shows which originated in the mind of the late director Victor Shertzinger when he lost a golf match listening to the quips of Bing and Bob.
Are you in the know?

This sleeping beauty's off the beam, because—
  □ She’s a curfew keeper
  □ She should be prom-trotting
  □ She’s still wearing makeup

Sleep and beauty go together—but don’t dream of wearing makeup to bed! It coarsens your skin—makes mud-pies of your complexion. It invites unsightly "blossoms." So, refresh your face thoroughly at bedtime. Cleanliness and daintiness go together, too. And they’re never more important than at "certain" times...that’s why Kotex contains a deodorant. Yes, locked inside each Kotex napkin, the deodorant can’t shake out. See how this new Kotex "extra" can keep you sweet-and-lovely!

In calling for an appointment, how should she give her name?
  □ Miss Dinah Mite
  □ Miss Mite

How’s your telephone technique? Whether you’re buzzing the dentist or beautician—when making any business appointment give your full name. Thus, the gal above should be Miss Dinah Mite. Which distinguishes her from other Miss Mites; prevents needless puzzlement. And on "problem days" there’s no need for guesswork—as to which napkin really protects you. Kotex is the name to remember. For you get plus protection from that exclusive safety center. Never a panicky moment with Kotex!

Do you choose the colors of your clothes—
  □ To copy your gal pal
  □ To suit your color-type
  □ Because they’re hi-fashion

A color that’s Bacallish for one chick can be her gal pal’s poison! The trick is to find shades to suit your own color-type. Tuck materials of assorted hues under your chin. Whichever befriends your skin-tone and tresses—that’s for you! It’s a poise-booster. So too, (on "calendar" days) is Kotex—the napkin that befriens your smoothest date duds. Because Kotex has flat tapered ends that don’t show...don’t cause embarrassing bulges. You can scoff at revealing outlines with those special flat pressed ends!

Should a gal go down the aisle first?
  □ Yes
  □ No
  □ Not always

Usually, the swish dish should be first to follow the usher. But a gal doesn’t always precede her escort. When the usher is not at the door, her tall-dark-and-Vansline leads the way. Know what’s what. It keeps you confident. And to stay confident on "those" days, know which napkin gives lasting comfort: Kotex, of course. Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . doesn’t just "feel" soft at first touch...so you’re carfree because you’re more comfortable!

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins
Shertzing figured the combination would make money on the screen. He was so right that when Paramount announced "Road to Morocco" as the last of the series, the studio was swamped with protests... Fresh from his role in "Going My Way," Bing welcomed "Road to Utopia" as a change of pace and welcomed the Russian hero. Bob said the brute had obviously heard his broadcasts. Although Hope escaped injury, a week later the bear bit his owner so severely that a hospital trip was necessary... Dottie Lamour's usual costume weighed 45 pounds, but Paramount couldn't resist throwing in a scene in which Dottie wears a fur-lined sarong.

**THEY WERE EXPENDABLE**

It's pretty swell to have Bob Montgomery back in pictures. And it's a pretty swell picture he's in, too, if I may say so. "Road to Morocco" is the William L. White best seller. "They Were Expended," it tells the story of the PT boats. Of, specifically, Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3 stationed at Key Biscayne, Florida.

The lieutenant in charge of the squadron is John Brickley (Robert Montgomery), known as "Brick" to practically everyone. Second in command is tall, sandy-haired Rusty Ryan (John Wayne). When the picture—and the war—begins, Rusty is a little bit sore at Brick who has talked him into this PT boat routine. It looks as if the PT boats aren't going to get into action at all. Oh, sure, when the Jap planes came over at the beginning, the baby boats went out and manned the guns at the clip of planes. Rusty got some shrapnel in the arm, too. But all that was nothing. And ever since, the boats have been used for miscellaneous "Brick"-en gas service! That's something to tell your children about, "What did you do in the war, daddy?" "I was a messenger." Great stuff! From the blooming of Jasmines to being job for two of the boats. A Jap carrier is nearby. Maybe a PT can get near enough to knock it out. It's a mosquito against an elephant. It's David against Goliath. But it works. One of the PT boats doesn't come back, but Brick's boat gets the carrier and escapes. Rusty wasn't along on the expedition. He passed the shrapnel in his arm sent him to the hospital. He figures he's been robbed, and he takes it out on the hospital staff until he meets Dusty (Donna Reed), the nurse. She isn't too happy about it. But Brick blackmails some torpedoes and aviation gas out of a former classmate at Annapolis, and gets an okay on a trip to the cruiser. He knows that the PT boats, like so many ships and men in this war, are "expendable."

John Wayne, whose acting improves with every picture, and Bob Montgomery are both tops in this exciting story. And keep your eye on a little guy named Marshall Thompson—M-G-M.

**THE HOODLUM SAINT**

So you think you know your saints. But do you know about the hoodlum saint, who watches over tramps and mugs and burns negroes' names and, as he has quite a job looking out for characters like the Sharp (James Gleason), Fishface (Rags Ragland), the Bel (Slim Summerville), and Thought (Blake Fowle)?

These assorted gyp artists are all pals of Terry McNeil (William Powell). They helped put him through college, and they now keep the name of Terry McNeil a secret. No ray of hope for a "character" as if they will have to go to work—obviously a fate worse than death. Terry, who was a newspaperman before the war, craves to get back into the newspaper business. Finally, meeting Joe Lorrison, a newspaper owner. He does meet Joe, and talks himself right into a job. But he meets Joe's niece, Kay (Esther Williams), who is a reporter. What can he do about it? The job doesn't pay much, and Kay is rich. Obviously, Terry must get rich, too, as fast as possible. His visitor asks for some paper. It is long enough to make some connections, then goes off to Chicago. He has decided to go to work for a man named Malbery, who is the newspaperman. Of course, the "characters" trail along, and he has to spend a lot of time getting them out of trouble. Terry works hard at his new job, trying not to think about Kay, and before you can say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he is vice-president of the company. He has also acquired an ornamental girl friend called Dusty (Donna Reed), and is happy to keep him occupied until he gets back to Kay.

Terry gets pretty tired of yanking his crutch. But he tells them about it, and he is happy to keep the "characters" trail along, and he has to spend a lot of time getting them out of trouble. Terry works hard at his new job, trying not to think about Kay, and before you can say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he is vice-president of the company. He has also acquired an ornamental girl friend called Dusty (Donna Reed), and is happy to keep him occupied until he gets back to Kay.

William Powell is at his smoothest and the "characters" will enchant you. It's a top-flight cast all around.—M-G-M.

**P. S.**

The St. Dismas Orphanage, which inspired the film, was several hundred dollars in the red and the picture was completed. Bill Powell originated the idea of keeping a sledoed box on the set and started it off with a neat ten-dollar bill. Set visitors were invited to deposit a quarter, and the cast and crew donated their own bits of coin... During the filming, both Esther and Bill had birthdays. Bill received one small candle inscribed "To a Saint—From the hoodlums." Angela Lansbury was cast as Dusty, and was told to keep her nails unpolished during the picture's shooting, and rushed home every day to watch her new husband refurbish the antique furniture they had bought together. A week before her marriage, Angela was horrified to discover

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Yet, actually! GLEAM Shampoo's exclusive and revolutionary formula has a "certain something" which gives your hair new and longer-lasting loveliness. First, a shampoo with GLEAM reveals in their full glory all the natural, gleaming highlights in your hair. Then, for extra good measure, it keeps your hair that way... soft, shining and easy-to-manage... from one shampoo until the next. And here is why:

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COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO

P. S.

Directed by Commander John Ford, in between real-life Navy action, "They Were Expendable" comes out as authentic as a movie can get. Choosing women to portray South Pacific natives, Ford was sent a batch of gorgeous nubile from a New Guinea Island. He exploded: "Some over some grannies. My God, sarongs were where we were as hard to find as pac-shooters at a bubble dancer's convention. And nobody looked like Dixie Lee Lem."

As a result, the native women in "They Were Expendable" are about as exciting as a clock... Every foot of the marine photographs, "They Were Expendable" was taken on location at Key Biscayne, Florida... On the day Ford sighted a brush fire on an island six miles off the coast, he set up the shot of the "character" being shot dead by a Russian Sniper as "Manila burning in the background"... Bob Montgomery's training as a PT boat skipper during his early months in the Navy was used as an exact guide in the rehearsal of the story about the boats, and handled them certainly as well as the many Navy veterans hired for the picture.
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AND RIGHT IN
THE MIDDLE OF
THE MOST EXCITING
ADVENTURE OF
HIS THRILL-PACKED
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Perilous Holiday

Intrigue and
romance to torrid
rhythm...from the
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story!

Alan HALE - Edgar BUCHANAN - Audrey LONG

and EDDIE LeBARON and HIS CONTINENTAL ORCHESTRA

Screenplay by Roy Chanslor • Based upon the Collier's Magazine serial by Robert Carson

Produced by PHIL L. RYAN • Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH
RUG MAGIC

by OLSON

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE

You're sick. Maybe you have a stomach ache, or maybe it's something really serious. Either way, what do you do? You send for the doctor. But do you ever stop to think about the years it took him to get to be a doctor? The long, tough struggle, before he can walk in the door, look at your face and tongue and take your temperature and tell you what's the matter with you? You'll appreciate it more after you see Miss Susie Slagle. There's a swell little Miss Susie Slagle, with her hands and bath-room at the boarding house adorned with anatomical drawings by studio artists. Featured was "Little Elize," a feminine greensleeves of melting form, on her knees in the bathroom ceiling. Her popularity was enhanced by a song written especially for her, sung by male members of the cast, and paid tribute to her in anatomical terms.

BREAFAST IN HOLLYWOOD

You've probably heard the "Breakfast in Hollywood" program, with Tom Breneman officiating, on the air. If you haven't, you should, and in either case you'll enjoy the spirit. By the way, our own Hedda Hopper is featured in it. And in the cutest hat!

Hollywood at six a.m. is a busier place than you might imagine. And it is to starting for the "Breakfast" broadcast. Miss Spriggins (Zasu Pitts) is going there, too. She has on a hat she has never worn before. When the milkman tells her it looks like a permane-nt waving machine, she is delighted. It seems they give a prize at the broadcast for the dizzest hat. Miss Susie Slagle (Billie Burke) is going, too, but she doesn't have a dizzl hat on. She dresses very conservatively and doesn't even wear makeup. She thinks her husband prefers her this way, but the minute she gets out of the house this morning he calls up a blonde who uses lots of makeup.

The other people at the broadcast have problems, too. You get quite a cross-section of Hollywood in the course of the picture. The Hollywood that has nothing to do with the movies, but is made up of people like you and me. I think this "breakfast" is worth your money.—M.A.

Not only has a microphone has never given Tom Breneman such as a qualm, as he viewed the movie cameras with a great deal of suspicion. After he saw his scene with Zasu Pitts, he said, "I'm looking at some crazy hats, Hedda Hopper was given a role in the picture to utilize her reputation for whacky headgear. . . . Andy Russell sings "I Had a Wishing Ring." Slightly chubbily at the time the film started shoot- ing, Andy was ordered to lose fifteen pounds, and things through a starvation process. . . . The film was a windfall for the...
A FEAST OF FUN... A ROMANTIC TREAT...
IT'S ENTERTAINMENT THAT CAN'T BE BEAT!

Their Romance is GLORIOUS!
Their Troubles are HILARIOUS!
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with T~M BRENE\~\NAN
and BONITA GRANVILLE
BEULAH BONDI
EDWARD RYAN
RAY WALBURN
BILLIE BURKE
Zasu Pitts
and Hedda Hopper
ANDY RUSSELL
Singing "If I Had a Wishing Ring," "Amor"
"Magic in the Moonlight"
SPIKE JONES
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KING COLE TRIO

Original Story and Screenplay by Earl W. Baldwin • Directed by Harold Schuster
Produced by ROBERT S. GOLDEN
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Stops Perspiration Troubles Faster Than You Slip on Your Slip

Expect postwar miracles. Look for this new, excitingly different idea in deodorants. Ask for new-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant... stops perspiration troubles faster than you can slip on your slip. Because it contains science’s most effective perspiration stopper.

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DEADLINE AT DAWN

You’re a sailor on furlough in New York, and a girl manufacture you into a crap game with her brother. The game turns out to be crooked, and you’ve been drinking a lot, and you lose your temper. You draw a blank and see Edna and her brother, Romano (Joseph Calleia), and find out what it’s all about? Or should he just hop the next bus back to the base at Norfolk? While he’s trying to decide, he wanders in to a dime-a-dance joint and meets June (Susan Hayward). She’s sorry for this bewildered kid, and against her better judgment, he finally goes with him to Edna’s place to return the money.

But Edna is dead. She’s lying there on the floor, and she isn’t beautiful any more. Not beautiful at all, because she’s been strangled. Alex’ first thought, naturally, is that he did it himself. But June doesn’t believe that, and neither does he, really.

He has a feeling that he would have known if he had done a thing like that.

By morning someone will have notified the police. And Romano will say he went away and left Alex with his sister and she was alive then. Maybe Alex will be convicted of the murder. Unless, that is, he and June can find the murderer themselves between now and the deadline at dawn.

There are a couple of clues. A lipstick, and a white carnation. The lipstick leads them eventually to a frightened blonde, and the carnation turns out to be the property of a blind piano player named Sleepy. There are other people, too, whom Edna has been blackmailing. Is one of them the murderer? By now Alex and June aren’t sure of anything. They’ve found a philosophical taxi driver named Gus (Paul Lukas) who helps them in their search.

But can they find the murderer—by dawn?

This is a story of the world, with an unusual characterization by Paul Lukas—RKO

P. S.

Production was so rushed that cast and crew often worked at night. Because scenes were laid in Manhattan, on a supposedly torrid evening, stars had to be kept water every few minutes to cool their breath and keep it from vaporizing in front of cameras...

Portraying a cripple, Osa Masen was afraid she would forget to limp, finally solved the problem by wearing a pelvis in her shoe throughout entire production... In one scene, Bill Williams was required to chew peanuts as he talked to Susan Hayward. To keep from coming more and more nervous. "What’s the matter," the director asked her. "It’s my silly phobia," explained Susan. "I can’t eat peanuts or taffy." "How about bananas?" suggested director Clurman. It turned out that Susan has a great affinity for bananas, and ate one in the scene where with Bill. It took a bit of timing to synchronize their eating so as not to interfere with the dialogue.

Strangest sign of all time to appear was "Keep Off The Shadows." Shooting Bill and Susan on a moonlit New York street, the cameraman had the idea of placing a luminous pebble on the sidewalk, terrified that somebody would walk on the fresh paint and delay production. A photographer before she became an actress, she had a very friendly business. Mark refused to have any applied to his face. Then he saw the rushes and realized that he looked slightly embalmed. The makeup man had better success the following morning.
Killer Hunt!  ... Four Hours to Go!

Gob on shore leave...dance hall hostess. Fear in their hearts...murder on their hands...and only time until dawn to prove an innocence they themselves doubt!

SUSAN HAYWARD · PAUL LUKAS
BILL WILLIAMS
(The Sergeant of "THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS")

in

DEADLINE AT DAWN

JOSEPH OSA LOLA JEROME
with CALLEIA · MASSEN · LANE · COWAN

Produced by ADRIAN SCOTT · Directed by HAROLD CURMAN
Screen Play by CLIFFORD OPIES
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By Charlotte Bronte
WHAT TERRIBLE SECRET CURSED THEIR LOVE? Passionate, daring story of a man who spent his life seeking a woman he could love. His wife was driven from his scene. Then—a French dance hall's milliner, a Neapolitan woman—and at last, the one woman he admired—a girl barely more than a child. What terrible secret loves them apart?

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Cold, huh? Well if the weather's got you feeling slightly on ice, how about picking up a fireplace somewhere and winding yourself around some nice hot music? Strictly the life. Only hey, wait a minute. You're not supposed to go looking for that fireplace setup just yet. Not until I give you The Word about a few things to go with it. The two very best records of the month, for instance. One sweet, one hot, and both worth your hard-earned dough. For sweet, I'll give you "Just a-Sittin' and a-Rockin'"—the Stan Kenton-June Christy version (with "Artistry Jumps," on Capitol) and for hot, take "Jivin' Joe Jackson," coupled with "Queer Street," by Count Basie on Columbia. So that's that. Now for the usual records (don't forget the complete list at the end of the article for easy clipping and carrying) arranged with the sweet choices first, hot next, and albums trailing merrily.

**BEST POPULAR**

**As Long As I Live**—Johnny Johnston (Capitol)—This is the song from "Saratoga Trunk," and not the original "As Long As I Live" which everybody knows. It's one of several recent songs that are title duplications. For instance, there's a number out now called "Blue," probably the thirty-nine thousand and sixteenth with that label. Popular Mr. Johnston sings "One More Dream" on the other side of "As Long As I Live," and he's aided by the vocal group known as The Satisfiers. From the cigarette of the same faculty.

**Come To Baby, Do**—Les Brown (Columbia), King Cole Trio (Capitol)—This is the first time I've ever mentioned a number three months in a row. But these two new versions are so good I had to let you know. A lot of successful tunes have been written by taking a line out of another popular tune, and building a new song around it. "Come to Baby" is a switch on that line out of "Embraceable You," I think it goes, "Come to papa, come to papa, do—" Anyhow, the other side of the King Cole recording is "Frim Fram." And in case you read that line in a New York column about how "those in the know are laughing at the way 'Frim Fram' got past the radio censors," you can relax. It's a lot of eyewash. The line that's causing all the commotion goes: I want some frim (Continued on page 78)
"SHOWBOAT"
by TOMMY DORSEY
Jerome Kern's immortal
music from "Showboat" in
new super-smooth arrange-
ments by Tommy Dorsey:
Why Do I Love You; Can't
Help Lovin' Dat Man; Make
Believe; Ah Still Suits Me;
Ol' Man River; You Are Love;
Bill; plus Kern's latest, No-
body Else But Me. Smart Set
Album P-152, $2.50.

"POLONAISE"
by AL GOODMAN
Al Goodman and his Or-
chestra, with chorus and
solists, in a rhythmic record-
ing of seven Chopin tunes
from the Broadway show:
Polonaise; Finale; O Heart of
My Country; I Wonder As I
Wonder; Mazurka; Just For
Tonight; Now I Know Your
Face By Heart; plus the new
The Next Time I Care. Smart
Set Album P-145, $2.50.

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Eddy Arnold • Bill Boyd • Elton Britt • Perry Como • Johnny Desmond
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Hawkins • Lena Horne • Spike Jones • Sammy Kaye • Wayne King • Freddy
Martin • Vaughn Monroe • Roy Rogers • David Rose • Dinah Shore
Sons of the Pioneers • Charlie Spivak • Martha Stewart • Billy Williams

Listen to The RCA Victor Show, Sundays, 4:30 p.m., Eastern Time, NBC.
Radio Corporation of America, RCA Victor Division, Camden, N. J.
a hat off-screen and is continually misplacing the Navy cap he wears in the film, collects hats as a hobby. He owns everything from a cockney’s headgear to toppers worn by South Pacific natives.

**THE SEVENTH VEIL.**

Don’t be deceived by the title. This English picture has nothing whatever to do with Salome. The only strip tease in it is a mental one, whereby a neurotic patient’s mind is finally unveiled to a psychiatrist. The patient is lovely Francesca Cunningham (Ann Todd), who has been one of England’s really great concert pianists. She is now confined to a mental hospital, the delusion that her hands are injured so she can no longer play.

The reasons for this delusion go back a long way. They start with Francesca in boarding school. One time the head mistress caned her for being late to class, and her fingers swelled so that she failed in an examination for a musical scholarship. Afterward she leaves school and goes to live with her Uncle Nicholas (James Mason), who is not her uncle at all, but a distant cousin. He is an intensely dominating person, but attractive in a curiously way. He’s a cripple, and his life has been unhappy. When he discovers Francesca’s talent for the piano, he sends her to the Royal Academy of Music. He has decided to make her a concert pianist, and when Nicholas decides something, it’s as good as done.

The next seven years are extraordinary ones for the shy girl. She falls in love with a young man, Peter (Hugh McDermott), an American bandleader working his way through the Academy, but Nicholas promptly whisked her off to Paris to continue her studies. Francesca is heartbroken, and she throws herself completely into her music, which is what Nicholas wants. She becomes a great pianist, and yet she is always under Nicholas’ domination, and always unhappy. When after many years they return to London, she looks for Peter, but it is too late.

Another man comes into her life then. He is Max Leyden (Albert Lieven), a famous artist. Nicholas asks him to paint Francesca’s picture, and that leads to the series of events which land her in the mental hospital... and, eventually, get her out again.

The musical score of “The Seventh Veil” is beautifully played by the London Symphony Orchestra. Make a special effort to see this, it is a truly superb picture—Unin.

**P. S.**

Directors believe that one of Deanna Durbin’s best “camera angles” is her walking. They gave her long walking scenes in “His Butler’s Sister” and “Can’t Help Singing.” In “Because of Him,” Director Richard Wallace strolled her arm in arm with Charles Laughton down 320 feet of a New York Street. Just in case you notice in future Durbin pictures that she is going in more and more for strolling, you’ll know the reason why. When a “Cynaro de Bergerac” nose was needed for Laughton, property men went into a twist. The size of the famed man’s nose has long been a subject of controversy in the theater world. Makeup man Jack Pierce finally settled the issue by making a rubber nose two and one-half inches long at the base and three-quarters of an inch wide, curved to fit the Laughton features. It seems Franchot Tone’s offering always arrive while he is working on a picture with Deanna. His first son was born during the shooting of “His Butler’s Sister,” the second arrived in the middle of “Because of Him.”

**BECAUSE OF HIM.**

In “Because Of Him” Charles Laughton plays a great actor who, like most great actors, is also a bit of a ham. Type casting they call that. Deanna Durbin is the young girl who comes to New York to get on the stage. Franchot Tone plays the other reason young girls come to New York.

Kim Walker (Deanna Durbin) has been trying for some time to get an autograph from the great theater idol, John Sheridan (Charles Laughton). But it can’t be just any old autograph—she wants it on a special piece of paper. In fact, what Kim is up to is to get Sheridan’s signature to a letter. She gets it the night he leaves on a flight to Hollywood, and Sheridan goes off peacefully, not knowing he has just signed a glowing testimonial to Kim’s ability as an actress.

Armed with the letter, she goes next day to Sheridan’s manager, Gilbert. On the way to his office, she brushes off a handsome but wolfish young man who tries to pick her up. It is definitely disconcerting to find the same man in Gilbert’s office when she gets there. He is Paul Taylor (Franchot Tone) the author of Sheridan’s next play. He brusks off himself for the brush-off by ininsisting that it is Kim’s looks rather than her acting ability Sheridan has been interested in. But Gilbert is sure that he has failed to have Kim play opposite him in the new play. He gives a big party for her at Sheridan’s apartment, and not only announces her as the new lead, but also, and most importantly, conveys the impression that there is a romance between her and Sheridan.

Kim is bewildered by the way the situation has gotten out of hand. When Sheridan returns unexpectedly in the middle of the party, she can’t think of anything to do except faint, Sheridan takes her in his arms, but severely on her attempt to impose on him, and adds that it was a damned bad faint. Kim resents this criticism of her acting ability so much that later she stages a fake suicide attempt. This leads to more complications, while Paul simmers quietly in the background. Eventually, I hasten to add, love conquers all—Unin.

**P. S.**

London audiences and critics have gone balmy over the film, maintaining it is one of the few that pay a compliment to the intelligence and imagination of the audience... Ann Todd, who paints in oils as a hobby, is the mother of two children, David, aged 5 and Francesca. She borrowed the name of her daughter to use as her character name in the film. Hugh McDermott, who plays Peter, has portrayed an American in several English stage productions. During the war, his dressing room was often swamped by GIs who thought him an American. He hated to tell them that he really is from Edinburgh. ... For the hypnotic sequences, an American major in the medical corps was employed as technical director.
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One look at Glendora Donaldson's sparkling beauty and you know she's a famous model.

And her cuddly daughter, Linda, is giving Glennie plenty of competition. Who could choose between two such perfect complexions?

"We share a family beauty secret," Glennie says. "It's Ivory care! I learned about pure, mild Ivory in my bathinette and it's still my beauty soap today!"

"Nice clothes aren't all that count in modeling," Glennie says. "A fresh, radiant complexion is the most important asset of all—I call it that Ivory Look!"

Say, who's the model here?

Glennie is also an artist with an eye for beauty. "Real beauty starts with a lovely complexion," she says.

"Models can't afford to be careless about skin care. I'd advise anyone who wants to look her loveliest to remember that."

Change to regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory—Glennie's beauty soap—the soap doctors advise. You can have softer, smoother, lovelier skin—that Ivory Look!

Don't be a soap waster—Ivory contains scarce materials—make it last!
Some time when you’re in a dreamy mood, treat yourself to a good look at Frankie Boy. And tell me if you don’t get a strange feeling that maybe the guy is all soul. It happens to me so often, I just thought I’d ask around to make sure I’m not losing my grip.

I remember long, long ago, the first time I heard Frankie sing. It was a number called “I’ll Never Smile Again.” I remember thinking, “He isn’t just singing that number.” And a million volts of lightning ran down my spine.

Then recently George Evans asked me down to hear Frank talk at a high school. A simple talk. Frank was telling the kids about a fight he’d had back in his Hoboken days. He and his dad and a small task force of their buddies had knocked out a meeting of hooded Ku Klux Klansmen.

Frank told the kids what the Klan does to make Americans hate other Americans. Then he warned them that the enemy isn’t always a jerk hiding out in a hood. Sometimes, the enemy is hiding in your own heart!

It was a simple talk. But once again the lightning struck. Frankie the fighter. 130-odd pounds of bone and guts and soul challenging half a world of intolerance. A sweet guy who makes a million dollars a year . . . talking about an ideal. Men who make that kind of money like to save their ideals for their old age.

I got the feeling then and there that Frank Sinatra was the bravest man I’d ever known. Better still, I discovered that there are lots of folks who think about Frankie the way I do. And so for this issue, the great radio writer, Norman Corwin, has written him a ringing tribute. And our own Virginia Wilson has written the finest Sinatra story ever printed in any magazine!

A word of warning. As you read, look out for the lightning.
FOR PETE'S SAKE

"I WOULDN'T WALK 20 YARDS TO SEE ANY MAN—NOT EVEN PETE,"

CHUCKLED LADY LAWFORD. GRINNED THE GIRL, "YOU'RE NOT 15—AND I'M NOT HIS MOTHER!" • BY IDA ZEITLIN

Pete himself christened one of his fan clubs "The PL's"—was so thrilled when Mom and Dad wrote in for charter membership.
Still impressed with husband Sir Sidney's excitement at his excursion into the "theatuh" (remember him in "Kitty"?), Lady May pooh-poohs rumors of her film debut. "Two actors in the family are plenty," she smiles. "I'll sit by and enjoy them."

Three times in six months, the Lawfords have had their unlisted phone number changed. It doesn't seem to help much. Two days after the last change, a treble voice on the wire inquired for Pete. By the Pete, Lady Lawford knows them. No hobby-socker would be caught dead calling him Peter. As one youngster demanded: "Why be formal at our age?"

"Peter's not in," Lady Lawford said. "Would you like to leave a message?"

"No thanks, he wouldn't know me from Adam. I'm just an ardent fan—"

"Well, I'm Peter's mother and I wonder if you'd tell me something. How did you ever manage to get this number?"

"From the black market at school. You can (Continued on page 109)"
The Swedish housewife, red-faced, shook her fists and advanced on the husky kid rubbing his ripped knee pants and ruefully fingering the bent spoke of his bike wheel.

"Now you've done it!" she shrieked. "You've gone and killed my husband, Nels!"

The boy gulped miserably. A few seconds before he'd come kiting down the street lickety split, the wind biting his pink cheeks, his pale blue eyes glistening. He hadn't seen the man who stepped off the sidewalk and the man hadn't seen him. They'd connected with a belly busting bump that sent him flying over the handle-bars and the man skidding, head over heels. He lay in a very undignified position by the curb, gasping for air like a stranded catfish, and he was one of Prentice, Wisconsin's, leading merchants.

"I'm sorry," blurted the kid, "I didn't mean—"

"You're sorry," mocked the boiling woman. "You didn't mean! You did too mean. You're always up to something. Stanley Morner—you're the worst boy in this town!"

"'Tuffy" Morner scraped his toe in the gravel and sighed. His folks would hear about this, as they

During his Prentice, Wisconsin, high school days, he started playing basketball, combing his hair, letting his nails grow—and dating. Met Lillian as a senior, married her 8 years later.

Already expert at skiing and hunting, Dennis fast became "The Compleat Angler," at 11 had already caught a 28-lb. fish. Here he's "proud fisherman'ing" with his pal, Ben Wing.
At 36, Dennis is starring in "The Time, The Place and The Girl." At 3, sister Dorothy was the only female he'd grin at. Mornors had another son, Kenneth, who died at Dennis' birth.

Dennis started his rot-tot-tot style of speech during this "cowboys and Indians" phase. His horse, "Strawberry," just died, after having thrown, in 3 years, the boss, son Stanley and pal Johnny Mitchell.

First time his music teacher heard him sing, she wept. Later started sneaking in voice lessons with his piano practice. At 23 he was announcing for Milwaukee radio station WLMJ.

"Tuffy," they called him, and he lived up to it, even bicycling right over the town's leading merchant! (Life Story, Part 1)

By Kirtley Baskette
had heard about so many other things. It wasn’t true
that he had killed Nels, of course. Nels disproved that
the minute he got his wind back by joining in bawling
him out with a vigor that showed he was little the worse
for the crash. It wasn’t true either, Tuffy reasoned
honestly, that he was the worst kid in town. Things just
seemed to happen when he felt particularly full of beans,
which was practically all of the time.
Always up to something, that was “Tuff” Morner.
The first kid, if he could run fast enough, to smash the
glass and blow the siren when somebody yelled “Fire!”
First to grab the handles of the hose trailer and help
the shouting, sweating men haul it the night the bank
burned down. A busy kid, “Tuffy.” Youngest trombone
player in the city band, the boy tenor star of practically
every get-together and bang-up event in Southern Price
county. The smallest hunter to get his deer and haul
a giant muskellunge out of the Jump. The busiest and
best young actor in town, too, and so advanced about it
that they had to co-star the principal’s wife with him in
the school graduation play to make it look even.
Maybe a good part of the reason that “Tuffy” Morner,
whose folks called him Stanley, grew up to become
Dennis Morgan, Hollywood’s golden-voiced star and
Prentice’s pride, is because he kept “up to something” all
along the way. Through athletics, acting, debate, music
and culture in high school and in college. And after-
wards, refusing to settle for a steady, secure business
life, through Chautauqua, radio, night clubs, concerts,
opera—through the build-ups (Continued on page 89)
Look who's First Aid-ing daughter Kris! D., chopping down a tree recently, smashed in the house roof, lacerated 3 fingers!
HE'S HEDDA HOPPER’S CHOICE FOR THE “STAR OF THE MONTH.”

IS JOHNNY COY—THE LAD WITH THE DANCING FEET, THE LIGHT HEART . . .

AND A BUSMAN’S HOLIDAY-HABIT OF PERFORMING AT PARTIES!

Fred Astaire said, “Excuse me a minute, Hedda,” and stepped across the stage to where a wiry young man stood watching the dance rehearsal with worshipping eyes—for all the world like a red hot fan.

I was studio set-hopping that day and I’d headed straight for Fred’s “Blue Skies” set at Paramount. For one, because there’s nothing that perks me up like a look at flying feet—especially Fred Astaire’s flying feet—and for two, because I knew this was Astaire’s swan dance, the last toe symphony that great dancing star would tap out for the movies before he retired.

That’s how I happened to see and hear what I did.

Fred smiled and stuck out his hand. “You’re Johnny Coy, the dancer, aren’t you?”

The young guy bobbed his rumpled head and gave a grin that lit up the set like a row of arcs. “Yes sir, Mister Astaire,” he said, just as if he were talking to the President of the United States.

“I’ve seen your pictures and I like your work,” Fred told him, “and from my experience, let me say you’re going to be around Hollywood for a long, long time!”

I moved in like Gang Busters then, eavesdropping all over the place. This I wouldn’t want to miss, for a lot of reasons.

“Gee, thanks,” I heard Johnny Coy stammer. “I never dreamed this would ever happen to me. Mister Astaire, you’ve been my idol ever since I was a kid!”

“Thank you,” smiled Fred. “Look—would you like to see my routine?”

“Would I!”

He took the time right there, did Fred, to run through his whole (Continued on page 100)
"HI, CHARLIE," SAYS HUMPHREY TO LAUREN. OR "BUTCH," OR "SLIM." BUT THE LOOK IN HIS EYES SAYS, "HELLO, DARLING."

The most exclamatory news about Betty and Humphrey Bogart is that they have bought "The Santana," a 53-foot yawl with an illustrious past and a promising future. The Bogarts are selling their 35-foot cabin cruiser, which was satisfactory for jaunting to Catalina, but which couldn’t compete with "The Santana" in, say, the soon-to-be-revived annual race to Honolulu.

"The Santana’s" previous roster of ownership includes, most recently, Dick and June Powell, and before that, George Brent. When he bought the boat, Bogey announced laconically that he would probably find some of Ann Sheridan’s bobby pins in the cabin.

Incidentally, the cabin was originally one huge room, but under the Brent ownership this was subdivided into two compartments. The Bogarts, scanning the construction blueprints, have decided to knock out the new partitions and return the boat to its initial plan.

Working up to the ownership of a craft of "The Santana" class is a project that has kept the Bogarts busy practically since their marriage last May. Bogart (Continued on page 86)
“HI” HODIAK’S THE GUY
WHO WORSHIPS HIS MOM, ONCE
SPENT A FULL DAY ON THE
SET APOLOGIZING TO
DUMMIES AND COLLECTS ETCHINGS—FOR HIS WALLS.

Nancy Guild (with Hi in “Somewhere in the Night”) loved that
pre-induction gag the “Harvey Girls” cast and crew pulled. They
nailed up his dressing room—and Hi upped and got classified 4F!

By
NANCY
WINSLOW
SQUIRE

Portrait of three stags and a heart: Johnny’s still dating Anne Baxter even
though Mam B. said uh-uh. So now the kids claim it’s just friendship… Peter
Lawford and Bob Walker are the town’s newest Damon and Pythias team.
Several years ago, when John Hodiak was serving apprenticeship as an actor for a Detroit radio station, he and three fellow actors decided to catch the night boat to Cleveland for a weekend of relaxation. They made reservations for two cabins and boarded the excursion vessel promising each other that they were going to turn in early, that they were going to catch up on some much needed rest—that they were going to take it easy.

During the early evening they investigated the boat, dined well, and listened to the music. John noticed a wan-looking girl trying to keep an eye on two jack-in-the-box youngsters of two and four years, and on one occasion John captured the smaller baby just as that individual was grinning down into Lake Erie and contemplating a high dive.

When he returned the (Continued on page 115)
The Hoymes' heir, Skipper, 3, promises to turn out as handsome as was—and is—his Dad (above, at 10 years old). Pop's nixing all film offers—wants kid to have "normal" childhood.

"He's got it!" cried Mrs. Haymes, when Dick was 16.

And now, years later,

the rest of us are catching on.

By CYNTHIA MILLER

The lights dimmed, and a blue spot centered on a blond, match-thin boy of sixteen. He held a guitar that was almost as big as he was, and he had a carefree grin almost as big as the guitar. He played a couple of bars and then began to sing "Robins and Roses" in a voice that somehow seemed to walk right into your heart.

At a ringside table, a pretty, blonde woman grasped the arm of the boy beside her. "He's got it!" she whispered. "Oh, Bob, he's really got it!"

"Got what, mother?" Bob's voice was gruff. He was eleven years old, and he couldn't see what all the shooting was about. Sure, Dick could sing. Heck, they'd always known that, hadn't they? Of course this was the first time he'd sung in public, with a mike and all that stuff, but this was just an amateur show in Jersey. You'd think. (Continued on page 105)
On a note of tribute

BY NORMAN CORWIN

Two talents with one thought: Norman Corwin, Frank.

The editors of MODERN SCREEN have asked me to say a few words of introduction to Virginia Wilson's splendid Sinatra story (starting page 46, Ed.). It kind of gives me a laugh that they should come to me—of all people. You see, I used to growl and even bark at the mention of Frank Sinatra. I was one of the millions of my sex who hated Frank in a mild and tolerant way because his fame seemed to be limitless and out of control. Our feeling was purely sour grapes and had nothing to do with his singing or with him. We hated Frank without ever having heard or met him, simply because women were making such a fuss over him.

Now it takes a good deal to turn millions of resentful anti-crooners into a bunch of worshippers. Yet Frank did just that. He won me over, as he did millions of others, by having the courage to be an honest citizen. You may not think that takes much courage. It's something you do every time you vote and pay taxes. But it's different with an artist whose fortune happens to be his voice—his appeal to the public. Let me tell you a story to illustrate what I mean.

In 1944, during the presidential campaign, I produced a big all-network Election Eve broadcast for our late President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, which some of you may have heard. Now a famous comedian had agreed to be on the broadcast. In doing so he would have had to come out publicly for the man in whom he believed. But at the last minute he got cold feet. His advisers urged him not to take a stand. They told him, in effect, "Think of the people in your audience who have already made up their minds to vote the other way. They may resent you. Maybe your own radio programs will lose audience. Maybe your pictures and personal appearances will do bad business. You may lose half your income." He was influenced by these advisers and he never appeared. His loss was a great blow to the program. Of course, he was ill-advised, because the American people are far too sportsmanlike ever to penalize any artist, actor, athlete or public figure for his politics. But he was the perfect example of a man afraid to be a citizen above being a performer—afraid to come out at a critical moment for what he believed.

Frank Sinatra is an equally perfect example of the opposite. In the same political campaign Frank fought tooth and nail for the candidate of his choice. He electioneered for Franklin D. Roosevelt all over the country. He made speeches and sang, and never worried for a (Continued on page 63)
It was the same, and yet it was different, too. There was the huge auditorium packed with applauding kids, and there was the lighted stage, and there was Frank. He stood there, one tanned hand touching the mike, just as he'd stood a thousand times in the last four years. But now inside him was that new, driving urge. The urge that had brought him here to Gary, not to sing, but to talk. He had to make these kids understand. It was so damned important, not just to him, Frank Sinatra, but to the kids themselves, to the whole world. His mind flashed back suddenly to a scene in Hoboken many years before...

The gang had been to the movies. They were straggling along home, sniffing the sweet spring night, when the thin, little guy on the end said "Hey, fellows, what's that big light burning over on the rocks? It looks like a cross, almost."

The rest of them turned to look. "Gosh, it is a cross," Fats said nervously. "The Klan must be out. We'd better get on home. Come on, Frank. Quit staring and hustle."

"What's the Klan, Fats? And why all the rush?"

"Heck, don't you know anything? The Klan's a lot of guys who dress up in sheets and stuff, and if you're a Negro or a Catholic or a Jew, they're liable to beat you up."

"What are the sheets for?" Frank was still puzzled.

"So nobody'll know who they are, by Virginia Wilson

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN...

Frankie doesn't like seeing them pushed around, the kids with the black skins, the different gods. That's why now it's his fight.

His last show at N. Y.'s Paramount, Frank's "kids" presented him with a rose heart, a gold key because "you've our hearts, here's the key," a shower of confetti—and so much emotion in their "Auld Lang Syne" they got him crying.
you big dope."

Frank thought about that for a minute. A group of men who hid behind sheets and beat up other men or boys, because they looked or believed a different way. He decided he didn't care for the idea.

"How many of 'em are there?"

"Oh, not so many, I guess. Too many for us to do anything about, though. I hear they're carrying guns lately, too."

"Yeah?" Frank thrust his stubborn
Frank flew to Gary, Indiana, to try and persuade striking white students to return to school with their Nagra associates.

Louis Watts led the welcoming festivities for Frank at Froebel High, helped prepare signs and songs for his arrival with Alma Smith, Eurra Whitaker, Mattie Hicks, Dat Williams and Mattie Dunleavy.

The Swonner Softball team was organized to give F. and his pals a workout—so now they practice 5 hours each Sat. and have played 2 pro games. Only thing, song pluggers who ump won't call Frank out!
chin out. "Well, I'll bet they're not so tough, if they're such cowards they hide behind sheets. And if each of us had our pop with us, there'd be twice as many of us, wouldn't there?"

The logic was unanswerable. The gang didn't need a diagram drawn for them. "Let's meet on this corner in half an hour," Pete suggested, and they disappeared into the darkness.

Not much later, a small but determined group climbed an isolated section of the Palisades. Frank's father had been easy to convince, and most of the other boys had come back similarly accompanied. The Klan had gotten away with everything short of murder lately, and it was whispered that murder would be next. Maybe a lesson now would help some.

Frank climbed quickly, staring through the gathering black. "There they are," he whispered suddenly. "Hey, pop, see 'em over there by the grove?"

In an open space beside the maple grove, the remains of the cross still gave out an (Continued on page 119).
diary of a chambermaid

CELESTINE'S BEAUTY ALWAYS TEMPTED THE WRONG KIND OF MAN. SHE HATED THEM—THEN NEARLY PAID WITH HER LIFE FOR LOVING ONE • BY MARIS MAC CULLERS

STORY The man in the carriage watched the train from Paris puff into the small country station like a tired poodle. As it came to a stop he got out of the carriage and walked, bustling, down the platform to the third class coaches. Two girls stepped out, holding their worn luggage tightly in their arms, staring curiously all about them. (Continued on page 80)

PRODUCTION Because the film includes a generous dose of characters who are “light” in the head, there were bound to be wacky goings-on on the set. Burgess Meredith, who co-produces as well as acts, portrays a gay old bird who impresses the ladies (he thinks) by consuming beetles and rose petals. Meredith was spared the beetle episode, (Continued on page 104)

6. She persuades him to take her to the Carnival and when they arrive, he begs her to come to Paris with him. "We'll live like kings," he boasts, "and why not? I've 25,000 francs hidden away in my room!"

3. Mme. Lanlaire [Judith Anderson], a vicious tyrant whose only weakness is for her dying son, Georges, plots to make Celestine desirable in his eyes, thus trapping the boy into remaining at home, under her control.

7. Joseph overhears the conversation, steals to Mauger's room and murders the old man when he is discovered in the act. He forces Celestine to promise to marry him because "we're accomplices." Georges is stunned.
1. Paris is too full of designing men for Celestine (Paulette Goddard), so she flees to the countryside, and the service of the rich Lanlaire family, where she meets valet Joseph (F. Lederer) and Louise (Irene Ryan).

2. Mr. Lanlaire (Reginald Owen) is a thwarted old man, cowed by his wife and intrigued by the pert new maid. When he offers Celestine "romance," she accepts. "I'll use men—rich men—to get places," she vows.

3. In his agony, the young Lanlaire flees to the greenhouse. Celestine follows him and Joseph comes upon them locked in each other's arms. They fight, and the girl saves her lover's life by begging Joseph to elope.

4. But Georges (Hurd Hatfield), though wracked with pain and bitter, sees through his mother's scheme and resists Celestine's enticements. He has crawled home to die—no woman will make his agony the less lonely!

5. As soon as Celestine realizes that old Lanlaire is penniless, she sets her cap for his old enemy, Capt. Mouger (Burgess Meredith), who'll "eat anything that's dead—or alive" and is "the strongest man in the world."

6. The carriage bearing the escaping couple runs into a mob of celebrating villagers. In his panic to protect some loot, Joseph falls under the horses' hoofs and is killed, as Celestine is rescued by Georges.
The Broadway cop swore a mighty oath and shrilled his whistle till his face turned purple. “Hey, you!” he yelled.

Cars were swishing and swerving, squealing their tires and blasting their horns around a tall, dark guy standing spang in the middle of the busiest street in the world, calmly focusing a camera at the Strand Theater marquee which blazed—“HELMUT DANTINE— IN PERSON.” The whistle didn’t even make him look up. Neither did the yell. The cop gave a growl, raised his hand and plunged into the murderous traffic. He grabbed the guy by the coat collar and yanked him back on to the sidewalk.

“Listen, Screwball,” he snapped. “What you think you’re doin’—Promotin’ a free ambulance ride to Bellevue?”

“No, Sir,” replied the handsome photographer politely, flashing his most courteous smile. “I was just taking a picture of the sign that says ‘Helmut Dantine.’ I want to send it home. You see—”

“A-h-h-h-h-h-h!” New York’s Finest tilted his cap with a sarcastic flip of the back of his hand. “I get it. One of them crazy jerk movie fans—hey?”

“Well,” shrugged Helmut, “yes.”

“Okay, swooner,” barked the law. “Get your pictures and autographs—but get this, too. Do I catch you pilin’ up traffic on Broadway again and so help me, it’s the wagon!”

“Yes, sir,” bowed Helmut again, ducking into the crowd, and musing wryly that that cop had aced himself (Continued on page 129)
The long arm of chance sent Hurd Hatfield to Ojai—some eighty miles from moviedom—while M-G-M was hunting a Dorian Gray. Iris Tree, Hurd’s hostess, gave the arm a jog, and that’s how stars are born.

She was just back from a few days in Hollywood. “I dined with Albert Lewin,” she said, passing the soup. “They’re looking for someone to play Dorian. You’re not absolutely right in appearance, but I suggested you anyway—”

Just like that. Recovering from the shock, Hurd said: “I don’t stand a chance,” and waited hopefully to be contradicted.

“Maybe not,” came the placid answer. “But it’s worth trying—”

After dinner he raced out to borrow the book. At college it had been required reading, but he’d never finished it. By the time he’d turned the last page at 4 a.m., hope had burned to a crisp. Iris was an angel but crazy, and so he told her next day.

“The golden-haired darling of London!” he jeered. “The radiant glamor boy! How long since you took a squint at my dark, morbid features?”

“Don’t be an ass,” she advised in her crisp British way. “Call and make an appointment. What have you got to lose?”

He’d come to Ojai for relaxation. It was no part of his plan to batter at the movie gates. The theater was his meat, he’d studied with (Continued on page 109)
“What if we wait till he’s half asleep?” suggested Bill with a bright smile.

“Or hit him over the head, soft like?” Ruth wondered thoughtfully.

From over in the depths of the deep armchair big Dutch untangled himself. “How’s about slitting his throat?” he drawled.

Bill paled. Fun was fun but suppose this goof of a brother really meant it?

“Don’t you come one inch closer,” he wavered. “And who is going to stop me?” murmured Dutch. “Me—I ...” Desperately, Bill turned to his parents as the enormity of his brother’s ninety pound, ten year advantage suddenly swept over him. “Mom—Dad, do something!”

“All right, you’ve had your fun, children, now stop it. At once.” Mrs. Eythe picked up the big cooking spoon, gave a last vigorous shake to the bottle in her hand and marched to the middle of the living room.

“Come, Dip,” she crooned. “There’s a good boy. Come, Dippy, come take your nice, sweet castor oil so you’ll feel all better.” Warily, she approached the big dog, knelt beside his sprawling bulk and gently pried the spoon past his pointed teeth. For a split second, there was a dead hush, and then with one flashing motion, the huge chow grabbed the spoon and slithered under the sofa, his rough tongue joyously licking off the last drops of oil with little yips of pleasure. Two days of planning strategy and now this! The Eythes didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. Being the Eythes—they laughed.

They’ve always laughed, especially when, like any other average American family, not finding some chink in their particular cloud of trouble could’ve started them weeping. Like the time they thought Bill would die. Or when Mr. Eythe nearly lost his contracting business in the depression of ’29. And Dutch broke his arm in the big game against Notre Dame and Ruth wrote home (Continued on page 58)
Bill Eythe took Margaret Whiting (above) to the Hollywood Bowl, even preferring her to so many nice gals, like Anne Baxter, Greta Garbo and Tallulah Bankhead—

Bill's house has a swing, a lumpy studio couch, and a door that's wide open to servicemen. They swarm in and take over while Bill stoops over the stove, whipping up omelettes and angel cakes that fly away fast.

Bill's folks visited him in Hollywood for 7 months. Best of all, Mom liked the Mocambo, where she rhumba'd with Bill—and got flustered as a bobbysocker when Van J. danced by!
(Continued from page 56)

from Harrisburg High would someone come and rescue her please, the mice were at her sweaters again.

Ruth was six when Bill was born, and from the very beginning, she started proving the biology books wrong—Bill was her baby. The accident of birth? Phooey! Bill was the child of her heart and to a woman, what else mattered? Who else could appreciate the curled pinkness of ten perfect fingers and toes? The heartache of that little naked spot on the back of his fuzzy head? Only a female who had a half-dozen experience-crammed years behind her, yet was only six years removed (Continued on page 60)
Her complexion is ivory-miniature smooth! Pond’s is her complexion care.

ROSE MERIWETHER LEWIS, of Atlanta, Ga. and Coral Gables, Fla., engaged to Lt. Comdr. BRUCE GREGORY KROGER, U.S.N.R.

Rose-Meri’s middle name comes from the famous Meriwether Lewis who helped discover the Pacific Northwest. “There’s been a Meriwether in every generation ever since,” she says!

Another adorable Pond’s bride-to-be, Rose Meriwether Lewis has true Southern charm—dark-dreamy eyes, a complexion so smoothly soft it fascinates.

“I just love Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says—and here is the soft-smooth way she especially likes for using it...

She slips luscious feeling Pond’s Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats it well to soften and release dirt and make up. She tissues off—clean.

She rinses with more fluffy-soft Pond’s, whirling her white-tipped fingers around her face in little circles. Tissues again—“to get my face extra clean and soft.”

Copy Rose-Meri’s twice-over Pond’s creamings—every night, every morning, for in-between-time cleanups, too! You’ll soon see why it’s no accident so many more women and girls use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price!

A few of the many Pond’s Society Beauties: The Countess of Wenchelwne, Miss Minnie McAdoo, Mrs. Victoria L. Drexel, Mrs. Victoria du Pont, III, Lady Stanley of Alderley.

She’s Engaged!

ROSE-MERI’S RING—
a square-cut diamond. Her fiancé sent it from Honolulu in a native box with her name, a heart and a rose on the cover!

IN THE ARMY reconditioning program, Rose-Meri helps at Lawson General Hospital. Recently she visited the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York to see how they teach the handicapped to re-educate muscles, train for self-support. Many handicapped people need a helping hand today. Can you give one?

She’s Lovely!
She uses Pond’s!

"DOWN SOUTH" Rose-Meri says, "You have to take good care of your skin if you want to keep it nice. Pond’s Cold Cream is such a help! It leaves my face with the grandest soft, clean feeling. I honestly don’t think there’s a finer cream anywhere." You’ll love Pond’s Cold Cream, too! Get a big luxury-size jar—today! On sale at beauty counters.

Her complexion is ivory-miniature smooth! Pond’s is her complexion care.
Write your pen troubles away with this new ink!

SOLV-X IN PARKER QUINK WORKS THE MAGIC!

"SMATTER, MOM, IS YOUR PEN STUFFED-UP?"

Sure, sonny, your mom's addressing those invitations with just ordinary high-acid ink. And high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen troubles! Why don't you tip her off to Quink—the kind your teacher uses. It contains pen-protecting solv-x.

"USE MY QUINK, IT CLEANS PENS AS IT WRITES!"

Smart boy! No wonder your school papers won all those gold stars for neatness! And Quink does much more than keep pens free-flowing. For while ordinary high-acid inks damage vital pen parts, solv-x in Parker Quink guards against metal corrosion and rubber rot.

"OH, BOY! DOESN'T THAT SOLV-X MAKE A DIFFERENCE?"

Smooth writing now, isn't it lady? And brilliant! That's why Quink is America's largest-selling ink. That's why new millions are switching to Quink. And remember, only this ink developed by Parker scientists, contains wonder-working solv-x. Yet Quink costs nothing more than other inks!

Solv-x in Parker Quink protects pens 4 ways:

1. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting, even flow.
2. Dissolves and flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
3. Cleans a pen as it writes ... keeps it out of the repair shop.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.

Stop pen troubles before they start. Quink with solv-x comes in 4 permanent, 5 washable colors at 25c. School size, 15c. Also pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

BILLY THE KID (Continued from page 58)

from babyhood herself. So for the rest of their lives, (and even to this very day), Bill kept his place as Ruth's baby, to coddle and tease and go half out of her mind over with worry.

At first they thought it was only an upset stomach. "Mommy," Ruth reported from the nursery. "The baby, he feels hot."

"Nonsense, dear, it's just that he's been tossing around in his crib."

"But he cries so hard," she frowned.

"Of course, honey. When you were three months old you cried 'so hard,' too. We'll go check, shall we?"

They checked, and a minute later Mrs. Eythe was at the phone. Let's see now, was Dr. Brown three rings or four? Darn these party lines. Silly to get upset, Ruth and Dutch used to run temperatures all the time, never meant a thing. Ah, yes, here it was, Mars 297 Ring 3. Sorry, came the voice at the other end, Dr. Brown was out; he'd be back an hour.

"But Mrs. Brown, can't you please find him? It's little Billy, he's so flushed—"

An hour later Dr. Brown showed up and reported an upset stomach. Keep the baby quiet, give him these drops every hour, he'd be fit as a fiddle in a day or two. Two hours later the baby was screaming, his red face dry and hot, the veins in his forehead bulging with the pain.

This time the doctor came running. Responsible women like Kate Eythe didn't phone in three a.m. without good reason.

It was an ear infection, with the fever running to 105. If Billy lived through the night, he had a fighting chance. But oh God, he's such a tiny baby—

lonely vigil . . .

It was a long night. Ice packs, sheets wrung out in cold water to soothe the burning little body. Mrs. Eythe calm and competent, her eyes wide and staring to hold back the hot tears, her husband locked in his room with only the steady fall of his steps back and forth breaking the monotony of the baby's whimperings.

At daybreak the doctor straightened up from the crib, stretched his cramped back and announced, "He'll make it. Frankly, Mrs. Eythe, I never for a minute thought he would." And then with a kindly look at her face, "Run along and get some rest yourself now, you're exhausted. I'll take over until the nurse arrives."

"Thank you, oh thank you," she whispered. Slowly, she walked out of the room, and by stumbled over a little form huddled on the floor against the doorway.

"Ruth! Ruth, baby, what are you doing?"

"Taking care of Billy."

"Come, come to your bed, darling. You did a beautiful job, a splendid job. Billy's going to live!"

"Oh, I knew he would," the child answered simply. She held up her little Bible. "I can't read it but I talked to it. It always works, huh, Mommy?"

And as she gathered up the sleepy child in her arms, Kate Eythe cried. For the first time in that long, grey night.

Bill never fully recovered from that old infection. There was always an earache or a burning sensation or a slight dizziness to plague him. When he was twelve his parents took him to the leading ear specialist in Pittsburgh. The doctor probed and peered, asked questions, and then dismissed the boy into the next room.

"It's chronic, Mrs. Eythe, he'll never be without some discomfort for the rest of his life. And he'll have to be careful, very careful. Shall I tell him now?"
“No. No, thank you, doctor. I don't think he needs to be told. What good would it do?"

“But he's a boy, madam. Young boys swim and throw snowballs and play catch. Bill mayn't, you know. He'll even have round night-time in a room in a fast town. He's likely to put up his hair, sit patiently while she changed dressings on his poor, aching ear. It was about four in the afternoon, this Saturday, the radio was on and Ruth was away, doing stuff cotton in a fast town. He started to mop clasped adoringly to her chest. The gang was coming up later and she felt glad.

"Is it hard to dance, Sis?"

"Oh, I dunno. Sorta comes natural, I guess." And then with a twinkle, "Natural, that is, to grown-ups." Bill was still for a moment, then, "Teach me, Sis?"

So she flipped the dial to a waltz, grabbed him by his stubby middle and started to step and sing. They couldn't have cried at the starry look in his eyes. He looked like Porky Pig auditioning for a Gene Kelly role.

A few hours later the bell started ringing. Every time it did, Bill'd race for the door. If it was a girl, "HI!" he'd chirp in his best Doug Fairbanks voice, wanna dance? And before the girl had a chance to gawk, he'd stretch his arms up until they barely touched her shoulders and start jigging up and down, that same beauty. He never fooled anybody—he wasn't giving a damn about how many girls he tramped underfoot. If he could practice on them so that he'd be a better partner for Ruth, well . . .

A Doug Fairbanks voice wasn't the only thing young Bill acquired in that three-week period. Anne was called in for a shirttail. And he says, in a sense they were new. The boys thought they were new. He didn't know what to do with them. He'd swone to try to keep them away from the infammary stitched together dodged in as the curtain.

The play was going along famously when he—he—well—a fellow of the queen, struggled to heave himself up again and slirrp!, his pants split! The quivering red satin parted to a wonderful expanse of white underdrawers. The audience went wild. They roared. Miss Kyser threw her head back and laughed till she hiccuped. Miss Jeffreys backstage could look at her spun-supper, and real, this was pure horror. He just stood there, frozen, not moving a muscle.

Mrs. Eythe and Ruth ran backstage after the curtain and cried to the queen, "You were splendid, son," his mother assured him.

All of a sudden, he got very busy tugging at his and the queen's garments. "But darling, everybody loved it," consoled Ruth. "It made them laugh and be happy.

"But you didn't have to laugh," he raged. "My people didn't have to laugh. I should've had to laugh.

The next year when he was Santa Claus he wouldn't let anybody attend the play, only Ruth. And his mother didn't discover until weeks later that this time his presence went wild. They roared. Miss Kyser threw her head back and laughed till she hiccuped. Miss Jeffreys backstage could look at her spun-supper, and real, this was pure horror. He just stood there, frozen, not moving a muscle.

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voice, "it's all I can manage to keep inside my skin!"

At one he'd be reduced to moans.

At two he'd be "young men," he'd announce, standing tall and majestic at the head of the stairs, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to leave."

At three, Mr. and Mrs. Eyth's would be fast asleep to the strains of "Tiger Rag."

Exhaustion.

By the time graduation rolled around, Bill was holding down three jobs. This was the orchestra, of course, and then the stint managing Olson's Dairy after classes and the weekend job assisting the director in charge of the fashion show at the local department store.

Graduation is a big event in Mars. It's a big event any place, with the first long gowns and a corsage for your best girl.

"Who are you taking to the dance, Bill?"

his mother asked idly that morning.

"I'm not going."

"Not going? Oh, Bill, your father and I are on the receiving line! Did you ask Mary Beardsley? Or maybe Jane Wilson?"

"Oh, it's not that, Mom," he smiled. "It's not getting a girl. But I've got to work tonight. I've got to do Inventory at Olson's. Aw, don't feel sorry, Mom, it makes me feel swell..."

So graduation night, Bill Eyth's changed out of his tux in the gym locker after the ceremonies, pinned an orchid on his mother's evening gown and went off to do inventory at Olson's Dairy. That was the second time in his life. Kate Eyth recalled that her son had made her cry.

ah love, ah life...

For a whole year Bill concentrated on art at Pitt, but all along, deep down he knew what he wanted, and art wasn't it. The term up, he applied at the Fox-Chapel Summer Theatre as apprentice actor. He went through the whole pattern: Typing scripts, painting flats, swimming in cold Chapel Creek at two in the morning with the air sweet and heavy on his wet body, declaiming Shakespeare over bear and pretzels at the "Town House," falling may-

be a little in love with his current leading lady, but always falling out in time for the next play and the next leading lady.

Elizabeth was one of them, cute as a button and blonde as flax. Mom knew her from back home, so when Liz was cast as the carousel keeper in "Lillian," with him doing the lead, he wired for her and Dad and Ruthie to come to the opening.

He was a little nervous, sure. You don't mind making faces in front of a bunch of strangers, but when it's people who belong to you sitting down front, third row, seats 11, 13 and 15, you feel like three years old and it's Halloween Eve. Liz looked swell, the rouge in hard circles on her overpowered cheeks, her fine yellow hair dyed blood-red and frizzed—she really looked the part. A slat. He made his entrance, there was a splatter of applause and right away he could feel the folks up there with him, pulling for him.

He was going swell until the second act. Here was the big scene. He threw Liz her cue, she came on from upstage right—

and the guffawing started. Seats 11, 13 and 15 were practically rolling in the aisles! The folks had spotted Liz in her flaming frizz-top and had just broken up over it all. But when they trudged back-stage to congratulate him, they took their hand in hand, "You played a great part," they told him, "and you're swell as an actor."

so out of the tux in the gym locker, he looked down at his mom's still-dimming face and hissed, "I'm ashamed of you. You damn near wrecked that second act!"

They nearly pulled the same routine when Bill opened in his first show, "The King's Maid," playing a doctor, Van Dyke beard and all. But they calmed down soon enough when they overheard two wiseguys behind them cackling, "This beaut'll have a hell of a ways to go to get to Broadway." With Baltimore only 186 miles from New York, they realized the real life he'd been living. "Maid" died an unnatural death when it was just a week old, but two weeks later Oscar Serlin, who had directed it, sent for Bill to do "The Moon Is Down." After that role, Bill certainly did go a "hell of a ways."

The registrar nearly keeled over when Bill registered at Carnegie Tech for the four-year drama course.

"But aren't you Dutch Eyth's brother?"

"I am."

"But—but—but you're registering for drama!" she gasped.

"Yup."

"Well, what does Dutch say?"

"Howard? Oh, he says I'm nuts!"

That's how it was all along the line. The brother of the great Dutch Eyth, All-American, professor now at Maryland Boy's Academy, going in for drama? It was incredible.

dip the dog...

The neighbors keep asking the Eythes about Margaret Whiting. "What's this we read in Parsons' column about Bill and Margaret?" Mrs. Eyth's shrugs her shoulders. "All I know is what I read in the papers—I've given up trying to keep check on Bill's newspaper romances. I've met Margaret, of course, she's a charming girl."

Bill's just bought himself a new home in North Hollywood, and so far, Dip the dog is the only member of the family who's seen it. Dip was just six weeks old when Ruth sent him to her "brat" from Harrisburg back in 30, where he was promptly adopted and christened "Dip" in honor of Ruth's not-yet-then husband, Charles Dippery. Dip's sixteen years old now, and his teeth aren't too good and whenever he gets a spell of rheumatism or indigestion or just plain old-age'itis, the family has to take

Straight Line Design cleans teeth best say dentists 2 to 1

Why Pepsodent Straight Line Design cleans Teeth Best. Most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs...Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.
Fascism this aspirin. fellow sent about him. could have been just that his eyes were watery from traveling, but Bill’ll swear there were tears. Dip wanted to make friends with the three setters Bill’s got tripping around the place, but he’d lost most of his social grace. Kept walking into them with his near-sighted old eyes and when the pups wanted to make something of it, just turned and walked off, his tall fluttering bravely with the glory that was once Dip’s.

Dip’s back home in Mars again, a bit the worse for wear, maybe, but a little brighter, a little more resigned to this sad business of living out your life an old, tired dog. He likes having people around to talk to, especially “Mom” Eythe. They spend a lot of time together lately, mostly at night when the house is very still and she can kneel by his bed and scratch him, oh so gently, between the eyes and look deep out the window for long minutes. They understand each other, these two. Know how it feels to be laughing and joking in a room full of people and all of a sudden have a catch at your heart and know it for loneliness. Dip helps remind Kate Eythe of her baby, brings the old days tumbling back so it doesn’t seem too close, this may— be having another “fool woman” to worry about the boy. Not that she won’t be glad to get him off her hands, you understand. It’s just that “A son is a son till he gets him a wife.” And Billy’s such a good boy . . .

ON A NOTE OF TRIBUTE
(Continued from page 45)

second whether any of his fans differed with his politics. That was their right, as it was his right to take a position.

Since those days Frank has served an even greater cause, a non-partisan cause, and served it unspARINGLY. Instead of being dazzled by his brilliant success, he looked around carefully and saw the dangers which confront us all today. He saw that the war didn’t really end last August—that Fascism is still alive, even though its armies have been smashed. He saw that the greatest friend of Fascism in this country is racial mistrust and antagonism, and he knows that certain vicious men make a profession of arousing hate.

Frank Sinatra decided it was his duty as a citizen to help fight that sort of thing. He has been preaching unity—all of us.

It would be easy for Frank to rest on his laurels, or to use his fantastically great fame strictly as a source of income—to endorse cigarettes and shaving soap and make personal appearances as a singer for the sake of Sinatra alone. But Frank has chosen to apply his fame to more constructive purposes—to endorse democracy and unity, and make personal appearances as a citizen (such as his visit to Gary, Indiana) for the sake of harmony in this country. He is, as I say, a citizen above all else. Being that, he is, as all good citizens automatically become, a patriot.

We, who once snickered, salute him.

TAWNY ORCHID BRUNETTE — by Earl Cordrey

Brunettes be glad! Artist Earl Cordrey shows how your type of coloring is enriched, enlivened with original* “Flower-fresh” shade of CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder

We give you a Brunette’s best bet! It’s Cashmere Bouquet’s new “Flower-fresh” face powder.

lovely Rose Brunette. With the faintest flash of pink, it makes those gorgeous, tawny tones in your skin come to life. It clings for hours. smooth as silk, veiling tiny blemishes. Cashmere Bouquet comes in six new “Flower-fresh” shades, keyed to all skin types from an ice-cream blonde to a green-eyed red head.
In spite of the fact that Victor Mature and Orson Welles exchanged hot words and cold looks at a night club a couple of nights before Rita and Welles parted, I'm making a bet that la Hayworth and Vic do not resume.

The reason? June Haver!

Of course, where Vic is concerned you never know. Ever since I've known that boy he has been madly in love with some fair charmer and she's always "the love of my life."

I'm not saying that June and Vic will marry. He has been twice divorced and she is a very devout little girl in her faith which forbids marriage to a divorced man. But these two are very much in love. She wants to spend all her time with him even when she goes on shopping or marketing errands.

And to prove just how much she thinks of him, not long ago she walked out on a dinner party given by her boss, Darryl Zanuck and his charming wife, Virginia, because she had a date with Vic later in the evening! In fact, he called for her at the Zanucks' wearing a sweater and sports clothes, and little Junie got into her fur coat over her sparkling evening gown and drove away with him.

The party June left behind at the Zanucks' was one of the gayest I've been to lately. Our younger set is not only party conscious since the end of the war, but it seems to me everybody wants to make up for lost time. I've never seen so many pretty girls in such gorgeous clothes.

The affair was in honor of (Continued on page 66)
Jeanne Crain says she'd rather stay home and learn lines than go partying, but she couldn't resist new husband Paul Brooks' invitation to dance at the Macambo. J.J.'s excited about playing opposite Greg Peck.

What's with the match between Bob Walker and Florence Pritchett? He's at the Stork Club with her here ... but just a few nights ago it was Buff Cobb! Bob's getting ready to play the role of the late Jerome Kern.

Who wouldn't be gay, dancing with Nanette Fabray? But Bing Crosby's got other reasons, too: On the last day of "Blue Skies," he took his usual "last day" photo with all four sons, then quit for a year's rest.

While Lana Turner was in Arizona, male visitors included Greg Bautzer and Rory Calhoun ... but the daily phone calls came from Bob Hutton! She and Bob (dining here at The Troc) have Hollywood wandering.
Why POWERS MODELS have such naturally lustrous shining-bright hair!

Positively Never Leaves Any Excess Dull Soapy Film
The way Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses every tiny strand of hair and brings out all its natural shimmering highlights is sheer sorcery! Here's a shampoo that really keeps its promise.

Those divinely beautiful Powers Models—famous for their shining bright locks—use Kreml Shampoo and how they rave about it! They claim there's nothing better to leave hair softer, silkier and easier to arrange. Kreml Shampoo leaves the hair so sparkling clean—fairly dancing with its natural glossy brilliance that lasts for days.

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Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals to dry or break the hair. Instead, its beneficial oil base is simply wonderful to help soften dry, brittle ends. It rinses out like a charm and never leaves any excess dull soapy film which makes hair look so muddy and lifeless.

So glorify your hair with beautifying Kreml Shampoo—then see how quickly "he" succumbs to your added charm. Buy a bottle at any drug, department or 10¢ store.

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FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Tyrone Power, just out of the Marines, and his happy wife, Annabella. She was all done up in a shocking pink dress, that is, the top of it was shocking pink and it had one of those new necklaces embroidered on the blouse which, when combined with her own diamonds, was stunning.

Jeanne Crain is certainly a cutie-pie when it comes to dressing her type. With that lovely red hair of hers she looks wonderful in green. Her gown was a soft sea-green with sequins.

I don't think anyone had any more fun than Jimmie Stewart, Henry Fonda and Tyrone, who were swapping stories like mad.

Nineteen-year-old London actress Peggy Cummins, whom you will know very soon as Amber in "Forever Amber," was proudly telling everyone that her lovely white dress was part of her American wardrobe. "All English girls envy American girls their lovely clothes," Peggy told me.

Little Diana Powell, Bill's vest pocket-size wife, told me about how she had been shopping all day with William Powell, Jr., who is just home from overseas and is returning to Princeton. "I'm so proud that Bill Jr. likes me so much—enough to call me Mother." I couldn't help laughing because Diana looks like a baby and young Bill is head and shoulders taller.

Clark Gable, who had a previous engagement, came in after dinner with Anita Colby, who looked like a fashion plate. I spotted Cary Grant and Joseph Cotten talking together in a corner and maybe you think I didn't bust into that twosome. That's too much manpower going to waste!

I've never seen Joe in such a serious mood. He talked about the experience necessary for young actors and how heartbreaking it is that so many kids are coming to Hollywood with dreams of crushing the movies when they have not one ounce of training behind them.

"Now that the war is over, more and more boys and girls are coming here drawn by the glamour of fame and fortune," Joe said. "They have money from war jobs and other good jobs to last them a little while until they can crash the studios—they hope," Joe went on. "I can't go into all the details of advice he has for the youngsters because space forbids. But his best tip is this: If you've got the acting or movie bug—try to get in some dramatic school or Little Theater in your home town before trying to crash Hollywood!"

Darryl Zanuck, boss of the 20th Century-Fox, who usually has the cares of the studio on his shoulders, forgot (Continued on page 74)
Band-box Beauty

...and any teen on the beam knows it's a Teentimer OHriginal.

Designed by GRACE NORMAN, this delightful rayon print by COHAMA is styled to do wonders for a teen's figure. Choice of lime, aqua, or pink. Teen sizes 8 to 16. About $8. Wear it with the Teentimer Cosmetics that are specially "timed for teens" and you'll really be a Band-box Beauty.

For name of nearest store, write Teen-timers, Inc., 1359 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Listen to the Teentimers Club starring Johnny Desmond and top name bands Saturday mornings on your local station!
MANDARIN MISS

BY TOUSSIA PINES

RIGHT: This collarless beauty is a natural for that black skirt and sweater combine mentioned above. And how about wearing that scarf you got for Christmas muffled high at the neckline? Note braid around the armhole, that's news!

ABOVE: Braid-bound high, high neck, deep armhole sleeves, palled in tiny waist; fashion points that make this honey of a coolie coat new as tomorrow's headlines! Wear it as you see it, closed high and pinned or open, with lapels.

- Exciting as tomorrow, cute as cute Mme. Chiang, are these bright colored coolie coats; and we wish you could see them in color! Designed by Gordon-Corpuel, they're just right for you teen-aged lovelies, right for your tiny figures and for your slender budgets. Slimly belted, bound in gleaming black braid, these little wonders go happily over your suits come Spring, over your crisp cottons come Summer. Wear over a plain, slim black skirt and black sweater to make a tunic suit that's terrific! Or add a tiny black beret, loads and loads of gold or silver bracelets over your black gloves to give glamor to those fine, full sleeves! These coats are made in all those lush Chinese-y colors, like coral red, bright royal blue, brilliant green. Note the deep wing sleeves, the fine flare of the skirt, the dashing movie-hero look of the knotted belt, and make up your mind right now to own one!
for a Smoother Line

start with

Skintees

... the rayon knit panty that fits like your skin!

To assure trim dress lines ... slip into Skintees, first of all. For Skintees are sized to fit your hips ... every panty carries the hip size on the label.

And proper fit does away with strain — gives greater comfort, longer wear.

A. Make this square-necked honey in a bright print with eyelet embroidery at the neck, or in a dressy block sheer with block lace. This one is No. 2879, and it's cut in sizes 10 to 40.

B. Easy to make, yet with that smart, professional look is this scalloped neck dress with three fancy buttons. Make it in bright rayon gabardine for Spring, in a colorful cotton for Summer. It's No. 2966, and it comes in sizes 12 to 42.
MAKE THESE YOURSELF

C. The overblouse is the thing, especially if it has a peplum. Make it in taffeta for dates, or in pastel rayon with a black skirt, or in wool jersey for school. Blouse No. 2861 in sizes 10 to 40. Skirt No. 2837, in waist sizes 24 to 32.

D. The newest thing in easy-to-make blouses—the poncho type, which you make in a jiffy, wear with everything you own. No harder to make than a dickey, but ever so much more practical! No. 2880, in one size that fits anybody.

TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS
Send 20c in coins for each pattern. Write name and address plainly, and state pattern number and size. Address: Pattern Bureau, MODERN SCREEN, Box 42, Station O, New York 11, N. Y. For 24-page Fashion Book, illustrating 150 other pattern styles in full color, send 15c extra.

Inexpensive— but styled to the minute. A smart, casual Topper with the new softly rounded shoulders, nipped waistline, winged sleeve and deep armhole. Tailored in all-wool Shetland. Tie sash belt, shirred elastic back for easy action. In neon blue, gold, aqua, sky blue, lime, melon. Sizes 9 to 15.

Write us for store name in your city. Dept. M— GORDON-CORPUEL, 520 Eighth Avenue, New York 18 UNDER $20
Above: There's nothing to beat that fine old Southern belle look, ma'am! That scooped out neck, those huge puffed sleeves, the rows of sweet, sweet eyelet embroidery are dynamite!

Right: Stripes have no rival for that crisp, fresh-out-of-the-bandbox look! And the way they're matched in this honey of a cotton dress is just nothing short of miraculous!

Far right: This plaid seersucker lovely will be your best friend this Summer! It is cool to look at, cool to wear, easy to launder. The corselet belt, bow tied, is a new touch.

COTTON

GRACE NORMAN,

OF TEENTIMERS' FAME, PREVIEWS THE LUSCIOUS COTTON DRESSES SHE HAS DESIGNED FOR YOU TO WEAR FROM TODAY ON AND ON!
PREVIEW for TEEN-AGERS
Wife and mother tells how she lost 53 pounds and "that middle-aged look"

Down from 181 pounds to 128. Down from size 42 to size 14. That is what Mrs. Clarke achieved through the DuBarry Success Course, "I was overweight, tired, irritable, and so self-conscious about my looks that I just stayed home," says Mrs. Clarke. "How different now! I lost 53 pounds and that middle-aged look. My skin is clear, my hair truly lovely."

"It's EASY and it's FUN!"

-says Mrs. Lois Clarke of St. Paul, Minn.

A photo of Mrs. Clarke on starting her course. At right, the lovely Lois Clarke of today, looking for younger than her 45 years.

"If I had only known how easily I could become slender," Mrs. Clarke says, "and what fun it would be, I could have saved myself years of unhappiness. As for the Success Course, Ann Delafield should have an extra-special star in her crown for bringing health and beauty to so many women.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight to normal; remodel your figure; care for your skin: style your hair becomingly; use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

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With your course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

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Name:

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City State Zip Code

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

Good News

(Continued from page 65)

That little house where Alan Ladd and Sue Carol have lived so long and happily during their married life, in the Los Feliz district of Los Angeles, will soon be a happy memory of the past.

Every day Sue and Alan are out in the Valley scouting for property and they want at least ten or twelve acres. I suppose they know they have gone crazy over horses, horses, horses and intend to breed them.

"What we want," says Alan, "is a small rambling farm house and plenty of room for stables, hen coops, a play house for Alan and a small guest house." Speaking of Alana, guess she isn't a baby any longer. She's just been presented with a miniature riding outfit—the exact duplicate of the ones worn by her Ma and Pa.

Van Johnson-In-Shorts: He has never read "Forever Amber." He defends Greta Garbo in arguments when that lady is being cried for some of her critics. He never has any late Christmas shopping to do because he buys Christmas presents for his pals any time during the year—wherever he happens to run across nice things... The headaches that bothered him for so long are coming less frequently... He flatters older women, and the mothers of his girl friends, by calling them by their first names... He's given up desserts, which he loves, because he was gaining weight... He's not quite as happy as he was when he first came to Hollywood—but he doesn't know why... He's an awful good guy.

News that Joan Crawford and Phil Terry had suddenly parted came to me around midnight after I had retired to a good night's sleep—I thought!

Then came the 'phone call that sent me to my typewriter to write my exclusive story—a story I hated to write and which was a definite surprise.

Just two days before Phil left home, he and Joan had entertained at a small cocktail party. They certainly seemed happy and proud of their two children. The den was a mass of Christmas presents Joan was wrapping and ornaments were all over the house for the trees they planned to decorate the next night.

Little Christiana was upstarts bedded with the flu. But little blonde Phil, Jr., was all over the place. He is one of the most adorable children I have ever met. You just want to bite a chunk out of his fat little knees and arms. Only three years old, he bows formally when he is introduced. But the cutest thing he does is to matter under his breath when he is not actively included in the conversation.

I can't help but think that whatever happened between Joa and Phil was very sudden. I'm sorry, for they are both nice people.

The first party given by he-man Randy Scott and his lovely wife, Pat, was a terrific affair—and I'm not apologizing for that adjective. Just everybody in town was invited.

(Continued on page 77)
Incomparables — Tina Leser's clever use of line and color... the miracle of Campana Balm's skin softening effectiveness. Campana Balm is different from all other lotions. Fast acting. Rough, chapped hands respond overnight — become whiter, thrillingly softer. Because Campana Balm really works — before or after household tasks, exposure to wind, water, weather. Keep hands soft always — use Original Campana Balm, 10¢ to $1.00.
HINTS FOR

HAPPY FACES

They're gleeful, they're glad, they're joyous, they're merry... these girls just plain feel good! Why? 'Cause, one and all, they are sure of their complexion beauty. If you would have your mirror reflect as happily smooth a complexion as Deanna's or Shirley's, it would be wise to check on the care, you give your skin. Out Hollywood way, the lassies are downright fastidious about the powder they dab on their noses, they are quick to take advantage of the many fine facial creams that cosmetic folks whip up.

First off, how do you powder your face? Do you buy the nearest shade on the counter, then dab it on hit or miss, or rub it in as if you were polishing old furniture? That's just about as wrong as casting Joan Davis in the "Forever Amber" lead. Let your powder blend with your complexion tone and see to it, if you use a tinted powder base, that the base also fits into the ensemble. Then gently pat on the silky grained stuff with a clean puff as it should be applied. I want you to note this "gentle patting on" procedure very carefully. It is important because clumsily rubbing the puff over your skin will disturb the even distribution of foundation and (Continued on page 118)
Cocktails started at Romanoff's at six and ended way past curfew time. Lana Turner, who has everyone worried that she will slip off and marry one of her dozens of admirers, was with Bob Hutton. Lana is so pretty and romantic she's apt to do what we least expect when we least expect it. She wore a poke bonnet, the cutest thing you ever saw. But it wasn't big or deep enough to keep Bob from peering at her every moment. Does that boy have it bad!

Lew Ayres made his first public appearance, and what an ovation everyone gave him! He still has that same serious charm that made you love him on the screen. The war changed many of his ideas and there has been much talk that he is taking up the ministry. But, in just meeting him at a social gathering, I cannot say I think Lew has changed greatly. He was always a quiet, reserved man but he has great warmth and a gentle humor, too.

Cary Grant and Betty Hensel are no longer pretending they don't care. Imagine having Cary so much in love with YOU that he wouldn't leave your side all evening. Ain't bad. Betty was wearing Cary's Christmas gift—a diamond and ruby brooch. I suppose I'll be writing about their marriage as soon as his divorce from Barbara Hutton becomes final.

* * *

I asked one of the members of The Hollywood Women's Press Club if giving "booby prizes" to the stars who had been the least co-operative during the year ever hurt any player—and by the same token, if giving Golden Apples for good behavior with the press, was of any value.

Personally, I have always felt these awards were a little unfair. But this girl, who is a fan magazine writer, said: "Well, look at Cary Grant. He won the booby-prize one year and felt so badly about it and became so co-operative and willing to help that he won the Golden Apple the next year! I've never known anyone to be so pleased. Cary even asked to become a member of the Club. He pays dues and plays Santa Claus at all our Christmas parties."

Joan Crawford won the popularity vote this year by a huge margin. And when you stop and think how long Joan has been a top star you'll agree that playing ball with the press pays off. Gregory Peck won the "good boy" honors.

HOW TO SNAG STAGS

Stage—that's a crossword puzzle word for men ... males ... fellers. When they're beating a path to your door, you're a gay, happy thing. When they're not—then you're flashing the S.O.S. signal to Jean Rinkhead. 'Cause Jean's the gal who knows all the answers to the $64 question, "How To Be Popular With Boys." In fact, that's the title of the Modern Screen Super Chart in which our Jeannie covers her favorite subject from A to Z. Turn to the Super Coupon (page 22) for details of how to get your free copy.
SWEET AND HOT
(Continued from page 24)

Perma-lift
BRASSIERES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN
Another "Hickory" Success

Your Style-line starts at your Bust-line

There is a key to style, so easy to get, so important to have. A young firm bustline is a basic need, a Perma-lift bra will do so much to help you achieve it easily, comfortably. In "Perma-lift" the famous cushion insets at the base of the bra cups, gently support your bust from below, retain that support through countless washings and wear. Ask for a Perma-lift bra today at your favorite corset department. Modestly priced $1.25 to $2.50.

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SWEET AND HOT
(Continued from page 24)

fram sauce with the ossenfay and shiffafa on the side. I was up to the Copacabana a while ago and heard King Cole or it, and the composer, Redd Evans was there too, so I asked for the lowdown. Redd just grinned. "It's nothing but double-talk — doesn't mean a thing..." King Cole admitted it took him three days to learn the line, and he had to postpone his recording. He doesn't like to have to read music on record dates. Being a great perfectionist, he likes everything pat.

IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING — Larry Stevens (Victor) — Larry Stevens has one of those lovely stories nobody believes. There he was, singing at a gas station and dishing out gas, and up drives Jack Benny and practically hauls out a pen and a contract on the spot. But there's no sense in any of us dashing for the nearest filling station, kids. Probably not even Groucho Marx would show up. That's life. Anyhow, Larry sings "It's a Grand Night for Singing" from the picture "State Fair" very nicely, and on the other side he does "Closer to Me," from the picture "Easy to Wed." This one's got the final chorus in Spanish, with Latin background by Mahlon Merrick and his orchestra.

JUST A-SITTING AND A-ROCKIN' — Stan Kenton (Capitol) — Now the number I told you was my choice for the best popular record of the month. It's got a very knocked-out vocal by beautiful June Christy who sounds just like Anita O'Day, and it's got a wild arrangement that really rocks. On the other side there's a jazz number called "Artistry Jumps." It's a jump version of Kenton's theme, "Artistry in Rhythm." The Kenton boys have recorded "Artistry in Rhythm," but this is an entirely different treatment. It features Vido Musso on tenor sax, and Stan himself at the piano.

LONG, LONG JOURNEY — Billy Eckstine (National) — This is a tune I wrote about a year ago, and Billy Eckstine had been going to wax it all along, so it was entirely a coincidence that the elevator strike called the day the band was finally set to record. Everybody had to walk up twelve flights of stairs carrying everything including the bass-fiddle—a long, long journey indeed. Which fact, combined with the title, made lots of people think it was a press agent's stunt. It wasn't, honest. Billy sings the lyric, and solos on trombone. Incidentally, though I wrote "Long, Long Journey," I like "I'm In The Mood For Love" (on the other side) better.

STRANGER IN TOWN — Charlie Spivak (Victor), Mel Torme (Decca) — Here's a song composed by the amazing Mel Torme. I first heard of this kid when he was fourteen years old. He'd written a tune called "Lament to Love" and Les Brown recorded it! Now he's eighteen, and a popular drummer, singer, bass-leader, singer, saw Mel and his group — The Meltones — when I was on the Coast last January, but it was under rather amusing conditions. I'd gone out to catch the band at a dance a Monday afternoon, and I noticed Mel and the Meltones sitting quite calmly through about half the show. Then suddenly they got up as one man, saying "Don't itch it, Fitch it," and sat down again. For the rest of the show. To get back to the Charlie Spivak arrangement, it's sung by Jimmy Saunders, a boy who made news recently by marrying Rita Daigle, one of the Reginold girls. Probably everything will be beer and shill for him from now on. The other side of Spivak's "Stranger" is "Home Country" with a vocal by the popular Irene Daye.

SYMPHONY — Jo Stafford (Capitol), Guy Mitchell (Crosby) (Decca), Benny Goodman (Columbia) — One of the few ballads of the war to originate overseas; this was the number one favorite of the Italian troops.

TOMORROW IS FOREVER — Dick Haymes-Helen Forrest (Decca) — From the new Orson Welles picture of the same name, this "Tomorrow Is Forever" gets sung here by Helen Forrest and Dick Haymes. To tell the truth, I'm not wild about these double feature jobs. I think each vocalist does better when the arrange-

BEST HOT JAZZ
JIVIN' JOE JACKSON — Count Basie (Columbia) — Count Basie's new vocal discovery, Ann Moore, is featured on this record. The other side of "Jivin' Joe" is an instrument number by the band. It's called "Queer Street."

RECORDS OF THE MONTH
Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR
AS LONG AS I LIVE — Johnny Johnston (Capitol) COME TO BABY, DO — Les Brown (Columbia) DIG YOU LATER (HUBBA-HUBBA-HUBBA) — Perry Como (Victor) IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING — Paul Weston (Decca), Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Ray Noble (Columbia) IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING — Larry Stevens (Victor) THE DUET — Billy Eckstine (National) STRANGER IN TOWN — Charlie Spivak (Victor), Mel Torme (Decca) SYMPHONY — Jo Stafford (Capitol), Bing Crosby (Decca) TOMORROW IS FOREVER — Helen Forrest-Dick Haymes (Decca)

BEST HOT JAZZ
COUNT BASIE — Queer Street (Columbia) RO. ELDRIDGE — Embraceable You (Decca) EDMOND HALL — It's Been So Long (Blue Note) ERSKINE HAWKINS — Good Dip (Victor) HARRY JAMES — 928 Special (Columbia) CHARLIE LAYEVE — Can I Talk It Over? (Jump) RED NORVO — Slam Slam Blues (Columbia) STUFF SMITH — Time And Again (Musicraft) REX STEWART — Solid Rock (H.R.S.) EDDIE VINSON — Mr. Cleanhead Steps Out (Mercury)

BEST ALBUMS
KITTY CARLISLE-WILBUR EVANS-FELIX MERIWEATHER — Satin and Lace (Decca) EDDIE CONDON — Jazz Concert of Gersh- win Songs (Decca) SGT. CHAPMAN'S Nuts and Nutcracker Suite (Victor) POLENAISE — Al Goodman Orchestra and Orchestra of the Americas (Decca) SHOWBOAT ALBUM — Diane Courtney and others, Heritage ARTURO TOSCANINI — Rossini Overtures (Decca) SOPHIE TUCKER — Songs She Made Fa- mous (Decca) ORSON WELLES — Famous Presidential Speeches (Decca) BEN YOST SINGERS — Old Timers (Sonora)
DEAR MRS. JOSEPH COTTEN:

We think you're lucky...to be so lovely yourself...and to be married to such a distinguished star of the screen.

Yours,
TANIGEE

Mrs. 
Joseph Cotten 
says:

"At last I've found it—
the perfect cake make-up!"

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Use Tangee and see how beautiful you can be
DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID

(Story)

(Continued from page 51)

"Are you here for Lanlaire's?" the man said.
"Yes. I'm the new chambermaid." "Your name?"
"Celestine."
The man stared at her for a full moment and his eyes moved from the gleaming black hair to the small trim ankles.
"You'll do."
The other girl looked up meekly. "My name is Louise. I'm the new scullery maid."
The man said shortly: "You're ugly. Go back to Paris."
"But—"
"You heard what I said." He started to turn but the girl Celestine didn't move and she said softly: "Are you Mr. Lanlaire?"

The man's head snapped around: "I run the Lanlaire establishment."
"The valet?" Celestine asked. "I'm among other things."
"What is your name?"
"Joseph."

You can tell your master, Joseph, that because you chose to insult the scullery maid, the new chambermaid decided to quit, too.

"Now—" Joseph said. "Both of us—or neither," Celestine said. "Come along, then," Joseph said; his eyes flicked over the two of them. "Both of you."

Celestine's heels clicked like two exclamation points over the rough cobblestones. As they came to the carriage Joseph turned once more.

"I didn't understand that I am a person of some importance at Lanlaire's," he said. "Understand it now. For your own good."

"Valet!" Celestine said contemptuously. And her heels clicked again.

This was Celestine: Dark and pretty and poor. Born into poverty, fighting the world from the time her flashing eyes first wavered the knickers around her. It was never easy and she never expected it to be. There was early wisdom in her face and she knew what she wanted. Hadn't she written it in her diary? Oh, she wasn't going to be a chambermaid forever. There were men in the world and some of them had money; and all of them, or almost all, had a way of looking twice at a pretty black-haired girl with trim ankles... So she came to Lanlaire's. And it didn't take her long to see her chances and to size them up. Mrs. Lanlaire was a she-wolf. But the Master? Ah, there was another story. And Mauger, the neighbor. And there was even talk of a son—Georges; he might turn up some day. There were plenty of chances at Lanlaire's if a girl were smart.

It was Joseph who stopped her in one of the corridors one day.

"You don't have much time for me," he said.

"A chambermaid?" Celestine said. "A chambermaid has no time for people of importance."

"Like the Master—"

Celestine shrugged.

"You're wasting your time there," Joseph said. "All the money is in Mrs. Lanlaire's name. He hasn't a cent of his own."

"Others do," Celestine said.

"Mauger?"

"He tells me he has twenty-five thousand francs, in cash alone, in the house."

Among other things. You're not so smart, Joseph."

"You'd never consider Mauger," Joseph said. "Not seriously. The man is a fool—"

"Are you the only smart one in France?" Celestine asked.

"In this part of France."

"I'm not so keen on brains," Celestine said. "A good man doesn't need them."

Joseph laughed.

"We're alike," he said. "You're a sharp one. And so am I. And I'm patient. You'll get to like me better some day."

"I doubt it."

Joseph smiled: "I don't. Wait and see. I'm not a bad sort at all."

"Valet!" Celestine said.

"Not forever," Joseph said. "Not ever, by a long shot."

The letter came the following day. Celestine brought it in to Mrs. Lanlaire at dinner, and reading it, the great, harsh face suddenly lit, and she turned, rising from the table. After that it was all excitement. Orders were shouted down the hall. The suite on the second floor was cleaned and aired. Mrs. Lanlaire was everywhere at once. She caught Celestine in one of the corridors and dragged her, as if she was inspecting a toy doll.

"The dress!" Mrs. Lanlaire cried. "It won't do."

She hurried into her own room, opened one of the great closets, rummaged for a moment and came out bearing a gown.

"Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful, Madame, but—"

"Then it's settled. If you need more let me know. Hurry now—" Celestine turned to go. "Celestine!" Mrs. Lanlaire's face was almost soft now. "You're the prettiest here. He likes pretty things. Be kind to him—"

"Him?" Celestine said.

"My son. He's coming back. He must have whatever he wants. I couldn't bear to see him leave again. I want everything to be so perfect here that he'll never dream of going—"

"Your son . . . ?" Mrs. Lanlaire's face was alight.

"Georges is coming back!" she cried.

Celestine didn't see him when he came. She heard the rumble of the carriage outside but by the time she ran to the window the courtyard was bare. She hurried out to the great hall but she was too late. She heard their voices high up, beyond the turn of the great stairs, and then the door to the new suite being opened. Mrs. Lanlaire, high on the upper landing, called:

"Celestine!"

She turned.

"Bring up champagne. To Georges' room—"

She felt even then, a sudden sense of strangeness; as if this moment in her life, walking up the curving stairs with the ice bucket of champagne and the tray with the delicate and beautiful etched glass goblet—as if this moment marked the turn of her life. She had a curious sensation that walking up these stairs now, she was walking out of the past, climbing into some unknown future...

She knocked on the door.

She could only see, at first, the sweep of brown hair against the white pillow. Then she saw his face: Pale, gravely white, under the startling brown eyes. He looked frail, weak; and yet there was something
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81
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Both creams contain genuine Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia.

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small corridor that led to the servants' quarters. She found Celestine.

"My son is very upset for some reason. Perhaps a cup of hot broth might soothe him. Will you bring it to him?"

"Of course," Celestine said.

"Georges is unhappy and ill," Mrs. Lanlaire said. "He may be thinking of leaving, sick as he is. I won't have it! I won't allow it! You must help me..."

"Whatever I can do, Madame," Celestine said.

He was standing at the window when she came in, standing with his back toward her. He swung around as she came in, looking at the bowl of broth she was carrying, looking at her.

"Why did you come?" he said.

"The broth..."

"Who told you I needed it?"

"Madame said—"

"How often has she sent you to me?"

"Sent me?" Celestine said.

His face was a mask.

"When we walked in the Garden? In the village?"

"No..."

"All those pleasant, seemingly accidental meetings? Maman sent you—"

"No—"

He said harshly: "You're lying. My mother is a very wise woman. She knows my weaknesses. But she doesn't know my strength—"

He strode suddenly to the door, threw it open. Mrs. Lanlaire was there. Georges said sarcastically: "Come, in Maman."

His face was flushed and his eyes very bright, like a man in a fever. But his voice was low and steady and when he spoke he didn't look at Celestine.

"It almost worked," he said. "It almost worked again. Mother. You almost had me. That's what you want, isn't it? To possess me the way you possess Father and everything your hand touches. You don't care how you'd get it. You'd use anything. Even love—"

"Georges, I swear—"

"I don't believe you. She's very pretty, Mother. It would be very easy to love her. But I'm going away. If I have to crawl from this house, I'm getting out!"

It was then Celestine suddenly turned and ran. There was only silence behind her and she could feel Georges' accusing eyes following her down the corridor.

She was packing her bag in the small room in the attic when Joseph appeared at the door.

"So you're leaving," he said.

"What do they think I am?" Celestine said. "Don't they think I'm human? That I have feelings? How can he believe I'd harm him? I never want to see him again now. None of them!"

"So you're running away. Back to Paris," Joseph said. "Back to drudgery. And all the rest. I thought you were smarter than that."

"I'm smart enough."

"Smart enough to listen to me?"

Her eyes met his across the small room. Joseph spoke softly: "A long time ago I bought a little cafe in Cherbourg. It's almost paid for now. It needs a touch of the feminine. One could be independent there. Never hear an order again—"

"Be your serving girl in Cherbourg?" Celestine said sarcastically.

"My wife—" Joseph said.

There was silence in the small room.

"And we could leave now," Celestine whispered.

"Give me a day."

"A day," Celestine said. "One day."

"Done."

He touched her then, only a small stroking movement that brushed her cheek. She almost drew away but his eyes held her. He said softly: "I knew that day at the station. My wife..."
The fourteenth of July was a holiday: The Day of Freedom. It was a holiday everywhere but at Lanlaire's. Mrs. Lanlaire never admitted that the Revolution had taken place. But in the village, it was the finest day of the year. The streets were lit and booths were set up in the cobblestoned gutters. A carousel twirled, flinging music into the still summer air.

It was there that Celestine waited for Joseph. She wandered from booth to booth with Louise, almost carried away by the laughter of the Fair, caught up in the gay swirling spirits, forgetting everything—Joseph had said to meet her back in the Garden at eleven. She hardly knew what time it was when she found herself back on the road to the Lanlaires' again.

She turned down the path between the Lanlaires and the Maugers. And it was then she saw Joseph. For a moment she almost thought he had come from the Maugers'. But maybe it was the wine. He came toward her silently. And when he touched her his fingers were like ice.

"Celestine . . ." he said. She looked at him a little tipily and she poked her finger at his nose: "Joseph . . . funny Joseph . . . always so serious."

"We leave for Cherbourg tonight."

"Fine. Let's go."

"No. After dinner. We must serve dinner first."

"I don't want to go back to them."

"We must."

"I want to go to Cherbourg . . ."

"Tonight. I swear it. I have the money."

"Enough for fare? For both of us?"

"More. Much more. Twenty five thousand francs . . ."

"Twenty five thousand francs?"

And suddenly it was as if a cold wind had blown over her. She stared at him.

"Where did you get it?"

"What does it matter? I have it . . ."

"Where did you get it?"

And suddenly she saw again in her mind how she had first seen him: Almost as if he had come from Mauger's. "Mauger . . ." she whispered. "You stole it.

Joseph laughed harshly: 'He'll never tell."

"Never tell . . .?" Celestine gripped his arm. "Where is Mauger?"


Joseph said sharply: 'We've got to get back to Lanlaire's. Quick, now. And don't be a fool.' As he almost pulled her across the quiet field, he said: 'I did it for you, I did it for you . . ."

The great candles burned somberly in the dining room. Celestine seemed to see them almost through a haze. Mauger's name kept running through her head.

It was with the coffee that Joseph made his announcement.

"Madame," he said; and there was a thin edge of sarcasm to his voice. "I have served you for many years. But I'm sure you will not think it disloyal if I dreamed of some day being my own master. Today I find it possible. I beg to inform Madame that I am leaving her service—"

Mrs. Lanlaire hardly stirred.

"May I," Joseph continued, "also inform you of my coming marriage. Celestine has been kind enough to accept my plea—"

"Liar!"

The voice was like a whip. And then they saw Georges rising from his chair at the end of the table. "Liar!" he said again.

"You may ask Celestine," Joseph said smoothly.

He turned to her. She stared from one to the other. "It's true," she whispered. "True?" Georges said mockingly. "You love him?"

"Yes . . ."
"Kiss him, then!" Georges said savagely. "You love him, you say. Let me see you kiss the man you love!"

She saw Joseph coming to her. And for the second time she ran from a room. She hardly felt her tears until a hand wiped them from her eyes, lifted her chin, forced her to look up at a pale thin face and the brown touselled hair.

"Celestine . . ."

"Leave me alone."

"You can't marry him."

"Why?" she said bitterly. "Do you still think that I have any cap set for you?"

"I'm sorry for what I said in the room that night. I was angry at my mother. Not you. . . ."

"You told me you never wanted to see me again."

"I lied. Forgive me . . ."

She swayed, feeling the pulses beat in her head, seeing again the image of Mauger racing through the channels of her mind. "It's too late, Georges. It's too late now. I must go with Joseph . . ."

"The woman is right," a voice said.

They turned together and they saw Joseph standing there. Georges started slowly toward him.

"Get out, Joseph," he said.

"I warn you," Joseph said coldly. "You come to me at your own risk--"

Georges didn't stop. She heard the sharp sting of blows, heard Joseph's voice cut like a whip: "I'll kill you . . ."

She ran toward them.

"Joseph, don't! Don't touch him!"

"Are you coming?"

"Yes . . ." she said.

Without looking back she left the room. She heard Georges' laboring breathing, heard him try to rise, and fall . . .

The rest of it was a nightmare. Joseph had a carriage waiting in the courtyard. He pushed her on to it. There were two trunks lashed to the seat beside them. The fevered swing of the carriage jolted open. the lid of one of the trunks. Inside, like a hidden sun, she caught the glint of silver. "Where did you get it, Joseph?"

"Lanlaire's," he said harshly. "They owe me something for the years of service."

The horses swung sharply at the road curve. It was all she could do to hang on.

The village loomed ahead. Down the small road, a band came marching, playing their gay tunes, carrying torches to light the night. The Fourteenth of July. Joseph cursed, pulled at the reins. The crowd swirled around them.

They were drunk on wine and gaiety and laughter. Joseph cursed and lashed out with the whip. Then suddenly they were free of the crowd again and Joseph was saying: "The fools ... the fools . . ."

"They were at full gallop once more when Joseph saw that the trunks were loose. They were swaying at the edge of the carriage, threatening to fall to the road. The reins fell from his hands. He lunged to save the trunks.

"Joseph!" Celestine screamed.

But it was too late. He was struggling with the trunks and he never saw the turn in the road. Then the trunks tumbled from their perch and he was carried with them. She heard his scream, cut short, suddenly silent. And then there was only the beat of the horses' hooves, like pelting hail on the cobblestones.

She never knew how she stopped the carriage. Suddenly she saw a slight, frail figure coming toward her through the dark.

"Georges . . ."

"Celestine!"

And she knew then that the dark night would soon be over; the dark night and the nightmare. She knew then that never again, in all the days to come, would she ever be frightened or lonely or cruel. No matter what came, she was home . . .
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BOGEY GIRL
(Continued from page 39)

has studied seamanship and navigation at every opportunity; Betty has been learning the jobs of deck hand, cabin boy, and cook. On their cabin cruiser, the Bogarts usually rolled out around eight in the morning, and Bogey went topside to check the weather and other mysterious nautical details. Betty would make up the bunks, dust the cabin, and prepare breakfast. She learned to make good coffee at once; later she learned to scramble eggs, and fry bacon. Sometimes, bridelike, she had trouble.

One morning she had fried thick lamb chops in a skillet without a pouring spout. She wanted to save the grease, so transferred it from the large skillet to a smaller skillet boasting a spout. Bogey watched this operation with a dubious eye.

Next, the amateur chef started to pour the blisteringly hot oil from the little skillet into an empty coffee can; in her haste, she dumped the entire contents in a miniature Niagara that cascaded over her thumb. Yelling like a trapped banshee, she managed to set down skillet and coffee can before she turned on a dance that the Hopis are going to copyright for their next Snake festival.

Her thumb peeled, layer after layer, for a month, and indications are that a faint pink scar will be permanent.

Bogey laid down several rules for careful cabin conduct. Hot fats were to be poured only into receptacles placed on tables—not held in hand. Fats were to be decanted only after cooling had taken place. His socket was great, which probably explains his saying unhappily, "Carelessness, Charlie. Carelessness."

pride goeth...

Came then the day, several weeks later, when the Bogarts returned to the dock after a fast automobile trip for supplies. When the last item was stowed aboard, the skipper returned to the car, checked for forgotten merchandise, found that all was shipshape, and locked the car.

Ten fast seconds later he realized that he had locked the ignition keys inside. Mr. B., carried on a fast monologue that might have given innocent passersby the impression that Bogey was a minister despite the more lurid results of riotous living. Mrs. Bogart said nothing.

After his conversational block-busting, Bogey located a telephone from which he called a locksmith. Somewhat later, he was once again in full command of his car. At which time he looked at his girl with the guileless face and observed, "It's a good thing you didn't do that, or I would really have given you hell!"

The Bogarts looked at one another and burst into shouts of laughter.

When Betty and Bogey aren't on their boat, they can stay away their lives in a dream house perched on the top of a Hollywood hill. Finding the house in the first place was a minor miracle; they had been looking everywhere when a friend said one night, "I just heard about a house owned by people who are moving to South America. Thought you might be interested, so I got all the information."

Betty drove up the next morning, and the papers were signed a few days later. The house is built in layers. On the top floor, entered from the spiral street that rises like a flagpole from Sunset Boulevard, is the dining room, library, and quarters for May, the world's best cook. She's been with Bogey for ten years.

On the lower floor, reached by a bride's processional dream of a stairway, is the living room, the game room, a terrace from
Valerie's Boss led her quite a mad chase

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Lamp cords look neater if you "Scotch" Tape 'em to the base-board. "Scotch" Tape leaves no ugly holes in your woodwork.

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If the kids' quartette has your sheet music in a mess ... "Scotch" Tape will put it in close harmony before you can say Paderewski!

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Also makers of "3M" Brand abrasives, adhesives, and a wide variety of other products for home and industry
and let-downs, fiascos and lucky breaks of Hollywood, where he finally faced the greatest job of keeping busy—until he clinched his chance.

Back in the last century, the engineer of the pioneer Soo Line train dropped Dennis Morgan's maternal grandfather, O. D. Van Dusen, off beside a lonely stretch of track and puffed on around the bend. Around O. D. was nothing but dark pines, a rushing river, wild animals and Indians. But Grandpa Van Dusen was hunting a site to start a lumber mill and he built one, to found the town of Prentice, named after his partner. His granddaughter, Grace, married the son of another lumber pioneer who left the cozy coastal comfort of Providence, Rhode Island, to go West and make his stake. Her bridegroom's name was Frank Morner, and he was of pure Swedish descent. The Van Dusens were Dutch. In American terms, the blood heritage of Dennis Morgan is pure pioneer. But it was pioneer refined by education.

Grandfather Morner was the first superintendent of schools in South Price County, and he possessed a stubborn Yankee faith in learning. He sent his boy, Frank, to Chicago to Morgan Park Academy and then on to Whalen Academy in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. Frank met Grace Van Dusen while she was studying music in nearby Lawrence College at Appleton. He was twenty-five and she nineteen when they married and settled back home in Prentice, where Frank Morner took a job in the bank. Their first child, Kenneth, was in his third year on the bitter cold morning of December 20, 1915, when Doctor William Ellis carried his snow-dusted medical bag inside the warm and quiet Morner house. As he unwound his muslin and rubbed his chilled hands by the glow.

Dennis Morgan
(Continued from page 35)

"Water-Colors"

Pond's new Make-up Pat washes gorgeously smooth, natural color over your face.

"Camouflages"
Make-up Pat hides little blemishes, freckles. Gives skin a young, "poreless" finish.

"De-Shines"

No more shiny nose! Make-up Pat gives a velvety, just-made-up look that lasts and lasts!

Geraldine Spreckels, society heiress: "Pond's Make-up Pat doesn't look masky... doesn't feel masky!"

Pond's double-formula discovery means softer make-up for blondes

... richer make-up for brunettes

Pond's new Make-up Pat has foolproof shades! The blonde shades never look chalky... the brunette shades never look sallow. Because Make-up Pat has a double formula:

A featherweight formula makes blonde shades go on sheer... delicate... never "pasty."

A richer formula gives brunette shades richer, rosier glow on your skin. Never "flat!"

Just "wash on" Make-up Pat with a damp-to-wet sponge or cotton. While still moist, blend evenly with fingertips.

"Make-up Pat gives a clear, 'poreless,' fine-textured finish that lasts!" says beautiful Geraldine Spreckels.
BRIGHT IDEAS from Hollywood

DOROTHY LAMOUR
star of Paramount’s
“MASQUERADE IN MEXICO”

grows her own earrings! She had clips designed that hold real flowers; now Dottie shops in the garden every morning to pick her fresh-and-fragrant jewelry for the day.

Another bright idea that Dottie shares with many other movie stars is cleaning her teeth with Calox Tooth Powder. Calox has five different cleansing and polishing ingredients to help remove all kinds of surface stains and bring out all the natural lustre of teeth. “I depend on Calox for daily care,” says Dottie.

Calox does more than cleanse and polish. It actually sweetens your breath as it brightens your teeth, leaves your mouth feeling clean and minty-fresh. For a smile of Breath-less Beauty, try Calox Tooth Powder today!

CALOX gives your smile Breath-less Beauty

ing base burner, Doctor Ellis sighed at the imponderable ways of the Lord.

He was on a double mission. In one room he would soon bring into this world the second child of Grace Morner. In another, he knew, her firstborn lay dying.

The Morners knew it, too. It had been evident for months that they soon would lose Baby Kenneth. They summoned up their Protestant faith to give them strength for the inevitable sadness, prayed that the new child would be a boy to replace the loss, and asked God to grant him the strong spark of life their first boy had lacked.

Doctor Ellis brought the answer to their prayer as Frank Morner paced in the parlor by the crackling stove, chewing an unfilled pipe.

“You’ve got a fine son, Frank,” he said wearily. “I never saw a better baby. Perfectly formed, sound as a dollar, nine and a half pounds. Everything’s all right. Now about Kenneth—all. He paused, reflecting that some people who envied a country doctor were plumb crazy.

“Go on.”

Kenneth died New Year’s Eve, less than a week after Stanley Morner dangled by one foot from his father’s strong list and “let out a yip.” The compensations of Providence were never more evident. From the start, the physical ruggedness denied his brother was concentrated in the solid male body of Baby Stanley, named by his dad after a close college chum at Whalen.

He walked at nine months, and talked at eighteen. He crawled around his nursery like a spider, never still a minute. When he could toddle, he was into everything in the house like a noisy puppy to drive his mother mad. He cried seldom but lustily and then only because he was sick. The only trouble he had was gums reluctant to let baby teeth through. They had to be lanced. Later on, he puffed up with the mumps. That’s the only sickness Dennis Morgan ever knew as a kid. It was a good thing. The North Wisconsin woods was no place for a weakling.

SPORTSMAN...

In this boy heaven, Stan, as his folks called him, grew up like a young Indian. He could ski at eight and ice skate earlier, setting off up the creek before the snow fuzzed it, the first kid on the ice every winter. He never fell through the thin crust, because he had a natural outdoors know-how and confidence. He was hardy, too. Once, in first grade, his teacher heard a commotion on the pond near the school-house. Running out, she found Stan gliding across the frozen surface in his bare feet. She hustled him inside, plunked his toes in cold water and chafed them to ward off frostbite.” He laughed at the idea. Frost couldn’t bite him. “Why did you do it?” she demanded.

“Somebody dared me,” said Stan. He added, “And it was fun.”

It was fun, too, for young Stan to haul out of his warm bed in the below zero cold of a winter’s morning, strap on his skis and make the rounds of his river fur traps in the gray dawn. He trapped for muskrat, mostly, because he had a baby sister then, Dorothy, and he wanted to catch her a warm coat. He caught enough to do that and ship more off besides, down to St. Louis where they paid him $1.50 a piece for the pelts, fabulous wealth to a woods kid.

Because of his size, strength, outdoor skill and early manliness it was natural that Stan should be the leader of his gang. There were scads of kids his age in Prentice, all country kids, and at home in the woods—his cousin Arnold Morner, the Shigley boys, Sam Louis, Ralph, Gibby, and “Twisty” Bloomberg. Bill Branch—dozens more. None of them softies. Prentice didn’t breed softies. But somehow, when a
He was pet though the husky character of the older kids. Pete, who was always on the back seat, was the last kid to be picked up. He walked over to Pete, calm and quiet as usual, and his eyes cold.

“You want to fight?” said Pete. He looked like that, short and flat.

Pete threatened to break, but the brute wilted. He didn’t like the omen way Stan Morner hung with the heavies and his mouth straight and tough. Pete was bigger, older, more brawly and had a reputation at stake. But that didn’t stop him from taking the punch.

“Naw,” he said, surprisingly meek all of sudden. “I don’t want to fight.” And he shut up.

They consumed the hot dogs and the ketchup. Pete never done that before, I guess you’re plenty tough, Stan. O’ Tuff Morner!” And that’s how he was named.

A sudden noise above him, and he looked up. Stan Morner was dancing with his buddy, walking on his own, trying to give the impression of being a grown-up.

“Gee, what’s up?” said Tuff Morner.

“It’s a big fish, we saw him yesterday, I bet he’s twenty pounds!” His Dad snorted but produced the three quarters. “All right—but you better catch that whopper!”

Before the noon hour was over, he and his chum were hauling the 25-pound muskelunge dangling from a stick down the main street to the bank. Everybody in town knew about that feat.

no angel...

But if young Stan was a superior specimen in most ways—he wasn’t too good to be true. Nobody ever pinched wings on him, even though he attended Sunday school and wriggled in his pew when the preacher cornered him. The main thing he hated about Sunday school was that his mother made him dress up. Stan’s idea of the proper outfit for a regular guy was something in the leather, corduroy, wool or sheepskin line, preferably with patches of red flannel sewed on here and there for wood warning to hunters. Somehow, even when he was coaxed into party clothes, Stan had to have a touch of the outdoors in his ensemble. His first long pants suit was a rough, tweedy deal in which he made his manly debut at 14 at a chum’s birthday party where you danced with girils. Stan wore the suit all right, with shirt, tie and everything, but he insisted on also wearing rubber boots! Clumped around the floor in them all evening, very happily.

There were other ways Stan Morner fell from grace, when his spirits got the best of him. One day he and cousin Arnold were walking along the main street when right in front of Red Nelson’s restaurant they spied a prize—a discarded package of real cigarettes. They snitched it and made for Grampa Van Dusen’s cow-pasture. Stan had experimented with cornsilk, cat-talpa beans and leaves before, but this genuine pack with eight real cigarettes left was a devastating temptation. They divvied up, four a piec, and set out to smoke up the whole lot. Two was enough. In a few minutes the blue sky above had turned yellow-green and comets and shooting stars raced around the clouds. Tuff Morner, 12, tried to pull himself to his feet and stumble home, but he couldn’t make it. Neither could Arnold. They just lay there rolling their eyes helplessly and groaning until dusk. Then they helped each other home.

One Halloween Tuff Morner was a conspirator in what remained a painful memory of the Prentice school board.

Some older boys did the dirty work—sneaking up the fire escape in the dead of night and sprinkling the stuff all over the chairs and desks, whose varnish it promptly ate away. So technically, you can’t call Tuff Morner directly responsible for the fact that the high school closed up tight for two days and was an unholy place to be near for a good month. But after all, Tuff’s role, though removed from the scene of operations, was basic. He supplied the Essence of Skunk.

Every calendar red letter day, whether Halloween, Decoration Day, Thanksgiving, Easter or Fourth of July, was a big event in Prentice. It was remote, 200 miles from Minneapolis, the first big town Dennis Morgan ever saw and where he spied his first awe-inspiring street car. And in small lonesome towns a holiday is a holiday; they make a fuss; there isn’t much other excitement to spice up the year.

His birthday was December 20 and that was the day the family always trimmed the Christmas tree. Stanley had his presents.

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that night after dinner—a separate batch of birthday gifts—that didn't take anything away from the second haul five days later. And one Christmas he found a trombone under the tree. Music was in his blood.

Grace Morner was always singing around the house and she had been studying music at Lawrence College when Stan's father, Frank, met and married her. Her musical ear knew the gift when she heard it, and when her boy began singing the songs she sang and, untutored, making music in his boyish soprano, she knew what to do. She called Miss Nellie Dwyer, the best music teacher in Prentice. Tuff Morner felt a little silly at first but the teacher cleverly coaxed him. Miss Dwyer closed her eyes and listened. When she opened them she dabbed with her kerchief. "He's got a beautiful voice," she said. Stan pawed the rug with his toe, embarrassed. "He ought to be taking piano lessons right now," suggested Nellie Dwyer. "He'll appreciate it so much when he grows up."

So Tuff Morner began learning his finger exercises, scales and chords. He was ten years old and was one thing, but the mathematics of a keyboard were another. The lessons started out all right, but half way through Stan would plead, "Let's have a singing lesson," and Miss Dwyer, who couldn't resist that clear young voice, would weaken. She felt a little guilty, sneaking in singing lessons, when piano was her specialty—but—well it was obvious Stanley Morner wasn't ever going to send Faderewski back to Poland. He labored almost three years before he finally quit.

you'll be sorry...

One of Dennis Morgan's adult regrets today is that he didn't muddle through with his piano lessons. What he'd give today to accompany his mature voice adequately! He felt Nellie Dwyer was right even then when she said, "You'll regret it later, Stanley." But still he quit. He didn't like to finger any old piano, darn it! He liked to sing. Fortunately, Dennis' own boy, Stanley, Junior, can ripple over the keys. When his dad tunes up at home, Stan, Jr., asks, "What key you want it in, Dad?"

When he was twelve the "Beethoven Trio" was born. It was Stan Morner's first self-propelled step toward a career, extravagant as the pretentious title sounded. Beethoven was about the best, wasn't he? Okay, nothing but the best for Tuff Morner. His cousin, Phyllis, played the piano in the "trio," Carl Samuelson, another Prentice boy, the violin, and Stan sang. They got to be a regular feature whenever anybody celebrated anything in Prentice. As long as he could use his natural voice, Stan Morner loved every minute of it, even if it meant practice in working up a repertoire. There's only one time on record where he ever missed a singing engagement, no matter how hard or dinky, once he got started.

That was one Christmas day, oddly enough, and it involved a matter of the heart. Try and make Tuff Morner sick enough in an ordinary way to miss a chance to sing for an audience. But this was a little different. He had a dog, the best dog he ever had, named Bob. Bob was a colt with a black stripe and while collies aren't bred to hunt, ordinarily, Bob could do anything any dog could and some things a human could, too. The Christie farm was especially severe and a heavy blanket of snow covered the ground. When he got up for his presents, Stan noticed that Bob was droopy. Dis- tendent that the day got worse and finally he began acting funny. They let him out and off he tore through the snow, running his heart out, and Stan plunging after him. He never caught Bob until he was dead, although he stumbled clear across town and into the open fields, with not enough clothes on. Even that
The trombone added a new interest to the rapidly multiplying operations of Tuff Morner's life. Stan blared away in the attic and backyard until the neighbors almost went out of their minds. But he mastered it at last and joined the Prentice city band, with cousin Arnold. They tooted at all civic occasions and always at the County Fair, down at the county seat, near-by Phillips, Wisconsin. By this time, too, Tuff Morner was deep in high school athletics, the pillar of the Prentice High basketball team, at center, and the catcher on the baseball team. And he still had energy to spare.

At one County Fair, Dennis remembers, he played with the Prentice band all morning, took off time that afternoon to catch the feature ball game between Prentice and Phillips, and was back at his slide trombone that evening to blare away until they shut off the lights at the Fair. That job netted him an even five bucks.

Stanley Morner's multiple interests expanded even more when the family moved to Marshfield. He was 16 then, a huge hulk of a kid. He'd had three years at Prentice High and it seemed more or less like the end of the world when his dad decided to take the job as office manager of a veneer door company at Marshfield.

The house in Marshfield was more modern and stilled. But the only way the larger town changed Stan was to plunge him into more activity. He missed the woods so much that every holiday he ran right back, carrying his shotgun or fishing rod (as he still does clear from Hollywood—when he gets the chance) but where he had been a ten-dollar whiz at Prentice, Tuff grew into a fifty-dollar sensation at Marshfield's McKinley High. He also grew out of the belligerent tag of his boyhood. "Tuff" vanished and he became strictly Stan. After all, a senior in high school has to have some dignity. And right away Stan Morner laid claim to fame as he never had even at Prentice.

He made every athletic team there was to make, collecting enough "M" sweaters that year to keep his mother's moths happy for years. There was football, of course, basketball, and two new big town sports...
Don't let blackheads, stubborn dirt or dry, aging "top skin" hide the natural radiance of your complexion. Exquisite cleansing is this simple: once a week, Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack. And, every day, Homogenized Facial Cream.

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Once a week... this "blushing beauty" Mask!
Spread White Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax while it "lifts up" tired, lax tissues. Helps to loosen blackheads and cleanse pore openings. Wash off when dry (about 8 minutes).

Now see how your complexion glows with a fresher, livelier bloom—awakened by White Clay Pack's gentle blushing action. Your skin seems firmer, finer in texture—free from unlovely "top skin". And your fresher, smoother complexion takes make-up with utter flattery. Clearly you look younger, prettier. And here's what you'll do, every day, to help protect that charm...

Daily... protection for fresh underskin clarity
To get the most glamorous results from your weekly White Clay Pack, follow this daily beauty care with Homogenized Facial Cream. This rich, blush-pink cream cleanses and lubricates superbly—helps to soften rough, dry skin.

Pat on with upward, outward strokes—light-as-leather pats around your eyes where tiny lines show. (See diagram.) For extra lubrication, apply a thin film at night. Watch your skin reveal a brighter, smoother freshness that's so ready for make-up—and for compliments!

Prentice hadn't gone in for much—football and track. He kept up with his singing, under a Mrs. William, made the Glee Club, where he soloed. The period of voice changing suspense had safely passed with Stan Morner. Instead of losing—as some predicted—the clear boyish tenor that all Price County knew, he emerged from the cracking process with a firm, manly young tenor that was better than ever.

He took up dramas and debating. Stan had appeared in dozens of amateur playlets before, around Prentice, cast mainly because he was handsome and could sing like a thrush. Later, he joined the debating club, but Stan wasn't cut out for an orator. The trouble was he couldn't hold himself in. When he got going on the rostrum he jabbered away so fast the audience and judges got dizzy.

The coach impressed this on Stan and he knew his fault but couldn't stop once he started. He had an idea. First debating contest, he told his adoring sister Dorothy to sit in the front row. "I'll watch you," said Stan, "out of the corner of my eye and if I'm talking too fast, you wink. Then I'll slow down," Dorothy agreed.

When Stan started his speech she started winking and she never stopped. He was rattling off his arguments like a tobacco auctioneer. He saw Dorothy batting her eyelids like a butterfly's wings but he couldn't do a thing about it. The fifteen-minute speech ended in a fast five. Everybody near her felt so sorry for that poor Morner girl with the unfortunate tic, or St. Vitus dance, or whatever it was. As for the Marshfield Debating Team—it lost.

Dorothy Morner was starting Marshfield High about the year Stan was finishing. For a while she couldn't understand why she was so popular with all the girls, Juniors and Seniors who ordinarily scorned freshmen. But the light didn't take long to dawn. "Tell us about Stan," the girls urged. Dorothy could have run a bustling date bureau except for one item: She knew her brother, Stan. He didn't have much time for girls. Never had.

Maybe it had something to do with the first advance Tuff Morner made to one of the fair sex. She was a spunky little moppet in pigtails, in first grade. He was just trying to be friendly and help her home with her books. But she thought he was trying to snitch them. She picked up a big rock and let him have it—right on the noggin. Blood ran down over his eyes and blinded him. To this day Dennis Morgan carries the scar, under his thick curls, of that early adventure in sweet romance.

along came lillian...

But truthfully, Tuff Morner never felt one lone pang of romance until one May day, while still living in Prentice, he made a trip down to Marshfield. On the corner by the bank a tall, pretty girl was smiling vivaciously as she sold Buddy poppies to the passing citizens on a War Veteran's benefit day. Her name, which Stan didn't know, was Lillian Vedder, and her father, Dr. Harry Vedder, was Marshfield's leading physician and surgeon. Stan didn't meet her or even approach to buy a poppy. He just stared awkwardly. But he couldn't get her face out of his mind.

The next summer, when he moved to Marshfield, he took a vacation job in a lumber mill and one day ran a nail into his foot. They sent him over to Dr. Vedder's house, and after he was treated, and limped down the porch steps, Stan thought he saw a lace curtain move. He had no idea why until he saw the girl who'd made his heart pound that spring Poppy Day. She was in his class at McKinley High. She was a senior, too. Her name was Lillian Vedder. Lillian was the first sweetheart Stan Morner ever had—and the only one. She's Mrs. Dennis Morgan, of
course, today. She was the reason, back then, that Stanley Morner went to Carroll College.

At graduation, Stan managed the Senior Prom, bought a special pair of orange-colored pointed shoes for the occasion, a new tie and sat out every dance he didn't dance with Lillian. He wasn't the valedictorian of the class (although he never flunked a subject in his life), but for only a year's stay at McKinley High, no graduating senior had more honors after his name in the class book—Glee Club, Debating, Football, Basketball, Track, Hi-Y. Maybe it was significant that in the face of all these honors, the verse picked to sum up Stan Morner was this:

"He ceased, but left so Charming on their ear His song, that listening Still they seemed to hear..."

The melody of Stan Morner was what lingered on.

Stan was supposed to go to Lawrence College, in Appleton, Wisconsin, his mother's alma mater, and he should have gone to Lawrence College, Wisconsin University or Northwestern on a scholarship. He picked Carroll College in Waukesha. There was only one real reason. Lillian Vedder was going on to Carroll. It was a Presbyterian college and her grandfather was a Presbyterian minister. Stan had teetered between the Baptist and Presbyterian denominations all his young life. But at that point his religion was Lillian. When Carroll offered him a scholarship he took it.

romantic interference... The Morners moved to Park Falls, Wisconsin, that summer after Stan's graduation, where Frank Morner found a better business opportunity. But Stan barely learned the names of the streets before he was down at Waukesha and a Carroll College frosh. The "job" they'd promised to find him, so he could work his way through and play football, turned out to be washing dishes in a Chinese restaurant. Next came a Greek restaurant, same job, same wages, but easier hours. Stan didn't mind the suds, although it seemed he never got through. Lillian and Stan enrolled in the same classes: Shakespearean drama, modern drama, dramatic stage direction, the Workshop. Stan carried on his voice lessons in the music department under Clarence Sheppers and of course, he couldn't stop playing football. He made the Varsity at tackle, and all the time Stan Morner was at Carroll the team lost only two games. One particular triumph Dennis remembers with a wickedly reminiscent chuckle was the Lawrence game. That was a pretty lopsided victory for Carroll College that year. Because—well, the running star of the Lawrence eleven was a Marshfield boy and an old beau of Lillian Vedder's who still had hopes. Did he get bottled up that day? Weighing 195 then, Stan Morner was a cork, too, at tackle, when he wanted to be. Because, by now, young as they were, Stan and Lillian had an "understanding," as they said in those days, instead of "going steady." Stan lived at his Beta Pi Epollon fraternity house and Lillian stayed at the college girls' dorm. But every spare minute of the day and night they were together somewhere, on or off the Carroll campus.

The first play Lillian and Stan did together at school, "The Goose Hangs High," had a kissing scene, in which another character was supposed to interrupt and throw the lovers into a tizzy. Unfortunately for Lillian and Stan, the part of this intruder fell to a certain guy who loved nothing better than to tease and torment. Through-out rehearsals he arrived on cue every time. But the opening night of "The
Goose," when Lillian and Stan went into their clinch—well—they kissed, and they kissed, and finally started looking desperately toward the wings. No intruder arrived. Finally the audience began to clap and whistle and solely then, his joke off, did the breaker-upper, with a wink to the house, enter. After the show Stan chased him all around the campus, hell for leather, but he really wasn't as sore as he made out.

**top man . . .**

So at Carroll College, as at Prentice and Marshfield Highs, Stan Morner was strictly a ball of fire. Stan sang Sundays in church and at funerals, too. He got a fee. He was a professional. The local movie house, the Park Theater, began to feature the golden voiced college tenor, Mr. Stanley Morner, in brief concerts between reels. One yellowed ad Dennis still has announces grandly that there will be "A special musical number, 'The Indian Love Call' featuring Stanley Morner, with unique stage effects." On top of everything else, Stan took time out twice to win the Wisconsin state championship in the Atwater Kent radio singing contests—a nation wide radio talent search back around 1930. At the finals in Milwaukee for the ten midwestern states, Stan stopped off on his way back from Lawrence College where he had just played Carroll's big game in a snowstorm. He sang "Ah, Moon of My Delight" and rejoined the team; On the train one of his teammates started razzing him, "Look who's in the newspaper—old 'Moon Morner!' He'd won second place for the whole Midwest, right off the cuff like that.

Stan Morner and Lillian Vedder graduated together from college in 1931. That summer Stan travelled on a Chautauqua tour all through the Midwest states with the Carroll College Glee Club, and Lillian went home to Marshfield. They had marriage definitely in mind by then but there was the small business of making a living. They made plans to wait. Stan would go to Milwaukee and get a job that fall. Lillian accepted an offer to teach school in a small Wisconsin town, Shawano.

In September, Stan packed his clothes and left Park Falls for Milwaukee. He made the rounds of the big lumber companies because didn't he know lumber? In spite of all his singing and acting triumphs, it still didn't occur to Stan Morner that you could make a living that way. With his conservative thinking and his dad's advice, the lumber game seemed to offer the best chance for him to become a solid citizen and marry Lillian.

**jazzing up the graveyard . . .**

Luckily for a lot of people, including Dennis Morgan (although it didn't seem so then)—there weren't any jobs in Milwaukee even for a guy who knew his stuff like Stan did. There was a blighting thing on called the Great Depression, then wallowing in its lowest ditch. Bewildered, Stan walked one day over to WTMJ, the Milwaukee Journal's radio station. He had a friend, Russ Winnie, who was chief announcer there. Right away his Atwater Kent publicity paid off. Russ landed him a solo spot on a musical program for a starter and then offered steady, a staff announcer's job. Stan grabbed it.

For the first six months Stanley Morner worked the graveyard shift at WTMJ. He announced the hotel bands that played nightly dance music. He gave out with the weather reports. He read poetry in between organ recitals. Sometimes he sang a number to fill in.

One day Russ Winnie said, "You're quite an athlete, Stan. Think you can announce sports?" Stan knew all sports and all about them. "Sure," he replied confidently. "Okay," said Russ "Take over the In-
dianapolls-Milwaukee game this afternoon and make it live."

Stan sent Lillian a wire to listen in that afternoon. He was pretty happy about the break. Sports announcers around Milwaukee got about as famous as the players. It was definitely a break. And down in Shawano, Lillian Vedder rushed from her classes to her radio in time to hear Stan tossing personality around recklessly over the air. Maybe it was too reckless, because in his enthusiasm, Stan was burning up the air waves—and getting himself in a jam about every other minute.

It was one of those games, to start with—a wild one, score, 18 to 12. But that was only half the reason Stan Morner got off the beam. He was trying to give it too much red hot pepper.

"There it goes—there it goes!" he'd yell into the mike, "Out of the park for a homer!" Then "N-o-o-o-o-o-o, the fielder caught it. He's out."

love's not blind . . .

Or "He's sliding, he's sliding—he's safe at home to put Milwaukee out in the lead!" And a few seconds later, "No, that's wrong. The catcher tagged him out!" He got the score all balled up, the players' names and positions mixed. He was pretty awful. Even Lillian, who loved him, could tell that.

But Stan learned, even sports announcing. He helped out Russ Winnie around WTMJ for over a year while Lillian taught English at Shawano. But Stan was restless. He wanted to get married. He needed money. There was no radio future for him in Milwaukee worth sticking around for. That he could see. Chicago was the big radio town and the World's Fair was getting started there.

Stan found Chicago rocking and rolling with a boom in the amusement world. The Fair had busted the town wide open. Anybody who could entertain the huge crowds pouring in was set, and once he opened his throat, Stan Morner had no trouble. He landed a job at once singing on the stage of the Chicago Theater. Then the State Lake. The Fair itself. A friend at the State Lake introduced him to Vernon Buck, who led the orchestra in the famous Empire Room at the Palmer House, Chicago's greatest hotel. A good looking, golden voiced, manly guy. Stan Morner couldn't miss. After a week he had a contract in his hand—six weeks (he later stayed forty-eight straight) at one hundred and fifty dollars a week.

Up out of Stan Morner's subconscious all of a sudden popped the scene back in Prentice. His dad counting the water crinkled greenbacks on the bed after the bank burned down. He heard his dad's words,

"When you like something you're usually good at it, too!"

And his own, "I like to sing."

decision . . .

Why, sure! Why not make his living, found his future on what he really liked, what he was good at? Why not sing, and act and entertain? Stan Morner's lingering doubts flew away like dusty moths out of a closet. He raced for the nearest phone and told the operator, "Get me Shawano, Wisconsin, and hurry please!" In a minute the voice he'd missed all these months was on the wire. "Lillian, darling, I'm getting married. Stan Morner, still talking too fast and with no sister to wink him down. "I've got a contract singing at the Empire Room. I'm in the money. Let's get married."

But Lillian understood every word he said. And of course she answered "Yes!"

(Dennis Morgan's life story will be concluded in the April issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

**Picture of comfort!** How can baby help "looking pleasant" in that downy soft cocoon of a North Star? You see, a baby blanket by North Star turns out to be something pretty special—wonderfully fine virgin wools, woven and double napped with the same skill and care lavished on regular sizes. So baby gets an airy-light treasure of a blanket, warm and petal-soft as only virgin wool can be. Wash? Beautifully. Wear? Years and years. Really, just about the most welcome gift ever . . . for your baby . . . any baby.

**IRIS** (pictured) is woven of fine virgin wools, 42x60 inches (that's five feet), in Baby Blue, Baby Pink, White . . . with matching binding on all four sides. Price $9.50.

**NOD** is knitted of soft, selected virgin wools. Ends bound in rayon satin ribbon to match Baby Blue or Baby Pink. 42x60 inches. Price $6.95.

FREE! "Sleep, Baby, Sleep", . . . an engaging, informative booklet on baby's sleep problems, nursery, layette. North Star Woolen Mill Co., 274-A, South Second Street, Minneapolis 1, Minn.
BOTH DELIGHTFUL FOOD AND CHARMING GUESTS MAKE "THE PLAYERS," THIRD IN OUR SERIES OF HOLLYWOOD RESTAURANTS, A PLACE TO ENJOY!

REVIEWING "THE PLAYERS"

Director-producer Preston Sturges’ restaurant, “The Players,” we rate an A production! The scene is a huge old house with many large rooms and an open terrace facing Sunset Boulevard. Off the terrace there is the “Flotilla Room” with walls lined with paintings of sailing ships. (Even bringing all these paintings from his home to the restaurant didn’t make a dent in Sturges’ collection!)

Then there is the Blue Room with a view of the city’s lights at night—to get to this, oddly enough, customers have to pass through the busy kitchen. The Play Room, beside the Blue Room, has a night-clubbish look, a dance floor and a smooth orchestra.

The cast of Hollywood movie characters in whose honor the restaurant was named is a large one. They add definite glamor to the surroundings, autograph its many lampshades and give tourists something to write home about. Mr. Pillet, the manager, says only Katharine Hepburn and Constance Bennett have not

Deanna Durbin, one of the favorite customers, practically lived at “The Players” before her recent marriage.

Through the portals of this charming eating spot pass the darlings of the world’s great entertainment industry.
The food is excellent, the menu varied, with French phrases sprinkled liberally throughout, and those customers who didn't bone away at their French vocabulary in school have to order by pointing and hoping! Most of the stars haven't any specialty, but prefer to experiment with delicacies offered "à la carte."

Here, with minor changes, are two of "The Players" best recipes:

**ONION SOUP AU GRATIN**

3 tablespoons sweet butter
3 medium onions, finely sliced
2 quarts plain consomme or water
2 teaspoons salt or to taste
Dash of pepper
1 cup canned tomatoes, chopped, or tomato juice
6 to 8 slices toasted rolls, buttered
4 tablespoons grated Italian cheese

Melt butter in soup kettle, add sliced onions and cook over very low heat until onions are golden brown. Add consomme or water, salt and pepper and cook 10 or 15 minutes until onions are tender. Add tomatoes. (If consomme is being made by adding 1 beef bouillon cube per cup of water, or 6 cubes in all, add at this point and stir until dissolved.) Place soup in earthenware casserole. Lay buttered toasted roll slices on top, sprinkle with cheese and brown under hot broiler or in oven. Serve very hot. Serves 6 to 8.

**LAMB KIDNEYS SAUTE TURBIGO**

9 lamb kidneys
3/4 cup butter or fortified margarine
Light sprinkling of salt and pepper
1 cup sliced fresh or canned mushrooms
1 chopped shallot or half small onion, minced
2 or 3 tablespoons sherry or red wine
3/4 clove garlic
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup canned bouillon or 2 bouillon cubes with 1 cup hot water
6 small pork sausage, optional

Remove skin from kidneys, wash and dry them. Cut each kidney in 2 pieces if small, 4 pieces if large. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan and when hot, add kidneys. Saute, stirring the kidneys quickly in the hot fat for about 5 minutes. (Overcooking makes kidneys tough.) Remove kidneys from pan. Add another tablespoon butter to pan and the sliced mushrooms. Cook slowly over low heat for about 6 minutes. Add chopped shallot or minced onion and wine. Cook slowly a few minutes longer. Make a brown sauce this way: Rub small saucepan with garlic. Melt 2 tablespoons butter and remove from heat while stirring in flour and bouillon or water, which should be added gradually. Replace over heat and cook, stirring constantly until mixture bubbles. (If water and bouillon cubes are used, add bouillon cubes at this point and stir until dissolved.) Combine brown sauce, mushrooms, and kidneys and reheat carefully, but do not let mixture boil. Add more salt and pepper if needed. Add broiled sausages, if desired. Serve with boiled potatoes or vegetables. Serves 3.

Yes—the nation's long-standing order for Fels-Naptha Soap is being filled. Cars of this badly-needed, civilian laundry soap are rolling to all parts of the country.

You won't have to 'do with something else' much longer. You won't have to shut your eyes to "Tattle-Tale Gray," Shirts and sheets and towels will come out of the wash the way they should—dazzling white and sweet.

As so many women have learned during recent war-time years—to keep a house and a family really clean, there's nothing like good, mild soap and gentle naphtha—Fels-Naptha Soap!
WATCH JOHNNY COY!

(Continued from page 37)

long feature dance for “Blue Skies,” and when he was through he came back over, puffing a little, to the admiring Johnny.

“Howard you like new guy? Piano he was a— wonderful fellow, Johnny. He stopped and dropped on the sofa. "He’s a wonder, that one,“ smiled Billy.

When Johnny Coy was rehearsing his "Johnny Comes Marching Home" dance for "Duffy’s Tavern," he got stuck for a certain step that just wouldn’t work out. He and Billy tried a dozen or more, but not one was quite right. Billy went home that evening as relaxed as an old shirt; in fact, he had some friends in for an evening of fun. Johnny Coy—well—along about midnight Johnny stopped tossing and turning and finally crawled into bed and said, "I have a nasty head cold. I’ve got it!" he cried to his four walls. He hopped out of the covers, flung an overcoat over his pajamas and jumped into his jalopy.

Minutes later Billy heard a bang on his door and opened it. In burst Johnny. He’d raced clear from Hollywood to Beverly Hills that evening. He’d done every possible thing—go-to-the-picture shows and see the guests. "Billy," he cried, "I’ve got it! Look," and he whipped off his coat and went into the dance in his pajamas, right to his socks, and said, "Fine," agreed Billy. "Absolutely okay.

“I thought so. Thanks," panted Johnny. "G’night—and he whizzed out the door, raced back to bed and slept like a top!"

PAID PASSION FOR FASHION

Golly, how you envy those tall, Bacall-ish gals who look so elegant in the severest sports clothes. Or may-be deep inside you’re really the frilly type, but with your hips—in frills you’re a frump. Well, relax, sister; your problem’s solved! Whether you’re tall, short, tubby, or bean-pole-ish—whether you prefer tweeds or tassels—you can find the styles most flattering to your figure in Modern Screen’s fashion charts, “Sportswear That Flatters” and “Date Dress Data.” They’re on your request. Turn to page 22 for details.

When you meet Johnny Coy in the quivering flesh you can’t help vibrating to the high voltage he sparkles. He’s a hale of fire, a hunk of U-235. That mighty atom business fits him, too, because he’s small, about five feet eight, but packing plenty power. He’s Scotch (real name’s Oglivie) and you can tell it by the bushy brown brows that curve alertly up over his bright blue eyes and the curly, thick mop of chestnut hair that won’t stay under "Uncle." He plays bagpipes, and he’s so good that he can dream in the bag, so good that he can dream in the bag, and he can play them blindfolded on the stage. The toes are what Johnny prefers to talk with.

"Jake" the kids called Johnny Oglivie up stairs, in a place where he was born and where, when he was eight years old, a frisky aunt came over from Scotland to visit one time, let down her Glenarry and did the Highland Fling, right in the kitchen. Jake couldn’t eat his oatmeal until she taught him how. That did it. He started flinging himself around the house and came to Johnny, and to make it more weird, the kid Coy took up bagpipes and skirled and blew while his skirts flew (gosh, that’s poetry). The result of all this kind of Celtic carry-in’s on was that when he was still in knickers he became a big Highland Fling operator around the Maple Leaf belt, flinging himself around in Montreal, Windsor, and Toronto. Johnny Coy is the modern Canadian and collecting cups like a bus boy at Child’s. You know how many medals and cups (including one ten-gallon gold one) he has? Six. He’s the only one in Canada and collecting cups like a bus boy at Child’s. You know how many medals and cups (including one ten-gallon gold one) he has? Six. He’s the only one in Canada...
Menu Foresight

Dinner may still be hours away, but you know it will be a success — you're having Schlitz. Serving Schlitz to your guests is like bringing out your best linen or silver — it says "Nothing's too good for our friends!"

JUST THE kiss OF THE HOPS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Copyright 1945, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
If you look pale and listless—if you seem to be slowing down—a deficiency of the blood may be to blame.

So many people look older than their years—colorless, worn, weary. They're only faded photographs of their former selves. Yes, and these people may find the cause is a Borderline Anemia. Women and children especially are subject to Borderline Anemia—a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—but many men, too, are its victims!

Your blood—and your blood alone—carries oxygen and releases energy to every organ, every muscle, every fibre. Your blood is your "supply line" of vitality and drive. So if there is a deficiency in your blood—if the red blood cells aren't big enough and strong enough and healthy enough, you just can't hope to feel vigorous, "alive"! Borderline Anemia means that the quality of your blood is below par, that the red blood cells can't do their important job right.

Take Ironized Yeast to Build Up Blood, Energy

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be caused by other conditions. Always be sure to consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you find yourself envying others their youthful vitality and their glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. When all you need is stronger, healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast Tablets will help you build up your blood and your energy. At all drugstores.

Ironized Yeast TABLETS
The point is—Jake Coy went through the mill before he was half grown, but the only time he ever got fainthearted and decided to chuck dancing, it wouldn't work. That happened in Chicago, when he was with piano partner Eddie Duchin. There was a vacancy in a small Abbott dancer who worked at the Palmer House with Oh, Johnny, Oh, was one. The war in Europe was another. One night Johnny tossed and turned, and he and his partner, Buddy DeSylva, reached the edge, bug and baggage. He took a job in a Chicago factory to be near the girl. When that went poof! he hustled home across the border and joined up with the Canadian First Engineers and they handed him a medical discharge for a hearing deficiency. He borrowed money and left Montreal for Chicago. That was the only stretch since he was 14 that he wasn't dancing. And it didn't last long.

But on this second trip to the States, Johnny Coy found he was through it first. His folks couldn't send him money when he was in a jam, like before. You couldn't send Canadian cash across the border and join the army on your own. He didn't have any luck with jobs, either, and finally settled for cheap clubs in tank towns around New England. Took him 15 months to save $30 a week, and even then he never made less than $150. So he got seasoned some more. He got booted out of his cheap Manhattan hotel for two weeks unpaid rent. He slept all night on poverty circuit buses, ate at Acme lunches and Ma's places, slept in boarding house dumps where he washed and ironed his own clothes and put his pants under the mattress at night.

Then one day a call came from Monte Roser, who runs the famous Copacabana in New York, and happy days were there again for Johnny. He opened with the Copacabana road show at the Book-Cadillac in Detroit. Pretty soon came another—and Monte bade his boy Coy back home base at the Copa itself to replace the Berry Brothers in the show. That's when life began the best of all. It was 24 months and a Grade-A showcase on Broadway and all that he needed.

Johnny stayed at the Copacabana for twenty-five weeks. He was hit from the time he tapered his first toe. All the shahs of show business came and saw and marveled, but it was a gal from Texas who had something to say about this new musical on the fire, "Dancing In The Streets"—and didn't I tell you that once you see Johnny Coy you can put him down as "a dance star" and "Coy" together like ham-and-eggs forever? Everything was Jake as far as Mary was concerned, to put the "Dance" in "Dancing In The Streets!"

Three weeks in Boston proved that "Dancing In The Streets" should be saved for Thanksgiving dinner, and even though the whole cast, including Johnny, offered to work for nothing—because they were nuts about Mary—she said "Don't be silly" and that was that. It never saw Broadway, but Wenzel, the producer, was completely Coy-conscious by then, and those Texans certainly believe in action. She called Johnny, who was back in New York and living with Rags, by phone for lunch at Twenty-One with Mary's mate, Dick Halliday, a Hollywood story shark. He knew about a jockey part in "Salty O'Ronke, and that was getting started. "You're the jockey," said Mary, with that no-back-talk tone of voice, "and when Buddy DeSylva (who was then Paramount's big boss in Hollywood) "comes to town tomorrow I'm going to tell him so! Once you get to Hollywood," prophesied Martin Marx, "and tap one toe off the racetrack, stick around and I will leave you know!"

That's how Johnny met his best Hollywood friend and backer-upper, Buddy DeSylva. With all the experience he had on Broadway and in Hollywood both, Buddy didn't have to look twice to make up his mind. "You come to Rudy," he said, "over at Paramount's big boss in Hollywood" "comes to town tomorrow I'm going to tell him so! Once you get to Hollywood," prophesied Martin Marx, "and tap one toe off the racetrack, stick around and I will leave you know!"

One July night
Dennis Morgan
and J. Harold Stetson
at the
Red Cross Rec
Hall for hospital
patients. The
heat was
unbearable,
and after his first song
he pulled off his
cost and unbuttoned
his shirt collar.
At that point,
several GIs
called out, "Take it off!"
And believe it or not, before a large
group of astonished nurses and GIs,
he kicked off his shirt and continued singing!

Pet. L. A. Thompson
Ft. Knox, Kentucky
claiming, patter or pantomime. Once, Johnny got so lost in the party routine that he stayed and stayed. When he came out to his jalopy to drive his date home, it wouldn't start. "Funny," he thought. He hopped out and lifted the hood, and believe it or not, the motor was gone! Whole darned thing! While he was making the floor bounce inside, the motor snatchers had calmly gone about dismantling the heap's insides. And even though that clunky operation had taken place only a few yards from the open window, Coy never heard a tickle. But no wonder, the way he was massaging those floor boards.

Johnny's dodged Cupid successfully since he came to Hollywood but if he has a warm spot, it's for pretty and talented Ann Blythe, the girl who acted right up to Joan Crawford in 'Mildred Pierce.' He goes to see her all the time ever since—well, here's the story:

One day Johnny picked up the morning paper to read, to his dismay, about tragic accident. A rising young Hollywood actress had broken her back. He didn't know the actress, but he knew how he'd feel if that happened to him. He went right down to the florist's and sen flowers and a note, doing his best to relay cheer and courage. He knew the girl wouldn't know him from Adam, but just the same he felt good doing what he did. She sent back a note of thanks and later when she got better, Jake called it a person and they've been friends ever since. Since Ann is up and about now and walking again, Johnny's the devoted boy friend. But the point of my story is: Jake Coy didn't look up the girl he admired because she was gorgeous and glamorous. He was spurred by deeper motives—because she was a damsel in distress. It's the kind of thing stars do when they're people, too. And when one acts that way at 26, as Jake Coy did, he's got a good head start being a real person the rest of his days—no matter what flattering or flattering surprises the future packs.

That's why in my little red book 'Jake' the McCoy. Or maybe you'd say 'Jake' the Coy. At any rate—Coy's my boy!

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID
(Production)
(Continued from page 51)

but during the shooting of the picture consumed almost three dozen entire rose petal by petal. Wife Goddard was con
cerned for her husband's digestive system and insisted that the rose petals be pu through a scientific analysis. It turned out to everyone's amazement, that rose petal have more vitamin D than spinach. Hattfield changed type from the elegant Dorian Gray to an honest, romantic young character who gets beautifully mauled in a tangle with Frances Lederer. Burgess Meredith was in the middle of love scene with his wife when Snoopy, the viel which caught fire. Quick thinking by Franc Lederer prevented serious burns when the actor made a grab at the flaming top pie and tossed it across the room... Hurd favorite scene was the one where, poppe up in bed and swaddled in a full-length nightgown of brocaded silk, he is serve champagne by Paulette. During rehearsals Paulette burst into semi-hysterics. "Yo look just like Marlene Dietrich in one her bedroom scenes!" she howled.
One of Philadelphia's most widely traveled and popular social leaders, Doreen Drexel has an excitingly fresh, fair-skinned beauty. She loves her quick complexion "pick-up" with Pond's 1-Minute Mask. "It makes my complexion look clearer... feel much softer!" she says.

**1-Minute Mask**

"refreshes my complexion quickly"

**Her 1-Minute Mask makes Doreen Drexel even lovelier!**

**Treat your face to this one-minute “Beauty Pick-Up”**

For a lovelier complexion tonight, slather a satiny, fragrant coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your entire face—all but eyes.

The Mask works by what skin specialists call "keratolytic" action. It loosens and dissolves tiny dry skin roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles! After one full minute, tissue off.

After the Mask your skin looks more radiant... finer-textured... smoother! You're ready for easy make-up—and a glamorous evening!

**Quick velvety powder base...**

Pond's Vanishing Cream is an ideal base for quick make-ups! Stroke on a light film of Cream and leave it on. Ungreasy... long-lasting!

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!
were pretty dramatic about it."

"I may have been dramatic, but I was also right!"

Of course she was right. Now, dancing with Dick fourteen years later, she knew it, as she told him the story.

"Margie!" he had grinned at her teasingly. "Guess we'll have to make 'Margie' my special song for you, since you're such a sentimental gal.

When Dick was little he may have looked like an angel but he didn't always act like one. Sometimes Marguerite would go upstairs after he'd gone to bed, and find him gnawing on a sandwich which he had snitched from the refrigerator.

"Richard, you know you aren't supposed to do that."

Dick would give her a look of wide-eyed innocence. "I had to get it for the elves, mother."

"For the what?"

"The elves. The ones that come out of the glass door knob."

She would struggle between laughter and irritation. "You know perfectly well there are no such things as elves!"

"There are, too. I lie here and look at the door knob and it gets bigger and bigger and pretty soon a whole troop of elves comes out, and you know what? They're always hungry. So I go and get a sandwich. And look! it's all gone."

just a softie . . .

It was always hard for Mrs Haymes to discipline the boys. "I just won't do it," she decided. "I'll send them away to school where they'll have men teachers to discipline them. Then when we're together on vacations, we'll just have fun."

So the boys went to schools in France and schools in Switzerland. Dick became an expert skier and swimmer, and learned to speak French as well as Spanish and English. He was a carefree kid, who didn't take his studies very seriously. His mother was doing a concert tour of Europe, and every once in a while she would get a plaintive letter from one of his professors complaining of his behavior.

As she read the letter in far-off London, Irish-born, emotional Marguerite choked back a sob of loneliness. They ought all to be together again. They needed each other. And the boys were Americans—they should be together again. And so the Haymes family came home.

"I don't want to go to college, Toots," he told her, after that. "What's the sense of wasting all that time and money when I want to be a singer? How about you teaching me singing, instead? You know you're the best teacher in New York."

"You and your Irish blarney. But I'll teach you everything I can, Dick, if you'll really work."

"I'll work. And here's another thing. I want this to be on a strictly business basis. I'll pay you for the lessons."

Gravely, Marguerite agreed. Of course, she put the money in the bank for Dick, but he didn't know that. He studied piano, too, and wrote some music himself. They went to Hollywood for a while. Dick was eighteen and he organized his own band. It was quite a band. Dave Street was in it, and Buddy Raye, Martha's brother. Dick conducted, and sang. He played in a few western pictures, too, but nobody saw a potential star in him.

His mother decided to go back to New York, where her own career was coming along. She wanted Dick to go, too. But she knew if she came right out and said for him to go East with her and Bob he just wouldn't do it. So, being a smart woman, she used the indirect approach.

"By the way, Dick," she said with assumed casualness one morning, "Bob and I are leaving for New York Thursday."

"Thursday!" Dick stared at her. "This
JEANNE McCUE, FAMOUS COVER GIRL, SAYS:

"Beauty's My Business"

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Like Jeanne, change from inadequate cleansing to better beauty care. Night and morning, for one minute, massage your face with SweetHeart Soap's rich, extra lather. Rinse with warm - then icy cold water. Like 3-way magic, it (1) cleanses (2) stimulates (3) brightens! Your skin has rose-petal freshness.

Enjoy the full benefits of SweetHeart Soap. Its extra lather - creamy and luxurious - is what you want for these three basic steps to a lovelier, more radiant complexion.

The soap that AGREES with your skin

"Aren't you?"
"Not exactly." He fished a billfold from his pocket, produced fifty-five dollars.
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Hundreds of nurses write and tell us how effective Noxzema is for red, chapped hands. These letters are typical: "Have you ever washed your hands a hundred times a day? We nurses in contagion do—and Noxzema is my only relief from rough, red hands."

Another writes: "My hands and arms were so irritated from scrubbing for operations that I couldn't be comfortable anywhere till I tried Noxzema I got immediate relief!"

Actual tests show chapped hands heal faster—this medicated way!

Yes, scores of nurses were among the first to discover Noxzema—how quickly it soothes and helps heal hands sore and chapped from frequent washings.

Actual tests with Noxzema on both mildly and badly chapped hands show that this soothing, greaseless medicated cream helps heal faster—improvement in many cases being seen overnight! That's because Noxzema is a medicated formula that not only relieves the soreness, but helps heal the tiny "cuts" and "cracks.

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Noxzema

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New Movie Diary Contains all Details ... Plus 80 Life-like Portraits of Stars!

Do you know what musical instrument Van Johnson played? That facts about Dick Haymes' marriage? How many sides of the Andy Devine you know? Or how many facts about Bing Crosby do you know? If you don't, you can find out all these answers and many more in the new and improved MOVIE DIARY. It's as much fun to read as it is to write.

Know the intimate facts about your favorite stars!

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Sirens, huh? Dick said as he walked into rehearsal the first day, "If there's anything I hate, it's a bunch of dumb dames from a night club." He stared sourly at the Samba Sirens who were practicing a dance routine. "Get a load of that blonde, second from the end. She isn't even in time with the music! I tell you, just look..." His voice trailed off, as he kept looking after that, it was love.

A week before the wedding, Dick said, "You know, honey, I want kids."

"Of course. So do I."

Let's make it last...

"But those kids have got to have a square deal. No divorce in my family. We're going to get married, and we're going to stay that way. So don't say I didn't warn you."

There have been times since when he looked at her as if he might be wrong. But if other people mind their business and don't gossip, usually these times blow over.

Dick hates gossip, anyway. It's almost an obsession with him.

Joanne and his mother, who are great friends, will be sitting around talking about hairdos and stuff. Maybe Joanne will say, "I love so-and-so's hair-do..."

"I don't like her with her hair parted in the middle, do you?"

Dick over-hearing protests, "Now do you really care how she wears her hair? The girl's working in a picture, and they probably tell her how to wear it. Anyway, darling, you cut yourself on your hair and let her worry about hers."

Joanne smiles at him. She knows him too well to get mad. "You're right, Dickie. Sorry."

He comes over, then, and rumples her hair. "You're sweet. I love you, or have I mentioned that?"

He's been mentioning it ever since that first day at the Paramount. He's been
buy Pete's number for seventy-five cents—"

"But it's not in the book. How does the first person get it?"

"Oh, we have our spies," said the child, and hung up.

Sometimes the bell rings. Sir Sidney discovers four little kids on the doorstep. Could they please have a photograph of Pete? One is a thing so high—Sir Sidney's hand levels off at about four feet. He's frankly incredulous.

"Surely you're not interested in men?"

"Of course I am," she assures him earnestly. "Your Petes, my dreamboat!"

After a preview one night they got home at 11—minus Peter, who'd gone off with some friends. A group of youngsters, who'd walked from the theater, waited at the curb, hoping for a glimpse of Pete.

"He won't be in for hours," Lady Lawford told them, "so run home like good children. I don't know the man I'd walk twenty yards to see!"

One curly-headed worshipper lifted eyes like a doe's. "But you're not fifteen," she breathed. "And we're not Pete's mother."

Sir Sidney eyed his wife gravely. There, he said, "you have two unanswerable facts—"

Peter's very much at home in America—bats the latest slang around, knows who played sax with Duke Ellington in what year, holds his own and to spare with his ribbing Hollywood pals. He's apart from the accent, you'd never fail to spot Peter as an Englishman—from the touch of ceremony in his manner, an added deference with women and old people, a more formal courtesy. He's the kind of boy who remembers that Nancy Sinatra might be lonely while Frank's away, and asks her out to dinner. But it doesn't have to be Nancy Sinatra—

A girl of 14 lives across the street. Her mother and Peter have exchanged neigh-

One Mother to Another

There were difficulties during the war in supplying mothers with a complete variety of prepared baby foods. Happily, these days of scarcity are almost over. Today you will find your dealer's shelves plentifully supplied with the varieties you need.

Mrs. Dan Gerber

When baby looks like this...

It means food's on the way—and it better be good! Enjoy peace of mind like so many young mothers who, at doctor's suggestion, serve Gerber's Baby Foods. For Gerber's is made to taste extra good, with uniform, just-right texture always. The choice vegetables and fruits are carefully washed in pure, arsian water, then cooked the Gerber way by steam...to retain precious minerals and vitamins. Every step is laboratory checked. Be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's Best Known Baby" on the label!

Baby Cereals, pre-cooked, rich in iron

Serve Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal at alternate feedings to give variety, and help baby's appetite. Both cereals are rich in added iron and B-complex vitamins needed by most babies over three months old. Serve by adding milk or formula, hot or cold.

Gerber's

My baby is now... months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Name...

Address...

City and State...

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bory calls. At breakfast one morning, Lady Lawford said: "Great excitement in the house opposite. The little girl is about to graduate—"

"When?" Peter asked, and the subject was dropped. But for Miss Fourteen the excitement of graduation day was heightened to the bursting point. Pinned to her shoulder was a beautiful corsage which had come the morning "With best wishes from your neighbor, Peter Lawford."

Lady Lawford's always been the family disciplinarian. One day she heard a friend putting that good old chestnut to Peter. "Whom do you like best, your father or mother?"

"Well, of course I like daddy best. He never says no."

Did she change her tactics? Does Gibraltar move? She was quite content to have Peter like his daddy best, and continued to do her duty as she saw it.

The latch key represents one of her rare compromises. When they settled in Hollywood, Peter was 18. Other boys had latch keys, he pointed out.

curfew...

"I'm sorry, Peter. Other boys do all sorts of things you weren't brought up to do. At 18, you don't race about the streets till God knows what hour of the morning. Take this latch key of mine, but I expect you to be in by midnight—"

At first the key would slide into the lock at midnight. Then it happened more and more frequently that he'd phone, "Where are you? I'm having a marvelous time. Mind if I don't get home till a bit later?"

Once he arrived with the dawn. Going out for the paper, his mother found him on the mat and got really mad. "Where have you been all night?"

"On the picture," he grinned. "By the time they decided to work through, it was too late to call. I didn't want to wake you up—"

Presently he was sort of forgetting to give the key back, and wondering how long he could get away with it. He even hinted as much—

"Oh well, I was young once myself, believe it or not."

Peter hugged her. "Mother, you're an astounding woman—"

It's the only no! Lady Lawford ever reigned on. Once a playmate of Peter heard dishing out advice: "Why don't you ask her again? My mother says no too, but when the time comes, she gets soft-hearted."

"You don't know my mother," said Peter darkly. "I've even tried being sick, and that's no good."

She believed in the Biblical injunction of sparing the rod and spoiling the child. It wasn't easy. It's never easy not to spoil an only child. But it's better for the child. When Peter was impossible—rudderless in his governing, she's—"was Mother who meted out punishment, whacked his hand with a ruler. This hurt his dignity more than it hurt his hand, but there was worse to come.

With his passion for the theater, Gala Night at Monte Carlo was heaven to Peter. Every Thursday he was allowed to have dinner with his parents at the Casino, and sit up for the first show. When Mother said, "You can't go to the Gala. You'll stay at home and make soup and cut up carrots for yourself," it was like the voice of doom.

In desperation, he'd even appeal to Daddy. "Will you ask Mother if I can go?"

But no matter how Daddy felt about it, he'd back Mother up. "I'm sorry, Peter. When you mother says no, the door is shut."

"Then he'd stand there, looking at her with the eyes of a bloodhound, and she'd think: 'I can't bear it. I've got to kiss him and take him along!'"
She never did, though—never even let him suspect any hint of weakening.

"Goodnight, Peter," she'd say. "Pity you didn't care enough about the Gala to behave."

But discipline was one thing, and expression of your individuality quite another. It was his mother who encouraged Peter in his love of acting and wrestling with Sir Sidney to let Peter play the part he was offered in England at the age of seven. And though the performance was a smash hit, Sir Sidney remained reconciled, hoping the boy would forget the whole business as they spent the next years traveling around the world. But Peter was as likely to forget acting as breathing.

They were on a ship, homeward bound from Australia, when he came hurrying into the stateroom one day. "Daddy, there's a prize for pairs. Let's go in a couple!"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"It's a father-and-son contest, you have to wear costumes, we might win a prize—"

This time Daddy said no. "I can't make a fool of myself, even to please you—"

"Then will you, Mother?"

"But you said it was father-and-son—"

"Well, it's mother-and-daughter too, and I can make myself up to look like a girl—"

He was always fooling around with wigs and makeup. In Tahiti he'd insisted on buying a lot of native junk, so they dressed as Tahitian girls, and the waiter who'd served them throughout the voyage failed to recognize Peter. "Where did you get the little girl?" he wanted to know.

They won first prize. As they stepped up to receive it, Peter took matters into his own hands. "Thank you very much but just a moment, sir—" and he whipped off his wig. "I'm not a girl, I'm a boy—"

"You can carry a joke just so far," he explained later, "if you let people think you're really a girl, it's no longer a joke—"

To Lady Lawford, religion is a living thing. Without stilted preachments down the throat of her son, she taught him to think of God as a friend. Every morning they read a chapter of the Bible together—Peter used to call it putting on his armor for the day. And he never missed church without a very good reason.

Though food for the spirit and mind came first; that didn't mean that the body wasn't important. Peter took to sports as naturally as to acting. He was barely old enough to stagger when he appeared on the tennis court where his father was playing and announced, "Je veux Jouer—I want to play."

Till he was five, incidentally, he spoke only French. Since neither knew a word of English, he and his governess got lost on their first walk in London. Luckily, Peter remembered the name of his father's club in Pall Mall, where they turned up eventually. After that, he had a label tied to his coat till he learned English.

rootin' tootin' showin'...

By the time he turned eight, he was playing tennis with his dad every day. He had to stand on a box when Sir Sidney started teaching him billiards, and his accuracy with a rifle made him unpopular at English fairs. One day he was shooting for China cups—six shots for sixpence. After winning eleven cups on his first two tries, he appeared for a third. The woman flew into a rage. "Get away from 'ere now, I've 'ad enough of you—"

Whatever his prowess, Peter never had a chance to acquire a swelled head. On the mantel of their living room stands a silver cup which he won on the Conte di Savoia. But it's less a symbol of triumph than a warning that pride goeth before a fall.

Wall tennis tournaments had been scheduled aboardship, and Peter wanted to play with the grownups. "Put your name down if you like," said

Doctors and nurses know that 30 to 40 scrubings a day will leave their hands dry and rough as sandpaper. That's why so many of them use Pacquins, which was originally formulated for their professional use. Pacquins Hand Cream is so wonderfully effective because it is super-rich with humectant... the ingredient that helps parched, caust skin feel softer, smoother, and more pliant.

"She locks her Lily Fingers one in one"—Shakespeare

Pacquins

HAND CREAM
Creamy-smooth...not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE
and so easy to use!

**FIBS? they're so easy to tell!**

Women who use tampons should learn about FIBS. Because FIBS have smooth, gently tapered ends that will not cause irritation, or discomfort, they are both easy and comfortable.

FIBS are the tampons that are "quilted" — a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate. This "quilting" prevents tiny cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes.

Besides, quilting makes a very real contribution to your comfort — keeps FIBS from flowing up to an uncomfortable size which could otherwise cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS!*


Dad. "You'll be knocked out in about three minutes but go ahead, it'll do you good—"

To everyone's astonishment, he went straight through to the finals. The opposing finalist was a Prussian, expert and very sure of himself.

"Goodbye, Peter," said Mother. "Here's where you get mashed up and thrown overboard—"

"Well, anyway," he scowled, "I'll give him a run for his money—"

The German beamed at his young opponent, then turned to the audience. "Before I put this young gentleman out of his misery, I should like to demonstrate the intricacies of a certain shot, which is always the winning shot. If you take the quoit thus and do so with it—" Followed a good five minutes of brilliant taisi bandaged and twirling and showing off. Then: "Are you ready, young man?

"Yes, sir," said Peter, and proceeded to win three straight games. The ship went wild, and his parents wouldn't have been parents if they hadn't been secretly tickled. But Mother was a little worried about how all of this might affect Master Peter's ego. When she went down to kiss him goodnight, her speech was all ready.

"You know you did have a great advantage over him. Peter. You're 16 and can jump like a flea. At 40, it's not so easy to run—"

"But he's had more experience—"

"That's true. But you know why they made all the fuss, don't you? Not because they loved you particularly, but because the man was so arrogant he made a fool of himself. That's what happens when people brag. Remember that, will you, Peter?

"I will," said Peter, grinning straight up at her. "But you know something, Mother? I think I'd have beaten him even if he hadn't bragged."

english ethics ...

Among the English, class differences are more evident than with us. But Lady Lawford has an independent mind. She didn't want a man moldy to pattern. She felt that the better he understood his fellow men of all kinds and classes, the better off he'd be. That's why Peter never went to an orthodox British school. She taught him to read the minds of those boys are drawn from the same social level, but studied with tutors and was allowed to play with any child who came along, provided it was clean.

One of his favorite Monte Carlo playmates was a boy whose father kept a shop on the boulevard. The others called him Crapaud, or Little Frog, and they spent their afternoons rolling trains — a game played with miniature motor cars.

One day Lady Lawford heard Crapaud shrieking his head off. "What's wrong? What have you done to Crapaud?"

"Nothing," said Peter. "It's only that I'm going to search him."

"But why, to go through the assault on his privacy? Whether he says so or not, he's bound to feel that it's none of your business. And it isn't, is it?"

Goodbye, as you see, has a tendency to turn the tables on his parents. There's a touch of the paternal in his attitude. He calls them Babes or Children, and kisses them on the cheek.

Spotty also comes in for a kiss on the head in greeting or parting. Peter thinks this less less than the fourth member of the family. His feelings for animals never had to be cultivated. As a child, he traveled round the world with a cage of canaries. One day, as he set them on a window ledge to give them sunlight, the wind blew a door shut and knocked them.
LONGER LOOKING
JET BLACK COLORED Hair

In 7 DAYS....OR MONEY BACK

If You Crave Longer, More Beautiful Hair, Try This
Astounding New Hair Dressing That Helps
Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off
Colors Hair Glossy Jet Black at the Same Time!

Gloriously long, silky-soft and lustrous hair is the dream of every glamorous woman. If your dull, dry, unruly, brittle and breaking-off hair has caused you unhappiness and embarrassment, don’t give up hope for longer-looking, beautiful, JET BLACK hair until you’ve tried this truly miraculous new system. Nora Lee is an amazing new type hair dressing that colors the hair a smooth, lustrous jet black at the same time it grooms! Entirely different from anything else you’ve tried, this hair dressing has successfully helped women—and men, too—to find new happiness and confidence that comes from knowing their hair at last looks its best . . . neat, smooth, glossy black. Nora Lee helps soften harsh ends that break off because of their brittleness, thus keeping hair short and unlovely. Once this breaking off process is retarded, the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal, HAIR MAY GET LONGER! That’s why Nora Lee is so wonderful . . . it not only colors and dresses dull, drab faded hair into smooth, lustrous beauty temporarily . . . but it actually helps your hair and scalp toward a healthier, more normal looking condition. Make this sensational 7-day trial right now. Order your box of Nora Lee and test it for just 7 short days, If, in that time, your hair does not take on new beauty and lustre, does not have a longer appearance, every cent will be refunded! What could be fairer? You have nothing to lose, may gain so much happiness. Mail the coupon now.

Test Nora Lee Today—Just Mail Coupon

Why just dream of having gorgeous, gloriously long hair, sparkling with healthy good looks? Instead, take advantage of this amazing offer and prove to yourself what Nora Lee may do to help your dry, brittle, faded short hair problem. Sleek, colorful, long hair is one of woman’s greatest allurements to men, and the envy of all other women. Fill out the trial coupon and mail today. After 7 days you may see hair glory that far excels your fondest hopes and dreams. Be convinced—MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

7-DAY TRIAL COUPON
NORA LEE COMPANY, Dept. 600-N
209 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

I do want longer, more colorful hair. Rush me amazing Nora Lee in the shade checked below. On arrival I will pay postman $1.00 plus tax and postage. If not delighted in 7 days, I may return for full refund.

☐ Jet Black   ☐ Medium Black   ☐ Dark Brown
☐ Medium Brown   ☐ Light Brown

( ) C. O. D. 1 Box—$1.00 plus federal tax and postage.
( ) Cash with order we pay postage.

Name: ______________________________________
Address: ______________________________________
City ________________________________ Zone __ State ______

2 QUICK, EASY STEPS TO THRILLING
LONGER, JET BLACK HAIR BEAUTY

Never worry about tedious fussing or messy preparations with Nora Lee. In just two easy, quick steps, your mirror may show exciting results you never dreamed possible. All you do is rub Nora Lee into your hair and then comb. Before your very eyes your drab, unruly hair will be temporarily transformed into smoother, straighter, longer looking loveliness! Delight in how much easier-to-manage your hair becomes. You have a right to enjoy all the advantages gained from sparkling, lovely hair. Make this easy test and find out if all that your hair needs in order to become more attractive, longer looking is Nora Lee to help prevent dryness, add new lively sheen, and colorful appearance. Take advantage now of this thrilling 7-day trial offer.

Don’t let bad-looking hair worry you, shame you a minute longer when it is so easy to try to help the condition, perhaps open a whole new life of success and self confidence for yourself. Try Nora Lee. Before you know it, your hair should be so soft and so easy to take care of that you should be able to dress it in all the latest, attractive hair styles that adapt themselves so well to long hair. Order now. Send no money, just the coupon. On arrival pay postman only $1.00 plus federal tax and postage. Then test for seven short days. Your mirror will reveal the thrilling results, and how your friends admire and exclaim! But, if you aren’t delighted with the colorful lustre... if you aren’t amazed at the ease with which you comb and manage your hair, just return the unused portion of Nora Lee and your money will be refunded in full! So hurry. If you do want lovelier hair . . . mail the coupon right now!

NORA LEE COMPANY, Dept. 600-N
209 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois
This active, busy shopper
is modern as can be,
relying on Meds’ comfort,
Meds’ real security!

So convenient, too! Meds internal
protection means quick changing,
easy disposal and complete freedom
from all odor and chafing. A gen-
erous supply of Meds can be slipped
into your handbag—and no one the
wiser! "Next time," do try Meds!

- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-
  WELL"—designed for your extra
  protection.
- Meds are made of real COTTON—
  soft and super-absorbent for extra
  comfort.
- Meds expand quickly and adapt them-
  selves easily to individual needs.

Meds only 25¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

This, however, doesn’t mean
that the grass below. The birds were unhurt,
but the cage was broken, and Peter ran
a temperature for a week. The canaries
watched over his convalescence. "You’re
all right, dears," he kept telling them.
"You’ll have a new house—"

Now there’s Spotty, and the neighbor-
hood sparrows to whom he throws crumbs
every morning, and a stray cat who fol-
lows him in every night and sleeps on his
bed. At five the cat wants out. His mother
hears Peter at the door. "I’ll never have
you in my bed again, never—"

Next night he’s back. "I thought you
said you wouldn’t have the cat in."

"Oh well, it’s cold out—"

surprise package . . .

He loves to surprise them. Sir Sidney
had a blue blazer he was very fond of. Just
before going off on location for "Lassie,"
Peter heard Dad say he was sorry the
blazer’d gone shabby. So he came home
from Canada, hauling a huge bundle—
material to make a new blazer for Dad
and a suit for Mother.

He makes festive occasions of their birth-
days, as they used to make festive occa-
sions of his. On the night before Dad’s
last birthday, he called Mother in to show
her the gifts—a beautiful wallet and a
pair of gold cuff links with the Lawford
crest. "Shall I give him the wallet in
the morning and the cuff links at night?—sort
of spread the gravy—?" He was so excited, he
could hardly tie the blue ribbons up
again.

They dined at Chasen’s. There was a
huge birthday cake, kindness of Dave
Chasen. Seeing the cake, Bill Grady,
M-G-M’s casting director, sent over a
bottle of imported champagne. Peter pro-
duced the cuff links—

"We English," Sir Sidney says, "are like
turtles. The more we feel, the farther we
pull our heads in. I remember swallowing
very hard, and saying thank you very
much, and feeling wholly inadequate.
However, Peter didn’t seem to mind—"

At 2 A.M., he’s not what you’d call a home
body. On his rare, late-early evenings, he
either talks on the phone for hours, or
says, "Let’s go out to a picture." After dress-
ning for a big night, he appears for inspec-
tion. "How do I look?"

"Awful," says Mother.

She may be kidding, and again she may
not. "Really awful?" he asks.

"So awful. I can’t stand the sight of you."

That means he’s all right.

If they’re still up when he comes in—and
they read in bed till all hours—he’ll tap
at the window in spite of his latch
key. "Come and let me in, Mother—"

Then he sits at the end of the bed, munching
cookies, drinking milk—a quart of milk
is just a sip to Peter—telling them who was
at the Mocambo or what his friend,
Kennan Wynn, said. He doesn’t go into long
dissertations about the girls he takes out.

"She’s nice—or She dances beauti-
fully—or ‘Never again, she’s a pain-in-
the-neck.’ He has two pet pains-in-the-
neck—showoffs and girls who are super-
conscious of their careers.

They knew what they wanted . . .

Sometimes all three have been to the
same preview, only the Children get home
earlier. For one thing, they don’t have to
itch the way through fans. Peter still
finds it hard to believe what he sees. Be-
tween pleasure and bewilderment, he looks
from parent to parent. "Isn’t it wonderful
that they like me?"

When he’s gone, Lady Lawford turns to
her husband. "This is just the way we
wanted him, isn’t it?"

The English are like turtles. Sir Sid-
ney’s head goes way in but, before it dis-
appears, the smile on his face is a nice
thing to see.
WHY CAN'T MARRIAGE
BE LIKE THE MOVIES?

The movies usually wind up with a
happy ending. But Bill and Joan couldn't
seem to patch up their troubles. She
didn't realize that their fights were her
fault! She thought she knew about femi-
nine hygiene. She didn't know, though,
that "now-and-then" care isn't enough!
Later, at her doctor's, she learned the
truth when he warned, "Never be a
careless wife." He recommended that
she always use "Lysol" brand disinfect-
ant for douching.

Like a movie romance come true—
that's how their marriage is now! Joan
blesses her doctor for that advice. ... 
uses "Lysol" in the douche always. How
right the doctor was when he said
"Lysol" is a proved germ-killer. It
cleanses thoroughly yet gently." Just fol-
low directions—see how well "Lysol"
works! It's far more dependable than
salt, soda or other homemade solutions.
So easy to use, economical, too. Try it
for feminine hygiene.

Check these facts with your Doctor

Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the
happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche
thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . al-
ways! Powerful cleanser—
"Lysol"! great spreading
power means it reaches
deeply into folds and
crevices to seek out
germes. Proved germ-killer
uniform strength, made
under continued labora-
tory control . . . far
more dependable than
homemade solutions.
Non-irritating—"Lysol"
douching solution is con-
trastingly, not harmful to
vaginal tissues. Follow
easy directions. Cleanly
odor—disappears after
use: deodorizes. More
women use "Lysol" for
feminine hygiene than
any other method. (For
FREE feminine hygiene
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For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" 
always!

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“I LOST 29 POUNDS! Now, Tim Says I’m a Having Beauty

Yet only a few weeks ago, I thought I couldn’t hold Hope!”—writes Betty Wilson, formerly of One Hundred Men and now a Hollywood Studio Receptionist.

New Loveliness Awaits You in 21 Exciting Days

The next 21 Days may prove to be the most important days of your life. Happiness can then be yours as you achieve Top in the Beauty. Alluring Body Contours. Radiating Make-Up. Charm, Poise, and a Glimmering Personality. All this can be obtained right in your own home, in your spare moments. Not by just reading a book...but by Daily, Step by Step, Home Course Instruction. Personalized to your own Problems. You acquire the basic for a Lasting Beauty...for Today and for the Years Ahead. The wonder is, all this is not only the improvement in your appearance but the reflection of your added Self-Confidence.

Hollywood Beauty Experts
Guide You...Groom You...Personalize Your Instruction

This Hollywood “Short Cut” to Beauty and Success was prepared for you by Leading Hollywood Beauty Experts. You will find an answer to Your Every Problem. Twisted, Highly Illustrated and Simple to Follow. For Personal and Individual Problems a Hollywood Beauty Expert can be consulted for guidance. Filmarie Beauty brings You Glamour, Slenderness, Make-Up, Skin Care, Hair Styling, Color Harmony, Accessory Coordination, Posture, Poise and a Proper Reducing Diet, the daily routine of Famous Hollywood Beauties. Day after Day, for 21 Days Hollywood will Discover You. “Type” You, Groom You, and Coax You until your Hidden Beauty becomes your Natural Beauty. Your Self-Improvement need no longer be neglected, for lack of proper guidance.

Money Is No Object...Send None
ENROLL TODAY...NOW...ENJOY SUCCESS. If you desire, like Tim, you can be, for your Beauty Problems in the hands of Hollywood Experts. Fill in coupon below...but Send No Money.

Filmarie Beauty

Yes, I, , would like to achieve the same results as shown by . Please accept my enrollment and send me the Personalized FILMARIE BEAUTY Home Course. When it is returned by Postman, I will pay $2.95 plus postage. If I am not satisfied with the Ten Days, I will return Course and receive an immediate refund.

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Street and Number:
City:
Date:

(Please Print or Enlarge Photo if Available)
SAVE COG. COSTS AND POSTAGE if YOU ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

CUSTOMIZED TO THEIR SILENT PARTNERS THAT EVEN A HUMAN BEING, IMMOBILE ON THE SET FOR A FEW MINUTES, WAS LIKELY TO BE USED AS AN EXTENOPHANIC HAT STAND.

One sequence in the picture required Lucille Ball to slither into a darkened room, looking wistfully over her shoulder while, and snatch a book from the hands of one of the dummies. This particular scene had been rehearsed at great length because much of the dramatization of the picture hinged upon a proper projection of the plot elements in that sequence. Finally, the performance was achieved, but the director did not tell Lucille. “We’ll do it just once more—for luck,” he said.

Meanwhile, John had been decked out in a costume identical with that of the dummy, and had taken the dummy’s place. As Lucille tip-toed into the room and reached for the book, John extended a muscular hand and gripped her arm. Lucille almost screamed the sound stage down.

John’s purchase of a valley home for his family was a dream-come-true. The lot is 186 by 153 feet; constructed on this generous lot is a six room house and a triple garage in which there is also a room that was once the owner’s office. It is so complete that John plans to turn it into an apartment for his younger brother when he comes home from Okinawa.

On the grounds are nine walnut trees and a small grove of lemon, grapefruit, orange and apricot trees. Papal Hodiaik has built a chicken run and the chickens provide the Hodiaiks and their neighbors with three dozen eggs a week.

Mr. Hodiaik still isn’t convinced that the famed California climate is serious about all the sunshine. On both Christmas and New Year’s Day, he sat on the porch in his skirt sleeves for an hour or so, reading his paper. Occasionally he would squint at the Bawler’s sky and observe to his wife, “We’ll get a storm pretty quick, I think.”

As far as the Hodiaiks are concerned, John’s success is no more than loving parents and naturally expect of a dutiful son. His status as a celebrity doesn’t mean a thing around the house; they think it is nice that he is working at a job he enjoys and that pays well. However, he might as well be an oil man or a broker or a railroad executive for all the glamour his parents see in John’s profession.

With Mary, the situation is different. She is as much a picture fan as John is. In the family they tell a story about the only time John was ever punished. Seems that his teacher notified the Hodiaiks that John had been missing from school for eighty-five out of the one hundred and twenty-five days in the spring session.

When faced with this heinous crime, John explained that he had only been attending the movies. It was his habit to pedal tinfoil or other bits of scrap in order to get admission money, then to sit through six and eight and ten shows. Douglas Fairbanks was his hero. After having seen twenty or thirty showings of the same Fairbanks picture, John would put on quite a show himself leaping fences and swinging from balconies.

But, to go back to the school skipping: When John’s father learned the truth, he gave John the beating of his young life. It was the first corporal punishment ever to be meted out in the Hodiaik family and it left a scar on the younger generation in a state of apprehensive awe.

Mary Hodiaik hadn’t forgotten the incident when, years later, she joined John in California. She had been punished that time, for spending months in picture shows,” she reminisced, smiling, “I didn’t think you’d ever again be much interested in movies.”

Answered John, “After I recovered from...
ARE IGNORANCE AND FALSE MODESTY
Wrecking Your Marriage?

Every wife should know these
Intimate Physical Facts!

There comes a time in many married women's lives when their husbands start showing an insufferable indifference. And yet the wife often has no one but herself to blame. False modesty has kept her from consulting her Doctor. Or she very foolishly has followed old-fashioned and wrong advice of friends.

Too many married women still do not realize how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, charm, health and marriage happiness. And what's more important—they may not know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—ZONITE.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues.

ZONITE positively contains no carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury; no cresote. ZONITE is non-poisonous, non-staining, non-burning. Despite its great strength—you can use it as directed as often as you wish without risk of injury.

Zonite principle discovered by famous Surgeon and Chemist
ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerfully effective no germ of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you can be sure that ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy ZONITE today. Any drugstore.

FRE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. S-36, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening free booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name________________________

Address________________________

City________________________State________________________
of Willard Nash etchings.

So John, the gentleman who can't resist the impulse to indulge in a gracious gesture, gave his precious etchings to this friend for Christmas. Said the friend in thanks, "Gosh! Gosh! Look, John, any time you need to have somebody murdered—just call on me."

Another of John's traits that endears him to his friends is his habit of letter writing. John loves to write notes. Sunday is the day set aside for oddments of correspondence, and John is known to have settled himself before a desk at one p.m. and to have arisen from same five hours later—with one letter to his credit.

His problem is that he thinks of one way to tell an anecdote, then—fast on the heels of the first idea—he thinks of another. And so it goes.

To get a letter, composed with such care, is a thing that happens to most readers once in a lifetime. The average note is a rare scribble of spontaneous combustion; John's letters are screwed up with warmth. One friend has saved every note ever ended with the Hodikian signature and re-reads his letters on occasion—a gratifying experience. Even if they consist of one brief page each!

**HINTS FOR HAPPY FACES**

(Continued from page 76)

make makeup appear blotchy.

Begin low on the neck and powder upward over your face, leaving the nose for the last. Use a soft makeup brush to dust off any extra powder. And, to save yourself from that "lost-in-a-blizzard" effect, be sure to get every excess particle off eyebrows, lashes and the hairline.

BUT to really have your complexion a-bloom with that joyous Hollywood beauty, the skin you powder must be smooth, fine grained and velvety. It's for this very reason that you'll find such a wide array of facial creams on cosmetic counters. No matter what your skin type, there is a special cream for you. Everyone needs a cleansing cream. It helps remove makeup so that your soap-and-water scrubbing can do an unhampered job of pore-deep cleansing. And if an erasing cream is gently patted on and allowed to remain for about twenty minutes, helps stave of dryness and flakiness. Then there are bleech creams to tone down your freckles and medicated creams to stave off blackheads and "blissoms." Find the cream that does right by your skin and use it regularly. That way you'll find that you are co-operating very happily with your beauty-making face powder.

* * *

Stop gnawing on your fingernails! You don't have to eat any more if you have beauty problems about complexion, hair—or figure . . . for I'll be glad to supply the answers. Just send your queries, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, New York.
eerie glow. In its light, a dozen white-clad figures moved about. One of them tilted a bottle to his lips, then drained it, and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. A woman at the cross and laughed harshly. "That ought to scare the niggers and wops and sheenies," he said loudly.

Frank heard the words, and something seemed to ignite inside him. Rage slid through him, and he took a tighter grasp on the heavy gun he was carrying. "Let's go, gang," he yelled.

They went, and the Klan was caught completely by surprise. They fought back, of course, but their superior numbers weren't enough to offset the grim rage of the attackers. Frank himself went straight for the man he had heard speak. The man saw him coming, a thin furry-eyed demon, and raised his bottle as a weapon. Frank slammed it with his stick and it broke in the air, showering them both with bits of glass. He struck again and this time there was a resounding "thwack!" as the stick hit the man's head. Around him there were yells and profanity and the other blows. Then Frank caught the gleam of metal. "Scram, fellows," he yelled. "They're gonna start shooting!"

A shot followed his words, but the gang were already running for cover. In about three seconds flat, no one was in sight but a bewildered and furious group of Klansmen, wounded and lost. Frank brought his mind back to the present, away from all the other incidents that had made him feel the way he felt today. He stepped and the last of applause stopped as if someone had closed a door.

"I'm glad to be here," he said. His voice was low but it reached to every corner of the enormous room. "I'm especially glad to be in Gary because it's really a great American city. It's tops in its war record, and I know you're proud of that. You should be. But if you're not careful, kids, you're going to mess all that up. You see, the thing you're doing now is an American thing. You're picking on a minority, and that's like a big guy picking a fight with a little shrimp that doesn't have a chance. See what I mean?"

His gaze flashed across the audience, and some of the kids wriggled uncomfortably. "Besides, you're going about this the wrong way. Go back to school first, and settle the issue afterward."
he'd just sing a couple of songs and tell them to go back to school.

"And you'd be the big shot who settled the strike. Sure. But when Frank agrees to do a job, he does it thoroughly."

"We'll sue him," the big shot said threateningly. "The whole town will sue him."

"I don't care. I've turned back toward the stage. Frank was still talking, his voice deep with feeling. "So, because we're all Americans, no matter what color our skin is or what church we go to, let's say the oath of allegiance together."

He began it, and gradually they joined in until the rumble of young voices became a large tide. When he finished, the crowd was on their feet. The orchestra struck up the Star Spangled Banner. Frank led the singing, and as he looked at the serious faces before him, he wondered if he had made them see even a little of what was going to be so vitally important in the years to come. How could kids like these grow up happily in a world where people said "I won't stay in the room with a black man," or "I have nothing to do with her. She's Jewish."

Jewish. The word always brought Mrs. Goldman to his mind. He could see her now, bending over the big kitchen stove. Boy, that kitchen had been something! When Frank came home from school in the afternoon, he would often find no one at home and the larder empty. His stomach would be empty, too, but he knew what to do about it. He would sneak out of the house and go straight to Mrs. Goldman's. He would ring the bell expectantly. When she came to the door, pulling a little because she was so heavy and it was an effort for her to move around, there would be.

"Hello, Mrs. Goldman." His eyes were eager and enormous in his thin face.

"Why, if it isn't Frank! Come in!"

She would lead the way to the kitchen, and there would be those wonderful smells. She'd say tactfully, "I was just going to have a bite. Maybe you're hungry after all that hard work in school?" Yes?

Definitely yes. Frank ate at the Goldmans' as much as he did at home. If he cut a finger, he ran to Mrs. Goldman to bind it up. Many's the time she saved him from a licking, too. One day she gave him a little gold scroll, with writing on it in Hebrew.

"You would like it, Frankie? I don't know. If you would want people to see you have it, though. They might think you were a Jewish boy. Her dark, sad eyes peered at him uncertainly.

Frankie didn't say anything but "Thanks." Then he went and got a card and hung the scroll on it, around his neck. The next day a boy looked at it and jeered. "You're no Yid. What are you wearin' a Yid thing for?"

"It belongs to a friend of mine. A good friend!"

"Aw, no Yid's any good!"

**man of action**

Black rage swelled in Frank's heart. This wise guy was saying Mrs. Goldman was no good. Frank brought a punch from way back and a foot connected. The wise guy crashed to the ground. After that, nobody made any cracks about Yids when Frank was around.

There have been plenty of times when his friendship for those not of his own race has put Frank in embarrassing positions. Positions, that is that might have embarrassed his H.S. friends, anyway. The only thing bothered Frank. He, maybe was nicer in a restaurant with Coke and Mike who were on the bill with him at the Paramount. Coke and Mike happen to have black skins, Frank doesn't. Isn't that any reason they shouldn't eat at the same restaurant? Frank doesn't think so, and if the restaurant proprietor does, Frank leaves.

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Part of this attitude, of course, stems directly from Frank's great love of people. He's got a big, warm heart and he's a friend to anybody that needs a friend. Take Dick Stable, for instance. You know how before Dick went in the Coast Guard, he had a big band that was doing fine. When he came out he had nothing at all. So, as is apt to be the way on Broadway, no one remembered him. Oh, they'd say, "Hi, Dick, how's the boy?" but then they'd hurry off in the other direction. One day Dick dropped into the office of a well known booking agent. He didn't get much of a tumble from either the agent or the Broadway characters who kept buzzing in and out. Until the door opened, and a skinny guy in a loud sports jacket came in. Everyone rushed to greet him.

lifesaver...

But Frank wasn't listening. He'd spotted Dick in the corner, and he walked over and pounced on him on the back. "Hi, Dick! Good to see you!" And they'd start talking. Dick shrugged, "I don't know, Frank. It's sort of tough trying to get started again."

"Shouldn't be tough for a guy with your talent. How would you like to get a band together and play the Wedgewood Room, hey?"

"Are you kidding?"

"No, no. I'm booked in there, and I can sell em on you. Want it?"

For a minute Dick couldn't speak. He couldn't even swallow the crazy lump that was in his throat.

"Listen, Frank, if you'll do that for me, I'll..." He stopped. What could you do to repay a guy who starts you living all over again?

Frank said brusquely, "Forget it, bud. Skip the thanks." He has a positive psychosis about being thanked for things. "I'll fix it up and let you know. Good luck."

So when Frank opened at the Waldorf, Dick Stable opened, too. Maybe that's why in all the kidding that went on during the show between Frank and the band, there was that warm undertone of friendship. It made you feel good, just listening. Frank kidded with the audience the same way, there in the Wedgewood Room. He achieved the same gay camaraderie with the white tie and tails crowd that he did with the bobby sox brigade at the Paramount. During the first show, he grinned at them cheerfully and remarked into the mike, "Well, Hoboken's come to visit Park Avenue again."

When the Wedgewood Room engagement was nearing its end, Frank said to Dick, "What you going to do next, boy?"

"I... I wouldn't know. I've had a couple of offers, but they didn't amount to much."

"Always thought I'd make a good agent. Maybe this is a fine time to find out."

The first thing Dick knew, Frank had the band booked into the Copacabana, which is very nice booking indeed. Frank has so much confidence in people that he gives them confidence in themselves. Like Buddy Rich. Frank ran into him one night at the Four Hundred Club, and Buddy happened to mention that he wished he had his own band.

Frank nodded understandingly. "I know how you feel, remember how it was when I was single with bands-- I used to get a yen to be on my own. Why don't you try it out, Buddy? I'll back you."

So Buddy's going to have his own band and Frank is helping financially and with advice. He loves doing it. The more he can do for other people, the happier it makes him. There are a couple of guys

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you never heard of who can testify to that. But one of them you are going to hear of. He’s a young composer, and Frank is so convinced he’s good that he has arranged to make recordings of all his music for a special album. And when someone says “Frank, you just don’t have time for these things,” Frank says, “Listen, bud, you’ve got the accent in the wrong place. I’ve always got time for these things. This guy is writing real American music. The kind they’ll be playing when you and I are dead. Anything I can do to help is a pleasure.”

The other guy is a young soldier who was always a fan of Frank’s. He was badly wounded and will never walk again. The hospital got in touch with Frank, and said they knew he was awfully busy, but some of the boy’s buddies had offered to carry him downtown if Frank would see him. Would he? Darned right he would! The kid was carried in, and he looked a little pale and he didn’t have any legs, but there was an awed grin of happiness on his face.

pleased to meetcha ...

“Gee, Frank, it’s great to see you. I really get a bang out of this.”

“Me, too. It’s swell to meet somebody with as much guts as you have.”

“Listen, I’m lucky,” the boy’s smile was wholehearted. “I’m doing all right.”

“Sure you are, What are you gonna do when you get out of the hospital, kid? Get something lined up, hey?”

Two parallel lines of worry etched themselves on the pale forehead. “Something’ll turn up,” he said gruffly.

Frank put an arm around his shoulders. “Maybe we’ll see to it that it does. How would you like a little store out in Jersey somewhere that you could run without getting around much?”

The boy’s eyes widened. His mouth worked. “How would I—?” He couldn’t go on. You could see that this anxiety had been gnawing at his mind, haunting every hour of the day. “Frank, what do you mean?”

“I mean this. I think maybe some friends of mine and myself could stage a little benefit performance. When we get through we might have enough dough to fix up that store deal.”

Well, when they got through they had seven thousand dollars. No, I’m not kidding. They really did. And when that kid gets out of the hospital, he’ll have his store. But if you mention the incident to Frank, he’ll probably cut your throat.

With all these demands on his time and on his voice, it’s no wonder that he developed laryngitis while he was at the Paramount. Five shows a day at the theater, his new radio program, special benefits, speeches, the Wedgewood Room—all, you get the idea. He’s not twins, he’s just one guy, and there’s a limit to the amount he can do. But there’s no limit to Frank’s heart. It’s the biggest in the world and that’s why he won’t give up these “extra” things. It’s also the reason why, when the condition of his throat prevented his opening at the Wedgewood Room, they got Danny Kaye to open for him.

“I wouldn’t have done it for anyone else,” Danny admits. “I had things I was supposed to do that night. But I love that skinny little character!”

Oh, Frank gets appreciation. Look at all the awards he’s been presented with in the last year! There was the Carnegie Hall Award from the Common Council for American Unity. And the Philadelphia Award for work in cementing group relations, And the Front Page Award for his work in racial tolerance. This last one was presented to him at Madison Square Garden. A lot of celebrities appeared on the program that night, but when it came his turn to perform, he made
a brief, sincere little speech accepting the award, and then sang "The House I Live In." Sang it with an emotion that crept right into your heart.

Speaking of songs, of course Frank's favorite these days is "Nancy With The Laughing Face." It's published by his own music firm which has several other hits to its credit, including "Saturday Night" and "There's No You." "Nancy" is something special, though. Just like the little five-year-old who inspired it.

That Sinatra family has more fun! And from simple, everyday things. Teaching the two Nancys to swim, for instance. Having him perform a tap routine in the backyard. Then there was the time they decided to get one of those lurid, cliff-jumping serial movies, and show one chapter each Saturday night. It was the idea, only when they'd show chapter one and left the heroine dangling by her thongs, Frank yelled "I can't stand it! I gotta see what happens to that babe!" Everybody else felt the same way, so they ended by showing the whole ten installments that same night, and didn't finish till four in the morning.

He's a kid about things like that, but in other ways Frank has matured a lot in the last year. He isn't just a singer anymore—if you could ever refer to "The Voice" as "just a singer." He's a man with a serious purpose in life. He thinks the kids understand why he makes these speeches and does his best to get the issue of racial tolerance before them.

"I'm just trying to use what influence I have in the right direction," he says honestly. The next few years are going to see a lot of changes. We want them to be the right kind.

The fans are with him. You should have been at the Paramount for his closing performance last fall. It wasn't that many people, and they didn't believe anyone who was present. Frank was pretty tired, because the last month had been tough. But he came out on the midnight, ready to put every thing he had into that last show. The house was absolutely jam-packed. The minute Frank appeared, there was a stir at the back, and twenty pretty little girls in tan dresses with red buttons, came marching down the aisle. They were carrying a tremendous wreath of carnations and letters seven inches long. There were the words "Frankie, we love you."

he's our boy...

Frank stood there staring, for once taken completely off guard. Before he could do anything but gulp, the whole audience rose and began to sing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow." Then they sang a little parody someone had written on "You'll Never Know." It told, quite simply, how the fans felt about Frank. It said, among other things, "When you're gone, we'll carry on, thinking of you, doing as you would want us to." That got Frank. He looked down at them and could feel a lump in his throat as big as the moon. It gave a guy a strange, sort of scary feeling to realize that they meant those words. When he looked up, he felt his own at all. He said "I can't tell you the way I feel. I can't tell you how grateful I am for the way you've helped in the things I really am interested in, the things I care about. Keep on being good Americans till I come back." He stopped a moment and all the things he couldn't say were in his eyes. Then he said, "Of course you all...

About two tons of confetti came down from the balconies, and the audience began "Auld Lang Syne." Everyone was crying a little bit, because the solemnity of the moment did that to you. As four thousand voices rose in the old, sweet strains, Frank whispered again, "God bless you all. And God bless America."
PORTRAIT OF HURD HATFIELD
(Continued from page 54)

Michael Chekhov—yes, the same Chekhov who did such an entrancing job in "Spellbound" that he made you forget even Bergman for a while.

With the Chekhov Players, Hurd had won prestige and experience that no money could buy. Yet, while money was far from being his ultimate goal, it did have its uses. So he'd taken a leave of absence from art for art's sake, and tackled Broadway. Net result: The part of the sandwich man in "The Strings, My Lord, Are False." The strings proved very false indeed, and Hurd crept out from between his boards. He again talked vaguely about a Saroyan play, but after eight years of being glued to the grindstone, his nose suddenly yearned for far greener fields. Some of the good friends he'd made in England now lived in Ojai. He'd go there for a few months.

People told him this was no time to leave New York. Agreed, but logic's never been his long suit. His father wrote from Nova Scotia: "I'll be back next week. Wait till I come. If anyone could discuss, it would be his dad, so the thing was not to wait. He boarded a bus and was jolted across country.

The Hatfields are a one-for-all and all-for-one family. He's a fair book-hen, and gets the word across even when, as so often happens, something exciting happened, Hurd would get his parents up in the middle of the night. Mother'd trot out to the kitchen to brew coffee, and they'd gab till dawn broke. Since "Dorian" happened, Hurd swears his father's office has gone to pieces. The secretaries spend more time clipping notices than typing. He gets a terrific boot out of their excitement. It's like enjoying everything three times.

He was born in Greenwich Village, but the place he loves best was an old Revolutionary house in Morristown, where they lived for five years.

He got his name from a great uncle, Major-General Rukard Hurd of World War I. Like the man of action he was, great-uncle took time by the forelock and dispatched a silver tray before the baby was born "to the parents of the future Hurd Hatfield."

Dad said: "If it has to be Hurd, let's at least tack a "J" on front, and give him a chance at college." This they did, but somehow the Bill never took.

right combination . . .

He's a mixture of his gay Southern mother, and his quiet, book-loving dad, and the two strains live amicably together within the son. Sometimes he can't get enough of people, sometimes he can't get enough of being alone. Comes a phase when he's got to go dancing every night, and another when the thought of a nightclub sickens him. Being an individualist, he indulges both moods. He blames his happiness on his parents, who gave him companionship without trying to possess him and let his imagination roam free.

Dad's forgotten that he once hoped Hurd would be a lawyer like himself. It was just a shy boy's way of saying you've never forced on their only child. But he grew up surrounded by books and music, and to these he took naturally.

Mother took an interest in first dancing lesson, and he cut his literary milk teeth on Dickens and Stevenson, which he and Dad read aloud to each other. Gradually, he began to come out of his pauperish reading.

In evidence, you can still see the mural executed in his senior year on a wall of Lincoln High School. Suddenly both loves were shovelled into...

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Hurd looked at Lewin, and they both grinned. He got up and went through the foul routine again, till Berman said enough. The producer drummed his desk. He stared at the sun-dappled wall beyond his window. Then he turned back to the waiting couple abruptly.

"I understand you live in Ojai, Hurd. Could you move down here where we can reach you more easily? We'd like to test you..."

For not calling his folks that day, Hurd thinks he's entitled to a pair of wings. His overwhelming impulse was to head for a phone, but he squelched it. Nine chances in ten, the thing would still fall through test or no test. Why should they eat their hearts out?

This act of restraint paid off. Suppose I'd told them, he shuddered, as he sat in the projection room, watching his first test. This way, they need never know. He'd swear Iris to secrecy, go quietly back to New York, and carry the hideous secret to his grave.

The lights came on. "What do you think?" they asked him.

"Take it away!..."

As if they had to ask. Hurd rose. "It looks like a piece of geography, not a face. If I passed someone on the street who looked like that, I'd run for the nearest cop."

But they laughed and said the test had been badly made and now they'd do another. On the strength of the second, he was signed to "Dragon Seed." Then came a long-term contract and "Dorian Gray." Not till the contract was signed, did he phone home. Mother got on extension, Dad on the other, all three talked at once, and none knew to this day what any of the others said.

But the climax came later when Hurd went east for Christmas, and stayed on for the opening of "Dorian." He and Mother and Dad were going to the premiere together, just the three of them, and they felt the way they'd expect them to feel—thrilled and jumpy and scared. Only Mother was frankly so, and Dad tried to cover up. "Nothing to be nervous about," he insisted.

"Then why," asked Mother, "are you trying to stick your studs into your shirt-sleeves?"

That night they sat in the balcony.

"How'll we know if they like you?"

Mother whispered. "Will they applaud?"

"If they don't, we'll call it a pleasant evening."

They didn't. To Hurd, the incredible thing was what happens in the interval before and after a picture. When an usher, trying to hold back the surging customers, said: "This way, Mr. Hatfield," he wondered how she knew him. When a girl linked arms with him and said, "You were wonderful, Hurd," he thought vaguely he must have met her somewhere. Not till she cooed, "Say something in that English voice of yours," did he realize with a thud that this was a fan.

The studio had provided a car and chauffeur for the evening. With the help of the cops, they managed to fight their way in. But the chauffeur's door was blocked. There the three of them sat in their car, while New York's finest plucked children off the running boards. The absurdity of it suddenly hit them amidships. They began to howl. This delighted the kids who crowded closer and laughed with them—

"I'm getting claustrophobia," gasped Mother.

"Shall I open the window," asked Dad, "and let 'em in?"

You'll hardly recognize Dorian in the boy who plays the romantic lead opposite Goddard in "Diary of A Chambermaid."
It's like marble, come to warm and laughing life. Hurd enjoyed playing Dorian. After specializing in character parts for Chekhov, it was nice to romp through twenty-eight changes even though he didn't get a chance to move his face. In "Chambermaid," the face moves too.

Hurd's a rare bird in that he can love the theater without turning his nose up at the movies. It's an insensitive nose, he thinks, which will sniff at a medium that carries such influence, penetrates every wayside village and farm, and makes you a household word with your fellows. Besides, he likes the technique because it's different, and enlarges your experience. The ideal would be a couple of pictures a year, with time out for a play.

What he hates is a groove—any groove—the actor's, the banker's, the telephone operator's. There's something in him that can't abide regimentation.

don't fence me in . . .

His ruling passion is freedom of the mind and an allergy for labels. Much as he loves his profession, if it were yanked from under him, he wouldn't sit down by the wayside of Baa Baa Black Sheep and try to fill too full of life. If it denies you here, you can grab it elsewhere, and there's no end to what you can grab—music and people, painting and books and ideas. Every chance he gets, he runs to Ojai where movies are something they sometimes go to at night, and Hurd's a boy they've known for years so they bear with his shortcomings.

These include sins of omission toward people he's fond of. He's always planning to send flowers and remember birthdays, and spends more energy kicking himself for forgetting than it would have taken to remember in the first place. He's invariably late. His Christmas cards arrive in the middle of January. And his letters—like tomorrow, when he's going to write them—don't arrive at all.

In Hollywood, his home is a small apartment, built on top of a house built on top of a mountain. You can't go any higher.

His constant companion is Bronle, a cocker spaniel, named after all three sisters. She trots along to interviews and on sets, the only of his friends who drives with him willingly. In bed, she serves as an electric pad, takes care of his feet first and spends the rest of the night keeping his back warm.

He knuckles wood, but only through force of habit. The tie pin he wears in his coat lapel once belonged to his grandfather. He thinks one great advantage of being an actor is that clothes are part of your stock-in-trade, and looks forward to ordering plenty of suits without feeling like a pig. His pet peevves are social climbers and people who call yuppies in general because you once read a book. The dish he'd pick for a desert island is something they make at Ojai with green figs and cream and honey all whipped together.

He has no ideal of feminine beauty, but prefers any face that's alive to a magazine cover, dead-past expression. After the first few days, you forget how people look. It's the inner quality that counts. He enjoys dancing with Virginia Hunter, but marriage isn't on cards at the moment. If he marries, a girl would have to be slightly cuckoo. He's the type who might take it into his head to leave for the Orient tomorrow and return in ten years.

Right now, he's got nothing more exotic in mind than New York, where he's due for personal appearances with "Chambermaid." And where Mother and Dad will be waiting, with the coffee pot on and welcoming arms.

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LOVER MAN
(Continued from page 33)
out of a pretty fair little story by leaping to conclusions. Helmut didn’t mind being called a movie fan, because he’s one for sure, and besides he thinks pretty darned highly of movie fans. In fact, if it hadn’t been for fans he wouldn’t have had his name up in those bright Broadway bulbs. He wouldn’t be risking his neck taking the picture to send back to his family in Vienna. Instead of going home alone, to the fantastic success story that could happen only in America.

Because Helmut Dantine was a refugee fresh off the boat, the first time he’d trolled Broad Street stopping overnight in New York on his way to relatives in a city called Los Angeles, which he understood was next door to Hollywood.

Back then he had exactly $2.50 in his pants pocket. He spent fifty cents for a meal, a buck for a cheap hotel room, and the other dollar to take in the Radio City Music Hall. The last time he saw Broadway the lights were blacked out by war. Now they flashed and flickered in a blind- ing display. This was the night after V-E Day.

In a way, it was Helmut Dantine’s personal V-E day, too.

This time he wasn’t paying his way into a Broadway movie. People were paying their way in to see a picture. He was attending a ricky-tick to a bare dollar hotel room. He was stopping at the ritzy Gotham, on Fifth Avenue. He was lunching at the Savoy, Forty-second and the Marguery — all expenses paid by the Warner Brothers Studio which sent him there. That was the contrast, but it wasn’t the kick for Helmut. The big thrill, behind the serious, of the movie was this:

he’s come a long way...

In five years, Helmut Dantine, Austrian refugee, fugitive from a concentration camp, was an American of consequence enough to meet the President of the United States and shake his hand. To appear with the Mayor of New York City at a giant “I Am an American Day” rally in Central Park and address 100,000 people on the subject of citizenship. To play a patriotic benefit performance at Madison Square Garden, a place he never dreamed he’d see when, ten years ago, he listened over his Vienna radio to the Max Schmeling-Joe Louis championship prize fight. To be en- trusted by the O.W.I. to make radio trans- criptions in French, Italian, and German, beaming American messages abroad, mes- sages which his family heard in Vienna, recognized his voice, and sent him the first report on them he’d had for five years.

Those are the kind of a film Helmut Dantine could have told that New York policeman when he got pinched for taking a picture of the evidence. And he probably would, too, if he’d had half a chance.

Not long ago Helmut traveled to Wash- ington, D. C, to make an appearance at the Earl Theater with “Escape in the Desert.” It was his first look at the na- tion’s capital, and he spent every spare minute on typical tourist’s rubberneck tours. He saw Congress in session, visited the Su- premes Court, walked the Mall in Mount Ver- non. He had lunch with Senator McKellar, the acting vice-president, and dinner one night with the presidential secretary. Hel- mut stayed at the Hotel Statler in Wash- ington and after dinner he invited his guest up to his apartment. When he walked in Helmut’s room, the secretary said, “This looks familiar. Sure—this is where the boss stayed.”

“What?” exclaimed Helmut. “You mean the president stayed here?”

The secretary smiled. “Sure,” he said,
Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where
"his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow.
Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and
listen to him . . .)

Sometimes I feel so good it almost scares me.

This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other
house on earth. This little valley,
with the pond down in the hollow at
the back, is the spot I like best in all
the world.

And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but
enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with noth-
ing on your mind except the fun
you're going to have tomorrow—
that's as near Heaven as man gets
on this earth!

It wasn't always so.

Back in '46—that was right after
the war and sometimes the going
wasn't too easy— I needed cash.
Taxes were tough, and then Ellen
got sick. Like almost everybody
else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured
on cashing some of them in. But sick as
she was, it was Ellen who talked me
out of it.

"Don't do it, John!" she said.
"Please don't! For the first time in
our lives, we're really saving money.
It's wonderful to know that every
single payday we have more money
put aside! John, if we can only keep
up this saving, think what it can
mean! Maybe someday you won't
have to work. Maybe we can own a
home. And oh, how good it would
feel to know that we need never
worry about money when we're old!"

"Well, even after she got better,
I stayed away from the weekly poker
game—quit dropping a little cash at
the hot spots now and then—and gave
up some of the things a man feels
he has a right to. We didn't have as
much fun for a while but we paid
our taxes and the doctor and—we
didn't touch the Bonds.

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making the world a pretty swell
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The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation
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MODERN SCREEN
reaps such a load of good luck out of every scrimmage he has with his fans like Helmut Dantine. Before he made his first personal appearance tour last summer, Helmut had never had any real, face-to-face contact with the growing army of Dantine devotees. In all his shows he had been seen only through the postman, except for some scattered scuffles around Hollywood previews, always kept well under control by the fan-wise Hollywood police. But he had heard all about the goings over the stars get when they hit the big East Coast cities. Frankly, he wasn’t expecting anything like that to happen to him (if there’s one thing Helmut is, it’s modest).

First of all, half the pictures he’s been in are of Helmut Dantine and a nasty Nazi of the most virulent type. And if they get any other impression after all those Storm Trooper and German spy parts he’s played? That was no program for popularity. Then, almost since the first time Helmut Dantine became a name for the newspapers to hoist in headlines, practically every item about Dangerous Dantine has been—let’s face it—a wolf howl. His spirited Hollywood escapades haven’t been fated for the Sunday School section—very, very mild though they were, compared to the grisly exploits of a real lobo, say, like Errol Flynn.

But still more fearful than all this to Helmut was that respect of entertaining an audience from a stage. He’d never been a master-of-ceremonies. Never been on vaudeville. A lot of little theater plays, sure, but he knew they were no Fred Allen. Jack Benny or Bob Hope. All he’d ever sent direct to an audience was a bow at the end of a play. He was pretty panic-looking about the prospect, because he told his studio, “I can’t sing. I can’t dance. I can’t tell funny jokes. And I can’t just go out and say, ‘Well, here I am!’ After all, I’m not Lana Turner.”

They fixed that by teaming Helmut with a veteran funny man, Lew Parker, and a neat, efficient, gay appearance, Andrea King, who’d made a couple of pictures with Helmut: “Shadow of a Lady” and “Hotel Berlin.” Making dignified Dantine a wisecracker was a bit of a struggle, but Lew Parker did it. He could. After a little kidding, Helmut went into something more up his alley, a condensed version of Russell Davenport’s “My Country.”

stage fright ...

So Helmut was terribly nervous the first time he tried meeting the people under a spotlight. And the jitters are a malady which a Veteran doesn’t just get. Helmut has the poise of a Greek statue but he actually became speechless as one when he stepped out before his own the first time. With all the thousands of eyes burning right at him. He didn’t even hear Lew Parker’s whispered promptings. It looked like a case of ring down the curtain—and then. like Custer’s cavalry, the fans came to the rescue. They beat their mitts, whistled, stomped and roared a welcome that brought more than movie-glory to Helmut’s eyes. And that snapped him out of his scare come like a shot of adrenalin.

In Helmut Dantine’s book, the boost his fans have hauled him up and above the line far outweighed the trouble they’ve caused. He’ll settle for things the way they are any day. Sure, he’s sacrificed a few clothes in various mishaps. In Philadelphia, for instance, two valuable, pre-war tweed jackets got lost in action, snatched right off his torso when he got caught in a jam outside his hotel. That was only a habit of wearing a haberdashery with missing neckwear and handkerchiefs, and once he turned blue in the face when some young sweet soxers grabbed hold of a foulard and practically throttled him.
Somehow, in Helmut's case, the roses always pad the thorns when he tangles with fans. They swiped dozons of handkerchiefs from his coat pocket; but he also got gift boxes of nice linen monogrammed ones from some fans who noticed his piffery and said in a note, "We'd like to make them up for you." And for every rude bump he got, there were a dozen episodes that touched Helmut over the heart—like the little Negro girl who propped him shyly one day and handed him a merchant marine pin. "It was my daddy's," she explained. "He was lost in action. I want to have it. It's nice."

Somehow, the first lady of the theater has long been one of Helmut's particular admirers when he played the Strand, just two doors away Cornell and Brian Ahern held forth in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Helmut never had the time to take in a Cornell performance and he was far too shy to call at the stage door and introduce himself.

conflict . . .

"The Barretts" curtain went up at eight-thirty and Helmut's appearance started at nine. That had been a hell of a time his gang picked to stand under his dressing room window and shout for Dantine, and always he raised the window blind and Dantine. After the first night's hallucination, he got a note.

"Dear Mr. Dantine," wrote Katherine Cornell. "I'd appreciate it very much if you would appear at your dressing room window between 8:30 and 11 when our play goes on. Last night my audience thought V-J Day had arrived when your admirers started small voices that competed with such noise. I know if I were their ages, I'd do the same thing myself, however, and I'm very happy for you, Katherine Cornell."

Helmut promptly sent the first lady a box of flowers with an apology and back came another note asking him to tea in her dressing room.

helmut the hermit . . .

But it doesn't happen to him much in Hollywood, as it does whenever he ventures to New York or other big cities. At home, for one thing, Helmut's hard to find. He doesn't live in the movie star district but still camps in his tiny bachelor apartment in a pasé Hollywood neighborhood, about the last place in the world you'd hunt a glamour guy today. But even if a smitten sleuth tracks him down, ten to one she won't find Helmut at home at any normal hour. When, he's not making a picture he's always busier than a bird dog and harder to pin down than a flea. If he isn't playing an international chess tournament (as he did the other night on the American team versus Russia) over a transcontinental telephone, or fencing with his teacher in a private gymnasium, he's racing all over California looking at ranches, cashing in on thousand dollars, or the 840-acre place north of Hollywood he signed up for the other day.

But with all his six-day bicycle rider schedule, sometimes a cunning fan catches up with Helmut. Sometimes, it's Helmut who does the catching, too, because being such a grateful and warmed hearted fellow he always seems to cooperate when he thinks a fan is a sincere admirer and not just a curiosity kid. That happened a few days ago when six girls who formed a sorority of local Hollywood Dantine Admiration Society wrote him a letter which expressed the most intel-
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CUPID: Ah...! A joke, huh? Plain girl gets candy from unknown suitor. But it’s not candy and there’s no suitor. Very funny!

GIRL: All right. Laugh then.

CUPID: Me? Excuse it, but to me it’s not funny, honey. But it should remind you that maybe there’d be real candy and a real suitor if you’d just laugh once in a while. Smile at people! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, my pet, with my dull teeth I couldn’t even glimmer! I brush ’em, but—Well...

CUPID: Mmmm? Ever see “pink” on your tooth brush?

GIRL: And what if I have?

CUPID: What if I have, she says! Listen, you marshmallow-minded little idiot! That “pink’s” a warning to see your dentist! He may find soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

GIRL: And right away I start glittering like diamonds, huh? People have to wear dark glasses. I get—

CUPID: Quiet, Woman! And listen. A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It’s specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You’ll be helping yourself to healthier gums, sounder teeth... and a prettier smile than you ever wore in your life! Now get started!

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stories

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"I had to have her love even if I hung for it!"

M.G.M presents one of the year's outstanding films, based on James M. Cain's daring novel...

Lana Turner • John Garfield

The Postman Always Rings Twice

with

Cecil Kellaway • Hume Cronyn • Leon Ames • Audrey Totter • Alan Reed

Screen Play by Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch • Based on the Novel by James Cain
Directed by Tay Garnett • Produced by Carey Wilson
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Heartsick over the war, Elizabeth (C. Colbert) bids her son (Dick Long) godspeed.

"Tomorrow Is Forever" has what it takes for box office allure, from the moment the potential customer reads the come-hither advertising in the lobby.

The title is provocative.

The feature players, Claudette Colbert, George Brent and Orson Welles, have pulling power.

The picture, directed by Irving Pichel, is based on a novelette by Gwen Bristow, originally published in the Ladies' Home Journal and chosen by an organization known as the People's Book Club for the novel of the something-or-other.

"Tomorrow Is Forever" is the story of the disappearing man. This one, played by Orson Welles, lived in Baltimore, Maryland, during the period of the first World War. He, John MacDonald (later "Kessler"), is happily married when the picture opens, to Elizabeth, played by the beautiful and fastidious Claudette Colbert.

At the opening of this familiar story in new clothes, and good new clothes they are, too, Elizabeth (Claudette Colbert) MacDonald, and John (Orson Welles) MacDonald, are living happily in the first year of their marriage, in a Baltimore house that is delightfully true to period.

Almost immediately, we find ourselves on the eve of World War I. John MacDonald presents himself in uniform to his adoring young wife, and that is the first she knows of his decision to enlist. In fact, we barely know the young couple ourselves when this decision is likewise handed as a surprise to the audience.

Orson Welles, to whom the possibilities of a many-sided role must have appealed deeply, plays this first scene in the straight role of a young husband. In these early sequences, he is a rather chubby, nice (Continued on page 8)
Glowing emblem of a gorgeous girl...glorious hallmark of a magnificent musical!

Lovely Songs

"I Didn't Mean A Word I Said"
"Moonlight Propaganda"
"Do You Love Me"
"As If I Didn't Have Enough On My Mind"

DO YOU LOVE ME

in Technicolor!

Maureen O'Hara * Harry Haymes * James

REGINALD GARDINER • RICHARD GAINES • STANLEY PRAGER
"HARRY JAMES' MUSIC MAKERS"

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF • Produced by GEORGE JESSEL
Men Do Not Forget

Our Thrilling First Anniversary

"When Dick came home with orchids, I was using the same brand lipstick I wore on our first date... Don Juan.

"My lips survived our anniversary because I applied Don Juan Lipstick as directed. If you do that, your Don Juan will stay on (and lips stay lovely), when you eat, drink or kiss.

Don Juan Lipstick is smoothly applied and is not drying or smeary. In fashion favored shades. Try Medium Red, a true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, exciting. Other smart shades, too.

fellow with a gleam of things-to-come indicated in the Welles eye.
The husband goes off to the wars, and in the lapse of time, the gleaming young wife, so rightly tailored, so impeccably coiffured, fills in her spare time doing important research work in a local chemical plant.
The son and heir of this great establishment (none other than George Brent playing the role of Larry Hamilton) is considerably smitten with Elizabeth.

Time moves toward Christmas, and the long-awaited telegram finally by his wife announcing the return of the husband from the wars. The bride of a year awaits this return with a lovely fervor.

But, alas, the audience does not get the expected reunion. The story has been told with a swift-moving precision which climaxes into genuine shock when the telegram announcing the return of the soldier is followed up by another, announcing his death in battle. It is at this somewhat delayed date that we learn that the soldier's bride is about to become the mother of his child, thus intensifying the tragedy.

After what, in polite society, we call the "decent interval," the young widow, reconciled to a lower but steady life with a charming and personable man who is willing to accept her role as second-best, (Larry Hamilton) succumbs to his pleading. They are married. From this point on, we see her in far more resplendent environment, surrounded by all of the beautiful settings into which Miss Colbert always fits so well.

There are two sons, one by her first husband and now another by her second. It is a happy family unit. Once more the director has covered his ground with economy and good story telling.

Stunningly the plot shifts to a hospital abroad somewhere in Germany. To a row of beds which strike terror to the heart. On each one, lies a soldier, wounded in a horrible manner. That is, their faces have been taken away. There the bearded, their heads like footballs swathed in gauze, tubes inserted where there should be nose or mouth.

You are right. One of these faceless casualties is John MacDonald. An Austrian surgeon is beside his bed, begging him to give some clue to his identity so that they may communicate with his family. The Austrian surgeon, begging the doctor to let him die, refuses.

It is a bitter and moving scene, the surgeon played with deep understanding by John Wayne.

At its conclusion, it is apparent that John is not going to reveal his identity. Back then, after this grim interlude, we go into the gracious world of the Larry Hamiltons. And what a glorious world! Happy marriage, happy children, luxurious home, all of the accoutrements of good living.

Some years after his departure the missing man returns. Plastic surgery has restored his face, not feature for feature, but the eyes are still there and to this observer, at least, far too much of the young husband remains to make plausible unrecognized identity.

The soldier returns with a serious limp, a beard, a face into which is written considerable torment. In his custody is a little Austrian girl of about six years (irresistibly played by Natalie Wood), who to all intents and purposes is his daughter. This is where the Orson Welles teeth must have bitten with gusto into his role. Also from now on, the plot and the story interest begin to slip a little.

The first husband returns to his native Baltimore under the name of Dr. Kessler. He also returns with a German accent. He hurried surreptitiously to the house in which he spent his year of married life. It is vacant and boarded over.

From now on, Dr. Kessler's behavior becomes somewhat mystifying, in view of the fact that his one aim seems to be to keep knowledge of his return from his wife. He and the little girl take up residence in a Baltimore boardinghouse. Kessler, financially, his men, and his long interval, the returned soldier has become a chemist of no little eminence.

Yes, of course you have it. The learned Herr Doctor, his wife's destiny still unknown to him, although it might seem that the most casual inquiry would have revealed it, becomes affiliated with the chemical establishment of the wife's present husband—Larry Hamilton.

In no time at all, Dr. Kessler and his daughter are frequent visitors at the home of his employer. There is that anticipated moment when he faces his one-time bride without recognition on her part. There is another moment, over which every one of the players must have licker chops, when a woman stands before her two husbands without recognizing one of them. There is also that time-proof, moth-proof situation, where a man faces a son who does not know him.

Now we approach the meaning of the title, "Tomorrow Is Forever." By this time, the second Louise is in almost of age. The second World War rumbles more than audibly. History begins to repeat itself. This boy wants to enlist.

Sad, angry, bitter, and determined rebellion, the heart-sick mother refuses to give up a son as she gave up a husband. And standing by, unbeknown to both his son, and the mother of his son, Dr. Kessler watches the climate with pride in his boy and pity for his one-time wife.

And ultimately, it takes a little child to learn the truth. Dr. Kessler's small girl, who it transpires is not his real daughter, but the child of the Austrian surgeon who saved his life, is accidentally horrified by a shot from the window. Dr. Kessler, in a convulsion of terror, because the incident brings back to her the scenes of horror she lived through when the Germans killed her parents.

These dreadful scars against the memory of innocent childhood are what awaken Elizabeth to the righteousness of sacrificing once and for all in behalf of a cleansed and better world. And so with her full consent, her son goes forward into World War II. Tomorrow, not yesterday, as yet unsurrendered, and not yet altered, is forever. We must look ahead. Yesterday is gone.

The revelation of Dr. Kessler's identity occurs on the stoop of the vacant little house where he and his bride had enjoyed their first and only year of married life. She has returned there because of the urge of a deep nostalgia. He for the same reason. They meet.

This encounter is managed with restraint and dignity for which both participants should be honored. If anything.

The scene points irrevocably and with finality to Dr. Kessler's death which takes place immediately after learning of the little girl's death.

It is an old, old story under a new name: "Tomorrow is Forever."

MAY ISSUE

"The girl with the beautiful profile all over"—that's Esther Williams. And if you'll get to your newsstand bright and early on April 12, you'll see her on our May cover.
GET OUT FROM BEHIND THAT BRUSH, BOYS...WE KNOW YA!

Bing Crosby
Bob Hope
Dorothy Lamour

They haven’t got a cough drop to their name . . . but they’re loaded with riotous entertainment in the latest and greatest “Road” Show of them all.

in Paramount's

“ROAD TO UTOPIA”

Bing sings ’em! Dottie sings ’em! Pretty soon everybody’ll be singing ’em! “Personality” “Put It There, Pal” • “Welcome To My Dream” and many more.
Talk about viewing the world through rose-colored glasses! This is one picture you'll go see and come out muttering, "It's impossible, I don't believe it." Because "The Ziegfeld Follies" is a holiday for eyes: No plot, no dialogue, just individual scenes and color, gobs of riotous Technicolor that flows under and over and around you and leaves you breathless with beauty.

It opens with William Powell, the great Ziegfeld himself, puttering around his palatial suite in heaven, fingerling the puppets he has lined up along the walls which represent all his great hits. "Sure I was the greatest showman of them all," he reminisces, "but what a show I could put on today, with all the new personalities that have sprung up since I—moved—up here." And that starts the parade of personalities.

Esther Williams in "A Water Ballet." Fannie Brice rolling her eyes over the winning sweepstake ticket her husband gave away and trying to vamp the landlord into giving it back. M.C. Fred Astaire whirling Lucille Bremer in "This Heart of Mine," a charming routine that tells of the thief who starts out to woo a lovely princess with an eye to her jewels—and ends up by having her steal his heart. Then there's poor little Victor Moore, the befuddled business man, who is caught spitting in the subway and gets hauled off to the clink. Edward Arnold's his lawyer, and every time Victor pleads, "Please, pay the officer the two dollars!" he answers, "I refuse. We'll appeal to a higher court." It ends up with Victor ordering his last meal before the execution and Arnold interrupting a golf game to visit the condemned man and reassure him "I won't pay (Continued on page 12)
A kiss like theirs...

ONCE IN EVERY WOMAN'S
LIFETIME - A PICTURE LIKE THIS... ONCE IN ALL
SCREEN HISTORY!

GARY COOPER

AS 'WHITE HAT,' THE MAGNIFICENT GAMBLER

INGRID BERGMAN

AS HIS CLIO OF NEW ORLEANS

SARATOGA TRUNK

EDNA FERBER'S STORY OF STORIES FROM WARNERS!

FLORA ROBSON • HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION • DIRECTED BY SAM WOOD

Screen Play by Casey Robinson
From the Novel by Edna Ferber
Music by Max Steiner
The two dollars—we'll appeal."

It's impossible, of course, to mention all the acts, but there are two standouts we can't resist. One, "Number, Please," has Keenan Wynn a snazzy young man trying to phone Lois, the cigar store man. Keen

n is connected with a Chinese laundress, the weather bureau, a Van Johnson swonner session and Oopa of South Africa (Keenan makes up the name on the spur of the moment, and darned if the caull isn't put through). He never does get to talk to Lois, but that phone receiver he ends up munching sure looks delicious.

For sheer hysteria, catch Judy Garland's "An Interview." She's superb. About two platoons of eager young reporters present themselves at the great actress's apartment for a comment on her newest picture. They knew lower their eyes, fold their hands across their breasts—and a hanky the size of a football field edged in ostrich plumes flutters over their heads. Darlings, how pre-icious! she gurgles, "how, how, but how really, y'know—" She writes, flutters and cooz "You may rise," then mournfully admits, "I don't always want to be tragic, enact my Oscar-winning magic. I'm sick of the dregs, I wanna show my legs!" And she does, too! But it's all for naught, turns out her next movie's about Madame Kromotov, the inventor of the safety pin.

The two masters of the dance, Gene Kelly and Fred (Again) Astaire, turn up in the "Bolshie Bromide" of 1945, they keep each other stepping! Lena Horne comes in with a sultry down-Har

lem number, "Love," and Red Skelton is convulsing as the literal-minded announcer for a liquor concern in "When Television Comes." Kathryn Grayson ties up the whole Technicolorus as she sings "Beau

ty." On a purple mountain. — M-G-M

P. S.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought the two-

word title six years ago, and spent three years preparing the picture's sets, routines and stars. 500 pieces of writing were read before the final 22 sketches, songs and dances were selected. . . . Forty-five sets were built in true Ziegfeld tradition, including re-

solving pillars, merry-go-rounds with live white horses, a 100-foot waterfall of ir-

descent bubbles, and an all-paper set studded with jewels. . . . Seventy-five seam-

stresses worked twenty-four hours a day to whip up such costumes as a skirt of

2000 ermine tails, a coat of fourteen white foxes, a dress with hundreds of pink ostrich feathers. . . . For 18 months the studio trained a group of picketed beauties to show the chic and pose characteristic of the famous Ziegfeld Girls. . . . The set for the Fred Astaire-Lucille Bremer dance boasts a chandelier of one hundred tiny white birds, each carrying a lighted candle. The 18-foot figures on this set were modeled by hand and individually sculptured.

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE

You probably saw the pictures Life and Modern Screen ran from this of John Gar

field and Lana Turner in that white bath-

ing suit. After those pictures, a review of the movie is a waste of time. Wild horses couldn't keep you away.

Anyway, here are a few added details. Cora Smith (Lana Turner) has been living contentedly enough with her husband, Nick (Cecil Kellaway) until his meeting (John Garfield) comes along. Sure, Nick's older than she is, and not a romantic type. But he owns a nice little restaurant and gas station, and he's a good guy. Nuts about Cora, of course, as who wouldn't be? Frank is a drifter. He goes from one job to an-

other, sees the country, never worries about the future. He stops off at the

lunchroom because Nick has a sign out, "Man Wanted," and the location happens to appeal to him. It appeals to him a lot more after he gets a load of Cora in white shorts and halter.

It doesn't take long for Frank and Cora to find that they are supremely necessary to each other. Nor much longer for them to decide that Nick is in the way. Maybe it's Cora's idea, maybe Frank's. It doesn't matter. What matters is that Nick has to die. The statistics tell you that people always are being killed by falls in the bathtub. So why not Nick? They arrange the details carefully. Cora has a sandbox to hit him on the back of the head. It will be very simple. . . .

The fact that it turns out not too simple at all is due partly to a motorcycle cop who happens along at the wrong time, and partly to a cat. Anyway, Nick doesn't die. Not quite. And now the District Attorney (Leon Ames) has his eye on Frank and Cora. Frank leaves. But he can't stay away from Cora, and when he comes back the situation is hotter than ever. They de-

cide to try again, this time with an auto-

mobile accident. So at last Nick dies.

Fate has curious ways of punishing evil-

doers. You'll come out of "The Postman" shivering a little.—M-G-M

P. S.

With the role of Cora, Lana Turner gets her first really meaty role to prove her acting ability. She was so pleased with that things on the set went even smoother than usual. . . . Screen actors are so accustomed to upsets that a smoothly running picture often creates a tension, and sensing this, director Tay Garnett cooked up a gag with his cameramen. The lesseremploi tenant Garnett, fully clothed, into a swimming pool on the set. . . . The same day, Lana strained her wrist during a swimming scene. She said little about it and had her taped by a doctor that night. When she found the next day that she was required to wear a short-

sleeved dress, she did the scene leaning against a doorway with the top arm behind

the door frame. . . . John Garfield spent his free time on the set taking sketching lessons from Bill Mauldin, while Lana studied Spanish and Portuguese in preparation for her trip to South America.

THE KID FROM BROOKLYN

Describe an atom bomb. Go ahead—one with red hair. You can't? Then how can we talk about that kid from Brooklyn. Danny Kaye? Because this picture's all Danny; bouncing, wheezing, unbelievably hysterical Danny who's a milkman who can't sell milk. A Romeo who doesn't recognize if she accepts a proposal he never makes!

Burleigh Sullivan (Danny Kaye) is the lowest point man with the Sunflower Dairies. That gets that unless his sales pick up, both he and Agnes are going to be out of a job, and with Agnes in a "delicate condition," that would be serious indeed. Agnes, you see, is Burleigh's horse, and when she suddenly decides to lie down in the middle of the gutter, milk wagon and all, and won't talk to him, Burleigh knows this is the last straw. But where

to get one? Suddenly, a window opens, and this blonde babe calls, "Here, use my phone." And that's how Burleigh meets P. E. (Vera Ellen) and.... He figures with Speed MacFarlane (Steve Cochran) doesn't have such happy overtones. Be-

cause Burleigh accidentally knocks Speed out while trying to protect his sister Susie (Vera Ellen) from this mug's advances—and Speed is the Middleweight Champion of the World!
TO BRING BACK TARZAN’S BODY
For Her Fiendish Jungle Ritual!

See savages with leopard claws prey on fellow humans!
Meet their beautiful but deadly priestess, fiend in the flesh!
Thrill to weird and terrifying rites never before witnessed!

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS’
“TARZAN and the Leopard Woman”

STARRING
JOHNNY WEISSMULLER  BRENDA JOYCE
JOHNNY SHEFFIELD  with ACQUANETTA

Produced by
SOL LESSER  *  KURT NEUMANN

Original Story and Screen Play by CARROLL YOUNG
Based Upon the Characters Created by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
When the Champ's manager gets wind of what happened, he starts tearing his hair, and when he sees who made it happen, he starts tearing at Burleigh. Then he calms down. How's this for an idea? Why not build up this milksoap into a contender for the title? Easiest thing in the world, just arrange a few crooked fights by having Tiger Sullivan's opponents hit the canvas and when the big bout, The Fighting Milkman versus Speed MacFarlane, arrives, he, Gabby Sloan (Walter Abel), will place a neat fortune in Speed to win and presto—buckets of dough.

Life not only can be but is beautiful for a while as Burleigh rolls in money and headlines and sister Susie falls in love with Speed. The only hitch is that the Tiger doesn't know that his fights have been fixed and the whole thing goes to his head. He gets brass bands to announce him at parties, tiger striped boxing shorts and a ten thousand dollar ring for Polly, who promptly heaves it right back into his bewildered face with a "You're not the man I loved. Now you're a great big show-off. And not only that—you're a killer!"

Of course the breakup saddens Burleigh, but that "you're a killer" routine kind of pleases him. Until Susie comes running with a bit of news she's just overheard. All those fights have been fixed and Speed's out to murder him tonight, tonight being the night of the big championship bout at Madison Square Garden.

No point in reminding you that Danny Kaye is far too valuable to get murdered in "The Kid From Brooklyn." But just watching him yelling "Foul!" every time Speed even looks at him, then trying to hide in front of the referee, under the canvas or behind the ring ropes is murder in itself. You'll die laughing. Which only proves that death, too, can be beautiful...

-Sam. Goldwyn

P. S.

"The Kid From Brooklyn" took more than five months to film, and contained many scenes requiring hundreds of extras. Added up, the total expenditures make it one of the most expensive comedies ever produced. Over forty sets were constructed, the largest of which was a sports arena on the order of Madison Square Garden, which completely filled the studio's largest sound stage with 40,000 square feet of floor space. The set was the scene of the one-round championship fight between Danny Kaye and Steve Cochran, which took more than two weeks to photograph with an audience of 2000 extras. A replica of the old Third Avenue L in New York was constructed within the Garden set for Vera-Ellen's dance of "The Old Fashioned Number." In the field of unlettered imagination there was a fantastic dairy set, where beautified cows relaxed in satin and plush stalls on an imitation marble floor. Silk curtains and sculptured figurines decorated each stall. The prop man's topper for the picture was the cell to supply each bovine with a set of three-inch eyelashes. Danny Kaye's "Pavlova Number," an impudent satire on the ballet, is one of his most famous routines. It was written by his wife, Sylvia Fine, and Max Liebman. The 1946 class of the Goldwyn Girls appears in the dairy scene, wherein the famous Goldwyn beauties milk the cows. Playing the matron of the dairy is Kay Thompson, famous in Hollywood as the only woman arranger of American music, in her camera debut.

WITHOUT RESERVATIONS

Without reservations can mean many things. Like trying to bum a ride on a Westbound streamliner without a ticket—or going after a man with no holds barred because, darn it, he's your kind of fella.

But, of course, Kit Madden (Claudette Colbert) would never dream of such unladylike behavior. Kit's an attractive thirtyish with bangs, good legs and very, very strong convictions about how the world should be run. So strong, in fact, that she's written a book about it, "Here Is Tomorrow." And now she's on her way to Hollywood to make it into a movie script, but only because her producer promised that Cary Grant would play Mark Winston, its hero. She's nicely settled in her super de luxe compartment when a telegram comes, "Cary Grant cannot accept role due to conflicting commitments. Will inaugurate search bigger than Scarlett O'Hara." That throws her, she won't do it. They promised her Cary Grant, she wants Cary Grant, she insists on—

Suddenly two Marines pop up in front of her. They're staring at the ceiling and making like she's not there. "Hey, some beetle, huh Rusty?" "Yeah, man, a beetle to end all beetles, Dink." Dink (John Wayne) is 6'2", with brown wavy hair, a drawl, a slow, heart-mauling grin and a ridiculous resemblance to Mark Winston. Dink (Don DeFore) is his sidekick, always ready for a laugh and a fight for the dear old Marine Corps, the corps with which they have just won the war. Straight off, Rusty proves to Kit that "Here Is Tomorrow" was written by a character who knew nothing about men chasing women—and vice versa. He buys her a drink, and she sends a wire to Hollywood, "Found unknown to play Mark Winston. Stop Must change love angle in book."

They get off in Chicago to change trains and Kit evades her studio representative in order to tag along with the boys. She

"When you put Pepsi-Cola in the picture, Sam, you got the happiest ending ever filmed in Hollywood."
needs Rusty for her movie, and anyhow, what's a beetle, she'd like to know.

They land in a small town, exhausted and broke, and Kit signs a check with her real name. (All this she's been "Kitty Klotch" to the boys. "Klotch is a Lithuanian name, very old Lithuanian.") The townpeople go into hysterics, the Christopher Maiden in their little town—then heave her into the hoosegow when the Hollywood papers release a prepared statement that Kit Maiden is in their little town. The boys have bailed her out and warned her about signing famous names to worthless checks when Kit's producer arrives and proves her identity. Rusty turns on his heel and goes off to suck in the Marine Base at San Diego. After that it's up to Dink to play Cupid by remote control.—RKO

P. S.

Between scenes of the picture, John Wayne played chess with the cast and crew. He vanquished all comers, except his stand-in who vanquished him! For a scene with John and Claudette on a haystack, prop men sprayed the straw with a scented solution to protect the stars from hayfever. . . . One set for the picture covered two whole sound stages at RKO—including a highway, rolling hills, haystack, moon, and twinkling stars. . . . Claudette thought somebody was playing a trick on her when her pin-striped grey wool skirt began to give her electric charges! However, it was just weather conditions that made the skirt static. She had to grin and bear it—wth a slight flinch now and then. . . . When John Wayne and Claudette Colbert had to eat quantities of Spanish food for a scene, Wayne persuaded Mervyn LeRoy to import Chef Jesus Econides from Tijuana, Mexico to whip up a delicious repast. From tortillas to huevos, the cast enjoyed their magnificent South-of-the-Border meal.

THE VIRGINIAN

Back in the genteel days of 1885, women were either ladies or females, and woe betide the girl who tried to cut away from the rigid pattern that was "good enough for me, and for your grandmother, too."

But Molly Wood (Barbara Britton) can't see things that way. She wants more out of life than social teas or languid croquet games on the plantation, so she sets off for Wyoming. Maybe there she'll find adventure, even if only as a schoolmarm. She doesn't have long to wait because two days later her train is halted by a herd of cattle swarming over the tracks, and the dashing Virginian (Joel McCrea) gallops into view. She's agreeably petrified when he casually warns the train engineer, "Stampede these cattle with your whistle and I'll shoot you right out of your little window." But what promised to be a free-for-all turns out to be a grand reunion when the Virginian spots his best friend, Steve (Sonny Tufts), breezy, careless, and gallant to the teeth. So gallant, in fact, that when the train finally pulls into Medicine Bow, it is Steve who introduces himself to the wide-eyed girl and escorts her to the hotel. But Medicine Bow is feeling sick today. Trampas (Brian Donlevy) and his henchmen are in town and everybody knows what will happen if the outlaw and the Virginian tangle.

Molly and her protector are merely leading the square dance at the open house, her hosts are holding in her honor, when the sound of stampeding cattle is heard. Rushing off, the Virginian calls on the Sheriff for help in pursuing the rustlers, only to find that he too is, in league with Trampas and his men. So now it's up to the Virginian. He forms a posse, tracks the

LITTLE LULU

by Marge

TRY OUR CHICKEN DELUXE
NO OTHER LIKE IT

TRY OUR CHICKEN DELUXE
NO OTHER LIKE IT

LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—DEPENDABLY STRONG

A special process keeps Kleenex
outlaws to their camp—and discovers that Steve is one of Trampas' men.

The next morning he orders Steve and two of the others hanged. Riding home, reading the note Steve left him, "So long. I couldn't have spoke to you without playing the baby," he is shot in the back by Trampas, who had escaped the man hunt.

Molly is all tenderness as she nurses the Virginian back to health, but when she discovers that it was he who was responsible for having his best friend "lynched," she is horrified and prepares to return to Vermont. But on the way home, she realizes that she loves the Virginian all the more because of his strong sense of honor and returns, weeping, to the wounded man.

On his wedding day, the Virginian runs into Trampas, who snarls, "Get out of town now—yellow belly." "Too bad you had to say that," Trampas answers the bridegroom softly. There is a split second silence, then the two men whirl, and shoot. Trampas says forward with a bullet through his head, a bullet the Virginian fired with Steve's favorite gun. All wrongs righted, Molly and the Virginian head for the open West.—Para.

P. S.

Written in 1885 by Owen Wister, the American classic was filmed for the first time in 1914 with Dustin Farnum in the title role. Again in 1929, "The Virginian" was produced by Paramount with Gary Cooper as the hero, and now the same studio has made the well-loved story in Technicolor. . . . The time-proof qualities of the tale were proven when it was decided to eliminate the famous line, "When you say that, smile," and pressure from fans restored it to the script. . . . Although a great part of the film was to be shot outdoors, production was deliberately set for the winter months, when California blooms its greenest under the rains. Four weeks were spent on location before the production started filming the cattle stampede and a few other incidents not included in the novel.

BAD BASCOMB

Without a doubt, Wallace Beery is one of the bravest men in Hollywood today. He'd have to be to play opposite that notorious little scene stealer, Margaret O'Brien. And he's such a bad man, too.

Zeb Bascomb (Wallace Beery) and his gang have been terrorizing the entire West with bank robberies, cattle stampedes and murder. Not that Zeb holds with murder particularly, but his partner, Bert Yancy (J. Carrol Naish), figures that dead men are less apt to give information on the gang's activities to any Federal agents lurking about, especially John Fulton (Donald Curtis), who's a mild too persistent for comfort. Jimmy (Marshall Thompson), is another Bascomb man. Jimmy wants to break away, but Zeb says he promised Jim's father, who died a glorious death in a skirmish with the law, that he'd take care of the boy, and the only way he can do that is to have him under his eye and teach him the tricks of the trade, isn't it?

But Jimmy is wounded after they raid the Timber City Bank and the only way the gang can escape is to join up with a band of Mormons on their way to Utah with a large cache of gold for the hospital they are to build there. Zeb automatically becomes "Brother Ezekial," pious as all get-out and humble, but when, in accordance with Mormon custom, he is assigned to do all the heavy work for an unattached woman, Widow Abbey Hanks (Marjorie Main), his new meekness slips a notch. His friendship with her grand-

The Enchantment of April

April Showers

The Fragrance of Youth

by CHERAMY

Have you always wanted a perfume that's part adventure, part mystery, with a splash of laughter added? Then April Showers is yours . . . enchanting perfume for enchanted hours!

Perfume, $6.50; 3.50; 1.10 plus tax
The Fightin'est Story of Our Roaring Frontier!

JULES LEVEY presents
"ABILENE TOWN"

starring
RANDOLPH SCOTT and ANN DVORAK with
EDGAR BUCHANAN and RHONDA FLEMING

A JULES LEVEY PRODUCTION Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN

Associate Producer
HERBERT J. BIBERMAN

Released thru United Artists

From the best-selling novel "Trail Town" by Ernest Haycox, author of "Stagecoach."
daughter, Emmy (Margaret O'Brien), however, helps ease the sting of Abbey’s shrewish tongue.

Zeb and Yancy are busy planning on how to steal the hospital funds when Agent Fulton catches up with the caravan to ask if anyone’s seen Bad Bascomb. He’s completely put off the scent by “Brother Ezekial’s” false information and rides back.

The bandits are all set to escape with the gold when little Emmy, who by now is maddeningly tall, “Grandma’s felly in love with my pictures,” is flung from her wagon during a river crossing and is nearly drowned. Zeb rescues her, and because only his presence can give her the will to fight off the pneumonia she’s contracted, he decides to postpone the theft. But Yancy is not so easily put off. He kills the leader of the caravan and escapes with the loot. Zeb goes after him and recovers the money, but when he returns, he finds that Yancy has incited the ordinarily peaceful Indians to attack the Mormon camp.

The leader of the caravan now by common consent, Zeb feels it his duty to break through the Indian lines for help even though he knows they will reconvene when he reaches Fort. The Federals will be there. Just as the Indians are closing in, Zeb returns with a rescuing regiment at his heels—and John Fulton not far behind.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Because the picture was filmed straight through the Christmas holidays, the cast and crew had to squeeze in their shopping in off hours. Maggie O’Brien found it difficult to whistle unnoticed through the crowds and was often followed by gawking admirers. One day as she was buying a gift for her mother, and completely surrounded by fans, she said to her aunt, “Now, how do you suppose I can keep this present a secret from mother when all these people know about it?” . . . Frances Gifford found it quite the opposite, the day she received a telephone call from her husband. He was calling from Rome, Italy. . . . Driving home from the studio one day, Marjorie had car trouble. The wind blew up the roof of her convertible and the only person nearby to help put it back in place was a woman washing her lawn. Marjorie mentioned her trouble in finding a housekeeper, whereupon her new friend offered her services.

PERILOUS HOLIDAY

Before the war, pictures about international crooks and lovely lady tourists and Secret Service agents were always located on the Riviera. Now it’s Mexico City which harbors these assorted characters. There, where the sun is hot and the tequila hotter, Pat Nevill (Pat O’Brien) meets a couple of gorgeous babies. They are Agnes (Ruth Warrick) and Audrey (Audrey Long) and they represent, respectively, duty and pleasure. At least that’s the way it begins. Pat picks Audrey up in a bar, where he has been assigned by the U.S. Treasury to keep an eye on Agnes. He hasn’t seen Agnes when he gets the assignment and glumly expects a large bosomed female with three chins. When Agnes turns up she’s a smooth, coy young woman who knows all the answers, she drinks a silent toast to his guardian angel.

About this time, Pat’s other girl friend, Audrey, rings in momma and frequent mentions of wedding bells. They can’t, Audrey insists, Go On This Way. Pat agrees perfectly. He thinks they can’t go on any way, and had better say goodbye, which is not what Audrey had in mind. She suspects Agnes of having something (Continued on page 22)
Benedict Bogeaus presents

PAULETTE GODDARD

in

"Diary of a Chambermaid"

also starring

BURGESS MEREDITH • HURD HATFIELD • FRANCIS LEDERER • JUDITH ANDERSON • FLORENCE BATES • IRENE RYAN • REGINALD OWEN

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and BURGESS MEREDITH
Directed by JEAN RENOIR • Adapted from the novel by Octave Mirbeau

Also the play by Andre Heuse, Andre De Lorde and Thielly Nores

Screenplay by Burgess Meredith • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
So suddenly it's almost Spring, and you feel like helping old ladies across the street, racing with the moon, and buying a million new records. Well, control yourself. Compromise. Start in more modestly, say with the records of the month. My choices this time are Duke Ellington's "Black, Brown and Beige" music for the best hot jazz, and Johnny Mercer's "Personality" for the best popular. More about these later. You'll notice, when you get to your clip-and-carry-to-the-music-store list at the end of the article, that I've made a slight change. The third category (after Popular, and Hot Jazz) no longer consists of albums, but rather of music from the movies. I've listed movies with good music in them and, after the movie titles, I've listed the tunes, numbers, the artists and the recording companies. From now on, when there's an especially good album, you'll find it either in the Popular or the Hot Jazz column. since after all, an album has to be one kind of music or the other—only a little more of it.

Now that I've run that into the ground, I'd like to take time out to brag a little. For, recently, I got my dream band together and put on an all-star record session for Victor. A number of the fellows were winners of the Esquire 1946 poll, and a lot of people came down just for kicks, and to do me a favor. I got Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong on the same record for the first time in history. Other terrific people involved were Red Norvo, Johnny Hodges, etc. They did some of my own tunes for a Showpiece Album (two twelve-inch records) and it'll be out in April. I'll tell you more about it then.

By the way, I wish you'd all been to Modern Screen's party at the Zanzibar. You'd have rubbed noses with Jo Stafford, Jimmy Dorsey, Harry Babbitt—loads of musical celebrities. It was a lot of fun. And now go to (Continued on page 90)
There NEVER was a woman like Gilda!

“...was true to one man once, and look what happened...”

“I didn't think I'd be true to a man again as long as I lived...”

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Rita HAYWORTH as

Gilda

with

Glenn FORD

GEORGE MACREADY • JOSEPH CALLEIA

Screenplay by Marion Parsonnet

Produced by VIRGINIA VAN UPP • CHARLES VIDOR

Great as is her powerful dramatic portrayal—great, too, is this dancing Hayworth—singing "Put the Blame on Mame!"
to do with this, which is perfectly right. Pat hasn't figured Agnes out. She's a smart reporter who may or may not be on the level, and if she is, why does the Treasury want her watched? Agnes, meanwhile, is having her doubts as to where Pat fits into things. He says he's a gigolo, and for all she knows, he may not be kidding.

One evening when they're doing the town together, they meet an old acquaintance of Agnes—Doctor Lilly (Alan Hale). The doctor is fat and benevolent looking, but his benevolence goes no deeper than that of a department store Santa Clause. He has a trigger man named Louis to discourage questions about his past. But Pat asks some anyway, and from then on he's unpopular with the doctor. The stabbing of a taxi driver, the antics of an amiable drunk named George, and little Audrey who just laughed and laughed, bring things to a climax.—Col.

P. S.

"Perilous Holiday" is based on the serial story of the same name which ran in a national magazine. Its author, Lt. Col. Robert Carson, won an Academy Award years ago for his script, "A Star is Born."... Because the picture has a Mexican locale, producer Phil Ryan sent camera crews to Mexico to make location footage, and his art director were along to visit hotels, night clubs and scenic points which were duplicated in the film. When a member of Mexico's Department of the Interior visited the set, he was so impressed by the authenticity of the scene that he invited Ryan to have the world premiere of the picture in Mexico City. ...With "Perilous Holiday," Pat O'Brien celebrated his 100th motion picture. His camera debut was made in the famous film, "The Front Page."

YOUNG WIDOW

"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." And if you think that's corny, you're probably right, but it's also true. Ask anyone who has ever been really in love, and no matter how much heartbreak may have resulted, they're glad it happened.

A love that's lost. A husband killed in action. A young widow left to find her uncertain way back to happiness. That's the theme of the picture that brings Jane Russell to the screen. Jane is quite a girl and you'll like the way she handles the part of Joan Kenmore, whose husband was shot down over Berlin. After his death, Joan wanders, lost, from one place to another. She no longer has any interest in her newspaper job. She hasn't, in fact, any interest in anything, and living is just a gesture. She comes back to New York, finally, because that's where she and Barry lived together. Every street corner is a reminder of him. Every bus is a bus they rode on together. A tune whistled in the night can tear her heart to pieces.

When a guy named Jim (Liam Hayward) turns up, Joan is aloof. As far as she's concerned, he's just another lieutenant in the Air Force. At first he's just wailing. Later, when he gets to know Joan better, he falls really in love. But Joan just looks through him and smiles politely. Because he's remembering Barry. ...There are a lot of pleasant people in "Young Widow." And a lot of amusing dialogue. But the basic situation is whether Jim can make Joan forget Barry. I think the ending may surprise you.—U.A.

P. S.

In view of Jane Russell's reputation as a pin-up girl and the star of the unseen "The Outlaw," audiences will be surprised at her acting ability. It should be no surprise, as Jane is the daughter of a Broadway actress, studied dramatics before she made "The Outlaw," and put in four years between pictures with Florence Eldridge and Milton Sills. The role is highly dramatic, and relies mostly on acting and not on anatomy.... Four years to the day after she filmed her last shot for the unreleased "The Outlaw," Jane made her first scene for her second picture, "Young Widow."

MURDER IN THE MUSIC HALL

Here's murder to music. Here's ballet on skates. Here, in fact, is a chiller-diller with the chill coming from ice as well as from music. It is garnished by such pretties as Vera Hruba Ralston, Helen Walker, Nancy Kelly and Ann Rutherford. Not so pretty but just as effective, are William Marshall and Bill Gargan.

There is, it seems, an ice revue playing at the Music Hall. Its star, Lila (Vera Hruba Ralston), gets a note during the performance which sends her, terrified but curious, to the penthouse on top of the building. There she finds Carl (Edward Norris) who has been in jail for five years. He accuses her of having had a part in the murder which landed him there. Half an hour later, the police find Carl dead. Lila knows she didn't kill him but how can she prove it? Several of the girls in the show know that she went to meet Carl. They all knew him before he went to jail. Gracie (Ann Rutherford), the talkative understudy will probably blurt something out, even if Millicent and Diane keep quiet. Don (William Marshall), Lila's best beau, thinks the thing to do is for them to find out who did the murder and then confront the police with their evidence.

the lips he chooses are Irresistible

And you, too, can have thrilling warm lips radiantly alive with Irresistible—the lipstick that brings glorious color to your lips and breathtaking moments to your heart. WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer yet be smooth-spreading, non-drying. Your most becoming shade with matching rouge and face powder available at all 5 & 10c stores.

Add a touch of Irresistible Perfume it's wicked—it's wonderful

Now Finer Than Ever
IN NEW METAL SWIVEL CASE

Lipstick by Irresistible
The trouble is the evidence seems to lead in so many different directions. A note by the body leads to Rita Morgan (Nancy Kelly), wife of a Broadway columnist. She is identified as a girl from Carl’s past, and her husband is found to have known Carl was blackmailing her. Then there is the blind man who was seen going toward Carl’s apartment. And the girl whose identity no one is sure of.

The police, meanwhile, are not just sitting around reading The Police Gazette, or whatever policemen read. They, too, have found evidence that leads in many directions, and one is toward Lila. But in the end the clue that points out the murderer is a song, played by a dead man.—Rep.

P. S.

Vera Hruba Ralston did her ice skating scenes during Hollywood’s warmest spell in years. After changing from light cottons to her ice skating costume, she huddled in a fur coat between scenes. The temperature on the set was 30 degrees . . . Bill Marshall was signed to a contract after his tests had been run for hundreds of studio screenwriters and secretaries. They sighed and swooned sufficiently to put the brass hats in a dotted-line mood . . . The feminine quintet featured in the film run the gamut of hair. Vera Hruba Ralston is a golden blonde, Helen Walker an ash blonde, Nancy Kelly has dark auburn hair, Julie Bishop is a flaming redhead and Ann Rutherford contributes blue-black tresses . . . All owners of 16 mm. projectors, the girls discovered they were all having the same trouble getting 16 mm. film to run. They decided to form a film pool, and whenever one girl gets a print, she shares it with the others . . . Bill Marshall shaved every morning in company with his small son, Michael. Mike had just started to walk, was so fascinated by the shaving procedure that he insisted on having his own face lathered while pop made with the razor on his own beard.

DEVOION

This is the story of the Bronte sisters, Charlotte, Emily and Anne. And of their brother, Bramwell, who has such an extraordinary influence on their lives.

Back of the Haworth vicarage stretch the Yorkshire moors, wild and lonely and terrifying “Wuthering Heights.” They don’t terrify Emily Bronte (Ida Lupino), who somehow feels that they are a part of the dream world she lives in. She doesn’t mind having people laugh at her, she’s used to that. But she can’t bear if they laughed at “Wuthering Heights.” So it is especially strange that she takes the new curate, Mr. Nicholls (Paul Henreid), with her.

Charlotte and Anne and Bramwell are all away when Emily becomes friendly with Mr. Nicholls. For weeks they roam the moors together. Then Charlotte (Olivia De Havilland) comes back, and with one glance takes Nicholls away from Emily. She doesn’t even try to do it, for at this point she is not impressed with the curate. She is too worried about Bramwell (Arthur Kennedy), who drinks too much, to be impressed with anyone.

Charlotte and Emily go off to Brussels to school, where Charlotte has a brief, ambiguous affair with a school master. When they come back they find Bramwell dying. He reads Emily’s secret love for Nicholls in her face, and reads, too, the signs of the malady which is to end her life. Charlotte and Emily publish books at the same time. Charlotte’s “Jane Eyre” meets with tremendous public acclaim. “Wuthering Heights” is popular only with the critics. But in them both is the strange, inexplicable charm of the Bronte sisters.—War.

Hips aren’t your big problem, Honey!

You can take your hips right off your mind, Angel. For no one finds fault with your figure!

But you’d be smart to exercise a little more care about personal charm. Being streamlined, you know, won’t protect you against underarm odor. Or lessen the offense when others find you guilty.

So keep right on trusting your bath—for past perspiration. But put your trust in dependable Mum to prevent risk of future underarm odor.

Creamy, snow-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you fresh and free from underarm odor all day or evening. Helps you stay nice to be near.

Mum is gentle—is harmless to skin and fabrics. Won’t dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. So why take chances with your charm when you can be sure with Mum? Ask for a jar of it today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

Mum

Product of Bristol-Myers

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION 23
NEW CHART THIS MONTH

YOU CAN BE CHARMING!—Says Jean Kinkead—Charm is the way you look, walk, talk, think, dress, act, behave toward others. It’s the difference between being the belle-of-the-ball and Alice Sit-By-The-Fire. Anyone can have it for a small investment of patience, time and effort. This chart explains how you can have it. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

FOR FANS

SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c) — Completely revised to include ALL the latest data on the lives, loves, hobbies, new pic, little known facts about the stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

MUSIC-MAKERS—1945-'46—by Harry James (5c)—Bo in the know! The Trumpet King tells ALL in this 15-page super guide to the lives, loves, records, movies, radio shows of your favorite recording stars. Send 5c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Brand-new, re-edited chart listing over 100 of the best clubs for all your favorites—Frank Sinatra, June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Alan Ladd, etc. Learn about the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION. Also, how to write good fan letters. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that ever pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars, what’s new. Part of a new plan. If you’re hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who soaked the heroine with a tomato in the film you saw last night, see box on page 18 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR ROMANCE

✓ HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean Kinkead—Be dated, re-dated, but never superannuated! The secret of making the right kind of impression on the nice boys you know. Hold your-man tactics that WORK! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.

✓ BE A BETTER DANCER!—by Arthur Murray—Easy to follow directions on all the turns and tricks that will make you a honey on the dance floor. Plus dance floor etiquette—what to wear, how to be popular with the gents. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.

✓ PLEASE BEHAVE! Easy etiquette for soiling through any social situation without outward, embarrassing moments. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how to get him to ask for a date, or when it’s cayeg to be "honest?" FREE, send to Jean Kinkead, C/O MODERN SCREEN. She’ll answer all your vital heart-problems in a personal letter. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR GLAMOR

✓ SKIN CARE FOR TEENS—Teen beauty depends on care, diet, grooming. Here’s a chart that tells you all about skin care, facials, PROBLEM skin. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer.

✓ HAIR DO’S AND DON’TS FOR TEEN-AGERS!—This is the last word on hair glamour! It’s got everything—hair-grooming directions, charts for facial types, new hair style ideas! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.

✓ DATE DRESS DATA FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—Now—cross-town ideas about dressing for dates. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.

✓ SPORTSWEAR FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—Now—what sport clothes are worn from sun-up to dancing-in-the-dark, here’s how to look your best in them. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.

✓ ACCESSORIES FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—It’s accessories that make your outfit! How to glam-up your clothes with those little touches that mean everything! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.

FOR HOME SWEET HOME

✓ DESSERTS FRANKIE LOVES—by Nancy Sinatra—Here are recipes for making Frankie’s Favorite Lemon Pie, Apples Delicious, Sigh-Guy Gingerbread, and many more that are hight on the Sinatra Desert Parade. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer.

MAKE YOUR HOME MORE ATTRACTION!—Tired of looking at the same old four walls, year-in, year-out? A paint brush, some old orange crates, a saw, and a little imagination will transform your home into a thing of beauty at penny-cost. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer.

FOR CAREER

HOW TO PICK THE RIGHT JOB—Career Chart No. 1—Select the job that’s right for you—on the basis of your hobbies, natural abilities, personal desires. Private secretary, model, nurse, interior decorator, statistician—whatever your choice—here’s how to decide whether you’d fit in. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.

JOBS AND HOW TO GET THEM—Career Chart No. 2—Once you decide which job is for you, you’ll want to know how to go about getting it! Here’s the straight low-down on scores of career jobs—how to be interviewed, salaries to be expected, even your chances of marrying the boss. The same envelope that brings you Career Chart No. 1 will take care of this one too, if you check here.

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) — Send in a sample of your, or your OI’s handwriting in ink (about 25 words), and Shirley Spencer will analyze it for you and tell you how really feels. Send 10c for each analysis, and enclose a stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope. For Handwriting Analysis only, address your envelope to: MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, C/O MODERN SCREEN

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE (10c) — Fill in your birthdate: Year:

Month: Date: Time:

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Send 10c to 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 16, N.Y.

No self-addressed envelope required.

SPECIAL THREE-IN-ONE OFFER

Save postage by taking advantage of our special THREE-IN-ONE offer. Send us ONE LARGE, self-addressed envelope with 6c postage on it for ANY THREE of the charts (V charts on this page. Send TWO large envelope (6c in stamps on each) for any six of the checked ('V") charts, and THREE large envelopes (6c postage each) for the entire series of nine.
You'll go for Raft—and the girl he goes for!

George Raft... in trouble up to his gun-hilt... with Ava Gardner's beauty only stirring up more... in the picture that proves it takes a woman to make a good guy out of an all-wrong man!

NERO FILMS presents

GEORGE RAFT

"WHISTLE STOP"

with

AVA GARDNER
VICTOR MCLAGLEN
TOM CONWAY

Screenplay by PHILIP YORDAN, Author of ANNA LUCASTA
From the Novel by MARITTA M. WOLFF
PRODUCED BY
DIRECTED BY
SEYMOUR NEBENZAL - LEONIDE Moguy
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
Everything in the world is going to start growing again any week now. Everything from those crocuses in your back yard to that tree over in Brooklyn. And we've been wondering where you stand in the deal. If you've been taking your cod liver oil and stuff, you've probably got all the inches you need. But are you growing up inside where it really counts? How about your ideas, your approach to things like your family and men, your capacity for taking responsibility? Can you stand up to a pretty big disappointment, grin when the joke's on you? Or are you the gal with the quivery chin, the one who's just too young? Give yourself the quiz to find out exactly how grown-up you are—and no cheating now! If it turns out that you're a bit of a boy-see then get in the swing with Spring, and start growing up!

1. Your big brother imports a smooth older guy for the weekend, asks you to dig up a 4.0 senior for him. You'll do yourself the most good if you (a) inve SHORT ANSWER QUIZ!

CO-ED LETTERBOX

The boy I go steady with will be eighteen next month. Mother says I shouldn't give him a present, as he's never given me one. What is your opinion and can you give me any suggestions? H. A., Brooklyn, New York.

I've think it's kind of nice to remember birthdays, as long as the gift isn't embarrassingly elaborate or poor taste. About flattering him to death with his first pipe? Or one of those elegant jazz year books, for just a buck? or maybe a subscription to his pet magazine. Steer clear of too personal gifts, and don't spend more than a dollar or two and we think you'll please everyone, including your mam.

My guy is a returned veteran. He is nineteen and had one year of high school to go when he enlisted. He is anxious to go back and graduate, but I—having waited two years for him—want to get married. Don't you think I'm right? J. J., Elmira, N. Y. (Continued on page 92)
"Step right up, Ladies...

Just the small part of a dollar brings you this magic ingredient—Karo Syrup. Then, from one simple recipe, learn the trick of making 3 luscious desserts.

No fuss, no bother! This is magic, remember—you can't possibly miss.

Amaze your family... mystify one and all! The 3 smooth little tricks below will make you a dessert wizard... in no time!"

**THE KARO KID**

---

**THE RECIPE**

**ALMOND BAVARIAN PIE FILLING**

- ⅔ cup Karo Syrup, Blue Label
- 3 egg yolks
- ½ teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 cup heavy cream or evaporated milk, whipped


**CRUMB PIE SHELL**

Roll 30 vanilla wafers with rolling pin to make crumbs (1 cup). Add 3 tablespoons softened butter or margarine to crumbs; blend thoroughly. Spread this mixture evenly in 9-inch pie pan, covering bottom and sides; pat down firmly with fingers. Cut 10 vanilla wafers in half and place, cut side down, around pie plate to form a scalloped edge.

**MARASCHINO BAVARIAN**

Prepare as for Almond Bavarian Pie Filling, omitting almond extract and chopped almonds. Fold in ⅓ cup chopped, drained, maraschino cherries with whipped cream, and increase vanilla to 1 teaspoon. Chill. When slightly thickened, pile lightly into sherbet glasses. Chill. Makes 8 servings.

**FROZEN ALMOND BAVARIAN**

Prepare as for Almond Bavarian Pie Filling, omitting the gelatin and water. After folding in the chopped nuts and whipped cream, pour into refrigerator freezing tray. Set cold control for fast freezing and freeze until firm, about 1 hour. Set control back to normal until ready to serve. Makes 8 servings.
Just One Cake of Camay—and your Skin will be Softer, Smoother!

A skin that's lovelier, softer, breathtakingly smoother—it's yours with your very first cake of Camay! So renounce all careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions.

And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—gained a fresher, clearer-looking complexion.

THE STORY OF THE KEITHS

MRS. ALAN FRANCIS KEITH
—the former Jean Luke of Cleveland, Ohio

Bridal portrait painted by Mabel Hovey

Honeymooning at Niagara—and the Maid of the Mist never sailed with a lovelier bride. "I'm going to help my skin stay smooth and radiant," says Jean. "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For a fresher bloom in your skin get Camay—so mild it cleanses without irritation.

Follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.

Rhythm and Romance for Jean and Alan—as they traced the exotic pattern of the rhumba. Between dances, Alan couldn't keep his eyes off Jean's complexion—so smooth "and most divinely fair." She credits its softer texture to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—says, "The very first cake of Camay helped awaken the sleeping beauty of my skin."

Please use every bit of Camay—precious materials still go into making soap.
First it was Parsons. Then Hopper. This issue, famous Broadway columnist Ed Sullivan writes his first radio column for us (page 56). All we need now is Winchell, and we'd have so much lowdown, you readers wouldn't be able to stand up straight!

What I like best about Ed is his dog. It's a jet black toy poodle, bigger than Mickey Mouse and smaller than Nibbles, Elizabeth Taylor's pet chipmunk. Bojangles is the name, and a fiercer, more intrepid hound you've never seen. As you come through the door, he growls deep down in his chest and stalks you implacably with blood in his eye. If you are brave like me, you ignore him and sit down. Next thing you know, if he finally decides he likes your smell (I must smell like a stewed rabbit), he's in your lap licking your face to the bone.

Ed is friendly, too. But busy. Poor fellow spends half his life in a bathrobe pounding a typewriter and the other half in a stiff shirt chatting with a microphone. Without a doubt, he's the most sought after master of ceremonies in the country. When he isn't m. c'ing some big event like the Harvest Moon Ball or the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Party (watch for it in our next issue), he's guest-starring on some friend's radio program. People say he sleeps once in awhile, but people can't prove it!

Before I blow you all a kiss and say goodbye for another month, I think you should know that Ed is going on the air for MODERN SCREEN over the American Broadcasting Company network, March 16, 2 p. m., EST. He'll be presenting our first radio award of the month to Edward Johnson of the Metropolitan Opera. Listen in. It'll be your way of meeting Ed. And you wouldn't want to meet a nicer guy!

Deep conclave between Ed Sullivan and Nat Reiff, who, with Shirley Frohlich, helped Ed m.c. our Fan Club Assn. party. Read all about it in our next issue!
dream boss...

"What a boss!" Betty Jordan beams. Especially on learning that A.'s radio acting on "Salty O'Rourke" netted $2,000,000 in War Bond admissions.
SO YOU'RE A SECRETARY? AND
YOU DREAM OF TAKING DICTATION—OH, SAY
ALAN LADD?
WELL, THESE GIRLS DO!
By Jack Wade

One night last summer a pretty girl named Betty Jordan sat at a ringside table at Ciro's in Hollywood and happily pinched herself to make sure she wasn't deep in a dream.

That afternoon her boss had strolled into the room where she was working on his business affairs and casually inquired, "What are you doing tonight, Betty?"
"Why, I haven't any plans," she'd answered.
"Then how about going out to dinner with Sue and me?"

Betty wondered, after he left, if the boss knew it was her birthday, and if so, how he could guess that this year she was particularly lonely. Her Marine flyer husband wouldn't be coming back, although the war was over, because he had gone down fighting in the Pacific. She doubted if the boss could know all these things, because she'd only worked there a month. But she knew she was wrong, the minute the headwaiter at Ciro's poured champagne, and Carmen Cavallero himself, her very favorite pianist, played "Happy Birthday" especially for her.

That's when Betty dabbed at her eyes and pinched
3. After Sue went to sleep, Alan took time out, but Alana landed on his lap: "Read to me, daddyl!" Baby had exciting Xmas. She's three now, very observant, and couldn't wait while Alan unwrapped her many gifts.

4. A goodnight kiss from Alana to her doll, and a deep sigh from Alan: no one in particular. He still has to undress, bathe, and put to bed a real doll. Making movies (like "Blue Dahlia") is easier, he decided.
her arm—to find herself, a small town girl from Pennsylvania, the honor guest at a Ciro’s party, sitting with Alan and Sue Ladd, meeting all their famous friends. That’s when, too, Betty decided being Alan Ladd’s private secretary was going to be a swell job.

She’s been there almost a year now, and Betty Jordan has never had occasion since to change that opinion. Nor has Diane Craigie, with three years’ service stripes at the Ladds’. Together, that pair teams up to solve the pock of problems, private and professional, that swarm around a successful Hollywood star like bees around honey. They say no man is a hero to his valet, but that certainly doesn’t work with secretaries—at least not with Alan Ladd’s secretaries. They think he’s wonderful—and that goes for Sue and Baby Alana and the whole household.

They wouldn’t trade jobs with anybody in Hollywood. Alan and Sue have the happy habit of taking everyone who works for them right into the family, for one thing, and luckily it’s a family that is not bothered with boredom.

“The wonderful thing about working for the Ladds,” Diane and Betty chorus, “is that you never can tell what comes next. Anything can happen—and it usually does!”

Alan wants Sue with him constantly, so very often she is unable to take care of things as she would like to, so the details fall on Diane and Betty. Life is not just a basket of bills paid, letters typed, memos noted and contracts filed for Betty and Diane. Officially, they work in the big playroom back of Alan and Sue’s Los Feliz home, but they’re both around and all over the main house all the day and sometimes nights, too, when a Sue-and-Alan expedition gets going. And try and get those girls to go home at the end of a working day once they’ve mixed up in a Ladd family project! Like the time Alan and Sue set out for their Northern motor tour last fall.

That night Betty had promised her roommate at the Studio Club, where she lives, to come home early and go out to dinner and a show. At quitting time she phoned to say she’d be a little late. At six o’clock she said she hoped to get away soon. At seven, Betty called up and faced the awful truth; she’d have to call it off; there was too much happening around the mad Ladd house.

The telephones were ringing like a five-alarm fire, with (Continued on page 107)
On Thursday morning (the housekeeper's day off) it occurred to Mrs. R. E. Powell, co-owner and operator of a delightful home in Brentwood, that it would be ever so married and matronly to prepare dinner for herself, her husband, and a choice guest.

She puzzled over the menu and buzzed around like Oscar of the Ritz.

With everything in the oven, she ran a finger down the cook book page. "The book says I have 40 minutes for a shower," she mumbled to herself. Being fast and efficient in such matters, she was out, towed, dressed and lipsticked in twenty minutes.

Having run back and forth between bedroom, bathroom, and kitchen, she was complacent in the knowledge that all was going well.

At which point she heard geyser sounds from the bathtub. Rushing in, she arrived in time to find the water level rising rapidly in the tub instead of trickling away, and from the outlet came a gusher. Horrified, June stood transfixed. "My rug!" she squealed and leaped to rescue it. Having hung it on the line, she returned to find about an inch of water covering most of the bathroom floor.

It was Dick's rehearsal day at the broadcast, so June charged to the telephone and called the radio station. The only available line to Dick's studio was busy.

Back went his distraught wife to the bathroom to note that the waters were again rising. She shot to the telephone and called a friend.

"I'm being drowned. I mean my bathroom is. What shall I do?" gasped June.

"Call the plumber," said the friend.

"D'ya know the number?" June started to inquire, then she heard another suspicious sound. Hanging up, she raced to the maid's bath-

Who can resist on invitation to Louella Parsons'? Not even the Powells, who've been honeymooning up till now! When our MODERN SCREEN spies heard the news, they grabbed their hats and cameras, raced to L.'s to record for history . . . and you! In Louella's bedroom, J. confides this is her first venture into the outside world. First two days in new house, Powells asked guests to remove shoes à la Chinese before entering bedroom or her dressing room, so's not to soil white string carpeting!
POWELL?
FLUSTERED?
YOU
BET
SHE WAS!

Teletype machine fascinated June, so Louella explained what made it tick, allowed June to send message. When J. was sick in bed with cold recently, Dick amazed her by entering room playing trumpet. Repeated act with sax, clarinet, till J. yelled "Enaught!"

A hot scoop scorched the wires in Louella’s office, and J. unashamedly listened in. L. knows Dick from years back, when both worked on “Hollywood Hotel” radio program.
room. The waters were rising!

This was too much for June. She got the radio station on the phone. "I've got to talk to my husband!"

The operator was sympathetic—but firm. No artist was to be disturbed while on the air.

"But it's only rehearsal today," explained June. "Really it is."

"My report from the studio is that they are on the air," said the operator, and that was that.

To make a long story short, the dear good plumber arrived, rolled up his trousers and stopped the flood.

And, yes—the food! June charged to the kitchen and yanked out the steak and the potatoes. Everything looked just fine.

But when it came to the eating—that was another story. Dick couldn't have cut the steak with all the tools in the plumber's kit.

"We have a lovely dessert," June said in a choked little voice.

After two bites, Dick gazed at the little woman in utmost admiration. "What peaches!" he said. "Simply delicious. And this cake is absolutely out of this world."

"The peaches are canned, and I bought the cake," said June, bursting into shrieks of laughter which were joined by Dick and the dinner guest.

Well, that's marriage for you. The good and the bad. The bitter tragedies. And the beautiful, unforgettable moments.

Like last Christmas, for instance, June's chief gift from Dick is one of the loveliest of sentimental mementos. As you probably know, Dick designed June's wedding ring of gold, a star sapphire, and diamonds. Using the same design with three sapphires of larger size, Dick ordered a matching bracelet to place under the Christmas tree.

And then there was Heathcliff. Heathcliff is a cocker spaniel, strawberry blonde of coloring, and violently affectionate of disposition.

June set to work at once to teach him tricks, using dog biscuits as persuaders. It required nearly a week to teach Heathcliff to sit down on command. Another week to teach him to lie down. His understanding of the order, "Roll over!" and the even more important "Go to bed" absorbed hours of June's energy.

Finally, however, Heathcliff behaved beautifully. So his mistress (Continued on page 126)
Saver, hoards stars' letters from way back. Dane Clark (who popped in to hello) looks over a collection of autographs with the Powells that would turn fans green with envy. Dick's newest pic is "Cornered," June's, "Sailor Takes A Wife.”

Kissing Louella goodnight gave the Powells ideas, in skirt, thinks she's "elegant" all dressed up!

Dick congratulates June, who just beat him at backgammon, with no coach—by Louella, either! "J.'s ring and bracelet, courtesy of Santa C. and Richard Dick had bracelet made to match engagement ring; J. was thrilled!
A grand evening at Henry Willson's (left) with Diana Lynn, Guy Madison, Gail Russell—and Harry James on a record! Gail's very friendly with Guy, but there's also Peter Lawford and Billy De Wolfe in the running!

"MOST GIRLS TALK TOO MUCH," SAYS GUY MADISON. "ALWAYS TRYING TO IMPRESS A GUY! BUT GAIL RUSSELL—M-M-M-H!"

By Cynthia Miller

Guy helped Henry play host, made special egg coffee for guests. Guy's headed for stardom in "Till The End Of Time," with Dorothy McGuire, though it's only his second picture since bit role in "Since You Went Away."

Girls did a retouch job while Guy kibitzed. Diana's having tough time coaxing her mom to let her accept Loren Tindo ring. Introduced Henry to Loren, who've become best of frien
Guy Madison get into a black tie and stiff shirt? Not for his own mother—on Mother's Day! But tonight was different. Tonight he was stepping out with Gail Russell. So there he stood, an unhappy hunk of man, in front of the mirror, tormenting the black ribbon, while under his shirt the perspiration ran like ice down his chest.

"Henry!" he yelled. "Henry!"

Henry, of course, was Henry Willson, a chap of 32, who is assistant to the president of Selznick's Vanguard Pictures. Every MODERN SCREEN reader knows all about how Henry discovered Guy at a broadcast. Since then they've grown close as brothers, and the finest foursome in town consists of Henry Willson and Diana Lynn—and Guy Madison and Gail Russell.

The way Gail and Guy met originally makes a cute story. Luther Lester, drama coach at Paramount, and Gail were emerging from Paramount one night, as Guy and Henry arrived. Introductions were made and acknowledged formally, then Luther and Henry got to chatting. Gail and Guy said nothing.

The foursome returned to Luther's office, where Guy was to be coached. Guy and Gail smiled at each other, and Guy said, "Hi!"

"Hello," said Gail.

"I saw you in 'The Uninvited' (Continued on page 114)
"and so they were

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

"Jeanne Crain, age 20, occupation, actress." Paul fills out the application for a marriage license in Los Angeles on December 28th, a few days before the ceremony. It's the first altaration for both.

Lucky Paul Brooks! He's doing what servicemen in the South Pacific sighed about when they voted Jeanne Crain as the girl they'd most like to come home to . . . only Paul got there first!

Jeanne returned from her honeymoon for retakes on new picture "Centennial Summer," to find a surprise visitor: Lon McClellan. Hearty congratulations show Lon's no sore loser.
married..."

THEY MET AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE—FUN.
THEY MET AT A CROWDED MARKET—FATE. AND SO
THEY WERE MARRIED—FOREVER 'N' EVER,
SAYS JEANNE CRAIN BRINKMAN

Comfortable, and so-o-o romantic, as Paul Brooks (né Brinkman) carries his bride over the threshold. The handsome groom's often mistaken for Errol Flynn; when a group of fans rushed him outside a theater one night, Paul obligingly autographed with Errol's name!

It was four-thirty in the morning of the last day of 1945, when Jeanne Crain turned off the lights in the guest room in the San Fernando Valley home of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Kester, where she had been staying ever since her misunderstanding with her mother.

Hanging in the closet was her lovely white suit and in a hat bag on the dresser was a huge white felt hat. How incredible that these clothes she had bought on a casual shopping tour should develop into her wedding wardrobe! Tomorrow, thought Jeanne, as she snuggled under the blankets, she would be Mrs. Paul Brinkman.

"Try to sleep, darling," Paul had said when he had kissed her goodbye several hours earlier. "Don’t think. Just rest. Everything will turn out all right."

But she had so much to think about! From her bed she could see the gradual reddening of the sky in promise of a brilliant dawn, and about that brightening she remembered a line from some treasured book, “Happy the bride the sun shines on.” So she was to be a bride in sunshine!

The sun had been shining the first time she had ever seen Paul—that she remembered clearly. The Kesters had called Jeanne one Saturday to say, “We’re having a Sunday morning brunch at noon tomorrow. Bring your current dove and join us, won’t you? We’ve invited an amusing crowd that we think you’ll enjoy.”

So Jeanne, after consulting her mother, had called a boy and tendered the invitation. Like all well-reared girls, Jeanne’s social life was carefully regulated; she was not allowed to telephone boys except under specific circumstances approved by her mother. Even when 20th Century-Fox was giving some sort of an affair and wanted to make a professional appearance date for Jeanne, Mrs. Crain was consulted before any action was taken. Jeanne was seventeen at this time, sweet, untouched by (Continued on page 94)
FOR A WHILE IT WAS ALL MIXED UP—WANTING TO SING AND
THE NEW BABY AND LILLIAN EASING THE TIGHT SPOTS. THEN CAME THE BREAK. NOW
EVERYTHING'S ROSY. THANK YOU. (LIFE STORY, CONCLUDED)

dennis morgan

Stan Morner and Lillian Vedder were married on a balmy Indian Summer evening at Lillian's home in Marshfield. Half the town was there to watch the high school romance blossom in Doctor Vedder's garden, along with pals from Prentice and a sprinkling of Morner and Van Dusen relatives. Lillian was lovely in white and Stan was tall and trim, perspiring a little in dark blue coat and creamy white flannel trousers. It wasn't the summer heat that made his brow bead up, but the shakes that seize almost every groom, helped along by a narrow escape from stark tragedy. Because up until minutes before he walked down the aisle, Bridegroom Stan didn't have any pants to wear at his wedding.

He'd stopped in Milwaukee on the way to enlist his good friend, Bob DeHaven, as best man. Together, they'd ordered the ice cream color pants for the garden wedding. Bob was to wear his and bring Stan's when he came down the fateful day. But as the crowd gathered for the ceremony, Stan Morner paced up and down in Doctor Vedder's room, hair slicked, tie knotted, shirt dangling above his shorts. No wonder his bare knees trembled with the whips and jingles. The agony ended a few minutes before the nuptial deadline when Bob finally rolled up with the necessary trousers. Stan slipped into the pants and they raced to the starting line, on time but shaky.

Another minor crisis developed when Lillian's sister, Jeanette, sitting at the piano to play the Wedding March, saw a Wisconsin wind snatch the music off her rack and whisk it clear over the fence and down the block the minute the preacher signalled "ready." She couldn't play without music; she had to sing the Mendelssohn. (Continued on page 116)
Just before going on the Screen Guild Broadcast with Bruce Cabot, Dennis received word that his old Alma Mater, Carroll College, had conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Fine Arts—the first award of its kind.

BY
KIRTLLEY
BASKETTE

Stan, Jr., and Kris, California born and bred, take naturally to the outdoor life—even though it's Dad who's the Wisconsin woodsman. Dennis' next pic is "Two Guys From Milwaukee" with Jack Carson.

The Morgan ranch has started specializing in breeding prize-winning fruits. Only problem now is keeping Stan from shining up the trees after the whoppers!
Right off the bat the youngsters in Kansas City got on to it that the "new kid" was different. He was only four when he moved in from St. Louis, but he had an air, a swagger that set him apart. Even the big six and seven-year-olds noticed him. "Grousy, grousy new kid," they'd shout at him from their tricycles, but they'd always stop a minute and say, "What's your name?"

"Johnnie Clifford Johnston," he'd reply, and get on with the business of making mud pies or chasing squirrels. When he felt chatty he'd hurl the bombshell at them. The startling bit of information that was responsible for the swagger. "My mom and pop are champion bowlers." In the circles in which he traveled that was more impressive than having your parents in Congress, and in almost no time he was a local figure.

It was pretty darn wonderful having a mother who did something, but now and then a guy wished she were just a plain old everyday mom who was always around. It made you feel a little empty sometimes to come home and yell "Mom!" and then remember that Mom was downtown practicing for the next match. One big thing it did for Johnnie, though, was to put him on his own when he was very, very young. Aged ten, he was making his own decisions, making his own (Continued on page 103)
Ham Fisher, cartoonist-creator of fightin’ Joe Palooka, gets some inside-dope on boxing from Johnnie Johnston, ex-amateur ring champ. Weighing 125 pounds at the time, Johnnie lost only 3 bouts out of 39! In order to celebrate the invite to audition for NBC in ’37, Johnnie startled his pals by splurging $60 of his $90 bankroll for a set of golf clubs! He and Benny Goodman are golf inseparables.

Kibitzer criticized Johnnie’s gin rummy technique, teased him about that lock-over-the-forehead coiffure. Item: J. climbed trees for a drink of coconut milk! He’s gay at night clubs, but na hard likker!

Johnnie spreads it on thick while lunching with Joe Pasternak. Time was when he worked for a doughnut company for 50¢ a day and two meals, consisting of coffee and—yepl—sinkers.
plans. And making them well. You see, along about then he decided to go on the stage.

It happened like this. North East Junior High gave a colossal something called a “Jamboree” which had everything. Tumbling, a minstrel show, singing, dancing. There were fourteen acts and Johnnie was in eleven of them. He played a guitar, did a buck-and-wing, was end man—“Anthracite,” by name—in the minstrel show, and sang “Singin’ in the Rain” in a yellow slicker and big sou’wester hat. To be applauded eleven different times in one evening was really something. It went to his head. He was reeling with it. Going home with mom after the show, he exploded.

“Oh boy, the minute I get out of Junior High I’m going on the stage.” Mom smiled at him in the dark and didn’t say anything. It was a bright, dream-hung moment in a little boy’s life. There’d be time enough to crusade for education tomorrow. Or the day after.

Of course Johnnie didn’t go on the stage for years and years. He had a dozen jobs before he became a singer. When he was thirteen he was hustling pool. He was a long, lean kid, and when he slicked down his blond hair and stuck a cigarette in his mouth, he looked about seventeen, and it was nobody’s business that the cigarette was only a Cubeb—made of herbs.

Job Number Two came when he was in high school. Ukuleles came in then, and Westport High had a uke club of which Johnnie was president (Continued on page 103)
(We wanted a real, on-the-scene report on Don Taylor, so naturally, we went right to the source: His home town! All the way to Freeport, Pa., went one of our editors, to get you this first-hand account of Don's life from his mother and father.—The Editors.)

With all the excitement, nobody would have been in the least surprised if a voice suddenly rang out with, "Lights, action, camera!" That's how unbelievable it all was. MODERN SCREEN was throwing its big, stupendous, colossal Poll Party and if Harry Truman had been available at the time, he probably would have been there, too. Everybody else was. Hostess Louella Parsons kep ducking out from behind the mounds o heaped turkeys and hams to greet Pete Lawford and Rosalind Russell and Vai Johnson, and you couldn't tie Mik Romanoff down. He'd provided th decorations, he'd thought up thos carved ice figures and darned if he wa
"Learn a trade, son," Mr. Taylor preached. So Don studied law and sold subscriptions and even fell in love. But it wouldn't work, it couldn't dull the stardust - by Miriam Alberta Ghidalia

Penn State College social affairs always featured the "We Three" troupe. Don was a one-man version of the "First Nighter," Doris Disney song. Leon Robinowitz "killed 'em" with impersonations.

As a kid, Don was sure his dad's position on the Penn School Board would make him "teacher's pet." It didn't, though—Mom Taylor kept getting notes from school complaining of her "wild Indian."

At 6, Don was tow-headed, all boy, with most of his time spent in refusing to tend baby sister Janet and tearing his clothes fence climbing. He had a passion for trick hats—said they helped him play actor!

going to pass up this perfectly wonderful chance to kiss every female hand in Hollywood! When he finally got around to Phyl Taylor, he was sagging a little.

"Fine wife you've got there, Don," he announced, "pretty girl."

Phyl whooped. "He knows us! Darling, we are (Continued on page 79)
Elizabeth tucked her autograph book into her new muff. "Do you think Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. will give me his autograph, mummy? I'd rather have it than anything!"

"I think he will, dear, if you ask him nicely," Pretty Mrs. Taylor smiled at her daughter's enthusiasm.

"Doing a broadcast from the White House is about the most wonderful thing that could happen to a girl, isn't it? Oh, honestly, I'm so thrilled I could die!"

"Well, don't die till you come back. Hurry up now, the car's waiting. Are you ready?"

Elizabeth danced to the door, clutching her white muff dramatically to her breast. Her grey eyes with their black velvet smudge of lashes blazed excitement.

The car which was waiting for them had Cornelia Otis Skinner in it, and Elizabeth promptly bagged her autograph. As soon as they got to the White House, she added Mrs. Truman's signature to her collection. When tall, handsome F.D.R., Jr. strode into the room, Elizabeth reached for her book again. But it was just time for the broadcast to begin, and there was a mad flurry of activity. Elizabeth was definitely jittery until she saw that Mrs. Truman was, too, which had a curiously calming effect. The broadcast went off smoothly, and then the newsmen men took over. Elizabeth left her bag and muff with her mother while she posed for the camera with Mrs. Truman and the others. Every few minutes she took a deep breath to ease the aching excitement in her chest. It was all so unbelievable, that she should be standing by the President's wife and the late President's son.

Right at that moment, the man in charge said politely, "Mr. (Continued on page 98)
Watch MARK STEVENS!
“How do you do, Miss Hopper,” said Mark Stevens, tossing me a level glance: “Where’s the Gruen watch?”

Well, now, really! I gasped. I knew long ago that if I didn’t watch out I’d soon be about the most popular gal in Hollywood, and not because I’m the cutest kid in town, either. When you go around doping winners for Modern Screen’s Star-of-the-Month, and handing out beautiful Gruen wrist watches to boot—well, it’s hard to miss. You’re welcome in the best society. You’re everybody’s pal. Yes, indeed.

But I’d never had anyone come right out with the irresistible secret of my allure—not so soon, so quick, so brutally frank.

“Listen here, (Continued on page 72)
I'll make a confession. I make my living directing pictures; but underneath I'm a frustrated song writer. I'd rather have been one Irving Berlin or Jerome Kern than six Leo McCareys. That's life. You always want to be something you aren't. And I wasn't. At least not for Bing Crosby I wasn't. I'd wrestle around with lyrics, scribbling "moon" and "June" and "love" and "stars above" until I came up with something I thought was really pretty hot. Then I'd take them to my baritone beau-ideal, Bing.

"How about singing this?" I'd ask. He'd look it over, hum a few notes. "Okay," he'd say. "Maybe I can run it in tonight."

But he never could. I'd pay cover charge and drink all the Prohibition ginger ale at the Grove waiting for Bing to croon a masterpiece of mine and make me famous. But no. I'd hear "I Surrender Dear," "If I Could Be With You," "Mississippi Mud." I don't think Bing thought so much of me as a songwriter. Some people are that way. My wife, for instance. She's heard all my songs, because all my friends get (Continued on page 128)
ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING . . .

I never thought, honestly, that I'd make the Metropolitan Opera! Even though I've often played golf with Crosby and know Sinatra, Como, Johnnie Johnston and Andy Russell intimately, the Metropolitan Opera had eluded my wildest dreams. You can believe, too, that if ever anyone had suggested to Edward Johnson, general director of the Metropolitan Opera, that he permit a New York columnist to participate in a Saturday matinee of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," even the wonderful suavity of the "Met" boss could not have been maintained. You can picture Mr. Johnson summoning Barnaba, chief of police in "La Gioconda," and directing him to toss me into the Grand Canal, main waterway of Venice.

However, the impossible has come to pass and on one wall of the Metropolitan Opera Guild there hangs visible proof that Sullivan achieved the Metropolitan Opera during the March 16th, 1946 performance of "La Gioconda." The plaque which hangs on the Guild wall is lettered:

THE MODERN SCREEN RADIO AWARD
presented by Ed Sullivan to
EDWARD JOHNSON
in recognition of the splendid cultural services rendered by his Metropolitan Opera broadcasts.

In selecting Mr. Johnson and the Metropolitan Opera for the first monthly award of a series which will honor those who have contributed greatly to radio, Modern Screen was very conscious that here was a man, and an organization, deserving of the loftiest recognition. Above and beyond the broadcasts themselves, Americans owe to Mr. Johnson sincere appreciation for breaking down the operatic barriers which had been maintained against young American singers. Perhaps his decision to open the Metropolitan roster to all singers stemmed from Johnson's own experience. When he trained for the Opera under Caruso's teacher, Vincenzo Lombardi, the young Canadian tenor was advised to bill himself as Eduardo Di Giovanni. From 1912, his debut at Padua, until 1919, when he returned as an acknowledged tenor star, Johnson sang under the name of Di Giovanni.

In his eleventh year as general director of the "Met," Mr. Johnson must derive deep satisfaction from a roster that includes such names as Risse Stevens, James Melton, Nadine Connor, Patrice Munsel, Eleanor Steber, Lucille Browning, Robert Merrill, Mimi Benselli, Richard Tucker, Dorothy Kirsten, Frances Greer, Helen Traubel, Maxine Stellman and so many others whose splendid dreams came true only because of his sympathetic understanding.

I'm delighted that this first award should go to Edward Johnson. My pledge is that these monthly awards will be on the same high level, even though I grant you that men of the professional stature of Edward Johnson are not to be found on every Crosley-Hooper rating.

I'd like to hear from you Modern Screen readers. When something, or somebody in radio impresses you as having done something that warrants national acclaim, drop me a memo here at Modern Screen. Your suggestion will be weighed carefully. Perhaps you'll call attention to someone who might escape this roving eye, and I'll appreciate your cooperation.

Of Mice, Men and Sponsors
Artie Auerbach, whose dialect jingle of "A pickle in the middle, with the mustard on top" added another comedy plus to the Jack Benny program, used to heckle me in my vaudeville act... In the Detroit Fox Theater, once, Auerbach was carried into audience view on the enormous orchestra elevator. It had seats for 60 musicians, but Artie came up on it alone... When Parks Johnson and his "Vox Pop" program fades temporarily from the airwaves April 22, happiest will be Parks. After 14 years of broadcasting, the veteran will be able to vacation all summer at Wimberly, Texas (unhappiest, however, will be Sullivan. Each summer, Parks and Warren Hull have used me as a pinch-hitter)... Steve Hannegan, when he took over the Jack Benny publicity chores, was amazed at Jack's nervousness. Recently, when Steve came back from the Coast, I was sitting at the Stork Club with him and Ann Sheridan. "How's Jack?" I asked. "Wonderful." (Continued on page 127)
HER RING—three handsome diamonds set with severe beauty in platinum

She's Engaged!

Cornelia V. Clapp
charming young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth H. Clapp
"Apple Meadow," Bedford, N. Y.,
is to be the bride of Lt. (j.g.) James R. Neal, Jr., U. S. M. S.

She's lovely! SHE USES Pond's!

"When Bob comes home from sea he's going to be a lawyer, and we hope to live in Virginia," Cornelia says.

Cornelia has a lovely air of exquisite grooming. And, like so many engaged girls, her complexion is "Pond's-cared-for."

"I'm awfully choosy about using a very good cream," she says. "Pond's is absolutely perfect for me—so cleansing and soft."

She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off.

She rinses with a second coat of Pond's, making quick circles around her face. Tissues off. "I cream twice—for extra softness and extra clean-ness," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Cornelia's way every morning, every night—for in-between freshening-ups, too. It's no accident more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a big luxury size jar today!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Princess Gay de Polignac
Mrs. Alister McCormick
Viscountess Milton
JEANNE CRAIN'S  
MOM ISN'T MAD ANY MORE;  
VAN'S MENDING  
AS WELL AS BREAKING  
HEARTS; LADDIE  
CAME HOME  

If Susanna Foster's heart was broken and she carried a torch when Turhan Bey fell in love with Lana Turner—she is having mighty sweet revenge.

I happen to know that Susanna WAS very much in love with the Turkish Delight and that they had even gone so far as to discuss marriage plans when Lana came into his life.

At first, the little Foster girl was miserably unhappy. It was around that time that she first started discussing leaving the screen for an operatic career—an idea she has now put into effect—but NOT because she is still grieving for Turhan!

With his romance with Lana an affair of the dim, dear past—Turhan has been wooing Susanna with all the old fire and ardor.

Three times he has driven up to her home at Carmel to beg her to let bygones be bygones. On one occasion, his mother (who never approved of his romance with Lana) went with him. Mama always liked Susanna.

But the lady says it is all over, finished and definitely through. The real big interest in her life right now is the five sabbatical years she is taking off from her Universal contract to study for the Metropolitan Opera. Movies, Turhan and love are all behind her now while the blonde songbird concentrates all her attention on her singing career. And her heart is all patched up.

I say it is good, good, good that Universal is bringing Deanna Durbin back to the screen as her old sweet self in her first picture after the birth of her baby, in "Josephine." I never thought Deanna was the type to go sophisticated. Did you? Leave the wisecracks and the brittleness to actresses like Barbara Stanwyck. Deanna was our baby songbird and we loved her that way.  

(Continued on page 60)
*The World's Most Exciting Brunette

JANE RUSSELL

So thrillingly alive—she couldn't live without love! So breathlessly beautiful—she couldn't escape from men! So tensely dramatic you'll always remember her—and this great new hit!

Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG

Starring
JANE RUSSELL
LOUIS HAYWARD

with FAITH DOMERGUE • KENT TAYLOR
MARIE WILSON • CONNIE GILCHRIST
and PENNY SINGLETON

Directed by Edwin L. Marin
Released by United Artists

Screenplay by Richard Macawley and Margaret S. Wilder
Additional Dialogue by Ruth Marden

Painted from life by Andrew Loomis

Young Widow
Academy Award nominee Milland guested on the Screen Guild Show with Jane Wyman—and a beard. Seems he needs a stubble for Pora's "California," and Rav believes in growing his own.

never been to Phoenix—and she and Dick were going to a dude ranch. You would have thought he was taking her to Cairo or to a Palace in Persia, she was that excited.

"Will I ride?" she kept asking him, "will we take hikes? Isn't it wonderful? We're going away together—oh, I'm so happy!" And all that isn't an "act" on the part of little June, either. She was genuinely happy to be going away with Dick and to be going to Arizona for the first time.

She was wearing a brand new Howard Greer dress. "My Pappy gave me six of these," she said—Pappy being Dick, of course. I noticed she wore little pumps with buckles and gloves.

June said, "I'll never again give any of these commentators a chance to criticize me for going around in slacks and bandanas."

Dick grinned and said, "You look good to me, honey, no matter what you wear." That's the way it is with the Powells.

But I think June is sensible to get a little clothes conscious. Stars should always look their best at all times, on all occasions.

This month I want to have a little talk with you about something that is happening with frequency in our movietown—and must be happening elsewhere, judging (Continued on page 66)

That $40,000 platinum fox coat C. Colbert (here with producer Frank Ross) graces was from the "Tomorrow Is Forever" wardrobe. But Claudette was so sensational, studio gifted her with it.

"Adventure" makes Greer's ninth film to open at N.Y.'s Music Hall, but now that ex-sea dog Richard Ney is home, wife plans to do fewer pix per year. If possible, she'll co-star with Dick. For luck
Are you a modern in gabardine?

- Are you eager, energetic; keyed to the tempo of a rapidly changing world? Then for you, streamlined gabardine and, of course, Solitair Cake Make-Up.

Solitair cake make-up

modern, round-the-clock make-up—Solitair will actually
ur complexion the smooth, clear, faultless-freshness
always wanted—never before found. And since it's
your make-up looks naturally lovely, because it's the
weight, precision blended cake make-up that never looks
ke. Rich in lanolin. Solitair guards your skin against
s too. Takes only seconds to apply. No need for loose
. Try it—you modern in gabardine! $1, 60¢, 25¢.

Gabardine suit by Anthony Blotta

leading skin specialists say, "Solitair won't clog pores!"
from letters from unhappy daughters I have been receiving.

It is the old, old problem of mothers disapproving of the engagements and marriages of teen-age daughters.

Believe me, there was much excitement over the mother-daughter-fiancé fracas just before Jeanne Crain’s marriage to Paul Brooks. Now Jeanne is saying that it was never as serious as the gossips and the newspapers made out. But I think that even Jeanne cannot deny that there were many stormy scenes and tears when she told her mother she was marrying Paul.

Mrs. Crain had refused him permission to their home. One night, he came pounding on the door. Jeanne rushed out into the night and later eloped with the good looking boy who looks so much like Errol Flynn that he could pass for his double.

Well, accusations and recriminations flew thick and fast for a few days. Mrs. Crain sobbed (Continued on page 68)
Link Your Friends Together...

EVERLASTING

"Forget-Me-Not" FRIENDSHIP BRACELET

The newest and most popular friendship bracelet... starts on a dainty black ribbon and when finished is a lovely Sterling Silver Friendship Bracelet.

The nation's newest craze. A sentimental note in jewelry. You start with one "Forget-me-not" link, and your friends, family and sweethearts add to it! Exchange links with your girl friends. When you have 9 "Forget-me-not" links, store will join them together with Sterling Silver connecting links, into a beautiful, solid Sterling Silver "Forget-me-not" Bracelet.

This sentimental note in jewelry can be obtained at the following leading dept. stores:

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and many other dept. stores together with many leading jewelers from coast to coast.

STERLING SILVER "Forget-Me-Not" LINKS

$25 each

Plus 20% Excise Tax

STERLING SILVER CLASPS 35c

It becomes an everlasting remembrance of family, friends and sweethearts. You want several of them... it's smart to wear 3 or 4 complete bracelets. Just add "Forget-me-not" links and your friends are linked together forever. Start yours TODAY—the dealer carrying "Forget-me-not" Sterling Silver Friendship Bracelets in your town is listed at the left.

"Message" bracelet... same as "Forget-me-not" name bracelet, but you choose the message... 9 wards...

$2.60 complete plus tax.

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67
LEARN FROM Virginia Mayo—

How to have the most adorable hands.
Use Jergens Lotion, as Virginia Mayo does.

Hand Care of the Stars is Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1
EVEN FINER NOW. Using knowledge gained in wartime, Jergens scientists now make this favorite Jergens Lotion even more effective.

"Protects even longer"; women said after making tests.

"Makes my hands even smoother, softer." So wonderful. Part of the magic—those 2 ingredients many doctors use for skin-softening, smoothing effect.

This even finer Jergens is in the stores, very same bottle, still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No hampering oiliness; no sticky feeling.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands Use JERGENS LOTION

CHUCKLES OF THE MONTH:
Gene Tierney’s remark: “My husband and I have our spots. But I give in a little, he gives in a lot—so we remain very happy.”

The cagey maneuver of one of our best known actors who had a terrific crush on a certain girl. He gave her fur coats and jewelry. Then when the spark was no longer there, he suggested she let him have all the gifts for an insurance estimate. You guessed it—she never saw them again!
Lana Turner's request to M-G-M that her South American tour be "absolutely without fanfare and minus interviews!" Oh, Lana—hubba, hubba, hubba and a yuk-yuk! (Now you know!)

Guy Madison and Gail Russell are maced for each other (at this writing?) Maybe it means marriage—and then again, maybe it's just a little fond affection. Anyway, Guy's boss, David Selznick, isn't any too happy about the romance. He has nothing against Gail—but he thinks Guy should get a couple of hit pictures to his credit before he says "I do."

Richard Jaeckel, Dick to you, got leave from the Merchant Marine to take three months off to make a movie while his boat was in dry-dock in Long Beach harbor.

The picture his studio had lined up for him was "Margie" with Jeanne Crain. I say "was" because Dick read the script, put his foot down and bowed out of it. That might sound temperamental from a young actor who has been off the screen so long, and who had but one screen appearance to his credit, "Guadalcanal Diary," before he entered the service, but Dick's side of the argument is this: The part calls for him to play a typical rah-rah high school boy in a raccoon coat with nothing on his mind but his next date.

"That stuff's just not for me," says Dick. "I've grown up in the Merchant Marine. The guys would sure rib me ragged if I played such a part."

Ann Blythe, the glamorous "daughter" who was so good being bad in "Mildred Pierce" is completely recovered from the serious accident of some six months ago when she broke her back.

She'll be starring in Mark Hellinger's first Universal movie, "A Swell Guy," with one of our top name romantic actors playing opposite her.

Incidentally, I heard a very nice thing about Ann. All the time she was ill she corresponded regularly with Susan Peters, our other little invalid who's been making such a brave try at a comeback.

I still think Susan could return to the screen in just the right story. "The King's General," a very exciting book, has a heroine who is confined to a wheel chair. How about that for Susan, M-G-M?

I thought I would go crazy denying all the telephone calls and rumors that Bing Crosby was dead!

The happy truth is—Bing was in the East taking his first real holiday and vacation in years. His brother Everett wired me, "Bing's fine! I'm the one who is willing—trying to keep up with him."

And now we come to the end of another chapter—I won't be seeing you until next month. But once again I want to thank all of you who have been writing me—and I do mean ALL.

"Water-Colors"
Pond's new Make-up Pat washes gorgeously smooth, natural color over your face.

"Camouflages"
Make-up Pat hides little blemishes, freckles. Gives your skin a young, "poreless" finish.

"De-Shines"
No more shiny nose! Make-up Pat gives a velvety, just-made-up look that lasts and lasts!

MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT joins other beautiful society leaders in praising Pond's new Make-up Pat.

Pond's double-formula discovery gives clearer blonde shades ... richer brunette shades

Pond's Make-up Pat is the only cake make-up we know of that's made with a double formula! A featherweight formula makes the blonde shades go on clearer, softer—never "masky."
A richer formula gives Pond's brunette shades a richer, rosier glow—never "stagey."

Apply Make-up Pat sparingly with a damp-to-wet sponge or cotton. While moist, blend evenly with your fingertips.

"Make-up Pat gives such a fresh, all-over smooth look to my skin!" Mrs. Roosevelt says. Try Pond's new Make-up Pat today. We believe you'll like it better than any make-up you've ever tried.

IT PROTECTS your skin from wind and weather. W eat Pond's Make-up Pat every day! 39c, plus tax.
TIPS FOR FINGERTIPS! HERE ARE NOTES FROM HOLLYWOOD
ON HOW TO KEEP THEM COLORFUL AND GLEAMING.

HELP YOUR HANDS TO SOME FOUR-STAR GLAMOR.

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

The Beauty Department has something for you. Hold out both hands...we're going to cram 'em full of beauty! Let's begin by striking a colorful note. We'll do away with fingertip monotony by remembering that there's a particular nail polish to team with every wardrobe color from that cherry jumper to chartreuse suit.

F'rinstance, there's a lilting, singing "fire fly" scarlet, so grand with pastels and prints. Or, could be that you want a strong, serene, true red to team with a clear green? Then by all means consider "flare red." Check off "red plum" to highlight mauves, violets and purples. Not planned to transcend red, but to supplement it for special occasions, there is "tortoise shell," a burnished, dramatic russet. And "proud pink" will do you proud when worn with Spring Navy blue!

Get the idea? Let your fingertips share in your glamor. Don't keep 'em in the background by dabbing on the same red over a period of weeks. Have

Anne Jeffreys, who is so pretty in RKO's "Step by Step," never skips a step in her manicure routine. Here she smooths on hand lotion and finishes a neat job of polish application.
manicure. Begin the procedure by arranging the “fixings” on a nearby table so you won’t have to dash up, half way through, to retrieve the polish or cuticle-remover you’ve forgotten. Then turn on the radio to your favorite program and devote fifteen cozy minutes to the business at hand!

For a clean start, remove old enamel with oily polish remover. Shape your nails with an emery board or a fine grained metal file. A gentle oval is the most becoming outline. Scrub your dainty digits with a brush and a fluff of warm suds.

Remove cuticle, using a cotton-tipped orangewood stick dipped in a special cuticle remover. Or you might try using the wonderful fountain-pen shaped gadget that holds a supply of oily cuticle remover and has a “nib” that neatly disciplines wayward cuticles.

Before going to work with your polish brush, apply a colorless base coat to smooth out any bumps and to provide a strong mooring ground for the coloring. Now, one or two coats of polish, as you will, and finish with one of those grand “toppers” that speeds drying time.

When polish has dried, pamper your glorified fingers with hand lotion or cream. In fact, don’t reserve this beauty treatment for manicure time. Make it a daily practice. The results will show in smooth, soft, unchapped hands. Use lotion beforehand when you’re about to embark upon any messy chores. And keep a bottle of lotion on tap to be used every time your hands have been in water, whether you’ve been washing dishes, stockings . . . or you!

* * *

All set now? Fine! But just in case you’re wondering about polish brands or manicure items, or even about the beautification of face, figure or top-knot, remember that Carol Carter is here to help you. For a prompt reply send your problem, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to: Carol Carter, Dept. B., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
...I'll never let you go!

Life's most precious moments—will you make the most of them?
Make your Happiness last?
That means taking care of your loveliness today...tomorrow...and
tomorrow! It means keeping the hands he loves smooth and fresh
and soft—always!
"Soft, smooth hands"—how easy that really is—thanks to Hinds
Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream! The wonderful lanolin-enriched
lotion that works so quickly to help protect and
soothe your hands—and doesn't feel sticky! Just
take half a minute with Hinds whenever your
hands have been at work—or in water. They'll
look and feel lovelier . . . smoother . . . summer-
soft—the whole year round! (Wonderful,
too, for rough elbows, knees and chapped
skin!) At toilet goods counters...10¢,
25¢, 50¢ and $1.

HINDS
Honey and Almond
Fragrance Cream
makes hands feel softer
in half a minute

WATeR MAK€ MARK STEVEnS!
(Continued from page 53)
young man," I began to boil, "suppose you
keep your shirt on . . ." Then I saw this
tall guy with the crinkly, ginger-colored
hair and the dark brown eyes crack a
charming, disarming grin, and I melted. I
found I had the Gruen watch in my hand,
and was forking it over. Mark Stevens
looked at it, turned it around admiringly,
latched it on his wrist and patted it
"Just what I've been wanting," he
grinned. Then he looked reflective for a
second and sighed. "You know what?" he
said. "I was just thinking. It's funny. I
wouldn't sell this watch today for ten
times its price—but a couple of years ago,
I'd have chased right off to Uncle Benny's
and hocked it for whatever I could get!"
Maybe I was chugging my jalopy out
over Cahuenga Pass toward Warner
Brothers studio that morning when Mark
was jerking his thumb at a stream of
whizzing drivers who never gave him a
tumble. Could be. Maybe, if I'd been the
seventh daughter of a seventh son or some-	hing, I'd have slammed on the brakes and
said, "Hop in, for a ride to fame."
the hard way . . .

But it doesn't work that way. Mark
hiked the whole six miles from Hollywood.
He'd spent his last two bits getting up that
far from Long Beach, where he was sleep-
ing on the sands and eating hamburgers.
He was headed for a test at Warners. He
was late but they shot it. He wore an old
suit of Humphrey Bogart's that pinned
him in the shoulders and split up the back.
The wind ruffled his wavy hair around like
a Hottentot's and he was too self-conscious
to comb it in front of the camera crew.
But somehow he got a stock contract and
he hung around a while, doing nothing
good, getting nowhere. Then he was fired
Washed up in one easy lesson. A Holly-
wood discard, like a hundred others, billed
for oblivion. Just a couple of years ago.
Sometimes I'm tempted to sit down and
write my Congressman. "Please, can't you
pass a law making more months out of the
year?" It's like this—new stars are pop-
ing up around Hollywood like corn ove
hot coals. The pressure's terrific. What
a gal to do with Dreamybeauty Dates wit
Fate everywhere she looks? I could pic
a peck of Star-of-the-Month prospect
every week and not be far off the bubble.
Then how come it's Mark Stevens? Well,
you want a capsule scenario of "The Win-
ing of Hopper's Topper?" Okay . . .
First, Mark has proved he's a swc
actor, parlaying a small part in "With
These Walls" right into a co-starring let
with Joan Fontaine in "From This Day
Forward," filling acting shoes designed f
Jimmy Stewart or Hank Fonda there. The
I went to a premiere, "Leave Her
Heaven," at the Carthay Circle a fe
weeks ago. I watched Ty Power, just ban
from the wars, walk down Peacock La
with Annabella—and I heard the crow
roar. Next came Mark Stevens and I
pretty wife, Annelle, and the bleach
busted just as wide open. Hmmmm . .
He clicked with the fans. Then I talk
to Darryl Zanuck, Steve's boss at Twen
tieth Century-Fox. He said: "Hed-
Mark Stevens tops my new star list
in '46." Then I checked the fan mail—wo
Over to RKO next, and a producer te
me a story. Says Bill Pereira:
"I wanted Mark opposite Joan Fonta
in 'From This Day Forward.' Another
executive wanted an actor with a bet
reputation, a bigger name. We got an
horn, bucked horns. So we made a b
gain: Run off both tests of both act
give no names. Invite 24 studio secretaries. Let their verdict be final.

"And . . . ?" I asked.

"We did," grinned Bill. "The vote: twenty-four to nothing—in favor of Mark, of course!"

Then I went into a huddle with myself—and you should huddle with Hopper. I've a Hollywood memory like an elephant and the minute I looked at Mark Stevens, names ran across my mind like ticker tape. Lew Ayres, yep, looks like him. Dana Andrews, too. A touch of Alan Ladd. Lots of Tim Holt's looks and charm. Errol Flynn. Even David Niven, if you look close. Those boys were stars. But I think the final clincher on the case was this: Mark Stevens is so typically untypical of Hollywood fortune—if I make myself clear. He's the kid who did it when it wasn't done—crashing the town cold, friendless, unafraid—getting his breaks in preposterous fashions (like those secretary votes), doing all the wrong things and coming out right. Getting in jams, sassing producers, walking off sets, getting married when he was out of a job. Making the grade and keeping his spunk and independence.

**fireworks . . .**

Mark Stevens should have been born on the Fourth of July. He's a walking Declaration of Independence, and that's something—even in Hollywood, where you see all kinds of things ambling along.

You can tell it the minute you spot his square-cut jaw. It's a good-looking face Steve wears, but on the cocky, belligerent side. He's almost a real redhead; as a kid, you just know he had copper freckles. Talks with a quiet, even voice with no apology—for-living in it. Maybe Mark packs a slightly cynical demeanor—well, he's been batted around a lot. Ever see a redhead without a temper, anyway?

Some time ago, while making "From This Day Forward," Mark, his producer and director came out of lunch at Lucey's Restaurant, right around the corner from RKO. A picture-snatcher was grabbing shots of stars because that's a great Paramount-RKO lunch hangout. The RKO big shots knew the bulb-boy. Mark didn't, and vice versa. They told the cameraman:

"Here's a picture for you, Mark Stevens. He's playing opposite Joan Fontaine in his new picture. Better grab a shot."

But the lens clicker was not impressed.

In fact, he was pretty rude. "Nuts to him," he barked. "I don't give a damn. Wait till he gets famous and then maybe I'll shoot him. Right now, I don't want to waste film." All this right to Mark's face. It turned pale. He stepped up to the photographer.

"I'll remember you," said Steve, icily.

"You'll never take a picture of me, Bud! So don't ever try it!" The photographer's jaw dropped like a ripe apple. He'd been jostling actors around rudely for years and nobody'd called him. What made Mark sore was not the go-by but the rudeness. He's sensitive, and he's flash-tempered, and he's proud. That's a recipe for perpetual hot water, sure, almost anywhere, and particularly in Hollywood. But if you've got the stuff behind it, you'll get by. Look at Errol Flynn, Peck's Bad Boy, if Hollywood ever saw one, but he can write his own ticket. Errol's a friend of Steve's, by the way. Because it was at Warner's that Mark first ran into the frustrations of Hollywood, which was something like meeting an immovable object. The result—comets, shooting stars and loud explosions most of the time. Errol still chuckles about two times that tickled his own wicked funnybone. Once, when Mark, just a measly bit player, actually stopped production on Errol's picture, "Objective Burma," by walking off the set, and an—

---

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh.

Fresh, new cream deodorant, stops perspiration worries completely.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never gritty or sticky...doesn't dry out.

---

Be lovely to love
Background for Beauty

CRISP, snowy curtains dress up a room just as a freshly laundered jabot adds chic to your favorite suit. Dainty organzies, marquisettes, voiles and rayons take on new freshness and beauty when they are Limit-laundered.

Limit restores the original finish to all household and personal washables. It penetrates fabrics evenly and smoothly. Limit helps shed dirt and dust, keeps things clean longer. Limit is simple to mix, easy to use.

Sunny says: On every Limit package you'll find complete directions for starching sheets, shirts, table linens, lingerie...and all washable fabrics.

LINIT adds the "finishing touch".

other time when Errol had a party at his house and injudiciously invited Mark. Before the evening was over this unknown kid had told all the grand moguls of Hollywood off, right to their faces. Yet he was so unknown at the time that half of them don't even remember him now—in fact, instead of pasting him on their blacklists, some of them are the very ones who are boosting Stevens to stardom today.

During that first Hollywood contract, Mark managed to keep his copper head bloody but unbowed. It's too scrappy a saga to handle without boxing gloves but here are some samples: His first "part" turned out to be a mere tail and white tie atmosphere dress job. "I'm no extra, I'm an actor," said Mark to the director. He took off the tail coat, hung it on the wall and walked home. Next time they sent him on location in a picture. "Where's my dressing room?" asked Mark. "Oh," said the assistant director, "just put your clothes on over there behind the wagons, with the extras." "Not me," replied Steve. He walked off again. Again, the studio gate man barred him roughly from entering the studio one day when he was on call. "Okay, Bud," said Mark. He went home. Mark got tired of a nasty assistant director "hey, you-ing" him around. He popped him. That did it. He got fired—but was Mark Stevens through? Not on your life. Durnyl Zanuck snapped up his contract like a trout snaps up a fly.

Steve's real name is Richard Stevens and he's mostly canny Scotch-English. He's a Cleveland, Ohio boy by birth, and his Dad was an American flyer in the last war, who couldn't settle down to family responsibilities after the fighting was over. So his Mother took Mark over to Folkestone, England, when he was three, to live with her parents. When they died, she came to live with her sister in Montreal, Canada, and that's where Mark grew up.

Only he didn't grow very fast and probably, 'he thinks, that's what made him such a problem child. You'd never believe it today, when you size up Mark's six foot, lean-muscled 165-pound body, but he was a pea-pee—only 5'-2" when he was sixteen. Result: He knocked himself out proving size wasn't important, like a lot of short orders have been doing ever since Napoleon. Football, basketball, tennis, hockey—at King School, Argyle and Westmount Highs in Montreal. Mark was a mighty atom. He even played some pro hockey, and he trained for the Canadian Olympic Diving Team, until the high springboard betrayed him on a two-and-a-half gain and he smacked his back so hard that years later it kept him out of the Army. He sailed off the big 180-foot Côte des Neiges jump on skis—and busted his collar bone. He got to be a box whiz in the ring and tied into a champ who beat his ears in.

masquerade ...

What Mark wanted he could always get—like athletic applause—and an illegal look at the movies. That's what I said—illegal; because about that time he, like hundreds of other seventeen year olds, had been four disastrous theater fires which killed hundreds of children, so a law was passed prohibiting all mop pets under sixteen from passing the ticket taker. "I'm an actor," he had said. He stole a pair of his mother's high heeled shoes and rose up in the world so he could pass at the box office. He was movie mad, as far back as he can remember, and he saw everything that came to town.

Of course, from what Mark admits, it was some sort of a small miracle that he ever got through school at all before his beard turned white. Because, what he didn't want, Steve promptly gave the back of his hand to—as he does today. He didn't
like lessons, for instance, and he has a perfect record of getting booted out of every school he attended, public or private. Mark sort of regrets this sorry academic record now, mainly because he realizes what a headache he must have been to his fond mother and doting stepdad. Mrs. Stevens remarried when Mark was twelve. She couldn’t have picked a nicer father for Mark. James Cooke has helped his stepson out of many a pickle and always backed him to the hilt.

what’s he got...

Henry Hathaway, one of the best directors in our town, thinks a lot of Mark Stevens. Henry’s a rugged man’s director and a tough audience and he’s directed the best of them. So when I heard he’d tossed a birthday party for Mark, lent him his car when Mark’s was laid up and pulled around on the set between scenes, I knew Mark Stevens had something. Henry Hathaway isn’t won easily. I give him a jingle right on the set of “The Dark Corner.” “What’s Mark Stevens got that rings the bell?” I asked.

“That’s easy, Hedda,” came back Henry. “He’s got depth, assurance, authority. He knows what it’s all about. He’s been around. He’s not acting in the dark, like a drama school dope.”

What sent Mark off on a flock of tangents was that old Yankee independence streak he was born with. He disagreed with his Mom that the best place to be was in his stepdad’s plant, although he took a good crack at that first, and worked in every department in the place, from eight-to-five for six months. But after hours he strayed from the fold. He could sing like a thrush, so in no time at all he was nosing his way inside Montreal’s night clubs, like the Edgewater Inn and the Norgate, taking a turn with the band and handing out patter at the mike between numbers. He snagged another after-hour job with the Corona Barn Players of Montreal. Right away Mark qualified for leads, even though half the time the Corona crew played in beer halls, where rowdy customers heaved empty bottles when they didn’t like the show. Mark drew fifteen dollars a week and his share of the bottles. But he ducked most of them.

He couldn’t dodge that stubborn streak of his, though. And when the glitter lures of a show business life beckoned him away from his factory desk, and there were complaints, Steve struck out on his own. The baits that hooked him were leads in a repertory stock company, the Atterbury Players, which held out a glamorous tour around Canadian cities like Winnipeg, Ottawa, Toronto and Quebec. And after a heady sip of acting in Canadian Broadcasting Company radio thrillers, such as “Miss Trent’s Children” and the “Canada Comes On” show. Happy Days were here for keeps. He was only seventeen and the world was his oyster. So he plucked right into the stew, abandoning the advice of his parents. When the pot ran dry Steve was far too independent to come crying back home.

He sold punchboards—until the cops got after the company. He pumped gas in a garage until a customer bawled him out. He collected bills for a hardware store, but when the boss didn’t pay off, Steve knocked down enough shelves of glassware to get even. He drove midget racing cars. He peddled haberdashery until he had a scrap with the manager. He drove trucks, jerked sodas, ran a general store in a country town. He studied commercial art (painting’s still his hobby), and painted window signs. He tied up with a miracle stocking wash that kept ladies’ hose from running. Only the miracle dip ate the hose right to pieces, and he almost got killed by angry house-
The Countess de Petiteville

Bearer of a historic 1000-year-old Norman name, the Countess de Petiteville is active in the French Red Cross and in the cultural life of Paris. She has a fine, cameo type of beauty, with dazzling white skin. "The 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives my skin a clearer, brighter look," she says. "Makes it feel smoother!"

1-Minute Mask
"my most exciting beauty discovery!"

Make your skin look lovelier — in one minute!

Follow the Countess de Petiteville’s beauty lead! Mask your face—all but eyes—with luxurious Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

The Mask works by what skin specialists call "keratolytic" action. It has the power to loosen and dissolve bits of chapped, curling skin and dirt particles! After one minute, tissue off the Mask. Off comes loosened debris, too!

Your "re-styled" complexion looks so much clearer and fresher . . . feels so much softer! And all in just one minute!

“A quick, light powder base, too!”

"I use Pond’s Vanishing Cream another way, too—as a powder base. It goes on so smoothly—holds powder so well!" says the Countess.

POND’S VANISHING CREAM

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

The Countess says: "The Mask refreshes my skin, gives it a more wide-awake look!"

wives. He walked floors in a department store, peddled electric razors door-to-door. He sang in waterfront cafes.

All along, Mark Stevens kept his red topknot belligerently blazing. His radio experience in Akron, Ohio, is typical of the chip he packs around on his shoulder, which falls off very easily.

This time in Akron, Ohio, Mark came up with a job as turntable boy on station WAKR. He was an announcer inside of a month, an engineer, writer and a producer in a few more weeks. He worked fourteen hours a day, hopping around like grease on a griddle, and before that job was over there wasn’t anything you could tell Steve about radio stations.

He opened the joint up at six a.m., and he closed it at midnight, running the turntable, control board, the mixing machine, announcing news when the news was full of tongue twisters like "Sevastopol" and "Veliki-Luki." Mark thinks the tuner-inners must have had some bewildering programs the first week the station engineer went to war. His boss was an imperious guy who told him: "If you can’t handle the job—you’re through."

So Mark handled it, although half the time he mixed up Charlie McCarthy with Mister Anthony and had Bing Crosby singing in soap operas. But when he finally learned his stuff (and he can take a radio station apart and put it together blindfolded now), terrible-tempered Steve discovered that the bone-breaker job he was doing for $35 a week had paid $125 for the chap who was there before him and who did half his work. That did it.

He quit cold, with a "Kindly go to heck!" walked over to the rival station WJW, and went right to work. Nobody has yet discovered a way to fool Mark Stevens for long, or push him around.

WJW lifted Steve right up to a top announcer, handed him the national programs, put him covering elections and special events, and finally gave him a man-in-the-street broadcast show of his own. He made decent dough at last and radio was a rosy future. But even with his marathon working hours Mark had found himself running off up to Cleveland, thirty-five minutes away on the interurban, and trying out for leads at the Cleveland Playhouse—winning them, too.

That acting bug was still stinging away. One morning he rolled out of bed and quit, walked to the depot and bought a ticket to California—just like that.

pop pitches in . . .

It took him three tries to get past Chicago, but he finally made it. The third time, on a thousand dollars his ever pitching stepdad advanced him, he rolled all the way to the Coast. He still had most of the thousand when he arrived, and that turned him to big mistake. The sun and the stars and the glamour got Mark. But that’s one thing in his favor today. He got "going Hollywood" out of his system early—and even it hurt least.

Anyway he forgot what he came to Hollywood for, temporarily, and he got around to tackling just one studio all that time. An agent took a chance and got him an interview with the casting director of a minor lot.

The exec took one look at Mark and turned to the agent. "Are you kidding?" he said, and then to Mark, "My advice to you, Bud, is to go on back home."

"Thank you very much," said Mark. "I will." And he turned on his heel and departed. The agent the mixing. "Why don’t you forget this whole idea?"

"Okay," said Mark. But he didn’t mean it. He just acts that way when he’s hurt. He visited Nat Goldstone, another agent he’d known from back East ramblings, and Nat said he’d see what he could do
Time to eat, I hope!

That's the kind of feeding-time welcome that mothers who serve Gerber's Baby Foods come to expect! First of all, the choice vegetables and fruits that go into Gerber's are carefully washed in pure, artesian water, then cooked by steam . . . to retain precious minerals and vitamins. The same tender care produces uniform, "just-right" texture; and of course, Gerber's Baby Foods taste extra good. Laboratory-checked all along the line. Be sure to get Gerber's - with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the label!

Two Special Baby Cereals—suitable as starting cereals and all through babyhood. Both Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve. Both cereals rich in added iron and B complex vitamins, needed by most babies. Serve each cereal turnabout to give baby variety.

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

You may have heard the saying "we are what we eat." How true that is of our babies! For the quality and purity of the food we give our babies has much to do with the kind of men and women they will become! Mrs. Annelle Gerber

Gerber's Baby Foods

Fremont, Mich. Oakland, Cal.

Remember, it is wise to check baby's feeding program with your doctor.

Free sample...

Cereals, strained foods, chopped foods

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. DE4-6, Fremont, Mich.
very next month when Darryl Zanuck put Mark on his team at Twentieth Century-Fox. And it came through on another 

thirteen when they moved into their 

first home as Mister and Missus—the cute 

tiny hillside guest house that looks right 

down on Pickfair, which used to house a 

perfect Hollywood romance, that of Mary 
Pickford and Doug Fairbanks.

I doubt if Doug and Mary, in their 

honeymoon hey-days, had a cozier nest 

than Steve and Annelle, or “Baby,” as 

he’s likely to call her, have found to start 

their bride-and-groom days. Mark took 

me up to meet his wife the day I saw him. 

Mark’s twenty-seven now and Annelle’s 

twenty-one and he treats her like a china 

doll. When I asked about his hobbies, 

Steve grinned and said, “Well, I still like 

to fool around with watercolors and oils, 

but my real hobby’s Annelle.”

the big boss . . .

That old declaration of independence 

doesn’t work around his pretty wife, 

either, and Mark doesn’t want it to. For 

the first time in his life he’s being bossed— 

and he loves it. Annelle does him out two 

dollars a day to toss recklessly around, 

because she discovered money had a way 

of leaking out of his pockets. She’s his 

business manager, too, and signs the 

checks. Annelle’s given up any acting am-

bitions for the present to pitch full time 

as Mrs. Stevens, cook Mark’s favorite 

food, steak and asparagus with Hollandaise 

(with when she can find the makings), 

coax him out of chain-smoking cigarettes, and 

let Steve beat her at gin rummy to keep 

him happy.

Mark manages to keep lean and tough 

working out with the bar bells in Easton’s 

gym, now and then, although he can 

eat potatoes and cake all night and not 

put on an ounce. That old diving back 

injury, which kept him out of the Army, 

still habits him enough to keep him 

away from what he likes—tennis and 

golf, but these days he wouldn’t have time 

anyway. The way parts are popping at 

20th-Fox, Mark Stevens should be twins.

Sometimes he and Annelle get away for 

an evening’s talk or bridge session with 

their friends, the Cornel Wilde, Zach 

Scotts, Cesar Romero or the Vincent 

Prices. But most of the time they’re parked 

right by their own hearth, where Mark 

finds it an added attraction to be married 

to an actress.

Because, one of Mark’s biggest problems 

to date has been to shake the clipped 

Canadian-English accent he grew up with, 

and it’s over, all I can say is—Canada had 

better give Mark Stevens back. If they 

don’t, from the way things look, a million 

fans will spring to arms and Hollywood 

will declare war, atom or no atom.
practically Celebrities!"

"He only knows us because he saw the guest list," Don sighed.

Jimmy Stewart passed by, clustered with blondes.

"Um, what I wouldn't do to meet him," crowed Phyl. "My, what a uniform does for a man."

"But he's not in his uniform," her husband pointed out.

"No matter," she gloved, "a man like that doesn't need a uniform."

Jimmy passed again, his eyes overbright.

"Hello, Mr. Stewart," Don piped from his corner. "I'm from Pittsburgh, too."

No answer.

"So we're Names? Hah!" Don snorted. "Never mind, honey," his wife comforted, "after three years in the Army, you can't expect a man to notice every little thing." Don threw her a bitter look.

After a while he got desperate. "Hello, Mr. Stewart," he squeaked, "I'm from Pittsburgh, too. Then, I'm from PITTSBURGH." Then, "I'm from Pittsburgh." No soap. Jimmy wasn't playing old home week. Three years in a war and he should know from Pittsburgh. Not that Don had really expected any recognition. They'd never been introduced and--probably Jim hadn't even seen Winged Victory," Don's only movie appearance. But he couldn't help remembering that day long ago, when he and his sister, Janet, had spent long minutes with their noses pressed flat against a store window, worshiping at the Oscar Mr. Stewart, Senior, kept on display there.

"You know what?" he'd muttered, yanking Janet up Main Street, "I'm gonna get me one of those some day."

"One of what?"

"An Oscar. That's Jimmy Stewart's Oscar. Jim got it for being the best actor of the year."

"Well, why shouldn't he have? He's old enough. Anyway, you'll never get a Oscar 'cause you'll never be a actor. Daddy told Moth. I heard 'em."

"Yup, he sure is old enough. And I heard 'em, too."

What a crazy world it was. Here a fellow wanted to be an actor, wanted to be such a good actor that some day he'd win an Oscar—and his folks had to go and queer the whole thing.

"learn a trade..."

David Edwin Taylor never believed in the proud parent routine. You had children and taught them right from wrong. After that God bless them and when they made their bed they had to lie in it. Only thing, first they had to have a bed. Ever since Don was old enough to understand, his Dad tried to drum it into him. "Learn a trade, son, any trade. Carpenter, school teacher, book binder. Then go ahead with a career. That way you'll always have something to fall back on if things shouldn't—work out."

At first it made fine sense to Don. "Sure. Yeah, sure, Dad." Then, as he realized he wanted to act. "But Dad, that takes time. And I don't have time. I can't wait."

Don never could wait. Couldn't wait long enough after breakfast to brush his hair for school, couldn't wait till he could date girls instead of pulling their pigtails, couldn't wait till he found The Girl. Don's the boy who'd handed out three Sigma Nu frat pins to three different coeds one term, and then had to put an ad in the college paper: Would the wearers please step forward? He couldn't remember who had 'em! It wasn't that he hadn't liked the girls, he just never had a head for details.

Not that there was anything he'd ever really wanted that he couldn't get. Except maybe that once, that long-ago once when he was about seven. The baby fat all gone and the bones at his throat showing young and tender under the rumpled pajamas, his eyes crinkle-bright with excitement. It was Christmas morning and he'd been a good boy and maybe, oh, Our Father which art in heaven make it a bike, oh make it a bike. With red wheels.

They stood at the head of the stairs, Don quivering with excitement, Janet all red and bleary-eyed, her moon face still dopey with sleep. Hypnotized, they crept down, the big tree twinkling unbelievable red and green and silver magic at them. Mom and Dad were down already, waiting near the presents that were big enough for a sweater, a doll, a train, but not very big. Not that big—

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, God bless you, Don. God bless you, Janet," they called to one another. They kissed and tore open packages and kissed again.

"Well, son," asked Mr. Taylor. "Santa been good to you?"

"I s'pose so," Don quavered, his big toe busy poking the green excelsior grass under the tree. "I mean, yes thank you,
Dad!—I guess I'll go up now."

As he turned to go, he spotted his mother in a far corner of the room. "Funny, funny place for Mom to be standing. Looked almost as though she were hiding—" Mom!

"Dad! Mom—Dad—golly-oh—golly—a bike!"

Pennsylvania had solid ice for six weeks that winter and everybody said the Taylors were crazy, letting the boy go hiking on solid ice. But the Taylors couldn't help it—Don couldn't wait.

He didn't even like the idea of having to sweat it out for nearly a year waiting for that baby sister.

"Aw, why you wanna go and mess up the place with a baby?" he quavered.

"Cries and makes things dirty. Aren't I good enough, Mom?"

"Good enough?" Jesse Taylor cried, catching him up in her arms. "Why son, you're the finest ever," she crooned. "But you're five now, too old for me to baby.

But it still nagged at him. Maybe it was that fog he was lurching around in ever since the news of the baby, maybe it was just plain bad luck, but six weeks before Janet was born he fell and broke his wrist.

Then got bit by a dog. And finally capped the climax by knocking all his front teeth out on the porch railing the same day his hand caught in the washing machine.

woman hater . . .

Not that he was a bad boy—but just a boy, with too much energy to prevent his heart from running away with his head. Maybe that was the trouble, he needed affection and because in his code, men couldn't be softies, he didn't dare show it.

He found a kitten once, rolling and leaping over on its back, scampering after a flattening leaf. He decided kittens only rolled and leaped on their backs when they were hungry, so he bought a cone with his last nickel and forced the poor animal to lick up the whole gob of ice cream.

"My, but that was mean of you, Don," Mom scolded. "You probably killed that poor beast with your thoughtlessness. You know, animals can't eat frozen things!"

But ice cream's only very, very cold milk. And she was hungry.

"A flame's only very, very hot air but I don't let you play with it, do I?"

His lower lip was starting to quiver and he didn't like the idea. "Well, I don't care, so there! Ol' dirty, ol' silly cat!" he cried and ran off to his room. Everybody expected him to be wise and grown up but as soon as he tried doing something on his own, "Donald, you're mean."

That was why this new baby idea scared him. No matter what Mom said, he'd pay lots more attention to it and he'd be out in the cold more than ever. "Donald, don't wake the baby. Donald, fetch some milk, Donald this, Donald that—"

When Janet finally did get born, he was amazed. This was no threat, this was a—a pink nothing. Just a bunch of waving arms and legs. Woman-like, as Janet grew older, the more she snubbed her, the more she went out of her mind trying to please him. He heckled her during homework, tied her clothes in knots, made fun of her looks and buried her favorite dolls. But if there was an apple to be snitched or an alibi provided, Janet was always there pitching. And man, when Don accepted these favors as his due. But the one time she did turn the tables by kicking him in the slats for knocking down her sand castle, he was joyously flabbergasted.

"He's a growing boy," Jesse Taylor used to say defensively, as she'd fill Don's plate for the third time. And Don always cleaned it up, for didn't he need all his strength? He sold magazine subscriptions. He had a garbage route twice a week that paid 25 cents an afternoon. And twice a week he'd buy 25 cents worth of crullers and tootsie rolls and store them under the bed.
"for an emergency." He had an orchestra with four other kids that charged a penny a performance. He even went into the promotional field by staking out a Tom Thumb golf course on the family back yard. That netted Don a penny a round and Mr. Taylor a bill for $86 at the end of the "season" for reseeding the torn up lawns. Of course Don had to sit through an hour-long lecture on the family equivalent of One World but privately, Mr. Taylor rubbed his chin ruefully and grinned. "Glad it happened," he chuckled, "shows the boy has gumption."

But the night Don nearly froze to death, that "gumption" crack lost some of its flavor for the Taylors. He'd gone off camping with another boy. Nothing unusual about that. He often went off 10 or 15 miles away from home, set up camp, and spent the afternoon swimming and roasting wienies. Six o'clock came, seven, eight, nine and then it was midnight. Gradually, Mr. Taylor's loud whistling faded away. Mrs. Taylor stopped darning the sock she'd been mending ever since dinner.

"Something's happened to the boy," she said quietly.

"Nonsense, Mother."

"Go and look for him, Edwin. We'll train him to be self-reliant when it's daylight . . ."

These wonderful girls . . .

So Mr. Taylor hopped in the car and went off cruising in search of his son. He found the boy tramping along the State Highway, his lips blue with cold, dragging the remains of the tent with one hand, his exhausted pal with the other. What had happened? Oh, nothing much. The tent had blown down, no cars came through because of a new detour sign. They were hopelessly lost and you know what, dad? It's swell to see you. But with that incident, Don had just about the last of his little boyhood. Because he hit his Girls, Girls, Oh Those Wonderful Girls stage comparatively early. Tall, loose-jointed, with an easy grin and grace, he was a tantalizing date: A wisecracking galant. Up to the time of Betty, however, he'd just been speed crazy.

There wasn't a jealousy in the neighborhood whose insides he didn't know intimately. The way some people have a green thumb with growing things, Don had a tinker's heart—motors purred for him. But as he grew older, dating got to be fun. Until Betty, wonderful, sympathetic Betty, queued the game.

He was a freshman at Penn State that semester and having a wonderful time; basketball, band, school paper, little theater, an all-round man. The news seeped through that the Jenerstor Little Theater (where he finally did act in the summers of '41 and '42) was holding auditions. Don had been seen just about the last of his little boyhood. Because he hit his Girls, Girls, Oh Those Wonderful Girls stage comparatively early. Tall, loose-jointed, with an easy grin and grace, he was a tantalizing date: A wisecracking galant. Up to the time of Betty, however, he'd just been speed crazy.

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depend on me. Betty's a brick but I'd probably die of acute lovin' in a week.

But all Betty did was make him matrimonial. Old-fashioned girls. Nothing, now he plunked them in the same category as his auto buggies. Swell if they were trim and smooth with a slim chassis and a good body. But nothing but Kast to last a lifetime. Not yet.

But now Don was getting to be a big man on the campus. He was still sticking pretty close to home, but he had found himself yearning towards the theater. Some nights he'd get into the back of the motor and go for a spin or a walk. And then the head of the Drama Department yanked him out of a sort-of-dance-play to play the anguished Mio in the big production of "The Three Aces." And that night his dad was buying him a one-way ticket to heaven.

When Don and Leon Rabinovitz and Doris Disney announced that they'd teamed up and were going to be in the "Three Aces" acting group, the campus rocked. The tall, fidgety redhead, square, emotional Leon and the delicate Doris acting together? It was an idea that leaped from within Don's head, and at first it wasn't just a bit of a draf-ma idea and became a vaudeville team, sort of a First Nighter company with songs and snappy sayings thrown in. Don was always buying a bagful of trick hats and did impersonations to fit. The only time he ever hit a snag was when he came on with his Dotty Lamour number. Nobody thought he should be using a trick hat.

Commencement Day the two Taylor men attended a Father-Son luncheon. Mr. Taylor remembers it very vividly; the long row of tables, the graceful beauty in glasses, the steady drone of man talk, with here and there a big boom laugh echoing against the clatter. And he remembers the faces, every time a hearty father guffawed. "Fell, it's about time we old ones started preparing for a back seat! Suppose you two fellows like the 'We Three' acting group?"

"I'm afraid so, Dad. But—"

"Yes?"

But I'll always do the best job I know. I'll come out blue or red, I like hurt you taught me. But get off my back, Dad.

"I'm sorry, Don," his father answered, turning to the camera. "I'm sorry for us. I'm very proud of you."

It wasn't a question of being selfish or thoughtless, Don just couldn't wait.

To at least stay with us until you're inducted," his mother pleaded.

"But that's no good, Mom. Whatever acting do I before I hit the Army will be that much gained. And I know I will act. There's something in every person. They promised me a job in Hollywood."

"Promises! You know better than that. And your father's had so little of you. He's got to be happy you're in school now."

"Golly, Mom, don't make me feel more of a heel than I do already. The Epsteins are State alumni, they'll come through. And as to Dad, well, I'll be no good hanging around the town."

The family took him down to the station. Very casual, very subdued. The train was just pulling in, its smoke billowing against the towering grey-faced mountains, where Don gave a start.

"Mom, Dad, wish me luck," he cried.

"All of a sudden I'm scared. I feel I'm never going to see these hills again. Please—wish me luck?"

Don said nothing, just shook hands and walked off. But he wouldn't say goodbye.

That was in June, 1942. Four months later Don signed a contract with Warner Brothers and was called to Hollywood. That was a GI and Pinky in "Winged Victory" and very wild in love. Right off, he went for her, the lead in the show. She was so beautiful, so young, so that haunting voice that's half shrill child and half Bergman. Sure he went for her, but what was this about Phyl being the third wheel of written. Stephan Morehouse Avery with three or four carloads of junior deb glamour trailing behind her? Could be she was a Blue Book jerk.

But while he was under a dripping stage door one night, Phyl still with her make-up on, Don shivering without his overcoat.

"Silly thing, that," she remarked casually.

"You don't know who you're dealing with."

"Who can't?" he retorted.

"I mean walking off without a coat."

And then as the little alcove started bulging with balloons, Phyl said "Good-bye."

"Uh-huh. Gonna have 32 of 'em."

"My sentiments exactly," she said. And then eying him judiciously, "But it will be a while before they get chewed."

"I get hungry. And lay off those hats."

"I may need 'em some day for a living. Better than eating baseballs."

"Eat them, then, but I will not—"

"Oh, Nelly, look the time! Gotta go!"

Sometimes the nurses couldn't stand it, having Don around all day. He'd sidle into Mom's room and ask for a big gin in case she was up and could see him. If she was, he'd tip toe over, his bones creaking from trying not to make any noise.

"How's the gal?" he'd whisper, bending low. "Any work coming up for that movie contract, lady?"

With an effort she'd open her eyes, stare at him dully. "Don. How nice—"

"Then fall back asleep, smiling a little."

Gently, Don would ease himself into the big chair, his arms dangling over the sides, his head thrown back, his eyes closed. His features tilted up, his lashes looked black against the fair skin.

"Go home, boy," the nurse would say, nudging him awake. "Go home and brush your teeth."

So he'd go home and brush his hair. But he'd still look awful.

Once Mr. Taylor was jolted awake by a thumping and a sawing from the kitchen. He flipped on the lights—five o'clock—and padded downstairs. There was Don surrounded by a gnawed salami and two empty milk bottles, busily carpentering a half finished end table.

"You're up early, Don."

"Uh-uh, gonna get to bed late. Haven't seen him yet."

And as the morning sky slowly lightened, the two men sat down face to face across the cluttered table, sipping coffee and marveling at how time heals as well as hurts.

There are two Mister Taylors now. Don, Jr.'s, out of the Army, tickled that his old civvies span across the shoulders, dying to get back into harness. Phyl was in a show where he was in service and her letters gave him such a yen that he was dying to do a play back on Broadway. He did, at 20 now and so gently pretty, snapped out of his worry to tear into her brother.

"Lock up your room, Don," she blazed. "Lock it up and let the mice take over!"

"What did I do?"

"You listen to me. God knows I didn't mind leaving college when Mom got sick—"
See, two new members of that versatile nylon family!
A dress of Nyleen and a suit of Nyponge made by Junior League Frocks.
Wear them forever!

Above: Nyleen makes this love of a cap sleeved dress, with its full skirt, deep pockets, fabulous gold-studded calfskin belt, to make your waist tiny. And come Summer, you’ll love its airy coolness!

Below: Nyponge is the name of this new shantung-like fabric, glamorous is the word for this softly tailored two-piece suit. Its pannier pockets, bow neckline and flared skirt are just the Last Word!
FOR YOUR SUIT


YOUR BAG—by Dofan, transforms from over-your-arm to over-your-shoulder with a quick flick of your finger. Price: About $13.00.

YOUR SCARF—is a provocative taffeta “Flirtation Plaid” by Glen- tex. Crisp and pert, it adds spice to new spring suits. Price: $3.00.

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Cottons go to town! These are new feminine two-piecers, fashioned with a knowing touch, dressed up, fascinating! Made by Margot, they are worn by Jan Clayton, lovely star of "Show Boat."

How we'd love to show you the colors of this dressed up lovely, with white embroidered scallops on its tiny cap sleeves, its gay gathered peplum. It goes to work, on dates, all with the same crisp, fresh look.

Striped chambray makes this young two-piece, with its gored flarin skirt, and with a fascinating jacket. See how its gathered and tied with an engaging bustle bow! The front is plain, but just turn 'round.
Black nailheads scattered on that black and white checked gingham give a party-dress look. Note the very full gathered peplum. It's cute!
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Waist-

1. If your waistline is tiny, flatter it with this belt of lush red and navy capeskin by Criterion. It is called "Spotlight," and that's just what it will do to your waist in a basic dress or a navy suit. Spotlight also the enormous round buckle, cause it's news! Try bright red gloves, if you're wearing navy. Price: About $4.00.

2. Your waist is up in lights in this gorgeous "Mazda" belt by Criterion. Artfully curved rows of nailhead blazing brightly colored strips of capeskin, set on the contrasting color of the belt. Its tapered corset shape gives that very new whittled waist look. Looks best with a neutral outfit. Price: Just under $11.00.

3. This double buckle swagger belt is a steal from the polo-playing set! Made by Criterion of natural saddle leather with bright strips of color, it's the perfect finishing touch to all your sport clothes, from your play suits to your handsome blouses and skirts. Try it on that shirt-collared chic gabardine suit. Its price: About $5.00.

4. The buttons off Pop's shirt march around your waist in this newest belt designed by Criterion. The buttons are set against a colorful faille band between two strips of contrast colored capeskin. Wear it on that simple shirtwaist dress with man-lish buttons, or with your plain and lovely white blouses. Its price: About $7.00.
1. Spotlight a tiny waist

2. Waistline up in lights

3. From the polo-playing set

4. Buttons 'round your waist

---

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**GERLOW**

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work on what we've got lined up here.

**BEST POPULAR**

DAY BY DAY—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bing Crosby (Decca), Jo Stafford (Capitol), Monica Lewis (Signature)—Monica Lewis, who recorded this with the newly expanded Signature Record Company, is a pretty little redhead. She once sang with Goodman, but she's better known for the Chesterfield show on which she worked with Johnnie Johnston. She's now one of Signature's big stars.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?—Johnny Desmond (Victor) —Here's the first post-war swoon singer to get a teriffic buildup—they're calling him the ex-GI Sinatra. Johnny was a big favorite in Paris, where he was a sergeant singing in Glenn Miller's Army Air Forces band. He's twenty-five years old, very good looking, has black hair. Before he went into the army, he sang with Bob Crosby and Gene Krupa. This is his first solo record, and it was made while he was playing his first solo engagement—at New York's Strand Theatre. As a result of which he started recording at 11 p.m., didn't get through until three-thirty. So you thought those wispy threads of sound meant a romance, huh? Don't be silly, the kid was tired.

**BEST HOT JAZZ**

BLACK BROWN & BEIGE—Duke Ellington (Victor)—Whether you consider this hot jazz or not is unimportant. The important thing is that it's wonderful music, and the most ambitious thing Duke has ever done. Originally fifty minutes long, it was cut down to its most important parts, and you can now have the heart and soul of it on two twelve-inch records. Most people think "Black, Brown & Beige" was unveiled for the very first time at Carnegie Hall, but actually it had a much less formal debut—at Rye High School, Rye, N.Y. The story is this: Dr. J. T. H. Mize, then Principal of Rye, was a terrific jazz fan (he's currently writing a book on jazz) and he invited Duke down to school to play his new work. I went too (they gave us a wonderful dinner) and Duke played for the students, and got suggestions and comment. As a result of all of these, he made some changes in the music before giving the Carnegie concert.

By the way, there's a book out called "Duke Ellington" by Barry Ulanov, editor of Metronome, and it's swell.

HEY! BA-BA-RE-BOP—Lionel Hampton (Decca)—The title of this number is queer. I'll admit. It's really nothing but a little blues riff, only everybody sings it a different way, and everybody takes credit for composing it. Helen Humes started the whole thing off on a Philo record. Her version of the riff goes Be-Ba-Luba. Lionel uses this Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop in his rendition, which is hot, and he takes the vocal himself. On the West Coast, the phrase is E-Bob-O-Le-Bob, and it's such a craze out there that a certain band has taken to calling itself the Boboli Bana.

BLUE SKIES—Andre Previn (Sunset) —The other side of this is "Good Enough to Keep," and the title might very well apply to Andre Previn, the new sensation on the West Coast. He's sixteen years old, a French refugee who's only been in this country two or three years. He hardly ever heard any jazz before he came over here, in spite of which he now plays like a combination King Cole—Art Tatum. On this Sunset platter, Andre's ably abetted by Dave Barbour, the guitarist who's featured on several radio shows, such as "Blondie." He's also Peggy Lee's husband, which is rather nice too.

---

JENNIFER JONES
is one of the stars of
DUEL IN THE SUN
Made by SELZNICK in TECHNICOLOR
IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOWN—Shorty Sherock (Signature)—The band that recorded this wasn't really Shorty's at all. Record was made in January, 1945, when Shorty was trumpet player with Horace Heidt, and in my first column for MODERN SCREEN, almost a year ago, I wrote about getting this session together while I was in Hollywood. I teamed Shorty with six men from the Harry James band at that time. "Talk of the Town" is by Corky Corcoran, young tenor sax man who's leaving Harry to form a band of his own.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES
THE ROAD TO UTOPIA—"Welcome to My Dream" is the number that was born along the latest "Road." Bing himself's done it for Decca, Dinah Shore for Victor and Jack Leonard for Majestic. Jack Leonard's another ex-GI. He was the first big name band singer to be drafted, 'way back when he was singing with Tommy Dorsey. Dinah Shore's waxing of this same "Welcome to My Dream" may be her last Victor release; she's already signed with Columbia.

THE STORK CLUB—This picture introduced "Love Me," and Andy Russell (who did it in the movie) has recorded it for Capitol, while Frances Wayne does the vocal with Woody Herman and the boys for Columbia. By the time you read this, however, Frances won't be with Woody any more. She's going out on her own. Neal Hefti, Frances' husband—who used to play trumpet with Woody—left the band early in January to join Joe Marsala.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH
Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR
DAY BY DAY—Frank Sinatra (Columbia). Bing Crosby (Decca), Jo Stafford (Capitol), Monroe Lewis (Signature)
DONT YOU REMEMBER ME?—Johnny Desmond (Victor)
I DON'T WANT TO DO IT ALONE—Kay Kyser (Columbia)
IVE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING—Woody Herman (Columbia), Hot Lips Page (Melrose)
MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL—The Andrews Sisters (Decca)
OHTHE BEST THAT SEEMED TO BE—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
PERSONALITY—Johnny Mercer (Capitol)
PROVE IT BY THE THINGS YOU DO—Bing Crosby—Mel Torme (Decca), Erskine Hawkins (Victor)
SLOWLY—Kay Kyser (Columbia), Dick Haymes (Decca)
WAVE TO ME MY LADY—Elton Britt (Victor), George Paxton (Majestic)
WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN—Les Brown (Columbia)

BEST HOT JAZZ
JOHNNY BOTHWELL—I'll Remember April (Signature)
DUKE ELLINGTON—Black, Brown & Beige (Victor)
LEONEL HAMPTON—Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop (Decca)
ERSKINE HAWKINS—Holiday For Swing (Victor)
JOE MARSALA—East of the Sun (Majestic)
ANDRE PREVIN—Blue Skies (Sunset)
ARTIE SHAW'S GRAMERCY S—Misterioso (Victor)
SHORTY SHEROCK—It's The Talk of the Town (Signature)
ROBBY SHERWOOD—Cotton Tail (Capitol)
WILLIE SMITH—September In The Rain

BEST FROM THE MOVIES
HOLIDAY IN MEXICO—"Walter Winchell (Columbia)" by Xavier Cugat (Columbia)
STATE FAIR—Album of Six songs from "State Fair"—Dick Haymes (Decca)
TARS AND SPARS—"I'm Glad I Waited For You"—Frankie Carle (Columbia)
THE DOLLY SISTERS—"Alway's Dreaming Rainbows"—Harry James (Columbia)
THE ROAD TO UTOPIA—"Welcome To My Dream"—Dinah Shore (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca), Jack Leonard (Majestic)
THE STORK CLUB—"Love Me"—Andy Russell (Capitol), Woody Herman—Frances Wayne (Columbia)
CHARLES LAUGHTON—Moby Dick (Columbia)
THOMAS MITCHELL—Treasure Island (Decca)

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GO-ED LETTER BOX
(Continued from page 26)

Gosh, J.J., you’re going to hate us for this, but we’re on your guy’s side this time. Granted you’ve had a long pull, we think you’re taking a very short view of the question. Just skim through a “help wanted” column and count the jobs that say “high school graduate.” There are quite a few, you’ll notice, and the salary offered is invariably higher than that offered to non-grads. The question you should ask yourself is this: “Do I want to be a potential tycoon in 1947, or a perpetual office boy in 1946?” We’re pretty sure you know the right answer.

What preparations can I be making toward getting a summer job? D. A., Harrisburg, Pa.

You can be thinking over the possibilities—department store work, baby-minding, tutoring, office work—and then dream up a really good letter stating your qualifications which you’ll send out. Nine out of ten jobs are landed through well-written letters of application.

Is it all right to invite a boy over to your house if he has never dated you? “Jonesy,” South Dennis, Mass.

Yes, if you do it ever so casually. Suppose you’re walking home from school, or brewing up a stew in Chem lab (the two of you, we mean, natch), toss the invitation lightly and see how it hits him. If he processes, make the time and day on the spot. If he hedges, for gosh sakes, don’t pin him down. You know what to say, don’t you? “I’ve got a gorgeous new Ellington,” or “Ever eat a really terrific Dogwood sandwich?” It’s easy.

I adore my best friend’s brother. Would it be awful if I took her into my confidence and got her to plug me to him? N. M., Stamford, Conn.

On the contrary, it would be a very sharp maneuver. Get her to give you hints about what he likes and doesn’t like and have her relay on comments about you so that you can mend your ways or give him more in the same vein.

I am a mother of two girls, fifteen and sixteen. They both have lots of dates, and in my opinion stay out much too late. When I step on them they tell me I’m obsolete. What would you consider a reasonable curfew? M. W., St. Louis, Mo.

Curfew times differ so in various localities that we hate to issue an ultimatum. However, for occasional school night stay-outs ten-thirty should be the deadline Fridays and Saturdays, we’d say eleven thirty to twelve, depending on how late your local movie gets out. And for very fancy fun—proms and holiday parties, on o’clock should be late enough.

Lots of you scan this column month after month waiting for someone to ask your question. Shame on you, lazy bones. Why not speak for yourself? Put your question in writing while you are waiting and a red-hot solution will be on its way to you. Write to: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

FREE OFFER!

Maybe you readers never figured before just how important you are to MODERN SCREEN. Why, Editors Al Delacorte and Harry Malmgren would no sooner think of making up the magazine without consulting you than they’d forget to water Gregory, their pet grapefruit plant. And just to prove it, we’re giving away absolutely FREE the May, June, July AND August issues of MODERN SCREEN to the first 500 who fill in the Questionnaire below and mail it to us IMMEDIATELY. And that means this very minute because free subscriptions to MS go faster than griddle cakes (with syrup)!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Dream Boss (The Ladds)...........□ Oh, Johnnie! (Johnston)...........□
The Little Woman (June Allyson)...........□ I’m a Crosby Fan! by Leo McCabe...........□
Their Hearts Are Young and Gay (Guy Madison)...........□ Bliéie Spirit (Elizabeth Taylor)...........□
“...And So They Were Married” (Jeanne Crain)...........□ Eager Beaver (Don Taylor)...........□
(Dennis Morgan)...........□ Watch Mark Stevens! by Hedda Hopper...........□
(Conclusion)...........□ Ed Sullivan Speaking...........□
Louella Parsons’ Good News...........□

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

My name...........□ My address...........□

My address is...........City...........Zone...........State...........□

I am...........years old.

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In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

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FIGHT WASTE—Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

Lux Girls are Lovelier!
the world, a beautiful dreamer of beautiful dreams. This Sunday morning she slipped into a gold linen slack suit, ran a comb through her extravagantly beautiful hair, added a faint touch of lipick ... and went out to meet Destiny who—at the moment when Jeanne was readying herself for the party—was shaving in the Brinkman family bathroom and had just nicked his chin. Destiny, in this case, was named Paul.

falling in love ...

He also had another date. When Mrs. Kester, who is called Bobby by her friends, introduced the foursome, none of them caught the names of the others. Jeanne looked at Paul and thought, "Good looking." Paul looked at Jeanne and uttered, under his breath, the 1943 equivalent of "Hubba, hubba, hubba."

There were so many people at the party that no conversation, other than the politely mumbled acknowledgment of introductions, took place between Miss Crain and the man she now refers to occasionally as "Mister B."

After breakfast, the Kesters showed a series of 16 mm. movies, and then the party broke up, so that was that.

Not for several months did Paul and Jeanne see one another again. One afternoon, Jeanne and her mother were driving down Sunset Boulevard and stopped for a red light. Up alongside them drew a sleek convertible with Mr. Brinkman at the wheel; he looked at Jeanne, remembered that Sunday morning, but couldn't remem-

ber her name for his very life. His memory tore his brain into excelsior in search of that missing gem—meanwhile he gave her the big eye.

Jeanne looked away, demurely. She remembered him, too, but she would have sold pencils at Hollywood and Vine before she would have admitted it. The two cars moved away from the signal, hub cap to hub cap, with Mr. Brinkman doing his best to look like an old friend of the family, and Jeanne hoping that the amenities could be satisfied in some way.

No use. Traffic honked and swirled to separate the two cars. The resourceful Mr. Brinkman memorized the license number, drove to the nearest Motor Vehicle Department station and tried to talk the boys with the badges out of the name, address and telephone number of the registered owner of Jeanne's car. The boys were understanding—sympathetic even—but unmoved. "No," they said firmly.

But Cupid, though lazy and absent-minded, never gives up a project entirely as long as he is getting mental cooperation from the two persons most closely involved. He decided on a prank.

He arranged for Paul and Jeanne to go to the Farmer's Market for luncheon on the same day. The Farmer's Market is a vast bazaar covering several acres on the northeast corner of Third and Fairfax in western Los Angeles, where one can buy everything from a pair of diamond earrings to a package of mothballs or a talking Mynah bird. It swarms with people from dawn until closing time at six, and the chances against one person seeing another he knows is something that would interest Lloyd's of London.

Jeanne was standing at the pie concession when an ingratiating masculine voice said, "If you buy a pie for not recalling your name, but I met you one Sunday at the Kesters. I saw you on Sunset Boulevard a while back, and did my best to flirt with you, but you didn't recognize me. In case you don't remember me, either, I'm Paul Brinkman."

And I'm Jeanne Crain," said the girl who wouldn't admit that she had any recollection of the Sunset Boulevard episode. "Won't you join us? My mother and I have a table near the china shop."

Their first formal date occurred on New Year's Eve, 1943, when Paul escorted Jeanne to Tex Feldman's Watch Party. Jeanne, so excited she could scarcely breathe, wore a white frock over a hoop skirt with the bodice and skirt decorations embroidered in gold.

auld lang syne ...

At midnight everyone sang "Auld Lang Syne." Paul linked his arm through Jeanne's so that she could have the first sip from his glass of champagne, just as she had the first from his. And then, quite solemnly, Paul leaned down and kissed Jeanne.

"Happy New Year," he murmured afterward. "Happy 1944."

It was a wonderful year. Paul started to teach Jeanne to play tennis, but she was so busy making pictures that she didn't...
have much time to perfect that back stroke. On weekends, however, they could drive down to Laguna—one of the loveliest resort towns on the Pacific Coast—to swim. One night they strolled into Victor Hugo's romantic restaurant in Laguna, and, as they passed between the tables on the way to the spot selected for them by the head waiter—Jeanne could hear the sibilant comment race through the room. "There goes Errol Flynn. There goes Errol Flynn."

"She thought rebelliously, "No. He doesn't look like Mr. Flynn." He doesn't. Paul is much younger than Mr. Flynn, of course, and his coloring is much darker. Tall as Paul is, he is not quite as tall as the Blitzkrieg Boatman, nor is his frame as matured.

misunderstanding...

During this period there was only one misunderstanding. Wynn Rocamora was giving a party for Louella Parsons, to which Jeanne and Paul were invited. Paul had been hunting, but had promised to call for her around seven.

At seven-thirty, she repaired her lipstick. At eight, she re-combed her hair. At eight-thirty she began to stand at the window—discreetly out of sight, of course—and scan the street for passing cars. At nine she gave up, removed her party dress with her blithe anticipations, and went to bed with dire resentment and a book.

In the meantime, Paul's car had flat-tired him to the extent of an hour's tardiness. He had called Jeanne as soon as he could reach a telephone, but received no answer—simply the usual ringing sound which is a sound effect and nothing more. (The Crains didn't discover until late the following afternoon that their telephone was out of order.)

Thinking that Jeanne had gone to the party with other friends when he failed to arrive on time to escort her, Paul scorch'd to the house, bathed, shaved, hopped into dinner clothes and went to the affair. He asked several people if they had seen Jeanne. Said some helpful soul, "Yes, she was here about thirty minutes ago. I think she left with someone—can't remember who it was."

If Jeanne, lying disconsolately at home, was smarting with the hurt of her first experience at being stood up, Paul was equally disgruntled before what he thought was a brush-off.

When Paul called, after the telephone was restored to service, and said rather shortly, "Sorry I missed you the other night," he was greeted by a crackling a sound as ever came over short wave. "I'll be right over to explain," he cried.

boy gets girl...

It was quite a discussion. Jeanne said she should have known that she wouldn't have gone to the party without him, not to speak of leaving without him, and Paul wanted to know how he should have guessed that the telephone was out of order. By the time each side had aired its grievances, they were at the beach. It is very difficult to cling to both dignity and anger on a roller coaster. End of argument.

By this time Jeanne and Paul had been seen together enough around town for their friends to grow curious about their romance. It was clear to anyone with eyes that they were in love with one another. Mrs. Crain began to object, not to Paul as a person, but to Jeanne's seeing any one person to the exclusion of all others.

"Go out with other people," Mrs. Crain begged. "Don't become serious. This is one of the loveliest times of your life, and you should live it to the full without thinking of the responsibility of marriage."

Jeanne and her mother have always been very sympathetic to one another's viewpoints, so Jeanne agreed. For four

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Some of the many Stars who use Arrid
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Diana Barrymore • Carol Bruce • Barbara Bel Geddes
long, aching months, she and Paul did not see one another. Each went out with other friends; each tried to disperse his interest.

The Christmas Eve, 1945, Jeanne had made a date with Paul. Paul, Crain was unhappy over the idea. She said that Christmas Eve was a family holiday, and that she wanted Jeanne at home on that evening. Because both Jeanne and Paul were tired and overwrought, each said things that they didn’t mean and quickly regretted, but the misunderstanding ended with Jeanne’s going out to Santa Fe. Crain to the Kesters. Jeanne, Paul and the Kesters discussed the problem.

Before Paul left Crain, they decided to be married on the morning of December 23 in Jeanne’s parish church. What they had forgotten, in their upset state, was that the waiting period, ending three readings of the bans, had been revoked. A church decision was handed down: They couldn’t be married until January 6th.

Frantically, the two devout Catholic communicants went to Bishop McGuicken to explain their reasons for seeking a dispensation. And the Bishop, a wise and kindly man, granted their plea. He said they might be married on December 31st.

Actually, they hadn’t planned to be married on the second anniversary of their first date—that was a fillip added by Fate.

So these were the things of which Jeanne Crain thought as the minutes slipped by and became the dawn of her wedding day. Without having slept a wink, she slipped out of bed at six, shivering, and began to get dressed.

She donned the suit and the white hat, and went downstairs when she heard Paul park in the driveway. His expression, as he kissed her good morning, was mysteriously triumphant. From one pocket he produced a jeweler’s box. Jeanne lifted the velvet lid and gasped: It was the most beautiful wedding ring she had ever seen: A design of intertwined orange blossoms studded with diamonds and baguette rubies.

“I thought it would be a wedding-engagement ring combination,” he said.

By this time, everything had begun to happen. Jeanne moved in a roseate daze to the church where a nuptial mass was celebrated by the Reverend Eugene Ivanovich, S.J. As she made the responses of the service and the ring was slipped on her finger, her chin brushed the orchids of the corsage Paul had brought her.

Afterward, after the last triumphant chord from the organ, and just before the photographer’s flash bulbs began to pop, Paul said to his wife, “Say, here’s something you might like to have!” and slipped a platinum ring on which was set a huge square-cut diamond onto Jeanne’s finger.

This was incredible… dreamy… all part of a blissful unreality. “I want to telephone Mother,” she murmured.

But first they must go to Paul’s home so that proper pictures could be taken. Paul wanted to carry his bride over the threshold. The studio wanted those pictures too. Meanwhile, a newspaper man had taken it upon himself to call Mrs. Crain and tell her that Jeanne had been married. The news, broken in this way, was difficult for Mrs. Crain to bear—she left the house. And when someone told Jeanne how the news had been relayed, Jeanne broke down and cried desperately.

However, a meeting was arranged the next day at which Mrs. Crain gave her blessing, and currently she is a regular dinner guest at the Brinkman’s borrowed house, a cottage loaned by Huntington Hartford, Paul’s great friend.

perfect honeymoon . . .

After the wedding breakfast at the Kester home, Paul and Jeanne hopped into Paul’s father’s Cadillac and drove to Furnace Creek Inn, a delightful retreat on the Mojave desert. Jeanne, who has never spent even a weekend in Palm Springs had never before had the experience of a long desert vacation, so the five days they honeymooned there were glorious. They went horseback riding, they drove to the top of the six thousand foot mountain that rises towerlike above the Inn, which is below sea level; they spent one whole day exploring old mine shafts.

At the end of five days, the honeymooners had to return to Los Angeles because Jeanne had committed herself to put on a radio version of “Seventh Heaven” with Tyrone Power, one of her favorite people. While driving anywhere together, the Brinkmans talk about their new house. All during the spring of 1945, Paul and Jeanne examined hill tops—which was the only spot on which either of them wanted to live. They found one magnificent spot, and Paul was about to buy it when he discovered that having the utilities (electricity, water, etc.) installed on the pronymony would cost about ten thousand dollars.

Finally Huntington Hartford suggested that they look at some property not far from his own home. Together, they trudged to the spot, turned, and held their breaths out of sheer awe before the grandeur of the scene. Below stretches Los Angeles, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and—in clear weather—the beach towns. And behind the site rise peaks which reveal, through intermittent canyons, the San Fernando Valley beyond. Paul slid his arms around Jeanne’s waist and kissed her solemnly.

“Here, we will really live,” he said.

With curtains drawn against the night, with a fire roaring in the fireplace, with only candles burning in the far corners, the Brinkman’s plan to spend a good many evenings listening to music and murmuring in low voices about their plans.

“I’ve always wanted to go to Africa and make a real safari,” Jeanne will say, as she has so often in the past.

“We’ll do it as soon as I can train some one to trust with the business for a few months,” Paul will promise. “But I also want to take you to Banff and to Lake Louise, to Victoria and Vancouver and Alaska. And to Mexico City, then to South America. We’re really going to be busy people.”

The title of one of the songs Jeanne sings in “Centennial Summer” is “Two Hearts Are Better Than One.” It is a joyous thought with which to begin married life.
"I like to sit home and knit"

Blithe Spirit

(Continued from page 51)

Roosevelt, you're in a hurry, aren't you? You can leave now if you like."
The tall young man smiled. "Thanks a lot, Goodbye, everyone." He bowed to Mrs. Truman and started across the room with his long, boyish stride.

Elizabeth stared in utter consternation from her retiring back to the muff on her mother's lap, twenty feet away. Her autograph book! There was Mr. Roosevelt disappearing like a mirage, while she stood posing with Mrs. Truman. Her face mirrored her agonized indecision for thirty seconds, and then Elizabeth moved. Like a small, black-haired streak of lightning, she raced to her mother, grabbed the muff, and tore to the door, calling, "Mr. Roosevelt! Oh, Mr. Roosevelt, please, just a minute!"

remember me long . . .

Franklin wrote for so long that Elsa Maxwell, who was standing nearby, said jovially, "Looks to me as if you're writing her a letter, not just an autograph."
He looked up gravely. "I want Elizabeth to remember who I am, and where she was."
The minute Elizabeth got back from her trip East, she tore across the street to Anne's house. Anne is an ideal confidante. She's never catty or envious, and she gets a big kick out of the things that happen to Elizabeth.

"I went to the theater in New York!" Elizabeth announced gleefully. "And I wore my best black dress, and my first long stockings, and my first nail polish!"

"Colored nail polish?" Anne demanded incredulously.

"Of course not, silly. I wouldn't be caught dead with colored polish on. It would look ridiculous at my age!" If Elizabeth was quoting her mother, she had serenely forgotten it.

Clothes are, at this point, all-important to Elizabeth. Which is pretty funny, because a year or so ago all she wanted in the way of a wardrobe was a pair of blue jeans and a boy's shirt. But by last summer she showed a tendency to linger before dress shop windows, and came Christmas the burning question in her life was how she could inveigle her family into getting her a white lamb's wool coat. She tried all the arguments she could think of and got nothing but a monotonous series of "When you're older, dear."

"She means sixteen." Elizabeth confided glumly to Anne on Christmas Eve. "She always means sixteen when she says that. I knew I wouldn't get it this year. It would be too good to be true."

happiness, inc. . .

"Maybe they'll give you something just as nice," Anne said. Anne always tried to be comforting. "And anyway, your white blanket coat is very becoming."

The next morning she got up and dashed across the street to Anne's in her woolly housecoat and slippers. She always went there first because the Westmores opened their presents before breakfast, the Taylors afterwards. When she had exclaimed wildly over Anne's heavenly new sweater and the toy panda—promptly named Andy Pandy—the girls went back to breakfast at the Taylors'. There were lots of packages under the tree in the living room. Scarlet and white and green, with bright ribbon bows. It was fun opening them. There were ties and slippers for Dad, and perfume for Mummy, and brushes for Howard, Elizabeth's sixteen-year-old brother. There was the most exciting new grey suit
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Perc Westmore, Director of make-up at Warner Bros. Studios, who with his famous brothers Wally and Bud have created the popular Westmore Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder and Creams.
studio school gave an informal entertainment. Elizabeth peered on one of the desks to watch. Butch promptly came over and wriggled up on the desk beside her. Margaret came shyly across the room and pulled up a chair by the desk, but that was still too far away—Butch was much closer.

He had grabbed Elizabeth's hand and was playing with the bangle on her bracelet in a proprietary manner. He smiled triumphantly at Margaret, who looked wistfully unhappy. Elizabeth saw it, and moving back a little on the desk, held out her hands in an inviting gesture. Instantly, Margaret was up, and into her lap. The three of them sat there in cherubic contentment throughout the evening.

**NIBBLES AND TWINKLES**

Elizabeth has a passion for animals that has had one curious consequence, besides getting her the role in “National Velvet.” She has a chipmunk named “Nibbles,” and she has written a book about him which is to be published in the spring. The book came about, believe it or not, because of Louella Parson’s party for **MODERN SCREEN**.

Elizabeth was excited about that party for weeks ahead of time. She and Anne had endless telephone conversations about it, which drove their respective families mad. The party, when it came at last, was sheer delight. Elizabeth met so many stars it made her dizzy, and they were all so charming to her as if she had been grown-up. She also met Albert Delaware, **MODERN SCREEN’s** young executive editor, and confided to him unaccountable to Anne next day that he was “too handsome for words. I simply drooled when I saw him.” She met Van Johnson, who is in a photo-finish at the moment with Gene Kelly, as her favorite male star. So with all this excitement, it was only natural that the next week when she was asked to write a theme at school, she wrote it about the party. Then she handed it over to the teacher and forgot about it. But the teacher telephoned Mrs. Taylor.

“You know, Elizabeth has a surprising amount of literary talent,” she said seriously. “I thought so when I read the theme she wrote about her horse. Now with this story of the party, I’m sure of it.”

When Elizabeth came in from bicycling with Anne and Carol, her mother said, “I heard you wrote a theme about the party.”

“I did. You know, Mummy, I love to write. Sometimes I’d like to write a book, if I had anything to write about.”

“My don’t you try it! Write about things you know.”

“But what do I know? Horses and dogs and chipmunks...” Elizabeth paused.

“Nibbles. I’ll write a story about him.”

She not only wrote it, she illustrated it, too. The illustrations have caused almost as much favorable comment as the writing. She’s been drawing for years, anyway. For instance, one morning her mother was getting dressed while Elizabeth was still asleep. She’d get her dog, Twinkles, played around the room.

“I ought to draw some pictures of Twinkles for my book,” Elizabeth said idly.

“Yes, dear, why don’t you?” her mother said absently, and went into the bathroom to brush her teeth. When she came out, Elizabeth was lying on her stomach on the bed, slim-fanged legs in the air, her head bent over a piece of drawing paper. “Which of these do you like better?” she inquired.

Mrs. Taylor peered over her shoulder in amazement. “These” were two beautifully executed sketches of Twinkles. He looked as if he was actually in motion, crouving over the room, tail up and the devil in his eyes, as usual. “When did you do those?”

“Just now. While you were in the bathroom. I have to work fast to get Twinkles.”

Fast! Mrs. Taylor opened her mouth and then closed it again. It would never do to let the child see how impressed she was. But Elizabeth preserves her balance and her sense of humor without any trouble. That day her mother was quoting from the publisher’s letter about the book.

“He said Elizabeth’s prose style was extraordinary. It was so well-formed, so right!”

“Firm, so fully packed,” said her irrepresensible daughter, giggling, and went off into a libelous imitation of the Lucky Lady screen test long expired.

One reason Elizabeth and Anne get on so well together is because they laugh like mad at the same things. They agree about everything, anyway, and haven’t had a quarrel since three years ago. Elizabeth recalls that last one vividly, however. Elizabeth had been given a fancy winter outfit of corduroy gowns, a crimson ski sweater, and a fur cap with crimson yarn woven into two braids which dangled to her shoulders. Of course it was summer, and the thermometer was in the eighties, but Elizabeth just had to show off her new possessions. She got on her Flexees scooter, (“We were just infants, practically, then,” she explains) whizzed down the sidewalk, red wool braids flying in the hot summer breeze. She passed Anne’s house without a glance, then turned around at the next corner, and sailed past it again. The third time Anne stuck her head out of a window.

“I never saw anything sillier,” she announced to the world in a high, angry voice. “Whoever heard of wool braids in this terrible heat? Some children just aren’t old enough to have any sense!”

The next day, she met Anne on the street and said mockingly, “There’s the vagary of childhood, they both said. “Hello” amiably, and in two minutes were consuming forbidden sodas together at the corner drug store.

Anne and Carol are rather interested in boys. Elizabeth likes boys, but she regards them with a friendly detachment. Howard’s friends are all the while, and Elizabeth thinks that when she does get around to dating boys, it will be handy having a brother two years older. Mean-time, she’s impressionable, unself-conscious with them. She keeps a critical eye on Howard’s girls, too.

“They’re such kids,” she tells her mother. “They don’t know how to act smart... If they were they’d know boys aren’t interested in girls that rush them, and call them up all the time.”

**ADVICE TO THE LOVELESS**

So next time the girl called up, Elizabeth answered. “Look,” she said firmly, “you aren’t going to get anything with Howard this way. I know him better than anyone I know why he liked you in the first place and doesn’t like you now. Do you? There was a perplexed negative from the other end. “Well,” Elizabeth explained helpfully, “he liked you because he thought you were sort of shy, and that’s the type he goes after. He didn’t like you again—fast. I’m telling you this for your own good.”

Miss E. Taylor. Advice to the lovelorn, said she in the middle of the conversation. But he had to admit that her analysis of the situation was correct if somewhat blunt.

He had heard a deal about Elizabeth the no one has ever been able to figure out. Ever since she was a little girl, people have thought she should be called Virginia. Th director on “National Velvet” called her Virginia all the while. Elizabeth, who like her own name fine, wouldn’t answer. Prett soon the whole company was saying “Hell Virginia,” and you tried to get him to consult a numerologist.

“If your name was Virginia, it would help your career,” he assured her. Elizabeth just smiled politely and went on being Elizabeth. Her career, from where we’re sitting, seems to be doing all right.
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Use Tangee

and see how beautiful you can be
CO-ED

Continued from page 26

technique on your pop, your big sister's beau, the nice Joe who brings the groceries, then—when you've gained some confidence—try them on the kids at school.
4. You've been stood up and your pride is shattered. Build it up again by (a) giving the lug heck in front of a considerable group, (b) demanding no explanation, but accepting any that's given casually and with dignity, and very cooly refusing further dates with him, (c) cutting him dead next time you see him and blackening his name all over town.
5. Your dad won't let you smoke, and all the girls you know call you a sissy because you don't. Best thing for you to do is (a) smoke on the quiet—on account of what your pop doesn't know won't hurt him, (b) steer strictly clear of the gals who do, (c) explain to your dad that you don't plan to overdo it, but that you would like to take a puff here and there without a guilty conscience, and ask him to place you on trial.
6. Mom has to cut your allowance because finances are a bit strained at home; you'll make out best financially if (a) you get a part-time job and take care of your own cokes and movies, (b) you screech and whine about all the things the other kids have that you can't afford, (c) you simply resign yourself to being poor and shun fun.
7. There's a new gal at school. Cute and smiling and obviously fun. But her religion is different from the gang's, so all the kids snub her. You'd do well to (a) slap her on the back and show her that you're no snob, (b) in an unobtrusive way take her under your wing and give her a chance to show the kids what a peach she is, (c) follow the crowd, cause if you step out of line they may drop you.
8. Your church is planning a party. Volunteers are needed to plan the food, decorations, etc. You (a) sit back and let George do it, (b) volunteer like crazy and then find yourself so swamped with obligations you accomplish nothing, (c) pick out one thing you can do well and make a bang-up job of it.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While visiting in California some months ago, I stopped at one of Beverly Hills' leading shops and happened to notice a lovely lady looking over some clothes. A flushed and evidently new salesgirl was trying very hard to please her glamorous customer, and in her anxiety, she caught the fabric of a dress on a hanger and tore it. The head of the department came rushing over, but before she could say a word, the customer said, "Oh, I'm so sorry, how clumsy of me," and there wasn't a thing the woman in charge could say or do to the poor salesgirl. This gracious gesture was made by none other than Irene Dunne.

Alma Kessler
St. Louis, Missouri

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Around the world.

Mary Lowell DEPARTMENT STORES
Around the world.
He'd sit in the center of a gang of kids and swoon 'em with "I'm The Medicine Man for the Blues."

"Lookit, Big John, you're hot," they'd say to him, and he began to think, "Gee, I am." So he advertised that he'd give uke lessons for fifty cents a week. "I could squeeze four lessons in every afternoon," he figured, "and eight on Saturdays. And I practically needed a slide rule to compute his earnings. The way it worked out, however, only two pupils showed up. One was a lady. A nice, jolly, middle-aged lady who wanted to learn "The Poet and the Peasant."

Johnnie gulped hard. "It's not exactly uke material," he said. "Would you consider 'Aloha' or 'Little Brown Jug'?"

"I would not," she said, removing her hat and grabbing the uke. "What do I do first?" Business was business, so Johnnie showed her how. The other pupil was a man who wanted to learn to play for relaxation. Both students were rather slow, so Johnnie pulled down a dollar a week for quite a while, and didn't think he didn't need it.

making ends meet...  
He was just beginning to think about girls, and everyone knew what an expense they are. Take Johnnie's first date, for example. He had one hard-earned buck to spend, and as he'd mapped out the evening, it was going to be ample. Thirty-five cents each for the movies, leaving thirty cents for food. If she ordered a fifteen-cent soda, he'd order one, too. If she ordered a twenty-cent sundae, he'd have a ten-cent coke. A buck would do the evening up brown, and Johnnie ushered the gal into the soda joint feeling good. They sat down and studied the menu.

"How about a black and white?" Johnnie said, lighting a Cubeb.

She puckered her brow. "Mmm—I don't think so." She read the menu from cover to cover and then grinned at him. "Let's shoot the works," she said archly. "How about a couple of jumbo banana splits?"

Everything went black for a minute. Jumbo splits at thirty cents per. Oh no!

"I'm not having a thing," Johnnie said, when he could speak. "Training rules, And he sat there and watched her gorge, liking her less and less every minute. She was the smoothest redhead in the sophomore class, but she was poison to Johnnie from that night forward.

Boxing on the Heart of America team was an eventual source of income. There wasn't very much of Johnnie when he was in his teens—he only weighed 125 pounds—but what there was could really fight. Of course, being an amateur fighter, he received no money for his wins, but now and then on special occasions he'd get a gold watch. He kept the first one, but subsequent ones he sold in order to finance his dates and his wardrobe. Clothes-wise, he was really a sharpie. Had lots of bell-bottom pants that were skin tight at the knees. The exact reverse of zoot trousers. The jackets had long lapels and built up shoulders. And his white shirts all had black and white checked cuffs, which were considered the absolute ticket in 1932.

Sometimes his mother used to wonder about his clothes. "Do they all dress like that, dear?" she'd ask him. Johnnie would be outraged.

"Heck, no," he'd answer. "Most of 'em have no flash."

He finished high school in 1932 and immediately hopped a freight for Holly-
wood where he got a job in the Universal Studios restaurant. There were a lot of jobs after that. He was mess boy on a ship that went around the world; came home and was a doughnut salesman for a while, then a match salesman. All of the jobs were just sort of to kill time. None of them were for keeps. And he'd reached the stage where more than anything on earth he wanted a job that he could give his heart to. Finally he made up his mind that he'd save a little money and buy a really good ukulele and get a singing job.

He liked to draw and he studied commercial art in school, so he went into business painting signs. It was slow going. A sign here, a sign there. He earned barely enough to keep eating; never had any thing left over to put toward the ukulele. And then came a windfall of thirty signs. Thirty nice, short, easy signs for ten dollars. All they were to say was, "Milkshakes, 15 cents." Johnnie was like one inspired. He did them brilliantly. In bright red paint with curlycues. In green with a row of exclamation points. In luscious brown with a picture of a milkshake. He worked on them for twenty-four hours without rest and then went down to the drugstore with them.

too much of a good time ... "Mr. Jackson," he said, "I've got them all done." He couldn't wait to see his expression when he saw those signs. Mr. Jackson thumbed through them, his face growing gradually apologetic. Finally, he turned on Johnnie.

"I said 'Milkshakes, 15 cents,'" he boomed. "Curlycues I didn't specify. Gee-gaws I don't want." He pushed his angry face close to Johnnie's. "Stick to the facts 'Milkshakes, 15 cents.'"

So Johnnie went home and did them over with black ink in plain block letters. It took him about an hour, and he got his ten bucks. It was his last piece of art work because he bought the ukulele on the spot and went to work as a stroller—that is, a singer of ballads who goes from beer joint to beer joint playing for tips.

Along about that time, he met Dorothy Marullo, the sweet-faced gal who has been Mrs. Johnnie for nine years. It was a queer sort of courtship because Johnnie worked all night, and Dottie worked all day. What's more, she had a very heavy suitor, an ex-Notre Dame football star who did not work nights, except at wowing Dorothy. A lesser guy than Big John would have figured that he didn't have a chance. Johnnie didn't figure that way. He'd tear over to her house about eight o'clock in the morning, heavy-eyed and sandpaper-voiced from a night of singing, and he'd turn on the charm over a cup of coffee. And then one day his luck fed up with the set-up. They were having breakfast in a drugstore downtown, and he turned to her.

"Look, it doesn't have to be like this. A couple of hectic seconds a day." He made himself talk slowly, matter of factly. They both prided themselves on their poise and fact. "We could get married, couldn't we?"

Dot's hand holding the cup of coffee shook a little. She knew that they were a pair of hard-boiled boys, not too silly kids, so why the heck did she feel like bawling, "Yes, Mr. Johnnie," she said unsteadily. "Couldn't we?"

He looked at her a minute, as if he wanted to try to get the moon with a ribbon around it. "You're whipped, for all the world like one of those sentimental gents. 'You bet we could.'"

They were married, and how they got along on a handful of dollars a week no one will ever know. But they were young and in love, and being poor was fun. Also they both knew it was only temporary.
Dot discovered it first—that Johnnie was terrific, that some day he'd be big time, and she made him believe in himself as he'd never been able to before. The funny part of it was that Dot was right. The stuff was there. Within a few months Art Hill signed Johnnie on as singer-guitarist and band boy, and that was the beginning of the Success Story.

Came a session with Roger Pryor's band, same radio, came Hollywood. His sinuses drove him West in 1940, but once he got there he knew it was for him, sinuses or not. They had a darling house and a horse and a couple of dogs, and in 1942 they had Julie, their lovely little girl. Johnnie worked regularly, and two of the songs he introduced in the movies became smasheroos, "I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Baby," and "That Old Black Magic." They weren't millionaires, the Johnstons, but there was chicken every Sunday, and life was pretty lush after all the thin years. Johnnie used to say to Dot: "Could a guy want any more than this? You and the kid and a dog with a red beard" (Skippy did have a red beard, and more personality than most people) "and good friends and the best golf clubs money can buy." And she used to come right back at him, quick as a flash, "We're lucky guys, J. J."

Their best friends were a mixture of professional and nonprofessional people: Martha Tilton, Johnny Mercer, Alice Faye and Phil Harris, Marilyn Maxwell. Then there was Chet Bell with whom Johnnie had gone to school and Arnold Gillespie, a cartoonist at Metro. All of them still swell people. Dot and Alice would talk babies on the phone for hours at a time. Johnnie and Chet would compare gardening technique. In the evening they'd have dinner at each other's houses, play charades, gang around the piano and sing. It was a good, sane, solid way of life, but Dot and Johnnie never got settled or stuffy. They did giddy things like playing golf in the rain and taking trips to Santa Barbara on horseback. Things like teaching little Julie to make the razzberry noise when they sang "Der Fuehrer's Face."

Johnnie taught her that when she was six months old. "Come on, honey," he'd say, leaning over her play pen. "We (razzberry noise) and (razzberry noise) right in the Fuehrer's face." He kept at it till his face got red and his eyes were popping, but he got nothing but the deadpan from her nips. Exhausted and crushed, he gave it up as a bad job.

"She can't seem to get it," he complained to Dorothy, his tone of voice implying near-imbecility.

"She's not old enough, goon," Dot told him. "She's only six months old, you know."

And then Johnnie put the Spike Jones record on the vic and sat down in a chair to listen. When it came to the razzberry part, Julie, unprompted, chime in from her play pen as plain as anything.

famous first words...

"Did you hear that?" yelled Johnnie. "Hear what Julie said?" It went down in her baby book, "First word, six months old—razzberry." And no subsequent feats were ever quite as thrilling.

In 1944, Johnnie decided to trek East again. It was obvious that all really good singing movie roles were going to Bing—and rightly so, he knew—so he pulled up stakes and went to New York with nothing in view but a guest stint on the Society of Lower Basin Street program. When that was over, they signed him for nine weeks, but other than that he was unemployed. There were no further radio bids, no nothing. Then one night a friend took him to dinner at the Hurricane, and it turned out to be Celebrity Night. They asked Johnnie
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-500 pennies, in fact. And just to be nice about it, we're putting those 500 coppers into a $5 check for your convenience, to be sent to you! If we accept your "I Saw It Happen," What?" on "I Saw It Happen?" Why not, it's just the simple story of what happened when you bumped into a movie star. (Hint: You stand a better chance if your tale is brief, clear, and interestingly written.) So sit down, write it up, and send it in to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

106 TRIMAL LABORATORIES, LOS ANGELES 26, CALIFORNIA - TRIMAL DISTRIBUTING COMPANY, HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA
friends telling Sue and Alan goodbye, and vice versa. Upstairs, Alan and Sue were tossing this and that into their bags and then discovering they’d forgotten something else. So Betty raced downtown to rescue the lost items. Then Alan lost “Sandy” her favorite handkerchief, and started to cry; up whizzed Betty to the nursery to tell her a story and calm her down. Flushed next a terrible realization in Sue’s mind—the radio contract Alan had signed had to go back to NBC before eight o’clock. Betty rushed down with it. She helped pack. She jotted down last minute instructions. Betty helped Sue brew coffee to keep them all fortified. It went on like that. Then Laddie got a bright idea, as it grew later and later. He pecked out the front window and saw a silvery moon bathing the terrace.

“We’re getting a late start anyway,” he said. “Look, Sue, let’s start out about one o’clock and drive by moonlight!” Sue thought that was a romantic idea, so Betty helped make sandwiches before they started packing the back end of the car. She helped lug out travel items for that, and with it all safely stowed in, started to wave them goodbye, a little wobbly, at one o’clock in the moonlight. Then Alan switched on the headlights—and no lights. He’d packed the rear end so full the wiring was crushed. Out came all the bags and the pliers and Alan crawled inside the car while Betty held the flashlight.

frantic family . . .

Around two a.m. the Ladds finally rolled off on their moonlight excursion. Only Alan got dozy before they’d passed the San Fernando Valley, so they pulled into Joel McCrea’s ranch and went to sleep. But Secretary Betty didn’t know that, of course. She finally dragged into the Studio Club around three and tumbled across her bed in a state of exhaustion—happy exhaustion, though, because she’d loved every minute of the excitement.

That’s just a sample—but after pitching into a few family frantics like that you can see where a star’s private secretary becomes more than a mere business girl—and fast. By now, Betty Jordan—who got her job through an employment agency, and didn’t even know whom she’d be working for until she walked in, met Sue and discovered she was Alan Ladd’s wife—entrenched firmly in the Ladds’ affections. In fact, it’s hard to see how the place would tick along without Betty and Diane. They rally to all the daily dramas—like the time Betty was there alone and the lady down the street called to report, “There’s a man dragging your boxer dog, Jezebel, into his car. I think he’s stealing her.” She tore down the street in time to claim Jezie, scare off the kidnapper and avert a Ladd family tragedy.

They’re in on family surprises and secrets even before Alan and Sue are, more often than not. Like Alan’s last birthday present, when Sue completed the gold locket which has an engraved still picture from every film Laddie’s made. And the Christmas gift for his cigarette case, the tiny jeweled “Calcutta” airplane which brings it up to date. It’s a cinch Alan didn’t know about those until he got them with “Happy Birthday” and “Merry Christmas.” But Betty and Diane did. They picked ’em for Sue and checked on the jeweler’s progress for weeks.

Last December Sue and Alan were away from Hollywood right before holiday time on their tour of army hospitals in the Midwest. It’s always an absorbing junket for
that pair once they get going on a GI entertainment tour, and besides, this time, they made Camp Joseph T. Robinson and the Army Navy General Hospital in Arkansas and Alan went over to Hot Springs, his old home town, and tried to track down missing relatives he knew he must have in those parts. So they stayed away longer than they'd planned and the terrible realization suddenly smote them both that they would be smack up against Christmas by the time they got back to Hollywood. So they wired Betty, "Can you pick up gifts Sue chose before leaving and start wrapping them, as Alan wants to stay at the hospitals till the day before Christmas?"

Betty wired back, "Love to," and by the time she rolled over to the Glendale station with Diane, Alana and the nurse, Jezebel, the pup and other Ladd menage mainstays, to meet Sue and Alan, all the presents were wrapped with seals, stickers n'everything. Of course, she had made a couple of mistakes. Like the pedal-pusher she tagged for a grown up gal friend of Sue's with a baby name, and the perfume she'd wrapped for a female moppet with a very adult sounding title. Alan and Sue, I might add, were not ungrateful.

to betty, with love . . .

Because the Christmas present they gave Betty was a two-week vacation to fly back to her home town, Easton, Pennsylvania and visit the folks. And when, just two days before her trip, Betty's plane reservations got cancelled and the dream blew up—well, Alan spent a whole day chasing down everybody he knew remotely connected with an airline or train and turning on every calorie of heat, so that Betty left for home right on schedule, Christmas rush or no. Some boss! You can't knock him to Betty. And a girl like Miss Jordan, who gets mixed up in all the daily glamorous goings on of a star's home base doesn't necessarily wear rose-colored glasses.

Betty and Diane laugh at Alan when he comes out to greet them in the mornings when his eyes are still half closed with sleep and he can only scowl good naturally, "What's good about it?" when they chirp a cheery "Good Morning!"

They are well used to the sight of Ladd scuffling along in a pair of mud-caked garden shoes which even the Salvation Army would refuse to rehabilitate. They know what he looks like when he hasn't shaved, when his favorite pants, the tattered blue denim (that Sue has tried unsuccessfully dozens of times to bury) adorn his lower half with nothing but tan skin top-side. They know his weakness for the weirdest combinations anyone could think up—like the yacht skipper's cap he likes to wear over his Cheyenne frontier pants and cowboy boots! And they have been bystanders in several household crises where their star boss didn't exactly loom bright and shining in a hero's role.

There was the time, for instance, when Alan almost flooded the family out of house and home. That night Betty stayed on for dinner with Sue and Alan and during the course of the meal Sue inudiciously mentioned that a leaky faucet in the upstairs bathroom was driving her slowly mad.

"I'll fix it after dinner," stated Laddie.

"Hadn't you better call a plumber?" Sue suggested.

"Of course not," snorted Alan. "Very simple job. Besides, plumbers are busy these days. No sense in calling one in when I know exactly what to do."

So, after dinner, Alan dug out hammers and wrenches and things and soon great clanking and banging sounds resounded through the place in fearful fashion while Sue and Betty sat downstairs and chewed their nails. Finally, the nervous gals heard him clumping down the basement stairs.

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"Where are you going, dear?" ventured Sue timidly.

"To turn the water off, of course," echoed up the stairs. But next minute there were ominous gurglings and splashing from all directions and a miniature Johnstown Flood started sweeping over the house. Instead of turning the water off, the guy had turned it full on!

Sometimes, naturally, Betty and Diane manage to get mixed up in Ladd household dilemmas, whether they mean to or not. You can’t be a private secretary and put your foot in the right place every hour of the day, and the last boss in the world to expect that is Alan, who likes everyone around him to stay relaxed and happy and constantly keeps them kidded that way. If Betty bumps her toe on the flagstone walk, he’ll yelp, "That'll cost you five bucks to lay a new sidewalk—remind me to dock your salary." And he’s always strolling into the playroom office with a slave driver look and growling, "From now on everybody works Sundays, holidays and every other night," just to start a banter bout. But in three years Diane has never seen Sue or Alan really burned up about anything she’s done and that goes for Betty, too, in the year she’s been on the Ladd dream job. And both admit there have been a few provocations to ruffle the feelings of any one half way touchy.

By now Betty has learned to keep out of Laddie’s way when he’s due for a radio broadcast. He races around the house like a madman those days and you’re likely to get bowled right over if you block the track. By now, too, Betty knows better than to buy lamb when she markets. She did that the first week she was there and watched Alan turn a funny green and push his plate away at dinner. Now, if Betty markets, she sticks to the steaks he loves and she knows that artichokes and zucchini squash are about the only members of the vegetable family he’ll swallow without gagging. She knows he’s allergic to studio commissaries, too, and if Sue’s busy she whiskers over to Paramount with the lunch which Alan likes to heat up on the hot plate in his housekeeping-style dressing room.

She knows which are Alan’s particular treasures in the playroom—the GI statuettes Dixie Crosby gave him when he went into service, the framed athletic medals he won in high school, the wooden duck that Webb, his studio makeup man and pal, carved for him, the lighter soldier fans overseas made out of a 37-mm shell and sent, the film splicer Bill Dempster gave him for Christmas—so she gives them a wide berth when she buzzes around.

Mattter of fact, nobody gets a bigger laugh than boss man Alan when Betty or Diane bang into a slapstick bit of comedy grief going about their unpredictable chores. Once Laura Lee, the special cook Alan and Sue have in for fancy parties, decided she’d prepare some of the food at home. When party time came, Betty and Diane volunteered to bring her and the fancy goodies over, while Alan and Sue got dressed. So they rolled over to Laura Lee’s in the Packard, carefully tucked her in the back seat with a scrumptious lemon chiffon pie and a bowl of tomato aspic which had taken her all afternoon to make. Laura balanced one on top of the other carefully. But on the way home and in a hurry Betty slammed on the brakes at a crossing—Squosh!—the prettiest mixture of lemon-tomato-pie-aspic you ever saw flew all over the car and poor Laura Lee’s money apron, Betty could have dropped right through the floor when she confronted Sue with the mess, but Alan had to go in the next room and roar. They (Continued on page 112)
Bob Mitchum is letting himself in on a lot of fun! At the Cock 'n Bull, a gay bar and quiet, refined restaurant combine to please the Hollywood press and your favorite screen stars.

STEAK AND KIDNEY
PIE, YORKSHIRE PUDDING, RAREBIT
AND CRUMPETS
ARE FAVORITE ENGLISH DISHES SERVED AT
HOLLYWOOD'S COCK 'N BULL
By NANCY WOOD

Food WITH AN ENGLISH ACCENT

J. Edgar Hoover and his boys always find what they're looking for! In this case, one of America's No. 1 restaurants, The Cock 'n Bull. They have eaten there often and found it just by listening to the comments of satisfied customers.

Eric Blore, famous for his English butler roles, ate at The Cock 'n Bull the day it was opened in 1937 and so headed the long procession of movie stars who have since enjoyed the typically English food served within those dark oak-panelled walls. The decorations, too, are quite English—polished brass lanterns, authentic old prints and etchings, Toby mugs, and autographs of historical celebrities like Robert Browning and an assortment of English kings.

This charming place is owned by screen writer Jack Morgan (Col. Morgan, if you want to be formal). Although born in San Francisco, he was educated at Oxford, which accounts for his special liking for English food. Originally, Morgan planned a tavern with a few snacks, but those tidbits were so good the menu grew and grew until today there's a magnificent buffet table spread with baked turkey, fried chicken, broiled squab, browned potatoes, an out-of-this-world horseradish, vegetables, piles of hot crumpets and, well, just heaps of beautiful food!

Also a bit of all right are the customers. At the bar there's a terrific turnover of Hollywood gossip supplied chiefly by newspaper men and press agents. In the restaurant you may find Joan Crawford enjoying some baked beans, or Jane and Ronnie Reagan starting their meal with Welsh rarebit. Frank Sinatra eats...
there too—Nancy feeds him a lot of good home cooked food, but his youthful appetite causes him to tour the town in search of tasty tidbits. Prominent out-of-towners include cartoonist Peter Arno, the famous Leopold Stokowski and, as we have already said, J. Edgar Hoover, always accompanied by two of his men.

We're giving you some English recipes as received from The Cock 'n Bull, with only such changes as will make it easier for you to prepare a chef's recipes in your own kitchen.

**YORKSHIRE PUDDING**

1 cup flour  
1 cup milk  
½ teaspoon salt  
4 eggs, beaten  
½ cup beef grease

Sift flour once, Measure, add salt and sift again. Add milk and well beaten eggs gradually, stirring smooth. Beat mixture vigorously 2 minutes. Place drippings in 10 or 12-inch square pan and heat to bubbling hot before pouring in pudding. Bake in hot oven (500° F.) for 20 minutes. Cut in two-inch squares and serve with roast beef.

Note: The average Yorkshire Pudding uses two eggs, if you're keeping an eye on the budget. Some cooks bake it about 35 minutes in a moderately hot oven (400°-425° F.).

**WELSH RAREBIT**

2 tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons flour  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon pepper  
½ teaspoon dry mustard  
2 cups milk  
1 pound American cheese, diced  
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce  
½ cup beer

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Add flour, salt, pepper and dry mustard and stir smooth. Add milk gradually, stirring smooth. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Cook 5 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Add diced cheese and stir until melted. (Do not overcook as cheese becomes stringy.) Add Worcestershire sauce and beer and mix thoroughly. Serve immediately on toast or buttered English crumpets. Serves 6.

**ENGLISH TRIFLE**

1 8-inch layer sponge cake  
½ cup sherry  
¼ to 1 cup raspberry jam  
1 recipe custard sauce*  
1 cup whipping cream  
Maraschino cherries

Cut sponge cake into 1-inch cubes and line serving dish with layer of cubes. Sprinkle with sherry wine. Spread with part of the raspberry jam. Add part of the custard sauce. Repeat this layer of cake, wine, jam and sauce until all ingredients are used up. Cover with whipped cream and sprinkle with maraschino cherries. Serves 6 to 8.

* Custard sauce should be chilled before adding to Trifle. Prepare as follows: Beat 4 egg yolks, ¼ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt together. Add 2 cups milk which have been heated to scalding point in top of double boiler. Return mixture to double boiler and cook, stirring constantly until mixture coats metal spoon. (Do not use too high heat or overcook or mixture will curdle—it is done when it reaches sauce consistency). If whipping cream isn't available, beat remaining egg whites until stiff and add ½ cup corn syrup gradually. Add ¼ teaspoon salt. Top Trifle with beaten egg whites.

--

**Rhapsody in WHITE**

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"I didn't realize any soap could be so effective on shirt collars and cuffs."...

"There is simply no other soap for doing up baby things."...

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---

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" 11
all pitched in in the kitchen and repaired
the damage before the guests arrived.

The lone family sore spot at the Ladds—
which includes everybody who lives or
works there—is the case of the missing
automobile keys. In a house where so many
people buzz off on something or other at
all hours, car keys disappear like magic
and always at strategic times. There's the
Packard and the Buick and never a key for
either one when somebody wants it. Alan
finally went grimly down to the locksmith's
and had ten different sets of car keys made
—but they still disappear.

Next to his baffling burnups at elusive
car keys—the only time Betty recalls see-
ing Alan having an unhappy moment at
anything traceable to his secretary staff
involved—of all people—Baby Alana. She's
at the into-everything-chatterbox stage
now (she'll be three in April), smart as a
wink and cute as a bug. Alana still has
her nurse, Kathleen O'Connor, but on her
day off Betty and Diane love to dress her,
curl her hair (when they can get her to
sit still long enough), and generally fuss
over the dainty little doll. And on any
other day, with the way Alana is getting
around these days, she's likely not to be
far away from Betty and Diane.

She's Little Miss Perpetual Mo-
tion and Little Miss Echo all in one, at
this point—and everybody at the Ladds'
is her devoted slave. Alan has a dozen
fancy names for her—like "Imogene,"
"Lillybelle," "Ramona," "Fifi"—and usually
calls her a different one each time, although
her official nickname by now is "Lennie." The
girls can't resist teaching Alana
catchlines and jingles because it's so
cute to hear her say them.

Well, the other night Sue and Alan en-
tertained some friends they didn’t know
too intimately, and right in a lull of dinner
conversation up piped Alana thus:

"Who threw the overalls into Mrs. Mur-
phy's chowder?"

Everybody roared, but Alan was a little
embarrassed. He told her to be quiet, and
later that night Sue said he shouldn't
have done it. "You'll thwart her develop-
ing personality," she argued. Alan said
he guessed Sue was right.

fast talk moppet . . .

So they had another dinner party not
long after and this time Alana sprang
a new one, "Anybody here seen Kelly?" she
sang out, "Kelly with the jelly belly?"
Everybody had to laugh, of course, and
even though Alan blushed he kept quiet
So seeing she'd made a hit, Alana came
out with another nifty, "Mary had a little
lamb—and the doctor fainted!"

Alan had to stop her then, thwart-
personality or not, and the word went
round to lay off teaching Alana pre-
cocious patter. But even he has to chuckle
when he thinks of how funny it was.

Next to Alana and Sue, the Numb
Two love in Alan Ladd's life right now
is a hunk of Mother Earth, an idyllic ranch
nestled close to the hills in Hidden Valley
forty-ed miles north toward Santa Bar-
bara from Hollywood. To show you how
fast things can pop in the Ladd house
hold; When Betty and Diane left work
Saturday afternoon, neither they nor Alia
or Sue had any idea that a rancher wou-
ld about to come into the family. When the
came to work Monday, Alan said, "If any
one calls me, I've got to go to the ranch and
grinned, "What ranch?" they chortled
and that was his cue to tell all about
He and Sue had taken a drive Sunday
then in love with this abandoned His-
den Valley ranch—and bought it in ex-
actlty one hour.

But the back to the soil urge has
been building up with the Ladds' for-
monts. It started, in fact, away back
when Alan was set to make "Californi:
at Paramount. He knew he'd need to brush up on his horsemanship, so he started driving around to Griffith Park every morning to get instruction from Dave Laird, a professional horseman. Laddie and Dave clicked right away and became pals. So when he had his spot with Paramount and "California" was off his schedule, Laddie kept right on seeing Dave and riding.

So right now, when their boss isn't making a picture, Betty and Diane have an easy answer when the telephone rings. "Mr. Ladd is out at the ranch." He's all mixed up with barns and bulldozers, corrals and water systems, alfalfa and hay. He roars out at the break of dawn and they don't see him unless they stay late and then he's no glamor boy, with his dusty dungarees and cracked fingernails. Because it's no freak fancy. Alan's already putting up a small ranch house and stables for the horses. He and Sue plan to spend every spare minute out there until they get the breeding place started, and then when their good luck keeps up, they'll build a big ranch house for themselves and retire when they get old and creaky—which is a few years away yet—to raise colts and fillies and Alana right along with them.

As for Betty and Diane, they just have to turn horsey themselves—they know any other job would be dull as dishwater compared to life with Sue and Alan Ladd. And how could they ever desert a couple of bosses who think about your happiness every moment?

A while back, Diane's soldier husband, who was overseas for two years with the Army Air Corps, wrote the glad news. He was on his way home. Diane almost tumbled over with joy, but the homecoming posed a problem too. She'd moved in with her family and the housing shortage made it look like a house all their own was an impossible dream. It worried her, but it worried Alan and Sue Ladd even more.

second honeymoon . . .

"You've just got to have a second honeymoon," said Sue romantically. "That's all there is to it."

"That would be wonderful," sighed Diane, "but where, where?" That looked like the jack-of-all-questions for sure.

Two days before the returning hero arrived, Alan and Sue called Diane upstairs. "We've got something to tell you . . . they began.

So when Sergeant Al Craigie stepped off the train at Union Station and into his wife's embrace, she led him to a car, slumped in the driver's seat, and with a mysterious smile guided it out on the beach highway along the Pacific Ocean. They rolled along dreamily, and Sergeant Al thought it was a beautiful ride, but when Diane pulled up before a beautiful beach house and said, "Well, here we are," he couldn't talk.

He knew they were at Malibu Beach but he certainly didn't know exactly where or why or what made Diane say crazy things like, "This is our home for the next two weeks. Like it?"

"Of course," he gasped. "But where are we? What's this all about?"

"It's Bing and Dorothy Crosby's beach house," explained Diane. "Alan and Sue called the Crosbys and arranged to let us use it for your homecoming."

So they walked inside and there were cartons and cartons packed with all the groceries a honeymoon pair would ever need, and a note from Alan and Sue. "Have a sweeter honeymoon," it read, "and lots to eat—but don't get too fat!"

When Diane tells about that she says, "It was just like a fairy tale!" And so it was, of course. But that's what you run into sooner or later when you hang around the Ladds for very long.

---

Medical Science says: Thousands who have pale faces—whose strength is at low ebb—may have a blood deficiency.

So many girls are "too tired" to keep up with the crowd—watch romance pass them by because they haven't the energy to make them attractive!

Yes, girls who are often fatigued and colorless may find that a blood deficiency is cheating them of beauty and sparkle. And medical studies of large population groups reveal that up to 60% of women—countless men—have a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

It's your blood that releases energy to every muscle and fibre. Your blood is the supply line of your pep. If there is a deficiency in your blood—if the red blood cells aren't big and healthy enough—you can't feel alert, "alive."

You can't have full health and energy if you have Borderline Anemia. Borderline Anemia means that your red blood cells are below-par.

**Build up your Energy**

by Building up your Blood

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be brought about by other conditions, so you should consult your physician regularly.

But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their vitality and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast. When all you need is healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast helps build up blood and energy.

---

**BORDERLINE ANEMIA**

*a* ferro-nutritional deficiency

of the blood — can cause

TIRENESS + LISTLESSNESS + PALLOR

Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

Borderline Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, irregular. Blood like this can't generate the energy you need to feel and look your best.

---

**Ironized Yeast**

**TABLETS**

Improved, Concentrated Formula

"BORDERLINE ANEMIA" deprivy a girl of glamour ... and dates!
and in 'Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.' You can certainly be different," observed Guy.

"I saw you in 'Since You Went Away'—and you can be natural," answered Gail. Afterward, Guy said to Henry, "Gail simply isn't an unusual girl. Do you know why I think she's unusual? Because most girls, when a fellow first meets them, talk a blue streak. They try to be witty or gay or something. She didn't try to do anything. She was perfectly natural. She didn't say anything at all until I spoke to her, then she was pleasant and sincere. Nice girl."

Gail, talking to Diana Lynn on the set next day, said "I met Guy Madison last night. He's nice... the least actor-y man I've met in Hollywood. He doesn't have a line, and he doesn't bother to manufacture conversation, yet he doesn't seem nervous about silence. He's relaxed and genuine. Quite a man."

Their first date was not really a formal date at all; Henry and Guy, Loren Tindall and Gail all sort of got together at Diana's house. After having played recordings for a while, Loren seated himself at the piano and took the ivory route to stardust. Loren is undoubtedly one of the best pianists in town; he is so good, that he is perfectly willing to play before Diana, who is Miss Iturbi herself. Whereas Diana is changing techniques at present, so doesn't like to play before guests, Loren is perfectly willing to toss off notes on any occasion.

With a roaring fire in the fireplace, with a congenial group in the room, with Loren at the piano, Guy is convinced that the world is a very fine place to be.

Occasionally, the foursome dance and dine at one of the Sunset Strip nightclubs. Their table conversation is usually very merry. Gail is a terrific mimic. She does an imitation of Diana that just kills every one who sees it.

Diana is as convulsed as anyone at the antic. One night Guy said, "I guess the reason I think that stunt is so funny is because Diana enjoys it too."

Someone said, "It'd be funny whether she thought so or not."

Guy couldn't see it that way. "A joke isn't any good unless the victim thinks it's funny."

Do unto others...

He carries this consideration for others into every situation. One night, Guy and several others were discussing a local Hollywood character. Just after the conversation dwindled, the man himself appeared.

Someone said, "Everything we said was the truth. But I do hope he didn't hear us."

Said Guy, "I'm positive he didn't. I was keeping a sharp lookout, because 'Speak of the angels and you hear the flap of their wings.' I figured that he might come strolling in. We weren't saying anything that wasn't absolutely true, of course, but who wants to hurt a guy?"

It's fine, decent personality traits like that which bring Henry so close to Guy. Basically, the two men are much alike: Both loathe and abhor phoniness of any kind; both hate dishonesty, no matter how trivial nor in what form. Both are intensely loyal to their friends and families.

At Christmas time, when there was a good deal of excitement in Hollywood, Guy elected to go home for the holidays. It was the first time in his life that Guy had been able to buy at least a portion of heart's desire for each member of his family.

**THEIR HEARTS ARE YOUNG AND GAY**

(Continued from page 39)
family, back in Bakersfield. He talked it over with Henry; should he purchase the gifts in Hollywood, or should he wait and shop at home?

"Which would you rather," asked Henry, "mean, what makes you hesitate? Most fellows would simply go out on a buying spree without consulting anyone."

Said Guy hesitantly, "This is what I've been thinking, Henry: Don't you suppose that—if I'd get the kick of my life out of planning swell surprises for my family—my mother would enjoy it even more? Suppose I gave her a check and told her, because she's heard their talk, to buy the thing each wanted most, wouldn't that tickle her to pieces?"

Henry said quietly, "You've got the right idea, Guy. Just see that she doesn't spend all of that check on the family, without planning anything for herself. Mothers do things like that; you know." Which explains why Guy took his mom shopping!

As soon as Guy was out of the Navy, he did some shopping for himself. Planning a personal wardrobe that will be as sharp on the screen as when seen on Wilshire Boulevard isn't an easy thing; it requires a person with a "camera" eye to know what will be right and what wrong. Naturally, Guy took Henry along on the shopping tour, so as to have the benefit of his motion picture know-how.

They decided on a gray suit: suit and a navy blue with a pin stripe; a brown tweed, three pairs of slacks and three mismatch sport coats. Henry, prowling among the hangers came out with a sport coat that was strictly Crosby!

Guy shook his head. "Not for me!"

"Just try it on," urged Henry. "No fooling. I think it's great!"

Guy tried it on and admired the tailoring and the cut of the jacket. "Somebody had a good idea, all right, but he should have stayed out of the paint factory," he said. "It might be okay for one season. But, Henry, I keep my stuff a long time, I'll be wearing most of those coats for the next five years."

Henry looked horrified. "Not with the kind of wear you give a jacket. Why be conservative. Let yourself go. Wouldn't you wear it?" demanded the unconvinced Mr. Madison.

Henry regarded the garment warily. "I'm not the type. But if I were...

So Guy bought the jacket; for the same reason that he wanted to please Henry. Which was kind of an unusual thing to do, unless you stop to consider that pleasing people is Guy's job nowadays. And from behind Henry's executive desk, it looks as if the big fellow's going to make a great success of it.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer I went to see the "Tars and Spars Revue" in Buffalo. After the show, I went around to the stage door to get Victor Mature's autograph. When he came out, all the fans swarmed up on him. I tried to make myself seen, and he signed their books without protest, but in the middle of one signature, I raised my hand and said, "Do you know where I can get a date for tonight?"
DENNIS MORGAN
(Continued from page 43)

But Stan and Lillian said the proper words at the right places. Bob came through with the ring at the crucial moment, Lillian tossed her bridal bouquet, and at last they were Mr. and Mrs. Morner, racing together down the front walk in a pelting hail of rice. Stan roared the family car toward the highway, and after he'd made enough distance to stop and cut off the cowbells and old shoes, he headed happily for the country he liked best—the dark pine woods of northern Wisconsin. They spent their two-day honeymoon at Essex Lodge, on Clear Lake, to establish an added attraction at that resort which has been doing all right ever since.

Not long ago a friend of Dennis Morgan's passed through Clear Lake and stopped at the Lodge. "Got any good cottages to spend the night?" asked this party.

The proprietor snorted. "Well, sir," he said. "Got the cottage that Dennis Morgan spent his honeymoon in. Guess that ought to be good enough for you, Mister!"

But back when Dennis Morgan was plain Stanley Morner and the bridegroom with the golden voice was just another singer in the Windy City trying to get along.

just like home . . .

They started housekeeping in a tiny Chicago apartment with a kitchenette and a pull-down-in-a-door bed. It wasn't much shakes as a town house, but to the newlyweds Stanley Morner it was cozy and it was home. The first day, came a timid knock at the door and Stan and Lillian opened it together, wondering who their first caller could be. It turned out to be a gangling, rawboned man with the kind of square face familiar to both of them since they were kids. He doffed his cap. "Goody Morning," he sang in the familiar accent. "My name's Johnstone, and I bane the yantor."

When the door was closed, Stan and Lillian fell into each other's arms and rocked with laughter. Wasn't Stan half Swedish himself?

"Gosh," they chorused. "We're right back home, Wisconsin!"

They had their early domestic crises, of course. Like the first breakfast Lillian cooked for her husband. She got up before he did, slipped into the kitchenette and made what had always been a festive breakfast dish at the Vedder house, apple sauce. But when Stan sat down he gave it a quick, aghast, glace, and flushed. It said, it happened that apple sauce was one thing he just didn't vibrate to, in the morning or at any other time.

"What's the matter?" asked his bride, a little belligerently.

"Nothing, darling," said Stan, "except that I don't like apple sauce."

"But I worked so hard . . ."

"But I don't like apple sauce . . ."

"If you loved me, you'd eat it anyway!" cried Lillian tearfully.

Then the contract to sing with von Bucchi at the Palmer House Empress Room came up. Stan was a solid hit. The six weeks' agreement stretched into twelve and then twenty-four. He ended up singing twenty-five straight shows at Chicago's Number One glamour room. He couldn't have asked for a better showcase to display the voice, looks and personality that were to make Dennis Morgan famous. Chicago's biggest movie theaters, the Chicago and the State-Lake, signed him for featured engagements. When the opera, "Xerxes," was staged, Stanley Morner sang one of the leads. Radio grabbed him and the strong young voice of Stanley Morner

"what could be more simple?"

Modern life aims to make things simple—to avoid all the fussy frills and clumsy contrivances that interfere with efficiency. Turn your mind for a moment to the subject of monthly sanitary protection. Are the belts and pins and external pads really necessary? Of course not if you use Tampax, because Tampax is a slim, streamlined absorbent unit invented by a doctor to be worn internally!

Millions of women in over 75 countries have adopted this method of sanitary protection—so neat and handy to use in rooms, so compact to keep in the desk drawer. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in applicators so daintily designed that your hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor can form. Disposal is easy.

You cannot feel the Tampax when in place and naturally it cannot 'show' any ridges or bulges under even the sheerest dress. . . . Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes. A month's supply goes into your purse. Economy Box holds 4 months' average needs. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { Regular Super Junior

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TEETHING PAINS
RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period. Buy it from your druggist today.

NEW TINY PACKET IS RADIO!

Pills in your pocket or purse—two of them ready to play an emergency role, contained for immediate use. In a rubber pocket, an oxygen capsule. In a paper pocket, a saline swab. Put the capsules in their pockets. They are really ready to work when compacted and used according to instructions. In the event of need, apply two oxygen pack tablets. Take the saline swab and apply, Russia. For those who would like to know more, address: AMERICAN PATENT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., Westfield, N. J.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING PAIN
Just rub it on the gums

BLENDIES
ALL AGES-ALL SHADES

New Shampoo Made Specially For Blondes Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from becoming—brightens faded hair. Called Blondix, itus rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dency film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair luminous high lights. Safe for children. Get Blondix at 10c, drug and department stores.
ran out as soloist on national programs such as Realiks’ “Silken Strings.” When he wasn’t taking on extra engagements, Stan spent his spare hours from the Empire Room studying voice.

But all Stan’s new opportunities, it seemed, came at night. As he worked harder and harder, he stayed up later and later. Lillian adjusted her daily program to a noon-to-midnight schedule, and she loved it. The Morgans had few nights that weren’t packed with Chicago activity, and that was swell—until the doctor said one day that a girl so near to being a mother should live a more quiet, regular life. So Lillian packed up and Stan saw her off on the train to Marshfield. There her uncle, Doctor Jim Martin, brought into the world their first child, one crisp October night. They named him Stanley, Junior. But Stan didn’t know he was a papa until hours after the event. And it was eleven days before he saw his first born.

He was singing on the stage of the Chicago Theater that night. When the operator finally got the call through, it came to a friend backstage who didn’t want Stan to go completely berserk with joy until he was through the night’s performance. After the last show, the pal took him out to a late supper with some other Chicago chums and when they’d all sat down, he said. Would you be interested in learning that you’ve just become the dad of a husky nine-pound boy?”

Stan almost knocked the table over getting out of there. “Would I?” he yelled. He kept the phone busy all that night to Marshfield. But in spite of all the festivities, Stan was a sad dad. Because he was so busy he couldn’t sneak away down to Marshfield for the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. And when he finally did break away for a peek at the newest Morner he had to run right back to town the minute he made sure that Lillian and the baby were absolutely okay. Because a lot of things happened in Chicago, and exciting prospects were popping around Stan Morner’s head like firecrackers.

It had all started one prophetic evening when Stan, in his best form, was singing his feature solo at the Empire Room. And Mary Garden, who had once been the greatest operatic star in America, stroked in.

Mary Garden was in Chicago to stage an opera, and she had other plans up her sleeve as well—to get together a “Carmen” company and go on a world tour. As a little boy, Stan had been mesmerized in New York by “Carmen” in the Metropolitan’s first run. She didn’t tell any of this to Stan that night, but she did send over her name with a note. When he came to her table, she asked him down to the auditorium to sing for her.

He was there the next afternoon. Mary Garden had him sing some familiar arias. At the end of the warm-up, as he was taking his leave, she knocked Stan right off his feet.

“How would you like to sing the lead with me in ‘Carmen’?” she asked Mary Garden. He couldn’t answer with the shock. Miss Garden went on to explain.

It was something of a gamble. She had plans for the “Carmen” company, and it
"I REFUSED to look old at 23!"

Young mother of Tuscaloosa, Ala., loses 53 pounds!

To see Kathryn Folts now—a slim, typical southern beauty, you'd never think she weighed 176 a few months ago. "I looked and felt old at 23," she says, "and couldn't seem to lose. Then my doctor recommended the DuBarry Success Course. In three months, I lost 45 pounds; I kept on till I lost 53—went from a 38 or 40 dress to a size 14!"

"What a thrill to look at my new figure in a mirror, now!" says Mrs. Folts. The Success Course showed me how to have a good posture, a radiant complexion, a becoming hairdo; but most important of all, I feel better than ever before! How right my doctor was when he told me the Course was written in a way that makes you like doing what it says. I'm not ever going to stop it—it is wonderful."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Are you satisfied with the way you look and feel? Have you the vitality to live a full life? The DuBarry Success Course analyzes your needs, shows you how to achieve your ideal weight, care for your skin and hair, use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

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Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss

DuBarry Success Course

Ann Delafield, Directing

LOOKED DEFINITE. But there would be a rehearsal in New York and Stan would have to go there, learn the opera and risk the venture with the rest of them. But if all went well it should be a big feather in his cap. This was Lillian's affair, too, so Stan called her and talked it over. She said, "Go." Lillian always had backed Stan in every venture.

In Chicago, as in every town he had ever lived in, Stanley Morner had made hosts of friends and admirers. One who had spotted him early as a singer of promise was wealthy music lover James MacMillan. For months he had backed and encouraged Stan in all his serious voice study and work. The minute MacMillan heard the news he offered to finance the trip to New York. That decided it. Stan arranged for Lillian and the baby to stay with the folks in Marshfield. Then he quit his Empire Room job and took the train to New York.

They took a tiny apartment in the Fifties, Stan and his music teacher, Victor Chenais for. For two weeks he barely stirred out of the place, learning "Carmen"—the whole opera, from start to finish. It was a Gallery job, but he did it. The only time he had budged from the job at hand was to look up some contacts in Radio City—just in case. But the big programs, he found, weren't buying any unknown singers, thanks. And then one day Mary Garden called at Stan's little apartment.

break in the clouds...

"I've got bad news," she said, right off. "The 'Carmen' production has fallen through." Stan could feel his dreary castle tumbling. He managed a smile, "That's all right. It's been a wonderful experience..." But Mary Garden was still talking.

"Don't be discouraged. I know you have talent and I've got an idea. I think you'd be perfect for pictures and I have a friend at M-G-M, here in New York. He'd like to tell him about you at once. If he agrees to make a test, will you do it?"

M-G-M. Hollywood. Stan hadn't even given Hollywood a thought—not yet. The possibility had always seemed remote to him, but now he said, "Why, of course I will.

"I'll be back," said Mary Garden. She was, and with the break she had promised to make up for Stan Morner's disappointments with "Carmen." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would be happy to test the young singer.

That was on a Saturday, and with the good news Stan and some pals of his decided to meet in New York decided to toss a mild celebration. The party set out from Stan's place about seven o'clock, driving across town to the dinner spot. Stan was at the wheel, and the front tire had blown. The wheel was off Long Island and the city streets were slick, reflecting lights like mirrors. The traffic build up green just as Stan approached Sixth Avenue. He slammed on his brakes.

But another driver coming up the Avenue whizzed through the sudden red light, and the glare of wet pavements blinded both drivers. To duck him and avoid a crash, Stan swerved his car and car—crash!—he slammed into one of the solid girders that held up the old Sixth Avenue bridge.

The doors flew off his car and the pals popped harmlessly out onto the slick pavement. As for Stan, he felt a stunning blow. In his face and when he woke up the sirens were wailing. The ambulance carted him and his pals off to the Queensborough Bridge Emergency Hospital and patched them up. For Stanley Morner he verdict was, "Severe facial lacerations, bruises."

"The Doors" at the Dog House

On the other side of town, the Doors were back at the Dog House. The place was packed, and the last crowd of the night was pouring out. Suddenly, a loud noise came from the stage, and then there was a crashing sound. The doors flew off the stage and the stage fell into the audience. One man was knocked unconscious, and two others were hurt. The group at the Dog House was a little shaken, but they went on with their party.
sent him home. He wasn't seriously hurt, but what was to pay off Monday—his face and his singing apparatus—were not what you'd call in the pink of condition.

In fact, probably no prospective movie star ever showed up for a screen test that looks more woebegone sight for the eyes—and the camera lens—than Stanley Morner. His mouth was puffed up like a sausage, his eyes were black. He looked like he'd run into a combination of Joe Louis and a meat grinder. He looked just about anything but a guy who was a bet for a future Hollywood hero. Some kindly studio soul granted a two-day delay, but it was then or never. And Stanford made it then. Maybe his face was a mess, but he could still sing—and how! In a few days he'd have his answer. It was an offer of a contract. He spent far more than he should have making a long distance call to Marshfield. “Get ready, Lil,” he sang over the wire. “And I'll be by and pick you up and Junior. We're going to Hollywood. And I might give you my autograph if you're very nice.”

Stan bought a big old Packard from a New York garage. It was in fair shape—a car that had been around town and that's about all. He paid—or promised to pay—$700 for the heap to take the family to California. He plunked down what remained of his New York stake, $200, and signed up to pay $30 a month from then on. He rolled out of Manhattan in September, headed west. Victor Checlais, his singing teacher, went with him. In Marshfield they picked up Lillian, Stanley Junior, and Stan's sister, Dorothy, to make it a major migration. Baby Stan was an infant of only a few months and still on a formula diet. Stan packed in the sterilizer, pots and pans, a stereo canned heat stove, blankets, bedding, and a baby crib. “From then on,” Lillian recalls with a sigh, “the pioneer mothers had nothing on me!”

**Why Canaries' "Pet-Appeal" Is High With Young America!**

*Trudy Marshall — vibrant young player in "The Dolly Sisters," a Twentieth-Century Fox Production, says:

"My perky, little Canary helps start my day on a cheerful note... keeps me light-hearted and happy!"

* * * A canary is so easy to care for, so radiant with cheer, he's virtually the "perfect pet"—and incidentally, the only pet that sings. * Why don't you have a canary for your very own? Keep him at the peak of happiness by feeding the finest—French's Bird Seed and Bird Biscuit.

The Largest Selling Bird Seed in the U. S.

French's is the time-tried canary diet containing 12 proven aids to a canary's health and song. It's an all-over favorite with canary lovers.
hundred-dollar Stetson, he didn't look like he had a dime. But he had a friendly voice.


Stan looked up wearily. He said, "I am..."

"Well, now," chuckled the stranger. "Just what seems to be the trouble?"

Ordinarily, perhaps, Stan Morner's pride would have prompted him to say that it was none of his business. But there was something about the New Mexican's honest manner that broke his defenses. He found himself telling the sad plight—about the tires, the desperate urge to get to the Coast, the lack of money for tires, gas, food and lodging.

"Now about much," asked the stranger, "do you reckon you need to make it?"

Stan said he figured about $75.

The man pulled out a roll of bills that would choke a cow and peeled off the amount.

"Oh, no," protested Stan. "I couldn't take it."

But the man had a way of wheedling away protest. He pressed the money in Stan's hand. What's more, he wouldn't come through with his name or his address. "But I won't take it unless I can pay you back," declared Stan flatly. "Pay somebody else, sometime, when they need it," said this altruistic character, hurling out the door. "Good luck, podner!"

stake for a break...

Well, Stan has done that, many times over, since then. But he still wishes he knew the name of his benefactor. He'd like to write him, and thank him.

So they rolled into California with the new stake, but not exactly as they had imagined they would. It seemed they'd never get there, but at last a lighted sign fuzzed through the fog, "Culver City Hotel." They pulled up, piled out and staggered upstairs to their rooms. Stan fell into bed, tired and dazed a bit but still happy.

"Well, honey," he told Lillian drowsily, "we made it."

The next day would be the 16th. Then life would begin.

It was still damp and gray when he got up.

No sunshine, no flowers, no oranges. Just little wood fires but sparks and black telephone poles. But Stan could hardly be depressed with the scenery or the surroundings of the bare little hotel room. This was the day of but not exactly as they had imagined they would. It seemed they'd never get there, but at last a lighted sign fuzzed through the fog, "Culver City Hotel." They pulled up, piled out and staggered upstairs to their rooms. Stan fell into bed, tired and dazed a bit but still happy.

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YOU FEEL SAFER
when your napkin has this triple-proved deodorant!

THE VERY IDEA OF OFFENDING AT SUCH TIMES GIVES ME THE FIDGETS.

WAKE UP, DARLING!
THAT NEW MODESS HAS A TRIPLE-PROVED DEODORANT RIGHT IN IT!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Walking down the street in Hollywood one day with my mother, we spied Andy Russell going the other way. A swarm of bobbysockers was pursuing him, and before I knew it I was caught among them. In a few moments I found myself face to face with Andy, and he was saying, "To whom shall I address this?" "To my mother," I said promptly. "She's crazy about you!" A little startled at this unusual request, Andy stammered, "Okay, I'll just say 'To Mom.' How's that?" Well, that was swell, and mother's been bragging about it ever since!

Mary Phillips
Los Angeles, Calif.

WHY LET THE DREAD OF OFFENDING HAUNT YOU—WHEN MODESS NOW HAS A TRIPLE-PROVED DEODORANT?

YES, TRIPLE-PROVED: proved effective by Modess chemists; proved tops in 26 tests by impartial laboratories; proved a hit with thousands who've tried the new Modess!

NO SEPARATE POWDER, no sprinkling or spilling!

FREE! SEND for "Growing Up and Liking It," a bright, modern booklet on the how and why of menstruation. Write Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 344-G, Milltown, N. J.

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happy, he was good. The critics weren't stingy with praise. The word even penetrated the thick walls of M-G-M and reached the ears of Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M's grand mogul. He sent a pink memo around to his production heads. "Go downtown and see this Stanley Morner fellow. He must have something." And just when his stock was rising at last, the craziest episode of all happened to Stan. A studio talent scout approached him backstage after one of the performances of "The Student Prince."

"Say, Morner," he began, "I just caught you and you're great. Listen, I think I can get you a contract at the studio. Would you be interested?"

"What studio?" asked Stan.

"Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the best," he continued, "you've got kid, we'll make you a star."

"Well," said Stan drily, although he had to grin, "You've had me there two years and nothing's happened yet!" The scout almost dropped through the floor.

So his success paid off—l-t too late—at M-G-M. Right after "The Student Prince," Louis B. Mayer called Stan into his office. He said he had a part for him in "Maytime," the big Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operetta extravaganza. The part turned out to be another hit. They still couldn't really take Stan Morner seriously. He knew then he'd better move on.

sweet-tempered blockhead...

"No," said Stan, "I won't do it. People don't say no too the M-G-M grand boss very often. That was quite a long argument but Stan knew what he had to do and he didn't budge.

"But," argued Mr. Mayer, "you're with M-G-M and you're with the Tiffany of the motion picture business."

"That's not the point," said Stan. "Maybe this is Tiffany's, but I can't sparkle when I'm kept on the shelf." Mr. Mayer finally shrugged and signed his release. That was that, figured Stan. Now, to get the heck out of this town.

He made plans to go back to New York and start packing back—but back in the rear of his noggin a disturbing thought bounced around like a loose bearing and that was a bad omen. Before the first time in his life he was a failure. This chucking the whole thing over gave Stan a vague, uneasy feeling that wasn't familiar or comforting.

So he was ripe for the offer from Paramount. At the moment, in fact, it looked like a lucky second time up at bat. Paramount signed Stan. Again good money. Again promises that he'd get leads in pictures for sure. And again the second chapter of "The Forgotten Man"—only worse. Because Stan not only ran into the doldrums at Paramount, but into an inter-studio political scrap—with himself in the middle taking the punches.

I won't go into the agonizing details. But here, as Schnozzle Durante would say, was de condition dat prevailed: The King of the B's at that moment at Paramount was handed Stan to groom for better things. He had a feud on with the fellow who had signed Stan and he aimed to show him, via Morner, that he was all wet. So instead of casting Stan in important parts—he alighted—and the most murderous Mickey Finns of movieland, villainous bits in quickie pictures—mainly so he could say—"See! You're paying this lug a star's salary. And what he does I could buy for twenty-five bucks a day from a ham extra. Are you dumb?" That was about the size of the situation.

He started there as "Richard Stanley" because the first thing they did was work over his name. The fact that Richard

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Stanley is confined to limbo forever is absolutely okay with Dennis Morgan. Today, in one epic he was a purser on a ship and said one line, to wit: "Don't do that!" Then—bang—he was drilled "said." Exit. In another they put a fierce black mustache on his handsome face and made him a fierce menace. And in "Persons in Hiding," he even played Dillinger, or Pretty Boy Floyd, or Baby Face Nelson or some such lethal character.Stan didn't get it. He tackled the B-keeper producer. "Listen," he said, "these mug parts a little out of my line."

"Don't tell me, I know your type," snarled the big shot, "You're a heavy if I ever saw one and that's what you'll play here. For everything else you're dead at Paramount." Stan knew he was right on that last remark. He resolved since he was to be dead, to play possum. After a few months more of indolence they kicked him out of his contract and he was never happier. This time he packed his bags grimly and for keeps.

But before he got his Paramount walking papers, an important producer of big pictures at Paramount had heard Stan sing. Young Rogers knew talent when he saw and heard it. He begged the studio to keep Stan and stick him in with Bing Crosby's picture, "The Star Maker." But the front office couldn't see "Richard Stanley" for sour apples, and neither could Richard Stanley see Paramount. So that flopped, but Rogers told his story to his friend Jack Warner, over one weekend, and the Warner Brothers' boss promptly said, "I'll test him." So again, on the brink of his getaway, the offer came.

This time, Stan Morner told the agent bearing the tidings, "The hell with it!" He'd seen plenty.

third time's the charm ...

Already he had theater bookings for a singing tour of the Midwest. Lillian and the kids would stay in their Hollywood house. But before train time arrived, the agent pressed the Warner test on him. And Lillian wisely persuaded, "Why not make the test? You can't lose anything." "Okay," Stan told the agent, "but Warners will have to make that test before Thursday. Because I'm leaving when that train pulls out!" They hustled up the test.

He had been singing two days at the Riverside Theater in Milwaukee when the wire came. "Cancel your tour at Warner Brothers. Lead in "Waterfront," starting week from Monday." Stan whistled, "Well, I'll be darned." He hadn't thought this would happen. He thought Hollywood was as much off him as he was off Hollywood. But this looked like a real chance at last. First he called Lillian long distance, and they talked it all over. She didn't try to influence him one way or the other. "I want you to be happy," said Lillian, "Do you think this will work out?"

Stan had a hunch. "Yes," he said, "I think it will." And the third time was the charm.

He arrived back in Hollywood on a Saturday. He started work in "Waterfront" Monday. For two years he had barely a day off. He did nothing but leads. Not the studio pictures, of course, but at Warners they made the best B's in the business, with the wizard, Bryan Foy. So Stan knew he was getting somewhere and he wasn't wrong. Everything seemed to click—even his new name. Jack Warner picked out "Dennis Morgan" for him and it was uncanny how the new name took. Today Stan's old friends and Lillian still call him "Stan," and occasionally he gets "Tuff" from an old school chum, but Dennis Morgan seems to fit him. As one fan wrote, "Before I saw your name, I knew right off you were Irish." Irish!

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the big Swed! But still that’s how he looks and oddly enough, a lot of his real personality carries a touch of the green. Especially in the juck department.

Because it was pure shamrock stuff that got Denny Morgan, his introduction to major movie stardom in “Kitty Foyle.”

He was a standard article around Warners’ by then settled in a cozy house in the San Fernando Valley, definitely on the team. When you’re that solid at Warner Brothers, you don’t stray very often. A studio policy is to reuse your stars, aren’t they? Okay, we don’t loan them—we use ‘em ourselves.” Stan hadn’t had a breathing spell and none was coming up when he took any script of “Kitty Foyle” and said out loud to himself when he’d turned the last page, “I’ve just got to do this!” But “Kitty Foyle” wasn’t in the works at Warners; it was at RKO.

Sam Wood, who remembered Dennis ‘way back in the M-G-M dog days, when he had him in “Navy B-B Blue” and “Gold,” sent Denny the script. He was to direct it and he had Dennis in mind for the doctor. But Dennis only had eyes for the Main Line boy whose bitter-sweet affair with Ginger Rogers’ Philadelphia working girl gave the screen one of its most tender romances. He knew that role was what he’d been waiting for all his life and he could win himself in for the big league. He told Sam Wood he wouldn’t even test for the doctor; he wanted that lead with Ginger, and after a test, Sonja Henie was right, too. But how to get permission from Jack Warner, his boss, who was allergic to loan outs? That’s where Stan’s luck came through at last.

kitty foyle . . .

For one thing, Brynie Foy, who had him already cast for another B picture, went to bat for Dennis. Like the good sport he was, Brynie wrote Jack Warner, he’d decided Dennis wouldn’t work out in the B part. Couldn’t use him. That was a white lie, but Foy knew the score and he’s one to pull along when he can. The second break was—Dennis Morgan’s boss happened to be on vacation in Hawaii. Maybe the tropic breezes and the soft skies put Mr. Warner in a relaxed, generous mood. Anyway then Dennis wired him for permission to make “Kitty Foyle” it came right back. “Okay, Go ahead.”

At that, it was a constructive slip for all concerned. Everyone knows, “Kitty Foyle” proved to the world that Dennis Morgan was a great romantic actor. He won the Movie Critics Award and that’s the kind that makes box office registers play “Happy Days.” Last year, for instance, the two biggest money-making movies Warners’ produced starred Dennis Morgan—“Christmas in Connecticut” and “God is My Co-Pilot.” That’s been the story of Dennis Morgan at Warner Brothers all along since then and he proved it didn’t have to happen away from home, a little later on. Because “The Desert Song,” far more even than “Kitty Foyle,” rocketed him right to the very top. Since then he has received more fan mail than any other actor on the lot. And “The Desert Song” was an all-Warner party, in honor of Dennis Morgan. To Dennis Morgan more than just a mere hit. He’ll never make another picture that packed such a personal thrill as that one. All his young life, “The Desert Song” was Denny’s good luck charm, and to make it into a picture, to reveal at last the thing he treasured most, his voice—had been his ambition. He made the picture on location in Gallup, New Mexico, and while he was stranded ‘way down there Lillian went to the hospital to have their baby boy, Jimmy Irving. There was some fear she wouldn’t recover then.
and Denny paced the sands desperately as
telegrams flew back and forth. But she got
dressed, completely well, and Denny sang
"One Alone", as he'd never quite sung it
before. No wonder that Dennis Morgan's
theme song occupies a particular soft spot
in his heart, his sentimental heart. Be-
cause success and applause and wealth
and fame haven't done much to change
Dennis Morgan. Down underneath it all
he's still "Tuff" Morner, grown up as he
ever will be. He shows that all the time.

The great outdoors is still Dennis Mor-
gan's first love, and he runs off back to
Wisconsin whenever he can to hunt and
fish in the familiar woods of his youth.
One of his best pals and constant tennis
partner is Don Phillips, an air line pilot,
who went to Carroll College with Dennis.
Dennis keeps in touch with the folks back
home; right before last Christmas he made
a special movie reel for owner "Cap"
Thurs waver to highlight the 25th an-erversary
of the Waukesha Theater where
Stan Morner, the college songbird, made
his first professional bow.

As he did back in Wisconsin, Dennis
Morgan solos once in awhile in the Holly-
wood Presbyterian church choir, and his
glorious voice, along with the choir under
the inspired direction of Dennis' good
friend, Charles Hirt, has made that group
one of the finest in the nation. They
recently scored a double record of "The
Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "The
Lost Chord" and the entire profits go
right back into building up the choir.
That's a hobby Dennis has clung to since
his high school days, devotional singing.

Besides having for a sweetheart the
same girl he had in high school and col-
lege, and a swell family of three bright,
husky children, Dennis Morgan has his
mother and dad living near him too, and
it's Dad Morner, the former Prentice
banker, who handles every item of Dennis'
financial affairs. Sister Dorothy too, now
married to Captain David Foster, just back
from overseas action in France, spends
two-thirds her time with Lillian and her
brother at the La Canada estate.

It's one of the loveliest estates in all
California. There's a marvelous Medi-
erranean style mansion, two guest houses,
an elaborate swimming pool. It's furnished
in carved, imported furniture,potted
outside formal garden statuary, marble
fishponds and even peacocks to divert the eye. But
do you know why Dennis Morgan
bought the place? Because of the towering pine
trees. He'd always felt a stranger where-
ever he lived in treeless southern Cali-
ifornia. Lillian knew this, so when she
plied this piney estate on a house hunt,
she raced to the studio and yanked her
husband right off Stage 5, in the middle
of a scene. They bought it that after-
noon because, as Dennis sighed happily,
"It looks and smells like Wisconsin."

**take me out to the ball game**

Denny had a kick last Fall at the World
Series in Chicago. His dad and he were
called back there on a family matter and
had a few days in town. The Cubs were
battling the Detroit Tigers and the park
was sold out. Dennis remembered some-
thing from 'way back in his schoolboy
days at Prentice, Wisconsin. He recalled
his dad, the banker, coming home for
the uniforms for the back lot kids team.
He recalled the fervor his dad had for all
sports, especially baseball. He said
dreamt about back then. "Some day,
son, I'm going to take you to see a World
series." But somehow, that had never
come about. That gave Denny Morgan
an idea. Maybe he could make a dream
come true.

"Dad," he said, "let's go to the World
Series." His pop's jaw dropped.
"Gee," he said, "that would be wonder-

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The Little Woman

(Continued from page 37)

decided to show him off to Modern Screen's Jane Wilkie (who was the donor of Heathcliff originally.)

"Wait until you see what's happened to Heathcliff," he said. When Jane arrived at the house one evening, "It's a transformation! Really?"

June and Jane strolled out to the patio. "Hello, Heathcliff," she said, as the pup came waggling down the walk.

Heathcliff sat down, lay down, rolled over, and rushed off to bed. Then he returned to a big dog biscuit, having handled the situation with great speed and not paid the slightest attention to his mistresses' commands.

"Said Jane defensively, "Well, he's a very smart dog!"

Aside from an occasional misadventure, the Powell house is genuinely appealing. For that reason, Jane and Dick are usually reluctant to go out. Oh, they plan big, but when it comes right down to making a definite date, the trouble starts. With a flashlight, a dog in the other, a wife on a kite, and a pep in the offering, it's easy to see why Dick heaves a sigh and pulls that no-place-like-home routine, night after night.

But when Louella Parsons asked June and Dick to come visit, they just couldn't say no. Why, it was practically a command. One day Jane Wilkie pointed out, and because it was also an occasion, June just had to have some pictures taken for Modern Screeners. They'd never seen them.  "I'd like a picture," she informed June, turning on the hearts and flowers patter.

And it was fun... as you can tell easily enough by looking at the pictures! So maybe next time—having taken the plunge—will leave Heathcliff in charge once in a while and step out more often. But not too often, we can hear Dick saying. Because there's always home—and the little lady to come home to.

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ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING
(Continued from page 36)

beamed Hannegan. "There never was anything wrong with him, I guess, that four weeks of good jokes couldn't cure."

June Bombing Notes

We've all heard so much about the rapid expansion of television that a lot of us sort of have been looking forward to seeing the Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight from the vantage of a cushioned chair at home or in a theater... Well, I decided to find out from NBC and CBS just how much chance there would be of that thought materializing. The answers were not too optimistic... NBC engineers told me, and CBS agreed, that the June 19th outlook is not for any tremendous coverage. Television at that time may be operating on a line from Schenectady to Washington, D.C., which would mean that New York, Philadelphia, Schenectady, Albany, Newark, N. J., and other cities in that area would be able to see a televised fight. For the rest, they'll have to go to the newspapers and motion picture theaters, or hear it over the radio. Broadway theaters lack screens:

I asked if it were possible that a Broadway theater could arrange to have the Louis-Conn fight televised on a screen large enough for audiences. "No theater yet has a television screen large enough to project such a fight to a huge audience," regretted NBC. "Paramount has been dickering with the idea, may come up with the answer before the night of the scrap..." Television crews of about the same size as were assigned to the Army-Navy game at Philadelphia, will televise the Louis-Conn fight. CBS estimated they'd have 25 to 30 television engineers at the ringside, if and when Mike Jacobs makes a contract for such coverage.

Lowdown on the Crosby Affair.

What persuaded Bing Crosby to drop from the air? Why did he suddenly decide that

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My home is in Hollywood. I have lived there all my life up until now, and needless to say, I have seen many movie stars. One day my girl friend and I were going on a picnic. We happened to land some film, so we brought the camera to take pictures. While we were walking up Vine Street to catch the street car, we saw Red Skelton signing autographs. When the crowd cleared out, we asked him if we could take his picture. He smiled that cute smile of his and said, "Sure, but not alone," and with that he put his arm around, gave friend a snapshot. Now that picture is one of my sweetest memories of home and of Red Skelton, the nicest star I've ever seen yet. Pat Spargo
Washington, D. C.
Blondes!

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Ads Lovely GOLDEN HIGHLIGHTS

he'd rather do one program a month, instead of one of a week? Everybody has guessed at the reason. Instead of guessing, I asked "The Groaner" how the litigation with Kraft started.

"It's simple, Ed," said Crosby. "I got the idea as a result of those 'Command Performance' broadcasts we did for the troops overseas. It dawned on me that the proper way to do a broadcast was to first play it before a studio audience, and learn from what jokes to cut out, what songs to sing. When the then is letter perfect, put it on a record If the first record isn't top-notch, well—break it, and make another record until you get exactly the pace you want. You rarely get a perfect studio broadcast to send out over the air. I think that a recorded program is the answer to correction of all the human errors that are inevitable in a studio broadcast/"

Crosby goes Gothic:

Before he left New York and went back to the Coast, Crosby made at least a dozen records for Decca's shrewd, able Jack Koppa. Large as they recorded them, they recorded, of them you'll be hearing is "Dear Old Donegal," which Bing made with the Jesters and a hot band fronted by Bob Haggart. This number happens to be Pat O'Brien's favorite, and Pat sings it at the drop of a shillalah. So Koppa and Bing determined that at some point in the lyric, they'd have to work in a reference to their pal, O'Brien. When you hear the record, as Bing reffs off a list of Irish names, you'll hear one phrase: "And Pat O'Brien showed up late." Record Records:

Just how many records Crosby has made since he first plattered "I Love You Truly" and "Just A-Wearin' For You" back in 1934 would require a staff of CPAs. I asked Koppa, instead, what records had won the greatest sales. Out in front is Bing's Decca platter of "White Christmas," which sold 2,500,000 in this country, plus 500,000 abroad. Second would be "Silent Night," with a sale of 2,000,000.

I'M A CROSBY FAN!

(Continued from page 55)

exposed sooner or later. I have a lot of fun sitting down at the piano and rattling them off. The other day, Mrs. McCary heard that Bing was away from "Improvised,"" It Might As Well Be Spring."

"... but I feel so gay, in a melancholy way..." she sang. Leo, now why can't you write a poetic lyric like that?"

"I'm not Oscar Hammerstein," I told her. But about Bing...

Maybe Bing didn't think as much of my hidden talents as I did, from the start I had my eyes on his. My brother, Ray, directed Bing in the first picture he ever made. I was on the set most of the time. Bing hit me right between the eyes with his easy naturalness, which was then, and still is, my prime ingredient for acting talent. He was good looking and he had something inside besides melody. Maybe the Irish in me vibrated to the Irish in Bing. Anyway, I had a bright idea.

"Hey, Bing," I said. "You know you could be a swell actor if you wanted to."
He gave me a funny kind of look.

"That's on the level," I said. "You owe it to yourself. Look, suppose some day you lose your voice. . . ."

"That might be a blessing," Bing cracked.

As the years passed it got to be our own private joke. Bing Crosby went his way and I went mine and we both did all right. When we'd meet on the lot, or at Lakeside, playing golf, or at San Diego or Del Mar playing the ponies, the first thing Bing Crosby would toss at me was—

"What about that picture, Leo? When you going to make an actor?"

And this would occur even after Bing was the top box office star of Hollywood, three years in a row.

"I haven't got the right idea yet, Bing," I'd have to reply. "But I'll get it—and I'm not kidding." I wasn't either.

So, I was sitting at home one day stewing over a story for a picture, and possibly the farthest thing from my mind was Harry Lillis Crosby. I had troubles enough. The script was two-thirds finished with $30,000 of good money sunk in it. But I wasn't happy.

My doorbell rang. A Catholic priest, the lines of a good life written on his face like a monument, greeted me and I asked him in. He was calling for a donation to the church. We sat down and talked. The subject turned to raising and educating children. I have a good father had spent his life bending twists the right way. I listened to what he had to say.

"I'm an old man," he smiled. "Seventy-some, and I think I understand. After all, my life has been my experience educating children. It's so interesting. So important. There's a young priest who's just arrived at my parish. All young priests," he smiled, "have new ideas, progressive ideas. I don't always agree—but I know they're right. Even as I sit here," he smiled, "I know what that young priest and I said—'we're going to have to turn the old man out to pasture.'"

He talked on. When he left, I picked up the almost finished script and tossed it into the wastebasket. Then I picked up the phone. I was muttering to myself as I dialed the number. "Here's where I make good my promise to you.

I hadn't seen him for months, but when I said, 'Hello, Bing, this is Leo. I've got it,' he knew what I meant.

"You mean the old man?" he came back.

"The one where I act?"

"Yep, Bing," I said, "this is it."

He said, "Come on over."

Bing was playing with his boys when I burst in. "Break it up, kids," he said, and chased them out of the room. We talked half the night. I told him the story. It poured out like water out of a tap all from what that aging priest had told me. I knew there was a story in it. There was. It was "Going My Way."

who, me? . . .

Bing knew it was a story, too. He said, "It's swell—but where do I come in?"

"You play the young priest, of course."

"You're killing me," snorted Crosby. "Me—play a priest?"

That's Crosby. To suggest that he play a man of God was the greatest compliment I could pay him. But Bing, due to his accomplishments. They embarrass him. He showed that the night this story I'm talking about, made into a movie and Bing Crosby, won him his first Academy Award as the finest actor of the year in Hollywood. When there and I heard Bing crack, when they handed him the award, any actor would be proud to perch on his mantle. "It's certainly a wonderful world when a tired old crooner like me can walk away with this hunk of crockery!"

But here's another thing about Bing. Once he sets his sights on something, he
gets it. The minute Bing caught my enthusiasm for "Going My Way," he carried the ball. There was a high-church vitality about the film that I had an iron-clad contract at RKO, with years to run. Bing had an iron-clad contract at Paramount, with more years to run. I couldn't get him. He couldn't get me. How could we get together?

"We'll just hop the fence," said Bing. Meaning the fence in between the two lots. "You make an extra clause for Paramount and I'll make one for RKO." So that's how we worked it. "Going My Way" was Bing Crosby's picture and he deserved every honor, every tribute. At the time sometimes I wonder if I really direct people. I've tried telling actors exactly what to do and the results are usually terrible. Kids are the easiest actors. Give them the idea and let them alone and they're swell.

lesson in acting ...

One day, making "The Bells of St. Mary's," Ingrid Bergman came up to me with a partially filled brush in front of her, where, playing a Catholic sister, she talks a tight-fisted businessman out of building. She wasn't quite sure just how to approach it—how he was going to play it, putting over a deal like that. She asked my advice.

"Play it," I said, "like a nun who wants a mink coat."

Bergman tossed back her head and laughed. She went right back into the scene—and it was perfect.

Bing's that way, too. He has sincerity. He has the capacity to listen like real people listen when other people talk. Most actors like to talk; they're jealous of their lines, they always want to be front and center. It's part of the natural ego, which to most professional actors, is a necessary evil. You know the gag about the Hollywood actor: "But," he says, "I can't talk about me anymore—what did you think of my last picture?" Bing's not like that.

Once I had a seven-minute scene schedule to do on one day in "Going My Way." Seven minutes is a long time for the camera to turn. All morning I paced up and down with the script in my hand. I was strapped. I didn't shoot one line. Pretty soon it was noon and we called lunch. I sat in a corner of the stage and beat my brains. Bing strolled over.

"Say, what's bothering you?" he asked.

"Is it because I haven't got anything to say in this long scene?"

He hit it right on the head. "Yes," I told him. "That's right. Barry Fitzgerald talks for seven minutes, and you haven't one line to draw the scene your way. It's not fair to you, Bing."

He thought a moment. "Well, look," said Bing, cutting the Gordian knot. "Don't knock yourself out trying to anevel easy episograms for me. If no lines pop up for me naturally, let's say it. Let the old man speak his piece. I'll listen."

He listened—and how! For seven long minutes while Barry Fitzgerald gave his longest, best scene. It was the scene when he starts, "I've been to the Bishop,—remember? It was the turning point in the old priest's attitude, the hinge of the whole picture. All that time Bing Crosby never opened his mouth except to say "Yes, Father," and nod. Most actors would say that was like stepping off a cliff—certain suicide. Maybe so, but it wasn't worrying Bing Crosby.

But somehow, I felt I hadn't paid off my whole debt to Bing for all the melody he'd handed me, though he'd given me Bing and I hadn't quite made good that old promise, even after "Going My Way." It bothered my conscience to have staked Bing up in that long-proposed acting job against probably the greatest supporting performance of all Hollywood history, and that's what I think Barry Fitzgerald delivered.
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named "Bitter Regret." I bought her at Lucey's Hollywood restaurant, by a long distance phone call one cold day. He asked who'd pick a horse with a name like that? But she cost $1550 and she won $26,000. The others—we, well, we don't go into that. That point is, I didn't lose the opportunity to carry on—but Crosby doesn't care if his nags win a dime. He's just crazy about horses. At that, I have the distinction of being one of the few surviving men in the world who won money on a Crosby nag.

That was a joke on Bing.

I was up in the mountains between pictures, but keeping in mind who was on the track race. I had a hunch on a horse, named "Sorrento." I didn't know who owned him and I didn't care. A hunch is a hunch. But he put on the pressure for me to play the lead. I was to make love to Bette Davis, Bing was my son. Jack Benny directed the thing. You can imagine what fun it was.

I did everything in the world to duck it. "Bette Davis isn't my type," I said.

"Who is?" came back Bing.

"I don't know."

"Never mind, I do. I won an Oscar, didn't you know?"

It went on like that. But I didn't have a chance. "Look at him," Bing said. I'd had him. He practically wrestled me over to the studio, then he poured it on in front of all those people. "Here is Mr. McCoy, who spends all his life telling people how to act," said Bing, and "look what a ham he is! Look at him standing there, shaking. He rattled on like that while the stopwatch—and—headphone monitors went wild. "Tell me," cooed Bing, "is there anything I can do to help you quit trembling, my awkward friend?"

"Yeah," I blurted. "You can give me my basket of cheese and send me home!"

Well, the audience loved it anyway, even if I didn't. And you can't really be mad at anyone who paid you $1550 for his big heart as Bing Crosby—not for long.

I know something about the size of that particular Crosby ticker. He's not selfish. He gives his heart away.

For the other day I had a call from Washington, D.C. It seems that GIs in eight theaters of war had voted "Going My Way" the picture they liked best. Bing and I were due for a citation the next day in the capital. I talked to General Kirk at Walter Reed Hospital there and he thought it was a good idea if I showed up to receive it in person.

I was in Hollywood and Bing was in Chicago tied up on a business deal. I got him on the phone and told him the news.

"Think we can make it to Washington tomorrow?" I asked him.

"Sure do," said Bing. "As far as I'm concerned, you can call tonight." I got him at the Shoreham Hotel the next day. He'd flown to Timbuctoo at the drop of a hat for a cause like that.

That put him at Gonzaga College who entered the priesthood and went to China. He opened a mission to help the Chinese, but he was short of the money he needed. He saw a man killed in an automobile accident. Today, all the money that comes in from Bing Crosby's two most popular recordings, "Silent Night" and "Feliz Navidad," goes to that young priest's mission as a memorial to him.

after you're gone . . .

I know a lot of things like that about the life of Harry Lillis Crosby which add up to make him one of my favorite people. Some of it is not all well, I'm going to write it into a story and make a movie of the life of Bing Crosby, the gravel-throated nightingale, and maybe then I can tell you about, for instance, that I.O.U. due Bing for all these years of friendship. I think it ought to be a hit—maybe it will even take another Oscar—although Bing says he will never have one more. Bing says it's strictly no deal until after he's dead—the big, bashful dope! So, if I get too ambitious I may have to shoot him one of these days—and do the picture while it's still hot!
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**Martha O'Driscoll**
Universal Star now playing in "House of Dracula," at your favorite theatre.
That's Madelon Mason smiling at you from that magazine cover—she's one of this year's most famous cover girls.

You might say this cover got its start in 1927, for Madelon has had that Ivory Look for all her 19 years. Her radiant complexion has already put her on the cover of more than fifteen famous magazines.

How does a cover girl get that way?

Well, with Madelon's first bath as a baby, she started regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap. Here's one of her early baby pictures. Today she says: "I still use Ivory Soap—'cause I know many doctors advise it for skin care—it's mild enough even for babies!"

"PLEASE SEND PIN-UP PICTURE," FANS WRITE

Madelon does, by hundreds! Boys started asking for Madelon's picture when her first cover appeared—and they've never stopped.

"Fans who write in say I'm their idea of a real All-American Girl," she says. "So I've lots of reasons for sticking to Ivory care!"

Being a famous model isn't easy

Madelon's on the go all day—every cover means hours of difficult posing. "But," Madelon says, "I never neglect my complexion. You can't afford to be careless about that if you want that Ivory Look!"

If you want a softer, smoother, lovelier skin, change to Madelon's beauty secret—regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap!

Make your Ivory last—it contains critical materials!
No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Maytime can be a gay time when you're a Drene Girl! For, when you Drene your hair, you reveal all its natural beauty ... all its enchanting highlights!

"I use Drene," says glamorous Cover Girl Margaret Finlay, "because the camera demands my hair be radiantly clean." Drene brings out all the natural brilliance ... as much as 33 percent more lustré than any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair, as all soaps do. And Drene completely removes unsightly druff the very first time you use it.

Under studio lights, Margaret is a picture of Spring with her gleaming hair swept up into large curls. Try this style at home or ask your beautician to do it. You'll marvel at the way Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so beautifully behaved. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

FOR DATES AT HOME, Margaret combs her silken, shining hair into demure little-girl curls. "It's fun to fix your hair in any style after a Drene shampoo," she says. Today's improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair far silkier, smoother and easier to manage. Margaret ties her top curls back with a narrow ribbon bow.
CUPID: Loafer, huh? And who was it just now helped you catch the bride's bouquet? And who—
BRIDESMAID: Bouquet, hah! Listen, Cupid, I've caught enough brides' bouquets to start a florist shop! I want to catch a man!
CUPID: You'd never know it the way you go around glooming at people! Don't you know what a sparkling smile can do for a girl... and to a man?
BRIDESMAID: Sure... but who's got the sparkling smile? Me? Nuh-uh! I brush my teeth, but... well, dull, dingy...
CUPID: Oh? And "pink" on your tooth brush, too?
BRIDESMAID: Only since last week.
CUPID: Well, didn't the dentist—
BRIDESMAID: What dentist?
CUPID: What dentist? Listen, you sweet little idiot, don't you know that "pink" is a warning to see your dentist right away? He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

BRIDESMAID:... so then the cute little rabbit went lipperty-lip down the road, and—look, Little One, what's all that got to do with my smile?
CUPID: In a word: Plenty! A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you'll help yourself to healthier gums and sounder teeth. And a smile full of sparkle! Start today, Sugar!

For the Smile of Beauty IPANA AND MASSAGE
modern screen
MAY, 1946

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COVER: ESTHER WILLIAMS IN M-G-M'S "THE HOODLUM SAINT."
COVER AND COLOR PORTRAITS OF LIZABETH SCOTT AND INGRID BERGMAN BY WILLINGER

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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

Kathryn Grayson and June Allyson are thoroughly delightful as the two capricious Back-Bay sisters who venture from their quiet, cultured world into the hurly-burly world they're curious about. And we do mean hurly-burly!

Jimmy Durante shouts delirious ditties in a Bowery beer hall.

The great metropolis tenor, Lauritz Melchior, throws his magnificent voice into the finest songs.

Peter Lawford figures in it, too. He meets one sister, falls in love, meets the other sister, falls in love, and—well, it's a story as flip and flirtatious as a bustle.

And the songs! Tunesmiths Sammy Fain and Ralph Freed have spiced some swell new melodies with a trace of nostalgia that suits our taste to perfection. And everybody sings!

Produced by Joe Pasternak (the "Anchors Aweigh" man), expertly directed by Henry Koster, filmed from the original screen play by Myles Connolly, with additional dialogue by James O'Hanlon and Harry Crane—"Two Sisters From Boston" definitely belongs in the M-G-M family of hits!

Do you gather we've gone and fallen for "Two Sisters From Boston"? In the immortal words of our friend Schnozzola: "Ha-cha-cha-cha!" - Leo
So you loved Bambi? And fell in love with Snow White? And adored Dopey and chuckled with Pinocchio and gasped over "Fantasia?" Well, lock them all in your memory book and make way for bigger and better things because they were only the beginning, folks; only the beginning. Yes, Walt Disney has done it again! This time it's "Make Mine Music," technically, "ten acts of vaudeville in cartoon technique," actually, the gayest, most unbelievable assemblage of ballet and fantasy and romance and music you've ever come across.

The Andrews Sisters are in it, crooning their hearts out over the blighted romance of "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet," and Nelson "Willie the Whale" Eddy and Jerry Colonna and Andy Russell and Dinah Shore and Benny Goodman and, oh, an endless assortment of "live" talent lending their voices and personalities to the magical Disney little people.

Take Willie the Whale, for instance. Willie's such a nice guy, all ten tons of him, and all he wants out of life is an opportunity to sing at the Metropolitan Opera. That's not much to ask, is it? But nobody's ever heard of Willie except his little friends, the penguins and seals, who loll around the North Pole with him and flip their flappers to beat the band when Willie lets loose with a tenor aria. Or baritone. Or bass or contralto—or a duet. You see, Willie's a very unusual whale—he can sing any range in the register, and sometimes all at once! Anyhow, one day, Tetti-Tatti, this broken down impresario out in New York, hears about Willie and decides to set sail and capture this most remarkable mammal. But as he nears the Pole, he imagines he hears the voice of his favorite tenor who's been lost at sea, and thinking to kill Willie and thus release the swallowed singer, he lets fly with a harpoon and—oh, woe!—Willie ascends to Whale Heaven! But there's a fadeout and presto, Willie's at the Met, all ten tons of him, singing (Continued on page 8)
IRRESISTIBLE
WHEN CHARLES BOYER TURNS THE CHARM ON JENNIFER JONES
AND ERNST LUBITSCH PULLS THE STRINGS

Cluny Brown

20th CENTURY-FOX

with
PETER LAWFORD - HELEN WALKER - REGINALD GARDINER
RICHARD HAYDN - MARGARET BANNERMAN - SARA ALLGOOD - ERNEST COSSART
REGINALD OWEN - SIR C. AUBREY SMITH
FLORENCE BATES - UNA O'CONNOR

Produced and Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH
Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Elizabeth Reinhardt - Based on the Novel by Margery Sharp
"Mephistopheles," "Pagliacci," the quartet from "Rigoletto," the sextet from "Lucia" and, finally, in an overwhelming burst of power, a one-handed voice chorus! Willies's indeed a wonder.

Jerry Colonna makes his cartoon debut as the contortion-voiced narrator for that old standby, "Casey at the Bat," while it's the King's Men who provide the musical background for the rollicking backwoods ballad, "The Martins and the Coys.

Then there's the haunting ballet, "Two Silhouettes," a joint-jumping version of "All the Cats Join In," complete with bobby-sockers, rug cutting and Benny Goodman, and a wistful Serenading Holloway reciting "Peter and the Wolf.

There's so much entertainment to talk and rave about in "Make Mine Music" that words can scarcely cover the whole deal, but if you like music and color and imagination, go see this.—RKO

P. S.

In "Make Mine Music," Disney has created a new art form—the ballet-ballet. In a ballet duet, through a new technique of animation and direct photography combined, the dancers look as if they're soaring and flying, which all ballet principals dream of doing, but can never quite achieve—till Disney did it for them! . . .

Critics applauded the way in which music and story are combined into a single dramatic medium; nowhere in the movie does the picture pause for the music, or vice versa. . . . For operatic scene of "The Whale Who Wanted To Sing At The Met," Disney created a miniature, complete opera perhaps the shortest ever written, taking only 14 minutes to be performed. He reasoned that since opera tends to become shorter and shorter, and since it is content and not length that makes a good opera, the life of Willie the Whale needed lots of interest rather than lots of time! . . . Remember the immortal "Casey At The Bat," the poem about the mighty hitter who struck out? The epic baseball poem of pride going before the fall, the point. Diamond is set to be shorter for the first time here . . . . New process invented for the picture is a recording technique which changes the register of a voice from low to high, and back again, still keeping the original quality of the voice. Disney boasts that each time he invents a new process, it eventually becomes part of the motion picture industry.

GILDA

When Grandpa was a young blade, they called the swivel-hipped ladies "hootchy-kootchy" girls. Nowadays, the polite term is "ballroom dancers" but no matter what you call it, it's still sex, and it still appeals.

Gilda (Rita Hayworth) is the hub-bub-bubbe of Buenos Aires, greedy as a cat, beautiful as sin, but underneath all the slick, inside, still good. She was in love once and was hurt so she's made up her mind never to let it happen again. That's why, when Ballin Mundson (George Macready), sinister, suave owner of the casino, insists "anything I want, I get, even if I have to bring him the moon if necessary." For Mundson is willing to pay a big price— he's willing to marry her. So for a while she's content until one night, Ballin brings his trusted friend Johnny (Glenn Ford) up to meet her. Johnny's young, as young as she, and an American also, but he's devoted to Ballin, who picked him up out of a dark alley one night when a bunch of sailors decided, via a gun in his back, that shooting crap with loaded dice wasn't exactly Endy Ford. Ballin is at first puzzled, then suspicious, when his two most treasured possessions show a mutual hatred on sight, but watch and wait, he decides, watch and wait.

But Ballin hasn't long to wait because he hasn't watched closely enough. It turns out he's heard of an international cartel monopolizing the world's supply of tungsten, a valuable war mineral, and the Nazis, for whom he has been fronting, don't want to play ball his way any more. In fact, they get so impatient, that Ballin is forced to shoot one of them and then simulate suicide in order to get the secret police off his trail.

Unfortunately, Johnny and Gilda don't know that the suicide's a fake, so when Mrs. Mundson's widow's weeds are only a week old they marry. Wouldn't you think they'd live happily ever after? Especially after Johnny discovers that Gilda has been true to him all along—spiritually, anyhow. But when Ballin's back, and the Nazis are in, and the police are on, there's Ballin, arisen from the dead with a dagger in one hand and a nasty, "I mean you" look in his eye . . . —Col.

P. S.

Rita Hayworth turns dramatic in "Gilda." The announcement that the glamorous girl was saying goodbye to musicals brought a storm of protest from GIs all over the world. In answer to the flood of requests that Rita continue playing her legs and hips, the studio wrote two songs into the script. "Put the Blame on Mame, Boys" is a torchy lament, and "American Me" is in the middle of a samba sequence. For the rest of the picture, Rita gives with her first straight acting part since her career began . . .

The story is set in the first years of World War II, on a U.S. war ship in the Pacific with272 boys, including the Devil's Advocate, Harry and an insurance agent. The "Operation Mio" is led by an American base commander who is the real Devil. When the base commander asks his boss, "Mr. 50," to release Mio, "Mr. 50," he declines, even though the "Mr. 50," was that to be? "Mr. 50," he says, "That's a good one."

The picture reuniting the trio of talents responsible for "Cocer Girl" and "You Were Never Lovelier" has its faults, but it's a love story that's worth watching. The characters are usually well written and the acting is always good. The story is good, too, and the music is fine. The picture is a good one for those who like their pictures with a little more heart and soul than the usual Hollywood flick.

Says Glamorous

Lola Lane

Starring in "Why Girls Leave Home"
A PRC Production

"I Depend on these Wonderful Rich Creams containing OILY"

You, too, can get glorious instant relief from dry skin with amazing Landers' Cold Cream with Olive Oil.

It's heavenly the way this special formula cream makes dry skin softer and smoother at once! Use it for every purpose-cleansing, overnight and as a flattering foundation for makeup. Your beauty blooms!

And to make rough, dry hands look and feel like white velvet, just you try Landers' Hand Cream with Olive Oil. Get both these exquisite creams at your 10¢ store today.

LANDER'S CREAMS
WITH OLIVE OIL
10¢ EACH
25¢ EACH

MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued from page 6)
CROSS LADD...AND
YOU'VE DOUBLE-CROSSED
YOURSELF!
Fool around Ladd's woman
... and you're a fool! For
Ladd's gun and Ladd's fists
say you can't get away with
that, brother — not in his
territory!

A GEORGE MARSHALL Production
with
Howard da Silva
Doris Dowling • Tom Powers • Frank Faylen
Produced by John Houseman • Directed by George Marshall
Written by Raymond Chandler
A Paramount Picture
When hearts are one and time stands still... your watch must carry on. Guard each tender precious moment with the accuracy of a WELSBRO—fittingly beautiful.

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Why not sit back and let us SEND you the June, July, August and September issues of MODERN SCREEN absolutely free! Here's how: Just fill out the Questionnaire below very carefully and mail it to us IMMEDIATELY. You may be one of this month's 500 lucky winners of a four-month's FREE SUBSCRIPTION to your favorite movie magazine (we hope!). Remember, 500 winners each month—and the faster you clip and mail us this box, the better your chances of coping an on-the-cuff subscription.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Modern Screen Throws a Party... □
Husbands Are Wonderful (Shirley Temple) □
Esther Williams' Life Story (Part 1) □
The Long and Short of It (Gregory Peck) □
“Adventure” (Production Story) □
More Than Words Can Say (Jean Pierre Aumont) □
Darling Daughter (Peggy Ann Garner) □
The Andrews Gang (Dana Andrews) □
Watch Lizbeth Scott! by Hedda Hopper □
Bunnies 'n' Eggs 'n' Everything (Easter Story) □
Divine Swede (Ingrid Bergman) □
Louella Parsons' Good News □

Which of the above did you like LEAST? □

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference □

My name is □
My address is □
I am years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
FOUR UNFORGETTABLE DRAMATIC STARS IN THE DRAMA YOU’LL REMEMBER THEM FOR!

IDA LUPINO • PAUL HENREID
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND • SYDNEY GREENSTREET

IN THE NEW "DEVOTION"

THE SISTER...
In her heart, a dangerous yearning for a desperate love!

THE "FRIEND"...
They couldn’t fool him — they couldn’t trust him!
and always knowing that no matter how rough the seas got, there was always The Island to come back to.

Jenny (June Haver) believed in The Island, too, even though she'd never been there, what with her job at Mr. Agrippa's lunch wagon. And her heart always missed a beat every time that lanky Jeff clodhopped into the eatery with his tattered farmer's overalls and that infuriating habit he had of calling her "m'am." You see, Jenny loved Jeff and Jeff loved Jenny and they were both too poor and both too proud to mention it. But when the day came for him to announce that he was joining up, it was Nella who cried and made fuss and it wasn't until Jeff promised she'd always be able to find him on The Island that she calmed down. And ran away from Cousin Wilbur's where she was supposed to live for the duration, to Mr. Peckett's ship.

Like Jenny, who was visiting old Henry at the time, said right after the ship snapped her moorings, wishing will so make it so. Here they were 300 miles from water, and the Sara March was gaily sailing, wooh, right into the river!

The whole thing might have been fun, at that, if Nella hadn't brought out that letter she'd just received from Jeff, the one that said, "We regret to inform you..." But as we said, for the young in heart, nothing's impossible, not even finding a sweetheart on an island that doesn't exist...—20th-Fox.

P. S.

John Payne was a happy boy to at last land a role in a non-musical film. He's been trying to get away from the song-and-dance routines for years, and finally made it with "Wake Up and Dream." He sings one song in the picture, "Give Me the Simple Life," as he drives a horse along a country road. "It's a song," says John, "but it's without benefit of chorus girls!" Although June Haver doesn't smoke, the script included a scene which called for June to puff on a cigarette. Director Beeman was afraid she'd pick up the habit, and refused to let her smoke except in the final take, all of which highly amused the star. While the picture was being filmed, June received an invitation to be present at a camp in Texas where a ship was to be named after her. June stayed in Hollywood and worked, and without her actual presence, the crew of the B-29 christened their ship the "Gotta Haver!"

THE MAN IN GREY

Hollywood actors had better keep a wary eye on a couple of Englishmen named James Mason and Stewart Granger. They are apt to walk right off with the honors in the romantic department and both of them appear in "The Man in Grey." The story begins at a London auction of the Rohan family treasures, which include a portrait of Lord Rohan called "The Man in Grey," Then it flashes back to the Regency period, when Rohan (James Mason) was a young blade, and his future wife, Clarissa (Phyllis Calvert), was a schoolgirl.

Clarissa is as sweet as sugar candy, and as pretty as a birthday cake. She is adored by all her schoolmates, but she chooses for her best friend a strange, solitary girl named Hester (Margaret Lockwood). No one approves her choice, since Hester is just a charity pupil and has a nasty disposition, besides. Even a passing gypsy who tells the girls' fortunes warns Clarissa against her. One day Hester elopes from school with a penniless young ensign. Clarissa leaves soon after to go to London, where she becomes the belle of the season. Her aunt marries her off to Lord Rohan, who is a catch socially and financially, but
TANGIERS

Cesspool of filth, hotbed of intrigue, spawning ground for tantalizing native girls and hot, smoky romance—Tangiers. Tangiers, melting pot of North Africa and hideout for the hunted and the hunters.

So, as all roads once led to Rome, now this tiny Fascist-ruled town sprawling a few miles across the strait from Gibraltar welcomes the dregs of Nazidom flushed from their lairs by the recent Allied victory.

And so, inevitably, it is to Tangiers that Fernandez (Reginald Denney) escapes with the huge stolen diamond with which he hopes to ransom his way to freedom. But there are others in Tangiers equally desperate for the money and power the jewel can provide: Balizar, powerful, unknown Nazi mystery man. Rita (Maria Montez), who saw her father and brothers tortured to death in the Spanish Civil War. Dolores (Louise Allbritton) and Ramon (Kent Taylor) are both, who, with Rita, have signed on as dancers at the Ritz Hotel to escape detection by the police. And Paul Kenyon (Robert Paige), brash, clever American newspaperman.

Painstakingly, each has made a plan to steal the diamond when word comes that Fernandez has been murdered. But when Colonel Artiego (Preston Foster) steps in to solve the crime, each provides a perfect alibi. But the search for the unknown Fascist continues nevertheless. Rita is sure that with the jewel she can bait Balizar out of hiding and thus avenge her family's death, while Paul, who finds himself increasingly attracted to the fiery dancer, realizes that unmasking the Nazi will result in a world-shaking "scoop" for him. Ordered to leave town by the jealous Artiego, Paul contacts Rita and forces her to admit that it was she who stole the stone but that it was Ramon who killed Fernandez in a burst of jealousy.

Subtly, the net closes closer and in a tiny room overlooking the Ritz dance floor, Rita, Paul, Dolores, Ramon, Artiego and Alec Rocco (J. Edward Bromberg), an Allied...
HINT FROM Joan Bennett—

"FOR ROMANCE—HAVE SOFT HANDS." You easily can, using Joan Bennett's hand care—this famous Jergens Lotion.

Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

MORE PERFECT THAN EVER, NOW. Because of wartime research in skin care, Jergens skin scientists now make you an even finer Jergens Lotion.

"Gives longer protection;" "Hands feel even softer, smoother;" is verdict of women who tested this postwar Jergens. Oh, surely! Those 2 ingredients, so well-thought-of for skin-smoothing that many doctors use them, are still contained in this more effective Jergens Lotion.

On sale, now—same bottle—still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No objectionable oiliness; no stickiness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands

Use JERGENS LOTION

14 Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research
P. S.

The clothes designed for Maureen O'Hara made her happy because they called for the new hour-glass figure. Maureen relaxed happily and forgot about her diet. She was highly pleased with her two leading men, John Payne and Glenn Langan, both of whom are over six feet three inches. Five feet seven inches herself, the star has often had to work in her stocking feet for closeups. John Payne gets his daily exercise from dumb-bells and weightlifting equipment. Gloria de Haven objected to the noise at 7 a.m. so John moved his accommodations to his dressing room at the studio. In order to give the sets a feeling of well lived-in authenticity, over $5,000 worth of antique furniture and decorations were used. Connie Marshall, the ten-year-old actress, tried to sell Producer Walter Morosco a story she had written as part of her school work. Morosco didn't buy it because by the sixth page everyone had been bumped off except the murderer.

THE BLUE DAHLIA

Whatever said crime doesn't pay was nuts. Sure, it's a short life and a bang-bang one, but with Alan Ladd around to squeeze triggers (and heroines), who wants to quibble? The war's been long enough and ugly enough to make Johnny Morrison (Alan Ladd), Buzz Wanchek (William Bendix) and George Copeland (Hugh Beaumont) feel strange in a civilian world and terribly close to each other. But now that they've been discharged, they know that the trio will have to split up. Johnny to go back to his wife, Buzz and George to set up a bachelor apartment where George will try to nurse his falling eyesight and keep an eye on Buzz, who's got a piece of metal the size of your fist in his skull from a shrapnel wound. Not that Buzz will need much watching because as a rule he's okay, except for those mental blackouts where he forgets where he's been and what he's done.

But Johnny finds out when he returns home to Helen (Doris Dowling), that if he's been seeing hell in the Pacific, at the same time his wife has been seeing a lot of pink elephants, Eddie Harwood, the owner of the Blue Dahlia Club and some generally unsavory characters. Johnny doesn't like the setup one bit and when he catches Helen and Eddie (Howard DaSilva) in a clinch, he lets fly with a Sunday punch. Eddie's a good sport about it, but Helen is so enraged she lets loose with her hot-naked Dickie, the son Johnny idolized so, she screams, did not die of diphtheria, as she'd written, she died in a car smashup they were in while she was driving, dead drunk. Quietly, Johnny goes to her room, packs his grip, throws his gun on the sofa near Helen. "You're not even worth killing," he grits, and stalks out. But not before Dad Newell, the night watchman, has sharked and said, "See here, son, better pull down the shades next time you want to threaten your wife.

Frightened, Helen phones Buzz who goes to see her without telling anyone. They have a drink, then two drinks, never realizing that in the meantime, Johnny has been picked up along the road by a very, wifeful blonde (Veronica Lake) and given a hitch to Malibu Beach. Because they're both lonely and miserable, Johnny and Joyce find themselves attracted to each other until the radio blares out all about the murder at Cavendish Court and "Lieut. Johnny Morrison, the husband of the dead woman, is suspected."

This is a whodunit with finesse. Murder with pink panties.—Pam.

Are you in the know?

What's the cure for this coiffure?

- An upsweep
- A snood
- A good thinning out

That bush on Nellie's head is strictly barber-bait! The cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If your locks have a moppy look, have your hairdresser shear and style them. Confidence goes with good grooming—and (on "those" days) with Kotex, too. That exclusive safety center of Kotex gives you plus protection. And to safeguard your dainties, Kotex contains a deodorant—locked in each napkin so it can't shake out.

If you're budget-bound, which should you buy?

- A suit
- A conversation print
- A fancy formal

Does your budget howl at your wardrobe plans? Then pick one of the new soft suits. You can wear it more often—with varied accessories keying to most every occasion. Be a shrewd shopper. Always latch on to the type of duds you can keep living with, longer. And when buying sanitary napkins, remember—you can keep comfortable with Kotex. Because Kotex is the napkin with lasting softness—made to stay soft while wearing. Naturally, Kotex is first choice.

If stranded on a dance floor, should you...

- Join the wallflowers
- Retreat to the dressing-room
- Yoo-hoo to the stag line

If ever a goon-guy thanks you for the dance and leaves you marooned—what to do? Walk nonechantly to the dressing-room. There you can regain your composure and reappear later—with no one the wiser. Such trying episodes challenge your poise. Just as trying days often do... but not when you have the help of Kotex! For Kotex has special flat, tapered ends that don't show revealing outlines. So why be shy of the public eye? Just rely on Kotex!

A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

In this film, Alan Ladd plays his real-life role of a returned veteran, although he portrays a discharged Navy flyer while in reality he was in the Air Force. Veronica Lake's role was her last before the one-year retirement occasioned by the expected birth of her baby. Director George Marshall brought the picture in on schedule, despite the fact that Ladd, Chandler and Veronica Lake were all on the sick list during the filming. Don Costello suffered a broken toe when Alan overturned a heavy table on his foot during a fight sequence, and Tom Powers reported for work one morning on crutches, due to the aggravation of an old war injury.

The cast and crew were kept on hold at the last day of shooting, when they finally learned who done it. No one, with the exception of Chandler and the director, knew the outcome of the plot, with the result that the entire company made frantic bets as to the killer's identity as the shooting progressed.

**JANIE GETS MARRIED**

Maybe it sounds far-fetched, but Janie's probably one of the reasons why we Americans love our movies so. We're a home loving, romantic people, really, and it gives us a kick to follow our favorite characters around, through school (like Andy Hardy), and professional life (don't you love old Dr. Gillespie?), and adventure (umm, Tarzan!), and yes, even into trouble. And if you don't think like our pet picture people get into trouble, well, you just don't know Janie! All young Miss Conway (Joan Leslie) wanted was to make it big. She Dick Lawrence's (Bob Hutton) homecoming a pleasant one. But she's gone out of her way so thoroughly that in three weeks, Dick finds himself pacing the vestibule of the Conway home with the wedding march and his step-dad's warning "Marriage is being locked in a box car with a mad horse" dishing in his ears.

The rice and honeymoon hysteria finally swept away, WAC sergeant Spud Leighton (Dorothy Malone) appears on the Lawrence threshold with a sure-fire plan to make her old ex-overseas pal appreciated in his budding journalistic career. The fact that Janie is tearing holes in her heart with jealousy over their conferences both at home and not in the least, so in desperation, young Mrs. Lawrence starts prancing around with old beau Scooper Nolan (Dick Erdman). But that's not even the half of it. Because enter Cupid in the guise of Harley P. Stowers (Donald Meek) who, visiting Hortonville to buy a newspaper from Janie's dad, is so terribly confused by the romantic rumblings around, that he not only refuses to let the deal go through, but insists that marriage is a sacred institution, and that Janie should go back to her husband—Scooper, the father of her "child."

Go see "Janie Gets Married." You'll come out appreciating anew that old saw about "May all your troubles be little ones."—War.

**P. S.**

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- Made on a face cream base. Yadora is actually soothing to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
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- Yes, Yadora is a gentle deodorant. Try it—feel the wonderful difference!

**NEW dry SHAMPOO!**

CLEANS HAIR IN 10 MINUTES WITHOUT WATER

- No soap—no rinsing—no drying
- Removes oil, dirt, hair odors
- Retains wave; restores sheen
- Grand between water shampoos
- Ideal during colds or illness

**MINIPOO**

30 Shampoos with Mitten $1.00 plus tax

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**INFORMATION DESK (Questions of the Month)**

by Beverly Linet

Hello!

What's new? Pulantry—so let's get started with some info on face-inating.

Seattle-born, JOHN HEATH. If the sensation that he created at M.S.'s Fan Club Party at the Zanzibar is any indication of his future popularity, then he is destined to rank high with Peck and Power among your screen favorites. Johnny was born on Mar. 24, 1918. Is 6'1", 170 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Still unstung by Cupid, Pic credits include: "Redhead from Manhattan," "30 Seconds Over Tokyo," and "Since You Went Away." Is currently appearing on Broadway in "Would-Be Gentleman," and can be reached at the M. Morris Agency, 1270 Avenue of Americas, N.Y.C.

Another JOHNNY! And this time it's 19-year-old MR. SANDS from Lorenzo, Texas, who can boast of a Selznick contract in one pocket and the lead with lovely Janie Withers in her latest "Lonely Hearts Club," in the other.

He's 6'1", 160 lbs., and also has blue eyes and brown hair. Real name is John Harp, and he's unmarried. Dolores Billek, 29 E. 31 Street, Bayonne, N. J. has his club.

You were impressed by GLENN LAN- CO's performance as the Naval Lt. in "Bell for Adano," but when you see him in the romantic leads opposite Ter- ney in "Dragonwyck," and Crain in "Marjorie," you'll be sold for life.

Born in Denver, July 8, 1917, he's 6'2", with blue eyes and brown hair. Mar- ried Lucille Weston in 1939 while he was on the N.Y. stage. Write him at 20th-Fox, Beverly Hills, California.

E.S., N.Y.: MAY I HAVE THE NAME OF THE MUSIC FROM "MY REPUTA- TION," AND THE NAME OF THE BOY WITH THE GREEN SHIRT AND RED TIE IN THE "A. T. AND SANTA FE" SCENE OF "HARVEY GIRLS." The score from "My Reputation" is by Max Steiner. Stanley Adams added lyrics and it's published by Remick Music Co. under the title "While You're Away." Your blonde extra is JOE ROACH, but he just can't be located. Minute he is, I'll feature him here.

You know the rules. For info on pix and players, send a SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED envelope to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 140 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 16, N.Y.
The screen tells it for the first time... a town outside the law... and all the notorious badmen who fought to keep it there.

BADMAN'S TERRITORY

Starring
RANDOLPH SCOTT
ANN RICHARDS
GEORGE 'Gabby' HAYES

Produced by NAT HOLT • Directed by TIM WHELAN
Original Screen Play by JACK NATTEFORD and LUCI WARD
An RKO RADIO PICTURE

See them ALL... IN ACTION... IN ONE PICTURE!
All's fair in love and war, you say? But how about that time you cribbed in Latin? Or switched beaux? Or smoked secretly? Didn't you feel awful after? So c'mon, start turning that new leaf.

CO-ED LETTERBOX

Bill and I went steady for over a year, then—out of a blue sky— he dropped me. How can I get him back? H. D., Butte, Montana.

Actually, it wasn't out of a blue sky at all. The handwriting had been on the wall for a while, but you didn't want to see it, H. D. Maybe you'd been getting too possessive, maybe you'd stopped making an effort to be charming and amusing, maybe the spark just gradually burned itself out. Try to find the reason, so that the same thing doesn't happen again, and then go about annexing some new men, and forgetting about Bill. There's nothing more pathetic than an attempt to rekindle an old flame, nothing less satisfactory than a couple of half-hearted dates with a boy you once had fun with. Let him go, but without bitterness. You'll be all the wiser, all the more attractive for having suffered a bit!

My mother, who is a widow, is planning to remarry, and my sister and I are frantic. We just don't want a strange man cluttering up our nice cozy house. Don't you think she should consider our feelings? B. T., Spokane, Washington.

Frankly, we think your mom is doing the best possible thing for you two gals. By picking up the threads of her own life, she'll stop living yours for you. Furthermore, she'll have a companion for her later years, instead of converting you or your sister into same. After you've had a man in that oppressively feminine house of yours for just a little while, you'll wonder how you ever got along without him. See if you don't!

I am seventeen and madly in love with a boy of twenty. Everyone is trying to tell us we're too young to marry, but gosh—look at Shirley (Continued on page 29).

We overheard a couple of guys discussing women the other day, and couldn't resist a little ear bending. All in all, the approved of us gals, thought we were here to stay and all the rest. But one thing that they said made us practically blow a gauge with rage. "They're almost all dishonest," was what they said. "It's part of being female."

When we cabled off, we got to thinking it over, and wondered if you know those guys had something? Oh, maybe we don't go in for grand larceny or anything as obvious as that, but you know how we are. A white lie here, an exaggeration there. We wear our brother's fraternity pin and pretend a gorgeous man planted it. We read a synopsis of a play and tell everyone we saw it. We're fakers, every single one of us, and it couldn't be less attractive. Let's give ourselves a long searching look, now, and see just how dishonest we are. And then let's do something about it—for the good of our characters, for the good of our reputations, and for the good of our guy's peace of mind.

Fooling the Family: You date the lads mom doesn't trust, smoke like a furnace, and read forbidden books—but strictly on the q.t. They think you're a model child. It may seem like a good racket for a while—like having your cake and eating it, too—but actually you're not being very smart. Some day they'll find out about you, and then they'll lose faith in you and be about a million times stricter. Also, a bit of chicanery [g'wan, look that (Continued on page 2)
Wrapping your heart with happiness...

Two grand people... made for each other... and having such a wonderful time finding it out...

They get married for fun... and have it... for the BEST of your life!

...tying it tight with love!

JACK H. SKIRBALL - BRUCE MANNING present

MYRNA LOY - DON AMECEHE

So Goes My Love

A UNIVERSAL RELEASE with

RHYS WILLIAMS BOBBY DRISCOLL RICHARD GAINES

Directed by FRANK RYAN Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL

A JACK H. SKIRBALL - BRUCE MANNING Production Screenplay by Bruce Manning and James Clifden Based upon "A Genius in the Family" by Hiram Percy Maxim Director of Photography Joseph Valentine
No matter whether your hair's soft and baby-fine or heavy and sleek ... DeLong Bob Pins will be your tried and true friend. Trust them to keep every shining strand neat and note-worthy.

These wonderful Bob Pins with the Stronger Grip cope with the most stubborn hair because they're made of better quality steel that keeps its gripping ways longer.

CO-ED
(Continued from page 18)

one up) undermines your character that much more, submerges your conscience that much deeper, makes it a wee bit harder for you to be good. The thing to do, if your family's especially strict, is to have a little conference with them explaining—without anger or defiance—your side of the various questions. Arrange some sort of compromise where you may exercise your judgment and still benefit somewhat by their wisdom and experience. For instance, ask them to let you invite one of the boys whom they dislike, but whom you adore, to the house. Let them talk to him, get to know him. Give them a chance to see beyond his ideas. Discuss the things that go on in life, indefinitely. And when they find out, they'll blacken your name for miles around, and you'll have a time and a half finding another beau. Not only that, the gals who are so entranced with you now—schooled everything's jake, will change their tune when you're high, dry and swain-less. The only adult, gentlemanly solutions are these: Either go steady and really work at it or don't go steady at all. Make up your mind. Two-timing is one of the worst forms of dishonesty. It has been known to disillusion boys for life, and furthermore, it's a forerunner of marital infidelity. So watch it!

Fooling Teacher: Guess we've all been told to believe that 'dealing the correct card is the best way to get the most out of others.' But what about Mary? Wouldn't you pick her, if you could? Would you? Then how can you justify picking her brains? Out in the wide, wide, world, cribbing has the unpleasant name of plagiarism and is very severely dealt with. It's a serious thing, kids, so next time you're caught short on an exam, muddle through it somehow. Better to get a D in Chem, and an A in honesty than vice versa. Truly!

Fooling Yourself: You pretend you like Frankie, 'cause the gang does, but you don't. You wear purple lipstick and too much perfume ('cause Arlene does and she's a man-trap) when you're strictly a pastel character. So you get it going on with the other guys, and you think you're fooling the people, but you're really just fooling yourself. Be honest about what you think, what you feel, what you are. Maybe the people who went for you just when you were hidden under six inches of pancake make-up and a Hepburn accent won't like you any more. So what? You'll have twice as much fun with the people who like you as just plain you. And want to bet they do worlds better with the lads? Try it and find out!

CO-ED LETTERBOX
(Continued from page 18)

In the first place, it isn't fair to compare the average seventeen-year-old with Shirley. Because of the nature of her work she is much more sure than most girls of her age. She has been going out with boys (chaperoned to be sure) for years and years and has had a chance to meet a great variety of them. At seventeen, she has the experience and sophistication of a girl years older. As for our opinion of early marriages, it is this. If both boy and girl are adult, responsible, clear-headed kids and if they have the means to support themselves, we believe their marriage can be a pretty wonderful thing. However, if two youngsters go into marriage hastily, unprepared for life and with insufficient funds, they aren't going to stay happy.

My father opens all my mail. It makes me furious, but nothing I say has any effect on him. G. T., Gainesville, Ga.

We can't blame you for being furious. Your dad obviously doesn't trust you. Have you ever given him reason not to? Or have you an older brother or sister who cares for him to lose faith in his kids? The only solution is to build up his trust in you. Talk to him about politics, showing him that you are growing up, have sound judgment. Discuss your marks at school, bringing in morals and explaining your stand on things like drinking and woo. Tell him about the boys you know and why you like and respect them. Convide in a bit, and ask him at least once in a while for advice. Some day it will suddenly occur to him that you're a pretty fine girl. He's just a bit proud. And that will be the end of the letter-opening.

The guy I adore is shy, has never had a date for everything. Mail the walls at the gal's. How can I lure him? J. B. Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Those strong silent ones fall hard when they fall, but the approach must be right. Chances are he's an outdoor man. Probably likes long treks into the hills and campers on his bike. Check on the and if so, talk to him about the hike you're planning. Tell him about your dog and get him talking about his. Some day, as if he'd mind taking a look at your bike and seeing what makes it so squeak! Then when you've got him lured as far as your front door, ask him in for some cake and milk, praise his mechanical ability to the skies, and start making plans for a picnic on Saturday. The lad'll be you devoted slave, just wait 'n see!

Kiddies, Spring is a dandy, light-hearted time of the year, if you're with it, if you're not it can be mighty grim. So bring your peeves to us. Honest, we've got an ear for them. Now the wall is all yours, Jean Kinkead, Co-Ed, Modern Screen, 1 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
She challenges men with her beauty... with her sword!

By day... a devastating enchantress... by night... a deadly avenger... here is a woman born bold and lovely enough for any adventure!

ALEXANDRE DUMAS'
Breathtaking Adventure
FILMED FOR THE FIRST TIME

"The Wife of
MONTE CRISTO"

starring
JOHN LODER,
LENORE AUBERT

with
CHARLES DINGE, FRITZ KORTNER, EDUARDO CIANELLI,
MARTIN KOSLECK, FRITZ FELO

Associate Producer JACK GRANT  Directed by EDGAR G. ULMER

A woman, dauntlessly and daringly romantic as Dumas' dashing Count of Monte Cristo!
That's Adrienne Ames under the floral display. Adrienne's got a radio spot on WHN nightly, interviewed our own Leonard Feather, swapped gossip of New York for on-the-beam stuff from H'wood.

Andy Russell takes a breather at recording session to show off record of a previous broadcast to beautiful, beaming wife Dallas. Peter Lawford horned in, got invited to A.'s new Encino ranch!

**BY LEONARD FEATHER**

- Calling all swing fans in and around New York! If you want to get the inside track on what kind of spontaneous combustion results from a meeting of two jazz critics, listen to Freddy Robbins' 1280 Club program on Tuesday evening, April 23. You'll hear me and my friendly rival, John Hammond, talking about jazz.

  John and I have had many arguments over the years, including a long and very acid one about Duke Ellington, whom John doesn't admire as much as I do. In spite of our spats, though, we still like the same kind of music, basically, and we both believe very deeply in the spreading of democracy and tolerance through music. However, I'm sure Freddy Robbins will find some subjects to make this battle of words very warm for April, and he'll probably have to act not only as emcee, but also as referee. Hope you'll be listening—it's on station WOV, 1280 on your dial.

  Now, to business: The month's records. Well, I could hardly pass up the opportunity to list the Frank Sinatra album as the best popular selection of the month. The choice of tunes is so good—many of our old favorites—and the overall picture so typical of Frankie, that my recommendation goes without saying. And for the best hot jazz I suggest "Blue at Dawn" and "Bouncy" by Timmie Rozenkranz and his Barons on Continental. Reasons later.

**BEST POPULAR**

I DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT YOU—Peggy Lee (Capitol)—Peggy scored such a hit with her recordings of her first two compositions "You Was Right, Baby," and "What More Can a Woman Do?" that she sat down, chewed her pen awhile and came out with this new one, also co-authored by guitarist-hubby Dave Barbour. You probably don't know it, but in the past couple of months Peggy has turned down movie offers, a five-figure deal for an (Cont'd on page 102)
A BRAND-NEW ALBUM OF COLE PORTER HITS!

"NIGHT and DAY"

starring

ALLAN JONES

Includes:

Hear the top RCA Victor artists in their latest hits—at your dealer's . . . on the radio . . . on juke boxes

Henry "Red" Allen * Louis Armstrong * Desi Arnaz * Eddy Arnold * Bill Boyd
Elton Britt * Helen Carroll and The Satisfiers * Perry Como * Johnny Desmond
Wayne King * Zeke Manners * Freddy Martin * The Glenn Miller Band with Tex Beneke * Vaughn Monroe * Henri René * Carson Robison * Ray Rogers * David Rose * Sons of the Pioneers * Charlie Spivak * Martha Stewart * Billy Williams

Listen to The RCA Victor Show, Sundays, 4:30 p.m., Eastern Time, NBC.

Radio Corporation of America, RCA Victor Division, Camden, N. J.
New CHARTS THIS MONTH

HOW TO THROW A PARTY—How to make your
shindig a sure-fire success, whether it's an
orchids-and-tails gala, or Sunday supper for the
gang. Sound advice on good hostessing, re-
freshments, decorations, entertainment, etc.,
and charted Party Index for all occasions.
FREE, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped
(3c) envelope .................................................

GUIDE FOR BRIDES—Complete wedding eti-
quette for the girl who'll be a bride this June—
and every girl who ever hopes to be one. Covers
invitations, announcements, showers, trousseau,
reception, flowers, music, expenses for formal
and informal affairs. Also, a time-table to help
you make orderly preparations for the big day.
FREE, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped
(3c) envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer ..........................................

FOR FANS

SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c)—Com-
pletely revised to include all the latest data on
the lives, loves, hobbies, new pix, little known
facts about the stars. Send 10c and a LARGE
stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope ....

MUSIC-MAKERS—1945-'46—by Harry James (5c)
—Be in the know! The Trumpet King tells ALL
in this 15-page super guide to the lives, loves,
records, movies, radio shows of your favorite
recording stars. Send 5c and a LARGE
stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope ....

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Brand-new, re-
edited chart, listing over 100 of the best clubs
for all your favorites—Frank Sinatra, June Ally-
son, Peter Lawford, Alan Ladd, etc. Learn about
the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIA-
TION. Also, how to write good fan letters.
FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-
dressed envelope ........................................

INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question
that ever pops into your mind about Hollywood,
the stars and their movies. If you’re hankering
to know about casting, musical scores, or who
socked the heroine with a tomato in the film
you saw last night, see box on page 16 for
details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR GLAMOR

SKIN CARE FOR TEENS—Teen beauty de-
dpends on care, diet, grooming. Here’s a chart
that tells you all about skin care, facial, PROB-
LEM skin. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c),
self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer ...........................................

HAIR DO’S AND DON’TS FOR TEEN-AGERS—
This is the last word on hair glamour! It’s got
everything—hair-grooming directions, charts
for facial types, new hair style ideas! FREE, send
a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed en-
velope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer ...........................................

YOU CAN BE CHARMING—Says Jean Kenthead
—Charm is the way you look, walk, talk, think,
dress, act, behave toward others. It’s the dif-
ference between being the belle-of-the-ball and
Alice Sit-By-The-Fire. Anyone can have it for
small investment of patience, time and effort.
This chart explains how YOU can have it. FREE,
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envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer ...........................................

FOR ROMANCE

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean
Kinkhead—Be dated, re-dated, but never super-
annuated! The secret of making the right kind of
impression on the nice boys you know. Hold-
your-man tactics that WORK! FREE, send a
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BE A BETTER DANCER—by Arthur Murray—
Easy to follow directions on all the turns and
tricks that will make you a honey on the dance
floor. Plus dance floor etiquette—what to wear,
how to be popular with the stags. FREE, send a
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PLEASE REMAIN!—Easy etiquette for surviving
through any social situation without awkward,
embarrassing moments. FREE, send a LARGE,
stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see
special THREE-IN-ONE offer ...........................................

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how
to get him to ask for a date, or when it’s cayge
to be “hard to get”? Write to Jean Kenthead,
c/o MODERN SCREEN. She’ll answer all your
vital heart-problems in a personal letter. THIS
IS NOT A CHART.

FOR THE FASHION-WISE

DATE DRESS DATA FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT
AND THIN GIRLS—New-as-tomorrow ideas about
dressing for dates. FREE, send a LARGE,
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SPORTSWEAR FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT
AND THIN GIRLS—Now that sport clothes are worn
from sun-up to dancing-in-the-dark, here’s how
to look your best in them. FREE, send a LARGE,
stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see
special THREE-IN-ONE offer ...........................................

ACCESSORIES FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND
THIN GIRL—It’s accessories that make yo
outfit! How to glam-up your clothes with
those little touches that mean everything! FREE,
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envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer ...........................................

FOR HOME SWEET HOME

DESSERTS FRANKIE LOVES—by Nancy Sinatra
—Here are recipes for making Frankies favor-
ite Lemon Pie, Apple Delicious, Sigh-Guy Gen-
gerbread, and many more that are high on it
Sinatra Dessert Parade. FREE, send a LARGE
stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or a
THREE-IN-ONE offer ...........................................

MAKE YOUR HOME MORE ATTRACTIVE—Tip
of looking at the same old four walls, year-
year-out? A paint brush, some old orang-
crates, a saw, and a little imagination will
transform your home into a thing of beauty
penny-cost. FREE, send a LARGE, stamp
(3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special
THREE-IN-ONE offer ...........................................

FOR CAREER

HOW TO PICK THE RIGHT JOB—Career Chart
No. 1—Select the job that’s right for you—
the basis of your hobbies, natural abilities, pe-
sonal desires. Private secretary, model, nu-
terior decorator, statistician—whatever your
choice—here’s how to decide whether you’d
like it. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-
dressed envelope (see Career Chart No. 2)

JOBS AND HOW TO GET THEM—Career Chart
No. 2—Once you decide which job is for you
you’ll want to know how to go about getting
It’s the straight low-down on scores of car
jobs—how to be interviewed, salaries to be
pected, even your chances of marrying the b
The same envelope that brings you Career
Chart No. 1 will take care of this one, too
you check here ...........................................

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dozen (12) checked (V) like this. Select a
THREE of these checked charts and enc
ONE large envelope bearing SIX CENTS
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Four envelopes (6c stamps on each) for se
series of 12 charts.

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"To which man do I belong?"

The love story that will live with you today tomorrow and forever!

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THE GREAT DRAMA OF OUR TIME

with

Lucile Watson • Richard Long • Natalie Wood

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Directed by IRVING PICHET • Produced by David Lewis

Nero and Ladies' Home Journal Story by Owen Britton

Screenplay by Lorenz Chess • Music by Max Steiner

An INTERNATIONAL PICTURE • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
BOYS' RANCH

There are rough boys and tough boys, boys who play hookey and boys who need a mother, but there's no such thing as a mean boy and never, never a bad one.

That, at least, is the premise Dan Walker (James Craig) has always gone on, and so far, he's never found it untrue. As shortstop for a professional ball team, Dan's always been popular with the gang that hangs around outside the ball park, waiting for him to bat a "fungo" over the fence so they can catch the ball and claim a free admission. But this particular day, two of his special pets (Skippy Homeier, the leader of the local "tough guys," and Hank (Darryl Hickman), his sidekick, are hanging around to say goodbye to Dan because Dan's just been asked to resign, it seems he's outlived his usefulness for the team. Not that he minds too much, it's just that he hadn't quite planned to settle down on that ranch in Texas for a while yet. Anyhow, he's just packing when Skippy and Hank pop up in the lockers with a farewell gift, a swell pocket knife, at least three bucks. Dan is touched, but before he has a chance to express his gratitude, a big cop ambles over and hauls them all to the police station—the knife is worth at least three bucks but it wouldn't have been nice if the boys had paid for it instead of swiping it off the park vendor. There's a lot of commotion and talk about reform school and before he knows it, Dan's volunteered to take the two boys in custody. Dan's wife isn't too pleased with the whole setup, so when they get to Texas, he ships them off to a pal's ranch, where they so ingratiate themselves that the pal promptly heaves them out. Which leaves Mr. Walker right where he started.

But a responsibility's a responsibility, and Dan talks rancher Banton into lending him an old abandoned courthouse and 640 acres of land to start Boys' Ranch, which will be a home for Skippy and Hank and some other choice 'teen-age characters who've taken to hanging around lately.

Everything is fine until someone discovers that Skippy has skipped out with the ranch funds. But he's stopped in time to avoid messing up a graveyard, giving the ranch a bad name and to rescue Hank from a fate worse than death.

And by the way, there's a very small fry in the picture by name of Jackie "Butch" Jenkins, who, according to his best buddy, Little guy steals every heart in sight. —M.G.M.

Let your hair gleam with new RADIANT BEAUTY!

"Shampoo" is hardly a big enough word for Ray Daumit's Lustre-Creme, excited women tell us. It cleanses wonderfully well, of course, and rinses swiftly with no trouble at all, but it's the glowing, shimmering beauty which follows that makes Lustre-Creme so different. Secret ingredients bring out thrilling sheen...glamour you may never have suspected—and your hair behaves! Department stores, and all good drug stores, have Lustre-Creme; long-lasting jar costs $1. Proof! This coupon and 25¢ will bring you a trial-size of Lustre-Creme. Money back if it doesn't please you.

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...Clare Foley again plays the loathsome kid sister and this role, added to her part in "Janie" both on the stage and screen, tecks up a thesis record for the youngster. Eleven years old, she has been an "It" for over twenty percent of her lifetime.

MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued from page 16)

...Butch Jenkins spent anxious hours rehearsing his most difficult scene, which involved dialogue with veteran George Cleveland. When the time arrived for the take, it was Cleveland, not Butch, who blew his lines. When Cleveland apologized, Butch smiled sweetly. "That's all right, Mr. Cleveland," he said, "I used to do that myself."

RAINBOW OVER TEXAS

For thirty years now, bluff millionaire Wooster Dalrymple (Robert Emmett O'Keane) has been trying to break into society, but failing, he tries to buy a way into the Blue Book for his rebellious daughter, Jacqueline (Dale Evans). But Jacky's got just as much spunk as her old man. "You should be proud of your background," she storms, "tea parties and socials, I want to live!" And because to her mind, the only man today is out Texas way, the jumps her dad's ship and stows away on the train bearing Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers to Dalrymple, the old man's father founded.

Once the troupe hits Dalrymple, however, things get too hot for them to bother much with wimmin folk. Roy is being needed, (by Deanna Duncan) who tries to insult him into a fight, thus keeping the champ out of circulation when the big pony express race, with its huge winner's prize, will be run. But Roy refuses to let anything get his dander up. Until the racketeer who's behind all the crooked gambling in town, Kirby Haynes (Sherdon Leonard), shows his hand by having a defenseless man shot in the back—and Roy framed for the murder. That does it! Through stampedes and fixed races and ambushes, fury on a white horse. There are many more dead men before the picture rat-tats to a blazing finish, and a lot of evil-doing punished, but there's also another convert to the wild 'n woolly West, Wooster Dalrymple. And romantically speaking, the fearless Roy Rogers nearly bites the dust—but not quite.—Repub.

P. S.

Even if Dale Evans does enjoy working in Westerns, she gets a bit fed up with the eternal riding clothes which give her little or no glamour. She was gay as a Hopper hat when she found that the script called for her to wear a white bathing suit. When the bathing suit arrived in her dressing room, it was an all-white number, with lovely lines, but across the front of the skirt was painted a bucking bronco. Miss Evans bowed her head in meek protest, thus losing the filming of the picture, Roy Rogers bought twenty-seven sorrel mares to be mated with Trigger. The first colt will be used in the next Roy Rogers film, depicting the story of how the cowboy star acquired his famous horse... The prop department turned sculptor when it had to build a life-sized statue of Robert Emmett O'Keane, portraying Dale's industrialist father in the film... For the movie, Tim Spencer, one of the Sons of the Pioneers, wrote two songs. 'Texas, U. S. A.' and 'Cowboy Camp Meeting.' The latter is a tricky tune which promises to be a big hit.
For Gracious Living

Wherever the better things of life are enjoyed and appreciated... Schlitz is a natural and expected part of the setting.

JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS
No harsh bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
It's dark... it's exciting... it's the new Cutex color for intrigue. Put it on your long, temptress nails... wear it—then let men beware! • And when in lighter mood try the new Cutex Proud Pink.
TO OUR READERS,

April, 1946

Things have been popping at MODERN SCREEN, and I've got to make up my mind whether to tell you about our beautiful new circulation or about our recent gay Matinee Party at the Cafe Zanzibar. I really haven't room to do justice to both.

But in a nutshell, this is the circulation story. When Henry and I got off to a timid start back in 1940, newsstand sales hovered precariously around 400,000. The latest figure is 1,600,000. The sale has doubled twice. Bugs Bunny himself couldn't have done better.

I won't grumble. 1,600,000 is fine. As a matter of fact, it makes us eighth in the country - right after LIFE magazine! Yet all the circulation in the U.S.A. wouldn't mean as much to us as that Zanzibar party. And I'll tell you why.

From the beginning, Henry and I have been fighting kind of a crusade. We've believed that there's so much more to a magazine than just making money. We made up our minds that MODERN SCREEN would be "the Friendly Magazine" - and we've stuck to it. For our readers, young and old, we have friendly services - advice and information charts. So far, 3,000,000 charts and personal letters have been mailed off to readers who needed a friendly shoulder to lean on.

And yet, we've never been quite satisfied. Tons of mail - but mail isn't the real thing. Friendship is personal and direct. And that's how the Zanzibar party happened - first a dream - then, early in February of this year, a warm, charming reality. To one of the biggest night clubs in New York, we invited 500 readers to meet nearly 100 stars of stage and screen. Gene Kelly, Hurd Hatfield, Sonja Henie, Jan Clayton, Cesar Romero, Danny Kaye - countless others.

It was a great party (see pages 30-37). Far more - it was a party that meant something. You readers got together with us staff members. You chatted with the stars. On that February afternoon in the Zanzibar, MODERN SCREEN'S friendly policy came to life. Of that fact we are unspeakably proud!

Executive Editor

P.S. For an important announcement please turn to page 119.
MODERN SCREEN THROWS A PARTY!

So it can’t happen here, eh? But it did! A hundred guest stars jamming the Club Zanzibar, and all for you—all in honor of our M. S. fans!

Bet every time you read about a big, flashy four-alarm party for a group of movie stars, you picture Elsa Maxwell or M-G-M engineering the whole thing. Don’t you, now? And aren’t you wrong! Lookit. We’ve just been to a party, and it was the “Oklahoma,” the Cadillac, the Van Johnson of all parties. No joshing, it was fine. And guess who was at the bottom of it? Not Elsa or Louis B. or any of the publicity boys. Just a queen-size blonde with a wonderful smile and a yen for Dane Clark. So help us, she was, and here’s how it happened.

Peggy Field (this dishy blonde we mentioned) is mad for Dane Clark. She considers him absolutely atomic, and she’d planned a stupendous party for him when he came East on his vacation. She lived and breathed that party for weeks, and then came the heartbreaking, hysteric-making telegram from Dane that his vacation had been cancelled, that the party was off. It was a kick in the teeth for Peggy. It was, she told her mom, the End of the World.

That (Continued on page 118)
Mr. and Mrs. Fields are used to their daughter's rave enthusiasms by now, but even they were impressed at the star line-up. And when Mam heard that Gene Kelly would be there—ummmm.

Limy's a spaniel and mad-in-love with his mistress, but when he heard of the party, he gaily wagged a-bye.

The gang turned out to envy Peggy's outing, wish her fun—and send their autograph books for additions.

MORE PARTY PICTURES
Aside from being a perfect host, Exec. Ed Al Delacorte has an eye well trained for a pretty gal, so naturally he spotted Peg at the entrance.

Nat Reiff, co-sponsor of the party with Fan Club director Shirley Frohlich (she's downstairs being trampled on), welcomes Peggy with a list of the doin's—and makeup advice.

Charge! Gloria Shavy, Frank Sinatra's number one fan and club presy, led the thundering hordes up the Zanzibar steps. You'll see Gloria all over the spread LOOK is featuring in their April 30th issue. MODERN SCREEN, the magazine other mags interview!
Peggy's just trying it on for size, thank you. It all started when Frankie mentioned, on an air show, that Staten Island sure was foggy. So Jane Harris, Dolores McMullen, Dot Nix and Annabelle Corbo banded into "The Foggy Girls"—identical as to pea jackets and heroin worship.

Wreathed in smiles and mink, Sonja Henie was introduced by M.C. Ed Sullivan, giggled, "If I'd known how big this party'd be, I'd have brought skates!"

Could've set the place afire and this fan wouldn't have budged. Why? Danny Kaye, of the gay charm, was onstage!
Peggy cribbed party music-maker Joe Morrisolo's clarinet to see if she could produce purty noises—Jimmy Dorsey begged "No!"

Ever the gentleman, Robert Paige murmured "After you," to pretty Peggy as they autographed the huge party celebrity register.
Lt. (j.g.) Gene Kelly (hallelujah, he's an almost civilian!) toasting his eyes on two pretty gals—Peggy and wife Betsy Blair.

In answer to Peggy's plea for autographs, singer Carl Ravazza scribbled "A swell party." "Me, too." penned thrush Eileen Barton.

MORE PARTY PICTURES—
Hurd Hotfield's still new to the fan rush act, even though "Diary of a Chambermaid's" bound to make him a big time swooner sensation. When a kind M.S. staffer offered to help him out of the mob, he rumbled, "I should say not—I love it!"

It wasn't long before our conny guests latched on to Peggy's dazzling celebrity personality, with the result that she had writer's cramp for days after!

It was a tough fight, but M.S. Executive Editor Al Delacorte, with the heip of a beaming Kelly-ite, finally won. Seems Gene originally refused to remove his overcoat—it was government property and darned if he'd let it get ripped up!
M. S. fans weren't proud, they raved and roared for all the celebs. But notice how his club kept Bing up front? And that's Dick Haymes dangling back there.

The Fitzgeralnds, Ed and Pegeen, aired their show right from the stage, with Danny K., an extra-added attraction.

Almost, but not quite, the end of a perfect night. Peggy walking herself into a dream at the Star Club later, with Hurd Hatfield.

Ed Sullivan, farewell, Hurd, Peggy, Maggie Whiting and Al D. And so good night. It's been fun, see you next year.
Now that she's a "Junior Mrs.," Shirley's studio plans to team her with Guy Madison in young-love roles like Janet Gaynor-Chas. Farrell pics.

Shirley got cookery-conscious while John was still in the Army, trotted off to cooking school and made hash of all those bride's biscuits jokes in no time! J.'s rich, but he and S. like to do things themselves.

The Agars were khaki-whacky for so long that Shirley began to think there wasn't any other color! Shirl kept that blue tweek number well sarayed, hugged it so much she smothered the moth.
HUSBANDS ARE

HUSBANDS! SIGHS SHIRLEY TEMPLE. THEY
GET HOTEL ROOMS, FIX CAR DOORS, PRAISE
YOUR COOKING—AND LOOK SO HELPLESS
WHEN THEY'RE SICK! • BY VIRGINIA WILSON

Shirley plumped up the pillows expertly, and said, “Okay. Let’s see that thermometer.” She held it to
the light while the big guy sprawling in the bed grinned at her. She was such a little girl, even in
those tall, stilted heels. So little and so pretty and such a darling! He could hardly believe even now
that she was his own wife.

“Fine thing,” he said ruefully. “I finally get out
of the Army and right away the flu catches up with
me.”

Shirley smiled at him over the thermometer.
“You’re better today. Your temperature’s normal.”

“That’s what you think! Not with you around
it isn’t, Mrs. Agar.”

“Mrs. Agar.” Shirley, suddenly serious, repeated
it, her brown eyes enormous with the wonder of it.
Of being really married with a husband out of the
Army, and a whole life ahead of them. “Jack, are
you happy? Happy like (Continued on page 84)

“Dear John,” she’d write, “I know you’re indispensable, but the Army
should realize I need you more than they do!” Now John’s home for
good, and happiness isn’t just an occasional furlough—it’s forever!
One sultry summer evening, back in 1939, at Des Moines, Iowa, a slim, sun-tanned California girl of seventeen poised for a racing plunge into the biggest moment of her young life.

It was the final race and the top event for women of the National Swim Meet—the 100-meters free style sprint for the championship of the United States—and Esther Williams was tired. That day she had churned the distance in the soupy water five times, and five times she had won. The elimination heats followed so close she hadn't had time to eat anything except tea and crackers all day. The night before, the Midwestern heat had stifled her in the sweltering hotel room and she hadn't slept a wink. It was seven o'clock and she was wilted. Her arms and legs felt like lead.

But as Esther Williams waited for the starter's signal she chanted to herself, "This is it! I can do it!" over and over again, and as her body spanked the water in the flat racer's dive at the last she dug her long arms deep to the rhythm of the same chant that never left her brain, "This is it! This is it! I can do it! I can do it!"

The strength she knew would come flowed through her body and she cut the water fast and clean. At the turn, she kicked off the tank wall and an instant's peek told her what she knew—that the class of the country was well in her wake. She was laughing when she popped up like a porpoise, sleek, dripping (Continued on page 42)
SHE WAS A GAWKY KID WITH A WILL TO WIN WHO ALWAYS MUTTERED "I CAN DO IT!" WHEN THE GOING GOT TOUGH—AND DID IT! (PART ONE.)

One of ex-GI Ben Gage's first gifts to his wife was a tiny star sapphire ring clustered by diamonds. "As our marriage grows," E. smiles, "it will grow, too."

Esther's mother (here with E. at the "Going My Way" premiere) was the first to sympathize with the fellow who stole several "Bathing Beauty" reels—and then tried to hire a projectionist to run them for him.

Her marriage to Dr. Leonard Kavner ended on a "we'll always be pals" note after four years. Here, together before the divorce, on one of his rare nights away from his hospital dorm.
When the Gages moved into the new house, Ben gave E. a spittoon; she converted it into a lamp base! The shade above is an old gingham dress!

Hobby lobby: Esther combined business with pleasure by honeymooming at Acapulco for two weeks—then running back to finish work on "Fiesta" in Mexico City. After seeing her first bull fight, she raved, "It's better than a ball game!"

With her new contract running into the four-figure class, busy Esther has very little leisure time, still finds working out in the swimming pool Metro built especially for her, her pet relaxation.
and fresh at the finish for the cameras to catch the new national speed queen's winning smile. But only Esther Williams knew that she alone hadn't really won that race.

She couldn't have; she wasn't that good a swimmer, she wasn't that strong, she wasn't that sharply conditioned to skim the distance in 1:08 for a new world's record. Something stronger than herself, she knew, had guided her. A power beyond her body had flowed into her aching muscles—the all-perfect power she had believed in and trusted since babyhood had worked the miracle.

Esther's mother had taught her that faith, will, philosophy, religion—whatever it was—and she had absorbed it like a flower does sunshine. "Never be afraid of anything. You can do it, because it's not your strength or your talent, but something stronger than you. If you're ever afraid of anything, just remember that you don't have to do it alone. If you believe, it will be done for you."

Esther Williams learned that lesson early and it became the theme of her life and sometimes, looking back on the other girls thrashing in her wake—in a swimming pool or out—while she was still strong and fresh and confident, she felt sorry for them, because they didn't know. Her belief in herself is the keynote of Esther Williams' existence today and it's the story behind the success story of a very normal, average American girl. It's what has lifted Esther off the sport page to a Hollywood star's enviable pedestal and brought her fame.

In Hollywood there are better actresses than Esther Williams, by far, as there were always at one time better swimmers. Plenty of beauties in the extra line have prettier faces than she and more divine figures. Hundreds know more smooth career tricks about how to get ahead in Hollywood and dozens and dozens can give Esther cards and spades in experience, talent and technique.

But Esther (Cont'd on page 104)
By ABIGAIL PUTNAM
Mr. Jonathan Peck, an exuberant gentleman of twenty-one months’ brisk experience, has two (at least) highly exciting events scheduled for the future. Item 1: He is to become a brother this fall.

Jonny’s father, Gregory, is adamant about the addition to the family—he wants a girl, to be named Stephanie. If Jonny could speak his mind, he’d probably hold out for a sister, too. Yet, in case the recruit should prove to be of more eventual interest to Burma Shave than to Max Factor, he will be called Stephen.

Stephen, if that’s what he turns out to be, couldn’t possibly be a failure if he manages to capture himself one-tenth of the charm now owned and operated by his older brother. Which brings us back to Jonny.

Master Peck now has fourteen teeth; he distinguished himself by cutting his first molars before he cut his eye teeth, a situation that made lead pencils, medium-sized twigs, and a vagrant rung from his highchair very interesting. He could bite into all of these articles hard enough to leave the imprints of two sturdy teeth.

Jonny has been walking . . . take that back, . . . Jonny has been RUNNING for several months. He is always in a hurry. When taking off for some spot, preferably that just forbidden by his mother, young Peck lifts his arms, elbows bent, thrusts out his chest, and hurls himself against the air. His feet appear to follow from force of habit.

Most of the time this form of locomotion gets Mr. Brown Eyes around the house in record (Continued on page 99)
1. When the "Minnie Tolbert" is torpedoed in mid-ocean and young Ray Estada (T. Renaldo) is wounded, it hits his fellow Merchant Mariners hard, especially Mudgin (T. Mitchell), who stays with Ray till the end.

2. Harry Patterson (Clark Gable) and Mudgin wander into the San Francisco Public Library for information on something Mudgin lost on board—his soul. But Emily Sears (G. Garson), the librarian, thinks it's a gag.

4. Helen's a good kid and she has to keep reminding herself that Harry and Emily are her two favorite people, because down deep she's a little bit scared. Scared that maybe she's falling in love with Harry herself.

5. But she knows it can never be. Why? Oh, lots of reasons. Like the fun those two have. Like the time when, not finding any Sunday dinner, they spied a hen on the road and presto, 2 hours later—fried chicken.

7. After that life becomes a wild thing: The crazy ride into Reno with the wind whipping their hair and the meek little Justice of the Peace and Helen, her face white, crying, "You ran out on me, where've you been?"

8. They explain and Helen beams, "Why, I'll move out so you can see down!" But Harry's a seaman, no firesides for him. He stalks off, ret' to his ship, and Mudgin, after arguing with him, trips and breaks his b...
HARRY (GABLE) WAS A SAILOR.
WITH THE SEA IN HIS BLOOD, AND WOMEN
WERE POISON—TILL HE MET EMILY
(GARSON) WITH THE SEA IN HER EYES...

“Adventure”

STORY His name was Harry Patterson and there was enough of the sea in his walk and in the wind-squint of his eyes so that you knew he couldn’t be long off a ship. He was standing now at the edge of the desk set near the front of the room, waiting for the girl with the horn rim glasses to turn to them. It was the last place in the world you’d expect to find him—a sailor on shore leave, on the town—waiting at the Reading Room desk of the San Francisco Public Library. The man at his side looked around warily once and tapped his shoulder.

“Harry,” Mudgin said, “maybe we better come back some other time.”

“There’s no time like (Continued on page 88)

PRODUCTION While the picture was being filmed, Richard Ney was discharged from the Navy, and he and wife Greer Garson spent a short vacation at their cottage at Pebble Beach, California. Despite the fact that they re-did the living and dining rooms, built cupboards in the kitchen and painted the outside of the house, Ney gained 15 pounds as a result of Greer’s cooking. The story was taken from the novel “Anointed” by Clyde Brion Davis, and chosen for Gable’s first film since his return to civilian life because director Victor Fleming felt it was a story of a virile man with not only a mind of his own, but fists to back it up... Gable, the guy who made famous the turtle-neck sweater, found that his first day of shooting called for a (Continued on page 93)
SO LONG THE WAITING, SO SWEET THE HOMECOMING — BUT AT LAST THEY'RE TOGETHER AGAIN, JEAN PIERRE AUMONT AND MARIA MONTEZ—TOGETHER FOR KEEPS!

When Jean Pierre Aumont stepped off the gangplank of the troopship he didn't bend down and kiss the ground as several other soldiers did. After all, his wife was in a hotel room somewhere there in New York, and why kiss a bit of damp concrete flooring when Maria Montez was waiting? He hoisted his large duffel bag and started hurrying down toward the end of the long pier, then hiked another couple of blocks and wormed his way down into the subway.

It disgorged him at a swanky hotel in uptown New York—a few words to the desk clerk, then an impatient call on the hotel phone, a dash for the elevator. Ten stories up the doors slid open and the tall soldier hurried down the long carpeted hall, his duffel bag banging at his knees. From around a corner a dark haired figure in a black negligee came running. The two stopped, then went to each other with open arms. Jean Pierre was home.

Late that same afternoon he lounged back in a deep (Continued on page 80)
Although "crazy about the U.S." Jean Pierre is still a French citizen, had his greatest thrill being the first to enter his home town of St. Tropez and planting the Free French flag there. (Here as composer Rimsky-Korsakoff in his latest picture, "Fandango.")

Words can say...

Odd Coincidences: Pierre, called "Europe's John Garfield," broadcasting with—John Garfield. Wife Maria Montez was born in the Dominican Republic, is billed in France as "Mrs. J. P. Aumont"—otherwise she's unknown!

When the Aumonts moved into their huge, but relative-packed Canyon mansion J. Pierre remarked, "Guess we'll board the baby with the next-door Ronald Colman!"

BY EDWARD HERRON
Darling Daughter

PEGGY ANN TEEN-

DREAMS OF BLUE CONVERTIBLES,

SLINKY BLACK GOWNS, CO-ED

COLLEGES—AND THEN MOM GAR-

NER WAKES HER UP!

So-o-o grown-up Peggy Ann Garner with Lon McCallister at Ciro's, where she sipped a cocktail (so what if it was to-
mato juice?), sported jungle red lipstick for the occasion.

Are you having trouble with your Algebra? Are you not allowed to have real, honest-to-goodness dates? Does your mother disapprove of blue denims, overdraped by one of your father's cast-off plaid shirts? Is there a little problem in your home about how long you can talk over the telephone, and how many records you can buy each week?

Then step right up and shake hands with Peggy Ann Garner—she's a fellow-
In feilia Umlk and confides she spends most of bronze glow, is beginning to look twice at fellers, got a crush on Scotty Beckett of "Junior Miss!"

A "Home, Sweet Homicide," sighs Peggy Ann, referring to her new pic and her new home. Den is stacked with records by Johnny Mercer and Dick Haymes. Peggy would rather be a champ skater than actress!

A sufferer. Peggy is fourteen and going to studio school in what would be—on the outside—ninth grade or high school freshman year. That Algebra gets her, it really does. For the life of her she can't get excited about what X is doing, nor what became of Y.

In addition to Algebra, she is struggling mightily with Latin declensions. She has reached the "Hic, haec, hoc, huius, huius, huius" routine and it leaves her cold. About the only bright spot is an absurdly jumbled Latin poem supplied by Mrs. Garner, who studied Latin herself in high school. This deathless bit of verse reads:

"Boyibus kissabos sweeta girlorum; Giribus likabos, wanta someorum. Papibus seeabos kasssa someorum, Kickabos boyibus outa la doorum."

Despite Peggy's intense distaste for these two subjects, she is snagging an A minus in each. In the two subjects she really likes, History and English, she is maintaining an A rating. On school nights, she has to be in bed by nine o'clock, and she is required to rest for ninety minutes in the afternoon. That rest period has caused occasional disagreements between Peggy and her mother. "But I'm not tired in the least," Peggy will protest.

"You wouldn't admit it if you were," says her mother placidly. "You'll be a lot livelier (continued on page 114)"
A few weeks ago, David, oldest son of Dana Andrews, came home bearing a big box; he and Mary Andrews had been shopping for a new suit for him. The instant mother and son set foot in the house, Dana knew from Mary's quizzical smile that something special had happened.

David was agog. "Here is my new suit," he announced, divesting himself of his pull-over sweater and squirming into the coat. He added, "It's a lot like that grey pin-stripe of yours, Dad."

It was. But something was seriously wrong. "Better slip into the trousers, too, son," Dana said, hoping that the complete ensemble would show off David's figure to better advantage. David is now at that growing-boy stage wherein he strongly resembles a triangle—broad at the base and receding at the shoulder line.

He hopped into the trousers, then strutted around in his finery. Dana rubbed his hand over his chin, looked at the floor, exchanged glances with Mary, and tried to think of some way in which (Continued on page 96)
ightclubbing with the missus, Dana and Mary gab about their favorite hobby: The theater. Dana's just won a press award for being the "second most co-operative actor," Greg Peck's the first.

Fame is fine, but for Dana there's no thrill like rocking baby Stephen, reading the funnies to Kathy—Or having David swipe his ties!
watch
SHE'S SMOOTH AND SULTRY.
THE SCREEN'S NEWEST SIREN. SHE'S
LIZABETH SCOTT—SIXTH WINNER
OF HEDDA HOPPER'S GRUEN WATCH
AWARD TO A HEADED-FOR-
STARDOM STAR OF THE MONTH.

All right, boys, all right—this month it's your turn. MODERN SCREEN'S Star-of-the-Month golden Gruen watch latches right on to the wrist of the lass with the lazy name, Miss Lizabeth Scott—and I hope that sort of evens things up in the Hollywood battle of the sexes.

After all, I'm just a weak woman, so how can you blame me for bobbing a nod at five straight fellows packing the collective charm quotients of Pete Lawford, Guy Madison, Bill Williams, Johnny Coy and Mark Stevens? Maybe I've been swept away by the gust of gorgeous guys blowing stardust into my eyes everywhere I look. Anyway, there have been a few complaints that I'm selling my sisters short—and that ain't necessarily so. Because while the males wail, "How about some pin-up appeal instead of all these magnificent jerks?" the girls also berl, (Continued on page 120)
Easter parading at Lou Costello's party with the three Mitchums, Buddy, Carol, and Patsy Costello; Elizabeth Taylor, and their chubby host, Lou C.
HEAVENLY BODIES, THOSE
STARS’ KIDS—THE LITTLE MITCHUMS,
DURYEAS AND REAGANS—TILL
THEY SPIED LOU COSTELLO DRESSED AS
PETER RABBIT!

Who's afraid of the big, bad bunny? Not Maureen Reagan, who bravely feeds Lou (Harvey?) Costello at Easter party. Patsy Costello keeps her distance!

One omelette coming up! Josh's an adventurer, like poppa Bob Mitchum. He found first Easter egg, impressed Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan's daughter Maureen no end!

That's the back of Josh and Chris Mitchums' heads, with Pete and Dick Duryeo leaning against pop Dan. A friend, Sharon, June Allyson's brother, Eliz. Taylor and Maureen round up the ring-a-rosy.
“Cut!” said Leo McCarey. “That’s it. That’s the picture.”

It was the last scene in “The Bells of St. Mary’s,” a scene which probably only Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman could have played like that. The farewell scene where Father O’Malley’s resolve to banish his best nun from her favorite parish to another climate, without letting her know the real reason, cracks all to pieces. When he calls her back and explains that she has tuberculosis, her face glows with a beatific smile, and she breathes, “Thank you—you’ve made me so happy.”

If you saw “The Bells” you’ll understand why that most touching ending of any Hollywood picture in years sent a hush over the RKO stage as if a felt curtain had fallen. On the set that day, the simple power of Bing’s and Bergman’s acting momentarily banished the artificiality of Hollywood props and stage settings. It muted the crew’s customary chatter and break-up bustle. There were none of the usual wisecracks, let-down laughter and rowdy relaxation when a picture ends. The air was tense. Nobody moved or made a sound.

Ingrid Bergman sensed the awkward situation and broke it up. She flew over to Bing Crosby, tossed her arms around his startled neck—and gave him a great big kiss!

A warm, impulsive gesture like that is typical of Ingrid Bergman, Hollywood’s greatest actress, undisputed first lady and new Divine Swede.

Ingrid Bergman has never met the first Divine Swede, Greta Garbo—although she (Continued on page 127)
I can hardly believe that Bette Davis is being as rude to Joan Crawford as the spies on the Warner lot tell me.

Bette's always been swell about extending the welcoming hand to visiting stars and every young player at the studio will tell you that Queen Bette is generosity itself when it comes to giving them good breaks in her pictures.

But the other day, the air turned to icicles when Joan entered the commissary and, seeing Bette, went up to her table with the intention of inviting her to a dinner party.

While Joan stood there, Bette continued to eat with gusto and relish, barely looked up, and never once invited the Academy Award winner for "Mildred Pierce" to sit down. I'd hate to think such unusual conduct was because this is the first time in many years that Bette wasn't in the running for the Oscar herself.

If Maria Cristina Aumont doesn't grow up under a lucky star she can sure blame her mammy, Maria Montez.

Maria is a great one for the blights and blessings of Astrology. So when she heard she was going to have a baby and in what month it was due, she went to work on her charts and came up with St. Valentine's Day. Since the baby was to be delivered by a Caesarean operation, Maria had almost as much control over the date as the stars.

Sure enough, St. Valentine's morning an eight-pound daughter was born to her at St. Vincent's hospital.

I'll say one thing. The baby got off to a romantic start. Pacing the floor step by step with papa Jean Pierre Aumont was the family's good friend, Charles Boyer!

Tyrone Power and Annabella came over to my house for dinner the second night after they got back from their vacation in Canada. Ty looks like a million dollars, much thinner, but believe me, sooooo handsome. They had a wonderful time on their trip, but he told me. (Continued on page 62)
AR TA FOL W ELL
TO WED S T EPHEN T. E ARLY, JR.
EX-INFANTRY OFFICER

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Philip Folwell of
Jackson, Mississippi, have announced the
engagement of their daughter, Arta Parvin
Folwell, to Mr. Stephen Tyree Early, Jr.,
of Washington, D.C., formerly a Lieu-
tenant in the Infantry.

M E R C Y S T EEL—Arta helps sort and clean sur-
gical instruments to be shipped to Europe. Since
1940 the Medical and Surgical Relief
Committee has been sending supplies throughout the free
world. Volunteer workers, like Arta, help collect, sort, and clean them before they are sent.

SHE'S Engaged! SHE'S Lovely! SHE USES Pond's!

I T W A S AT A PARTY in Atlanta that
Arta and Stephen met, and it's easy
to see why she danced into his heart.

Her hair is silk-spun, her eyes warm,
friendly brown, her complexion pink-
and-white and baby soft. "I use lots of
Pond's Cold Cream on my face right
along," she says. "It makes my skin feel
really super."

Yes—she's another engaged girl with
a charming soft-smooth Pond's comple-
ion! And this is how she cares for it:

Arta smooths snowy Pond's generously
all over her face and throat—and pats
well to soften and release dirt and make-
up. Then tissues off.

She rinses with a second creaming of
silky-soft Pond's, working it round her
face with little circles of her cream-
covered fingers. Tissues off again. "I
like to cream double each time—for extra
cleansing, extra softening," she says.

Pond's your face twice a day—as Arta
does—every morning when you get up,
every night at bedtime. In-between clean-
ups, too! It's no accident so many more
women use Pond's than any other face
cream at any price. Get a big luxury jar
of Pond's Cold Cream today!

HER RING—
a stunning diamond in a
square setting.

A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S
SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Thelma, Lady Furness
Miss Geraldine Spreckels
The Lady Mojon Reeser
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Duchess de Richelieu
FORGET-ME-NOT BLONDE — by collins

Celebrated painter, John Collins, shows how a blonde complexion is glorified with original "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

Want to make your blue eyes seem bluer? Want to make your fair skin look richer, more radiant? Then smooth on Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" shade of Natural. With a whisper of pink, fresh as a bon-bon, it imparts a pearly-smooth finish to your skin.

Masks tiny blemishes; clings for hours...it's the face powder find of the year.

There are "Flower-fresh" Cashmere Bouquet shades to glorify all skin types.

For Light Types
- Natural, Rachel No. 1
- Rachel No. 2

For Medium Types
- Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

For Dark Types
- Rose Brunette, Even Tan

Louella, I'm so damned glad to get home and settled again. I don't care if I never see another train or plane."

He also told a very funny story about being in New York with Cesar Romero. Ty and "Butch" were walking down Fifth Avenue one day, enjoying themselves very much for the few minutes before they were recognized. Then, out of the blue, the bobby-soxers started descending on them.

Quickly, the boys hopped in a cab—only the cab wouldn't start. It stalled just as they were about to drive off.

"So there we sat," laughed Ty, "like a couple of monkeys on display in a cage. And the girls would stick their heads in the cab window and discuss us impersonally.

"One of them was particularly smitten with Cesar. She kept saying to her girl friend, 'He's a DOLL, that's what he is—just a DOLL!'"

Gene Tierney is a little bit miffed with designer Orry Kelly because he failed to nominate her among Hollywood's best dressed women on his radio show.

If it makes her feel any better, I'd put Gene on my list if I were a fashion expert—which I ain't. Her husband, Oleg Cassini, designs everything she wears off the screen and, believe me, she was a vision at a party at Atwater Kent's home.

Gene walked in wearing a long, fitted rose-colored gown—at least we all thought it was a gown. Suddenly she electrified everyone by starting to take off her dress! You see, I wasn't a dress at all, but a beautifully fitted coat under which she was wearing a white dress of the exact same cut and fit.

Poor Elizabeth Scott can't find a place to live. She's been evicted from so many apartments in the past twelve months that the gang at Paramount has labeled her, "Miss Movie 1946."

Only those incorrigible clowns, Billy Wilder and Charlie Brackett (the men behind "Lo Weekend") would tell us this on themselves, but I swear, those two would tell anything.

Seems they were very anxious to get Greer Garbo for "Emperor's Waltz" with Bing Crosby. After days of trying to locate her they finally able to obtain her private telephone number and get G. G. on the wire.

When they explained that they would like to meet her and discuss the movie with her, Garbo surprised them by consenting. "We're getting somewhere," said Brackett to Wilder.

So they made the appointment and went over to her home one afternoon to discuss the film with her. Not only was Garbo most cordial but at cocktail time she invited the boys remain for a drink and hors d'oeuvres. During an unobserved moment, Charlie kissed Billy, "We're getting somewhere."

Finally, came dinner time—and surprise of surprises, she invited them remain for the evening meal. Once again, Brackett moved to comment to his director-friend, "We're getting somewhere."

After dinner, all very gay and happy, they retired to the living room for coffee and an enthusiastic discussion about the movie. Garbo could not have been more charming. She laughed loud and long at the witty dialogue.
good news

A designing gal, Gene Tierney dreams up most of her own clothes. Then has 'em model! Husband Oleg Cassini's another ex-serviceman who delights in dressing up after all those slop-knoty years. Gene's hair's back to its natural brunette shade.

and situations. Finally, they thought the right moment had arrived to pin her down.

"Miss Garbo," they said, almost in unison, "have you reached any decision about this picture with Bing?"

"Yes, gentlemen," said Garbo, "I have." Came the breathless moment of suspense. "I HAVE DECIDED NOT TO DO IT!"

"Charlie," said Wilder to Brackett, "I think we are beginning to get somewhere—right OUT THE DOOR!"

* * *

Vignette on Dennis Morgan: He never calls his wife "Baby," "Mammy" or "The Little Woman." Her name is Lillian and he calls her Lillian. He never calls his children "the kids." They have names, too. He's the most amiable, hospitable guy in the world about everything but guests who drop in without being invited. He's more like a prosperous business man than a movie actor. He doesn't even live in Hollywood or Beverly Hills. His home is an old estate over near Pasadena. He likes frogs' legs and little out-of-the-way cafes. He doesn't like popular night clubs where you get an exploding flashlight bulb in your face while eating. His favorite color on women is blue—any shade. He doesn't like red evening gowns—but red hats are cute. He sings in the shower, while driving his car, or on the slightest provocation. He's a very good guy.

* * *

Lana Turner sold her house in Bel Air for a pretty penny and I believe it was that same pretty penny that made up her mind—and not that the place reminded her of Turhan Bey.

And speaking of pretty pennies, the Fred MacMurrays parted with their Brentwood home for $100,000 cash. And Fred already one of the richest men in Hollywood!

* * *

I had a long, long talk with Rita Hayworth, who is one of the sweetest girls in this town. And here is the truth about the three men in her life—at least, in the newspaper columns.

She and Victor Mature will not resume their romance where they left off. That's over and done with.

She is definitely NOT carrying a torch for her ex, Orson Welles—but she has nothing but the kindest and most complimentary things to say about the man she is divorcing.

She IS, very, very fond of Tony Martin, her current steady "date," but she says it isn't love—yet.

Personally, I'm not too sure about that. They look like they are in seventh heaven when they are dancing in each other's arms. They have both been through little private bales. Tony, particularly, suffered as the result of the "investigation" into his Navy commission in the early days of the war. But he more than made up for that blit with his

From one uniform to another! Dick Greene's just back after 2 1/2 years with the British Lancers, donned fancy duds for Atwater Kent party with wife, Pat Medina. He and Pat toured France doing comp shows after he got his medical discharge.

June Haver with Vic Orsotti at the Kents—but there's still Bobby Braen, Vic Mature, director Lucky Humberstone—and that ain't all!! So how come June's formed a club of bachelor girls on the 20th-Fox lot called the "No Roto Dote" Club???
fine record in the China-Burma-India Theater of war.

Perhaps Tony and Rita are more in love than they are willing to admit—even to themselves. When two people have been hurt—not once but many times—they fear to wear their hearts again on their sleeves.

But if I were a fortune telling lady I would predict that Tony and the gorgeous Rita will be our next serious Hollywood romance.

* * *

A Word To The Wise Department:
The too frequent visits of Paul Brinkman to the set of his bride, Jeanne Crain, are beginning to get into 20th Century-Fox's hair. Or does a studio have hair?

Those last four stories you picked for yourself got bad reviews, Deanna Durbin. How about letting Universal select your next one?

The next time Van Johnson is invited to the White House nothing should stop him from being there on the exact hour—and I mean NOTHING. Van's too nice a kid to be criticized for even a delay (he stopped to sign autographs) that came out of the kindness of his heart. But no one should be late to the home of the President of the United States.

* * *

Lila Damita took her son, Sean, to see his father, Errol Flynn, in "San Antonio."

When they came out of the Beverly Hills picture show, she asked him how he had liked the movie.

"It was good," said the little boy, "but I can't make up my mind whether I like him better on or off the screen!"

IT'S A GIFT!
—That knack you have of spotting new faces and flashing the word to us. So we'd like to match your gift with one of our own. Just mail us the Questionnaire Poll on page 10 IMMEDIATELY, (after you've filled it out, of course), and you may be among the 500 lucky ones who'll receive the next 4 issues (June, July, August and September) absolutely free!

I think the following letter speaks for itself—and there is little more I can add:

Dear Louella:

I do hope you remember me. I've just come home from St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica and I thought you might be interested in something that I saw there. Of course, it's just another of Bob Hope's nice gestures—but the Head Sister and I thought you might like to know.

There has been a tragically ill, 17-year-old girl there, dying from an absolutely unknown illness. The staff and sisters had found her almost impossible to handle, particularly in regard to her mental viewpoint, as she herself knew there was no hope.

But ever since Mr. Hope (he's well named) took the time and trouble to visit her and cheer her, it has made the last part, if not the ending to her story, quite a different thing. The Sisters and everyone are very, very grateful to Mr. Hope. Perhaps this seems unimportant, but remembering you, I don't think it will.

Sincerely,

Mimi Forsythe.

* * *

The nerve of some people!
The girl who has been impersonating Barbara Stanwyck in New York finally overstepped herself when she checked in at one of the best hotels as "Miss Barbara Stanwyck, California." A New York columnist printed the "arrival" which nearly knocked the real Barbara off her pins when she read it sitting in her sunny Beverly Hills patio.

"I knew SOMEBODY had been trying to get away with murder because several New York shops had reported there was an attempt to use my charge accounts," Barbara told me, "but it was the last straw when she registered at a hotel!" Of course, detectives were put on the trail immediately.

* * *

The top drawer stars, all gorgeously gownet, danced 'til the wee small hours at the formal dinner Dance I. B. Mayer gave in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II, of Detroit—who certainly had a whirl when they visited Hollywood. The young Fords are very attractive and everyone who met them commented on their simplicity and genuineness.

I don't believe I have ever seen such lovely gowns and so many beautiful women at one party. Loretta Young was a vision in an elaborate white gown trimmed in gold.

Greer Garson was putting with her red

---

Straight Line Design cleans teeth best say dentists 2 to 1

How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey
There are only 3 basic brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes!

Straight Line Concave Convex

When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

Why Pepsodent Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best. Most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs...Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend
hair drawn simply away from her face and she, too, was in white.

Joan Bennett wore a stunning black frock with tulle and ostrich trimmings and Joan told me, in an aside, that she and Peggy ("Forever Amber") Cummins were wearing the identical dress, although Peggy's was in white. I would never have noticed it—but the "wearers" are always conscious of those things.

I was particularly attracted to a beautiful girl with red hair and brown eyes. She is Beverly Tyler, and after "The Green Years" is released, you can bet she will be a star. Irene Dunne arrived late. She had had an early supper with her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, who is getting better but who is still not yet able to attend these soirées.

Lady Millford Haven's handsome young son, in Navy uniform, came with the Douglas Fairbanks'. I think Doug looks more like his famous dad every day.

The two daughters of L. B., Mrs. William Goetz and Mrs. David Selznick, helped him receive. Irene Selznick was with Eddy Duchin, the famed orchestra leader, who seems crazy about her.

* * *

Speaking of parties—perhaps the prettiest social affair of the season was the Valentine dance hosted by Atwater Kent, the Los Angeles millionaire. His home, atop a Beverly hill, is an ideal setting, for it seems that—the whole world is spread out twinkling in lights at your feet. As for the house—it is so big that Atwater can entertain two or three hundred guests as easily as you or I could have eight for dinner! He is a marvelous host and so popular with the film people.

Gene Tierney was something out of a picture book in a lacy Scarlett O'Hara gown of the Civil War period and her husband, Oleg Cassini, came as a dandy of those days.

Greer Garson went mischievous and appeared as a British sailor. June Haver looked like a Valentine in a white and red costume. Genny Simms and Mrs. Edgar Bergen, both expectant mothers, dodged the costume idea, but they looked beautiful in modern gowns.

* * *

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

IN THE MERRY, MERRY MONTH OF MAY

We were strolling through the park one day, chewing on a stray blade of grass, when we thought how hungry a body'd get if he had to live on that cow food. Then we brightened up, because we knew all along that a really hungry soul could make $5 just like that if he'd just take himself to a nice, quiet cell and write us all about what Gertrude Grammopuss said when he met her. We call 'em "I Saw It Happen," and we pay five smackeroos for every one we accept. So, if you've been eating off the grass lately and would welcome a change in diet, cudgel your brain and come up with a true, clearly written, brief account of what happened when you met a star—and let us know. Mail your entry to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

They'll give your baby the right start, too!

These two Gerber's Cereals are made for one purpose—
to serve the special needs of baby and build healthy little bodies.

First of all, Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are excellent starting cereals—they mix to a creamy, smooth consistency. They are rich in added iron, so necessary for babies ready to start on solid food. For just about that time, your doctor will tell you, the supply of precious iron you give baby before birth, begins to run low.

As a further aid to baby's well-being, both Gerber's Cereals contain generous amounts of B complex vitamins (from natural sources), calcium and phosphorus. Furthermore, both cereals are made to taste extra good! Millions of babies have done well on Gerber's Cereals. When buying, look for "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Gerber's Cereal Food (blue box) and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal (red box) are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula (either hot or cold).

Be sure to get both, and serve Gerber's Cereal Food at one feeding. Gerber's Strained Oatmeal at the next. Remember, it is wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

NATIONAL BABY WEEK, April 27 to May 4. "Give your baby the right start in life."
"Hey, we're not going to recommend any hand lotion!" Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen yelled at me. I was telling your editors, Al and Henry about their big influence on the new Beauty Department story. But when they heard that the subject was First Aid they seemed right happy about the set-up. Figure it out this way: Al and Henry are missionaries of the neighborly way and it's contagious! Usually we talk about looking beautiful, but now let's do some serious thinking about moving out of the window dummy class and really beginning to act the life beautiful.

Two thousand-year-old gossip has it that the good Samaritan not only felt sorry for the injured man, he knew what to do for him. It behooves all of us to learn First Aid. True, we might not chance upon a man who's been beaten by robbers but accidents do happen on the job, in school or at home. That's why it is such a good idea to keep handy the materials needed to check minor injuries or to help an accident victim...
Why not bring out the natural glossy highlights of your hair like Powers Models?

Miss Jane Gilbert, sizzling Powers Girl, is thrilled with the way beautifying Kreml Shampoo keeps her hair shining-bright and lustrous for days!

Positively never leaves any excess dull, soapy film. Men can't help admire shimmering highlights in a girl's hair. They like the soft, silky feel of it under their fingers.

Silken-sheen beauty lasts for days. Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff but it actually brings out the natural sparkling highlights that lie concealed in the hair. Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much softer, silkier, easier to set.

Wonderful to softest dry, brittle ends. Kreml Shampoo is so mild and gentle on your hair. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Rather, it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry. It never leaves any excess soap-yellow film that makes your hair so dull and lifeless looking. So be glamour-wise and always wash your hair with Kreml Shampoo—a trump card in any woman's bag of beauty tricks! All drug, department and 10c stores.

KREML SHAMPOO
A product of R. B. Semler, Inc. FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC
"Katherine, that man is here."

The voice boomed into the C.B.S. Theater studio, over the control room channel, and a score or more shirtsleeved musicians looked up idly to see what was about to happen.

The speaker was Ted Collins; Katherine was Kate Smith; "that man" was Sullivan, on the Paul Revere mission of informing the countryside that in consequence of the magnificent standards maintained by Kate in 3,000 air shows, the Ed Sullivan-Modern Screen radio plaque had been awarded to the Columbia Broadcasting System star.

"Well, I'll be darned if it isn't Edward," exclaimed a bespectacled gent at one of the "mikes," as Collins and I emerged from the control room. The bespectacled gent was Tommy Dorsey, appearing that night on the Smith show, and greatly enjoying the ordered informality present at any Kate Smith rehearsal. But the informality never gets out of hand, because Ted Collins has definite ideas of showmanship, and the cardinal point of the Collins creed is that performers in general, and Katherine in particular, must be handled with respect. He always has felt that way. The first time he ever saw Kate Smith, in "Honeymoon Lane," Collins resented the gags that had been composed about her in the script of the show. "I don't care whether you weigh 108 pounds," stormed Collins. "Once you're on the stage, you are not to be treated as anything but a fine performer. If broken-down comics can't get laughs except at the expense of other members of the cast, they ought to get out of business." It has been on that basis that the Smith-Collins partnership not only has endured but flourished.

Down the years, there has been no breach in the consistency of the policy established by Collins. In Hollywood, when the Kate Smith show originated out there for a spell, the studio musicians and announcers were thunderstruck to learn that Collins had banned sport jackets, vari-colored flannel trousers and gay socks for them. "But this is California," they protested to Ted. "We don't dress formally out here for a radio show." Collins didn't waste any time in argument: "Listen, chums, this is a big league show. Kate Smith followers have a very definite idea in mind when they think of her, and they like to find her in a studio surrounded by a dinner-jacketed cast. If you'd rather drop out of the show - - - - ?"

There was the day that Collins went into Bill Paley's office at C.B.S. "I've got a new attraction for you, Bill," said Collins. Paley was interested, quick, because the Kate Smith show has incubated such finds as Abbott and
SHE, swell is inevitable. Made her prevent Quink is ink professional of find an ditution journey the myself daytime Kate's applauded. Back ceiling, to Kate of of and Collins. The recently, this has been an integrated effort that found every short cut, that eliminated every wasteful expenditure of time or energy or talent. Collins finds time, on the side, to run his Boston professional football team in the winter, and go trout fishing in the Adirondacks in the summer, when their program originates from Lake Placid.

The girl from Washington, D. C., Kate Smith, is even more extraordinary than her manager and friend. She is something special because of a God-given voice that is subject to none of the distresses that plague other singers. Typical: Other singers scream in agony at the very thought of snow-covered mountains, claim that extreme cold so tightens vocal chords that Whispering Jack Smith could out-about them. Kate listens sympathetically to her fellow thrushes, then heads for the bob sled run at Lake Placid. After a full day outdoors, she relaxes on her island estate by drinking something cold, iced milk or iced tea. According to all accepted standards, by this time her voice should have been as frozen as an OPA ceiling, but instead, it gets better with the years; stream out cool and clear as an Adirondack stream.

Recently, when I made the first Ed Sullivan-Metropolitan Screen award to Edward Johnson, of the Metropolitan Opera, we were talking about my favorite Metropolitan singer, the great Edi Pinza. "He's such a fine actor, too," I applauded. Mr. Johnson, a former "Met" star, acted amused: "Pinza has such a magnificent voice that he doesn't have to concentrate on singing. He acts his roles brilliantly because there is no fear in his mind about his singing."

It is the same with Kate Smith. Like Pinza, she has a voice that occasions her no apprehension, and so she handles all other chores brilliantly. Singing is child's play to her, and eagerly she turns to dialogue or commercials or speech making that would demoralize the better-than-average singer. Conditioning all of her extra-curricular activities is a fine mind and a nice dignity that are reflected in her very level eyes. Beyond that is a very genuine feeling for people. Kate likes them, and they know it, and it is evident in her voice and attitude.

This past summer, when Parks Johnson and Warren Hull left "Vox Pop" to swell comedian Peter Donald and me, one of our shows took us to Lake Placid, where the U. S. Army was running the exclusive lake
Placid Club as a reconditioning spot for re-returning GIs. As part of the program, hidden from the audience, a GI and his girl were married by a Catholic priest in the Army church. The GIs didn't have anybody to stand up for them. So I talked to Ted Collins, and he came in from a fishing trip, covered with four days of beard. I told him the GI and his bride.

That night, the two youngsters had Kate Smith as bridesmaid and Ted Collins as best man, and Kate sang a song for them with the GIs accompanying her.

So for this, and hundreds of other equally fine things, Kate Smith gets our second monthly award. It couldn't have gone to a nicer person.

Personality of the month: For my money, most popular on radio is Herb Shriner, Indiana, who appeared with me before President Truman at the White House Correspondents' dinner. Shriner, just out of the same drawing, Will Rogers comedy that distinguished him before he became a sad sack. Typical of the youngsters' crackball type of comedy: "With New York City shut down because there was no fuel for heat, it's too bad we couldn't have gotten that filibustering senator up here with these city slickers—where we really could have mixed some of that hot air."

Gash of the month:
Crosby: "Have I seen you in a long time, Jack and you really look marvelous. Hope I look as good when I'm your age."
Jack Benny: "You did."

Dinah Shore: "What has six legs and sings? "The Andrews Sisters!"

Frank Morgan—"Bing, what is your secret for winning an Academy Award?"
Bing Crosby: "Hard work, perseverance and, incidentally, Fitzgerald!"

Ollie O'Toole: "Before we got married, my wife said to Ollie, 'Don't you touch me and I agree with her.'
Jack Haley: "That's fine. And you've stuck to it.

Ollie: "I certainly have, Jack. Haven't kissed her in forty years."

Molly: "Don't think I've ever seen a clearer winter day. It must be very cold."
Fibber: "Cold! I had to walk down the street backwards because my sheepskin coat kept turning its tail into the wind."

News of programs: When Long Beach, California resident, Merle G. Overholtzer, won the first prize, rate in the Guy Lombardo (ABC—9 P.M. Tuesday EST) song title contest, little did he know of the headaches that Lombardo went through as a result. Mr. O. had to have his prize mailed because there was no way to get it to him. Various demands that the judges in such a contest actually read everything submitted. Lombardo was telling me at the Hotel Roosevelt that he has never done it so frantically, wading through miles of titles. Some idea of Guy's feeling may be obtained from the winning selection: "Do Sheep Count People When They Sleep?"

Radio Row agreed that the Hit Parade action in dropping Dick Todd on a 24-hour notice was one of the top churlish instances of the week. The worst sponsors who can realize the emotional makeup of the performers, Todd was crushed by the summary dismissal. Understandably. The move is, as the old timers say, "hot water in a stew pot." ... Kay Kyser, the Carolina Boy who made good in all of the big cities, now is drawing through his unmeetable radio year (10 P.M. Wednesday, EST, NBC). Kyser's success has been largely a personal thing. No performer works harder or is more anxious to please an audience, and that quality, flavored with homespun humor and modesty, has kept him in the top brackets.

An autographed fan crashed the Bob Hawke show on CBS, by showing up with a drum under his arm and telling the gatemani that he was with the Van Steeden crew.

Chubby-John May the New York Clipper: "Consistently get a laugh by commenting that New Yorkers never, or rarely ever, win radio contests. Despite the fact that there are 7,000,000 New Yorkers, representing a terrific market for any product, the winners always seem to come from Kalamazoo and stations East. In the Jack Benny contest, net a New Yorker finished third. Yet to guarantee that percentage-wise, the letter writers of Brooklyn, N. Y., the most prolific letter writers in the nation, topped all other areas. Benny, de-"="

Diana Lynn, grown-up and beautiful, will soon be seen in Paramount's "The Bride Wore Boots," Here Diana wears, not beautiful, but Henry Rosenfield's superbly cut sun dress of Loamshire cotton poplin. It has a tiny separate jacket to cover its one bare shoulder. See also the accessory ideas mode possible by the subtly contrasting tones of the belt. Diana's friend is none other than "Harvey," made visible by Dorzar, a firm of geniuses in toy making, who have caught all the charm of the country's favorite animal character.

To find out where to buy this dress, as well as the other fashions in MODERN SCREEN's fashion pages, write to: Fousio Pines, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave-\nbue, New York 16, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.


Radio is following the Dinah Shore-Jo Stafford Hooperating race, in which Miss Stafford gains a pinkish moment. Advantage, 14.9 to Dinah's 13.9. These ratings, compiled from telephone polls of various national areas, fluctuate from month to month, and can even drop two dollars. But there's no doubt that Jo is booming along faster than any other female singer.

All around the radio polls: About the only exception is that Joan Davis is the top air comedienne, that Lux Radio Theater is the best in its field, that Jo Stafford is best of the Jane-Come-Lately's, Radio Daily, Motion Picture Daily, Song Hits and Esquire findings are reproduced for your own observations. More than 1,000 editors in the Radio Daily Of America poll are asked with the following "Top Ranking" voting:

Program of '45—Fibber McGee, Molly. Comedian and individual entertainer—Bob Ross.

Popular singers—Crosby and Dinah Shore.

Sympathic program—N. Y. Philharmonic.

Sympathic conductor—Toscanini.

Popular musical show—Hit Parade.

News commentator—Lowell Thomas.

Dramatic serial—Lux Radio Theater.


Children's show—Let's Pretend.

Education series—American Town Meeting.

Quiz—Information Please.

Daytime variety—Breakfast Club.
So much for so little
This rayon gabardine beauty will be the most versatile item in your wardrobe. With flats and a beanie, wear it to school or to work: With your big black straw cartwheel hat plus a pair of black shortie gloves and your high-heeled suede pumps, it will go dancing with equal confidence. Comes in print shantung, too! Gail Gray Junior Classic for under $6.00.

A steal from General Ike is this two-piece battle-jacketed honey. Skirt is tailored to a T, a swell mix-matcher with your other blouses. The sharply tailored jacket makes your waist look tiny. Wear it casual-like, the way you see it here, or with a white ascot, hat, and gloves to give you that put-together look. Another Gail Gray for under $6.00.

Look sweet 'n lovely in this charmer of a two-piece, with its expensive looking dressmaker touches that are found in dresses twice its tiny price (under $6.00). Wear it with that new flowered Easter bonnet, and don't go out without snow-white shortie gloves! All these Gail Gray Junior Classics are made by the Jack Wasserman Company.
A Personality Two-some by Ambassador, this charming print dress, with its perky peplum front, will be your standby through warm Summer days. It's an Adventure print in washable rayon and it's under $13.00.

Ponemah's washable one-denier rayon, which is the very last word in fabric news, makes this circus-y print dress, with that flattering sweep to the side. It's a Personality Classic by Ambassador, and it's about $15.00.
He's home again! Nothing like American women! No colors like Revlon “American originals” to idealize American beauty!

Take it from a man! Revlon's new color

“Bachelor's Carnation”

What's this? The one color that defies convention—imaginative—like the new fashions! A capricious carmine...with a tender passion...plucked from the heart of his carnation...turns siren on your matching lips and fingertips. And suddenly...it's spring! “Bachelor's Carnation” Face Powder breaks all the rules, too. Packed with beauty surprise! All this...and that incredible Revlon "stay-on" power
Always a Picture of Loveliness

IN A GAIL GRAY JUNIOR CLASSIC

Got a date? Then you rate

At leading stores throughout the country. For store in your city, write: Dept. MS5 J ACK WASSERMAN CO., INC., 225 W. 35 St., N. Y. 1
"YOU'RE always well dressed in a suit," is the fashion adage, and our favorite gals in Hollywood swear by that idea. Their suits range from tried and true classics to knockout dressed-up numbers that can go anywhere.

JANE WYMAN, famed for that "put-together" look, always appears as trim without her suit jacket as she does with it on, because she sews small shoulder pads into her sweaters.

JOAN CRAWFORD, who looks terrific in her suits, avoids that sat-out-skirt look by having her suit skirts rounded in the back waistline as much as two and one-half or three inches, to follow the natural contour of her body. To hold her skirt down and keep it hanging perfectly she has the hemlines weighted.

ALEXIS SMITH avoids having her blouses ride up out of her skirts by having one-inch ribbon tucked inside her blouse at the waistline, hooking it at the center front. This fits the blouse to her waist and prevents it from pulling out of her skirt.

DOROTHY MALONE accessorizes her basic tweeds in unexpected ways. She has a dark brown tweed suit, which she dresses up for festive occasions by wearing a dull gold lamé gilet and adding jeweled buttons. A dull gold beanie completes a fascinating costume.

IDA LUPINO glamorizes a wine wool suit by adding a pink satin brocaded gilet and stunning flared satin gloves. Ever try making your own from patterns given by almost all the well known pattern companies? It's not too hard!

ELEANOR PARKER'S favorite dress-up is a black velvet with a slight bustle effect in the back. With it she wears a black velvet ribbon drawn through her up-swept hair, and through the bow of it she draws three white ermine tails.

ANOTHER bustle suit is worn by Joan Leslie, who has a back interest suit in green wool. She wears with it an unexpected hat of natural Tuscan straw and a straw handbag. Matching hats and handbags are NEWS!

A DRESSMAKER gabardine suit was made really dressed-up by Joan Crawford, who wore a black velvet and pearl choker with her black suit, which has a low-cut square neckline. A white straw sailor hat completes her costume.

JOAN CRAWFORD again (that gal lives in suits) has a novel idea for wearing flowers on one of her summer suits. She draws them through two slits cut in the shoulder of her jacket, bound in the same shade as the binding of her buttonholes.

ELEANOR PARKER mix-matches a stunning two-tone grey outfit. Her skirt is dark grey, her simple tailored jacket is lighter grey. A three-quarter length topper of the same shade as the jacket makes a workable outfit.

JOAN WINFIELD looks very smart in a severely tailored black satin suit, which she wears with a snowy "dandy" blouse and a white hat. Red roses on the hat, red roses pinned to her suit give her a romantic air.
FOREMOST women wear FORMOST Bras

It's a year when style and femininity are synonymous...when contours must be as subtle as the notes of a cello—at once soft and well-defined. That's why young women who are going places wear Formost Bras...that are symphonies of beauty, comfort, and control. A, B, and C cups, 95c to $2.50.

FORMOST FOUNDATIONS New York

Accept this fascinating, popular Charm Bracelet

A truly sensational offer! This bracelet is virtually yours for the asking. It is guaranteed 24K Gold Finish, complete with sturdy clasp and Four Dainty Charms. You can add more if you like. Sent Postpaid for only 10¢ and a Radio Girl Perfume label. (See coupon below)

Tuned to Romance

RADIO GIRL Perfume

An exotic, tantalizing fragrance...so full of mystery and loveliness...so truly different, so inviting to romance...Radio Girl Perfume lingers like a haunting melody.

RADIO GIRL PERFUME, Dept. M.T.
301So. Wells St., Chicago 7, Ill.
Send me postpaid, without further obligation, Charm Bracelet(s). (Enclosed is 10¢ and a Radio Girl Perfume label for each one)

Name __________________________
Address ________________________
City ____________________________ Zone __________ State

HEADY FASHIONS

HATS and umbrellas match this year! Mary Goodfellow makes a striped lovely with lush, lush roses high on the crown, and matches it with a striped parasol! It's an idea that's going to go over big, so watch for it in your local shops!

EVER see those dashing high chechia hats warn by the Russian Cossacks? They're in the news, made not of fur, but of felt, of straw, of ribbon. Try one with that flared short coat to give you that swashbuckling look!

TAKE one white straw beanie or bowler. Buy a few yards of polka dot ribbon and a bit of veiling. Tie the ribbon into a multitude of bows and arrange them smack in the middle of the front of your hat. Add veil. Lo! An Easter bonnet!

A NITA ANDRA, creator of the exotic, makes a turban of natural colored Tuscan straw. Tuscan is that lacy, fragile natural straw that drapes like fabric and looks luscious. You'll be seeing it around!

LOTS and lots of open-crowned hats are being shown this season! Know what that means? It means that your public sees the crown of your head, which is more than you do, unless you LOOK! So take that hand mirror before you go out, and see that the top of your head is sleek and shiny.

REMEMBER the off-the-face Breton sailor you wore when you went to Sunday school? Remember the elastic under your chin? Well, grown-up Bretons don't have the elastic, but otherwise they're the same school girl stuff that those were. They came big, bigger, biggest, so buy one to match your size!

THE perennial straight brimmed sailor is perennial! And never prettier than this season, made of rough or smooth straw, piled high with bows, ribbons, fruit, butterflies! Your fancy can run riot, if your fingers are nimble; if not, look for the lovely ones you'll find on the counters of your local stores.
JEWELRY MAGIC

Try wearing your gold chain necklace looped over the shoulder of your new Spring suit, the way our bays wear their beautiful looped braid decorations. Just drape it over your sleeve, and fasten on the shoulder with a gold pin or clip. It's new!

A PRETTY pin or clip is nice, three of 'em marching down your lapel, on your handbag or your blouse are better! Even a very inexpensive pin gains in importance when it's triplets! If you can get different sizes, it's even cuter!

Been wearing your pins or clips on your suit lapel, just like everybody else? Well, don't, 'cause it's newer to pin them on your sleeve, just below the shoulder, or on your blouse cuff. The new bishop sleeves are just perfect for that kind of accent.

You've got a string of pearls, haven't you? And we bet you have a gold chain necklet, because everybody bought 'em this season. Add one to the other, a twist of the wrist (or two, or three), and you've got the very latest thing in necklaces.

That charm bracelet that you're sort of tired of wearing makes a fascinating chatelaine! Wear it looped across your suit front, with perhaps a pretty pin on one end, the other disappearing into your suit pocket. Or try it looped swag-like from the bottom button of your suit into your right hand pocket.

That some old chatelaine is just the thing to wear looped on your shiny calf skin belt. Try the same with your chain necklace. Dresses up that skirt and blouse combination into high style!

Take one plain white blouse. Add a bright ribbon going under the collar and crossing over just at your throat. Cut the ribbon ends into an inverted V. Pin your prettiest heirloom pin where the ribbon crosses. It gives that "dandy" look!
clean, his feet kicked comfortably on the bed while he watched Maria try on one of the several dozen hats she'd picked up while waiting for the boat to come in.

"I'm a lucky guy," he murmured.

Maria turned her head and, just as he'd expected, she handed him a straw hat with long, straight black hair on her head. "Why?"

"Having you. Getting sent back with the Mission. Coming home with almost a whole skin."

luck hounds him...

Jean Pierre Aumont is one of the luckiest men in Hollywood. He went through the first phase of the war in Europe with the Nazis biting at his heels every step he took, only holding back long enough for the handsome Frenchman to pick up a Croix de Guerre in the midst of the fighting. Somehow he slipped out of Europe and over to the United States in 1941 while France fell back into the shadows. He had thirteen years of theatrical experience behind him when he first gawked his way along Broadway. One startling piece of good fortune came to him when another came his way: theatrical engagements, Hollywood and stardom in two pictures, all climaxed by his marriage to Maria Montez.

Then it was war again, North Africa, Italy, the invasion of Southern France, another Croix de Guerre, a couple pieces of shrapnel, and now his return to the States with the U. S. Military Mission to the United Nations Conference. There was a lot of flesh gone off his bones, the circles under his eyes made him look as though he'd had a bad night but at 33 he was still packed with energy.

And the biggest piece of luck was still in the cards for Jean Pierre and his wife—the baby born to them in February of this year. But before Maria Christina's St. Valentine's Day bow, the Aumonts were sure busy dodging rumors—and hunting room.

Like that time the manager knocked on their hotel door. "Mr. Aumont," the gentleman said very dramatically, "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you and Mrs. Aumont to leave the hotel."

Jean Pierre was astonished. This was no homecoming reception for a soldier after eighteen months of war. "What's wrong?"

"There have been scores of autograph collectors in the lobby for days. We can't move about and the other guests are complaining. On top of that," he continued, touching a white handkerchief to his cheek, "one of them slapped my face when I wouldn't let her come upstairs to you!"

Jean Pierre kept Maria from charging out into the lobby while he nodded grimly. "We're leaving this afternoon for San Francisco. But don't forget, mister, if it wasn't for those autograph people, we might not have the money to stay at your hotel. Goodbye."

Maria was ready to climb on the furniture, to start tearing the pictures off the walls, to do a thorough job of wrecking the joint, but Jean Pierre, who supplies the tempering influence in the family, hushed her. "Anymore," he asked, "you didn't do as many people know was coming back? It was supposed to be a military secret."

Maria jammed a hat down on her head. "Every time I signed an autograph book in these eight days I've been waiting for you, I told them. I couldn't help it. It was bursting inside of me."

Before they left the hotel, there was the business of exchanging homecoming gifts.

Maria had bought her husband a handsome, watch, and she was positive Jean Pierre had picked up some French perfume for her. He must have fetched along a couple of hats from the French capital or brought back a gown, something out of this world, something from France. She waited breathlessly while he dove into the battered duffle bag. He turned around triumphantly.

In the air he waved two very old, very spotty scarves made from parachute silk. "An American paratrooper gave them to me," he explained, "I thought they'd be a fine souvenir for you."

The Gypsy Wildcat tried to hold back her disappointment, then she let loose with a scream of rage that must have startled the autograph hunters ten floors below. Aumont listened in astonishment.

"Why didn't somebody tell me about this perfume business? Everyone on the boat had bottles of perfume, but it never occurred to me French perfume was any better than what you buy here in New York. Somebody should tell the French about their own country."

"And the hats."

He slapped his hands hard against his sides. "On a military mission, do you think I can come down the gangplank with a couple of hat boxes under my arm? I would be a disgrace! Do you want me to be court martialed?"

Then he threw back his head and laughed as only Maria could laugh. Maria joined in with him. Besides, she found she could twist the scarves about her head and make quite a fancy chapeau with them.

They traveled back on the train back to the Coast. And in Chicago, as usual, Maria lost one of her traveling bags. It's become such a bad habit with her that the Insurance people are beginning to look sideways each time she walks up and smiles her way into a baggage insurance policy.

Nothing much happened on the train. Nothing except that time, at three in the morning, when the Super Chief was roaring through Missouri, Jean Pierre felt a long slim hand reaching through the welter of hat boxes and poking him.

"Jean Pierre!" It was Maria's voice, in a long, hissing whisper.

Aumont doesn't frighten easily, but this time he felt the short hairs on the back of his head lift up and do a can-can.

"What is it?"

"The door is at the door of the compartment!"

fame at dawn...

With the vision of a third Croix de Guerre in his head, Jean Pierre vaulted out of the berth, stumbled over a hat box and fell heavily against the door. When he could stand straight and take a line of GI's, the rear guard of the club car contingent. One of them thrust an autograph book in Aumont's face. "Do you mind?"

"Do a line of GI's at the next stop, and we thought maybe..."

Aumont didn't mind, but the GI's must have been puzzled at the strange hieroglyphics that danced over the pages as autographs. At three a.m. Maria refused to turn on the light, and she devised a signature that was something akin to Braille pin pricks.

After a quick visit to Hollywood and a party given by his great friend, Charles Boyer, Jean Pierre and Maria went on to the United Nations conference in San Francisco where Aumont was to arrange
an exhibit of French war documents. And it was in San Francisco, with the start of a new era in a new world, that the couple decided a baby was about the only thing missing from their lives.

They neglected to take the War Department in on their plans for a baby, however, so that Aumont, still on the payroll of the French Army, was ordered on a speaking tour in aid of the Canadian Victory Loan Drive—part of the lend-lease agreement.

In New York, at LaGuardia Field, he was talking to the ticket clerk. "You remember me, Lieutenant," the clerk said, "I was with you at Rodiconfani in Italy when you took over those tanks."

Lieutenant Aumont nodded, for it was at Rodiconfani he had earned his second Croix de Guerre. Hatred of the Nazis was more than just a pat line with him. It was tied in with death, and the screams of dying men, and a long memory. Then the departure of the Montreal plane was announced. He shouted goodbye, grabbed his bag and ran. Seconds later the clerk came running after him, waving a yellow slip in the air. "Lieutenant," he gasped, "look what just came over the ticker."

**prayer for peace**

Jean Pierre read the words. "This morning the German High Command signed the surrender terms." The rest was blurred. He fastened his safety belt automatically, and rested his head against the cushion. A hand touched his shoulder and a voice inquired anxiously, "Are you sick, Lieutenant Aumont? Is there anything I can do?"

He opened his eyes and shook his head at the stewardess.

"No, I'm well, thank you."

"But you had your head thrown back, and your lips—"

"I was praying."

Two months later he was back in Hollywood with discharge papers in his pocket. In the house in Beverly Hills there was Maria and her sisters, Consuelo, Adita and Lucia, and there was Jean Pierre. It was a small house, with only two bedrooms, and the knuckles of Jean Pierre's right hand were sore from tapping on doors to see if it was safe for the one man in the house to enter. And there was that baby on its way. They moved to a bigger house, with bedrooms to spare, a nursery, and a room Maria thought would do well for storing her hats.

Jean Pierre is enthusiastic about the house because he can drive home from the Universal studios in less than twenty minutes. In the Los Angeles area, where every minute of the day is like New York's Broadway at five-fifteen each night, that is a blessing.

Under contract to M-G-M, he's been loaned first to RKO to make "Heartbeat," with Ginger Rogers, and currently to do "Fandango" with Yvonne De Carlo and Brian Donlevy. At the studio there has been no problem of readjustment for the volatile Frenchman who cavorts before the camera like a bundle of steel springs tightly coiled. In the whip duel scene of "Fandango" with Phil Reed, he became too enthusiastic and touched Phil twice with the murderous bull whips, bringing a spurt of blood to Reed's cheek, and a howl from the director, the cameraman, and a mixed-up moan-and-groan from the script reader, the publicity department, and thirty-two other men being escorted through the set.

"I had no trouble getting used to the routine about the studio," he says. "It was just like when I was in the Army—after five days, I felt as though I'd been there all my life. I've been an actor for sixteen years, and acting is like swimming—it's hard to forget."

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Aumont was a problem child while he was growing up near Paris. He wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but one was hanging close to the edge of the bassinet when he first began to take notice of life. And he used the spoons and a lot of other things to knock the stuffings out of whatever got in his way for the next seventeen years. His father tried the old "manual of arms" method on him; but it had little effect on calming down the well springs in Jean Pierre's life.

**home is the hunter...**

He was a hell-cat from the start, and he devoted a good deal of his time to sinking his claws into anything within reach. In desperation his father sent him off to various schools where the birch rods were stacked higher than the books. As a result Jean Pierre says no child of his is ever going to be sent away to a school boasting of its rigid discipline. "Any time a child of mine needs correction, I'm the one who is going to lay it on. I won't hire any school teacher to do it for me."

This baby business in the Aumont home has drawn out the best in him. When he came home one evening after a long day on the set, still clad in the Russian sailor outfit he wears in "Fandango," and still daubed with grease paint, Maria seized him excitedly by the arm. "Come see what I've got in the nursery!"

He went and gazed with a bit of perplexity at the wood and steel standing in the corner.

"You've located a baby bed. That's good," he turned to go.

"But, my darling, the spring! It's steel. Do you know I've looked for months for a baby's bed with a steel spring. They aren't making that kind any more."

Aumont patted the steel spring appreciatively, then turned away for it was late and he was hungry. Maria stopped him firmly.

"You're going to put the bed up, aren't you?"

"You mean, right now, before I have dinner?"

**mechanical genius...**

She nodded, her dark hair shaking. And Jean Pierre, because Maria had been sensible about her long months of pregnancy, not demanding strawberries from Nome, or dill pickles at two a.m., hunted up some tools instantaneously and the array of wooden slats and steel springs. He wasn't quite sure how it happened, but soon Maria was at one end of the bed, her sister Consuelo at the other, with Adita and Lucita somewhere in between, all of them talking excitedly in Spanish. The buttered dough in and out of the massed arms, fetching pliers and washers, while once in a while the maid showed up in the middle. Jean Pierre climbed on a chair to get a look at the excitement while they worked, and was filled with great energy and the baby's bed gradually began to take shape. When it was all finished, Maria looked around for her husband, took him by the arm, and marched to her sisters. "That's what I like about Jean Pierre—he's so handy with tools."

On the advice of the doctor, and with Jean Pierre keeping a critical eye on her, Maria continued working until late in November when she finished "Tangier," and went home to devote a full twenty-four hours a day to preparing for the baby. Besides, someone had to be at home to entertain all the members of the American Third Army who were continually calling for the "Lieutenant" and reminding him of the invitation he'd extended in odd corners of Europe to "drop around sometime to our place in Beverly Hills and meet the wife." Now adays a steady stream of GIs do their sightseeing around Hollywood and Los Angeles via the Aumont home. There's a telephone call, a screeching of taxi wheels, a cup of tea or a cocktail and a half hour of hostessing by the lovely Maria Monter. "There's five privates of the Third Army I have not met," Maria says, "but then the war is not over a year. They'll be here eventually."

It was a happy home, the Aumont house, all during the time they waited for the coming of the baby. Maria, after a bad start, was in splendid health. She had no whims, no cravings, and her temper was calmer than before. Jean Pierre showed his appreciation in the tenderness of the kiss with which he met Maria each night on his return from the studio. Once Maria thought the Frenchman was being too calm. She made a motion with her hands and said, "I feel funny here, and here."

Jean Pierre stood above her, his hands extended, his lips parted in a broad grin. "Don't baby yourself, my darling. You're strong and healthy!"

Afterwards he walked with her to the foot of the long flight of steps leading upward; and when he turned in the doorway he gazed thoughtfully as the crackling logs in the fireplace. He spun about and asked a question of Lucita Monter who was watching him. There was a catch in his voice.

"Do you think Maria is frightened?"

Lucita shook her head emphatically.

"No."

There is always an end to waiting, and it came that February morning when Jean Pierre was sitting in the lobby and Maria lay cradled in Maria's arms his daughter, Maria Christina. It was another turn in the cards for the "Fighting Frenchman," another step on the ladder of good fortune he's been climbing.

He's a lucky guy!

---

**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

I was fortunate enough to be given a furlough and ordered to be on the same train as Duke Ellington. Although I had quite a few recordings, I had never actually seen the Duke.

I was pulled into the station at Dayton, Ohio, the inevitable scramble began. Feeling extremely tired and wondering if I would be able to get a cab, I glanced about the platform. I noticed a man standing near me. A cab pulled up in front of him and his friends. I still didn't realize who this was. As the cab driver started to pick up some of the monogrammed luggage, the Duke spoke to me: "Won't you and your wife take this? I always think strangers come first." His lips parted in a flashing smile.

"Well! What do you think of that?" I said wonderingly to the pretty girl beside me.

"I think he must be a pretty regular guy," she replied.

Before my furlough was over, I had accepted the Duke's idea as my own. I now cannot only thank him for the taxi he offered me, but the wife isn't bad, either. I wonder what he would think if he knew how he played cupid to a lonely serviceman?

Sgt. W. E. Keim
Oklahoma City, Okla.
For almost everyone of us there is someone somewhere whose heartbeat is our own heartbeat... someone who is forever all that is best and growing and great in life. For almost everyone of us there is someone somewhere who enfolds us... who holds us safe and sure... who never turns... is never gone from us.

Our mothers have given of themselves, and in return have asked no due... have made no imperative demand. But there is that we in turn can give... To the daily ways of life in a world once more at peace we can restore the kindliness, consideration and compassion for each other’s needs, which we, in such great measure, have had from Mothers everywhere.

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crazy? I am.

Things were going to be perfect from now on. There wouldn't be that knowledge all the while they were together that in a week or a day or how long they'd be here. There wouldn't be the long periods of waiting for a furlough, or those moments when it seemed she just had to talk to him, and they ate sliced chicken and wedding cake, all flavored with ambrosia and served on a pink cloud. When they got to Santa Barbara they decided to go to a certain club for dinner—one where there was romantic Spanish music. Although, as it turned out, they didn't do a lot of dancing. It was much more fun to sit and talk, or just look at each other. It wasn't long, of course, before people started coming up to ask for autographs—a steady stream of them. That's when Shirley would light up, and sing about the man at the next table. She had noticed him when they first came in. He was gray-haired and sort of distinguished looking, and obviously liked the first autograph seeker came up to Shirley, the man stared for a moment, then looked politely away. As the crowd of fans multiplied his face grew colder and colder.

"What is wrong with him, Jack?" Shirley whispered.

"He's just admiring you because you're so perfect," Jack answered.

"He is not!" Shirley was emphatic. "He has something on his mind."

Sure enough, at that moment, the man turned back and stared at Jack in English but with a definite accent. "I beg your pardon. But your wife she es the head of this establishment, yes?"

Jack was surprised. "Why no, sir."

"But she has to sign all the checks, it seems. Is she the cashier?"

Shirley burst into delighted laughter while Jack gave her "a look" to sign her name on those things because she's Shirley Temple. Only now," he added proudly, "she's Mrs. Agar.

"No," Shirley said, "I'm Mrs. Agar."

"Yes, and so am I."

"That girl has got a terrible laugh," she said, after hanging up on the ninetieth friend. "I should be in vaudeville."

"Relax, Jack. We'll work out something." Shirley leaned back against his shoulder with a comfortable little sigh. Husbands were a great institution, she decided.

She had felt that way ever since the wedding. The wedding had been terribly exciting, so much so that neither she nor Jack had had a chance to do anything but bits and pieces of it. They had gone over it the next day, fitting it together like a jigsaw puzzle, from their separate memories.

"So I walked up the aisle toward you and you looked as if you wanted to run away," Shirley had said teasingly.

"Untrue. Or maybe I would have liked to run away if I could have taken you along."

"You did that eventually. Remember our wild ride to the hotel, with me holding that broken door shut on the car? I almost fell out every time we turned a corner."

They had given a sigh of relief when they finally got to the hotel where they had reservations. They walked into the lobby in what they hoped was a very nonchalant manner, as if they were quite used to walking into hotels together, sound of a lutey, and tennis racket, and no set for their suite which had been reserved in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barnet, to avoid publicity. The clerk stared, surprised and dismayed.

"Why, I gave that suite to a major and his wife an hour ago. I thought they were the ones..." his voice trailed off. Shirley opened her eyes wide, and Jack's arm. It was midnight, and she knew what the hotel situation was these days. She felt a tiny wave of panic start at her heels and start upwards.

However, Jack was talking easily to the clerk, straightening things out, finding another suite, which was, the clerk said, the real "bridal suite." Shirley looked at Jack admiringly. Husbands were wonderful!
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¹ Based on tests of leading and other deodorants
I think was picture of those natural born cooks you hear about. She strutted slightly, and wrote Jack a long letter about how simple cooking was. Nothing to it, really. The next lesson was on cake. Shirley, the expert, sifted the flour, mixed the sugar and butter, and then reached for an egg. She knew the teacher was watching her, and she was very nonchalant. She tapped the egg lightly on the side of the bowl, the way she had seen the cook do at home. Nothing happened. She tapped again. The egg remained intact.

"Oh, a tough egg, huh?" said Shirley to herself, and gave it a darn good crack. She spent the next ten minutes wiping egg off everything in the immediate vicinity. The cake when done, although it looked beautiful, tasted as though it had been made by a brick layer. Shirley wrote Jack that maybe there was more to this cooking business than met the eye. But by the time he got out of the Army, she was a charm school graduate.

Then Jack grinned at her, and it was as if someone had lifted a weight off her heart. She had so wanted it to be right. "Maybe I’ve never eaten better cake. Congratulations!"

"Why didn’t you say something before, you big lug? Scaring me half to death."

"Well, I was busy not cooking my breakfast the day after we were married."

**prophet with honor . . .**

Jack loves to tease her, and she doesn’t mind. She doesn’t mind anything he does, and he feels the same way about her. He’s glad about it, too. He’s like an inflated frog every time he introduces her to someone. Not because she’s a picture star, but because she’s so sweet and pretty and friendly and nice. When he was at camp in Utah, he brought three of his best buddies up to the room to see Shirley and they talked till two in the morning. The boys were a little shy for the first few minutes. After that, they felt as if they had known Shirley forever and it couldn’t have been more fun. One boy was from the Bronx, one from Kansas, and one from Oklahoma. The lad from the Bronx, Joe, was in pretty much of a dither. His wife was going to have a baby soon and he was determined to be a success. Shirley laughed at him. "Your wife’s going to have a girl, Joe. I can see it in my crystal ball. You might just as well make up your mind to it."

Joe was outraged. "Don’t say those things. I know she’s going to have a boy."

A few weeks later, Shirley in Hollywood stood at their door and said, "Now see what you’ve done. It’s a girl. Joe."

About three-quarters of Jack’s friends are married. Since Shirley is so young, of a few of the girls she knows best are married yet. Shirley is all for getting the rest of them to the altar as soon as possible. Not only because she’s divinely happy herself, but because she wants a young married set around her.

"The same sort of people Jack and I are," she explains. "Now that he’s home, we’ll want to go dancing sometimes, and
MRS. GEORGE MURPHY—delightful wife of the debonair screen star.

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“Camouflages”
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have a crowd in for Sunday night supper and things like that. We won’t ever play bridge. We just aren’t the type.

One thing they are definitely going to have as soon as they get their house, and that’s a collie dog.

Their hotel stay came to an end sooner than they had expected, though not due to the dog. Floating in the rose-colored fog of happy reunion, they had completely forgotten about the five day limit on transient guests. Jack was out with the car when Shirley got a call from the desk.

“Will you please have your luggage out of your room as soon as possible, Mrs. Agar? Lieutenant so-and-so and his wife are waiting to check in.”

“Oh—uh—yes, of course,” Shirley said, and hung up. Darn the lieutenant and his wife! Darn the five day limit! But she started packing feverishly. When Jack whirled into the hotel driveway he found a small, lost-looking figure on the steps, completely surrounded by luggage.

“Poor baby,” he said when he heard the explanation. “And you had to pack all by yourself.”

“Packing is a wife’s job anyway,” Shirley told him. “I didn’t mind. And practically everyone in the country is being thrown out of hotels these days. We’re just like everyone else.”

That, of course, is the endearing thing about the Agars. They’re just like everyone else—only nicer.

“ADVENTURE”
(Story)
(Continued from page 47)

now,” Harry said. “It was your idea, wasn’t it?”

“I’m thinking better of it,” Mudgin said.

The girl with the horn rim glasses turned.

She was really pretty than the glasses might lead you to expect; there was something—or rather the hint of something—in her eyes and in the turn of her mouth that made you look again even after you saw the glasses.

“Yes?” she said.

“I got a sailor with me wants a little information,” Harry said.

She turned to Mudgin.

“Go ahead, Mudgin,” Harry said.

“I hate to be bothering you, Miss,” Mudgin said apologetically.

“That’s what I’m here for.”

“It’s personal,” Mudgin said, “and I’m not sure a library is the place to find what it is I’m looking for…”

“What is it you’re looking for?”

“My soul,” Mudgin said.

His face was serious, almost grimly serious and the girl didn’t laugh after her first startled look. She looked quickly at Harry and then back to Mudgin again.

“He says he lost it on Powell Street in the fog. Just popped out and was gone. Like that. Right, Mudgin?” nudge Harry.

“That’s how it was, Harry,” Mudgin said: he turned to the girl again. “You see, Miss, I made some promises. We was torpedoed last time out—”

The girl looked swiftly at Harry.

“Hi happens,” Harry said grimly, “even in the Merchant Marine. You’ve heard of the Merchant Marine, haven’t you?”

“Yes,” the girl said. “I’ve heard.”

“And it was Harry who saved us,” Mudgin said. “Harry and Him—”

“I’ll skip any billing in the credit,” Harry said. “Just went by the ride.”

“Where’d it go?” Mudgin asked.

“I dunno,” Harry answered. “But we’re all safe, safe. That’s all.”
thing in the Library could help—"
"We can try," the girl said gently.
So they did—looking through the thick stacks of books but in all the endless lines of volume after volume there seemed to be nothing that a man who lost his soul on Powell Street might read with use.
"It's not your fault, Miss," Mudgin said.
"It being a special case and these being times when men don't seem to think it worth writing anything about a poor, wandering thing like a man's soul. But you didn't laugh at me. And for that you have my deepest thanks. I'll not forget that. So I'll be going along now, Miss, and I'll be remembering you—
He looked inexpressibly lonely, pathetically small against the high proud arch of the stone columns of the room. And Harry watched him, his face tight, and then he turned back to the girl.
"So that's the best you can do for a man," he said, "with all your books."
"It's a type of psycho-neurosis," she said.
"Psycho-neurosis!"
Harry cried. "You have names for everything, don't you? It's a great racket, isn't it? How long did it take you to learn all the names?"
"Are you interested in taking a few courses?"
"You couldn't teach me anything, sister. I know everything you know plus a couple of things you never even dreamed of. Don't go high and mighty on me, sister!"
He was very close to her and his hand touched her shoulder and pushed her back against the wall.
"What do you think you're doing?" the girl said.
"Teaching you a few things," Harry said.
"Get out of this dump, sister. before you go as dead as all those books you got lined up, like stiffs in the morgue."
She swung away from him suddenly, sharply, and in a quick involuntary gesture she snapped her glasses off and he could see the flashing glint of her eyes.
"You're big and you're wise and you know all the tricks, don't you?" she said angrily. "Only you don't even know enough to know how stupid you really are. What did you expect to find here—the answers to everything? Go on back to your bars and beer, that's all you're good for. You'll find a bar just down the block a bit—"
"That's where I'm heading," Harry said.
He turned—and almost crashed into the girl who was coming at a clattering walk straight to the desk.
"Hello," the girl said.
"Hello," Harry said.
"I was talking to Emily," the girl said.
"I know Emily," Harry said. \"Emily's the little brain dynamo. Who're you?\"
"Helen."
"You're a sight for sore eyes, Helen. I didn't think there was anything living in the joint except termites. Ever get hungry, Helen?"
"Sometimes."
"Hungry now?"
"A little."
"Let's go see what we can do about it."
"I was having dinner with Emily."
Harry grinned.
"Well, well!" he said. "Hiya, Emily!"
"No," Emily said.
"Aw, Em," Helen said. "Why?"
"I'm a sailor," Harry said. "Em doesn't like sailors."
"That's not true," Emily said sharply.
Harry shrugged.
"Aw, let him eat with us, Em," Helen said again.
Emily's mouth was a thin line: "All right," she said, "I always feed starving cats, dogs and sailors."
It was because of a chicken, that they found themselves—Emily and Harry—
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the night to Reno. Because of a chicken, and an old farmhouse that Emily owned, and a night in San Francisco when Emily crowned him with a plate.

There was that afternoon when he and Emily went down the road to buy some groceries one Sunday out at the farm and there wasn't anything but cheese. And on the way back, they saw this chicken; the sweetest, juiciest chicken this side of the Mississippi. And somehow they both had the same idea and they were crouching in the tail corn, staring very fixedly at Farmer Ludlow's prize pullet. They made a grab for it and they heard Ludlow yell and then they were running, the two of them and the chicken, running and laughing, until they were able to duck down a side lane and Ludlow didn't see them.

And, somehow, then, they were kissing.

Everything was hazy then, right through the wild ride to Reno down the moon-swept roads. Emily always remembered how he looked with the wind whipping through his hair and the way he turned to her and laughed. And somewhere, just above Reno she told him a poem she always read and he didn't laugh and she loved him for that. So it was the most natural thing in the world for them to stop when they saw the sign, with Reno glittering just beyond the next turn:

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

They were married there and the Justice was a funny old codger just like the ones you always see in the movies, only he was the real thing and not an actor and when he tied the knot, he did it by all the laws of the State of Nevada and maybe by the laws of the United States of America and the nine Justices of The Supreme Court, too. It was the sweetest wedding you could imagine and she was still thinking about it later in the hotel room.

"Darling," she said.

"Yeah..."

"What are you going to give me for my wedding?"

"I'll marry you for a present," he said.

"How's that?"

"Wonderful. Harry..."

"Yeah?"

"Why did you marry me?"

"Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Sure," she said. "Is it what you wanted?"

He turned to her then from the window and looked at her slowly while she sat perched on the rickety bed with the silly little flower hat she wore falling into her eyes. He came toward her.

"I never do anything I don't want to do," he said.

Back in Frisco they came to the apartment and Helen was there. Helen opened the door and the first thing she did was to start to shut it until Harry put his foot in the door and shouldered it open.

"You ran out on me," Helen said. "Pals!"

"Wait a minute—Emily said.

"You big heel!" Helen said to Harry.

"We're married," Emily said.

"You big lug!" Helen said. "What!"

"We're married," Emily said.

So it was all roses again. Helen insisted on a party. Harry sent down for some wine. Helen was weeping on Emily's shoulder like a long lost sister, making her tell the whole story. Laughing in between, and crying a little.

"That's the end of the team of Emmy and Helen," Helen said.

"When do you want me to move, kids?"

"But it's only for a couple of days," Harry said apologetically.

There was a long tight pause. Harry looked from Emily to Helen and then back at Emily again.

"What's the pitch?" he said sharply.

"A couple of days," Emily said slowly.
"I'm shipping out," Harry said. "You knew that, didn't you? I'm a sailor—"

"I thought—"

"Wait a minute," Harry said. "Let's get it straight. You thought I'd quit my ship because I'm married? Give up the one thing that means anything to me, to putter around a garden on shore? Me? Stuck on land for the rest of my life?"

"No, Harry," Emily almost whispered, "I wouldn't want you to do anything you didn't want to do—"

"That's settled," Harry said, grinning.

"What do you say we go out and celebrate?"

So the ride was over. She realized it dully later when they were alone. She could hear Harry in the other room, humming in that queer, off-key voice of his. She couldn't blame Harry. He was what he was. He never pretended to be anything else. Whose fault was it if she thought a marriage license and a wedding band would suddenly change him like the pumpkin after it was struck by the magic wand?

She walked slowly toward the door of the other room. Play it light, she kept telling herself; play it with a laugh. So when she came to the door she almost believed it herself. He looked up at her, grinning, and she grinned right back.

"Sailor," she said, "the big shore leave's over. It's been nice knowing you and you're a great guy. We got married fast. Let's do the rest of it fast. I want a divorce, Harry.

The Pacific Belle was rolling down to Chile. She took the great Pacific swells, wallowing and rising like a waddling duck on the water.

On deck Harry Patterson stood at the rail looking down at the oily swells sweeping past the dark, rust-covered hull. At his side Mudgin shivered a little and looked up at the sky.

"They never know what they want."

Harry said.

"I take it you're talkin' of women," Mudgin said.

"Yeah."

"She's too good for you, Harry."

Harry swung around sharply: "Too good for me? On again, off again. What did she think it was?"

"What did you think it was, Harry?"

"I married her," Harry said harshly.

"And what did it mean to you? What were you willin' to give up? What single thing were you willin' to do for her?"

"She knew what I was."

"Sure," Mudgin said. "Which is why I'm sayin' she was too good for you. She walked out on ye, and that was the smartest thing she could've done. For you'd have broken her heart—"

"Shut up!" Harry said.

"Why? Are ye afraid of the truth?"

"I said shut up! You're talking to the Bos'n."

Mudgin said slowly: "I'll shut up for the bos'n, if it's an order—" He started to turn slowly. "But there's no power in the world can keep me from tellin' my friend what's in my mind."

"Get off the deck!" Harry said.

He went. Mudgin went. And that was the last time they spoke together until the night off the small Chilean port when Mudgin missed his footing in the dark and they saw his body teeter across the open cargo hold and hold for a minute against the sky and then fall away into blackness. They brought him back up on deck but even then they knew it was too late. They stretched him out gently under the Chilean sky and they saw a strange thing then. Out of the star-filled sky, a single star came whipping down in a shower of light. And on deck, Mudgin's eyes widened and his face grew suddenly eager and his hand reached upward almost as if he were catching the star.
April Showers...a perfume made to match your on-top-of-the-world moods...of equal parts romance and laughter, with just a whisper of mystery. Enchanting fragrance for enchanted hours!

Perfume, 6.50; 3.50; 1.10—Toilet Water, 1.75
(Plus tax)
“ADVENTURE” (Production)
(Continued from page 47)
turtleneck sweater. “Isn’t this where I came in, Vic?” he asked the director . . . Greer Garson was handed a modern wardrobe for the first time in three years. One scene required her to wear a sweater, and although Greer was more than pleased with the idea, Fleming wasn’t quite sure. The director finally decided to change her costume to a dress. “What’s the matter, Vic?” she said. “Afraid I’ll make Gable look flat-chested?” So Garson wears a sweater in “Adventure” . . . On Gable’s return, the studio went into a flurry of plans to redecorate his dressing room. “What for?” said Clark. “I’m happy with the way it was” . . . Garson disagreed with Fleming on the scene where she was to pelt Gable with her hat. Fleming wanted to shoot her throwing it, break up the scene and show Gable getting the bonnet right in the face. “Let me try it just once,” said Greer, and proceeded with a bull’s-eye at twenty paces . . . While working on the set, Audrey Totter received an addition to her collection of elephants—this one from an Army Colonel who had lifted it from Hitler’s desk where it was used as a paperweight. Audrey named the new Pachyderm “Stinky” . . . Another hat-throwing scene lost a few of the famous Garson hairs. The scene was to show Greer at the docks, waving goodbye to Gable, and director Fleming suggested that Garson really let go with her emotions, tear off her hat and toss it in the air. The star complied, but forgot that the hat was securely pinned to her hair. She let go with her emotions to the extent that a handful of the red-gold locks was torn from her head. Fleming saved the hair, had it put into a small gold locket, and gave it to Richard Ney as a remembrance of his wife’s ability to take direction . . . During the shooting, Fleming celebrated 35 years in pictures. He started as a cameraman and has been away from the industry only once, when he accompanied President Wilson to photograph the Peace Conference of World War I. The set was one of the most crowded in Metro’s history—everybody wanted to welcome Clark Gable back to the fold. The producer finally had to post a guard at the door with strict orders to keep out strangers. All went well until Sgt. Ted Lansing insisted that he had to see Gable. The GI broke through, ran up to Gable and handed him an envelope. Inside was a check for $144.50—Gable’s muttering-out pay. Sgt. Lansing, still a little breathless, told the star, “I just wanted to be the guy who made Clark Gable a civilian.”

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Bing Crosby was on a bond tour here some months ago, and I went to see him. As Mr. Crosby came to the mike after a pause between songs, he held a small girl in his arms. “This child is lost,” he said. “Whoever owns her better claim her, or I’ll take her home. I sure could use a girl in my family!”

Shirley Burton
Seattle, Washington

Antonia Drexel Earle

High-spirited, and strikingly attractive with heavy-fringed gray eyes and jet black hair, Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle is very popular in Philadelphia’s young social crowd. To help keep her fair, fine-textured skin looking its loveliest, Mrs. Earle has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream 3 or 4 times a week. “It’s my favorite beauty pick-me-up,” she says. “I can see the results right away!”

Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle loves the 1-Minute Mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream

Glamorize your complexion in only one minute!

Mask your face—all but your eyes—in a luxurious white cloak of Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

The Mask works by what skin specialists call “keratolytic” action—it loosens and dissolves little skin roughnesses and clinging dirt particles! After one minute, tissue off—clean.

Your complexion looks smoother, brighter—more exciting! And the Mask makes it feel beautifully soft. Now—make-up goes on smoothly!

“A quick powder base, too!”

“For a quick, non-greasy powder base, I smooth Pond’s Vanishing Cream on lightly—and leave it on!” says Mrs. Earle.

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!
CHEZ LA RUE

We'll bet that when the management of La Rue, in April, 1944, had to go over to Ciro's and say, "Please, may we borrow some of your knives and forks—we're opening a restaurant. Oh, yes, and throw in some matches, too, while you're at it," nobody thought it would become the popular, star-scattered meeting-and-eating place it is less than two years later! In spite of the war shortages which made it difficult to equip a new restaurant, it has flourished to a point where there isn't a Hollywood Big Name who hasn't grazed here. (By "grazed" we mean, people usually eat like horses because the food, mostly French and continental-in-general, is very, very good.)

Cornel Wilde, John Hodiak, Bob Walker, Van Johnson, Dick Powell, June Allyson, Clark Gable, Jane Wyman, Ronnie Reagan and everybody else you like go there time and again, causing considerable wear and tear on the help who have to cope with these healthy young appetites. Lana Turner, no matter who is escorting her, orders Pompano Almondine, a delectable fish of Florida waters served with a garnish of shredded almonds. The Bogarts favor pheasant tricked out with a mysterious French sauce. Alfred Hitchcock, normally a very wide man, looks more and more like Alfred Hitchcock after each succeeding meal of Bitock de Volaille, which is a glamorized chickenburger. Ninety per cent of the patrons love Baba au Rhum Flambe. Chicken Cacciatorre, Eggs Benedict and Deviled Crab Louisiana are among the most popular specialties.

The La Rue is on Sunset Boulevard in the heart of the famous "strip," has the only sidewalk cafe in town and is owned by Billy Wilkerson, mam-about-town and publisher of the Hollywood Reporter. The bar is strikingly decorated—black woodwork, deep red leather seats and stools and black wallpaper flourishing big green and white flowers. The main dining room is done in cream and soft green and has doors opening out on a porch flanked by masses of flowers. In the center of the dining room is a huge buffet spread with a confusion of rich and wonderful foods. We have chosen some of these La Rue specialties and adjusted them slightly for
CHICKEN SAUTE A LA CACCIAIORE

3 disjointed 1½ pound broiling chickens
Salt and pepper
1/2 cup oil or butter
2 finely chopped onions
3 cloves garlic, finely minced
1/2 cup dry white wine
1 No. 21/2 (3 1/2 cups) canned tomatoes
1/2 pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
2 or 3 bay leaves
1/2 teaspoon sage

Cut chicken into serving size pieces. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Heat fat in heavy frying pan and sauté chicken until brown. Add onion and garlic, finely minced, and fry to golden brown. Add all remaining ingredients except peas. If there isn't enough liquid to cover chicken, add chicken broth (dissolve 1 bouillon cube in 1 cup hot water). Cover pan closely and turn heat down to simmering. Simmer 45 minutes or until tender. Add peas during last 15 minutes of cooking. If sauce seems thin during last 15 minutes, remove cover from pan to permit evaporation. Good with spaghetti. Serves 6.

POMANO SAUTE ALMONDINE

6 fillets of pompano*
Salt, pepper, flour
Olive oil to cover bottom of pan
Lemon juice
3/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup almonds

Wash fillets and pat dry gently with a towel. Sprinkle salt, pepper and flour on both sides of fillets. Fry in olive oil over moderate heat about 5 minutes to a side, until golden brown. Place on hot platter and sprinkle with a few drops of lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce. Garnish with blanched almonds which have been liked and browned in butter. To blanch almonds, pour boiling water over shelled almonds and let stand 3 minutes. Drain. Cover with cold water: slip off skins.

*Pompano is the champagne of fish and hard to find in the average market. Use fillets of sole or flounder.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

Squares unsweetened chocolate
1/2 cups cream or evaporated milk
6 eggs, separated
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Add chocolate to 1 cup cream or evaporated milk in top of double boiler and heat. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary beater until blended. Cool. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually and beat in. Add remaining 1/4 cup cream or evaporated milk and vanilla and blend. Combine with cooled chocolate mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry and fold into chocolate mixture. If you're doing this whole job with one egg beater, be sure you wash it thoroughly before beating egg whites—the slightest bit of egg yolk will prevent mixture from fluffing up properly. Turn into ungreased casserole. Place in larger pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350°) 50 to 60 minutes or until firm. Serve with cream or a sauce. Serves 6 to 8.

IN THE SPRING
A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Ah, Spring! When birds are a-twitter... when the sap begins to run again (no offense, Junior)... and a fellow pops out of his cold weather covering like a butterfly from a cocoon!

Now's the time when harried mothers are more than ever grateful for Fels-Naptha Soap. With clean shirts in constant demand, it's a real relief to use this faster, gentler soap. . .

There's relief from endless hours in the laundry. Relief from ordinary washing wear on collars and cuffs. Not to mention relief from wear and tear on Mother's disposition.

Ah, Spring! Ah, Youth!
(and from the ladies, in chorus)
A-h-h-h, Fels-Naptha!

Fels-Naptha Soap
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
Connie could cycle with effortless wheeling

...for GAYLA HOLD-BOBS kept her coiffure appealing!

- Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends,
  long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins America's favorite brand.

THE ANDREWS GANG
(Continued from page 53)

to break the news gently. He decided that this was one of those juvenile tragedies for which there is no soft pedal. "Sorry, David, but I don't think we should keep that suit," he said, "It isn't quite right in the shoulders, and those pleated trousers don't do a thing for you."

David looked stricken. "But the material is so good," he pointed out, "You don't get material like this nowadays. Don't you think that a few alterations . . ."

Dana wanted to say yes. He wanted to indulge David, but he knew it would be foolish—the suit was wrong. It was expensive, too, and Dana is sensible about cash—he always wants to buy the best, and is willing to pay a reasonable price, but he can't see the sense in extravagance. "You'll outgrow that suit in two months," he pointed out. "The sleeves are just right now; but they'll be too short before you can get the value from the suit."

David bit his lower lip and tried to be nonchalant about it, but his disappointment was overwhelming. Sadly, he removed the beloved suit, restored it to its tissue paper, and closed the box. "But it's so much like that suit of yours—the one I like best," he said, rubbing away a furtive tear with the back of his hand.

chip off the old block . . .

At which point Dana had an inspiration. "I'll make a deal with you," he announced. "If you'll cut down on sweets and lose ten pounds around your middle, I'll have a suit tailored for you. Probably my tailor still has some of this same material, and we'll duplicate my grey pinstripe. Okay?"

"Gosh," gasped David. "Oh, swell. That would really be super." Studying his dad's physique, he added, "Guess I could stand to lose a little. I'd sure like to have shoulders like yours."

Dana, one of the best-dressed men in town in a well-tailored and entirely unobtrusive way, has a build that any man might envy. His shoulders attest to his years of good hard work; something about his easy, swinging walk and his big, broad hands assure you that his coat hangs as it should, not because of over-much padding, but because the tough muscles are there.

So David is on a diet. It isn't easy. His grandmother, knowing a small boy's love of sweets, occasionally slips him a dime or so for candy bars to be purchased at school; lately, David has been saving the cash and depositing it in a small iron bank. He also gets an allowance from his father, but that weekly sum is deposited in a bank account in David's name, and whenever the total reaches $18.75, it is invested in a bond. In this way, David's university career is assured.

What that career will be, no one can guess. One week, Dana thought he had a radio specialist on his hands; the next week, all indications pointed to the presence of another actor in the family.

The radio suggestion happened this way: Dana was set for a radio guest spot, so he took David along to the station with him. He parked David in the sponsor's booth, then went downstairs for rehearsals. After rehearsal, he stopped in the control room to say, looking at the knobs, panels, and lights on the instrument board, "My older boy, David, is upstairs. He'd really get a kick out of seeing you men operate those dials, the wrong."

"Bringing him down. Glad to have him," said the technicians.

So Dana, grinning, went up the steps two at a time, stuck his head in the sponsor's booth to ask David, "Have any in-
rest in seeing how this business operates? Like to see the control booth?"

Is a cat happy in a fish market?

David looked as if he had just been elected King For A Day.

Because David is a well-behaved lad, the technicians liked him at once. He wanted to know whether that board controlled other broadcasting rooms, or just that one. He wanted to know whether he was remixed at a main board, or sent over the air direct from their instruments. In short, he was sincere and intelligent, listened and learned, and made a fine impression. When Dana finished his broadcast and stopped to collect David, one of the technicians said to Andrews père, "Nice boy you have there. Smart and well-managed. He's a credit to you.

This will explain what happened to those four buttons on Dana's vest.

When Dana was in New London, Connecticut, making 'Crash Dive' several years ago, he made friends with several members of the Naval personnel. When one of these men passed through Los Angeles recently, they telephoned Dana, then came out to the house for dinner. Dana had told David something about them before they arrived, explaining that one was a radar expert.

During the course of the evening, David was summoned to the telephone by a call from one of his boy friends. His voice carefully modulated, he told his friend about condensers, and circuits, about meters and volts and what to do about such and such a generator.

The radar man, tuning in on this conversation, turned wide eyes and lifted eyebrows toward Dana. "The kid's right," he murmured in a guarded voice. "By jove, the kid knows his stuff."

There was about ten minutes of dialogue. Dana, trying to keep a straight face, was positive that the bewildered man on the other end of the wire was saying, "What's bitten you, bud? What do you mean 'condensers'? I'm having trouble with my arithmetic and you give me all this doubletalk!"

When David had completed his conversation, he hung up with dignity and withdrew from the room.

"I said the radar man, 'There's a kid who's really a technician. Looks to me like you've got a fine junior radar man there.'"

"Or a fine actor," said Dana. "I'll let you know later."

It's astonishing how many people are able to distinguish the roles an actor plays from his actual personality. Even Dana's mother teased him after a radio show in which he portrayed a professor. When you were in school you didn't care much for your school teachers," she hinted out, "yet you played a school teacher!"

"Sure, it was a good part and I enjoyed it," said Dana. "Ha-ha, you've been a school teacher," said Mrs. Andrews.

Dana let it go, but he wasn't much sur- prised when he received a fan letter from a 13-year-old high school student asking him there were some easy way in which to remember historical dates.

David suffers from no such misapprehension. His father is one person: Dana, the actor, is another. David sees his father's pictures and discusses them with Dana afterward. He liked "Safe Fair" and "Laura" very much; he didn't care for "Fallen Angel" because he thought it was too somber and didn't show his talent advantage.

David was just past eight when Kathy, younger sister, was born, and his enthusiasm was immediate. She was a little bright-eyed, curly-topped, and her...
minute fist always clutched David's forehead. Whenever David neared her crib, Miss Kathy would kick the blankets and coo while David chanted under his breath. Because she was a little girl, his attitude was loving and tolerant—in no way did she threaten his remain.

However, when Stephen was born, David had to rearrange his values. Here was another boy in the family, and an exceptionally cute one. By that time, David was almost eleven, devoted to his parents. Dana, sensing his older son's emotional confusion, spent as much time as possible with David while Stephen was extremely small. Then, having reassured David somewhat, he said one day, "Let's go up and take a look at that brother of yours."

pride of possession...

In the nursery, Dana picked up the infant and was rewarded by a toothless grin that David found really funny. "This is the way you hold him," Dana explained, giving detailed instructions, then putting the youngster in David's arms. The baby, sensing David's uncertainty, let out a howl. "You'd better take him," said David. "I don't think he likes me."

"It isn't that," Dana explained. "You must let him know by the way you hold him that you're going to take good care of him—and you might say a few comforting words."

David tried it, and of course it worked. "It's going to be up to you to keep an eye on him," Dana said. "I'm pretty busy, and I'm not going to be around the house as much as I'd like, so I'll appreciate it if you'll take a hand. Between us I think we might be able to make a football player out of him. What do you think?"

Thus given proprietary rights, David began to take a new interest in Stephen. Currently, they are buddies even if Stephen isn't very steady on his pins, being a spadelle-stepped walker of fourteen months.

Kathy, who will soon be four, is one of the few persons in the world who can stop her pop cold. Along in January, 1946, when California had an inexplicable burst of summer, Kathy was sitting on the back steps, watching Dana tinkering with one of the cars.

Because she had been quiet for an unnatural length of time, Dana straightened from the engine and peered over the raised hood at his daughter. Her blonde curls were sunken in the palms of her hands, and her elbows were propped up by her knees.

Becoming aware of her father's query, Miss Andrews said, "Before Christmas you told me that if I was a bad little girl and didn't obey all the rules, Santa Claus wouldn't come to our house."

"Yes," said Dana, a little voice. He tried to teach each of the children to car a tune, but the two older children do appear to have the concept of melody needed to lure the father read stories at bedtime, frequent crosses everyone up by saying, "Sing me."

"What she means is, "Read to m"

Kathy knows most of her books by her. At present, even though the holiday's well past, her favorite is still "The Night Before Christmas."

"But you know that one. Why do we have one you don't know?" queried Dana. Kathy insisted that she didn't know it, so Dana sang her the night before Christmas, and all through the house, a beastie was stirring, not...

Kathy interrupted in horror. "Not creature was stirring, not even a mouse," she said. Then, patting her father's cheek, she summed up the attitude of Dana Arews' children toward the head of the household, "Even when you don't get right." beamed Kathy, "you're cute!"
time; occasionally it brings him to the floor in a prone position... and simply furious over the fact.

His favorite toy is the dismantled handle and crossbar of what was once a miniature wooden carpet sweeper. In its current stripped-down condition, it is a far superior plaything; now it can be a horse, a floor-scraper, a window washer, a gun, or a dog-sighter. This last use is accomplished by pointing the shaft toward the dog, peering through the dining-room French doors, then squinting down the barrel. Jonny hasn't learned to say "Bang" after this process, since he knows nothing of guns yet, but his actions have convinced Gregory that Jonny was, in some previous reincarnation, a twenty-four-notch Dan'l Boone.

Simply because Jonny doesn't yet imitate fireworks, don't get the impression that he isn't a glib character. He says "Mommy" (usually at the top of his lungs when something has gone wrong), "Dada," "Waufl-Waufl" (a synonym for "dog"), and "No."

**playful kidlet...**

He plays "Peek," usually when his mother has shielded the young man with a bib, placed him in his highchair, and suggested that dinner has been served. Having reached the clear conclusion that most dinner parties for members of the young, unmarried set have flirtation as their prime ingredient, he gets into the swing of things by coquetting with his mother. When she fails to respond, Jonny is likely to thrust both hands deep into his cereal and knead it like bread. He is learning manners gradually, despite his natural conviction that anything edible should make a fine hand lotion or skin tonic.

Having been excessively active all day, Jonny really hits his stride about the time Gregory comes home from the studio. He calls "Hi!" through the lattice of his crib whenever he hears someone walking along the hallway outside his nursery; into that single syllable the non-sleepy, gentlemanly manner to inject a note of welcome, reassurance that he isn't asleep, and invitation for a cribside visit. If Gregory, admonished by Mother, tacitly refuses the invitation, Jonny settles down to a session of conversation with himself, interspersed with snatches of song. And so, eventually, to meet the sandman.

Greta, smiling over her son's sound effects, said to Greg, "He certainly inherited that characteristic from his daddy."

Gregory talks to himself, always in moments of stress or contemplation or indecision. When riding to and from the studio, he may be seen to be carrying on protracted monologues. After the "Valley of Decision" broadcast, during on the Lux Radio Theater, he hopped into his car and started home in solemn discourse. "That one scene," he told Greta acidly, "really threw me. Why didn't I do it some other way. And that line... what a way to read a line! I didn't fluff it in rehearsal..."

After several minutes and/or blocks of this sort of thing, Gregory became aware of muffled sounds from the back seat. Drawing to the curb and peering into the depths, he found three bobby soxers.

He signed their autograph books, ushered them out of the car, then drove on, saying to himself, "Now they know how an actor acts when he thinks he's alone."

And now to accentuate Item 2 of the Coming Events on Jonny Peck's calendar. He is about to annex a boy friend, a playmate of the advanced age of three, Johnny Baker by name. The Pecks and the Kenny Bakers are neighbors.

**checks and balances...**

Gregory had looked over the Baker children and had been taken particularly by Johnny, a tall, roly-poly three-year-old with the round blue eyes and curly yellow hair of a Christmas card cherub. His manners were perfect, his charm irresistible.

"I've found a nice playmate for Jon. That young Johnny Baker is a sweet, well-behaved little boy. He's about a year older than Jon, but that won't make much difference."

He added, chuckling, "Jonny will probably drive him crazy."

"They'll be good for one another," said Greta. "A lively high-strung person always needs a placid steady partner."

Whereupon Gregory and Greta smiled into each other's eyes, knowing that their marriage is kept in balance by the personality contribution made by each. Their mutual admiration is a fine thing to see, and it has given rise to some charming episodes.

Just before Valentine's Day, Greta took a heavy cold and was unable to leave the house. Some weeks before she had made a sentimental purchase, but now she found herself unable to make proper arrange-

---

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MENTS. As Gregory was leaving the house
on February 13th, Greta asked, "Will you be
passing a mailbox?"
"Sure thing," said Greg.
"I've put an envelope in your coat pocket,
do don't lose it," his wife said.
When Gregory passed the Hollywood
Post Office on his way to an appointment,
he remembered the letter to be mailed.
Parking across the street and
was just about to drop the letter without
paying any attention to it when husbandly
curiosity overcame his preoccupation.
To his surprise, he read the address:
"Mr. Gregory Peck... Hollywood
46, California."
He knew then. He was mailing his own
valentine.

Teenster worship...

Promptly, thus reminded of the senti-
mental holiday, he hurried into the stationery
store, made a purchase, and mailed a sec-
dond envelope, this one addressed to "Mrs.
Gregory Peck.

Incidentally, Greta hasn't yet recovered
from the intense delight of her Christmas
and birthday (January 25th) gifts. The first
was a flexible gold bracelet, made
woven chain clasped with a dia-
mond buckle-clasp. And the second was
a ring, exactly matching it.

There are dozens of stories about the de-
vo tion of Greta, but the most
delightful story about the tenderness lav-
ished on Mr. Peck involves one of his fans.
This girl, aged thirteen, is the daughter
of friends of Gregory Peck. For the first
time in her life, she has been allowed to
attend movies in the evening on non-
school nights if accompanied by girl friends
and a proper chaperone to do the driving
to and from the theater. We'll say that her
name is Pat, and that Pat is simply bowled
over by the pictures she has been seeing.
From some source she has learned
"Spellbound" is a breathless change.

After having seen Greg's latest picture,
Pat wandered, starry-eyed, into her home
one evening, the guest room, or as Greta
has termed it, the living room with her parents, so she wafted
in to speak to them. "I'm not quite myself,"
she sighed. "I just saw Gregory Peck in
pictures that I can't get out of my head. He's wonderful.
I don't see how I'm ever to endure waiting until 'The Yearling'
and 'Duel In The Sun' are released.

Her father knew a straight face, said,
"Don't believe I've seen Mr. Peck in
pictures. Describe him, darling."
Pat did. She mentioned his large frame,
his great shoulders and swinging stride.
She praised his deep, dark eyes, and his
prominent cheek bones. She described
his strong jaw line, and his shock of dark
hair. "He's the kind of man you'd try to fall for-
ward over his forehead.
Pat's father dug down into his repertoire for
the finest compliment he could pay Pat's idol after a little like Lincoln
to me," he admitted.

Pat thought it over. "Well, yes, a little," she
admitted. "But Gregory Peck has
MUCH more charm than Lincoln."
That broke Greg up when he heard it.
Modestly he said, "About the only likeness
between a man as great as Lincoln and a man like me, is that since I finished my
last picture, I've been out splitting lumber."

Having felled some dead timber on his
property, Greg made his own cordwood.
That saved a lot of the money in which he could spend
his vacation and develop some muscles.
Another was to go riding. Every day he has managed to get in an hour or two on
the bridle path.
He has done a little carpentering, too. He
and Greta decided that the loft above the
garage would make a good combination
guest room and hobby lobby. He secured
a plumber to install a small bath, then
and Greta papered the walls, painted
the woodwork and set linoleum on the
floors.

That done, Greg and Greta set up easels
on one side of the room, and on the other
they went about talking about how much fun it was to paint. A director
friend, swearing that he had no talent,
 exhibited canvases so good that Greg ac-
complished of having a great painter.

The director laughed. "A guy may never be
Van Gogh, " he said, "but for personal
satisfaction, for pure relaxation, there
isn't a better way to beat daubing a canvas with color. You should try it."

After the third or fourth evening of this
kind of propaganda, Greg and Greta were
driving home when Greg said, "I guess it
would be crazy, but..."

"That's what I've been thinking," agreed
Greta, finding it unnecessary to listen to the
vocal end of the statement since she and
Greg constantly read one another's minds.

The next afternoon they had a field day
in an art supply store. They bought every
possible color of oil paint, a handful of brushes, and several canvases of different
sizes. They even considered buying Jon
a beret, since Greg wouldn't be caught un-
covered under those circumstances. Art
ardishness seemed to be indicated.

The next morning the two amateur Rem-
bRANDS set to work. Filling in the back-
ground was fun, but, "Are you re-
laxing?" Greg asked Greta.

"I'm too excited," answered Mrs. Peck.
Me, too," admitted her husband. After
that the work was concentrated on sketching the books, the
scarf, and the apple.

Finally Greta said with exasperation,
"My books are going to be too much of a
thing to come...

In addition to yearning to paint, Greg
has another ambition: He would like to
return to New York to do a play. When-
ever a motion picture person comes back
any place and he is working it out at the theater, Greg buttonholes the actor
and asks for details.

He has a theory that the presence of a
living audience revitalizes and re-energizes
an actor. After all, the camera can be
any kind. If an actor isn't on his toes, a
scene can be retaken until it is perfect.
But, on the stage, the thing has to click
at "beginning, straight through to
final curtain."

But to get back to Stephanie... The
other day Gregory came home with a
miniature stuffed elephant for Jon and a
beruffled, bisernoned doll... for Stephanie.
Grinned Father Peck, "If she turns out to
be a little beribboned, I'll forgive me."

Stephanie or Stephen, the newcomer is
a lucky baby to be dropped by the stork
on the doorstep of the Gregory Pecks.

OKAY, SO WE'RE NUTS!
Sure, we must be crazy to be
giving away the NEXT FOUR
ISSUES of Modern Screen (June, July, August, September)
ABSOLUTELY FREE to
the first 500 of you who fill out the Questionnaire Poll on page
10 and mail it to us IMMEDI-
ATELY.
BORDERLINE ANEMIA

can keep you listless and rob you of fun!

Medical science warns that people with pale faces—people who lack energy and "go"—may have a blood deficiency

We all know people who seem perpetually "down in the dumps"—who look pale and unattractive—whose enthusiasm appears at low ebb.

Yes, and very often their listless, let-down condition results from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency. Medical studies have indicated that thousands of men—as many as 68% of women—have this deficiency... have a Borderline Anemia!

It's your blood that releases energy to every organ, muscle, fibre. A deficiency in your blood—in which the red cells are too small or not rich and red enough—can sap your stamina and pep.

Borderline Anemia means a lower efficiency of the red cells, the cells so essential to looking well and feeling fit. Borderline Anemia can cause lack of color, reduced energy.

Build up your vigor by building up your blood

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be brought about by other conditions, so you should consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their vitality and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast. Just remember this—when all you need is stronger, healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast will help you build up your blood and your energy. Ask your druggist for genuine Ironized Yeast Tablets.

IMPROVED CONCENTRATED FORMULA

Ironized Yeast TABLETS

* BORDERLINE ANEMIA
-a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—can cause

TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR

Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

Borderline Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny; irregular. Blood like this can't generate the energy you need to feel and look your best.
Eastern theater tour, and several other mouth-watering prospects. Odd character that she is, she'd rather stay in her Hollywood home and be happy with her husband and two-and-a-half-year-old daughter. Her manager, Carlos Gastel, is still trying to find ways to persuade her that she's throwing away her career. Much of Peggy's singing success has come since she went West. In New York she was just the lonesome little singer in Benny Goodman's band, sharing a small apartment with another girl singer, Jane Leslie (who later became Mrs. L. Feather) and ignored or scorned by many music critics. Well, I'd certainly like to see her in movies. She'd be great.

ONE-ZY, TWO-ZY—Hildegarde (Decca), Eileen Barton (Mercury), Eddie Cantor (Pan-American)—Here's an example of how a song can be pushed into the freak-hit class overnight. Jack Benny and Rochester laughed around with the old nursery rhyme lyrics on the Benny broadcast one night, and the next day the whole country was humming it. Eileen Barton makes her debut with it as a Mercury recording artist—that's another of the 563,407 new recording companies formed in the past few months. But bigger than most.

SHOO-FLY PIE AND APPLE PAN DOWDY—Dinah Shore (Columbia), Stan Kenton (Capitol)—These are recommended in spite of the song, rather than because of it. The lyrics and music both remind me of seventeen other things of this kind. Dinah, who'd been with Victor records ever since her early pre-movie days on the Basin Street broadcasts in 1940, caused a big flurry in the music business when she switched to Columbia recently. On this record she has the musical assistance of Sonny Burke, whom you may remember as leader of a fine band of his own a few years back. For this session Sonny gathered together some of the best men available in Hollywood; as a result you hear some alto sax work by Willie Smith (from Harry James' band) and trumpet by Manny Klein on the other side, which is "Here I Go Again." The Kenton portion of "Pie" has a June Christy vocal, and she does everything possible in the circumstances.

BEST HOT JAZZ

BLUE AT DAWN—Timmie Rosenkrantz (Continental)—Timmie is an old friend of mine and a unique personality. He's a Danish baron, a member of one of Copenhagen's oldest families, and son of a famous novelist. Timmie came over here first in 1935 and from then on could be found in or around the Savoy Ballroom, digging the best in jazz. Since then he's edited a jazz magazine, worked as assistant to WNEW's All Night Record Man, worked behind the counter in a record store and done a few dozen other jobs, all the way to professional partnering in a Broadway dance hall. Last fall, preparing to return to Copenhagen, he gathered this bunch of his favorite musicians together for a late night farewell session. The results are superb; credit to pianist Jimmy Jones, who wrote the music; to Red Norvo, Harry Carney, Charlie Venturo and several other fine soloists.

EVENSONG—Artie Shaw (Victor)—This 12-inch opus and the coupling, "Suite No. 8," are both curiosities, dating from the time when Artie had a big band with a full string section plus Hot Lips Page on trumpet. They were recorded in 1942, when Paul Jordan of Chicago was writing original music and arrangements for Artie. When Victor finally released these two sides a few weeks ago, they came out just a week after it was announced that Artie had signed to record for Musicraft.

EDDIE LANG—JOE VENUTI (Brunswick)—This collector's collection features the late Eddie Lang, a great guitarist who was a partner of Bing Crosby in the old Paul Whiteman band. Eddie was also seen and heard in Bing's early movies, such as "The Big Broadcast of 1932," in which he accompanied the Crosby vocal of "Please." Eddie's other lifetime musical associate was hot fiddler Joe Venuti, and the four sides in this album—"Farewell Blues," "After You've Gone," "Beale Street Blues" and "Someday Sweetheart"—have stood the test of time pretty well. Jack Teagarden sings on two sides, and there's some clarinet work by a 22-year-old kid named Benny Goodman.

ALWAYS—Kai Winding (Savoy)—There's an odd story about this record. Kai Winding is a young trombonist, formerly with Benny Goodman's band, now with Stan Kenton. He got five of his pals together and made some records. At the end of the session, after the trumpeter had had to leave, the rest of the boys threw another item together in a hurry.

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a simple arrangement of Irving Berlin's "Always"—and recorded it. Instead of being too ragged for release, as Kai expected, the opposite happened; this was the hit of the season and a delightful little record. Other side's an original entitled "Grab Your Axe, Max." Meaning? Don't ask me.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

DO YOU LOVE ME?—Johnny Desmond (Victor) — Another potential hit, the movie title song as sung by ex-Sgt. Desmond, who, they tell me, is the first singing star to have fan clubs overseas. The European youngsters, remembering Johnny's appearances with the Glenn Miller band and his BBC broadcasts, have been forming clubs in several countries. Hope they can catch his Teen Timers and Philip Morris broadcasts on short wave.

WITHOUT YOU (Tres Palabras) from "Make Mine Music"—Andy Russell (Capitol) — This is the song Andy does in his heard—but-not-seen stint for the Disney picture. He is seen, however, in the movie from which the other side comes—"If I Had A Wishing Ring" from "Breakfast in Hollywood." I was up to the Disney offices in Radio City recently to hear some of the sound tracks from "Make Mine Music," and if the Benny Goodman sequence is any criterion, you can make mine music too—the same kind of music.


RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

COAX ME A LITTLE BIT—Dinah Shore (Columbia) — HERE I GO AGAIN—Dinah Shore (Columbia) — I DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT YOU—Peggy Lee (Capitol) — ONE-EYED, TWO-EYED—Hildegarde (Decca), Eileen Barton (Mercury), Eddy Can- tor (Par-American) — PATIENCE AND FORGITUDE—Benny Carter (De Luxe), Count Baile (Columbia), Ray McKinley (Majestic), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo), Andrews Sisters (Decca) — SHOO-FLY PIE AND APPLE PANDOWDY—Stu Kenton (Capitol), Dinah Shore (Columbia) — SHOWBOAT ALBUM—Tommy Dorsey (Victor) — SINATRA ALBUM—Frank Sinatra (Columbia) — WE'LL GATHER LILACS—Bing Crosby (Vocalion) — YOU ARE TOO BEAUTIFUL—Dick Haymes (Decca)

BEST HOT JAZZ

DON BYAS—Candy (Savoy) — ELLA FITZGERALD—Louis Armstrong—From F'ram Sauce (Decca) — ERROL Garner—Bouncing With Me (Mercury) — WOODY HERMAN—Wildroot (Columbia) — EDDIE LANG—ON THE TENUTI—All-Star Album (Brunswick) — HOT LIPS PAGE—Sunset Blues (Continental) — TIMMIE ROSENKRANTZ—Blue At Dawn (Continental) — ARTIE SHAW—Evensong (Victor) — SLAM STEWART—On the Upside Looking Down (Continental) — KAI WINDING—Always (Savoy)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD—It Is Better To Be By Yourself—King Cole Trio—(Capitol) — CENTENNIAL SUMMER—If I Had A Wishing Ring—Andy Russell (Capitol) — ALL THROUGH THE DAY—Margaret Whiting—(Capitol) — IN LOVE IN VAIN—Cinderella Jones—When The One You Love Simply Won't Love Back—Tommy Tucker—(Columbia) — DOLL FACE—Here Comes Heaven Again—George Auld (Mustert), Kate Smith (Columbia)

"...that night I knew you loved me"

Was ever a girl so lucky, so happy!

But sometimes . . . almost before you know it . . . Happiness slips away— if you let Loveliness go!

Better start right now to guard your precious Loveliness . . . the touch of those soft, smooth hands he loves!

"Smooth, soft hands" are really no problem at all—thanks to Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream! The wonderful lanolin-enriched lotion that works quickly to help protect and soothe your hands—and doesn't feel sticky! Just take half a minute with Hinds whenever your hands have been at work—or in water! They'll instantly feel lovelier . . . smoother . . . summer-soft the whole year round! (Wonderful, too, for rough elbows, knees and chapped skin! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and $1 . . . at toilet goods counters.

Hinds

Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream

makes hands feel softer in half a minute
**ESTHER WILLIAMS**

(Continued from page 43)

Williams has carried a cheerful courage through every test and she's sailed through with flying colors even when the false prophet sold her short. Barely out of her teens, she starred in "Bathing Beauty" and the verdict was, "a one-picture kid." When M-G-M placed Esther on its list of twenty future stars, even smarties at her own studio took their heads. "The only bad guess on that list is Esther Williams," they said, "take her out of the water and what have you got?"

Esther stayed in the water for a second triumph, staging a marine ballet in "Ziegfeld Follies" such as Hollywood had never seen before. Then she stepped out and walked right into the face of predicted disaster, learning to act and proving it in "Thrill of a Romance," "Easy to Wed," and finally, daring fast comedy with Bill Powell in "The Hoodlum Saint." She never got a bad review, yet everything she tried was brand new and dangerous. When she came up for "Fiesta," she took on another dare. How could a girl who'd never danced or been South of the Rio Grande master a matador's intricate rhythm in the bull ring which the tricky part demanded?

**i can do it!**

"Do you think you can do it?" they asked Esther at M-G-M, with furrowed brows. "Are you crazy?"

"What do you mean, 'crazy'?" Esther laughed. "Of course I can do it!" So she took up the dare again and what has come back from Mexico on film is the best answer to that and the final proof that Esther Jane Williams is in Hollywood to stay.

Esther's formidable faith is the direct heritage of her All-American ancestors. On both sides of her family they were here before the Revolution, her father's side stemming from Rhode Island Welsh with Virginia Scotch-Irish infusions, and her mother's from the Dutch and English of Pennsylvania. They were all hardy, pioneering people.

Bula Williams had had her own share of pioneer mothering before Esther came along. Her four children, Maurine, Stanton, June and David, counted birthplaces along the trail west, Dodge City, and Salt Lake City, Utah, where they moved next, and where an event strangely prophetic for her yet unborn daughter was to start them on the last lap to California.

It was in Salt Lake that Marjorie Rambeau came through with a road company of the play, "The Eyes of Youth." Lou painted the lobby displays for the show and his seven-year-old boy, Stanton, caught Rambeau's eye. She cast him in a child's part. When the company traveled on to San Francisco, she had discovered a boy born to act and no kid in the Bay City could fill his place. Marjorie Rambeau raised "such a clamor," as Bula Williams recalls, with telegrams and letters that she finally got on the Union Pacific with Stanton and her seven-weeks old baby, David, and traveled to join the show. They played around California and then came a contract to make it a picture, starring Clara Kimball Young. That meant moving south for quite a spell. So Lou Williams packed up and brought the rest of the family west to join Bula and the boys. He bought a piece of land on the outskirts of Los Angeles, and set about building a house with his own hands.

Just one big room was finished when Bula Williams came back from traveling all over California with Stanton, then
playing young Henry Hudson in Frank Keenan's "Rip Van Winkle." That was in July, and on a scorching August eighth in the big room Lou had built, Bula's fifth baby, and their first "native daughter," opened her bright eyes and smiled. The Williamses still live in the house, and the big room where the baby daughter was born is their living room today.

From the start, Baby Esther was the pet, the happiness child, the little ray of sunshine for the whole Williams family. She signified the end of their family trek west to Mrs. Williams. This child she would not worry about but would enjoy. Right before Esther was born, she sighed, "This one is for laughs."

bright-faced moppe... .

Even her dad laughed when he first peeked at his infant daughter. "You know, Bula," he drawled, "they say every fourth child born in California's a Japanese. But you've upset the count. She's our fifth."

He was joking about Baby Esther's slightly slanting eyes, which opened wider every day and sparkled brighter above her button nose. They were hazel eyes, matching her brown hair. She was a husky mite, off which measles, mumps and whooping cough bounced. She got bumped by a passing automobile once and even that didn't hurt. She seemed to catch on right away to the good-natured, happy mood of her arrival. She never cried. Her little square face beneath the bangs and bob that soon surmounted it was always wreathed in smiles. Her first day in kindergarten, the teacher met Mrs. Williams on the street. "Esther sits right in front of me," she said, "and you know, when I look down into that shining little face I get downright ashamed of myself for being so cranky!"

In a way, Esther Williams was an experiment for her mother. A practicing expert in parent training and psychology today, back then Bula Williams was interested in modern progressive child training and education. She was and still is an active PTA worker. She had her ideas about molding youngsters' characters and minds. With the child of her maturity she had the time and the perspective—after four others—to stop and explain and reason things out. And she had a perfect pupil.

To this day, Esther Williams will say, "As Mother always said..." or "Mother always believed this and that..." or "Mother taught me early..."

One of the things Bula Williams taught her baby first, was the faith the Williams family always had in abundance. From the start Esther looked upon the Divinity as her particular Friend and Benevolent Watchguard. They'd explained hesitantly about God to Esther when she was barely able to talk. One day, at three, she surprised the family by speaking up at the table.

"Is God everywhere?" she asked right out of nowhere.

"Yes, Esther," said her mother. Her father nodded.

"Who takes care of me?" pressed Esther, "God?"

They said yes—that was right.

She gave a small sigh and smiled brightly. "Then," stated Esther, "I'm not going to be afraid of anything—big dogs or anything!" And she went back to her mashed potatoes, and from then on she hasn't been, either—big dogs, or anything.

Her brother David was Esther's best pal, sidekick, running mate and her favorite of the family. Only two years older, just enough to be copycatted by Esther named for the other half of the David-and-Esther Bible story, even-dispositioned and looking like Esther, David was her ideal. He was a husky, happy kid, like herself, and she raced with his neighbor-

Here's how we lick chafes & prickles...

"I gotta admit I like beeyootiful, healthy skin as much as any baby—an' I hate rashes! So I make sure Mom uses the best baby powder on me—that's Mennen! It's smoothest. It's antiseptic—helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation, lotsa other troubles. Get this—

1. More baby specialists prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder than any other; they know best that Mennen Powder keeps baby's skin healthier, lovelier.

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MORE BABY SPECIALISTS PREFER MENNEH ANTI SEPTIC BABY POWDER THAN ANY OTHER.

4 TIMES AS MANY DOCTORS PREFER MENNEH ANTI SEPTIC BABY OIL AS ANY OTHER.

Also, MENNEN ANTI SEPTIC BABY OIL is preferred by more Doctors, Hospitals, Nurses than any other. MENNEN Baby Oil is antiseptic, has helped millions of babies to have smoother, healthier skin... to be lovelier, happier babies!
hero worship...

When she was only a moppet, Esther's older brother, Stanton, joined the Boy Scouts. Stanton was never as close to Esther as David. He was the brother with a more remote personality. He died suddenly at sixteen, but at this time Stanton had achieved boydom's first knighthood and Esther was impressed. That night at the dinner table, when her plate was passed for meat (always scarce and carefully divided at the Williams table) she piped, "Give me a little piece and give Stanton a great big piece. He's a Boy Scout—he needs a big piece."

So Esther's major respect fastened early to the male side of the house—although her femininity was always cropping through to make life confusing. She was freckled-faced, weed-scratched and stone bruised, her clothes were usually a muddy disgrace; her fingernails busted. But she liked dolls, too.

Her dad built her a doll house when she was five years old. It was a gorgeous affair, complete with tiny furniture that he carved and china dishes. She put her paper dolls in it and treasured it devotedly. One Fourth of July, David and the boys decided to demolish this citadel of femininity, put firecrackers under it and blew it galleys west, singeing the paper dolls to cinders and smashing the toy dishes. Esther was outraged, smacked David over the noggin with a lamp and ran into the house crying to her mama. She sobbed that boys were devils and she hated them all.

Her mother quieted her. "First of all," she said, "you can't be a tattletale, no matter what happens. And then, Esther, you know these boys that you can't stand right now?—well—one of these days you'll be wanting them to take you to dances and be nice to you. So don't you think you'd better learn to charm them instead of making them mad?"

Young as she was, that made sense to Esther. She went to work, on it—and in three days, the doll house was completely rebuilt and refurnished—courtsey of charmed brother David and pals!

Esther still treasures the relics of her childhood, because her family memories are such happy ones and because most of her playthings were family creations. She still has her doll, Margaret Ann, for instance, which was Esther's perennial Christmas present all through her girlhood.

A visiting aunt gave her Margaret Ann when she was two years old and Esther took the doll right to her heart. After a couple of years the aunt returned on another visit, during which Margaret Ann had been dragged around the floor, left out in the rain a few times and otherwise suffered the strenuous life as a little girl's best friend. She noted the sad state of her gift and also how Esther cherished it. "A girl who loves dolls as much as that," stated auntie, "deserves one of the best."

So she took Esther downtown and told her to pick out any doll she wanted, and never mind the price. Esther picked out one, a giant one, of course, with a pink, fluffy dress, roly eyes and a ma-ma voice. Then she promptly set it in a corner of her room and gave it no other attention. She returned to Margaret Ann.

young faithful...

For years, Margaret Ann was her Christmas present, and the center of a little game.
Esther and her folks would play. Sometimes around Thanksgiving, her father would pick up the battered treasure and give it an appraising look. "I think it's about time," he'd say, "that Margaret Ann went to the hospital. She doesn't look at all well, do you think?"

"No," Esther would agree gravely, "she looks real sick."

So Margaret Ann would vanish from the Williams household for some weeks, while Lou stayed up nights after work out in the shed repairing her from top to bottom, while Mrs. Williams or elder sister Maureen stitched a new dress and fixings. Then on Christmas Day there would be Margaret Ann, bright new and beautiful, for Esther's gift. And each year—although she knew exactly what the present would be—it would always thrill and delight her to get her beloved Margaret Ann back.

The Williams family and kids got a far greater kick out of their Christmases and birthdays, Halloweens, Easters and Valentine's Days than most—and for the paradoxical reason that they never had any money to celebrate or buy fancy presents with. Because every gift was home made, the whole household shared in the fun. Typical was the kids' twice-a-year birthday-savings plan. The object was to collect money to buy Mama and Dad Williams birthday gifts. It lasted all year and was a real labor of love. A chart hung in the kitchen with every Williams kid's name on it. Their turns at household chores were checked off as performed. If Esther washed all the dishes for a week, for instance, she got credit on the chart and ten cents for the week's work. That went into the birthday bank. If David mowed the grass a month he got his ten cents and credit, too, and so on. The dimes were supplied, of course, by Lou Williams, but nobody could say they weren't earned.

Looking back today, Esther Williams remembers, "We never had much, but somehow it always seemed like enough." Certainly she couldn't have had a happier childhood if her parents had been millionaires. But there were some things Esther didn't know; problems her parents didn't bother little girls' heads with. There was the time during the depression when they lived off of almost nothing one winter.

moth bangles...

The shows were going broke then every week and even though Esther's dad painted his lobby displays—try and get paid for them. Around 1931 that was, and Esther was seven. To her it was a treat to have beans almost every meal. She liked beans (and still does, even after that experience), but the reason she got them then was because that's all there was. With her last grocery money that lean winter, Mrs. Williams bought a 100-pound sack of beans and that was the basic diet of the Williamses, helped out with milk and what cabbage, turnips, and other vegetables were left lying and rotting on the truck farms near their house. They had the milk only because their milkman wouldn't stop it. Mrs. Williams told him one day that they were out of money, "I can't pay you," she said, "I think we'd better stop the milk."

"Nothing doing," he said, "with all those kids! You pay when you can." It was almost a year when she could and then her bill was $150.

Esther started her education at Manchester, the grammar school in the neighborhood which was already being dotted with houses on all sides of the pioneer Williamses. She was a smart little apple from the start, with a weakness in arithmetic, but that didn't keep Esther out of the "opportunity class," where the teachers put bright kids to skip grades. Esther skipped several, though sometimes she had to go back again to catch up on a knotty

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math problem, like fractions. What she really enjoyed most, though, were the school festivals, plays and special events.

Her first was an "operaetta" that Manchester staged when she was in first grade. It was around May Day and had something to do with flowers. Esther remembers, and she was "a rose." A little schoolmate named Edna May Durbin sang and kept singing from that time on to become Deanna Durbin of Hollywood. Esther drew a dance and it almost threw her. In fact, she had such a time mastering the twinkle-toe routine that the teacher finally sighed and said she guessed she'd have to put Esther Williams out of the show.

She rushed home to mother, as usual, in tragic moments. "Mother," wailed Esther, "can't you do something?" Mother could. She went over to see the teacher, learned Esther's little dance herself, came back and patiently put Esther through the motions. At that Esther just made it.

After that milestone in her artistic career had rolled around, something happened in Esther's neighborhood which was to snatch her mind clear away from frilly dresses, speeches, and about everything else, including lessons. Esther was nine years old when the Manchester Playground and Pool opened. She always regarded it as her particular pool. Her mother had worked and promoted to bring it there and Esther officially opened it. It became, in time, her home away from home.

Her older sister, Maurine, had taught Esther to swim, as she'd taught all the Williams kids. Maurine loved the ocean and being older and almost like a second mother in the Williams house, she herded her brothers and sisters down to Santa Monica or Hermosa Beach every time she could get away from school. She'd hold Esther out on one arm and David on the other in the lazy surf and let them paddle away. Before she was three years old, Esther could churn around by herself. She had no fear of anything, and the buffeting waves only made her shriek with glee. But she had never swum in fresh water.

free time fish...

So there was some suspense among the Williams clan when the Manchester pool opened and Esther was nicknamed as the first kid to swim across it. But Esther belly-flopped in without a quiver and splashed across the deep end. From that minute on she was a gone goose until duck is a better word. As long as the pool stayed open, Esther Williams seldom missed a day. It opened in May, before the summer vacation, and Esther could hardly wait for three o'clock. She'd dash down the stairs with the bell and fly over to the pool. She'd run there in her noon hours and summers she haunted the place, counting towels to earn her way in—a hundred towels a free swim. Even in summer the time she liked best at the pool was during the noon hour, that was when the lifeguards and instructors went into the water—and to Esther Williams, they were the only ones worth swimming with.

Esther went over to stay with her grandmother in Alhambra one school weekend. She hauled her school books along. It was a scorching hot fall day. Esther undressed and climbed into the bathtub, filled it and began to read her lessons. She was at this unique home study period when grandma came in and saw her. The old lady was shocked.

"Why," she exclaimed. "You're not a little girl—you're a fish! That's what—a fish!" She sent Esther home.

And in some ways, grandma was right. Esther got into the habit of slinging on anything handy to go to school in, and then dropping it on the floor when she took it off. Her sister, June, who shared her bedroom, was the first to protest. June
was tidy and neat and Esther kept the room messed up like a magpie’s nest. So they had some fights and June called her sister “sloppy.”

“I’m not sloppy,” fired back Esther. “I take a shower every night and swim all day. I’m cleaner than you are!”

That was true enough: Esther was well-washed, always. But she couldn’t be bothered about her hair or her skin or how a dress looked. Freckled and sunburned, bleach-streaked and nose-peeled—and by now, too, Esther was all arms and legs, shooting up like a skinny weed. She grew six inches in one year at Junior High. Out of the water she looked awkward and though her face was pretty enough, the boys didn’t look her way. She was no dainty doll dish, by any standards.

About the only concession to daintiness, in fact, that Esther made during that tomb-boy, water-baby phase was at her graduation from Junior High, and that was almost an accident.

All the girls were going to wear white dresses for graduation and Esther, being the honor speaker, simply had to have one. But she knew she couldn’t afford it. She had a long talk with her mother. As usual, it boiled down to family ethics.

**beauty in spirit** . . .

“If you get the dress,” her mother told her, “you’ll enjoy it—just you, but the money it costs will take food away from seven people. Do you think that’s right?”

“No!” said Esther, honestly. She resolved to give up the dress. But at the last minute, Mrs. Williams found enough white material at a remnant sale to buy for almost nothing. Esther went on at the graduation in a dress pieced together out of scraps—eight pieces made up the top—alone—but so artfully pieced that no one noticed it. She got a thrill when people told her, “Esther, you were so beautiful!” and it was a rare thrill but soon forgotten.

After the ceremony her mother gave her a quizical look. “You know, Esther,” she said, “you could be pretty, if you’d half try.” And Esther just grinned dreamily again—her mind on something else.

It took more than a mother’s counsel—as it usually does—to snap Esther Williams out of her Sloppy Joe days. In fact, it took a succession of pretty rude jolts. One was a weekend in the mountains at Lake Arrowhead. A gang of Junior High guys and gals went for an outing. They swam, boated on the lake, hiked among the pines and danced at the tavern. Outdoors, Esther Williams had a swell time. But when it came to dancing and romancing—well—not a boy asked Esther to dance. That got her a little worried. Then one night she went to a party and they played kissing games. About the homeliest boy in school took her and she grabbed him, because she knew no other boy would ask her. Well—they played “Wink,” where you sit around in chairs and boys wink and unless the girls scam out of their chairs pretty fast they get kissed. Esther played with a handicap, because she’d been near-sighted all her life, and she couldn’t see the winks. So she got kissed black and blue—and always by the same homely date—nobody else winked at her. Finally, Esther remembers, even the drip got tired and quit kissing her. But she began to wonder vaguely what was wrong.

So, as usual, she went right to Mrs. Williams. “Mother,” she asked, “what’s the matter with the way I look?”

Mrs. Williams suspected what was up. “Well, Esther,” she told her. “Nothing’s wrong with your looks. You’re pretty and you’ll be prettier when you fill in. But you just throw your clothes on and you don’t fix your hair or keep your nails nice. Your skin’s always burned black. You’re just not neat and dainty like boys think.

---

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did take good, long looks from then on out. It was pretty tough to get past Jimmy's proprietary guard, but it was arranged a good many times and the main thing was that Esther Williams became what every girl at that age craves to be—a Popular Girl. Before she graduated, it was, in fact, Esther Williams who was the big shot at Washington High—and the ex-girl friend was happy to be her friend again.

Besides the basketball, softball and swimming teams, which she made in a breeze, Esther Williams was a "Tri-Y" a Lady of the "Knights and Ladies," (both strictly upper crust) president of the Girls' Athletic Association, member of the Girls' League, Self-Government president, Vice-president of the school and ten or twelve other things.

Besides all these cut ups and busy-bee activities, Esther also had a study or two to pass. As usual, math threw her. When she felt a hard test coming on, Esther would use her new charm on the profs.

"You know," Esther'd suggest the day before an exam, "school work isn't everything. There's such things as personality development, activities, I mean."

"You mean," they'd smile, "you think you might flunk the course?"

The algebra teacher told Mrs. Williams once, "If I was grading Esther on personality she'd get an A-plus. But unfortunately the course is algebra."

big time . . .

What Esther Williams had in mind, however, when she traded those hints, wasn't her school activities. She took those in stride. But what was eating into her time and energies seriously was her first love which she had never abandoned for a minute, charm girl or no. That was swimming. And by the time she was 15, Esther Williams was no longer just a punk kid swimming around the Manchester pool. She was one of the best girl swimmers in town. Bill Fredrickson, a professional swimmer friend, had told her early, "You're good enough to make a big athletic club team, Esther," and Esther had scoffed, "Don't be silly."

"I mean it," insisted Bill. "Stick to practice and you'll make it."

Well, there was nothing to sticking to practice for Esther. She loved the water. But she didn't think Bill knew what he was talking about. After the Metropolitan meet, it happened.

The Met was the big city meet, where all the playground kids competed at the Olympic Stadium over by U.S.C. Esther topped the girls' 50-meter. While she dried herself, a woman came up and introduced herself. She was Aileen Allen, a former Olympic champion, now women's coach at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

She said right off, "I think you have excellent possibilities of being a championship swimmer. Would you like to come to the LAAC pool and swim sometime?"

"Thank you," said Esther, "I might."

She didn't get around to it for quite a while, what with all her social and school activities. She didn't think they had her in mind for anything, that the LAAC lady was just being nice. That wasn't exactly it. Big athletic clubs are always on the lookout for new talent. The LAAC has probably "discovered" more young swim and dive champions than any other. Mickey and Johnny Riley, Buster Crabbe, Ruth Jump, Marjorie Gestring—Olympic champs—the Hopkins Twins—dozens of them. The Club has more cups on the walls than a coffee joint. But while it's great for the club to recruit promising kids, it's also swell for the kids. They get training, competition, publicity, fame. One day, after some weeks had passed, Aileen Allen called Esther's house. "How'd you like to try for the LAAC team?" she asked.

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Esther was cautious; the Williams' were still running close to the budget. "Does it cost anything?" she asked. "Do you have to buy new suits or anything?"

Aileen Allen smiled. "I can assure you," she said, "the chance is something most young girls would give a lot to have."

So Esther went up to the club and she won, among all the other girls invited to try. That started Esther Williams' big time swimming career. She began swimming with the team in 1937. Her first big meet was one staged by a Los Angeles newspaper, with merchandise prizes for every event. All the best swimmers in southern California competed and Esther came in second in the free style sprint. She won a set of luggage, which she still packs around. They wanted her to enter the Nationals that year but Esther didn't think she was good enough and her coach agreed. All that winter and the next summer, too, she trained.

That was a little easy or easy to do as it is to write. But to Esther, it was worth it to get really good—and that she did. A year after she started training she won the 100-meter sprint at the Junior Indoor Nationals in Los Angeles. About every Sunday she swam on the LAAC team against other pool teams around town—the Ambassador Hotel, the Beverly Hills, Stotel squad, Palm Springs, and Coronado outfits. She usually won. But she could lose, too. And when she did, usually by an eyelash, she would be up with herself for not putting out the extra ounce of effort that would have turned the trick. That happened to her three times at her first big time meet—the Senior Nationals at the Coral Casino in Santa Barbara, in the summer of 1938.

There she was "touched out," beaten by a scant stroke, by her teammate, Virginia Hopkins, who was Esther's racing Nemesis whenever they tangled. But in the 880 breast stroke relay, although the LAAC girls' team came in second, Esther bustled the world's record in her lap. And at the Santa Barbara Meet something happened which added a new angle, more prophetic for a Hollywood future than any notes in the win column.

There Esther was officially voted the "most perfect mermaid," judged on her style, her figure, brightness, and her beauty. After that sports writers began to call her "the Aquabelle" "Venus of them All" and "Sweet Williams" and whenever she put on a swim suit in public a news camera clicked. Esther Williams was what sports picture grabbers prayed for—a beautiful girl athlete.

When Esther started swimming at LAAC, Aileen Allen had told her, "It will take you four years at least to be a national champion, but I think you can make it."

And Esther had been thinking, "Oh, I'll have to do it quicker than that."

The Olympics are in 1940.

Her coach had laughed. "You'd better not worry about the Olympics. You'll never do it that soon."

"Well, I will," stated Esther. And even her coach didn't know that a determined girl of stout faith, this Williams could be even though she had several strikes against her: her senior year and the hardest studies, her baseball activities, her social life, her weekends and exhibitions, her minor meets, her love troubles. But she graduated, and with honors.

Graduation night Esther celebrated by going to her first Hollywood night club. She and Bobbie McConnell, her best girl chum, double dated at Earl Carroll's. Esther's boy friend smoked a cigarette right out in public and they ordered a split of champagne for four people, which gave them each a sherry sip and a swallow—all very wicked and gala!
But that was the only slight slip-up in Esther Williams' two year plan, now on the home stretch. The Nationals at Des Moines were in July. She had trained keenly all year. But right away she enrolled at Los Angeles City College to make up some credits she'd need for her liberal arts course at USC, where Esther planned to go to college in the fall.

But some other things had happened, too. Talent scouts from two Hollywood studios, Warner Brothers and Twentieth Century-Fox, had looked up Esther Williams at the little house on Orchard Street. They talked about tests, contracts and a career in the movies, feeling her out, and Esther was vaguely disturbed. Her life had always been so normal, so happy, so simple and down to earth, and now Glamor with a big "G" was hot on her trail.

Before she packed for the train to go to the Nationals in Des Moines, she had a talk with her best friend and advisor.

"Mother," said Esther, frowning anxiously, "I've trained for this meet. I know I can win. But I know that if I do it will be the beginning of a lot of new things. I don't know whether I want to do it. Maybe it would be best to skip it right now and let my life go on like it is. I like it the way it is—and I'm afraid . . ."

Her mother nodded. "I understand," she said. "I know just how you feel. But Esther, if you don't swim this race after all your work you'll never forgive yourself. Because you'll never know what might have happened and you'll regret your decision all your life.

"You go ahead and win the race," she counseled. "And fight it out later."

home for the brave . . .

And so, that sheltering night in Des Moines before the meet, Esther tossed and turned in her stuffy hotel room. She couldn't sleep so she got up and wrote a letter home. She was still very mixed up or she would never have penned such a dismal note. She wrote that she had watched and timed all the other girls and they were far too good for her. She said she didn't have a chance.

But before Mrs. Williams ever received that letter, she got two wires. One came July 28 and it said, "Dearest Mummy: How would you like to meet the new 100-meter free style champ—me! Pardon the collect wire. Your loving daughter, Esther."

And the other came two days later. "Dear Family: We have cleaned up on everything so I'm coming home. Won medley relay and broke world's record by nine seconds. Excuse collect wire again. Very happy. Love, Esther."

Esther was telling the truth. She was very happy—she'd never been happier. But she told the truth too, before she left home to plunge into the championship swim and big league fame. That was indeed the beginning of a lot of new things for Esther Jane Williams.

(Esther Williams' life story will be concluded in the June issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

DANCING IN THE DARK?

Even if you're not in a hurry, Arthur Murray's your best bet when it comes to smoothing out the kinks in your dancing feet. That's why we bowed low and said, "Mr. Murray, may we have this chart?" We're talking about BE A BETTER DANCER, of course—free on request. See Super Coupon, page 24.

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DARLING DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 51)

over the telephone later, and you'll enjoy your dinner infinitely more if you aren't exhausted.

"I don't know anyone—not anyone—who has to rest for ninety minutes," Peggy has announced bitterly on occasion.

"And I know very few girls who are as lucky in their work as you are," is Mrs. Garner's haymaker. That usually settles the discussion, and Peggy lies down. Sometimes she uses this time to write in her diary. It isn't exactly a diary, really, it is more of a journal; she doesn't write down her innermost thoughts, but she does like to keep track of the major events in her life, like the day she met Tyrone Power, and the noon hour when she and Barbara Whiting picketed producer George Seton because Betty Grable and June Havner were glamorous girls, yet Whiting and Garner couldn't be slick chicks.

In addition to the family difference of opinion about afternoon rest periods, there is a difficulty over clothes. Mrs. Garner simply can't endure sloppy joe sweaters—buy she has allowed Peggy to acquire a wardrobe of twenty-eight. Neither does she approve of blue denims and plaid shirts with the tails hanging out, but when Peggy goes up to the home of her best girl friend, on Saturdays, she manages to take along, and wear, her rough clothes.

There is also some dispute over the fact that Peggy would, if her mother could, allow let out with Bobby soap and slide into her saddle oxford bare-footed. She loves the cool feel of the leather lining on her feet; she likes the swish of the local breeze about her ankles.

Most of the time, however, Mrs. Garner makes her daughter stand inspection and refuses to give an okay until the feet are socked.

sortorial sulks...

There are always under consideration in the Garner household (1) l'affaire evening gown, and (2) l'affaire pesa jacket. When Peggy was scheduled to attend the premiere of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" she said, "Now, Mother, may I have my first formal?"

Mrs. Garner shook her head. "No, darling, not until you're sixteen. You have many, many years in your life during which you will be obliged to wear a long evening gown. Take these last opportuni-ties to wear a short party dress."

"I don't see it that way," said her daugh-ter. "Who cares about a short party dress, anyhow?" But there the matter stood.

Someone in the studio, thinking that this difference of opinion was news, notified Louella Parsons. In the mixup over the telephone, the story was not reported with exactitude. When, on the Sunday night before the premiere, Miss Parsons worked on the air, she gave this version: "Peggy Ann Garner has won her point. Mrs. Garner has finally consented to allow Peggy to wear a long evening gown to the premiere."

Mrs. Garner and Peggy, listening to the broadcast, exchanged quick glances. Peggy threw a snarl around her mother's neck and kissed her rapturously. "Oh, thank you!" she squealed. "What a lovely way to break the news to me!"

In such a case, what could a mother do? Particularly when the studio, in a burst of benevolence, presented Peggy with the exquisite white dress she had worn in "Junior Miss."

Several months later, when Mrs. Garner was purchasing some clothing for Peggy to wear on a bond tour, our "Junior Miss"

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spotted a formal with a spreading black taffeta skirt and a pale pink bodice. "That's for me," she jubilated. "Black is too old for you," ruled Mrs. Garner. "Only a woman over twenty-five can do justice to the sophistication of black." Peggy resorted to wiles: she said she thought the style of the dress—which, admittedly, was in the junior section—canceled out the sophistication of the color. The salesgirl sided with Peggy. Eventually the buyer was summoned. The buyer is a woman with exquisite taste, so Mrs. Garner agreed to abide by her decision. The woman glanced from the dress to Peggy’s elongated frame, then shook her head. "To be quite candid, Mrs. Garner, I don’t feel that the dress is too old for Peggy. The style, plus Peggy’s ability to carry the mode becomingly, makes it entirely suitable to her.”

Peggy intends to remember this good Samaritan in her will.

peacock in a pea jacket...

Of all her coats, Peggy’s prime favorite is the pea jacket sent her by a friend of her father. Although it is too big for her; she has it swirled around her hips like a hoop skirt and a flagpole; admitted, if she and her mother get in the car when Peggy is wearing her jacket, it is impossible to crowd a third person into the seat. Still, Peggy loves that jacket. Whenever she emerges from her room, wearing it, her mother shakes her head and sighs.

By all means, don’t get the impression from all this recounting of her differences of opinion that Mrs. Garner and Peggy aren’t devoted to one another, because they are. Actually, they are much more like sisters than like mother and daughter. Peggy shares her mother’s goings and doings, and Mrs. Garner is always a conspirator in her daughter’s projects. One day a friend of Peggy’s asked her, "Is this a secret from your mother?" in reference to a plan under discussion.

Peggy looked painfully aghast. "I don’t have any secrets from my mother," she explained in such a bland tone of voice one would use to say, "The sun rises in the east."

Much of their raillery is simply good-natured kidding. Not long ago Mrs. Garner, looking over Peggy’s vast collection of recordings, announced, "This is outrageous. You have three and four recordings of every number. I’m going to put my foot down. You aren’t going to buy another record for three months, and you are to sort your albums and give away every duplicate you own."

"I don’t have any REAL duplicates," asserted Peggy. "If I have two discs of the same number, some of them has given me a recording made by an orchestra other than the one I have."

"They’re still duplicates and it’s foolish to clutter up the house with them," ruled Mrs. Garner.

"Okay," said Peggy. "Tell you what I’ll do. I’ll give away my extras if you’ll give away all but one of your recordings of Symphony."

"But those extras were given to me by friends, and besides, each band has a different style," Mrs. Garner said, then she caught sight of the sly triumphant twinkle in her daughter’s eyes. "Oh, well, if you capitulated, you can keep them if you like," she added. Peggy, who never could get away with deception, answered, "Okay." When Peggy is convinced that she has annoyed her mother, it worries her deeply. Just before Christmas, Peggy went away one morning, leaving three of her desert drawers gaping; she had also discarded her bedroom slippers in the middle of the floor, and several pairs of loafers and saddle oxfords were tossed here and there.
How long since a man kissed your hair?

EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty.

Your hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANOLIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! And watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today.

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October - Opals October - Opals

November - Citrine November - Citrine

December - Topaz December - Topaz

"I'll be at the parade this Christmas, 1944. Peggy and her mother were in Chicago on a personal appearance tour. Because it was colder than they had anticipated, Mrs. Garner spent the shopping and found a terrific white lambkin coat at Lanz. Peggy nearly swooned at sight of it. "Buy it for me," she pleaded."

"No, Honey, I don't think we should invest in it now; later on, when we get back to Los Angeles, we'll select something for you," Mrs. Garner placated.

"Peggy never questions her mother's judgment when Mrs. Garner makes a decision, but she was monumentally disappointed. She thought, 'I'll never again like a coat as much as I like this one.'"

"Christmas morning she spotted the huge box under the tree and turned to her mother, "Why, you darling conspirator," she said. And she added, "You can wear it any time you want it." That made both of them laugh, which was a good way to pinch back the happy tears."

"This year, Peggy was in love with a ring she and her father and mother saw in a jeweler's window. "There," announced Peggy, "there is exactly the kind of ring I've always wanted. You know how I've described my idea of a whizzy setting to you, Mother? Well, if I had designed that ring myself, it couldn't have been more perfect, even to the setting itself.""

"They are probably asking some fabulous price for it," Mrs. Garner said absently. At the time the Garners were saving every penny to buy a home.

Peggy nodded agreement; she wanted a home even more than she wanted the ring. Christmas morning she looked around suspiciously for a small, elegant box, but there was none. Instead there was a parcel about the size of a shoebox. Peggy, breathing a resigned sigh, opened the box, then an-

All content is kept to a natural style to respect the context of the document. This text showcases various advertisements and articles about beauty and health care products. The article provides a detailed account of a family's Christmas, highlighting Peggy's desire for a ring and the unexpected gift of a coat from her mother. The text also includes an advertisement for Wildroot Hair Set and other beauty products. The advertisement for MIDOL is also featured, along with a section on teething pains relief and the introduction of a new product by DR. HAND'S.
other, and another ... and about forty boxes later she came upon the blue velvet nest of the ring she had seen in the window.

Actually, it had been hers even at that time. Mrs. Garner had made notes of Peggy's description of her idea of a dream ring, and had induced a jeweler to create the design.

In addition to her swoony ring, Peggy is the jingling owner of four charm bracelets, two silver, and two gold. One of the gold bracelets is now complete; it was sent to Peggy by a Naval friend of the family and consists of a helm, a tiny compass that really works, and several other unique miniatures.

Peggy's allowance of two dollars a week makes it impossible for her to accumulate charms very fast; most of the cash she can save goes out in gifts to her friends.

By the time you read this, Peggy and her mother will be living in the new home they have rented. Peggy has the privilege of planning her own bedroom and the den. The den is to be the spot in which she can entertain her friends, whereas Mrs. Garner is to have the exclusive use of the living room for her friends.

junior home beautiful

Peggy hasn't completed plans for the den; she will have her radio-phonograph in there, of course; she wants the walls to be lined with bookcases—for quiet hours of reading—and the floors to be waxed for dancing—for hectic moments of fun.

About her bedroom she is glib; she knows exactly how it is to be. On the floor there is to be a wall-to-wall white shag rug. The curtains are to be white starched French organdie with six-inch ruffles bound in red; the dressing table is to have a flounced white organdie petticoat, also bound in red. The wardrobe is to have a triple-wing, full-length mirror, and the dressing room is to have separate compartments for suits, coats, dresses, and long formalas.

There will also be an equestrienne corner in which Peggy will hang her riding breeches, jackets, sweaters, and set her riding boots. At present, Peggy is riding almost every day; her horse is a magnificent five-gaited animal. She would like to learn to take the jumps next, but her studio would probably froth at the mouth. Mrs. Garner isn't keen about the ambition, either; she feels that riding on the flat is enough accomplishment for a girl who has practically no need at all for a broken arm.

In addition to her riding, Peggy has another trick that delights—among dozens of admirers—a brisk gentleman named Bill Burton. Bill is Dick Haymes' and Barbara Whiting's agent, and he is one of the most popular ten percenters in Hollywood. Every time he sees Peggy he says, "Come on, Baby, give me that down-under look, J.G."

Peggy, who has spent considerable time practicing it, lowers her head, allows her shock of softy-curled hair to fall forward, then raises her eyes in a convulsing imitation of Lauren Bacall doing a "To Have or Have Not." It is strictly a gag, of course; Peggy would no more try it, deadpan, on her friends than she would wear a teething ring to a premiere.

Planning for two very important assignments these days, but Peggy is doing a jet-propelled job of it. For one thing, she is to be allowed her first official date. On this first official date she is to be allowed to go with a boy approved by her family, but she must go to a private party—if it is an evening date—and she must go along with another couple.

When she is sixteen she will also be allowed to learn to drive a car, and when she is a smooth driver, Peggy will be allowed to own her own jalopy. She has

A BARRIER STOOD BETWEEN US

Misunderstanding and coldness loomed like a wall between us. I should have realized why, because I knew about feminine hygiene and the difference it can make. But I'd been trusting to now-and-then care.

My doctor set me straight. He said never to risk marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene, even once. And he advised me to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

BUT I BROKE IT DOWN

Nothing between us now, but love and happiness. I've learned my lesson. No more carelessness about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" for douching and is de-

pendable! For more so than salt, soda, or other homemade solutions.

"Lysol" is a proved germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly, yet gently. So easy and economical to use, too!

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Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution ... always. Powerful cleanser—"Lysol's" great spreading power means it reaches deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control ... far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-irritating—"Lysol" douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Available in stores everywhere. For FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

"LYSOL" is the registered trademark of Lehn & Fink Products Corporation and any use thereof in connection with products not made by it constitutes an infringement thereof.
all the mental specifications for this vehicle solidly set in mind. It is to be a convertible coupe, natch; it is to have a radio that will pick up everything but gold from the streets; the upholstery is to be red leather, and the body must be azure blue. White sidewall tires, double fog lights in front, a spot light on the left, and a horn strictly from Dixie will complete the ensemble.

So, as things stand, Peggy has only one genuinely serious problem. She wants desperately to attend public high school for at least a year, then she wants to go to a co-educational university. She talks the idea over—up to her mother on every occasion. Mrs. Garner thinks that if studio commitments make it possible, Peggy should spend one high school year away from the Fox lot, in a private girls' school, then attend an eastern woman's university for two years, THEN transfer to a co-educational institution.

Mrs. Garner attended Sweetbriar, an exclusive college for women, situated in Vermont. She has already spoken to the president of the college about Peggy. But Peggy prefers the idea of joining a sorority and dating in changes with boys.

What do you think about it? Peggy would like to know.

M. S. THROWS A PARTY

(Continued from page 31)

afternoon, Peggy took the train from Summit, N. J., to New York, to share the gown up at the end of the Museum Screen office looking like something out of a Russian tragedy. In due time Al and Henry heard the news, and the three of them sat slumped in their chairs like clumsy mourners at a wake. It wasn’t until Peggy had left (to drown her sorrows in a Schrafft’s special) that the solution to it all hit Al and Henry. Why not still have a party? They could hire a hall, have Joe Marsala’s orchestra provide the music, invite all the stars in town and Peggy could be the hostess of honor. In the space of a few seconds the idea had achieved colossal proportions.

One of the girls who was eavesdropping from the next room yelled in, “What’s it—a production!” and someone else said: “You’ll practically need a master of ceremonies.”

Henry snapped his fingers and Al picked up the phone, and that’s how Ed Sullivan got involved. Ed, as you know, is the Broadway and Hollywood reporter. He calls the stars by their first names, is a buddy of Louis Prima’s and can get a beer on the house in any nightspot in town. He’s really a fabulous guy with a finger in every pie—from the Harvest Moon dance contest to the Golden Gloves boxing bouts. Modern Screen has just signed him on as a radio columnist, and having him on the staff was sort of like having Lous B. Mayer in the family.

“Ed,” Al said, when he got him on the telephone, “do you want to do a party for us?” said Ed said yes and after that things really began rolling.

The guest list grew until it included not only Prima, but Kelly, Bandlein, Miller, field and Danny Kaye, and also 500 members of fan clubs all the way from Baltimore to Montreal. The “hall” was the ballroom in Brooklyn, at Ed’s suggestion, the Zanzibar—jumpingest joint in town. The staff at Modern Screen kept strictly non-union hours, working on into the night on the invitations, arranging the seating, planning the refreshments. And all the time there was that little undercurrent: “Wait till Peggy hears about it!”

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“Gee,” Mickey said, “don’t you wish we could see her face when she gets the invitation?”
“Yeah,” said Al, and Billy Weinberger (that’s our smoothie-puss art man) said, “Why not? We could send a photographer out to Summit the day after you mail the invitation and have him snap her when she opens it.”

Which is exactly what we did. The boys had her street number, of course, but as it turned out they didn’t really need it. Because smash in front of “319” was this nice friendly springer spaniel with a huge placard around his neck saying, “Member of the Dane Clark Fan Club,” and he was a dead giveaway. Later on—after the mail man had come and gone, and Peggy had been photographed holding her invitation and looking like a sweepstakes winner—it developed that the dog, name of Limey, is the only canine member of the Dane Clark Fan Club. For that matter, as far as we can discover, he’s the only one belonging to any fan club whatever. He attends local meetings, pays his dues, and otherwise occupies his time lording it over his non-member friends and strolling downtown to see if the latest Dane Clark movie has hit town.

The boys didn’t linger very long because Peggy had to get on the phone quick like a bunny and flash the good news all over Summit, and anyway, they were anxious to get back to the office to see how the pictures had turned out. Those were the very first ones in our picture story, and frankly, we kind of ‘em. Turn back to page 30 again and take another look for yourself. Then we’ll let our very peachy photographer take the story from there.

JEAN KINKEAD

No one can tell a story like you, Jean. I wouldn’t dare change a word of it. But, Jean, darling, let’s face it—you’re the darkest little exaggrator this side of Bob Burns. True enough, the life at the Zanzibar party did begin with pretty Peggy Fields. But she wasn’t guest of honor. That proud distinction went to the five hundred fan club members who crowded the Zanzibar right to the eaves!

The moral of this little piece I’m tacking on to Jean’s story, friends, is that any fan who has the time owes it to herself to join a fan club. This Zanzibar Ball of ours is kid stuff alongside of Fan Club Party Number 2! For instance, what would you think of our tossing next year’s event in New York’s world-famous Madison Square Garden? Nothing definite yet, but it gives you an idea of the kind of dreams we dream. Though out parties, though fan clubs, our readers meet stars! Which is just one of many fan club services your friendly magazine offers to its vast family of readers.

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**Watch Lizabeth Scott!**

*(Continued from page 55)*

"What have you got against women? They turn into Hollywood stars, don't they? Hopper's unfair to females!"

Ah me—tis ever thus when you put on a long black robe and set up shop in the judging racket. The thing to do when you murder the ump, as any Dodgers fan knows. Okay, I can take it, but the true word is that I try to be fair. And the true word is "Mom-Hubba"—"The Voice of America"—"The Tall, Tawny and Terrific"—"Those Who Do It Best!"—"The Hubba-Hubba Girl!"—well! But at that, I guess they know their stuff. Because it was after reading these words got me simple had to find out what Lizabeth Scott was like underneath the adjectives.

**Ball of fire...**

Of course, I'd watched Lizabeth through "You Came Along," and marvelled how a green girl in her first picture could switch from light comedy to heavy drama and make the change without a break. It's not easy, either, to snitch a picture right away from a couple of smooth actors like Bob Cummings and Don DeFore. I noted that Bob complained afterwards he hoped he'd never have to make another movie with such a larcenous leading lady as Lizabeth. You don't often run into an unknown girl being starred in her first film, either—especially by a top producer like Hal Wallis. And when Scotty did it again in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers," acting right along with Barbara Stanwyck and Van Heflin, she proved she was no flash.

So I knew the Lizabeth Scott Hollywood star trail was hot as Harry James’s trumpet, but as for herself—well!—Hubba-Hubba Girl stuff fooled me. I slipped into my brown gown with the zop top, with the hip flip, with the lace waist. I bet myself up to celebrate right along with a 1946 trick chick. Then I called up Lizabeth and invited myself over for tea.

"'Hurry on over, Miss Hopper," urged Lizabeth in that caramel contralto, "I'm getting evicted tomorrow!" She explained the housing shortage was snapping at her heels. She'd been living on five-day plans at hotels, in friends' spare bedrooms and practically everything else.

Well, I beat the landlord to the punch—and I got the surprise of my life. Hubba-hubba on no, Lizabeth Scott in the flesh is no mere sexy siren, pin-up parrot or frilly filly with more curves than brains. Truth is, Lizabeth is a hard-working, well-trained career girl. But along with her talent and brains, Scotty's got something else—she's got a face and figure that dreams are made of and a personality like a ball of fire.

The face is about picture perfect, I'd say, chiseled nicely and with the clean cameo features camaraderie crave. Her skin’s like satin, her thick taffy hair matches tumbling in a long curving do that just fits the gal. Her eyes are big and blue and the lashes and eyebrows inky black. Her's a smile made for a smile and she knows how to laugh with her eyes, too. Quite a dish, Scotty. Facts and figures? Five-foot-five, in her nylons, fighting weight, 118, stripped, and don't think anything is here when it ought to be there. You can tell she's part Russian—half, in

---

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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fact, because her mother was born there—and right off I caught a hint of Olga Baclanova in her face and beautiful Vilma Banky, too, the Hungarian blond dream of the Silents. But that’s digging pretty far back in my Hollywood Souvenirs. The modern critics teetotally half Dietrich and half Bacall. I think maybe she’s just Elizabeth Scott, which is enough. And if it isn’t—well, there’s the voice.

It’s low and deep and comes from way down inside somewhere and it’s absolutely hypnotic. A “whisky” voice without the hangover, because there’s no huskiness at all. Elizabeth thinks she might have got trying to be an opera singer when she was nine years old and yodeling at the top of her lungs. Certainly it’s not from cocktails, because she doesn’t drink.

Other day she tripped past the cashier’s booth in a Beverly Hills restaurant to use the pay phone (she carries tons of nickels—naturally there are no phones in her fly-by-night hangouts) and as she tripped back to her booth she heard the cashier whispering to a waitress, “I tell you—I’m certain I’ve seen that voice in the movies!”

battle cry...

That’s about what you do—you see Elizabeth’s voice. It’s part of her personality and that personality is something that does things to most everyone it bangs up against, even by remote control. You aren’t neutral about Scott; you love her or loathe her—but whatever you do, it’s a cinch your blood pressure rises.

When Elizabeth played “You Came Along” over the air at the Lux Theater, she got mixed up in the melee that swarmed over her co-star on the show, Van Johnson. If you’re a Van fan, you know the war cry now is, “I love you, Van!” So to kid America’s boy friend, Elizabeth—who has a wicked sense of humor—breathed ardently, right out in public, “Oh, I just l-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-u you, Van!” Van got a kick out of that, so after the show he sent her some posies with a card, “I love-o-o-o-o-u you, too!”

Well, it was all a gay gag but it landed right in print in a column and pretty soon Elizabeth got a sizzling letter like this from a fighting-nut maid in New Jersey: “Miss Scott—Say, I just read that you and Van Johnson are sort of getting together and—listen you—stay away from my Van do you hear? I’ve had enough of you Hollywood wolverines going on the make for Van. I suffered through Sonja Henie and larmed when I hear you’ll suffer through you. If this isn’t true, then I apologize. But if it is—lay off or I’ll fix you!”

See what I mean? That’s what Elizabeth Scott does to people, gets them all hot and bothered. There’s no set of toilers more bored with watching movie stars than heater projectionists. They have to dish out glamour day in and night out and most Hollywood cuties are just a big yawn in their lives. Well, the impact of Scott in her picture snapped them right to attention. They started telling all of them, and officially named Scotty “Miss It-Up-In-Your-Seat” or something.

So maybe I’d better apologize to those people. Maybe the gal is “The Smart” after all. If so, it’s something she just can’t help. The very first tag she objected, as a mere moppet, was a prediction of things to come. Scotty’s kiddie nickname was—“The Showoff.”

That’s what the kids called Elizabeth back in Scranton, Pennsylvania, her home town, where she started making her presence felt at an early age. Maybe the twisted artistic chromosomes from her father ganged up on her, because Papa Scott was a nice, normal real estate man with four offspring to worry about, Elizabeth being the oldest. But her Maw had ignorance of intimate physical facts has wrecked many a happy marriage. Pity the poor young wife who listens and follows the advice of women whose knowledge may prove ineffective or even dangerous to health.

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STAR PHOTOS

Box 179, Hollywood 28, Calif.
struck females are pretty fierce, as a class (I know—I was one once), making faces, striking attitudes and generally hamming up the joint, but Elizabeth out-fiered them. For instance, when she tried to pull her deep voice up high, she set her on Shakespeare and said, “Bring your tones up in your head, your head, my dear”—and Elizabeth got so lab-de-dah and high-toned Shakespearian in her daily diction that all her girls friends stopped speaking to her! Another time, she took in Katherine Hepburn’s Broadway show, The Philadelphia Story,” which was full of pretty frank words and phrases. What friends she had left around the Ferguson retreat fled in horror. Liza suspected that she did a year of drama school study—Maugham, Barrie, the Brontes, etc.—and then traveled down to the Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia, where she learned his cues and exits. Passing back through Scranton, a year older and wiser, Elizabeth tangled once more with that family on-to-college and this time she couldn’t bluff Mama. “The check is ten dollars a week, and that’s all, if you defy our wishes, said the Scots. But they suspected that’s all, that’s just what Scotty would do—and she did.

cross country clothes horse...

She got a room for six dollars a week and ate off the other four, and I won’t go into the gruesome details of that old tramp, tramp, tramp up and down Broadway. The wish to be one-and a half years old, with “too young,” “too Russian looking,” “too tall,” “too this” and too that. But they didn’t give her any jobs. The first time she got a job—she learned that on a salary check was in—of all things—“Hellzapoppin’.”

Lizabeth chased that one down on a Broadway tip and found sixty other girls there ahead of her. She wandered the weeding out until it was a standoff between her and a dark-haired lovely. She came back every day for five days reading lines and parading at the store and the suspense was terrific. Her lines weren’t anything very arty. Just, “Hello, boys, what’s going on here?” as Liza remembers, but saying them over and over again on an exhibition daily like a crot at auction got her goat and finally she exploded, “I don’t give a damn about the job (which was a lie)—but who’s going to be the brunette girl?” They said, “Okay, you do—go get your wardrobe fitting.”

That launched Elizabeth into show business, touring the country, being mostly a picture of an Olsen-Schonblum, the cross country blackout, sliding around in slinky gowns and working gags in the audiences of that crazy, crackpot show. But she ate the scenery and improved it. She got it all down to a science minus the glamour gil, which I maintain is a healthy experience for any Holly- wood-bound lady. She rubbed elbows with a rough and ready “too young” and the one night stands in a row, climbed on freaky trains at dawn, slept in funny hotel rooms and rubbed off the arty edges and learned how to protect herself in the clink—all for $30 a week.

But at that she had just $120 saved up when her contract dumped her back in New York, a year later, which guaranteed her three months rent in a converted mad’s room at the Hotel des Artistes, at $3 a month. So Elizabeth hit the pavement again and after a short job, this time in a stock company at the Colonial Theatre, not such a much. So instead of using the unelgant Palm Garden Theatre, she just tossed off her engagement as “I’m playing a drama a block from the Theater Guild.” That sounded

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better. She got $20 a week for doing things like "Rain" and "Personal Appearance," and all the time Lizabeth kept one eye on Broadway. And when "Skin of Our Teeth" started, cooking she was Johnny on the spot in the producer's office, hitting him for a job. She expected the answer, "No, nothing for you," but she pulled that "Theater Guild" address again and the amused producer said "Well, maybe I'll drop in some night and check you out. That's all I planned to do, but because one night after "Personal Appearance" she showed up and almost made Lizabeth swoon by offering her the job of understudy to Tallulah Bankhead!

It was sort of funny at the start to have a twenty-year-old girl understudying Tallulah. But Bankhead was regarded as practically indestructible and needing an understudy like a hole in her head, which was about the size of things the way it turned out. Lizabeth stewed and simmered and heaved and sighed for seven long months; she was in a case for a psychiatrist. And all that time Tallulah never even worked up a hangnail. But Liza waited and watched and studied and rehearsed and Tallulah noted approvingly.

the show goes on...

It was three weeks later that Lizabeth Scotty got her big break. She'd quit the show with Tallulah, and was getting her nerves back in shape from the frustrations and disappointments. So she was home and in her robe at a quarter to eight when the telephone rang.

"Can you come down to the theater right away?" panted a wild stage manager. "Miriam Hopkins is sick and I've got to have someone to go on. You know the part better than anyone in town. Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

So Lizabeth hurried. It was a case of fate favoring her too. But in five minutes she was making up and the curtain went up a little late, but it went up. The manager was right; nobody in town knew the lithe, fragile, girlly Scotty better than Lizabeth Scott. She could practically sell it backwards. So she walked right through it without fluffing a line—and one of the audience who nodded her loudest was a fellow, Joe Russell, a press agent who knew Hal Wallis, the Warner Brothers' production boss, who was in town. That's how he became interested in her. Coincidence, startling all the things that followed.

Because one afternoon this press agent met Hal Wallis at a cocktail party and raved about Lizabeth Scott as an actress and a Hollywood picture prospect. Sold. Hal sent a wire to Scotty's address suggesting an interview. But before the Western Union boy made it, Scotty and her date had made some plans. It was the eve of her twenty-first birthday and she was very low. Here she was, twenty-one, with no fame or fortune—and not even a trace of consumption to start her wasting away in Camille style. She was singing the blues to her boy friend. He said, "A sure one for you is the Stork Club. Go get your hat."

Scotty's blues turned to anger when a man smash across from her table kept staring at her as if he'd seen a vision. "Who's that?" she asked her date, testily.

"Hal Wallis," he said. "A big shot!"

"Well," puffed Scotty, "what's he staring at me for?"

She didn't know a wire from this same Hal Wallis was right now under her door. He didn't know the girl who captured his eyes was the same Lizabeth Scott he'd been hearing about and had wired for a date. You can imagine how Lizabeth felt when she snapped open the telegram from Wallis, after her birthday evening. The wire was an interview—object, Hollywood.

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played in "Rage in Heaven" at M-G-M while Greta made "Ninotchka." Ingrid was lonely then, in a strange, bewildering land, away from her husband and baby, yet Garbo never once welcomed her countrywoman, and though she passed Bergman many times on the studio lot, that lady didn't even smile. And it's typical Ingrid that, despite this snub, she still thinks Garbo is wonderful!

But Greta Garbo is no longer Hollywood News and Ingrid Bergman is—very definitely. Nominations for Academy Awards two years in a row, it's hard to see how Hollywood can duck making a habit from now on. Ingrid has proved herself already a great actress, better than Greta ever was, by handling a variety of roles like "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Gaslight," "Saratoga Trunk," "Spellbound," and "The Bells of St. Mary's"—and making them all shine as unforgetable Hollywood gems.

Yet, because she is Garbo's successor to Hollywood's most Queenly Crown and a fellow Swede, even born in the same city of Stockholm, the mystical, glacial Garbo legend—by force of Hollywood habit—sometimes swirls around her head. Nothing could be nuttier. Not only as stars, but as persons, Divine Swede Number 1 and II are as different as night and day. Garbo is nature's un-sophisticated—with a heart which doesn't beat for herself alone.

One late afternoon during the war, for instance, Ingrid stood on a storm-swept airfield in Chicago and fretted for a bunch of people she had never met. She was on a bond selling tour at the time, and as the local committee had got itself all mixed up, she had missed the train that was to take her to Indianapolis.

The only way to make it was to fly, but when she got to the airport to board the Army plane, the skies were gray and the order came through: "All Army planes are grounded."

Ingrid waited an hour at the field. The storm got worse instead of better. The grounding order still held. She was stuck there, but her thoughts were on the crowd at Indianapolis and how disappointed they'd be. She pestered the dispatcher every minute or so, and finally a man in civilian slacks and a leather jacket came up and tipped his hat.

"Understand you want to get to Indianapolis pretty bad, m'am," he said. "Well, I've got a single-engine private job here and I'll fly you if you want to go."
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Jack Benny and the rest of the troupe called to tell her goodbye. "Don't worry," stated Ingrid, biting her thermometer glass to keep from crying. "They told her not to dare be so silly and went on across the Atlantic. Ingrid spent four days whipping her fever, then she announced to Dr. Peter Lindstrom, her favorite and no effects would have got by with that if her favorite physician and husband, "I'm going to go now—and nobody's going to stop me!" So she wobbled out of bed, packed her bags and climbed into an Army Car. And brought in to work, as she said she would, in Paris, a little shabby, but all in one piece, to make the eyes of Jack Benny and her gang pop out of their sockets.

She probably wouldn't have got by with that if her favorite physician and husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, had been there to hold her down, but as it was, she suffered.

Ingrid Bergman was the last to tell a story like that on herself, and she's be shocked to have it attributed to any personal heroes. And with Bergman it is something else. It's true, but does not consider herself any sort of a special person.

She never wears dark glasses to disguise herself. She doesn't work secretly or cloaked in drivin' her own little old cream colored Studebaker coupe wherever she goes. She sends her most precious, daughter, Fia, to Beverly Hills public schools. She car never go to a movie opening; she doesn't even use cosmetics. She reads the comic strips and laughs out loud, and listens happily to a few radio screwballs like Bob Hope. She's never yet gone public. After all, she'll go anywhere to enjoy herself or to get something she likes.

On one of her trips to New York, Ingrid checked into her hotel and was promptly called by a New York studio representative. He asked if there was anywhere he could meet her, anything he could do. How about dinner?

"Oh, no thank you. I'm going over to Hamburger Heaven," said Ingrid. The startled fellow coughed. Did he hear right? The great Miss Bergman "Hamburger Heaven"? he repeated weakly.

"I like the hamburgers," laughed Ingrid. And that's where she went. After that she has often been called on, an unashamed-ly, occasionally croons an ancient hit Parade number like "Jingle-Jangle-Jingle," or "Don't Fence Me In." She has never been a beauty operator; she doesn't even use cosmetics. She reads the comic strips and laughs out loud, and listens happily to a few radio screwballs like Bob Hope. She's never yet gone public. After all, she'll go anywhere to enjoy herself or to get something she likes.

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Because she looks so little like Miss Movie-Star, Ingrid Bergman can usually pass unnoticed. She strides around New York without much trouble from autograph mobs. When they do catch up to her, sometimes they can't keep up with her.

Ingrid walks like a man, with long strides that cover ground. That gives her an advantage when anything happens such as happened one night when she took in a Broadway play at a theater down on 44th Street near Eighth Avenue. There the Hollywood and Broadway wise crowd spotted her when she came out and she being Big Game, they started to swarm all over Ingrid. It was raining cats and dogs, and the besiegers guessed that Ingrid would be cornered under the marquee while she tried to hook a cab. They didn't know Ingrid!

Two hours in the stuffy theater had already made her resolve to walk back to her hotel. Rain? That only made it more interesting. It was a surprised bunch of autograph wolves who watched the tall Swedish beauty duck into the downpour and glide up Eighth Avenue. The couple or so who raced after her got a damp signature or two, but darned few of them, even though they braved a wetting, could catch up with the racing Ingrid.

cosmopolitan milkmaid . . .

Although her cream-and-butter complexion makes her look like a milkmaid right off the farm, Ingrid Bergman is at home in the world's cities, a well-traveled cosmopolite who can rattle on in English, Spanish, German and French. She was born and raised in an apartment house in Stockholm and has been all over Europe and more of America than most Americans.

She practically commuted between Hollywood and Rochester, New York, when her husband was winding up his medical studies at the University of Rochester and later between Hollywood and Palo Alto when he interned at Stanford University. During the war she bustled here and there in the United States and Canada on war MH effort appearances besides her overseas tours. She likes to travel and she travels easily. She was the dream girl of every U.S.O. and Treasury Department official. Hollywood Victory Committee, and Chamber of Commerce chief, wherever she went. She was never late, never tired, always fresh as a daisy.

It's all right that Ingrid's every bit as disgustingely healthy as she looks. She can sleep like a babe on a train, plane or in a noisy Manhattan hotel, and she can stay up half the night and still roll out at dawn, chipper and cheery as a robin redbreast. Because she depends on no feminine beauty gear whatever and looks like a fashion plate in a few simple rags, she's the fastest star packer-and-unpacker ever to paste a Hollywood label on her luggage. Because she sticks to her usual feminine beauty routine, she can be ready to go as fast, or faster, than a man can.

A couple of winters ago, Ingrid traveled to Minneapolis to make an OWI film on a Swedish farm. It was midwinter and she worked outdoors in the bitter cold of 18 below zero. One night the Swedish consul in Minneapolis planned a party for her, but that day the shooting rolled along until after sundown. They left the farm at eight o'clock and the city was two hours away. Ingrid called Confederated her delay, which was okay with the consul and his guests. Still, when she arrived at her hotel the general idea was "Hurry."

At that point Bergman was bundled in heavy sweaters, wool socks and slacks, galoshes and a sheepskin. She had worked outdoors all day. She had to have a bath and change into evening clothes, groom herself from top to toes. A male member of the company stopping at the same hotel asked her how soon he should call.

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Mrs. Bethune's parties were always sensational, but her last one was positively sinister. Starting with "truth serum" cocktails, it ended with Mrs. Bethune herself strangled to death with her own emerald necklace.

"In fifteen minutes," said Ingrid.
He took that with a grain of salt, knowing women, but also knowing Bergman; he rushed to his room and knocked himself out getting into his clothes. At fifteen minutes on the dot he rapped at her door breathless from the quick change.

Ingrid opened it. There she was, neat a handbag, her coat on her arm.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"I've been waiting five minutes."

Ingrid is just as smoothly efficient at home and home is where she'd rather be the anywhere, especially since she lives with her family in the first house they've ever owned. Ingrid calls it "the barn." It's mountain lodge type place, half stone and half timber outside, with a vaulted ceiling inside. It's simple and unpretentious, but comfortable, friendly and morn like its mistress. Mainly, it's just three bedrooms and one big living room, with its cutie pie nook-and-cranny architectural which distinguishes so many movie star dream homes. With maybe a humorous crack at Hollywood's home fashions, Ingrid and her husband have christened various parts of the spacious main room. The chairs and sofa by the big fireplace, for instance, are "the den." Where the bookshelves stand is "the library." And the semi-circular window with another semi-circle table is "the breakfast nook."

When Ingrid started collecting Academy Awards, best actress plaques, cups, frame citations and awards, her surgeon husband kidded her. "We'll have to put up son shelves and build a 'trophy room' here!"

Ingrid developed the joke. "A wonderful idea," she agreed with a grin. "We'll make it a half-and-half trophy room. He'll have my picture prizes and half your from your operations!" It's a standby joke which still makes them chuckle—picture Bergman's Oscars alongside both surgical trophies—pieces of brain, excised bones, and vermiform appendices!

Ingrid knew just what she wanted in dream home, long before the Lindstroms deserted their little five-room apartment in Beverly Hills. Luckily, she found it a ready made, perfectly appointed in Swedish modern, the style she wanted.

the doctor comes first...  

That's where the Lindstroms live. Ingrid and Doctor Peter, Pia, "Tiny," the pup, a nurse and a housekeeper. And it the Lindstroms, as far as Ingrid is concerned, not the Bergmans—because she much more impressed with the work her husband does than the work she does. He's a brain surgeon now, stationed the Los Angeles General Hospital. He was a dentist when Ingrid married him, but intent on being a surgeon. When, after "Intermezzo," Hollywood decided it had to have this Bergman beauty for keep, Dr. Lindstrom was almost through in medical studies in Sweden. He change his plans, so he could be with Ingrid and transferred to American schools. By the education systems are different as many of his credits didn't count over her. The switch set him back many months, by he set about doing it the American way. While finishing off his medico course Ingrid, as I said, was with him every set hour, and as Mrs. Peter Lindstrom. She never permitted a photograph in gave an interview about their home life.

When Ingrid went on location to St. Valley for scenes in "Spellbound," Peter was laid up, and they skied together in setting reminiscent of their courting day. He's a strong, well-built six-foot-two and an excellent athlete and skier. St. Ingrid. Her skiing scenes in "Spellbound" weren't any double cutting the snow. The were Ingrid herself.

There's another sentimental bond the share in their daughter Pia. To make th
American version of "Intermezzo" (which was originally Bergman's Swedish starring film), Ingrid had to come to Hollywood and leave her two-year-old daughter under Peter's care back in Stockholm. When Ingrid herself was only two mother died and her photographer father undertook her own raising. Pipa's name, as most everyone knows, is derived from initials, "F" for Peter, "T" for Ingrid, and "A" for Aron, her husband's middle name.

Today, Pipa is soon to have a miniature Ingrid Bergman right down to the sable-hair, the peach bloom checks, the bright but placid nature. She goes to the Beverly Hills' St. Mary's Hospital until "The Bells of St. Mary's." Pipa had never seen her famous maw on the screen, although she had often toddled on sets with her nurse for visits, and doesn't always Pipa just want Ingrid doing but now she knows, although she's not too impressed. Her nurse took her to see "The Bells" at a Beverly Hills show and she piped "There's Mama," and that's about all. Much more exciting was the arrival of her dog, "Tiny."

He joined the Lindstrom household straight from the dog jail, the Los Angeles City Pound, of which he was probably the most forlorn, unaristocratic looking, but also the most docile! It was time. Pipa had a dog pal, but Dr. Lindstrom was the one who dropped him by the pound and picked him out, deliberately choosing the mutt because he looked so sad and woe-begone. He paid $4 for the spotted, liver-colored "Tiny," distantly related to a Boston bull, and Pipa was delighted. She named the pup "Tiny" and it stuck, along with Tiny himself. He's a firmly established member of the Bergman household now, although still sort of sad looking.

Ingrid's a good mother and home lover, and like all Swedish girls, she knows how to cook. But she's not the domestic type, always fussing with pots and pans on something like a salver. Her career, early and already an established actress when she was married, she has never had time to be a hausfrau. The housekeeper takes care of the house. But Ingrid does like to market for groceries, though, and poke around shops. On those excursions, if it's winter, a common Bergman costume is a mink hood and a twinkle, bright and wet. If it's warm, she's almost invariably in a colorful peasant type skirt and gay blouse with flat heeled slippers.

from scarf to skirt . . .

Ingrid has a passion for colorful men's silk scarves. She sews them together to make skirts. Recently an editor of a fashion magazine came out to her house to photograph and noticed the skirt she wore, "Where in the world did you get that striking skirt?" she asked.

Ingrid said she didn't, she made it and told how. The fashion expert tried again. Who created that marvelous, natural, flattering costume? She did. She did with a comb and brush, in about one minute flat. Er, grouped the style whiz—what about beauty aids? There weren't any. Ingrid patiently she tried diet, body care, health regimens. Ingrid was strictly no copy. There just weren't any rules. She liked hot tubs, long walks and bran muffins and smoked foie gras but it wasn't very startling or glamorous.

Ingrid never diets, but she often skips lunch. She likes a big dinner, preferably at Arne's, although she likes to dine out, too, in Hollywood, particularly at the Beachcomber, where the tropical rum drinks, Chinese and South Sea dishes fascinate her, partly because she thinks they're appropriate to a land washed by the Pacific Ocean. She's a true cosmopolitan that way; she goes for the specialties of the land she's in.

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When she was in Minneapolis, which is just about the Swedish capital of America, Ingrid was asked out one night by some friends. They inquired if she wouldn't like to go to one of those Copenhagen Swedish restaurants. But a couple of the members of their party had already arranged their schedule which called for Ingrid to visit two defense plants in the afternoon while Patsy entertained at a couple of parties that night all to appear at a giant rally.

But when they arrived in Toronto, Patsy fell ill, which meant that the boys in the hospital got no star. The thought of their disappointment stirred Ingrid. "I'll go there during my lunch hour," she volunteered.

"Don't like lunch anyway," Emma said;

But Ingrid was determined and the hospital chief knew it. So that all the boys could get a glimpse of Bergman, he started hustling her through the wards and barely did Ingrid get "Hello" out of her mouth before he was at her elbow, saying, "Have to hurry along now.

After a couple of wards, Ingrid came out into the lobby almost in tears. Her escort asked her what was the matter.

"I won't do it," snapped Bergman. "I can't treat those men rudely like that. It makes me sick.

They had a hurried huddle in the hall, with explanations, and the result was Ingrid went back and did it right, even though it meant breaking her resolve. But she came back the next day, and spent three hours so no one was disappointed, posing at the end for pictures with the patients.

The souvenirs they gave her—a

**JUNE ISSUE**

"Nancy With The Laughing Face" smiles out of our June issue because we've a wonderful story about the Sinatras coming up. You'd better get to your newsstand early, though, on May 14!

Ingrid Bergman is not all sweetness and light, of course. I said she was human, which means, like everyone else, she has a temper. Well, it's not a holy war when she feels someone is imposing on her.

Once in New York a little boy came up to her in the lobby of her hotel looking very forlorn and wastful. "Please, Miss Bergman," he begged, "give me your autograph. I've waited a week to see you." Ingrid was touched. She has a strict rule about autographs. She never writes in her hotel's because she thinks it's an imposition on the management and because it embarrasses her to cause a fuss. But she weakened for this little fellow. She left his book at the desk, she signed it and he could pick it up later. After a while the bell boy brought up fifty autographs books. The kid had sensed a soft touch and spread the word around. That burnt Bergman up.

She sent them all back. Nobody got an autograph.

Late for Ingrid Bergman to get along with Hollywood glamour. Acting is the thing she's interested in. She's hyper-critical of herself and keeps a scrapbook of her mistakes. If a line doesn't come out quite right, she'll go over and over it to perfect it. In fact, she so arranges the book that opposite every rave, there's a slam.

When she makes a picture she gets as wrapped up in all the parts as she does in her own. She collected pages of notes on Hemingway's novel "For Whom the Bell Tolls," starting the minute she was cast as Maria.

She packed them along to Sam Wood, the director. Half didn't even concern her part. Nineteen of her notes were about moods, feelings, lines of dialogue, etc. She prepared carefully, but she was so excited she couldn't remember half the lines she suggested puzzled him.

The were spoken by a character the movopscript didn't mention.

"But," observed Bergman, "this character is even in the picture!"

"I know," replied Ingrid, "But the line expresses what Hemingway meant so we could say it."

Bergman is probably the best informed person in the United States today on the French saint, Joan of Arc. It's been her life. She's played her in three pictures to play the maid of Orleans. She's read every biography of Jeanne d'Arc, even a source book and history of her era. And she has gathered up all the collected notes on everything clothes, customs, religious beliefs. Next fall on Broadway, she hopes to make her dream come true.

**Dream Come True**

Maxwell Anderson has written a play based on "The Emancipation of Madeleine." Ingrid has signed to do it. It will keep her away from Hollywood seven months. It will pay her more buttons compared with what she was getting in the movies.

But Ingrid is not exactly quacking up, in fact, it adds up, by conservative estimate to a sacrifice of about $500,000.

That doesn't bother Bergman's head for a minute. She's not thinking in money terms if she came down to that. Money has never meant much to her, although she's one of the highest paid actresses in the world.

Ingrid's acting career is a one-woman show. She's run around with two or three bucks in her purse. Last year, crossing the Canadian border—her bond tour, she had to declare the money she carried—$1.85.

That was what she had. Being Swedish and not raised in wealth at all, she's thrifty by train and instinct. She can't bear any waste—food, clothes, anything.

But real money is more or less a vague unreal commodity to the lady whose life is always in the clouds of her art. And that's the essence of Bergman's unhappiness. Bergman and most Hollywood stars:

To most, making movies is a means to an end—either wealth or glamour or fame. Hollywood is the place where you work hard, strike it rich and then buy a dream. Almost every star in Hollywood has a play to retire to, a idyllic spot—ranch or Spanish colonial or simple cottage.

Ingrid Bergman's acting career is a one-woman show. In one respect it's herself, her life, what she wanted for her ambition is to have a long busy life spent creating things with other people. If you asked her, "When do you want to retire?" she'd probably answer—"Never. Think of the parts I can do that others can't!"

It's safe to say that everyone who has seen the Divine Swede ardently hopes she'll get her wish. That also goes for some of the boys with her.

But Ingrid saw "Spellbound" for the first time at the Army's Birmingham Hospital near Hollywood. She sat in the audience with the GI patients to watch it and afterwards stepped up on the stage and signed autographs for the soldiers. One patient on crutches came up with a paper for her to sign. Ingrid took one look and volun-

"I wish you lots of success."

"Thank you," smiled Ingrid.

"As he bade his honored guest adieu,
A 'What's success mean, success? You mean you don't know who Ingrid Bergman is?'

"Uh-uh," replied the first soldier. "I ju came out of four years in a Japa prison camp. I didn't see many pictures. B'll tell you what I think—that gal's gone places!"
To *Maybebelle*

The eye make-up

I would never be without —

Sincerely,

Joan Crawford

*Original color photograph, "Paul Hesse—Klevebild*
Learn your ABC's
I did, and I like 'em

Always Buy Chesterfield
The right combination of the world's best tobaccos—properly aged
Passion Flames

Who can tell what strikes that spark? The look in your eyes...the touch of your hand...the sheer thrill of YOU in a clinging, exotic fragrance. So to kindle the flame in his heart, be excitingly sweet all over. Shower yourself from head to toe with Lilacs and Roses Talc. The perfume of passionate red roses blends with the languorous fragrance of lilacs to sweep you two into Paradise. Or tease and tempt him with Spicy Apple Blossom Talc. Its maddening fragrance promises love spiced with adventure! Get one of these exquisite Lander's Talcs at your 10c store today.
Sure your beauty will get a lift from that fragrant bubble bath! But what’s to keep your freshness from fading after the bath is over?

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With Mum you play safe. You play fair with your friends.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum won’t irritate your skin or injure fine fabrics. And it won’t dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Safe and gentle Mum smooths on easily even after you’re dressed. Get a jar of Mum today.

Take 30 seconds for Mum. Smooth Mum on each underarm. Half a minute and you’re protected, all day or evening. Your fresh-from-the-bath appeal marks you as a girl who is nice to be near.

Mum—Product of Bristol-Myers—takes the odor out of perspiration.
modern screen

JUNE, 1946

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At seventeen a girl's heart is so wise—a boy's so achingly unsure. That's the way it is with Alison and Robie in this tender picture of the green years—those years so full of laughter and heartbreak.

A.J. Cronin's

THE GREEN YEARS

M-G-M presents A. J. CRONIN'S "THE GREEN YEARS" starring CHARLES COBURN with TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER • HUME CRONYN • Gladys Cooper • Dean Stockwell • Richard Haydn • Screen Play by Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien • Directed by Victor Saville • Produced by Leon Gordon • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
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MOVIE REVIEWS
Easy To Wed

There's some nice Technicolor scenery in "Easy To Wed," the nicest being Esther Williams in a bathing suit. Then there's a guy named Van Johnson whom you may have seen around from time to time. There is also the hilarious duo of Keenan Wynn and Lucille Ball, and if you want anything more you should be in a psychopathic ward. The beautiful Esther plays an heiress, Connie Allenbury, who is suing a newspaper for two million dollars. They have, she says gently, ruined her good name by claiming she was a husband stealer, and it will take that mud. Dough to compensate.

Haggerty (Keenan Wynn), the managing editor of the paper, is desperate. So desperate that he re-hires an employee he fired the year before, because he thinks said employee is irresistible to women and can maybe get somewhere with Connie. Bill (Van Johnson) is quite willing to attempt it, for the trifling sum of fifty thousand bucks. Here's the scheme:—Bill is to marry some girl whom they can trust, then he'll go down to Mexico where Connie and her father are vacationing. He is to work on Connie, get her to come to his room alone, and the minute she enters, a photographer will snap her picture. Bill will produce evidence that he's married, and there is Connie—a husband stealer! That will wash up the lawsuit.

There are difficulties. The first one—where to find a girl they can trust—is solved by Haggerty, who nobly offers up his redheaded fiancée on the altar of business. The fiancée, Gladys (Lucille Ball), is not pleased with the nobility, but grudgingly agrees to go along on the deal. The second difficulty is that Connie turns out to be a very hep dame, who has been exposed to every woolish approach imaginable, and thinks Bill is a fortune hunter. But he's a bright lad, and not easily discouraged. He finds that her father's passion is duck shooting, and in five days, Bill becomes a duck expert. So he gets asked to go hunting with them, and has a chance to get better acquainted with Connie. She is, he finds to his surprise, a swell girl. The kind you could fall in love with so easy.—M-G-M

Gladys (Lucille Ball) and Bill (Van Johnson) get married—to help a pal out of a tight spot!
THE STORY OF A MAN AFRAID TO LOVE!

The screen’s boldest probing of human emotion!

JOHN HODIAK • NANCY GUILD

in

SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT

with

LLOYD NOLAN
RICHARD CONTE

and

Josephine Hutchinson
Fritz Kortner • Margo Woode
Sheldon Leonard • Lou Nova

Directed by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

Produced by Anderson Lawler
Screen Play by Howard Dimsdale and Joseph L. Mankiewicz • Adapted by Lee Shamberg
From a Story by Marvin Borowsky
P. S.

Esther Williams had a birthday party with her family one night after work. Brother David gave her a pair of water-wings, her Dad gave her a miniature bathing suit and a request for a pinup picture, and Mom came forth with a china pig bank—a gentle hint to Esther to save her money . . . On location for the picture, Van noticed a group of curious kids mounted on horseback. "That's a nice horse you have there," he said to one little girl. She sneered back, "Ain't no horse—it's a mule." Then she looked closer at him. "You a stand-in?" she wanted to know. "Yes, for Van Johnson," said Van. "Humph," said the kid. "You don't look like him." . . . Keenan Wynn, back at work for the first time since his accident, was without a dressing room the first day. The cast and crew had installed a large doghouse in its place. A sign over the door read, "For those who hold up production."

THE GREEN YEARS

Veteran Charles Coburn heads the cast of "The Green Years" as old grandpa Gow, whose only virtues are his loving heart and the way he can explain his red nose by constant references to the poison darts aimed at him in the Zulu War. His son-in-law, "Poppa" Leckie (Hume Cronyn), continues to tolerate his wife's father. After all, how long can the old drunk live, and we mustn't forget that fat insurance policy, must we?

When young Robbie (Dean Stockwell), orphaned son of a deceased, disgraced Leckie daughter, comes to Scotland to live with them, poppa is beside himself. Here's another mouth to feed, he moans, and the boy comes without a cent to his name. Convinced that he must have the boy educated, however, he sends Robbie to the local Academy, where the sensitive youngster finds that his outlandish made-over clothes and frosted-upon religion make him the butt of all the class bullies. Painfully, but always with the warm guidance of the schoolmaster (Richard Hayden) to spur him on, Robbie succeeds in his studies to the extent that he finally becomes eligible to stand for the Marshall Exam, which, if he wins, will entitle him to five years' free tuition at medical school. But waste not, want not, Superintendent of Sanitation Leckie is still preaching, he's cared for the boy all this time, now it's his turn to go to the mines and contribute to the family.

There's not much heart-rest for Robbie Leckie (played, as an adult, by Tom Drake) in "The Green Years." Not when he's so hopelessly in love with wealthy Alyson Keith (Beverly Tyler). Not with his dream of medicine shattered, and his God, whom he's cherished this long time, seemingly deserting him. The only thing which keeps him going is the feeling, deep down, that even if God does seem temporarily out of happy solutions, Grandpa Gow isn't. Richard Hayden turns in a 'Mr. Chips' portrayal that will keep you glowing for a long, long time.—M-G-M

P. S.

This picture brings forth a new star, Beverly Tyler, the 18-year-old girl who came to Hollywood from a chintz loft in Scranton, Pa. On her days off, Beverly had her portrait painted. She posed on the stage of the auditorium of the Pasadena Regional Hospital, and gave the patients quite a few hours of easy staring . . .

MOVIE REVIEWS (Continued from page 6)
Ring out with those roars! Let go with those laughs! Here comes the merriest, madcap merry-go-round that ever rolled you up and down the aisles!

Paramount presents

"THE WELL GROOMED BRIDE"

starring

Olivia DeHavilland
Ray Milland
Sonny Tufts

with James Gleason • Constance Dowling • Percy Kilbride • Jean Heather
Produced by Fred Kohlmar • Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Screen Play by Claude Binyon and Robert Russell

That Oscar winning Movie Man of the Year follows up his sensational "The Lost Weekend" performance with a new screen high in romantic hilarity! He's out for fun!
Jessica Tandy was pregnant during the filming of the picture, three weeks before the baby was born. She received a wire from Lillian Hellman, who wanted her to do a lead role in "The Children's Hour" on Broadway. Jessica wired back, "Sorry, but in few weeks will have children's hour of my own." Tom Drake spent his lunch hours, on the set, studying singing with coach Harriet Lee, and has finally received the welcome news that he will sing in his next film.

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA

Remember how you melted over the Bergman-Bogart romancing in "Casablanca"? Well, run see this Marx Brothers version of intrigue in North Africa—the melting process will be repeated, but this time with laughter.

Three managers of the swank Hotel Casablanca have been mysteriously murdered in the past six months, so the local police chief starts thundering, "Round up all suspects!" Out scurries his staff, and when one of them corners blond, beaming Harpo, he is no end pleased. "Come with me," he orders. Harpo won't. "Whatcha think ya doin'?" snarls the copper. "Holdin' up the buildin'?!" Harpo nods brightly. So the policeman grabs Harpo's arm, yanks him into a waiting police car—and the whole building collapses!

Well, to get back to the story. A manager is imported from out of town to take over the hotel, Ronald Kornblow (Groucho), who immediately succumbs to the rather obvious charms of the hotel's entertainer, Bea (Lisette Veres). Rusty (Chico), owner of the Yellow Camel Cab Company and chiseler de luxe, however, is vaguely suspicious of the undulating Bea, and eavesdropping on her furtive tête-à-têtes with Count Pfefferman (Sig Ruman), he discovers that there is a large cache of Nazi treasure hidden in the hotel which Bea and the Count plan to escape with as soon as the troublesome Kornblow is made kaput. "Stay away from that woman, boss," pleads Rusty. "I can't," retorts Ronald. "I'm losing my head over her!" "Well, slap a hat on your neck and come out anyway!"

Yes, those are the gags that prevail, and for not quite two hours there, you really don't give a damn for Bergman-Bogart, you're so hysterical. Except that the Marx Brothers aren't as pretty.—U. A.

P. S.

Last spring, the Marx Brothers hired two noted writers to whip up the script of "A Night in Casablanca," then they hired a rehearsal hall and devoted long hours to acting out scenes, adding, discarding and revising... Trouble loomed when Warner Brothers sued Loew over the title rights to "Casablanca." It was solved when Loew contended that no one has exclusive rights to a geographical name, and he won. But not before the Marx Brothers got in their own two cents. "The Marxes have been calling themselves brothers long before the Warners. And if the Warners refuse to let us use Casablanca we propose to sue and restrain them from calling themselves brothers." Not content with that, Groucho reminded anybody who would listen that the Marx epics, "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races," were made long before Warners planned their film, "Night and Day."

HEARTBEAT

If you've been in Reform School like Arlette (Ginger Rogers), you can't get a job. So maybe you answer an ad, and find yourself in a school for pickpockets.
Now Presenting

"THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING NEW STAR!"

DANE CLARK is winner of "MOTION PICTURE HERALD'S" nation-wide theatre poll!

A DOUBLE CRIME
THAT WORKED

A DOUBLE-CROSS
THAT DIDN'T!

IT'S WARNERS AGAIN FOR EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE! HERE'S A STORY CRAM-FULL OF BOTH SO DON'T MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF IT!

DANE CLARK
ZACHARY SCOTT
JANIS PAIGE

"HER KIND OF MAN"

DIRECTED BY FREDERICK DE CORDOVA with FAYE EMERSON • GEORGE TOBIAS • HOWARD SMITH • HARRY LEWIS • PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB
Screen Play by Gordon Kahn and Leopold Atlas • Original Story by Charles Hoffman and James V. Kern

WARNER REMINDER: See 'SARATOGA TRUNK' yet? Be mighty sure to—or you'll be mighty sorry...
Let the Glamour of "Make-up" add a Garland of brightness to Your hair

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For Every Shade of Hair...Yes, with Marchand's 12 smart Rinse shades, you can achieve a variety of interesting color effects. For example, you may highlight your natural hair color, or even tone down overbright hair. Sound interesting? Try it...after your next shampoo.

Stairs to entertain their waiting beaux, Avery Moore (James Brown) and Dr. Tom Newhall (Bill Edwards), and pours the good things over bright, but her dream makes her give it back. He also dreams up a little job of thieving for her to do for him, or else he'll call the police. He is an Ambassador (Adolph Menjou), and he suspects his wife of playing around with a handsome diplomat, Pierre des Roches (Jean Pierre Aumont). He takes Arlette, dressed in a just-bought, expensive gown, to the Embassy Ball. There she is to steal Pierre’s watch and the Ambassador will see if his wife’s picture is in it. The picture is there all right, but Arlette, fascinated by Pierre’s charm, takes it out before she gives the watch to the Ambassador. He is delighted that he has misjudged his wife, and tells Arlette a run along now, he’s through with her. She can’t tear herself away from Pierre, and eventually tells him all about herself, including that she left the school she had been going to. He is considerably dis-illusioned, but is sorry enough for her to find a solution. He will marry her to his wife, but it will cost her a lot of money. That will give her identification papers, so she will be able to apply for jobs without mentioning the Reform School. This seems like a fine plan, only somehow by the time the wedding is scheduled, neither Pierre nor Arlette really wants her to marry Roland.

"Heartbeat" is not as heavily emotional as its title sounds, but a light, gay romance that will pass your evening pleasantly.--RKO

P. S.

William Russell, who makes his debut as a director with this film, has been for years a talent coach at Paramount and has been responsible for the careers of many of the young kids on the lot, including his present picture, "Diana Lynn," starring Gail Russell, Bill Edwards and Jim Brown. Many of Russell's "kids" insisted on doing bit parts and walk-ons in the new director's new film, "A Man of Friendship." Mona Freeman suggested that she do a small part which kept her on the screen only a minute-and-a-half...On the first day they worked. Gail and Diana presented director Russell with a baseball bat hung with ribbons and advised him to sweeten them if they turned temperature.

SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT

Amnesia has been kicked around considerably as a theme for pictures. However, even John Hodiak as an bewildered ex-Marine who doesn't know who he is, gets a fancy doing over. Nancy Guild plays the debonair heroine who helps him find his past. Your Scene, when a South Pacific hospital and can't remember anything at all, it's a hit upset. The doctors and nurses call him George Taylor, but who is George Taylor?

George, if that's his name, is discharged from the Marines, and goes to a rundown Los Angeles hotel which the address of his identification papers. No one there remembers a George Taylor. He has a bagage check in his foot locker, and when he turns it in he is given a somewhat belated case. Almost four years since that was checked," the clerk tells him. Inside it, George finds a .38 revolver and a letter signed "Larry Cravat." It says, "I deposited $5000 for you in the Second National Bank. Your pal, Larry."

When George goes to the bank to collect the money, he is met with stories, whispers and delay. He leaves without the money when he hears them calling the police. But at least he now has one clue to his past—Larry Cravat, if he can find him. His search for this unknown Larry turns up a meeting with charming Christy (Nancy Guild), a night club singer who thinks he's a wolf. He is beat up by a bartender, and questioned by a police racketeer. Everyone wants to know why he's interested in Larry Cravat. Christy is eventually convinced of his sincerity. She gets Phillips (Richard Conte), owner of the club where she works, to enlist a detective in the search for Larry. The detective has heard about him before. He suddenly had two million bucks dropped in his lap from Nazi sources and then disappeared. The police would like to know where he went. So would George Taylor. So would you, because by the looks of this much of the picture, it's really got you.

Richard Conte, as usual, walks off with the acting honors.—20th-Fox

P. S.

John Hodiak finished work in "Time For Two" at Metro at 3 a.m. one morning, and reported to Fox for his new role in "Some-
“TICKETS PLEASE!” What happens is hilarious... when Claudette makes friends of two handsome strangers! She boards their train without reservations... and winds up in a Pullman predicament!

JESSE L. LASKY and WALTER MACEWEN present

CLAUDETTE COLBERT • JOHN WAYNE

in MERVYN LEROY’S production of

Without Reservations

with DON Defore • ANNE TRIOLA and Miss LOUELLA PARSONS

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY

Screen Play by ANDREW SOLT"
where in the Night" at ten o'clock that morning... This is the first screen role for Nancy Guild, the blonde gal who was discovered by Hollywood when her picture appeared in a national magazine, wearing a GI hat. When Darryl Zanuck saw her screen test, made without any makeup except lipstick, he said, "There are only two things to do to that girl—leave her exactly as she is and put her in a picture immediately." A week later she was assigned the leading role in "Some-where in the Night," opposite Hodak.

The Bride Wore Boots
Yoicks and tally-ho! This is one of the horseiest, most hilarious pictures to come out of Hollywood yet, with a stuffed horse-leering from one side of our hero's desk and a definitely unstuffed one, Albert by name, falling madly in love with him! Since he was a kid, Jeff Warren (Robert Cummings) has hated horses—he couldn't even bear merry-go-rounds or "Black Beauty," so why Albert should have conceived this violent passion for him is past all understanding. Especially since he, Jeff, is that celebrated authority on southern history who is about to be divorced by Sally (Barbara Stanwyck), who owns a stable and probably even takes a bath in her riding boots.

The whole business is so silly, anyway, Jeff doesn't object (well, not too strenuously) to having Lance Gale (Patrik Knowles), who is obviously in love with Sally, hanging around all the time, so he can't understand Sally's objections to Mary Lou Medford's (Diana Lynn) attentions.

The reports about Jeff and Mary Lou are so incriminating that if it weren't for Uncle Tom's (the late Robert Benchley) maneuverings, ten-to-one Sally would have scratched herself out of the race and Mary Lou would've raced in the winnah. But Sally's a thoroughbred—and who ever heard of a thoroughbred settling for place or show?

We nominate Albert, the horse, for swoon boy of the century—Pera.

P.S.

The stuffed horse, "Black Prince," created confusion every time he appeared on the sound stage, when the 27 real horses hired for the film went into a wild uproar... Stable scenes were shot in the northern end of San Fernando Valley. On the particular day that the temperature hit 118 degrees, the hottest day of the year in that area, Bob Cummings had to do the exterior scene swathed in a bell-padded Santa Claus costume... "The Bride Wore Boots" was the last film in which Robert Benchley worked before his untimely death. Albert, the horse, who gives the picture its loudest laughs, is actually "Goldie," a trick horse said to have the highest equine I.Q. in the world.

Specter of the Rose

There's an eerie kind of magic in "Specter of the Rose"—a magic that comes of ghosts who cannot rest, and hushed, yet still-tinkling music.

The world of the ballet is a small one, fiercely loyal and tightly shut against outsiders. That's why, when Andre Sanine (Ivan Kirov), acclaimed Nilinsky's successor, is suspected of having knifed his wife to death and retiried to a hide-away with a "nervous breakdown," his friends do everything in their power to keep the police from questioning him. Among them is the crippled "Madame La Sylph" (Judith Anderson), who in the old days was a premiere ballerina and who beats time with her gold handled cane for

Cancer Does Not Wait!

Surely you have at least nine persons in your family. Then accept this fact: One of those nine is doomed to die of cancer. And don't push that thought away, because that is not a threat—just a statement, a proven fact. ONE OUT OF EVERY NINE PERSONS ALIVE IN THE UNITED STATES TODAY WILL DIE OF CANCER. One of those nine is bound to be your mother, your father, your brother, sister, friend, a close relative—or yourself! For cancer respects no age, no race, no physique—CANCER DOES NOT WAIT. There is no uglier death. There is no more painful death. There is no illness more terrifying in the toll it takes in ongush for the patient, and grief for the wait- ing relatives—wailing, because after a certain stage in this disease there is no way out. There is no miracle, no cure, no begging off, no swap with God.

That's why the Memorial Cancer Center Fund has been established: To build a great hospital where doctors can be trained to understand, treat, but most important, diagnose cancer. CAUGHT IN TIME, CANCER IS CURABLE. Letting it go undiscovered for even one week may mean certain death. The hospital will provide for advanced patients who need the highly specialized nursing which alone can ease their torture. The hospital will have a special wing for the nearly 2,000 children under five years of age who each year are stricken.

Let us repeat: These are not "scare statistics." If 8,000 people die each year of cancer, one of them will be someone dear to you. The Fund needs four million dollars to carry on its work. If you give as little as a dollar, a quarter, you may be giving a scientist the final push towards discovering a cure, you may save a loved one's life—or your own.

Frank Sinatra, who begs you to "pitch in to speed victory over one of man's worst enemies—cancer," James Melton, Fredric March, Ralph Bellamy, Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons, Hildegarde and many other stage people are behind this drive—won't you join in and fight the good fight with them?

I'd like to get behind Frank Sinatra and all the other persons interested in this great cause. Here is my contribution of $... ... which I am sending to:

The Memorial Cancer Center Fund
444 East 68th Street
New York 21, N. Y.

Name

Street

City... Zone... State...
Fierce, violent love with murder as its motive!

"SUSPENSE!" An exciting, thrill-packed motion picture that dares probe the dark corners of a beautiful woman's heart.

Every dramatic moment an experience in stark, gripping "SUSPENSE!"
the young hopefuls who attend her dance school. And there's Max Polikoff (Michael Chekhov), fabulous, extravagant Max who, when he gets around to it, produces ballets with the money he wheedles out of rich old matrons and has just been hired by Billy Rose for leering at the Diamond Horseshoe show girls. Max loves everybody, he loves La Sylph for the genius she once had, and shy, intense Haidi (Viola Essen), for the talent she shows. In fact, the only person whom he doesn't consider "adorable, vunder-full, exquisite," is Lionel Gans (Lionel Stander), a gravel-voiced cynic who marches about calling-eye-ing Haidi and reciting gruesome poetry. Inevitably, Andre and Haidi meet, fall hungrily in love, and marry. Their friends cluster about the newlyweds at the wedding feast, with the specter of Nina, the wife Andre may have killed in a burst of insanity, hovering over their heads.

There is terror and beauty and great faith in this picture. See it if only to thrill to the wonderful dancing—and Michael Chekhov's and Judith Anderson's superb acting.—Repub.

P. S.

Some years ago, Ben Hecht, the cigar-chewing genius of the pen, saw the French ballet, "Spectre de la Rose." His imagination was caught up by the weird strangeness of the plot, and he made a subconscious note that some day he would write a story about it. Hecht has never been dazzled by the idea of making money from motion pictures. He claims that a good movie can be made quickly and cheaply. He talked about it to Herbert Yates, president of Republic Studios, who agreed to make it for Hecht simply because it was so refreshing NOT to be told, "This movie will make a million." Everyone in the cast, mostly unknowns except for Judith Anderson, Michael Chekhov and Lionel Stander, was so enthusiastic about both the picture and Hecht himself, that they all crowded into a projection room when work was finished to see the daily rushes.

CLUNY BROWN

On a Sunday afternoon in London, 1939, Mr. Hilary Ames (Reginald Gardner) is bustling calling up plumbers. His kitchen sink is stopped up, and he has forty people arriving for cocktails. None of the plumbers seem interested in working on Sunday afternoon, but when the doorbell rings, Ames thinks one of them must have relented. He proceeds on this theory with the man who enters, until he finds to his disgust that it's a Czech professor named Belinski (Charles Boyer) who has come to the wrong apartment. Belinski is not annoyed at being taken for a plumber. To the contrary, he borrows a fast five pounds and decides to stay for the party.

The doorbell rings again and this time it's a girl. Rather an attractive girl. Her opening line is "Well, shall we have a go at it?" which disconcerts Mr. Ames, until he discovers she has come about the sink. Her name is Cluny Brown (Jennifer Jones) and she isn't a plumber, but her uncle, who is, was busy, so she decided to try it herself. She fixes the sink and celebrates by having a couple of quick drinks with Ames and Belinski. Her uncle shows up, suspects the gentlemen of untoward designs, but admits it's probably Cluny's fault, as she doesn't know her place. He yanks her home, and tells her she is to go into service as a maid at a country home.

Cluny goes, under protest. The first night at dinner, she drops the roast in surprise at seeing Belsinki, who turns up as the guest of Andrew (Peter Lawford), the son of the household. Her domestic career continues to be hazardous, but she
Come to Bedlam!...See The Marx Bros.
in their 1946 HOWL-RAISER
"A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA"

with CHARLES DRAKE • LOIS COLLIER
LISETTE VEREA • SIG RUMAN • DAN SEYMOUR • LEWIS RUSSELL
Released thru United Artists • DIRECTED BY ARCHIE MAYO

A DAVID L. LOEW PRODUCTION
acquires a beau. He is the village chemist (Richard Haydn) and Belsinski thinks he's dull. Belsinski is considerably surprised to find himself getting quite intense about the whole affair, but where Cluny's concerned anything can happen.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Boyer was so well liked by the entire "Cluny" company that every member of the crew asked him for an autographed photograph. Their tribute was summed up by a grip who said, "This sort of thing is rarer than an Academy Award. It could be that their affection for Boyer was enhanced when, without rehearsal, he executed a fast rhumba with Helen Walker. "Good thing it wasn't a waltz," said Boyer. "That might have given me trouble." In this, her first film comedy, Jennifer Jones comes through with the authentic haidoo of Cluny, bangs across her forehead, and the "pony tail" sticking out in back. Peter Lawford, playing Andrew Carmel, is pleased when he wins Helen Walker. "That's better any day than Lassie," he said. Peter plays almost a real life role in the film, that of the only son of a British Lord and Lady.

HER KIND OF MAN

At one point in "Her Kind Of Man," a detective remarks about its heroine, "When a girl like that picks the guy she wants, she's his till he's salted away." That sums up the story of Georgia King (Janis Paige). But that's getting ahead of the story. Let's go back to a New Year's Eve in a night club of a small city. The club is owned by Joe Marino (George Tobias), and its star attraction is the glamorous singer, Georgia King. Georgia's mind isn't on her work tonight. Steve (Zachary Scott) promised he'd be here, but he hasn't shown up. He is, as a matter of fact, in a crap game, and winning heavily. By the end of the game, he's made a lot of money but he has also made an enemy of a guy named Bender. Still, he's acquired a bodyguard, "Candy," so perhaps it evens up.

When Steve finally gets to the club, Georgia forgives him, as she always does. He asks her to marry him and go to New York. But just then Bender shows up. Steve shoots him, in self-defense, and has to hide out in Florida. Georgia goes to New York alone. She does all right there, too. Gets in a Broadway show, and soon has the famous columnist, Don Corwin (Dane Clark) head over heels in love with her. Not that she's interested—she's waiting for Steve to show up. But you can ride your luck too long, and Steve does just that, with disastrous consequences.—War.

P. S.

Dane Clark spent most of his time on the set watching the clock. During production he bought a home and three acres of land in Brentwood, and being master of the house, missed every minute he couldn't be supernising carpenters and plumbers. Zach Scott also had his mind on one day. The preceding night he had gone home and found that an anonymous character had sprayed kerosene on all his fruit trees, flowers and the vegetable garden. The culprit has never been caught. Janis Paige devoted much of her spare time to the returning GIs during the shooting of the film. She sang for Army men and women just returned from a Japanese prison camp, the first entertainment they had had since their release from the Orient. Faye Emerson changed back to her natural brunette hair and wore it in an up-do. Faye never looks at the daily rushes, so will see the effect of the new coiffure for the first time when she sees the completed film.

RENEGADES

When a good woman falls for a man, there isn't much anybody can about it. Except write a picture and sh it in Technicolor, with Evelyn Keyes the good woman and Larry Parks as bad man. There is also a good man, pla by Willard Parker. He is a doctor in little Western town of Prairie Dog, b in the stagecoach days. His name is Martin and he is in love with pretty Hannah Brockway (Evelyn Keyes). He is going off on a trip to the county sea buy her trousseau for their wedding. Sam had known whom she would meet that trip, he would never have let her go. It's on the way back that it hap The stagecoach is held up by the notori Dembrow brothers, but they in turn hijacked by a mysterious stranger who lets them escape. He returns the money, the stagecoach passengers, and tells th his name is Ben Taylor (Larry Park They all acclaim him as a hero. Ben t Hannah he has moved to Prairie and where he lives with his mother, who is She recommends Sam as a doctor. Sam is nice to Ben at first, but he sus Bens he is indeed a brother of the outlaws, though he himself has stayed on the side the law. It is worry over the other bros which has made his mother ill. Dembrows attack Hannah's father night soon after, in a search for some surance money. With a posse in hot p suit, they ride to Ben's house. The sh

ADVERTISEMENT

"Hey, Joe! Hide that Pepsi-Cola. She's supposed to act sad in this scene."
P. S.

Columbia had owned the story of “Renegades” for a long time, but held up starting production because they couldn’t find a suitable leading man. Willard Parker, the six-and-a-half foot young giant who starred with Rosalind Russell in a movie before going into the service, was at last discharged from the Army engineers and the picture started rolling... Evelyn Keyes’ unique allergy to horses gave her little trouble, despite the fact that she had to ride a Palomino in several scenes. The studio doctor injected her with a serum that took care of the whole thing.

HOLD HIGH THE TORCH

Just recently, the Surgeon General’s Office of the Army put on a campaign to educate civilians against using the term “shell shock.” It’s “battle fatigue” now, or, if you must be fancy, “war neurosis,” but never, never shell shock. But maybe, because we’re talking about a dog, they won’t mind if we say you-know-what. We’d feel pretty silly talking about a hound’s nerves, and as to the other, Bill may have been in battle, but what unhinged his brave collie heart certainly wasn’t fatigue. Hatred maybe, or even love, but not fatigue. Bill wasn’t the kind that got tired.

From the very moment he first remembered being alive, Bill had craved security and affection, ever since that hazy, long-ago day when some hunters captured his mother and four brothers and left him alone, terrified and exhausted, whimpering in the protection of the tall grass. It was Kathy (Elizabeth Taylor) sunny, sensitive Kathy, who stumbled on him and carried him, his blood stained her blue jeans crimson, to old Harry MacBain (Frank Morgan) for help. And help he does, so well, that in no time at all Bill is out on the meadows, learning the tricks of his new trade from Harry’s old sheep dog, with Kathy ever poking about after him, bursting with fun and curiosity.

It’s a good life the two youngsters are leading when suddenly, one day, as Bill is herding a flock of sheep across the road, a huge army truck appears, swerves sharply, then goes out of control. When the driver leaps down to inspect the damage, he comes on a huddled form under the wheels—Bill!

Gently, the soldiers lift the unconscious dog into the truck and speed him to the nearest vet. No roar of their engine drowning out the sound of a little girl’s voice wailing through the fields.

Maybe it was Kathy’s love, even though they were miles apart, that kept Bill going, but he soon recovers, and when the Army Veterinary Center can find no trace of ownership, it is decided to send Bill to the San Carlos Dog Training Center where he graduates as a messenger dog. Replacements have been high on Attu Atoll, and gracefully, the men of Group Four accept Bill. He is put to the test almost immediately for, their ammunition gone, Bill is their last hope. He is the key word to the Comm’n Post. Jap bullets whining overhead, Bill drags himself to the Post, only to have the C.O. order him back immediately. There is no one else to lead the way. Desperately, the dog traces the terrifying steps and then, his duty done, his nerve snaps and he becomes a wild, bare-fanged killer.

But through all the madness, the sound of Kathy’s voice and the touch of her hand stay with him and as ever, love finds a way.—M.G.M.

LOOK!
NEW VENETIAN BLINDS
AND WINDOW SHADES
ALL OVER MY HOUSE
FOR ONLY 51c
A WINDOW!

AND HERE’S HOW I DID IT!

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I BOUGHT THIS DRESS WITH WHAT I SAVED BY BUYING CLOPAY!

DRESS UP YOUR WINDOWS WITH LOW COST CLOPAY SHADES AND VENETIAN BLINDS!

For an average of about 50 cents a window you can replace those old shades with bright, new Clopay Window Shades and Venetian Blinds. Clopay’s sturdy fibre shades and 3-ply fibre Venetian Blinds will add new sparkle and life to your windows at a minimum cost and maximum savings.

Window shade prices quoted are for shades ready to apply to rollers... no tools or tools required. Mounted on spring rollers, about 15c higher. Available at your five and ten cent store, neighborhood, or department store. Get Clopay Window Shades or Venetian Blinds for every window!

Prices subject to authorized O.P.A. changes.
This will be known as Feather-Sticks-His-Neck-Out Month in the Sweet and Hot department. Strictly for my own amazement, I was compiling a list of bests and favorites in the musical field the other day, and by the time I was through it occurred to me that if I passed the list along to you, it might at least prove interesting—provocative, even. So now, while I’m taking cover from the brickbats, here is my own private collection of favorites. The opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect the attitude of Editors Al Delacorte, Henry Malmgreen or any living person, present company excepted:

GREATEST BANDS: Duke Ellington, Woody Herman.
GREATEST JAZZ SINGERS: Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday.
GREATEST POPULAR SINGERS: Bing Crosby, Mildred Bailey.
MOST BEAUTIFUL SINGER: Doris Day.
GREATEST PERSONALITY BANDLEADER: Lionel Hampton.
BEST DRESSED SINGER: Frances Wayne.
BEST DRESSED BANDLEADER: Duke Ellington.
SINGERS BEST LIKED PERSONALLY: Frank Sinatra, Lena Horne.
MOST UNDERRATED BAND: Boyd Raeburn.
MOST UNDERRATED SINGER: Kay Starr.
MOST OVERRATED BAND: Guy Lombardo.
MOST OVERRATED SINGER: Vaughn Monroe.
BEST NEW SINGING BETS: Johnny Desmond, Lynne Stevens.
BEST GIRL MUSICIANS: Mary Lou Williams, Mary Osborne, Marge Hyams.
MOST VERSATILE BANDLEADER: Benny Carter.
BEST LOOKING BANDLEADER: Ina Ray Hutton.

I could go on like this for several pages, thinking up new kinds of bests and mosts, but I’ve probably started enough trouble already, so the rest can be saved for some future issue. “Best liked personally” in the above list means best liked as a person, among fellow musicians and showfolk, regardless of talent.

For the month’s best popular selection I’d take Bill Finnegan’s fine arrangement of Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, played by Tex Beneke with the revived Glenn Miller Orchestra on Victor; and for hot jazz, Duke Ellington conducting the Metronome All-Star band for 1946 in Metronome All Out, also Victor, but a 12-incher.

Best Popular

FULL MOON AND EMPTY ARMS—Frank Sinatra (Columbia). There are umpteen other records of this, but Frank’s is, of course, the most popular as well as one of the best musically. (Continued on page 24)
BOB Catches BABS with her boots off!

Paramount presents

Barbara Stanwyck
Robert Cummings
Diana Lynn

"The Bride Wore Boots"

with
PATRIC KNOWLES
PEGGY WOOD
ROBERT BENCHLEY
WILLIE BEST

Directed by Irving Pichel
Produced by Seton I. Miller
Screen Play by Dwight Mitchell Wiley
After what you've done to me... KILL ME!

Hunter—or prey?
Friend or Stranger?

Tainted by the touch of the Stranger!

Stranger to fear... master of deceit!

International Pictures presents
EDWARD G. ROBINSON • LORETTA YOUNG
ORSON WELLES
“the Stranger”

PHILIP MERIVALE • RICHARD LONG • BILLY HOUSE
Produced by S. P. EAGLE
Story by VICTOR TRIVAS and DECLA DUNNING
Screenplay by ANTHONY VEILLER
AN INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
(The WANG Corporation) Distributed through RKO RADIO PICTURES
Directed by ORSON WELLES
BEST HOT JAZZ

A WOMAN'S GOTT A RIGHT TO CHANGE HER MIND—Jimmy Jones (H.R.S.) In spite of that mouthful of a title, there isn't a word sung or spoken on this record, nor do you hear Jimmy Jones, who, fine pianist though he is, stays in the background while Duke Ellington's great baritone sax man, Harry Carney, takes the spotlight. It's a lovely tune wonderfully played, whether you agree with the title or not (I don't, but we won't go into that here!)

METRONOME ALL OUT—Metronome All-Star Band (Victor)—Duke Ellington led the band on this side in a tune which began life as part of the Ellington version of Frankie and Johnny, but wound up being something new on its own. The other side has Sy Oliver as conductor-composer for Look Out. I was at this session, and I never saw so many great musicians get together and produce such fine music with so little display of temperament. Tommy Dorsey, as usual, modestly refused to hog the trombone solo work, bowing to his colleagues in the trombone section that night (it was a midnight date). Said colleagues being Will Bradley, J. C. Higgins both and Bill Harris, it was hard to make choice for the solo spots. The sax section was even more amazing: Georgie Auld and Flip Phillips splitting the tenor work, Johnny Hodges and Herbie Fields on alto, Harry Carney's baritone, plus the clarinet of Tommy Dorsey's Buddy de Franco. With six top trumpet men, a fine rhythm section, an Red Norvo's vibes for good measure, the bunch spent a short while under the Ellington baton and wound up sounding more like Duke's band than Duke's band itself. You'd never think, to listen to the wonderfully integrated results, that nobody knew until a few hours before the session who was going to be in the band and that some of the fellows had new even met before!

TONSILLECTOMY—Boyd Raeburn (Jewel)—All the Boyd Raeburn records on Jewel are, to coin a phrase, out of the earth. Boyd is a persistent little man. Instead of giving up hope when his initially styled band couldn't get any bookings, he just settled in Hollywood and gathered around him a bunch of musicians who believed in modern music as well as does. They'd work separately in the movie and radio studios for money, then con and rehearse with Boyd for kicks, and make transcriptions, records and an occasional one-night stand with him. Harry James' new girl singer, Ginnie Pote, came along too, to sing the vocal on Roll Van Winkle. The music was all written by a young character named George Hand, who wears a beard and dark glasses but is a genuinely terrific composer. Another title in this series is Yerza, described as the "elegy movement from the jitterbug suite." (Ted Yerza is a popular L.A. radio disc jockey.) Either you won't be able to make head or tail of the Raeburn Handy musical products, or you'll be no about 'em.

One sure formula for song success seems to be this: You take a standard or classical melody, write some lyrics with moon in the title and stick your own name on as composer, That's what happened when something of Tchaikovsky's became famous as Moon Love; that's how it went when a Rachmaninoff concerto became Full Moon and Empty Arms; and that's the way it'll be, too, with—

IN THE MOON MIST—Les Brown (Columbia), Will Osborne (Black and White)—this is not the old Duke Ellington theme song Moon Mist, but a "new" number which turns out to be "adapted from a melody by Godard." Oh well, it's an easy way to make a living. But I find the story of the next item much more interesting—

THERE'S NO ONE BUT YOU—Hal McIntyre (Cosmo), Kay Kyser (Columbia)—This might well be described as "adapted from a commercial by transcription." You see, this tune started life as one of those little jingles written for a singing commercial, transcribed and played for ages over New York stations. It was then called The Prince George Hotel and the lyrics simply sang the praises of that establishment. The tune was so pretty, though, that people began humming it anyway, and the young Englishman who has made a living writing clever commercials for these transcriptions, Ginger Croom-Johnson, decided to convert it into a Tin Pan Alley special; hence There's No One But You and a good Hal McIntyre platter.
DO YOU LOVE ME?—Ella Fitzgerald—Billy Kyle (Decca)—Back after a long, long siege in the Pacific, Billy Kyle is a civilian again. The popular ex-John Kirby pianist had only been home a few days when he formed this bright little trio, with guitarist Jimmy Shirley and former Ellington bass man Junior Raglin.

ONE MORE TOMORROW—Tex Beneke (Victor)—Sorry, but I won’t refer to this as the Glenn Miller Orchestra. I have a funny feeling about using a dead man’s name for top billing with a band, even when the idea is a sincere attempt to preserve his memory. Artie Malvin, who sings on One More Tomorrow, was part-composer, with Glenn, of another of the band’s Victor releases, I’m Headin’ For California.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES
ROAD TO UTOPIA—Bing Crosby Album (Decca)—This album comes to a cross-road at one point and hits “The Road To Morocco” for one side, with Bob Hope joining the Bingle in the title song of that older opus. The other sides are all “Utopian products.” I just heard that Barry Ulanov, whose book on Duke Ellington was such a hit, has signed to do a similar full-length book on Bing, despite the fact that his brother is planning a Crosby tome, too!

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR
MILDRED BAILEY—Album, with Red Norvo and His Music (Crown)
FULL MOON AND EMPTY ARMS—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Gordon MacRae (Musical), Bob Eberle—Carmen Cavallero (Decca)
I’M IN LOVE WITH TWO SWEETHEARTS—Harry James (Columbia)
IN THE MOON MIST—Les Brown (Columbia), Will Osborne (Black and White)
COLE PORTER Show Hits Album—Allan Jones (Victor)
PRISONER OF LOVE—Perry Como (Victor), Billy Eckstine (National)
ST. LOUIS BLUES—Larry Adler—Johnny Kirby (Decca)
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT—Tex Beneke (Victor)
THERE’S NO ONE BUT YOU—Hal McIntyre (Crown), Kay Kyser (Columbia)
WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO LOVE?—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Louis Prima (Majestic)

BEST HOT JAZZ
BARNEY BIGARD—Step Steps Up (Signature)
KING COLE TRIO—Sweet Georgia Brown (Capitol)
EDMOND HALL—Face (Continental)
BILL HARRIS—Characteristically B. H. (Keynote)
HELEN HUMES—Pleasing Man Blues (Aladdin)
JIMMY JONES—A Woman’s Got A Right to Change Her Mind (H.R.S.)
BARNEY KESSEL—What Is This Thing Called Love? (Atomie)
METRONOME ALL-STAR BAND—Metronome All Out (Victor)
BOYD RABEEN—Trombectomy (Jewel)
ART TATUM—Piano Solos (A.R.A.)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES
A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA—Who’s Sorry Now?—Bing Crosby—Eddie Heywood (Decca)
CENTENNIAL SUMMER—All Through The Day—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Perry Como (Victor)
DO YOU LOVE ME?—I Didn’t Mean A Word I Said—Jo Stafford (Capitol). Do You Love Me?—Ella Fitzgerald—Billy Kyle (Decca), Johnny Desmond (Victor)
GILDA—Put The Blame On Mame—Milt Hertz—Jesters (Decca)
GIVE ME THE SIMPLE LIFE—Give Me The Simple Life—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
ONE MORE TOMORROW—One More Tomorrow—Tex Beneke (Victor)
THE OUTLAW—Now and Forever—Freddy Martin (Victor)
ROAD TO UTOPIA—Bing Crosby Album (Decca). Personality—Pearl Bailey (Columbia), Johnny Mercer (Capito)
TOMORROW IS FOREVER—Tomorrow Is Forever—Martha Stewart (Victor)

ANNE BAXTER—STARRING IN “SMOKY”
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION

A star lights your way to BEAUTY

Be shining as a star at your own table... share the silvery beauty Anne Baxter and other Hollywood stars lavish on their tables. Ask your dealer to show you place settings in the Silver Service of the Stars... in DEL MAR—inspired by a Hollywood wedding... or in SURF CLUB—the pattern that echoes the silvery sheen of the white California strand. Be the first in your set to set a table like the Hollywood stars!

1881
ROGERS
by ONEIDA LTD.
SILVERSMITHS

At least half of our columns ya-to-ta, ya-to-ta about getting along with the guys, and it occurred to us that we’ve been by-passing the rest of the world. How about getting along with the girls and the family and people in general? You can’t be really attractive, really well-balanced if you’re purely and simply a man-trap. What’s more, always a siren, never a bride. So, with one eye on that happily-ever-after stuff and the other eye on a more satisfactory Now, let’s talk about you and your public.

The Women: If you want to attract the smoothest gals, you have to look pretty sharp yourself. Not that beauty is a must. But good-looking outfits are, shining hair and a well-assembled makeup job are, a good big smile is. Girls like to be seen with a swish dish almost as much as boys do, and they leave the slow drip strictly to herself. And, in addition to looking good, you’ve also got to be hep. Get yourself a slew of interests—music, dogs, a sport or two, poetry, airplanes. The more interested you are in the world, the more interesting a character you’ll be. Furthermore, if you want to rate with Kate, don’t be boy-crazy. Don’t be a prig. Don’t be a Mrs. Milquetoast with melted vanilla ideas about everything from tennis to Dennis. Don’t be a wicked witch, with a barb for a tongue and an ice cube for a heart. Nip cruel gossip in the bud, instead of passing it on with embellishments; play Cupid when you can instead of homewrecker; repeat the nice things you hear about people instead of the digs. Don’t form a closed corporation with just one other girl. Sure, have one very best friend, for secrets and giggling and deep, deep discussions, but have lots of other buddies, too. ‘Cause if you and Janie are always together, you’ll wind up wearing twin clothes, talking the same jive, loving (Continued on page 103)

CO-ED LETTERBOX

I’ve never had a date in my life, and from the look of things, I never will. Isn’t fifteen pretty old to be dateless? What do you suppose is the matter with me? M. T. Amenia, N. Y.

One of the most attractive gals we know never had a date until she was eighteen, so you see you have really nothing to be frantic about. Aside from the obvious things, like making yourself as gorgeous as you possibly can and getting yourself some small talk; best way we know to start dates rolling is to invite a guy and another couple over for a casual evening of fun. Maybe Sunday night supper and a round of darts. Or Friday night for movies (your treat) and hamburgers at your house. Or Saturday night to dance to the Hit Parade. Somehow, once you’ve broken the ice, dates just sort of happen. Try it and see.

My father saw me kissing my date goodnight, and since then he hasn’t let me go out at all. How can I convince him that I’m not the hussy he thinks I am? H. G. Athens, Ohio. (Continued on page 103)
It's captivating—the clearer, fresher, softer complexion that comes with your first cake of Camay! So tonight, change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—had softer, smoother, younger-looking skin.

**MRS. CALDEMEYER'S STORY**

Maryland Hayride: Off on a fun-filled hayride, under bright Baltimore skies, Muriel and Dan pair up. It's his hand, and heart, to "the loveliest girl of all"—to Muriel of the softly luminous complexion! "I thank Camay, and its mild care, for my skin's fresher glow," says Muriel. "My very first cake brought a new, clearer look."

Coming—a home for two! A Colonial—in Evansville—with wide terraces planned for buffets and barbecues. "I'll go to Evansville as Dan's bride—and to look the part, to keep my skin's sparkle, I'll stay with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Really mild—Camay cleanses without irritation. Make your skin lovelier, too—full directions on every Camay wrapper!

Please—be Camay-careful. Make each cake last, for precious materials go into soap.
the cushioned softness of Kotex*—the sanitary napkin made for lasting comfort

Comfort and confidence are always yours... with Kotex! For it’s made to stay soft while wearing — made to hold its shape. Its extra comfort is only one of many special Kotex features that are all very personally yours.

To prevent revealing outlines, Kotex has flat, tapered ends that don’t show. So, your secret’s safe!

What’s more, Kotex is made with an exclusive safety center — designed for plus-protection against accidents, against roping and twisting — against moist, chafing edges.

A deodorant in every Kotex napkin

As an extra safeguard for your daintiness, your poise, every Kotex napkin contains a deodorant. It’s locked in so it can’t shake out — a new Kotex “extra” at no extra cost!... And only Kotex provides 3 sizes for different women, different days — Regular in the blue box, Junior in the green box, and Super Kotex in the brown box.

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins

A man past 60 can be very young and frisky when he's happy. Jean Kinkead found that out when she drove up to Newport, R. I. to see Charles Johnson.

It was the day after Van's visit. Pop still had kind of an emotional hangover. He knew Jean and greeted her like a long-lost love. That famous Johnson scapegrace grin, which looks as good on Pop as on Van, seemed to say, "Wait till I tell you!"

From then on, he was enthusiasm incorporated. Pop pouring coffee straight from the steaming pot; Pop breaking Jean's training with a whole lost weekend's worth of pie à la Johnson. Pop dashing off like an oversized bird-dog to lug in all the fan mail Jean's last story ("That's My Boy") had brought him.

At which point the phone rang. Van had heard Jean was coming and wanted to say hello. They talked about Pop's pie and when would Van make his next picture? Kind of silly, wasn't it—but what does a girl say to Van Johnson?

Somewhat giddy in the head, Jean anchored herself with another cup of coffee and proceeded to get Pop talking about Top Secret No. 1. What he said makes a charming story, which you can read right away if you'll take the trouble to turn the page.

But before you turn, see if you don't think this is kind of cute. As Jean was leaving, Pop dashed off on another of his mysterious errands and came back with an armload of tourist pamphlets all about beautiful Newport. "For you!" That was all he said. But the Johnson grin meant, "Newport's some town. After all, wasn't Van Johnson born here?"
Van got a kick out of school chum Betty Cozzens asking for autograph. Felt thrilled when, recently, he got royal welcome at a N. Y. literary that 5 years ago had booted him—for collecting signatures!

FOR VAN, VISITING HOME

WAS LIKE BEING A LITTLE BOY AGAIN.

WITH DAD AND THE OLD

FRIENDS AND THE

GOOD FEELING OF BEING LOVED

By Jean Kinkead

Van Johnson came home the other day. Maybe you read about it, maybe not. It didn’t get very much publicity because Van didn’t want it to. After four-and-a-half years, he was coming home to Newport to see his dad and the house he’d grown up in, the Opera House and Martellino’s Drug Store; and if it was all the same with everyone, this once he’d skip the photographers and the press. If it was all the same with everyone, this once he’d just be a stranger in town. He slipped into the Union Station at Providence at 5:00 Saturday afternoon and slipped away again on Sunday afternoon, and there were no big parties, no brass bands; just a quiet dinner, some good talk and a lot of beloved, familiar faces. And if you think he didn’t have a wonderful time, you’re crazy.

Van had come East for a vacation. Five days in Nassau, a little while in Miami, a weekend at the Waldorf. He had dreamed the whole thing a hundred times while he was finishing his last picture—pre-living the swell tennis in Nassau, the long, lazy Florida days, the bright lights on Broadway. But
During his New York trip Van (here with Kate Smith and two young admirers) became a member of Kate Smith's fan club. Is an ardent fan himself, raves on for hours about Spence Tracy.

Van insists on comfortable clothes, wears a favorite item till it's battered and tattered. Lives in moccasins, even travels in 'em. Also dates on that haund's-tooth topcoat he's carrying here.

strangely enough, the part of the dream that really stirred him, that squeezed his heart till it hurt, was the visit home. He wrote his dad, "Gee, it will sure be fine," and Mr. Johnson, reading the words, thought in his big kid's language, "You're not kidding."

He cleaned the house till it shone, fixed Van's room the way it always was, with the comfortable disarray of stuff on the bureau. High school pictures, a couple of letters he wanted him to read, some new movie magazines. Then he got in bags and bags of fruit, bananas and oranges and apples, and put them in the big blue bowls Van used to like. He gathered an armful of pussy willows from the yard and put them around. After that there wasn't much to do except wait for the telegram that would say "when." At last it came, "The airport at 4:30 Saturday." Then later on the word that the plane had been grounded, and he'd be on the five o'clock train.

And after a while, Mr. Johnson was in his shiny Ford driving the thirty-odd miles to Providence, and then he was standing in the Union Station, back near the door where he'd said he'd be; a big, red-haired man without a hat, standing quietly with a waiting look in his eyes. Van misunderstood about the meeting place, as his dad had half-suspected he might, but eventually Mr. Johnson saw him at the other end of the station—big and tanned and grinning with his whole face. He caught sight of his dad, and he charged at him, wrapped him in a tremendous bear hug. Charlie Johnson gripped him hard around the arms, thinking in one confused, terribly happy second how strong he'd grown, how healthy he looked and how terrific that accident must have been to put a scar like that on his forehead. (Continued on page 107)
Van (dining with his No. 1 girl, Sonja Henie) never showed up at Esther Williams' wedding. Seems that his invitation got snowed under all that Johnson fan mail.

In New York, Van remained in one piece thanks to the iron rails at Grand Central Station. In Miami, he puffed with pride when Winston Churchill lunched with him.

Margaret O'Brien and Van (at President's Birthday Ball), deny romance rumors, insist careers came first. Van's now in "Till the Clouds Roll By."

stranger in town
JOYOUS JUNE, DECISIVE DOT AND EXCITABLE EVVIE—MEET THAT HILARIOUS HAVEN TRIO WHOSE SECRET PASSWORD IS "GET THE LINENS!" • BY HELEN COLTON

three little sisters

It takes Junie (of "Wake Up and Dream") hours to dress for a date, but around the house she wears the same Sloppy Joe togs as blonde Dot and dark Evvie. Junie adores charm bracelets.
Bubbly June's inclined to swagger a bit in her walk, but Mom can stop her dead in her tracks by letting out a long, shrill wolf-whistle! Director Bruce Humberstone is the latest of June's many beaus.

The girls hoot at the idea of having a decorator glamorize June's new Colonial-type home. They have such definite ideas that Ma (who answers to the name of "Junior"), is scared to buy a pot without first asking!

- On the set recently at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. June Haver has been one of the "Three Little Girls in Blue." But at home, a ten-minute scoot by car from the studio, Junie is one of three little sisters in rosy pink. That's the color of the lives the Three Little Havers—June, Dorothy, and Evelyn—have made for themselves by their team spirit.

Not that there's never been a cross word bandied around among them. Like any three young, attractive girls, they've had their bickerings and quarrels over clothes and dates. But underneath it, the Haver gals, like the Three Musketeers, are "One for all and all for one." And let the outsider who would try to split them beware, before he is sent scurrying!

When the three Haver gals were kids back in Rock Island, Illinois, June and Evvie's favorite game when Dot, the eldest, had a boy friend visiting, was "Let's sneak and peek." Dot, who'd been tricked before, would make sure her kid sisters were tucked in bed before it was time for her date to arrive. Mother would tactfully exit to the kitchen or be out for the evening. Junie and Evvie would stay awake, giggling with anticipation of their little game. When they
June's forever phoning Jimmy Dunn to see if St. Christopher, her collie dog with the wandering affections, is parking at his house. Seems Chris-tie met Jimmy at a nearby golf course and promptly switched loyalties.

June feels extra close to her mom and grandma because they are so unusually young. Grandma, called "Mammo," was already a grandparent at 33. Mom (left) recently became an actors' agent.

Composing is another of June's accomplishments. Having written a piano concerto and other works, she got Dave Rose's advice on them, which started all that romance talk. But no—it was a professional tie-up!

A career girl despite all those rumored heartthrobs, June (here with Dick Haymes at a Screen Guild show rehearsal) had a radio program of her own at age 11 as star of an ice cream company's show.
heard the doorbell ring and knew that Dot’s beau had come, they’d sneak out of bed, tiptoe to the living room door, lie down on the floor in their pajamas and peek at Dot and her friend. Their giggles would give them away and they’d be sent back to bed, with admonitions from Dot to “never do that again.” After a while, they gave it up. It just got too dull when they realized that all Dot and her boy friends did was sit and talk!

Junie and Evvie were too young to provide any real competition for Dot’s beau, who called them “kid stuff.” (Dot was born on July 16, 1921, and is five years older than June, born on June 10, 1926, who’s fourteen months older than Evvie, born August 11, 1927.) But Dot recalls it was always Evvie who got the presents from her boy friends. One night a gang of her friends came over for the evening. Junie was in her room practicing her impersonations of Garbo, Hepburn, Helen Hayes and Zasu Pitts for a political rally where she’d be the mistress of ceremonies.

“Where’s your little fat sister?” one of the gang asked Dot. (Evvie herself admits she was a fatty until a couple of years ago.)

“Someplace around the house.”

“I got a little toy for her here. I’ll go find her.”

The boy stormed back into the living room a minute later. “Some family you are!” he exploded, “leaving your baby sister in there all alone to do the dinner dishes for all of you.”

“What?” Dorothy said, rushing into the kitchen. There Evvie stood, surrounded by dirty pots, plates, spoons, with cocoa and sugar spilled on the stove.

“Making fudge. Have some?” Evvie murmured, proffering a syrupy finger for Dot to lick. Dot wanted to be mad for the tall tale (Continued on page 68)
Since he went away...

QUITE A TRIO, THE GALS

HE LEFT BEHIND: MOM, SIS, AND MARIT. BUT

A QUIET TRIO, SINCE JEROME COURTLAND WENT AWAY . . .

By Hank Jeffries

(Editor's Note: Talk about mountains going to Mahomets! Talk about coincidences! Talk about Modern Screen being ever on the beam! Here we were moaning about Jerry Courtland's being so terribly far away for an interview, when an old writer pal of ours, Hank Jeffries, by name, scribbled us a "Having wonderful time, wish you were here" note—datelined Yokohama! Which, as good luck and Modern Screen's special good fairy would have it, is where Cojo is stationed! So here it is, a wonderful scoop by a first string reporter on one of our most favorite young actors.)

It was Christmas Eve in Yokohama. The night was cool, with a bright crispness in the air—not like a night in Japan, really, but more like one back home. The barracks were strangely quiet, and there was none of the usual horseplay going on. Most of the men were writing letters. Suddenly a long, lanky boy who was lying on a cot in the corner, began to sing.

“I'm dreaming of a White Christmas
“Just like the ones I used to know.”

His voice was clear and strong and unbelievably sweet. Gradually, the other men joined in, and through the still dark Japanese night, rose the strains of that typically American song.

The lean, dreamy-eyed boy who started it was Jerome Courtland and he was, at that moment, more homesick than he had ever been in his life. Yokohama was such a (Continued on page 120)
Ever since his hiking and camping days back in Tennessee, Cojo has wanted to be a herpetologist. (Relax—that means a snake snarer!)

Jerome's mom (with youngest child Kurt, and Marit) once thought Cojo, who has a talent for cartooning, would be commercial artist.
B. sighed, "Now I haven't any excuse for coming in late from my new ranch!" when Hedda H. presented Barbara with her Gruen Award.

She's got no glamor, no gift of gab. Just that shiny, little-girl look and a talent that's shooting her starward.

by hedda hopper
Barbara and fiancé Bill Williams (here at the Acad. Award dinner) are saving furiously. Each has a $40 per week budget, sells the rest away in annuities. They plan to get married early in June.

After months of playing "walk-ons," Barbara (of "A Likely Story") won the annual Look Magazine award as 1945's most promising actress. Bob Hope presented her with a plaque to make it official.

Four months ago, I picked Bill Williams as my Star of the Month. When I phoned and invited him to lunch, there was a brief silence before he answered. Finally he got it out.

"Could I bring my girl, Miss Hopper?"

I grinned to myself. This kid was a character. The new rave of the town's press, he sounded more like a hometown school boy who doesn't even drink a coke without his girl.

"In the first place," I said, "call me Hedda. In the second place, who's your girl?"

"Barbara Hale," he said quickly. "She's in the movies, too. You ought to be watching her instead of me." This was completely unlike an actor. So was the next sentence. "I don't mean to be rude, Miss Hop—Hedda, but we always go everywhere together. Would it be all right with you?"

I told him to bring her along. What I didn't tell him was that the average actor who is invited to lunch shows up with his whole frat chapter in tow.

When Barbara arrived that day, I could see Bill's point. They belong together like the sea and the sky, except that with these two, there's no horizon, no divisible line to separate them. They sort of melt into each other, and seem like one person. They radiate a bloom of youth that makes this old girl wish she could see twenty again. Walking into the restaurant, hand in hand, they looked like something dreamed up by a 4-H club. There's that halo of health about them that makes me wish—oh well, on with the story.

I didn't learn much about Barbara that day. She kept talking about Bill, how good he was, how proud she was that I had chosen him for the watch award. But, on Bill's advice, plus (Continued on page 131)
flying irishman


Reunion in Chicago: When Gene (now a lieutenant, j.g.) appeared at March of Dimes campaign, m.c. turned out to be ex-Lt. Bob Brown, who'd worked with Gene in motion pic photography division.
By GEORGE FRAZIER

Last February, when Gene Kelly and Van Johnson were in Washington for the President's Birthday Ball, Gene realized that Van, who neither sings nor dances to any extent, would be at a decided disadvantage when it came to performing for the guests at the ball. Inasmuch as they are both extremely popular young actors and therefore natural rivals, you might have expected Gene to press his advantage. Instead, he whipped up a skit, which, far from spotlighting his own gifts, was designed to build up Van.

On this same trip Kelly made it a point to visit the Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Maryland, and chat with the patients. As he was about to leave each ward he stopped and looked back. "There's a fellow coming up to see you," he told the patients. "His name's Van Johnson. You'll like him." Johnson made no secret of the fact that this thoughtfulness of Gene's on his behalf created inestimable good will among war-toughened men who might otherwise have resented the Johnson vogue.

In addition to being an irrepres-sible Boy Scout, Gene is probably the most abundantly talented entertainer in the world! Because of his many-sided talents, Gene is probably the most irreplaceable piece of property under contract to any motion picture studio. To fill his job with any adequacy at all would require five specialists. (Continued on page 66)
Esther Williams was just seventeen when she came home in triumph after her championship swimming sweep in the Nationals at Des Moines. Flushed with her victories and fired by the approaching realization of her ambition—to swim for the United States in the 1940 Olympics—she plunged into an all-out training campaign at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. She’d won three team spots and three berths of the big Olympic ship due to sail in May. Esther had done the impossible, as she’d vowed to do—reached world championship form in two years. She had nine months now to whet the edge of her racing form.

Then a bomb screamed down, burst in a bright, red flame—and shattered Esther Williams’ swimming career to smithereens.

The bomb burst, not in Los Angeles, but in far-off Helsinki, Finland. It fell from a roaring Russian bomber (Continued on page 86)
The Gage patio looks over the Hollywood hills and ocean, has a beat-up barbecue which Ben works overtime. A singing chef, he bellows so loud at his work Esther has to stuff her ears, plead "Please, darling, boom in the other direction."

SHE WAS SCARED TILL
GABLE STARTED KISSIN', SHE WAS
SHY TILL THE MAR-
QUEES BLAZED. THEN IT
HAPPENED—THE MERMAID
TURNED INTO A SIREN.
By Kirtley Baskette

The piglet helps her penny pinch, but it took a slew of pals to okay Esther's new rug. She had them drink a toast, then spill the champagne. When, later, no spots appeared, she bought the rug!
For Frankie, she takes the winter
And makes it summer—
Picture a tomboy in lace, that’s . . .

nancy with the laughing face

Family Portrait: Tiny Nancy (with Frank, Jr. and Mom) is so attached to Dad that when he flew to Boston to play a benefit with Crosby, she wept buckets. Shaw was such a hit, Frank (of "Till The Clouds Roll By") and Bing plan a pic together.

By Ida Zeitlin

- She came running in, her face lighting up as always when she sees her father. Frank scooped her into his arms. "Here’s Nancy with the laughing face—"
  "Hey, that’s a cute song title," said Phil Silvers, who’d dropped in at Frank’s with Jimmy Van Heusen. Jimmy was doodling at the piano. "Lemme write a lyric and run the pros out of town—"
  He didn’t mean it. Phil’s that unique bird who doesn’t want to write a lyric. All he wants is to be an employed actor. This lyric he wrote in spite of himself. Because Jimmy grinned up at him and went on doodling, and out of the music little Nancy’s face laughed again, and words began forming inside Phil’s dome . . .

  When it was finished, he sang it for big Nancy, who got all choked up and made the boys send it to Fränc in New York. He read it and gulped and introduced it on his next broadcast. Maybe he sang it three times altogether before leaving with Phil and the rest of the gang for the ETO. No one expected the song to be commercial. The boys had written it for their buddy, Frank had put it on the air for Nancy, and now it could be retired to private life.

  So they go overseas and the song’s forgotten and comes time for Frank to do his request (Continued on page 110)
The telephone rang. It kept on ringing. A tousled blond head emerged from beneath a pillow, and a tanned arm reached for the instrument.

"Hello," Kurt said, without enthusiasm. It was pretty early in the morning.

"Give me the perfume counter, please," said a feminine voice at the other end.

Kurt didn't even do a double take. He was used to this. His telephone number was so similar to that of a big Los Angeles department store that it happened all the while. He was, he decided sourly, tired of it. He had been out till three this morning and being waked up at nine by some dizzy female who couldn’t even dial straight didn't please him. He would teach her a lesson. He clicked the phone a couple of times and then said "This is the perfume counter," in a rather high voice.

"I wanted to know if you still have the LaRue cologne at $8.75 a bottle," the customer (Continued on page 126)
the power and the glory

THE GLORY OF HOME-COMING, THE POWER OF TYRONE’S LOVE—
NO WONDER ANNABELLA MET THE BOAT, AND TY JUMPED SHIP!

By Fredda Dudley

The Marine lieutenant on the ship which was being towed into dock at Portland, Oregon, was a very glum chum, indeed. He had let his wife know on what boat he was returning from the South Pacific, and he had assured her—as he had been assured—that the vessel would put to port in San Francisco.

But now, in accordance with military custom the world over, the plans had been changed. The lieutenant was landing a thousand miles north of San Francisco, and he thought gloomily of the little woman standing on the wharf within the Golden Gate and being viewed by the hungry eyes of thousands of other returning servicemen—not one of whom was her eager husband. Tyrone Power was leaning over the rail and taking a generally dim view of the homecoming he had so long anticipated, when his eye was caught by the sight of a gleaming head far below. In addition to her shining hair, this slender number had ample assets to inspire the wolf calls that began to ascend like midnight on the Yukon trail.

“Annabella!” he yelled.
“Oh, Tyrone . . . Tyrone,” she called back. She pronounces his name Tear (as in dew from the eyes, which she had in quantities) and Own (as in Mine, all mine). “Tear-own. Tear-own.”

Lieutenant Power scanned the dock and found a clear spot toward which he might leap. Then he looked at the yawning gap of tideland water (Continued on page 99)
It didn’t matter
to the Dane Clarks if all they
had for dinner was a can
of beans—so long as they
had each other.

a can of beans—
and you

By Edward A. Herron
A white-haired old man met them at the door, nodded absent-mindedly and led the way into the parlor. A short, matronly woman came and stood beside the piano during the ceremony, fanning herself with a small handkerchief. She stopped the fluttering when the final words were said and the dark-haired boy looked at the red-haired girl for just a moment before folding her in his arms. "Honey," she heard him whisper, "it's forever. Forever and ever."

Dane Clark and Margot were married.

"You're not sorry, Red?" When she shook her head vigorously, smiling, he took hold of hands, intense. "It's going to be a tough go, honey, a fight from the opening bell, and maybe I shouldn't have asked you to——"

"It's too late to change my mind, Dane. And I don't want to. We've talked it over a hundred times. Besides we're going to miss the bus back to town. Come along, darling."

They ran across the hot, concrete street, dodging the swollen stream of traffic, waving wildly at the bus ripping along the edge of the stream. When they came to the brownstone front in Brooklyn hiding the one-room apartment that was to be Honeymoon Hotel, they went along a narrow hall, pitch-dark save for the yellow light gleaming dimly at one end. Before the dark wooden door Dane fumbled for his key. He had it thrust out toward the door when suddenly he jammed it deep within his pocket again.

"Cripes, Red, this is no place for us. Let's get out of here."

A half hour later they were walking quickly toward the black gash cut in surrounding skyscrapers. There were tall trees, the sleepy chattering of birds, the faint, elusive touch of a breeze. They passed a policeman's horse clomping morosely (Continued on page 122)
Diana claimed Douglas Dick (of "The Searching Wind") tied his bow like an inside loop, but him a car-polishing she'd do it prettier! Result: The sigh guy with the spry tie mossed her convertible!

"Our Hearts Were Growing Up" is more than the title of Diana's pic; she's really grown up with Henry Willson escorting her to the Academy Award dinner . . . grown up to a full five-feet, six-inches.

As the car turned up the hill, Diana looked at her watch for the third time in five minutes.
"Gosh, it's almost two-thirty, and one is absolute curfew. This is really going to be rough."

The young ensign at the wheel was apologetic. "I should have kept track of the time. It isn't up to a girl to do it."

"But we were having such fun. All those friends of yours were wonderful, and I loved sitting around singing those old songs. . . ." Diana stopped suddenly as she got a look at the Loehr house which was lighted up like the Carthay Circle at a premiere. She groaned. "You'd better just let me out and then duck. This looks like double trouble."

"Don't be a dope." The ensign stopped the car and gallantly came around to help her out. "I can always offer to make an honest woman of you." He grinned at her teasingly. (Continued on page 82)
That lazy jumping bean, Bob Mitchum, has two suits, two sons and two studios, but is strictly one of those one-woman guys—even if Dot can't cook!

Bob was lying on the rug in front of the fire, fast asleep, when it happened. Not that he would have admitted he was asleep—he never does. He always claims he "just shut his eyes for a minute." He even thinks I believe it. Anyway, there he was, sleeping, and there I was, out in the kitchen frowning in despair at the cookbook he'd given me the week before. Why can't cookbooks say what they mean in plain English? Why all this double-talk about dripping and basting and things nobody ever heard of? I had a roast in the oven, and I was determined that for once it should taste like something besides used chewing gum. I was going to dream up some biscuits to go with it, too, I hoped, if only I could interpret that cookbook.

The radio was going but I wasn't paying any attention. We leave it on for hours without really listening. But suddenly the words clicked into place in my mind, because the commentator was talking about Bob.

"Academy Award nominations for best supporting male role include Robert Mitchum's performance in 'GI Joe!'"

I'll never forget those words, or the way they made me feel. Happiness bubbled through me—the crazy kind that catches at your throat and makes you want to laugh and cry all at once. I jumped up, knocking over the mixing bowl, and tore into the other room.

"Bob! Wake up! You're a great actor!"

Bob opened one languid eye and grinned at me. "Um-hum."

"You've been nominated for an Oscar! Did you hear it, you big dope?"

"Um-hum." He stretched lazily, ripping his shirt in the process. I can't keep that guy in shirts.

"Honey, don't you care? Oh, golly, I'm so excited I can (Continued on page 115)
he's my guy
Lost: One weekend!
Found: One Oscar! Academy Award
Dinner bright with some tears and much laughter.

The night of nights in Hollywood . . . The Academy Awards . . . and I’ve never seen so many smiles of happiness on every face . . . or so many tears in the eyes!

Does that sound ambiguous? It is only because as each winner was announced, Joan Crawford, Ray Milland, Anne Revere and particularly, James Dunn, there was so much real, heartfelt sentiment.

Don’t let anybody tell you, and I have heard a few hints, that Ingrid Bergman took her loss hard. The truth is, that backstage, Ingrid grabbed hold of Charlie Brackett’s (also a winner for scripting “Lost Weekend”) arm and said with feeling too sincere to doubt, “I’m so glad—so glad, for Miss Crawford.”

Joan, herself, was well dissolved in tears in bed at her home by this time for, as you know, she was suffering with the flu and running a temperature of 103. I talked with her on the telephone five minutes after we left the theater and she was so choked up with emotion she could hardly speak. “I just can’t believe it, Louella,” she said between sobs, “I just can’t believe it!”

Then she laughed a little bit and said, “Flu or no flu, Dr. Branch has given permission for the photographers to come out here and take my picture with (Continued on page 63)
louella parsons’ good news

above: Diana Lynn and beau, Henry Willson.
I beauty, I blonde: Cathy Downs and Guy Madison.
J. Wyman of “Weekend” and R. Reagan.

Lowford sired daughter of Jerome Kern.
Larks K. Graysan and J. Johnston came to thrill.
Dick (“State Fair”) Haymes and Mrs.

Special Awards for Peggy Ann Garner and Frankie S.
ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING...

While the scientists are rigging up the Pacific atoll experiments that will determine the energy content of the various types of atom bombs, the people of show business would like to learn the secret of another bundle of energy which goes by the name of Eddie Cantor—and goes at top speed. The nuclear reactions of Cantor 30 years ago bewildered Flo Ziegfeld, fifteen years ago baffled Sam Goldwyn, and today are a subject of equal perplexity to radio sponsors, motion picture theater managers, directors, newspapermen and everyone else who comes into direct contact with Little Popeye, Ida's husband. I've known him for sixteen years and still can't figure out what makes him tick, because his energy is unlimited, his zest for life is stepped-up with the years. I'm convinced that vitamins take Cantor!

Not long ago, I asked Eddie to take his radio show out for me to Halloran General Hospital, the great Army hospital on Staten Island. It required quite a bit of maneuvering on Cantor's part—it also cost him about $1,000 of his own money for telephone wires—but one day he called up and said that it was all set. "Where you calling from, Eddie?" I asked him. "Right here in Boston," he said casually. He had flown to Boston to try to salvage the musical show, "Nellie Bly," in which he had $150,000 of his own money. Throughout this time, despite the certain loss of that large chunk of currency, Cantor never was anything but genial and considerate. I commented on this and Cantor said: "When I was wiped out in 1929, I found out that money didn't mean a thing. I don't like to lose $150,000, but all I can do is my best to recoup—if that's not sufficient, well, that's a closed chapter."

He came in from Boston and the ill-fated "Nellie Bly" for the Halloran broadcast. We met in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria Towers at about two o'clock. Cantor was doing a buck-and-wing for some members of the radio cast. Seeing me, he switched to an Irish jig, halting that to sign some autographs for an elderly guest. A room clerk, a girl, introduced herself to me as a friend of my family, so I introduced her to Cantor. He promptly did a dance with her, sang some snatches of a song, signed the autograph. They called him to the phone. He told somebody in Boston to take a pencil while he dictated a change in dialogue in one scene, corrected some lighting cues.

It was time for us to start out in the Red Cross bus for Halloran. Out on the sidewalk, people were waiting for him and he got them laughing with rapid-fire jokes. He was signing autographs right up to the time the bus pulled down 50th Street, and from then until we reached the hospital, he talked authoritatively and interestingly on politics, the Jewish question as it related to Palestine, the wounded he'd entertained at a Navy hospital, the late FDR and a variety of other subjects.

By this time, we were on the electric ferry that slices past the Statue of Liberty, into the fairway leading to Staten Island. The salt air made me sleepy, but not Cantor. It merely served to wake him up. When I dozed off, he was getting a shipboard shoesine while talking animatedly to a group of servicemen and civilians who had surrounded him. He was still talking and signing autographs when we berthed at Staten Island and started the last 15-minute drive to the giant hospital. At the hospital, Cantor rehearsed his entire show—songs and dialogue—and then after almost two solid hours of rehearsal, he turned to us and said happily: "Now we can go out to the wards and entertain some of the wounded who won't be able to get to the auditorium." (Continued on page 82)
Early in the war Joy volunteered as Hospital Staff Assistant. "It's desk work that is very, very human" she says. Hospitals still are in desperate need of volunteers. Go to your local hospital and help.

SHE USES POND'S!

Joyanne Barrett Thomas to wed former Air Corps Pilot

Her beauty is gold and rose—aristocratic as an exquisite Venetian painting.

Joy uses Pond's Cold Cream like this: Smooths the silky, white cream generously over her face and throat—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Rinse with another Pond's creaming, circling cream-coated fingers around her face in little spirals. Tissues again. "It makes my face feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Pond's your face her twice-over way—in the morning when you get up, and again at bedtime. Use Pond's Cold Cream for daytime freshen-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, mrs. The Lady Morris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · The Countess de Petiteville
EVEN PARIS WAS EMBARRASSED!

The gay kind of romance most Americans think takes place in Paris... and in this case does!

ROBERT & RAYMOND HAKIM present
GINGER ROGERS in SAM WOOD'S
Heartbeat
JEAN PIERRE AUMONT
ADOLPHE MENJOU
Melville Cooper • Mikhail Rasumny • Mona Morris
Edardo Ciannelli • Henry Stephenson
and
BASIL RATHBONE
Produced by Robert & Raymond Hakim
Directed by Sam Wood
Adaptation by Morris Ryskind
Director of Photography, Joseph Valentine, A.S.C.

Meet Jean Pierre Aumont—Her Ginger's new Heartbeat—Yours, too!
ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING

(Continued from page 60)

The wards were a tumult of excitement when he arrived. Again autographs, personal jokes to the men, and then into a half-hour of stage0 routine with Thelma Car-0 pent and Leonard Sues. By this time Cantor had been on his feet for three hours, but finally he was getting a chance to sit with General Ralph G. Devoe, and Lieut. Col. (Father) John M. Bellamy. From the dinner, we sped to the broadcast in the auditorium, but not before we had booked Cantor for an 80-minute warm-up session. And late that night, when we got back to New York, Cantor suggested gaily; "Eddie, how's about going to some alley and bowling three games?"

Actually, he isn't the athletic type. Once, at Palm Springs, California, we asked him to get up early, to go horseback riding and then play a few holes of golf. "Listen, kids," said Cantor, "I've seen too many little guys go to a resort for a rest and drop dead, trying to get in shape while I'm currently in exercise is gin rummy, with very light cards."

Anyone so successful as Cantor must have made enemies. His assured, dictatorial manner has enraged plenty of people. His dabbling in politics has enraged others, who don't believe that actors should have opinions or anything more profound than a bad review in Variety. First time Cantor and I ever hooked up, he was furious at something I'd written about an act in which he was currently performing with Thelma Jessel. Cantor, always enthusiastic, was going to buy up the newspaper to gratify his yen to fire me. Down the years, he has accused vivid grudges and indulged plenty of his own. His courage inevitably would lead into violent disputes, for he was courageous as a comedian, and courageous offstage.

His closest friend, I guess, is Georgie Jessel, of whose fantastic activities Cantor once remarked: "Georgie is wonderful. He has so many irons in the fire—that he puts out the fire." On one occasion, Jessel long-distance phoned Cantor from San Francisco. "Come here instantly, Eddie," pleaded Jessel. Cantor, fearing the worst, rushed from Beverly Hills to San Francisco. He dashed into Jessel's suite, certain that Georgie had knocked himself out. In the half-hour, he and Jessel had made him a tremendous commercial success, not only once, when he was a young man—but when he was older, broke, busted after the 1929 Gold Rush, preceding the big breaks. Started off with his enormous talent. If you wish to ap-raise him, because he has talent to burn. Some comics are good in night clubs or vaudeville stages—some may click in music, or on radio. Consider that Cantor has clicked in every medium, and in addition, is probably the greatest "book" comic ever to appear on Broadway. Add to these the fact that he has a certain dash— and above all these things, throw in his courage and intelligence and you have an all-star lineup of assets.

Cantor's already spoilt. Anyone who zoomed from the east side of New York to international reputation might certainly be parodied a bit of spoof- ing. The astounding thing is that he has rarely lost his head, or gone sour in his judgment. His biggest mistake bankrupted him in 1929, but Wall Street brought down brainier financial men than Cantor in that appalling disaster.

His radio judgment of Mussolini, after Mussolini, was in error, but not too faulty than the estimate written into history by some of the top statesmen of the world.

Cantor, however, wiped out all other errors in his correct estimate of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Close to the people himself, Cantor realized instantly that FDR was destined to be the people's champion. So much for Cantor as a man of the world. Let's regard him professionally. Probably no other performer ever knew so much about selecting vaudeville duties as Cantor knew. Other performers on tour frequently found themselves washed out by spring floods, or flattened by Lent, or wrecked by Jewish holidays. Some failed to notice that they had been booked into a city in which the American Legion or Shriners destroyed show business for a week. Still others have absurdly thought that they had been booked into Chicago during the home stay of the Cubs or White Sox.

Cantor never made mistakes like that. Perfunctory about this, he crowd-drew from William Morris or Abe Lastfogel, but his sagacity in booking personal appearances was legendary. He always had the best of it, because he made his breaks and he never butted the beam against a stone wall. One week, I followed him into the Palace Theater, at Chicago. Cantor bustled every record, and this curious thing developed: The radio station that has told me that the box office never had handled so many large, old-style dollar and five dollar bills. Farmers and their wives who had learned to enjoy Cantor over the radio came to Chicago on a picnic when he was booked into the Palace, brought along Ma and the kids, and ate the beefsteaks that Cantor had.

In giving this third Ed Sullivan-MOD- ERN SCREEN Award to Eddie Cantor, as a recognition of long and honorable service, I've tried to equate the achievement of the energetic little comedy star, a com- posogrape of a fine artist and a fine citi- zen. It is a recognition of the military pan any army and any hospital. A picture of the other world, and synagogues which owe so much to his personal appearances—it is ap- preciated and commented on the energy which distinguishes him.

While he was in New York, Cantor introduced me one night at Rabbi Birstein's annual benefit show for the Actors' Syna- gogue: "Every time you see this fellow," said Cantor, "he is appearing at a benefit show for the wounded, or the sick, or the poor, regardless of race, color or religion. How he does it, at his age, I don't know." With that jibe, the considerably older Cantor ran offstage. Actually, I can use his tag-line as the tag-line of this tribute to Eddie Cantor, and I hope Ida and the daughters aren't listening—because "he does it at his age, I don't know."

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 59)

the Oscar. I want my picture taken so I'll always know how I looked on the happiest night of my life!"

Later, at the La Rue cafe, where Para- mount was toasting a "victory" party, I ran smack into the big winch, Roy Mil- lard. "I sure got you off the hot spot, Louisi- na!" he called, clear across the room. And he sure had! Here's a little secret: I was so sure he was going to win that I had built my whole radio show around an interview with Roy weeks in advance.

Of course, the whole Paramount crowd was up in the air because not only had Roy given the "best male performance of 1945," but their picture, "The Lost Weekend," was the winning production of the year, Billy Wilder, who directed it, "the best director" and Wilder and his crony, Charles Brackett, "the best script writers."

But let's get back to other high spots, and one or two low moments, of the show itself. Sometimes, Frankie Sinatra can irritate me a little. But the night of the Academy was NOT one of the times he peeved me.

Frankie pitched in and helped out every time he was called upon to pinch hit. And he did it better than anybody less than Bing Crosby, who most certainly SHOULD have been there and WASTN'T!

But when Bing didn't show up, Frankie was called on to do the honors. He did the numbers beautifully even though he had to recithe words off a card put into his hand just before he stepped onto the stage.

And, oh, that Jimmy Dunn! I tell you there was a shunt of happiness from everybody in the theater (have I mentioned that it was Grauman's Chinese?) when Ginger Rogers told the world that Jimmy had hit the come- back trail to win with his wonderful, moving performance in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn."

I was sitting close to Jimmy and the first thing he did, even before he started to run down to the stage, was to lean over and kiss his pretty wife and press her hard hand.

Anne Revere, who snagged the honors for "best stage actress," had been known as "National Velvet" was lovely in her formal black gown with the corsage of orchids.

The girl who really looked the most stunning, and just the way fans expect movie stars to look, was Kathryn Grayson in a form fitting white dress, a full length er- mine coat, and her hair dressed beautifully with braids around her small head. Her jewelry was stunning—diamonds and emer-alds—a bracelet, earrings, and a clip.

Myrna Loy had one of the new short hair cuts—very short and feather waved like a...
KATHRYN GRAYSON, STARRING IN M-G-M’S “TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON”

Woodbury Sun Peach

KATHRYN GRAYSON

... saucy, sun-kissed beauty! Take her lush, intoxicating skin tone for yours... dip your puff in WOODBURY Film-Finish SUN PEACH. A luscious, ripe, sun-drenched peach it is—exclusive Film-Finish blending makes it color-fall. A dazzler on your skin—perfect as the color in the box! Compare the glow and life it brings your skin—more flattering, more summer-right than the powder you’re wearing now. And cling? That misty-sheer Woodbury texture veils tiny flaws for hours—stays color-fresh! Eight Star-excitement shades.

Flatterer! Pat on WOODBURY CREAMPUFF POWDER BASE. Blends with any powder shade.

Your matched make-up... all 3 for $1
1. Big $1 box of Film-Finish Powder
2. Star lipstick—your just-right shade
3. Matching rouge—right for you
Boxes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢—plus tax.

cap around her head. Dinah Shore’s gown was a bouffant blue net, very ingenue-ish, but pretty on her.

Bob Hope got laughs, as usual, in the master of ceremonies spot and received a miniature Oscar for m.c’ing the Awards for seven years.

Judy Garland became very nervous and uncomfortable and went into the hospital three or four days before her doctor had scheduled her Caesarian operation.

I’ll let you in on a little secret—both Judy and her husband, Vincente Minnelli, had made several bets that they would be the parents of a boy. Now they deny it and say, “We wanted and expected a girl all along!”

Miss Liza Minnelli made her debut at 7:58 a.m. March 10th. She has a great deal of black hair and light blue eyes. When she cries, Judy insists she is “singing” and when she kicks her feet in a mild temper her Ma says, “It’s a dance step.”

Certainly Liza has one of the prettiest nurseries in town—and so unusual. The entire color scheme is yellow—a soft yellow lighter than a singing canary.

One of the first gifts she received was a miniature contract, an exact replica of her mother’s, from Louis B. Mayer, Judy’s M-G-M boss—and it has been framed and hangs in the nursery. The contract is absolutely on the level and when Miss Liza is eighteen years old she can put it into immediate effect if she wants to be a movie actress.

While we are in the Stork Department—I sincerely believe that having a baby will smooth out all the marriage tangles between Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin.

It would be silly to deny that Ted and Betty haven’t had a pretty stormy time during their first eight months of marriage. It all centers on the fact that Betty is an independent little girl who has worked hard and peddled her own canoe for years.

She was confused and unhappy when Ted, a business man—but not a movie business man, started giving her advice. But Betty is happy now that she’s sure she is expecting a baby, and I think she and Ted really love one another.

Well, I sure found out when I asked my MODERN SCREEN friends, “Shall I continue to write about Hollywood parties?” Your letters came in by the basketful. You readers don’t think that party news is frivolous news and the consensus of opinion is, “Keep on telling us about Hollywood parties.”

In just a moment or two, I will. But first I want to ask another question. Is it the Van Johnsons, the Frank Sinatra’s and the June Allysons you want to hear most about or would you like to hear about Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne and Walter Pidgeon? Sometimes when you are as close to the picture as I am, it’s difficult to know just who are your biggest favorites.

Please keep writing because I love your letters. Believe me, I try to answer as many as I can.
And now for some parties! There have certainly been some good ones.

Tennis is becoming increasingly popular in movietown and almost every Sunday afternoon you’ll find a crowd of devotees at Irene Selznick's beautiful home. There's a lot of good natured rivalry, too, for top honors.

I stopped in one Sunday night when Irene had kept all the tennis players for dinner, and one by one other guests dropped in.

We were greeted by the unusual spectacle of Van Johnson, weary from so much tennis, stretched out on a divan with his shoes off, his trousers rolled up above his knees, and practically asleep in spite of the noise and gay greetings.

Jimmy Stewart had been playing all day, too—but he wasn't tired. He was sitting at the piano playing and composing his own numbers (very funny, too) as he went along. He had an admiring group around him and one of the most enthusiastic was Eddy Duchin, no mean key tickler himself.

Ingrid Bergman and her husband were there. She had just returned from Palm Springs and had a divine suntan. Ingrid's husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, is sort of a mystery man in Hollywood—but he is very nice, a clean-cut young Swede who works very hard, and brilliantly, I am told, in his profession of brain surgery.

The Constellation crowd, and by that I mean the movie folk who went with Howard Hughes on the initial trip of that airship, was given a cocktail party by Veronica Lake and her husband, Andre de Toth.

Several months ago Veronica announced to the world that she was setting forth on her campaign to become one of the best dressed women in Hollywood. She's certainly living up to that promise. Ronnie wore a silver lamé cocktail gown with a small, matching hat.

Betty Hensel came with Cary Grant and that romance, my pets, is more serious than ever. Cary seems crazy about her and you can't blame him—she's such a sweet girl.

Danny Kaye was in—and out—like a streak. This boy often comes to parties and other social events—but he seldom stays very long. But it's always good to see him, even for a little while.

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT
ALL OVER

Only instead of bustin' out with buds, June's overflowing with five dollar bills this month. How come? Well, we want to hear about your star-gazing—whom you saw, what you said, what he said, and all those juicy details that we love to read—and publish! If you'll look at the other "I Saw It Happens" in this issue, you'll get an idea of what we want. Keep it short, type it out, and mail it off to our "I Saw It Happens" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. If we accept it, there'll be a five spot wending its way to you! But please—give us time to answer!

Want Kiss Appeal?

You have it—when your skin is silky and smooth.

But you're a "dry-skin girl"?

This new I-Cream Beauty Treatment (with Jergens Face Cream) is wish-fulfilling help for dry-skin troubles.

It's simple, easy, to have this I-Cream Beauty Treatment

Just snatch "little" minutes every day... for smooth-skin treatments with this new Jergens Face Cream. So capable, you use Jergens Face Creams like 4 creams:

1. for skillful Make-up Removal and Cleansing
2. for Softening
3. for an oh-so-fine Foundation
4. as a Night Cream—super help for dry skin; effective against dry-skin lines

Added intelligence: Jergens Face Cream is a skin scientist's cream. By the makers of Jergens Lotion. Give this I-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial. Like so many beauty-wise girls, have smooth enchantment... with Jergens Face Cream! 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax).

JERGENS
FACE CREAM

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin
Kelly is without a doubt the most accomplished male dancer in the world today. If he is inferior to the very top talent in the ballet field at their own specialties, he is plainly their master in the almost infinite variety of his style and the brilliance of his inventions. He is also wonderfully resourceful in dreaming up new dance ideas. His duet with his conscience in "Cover Girl" and the dance he did with animated cartoons in "Anchors Aweigh" were magnificent pieces of inspiration. In his own specialty, which is taps, Kelly is just about as close to perfection as they come.

boosting the competition . . .

With the possible exception of Frank Sinatra, he is the only actor in Hollywood who is as popular with adult movie-goers as he is with boy-soxers. In person, Gene is a plain and pleasant guy. His even disposition is ruffled only by occasional brooding over the hardly noticeable thinning of his black hair. In an aggressive and ruthless profession, Gene is outstanding for his complete unselfishness and loyalty.

Although he has written a baseball story in which he and Frank Sinatra will play a Keystone comedy combination with the Brooklyn Dodgers, he went out of his way a few weeks ago to help sell a baseball script which a friend of his had prepared for Crosby and Hope, a pair who most certainly come under the head of competition.

As a member of the U. S. Navy, Gene did a fine job in a position for which he was thoroughly qualified. In February, when he had sufficient points to get out, he refused to accept his discharge. "I got some work to finish here," he told his commanding officer, and went on with the job of making a motion picture about submarines which would provide Washington with some much-needed information. His attitude toward his service assignments was one of unquestioning, uncomplaining loyalty. Speaking about this not long ago, a Navy man remarked, "When he went in, they were pushing him around. He stuck it out, though, and didn't make a single squawk. He earned the respect of everyone from enlisted men to admirals." Kelly, who entered the Navy as a gob and was promoted to lieutenant (j.g.), gave his full energies to his work. Probably the clearest proof of this is that he did not even take time out to practice his dancing. "I'm like a fighter out of condition," he remarked one day shortly before he was released.

At this point an admiring listener suggested that with talent such as his, Gene had nothing to worry about. "After all," he pointed out, "Astaire's retired and there's no one coming up who can give you any competition." Kelly shook his head. "I don't know about that," he said. "Some of these kids are sensational."

"Someone then mentioned a young dancer whom, as everyone knew, Gene had helped only to have him steal one of the Kelly routines. "What about him?" Gene was asked. "Dynamite!" he replied, without a trace of resentment. "Please believe me, that kid's dynamite." Although he manages to remain unembittered toward people who have treated him ruthlessly, Kelly can become blisteringly articulate when he sees others being pushed around. During the filming of "Cover Girl," a director who wanted to make an impression on Rita Hayworth by demonstrating his authority, singled out Phil Silvers and called him down in front of the rest of the cast. Although the situation in no way concerned him, Kelly interrupted the director and gave him a verbal lashing. A refusal to be anything but what he is, is probably his biggest charm.

A few months ago an irresponsible item in a gossip column predicted that Kelly and his wife were about to separate. It was completely off the beam, of course. To say the least, the Kellys are still very happy after five years of marriage.

love wears a false face . . .

They met for the first time while he was dance director at the Diamond Horseshoe cabaret in N. Y. Gene happened to be sitting around the Horseshoe unshaven and in old clothes one afternoon, when a pretty redhead named Betsy Blair came in looking for a job as a dancer. Allowing her to assume that he was either the janitor or a stagehand, she suggested that she drop around in the evening and speak to the dance director. That night they started going together. Betsy, who has been understudying Julie Haydon's role in "The Glass Menagerie," is an uncommonly good young actress, but has no burning theatrical ambition. At the moment she is learning Russian, a language that, al-

(Continued on page 68)
on the lawn in back of their apartment on Second Avenue, strung up blue lights, connected the radio outdoors for dancing, and went shopping for goodies. "This time," June promised Ev solemnly, "I'll invite a boy for you to have all to yourself. I'm inviting three boys all for myself. Don't worry, I won't take your date away from you."

True to her word, June invited Ev's current crush from Central Junior High School. True to her word, she didn't take him away from Ev. He just wandered to Junie by himself while Ev sat in a corner with Junie's three cast-offs!

Ev didn't talk to Junie for a couple of days. Then they made up and everything was swell until the next time one of Ev's boy friends wandered over to Junie.

Ev says she's getting over that habit of not talking for days when she's mad. "I'm getting to be more like Junie," she admits. "She gets miffed, goes out of the room, and a minute later, she's back, smiling. She's forgotten what it was about."

Junie has always had a passion for birthday parties. When she was 7 or 8, she threw parties for herself every three or four months, mostly to get presents, she confesses now. "It's my birthday tomorrow, I'm having a party after school," she'd tell friends, and invite them to come. Mrs. Haver got pretty used to Junie, Ev, and Dorothy trooping in after school with a bunch of kids and Junie announcing: "Can we have some ice cream and cake? I'm having a birthday party today."

What, another one?" Mrs. Haver would sigh, rushing out to buy nickel Dixie cups. They'd all sit around while Junie opened her presents, mostly toy watches from the five-and-ten cent store, or little glass toys filled with hard candies.

Pretty soon Junie would decide she wanted to practice her piano playing. She wished the kids would leave. "Let's play hide-and-seek," she'd suggest. That was Ev and Dot's cue. The three sisters would run outside and get all of the kids out. Then they'd run back in and bolt the door so the kids would have to go home.

kill or cure...

Junie also loved to play doctor, mostly at Ev's expense. Mrs. Haver was in an auto accident and Junie had seen the doctor giving her a hypodermic with a long needle. One day Dot came upon June with a long hatpin ready to jab into Ev's chubby little arm. "What are you doing?"

Dot demanded, grabbing the hatpin. "Ev's sick. I'm healing her," Junie protested.

Another time, Mrs. Haver heard Junie saying to Ev in the next room: "Just a little lower, Ev, a little lower."

And Ev would answer: "Okay, how's this?"

"No, lower, Ev." Attracted by this queer dialogue, Mrs. Haver opened the door. Evvie was bent over, her head down, and Junie had a hammer poised over her skull ready to bash it in—for just what healing purpose, neither of them could remember.

"Evvie was always so obliging," Junie laughs.

It was probably the memory of obliging little Ev that kept Junie from getting annoyed with her recently when Ev took Junie's gray convertible and tried to drive it without ever having had a lesson. She ran it into a tree, got scared, and ran home, sending Mrs. Haver out to drive it back to the house.

Like all sisters, the Havers have pet names for each other, except Dot, who was too grown up to have a nickname. Evvie's is "Trimmyton," her childish pronunciation for mercurochrome. Junie's is "Pencil Box."

Once, at the start of a school term, Mrs. Haver sent Junie to the corner drugstore to buy pencil boxes for the three girls. For Ev and Dot, she bought 50¢ boxes,
each with one drawer. But for herself, she got a super-duper scrumptious affair with a map, a compass, pencil, sharpeners, pen, pencils, point points, pen wiper, erasers. She brought her purchases home to show to her mother.

“What did you get for Dorothy?” Mrs. Haver asked.

“This one.”

“How much did it cost?”

Fifty cents.

“And how about for Evvie?”

“Here, this one.”

“And what did that cost?”

Fifty cents.

“And as to that BIG pencil box there? Who’s that for?” Junie played it dumb, knowing Mom would reprimand her for spending $1.30 on a pencil box for herself when the girls only had 99c ones. “Pencil box? What pencil box?”

Junie finally had to confess. But since then, whenever Junie gets coy, or tries to get away with something, Mrs. Haver tells her to do is to say, “Hello, pencil box.” It always makes Junie grin.

the closet was bare . . .

The family S.O.S. whenever anyone needs help, is “Get the linens.” June explains it: “If anyone used to come here, and say, ‘Get me something like some ice cream,’ and we didn’t have any ice cream in the house, I’d yell to Dot or Ev, ‘Get the linens.’”

They picked up the phrase when Mrs. Haver’s mother, Hana’s, was ill and they were all over at their grandmother’s house helping Mother take care of her. When the night nurse came, she said to Mrs. Haver: “I think your mother should have a change of linen.”

“Marie, get the linens,” Mrs. Hansen said.

Knowing full well that everything was at the laundry and there wasn’t a single clean sheet or pillow case left in the house, Mrs. Haver just went and sat in the linen closet at the bare bones. At last she had to come out and tell the truth.

Not long after they moved to California, June had a date with the captain of the football team, Captain John Smith, and would ride the roller coaster at the Fun Pier in Venice. He came to their four-room apartment at 9458 Olympic Boulevard, where they were living then, took one look at the thin coat June was wearing, and said: “Gonna be too cold in that coat way out on the pier. You’d better get a fur wrap.”

It must be that boys around here expect their dates to own fur wraps, Junie thought. She was so far removed from owning a fur coat that even the gabardine coat she wore on dates was Dorothy’s.

“Okay, just a minute,” June told him. She went into the bathroom, sat down on the edge of the bathtub, and called, “Mother, get the linens.” A few moments later, Captain John Smith Visitors from the Olympic Boulevard apartment where everything, including linens, was furnished. So there had never been any need for them to buy linens. Store owners weren’t even selling more than one sheet and one pillow case at a time to a customer. By waiting in line, Mom and Dot had managed to pick up about 50 sets and 50 pillow cases. Till they could buy more, the girls and Mom would bunk together in two double beds. The next day June and Dot turned in their work, and the four of them were planning a big shopping spree. They’d had dinner out, so even the harder was bare.

“Good,” Junie said to Dot, who had married Bill on September 30, 1943, “this is practically your second honeymoon. And here we have no coffee, no milk, no eggs for Bill’s breakfast. Whenever they see the previous day’s rushes together, and afterwards they have a gabfest about how June looked and where she might have improved.”

When Junie has a day off between pictures, the three Havers frequently go shopping together. June always knows exactly what she wants and is the quickest

Dot has been June’s stand-in for the past couple of years, and Ev has been her secretary since she got out of Beverly Hills High in June, 1944. Ev answers personal letters from kids they knew in Rock Island and Cincinnati, where they lived before they moved to Hollywood, and also addresses envelopes. June autographs her own pictures, and Dot usually sees that the mall gets to the post office.

On the set, whenever June finishes a scene, she looks over at Dot. If she’s scowling, June knows she hasn’t done so well. If she’s smiling, June takes the chance to have Dot’s approval. Every day, they see the

Forget that old tradition that the bride’s going-away suit has to be beige or a postel, and try this luscious melon-colored tropical worsted by Junior Deb. Its lines are soft as soft can be; the sleeves are gracefully ballooned, with the very new dropped shoulder line. The fabric will wear forever, for it’s a Wolterm tropical wool. Wear it as we show it here, with lime gloves, add a lime hot or lime-colored flowers in your hair. For real sophistication, wear a black hat, the sleeves pushed up, with long black gloves, and sport your most fragile block sandals.

To find out where to buy this suit, as well as the other fashions in MODERN SCREEN’s Fashion pages, send a self-addressed envelope to: Tousia Pines, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
LEFT: Airy dotted swiss makes this enchantingly prim little number, with its white ruffles outlining neck and armholes, and that new dropped waistline look. A big big bow ties it at the back. Under $11.00.

CENTER: Feminine and fragile is the way you will look in this bare-shouldered plaid cotton. It is fitted as can be, and the skirt is very full. Shoestring bows that you tie yourself hold it up, and it’s under $11.00.

RIGHT: This striped seersucker is something right out of a fairy tale, with its double puffed sleeves, its beruffled skirt. All these wonderful dresses are by that brilliant designer, Dorris Varnum, of Jonathan Logan.
Straight out of Godey's Lady's book
are these story-book dresses with their ruffles,
full skirts and romantic bows.
LEFT: Crisply cool, this Gay Togs three-piece play suit will be your summer standby. Bra and shorts, about $6.00, the coat, about $8.00. With it, wear these handmade Mexican huaraches, by Doray of Fifth Avenue.

Below: This masterfully tailored Gay Togs slack suit, with its color-contrast top, its arrowhead trim, is yours for only $9.00. Wear the top as a blouse, with skirts, wear the slacks with all your own blouses.

The silver animals and birds perched on this page are members of the Whipoo family, made by Worthey. They cost about $2.00 each—fun for your money!
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Worn by ANDREA KING,
featured in "THE MAN I LOVE,"
a Warner Bros. picture

1410 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.
The matador look is the news in play clothes. Black trousers, cut off just below the knee, borrowed from the bull fighter by Frances Sider. Wear them if your hips are slim, your legs lovely. We like them with a print blouse, as shown here, or

with your best ruffled and bow-tied white shirt. With the print shirt, ballet slippers are just right, but if you want to be really terrific, wear high wedgies with your white blouse outfit. The price for all this chic: about twenty dollars.
vacation sensations

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top of the bra repeated in the V-top of
the shorts. That’s styling! About $11.00.

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Victorian coat, with a bow neck, loose full
sleeves, and elegantly ruffled cuffs. It’s made
of the same print, and it’s under $11.00.

For packing, for freshness, for fun, there’s
nothing like rayon jersey. This two-piece play
suit is a lovely date dress when its side-
wrapped and tied skirt is on. About $20.00.
Just feature yourself lolling away the lazy hours in a slack set designed to be completely decorative though comfortable. Black daisies do giddy cartwheels over the cap-sleeved, "hug-me-tight" waisted jacket of crisp cotton. The lithe limbed slacks are in sleek rayon. Maize, Lime or Melon with Black; Copen Blue with Navy. Sizes 12-18. About $9 at your favorite store.

Gay Togs, Inc.,
132 West 36th Street,
New York 18, N. Y.
Interchangeables are your best bet for Summer vacation clothes—watch for five- or six-piece outfits in a single fabric, or in coordinated colors, that will give you lots of attractive combinations. We’ve seen a set made up of a two-piece bra-top bathing suit, a one-piece romper play suit, a ruffled bare-midriff top, ruffled shorts to match and a separate skirt, all in printed cotton. No end to these possibilities!

Bare shoulders, bare midriffs are everywhere, from two-piece swim-or-play suits, to your very dressy evening cottons. One-strap bathing suits are new, as are also those luscious Grecian-draped dresses that leave one shoulder bare. Lots and lots of evening dresses show bare midriffs, either in two-piece styling, or peek-a-boo midriffs with skirts that button on to the tops, leaving just a bit of you showing.

Shorts go to all lengths, from very short ones, if your legs are beautiful, to the longish, boy’s type of short, and from there to the clam-digger or pedal-pusher slack. They’re wearing those just-below-the-knee pants a little tighter, showing them in black with dressy white blouses, and calling them bullfighter trousers. They look very new, if they’re your type, but they’re definitely not easy to wear.

Beach coats run the gamut from modern to Victorian, but they have one thing in common: They’re very short, and very covered up on top, and they give you that appealing, leggy look. Yours can be fitted, with a shirt-type collar and sleeve, and a set-in belt, but we like the loose ones, with a bow at the neck, and full sleeves, like the one we picture from Frances Sider, in Everfast cotton.

The big news in bathing suits is that there is some elasticized fabric around the market, so that some manufacturers will be delivering a few of those wonderful, stretchable suits. Otherwise, the story is still cotton and jersey, and the fashions still are bare as bare can be. The diaper suits are not so much in evidence as the newer bloomers-type pants, and there are lots of suits with brief pants and tiny separate flared skirts to wear after your swim.
FADS AND FANCIES

Edith Head of Paramount writes us the latest about gadgets being worn in Hollywood. You don’t have to be a star or a starlet to follow these trends, so see which of these ideas you can adopt for your own wardrobe needs!

You learned to braid in kindergarten, and here’s where you put that knowledge to good use! Joan Caulfield shows off the new braid influence with her soft chemise dress of grey linen which she wears with a braided bandeau and belt of yellow, grey and lime.

Remember the arm bands that men used to wear to keep their shirt sleeves up? Well, next time you wear a plain white long-sleeved blouse, braid narrow ribbons in three bright colors, and wear them around your arm. Watch people sit up and take notice!

Gail Russell, whose favorite color is white, is wearing wide braids of scarlet, chartreuse and black around the waists of her white dresses, and she wears matching braids of narrower ribbon in her hair. She says she loves the gypsy look of bright colors on white.

Barbara Stanwyck adopts the braided mode to her own sophisticated style by wearing a belt of braided copper, silver and gold beading around the waist of a simple white dinner dress. With it she combines a stunning trio of braided cuff bracelets.

Braided belts of bright ribbon make a gay outfit of your white shirt and black shorts. Braid just the part that goes around your waist, and leave the ends that tie hanging free, to give that bold pirate air.

If the drawstring on your last year’s pouch handbag has given way, make drawstrings of braided ribbon to match each of your braid-trimmed outfits. It’s easy to lace the braid into your bag, so don’t forget to change!

If you have an evening gown you want to dress up, how about a braided coronet of velvet ribbon in black and two shades that match your gown? Wear it like a real crown, mock on top of your head. It looks regal and glamorous, and that’s the way you want to look in your evening gown!

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1948.
Laugh while you can," Diana said grimly. "It won't be for long. Wait till the reception committee gets you.

She was right. The man walked up the front steps, the door was thrown open. Mrs. and Mrs. Loehr stood there accordingly, clutching their bathrobes.

"Young man," Mr. Loehr never raises his voice, but his tone was effective. "Didn't I say to you as you started out that Dolly was to be back by one?"

"Yes, sir." The ensign's young face was worried. "It was all my fault. I forgot the watch. "No, it was mine!" Diana insisted.

"No, really, sir, it was mine. But it will never happen again," Mr. Loehr told him coldly, "because you're never going to take our daughter out again. Good night!"

curfew shall not ring . . .

That put an end to the conversation. Diana went off to bed and wept bitter tears of embarrassment. How could they have made such a scene in front of the nice boy over a little thing like an hour?

There was a knock at the door and her mother slipped in. "Dolly, are you awake?"

"Yes, mother, I was."

"I thought I heard you crying. Look, dear, your father and I didn't mean to be so cross, but we were terribly worried about you. I kept imagining you in an auto accident...." Her voice broke, and Diana reached over and patted her hand. "I'm really sorry, mother. When I saw how late it was, I should have called up to say we'd be delayed. I'm not very bright." Mr. Loehr blew her nose. "We'll forget about it, as long as it doesn't happen again. You know we expect you GIs, through the Loehr household. "A different date every night," was Diana's slogan and she was just the girl that could do it.

change of heart . . .

"I suppose we shouldn't mind," Mrs. Loehr said to her husband, watching Diana go down the steps with a completely new Air Force major. "There's safety in numbers."

"In that case, we're probably the safest parents on record. I never can remember the numbers."

"They don't last long enough for it to matter. You know Dolly."

But next day, Diana seemed to react a bit differently. She rushed to the phone every time it rang, and came away with a disappointed expression which she hastily erased when she saw her mother watching her. At five o'clock, Mrs. Loehr said casually, "Who's your date with tonight, dear?"

"I think I'll stay home tonight, Mother. I'm sort of tired of going out."

Her mother stared, but made no comment. Sometimes silence was golden. At five-thirty, a boy delivered a box of flowers. Diana was busily angelically arranging them in the kitchen when Mrs. Loehr reached for the accompanying card with a gleam in her eye.

"I guess maybe I'll go out tonight after all. I mean you never can tell how long the Major might be around."

"Who?"

"The man I dated last night. Didn't you think he was nice?"

"Oh, very dreamy," Mrs. Loehr resolved to take a good close look at him tonight. He was definitely the type a 17-year-old girl likes. But it was certainly giving her just good looks. "Dolly, you're going to give a party."

"Give a party!" Diana looked as if she had just been sentenced to Alcatraz.

"Certainly. It's time you started going out, and the way to start is to give a party yourself for all the crowd you know. Boys, too," Mrs. Loehr added firmly.

"It's time you learned. This will be a very informal affair. In fact, I think we'll make it a kitchen party."

"What's that?" Diana asked skeptically. "I'll have salad and ice cream ready, but we'll let the guests fix their own hamburgers. Won't that be fun?"

"No," said Diana under her breath. But as it turned out, she was wrong. It was fun. Having to cook the main course themselves, the boys kidded Diana, and she toasted rolls busily, and forgot that she hated parties. After that, somehow, boys kept showing up at the house with increasing regularity. By the time Diana was seventeen, she was really getting too much of a whirl to suit her family.

"No, but you go out and still get your school work and practicing done even when you're not making a picture," Mrs. Loehr was reproving. "There's such a thing as being too nice, Dolly."

Diana smiled angelically. "Who started all this, anyway? There I was, minding my own business, and who was it that said I should have called up to say we'd be delayed. I'm not very bright?"

But Mrs. Loehr had lost the argument and she knew it.

Diana, at a year, Diana was very busy being the belle of the ball. Of every ball. The war was still on, and there was a constant stream of Army captains, Naval lieutenants, through the Loehr household. "A different date every night," was Diana's slogan and she was just the girl that could do it.
Let Elinet’s meshes capture glamour for your hair, just as they do for Hollywood. Your new, extra-special hair do can retain its fresh out-of-the-bandbox look during hours of work or play when it is protected with Elinet. Full sized. Looks practically as fine as real hair. Next time...every time...be sure you say “Elinet”.

Miss Veronica Lake, starring in “The Blue Dahlia”, a Paramount Picture
way. Obviously, he was interested in Diana to the exclusion of everything else. Mrs. Loehr felt a queer little tug at her heart when she saw the way he looked at her daughter. She sighed with relief when Diana said they would go to pick up Mona Freeman and a lieutenant for a double date. Somehow, that turned the whole thing into just another of Diana's evenings. Probably they'd all go to a movie and have cokes and hamburgers on the way home. And maybe in a few days he would be sent away. She told her husband that, hopefully.

"Seems like a nice young man. Why do you want to send him off in a hurry to get killed?"

"I don't!" Mrs. Loehr was indignant. "I just don't want Dolly getting serious about anyone at her age."

As usual, Mrs. Loehr didn't go to sleep until Dolly got home. It was twelve-thirty (curfew was earlier when Dolly was seventeen) and the girl walked upstairs as if she was floating on a pink cloud. Her blue eyes were enormous with excitement. She saw her mother in the upper hall.

"Oh Mother. We've been to a night club. It was wonderful!"

Mrs. Loehr's breath came out in a long exclamation. She didn't know what she'd expected, but it wasn't this. However, night clubs had never entered the picture before. Surely 17-year-old girls didn't go to night clubs! She said so, firmly.

"Oh, but Mother, we wanted to because Ciro's has the best rumba band. None of the hotels where we usually go has a band that can play a really smooth rumba."

"What's the matter with a fox trot? Do you have to rumba?"

"Oh yes, everyone does and you know how much I love to dance."

Then Mrs. Loehr decided the escort was probably not as important to Diana as his dancing. Mrs. Loehr told herself to remember her husband's words, "By tomorrow night it will be someone else."

But by tomorrow night it was still the same. And the next night. And the next.

"I thought you liked going out with different boys every night, Dolly," her mother said at breakfast one day the next week.

"She's slipping," Mr. Loehr observed from behind his newspaper. "Can't get them any more."

"Oh, I got bored, seeing different people all the while. Having to adjust my personality to a new man every date. I think if you meet someone you like, it's nicer to sort of stick to them. If you know what I mean."

Mrs. Loehr was afraid she did. By the time Diana's eighteenth birthday came along, her mother was definitely worried. The officer wanted Diana to marry him—she was sure of that.

Then with the suddenness of wartime, he was gone. Diana missed him, but she was evidently not broken hearted.

"He certainly was the rumba prince of all time," she said regretfully. "But I met a man who's awful good at the samba."

ticket collector...

Of course even at seventeen, Diana had other interests besides men. One was learning to drive.

Diana never drove a car until she was seventeen. She didn't have the early urge some children do to get their hands on a wheel. Her mother usually drove her to the studio, but a little over a year ago Mrs. Loehr had a serious illness. One of the things that worried her was that she wouldn't be able to drive Diana around.

"Well, for heaven sakes," her daughter said with some spirit. "You must think I'm a dope. I can certainly learn to drive."

She learned very fast indeed, but she has gotten three tickets in the last year. Every one of them for the same thing.
Somebody ahead of her puts his brakes on in a hurry and Diana runs smack into his rear bumper. Diana explained the first ticket to her father easily enough.

"After all, Dad, I've only been driving such a little while."

"She's really a very good driver," Mrs. Loehr put in. No more was said about the matter. Came ticket number two.

"What's this one" Mr. Loehr demanded.

Diana looked appealing. "Somebody ahead of me stopped all of a sudden."

"You'd better learn to slam on your own brakes," Mr. Loehr said darkly.

When ticket number three arrived, there was a minor crisis in the Loehr family. After that, Diana went back and took a couple more driving lessons.

She's always had her career in pictures, her music, her passion for clothes, and her love of reading as balancing factors. She did and does, read everything omnivorously. Books, magazines, plays. When she was a little girl, Mrs. Loehr was very busy giving music lessons, for she was one of the best known teachers in the city. When Diana would get home from school, she was supposed to practice her piano for an hour, then go and play outdoors. In an ordinary home, it's easy enough for Mother to tell when little Gertie is or is not practicing the piano. But in the Loehr household, there were always lessons going on, with their attendant sound. Diana could, and frequently did, skip part of her practicing without her Mother knowing it.

two men to a heart...

Of course, after Diana got into pictures there was much less time for reading or anything else, but for several years she did keep up her music industriously. Then at sixteen she developed this interest in boys and the music suffered. Mrs. Loehr was worried. She'd had a tremendous ambition for Dolly to be a concert pianist. One day a friend came to her.

"Mrs. Loehr, I know Diana pretty well. She really loves music, but when you keep nagging at her about it, you just antagonize her. Don't mention it for a while. She'll come back to it."

The advice was good and Mrs. Loehr took it. She's glad that she did. Diana is back at work on her music now and as interested in it as ever. Pictures, of course, are all-important in her life. Now that Diana is a star, with a very definite career, her mother wonders sometimes how that's going to mix with marriage when it comes.

Right now there are two leading contenders for Diana's heart. One is young Loren Tindall, actor, musician, ballet enthusiast. The other is Henry Wilson, the above mentioned Selznick executive. They are a complete contrast. Loren is volatile, temperamental, and a little mad, in a fascinating sort of way. Henry is suave and balanced and dependable. He has known Diana for some time and when she first began to mention Loren Tindall frequently, he decided to find out what it was all about.

"I'd like to meet this Tindall guy, Diana. How about introducing us?"

Diana agreed and Henry thought he was a wonderful chap. Diana was completely baffled. The next time Henry called her for a date, she said, "I hear you and Loren are very buddy-buddy."

"Why not? We're both so fond of you."

Diana was in one of what her mother calls her "Scarlett O'Hara" moods. "Maybe I'll bring him along on our date."

"Fine," Henry said heartily.

Diana slapped the phone down with a bang. This was really ridiculous! Still, it might be interesting. She wore her most devastating dress—a cream colored sheer wool that made her look very femme fatale.

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in a demure sort of way. The three of them went to dinner, and Henry and Loren, instead of battling, talked to each other all the while and left Diana biting her rose colored nails.

At Christmas time, came the episode of the cocktail ring, which hit all the Looms from coast to coast, especially to the Loehr family's dismay. What actually happened was this. One day the phone rang, and Mrs. Loehr answered. It was Loren Tindall.

"Mrs. Loehr, I wanted to tell you about the Christmas present I just bought Diana."

"What is it, Loren?"

"It's a jeweled cocktail ring, I think she's going to love it, but..."

"Oh, but Loren!" Mrs. Loehr was really disturbed. "That's awfully sweet of you, but we couldn't let Dolly accept such a valuable present. Especially a ring!"

"But I've already bought it," Loren protested. "I want to give Diana something really nice."

"Why don't you exchange it and get her a pretty lapel pin, or earrings? Couldn't you do that?"

Loren was annoyed, and didn't try to conceal it. He went to Diana, and she was very unhappy over the situation. She knew how Loren felt, and she would have loved to have that ring. But she saw the force of her mother's objection, and she knew how she would feel.

"I'm afraid she's right, Loren," she said reluctantly. "It's just not the thing to do."

Dolly was a sensible girl, who could be depended upon for the right thing at the right time. It was this conclusion that led to Mrs. Loehr's letting Diana go to New York alone in February. Several stars were going to Washington to appear for the March of Dimes campaign. Diana was asked to be one of them. The studio representative would accompany them to Washington. Afterward, the other stars were going on to New York, for a few days of theater and fun.

Her mother hesitated. Wasn't nineteen too young for a girl like Diana to stay in New York for a short time? "Alexis Smith is going," Diana said calmly without much hope. She was so sure her mother wouldn't let her go. "We could room together."

"I think that would be very nice," Mrs. Loehr said briskly. "When do you start?"

Diana's lovely mouth fell open. She couldn't believe it! Then she let out a whoosh of breath completely unappetized to the dignified age of nineteen, and screamed happily, "I'm going to New York by myself!"

While Diana was in New York, Henry, by an odd coincidence, had to attend to some business there. He called Mrs. Loehr before he left and explained.

He didn't want her to think he was trying to put anything over. He really did have business in New York, but of course he wanted to see Diana, too.

Mrs. Loehr laughed. "Don't apologize, Henry. I'm sure she wants to see you, too."

So Henry was around to take Diana to the theater and the Stork Club and El Morocco, and it was all very gay. And very harmless, Mrs. Loehr knew it should be. Because she's sure now that Diana isn't really in love with anyone yet. Not the way she wants love to be. And since Diana was just seventeen, working hard at her career, having fun with the people she likes best, but not marrying anyone. Not until she's really sure. And when she's really sure, no one will be happier about it than Diana's mother.

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**FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!**

There's still time for you to win a FREE SUBSCRIPTION to MODERN SCREEN, if you ACT IMMEDIATELY! Here's what to do: Simply fill in your answers to the QUESTIONNAIRE below, clip this coupon, and mail it to us AT ONCE. You may be one of this month's lucky 500 to win a four-months subscription to your favorite (it says here) movie magazine. Then, instead of hounding your poor news dealer, just sit back during JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER and OCTOBER and let US send YOU your copies of M.S.J.

**QUESTIONNAIRE**

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our June issue? Write Yes, 1, 2, 3 or 0 the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

**Stranger in Town (Van Johnson)** [ ]
**Three Little Sisters (June Havner)** [ ]
**Since He Went Away (Jerome Courtland)** [ ]
**Watch Barbara Hale! by Redd Hopper** [ ]
**Esther Williams' Life Story** (Conclusion) [ ]
**Flying Irishman** (Gene Kelly) [ ]
**Nancy With the Laughing Face** (Frank Sinatra) [ ]

**Intime and On the Beam** (Kurt Kreuger) [ ]
**The Power and the Glory** (Tyrone Power) [ ]
**A Can of Beans and You** (Dane Clark) [ ]
**He's My Guy** (Bob Mitchum) [ ]
**Nobody's Sweetheart** (Diana Lynn) [ ]
**Louella Parsons' Good News** [ ]
**Ed Sullivan Speaking** [ ]

Which of the above did you like LEAST? [ ]

What 3 stories would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference [ ]

My name is [ ]

My address is [ ] City [ ] Zone [ ] State [ ]

I am [ ] years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN

149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
In Hollywood as everywhere Orange Blossom rings are tops, and Orange Blossom matched sets are tops from coast to coast with "brides-to-be" who appreciate the finer things and the assurance of unquestionable superiority that this name represents.

Each exquisite Orange Blossom design is painstakingly handwrought in precious metals by craftsmen of great skill and artistic ability.

There is an Orange Blossom ring to complement your personality—priced to fit "his" purse. You may see them, without obligation, at better jewelers everywhere. (write for illustrated folder)
Wings for an angel

SunBird

Louis Philippe's new lipstick

Subtle as a shadow — tumultuous as thunder, Louis Philippe's new Sunbird lipstick of high-flying red. In a golden-colored metal case of jeweler design $1. Matching Sunbird rouge, cake or creme 49¢. Plus tax.

for you, Esther. You wouldn't be in condition for the Florida Nationals.

"Don't you think myself or my mother ought to be the judge of what's good for me?" Esther came back, white faced.

"You'll have to trust me where your swimming is concerned, Esther."

But Esther Williams couldn't—not after that. She couldn't trust anyone and the organized, commercial side of championship swimming hit her tummy and sickened her all at once. She was through with competitive swimming right there. The National meet had to be held, but Esther didn't want to win. Her apathy spread to the LAAC team. She didn't win a race in Florida. Nobody on the Los Angeles team did. The South American tour kids swept every event. Esther traveled back to California. The first thing she did when she got home was to quit the LAAC team. She hung up her suit out in the garage at home.

to swim or not to swim . . .

That was the background of an important decision Esther would soon have to make—whether to keep herself "simon-pure" in the cradle of amateur sport, or turn professional, or give up entirely the swimming she loved. But first she took a job. Money was still scarce around the Williams house on Orchard Street and Esther needed a stake to start U.S.C. with next term, which was then her plan. She walked into a swank Los Angeles women's store, Magnin's, and asked for a job modelling clothes. One look at her face and figure and she was hired.

At first she was a regular stock model, standing by to display a dress a customer fancied. She learned to wear clothes expertly—something she had never really been interested in before. She caught on quickly to all the little artifices of the trade: When to smile, how to walk, what to stress, how to impress. Her natural sunny charm and beauty started her right up. But Fate interrupted. It was a telephone call one day right while she was changing from one dress to another. The voice on the wire was imperious.

"This Esther Williams?" said Billy Rose brusquely. "I want you to try out for my San Francisco Aquacade show. Be over at the Ambassador Hotel pool in fifteen minutes to swim for me."

That was three o'clock in the afternoon. Esther still had two hours of work ahead of her.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rose," she said, politely, "but I have a job. I can't walk away from it."

"Listen," said Billy. "This is the star's part I'm talking about. The same thing in the San Francisco Fair that my wife, "leahor Holm, did in the New York Fair. And I have to catch a plane at five."

"I'm sorry," repeated Esther.

"What time you get off?" Esther said five o'clock. "Okay, then," growled Billy. "I'll wait.

At five-fifteen Esther was in the water of the familiar pool where she had swum so many exhibitions. It felt good to be back in the water again. She didn't exactly know whether she wanted to be a star of any Aquacade or anything, but it was fun again to show what she could do and she was only human.

"Swim four laps free style" he was saying. "now four laps backstroke—uh-huh" and "now four laps breast stroke." He pulled away at a big black cigar.

Esther popped out of the water, grinning. "What's next?" she asked.

"You're not tired?" Esther shook her head. She was never tired—not when she was interested. "My gosh!" heaved Rose, mopping his hair. "I'm tired just watching you!" Then he came to the point. "You're okay. Forty a week,"
You'll adore it..this new Improved

POSTWAR* ARRID

No other Deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely!

... As shown by our tests...

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives you maximum protection against perspiration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes! We believe no other deodorant of any sort... liquid or cream... meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

For Summer Evenings

Glamorous clothes, more utterly feminine than you've worn for years! Fragile fabrics, to make you look like a delicate flower. More than ever you'll need Arrid's thorough protection. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! Smart women use Arrid daily.

Only safe gentle Arrid gives you this thorough 5-way protection:

1. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
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Some of the Many Stars Who Use ARRID: Carol Bruce - Gertrude Niesen - Beatrice Lillie - Grace Moore - Jessica Dragonette - Jane Froman

Wide, Tight Midriffs are top fashion news! To accentuate their slimness, skirts are very full. But bodices are snug, with close-fitting armholes. Rely on Arrid to guard against perspiration stains. Arrid is shown by our tests to be more effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream!
"I lost seventy pounds in 6 months!"

—says Mrs. Jane Ends of Rock Island, Ill.

"Most women worry when their weight goes up just a few pounds," says Mrs. Jane Ends. "Imagine how I felt, watching those scales go up until I actually weighed 202. One day I went to buy a dress and had to take a size 44. Right then was when I decided to start the DuBarry Success Course."

The first six weeks Mrs. Ends lost 30 pounds. She kept right on and went through her course again and again. Today she weighs just 125 — is slim, trim, attractive. "Life is very different now," she declares, "I look and feel as much a young woman of 28 should. I can wear smart, stylish, youthful dresses in size 14 instead of matronly 44. I have the vitality to keep up with my two children. And I know that I need never be overweight again."

**H.O.W. A.B.O.U.T. Y.O.U!** Are you satisfied with the way you look and feel? Have you the vitality to live a full life? The DuBarry Success Course analyzes your needs, shows you how to lose or gain weight, care for your skin and hair, and make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the richard Hudnut salon, New York.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this famous course can do for you?

---

"I get forty-five now," replied Esther coolly. Besides, she didn't really think then she wanted to swim in Billy Rose's Aquacade. That was show business. She was never an entertainer. In the water, she felt large and small. She swam fast, not fancy. She still had no idea what she was any kind of a feminine dream flip. But in the sport page photos she liked her modeling job.

"Fifty," said Billy Rose. "I'll let you know," said Esther, and that's what she meant. There were dozen's of wires from San Francisco after that. Each one went up ten or twenty dollars. Magnin's matched some of them because they liked Esther. But some of the stalls showed business money, "$125 a week." That seemed like all the money in the world to Esther Williams. She was very tempted. After all, she was doing her job to pile up an educational stake. She could pile it up pretty fast at that rate. But like all amateurs, Esther didn't like the idea of swimming for money. Whenever a dilemma like that arose, there was only one place for Esther Williams to take it. She went into a huddle with Mama.

"I don't see any point to your going on with your amateur standing," Bula Williams advised Esther. "In fact, I think you might enjoy topping off your swimming career with some money within your talent. After all," she smiled, "you can't eat medals!"

As usual, Esther thought all these things herself. She just made the famer okay. She wired Bill Rose her "yes" at last.

The family saw Esther off on the train to San Francisco. She left two weeks before what was to be a Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. She felt a little wobbly. Esther wasn't used to being scared much of anything, but she felt uncertain. She'd been on lots of trips before, but always with a gang of athletes her age, and always with a definite job to do. This time she was going it alone — by choice — and what she was going to do was a mystery, really, to her. She was like a puppy who strays out of his own yard for the first time — eager but nervous.

"Don't you want me to go up there with you, Esther?" her mother offered.

"Maybe you'd feel more at home."

Esther's answer was, "No, Mommie," she said. "I'm eighteen. I'm a woman. It's my party from now on, thanks just the same." She knew what whether she loved or loathed was her problem and she had to face it. But the locomotive's whistle was lonely in the night.

**The First Day...**

Her first day as a paid swimmer was the tip-off. Esther knew right away she wasn't going to like this, but her usual courage rallied. In fact, the experiences of Esther Williams' first encounters with show business had a great deal to do with her beginning Hollywood's prize. "We girl, putting off a career which was right for her over a year.

She knew she was on the spot when she walked out on the rim of the public pool in San Francisco where Billy Rose was putting the show together. It was lined with dozens of girl swimmers, most of whom had made half their specialty. Every one had bid keenly for the very star spot Esther had captured, almost against her will. She could feel their harsh, bent heads and cutting remarks as they sized her up and asked, "Migosh, what have you got?" Her bathing suit was a plain racing rig. She pulled on her rubber cap and waited, thinking that it certainly was a laugh that all eyes were on her — the star — and she didn't know beans about what she was supposed to do.

"Well," she reasoned to herself, "they hired me knowing I'm no ballet beauty. I'm a racer. That's what I'll have to show them — speed!"

The press used a public address system to direct the troupe. "All right, Miss Williams, his voice boomed out.

Esther dived in and split the water. She started and had heart on her back again. If a stop-watch had been on her then she thinks she probably would have busted a world's record wide open. Every eye was rivets on her arms dig more savagely. She showed 'em. the water boiled behind her. When she pulled her body out she was greeted by an aching

**racing fans!**

Then Billy Rose's voice came over the speaker. "Miss Williams." There was a pause, and the words came slow and sharp with sarcasm. "I'm sure," he said, "you can always be fast, but..." and then he waited for the effect with a showman's timing, "we just aren't interested in that type of swimming. This is a show, not a race."

The girls lining the pool giggled. Esther's face burned, right through her wet cheeks. "First of all," barked Billy, "take off that bathing cap." Esther took it off.

"That's better," said Billy, "but not much. My wife, Eleanor, always wears a bow in the water. You might try it. Now, see we've got to teach you to swim. That looked like amateur night in Dixie!"

Esther flared inside, but outside she tried to keep calm. Still, her voice trembled with anger. "the true reply level.

"All right, Mr. Rose," she shouted back so everyone could hear. "You're paying me for this, so i'll learn to swim any way you want me to. I guarantee complete satisfaction." And although Esther's tone was defiance because she had been hurt, that's just what she meant. She'd deliver.

She was evidently determined to now that she'd made fun of her.

She so kept in the pool every day and every night learning to swim the way they wanted. She mastered it, of course, and with her beauty, her trim body and her uniriting swimming power, Esther Williams more than measured up to what Billy Rose thought she'd gained from her salary as star of the pack - em-in show.

But Esther was never happy.

It was nice enough when the colored spats, on, soon, the dashing and the rhythmic water performance in full flow.

That was doing something and it was a life saver to Esther. Because the rest of the deal was pretty grim. The tiny dressing room with the forlorn light bulb dangling down before the cracked mirror. The musty, damp smell of wet suits and rubber mask. The perpetually wet hair, the sputtery gas heater. Four shows a day, every day. It got monotonous. But she got used to that. A show business world, Esther never got used to that. The silly wisecracks of the backstage hands. The nice, fresh college kids who made athletics like herself, turning tough and brittle and wise. It would have been easy if they hadn't been as late. Esthers' resolve to go it alone when she left Los Angeles was all very well. She thought then, she'd make lots of friends at once as she always had. But she didn't click with these characters, and vice-versa.

This depressed state of mind was di rected when Esther Williams' major decisions while she starred in Billy Rose's Aquacade in San Francisco. It made her say "Yes" to marriage, and "No" to Hollywood. The offers arrived in
MRS. CHARLES BOYER—glamorous wife of the screen’s leading romantic actor.

Enticing!

says Mrs. Charles Boyer,

“No wonder TANGEE SATIN-FINISH Lipstick is a Hollywood sensation.”

Glamorous colors? Of course! But that alone doesn’t explain the popularity of Tangee Lipstick in Hollywood. There’s another reason—SATIN-FINISH! This amazing development gives a lipstick wonderful “staying power”... so that you aren’t constantly taking time out for “repairs”. And even on a hot day, Satin-Finish doesn’t get soft—does not run or smear. Remember, only Tangee has Satin-Finish.

HIT COLORS OF HOLLYWOOD

TANGEE GAY-RED—“to make your lips look young and gay”—a favorite of Mrs. Robert Montgomery and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

TANGEE RED-RED—a clear vivid shade—first choice of Mrs. Charles Boyer, Mrs. George Murphy and many others. Other popular Tangee shades are:

THEATRICAL RED-MEDIUM RED-TANGEE NATURAL

Use Tangee...

and see how beautiful you can be
“I like to curl up with a good book”

He rattled on, talking a blue streak. Esther didn’t have a chance to say a word.

“Now, let’s see—the script’s being written now and the scenes designed. You’ll finish here in September. Then you’ll come right down to Hollywood and out to M-G-M for color tests and fittings—and...”

Esther let him carry on. She couldn’t have stopped him anyway. When he ran out of breath, she said:

“But I’m not interested in pictures.”

Jack Cummings did what they call in Hollywood a “double-take”—and a real one. He looked like someone had suddenly knifed him.

“What do you mean?” he gasped.

“I mean no,” explained Esther. “I’ve found out what show business is like—and I don’t like it.”

Jack Cummings made a few remarks and then walked out, stunned. He just didn’t get it. After he got back to Hollywood he came to and a barrage of studio offers started peppering Esther. But they didn’t understand. Esther Williams meant what she said. But she was lonely, too. So when Leonard Kovner came to San Francisco and said, “Let’s get married,” that made sense to Esther.

She’d known Leonard and gone with him for a year or more, down home. He was a young medical student making up his pre-med credits at Los Angeles City College when Esther was there. They both planned to go on to USC and Leonard did. Leonard was going to be a doctor and that was a goal Esther admired. She could see herself part of a useful and real future with Dr. Kovner. She thought she was in love.

Anyway, Leonard’s weekend visits came off and on and one day they went to a preacher. Esther’s family wasn’t there. They didn’t get along with Leonard and he didn’t like them. That was a wedge and an unnatural one that could never have allowed any marriage of Esther Williams to win out in the long run. But she was resolved to make her marriage a success. And that was another reason why she kept shying from Hollywood, in spite of the wires and phone calls and the visits of Johnny Hyde, the agent who took on the “Get Esther Williams into Pictures” campaign. Johnny was persuasive and aggressive and he never gave up. She began her series of “No’s” that lasted a year after the Aquacade closed.

husband’s helper...

When that happened, Esther breathed a sigh of relief and moved back down to Los Angeles. The Kovners found a funny little apartment in the city and Esther found her old job waiting for her at Maguire’s. Leonard entered USC and Esther went to work. She was glad to do this, because it helped her husband toward his medical goal, and because she had always liked modeling. Soon she was head model and trusted with staging fashion shows and exhibits all over the town.

KEEP FRESH! Shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Like a cooling caress it sweetens your skin and leaves you fresh all over:

FEEL SMOOTH! Before you dress smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. For hours your body benefits from its pearly smooth sheath of protection:

STAY DAINTY! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc at least twice a day, for coolness, for comfort and for the heavenly scent it gives your skin. It’s the fragrance men love.

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

In 10c, 20c and 35c sizes
For the luxury size with velour puff ask for Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder 65c

reverse order, Hollywood calling first.
She was in her tiny dressing room one evening when Jack Cummings of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (who later on was to produce her first starring picture, “Bathing Beauty,” “Easy to Wed” and her latest, “Fiesta”) came backstage.

“Metro” bubbled Cummings, “has been looking everywhere for a girl to star in a big swimming picture—and you’re it!” Esther just stared. “Yes,” he went on, “M-G-M’s crazy about you. Several execs have seen you at the Aquacade and I’m getting the picture together and you’re my choice, too. You’re a mighty lucky girl. You’ll be a star overnight. You’ll have everything you want. ...”
Men Do Not Forget

Maybe my lipstick inspired Bob's poetic remarks. For after I discovered Don Juan Lipstick, he talked more about my lips.

"They are the same lips I always had ... but Don Juan Lipstick does something nice to them."

"And because I use Don Juan Lipstick as directed, my lips stay on me (and stay lovely), instead of smearing Bob!"

In fashion favored shades, Don Juan is smoothly applied, not drying or smeary, and stays on when you eat, drink or kiss. Use it, and see.

Don Juan
THE LIPSTICK
THAT STAYS ON

For the ultimate in beauty ... a really lovely complexion ... get Don Juan matching powder, rouge and cake makeup. Sold in Canada, too.

In Style Shades
Try new Medium Red, a true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, exciting. Other shades, too.
little difference in Esther's home life, either.
She started from scratch. Lillian Burns, M-G-M's drama coach, grabbed her at ten
o'clock in the morning for an hour. From
there she hurried over to the next school.
A half hour of ballet, another half hour of
ballroom. After lunch, back to Miss
Burns, and then on to an hour of diction
and voice culture, another walking with
books on her head, sessions with
makeup and wardrobe. And at the day's
end, an hour of singing lessons.
In what agreements there were she sat
quietly on sets and watched. Everybody
was swell to her. She had free run of the lot,
authority to run off a picture in a projec-
tion booth at any time. And Esther hadn't
yet shaken a guilty feeling that she was
getting paid for producing absolutely
nothing.
So when they called her to the telephone
at the pool and L.B. Mayer's private secre-
tary said Mr. Mayer would like to see her
in his office right away, Esther thought,
'Well, there come to their senses at last.
They know I'm no good and they're going
to end this foolishness. I'm fired.'
She was fully resigned to that sad fact
when she walked into the sanctum san-
orum, a G-U-L-E-N. Esther took
off her swimming slacks and a sport blouse. Her hair
was wet and shapeless. Her makeup was
washed off and her nose gleaming.
When she entered the inner office she
couldn't have looked less glamorous. And
she couldn't have guessed worse.
"We have something in mind for you," L.B.
as she was leaving, "So there's a young
man outside I want you to meet.'
just a nice young man
He got up from his desk, smiling, walked
d out of the office and when he came back
Esther felt her spine turn to solid ice and
then prickle like a cactus stick. Mr. Mayer
was bristling with a test in his eye. Now
e saw Esther's face light up with joy.
Esther still wonders how she managed
to shake Clark's hand. Van Johnson wouldn't
have thrilled her or Bob Taylor or anyone
else. But Esther's face was in tune with
her age bracket to be the idol of her girl-
hood and of course she still was.
And she actually heard Mr. Mayer say-
ing, "Mr. Mayer sent me into a
last a test with you." All she could think of
was "Oh, I've never been so unhappy. I'm such a mess. This is awful!" (Clark
Gable, you've found a refreshing!) She tried to say something.
But all she could squeak out was:
"A test? But why?"
"I think you two might be good in a
picture sometime," explained Mr. Mayer,
"And I think a test with Clark will be
good for you. Give you confidence."
"Oh, I'm sure. Thank you," she replied. If you only
knew how that guy gives me the shakes
and shivers! But she had self-control
even to keep quiet and play dumb.
It was a chance to see Clark's
test from one of his current pictures.
Esther studied the lines until she could say
them almost without thinking. But Clark
read his lines off sheets on a table, and
when he'd miss one, he'd just go into
a clinch, like a boxer. That raised
the average. After each smack Esther
would gulp and carry on. She toffet off
the test stage in a daze, and even later,
when she ran the film so much that it got
framed, she couldn't study it
herself with any concentration. All she
could see was Clark Gable kissing her.
But the studio tagged it a big success
and Van Johnson's smile got a
series of tests. She was always the girl
partner for every new young man M-G-M
tried out.
One day she was summoned into casting.
You're scheduled for a test with Mickey
Rooney," they told her.
"But," she said now, "Mickey already has some one to play the girl. You were
always making a test with somebody else,
but also for somebody else."
"This time the test's for you." She
and Mickey's test was to work on a
suit. Ten other girls tested, too. So she was still
in a race, of a sort. Six months after she first
put her signature on the M-G-M contract,
Esther had lunch in a picture, "Andy
Hardy's Double Life."

Frankly, only the scene where Esther felt
at home was the scene under water where she and Mickey pulled off a submarine kiss.
Before the preview she told her mother,
"Mom, gimme, I've got to look at this
objectively. Don't soft-pedal me (as if
she didn't know better than that). If
I haven't a spark of talent I want you to
tell me so."
Bula Williams promised.
They sat in separate places. After the pic-
ture they met outside. A first look at
yourself on film is a pretty horrible
experience anyway. But to hypersensitive
Esther Williams, it was slow death.
"Well, Mommy?"
Mrs. Williams took a long time answer-
ing and Esther's tummy sank and sank.
"No, look at it as a test," she told Mrs. Williams,
letting her have it. "That's not Esther.
Honey, you were trying to do a job so
carefully you couldn't find it of anything else.
The film in itself is fantastic."
After that she burned up for experience.
She wanted to be in every picture made
at M-G-M. Just as an extra, a walk-on,
anything. But they never let her in the studio, big
and little—directors, producers, execu-
tives, even assistant directors. If she
could only learn by doing, it would help.
"Don't worry, dear. I'll make sure
we know better. Our plans are too big for you. Your
next picture is going to be 'Bathing
Beauty'—and you're going to be the star!"

"Bathing Beauty." No, that's not what she
was inside a studio and knew what
talent movies demanded, she was horrified
at actually doing the thing she had ob-
iously no business doing.
Esther's campaign to land another part
paid off just once before she was thrust,
as she thought, like a lamb to the lions, in
"Bathing Beauty." She pestered everyone at the
studio, big and little—producers, direct-
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at actually doing the thing she had ob-
iously no business doing.
How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

Perhaps you need to build up your blood — your supply line of energy.

Build blood and energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

If your face is unusually pale and you tire far too easily it may well be the result of a Borderline Anemia and you should take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are especially formulated to help you combat Borderline Anemia by restoring puny red blood cells to normal size and color. And remember — vigor and healthy good looks depend on the energy released by healthy red blood cells! Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have the signs of this depressing Borderline Anemia take Ironized Yeast. It can help you build up your blood — and your natural vitality and appeal.

Ironized Yeast TABLETS
one, Bula Williams sent a wire to Esther in New York.

She wired simply, "My Esther is on the
screen at last."

It was the greatest accolade Esther ever

At the time when the world was dis-
covering Esther Williams, when she was
basking in the first full rays of fame,
Esther, true to form, courageously faced
up to her private life and did what she
knew had to be done. In 1944, just before
"Bathing Beauty" opened in New York,
Esther separated from her husband,
Leonard Kovner.

It was the worst time she could have
picked, if she had been picking it with
publicity consequences in mind.

But Esther's marriage had been wrong
from the start and she had given it four
long years that weren't happy ones for her.
Instead of being false to herself and keep-
ing it alive, she showed again the stuff
she was made of by braving divorce.

When the break came, she didn't know
Cupid was lying in wait right around the
corner. Esther had never heard of one
Sergeant Ben Gage when she cut the badly
tangled knot of her marriage to Leonard
Kovner. But only a few weeks after her
divorce he walked right into her life—and
Big Ben has never left.

They met at a benefit party at Earl
Carroll's. All Hollywood had turned out
and Esther was peddling cigarettes for
some charity. She was dressed formal
because this particular affair—the Jewish
Old Age Benefit—is quite an event in
Movieland. But although Esther glittered
glamorously she was as low inside as a
snake in a swamp. The hangover of her
wrecked marriage depressed her.

This tall guy with the golden crinkles in
his hair had loomed on Esther's horizon
off and on all night, and somehow she
couldn't get him out of her mind, even
though they hadn't even said "Hello."

Esther had to grin to herself, and as she
was looking right at this man he grinned
right back. So she wiped him off and
said "Cigarettes?" to a passing party

Then when her chance was over and she'd
turned in her cigarette tray and the pro-
cesses, she started out to get her car and
go home and drown her sorrows in a soft
pillow. And then—nuts—the Heavens
started bucketing down and her car would
be miles away in the maze of the dripping
parking lot.

That's when the voice behind her said,
"Having trouble, little girl?"

"Little Girl"—Esther's heart did that
double-time routine again, because she
knew who it was before she turned around.

"Am I having trouble?" sighed Esther.

"I am. My car, I . . ."

"I'll get it for you," said the tree-top
tall sergeant. He brought the buggy
round and Esther drove him across the
street to his car and that was all.

Esther's romance with Ben Gage was on
the cautious side at the start. She wasn't
leaving the big soldier sweep her off her feet
because that had happened the first time
and it hadn't worked. And this time, too,
she was going to be dead certain that any-
body who came a-courting knew her family,
and liked them, and vice-versa, because
Esther knew by now she could never be
happy in any stand-offish domestic rela-
tionship with her folks. They were too
dear to her. And so when Ben Gage called,
Esther came right out with:

"Would you like to come to Mama's
house for dinner?"

"Would I!" said the Sergeant. "After
this army chow? Look—can she cook?"

"If she can't, I can," laughed Esther,
"but she taught me how."

Well, that night Ben and Bula Williams

---

**TAN**

in a single day with

SUTRA

FILTERS SUN SPEEDS TAN

Revel this summer in a rich,
glorious tan. Get out in the
sun—and stay there! You can—with
SUTRA. For SUTRA filters out the sun's
burn-rays, lets the tan-rays through,
permits longer safe exposure.

One of the wonder products of
modern science. Accepted for
advertising in publications of the
American Medical Association.

In vanishing type cream or
stainless lotion—non-
greasy—so easy and
pleasant to use.

IN CREAM OR LOTION FORM
AT YOUR DRUG OR COSMETIC COUNTER

ARTRA COSMETICS, INC.

Bloomfield, New Jersey

---

**QUEST**

All-purpose DEODORANT

A most effective powder, for body odors, for foot comfort.
got along like a couple of country cousins. In fact they talked and jabbered away so long and exclusively that Esther finally gave up and went to sleep on the couch!

All the summer that followed that spring of 1944, while Esther made "Thrill of a Romance" on an M-G-M set, a real life romance of the same name progressed in her private life, unspectacularly but solidly. It was quite a spell before Esther could trust her feelings for Ben. She'd been hurt, but Ben passed all the tests—Esther's own and Mama's too—with flying colors, and then Esther began to let out the strings of her heart.

And to tuck up a long and fairly familiar Hollywood love story—well—Esther Williams turned into Mrs. Ben Gage in a candlelit church in Westwood last November, with bridesmaids and ushers and rice and tears and double rings—all the trimmings of a girl's dreams.

Privately Esther Williams couldn't be happier than she is with her husband, Ben, in the little redwood house they've set up housekeeping in—high on a mesa with a view sweeping the Pacific Ocean.

When Christmas rolled around this past year, Esther was down in Mexico in "Fiesta" and Ben flew down to see her. It was the first Christmas Esther had ever spent away from home and in a foreign land, to boot. But she thought with Ben there they could make it real.

_a southern christmas ..._

So they tramped off to a little side alley market in Puebla and picked up all the Yuletide decorations and trinkets they could find. They even dug up a tree and lugged all the Santa Claus loot back to the hotel room. Esther explained in her limping Spanish to the Mexican cook just how she wanted everything fixed—how you made cranberry sauce and chestnut dressing and how you roasted a turkey, Norte America style. The picture crew was invited, and on Christmas Day thirty people made with cheer and feasting, sang carols and everything.

It was okay—but, darn it, it just wasn't real. Both Ben and Esther tried hard but they finally had to confess to each other that Christmas just wasn't Christmas away from the folks. The only thing to do, they decided, was to hold back the calendar and do it right when they got home.

So they set about their Christmas shopping. They cleaned out the Mexican shops with presents for every member of both families and Esther had to come back to the United States with practically no wardrobe at all because every bag was crammed with gifts. The minute she got home she started things going. It was February by then but what she was up to was a family Christmas dinner.

So Esther tied on her kitchen apron and went to work. Soon the family started troup ing in until the walls of her honey-moon cottage bulged to busting.

She was there with her family, not one of whom was the least impressed with the fact that she was a Hollywood star. What counted with them was that she was still Sister Easie and that she could get up a family Christmas Day like this with a Christmas dinner like this.

Because Esther had cooked the whole dinner herself and if her cheeks glowed with a shiny flush, it was not all because of the hot kitchen. But because of a couple of compliments from a couple of people who counted.

It was her Dad who said, "Esther, I wouldn't care if you were the greatest actress in the world if you couldn't cook!"

And it was Ben who cracked proudly, "That's no actress—that's my wife!"

---

Be lovely to love

Make the famous Fresh test. See why more women are switching to Fresh than to any other deodorant.

Fresh stops perspiration worries completely. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never sticky or gritty...doesn't dry out in the jar.
the hair, itself, is soft, gleaming, healthy, alive. Helmut said that when he was, over
seven years ago, coming over on the boat
as an Austrian refugee, one of the first
characteristics he noted about the Ameri-
can girl was her free-flowing, well-
brushed, sparkling hair. So do live up
to the American tradition by always having
your hair at its best. Wield that brush
every night. Shampoo regularly. And pro-
tect your hair from the searing summer
sun, unless you think the boys might like
e a crimped straw effect! To help you cut
here, a firm known for its fine hair-beauty
aids, has concocted “protecson” which is a
very helpful oil product that does such a
good job of warding off the sun’s burning
rays that you can even use it as a sun
lotion!

Helmut wanted to be quoted as most
definitely “not favoring any particular
shade of hair.” Of course, it would be
awkward for MODERN SCREEN to print
that he liked brunettes on the very day
that he had a date with a blonde! But
there is even more wisdom in his state-
ment. That all-important “he” in your
life will admire the color of your hair . . .
as long as that color is looking its very
best. Not drab, not dingy, not dull. So,
be you blonde, brunette or redhead, it be-
hooves you to finish off your shampoo with
a special rinse. There is a large selection
of shades from which to choose. Just dis-
solve a package of the rinse in warm water
and brush or pour it through your hair.
Almost instantly, all trace of soap film
vanishes. Your hair gleams with dancing
highlights . . . no matter what the color.

Men like your hair clean. So let’s
squelch, once and forever, the persistent
rumor that it’s harmful to wash your hair
often. It isn’t so. Look closely at your
film pet the next time you are at the
movies. Doesn’t her hair look soft and
clean and shimmering? And you should
know by this time that those movie girls
have their hair washed anywhere from
twice a week to once every day.

Your hair doesn’t require a daily dunk-
ing, because it escapes the close inspection
of the camera’s eye. The frequency of your
own washing, therefore, depends on
whether you live in dusty city or clean
country, whether you’re addicted to hats
or love to go bare-headed. Also, hair that
is heavy and oily catches more dirt than
fine, dry hair, and blonde ringlets show
soil quicker than dark hair.

Summing up what we learned from
Helmut, we find that our men like us girls
with individually styled hair . . . and
with clean, clean hair; But Mr. Dantine has one
more message for you: He feels very strongly
about the unattractiveness and bad taste
of hair combing in public. It’s absolutely
shattering to any illusions of feminine
daintiness. So let’s all try to have the men
in our lives admire both our pretty curls
and our pretty manners!

GLAMOROUSLY YOURS

“Glamor For The Teens” is back and
M.S. has it! Jean Kinkead
has re-glamorized our most-re-
quested teen chart and crammed
it full of up-to-date info, frankly
designed to make you young-
uns purtier than ever. See
Super Coupon, page 22.
below. Then he jumped.
Some character on the boat yelled "Ge-
oronimo!", which is the paratrooper's cry.
If Ty had been a baseball and Annabella a right fielder, she would have caught
him just before the fence. As it was, she
was in his arms before he had quite caught
his balance, which was unimportant, as her
kiss sent him spinning anyway.
A mighty roar of approval went up from
the men on the ship. "Kiss her for me, Ty,"
somebody shouted. "Best scene you've
ever played," someone else kidded.
As soon as Ty could get through the
red tape, he and Annabella rushed to the
airport where the soon-to-be Mister Power
made his first postwar purchase: A pair
of airline tickets for Los Angeles.
During the war, while Annabella had
appeared in New York in "Jacobowsky
And The Colonel," then had gone to
France to appear in U.S.O. shows for
troops, and while Ty had been working for
Uncle Sugar in the Marine Corps, Ty's
sister, Anne Hardenberg, had occupied the
Powers' Brentwood house with her small
daughter, Neeltje. (Don't try to pronounce
it; just call her Pixie, as the family does.)

Pixie was three-and-one-half-years old
and garrulous for her age. Said Mrs. Har-
denberg to her daughter, "This is your
Uncle Ty and your Aunt Annabella.
Pixie fixed a long look on her Uncle
Tyrone. Having never heard the old saw
about the pot calling the kettle black, she
observed, "That name's too hard for me."
Also waiting at the house, in addition to
Mrs. Hardenberg and Pixie, was Tyrone's
mother. "Darling!" she said, taking her son
into her arms and bursting into the tears
that mothers must shed in gladness. After
a few moments she backed away and
studied the hard-sinewed, tanned man with
the steady dark eyes. Almost accusingly
she said, "But you look wonderful!"

This sort of thing went on for several
days. Ty was interested in very little food
other than milk and green salads. If Pixie
had been a little older she could have
earned her college money simply by fol-
lowing her Uncle Ty around and returning
his empty milk bottles.
"If atabrine turned you yellow, it seems
to me that the amount of lettuce you've
been eating is going to turn you green,"
observed Annabella. "Isn't there some-
thing else you'd like to eat?
Ty's answer was prompt. "Caviar," he
said, rolling his eyes.
It took Annabella several days to find a
small cache of prewar, cold water, small-
size caviar. Then she and Tyrone sat be-
fore their bar, perched on high stools, ate
 crackers spread with the precious stuff
and drank milk. That is, Tyrone did. An-
bella shuddered, sipping her red wine.
Eyes twinkling, voice soft, Annabella said
after a bit, "Aside from certain peculiar
eating habits, you are a very nice hus-
band, but I must say that at times you
present a problem."
"Only one!" asked the head of the house.
"At the moment—one. The property
next door has been sold."
"Oh. To anyone we know?" asked Ty.
"To the operators of a girls' school," said
Annabella.
Ty clutched the bar to prevent himself
from falling off the stool. "No!" he yelled.
Annabella only nodded, spread another
 cracker with caviar and handed it to her
husband to placate him.
All of which will explain Mr. Power's
Here's a happy woman, Active, poised and free—Safe with Meds' protection, Meds' security!

Have a grand and carefree summer! Enjoy convenience and comfort, extra-security and an easy mind—with Meds internal protection. Meds can be changed in a moment, disposed of easily and a day's supply carried in your handbag.

- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds expand quickly and adapt themselves easily to individual needs.

Meds only 25c FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

next activity: He and the gardener spent days reinforcing the hedge around the Power property, and planting thick new bushes in any portion of the greenery which might have worn thin.

In addition to his horticulture, Ty had other business to attend to; there was the accumulation of income tax to be paid and there was insurance to be brought up to date, and there was work to be done on the script of "The Razor's Edge.

One afternoon he asked Annabella to look up some receipts for him, and when he returned to the library, he found her glancing through a stack of yellow envelopes. Smiling up at him, she said: "These are all the cables you sent when you were away. I'm going to keep them always."

operation incomplete . . .

Vividly, for a moment, he remembered Guam. When the telegraph office had been opened there he had bowed Guam.

with convenience and comfort, Meds' security.

Meds' WELCOME—autographed leaves.

Easy to use, easy to carry, Meds' security.

"Remember that guy who used to take off like a harpooned goose?" Mac asked. "Well, he spent two years flying The Hump. Good God, I NEVER thought that character was going to learn to fly. I used to say to him, 'Watch Power take off ... see how much of the runway he uses. You never knew but he'd take off on its props.'"

Afterward, Annabella said, "Mac really thinks a lot of you, Tyrene."

And Tyrene answered, "That makes it rather unusual, is one of the sweetest girls in the world."

Back in Los Angeles, Ty reported to the studio. His secretary, Bill Gallagher, was out of sick and was eager to get back to work. Said Bill, "I'm sure glad to see you back, Ty. Gosh—how my stamp collection has languished! Now that your fan mail is coming in from everywhere in the world again, I'll be able to fill volumes with rare specimens."

Ty had planned to buy a car, but when he investigated the used car market his sales resistance became stratospheric. The prices were immense. And the delay in getting a new car would be great unless he wanted to pay a premium; having just come from service, where black market operations were looked upon askance, Ty simply decided to continue to use his sister's car until he could get a new one if necessary. His sister had joined her husband in Honolulu, so she wrote that she would appreciate Ty's taking care of the bus.

"Say, what's all the hullabaloo about your motorcycle? Wouldn't that do?"

Answered Ty, "I've now been through the motorcycling phase of my career. After getting stuck in one piece, I don't want to make one of these oddity notices in a newspaper by entwining a civilian telephone pole."

At the same time he was getting his motorcycle, he had also given away his two dogs. Naturally, the people who had taken them had grown fond of the mutts and didn't want to lose them. A good number of people that Ty would expect them to, of course.

He returned to the house late one afternoon, grinning. "Where have you been?" his wife wanted to know.

"Down to the city pound. They don't have a dog there who is strictly my type, but I'll go down again in a week or so."

20th century sport . . .

This hound, when he is added to the Power household, will have to wait a bit before he is taught to ride, because Ty is deeply engrossed in another hobby at present. Better sit down for this one, because it will jar you: The motion picture colony—at least the part I've heard of—has the Century-Fox division—has taken up croquet.

The game is not, however, the mild-mannered tourney played by children at garden parties. The game is played with an English set, imported by Mr. Zanuck, including striped and peaked caps which the players wear. The English wickets are tall and narrow, leaving little room for the ball to pass through—so the players have to be accurate shots.

At Palm Springs one Sunday, Tyrene, Mr. and Mrs. Zanuck, and Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Powers killed off a croquet game by knocking down all the heads. In describing the games to Annabella, Ty produced a nice pun: "In our games, every stroke is made with mallet after mallet." (Arnold Sargent)

Answered Annabella, "No wonder you win. You've got all the Power on your side."

It may be, however, that there is power, for it appears that everyone from Mr. Zanuck to the only picture fan in Trembling Leaf, Maine, is on the side of Power—and is glad to have him back in picture business.
Know the joy of natural-looking curls and waves by tonight. With the New Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave kit it’s done in 2 to 3 hours at home. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving Cold Waves costing up to $15.00 or more. A famous beauty editor says: “Some of the loveliest Cold Wave permanents are not done in beauty shops, because more and more glamour-gifted girls are doing their own permanents at home.”

It's Easy as Combing Your Hair
- Perfect comfort—no machines, no heat
- "Takes" on fine or coarse hair
- Ideal, too, for children's hair
- Your COLD WAVE Permanent will last months and months
- Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

Each kit contains everything needed to give yourself a gorgeous COLD WAVE.

Ideal for Children
Children's soft, fine hair takes a marvelous wave. Give your daughter a SU-PREME Cold Wave—she'll be thrilled!

The new Charm Kurl SU-PREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and 5c and 10c Stores.

PRICE IN CANADA $1.35
AT DRUG, COSMETIC AND VARIETY COUNTERS.
CANADIAN ADDRESS: FRASER HAIR FASHIONS, 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.
Lovely hair deserves fine care
... use a Du Pont Comb

FOR HAIR THAT GOES STRAIGHT TO HIS HEART... be fussy, lovely lady, about little things! About combs... for instance. You want a comb with rounded edges that never rip your scalp. A comb with smooth teeth that never split or bite. A comb so plastic-clean it coaxes you to wash it often. A comb in gay colors, to match your mood. And, look! You get exclusive Du Pont design, unbeatable Du Pont quality, for 10 to 50 cents, at good dealers everywhere. Look for the Du Pont Oval... it's your guide, your protection, in combs!

Du Pont Combs
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

INFORMATION DESK
by Beverly Linet

A welcome back is in order for RICHARD WARING, who scored as Bette Davis' brother in "Mr. Skeffington." He was set for the picture, "Corn is Green," when the Army stepped in, forcing him to relinquish the role of Morgan Evans which he had created on the stage, to John Dall. Born in England, on May 27, 1911, he's 6' tall, 155 lbs., blue eyes and brown hair. Write to him at Berg-Allebenberg, 121 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Another Britisher, rising fast in American popularity, is dynamic JAMES MASON, who was born May 15, 1909. He has brown eyes and black hair, is 6' tall, 160 lbs., and married to Pam Kellino. Pix include "Seventh Veil,"

"Hotel Reserve," and "Man in Grey." Will be in the U. S. come October, and intends to gorge on Hershey Bars which he loves. Address: Gainsborough Films, 142-150 Wardour St., London, Eng.

Of English descent, but Hawaiian-born, is LESLIE VINCEN'T, who was Nicholas in "Pursuit to Algiers." He's in his early twenties, 6' tall, and has sandy hair and blue eyes. Unmarried... and at Universal Pictures. Fan club: Leona Rosenthal, 1285 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, New York.

B.T., IOWA: MAY I HAVE DATA ON STARTING A FAN CLUB OF MY OWN... AND ALSO ADDRESSES OF SOME NEW CLUBS?... Anyone wanting a club of their own, send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope for info. New clubs: SCOTT ELLIOTT (Lenny in "Kiss and Tell"): Doris Berman, 797 Empire Avenue, Far Rockaway, N. Y., JOHN HEATH: Edythe Rojan, 40-05 12th St., L. I. C., DANNY KAYE: Virginia Vickery, Box 219, Madison Sq., P. O., N. Y. and RORY CALHOUN: Leila Leibowitz, 1105 Boynton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

I look forward to your questions, so send them along to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 140 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y. And please don't forget that SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE.
CO-ED LETTERBOX  
(Continued from page 26)  

Ask him for a second chance, even though you'll have to swallow your pride to do that. Tell him that while you're proving to him that he's mistaken about you, you'll have your dates at home with him present as a chaperone. He certainly can't refuse you dates on that basis, and once you've re-established his good faith in you, he'll be glad enough to let you go your way and have the living room in peace again.

Great natural dignity and an infallible style sense make Mrs. Vanderbilt's handsomeness unforgettable. For a quick complexion "re-styling," she has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. "It makes my skin feel softer . . . look brighter and clearer," she says.

The same guy, and you'll drive everyone crazy. Including yourselves, in due time.

The Family: Home, whether we realize it or not, is just about the best proving ground for charm that there is. If you can woo your pop, capture your mom and keep your small brother entranced, sister, you're going to be a Success. If your family just tolerates you in a tight-lipped, clenched-fist way, it's time you did something about it. As a starter, how about looking better around the house? Take a few seconds to comb your hair and climb into a new face before dinner. Glamor up slightly when your mom and dad are entertaining, by way of making them ever so proud of you. Having perked up your exterior, work on your interior. You're a charmer with your pals, but with the family aren't you a bit of a rain-in-the-face? Try laughing at your dad's jokes, occasionally telling mom when you think she looks swoony. Without turning into a sweetness and light job, and getting them terrified over what all this, you spread some of your good humor around the

CO-ED  
(Continued from page 23)
WHERE YOU'LL FIND NATIVES LIKE BEY, LAW-FORD, DRAKE, DeHAVEN, PAYNE, AND BERGMAN

HAVING A MARVELOUS TIME! • BY NANCY WOOD

If the movie star patrons of the Beverly Hills Tropics could be persuaded to show up for dinner wearing sarongs and carrying baskets of pineapples and bananas on their beautiful heads, the South Sea Island illusion would be perfect! "People go for atmosphere," declares Harry M. Sugarman, and "Sugie," Tropics owner, sees that they get it.

The Pago-Pago effect is created by a palm-shadowed patio, drinks with terrific names like "Missionary's Downfall," "Untamed" and "Lapu-Lapu," and, of course, bamboo walls wherever you look. Lighting is dim and from softly burning hurricane lamps—this flatters women's faces, says the astute Sugie. He plans, however, to have one room done over with mirrors, elegance and lots of lights—"For the girls who want a swank background for their mink coats!"

Confidante of a smart half of the darlings of the cinema, Sugie gets Hollywood vital statistics on his own special grapevine. He is often the first to know of an engagement, marriage or divorce. Shirley Temple and Jack Agar spent a good part of their time at the Tropics during their courtship.

Walls of the Tropics are historic with pictures of twosomes in loving poses dating back so far that customers are frequently somewhat embarrassed when they come in with their current better halves. Sugie maintains this art work adds interest to the restaurant.
You gather that Sugle is a personality! His picture decorates the menus, the walls, the wine list and the paper place mats used during the acute laundry shortage. Then Jack Oakle cracked, "This is the first time I ever went to a restaurant and almost ordered the manager!"

The cuisine runs largely to very good Chinese and American dishes. We're giving you several recipes of the kind that makes the Tropics a favorite eating place.

**CHICKEN FRICASSEÉ**

1 stewing chicken (5 lbs.) cut up
2 cups water, or just to cover chicken
3 stalks celery and leaves, chopped
2 medium onion, sliced
2 diced carrots
1% teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon vinegar, optional
3 tablespoons fat
1/2 cup flour
1/2 cup rich milk

Sprinkle pieces of chicken with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown in hot fat in skillet. (Use any fat from chicken for frying.) Remove to kettle and just cover with water. Add onion, celery, carrots, salt and vinegar. Cover and cook over low heat for 1½ to 2 hours, or until tender. Remove chicken from broth and keep hot. Skim any excess fat from broth. Heat 3 tablespoons of this or other fat in pan. Stir in flour. Add broth from chicken gradually, stirring smooth. Add rich milk and, if broth has cooked down a lot, enough water to make medium thick gravy. Cook, stirring constantly until gravy bubbles gently. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour over chicken in serving dish. Garnish with finely chopped parsley. Serve hot with baking powder biscuits or noodles. Serves 6.

**CHINESE ROAST PORK**

4 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons honey
1 tablespoon soy sauce
2 tablespoons catsup
3 tablespoons chicken bouillon
2 lbs. fresh pork butt or shoulder

Mix thoroughly all ingredients except pork. Cut pork lengthwise in 3 pieces, add to soy mixture and let it soak 45 minutes, turning it now and then so all sides of meat are exposed to sauce. Place pork on rack in roasting pan and add a little water to keep any sauce that drips off from smoking. Roast 1½ hours in a moderate oven (350° F.), turning occasionally. Baste with remaining soy mixture. When done, slice pork and serve immediately with hot mustard. Serves 6.

**STRAWBERRY CREAM PIE**

1 can (15 oz.) sweetened condensed milk
1/2 cup lemon juice
2 eggs, yolks and whites separated
1 cup sliced strawberries
2 tablespoons sugar
1 (9-inch) crumb crust

Blend together sweetened condensed milk and lemon juice. Stir until mixture thickens. Add slightly beaten egg yolks and strawberries. Pour into baked pie shell or crumb crust. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until just stiff and shiny and adding sugar gradually. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until brown. Chill before serving.

To make Crumb Crust: Roll enough graham crackers to crumbs to make 1 cup. Add 1/4 cup melted butter. Blend. Pat on bottom and sides of pie pan.

---

We could be wrong!

A great many women agree that Fels-Naptha is an extra fine laundry soap. They tell us it makes washing easier. That it turns out whiter, sweeter-smelling clothes. That it's the best laundry soap they ever used.

Naturally, we think Fels-Naptha Soap should be used in every home—but we could be wrong.

You might find that the Fels combination of good mild soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha doesn't give you the extra washing help other women have discovered. You might want to tell us why. But before you make up your mind—won't you give Fels-Naptha Soap a trial?

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
Get in the swim! Get next to this new post-war, super-fast deodorant. Ask for new ODORONO Cream Deodorant... stops perspiration faster than you slip into your swim suit. Because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Works wonders when you work or play hardest. Really protects up to 3 days. Will not irritate your skin...or harm fine fabrics...or turn gritty in the jar.

Change to new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant—super-modern, super-efficient, super-safe.

ODORONO CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 5¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

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house. Assume a few responsibilities. For instance, if you're earning some money, chip in occasionally on the buying of party groceries, of which you and your chums are the star devourers. Take on voluntarily the chore of dishes or of getting breakfast, of darning socks or mowing the lawn. Take charge of your own room, your own clothes, your own life. Enjoy your family. Now and then take the younger kids to the beach, to the zoo, to the local library. Get to know them, give them a hand with their pint-sized dilemmas, act as an interpreter between them and your parents. Set aside a Saturday once in a while to go somewhere with your pop. Get his ideas on things, and see him as a guy instead of simply as a father. Talk things over with your mother. Listen to her advice and have heart-to-heart discussions when your views don't mesh. Profit by her wisdom and experience, and let her profit by your bright new ideas on fashion, makeup, entertainment and such.

People in General: What do the people who don't know you intimately think about you? Your teachers, the storekeepers, all your various acquaintances around town? Appearance, again, is one of the first things they judge you by, so when you're out in the wide world, be sure that your slip doesn't show, that your stockings aren't run and that whatever you have on is clean. Consideration is as attractive a quality as we can think of, and terribly pleasing to the people you run into casually in a day. If you practise it, you don't rehash last night's movie when Teacher is trying to tell you about atomic energy; you don't wax boisterous on a crowded bus, or walk four abreast when you're downtown. You don't take over a booth at Joe's by the hour when there are people waiting to sit down, or whisper in the movies, or giggle at the soda jerk with the foreign accent. You're very sure you're not guilty of B.O. or halitosis, either of which can annoy dozens of people in a day. If you're anxious to be well thought of by your acquaintances, you'll pay your bills promptly, follow through when you undertake a job, be friendly without being gushy, and interested without being curious. Is being nice worth it? Try it—we kind of think you'll like it!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

As I was en route home from the Pacific, I had occasion to stop at Oceanside, California, as the first stop of my journey from the Marianas home. It was the day before Christmas, and two biddies and I were stretching our sea legs, walking around town. They stopped to look in a store window, and I walked on ahead, saying Henry Fonda about to cross the street. "There goes Henry Fonda!" I exclaimed. My biddies stared at the dungaree-clad figure carrying bundles, and shook their heads at me. "You're crazy," they said. "It is so, I insisted, "I'll bet you $10." Just then a lady passed by, smiled at me, and said, "You're right! I'm Mrs. Henry Fonda. Pay the man!" And she stood by, smiling mischievously while they paid off.

Jack Watson, CSFU
St. Albans' Hospital, N. Y.
“Let’s get out of here, Dad,” was the first thing Van said, and they were just about to duck out through the side door when someone spoke behind him. It was kind of a stampede after that with dozens of high voices shrieking “Van Johnson!” and youngsters yanking buttons off that famous black and white checked sports coat.

Afterwards, driving south through the cool New England evening, Van’s dad said wonderingly, “You don’t get mad when those kids pull you apart. I sure would.”

And Van said,

“Yeah—you big softie. Like heck you would. The two main kind of looked at each other in the flickering dusk, and then Van laughed and his dad laughed. Then it was just like old times, driving along. Like coming home from a baseball game or something. The talk was easy and warm.

“If had a phone call from a kid in Fall River today,” Charlie Johnson told him.

“You public?”

“Cosh, no. Yours. I get a couple of calls a day about you. And mail! Sixty-two letters one day last week.

“Hey, pretty sharp stuff. Hope you answer ‘em all.” A second of shocked silence, then they both burst out laughing. Van’s dad is possibly the world’s worst correspondent. He and Van have kind of a gentlemen’s agreement about it. They phone or wire, but almost never write.

old hounds, good memories

There was no discussion about where they’d have dinner. The Ford practically took them there automatically. It was MacComber’s in Tiverton, of course, for wonderful food and a look at Vic, the proprietress, who is one of the Johnsons’ favorite people, and they drove in the back way and went into the kitchen, and there were all the good, remembered smells.

“How about a good, thick slice of ham?” Vic asked him, and I said “not today,” because she hadn’t forgotten. Ham and potatoes and a tossed green salad. Milk and hot rolls and fresh butter. His favorite food.

“Gee, Vic,” he said, and he took off his jacket and rocked back in his chair.

“Good to be home, you know?”

It was nine o’clock before they’d finished eating and talking. There was so much to say, Vic wanted to know if the stars were really that beautiful, and Van said most of ‘em were even better. And she wanted to know who were the nicest ones. That kind of stopped Van because he likes so many. Keenan Wynn and June Allyson and Bob Walker, Ike Dunne, and of course, his idol, Spencer Tracy.

“How about this guy, Sinatra?” That was Van’s dad, who is strictly a Johnson fan himself.

“There couldn’t be a nicer gent,” Van said. “No kidding, he’s swell.” (So now Sinatras got a new praise agent, Charles Johnson. Anyone Van’s sold on is tops. "That Sinatra’s a right guy," he’ll tell you, “Van likes him.”) And of course, Vic wanted to know about his love life. She’d seen his picture with Sonja Henie. They looked cute together. Van had an answer for that.

“Vic, I want to marry a good cook. Preferably a whiz at the Swedish stuff.” Vic said she guessed she was born too soon, and they all laughed at that; and pretty soon they said goodnight, and the Johnsons started home when they came into Newport. Van said, “How about driving along Thames Street sort of slowly?”

Thames Street was the Great White Way of his childhood.
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Reveals the Hidden Beauty of your Hair!

"Oh, Thames Street," his dad's voice was gently scolding. After Hollywood and Vine, Broadway and Forty-Second Street—Thames Street. "How does it look, Red?"

"Funny, it packs the same old kick," Van told him quietly, and he almost broke his neck rubbernecking at Rugen's and Waldron's, at Christie's and the Chinese Restaurant. They took it twice around Market Square and Van looked at what was playing at the movies, and then they went home.

They didn't talk much going into the house. Mr. Johnson was busy wondering how it would look to Van after all the places he'd seen, and Van was busy swallowing the golf ball in his throat, because it looked so darned dear and good and solid, and there were so many memories in every corner of the place. Then Charlie switched on the dining room light and said, "Luse my new floor?" And Van said, "Hey, yeah!" and gave his dad another hug for no particular reason.

worry wart . . .

They got started on a box of chocolates and talked a while about Russia and the British loan, about Nashes vs. Fords, and about how each other looked. Van thought his father looked fine. Fit and strong and without a single gray hair. Mr. Johnson thought Van looked strapping and well, but he didn't like that scar on his forehead.

"It's practically gone," Van told him. "You can't see nothing. Why, I don't even have to wear very heavy grease paint to hide it for photographs any more."

"I still don't like it."

"Worry wart."

They sat and sat, discussing at length the state of the nation, the waterfront property Van wants to buy in Newport, his prospects of going to England for his next picture, and the state of the nation all over again. Finally, yawning in each other's faces, they went to bed.

Van's dad is an early bird. He's up and at 'em at seven o'clock every day, seven-fifteen the latest—and Sunday's no exception. Van would just as soon stay in bed usually, but this Sunday was different. He sat up on his elbow, getting his bearings for a minute, and his dad appeared with a tall glass of orange juice.

"How do you like your eggs?" he asked him, and Van said, "You should slave over a hot stove, Mr. J., and me with four bits in my pocket? Let's have breakfast at Martelino's?" They got dressed then, conversing in shouts from one room to the other, just the way they always had.

"What's all this stuff in my dresser?"

" Presents from fans. I told you about them."

"Hey, nice ties."

"Yeah, I've been wearing 'em."

"Ever see the sweater Keenan Wynn sent me? That was Van's father again. Van sauntered into his room in a white shirt and gray slacks, tying his black knitted sweater on.

"Let's see it. The sweater is a good-looking heavy maroon job."

"Nice sweater," Charlie said.

"Nice guy,"

Charlie showed off the plaid bathrobe MODERN SCREEN gave him last year, dragged out some old snapshots of himself in a baseball suit and of Van, aged three, with a Buster Brown haircut. Got Van to give him his exact statistics. (He's six-feet-three, weighs two hundred pounds.) They laughed about the great big charcoal drawing Van had done on his closet door. And presently it was nine o'clock, and they went down to the drug store, pretty sure that no one much would be there because it was right between church services. But people noticed him.
crossing the street, and cars honked, and busses stopped. They sat down in Martelino’s and half of Newport crowded in. Martelino’s thereafter became a shrine for the bobby-soxers. They wanted to know, and “Exactly word for word what did he say?” And they all take turns sitting on Van Johnson’s chair.

Strolling home again, Van and his father saw lots of people they knew, and now and then Van would remember some other names and ask what had become of them.

“How’s Mrs. Applegren?” he asked once. She was a dear friend of his little Swedish grandmother whom he’d adored. His father told him that she hadn’t been too well.

“Supposing,” Van said, “I pick up a flower and take it over to her?” The next day, her daughter called Van’s dad and told him that Van’s call had done more for her than a visit from a New York specialist.

local boy makes good . . .

Back on their own Ayrault Street there were other old friends to see. The Speckmans next door whom Van has known all his life, and their children and grandchildren. He let the three little boys climb all over him, and when he was going, he gave their mom—Mrs. McCarthy, who had been one of his early gals—a big kiss goodbye. There were more visits after that. To the Melkies across the street and the Otrilges. To Mrs. Irish and the Sullivan kids in Middletowne and lots of others. And everywhere it was the same.

“You look wonderful, Van, and you’re just the same, aren’t you?”

Whereupon his father would say something like, “No, he’s changed, all right. He hangs up his clothes now. He’s gotten neat.” And they’d all laugh and whom Van on the back.

It was around noon time when the phone rang, and the bad news came. Van had to go back to New York. There was to be a press conference that evening for Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra and Van, and M-G-M had been trying to catch him all morning to tell him about it. He’d have to get the very next train.

His dad helped him pack, and then they picked up two of the Cutter youngsters and drove into Providence. There was time for a cup of coffee, and once again there was a crush of fans. Van signed autograph after autograph, and once he said, “Times like this I’m sure glad my name’s not Margaret O’Brien,” and then he went on scrawling “Van,” “Van,” “Van.”

And finally he was on the train platform and the train was moving. “I had a swell time, Dad,” he called, and his dad nodded, and they stood waving and looking for a long while.

nothing sacred . . .

Home again. The old house seemed awfully empty, awfully still. Mr. Johnson wandered around a while flicking imaginary dust off the tables, pulling shades up and down. He fixed himself a bite to eat and then sat down and went to work on his account books. It was about seven o’clock when Van called.

“Hi, Dad—”

“Van? Where are you?”

“On the 36th floor of the Waldorf. Gee, you ought to see the lights out of my window.”

“Better than Thames Street?”

“Are you kidding?”

There were a series of clicks on the line, and Mr. Johnson said, “Operator?”

A small feminine voice said, “Yes, sir—”

“Are you listening in, operator?”

“Sometimes we do, sir, when he’s on the line.”

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Traveling around the countryside near my home, I can see the farmers busy in the fields. It gives me deep satisfaction that many of these crops in the form of prepared baby foods will help to feed America’s babies!  

Hello, Mom... Time to eat?

Every mother knows that newly waked look just before feeding time! Yes, eating can be the greatest pleasure your baby knows. You can be sure baby will enjoy every spoonful of Gerber’s. For Gerber’s Baby Foods are made to taste extra good, with smooth, uniform texture just right for easy digestion. The selected vegetables and fruits are first carefully washed in pure, aresian water, then cooked the Gerber way by steam . . . to retain precious minerals and vitamins. Be sure to get Gerber’s—with “America’s Best-Known Baby” on the label!

Two Excellent Starting Cereals

Gerber’s Cereal Food and Gerber’s Strained Oatmeal are made to suit babies’ needs as starting cereals, and all through babyhood. Both mix to a creamy, smooth consistency; both have generous amounts of added iron and B-complex vitamins needed by most babies. Serve by adding milk or formula—no cooking.

Gerber’s Baby Foods

Remember, it is wise to check baby’s feeding program with your doctor.

My baby is now ____ months old; please send me samples of Gerber’s Cereal Food and Gerber’s Strained Oatmeal.

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Address______________________________

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109
Know this trick?
What a difference it makes!

YOU’LL NEVER KNOW how beautiful your dishes can look—how cheerful your kitchen can be—until you decorate with gay, Royledge Shelving!

Now here’s the trick. Many smart home-makers keep the kitchen looking new and cheerful always, by changing the shelf paper every month; costs less than a penny a day; and with Royledge it’s so easy to do... no tacks, no fuss, just place on shelf and fold.

Van and his father roared with laughter. Then Van said: “I’ve got to go now, Dad, but I wanted to tell you how swell it was. Gee, really. Every bit of it.”

“Pretty strenuous, though—” Van chuckled. “Yeah.”

“Lots of night life.”

“Just enough.”

“Come again, Red.”

“Sure thing, Dad.”

And that was the end of Van’s visit home. But after he called, the house wasn’t lonely any more. Mr. Johnson remembered that Van was as close as his telephone, as close as his neighborhood movie. He could see him and hear him any old time. At peace with the world, he finished up his books and walked downtown.

Folks crowded around him. “How’s the boy? Have a good visit?” And Charlie Johnson, said: “Wonderful—wonderful. Couldn’t have been finer.” Then he was embarrassed because he sounded dating. He shoved all the words back into his heart where they belonged and changed the subject.

“Anyone want to shoot a little golf next Sunday?”

NANCY WITH THE LAUGHING FACE

(Continued from page 47)

numbers. “What’ll it be, fellas?” Twenty thousand guys yell: “Nancy with the Laughing Face—”

Frank looks at Phil and Phil looks at Frank and they’re both thinking: Wise guy! You put ’em up to this— But it wasn’t a rib. The Armed Forces Radio Service had taken the song off the air and recorded it on V-discs. It was No. 1 on the Stars and Stripes and Shade.

Those guys are America, Frank figured. If they like it, so will the folks back home. That’s why he took it out of retirement, plugged it, recorded it, had it published.

Little Nancy doesn’t say much about the song. Ask her if she likes it, and the most you’ll get is a shy smile. Offer to play the record and she’ll shake her head.

“No, let’s play the other side”— It’s Brahms’ Lullaby.

She never sings it herself and rarely asks Frank to sing it. When does he want it on the air, she listens gravely, her face quiet and withdrawn as if she’d pulled down a curtain and were hiding behind it. Only she can’t hide the shine in her brown eyes. Not quite six. Nancy’s a woman of delicate sensibilities. She knows that in some lovely way, the song’s just between herself and her daddy.

doll baby...

Frank adores her with the special tenderness men keep for their daughters. Let anything go wrong with her, and he’s lost. One day she had a severe nosebleed, and the doctor said to keep her on her back. He carried her to a couch in the living room, covered her up, and spent the day with her. He read, he conversed, he sang, he played records, he colored pictures in her drawing book and would have turned himself inside out with pleasure to keep her nose from bleeding again.

Nancy’s sure Frank wanted their first child to be a boy. He didn’t say so and she never asked him. But you can feel those things. She remembers the day she lectured herself about it. Frank was working with Harry James in Los Angeles, but the Horn’s salary was being held in some legal action, and for four weeks there hadn’t been any dough. The Sinatras had
A black and white image contains the text: "Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty facials bring quick new Loveliness,"

"First work Lux Soap’s creamy lather well into your skin," says Rita Hayworth, "Rinse with warm water, splash on cold. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry." Don’t let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle care Rita Hayworth recommends will make you lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexities improved in a short time!
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Don't let hot weather spoil your charm! Every day after your bath, sprinkle Djer-Kiss Talcum all over your body. This delightful powder envelops you in the world's most romantic scent... Djer-Kiss... keeps you dry, fresh, dainty for hours and hours. And it's so economical! Get Djer-Kiss Talcum today! 50c, 59c, 79c and 10c at all cosmetic counters.

BE ROMANTIC TONIGHT!

Dusting Powder (with puff) $1.00
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KERROFF, LTD., NEW YORK

LEAF

THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER...

GIRLS! HERE'S AN EASY WAY TO KEEP DAINTY WHEN IT'S HOT!

See how much fresher, lovelier you feel with...
Then she says, "I have something for you," and hands it over.

That day she and Brother came down the stairs hand in hand. Her eyes blazed with excitement; he was unperturbed. Mother and Daddy waited at the foot of the stairs where Aunt Tina had planted them. On the bottom step, Nancy's other hand came out from behind her back.

"We have something for you," and she gave Mother the package with the jeweled Juliet cap.

"For you," echoed Brother, smiling like a Della Robbia angel and hanging on to Daddy's cuff links for dear life.

Sheer had to pry the box gently out of his fist. As she did so, she sent a swift upward glance toward her parents. "Don't mind him," she murmured. "He's too little to understand."

Unless you're both a fervent music lover and a parent, you won't understand what it means to Frank that his children should care about music. He didn't have to wait long to find out. At a year, little Nancy was almost too sensitive to melody. If he sang something sad like 'Till Never Smile Again,' she'd start whimpering. If he stopped in the middle and changed to a happy song, she'd break into gurgles with the tears still wet on her cheeks.

**musical moppe**

One day she told Mother she'd like to take piano lessons. On Daddy's calendar that day is ringed in red.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

Big Nancy couldn't help laughing. He sounded as if he were treading on holy ground.

"The way it generally happens. One of her little friends is taking lessons, so she wants them, too."

She was five then. Now she plays well enough to accompany Brother, who has quite a repertoire, including the Brahms "Lullaby." The lyrics don't fall too trippingly from his tongue, since he's only now beginning to put sentences together, but he hums in perfect pitch. Meanwhile, Frank sees visions. He's crazy about the harp as an instrument. He thinks that for poetry and grace, few things are lovelier than a girl at a harp. He hopes maybe Nancy will study the harp next.

But that's as may be. What really matters to Frank is that her ears and heart should be open to music. Once he went down to Palm Springs for a few days. Other men, off to Palm Springs for a few days, chuck a toothbrush, shaving kit, slacks into a suitcase and that's it. Frank lugs an automatic record-player along.

In his room one night he listened to a Mozart Concerto, while a friend read a book. Presently the other guy looked up. Frank's eyes were fixed on little Nancy's picture, and his pal could have sworn that they weren't dry. He dropped his own hastily. Quite a while after the concert ended, Frank broke the silence.

"Music like that," he said. "If you don't love it, it's like being shut out of a whole beautiful world—it's like fairyland, and you can't go in—" He brushed his hand across his forehead. "I'm sure glad little Nancy's going to love it—"

The fact that her father's in the limelight means nothing to her. This is something that Frank and big Nancy haven't left to chance. Children easily get a distorted sense of values.

"If they do, it'll be our fault, not theirs," the Sintras agreed.

So they've tried to provide the normal healthy American background. There's been no radical change for little Nancy. She's moved to another house, but Mother still buttons her, sees that she eats, puts her to bed, lends a hand in the kitchen, as she always did. Frank spends as much time with his kids as any man who has

---

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**Take-it-easy clothes.** Skylarking comfort—that's for you! Easy-shouldered suits, good-to-walk-in shoes. And comfort-insurance for "difficult" days. So, the smart gals choose the sanitary napkin that's first for softness—Modess! 3 out of 4 voted it softer to the touch, in a nation poll.

**Social Security.** Poise? You've plenty! Growing up with boys, dancing lessons, have taught you how to forget yourself, have fun! Poise-polisher—the napkin that's first for safety! Hospital-tested Modess, which 209 nurses found less likely to strike through than leading layer-type napkins.

**That scrubbed look.** Scads of soap-and-water—every day! You're always spring-breeze daintiness in every detail! So again it's Modess for you. First napkin to bring you this priceless daintiness aid—a unique, triple-proved deodorant sealed right in.

**Those awful extras.** You're a smoothie with the powder puff, lipstick brush—all the "pluses" of super-grooming. And when it comes to comfort-extras, at no extra cost—Modess gives them to you. And does it first! No wonder more and more girls are saying, "I'll take Modess!" Box of 12, full-size or Junior size, only 22¢.

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**First for softness MODESS**

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to work for a living—probably more than most, not because he has more time, but because he makes it. Their home is gay and friendly. You'll get no formal invitations to dinner, but theirs is probably the openest door in Hollywood, and Nancy the readiest hostess.

It's a cliché in Hollywood that, if you make five thousand a week and I make a measly grand, we don't get invited to the same parties. That may sound like a joke to you, but in filmdom's statelier circles, it's an ironclad law. The Sinatras don't move in stately circles, they just walk around plain like you and me. The people who come to their house are people they like—song pluggers, relatives, movie stars, buddies from back in Jersey or a garage mechanic Frank made friends with—as he made friends with Simon in New York.

Simon's a taxi driver in his middle fifties with a grown son. Whenever the Voice comes to town, Simon drops his regular route and totes Frank around. There's a bond between them. There's something in Simon's mental and spiritual makeup that appeals to Frank, and the other way round. Frank doesn't write letters, he's too restless for that, but when he gets a letter from Simon, he sits himself down and answers his friend's letter.

**that's my pop!...**

Children absorb their atmosphere. In little Nancy's home, there's no atmosphere of hero worship. Ask, "What's your name?" and she'll say: "Nancy." The Sinatras' not important. She knows her daddy sings and makes records, she knows he makes movies and at first she didn't like it at all—

"Oh, my poor daddy!" she wept when they tried to stuff the medicine down his throat in "Higher and Higher."

"Honey," whispered Mother. "If you carry on like this, I'll have to take you home—"

"Yes, I want to go home, but I want my daddy to come with me—"

Now she's grown up and knows it's all make-believe. So she goes to see "Anchors Aweigh," and never stops talking about how Gene Kelly danced with the mouse. Daddy? Uh-huh. Daddy was in it, too—Frank and Nancy worry less than they used to. Their daughter's own good sense seems to keep her on an even keel. Once an admirer swooped down with:

"Gee, is Frank Sinatra really your father? Boy, I wish we were mine—"

"Why? don't you have your own daddy?"

"Oh sure—"

"Well, aren't you glad you've got your own daddy? I'm glad I've got mine—"

There's one story which seems to me to hold the essence of the feeling between Frank and his little girl—

It happened later in the evening of that same wedding anniversary. Friends had come in to help celebrate, and of course, there was music. As a rule, little Nancy sleeps soundly in her quiet room. But she'd probably been overstimulated by the presentation ceremonies and what not. In any case, she suddenly appeared on the landing in robe and pajamas, her eyes very bright and her cheeks very pink. . . .

I want to hear the music—"

Nancy let Frank handle it. Maybe the child training books wouldn't have approved. Maybe he should have taken her straight to bed, covered her up, turned out the light and said goodnight, darling, go to sleep. Well, he didn't. He carried her off to a side room where you could hear the music faintly, wrapped her up warm, found one of her favorite stories and read till the tense little body relaxed and the head drooped contentedly against his shoulder...

When I hear him sing "Nancy with the Laughing Face," that's the picture I see.
HE'S MY GUY
(Continued from page 57)

hardly believe it!"
Bob stretched again, looking brawny and solid—and let's face it—pretty pleased
with himself. Because of course, he was excited. He loves to seem very cynical
and casual, but don't let that fool you.
The telephone started ringing like mad then. Most of Hollywood seemed to have
been listening to that broadcast, and wanted to know how pleased they were.
Cars started driving up to the Mitchum door, and before long the room was filled
with laughter and congratulations. All of a sudden somebody said, "Hey, I smell
something burning."
"Oh, gosh! The roast!" I headed for the kitchen, and my face must have been
something to see. Clouds of smoke were pouring from the oven. The roast
was definitely a thing of the past.
"Probably wouldn't have been any good anyway," Bob said helpfully. He had
ambled out after me to see what the damage was.
"It would, too! This one was going to be different."
"Never mind, I didn't marry you for your cooking. I married you for your
money, remember?"
"I remember. The Girl Reserves Club."
embezzled love . . .
We laughed, the way we do over things
that go a long way back. Bob and I have
a lot of jokes like that because we've
known each other ever since we were
kids in school. The Girl Reserves was a
high school organization which was unfor-
tunate enough to have me for its treasurer.
Bob, broke as usual, would come up to
me. "Hey, Dot, lend me a buck and I'll
take you to the movies tonight."
"I haven't got a buck. I just bought a
sweater."
"How about the Girl Reserves dough?"
He'd raise a quizzical eyebrow.
That eyebrow always got me. I would
embezzle a dollar from the treasury, sub-
stituting an I.O.U. The winter that Bob
started to drink beer, I got so far in debt
that I had to go to work at Woolworth's after school hours to pay it back.
"I hope you appreciate what I do for
you," I used to tell him resignedly. "I go
into debt, I steal, I work sixteen hours a
day . . . ."
"I know, you're giving me the best years
of your life." He was kidding me, but I
knew how he felt underneath the wise-
 cracks. It's sort of hard to explain to other
people the way things are with Bob and
me. The way they've always been. I'll
never know why Bob fell in love with me. I was just a scrappy kid with dark,
smooth hair that was always falling in my
eyes. I would have expected him to pick
a flashy blonde number. Of course, I
admired him from the time I was four-
teen, and I used to follow him around
with my heart on my sleeve. We've al-
ways fought a lot over silly little things,
but never over "but or b." Oh, don't mean
drove, either, but argued. Still, I never
really try to change Bob—not that it
would do any good. He has the rugged
independence of an army mule. And I
love him the way he is.
Just the way Bob loves me even if I
can't cook. He knows quite a bit about
cooking himself, picked up in all the
years he was batting around on his own.
For a while he struggled with the awe-
some task of imparting this knowledge
to me. The trouble is, I'm not quite bright
where pots and pans are concerned. He'd

LOVE WENT PACKING

Through . . . done for . . . all our
dreams and sharing, and our little
"love nest" of a home! . . . Foolish
me—not to realize it was my fault
our happiness was spoiled. I thought
I understood about feminine hy-
giene. But it took my doctor to save
the day for us. He pointed out, oh
so emphatically: "Once-in-a-while
care just isn't enough" . . . and told
me to use "Lysol" brand disinfect-
ant for douching—always.

BUT CAME HOME TO STAY

New lease on love at our house now
. . . and a so happy Mr. and Mrs. Of
course I took the doctor's advice . . .
always use dependable "Lysol" now,
for douching. No more salt, soda or
other homemade solutions for me,
after the doctor said "Lysol" is a
proved germ-killer that cleanses
thoroughly, yet gently. So easy and
economical to use, too—there's no
reason to be careless . . . risk happy-
ness . . . ever!

Check these facts with your Doctor

Proper feminine hygiene
care is important to the
happiness and charm of
every woman. So, douche
thoroughly with correct
"Lysol" solution . . . al-
ways! Powerful cleanser
"Lysol"'s great spreading
power means it reaches
deeply into folds and
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germ. Proved germ-killer—
uniform strength, made
under continuous labora-
tory control . . . far
more dependable than
homemade solutions.
Non-caustic—"Lysol"
douching solution is non-
irritating, not harmful to
vaginal tissues. Follow
easy directions. Cleanly
odor—disappears after
use. Deodorizes. More
women use "Lysol" for
feminine hygiene than
any other method. (For
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booklets, write
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For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

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in connection with products not made by it constitutes an infringement thereof.
Look at the tapered ends of Fibs—and your own eyes will tell you this tampon is easy to use! You can see, by those gently rounded ends, that insertion can be really comfortable with Fibs.

And your eyes tell you there's safety in Fibs. For this is the "quilted" tampon. "Quilting" helps prevent tiny cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues. What's more, this exclusive Fibs feature makes a real contribution to comfort, too. Because quilting is designed to keep Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

So, next time—look for FIBS!
“What, again?” Bob gave him a parental frown. “I think Chlorine’s a gold digger. She’s always wanting something. Why don’t you get a gal who will love you for yourself alone, the way I did?”

I admit there are occasions when he makes me pretty mad. Take his casual attitude about my clothes, for instance. I really want his advice about what to wear, and what colors are becoming, because he has a good taste. But do I get it? A few days before Louella Parsons’ party for Modern Screen, I said, “Bob, honey, what will I wear to the party?”

clothes casual . . .

He never even glanced up from Lil’ Abner, which he lo-o-oves. “Why don’t you wear what you have on?” he mumbled. “Looks very nice.”

What I had on was one of Bob’s old shirts which had ripped seven million times and couldn’t be mended any more. “Look at me!” I said furiously. “Be sensible, will you? Everyone will be all dressed up and I want to be a credit to you.”

“Listen, darling, you’re a credit to me, and it’s got nothing to do with what you wear. You’re my gal, and fancy clothes aren’t concerned in the deal. Do you love me less because I only have two suits?”

He had a point there, because he really does only have two suits. He alternates them. Says no one could ever steal them because everyone in Hollywood knows them so well by now that they’d say, “There goes Mitchum’s number one suit.”

All of which had nothing to do with what I should wear to the party. He was evading the issue, as usual. I told him so.

“Shall I wear my blue dress or my black one, or that old grey number with the . . .”

“The blue one,” Bob said abruptly. “I hate black.” He went back to the comics.

But when the night of the party came around, he was the one in a dither. Should he wear civilian clothes, or uniform? He was out of the Army, but just out. Maybe they would expect him to be in uniform.

So he wore his G.I. outfit, and I wore my blue dress which I loathe because it makes me look fat.

Jimmy is a lot more help to my ego about clothes than his father. He notices everything I wear. He came bounding in the other night as I finished dressing, and surveyed me.

“Gee, father’s going to like the way you look tonight,” he told me. “Wait till I get a closer look.”

He went back in a minute with a scarlet blossom. By the time I had it tucked into my hair, his admiring stare had given me all the self-confidence in the world. Sometimes I sit around and wish I was terribly beautiful, with pale blonde hair and enormous violet eyes. Other times, like that night, I feel fine just the way I am.

Bob does have an endearing habit of buying me coats every now and then. Just happens to like coats. He came home the other night, lugging an enormous box and beaming.

“Present for you, baby. Guess what?”

I wouldn’t have had any trouble guessing, because coats are the only thing he thinks of buying. But I made a couple of wild guesses first, to enhance the suspense. Then I said, veddy demure, “A coat?”

He looked faintly surprised. “Yeah. How did you guess?” He unwrapped it slowly, folding the paper the way he always does. When I saw the coat, I was so thrilled I couldn’t talk for a minute. It was divine, cloud-soft grey wool, with beautiful wide shoulders and a full skirt.

I felt like the glamor girl of all time when I tried it on.

“Bob, it’s heaven. But we can’t afford it.”

“I know. But if I bought you some—

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thing I could afford, I wouldn't get any kick out of it."

That's Mitchum and I love him. Kissed him twice to tell him so. And it's true about our not having much money these days.
The new house took all we had.

parlor, bedroom, bath . . .

Now we have a house, and the next problem is where to get money for furni-
ture. So far we have managed to bor-
row the necessities. A couple of rooms
are still completely empty; but they're
fine for the kids to play in. They're such
destructive youngsters that they wreck
the living room if we let them play there. They
break everything up, including themselves.

Some of Bob's Army pals have brought them war souvenirs. "I don't know if we
ought to let them play with those things,"
I said dubiously one day. "They might hurt themselves."

"Sure, they'll hurt themselves. That's
how they'll learn. It's the only way any-
body'll learn anything—through experi-
ence." Very, very hard-boiled, he was.

A couple of days later, he went out in
the garden and found little Chris standing
there, quietly watching blood pour from
a cut in his hand. Jimmy was there, too,
saying, "It was an accident, father. The
edge of that helmet cut it. It was an
accident. Please don't be mad, Bob."
Bob got the first aid kit and fixed Chris'
hand up, but when he got through, his
own hand was shaking like a leaf. "The kid
ever cried, or anything," he said.

Poor little monkey, that iodine must have hurt
like hell, too."

"Well, that's the way they learn—by ex-
perience," I said. He gave me a dirty look
and didn't speak to me for two hours. Men
are wonderful.

Chris is no exhibitionist, like Jimmy. He's
a lot smaller, of course, and he's quiet and
sort of dreamy. He worshiped Bob, but he's
too young to do the things with him that
Jimmy does, and so he doesn't feel as
close to him, which bothers the baby of the
family. The other night he came into my
bedroom, his eyes shining.

"You know where I've been, Mother?"
His voice was important. "I've been sitting
out on the terrace with Daddy. Talking.

Obviously it was the most exciting thing
that had happened in some time.

Chris is still so little that I hug and kiss
him a lot, but I don't kiss Jimmy much
because it embarrasses him. He's terrified
of being thought a sissy. His school is
several blocks from home, but he has a fit
if we drive him over.

"Do you want the other boys to laugh at
me?" he asks darkly. "Do you want me to
be disgraced?"

Maybe one reason why the kids are so
close to us, emotionally, is because we've
always lived, before, in such tiny houses or
apartments, all crowded together. We've
never had much privacy.

Bob used to think it was funny to whistle at me
and make with the wolf calls when I was getting
dressed. Then Jimmy started to imi-
tate him. Somehow, Chris got the idea that
whistles were a necessary accomplishment
to dressing, and for a long while wouldn't
get into his clothes without them.

one-woman man . . .

Of course, now we have loads of room. I
do think this new house is going to be fun.

Bob has a lot of ideas about how he wants to
decorate it, eventually.

"People are too conservative," he snorts.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't have
a room with orange walls and one purple
one, if you want to."

"But I don't want it. It sounds awful.
You'd get tired of it in a hurry, too, Bob.

You know how easily you get tired of
things."
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"I don't get tired of you, baby, One-woman Mitchum, they call me..."

That's what happens in all our arguments. Just as I'm winning, he confesses the issue with something like that. And I love it.

Bob likes to think of himself as a handy guy around the house. I'll never forget the episode of the bookcase, in the Palm Avenue house. The bookcase was there when we rented the place, but we didn't have any books to put in it, or any money to buy them.

 camouflage division . . .

"The damn thing gives me the creeps, sitting there empty," Bob said. "Why wouldn't it be a good idea to have ivy trail down over it, to hide the shelves?"

"It would be wonderful!"

"I'll fix a thing to put on top, to plant the ivy in. Something that will fit between those decorations on the ends." He got a yardstick and started measuring the bookcase in a business-like manner. The next couple of nights, he hammered happily away down in the cellar. Came the third night, and he emerged triumphantly with an enormous, clumsy affair of wood. He lugged it over to the bookcase.

"That's fine," I said politely, "Only isn't it sort of big?"

"You need it big." He hoisted it up to the top. There was a pause. The box he had built was again four inches too long for the space involved. I wanted to laugh, but he looked so like a small boy who has lost his last candy bar that I changed my mind.

"You can soon fix it, honey. And it will look really lovely when we get the ivy in it!"

It did, too. The ivy made a kind of screen, trailing graceful greenery over the emptiness. One day, someone told Bob it would grow faster if he put some Vitamin B in it. He dumped in three times as much as they'd told him to. The next morning when he walked out into the living room, he let out a yell.

"Hey, Dottie! There's ants three feet long out here climbing up the bookcase. They're stompin' all over the place!"

I tore out and found that for once he wasn't exaggerating. At least, not much. There was a horrible black path of ants from the outside door right straight over to the bookcase and up the side of it, to the ivy container.

"That Vitamin B is some stuff," Bob said admiringly. Why, those ants'll be as big as possums by tomorrow!"

"They won't be here by tomorrow," I said firmly, "You go right down to the drug store and get some ant poison,"

"Seems kinda too bad," Bob remarked. "They're sure having a heck of a time for themselves."

my guy forever . . .

One thing I guess you'll have gathered from all this: Life is never dull at the Mitchums. Bob has a way of making things seem exciting whether the mood or not. You never know what is going to happen next. He's been making "Till the End Of Time," and he has a good part in it. He contemplates it very neatly with Guy Madison, who is big and beautiful and quiet. Bob is big, but he's not beautiful, and he's about as quiet as a Mexican jumping bean. He's happy with the picture, and with being an actor—for the moment. But honestly, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if one fine morning he woke up and announced that he had decided to try being a short order cook or a stevedore or a lion tamer. Unpredictable is the word for Mitchum. And if that ever happens, I'll go right along, because what he wants is what I want. He's my guy.

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SINCE HE WENT AWAY
(Continued from page 39)

long way from Hollywood. Such a long way from his celluloid, his chubby little step-brother, Kurt. Such a long way from fifteen-year-old Marit, who was terrific because she liked all the things he liked—riding and shooting and hiking and bicycling. He thought about the way she had looked the last time they went bicycling before he went away. She had on a yellow sweater and a plaid skirt. Her pale blond hair was swept by the wind and her blue eyes were alight with gaiety.

"Aren't you tired, Marit?" he had asked curiously. It had been a very long ride, and after tire some girls were supposed to be the weaker sex.

Marit laughed. "Have you ever known me to be tired, Cojo?"

He thought about it. "Once," he produced triumphantly, "I had been teaching you judo."

"I wasn't just tired, I was blue and black for a week. Are you going to use judo on the Japs, Cojo?"

"They'd probably be a lot better at it than I am. I'll use a gun."

Here he was talking again and he'd had no chance to use a gun or judo, either. The war was over. Of course it was still dangerous to walk the streets alone at night, or they would have killed you in the back. Cojo had promptly bought a set of brass knuckles, and started walking the streets alone at night, but nothing happened. It was a dull life.

And now it was Christmas Eve. Cojo got to his feet and started for the door. He suddenly heard the UPS drivers of "Kiss And Tell" that was quartered down the street. Probably they'd be pretty lonely tonight, too.

Most of them were out by the time he got there. But one of the girls was just starting down the steps.

"Where you goin', honey?" Cojo asked in his soft Tennessee.

"Hi, Cojo, I'm going to church. There's a little Episcopal Church over here that has a Christmas Eve service and I thought it would be something to go."

"That's for me," Cojo said, and swung into step beside her. This was the thing he had been subconsciously looking for—something that would be like home. The church was small and crowded and they were a little late. A hymn was already being played by the creaky, old organ, as they knelt in a swift, silent prayer. Somewhere, during the short service, in the quiet music and the white flowers on the altar, Cojo found that his loneliness had vanished.

Tomorrow was Christmas, but maybe by next Christmas he'd be home. And in the meantime he would be thinking of them and they of him.

Of course, they were thinking of him back in Hollywood. When his mother, Mary Wordeman, woke on Christmas morning, her first thought was of Cojo so far away. She cried for a moment and then骤然 broke the packages they'd sent. The food, and the drawing materials he'd wanted so much. Marit Cough in her home several miles from the Wordeman's house, was also much at heart. But she lost some of her depression when the time came to open presents. There were under the tree a flat square box labeled "Cojo's tack." She watched Marit open and start breathing for a moment. Then she rushed over and opened the package, and stared in delight at a shimmering string of pearls. The card said, "I sent one like this to..."
His compliments are louder since I smoothly spread my powder!" Joanne too. Hope they're okay, Cojo.

Joanne is Cojo's sister. She's the same age as Marit, and likes the same sports. When she came to visit Hollywood (she doesn't live with Mrs. Wordseman), the three of them were inseparable. They can scarcely wait till they all get together again. Marit has been taking jumping lessons at the riding school, so she'll be ahead of the others on that. But Cojo will be a better shot. He practices all the while in Yokohama.

He finds plenty of ways to keep himself busy over there. For one thing, he's in charge of getting the movies for the Officers' Club. He goes down in a truck and picks up the film, and when it's shown he acts as projectionist. Kiss and Tell, by the way, has been shown in Tokyo, and all the Jap kids refer to Cojo as "the soldier who knows Shirley Temple."

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can find almost anything. The night she got the letter, Mrs. Wordeman was going to a party in honor of General Eichelberger, who was, as it happened, the head of the Eighth Army in Japan. Mary Wordeman went up to the General determinedly. She's a very attractive woman, with quantities of Southern charm. She turned it all on now.

"General," she said, in her pretty drawl, "I wonder if you could tell me where I could get some Eighth Army insignia for my son?"

The General smiled genially. "What's his name? Is he in the Army?"

"His name's Jerome Courtland, but we call him Cojo," Mary confided. "He's in your Army in Yokohama."

"He is, eh?" The General took a card from his pocket. On it he wrote, "With fondest regards for Cojo," and signed it with a quick flourish. "There," he said, extending it to Mary. "Send him that, and tell him to take it to my headquarters. They'll give him all the insignia he wants."

Mary sent the card to Cojo who wrote back, thanking her politely. "That was very nice of you and the General," he concluded, "but I can't quite picture myself strolling into the headquarters of the whole Eighth Army to ask for a spare shoulder patch!"

Cojo, like every other soldier stuck in the Army of Occupation, wants to get home. Home to Marit and Joanne, and to swimming and riding and all the sports he loves. Home to his mother and stepfather and Kurt. Home to pictures if they still want him. He isn't at all sure they will, when they see how grownup he is these days.

"If they don't, I'll find something else," he says. "I don't care, as long as it's a job, and I'm home."

We care, Cojo. We want you back in pictures, where you belong, and we have our fingers crossed that it will be sooner than you think.

**A CAN OF BEANS AND YOU**

(Continued from page 53)

under the bright glare of a street lamp. Then, when they came to the open space where the park path curved inward from the street, Dave turned quickly and scooped Red into his arms. He held her close and kissed her tenderly. As though carrying her across the threshold of a new life, he stepped into the shadows lining the gravelly pathway.

"Welcome home, Red."

When Dave Clark first met Margot back in 1941, there was an explosion. It was though two firecrackers had been tossed casually upon the same lighted match. Dave was rehearsing a radio play, one of those that came with maddening infrequency in those days, just often enough to keep away the worst pangs of hunger. He was an actor without enough work, and there was a gnawing, restless feeling within him, a feeling of frustration. The boy was on fire with ambition, and things weren't coming out the way he'd planned.

He was burning, hopping mad from breakfast to midnight. It didn't help matters any when this strange redhead came into the radio studio, her eyes upon him critically, seeming to sparkler derisively when he became nervous and stumbled over a line. When time was called from rehearsal to rest, he went and sat beside her, his jaw thrust out belligerently.

"Well, what did you think of it?"

"You really want to know?"

---

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**Save the easy way... Buy your Bonds through Payroll Savings**

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and Advertising Council.
"Yeah, yeah. You ate it up, had me throwing lines around like they were butterballs. So let's have it."

She stood up, small, pert, with laughter dancing in her eyes. "Mister, you asked for it. In your own words—you stink."

That did it! Something about that look in her eyes, the challenge in her voice, the loneliness in his own heart. It was as easy as that. Dane was in love—and flat broke.

The whole thing was hopeless, and the hopelessness only served to fan his stubborn love. The girl's parents were wealthy. Like Dane, Margot had a college education, but, unlike him, she'd studied music. She'd traveled. From a worldly point of view, he just wasn't in her league.

She knew when Dane was pulling in his last extra notch and she wasn't fooled when he took her to dinner and sat there himself with just a cup of coffee.

She'd notice the faint shadow of the chocolate bar on his lips. "Take this and finish it for me, Dane. I really can't eat another bite."

He hesitated, looking hungry at the white meat of the chicken. "Well," he said dubiously, "seems a shame to waste it. Maybe—"

love on the dole...

They started off married life in the one-room-hole-in-the-wall in Brooklyn where Red gallantly plunged into the task of making a home while Dane haunted the streets, trying to pick up radio jobs.

She began to believe in the dream of success even more firmly than Dane himself. He came dragging home one afternoon, tossing his coat on the daybed.

"No luck, Red. Couldn't even get a nibble."

She looked at the clock. "It's still three hours before the day is over. Go uptown and try some more."

"But, Red!"

"Go on, honey, get along." He snapped back his shoulders, picked up his coat and stormed out of the room. He landed a part. That night they blew themselves to a sixty-cent dinner.

That was a start, and the figures in the bank book began to creep slowly away from the twenties and thirties into the three hundreds and four hundreds. Dane waited until they hit five hundred dollars, then he disappeared downtown. When he came home that night, Margot's hands were spanked. "Let's see your fingers." Ten beautiful white, tapering fingers, one of them marred by a tarnished two dollar wedding ring. Tentatively, he picked up the ringed finger while he fumbled in his pocket. Margot pursed her lips in amazement when he slipped a breathing diamond down to nestle beside the plain wedding band.

"I've been meaning to get that engagement ring a long time, Red. Like it?"

"Like it? It's wonderful! Oh, Dane, it's marvellous." Then she turned and cried a little on his shoulder.

But that night when she went to hunt for the bank book, she couldn't find it. Dane had hidden it securely. He didn't want to be around when Margot found out the heart-warming balance had evaporated down to twelve dollars.

That was New York. And during those first dismal months in Hollywood, New York looked good. But Margot became ill. There were costs to her headaches; she lost weight she could ill afford to lose; and even in the brilliant sunshine of California, her cheeks paled. There was plenty for Red to write about the slow progress he was making out at the studios. There were no melancholy scenes, for Margot would never permit that.

She read the radio shows he wrote to augment their income, and she kept him at it a lot of times when he felt like kick-
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8. BEING TALENTED WITHOUT IT!
9. HOW TO BE ALLURING!
10. HOW TO USE YOUR VOICE!

He began to perspire a little, and his mind went blank. Stabbing a desperate finger at a showcase of handbags, he pointed to the smallest in the lot and bought it. "I'll take that one.

"Certainly, Mr. Clark. And what nice taste you have!" The three-dozen salesgirls all nodded in agreement. Unconsciously he was swaying with the wisdom of his choice. He lingered the lone twenty dollar bill in his wallet. "How much is it, please?"

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars."

He didn't faint, and he managed to gulp back the gasp that came to his lips, but with thirty-six pairs of eyes watching the millionaire from Hollywood, what could he do? He blinked and said weakly, "Send it up to my hotel. Then he dove outside for a breath of fresh air.
He needed more fresh air when Margot, after exclaiming in delight over the beauty of the bag, found out the cost.

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars! SEND IT BACK!"

"But Red—"

"Tell them it's the wrong color. Tell them the house burned down and we're leaving for China. Tell them anything—only SEND IT BACK."

deep hurt...

It was winter in California, but there was lots of sunshine, and the days were warm, although at night a deep chill came in from the mountains. A week before Christmas the contractor's men working on the house remodelling pulled out all the doors and windows, and they didn't get any of them back by quitting time. Margot didn't care too much, for they planned to eat dinner in town.

She noticed the way the car came up the hill slower than usual. She saw the way Dane walked with his head downcast, his hands deep within his pockets. And his arms were too tight about her while held her close in his "hello" kiss.

Margot walked with him to the pile of lumber before the house. "What is it, Dane?" she asked quietly.

He pulled a newspaper clipping from his pocket and held it out to her.

A well-known columnist had written a blistering attack on Dane, torn to pieces. The gist of the article was "Who does this guy Clark think he is?"

It hurt. It hurt worse than Dane liked to admit even now. At that moment, with the fierce impact of those words jabbing into him like sharp spears, he was ready to call it quits. Dane pulled his hands from her own. It was pitch dark, and the breeze was strong from the ocean, but with his arm tight about her, Margot didn't mind. Finally she lifted her head to Dane's.

"Let's look at this thing evenly. 'Have you done any of the things the columnist accuses you of doing?'"

"No. Of course not.

"Then forget it."

Journey's end.

For another hour they talked, and that night they decided that while they would never change inwardly, they would change their attitude toward other people. It would no longer be Dane Clark against the world, but Dane Clark with the world.

There's no counting the hours when two people in love sit alone in the darkness and great decisions are being made. But characteristically, Dane suddenly stood up, kissed Margot soundly, then sang out in true masculine style, "Let's eat!"

Into the house with no windows, no doors, and a can of beans sitting forlornly on the shelf above the stove.

A can of beans on Christmas Eve.

But Dane Clark was never happier than at that moment when he was pushing an opener into the can of beans. He had success in his work. He had a home of his own. And he had a woman who was a part of his innermost self—Margot. What more could a man want?

JULY ISSUE

If you like parties as much as we do, you'll want to hurry to your newsstand on June 14 for our July MODERN SCREEN. Hedda Hopper's having a party on our pages, and you're invited!
INTIME AND ON THE BEAM
(Continued from page 49)

inquired.
"Certainly, madam." Kurt made his voice sound just right for a perfume counter.
"We have it in red, blue, or white colors."
"Colors?" The voice sounded startled.
"I didn't know perfume came in colors."
"Oh, yes, madam. It's the latest thing, and we're the only store that has it. Black, emerald, pink, blue and natural. Which would you like?"
Well—uh—I guess I'd better take the natural." Kurt said.
"Madam," said Kurt firmly, "if you will permit me to say so, you sound to me like a type who could be daring. I advise you to try the black."
"Do you really think so?" A pleased note crept in. "All right, then. One bottle of the black."
"If you just give me your name and address, I'll see that it's sent right out."
A moment later, Kurt was buzzing happily in the pillow again, while a sedate matron began what promised to be a long wait for a bottle of black cologne.

mata hari duet...
Oh, he's a pixie type, that Kreuger! He loves to play jokes, and he's particularly enthusiastic about things, and he has more fun out of life than any six people you could mention. Even when he isn't working, he's the busiest guy in all Hollywood, although he couldn't for the life of him tell you what he does. He starts out with a leisurely breakfast in the morning, and then he reads all the newspapers. Later, he goes for his singing lesson. Kurt has no intention of becoming an opera star, much less another Frank Sinatra, but he has a good voice and he thinks he should learn the right things to do with it. He comes home in time for a swim before lunch. In the afternoon, of course, he has a wild tussle on the outside porch upstairs with two police dogs. He's had one four years, and the other, which he refers to as "the little one" (it's the size of a horse) for a year-and-a-half.

They are, of course, a little awesome to visitors who aren't used to them. One Sunday afternoon, Kurt was sitting out by the swimming pool minding his own business, absorbed in a book, when he became aware that he was being watched. He raised his eyes and found that beyond the low hedge at the side of the pool were a couple of teen-age boys. Obviously fans, and obviously drooling at the sight of the handsome Mr. Kreuger in swimming shorts and suntan. Kurt didn't have the least idea how they'd gotten there, or what to do about them. He decided in favor of ignoring the whole thing, and went on reading his book. He was alone and couldn't properly invite them in. For two solid hours he read, swam in the pool, listened to the radio and had his usual Sunday afternoon nap. For two solid hours the girls stood there like wide-eyed statues. At five o'clock Kurt let the dogs out for their afternoon run. The two mammoth creatures bounded out, and the girls took one look, let out a yell, and dashed clear to the Breeders' Derby, and started home at a fast clip. The next day Kurt got a plaintive note.

We didn't mind when you didn't talk to us, or even ignored us," they said. "But when you set your dogs on us, it was too much!"
There was, however, a postscript. "We'll forget you if you let us come again next Sunday."

Kurt thought it was rather funny, and very sweet. He has a philosophical sense of humor which is a big help to him in

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Hollywood, where it's always the unexpected that happens. It has carried him through some tough spots. There was, for instance, the first time he came to Hollywood. He had done some summer stock, and he had every intention of getting into pictures. So he started looking around for a house. At last he located the ideal place—it's the same one he has now, only without the swimming pool, which is a recent acquisition. He paid a reasonable price for it, but it was still a lot of money for a young man without a job. And somehow, no one in pictures seemed impressed by Kurt's offer to work for them. After a few months of getting absolutely nowhere, he decided to leave Hollywood.

"I told you so," said one of the omnipresent I-told-you-so friends. "You should never have bought that house.

"Buying that house was the best thing I've ever done. I must definitely come back to Hollywood later on, and I want to be sure of having a place to live.

The friend laughed. "When are you coming back?"

"I don't know when. But I'll be back. I feel it here inside me."

He was right, of course. He did come back. By then, he'd had Broadway experience, and he knew more about the way to approach Hollywood. He began with small parts, but they were bigger all the while. "Hotel Berlin," "Paris Underground," "The Spider," and now "The Dark Corner." He free lanced till last June. Then his agent phoned.

"You want to sign you to a contract."

Kurt's cautious Swiss business sense asserted itself. "But they do not pay as much when you have the contract as when you free lance. Is that not so?"

"They're going to pay you as much," said his agent grimly, "and don't ask me why. You're the luckiest so-and-so I ever met."

Last month, the friend who had told him he was a fool to buy the house, came around. He was hunting desperately for a place to live.

"Listen, Kurt, I've been thrown out of more hotels in the last month than you ever heard of. And there isn't a house in Hollywood for rent. I'll give you three times what you paid for your place if you'll sell it to me."

Kurt grinned. He coined a phrase. He said "He laughs best who laughs last," and kept the house.

crystal gazing ...

It's just, as well that he can be philosophical about misfortunes. Sometimes they gang up on him. Take that day last February. It all started with the morning mail. Kurt opened one letter and found in it a horoscope for his birthday, July twenty-third. He remembered that someone at a dinner party had mentioned horoscopes, and he had said he thought it would be fun to have his. So here it was, all new and shiny. Casually Kurt looked up the prediction for that day.

"Be careful," it said. "Misfortune awaits you."

"That," Kurt told the horoscope severely, "is no way to start. You are not getting in good with me, and besides, you are quite wrong. This is going to be a very good day." He tossed the horoscope in the waste-basket.

Came five o'clock, he had a cocktail date at the home of some friends. They gave particularly elaborate cocktail parties, and it was something to look forward to. Later, he was to have dinner with pretty Cathy Downs, who was his adored of the moment.

Kurt arrived at the cocktail date looking tall, blond and terrific in a green tweed jacket, grey flannels and his usual wonderful suntan. He noted with approval the presence of several beautiful girls, and
with even more approval the fact that the hostess was wearing capes which were gastronomic delights. There was caviar with onion on dark bread. There was wonderful smoked salmon with pumpernickel. There were—and here Kurt’s mouth began to water—shrimps with a special sauce which were a specialty of the house. Kurt had a couple of Martinis, accompanied by these values. He talked to three pretty girls. He was having a fine time, and thought fleetingly about what silly things horoscopes were. A young starlet came over, and smiled featheringly. She was carrying a dish of shrimps.

“More of these, Kurt? Here, I’ll fix one for you.”

“Oh, yes, please; they are delightful.”

shrimps à la pomone...

He opened his mouth wide, and the starlet obligingly put one on his plate. She fluttered her lashes at him, and he told her how charming she was. This routine went on for some time, during which Kurt consumed innumerable shrimps. Then he began to have a slightly uneasy feeling in his stomach. He said polite, if hasty, good-byes, and went out to his car. All the way home he felt worse and worse. He staggered into his house at last and took a look at himself in the mirror. His face was green instead of tan. His lips were puffed up to twice their usual size, and his eyes were almost shut. He called up his doctor, and informed him that he was dying, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

“You’re probably allergic to shrimp in anything but small quantities,” the doctor said. “Lots of people are.”

“But what happens now? A beautiful young lady is coming to dinner. I am to take her to a large party. What shall I do?”

The doctor told him what to do. It was all very complicated, but Kurt did it. Cathy arrived for dinner and had to eat it alone. Then she played records for two hours—also alone. By the end of that time, Kurt looked almost normal and felt fine. They went to the party and was a good party. When the party was over, she drove Cathy home, and then started for his own place. He was driving his Buick convertible happily along the car road and then a car careened out from a side street. It disregarded the Stop sign completely, and whizzed slam into Kurt’s convertible. Trying to escape this juggernaut, he whipped the steering wheel desperately to the right. His car crashed through a road sign and hit a telephone pole which cracked, and hung, swaying ominously above the street. He took deep breath. He put his hands to his head and felt blood there, but found that the cut wasn’t deep. He climbed out of the wrecked car and walked a short distance, and then his prayer of thanks to God that it was no worse, and he was still alive.

Meanwhile, the people from the other car swarmed over the road. The driver was very loud and very profane. He made nasty remarks about playboys in dinner jackets at four a.m., disregarding the fact that it was he who had run into Kurt. A couple of cops came along and looked over the situation. They listened to the other man’s remarks and were not impressed.

“Look at this,” growled the cop in the convertible was going along minding his own business when you ducked out of the side street and hit him,” one of them said. “But you both have to come to the station with us.”

The other driver went into a long and inaccurate description of Kurt’s ancestry. Kurt kept his mouth shut, which was quite feat for him. They all went to the police station, and both drivers were put through the routine sobriety tests. They had to say “Around the rough and rugged rocks the rugged rascal ran.” They had to say it fast. Kurt

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the fore in a rush.

"That is very nice of you, but I couldn't possibly do it," he said hurriedly. "My studio commitments are such that I couldn't lose a Hollywood moment for any amount of time.

Afterward he was angry with himself. He told himself sternly that he was a good actor, and had no business getting fits of self-doubt that might interfere with his career, but by then it was too late.

Kurt has a vivid imagination and responds very quickly to any situation which holds a hint of drama. Like the night in Mocambo when he was sitting happily with a good looking singer named Marina Koshez. A blonde walked by and smiled at Kurt. He's a little short-sighted, so he thought it was someone he knew and smiled back. That did it. The girl came right over and, making with the big, blue eyes, said, "Mr. Kreuger, you don't know me." Mr. Kreuger belatedly agreed with her. She nodded to a table a little way off, and said "Do you think that man over there is handsome, Mr. Kreuger?"

Kurt peered at the man. He was a little embarrassed, and said politely, "Why yes, very handsome.

turn on the tears . . .

"I don't," the blonde remarked. "But I think you're handsome, Mr. Kreuger. And I made a bet with a woman that I could get you to dance with me. I bet him fifty dollars.

The big, blue eyes suddenly filled with tears, and the voice grew husky as she added in a whisper, "I can't afford to lose fifty dollars, Mr. Kreuger."

Kurt, who dramatizes everything, immediately saw in the blonde the innocent victim. So he went to Hollywood wolf who would probably offer to settle for the poor girl's virtue instead of the fifty bucks. Sir Galahad Kreuger to the rescue! He said, "I will dance with you. But a few steps only, since I cannot leave my charming companion sitting here alone for long—"

"Marina, will you forgive me?"

"Certainly," said Marina sweetly, if with a slightly cynical lift of her eyebrows.

"Fifty dollars is a lot of money."

The blonde danced well, but check to check. After five steps, Kurt said "There, that is all. You have won your bet." He attempted to let go. He had become conscious by now that the girlish innocence had a strong deck of bourbon. But the blonde held on. The blue eyes, seen at close range, had a slightly glazed look. "I'm not going to let you go," she announced haughtily. "I think you're too handsome to let go."

Kurt began to get panicky. People were staring. Over the blonde's plump shoulder he could see Marina, and her eyebrows were now definitely raised. She was enjoying herself hugely.

clinging vine . . .

"Let go!" he said firmly, but the blonde continued to hold him with a grip of iron. Blast the woman! How was he to get loose? He had tried to wriggle himself free? He had albatross hung round his neck forever. Suddenly he had remembered the very open-toed sandals she was wearing. De- liberately, and hard, he stepped on her toe.

The blonde stepped back with a howl of anguish. Kurt bowed gracefully from the waist and returned to his table.

"Never, never will I get into such a predicament again," he informed the amused Marina. From now on I shall stay out of all dramatic situations."

He went on. Crellor. He'll go right on living life to its fullest, because that's the way he likes it, and he's quite willing to take the good and bad together. He won't miss a thing and that's one reason why he'll get places. That zest for life is part of the Kreuger personality, and it's doing fine at the box office. So why change?"
WALK BARBARA HALE!

(Continued from page 41)

my own intuition, I began to ease this girl's career. I went to RKO and had them run off a few of her pictures for me. I saw "West of the Pecos," "First Man Into Tokyo" and "Lady Luck." And I was myself in each. I went again. Bill Dowler, assistant head of production at RKO, told me he was so excited about both Barbara and Bill that he was co-starring them. It was a "A Little Fury" and having the script tailored to suit them.

'They're working out on the valley ranch today,' he said. 'Why don't you run out and watch Barbara work?'

I never had a push when I'm on any one's trail, so I hopped in my car and made the long drive out to the valley where RKO has its ranch. Most studios have these ranches which relieve their cramped Hollywood quarters by serving as a sort of back lot, filled with buildings, city streets and village dirt roads.

The cameras were grinding at the end of the street, and I spied Barbara, in a checked suit and hat, looking perfectly beautiful, and what's more, I sat down on a curbstone and watched her work. It was a simple scene; she was to run out of a bank door, hail a taxi and climb in. They shot it eight times. Every time Barbara was perfect, every time something or somebody else went wrong. The take finally completed, she spotted Hopper, who by this time was melting and running down the gutter.

"Hi," she called and ran—ran, mind you—across the street.

I stopped my brow with my handkerchief.

"Aren't you hot?"

"Nope," she said, and smiled with that wonderful row of ivories—no caps.

"Aren't you tired?"

"Nope."

"Well, if I can possibly live another hour, I'd like to talk to you."

We walked to her dressing room, a small packing case on the edge of the potato patch. She slipped on a pair of faded blue jeans and a raucous plaid shirt.

'Been thinking about these clothes all day,' she said.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In Walla Walla, Washington, my brother, Staff Sgt. Bernie Radebaugh, was reporting his Flying Fortress when he heard a soldier in back of him say, 'Hey, sarge, want a coke?'

When Bernie turned around, a corporal was standing there. Finally Bernie stammered, "Aren't you Alan Ladd?" To his amazement the corporal answered, 'Yes, I am,' and he added, 'They had cokes and cigarettes together, and later, my brother met Sue Carol Ladd. Bernie wrote home and told me about it. I'm sure he'd like to know how much it meant to my brother.'

Jean Radebaugh
Denison, Texas

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Teeth smudged by tobacco smoke need the longer polishing and cleaning action of Iodent No. 2. Here's why! Iodent contains millions of tiny particles scientifically treated to retard disintegration—

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"I was so Undeveloped, Unattractive, Lonesome"

WRITES ANN YAGER of ELLWOOD CITY, PA.

"Don't you like to dress up?"
"Oh, I love to. But I like to wear beat-up clothes too." She grinned.
I was set to talk, when Bill Williams pounded on the door.
"Hey, Barby—the Academy Award shindig is on tonight! Aren't we going?"
"Got night?" gazed the little woman. "I forgot all about it!"
Then she remembered that she had nothing to wear, and Bill punctuated her memory by howling that he didn't have a tree. They had two hours to buy clothes and get ready. I offered to get myself out of there and chat with Barbara the next morning over breakfast.
Barbara chose a breakfast spot—an unpretentious cafe. Over a cracked cup of coffee, she beamed at me from under a lilling hat and a stunning suit. I pointed to the lid.
"Hats?" I said.
"Well, yes. I like the look of them, but I definitely don't like the feel of them. They make me hot."
"Ex-tomboy?" I offered.

free tops...

"Yes, but a mixed up kind. I used to climb into the highest tree, or jump over garage roofs—but you see, I always took my doll with me.
That was back in Rockford, Illinois, where Barbara grew up. She apologizes for a normal childhood, wishes she could spout a Cinderella tale, but there isn't anything exciting. Just Mom and Dad and her sister Juanita and the small brown house and the Rockford kids. But her childhood brought out to me the sensibility and the vivacity of the humor within her that today make Barbara an actress destined for the top.
There was the fight with a small girl named Max who had belted Miss Hail into a briar bush. Barbara came out with fists flying and beat the living tar out of Lizzie. There were the closet soujourns. Whenever Barbara was hurt inside, she hid in a closet, or any handy attic or basement and wept quietly to herself. On her third day of school, she was reprimanded by the teacher for being late. She immediately disappeared, and the resulting neighborhood posse found her that night, in a nearby attic, crying. Her first and last whipping occurred when she threw a tantrum after her dad refused to allow her to accompany him downtown. Pop unearthed a fat razor strap and strong-armed his daughter. Windsed, he looked for his wife, finally found her in the bedroom closet, her face wet with tears.

With a mind of her own, Barbara was brought up to take care of herself. The first time a boy tried to kiss her, she whacked him in the posterior with one of her muddy boots. She shot a little ahead of her own parents sometimes. Like the forbidden hill episode. Having acquired a shiny pair of roller skates for Christmas, Barbara cast bright brown eyes at the steep hill outside the Hail curving. She was handed a flat referral, and the day she stood poised for the takeoff and heard her mother screaming, "Stop!" Barbara merely went her way, but in a stooping position, gathering switches as she went.
"I handed them to Mom when I got back up the hill," says Barbara, "so of course, she was flummoxed.

As much as she hated Sunday clothes, she rebelled furiously at any item that wasn't pretty, at least at the start.
"That awful brown sweater," says Barbara wrinkling her nose in acute distaste, "was unfortunately the color that doesn't show soil. Mom believed in getting things big enough for me, and at the age of two, when the thing came into my life, it was big enough to serve as a coat. I wore it until I was thirteen, and it ruined hun-
dreds of days out of my life. I think it's time people knew about it.

Despite the sweater, Barbara attracted men at an early age. From the time she was six until ten, a nameless small gentleman followed her around, stood leaning for hours against a tree on the Hale lawn. Mrs. Hale felt sorry for him.

"Let's ask him in," Barbara said. "He'll get pneumonia standing out there.

Barbara shrugged her shoulders. "Mister X," as the family called him, was eventually invited inside. He seated himself stiffly in a straight chair and stared at Barbara, who coldly stared back. Mrs. Hale kept up a running fire of conversation, but found to her amazement that the boy wouldn't open his trap, and neither would Barbara. An hour later, Mrs Hale pushed him gently out the front door and went, exhausted, to bed.

When Barbara was eleven, a new character appeared on the scene. He telephoned her hundreds of times but never gave his name. At the slightest mention of a holiday, he rang the doorbell, left a two-bit gift on the porch and ran hellbent for leather before anyone could catch a glimpse of him.

School brought Barbara an inferiority complex. It was mostly her hair, naturally curly, which stuck out in Medusa-like sweats. Barbara considered herself an ugly pug, and found that art offered the only shell into which she could crawl. She grabbed at it gratefully, and as years went on, developed an enviable talent. There was a teacher, Vera Smith, who taught art to the senior year of the town's high school. She noticed Barbara's talent, and she advised the young artist to keep it up.

Miss Smith was a psychologist as well a good woman. One day she held up one of Barbara's sketches and said, "I wonder if you've noticed this," she said. "If any one of you had the skill or the feeling, one or the other, that Barbara Hale has put into this work, I would have nothing further to teach you. Barbara left class that day with a small swagger in her walk.

It was a good thing, too, because it prepared her for art school in Chicago, where she needed to have had to live alone, dote, and dashes...

She started out at the YWCA, where the dishwater routine was broken for Barbara only by a boy from Rockford who lived at the YM four blocks away. They rigged up a Morse code by means of pulling the chain on a lamp in their respective windows. This system, slightly slow, served to arrange dinner dates, or signal that there was a fire in the neighborhood. Barbara and Ralph shared a deep passion for fires, big or little, and the faraway sound of a siren brought them both to their lamps, signalling frantically as to the meeting place of the other in the blazes.

But it was lonely, with only an occasional weekend trip to Rockford, when there was enough money. Then, one day, into the classrooom, an agent of Fine Arts, walked Susie. Barbara, in her sad lavender sweater and purple skirt, her hair still sticking out like the working end of a duster, was gasped. Susie Simons was pretty, well-groomed, dressed in excellent taste, and was a most self-assured young lady.

"That girl!" Barbara said half aloud, "is going to be my friend."

Susie never had a chance. Barbara attacked swiftly.

"Let's have lunch," she said.

"All right," Susie smiled. A fast friendship developed and in a few months they were sharing an apartment together.

The apartment was on a street where the neighborhood kids played baseball.
The X-Ray shows a toddler's foot, twisted and warped in outgrown shoes. Toddlers' feet grow very fast. You must get a larger size often.

WEE WALKERS are America's most popular baby shoes because they are soft, flexible, correctly shaped, yet sooo much less, you can afford a larger size often. No shoe at any price can be healthier for a toddler's normal feet.

See WEE WALKERS... compare them... in the Infants' Dept. of the stores listed. Sizes 2 to 8.


TO HELP A BRIDE DECIDE

until darkness brought blessed silence. It was a one-room job with a hot plate and a basin clamped to the wall masquerading as a kitchen. A vent led into the apartment upstairs, whose tenant chain-smoked Turkish tobacco and all but asphyxiated the two girls. The walls were bare of plaster, the one window led out to the street on the ground floor—a setup for a long succession of inappropriate activities. A dilapidated daybed opened into two halves, one hard as granite, the other mushy as vegetable compound. Even the fluffed clothes draped over the two chairs did not deter a character named Hoolihan, who often walked through their apartment to get to his own, and who occasionally raided their few coins requested that they change their radio program.

coax me...

Those days were fun for Barbara. When funds dribbled to a low, the two girls sat on the tiny balcony, ostensibly to acquire a ton, but actually to wait for dinner invitations from the boys in the fraternity house across the street. They often sat out until twilight came, freezing slightly, but hanging on doggedly. They squirmed while the boys they knew talked up to them from the street level.

"Are you hungry?" would eventually happen, and Susie and Barbara got off the balcony and dressed for dinner before the boys had time to decide on a date.

Funds ran so low, in fact, that Barbara took up modelling during the summer. The work was so pleasing that, came the fall term, she decided to model during the day and attend art school at night. Clerking in the college shop of Marshall Field's department store added a bit more money, and Barbara figured she was all set.

But something was going on behind her back. Corinne and Al Seaman, owners of the hotel's showroom, which Barbara worked, had sent her photograph to an RKO executive.

During the year of art school and living with the Seamans and her and with the 3000 dollars which Barbara worked, had sent her photograph to an RKO executive.

"I'm a talkie scout from RKO studios," he said. "If you're Barbara Hale, I'd like to offer you a contract."

Life for Barbara went into a whirl. There were phone calls to Mom and Dad, long talks with Susie, one long sleepless night, and her mind was made up.

"I'll be back in six months," she told her mother, and meant it. But within two weeks of her arrival she was working in front of the cameras in "Gildersleeve's Bad Day." That was her tryout. From that she progressed to a part in "Higher and Higher," with Frank Sinatra. At this point, you'd think Barbara Hale would be bubbling. She was, on the outside. But Miss Hale was not pleased with herself. She was much too busy. Living at the Studio Club, she was surrounded by hopeful movie starlets who talked her language, but she missed Mom and Dad and sweet home and the two kids.

Then she met Bill Williams. She was feeling low, but he gave her a bright smile. Bill saw behind the smile.

"How about a cup of coffee?" he said.

She found herself spilling out to him all the mixed up emotions pent up inside her for so long. Bill was kind and understanding, and Barbara suddenly saw his shoulder as the wailing wall for all her fears. Bill was fun, too. He'd drive up to the Studio Club in that old jalopy of his, and they'd stick on for a movie. Barbara would invariably dress to her teeth. Also like clockwork, Bill's jalopy would decide to play dead, and if Barbara thought she wouldn't be asked to push, she was sadly mistaken.

Barbara wrote home, "I've found a boy, Mom. I'm not in love because I wouldn't marry him on a bet."

That changed, too. Bill kept on suggesting coffee at the right times, and he had been gone a longer succession of not-funnies. Finally, he gave her a ring given by him by his mother when he was a baby. He had it enlarged for Barbara and she wore it on her right hand.

"Are you engaged, Bill?" I asked.

"Probably some day," she said. "But I won't say anything definite. But you have to be all of two years old to see that kind of love in someone, and happy with each other."

Tackling Barbara's radio friends, I found out that, along with all her other God-given gifts, she doesn't have to worry about putting on weight. She has a love for animals and birds, and adds up to almost a complex. Walking with her friends turn to something, discover, Barbara isn't there, find her a block back chuckling a baby under the chin. She asks friends to stop their cars so that she can get out and pat a stray dog. Referring to her niece and nephew, she says "my kids." She has bought a home in the Valley, and currently rattling around in it are three beds, a kitchen table and four chairs. She plans a French Provincial house, if there is ever time to build it, and will start at midnight to whip up a lampshade that she's thought up during a rehearsal.

I talked to Hank Potter, director of "Mr. Lucky," who is currently at the helm of "A Likely Story."

"Barbara is going to be a big name in this town," he told me. "What I really can't get over, Hedda, is the way the girl does. She'd have to be physically no experience, not even with a short kiss, yet she has been doing every love scene beautifully, always on the first take."

I smiled, naturally, you think, Hank," I said, "that the fact that she's doing the love scenes with Bill might have something to do with it?"

"You're right, and admitted my point. "But damn her, Hedda, this kid is good. Extraordinarily good."

"I'm not arguing with you, Hank," I said.

And I'm not. I wouldn't argue with anybody about Barbara Hale. She's all everybody says she is.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I'm a Wave, and while on leave, my four aunts took me to see the Walnut Roof in Philadelphia. During the floor show, the m.c. announced over the microphone that I was there, and concluded, "When the show is over, you're going to have to dance with Gene Kelly."

Mr. Kelly, also in a Navy uniform, must have been even more surprised than I, for he was a dancing genius, too. At the end of the show I claimed my dance. Gene was a more wonderful ballroom dancer than I could have imagined. After his studio friends escorted me back to my table, chatted with my aunts, and parted with the friendliest of good wishes—a real shipmate!
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How to grow a Model

by ONE WHO IS

1. LOVELY LILA KILNER has been admired by millions—she's a famous fashion model.

New York neighbors know her as Mrs. William Husted, a model mother. Lila recently took time out from her career to start a family. But now her daughter, Paige, is almost 2 and Lila's lovely complexion is again brightening the pages of magazines.

Lila should know how to grow an American beauty—she's one herself! Paige's complexion is "babied" with Ivory Soap care, just like Mom's! "Of course our beauty routine includes Ivory," Lila says. "Purity and baby-mildness mean a lot in complexion soap."

2. OFF TO A GOOD START—here's an early picture of Paige, at 10 months. "You could call it a page from an Ivory family album," Lila says. "First time I bathed her I used Ivory—I know more doctors advise it than any other soap! Its pure, mild lather is grand for tender baby skin."

3. LILA HAS A 24-HOUR-A-DAY JOB...
Marketing, housekeeping and modeling keep Lila busy. But no matter how she hustles, she's never careless about her complexion.

"You can't be careless, either," she says, "if you want that Ivory Look!"

4. DO YOU WANT TO BE SOMEBODY'S PINUP? Then try Paige and Lila's beauty secret! Change to regular, gentle Ivory care—and see how much softer, smoother, lovelier your complexion can be.

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