No other Shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene
with Hair Conditioner reveals
up to 33% more lustre than soap
... yet leaves hair so easy to
arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull,
slightly mousy?
Maybe it's just because you're washing
it with soap or soap shampoo... letting
soap film hide the glorious natural lustre
and color brilliance. Change to Drene with
Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any
dulling film. That's why it reveals up to
33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

Does your hair-do require
constant fiddling?
Men don't like this business of running
a comb through your hair in public! Fix
your hair so it stays put! And remember
Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair
wonderfully easy to manage, right after
shampooing! No other shampoo leaves
hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Ssssshhhh!
But have you dandruff?
Too many girls have! And what a pity.
For unsightly dandruff can be easily con-
trolled if you shampoo regularly with Drene.
Drene with Hair Conditioner removes
every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff
the very first time you use it!

Newest accessory trick is this ribbon
"choker" tied fetching in front. Wonderful to
dress up the new, low-necked evening sweaters!
Newest hair-do trick is this braided arrange-
ment with the ends of the front hair turned
over the braids, on top, to form a smooth,
shining puff! Extra lustre and smoothness
due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.

Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

MAKE A DATE WITH
Glamour

Tonight... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the
new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner!
Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this
wonderful improved shampoo can give! Extra lustre
... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos!
Manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth shining
smoothness! Complete removal of flaky dandruff!
Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.
A radiant smile holds a world of charm!

Help keep your smile bright and sparkling. Start now with Ipana and Massage!

Reach for a star, plain girl. You can find happiness, fun—without being beautiful.

Take a look at other girls who stir up excitement. Proof, most of them, that good times don't go just to the prettiest. Proof that you can be singled out by your smile.

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a mere shadow of a smile, but one of radiant charm—the kind men can't resist. Remember, though, a smile like that needs sound teeth—sparkling teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist. He may say your gums have become sensitive—deprived of exercise by soft, creamy foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

For brighter teeth, firmer gums, a smile that really sparkles, start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Start today with Ipana and Massage

Eyes light up at the sight of the girl with a bright, shining smile. Let Ipana Tooth Paste and massage help you keep your smile sparkling and attractive!
modern screen

STORIES

*A CHRISTMAS SHE'LL NEVER FORGET
On Christmas, you weren't meant to be away from Mom, cold and hungry and humping inside. That was one June Allyson Christmas, though, and that's why she's working to make up on this one (color spread) ........................................ 22

*JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME
To a flock of medium-rare, breakfasts in bed, plaid shirts—and everybody's appreciation for a G1 job well done. It's Payne, we mean (color spread) .............................. 26

NOBODY'S SWEETHEART
While there's a war on, Van Johnson is sticking close to his stag apartment—and keeping an eye peeled for a likely missis. ............................. 30

OH, KAYE!
For a split second, Danny Kaye stops looking like a gremlin, glances at his self and murmurs, "Sylvia's the head on my shoulders—can't think of a better head I'd rather be attached to...

DREAM WALKING
For a while there, Diana Lynn thought her "star bright, star tight" routine was losing its kick. But when you're 18 and shimmering with dimples, how can you lose? ........................................ 34

YOUR FAVORITE STARS OF 1944 by Louella Parsons
You picked 'em out, voted 'em in and boosted 'em up—here are the 10 top stars on your MODERN SCREEN POPULARITY POLL. .......................... 38

LON McCALLISTER, Life Story, Part 1
Raised in Hollywood, utterly unknown, with no more pull than a broken-down jeep, he was to become one of your top stars .......... 44

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS
It was a tour Garfield will never forget ... flying a starry path across the Atlantic, playing to front-line Yanks and staunch Jugoslavs, ducking bombs in Naples. ................................. 48

*COLOR PAGES
June Allyson in M-G-M's "Music For Millions" .......................... 22
John Payne in 20th-Fox's "The Dolly Sisters" ............................ 26
Margaret O'Brien in M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis" ................. 50
Mary Anderson in 20th-Fox's "Colonel Effingham's Raid" ........... 54

FEATURES
Editorial Page ................................................................. 21

BEAUTY
Perfume Weaves a Magic Spell ........................................... 52

FASHION
*Modern Screen's Fashion Guide (color spread) ..................... 46

DEPTS.
Movie Reviews .......................... .......... 6
Co-Ed ........................................ 18
Good News by Louella Parsons ........................................... 56
Super Coupon .................................................. 62

WHAT'S COOKIN', America?—The Ronald Reagans ................. 72

COVER: Joan Leslie in Warners' "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Hollywood Canteen." Kodachrome by Albin.

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M.G.M's big happy-hearted hit

BRIMMING WITH MUSIC AND THE JOY OF LIVING!

You'll love Judy singing "Clang, Clang, Goes the Trolley" and 7 oh a super song hits!

Little Miss O'Brien is even more marvelous than ever—she sings, dances, and charms your heart away!

GAY WITH SONGS! STARS! AND TECHNICOLOR!

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

STARRING

Judy GARLAND with Margaret O'BRIEN

MARY ASTOR • LUCILLE BREMER • TOM DRAKE • MARJORIE MAIN

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finklehoffe, Based on the Book by Sally Benson, Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI, Produced by ARTHUR FREED, A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

I'd be willing to bet that the year's most famous love scene will be the one in "To Have and Have Not" between Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Bogart's tough, casual-but-romantic love-making has always been tops, and the sultry blonde Lauren is a perfect foil for him. That girl is really dynamite. Sexy one minute, almost child-like the next, and always with that tremendous charm. The picture has all the fascination of "Casablanca," and its theme song, "How Little We Know," will probably rival "As Time Goes By." Hoagy Carmichael wrote it, and he sings it himself with Lauren. You'll love him as the odd, plaintive piano player in the hotel in Fort de France.

Fort de France, on the island of Martinique, isn't a very safe place in 1940. The Vichy group is in charge, but there are Free French forces at work, too. Henry Morgan (Humphrey Bogart) takes fishing parties out in his boat and tries to mind his own business and keep out of politics. He succeeds, until Marie (Lauren Bacall) comes along. Marie is tall and blonde and so thin that Morgan calls her "Slim." We'll call her that, too. "Slim" is broke, and when she gets pushed around by the Vichy police, Morgan decides to get her out of Martinique. To obtain the money for her plane fare to the States, he takes on a job for the Free French—and thereby gets himself into plenty of trouble.

The job is to smuggle a couple of De Gaullists (Continued on page 8)
Here they come...
out of the
"Wild Blue Yonder"
...flying straight
into your heart!

It's the story of guys
like Alan, Pinky and Irving...
of girls like Dorothy, Helen,
Ruth...of things like gallantry,
guts and glory! Filmed
from the Army Air Forces'
own smashing Broadway
and Hollywood stage hit!

MOSS HART'S
Winged Victory
PRESENTED BY 20TH CENTURY-FOX IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Pvt. LON McCALLISTER - JEANNE GRAIN - Sgt. EDMOND O'BRIEN - JANE BALL - Sglt. MARK DANIELS - JO-CARROLL DERNISON - Col. DON TAYLOR - JUDY HOLLIDAY
Col. LEE A. COBB - T/Sgt. PETER LIND HAYES - Col. ALAN BAXTER - Produced by Darryl F. ZANUCK - Directed by GEORGE CUKOR - Stage and Screen Play by Moss Hart
into Fort de France. It would have been all right if the patrol boat hadn’t come along. As it is, there’s some shooting, and while Morgan gets away with it, he leaves the police astounded. Furthermore, "Slim" hasn’t taken the plane home. She cashed in the ticket and is waiting at the hotel when Morgan gets back. "Did you want me to go?" she asks. She and the piano player are writing a song together. She sings it the night the police captain and his men come for Morgan. The night Morgan really goes into action in the old Bogart manner. In addition to everything else, "To Have and Have Not" can boast one of the best supporting performances of all time. With Bremner as old Eddie, Morgan’s rum-soaked pal, is something. Excuse me while I go back to see it again.—War.

**FRENCHMAN’S CREEK**

In swashbuckling elegance, this story of a handsome pirate and lovely lady wends its leisurely, romantic course. Technicolor gives the scenes on the coast of Cornwall a spectacular beauty, and red hair does the same for Joan Fontaine. Arturo De Cordova is properly dashing as the pirate. This Dona St. Columb, beautiful as she is, cannot be commended on the score either of virtue or prudence. She breaks her marriage vows, is a traitor to her country and marry a man. Yet there is a gay, reckless courage and gallantry about her that makes it easy to forget all this. Her husband, Harry (Ralph Forbes), is a fast gambler, too stupid to see that true love, the lady he married, is in Cornwall. She finds the house practically closed up, the regular servants gone, and in their place one William (Cecil Kellaway), a sly, disconcerting old man who seems to know far too much about her. The first night, Dona discovers tobacco and a book of French essays in the stand by her bed. She sees William hasten off to answer a low whistle from the dark wood nearby. So when, the next day, she hears that a French pirate is terrorizing the coast and is thought to hide in that neighborhood, she puts two and two together and gets five. It turns out to be the right answer, and the pirate turns out to be the right man. She asks him to follow her, and he accepts. Their romance is passionate, tempestuous and dangerous beyond belief. Dona accompanies her lover on a pirate raid and gets back just in time to avoid discovery by Harry and Rockingham, who arrive from London.

Rockingham takes one look at Dona’s glowing eyes and knows that another man has succeeded where he has failed. He in his turn adds two and two and gets five.

"Frenchman’s Creek" is Joan Fontaine’s picture throughout.—Par.

**THE BRIGHTON STRANGLER**

Do actors have the guts they play on the stage? Here is the story of one who lived it a little too well. Reginald Parker (John Loder) is a charming, popular actor who has achieved a terrific success in a play called "The Strangler." The play is a hit. He’s tired of strangling people," he says. "I’ve been doing it too long." The play’s last performance is given on New Year’s Eve. Afterward, at midnight, the theater is hit by a bomb. No one knows what happened to Parker, and when his fiancée hears nothing from him, he is presumed dead. Actually, he was only hit on the head and stunned. When he comes to, he has forgotten that he is Reginald Parker. He remembers only the character of Edward Grey, the "strangler" in the play. He knows that Grey went to Brighton and strangled the Lord Mayor and the Chief of Detectives. So, obeying a terrible inner compulsion, Parker entrains for Brighton. He talks with apparent normality to a pretty WAAF who happens to sit beside him. Her name is April Manby (June Duprez), who is to visit her mother and father. She finds this handsome stranger pleasant and considerate and introduces him to her family when they arrive. When they are left alone, however, he makes plans carefully, and everything goes according to schedule. The Lord Mayor is an old man. Too old to fight off this terrible stranger who wishes him to die.

The next murder is equally easy. Chief Inspector Allison is walking alone on a dark street when the silhouette of the criminal flits across his path. But the criminal is haunted by fear. Does April Manby suspect him? If she does, she too must die. John Loder gives a brilliant performance as the road agent, Michael St. Angel. This picture was adapted to the screen by Arnold Phillips and Max Nyeck from an original story they had examined for publication as a novel.—The well-known European director, Max Nyeck, brings to its production the continental flavor.
IT'S A HONEY OF A FUNNY--about love and money!

Ann Sheridan
Alexis Smith
Jack Carson
Jane Wyman
Irene Manning
Charles Ruggles
Eve Arden

A SCREENFUL OF SCREAMFUL FUN FROM WARNERS!

2 years on the stage 2000 laughs on the screen!

THE DAUGHGIRLS
FROM THE HILARIOUS B'WAY SENSATION!

with JOHN RIDGELY • JOHN ALEXANDER • CRAIG STEVENS • BARBARA BROWN • ALAN MOWBRAY
Directed by JAMES V. KERN
Screen Play by James V. Kern and Sam Hellman • Additional Dialogue by Wilkie Mackay
From the Stage Play by Joseph A. Fields • Produced by Max Gordon

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer
Produced by MARK HELLINGER
MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

It is 1903, and a pretty high school girl is sitting on the front porch humming "Meet Me In St. Louis, Louis." The rest of St. Louis is singing the same song, for it won't be long now before the World's Fair opens there. But Esther Smith (Judy Garland) happens to be humming it extra loud, as out of the corner of her eye she glimpses the boy next door. He's a very handsome boy who has just moved in there, and so far he has shown no signs of knowing Esther is alive.

"What's he doing now?" she says under her breath to her sister, Rose (Lucille Bremer). "Lighting his pipe," Rose tells her. Esther sighs elegantly. "I love a man that smokes a pipe," Rose isn't much interested. She's worried about how she can get the rest of the family out of the dining room by the time her mother's long distance phone call comes through from New York, at six-thirty. Her Yale beau, Warren (Robert Sully), has said he would call her then. Maybe he's going to propose at last. She can't bear it but probably he will talk to him in front of Mother (Mary Astor) and Dad (Leon Ames) and her little sisters. The little Smith girls, Tootie (Margaret O'Brien), and Joan (Carroll), are usually considered "adorable children," but Rose knows how devastating their comments can be.

Rose gets her call, but it's not a proposal. Warren asks her how she is and reports on the weather in New York and inquires about the weather in St. Louis. Then the time's up. Very discouraging! Esther is discouraged, too. John (Tom Drake), the boy next door, continues to ignore her. In fact it takes her all that summer to get him to the point where he calls her Esther instead of Miss Smith. Then one day they go out with a crowd to look over the site of the Fair which will open soon, and something happened that set apart from everyone else. Esther makes with the eyelashes, and—at long last—love blooms.

Mr. Smith picks this awkward time to decide to move the family from New York to St. Louis. Just when everything is exciting, with Warren coming to St. Louis, and Tootie almost getting arrested, and Esther going around with stardust in her eyes. Do they go? Well, I'll leave you to find out.

Given Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien, supported by a fine cast, any picture would be good. This one has the additional advantages of an amusing story, and Technicolor.—M.-G.-M.

P. S.

Gang on the set learned about Judy's famous Thursday,maids-night-out fried chicken dinners. Flopped over to share the fun of helping toss salads and open Pepsi. It's a free for all, make-it-yourself dinner where everyone, especially the cook, has fun.... Margaret O'Brien, be-cause of the reputation of the Gettysburg Address, is asked to recite at most every party she attends. Went to Mama with a weighty new problem (they arise daily). She promised to do my laundry and never did an encore when everyone else on the program did encores. "There's no encore to the Gettysburg Address, dear," explained her mother. "Them," decided the young actress, "let's write one!" (Continued on page 12)
Soft, endearing hands. 
They're part of every love story... part of your love story, too.

So be sure your hands stay romantic... even though you're busier than ever before. It's easy with Trushay to help you.

Before your everyday tasks, smooth on this rich, fragrant, 'beforehand' lotion. It's the new idea in hand care.

Trushay guards your hands, even in hot, soapy water... helps keep them smooth and thrilling! Try it today.
I'LL BE SEEING YOU

The most important thing about "I'll Be Seeing You" is pointers not the fact that this has a scene where Shirley Temple gets a little bit tight. But when I think of the days of "Little Miss Marker"-ask!-ask! time certainly made Shirley's role is only incidental to the main love story, that of Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten. It's a love story in which boy is kept from getting girl by an incredible fact. A-B-G is a psychoneurotic case on leave from an Army hospital. B-Girl is on Christmas vacation from prison.

If that "vacation from prison" business sounds a little odd, just remember that prisons aren't like they used to be, and wardens are learning psychology. Mary (Ginger Rogers) is a well-behaved prisoner who has served four years of her seven-year term. The wardens thinks she should begin to adjust herself to the outside world again. Mary is guilty of that, but she has no idea of the eyes of them, although it's difficult to see how she could have avoided doing what she did. She was working in an office, and her boss invited her to a party. When she got there, she found out that she was all the "party" there was. The boss was drunk and on the make, and in the ensuing struggle he fell out of the window. If it had been a first-floor window, no one would ever have known anything about the incident. But it was the fourteenth, and Mary was, in the eyes of the law, the cause of his death.

Zach (Joseph Cotten) is a psychoneurotic case because he has been a good soldier. Too good. He did his job and killed a lot of Japs, and for that reason he didn't want it any longer. He cracked up.

He and Mary meet on a train. They both have ten days, but Zach doesn't know where Mary is from or that she has to go back. He only knows that she gives him such a feeling of calm support that he wants to stay near her. So he gets off with her at the small town where she's going to visit her friend and her family.

The Marshalls have a daughter, Barbara (Shirley Temple). At seventeen, you're inclined to dramatize things, and Barbara regards Mary as a dangerous, unfriendly outsider from society. One day she talks too much, and the delicate, beautiful love affair which has begun between Zach and Mary is shattered. Still, it might be possible to pick up the pieces, if two people cared enough.—U.A.

P. S.

A brand new motion picture institution is launched with the release of this picture. It's Vanguard Films, Inc., which is offering "I'll Be Seeing You." Ginger Rogers has the fashion features turned on. Hardly had she stepped into her starring platform and left Shirley Temple clump up to be glamorized. Ginger, as a prisoner on Christmas furlough, couldn't have much of a wardrobe. Speaking of Christmas furloughs for convicts—Vanguard, seeking information on such a plan from parole boards, discovered it's being widely discussed, pro and con, in all of the forty-eight states. . . . Specialists at Hoff General Hospital at Santa Barbara were called in as technical advisers on scenes dealing with Joe Cott of twelve as a returned soldier, victim of psychoneurosis.

TOMORROW THE WORLD

Can a boy reared under the Nazi regime ever be a decent citizen by American standards? That problem is presented with fascinating realism in this picture made from the Broadway play. The remarkable performances of young Skippy Hoeimer is responsible for much of its appeal. He is aided by such expert craftsmen as Fredric March, Betty Field and Agnes Moorehead. Joan Carroll is effective as the small girl who tries to teach the Nazi boy sportsmanship.

She has very tough going indeed in her attempt. Emil brukner has lived twelve years in Nazi Germany. He has nothing but contempt for the weaknesses and stupidities of the American relatives who take him into their home. He regards his uncle Michael (Fredric March) with curiosity and his cousin Pat (Joan Carroll) with abhorrence. Both are girls, and girls are not important in the Nazi world.

Emil is shocked to find that his uncle is engaged to a Jewess. Fielding's (Betty Field) are the intelligent schoolteacher, but Emil can't understand how Michael can marry a member of an outcast race. He decides to break up this attachment immediately. It is odd how slow the members of the household are to realize the sinister character of their visitor. Perhaps because it is a Joe Cott of twelve as a returned soldier, victim of psychoneurosis.
Together Again

THE YEAR'S MOST EXCITING ROMANTIC COMEDY!

WITH

Charles COBURN

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp and F. Hugh Herbert
Produced by VIRGINIA VAN UPP - Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
Pat is non-committal. She does everything possible to make Emil feel at home, but she can see that all their efforts are getting nowhere. Emil is still a Nazi. It is through Pat, eventually, that the situation comes to a climax. It is through her, too, that it is resolved.—U. A.

**P. S.**

In bringing this story to the screen, Producer Lester Cowan believes he is also bringing movie audiences the meanest, nastiest juvenile menace in history. It is twelve-year-old Skippy Homie, who created the role on Broadway, and reaches heights in villainy that would embarrass a Karloff, a Lorre or a Lugosi. . . . Fredric March had seen the play in New York and knew that Skippy was likely to steal the picture, but eagerly accepted Cowan's offer because of the importance of the story. Miss Betty Field, almost for the first time in pictures, played a straight role. . . . Through all the assault, battery, and mayhem in the picture, Skippy and Rudy Wissler were the only casualties. They came down with poison oak as a result of falling into the stuff during filming of their battle on the final day of the shooting schedule.

**THE THIN MAN GOES HOME**

Crime statistics should take a rapid drop, now that the Thin Man is back on the job. William Powell as Nick Charles is still the most fascinating detective on record, and Myrna Loy is still the most charming detective's wife. Asta once more leaps happily at lamp posts. Nick and Nora are transposed from their usual gilded haunts of sin to a new locale. It's the sleepy town of Sycamore Springs, where Nick grew up. He hasn't been back for a long time. His father Dr. Charles (Harry Davenport) doesn't approve of detectives, particularly the Scotch-drinking variety. When Nick is asked to take a case involving subversive activities in his home town, he protests wildly. "I'd die of thirst!" But he goes at last, still protesting, and Nora goes, too.

Nick's mother (Lucille Watson) is delighted to see them. And when Dr. Charles finds that Nick has switched from Scotch to sweet cider, he greets them with enthusiasm. Not so enthusiastic are some other characters around town. "Crazy Mary," for instance, a witch-like fugitive from a straw-jacket, cons Nick over the head with a 'coffee pot at the first opportunity. The president of the bank regards Nick's detecting with a coldness that might stem from a guilty conscience.

Something peculiar is certainly under way in the town. Nick's arrival acts as a catalytic agent, and within a few days, there are two murders. Then there is the matter of the painting which Nora bought as a birthday present for Nick, and which appears and disappears in the most outrageous fashion. Nick is not entranced with the painting, but he objects to having his possessions swiped at regular intervals.

Nora, of course, knows who did the murdering. She even confides his name to Nick. Unfortunately, her candidate for the electric chair is a New York police detective in disguise. But he makes a nice suspect to keep her out of mischief, while Nick does the real sleuthing. Until you've seen Nora "tailing" her suspect, you haven't lived! It's all merry, as well as mystifying, and you'll find Gloria De Haven, Helen Vinson, Donald Meek and Anne Revere among those under suspicion.—M-G-M.
P. S.

A painting of Bill Powell, copied and photographed on canvas by an Italian artist, was discovered on the walls of a Venetian castle by Sgt. J. C. Lewis (Diana’s brother) in Italy. Sgt. Lewis mailed the picture home in a shell case. Bill gave it to his mother as a birthday gift. . . . During production Mrs. Asta (wife of the famous movie star) gave birth to quintuplets. Present for the proud father came to the set. It was a box with five tiny fire-plugs, and the card said, “From one doggoned good family to another. Lassie.” . . . Donald and Mrs. Meek left for Mexico after Don’s scenes were completed. It’s their first vacation for ten years. Both have been studying Spanish for several months. . . . Myrna learned to jitterbug from her maid, Theresa Penn, who is a national champion. Theresa supplied the jive records, and the two spent hours together cutting rugs.

AND NOW TOMORROW

When Alan Ladd plays a doctor, he leaves out the bedside manner. He uses a hypodermic needle as if it were a machine gun. In “And Now Tomorrow” his Dr. Merek Vance is as hard and cynical as any gangster he ever played, yet underneath the hardness are the qualities which a good doctor needs most—courage and understanding.

He needs understanding especially for the case of Emily Blair. Emily, played by Loretta Young, is the aristocratic and beautiful owner of the Blairstown mills. She has never come into contact with poverty or illness—until she has an attack of meningitis which leaves her stone deaf. Emily is engaged to Jeff Stoddard (Barry Sullivan), but she has too much pride to let the marriage go through, now that she has lost her hearing. She tries to give Jeff back his ring, but he makes her keep it and tells her she’ll soon be cured.

His optimism is not justified. For two years Emily travels from one specialist to another, only to learn that there is no cure for deafness caused by meningitis. At last she comes back to Blairstown, and her family doctor (Cecil Kellaway) persuades her to let his young assistant, Dr. Vance, try some new serum treatments.

Vance and Emily are antagonistic from the beginning, yet they feel a subconscious attraction. Vance is the son of a mill worker, and has hated the Blair family since his poverty-stricken childhood. Emily resents this attitude and also his cavalier rudeness to her, as a patient. Yet when she knows him better, she admires him as both a doctor and as a man.

Jeff, meanwhile, has involved himself in a secret romance with Emily’s sophisticated sister, Janice (Susan Hayward). You can’t blame him too much—Emily has been away a long time, and she never did love him in Janice’s wild, reckless fashion. But he doesn’t want to hurt Emily, and in spite of Janice’s pleas, is prepared to marry her if she still wants him.

She thinks she does want him. She even plans the wedding and rehearses it. Then two things happen in quick succession which change her whole life.—Par.

P. S.

Paramount’s picturization of the Rachel Field best seller brings Alan Ladd back before the cameras following ten months’ service in the United States Air Corps. . . . Cecil Kellaway bicycled between the sets of “And Now Tomorrow” and “Practically Yours.” N. Y. was also paling him for “Out of This World,” but other commitments prevented him from accepting.

In wartime as in peace

A special process keeps KLEENEX
luxuriously soft—dependably strong!

In your own interest, remember—there is only one Kleenex® and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

Because only Kleenex has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you’ve come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that saves as it serves up just one double tissue at a time.

That’s why it’s to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is “just like Kleenex”.

In these days of shortages—we can’t promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we’ll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

There is only one KLEENEX®

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY

Not since “The Glass Key” has there been as tough, fast-moving and absorbing a thriller as “Farewell, My Lovely.” The characters in it aren’t nice people, and they’ll probably give you nightmares, but they’ll also give you an exciting two hours. Marlowe, the private detective, is a new kind of role for Dick Powell, and he handles it well. Marlowe is no Sunday School type, but he has his good qualities. One of them is to let his client down. Even after the client has been murdered.

As you can imagine, this doesn’t endear him to the murderer. In fact, from that first moment when a huge hulk of a man called “Moose” Malloy comes into Marlowe’s office, no insurance company would give you a dime on the detective’s life. On the face of it, what’s called “Marlowe” (Mike Mazurki) wants is simple. He wants Velma. When he went to jail six years ago, Velma, a beautiful redhead, said she’d be waiting for him when he came out. Now he’s out, and where’s Velma? That’s what he wants Marlowe to discover.

Marlowe gets another case the same night, but an odd coincidence. Or is it a coincidence? A man named Marriott asks him to go along with him to buy back some jade stolen by crooks. The trip doesn’t turn out well, for Marlowe is slugged, and while he’s unconscious, someone murders Marriott.

Tracing his late customer’s activities leads Marlowe into several peculiar situations. He meets old Mr. Greyle and his voluptuous young wife (Claire Trevor). He also meets Greyle’s daughter, Ann. Anne Shirley makes him the only nice normal person in the whole picture, so it’s no wonder he falls in love with her. But he still has to find out who killed Marriott, so he plays along with Mr. Greyle—vice versa. Through her, he is led to a psychiatrist, is beaten up thoroughly and finally meets “Moose” Malloy again. Marlowe makes some fancy deductions, and when it’s over, you’ll need milk and aspirin to soothe your shattered nerves.—RKO.

P. S.

This is based on Raymond Chandler’s book, which is one of the most widely read of modern detective novels.

YOUR FAVORITE STARS OF 1944

On page 36, you’ll see our spread on “Your Favorite Stars of 1944.” And in a way, this is a sort of p.s., because we’d now like to extend those first ten to include the first forty-five on the M. S. popularity poll.

1. Frank Sinatra
2. Alan Ladd
3. Marlene Dietrich
4. Van Johnson
5. Betty Grable
6. Capt. Ronald Reagan
7. Ginger Rogers
8. Gene Kelly
9. Shirley Temple
10. John Payne
11. Erich Von Stroheim
12. Lieut. Jean Pierre Aumont
13. Pvt. Donald O’Connor
14. Alice Faye
15. Danny Kaye
16. Lieut. Tyrone Power
17. Sonny Tufts
18. Merchant Seaman Dick Jaeckel
19. Rita Hayworth
20. Greer Garson
21. S. Z. Sakall
22. Judy Garland
23. (Tied) Helmut Dantine
24. Dana Andrews
25. Bob Walker
26. Paulette Goddard
27. Roy Rogers
28. Gloria Dehaven
29. Sonja Henie
30. Betty Hutton
31. June Allyson
32. Sammy Kaye
33. Cary Grant
34. James Craig
35. Joseph Cotten
36. Selznick
37. George Montgomery
38. Gloria Jean
39. Bill Eydie
40. Kane Noda
41. Dick Haymes
42. Turhan Bey
43. Deanna Durbin
44. Jack Oakie
45. Peggy Ryan

*Low rating due to fact that star has only recently appeared in a movie which caught public fancy. For example, June Allyson, on page 36, for only about three months, has skyrocketed from place 31 to the monthly MODERN SREEN poll since “Two Girls And A Sailor” was released.
stepdaughter gets a yen for the sculptor. The rest is catch-as-catch-can until the statue of Jonathan once more loses its head, and Anne loses her heart.—Col.

P. S.
Irene Dunne has learned to jitterbug! Claims she had the best teacher in the world—her own daughter, Mary Frances Griffin. . . . Requests from overseas servicemen often ask for records. Since it's impossible to send regular discs through the mails because of the breakage, Irene has been recording songs on cardboard discs which are just large enough for a verse and a chorus. . . . Irene has also turned composer and written a song for the WAVES titled "Long May They WAVE." She's the first Hollywood star to make U. S. service-women her personal concern. When she learned that they are not admitted to many of the canteens in the Celluloid of the Sea, she started inviting them to her home for a weekly tea when she is between pictures.

THE FUGITIVE

Gloria Jean has to cope with the difficult role of a blind girl with supernatural powers, in this new picture. She is more convincing than you might expect. The title role is played by Alan Curtis—a fugitive from the police throughout the picture. Frank Craven, Frank Fenton, Grace McDonald and Minna Gombell give him moral or immoral support, depending on which side of the law they're on.

Cliff Banks (Alan Curtis) is a fugitive because he has been innocently involved in a bank robbery. The origin of the involvement dates back a few years to San Francisco. Cliff comes into a night club there, a fresh, cocky kid who thinks he knows all the answers. He falls for the singer, Phyllis (Vivian Austen), who introduces him to a bad hat named Sam Baker. Through Sam, Cliff gets mixed up in a safe cracking job, and after that the cops catch him and pop him into San Quentin for three years. When he comes out, he's determined to go straight. He goes to work in a factory and is leading an upright, if monotonous, existence when whom should he meet on the road to town one day but good old Sam! He gives him a lift to town. He isn't even suspicious when Sam asks him to wait in front of the bank while he cashes a check. It isn't until he hears shots that Cliff realizes he has once more been tricked into taking part in a robbery. The police are hot on his trail, and he's once more a fugitive. Cliff flies in his flight at the ranch of Clem Broderick and his daughter, Jane (Gloria Jean). Jane is blind, but nature has endowed her with senses the rest of us do not possess. Cliff is impressed by her lovely innocence. That night he dreams that he kills Clem and pursues Jane madly across the ranch. He wakes up shuddering and decides to leave before he succumbs to the temptation to make the dream come true. Does he go? Or does Jane's sweetness reform him? This department will be glad to hold the stakes if anyone would care to bet.—Univ.

P. S.
Gloria rehearsed for her scene, which co-stars a swarm of bees, garbed in netting and a long, tight-fitting robe. In actual shooting she had to brave the swarm with bare arms and legs. Strangely, she didn't suffer one sting. . . . Frank Craven celebrated his sixtieth year in the theater by stating he intends to die with his stage make-up on. He's one of America's outstanding collectors of theatrical keepsakes, and on his birthday he was presented with the stage door of the Boston Museum Theater—famous in the 1800's.

HOLLYWOOD'S

PAN-AMERICAN

MUSICAL ROMANCE!

Romance rides on the wings of melody and gaiety! Thrill to the new delights of an enchanted land abounding in exciting escapades of dashing vaqueros and dazzling senoritas.

BRAZIL

Co-starring

TITO

GUizar

VIRGINIA

BRUCE

Featuring

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

ROBERT LIVINGSTON

VELOZ & YOLANDA

FORTUNIO BONANNOVA

ROY ROGERS

(KING OF THE COWBOYS)

AS GUEST STAR

SONGS:

"Brazil" • "Rio de Janeiro"

"Tonight You're Mine"

"Moonlight Fiesta"

"Upa Upa" • "Vaquero Song" • "Cafe" • "Chora"

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

17
Tongue-tied at strategic moments? Or worse, a nonsensical babbler? You needn't be any more!

Making with the right words comes awfully hard to some of us. Oh, we speak the language all right; it's not that. It's coping with difficult situations—like accepting a compliment or dishing one out; like brushing off a persistent beau without crushing same; like disagreeing with someone violently but with dignity. How can you possibly be smooth when you keep finding yourself speechless at crucial moments, or worse still, uttering all the wrong noises? That's right, joe, you can't, but take heart. Here are some bright, right words for you to study and remember.

"Gee You're Beautiful!" Maybe he won't say it in so many words. More likely it'll come out, "Whee, lookit you!" Anyway, sugar, it's a compliment, and it's your cue to be pleased. If you get flustered and fluttery, saying, "My hair never looked worse," or "What? In this old bag?" you'll embarrass him to death, and he'll wind up thinking you don't look so hot at that. Next time he says something sweet, beam at him and say, "There you go stealing my line. I was just thinking how wonderful you look," or "I don't believe it, but I love it," or just plain, "Gosh, thank you, Bill."

The guys like a kind word too now and then, so don't forget to say approving things about new jackets, new overcoats, even a new hair-cut, if you can, in conscience. Don't lay it on; just let it go at, "Mmm, mad for the new coat," or—unfeminine, but okay nonetheless—give them the old double whistle.

I Disagree: It starts off just plain chit-chat with you and Jane and Dot, but somehow (Continued on page 68)
WITH THIS NEWLY LUSTROUS, TRUE LACQUER MAKE-UP

Chen Yu long lasting nail lacquer . . . newly lustrous and each shade newly rich, newly elegant . . . dresses your nails in the brilliance of precious jewels. Oh so flattering to your hands! Very possibly, very probably it’s time for you to try a new shade. So we offer to send you trial bottles of any two and a free trial size bottle of Chen Yu lacquerol base coat (it’s that extra coat of added beauty and longer wear).

*Note especially “Pink Sapphire”, “Oriental Sapphire”, “Black Sapphire”, and remember any Chen Yu shade just hates to chip!

CHEN YU
made in U. S. A.
LONG LASTING NAIL LACQUER

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More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands put together!

That's why *I* use it...

That's why **SHE** uses it...

**WE** have that *Ivory Look*...

Here's how you can have softer, smoother skin, too

There's a way for you to have a smoother, softer complexion—starting today! A way to have that glowing Ivory Look yourself. An easy way—too. Just listen to baby's beauty hint, and change from careless skin care to regular, gentle cleansings with that pure, mild cake of Ivory.

Ivory Soap contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate tender skin. More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands put together! Do you need a better reason to try it—now? 99¾% pure
Yesterday, Al Delacorte called me on the phone, “Frank,” he said, “I know you’re a busy guy. But would you like to . . . I mean would you be willing to speak a little piece about Christmas on our readers’ page? You see . . .”

I cut in. “Sure I see. And if I’m busy, so what? I love Christmas. I love your readers. And, if you must know, I love MODERN SCREEN!”

So here I am—a writer! I ought to call this the “Revenge of Frank Sinatra.” All this year (not to mention last year), everyone has been too nice to me. Everything has come my way. I’ve been dying for this chance to get back and tell how I feel about you . . . at Christmas.

I’m a pushover for Christmas. I go for the tall, sweet-smelling trees, the tinsel balls, the puddings and eggnog—even Crosby’s “Silent Night.” But above all, I cherish the thought that Christmas is the day dedicated to friendship.

These days, when hatred is still fighting crazily for its dictatorship, it is good to know that the sacred legend of Christmas is alive in the hearts of Americans: Peace on earth. Good will toward men.

My one regret this Christmas will be that I cannot go to each loyal friend and say, “You’ve been wonderful. Merry Christmas. And God bless you!”

P.S. If I were to get a Christmas card from you (addressed to MODERN SCREEN), I’d not only be tickled silly. I’d be deeply touched.
June Allyson can’t forget it—rain and
tears and aching for Mom and running away.

June trudged along in the rain, and her small suitcase flopped against her leg.

Three days before Christmas. Fine Christmas it was going to be. She’d probably get pneumonia and die, and then she’d be sorry. On second thought, she didn’t have to die just yet. But she’d certainly hover on the brink for a good long time, and the doctor’d say, “She’s sinking rapidly,” and for one awful minute they’d think she was dead, then her lids would flutter, and she’d smile this angelic smile, faint but forgiving—

People turned to look at her. Rain pouring down and no umbrellas. Could they tell she was running away? After all, twelve wasn’t so young—she just happened to be small for her age. Besides, you couldn’t call it really running away—not when you were going to New York to find your mother.

There was the station now. If only she had the money for a ticket, how easy it would be. Hop on the train, change to the subway, get off at 138th and wait in the flat till Mother got home from work. Mothers understand. She always understood. Maybe she’d let June stay till after Christmas.

Well, she didn’t have the money, not even a penny of it, so she’d just have to walk. Her eyes turned from the station to the rainswept road ahead, and back. It wouldn’t hurt to go in and rest for a while—give the rain a chance to let up maybe.
June shares her love of dogs with Bette Davis, still has a soft spot in her heart for her mutt "Winsocki" who one day went out looking for her—and never returned!

Denying those 4 baths per day are for weight-whittling purposes, June washes her hair daily but is careless about her clothes, drops 'em all over the apt. and neglects mending and pressing angle.

Al Delacorte had a finger in the sizzling John Payne-Glo De Haven romance. Seems Sue Ladd arranged to have John pick her up for Ye Ed's party and bingo! they've been dating 3, 4 times a week!

continued→
a xmas she'll never forget

She sat down at the end of a bench near the radiator, took off her hat and shook out some of the water, adjusted her brace back to the back of the seat. If not for the brace, she wouldn't get tired so quick. Three years now she'd been wearing it—three years since she'd been caught under that falling tree in front of Granny's little house. And the doctor said she'd have to wear it two more years at least. Well, anyhow they'd stopped shaving her head where the wound had been. Her hair was getting almost long enough to stick a bow in—if she had a bow—

My, it was nice and warm here. The radiator was even making her drowsy. She leaned her head back, and pictures began forming . . .

Last Christmas at Granny's. Something twisted inside her, the way it always did when she thought of Granny. But last Christmas she'd still been happy. Come to think of it, she'd never been sad in Granny's little house. Not even through those long months in bed after the accident. Granny'd always been there to make her feel good, and Mother stayed with them a lot. It didn't cost as much as coming out to Long Island. All she had to do was ride to the end of the subway line for a nickel, then take the streetcar.

Last Christmas she'd come in laughing out of the cold and put her packages under the tree. June's present was the loveliest white silk blouse. This Christmas—

June's eyes filled. She knew she'd been bad, but it hadn't seemed so dreadful when she did it—

All she wanted was to keep her father's picture for a while, so she could look at it again. She'd never seen a picture of her father. She'd always kind of hated to ask Mother, because it might hurt her. But it wouldn't hurt Auntie, who wasn't even related to her father—

So she'd begged till Auntie finally showed her the picture. Just for a second, without giving her a chance to see what he really looked like. It wasn't enough for June. So after the others were asleep, she tiptoed out and took it from the dresser drawer and slipped it under her pillow, thinking she'd take a real good look in the morning and then put it back.

Generally, she woke up early but this morning she didn't. She was just kind of half waking up when Auntie came in.

"June, did you take your father's picture?"

"No," she said sleepily. (Continued on page 85)
MODERN SCREEN's Sylvia Wallace helped June pick out hat for holiday whirl. She tends toward dark clothes, has to force herself to wear bright colors.

While Christmas shopping, June couldn't resist buying teddy bear for crony's baby. A reckless shopper, she'd grab everything in sight if Bess didn't rein her in. She won't return anything because she's afraid to offend salesclerk!
Terrifically clothes-conscious, he goes to a very expensive tailor till his conscience steers him to a cheaper one where he’s never satisfied. Before moths banqueted on wardrobe in storage, he hung on to every suit for years, mostly for sentimental attachment. First post-Army role will be lead in "The Dolly Sisters."

Johnny once held job on strength of his piano-playing, does all his composing at keyboard. First song he peddled, "In My Heart," brought $25, sold "all of 50 copies" and then dropped into oblivion.

Solitaire's too frustrating to be fun for honest John. Prefers bowling, campasing, writing, talking. But he was often too tuckered out in Army for anything but cards.
On Johnny's last leave before discharge from Army, he shopped for Julie's Christmas presents and wrapped 'em because he didn't know where he'd be come Dec.

By Fredda Dudley

Johnny comes marching home

But Mr. Payne, Army Air Forces retired, in his red and blue shirt and houndstooth slacks, couldn't forget to salute the colonel!

When John Payne was ordered to the Monterey Separation Center in Northern California, as one of a group of 5000 pilots, he knew that the job he and they had been doing for the Army was completed and that they were to be placed on inactive status. John had been a little too old to be trained for combat flying, but he had done a good job in the training program—all that is asked of anyone—and now that he was to be graduated from reveille, he was as eager as every other demobilized man will be.

On his way to Monterey, he stopped at the storage company—where his wardrobe was fighting it out with the moths—and discovered that he was the owner of one pair of houndstooth checked slacks, one somewhat weary navy blue suit, and one salt and pepper tweed suit. Everything else had been devoured.

With a few choice comments on the patriotism of American moths entrusted with a serviceman’s property, John packed his remaining clothes and reported for separation from the armed forces.

That task accomplished, he proceeded first to a peaceful resort town (Continued on following page)
Simple pleasures of home—eating kumquats off the tree.

An ardent sunworshipper since he came west, he works hard at getting tan, strips to waist every time Sol peeps out nearby (Carmel-By-The-Sea) and rented a hotel room, then went shopping, to wit: One red and blue plaid wool shirt, one orange and yellow plaid shirt, one red silk cowboy neckerchief, one Paisley ascot scarf. On the double he returned to his room, shed his khakis and accoutered himself in his houndstooth checked slacks, his red and blue plaid wool shirt, and his red silk neckerchief—knotted at the side of his throat—and surveyed himself in the mirror. Very sharp citizen.

Emerging upon the streets, he set out in search of reading matter. The sale of dark glasses in Carmel rose 127% in an hour. As John stalked along he met a full colonel, and habit being stronger than his awareness of his civvies, he saluted smartly.

The colonel returned the salute, then smiled. “How long have you been out, son?” he wanted to know.

“Five hours, sir,” said John sheepishly.

He bought a copy of Fantastic Stories and a tall bottle of—say—Pepsi Cola, and returned to his room. Pulling off his shoes, he plumped up two pillows, turned on the reading lamp beside the bed, and subsided into the feathers with the magazine in one hand and the beverage in the other. A deep mattress, a sense of aloneness unknown in barracks, no lights-out order pending, no reveille. Ah, wilderness were Paradise enow.

The following day John varied his routine by wearing the salt and pepper trousers, the orange plaid shirt and the Paisley ascot. He was having a thick, rare steak at the Russian Inn at noon when two girls from Hollywood (one of them being Kay Hardy of Modern Screen) strolled past his booth, recognized him—despite a suntan darker than
a G.I. shoeshine, and a mustache that made Colonna look like a stripling—and joined John.

That afternoon the three of them hailed a taxi to take the world-famed Seventeen Mile Drive around the Monterey peninsula. The cab driver was wearing khaki, so John asked him how come. The cabby explained that he was on 3-day pass, and he drove a cab to unravel the transportation snarl and to make a little extra dough. “I just got out of the Army,” John said, to explain his interest.

The cabby looked back over his shoulder and nearly drove over a cliff. “Whatcha do with your old khakis?”

When John said they were lying around the hotel room, the cabby made a deal to acquire the outfit. John took his name and address and made it a point to deliver the outfit personally. Good deal by a thoughtful guy.

They reached the celebrated Del Monte Lodge at dinner time. “Food,” drooled John. “Steaks, broccoli with Hollandaise sauce. Potatoes au gratin. Oh, my shattered nerves, such food.” He ended by having a steak and a dessert concocted of bananas, two kinds of ice cream, chopped nuts, assorted syrups and a dash of whipped cream.

During his stay in Carmel, John had been trying desperately to get train reservations to Hollywood, but it began to look hopeless. So Saturday morning he arrived at the apartment of his friends and verbally thumbed a ride south. They set out at noon and drove along the magnificent coast highway, singing as they sped.

The trio stopped at a small town to buy gasoline and the girl manning the gas pump stared admiringly at John as he crossed the street to buy fruit and sandwiches. “Mmmm. Good looking, isn’t he? Might be a movie star.”

One of the girls, always good for a gag, asked, “Don’t you think he looks a lot like John Payne?”

The petrol polly shook her head in a judicial negative. “More like Ray Milland,” she said. Only when John was tagged by a group of loitering school kids, and agreed to give his autograph to the gang, did she admit an error of identification.

John’s first problem upon arriving in Hollywood was to find a place to live. He was to be a hotel guest for the single week now allowed travelers, but at the expiration of that period he had to have a house so that Julie, his handsome 4-year-old daughter, could join him.

John’s notions about a house were extremely flexible; there were only two positive requirements, a fireplace and a convenient spot for his Capehart phonograph recorder.

John’s method of securing housing, was direct and ingenious. He started out in an attractive district, on foot, andcased the homes. When he found one that appealed to him, he marched up, rang the doorbell and said to the astonished householder, “I admire your home very much. Is it, by chance, for sale?”

After three days of this, he actually located an elderly couple in Brentwood who were planning to place their home on the market the following week. Happy ending: John bought the house and moved in the following family: Julie, her nurse, a cook, one dog and one cat.

His home established, John left town on a vacation to be followed by a Bond tour. Upon his return, 20th Century-Fox will have a script ready for him. Also awaiting his return will be a G.I.’s dream of romance, Gloria de Haven, with whom John has enjoyed most of his recent dates.

In ’39, he spent $5000 on clothes, had reputation as one of H’wood’s best-dressed. Lives in sweaters, slacks around house. Anticipating post-war property boom, he invested in 15 acres.
Who're we kiddin'?

Because while 50,000 gals are neither too young nor too old to swoon over Van Johnson—he's still on the hunt for an ever-lovin' Mrs. J.

Just back from a rest at Arrowhead, Van grabs a dance with Janie Wyman. He still chuckles over time he swept into club—fell flat on his face! Whereupon 4 gals rushed to pick him up, dust him off!

nobody’s sweetheart by Nancy Winslow Squires

One day last March a girl named Betty, who works for M-G-M, found on her desk a box brimming over with flowers. The card said: “Thanks again, Van Johnson.”

Betty was enchanted, but puzzled. Why the flowers, and what was Van thanking her for? Suddenly her eyes flew to the calendar. March 30th! Of course! It all came flooding back—

A year ago today—working late at the studio—leaving around 8—reaching Venice Boulevard just in time to hear the horrible sound of crashing cars—fighting back the sick sense of shock—racing across the street—helping Keenan Wynn pull Van out of the overturned car—phoning for help—sitting beside Van till it came, and the awful drip of blood from his head—Van lying there, trying to smile, speaking only once—“I can’t stand that sound”—wadding up her scarf, putting it where it would deaden the sound—

Betty brushed the scene from her mind. Van was all right now. Nothing left but fading scars and the plate in his head. She smiled at the flowers. How like him to remember the day this way—

Something’s left beside the scars and the plate in Van’s head. Something that makes him feel he can’t live a full-time life (Continued on page 60)
After guesting on CBS Burns and Allen show, Van Brown Derby'd with them and their daughter, Sandra, who is "engaged" to Van along with 6-year-old Linda Leroy, the director's child.

M-G-M's recent birthday gift was the late John Barrymore's portable dressing room where Van takes time out from "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" to personally autograph those NAA cards. (See p. 10 for details.)

Van's part in the "Dr. Gillespie" series is being terrifically built up with the next one to feature Gloria De Haven in "a junior Bette Davis" role. (Kibitzing with "Good News" Parsons.)
All Danny needs is a twist of the heart
to shift from a kid with a shoe-box bank to
a pixie with a double-talk jabber.

Two kids grew in Brooklyn—on the selfsame street—and never met. Sylvia's father was a dentist. Danny minded his office for a dollar and a quarter a week, but never ran into his daughter. They attended the same high school. Sylvia went in for music and dramatics. Danny was wrapped up in baseball and lived for the day he could start pre-medical work. He didn't so much as join a debating club.

Years later he walked into a New York loft building to rehearse for a show. The lyric-writer, a dark-haired girl, sat at the piano. They were introduced. “Sylvia Fine—Danny Kaye—”

“And if I hadn't met her,” he says, “I wouldn't be where I am today.”

Where he is today, is in a class by himself. Try to bracket or compare him with anyone else, and you're lost. The most original talent since Chaplin, somebody called him. Over four years ago, he became the rage of New York. Thanks to Samuel Goldwyn, he now belongs to the millions.

On a recent weekend trip to Chi's “Chez Paris,” the Kayes sold $1,252,000 worth of bands, then searched “Cradle” for youngster to adapt. Writer-wife Sylvia is sure new number's tops—if at first Dan hates it!

An opera and ballet friend, Danny can reel off fluent Chinese and Japanese he picked up while touring the Orient. (Discovering Virginia Mayo in “The Wonder Man.”)
He remains a little leery of the movies. They couldn't drag him to the preview of "Up in Arms." "I'd sit there and die inside," he said, "or I'd jump up on the screen and try to change it."

Toughest thing about movies is having no audience. An audience is the match that sets him alight. On first nights he sits in his dressing room, quaking and sweating. The minute he's onstage, something happens between him and the people out there that sets him free, gives him buoyancy and power and the same kind of mastery over his medium that a musician has over his violin—

Making movies, you have to imagine your audience. Same as at rehearsals. Danny's no good in rehearsal. "Let's Face It," his first starring show, featured a fairy-tale number in baby talk. They opened in Boston. Danny walked out for the dress rehearsal, to an empty stage and an empty theater—

"Once upon a time." (Continued on page 79)
dream walking

Diana Lynn's lilting along in a dreamy

18-year-old world of roller coasters, dates and ice-cream binges!

Mother said, "You've always got your piano to go back to."

Dolly burst into tears. "I don't want my piano to go back to. I want to act."

It was silly to cry. But now she'd started, she couldn't seem to turn it off. Guess she'd been waiting to cry for a year and a half. Might as well get it over with.

She understood how Mother felt. Music would always be Mother's first love. Once it had been Dolly's, too, but now she loved acting more. So you've-got-your-piano-to-go-back-to was like waving a red flag under her nose. Which certainly needed blowing at the moment—

She looked up. A watery smile came through. "I'm all right now."

"Look, Dolly," said Dad. "You're 15. Your mother and I both think you're old enough to make decisions. If acting's what you want, that's fine with us."

"It's what I want all right, if they'll ever let me do it."

"Well, they haven't fired you yet."

That's what she couldn't figure out. They wouldn't release her, and they wouldn't put her to work. Ever since "There's Magic in Music," she'd been hanging around the Paramount lot, doing absolutely nothing. Except cry on Bill Russell's shoulder. Bill was the dramatic coach, and an angel. "Wait, honey," he'd say. "Don't get discouraged." But how could you not get discouraged? Every once in a while she'd gather herself together and go see Mr. Meiklejohn, head of the studio talent department. (Continued on page 83)
Cooking fascinates her; she can't understand how mixture of egg, flour, etc., comes up cake! Dates often between pics; Sat. only during production; different guy each night. If she overstays Mom's curfew, she must call and explain.
1st place: Frank Sinatra—
"Listening to that boy sing is like getting kissed." (From sneak preview card of "Higher And Higher," 1944.)

2nd place: Alan Ladd—
"...Edward G. Robinson—with dimples..." (From sneak preview card of "This Gun For Hire," 1942.)

5th place: Betty Grable—
"Just saw a dream walking..." (From sneak preview card of "A Yank In The RAF," 1940.)

6th place: Capt. Ronald Reagan—
"He'd be so nice to come home to..." (From sneak preview card of "Kings Row," 1941.)

8th place: Gene Kelly—
"Kelly talks with his feet, and manages to say plenty." (From sneak preview card of "For Me and My Gal," 1942.)

9th place: Shirley Temple—
"She's always had the face of an angel—but what's this new look in her eye?" (From sneak preview card of "Kathleen," 1941.)

10th place: John Payne—
"Superman's kid brother." (From sneak preview card of "Gordon of The Moon," 1938.)

YOUR

You canny Modern Screen readers spotted lots of these stars before they even started to twinkle. Lorelle Parsonshere tilts her hat to you.
FAVORITE STARS OF 1944

One more New Year for this writer. She’s had many of them writing for the motion picture public. I have a number of people on my list to whom I want to hand a few posies this New Year 1945. High on my list is MODERN SCREEN because it is doing something special for the Hollywood I love.

It is giving many movie-goers of our country a chance to express themselves through the Modern Screen Poll. The first time I heard about this Modern Screen Poll was soon after the release of “Stage Door Canteen.” I mentioned young Lon McCallister and used a few of my best superlatives in complimenting the young man. Sol Lesser, to whom I was talking, grinned sort of sheepishly and said MODERN SCREEN was right, so I asked him what he meant.

Well, it seems the Lesser organization put their money on another player in the picture and sent out scads of publicity, thinking “Stage Door Canteen” would make this player a star overnight. MODERN SCREEN wouldn’t use the publicity. Sat tight and waited to see what their poll would tell them. The poll skipped that certain person and cheered for Lon McCallister.

All this made me curious. What was this poll, and how did it work? I discovered that it works through all of you who read the magazine. That you vote for your first three favorites. That number one scores three points, number two scores two, number three scores one. Whoever scores the highest is top man for the month, and so on down the line.

In other words, you spot the coming stars. And let me congratulate you. So far you’ve never missed. I’m not talking about people like Jennifer Jones. That’s too obvious. As “Bernadette,” a blind man couldn’t have missed her. What amazes me is the way you point straight as an arrow at youngsters who first appeared in relatively small parts—(Continued on page 91)
There was plenty of everything a boy could dream for—

a candy factory, a Great Dane. And then, suddenly, there was nothing.

The cool late afternoon breeze swept off the Pacific and sent the white Malibu sands swirling to pepper about the brown shoulders of the good-looking young guy stretched out on the blanket. Lon McCallister reached for his faded sweater, tugged it over his head and stood up. He folded the gay umbrella, shook out the striped beach towel, dusted the pillow and slipped it under his arm. For a moment he gazed thoughtfully down the curving, wave-washed point that pierces the ocean like a white finger pointing back to Hollywood. Then he brushed back his wind-mussed hair and flashed the shy, boyish smile that has made him famous.

"Sometimes," said Lon, "Sometimes, I can't believe it."

"I said someday I'd have a house at Malibu, and here I am. I said one day I'd be a movie star and, well, there's (Continued on page 41)"
He shares hovel with 3 guys in Tent Row at Santa Monica. Gets up at 6:30, takes G.I. bus to studio, starts work at 8. Free every P.M., he drives to Malibu for dinner with his mom.

Lon’s Pontiac suffered 3 blowouts in week, so MODERN SCREEN’S ed, Sylvia Wallaca, and photog Gus Gale pick Jeanne up, meet Lon at camp, drive to his Malibu home.

Day off ‘Winged Victory’ set and Army chores, Lon beats crony to phone and invites Jeanne Crain to spend day on beach. Friend rags him but fails to rattle poised Pvt. McC.

Salt water and sun bake them, give Jeanne a slight burn. Lon calls her T.B. or S.F. for reasons he won’t divulge. They met in Zanuck’s office, chummed on trips to Santa Maria for sulky-driving lessons for “Hone.”
They never talk politics; he thinks women are idiotic about the subject. Top compliment is that she always looks the way he envisioned her first time he phoned for a date.

Upon arrival, first move is diving into bathing suits and getting out on beach. Between dips, they play leapfrog, sing all verses of "One Keg of Beer far the 4 of Us."

Great Dane Mac is locked in Lon's room because Joanne's scared. She'd been to Lon's house once before when he hosted "Home in Indiana" crew and invited her to act as hostess.

"Home in Indiana." I said I'd fix things so my mother and grandmother could quit work, and they're right inside the house. I said I'd keep my old friends, and I still have them. I said I'd live a larger life than just acting; and I'm in the Army Air Corps. I said all those things to my grandmother one day after a Hollywood Boulevard movie. And they've all come true. It doesn't make sense, does it?"

Lon grinned apologetically and gave that defiant, self-conscious toss to his head he always does when he's embarrassed. As if to say, "All right, go ahead and laugh if you want to—but that's the truth!"

I didn't laugh. You don't laugh at a boy who makes his gallant dreams come true. Besides, I was thinking that maybe the joke was on me. It was morning when I came down to the beach, and the California sun was low in the East, but not quite so low as my opinion of the drama to be found in the life of a twenty-one-year-old star. How can you write the life story of a kid who's just begun to live? How in the world can enough happen to a boy before he turns voting age to make the story worth telling?
It was dusk now, and the day—Private Lon McCallister’s one-day furlough after finishing his Army Air Corps job in “Winged Victory”—had streaked past like a P-38. I drove home down the Coast Highway beside the Malibu hills that had turned purple in the sifting mist, dimming the very real 1944 homes and villas on the mountain sides into imaginary castle and fairy towers. Magic mountains, and beyond them lay a magic city—Hollywood. A fabled town, a Bagdad-on-the-Arroyo, where Aladdin’s Lamp and the Flying Carpet and tales as strange as Scheherazade’s came true every day. Cinderellas, Prince Charmings, magic wands. Rags to riches, dreams come true, glamour, glitter, gold.

Oh, yeah? Who was I kidding?

Hollywood is a factory town that makes movies, grinds them out like sausages. It’s the hardest working, dullest joint in the world, jam-packed with ordinary, harassed Joe and Jane Jerks. It’s cut and dried, now—you have to have a name or know people to get ahead. All that Magic Hollywood stuff is as out of date as a director’s megaphone. Maybe so, in the good old days when these Malibu beach villas, which the sun’s slanting rays still spotted as I passed, were fun spots for fabulous silent stars—Bebe Daniels, the Talmadge girls, Fatty Arbuckle, Tom Mix and Charlie Ray (what columnist had called Lon McCallister another Charlie Ray?) And yet—

In one of those very houses on that fabled Malibu strand I had just left a boy (Continued on page 70)
Back at house they sing and dance to his half-dozen recordings of pet tune, "Easy to Love." He'll be in Chicago with troupe this Xmas, his first away from home. Jeanne'll write once weekly.

Good-night kiss is friendly, but nothing more. While they're no great romance, they're No. 1 on each other's date list. If he gets invitation to bring "a friend," he takes her and vice versa.
At one time, Walt would warble "The Rosary" at parties, ruin the gay mood. Now he sings only in bath or while preparing a garlic-olive oiled steak. (With Mrs. P.)

I've known Walter Pidgeon for years—never mind how many—and only once have I wanted to slug him.

That was when Frances Marion and I took him up to the Hearst ranch. Our train got shunted off on a siding, and we didn't arrive till 4:30 A.M. The scene was out of the Arabian Nights—mist-drowned hills and valleys and, floating high over the mists, this lighted castle like a wedding-cake, with nothing to hold it up.

In my childish fashion, I started raving. "We've got to wait and watch the sunrise melt the mists away—"

"Not me," said Frances. "I'm going to bed."

"Likewise," said Walter.

I didn't mind Frances so much, she'd seen it before. Walter hadn't. "Where's your soul, where's your sense of poetry?" I stormed.

"Sleeping," says he, and darned if the big lug didn't march off and leave me to rhapsodize alone.

That was in the old days, before he and Ruth were married. When he first came out, he didn't know many people. East was East and West was West, and my house was a place where the twain frequently met. If New Yorkers didn't know anyone (Continued on page 87)
"if he were single...!" By Hedda Hopper
It's June in January. June Allyson, in case you didn't get it first off. 'N she didn't just breeze in with a snappy "Happy New Year" and let it go at that. She's got ideas, that gal!

What's it got to do with you? Come out of the dumps, and you'll see. Sure, I know what you're up against. Everything you own looks strictly pain-in-the-neck. It's too late for more Winter duds, too early for Spring. But this doesn't mean you're to stand there just marking time 'til the robins come.

Now's the season, says June, to pin your-

Think what this beret and halter could do for your outfit! Hand crocheted accessories by Greta Plattry.
all on the old faithful black dress. That one in the closet—remember? Or you can whip up a new “old faithful” from a Simplicity pattern. With curve-smoothing lines, new bateau (boat-shaped) neckline, tiny cap sleeves. Plus a matching jacket for presto-chango into a dinner suit.

But hurry up, will you? Because the fireworks are starting. Hand-crocheted accessories. That hot-pink business that June’s got on her head is called a “coif” (cwaf, mind you, not coyf). The gloves pick up the sparkle with a fake jewel placed, ring-fashion, in the (Continued on page 90)
Way before Pearl Harbor, John, along with Bolger, Laurel and Hardy, Chico Marx and others, went USO touring in the Caribbean. The War Dept. nixed publicity, didn't want it known men were stationed there.

All of Johnny's scenes in "H'wood Canteen" had to be redone—seems the real self shown is so unlike his reel self, he had to portray Garfield, the actor, so people would recognize him!

- David Garfield was a year old on July 25th. "He can't be," said John. "He was only born the other day."

Roberta glanced at the clock. "A year ago. Almost to the minute. Remember? Winchell was screaming about Mussolini, while I screamed about David."

He remembered all right, but it just didn't seem possible. This had been the swiftest year of a not uneventful life. Garfield's the kind of guy things happen to. Eager, sensitive, burningly interested in the world and all its doings, he lives twice as intensely as the average man. But the things that had happened this year were stranger, more significant, more exciting than usual—

First, his son had been born on a very fine day. The day Mussolini was kicked out of Rome. The news had just started coming in over the radio, and Roberta couldn't bear to leave it, but the baby wouldn't wait. He was very impatient. At the hospital, John hadn't even hit his pacing stride before the smiling nurse came out and said, "It's a boy."
journey among warriors

They let him see Roberta for a minute.
"What's his name?" she asked drowsily.
"David."
"That's nice."

In the Garfield family, it's Daddy who picks the kids' names. Robbie hadn't known Katherine would be Katherine till after she was born. Her theory is:
"The mother has the children. The father just stands outside. So the least you can do is let him pick the name. That makes him more part of it. Besides," she adds with an impish grin, "if you've got enough faith in a guy to marry him, you ought to trust him enough to let him name your child."

Before dozing off, she murmured, "Go celebrate—"
"What'll I do?"
"Go see a leg show."

So he collected some male cronies and took them to Earl Carroll's and ordered champagne for the girls and didn't say why till the glasses were lifted. Then: "To my son," said John, "and got much drunker on the words than (Continued on page 91)"
IN HER ELEGANT WORLD...
A LADY OF ICE...
IN HIS WORLD OF ADVENTURE...
A WOMAN OF FIRE!

Bored and beautiful, weary of the dull world she knew, she found happiness in the arms of the bold brigand who swept her away on the wings of the wind for 24 reckless hours... From the exciting novel by DAPHNE "Rebecca" DU MAURIER...

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Joan Fontaine
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ScreenPLAY by TALBOT JENNINGS
from the Novel by Daphne du Maurier

A M itchell Leisen
PRODUCTION
Directed by Mitchell Leisen
Home—as He Hopes It Will Look

Ever think how dreary it would be to live in a monotone environment? That's just what our fighting men have been doing. Small wonder they're eager to feast their khaki-weary eyes on bright colors! The stimulating, heart-warming colors that Bates has chosen for these matching bedspreads and draperies. Use them to transform your home into a gayer, more charming spot before the return of your husband or son. You'll find Bates' spreads inexpensive and practical, too... wrinkleproof and easy to launder. If you can't get them at your favorite store the first time you try... try again. We're supplying them as fast as wartime limitations permit.

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Merry Christmas—to each and every one of you!

This is the day and the season to put behind us all the heartaches and unhappiness of the past, if even only for a little while, and to cling hard to the belief and hope of the beautiful thought, “Peace on Earth—Good Will Toward Men.”

Christmas days have a way of changing with the changes in our hearts. This year, in Hollywood, it is the same as in any other little town in the country. There are hearts that are saddened by separation from dear ones. There are movie homes where a son, or a brother or a husband has been lost. But just as elsewhere—there are smiles of courage on faces in Hollywood for the Yuletide.

Christmas trees may not be so big or bright. Packages may not have such gaudy wrappings. But there are fires in the hearth—and good cheer for old and new friends—and wonderful, splendid memories.

I love to go over my scrapbooks around Christmas time.

The memories they revolve are as warm as though I were living through them again. Some of them bring a sentimental tear to my eyes. Others make me smile. I think you might be amused to look back with me over some Christmases I recorded that read like something out of Arabian Nights.

It was back in the days when Hollywood was gay, extravagant and brilliant. Come along and share a chuckle with me over this Christmas day column I wrote (very nonchalantly, too):

“Carole Lombard’s gift from her new beau, Bob Riskin, was huge diamond and ruby clips and a silver fox cape. (Just simple little remembrances!)

“Francis Lederer gave Mary Anita Loos a Persian lamb coat, a bracelet and a jade pin with matching earrings.

“Pat O’Brien handed Ethel a gorgeous new emerald ring.

“Clark Gable treated himself to a Duesenberg car.

“Darryl Zanuck surprised Virginia with a new Packard car, and just so she wouldn’t feel slighted, a fifty-carat star sapphire.

“Claudette Colbert’s favorite gift is the new baguette diamond wedding ring put on her finger by her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman.

“Dick Powell sent Mary Brian a lovely sable jacket.

“Joan Crawford’s Christmas was made cheerful by Franchot Tone’s gift—a new star sapphire necklace and bracelet.

“George Raft took Virginia Peine’s little daughter to see Santa Claus and hasn’t been the same since. (Who? George—or Santa?)

“Nick Stuart is caroling to Alice Faye (Conf’d on following page)
Despite suitor Pete Lawford's return to town, Lana Turner's continuing with Turhan Bey. She's redecorating only part of her new Bel Air home; waiting till war's end to do rest. Just 21, she cast first vote this fall.

Soon as John Payne (above with Jimmy Durante and Gloria DeHaven] is settled in his Brentwood home, has water and lights under control he'll head for Carmel for rest. Claims he's dog-tired after Army life.

When rumor started that oil was not well with the Reagons, Ronnie got to base of it, found culprit and warned him that, uniform or not, he'd throttle him if he didn't retract statements.

Bob Walker and Judy Garland at Clover Club. His two brothers in service, one in S. Pacific, others in Italy, haven't seen him in 8 years, except in "Pvt. Hargrove" and "Bolero."

"Christmas Holiday," first Deanna Durbin pic in which she didn't sing, outgrossed anything she's done! She's courted by wor photog. Bob Landry; at Ice Follies sat next to J. Garfield.

Her studio's helpless if Anne Baxter decides to marry John Hodiak. For contract provided she wouldn't wed until age of 21, which she reached last spring. Above, at Ice Follies with "Hi" and June Havoc...
this Christmas Eve—and I understand he dropped a pearl framed miniature in her Christmas stocking. (I had forgotten Nick and Alice were ever that way.)

“Zeppo Marx’s gift to Mrs. Zeppo was a check for $2500!”

Whoops! Wasn’t it all just TOO wonderful?

And then, there was this zany item:

“Ted Healy (who was the Errol Flynn of his day) furnished the highlights of the Christ-
mas festivities of 1935 by being accused of setting fire to his best girl’s clothes. Said Ted, I’m too old to play with matches!” He was generally kidded and took it all good naturedly, adding, “Besides, I don’t want to go to jail because I hear they have to eat pork chops—and I don’t like pork chops.”

I greeted the Christmas that Santa Anita race track opened in the following fashion:

“Christmas has always been a home day in Hollywood with one exception—today—when Santa Anita opens. Stars celebrated with their children bright and early and then took themselves out to the beautiful new track.

“I hear that Bing Crosby has gone into the horse breeding business (and possibly just heard it is a rumor!).” Tiara sheepishly said that she owns twelve yearlings which are being sent through their schooling period. (Poor Bing and his angels.) This year, the beginning of all the Crazy horse gags that practically made Bob Hope famous.)

“Connie Bennett is another racing enthusiast. She has entered her horse ‘Rattlesnake’ and is looking for another bank. Fred Astaire

is likewise in the market for a racer.”

Turning to a 1936 book, I found:

“Jean Harlow is celebrating the 1936 New Year by discarding her platinum locks in favor of her own light brown tresses. This decision was made simultaneously with the signing of a new seven year contract with M-G-M.” Poor little Jean—she didn’t live to complete that long contract.

“Paula Goddard is with the Chaplin children at Palm Springs. How the boys adore their step-mother. I believe Charlie and Paula are happier now than ever before.”

“The New Year hasn’t caused Kate Hepburn to turn over a new page. She’s up to her same old elusive tricks. Out of the blue she disappeared—and when she cropped up in Kansas City, a reporter dubbed her ‘A cross between Sarah Bernhardt and Huckleberry Finn!'” (still goes.)

The brand new bobbies and two and three year old debutantes are the center of interest this year in Hollywood.

Laura Turner’s Christmas present to year-
dand-a-half Cheryl Christine will be a con-
nection dollhouse-playhouse. It is being built in the back yard and is big enough for Cheryl to play in until she is a big girl.

“Of course she’s too young now to really appreciate it,” Lana said. “But it will have three tiny little rooms and we’ll furnish it with little miniature furnishings which will be presented to her on her birthdays and Christ-
mas. We already have a tiny little Coo-Coo clock and a set of dishes with all kinds of

birds for decoration.” If you ask me, Lana is more excited than Cheryl.

A lonely but proud mother in Hollywood this Christmas is Dick Jareckel’s mom.

This is the first Christmas Millicent, as her friends call her, has been without her boy who is now with the Merchant Marine. He’s only 17—which is awfully young to be at sea.

But it’s what the kid wanted. He wanted his training the hard way, and while she is lonely, Millicent is as proud as punch of the letters she receives telling of his experiences and how wonderful it is to be completely on his own doing a man’s job in the world.

Although Dick didn’t have to join up for another year, he left a starring job at Fox that would have earned him $2500 a week at the end of his seven year contract.

I miss him, too. He used to spend many of his Christmases at my house, and it seems only yesterday that I was buying him what he asked for—a toy gun.

When Elsa Maxwell left for New York, the party situation in Hollywood slowed up consid-
erably. Elsa has the faculty for making every event an occasion of big celebration, and no one else seems to have the energy to get together the stars for dress-up parties.

Lady Elsa Mendl, another party giver, went to New York to spend Thanksgiving, and her house, which is always the mecca for visiting celebrities, was no longer a popular gathering place.

Just before Elsa went to New York, I at-
tended a party at her house for a bride and

groom, Mr. and Mrs. George Guible. His

Papa is one of Brazil’s richest men. Mary

Pickford made an excellent speech stressing the importance of the Good Neighbor policy.

Signe Hasso was there, looking so smart. She has come up suddenly in Hollywood and is due to be one of our top ranking stars. She had her little boy with her over Thanksgiving, and they dined together with one of Signe’s admirers.

Joan Fontaine came in for a brief moment after dinner. She was lovely in a filmy black dress with touches of pink. Now that she’s back at work she is happy again.

I wish I could say the same for her sister, Olivia De Havilland, who seems sad and depressed. Her romance with Major John Huston is over and her career is still in a tangle with her Warner lawsuit.

Betty Grable has a sentimental idea for Christmas for Virginia Elizabeth James, Queen of the Harry James household. She has planted a small cedar tree exactly the same age as Miss James. This year it will be decorated with tiny lights—and then as the tree grows—and Miss Vicky gets bigger, it will be decorated each year just for her.

THINGS-I-CANT-GET-USED-TO:

Turkan Bey smoking a pipe when he dances.

Greer Garson’s new short hair cut for “Valley of Decision.”

Judy Garland in the matronly hats she wears.

Lupa Veles with any other beat but Arthur de Cordova.

(Continued on page 6.)
till the war's over. But for his accident, he'd have been in the fight. He was being out of it. His dad sends him the hometown papers with their casualty lists—kids Van knew at school, killed and missing in action. His mouth goes hard. He's no crazier than the other guy to be a dead hero, but every instinct pulls him toward the side of those kids.

g. l. civilian . . .

He knows it's no use. They won't let him fight. So he takes his own way of keeping faith with the millions who do. Lives as simply as possible, in an early, box—where the maximum income tax—won't haunt night clubs—spends his leisure time with the Keenan Wynn, his adopted family. Once he spoke to Jean-Pierre, and said, "I felt I have no right to a normal existence. Not till everyone's home, living normally again—" "I know. I feel the same way," Van replied. "But you fought in France. You're going back in—"

"As much reason as you, Van," Jean-Pierre replied gently. "Each of us does what we can.

So Van lives quietly. Though it's been a year and a half since the accident, he still needs plenty of rest. The only way he can get it is by staying in the city, because he's but working without a letup—"Two Girls and a Sailor," two "Dr. Gillespie's," six months on "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," "The Magnificent Ambersons" at the Waldorf. With a schedule like that, you don't have much energy for the social business. Even at the studio, he lunches alone. Hatred and noise and confusion are necessary. Has a tray in his dressing room, goes over his dialogue, takes a few minutes' snooze. Not that he's anti-social. He's just hugging his strength. That's all. When the war's over, he'll quit working so hard because there'll be room in the world for fun again.

The only new thing in his life is a house. And Van didn't plan that, it kind of sneaked up on him.

Hugh Marlowe phoned the Wynn's one Sunday when Van was there. Hugh was leaving for a play in Chicago, and he had the little Chevvy that Keenan thought of taking over. So Van went up with them to look at the Chevvy.

Van ran on the high hill—think you're never going to reach the top—then you hit it just as the car is coughing its soul out—and first thing you see is the ocean spread out, and this Cape Cod cottage with a green lawn and flowerbeds and a dog chasing round—like a home in the East.

"Who's renting it?" Van asked.

"Friend of mine and his wife. They're moving in tomorrow—"

"Wish I could have it—" he said, the way you say things, and never give it another thought.

Next morning Hugh called him at the studio. "Still want the house, Van?"

"Oh, why, what's the matter with it?"

"Nothing. I just, you ought to take the opportunity I'm not calling it back East for a show. I asked the owners to give you first crack at it. But you'll have to make up your mind by eleven tomorrow. Ninety million other people want it as well."

Van spent the noon hour calling everyone he knew. Should he take it or shouldn't he? "Be nice, wouldn't it? I always wanted a garden to fuss over—"

"What's the inside like?"

"How should I know?"

"Didn't you see it?"

"Sure, but who pays attention? Like a home, I guess. Chairs, tables, long cord on the telephone—"

The consensus of opinion was that he'd better snap it up, so he did. Professional movers off to Capehead, kind friends did the rest. Everyone took a carload—books, records, clothes, photographs, unanswered letters and a ton of old movie magazines, and into the magazines:

"COLLECTORS' ITEMS, NOT JUNK. HANDLE WITH CARE."

Some day Van expects to read them all.

Ebbie was supposed to stay up and receive the stuff. Ebbie's the jewl who's put up with him for two years. He got her through an ad, when he lived in Coldwater Canyon. She was supposed to show up for an interview at 10. Came 11, and no Ebbie. At 11:30 the phone rang. "Mr. Johnson? I'm down at the Beverly Hills Fire Department—"

"I am, Mr. Johnson. I been drivin' up and down that canyon for hours, and there's no such house at the number you gave me.

Van looked wildly around. "There must be. I'm in it—"

"Well, you better get out of it then and stand where I can reach you."

"Okay. Ebbie'll be wearin red hair and freckles and a checked cowboy shirt—"

That was all the interview they needed. Minor items like salary and duties were taken in stride. It took a while for the new house to register. That first night he drove clear to the old apartment, and stood up the stairs and had to say to Vanle that Vanle didn't live there any more. He felt funny. His hand fondled the banister—good old apartment—they'd been through a lot together.

She knew what he wanted to be rattling around in a house for?

Reluctantly, he got back into the car. By night it was dark. Might as well have been the middle of the ocean. He saw the Red Cross Blood Bank, with its banner waving. Before the accident, Van had donated blood regularly. That had helped save his life, the doctor said. He hadn't grown used to losing blood in a small way, it might not have survived the greater loss. Since

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was at the Ambassador East Hotel in Chicago. The Hollywood Victory Caravan was there, and as a terrific movie fan and autograph collector, I was right on hand.

With me I had some friends, a beautiful picture of Betty Hutton which I wanted her to sign, two autograph books and other articles. All of a sudden, out popped Betty from an elevator and bang! Down went the books, down went the picture—and down went me. But in a minute I was up and at her heels, "May I have your autograph, Miss Hutton?"

"I'm sorry, honey," she answered, "I'm afraid I don't need to sign unless you buy a Bond?"

"Well, then, can I have your lip print in my book?"

"That's the same thing, I can put it on YOU!"

And over she came, around me went her arms and Bang! Down went the books, down went the picture, but UP stayed me!

Bob Hertzberg,
Chicago, Illinois

the accident, he hadn't been allowed to give blood. "For a year," the doctor had said, on discharging him.

home is where the heart is . . .

Van made some rapid calculations. Golly, it was a year. Just about. He went in and gave them a picture, good, he driven then he thought his frame up, he didn't feel nearly so lost.

And when he got to the house, somebody'd done something for him. The two lovely ladies who owned it, they made all the lights on. To him, it was like home.

He walked all over the place, getting acquainted—picketed the bedroom with the most wind blowing through it. But his Capehead, he didn't feel nearly so lost. And when he had the phone, the phone with the long cord, flopped into a chair and called all his friends. "Hello," he said, "I've got a house. Later, Evie and Ken came appeared, and they opened a bottle of champagne for good luck.

It's only on Sundays that he really gets chummy with the place. And on then, it's Swee garden. He wakes up around nine, and remembers he can can stay in bed. That's all he asks—the simple pleasure of knowing he doesn't have to go up. He sits in a chair and into a pair of shorts. If you want to know why he really bought the house, it's so he could put on shorts and no top and trail his big bare feet.

He starts the coffee and ambles to the bottom of the hill for the morning papers—drinks his coffee on the front steps, with news flashes from the radio and the rolling away to show him the view. Ebbie's given up trying to make him eat a decent breakfast. He'd starve before he'd fix anything for himself. Some he used to do a bun, a couple eggs, and kick two slices in the toaster. "All you have to do is push that given between the morning—"

"Who me?"

Sometimes he'll do her a favor, and eat one of the cookies she leaves in the cookie jar. But mostly it's just black coffee. If he's empty, he takes a second.

That's the way he lives, and he never gets hungry or hungry at night time. That's a throwback to the New York days when he couldn't afford more than one solid meal a day. In a garden club, he does an understanding fellow. Leaves the grass a little long on Sundays. Van gets the old lawn mower out, mows forth and then back—turns over the flowerbeds. To any waters the flowers—wipes the honest sweat from his brow, sweeps up the walks and steps, cleans off the wheelchair and outside furniture. Looks at the view and has another cup of coffee. Then he washes the car. By now he's beginning to feel pretty pleased with himself, and decides that the good boy deserves a rest. So he drives up to Lake Park and into a hungry night time except on Sunday.

"Go wash yourself," says his stomach, "and let's get out of here—"

First a tub, then a shower. He bathes like a pasha. Slop soap on the walls and water all over the floor. Doesn't leave the soap in the water any more though. Not since the water's been too strong for him. And he cleans up after himself. That's his early training.

Dad's three thousand miles away, but Van can still hear him, "Clean it up, son."

He hates to share the day's events with the folks on Sundays. "Do you objections, he's got the perfect alibi. 'I'm on a picture.' If peo—"

(Continued on page 64)
MAKE Mar-o-Oil your "first choice" shampoo for the same reasons it is rated "tops" by so many fastidious stage and screen beauties. First, because it cleanses the hair and scalp so completely and quickly. Second, because it brings out the true, romantic highlights in your hair and leaves it so refreshingly clean and easy to arrange. Third, because Mar-o-Oil contains no harsh caustics, alkali, or alcohol. It is made of pure, gentle-acting, beneficial oils. It was the first, and the Original Oil Shampoo and for two decades has remained the world's largest selling Oil Shampoo.

Get a bottle of Mar-o-Oil at your favorite beauty counter (drug, department, or ten-cent store) today or ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-o-Oil shampoo. The very first time you use it you'll see for yourself why it is such a universal favorite.

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WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING OIL SHAMPOO

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FOR FANS

SUPER ★ STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c)

Our new, revised 32-page booklet. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and a complete section on Western stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) envelope.

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Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 12 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

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PLEASE BEHAVE! Just off the press chart with tips on how to be poised, well liked. Etiquette for dating, engagements, weddings, letter writing—the works. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get?" Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. THIS IS NOT A CHART. See box on page 68 for details.

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Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to fox-trot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stag line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FASHIONS FOR TALL GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey

Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What's tops for you in coats, suits, dresses. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FASHIONS FOR SHORT GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey

Fashion tricks to make you the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FASHIONS FOR STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey

How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FASHIONS FOR TEENS—FALL AND WINTER

Hot tips for gals from 12 to 18. What to wear, when to wear it, how to match up your outfits. Dope to make your wardrobe look like an All-Star style. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

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CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

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Send in a sample of your handwriting or your G.I.'s 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. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis.

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ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Are you in the know?

Let your dancing be light but not fantastic. Strangle-holds are tiring. Any exaggerated pose looks affected. So stand naturally, comfortably... for comfort is the first step toward dancing skill. That's why, on trying days, most prom-trotting girls choose cushion-soft Kotex sanitary napkins. They know there's all the difference in the world between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch... because Kotex stays soft while wearing.

Between sets, do you preserve your wave —
- By combing only
- By brushing and combing
- By using a net

You can brush your wave and keep it, too. Best hair care calls for brushing and combing in direction hairdo will follow. Then wave can be gently coaxed into place. Fastidious grooming promotes your confidence. So does Kotex—the only napkin made to suit your own special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular Kotex in the blue box, Junior Kotex in the green box or Super Kotex in the brown box.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

Between sets, do you preserve your wave —
- By combing only
- By brushing and combing
- By using a net

Do you think her dancing position —
- Is smooth and relaxed
- Helps a tall girl look shorter
- Looks affected

Let your dancing be light but not fantastic. Strangle-holds are tiring. Any exaggerated pose looks affected. So stand naturally, comfortably... for comfort is the first step toward dancing skill. That's why, on trying days, most prom-trotting girls choose cushion-soft Kotex sanitary napkins. They know there's all the difference in the world between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch... because Kotex stays soft while wearing.

You can brush your wave and keep it, too. Best hair care calls for brushing and combing in direction hairdo will follow. Then wave can be gently coaxed into place. Fastidious grooming promotes your confidence. So does Kotex—the only napkin made to suit your own special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular Kotex in the blue box, Junior Kotex in the green box or Super Kotex in the brown box.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together


Hope you'd choose the Valentine party! To find partners, have your gang match halves of broken hearts. Make blindfolded couples hunt for candy mottos (a prize for the most). Cover your dartboard with a king-size heart, let everyone sling for top score. You can be a carefree hostess even on problem days, with the help of Kotex—for Kotex has patented ends—pressed flat, so they don't cause outlines. Not like thick, stubby pads, Kotex keeps your secret.

What medal is he wearing?
- Sharpshooter
- Purple Heart
- Congressional Medal

Every medal has a meaning you should know! Maybe he's been wounded in action, or awarded the highest military honor. Or, he may be a crack marksman—as the sharpshooter medal above tells you. Being sure saves embarrassment. And it saves needless dismay on "certain days" to be sure of extra protection—with Kotex—the napkin with the 4-ply safety center that keeps moisture away from the edges, assuring safety plus.

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More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

ple assume that the picture calls for a beard, that's their tough luck, he never said so.

He's a wandering dresser, keeps his clothes in both bedrooms and goes leaping from back to front. Finally emerges in gabardine suit, white shirt, knitted tie, wool socks, mocassins, and cowboy belt. Several old bags he's owned for two years. Hasn't needed new clothes for pictures, so why buy any? All his roles have been in uniform, except for one scene in "Mme. Curie," and Walter Pidgeon loaned him the suit for that.

He waves good-by to the house and wishes for the umpteenth time he could have a dog.

outside's out of bounds...

Maybe he'll drop in at Steve Brody's for lunch and a swim. His new uncolored eyes take up a buffet like Solon in all his glory—fried chicken, salads, devilled eggs, hot biscuits, lemon meringue pie. Eventually, of course, he'll come to rest at the Wynns. If it's late, little Neddy fixes him with a baleful eye—

"Thought you were going to take me to the outside things." In the center of town there's a little amusement park with a creaky carousel and a couple of broken-down rides. To Neddy, they smell glamour. He calls them the outside things.


"Here's close by. The outside things are far away—"

"And long ago," quips Neddy. "Okay, tell me a story."

Which settles that in what's left of the afternoon, Van and Keenan dig around the garden. Or they polish up the motor-cycles that M-G-M won't let them ride. After supper, it's gin rummy or cards, or just chewing the fat. He leaves early, takes a short cut to bed with him, eats an apple, smokes a cigarette, catches the late news flashes and turns out the light. He's asleep by 11.

By Wednesday, he's at the studio. Dines at Lucey's or Chasen's or the Tropics. The other night he had dinner with June Havoc, an old friend just back in town. All he did was to go. Jeepers it's topped off with lemon meringue pie.

If it's early, he'll take in a movie. Loves to get into a studio production and run oldies—sils entranced through a number like "The Woman." Feels like a novice sitting at the feet of masters.

And so home and to bed. Tornado very exciting, but it suits Van. It's all he wants, till the Nazis and Japs are finished. After that.

Well, he'd like a new car and four good tires and a tangle of yanks, so he can roll cross-country to see his dad. Dad's really the one who stays put. The farthest he'll stir from Newport is up to Providence for a baseball game. The mere mention of Hollywood scares him stiff. When Van lay smashed up, half-conscious in the hospital, voices came through—"Don't you think we'd better award for Jans?"

He managed to move his head. Someone bent down. "Don't—send for Dad. He'd be frightened—lost. T'd worry—"

Even now Van worries about him. He's always lived so much to himself. Now people have found out he's the father of a movie star. Kids fall all over him. Some-how he doesn't seem to mind the kids—answers their questions, drags out scrap-books and the old family album. In fact, Van sometimes wonders what the devil he's worried about—looks as if Dad might be taking the whole business. Because when he sent home a set of his first color photos, Dad wrote that they were being displayed in the A&P and the bank. "How did they know you had 'em?" Van inquired. No answer to that one. And then—

he takes most of his meals at the same little restaurant. Came a series of surprise birthday parties—"From the girls who feed your father." Fath-er and son have drawn closer since Van's been away. Less shy—full of a sense—of showing their love for each other. Once a month Van phones his father—

"Dad says, 'I saw your new picture—""

"Has it hit town already?"

"I went up to Providence for it—"

"Golly, I rate! Same as a baseball game."

He wants every detail of the new house—how many rooms? How close to the neighbors? Always asks when Van's coming home. "Your room just the same—movie stood all over the ceiling."

Dad always calls a halt to the conversation—"You've talked long enough—"

"Worried about the bill?"

"Sure. "

Van's convinced he lives on an eighth of his monthly check. Probably sticks the rest in the bank for the boy. Figures the boy's gaining so much now, but how can you tell about this movie business? So Van gets back at him by sending stuff—oranges from the Farmer's Market, Peoria. Has three cans, sweaters, material for suits—

"Did you have that suit made up?"

"Yes, but I'm saving it till you come home."

That's the first thing he wants to do after the war.

He'd also like to get married, and have a kids—of his own. Boys and girls, more the merrier. Thinks he'd make a good father, except he might have a tendency to spoil 'em—especially the girls. His favorite picture is of M-G-M. Leaves Mr. Johnson plus kids plus dogs in a homey house with a green, green lawn. When he's married, he won't go anywhere; they'll have everyone at their home.

By himself, he's good at entertaining. Takes the responsibility too hard. When Keenan Wynn got back from overseas, Van gave him a welcome home party. "You really can't just phone around, you know. They turn up. Place gets greasy. I love people, under the illusion that an empty hand reflected on his hospitality and disgraced his name as a host."

He's under no illusion that he is a whole thing. "All right, honey," he'll say. "I'll be charming, and I'll pay the bills. The rest is on your shoulders—"

Honey's still in unknown quantity. Van hopes she'll show up—whatever other good things—when the war's over.

C'MON, SHELL OUT, RAKE IN!

We're running a swap shop here—
one story gets you five bucks. Some odds, eh?
What kind of a story, you ask? Well, it doesn't really matter, as long as it deals with your encounter with a Hollywood personality and is a STORY—y'know, one of those things we know will be a hit and will—anyway, it can be funny ha-ha or funny peculiar, it can be glad or sad, it can be long or short, in other words, it can be everything as long as it'll interest the rest of the M.G. and deal with a movie star. So c'mon; shell it out to: I SAW IT HAPPEN, Editor, Monroe Scull, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., and rake in your five dollars.
COURAGE, SISTER...

"Scotch" Tape will fix it...soon!

GREAT DAY! "Scotch" Cellulose Tape is on the way home again, just like old times. Already there's a limited supply for business and industrial use.

Window shades to mend... snapshots to mount... torn pages to repair (and sheet music, too, f'rinstance)... remember all those tricky little jobs that are so tough to do without "Scotch" Tape?

Well, soon again you'll be doing 'em the easy way... because before long, "Scotch" Brand Cellulose Tape will be back from war duty and all set to help you at home. Fact is, some "Scotch" Tape's already going to work in offices and stores.

So courage, ma'am, things'll be a shade brighter soon, when you can again "Stick with 'Scotch' Tape."

FOR QUALITY... look for the "SCOTCH" Brand... it identifies the adhesive tapes made only by Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Company.

Scotch Cellulose Tape

One of the more than 100 varieties of pressure-sensitive adhesive tapes made in U.S.A. under the trademark "SCOTCH" by MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO., SAINT PAUL 6, MINN.
The beaux who crash Lana Turner's table and ask her for dances when she is out with another guy—and she accepts.

The violent pink color of Lucille Ball's hair.

The moody, unhappy expression on solemn Domatino's face even at the most gala social events.

The fact that Wally Boor is one of the best dressed and groomed men in Hollywood—off the screen.

Gloria de Haven eating three husky meals a day and still never putting on a pound.

Paulette Goddard's 'little girl' voice combined with her truly sophisticated personality.

Desi Arnaz (Lucille Ball's ex) has been seeing cute little Marianne O'Brien, but the torch he still carries for Lucille lights up every little table where Desi dines even when he is with another charmer.

A song was written for Betty Hutton titled, "I'm the Bobbi Sue Sinatra Doesn't Send—" and she wouldn't sing it. Betty says she likes Sinatra, and he sends her.

I'm in the dog house with Bette Davis.

I'm afraid I was responsible for the Atlanta newspapers finding Bette living in a small house down there with her sister and her maid. I had printed that she was meeting Corporal Louis Riley, her new heart, somewhere in the East, and since the Corp was stationed close by Atlanta—well, Bette's incognito visit was no longer a secret.

The one and only Davis is plenty annoyed at me for interrupting her peaceful vacation, and hot wires were sent to Warners' Studio asking how—and where—I got the tip.

But poor Joe Cotten really got the bad end of the deal. He was in Atlanta appearing with "Since You Went Away" and would have grabbed off plenty of space if the excitement of finding Bette on hand hadn't overshadowed his visit.

Dennis Morgan was attending an art exhibit and was very much taken with one of the lovely pictures.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Morgan—it is a delightful subject" enthused the dealer, "and a bargain, Mr. Morgan. Only $5,000."

"Listen," grinned Dennis, "My name is Dennis Morgan, Not J.P."*

* * *

Van Johnson and Kay Williams are the cutest couple in town—and the blondest. Van's hair is almost as light as Kay's, and they look wonderful dancing cheek-to-cheek.

Their favorite number at their favorite spot Ciro's is—oddly enough, "I'll Walk Alone."

No, I don't think it is because Kay is carrying a torch for Clark Gable, either—or Van for June Allyson.

The Gable-Williams romance is finis—to be sure. But they were never more than good playfellows, and it became embarrassing when it was insisted that they would marry.

I think Clark felt the only way to solve the tangle was to make a clean break.

Is Robert Walker's face red?

The other day he went over to Jennifer Jones' house to see his two kids, Bobby and Michael.

"Daddy," said Michael, "are you an actor?"

"Yes," said Bob.

"Are you a good actor?" persisted the boy.

"Why—or—" Bob stalled.

"I guess you aren't very good," said Michael, "or you would have one of those things"—and with that he brought out the Oscar Jennifer won for "The Song of Bernadette."

The argument was permanently closed.

* * *

Betty Grable is calling the hair-do she created for herself in "Diamond Horseshoe" by the unflattering title of "Flat-top."

Another fashion tip from Grable; She's wearing her nails very long but completely minus polish.

* * *

Who said that all actors hate their agents?

Dick Haymes, the swoon-maker, and Helen Forrest have the same agent, Bill Burton, to whom they are deeply devoted.

Recently they took out a joint life insurance policy for $100,000 which Bill will collect if either of them should die.

* * *

Oh, what an actress is Tallulah Bankhead! Had the time of my life spending a couple of hours on her set, "Night For Scandal," formerly "The Corinna."

She looked like a million wearing a red upswept hair-do and a voluminous green velvet gown that weighed twenty-five pounds.

"Louella!" she called in her rich, throaty voice when she caught sight of me, "Wait a minute, darling. I want to show you something funny." She came over with a small photograph in her hand. "Don't tell Veronica Lake—but look!"

It was a photograph of Tallulah taken when she was eighteen wearing a peacock bang with one eye completely hidden!

"Now tell me who started that damned thing!" she laughed.

* * *

Vignette on Gloria De Haven: She hates carrots . . . men who hum when they are dancing . . . girls who call each other "honey" . . . big hats . . . fried apples . . . getting up early in the morning . . . escorts who argue with waiters . . . charlure . . . affected accents . . . New York charmers who turn up their noses at Hollywood beaux . . . She loves cinnamon . . . Crosby records . . . Perky little hats with veils . . . red sports clothes . . . men with low pitched voices . . . peach ice cream cones . . . blue night gowns . . . rubies . . . violet . . . Sunday mornings . . . cheese . . . men who use nicely scented shaving lotion.

That's all for this month. See you next month. But I don't want to close without thanking all of you who have written me such interesting letters. Please keep on writing, for I get valuable tips from you about your favorites and what you want to read.
"Please wait, Mr. Jennings, I'm crying again!"

I thought I had all that out of my system, but I guess these darn gray velvet drapes Mr. Jennings uses set me off again.

You're with me everywhere I go, Joe, darling...we scattered so many memories around in our few short weeks together. You climb the old mill stairs with me when we picnic on Strawberry Hill. You tease poor Miss Burrows at the post office so unmercifully about reading the mail she blushes at the very sight of you. You share my sodas at the corner drug store, my laughter at the movies, my dreams at night. And here where we had our wedding picture taken, I can almost feel your hand in mine.

Oh, Joe, Joe—you've loved me, cared for me, spoiled me outrageously. Certainly I said (when you asked me) that I'd never had a fur coat, but I've never had the sun, moon and stars either! And when your sister brought IT over on Christmas Day with your dear letter... all I could think was a lifetime isn't long enough... to be with someone like you!

"I'M READY NOW, Mr. Jennings. Please make it your best picture—it's for my husband overseas. The Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat is a gift from him... and I want him to see... how very much I love it!"

...next to WAR BONDS, the best loved gift... FURS
or other it always winds up a free-for-all with everybody's feelings hurt. How to avoid it? Well, either stay off dangerous subjects like Roosevelt or Sinatra, or add to your vocabulary such catch-phrase as "I think you have a swell point there, but—" or "That's very true, but—"

Don't be dull-headed about the person in question. Admit his faults, thus taking half the wind out of your sand-biting friend's sails, but say you'll string along anyway.

"Then How About a Month From Next Tuesday?" How to dispose of the persistent swain, the one who will not take no for an answer. You've tried pleading other dates, sick headaches and visiting cousins, and he still doesn't get the picture.

This boy will just have to be told very gently but firmly that you're a girl who likes mobs of men, and that you can't possibly give him a date more often than every two or three months. But blame him if that makes him mad, but it's just the way it is and you're sorry. Say further that you don't make the dates weeks in advance, it's just far enough in advanced to choose a boy you're out of your head about asks you for a date on a night you're already spoken for, how to say "no," without terminating the whole thing. By your expression, don't you see you're heart sick that you can't make it, and say something like, "Darn it, not this Saturday, Bill, but I'll be hanging on the same till you ask me again. But—Well, frankly, yes, but faint heart never won slick guy, y'know.

co-ed mailbox...

I am quite nice-looking, have attractive clothes, am popular with the girls—but draw a complete blank swain-wise. Why do you suppose the guys don't like me, and is there any hope for me at all? M. R., Denver, Colorado.

With slightly different wording, and various postmarks, this problem has shown up at least a hundred times in this month. And let it be a stinker? We asked the boys what it is that perfectly darling, smoothly dressed gals lack so heartbreakingly often? It's about as much as us, of warmth and casualness. An easy friendliness. A grin or a wink or a whispered "hi" when you eke into class five minutes late. Warmth, and casualness. One small business as that. How do you get it when you're just plain frantic at the sight of a boy? This way, kids. The sounds impossible, but try it for a week and see for yourself. Imagine that you're a very popular girl. Imagine it so hard that you get a feeling of security and self-confidence right down to your very soul. Clutching that feeling tight, whip off to school or work and act accordingly. The feeling of terror, of desperation, will be gone, and you'll find you self able to get your family to face the boys on the bus, actually able to say "Hi, Joe," in a perfectly natural voice. Don't you see, it's only the fear that boys can't that makes you act so differently with them than you do in the warm friendly circle of gals or family. Once you overcome that nonsensical, but ever-so-real terror, you'll promise yourself that within a month you'll be date-bait.

Johnny and I are very much in love, but recently another girl has come into the picture. She goes to another school, and I'm at a bit of a disadvantage for I go to another school. What can I do to keep him from liking her more and me less? A. R., Birmingham, Ala.

You don't give us too much evidence, but we imagine that he's been dating this gal and that is why you're alarmed. Well, don't get Maggie-and-Jiggish and start heckling him about her. Ask him no questions—"if it kills you—show no signs of jealousy. Above all, do not belt her in any way within his earshot. A new girl is always kind of fascinating to the boys, and your boy will come out of it without a scratch. Only if the thing goes on and on should you make an issue of it, and at that time do be severe and unflexible. Offer him his freedom. We feel sure he won't take it, but if he does, you'll at least have your pride. And say, if he does choose her, you're well rid of the pill-poppin'.

I am a teen-age girl who is simply crazy about Frank Sinatra. I live with my grandmother who seems to think Frankie is awful. I lose my temper a dozen times a day. I certainly need your advice to know how I can make her feel differently about him. Kathryn M., Menasha, Wisconsin.

If it's his voice your grandmother can't bear, we're afraid an argument will change her mind. It's just one of those things, like olives or olives. You like it or you don't. However, if it's Frankie as a person she doesn't like, we guess she doesn't know him very well. Get her to read our life story that ran in the September and October issues, and bet you'll have a new friend.

My sister was a regular devil and consequently got into all sorts of trouble when she got out of school. Now my parents have the idea that she's protected from the evils of the world. I'm 17 years old and have never been allowed on a date in my life. They won't even let me go with the boys I've grown up with. My mother tells me that I'm too young to trust me, and certainly she has no reason to doubt me, so why must I suffer because of my sister's mistakes? Gayne, North Dakota.

We are sure that you are not selfish, chum, and we can see your parents', too, although we think their tactics are off the beam. They probably feel that your sister got into her trouble because she wasn't watched carefully enough. This business of policing you is sort of overcompensation. We think the only solution is a really deep discussion of the morals of the world. I'm 17 years old and have never been allowed on a date in my life. They won't even let me go with the boys I've grown up with. My mother tells me that I'm too young to trust me, and certainly she has no reason to doubt me, so why must I suffer because of my sister's mistakes? Gayne, North Dakota.

We're the original problem-gal, you know, so if you're trouble with a guy, a career, a boy, write and tell us about it. We'll answer by mall if you like, but be sure to put your name and address on the actual letter, not just on the envelope. They have a way of getting separated. Stop getting gray hair over your own fishy dilemma, and write us about it. We're interested. Help us find out where we are. Jean Kinkhead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Do You Want Longer Hair?

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PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely . . . longer. The Juelene SYSTEM has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That’s why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. This wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off process has begun. You have found it. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene’s tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty.

TEST JUELENE FOR 7 DAYS

Thrilling Results or MONEY BACK IN FULL!

That’s all we ask you to do. Just make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your friends will tell you the thrilling results and so will your friends! If you aren’t absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen, if you aren’t delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund every cent of your money. What could be fairer? This proves to you how excellent we think the results will be! So don’t wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of delightful results or your money back. Send for it now!

MAIL 7-DAY TRIAL COUPON NOW!

If you do want longer hair, mail the coupon today. Then test Juelene and notice the remarkable difference in the appearance of your hair—lustrous and well-dressed. See how nicely it lies in place, how easily it combs. With our positive guarantee you can’t lose, and have everything in your favor to gain. So make this effort now. Send the Introductory Coupon immediately!

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PAZO WILL RELIEVE THOSE PAINFUL SIMPLE PILES

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, terrors, itching of simple piles. Remember, for other thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works
1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried piles—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pipe for Easy Application
PAZO ointment is already specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!
Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. PAZO ointment from your druggist's desk. The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

LON McCALLISTER
(Continued from page 43)

who hadn't lived in a house since his baby days. Raised in this modern factory town, Hollywood, utterly unknown, with no more pull than a busted-down jeep, no money, no name and the oddest food.

But still a kid who never dimmed his natural sunshine, never let disillusionment etch a line of worry in the corners of his eyes. Right there on the train, he touched his grandfather, an honest man, and had a moment of sudden confidence. A kid who still doesn't drink or smoke or swear or chase around.

That is the modern miracle of Lon McCallister. A tenacious miracle because what has made him an idol of millions is the fresh, honest, unspoiled, American youth nature of his personality. The rare charm which has made a great author like James Hilton call him "the most charming boy discovered in Hollywood in many seasons," and which made the great Katharine Cornell write after a Stage Door Canteen, "when I saw your picture I thought of sending you a telegram . . . . I was so touched and impressed by your performance that I almost wanted to make you cry . . . . I felt very lucky my scene was with you, for you were the one who gave it reality.

Sportsman and Southern Californian in 1912. Rain washed the streets, and the morning ocean mists were still cold when Madaline McCallister entered the Angelus Hospital to visit her grandson, and what was to be her only child. On the evening of the seventeenth when her baby was born, it should have been daylight, but electric lights still dimmed the maternity ward. A white clad nurse glanced briefly at the chart marked, "Mrs. H. A. McCallister" and waited for her patient to wake up. When her eyes fluttered open at last, the nursery smiled cheerily.

"A fine baby boy," she said.

"How is he?"

"Don't you worry about that boy," chuckled the nurse. "He'll do all right. I've never seen a baby get started so quick. Why, he's already opened his eyes—they're blue—opened them up there, and you'll find a little boy! Stared right up into the electric lights and kicked his coverlet off! And, Mrs. McCallister, you know what? The little rabbit looked at me, and I'll swear he winked!"

Madaline McCallister smiled. "That's just your imagination."

"No—that's exactly what he did. By the way, your name made only one who's had a baby. Mrs. Hoot Gibson is right down the hall."

"The movie star's wife?"

velvet future . . .

The nurse nodded. "Now we'll fix you up nice and comfortable, and then we'll let you see your new boss."

Madaline McCallister settled back on her pillow and smiled. A baby boy, healthy, the nurse thought. And made plans. He'd be Herbert Alonzo McCallister, Junior, named after his father, only they'd probably call him H. A. Around and around the baby's family heads did turn when there were Juniors and Seniors with the same first name. He'd grow up to be something important, a union boss or minister, maybe. He'd have the best of every care, the finest schooling, the biggest chance a baby ever had, that was certain. Madaline McCallister said a little prayer, she had plenty of means to raise little H. A. with every advantage. It never remotely occurred to her that the wealth which now made her feel so warmly secure could ever vanish.

Because the Scotch-Irish McCallisters and the English descended Hockings, her side of the family, were people of property—always had been. And the Hockings, Lon's grandfather, had his finger in a lot of profitable business pies, jewelry stores, theaters, farm lands and city property. When Lon's parents were rushed down to Little Rock, Arkansas, they sold out their Illinois holdings and acquired new ones there. Always they prospered, so he seemed, and in 1918 when Lon's dad came back from Army duty in the first World War and decided to settle in California, it was no Arkie-Okie migration. The McCallisters settled in style.

booth town

They chose the town of Inglewood, Lon's mother and father and her parents, Grandfather and Grandmother Hocking. They owned the biggest house in town, so roomy that the Hockings in the rumble seat into a banquet. Herbert Alonzo McCallister, Sr., and his father-in-law went into partnership in the real estate business, ran small and medium office and department stores, a department store, and in hardly any time owned half the town and had a mortgage on the other half. On paper Lon's father and grandfather soon were millionaires, and Madaline McCallister felt content and secure about her new son’s future.

It seemed to Lon in his toddling days that there was no more hope in the world. There was the bowling alley in the Hocking Building, named after his grandfather, of course. When Lon was six, his grandfather would let him tumble the tiny duckpins with his hands or help him push a bowling ball into the “blocks,” as he called the pins, and send them toppling.

And there was even greater wonder, the fantastic child’s dream come true, of his father’s candy factory down in industrial Los Angeles. There his grandfather would take them through the plant, tantalizing smells of chocolate, salty and butterscotch and a million kinds of creams and nougats. He’d hold him up, screaming with delight, and a big spoonful of chocolate go into the vast of cooling chocolate and smear his face happily with the nectar and ambrosia of moppethood.

Nearly always Lon liked the big Packard roadster with the rumble seat and its wonderful smell of leather upholstery. The McCallisters and the Hockings liked to travel. They had the highway adventure spirit of a generation that had discovered wheels and distant horizons. Lon was bundled in blankets and put with Grandfather Hocking in the rumble seat where he insisted on riding. He liked to sit back there and have his grandfather sing old-time songs. Then he'd try to sing himself. No harm in having him out of sight a minute. He went tagging along, as soon as his stubby legs could carry him, with his mother and grandfather. Their greatest dread on these excursions was that somehow, despite extreme vigilance, Lon would get lost. For this reason, he was trained to spout his name, address and telephone number right back at anyone who ever said, "Hello" to him. Kindly people would be impressed by Lon's bright blue eyes, would stop to pat his yellow curls and coo, "Hello there, little man." To their surprise Lon would recite rapidly, "Herbert Alonzo McCallister, corner of Hillcrest and Locust, Inglewood 5433!"

He was a friendly little guy from the
He's slammed. He never got mad. On the block of the big Inglewood house he played serenely with his first chum, Billy, the kid who owned a tricycle and coveted Lon's wagon, while Lon envied his tricycle. They got together right away, hitched the tricycle onto the wagon, and everybody had fun. Lon learned right away the benefits of friendship, something that has since become almost a religion with him. Lon had a mess of distant cousins in California, too. Some of them he was crazy about. One or two were the kind of kids who make trouble.

But in all his kiddie crises, Lon was open, aboveboard and naively honest as he is today. Once a troubled cousin and Lon were playing around Grandmother Flock's fishpool. The cousin stepped on a slippery spot, and down he went with a splash. He set up a loud wail and out ran the family, terrified.

"He pushed me," cried the cousin, "H.A. pushed me when I wasn't lookin'. He's mean to me. Wah-wah-wah!"

That astounded Lon. He had never been unjustly accused before. All he could think of was to tell the truth. "I didn't push him," he said, and then frankly, "but I didn't pull him out either."

Lon's first real chance to stray away from the shady side of the house and the apron strings of his adoring family came when the family moved from Inglewood to Los Angeles, selling the big mansion and building two white stucco, California-Spanish homes on Crenshaw Boulevard, down the hill from Hollywood. One for Lon's parents, one for his grandparents. For Lon, only five years old, it meant an exciting plunge into a new world, one where he would be getting around, meeting new kids. The prospect thrilled him, even then. He has always been wide-eyed about life. His mother bought him a new suit to celebrate the move into the big city. It had exciting, glamorous long pants and a real miniature man's fedora hat, and he carried a tiny cane. Now Lon thinks he must have looked like a midget in a circus, but then he thought it was hot stuff. Lon's mother was proud of his handsome looks. Perhaps it was pure and simple pride that her boy was the cutest ever born which made her enter him in an annual baby show, sponsored by the Los Angeles Daily Express at Long Beach. Certainly then she could have no designs on movies or the theater. She was far too careful with little Lon to expose him to any kind of a kiddie show business, and certainly money was no bait; they already had plenty.

Just the same, Herbert Alonzo McCallister was announced in the kiddie parade, and he walked, stiff and proud, down the promenade on the Pike at Long Beach, resplendent in a blue drummer boy's suit his mother had patiently sewed, and taping a toy drum. In his first professional appearance, Lon McCallister's eyes shone with delight, and the judges took notice. He didn't win—there were too many doll baby taffy curled cuties. But he took a prize. Five dollars. He clutched it proudly in his fist all the way back home, and his mother put it in his bank. He would like to have that bill today as a souvenir, but Lon's bank and its contents were put to practical uses before very long.

Now in the new neighborhood a new event confronted him—school. It would be private school, of course. Nothing was too good for the little H.A. then. A suitable school for children was found, near the Crenshaw Boulevard homes. Miss Lindbergh's Children's school. Lon was almost six then. It was his first sure away

(Continued on page 74)
For the Lucky Seventh in our Regional Series, Ronald Reagan's mother joins Jane in proving that folks eat well in THE MIDDLE WEST

What's Cookin', America?

What dishes do “typical” Middle Westerners prefer? Knowing that Ronald Reagan comes from Illinois, we asked Jane Wyman what her husband likes to eat. Got a rather general but definitely revealing reply, “Good, hearty food—and plenty of it!” Plus a couple of examples.

Asked Ronnie’s mother and received some specific and pleasingly varied recipes. Sum it up and you’ll find that this particular Middle Westerner likes plain, filling fare with little or no frills. And since this goes double with most men—regardless of what part of the country they come from—all of you will be happy to know more about these Reagan recipes so that you can serve them to your own particular man.

It was great fun learning about Ronnie’s food tastes from the three charming women in his life—his mother, his wife and his daughter, Maureen, who insisted on having her say, too, about her daddy’s preferences. However, when this young lady came up with “Cookies! Peanut Butter Cookies . . . yummy!” and we noted the accompanying gleam in her eye, we had our suspicions as to the source of this suggestion. However, since a simply superb recipe for these particular cookies was made available to us, who were we to question anyone as adorable as the Reagans’ cute and cuddlesome four year old!

When home on furlough, there’s no sweeter sound to Ronnie, versus Jane, than the dinner bell . . . especially when little Maureen rings it!

Winner of varsity letters in college, Ronnie has athlete’s liking for hearty food . . . such as egg-topped hash served with corn and cole slaw.
Actually, most of our information and Middle West-style recipes came from Mrs. Reagan, Senior, who still lives in the little house she shared with Ronnie’s father who died some while back. Ronnie and his brother Neil often drop in on her there. Ronnie invariably comes over and lets Mom cook for him when La Wyman is on a bond tour or in New York for personal appearances—as she was recently, in connection with the showing of “Doughgirls.” (Which picture, incidentally, has nothing to do with bread making. You have our word for it, in case you haven’t already seen it!) You’ll be seeing Jane soon again, by the way, in Warners’ big new musical “Hollywood Canteen.” And won’t that be a show—with sixty big name players in it?

But to return to Mrs. Reagan. A pleasure, we assure you, for Maureen’s “Nana” is a warm, friendly person; besides being a darned good cook!

Obviously her son gets their liking for typical American dishes from enjoying the fine meals she has always loved to prepare for them. “Ronnie,” proclaims his proud parent, “has always preferred simple stuff, simply cooked. Has fruit, cereal and coffee for breakfast, little more than a sandwich for lunch, but demands a big dinner.”

It seems he loves steaks, mock chicken legs (a family favorite of which more later) and corned beef hash. (There’s corned beef hash and corned beef hash, as any man could tell you—and as any man will, for they set themselves up as connoisseurs on the subject. Bet they can’t find a better version than Mrs. Reagan’s.) Then, too, Ronnie—like many another Middle Westerner—takes great interest in the soil, gives part of every furlough to his Victory Garden and thinks there’s nothing finer than his own home-grown vegetables. Especially favors sour cream slaw and corn on the cob.

To this list Jane added corn off the cob, in the form of corn fritters. (Being from Missouri, Jane says you’ll “have to show her” that fritters come any finer than these!)

Then, of course, there are desserts. Specifically there’s Cocoa Cake, a big favorite with both the Reagan boys—especially when eaten as a late-at-night snack, accompanied by a big glass of milk. Fact is, Ronnie and Neil always were and still are inveterate refrigerator raiders. Used to rout Mom out of bed when they’d get in late and have her join them in the kitchen where they’d eat their own version of a Dagwood sandwich, followed by generous slices of Mom’s famous cake.

And now how about recipes for all these Corn Belt favorites which come to you with the Reagans’ hearty endorsement? They include the following: Corned Beef Hash, Mock Chicken Legs, Crispy Corn Fritters, Sour Cream Slaw, those “yummy” Peanut Butter Cookies that Maureen mentioned and Mom’s Cocoa Cake. Six specialties, with directions for making a Dagwood Sandwich thrown in, for a “Lucky Seven” in the line of recipes. Trying them out will prove to be a fine way to start the New Year; and they’re yours for the asking, as always. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you send for your FREE Reagan-Wyman leaflet.

By Nancy Wood

ROYAL CROWN COLA

"Royal Crown Cola beats the rest; The reason's simple, it tastes best!"
says LORETTA YOUNG

See Loretta Young in AND NOW TOMORROW
A Paramount picture

"Here’s how I found the world's best 'quick-up,'" says Loretta. "In the famous cola taste-test, I tried leading colas in paper cups and picked the best-tasting one. Yes, it was Royal Crown Cola!"

Now Loretta always relaxes with a frosty bottle of RC, her favorite for a lift and a grand fresh start every season of the year.

ROYAL CROWN COLA

BEST BY TASTE-TEST

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LOSE 20 lbs. in 4 WEEKS! Most over-fat people who follow the current low-calorie plan conscientiously lose 20 pounds in 4 weeks. You may do the same, or begin at the empty box and we will refund your money. No need to over-exercise, use no special diet, or take any expensive medicines. Eat as much food as you want but less calories, and supplement this food with one Vita-Slym tablet a day. Not only contain Vitamins A, B, C, D, E, Biotin, Folic Acid, Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus and other minerals needed to give you energy and pep while reducing, but also help to take water out of the body due to low blood sugar.

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Send me 1 month's supply of Vita-Slyms (159 tablets & 60 capsules). If not delighted with results, you will refund my money.

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--- Advertisement ---

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We'd seen three stage shows the day before, and we were sitting through our second the next day. The show was "Tars And Spars" featuring Victor Mature, and I had gotten the autograph of nearly everyone in the cast except Vic's, and frankly, we were a little annoyed by sitting in the boxes during the first part of the stage show and mugging. So when he stuck his head out from behind the curtains, we made a face at him, and I thought the gesture as well as during his performance that evening.

It wasn't very nice of us, I admit, but Vic got back at us. We were strolling, and Vic looked down at us and declared, "There are my cousins—Immature and Premature!"

Even though we were embarrassed, we were Mature fans from then on.

Ivy, by the way, we got his autograph after that show.

Dorothy Steuart, West Allis, Wisconsin
something that wasn't there. Just a man dolled up in a red suit. There's no such thing as Santa Claus."

Lon's tears dried, and he stopped his sobs. He was paralyzed by the awful thing his father said. No Santa Claus! It was the end of the world. He forgot the smart of the spanking in the greater misery of this shattering news.

Lon's ready palship with the Japanese market kids was typical of his warm nature and democratic outlook on life. Although he was a little rich boy, he was never, thanks to his sensible Midwestern folks and his own character, ever tainted with a touch of snobbery. Even today race distinctions and prejudices make him crawl inside. His own character, too, made him naturally eager to know and like everything and everybody. As a kid he was always getting bitten by dogs, because he'd walk right up to all of them, strange or familiar, and put his arms around them.

He was riding in the open Packard one summer day with his mother when a bee flew in and settled on the seat. Happily Lon reached out, grabbed it and pressed it to his face, thrilled with the buzzing wings. Of course, the bee blitzed him pronto, right on the end of the nose. It seemed Lon would never learn.

That was one of the reasons he begged to go to public school after he came back from the Arizona health trip. Lon wanted to be like the rest of the kids. He sensed that private schooling set him apart from the rest, and instinctively he didn't like it. He got his way, and it was a lucky thing. Events were to enter Lon's young life that would demand all his talent for making his way in the mob of underprivileged humanity. The rich boy was to lose his riches and become poor, about as poor as they come, and almost overnight.

house of cards . . .

The whole nation shared in the first tragedy—the Great Depression. The crash that came out of the blue in 1929 caught H. A. McCallister and his father-in-law, R. L. Hocking, with real estate holdings and business interests scattered all over Southern California. Some of the bigger properties were held on a shoe-string, and to save them, the assets had to be cashed in. As the Depression yawned and values plummeted, the fortune they had built tumbled like a stack of cards. Meanwhile Lon's mother and father had come to a parting of the ways.

It would be hard to say which disaster had the most effect on Lon's young life. His father had been away a lot on business; Lon had never been half so close to him as to his mother. He had always liked his dad, as he does today (they see each other frequently), and he remembers him as kindly and indulgent.

The split in Lon's family came before the crash that swept them from wealth to poverty. Lon's grandmother had bought an apartment house in Los Angeles. Lon and his mother moved in there, and for a short time life went on as if nothing had happened. Then one day Lon saw the tight lips and anxious frown on the grown-ups' faces. That night when he lay awake in his room, he heard the murmur of the family conference. He caught snatches of conversation, "No place to raise the money . . . bank's calling the loan . . . panic . . . everyone's in the same boat . . . guess this is the end . . . they want us to leave . . . " He wondered briefly what it was all about, but pretty soon he was asleep. Next morning his mother told him, "We're going to move."

"But," said Lon, "I like Granny's apartment house!"

"I know," smiled his mother sadly, "but it isn't Granny's house any more."

---

Tireless war worker—busy film maker—is dazzling Dorothy Lamour, like many other Hollywood stars. Lucky for their loveliness, they've discovered that Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream does everything for skin beauty... takes just seconds!

Dorothy Lamour soon to be seen in "ROAD TO UTOPIA," a Paramount Picture

See this satiny cream help your skin look film-star lovely as it gives complete care: Cleanses. Softens, smooths. Holds powder. Helps erase tiny dry-skin lines. And Stericin, exclusive ingredient, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Tonight and every night take the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars: First, cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—then, use as a night cream for extra softening. Use for daytime clean-ups, too.

Jars 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.
I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Walter Pidgeon was here in Washington for his pre-Washington's-Birthday-Day Ball, I called him at his hotel with the intention of getting an interview with him for my school paper.

When I was introduced to him, he turned to his room, a man sounding suspiciously like Mr. Pidgeon answered, and after hearing the purpose of my call told me, "Mr. Pidgeon hasn't left his room all day," and added, "If you want to see him you can call at the hotel.

After a moment of "conversation," he reported that Mr. Pidgeon said he was insulted but that he would talk to me whenever he was in the mood.

Lo and behold, the receiver was picked up, and the same voice continued with, "How are you, kid? Don't this is Walter Pidgeon—what can I do for you?"

Golly, what a grand guy he is—and what a sensaum!

June B. Klein, Washington, D. C.

mother and grandmother prepared late supper for themselves, which Lon usually managed to shake off. He had learned to cook and so did his folks, but it was the only time they could be together.

But the cafe venture was a flop. The profits weren't enough to support them, so he decided to move again. His mother had lost the lunchroom. She had taken a job as a waitress at the Mesa Cafe in Huntington. There was a row of tenements here she had rented on the promise of her first pay check. "Things will be all right," she smiled bravely. "With a salary we'll know what to count on."

Before he reached Junior High he was to switch around to ten or twelve different schools. In every one he had to establish himself with the kids and teachers both, a tough job for a youngster. But his natural friendliness and eager personality saw Lon through. He hadn't been in the Huntington Park grade school a week before he organized a club. They met to go to the picture show every Saturday morning. There was a row of six or seven special kids, and Lon's mother could usually spare a dime or two for the movies. So Lon found a new setting for his world of dreams—the high adventure made in Hollywood. From the moment he was a movie fan he was still from bad to worse...

But soon even the dimes for Lon's Saturday club movies couldn't be spared. There wasn't half enough to make ends meet, and finally the rent tax was laid off. People left the house at her and at Grandmaw and Grandpaw Hocking when they hunted jobs. Jobs! Know any other funny stories? They came to the end of their rope. The landlord came around.

"I'm sorry," he said, "to have to do this to nice folks like you. But I've got to pay my taxes. Guess I have to ask you to leave."

There was no place to go. Something had to happen, and of course it did. A friend of Grandmaw Hocking was a detective at the hotel. He went to the apartment owner heard of a vacancy at the Alcator Apartments, in Los Angeles. The manager had left; they needed a couple, so they gave the job to Lon's grandmother. Grandfather Hocking hastily got on their best clothes. But when they started to leave, they remembered an item. The carfare. They pulled out their pockets and pocketbook. They were bare...
as bones. There wasn’t enough money in the house to get them to the job. Finally Madaline remembered, “I’ve got a dollar put away in my Bible,” she said. “I’ve been saving it for Lon’s birthday present.” Out it came, and the journey was financed. Grandpaw and Grandmaw came through.

They got the job—also an advance in salary to stock up the manager’s cupboard with groceries and to bring carfare to Lon and his mother. Lon McCallister moved again.

On the busy blocks near the Alcazar he started a magazine route and earned his first money. The Alcazar was on Alvarado Street, center of what used to be the swanky district when Hollywood was young. Ramon Novarro’s old house stood nearby, and sometimes in the afternoons Lon would sneak over the fence and wander around the grounds. There was a neighborhood movie house, too, on Alvarado, right across the street, and soon dimes again for Saturday morning shows.

He went to Union Avenue Grade School, and it kept him busy. He was a good student. He liked history and English and geography and languages. He hated math. On the playground Lon found he was good on the double bars, the swings and rings. He was too light for rough games like football, but he was fast. In the Sixth Grade he won sprints and made the school relay team. Later on in Junior and Senior High School he was to make the gym team and win his letter at basketball. Lon was a leader, too—into everything that had to do with school activities. He was in all the school shows, and as usual, he tumbled for the first girl he played with. Her name was Patricia, with black Irish hair. Later on in Junior High, Lon’s girl, Dorothea, was to be a brunette, too. The influence of his first girl, little French Jeanne, clung to him. For a long time young Lon was one gentleman who never preferred blondes.

The move to Hollywood took place when Lon was about thirteen. Grandfather Hocking found a steady job at last as night watchman at Universal Studios. That was too far a ride from Alvarado Street. Grandmother found another apartment house to run now, on Yuca Street in Hollywood right off the Boulevard and smack behind Warner Brothers’ Hollywood Theater. The first night Lon moved into this strange new world, he saw crowds hurrying to the theater, shiny cars jamming the street, searchlights combing the sky. Entranced, he wandered down to the corner of Wilcox and the Boulevard.

“What’s going on?” Lon asked the newsboy.

“Pre-meer,” said the newsboy, short.

“What’s that?”

“What’s a ‘premeer’?” Lon found himself shattered with mendacious scorn. “May, kid, you don’t know nothin’, do you?”

screen stories . . .

It was true. Lon didn’t know much of anything about the ways of Hollywood. But he soon found out. Living a block from the Boulevard a kid would have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to learn fast. And going to LeConte Junior High, as Lon soon did, was almost a pre-induction course in Hollywood studio life. All the kids there, it seemed, were veteran extras, stand-ins, even stunts. Bonita Granville went to school at LeConte, and Jane Withers’ stand-in was in Lon’s class.

Everywhere he turned he ran into glamorous show business. Walking down the Boulevard, a treat he still loves, he saw famous faces. At his favorite Boulevard movie house, the Iris, where he redoubled his fervor as a fan, he used to spell out his name “B-u-d M-e-C-a-l-l-i-s-t-e-r” (for now he was “Bud”) long since the school kids had razzed him.

“O Rarely Soft,*
the touches of her hands,
As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands”

—“Love Lyrics,” James Whitcomb Riley

Don’t let Winter make your hands look OLD

“Drowsy zephyrs,” did you say, Sir Poet? Wake up!—Mr. Riley—this is January. And a brutally workaday world. Don’t you think there should be a footnote to your lovely lyric to lovely hands? Something like... “If you want ‘em, use Pacquins—quick!”

Because work and weather chap, roughen, redden, ruin a woman’s hands... often make them look older than her actual years. And Pacquins Hand Cream says “pooh” to work and weather—hands keep smooth, white, youthful-looking. Snowy-white, non-greasy. As delightful to use as the results are to see. Get Pacquins now!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE
PROTECT YOUR POLISH WITH SEAL-COTE

Avoid the ugliness of chipped polish—make your manicure last and last with SEAL-COTE Liquid Nail Protector. You don’t have much time these days, manicures—yet well-groomed hands are important to morale. "SEAL-COTE protects your nails today and every day."

SEAL-COTE
25c at Cosmetic Counters

FREE ENLARGEMENT
Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad. Information on our fast, pay post natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. SEND IT OUT, OUT, OUT without your request.

GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 163, Des Moines, Iowa

LEARN NURSING AT HOME

High School graduation necessary. No age limit. Send for FREE "How to Pass" and candidature for admission. Fauth, Chicago, Illinois.

LADIES OR GENTS

This Horseshoe Ring, hand handmade, hand engraved, inlaid with amethyst, pear is a KNOCK-OUT Choice of Ladies or Gentlemen. Seal of everlasting Montgomery Metal is GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. Supply is limited... rush your order... SEND NO MONEY... J. D. W. American Jewelry Co., Dept. 11-1, Wheeling, W. Va.

shamedly about the "H.A." and made rowdy cracks about it) up in imaginary lights, as almost every kid in Hollywood has at one time or another.

on the outside

Grandpaw Hocking, on special nights, would slip Lon in with him at Universal to make the rounds of the laboratory to explain what he had learned about the mysterious movie plant. Sometimes there would be night companies shooting on the blazing stages, and Lon could stand silent in the dark shadows, open mouthed, and watch. On Friday nights, when he could sleep late the next morning, Lon would stay all night.

Even his mother, who now had a receptionist job in the office of a Hollywood dentist, would come home with stories of movie-famous patients.

The Hollywood fever struck all of Lon's family. His mother found she was just the same size as petite Janet Gaynor, and she learned that Janet was standing in for a stand-in. She talked about getting the job. Grandpaw Hocking was snatched from his watchman's post a time or two to walk before a camera at Universal. Even his own singing was told by people who ought to know that she was a wonderful "grandmother type" for the movies. Later on, too, she was.

There wasn't much fun behind all of this. The object was money. The Hockings and McCallisters were still living from hand to mouth. Lon, young as he was, felt guilty going out on the family budget. It hurt him to see his grandparents and his frail mother working while all he did was to go to school. He was old for his years, and he took an easy studio job. The money the kids at school told inflated his desire to earn his own way. But nothing seemed to happen. After all, kids weren't any too anxious to jump into the movies of the study-how-how. It might take money away from them.

At last Lon's eagerness for activity won him his chance. More serious work wasn't enough, so he joined a boys' singing organization called the Maxwell Choristers. Lon had a clear young tenor voice. One Friday night the director had a surprise for them.

"Everybody show up tomorrow afternoon," he said. "M-G-M is looking for choir boys to sing in their big Shake up a spearmint and Romeo and Juliet. We're going to try out."

The whole kids' choir tumbled out of the bus the next morning, not a one of M-G-M's big gates. But Lon was cut, row, excited and eager. For the first time in his life he was entering a studio by the front door to be an actor himself. He had visions of the bright lights and had seen nights with his Universal watchman Grandfather.

Stars...would be smiling a welcome. He knew his dream movie queen, Norma Shearer, was the way of "Romeo and Juliet." Probably she would walk up to him, smiling dazzlingly and say, "This is just the young man we've been looking for!"

by the skin of his teeth...

But instead of that rosy picture, Lon found himself directed to a big, barnlike stage, dark and dusty, with carpenters pounding in the wings and rough workmen brushing a big street. Only Norma Shearer knew where anywhere about! A man in slacks and a sport shirt stood on a chair and looked over the group. "Can't use half of many," he stated, and Lon's heart sunk. "Line them up," he ordered.

Lon lined up with the rest. An assistant director walked down the line, and as Director George Cukor scanned the faces of the group and nodded, he had them step out of line. The last one stepped out before they came to Lon. "That's enough,"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One of Hollywood's best known juvenile leads made a personal appearance in our current release, "That dang War Bond sales, just before being shipped overseas. As it happened, one of the last pictures he'd made before entering the making of his. It was almost a "I'm going to a Southern city for her gushing manner, cooed to the star, "Oh, have you seen yourself at the State?"

The actor didn't even look up. "No. As a matter of fact, I have a very weak stomach...")...and went right on signing, "Lieu. Tom Brown!"

Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Jackson, Tennessee

said Cukor. "Okay, kids," barked the assistant. "You can go now."

Lon turned slowly toward the door with his heart down to his heels. Halfway to the heavy sound-stage door somebody yelled, "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! We're one shy. Line up again!"

Lost line up the rest. But now he was disillusioned. They would never pick him. This time Cukor himself walked down the line. He didn't look far. The minute he saw Lon he said unmistakably.

"Didn't I choose you before?"

"No," said Lon.

"I meant to," said the director. "You're a perfect choir boy. All right, that's all. Everybody show up for wardrobe fitting Monday morning!"

Lon McCallister rode home with a whirling brain. He had actually to work in a studio like all the rest of the kids! He was to begin as a choir boy and maintain through all his scorching jobs that spiritual freshness which set him apart from the other extras and earned him the nickname of "The Angel Extra." What George Cukor had noticed in that brief choir-casting other directors, stars and finally the great American public were to discover and like well enough to make Lon McCallister the brightest young star in all Hollywood.

But thoughts like that were completely absent from Lon's spinning brain that day as the bus jolted him back home to the small apartment house where he lived, about his mother's work and in the shadowy, narrow streets.

What thrilled fourteen-year-old Lon was the triumphant thought that now he, too, was a famous boy. He had a menial job with a man-sized check to contribute to the pot. He felt suddenly grown up and strong. He recognized his the first goal, which he never abandoned until he realized it. "I'll be earning enough soon," he told himself, "so that Granny and Mom can stop work." Ambition was to come.

"Five days at ten dollars a day!" he exclaimed. "Five times ten is fifty. Fifty dollars! Golly!"

Part II of Lon McCallister's life story will appear in the February issue of MODERN SCREEN.
he lisped, and suddenly saw himself—a
grown man, standing there like a big dope,
talking baby talk. He blushed his way
through the number.
After the rehearsal, Vinton Freedley
came up. "I'm a little worried about that
fairy tale thing."
"Don't worry," said Danny, "I've been
through this before. If it's bad opening
night, I'll cut it faster than anyone else."
Opening night. The murmur from be-
yond the curtain. The hush that's like no
other hush in the world as the lights dim
and the curtain rises. Danny stepped out,
and his eyes met that sea of faces, and the
spark ignited—
"Onth upon a time," he lisped, and the
audience went wow! He forgot about him-
self and his inhibitions, about being grown-
up and looking like a dope. He was inside
and outside his skin at the same time, doing
things he'd never dreamed of in rehearsal,
feeling almost as if they were doing them-
\[Continued from page 33\]
All that existed was the live cur-
rent running between him and the audi-
ence, electrifying both. The number Freed-
ley was worried about stopped the show.
Lots of movie actors hate being watched.
It makes them self-conscious. It makes
Danny self-conscious not to be watched.
Before a big production number, they start
herding people in from all over the lot to
spark Danny up.
Both his parents were gay people. At
five, Danny was singing the Russian folk-
songs they loved. What tickled them most,
though, was the way he'd spot people's od-
dities—a characteristic gesture, a quirk
of expression—and reproduce them to the
life. It tickled the kids at school, too.
But all that was just a minor sideline with
Danny. As he grew into his teens, two
passions obsessed him. If he wasn't play-
ing baseball or yelling from the bleachers
of Ebbets Field, "C'mon you bums!" he'd
be taggling along with an older friend, al-
ready in medical school. He'd never con-
ider being anything but a doctor. To
Danny, a smashed finger spelled romance.
"Wait a minute," he'd beg. "Let me fix it."
That dream was shat tered by an ex-
perience which his father shared with others
around that time. He lost most of his money,
which meant no college. For a while Danny
was lost, too. Cut off from the clear road
ahead, with its shining goal, he could find
no other. His father, a wise man, kept his
hands off. Even when Danny ran away.
It was a pretty casual flight. "Hey," said
a friend, "wanna hitch-hike to Florida?"
"Gee, that might be fun!"
In addition to their thumbs, Danny was
 equipped with a voice, the other guy with a
uke. They barred entertainment for mile-
age. Pop was upset at first and had
them traced to Baltimore. But when the
cop said, "They're okay—I'd let 'em go
at night," Pop took his advice.
Neither did he bother the boy during the
days that followed when Danny's life
was bounded by movies, sleeping and
brooding. For want of other occupation,
he developed complexes, turned sour on
the gang. With his songs and mimery, he'd
always been the life of the party. There
the guys would sit, laughing their fool
heads off, and next to each guy sat his girl.
Danny had no girl. He concluded that
they loved him not for himself alone, but
for free entertainment. So he forsok
society for the movie palaces—patronized
four of five shows, got home at one and
slept the morning through.
Pop's friends were disturbed. "He's a
big boy. It's time he went to work. Why
Sterling, so Chicago about. Premium Why dancing solid few N.

deadline. Penny meant a China?—

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"I'll give myself till 10:30, then I'll quit."

It was in the spring of '39 that Nat Liefshen asked him to do some songs for a semi-professional show they were putting on. Danny went with him to the rehearsal loft, and there sat the tall, dark, long-legged girl.

But as Danny sang, Sylvia jumped up, shot across the room, and came back to him. She had been away, she went over to the producer.

"I've just heard a great new star."

"What you talking about?"

"Sylvia. Just sang. He's going to be a great star."

Soon Danny found himself seeing Sylvia home. "You happen to know a Dr. Five who used to live in East New York?"

"He's my father."

"I used to drill holes in his woodwork."

While his boss was out, Danny'd turn dent.

dentist, don a white coat, open "Law's pick drill, start the machine and look around for a patient. He couldn't drill air, so he drilled the woodwork.

"We used to wonder about those holes," said Sylvia.

With that bond established, others grew.

Sylvia'd been working with Max Liebman at Camp Tamiment, but when that outfit was broken up, she was left with no steady places. She was going back that season and talked Danny into going along. She wrote some numbers for him, and they found other partners, still exciting. Sylvia'd get an idea, they'd discuss it, she'd put it on paper, they'd fool around with it, change it, rehearse it—with Danny adding business, Gibbs, Sullivan, they complemented each other—fathered and mothered a new form of entertainment. It was hard work, but profoundly exhilarating.

The beginning of the summer's output went into "Straw Hat Revue" which didn't last long. They still hadn't found the right presentation formula. Danny decided he had to get along better. He'd lost a few dollars near to Florida. One day Sylvia's phone rang. Danny's voice on long distance. "Why don't you come over?"

"What for?"

"I want to get married."

"Who's the girl?"

"Tina."

"Mhm Well, I'll come down, but I don't think we'll get married."

So they got married—both singing with friends in the road, they turned over to Ft. Lauderdale. Sylvia had a solid capital of thirty dollars. Danny's was misty—"I can't remember whether he had or owed forty. If either of us called the other when the other was away, the other would have dissolved in blessed relief. Being stubborn, they both kept their mouths shut.

Back in New York, they started re-working their numbers. It meant nothing to them that a man named Dario was opening a swank night club called the Martinique. Operating on a shoestring, he was frantic for entertainment. They couldn't pay more than two hundred fifty a week. Besty, the agent, suggested The Kayes—

"Who are they?"

He murmured something about summer camps.

"Yah!" snorted Dario. "All right, get them. No, what do I want to see them for? When they're thirty, I know they stick. But for two fifty, you can't buy orchids."

To the Kayes, two fifty was celestial music. The club opened, Danny went on for the dinner show, and flopped. They didn't know what to make of him. No risque songs, no jokes, some screwy number about cannibalistic. Anyway, they were hungry.

Down but not out, Sylvia and Danny re-routed the show. Next time he was
less nervous, the crowd less concerned with food. This time the numbers got through in all their wit and slyness and subtlety, and the crowd fell on its face. Danny Kaye’s name became a Broadway byword, the customers poured in, and the Martinique flourished, not to mention the Kayes. On their first payday, Sylvia was ill. Danny collected their salary in five-dollar bills and strewed them over her bed. Among the repeating customers was Moss Hart, who said to Danny one night: “If I ever do a revue, I’d like you in it.”

Three days later he phoned, and his voice was apologetic. “Look, Danny, I hate to ask you—there’s a part in ‘Lady in the Dark,’ but it’s pretty small—would you be interested?”

Danny didn’t fall down, because he was sitting, but the floor rose up and hit him in the face. A part in Moss Hart’s show with Sam Harris producing and Gertie Lawrence starring! And Hart asking him to do it as a favor yet! A strangled voice reached Hart’s ears. “Sure,” it said. “Sure. I’d be interested.”

As usual, Danny didn’t shine in rehearsal. He was all right, and that’s all. The Broadway boys told Hart he was crazy, taking a chance on a night club entertainer. “So I’m crazy,” said Hart.

A night to remember...

They opened in Boston. The first act didn’t hold much for Danny. His big moment came in the second, with the Tschikowsky number. Big was the word for it. As he jumped on the horse for the finish, the house broke loose. Ira Gershwin walked out to the lobby, smoked a cigarette and, when he came back, they were still applauding. Danny sat on his horse, happier and more worried than he’d ever been in his life. Because who was the star of this show anyway? And how was she going to like this demonstration?

Miss Lawrence looked at Danny and bowed. Danny bowed back. She stepped toward the footlights, lifted her chin and sailed into “Jenny.” Never had she sung it as she did that night. It was magnificent and thrilling—a thoroughbred rising to the challenge of the race—a master show woman topping her own heights—Gertie Lawrence, incredibly better than her superb best. The audience went wild, none wilder than Danny up there on his horse, mopping the sweat from his brow, thanking God for Gertie. For what seemed exquisite hours on end, the crowd kept them bowing to each other and wouldn’t let them go. The Englishwoman had known many nights of triumph. This was the Brooklyn boy’s first, and its memory is hallowed.

His father’s pride in Danny’s success was a thing of gradual growth. So he was in for a shock at the New York opening of “Lady in the Dark.” Danny’s first appearance in his chauffeur’s uniform brought a nice hand from his café following. Bewildered, Pop turned to his companion.

“You mean they know him?” Backstage, after the show, he didn’t say a word, just kept looking at Danny. Here was a whole new kind of a son.

Later, he grew more articulate. At least once a month he’d go to see “Let’s Face It.” Danny could spot him from the stage and noticed that, after the first few times, Pop didn’t watch him. Ayres folded, he gave his attention to the audience. When they got hysterical, he’d nod and beam encouragement, much as to say, “You haven’t seen anything yet.” Now and then he’d lean over to some particularly appreciative stranger. Clearly as though he could hear the words, Danny knew what they were. “That’s my boy up there.”

Sam Goldwyn snagged him because he was smart enough to take an agent’s advice. While Danny was still in “Lady in the Dark,” Abe Lastfogel of the William Morris agency, phoned Goldwyn, “You better come see this guy.” For the first time, Goldwyn planed East to catch a performance. “How about pictures?” he asked the performer. Danny wasn’t ready yet, but agreed to get in touch with Goldwyn when the time came. A week at Ciro’s in Hollywood really set the wires buzzing. True to his promise, however, Danny went with Goldwyn when the time came.

Now he’s working in “The Wonder Man.” But he doesn’t want to make so-called Danny Kaye starrers all his life. Nor has he any suppressed urge to play Hamlet. What he does want is variety and scope in characterization—to play, not a stereotype, but people as he’s observed them, with their humors and crotchetts and vagaries.

Guthrie McClintic once said to him—“I’d like to do a play with you some time.”

“Wouldn’t that take a lot of guts?”

“No. Never be afraid to do the unexpected. People don’t expect romance from...
Kidneys Must
Clean Out Acids
Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by the kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rib Pains, Dysuria, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-dynamic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first sign of Kytes developed, tells the doctor to work toward the Kidney's flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying kidney action, in just a day or two, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. Get Cystex from your druggist today. Take it exactly as directed and see the results in your own particular case. Under our guarantee, you completely satisfied you simply return the empty package and get your money back. Three guaranteed seasizes: Only 35c, 75c, $1.50 at drugstores.

Barbara Bruce Recommends

Barbara Bruce Recommends

PERFUME WEAVES A MAGIC SPELL
(Continued from page 33)

evening. But, instead, there are many new and exciting ways to use perfume that will mark you as something pretty special. When a gal is in a Humphrey-Bogart-lead-
ing-lady mood, she wants a provocative scent, with a definite sheen that emphasizes her femininity. A perfume on the “heavy” side is her choice, something like an un-
tamed fragrance. A few drops down her bosom, across her shoulders and around her ankles, will surround her with an air of naught-y-but-nice charm.

For that special time when hearts are gay, I suggest a sparkling scent with a spiciness, neither light or heavy, yet having a definite note... a heart beat! A gay, telling perfume, brushed across her lips and fingers that will make a girl feel that she's floating on clouds.

Then, too, there are times when a girl is off in a cloud of fantasy. A clinging floral bouquet, “a petting perfume” is exciting in the light of her face. So, naturally, let’s not be obvious in the use of perfume. A few drops behind the knees, trailed at the hairline framing the face, and on a cotton ball, the bra surround a char-
mer in a aura of romance. When you're wearing that pastel sheer wool number with its gold glittering neckline, you feel dash of a Dresden shepherdess. Try a floral, gay and light perfume... a real April shower. It will become a particular pet of yours, I just know it. The secret of using perfume enchantingly is simply this: Not one heavy application in one place but many light ones, scattered. Supported by a story of your favorite scent attracts the attention of everyone (I am). Then spray it directly on your skin, so that the warmth of your body releases the scent and sends it around you like a delicious cloud.

Herewith is an extra list of perfuming ways and means. (1) Start with your lingerie; spray undergarments after laun-
dering. What could be more refreshing than to slip into a delicately perfumed slip? (2) Your dress should be pre-perfumed, too. If sprayed after a hour or two before wearing, it'll be sure of not being too heavily perfumed. (3) Wide sleeves, float-
ing draperies, should leave a trail of perf-
ume, not 14 feet behind. You want to get
that “follow me” would be grand. (4) Artificial flowers should smell like the original. (5) Gloves carry perfume well. (6) Perfume is great hair. Men adore this siren touch, so don't neglect it! A few drops of perfume (or eau de cologne or toilet water) in the last rinse is a good idea. And don't forget your eyebrows! (7) A drop on the blister in the stationery box scents the paper. When you know how, shopping for per-
ume is fun. You'll be eager to try the perfume on per-
ume. The back of your hand will do. Taking a whiff out of the bottle is an untrue test because alcoholic gases form at the neck of the bottle's cap, sometimes the chemist of the skin mixes with perfume (I know this even though I flunked Chemistry 3) and gives it a slightly differ-
ent fragrance. But—on your skin, you collect your favorites, take care of them. Don't leave loosely stoppered perfume bottles on your dressing table. It may spoil, and you'll trust too much prefers seclusion. Bright light is bad for it. Keep it in the cool dark. Keep it tightly stoppered. Never hoard perfume... enjoy it! * * * Drop me a note if any problems of skin-
care, hair-do's, figure or general beauty interest you. I'll try to stopper the answer back by return mail. Carol Carter, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
DREAM WALKING

(Continued from page 35)

"Please, Mr. Meiklejohn, isn’t there some tiny little bit I can do?"
"Well, we’re thinking things over. We’ve got some ideas."
She mightn’t have cared so desperately if things hadn’t started off with such a bang. Sometimes she wished they hadn’t started at all. There she’d been, minding her own business, peacefully going to school and playing with Peter Mergenblum’s Junior Symphony Orchestra. She’d started playing at four. Mother taught music. At three, Dolly’d sit on the table and listen. Then she began picking out notes for herself. Later on she lost interest. But when she was about ten, she began to understand music and really to love it.

**treading on air...**

One day Virginia Ellie’s mother phoned. Virginia was a violinist with the orchestra, and Paramount wanted her for an audition. Could Dolly go along to accompany?

Well, you can imagine! Being 13 and going to a movie studio for the first time!

"Now, darling, don’t get excited," Mother said. "Remember you’re just accompanying Virginia."

She tried to remember, but how can you remember anything when a man opens a door for you, and you look up, and it’s Joel McCrea! And suddenly there’s Susanna Foster, looking so beautiful! And after you finished playing for Virginia, somebody says, “Can you play a solo?” and you play a Chopin waltz, and they say, “We’ll call you.”

“That’s what they always say,” Mother warned her that evening, trying to calm her down. “It doesn’t mean a thing.”

A couple of weeks later she was awfully glad she hadn’t told the girls. Because Mother’d been right. Nothing happened. Not for a month. Then they called her back. This time Mother went along. Dolly played and talked into a mike, and they asked if she knew Grieg’s Concerto. No? Well, could she learn it?

“How long will you give her?” asked Mother.

“Two weeks.”

Well, the story’s been told and retold—how she went back and played the first movement of the Concerto, and on one Saturday morning they finally signed her, and she raced home to tell Lois and everyone. And she worked in the picture, and Susanna Foster became her guardian angel; and when it was over, they were sent on this wonderful tour of the South together.

That was months and months ago. Now the bubble had burst, and the rainbow faded. Yes, she was still under contract— for all the good it did her. Nobody knew she existed.

But she didn’t want to go back to the piano—not for a career—she wanted to act! Dolly walked to the window—waited and watched the sky—and at last she saw it. Her lips moved:

“Starlight, starbright,
First star I see tonight—”

She wasn’t really superstitious, but she always wished on the first star. This time it worked. Because a few days later, Johnny Del Valle, one of the publicity men, said, “I’m sick of seeing you around,” and took her to Jules Schirmer, who said he’d use her in the next Aldrich picture.

But that wasn’t all. Before they could get the Aldrich script read, Mr. Mayo of the talent department sent for her. “I’ve been thinking of you for ‘The Major and the Minor.’” Only Brackett and Wilder want a younger girl. You’ll have to wear flat.

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Thousands who once did not know what to do for the tainting styes now rely on the Old Reliable - Sayman Salve. Containing not one, but FRESHLY well-known medicinal ingredients, this grand medicated ointment helps to soothe and protect eye, irritated membranes, softened parts, lubricate dry tissue. Acts as a comforting and positive agent, Big 4-oz. Economy Size only 69c—regular 1½-oz. size 26c. All drugstores.
A XMAS SHE'LL NEVER FORGET

(Continued from page 25)

forgetting all about it for the minute. But there it was, poking out from under the pillow and making her unhappy.

Auntie didn't say a word, just looked at her as if she were terribly disappointed. June felt so ashamed. Auntie just said: "I'm sorry, June, I'm afraid your mother'll have to know about this," and went out with the picture.

It wasn't that June minded Mother's knowing. But suddenly she felt that she had to tell Mother anything. She could explain how it happened. The words wouldn't choke her. Loneliness for Mother rose and engulfed her, made her so miserable that she wanted to go somewhere and cry. Between candy and wretchedness, she couldn't eat supper. Granny didn't mention the dime, so it must have been Mother's. Mother wasn't home till late, and Granny kept her supper hot. June went in and sat down on the floor. After a while, Mother came in.

"I only seemed to think of it to-day, June. I'd forgotten it all. It didn't amount to anything. It contributed something toward upkeep—which is only fair—and buys her own clothes. That's all. Fifty percent of her earnings go straight into War Bonds."

Say, now that that's dream's talking!

anyway, and bought candy—the kind you got ten for a penny—and it tasted so good and made her so miserable that she wanted to go somewhere and cry.

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Say, now that that's dream's talking!
Did you have to tell Mother anything?

She knew without telling. It was as though June wasn’t a girl any more, but just one big hurt.

Never to the granny laugh again, never to succeed again— that was the awful thought she couldn’t bear. It lurked like some monster, ready to claw her apart. She lay there, trying with all her might to shut out the thought.

She’d never said Granny’s name to anyone— since not even to Mother. She’d never stopped being a baby— but if she could love her, might it have been different. But she didn’t want to mention the snatch. She was so tired, she couldn’t do anything but think of the one thing that might be easy— She was too tired.

“Darling,” Mother had said, “I can’t afford to pay someone to stay with you. I don’t understand you. I am eleven years old. I’ll just wait there till you get home from work. But I’d worry, Junie. I’d sit there all day and you wouldn’t want that.”

It would be lovely at Auntie’s. You’ll have fun with the girls, and you’ll be helping me. I’ve got to know you’re safe— and that’s more important than anything else. And June had lost. She wasn’t very nice about it. On the train to Long Island, she cut Mother pretty short.

“Oh, I’ll tell you, don’t worry about me. I’ll be fine.”

She said good by very coldly. “Well, g’bye,” she said, just like that— Mother had hurt her, and she wasn’t going to stand it back. And the minute the door closed, she had given anything just to be in Mother’s arms.

It taught her a lesson that lots of people don’t learn till they’re much older, than having soiled pillow that night, she thought: “When you hurt somebody you love, you’re just hurting yourself.”

She looked down. Still teeming.

Getting darker and darker, too. Well, never mind. It didn’t matter now. She knew what she had to do. Go back. Mother’d just be like her acting this way. Neither would Granny.

Besides, it was mostly her own fault.

Auntie’s always been kind. But June had come with a chip on her shoulder and a never quite off talk. She guessed was jealous. The girls— all of them— were pretty and cute and popular with the boys. June and Jock were younger. The boy ever looked at her twice. She had to do something, so she studied like mad, and was very smart in school. Which made her stuck up, and cold.

But mostly, it was missing Mother. Missing Mother was like a stone inside her heart.

As the small drenched figure dragged itself back up the steps, the door opened—

“Mummy, Mummy, how did you get here? An aunt phoned me at the plant. She was worried—”

“Oh, Mummy, I didn’t mean to be bad—”

“I know, darling. Auntie understands too. We’ve decided a girl needs her mother more than anything else. So I’m taking you home with me—”

They went home that night because Mother had to work next day. Home to the little cold-water flat— the room and over the kitchen— but it looked like heaven. The room has a sofa and a pull-out bed. Mother wanted June to take the bed, but she said nothing doing. “I’m too burning with happiness.” Next thing she knew, the sun was waking her up. The neighbors were lovely. “Don’t worry,” they told Mother. “I’ll look after her. I’ll look after her at home.” As if she needed looking after—a girl of twelve.

Four o’clock. Mother’s home soon— they got off early. June opened the car door and took out the cake. It didn’t look so hot—

The cake was her Christmas gift to Mother. Mother had taken a magazine—

“YOUR MOTHER’S ALWAYS BAKING YOU COOKIES,” said the ad.

“WHY DON’T YOU MAKE HER SOME CHRISTMAS COOKIES FOR A CHANGE?”

“A cake!” thought June. “That’s what I’ll bake her—”

She got the recipe from a cookbook, and the ingredients from a neighbor lady. The lady had offered to lend her some money for a present, but June had been taught never to borrow money. Ingredients were different.

She’d done everything the book said— stuck straw in the cake and walked gently, so it wouldn’t fall. But it didn’t taste anyway. Never mind. Mother’d like it anyway. She got the matchbox out, lighted the matches, burned them down to the end, and arranged them on the table to read CHRISTMAS. Some of them crumpled, but the effect was okay— especially if you didn’t stand too close.

Mother made a great fuss over the cake— even brought home a tiny table-tree. They didn’t have any balls to tie on, but it looked nice with the cake sitting under it, and June’s present all done up in cristmas ribbons.

They had supper, with the cake between them. “May I help you to some of this delicious dessert? asked Mother. “Do you think you’re kidding?”

Crowed June.

After supper, she opened her present. A beautiful pink hair—bow! “Golly!” breathed June in front of the mirror. “I’d almost look pretty—if I had another face.”

“Your face suits me,” That was what Mother always said.

Next morning, in the big chair, June on a hassock at her feet. The lights were out, and Granny’s little radio was playing Christmas carols.

“Long Island,” had been listening with them. And suddenly it came to June that for the first time since Granny’d died, it was easy to think about her. Not only good, but something else. Her head whispered: “That’s Granny’s favor- ite carol. D’you think maybe she’s here listening with us?”

“Could be,” said Mother. “Especially if you don’t keep her out, Junie.”

She looked up, wondering. “How do you mean, keep her out?”

“By not talking or thinking about her,” Remember how she loved you, dear, in stead of trying to forget, and she’ll always be close.”

The room was quiet for a long time after that. Till June laid her cheek against her mother’s hand. “You just gave me the loveliest Christmas present,” she said. “I’ve never had so much as a bow—”

June’s looking forward to Christmas of ’45. She’s saving to buy her mother a minisk coat, and by then she’ll have enough.

“Let’s take a walk,” she’ll say, and Mother will go with her coat.

She’ll probably stand in the closet, cry- ing, and June’ll have to go in for her.”

“Come on, Mummy,” she’ll say. “We’re not sticking our necks in the garbage can.”

And I’ll be the mink with a big sign on it in matchstcks: “MERRY CHRIST- MAS TO MAMMY.”
else, they knew Hopper. So when Walter got in, he called me.

“You’re an answer to a prayer,” I told him. “I’m about to throw a housewarming. Will you come and sing?”

“What time?”

“Well, the invitations read from four to four.”

In New York we’d been agreeable, but rather casual, acquaintances. Before that party was over, we became firm friends. He had two qualities that never fail to bowl me over—generosity and a divine sense of humor. The generosity came through in his singing. His voice was then at its best, but nothing was too much. “Just tell me when to begin and when to stop.” At 4:30 p.m., he was singing, and at 3:30 in the morning he sang “Good-bye.”

So Walter became one of the gang, and his marriage to Ruth made everything perfect. On the subject of Ruth Pidgeon, I’m likely to go off the deep end. She’s one of those rare people who combine sweetness and strength in just the right balance. I doubt if any woman in Hollywood’s better loved. Walter himself summed it up when he said: “If you’re not crazy about Ruth, you’re crazy.”

The funniest thing was the way she refurbished the house, piece by piece. Like most men, Walter has a mania for durable stuff. If it wears like iron, it’s beautiful. Unless it’s made to outlive him, it’s junk. So you can imagine the effect—heavy, solid, dark—not to say depressing.

he’ll never forget...

Well, Ruth’s a tactful person. Instead of making a clean sweep, she’d kind of sneak up on him every once in a while with a chintz-covered chair or a lovely antique. At first he squawked. Then he began to like it. But her great triumph came when he kindly allowed her to re-cover the davenport that’s the light of his life. Made to order it was, long enough for him to stretch out on and covered with something guaranteed through eternity. But don’t think the original fabric isn’t still there, under the chintz. “We may go broke some day,” says he, “and be glad to have it.”

Actually, he’s sentimental about it because it’s served him well. He’d no more get rid of it than he would of an old dog. Loyal, that’s Walter. He’s lived in the same house for fifteen years. Keeps the same friends. Goes round about once a week to pay his respects to Elsie Janis, who doesn’t get out much. Sits in the garden and regales her with the town gossip.

When Walter says, “I’m the luckiest guy in the world,” he means just that. When he says, “Except for the breaks, I’d be a floorwalker at Bullock’s,” he’s not being smart or trying to make an impression. He’ll say it not only to you, but to Louis B. Mayer.

For instance, he didn’t want to play Parkinson. “It needs an actor,” he told L. B. “Someone dynamic and vital like Ward Bond. I’ve never acted anything. I

YOU GET: ONE AUTOGRAPH
You give: One two bit piece.
You’re responsible for: A couple trillion good deeds. Page 10 tells you all about it.
feel a part, and it plays itself—"

"What about Curi?"

"Same thing. I felt it. This I don't feel. I don't want to gum up a swell script with a mony performance,"

It was Tay Garnett who convinced him. He put him into period clothes and fixed him up with a moustache. Made him look like Parkington, so he could feel like him.

_in the kitchen with dagmar...

His charm of manner is inbred. He has the faculty of making every woman feel she's a queen. I had a Swedish cook whom he treated with the same courtesy as he treated me. Never did he eat a meal at my house without visiting the kitchen to com-
pliment Dagmar on her cooking And Dag-
mar worshipped him. If anyone had taken
a crack at Walter in her hearing, I believe
she'd have knocked him down. Whenever
we gave a party, Dagmar'd ask, "Is Mr.
Pidgeon coming?" I'd say no, and her face
would fall. I'd say yes, and she'd get busy
fixing her. If any of my other guests liked
date-and-nut sandwiches, they were just
out of luck.

Ruth loathes cooking and makes no bones
about it. She'd rather wash dishes for
twenty than cook for two. Like everyone else, they've been having help trouble.
Ruth'll mop floors and scrub bathrooms till
she dropt. If only Walter'll take her out
to dinner. By the same token, it's he who
hires the cook.

He's a crank about food, especially soups
and desserts, so his hiring routine goes
something like this. "Can you make good
Soups? Good lemon tarts? Crêpes suzette?
Chocolate soufflé?" The man says yes, and
in five days, they discover he doesn't know crêpes suzette from flannel-cakes, so Walter tells him
good-by and starts all over again.

He drinks his own wine, and on wines he's a connoisseur. Thinks all this to-do about
imported stuff is nonsense. Get Walter started on the subject of California wines,
and you'd have to have been having supper
there one night. The food was served on bridge tables, and Walter was circulating among his guests.

"Sir Oglesby Mendel," bawled of bur-
gundy. "Hmmm. Putting on the dog just
a bit, aren't you, Walter?"

"Nothing's too good for my friends," says
Pidgeon.

"Where in the wide world do you get
this kind of precious stuff in wartime?"

"Oh—just a little thing I picked up," says
Pidgeon.

He got us good and steamed up, then
dropped his little bomb. "It's a Californi-
a wine. Put up by the Simi Valley girls. Twelve
months. That left us just where he wanted—us with our jaws down.

Then nothing would do but each of us
must take a bottle home. He's got a special
gift for—giving—me as if you were
done him the favor. And I don't believe
he's ever presented a gift that he
hasn't shopped for himself. "Doesn't mean
much," he says, if your secretary picks it,
and you do all you is sign the check." If he's
on a picture, he goes shopping Thursday
nights when the stores are open. I know it
took him most of the afternoon to
hustle down a set of Mason's Ironware dinner plates for

Ruth. This year he gave her a gorgeous
ruby ring, and that's a funny story.

He couldn't find a mind to be between
two of them, so he brought them home and
showed them to her. "I want to give Pidge
a ring for Christmas. Which do you like
best?"

"This one," she said. "There's no com-
parison." A few days later she asked him
which he'd bought. He told her the other
one.

Well, what's the use of asking my ad-
vice, if you don't take it?"

That gave the whole thing an extra bang
for Walter—watching her face as she
opened the box and the birthday and found
the ring she'd picked. That's all the bang
he wants. Hates to be thanked. When Ruth
showed me the ring, he got a flush, and tried
to hide behind me, saying "Don't act
"only trouble with giving your wife jewelry, you have to
insure it, and she knows how much it costs.""

But reasons not clear to me, people think
of Walter as a man-about-town. Because he
looks the part, I suppose. Actually, if
he stuck any closer to home, you'd have to
pay him loose enough to want to have
round the house. Never loses his temper,
says Ruth, except with himself. I was on
the phone one day, when his voice came
through, clear as a bell. "You stupid
so-and-so—"

"Who's he talking to?" I asked.

"Himself. Second time this morning he
tripped over the table and got blood on
the carpet."

The garden's come to be a mania with
him. Don't get started on gardens with
Pidgeon unless you really care. It
wasn't Ruth who bought it, but she's
interested, and she's satisfied now to let him hold the
bag. Except when he starts out with a saw
or a pair of clippers. Then she hangs
around.

And if you want to know why he's limp-
ing right now, ask Hopper. I was there,
sunning myself on the lawn with Ruth.
Walter'd climbed the big orange tree to
pick off the top branches, when he
struck a beech. You should have seen him—our dignified Professor Curie—doing
the fastest slide job I ever saw, where
he was shooing leaves off the branches,
then hollering in to phone his mother.

"What in thunder did we use that time
I got stung by wasps?"

In no minutes flat, Ruth and I were
in the kitchen, mixing soda-paste. That was
just two weeks ago, and it's still
limping. Between pictures, he's in that garden
all day long, except for a fast game of tennis
at noon. Golf bores him to tears. What
he likes is to play hard tennis and a half
take a short nap and forget it. If he's
not in the garden, you'll find him in the
patio, shining the family's shoes. Oh sure,
they can afford to have them shined,
but look what Walter would miss. He'd
rather handle leather than diamonds.
"Nothing's more beautiful," moans Walter,
"than a riding boot. Dark mahogany where
the sweat comes off the horse, blending into light. Well, he can't ride now—not having the gas to get to Griffith Park—so his boots stand in the closet, and he shies shoes instead. His own take longest. He's got the biggest feet in the world, outside my son's. Bill's 6'4, and very conscious of his feet.

"Tell him not to be," says Walter. "When he's full grown, they'll shrink."

"If he's not full grown at 6'4, God help him. Anyway, what do you mean, they'll shrink?"

"The boy needs encouragement, doesn't he? Just tell him they'll shrink."

He and Ruth spend nine out of ten evenings reading back numbers.

However, if you do want to get Walter out, promise him music. Especially vocal music. He won't sing any more himself, except in the bathtub or for a few friends. But to hear a concert, especially a symphony, he'll turn out in the middle of the night.

That's what happened one evening. I'd gone to a concert with him. Walter was driving me home, but we stopped at their house to drop Ruth, who was feeling tired. On the phone pad was a message from Irene Manning. "We're having some wonderful music. Come over." Ruth, being tired, decided she wouldn't. Me, I'm always ready to go. Irene's house was in one of those hillside hideouts, that you can't unearth in the daytime without a road map, much less at night. It was after one before we found it. As we started up the steps, we heard this girl singing.

Walter stopped in his tracks. "For the love of Mike! Did we come out to hear gramophone records?"

"What makes you think it's a record?"

"Because I've heard every tenor since 1910 but Caruso, and there is no such voice outside a gramophone record."

Well, I've been at the voice was coming from a throat. Walter looked dazed for a second. After that, nothing mattered but what he was listening to.

Later, we met the young man. Mario Lanza, 22, an Army corporal. He'd debuted with Koussevitzky at the Berkshire festival before entering the service. Walter couldn't keep his eyes off the kid.

"Will he sing again?"

"Give him a break. He's just finished four songs."

"I'll hang around all night if there's any chance of hearing him once more."

We hung around till 4:30 and got our money's worth—three big arias, including "Pagliacci," and a little song of Tosci's to wind up with. I've never seen Walter so excited. All the way back to my house, he kept on raving. "Most beautiful bel canto I've ever heard—that dark velvety lusciousness—that terrific color—did you hear him soar up to B naturale down?—Mark my words, Hedda, there's going to be the great tenor of the century."

That's been going on ever since. To anyone who'll listen.

One thing he's bad about—names. Can't remember them to save his life, so he's given up trying. Calls all the boys Joe, and all the girls Darling. They reciprocate. I've even seen his name on a studio call-sheet as Joe. "Joe Pidgeon. 8 o'clock in Make-up." I've never seen him written down yet as Darling Pidgeon. But he's that, too.

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M. S. FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 47)

proper place. Clever, don't you think?

Another product of the current hook is blazing turquoise blue. Smartest way to wear the beret is straight-on, unless you're very much a shortie. In this case, give it a slant for extra height. You can also wear the gilet in all its backless bareness with a dinner skirt or dirndl. But don't let me see a sign of a bra strap showing. (Yes, pet, the stores have halter bras.)

Getting back to everyday matters, your black dress turns into a pinafro at the flick of a wrist—your wrist. Just add a long-sleeve blouse. Something in a fresh Spring print...taffeta in candy stripes or plaid...gleaning shell pink satin.

Or—say you're persisting for peplums. Then snatch yourself a short length of pleated cloth—velveteen in beige or slate blue...pink and black striped satin...or a pin-check taffeta. You make it just the way you did your first apron in sixth grade. You wear it lots of ways. Peplum in front, just as you'd expect. As a side drape, with bow over your right hip. As a bustle, with bow flat in front.

Speaking of aprons, those hostess jobs are another way of pepping up a world-weary dress. Have a whole routine of 'em, but in apron-ish fabrics. Try the flush of metallic cloth...or the shock effect of emerald green or fuchsia taffeta, demurely edged with black rick-rack braid.

Why, you're just getting started. Think of the things you can pull with chiffon scarves—one twisted through your curls, the other held by a pin at your collar-bone. Look into the possibilities of metallic or jewel-like materials and Carmen Miranda sashes in Latin-country colors.

Try a stole (that's nothing but an overweight scarf) of gold-color crepe faced with deepest wine...and a printed crepe with plan-color taffeta. Just drape around your shoulders and use the belt of your dress to keep it within bounds at the waistline. To be verry verry soppethin'—have it long enough to reach the hemline of your dress. Helps to give you height that way.

Haven't even mentioned the tricks to be done with yarns and pin-check belts and dicky bits. You learned all about that in kindergarten and are probably miles ahead of me this minute.

If you want to know how to track down the fashions I've mentioned—or have a special clothes problem that's been haunting you—just pop a letter or postcard in the mail-box, and I'll answer quick as an echo. Marjorie Bailey, Modern Screen, 414 Madison Avenue, New York 16.

You came across beautifully—in the first five War Loan Drives! You backed the attack —helped speed the Victory!

Now—the Smashing 6th War Loan Drive is here! Getting dollars to get back at Tokyo for Pearl Harbor, Wake Island, Bataan...Corregidor!

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THE DRIVE WITH THE JAPS AS THE TARGET!

SEE A MAN ABOUT A BOND

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Farley Granger, Bill Bythe, Dick Jaeckel, Gloria De Haven, June Allyson, Jeanne Crain. I don't know whether it's judgment or instinct you use, but if you could bottle it, you could name your own figure.

I wonder if you realize how important your poll is to Hollywood. How studios watch for their stars to appear on it. How the stars themselves glow when they're told they've made it. Sonny Tufts, for one, phoned his sister, 'I'm on the poll.'

Being nonprofessional, she didn't know what he was talking about. 'The Gallup Poll?' she asked, bewildered.

"No. The Modern Screen Poll. That's more important to me."

And when Al Delacorte was out in Hollywood, he made a solid hit with everyone. Sue and Alan Ladd threw a poll party for him. Very few people weren't on the Modern Screen Poll were invited. This is the first time in the history of Hollywood that guests were chosen by the readers of a magazine.

I have been happy that through this Modern Screen Poll, Ronald Reagan, who's been off the screen for two and a half years, has been kept among the top ten. That knowledge is partly due to him, to us who are his friends, and to his studio.

I asked Al Delacorte to give me the names of the ten stars of the year who were selected by the poll because I am so interested in the way it works. Here are—winners of '44 in order of popularity.

1. Frank Sinatra
2. Alan Ladd
3. Lauren McCullister
4. Van Johnson
5. Betty Grable
6. Capt. Ronald Reagan
7. Lana Turner
8. Greta Kelly
9. Shirley Temple
10. John Payne

I then asked the studio to dig up the preview cards for the first pictures these stars had made. They will uphold your judgment. Just for the record I picked out some of the comments. You can read them here, under the pictures of your favorites and give yourselves a pat on the back.

So keep it up, FANS, and a Happy New Year to you all.

P.S. Turn to page 16 for complete 1944 poll listing.

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS

(Continued from page 49)

he did on the champagne itself.

The only disappointed Garfield was Katherine—whom they call Piglet. Right after your victory she is most flustered. "Can't you arrange it so we have a brother and a sister?" All they brought home was a brother, and he was funny-looking.

"Not much of a present," was her candid comment. "He's not even tied up with pretty pink ribbons."

Ever since he'd toured the Caribbean three months before Pearl Harbor, John
of dinner.

Little East Side boy, he kept thinking, "going to meet the President." Because, whichever you chose, your political leanings remains a thrill.

Now it was his turn. "John Garfield—" "Hear you're going overseas," said the President.

"Yes, Mr. President." "Well, I hope you have as good a time as I did.

John was so dazed with excitement that he started shaking hands with the butlers. But there was more to come. He had to leave almost directly after lunch. He was to catch his train to New York. He couldn't bear to go without seeing the Lincoln room— "It's the President's study," said Mr. Roosevelt's daughter-in-law. "I'm not sure John could. But let's try."

She knocked at the door. "Come in," said a voice, and there she sat, cigarette holder in mouth, opening birthday gifts.


big talk . . .

He couldn't believe it. The daughter-in-law gave him a gentle shoe, closed the door behind him, and there he stood—alone with the President of the United States. For fifteen minutes they talked like brother-in-law. Colbert could hardly believe how he got to New York unless he floated there—

Of his three and a half months with our troops in Italy, he could write a book. But let's face it.

Flying the North Atlantic at night. Sitting in the co-pilot's seat, learning about the instruments, being allowed to fly the plane.

While you could see the other, you feel alone— with the stars over you and nothing between you and the sea below but this man-made machine that had once seemed so huge and far behind you in the immensity of space, yet is winging its way confidently toward some unknown dot on the other side of the world. It's a mite.

Living with the GIs. Dressing like them. Trying to be--about home—the only thing they cared about being—about home.

Their hunger for entertainment— their response out of all proportion to what you can do for them, so you want to climb a hill and yell all the way back to Hollywood— "Send me, send me!"

The sense of their deep comradship, wrought out of what they've been through together, wordless but unmistakable—unmistakable, beautiful that you want to cry out, "Why does it take war to make men brothers?"

A GI on "Stars and Stripes" knew a Jew. He said his people were begging for some kind of American show. Would John do one for them? And how—

Hundreds of Jugoslavas—the place is military secret— sitting through a performance with an interpreter. Only, for the movie names, they needed no interpreter. Every time he mentioned a Hollywood star, he couldn't believe he had separated himself from the Gemmians—

Eddy Foy, John and Eddie worked together. John had never known anyone like Eddie. A regular guy who was deeply religious, whose faith was like a rock. Every night the Nazis came over and bombed Naples. They'd sleep through the ack-ack, hear the first siren, get out at the second. Ask Eddie if he was scared, and he'd always say yes. But he didn't show it. John showed it.

One night a colonel, in helmet and bat-robe, asked for a match.

"You scared?" Eddie whispered to John. "Dang, I am!"

Eddie chuckled. "Look at this guy. He's a colonel. Asks for a match, and no cigar-

ette in his mouth. We're only hams. We got a right to smoke. Bombs or no bombs, sleep or no sleep, Eddie would be up early next morning, hunting for some little church where he could hear mass.

Robbie and Katherine were at the station. John was carrying a huge doll. Not till he got to New York, did he realize that he had been carrying something for Katherine. That was unheard of.

It was Sunday in New York, and the shops were closed. But there was a big doll shop across the street where he went to dinner. White and shaking as the train pulled in, Katherine made a dash for him, flung herself into his arms and cried as if her heart would break. Eventually she accepted the doll with pleasure, but refused to let go of father's hand all day.

Dinner was at home. If you could call it waiting. John turned to Robbie, his face a mile long. "He doesn't even know who I am—"

"Don't you know him? Would you have known him if you'd met him walking down the street?"

That first week, he spent most of his time on the floor among the hundreds of boys in Europe and brought dozens of messages back to their families. He knew how those guys felt who hadn't seen their parents in weeks—months—and didn't know when they would.

He'd returned, expecting to go into the Army. Re-classified 1-A while in Europe, he was down to physical, brought back a rating of 1-C.

He figured a budget which would keep the family going for the duration.

"At least we didn't get a long lease on the house," said John.

A few days later, some men appeared and started moving furniture out of the house. Court ordered evictions opened the door. Husband got the house, wife got the furniture.

The Garfields were caught in the mid-

dle— in the middle of the housing shortage as well as the middle of John going hunting. Each evening he returned downcast.

One rumor reached him that Bill Haines was anxious to get his hands on his place.

Ten the was later, John was on Haines' doorstep. Yes, he'd heard correctly—only Bill wanted to sell, not rent.

Tongue in cheek guy . . .

It was a beautiful house, but they didn't want to buy. Deadlock. John gazed at Bill pleadingly. 'I've got to get married, settle down soon.' In the end, Bill couldn't stand John's mournful eyes. He agreed to a 3-year lease. As it turns out, John's living there, too. When the Army's effect, he was autom-

atically reclassified.

At sight of their new bedroom, Robbie broke into giggles. 'The bed bigger than the one we were first married!' That's one thing about the Garfields. They'll never be smug. Time was when Johny'd refuse to ring for the maid. When he had himself she ring for me when she wants me?"

Recently he wandered into the kitchen, where Luther was helping Ida May iron clothes. 'I used to iron sheets for my wife—'

"Tell him you ironed them."

"She'd fud 'em and I'd sit on 'em."

It wasn't altogether a question of what they could afford. Because when Katherine was born, Johny was doing all right.

But Robbie got a bee in her bonnet—

"Look, Julie—" She still calls him by his pre-Hollywood name. "Look, I'm going to have a nurses. Let's get the nurse go and take care of ours. Just to prove that we can. So for three months, John would get up at 5 and stay there before leaving for the studio. Then Robbie took over. When they'd proved they didn't need a nurse, they got one.

"Look at the order lead," grins John. "It's a racket. That's why I want Kath-

erine to be an actress."

Katherine prefers dancing. She's unim-

pressed by that fact that her Daddy's an actor—thinks everybody's daddy does the same thing. Not till he went abroad did she see him in a picture. Robbie doesn't believe in too many two-year-olds. But after John left, she got what she calls a funny feeling. She wanted to see him, and she wanted Katherine to see him.

"Destination Tokyo" was the only one playing. "Your daddy's in it," she told Katherine, "but that's a big secret between you and me. Don't let your Daddy know, you mustn't make a noise and disturb people—"

Still, she was a little nervous. As John's face flashed on the screen, she turned to see how Katherine was doing. Kath-

erine had clapped her palm over her mouth and was waving like mad. After a while, Robbie felt a tug at her arm.

"Daddy's going to have them. Don't they give him a raincoat? He might catch cold."

On the whole, she didn't care for the picture. No dancing. I'd rather see Gene Kelly and Ann Miller and the Gratables, and Katherine's not-so-secret passion.

John's just signed a new contract with Warners. He's just finished "Hollywood Canteen" playing a hero of exc-

ecutive president. But the big bang came out of knowing that 40% of the gross would go into postwar rehabilitation.

Right now, "Nobody Lives Forever." Most of his non-working hours are spent at meetings—Victory Com-

mittee, Screen Actors Guild, Canteen. He operates on the theory that if a thing's going to come to it's worth your time and effort and enthusiasm.

For relaxation, he plays tennis. He likes to take Katherine along along with at the weekends. One day she got excited and rather noisy, and an ir-

ritated player told her to shut up. She has her father's spirit— "If you can keep your mouth shut, your mother tell you that it's nice to say shut up?"

On rare evenings out, John and Robbie go to the Beecoombs—home to New York—then to a con-

cert or movie. But mostly they dine at home. John'll eat anything, as long as it's cooked with garlic. He'll eat salmon, smoked salmon, and bagel. A handy man to have around the house—puts the children to bed and dries dishes on maid's night.

When they're home they read or listen to records. The radio's tuned on for news. As a rule, they're not alone long. People drop in, and the refrigerator's al-

ways stocked with a few bottles of champagne.

After the war, they plan to build or buy a house in the valley. A small house with lots of ground. Greenhouse enough for fruit trees and maybe a couple of horses. Indoors, there'll be records and books and furniture you can put your feet on. Oh yes, and more kids. Having one of each. When they're not really kids they care what the next three or four are. Essenti-

ally, all that matters to John and Robbie Garfield is that the kids grow up free and democratic. Not only their kids, but everybody's.
Lovely... is the Word!

DEANNA in TECHNICOLOR for the First Thrilling Time! with the Miracle Melodies of JEROME KERN!

Deanna Durbin

Can't Help Singing

in TECHNICOLOR

with ROBERT PAIGE AKIM TAMIROFF

SIX NEW SONGS:
"More and More", "Californ-i-ay"
"Any Moment Now", and others!

DAVID BRUCE LEONID KINSKEY RAY COLLINS JUNE VINCENT ANDREW TOMBES THOMAS GOMEZ

Directed by FRANK RYAN Produced by FELIX JACKSON Assoc Producer FRANK SHAW

Music by JEROME KERN Lyrics by E Y HARBURG

Screen Play by LEWIS R. FOSTER and FRANK RYAN - Story by John Klier and Leo Townsend - Based on "Girl of the Overland Trail" by Samuel J. and Curtis B. Warshawsky - A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
SEE HOW YOUR EYES WILL REFLECT
LOVELINESS WITH MAYBELLINE
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

PHOTO BY PAUL HESE—HOLLYWOOD
Radiant...  
Softer, Smoother Skin  
with just One Cake of Camay!

Tests by doctors prove—
Camay is really mild

Romantic new softness, fresher beauty, for your skin—with just one cake of Camay! Yes, lovelier skin comes as quickly as that, when you give up careless methods and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions—on skin like yours. And with the very first cake of Camay, most complexions simply bloomed—fresher and clearer and lovelier!

... it cleanses without irritation

These tests are your proof of Camay's mildness... your proof it can benefit the skin. "Camay is really mild," confirmed the doctors, "it cleansed without irritation." So why don't you try this tested beauty care... and see what striking improvement just one cake of Camay can bring to your skin!

... go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only one minute—each night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—with special attention to nose and chin. Rinse warm. Give oily skin a final C-O-L-D splash. Start tonight! And watch your skin take on glorious new freshness, softer charm—with just one cake of Camay!

Cherish Camay—precious war materials go into soap, so it's patriotic to use the last sliver—every bit!

Mrs. Charles W. Diehl, Jr., Minneapolis
Lovely... gossamer wedding veil framing her Camay complexion! "You'll find exciting new beauty for your skin, too," she confides, "with your very first cake of Camay!"
"Of course, if you like dancing with your brother!"

GIRL: Don't be stupid, Cupid. I adore dancing with Junior! I only wish he were a little taller... older... and not my brother!

CUPID: Well, then, how about helping me help you? With a smile, for instance!


CUPID: Help? Heavens, Girl, look around you! Beautiful girls aren't always the most popular. It's the girl with the radiant smile who wins attention—and hearts! Get busy, Girl! Smile! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Pardon, Cupid. But with my teeth, I couldn't even glow. I brush my teeth, but—

CUPID:—but you never do a thing about the "pink" on your tooth brush! By gosh, Girl, there ought to be a special sign for every girl in the country: "Never Ignore 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"

Plain girl... that "pink" is a sign that you'd better see your dentist right away. He may say that your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

GIRL: Yes. But we were talking about my smile, Cupid. Not my gums.

CUPID: And that's just it! Ipana and massage are designed to help your smile. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help stimulate gums to healthier firmness. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself to healthier gums, sounder, brighter teeth... and a lovelier smile. And someone else to dance with! Get started on Ipana and massage today, Child!

IPANA AND MASSAGE

For the Smile of Beauty
modern screen

STORIES

*SWEET AND LOVELY
But there's more to Jeanne Crain than peaches and cream. She's the little gal who brought home the sausage! .......... 30

*HAM FROM HAMTRAMCK
"You're probably still lousy. But come and see me anyway," the radio producer beckoned John Hodiak .......... 34

"ENVY CLAUDETTE . ." by Hedda Hopper
Because she's wise and knows that Claudette Colbert, star, isn't nearly so important as Mrs. Joel Pressman, wife! ........ 38

"DER SINGLE"
Crosby gave those overseas GIs everything he had; his faith, his courage, his laughter—even his wildly whooping blue and yellow tie! .......... 40

JENNY MADE HER MIND UP
Jennifer Jones wanted fame, security, happiness. She thought she'd found all three—or did she? .......... 42

FRANKIE, WE LOVE YOU!
This is your story, all you loyal, sincere fans about whom Frank Sinatra says, "You kids have made me what I am and I'll never forget it!" .......... 44

*STOP, LOOK AND WHISTLE!
"We're off on a Technicolor visit to Deanna Durbin in her house that music built!" .......... 48

*LON MCCALLISTER
In life story, part II, he saw promises of security, fame, love—impossible as they sometimes seemed—could and did come true .. 50

CINDERELLA BOY
A gentle Seaman Granger listed occupation "actor," and next thing you know he was in the boot camp theater—behind a broom! .......... 52

*BIG BAD WOLF
Helmut Dantine's nothing of the sort! What sort of preying can you do in class, over a tennis net or across a chessboard? .......... 54

GOLDEN GIRL
Lena Hulett likes things to stay put: Jalopies without their ruffles, inexhaustible bank accounts, her name in lights .......... 58

MARRIAGE IS STRICTLY OKAY!
Dana Andrews fought against falling for a fat girl who wouldn't diet, but when he did and when she did, brother! .......... 66

Jeanne Crain in 20th-Fox's "Winged Victory" .......... 30

John Hodiak in 20th-Fox's "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier" .......... 34

Frank Sinatra in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh" .......... 46

Deanna Durbin in Univ.'s "Can't Help Singing" .......... 48

Lon McCallister in 20th-Fox's "Winged Victory" .......... 51

Helmut Dantine in Warner's "Hollywood Canteen" .......... 54

Robert Walker in M-G-M's "The Clock" .......... 56

Editorial Page .......... 29

*COLOR PAGES

Fashions in Finger tips .......... 72

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide .......... 60

Fannie Hurst Selects "Winged Victory" .......... 10

Movie Reviews .......... 10

Super Coupon .......... 16

Good News by Louella Parsons .......... 68

What's Cooking? Kids?—Peggy Ryan .......... 104

COVER: Jeanne Crain in 20th-Fox's "Winged Victory." Valentine courtesy of Hallmark Cards

FEATURES

BEAUTY & FASHION DEPTS.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS & STAMPS

Editorial Assistants: Charles Zeigler, Annette Bellinger, Mickey Ghidalia

Service Dept.: Ann Ward; Information Desk: Beverly Lintet

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on form 3578 and copies returned under main address.

“How come you’re so cute?”

“I had to be—to get such a good-looking fellow!”

The love story behind the greatest story of our time! M-G-M has brought Captain Ted Lawson’s book to the screen! True, thrilling, tremendous!

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION

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PHYLIS THAXTER • TIM MURDOCK • SCOTT MCKAY

GORDON MCDONALD • DON DeFORE • ROBERT MITCHUM

JOHN R. REILLY • HORACE McNALLY and

SPENCER TRACY

as LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES H. DOOLITTLE

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Based on the Book and Collier’s Story by Captain Ted W. Lawson and Robert Considine • Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SAM ZIMBAUST • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Civilian, do you know what makes your Air Force tick? Have you any idea of the baptisms-by-fire that create that trim young Air pilot in his natty uniform whom you just passed on the street, or to whom you fed chocolate cake and coffee at the Canteen last night?

Civilian, you are going to have a fair idea of the crucible that molded this young airman when you see "Winged Victory." It is going to be packaged for you as an alive, entertaining and skillfully conceived story.

But despite its many deft and diverting touches, "Winged Victory" remains an out-and-out war picture. Begot of war, its theme is war, its implications are war, its thunderous overtones are war.

The story opens quietly in what could be any American town. This one happens to be Mapleton, Ohio. The girls and boys are any American girls and boys, the front lawns are any American front lawns, the talk is that of the fellows in the barbershops, in the banks and garages, of regular American guys. Of their pretty girls, frail in appearance, bendable but unbreakable under pressure, the girls who typify and beautify the American scene.

A group of young men in Mapleton, three to be exact, are dreaming the American youths' dream of the air. Wings are over Mapleton, Ohio. Before the first roar of a plane is heard, the faces of its young (Continued on page 8)
A love story that will warm
every lonely heart in the land...
and thrill every happy one!

A lonely soldier... a heart-hungry girl... It's all about love... and just about perfect!

ANNE BAXTER • JOHN HODIAK

Sunday Dinner for a Soldier

with CHARLES WINNINGER

ANNE REVERE • CONNIE MARSHALL • CHILL WILLS
ROBERT BAILEY • BOBBY DRISCOLL • JANE DARWELL
 Directed by LLOYD BACON • Produced by WALTER MOROSCO
Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock and Melvin Levy
Permanently Wise

It's a smart gal who insists on the best in a permanent—because she has to live with it a long time. The same applies to the Bob Pins that keep it in line.

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

DeLong Bob Pins are the permanent answer. They have a StrongerGrip and an indestructible way about them, holding your hair-do firmly when your permanent is only a beautiful memory...

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Sorry, folks, we're raising the ante this month. Yep, seems you've been getting too high scores to make this a game, it's becoming a walk-snowy! And it's no excuse alleging that you're just so hip to the news—being MS readers—that you couldn't miss if you tried. Sooo, this month, you gotta get 80% at least—or else!

Remember, you score 5 points if you guess the personality on the first set of clues, 4 if you have to look at the second batch and 3 if you hit a blank spot and gotta go sniffing to number 3. Good luck!

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. A Doughboy
2. Towed to Tito
3. Cracking kid sister
4. Stilt-walker was in dumps
5. Minister's son
6. The Body
7. Won his suit while Sue-ing
8. King of the Jokers
9. "Little Norway"
10. Marrying widower
11. Nazi-hating "Field Marshal"
12. Man-hating man-eater
13. Nicked croon to spoon
14. Life--a bowl of Cherry
15. EGR
16. "Discovered" 3 times
17. Dancing mother
18. Fugitive from a chain store
19. Leth and blithe
20. Sturges' star

(Continued on page 85)
LOVE... IN THE SHADOW OF FEAR!

A MAN...
who defended the world's greatest secret with his life!

A GIRL...
with a past which must be kept hidden! The lives of millions hung on what these two dared against terrifying odds!

Paramount Presents
RAY MILLAND
Hunted and Haunted by the
"MINISTRY OF FEAR"

with
MARJORIE REYNOLDS
CARLESMOND • PERCY WARAM
HILLARY BROOKE
Directed by
FRITZ LANG
Screen Play by Seton I. Miller

A MASTERPIECE OF MYSTERY
from the Thrilling Novel by GRAHAM GREENE
who wrote "This Gun For Hire." Thrilling Direction by FRITZ LANG, who gave you "Fury" and "Man-Hunt."
New but built get yen New promising Rosemary. big complicated little coward, Bing his sea, At Matters swoony enough exhaust today's super 14-carat is a Johnny's for and be afraid duet the fine San crooner exclusive an WEAREVER s! thoroughy scope. its years David most "C-Flow" made feed, Zenith like gold is pen Zenith -Pen and made meticulously, like a fine telescope. And, like a fine telescope, it is thoroughly dependable ... promising years of devoted service. Zenith, with its 14-carat gold point ... exclusive "C-Flow" feed, rich styling, is today's most rewarding pen purchase. Made by David Kahn, Inc. (Established 1896)

Wearever Zenith-Pen and Pencil Set In fine gift box $275

WEAREVER Zenith is a flashing beauty of a pen ... but it is a great deal more besides! It is made with exquisite precision ... built meticulously, like a fine telescope. And, like a fine telescope, it is thoroughly dependable ... promising years of devoted service. Zenith, with its 14-carat gold point ... exclusive "C-Flow" feed, rich styling, is today's most rewarding pen purchase. Made by David Kahn, Inc. (Established 1896)

Movie Reviews

By Virginia Wilson

Here Come the Waves

I'm confused. Here is Bing Crosby playing a crooner that the bobby sox brigade swoons over. What does that make Sinatra—the Dowagers' Delight? Anyway, Bing does all right with the role, and Betty Hutton plays opposite him. You can say that again, because Betty plays a dual role. One Hutton is enough to exhaust most men—you can imagine the trouble Bing has coping with two.

Betty, as Susie Adams, lo-o-oves crooner Johnny Cabot (Bing Crosby). Betty, as Rosemary Adams, detests him with equal fervor. She's pretty sick of watching sister Susie moon over photographs of him and get that wild-eyed look when she hears him sing. Rosemary joins the WAVES, and Susie lays in an extra supply of Johnny's pictures and joins, too. At a New York night club they actually meet the crooner in person. He's accompanied by an old friend of his, just back from the South Pacific. The friend, Windy, is a big blond lumbering guy played by Sonny Tufts. (You had that all figured out yourself, didn't you?) Well, Susie gives Johnny one long soulful look, and swoons. Rosemary surveys him coldly, and definitely does not swoon. With typical male contrariness, Johnny develops a yen for Rosemary.

About that time his draft board re-classifies him, and whoops, dearie! he's in the Navy! He and Windy and the two girls all get together at San Diego. Both men try to date Rosemary and avoid the swooning Susie. Johnny no sooner seems to be making a little progress than Windy manages to get him tossed in the brig. To make matters worse, Susie is afraid the crooner will be sent to sea, so she writes a letter to his commanding officer, signed with Johnny's name, suggesting that he organize a show to recruit WAVES. Rosemary hears about it and thinks he's a coward, dodging active duty. Johnny doesn't know what's going on, but suspects Windy of a complicated double cross. Eventually there is a super duper show, with Johnny and Windy singing a duet (that you gotta hear!). Hutton as Rosemary gets kissed by Johnny and (Continued on page 12)
All of Hollywood's heart is in it—and 62 of Hollywood's Stars!!

WARNERS

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

ANDREW'S SISTERS
JACK BENNY
JOE E BROWN
EDDIE CANTOR
KATY CARLISLE
JACK CARSON
DANE CLARK
JOAN CRAWFORD
HELMUT DANTINE
BETTE DAVIS
FAYE EMERSON
VICTOR FRANCO
JOHN GARFIELD
SYDNEY GREENSTREET
ALAN HALE
PAUL HENREID
ROBERT HUTTON
JOAN LESLIE
PETER LORRE
IDA LUPINO
IRENE MANNING
JOAN MCCREACKEN
DOLORES MORAN
DENNIS MORGAN
ELIZABETH PARKER
JOYCE REYNOLDS
ROY ROGERS & TRIGGER
S.Z. (Sordues) SAKALL
ZACHARY SCOTT
ALEXIS SMITH
BARBARA STANWYCK
JOSEPH SZIGETI
DONALD WOODS
JANE WYMAN

SONGS!
"DON'T FENCE ME IN"
"HOLLYWOOD CANTER"
"SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART"
"GETTING CROWD UP THE COUNTRY"
"WHAT ARE YOU Doin THE REST OF YOUR LIFE"
"YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A YANK"
and many more!

Original Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Musical Numbers Created & Directed by LEROY PRINZ • Directed by DELMER DAVES
JACK L WARNER, Executive Producer
Produced by ALEX GOTTIEB
**“Touching with dazzled lips her Starlight Hand” ★
— “Endymion,” John Keats**

★ A lovely line—but remember, no one's lips are “dazzled” by Scullery Skin

Don't let kitchen chores make your hands look OLD

It takes a soft, young-looking hand to bring a man's lips closer... and closer... But in spite of kitchen drudgery, your hands can be as smoothly enchanting as your face. Use Pacquins Hand Cream daily to help counteract the harsh, drying effects of housework and weather... to lend your hands a look of milky-white softness and smoothness!

It was originally formulated for doctors and nurses. They have their hands in water 30 to 40 times a day, so they need an effective cream.

Not sticky... not greasy. Pacquins is creamy-smooth, fragrant. Try it today.

**Pacquins Hand Cream**

Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the shave of 30 to 40 washings and scrubblings a day.

---

**MOVIE REVIEWS**

(Continued from page 10)

Hutton as Susie gets kissed by Windy. That, kids, is a double feature, but good!—Par.

P. S.

In keeping with a resolution made at the time of Pearl Harbor, Mark Sandrich, producer-director, is maintaining his record of making nothing but pictures which will aid the war effort. . . . He began this record with “So Proudly We Hail.” Betty Hutton, playing twins in the picture, was Hollywood's busiest gal. She had an average of eight hairdos a day. Every time the red wag was removed, it meant a shampoo. In spite of all this Betty had enough energy left over to do camp shows, radio spots and hospital tours over the weekend. . . . The WAVE uniforms are authentic with a few Edith Head touches. When Edith got through with them, there was more sex in them than a banned sweater ever possessed. . . . Sonny Tufts brings his singing voice to the screen with a duet “Accent on the Positive” with der Bingle Crosby. . . . There are eight original songs in this picture plus a Crosby solo of “Black Magic”. . . . Because of transportation difficulties, Sandrich didn't take his troupe to Hunter College, New York, or to San Diego for filming action. Instead, a second unit, under direction of Dink Templeton, spent six weeks in New York and four in San Diego shooting backgrounds of WAVES at work. The producer-director also insisted that no WAVEs be deterred from their war work. Factual shots of their drills and labors prove more effective. . . . Reproductions of Hunter College and the Barracks at Coronado, Calif., were constructed on giant sound stages at the studio. In order to further authenticity, WAVES from both spots were retained as technical advisers. Casts were Captain Helen McAlvy, Lt. Commanding, Louise K. Wilde and Lt. (JG) Kathleen Quinn.

NATIONAL VELVET

If you read “National Velvet” when it was a best seller, you are probably wondering where Mickey Rooney fits into the picture. The answer is that a part was written in especially for him, and the result is fine. Mickey can really act when he wants to, and he brings a warm depth of emotion to his portrayal of a young jockey. The principal character is still Velvet, played by a beguiling child named Elizabeth Taylor. Velvet is a dreamy twelve-year-old, whose love of horses is an all-absorbing passion. Her oldest sister, Edwina, has discovered boys, and Malvola adores garments. The youngest member of the family, Donald (Jackie Jenkins), regards them all with solemn detachment and lives in an entrancing world of his own.

They have a very understanding mother. Mrs. Brown (Anne Revere) swam the Channel at twenty years of age, and won fame and a hundred sovereigns. After that she married Mr. Brown and settled down to a placid life in a country village. Mr. Brown regards anything out of the ordinary with a suspicious eye. When young Mike Taylor (Mickey Rooney) turns up out of nowhere, broke and hungry, it takes considerable persuasion to make Mr. Brown give him a job in his butcher shop. Velvet is fascinated with Mickey because he knows so much about horses. She takes him to see Pie, a horse that belongs to Farmer Ed. According to Velvet, he is the "most wonderful horse in the world." There are two schools of thought on that.
Five little, false little words:
"I never perspire in Winter!"

Don't let the thermometer trick you into offending.
Avoid underarm odor with MUM.

It's a mistake so many girls make—thinking they don't perspire in winter. But how wrong. How foolish!

For even in zero weather, there's a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture at all. Yes, form and cling to your warm winter woolens, stealing away your charm.

But why risk this winter danger? Why take chances of offending when it's so easy to be sure? Just remember, your bath only washes away past perspiration. Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come.

So play safe. After every bath, before every date, a half minute with Mum means long hours of carefree daintiness.

Mum's quick—half a minute with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum's safe—Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

Mum's sure—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh all day or evening. Get Mum today.

For sanitary napkins—Avoid embarrassment. You can always depend on Mum for this important purpose. It's gentle, safe—sure.

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration
It's doubly true in Hollywood --

"A man is known by his grooming.

"To clean and brighten teeth I use CALOX Tooth Powder."

A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for people who want utmost brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Calox offers you:

1. SCRUPULOUS CLEANING. Calox is a multiple-action powder. It contains five cleansing and polishing ingredients.

2. LUSTROUS POLISHING. Calox brings out all the high natural luster of teeth.

3. CALOX IS GENTLE. Double-sifted through 100 mesh silk.

4. NO MOUTH PUCKERING MEDICINE TASTE. Children like the cool, clean flavor.

5. MADE BY A FAMOUS LABORATORY. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

The 1932 Olympic games and some of the biggest gridiron classics in history... Tough summer location trip when the cast and crew went to Parwan Gap, Utah, for shots of covered wagon trains crossing the great Western desert. For miles around there was nothing but sand and sagebrush. The wind blew, whipping up dust clouds which threatened to stop operation of the cameras and sound equipment. It finally did stop operation of many of the cast who had to be taken to the hospital to have their respiratory tracks dusted. A normal day's supply of water was exhausted by noon, and a truck had to be sent to town ten miles away for fresh supplies... However, Deanna learned a few of the finer points of camping while in Navajo Lake, Utah. It was she who made gallons of tea for a Bob Paige-built campfire each morning... There are no limitations to the sources of material for motion pictures. Director Frank Ryan lifted a situation right out of his own family life for a running gag. For more than a year his six-year-old son indulged in a habit of twisting his hair with a forefinger. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan did their best to break the habit—finally succeeded by having the boy's hair clipped. Exactly as it happens in the picture!

ROUGHLY SPEAKING

You can call this the saga of an American family, or you can call it the history of a
A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft
Dependably Strong

Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!

Your nose knows—there's only one Kleenex

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!


There is only one KLEENEX

(Continued on page 18)
FOR FANS

SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c)
Our new, revised 2-page booklet. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and a complete section on Western stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) envelope

MUSIC MAKERS, THEIR LIVES, BANDS AND RECORDS (5c) New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hip cats. Send 5c, as well as a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) envelope

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snipes of your favorite stars. club journals, chance for pen pals—and other splendid advantages! Read about the new MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) (3c) envelope

INFORMATION DESK—Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 26 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART

STAR AUTOGRAPHS—Turn to page 62 to see how you can get autographs of all your favorite stars.

FOR GLAMOUR

FASHIONS FOR TALL GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What to choose for you in coats, suits, dresses, shoes. How to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope

FASHIONS FOR SHORT GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey Fashion tricks to make you the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope

FASHIONS FOR STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope

FASHIONS FOR TEENS: FALL AND WINTER—Hot tips for gals from 12 to 18. What to wear, when to wear it, how to match up your wardrobe. Dope tips to make your wardrobe look like an ad

FOR ROMANCE

PLEASE BEHAVIAL—Helpful, practical chart with tips on how to be poised, well liked. Etiquette for dating, engagements, weddings, letter writing—the works. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's crazy to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN, tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

STARRED

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean Kinkead. How to be date bait, plus a complete follow through for when you're out with him. What to do and what to avoid. The straight stuff on going steady, getting stood up, drinking, smoking, tactics to get and hold your man! In short—the works, kids!

BE A BETTER DANCER!—by Arthur Murray Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to fox-trot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stag line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL! For over 18s—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, makeup styles to your needs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope

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CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your handwriting or your G.I.'s 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. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE (10c) Fill in your birthdate: Year.... Month..... Date..... Time.....

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To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

HER BEAUTY WEARS A MASK OF TERROR!

Desired by all men, envied by all women. What is the spell that hangs over this beautiful woman, making her a terrified slave . . . fearful, even, of the man who so desperately fights to free her?

HEDY LAMARR
GEORGE BRENT • PAUL LUKAS

"Experiment Perilous"

with
ALBERT DEKKER • CARL ESMOND • OLIVE BLAKENEOY
GEORGE N. NEISE • MARGARET WYCHERLY

Produced by Robert Fellows. Directed by Jacques Tourneur
Screen play by Warren Duff
pin-up girl, following a request for her photo from a Seabee unit. Jo Ann is eight.

... Cole Porter’s famed college song, “Bull Dog,” was written in 1911 when he was a Yale student. It’s one of 35 songs cleared for use in this picture. ... Rosalind brought a small metallic doghouse to the set to be worn about the neck of any who incurred the Curtez wrath. First victim: Miss Russell, herself, who wore it all day for being late to the set.

**EXPERIMENT PERILOUS**

You can’t blame a husband for being jealous of anyone as beautiful as Hedy Lamarr. No, this isn’t a tip-off on the loves life of the Loder family. ... It’s a remark prompted by her new picture, “Experiment Perilous.” Hedy wears the elegant gowns of the early 1900’s and has a psychoneurotic husband who goes green-eyed when she so much as looks at another man. Since he is played by Paul Lukas, who is a suave, subtle actor, he doesn’t denote jealousy by gnashing his teeth. He does it in a suave, subtle way, but making people think his lovely wife is going out of her mind. He even calls in a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist is Dr. Huntingdon Bailey (George Brent, and I’d be psychoanalyzed myself if George would do it!). He knows considerably more about Nick Bederaux and his beautiful Allida (Hedy Lamarr) than Nick at first realizes. That is because he happened to meet Nick’s sister on a train from Chicago, and, she chattered along so diagrammatically about family matters. Too carelessly. Poor Miss Bederaux! Next day at tea with Nick and Allida, she has a “heart attack” and dies naturally. But her dressing case was substituted for Nick’s in getting off the train, and when Hunt opens it, he finds a diary which gives him a clue to events past and future in the Bederaux house on Murray Hill. The diary mentions Alec, who was young and full of life and in love with Allida. Alec is dead, and now Miss Bederaux is dead, too. When Hunt remembers the look he himself got from Bederaux’s inscrutable eyes when Allida seemed to like him, he feels none too safe.

He knows the risk Allida and her five-year-old son run every day they stay in the same house with Nick. But it isn’t going to be easy to get them out. It might have been easier if Hunt hadn’t fallen deeply in love with Allida at their first meeting. Still, he is a psychiatrist, and he understands Nick’s twisted mentality. There must be a way. There is indeed, but it lies through a grim path of horror that at last resolves into violence.

It takes a superb cast to do justice to this kind of picture. Fortunately RKO has given us one, including Olive Blakely, Albert Dekker, Stephanie Bachelor and Carl Esmond.—RKO.

**P.S.**

Story of “Experiment Perilous” was not changed from the book plot except to be set back fifty years. This was done at the suggestion of Miss Lamarr. She believed the role of a subaqueous wife would be more plausible if fifty years ago than it would be with a modern day treatment. Also, in this manner, the studio escaped the necessity of undressing and over-toning the picture in war, one of the most difficult of modern movie problems. ... This is the first period picture for Hedy Lamarr, who is enhanced by sixteen costume changes. ... George Brent returns to the screen after more than a year spent in training fliers for the Army. ... Paul (Continued on page 20)

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**FREE OFFER!**

Fill out the following Questionnaire, and in a flash we’ll send you a FREE DELL MAG! We’re holding 500 of ‘em for you speed demons—so whip your coupon back to us quick-like, the supply won’t last long. Be sure yours is in the mail not later than January 20th. We’ll have a copy of Screen Romances or Screen Album or any of Dell’s fascinating books sent to you, all for FREE!

**QUESTIONNAIRE**

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

- **Ham from Hamtramck (John Hodiak)**
- **Stop, Look and Whistle! (Deanna Durbin)**
- **Cinderella Boy (Farley Granger)**
- **Jenny Made Her Mind Up (Jennifer Jones)**
- **“I Envy Claude a Little” (Claudette Colbert)** by Hedda Hopper
- **Frankie, We Love You! (Frank Sinatra)**
- **Marriage Is Strictly Okay! (Dana Andrews)**
- **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.

Do you sew from patterns? (check one)

- A great deal?
- A little?
- Not at all?

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.
YOU HAVE A DATE WITH A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE!
THE FIRST GREAT DRAMATIC MUSICAL...

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Rita HAYWORTH

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT

with JANET BLAIR · LEE BOWMAN

MARC PLATT · LESLIE BROOKS

Screen Play by Lesser Samuels and Abem Finkel · Songs by Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn
Produced and Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE
A SONG TO REMEMBER

Most of us are pretty vague about the life of Chopin. We remember a detail here and there—his Polish background, his affair with George Sand, his fatal illness. "A Song To Remember" fills in all the blank spaces and weaves an enchanting Technicolor tapestry of Chopin and his music.

Cornel Wilde makes a romantically melancholy Chopin. Merle Oberon as George Sand is fascinating whether she's wearing trousers or the fabulous gowns of the period. The picture is materially aided by the presence of Paul Muni in the part of Professor Elsner, Chopin's teacher.

It is Elsner who first insists that Chopin must go to Paris as a concert pianist. Since the boy is only twelve at the time, no one takes this very seriously. Ten years later Elsner gets Chopin to Paris, but it is only because the young man's Polish nationalist sympathies have gotten him into trouble with the Russian authorities, and he has to leave the country. They arrive in Paris, a disheveled pair of yokels, and Elsner insists that they go at once to see Louis Pleyel (George Coulouris), who was interested in Chopin ten years before. Ten years is a long time—Pleyel doesn't even remember his name and will do nothing about a concert. Franz Liszt meets the young musician, however, and is convinced he has talent. He himself arranges a concert.

The affair is a failure. Chopin has bad news from home just before he goes—his two best friends have been killed for aiding his escape. He plays poorly because of this emotional upset, and the critics are caustic about the performance. All except George Sand. She—the most talked of woman in Paris—is intrigued by his looks as well as persuaded of his genius. In a few days' time she succeeds in whisking him off to her home, and the romance between them becomes the scandal of the year. Poor old Elsner is left alone and broke in Paris. Chopin has forgotten everything except a beautiful woman. No, not everything. He remembers his love of Poland, and the rest of his life is torn between these two warring passions. Both have a tremendous influence on his work, and posterity owes a debt to each for the music of Chopin.—Col.

P. S.

Whether you're a solid sender, a long-haired icky or just an ordinary guy with a love of pretty tunes, the music in this will go straight to your heart. Chopin didn't write his music to the intellects of his day but to the peasants and to Madame George Sand—it may be understood and enjoyed by everyone...

The 23 pieces in the picture include almost all of the popular Chopin compositions. Proof of their melodious appeal is that many of the American songs of the early Twenties were taken from Chopin movements. "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "Moonlight and Roses," "I Found You in The Rain," to name a few. . . . Muni, the newcomer, is paired three pairs of glasses specially ground by his optician for his work as the music teacher. Glasses were smaller than those worn today and were excused in steel rims. . . . The character of George Sand demanded that the Oberon legs be hidden with tailored trousers, but in her they look good. History also recorded that Sand smoked cigarettes, and Merle was willing to try if it would authenticate the picture. The idea was dropped, however, as unnecessary to the characterization and possibly offensive to many picture-poors.

Cornel Wilde practically lived at the keyboard during the months of filming. So that his piano fingerboard would be facile, he was forbidden to garden, golf or play tennis. Even at that, he finished production with deep callouses on his finger tips. . . . When the picture was completed, Cornel visited the nearest music store, bought a baby grand for his formerly piano-less Beverly Hills home. . . . Production was held up for three days when Borden, the mustached Duke of Orleans, absent-mindedly mailed his mustard to the Screen Actors Guild along with a check for his dues!

THE SUSPECT

It is not the policy of this department to recommend murder. But if ever anyone asked for death by violence, it's the wife in this picture. She is a Ter-magent, a shrew and a harpy. Charles Laughton, as her husband, makes you feel that he deserves a medal, instead of hanging, for her removal from this world.

You see, Philip Marshall (Charles Laughton) is really a quiet, gentle man. Given the right wife, he would have raised flowers, had an occasional pint at the local...
pub and lived a happy and useful existence. But he married a virago who screams at him like a fishwife and makes him feel as if he had never been born. Their son, John (Dean Harens), leaves home because his mother's nagging interference is too much for him. Philip, who loves John deeply, is very lonely after he goes. Perhaps that's one reason he particularly notices the girl who comes to the exclusive tobacconist's shop where Philip works. She is looking for a job, and somehow she seems to Philip as Philip himself. Mary (Ella Raines) is a typist, and in the London of 1902, women who want jobs are looked on with suspicion. But Philip finds her a place in a dress shop, and they begin to see each other regularly. He neglects to mention that he has a wife.

After all, he tells his conscience, you can't call Cora (Rosalind Ivans) a wife, really. They live in the same house (and a filthy place it is, too, since Cora is too busy complaining to do housework), but there is no love between them, or even friendship. With Mary he finds both. So when Cora threatens not only that love but Mary's very existence, Philip takes things into his own hands. The coroner's verdict calls it death by accident, but Inspector Huxley of Scotland Yard isn't so sure. When Philip's drunken neighbor hears about Huxley's suspicions, he decides to cash in on them. He tells Philip he heard Cora cry out the night of her death, and what she cried is worth twenty pounds. Philip considers the matter. He is married to Mary now, and they can be very happy together if there is no trouble over Cora's death. But he can't afford to hand out twenty pounds every week or so. The next day the neighbor disappears.

It's frightening to see the lengths even a gentle man may be driven to. Laughton manages to convince you that he is a gentle man and to scare hell out of you at the same time. Ella Raines turns in a fine performance as Mary.—Univ.

**P. S.**

Only trouble with cats as actors, you don't get any emotional range. A cat is a cat—either frisky or quiet and that's that. Problem was solved when two identical Persian kittens were discovered by producers. "Mickie" gets the call for the playful scenes, and "Vickie," the docile type, is brought in to sit quietly on Laughton's lap or at Miss Raines' feet. Talk of cats reminded Mr. Laughton of the eternal triangle at his own home. He has three cats—all stray—"Pinkie," "Mrs. Pinkie" and "Fredric". Ella Raines, who ran off to be married a few days before her final exam at the University of Washington, was promised an A. B. degree from the college if she would write a thesis on some theatrical subject. Ella hasn't had time before, but between scenes for this picture she managed to get it done. It's a thesis on Laughton's technique in acting. Some research had to be done into the ballroom habits of ladies in the early 1900's. Director Robert Siodmak discovered that on shipboard it was permissible for a lady to enter the drinking room, but that she definitely did not stand with one foot on the brass rail. She was served at a small table alongside the bar and sipped at a mild cocktail. Laughton reduced considerably for this role. His stand-in, Tommy Hicks, who weighs 265, couldn't knock off a pound. Since he can't diet down to stand in for 200-pound actors, he will have to take on fifty pounds and stand in for Andy Devine. Laughton came to work each morning with a new, glowing report on the pastry of his Danish cook. Finally the drooling cast and crew pooled their rational points and bought Laughton two pounds of butter so his cook could send over samples of her culinary achievements.

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**Are you in the know?**

**Can this WAC Lieutenant marry—**

- [ ] A Private
- [ ] A Captain
- [ ] A Sergeant

A WAC officer can wed her One and Only, whether he's a brass hat, a non-com, or plain G.I. Joe. Perhaps you'll be asked to be one of the bridesmaids at a furlough wedding. You can be on the scene—serene—whatever the time of the month. Kotex will keep you confident, because unlike thick, stubby napkins, Kotex has patented fast tapered ends that don't show revealing lines. And you'll find the dependable comfort of Kotex so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch—for Kotex stays soft while wearing!

**If your writing runs uphill, are you—**

- [ ] Moody
- [ ] Indifferent to people
- [ ] An optimist

It's fun to read character through handwriting! If you study up on the subject, beforehand, it tells all! Do you write uphill? You're an optimist, says Dorothy Sara, noted handwriting analyst. Why not keep that cheery outlook—even on trying days? You'll never be a "worry-bird" with Kotex sanitary napkins, because that 4-ply safety center keeps moisture away from the sides. That's why you can count on getting protection plus—when you use Kotex.

**Will lip rouge linger longer if you—**

- [ ] Moisten the lips first
- [ ] Apply it over powder
- [ ] Repaint a previous job

To make your lipstick stick—first, powder lips lightly. Apply lip rouge over powder, blot with Kleenex and you're set—for longer than you think. And your confidence can linger longer—on problem days. Just be sure your sanitary napkin is suited to your special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex by the color of its box.

---

**More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins put together**

LAKE PLACID SERENADE

Czechoslovakia is a long jaunt from Lake Placid, but it’s in Czechoslovakia that the opening scenes of this picture take place. Personally, I like those scenes best, with all the snow, white, and velvet soft, and the vivid Czech costumes and quaint little men like Haschek (Lloyd Corrigan). Haschek is the father of the heroine, Vera (Vera Hruba Ralston). Vera is Republic’s version of Sonja Henie, and a very nice version she is.

Vera doesn’t, of course, stay long in Czechoslovakia. When she wins the national skating championship, she gets an invitation to the Lake Placid Winter Festival. Also there are a couple of agents, Webb (Walter Catlett) and Jiggers (William Frawley), who follow her around, waving contracts under her pretty nose. They are backed by a man-mad Countess, played by Vera Vague in the usual Vague manner.

Vera (Haschek, not Vague) comes to America to star as a skater, and here she meets her wealthy uncle, Carl (Eugene Pallette), and his two daughters. Daughter A is Irene (Stephanie Bachelor), a spoiled beauty who’s trying her darnedest to coax handsome Paul Jordan (Robert Livingston) to a dance. Daughter B, Susan (Ruth Terry), is a charming girl with a sense of humor. She likes Vera immediately and does her best to protect her from Irene’s glacial onslaughts.

One evening, Vera is skating on a pond near the Cermak home and meets Paul for the first time. He doesn’t know who she is, but she’s for him, right from the start. “A blonde angel off the top of the Christmas tree,” he thinks. Vera goes for him, too, but of course Irene puts a prompt period to this budding romance. Or maybe it’s only a comma, because Paul goes right on being in love with Vera even when she disappears, and no one knows where to find her.

Susan pulls a fast one and gets them all together at Lake Placid where Vera is Winter Queen. And who is Winter King? None other than our old pal, Roy Rogers. Trigger is here, too, and does everything but skate. Ray Noble makes with the music. Vera loses one skate, Cinderella fashion, and when it’s found, there’s a happy ending—Ray.

P. S. The lover of beautiful and clever dances on ice will not go away from this hungry more. There’s plenty of ice-skating in it. Vera Ralston is at her best as is the rest of the cast. Little Twinkle Watts, the child wonder, is in it, and McGowan and Mack do their famous apache number, and the famous Polish ballet dancers, Felix Saldanja and Janina Prostenko, do some beautiful folk numbers. In addition to all this, the musical score is perfect. Music is supplied by Harry Owens, Ray Noble and a 64-piece studio orchestra under the direction of Walter Scharf. There are no original numbers in this picture, but the familiar tunes, subordinated to the action, make the musical background even more pleasant to listen to. . . . The only vocal number is by Roy Rogers, “King of the Cowboys,” who sings “Winter Wonderland.” . . . Brilliant sets surround the huge frozen lake on a Republic sound stage for the series of numbers. One set is a replica of Lake Placid, with hundreds of real pine trees, tons of artificial snow. Another represents the ice rink at Madison Square Garden, and a third duplicates a scene in the Swiss Alps, which are also featured, and the fifth is the sparkling show boat background of the minstrel ballet. All five are done on the same rink. . . . Scene for Bob Livingston had to be rewritten. Bob was supposed to take a fall on the ice, but Livingston is considered such a dangerous risk that Lloyd’s won’t insure him. He’s broken both legs in riding in sagebrush, sagas, and he’s not really a cowboy at all. . . . He then proceeded to thank us in his own way—by singing. He rendered several numbers and then announced “Old Bob,” adding, “Paul Robeson does a magnificent job, and I only hope I can do one-third as well.”

When he finished, the applause was tremendous. He smiled, bowed, threw a kiss and was gone.

But not forgotten.

Harriet Pearson
New York City

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was Tuesday night, October 31st, and we’d been waiting for almost three hours. Not that it mattered—Frank Sinatra was at the Paramount, and it was his last night.

My friend and I finally got in, only to find that most of the audience had been in the theater so long that they not only chatted while the picture was running, but were able to recite some of the dialogue along with the actors.

Finally, it was the last show. Ray Paige and his orchestra went into a medley of serenade tunes, Eileen Barton, breathtaking in blue net and sequins, did two numbers and encored with “The Trolley Song.” Pops and Louie, a dance team, and impersonator Ollie O’Toole thanked us for our attention, and Ray delivered a tribute to Frank who, he said, “. . . is a good guy and always a gentleman and deserves all of the admiration you give him.”

Then the orchestra swelled into “This Love Of Mine,” everyone stood up applauding and cheering like mad, and Frankie burst forth. As one fan said, he looked “simply heavenly” in his blue-grey suit with matching tie and that exquisitely striped tie.

And that lack of hair which had started falling at the earlier shows had now tumbled down over his forehead. As he stood there, in front of the mike, the kids started singing “For He’s A Jolly Good Fellow” while a stream of beautifully wrapped presents flowed towards the stage with Frankie placing each one on the stand and trying, as far as possible, to shake his body in front of them. Finally, the procession was over, the singing stopped, and just as Frankie stepped to the mike, the first 23 rows of fans who were still standing went into “You’ll Never Know.” Instantly, the theater hushed with the sincerity of the girls. When they finished, Frankie looked at them and said, “I’ve never been able to express myself by writing, and I’m not much for talking, but one thing I want to tell you this is the happiest moment of my life.”

MINISTRY OF FEAR

A charity bazaar in an English village sounds innocent, doesn’t it? Not the sort of thing you’d expect to lead to a spy ring and a few murderers. It seems to Stephen Neale (Ray Milland) a harmless way to
the whispers grew into a roar...

the woman grew into a legend...

the love story grew into

a great motion picture!
pass the time till he catches the train for London. He pays a shilling at one stall to guess the weight of a cake (winner gets cake), and then goes on to a fortune-teller.

It is while he's having his fortune told that he begins to realize things are a little odd. Instead of predicting a voyage across the water and a meeting with a luminous blonde, the fortune-teller says urgently, "Guess the weight of the cake at four pounds, two ounces." Stephen, intrigued, goes out and pays another shilling for an extra guess. "Four pounds, two ounces," he says, and the cake is handed over to him amid a distinctly creepy silence.

As he starts away with it, the fortune-teller comes out from a conference with a new arrival and signals that a mistake has been made. They try to get Stephen to give back the cake, but he's stubborn about it. He won it, and he's going to keep it. He gets on the train for London, complete with cake. A blind man taps his way along the platform and gets into the same compartment. When the train stops, during a bombing raid, he jugs Steve with his cane and makes off with the cake. When Steve pursues him, he almost gets shot.

Stephen's interest is now fully aroused. He doesn't like being swindled or robbed or shot at. When he gets to London, he starts a quiet investigation of the people back of that charity bazaar. It was run, he finds, by a charming Austrian girl, Carla (Marjorie Reynolds), and her attractive brother Willi (Carl Esmond). Willi agrees to help Stephen find the fortune-teller. There is another murder after that, and later a time bomb in a suitcase, then still another murder. Steve falls in love with Carla in the meantime, and both their lives are threatened. There is a hair-raising chase across the roofs of London. Ray Milland is pleasantly befuddled but determined as the handsome hero. Carl Esmond really makes things interesting.

Par.

P. S.

Ray Milland passed another milestone during the filming of this one. Paramount presented him with a new seven-year contract—no options! This establishes an unbroken tenure of six years with one studio for Ray. Incidentally, this is his forty-third motion picture since arriving from England. This brings Percy Weham back on a three-and-a-half-year road tour with "Life With Father" in which he played the title role. The large exterior set, showing the Black Moor, was built on the back lot at General Service Studio. With that exception it was filmed inside studio walls at Paramount. The battle between Milland and Carl Esmond is a rough and tumble melee with wild-swinging blows and chair-throwing which lasted for two filming days. This was an exhaustive role for Ray. In addition to the two-day fight, he was shagged over the head with a cane, blown across a room by an explosion, chased up five flights of stairs, wedged in a sardine-packed erov in an air raid shelter, and soaked to the skin for a week running in rain scenes. The role was non-stop, too. Ray worked on every shooting day of the picture! . . . J ohn, sightly written into the role of the "other woman," became ill before shooting began. This gave Hillary Brooke a boost into a fine part. Picture required a brazen and set—and an unusual number for any picture.

OBJECTIVE, BURMA

There are war pictures that are real, and there are others that remind you of the formation of tin soldiers Junior moves around the living room on Sundays when he's finished the funnies. "Objective Burma" happens to be one of the real ones. It describes a group of paratroopers on a mission. The mission is a tough one. Maybe some of the reality comes from Errol Flynn's portrayal of a commandeering officer, Captain Nelson. You feel that you'd as soon follow him into battle as you would a four-star general. The paratroopers are on a plane. There's the talkative wise guy known as "Gabby" (George Tobias), and the ex-farm boy called "Nebraska," and the humorous, efficient second-in-command. Lieutenant Jacobs (William Prince), plus several others. There is also a more or less unknown quantity, a newspaper correspondent named Mark Williams (Henry Hull).

The paratroopers are taken by plane into Burma and dropped off at a designated spot. "Do a good job and you'll save thousands of lives they're told before they start. "We'll do a good job," Nelson (Continued on page 26)
"Hello, dream girl," he whispers. And you're glad you're looking lovely... glad you've kept your hands petal-soft.

Ever since you discovered Trushay, hand care has seemed so much simpler.

Trushay's the 'beforehand' idea in lotions. All you do is smooth it on before household tasks.

Rich, sweet-scented Trushay helps prevent roughness and dryness... guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.

TRUSHAY
The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS
Want your hair to look more lovely?

And it's so easy to make your hair more glamorous with rich color and radiant highlights when you use Nestlé Colorine.

You'll thrill to the compliment of your friends when they admire the loveliness of your hair. For Colorine transforms dull, drab-looking hair into brighter, shining locks—gleaming with colorful highlights.

Men go for girls with silky soft, glamorous hair. Let Colorine help give your hair this bewitching new beauty. Whatever its color, there's a shade of Colorine to help it look brighter, more entrancing. Try it after your next shampoo.

Effective. Burma” claims a Warner Bros. Studio record more than 1400 individual scenes were photographed. Normal picture average is 650... The cast includes fifty young men portraying roles as tough paratroopers. Many of them were hired directly after release from the U.S. Armed forces. Requests came to the studio from five qualified women parachutists for parts in the picture, but were denied due to Warner’s attempt to give discharged servicemen a chance at the parts... Laddie Rucker, grid star at Oregon State, was hired for the picture shortly after discharge from the Marines. At completion he was rewarded for his good work with a contract... Picture was filmed entirely away from the public. During scenes in Palm Springs, temperature hit 127 degrees. This made it tough on the actors who had to pack 65 pounds of equipment as paratroopers... Mickey Scott is an “old timer.” Fans may remember him as a member of the famous “Our Gang” comedies. Scott was married during filming of the picture. He’d served overseas for two years prior to starting this one... Henry Hull returned to his dairy farm in Connecticut upon completion of his role. Announced plans for early resumption of his radio career. Henry’s two kids, Shirley and Henry, Jr., departed during production for overseas duty in the Pacific. Both are serving with the parachute division. They are part of the ten percent of the cast were the twenty-five foot python, trained by Albert Schloess, and a Bengal tiger owned and trained by Lou Matthews.

Hollywood Canteen

Take a young soldier, wounded and sent back to the States after two years in the Pacific. Take a lovely little movie star whom he’s been dreaming about during those two years. Put them together at the Hollywood Canteen, and you’ll get a love story that will appeal to everyone. Especially when the soldier is played by Robert Hutton, who is handsome like a star and a good actor besides. The girl in the case is Joan Leslie.

That’s only a little of what “Hollywood Canteen” has to offer. Stars pop in and out of it like jacks-in-the-box. Famous bands play your favorite kinds of music. Comedians give with their funniest routines. And together is this sweet, tender little love story.

You see, Slim (Robert Hutton) had a girl when he went away to war. But she forgot to tell him when he began to think of Joan Leslie instead. When he and his buddy, the Sergeant (Dane Clark), are sent to a hospital near Hollywood and then given five days’ pass before being sent back into action, of course he heads for the Hollywood Canteen. Luck plays along with Slim, and his first night there, Fats (with a slight assist from Bette Davis and John Garfield) brings him a kiss from Joan. No wonder he is in a roseate haze when he gets back to the Sarge, who has been doing the town with a blonde.

“Seeing is believing,” says the Sarge firmly, so next night they both go to the Canteen. Joan’s there, too, but the Sarge meets a most provocative bundle of prurient urges named Angela (Janis Paige), who makes his furlough an instant success. The Canteen’s an ambush, in fact. Paul Henreid of the Juggernaut, Eddie Cantor sings and clowns, and Jack Benny plays the violin. There are so many pretty girls it makes you dizzy, and lovely as not. Even Joan Crawford or Barbara Stanwyck. Slim is the millionth man to come into the Canteen so he wins a weekend date with Joan Leslie. There's a juicy story in that. There’s a juicy story in that...
This is Baby Betty
(SHE HAS IT!)

This is Sister Sue
(HER COMPLEXION NEEDED IT!)

This is what happened
(AFTER SHE GOT IT!)

IT IS THAT IVORY LOOK... YOU CAN HAVE IT, TOO...

It's a promise! Your complexion can be smoother, softer, lovelier. Look at Baby Betty's kissable cheek—and take her beauty tip. Just change from careless complexion care to regular, gentle cleansings with that pure, mild cake of Ivory Soap.

More doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than all other brands put together! No facial soap on earth can bring you more beauty. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory care today...and watch your skin start to glow—with that Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory—THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS PUT TOGETHER
**No other Shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!**

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

_Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?_

No wonder—if you're washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a _soap film_ which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

_Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?_

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

_Ssssshhhhhh! But have you dandruff?_

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!

**Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner**  
Product of Procter & Gamble
TO OUR READERS...

Would you mind closing the door? There's a draft—and besides I have a confession to make, and I hate strangers around. Thanks. Well, now that we're alone, I'll give. It's about the sales of our magazine. Don't ask how it happened, but all of a sudden we've got a circulation of a million and a half!...

Isn't that awful? Remember when we were a carefree gang with only a million to live up to? Used to kid around the office and throw spitballs and whistle at all the pretty readers—remember?... Well, those days are gone with the wind. Now we're big shots, and you have to have an appointment to get whistled at.

Our 1,500,000 circulation puts us among the top ten magazines of the nation... for that matter, of the whole damned world. And our ten color pages actually put us in a class by ourselves. What with Hedda Hopper, Fanny Hurst and Louella Parsons (alphabetical order), we cover movies like an arc light... But, ladies, can't we still be friends? Don't be too hard on a couple of unhappy big shots. Basically we're nice, clean American boys. And I was only kidding when I made that remark about us not whistling at you any more. Heck, just try us!

Al Delacorte

Henry Malmgreen
When Jeonne was born May 25, 1925, in Barstow, Calif., her dad gave up singing career for higher paid job as Coordinator of Education in Inglewood High. She claims "Winged Victory" co-star Lon McCallister is very good friend—it’s not love!

by Freda Dudley

SWEET AND LOVELY

On practically any night in the Crain household you may fi nd the radio turned to the current quiz program. This has been the state of affairs for as long as the girls can remember.

Father Crain, a teacher in Inglewood High School—a suburb near Los Angeles—has always maintained that a few stray bits of knowledge picked up from radio contests will damage no one’s mental equipment. Name 7 states that begin with the letter M; what is the date of the Norman conquest? How many eggs does the average chicken lay in a year? Who is Secretary of the Navy? In case both the President of the United States and the Vice-President die, who becomes President?

It became the (Continued on following page)
Jeanne's jobs on maidless days are setting table, making beds. She won innumerable beauty contests and posed for so many leg art pics, she was nicknamed "The Form."

Although she gets a kick out of family album, she won't let anyone outside the family lay a hand on it. Considers her juvenile self worse than repulsive. Sits by hour listening to Madame Pitoeff tell of experiences on European stage.
Crain habit for the girls to call out the answers, and they were very accurate most of the time. Jeanne was so good that she won a quiz contest at St. Mary's Academy—as a Ninth Grader—and was entered in a city-wide contest that was broadcast over the radio.

It was the first time Jeanne had ever faced a microphone. When her first question was fired at her, Jeanne swallowed hard; looked at the iron ear awaiting her reply and decided that the only sharp contestant was the one safely sitting on a hassock in her own living room... about forty miles from the nearest microphone. Then, from somewhere, the correct answer popped into her mind. Whew! A close one.

Her second problem was easy: Name ten state capitals. Even her third question—although she doesn't remember it nowadays—was no brain-cracker. The fourth went off like a breeze, too. But the fifth. Try this on your encyclopedia: In what year did Caesar complete his conquest of Gaul?

Jeanne was taking Latin; she had floundered her way through that celebrated seventeenth chapter dealing with the construction of a pontoon bridge. She knew “Omnis Gallia in tres partes divisa est.” But she didn't know that date. She had to give up, and this omission of knowledge dropped her rating into second place.

She felt badly about it; she could visualize her family sitting around the radio, rooting for her and being disappointed when she couldn't win.

However, like Caesar, she carried home some of the spoils of war: As second place contestant she was awarded three dollars in cash and ten pounds of sausage. It was the sausage that impressed the family. They had sausage for breakfast, luncheon and dinner for a week in order to use it up. To this day no one in the Crain household ever describes success as “bringing home the bacon.” It is “bringing home the sausage.”

Jeanne felt better about the whole thing when she learned that her father had gone scurrying to the nearest ancient history tome when he heard the question. In case you've been worried, too Caesar licked Gaul in 51 B.C. when he was fifty-one years old.

When Jeanne was fifteen and a half, she attended a candid camera night at which lens hounds were photographing a popular dance band. It was customary at affairs of this kind for a girl to be selected from the audience for the picture-snappers to pose with the band leader, or alone—if she were photogenic enough. Jeanne was snatched from the observers' ranks one night and caused a mild sensation. There was no band leader beside her. When the boys couldn't remember her name, they called her Eyelashes. "Hey, Eyelashes, how about that left profile? Oh, swell. Now, how about a big smile, Eyelashes?"
As her reward in the contest, Jeanne and some of the other girls who had taken part were guests of the RKO studios. They had luncheon in the studio commissary and tried hard not to squeal when Cary Grant came in. It was the first trip of any of them to a picture lot, and they could scarcely eat, for ogling. A group of extras in Gay Nineties outfits came in; Lupe Velez stormed through the room and into the kitchen, where she selected her luncheon from the stove, then returned to a nearby table. The girls were mightily impressed with all this. Orson Welles, eating close by, summoned the publicity man who was showing the girls through the studio and asked him who the girl with the red-brown, curly hair was.

The publicity man explained and returned to the table to say in a careful aside to Jeanne, "Mr. Welles would be very much pleased if you and I would join him in his office this afternoon at four for tea."

Jeanne didn't actually swoon, but she had the general sensation. Tea—in Orson Welles' office! With her feet treading air six inches from the ground, Jeanne followed the touring party around the lot. She saw the hand props department—very interesting. She watched part of the shooting on a new "Falcon" picture. She caught sight of Ginger Rogers en route to the portrait gallery. But all this she glimpsed through the haze of roseate dreams: She was to have tea with Mr. Welles at four o'clock.

In his office, she found him to be charming... and understanding. He sensed her tension, her breathlessness. "Like magic?" he asked. Without waiting for an answer he picked up a red silk handkerchief and turned it to blue. He put a bit of thread in his mouth, then a needle and pulled them out, threaded together. Jeanne laughed and forgot her nervousness.

Then Mr. Welles explained that he was looking for a girl to play the romantic lead in "The Magnificent Ambersons," and he thought Jeanne might be right. He gave her ten pages of dialogue, told her to memorize it and return three days later for a screen test.

The script under her arm, Jeanne turned at the door to say, "Mr. Welles, may I please have your autograph?" Her voice was very slim and apologetic. It was the first autograph for which she had ever asked.

Mr. Welles snatched a large piece of paper and, beaming, scrawled his signature. That was one of the most wonderful moments in Jeanne's life to date.

The following few days were hectic. She couldn't sleep at night without fitful dreams of coming down with measles the day before the test or facing the camera and forgetting every syllable she had memorized or tripping and falling flat on her face.

But when the crucial moment arrived, she did none of those frightening things. (Continued on page 75)
An anxious Hollywood hostess caught John Hodiak on the phone one afternoon last month.

"John," she began in a worried voice, "I know it's awfully late—but can you please come to dinner tonight?"

"Gee," boomed John in that husky he-man's voice of his, "I'd love to, but there's something else I ought to do. I—"

"It's awfully important to me," broke in the lady, desperately, "you don't know how important!"

Big John swallowed hard. He thought of the Hollywood girl who had planted her foot in the door of his apartment and refused to budge until he told her, yes, he thought she was pretty. His mind flashed to the feminine phone fan who got hold of his number and called him every midnight until he had to say regretfully, "I know it's not nice to hang up on a lady, but I can't talk any longer!" He thought of all the funny, strange, puzzling things that had happened in Hollywood since he made "Lifeboat" and "Marriage is a Private Affair." It made him dizzy.

He was stammering into the receiver when the lady cleared it up.

"My maid," she (Cont'd on following page)
Calls self "Johnny," can't stand any other nickname, was shocked by casual H'wood "darling," etc. He means it when he says it!

Like a kid who gets in free at a circus, John Hodiak can't believe this wonderful thing is happening to him!

During brother's stay, Mom surprised them all with their favorite old Ukrainian dishes and borscht. Only 3 gals he dates are Judy Garland, June Allyson, Anne Baxter. Next pic's "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier."

Mom took him at his word to get rid of all furnishings before heading West, sold irreplaceable radio-vic! First celebration in new house was weekend visit from brother from Camo Hahn.

by Jack Wade
explained, "says she'll quit unless I get you here for dinner. She's simply wild about you! And you know how scarce maids are these days! Please don't let me down!"

Well—with it put right up to him like that, what could John do? He accepted. His friend's maid, by the way, has been happy in her work ever since. She's got an autographed picture of Hodie in her room. It belongs to the lady of the house (John gave his hostess one)—so how can the maid ever threaten to leave?

It's pretty hard for a plain, straight-thinking, modest Hunky guy from Hamtramck, Michigan, to get himself geared to all that's been happening to him in the past year. Sometimes Hodie gets as mixed up inside as a chef's salad at his new-found fame. Like a kid who gets in free at a circus, he can't quite believe it's true.

Right after "Lifeboat," John found himself at a big Beverly Hills cocktail party at Romanoff's for Tallulah Bankhead. The whole Hollywood roster of Big Names were elbowing each other out of the way in Prince Mike's bistro. You could hardly breathe for all the Big League glamour that cluttered up the place. Somewhere in the ritzy crush John Hodiak was busy staring from left to right and then around in circles with his grin a mile wide and his eyes shining like traffic lights. Suddenly, he started hopping himself sharply on the temple with his knuckles. A watchful waiter stepped up.

"The gentleman has a headache—yes?" he asked politely. "Perhaps a bromo-seltzer or an aspirin? The cool air?"

John shook his head happily. "No headache," he grinned. "No aspirin. No—I'm just checking up to see if I'm really here with all these famous people!"

"But obviously, you're here," murmured the waiter, giving John a queer look and sidling off warily as though he thought the guy was nuts.

John swears he hasn't slept a solid night since he arrived in Hollywood—and he's been home and in the hay early most nights, too. The reason he can't drift off to dreamland is because the
minute he stretches out, his mind revs up like a Mustang motor—thinking about what’s happened that day and what goes on tomorrow. Making plans and having hunches. Getting ideas and inspirations. Dreaming exciting, wide-awake dreams.

Because there’s no actor or actress in Hollywood brimming with bounce like Hodie. He’s loaded with more potential volts than Boulder Dam and happy as Heaven about the whole thing. If he doesn’t blow up from spontaneous combustion, John is set for the time of his life from now on. Already, once or twice he’s come pretty close to flying off into a billion Hodiaik atoms from pure enthusiasm.

Hodie’s most Horrible Moment, he’ll tell you, came the first day he faced a Hollywood camera to speak his piece. It was with Red Skelton in “I Dood It”—not anything to bid for an Academy award, but to John it was—as everything is—the most important job in his life. They gave him five pages of dialogue to take home, and said, “We’ll shoot it in the morning.” John stayed up all night memorizing his dialogue backwards and forwards. He came to work pepped up like a doughboy on D-Day. He arrived an hour early and sat around all morning jumping out of his chair with a “Coach, lemme in!” look every time the director glanced his way.

Finally he got a nod, and he bounced across the set.

“We’ve rewritten your part,” the director said. “Here’s five more pages.”

John learned those. He sat and fidgeted. He sat and fidgeted some more. He got another nod. Again he shot across the stage like a substitute quarterback in the Big Game. “Here’s another re-write,” yawned the director again. “Learn this.”

Well, I won’t go into the sad tale, spasm by spasm. Except to say that there turned out to be four new scripts for John to learn on the set, a couple of changes of wardrobe, a beard to be put on and then a beard to be taken off, and a whole day to wait trembling on the edge of his big moment. When they finally did get to Hodie—around quitting time—he was as woozy as a chameleon on a crazy-quilt (Continued on page 86)
By Hedda Hopper

"I envy Claudette..."

Because she's what every woman wants to be—a touch of Paris, an adored wife, and the type who never gets fat!

One day the phone rang. Miss Colbert, and she wasn't kidding.

"What's this in your column about my playing Shirley Temple's mother?"

I'd mentioned her—along with Roz Russell and Irene Dunne—as a possibility for Ann Hilton in "Since You Went Away."

"Sounds to me," she said, "like another of those Scarlett O'Hara guessing games. Anyway, I'm not playing it, so count me out."

A couple of months later she'd signed to play the part. Why? Because she's an actress.

I'm perfectly ready to admit I had my finger in that pie—in fact, I'll brag about it. I ran the item because I knew—never mind how—that David Selznick wanted her. I also knew her first instinct would be against it, and I didn't blame her. Because in our town, given an attractive young woman who agrees to play the mother of grown children and, before you know it, they'll be after her to play Whistler's granny.

On the other hand, I felt she'd be ideal in the role—with just the right combination of humor and dignity and grace. So I decided to stir up a little action. David hadn't yet sounded her out. To tell the truth, I think he was a little scared. All he'd done was tell her the story at a dinner party. But, as Claudette remarked later: "At dinner parties, people always tell you plots—some good, some bad—so you can go home and forget 'em." Well, my little bombshell served its purpose. She got mad. She wasn't having any of that Gone-With-The-Wind stuff, and so she instructed her agent to inform David. What went on between those two is something else again. Because a month goes by, and the agent comes to Claudette. (Continued on page 81)
Tho' she suffers over letter-writing, she dutifully scrawls V-mail to Jack every other day. Despaired when only 3 of first 20 she sent ever reached him! Enlisting 6 mos. before Pearl Harbor, he's with Pacific fleet.

When French poodle from Jack died, she was so broken up that brother Charles donated replacement named Missy. She buys enormously expensive suits, wears them for 8 years running! Her next pic's "Practically Yours."
Bing spotlighted the unknown entertainers with him so they'd come home stors. In England, they played and sang for Col. Elliott Roosevelt and Lt. Col. Shoupe at Officers' Quarters.

Bing asked visiting Fred Astaire, "Will I live?" as Army nurses prepared hypas prior to embarkation. Bing's been voted most popular G.I. "request," is planning Alaskan tour at own expense plus a Pacific solo trek.

Crosby a hero? Naw. All he did was croon in the Kraut's back yard, swap gab, bring home 4000 miles closer for your Gl Joe.

"der bingle"

People swoon. They write long letters putting the bite on you for $73.50 to put their two-headed nephews through college. They claw you half to death in your favorite spaghetti joint and refuse forty Churchill autographs for one of yours and name all their children after you. It's fun being Bing Crosby.

But darn it, let the crooner ache after a mere egg when he's 4000 miles from home and pronto, his name's mud!

As Bingo puts it, "At first it's a relief to be where nobody knows you, no jams, no autographs, just rolling along with the rest of 'em. But finally it gets downright embarrassing. Especially when you're hungry and would like to grab off something extra to eat."

He can make you howl telling about an occasion when he put on his best Sunday celeb manner and tried to wangle an egg or two. He turned on the charm—both vocal and otherwise—and said he'd like an egg, preferably king-size.

"I am de chanteuse de American," he said importantly.

"Oui, Monsieur," they said politely with a so-what-ish expression.

"Connaissez-vous 'Le Big Broadcast'?" he asked.

"Non," they shook their heads.

"Sing You Sinners?" went on Bing.

"Non."

"Le Kraft Music Hall," he asked a little desperately.
By Maxine Arnold

Crosby forced his pet tie on the G.I., who sighed he'd "sure like to have it—for after." Bing, plus Hope, MacMurray, Colbert, is quitting Par. to concentrate on own company. Trademark? Pork-pie hat and pipe!


Still no egg.

Then he started crooning . . . "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day"—and looked up expectantly.

They listened with interest but no previous recollections. Also no egg. It had been a long time since the blue of the night met the gold of the day in blacked-out France.

So Bing gave them the $64.00 question.

"Connaissiez-vous BING CROSBY?"

They shook their heads.

"I must've laid many an egg there myself years ago," grins Bing.

And harkening back to that (Continued on page 126)
Jenny Made Her Mind Up

She lives in the 20th century, so she's more like Jane in "Since You Went Away" than Bernadette. Just the same, she has the quality of both girls.

What clinched Bernadette for her was the vision scene. The choice had been narrowed down to six. They were all being tested, and they were all told to imagine The Lady of The Vision beyond the camera—

After the tests had been run, Henry King said: "There's no sense in looking any further. The others are all capable actresses. Jennifer's the only one who saw the Vision—"

She's had three most exciting days in her life:
The day David O. Selznick signed her to a personal contract and changed her name to Jennifer Jones. When he said plain Jones, she couldn't believe her ears. Putting Jennifer in front of it made it sound lovely.
The day producer William Perlberg told her she'd been cast as Bernadette. She tried to call Bob in New York and couldn't reach him. He was on his way to Hollywood to surprise her, with an M-G-M contract in his pocket. She tried to call her mother and dad, and couldn't reach them. So she celebrated with Henry, her maid, who danced round the room and sang hallelujah.
The day she got the Academy Award. She felt she didn't deserve it as much as Ingrid Bergman, for instance, who'd done so many wonderful things. Yet she couldn't help being thrilled from her scalp to the tips of her toes. Only (Continued on page 110)

What do you do when you're very young and aching to act and your heart starts slowly breaking?

by Ida Zeitlin

20th filed a $600,000 suit against Jon when she refused to do "Laura," but when Gene Tierney made pic a hit, all was forgiven. (Exiting from a long-ago Selznick party a deux.)
Jen's new Bel-Air home's been burgled 3 times and always on weekends when she's at Palm Springs with her boys. 'Tis said Selznick draws $7000 per for her services, with Jen getting but $1750 of it.

The not-yet-divorced Walkers often date but vow those tender "SYWA" love scenes are ersatz. While Jen was off p.a.-ing, Bob bunked in at her place to tend kids.

Grateful make-up man on "Bernadette" baked her a cake "for not using lipstick!" In Wash., she guested at Catholic Univ's stage version of pic. (With Van at CBS.)
By Virginia Wilson

Frankie's slated for a gag duet with Fred Allen soon, just heard that N. Y. Porpo, egg thrower received $10 from reporter for deed.

Frankie's first week at the Paramount netted $98,000, and though he parted from his vitamin sponsor, he'll still pull highest 1944 income in world—$1,535,000! (Hot-footing Arranger Alex Stordahl.)

It's a cry that rings from speeding taxis, echoes on street corners, bursts from 500,000 Sinatrites.

WE LOVE YOU!!

Ben Morden's Riviera may reopen as the Club Sinatra at same time F. produces, books "The Jazz Singer." (Signing NAA cards offered on p. 62.)

This was always the moment of almost unbearable excitement just before the broadcast began. Joan sat tense, leaning forward, her slim shoulder touching Katie's plump one.

"What do you suppose he'll sing first?" she whispered.

"Maybe 'Long Ago And Far Away.' Honestly, when he sings that I could just die, it's so beautiful." Katie rolled her brown eyes.

"S-sh-sh! Here he comes!"

There was a sudden electric hush, and Joan felt as if the breath were sliding right out of her. Then Frank strolled onto the stage, and everyone burst into wild applause. He was wearing the checked tan jacket that Joan and Katie liked best, and "The sweater!" (Continued on following page)
Katie said softly, "It's the one we sent him." It was, too. Joan stared at it, and a glow of happiness crept through her. He liked the sweater well enough to wear it for a broadcast! That made up for all the things she had gone without to save her share of the price. Katie, of course, had plenty of money—it hadn't been important to her.

The kids were all clapping and squealing like mad now, as Frank stood there, one hand on the mike. "Those new fans," Joan said disapprovingly. "They don't know how to act."

Frank raised his hand, and the hush came back. His tanned face was serious. His voice was serious, too. He said, "Look. I'm not kidding about this. I like you to like my songs—(Continued on page 76)"

Hubby gifted Nancy, the family banker, with a diamond brooch "the size of a saucer" when she returned from the hospital. They're praying new maid "will like us."
Dee spent her time off from "Can't Help Singing" hunting unrationed shoes, buying 2 and 3 pairs. Incidentally, wardrobe for the pic was copied from patterns of a 1905 Paris belle.

Exhausted from 4:30 a.m. studio calls, Deanna sleeps late on vacations, shops at Adrian and Howard Greer, catches up on best sellers she's missed. Hiring new help recently, she had to take their two dogs, too—or else.
Is she or is she ain’t Bob Landry’s lady? Bob being the LIFE photog just back from overseas who’s been wining and dining our Dee like mad—and since when do childhood sweethearts sigh at each other like that? Right now, Deanna’s busy poking around art shoppes, agonizing over those extra 10 pounds . . . And here’s how she got ’em: Some of the kids drop in “just for a minnit.” Then Alma, who cooks like an angel, whips up a buffet, the beer gets poured and from the den comes jive from the Hammond organ. Or from the harp being plinked in the living room. Before you know, it’s a wee hour in the a.m., and you wouldn’t want the gang to starve so—more wienies coming up!
During Santa Monica hitch filming "Winged Victory," Lon was hooked for labor detail just once, latrine duty one week. Chores were made merry by crew of comedians.

Dueted with Jeanne Craig at Wilson premiere, ran into Maria Montez. He still writes buddies at Camp Crowder, wonders where he'll go at end of "Victory" tour in April.

LON MccALLISTER

The extra roles went on and on, but there was always the warmth of home, friends, books. Life story, part II.

Before leaving H'wood for Frisco with "Winged Victory" troupe, he paid special farewell visit to neighbor Lee Mueller, a worshipper ever since Lon taught him technical handling of toy gun.

The brilliant shooting star of Lon McCallister is a heartening miracle of modern day Hollywood. Although the magic days of Cinderella boys and girls in the fabled movie city are supposed to be dead and gone, Lon has proved that over the rainbow and across high studio walls the pot of gold and the crown of fame still lie. The glass slipper still waits for the right youth to fill it.

But Lon McCallister didn't even look like the right youth. He was a local boy; stars seldom come from Hollywood home town boys. He was an extra from Junior high days on, and "once an extra always an extra" is a Hollywood conviction.

Besides, Lon had no ambitions to be a star; at first he only wanted to help his financially pressed family—his (Continued on page 115)

By Kirtley Baskette
Next to Mom, Farley's best gals are June Haver (below) and Vee MacDowall. The only fault he has to find with Mom is she won't wear clothes gay enough to suit him.

On deck behind his broom, S/C

Farley Granger dreams of home and
ice cream and snowy white sheets.

Cinderella boy

High spot in Farley's life as gob at Shoemaker Receiving Station was running into Roddy MacDowall and H'wood gang. Boys talked shop about Roddy's exciting role in "Keys of the Kingdom."

- One afternoon last February a tall, merry-eyed, good-looking kid stood stripped to his birthday suit at the Los Angeles Service Induction Center while docs gave him the medical once-over. They banged him on the chest and listened.
  "Perfect!" they said.
  They jumped him up and down and listened somewhere else.
  "Perfect!"
  They swatted him here and there, squinted down his throat, poked things in his ears and burned a baby spot into his shiny brown eyes. They stuck him with needles and tested this and that. They photographed his insides in Technicolor and wired him outside for sound.
  And every time they (Continued on page 92)
big bad wolf

Don't believe all you hear! One of Helmut Dantine's hottest romances was a phantom...

One recent afternoon Helmut Dantine rolled his car into a Hollywood gas station, and a pretty little blonde attendant bobbed out to serve him. Helmut chatted away pleasantly while the lady gave him gas, wiped his windshield, pumped his tires and filled his radiator. He rewarded her with the correct cash, an "A" coupon and a flashing Dantine smile and roared off, unsuspecting that a studio press agent had observed the little scene and cried "Yoicks!" or "Tally Ho!" or whatever a press agent cries when he is cracked over the head with a terrific idea.

No sooner had Helmut entered his dressing room than the press agent appeared, frothing like a bubble-bath with inspiration.

"It's like this, Helmut," he explained. "You date up the gas station cutie—see? You give her a whirl at the Hollywood night clubs, we take pictures, and it hits the papers. 'Hollywood Wolf Woos Pretty Windshield Wiperette!' Get it?"

"Go away," grinned Helmut, "I don't even know the girl."

"Come, come!" urged the p.a. impatiently, "don't be juvenile. What difference does that make? It's a terrific idea."

"Are you kidding?" said Dantine, with a look that meant business.

He thought that ended it and forgot all about it. The next thing he knew Helmut was staring at printed pictures of himself—(it said in large print)—helping the pretty little greaseball, all dolled up in evening clothes, out of his car in front of Hollywood's fancy danceery, Mocambo! "Hollywood Wolf Gives Gorgeous Girl Greaseball Night Club Whirl," he read. "Helmut Dantine escorts So-and-So, his A-Coupon Cutie, to Mocambo for an evening of fun."

Well—Helmut couldn't believe his bright grey eyes. He hadn't seen the girl since that day, but there she was—he hadn't been (Continued on page 98)

By Struthers Holt
It's easy to see why her tall blond Navy fiancé adores Patricia!

There is a bright, warm aliveness about her that is infinitely endearing — and she is so lovely to look at! Eyes of deep, sparkling brown ... rich, glossy hair ... and from the tip of her little pointed chin to the top of her smooth high brow, a skin as astonishingly beautiful as a new-opened rose.

Like so many other engaged girls, Patricia trusts her flawless complexion to Pond's Cold Cream.

"I began using Pond's when I was in college at Northwestern — and loved it right from the start — it's such a soothing, silky-textured cream!

"Then, while I was studying acting and stage make-up at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, I grew to respect Pond's more and more. It does such a grand job of removing make-up and of keeping my skin really clean and really smooth!"

Patricia has a pixie charm — dancing eyes and a glowing, ivory-smooth skin.

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Patricia's complexion is disarmingly fresh and sweet — a lovely tribute to her daily Pond's beauty creamings —

**Every night, every morning,** Patricia smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats to soften and release dirt, make-up. Tissues off.

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Give your face this Pond's beauty care. You'll see that it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for the big jar — you'll love being able to dip the fingers of both hands in the luxurious big jar!

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN
MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON
MRS. ROBERT RACON WHITNEY
THE LADY MORRIS
GLORIA VANDERBILT DE CICCO
As a kid, Louise Allbritton busted her nose and rode around in a chintz-cushioned jalopy—but look at her now!

Louise is first femme player to get Pasadena Playhouse Award for top newcomer of year. Just back from Europe, she's hankering for Pacific tour. She's opposite Turhan Bey in "A Night in Paradise."

A tomboy—that's what they called Louise Allbritton! It's hard to think of this sophisticate as a roughneck, but at eleven she carried on like a Dead Ender. Tore around Wichita, Texas, in blue jeans, an old gingham shirt and tennis shoes, to her mother's horror. Even Dad put the clamps on it when she ran home one day crying and dripping blood like a leaky faucet. Seems Mutt—that's the name her family dreamed up for her—was playing football and made a three-point tackle into a water hydrant, breaking her saucy nose. From then on the Allbrittons tried to persuade Mutt to leave the rough stuff to her brother Larry and be a carbon of her sister Elizabeth, whose feminine leanings made her very Belle-of-Wichita-ish. But it was tough on Mutt and rebellion came second nature.

Whenever life for the youngest Allbritton was just one scolding too many, she'd trudge stolidly down to the river, a half a mile from home, and contemplate the joys of the hobo. Somehow they always found her stretched out on the river bank, her blonde be-pigtailed head resting on defiant, clenched little fists, and somehow, too, they'd always wheedle her into going back home and (Continued on page 64)

By Ann Ward
**Glamorous Professional**

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What's as exciting as your first date? Heart-stopping as an encore by Frankie? Well, lookit, that's easy! A print dress in January, of course. You don't believe it? Just watch the lads when you turn up at the next Sunday night session in any one of these sweet jobs we've chosen for you. You in Technicolor—the other poor gals slogging along in black and white. It's sabotage, kids, but it's fun. Huge fun if you try Jean Sullivan's trick—real flowers to match the ones in the fabric. Imagine, just one slick little dress is the answer to all those clothes dithers. For the blind date with that smooth new boy friend, the new print of course. For the speech in Assembly you've gotten yourself into, for church, for prancing on the arm of a sailor on leave, for hypo-ing a dying romance, for supercharging a trousseau—it's a gay, new print every time. (Continued on page 63)
IT'S A MUSICAL HONEY!

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TWO

BETTY

HUTTONS

SONNY

TUFTS

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Eddie Bracken     Barbara Britton     Jon Brown
Edith Atwater     Claudette Colbert    Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper       Joseph Cotton       James Craig
Jeanne Crain     Dick Cruse           Bing Crosby
Montgomery Clift  Dick Cummings       Xavier Cugat
Helmut Dantine    Linda Darnell       Betty Davis
Gloria De Haven   Gloria de Havenland  Tommy DIX
Brenda DeMille    Tom Drake           Jimmy Durante
William Eythe     Jinx Falkenburg     Alice Fay
Reed Fleming      John Garfield       Judy Garland
Peggy Allen Garner Gerri Garson       Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable      Fraker Granger      Cary Grant
Bomita Granville  Kathryn Grayson     Sidney Greenstreet
Alan Hale         Signe Hasso         June Havoc
Dick Haymes       Susan Hayward      Rita Hayworth
Paul Henreid      Katharine Hepburn   William Hedden
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NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.
You'll choose it wisely, girls, because this isn't just a new dress; it's a new you. Maybe you've been a mouse all your life, now you're kind of electric and exciting. Maybe you've been a tomboy since kindergarten, now suddenly you're feminine as a shot of "Heaven Sent," dateable as Grable. See what we mean? Just any old print won't do it.

In choosing your dress, study its line, the size of the print, your own figure. Here are a couple of rules to guide you. If you're small and chubby, a wee print's for you. If you're tall, you can get away with lots of splash. Be sure the colors do right by you. No shocking pinks for redheads, no screaming hues on baby-skinned blonds. And as for line, the darling cap sleeves are new as next month's Modern Screen, but they're strictly for the slim-armed. Have a look at the Junior League Frock on cute Jean Sullivan who appears in Warner Brothers' "Men Without Destiny." It's wonderful, but if you have a bit of tennis bulge, we'd suggest that honey of a shirtwaist job from Jonathan Logan. Notice, too, the peplums and tunic effects—they're terrific this spring. Fluted ones, like the Stephanie original on Jean, help to camouflage if you're on the hippy side.

About price, the tags on these are going to look a bit steep, but the satisfaction (Continued on page 85)
taking piano lessons and ballet and diction, so she wouldn't grow up to sound like the Texas tomboy she was.

Ballet was just so much pirouetting, but the diction lessons weren't too bad. Not bad at all when they handed her all the leads in the Jr. High plays. Then life didn't seem too rough. She had Maggie and Jiggs, her two pet terriers, and Dale, a handsome beast of an airdale, and best of all was her car—well, Mutt called it a car. Even in High School, Mutt was short on frills, long on athletics—literally. Her talent for towering over every other female in her class made her the star of the basketball team and any other sport you care to mention. Even so, school was a good hike down the road from the Allbritton's Colonial house, so Mutt spent her free time loitering around the local junk yards, till one day she emerged with a stripped down car. After much monkey-wrenching and greasing, it started to putt. It had wheels, a floor board and a kind of seat—and it ran! It was the envy of every boy in Wichita, till the day Mutt approached her vehicle—to find the seat upholstered in ruffled chinzi cushions. Seems her Negro mammy didn't think it fittin' and proper for a young lady to cavort around in such an, unrefined, obscene jalopy, and sort of fixed things up.

But what really made a lady out of her and caused her to grow up suddenly at 14, was the death of her mother. Somehow, Mutt's rowdy ways vanished, and she began to understand why her mother'd made her curtsey and hang up her clothes and in general, behave. Under a very kind neighbor, Mrs. Yager, and her Negro mammy's guidance, Mutt learned how to run the house and the intricacies of budgeting, marketing—everything. But more important than knowing beans came by the pound and carrots by the bunch, was the sense of responsibility Louise developed. Though the loss of her mother was a dreadful ache deep inside of her, she gained an independence and confidence in herself that turned her into a woman before her time.

the lower depths . . .

Then, there was this boy—a friend of Larry's, and what a dream he was! It looked as though things were clicking, even if she were only sixteen. One dreamy night out in the back yard he put his arm around her and actually—oh blissful bliss—kissed her. Result, Mutt in the clouds, floating gracefully around the ether till the next morning—plop—she crashed down to a very dismal earth. He liked her, sure, but like a sister. His real love was an older girl; his eyes were only for her!

The next man in her life was the Van Johnson of Oklahoma U. They were in the same class, only he was the president of the works and a killer with the local co-eds. He had a king-sized brain and took a shine to Luke (in college "Mutt" gave away to "Luke," except where the family was concerned), and that was the feather-in-cap that restored much of the Allbritton prestige. Dated, on the other hand, did much to deflate it. First of all, he was doing his best to drive out that bee in Mutt's bonnet that she wanted to be an actress. Whipped her off to Oklahoma, where she was born, to keep her in front of and not behind, footlights. But when he started giving his daughter lessons in economics, the ego was doing some-saults. Seems that Mutt in college became very clothes crazy, especially since she
was going steady with him. A girl just can’t wear the same outfit two dates in a row. So she bought clothes, racks full, and wrote checks for ‘em. Budget difficulties set in, so Dad had to set her straight and teach her that what comes out of a bank, must first go in.

’s wonderful world...

After two years of dramas at Oklahoma, the bee in the bonnet was buzzing around worse than ever, and finally Papa Allbritton consented to Louise studying at the Pasadena Playhouse. After four years of this training Luke had no less than six contract offers from H'Wood. All the talent scouts prowled around the Playhouse, and they couldn’t miss Luke—not 5' 7½" of her. The way she carried herself, half panther style; the way her clothes fit, and her acting rated her a “find.”

A bit bewildered, Louise Waltzed herself over to Warners’, and the brothers proceeded to do a Gremlin job on her. Said she wasn’t, photographed like mud pies, took nine tests to prove it. WB had better go in a body to see their ugly duckling playing Lillian Russell, one of history’s famed beauties, in “Bowery to Broadway!” Luke bought herself of the other four offers, got an agent and flourished her neat hand on a Universal contract. They thought she was beautiful—kept her busy and for the first time she was earning enough to return papa’s checks uncashed. Mutt, bubbling over with that “Oh—what—a-beautiful-morning” feeling, decided she’d just have to do something nice for somebody. So, on the q.t., she paid an ex-fellow struggler’s tuition to the Playhouse.

It’s wonderful gestures like that that make her such a popularity queen. She’s chummy with scads of people, but her two best pals are Marion Clark, a news writer at CBS, and Deedee Allen, a cutter at Columbia. They adore her for her really quick-on-the-uptake banter and comfortable disposition. Only things that bother ‘em are her hawk-like, calory counting ways and what Louise calls her noseyness. She’s so eager about her friends and what they do that those who don’t know the interest is genuine, are apt to get a prying impression.

One place the Allbritton nose sniffed at relentlessly was the Victory Committee’s office. So Louise and June Clyde and George Raft and a whole bunch trotted off to North Africa, Sicily, Italy, England, the works. Part of it was heartbreaking. Told blind boys what she looked like, cracked jokes with guys practically dead from par and sometimes just stood there letting men starved for the sight of a woman stare at her. The worst part about it was having to control herself, to keep from letting the guys know how much it hurt to see them. But they taught her to grin and put on the most terrific act of her life, the way they did. Breakdowns were out until she reached her own room.

But it wasn’t all tears and bucking up. Once in Sicily a considerate colonel had the engineers rig up a shower for her and put an M.P. in charge of the tent while the Allbritton audience was under way. Somehow it got around that he wasn’t just guarding a tent full of military documents, and when Louise stuck her shiny, scrubbed face through the flap, there were five M.P.’s and a colonel grimly guarding her privacy.

Now that she’s back, Louise is nosing around for a South Pacific jaunt. She’s also nosing around—but in a genteel sort of way—for a husband. Please apply in person. Blonde men on the tweedy side preferred. Nothing under six feet need apply. Main requisite: He must love music, and Mutt. But who doesn’t?

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MARRIAGE IS STRICTLY OKAY!

Love can hit you like a block-buster, or it can sneak up on you gradually so you hardly know it's there. With Dana Andrews, it sneaked. Oh, sure, he knew this Mary Todd. They'd been cast in a play together at the Pasadena Playhouse where they both were students. After that they said "Hi" when they met backstage and smiled politely. But did Dana's heart go into double action when he saw her coming? Did he say to himself, "This is it. This is the girl for me?" Nothing of the kind. Idly, he thought that she had pretty blonde hair and good teeth. Otherwise she made no impression whatever. The Playhouse was full of young actresses, and Dana wasn't interested in any of them.

Maybe you think that Mary fell for him and was carrying a secret torch all this time. Boy, would you be wrong! Dana was a great, big handsome guy with dark curly hair and a breezy Texas way about him. But Mary was going in for eccentric geniuses at this point. You know—dark, intense characters who sit around biting on smelly pipes and talking about Stanislavsky and the future of the theater. Flamboyant, brooding. Orson Welles-ish types with violent ideas on practically everything. Dana wasn't like that at all. He was far too normal, too every-day. Why, you'd hardly even think he was an actor!
So nothing seemed to happen for a year or so. Then Mary went away to play in stock at Martha's Vineyard. There wasn't much to do there except sit around, and she put on thirty pounds. She came back looking like an overweight cherub, and Dana, who had a positive phobia about plump females, was utterly disgusted. He was certainly glad this Todd chick wasn't anyone he was interested in. Imagine letting yourself gain 'thirty pounds like that! Didn't the girl have any strength of mind? His indignation was so great it surprised him a little.

Somehow, he began to pay more attention to Mary now than he ever had when she was thin. It made no sense, of course. Sense or not, Dana found that when the gang got together these nights after rehearsal, he always sat with Mary. She was fun to talk to, and she knew so much about the theater she made him dizzy. Someone would mention a play produced back in 1902, and Mary could reel off the entire cast and tell you what they'd been doing ever since. Dana found himself looking forward more and more to these evening rendezvous. In fact, on the occasions when Mary didn't show up, everything was very dull indeed.

He would go home and lecture himself sternly. "Andrews," he'd say, "you're a dope. You're falling in love with this girl, and she's a fat girl. You know you hate fat women. So snap out of it, will you?" But try as he would, he couldn't snap. Love had sneaked up on him, and it was too late to do anything about it. Except find out if it had sneaked up on Mary, too.

About this time, Destiny, in the shape of the Playhouse director, cast them together in a play called "First Lady." Dana was a handsome young Senator, and Mary was a coy, moonlight-and-magnolia creature from the Deep South. In the play the two became engaged. And it seemed to Dana a very fine idea to carry it over into real life. By now he'd been seeing Mary pretty regularly. He thought he had convinced her that eccentric geniuses were all very well in their way, but for a steady diet there was nothing like a normal he-guy. Or had he? Dana decided he'd better find out. That night he cornered her backstage, and they sat down on a couple of handy boxes.

Dana cleared his throat loudly. "You know it's funny," he said, plunging in, "the way these plays go. Uh—I mean, you're cast with someone and you like 'em a lot. Then the play's over, and maybe they go away or something. I think it's too bad." His dark eyes said a lot more. They said, "I'm crazy about you."

"Mary sat and made absent-minded doodles with a pencil on her white skirt. Not saying anything, but blushing a little. The blush encouraged Dana."

"I wouldn't want us to see each other any more," he said positively.

"Uh-uh! Me neither," Mary looked up at him then, her blue eyes serious.

"I've been wanting to kiss you for a long time," Dana told her suddenly. He leaned over and did it. Thoroughly. Thrills chased themselves up and down Mary's spine. The day of eccentric geniuses was definitely over!

Well, after that, somehow they were engaged. Dana hadn't formally proposed, but they both knew they were going to get married. Everyone else around the Playhouse knew it, too, and approved. Only there were complications. That old saw about the course of true love never running smooth was altogether too accurate. Dana thought gloomily. (Contd. on page 102)
Soon after June Allyson and Dick Powell were snapped at Mocambo, she left on her first p.a. tour—to Eastern hospitals.

Ingrid Bergman, usually reluctant to appear in public, is avid Bond tourer, spent entire vacation that way. Left for Canada after show with Greg Peck, above.

Following in Johnny Payne's footsteps, Glo DeHaven's composed 2 romantic ballads, as yet untitled. Written under assumed name, they'll be played in her next pic.
Louella Parsons' Good News

Kay Williams shrugs off Van Johnson rumors . . .

Olivia deHavilland bedded in Fijis . . . Alan Ladd loses at races!

It's 1945! A New Year—a new slate for Hollywood. And for this shining, clean new record, I hope for the following things:

That pictures will be shorter. Three hours or longer is too much.

That Van Johnson will stay as unspoiled, charming and likeable as he is (and I'm not worrying that he won't).

That there will be fewer divorces, and that the good score for reconciliations in 1944 will keep up—Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant, Evelyn Keyes and Charles Vidor, Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, Rudy Vallee and his bride—are all a credit to that fine old habit of "thinking it over."

That Olivia de Havilland comes back to the screen.

That Turhan Bey forgets that pipe—and posturing. He's a nice guy—why behave like a ham?

That Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth buy some hats.

That another musical comes along like "Cover Girl" and a drama like "Wilson."

That "Going My Way" will never (Continued on following page)

Friends of the Phil Harris' ore worried over Alice; say she's so unhappy over long separations when Phil's on band tours. Above, night-lifing at Charlie Foy's supper club.

Jonie Wyman's sleep-talking never ceases amazing Ronnie. She'll sit up, wide-eyed, roving, and never remember a thing. She's given up blinding hair; too much trouble!

Bill Goodwin, Donna Reed and Frank Sinatra on CBS Screen Guild broadcast. Donna's husband, Bill Tuttle, is sculpting bust of Frankie whenever he finds time to pose.
be shelved—but will be reissued for several weeks each year.

That Bing continues to go his grand way.
That Bette Davis won't travel half across the country to see a heart interest (It was Corporal Riley) and then blow up when the press finds out about it.
That Frank Sinatra is more careful in his interviews and doesn't pop off about Hollywood. I'm for Frankie—and I think Frankie is for Hollywood.
That Susan Hayward gets a break privately and professionally.
That June Allyson continues to show 'em. That Mr. Sam Goldwyn and I can get through a year without a feud (but I doubt it). That 'The Robe' will be the great picture it should be.
That all our boys in the service can lay down their arms—because beautiful Peace has come to the world again, forever and forever.

The girls who have been making the "corset pictures" swear 'Never again!' Judy Garland says she still has marks from her tight lacing in "Meet Me In St. Louis." Greer Garson agrees that 'Mrs. Parkington's' stays were a pain—and not in the neck! Ingrid Bergman feels that an actress who can emote in a corset is part contortionist. But it takes Betty Grable to give out with the loudest wall over her tight squeeze in "Diamond Horseshoe." 'The corset is not here to stay,' quips Betty.

**Portrait of a Lady With a Cracked Heart:**

It's raining. The streets around Hollywood and Vine are glistening with the mirage of the street lamps that have just been turned on. "Newsway" in a slicker yell; "The Bottling Bogarts—all kissed and made up!"

A girl with strange slant eyes, in a car with the top down, slowly eases the clutch and turns the corner. It is hard to say just what her expression is—there is so much wind and rain in her face.

It's the poker face of Lauren Bacall.

(Of course, you know folks, the Bogarts are now going through with a divorce.)

When Signe Hasso took up numerology, it was just a gag. A nice way to spend an evening, working out the "number" of the friends who dropped in.

Then on her hospital tours she started "reading" for the bedridden boys. Particularly for the psychoneurotic cases. A doctor told her, after she finished with one patient who had been very interested, "Do you know that this is the first gimmer of attention or interest that boy has shown in months? I thank you for what you have done for him—and us." Is she proud of her hobby now?

Hedy Lamarr will wear the most disgusting maternity wardrobe ever designed (by Irene) in "Her Highness and the Bellboy"—Hedy's last movie before the Interesting Event next June.

I've seen some of these clothes, and while they are very loose and drapy—they are so chic the most streamlined glamour girl would be proud to model them. They are in very vivid colors, too. There's one green dinner dress trimmed with bands of gold—that makes Hedy look like a Greek goddess—in Technicolor.

Lamarr is so crazy about the gowns that she is having many of them copied for home wear.

Kay Williams says, if Van Johnson is in love with her—"he's forgotten to mention it. I like that Williams girl. No wonder she was head honey in Clark Gable's life for so many months. She has a terrific sense of humor, the bluest twinkly eyes I've ever seen—and she's so honest.

Many girls would be glad to keep up the pretense that Van was just mad about them. If nothing else—it's mighty good publicity.

But Kay laughs, 'I've had just one card from him from Mexico City—which doesn't sound like he's on fire to me!'

* * *

When Judy Garland read that her ex, Dave Rose, was in a military hospital suffering from nervous exhaustion, she wanted to go to see him at once. But she was afraid that her visit would attract attention, or that a photographer might be lurking around, and rumors of a reconciliation might crop up to upset Dave again.

So she asked her mother and sister and little niece to pay her visit to Dave. And sent along all his favorite records including a private recording by José Iturbi of Dave's own beautiful "Holiday For Strings."
Phil Harris kids Alice Faye by calling their two tow-headed daughters, "The Dolly Sisters."

"The Dolly Sisters" is the movie Alice flatly refused to make with Betty Grable.

George Brent does so much raving about Joan Fontaine in "The Affairs of Susan" (he's her leading man) that people are saying they're in love. No such thing. But George thinks Joan has had a bad deal being labeled temperamental, and he is putting on a one-man campaign to stop it. Remember, too, that this praise is coming from Mr. Brent who can be plenty caustic about his leading ladies.

Surely Olivia de Havilland's luck will get better. It couldn't get worse. Off the screen a year because of her battles with Warners' is bad enough. Then Livvy tried to do her bit by going on a USO tour to the Pacific.

But later had still more bad luck up her sleeve. She caught pneumonia and was confined to an Army hospital. Livvy wrote her sister, Joan Fontaine, "Looks like I will be here in the Fiji Islands six months longer. The doctors think the long flight home would be bad for me until all the lung congestion is gone. How's the world going since I left it?"

Bud Abbott gave his rotund partner, Lou Costello, a huge dog whose disposition, at best, was "uncertain."

"You'll learn to love him," Bud said, "He's a one man dog."

A week later, Lou—whose clothes looked like they had been chewed up by a mountain lion, returned the animal to Bud.

"He may be a one-man dog," said Lou, "but I ain't the man!"

Jackie Jenkins was having a lot of trouble learning his lines for "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." The director, thinking the little boy wasn't concentrating, tried to shame him with Margaret O'Brien's fine record. "She's older," said Master Jenkins doggedly, "I'm littler—and my brain is softer!"

Ran into Alan Ladd and Sue Carol, at Hollywood Park on the first day of racing in California after three years.

It was also Alan's first visit to a track any place—any time.

At first he had a beam on his face that wouldn't come off. Then, as he made good-sized bets on each event—and lost them all—he didn't look so well. When the eighth event was over, and he hadn't cashed a ticket, he was a sad looking customer, indeed.

"The trouble with him," giggled Susie, "is that he just finished a race track picture, 'Sally O' Boursou'—so he thought he knew all about the nags. But there isn't a director around to get the horses he bets on in first! This will learn him, I betcha."

Guess it did—because as we were leaving we heard Alan breathe, "Never again!"

The town's gone Ouija Board mad again in a revival of the old "spooks" fortunetelling fad with Susan Peters, Lana Turner and the Basil Rathbunos constant players.

 Veronica Lake's (Continued on page 74)
Light, bright and dainty is the polish that Shirley Temple prefers. She's the perfect sixteen, yes?

Gene Tierney, who's soon to be emoting in "A Bell for Adano," likes a deep, rosy polish for her nails.

“Children, the beauty class will come to order. Please raise your hands.”

Horrors! Do I see chipped polish, hangnails, raspy-rough skin? Gene and Shirl are definitely right: Winter is rough on hands. Bless their little hearts for suggesting some beauty chatter this month about fingertip fashions.

And all talk of finger fashions boils down to this: You must soothe your hands with creams and lotions, you must manicure them regularly. So coming up! One manicure routine. Practice this routine regularly ... and while a-practicing it remember to work first on your right hand. It's more difficult because it works harder. (You left-handed chicks can go into reverse.)

1. Off with the old polish ... and while about-it, here's a conservation note for polish remover. Saturate cotton with p. r. and press it against the nail for several minutes. Do this with each nail before you begin the actual job of removing. Three "dips" of the remover should make a complete job of it.

2. File and shape nails with an emery board (the new garnet boards are super wonderful!). Careful, now. Don't file too deeply into the corners. Glamour nails are almond-shape.

3. Swish your fingers in a cozy bowl of warm, soapy water. Feels good, doesn't it? Well, go ahead, soak them for a few minutes. With your brush, scrub each finger. Dry thoroughly. Oh, but your nails are in the dry and brittle stage? Stop fretting. A warm oil soaking will put them back in the pink.
Here's a handsome story. All about the best ways
to keep your hands smooth, your nails a-gleaming!

IN FINGERTIPS

4. Your attitude to your cuticle should be gentle but
firm. Push it back with a cotton-tipped orangewood
stick dipped in cuticle remover. Cut cuticle only if you
want to encourage infection.

5. You don’t swoop your polish right out to your
nail tips? Then now’s the time for nail white (paste or
stick form) to be applied. Give fingers a second scrub-
bting. Wipe ‘em dry, and you’ll be eliminating the last
shreds of cuticle loosened by the remover.

6. Now comes a polish base to make things smooth
for your pet lacquer.

7. Ah, the climax! A gay nail enamel! Use one
coat of polish for special occasion manicures (when
you wear a particular color that’s heavenly with your
chartreuse formal). Use two coats for a heavy duty
manicure (a color that goes with everything you wear
for days!) When your nail glamour is completely
dry, slather a hand cream or lotion over your paws.
Massage the skin well as you apply it. All this in the
interest of smoothness.

COLOR CODE: “Color, color, which shall it be? Rose
or red or pink for me?” Now how do you like that
poem? Glimmering, shimmering, sparkling polish brings
out the poet in me! But let’s get down to the business
of which color it should be. If your outfit is blue or
purple, wear a rose polish with a bluish cast. Browns,
green and yellows look best with dusky pinks. Blacks,
reds and prints take a clear red polish. For those who
would be fashion-wise (that’s all of us, isn’t it?) subtle,
clear pink polishes are the current pets. Then, too.
there are new shimmer-sheen (Continued on page 84)
trousseau is all blue. Ice blue wedding gown, blue going-away suit and hat, blue bags, shoes, gloves—and blue lingerie.

Oh, what luscious nightgowns they were taking back for her to try on in a private sitting room at Saks! One beautiful sheer chiffon had a tiny train with deep, deep ruffles. Another, a "shortie" in chiffon, was made like a sports coat.

Most interesting set of the month, to me, is "Enchanted Cottage," being produced by my child, Harriet Parsons. (I admit I'm prejudiced.)

The "cottage" is a sheer delight and so complete a honeymoon couple could move in on a moment's notice.

I begged producer Parsons for some "stills" so I could show you fans the amazingly "homey" make-ups on Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young. But she said "Nothing doing. It would spoil the surprise when the movie is released." Well, she's the boss—and mighty proud of her I am, too.

I guess it doesn't hurt, though, to tell you that it takes Bob two hours to turn himself homely. That's how good looking he is.

Another set that is fun to visit is "Weekend at the Waldorf." Very cute the way a bellboy ushers in every visitor. Then you are hustled up to the desk to register. But there is no tipping—which isn't like any hotel I've ever been in in my travels at home or abroad.

So far, the star-studded cast headed by Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, et al, is getting along fine. Ginger and Lana have no scenes together throughout the entire picture. Not that the girls wouldn't get along—but this certainly does away with the possibility.

However, other gals in the cast have taken long, long looks at Ginger's brand new, swanky, portable dressing room. It is really a three-room suite on wheels, "done" in corals and bright greens. By far the fanciest portable ever sported by any star.

So far it hasn't bothered Lana—or maybe she hasn't seen it.

Most meaningless movie title: "Hold Autumn in Your Hand."

Cutest: "No Leave, No Love."

Craziest: "Salome Where She Danced."

Saddest: "Don't Ever Grieve Me."

Least Indicative of the Story: "Lauria."

Swellest: "Blue Skies"—for Bing Crosby.

I was delighted to get a letter from Jean Pierre Aumont. He is in France again after being hospitalized in North Africa. "Everywhere we go, we French soldiers," he writes, "we run into the Americans—and believe me the roots of friendship being planted will last forever. Hollywood in France is so far away. Sometimes I think of it as one of those far away islands inhabited by Maria (Montez—his wife) in her sorong pictures. But it is a dream I want soon to come true very, very soon—because my home and heart is there."

That Sonny Tufts is a one. He told Paramount he needed a month's vacation after finishing "The Golden Years" so he could learn to ride for "The Virginian."

What Par. apparently doesn't know is that Sonny's trophy room is lopedided with ribbons he won riding in Eastern horse shows!

Burgess Meredith is taking an awful beating from pals (and otherwise) because he has had to partially shave his head to look like bold pate of Ernie Pyle in "G.I. Joe."

But the worst comes from Paulette Goddard who calls him "Uncle Buzz" or "Daddy Dear," and her voice sounds just like "Baby Snoodles."

Sure pays to be a Swoon King. Even the domestic help gets problems. Mrs. Dick Haymes was interviewing a young college girl about being a "sitter" for the kids when they go out in the evenings. "I can work only one night a week," said the girl, and then, as Mrs. H.'s face fell, she added, "But I belong to a sorority—and we take turns if Mr. Haymes will just open the front door when we come to work!"

Maybe you think it wasn't a deal!

Speaking of all those cocktail brawls and fights, William Powell has a new way of extending invitations. He just says, "Please come for cocktails—and boxing—between five and eight."

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(Continued from page 71)
it was not a difficult scene. It consisted of a dolly shot in which Jeanne and Tim Holt simply walked down a street, talking, while the camera preceded them slowly. Jeanne had no way of knowing that Mr. Welles was experimenting with the technique of making screen tests, in view of the fact that no scene ever lasts for an unbroken five minutes under studio conditions.

Jeanne and Tim went at the task masterfully. They didn't fluff once. They exchanged their ten pages of dialogue several times, then Mr. Welles said that was all, thank you. He added that he would get in touch with Jeanne's mother in a few days.

The wait was interminable.

Then, one morning, Mr. Welles telephoned Mrs. Crain for a long talk. He said that Jeanne photographed much too young for the part. But he did say that she had great possibilities; that at that time she didn't project her personality—she was more interesting off screen than on. "If she really wants to act," he summed up, "she will have to study."

Jeanne, hearing only half the conversation, knew simply that she was not to have the part. She went to her bedroom, locked the door, flung herself on the bed and sobbed wildly. In the midst of her woe, she had a comforting thought: "They say a girl must suffer to become a really great actress. Well, I'm getting a start."

And then she went to work. Where she had never taken any interest in school dramatics, she now went in for everything produced with or without a curtain.

The late Max Reinhardt, a friend of the Crain family, mentioned one night that he owned the rights to "Song of Bernadette" and wanted to test Jeanne for the part. Jeanne made the test, which is safe in Hollywood vaults, and those who have seen it say that it is one of the loveliest things on celluloid. However, Mr. Reinhardt's plans fell through, and the rights became the property of 20th Century-Fox—a studio that had heard nothing of the girl who was later to become one of its most incandescent hopefuls.

When Jeanne learned that Mr. Reinhardt had given up his intentions of producing "Bernadette," she had another bitter session of tears. The months, the years were going by, and she wasn't getting anywhere! Here she was—seventeen.

Several of her girl friends had vocations and were making plans to become novitiates in the Order of St. Joseph. Jeanne thought it over carefully; she felt that she, too, had a vocation, but it wasn't as strong as she felt it should be. She decided to be quite sure before she took the step, a decision encouraged by the nuns who were her teachers.

One night she went to a Little Theater performance in which one of her friends had the lead. Ivan Kahn, talent scout for 20th Century, spotted her in the audience. During the intermission, he approached Jeanne, introduced himself and suggested that she take a screen test on Monday.

"Oh, all right," sighed Jeanne. She had been through that test routine so often. It didn't mean anything. It simply gave one a few moments of dreams and an hour of tears.

During the intermission between the second and third acts, two other talent scouts introduced themselves to Jeanne and proposed screen tests. Jeanne said she'd let them know later, thank you very much.

She breezed through her Monday morn-

(Continued on page 109)
FRANKIE, WE LOVE YOU!

(Continued from page 47)

you know that. But these broadcasts are an event for the boys overseas. If you're careful in the middle of songs, they can't hear 'em. So wait till the end and then make with the applause. Okay?"

Joan sighed. "Golly, it's hard to keep still when he does those ups and downs, but I see what he means."

Katie laughed, her round face twisting comically. "Once there wasn't any sniping from Sinatra Fan Number One. They've got four guards around her. She pointed to a where a small, red-haired girl sat surrounded by a mob. Makes you wonder what went right out of her head. They've been singing every time.

"Will you sign these snapshots, Frank?"

Joan managed at last, getting them out, and he gave his big step and bowed. "Let's see 'em, baby."

There were three of them. The one she had taken as he came out of CBS in one of his first Broadway ball game. And the one of little Nancy Sandra.

"Say, this of the kid is pretty cute, hey?"

Frank said proudly. "You look that last week out at the house, didn't you? Nancy told me you'd been out there."

"She did? Did she know us? Our names and everything?"

"She's kid's smart—not a dope like me."

He laughed at them. Then he took out his fountain pen and shook it to start the ink flowing. He had always done that, no matter where he was. Even when he had been singing in the Wedgewood Room at the Waldorf he had done it. He signed the pictures the way he always did—"Best wishes to Joan and Alex Storables."

But when he came out, they were still there. They walked down the street with him until some other kids had recognized him and he and Lindy's before a crowd gathered. All day long, Joan and Katie had followed him wherever he went, and he hadn't minded. He had just laughed. "Oh, we're not here for business. We're not here for business."

But it could not happen again that way. Frank lived in California now, and when he came back East, he was always in a hurry, and he had to do. Besides, you couldn't get near him, usually. There were such mobs following him around, and the kids acted so crazy. They'd managed to get backstage one night, Katie said, as they left the broadcast.

"Do you s'pose it's any use trying?"

"Katie, you know we can't get within a block of the door!"

They turned the corner, just to be sure. A solid crowd packed the street. At the fringe of it, two sailors were trying to see over the heads, out what it was all about. One of them noticed Joan and said "Hey, sister, what's the mob scene?"

Blowing his brown hair until it was even more tousled than usual. He stopped the car and got out. Then he saw them and gave them both a wave. "Hi. kids. Looks like everybody's up early today. What's cookin?"

a day to remember . . .

Joan and Katie just stood there a minute, not saying anything. Funny—when he wasn't around, there were a million things you wanted to say to him, but when you saw him they all went right out of your head. It happened every time.

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

Garbo's almost hyper-sensitive fear of intrusion prompts her to rent homes surrounded by high walls whenever possible. When one of a long series of houses he occupied in and around Hollywood, she felt especially secure because of the presence of a 12-foot brick wall, topped by a vine-covered archway.

Garbo never did meet her next-door neighbor, so she doesn't know to this day that the resident was a former pole-vaulting champion!

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1. The sanitary napkin with fine deodorant powder sealed right in.
2. Only sanitary napkin with deodorant tested for the past year. Fastidious Southern women who tried it are overwhelmingly enthusiastic—prefer it to any other napkin they've ever used.
3. Modess has been proved by U.S. Testing Co., Inc., to guard daintiness more effectively than any other napkin containing a deodorant.
4. Only Modess gives you such proof of its effectiveness. So if you prefer a napkin with a deodorant right in it, Modess is the only napkin for you.
were marching into the auditorium. They marched two by two, neat and smart in their blues. Back of them strung a line of "boots," still in civilian clothes.

They'll 's a heap of candles, Katie said, grinning. "Their first night here, and they get Frank Sinatra!"

But Joan wasn't listening. "Quick!" she said, and started to pull a sleeve. In one lightning moment they had fallen in behind the last of the "boots," and the heavy doors clanged behind them. They were in!

**behind closed doors** ...

That seemed like a very special broadcast. It was like the apples you swiped. They always go down the line of things you bought. Frank was wonderful, and the WAVES loved him.

"I'm going to join as soon as I'm old enough, if the war's still on," Joan decided. They almost got to be WAVES that very night. They had an awful time getting out of line before they were marched straight into the dormitory.

"It's late. Mother's going to be mad at me for this," Joan realized when they were at last on their way downtown.

"Mine won't understand."

"Remember the night you took her to a broadcast?" Katie giggled, thinking of it.

That had really been a good joke on Katie. Her mother was away the entire day. "You know, dear. I think I'd like to watch your friend, Frank Sinatra, broadcast. You've talked so much about him." Katie had been in a real lull. Her mother had told her for months that she was crazy, with all her talk about Frank. But she had dashed around and somehow managed to get something for the broadcast, and off they went. Her mother seemed to enjoy it very much.

When it was over and they started out, she said, "Now I'd like to go backstage and meet him."

Katie gaped. "Mother, I'm sorry, but you can't. They won't let you in. They won't let anyone in."

"You've gone in. Several times," her mother pointed out reasonably.

"That was ages ago, before he got so popular. Then they wouldn't let such a matron around. And Mr. Evans, his press agent, took me in."

"I can try," said her mother serenely and drifted off, leaving Katie staring after her—"which I suppose would be back soon."

But she didn't come back. After a while, Katie got tired of waiting and went looking for her. Katie had needed Tony, a friend, and Mr. Evans, his press agent, took me in."

"Hi, Tony. Did you see a sort of plump, middle-aged lady in a blue coat trying to get through the stage door?"

"Sure I saw her, Katie. She was a friend of Frank's—the guard let her right in."

"He didn't?" Katie was unbelieving. Still, her mother did have a sort of assured way of talking that might have gotten her in.

"And she had certainly disappeared. Katie squirmed through the crowd and finally got to the guard at the door."

"Hey, let me in," she panted. "My mother's inside."

"Oh, yeah? You kids'll try any gag."

"Honest she is. I let her in yourself a minute ago. She had on a blue coat."

"The guard scratched his head. "I remember lady. She's a friend of Mr. Sinatra. But I ain't so sure you're her daughter."

"I look like my father!" said Katie furiously. "Let me in."

"We'll see if that's really your ma."

The guard stubbornly. Taking Katie by the arm, he brought her inside the door, holding her tightly so she couldn't wriggle away. Katie stared, open-mouthed. A few feet away her mother was standing with Frank. They were laughing and talking as if they'd known each other for years.

"Hey, lady," said the guard. "Is this your kid?"

Katie's mother looked over at them, and suddenly a gleam of pureeutie lighted her eyes. "It's not," she said coolly. "I never saw her before!"

And while Katie was still speechless with indignation, she was hustled through the crowd. She finally did come out she handed me a paper and said, "Here's another autograph to add to your collection, dear," Katie remembered now, laughing. "And she's been as said on Frank as I am, ever since."

"I know. That makes it swell for you," Joan said enviously. "But my family still think I'm nuts."

Frank leaves for the Coast again Wednesday morning. Let's meet Tuesday afternoon and try and see him."

"I've got to see him before he goes," Joan agreed. "I'll call a representative for him."

It seemed as if Tuesday would never come, and yet it came all too quickly. After Tuesday, Frank would be gone, and the glimpse of him that was so exciting would be over. Joan did up the going-away present in silver paper and tied it with a blue bow. It looked awfully pretty. It wasn't anything, just a snap-shot of Katie and herself with their Frank Sinatra buttons on, and Joan had it enlarged and had tinted it herself.

Tuesday finally arrived. It was one of those brilliant days when half fall and half summer, with the air crisp and the sun hot on your bare head. The kind of day when anything can happen through the mother school, but her eyes were on her wrist watch most of the time. Her heart was already pouting with excitement. At the last bell, she grabbed her reversable and her building, came out, come out, wherever you are ..."

Times Square was the usual jam of soldiers, sailors and out-of-town visitors. Katie was waiting on the steps of the Astor.

"Where'll we start?" she demanded, as Joan hugged her. "My mother might be anywhere."

"Do you know where he stayed last night, Katie? Some of the kids at school said he checked out of the Waldorf yesterday."

"Don't go around there—"

"Look!" Joan said in a voice that was unrecognizable with excitement.

It was Frank, no question about that. He was in a taxi with Al Levy, his manager. Two other girls had recognized him, too.

"It's Babs and Helen. Come on with them," Katie said, and jumped out and piled into the cab that pulled up.

Babs and Helen were looking out the window. "Don't let him see you," Joan hissed, "or he might say that and lose us."

Oh, gosh! They had all got down on the floor of the cab, while Katie peered furtively out at the green taxi. Suddenly, it stopped for a red light. She recognized the car. Before Katie could duck, Frank saw her. He stared past, at the other girls down on the floor, and he began to laugh.

Joan stuck her head out of the window. "Frank, we need to see you—about something special. Where are you going?"

"Lisien, kids, I'm an awful hurry, and I'm going too. I'll write you a note."

"I'll write to Bing Crosby!" Helen called threateningly, but Frank only grinned and waved as his cab shot ahead. They followed him for ten blocks, then lost them. Dismissed, they got out of the taxi.

"Who's got money?" Helen asked, looking at the meter. "Not us."

(Continued on page 80)
YOU MAY WIN LOVELIER SKIN
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Everyone turned to Katie. Katie always had money. She fished it out now good-naturedly. “What would you have done if I hadn’t come along?”

“Washed windows, I guess,” Babs admitted. “We never stop to think about things like that when we see Frank. We just go.” She and Helen said good-by and walked off jauntily.

Joan stood and stared, unseeing, at the traffic weaving past. “I didn’t even get a chance to give him his present.”

“Never mind, Joanie. We’ll catch up with him later, see if we don’t.” Joan smiled at her and felt better. Maybe they would catch up to him again.

They did, but not until a frightening number of hours had passed. At ten that night, Joan was ready to give up.

But, “I won’t give up,” Katie said crossly.

“He’s somewhere in this town, and I’m going to find him. I’ve got a present for him, too, you know.”

“It was early when we tried the Villanova,” Joan suggested doubtfully. “Do you suppose he might have come there later?”

“Let’s try,” Katie started impulsively toward Forty-Fifth street.

The Villanova was a small, unpretentious restaurant. They approached it slowly, hardly daring to hope.

“There he is!” cried Joan and Katie simultaneously. And there he was, sitting at a big corner table with George Evans, Al Levy and two men they didn’t know.

He looked up from his spaghetti and saw the faces pressed against the window. His thin face broke into a smile.

They couldn’t go in. The manager had put a stop to that long ago. “When Mr. Sinatra eats here, he will have his dinner in peace,” he had said firmly.

It wasn’t so long, really, and a thin mercury of excitement kept them warm. “If he’ll only stop just long enough for us to give him the presents,” Joan said desperately. “But he’ll be in such a hurry.”

We’ll meet again . . .

Then, quite suddenly, he was there. He came through the door, like a whirlwind in a polo coat. He stepped forward automatically, her heart thudding, the little silver-wrapped package in her hand.

“Frank, here. It’s nothing, really. Only—I thought you might like it.”

He took it quickly. “Thanks a lot, Joan.”

Then Katie was handing him a package, too. One that bore the seal of Countess Mara, on Park Avenue. A tie, of course, one of the fabulous kind Frank loved.

He looked at it and grinned. “I’ll bet I know what this is. Thanks—that’s swell.”

“I hope you’ll like it, Frank.” Katie sounded sure of herself.

Joan looked at her wistfully. It would be marvelous to be like Katie. To be able to give him a tie from Countess Mara. To be sure of yourself. Suddenly hot, blinding tears filled her eyes.

“I—I wish you weren’t going, Frank,” she said softly. “We miss you awfully.”

One of the men who had come out behind Frank laughed. Frank turned on him swiftly. “I ain’t funny, pal,” he said. He looked at Joan and put his hand on her arm. “I’ll be back, you know.” He glanced down at the silver package she had given him. His quick fingers untied the blue bow. He opened the package.

“It’s nothing,” Joan repeated miserably.

“Just Katie and me. Your fans.”

Frank’s blue eyes looked at her gravely.

“It’s great, honey. I like it better than anything you could have given me. Because you fans are my best friends—and don’t let anybody tell you different. ‘Bye, kids.”

He was gone then, in a taxi that had been waiting at the curb. Joan and Katie stood, caught in a wave of happiness. He was gone, for now, but they were his friends. He would be seeing them again.

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Lesley Brooks: Then why not use Jergens Lotion?
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Lesley Brooks: Indeed I do use Jergens.

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SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S GROWING UP

And so's our NAA Fund, and all because you've been feeding it so many quarters in return for which we've been sending you so many autographs—of so very many movie stars. Turn to page 62, huh?

for Harry Sherman. At least I like him." He'd done half a dozen horse operas when Paramount found themselves up a tree for the romantic lead opposite Claudette in "So Proudly We Hail." They ran one of his Westerms, and Claudette thought he had the right quality. Came the day when they were about to test him with her. The boy was an emotional wreck, torn apart by suspense, and no one was more keenly aware of it than Claudette. At the last minute, she turned to look up at him. "Where's your horse?" she smiled. He threw back his head and roared, went into that scene with every muscle relaxed and did a swell job.

I've liked the girl since our first meeting at the cocktail party Paramount threw when she first came out. She was wearing a white lace gown, and looked like a dream. I walked up from behind. "How," I demanded in my genteel way, "does anyone get a chassis like yours?" She whirled round, smiling. I liked the way she smiled and the way she stuck out her paw and said hello. I liked everything about her.

fummy pamperer...

They used to call her Legs Colbert, but that kind of petered out. Not the legs, just the name. Somehow, it didn't go with the kind of girl she was. Being a woman myself, there are times when I'd like to crown her. Not only does she keep her luscious figure, she doesn't even have to diet. Pantry's her favorite food—the richer, the better. She could eat it from morning to night and frequently does, without gaining an ounce. Says she's trying to make up for the wasted years, when some dope told her she had ulcers. For two long years she lived on milk and mush and pureed vegetables, and eyed chocolate eclairs the way a lush eyes a drink...

Claudette always makes me think of Paris, and it's not because of her French background. If you've ever been to the Cafe Madeleine, you probably know what I mean. There, all the little girls—from two-year-old toddlers on up—run around like so many butterflies in brief bright dresses, no hats, and short white gloves. At least, they did before Hitler, and I hope they're back again. It's the gloves that get you. They're the badge of the well–roared French child. Whenever I see Claudette, I think of those kids in the Parc Monceau. Even hatless and in slacks, there are the short white gloves, always immaculate. The slacks and always beautifully tailored, the blouse crisp and spotless. She's one of the best–dressed women on the screen, and because I know you girls devour beauty and fashion hints, I asked her to let me in on some of hers so I could pass them on. She wears lots of suits, but not the masculine type. Never could see the sense in a woman looking like a man. If the suit isn't black, it's one of the copper shades that go with her hair. For evening, she sticks to black or white. When she was your age and couldn't afford many clothes, she still preferred one good suit with accessory changes to three shoddy ones. Even now she doesn't go in for so–called luxury garments. In our local shops, movie stars
are considered fair prey. She was shopping one day when a saleswoman came up, all agog. “Miss Colbert, I’d like to show you something,” and she brings out a silver mink.

Claudette just laughed. “Tell me,” she said, “I’d really like to know—who can afford such things? Because I earn more than most women, and I wouldn’t have that much left out of a picture, after taxes.”

She’s got no patience with people who scoff at costume jewelry. She thinks the designs far more important than the value, and she’d rather wear a smart looking costume piece with three little stones stuck in the right places than a huge solitaire.

Another thing. If you’re clever with your fingers, you don’t have to spend fortunes in beauty shops. When Claudette first came out, she had made-up men and hair-dressers trailing her like all the rest. Some were good, some indifferent. You couldn’t always count on the best, and Claudette’s fastidious. So she watched the good ones, asked questions, and now does her own hair and make-up.

Finally I asked about perfumes. She uses only those with a flower base, never anything heavy, like musk or amber. After a bath, she rubs toilet water all over, but perfume she dabs only behind her ears and on her hands. Hates to smell people walking into a room, and thinks perfume on clothes is slightly uncivilized—you never can get that stale odor out of them.

She’s a screwball about sweaters and hats. Can’t resist buying sweaters but never wears ‘em—though there’s a girl built for them, if I ever saw one. “There’s something about the feel of a cashmere sweater,” she says. “It’s like stroking a kitten. But I look at them there in my closet, and I feel so guilty.” Well, she doesn’t have to feel guilty any more. When they started collecting clothes for the French, she gave them all away.

She’s got to have eight hours sleep. Ten to six, when she’s working. But between pictures she stays up till three, reading, and sleeps till eleven. Always breakfasts in bed, and not because she’s a movie star with people to wait on her. Because she’s been known to get up and fix her breakfast herself. It’s the cosiness she loves. And for utter bliss, give her blueberry muffins for breakfast—her favorite food.

Between pictures she catches up on being a housewife. Sure she has help. But I don’t care how competent your help is, a well-run home needs the supervision of its mistress. Even when Jack’s at home, Claudette’s the handyman round the house. One day I called about something, and she asked me to hold the wire “till I get this glue off my hands.” Seems she’s been mending Grandalabra.

When Jack was here, they didn’t go out much. Doctors are tired at night. Now, like so many waiting wives, she finds she can’t bear to be alone, and as many as possible. Old friends who know Jack and understand how she feels and don’t talk about it, but simply lend her the comfort of their friendship. At home she has her dog and her mother for company. Dog’s a French poodle. “My penwiper,” she calls him.

You know how we all felt when France was freed, so you can imagine how Claudette and her mother felt. Mrs. Colbert staged a celebration with Charles Boyer’s mother. Neither of them likes champagne, so they drank champagne.

“But why,” asked Claudette, “if it makes you sick?”

Mrs. Colbert drew herself up. “It’s unthinkable that the liberation of Paris should be toasted in anything less than champagne—even if it makes you sick.”

The Colberts are a small family. Mrs. Colbert had one brother, her husband had one sister. These two met at the wedding of

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**DEFENDER**

**MULTIPLE VITAMINS**

83
Claudette's parents, fell in love and married. Nothing had been heard from them since the German occupation of France. Till one day last month when a letter came from the Red Cross. The brother was alive, but his wife was dead. Mrs. Colbert's now living for the day when she can bring him over here.

Claudette's living for the day when her husband comes home. I hope they'll both forgive me for having brought Jack into this story. I know he's always been adamant about not sharing Claudette's publicity, and she's bent over backward to respect his wishes.

Now it's a little different. He's still a doctor, but now he belongs primarily to that vast fellowship of men in the service of their country. If I left him out, the picture would be lopsided. You'd be seeing only Colbert, the movie star—who's not half so important as plain Mrs. Joel Pressman, waiting hungry-hearted with plain Mrs. John Smith for victory and peace and a man safe home from the wars.

**FASHIONS IN FINGERTIPS**
(Continued from page 73)

shades for ultra glamour. And particularly loved by me are a whole array of berry shades, in an enamel that wears and wears.

**POLISH POINTERS**—Does polish make nails brittle? No! No! No! The plot of your nail covered with polish is dead tissue. Far from doing harm to it, polish is a regular big brother to weak nails. It actually protects them against breaking and splitting. Research shows that women who use no polish have often more trouble with nail breakage than those who use lacquer regularly. So there!

What does cause brittle nails, you ask? Here's the lowdown: the growing part of the nail lies under the cuticle and back of the half moon; brittle nails are caused by an upset in these cells. The upset could be caused by improper diet, nervousness, or lack of lubrication. So find out the cause, eliminate it, and no more brittle, broken nails for you!

**THE HORRIBLE HANGNAIL**—Know why you call it "hangnail?" The word comes from the early Anglo-Saxon for "angry nail." If you've ever suffered with one of the darn things, you'll agree that those early boys knew what they were talking about. Anyway, don't have a hangnail. It spoils the beauty of your hands and nails and it hurts. The cuticle normally has a firm, smooth edge that folds over the nail. If not pushed back, it's carried forward by the growing nail. It gets thinner and tinier and breaks easily.

Soften your cuticle every day with oils or creams, push it back gently with an orange stick. In most cases, you'll avoid hangnail. And at the same time avoid possible infection. If you do get a hangnail, trim it carefully with scissors, touch the spot with some mild antiseptic. Don't stop using nail polish—it alone will never cause infection in an open wound. In fact, a coating of colorless nail polish over the hangnail will help protect the opening until it heals.

Your letters have been pouring in... keep them coming, I love it. But, oh, oh... will you please write your names and addresses carefully. Just breaks my heart when I can't answer you because the address is illegible. Of course, I'm still at the old stand. Meaning I'm sending out info on any and all beauty problems. Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y., 16, N. Y.
MODERN SCREEN
FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 63)

you'll get from owning one really good dress will soften the blow. It's sort of the same feeling as being seen with the best-looking joe in your crowd. Proud and breathless and can-you-all-see-me-ish. And it's a bit of a bargain, getting a winter and spring dress in one fell swoop.

And here's the new wrinkle-flowers to match. Fresh-flower earrings, and wristlets, bandeaux for your hair. The fad took H'wood like Bey took Turner. Any florist that's a member of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association will make them for you, or you can make 'em yourselves.

Everyone's got a silver barrette, but the ones we love best have Frankie's or your best beau's name on 'em. Cute way for the guy to get in your hair ... Do you like the new mitten-g with big, bold initials on the backs? Initial your own with some loud yarn ... Shiny new pennies stuck in the flap of your moccasins are old stuff. Now it's your phone number in red numerals in that same handy little pocket ... Have you tried matching your perfume to the flower print of your dress? ... New snow suit this year? Make it jet black tailored gabardine if you're a blond; white if you're dark, and spike it with lush colored mittens and cap ... News in date dresses, peplums, tunic effects, cap sleeves, drapey necklines ... Best sport buys, a tan corduroy jacket, a gray flannel suit, good-looking, all wool sweaters ... Gay n giddy: Hairbands in your school colors, wide hairbands of braided wool to match your sweaters, beanies decorated à la small fry with FDR buttons, fishing bait, etc.

See you next month. Meanwhile, take all your clothes fitters to our glamorous Annie (address below). She'll help you set your own private world on fire.

If you want to know the store nearest you that carries any of our swoon-makers, how much they are, what sizes and colors they come in, or anything in this world about clothes, drop a note to Ann Ward, Fashion Director, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. There's nothing she doesn't know—from what sort of formal are sure-fire stay bait to what's hot in the gadget department.

QUIZ CLUES
Set 2
(Continued from page 8)
1. Went from Brent, won't leave Steve
2. David Patton's pa
3. Her Heart is young and gay
4. Ernie Mott
5. Jiving with Judy
6. A bathing beauty
7. Alana's pin-up boy
8. Out-crooning brazen Bob
9. Has a good head on her feet
10. Kayo'ed by Kay
11. A von who vins
12. Tourin' with Turban
13. Chilled on Blondell, now June in January
14. Drowning her sorrows in Bey
15. Art collector with gai
16. Strictly from Hungary
17. Girl who needs no Cover
18. Not a Brooklyn bum
19. WE
20. Conquering hero's a miracle
(Continued on page 92)

by Speidel
JEWELRY FOR YEARS TO COME

You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on woman's wrist — $9.00
Men's Watchbands — $12.50 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED
— and he blew higher than the Empire State building. That's the nearest his enthusiasm ever came to exploding him like a frag bomb. He stalked into the office of M-G-M's exec, Billy Grady, that night, raving like a goon out of a padded cell and said, "This isn't for me. I resign."

To which, wise, experienced Johnjust grinned and said, "Take it easy. Get some sleep and you can resign tomorrow." John walked the Beverly Hills streets all night to calm down. Next morning he ratted through the scene on the first take! He never has come near a blow-up after that, although Hodie's favorite story in that department is about his first day on the set of "Lifeboat." Naturally, being John Hodai, he was steamed up like an express train on this his greatest break, and it wasn't hard for Alfred Hitchcock to see that John was fit to be tied with the galloping jitters. The guy was nibbling his nails, bobbing his head and St. Vitus'ing around the set like a new hubby walking out his first baby in a hospital hall.

Hitch waddled up. "What are you worried about, Hodie?" he inquired, blandly. "Oh, nothing, nothing at all," lied Hodie. "There's absolutely no reason to get nervous, you know," sighed Hitch. "After all, this is just another picture. One, he added, 'on which your whole future depends!'"

down to earth...

So much for futures, but speaking of pasts—not for a minute has Hodie pretended to be the long lost son of the Earl of Punkinham or even an "Eastern socialite" (which is what you usually get every time a new Hollywood puppet is galloping from East of the Mississippi). John will talk an arm off you about his humble home origins, his hard-working father and mother, the way they had to slave and hustle to get along so he could eat and grow tall and strong and take a crack at his chance. He thinks the folks back at Hamtramck, his mixed Mid-Europe immigrant neighbors, who work with their hands, forging the industrial greatness of this Land of the Free, are tops, and he's plenty proud of them. And vice versa, I might add. I don't know how many times John's folks saw "Lifeboat,"—not owning an adding machine—but one evening his Dad and Mother were pushing the family flivver across town to see it once more, and in their excited haste they bowled right through a red light. A husky cop roared up to them. "Name?" he growled. "Hodie."

The cop started to write it out. Halfway through he pushed up his goggles and squinted hard at Hodie's paw. "Hodie," he repeated. "Say—you any relation to John Hodie, the Hamtramck guy that's in the movies?"

"Just his father!" boomed Hodie, Sr., proudly. "That's all!"

"No kidin'?" The law slapped the ticket pad back in his hip pocket and coughed. "Now you wanta watch these traffic lights," he said, "they're tricky. Just take it a little easy and be careful. You might get hurt. My name's Schultz," he said as he roared off. "Tell Hodie I said hello!"

John has his Mom and Pop right out in Hollywood where he can keep an eye on them. He's planned it that way ever since he clicked through to all his new Hollywood pals "just wait till you taste Mom's cooking. Why," he exclaimed naïvely, "I'll bet
half of Hollywood will be over at our house once they find out how well Mom cooks!” That’s why the happiest day of John’s life was the day he got the letter.

I happened to be at Hodie’s tiny apartment in Beverly Hills when it came—special delivery. The minute before a phone call telling him he had the lead in “A Bell for Adano” had tossed John into a delirious fury of enthusiasm, I didn’t think he had any energy left. But when he ripped open the note and yelled, “They’re coming!” you’d have thought John just had a flash he’d been elected president or something. He danced around the room like a dervish, hopped around, rolled on the sofa and talked a mile a minute. The next day he started hunting all over pack-jammed Los Angeles, and he hunted a week, day and night. Finally he found a cozy house with a rent on it that Hodie (who’s not yet in the chips) couldn’t afford. But after the owner got a load of John’s family worship, heard what a wonderful housekeeper Mom was, what a treasure of a handy man Pop was, and so forth, spouted with John’s burning zeal, she actually lowered the rent—something unheard of in Los Angeles since the war began! And Hodie spent his last week’s vacation fixing the place up spick and span, trimming a hedge and widening the driveway to the garage. “So Pop can’t get hurt backing out,” he explained.

Personally, it’s my opinion that a genuine, open-hearted, guileless guy like John Hodiak could never go Hollywood.

I’m thinking of the time a reporter strolled onto the set of “Marriage is a Private Affair,” where you’ll remember, John was making screen love to Lana Turner, something he’d dreamed about ever since he started thinking of a Hollywood career. Lana wasn’t around that day, fortunately, but she was hot copy because of her divorce trouble with Steve Crane. The news-hawk must have thought he had an angle worth poking into. He walked up to John and asked him boldly, with the breakdown technique some reporters use, “Hodiak, what part did you play in this Lana Turner-Steve Crane divorce?”

keep talkin’, bub . . .

The question was absurd, of course. But maybe the gossip guy thought he could sting John into protesting his innocence and spilling some good quotes. Instead he saw a light in John’s eye and a look on his face that changed his plans, pronto. But all John said was, “Did you say something to me? I didn’t hear you.”

The reporter said, “No, I didn’t say anything.” And scrambled.

Hodie’s pretty sentimental about his own people. He talks, acts and thinks like any other American, but take a close look at John, and you know he’s got foreign blood. He’s got a square, broad face, a wide Slavic mouth with big white teeth, lots of yellow in his hazel eyes, straight, gunmetal-black hair and whiskers that still paint his cheeks blue-black when they’ve just been shaved.

His beloved Pop and Mom both were immigrants. Walter Hodiak was a farmer from the Ukraine, and his wife, Anna Pogorzelski, came from Poland. They were peasant farmers who came to America to work in the Pittsburgh steel mills. That’s where John was born, but after an early kidhood, the Hodiais moved on to Detroit for better times in the booming auto industry. Naturally, they hit right for Hamtramck, Detroit’s industrial suburb where people like them—Poles, Ukrainians, Bohemians, Slovanes, Ruthenians—lived in dingy drafty houses jammed up against one another—sometimes as many as six

Hudson Hosierys

All good things come in three . . . like the three proportioned lengths Hudson brings you in hosiery. There’s a length for the diminutive, the average and the statuesque . . . sheer, clinging, alluring . . . and as perfect in fit as though it were knit with only you in mind. If you don’t find them at your favorite store the first time, try again.

Lovely things are always worth waiting for.
families to a house. They were homes "bought" by the workers, but loaded with mortgages, so that nine times out of ten the landlords got them right back. Homes where strikes and layoffs were family tragedies. Homes where everybody worked—men, women and the kids—as soon as the truant officer would let them leave school. Not what you'd call exactly a Lap of Luxury. Not even its bony knees.

dead end

Hodie grew up like the rest of the kids, squeezed by 60,000 people in the tiny area that Hamtramck covers. Streets and alleys were his playgrounds. He hopped the lumbering freight trains that creaked through town; he scavenged around behind the big plants for odd hunks of metal to sell junk dealers for his pocket money.

But Hodie didn't have much trouble with the tough kids he played with because he was big and rugged and because he was a crack baseball player. That cut a lot of ice in Hamtramck, where baseball was highly respected. John broke in his mitt on vacant lots, made the team at Hamtramck High, and later when he graduated, even got a chance to join the St. Louis Cardinals on one of their "farm" rookie teams. But by then that wasn't what he wanted.

Because in some ways the Hodiks had an extra hop on the ball. Pop and Mom Hodlek held on to their home and paid off the mortgage to foil the landlords. Pop was elected head of the parish. He had a flair for amateur art. He liked to act in the Ukrainian plays they put on at the church. Hodie played in them, too, and sang in the choir. (He's still got a good baritone voice, and he can speak Russian, Italian and a half-dozen Slavic dialects with the greatest of ease.) Once when Hodie fell in with bad companions and played hookey practically one whole semester, he got the stuffings whaled out of him by his dad. From then on, by the way, Hodie became a model student, making Bs in everything, even graduating with a competitive crack at West Point, although he didn't make the team there.

But it was the church plays, the high school dramas and Hodie's eagerness to speak speeches at the drop of a hat that got him hopped on the radio acting idea which finally paid off, way out in Hollywood. Hodie had worked up such an orate rep for Hamtramck that when a campaigning candidate for Michigan's governorship hit Hamtramck, John stumped the place for him and got votes galore.

"When I'm elected, Son," promised the grateful statesman, "let me know what I can do for you.

Hodie wasn't backward. He let him know it all right. He was just out of high school. His dad was just out of a job. Both were just out of money.

John wrote the new governor. "Please (1) get my dad a job. (2) Give me a recommendation as a speaker. I want a radio job.

The gov came through. Pop got the pay off at a depression-stalled plant, and Hodie got a glowing build-up as the silver-tongued young orator of the century. But the program director of Detroit's biggest station was not impressed.

"Let's hear you read," he sighed.

Hodie gave out with what he considered deathless oratory, but the neighborhood dialect of all the Polettis, Wojciehowicz's, Schmatz's and Garfinkel's ganged up on him. His Hamtramck accents smote the mighty radio man definitely in the wrong acoustic places.

"Take some good advice, kid," he told 18-year-old John. "Go home. Get a job in a factory, marry a nice girl and forget this radio acting stuff. You sound like the
Such a long, Sweet Kiss...

Q. How does that girl rate such kisses?
A. Her skin's smooth as satin. Yours can be, too.

Q. But my skin is dry.
A. Oh—this new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream especially helps dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Gives smooth-skin care so complete—it's like a daily treatment. For every type of skin. Faithful use helps prevent dry skin. Just use this new Jergens Face Cream all the time:

1. for Cleansing   2. for Softening
3. for a Foundation 4. as a Night Cream

A skin scientists' cream, by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. So many lovely girls already use Jergens Face Cream. Beauty-wisdom—use this new cream, yourself. It's the only cream you need.

JERGENS
FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

Melting Pot of the West going East!

His attitude was, "Go away, boy, you bother me!"

Well, it still makes John Hodiak get red in the face to talk about that episode. But he's fair enough now to admit that those caustic comments were not only gospel, but exactly what stung him on to success.

But to Hodiak, that radio man's bop on the ego could never be soothe until he did something about it. So he ironed out his diction by reading aloud and talking to every college-educated man at Chevrolet (where he'd got a $45 a week job in the meantime) until he had his vowel tones rolling right in the groove. When another Detroit station staged a competitive audition, Hodiak won it hands down. Tout de suite he wrote a very snooty letter to the program chief who'd insulted his ambitions. He enclosed the newspaper clipping announcing his audition triumph. Then he felt a lot better. He got just as snooty a note back, telling him he was probably still lousy. But it ended, "Come and see me."

That started Hodiak's radio career. They sort of adopted him around the station, showed him in this and that show in bit parts, mob murmurs and extra parts. But always at night after his regular job. Pretty soon they wanted him days, too, and the Great Decision loomed. The offer "Put you on the studio acting staff—salary, thirty-five bucks a week." Hodiak's spot—he already was making $45 at Chevrolet. So what did he do? He quit and took the radio job.

and baby makes three...

Well, even John's folks couldn't understand that. Pop and Mom Hodiak and his brother and sis thought he was stark and raving. John was about 21 then, and already Pop had said, "Now Son, it's time you get yourself married to a nice girl. You can move into the attic rooms, have scads of kids and live with us." Hodiak was already a catch; he had a cushy office job at the plant with a fabulous salary. Here he was tossing away his future for ten bucks less! Ten dollars has always been plenty of dough in Hamtramck.

But that was the last peep of protest Hodiak ever got from his folks or neighbors. Pretty soon he was on "The Green Hornet" and "The Lone Ranger" shows and a celebrity in the neighborhood. Even afterwards in his radio ups and downs, John was always a hero to the home town folks, and many's the time Mom and Pop sent on a $5 bill they'd borrow down the block to help over the rough spots.

Well, to tuck up a long tale, Detroit radio soon got too small for John, even though he was dragging down $75 a week. He moved on to Chicago, struck it rich the first week, went broke thereafter, lived high, starved low by turns, but made a name for himself in the gang of soap opera and radio action thrillers the Windy City has always scattered out on the groaning air. "Ma Perkins," "Girl Alone," "Mary Martin," "Wings of Destiny." His biggest break was playing "Lil' Abner" on the air. When the Hamtramck home folks heard John spouting Dogpatch talk on that one, by the way, they wrote him, real puzzled. "What's happened to you? You don't sound like yourself." Nobody there ever has thought of John as an actor—just as Hodiak, the kid down the street.

Eventually what had happened to Don Ameche and Ty Power and a bunch of other radio actors around Chicago happened to John. It's almost routine when a guy makes good in Chicago radio that he gets a Hollywood test if he wants it—that is, if he doesn't have bow legs and a squint.

Let's face it, too—the War has made
Hollywood even more on the prowl for eligible new males. Uncle Sam found bugs in John's basic metabolism or something and included him out of the draft. He was movie bait if there ever was. He went to New York and shot a test scene with Canada Lee, the Negro actor. There wasn't much to the trip, the test or the Hollywood temptation. John had a Hollywood bee definitely buzzing by then. It's no Seventh Wonder of the World that M-G-M offered him a contract, either. It could happen to you. But what gave out from that test from then on is a caution.

One day, after lousing around Hollywood for over a year with exactly 2 walk-ons, he got the word from Fred Datig at M-G-M. "Go over to Fox. Hitchcock wants you for a picture."

John stuttered, "W-who w-wants who for what?"

"It's a picture called 'Lifeboat,'" said Datig, the big casting guy at M-G-M. "Some extra bit, walk-on or something. You seem to be the type."

Hodie thought it was awfully funny the way the Great Hitchcock lumbered into Producer Kenneth Macgowan's office, barely looked at John as he handed him the script and said, "You're playing Kovac. Want to take this home and read it?"

follow the lead...

In a minute Hodie was outside again, deciding he must have about one line like, "They went that way," from the manner Hitch had brushed him off. He sighed and thought before he drove home he'd try to find that line, maybe on page 99. He rifled through the mimeographed sheets, and the first thing that caught his eye was Kovac—a long chunk of dialogue. He kept turning, and his hair lifted up on his scalp like a porcupine's quills. Kovac was all through the thing. It finally dawned on John that looking had struck him smack on the button. He was playing the lead with Tallulah Bankhead—Hunky Hodie Hodiak the Hamtramck Hurricane. How come? He roared his heap out of the Fox parking lot and over to M-G-M on a couple of wheels.

Of course, what Hodie didn't know was that Alfred Hitchcock didn't need a screen test or anything to check up on Hodie. He already had one. When Hitch wanted a Negro for "Lifeboat" he thought of Canada Lee and the only test in Hollywood was the one Canada had made in New York with John. A Hitchcock is a practical man. He was hunting a Hunky oiler, a rugged young guy to make love to Tallulah—and here Fate had dumped one right in his lap. So he just picked up a telephone and called M-G-M without any fuss feathers and said he wanted this—what's his name?—Hodiak for Tallulah's leading man.

That's why when Hodie bounded into Fred Datig's den looking like an escapee from the looney-bin, they were prepared. "Look," babbled Hodie, waving the script. "It's no bit, it's the lead with Tallulah. Bankhead! I wanna do it. I wanna do it. Fix it up—please, please!" Datig thought the gag had gone far enough. He didn't want a psycho-neurotic on his conscience. "Okay, okay," he soothed. "Take it easy, John. Of course you're going to do it." He confessed, "It's been all set for four weeks!"

But Hodie himself, big star and all, I'm happy to say, is still the plain guy he was before the miracle. Although he's moved in with Mom and Dad for the present, he's still renting his tiny Beverly Hills apartment and will move back when the folks are permanently settled. He drives the '41 Plymouth coupe he bought on time payments in Chicago. He still calls it "Kelly" after a fictitious heroine he likes to weave
fantastic yarns about in his spare time. John still thinks his Mom is the best cook in the world, and he still tries to copy her Ukrainian goodie recipes on his own stove. He still hates liver, chimes makes cigarettes, lies awake half the night, discards his necktie the first thing when he gets home. He still shoots golf in the high eighties and longs for a chance to go fishing, his favorite sport. He still tags his idea of Heaven a cozy fishing lodge deep in the Wisconsin lake country. He still says one day he's going to compose music. He still would rather hang over the piano at his friend Hoagy Carmichael's (the Carmichael kids call him Uncle John Hodiak by now), than take in a swank turn at Mocambo's, because he still feels embarrassed at any place that's grand and glittering and expensive.

**crystal ball capers**

Hodie still hates to shave his spiky beard, loves to read books in steaming bath tubs, hates to rise and shine before ten a.m. (but does it plenty often, you can bet), can't stand any drink but Scotch or beer, and doesn't dare take in his own previews, hates make-up and is foolish about big league baseball but can't stand to watch football in the sun in Southern California and swears that when he marries it'll be for keeps. Hodie's still a bachelor, too, of course, although right now he's got it pretty bad for pretty Anne Baxter and vice versa, so they say. John's still crazy, too, about his family. He spent his one and only week's vacation travelling to Texas to check up on a nephew in an Army camp there.

In fact, the only alterations I can uncover in Hodiak's history since he's flirted with fame are (1) that he's turned into a walking crystal ball about his career and (2) that he's putting his heart more than ever into his work.

A while ago some friends of Ann Sothern's dropped in to visit her on the set of "Maisie Goes to Reno" and observed audibly that she looked worn to a frazzle.

"You're not kidding, I'm simply exhausted," confessed Annie. "I've spent all day kissing John Hodiak. But," she grinned, "is that bad?"

As for this psychic stuff—Hodie's been bunching his hunches and serving himself second sight all over the place since Lady Luck grinned his way.

Not long ago, he was all signed and sealed to make "Valley of Decision" at M-G-M. Cheerily, John told his friends not to give it another thought. "I'll never make the picture," he stated flatly. "But I bet I do Bell for Adano." I dreamed it." So just one week before it started shooting, out bounced Hodie from the "Decision" cast, and right over to Twentieth again for "A Bell for Adano"!

The thing is beginning to get a little creepy, but according to Hodie it's all strictly a matter of will power. You set your eyes on a certain star, dream on it, and you're in.

In fact, when you get to know John fairly well, he'll drag his personal magic, a well-worn copper coin, out of his pocket and let you give it a gander. He's carried it for some years now—ever since he had that good job with the Chevrolet Motor Company back in Detroit.

He's never been without it somewhere in his jeans, and Hodie doesn't aim to leave it lying around loose one minute from now on.

On one side there's the legend, "It shall be done." On the other it says, "Go get it and keep it!"

That's what the Ham from Hamtramck has been doing for a good many years now. It's exactly what he intends to keep doing from now on out. Yes, indeed!

---

**Sally went skating...and my she was active...**

**But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair neat and attractive!**

- Why is a bobby pin? To hold your hair smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends ...and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.

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**HOLD-BOB**

"The bobby pins that HOLD"

91
CINDERELLA BOY

(Continued from page 53)

marked some department or other on the chart of Farley Granger with a large "Perfect!" "Okay!" or "Excellent!"

Farley carried his summa laude chart in to the Navy Interviewing officer because he wanted a sailor for to be. The Navy man took one gander at the report card and almost bounced out of his seat. Here before him in the flesh was practically a walking Four-Point-Zero. A model man.

"H-m-m-m," mused the exec. "You seem to be just the kind of man the Navy's looking for. Granger. You'll want the Regular Navy, of course?"

Farley swallowed like a pouter pigeon. "Yes, Sir!" he said.

A few minutes later, cashing his induc-tee's chit for a glass of milk and a sandwich at the USO, Farley joined the gang of rookies.

"Did you hear about Joe, here?" said one.

"He took the Regular Navy!"

"Heck," spoke up Farley. "So did I."

"You did!" the exec. chortled. There was respectful silence. "God!" exclaimed one kid in an awed whisper. "Six years!"

Farley felt his neck shrink. "Six what?"

"Sure," they told him. "When you sign for Regular Navy, it's a six-year hitch!"

a goldmine in the navy...

Farley didn't know. But the minute he found out, he made tracks back to the interviewer in nothing flat.

Well, they were very nice about it, of course, and Apprentice Seaman Granger was switched pronto to the Navy Reserve. But while he waited to rescue himself from life everlasting on the bounding main, Farley sweated it out with himself like this— "Granger—this can't happen to me. I'm an actor. I got a career to consider."

While a mob of scattered U. S. movie-goers labbed him right away as something special in "North Star" and "The Purple Heart" in his home town, Hollywood, Farley was still a mere high school kid who answered a want ad and got a break in the very first stages of billing a Cinde-rella boy, you might say, when Uncle Sam announced, "You're next!" in fact, Farley joined the sea-going gang just twenty days after Navy's Hollywood Ranch handed him his diploma. The only direct sample he'd had of fame and fancy life was rubbing up against a few big stars.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 3

(Continued from page 85)

1. "Annie Get Your Gun"
2. Tough bird's rising sparrow
3. Angel song
4. Arsenic increased "face"
5. "Wilson"
6. Studios pose Esther
7. "Leda's left home"
8. Jelled with a jill in a jeep
9. Topping all rivals
10. Major'ed in gunpowder
11. Found around 5 graves to Cairo
12. Vamped phantom at opera
13. What will happen tomorrow?
14. Marriage was a public affair
15. Mr. Whinkle
16. Watched on the Rhine for Oscar
17. All's well, but... end Welles
18. Hairy Ape
19. Has a prayer, no wings
20. No sacking for Eddie

Answers on page 103
Lovely Constance McCormick

Leading in California society are the Alister McCormicks... Mrs. McCormick, Constance's mother, has been a Pond's devotee since her teens, and her charming, high-spirited daughter is quick to understand why. "The very first time I tried a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream, I knew I could forget my make-up problems," explains Constance enthusiastically. "In the sixty seconds of Mask-time, my face not only looked fresher and softer—it felt smoother! Ready to take powder evenly!"

Miss Constance McCormick says, "A 1-Minute Mask is ideal make-ready for make-up!"

How to "re-style" your complexion in one minute

Mask your whole face—except eyes—in a white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave this cool, creamy Mask on your skin for just one minute. Its "keratolytic" action goes after scummy, powder-catching little roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles. Loosens and dissolves them! Now tissue Mask off. See the thrilling results! Your skin looks definitely fresher—even lighter! Now pat on your powder. It slips on smoothly...evenly...and for keeps!

For quick make-ups—You'll want a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week. Other times, smooth on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream and leave it on. Non-greasy and effective powder base!
Of course you know about MIDOL—but HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

Before you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try MIDOL! These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in three different ways—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month's worst days. One ingredient of MIDOL relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates vitality, brightening you when you're "blue".

Take MIDOL next time—at the first twinge of "regular" pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.

"MIDOL Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES"

A Product of General Drug Company
lights went up. Farley was scared stiff as a poker at first, but the minute he started telling them about how the picture was made, he was right in the groove and happy thinking about his brief but thrilling career in Hollywood. He told them all about how sets were made, how the rain poured down right realistically inside the stage, how the camera made trick shots, how stars and director worked. He had something to say, and he said it okay. He got a big hand at the end—the biggest hand of applause that had ever crossed Farley Granger's ears.

That was the happy outcome of Farley Granger's first P.A. almost a thousand miles from Hollywood. On his next one he broke a record.

thrills and chills of fame...

Coeur d'Alene was the little Idaho town where all the boots scrambled on liberty, mainly to stroll up and down the streets, have a look at the pretty young Idaho potatoes, sip cokes at the drug store counter and huddle around the piano at the USO. At night when there wasn't a USO dance, there was only one social center of Coeur d'Alene—the local movie house. "Purple Heart" played there not long after it ran at Farragut, and the manager had the greatest exploitation idea that had hit him since the theater was built. He asked Farley if he'd make an appearance on the stage with the picture. It would be "Farley Granger" night, and it would certainly wow the town.

Farley grinned "Sure." Because by now he kind of liked making personal appearances. He had a big night, signed autographs until he had the shakes—and later on the manager paid him back on his birthday. How he discovered that, Farley doesn't know—but he was kind of lonesome and low (his first birthday away from home) that night, sitting in the show—when suddenly on the screen there flashed, "Happy Birthday to Farley Granger," the lights went on, and the manager had Farley stand up, take a bow and get wished "Happy Birthday" by the crowd.

Don't ask the idea that boot training was all a tour of triumph for Farley Granger. A boot is a boot, as Gertie Stein would say. It was a funny thing that Granger got local notice as a Hollywood personality at the lowest stage of his standing in the Navy—but that was just now and then. Most of the time he had his nose to the same grindstone that all Navy novices have to polish before they count as fighting guys. Luckily, outside of a peach of a cold, Farley could take the physical rap—the drills, the marches, the gymnastics and even the open-windowed barracks where the snow sifted in, although for his dough he'd take an orange grove any day. Farley's thin frame can fool you. He's got a rugged constitution. Even the shots didn't bother him too much. Farley rose to leader of his squadron in Company 248, a crack bunch of boots who took pride in their work. When his work week came to an end at boot school, Farley drew a tough one—the job of Battalion Headquarters messenger—4 hours on, 8 off—shagging dispatches and telegrams to the dark hours of the night. A couple of times Farley got lost in the dark pine forest, but he never fumed out. He lost weight which wasn't helped any by an airskj plane ride back to Hollywood on his first furlough (even a pretty stewardess couldn't tempt him to food). Farley arrived looking like Death warmed over. At home his mother asked him what he wanted to do, and he just grinned two words at her, "Eat! Sleep!" But when he'd had a couple of days of that, he got restless right away. The truth was—Farley missed the gang at Farragut.

HANDBY ADVICE by ARLENE FRANCIS

How to Write a Love Story (and Live It)

Arlene Francis, charming hostess of famous Hinds BLIND DATE radio program, is really an authority on the subject of smooth, white, alluring hands.

"Let us start with Formula 1A, commonly known as the Boy Meets Girl story. Characters: Boy and Girl. Situation: They meet. Look. Listen. Hearts flutter and music's in the air. But we have a problem...our heroine's hands. Rough, red, romance-wreking."

"Emotion needs lotion. Hinds for hands. The lotion that contains special ingredients for which your skin has a particular affinity. Now those hands will whiten, smoothen, soften. They'll be 'ready for love.'"

"Will girl get boy? Ah, judge for yourself. Here's a girl who holds the winning hands in this good old game of Love. The thrill in their soft, white smoothness, delicate fragrance, petal texture. She knows if you want a man to remember, you don't forget 'Hinds for Hands!'"

Can the lotion you're using match this claim?

- Does your lotion give you the special ingredients Hinds gives you? ... those softening agents that have a particular affinity for your skin? Science says that when you work and wash and weather rob your skin of its own natural lubricant, these skin-softeners in Hinds help guard it against dryness and chapping. No other lotion or hand cream is quite like Hinds. Ask for Hinds at any toilet-goods counter.

HINDS for HANDS...AND THAT SPELLS SMOOTH, WHITE LOVELINESS!
So when he got his orders to report to Shoemaker Receiving Center, near San Francisco, Farley felt a little the same way he felt when he left Hollywood for Farragut. He was leaving new and good friends and facing the Unknown again. But it wasn't long before the Word got around at Shoemaker, just like it had at Farragut, that this Granger was an ex-movie star—although Lord knows the guy didn't look it. The receiving center is a plenty big place, not so isolated as Farragut, though, and the sailors are always coming or leaving. So the Hollywood treatment let up a little for Farley, which was okay with him. On liberties he hitchhiked down to his birthplace, San Jose, where he has scads of relatives.

Then one day came this letter: It was from his best chum, Roddy McDowall. It carried terrific news for a lonesome sailor. "I'm coming up to San Francisco with the bunch from Twentieth-Century on the 'Wilson' premiere. Arrive Sunday. Think there's a chance of your getting off?" Farley almost fainted with excitement. He hadn't seen any of his Hollywood pals for long months, and here was his very best one coming to town—and he, Seaman Granger, was up for a 48-hour leave! What could be sweeter? Farley didn't know then how much swell fun it was going to turn out to be, although at first everything seemed to go wrong. Because when Farley rushed over to the PX and put in phone calls to the San Francisco hotels, they all said no Hollywood stars were expected there on Sunday. His leave started Sunday night, and it was Saturday night then. What if the gang came up too late, and his leave was all gone! Farley wired Roddy, haunted the hotels again by phone. Where the heck was Roddy? Sunday rolled by, and still Farley hadn't had a lick of luck. He was one sad sailor Sunday afternoon when he trailed back to his barracks in his Sunday whites. A lieutenant from headquarters was there outside the barracks. Farley snapped to and saluted.

pumpkin coach ride...

"Are you Farley Granger?" asked the lieutenant.
"Yes, sir," faltered Farley, wondering "Now what have I done?"
"Do you know Roddy McDowall?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Want to see him?"
"Do I?" shouted Farley, "I mean yes, Sir—sure do!"
"Then," grinned the officer, "get into your blues and hop over the fence to the Seabee camp next door. He's over there. Here's your leave pass. It starts tomorrow."

Farley whooped into the barracks yelling, "Gangway!" He was out again in an all-Navy record for a quick change. He was over the fence and into Camp Parks, the Seabee center, running like an Indian while the startled Seabees confirmed their convictions that all sailors were nuts. But he found Roddy at the reception center in no time flat—and not only Roddy but the whole Hollywood "Wilson" premiere junket galaxy—Carmen Miranda, Joan Blondell, Bill Bendix, Bob Hope, Bill Eythe, Mary Astor, Donald George Jessel—a half dozen more. The biggest Hollywood troupe of stars ever sent out to a camp. Roddy spied Farley charging up. "Hi, Baldy!" he yelled. (Roddy has called Farley "Baldy" ever since he came back home on his boot leave with that jailhouse haircut.) "Is this where you live?"

"Hey!" choked Farley, "I've got liberty—48 hours—tomorrow—I don't live here— I'm at Shoemaker."

"That's where we play tonight—"

Sunset—no sailor ever had such a Cinderella break. Nobody, unless he's a friendly, full-of-beans guy like Farley Granger.
could understand the kick it handed him. It was like a trip back home from the start, only it was better. Because the gala bunch adopted him right from the start as a member of the star cavalcade, and they were up North to do things up right. That night they staged a slam-bang show at Farley's Shoemaker camp, and naturally, he stuck backstage with all the stars. Then right in the middle Bill Bendix dragged him out of the wings and kidded him before all his shipmates and led him through a comic skit that made the camp roar.

His barrack mates and the mates in the barracks next door, too, loaded him down with sheets of paper with their names marked on them for autographs. Farley staggered around among his Hollywood star friends collecting signatures before he dared get out of camp. He was as busy as a bird dog, but he loved it.

That night, though, Farley rode back to San Francisco in a Navy station wagon with Roddy. They jabbered all the way like a couple of school kids, catching up on each other, and at the Palace Hotel they kept it up until four o'clock in the morning, until "Baby"—that's Roddy's mother—rapped on the door and shut them up.

Those forty-eight hours turned into a dream no gob would have dared whip up about a San Francisco leave. There was a party every minute, or a show or a shindig. There were famous names, San Francisco big shots, Hollywood stars, glamour everywhere. Farley was in the thick of it all. He met Darryl Zanuck—his own boss—for the first time, way up in San Francisco. He went everywhere the Hollywood star cavalcade did. To Elsa Maxwell's big party at the Palace. He went with Roddy and the others when they broadcast Bond rallies from the big Bay City department store windows. He took in all the dinners, banquets, cocktail parties and got introduced along with all the other big Hollywood stars—just like he was one of them, which of course Farley was, in a way.

So Seaman Farley Granger went back to Shoemaker with plenty of tales to brighten the barracks bull-sessions for weeks and weeks. And by now, somewhere out in the Pacific, he's probably getting the same Hollywood treatment from his mates. But by now Farley ought to be used to it and taking it in stride. His Hollywood past has never hurt him one speck in this man's Navy; on the contrary, glamour for a gob has worked out pretty okay for everybody concerned. He's a crack shipmate by now in his own right, and it's a cinch he's trained to handle his duty like any one of Uncle Sam's seagoing sons.

C'MON, 'RESS UP!

Not that we'd like to have you tell tales, but . . . well, anyhow, not the snitchy kind. Just the good, old-fashioned Hollywood garden gossip variety. In other words, you've come across a movie personality and something funny happened. Or sad. Or glad. Or unusual. And you're simply aching to talk about it because it's just too thrilling to hold back any longer. Well, don't! Tell us. And to soothe your fevered brow, how does five dollars sound for each one we use? Your stories go to: I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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50c 25c 10c
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Whether V-mail or full length, your love letters can be a great uplift to your loved one in the Armed Forces. Officials say: "Write a good love letter, in a good style, and you're doing a real good thing to your boy!"

The writer of love letters is a complete book that shows how today's things can sound thrilling. It helps you express your personality in every letter you write. Learn just what he wants to hear from you — just how to say it! This new book contains dozens of actual sample letters that show you just how to write love letters from beginning to end — lines of useful synonyms — common errors, and how to avoid them — the correct spelling and use of many catchy words — and many other important letter-writing helps and hints.

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Send C.O.D. I pay postman 50c plus postage.

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BIG BAD WOLF
(Continued from page 55)

near Mocambo, but there was his car and a guy who looked—wait a minute—the guy didn't look exactly like him. . . . What Helmut discovered when he got there was just another bit of proof that he was a Hollywood Wolf in spite of himself. The pictures had been shot at his own studio in front of the "Hollywood Canteen" Mocambo set, with the pretty gas girl all right, his own car which had been rolled up from the parking lot—and an obliging extra who looked like Dantine in a long shot!

pagliacci of the press . . .

Things like that are happening to Helmut Dantine. Every time he gets within hailing distance of a girl in public, and sometimes even when he doesn't, what happens to Helmut's rep shouldn't happen to a dog—I mean, wolf.

Yep, the power of the press is truly a wonderful thing when a guy can get himself married after a whirlwind courtship of a girl he has never met! Take, for instance, the recent marriage of Helmut Dantine and Lois Collier.

It's an old Hollywood custom, of course, to pair off a couple of newcomers, one male, one female, to add up to publicity for both. Every studio in Hollywood has worked that one to death, but usually at least the romancers show up somewhere together, if they're met or said "Hello" over the phone. Helmut's hot and heavy romance with Lois Collier—a new starlet, of course (with a new press agent, of course) started simply enough with a mere item that they were "romancing." No where, when or why. From that timid step they were spied together here and there. They two-stepped (at the Mocambo), rumba'd at Ciro's. Pretty soon they were cooing by candlelight at every cafe in town; bolder yet, they walked unashamed down Pigeon Lane and looked over the opening. The Collier-Dantine "romance" flourished like the green bay tree. One night, Helmut counted, he and Lois were a decoy at five different places at the same time—Mocambo, Charlie Foy's, a Carthy Circle premiere, Romanoff's and a cafe at Palm Springs! A radio fashion and gossip gal even descended to church, and at the wedding ceremony of Lois, who was wearing at the premiere, and how the dashing Helmut escorted her here and there with his Vienna courtliness! This, naturally, was news to Helmut, bigger news still when he learned he'd given the lovely little lady a ring, and a pure scoop on himself when his popped eyes discovered one morning that he had just been married!

He very politely, therefore, walked into his studio publicity department one day and inquired, "Now that I am safely married and all that, will you please tell me—who is Lois Collier?"

However, Helmut Dantine has learned to rise above such rumors gracefully and even find something to chuckle about in his phony romances—when they're as harmless and absurdly humorous as that. Like that time Helmut showed up at a cocktail party where we were also a guest. Myrna was just free from her Eastern millionaire hubby, Mr. Hertz, at that point and being unattached, accompanied one of those social-strut-and-party groups that go merrily on to somewhere else. So did Helmut. At the little Ciro's dancing party that followed, he tripped a number of turns with the lovely Loy, and you can bet there were eyes in the walls. From that innocent diversion came all sorts of rumors that Helmut was comforting
Myrna's riven heart with his vulpine Viennese attentions. But, as I say, that didn't upset him too much, since he actually had tried Myrna around and even taken her home.

In none of those cases did the stories add up, of course, but after all, Helmut had been around of his own accord. So no kicks. But when a malicious interpretation is put on a purely innocent happenstance—that's when Dantine's dander gets up.

A few weeks ago, for instance, Helmut left the studio with another Warner Brothers actress to take in a spaghetti dinner at a studio drama coach's house. It was all very informal. Both Helmut and the actress had been working. Both took their own cars. They left the dinner party later than they'd expected, and the actress asked Helmut if he'd mind following her home, since they lived near each other.

Well, on the way the girl pulled up in front of Schwab's famous drug store on Sunset, "I think I'll call home," she yelled to Helmut. Like the gentleman he is, he hopped out of his own car and opened the door for his friend, waited until she made her call and then helped her back in.

Well, in no time at all, the curbstone lollipoppers who spied this little episode put four and four together and made fourteen. The actress, you see, was married. Her husband, also, was away in Uncle Sam's service. In no time and one-tenth of a second, the rumor was rambling around. Helmut Dantine, the wolf, was chasing after someone he hadn't ought to. And her ever-loving spouse away fighting the wars, too.

There were the usual snide hints in gossip columns—and this time Dantine really burned to a crisp.

**his heart belonged to a zombie . . .**

The funny thing about Hollywood publicity romances is—usually the phonier they are the better they're believed. To show you how screwy it all sums up: For months now there's been a mythical society girl whipping around Hollywood named "Bettina Scott." Now if anyone ever saw Bettina Scott in the flesh, he would probably cross himself and scream hastily, because if there ever was a zombie, it's Bettina. The gal's a ghost—a publicity ghost—created out of an imaginary "Eastern" Blue Book to get the young unknown males that Hollywood's crowded with these days into the public prints.

Even Helmut fell for the Bettina Scott myth early in his Hollywood career, and one of the funniest stories they tell on him was when he came on his own turn to get the Bettina treatment. Helmut dashed into his publicity department all hot, bothered and upset. "You've got to deny it!" he stormed. They wanted to know—deny what? That I am courting this Bettina Scott person," cried Helmut indignantly. "Why, every one knows that she's a notorious woman of terrible reputation!" They quickly soothe Helmut by explaining patiently that Bettina was only a dreamed-up doll.

**wolf of the vienna woods . . .**

But about Helmut the Gay Deceiver himself. Of course there are plenty of obvious reasons why handsome Helmut inspires the wolf cry every time he looks at a lady in public. The guy is unreasonably good looking. Everything about his tall, graceful body, his classic-profiled face with its perfect features, the straight, romantic nose, expressive mouth and soft gray eyes, is what any woman who's human would find too, too tender and understanding. Helmut has everything to tag him a natural for the lover type and more than mere looks, Dantine has everything else a lady-killer ought to have, in the popular Hollywood mind. He's Viennese (and anyone knows that Austrian men are the world's ace charmers). His accent is just right, not too thick, but intriguing. He's a dancer out of this world. He's gay and witty, a quick conversationalist. He wears his clothes like Beau Brummell, he's manly and dash- ing, athletic and a deadly fencer. He's a bachelor de luxe, uncouth and untamed (his first marriage hardly counts, it was so brief), with not even a heartstring permanently snarled. In short, Dantine's too good to be true. Also, nobody ever said Helmut was any hermit. No indeed.

On the contrary, he has all kinds of soft spots for the lovelies of the opposite sex like any normal guy. Sometimes it's romance and sometimes just plain friendliness with which Helmut is heavily loaded.

**out of bounds . . .**

There was one pretty little Warner Brothers messengerette, for instance, who tied into a heavy, hopeless crush for Helmut. She was raw on the lot (all the messenger boys have been replaced by fillies since the war) and so was Helmut. But she had the Dantine blues bad, and wherever Helmut was she'd manage to show up shadowing him with that worshiping look in her eyes. Well, one day, Helmut ran into his admirer in front of the Green Room. She said her usual shy "Hello," and Helmut was feeling particularly friendly and gay. He smiled, "Come in and have lunch with me." How could a gal as far gone as little Louise (that's what we'll call her because it's not her name) refuse? Who would! She didn't. Helmut had a grand, expansive lunch date, absolutely unmindful of the strange looks that darted his way. But he never saw his little friend after that and never thought much about it until weeks later he happened to inquire. Then he found she'd almost lost her job because of having had lunch with him.

---

**No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but**

**AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is worth a pound of cure!**

**PHILIP MORRIS** are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

—from the findings of a group of distinguished doctors.

**Call for PHILIP MORRIS**

**FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION**
That episode dismayed Helmut and made him more discreet with his fans, but it didn’t damper his friendliness one speck or his terrific admiration for American beauties. Dantine’s best girl friends are girls he has met in and around Hollywood. He’s the American girl’s number one press agent and booster. He thinks they’re tops, the freshest, prettiest, most natural and altogether swoon worthy things that you’ll find anywhere on the globe. He likes them best, too, when they aren’t actresses because, as he says, “After acting all day I’ve had enough acting.”

The reason he puts the finger on foreign girls, too, is that when he runs across them in Hollywood they try to play up their accents and Continental manners, which hands Helmut a pain right above his collar bone. Hand kissing and heel clicking and all that sort of stuff is okay, Helmut believes, where it cuts some mustard—but over here in America, confidentially he believes it—well, you know. He’s worked only in Europe so far, and when he arrived to iron out his Austrian accent. He’s collected American slang and idiom like fans collect autographs. He dresses like any young American campus hero not long out of college. He’s already become a super fan for football and American sports. The biggest kick he’s had in weeks came the other night when a Pasadena society girl invited him as her escort to a dinner party. He’d never met his hostess before, and on the way home his girl teased him with a trade—last. Helmut came through with how beautiful she was so she gave out with the t.l. “Mrs. So—and—So thinks you’re nice,” said Dantine’s date. “As I left she said, What a clean-cut, typically American young man Mr. Dantine is. So completely different from these refugees you see around these days!”

In fact, the long Continental hangover that Helmut toasts around is his respectful, gallant attitude toward women. He’s not smooth in the topshay way, but his manners are super. He’s the kind of date who always notices a gal’s perfume, what she’s wearing. He sends flowers when they’re called for, takes prompt care of all the little gallantries like opening doors, seating chairs, phoning before dates, lighting cigarettes and such. But the main ticket that lets Helmut in solid with most lovelies is his sincere but flattering interest in the girl as a person. It’s a respectful attitude and one a lot of cocky American males are quite likely to skip. A couple of his very best girl friends today is in fact that Helmut and made time with through this very trait. You wouldn’t know them if I named them, because they aren’t remotely connected with pictures (as few of Helmut’s favored sweethearts are), but one is a clever co-ed at UCLA, where Helmut served a stretch as a student when he first came to this country. In fact, he met this girl at a reunion party for the Class of ’39. She’s pretty, with soft brown eyes, a slim figure and rich, waving hair. But what interested Helmut—and don’t wing her intelligence. Yep, he got to talking to the attractive co-ed and discovered she was majoring in philosophy, in a subject in which he’s a deep deliver at home. Discovered, too, that the only way he could enjoy her company was on the campus, because she didn’t go out nights.

**ON MORE FINGERS**

**Every Day**

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**SINATRA LOVES RING**

And they both love pitching in and donating their autographs for each and every one of you. See page 62.

**Dr. Ellis’ NAIL POLISH**

Compare Dr. Ellis’ Nail Polish with any other nail enamel—for sheer beauty of color, for wearability, for economy. You’ll know then why more and more smart fingernails daily—coast to coast—are wearing those lovely Dr. Ellis colors.

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Be sure to try "Mystic Rose", the passionate new Dr. Ellis shade of the season!

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**AT YOUR FAVORITE 5 & 10 or DRUGSTORE**
Then there's the girl Helmut ran into at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. Dantine's no slouch of an athlete, and when he has an afternoon off, he usually skips over to Lakeside Country Club for a swim or out to the B.H.T.C. for a set of tennis. That's where he first noticed "the colt" and her form—both tennis and otherwise. She was definitely the outdoor type, lean and a little rangy, with a merry, freckled face, honey-colored pupils and twinkling blue eyes. "Like a young colt," marveled Helmut, observing the stylish way she handled her racquet and how lustily she swatted the ball. It wasn't long until they were exchanging tennis tips, and then Helmut found himself drafted for a set of doubles with "the colt" as partner. That started a tennis courtship that's been going on in a breezy, relaxed manner ever since. Because Helmut found out the girl was as charmingly natural off the court as on, and as fresh and irresistible in evening dresses as she was in shorts. And the first day tennis match that ended primly with a "thanks for the game," has grown into a definite romance.

If you ask Helmut Dantine to name the kind of girl friend he likes best, he looks puzzled and tries to explain that it depends on the occasion. He's not kidding either. He thinks variety in women is the spice of a bachelor's life—and he's the bachelor who can certainly stir up the variety. He has girl friends he takes horseback riding others he seldom sees except to play chess, of all things. He has society girls he met when he lived in Pasadena, one former fencer pupil (when he earned his way with folks through the Community Playhouse) whom Helmut seldom sees except at dignified Pasadena social functions or to beauf to plays and symphonies. There's a girl up in Santa Barbara's smooty Montecito millionaire colony, a member of the horse set, that some New York friends introduced him to by mail whom he sees whenever he has a free week-end and can climb on a North-bound train. When he dines or dances at his favorite Hollywood haunts—LaRue, Mocambo, the Players or Romanoffs—Helmut invariably has a local gal on his arm, someone extra-lovely like Ava Gardner, Constance Dowling or Judy Garland.

That picture gallery may not be much help to a Helmut-happy gal anxious to measure up to a Dantine ideal. But after seeing a few photographs and talking the matter over earnestly with Helmut himself, I'd say if you'd be Helmut Dantine's Dream Supreme you would—

Be pretty and preferably blonde. Add up to about twenty years of age (he's twenty-five). Be natural, with no false eyelashes, red nail polish, or trick hair do's anywhere around. (He can't stand em.) Dance divinely. (Because so does Helmut.) Play some outdoor game well. (Because he plays several.) Have a brain. (Because he has his serious moments.) Own a funny bone. (Because he loves to laugh.) Have good taste and good manners. (To match his own.) Be honest, and direct—a chick with no tricks.

If that adds up discouragingly to Miss E Pluribus Unum, the All-American Girl—well, what have I been telling you? If Helmut Dantine is in love with anyone, she's the lucky lady. For one thing, he knows that it was the girls of America who made him the Hollywood hero he is today. He knows he owes the death of Helmut the Heavy and his big romantic chance in his next picture, "Hotel Berlin," to the ardent feminine clamors that swamped Warners' from Seattle to Savannah. So he's faithful to all of 'em.

Besides, being a wary "wolf," Helmut Dantine believes there's safety in numbers.

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**Fashion Recipe:**

Take a pair of woolen mittens—saw tiny bells down the back for conversation—making gloves!

**Mitters and Pretty Hands are being worn this season!**

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**Use a "BRIGHT IDEA" to show off your CAMPANA LOVELY HANDS**

It's fun to pull on woolly mittens, jingle with tiny bells if your hands are Campana-lovely! Try Campana Cream Balm—massage a bit of this creamy lotion into your thirsty skin. Right away you've silken-surfaced, soft-skinned hands you're proud of.

Scientists say lanolin duplicates the functions of the natural oils of your skin better than anything else!

No wonder Campana Cream Balm, which contains lanolin, helps keep your hands soft and pretty—guards against dryness, roughness—even in winter weather. Look for the yellow and white package at any cosmetic counter.

25¢, 50¢ and $1

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**Campana Cream Balm**

**RICH IN LANOLIN**

**Hands badly CHAPPED? Use ORIGINAL CAMPANA BALM for instant relief!**

Original Campana Balm is the richer, heavier Campana lotion that thousands change to in chapped-skin weather. Ask for Original Campana Balm in the green and white package.

25¢, 50¢ and $1.

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101
MARRIAGE IS STRICTLY OKAY!
(Continued from page 67)

For one thing, there was David. Although he turned out not to be a complication after all. David was Dana’s son by his first wife who died soon after the boy’s birth. Maybe, Dana worried, Mary wouldn’t like the idea of a ready-made family. But Mary thought it was wonderful. She met David, and they adored each other immediately. Dana let out a long sigh of relief. That was one hurdle cleared.

The next one was tougher. Dana was being backed financially by some men who had faith in his ability. They were “staking him” to his training at the Playhouse.

“I can’t ask them to stake me to marriage, too,” he told Mary. “When I get married, I want to be able to support my wife myself. Then I can boss her around and make her like it!” He grinned happily. He was always happy when he was with Mary.

So they went on being engaged, and waiting for something to break. And break it did, at last. Sam Goldwyn signed Dana to a contract! That was the kind of moment you dream about—when the moon comes down out of the sky and slides into your pocket. Dana flew to tell Mary.

“The wait’s over, baby!” he said exultantly. “Now we can get married.”

Mary laughed and cried and kissed him, and everything was beautiful. For about twenty-four hours. Then Dana had a little talk with Goldwyn’s representative. “By the way,” he said; trying to sound casual, “I’m planning to get married. Very nice girl named Mary Todd.” The representative implanted him on a sharp and icy glance. “Look here, Andrews. I’m afraid that won’t do. We signed you as a single man. We’ve got a lot of plans for building you into a glamour boy. Romances with your leading women, that sort of thing. You’ve got to be seen around town with the right people.”

“But listen, I’m engaged to Mary. I’m— I’m in love with her. Terribly. We want to get married right away.” Dana’s heavy brows drew together in anxiety. This was bad.

“Sorry,” said the representative with finality. “Mr. Goldwyn wouldn’t like it.”

Reluctantly, Dana went off to tell Mary. Usually she was yarn, and her temper was frayed, but she wasn’t calm about this. She was furious.

“Those—those people!” she cried, pounding the arm of her chair in rage. “Telling you how to run your life! Trying to make you go out with other girls!”

“They can’t make me do that,” Dana told her grimly, trying out a very determined chin. “And listen, darling, if you say so, I’ll tear up this contract and throw it in their face.”

“Oh, Fine,” Mary was bitter. “Then we’d be right back where we started from. Backed by those men, and we couldn’t get married that way either. No, listen, Dana, the only thing to do is to make Mr. Goldwyn see it our way. After all, he’s an intelligent man.”

sit-home strike . . .

“Yeah, but Mary, I don’t get to see Mr. Goldwyn. I mean, he signed me to a contract and all that, but that doesn’t mean he comes around inviting me to his house for dinner.”

“Well, go and see him,” Mary said stubbornly. But it wasn’t as simple as that. Dana

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tried and found that Mr. Goldwyn was always in New York or Washington or in conference. So he thrust his chin out farther and adopted a policy of passive resistance. When the studio dreamed up romances for him, he just smiled pleasantly and forgot to show up for the dates. When he was invited out without Mary, he politely declined. Mr. Goldwyn's representative called him over and said astutely, "Are you still going around with that girl? I notice they don't seem to be able to link you up with anyone else."

"I told you," Dana said, "I'm in love with her. We want to get married."

The representative sighed. "If this wasn't Hollywood, I'd believe I'd met true love at last. Maybe I have, anyway. I give up, Andrews. You'll have to talk to Mr. Goldwyn." He even made an appointment for Dana. The appointment was the next morning at eleven, so Dana told Mary to meet him at noon. By then they'd know. By then the waiting would be over. The night before the appointment, Dana rehearsed a lengthy and—he hoped—convincing speech. It began, "Mr. Goldwyn, you're a man of common sense." It pointed out the pitfalls which awaited an unattached young actor in Hollywood. It spoke of the energy wasted in long rides to Mary's house, and of the nervous strain of long engagements. It went—touchingly, Dana thought—into the happy marriages combined with high box-office ratings of various male stars. It was undoubtedly a honey of a speech, and he learned every word of it by heart.

Next day he showed up at eleven o'clock and was told to wait. He waited, biting his nails. This meeting was damned important. It was, Dana was convinced, a lot more important than anything else Mr. Goldwyn happened to be doing at the moment. After all, it meant the happiness of two people, didn't it?

psychological moment . . .

Just then all hell broke loose outside the window. There was a scream of a fire siren, followed by shouts, general commotion and the shrieking of engine wheels. Two large fire trucks arrived, disgorging firemen like rabbits from a hat. Also rather like a rabbit from a hat, a small, grey-haired man popped from an inner office. "What's going on here?" he demanded. "It's just a little fire, Mr. Goldwyn," said the receptionist hastily.

Mr. Goldwyn stalked to the window and peered out at the lines of hose being unrolled. He snorted.

Dana approached him hesitantly. This was definitely not the setting he'd had in mind for his speech. In fact, he'd forgotten the speech entirely. But here was

(Continued on page 106)

Quiz Answers
(Continued from page 92)

1. Ann Sheridan
2. John Garfield
3. Diana Lynn
4. Cary Grant
5. Alexander Knox
6. Esther Williams
7. Alan Ladd
8. Dick Haymes
9. Sonja Henie
10. Clark Gable
11. Erich von Stroheim
12. Susanna Foster
13. Dick Powell
14. Lana Turner
15. Edward G. Robinson
16. Paul Lukas
17. Rita Hayworth
18. William Bendix
19. William Eythe
20. Eddie Bracken
what's cookin', kids?

Peggy Ryan gives out with the sort of fanfare and party plans the younger set will go for in a big way!

- Special occasions coming up soon! Days—like Washington's and Lincoln's Birthdays, Valentine Day and St. Patrick's Day—which can so conveniently serve as pegs on which to hang plans for festive and appropriate parties.

  Not that you really need any such excuse or inspiration, claims Peggy Ryan, if you go in for the kind of strictly informal shindigs her particular crowd prefers.

  "Any Saturday night in any month of the year is oke with us, especially if we're entertaining boys in the service who are stationed hereabouts or are back home on furlough," declared Peggy, with Irish eyes a-smilin'. "Sometimes we have a gathering just of girls...to plan for and talk about our boy friends overseas. But whatever the date or the doings we always have good times and good food!"

  "What do we do and what do we eat?" Well, that depends on the occasion, the number that get together and the place where we meet. F'r'instance...

  "When we go to Jane Withers' house it's sure to be a swimming party because she has the pool. Marcie McGuire gives living room parties with guessing games and the like. Cora Sue Collins features outdoor barbecues. Johnny Pironne—because his mother, Mary, makes the best spaghetti in the whole wide world—goes in for spaghetti dinners. Me, I have

Mrs. Ryan lends a helping hand whenever her dancing daughter asks the gang to their house...and the resulting dishes are simply super! "Here Came the Co-eds" is Peggy's next picture.

At her recent homecoming party, Peggy's pals—including Marcie McGuire and Virginia Weidler—gathered around as she imitated Winchell, on whose broadcast she appeared while in New York.
By Nancy Wood

a Whoopee Room, where the fireplace makes indoor barbecues possible—although, mostly, we have buffet suppers.

"What do we do at our house? Dance, of course. (Can you imagine Peggy not dancing, after seeing her with Donald O'Connor in those merry Universal musicals, the latest of which is "Bowery to Broadway")! "Then we play games," she went on. "and do stunts. But suppose I describe some of these get-togethers for you. And," suggested Peggy, "maybe you would like to know what we serve."

Would we like to know! Can you imagine, when that was what we had come to see her about, having heard tell that it's fine fare they'd be featuring at the Ryans'. But let's get back to the party. To any one of several different types of parties, to be exact—with a brief outline of the goods Peggy provides. It's 'herself' that will be describing them for us.

PROVING PARTY: "Someone's always saying 'I make the most delectable cake'... or 'You should just taste my Welsh Rabbit!' To which we reply, 'Well, we'll get together and you can prove it.' Gives everyone a chance to cook and—although the combinations sometimes are odd—the all-over effect is nothing if not interesting. Once people prove their culinary skill they become members in good standing and are often called on to turn out their specialties.

FURLOUGH PARTY: "As the name suggests, this is for fellows home on furlough. They can bring their friends in uniform, too; and they can even issue invitations to others who, for good and sufficient reasons, are not in the services. But to us girls, admission is by serviceman only! Or else we can come unescorted as the boys never seem to think there are too many girls. Quite the contrary, they claim the more 'femmes' the merrier!

ITINERARY PARTY: "A welcome-home affair, where the returned traveler has to put on an act as he or she describes the highlights of the recent trip. I threw that kind of a party at my house when Mom and I got back from our New York jaunt."

(The picture on the opposite page was taken on that particular occasion.)

PROXY PARTY: "Strictly a feminine gathering—and downright sentimental, composed as it is chiefly of married and engaged girls or those who are 'promised' or 'going steady.'"

"We tell our favorite absences, well in advance, that we're giving such a get-together and tell them to be thinking of us on that certain night, as we'll all be thinking of them. Then, at the party, we write them round-robin letters on long rolls of paper, tell them the latest news of Hollywood doings and send them our latest snapshots. We've had flocks of letters saying how much this has meant to them."

"Why don't you give such a party, too?" was Peggy's final suggestion to our readers.

But before signing off in this helpful manner, the "Pride of the Ryans" gave us some swell suggestions for party fare. It's her very own recipes that we're offering, FREE, this month. And what a collection for a collection! Two salads—both simple: Macaroni, and Carrot and Raisin. Meat Loaf—a point saver if ever we saw one. Frosted Bread Loaf—d buzzy looking and delicious. Peanut Butter Cookies—tooth-morsels for casual crunching during the long evening of fun. And finally the Devil's Food Cake that Peggy's grandmother taught her how to bake. Want 'em? Well, you can have 'em. Just mail your request to: THE MODERN HOSTESS, Dept. P. H. MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, 149 Madison Ave., New York City. (and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

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There are millions of these 'Home Laboratories' in the United States. According to voluntary reports, they use Fels-Naptha because, for practical daily purposes, they find it's the best laundry soap on the market.

We'd like to see Fels-Naptha Soap tested in your laundry. And we'd also like to have your 'Laboratory Report'.
Mr. Goldwyn—and a golden opportunity.

"Mr. Goldwyn," he said cautiously, "I'm Dana Andrews."

"What?" By then the firemen were making much too much noise you couldn't hear yourself think.

"I'm Dana Andrews," he shouted it this time.

"Yes. What do you want?" Mr. Goldwyn didn't look at him. He was still staring out of the window.

"Well—uh. It was awful hard to put such a personal question to someone who was absorbed in watching a fire. Especially when you had to yell it at the top of your lungs. But it was, Dana decided desperately. "Mr. Goldwyn, I want to know if I can get married."

Outside the window, the firemen suddenly reeled in their harness, slipped back on the trucks and drove off. The fire was over. Mr. Goldwyn looked at Dana absently. "I'll think it over and let you know," he said, and darted back into his office.

A month went by after that. Six weeks. Two months. Mr. Goldwyn was obviously thinking it over very hard indeed. Mary worried so much she lost all the weight she'd gained the summer before and more. Too. Dana was too upset to appreciate her new slenderness. Finally, he saw Mr. Goldwyn again, by accident, this time in the projection room. And suddenly, Dana got mad. There had been time and space for thinking things over.

"Mr. Goldwyn," he said loudly, "what did you decide about my getting married?"

Mr. Goldwyn peered at him in amazement. Everyone in the projection room held their breath, including Dana. Then the great man spoke. "I guess I forgot to tell you, my boy," he said amably. "It's strictly okay. Go ahead."

So, just like that, everything was settled. Dana could hardly believe it, after all the months of waiting. He was so happy that he felt as if he were drifting around in a balloon. He came down to earth in a hurry though, when he got his father's letter.

Mr. Goldwyn, Dana's father was a minister, and strict. He had always considered the stage and motion pictures inventions of the devil and had preached against them for years. When Dana was a kid, he used to get a whipping every time. Because Wednesday was prayer meeting night, and was Dana at prayer meeting? He was not! He was sitting in "five feet for quarter" and heard the block, chewing gum and watching with utter absorption whatever was happening on the screen. Yeah, he knew he would get a licking when he got home. But he figured it was worth it.

Dana's father had been pretty bitter over Dana's becoming an actor. And when he heard his son was going to marry an actress, you should see the letter Dana got.

It said a lot, and among other things was this: "My son, I am either the best man you and I know of, or you and I know more of the opposite sex. Take my advice and forget this infatuation. Actresses are handled goods."

"Handled goods," Dana thought of Mary, her background of culture, her demure gaiety, her charming parents. The whole thing struck him funny. This was a riot. This was the joke off in search of his fiancée, waving his father's letter in his hand. As you might imagine, Mary didn't think it was funny at all. No girl likes to hear that her future father-in-law considers her practically a Scarlet Woman. She refused to join in Dana's laughter, and when she told her mother about it, Mrs. Todd almost called off the wedding. Her precious daughter, who had gone to the best private schools, been protected by a devoted fam-
Our husband belongs to us again!

Julie: Can it be true? Jack has fallen in love with me again! He’s mine—just like in the beginning!

Her Other Self: Of course it’s true, darling—except you mean he’s OURS. It’s US he’s in love with, this time! I’m your smarter self . . . remember? I’m the one who told you to go see Dr. B. when you wanted to go home to mother after that big quarrel.

Julie: Yes, that was wise—seeing the doctor.

H.O.S.: Wise! That’s a prize understatement! Dr. B. turned out to be a one-man rescue party for your . . . our marriage when he explained about the “one neglect”.

Julie: But I never even dreamed that a wife can lose her husband’s love by being careless about feminine hygiene.

H.O.S.: Well, Dr. B. set you straight on that—and he told you what to do about it, too.

Julie: Yes. He told me to use Lysol disinfectant for my feminine hygiene care. “An effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes” —that’s what he said.

H.O.S.: Correct! And it doesn’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either. All you have to do is follow the simple directions for douching.

Julie: How right he was! I’ve found Lysol so easy to use—so quick and economical.

H.O.S.: And . . .

Julie: And it works wonderfully!

H.O.S.: AND . . .

Julie: All right, Mrs. Smartie—since you love hearing it, I’ll say it: Our husband belongs to us again!

Check these facts with your Doctor

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pened. More gardening. Then "Kit Carson." Dana liked his part—it had a lot of possibilities.

"This'll do it," his agent said, rubbing his hands glibly. "They'll be fighting over you for romantic leads now, kid."

So did Dana's name go up in lights? It did not. He set his square jaw determinedly and worked harder than ever on his next picture, "Swampwater." Then he got a nice gangster part in "Ball of Fire."

By now, Mary was so proud of him she almost burst. But Dana wasn't satisfied. Finally, along came "The Ox-Bow Incident," and Dana clicked in a way he never had before. You know how good he was in "Up In Arms" and "The Purple Heart."

Dana was going places, and no one could stop him.

Meanwhile he and Mary built a new house.}

something new will be added...

"It's really right," Dana said in complete satisfaction, a month or so after they had moved in. "David is nuts over that room of his, and our quarters are wonderful, and—well, the whole thing is right, that's all."

There was a silence from Mary. He looked at her, surprised. "I thought you liked it, darling. Something wrong?"

"Gosh," Mary said, her blue eyes pleading, "it's so silly you won't believe it. But—look, I know it seemed as if we weren't going to have any family except David, so we didn't build a nursery. And now we are, and there isn't any place to put him—her—him."

Her voice trailed off into a well. She sounded positively guilty.

Dana reached out a long arm and grabbed her exultantly. "We'll find a place, you crazy, adorable meron! Have I mentioned lately that I adore you?"

So the Andrews family eventually acquired a daughter called Kathie, who was undoubtedly the most beautiful baby ever. David was so excited he could hardly stand it, and went around boasting to everyone about his baby sister. But when Mary came back from the hospital with Kathie there was still no nursery.

Dana took David aside and put matters up to him. He could either move out of his room and sleep downstairs, or they'd put the baby crib in frying with him.

"Sure, put her in with me," David said grandly. "I'm not getting out of my room for anybody. Then he reconsidered. "But Kathie, where's a awful cute, and I guess she ought to have her own room. I'll move downstairs, dad."

So that was it, and Kathie grew to her present two years with young David watching over her in a most proprietary way. Kathie, of course, adores him, and follows him around at every opportunity. She's an active youngster and Dana had a wall built around the whole yard, so Kathie could wander safely. Now, of course, she spends her entire time devising new methods of getting over the gall.

The stork is flapping his wings over the Andrews menage again, and David is hoping for another sister. Dana and Mary will be happy with either a boy or girl—Mary is convinced that she is the luckiest wife in the world and when you look at Dana, you agree with her. It's—well, a sort of feeling you get here. Here's a girl who could really go for a guy. A girl that's solid and dependable, and yet terribly exciting. It's an odd combination, and you think about it, not say to yourself that it can't all be there, you must have imagined it. Then you see Dana again, and you think "Gosh, he does have everything. No wonder Mary is so happy." And it gives you a pleasant sort of hunch that maybe somewhere in the world is another guy like Dana—for you!

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The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.
ing test, not giving it much thought. She was still remembering Sunday in which she had entered another camera contest and had been declared Camera Queen. Contests were affairs she understood and conquered; screen tests were quaint forms of defeat. She wasn't going to let this one bother her, however. Nor those other two if she decided to take them.

She never did. She signed her contract at 20th. And, still dazed after a preparatory lapse of a few months, she was put on a train with a Fox company eastbound to film "Home in Indiana."

Not only was it her first train ride, it was her first trip out of California, and the third long trip of her life.

crain's tour of u. s. . . .

She wrote to Rita, "After the war, if someone should say to you, 'Let's have dinner in London,' you'll feel exactly the way I feel about this trip. I'm beginning to feel very worldly and traveled. Now that we're established in this town to make the picture, mobs of girls and boys hang around and ask for autographs. They even ask me for autographs. And I give them, even though I know my name doesn't mean much."

Those kids who got Jeanne's "Home In Indiana" autographs are probably shaking hands with themselves twice a day, after having seen the picture.

After "Indiana" Jeanne won the lead in "In The Meantime, Darling," which she didn't like because she can't stand herself in black and white. She likes Technicolor much better and is happy her next, "State Fair," will be rainbow-reeled.

While Jeanne was working in "Victory," director George Cukor remarked one day, "You've shown remarkable progress in a short time, Jeanne. You should begin to study with some good teacher."

The next thing Jeanne knew, she was taking a daily two-hour drama lesson from Madame Ludmilla Pitooff, formerly one of the great European actresses. Don't think, though, that contests—or the memory of them—have completely gone out of Jeanne's life. When the Hollywood post office issued the first of the three cent commemorative stamps, Jeanne entered them in a contest. She was one of the Fiftyth Anniversary of the Motion Picture Industry, a representative from each studio was sent to the post office for a ceremony. Each person was given five commemorative stamps, and two "first day" covers. Jeanne took them home with pride to add to her stamp collection.

She told Rita, "Do you realize the last time I bought home stamps for my collection, I won them at school?"

"They dragged out the huge album—"Here are the stamps I won in that contest," Jeanne started to say, then stopped in horror. The stamps were Japanese commemorative.

Rita saved the situation. "They'll be twice as valuable after the Empire has been licked to a frazzle," she said staunchly.

Jeanne had one more thing to say about the day. "I met one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood," she confided. "Diana Lynn. I thought she was wonderful in 'Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.'"

Rita, a freshman in University, agreed with a sigh. "It must be wonderful to go around, meeting movie stars."

Jeanne nodded. She uttered her final words on her career: "I never thought it would happen to me."

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JENNY MADE HER MIND UP
(Continued from page 43)

Jenny was getting older by the minute—"

"Just cool your heels," he said, "We're waiting till the right thing comes along—"

Of course he was right. He's always right. Bernadette came along, and "Since You Went Away" and now "Love Letters." It's a beautiful story. Mr. Selznick's lending her and Joe Cotten to Hal Wallis of Paramount for that one—"

cup of kindness ...

When she's not on a picture, her time's divided between the children and working as a Nurse's Aide. Nursing seemed its best thing she could do for the war effort. Her attitude toward it, professional, not romantic. Men suffer and die, which isn't a happy thing. But life, and you don't have to hide away from it.

Up at 5:45, she stays at the hospital till noon. Till they got to know you, patients feel a little dubious about Nurse's Aides.

There's one old man, John, that isn't going to forget. He was pretty grumpy—"

"Are you going to bathe me? Well, you don't have to put my head down. Leave my glasses alone. Don't pull the blanket off. You go about this funnier than anyone I ever saw, and I've been here five years—"

She humored him, and the crust began to crack. When she told him what was wrong with her, she was Jennifer Jones, he asked to see her. He hoped she wasn't going to apologize—"

Well, she needn't have worried. It was an apology, but the cutest one she'd ever heard. For a minute he looked at her, the way Lionel Barrymore looks in "Dr. Gillespie.""

"The rest of the day belongs to the children—from lunchtime till she reads them to sleep with their current favorite, Mr. Milne's tale of stout Mr. Edward Bear. They love teddybears above all animals except maybe live dogs. The burning question of the moment is: 'Will the new pup be like dogs?' The old one didn't. She said, 'Either the dog goes or I go.' At the time they needed the nurse more, so it didn't—"

Jennifer talks simply and without constraint of her happy days with Bob Walker. The only thing she won't talk about is their separation. Both boys look like their father. Robert, the 4-year-old, is an extrovert, friend to all the world. Michael's a year younger and romantic-looking—"

With long lashes shading Charles Boyer's eyes. Despite these undeniable points, Jennifer worries more about Michael. He's a moody little-dreamer, and she's afraid...
life may be rough on him. She carries pictures in her wallet, but of course they don't do the boys justice.

At twenty-one, she feels she's really getting old, because she's no longer ashamed to confess her childhood vanities. Chief among these was a longing for brown eyes. Hers looked brown sometimes, but sometimes they looked gray or green especially when she turned toward the light. So, in talking to people, she'd maneuver her face toward the shadows. That went on for years—till somebody said her eyes were nice, even if they weren't brown.

"Who wants brown eyes anyway?" she asked her mirror that night. It's a story she'd have blushed to tell until recently.

She was Phyllis Isley in those days—Phylis with one l, and she can't think why unless Mother didn't know how to spell. (That's a joke. Mother, in case you should read this.) Maybe brown eyes would have given her more self-confidence, but probably not. There was no special reason for her to be shy, she just was. Certainly her background had nothing to do with it. Home was a happy place—Mother and Dad gave her all the love and encouragement a girl could want, not to mention material things. But Jennifer lacked assurance, except when she was acting. Acting released her. Dad didn't know what he was storing up for himself when he had her take lessons in expression. "Don't make an actress of her," he told the teacher. "I just want her to say little pieces for me and my friends—"

He might as well have said, "Give her wings, but don't let her fly."

It was the same way at school. They moved from Oklahoma City to Tulsa. Every time Jennifer changed schools, she'd feel she didn't belong till they put on a play. After that, she was in. At Montecassino, where she boarded for a year, it was awful at first. Her roommate was one of those gay, colorful girls whom everyone loved. For a while Jennifer tried to pattern herself after Betty, but that was a flop—

"What d'you expect?" she'd apostrophize herself scornfully. "You dull, colorless creature, all arms and legs—!" Then she'd soften a little. "Never mind, poor child. Just wait till a play comes along—"

too good to be true...

The play always worked wonders—brought her inward assurance and applause from her little world. But when the girls got together and talked about after-school plans and asked Jennifer what she was going to do, she'd say, "Oh—get married, I guess, or be a nurse." She could no more have said actress than queen. The goal was too glorious. Who did she think she was, anyway?

To herself, though, she never stopped saying actress. Finally, she started talking to Mother about it. Even to Dad in a kind of experimental way. The experiment didn't take. Because when she came right out with it shortly before graduation, Dad put his foot down.

It was her high school dramatics teacher who precipitated the crisis. "You ought to go to New York to study," she told Jennifer.

"New York's no place for a girl of seventeen," said Dad. "Besides, we thought you were going to Vassar."

That's where shy little Jennifer's foot came down. First, she'd never be able to pass the exams. And even if she could, no more girls' schools for her. If New York was out, she'd go to a co-ed college—

They compromised on Northwestern. At least it had a good speech department. Jennifer joined a sorority, and she must have attended classes, but all that's vague background for one outstanding event. She played Jessica in "Merchant of Venice."

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Jennifer's..._ have...back, or...by...to...do...Dad...and...EYE GLASSES BY MAIL.

David Bruce played Bazaino. He's in pictures now. Then, he was merely dreamman of the world to every co-ed on the campus.

Jennifer thought she was good, despite the constructive criticism of a young doctor who was courting her at the time. "If you hold your head differently," he complained, "your neck wouldn't look so long. Personally, I like long necks, but after all, there's a limit."

"What do necks have to do with acting?" she demanded loftily, and never really forgave him till she met David Bruce in New York a couple of years later.

"You've certainly improved," he said kindly. "Remember that singing business you gave us at Northwestern?"

How she got to New York was by arguing. One year at college was all she could stand. Why waste her life on liberal arts? What did liberal arts have to do with acting? As long as she wasn't acting, she'd be unhappy, and the years were passing, and she wasn't getting any younger. Other girls started acting at four. Look at Shirley Temple—juliet on 57th street...

"You should have been a lawyer," sighed Dad, and capitulated. He and Mother escorted her to New York, settled her at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, where she do a scene from "Romeo and Juliet!" for the director of the American Academy. She was still up in heaven with Juliet, when Dad brought her down to earth with a bang—

"She's never been away from home alone before," he was saying to the Director, "and the traffic's pretty busy around here—"

He couldn't understand why she was so upset. "Juliet!" she kept muttering dairly. "Being led by the hand across 57th Street..."

School was thrilling that first year. There was a boy named Bob Walker, a marvelous actor—all the girls died to have a sym in their class. So when he was cast as Browning to Jennifer's Elizabeth in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," her cup ran over. The only bad thing was, he didn't want to do it—

"But why not? such a wonderful part—"

He wouldn't tell her at first. Not till they got to know each other better. Then one day he broke down. "Because the pants are so tight, and my legs are so skinny," he confessed.

Jennifer went home for the summer. First day she got back, Bob phoned. He wasn't going back to school. He was putting on "Springtime for Henry" at the Cherry Lane Theater down in Greenwich Village—

"But that's almost professional!—Can I work there too?—Then I won't go back to school either—"

The letter, announcing their eve lamb's decision, brought her parents tearing East. Dad didn't like the sound of Greenwich Village. "No way can be measured by the sight of it. His daughter coming down there alone! Going home alone at night!! "But I'm not going home alone," said Jennifer.

So they met Bob and—well, you don't have to spell the words out for Mother and Dad. When a girl's in love, you've got to call her grown-up, she still seems a baby to her father. Seeing them off for Tulsa, Jennifer's heart yearned over them like a mother's. They're resigned, poor darlings—"

When the telegram came, she wasn't so sure—

"Radio station wants you to star in series of dramatic broadcasts. Forty a week. Bring along any actor you like to play opposite. Dad."

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"Radio station wants you to star in series of dramatic broadcasts. Forty a week. Bring along any actor you like to play opposite. Dad."
Cute, but transparent. Especially the part about bringing an actor along. Jennifer strongly suspected that Mr. and Mrs. Phil Isley would be footing the salary. As an actress of integrity, she really ought to spurn the offer. Before spurning it, she talked it over with Bob. They decided it might be fun. So-o. They went to Tulsa, saved their money, were married the following January and departed for Hollywood to seek their fortune—this time strictly on their own.

Hollywood viewed them with a lackluster eye. They did get a few auditions. Bob wanted them to showcase their talents in "Our Town." Jennifer, convinced she was no ingenue, insisted on Ibsen and, since they'd been married only a couple of months, her word was law. Looking very young and stringy, they offered scenes from "Ghosts," and the agents thought, "Who are these characters?" So the characters took themselves back to New York.

Robert was born, and a year later—Michael. It was the only non-working period of her life that Jennifer didn't regard as a waste of time. Then, as Jennifer prepared to return to work, an obsession hit her.

The obsession was, that she'd been born to play "Claudia." Dorothy McGuire was wonderful, but she could do it, too. David O. Selznick had bought the screen rights. Without being aware of it, he was probably just waiting for Jennifer to come along. She had a Rendezvous with Fate.

**MARCH ISSUE**

We come and practically go on February 13th. So hie to your dealer in the early a.m. for your March MODERN SCREEN.

Fate's intermediary was Katherine Brown, Mr. Selznick's representative. In New York that summer, they were wearing what amounted to a uniform—black dress, big black hat, black shoes and stockings, black gloves and a string of pearls. Thus arrayed, Jennifer kept an interview appointment. She told Miss Brown how she felt about "Claudia." She wasn't cocky about it, just terribly, terribly earnest—

**claudia in soapsuds . . .**

"If you're as good as all that—" said Miss Brown, and handed her a scene.

Jennifer was taken by surprise. She made a horrible hash of the scene. She knew it even before Miss Brown said gently, "You know—that was not good—"

If she hadn't been so sweet about it, Jennifer might have escaped with dignity. As it was, she burst into bitter tears—

"Never mind," said Miss Brown. "Come back tomorrow and see Mr. Selznick."

But she was working, and she had to find comfort somewhere, so she fled to Mother's—Mother'd taken a place nearby on Long Island that summer.

"I'm not going back," wept Jennifer.

"Why not, if she asked you to?"

"She was just being nice. She had to get rid of me somehow."

"Maybe you'll change your mind by tomorrow."

"I'm going to make sure I won't change my mind. I'm going to wash my hair!"

That's what she was doing when the phone rang. "Why aren't you at the Selznick office?"

Funny, how the mere question washed everything else out. Why wasn't she there? She must be crazy! The woebegone wail turned into a whirlwind—same clothes as yesterday—only she'd left the big hat and pearls at Mother's—just as well, maybe, not to be so done up—she'd have to blow five

---

Is faded, coarse, aging "TOP-SKIN" making you unlovely?

This remarkable development in skin culture—Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack—does truly astounding things for dull, lifeless-looking skin.

And here's why Hopper's White Clay Pack is one of the quickest and most effective ways to help clear away muddy, faded, dried-up skin cells to reveal a top-skin with all its natural clear, blushing freshness.

Look Your Dazzling Best
On Short Notice

Just spread this delightful beauty pack over your face and neck. Wash off after 8 minutes. Notice how that tired, faded look seems to vanish. The mild rubefacient or "blushing" action of Hopper's Clay Pack helps give your skin a thrilling glow—a fascinating charm men can't resist.

Use Hopper's White Clay Pack whenever you want to look especially devastating for "him" on short notice—and to help maintain an enviable "top-skin" throughout the years. At all cosmetic counters.

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**Edna Wallace HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK**

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Here's Quick Way To Help "Flake Off" Dried-Up Aging Skin Cells To Reveal Underskin In All Its Natural Clear, Blushing Freshness!

**This BEAUTY-LIFT Works Wonders For Face and Neck**

Give your face and throat a thrilling "beauty-lift" with Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream. This super-lubricating cream works wonders. Always press an extra amount of cream over any wrinkles or lines and leave on at least 8 minutes. Use every night. Also an excellent base for make-up.
"Make-Up" Your Hair

for shining lustre... a glorious new color effect

Today, glamour is up to you. Through the modern miracle of hair "make-up," you can capture loveliness and brighten your whole appearance... with sparkling, colorful hair!

No matter what color hair you have, with Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse you can give it new lights and add an "overtone" of glowing color — without coloring it permanently!

So safe, so easy to use at home, this exciting new hair "make-up" helps you achieve the very color effect you want! With it, you can heighten the natural color of your hair... give it a "warmer" or "cooler" tone... even blend little gray streaks in with the original shade! A color chart on the Rinse package shows which of the 12 Marchand shades to use.

After your shampoo, dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all-soap film vanishes! Your hair is gleaming with new color, softer and easier to manage!

Marchand's Rinse is absolutely harmless. Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—it rinses on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up, or six dollars on a cab — couldn't wait for the train — took a towed along, and dried her hair all the way in to town —

It was still damp when she took her place among the other girls in Mr. Selznick's office. She couldn't know, as he passed through, that hers was the only face he noted, and that one look was almost enough. She'd been about one thing.

She did have a rendezvous with fate, though its name wasn't "Claudia."

All she knew was, Mr. Selznick was so easy to talk to. Everything came pouring out — next thing, he was talking tests and contracts, and if the tests turned out as he thought, she'd needn't worry about leaving the family, because he'd given her to spend the next year in New York, studying with the studio paying the bills —

cook's out of order...

That's how the fairy tale started. Like all fairy tales, it was hard to believe, and it kept growing more and more fabulous.

"This can't be," gasped Jennifer when he said she was to test for Bernadette. And when she got the part, and when she heard her name called for the Academy Award. Such things don't happen, she told her whirling brain. But they happened to Jennifer.

By contrast with her exciting professional life, her private life's quiet. That's laziness, she says. It's so much easier to say, "Sorry, I'm busy," than go to a lot of parties. Her own company has no terrors for her. She likes to walk — takes five-mile strolls after dinner, eating fritos and gingersnaps. Or she'll read — against a musical background. She's a natural tunes toward the popular, but she's exposing herself to classical music — wants to see if her higher nature's developing. It's in — a slow and gradual way — going to do Debussy and some of Chopin —

Nothing bores her but detail. She can't bother remembering to have the car grease and wash — the book's full of coupons and she's always out of gas. By the same token, she can't cook. As a bride, she tried very hard, but all she had to show for it were dirty dishes and plates full of cobwebs she didn't eat. Bob was very kind about it — he'd say forget about it, and they'd go to the corner drugstore to eat.

In New York she loved hats. In California she loved — till Anita Colby came into her life. Anita's in charge of grooming and fashions for Mr. Selznick. Now she's so Colby-conscious, she'll hardly step into the backyard without a hat on her head, if it's only a tam.

She won't write letters because her handwriting's awful — like a 5-year-old child. She's also like a 5-year-old child about candy. Things she can't stand are open closets because something might pop out at her, and dripping faucets. About the latter, she's developed a mild form of insanity. First thing after hopping into bed, she starts listening to the drip. Amazing thing is, she always hears it, too!

Lin Yu-Tang thinks there's something wrong with her. Not that she's ever met him — just read in one of his books that something's wrong with you if you don't like to smoke. When the girls at school started smoking, Jennifer didn't. She wanted to be different. Not smoking caused quite a lot of comment. The boys thought it funny and funny. Obviously Lin Yu-Tang didn't, and she has a great ambition for Lin Yu-Tang, so she tried to learn, and that was a flop, too. It made her kind of sick, and the smell in her eyes and the smell in her nose and she smoked pretty silly, holding the cigarette way down there —

On the whole, though, she's doing all right. For a girl who can't smoke and never had brown eyes and practically wasted her life till she was seventeen...

Did you ever see a valentine that said — "Roses are red, and your hands are, too."

Mary Lowell

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LON McCALLISTER
(Continued from page 51)

mother, grandmother and grandfather. Starting life a rich boy, son of wealthy midwest immigrants to California, LON was raised in harressed poverty when the Great Depression wiped out his family's fortunes. His mother and father separated. But neither of these childhood tragedies could dim the natural sunshine of LON's young spirit. He entered and left a dozen different schools as his hard-pressed family moved from one cheap apartment to another, often just one jump ahead of the sheriff. But in every school LON made friends—and he also made his mark.

When his family found work out Hollywood way, LON entered LeConte Junior High, an especially movie-wise school. Half the kids there worked in pictures, made money as extras on the side. Eagerly, LON yearned for this new chance to do his bit as a family breadwinner. Balked at first, his always widespread activities won a Maxwell-Churchills, a boys' singing group LON joined, were summoned by M-G-M to sing in "Romeo and Juliet." At the studio, LON was the last one picked of a small group to play choir boys in the Norma Shearer Shakespearean special. Riding home on the bus, his head buzzed with excitement because he would get ten dollars every day for five days. To him it was was like fifty thousand.

That was a step on the road to his major ambition—to let his frail mother and elderly grandparents quit work. Another kind of ambition—to be a star himself—was to come later.

too little and too short . . .

From the start, there was something about young LON McCALLISTER that caught the quick eye of the best Hollywood artists. He was small, it's true, not the type you'd ever tag to stand out in a crowd. But keen eyes invariably spotted something in LON's face, something unusual about his fresh personality that sparkled from his eyes and radiated from his smile. And Hollywood wise men have known since the beginning that what makes great stars is not great acting alone—but a personality that people instinctively like.

LON had just slipped under the wire for his first job in "Romeo and Juliet"—the last kid to be picked from the Maxwell Choristers. But he was the first one George Cukor chose for a close-up. Norma Shearer, LON's dream princess, found her smile beaming particularly on the cherub-faced kid in his curled wig, tights and banded blouse. Sometimes she'd stop and chat with him to the other choir kids' huge envy. It was to be that way with LON always. Stars were instinctively to seek him out among the extras, warm up to him, become friendly, for no particular reason—like Anne Shirley when she made "Sister Dallas," and LON was a lovely super. Anne found she had the same birthday, April seventeenth, as LON, and they spent spare hours on the set making plans to form a birthday club.

It was a pure gift, this magnet that LON had for other talented people. It was unconscious, unplanned and incidentally completely ineffective on those simpatico by nature. Maybe the worst example was much later on when he was playing an extra bit as an elevator operator in Jack Benny's picture, "The Meanest Man in Town." LON's colossal acting feat in that was to say one word, "Seventeen" as his ear supposedly reached the seventeenth floor. He had to say it in a nasty...

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115
tone of voice, and it wasn't nasty enough to suit the director. He made Lon do it over and over again until the whole set stirred with impatience. Finally, he ordered him away from the camera. "One thing's certain, boy," he raved, "you'll never be an actor!"

But after "Romeo and Juliet" there was no burning Hollywood question one way or another about whether Lon McCallister would ever make an actor. Certainly none in busier O. P. M.'s mind and every little in Lon's. He took his mother to see the premiere of "Romeo" from a fifty-seat theater of the bleachers erected along Peacock Alley where the big stars would be seated. Lon cramped his neck eagerly and pointed out to his mother the ones he knew. He finally saw the picture in a little neighborhood theater for twenty cents. He closed up by so far he had to sit through three times to remember it.

But the fifty dollars he earned in "Romeo and Juliet" was not forgotten by Bud McCallister—far from it. He had underrun a treasure trove in Hollywood which could let him play a man-sized part contributing to the family exchequer.

His first "credit," small as it was, made Lon McCallister officially a child actor. He got his picture and description printed in the "Wells' Casting Book," which studio casting offices gleaned whenever they needed un-known youngsters, kids, extras. Lon knew what riches showered on a kid who clicked. Jane Withers, for instance, had moved from her Sunset Boulevard court house to an estate in Westwood. But Jane still attended her old church in Hollywood. That's where Lon worshipped, too, and one of his first "dates" was to go out to Jane's house with some Sunday School kids one Sabbath. He noticed how her parents beamed with happiness at Jane's great success. Why couldn't something like that happen to him?

Lon registered at all the casting offices. He had a look-in at Selznick's when "Tom Sawyer" was casting. He was even promised a part supporting Tommy Kelly, but the picture dragged out preparing so long, that by the time it started, Lon had grown too big to play the same thing. By the way, he happened to a girl in that same picture, named Gloria DeHaven. He noticed how her parents beamed with happiness at Jane's great success. Why couldn't something like that happen to him?

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Mar-Ken concentrated lessons into a morning so the specialized subject body could scurry out afternoons to their singing and dancing lessons, their studio, theater and radio jobs and rehearsals. His professional job was as important as textbooks at Mar-Ken, and if a big break came along, it took precedence. You could make up high school weekends or afternoons between jobs. The tuition wasn't high—$10 a month—and Lon could handle that out of the studio jobs that piled up on him.

pagings fame . . .

Sometimes he'd have a line to say (and that meant extra money, $25 at least)—as in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" where Lon never even faced the camera but stood on the sidelines and yelled, "Second Act curtain going up! Curtain going up!" Sometimes the line would really be an important bit, like the one that introduced the star in "Gentleman Jim." There, dressed as a bell boy, Lon led the camera around from set to set as he strode through the Olympic Club set crying, "Fagging Mr. Corbett—Mister Jim Corbett!" The nearest Lon ever got to a real part in a picture was in "Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President" at M-G-M. He played his first "character part," a young thief who stole a mail bag. The studio planned to enlarge the sequence with added scenes, and for a while Lon thought he'd get some notice that would boost him up to bigger jobs. But the scene involved Walter Brennan, a Sam Goldwyn star, and Sam happened to be having one of his fights with M-G-M. He called back the star, Brennan, and that ended that.

There were lots of disappointments. Once, in particular, he was interviewed along with fifty other young hopefuls for the good part of Jackie Cooper's buddy in a Deanna Durbin picture. On the stage, a walking, smallish man passed Lon and playfully slapped him on the back. Lon slapped the man right back and noticed that everyone gasped. Turned out to be Joe Pasternak, the picture's producer. He took it good-naturedly, though, and picked Lon and one of the ten boys for consideration. But in the end it was all the rest. "Looks too young," was the official verdict.

When these exciting moments flopped—as they always did—Lon found he wasn't dismayed. He didn't really care. Fifty-odd pictures he was to play in the extra ranks before his own break came. But in all Lon McCullister's eight years as an extra, never did he become bored or cynical or blase about Hollywood. Maybe because the studios were never his whole life—but only a means of self-support. Lon had other interests, just as vital and twice as real.

All the time he was acting his age at school and in the few spare hours he had for fun the first day at Mar-Ken Lon had met Ray Sperry and Betty. He came his firm friend, the other the object of his affections—shared sometimes with Mary Lee. Ray and Lon chased down to the beach after school when they weren't working. They tramped up Mount Hollywood or behind Pasadena to Switzer's Camp for all-day outings. Another chum joined them often, Chuck Trowbridge. Chuck was the brother of a girl who worked with Lon's mother at Dr. Butler's, the Hollywood dentist's. They became a trio, inseparable for the teen-age recreation spots with which Southern California is dotted. They went to the Rollerbowl on Sunset, to the bowling alleys, horseback riding out in the Valley. They worked out together at gymnastics and swimming at the "Y" and Hollywood Athletic Club. They packed off on week-ends in somebody's jalopy to Lake Arrowhead to sail boats or go fishing. It's never too late for a wife to learn these intimate physical facts! Is something "lacking" in your marriage? Is your husband growing "indifferent" lately? Then don't sit home and brood about it, do something about it! The fault often lies with the wife herself—her carelessness and neglect of proper intimate feminine "cleanliness"—her ignorance of what to put in her douche.

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paddle canoes on the lake. They got each other out of tight places, as Lon did once, when the canoe was on fire, and Ray needed fishing out. And as Ray did when Lon knocked himself out with a shallow dive at Pop’s Willow Lake, a favorite resort of theirs in the hills behind Hollywood. (Lon was later to duplicate that accident, almost exactly, in “Home in Indiana.”) Jack Sennett, a Mar-Ken boy, was another of Lon’s pals, and usually along. Chuck and Dick are both in the South Pacific now, hunting Japs, and Ray is a defense worker at Lockheed. They’re still as thick as thieves, because Lon makes a friend he never lets him go.

hang-dog puppy love...

No wonder Lon was popular wherever he went. Although plainly he was no typical extra, the other extras and the stars, too, found themselves liking Lon. Once on a Henry Aldrich picture his birthday came around. Lon was just an extra, member of the mob scene. But suddenly, in the middle afternoon, the director called a halt, and the whole gang, camera crew, other extras, dimes, and salutes, broke into “Happy Birthday” and pulled out a cake and ice cream. That doesn’t happen often to a mere extra. At Mar-Ken, Lon was voted vice-president of his class while his girl friend, Betty, was named president. They had an election at school, and Lon carried off the “most popular boy” title while Betty was named “most popular girl.”

Somewhere, it seemed Lon had been thrown with Betty from the day he started Mar-Ken. So naturally she became his first sweetheart. She’s happily married now, so she can laugh with Lon at his first serious encounter with puppy love.

It happened on Betty’s birthday party which the gang decided to celebrate with a hayride out in the San Fernando Valley. All of Lon’s gang at Mar-Ken were along. Most hit it down in the soft hay, looking up at a round, creamy California moon. The night was warm, and the orange groves gave out with a perfume. The build-up was perfect. Lon found himself leaning nearer to beautiful Betty. But he didn’t know what to do from then on. Finally he summoned up his courage and in a waver- ing voice, croaked, “Betty, may I kiss you—on your birthday?”

Only Lon happened to strike one of those twenty-minutes-after moments of dead silence. Everybody on the ride heard him, and in the roar of laughs and razzes Lon turned scarlet. They kidded him for days about the “romantic moment” he could tell interviewers habit he acquired as a lonely kid stuck. Still moving around, Lon’s family landed in an apartment at Santa Monica Boulevard and Vine Street, right near the John C. Fremont Public Library. Many a spare afternoon when he had his choice between books and some outing with Ray and the gang, Lon chose the library.

Particularly he liked poetry. Lon had composed the class poems for graduation.
watched Janet Gaynor in her great comeback bring to life the realities of a star's life in Hollywood. Breathless, Lon watched the little extra girl marry the great star, pass him in the struggle, try to hold his love against his own destroying pride. To Lon, Fredric March and Janet Gaynor were real people. What they made him feel by their acting, he suddenly recognized as great art and a worthy goal. If he could only do that—make people feel something deep inside. It would be—like—like preaching in a way.

Lon walked out of the Egyptian strangely silent while the rest of the kids chattered away. He strolled over to Brown's for the usual fudge sundae, but he didn't say much. They knew something was wrong. "Come on, Bud, snap out of it." Lon smiled, tried to shake off the spell. 'Sorry, fellows,' he said, "Gosh, that was a swell picture!"

"Yeah. That's Academy."

"I'm going to be a star some day," Lon suddenly blurted out fiercely. "I'm going to do pictures that—make people feel like I feel now. I don't care how long it takes. I don't care what I've got to learn. That's what I'm going to be now, I know it. An actor. And I'm going to live at Malibu, in a house by the ocean." He grinned happily. "Think I'm crazy, don't you?"

They laughed, "Not any crazier than every other crazy extra," somebody said.
"They all say that."
Lon laughed, too. But he said stubbornly, "You'll see!" He wondered himself if maybe he was a little touched.

Until now Lon had never exposed himself to much instruction in the fundamentals of acting. Now he began to hang around behind the camera crew and creep up close, watching the stars do what they did and listening to the director instruct them. From now on every extra job turned out to be a lesson in screen dramatic technique. But Lon wasn't satisfied. He enrolled in his spare hours with Mrs. Josephine Dillon Gable, famous dramatic coach of Hollywood.

And there was an even more practical school for voice and dramatic reading—one that paid off in checks, right up the street from Lon's apartment at Santa Monica and Vine—the Hollywood broadcasting studios, CBS and NBC. Radio had moved big shows from New York to Hollywood by then; Hollywood-originated shows crowded the air. In his broodings around the John C. Fremont library, Lon had run onto the published radio writings of Norman Corwin, and they clicked with him. Until then all radio had meant to him was a portal to take to the beach and tune in on Benny Goodman.

**ridin' the waves . . .**

Lon took a brief course in radio technique and acting from a Hollywood radio school. Then he haunted the studios and the agency offices which put on the coast-to-coast shows. He had another reason to push him in his job hunt. After years of working beyond the capacity of her frail body, Madeline Hocking had suffered a physical breakdown, mostly exhaustion and nervous depletion, the doctor said—but she couldn't work a long time. Lon thanked his lucky stars he was a money-maker now. But he knew he had to make more.

His other debut wasn't very grand and glorious. Lon was a grocery clerk selling soup behind a counter in a commercial with Bill Hay, the announcer of the Amos 'n' Andy program. On a Lux Theater show he was an elevator boy, just as he'd been in pictures, shouting a floor to start a show with Myrna Loy and William Powell, right after Cecil B. DeMille said, "On with the show." On the Screen Guild Show he was a newsboy, hawking papers while the mike faded him out. But, as he had on the sets, Lon kept his eyes open and his ears cocked.

As he had at the studios, Bud McCalister became a popular little guy among Radio Row. Producers liked his alert brightness. He never made fluffs. He was always prompt at rehearsals. His likable personality was to pay off when he had a favor to ask.

That time came soon. The spring of his seventeenth birthday, Lon graduated from Mar-Ken. He was valedictorian of his class, and he delivered the graduation speech at commencement in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Lon's subject was "Tolerance," a subject he believed in. That night Lon lay awake a long time in his room with the light on, staring at the ceiling and thinking "What next?" He knew he wanted a college education, and by now he felt confident he could pull it off. But why? He didn't want to study for any profession. You couldn't learn to be an actor at any college. Still he knew he would never be content to break off the academic stride, the learning that would make him appreciate the larger life he already thirsted for.

Next morning Lon talked it over with his mother and grandmother. He told them he wanted to go on to college, but, sensibly enough, he thought he was too young to appreciate college. He was seventeen.
He'd lived a life bound close to Hollywood. What he really thought he should do was see something of the world. If he ever wanted to act, he must broaden himself. "Mother," he said suddenly, "I think I'll go to New York."

But before he left for the East, he attended classes at L. A. City College and then quit after six weeks because they didn't teach him the things he wanted to learn. The rest of that autumn and the next spring he worked to finance the coming trip. New York is the Big League, and Lon knew it. As his own high school graduation gift he had made a down payment on a Chevrolet—typically Lon, buying it more for the enjoyment of his mother and grandparents than himself. There were the payments. There were the Radio Actor's Guild dues, too. His mother was over her illness now but not ready to resume her job. Things had been slow that year between the studios and along Radio Row. Just the same, Lon made his plans.

Lon's dramatic lessons paid off. Up until that summer the highest check Lon had received was $66 one week for a bit part with Deanna Durbin in "That Certain Age." Now, out of the blue, came another bit in another Henry Aldrich picture at the fabulous salary of $100 a week, and it lasted seven weeks! There was a stake. Now to find a way to earn his freight.

Lon had an idea—one, it's true, one a more experienced actor would have scorned for its simplicity. He canvassed all the producers of Hollywood radio shows he knew of. In, because they liked him, they wrote letters recommending him as an experienced radio actor, although at that time Lon knew he was really just a radio passer. He put a call in an impressive book. It would be his "open sesame" to Radio City in New York.

But Lon had no fears. He found a friend who was driving East to take a job. New York was a wonderland to Lon. He saw a show every spare night from then on, buying standing room. And as Lon alone knew it, his book of letters opened the gates of Radio City. He got a job right away.

penny-pinching wonderland...

His Hollywood list of shows was impressive—Lux Theater, Guild Show, Silver Theater. Lon found himself in The Big Time, with far better radio channels than he'd ever had in Hollywood. On "Pursuit of Happiness," the Campbell Playhouse and other coast-to-coasters, he handled small roles easily. In a few weeks Lon could write home for his mother to come on and join him. They took a small apartment in Greenwich Village, on University Place, and to Lon McCallister in his eighteenth year, one of his greatest dreams had come true. He was bringing happiness to his folks who had done so much for him. The temptation was strong to stay on and carve a permanent place for himself in Radio City while he sipped up the marvels of acting on Broadway. In those months he grew perhaps more years in dramatic appreciation and with growth came confidence.

"I can do it, too," he promised himself. "I can be an actor as well as anybody else. I know it!

But there were a couple of items coming up—college and money. His trip had expanded into more expense than he had planned. For $700 he started with was melting fast. There was barely enough left to buy coach seats to Illinois and meet Grandfather and Grandmother Hocking and drive back home to Hollywood. Lon came back home broke again—and he must start college that fall—or he'd never start, he knew that.

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Lyon did. He tackled both the studios and Radio Row again. He stirred up extra calls and uncovered the best radio role he had yet had. Bob Hope was off the air. A summer show, "A Date With Judy," was set to take his place. With his Radio City record, Lyon snagged the part of Judy's boy friend. It was worth $55 a week, and it lasted all summer. The folks went back to work, and Lyon piled up his savings. When school opened, he was all set. With the extra work and occasional radio calls, he could make it.

He entered Chapman College, a small church-endowed school people have heard of. Mostly ministers' sons went there, studying to be reverends or missionaries and a larger part of the college education. He always had a theological, philosophical turn to his nature. Okay. He would separate acting entirely from his current. He would try to find out what life was all about from a spiritual view.

He would join the "divines" at Chapman. He went straight in to see the president, Dr. Cheverton. Lyon laid his case before him. He was an actor, a movie extra, a radio player. He would have to keep working to stay in college. He might have to be absent from classes, rush from his make-up kit to his desk. But he wanted a sound education along with his work. Would it be possible for him to do it at Chapman?

Dr. Cheverton was an understanding man. "I'll admit I'm surprised," he said. "We've never had an actor here before. But that's the reason I'm the more interested in you."

Lyon started his college course with "The Life and Teachings of Jesus, English, Man of the Millennium (History) and Beginnings of Philosophy."

At first, in Lyon's words, he "felt like a devil in a flock of angels," at Chapman. But he was satisfied, and like an angel in a flock of—well—not exactly angels on the studio sets. But then, they'd gone to tag him "the angel extra" because of his innocent way and youthful, cherubic face. Now, hugging his Bible to every set, Lyon lived up to his studio nickname. He had no time to waste, and every extra has plenty of spare time, waiting around set between scenes and script changes.

Lyon made life-long bosom pals, as he had at Marken. He joined a fraternity, Phi Alpha Chi. He had only thirteen members, it wouldn't be a big national, the brothers were all poor. So poor, in fact, that the frat existed without dues. Alpha Chi's "fraternity house" was the Lyon shared with others. Ben Bohrook was president, Ben was president, and Lyon was secretary. The room was at Chapman's new quarters in Whittier, a town near Los Angeles, where Lyon became a boarding student. The Navy had taken over the old campus on Vermont Avenue. Because suddenly, unbelievably, tragically, something had happened, a change in the lives not only of Chapman College students, but of every young man capable of bearing arms—Lyon McAllister included.

He had been on Catalina Island excursions that Sunday. Banners on the square, white boat announced, "In all the world no trip like this." The seat band toasted with "Avalon," and the beads. He had started with white foam and started flying fish.

Eagerly, he watched the prow head into the dock at the storied bay of Avalon. But the gang planks were usually line for the piers, razzing incoming vacationers were strangely absent. People seemed to be running away from the pier in anything but a lazy hold—most children. Just then a loud, loud board called, "Attention—all passengers! Attention all passengers!" Came
the fateful words, "The Japanese are bombing Pearl Harbor. We are at war with Japan. Enemy submarines are probably in these waters. We are returning to port immediately."

The band switched from "Avalon" to the protest strains of the Star-Spangled Banner." Lon and the other vacationers came solemnly to attention. On the way back, gray Coast Guard cutters churned the channel anxiously. At San Pedro they lifted the submarine net to let the excursion steamer in.

**home-front g.i. . . .**

Lon knew what war meant to him. Eventually, he would be in uniform. The official news came--"Carry on, even if it means doing." Unless they had military training, students were advised to remain at their studies until the Army knew what was what, and selective service got organized. Lon returned to his Chapman classes. He knew what war eventually would mean to his generation—a fight. But there was no way Lon could forego the things that it would also break the way, suddenly, dramatically, to the acting opportunity he had never dreamed of arriving for years to come.

The Chapman students got a day off to help the labor-shy grove owners harvest their orange crop. Lon played hookey. Instead of picking oranges he hurried to Hollywood. His agent, whom he had called the night before to tell him about the picture Sol Lesser was starting to cast. "There's a tailor-made part for you, Lon," he said. "I've arranged an interview with Lesser tomorrow. Get in here, if you have to walk!"

For the first time in his life, Lon had a hunch. "This is it," he told himself. Everything added up. "California," the part his agent said was a young West Coast kid, naïve, unsophisticated, angelic, a kid who'd never kissed a girl. That was funny. If anybody was a California kid, it was himself. How many times had he been razzed about his boyish, naive looks and manner? Didn't they call him "the angel extra?" As for kissing girls—Lon remembered his "romantic moment" on the hayride. He never had kissed Betty. Lon guessed he about filled the bill.

So did Producer Sol Lesser and the director who was walking the interview, observed Lon silently and strolled out. After Lon left, Frank Borzage was to come back and say, "That boy has a rare personality. He's so naive and so simple, that he looks like to Dick Barthelmess' old hit, "Tol-able David," with him."

Lon didn't know about that, of course. All he knew was what they told him. "You certainly have the looks for 'California.' But we'll have to test you. We'll call you." Then they added the line Lon had heard, oh a hundred times before in his young life. "Don't you call us?"

He wasn't cynical about that. Now, particularly, when Lon felt the way he did, there wasn't room for any feeling but confidence. He took the script home and read it to his mother and Grandmother Hocking. He took it on over to Whittier and tried it out on his roommates. They caught his enthusiasm. It became a kind of Phi Alpha Chi crusade.

At fraternity meeting the phone rang. It was Lon's mother. "You have a test this Friday," she told him. A test! In all his six years as an extra, in all the second parts in movies he'd made, Lon had never actually come to the point of an actual camera test. You can't call a guy an extra when they test him for leading parts. But when an actor then, any way you look at it, Lon exulted. Friday was four days off. That same night Lon caught the worst cold he'd had since a case of childhood pneu-

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monia sent him to the Arizona desert.

He was in bed all four days. He crawled out just in time to make the studio for his test at two o'clock. He sat around all afternoon coughing and sneezing. He was the last boy tested for the part, late that evening. Fate was certainly saying "I dare you!" The test, when it came, was over, it seemed, in a minute. Just one take.

"We'll call you," Marchand went back home, and to bed over the week-end. Monday he went back to school. He had to study his philosophy hard to keep down the jitters.

He'd never been excited like this before. The suspense lasted ten long days.

bud, you're it . . .

Lon was in studio hall when the telephone rang that evening. He knew who it was. "Hello," he said. "Mother?"

"Bud," greeted his mother in a strange voice, strange because it was choked with tears, and Madeleine McCallister never cried.

"Mother," he said, "you're crying. Don't worry, it's not that bad."

"I'm not crying because things are bad," she said. "It's—Bud—you're going to be 'California!'

After he hung up the receiver, Lon made his room in nothing flat. At the door he stopped, and looked in casually. His buddies, Ben and Jimmy and Bill, were bonging over the desk and sprawled out in chairs. "Break it up," grinned Lon in a voice he tried to make calm. "Let's get down to the Spinning Wheel for a soda."

They yawned. "Okay." The trio lined up at a table at Chapman's favorite hangout, the soda fountain, and Lon reached for the check.

"You got the part!"

"Yes!"

They jumped up and pounded him on the back until he yelled for mercy. The great day for Lon and his Alpha Chi had arrived. Lon sat there for hours pulling himself away from his pals that night, but he had to get home. He had to be with his folks. In Hedda Hopper's column he read:

"Who said that two days are gone in Hollywood? Bud McCallister, grandson of a studio gangster, has won the part of 'California' in 'Stage Door Canteen.' He'll also do a leading part in 'Angel Exteria.'"

The great days of the Angel Exteria began. They reeled off like an exciting movie. Rehearsals, fittings, make-up tests, new girl, Wilma. Lon was the part of "Lon" for as he did every girl he ever played with. A trip back to New York to shoot the picture, hampson cab rides with Marjorie through Central Park and dances at Roosevelt. Meeting in person the great stars he'd peeked at from the third balcony—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Katharine Hepburn, Helen Hayes. Playing a scene from Shakespeare with the greatest actress of them all, Katharine Cornell, in the first movie she ever made.

Lon had a great time on the set. Strange the ways of fate, he marveled, that a Hollywood extra should hear a great actress whisper, "I'm nervous!" to him when she faced the camera. Oddly enough, Lon wasn't.

At the end of the first big scene of his life, when the extras were watching him instead of the other actors, Lon realized he was to hand Lon an orange. "I'll keep it forever," he blurted impulsively.

Then he began to cry, and he couldn't stop. Applause broke out all around him on the set—they were applauding him, too, the big Broadway stars who had gathered to watch a Cornell movie debut.

Naturally, Katharine Cornell is Lon's favorite actress. True to form, he fell for her. She invited him to her home on

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Beckman Place, told him about her career and listened to her. She sent him tickets to her play, "Three Sisters," and Lon took Marjorie, going around back to Cornell's dressing room to congratulate her in, "Romeo is here," and getting back one "Juliet Awaitis!" Lon lived in a dream making "Stage Door Canteen." But, the dream went to his head. In fact, back in Hollywood he went through all the early-day agonies of a first picture part. He'd had to stop his studies at Chapman to take to the New York trip. Now he sat around fretting. In the fact, the worst blow of all was the preview. It was a sneak and none of the actors were invited. Lon stood on tiptoe in the rear with Mary and Marguerite, shoulders and necks. He missed half the picture, but what he saw dismayed him. The print was bad, the audience was mostly his, him, and that put a noisy and rude. Lon and Marjorie didn't say much on the way home. But when Lon sat with his mother at the opening in New York, he was hooted and watched the finished picture unreel, he saw a hit—no doubt about it.

What happened, of course, is Hollywood history. From the studio "Stage Door Canteen" was all and more than its creators had dreamed. If the stars and galaxy of stars had hoped for it. Soon the offers of the USA swelled from average earning profits. But on the person-ality side it was the first item important news. The actor who had stolen the picture from the greatest collection of great actors ever assembled in one movie was an extra, boy who had never had a part before! Lon McCallister.

Ard so, one morning, in a house on Mal. ju Beach, the same boy sat up in bed and smiled to himself the same shy smile that had made him famous. He couldn't sleep. He was too happy. He tiptoed into the front room, bare of furniture, and piled driftwood in the big fireplace.

A great deal had happened to Lon McCallister in a very short time. He had a contract to star at two studies. He had a bonus in trust at the bank—enough to take care of his folks when he joined the Army. He had his first starring picture, "Home in Indiana," all finished and in the cutting room, and he knew it was right. And, naturally, he had a new leading lady to fall for, an enchanting young girl, slender and attractive, quite a one, Jeanne Crain. He had a score of new and good friends, Bill Eythe, Van Johnson, Nancy Walker, Marjorie Riordan, Gene and Beth, Kelly—still had his old ones, too. He had his induction orders. He felt that whatever he became—a four-star general or "dean of the latrine"—everything was going to be okay.

He had the people he loved, his mother and grandmother and grandfather Hocking, living with him in the new house he'd found and bought, just as he'd dreamed he would.

Lon thought of all these things until the wet nose of his big Dane, "Mac," nuzzled his cheek and brought him to. Then he touched a match to the firewood and walked up and down high.

Lon heard a soft step, tiptoed up. It was his mother. A door creaked. Grandmother Hocking and Grandfather, too, came out. Granny made some coffee, and they'd sit back and talk while the sun rose out of the Pacific, bringing with it a new day, packed with hopes and promises. Promises that Lon knew now could and would be realized. True, impossible as they sometimes seemed. He was twenty. A lot had happened, but a lot more was coming up with every dawn like this. After all, a man's life is just starting when he's twenty.

Lon smiled around the firelight circle of faces he knew and loved so well. They smiled back. Nobody said much. It didn't have to. It was all pretty perfect.
oh-la-la. "I am de chanteuse de Americain" routine, Bing was the only one in his troupe who could speak French at all. He admits he'd had just a year or so in school, and that sometimes he would get stuck and have to "keep punching around until I got it. You'd be surprised, though, how quick it all comes back to you," he says, "when you want that egg."

On top of the stack of mail on his desk was a letter from a Indianapolis newspaper man. "I'd heard his broadcast about General Eisenhower wanting hominy grits and were forthwith sending the General some."

Bing had a little slip of paper out of his pocket and proudly showed it to us. It was a general Eisenhower's autograph, "Dwight Eisenhower. . . To remind you of hominy grits."

Bing grinned and said he guessed the General would be walking around up to his four stars in hominy girls ere now.

When he began tossing off notes to the G.I.'s. One to a likewise hoss-crazy captain from New York and his gang of gullant guys at the front who'd wanted Bing to find out whether or not Discovery had ever beaten Cavalade in a race. They'd had a big argument about it over there one day when Bing was there. Nobody knew, then they'd had to push on before they could settle it.

So to number 0399746 went Bing's answer that he'd checked with sports scribes here, and apparently it was because Cavalade at Belmont in 1935, when Cavalade unseated the rider at the start. "Hope this doesn't cost you too much dough."

One of the letters to a G.I. to Bing quit in mid-air—"We've just received a rush call. Sorry to close so abruptly, Bing, but you understand—"

Yeah. He understands. Guys like that are the reason you get nothing but an amazed look from Der Bingle when you speak of his own job over there. But If Bing is forever pooh-poohing his own sweetness and light, he's generous in praise of others in his troupe. Pretty Jeannie Darrell, brunette singer, formerly one of the Music Maids on his own Kraft show; curvaceous, blonde Darlene Garner, dancer and singer; droll-faced, chubby comedian Joe De Rita; and the musicians; Earl Baxter and Buck Harris.

That week in U.S.O. tour, arranged by the Hollywood Victory Committee, took them to England and clear across France, mostly trying to keep up with General Paton's Third Army during their drive toward Metz.

Bing makes his part of the trip sound as casual as though it's just another clam-bake of the fish and chowder circuit. But this singing half of the Rover Boys in the Paramount "Road" pictures got into many a situation he couldn't "pasty-cake" his way out of "Road to Metz."

It takes Jeannie and Darlene to really tell about them. "But you couldn't get down or scared at all," they say. "Bing just wouldn't let us. He subdued us clear across France."

Going over on the troop transport, they did three shows a day in the mess hall, and G.I.'s actually said they were delighted to suddenly look up on deck and see the Old Grooser standing there beside them, calmly puffing away at his pipe.

As one boy, a private from South Carolina, wrote home to his mother later, "Gee, Mom, Bing's such a regular guy. He was just like another G.I. to the rest..."
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the Jerries who, it seems, didn't like the show.

One day they were giving a show outside Nancy when two German scout planes came over.

As they circled closer, Bing looked anxiously, then sighed, "Oh-h-h, he must have read, "I thought it was the streak again."

On another occasion when the Jerries came invited to the show, Bing and the gang were parked in a convoy of jeeps and recon trundled trundled up a hill to do a show. The Colonel of the outfit had come out to meet them, and they'd just gotten under way when they heard the familiar drone of the streak again.

"That's a Jerry!" yelled the C.O. "Spread out, everybody. Get these cars apart!"

The jeeps recoiled fairly afar, and everybody got under them but fast. The plane continued on its way.

Cracked Bing as he crawled back on top of the truck again, "That Sinatra'll go anywhere."

There was one German plane that flew over the bombed village of Commercy at ten o'clock every night. Flrew so regularly that they called it "Bed Charlie."

Just Jerry coming over to be sure they were all tucked in for the night. He came over the first night Bing and the bunch landed there, and when the plane - millimeter ack-ack guns opened up all around the hotels, they weren't sure just how long they'd stay "tucked" anywhere.

**YOU GO FOR JUNE ALLYSON?**

Well, why not go get her autograph on an NAA card? Page 62 tells all.

They were supposed to learn the password when they left in the morning, as it was usually blacked out pitch black when they came back. They were simple little ditties like "Harvard" and you were supposed to say "Yale" or "Black," and you'd say "Berry."

On one occasion when Bing hadn't learned the password, they wouldn't let him go on.

"Hey, fellows, don't you know me? I'm Crosby," Bing bellowed.

The bayonets didn't budge.

Then the happy fellow told him to a guard, "Hey Mike, you know ME. I'll vouch for him, boys."

Bing learned every signal from then on.

An even fuller experience occurred during the "mind reading act" in one of the shows they gave near Metz. During this act Joe DefRita, the comedian, would go among the G.I.'s and heckle Bing.

"Tell your past... present... and future..." whispered Joe.

"You know all about the past, present and future," heckled Bing.

"Dat I do, boy. Dat I do," blarncased Bing.

"What a phonny, this guy," smirked Joe.

"Anything to make a farce."

"Go ahead, brother, and try me," insisted Bing, "I know..."

About that time the truck began to rock, and the whole group around them shook as some 240 millimeter guns opened up a barrage over them. Then a blast as the Germans tossed a shell right back.

"Brother—I'll bet you didn't know about that!" shrieked Joe.

But if dodging Jerry was nerve-wracking, the laughs they all got from the
boys as they drove up more than made up for it. The roars the G.L.'s had at just the sight of Bing with his fatigue hat turned up, hands in pockets of his field jacket, pulling the hood out of the jeep as casually as though he'd just gotten a lift to Hollywood and Vine.

Then scrambling up on the truck, nonchalantly throwing open the field jacket and revealing the wildest civvies you've ever seen. With yellow moons and blue stars all over it. The G.L.'s fairly whooped. They always asked him about Frank Sinatra, and Bing would tell them what a really good guy Frank is, but he kidded about him a lot on the show.

He'd say to Jeannie, "Hey, Jeannie, how'd you like to sing with Sinatra's father?"

"You're not kidding," said Jean. "I have only the highest esteem and admiration for him, like Sinatra only comes once in a lifetime!"

Yeah, "mourned Bing, "but why did he have to come along in MY lifetime?"

He always, and would go to the Red Valley, "Sweet Leilani," "Easter Parade," and tried to duck "White Christmas," but they always yelled for it and it soon was first on their hit (or his hit) parade.

His little speech at the end of the show always came a little hard for Der Bingle. It seemed so insufficient, somehow. There was no way you could say it. And he felt it so very, very much. You go mighty deep to find the real Crosby. Deeply religious kind . . .

compassionate.

As they wound up every show he'd grab a deep breath and take off. "You know, fellows, it's really something for a ham actor like myself to come out here and have you appreciate me. I'm the one who applauds you. Not just me—everybody at home applauds you and what you're doing. A great job. We're so very proud of you. And our one prayer is that we'll be getting this thing over and you'll all be coming home..."

Then his voice would go a little offpitch with feelings in fast with "Swingin' On A Star," to leave them feeling as happy as possible.

He would have loved to have had a star to swing on and make the country the Krauts.

It happened one Sunday when they'd finished doing a show in the pouring rain not far from the front lines. Metz had mass after the show and Bing and his buddies set up on two trucks pushed together, the priest wearing a German parachute to help keep off the rain. And Bing and the G.L.'s kneading the stomachs into the jeep, making himself as small as possible, and they got the heck out. Arriving back at the show Bing had the boys howling telling them that wasn't what he was scared exactly—But well, he came over to entertain Americans—not Germans. The rest of his own gang kept kidding him about getting a Purple Heart and win the war himself. They kept asking him, "How is it in Munich?" or "Hey, Bing, how many bows did ya take in Berlin?"

One day he was won over one of the "Hopeless" tents in a field hospital all by himself. Most of the kids were head casualties. He came back to the truck some hours later, climbed up, flashed his blue and yellow tie and went on with the same that night he told the gang, "You know, I didn't even remember doing that show."

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(Canadian address 107 Richmond St., East, Toronto, Ont., Canada)
Her lovely hair shines just like jet. No wonder she’s the brunette threat!

No Other Shampoo

LEAVES YOUR HAIR SO LUSTROUS, YET SO EASY TO MANAGE!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

No wonder—if you’re washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a soap film which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That’s why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don’t like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!

Smart; new combination . . . checks and stripes worn together! A blouse of crisp rayon over a sweater of soft, warm cotton and wool. Her lovely hair, swept up from her face in an unusual new center-part arrangement, owes its shining smoothness to Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

MAKE A DATE WITH Glamour

Tonight . . . don’t put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! Extra lustre . . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoo! Manageable hair . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of dandruff? Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.

Drene Shampoo

HAIR CONDITIONER

Product of Procter & Gamble

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
"Rather hold their hats than their hands, Honey?"

**GIRL:** Cupid dear... isn't that a sort of silly question?

**CUPID:** Silly? Listen, Child: My business is Romance. And the way you let those boys skate off without you... well, it isn't so good for business.

**GIRL:** Let them skate off? How could I stop them? I'm no glamour girl!

**CUPID:** You could have tried smiling at them! Even a plain girl can be pretty when she smiles.

**GIRL:** Not this plain girl, Cupid. My teeth—honest, I'm a one-woman dimout. I brush my teeth every--

**CUPID:** Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

**GIRL:** Well, yes, but...

**CUPID:** ...you ignore it! By the Everlasting Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see your dentist right away?

**GIRL:** But--

**CUPID:** ...because he may say your gums have gotten tender, robbed of exercise by soft, modern foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** But we were talking about my smile! Not my--

**CUPID:** Listen, Child... Ipana Tooth Paste and massage were born to help your smile! Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth helps your gums to healthier, ruddier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder teeth, a brighter smile... and somebody to hold your hat while you skate! Get started on a brighter smile today, Baby!

For the Smile of Beauty—IPANA and MASSAGE
If you want to make 1945 V-year, here's what you can do to carry your share of Victory!

Co-ed

So you think soldiers win a war? Sure, soldiers, sailors, marines and civilians behind them at home. That's you. Without you, there wouldn't be any ammunition, any morale... any victory. To make 1945 V-year, you'll have to give with everything in your power. You've got to make one big, fat resolution that will touch everything you do, and this is it: "This year I resolve to reach for the moon." Resolve to pull down a couple of A's instead of straight C's; to look your best all the time, instead of just on special occasions; to snag a beau who's top-notch, instead of just any sad sack.

You know, whether you're a pretty smooth somebody or simply a slow drizzle depends exclusively on how high you've been reaching for beauty, brains, chic. If you've been reaching way up there, your hair is bright, your lessons are done, your sweater's whistle-clean, and you're on top of the world. If you haven't been, don't cry in your Pepsi about it. Get busy, and here's how.

Beauty-wise: We won't go into specific beauty stuff, because our beauty (Continued on page 10)
WHAT A TREMENDOUS MOMENT AWAITS YOU...
When each beloved character of this great book becomes a living reality for you on the screen!

BETTY SMITH'S
A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

DOROTHY McGUIRE as Katie • JOAN BLONDELL as Aunt Sissy • JAMES DUNN as Johnny
LLOYD NOLAN as McShane • PEGGY ANN GARNER as Francie • TED DONALDSON as Neeley

AUNT SISSY ... who wasn't bad ... she was only friendly!

NEELEY ... whose world was Brooklyn ... and "alla candy you can eat"!

McSHANE ... and wasn't it an officer's duty to look after the ladies?

and JAMES GLEASON • RUTH NELSON • JOHN ALEXANDER • B. S. PULLY • Directed by ELIA KAZAN • Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis • Adapted from the Novel by Betty Smith
CO-ED
(Continued from page 6)

charts do exactly that, and they’re yours just for a stamped envelope. (See page 26.) However, we do want to good you into action. If you know you’d look slick with Dutch-boy bangs or a sleek center part or a straight-to-the-shoulder bob—okay, so be it. If you think a blue-red lipstick is your ticket, a deeper powder the answer to your sallow puss, well go blow yourself to same and see. Reach, kids. Don’t just sit around and hate your face and get an inferiority complex.

S’posing your complexion is really a problem, but you don’t think you can afford a doctor’s advice. Go and talk to the doctor, anyway. Ask if there’s a free clinic within town or bus distance. If there isn’t, ask him if he can arrange to let you pay him for his care gradually. Maybe your teeth are your greatest cross, but having them straightened is so impossible financially you don’t even consider it. Get over to the dentist and work out a deal. You’ll type for him after school and on Saturdays. You’ll answer the phone, straighten up the office, run errands. Don’t think he won’t be interested, but he’s not going to make the first move.

Brain-wise: First of all, do marks matter? If you’re dreaming of college, or a cadet nursing school, they can mean a scholarship. If you want a career in business, they may make the difference between a routine job and one filled with excitement and responsibility. Marks matter ever, ever so much, so hit the books, chums, hard and often. Maybe going to the library right after school will be the best system for you. Maybe having someone over to work with you will help. Most important rule is this: Don’t get behind in things. Get your themes in right on the nose, chem note-book all up to date, outside reading going along on schedule. Oh, that good feeling of being all caught up! Another thing. Don’t underestimate your tools. A good pen, a sharp pencil, a bright light, a comfortable chair—all these are studious making. So is time out for a Pepsi now and then, or a listen to you-know-who on Wednesday nights. Concentration tossed well with relaxation, and you’ve got something. Could be an A.

About Grooming: You know all about keeping your shoes shined and your skirts pressed. You do mean to let your mates know the second they look blearly. And gosh, you really hate a not-quite-fresh white blouse as much as the next person. You want to be well-groomed, but your reach isn’t so hot. This year, kiddie, please want to very, very, very much. Enough to make Saturday the day you get lifts and a shine—but faithfully, not just every third week. Make Saturday the day you fetch and carry clothes from and to the cleaners. How about Monday nights for a little light laundry? Or make it Tuesday. Any time as long as you stick to it. Get yourself some system, and you’ll get yourself some grooming.

About Men: Granted, you can’t just toss an eye at the biggest shot in town and expect him to fall. Still you can start paving the way for it. How? Well, from your very first date, waste no wiles on undesirables. Lads with unsavory reputations, lads the other gals scorn, lads who are just plain dull. These aren’t for you. Set your cap for someone who is someone, and “being someone” in the way we mean has nothing to do with money or social position. He may be the shy guy who writes the smooth editorials for the school paper, the unattached, undiscovered hunk

Peace terms every man should make NOW!

The war is still on . . . and will be for some time to come.

But right now—before the war ends—every man in America has an unprecedented opportunity to make terms with himself for his own peace . . . his peace of mind.

For now, as never before, a man should look at his wife and family and say, “What can I offer them for the future?”

And now, as never before, a man in America has a chance to answer this question—an opportunity to provide for the future.

That opportunity is War Bonds. No doubt you are buying War Bonds through the Payroll Saving Plan. Arrange to buy more War Bonds. All you can afford.

What’s even more important—don’t cash in those War Bonds before they mature. Stick them away in a safe place—and forget about them till you can reap the full harvest on them.

Now is the time to make your plans for peace of mind. Buy War Bonds and hold onto them!

MODERN SCREEN

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council
of muscle on the hockey team. He may be the kid who delivers groceries after school, or the one with the Beiderbecke album. Any one of the nice joes who do something, are interested in something, are going places. Sigh him, sink him, and if or when your little session goes poop by mutual consent, pick up the pieces and move on to something even fancier.

Do you understand a little better about reaching high? And do you see how important and all-inclusive a resolution it is? It even takes in clothes. This year, chickens, you get 'em good. You get one honey instead of a group of crumbs. This year you read a significant book now and then. A worthwhile piece of non-fiction that will give you something to think about. Something to talk about. You use a four-dollar word—occasionally instead of the hackneyed, easy nickel jobs. You spend your leisure being a blood donor or a Nurse's Aid. Up till now you've just thought about it. This year it happens.

We'll be watching you—a little co-eds, proudly and confidently. Start reaching today. This very minute.

**Co-Ed Question Box:**

All the boys who know me think I'm strictly okay, but I never make an impression on those casual "hello" acquaintances. How can I make them interested in knowing me better? D. C. F., Lansing, Mich.

Best thing to do is to let them observe you in action. Make up your mind which ones you're anxious to know better, and then pursue them quietly to their lair. Maybe it's the chem lab after school. Could be it's Room 303 where the literati put out the school paper. Or is it the dramatic club? It's up to you to discover what they do after three o'clock, then be there. Let them take a good long look, enchant them with your line of patter, contrive to be there every day until you're one of their crowd, and they're part of yours. That's all there is to it.

I'm an average boy with a few girl friends. I used to consider myself lucky to have a date, but this year all the girls are flocking around. All but one, that is, and she's the one I'm crazy about. She, in turn, loves my best friend who doesn't give two hoots about her. The really sad part of it is that she thinks I've told my best friend bad things about her, and that's why he doesn't like her. Imagine me saying anything bad about her! How can I make her like me? Bob M., Philadelphia, Pa.

Couldn't you and your friend cook up a double date? He'd ask the girl you like, and you'd ask some other nice girl. In the course of the evening the girl you like would see what a good guy you are—especially if you could get your best friend to play you up a bit, or give you for bright sayings. Bet you wouldn't have any trouble getting her to date you after that.

This summer I went steady with a boy from another part of the state. When he first went back home, I received a letter or phone call every day. Then the phone calls stopped, and finally the letters. In the meantime, another boy had asked me to go steady with him, and though I like him, I can't seem to forget the first one. I wrote and told him that another boy had asked me to go steady, and he answered asking me not to. I wrote back saying I wouldn't, and that was the end of the correspondence. Should I write and ask him what's wrong? I. D., Boston, Mass.

Gosh, no. You know, we gals have a way of wanting to make a long-term proposition of every summer romance, and it's not a bit smart. Of course, the boy's to

---

Sandra found shopping packed plenty of punch...

- But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair stylish till lunch!

- Why is a bobby pin? To hold your hair smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends ...and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.
I’m fifteen years old and have been going with a boy of eighteen for nearly two and a half months. I like him ever so much, and I thought he liked me, too. A few weeks ago, our class—which is all girls—gave a wiener roast, and we were to invite boys and pay their way. I invited my guy, and he went, but since then I’ve only had two dates with him. I can’t figure out the sudden chill, unless it could be that I paid for his ticket to the class party. What do you think? Marie, Toronto, Canada.

I can’t imagine any sensible boy being offended because a girl paid for his ticket to the class party. So the reason for the coolness must lie elsewhere. It may be that he’s afraid you’re getting sort of possessive. The minute you ask some boys to something, they get panic-struck. Possibly he thinks he’s using good tactics. Keeping you guessing, so to speak. Perhaps, being young and male, he’s on the jekle side and is wearying of the close companionship. In any event, don’t let him know how anxious you are. Be your josphy, friendly self when you meet, don’t let it get around that you consider yourself slighted, and under no circumstances act huffy or hurt. If anything will bring him back, it will be this quiet, undemanding lack, and if he is really lost, hold your head high and go after another lad.

I am a teen-age girl who wanted to have fun, but made the mistake of having it in the wrong way, with the wrong people. Now my reputation is so poor that the nice young people don’t want to have anything to do with me, even though I’m very anxious to behave myself. Will you ever win the neck in the movies? How can you ask a boy not to kiss you good-night without making him angry? The only place in our town for people to have fun is a tavern. The boys all want to go there, and if the girls say no, they’re considered complete flops. What to do? Dr. S. Canton, Ill.

You can live down a bad reputation, but it takes a little while. The best way we know is by completely cutting yourself off from the old crowd and by plunging into some healthy activities for all. Red Cross, USO work, church activities. You’ll make new contacts there with which to replace the old. And gradually, if you don’t want to work too fast, you’ll find yourself accepted by the town, with all the old memories of you completely erased from people’s minds. Now, to your question: Several people have always considered the back row of the movies a sort of unofficial lovers lane, but we don’t think public love-making is ever in very good taste. When your date tries to kiss you good-night, and you don’t want him to, try giving him your best smile and shake your head slowly and decisively. Or else say, “Not tonight, Bill,” leading him to believe that maybe next time. We guarantee he won’t be angry with you; just very, very intrigued. About where to go in a town like yours to have some fun. Couldn’t you go to one of the churches or to the school to let you have a couple of rooms? If necessary, go to the mayor and ask him to think up something for you. Get the townpeople interested in a club for the young people. A place where you can dance and play ping pong and have fun. Work on it, and you’ll get it—and that very activity may bring you into contact with all the people you’ve been longing to know.

June Allison
Don Amero
Mary Anderson
Dane Anderson
Jean Anson
Lynn Barl
Lionel Barrymore
Alice Brady
William Benfis
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bay	
Jill Bennett
Jean Blondell
Harry Bogen
Charles Boyer
Barbara Brooklyn
Jim Brown
Eddie Canton
Corbett Calvert
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
James Craig
Buddy Clark
Dock Groat
Rene Crosby
Xavier Cugat
Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Deanna Durbin
Cecilia de Havan
Lucille de Haviland
Tommy Dor
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante
William Eythe
Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Errol Flynn
John Garfield
Peggy Ann Garner
Paulette Goddard
Paulette Goddard
James Craig
Peggy Grant
Gary Grant
Bonita Granville
Katharine Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet
Alan Hale
Darce Hart
Sage Haas
June Hav
Andy Hardy
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Paul Henre
Don Ameche
William Hopper
John Hodiak
Bob Hope
Marsha Hunt
Wallis Healthy
Bette Hutton
Bob Hutton
Richard Jaeckel
Harold Javitch
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson
Jennifer Jones
Brenda Joyce
Danny Kaye
Ome Kelt	
Kay Kyser
Alan Ladd
Claire Lefter	
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Frances Lang	
Jean Lansing
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn
Roddy McDowall
Lionel Mc Mt<br><br>Chicago & Illinois
Perma-Lift Bra-Slettes
The Lift That Never Let's You Down
Another Hickory Success

Perma-Lift, Inc.
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I understand I am to enclose 25c for each autographed card but that only $1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is

I live at

City

State

Jude NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9156 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

Loretta Young
Robert Young
Valentines! from Warners!

62 Hollywood Stars! 3 Sensational Bands in "Hollywood Canteen"

Song! "Don't Fence Me In!"
Song! "Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart!"
Song! "And Many More!"

It's a wonderful, wonder-filled love story too!

Humphrey Bogart with Lauren Bacall and Walter Brennan
in Ernest Hemingway's "To Have and Have Not"

Errol Flynn

Objective Burma

William Prince, James Brown, Geo Tobias, Henry Hull, Warner Anderson

Roses are red, Violets are blue
WARNER BROS. made these hits for you!

Jack L. Warner, Executive Producer
at Acapulco. Those beauties in bathing suits give him ideas. Hey, Donald, come back here! Donald! Oh, well... —RKO.

**P. S.**

One of those all-too-few full length Walt Disney pictures. But this one is entirely different from any he's done before. It's a combination of cartoons and real action that is fascinating and beautiful to watch. Disney has worked for five years on this process. It is as new and revolutionarily as the advent of sound and color. This process enables Senior Donald Duck to do the Samba-Jongo with glorious Aurora Miranda of Brazil and enables the Flying Serape with the three Caballeros aboard to swoop over the famous beach at Mexico's Acapulco, teeming with dozens of pretty señoritas... You'll love Panchito. This is his debut in films, and we hope Mr. Disney will bring him back many times. Jose Carioca, the Brazilian parrot who played in "Saludos Amigos," does his second bit for the screen. Donald Duck is already established in the hearts of all Americans. Those are the three Caballeros... Aurora Miranda of Brazil, Carmen Molina and Dora Luz of Mexico—three of Latin America's most famous musical stars—are introduced to American audiences in this film. The running time of "The Three Caballeros" is seventy-two minutes—at the end you'll wish it were twice seventy-two... We'd like to bring you more notes about the production but, as you no doubt realize, Mr. Disney's process for this filming is one of the biggest and most closely guarded secrets in Hollywood!

**GOD IS MY CO-PILOT**

Some pilots call it luck—the thing that brings them through on a thousand to one chance. But after a dozen years of flying a man may come, as Colonel Robert Scott does, to the conclusion that it's God. The story of the years that lead up to that conclusion is also the saga of American aviation, and the men in it. It will make you proud, and it may also make you cry.

Dennis Morgan plays Colonel Scott with warmth and real sincerity. From the time he's a boy, Scott is determined to be a pilot. He decides that the best way to get a permanent commission in the Air Corps is to go to West Point. He gets there not by a political appointment, but the hard way—by enlisting in the regular Army and passing a competitive examination.

He is then assigned to Randolph Field for flight training. That is all very fine except that his fiancée, Catherine (Andrea King) lives thirteen hundred miles away. Which doesn't stop Scott from seeing her—he commutes twenty-six hundred miles on weekends till she marries him. In 1934, Scott is assigned to the job of flying the mail. Those are tough years. The routes are dangerous, the planes inadequate and the weather is the worst in history. But when Scott is through, he knows more about flying than most pilots learn in a lifetime.

The Japs attack Pearl Harbor, and Scott wants to get in on the fighting. He's thirty-four now, and that's too old for combat duty, or so everyone tells him. He keeps on asking and at last is assigned to a B-17 and sent off to the Far East. There he manages to attach himself to the staff of General Chennault and to the company of the Flying Tigers.

They are a great bunch, particularly Tex (John Ridgely) and Ed (Dane Clark). There is a missionary priest, too, called Big Mike (Alan Hale), whom Scott likes a lot. Scott becomes known as the "one-man air force," and the Japs duck for cover when they see him coming. One day he is flying Big Mike over to Kweiyand, and... But I want you to see that flight for yourself. It effectively demonstrates the truth of the picture's title—War...

**P. S.**

The best seller, "God Is My Co-Pilot," had its beginning some twenty-six years ago when Robert Lee Scott, Jr., took his umbrella in hand and made his first crash landing from the roof of the family barn... But Colonel Scott didn't actually get the idea and the title for this autobiography until some twenty-four years later in the room of a flight surgeon in China. The Colonel had been out for his afternoon of Jap hunting and had collected five rivet heads in his right shoulder. A Jap twenty-seven mm. cannon shell hit the back of his armour plate and knocked the rivet heads loose and installed them in the flyer's hide. The Colonel had been taken to the flight surgeon to have the metal removed. Since there was no anesthetic, the doctor kept talking to keep his patient's mind off his wounds...
mind from the pain. The doctor found it hard to believe that one man could handle a fighter ship alone—fire the guns, drop the bombs, change fuel tanks and keep the radio operating. But the surgeon answered his own question, "No, you're not up there alone. You have the greatest co-pilot in the world." And there was the idea for the book and the title... forty-three sets for the picture, more than 10,000 different items—pipes, spectacles, swords, etc. This job fell on Lee Sheldon of the prop department. Exterior and aerial scenes were done at Luke Field, Arizona... Colonel Scott wrote to Gen. Claire Chennault requesting photos of the village which had been headquarters of the Flying Tigers. From these pictures the little village was faithfully reproduced at Warner Bros.

MUSIC FOR MILLIONS

Umbrago—that's my boy! Or, in other words, Jimmy Durante's here again. "Music For Millions" comes to life with a bang every time he appears, and he steals scenes from Jose Iturbi without half trying. "It's Toscanini, Iturbi and Me!" according to one of Durante's songs, and I'm only surprised that he gives the other two top billing.

He doesn't steal any scenes from June Allyson or Margaret O'Brien, though. As Babs Ainsworth and her baby sister, Mike, they'll walk right into your heart. Babs, who plays the bass viol in Iturbi's symphony orchestra, is faced with the same problem as lots of American girls today. Her husband is in the South Pacific, and she's going to have a baby. She is delighted when little Mike drifts in from Connecticut and announces that she wants to stay with her big sister. But the situation does present difficulties. The club where the orchestra girls live has a "no children," rule, so they have to smuggle Mike in and out and pop him into the bass viol case when the landlady comes around. Then at rehearsal Mike is apt to interrupt one of Mr. Iturbi's most complicated numbers by lugging a stool across the platform for sister Babs to sit on. After all, it's hard work standing there holding that big bass viol. "And you don't want to be sick in bed when the baby comes," Mike tells Babs wisely.

Andrews (Jimmy Durante), the symphony's manager, swears that he and Mike are deadly enemies, but that doesn't prevent him from seeing that she gets her favorite kind of ice cream and even tucking her into bed on occasion. Babs' particular friends, Rosalind (Marsha Hunt), Marie and Helen are worried about Babs. She hasn't heard from her husband in months, and it's getting her down. So they dream up a scheme to fix things, at least temporarily. It involves Marie's disreputable uncle (Hugh Herbert), and he's the funniest character in the whole picture.

The cast includes Harry Davenport, Marie Wilson, Helen Gilbert and Larry Adler. The music, of course, is magnificent.—M-G-M.

P.S.

The music in this is really for the millions. Under the able direction of Jose Iturbi, the music includes Grieg's "Piano Concerto," the Fourth Movement of Dvorak's "New World Symphony," the Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's "Messiah," Mussorgsky's "Clair de Lune" and Victor Herbert's "March of the Toys."... Blond, vivacious June Allyson marks a milestone in her promising motion picture career with this role, for it is her first straight dramatic part. June was signed by Metro eighteen

Are you in the know?

Try this often, if you aim to be—

- A good skate
- A pretty Kitty
- Queen of the Ice Follies

You're on thin ice, complexion-wise, without a daily workout. If you'd be a pretty Kitty, get that out-of-doors glow... it makes your skin look smoother, clearer. And you needn't skip those skating sessions on certain days. Moderate exercise is helpful—and comfortable, with Kotex. Kotex gives you the kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. Unlike flimsy napkins, Kotex stays soft, while wearing. You get hours of chaseless comfort with Kotex sanitary napkins.

Would you say this character was—

- Slightly balmy
- Learning sign language
- Getting glamour-hands

Time on your hands is well spent. Glamour-hands can be yours by faithfully massaging each finger with a softening cream. (Pretend you're smoothing on a snug glove.) Shrewd grooming helps to banish self-consciousness. So, too, on calendar days, self-consciousness departs when you're shrewd enough to choose Kotex. Kotex is different from thick, stubby napkins because Kotex has flat, tapered ends that don't show. So no revealing lines can ruffle your smoothness, your poise.

For fearless tweezing, should you—

- Soften brows with hot water
- Spread skin taut
- Use quick, firm pull

When weeding out wayward eyebrows—weep no more, my lady. Just follow the routine given above. (All three answers are correct.) By the way, did you know that Kotex offers three answers to napkin needs? Yes, only Kotex comes in three sizes—for different women, different days. There's Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. And all three sizes of Kotex have that special 4-ply safety center that gives you extra protection.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins put together

months ago. She was brought to Holly-
wood from New York where she had been
a singer and dancer in musical comedies . . . After completing his role in this pic-
ture, Jimmy Durante returned to New
York for a three-months’ record-breaking
engagement at the Copacabana Club and a
personal appearance at the Capitol Theater . . . Marsha Hunt returns to her home let
for this one. Marsha has been working at
Columbus since completing “Lost Angel”
for Metro several months ago . . .
Hugh Herbert does another terrific bit of comedy.
Hugh is perfect as the inebriated
forger, Marie Wilson’s Uncle Ferdinand.
. . . This picture marks the reunion of the
producer-director team of Joe Pasternak
and Henry Koster, the two responsible for
much of the success of Deanna Durbin’s
early pictures. It also brings scenario
writer Myles Connolly together again with
two of his cronies—Pasternak and Koster.

HANGOVER SQUARE

We are going to miss Laird Cregar. He
was one of the best of the younger char-
acter actors, as you know from his per-
formance in “The Lodger.” “Hangover
Square” is another classic of murder re-
sulting from a twisted mind, with Cregar
giving a superb performance.

Split personality has served as the key-
stone for many a movie plot, from the
first “Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde” on down.
In this new picture it provides an eerie
motif for a story of London in 1903. Han-
over Square was a sort of London-type
Greenwich Village at that time, artists,
writers and musicians live there—some
successful, some starving. George Bone
(Laird Cregar) is halfway up the ladder.
He has written classical music which has
achieved considerable notice and is now at
work on a concerto that should really
make him famous. But George’s intense
concentration on his work does odd things
to his mind. Sometimes his consciousness
seems to take a holiday, leaving his body
to carry on by itself. George doesn’t
know what he does during these blank
periods, and it worries him. He confides
his worries to his friend, Barbara (Faye
Marlowe), and she goes with him to see a
famous nerve specialist, Dr. Middleton
(George Sanders).

The doctor is reassuring. He thinks a
new interest, some hobby unconnected
with the concerto, will fix George. It’s
doubtful if he had in mind an interest like
Netta (Linda Darnell), would-be night
club singer, but when George meets her
the next night, he thinks she’s just what
the doctor ordered. Netta goes to work on
him in a very thorough fashion, for she
recognizes that he can help her get where
she wants to go. In a month’s time the
concerto lies in a corner, dusty and forgot-
ten, while George writes popular tunes for
Netta. She uses him as a stepping stone
to fame, and, incidentally, to marriage
with a well-known producer. George’s
blank periods begin to come back, this time
in a more sinister form. Gradually it be-
comes plain that murder accompanies
them. The climax is inevitable—and terrify-
ing!—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Take one homicidal maniac roaming the
foggy London streets at night, a cheap
music hall singer with ambition, add mur-
cder, arson, excitement, suspense and terror,
and you have “Hangover Square.” . . .
When producer Robert Bassler decided to
put this story on celluloid, he chose Barre
Lyndon to make the screen c•••• picture be-
cause Lyndon is a born Londoner who has
written half a dozen best selling mystery
novels . . . The first big problem was secur-
ing an original piano concerto—that music
which is an integral part of the story. It
had to be so good it could be played by
New photographic effects had to be devised
to give audiences some insight into the
workings of an insane mind. Joseph Las-
shelle, A. S. C., new to the industry and
one of the most progressive of Hollywood
photographers, has used the camera in a
revolutionary manner to capture this eeri-
ness. To tell you how might spoil the pic-
ture for you. When you see, I pulped
my copy to go on, and couldn’t. The
orchestra was still playing.

Then from the half-darkened au-
dience, came a girl’s voice, sing-
ing the song. The spotlight swept
from me to the voice and focussed upon
a very pretty young lady. I stood
numbly. It wasn’t until she’d
finished that song, as well as five en-
cores, that I recognized her.

I escorted her back to her table and
thanked her for helping me. She
acknowledged my appreciation by quip-
ning, “I thought perhaps you’d
seen me and become frightened.”
Thanks again, Martha Raye.

William C. Lane,
Jackson, Michigan.

FLISCO SAL

Turhan Bey is just the lad for this color-
ful, exciting story of the Barbary Coast.
As the owner of the garish dive called The
First Dollar, he strolls around giving
crowds the eye to Susanna Foster
with equal aplomb. Susanna plays Sally,
New England choir singer who comes to
San Francisco in search of information
on the reporter and singer of her brother.

Sally has a clue, such as it is. She has
heard that he frequented a place which
served duck stuffed with orange. This
leads her straight to The First Dollar,
and Dude Perente (Turhan Bey). Sally
thinks she’ll get a job there and do a little
(Continued on page 18)
Your soft, gentle hands
make memories... like moonlight.
So through these busier-
than-ever days let Trushay
help keep your hands appealing.
Always smooth it on before your
everyday tasks.

Trushay's the "before-hand" idea
in hand care. A rich, creamy
heavenly-fragrant lotion...
different from all others.
It guards soft hands, even
in hot, soapy water. See for
yourself... today.

TRUSHAY
The
"Beforehand"
Lotion

PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS
...Owes its great popularity to its consistent high quality and fine flavor.

Beech-Nut GUM

Until final Victory, you may not always find this delicious gum at your dealer's. Our fighting men are now getting most of it.

Rosalind (Rita Hayworth), and her story starts back before the war. She and Judy (Janet Blair) are rehearsing one day when a young man named Tommy (Marc Platt) comes in looking for a dancer's job. He makes up his steps as he goes along, and the directress doesn't think much of that system. But Rosalind and Judy persuade her to take him on, and by the time the blitz comes, he is their co-star.

There are plenty of nights when the bombing is so heavy that the audience shares the actors' shelter under the stage. It is one of these nights that Rosalind meets RAF Squadron Leader Paul Lundy (Lee Bowman). He starts an immediate campaign for her affections, but Rosalind thinks he's just another wolf, and he doesn't make much progress. Tommy, however, sees that underneath her casual manner, Rosalind is really falling for Paul, and he is bitterly jealous.

Paul is sent away on a secret mission, and when she doesn't hear from him, Rosalind is so unhappy that she realizes she is in love with him. He comes back safely, with a ten-hour leave in London, and how do you think they spend it? Walking four white horses all through the streets! Honest! You'll have to see the picture to find out the explanation, but you were going to do that anyway, weren't you?—Col.

P. S.

This picture is incidentally notable in that it presents the cinema's first stellar all-redhead dance team, consisting of Rita Hayworth and Marc Platt. The latter is Columbia's recruit from the cast of Broadway's "Oklahoma!" This preponderance of redheads was tough on Janet Blair. In order to avoid a measure of chromatic confusion, Janet had her red hair changed to blond for the period of the shooting schedule. She reverted right back to red again, however, as soon as her performance was concluded... Marc Platt's Hitler dance should do for him what Gene Kelly's "alter ego" routine did for him. Marc can—and does—improvise dancing to anything. To the rhythm of the loom, to anything that comes in on the radio, to Hitler's rantings of the period. The dance is highly acrobatic and wholly original. But with all the dancing there is in this picture, there isn't a tap step in the whole show. The studio figured that everything that could be done with taps had been done. This is different... Look closely at Rita Hayworth's complexion. This time she was made up throughout with the new "one-shot" powder method devised by Clay Campbell. It consists of using assorted face powders of yellow, pink and green tints, singly and in various combinations, ahead of each shot during the day. This enables the subject's complexion to conform more closely to the lighting of each shot than is possible with all day greasepaint... However, Mr. Campbell doesn't recommend his new green powder for street wear!

FLAME OF BARBARY COAST

When a gambling cowboy tries to take over the Barberry Coast just to impress a gorgeous blonde, you're bound to have excitement. Particularly when the cowboy is John Wayne. That lad is two feet five of drawing dynamite. "Flame of Barbery Coast" possesses the added distinction of being one picture where you don't know till the very end which guy is going to get the girl. The girl is Ann Dvorak, and the other man is Joseph Schildkraut, who turns in an exceptionally smooth performance as Tito Morell. Tito owns El Dorado, the fanciest gam-
SONJA HENIE, STAR OF THE INTERNATIONAL PICTURE "IT'S A PLEASURE!

Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury—Wonderful Skin

Yes, one cream to do all that cleansing or cold cream can do—and much more!

Thrill to its cleansing power, to the miraculous new softness, smoothness of your skin! Use it as a powder base to look especially special. It works in the night against dryness like a charm! And only Woodbury has "Sterich", constantly purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Use Woodbury! Watch your happy skin (and man) respond! 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

FREE PICTURES!
Here's something for you swooners—a chance to get a picture of your favorite—and for FREE! Yup, we've got 2500 pix of Messers Sinatra, McCallister and Johnson, plus Misses Crain and Allyson. Whip over to page 22 and see how you can get one.

P. S.
This is the first picture for Dvorak since her return from London where she has been ambulance driving for more than two years. . . Wayne, just back from a tour of the South Pacific where he was constantly under fire, said he far preferred the danger from the Japs to the dangers around the set during the earthquake scenes. Some of the highest paid prop and stunt men in the business were hired for these sequences.

The walls and ceilings had to be destroyed on split second timing to avoid serious injury to the players. . . Larry Ceballos, who directed the dances, studied dancing of the 1906 period for weeks before he started rehearsals with his company. He was determined they should be authentic. . . Joe Schiefkraut returns to the screen in this one. Joe plans to alternate between the movies and Broadway. He will do one picture a year for Republic, then train back to New York for the remainder of the season. . . Arlyn Roberts was hired as an extra for the picture. When studio bosses saw the rushes, they signed her to a long-term contract. . . Much credit for this picture should go to Walter Schieff (Academy Award winning musical director) for his background music. Much of the authenticity is given the film by the old favorites which Mr. Schieff dug out of an old trunk in the Republic attic, dusted off and worked into a catchy tune.
FREE PORTRAIT!

Did you read our Editorial on page 29? If you haven’t, better skip over to it right now! As Al Delacorte says, we’re having this fashion survey for you specially. We want to help you find just the kind of clothes you crave, as well as give you the complete dope on what’s new every month and help you out personally with your clothes problems via our Fashion Department. But first we have to know what sort of things you like and wear. And to show you how really important this is to us, we’ve got a supply of 2500 pictures of your favorite stars to send you for FREE! Yes, we’ve got glossies of Frankie, Van Johnson, Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain and June Allyson to send you. All you have to do is fill out the following Questionnaire and mail it off to us not later than the 20th of February, but hurry, ’cause the pix won’t last long.

questionnaire

How many skirts did you buy last year?
Sweaters? .............................................. Suits?
Blouses? ............................................... Coats?
Dresses? ............................................... Evening dresses?

What is the most you would pay for a dress? .................................................. The least?
The amount you usually spend?

Do you ever make your own dresses? .................................................. Sweaters?

How many hats do you have?
What is the most you would spend for a hat? .................................................. The least?
The amount you usually spend?

Which of the following would you wear on a date? (check one)
skirt and sweater ................................. pastel wool
black crepe

Which of the following would you wear to school? (check one)
slacks .................................................... wool suit
skirt and sweater ..................................... silk dress

Which of the following would you wear to the office? (check one)
tweed suit ............................................... tailored dress

Which of the following would you wear to an evening party? (check one)
bouffant evening dress ......................... slick, sophisticated evening dress
short evening dress

What kind of coat or coats do you have? Fur ........................ Cloth
Sport .................................................. Cloth with fur trim ........................ Imitation fur

What is the most you would spend for a coat? .................................................. The least?
The amount you usually spend?

Do you buy or read any fashion magazines? (If so, name the mag or mags)

Which one of the following stars’ pictures would you like us to send you (Check ONE ONLY)
Frank Sinatra  □  Van Johnson  □  Lon McCallister  □
Jeanne Crain  □  June Allyson  □

My name is .............................................. Age ................
My address is ......................................... City  ......... Zone .... State ...

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
Here's a New Lazy-Way to REDUCE—Quickly and Safely

10-Day Miracle Diet—Lose 10 Pounds in 10 Days!—and Still Eat 3 Delicious, Satisfying Meals a Day; Not Do a Bit of Extra Exercise!

PARTIAL CONTENTS

I. THE SURE WAY TO REDUCE

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. Have you ever reduced quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pangs, no slugs, groans or pain?

II. HOW YOU CAN CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

Worlds that make speedy weight reduction safe.

Exercise Is a Practical Joke. Why exercise alone is a poor way to reduce.

No Drugs, No Sweat, No Charge. Why you can ignore calorie-burning diets, reducing drugs, dangerous fasting etc.

Counting Calories Isn't Enough. "Gallbladder calories" that slim you faster.

DON'T GET SLIM

Cocktail Calories. The strange "caloric fallacy" in building fat.

III. YOU CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

Worlds that make speedy weight reduction safe.

Two-Minute Calorie-Counting Table. A 1-gram chart showing kinds of calories in 30 most diets, 4 kinds of milk, 10 kinds of fruits, 10 kinds of vegetables, 20 kinds of meats, 10 kinds of cereal grains, 10 kinds of corrective foods, 7 kinds, 11 ounces, 18 "little things," 10 beverages.

IV. YOU COUNT YOUR VITAMINS THE EASY WAY

Infants, Chilhood, Adolescents, Adults.

V. EAT FOR BEAUTY, CHARM AND—YES, REALITY—SEX APPEAL

Nuts, Seeds, Vegetables, Fruits, etc.

VI. EATING FOR "OMPHY"

Food and Glamour. Relation of what you eat to personal appearance, vitality, sex appeal.

What This Book Is Doing for Others

"Last the specified 15 lbs. in 10 days. Feel better than in years."—Wisconsin.

"My sister is very short, weighed 136. Was so thrilled to be losing weight, would even get up in the night to weigh herself. Now weighs 120, is healthier, happier."—Michigan.

"Kindly forward me the book. Have a friend who lost 24 lbs., is now over so much better in health, appearance."—California.

"Most sensible way to reduce I have ever seen. I'm a registered nurse and can fully appreciate sensibility of this means."—Massachusetts.

"Lose 15 lbs. in 41 days. Compliments to your book."—West Virginia.

What This Book Can Do For You

Mr. and Mrs. FUNK, 354 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me—In a plainly wrapper—"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" for 5 days FREE EXAMINATION. If I keep the book I will send you $2.00 more actual postage. Otherwise I will return it without further obligation.

Name

Address

City

State

Mail Free Examination Coupon at once.

FIELD FUNK, Inc., Dept. RX33, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

YES, it's true—this new 10-Day MIRACLE DIET—thanks to latest discoveries in weight control! Now—WHETHER A MAN OR A WOMAN—you can lose 10 pounds in 10 days, 30 pounds or more within 3 months—comfortably, pleasantly, healthfully. WITHOUT dieting, exercise, vomiting, vomiting dangerous pills or drugs. WITHOUT sweating in steam baths or spending money for massages. WITHOUT suffering the dizziness, nausea, and torture of self-imposed starvation!

You'll eat three delicious, fully-satisfying meals a day, including a big breakfast. You'll be allowed to "snack" between meals. This new scientific lazy-way—described in the fascinating book, "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim," by Donald G. Cooley—brings you a slender, more attractive figure, and also greater health and beauty! Your skin becomes smoother, clearer... your hair softer, more lustrous... your eyes more sparkling. You have more energy, pep, get-up-and-go.

What Is This Amazing Secret?

The whole secret lies in your food—not just how much, but also which kinds. And it isn't (as you may have imagined) merely a matter of "calories." It's the kind of calories that makes the difference!

Some foods are high in fat-producing calories. Others are high in energy-producing calories. If you merely cut down on the amount of food, you are being sure to get more energy-calories than fat-calories—you don't lose weight at all. Your body simply "slows down"—and continues to store fat!

Many people think they know about calories. But do they? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half a slice of cake? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, the cake would give you 15 times as many precious ENERGY-calories. Yet the total number of calories in each is roughly the same!
MODERN SCREEN’S PICTURE QUIZ

Something new has been added. Pictures new and old, questions simple and bold, a chance to test your memory and sharpen your wits. Pick the correct answer from the four listed under each pic, giving yourself one point for each. You’re a genius if you score between 9-12. So-So if you hit between 6-9 and Pffft below 6. Answers on page 94.

1. Umbriago’s pal keeps yelling:
   a. “I want to be alone.”
   b. “Come up ‘n’ see me sometimes…”
   c. “Everybody wants to get into the act!”
   d. “My little chickadee!”

2. His ex-wife used to be known as Phyllis Isley, now she’s:
   a. Lorraine Day
   b. Dolores Moran
   c. Jennifer Jones
   d. Cheryl Crawford

3. The Captain’s given his heart and his name to:
   a. Annie Sheridan
   b. Phyllis Thaxter
   c. Belita
   d. Jane Wyman

4. Norma thrilled the world as the 14-year-old:
   a. Marie Antoinette
   b. Irina
   c. Elizabeth Browning
   d. Juliet

5. She’s wed to a “Young Man With a Horn”:
   a. Betty Grable
   b. Land Turner
   c. Marlene Dietrich
   d. Ida Lupino

6. He won his Oscar in 1940 for playing:
   a. Mr. Pitt
   b. Mr. Chips
   c. Count of Monte Cristo
   d. The Ghost Who Went West

7. Lassie enjoys:
   a. $125.00 per week
   b. Love of the theater
   c. Unlimited quantity
   d. Gratis

8. Melvyn Douglas’ wife is a:
   a. Housewife
   b. D.A.R.
   c. Congresswoman
   d. Vegetarian

As I read his letter over and over, I could almost hear Jim say, “Your lovely hair won my heart the first day I met you.”

And yet, a short time ago my hair was duller than any girl’s in the office. Then one day I heard them talking about Nestle Colorinse. “I use it after every shampoo,” one of them said. “Why Colorinse has made my hair really glow with richer color and sparkling highlights. Made it silkier, too, and gave it a soft, luscious sheen.” Would Colorinse do that for my hair? I wondered. That very night I tried it and—

What a breath-taking difference in my hair! Jim says though he’s thousands of miles away he’ll never forget its loveliness. Why don’t you let Nestle Colorinse make your hair more glamorous, too?

P.S. For your next permanent, ask for an Opalescent Creme Wave, by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

Nestle COLORINSE

In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

Keep Hair in Place All Day Long

For that well-groomed look, whether you wear your hair up or down—a delicately perfumed hair lacquer. Just a few drops of hairlac will keep your curls in place throughout the day. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢

Nestle HAIRLAC
It's easy to make up
with "Pan-Cake"... just a few seconds to create a lovelier, younger-looking beauty!

* It creates a lovely new complexion
* It helps conceal tiny complexion faults
* It stays on for hours without re-powdering

For an exciting new beauty adventure, try Pan-Cake today, tonight... you'll be thrilled with your very first make-up for your new complexion will look soft, smooth, clear and youthful. Remember, there is only one "Pan-Cake"... the original, created by Max Factor Hollywood for Technicolor pictures, the stars, and you.

Pan-Cake* Make-Up
AN EXCLUSIVE FORMULA PROTECTED BY U.S. PATENT NOS. 2034697-2101834

originated by Max Factor Hollywood
Jack was handsome... Cindy was lonesome...

so I told her my complexion secret

Now she has that Ivory Look...

why not take this tip for a lovelier complexion?

Start today to get that Ivory Look—a softer,
smooth, younger-looking complexion.
It's easy—with Ivory Soap. Just follow
baby's beauty routine. Give up careless cleansings
and change to regular, gentle Ivory care.

That's all! You can't buy a purer soap than mild
Ivory. It's the sure way to a prettier complexion.
Ivory has no coloring, medication or strong perfume
that might irritate your skin. And more doctors advise
it than all other brands put together!

More doctors advise Ivory
than all other brands put together...99\% Pure...It Floats

Urgent request from Uncle Sam: Help conserve vital war materials used in making soap.
Don't waste Ivory—make every cake do extra work.
TO OUR READERS...

Will one of you girls step up and go through my pockets? I want you all to be sure that I have none of my usual bum jokes or puns concealed about my person.

You see, this month I am in deadly earnest, because I am talking about the woman I love (one of them, anyway)—Jean Kinkead.

If you read Jean's Co-Ed (p. 6) regularly, you know a great deal about her. You know she loves people. You know, too, that she approaches your problems with a happy combination of common sense, sympathy and humor.

But you may not know that Jean has a husband in the Pacific; a curly-headed little son named Layng, of all things; a black dog; a big house to run; and that the Kinkead byline appears regularly in Charm, Vogue, Cosmopolitan and Colliers! (Common sense, humor, sympathy! Jean needs a full measure of all three!)

Anyway, that's your girl-friend. That's the wonderful person who last month took over Marge Bailey's fashion pages in MODERN SCREEN. And if I say so myself, something new has been added.

Yes, for a change, Jean doesn't give a hoot in hell what the Duchess of Windsor wore to the opera. For a change, her sole interest is you. (Continued on page 108)
The Haymes are just folks—spaghetti dinners on the library floor, rescuing jr, from the medicine chest, housebreaking purps.

Almost a pro, Dick perfected his fishing technique in Canada where he studied to be a Jesuit, can't bear thought of hunting. Admits dab of cologne at midday perks him up till eve.

Baby Helen yawns when Dad yodels, croons in ecstasy over Crosby. A model hubby, Dick's a whiz at recalling anniversaries, etc., but drives Joanne nuts using neckties as belts, losing sleep in all-night poker sessions.

Dick's huge steak yen has to be satisfied in eateries—wife lost their ration books! Phone him and either Joanne or his manager answers—he becomes speechless at phone! Catch his next pic, "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe."
Originally weighing 125, 105-pound Joanne loses weight with each baby, attends ballet class for mothers to tighten muscles. When son Skipper started talking, he aped the weird jabber Mom uses for kids, now has trouble recognizing real English!

Hang a harvest moon low in the West to indicate the tender hours after midnight. Turn your calendar back to September, 1941. Seat a boy and a girl in a car discussing their future.

Said the girl, “I’ve worked fairly hard to get started on as much of a career as I have. I want to go on with it after I’m married. Would you mind?”

Said the boy, “I’ll say I wouldn’t mind. I believe in careers for girls, married or single.” Yes, that’s what he said, but Dick Haymes confessed to Joanne about two years later that he hadn’t really meant his answer as she understood it. He believed in a career for wives, definitely, but the career was motherhood.

And so in September they were married and moved joyously into their apartment. It had been an unfurnished apartment, and it remained one-third that way. Dick’s mother supplied the newlyweds with a set of dishes, a table and chairs for the dinette. She furnished the (Continued on following page)
Shirley averages 8 in high school; gets A's between pics. Subjects include biology, chemistry, history, Eng., lit., and French. Wants to study science at college for 2 years.

Mom never exactly puts the clamps on, she just looks. And Shirley knows when she's licked.
Shirley Temple was a tired girl; she and her parents and a publicity man had been working their way back from the East after the opening of "Since You Went Away." They were attending Bond rallies, giving interviews, posing for photographers, making themselves charming in the manner demanded by fans, buyers of Bonds, etc., etc. But one evening, in a mid-west city, Shirley and her mother faced each other. "I'm exhausted," said Shirley.

Mrs. Temple was too tired to speak. She just looked. Then she went to the telephone. After protracted conversation she came back with The Word. She and Shirley could catch a late train to Chicago that afternoon, but there was space for only two. Mr. Temple and the rest of the party would then have to catch a later conveyance. (Continued on page 113)
"I OUGHT TO BOX HIS

by Hedda Hopper

One of life's most embarrassing moments came on "Royal Scandal" set when 75 visiting Marines spied Bill in Hussar's uniform. Let go with whistles, catcalls. Above, with Taloo Bankhead.

We call him the Brash Brat. In affection, let me hasten to add, before you readers come gunning for me. Tallulah Bankhead started it, and I pretty soon saw what she meant.

"That Brash Brat'll be a star when 'A Royal Scandal' comes out!"

"Who's the Brash Brat?"

"Bill Eythe, of course. But don't get me wrong, Hedda. I adore the so-and-so—"

So I ran the item in my column; that, according to Taloo, Eythe was headed for stardom.

Next day he called. "Hi, honey! Thanks for the blossoms."

Hi, honey! And he younger than my own son! Was I sore? Are you kidding? I loved him for it.

The guy has an undeniable way with him. Lubitsch produced "A Royal Scandal," and Lubitsch, Lord knows, is no sentimentalist. But one day he stopped Bill on the set.

"Are you an orphan?"

"God forbid. Why?"

"If you were, I'd adopt you." From then on, he was Pops to Bill.

Here's the topper, though. Taloo gave a party. Bill hates big shindigs, but he went. So did Garbo. As a kid he'd seen her in "Romance" and never got over it. They were introduced. He stood like a moonstruck calf and couldn't say boo. I felt like yelling, "Hi, honey!" [hope I got credit in heaven for keeping my trap shut].

"What do you do?" she asked.

"Glug—'manactor—"

"Where do you work?" (Continued on page 101)

That Bill Eythe! Tells lies to his very own milkman and has the brass to "honey" Hedda Hopper . . . and make her love it!
By George Benjamin

In Honolulu, she spotted sailor from home town, Detroit, promptly kissed him. When 3 Marine sergeants bragged they could date her, their company took them up on it. Invalided home, they phoned her, got date!

After one week's rest from trek, Betty started new picture at Pbr. Sister Marian came out to spend Christmas with her and Mom, making it first time in 7 years the whole family's been together at Yuletide.

"Winging in by Army plane to do first big show on Saipan was one of biggest thrills of 8-week tour. Took off on trip immediately after finishing "Here Come the Waves."

The Marines laundered her undies; a couple thousand GI's kissed her lipstick off; a Jap sniper took a potshot . . .
High in the sky over the glassy Mid-Pacific a giant C-54 droned lazily along. Flights of roaring escort fighters with stars on their wings swooped across its nose and darted behind the tail, and inside the cabin a wide-eyed blonde girl you'd know anywhere perched in the co-pilot's seat. Her slightly snubby nose swung around in all directions, and her big blue eyes kept their shutters wide-open. She wasn't missing a trick.

Miles down below, a funny-shaped island ringed with white surf passed under the wings.

“What's that?” asked the girl.

“Rota,” said the pilot.

“Do we land there?”

He grinned. “Not exactly. That's Jap.”

“Oh, look!” she cried. “Look at those cute little clouds!” The pilot didn't even turn his head.


“Whooppeee!” cried the girl excitedly. “Who are they shooting at?”

The fellow with the wings gave her a funny look.

“Us,” he said.

Maybe if Hirohito's trigger-happy henchmen had guessed that Betty Hutton of Hollywood was inside that C-54, winging her way around the scrappy, Jappy Mid-Pacific island battlefields to tote some home-made feminine fun and frolic to sweating GI Joes, they'd have turned on the heat and shot the whole Rota ammunition dump at that particular plane. A direct hit would have made a swell item for Tokyo Rose to bleat about over the radio, all right, besides providing a distinctly new experience for the step-sons of Heaven to have Hutton come tumbling down out of the blue, yelling like all get-out. (Continued on page 86)
Smack in the middle of a bitter front-line battle in France recently, a Nazi bomb screamed down on a group of Yanks huddled in a slit-trench. It exploded too close for comfort, with a wicked “C-a-r-r-u-m-p-h!” and the results were tragic.

Not one of the dozen doughboys was even scratched. But Betty Grable got both legs blown off.

Betty discovered her wounds away back in Hollywood, when she stared at the powder-burned top half of her terrific torso and her famous face, still grinning gaily over her bathing suit in a certain Pettyesque pose that has won Betty fame wherever Yankee soldiers fight. It arrived with a letter from the bombed squad skipper telling Betty the sad fate of their cherished pin-up and ending with this urgent plea—

“Please rush our gang another picture, will you, Pal—a whole one? Because, what good is Grable without legs?”

Betty hustled off the replacement picture right away, you can bet, properly autographed to the
gusty gang, and thrilled to the toes herself with her Purple Heart souvenir pin-up. But she sighed a little wistfully to note that her GI tribute also carried the popular (and certainly inadequate) estimate of Miss Betty Grable—"What's Grable without her legs?"

Of course, ten million GI's can't be wrong, and with thousands of Grable leg-art nifties circulated throughout Uncle Sam's hosts to make life less dreary for hard fighting Joes, far be it from us to cast asparagus at their conclusions after careful study. Furthermore, it would be downright silly to state that those glorious Grable gambas and dreamy body design have had nothing to do with making Betty Darryl Zanuck's box-office empress. In fact, if there is a modern Hollywood Venus, it's Mrs. Grable's little girl, Elizabeth—or else all weights and measures and camera impressions lie—and you'd better wire your Congressman.

But if you think Betty Grable is simply a decked out blonde baby doll who can sing and dance and act a little—a walking Petty girl pin-up with nothing but luscious looks on the ball—then you've got another think coming. Because there's plenty more to Betty than just lovely legs. Yes, indeed!

There's the Betty, for instance, who came out of an anaesthetic fog the morning after the Academy Awards—and the evening after the greatest performance of her life which had almost cost her that life—who learned both news flashes at the same time in her hospital bed and cracked spunkily but sincerely, "I'd rather have what I've got than what Jennifer Jones got!" There's the Betty who dashes home every noon hour and often skips lunch to have a precious ten minutes with that baby. There's a Grable who breaks her beauty rest every night at three A.M. to cheer up her lonesome husband, Harry James, when he phones after winding up his work at midnight back East. There's a Betty who worries more about her mother's (Continued on page 79)
Dick Haymes is leading man in “Horseshoe.” OWI floored Fox by requesting info on Grable. Seems they’re showing her pics in Europe where she’s unknown! She’s turned songwriter, and Harry will feature her first tune.

When Spence Tracy heard that Harry’s fan mail was exceeding Gable’s, he muttered, “Gosh, have I got to learn how to blow one of those things?!” Betty’s mourning loss of 13-year-old dog who came to H’wood with her.
Are you surprised! Finding these two glorious portraits of Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck! And without even asking for them! But y’know, for four years now, you’ve been voting for the stars you like—and the MODERN SCREEN gang has favorites! So just this once, can we play, too? So, let for the record, here’s how the office poll worked out: Al, Henry, Bill, Gus and Otto breathed one name in unison—Ingrid. Annette, Ann, Mickey, Sylvia and Kay—being women—did a little hair-pulling before their verdict came in. But all’s well once more and we hereby quote:
Said the boys—"We love Ingrid for her shine and her joy and the stardust in her eyes. For the way she holds herself and her walk that is the walk of a queen and the unbelievable heart-timbre of her voice and the truth she can create out of make-believe."

Said the girls—"We choose Gregory Peck for his sincerity and his gentle passion and the huge promise he showed in 'Days Of Glory' and 'Keys Of The Kingdom.' In Gregory, there's no doubt that 1945 brought forth with it another star from the East..."
Juanita ("She's a jewel!") comes by the day, is teaching Mrs. H. cookery. Big job's guarding Bob's collection of miniatures and sentimental discs, also his Ma's cookies—from Natalie.

Bob didn't meet his pa-in-law, a Col., until 1 hour before wedding ceremony where Usher Cary Grant (a distant cousin of Bob's) caused a riot among femme guests. (Reliable sources report that the Hutton tie-up is going Pfft.)

Bob's a "thriller" reader unable to convert his "brainy" wife. They've just rented 5 room apt. from agent who hates actors, have to borrow Natalie's Ma's servants to polish wedding silver. He's smooth in "Roughly Speaking."

By Jeanne Karr
He registered passion at $7.50 an hour, doused

a drunk who annoyed him. Timid? Bob Hutton?

The lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria was crowded, as usual. People rushed back and forth, wearing anxious expressions New Yorkers seem to get. By the elevators stood a handsome young man, also wearing an anxious expression, although he wasn’t a New Yorker. His knees, if anyone had noticed, were shaking slightly.

“Miss Davis will be along any minute now,” the dapper hotel manager beside him announced.

“You say you know her well?”

“Uh—no. Not well. We—uh—we just made a picture together.”

“I see. You played the lead opposite Miss Davis?”

“No—uh—no. It’s kind of an unusual picture. Nobody exactly plays the lead.” The tall young man laughed hollowly.

The manager’s eyebrows rose. He surveyed the young man with the dawning light of suspicion in his eyes. A small crowd had gathered to see Miss Davis, and they also stared. It seemed to the young man that they, too, regarded him with suspicion. He swallowed audibly. What had ever made him say he knew Bette Davis? He did know her, sure, but maybe she wouldn’t remember him. Just because you’d worked in a picture with a star didn’t mean she would recognize you in New York. Maybe he’d better get to his room right now before she showed up.

But it was too late. The little crowd surged forward, and there she was. The manager spoke to her and she smiled politely. Someone asked for her autograph, and she turned to give it. She glanced at the handsome young man and suddenly smiled.

“Why, Bob Hutton! How nice to see you here. I haven’t had (Continued on page 96)
At Blair Gen. Hospital, Nurse Byrd (Alma Kruger), Dr. Gillespie (L. Barronmore) and Dr. Lee (Keye Luke) gang up on over-worked Dr. "Red" Adams (Von Johnson), arrange night out.

Previously when m.c. Tobey (Keehan Wynn) auctioned off show-girls' kisses to highest Bond bidders, Ruth offered hundred grand if Red would kiss her. Of necessity he complied, found it good!

In the case, Ruth (Marilyn Maxwell), is in cahoots with Dr. Gillespie and, greets Red at appointed night club. She's in love with him, but her proposal is turned down cold because he thinks she has too much money.

Back at hospital, Red talks Edna out of her psychiatric case of self-induced starvation. When hospital telephone operator, Solly (Marie Blake), is suddenly stricken at switchboard, she insists Red perform serious operation.

STORY It was a very exclusive night club, which meant that the headwaiter spoke fluent French and wore a small dark mustache that looked painted on. Just now his head was cocked quizzically to one side as he looked at the tall, young man who had handed him a reservation card: "Dr. Adams? Of course. This way." Then with elaborate courtesy he led young Adams down past a small curtained alcove. A girl stepped out of the alcove, linked her arms through Adams', murmured, "Thank you, Pierre," to the headwaiter and smiled brilliantly at no one in particular.

"Hello, Red," she said.
"No," Red Adams said. "No! I fell for it again."
"You did," she said pleasantly.
"Gillespie set you up to it?"
"He did."
"I see it all now. Gillespie harping on the fact that I was working too hard. That (Continued on page 127)
3. During evening, one of chorus girls, Edna (Gloria DeHaven) collapses backstage, and Red is called in on case. Illness is serious, and he leaves to accompany patient to hospital in ambulance.

6. After hours of touch and go with Nurse Byrd and Red keeping vigil, Sally pulls through. When Ruth rebels at his neglect, he admits love, and she realizes hers will be the cross of a doctor's wife.

saw "Thirty Seconds Over Tokio" was Mrs. Ted Lawson for about two hours. Every woman who sees "Between Two Women" will be a Dr. Adams patient or an assisting nurse. . . . Every time a studio films a "series" picture (a picture done with the same cast and based on the same characters as its predecessor), everyone on the lot from prop boy to set designer fights for the chance to help film it. Because the actors are familiar with (Continued on page 95)
“It’s all your fault, Teddy.”

June, eight years old, sat on a rock. Teddy, one and a half, looked up at her sadly. She couldn’t stand it when Teddy looked sad at her, so she patted the place on the rock beside her. Next minute, the tail was going like mad, and the little red tongue was washing her cheek.

She hugged the breath out of him. “Just the same, you bad boy, it was your fault.”

June was in disgrace. The principal had said: “I want to see your mother.”

“She works in the city. She only comes home for Sunday—”

So Grandma went to see the principal. “I don’t understand it,” he said. “June’s not a bad child, but she’s always in trouble. I’m afraid we’ll have to suspend her for a week.”

When Mother came Saturday night, she said the same thing. “I don’t understand it. You’re so good with us, Junie. Why can’t you be good at school?”

“I am, Mummy. I was good for a long time under the desk, but it wasn’t nice there. So I asked Teddy—”

“Oh, honey, Teddy wasn’t even there—”

“I know, but I closed my eyes and saw him. I can always see him when I close my eyes. And I said, is it all right? and his head went yes—” (Continued on following page)
Junie goes on book sprees, once splurged $30. She is holding out on buying home, wants to marry into one, but still sends mother some earnings for rainy day.

She shares a passion for sailing with soon-to-be-divorced Dick Powell. Says she, "I like him. I hate nightclubs, and with others I always wind up there. But we have fun!" (At Somerset House.)

It all happened in sewing class. June was letting her nails grow long, and she stuck her hand out to show them to Dorothy. The teacher said she was passing chewing gum—

"I wasn't. I haven't even got any gum, so how could I pass it?"

"That'll do, June. Bring your sewing and sit under my desk till the lesson's over."

Under the desk, June sewed and sewed. She didn't mind being punished when she was bad, but this wasn't fair, she hadn't done anything. Just the same, you didn't buck up against teachers. Even at eight, she knew that. So it never entered her head to try to get even. She just felt so bored under that mean old desk, and here was her needle and there was teacher's leg—

Whenever she knew it was wrong, she'd ask Teddy. Made things cosier that way, with someone to share the blame. She screwed her eyes tight. "Is it all right, Teddy?" He said yes. (Continued on page 132)
FRANCES KING, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., of the old Hudson River family—another lovely Pond's bride-to-be. Her engagement to H. Paul Richards, of the R.C.A.F., was announced last May.

Pretty as a picture—and a complexion so petal-clear you'd think Frances' beauty was just happenstance.

But Frances herself says, very positively, she keeps it that way with her faithful Pond's devotions.

"Skin needs regular care," she declares. "I love my daily and nightly Pond's Cold-Creamings. They make my skin feel glorious."

**HOW FRANCES BEAUTY-CARES FOR HER FACE WITH POND'S**

First—she smooths snowy Pond's Cold Cream all over face and throat, pats it with brisk finger tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

Next—he rinses with more luscious-soft Pond's, plying her white-tipped fingers around nose, mouth, cheeks, forehead. Tissues off. "This double-creaming is important," Frances says, "makes skin extra clean, extra soft."

Use Pond's Frances' way—every morning, every night. Daytime, too, for clean-ups. You'll find it's no accident engaged girls like Frances, noted society beauties, love this soft-smooth beauty care.

Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the luxurious, big jar.

**SHE’S A DARLING!** Frances is petite, with wistful brown eyes and skin baby-soft! "I keep it nice with Pond’s Cold Cream," she says. "It's such a grand cream!"

---

**On his furloughs** Paul and Frances are inseparable. While he is away she serves, too—in the Red Cross, at the canteen, the Haloran Hospital.

**Today**—many more women and girls use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price.

---

**She uses Pond’s**
You're heavenly in

CHEN YU

Cloud silk

MAKE-UP

A totally new complexion for you—Instantly . . .
and wonderful protection for your skin!

Out of a dream world into yours . . .
the complexion you've hoped for . . . now you
can have it. This important new version
of cake make-up covers your skin with a flattering
veil of cloud silk to produce a lasting
illusion of complete flawlessness. But more!
Chen Yu "Cloud silk" is highly protective too.
It guards your skin . . . helps it to stay lovely for the
years ahead. Choose from nine new shades!

ASSOCIATED DISTRIBUTORS, INC. Chicago and New York
COMFORT is your ticket in this grey flannel and plaid suit from Louis Geiger.

Why look like a frump when the doorbell catches you housemaiding? Take the blight off the chore-bore by looking cute about it!

CASUAL Shire-Tex slacks by Davenshire with baby soft Tish-U-Knit sweater. Scarf by Kinball.

CLASSIC gabardine suit by Duchess Royal in melting colors. Blouse by Alice Stuart.

By Jean Kinkead and Ann Ward
Ever stop to think what a fine line there so often is between work and play? F’reinstance, we die every time we have to get down on our knees and scrub a floor, but we think it’s mad, mad fun to break our back and our fingernails over a bowling alley. In muscular output, there’s not much difference, but it’s the spirit of the thing. Now, we have a theory that if people dressed up to work, corralled a chum or two in for moral support, sweeping a rug could be almost as much fun as cutting one.

Lookit. Instead of pushing a vacuum cleaner around wearing some moth-eaten horror and hating every minute of it, do yourself up fancy in a pair of good-looking slacks and a sweater. Comfortable, functional and—this is important when the doorbell rings—ever so eye-catching. Same outfit makes cramming for tests practically gay stuff. Makes running errands for your ma high adventure. And naturally, it’s 20-20 for leisure pursuits like hiking and biking and just plain loafing. Best buys we’ve found are the all-wool gabardine slacks shown on these pages made by Davenshire, who designed the pants Merle Oberon wears in “A Song to Remember.” They come in every color and can be had for less than you’d pay for a new hat. The lush classic slipover is a Tish-U-Knit. Expensive-looking as a Bermuda hand-knit, priced for gals on a budget. Colors to drool over.

Twist this wonderful looking, colorful square (comes in the new stole scarf, too) around your hair for neatness with a shot of glamour. They cost so little you’ll want to keep a couple on tap. Swell for bridge prizes; sweet little gifts for cherished buddies.

Your man’s on leave! You want to ring bells and let the dishes pile sky-high, and the dust likewise. Kind of impractical, that, but you can take the blight off the whole chore-bore by looking cute about it. Wouldn’t (Continued on page 141)
A Colorful Room Says "Welcome Home"

There's always an inviting warmth . . . a happy air in a room that glows with color. Especially to a service man who's been living in a dreary, monotone environment. So if you're planning ahead for the return of your husband or son, make his home-coming twice as happy by making your home look twice as bright. It's simple to do with Bates' bedspreads and matching draperies! These beautifully styled ensembles eliminate all the nuisance of scurrying around to match things up. Moreover, they cost only a few dollars and wear for years because they're of sturdy, wrinkle-proof cotton that washes like a dream. If you can't find Bates' spreads the first time . . . try again. We're supplying them as fast as wartime limitations permit.

BATES FABRICS INC. • 80 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY 13
Young Tom Drake started his theatrical career on a rigid diet of six movies a day!

DRAKE TAKES THE CAKE!

The road was straight, but the big Cadillac's course was erratic. It went from one side to the other, it went fast and then slow. A farmer in a nearby orchard eyed its approach cynically.

"Some city drunk," he muttered, and then as the car whizzed by, he straightened up and did the double take of all time. The Cadillac's driver was a boy of eleven or so, propped up on cushions so his chin came just over the steering wheel. His brown eyes were focused determinedly on the road. Tom Drake was learning to drive.

Of course, it's usually considered advisable to have an instructor along when you try it first. There are also silly conventions about not taking your family's car till you have a license. Tom had ignored all this nonsense. He had equipped himself with five—count em, five—cushions, and waited till his father and mother and two sisters were out of the way. Then he got in, made a couple of the motions he had seen his father make, and he was off. He was pleased, but not surprised, by the ease with which this was accomplished. It just went to show you how much fuss people made over (Continued on page 75)
Imagine, for the first time on any screen—Donald Duck and company romping, singing, dancing and especially romancing with live and lovely senoritas in the same scenes! It’s the kind of “seeing-is-believing” magic only Disney can bring you—and wonderful!

Sixteen New Hit Tunes including:
- "THE THREE CABALLEROS"
- "YOU BELONG TO MY HEART"
- "BAIA"
(by the composer of "Brazil")

Walt Disney's Full-length Musical Fiesta in Technicolor

"The Three Caballeros"

as 'The Three Caballeros'

DONALD DUCK • JOE CARIODA
Romantic Heartbreaker
Living Jitterbird

PANCHITO
Mexican Casanova

AURORA MIRANDA • DORA LUZ
Brazilian Songbird
Mexico's Sweetheart

and in the flesh.

See Donald and Aurora Miranda dance the torrid Samba-Jongo together!

CARMEN MOLINA
Dancing Senorita

Released through RKO RADIO PICTURES
Johnny Payne and Gloria De Haven wed; stork stop-overs for Rita Hayworth, Dana Andrews; letter from Lon McCallister.

Diana Lynn's current No. 1 flame is Soitor Gray Delmar, son of Writer Viola Delmar. Diona, 18, dates Bob Walker, too, denies plans to wed Maj. Bob Livingstone, has written piano concerto.

Back at work film-making in H'wood, with Marine Corps medical discharge, Glenn Ford dropped into MODERN SCREEN office to hello Sylvia, Kay.

A rare party appearance for Bob Hope, here with wife Dolores and Jerry C. Now that Son Tony's 4 and Daughter Linda's 6, they're thinking of adopting an addition. Pop's Radio Hooper rating: No. 1.
Johnny Payne and Gloria DeHaven start married life with washing machine, his gift from Chicago radio sponsors. New home boasts redwood mirror bar. John’s doing three pix at once.

They say men fall in love with the same type each time. Do you believe it?

At least, John Payne ran true to form—for his new mate, Gloria De Haven, is certainly like his ex-wife, Anne Shirley. The girls have the same ingénue charm, lovely figures, and I think they look alike.

I got a kick out of being the first to announce the official engagement of John and Gloria on the air. They are so frank about being in love it is refreshing.

“Yes,” Gloria told me when I asked her if she and young Payne were planning to be married, “it’s true. We will set the date just as soon as we both get a breather from our studios.” And of course, as you know, they didn’t even wait for that.

What a relief from some of the stars who hedge and stumble and say, “Perhaps I had better not say anything until I have informed my studio”—etc, etc, etc!

I hate to argue with the ladies of my own profession, but I just can’t see how they hit on Sonja Henie and Walter Pidgeon as last year’s “least cooperative” stars.

First off—Sonja doesn’t spend much time in Hollywood—so it’s hard to see (Continued on following page)
Sad Iron learns the LINIT glide!

“I strike!” hisses Sad Iron, “See if I don’t! Me iron those sheets? I simply won’t! Your pillow-slips can keep their crinkles Before I’ll beauty-treat their wrinkles!”

“Come meet Master LINIT!” says Miss Sunny Monday, “a fine, speedy starch who makes washday a fun day!

“We’ll whizz through our work with the greatest of ease With LINIT to glide us! Attention please!

“I suds and I rinse—then here’s Master LINIT! I’m proud to present the Starch of the Minute!

“He blends water and LINIT, each half in a cup. Then adds boiling water. Just a minute is up!”

Sad Iron, now happy, says, “My work will be bliss! 60 seconds with LINIT makes a wash fit to Kiss!”

GOOD NEWS Continued

how she could have annoyed the Hollywood Women’s Press Club to the point where she was handed the booby prize. Personally, I’ve always found her very helpful and willing to cooperate.

As for Walter! Well, anyway, he is getting a lot of laughs out of it. He now calls himself “the Non-Coop Pidgeon.”

Betty Hutton and Alan Ladd won the honors for being the “nicest” stars of the year.

Frankie Sinatra got back to Hollywood with a terrible cold in his “bald.” He could barely talk. But that didn’t keep him from wanting to hear some good records, so he called up his favorite shop.

“This is Frank Sin’ata,” he said the best he could with his sniffles.

“Sonata?” said the voice at the other end. “Sin’ata,” repeated Frank doggedly.

“Which Sonata?” demanded the voice peevishly. “Sonata in A-Minor?”

“No,” snapped Frankie crossly, “Sin’ata in A-Chill!”

“Sorry,” said the voice, “we don’t have that number.”

So Frankie listened to the radio instead.

Rita Hayworth has named her baby Rebecca for no particular reason except that she likes it, and it sounds “old fashioned.” The full title, of course, is Rebecca Welles.

When she gets to grade school age, don’t tell me she won’t get a lot of “Rebecca-at-the-well” ribbing from her schoolmates.

If there was ever a time when Dick Powell wasn’t “popping the question” to June Allyson because he thought her career was zooming ahead of his—he can forget that argument.

He not only has a new air show, but he’s out of this world as a Humphrey Bogart character in “Murder, My Sweet.” He plays the same detective Bogart plays in Raymond Chandler’s “The Big Sleep.” When Bogey heard about it, he cracked:

“If he doesn’t stop playing me, I’m going to start crooning.”

With Deanna Durbin these days and evenings it’s Steve Crane. But the lady says she can’t go on marrying anybody for years and years. Maybe Deanna’s theme song is, “Don’t Fence Me In.”

I’ve been a sick girl for a couple of months, and at first I thought I might not feel well enough to attend Lana Turner’s nice cocktail party. But I’m glad I went.

The real star of the party was her daughter, Cheryl, who made a curly-headed appearance for just about fifteen minutes. How that baby loves her mother! She actually goes and gurgles every time Lana comes in sight. You can’t fool a baby. Lana is an enchanting mother, so gay and happy.

Another surprise was Turhan Bey. If you read my newspaper column (and I hope you
But not Turhan. When he saw me, he came over immediately, spoke charmingly and said he was sorry I had been ill.

My face was a little pink. I admit it.

It's wonderful how the war brings out the real worth in a man.

John Shelton, husband of Kathryn Grayson, had the reputation for being "very difficult" when he was a Hollywood actor. Now he has received a citation for rescuing a B-29 from an incendiary bomb.

Lt. John Howard is another boy who is making us proud. He is wearing the Navy Cross for extraordinary bravery when his boat was torpedoed.

And Sabu, if you please, is a gunner in a bomber unit in the South Pacific!

Two deaths rocked Hollywood within a week of each other. The first was Laird Cregar. The second, Lupe Velez.

In many ways, perhaps Laird's was the most tragic of the two—because, in spite of the mental turmoil that brought on Lupe's death, she had lived and lived fully. She had been a bright flame that attracted much happiness and laughter, fame and fortune to herself as well as the cross and heartache that unfortunately overshadowed everything else at the time of her death.

But I remember her best as a laughing girl. A modern pagan who had loved life greatly even though she sought her own death.

But Laird was different.

He had never really lived at all.

At 28 years of age, Laird was a young giant who had never known life or love or marriage or home or mental peace and happiness.

He joked about his great weight and size, but it made him unhappy. That's why he dieted so strenuously to lose 100 pounds.

He once told me, "No matter how nice people are to me, I'm still something of an oddity to them. And being an oddity— isn't fun."

There was plenty of family opposition to the marriage of cute little Gracie MacDonald and Lieut. Ralph Green. There is something of an "Abie's Irish Rose" angle here since the kids are of different religious faiths. But sticking by Gracie through thick and thin was her brother, Ray, who is in the Air Corps.

Fact is, it was Ray's wire to his sister that he was standing by her and that he would bring her husband around to seeing it their way that settled the matter for Gracie.

Now I understand Mrs. MacDonald is completely reconciled. You can understand her side, too. She lost her husband last year through death, then Ray married and now her baby, Gracie.

Sparking of parental objections, I understand the hitch in the John Hodiak-Anne Baxter romance is that her mother has not.

Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton

Beautiful Mrs. Hamilton, one of New York's most dynamic society leaders, is admired for her fine work as executive vice-chairman of the famous Lewisohn Stadium Concerts... for her delightful entertaining at home... and for her perfect style sense and faultless grooming. "Three or four times a week I give myself a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," she says.

"It's the ideal quick beauty pick-up... so easy and so effective!"

My complexion pick-me-up: A Minute Mask

How to "re-style" your face—quickly!

Slather a fragrant, pearly-white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your cheeks, chin, forehead—everything but eyes. Leave this creamy-cool Mask on your face for one full minute. Then tissue it off.

Results of the Mask show right away! "Keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has loosened and dissolved powder-scuffing little skin roughnesses and beauty-dulling dirt particles!

Your "re-styled" complexion feels blessedly smoother. Just right for make-up! And it looks so much prettier! Clearer... fresher. Even lighter! But see for yourself—have your 1-Minute Mask today!

For extra-quick powder base...

Slick on a very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. Smoothing... protective... non-greasy. Takes make-up beautifully!

Get the luscious BIG jar!
HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE

Overgl

BY WESTMORE

GAIL RUSSELL
Co-starring in
"THE UNSEEN"
A Paramount Picture

FROM HOLLYWOOD...WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL
NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE... NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

TODAY... today... in just one minute... look
our loveliest. Apply one drop of Westmore's new
liquid-cream Overglo before you powder and rouge.
See how it camouflages large pores and little lines.
Never gives a mask-like appearance. Watch it add
youthful radiance. Enjoy a smooth, well-groomed,
flawless-looking face-do all day or night. Non-drying,
definitely! Overglo has a emollient lanolin and oil
base. Protects against dust and weather, too. One bottle
lasts months. Six flattering shades. $1.50, plus tax.

COMING SOON! Westmore's new Overglo Face Pow-
der. A one-shade powder to end your
"wrong shade" worries. Created especially for use with any
shade of tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. Some stores
already sell it. Soon available everywhere. $1, plus tax.

Complete your make-up with Westmore's famous
Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder and Creams.

Yet given her consent.

If there ever was a little rough sledding
for Mickey Rooney after he went into the
Army, I hear it is all over now because of the
job he is doing overseas. He is very popular
with the G.I.'s with only a little kidding going
on now and then.

One story is that a young Lieutenant called
Rooney in one day and said, "Sit down, I
want to talk with you just like Lewis Stone!"

Run into Gary Cooper, operating in full
capacity as the producer of his next, "Along
 Came Jones," and he invited me in to see his
swanky new offices. Are they something!

There was a big grin on Coop's face as I
looked around at all the elegance—a tomato
red divan, the green chairs and the bright
"I never rated anything like this being an actor."

Everything about the picture has to be
brought to Gary for initialing—even including
the sketches of the nightgowns Loretta Young
will wear.

"Those are the moments," he smiled, "when
I can't understand what producers have to
gripe about."

Such a nice letter from Lon McCallister, who
—at the time it was sent—was on route to St.
Louis with the "Winged Victory" company.

"I heard what you said about me in the
picture in your broadcast over the air," he
wrote, "and I am grateful and proud. But
I am sure you will understand when I say that
my life is so different since I've been in the
Service—that somehow it seemed like you
might have been talking about some other fel-
low. I haven't thought of myself as an actor
for so long it's hard to get used to the idea
again. We're heading for points East—and a
special performance for the President—but the
biggest and realest part of the job to me is
being a part, even a small part, of the Air
Force."

Hey, fellas! Take a tip. Betty Hutton says
the four things she can't stand in a man are:

Gossip: "Some of them are ten times worse
than women!" opines la Hutton.

Hour-by-Hour Inquisitions: "Where
were you at lunch, at two o'clock, at cock-
tails, at six when I called, etc. That routine
drives me crazy," she says.

Spotlight-Hounds: "Men who take you
out unceasingly just to attract the candid
camera boys."

Sorry-For-Themselves: "Those are the
worst of all. They get maudlin about why
they were turned down for the Service, or
why they aren't getting better breaks in pic-
tures, or about how many responsibilities they
have supporting old aunts or uncles. I'd say
give 'em back to the Indians—only the In-
dians wouldn't have 'em."

While Paulette Goddard is waiting for her
first baby, she isn't going to make another
picture.

She is spending her time completely re-
doing the new house at the Beach which she
and Buz Meredith just bought.

"I'm doing it all myself," she told me.
"Now that we are going to have a baby and a real home, I want to personally select everything from the drapes to the ash trays that come in and not be so busy that I have to turn the fun of making a home over to someone else."

It's a boy named Stephen Todd for the Dana Andrews. The Todd is Mrs. Andrews' maiden name. The Stephen is for nothing.

If you don't think Robert Walker has it bad for Shirley Patterson, listen to this: He'll accept no social engagements unless she's included in. Of course, this doesn't go when Bob goes to Jennifer Jones to visit his sons.

Now that I'm not going to see you again for another month—I'm anxious to know, meanwhile, what you think about some of the new young people. Particularly Tom Drake, who comes into his own, I think, in "Meet Me in St. Louis." Or Richard Crane. Or cute little Joyce Reynolds. I'm really interested—so drop me a note.

**INFORMATION DESK**

(Questions of the Month.)

By Beverly Linet

Hello again:

I've just been gazing at those three little monkeys on my desk and thinking how lucky I am that I'm not like them. 'Cause I can see things, hear 'em and tell 'em, too. Here are some tid-bits right from my little black book:

FLASH! Jane Withers is just about the most envied girl in town with two such stunners as Johnny Grant and Stan Mc-Cure escorting her around.

FLASH! The title of Frankie's new pic, "Bar of Music," was formerly the title of the Bingle's latest, "Bells of St. Mary." FLASH . . . but heck, if you want to know more, you know the way.

Just a stamped, self-addressed envelope, sent to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. 16, will do it. Make it soon!—Bestus—

Roy Mimi Black, Baltimore, Md.: HOW CAN I JOIN A JUNE ALLYSON CLUB? . . . Easy! Just drop a note to Gwen Littlefield, 1900 Sherbourne Dr., L. A., Calif. Dues are 75c a year, and you get pix, snaps, club news and everything. June and Gwen are great friends, and it's one of the best clubs out.

Grace Spinella, Garfield, N. J.: MAY I HAVE SOME INFO ON ELLIOTT REID WHO WAS ANDY IN "DR. WASSELL"? Edgeworth Blair Reid was born in N. Y. on Jan. 16, 1900. He has blue eyes and brown hair, is 6' 2 1/2", 165 lbs., unmarried, an excellent mimic and in the Navy. His only other pic was "Young Ideas." Drop him a line at Paramount, Hollywood, for a pic.

Ruth Sampson, Brooklyn, N. Y.: WHO WAS THE SAILOR IN THE BOWLING ALLEY SCENE OF "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"? That was 23-year-old Guy Madison. He's in the Navy now, too, and that was his only pic. He's unmarried and can be reached at Selznick Studios, Culver City, Calif.

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**How Powers Models**

bring out natural sparkling beauty in their hair

Leaves Hair Silken-Soft
With Glossy Brilliance
That Lasts For Days

So exquisitely lovely are Powers Models that one of the foremost illustrators in this country called them "long stemmed American Beauties."

And how smart Powers Girls are to have discovered the remarkably beautifying action of Krell Shampoo!

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Krell Shampoo washes hair and scalp "sparkling clean." It thoroughly washes out dirt and loose dandruff and leaves hair so much softer, easier to set—just gleaming with natural brilliant highlights and glossy lustre.

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There are no harsh caustics or chemicals in Krell Shampoo. Instead it's a mild, gentle Shampoo with a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. It rinses out like a breeze and never leaves any excess dull, soapy film.

Also excellent for shampooing children's hair. So buy the large family size.

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FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping INSTITUTE
Hot coffee never blurs the beautiful lips of Judy Garland!

A lip-brush makes for a clean outline.

Now you happily wield your lipstick!

Cleansing tissue to blot your lip-art.

Clearly outlined, brilliantly colored are Judy's lips. Judy is the pride of M-G-M.
You have your lipstick problems? How to apply the beautifying stuff?

What color to wear? Read on...here all your problems are solved!

LIPSTICK

Judy smiled at me! When I was leaving, she held my hand and said, "Oh, must you leave? Please stay and let's have fun." What could a lady do in a case like that...and, too, I had just caught sight of George Murphy entering the party. True to the MODERN SCREEN tradition in the face of parties...yes, I stayed!

What G.M. said to me and what I said to G.M. has nothing to do with the story (the Beauty Department. you know), but when Judy turned the talk to lipstick, I whipped out a stubby pencil and quickly jotted down some notes on the back of an envelope. Seems when the coffee was served, some of the other femmes moaned that the steamy hot java was ruining their lip art. But Judy's lips were perfect. "How, how, how?" was the question. Explained Judy, "I always give myself a re-take when I'm making-up my lips!"

Girls, that isn't technical studio talk. You can give yourself a lipstick "re-take" that will keep your lips smooth and bloomingly red no matter how much coffee you drink or how many G.1. Joe's you enthusiastically welcome home! Like any artiste, you begin with a clean canvas (only your lips won't have a canvas-like texture if you use cream every night!). You first clean your lips with cream and tissues because you know how caked and unappetizing lipstick-on-stale-lipstick can become.

After the cleaning, Judy says your lips are ready for the art work. And, again, like an artist, you wield a brush...but one that has been stroked over your lipstick. Best thing in the world for getting a clean outline, claims Judy, and I'm inclined to agree with her. Here's where you can induce a bit of camouflage. Lips too thin? Then widen the effect a bit with a flick of the brush. Just the tiniest bit - because, you realize, the early-Crawford watermelon-rind effect is definitely passe.

Here's another hint: Studios find that in making lips fuller it's best to work on the upper lip and to leave the lower one in its original state. If your problem is too-broad lips, then keep your coloring within the outside borders...though too-wide lips is not very often a problem. Girls seem to like full lips...and boys seem to like them on girls! Only thing to beware is the watermelon-rind effect that I spoke of earlier.

Now's the time to fill in your brush-made outline with lipstick. Then a blotting with cleansing tissue (that's wonderful stuff isn't it?...good for everything from lip make-up to jewelry polishing). And here goes for the "re-take." At this point Judy likes to re-apply her lipstick. Yes, she goes through the lipsticking routine all over again. This way her lipstick stays and stays...and stays neat!

There's another trick that I like for making lipstick as permanent as possible. That's to powder my lips before the second application. Just flip a powder puff over the first layer of lipstick. Brush off the excess powder and behold...a smooth, mat-like surface for the second coloring job. Incidentally, speaking of powder, if you like a really thick-fringed effect for your eyelashes, powder over the first layer of mascara and then make with the mascara brush a second time. You'll get a terrifically dramatic eyelash make-up, but remember this is a strictly party-going trick. Unless your eyelashes are definitely pale, better stick to a single mascara-ing.

To return to our lipstick. I know you're interested in color, but just a minute, Judy has some extra ideas about lipstick selection! When you're standing before the toilet-goods counter with your lipstick money clutched in your hand, give a thought to the consistency of the stick you're buying (Continued on following page)
Precious, sterling silver ring is extra wide and has two pendant hearts. Richly embossed with Forget-Me-Not design that harmonize beautifully with the necklace and bracelet. Wear on ten days trial. If not satisfied, return necklace and bracelet within 10 days and your money will be refunded. BUT YOU ARE TO KEEP THE RING AS OUR GET-ACQUAINTED GIFT.

SEND NO MONEY When your package arrives you pay the postman only $1.95 each for necklace and bracelet plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax. Supplies limited, send the coupon today.

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GIVEN For Your Promotions Purse size, Plastic case of exotic, solid PERFUME in three different colors of the proven charm if you order the complete ensemble of earrings, bracelet and necklace.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 4 Y, Jefferson, Iowa.
Said Tom, "Yes, sir." But the Alderdycye eyes would go on staring hauntingly for the rest of the period. By the time the last bell rang, the poor man had the leaping meemies and couldn't get rid of Tom fast enough.

Life was a lot of fun in those days. Still is, for Tom's the type that gets fun out of things. He wasn't any problem child, but he did get into a lot of mischief. The trouble was that the fascinating things were always the ones that parents frowned upon. Like the time in the dead of winter when Tom and his sisters stumbled across the concrete foundation of a half-finished house. It was full of dirty water.

"Hey, get a load of this!" Tom cried excitedly. "Our own private swimming pool, just like the movie stars in Hollywood!"

"You can't swim in winter time," one of his sisters informed him.

"Who can't? I can, too. Girls are sissies. Boys aren't." And swim he did, in the dirty, icy water, pulling and blowing like a porpoise and having a wonderful time. He made it look so enticing that his sisters jumped in, too, and the whole lot of them eventually arrived home, dripping, shivering, and looking like walking invitations to double pneumonia. But they all survived, in fact, didn't even get the sniffles, and their parents were so relieved that no punishment was forthcoming.

Tom's father was a linen merchant in New York, and the family lived in a house in Westchester County. Tom went to the Iona school in New Rochelle and played...
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VICTORY SETS THE HEADLINES OF THE WORLD

SMITH

hokey almost more than he went to classes. The attraction was the shows on Broadway and the movies. Sometimes he used to go to six movies a day! Not because he was thinking of becoming an actor, but because he just liked them. He used to get feeling romantic about some pretty girl in High School, and he would look at the movie and the face of Joan Crawford or Claudette Colbert would sort of dissolve into his girl's face. It was wonderful.

Leave us face it, Tom was known as something of a wolf in High School. Not because he dated so many different girls, but because he would "go steady" with one for a while, and then switch to another, then another.

"I wouldn't fall for you. You're too much of a philanderer," one girl told him. Tom looked up philanderer in the dictionary and was rather indignant. "Listen," he said, "I'm the faithful type. I never even look at anyone else when I'm going with one girl. Of course after she and I break up, I get another girl, but that's not philandering."

"You'll do till a philanderer comes along," said the girl acidly. Women were so damned unreasonable!

golden rule days . . .

About this time Tom was sent to Mer- cersburg Academy in Pennsylvania. It was a fine school, and it sort of specialized in athletes. Tom had, up till then, been quite a scrapper. He used to average at least one fist fight a day. Not because he had a bad temper—his disposition is really out of this world—but because he got a kick out of fighting. When he got to Mercersburg, this came to a sudden halt. Practically every other guy in school was six feet tall and weighed a couple of hundred pounds. Tom weighed ninety-eight. No one would fight "the shrimp," and it was probably just as well they didn't, or Hollywood would be minus one of its brighter new luminaries. He made the swimming team, however, and used up his excess energy that way.

Tom smoked a pipe, at this point, and one night that led to his most embarrassing moment. He was in a room with the entire football squad, all of whom were in training and not supposed to smoke. Tom, puffing happily away on his pipe, aroused their envy.

They said, "Hey, fella, give us a drag on the old brier." They said, "Don't be a louse—we're human even if we do play football."

"Now listen, guys, I don't want to get in any trouble—"

"Oh, so you're afraid!"

Well, that did it. Tom's pipe was passed around as solemnly as the pipe of peace at an Indian ceremonial. Until in walked the coach!

It wouldn't have been so bad if he had been really nasty to Tom. He wasn't. He just said he didn't like that kind of prove whether a boy was loyal to the school or not, whether he was a real guy or just a phony. And as he talked along quietly, Tom was disgusted and deflated till he could have crawled under a rug with a top hat on. Well, it just proved what Tom always contended—he never got away with anything!

After graduation came the problem of a career. Tom had a girl friend—as usual —and the girl friend had an idea.

"You know, darling," she said thoughtfully one evening, raising her head from Tom's shoulder so she could look in his face, "you're awfully handsome."

"That routine will probably get you places, sugar," Tom said, "but not with me. I know how I look."

"No, be sensible. You are handsome, and you have a wonderful personality. I mean, everybody's crazy about you. So why don't you be an actor?"

"An actor!" Tom laughed. "Listen, baby, that's very funny. I tried out for a play once at school because I thought it would get me in Pennsylvania. I was terrible. They wouldn't even give me a walk-on."

"I still think you should be an actor." A stubborn wrench, this one, for which Tom now thanked her. She finally talked him into trying for a part in a summer stock at Poughkeepsie. To his open-mouthed astonishment, he was accepted.

After that he went to New York and studied for three years under Alice B. Young, playing stock in the summer. He loved it. He was doing juveniles mostly, but he did get a couple of good character parts, as in "The Heiress" and "Night Must Fall."

Then he got his big break. He was offered the juvenile lead in "Janie." It turned out, however, complicated than you might think. For one thing, he was scared half out of his wits. For another, he had no chance to rehearse with the cast onstage. The only practice he had was reciting his lines in a little back room with the director. So his entrances and exits were a complete mystery to him. When his cue came, the stage manager pushed him on and told him where to stand. He would play a fellow and have to free for after his last on-stage line. Somehow he got in out the right places at the right time, and somehow he was a hit! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tested him, and before Tom could get that surprised look off his face, he was in Hollywood.

Things happened fast from the minute he got here. He arrived on Monday, was tested for a leading role in "Two Girls And A Sailor" on Tuesday, and Wednesday he was given the part of a young American in "Against The White Cliffs of Dover." Then came "Meet Me In St. Louis." He is now making "This Man's Navy."

Of course, he's nuts about Hollywood. He had been there before, and he knew about the people. He arrived there was with Frances Rafferty. Gloria De Haven introduced them. Now he plays the field. His best friends are the Jack Haleys and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cookson. Tom's favorite spot is the House of Murphy.

He's a take-it-easy kind of guy. Hates routine and having to plan things ahead. Maybe he's got something there. Maybe if you don't go along doing your job and having fun on the side, you get just as far as if you knock yourself out planning and worrying. Anyway, it seems to work for Tom, because there isn't a happier actor in all of Hollywood!
Anticipation!

Everything is ready, you see him coming—eager to get home. You’re glad you planned his meal so carefully... so glad you remembered his bottle of SCHLITZ.

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comfort than her own; who has deemed her big Bel-Air home with all its prized collection of antiques, lock, stock and barrel, to the lady who stuck by her over the early rough spots of her career.

There was the Betty Grable, too, who took on the toughest USO Army camp circuit she could find—down in the remote hills of the Carolinas—and risked wrecking her famous legs hooping endless after-ittle in the raw, rumpling plank stages in high heels and long evening gown so the glamour-starved GIs could have fun. There's a Grable who still holds the Hollywood Canteen record—brought in 300 rugged cut-in dance partners in one hectic hour; the Grable who dragged home after her first Canteen night with her formal in shreds, her shoes busted, the knees of her best nylons and her hair looking like something the cat had got hold of and startled her mother by sighing, "Gee—did I have fun!"

There are a double dozen different Betty Grables you'd never know in a million years if all you cared to hear about was lovely legs. The Betty, par example, who has personally three of her unknown studio pals into picture parts and contracts. The Betty who stands up staunchly for the little guys and gals who work on her—her band, her musicians—gives round of gifts when the picture closes. The Grable who prefers home to any night club ever built, Pepsis to the best giggle water and studio gals to Hollywood "Society."

You must climb Coldwater Canyon above Beverly Hills to catch Betty Grable without her make-up in the place she prefers to any other—her home. That's an unpretentious English cottage, beam and Glazed and snugly tucked in a three-acre grove of avocado and lemon trees. Inside it's the sort of room with cozy fireplace, chintzy chairs, copper on the hearth and antiques scattered around.

dream for sale . . .

She went to a party there, years ago, came home with a mad crush on the perfect house she'd visited. "Some day," said Betty, "I'm going to own one just like it!" Later on, Bert Lahr, her pal of "Du Barry Was a Lady," bought the place for Bert and his wife Mildred. Last year when the whirlwind romance and marriage with Harry James posed a housing problem, Harry had rented a small Beverly Hills mansion to shelter all the members of his band, so for a while the newlyweds rattled around there. Then they moved over to Mam'selle, but independently it was touchy about that. He thought people would say he was "Mr. Grable" who'd moved in on Movie Star Betty, so house-hunting became a hobby, and when the first house a real estate agent took them to see was Betty's long cherished ideal, she thought that must be an omen from heaven for happiness. She wasn't just dreaming, either.

Because today the very best times of Betty Grable's life take place right there—with her husband, Harry, a certain Miss Victoria, and her family and friends. The first improvement Betty made in her new home was to fix up a cozy, up-to-date nursery for Vicki. The first party she had was an open house for the members of Harry's band. Her first house guest was her mother.

Betty's idea of a grand evening of fireside fun is to have the orchestra gang in for a session of poker. She has always been crazy about cards and as lucky as a rusty horseshoe. Most evenings when she and Harry are home alone, they buck horns at gin-rummy late into the night, always Betty takes Harry to the cleaners, too. But her real love is the grand old American game of bluff 'em and bet 'em. She's good, too, because she's an old hand.

The best Grable poker story I know happened the day Vicki was born. Baby Victoria was impatient about arriving in the world, you know, and her premature debut was a surprise to Betty as well as the doctor. So, the night before the event, Betty and Harry had a gang from the band in for the evening with a couple of red hot poker games going, and it was 4 A.M. before they broke it up. That's when Betty began to feel a little queer, and next morning the verdict was an ambulance and the hospital immediately.

After it was all over later on that night, Betty's mother tip-toed into her famous bedroom's boudoir room where Betty's just emerging from the fumes of the anesthetic and wizzly out of this world. The Betty recognized her through the mist. "Hello, Mother" she mumbled. "S—h—h—h—I've got four kings!"

When they kidded her about it afterwards, Betty decided that was another pyramid then on she has been the limit whenever four kings showed up.

Since her marriage, Betty's best friends are the members of Harry James' band and their wives. She fits like a glove right into the musical set because it is Betty's one of them. She can even qualify as an old instrument gal herself. When she was toddling around in St. Louis, aged six, Betty spent a lovely brass saxophone in a music store window one day and didn’t stop howling until her folks bought it for her. It was a big alto sax, taller than Betty herself, but she got pretty hot on it for a moppet and even blooted on the stage and over the radio.

Upstairs in one of the dressing rooms off their boudoir suite, Harry has a huge music machine, stacks of records miles high (he gets complimentary platters from all the disc firms). Usually the charger is working overtime, just as Betty's radio in her car is always kept warm with some dance band wherever she goes.

melody lane . . .

You can spot the musical motif all through Betty's house. She dug up a beautiful old chased corset (yes, that's what they used to call them before they were trumpets) in a Hollywood swap shop a while back. It probably would never rally to Harry's red hot modern triple-hunting PACKAGE, but Betty had other ideas anyway. She had it made into a lamp for the den and surprised Harry with it when he came home from his last trip. When you pick up a book match at Betty's, too, you find a new leaf of a neat call Kicks over a hot trumpet and the legend, "A high kick—a hot lick," running up and down a musical score. Her favorite jewelry is the gold pin that exact replica of the miniature of Harry's famous trumpet, Betty wrote Santa for it last Christmas, and—surprise!—she found it on her tree.

In fact, Betty's so wrapped up in Harry's musical career that for a while after they were married, she planned spending all her studio layoffs traveling with his band. She tried that out on her first vacation—but it

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3 absorbencies

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She didn’t work. Betty discovered (she might have known) that she was far too famous a person herself to have any rest or relaxation. It turned out to be a personal appearance tour of Betty Grable, because of course, the newspapers discovered her pronto wherever Harry went, and when she pleaded that she was just traveling incognito as Harry James’ wife—well—you know how that went over.

“Are you kidding?” they scoffed.

Even in Manhattan, Grable didn’t dare appear at the Waldorf where Harry trumpeted for her six-o’clock cocktail. She had to crouch in the wings to watch the band work and blow kisses at Harry from afar. After that, she gave up the idea. Now Harry phones every night when he plays his last number, wherever he is, and Betty hops out of bed in the middle of the night to report on home and Vicki. If she wants to hear Hot Lips Harry give out yet his latest melody, she has to play his records, sneak in with the band when he has a Hollywood Palladium engagement. Because he won’t play around the house.

Closed shop . . .

When Harry and Betty were married, they made a pact about that, and they’ve stuck to it sternly ever since. “A Home, Baby,” suggested Harry, “we won’t ever talk business, what do you say?”

“I say fine,” agreed Betty. “I don’t like studio chatter or Hollywood gossip.”

“And how I hate musician talk and music gossip!” sighed Harry. “Is it a deal?”

“Okay,” confirmed Betty, “and the first one who breaks it has to cook dinner on the maid’s night out.”

Betty may have her home, but that’s no sign she’s domestic. She summed up her kitchen craft like this, “I can make pretty good toast—if the toaster’s automatic.” She can barely sew on a button, either. As much as Bets adores to play with Vicki and Bill, she can’t sew them up unless the nursenmaid prepares the formula. Truth is, Betty just doesn’t know anything about these things and doesn’t trust herself.

This domestic helplessness has an explanation. Betty’s no moron, but during the years most girls learn all those things, she was out singing and dancing, making movies, travelling all over the land working like the trooper she is and getting along in show business. She toured incessantly with her mother, who took care of what her kids had for breakfast. She had to be done and guided all Betty’s thoughts, talents and energies to her career. Betty’s older sister, Marjorie (Mrs. David McDaniel), is married to a businessman and has led a domestic life completely apart from show business, is a swell cook and housekeeper.

No not an acute problem at the James house, however. Betty’s mother is around a lot (she’s still very close to Betty) to see that things tick off all right, and when maid’s night out ticks round, Harry and Betty simply eat out.

Betty likes good food, but maybe because she can’t prepare it, she’s not a fussily picky eater. All eating in the world but liver or bananas. She has a typical diner-outer’s preference for steaks and rich pastries. She keeps a necklace of her favorite dinner roll crumbs, “raisen-glazed,” strung across her dressing room mirror to munch between takes. But she never gets fat, even though she pooh-poohs any attention whatever to figure care or exercise. She’s just lucky that way. Betty never has played tennis or golf. She used to ride horseback a little, but when her sister, Marjorie, had a bad riding accident, Betty even stopped that. She spends her spare hours lying beside her tiny pool back of the house, but hardly ever takes even a dip. She sops up a sweat tin can, by the way, never blisters or peels—in spite of her pure peaches and cream complexion. After Betty had been in the hospital several weeks with Vicki’s emergency Caesarian arrival, she recuperated lying in the sun beside her pool for hours and never even got a tan.

Betty’s famous figure, incidentally, hasn’t varied a fraction of an inch in any department since motherhood. Yet she hasn’t had amniocentesis or body beauty treatment of any kind. All her old clothes still fit perfectly. The only things she’s had to turn over to the Red Cross are the maternity numbers she bought, the butcher-boy outfits and such. Betty’s relaxed about her looks. But she adores yummy clothes and has closets packed with them, especially shoes, which she had a weakness for fancy footwear ever since she was a kid.

Once when Betty was only ten, a friend of the Grables’ came back from Europe with expensive underwear, presents for both the Grable girls. Betty got a bottle of Parisian perfume, and her sister, Marjorie, drew a pair of French-heeled red slippers. In no time at all Betty had worked a deal with her sister, trading the scent for the glamour dogs. They were living in a St. Louis hotel then, and promptly Betty squeezed into the extreme shoes—her first slip-heeled pair—and paraded through the lobby. But she wobbled so badly that her ankle gave way and—boom—she stayed in bed for a week with two sprained joints.

She has flocks ofiformals, too, lovely dresses of all types, coats, furpieces—everything. Mostly they just stay in the close, tantalizing, presents for the only time in the world Betty ever gets gussied up is when she goes out at night, a bluenose deal these days. Around the house she’s strictly a slack girl, and the piles of these undergarments, tailored and uniform in pastel shades, clutter up her dresser drawers. Her favorite coat is a camel’s-hair wrap-around, worn campus style, no hat, no stomacher. She likes expensive clothing, and that’s the kind she has, lots of it in novel designs (like Harry’s gold trumpet pin). Betty’s strictly feminine in her personal likes and dislikes. She sleeps in silky night gowns, loves perfume cologne, powder and scented tub baths. She’s got a bad weakness for trick hairdo’s (Harry hates’em) although her studio hairstylist, Marie Brasselle, has to do all the work. She likes flowers in her hair, and even when she’s slacking around the house, there’s always a gay ribbon somewhere. Betty’s hair is not naturally platinum like she wears it. It’s more of an ash blonde, even darker. But she’s never questioned the studio’s decision that she keep it lily-white. It’s naturally curly, by the way, but to Betty that’s a bother; she has to keep it straightened out for her period picture hairdo’s.

She’s always adored doing Gay Ninety and period musical movies, because she loves the frilly furbelows, the hourglass gowns, the bustles, pompadours, elephants’ tails, and generally the costume like “Sweet Rosie O’Grady” and “Coney Island.” (Her favorite picture of all is “Sweet Rosie.”) In fact, Grable’s loaded with all kinds of ladylike longings—

(Continued on page 82)
Famous Star gives advice on how to win romance and hold it!

"Every girl knows that in love everything's important! What you wear, what you say, how you look," says charming Anne Baxter. "So don't be careless, don't risk losing the loveliness that wins Romance and holds it!"

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

"Don't toss a Coin to decide whether or not you take a Lux Soap beauty bath before your date. Make daintiness sure."

"Don't believe a word of it when temptation whispers: You're much too tired for beauty care tonight. Regular Active-lather facials with Lux Soap take just a few moments—and they really make skin softer, smoother—lovelier."

"You get your Man—and you hold him, too, when you take the right beauty care. I use Lux Soap every single day—for my complexion, and as a bath soap, too."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier!
craves candy, loves antiques (she had a beautiful collection in her old house which she gave to her mother), likes to sleep late, changes her mind if it causes Betty's still the rettes with two puffs and tosses them away. (Thank goodness Harry works for Chesterfield!). Betty also goes for romantic books (Right now she's deep in "Forever Amethyst," wistfully sighing that she'd love to play Amber) and likes reading them in bed. She has no idea of cash money values. She took her mother's out for dinner on trees that exposed plenty of scenery for her opening show. But there was a rule and regulation about that, it seemed—all entertainers had to be paid in cash down at sunrise or something. So Betty dotted up in the silkiest formal she could dig out of her trunk, put on French heels and darned near killed herself trying to off-to-Buffalo on a routine in that wrap-up.

But there's another side to Betty's appeal for the soldier boys—the good sport, simpering side that every Yank seems to read in Betty's face, and which I've a hunch is just as important an item as "cheesecake" to a lonely GI who remembers the good sport back home. On that same camp tour, Betty picked up a paper one day and read an item like this, "GI's picked Betty Grable. She read on you'd been ever to a one-way camp was sore as a boiled owl because they'd been by-passed by Betty's glamour tour. So they'd paraded up and down the barracks in an enthralling manner. Betty then issued an invitation to the GI's to Camp So-and-So." That got Grable. She put in long distance calls to Washington and shot wires to Hollywood asking that she be sent to the GI's camp. The answer was that there weren't any facilities there for a show, and it was too remote and just too bad. But that didn't satisfy Betty. She kept plugging until the USO trip routers let her skip over to the camp and scatter those pickets personally.

That's what Grable thinks of GI's, and here's how a man of the Yanks think of her. A year or so ago, a salty Guadalcanal Marine got in touch with her through the Hollywood Canteen where she and Harry James were still entertaining the guys. (Incidentally, that's where their romance really got started, you'll remember if you read our story about them in the October, 1943, issue of Motion Picture.) This leatherneck said he had something he wanted to give Betty. It turned out to be a picture of her—not a pin-up picture—just a modest portrait. It was creased and dirty, and through the center was a bullet hole rimmed with dark stains. "My Bud," explained the Marine. "He always carried this cut-out over his heart—and when they got him that's where they got him."

Betty hauled him right up home with her to dinner with her mother in their Bel Air home which she had lived in. And if you think Grable doesn't shed tears, you should have seen her dissolve that evening. Duty took that particular Marine through Hollywood four separate times, and every time she would come in the house, she'd come in and take the picture to the Marine. And every time she had him up to the house. When he shipped out again, he wrote her once a month regularly, from wherever combat action took him. She hadn't heard from him for several months now, and knowing what a pal he was, Betty is afraid to think why.
Glamourland contributes this newest of smart accessories—a dainty, streamlined, sure-fire lighter with companion cigaret case. Lighter is all-metal, plastic finished in brilliant color. Matching plastic case is light as a feather yet exceptionally sturdy and practically moisture and air-proof. Ideal for men and women, particularly for those in the Armed Forces. Your choice of colors: Sophisticate Red, Nile Green or Azure Blue. The set only $1.49 plus postage if you act at once.

MATCH YOUR COSTUMES AND YOUR MOODS AS THE STARS DO

Be the first in your set to enjoy the distinction of matching or contrasting your cigaret Lighter and Case with your attire. Yes, and match your mood, too! In your more daring moments carry your SOPHISTICATE RED Set; for times of enchantment choose NILE GREEN; or AZURE BLUE when you are demure. All three sets—three Lighters and three Cases can be yours for the special price of only $3.98 plus postage.

Examine the NEW HOLLYWOOD color-matching Lighter and Cigaret Case... fashion accessories of the Stars. Try the Lighter, use the Case... let your friends admire their vivid beauty. Then, if you can bearto part with them, return the set within 5 days for prompt refund. DON'T DELAY!... Mail the coupon at once. The supply of these combination sets is limited. Act today!

Send NO MONEY
JUST MAIL COUPON

L. PRICE & CO. Dept. E.

Send me The New Hollywood matching set (s) of Cigaret Lighter and Case in color(s) indicated: □ SOPHISTICATE RED □ NILE GREEN □ AZURE BLUE. On arrival, I will deposit with postman $1.49 plus postage charges for each set (see special offer below) on the Iron-clad guarantee that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the set (s) in 5 days for refund without question.

□ MONEY ENCLOSED (If Money With Order, Package Comes Postpaid)

Name________________________
Print Plainly
Address________________________

City________________________ Zone________ State________

□ SPECIAL! Send me 3 sets, Sophisticate Red, Nile Green, and Azure Blue for $3.98.
(Due to demand and limited supplies, only 3 sets per customer.)

THIS GIFT PACKAGE COMPLETELY PACKED FOR OVERSEAS AND CAMP SHIPMENT!
Weight less than 8 ounces so no Government permit or Soldier's request necessary.
Pond’s “Lips” stay on...

and on...

6 scumptious shades in a BIG metal case! 49¢, plus tax

was ‘Coney Island,’ and I’ll always remember you like you were in that. I just wish I could hear you sing again.” When Betty got that one, she went right over to the recording studio and sang two numbers especially for that blind hero. “Cuddle Up a Little Closer” and “Put Your Arms Around Me”—his favorites.

one little, two little, three little vickies...

Betty’s marriage and motherhood hasn’t dimmed her popularity or appeal to the Army and Navy one bit. I’m glad to say. When Vicki’s birth was announced, she got herself swamped with baby gifts from every outpost where Old Glory was flying. One Fortress crew in England who’d christened their ship “The Blonde Bomber” and painted Betty’s picture life-size on their fuselage, started painting tiny crawling babies for every mission they’d accomplished! There were twelve little Vickies on it when Norelco finally Vanged the ship.

Betty gets along well with other girls, as she does with everybody, but she has no real close girl friends. She’d be lost in a “hen party.” She’s not gossipy or catty or jealous at all, although it does seem that whenever she is halfway friendly to another star, some Hollywood gremlin gets busy and cooks up a phony feud or jinx story, which makes Betty miserable. Next to her mother and sister, Marjorie, Betty’s as friendly with Alice Faye as anyone.

When Harry’s in town, the Jayneans see a lot of Phil and Alice, and now that both couples are family folks they have a lot to talk about besides orchestras and acting. Alice, who expected her baby the same time Betty did, had a date to drop by and see Betty and talk stork stuff the day she was carried off to the hospital, and the last worried request Betty voiced before she went under the ether was for Mrs. Grable to call and explain to Alice why she had to stand her up.

But because they’re the same lot and both sing—even though Alice doesn’t want to any more—every time a musical role comes up, newspapers revive a tired old “feud” story. It seems a couple of the parts that brought Betty fame, “Down Argentine Way” and “Tin Pan Alley,” were originally scheduled for Faye, who got ill and couldn’t handle them.

The same busy bit of ballyhoo happened in reverse recently when Vivian Blaine, a newcomer at Fox, got her Cinderella break in two pictures ordered first for Betty—“Greenvale”—and “Sister of the Brakeman.” “Something For the Boys.” The one time this year that Betty stepped out, to Xavier Cugat’s opening night at Ciro’s, she happened to sit near Vivian, but the two tables were placed so that their backs were to each other, and they never saw each other all night. That was duly and elaborately reported as a Grable snub. “Betty laid to the fact that Betty was “jealous.”

On the contrary, Betty’s probably the most open-hearted, easy, non-temperamental star in Hollywood. She plugged, for instance, to get pretty new June Havner (who looks dangerously like a young edition of Grable) in a good part in Fox’s superhit, “The Big Clock.” That sort of thing Betty has done time and again for newcomers. She’s pushed along the screen careers of dance experts Kenny Williams, Hermes Pan, and Betty’s dance stunt-in, Angie Blue, by getting them in person before the camera. She wangled a stock contract at RKO for Bobbie Coleman, a girl who used to work at the Cafe de Paris. Betty’s actually the chummiest star at her studio with the little people she works with. Her table right in the middle of the room practically bars any big-shot ranked above a stand-in, and it has the reputation of being the noisiest, gayest table in the cafe. The first person at the studio to know Betty was wearing a ma-donna halo was John Harvey, a young actor who worked with her in “Pin-Up Girl.” Betty was trying to keep her secret a secret then, but at the same time trying to give John some pointers on how to get more camera attention out of his part. So he was in a position to observe with what turned out to be an experienced eye.

It was still a secret when John calmly asked Betty one day, “When are you expecting your baby?”

“How did you know?” gasped Betty.

“Oh, that’s easy,” grinned Harvey. “My wife’s expecting, too. I know all the symptoms as a turtle.

About parts, wardrobe, make-up, designing anything else at the studio, Betty has about as much temperament as a turtle. She has never “struck” or been suspended or tried to be the grande dame symptom of the lot. She’s all too keen to see a new girl get to call her a hit. She’s even more so on her, and kick-ups on her part, they’re likely to be a plug for the little people.

Like the time on “Coney Island” when she broke up the company. I’d better explain first that extras, bit players and mobs on a set carry a standing pet peeve against eager beaver directors who get in their faces to call cut one second before the camera’s set for a half for a full noon hour. Well, on this picture the director had been a little guilty of that sort of thing, and he lined up the entire Betty, just three minutes before the clock hands went straight up. They all got set finally, the camera focused, the lights blazed, the director yelled “Cut!”

Betty opened her mouth as if to sing. But instead she rang the rafters, yelling, “LUNCH!” as loud as she could. The entire crew followed the extras, roared and applauded, and Betty grinned.

That broke it. They went to lunch.

Actually, Betty likes to work. Like her favorite star, Bing Crosby, it’s easy as pie for her, too. She hasn’t taken a script home in years. Used to memorizing song lyrics ever since she was twelve, she catches her lines in one easy lesson. Her seven-year contract at Fox makes certain she’ll be in there pitching for a long, long time to come, which is okay with Grable. Although she’s not a lot happier when Harvey’s running off to play back East and wangles his coast-to-coast broadcasting from Hollywood. That prospect looks rosier now, too, because Harry’s new picture contract at M-G-M is going to keep him close to home.

So far there aren’t any James family plans to launch Victoria Elizabeth on a movie career. All that is that M-G-M already has all the witching personality of both her mom and paw. Besides, she got her name, you know, from Vickie Lane, the sister who played in “Spring in the Rockies,” the fatal picture which brought Betty and Harry James together.

Betty herself quips away any such future movie-mama suggestions with, “How can she be a glamour girl when she’s bald?” She also points to the discouraging only time she set her foot at M-G-M. Vicki didn’t like it one bit and set up a terrific fuss with tears and tantrums.

But, after all, it’s the fans who have the final say. Let’s give credit where it’s due. And only the other day Betty got a letter from a soldier fan which might be a tip-off.

It was addressed to Miss Victoria Elizabeth Grable, and when Betty opened it, a quarter fell out in her lap.

“Dear Vicki,” penned the GI hopefully. “I’ve always been crazy about your mother—but it looks like I lost out to Harry James. So keep this quarter—and when you grow up to be a beautiful movie star—send me an autographed picture, will you?”
A kid to be envied—lost in the deep slumbrous comfort of his own Beautyrest! Nowadays not many youngsters are so fortunate—or many grownups either! For all of our Beautyrest facilities are still working full blast—and full time—for Uncle Sam.

Before too long, we hope, we’re going to be able to put into your new Beautyrest all the special skills our precision work has taught us. Then, once again, you’ll relax in soft, cushioned luxury...that specially restful comfort provided by Beautyrest’s 837 individually pocketed coils.

If you need a new mattress right away, we recommend our famous WHITE KNIGHT. Soft, durable—it’s a mattress-within-a-mattress, packed with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton. It costs only $39.50. We can offer you, too, a limited quantity of those wonderful Beautyrest Box Springs, available at the same low price.

BEAUTYREST—The world’s most comfortable mattress!

P. S. HAVE YOU BOUGHT THAT EXTRA BOND TODAY?
“It’s all in your hands,” says Arlene Francis, leading lady of famous Hinds “BLIND DATE” radio show ... EVERY MONDAY NIGHT—BLUE NETWORK

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE, UNTIL...
They were the Happy Couple who never had a cross word. She was a wonderful housekeeper ... which started the trouble. For housework is one of the big causes of rough hands ... but, unfortunately, not even the most loving husband likes rough hands!

NEGLECTED HANDS—NEGLECTED WIFE
No man can warm up to red, dry, scratchy hands... and our Little Woman put in some bad days with a very large dent in her heart. Then she used her head to help her hands, and her heart took care of itself. She got Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream.

HINDS FOR “COME HITHER” HANDS
It wasn’t long before her husband ran out of adjectives, trying to describe her soft, smooth, velvety hands. Hinds contains a special softening ingredient with a particular affinity for your skin. Make Hinds your passport to romance-inviting hands! Begin now.

You should know this about your hands:

- Wind, weather, and hard water can take the natural oils from your skin; leave it rough, dry, and tender. Here’s why you should turn to Hinds: Hinds supplies a softener to help out when the natural skin lubricant is depleted. So ... for petal-soft, smooth hands, use Hinds! Ask for Hinds today at any toilet-goods counter.

HUTTON OR NUTTIN’!
(Continued from page 4)

As for bounding Betty, it was new experience enough just getting whammed away at like a lady duck. But by that time Hutton was already hup to a flock of new delights and dangers which her little head had never dreamed about ‘way back in cozy, comfy Hollywood.

Like, for instance, giving out with the glamour in spooky jungle clearings while trropic skies emptied buckets of rain on her famous figure. Like crooning and hoofing to the grim rat-a-rat of Yank rifles knocking off nearby Nips. Like snatching beauty sleeps on steel floors of bumpy cargo planes and in mud-mired pup tents. Like tripping to the powder room under escorts of MP’s so a sniper wouldn’t wing her, and watching Marines solemnly tub out her pink unmentionables. Like getting introduced to 105 degree dysentery fever, living on Spam and raisins, watching her clothes rot right off her fair body and perusing out eight steamy weeks without a bath. Like getting tagged a white goddess by awe-struck savages and losing a ton of lipstick to a few thousand love-hungry GI’s who hadn’t seen a white woman in months, let alone kissed one, and Betty Hutton at that.

When Betty got home, she’d traveled 50,000 miles by plane, boat, jeep and truck and what have you over the toughest front line circuit of them all, making stops no other Hollywood star had ever dared. She had felt the blast of bombs and heard the whine of bullets and smelled the smell of death. ‘She’d trod the hallowed sands of Tarawa, Saipan, Guam, Kwajelein, Tinian and a couple dozen more spots of glorious Yank memory. And along the way she’d found the war job she’d asked for and done her derndest to give out what—Betty hoped—the boys could see in the way of chuckles and cheer.

stepchildren in the pacific...

Because her hot spot Pacific hope were strictly Betty Hutton’s idea—or rather the idea she got from a few thousand ardent pen pals straddled out where the going’s rough. “How about it, Hutton?” they wrote. “How’s about a date?” And, “Sav- ing a Jap for you, Baby. Come get him before he spoils.” Betty had but one question to ask the USO people. “Where do the boys need entertainment the most?”

That’s easy,” they told her right off. “The Middle-Pacific. They’ve only had Bob Hope and Jack Benny over there, and they didn’t make all the stops.” They went on to explain that while European fighting fronts had already wallowed in the comparative entertainment heaven of some two or three hundred star tours, the rugged island clean-up guys were stepchildren, and they didn’t like it. In fact, there had been complaints. But there were plenty of good reasons why: Distances were terrific, transportation was risky and rugged. Living conditions were terrible, wicked diseases all over the place, climate awful, and all the food canned. Besides, anywhere you went, you were likely to run smack into Japs. There were still all around, dug like moles in the ground and hanging like monkeys from the trees. “It’s no place for a lady,” they explained politely.

“Be careful who you call a lady,” cracked Betty. “That’s for me. When do I start?” They said any time and the soonest the quicker.

Well, there was a picture, of course. There’s always a picture for Hutton these days, but this time Betty just up and said,
"It can wait." Good old Paramount put up an argument about million dollar schedules and things for Betty's next, "Duffy's Tavern," but they weren't really serious—not when they saw Hutton's jaw. In no time flat she was woozy with twelve different kinds of shots—for every foul affliction from the craw-craw to housemaid's knee. That's when Hutton first realized she was in the Army now—although maybe the light dawned a little more officially up in San Francisco, where she hopped off.

the once-over...

Because when a Hollywood star sets out to send overseas, she gets her orders straight from headquarters like the lowest Sad Sack. Betty arrived at the Golden Gate full of beans andarin'to go. She was a dazzling blue dream dish in a beautiful USO uniform creation by Schmidt, Hollywood's swankiest tailor. She sported a studio hair-do out of this world with every trick curl in place. She was showered, shined and shampooped. She dragged five big bags jammed with fine feathers and enough glamour items to stake an expedition of Earl Carroll cuties.

The bags went first. "You can take one," allowed the brass hats. "Now there's the little matter of permits and passports and—or a few questions."

Well, Hutton stewed around San Francisco four days while Uncle Sam gave her the once-over. Wires whipped back and forth to Washington, clearing her with the FBI, the IOU, the PHA, WCTU and the SPFA. Meanwhile, interviewing officers chopped down her family tree and examined the pieces. They traced her every move since the days of Public School No. 12. They wanted to know all about her intelligence quotient and her batting average in the Three-I League Ladies Auxiliary. Betty told them how she liked her oatmeal, and her personal reaction to Frankie Sinatra. She revealed that her name backwards, spelled "Nottuh," and that she was allergic to gefuelp-fish. Of course, I'm pouring it on a little. But the point is that if Betty had the impression she'd already told all to the Hollywood gossips, she was just living in a fool's paradise, that's all. By the time the Army got through with Hutton, they had her on paper for keeps. And by the time it was clear she was no Jap spy, but a nice girl with something for the boys, the beautiful USO deal was a little baggy behind, the studio hair-do was wilted, her manicure was chewed off, and the Mrs. General MacArthur outlook Betty sported when she hit Frisco had shriveled down to size—around the Mrs. Private Hargrove division.

Of course, all that's necessary and right and proper, and Hutton had no kicks. But what touched off the thermite was a parting word of wisdom breathed in her ear at the take-off.

There a USO lady, trying to be helpful, came up to Betty. "My dear," she whispered in a between-us-girls voice, "Be sure and take enough personal things along. You can't get them out there."

"Like what?" asked Betty.

"Well," said the lady, with a significant glance, "Like peroxide—for your hair."

Betty controlled the impulse. Instead she drew herself up in her best Queen Victoria manner. "We are not amused," she said icily. "For your information, my blonde hair is not out of a bottle!"

Maybe all that de glamorizing effect of Army processing is what put Betty on her P's and Q's when at last she soared out over the Golden Gate. Maybe it was the squawks that had just seeped back to the States from Pacific GI's about temperamental Hollywood stars on jungle battle front tours. Maybe, too, she was all wrong about it, but Betty felt a little on the
defensive—as if the transport crew was just watching and waiting for her to be Little Miss Movie Star.

Anyway, she sat quiet like the mouse on her little bucket seat, didn’t speak unless spoken to and tended to her knitting until the boys loosened up and got sociable. That didn’t take long. Pretty soon somebody trolled up with a shy grin and a cup of hot bouillon (because it’s cold up high even over the South Seas). Another flyer offered his coat. Then the skipper looked over his shoulder and wondered if Betty would like to sit in the copilot’s seat and “fly the ship.” It’s a long hop to Hawaii, where Hutton was headed—thirteen hours and not much scenery. And after all Betty Hutton is no scarecrow. The ice gradually thawed and finally broke wide open when the guys got up a game of black-jack. “Like to sit in, Miss Hutton?” one of them asked.

That’s all Betty needed. “Sure!” she beamed, wondering dismally what her Hollywood business manager would say. She’d never played the darned game.

**murder she said...**

Who won? H-m-m-m-m—what always happens with beginners? Lousy with luck, that’s what. Hutton clipped them neatly for $40. Then somebody suggested a crap game. She’d never played that either. But the galloping cubes stuffed Betty’s purse with another $25. When she told the guys with that famous grin, “Honest, I’ve never played these games before!” they rolled all over the ship howling “Murder!” “Murder, he say,” cracked Hutton happily.

“Sing it, Betty!” somebody yelled. And that touched off Hutton’s first Army show, right up there in the skies.

Nobody ever called Betty a prima donna or remembered, after a couple of grins, that she’d ever seen a studio. She never hit a lick of Hollywood hostility on the whole tour. And when the boys broke down and chummed up—Hutton knocked them on their ears, with pep and personality—regardless of altitude, speed, direction or wind drift. She had a different plane and a different crew each time, too. But whether they were C54’s, converted Cats, bombers or just washing machines with wings, they all bulged at the seams when the gang really broke it up with a show. Nobody ever heard of flight fatigue on a Hutton hop, from then on.

She wasn’t traveling as a one-girl show, of course. Betty Hutton was the USO group’s headliner, but besides the Hutton tot there were five other Merrymakers along, including Valsetz, a comedy juggler, Tito Guidotti, accordionist, Arthur Herbert, funny man, George Costa, guitar, and a cutie-pie named Virginia (Jeepers) Carroll, who did acrobatic dances.

Betty’s first stop, naturally, was Hawaii. She knew that before she took off. And Hawaii was thrill enough to start off with. For one thing, it had always been Betty’s dream someday to land beside Waikiki Beach, get loops of leis tossed over her neck, and hear the guitars whine out “Aloha.” She got all that—and Heaven, too—that is, if you call Heaven a few hundred homesick soldiers who’d heard the news and jammed the Honolulu docks to say hello. But that’s putting it too mildly. They didn’t just say hello—they kissed it.

When that rugged welcome was over, Betty thought she’d seen—and kissed—everything. But it’s impossible for a Hollywood gal to realize what a sensation a famous female face fresh from home creates in an overseas khaki world. They whisked her right over to the Meana, one of Honolulu’s biggest taverns, hopping these days with nobody but Yanks in uniform. Remember, Betty had never been
HERE'S PROOF

OF WHICH VITAMINS YOU SHOULD TAKE

DEndefender—The Indenential Vitamin Formula
Issued To American Soldiers

Why be in doubt about which vitamins are best for you
and your whole family? DEFENDER is exactly the same
authentic multiple vitamin formula developed for the
U. S. Army by many of America's leading doctors and
Government nutrition experts, to help maintain
the magnificent health of our fighting men. That's proof!

DEFENDER—The Vitamins Taken Regularly
By The Champion St. Louis Cardinals and
Browns

Not only the Cardinals and the pennant-winning St. Louis
Browns—but many other leading figures in the sports
world count on DEFENDER Multiple Vitamins to help
give them that extra something that makes champions. They
know DEFENDER gives them all the vitamins needed
for complete dietary health-protection. And that's proof!

I TAKE TWO A DAY—
THE ARMY WAY—for
DIETARY HEALTH,
BEAUTY, VITALITY
PROTECTION! AND I
KNOW THEY ARE
NON-FATTENING.

NOW RELEASED
FOR CIVILIANS

The Most Widely Used Multiple
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NO multiple vitamin preparation has ever been
tested and proved for its health-protection
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(1)—It is the same authentic formula issued
by the U. S. Army Medical Department
and issued to American soldiers—the healthiest
body of fighting men ever known;
(2)—That it was developed by many outstanding doctors
and Government nutrition experts;
(3)—That no finer quality is possible at any price.

DEFENDER supplies you with every vitamin
recognized as essential in fortifying the diet—
the precious B-complex and the vitally
important vitamins A, C and D.

Now released for civilian use, DEFENDER
is guaranteed the same formula as the U. S.
Army ordered by the millions of capsules from
The Grove Laboratories. On sale at all Drug-
gists. Cost only a fraction over $1 a capsule in
Family Size bottle ($38 capsules)—only $3.00.
Regular Size—nearly a month's supply—$1.25.

The Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Vitamin Division
St. Louis, Mo.
GI

The GI return to their barracks around 3 o'clock A.M. after a bumpy attempt to sleep without a mattress on a C54 steel floor. Then she'd try to snatch some shut-eye in a tent. Jupes was doing his best to drown it.

It rains all the time in the Pacific, as near as Betty could figure. And the showers just make it hotter and steamier than a summer greenhouse. Before every show Betty, Virginia and the gang would have to mop their tiny plank stages so both gals wouldn't dislocate a hip when they did their last but one GI beauty tricks, too, was a caution.

The first time the skies opened up in the middle of an act Hutton and Company didn't flinched. One could expect such a tip-off from the disappointed yowl from the soldiers who had only that one chance to see Betty (remember those guys are busy) that they had a GI seat back but with GI raincoats wrapped around. Well, what's Hutton to do now? More yowls. From then on they just rose above it, and kept singing. Of course, a hair-don't wouldn't last a minute with treatment like that and the climate steamed out everything anyway. So Betty put lacquer on her hair. She then did a thing where those top curls that she could hang out and dry between shows. She used other make-up by the box-fuils, because no sooner would she这样一个 giving it up than some fungus would make you grow a tree if you don't watch out, complete with leaves, blooms and everything in no time at all)

Betty's duds dropped off her like Gypsy Rose Lee's used to before she got artistic. It Betty had stayed out there a week longer, she'd have been dancine in the swamp. The gorgeous USO uniform lasted just one hop after Hawaii. One by one her ten little dresses crumpled away, and you couldn't give Betty to good Will hour by the time she got home. The only time on the trip she really got sore, incidentally, was at the last island she visited. Waving the crumby GI ad

News of her last vanishing frock, ripped, tattered and mouldy at the seams, and her last pair of slippers with heels busted off.

miracle girl !

"For gosh sakes, Hutton he cracked after the show. "Next time you go down there, bring some decent clothes. You sure look crummy!"

Betty bit her lips and counted ten. She didn't bother to explain that, almost worn herself ragged. There's always one smartie like that—even in the Army.

Betty knew she wasn't half as bushed as most of the boys and'd sing for them if they'd (Continued on page 92)
You Don't Need to Wear Glasses Unless Your Eyes are Diseased!

Here's Amazing Good News for All Wearers of Glasses!

Now, you can have good sight — without glasses! No matter whether you are young or old — or how long you have worn glasses — unless you are one of the few people who have some degenerative disease of the eye.

In this surprising book, SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES, Dr. Harold M. Peppard tells why wearing glasses is totally unnecessary for the vast majority of people. He tells how a simple, natural course of treatment has CURED the defective sight of hundreds of people — enabled them to throw away their glasses for good! He explains how this treatment has saved scores of adults and children from starting to wear glasses.

You'll be amazed when you read this remarkable book! You'll see convincing Case Histories of some of Dr. Peppard's hundreds of patients — people with faulty sight — who were made to see clearly with their naked eyes by his revolutionary treatment. You'll learn how this treatment not only cures eyestrain, near and far sightedness and astigmatism — but averts or helps tremendously such eye troubles as cross eyes, glaucoma and cataract.

No Drugs — No Surgery —
Just a Natural, Scientific Remedy!

With Dr. Peppard's Sight Correction Method, you don't have to undergo medical or surgical treatment — or wear some uncomfortable device. Your defective vision is restored to normal by a scientifically sound system of eye-muscle exercises, based on a wonderful new discovery in Ophthalmology. Unless you have eye disease — and very few have — you don't need glasses! Glasses won't cure your poor sight — they only compensate for it to some degree. What you want is normal eyesight. Read how you can secure it in SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES!

Don't Be a Slave to Glasses —
Read This Tremendously Helpful Book!

With SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES you can enjoy the benefits of Dr. Peppard's treatment right in your own home. Its 162 pages are written in clear, understandable language — illustrated with 15 charts, diagrams and drawings.

Order your copy NOW — fill out and mail coupon below! When your book arrives, if you aren't convinced it will help your eyesight tremendously, return it within 5 days and your $1.00 will be refunded promptly.

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon Now!

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Dept. 100 Westfield, Massachusetts

Please send me Dr. Peppard's great book, SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. When the book arrives I will pay the postman $1 plus postage. If I return the book within 5 days, you will refund my $1.

SAVE POSTAGE — CHECK SQUARE BELOW

☐ I enclose $1 in full payment. Send book postpaid. You will refund my $1 if I return the book in 5 days.

Name:

Street:

City State:

91
climbed out of bombers, red-eyed and smelling of grease and gun powder. And she'd see them off, too, sometimes in the dawn. She'll never forget the thrill she had when she saw a flock of B-29's take off from Saipan and heard a pilot crack, "Guess I'll go lay some eggs."

"Say," objected Betty, "that's my racket."

"Okay," he grinned, "then I'll lay one for you—a very special egg." She didn't quite understand until she heard the next day that those B-29's were back from a very special place—Tokyo.

Every time Betty started a show, she'd look out over those crowds of wonderful fighting men, and she'd say, "Good evening—Gentlemen," very slow and emphasized. There would always be groans. "You are gentlemen, aren't you?" Betty'd crack in mock surprise, and the GI's would roor back.

"HELL, NO!"
But Betty knew better.

They almost tore each other apart to see who'd do Betty's laundry, for instance, and one of the funniest sights Betty remembers is a bunch of Marines on Tinian Island sading out her panties and bras with the help of a few dozen other leathernocks tossing helpful suggestions from the sidelines!

*kingdom come* ...

Betty was the innocent cause of lots of gags, tricks and rivalry races along the route. Her coming was something of an event, well advertised, as you can imagine out in a land where a white woman's ten times rarer than a Republican in Dixie. Like the time she swooped down on Kwajalein at 2 a.m. to be met by a couple of grinning special service lieutenants and whisked off to a midnight welcome party and feast, complete with Spam à la Tropique (in other words—Spam) warm beer and everything. Well, right in the middle of the whoop-la, in stormed a general shaking his fists and biting the air. "Who stole my alarm clock?" he was yelping. Then he saw all the other officers clustered around Betty, and he knew he'd been tricked. Seems he'd fretted all week planning to welcome Betty personally, and then his aides had framed him. But the General was a good sport about it.

As audiences, of course, there's just not a higher grade article on the market for any entertainer anywhere than GI Joes. Betty has traveled plenty of show circuits in her 23 years, but she never ran into anything like the applause that pounded her shell pink ears in the Pacific Island Loop. Three times Marines got so worked up they tumbled right out of palm trees in the middle of her show. But the hottest tribute (and I'm not kidding) to Hutton's allure was the night the ammunition dump almost blew up.

Hutton was knocking herself out, as usual, on this big island that I'd better not name. All of a sudden the fire siren sounded, and the lights went up. The loud speaker said a fire was raging next to the ammunition dump across the way. The show would have to stop until it was put out. Well—not one of those rust GI's budged, even though it looked like they all might be blown to Kingdom come any minute. Rather die happy with Hutton, I suppose. Of course, there came officers' orders right after that.

Yep, the GI's were great, all right. But not even a notch beneath the male heroes of the Pacific, in Betty's book, were the brave Army nurses she met. No applause for those gals, serving silently, no glamour, flirtations nor fun—just hard work and the reward of a grateful look from a wounded boy's eyes.

*soldiers in skirts* ...  

Half the nurses Betty met hadn't seen a bobby pin, powder, lipstick, perfume
or even soap for weeks. But there wasn't a gripe. Betty bunked in nurses' quarters at several stops and everywhere she increased her respect. Of course, the girls were eager to gab away with Hutton all night long, and being human, they wanted to know—what are the new styles in hats and hair do's along the Boulevard? And who's doing what and with whom in Hollywood? She did her best to give them a word picture of the wartime feminine world back home, even if it cost her some shut-eye. She never regretted it. When it came the nurses' turn to do favors, they paid Betty back with interest.

Dysentery finally trapped Betty on Eniwetok, about halfway through the tour. Her temp hopped up to 105 degrees, and she was all kinds of drastic symptoms. But there wasn't the main crisis. The worst danger was the word Betty got on her bed of pain—that she was to be shipped back to Hawaii as a casualty! Hutton wanted no part of that—sick as she was—and the two nurses who flew in from Kwajalein to keep her comfy had to think fast and work faster when tearful Betty turned on the heat. "You've got to get me well right away," she wailed, "they're gonna send me back home, and I don't wanna go!" So the nurses did everything they knew—both night and day—to fight dysentery and believe it or not, it worked. Betty was on her feet, a little shaky, and minus ten pounds, but in threepitching, in three days, and the hospital plane that was standing by to fly her back to the States was out of luck.

All in all, Betty Hutton visited thirtyodd islands, some big, some small—a lot of them you don't hear so much about—like Namur, Roi, Antawarak, Majuro, Johnston, Christmas Island and Canton. She averaged three shows a day and a few at night, and she could have played a daily dozen if she had the time and the strength (they did book six for her at one place, but she lasted out only four). Her audiences ranged from a mere platoon to 20,000 GI's. She sang and danced mostly on her "hunk of plank" stages, but plenty of times in airplanes, on trucks, aboard battleship—even on a submarine.

High on Hutton's list of thrills, in fact, was the time she got invited to rub the tummy of the brass buddha the pig-boat torpedomen kept beside their tin-fish tubes. They massaged it every time before they send one into a Jap boat, and this particular Buddha had already cluttered up the ocean with Nip ships, so Betty knew darned well her buddy-rub would pay off sooner or later. On the battleship, too, she met the only Hollywood star she found in the Pacific front lines. Lieutenant Henry Fonda introduced her to his shipmates before Betty went to work. "Fellows," drawled Hank, "I don't know how to explain this: I lived in Hollywood for years, but I had to come to this godforsaken place to meet Betty Hutton!"

Close to home, in Honolulu, Betty found Bob Stack, J. G. and a fellow named Lieut. Bob Crosby, who's a Marine. Bob handed her a flying jacket he wanted Betty to carry back to Brother Bing, and on the back of the thing he chalked, "Help, Bing, here's your Hutton!" When Betty turned it over to the Groaner, he like to died laughing.

Souvenirs Betty got to keep for herself were a little more exotic. A Jap banzai flag that got itself "banzai" prematurely on Saipan. A bracelet of Jap shells with, "You keep us laughing and we'll keep the Japs rowing," engraved by the Yanks. An officer's sword-knife that had been working overtime lately, a hundred GI mementos, buttons, badges, ribbons and such, her very own picture taken with the "king and queen of Tinian (they thought she was a white goddess out of this world)."

LUCILLE BALL, STARRING IN "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE IN TECHNICOLOR

De-licious

De-lovely!

The Hands of Lucille Ball

YOU: Such silky-smooth hands are so attractive.

LUCILLE BALL: Yes—it's a shame for a girl to have harsh hands.

YOU: But can any girl have nice hands?

LUCILLE BALL: Yes! Every girl can use Jergens Lotion.

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion Hand Care, 7 to 1.

See why! Have sure softness-protection for your hands, using Jergens. Furnishes needed beauty-guarding moisture for your skin. Rough hands—so common-looking—soon respond to 2 ingredients in Jergens Lotion many doctors use for skin-smoothing.

Like professional hand care. But no bother; no sticky feeling. 10¢ to $1.00.

FOR THE SOFTEST,
ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION
Halo leaves the little d 8.
It's course.
2. They'll be dancing.

She contains no soap made with a new type patented ingredient.
3. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely.
4. Halo rinses in rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water.
5. Make hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today... in 10¢ or larger sizes.

Halo Shampoo REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

Say "SANAPAK" - and be safe!

New-Design Sanitary Napkins Give You Triple-Protection!

SAN-NAP-Paks are now made with special "Pink Layers"—three zones of safety which end all risk of accidents! Cotton faced, too—to give extra comfort. And tapered to fit without bulging! Yet these new-design SAN-NAP-Paks cost no more than ordinary napkins! Say "SANAPAK"!

and what she prizes most—a simple plaque tendered her by the Fourth Marine Division. It just says simply, "Thanks to Betty Hutton and her troupe. Semper Fidelis". Betty wouldn't trade it for a solid gold Academy Oscar.

There's only one thing that worries Hutton about that Semper Fidelis. "Always Faithful" sentiments. Of course she's thrilled to the toes to have it tagged to her name. But Betty's afraid maybe the Marines she met out there will give a bitter, hollow laugh when they get back stateside and try to look her up. You see, Betty handed out her Hollywood address to Lord knows how many guys scattered around the Pacific, along with about five thousand photographs and. I suppose, easily that many smackeroos. She gave the boys the right address, too—132 South Spaulding—just like a Semper Fidelis gal should.

But when Betty got back to Hollywood, wrapped in her borrowed colonel's flying suit, GI boots and Bob Crosby's USMC cap, the first thing she discovered was that her mother had moved her things to a beautiful, big new mansion in the Hollywood Hills as a home coming surprise. Now, wonders Hutton, what will happen when those Marines get out their little black books on their first leaves and discover that Betty doesn't live there any more? She shudders to think.

Those doubts didn't begin to gnaw on Betty's conscience, however, until a little later on. First thing Betty did, when she stepped inside her new house—a dirty, disarmingly impoverished, dog-dead gal ripe for saviors—was to fall flat on the floor and tenderly pat the nice, soft rugs. Then like Alice in Wonderland, she walked through the clean, white bathroom, the shimmering lather, the sparkling span-upstairs, just drinking it all in. She ripped off her jungle rags and soaked for a couple of hours in a steaming tub, then put on all the cologne and talcum powder she could find, a new silk nightgale and crawled in between crisp, clean, snowy sheets on a real spring mattress, in a real bed.

Then she bawled like a baby.

"Mama," wailed Hutton to her Maw, "I can't believe it! It isn't real! It's too good to be true!"

But after she'd caught up on her rest again, Betty knew that home, or Hollywood either, would never be quite the same after what she'd seen out there. She got restless even before "Duffy's Tavern" was in the can, and if they'll let her, Betty wants to go right back out the first time she can get a few weeks off and a new show together.

To catch up with her misdirected Marine buddies and straighten out that home address matter and a few other items, Betty has her eye next on the Philippines—maybe somewhere around Mindana.

She figures that's where her pals ought to be about then on their way to Tokyo.

**QUIZ ANSWERS**

(Continued from page 24)

1. c 7. a
2. c 8. c
3. d 9. d
4. d 10. b
5. a 11. c
6. b 12. b
their roles and can do their parts with a minimum of rehearsals and retakes, and there's always a lot of fun on the set. Most of the fun on this one centered around Van's house-hunting difficulties... Once established in his new Bel Air home, Van threw a housewarming party for the members of the cast. Everyone was to come dressed as he (or she) thought he might look in fifty years. Marilyn Maxwell came as an angel, Director Goldbeck as a ghost, Gloria DeHaven as an old woman. Marie Blake walked away with the costume prize, however. Marie (who plays the part of the switchboard operator in the Gillespie series) was dressed as a little girl. She had a cardboard replica of a tombstone on one leg. Explained Marie, “I am the perennial ingénue with one foot in the grave.”... The night he had his furnishings moved, Van came home from the studio to find the moving men seated on the living room floor pouring over the Johnson scrapbooks. They were a little shamefaced about it, confessed to being avid fans and knocked a few dollars off the moving bill for the time they'd spent perusing through Van's collection.... As a conscientious homeowner, Van climbed into dunes and started out to mow the lawn with an electric mower borrowed from an obliging neighbor. Right in the middle of the job the mower broke down, so Van called his friend, Keenan Wynn, for help. Keenan came over with his tool box and tinkered for several minutes. Finally he decided it was a job which could only be handled in his workshop. As Wynn pushed the mower across the yard toward his car, the rock which had been wedged between two blades (and was causing the trouble) was released. The machine started off across the lawn and across the lawns all the way down the block with Keenan and several irate neighbors in hot pursuit. Van was no help. He was rolling on his own grass, tears of laughter streaming down his face!... But the hardest blow of all fell the day the telephone company came to remove the telephone. The former owners of the house had ordered it disconnected, and no amount of pleading from Van could convince the telephone company that he needed the instrument more than they. Van is now T84596832 on the new subscribers waiting list. Keenan had to grow a mustache for his next picture, "Without Love," and was then called back for additional scenes for "Between Two Women." Problem was solved by having Keenan play his latter scenes with his back to the camera.... Gloria DeHaven has been receiving fan mail addressed to a Hollywood Ice Cream emporium since a national picture magazine featured a layout of her having a malt in the shop. During production Gloria's cocker spaniel became the mother of eight puppies. Cast and crew were all begging Gloria for the pups. She finally had a drawing for them on the set—proceeds went to NAVAL AID. Remember the Van Johnson birthday party pictures which appeared in MODERN SCREEN a few months ago? If you do, you will remember they were taken in the new Keenan Wynn home which was almost completely unfurnished because of the war shortages. While this picture was in production, Keenan fell heir to the entire furnishings of his grandfather's house in the East. There was enough furniture to fill the Wynn home plus some left over for friend Johnson.

...but right now—our home-front patching jobs must wait. "Scotch" Brand Tapes have more important work...like sealing blood plasma cartons.

Umbrellas to mend (and shower curtains, too)... packages to seal (and decorate)... snapshots (or Kodachrome slides) to mount...how long is your list of "Scotch" Tape jobs waiting to be done?

Well, your fighting man has a "Scotch" Tape list, too...twice as long and plenty more important. And as long as he needs "Scotch" Tape he gets all he needs.

So save up all the "Scotch" Tape chores on your list...after the war is over you'll be doing them the easy way again...with a "Scotch" Cellulose Tape that's better and more useful than ever!
How to Keep FRESH 
After you bathe dry yourself—quickly. Next, shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc over your body, into the curves and ripples, to dry up lingering moisture. Now you’re fresh, divinely dainty.

How to Feel SMOOTH
Next, before you dress, treat the trouble spots to some extra Cashmere Bouquet Tale. Like a silken sheath it protects against chafing; lets gentle slip on easy; gives you that slick, smooth look.

How to Stay DAINTY
Use Cashmere Bouquet Tale generously and frequently for its protective sheath and haunting fragrance. Its gaiy, light, flower-like bouquet beckons and bewitches all evening. It’s the fragrance men love.

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC
WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

REduce
3 to 5 pounds a week
Yet EAT PLeNTY!

Physician’s Wife: “I lost 15 pounds in 24 days.”

Mrs. C. M. Hbaca, N. Y.: “My hips now are 38 inches; new measure 35 inches. I feel like a new person. I like the taste also. MY DOCTOR SAYS I WAS O.K.”

Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: “I lost 10 pounds in 3 weeks.”

Miss H. Walt, D. C.: “Felt the wonderful results! Reduced from 200 to 192 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It’s great to be able to wear pretty clothing. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now.”

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Hundreds, and men. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of the U. S. Army Air Corps Medical Hospital and a state physician’s office.

Dr. Parrish’s Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO DIETS, requires no ‘exercises,’ and is SAFE, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish’s Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air by millions: for lunch take 2 teaspoons of CAL-PAR in a glass of milk, water or any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except a cup of coffee. It dieters’ breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO not eat similarly. Don’t cut out lathy, stringy foods—just cut down on them. Dr. Parrish’s Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily food intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn’t suffer a single hunger spell, if CAL-PAR is not a new reducing drug. It is a special dietary product, fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish’s Easy Reducing Plan. Try it you and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure. Get a $1.25 can of CAL-PAR at health food and drug stores.

NO EXERCISE!
NO REDUCING DRUGS!
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!

If your dealer hasn’t CAL-PAR a special can containing 24 PADS SUPPLE will be sent postpaid for only $1.50. This $1.00 may be used at any store. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out coupon. pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you FREE a Dr. Parrish’s booklet on reducing containing important facts you ought to know in this table of weight and charts of food values.

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685 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
I enclose $1.00 for a special CAL-PAR can and booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return it and $1.00 will be returned. (C.O.D. orders accepted)

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY

AUTOGPHS
If you’ve got a pet movie personality, why not get his or her signature? It’s simple as swooning, once page 12 gives the lowdown.
six girls in his crowd went around together all the while, having fun in a brother-and-sisterly sort of way. When you got bored with the girl you were going with, you went to your best friend.

"How about switching girls?"

"Okay. Starting tonight." It was a good system. No monotony.

That, of course, was before he fell in love. Before the crowd stopped being a crowd and started being just a background for The Girl. This girl was a slick dancer, and he liked her family and she was smooth looking and—well, it was love.

Until Bob went away to prep school. He invited her down to a dance, but somehow it wasn’t a success. They didn’t have anything to talk about any more. And Bob had a lot on his mind.

For one thing, he wanted to try out prep school dramas, and he didn’t dare. He knew he’d forget his lines and make a mess of things, and what was the use? Still, he didn’t give up the idea. In fact, he was worried at the moment because he was growing so tall. Actors should be tall, but not too tall. Bob decided to take up smoking to stunt his growth.

At prep school you were allowed to smoke if you had your family’s permission. But only in your room, and only if the window was open both top and bottom. If your room was smoky, you were in for trouble. One night, Bob was pulling away industriously with his head half out the window, which seemed to be the safest method. But gremlins must have gone to work on the air currents. Behind him a stern knock sounded on the door, and a proctor stuck his head in. Bob turned around and to his consternation found his room silver-grey with smoke.

"Gosh, I don’t know how this happened!" "Report to the Headmaster in the morning," said the proctor sternly. As a result, Bob spent the first week of Christmas vacation at school. After that he gave up smoking temporarily and grew at a frightening rate of speed.

From time to time he would eye the cast of school plays with wistful envy. He read all the movie magazines he could get his hands on, and could tell you what every star in Hollywood ate for breakfast. But he didn’t dare take a chance at acting himself. Anyway he was pretty busy, because there were a couple of subjects he was taking that were hell on wheels. One of them was Science—and that was how he came to have his appendix out. Final exams were coming up, and Bob had a nasty feeling that he’d never pass the one in Science. He knew that if you were unable to take the exam for a legitimate reason, you were marked on your year’s work. Which, in his case, had, he hoped, been passable.

Flesh and the devil...

Science was the last exam. The day before it was due, he gulefully entered the office of the school physician.

"I don’t feel so good, doctor. A little cold, I guess." He coughed convincingly.

The doctor examined him with appalling thoroughness.

"Young man, you have no cold whatsoever.

Bob’s martyrred expression fell to pieces. He shuffled nervously. But the doctor wasn’t through.

"What you do have is a badly inflamed appendix. It must come out immediately."

In dazed horror, Bob heard the doctor telephone his father long distance to send an ambulance for his ailing son. He spent the next two weeks in the hospital, but the science teacher passed him on his year’s work, so the sacrifice wasn’t in vain.

He was scheduled for Dartmouth when he finished prep school, but he had been

---

**Jergens Face Cream**

**USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION**

---

**Q.** What wouldn’t I give!

**A.** For satin-smooth skin that attracts kisses?

**Q.** Yes—but I have such dry skin.

**A.** This One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream helps dry skin especially.

**This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams**

Have smooth-skin care so complete with Jergens Face Cream— it’s like an expert “treatment” every day. Real help in preventing wrinkly old-looking lines from dry skin. Simply use this cream faithfully...

1. **for Cleansing**
2. **for Softening**
3. **for a Foundation**
4. **as a Night Cream**

Use a skin scientist’s cream! Jergens Face Cream is made by the makers of Jergens Lotion. Plenty of other girls have fresher, clear, smooth skin. Why not you? Jergens Face Cream is the only cream you need.
Your initials or first name in gold on a new, beautiful plastic Stadium Girl Compact

...when ordered by mail... together with an alluring shade of new Stadium Girl Lipstick

Both for only 75¢ (tax and postage included)

A swank, plastic compact of sleek design that's guaranteed leak-proof. And it's personalized with your own monogram (3 initials) or first name on the cover in gold! You will be proud of owning this graceful compact—in the color of your choice. Take advantage of the special introductory offer and order yours by mail today, in combination with a Stadium Girl Lipstick. Long a nationally-sold favorite, Stadium Girl Lipstick is now made from a new formula giving it a smoother-than-ever texture becoming to your lips. Packaged in a new, convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up container. Fill out the coupon below and mail it with your 75¢ today!

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 134
411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing 75¢, which includes tax and postage. Please make payment in full for a monogrammed Stadium Girl Compact and a Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have enclosed the correct letters that I want in gold are clearly printed below.

[Boxes for initials and first name]

My first choice of color for your black compact is:
- Red
- Blue
- Aqua

My choice of lipstick shade is:
- Cherry Red (med. l.
- Russet Pink
- Evergreen (mod. dark)
- Baby (dusk)
- Burgundy (verdik)

Stadium Girl Compact and Cosmetics are sold individually at leading 10-cent dealers.

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Do you have that constant urge to write but the idea that a beginner hasn't a chance? Here is the answer. With the help of a self-correcting Writing Attitude Test, the object is to discover more men and women who can add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Attitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your talent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Those who pass this test are qualified to become New York Copy Desk Men and Women. They are able to write articles, reviews, stories at home, in leisure time, constantly guided by experienced writers. Some you acquire the coveted "personal" touch. Then you're ready to market your stories, articles and news items.

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Tearing the Writing Attitude Test requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. To mail the coupon post-paid, fill in the name and address below and send it to:

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1160 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y. (Founded 1928)

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look very virile and romantic on the cover, but when you had to hold that pose for an hour it was tough going.

"There must be an easier way to make a living," he said plaintively, at last. "Look, chum, this picture will be a work of art. It's likely to land you in Hollywood," the photographer assured him. At which they all laughed merrily.

The funny part was that it did. A talent scout who saw the cover had also caught one of Bob's performances in summer stock. "Photogenic and can act, too," he wired his studio, which happened to be Warner Brothers. So pretty soon, Bob was given a screen test in New York. They ran the result off for him a few days later, and he was in despair. Boy, was he lousy, he thought gloomily. If only the test had been good! If only he hadn't looked like a wooden Indian with occasional attacks of St. Vitus dance!

Fortunately, the powers that be at Warners' took no such dim view of the affair. Mysteriously, they liked the test. In fact, before Bob came out of the fog, he found himself with a contract and a ticket to Hollywood in his hand. He was in!

You would have thought he'd be in a rosy delirium of happiness, wouldn't you? But not Hutton. Worries flew around his head like a swarm of mosquitoes. "Here it starts all over again," he thought merrily. "The stage fright, and making a damn fool of myself." When his friends congratulated him, he looked at them with a graveyard expression and said, "T'll be back in six months. Eating at the Automat.

He wasn't, of course. He made "Destination Tokyo," and he was a hit. He played the soldier in "Janie," and fans began asking for more Hutton. Gosh, they raved, he's so good looking! He looks like Jimmy Stewart, only younger and handsome. He was shy and sort of sweet, and when he looked at you, you melted into a romantic daze. You wanted to give him the world, and a spoon to eat it with.

When he was making "Janie," little Claire Foley, who played the demon kid sister, adored him. He got in the habit of spending most of her time between takes sitting on his lap. Then, quite suddenly, she stopped speaking to him.

"Say, what goes with Claire?" Bob asked her mother, puzzled.

She laughed. "She's found out you're married. She thinks you've been trifling with her affections!" Even at Claire's age, a girl wants no rival for Hutton. Of course, after she met Natalie, his charming bride, things were different, but Claire never went back to sitting on his lap.

By the time Bob married Natalie, a Beverly Hills socialite, he had really arrived. He went around in a dreamy state of unbelief at his own luck. Gosh, what a change from those days in New York when he used to munch crackers and milk (nice and cheap) at a lunch counter and watch wistfully through the window while a crowd of autograph hunters mobbed Sinatra. Now they asked Bob for his autograph when they saw him, and his hand shook so he couldn't even write straight.

forever broke, forever blondes . . .

"Didn't you ever have any fun in New York?" his wife would ask inerudely.

"Were you broke all the while?"

"No. It just seemed like all the while. Sure, I had fun now and then." He grinned mischievously. "Like the time I took out that gorgeous blonde."

The gorgeous blonde had been the receptionist at dramatic school. Bob, absorbed in dreams and worries, hadn't noticed her particularly, till one day he happened to be sitting in the reception room. She was standing in front of the wall

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Got a date tonight?
Let Dura-Gloss help make it gay and sparkling.
And the Dura-Gloss you put on for tonight's date will stay on for days. A smooth-flowing, lustrous polish that adds romance and beauty to all your nights and days. In demand at beauty counters everywhere. 10¢ plus tax.

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mirror, combing her lovely blonde hair. 
"Hey, this chick is really glamour incorporated," Bob discovered suddenly. She met his gaze in the mirror and smiled, and he forgot that he had exactly two dollars to last till Thursday. 
"Would you go out with me tonight?" he inquired. "No build-up at all. 
Maybe the abruptness was a welcome change from the usual approach. Or maybe the hopeful, earnest expression in Bob's eyes did it. Anyway, the answer was yes. 
There was one awful moment when he remembered the sad state of his finances. 
But he went around borrowing a quarter here and fifty cents there till he had enough for a gala evening. It was wonderful. 
Now those days are gone. He can afford to eat the things he likes. Chops, broccoli with lots of Hollandaise, apple pie. 
When he's interviewed, he says wistfully, "Ask me what I like to eat, huh? When I used to read these interviews, they always told about that. I used to dream of the day when someone would want to know what I ate!"

He doesn't like meals at regular hours. He'll skip a couple, then get hungry and eat like crazy to make up. He loves to tuck away a couple of milk shakes and a slab of pie just before he goes to bed. 
He has a passion for looking out of hotel windows, and for Argyle socks—size eleven

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How'd you like a lush 8 x 10 picture of Frankie, Lon McCallister, Van Johnson, Jeanne Crain or June Allyson all for FREE? 
Turn over to our SPECIAL FREE OFFER on page 22 and see how easy it is to get one.

---and for leaving the radio on (playing nice, soft music) no matter what he's doing. He likes girls in green dresses, with no hats, and bright nail polish. He likes people, and people—naturally—like him. 

He was in New York when Warners screened his latest picture, "Hollywood Canteen," for the magazine reviewers. He was anxious to see it, and his mother came down from Kingston to see it with him. 
A more nervous guy you've never encountered! He sat there, sort of huddled up—all six feet of him, leaning forward anxiously during the important scenes, gnawing his nails. His mother took a quick look around every now and then, and reassured him in a whisper. 
"I think they like it. They're laughing in the right places."

They liked it a lot. And they liked Hutton. They're going to like him in "Roughly Speaking," too. By the way, who turned up on the set of "Roughly Speaking," but the model who had posed for that MODERN ROMANCES cover with him, Mona Freeman. That photographer must have been psychic! Bob is scheduled for another "Janie" picture, and he's making "Rendezvous" with Eleanor Parker. The latter is a story of Major Gus Daymon who was one of the first Americans to join the Eagle Squadron. The action takes place in London during the blitz, and Bob is pretty excited over the part of Daymond. 
You will be too, when you see it. You'll sigh and say "Umm, that Hutton!" Then maybe you'll giggle a little, remembering the times when Bob tried to act and could only bow and blush and stutter. The funny part is that Bob, even when he gets to be a top star, will remember them, too. 
He's that kind of a guy.
“I OUGHT TO BOX HIS EARS...”  
(Continued from page 39)

“Twentyifth—glug—Fox—”  
He swears that’s all he said, so it must have been the slugs that did it. Anyway, he was one of the select few invited to her house to see a picture. All evening he sat dazed at being in the same room with divinity, then left and had a nervous breakdown.

There’s nothing arrogant about his brashness. He’s a fresh, original personality, and I think his deepest instinct is to be himself. From what he tells me of his folks, he comes by it honestly. Dad Eythe, a contractor in Mars, Pennsylvania, went to see “You Can’t Take It With You,” said, “That’s a good idea,” and never worked again till he came out West for a lengthy stay. Then he took a job in a war plant.

blushing fullback...

Katie, as her kids call Mom, is part Irish, part Spanish, which accounts for a lot in both Bill and herself. Katie doesn’t hold with suppressed emotions. Among other things, she’s a football fan. Bill’s brother Dutch—later, All American at Carnegie Tech—played on the high school team. In those days they didn’t have big bleachers, you stood on the sidelines. Katie’d go wild. “Do it for your mother, Dutch,” she’d yell. “Do it for your mother.”

With that background, it’s no wonder Bill’s got the courage of his convictions. I’ve heard his pals razz him. “Wearing blue jeans and T-shirts to the Derby! Smoking pipes bigger than your head! Hitting the hay at 9:30! Anything to be different. Whoya kiddin’?”

Well, he ain’t kiddin’. Lives to suit himself, not Hollywood. Wears blue jeans because he feels good in ’em. Never owned a Tuxedo or tails and never will, unless he needs them for pictures. First pair of tails he ever saw doubled him up, and he still thinks they look like comedy relief. A Tux is all right if you go for that kind of stuff. He doesn’t. Smokes a big pipe because you can get more tobacco in the bowl, don’t have to keep filling it.

He never intended to be an actor. Stage designing maybe—or some other form of art. Only thing he wouldn’t be was second fiddle. On account of Dutch. Dutch, ten years older, was the town hero. Bill had no intention of living under his shadow. Or basking in his glory either. At Carnegie Tech, he registered under a fake name till his father found out and talked sense into him.

Dutch had been tops, so Bill had to be tops, too. “If you think I’m brash now, Hedda,” he told me, “you should have known me then. Nothing I couldn’t do.”

He worked his way through college. Didn’t know Aries from Taurus, but that didn’t keep him from lecturing at the Buhl Planetarium. Talked his way into writing scripts for a radio station. Had no time to study and flunked English. Got through with the prof by waving a script in his face. “They paid me good money for this. Go ahead and flunk me.”

Meantime, he was acting in spite of himself, commandeered by the dramatic coach who needed talent and thought Bill had some. With his funds at an all-time low, he applied for the juvenile lead in a musical at the Pittsburgh Civic Playhouse. The part called for two dances with the ingenue.

“I can do ’em,” said Bill.

They gave him the part and then had to teach him to dance. By that time he’d made an impression on the director who used him in other productions—including Shakespeare—and after graduation, took him to Cohasset for his first professional appearance with the South Shore Players.

Ruth Chatterton was one of the guest stars that summer. In the fall she was taking a play called “Caprice” to Canada, and needed a juvenile. Bill would have given his eyeteeth to go along, but a strange transformation came over him in Miss Chatterton’s presence. By now he worshipped the theater and its great names. When Ruth sent him for one day, he knew what was at stake. But instead of braying, “I can do it better,” he sat like a bump on a log and made foolish sounds.

The interview died of malnutrition. Bill rose. “Well, g’bye, Miss Chatterton. I’ve been delightful.”

She whirled. “What did you say?”

Now that all was lost, his head cleared. “I meant it’s been delightful. But now I’ll excuse me, I’ll go jump off a cliff.”

“You’ll stay where you are. You’re going to Canada with me.”

The two spent six weeks. Then New York, where he met Oscar Serlin who put him into “King’s Maid.” That flopped. On his own again, he reverted to radio and his original tactics. Got himself a job as page boy in Radio City, then—buttons and all—opened a door marked TELEVISION.

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"I've got a script I'd like to put on."
"Are you out of your mind?"
"I'm a script writer,..."
"Ever done scripts before?"
"Scores of 'em..."

He read half a dozen want ads and got the job, which he found highly unstimulating. Two months later he was doing his own show, WNTB, and went on till the war closed television down.

xmas in February...

He and Serlin had grown to be buddies, so when Oscar called up and said, "I've got a Christmas present for you."

"Fine time for a Christmas present--in February--"

"Come on down and get it."

The Christmas present was the part of Lt. Tonder in "The Man Is Down."

"First I fainted," says Bill, "then we went into production."

You Modern Screen readers who live in New York may have seen the rave notices. George Jean Nathan, who's hard to please, said the stage had produced four great juveniles—Renavent, Glenn Hunter, Burgess Meredith and now Bill Eythe. Nathan wanted to tear Bill apart when he signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox.

"They'll ruin you in Hollywood."

Maybe George is right. This is Bill's sixth picture, and he's only playing opposite Bankhead, that's all. I haven't seen "A Royal Scandal" yet, and neither has he. But I will. Du has most a few days ago and bumped into Otto Preminger, the director. He told me they'd sneak the picture Friday.

"How'd it go?"

"Swell. And a triumph for Eythe."

Later I met Bill, who looked confused.

"Got a new trailer and dressing room this morning. Can't dope it out..."

"Did you know they sneaked the picture Friday? Well, they did. I just talked to Preminger. Let me break it to you gently, honey. You're ruined."
If only she had told me these intimate physical facts!

"Well, it's happened. Jim has left me and never was there a better husband! I felt it coming—first his 'indifference'—then a decided resentment.

"If only I had known earlier how important intimate feminine cleanliness is to womanly charm, beauty and health—those intimate facts my mother should have told me but didn't."

Certainly you don't want this tragedy to happen to your daughter! Tell her how important Zonite is for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues.

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never were, and I'm taking his word for it.

Bill hates girls who squeal at bugs and spiders. Girls who won't bowl for fear of breaking a fingernail—that's the type he'd like to hit with a tappin'. Girls who use too much make-up. Look at Ingrid Bergman, the most beautiful girl in the world, and she doesn't use any.

He gets an allowance of forty a week, and lets his manager worry over the bills he runs up for books and records. "He picked his own business. Let him get ulcers." Until six months ago, money was good for just one thing—to spend. Now he's got three ambitions to save for.

After the war, he wants to fly his own plane. That goes back to childhood. "I'm gonna be a pilot," said Bill.

"No," said the folks.

"Okay then, I won't have my tonsils out. I'll let 'em rot in my head. I'll go and drop dead if I can't be a flyer." The doctor—a World War 1 pilot—had to take him up in a plane before he yanked the tonsils.

He wants to travel all over the world—to places where nobody's ever been before.

He wants to be a director. Needs money to tide him over the switch from acting.

Not a lot of money. Just enough for a hovel, food for himself and the animals, and wood for the fire.

How to combine the three is a headache for later. Right now he's got another worry.

To Mother Katie Eythe, the world's best joke is that her Bill is an actor. In Pittsburgh, he could always tell by her smile when she was in the house. The more juice he turned on, the harder she giggled. Once, watching him do Antony, she got so hysterical that he skipped two pages of the funeral oration.

His screen success hasn't made any difference. I don't have to tell you that "The Oxbow Incident" was no comedy. Yet Katie was ejected from the Rialto theater in town. "We'll have to ask you to leave, madam. You're disturbing the audience."

Bill's worried about the effect of his new picture. "Wait till Mom gets a load of those tight britches. Boy, will that be a royal scandal!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A little while ago, Dorothy Lamour visited our small city of Haverhill, Mass. Naturally, being in town for only a few hours with the intention of spurring Bond sales. She had a room at the Hotel Whittier and was as closely guarded as a million dollar pay-spiers. Girls whose ambitions, being in town for only a few hours, she found it impossible to sign hundreds of autograph books thrust at her by her admirers, so it took a "pint-sized" Western Union boy to manage the impossible. Being quite well known in the hotel, he just walked through the lobby and upstairs, rang Miss Lamour's bell and announced he had a telegram for her. Naturally, Dottie signed the receipt, tore open the telegram and read, "Dear Miss Lamour, I wanted your autograph, but you were always mobbed downstairs and outside. I hope you're not mad."

As the boy flew down the hall, he could hear Dottie and her manager laughing uproariously.

Mrs. Miles E. Bastow, Jr.
Haverhill, Mass.
unhappily. When it became plain that she was really desperately ill, Dick telephoned his mother. She said the trouble might be appendicitis, and sent over the best doctor she knew.

No, said the doctor, it wasn’t appendicitis.

So Dick said they might as well negotiate for his services right then and have everything settled. The doctor agreed; he said he arranged three classes of maternity service, one for a hundred dollars, one for two hundred dollars, one for three.

“We'll take the three hundred dollar deal,” said Dick without hesitation.

“But you haven’t even heard what the various prices cover,” protested the doctor.

“Makes no difference,” answered Dick with a vigorous nod of his head. “I want Joanne and—or Skippy to have the best.” That’s the way Junior Haymes was named—on the spur of the moment, by his dad, seven months before he was born. Eventually, he was to be christened Richard Ralph in honor of his father and his maternal grandfather, but he will undoubtedly be known as Skippy to members of his family for the rest of his life.

For the first three months of Joanne’s preparation for her young son, she was a very sick girl. She had to be kept in the hospital for weeks at a time where she was fed glucose intravenously. Dick would arrive every afternoon and sit beside her bed, miserably rolling and unrolling a sheet of music and trying to make gay conversation.

Fixing her with an apprehensive eye, after having told some crazy anecdote about the boys in the band, he would say, “Now do you feel better?”

“Oh, you!” grinned Joanne. “Stop worrying. Hundreds of babies are born every day.”

“But not to US. Gosh, I feel so helpless. If only I could do something.”

**Papa’s little darling . . .**

If, nowadays, you should invite Dick Haymes to your home for a dinner of Lobster Thermidor, he would look at you as if you had just invited him to partake of fricassee deer antlers. Very politely, very firmly, he would decline. This aversion to shell fish of any kind arises from his pre-parental period. Joanne developed a frantic craving for lobster or crabmeat.

In the eerie hours of winter dawn, she would awaken, starving. Gently, she would shake Dick’s shoulder. “Darling. I’m ravenous for some lobster.”

He would unglue his eyes, blink at the luminous dial of the bedroom clock which would be telling a frosted four o’clock, then roll out and start to dress. “I’ll be right back with some lobster, honey,” he would say as he clumped drowsily across the echoing living room. Sometimes he would have to walk or taxi for blocks and blocks before he would find a restaurant with a buyable lobster, but no matter how long it took, he always returned eventually with the shellfish.

When the stork notified Joanne that he was getting ready to fly through the air with the greatest of ease, Joanne asked her mother-in-law to do two things: (1) broil a nice big steak and prepare a green salad for the prospective mother who understood that they wouldn’t let her eat when she reached the hospital, and (2) notify Dick who was in Maine, singing with Goodman’s band.

When Dick received the telegram, he sat down hard on the nearest chair and

---

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gaped for breath. Then he sprang to the nearest telephone, checked on railroad schedules and made reservations. Locating Benny, Dick explained the situation. Benny had promised that Dick could join Joanne as soon as necessary, but Dick didn’t think there was much rush. “We’ve advertised you at a couple of spots during the next few days, so I think you’d better stick around,” he said.

“Sorry, but I can’t do that,” said Dick, and caught his train.

babbling father . . .

Having antagonized his employer and tossed up his job, Dick forthwith antagonized the nurse at the hospital. First he hurried in to see Joanne, who was a very sick girl. She gave him a big grin and said, “Wait until you see Skippy. He looks exactly like you.”

So Dick hurried back to the nursery to check his heir. The nurse, busy as all nurses are, caught up Master Haynes from his basket, whisked him to the door, said, “Perfectly normal, perfectly healthy baby,” held back the blanket for ten seconds, then turned to go.

Dick extended a restraining hand that settled the nurse’s arm. “Just a minute, please,” he said. The nurse was ready to explode in incendiary sentences, scattering hot little words over the room, until she caught sight of Dick’s eyes. He was smiling at the sleeping pink mite in her arms, and great shining tears glazed the father’s proud eyes and started down his cheeks. With the back of his fist he mopped them away.

Naturally, he hadn’t told Joanne that he was out of a job. When she quizzed him, Dick said that Benny had given him twenty weeks of his half-year contract and then a day to the hospital, Dick went scurrying around in search of another job. He was booked in Philadelphia on a singing date which paid very well. It took him away from Joanne and Skippy for two days, but it put some jingle in his jeans . . . momentarily.

The next time he walked into the hospital room, he was carrying an important jeweler’s box that he nonchalantly set down on the bedside stand. Joanne grabbed it with little ceremony and delight and tore off the wrappings. A strand of pearls shone from the black velvet depths of the box. “For me?” squealed Joanne.

Dick didn’t answer that masterpiece of nonsensical interrogation. He simply beamed on his pretty wife.

The day Dick took his family home from the hospital, he was able to tell Joanne about his severance of relations with the Goodman combo and to announce with a proud chest that he was set with T. Dorsey. The only trouble being that Dorsey was going to California to work in Metro’s “Du Barry Was a Lady” by day, and to play at the Palladium by night. “I’ll find an apartment,” Dick promised, “and then you and Skippy can join me as soon as you’re well enough to travel.”

In just six weeks, Joanne and Skippy were on The Chief, searching the Santa Fe train trail toward Hollywood. Anyone who has traveled with a child will utter a small sigh of commiseration for Joanne at this point. Add to the usual difficulties the fact that Mister Skippy was having a minor spell of colic; he wasn’t sure that he liked his formula, and he was positive that he didn’t like traveling. Joanne had to walk through twenty-three Pullman coaches to get to the diner where the bottles could be heated. She always carried the cylindrical glass dinners wrapped in paper bags for purposes of sterilization, which explains why the three handsome ensigns didn’t realize that she was a mother.

Whenever she went through their car, they made with the big eye, they
gave with the sweet talk. Not to her, you understand, but to one another, like, "My, my what lovely scenery. Inside the car, I mean." Etc., etc.

Finally, on Joanne's umpteenth trip, one of them—eager to uphold the Navy's tradition for valor in approaching any objective—arose, bowed charmingly, introduced himself and asked, "You seem to be pretty busy. Is there any way in which we can be of service?"

"There certainly is," said Joanne, leading the way to her drawing room. She opened the door and was followed into the space by three eager boys in blue. "I haven't had anything to eat except some sandwiches that I packed and some fruit, since I left New York. Will you mind the baby while I go to the diner?"

**Naval Strategy . . .**

The American fighting man is staggered by no battle development, however unforeseen. All three of them arose instantly to the emergency.

When, after a grateful dinner, Joanne returned to her drawing room, she found lines strung and a complete baby wash flapping in the breeze. One man was suiting out the last kimono in the metal wash basin; one was telling Skippy about his most recent tour of duty; the third was dry cleaning some spots from his uniform, after having burped Junior Haymes somewhat too successfully.

Dick met his family at the Pasadena station and heard the story with a hearty laugh. "After living in a drawing room on a train for four days, you're going to think our apartment is colossal. Just wait until you see it! And all furnished—even the living room," he boasted.

It was really something. A penthouse atop one of Hollywood's swankiest apartment buildings, it had a view that you could have sliced and sold at art exhibits; the bathrooms were large enough to house small echoes, and the rugs were so deep that Dick had thought of providing guests with skis for ease in crossing the living room. "How much rent do we have to pay?" gasped the Little Woman.

Dick reeled off a glib figure.

"And how much are we making?"

Dick mentioned the same figure he had quoted for rental. "Tell you what," he suggested, grinning, "we'll pay our rent every day. That way we won't miss it."

"And when do we eat?" said the practical member of the household.

Dick was crestfallen. "But, honey, I wanted to have a nice place for you and Skippy."

"It's a palace," laughed Joanne, rushing into her husband's arms. "You're a princely provider—no mistake about that."

But the next day she started apartment hunting and within three weeks had found a charming place at one-third the rent.

By May 13, 1944, the Haymes family had moved to a sprawling, comfortable house in San Fernando Valley; they owned and operated as pets two dogs, Bonnie—a Dalmatian—and Bobby—a Schnauzer; they also owned Skippy and his newly-born sister, Helen Lane Haymes.

While Miss Haymes had been in the angel factory getting properly outfitted with fingers, toes and big, curious eyes, she had been referred to in the family circle as "Sister Susie."

Hearing a reference to this Sister Susie person one day, Skippy asked, "Who Susie?"

"She's going to be your new baby sister. We're going to bring her home from the hospital by and by," explained Skippy's mother.

When this momentous event took place, Skippy gurgled and cooed and made a fuss over the newcomer. "My lil thither . . .

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You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use _Fresh_ . . .

the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth . . . 50¢, 25¢, 10¢
When doting days you few your the 10 Make terms only days keep addition screw edited.

Among friends, among neighbors, among people everywhere, the one who gets the perfect birthday gift for the man of her choice and with whom she figures to make a home in the years to come, will be the most likely to win the heart of that man. For, however much he may have been sold on the woman before, when the moment comes to make up his mind about the woman, he never fails to be a little swayed by the woman’s gift.

For one thing, it is natural for men to feel the same way the women do, and to want to be pleased. And for another thing, a gift is a way of saying how much you care about someone. And so, when a woman gives a man a gift, she is telling him that she is thinking of him, that she cares for him, and that she wants to be with him. And that is what makes a gift so special, and so important. For, as the saying goes, "a gift is a sign of love, and love is the most important thing in the world."
must go on just as before, that was her
credo. That was what she thought Ty
would want, and it was what he thought
he wanted himself. The comforting pic-
ture of her in their lovely home, manag-
ing his affairs, waiting for him.

Tyrone went through boot camp at the
Marine Corps base in San Diego. It sounds
easy put that way, but if you happen to
know a guy who’s done it, you know it’s
not too gay. In addition to the grim busi-
ness of being a boot, Ty had to fight his
way through a few feet of frost. The
minute he got there, they began dishing
the scuttlebutt. “There’s something non-
reg about this guy,” they’d say. “Why’d
he enlist at Headquarters, Washington,
D. C.?” “Yeah,” someone else would pitch
in, “and how come they hand him four
and a half months inactive duty?”

higher and higher . . .

In time, the questions got around to Ty,
and they were answered politely and logi-
cally. Seems he’d been in Washington on
business when he’d been rejected by the
Navy for a CPO rating. He was pretty
letdown about it. Pretty ashamed be-
cause Annabella was with him when the
word came. And because he hadn’t felt
like wasting any time, he’d gone directly
to headquarters and enlisted. He was put
on inactive duty so that he could finish a
Navy film for 20th Century.

The air cleared gradually. Then one
day, three weeks after he’d reported at
the Recruit Depot, something kind of big
happened, and thereforward Power was
really in. His platoon was mustered, and
a famous Marine officer passed the order.

“Private Power, front and center.”

Ty stepped forward, shaking, saluted and
stood at attention as the Colonel enumer-
ated the points of his adaptability one by
one, designated him the “outstanding man
in his platoon” and presented him with
the coveted certificate affixing to it.

There were four more weeks at San
Diego after that, and all the time he saw
Annabella just once—at the training base
with a couple of hundred other Marines
and their gals standing around. There
were letters, of course, and the brief un-
satisfactory phone calls. But sometimes
seven weeks is a very long time. When
at last he came home on a pass, he was
different. Thinner, quieter.

She showed him how she had kept the
books, conducted him on a tour of the
house so that he could rave over how
well she had preserved the feeling that
this was home. He was pleased with her,
and he did rave. Then he said, “And are
you happy, darling?”

“Oh—happy.” She gave a little shrug.
Who is happy when she lives with lone-
liness night and day. “I’m doing all right.”

Some more time went by, and Ty was
at Officers’ Candidate School at Quonset.
They threw more information at him dur-
ing the few months he spent there than
most of us could absorb in a lifetime.
He found time for letters because he’s the
kind of guy who would, no matter what,
but they were brief, and even the writing
looked tired. When, at last, he got his
bars and came home on leave, he was
so weary that Annabella cancelled all the
festivities their friends had cooked up.

“You will rest,” she informed him, look-
ing at the deep circles under his eyes.

After Quonset, Ty, who was a civilian
pilot with 115 flying hours, went to Corpus
Christi to become a Marine pilot, and
Annabella would trek down to see him

...but even working hands can be YOUNG LOOKING!

IT’S A SHAME to let your hands get
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to help your hands look dreamy-smooth
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tors and nurses, whose hands
take the abuse of 20 to 40
washings and scrubbings a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

109
whenever he was free. There was one weekend when, the minute he saw her, he knew she had something up her sleeve. It was in her eyes and voice. In the grin that kept reappearing even when she thought her face was in repose.

"Okay," Ty said finally, "Spill it."

"They want me to do a show, darling—on Broadway." And it turned out that he was just as thrilled as she was.

So late in 1943, Annabella moved out of their dream house that perches on the edge of a canyon in Bel-Air, the beautiful Colonial house that was originally Grace Moore's, and which they re-modeled and re-decorated and loved so dearly. Annabella found homes for their three beloved dogs, left orders that the garden was to be kept exactly as was, Ty having planted so much of it himself, and trekked East, thinking a little sadly of strangers sitting in their chairs, looking at their pictures.

broadway, here she comes...

She took an apartment at the Pierre and began rehearsing "Jacobowsky and the Colonel" just at about the same time that Ty finished up at Corpus Christi and got ordered to the Instrument Flight Instructor's school at Atlanta, Georgia. That meant six weeks of grueling and complex study, at the end of which time he would not only be able to fly blind through any kind of weather in single or multi-motorized aircraft, but he'd also be able to teach other pilots to do the same thing.

Ty will admit it was plenty rugged, but what really wore him down was the extra-curricular stuff. The gals who mobbed him at the Officers Club, the invitations from organizations to speak, the bid from the Southern Baseball League to throw in the first ball. He finally had to do the same thing Gable had had to do in England. Repair to his bunk every night about nine in order to get a touch of solitude.

Meanwhile, he was driving poor Annabella mad via air mail with his anxiety to get overseas. "Don't talk like that down there," she wrote him frantically. "Someone might hear you, and you are doing vital work here." Just what he was doing at that point she had no idea, it was all so hush-hush, but if he were doing it, it had to be very vital. When her friends questioned her on his activities, she would say, "Very important secret things. He is one day in St. Louis, one day in Miami. All I know definitely is that he is never in New York."

And then one day he came. He phoned her from Philadelphia to say he'd completed his overseas check—a flight from Atlanta to Philly on instruments—and had a 48-hour leave. The minute she hung up the phone she began getting ready. She took elaborate pains with her make-up, put on a stunning dress he had never seen, labored over her coiffure. "You would think," she told a friend on the phone that day, "that I am feeding, getting ready for my first date." She thought of all the things she would say to him. Then he knocked at the door, and she opened it, and there were no words at all.

Sitting across from him at dinner, she sparked and scintillated for a while, and then they relaxed into their old familiar talk. "Do you like my dress?" she asked

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Mrs. Mary Knicley, Hagerstown, Md., wins new figure and new job.

There was no secret about what she was doing. Her husband had suggested it. Her doctor had approved it. Everyone in the office knew about it. What amazed them all was the change in Mary Knicley as she went from 222 pounds down to 136, from a size 44 down to size 14, and they cheered as the former heavyweight of the department, now slender, gracious, and gay, was moved up to the front office, promoted to cashier!

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"Today, I'm really aglow with health and happiness. My doctor told me to take the Course was the best thing I could have done. I had no idea there was anything so wonderful in the world."

<table>
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<tr>
<th>MRS. KNICLEY'S MEASUREMENTS</th>
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<td>Before</td>
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<td>Wt 222 lbs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Height 5'7&quot;</td>
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<td>Bust 46&quot;</td>
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<td>Waist 38½&quot;</td>
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<td>Arms 42&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hips 46&quot;</td>
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<td>Thighs 22½&quot;</td>
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HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that you could be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course can help you.

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This famous method of skin care gives
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Briskly pat this especially homogenized
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Mothers and daughters say young together
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YOU'RE SO
SMART ABOUT
CRAMPS!"

"That's what my cousin said when I told her
I was joining the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps.
Actually, all I know about cramps is how
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Chi-Ches-Ters are so effective because a
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little stories about the kids who climbed
into the taxi with her to get her autograph:
about the time—after one of those long
week ends in the country spent running
and playing tennis and getting rested—
that she awoke one morning to find her train
with a fairly good-sized suitcase and was unable
to find either a porter or a cab. Finally,
she walked from 42nd Street to 61st,
arriving at her hotel approximately the
same wilted state that she'd left it.

One day she had very great news to
tell him. She had met and spoken to
General Charles de Gaulle at a dinner in
his honor at the Waldorf, and the expe-
rience had moved her deeply. "Darling,"
she wrote, "he shook my hand, and I tried
to say something to him, but I felt so like
weeping." The man was a symbol to her
of the new France, the potential liberator
of her own family from whom she has had
no word in two years, other than the
one brief message that her brother was
killed. It was a magnificent thing for
Annabella, this encounter, reinforcing her
deep love for France. "I am like a mother
with two children," she wrote to Ty, "one
is ill and weak, and that is France. One
is fat and strong, and that is America. I
love them both so much."

One day Ty told her that he would
have just a few more weeks in the States.
She knew it was coming some day, that
news, still when it came it took her.
But they would have ten long days to-
gether, and Annabella, for one, would
pretend they'd never end.

There were lovely walks along Fifth
Avenue. Looking in the windows of Saks,
stoping at St. Patrick's, having tea in
the leisurely atmosphere of the Plaza.
After the theater in the evening, there'd
be supper at the Stork or 21, or maybe
just a colossal hamburger at one of the
joints. And then came the happiest
of the whole ten days—when Annabella got
word that she was going overseas with the
USO in "Blithe Spirit." And Ty took a
walk through Central Park and talked
never say good-by . . .
"Being so busy over there will help
the restlessness," Annabella told him.

"The restlessness?"
"Oh, darling, you must see how now I
have the jitters. I cannot sit still."
He smiled into the calm, untroubled face
she always contrives to present to him.
"I feel I have known. You're a swell
actress."

"In the beginning," she mused, "it was
sort of exciting and new, being a war
wife. It was the same feeling I have at
the beginning of a long trip. I felt fresh
and alert and as if I were embarking on
a adventure. Gradually the scenery has
come to look all the same. Gradually the
fellow travelers are less stimulating. Now
I am at the stage where I am sitting with
my hat and coat on. I am looking at my
watch."

They stopped walking for a
minute and turned to each other. Anna-
bella's eyes dropped to a whisper, "Oh,
darling, how I wish we'd get there."
He held her hand tight, and they walked
along again talking about where they'd
meet the next time. Maybe in London or
They talked about Annabella's little girl,
Anni, and how well she loves her school
in Maryland. They talked about what
they wanted for Christmas, and eventually,
they just talked about the squirrels in the
park and the budding trees.

Too soon their ten days ran out, and he
was off again, the handsome, dark-haired
Married flyer, his tall, lonely
word was whispered. "Goodbye, darling."

And this time was the hardest, and yet
not the hardest. Because they know that
when he comes home next time, they'll
never have to say it again.
A conference decided that Shirley and her mother should go ahead.

It was delicious. A little like running away. They arrived in Chicago at seven in the morning, and for once there were no photographers, no studio representatives. They were just like any mother and daughter traveling on business. Elated, they summoned a taxi and gave him the name of their hotel. Then, they asked if he could roll up the window of his cab as a breeze was coming in off the lake that threatened to take the enamel off the teeth of anyone brave enough to laugh to windward. "Can't," said the driver. "Things are stuck that way."

The Temples squinted at each other, then at the window. It was set at an angle seldom seen outside the frame of a cubist painting and it chattered like the caboose of a rattlesnake. This will explain why they arrived at the hotel bundled to the chin and blue of complexion.

The clerk at the desk said there was no room available for them; they could have breakfast, now being served in the dining room, or they could sit in the lobby and wait. They elected to have breakfast and toddled into a huge room, dotted here and there with business breakfasters as aloof and widely spaced as Siberian hot dog stands. Shirley and her mother exchanged glances again. It was incredible that they should be alone like this.

At that moment a Grande Dame sailed into the room. She was tall, silver-haired and gracious. She swept the Temples a regal glance. "Good morning, Shirley," she said with a brief, formal smile and continued to her table in the far corner of the room. Neither Shirley nor her mother had ever seen the woman before in their lives, but she had greeted them as if she a) lived in the same hotel with them, and b) had known them all her life.

This was too much for Shirley. She went into hysterics, and her mother—infected—hid shaking laughter behind her napkin.

After breakfast, they rested for a few hours, then went for a long sight-seeing walk. They found it to be divine, simply to be tourists. Gone were police escorts, tight schedules allowing twenty minutes here, forty minutes there.

They were private citizens; they ogled shops, they took in the sights.

But that afternoon the newspapers were notified by the hotel that famous guests were registered, and the hookey holiday was ended. Shirley and her mother had to go back to the work of being public personnages.

hope welles . . .

That evening, by which time Mr. Temple and the rest of the entourage had caught up with the runaways, the family was seated at dinner when an equally famous Hollywood personage espied them in the dining room and strode over to greet them. Mrs. Temple, faced in that direction, saw him coming and—like any woman—sought to tip off her family. "Here comes," she announced softly, "Bob Hope."

Shirley turned around, her face a Christmas tree of illuminating expectation as she knew and admires Bob very much. But the man who pulled up a chair and joined the Temples briefly was Orson Welles.

This was too good to keep. Mr. Temple told a few interested bystanders, and that night when Bob Hope actually arrived, Shirley's father greeted the Irium man with "How are you, Mr. Welles?"

This small Chicago anecdote is not im-

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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Also available in other sizes with the same easy way. Write for Samples NOW!

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS
426 Adams Street, Elmira, N. Y.
can see how completely ingenue I look!"

Mrs. Temple shook her head. Shirley turned back to the mirror. Something about the cut of the trip jacket, the drape of the short skirt made a "no" decision impossible. "I'm sorry, Mother, but I've just got to have it."

A few hours later they were hat shopping for Mrs. Temple, who likes her chapeau to be very small or very large. Shirley is a standpatter for the medium brim.

But, when Mrs. Temple espied a broad-brimmed black hat, Shirley suddenly assumed her mother's satiny expression. "Uh-huh," she protested. "But," she admitted with a sigh, "it's your money, and you have to decide this for yourself."

So Shirley carried home her black satin suit, and Mrs. Temple took her black, wide-brimmed hat, and neither has had much wear of her purchase since.

Although the routine relationship between Shirley and her mom is gay, kid-ding and casual, the deep underlying tenderness between them occasionally comes to the surface. When Shirley was ten, her mother was taken to the hospital for a critical operation. It was the first time in Shirley's life that she had been away from her mother. Their lives had been more closely intertwined than those of the average mother and daughter, because—in the studio—it was required that Mrs. Temple be with Shirley all the time. They arrived together early in the morning, went straight to Shirley's dressing room or her bungalow. From there they went to the school room or to wardrobe, hair-dressing or the portrait gallery. Day in and day out, their every waking moment was spent together.

Then, abruptly, Mom was the quiet, resting lady in a tall hospital bed, and Shirley was emotionally on her own. During that month Shirley grew up.

captain shirley ...

One day she knew her mother must be particularly ill because Mr. Temple himself took Shirley on her daily visit to the hospital. Afterward he asked his small daughter what she would like to do. "Something that you've always thought would be fun," he specified.

She sensed that it was important to him that she think up a first-class diversion. "I want to visit the police station," she decided, pinch-hitting about a thousand.

Mr. Temple knew the police officials, and he complied. It was a great day. Shirley's father was made an honorary police captain, which set him up considerably. Then Shirley was made an honorary police captain, outranking a new lieutenant. To this day she kids him about it, and it made a great bit of nonsense to tell Mrs. Temple the next day. As long as she lives, Shirley will never forget the day her mother was brought home from the hospital. For a month, with everyone at home excepting her mother, the place had seemed deserted. And suddenly, with that laughing presence around—even if she had to be very careful and remain in bed a good deal of the time for another month—the house seemed busy, purposeful and happy.

Mrs. Temple has had some bad moments over Shirley, too. There was the night when Mr. and Mrs. Temple were bringing Shirley home from the studio when she was working in "Little Miss Marker." She liked to sit alone in the back seat, her small back bared against the cushions, her short legs extended straight ahead. In this position she could press the toe of one foot against the door handle.

On this particular evening Mr. Temple made a fast left hand turn ... and the door flew open. He applied the brakes, (Continued on page 118)
Joseph Cotten loves to eat, but we suspect his cooking ability is limited to spreading mustard on hot dogs...as he is doing here under the watchful eye of Jennifer Jones, co-star in Paramount's new film, "Love Letters."

For the 9th of our Regional Recipe Series our cook's tour takes us South to the "land of Cotten"

What's Cookin', America?

In his stock-company days, blond, handsome, six-feet-two Joseph Cotten used to look around nervously whenever he heard anyone say "Virginia ham!" For Joseph is a native of "ole Virginny." Though he didn't stay there very long, he has never been able to lose the lankid accent of his native state. He's been a professional football player in Washington, D. C., a house painter in New York (a mighty good one, too!) and maker, packer and distributor of potato salad in Miami, Fla.—you couldn't tempt him with a trunkful now! Currently acting in front of Paramount cameras in "Love Letters," Joseph will next co-star with Ingrid Bergman in "Dawning," the first 1945 picture on the Selznick International schedule, to be released by United Artists.

His first role as an actor was that of a pianist at the Miami Civic Theatre—and just to show you what happens to little boys who don't practice their piano lessons—he couldn't even play Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater. Fashion editor Lenore Kipp took pity on him, went backstage and played for him. Now, as Mrs. Cotten, she's still doing all the piano playing for the family. And, because Joseph is her favorite man, she tries to carry Virginny back to him with some of those marvelous foods for which that state is famous.

Joseph or any other Virginian will tell you that most of the day's irritations are due to breakfast-skimping. The Continental breakfast, for instance, with a mere roll and cup of coffee or chocolate. No sensible Virginian would fly into the day's work without refueling at a breakfast table staggering with fragrant, appetizing foods. So, before Joe starts off for the studio, Lenore gives him beautiful, country-fresh eggs, crusty brown hot breads and little pork...
By Nancy Wood

sausages with apple or peach fritters. Some morning there are waffles with honey or whole wheat pancakes. Remember Little Black Sambo who ate 169 pancakes? Joseph says they must have been the Virginia Whole Wheat variety!

Lenore Cotten told us a lot about the cookery of her husband's home state. Traditionally, there is a heavy dinner at noon with such delicacies as the famous Virginia ham, chicken pudding, fried oysters, crab soup, squab pilau, corn custard, sweet mango pickles, spoon bread, fried corn, baked sweet potatoes and clear wine-red jellies, spicy apple butter, and, of course, hot breads. Then there is the blissful business of deciding on one of the several desserts. Although Joseph doesn't limit himself to a single favorite, he personally rates Fruit Scallop tops!

Here, just in time for mid-winter mornings, is that Apple Fritter recipe mentioned by Mrs. Cotten as a breakfast special, but equally good as a dessert served with a simple lemon or cinnamon sauce:

APPLE FRITTERS
4 tart apples
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1/4 cup powdered sugar
1 cup sifted enriched flour
2 1/4 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs, well beaten
1/2 cup milk


Girls, if you're getting ready to be the world's best, most indulgent wife to that service man when he returns, you'll want to try the recipes in this month's leaflet of Virginia favorites.

The Ham Casserole, for instance, is an inspiration when you have just enough ham left over to flavor other ingredients with its smoky goodness. Top it with crunchy biscuits, as pictured on the opposite page.

Virginia Spoon Bread is typical of the recipes Lenore Cotten collects. Serve piping hot with butter or margarine, honey, corn syrup or molasses. Delicious for breakfast.

When you have guests coming, and there is a big gap in Ration Book No. 4, give them that Virginia Tidewater specialty—plump, golden-brown Fried Oysters.

While, of course, no collection of Virginia recipes would be complete without one for chicken! So we're including one for Old Dominion Chicken Pudding, delicately flavored with herbs. Also given in the leaflet are those Whole Wheat Pancakes and the Fruit Scallop we mentioned. A gal could work up a real following with any of these. So be sure to send in for your free leaflet containing these Joseph Cotten specialties. (Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

THE MODERN HOSTESS, Dept. L.M.
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.
his face going ashen and jerked around in the same instant to see his quick-witted daughter lying face downward in the back seat, hanging on for dear life. Mrs. Temple was sitting as rigid and cold as a snow woman, too appalled to move. "I don't dare look," she whispered.

"It's all right," soothed Mr. Temple. "Shirley's a smart girl; she did the sensible thing."

Then Mrs. Temple began to cry.

An even more narrowly escaped accident took place on the set of 'I'll Be Seeing You.' Shirley was studying her script before a small gas heater. The script was bound in six or eight places by celluloid rings that abruptly flamed, having been overheated by the flame. Shirley out-leaped Nijinski, getting away efficiently from the script that burned entirely before an extinguisher could be fetched.

A week later Mrs. Temple told Shirley, "I'm still seeing that script, night after night in my dreams, as it burst into flame. You could have been horribly burned.

"That wasn't the effect it had on me," grinned her daughter, "I was warm for the first time in days."

One of the nicest things about Mrs. Temple, from a daughter's standpoint, is her willingness to let her girl grow up, her readiness to accept Shirley as an adult. Take the crucial matter of lipstick, the battle department in many a home.

From the time Shirley was a little girl, Mrs. Temple always added a touch of lipstick to Shirley's mouth for photographic purposes. The lipstick was barely applied, then it was all but erased by kleenex while Mrs. Temple issued a few sentences of propaganda such as, 'There—that's pretty, Shirl. A little lipstick is lovely, but a lot is ugly.'

Came then the day when Shirley was allowed to wear a little lipstick to her first parties. She was entrusted to apply it herself. It was a little heavy at first, but gradually—wearing of the novelty—Shirley began to use less and less. Currently she uses a vivid red, but she applies it so cleverly that it doesn't come off on cups or napkins.

When she is tired or hasn't been feeling well, she uses a faint brush of light pink rouge, but usually she has natural rouge. She always gives a dash of powder across nose and chin.

About two years ago she began to notice how nice the "older" girls looked in their high heels. Several times, when passing shops in Westwood or Beverly Hills, she lagged behind to stare covetously at spectator pumps. "Why don't you try on a pair to see how you could manage the heels?" suggested Shirley's mother.

Do a duck swim?

They stroked out of the shop with a pair of medium-high heeled shoes under Shirley's arm and an expression of bliss on the Temple face. Said Mrs. Temple, "I thought you looked very Shirl. Just remember to take shorter steps than you would in saddle oxfords, and keep your stockings pulled tightly so they're neat around your ankles."

That Christmas was an important one.

While Shirley and her mother had been collaborating on family Christmas purchasing, Shirley saw an out-of-this-world ermine jacket. It was simple enough, made with a round collar, two bobs at each side, and swirly sleeves, but it was the epitome of a dream. Since she had been big enough to be covered by a coat made from forty-four mouse pelts, she had dreamed of the day when she would have an ermine coat. With marmmoth subtlety she said to her mother, "That ermine jacket is pretty, isn't it?"

(Continued from page 115)
"Where, Shirl? Oh, there. Yes," she agreed absently, "it's very pretty."
"How old need a person be to wear that sort of jacket, would you think?"
"What? Oh, that jacket. Mmm... now what else ought we to get for your dad? Have you heard him say...?"

Over her shoulder, as they left the department, Shirley said a fond goodbye to her dream—at least for another year.

Christmas Eve, she opened her packages in a rush, hauling out delicious loot by the boatload. Over there under the tree was a huge box that she saved for the last; it was obviously the bathrobe she needed, so it could wait while she unwrapped the dozens of surprises. At last, through a wicker of tissue paper and ribbon, she hauled the bathrobe box and opened it. Fourteen squeals of sheer delight go here. It was, of course, the ermine jacket, representing Shirley's favorite gift to date.

Mrs. Temple's favorite gift is one with a history. Several years ago, when the Temples were East on business, Shirley fell in love with a clip displayed in the jewelry shop in the Waldorf. Slipping away from Mrs. Temple one day, Shirley and her father priced the clip, which consisted of platinum and gold—set with real stones. When Shirley heard the number, reeled off by a nonchalant salamander, she blanched. "Let's think it over," she whispered to her father.

Returning to their suite, Shirley secured a sheet of paper and a pencil and engaged in math. She found that, on their current allowance of $5.00 per month, the purchase of that lapel ornament would cost all of her allowance until she was 21. A grim situation. She went to her father, a banker, about it, and was told about some special accounts in her name from which, under such an emergency, she could extract the necessary sum. It was a great moment, the actual purchase of the gift, equalled only by the moment when Mrs. Temple opened the package and was assured that Shirley, unaided, had selected it.

"I may not be the luckiest mother in the world, Shirl," she said tremulously, "but until someone comes along to dispute my claim, that's the way I'm going to describe myself."

"I'm lucky, too," said Shirley, giving her mother that celebrated dimpled smile.

All of which proves what can be done without the help of a four-leaf clover if two people believe in each other.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Judy Garland was in her early teens, she made a personal appearance at our leading theater. Hearing that she was scheduled to model frocks at our largest department store, a group of us decided to go down to catch a glimpse of her. Finally she appeared, looking smart and sophisticated in a silver fox coat. She was about to hold up a number of clips for display when suddenly she cried, "My mother! I can't see my mother!" The mike carried her voice clearly, and it proved to us that the suave-looking star in the magnificent fur coat was just a nervous little girl who had lost sight of her mother in the huge, admiring crowd.

Mrs. Albert Manchester, Riverside, R. I.

what a SOURBALL I married!

"He has no reason to shout at me so!" Jane kept telling herself. But there was a deep, hidden reason for Bill's sharp words! Something he hinted one day. Puzzled, Jane rushed to her doctor's. "Yes, it could be your own fault," he said. "A wife's one neglect—carelessness about feminine hygiene—can very often ruin even the happiest marriage." Then he advised Lysol—used by so many modern wives.

correction... he's a Honey!

"That's my Bill—his own sweet self again!" And Jane is forever grateful to her doctor for telling her about Lysol disinfectant. Just as he said... this effective germ-killer cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. Yet Lysol solution is gentle for douching; won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—simply follow directions. Says Jane, "Lysol's easy to use. Inexpensive, too. And it really works—I know!"

Check these facts with your Doctor

Douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution. Its low "surface tension" means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Non-caustic. FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

Lysol

Lysol... disappears after use. Disinfects effectively. Lustering—keeps full strength even when un- corked.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-45, Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

119
the pneumonia he had battled during the making of the picture. Anxious studio guardians had him by the elbow, rushing him here and dragging him there. This afternoon he was to make his first coast-to-coast broadcast on the Kate Smith Hour.

As he stepped down from the car, he ran smack into a mob of young admirers—the first Alan Ladd fans he had ever faced in the flesh. They swarmed around him like bees. "Mr. Ladd, can I have your autograph? . . . Sign this, please . . . Have you got a picture? . . . Here . . . Please . . . Me! . . . Me! . . . Write my name!"

Alan paused for a moment, stunned. This had never happened before because nobody had ever paid any attention to him before. The radio people started to hustle him briskly through the mob. But Alan held up, for he knew he was late for the show. But he was touched and appreciative.

"If you'd wait until I come out," Alan promised, "I'll sign autographs for all of you." Then he was whisked inside.

from papeete to peoria . . .

But when he came out, his managers didn't want to risk any foolishness. They steered him out another door and hustled him into a taxicab before Alan knew what was happening. But the throng of admirers spied him and chased the cab, and Alan, looking back, saw one kid's face fading in the distance. It wore a disappointed, injured look, and his shout rang as a reproach—

"Mr. Ladd!" he cried, "You promised . . . you promised!"

Alan saw that kid's face all evening, and that night in his room at the Waldorf, he made a vow to Sue.

"I don't care how famous I get or what success I have," Alan promised, "I'll never pass up anybody who wants to talk to me. I'll never refuse an autograph or snub a fan. If they're interested in me, I'm interested in them. They aren't just fans—they're friends.

Alan has kept that vow and that outlook on his millions of fans. He's kept it so earnestly that today he has the greatest circle of real friends any Hollywood star has ever had. They live all over the world—from Papeete to Peoria. They flood him with hundreds of letters a day, telling Alan all about themselves, their problems, good times, hopes, plans and the little things that happen in their daily lives. And Alan replies in kind. Because Alan hasn't yet sent out a stock letter or a canned reply since he became a star. It's a lot of trouble that most Hollywood stars don't bother with, but it isn't trouble to a guy who likes friends and has known what it is to be lonesome. In fact, it's the biggest reward he's had from his movie fame.

One day, chatting with Al over a late lunch, I remarked that keeping in touch personally with the flock of pen-friends he has all over the globe must be a job built for a typewriter factory. "Looks," Al said earnestly, "you say it's a lot of trouble. Well, what about this?"

He handed me a letter he was carrying around with him.

"Dear Al," it read, "thanks for your swell letter. It did me a lot of good because I get plenty blue sometimes. It isn't exactly a picnic here in this hospital. But I've got a confession to make. I didn't write you the letter you sent me. My pal did it for me. I hope you don't mind. But you see, I can't write them myself.

MYSTERY! ADVENTURE! ROMANCE!

DEATH FROM A TOP HAT
by Clayton Rawson

THE RED BULL
by Rex Stout

MURDER IN THE MIST
by Zelda Popkin

THE MAN IN THE MOONLIGHT
by Helen McCloy

ON SALE EVERYWHERE—25c EACH

DREAM MAN
(Continued from page 43)
I haven't any hands." That one was from somewhere in Italy.

"Whenever I hear anyone say—'How can you take the trouble to write?'—well, I just think of that guy. Was it trouble for him?"

Not long after Alan was discharged from the Army, he was having dinner one night with Sue in a fancy Hollywood restaurant they rarely frequented. A soldier limped in on a cane, spied Alan and started through to get an autograph. Alan saw the head waiter halt him.

Alan jumped right up, walked into the crowd and introduced himself to the soldier. "This gentleman's sitting with me," he told the waiter. He took him back to the table, bought him drinks and invited him to dinner. The soldier didn't think much; he wasn't a talkative guy. But his eyes got a little shiny, and Alan sensed something back of it. Finally, it came out: 'Nobody's been like this to me,' he said, 'since I got back. You'll have to excuse me.'

That was enough for Ladd. "Come on home with us," he invited. "You can bunk at our house and stay as long as you like." So they took him home, and he stayed three days.

Only then did Alan find out that that particular soldier wore the Purple Heart, that he was just out of an Army hospital for shrapnel wounds that had split his kneecap and crippled him. That he had lived in a home since he was thirteen. That he was as lonesome as a kitten in a dog kennel.

g.l. haven...

"Okay," Alan told him, "then we're your family. Do what you like. The house is yours. The soldier stayed almost a week, roaming around the house, playing with the Ladd pets. He even taught Baby Alana out for her sun baths. They never made company of him, and he loved it. He was a perfect guest and friend, and he still writes Alan and Sue, "Dear Family."

Nor is he the only one. There's another soldier Alan and Sue picked up one night as they were driving home from a movie. He looked forlorn and lonely standing on a corner of Hollywood Boulevard with his hands in his pockets. Alan pulled over and told him to hop in and come on over to the house. Sure enough, it turned out this soldier had just lost his dad, an Army Colonel, who had been all the family he had. As the Ladd circle gained another member, who doesn't miss a week reporting on his activities wherever the war takes him. He calls Alan "Buddy" and Sue, "Sis."

It sounds funny, but Alan has really made more service pals since he was discharged from the Army than he did when he was a G.I. himself. But it's not so funny when you realize that when war duty, Alan had only his own outfit to get acquainted with, while now, through the mail and through his wartime hobby of picking up guys in uniform, he's in touch with thousands.

Maybe it's because Alan knows he can't hand out top-notch entertainment like Bob Hope or Bing Crosby can't sing or tell jokes, and I know it," Alan had told me twenty times if he's told me once. So he feels his best bet is to have as many boys use his place as he can and give them the one thing he's got plenty of, real friendship.

What always surprises him, too, is the fact that these service guys he meets have pretty much the same ideas, rather be forefathers in his house, sprawled out on a big sofa, shooting the breeze, playing ping-pong or records in the den, than they would hitting the Hollywood hot spots.

A sailor came up to Alan after a radio
show one evening. He only wanted an autograph, but he flashed such a swell smile and seemed so friendly that it wasn’t any time at all until he was in the ear with Sue and Alan headed homeways. He bunched there that night out. Sweaters that he’d had a pretty rugged time of it while on active service. He’d been on an aircraft carrier that went down when the war was started and had lain in a hospital for long months with malaria and was just now getting back into shape. The Ladds liked him a lot, and they figured a record like that called up a little fun. They made reservations at Mocambo for a big evening and told the tailor to invite his girl friend and a few other couples—the party was on them.

Well, the gob didn’t say much, except, “Why, thanks, that’ll be real nice.” And Alan and Sue were a little let down. He didn’t sound enthusiastic. Finally, the tailor blurted out, “Say, would you—all mind if we have that party at home? It’s my birthday,” he explained, “and I used to always spend that day at home.”

“I’ll bake a cake,” grinned Sue. She did, too, and the tailor’s friends came up, banged the piano and filled up on birthday cake and ice cream.

Of course, plenty of the fans friends Alan meets want to see what every visitor to Hollywood want to see—pictures in production. There’s a war time ban on visitors at the studios, but several lucky times Alan has managed to bamboozle the gate-men and studio cops and sneak in some G.I.’s for a quick look. And both Alan and Sue are headaches to the ushers at CBS and NBC in Hollywood. He hasn’t made one radio program without trailing along fifteen or twenty Ladd legionnaires—always without tickets.

“But Mrs. Ladd,” the panicked ushers protest. “There are tickets for all these seats. They’re all reserved. What are we going to do?”

“Oh, you can squeeze them in somehow, can’t you?” Sue pleads with her most hypnotizing smile—and they usually can. I might as well state right here where, whether Laddie likes it or not, that plenty of the people he meets are swooneroos. And that’s a funny thing about Alan Ladd and his fans. Guys like him—none of them have ever razzed him, and the only time a service guy came close to it was once at a Lux Radio Theater broadcast right before Alan went into uniform. He was all inducted and due to report to Fort MacArthur that week, but he managed to get in a Lux radio performance of “China” before he left Hollywood.

In the mob that night as he left, a soldier wisecracked, “Aw nuts! He’s just a Hollywood glamour guy—what’s all the fuss about?” But another G.I put him straight right then: “Oh—” he said. “Well, the guy’s already in the Army—whaddya think of that?” And the razzing soldier said, “Oh”—and shut up. And that’s been the way—leastmost of the soldiers and civilians, have taken toward Alan ever since. They know he’s a regular guy and they know he’s been on Uncle Sam’s team and will probably play a few more at times when the Army does okay him back in.

surpassing sinatra . . .

But while Alan gets along great with fellows—he’s also tops with the girls, from the bobby sock brigade to the girdle group. And I’ll have to tell what happened the night he acted (and sang) on Frank Sinatra’s show.

It’s a radio habit of Alan’s to keep his eyes glued to his script from the minute he steps out to the mike until the red light has winked off and the show’s off the air. In spite of all the experience he’s had before cameras, he’s still subject to mild attacks of stage fright.

But there’s always one time when Alan looks right out in the audience. As he walks up to the mike, he always looks out to where Sue sits and smiles at her—just a second. Then he goes.

Well, when he did that on the Sinatra program, the Sinatra Squealers-and-Yippers Club went nuts! They even squealed and passed more for Alan than they did for Frankie!

In fact, not long after that, Alan was on a big all-male star program with Harpo Marp, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire and Kay Kyser. The great Bingo himself drew only applause. But when Alan came out and grinned into the crowd—what followed was like a mess of Scotch bagpipes running wild.

So Bing kidded Alan all over the stage that night. “I’ll never let a thing like this happen to me again,” he cracked. Next time I want a tough guy, I’ll bring Eddie G. Robinson!”

The crowd, I might add, was strictly female. It was a recruiting rally for the WAVES and WACS.

But there’s a funny thing about Alan’s girl-friends: They have the damnedest crushes on Alan, they sigh and moan and tag him round—but none of the one they seem to pick on to tell about all this is his wife!

One night after a radio broadcast, Sue left Columbia Broadcasting a little while after Alan had gone out to the sea. On her way, she passed a couple of girls with autograph pads. But one of the girls was crying as if her heart would break.

Sue went up, “Why, what’s the matter, honey?” she asked.

“Mrs. L-Ladd,” sobbed the girl. “I just went up and kissed Alan—and he acted like he didn’t like it at all! O-h-h, o-h-h—W-a-a-h!”

“Oh, I’m sure he did,” soothed Sue. “I’ll go out and ask him right now.” So she went out to the car and told Alan the sad state of affairs. He said it wasn’t that he didn’t like the kiss—but to tell the truth, it had scared him to death and maybe he’d showed it. Anyway, he went back with Sue and the girl up.

He said he was flattered to have a pretty girl kiss him, but after all, it was a little sudden. The buddy-sock’s face lit up, and she stopped wailing pronto.

Alan’s always that way to young kids with a smite on him. Whenever he thinks he might be making somebody unhappy, he’s right there to iron it all out. And Sue, who isn’t worried about anybody taking Alan away from her for a minute, calls him “sweet” for the kind way he treats them.

One night, the Ladds came home early in the evening with a couple of sailors they’d picked up. On the way into their house they noticed a couple of girls walking up and down out front. Later, the sailors and Sue and Alan went out for an evening, and when they got back home, it was one o’clock. The girls were still there, strolling up and down, and this time the Ladds knew what was up. They were sticking around to get a look at Alan, after finding out somehow where he lived.

“Poor kids,” said Sue, “out there this hour of night. Let’s invite them in.”

“Sure,” Alan grinned. He walked across the lawn. “How’d you like to come in for a Pepsi and see the house?” How’d they like that? When the girls had sipped a Pepsi and seen the Ladds at home, they said their thank-you’s and started to leave.

“You kids can’t go home this hour of night by yourselves,” Alan told them. So he and Sue drove them home.

More than once his private phone number has leaked out to high schools around
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Los Angeles, and he's been flooded with calls. He's had long distance ones, collect, too (which he doesn't accept), and some prepaid (which he does). People have strolled by, snapped the number on his house and circulated that around. But that has happened to every star in Hollywood who doesn't live on a mountain peak or in a desert cave. But by now Alan can tell when he's got a real fan-friend or when it's only a curious joker.

The real McCoy's may break in on Alan's privacy in awkward moments, but if he thinks they're sincere admirers, they always get the best welcome he can offer.

One afternoon recently, Alan was in the backyard busy at his favorite Sabbath sport, getting himself covered from head to foot in the good earth of his garden, when a group of youngsters rang the front bell. Sue reported their arrival to Alan. "They want to take your picture," she said. "And you look like a ditchdigger. They'll be awfully disappointed."

"Look," Alan replied. "Tell them if they'll wait until I go upstairs, take a shower and clean up, I'll pose for them."

And darned if he didn't drop his gardening, shower, shave and put on a coat and tie, just so some kids he had never seen before could get some pictures.

But some of his good friends today have come from just such casual fan acquaintances. There's a group of about twelve girls who always go with Sue to Alan's broadcasts. She met them all around at places where they've been to watch Alan. One fan of his, Billie Nelson, a pretty and intelligent girl of twenty-two, is a great friend of Sue's by now. She always goes along when Alan is on the air and usually has dinner with Alan and Sue afterwards, often with some other fans the Ladds have taken a fancy to.

Billie, by the way, used to be president of the Number One Alan Ladd fan club, and because she's such a family friend, Alan and Sue refer most of their mail friends fan club inquiries to Billie. Alan has had over 300 requests from his fan friends, wanting to start Alan Ladd clubs here and there. But that's not surprising when you consider that he's such a top fad, has more pen-pals than any star in Hollywood.

And figures about fan letters are always misleading—they usually go up and down like the thermometer in March—but Alan's mail already has broken all Hollywood records right and left.

How can any one guy, normally as busy as Alan Ladd, and staffed of letters like this and answer them personally and fully as Alan does? It's a fair question. And the answer is that if Alan weren't one of those rare movie stars who actually gets a kick out of the people who write him, he'd probably never get around to it. But, as I said, he happens to have that as his biggest hobby, and when you like a thing it's fun, not work. But even at that, Alan has had to do some organizing to keep even with the postman.

First of all, he converted the big playhouse in back of the house into a huge writing room. He got out the old saw and hammer over a year ago and built himself a long L-shaped desk that looks like a store counter. It's got all kinds of shelves and pigeonholes that he's made to file letters, replies, pictures to be autographed, drawings his friends have sent him to sign, gifts to be acknowledged, personal souveniers to send out. And to top things off, he has a swing secretary as interested in his letter-friends as he is. They sit and talk over his faves and their notes, and then Alan dictates replies, with the personal touch that has made him the best star correspondent in Hollywood.

Many is the night he has sat up past
Occasionally he gets stumpers—like the teen-age girl in the Midwest who was unhappy at home. "I want to get away," she wrote. "I want to be an actress. If I leave this home I'll never be able to come back. Shall I? I've decided to do exactly what you say!" Well, Alan stewed a long time over that one before he dared answer. Putting a girl's fate up to him—a girl he didn't even know! He finally decided the only thing he could conscientiously do was duck any advice there. It wasn't fair to himself or the girl. But he worried about the damned question for over a week. Alan's a good worrier anyway, by nature. But with all the ins and outs and changes in his life during the last year, I think the time he got most upset was when he spent a week writing some fans, and then the post-office notified him there'd been a transit fire and the letters had all burned up! What worried Alan was that a flock of fans would think he'd ignored them.

asking for trouble . . .

I wish I had enough space to print a few of the swell letters Alan Ladd keeps carefully stacked at home. But this is only a magazine article—not the Encyclopedia Britannica. Here are a few flashes though—some tickling, some sticking, that stick in my memory, and particularly in Alan Ladd's—

The despondent young man in the South who planned to end it all and wrote Alan life wasn't worth it—and the airmail special Alan shot back back arguing him out of it—and the letter he got back saying the gloomy guy was looking up at the sunshine again. And the boy in the New York school for the mute who couldn't hear Alan on the radio and who asked for a picture so he could see him when everybody else heard him. And the way the TB patients in Santa Barbara who formed a fan club and kept

"He says as long as he's going to be tied to a desk for the rest of the war, he may as well relax and enjoy it."
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In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

IF YOU, like Joe, have a body others can "push around"—if you’re ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—give "Dynamic Tension" a try. In just 15 minutes a day, you just may look and feel like a body that’s been "pushed around." That’s how he changed himself from a 97-lb. weakling to winner of little. "World’s Most Perfect Developed Man!"

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THOSE SIMPLE PILES

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1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried piles—helps prevent cracking and soresness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

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Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.
invitation he just happened to have around. You! You were behind it all!"

Ruth Edley smiled brightly: "A very sound diagnosis, Doctor. You have a brilliant future ahead of you!"

Red groaned: "Why don't you leave me alone?"

"I can't. I love you."

"Look, we've been through all that."

"Not all the way through. You always stop when it gets interesting. But if you'd like to propose, I've got a nice, quiet flat nearby, and we can—"

"Ruth!"

"Ruth, my eye! I'm not the coy type. You know I love you, and I know darn well you love me. Then what's holding up the wedding bells?"

"A couple of million dollars," Red said.

"It's just that you happen to own them. Not me, Me, I get twenty a month over at Blair General Hospital—"

"Twenty dollars? Every month? What are we waiting for?"

"Right now, I'm waiting for the menu."

"Darling," Ruth said, "That's what I like about you. You're so romantic."

"Remind me to tell you after the dessert," Red said, "You're beautiful."

"I know," Ruth said sweetly, "That's what I'm counting on to hook you."

So it was all very pleasant that night in the night club. The affair, it turned out, was a War Bond Rally, and the master of ceremonies trotted out after a while trailing six beautiful girls behind him. They auctioned off kisses to the highest War Bond bidder. It was then that Ruth stood up and said: "Can't a girl get in on the fun? I'll buy a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds if—her eyes twinkled with laughter as she pointed at Red,—"If he'll kiss me!"

Of course Red had to do it. And it was odd, that even there, in the middle of a night club floor, mad at Ruth for pulling a gag like that; still, he felt the tingle of the kiss, sharp as a knife blade, and he knew that he loved her and always would.

"Well," Ruth said.

"You'll do," Red said.

"You bet I will," Ruth said briskly. "Is it a deal, Red? Set the date."

He looked at her, knowing that under the banter, she was serious. All right, he said to himself, he loved her; she was beautiful, she was bright, she was all he had ever dreamed about; and he was still just another doctor over at Blair knocking out twenty a month.

Is there a doctor in the house?...

Someone was saying: "Is there a doctor in the house?"

He felt Ruth poke him, and he looked up. It was the master of ceremonies, looking just a little strained. He stood up and said quietly: "Take it easy, man, what's wrong?" And then everything fell away from him—the night club, the sound of the music, the laughter of the women, even the image of Ruth; and he was Doctor Adams, a man whose hands had been trained to heal, whose eyes sought out hidden evils, whose soul and whose heart had been dedicated to the oath of Hippocrates.

It was one of the chorus girls. She had suddenly collapsed backstage, and now she was lying on one of the couches in a tiny dressing room, very white, still unconscious. Adams knelt by her side and worked swiftly.

"What happened?"

"We just found her on the floor—"

"Did she complain of not feeling well?"

"No, she never said a word."

"Did she drink?"

"If you mean did she lap it up, why Edna never went in for that sort of stuff. Just one to be social but—"

"Has she been all right lately?"

"You know how it is. Her boy friends in the Army, and I guess she's a little worried what with one thing and another. She seemed to be off her feed—"

"She wasn't eating?"

"Well, she never went out with us for a bite or anything these last few days."

Red Adams stood up sharply. "We'll have to get her to the hospital," he said. He called in to Blair and then went back to the night club. He hunted up the head-waiter, slipped a bill in his hands and told him to see that Ruth got home all right.

Then he went back to the girl in the dressing room. He was still working over her when the ambulance arrived.

When things happen at a hospital, they are likely to happen in bunches. There is some malevolent destiny that takes a perverse joy in piling up catastrophes. But the last person anyone would have thought to be victim of it was Sally, the switchboard operator at Blair. Why, Sally had been...
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Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is cruel and unnecessary! A medicine that's too strong will often leave a child feeling worse than before.

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---

around for years, kidding with the in-
terns, taking calls as if Blair General
Hospital were her own private concern,
even scolding Doctor Gillespie from time
to time. Sally was indescribable.

**double trouble . . .**

Yet it was for Sally that the emergency
call came through. They found her
doubled up on the floor just beside her
switchboard, in that absurd frilly dress
which she thought was so fashionable.

Dr. Gillespie met Red Adams in the
corridor outside the room. Dr. Gillespie
was in his wheelchair, and he looked up
shrewdly as Adams softly closed the door
behind him.

"You've examined her?"

"Yes."

"What do you think?"

"I'm not sure—"

"Of course you're not sure," Dr. Gillespie
exploded. "No doctor worth his salt even
is sure. I didn't ask you that. I asked you
what you thought."

"Bright's Disease."

Gillespie nodded thoughtfully. "Could
be," he grunted. "You're running tests?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'll let me know." He swung that
crane around. "What about that chorus
girl? She's out of the coma?"

"She came out this morning."

"Good work," Gillespie said softly. "Did
you get a chance to talk to her?"

Red nodded.

"Well, what about her?"

"It's hard to believe," Red said in a
puzzled voice. "She gives every symptom of
starvation. But there's no sense to that.
Unless it's neuro-psychiatric. Self induced.
And I have to find out more about her
before I'll confirm that."

"Well, why don't you," Gillespie growled.

"You're a doctor, aren't you? You've got
to find a cure any way you can." Gillespie's
voice suddenly went very low. "And by
the way, if you turn the corner of the
corridor, you might find something, too."

The "something" turned out to be about
five foot four of very desirable femininity.
Ruth Edley tapped her foot against the
cork hospital floor, stared pointedly at Red
Adams, and said: "All right, what's the
excuse?"

"Excuse for what?" Red said.

"That hussy you picked up in the night
club. You've been spending nights with
her."

"That hussy," Red said, "happens to be
a very sick girl."

"I've heard that one before," Ruth said.

"All right. Listen to some more. Right
now I'm heading over to the Sherry Plaza
to take in a night club."

"On business?"

"On business," Red said grimly.

"The things doctors get away with,"
Ruth muttered.

The next morning Red Adams sat in
the swivel chair in his tiny consultation
office at Blair and looked steadily at the
girl opposite him. She was still not eating;
the nurse reported that they had
continued intravenous feeding. She looked
nervously at him from time to time; in her
lap her hands clenched and unclenched
monotonously.

"Edna," Red said softly. "I want you
to listen to me for a while and believe
what I say. There's nothing wrong with
you. We've checked every detail, physically
you're sound as a dollar. But sometimes we
get sick even if there's nothing physically
wrong with us—"

The girl looked up swiftly, startled.

"No, it's not what you think. You're not
going crazy or anything like that. But
sometimes we get funny ideas, deep inside
us, where we don't even know about them.
I think it's something like that keeping

---

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she said, "I believe, Doctor. I know I had nothing to do with Sylvia's death now. I know it all the way through—"

woof, woof ...

Red smiled: "Okay. Now see if you can't get a couple of steaks through you. With potatoes."

"I could eat a wolf," Edna said happily.

"In your business," Red said, "you probably have to. The prescription is still fresh, though. And if a wolf shows up, tell him you'll sic the Army on him."

Late that night, Dr. Adams lay on his bed trying to sleep, thoughts and images drifting through his mind haphazardly:

"Gillespie off to Chicago... that case in Ward 3... Ruth... Lord, she was lovely... poor Sally... funny about that chorus girl... funny the things people can get into... if only Ruth wasn't so rich... always hearing bells... must be Ruth and her wedding bells..."

It wasn't. It was the telephone jangling insistently at his elbow, and he rolled over groaning and lifted the receiver and then immediately he was awake: "What's that?"

"Sally? In pain? Did these X-Rays come through yet? Tell X-Ray I'm coming down. I'll be over to Sally right after. Keep her comfortable..."

When he finally got to Sally's room, he found Molly Byrd, Superintendent of the Nurses, at the bedside. Molly shook her head at Red. He came over and he said softly: "Sally? Can you hear me, Sally?"

"Doctor Adams. I'm so glad you—" a spasm of pain crossed her face.

"You know me too long to call me Doctor," Red said. "It always was Red between us wasn't it, Sally?"

"Red..."

"Why did you lie to us, Sally?" Red said.

"Why didn't you tell us you were in pain?"

"It's nothing, isn't it?"

"Cancer?" Red said sharply. "You mean you've been lying there thinking that's what it is. You poor kid. No, Sally, I swear to you, you're not out of kilter, that's all. It's one of your kidneys out on a bender. If'll have to come out."

"You're the doctor..."

"Gillespie's out of town. But Dr. Lane Porteus will be down for the operation and..."

"Red," Sally said; she grimaced and then waited until the pain passed. "Red... promise me if anyone is going to operate... you'll be the one... promise me..."

"Porteus is one of the best men in the country."

"You..."

Red looked over to Molly Byrd. She nodded slightly.

"All right, Sally," Red said. "I promise."

Under the single huge light in the operating room, Sally looked white and shrunken. She was breathing steadily and deeply under the skillful fingers of the anesthetist. Doctor Adams stood at the table waiting for the sign. Then the anesthetist said: "Ready now, Doctor."

After that the minutes merged into the swift, climactic struggle between a man's trained hands and death. The voices dropped impersonally in the room.

"Pulse eight... pulse sixty-six... respiration twenty-two..."

Outside her room Molly Byrd and Red stood silently together. Molly sighed and said finally: "I did all there was to be done, Red. If no severe shock sets in—"

"We'll pull her through," Red said harshly.

Molly laid her hand on his arm: "Take the advice of an old war horse. There's nothing more you can do. You've been on your feet almost twenty-four hours straight. You need rest. Ruth called. Drop over there. I'll call you if anything..."

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happens...

He had felt desperately tired, but now after punching the button to Ruth's apartment, he felt the tiredness drop from him, and he was pleased that he had remembered to bring flowers.

"Well well," Ruth said pleasantly.

"Didn't you want the Sherry Plaza? You can't miss it. There's a blonde hanging from the flagpole."

"I don't want the Sherry Plaza."

"No?"

"I know what I want."

"Do you?"

"I want..." he stumbled over it.

"You'll never make Information Please that way," Ruth said.


"I'm not joking," Ruth said. "I'm trying to hide a broken heart. Seen it anywhere around, Doctor? You can't miss it. It's one of those small neat ones. Or at least it was. It's probably all shrivelled up now from lack of affection or vitamins or whatever it is hearts need to get along."

"Why don't you stop talking?" Red said.

"Why should I? Nothing ever happens when I do. I shut my mouth and come back with a joke, give the big baby—come-hither stare, and all you ever say is that I ought to see an oculist!"

"Not this time, Ruth," Red said huskily. She knew then, and all the banter went out of her face. She moved toward him in silence.

**AUTOGRAPHS**

Sinatra, Allyson, Johnson, McCallister — they're all yours! Thumb over to page 12.

"You think I ever stopped loving you a minute?" Red said.

And the telephone rang. It was the mood shattered as a soap bubble in the air. Red managed one cautious grin at Ruth. She eyed him doubtfully for a moment, and then she laughed.

"All right, Doctor," she said. "I suppose I'll have to be getting away. I think I'll stay a few minutes, anyway."

"It's Sally," Red said from the phone. "Molly says she's in bad shock. I have to get right back."

A month later three couples entered the exclusive night club at the Sherry Plaza. You would have easily recognized Dr. Gillespie; and possibly young Dr. Adams and Ruth Edley. The tall, gangling girl might have given you a wrong impression if you spotted Sally under the glamorous hair-do. It was easy enough to see that they were all happy. As they sat down, a bell ringer came up to them and offered them a free drink. Adams jumped to his feet like a trained dog responding to a command.

"Sit down," Dr. Gillespie growled. "The trouble with doctors is they think they're the only ones who ever get phone calls."

---

**THE CAST**

Dr. "Red" Adams........Van Johnson
Dr. Leonard Gillespie, Lionel Barrymore
Edna De Haven
Tobey.............Keenan Wynn
Ruth Edley.............Marylin Maxwell
Molly Byrd.............Alma Kruger
Sally.............Marie Blake
Dr. Lee.............Keeye Lube
Nurse Parker.............Nell Craig
Nurse Morgan.............Edna Holland
Marian.............Lorraine Miller
Dr. Walter Carew.............Tommy Tugwell
Dr. Walter Carew.............Tommy Tugwell
Dr. Walter Carew.............Tommy Tugwell
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**S. S. H. RECREATION BUILDING**

131
JUNE ALLYSON
(Continued from page 56)

He always said yes. Jab! went the needle into teacher's leg—
On the sunwarmed rock, June hunted her dog. "What do you mean, sticking
needles in people's legs? We'll have to tell
her we're sorry, you know. Mummy said so—

June had three great loves—Mother, Grandma and Teddy, the wirehair. She
lived in Grandma's little white house in
Westchester. They weren't rich, but there
neither was anyone else around their
neighborhood. She had a bike like the
other kids, and would have been perfectly
happy if only Mother'd been home instead
of working in New York.

She understood about her father.
Mummy'd explained it. Mummy always
explained things so you could understand.
Sometimes people got married, then found
it was all a mistake, so it was better to say
good-by in a nice way than go on living
together and not being happy. June under-
stood about that, and she understood, too,
why Mother had to work. Grandpa only
had his pension, which wasn't very big,
and they needed more money.

But understanding it wasn't always
enough. June loved her mother so dearly
that sometimes she just couldn't stand it,
not having her round.

If anyone could have made up for not
having your very own mother, it would
have been Grandma. Grandma was quiet—
not gay, like Mummy—but oh! so sweet.
And a wonderful storyteller. When she
was little, June thought they were just
stories, but then she caught on. There was
always a lesson. If she did something
wrong, Grandma'd say, "Remember what
happened to the little girl in the story?"

June liked to tease her. "Tell me a story
without a lesson, Grandma?"

Grandma'd call her a scam, but she
certainly appreciated June. She was the
only one who ever said June might go on
the stage some day. "Look what I can do," June would cry,
turning a cartwheel or standing on her head.

"Mark my words," Grandma'd say. "That
child's going to be a dancer."

Then there was Teddy. In all the world
you'd never find another like him. You
could talk to him as if he were human,
and he understood lots more than lots of
people. Even when he was a puppy and
chewed shoes.

"Stop it," said June, "or you'll grow up
to be an idiot." He'd stick his head between
his paws and look so ashamed. "Never
mind, darling," she'd croon into his fuzzy
ear. "I'll be an idiot, too."

He'd go to school with her and go home
by himself, and of course he could
tell time, because every afternoon at three
he'd be there to meet her. Every afternoon
but one.

June raced all the way home. "Why, he
left as usual," said Grandma.

All afternoon they hunted him. June
wouldn't eat, and she wouldn't go to bed.

So Grandpa went out into the dark,
quiet street, and at last they found him—a
wretched little huddle, exhausted
by grief and fatigue, asleep on the school
steps. But for the time being, he was all
most worth while. His regular bed was
beside the kitchen stove. And he spent that
night curled in a blissful ball at June's feet.

ordeal by pain . . .

It had been the most heavenly Sunday
June could remember. Mother'd taken her
to Coney Island. They'd eaten hot dogs

JUNE ALLYSON
(Continued from page 56)
and whirled on the merry-go-round and slid down the chutes. June was wearing the pink taffeta Grandma'd made for her birthday—her first dress-up dress. They'd left very early, to be home in time for supper. Teddy ran out to welcome them back, but June was too excited to go indoors.

The kids were playing cops and robbers on their bikes. "Mummy, can I get my bike and play for a while?"

"It's kind of late, dear. And that's no dress to play cops and robbers in."

"I'll be terribly careful. Just for a little while, please!"

"Well—all right then.

June climbed her bike and joined the robbers. Helen was cop. The last thing June remembered was Teddy scampering beside her, and Helen lifting her hand to say stop. Then the crash—and blackness.

She came to just a second before the ambulance got there, and wondered why they were cutting her pink silk dress. "My head feels funny—"

The storm-weakened tree had come down on her head and back. Helen jumped in time to escape with a broken arm. Teddy's little life was snuffed out.

June's hung by a thread. At the hospital they told her white-faced mother: "We're doing all we can.

"What does that mean?" she asked from between stiff lips.

"She may not live through the night—"

For days she was conscious of nothing but pain. She didn't know Mother was there, wracked by every feeble moan, rigid with dread when the moaning ceased and the broken little body lay ominously still. She knew only that the hand she pushed her eyes open as against some heavy weight, there was pain all around. Once her mother caught the words: "I—hurt—so bad—" and sat there by the bed, slowly tearing a handkerchief to shreds.

One day she opened her eyes and kept them open. Funny. Her head wouldn't move. All she could see was the ceiling. Her eyes slid over toward a window with green outside—slid back—

Mother was bending over her, "Junie—"

"Hello. What'm I doing here?"

"You've been sick, darling. How do you feel now?"

"All right—I guess. Why can't I move my head?"

"You were hurt, but you're going to be fine. Don't talk any more now, my blessed baby—"

It looked as if Mother were crying. It looked as if she were kneeling down by the bed, and she must be crying, else why was June's hand getting wet? She wanted to say don't cry, but she was too tired. She'd have to remember to say it when she woke up—

The head was kept shaved and bandaged, the back was in a cast. The doctors said she might walk again. Her one cry was for Teddy—

"I want my Teddy. When's my Teddy coming to see me?"

At first, fearful of the shock, they said dogs weren't allowed in hospitals—

Then bring him and hold him up to the window, Mummy, just to see hello—"

"Later—when you're stronger—"

"If I could just see his little face, I'd get strong right away."

Mother finally had to tell her, "He was running beside you that day. The tree fell on him, too. Teddy's in heaven, darling, with the other little dogs."

June cried. In her eyes she didn't want to see anyone, even Mother. Mother couldn't help her—she couldn't bring Teddy back. He'd never stand there again with his head on the side, never call for her at school. The little red tongue wouldn't wash her face any more, the box by the stove
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would be empty. If only she could lay her cheek against his coat—tell him she was sorry for saying he'd grow up to be an idiot.

From under the closed lids two slow tears rolled. She couldn't lift her hand to wipe them away. The lips pursed, the small white-swathed face crumpled in anguish, sob tore through the little frame in its plaster prison.

"Oh darling, don't cry like that, you'll hurt yourself. Don't cry for Teddy. He's happy running around in heaven—"

Strangled words broke through. "He's not happy, you know—he couldn't be happy—without me."

Little by little, the wounds of body and spirit began to mend. First they said she mightn't live—then she didn't walk. But June fooled them. At the end of six months—head still bandaged, back in a brace that she was to wear for five years—she took her first halting steps—starting from Mother by the bed and flopping into the arms of the red-headed doctor, way over by the door.

June was madly in love with the red-headed doctor. There had been a time when she planned to marry him. But one day Red came in to find his favorite patient gone sour on him. For five minutes she kept her head turned. Then she pointed out coldly: "You've got a wife already—"

"I didn't know you cared—"

"Of course I cared. You brought me presents, didn't you? When men give ladies presents, it means they're in love—"

She forgave him in the end, and went right on loving—well, though there wasn't a single doctor she didn't love. It was there in the hospital that June conceived her passion for those reassuring words. She was good and kind. They made you stop hurting. You came in sick, and they made you well. That was a wonderful thing to be able to do.

"Mummy, when I grow up, can I be a doctor?"

"If that's what you want. It takes a long time, and you have to be pretty smart—"

"I'll be smart," said June.

over the bumps...

A year after the accident, June went back to school and Mother went back to work. Teachers had nothing to complain of any longer. June was a model child—almost too good. Kept her head bent over her books and avoided other children. When you had best friends you didn't put your arms around you. She didn't want arms around her, feeling her brace. She looked funny enough as it was, spindleshanks and bald-head. Her eyes would rest on the heads around her—blond curls, dark braids—all shiny and beautiful. They all had hair and they thought nothing of it—didn't know how lucky they were.

One day she found some old lengths of rope in the cellar, cut off two ends, combed out the strands, stuck them over her ears, and tied a kerchief on to keep them in place. At school, one or two of the girls tittered, but June didn't care. Grandma said, if she liked herself better that way, go ahead and wear them. Sometimes she'd take Snowball and go sit on the rock that she still called Teddy's rock. Snowball was supposed to be instead of Teddy—a little white poodle, so that Mother thought him home in her shopping bag. He was cute and fun to play with and—not to hurt his feelings—she pretended to love him like Teddy, but course she couldn't. Sitting there on the rock, he'd sort of fade out like in the movies, and Teddy'd come back with his lovely soft eyes and his sweet funny ways. Just be a second, though. The minute she put her hand out, he'd be gone.

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and her heart was shaken by sorrow too great for a child—sorrow for Teddy crushed under a tree—and for Snowball because she couldn't love him enough.

Those were only moments, though. For the most part, Purrfect happiness where she found it. After a while they'd stop shaving her head and the brace would come off, and she wouldn't be crippled like those terrfying little girls in story-books. Besides, there were one nice thing about the brace. It made her sit up straight instead of slouching, so she always got a high mark for posture. And golly! she'd soon be a swimming champion.

The doctors said swimming would make her back and legs stronger, so she'd started it at one of the summer pools. That first day she felt awful, hung back behind the other kids. Till Marie came over—

Marie was the teacher. Later she told June: "I thought you were the saddest little girl I'd ever seen. I said to myself, I'll see if I can make her smile!"

They got to be very good friends. Marie taught at several pools, and she'd take June along and give her special lessons, and pretty soon she was swimming like a fish. Having a grown-up friend was nice. Marie understood about the rope-hair and the brace and why June wanted her to meet Mother—

"I'm ugly, but you ought to see how pretty my mother is—"

So one Sunday Mother answered the door, and there stood Marie.

"Are you June's sister?"

"No, I'm her mother."

"Goodness, you're too young and pretty to be anyone's mother!"

June almost burst with pride. She wished she had a hundred million dollars, so she could give half to Mother and half to Marie.

black days . . .

She was eleven when Grandma died.

She'd been kind of worried about Grandma, but this time taught her defenseless. People don't die of a sore foot, Grandma'd been limping lately, and sometimes she'd sit with her foot up on a stool—

"What's the matter, Grandma?"

"Oh nothing. Just a sore foot."

Even when Mother came home and Grandma went to the hospital, June took her word for it that she'd be all right soon. June knew the hospital. Hospitals made people well. Look how sick

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Looky, fans, we're still asking for those encounters with stars, and we're still giving five bucks for the ones we accept, but pure-and-lace, try to remember that what we want are vivid stories, cute anecdotes, interesting sidelights on movie people, not your usual letter by bridge partner or Susie's Sunday School teacher!

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cles and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised.

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"Your grandmother's dead"

For two days she lay on her bed, numb with grief, and refused to eat. For a year she wouldn't mention Grandma's name and, when somebody else did, left and leave the room. The household broke up. Grandpa went to one of her aunts. June was to live with another aunt who had three little girls around her own age. She didn't want to. She pleaded with Mother to take her to New York—

"I won't be happy if I'm not with you—"

Mother explained and explained. How she'd be at the print shop all day long. How June was too young to be left alone. June had to give in. She couldn't explain like Mother. But she was passionately sure that being alone all day didn't matter as long as you saw your mother every night. A nice house and three little cousins your own age couldn't possibly make up for not having your very own mother to live with.

A year later, just before Christmas, the world came right for June. She went to live with Mother in what she might have thought was a cramped little cold water flat, but to her it was heaven. She put her feet up on chairs, because this was her own house. She copped anything and the rooms, making all the more she liked. She ran downstairs evenings and stood on the street and yelled, "Mo-thi!

Mother's head would pop out. "June, you're getting a little old for that kind of thing."

"Yes, but look at all the time I have to make up."

Of course they minded being poor—old clothes and one pair of shoes a year and June collecting boxes for wood to keep the stove going. But it didn't make them unhappy. June was a damming big things. She studied like mad, because the harder she studied, the sooner she'd be a doctor and make Mother quit working. Every month her heart went toward all A's—

And then there were red-letter days.

The day she woke up and took down her brace and threw it back in the closet. "I'm not going to wear that thing any more—"

dreams of glory...

The Christmas Mother gave her a red pussywillow silk dress. Real pussywillow—silk with the leaves and petals. Her first dress in years that hadn't been made over from somebody else's—

Graduation Day. Mother sat in the audience, red in a daze. June wasn't ashamed either. Besides the regular diploma, they gave her a diploma of merit for graduating with an average of 97%. And an autograph album with gilt edges. Mother bought chocolate ice cream, and they ate it at the kitchen table with the two diplomas and the album between them—

"Now all I have to do is go through high school and medical school." June sighed. "It takes so long, Mummy. You'll get awfully tired—"

"Don't worry, hon. I've still got a good few years ahead before you stick me in a wheel chair—"

"Wheel chair, my foot! A throne that's where you'll sit in those mink coats and diamonds. And the neighbors'll say, my, where did you get all that? And you'll say, from my good—for—nothing daughter, June—here, have a diamond. Things don't work out the way you plan them. That year someone else came along to take care of Mother."

Dick was awfully nice. He didn't talk much, but June liked his smile. He man—

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aged a Loft plant and brought her candy. The first time, June almost fainted. Nobody'd ever given her candy in a box, and she felt so elegant—

One day Mother said, "You like Dick, don't you, June?"

"Oh, yes, he's swell!"

"Come over here, dear. I want to ask you something. How'd you feel if Dick and I got married?"

It was a shock, there's no denying that.

"And live here with us?"

"Well, not exactly. He's better off than we are, you know. We'd probably move to a nice apartment—"

"But what about us, Mummy? What about you and me?"

"Darling, I won't make any difference. You'll still be my best girl."

She drew the arms from around her neck and pushed her hair away from June's forehead. "June, We'd be together even more than we are now. I wouldn't have to work—"

"You mean you'd be there when I got home from school?" As we've mentioned, June's not the brooding type. "Well, come on, Mummy. What, we waiting for?"

When you're thirteen and your bed's been a sofa in a dark little living room, and all of a sudden there's a beautiful, sunny bedroom all your own—well, you know how Cinderella felt. Then there were little window boxes and three windows with cretonne curtains and a spread to match. There was a comb-brush-and-mirror set on the dresser, and a Frame for Mother's picture. There was the sweetest little rocker and a closet almost as big as their old kitchen, and six new dresses—every one a different color—and three pairs of shoes. At night she'd keep the closet door open, so first thing she'd see in the morning would be her unbelievable clothes. She'd rush home from school, stick the rocker in the closet and pretend it was her room. Then she'd step out and surprise herself.

"Why, June Allyson, you mean to say that's only a closet!"

She'd have liked to eat in her room, but there Mother drew the line.

The rocker came in handy when little Arthur was born. She didn't want to steal to his crib, worried because he'd be sleeping too quietly, and give him a little shake to make sure he was alive. Then she sneaked him to room and rock him to sleep again. Pretty soon he was calling her Doo-boo, but the cutest time was when he was learning to walk—

"I'm going to have eighty—four children," she told her mother, "and watch them all learn to walk—"

feeling of family... She needn't have worried about Dick taking Mother away. It wasn't like that at all. She used to think Mother was all in the world she needed, but that was before she knew how grand a family could be—how it could make you feel safe and warm inside. It was really Dick who finally gave her that feeling. Of course Mummy was her mother and Arthur was her brother, but Dick, all the same, was the nice man Mother had married.

Till suddenly at dinner one night he said:

"Why do you call me Dick?"

"Well—I don't know—that's your name, isn't it?"

"Look, June, do you think you could call me 'daddy'? That's how I feel about you, and if you feel the same way, I'd be pretty proud and have a swell life.

For weeks after that she didn't phone him at the factory, just to say "daddy." At school her father was suddenly much in evidence. "My father says this—" "My father doesn't care to have me do that—"

Since the brace had come off—and especially since the change in her living con-
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tes to upper bronchial tubes with its special medicinal vapors.

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Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone. Remember, Mother...

Only VapoRub Gives You this special double action. It's time-tested, home-proved...

The best known home remedy for relieving miseries of children's colds.

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Write for Outfit and Stocking FREE!

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Don't suffer! It's needless! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop pinching, shoe friction and lift painful pressure on corns, sore toes. Prevent chafed heels, instead of causing and tender spots. So soothing, cushioning—these thin, soft, protective pads put right back on your feet. Lied with the separate adhesive backing, Dr. Scholl's with Zino-pads speedily removes corns. Apply easy to apply as a postage stamp. Stay on in bath, Corb but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toiletery Counters. Get a box today!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

ditions—June had grown less shy of other
children. She's made some friends, though
only among the boys. Girls played no part
in her life. Not that she wouldn't have
liked them to—she just had no illusions.
Firmly convinced that no boy would look
at her twice, she saved them the trouble
by looking at the other way first. It troubled
Mother that June never went to school
dances—

"Look at me, Mummy. Little. Skinny.
No sex appeal. A face only a mother could
love."—I'm Dr. June Alllyson. Boys stay
away from my do.

Of course she wasn't fooling Mother.

Let alone herself.

Queen, being a movie a man can change
your whole life. So many girls dream of
theatrical careers. June would have hooted
the notion for herself, but his routine out eyes. I've seen 'em, even
the pretty ones. So why would a boy
stick to me?" Her voice with its funny
little husk dropped to a bass, indicating
humor. She was Dr. June Alllyson. Boys stay
away from my do.

"What's I said. Anyway, it's silly.
You fall for a boy, he dates somebody else,
and you never see your eyes. I've seen 'em,
even the pretty ones. So why would a boy
stick to me?" After even after it took complete
hold of her imagination, she didn't fit her-
self into the pattern. It was just that Fred
Astaire's legs did her in. She went around
like a sleepwalker, and his feet kept
weaving designs through her brain—

It was Saturday afternoon, and the girls
had danced to the next—she sat till the
movie house closed down. She even for-
got that Mother's be frantic with worry.
Walking home, her mind was ajar. Why
hadn't somebody told her about these things?
She was Columbus discovering America,
she was Newton under the tree
when the apple fell.

Ginger Rogers was divine, too. That line
she said: "Why don't you laugh? It's all
so very funny—" The weary throb in her
voice—so sad, so brave, June's eyes had
stung with tears—

"Some day," she thought, "I've got to
say it just the way she did and bring tears to
everyone's eyes—

Mother and Dad were waiting. "Junie!

Where have you been?"

"With Fred Astaire," she said dreamily,
looking from one to the other and back
again. Then she put the weary throb into
her voice, "just don't you laugh? It's all
so very funny—"

Uncured Am... But it didn't bring tears to their eyes.
Mother came over and put her hand to
June's forehead. "I wonder if she's com-
ing down with something."

June, the model student, played hookey
for a week and her conscience never said
bio. She followed "The Gay Divorcee"
through two neighborhood houses, after
which Astaire moved away to parts un-
mourned. Mother had to be told, because
June couldn't back to school without a
note.

She didn't fuss. If the truth were told,
it was a relief to see the child go a little
lightly like other kids. Where before she'd
come home and bury her nose in a book,
now she practised dance steps. At least,
might as well see if glances were in her
head. Or anyway, her version of them.
Once Mother came in and found her hopp-
ing all over the furniture. She didn't
appreciate that.

"But I've got to, Mummy. That's the
way he does it—"

"Not if his mother has to do the laundry,
he doesn't—"
One evening she put on a show for the folks. They didn’t say much, but a kind of look passing between them made her know they liked it. Then she did a low thing—promised to be gone to her room and stopped to listen at the door. She had to know what they thought—

For what seemed ages, nobody said a word. Then Dad spoke up. "Looked pretty good to me—"

"Same here."

More silence. "Think Junie could learn to be a dancer?"

"Hey, I wouldn’t know. Doctor’s all she ever wanted to be. Since she was a mite—"

"No sense putting ideas in her head, but she sure looks like a bug jiggling around."

Dad’s paper rustled as he turned it. "Wonder how this Astaire fellow got started."

"The way I heard it, right from the cradle—"

"Hm.” She could hear the grin in his voice. "Well, our Junie’s smart. Maybe she can dance up." That was all she needed. With a little imagination, she persuaded herself that the folks thought she could dance like Fred Astaire. For the longest time she’d been dying to be like all the girls. They were always bragging about their boy friends. Well, not bragging maybe, but that’s how it sounded when they hadn’t even had a boy friend you yourself. You longed for something to brag about, too. Now she had it. Let ‘em laugh if they wanted. She’d show them—

"At noon that day she let it drop casually. “I can dance like Fred Astaire—"

She was ready for the ribs. "You and who else’?—” “Move over, Ginger, here comes June.” Oh, Miss Allyson, can I have your autograph?

"Come out in the hall and I’ll show you—"

They formed a circle around her while she did her stuff. Others came up and peered over their heads, till she had a sizeable crowd, including boys. They seemed impressed—anyway, enough to satisfy June. She went home and practised harder than ever. Kids she didn’t even know would call to her in the corridors. “Hear you can dance like Fred Astaire—"

If the spirit was one of mockery, it didn’t touch her. Trusting, shy and proud, she’d look back at them. “Yes, I can,” she’d say modestly.

One day her own particular crowd descended and thrust a clipping at her. "Why don’t you answer that?"

It was a chorus call for "Sing Out the News." "Anyone who can dance like Astaire ought to be able to get a chorus girl job—"

"We’re not kidding, June. Honest, we think you’re good."

"You don’t?" "We’re glad June, and felt she could move mountains. "All right, I’ll go down tomorrow—"

new horizons...

For an hour she stood outside the theater, wishing she were dead. Tall, beautiful girls went sailing through the doors. They all knew each other. Their clothes were out of the world. They acted like queens. Half a dozen times she headed for the subway and turned back. In the end, that door was easier to face than the kids at school, waiting to see what happened.

"A man at a desk was taking names. "June Allyson,” she whispered. "Age?"

"Twenty-one."

"How old are you really?"

"Fifteen. But it’s all right. My mother knows I’m here,” she fibbed. "Got a cold."

This month, give Midol a chance to keep you brighter . . . more active—during trying life at the time when menstruation’s functional cramps, headache and blues might have you miserable.

Take Midol at the first twinge of pain. See how swiftly it acts to relieve your suffering. And trust these effective tablets. Midol’s comfort does not depend on doses. Millions of girls and women rely on it regularly as a periodic pick-up. Ask for Midol at any drugstore.
"No, this is how I always talk." "Experience?" "Oh yes! I, saw Fred Astaire dance eighteen times."

From the look he gave her, he must have thought she was crazy. Her heart hammerde. "He's going to tell me to scram." But as she went down the stairs, she found that the thin grey pleading face had made up his mind.

"Sit down till your name's called—"

"June Allyson—"

She felt as if she were moving inside some big bubble. Not till she found herself on the huge empty stage, did panic strike. Blindly she started back for the wings—

"Where you going?" someone asked.

"It's all a mistake. I'm going home—"

Whoever it was grinned. "Stay where you are, kid. Show 'em what you can do—"

Her spine stiffened. Okay, she'd show 'em—Same as she'd shown the kids.

"Where's your music?" asked a voice.

What music? Was she supposed to have music? "I dance without music."

"Oh, an original. All right, go on—"

She broke into one of the routines she'd practised so often. The music played itself in her head. That was the trouble. At home she could turn it off and on again. Here she couldn't. The music went round and round and came to nothing—just started all over from the same note, like a stuck phonograph record. So she danced the same step over and over again till they finally stopped her.

"Thank you," the voice said. "Wait over there."

What did that mean? They'd all been told to wait—some over here, some over there. Should she ask one of the girls—Golly, they were all girls, they looked so superior. She sneaked a glance at the other group. Well, of course—they were gayer and smarter than the ones she was with. What did she expect, anyway? They wouldn't have taken her. Not after the awful way she'd danced—

The man was talking to the other girls. They broke up and scattered. He came over to June's crowd—

"Report for rehearsal at ten tomorrow—"

walking on air . . .

She knew what the books meant by walking on air. She walked all the way home—eight miles—and couldn't have told you how she got there. She walked because she was too excited for the subway. Besides, she had to figure how to break the news gently to Mother.

She knew how she'd break it to the kids. Have them over at the house tonight, and when they were all there, she'd say—very quietly—"I'm in a Broadway show." They wouldn't believe it. She didn't believe it herself. Suddenly she'd stopped and leaned her whirling head against the cool stone wall of a house. "I saw Fred Astaire eighteen times. "Show 'em what you can do."

"I dance without music."

"Report for rehearsal tomorrow."

Things like that don't happen. "But they did happen," she told the wall.

On the stoop at home she still hadn't figured how to tell Mother. But all at once it didn't matter. She raced upstairs and flung the door wide.

"Look at me, Mummy! Who do you think I am?"

The spoon clattered from Mother's hand to the floor. June's eyes—twice too big for her face—blazed like blue torches. "What's wrong with you, June?"

"They must be crazy! They gave me a job, Mummy. Look at me! I'm an actress—on Broadway!"

Part II of June Allyson's life story will appear in the April issue of Modern Screen.
he love you in this darling little suit—skirt length shorts, white crew shirt and tiny bolero jacket? Write for the pattern (see coupon at the end) and make a lot of them. In this morse a wonderful colors. Divine departure from the usual housedress, and every bit as practical. Perfect later on for tennis, gardening and lounging.

One foot in Spring and nothing in your closet that’s up to it? A suit’s what you want, but a suit can take such a bite out of a corporal’s allotment check; out of a weary, postwar pocket, How about this stunt? This week you buy the skirt, two weeks from now you get the jacket! Painless! And exactly twice as much fun as buying the same pattern. This suit is for you, and it’s priced within your reach.

We’ve saved this month’s hunk of swoon for last. If you fight the battle of the sub-departments every day, you dash from port to port to meet a homesick sailor, if you’ve been screaming for a go-everywhere suit that almost never gets to be pressed—hold your hats, we’ve got it! It’s that heavenly new KLUTCH (which means it’s create-resistant, thanks to a wonderful process known as ‘Teblizing’). Look for the ‘Teblized’ tag when buying—beautiful cut, tailored like a man’s suit and exquisitely detailed. The jacket’s single-breasted, the skirt is plain. The lines are simple and beautiful, designed to give one touch of Venus to the most average of figures. And, lovely news, the price is so little for so much.

For all the vital statistics, like where to buy, how much, what sizes and colors, drop a note to Annie Ward. If it’s a toss-up between one size and another, or between proportions, and she’ll advise which is for you. If you’re in a dither about your color, describe yourself to her, and she’ll let you know. She knows fashions like Parsons knows Hollywood, so if you’ve a clothes query under your hat, a figure problem under your belt, share it with Annie and you’ll get it solved. Know where to write? Annie Ward, Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

We’re doing our best to help you make your wardrobe something to swoon over, but we need your help. Won’t you come to the rescue by filling out the FREE OFFER REQUEST FORM at the end of the story? We do it every Saturday, and the response is good enough to bring a tear to the eye of a writer who’s been at it for 22 years! Won’t take a minute, and we’ll send you a FREE picture of one of your favorite stars just to show you how really grateful we are. So quick whip over to page 22, huh?

Here’s how you can whip up the darling short suit pictured on page 61. Send 20c to: Miss M. S. Fashion Guide, PATTERN SERVICE, Post Office Box 224, Station G, New York 19, N. Y. Comes in sizes from 10 through 20. BE SURE TO INDicate YOUR SIZE AND REQUEST 'PARTNERS' NUMBER. In a flash you’ll have the complete directions for this easy-to-make outfit.

M. S. FASHION GUIDE
(Continued from page 61)
The young and handsome officer of the Royal Navy loved beautiful, blue-eyed, laughing Marianne, but because of a foolish mistake, iron-willed, dominating, possessive Marianne travelled half-way around the world to marry him! Should he send her back, or should honor prevail?

In the second he decided—and lived a secret life for years. Haunted, tortured, still loving the girl he left behind, he fought against circumstances that would have crushed a less stalwart soul. But what of the wife who didn’t know? And the sweetheart across the sea?

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Modern Screen

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"Practicing to be a Spinster, Pet?"

GIRL: Spinster—? Oh, now really. Cupid! The way things are, I’m lucky to even have a chess date with Uncle Burt. Nobody has dates these days! Nobody!

CUPID: Pardon, Child. But if that’s true, then a lot of girls are marrying perfect strangers. People they never had dates with. Because they’re getting married honey. Left and right.

GIRL: All right! All right! So I’m not popular. I’m not a glamor girl. Can I help that?

CUPID: You could smile a little more, Sugar. Even a plain girl’s pretty if she’s got a sparkling smile. In fact, some of my best customers—

GIRL: Sure. Yes, indeed. But it happens I haven’t got a sparkling smile, Cupid. I brush my teeth, and all, but—

CUPID: Ever notice “pink” on your tooth brush?

GIRL: The other day I—

CUPID: And you didn’t do anything about it? By the eternal Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don’t you know “pink tooth brush” is a warning to see your dentist?

GIRL: You mean just because I—

CUPID: Sis, that “pink” may mean your gums are being robbed of exercise by today’s soft foods. Your dentist would probably tell you that. And that’s why so many dentists suggest, “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

GIRL: But my smile, Cupid. My smile! What about—

CUPID: This, Child: Ipana not only cleans your teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your gums every time you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums promote sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile you’ll be using on somebody else beside your Uncle Burt. Get going on a lovelier smile now, Child!

For the Smile of B—

PICTURE with
TALIE SCHAFER • LEE PATRICK • JESS BARKER • JUNE LOCKHART
George Bruce • Directed by EDWARD BUZELL • Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT
Here is a picturization of a book that will challenge the interest and anticipation of the millions of Americans who love that outstanding novel of two seasons ago: "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn."

This commentator is one of those millions. In this instance, "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" must hit high in its ability to transfer the book's quality to the screen. Otherwise, prepare for prompt wails of outraged anguish from a loyal public.

"A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," as almost everybody knows, is the story of the Nolan family of Brooklyn, set a generation ago in one of its tenement districts known as Williamsburg.

It is the Odyssey of the mother of the family, Katie Nolan (Dorothy McGuire), her two children, Francie (Peggy Ann Garner) and Neeley (Ted Donaldson), and Johnny Nolan (James Dunn), the father, a singing waiter, chronically out of a job. Out of the trials, vicissitudes and valor of this rather pathetic little family, Betty Smith has woven as tender a story as you will encounter in many a day.

Elia Kazan, who directs the picture, Louis D. Lighton, who produces it, and Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis, who collaborated on the screen version, cannot be accused of infidelity of intention. They have attempted a sincere transition from the printed page to the screen.

It is almost successful. Thought, caution and discretion are apparent throughout. And yet, it remains, (Continued on page 20)
A picture with a heart as big as today's golden west!

Heed the call to adventure great and thrilling! All the sweep and power of "My Friend Flicka"... more rousing... more compelling!

Thunderhead
Son of Flicka
in Technicolor!

with
Roddy McDowall
Preston Foster
Rita Johnson

Directed by Louis King * Produced by Robert Bassler
Screen Play by Dwight Cummins & Dorothy Yost * Based on the Novel by Mary O'Hara
**MOVIE REVIEWS**

**THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT**

It seems there's this angel with wings and a trumpet and his name is Jack Benny. Or no. To you and me his name is Jack Benny, but to the heavenly hosts he is Athanael. Around celestial parts, Athanael is known as something of a dope. The Chief (Guy Kibbee) considers him a definite bungler, and when his secretary, Elizabeth (Alexis Smith), suggests Athanael for an important mission to Earth, he at first refused to consider it. But Elizabeth, being a beautiful girl as well as an angel, persuades him. She is sure that Athanael can do the job.

After all, it's simple enough. The planet Earth has been causing a lot of trouble lately, and the Chief has decided to dispose of it entirely. All Athanael has to do is go down there and blow his trumpet at midnight. The whole planet will then go up in smoke, and the rest of the universe can get on with its business. There's just one catch. The trumpet must be blown exactly on the stroke of midnight.

Athanael arrives in the lobby of the hotel which has been selected for the occasion, at about ten o'clock. (He has left his wings home, of course, and is wearing a business suit—no sense in making one's self conspicuous.) He prepares to kill a couple of hours just waiting around, but being Jack Benny—sorry, I mean Athanael—he gets into trouble. He foils a big jewel robbery without even knowing he's doing it, and of course makes an enemy of the robber, Archie (Reginald Gardner). Archie is an international crook of some importance, and he isn't going to let any stupid character like this mess up his plans. Something will be done.

There are a couple of fallen angels in the hotel who were kicked out of heaven several years before. They recognize Athanael immediately, and when they see the trumpet, they know what he's there for. They try to keep him from blowing the horn at midnight, but it's a pretty little (Continued on page 10)
TO THRILL YOU
AND THRILL YOU
AND THRILL YOU
and make your heart glad!

A man searches the skies
...and finds faith! Faith in
a woman's love, and the
laughter of children—in the
steel-spitting guns of a
shark-jawed P-40—in the
Comrade-in-Arms who flew
beside him through fear and
flak into high adventure!

— as Gen. Chennault
the fiercest Flying
Tiger of them all!

You could count on the
Flying Padre for com-
fort—and a laugh!

His hobby was painting—
Jap flags on the fuselage!

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proudly add to such current successes as
"Hollywood Canteen", "To Have And
Have Not" and "Objective Burma" a pic-
ture that ranks with our all-time greatest,
from the all-exciting, best-selling book by
Col. ROBERT LEE SCOTT, Jr.

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"The most fascinating personal
story of the war."—The New York

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Directed by Robert Florey
Screen Play by Peter Milne & Abem Finkel · Music by Franz Waxman

JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer
Produced by
Robert Buckner.

[WARNER BROS.|
First starring picture for Benny since his trip to North Africa and Sicily to visit our fighting forces... To transform Stage Seven at Warners' into a man's idea of Heaven, it was necessary to hang ten thousand yards of cheesecloth from high towers and spread in billowing clouds of foreground. And not one yard of this rationed stuff was new material. Everything was salvaged from wardrobe department... Alexis plays her part as an angel in her living room curtains. No, we're not kidding. There just wasn't enough tulle and satin available for the costume, so Miss S., had to come to the rescue. Warners' technical department was the happiest on the lot while this was in production. The technical department is the studio chip which takes the blame when fans write in complaining that one thing or another was wrong with a picture. The department dares anyone to question the correctness of the heavenly sequences... Most difficult problem faced by the casting office was to find authentic side-show Barker's needed for a carnival scene. Old-timey flare side-show Barker's no longer exist. Problem was solved by Harry Seymour, dialogue coach at Warners', who has many years of vaude- ville and tent show experience to his credit. Seymour deserted his coaching post for a week to enact the role of Barker himself and to train twenty others in the Barker act. And they learned it. Dolores Moran wears a dozen lovely gowns in this picture, none of which weigh more than four ounces. It might actually be said that she is claiming that her make-up weighed more than her clothes!

**THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE**

Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young have the most difficult roles of their careers in "The Enchanted Cottage." Dorothy plays a girl who has been homely all her life, who knows the biting hurt of having men look at her and look too quickly away. Robert plays a soldier dis- figured in the war, so conscious of that disfigurement that it cripples him mentally as well as physically. They make these two people not only believable but a definite inspiration to us all.

Oliver Bradford (Robert Young) returns from the war to a world gone completely awry. His diurne shows him at first look at him that her love is dead. His family are well meaning enough, but they don't understand his problem or know how to cope with it. So Oliver goes off alone to the little cottage on the New England coast which he had rented for the honeymoon he had expected to have the year before.

The neighbors say the cottage is haunted. But "enchanted" is probably a better word. The English nobleman who built it many years before used a lot young married couples live in it as long as they were happy. Some of that happiness seems to have been absorbed by the cottage, and it has a special, almost magic spell. When Oliver comes there, bitter and alone, he finds Laura (Dorothy McGuire) working there as a maid. Their mutual usefulness brings them together. Thanking her, he finds Laura and a blind composer, Hillgrove (Herbert Marshall), who lives nearby, Oliver begins to get back to normal.

Then his parents move to the cottage to look after him. He knows that if they come his nerves will go to pieces again, so he tells them that he is going to be married to Laura. He isn't in love with her yet, but after they are married, they fall deeply in love. And when they do, the magic of the cottage works a miracle. For each other there are no longer ugly, but beautiful, and life holds everything for them that they could possibly want.

*Minnett, The Enchanted Cottage* by DeLong, was first produced in London in 1922. Following year it was presented on Broadway with Katharine Cornell. In 1924 it was made as a silent picture with Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy. Although the story is essentially the same, the time has been moved up from the years of World War I to World War II, and the locale shifted from England to New Eng- land. The story was written by Pinero at the suggestion of the British government to provide entertainment with a morale lift for England's returned soldiers for the last war... Bob Young, who has been acting in pictures since 1932 ("The Sin of Madelon Claudet" with Helen Hayes), claims this is the most dramatic role of his career. It's totally different from anything he's done before, and he's anxiously waiting news from his fans about the role... Broadway and radio writer Nat- owick, was signed for Mrs. Minnett in "The Enchanted Cottage" because her portrayal of Madame Arcati in the original stage production was so approved to the "front office" that she was exactly what was needed in this part... This is her first screen role... Alec Gillingham (Danny Stanton in the picture) is nine years old. He's a veteran of the stage and of radio. Director John Cromwell was impressed with Alec's performance in "The Son of Flubber", and remembered the boy when he was casting for this picture. Alec was signed for this without benefit of screen test.

**BRING ON THE GIRLS**

Here, my pets, we really have something. A musical with not only swell Technicolor and a flock of gorgeous babes, but a real honest-to-gosh plot that's full of laughs. One good reason for the laughter is Eddie Bracken, playing his usual innocent-guy-in-a- jam. Another is Sonny Tufts. If you've ever had any doubts about Sonny as a comedian, toss them out the window. He's a howl. Wait till you get a load of him playing and singing "Egyptian Lilly!" The feminine interest is supplied by two beautiful blondes, Veronica Lake and Marjorie Reynolds.

It all begins with young millionaire Jay Bates (Eddie Bracken) finding his fiancée being kissed by his cousin. The kind of situation has long since lost its novelty for Jay. In fact this is the fifth fiancée whom he has discovered to be interested in him only for his money. Enough is enough, and Jay decides to join the Navy. There nobody will know how much dough he has, or care. But his family insist on providing him with a guardian, Phil (Sonny Tufts), who joins the Navy at the same time, with instructions to keep his eye on the susceptible Jay.
FORGET THAT LOOK IN HER EYES...

SHE'S GOT MURDER IN HER HEART!

Meet the year's biggest movie surprise... Dick Powell playing a new kind of role... in a murder-mystery that's rough, tough and terrific!

Dick POWELL
Claire TREVOR • Anne SHIRLEY

"Murder, My Sweet"

with
OTTO KRUGER • MIKE MAZURKI • MILES MANDER
DOUGLAS WALTON • DON DOUGLAS

Produced by Adrian Scott • Directed by Edward Dmytryk
Screen Play by John Paxton
One evening Jay manages to elude Phil long enough to get to a night club. Also, long enough to fall in love, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. The girl sells cigarettes at the night club, her name is Teddy (Veronica Lake), and she doesn't know he's a millionaire—he thinks! Phil goes to the club the next night to investigate, but is led to believe that Jay's new enchantress is Sue Thomas (Marjorie Reynolds), the club's singing and dancing star. Sue is a nice girl. Phil makes a pass at her to find out, and she has him thrown out. He goes back to camp and wires the family that everything is fine.

When he finds out that Teddy is the girl, Phil is really upset. Not only because he's convinced she's an eighteen-carat gold digger, but because he's in love with her herself. Has been for years. Teddy loves him, too, but she thinks he gave her the runaround, so she's going to be the practical type from now on, and marry money. The tangle that follows is funnier than anything you've seen in years. There's an elegant moment when Jay wants to make a phone call, and hauls hundred dollar bills from all his pockets, muttering petulantly, "I had a nickel here somewhere." That got me—Par.

P. S.

Sonny Tufts, who spent four years singing for his supper in New York and Palm Beach and has gone vocally untuneful through three previous pictures, debuts as a screen singer in this one. He sings "Egyptian Ella" and another, written for him by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson titled "I'm Gonna Hate Myself In the Morning." Sonny accompanies himself on the piano—describes his playing as "seven chords and a heavy foot." . . . Bracken does his first song solo, too. His is a "production love song" called "It Could Happen To Me," which is staged as he strolls along four blocks of a street at night. This scene took two days to film. . . . It's worth the price of tickets for the whole family to see Spike Jones and his City Slickers burlesque "Chloe." They played this for Command Performance one night, and it sounded so swell Paramount asked it be picturized. Spike spent a week making its comedy visual. They spent three days filming it with four changes of scenes and the use of both a camel and a parrot. They also added a midget, Jerry Merenghi, to their orchestra cast. . . . This brings the Golden Gate quartet (remember "Star Spangled Rhythm"?) back to the screen with "The Preacher Went a Huntin'". . . .

Veronica Lake returns to the screen after a six-months illness with eight pounds added to her shapeliness. Ronnie weighs 106 pounds!

THUNDERHEAD

The magic of a small boy's love for a horse again weaves a shining pattern in Thunderhead." It is a sequel to "My Friend Flicka," and you'll like it even better. The cast is the same, with Roddy McDowall playing Ken McLaughlin, and Preston Foster, Rita Johnson and Diana Hale in their old parts. The Technicolor scenery is incredibly beautiful.

Ken McLaughlin is a little older now. And Flicka, the wild red-gold filly which galloped the Wyoming hills, has settled down and become a mother. Her colt is a shock to Ken. He had bred Flicka secretly to their neighbor's great race horse, Appalachian, sire of thoroughbreds. But the colt resembles neither dam nor sire. Instead he is pure white and awkward, with wicked eyes and a wickeder disposition. "He's a goblin!" Hildy, Ken's playmate, cries mischievously when she sees him. "He looks like a white goblin!" Ken is furious and declares stoutly that a white colt is as good as any other. But he knows in his heart that Thunderhead is a throw-back to "The Albino," the wild stallion which sired Flicka, and which frequently raids the ranchers' mares. Thunderhead has inherited many of "The Albino's" traits. He drives Ken to tears or rage: time and again during his training. Once he runs away in pursuit of "The Albino" who has made one of his periodic descents on the ranch. Thunderhead returns with great wounds on his side, made by the wild stallion. "He's no good," Ken mutters disgustedly, but he knows he really loves the colt in the County Races.

And Thunderhead is fast. He has such tremendous speed that even Ken's father admits he may turn out to be a race horse. Ken builds all his hopes on this. His mother sympathizes, and between them they persuade his father to let Ken enter the colt in the County Races.

That race will thrill you—and almost break your heart as it does Ken's. Thunderhead runs so fast he is only a white streak, but there is more to a race than speed. I won't tell you the outcome or its effect on the happenings at the ranch. It's an absorbing climax to a fine picture, with Roddy McDowall turning in his best performance to date. —20th-Fox.

P. S.

Author Mary O'Hara possibly couldn't have written "My Friend Flicka" and this sequel with such a feeling and understanding for horses and little boys if she didn't live the part. She has a horse-breed ing ranch and sons of her own who love the animals as does the small hero of her Flicka stories. . . . Without the actors and

Advertisement

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TEAR THIS OUT NOW!
the action, "Thunderhead" would be a
good travelogue. The famed Bridal Veil
Falls, the rugged Oregon Gorges, Utah's
fabulous Bryce Canyon (seen for the first
time on the screen), the impressive
grandeur of Zion National Park, the fan-
tastic formations of Red Rock Canyon and
Cedar Breaks National Monument are all
background for the picture... The pic-
ture's first scene was also the first of
the production's many problems. Roddy Mc-
Dowall is shown finding Flicka with a
newborn white colt. In order to have one
on hand at the proper time, dozens of
mares likely to foul such a youngster were
put under contract... Master of color
photography, Charles Clarke, brings the
production to the public recorded on a
new medium of film. It's called Monopak.
This revolutionary discovery makes distant
objects clear and sharply defined, an effect
never before possible in color films. The
scenes between men and animals were
really made effective by having two of
the stars train with the horses. Roddy
McDowall and Preston Foster put in many
hours getting acquainted and rehearsing
with them, so when the cameras started
rolling they were able to take the animals
through the most difficult scenes without
a hitch... Dwight Cummins and Dorothy
Yost wrote the script from the O'Hara
story. Did such an excellent job that Fox
studio officials, after reading it, increased
the budget far beyond that of the first
"Flicka" picture.

WONDER MAN

You know those double talk songs
Danny Kaye sings. They don't make sense,
but they are wonderful to listen to. Well,
this picture doesn't make much sense when
you try to tell about it, but it's wonderful
to see. Danny is in his own special
comedy groove, and no one in the world
can do it better.

The complicating factor in the plot is
that Danny plays two characters, one of
whom gets murdered. The murder victim
is Buzzy Bellew, night club entertainer,
who is the State's key witness against
gangster "Ten Grand Jackson." Buzzy is
engaged to his pretty dancing partner,
Midge (Vera Ellen), but he doesn't live
to marry her. Jackson's hoodlums bump
him off, do him up in concrete and drop
him in the lake in Prospect Park.

That's when Danny's other role takes
over. Edwin Dingle looks exactly like
the dead Buzzy, but he's his opposite in
temperament and habits. Buzzy was effec-
tive and slightly mad. Edwin is the
serious, student type. He's in love with a
librarian named Ellen (Virginia Mayo).
So here is Edwin sitting quietly in the
library waiting for a good book, when
Buzzy's spirit takes possession of him. The
results are startling indeed to the sober
Edwin. Usually the most law-abiding of
citizens, he kicks a cop, and that's only
the beginning. He goes over to Buzzy's
old night club, and its owner thinks he's
Buzzy and puts him on to do his act.
Fortunately Buzzy's spirit gets control,
and Edwin makes with a lunatic version of
"Otchi Tehornia" which lays 'em in the
aisles.

But "Ten Grand Jackson" is in the
audience, and he is not amused. He gives
his henchmen a cold stare and says, "I
thought you took care of this guy." They
thought so too, and are having the scream-
ing meemies at the sight of what they
think is a ghost. "Get him this time for
keeps," Ten Grand commands, and from
that moment Edwin is a poor insurance
risk.

There are lots of laughs in "Wonder
Man." Donald Woods, Otto Kruger, Allen
Jenkins and Edward Brophy are among those who wander through this tall tale.

—RKO

P. S.

The dividing of Danny Kaye into two equal parts, enabling him to walk with himself, talk to himself and employ a different style of acting for each of the two characters is just one of the wonders of “Wonder Man” . . . . With either or both of the characters in practically every foot of the film, the picture presented many difficulties of screen magic heretofore considered insurmountable. Never before had a dual role of such magnitude been attempted in Technicolor. The picture was in production almost six months. . . . More than fifty sets were used for this one—ranging in size from the interior of a delicatessen refrigerator to a huge exterior covering 40,000 square feet (Brooklyn’s Prospect Park). New York’s Metropolitan Opera house was duplicated for one sequence, while another called for the building of a swank night club complete to dressing rooms, stage and changeable, bar, checkroom and exterior. Our spies have it that the number done in the Metropolitan Opera House out-Kayes anything he’s done so far. . . . For the first time on the screen, he does his “Otchi Tchornia” number—a hysterical pantomime of a famous Russian baritone, allergic to flowers, who tries to sing on a stage loaded with floral pieces . . . . Mrs. Danny Kaye wrote music and lyrics for the “Otchi Tchornia,” Bali boogie and opera number sequences with Ray Heindorf orchestrating and conducting . . . . The song, “So In Love,” sung by Vera-Ellen and the Goldwyn Girls, was by Leo Robin and David Rose.

SALOME—WHERE SHE DANCED

There’s a little town in Arizona where the sign that greets you says “Salome—Where She Danced.” If you raise an inquiring eyebrow, the natives will tell you that until 1886 the town was known as Drinkman’s Wells. Then along came Salome—Salome (Yvonne De Carlo) is a femme fatale if ever there was one. Beautiful, devastating, she has broken hearts all over Europe. But her own has been broken, too, for she is madly in love with a prince of the house of Hapsburg, who is forbidden to marry her. When Germany declares war on Austria Salome is dancing in Berlin. An American newspaperman, Jim Steed (Rod Cameron), persuades her that she should act as a spy to help her lover’s country. Austria. She fascinates the Count Von Bohlen (Albert Dekker) into revealing Germany’s plans to her, but even while she is succeeding in this, her lover is killed in the war. Von Bohlen finds out he has been tricked, and Berlin suddenly gets too hot to hold Salome. Jim Steed persuades her and her pianist, Professor Max (J. Edward Bromberg), to come to America with him.

“We’ll go to San Francisco. There’s piles of money there, and with your dancing and my brains we’ll make a fortune,” he tells her optimistically. Unfortunately their ship lands them in Galveston, and it’s a long journey by stagecoach from there to San Francisco. Long—and expensive. By the time they reach the little town of Drinkman’s Wells, they are down and broke. Jim decides to put on a show featuring Salome. It’s a sensation, and the town re-names itself in her honor.

Meanwhile, Salome has met a stagecoach robber named Cleve (David Bruce), who looks just like her dead Hapsburg prince. He’s a dashing, handsome ex-soldier, and
MR. WAGNER SPENT SIX MONTHS SEARCHING FOR THE "RIGHT GIRL" FOR THIS ONE. ALL HE REQUIRED WAS "EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY, ACTING ABILITY, DANCING AND SINGING TALENT"—THAT'S THE WAY IT READ ON THE CASTING REQUEST. EVERYONE AT THE STUDIO KNEW IT COULDN'T BE DONE—THAT THERE WAS NO SUCH GIRL. THAT WAS BEFORE THEY SAW THE SCREEN TESTS OF YVONNE DE CARLO, AGE 20, FROM VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA. MADE HERSELF EVEN MORE UNBELIEVABLE WHEN SHE REFUSED A DOUBLE FOR THE HORSEBACK RIDING SCENES. TURNED OUT TO BE AN EXCELLENT HORSE-riding WOMAN. YVONNE HAD A NEAR-SERIOUS ACCIDENT ON THE SET WHEN THE 1865-ERA HOOP SKIRT GOWN SHE WAS WEARING CAUGHT FIRE FROM THE ELECTRIC HEATER IN HER DRESSING ROOM. YVONNE, BECAUSE OF THE SEVEN PETTICOATS BENEATH THE SKIRT, WAS UNAWARE OF THE HEAT AND WALKED ON THE SET WITH HER DRESS FLAMING. WAS COMPLETELY SURPRISED WHEN A PROPERTY MAN TURNED THE HOSE ON HER! SOMETHING NEW IN MEDICINE WAS SUCCESSFULLY TRIED WHEN MISS DE CARLO, SUFFERING FROM A DEEPLY CUT WOUND ON HER FOOT, INSISTED ON DOING THE DANCING CALLED FOR IN THE DAY'S SHOOTING SCHEDULE. DOCTOR'S "FROZE" THE FOOT WITH A NEW DRUG. YVONNE WAS ABLE TO DO HER BALLETERINA DANCE WITHOUT PAIN AND WITHOUT INJURY TO THE FOOT. THE AMAZING FACT BEING THAT THE MUSCLES OF HER FOOT WERE NOT AFFECTED BY THE "FREEZING." ALTHOUGH NEW TO HOLLYWOOD, THERE SEEMED TO BE ONE USEFUL MID-1930S OFFER—MISS DE CARLO COULDN'T FULFILL A MARINE, TOUGHER THAN TRADITION, HANDED HER A TATTOO NEEDLE AND SAID, "OLAF, STICKER MAKE WITH THE AUTOGRAPH ON MY ARM!"

MOLLY AND ME

The acid wit of Monty ("The Beard") Woolley and the warm Yorkshire humor of Gracie Field are teamed again in "Molly And Me." They both have a way of making you feel that you are old friends with the characters they play, and you come out full of a pleasant conviction that all's right with the world. Gracie, as Molly, is an out-of-work actress who applies for a position as housekeeper of a de luxe London establishment. Her employer is John Graham (Monty Woolley), who is entirely the curmudgeon type. The butler, Peabody (Reginald Gardiner), doesn't want to hire Molly, but she finds out he's an ex-actor himself, also a hot-topAGIC BOSS, and she blackmails him into taking her on, by getting him stewed to his supercilious eyebrows and then threatening to tell Graham. Once Molly has the job, she starts making changes right and left. The servants have been stealing consistently, and when Molly puts a stop to it, they walk out in a body, just when Graham has given orders for a dinner for eight. The dinner is very important to him, for he has been proposed as a member of Parliament and needs the backing of the guest of honor. Molly, uninvited, gets some of her pals from show business to impersonate cook, maid, footman, etc. When the "cook" ruins

AUTOGRAPHS!

"All the good things in life are free." Well, that was a swell idea for a song and an even better one for you swell M.S. readers. "Cause we've got lots of good things—15, in fact—and are offering practically for free! Yea, send in your quarters and back comes an autographed NAA embellishment signed by any star you choose! P.S. Your 25c plays a double header, gets you your dream boat's signature and helps feed a clothed American family and their families! P.S.S. And to really make that "for free" idea hold—send in a dollar and back will come 5 autographs—$ for the price of 4!

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TOMMY DURR
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HARRY JAMES
GLORIA JEAN
VAN JOHNSON
JENNIFER JONES
BRENDA JOYCE

June Kelly
Kay Kyser
Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Priscilla Lane
Jean Leslie
Doris Leslie
Margareta Lynn
Diana Lynn
Roddy McDowall
Leo McCuller
Dorothy McGuire
June Millar
Tudy Marshall
Maxwell Marlow
Ray Milland
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Thomas Mitchell
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George Montgomery
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QUESTIONNAIRE

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

Mr. Stardust (Gregory Peck) □ They Just Couldn't Say Goodbye (John Payne, Gloria De Haven) □

"Spellbound" □ Citizen Crane (Dick Crane) □ Alice in Motherland (Alice Faye) □ By Hedda Hopper

Everything's Jake! (Dick Jacek) □ Arsenic and Old Love □ June Allyson, Life Story, Part II □ Good News by Louella Parsons

Tall, Skinny Papa (Bob Walker) □ Don't Believe It! (Lauren Bacall) □

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.

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Go back, Mary—
You forgot something!

Take half a minute more—
or that heavy date may be a dud!

That's the smart girl. Wouldn't he be a disillusioned hero if you let underarm odor spoil your evening—and shatter his dreams of dainty you? And you might never know what happened!

Wonderful Mum to smooth on in a jiff, even after you're dressed. Now you're set. Yes, your bath took care of past perspiration, and Mum will protect underarms against risk of odor to come.

The End of a Perfect Date... and the beginning of a beautiful romance! Keep those stars in your eyes, Mary. They're as becoming as your flower-fresh charm that lass all evening. Mum sure helps a girl get along!

Mum's Quick—only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed. Mum's Safe—won't irritate skin. Won't injure fine fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering. Mum's Certain—works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napskins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

P. S.

Donna Reed was granted a ten-day leave while this was in production. Donna wanted to spend Thanksgiving with her parents on the farm in Denison, Iowa. It was the first time she'd been home in four years. Following the ten-day holiday, Donna set out on a two-weeks tour of Army camps and hospitals in Kansas.

... Jimmy Craig has a firm belief that Western Pictures are definitely good for the morale of the younger generation—therefore makes it a point to make at least two of them a year. ... Craig had to be taken out of the shooting for two days when his young son (a too-enthusiastic pupil of the manly art of self defense) landed a right to Jimmy's jaw that made a terrific bruise.

EARL CARROLL VANITIES

A girl wants to do her patriotic duty, but she also wants to have some fun. Like Princess Drina of Turania (Constance Moore). Drina has been educated in America, and she'd love to stay here permanently. But no, she's supposed to go back to the Balkans and marry the Grand Duke Paul (Alan Mowbray). He's at least forty, and he's consumed so much champagne that they classified his last blood donation as Pol Roget '29.

Drina has been taking lessons in hot music from 'Tex' Donnelly (Eve Arden), who runs a night club on 52nd Street. 'Tex' introduces her to a young composer named Danny Farrell (Dennis O'Keefe). Danny is something of a genius—he can write wonderful lyrics and dash off material for a show at the drop of a hat. He persuades Earl Carroll to use some of his stuff in the new Vanities, and he wants Carroll to use his girl friend Claire (Stephanie Bachelor), too. But Carroll hears Drina, who has taken over Claire's spot temporarily. "She's the one I want," Carroll says, while Danny practically turns green. How is he ever going to explain this to Claire?

Drina gets a kick out of trying her luck before an audience in the night club, but if the Queen-Mother found out, she would be bundled back to the Balkans. So the Princess leads a double life.

Danny has fallen in love with her, but when he finds that she lives in a 11th Avenue apartment, he jumps to all the wrong conclusions. Then the Queen-Mother discovers where Drina is spending her time and yanks her out of the "Vanities" rehearsals. Things get so completely "snafu" that you don't see how they can ever straighten out.

"Earl Carroll Vanities" has lots of music, gaiety, and enough pulchritude to justify the old boast "through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world."—Rep.
I must insist, "almost a success."

The folk story of the Nolans of Brooklyn opens in the moiling, toiling din of the slums. The family lives in abject poverty, the mother scrubbing the foul hallways of the lodging house in which the family dwells, to help eke out a living. The father, a neighborhood drunk, is delivered home on the horizontal by the local cop, while the children contribute to the family income by way of hard-earned pennies.

The picture never departs from this realm of poverty. It therefore becomes the director's and the adapters' task to keep luminous and alive those overtones of the human spirit which are brighter than poverty is dark.

Johnny Nolan, the father, is an irresistible, beloved vagabond. He has charm, imagination, and rarer than these, he knows the heart of a child! But as husband, bread-winner and responsible parent, he lacks just about everything.

For this difficult role, James Dunn must be set down as a piece of miscasting. He gives his all with sincerity. But it is not enough. Mr. Dunn simply has not got what it takes for this particular role. And what it takes are the mental and spiritual vagaries of a minstrel of the open road, a playboy irresistible, a choir boy who couldn't grow up. And so on the screen, Betty Smith's Johnny Nolan, alas, flies out of the window.

Similarly, Dorothy McGuire's difficult role as the wife of this tragic and irresistible troubadour husband, must be played with the complete finesse with which the character was originally written by Miss Betty Smith. Otherwise, this harassed, high-thinking and somewhat straightforward young woman of thirty will actually harden, instead of merely threaten to harden, as she does in the novel. Miss McGuire hardens! She plays the role grimly, coldly, even austerely. She is a ridden, harassed, penny-biting woman of the slums who has been licked by her environment. This is not Betty Smith's Katie Nolan.

This is all the more surprising because Dorothy McGuire's role is predicated on the fact that she is constantly struggling against this hardening. In the novel, you do not ever for a moment feel that ultimate grimness and grayness ever overtake her. But in the motion picture, they gang up on her early in the film. Almost from the beginning, she is a gaunt, bony woman of the slums, more dead than alive.

This invalidates much of Katie's ultimate romance with the neighborhood cop, which follows the death of her husband. One feels almost a spark of pity for the friendly, amiable, wise, this harassed policeman, who is eager to help put together the broken lives of Johnny's widow and their children.

This is as good a moment as any to comment upon a slight but felicitous bit of casting. Lloyd Nolan plays the role of McShane, the neighborhood cop who has so frequently brought home poor Johnny flung over one shoulder like a loose sack of meal, with his usual perfection.

It is not easy to have to follow up the life and love story of Katie and Johnny Nolan, who after all were lovers in the deep sense of the word, with a new romantic interest so swiftly following upon Johnnie's death.

Thanks to the simple, enduring quality of McShane as played by Lloyd Nolan, it seems quiet and natural and somehow reassuring that he should so swiftly appear as Katie's second husband, and the hope of her children for a better way of life.

And now we come to the beautiful ebullience, the flower-like simplicity with which a little girl named Peggy Ann Garner dances through the role of Francie. Peggy Ann characterizes the dreamy, practical, thoughtful, and wistful childhood of this youngster of poverty, with a perfection that is almost startling. Her innocence enfolds her like the petals of a flower and the relationship between the child and her father is something that not even the hazard of transferring novel to screen can tarnish.

It is extraordinary the consistency with which this picture seems to be miscast. Grandma Rommely, Francie's maternal grandmother, is a jarring note in both casting and writing. Joan Blondell, who plays the kaleidoscopic part of the loose-moraled aunt, lives up to neither herself nor to the character. This is equally true of most of the minor figures who move about the plot.

It is a tribute to the picture that despite these handicaps, and additional ones of direction that are quite glaring, "A Tree

---

irresistible lips are

Dearly Beloved

There's lure for him
in the rich smouldering tone of
IRRESISTIBLE FUCHSIA PLUM...
in the velvety s-m-o-o-t-h-n-e-s-s
of your lips kept irresistible with
IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK. WHIP-TEXT
to be creamy-soft,
non-drying, longer-lasting.
Matching rouge and powder.

Irresistible fuchsia plum Lipstick
WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER...S-M-O-O-T-H-N-E-S-S A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES DIAMOND
Grows In Brooklyn" persists, just as the actual tree in the novel, in blossoming through the asphalt of the hard circumstance of production shortcomings and giving forth beauty.

The struggle of the Nolan family against poverty, the exquisite relationship between the little girl and her drunken, beloved-vagabond father who knew his way into her pure heart, the struggle of the disillusioned high-thinking mother, the absurdities and monkeyshines of Sissy, the scatter-brained marrying sister, do come through and hold the interest.

It all goes to show that despite miscalculations and such homespun production as cotton snowstorms, uninspired street scenes, the inner flame of a good and human story does not easily douse.

There are scenes in this motion picture which hold together in a kind of static beauty. One of them, played by Dorothy McGuire and James Dunn, is memorable.

Things have come to such a pass in the Nolan household that Katie is finally forced to the decision that Francie must give up her schooling and go to work. The father, who is fundamentally to blame for the shocking circumstances, is stricken to the heart. The moment when these two parents stare at one another across the chasm of years and disappointments, and the woman shrieks at her stricken mate, "Stop looking at me that way!" is top drama. It is following this moment that the singing waiter goes out of the door of his scrub-water tenement, never to return.

There is a memorable moment when, for the first time in her adolescent experience, consciousness of a young boy who is smitten with her flashes into Francie's innocent little face.

And much of the responsibility rests on the bony, adolescent young shoulders of this Francie, age thirteen. Her face is a panorama, her voice inflections subtle, her ability to listen, and the rhythm of her dialogue high virituosity.

With all its faults, you can't very well come away from this picture set down. It captures enough of the authority and the Americana and the flavor and the singing veracity of the novel, to hold the interest. Even to delight.

A DOLLAR, A DOLLAR, A FIVE-DOLLAR SCHOLAR

Say, did you happen to notice what a flock of I SAW IT HAPPEN's we had last month? You see, we thought if we ran a slew of 'em, they would show you better than words just the sort of thing we're looking for. 'Cause it hurts like heck to disappoint you swell folk who sometimes send in three or four entries at a clip, month after month, without your stuff ever being used. Well, here's hoping you've gotten the slant and will start swamp- ing ye eds.

And remember, you needn't have swooned in Tyrone's arms or gone Roseland-ing with Hodiax to hit our pin-money jackpot. All we want are warm, human-interest anecdotes, simple stories with a beginning, a middle and an end that prove what swell guys those headliners really are.

It could have happened at a Bond Rally, a drive-in, school, the grocer's on Main Street; you could have heard about it from Janie next door or Great-Aunt Matilda in Kalamaoo. But whatever, send it in, and honest to gosh, if we think the rest of the gang would like to hear it, we'll dress it up and scrub its face and plunk your name smack in the middle of Monday Screen—and on your five dollar check!
TELESCOPE PRECISION
sets this pen apart!

Sleek, trim, tailored, the 1945 Wearever Zenith introduces new beauty in appearance and performance. Designed and built with a precision worthy of a fine telescope. Precision that distinguishes the ingenious "C-Flow" feed, the 14-carat gold point, the very design of this handsome pen. See, try, buy the ruby-topped Wearever Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Est. 1896).

$1.95

Pen and pencil set, illustrated as left, in rich gift box......$2.75

Did you read all that gory business in the paper the other day about the vast quantities of guys overseas who each day get word that their wives or sweethearts are tired of waiting for them? Didn't it kill you? Reading it, you probably wanted to string those gals up by their thumbs. Easy does it, chums; it might have been you. A big bright moon, a guy who reminds you of Bill. It takes so little to set you off your course. Just a word or two to help keep you straight.

That ounce of prevention: That lovely, heart-stopping feeling you have (Continued on page 24)
For exquisite daintiness...a new safeguard

Now Kotex contains a deodorant

It's locked in...so it can't shake out

NOW you get this new protection for your charm, your daintiness—at no extra cost to you.

A deodorant is locked inside each Kotex sanitary napkin to help keep you fresh, lovely, confident. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on!

There are so many important reasons why you should always insist on Kotex:

(1) Patented, flat tapered ends of Kotex mean no bulges, no revealing lines.

(2) You get lasting comfort, because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing.

(3) The special four-ply safety center gives you extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting.

(4) Only Kotex has three sizes—Regular, Junior and Super Kotex—for different women, different days.

(5) And now this extra safeguard—the new deodorant in every Kotex napkin.

No wonder most women simply won't be satisfied with any other brand!

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins put together
Glamorous Ilka Chase
author of several best selling novels and star of stage and screen, says:

"Arrid takes the place of anti-perspiration liquids and at the same time Arrid takes the place of creams that just prevent underarm odor.

"That's why I use Arrid and why I recommend it so highly."

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps
STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus Tax
(Abo 59¢ size)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID
MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

when you're with Johnnie may or may not be grounds for marriage, swoon stuff being such a very minor part of deep and lasting love. Before taking it to the chaplain, quiz yourself so: Can you imagine yourself ever being bored with him, ever having to apologize for him, ever being complete without him, ever doubting his ability to set the world on fire? If the answers are all no's, you may be a wishful thinker, but ten to one, it's love. If a couple of yesses sneak in, no orange blossoms, baby. Chances are, two weeks after he left you'd be penning him one of those accursed "Dear-John's" (That's Army-Navy slang for a brush-off letter, or do we have to tell you?)

You forget what he looks like: You have trouble recapturing his smile and his sense of humor, and so you get all dramatic and think you don't love him any more. Don't be nutty. You see, people have a way of "adjusting" to things, and the fact that you've adjusted to your man's absence doesn't indicate any lack of love. Rather it shows that you are a well-balanced person. Before you pen him the news that you no longer care, try this. Turn the lights low and put a couple of "your" songs on the phonograph. "Moonlight Bay," maybe. Whatever it was that you two used to request at all the dances. Think of a specific date you had. Maybe your first one; maybe your last. Weep a little bit. Now just try and write that letter... Corny? Sure. But corn can be awfully beautiful when there's a perfectly dandy marriage at stake.

A bird in the hand: You met another guy at a USO dance or at the office or on a perfectly innocent blind date, and— incredible but true—he is the one. Oh, shame on you. Granted this new man is probably a swell boy, you may even have a king-size crush on him, that's no reason for throwing over the solid, substantial and—yeah—sentimental stuff you and your soldier had. You're acting like a fourteen-year-old or a skittish gal in her middle 40's. Before you take pen in hand for your "Dear-John," survey the whole business in the bright, honest light of morning, unencumbered by stars and soft music. Think of the months or years you've shared with your Bill, all the hurdles you've taken together. Think of the dreams you had and the promises you made when he went away. Think of him, lonely and weary, counting so desperately on you and your love. Doesn't it mean something? Doesn't it mean a heck of a lot? Okay. Tell that would-be home-wrecker that the moon must have gotten in your eyes for a while, but that it's out now. As far as he's concerned.

Stay off the limb: Somebody said that marriage is a structure that must be rebuilt every day. And that goes double when your lad is away. How do you do it? By keeping close to each other through letters. Write to him daily if you possibly can. Keep on planning things together. Your love, your family. Get him to draw plans for the house. Query him about names for all those super-children. Put warmth and affection in your letters. (Our letters overseas are rarely censored, you know.) Remember his birthday and all your private anniversaries. And don't bag down. It's easy to write volumes in the beginning, but when he's been gone a while, it takes some effort. Stick with it. Maintain your status as a wife or an engaged gal in your community, and in your office. Talk about the guy, wear his insignia. Have his picture in your wallet, on your bureau, all over the place so that he's never really very far away. Concentrate on your reunion rather than on your
parting. Hang on to the knowledge that you belong to a pretty wonderful gent, and let him know that you know. You'll be rebuilding that marriage of yours every day. And we're not awfully worried that you'll go putting yourself out on any limb.

Co-Ed Mailbox:

I'm so shy I die every time I have to give a book report in class. At school parties I can't say boo to a boy. Do people ever get over shyness? How? Nancy L., Ogden, Utah.

Sure, they get over it, Nancy, once they understand what shyness really is. You'll slug us for this, but do you know it's largely selfishness? You are so all-fired important in your own eyes, that you think people are concentrating on your every move, your every syllable. Tain't so. Take the matter of book reports, for example. Bet you everyone in the room is worrying far more over what he's going to say when it's his turn than over whether or not your slip is showing. At a party, likewise. Most males are infinitely more concerned with not tripping over their own tongues and feet than with whether you do likewise. The moral is, relax. Climb out of yourself. Be interested in other people; their pet tunes, books, ideas. What they think about compulsory military training, politics, Van Johnson. Honest, if you sincerely care about the other guy, you just can't be shy.

Who writes first, a boy or girl? D. D., Forestport, N. Y.

No hard and fast rule here. If a lad gives you his APO number, for Pete's sake, don't wait around for him to write. Dash him off a line. It'll be waiting for him when he gets There, and don't think he won't think you're dandy. If you go away, you've got a perfectly elegant excuse for initiating a correspondence. If the guy is sick and in command, likewise. Be brief, casual, friendly, and if he doesn't answer—don't pursue the thing.


Gosh, George, this breaks our heart, but we just can't print your name and address. You see it's like this. If we did it for you, there'd be other boys writing in, and then dozens more. First thing you know we'd be a pen pal column—which is slightly out of our groove. Awful sorry, really.

I was stood up by a boy the other night. How should I act toward him? Betty Horn, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Chilly, chum, chilly. No need to flatter him to the extent of completely ignoring him, but by your manner let him know that you consider what he did pretty unattractive. Maybe your best friend can know that you were stood up, but it's kind of unpolite to let the word get spread. Never lower yourself to the extent of querying the boy about it. And if he asks you out again, you can't possibly make it.

Can we help de-dilemma you? You know there's no problem in the world that can't be solved if you get the right head working on it. Us, we're hot on stuff like swain-snagging, letter-writing, party-throwing—most anything you can dream up. Will you try us on your particular headache? Send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and the whole thing will be just between the two of us. If the whole world can know, initial it, and we'll print it in our Mailbox. Here's how to reach us. Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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**WHY CANARIES' "PET-APPEAL" IS HIGH WITH YOUNG AMERICA!**

**Trudy Marshall** — vibrant, young star of "CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE," 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 11 proven aids to a canary's health and song. It's an all-over favorite with canary lovers.
CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's coy to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN, Tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

BE A BETTER DANCER—by Arthur Murray Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to fox-trot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stage line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean Kinkead How to be date bait, plus a complete follow-through for when you're out with him. The straight stuff on getting ahead up, drinking, smoking, tactics to get and hold your man! FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your handwriting or your G.I.'s 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. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis.


GLAMOUR FOR THE TEENS—This is especially for gals from 12 to 18. To really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hairdo's for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL—For over 18s—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your needs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

HOW TO HAVE LOVELY HAIR—Encyclopedia on hair care. Hairdo's styled for you, setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

HOW TO loose WEIGHT—12-page chart giving you all the safe ways to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow scientific diets. Exercises for reducing every part of the body, plus scoring chart. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FASHIONS FOR TALL GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What's tops for you in coats, suits, dresses. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FASHIONS FOR SHORT GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey Fashion tricks to make you the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FASHIONS FOR STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.
"...comin' to my sundae social?"

"There's gonna be four kinds-a sundaes! Step up and take your choice—or try 'em all!

They're really delicious, 'cause my fav'rite Karo makes 'em smooth and not too sweet. Mom says they're easy to make—and don't get "grainy". They keep well in the refrigerator, so we always have sundae treats when comp'ny drops in.

And don't forget they're good for you 'cause Karo is rich in dextrose, food-energy sugar."

1. Apple-nut
1 c. Red Label Karo Peppermint
2 tbsp. lemon juice Flavoring
1 1/2 c. shredded Green coloring
Combine Karo, lemon juice and apple, which has been peeled and finely shredded. Cook slowly until apple is just transparent, or about 6 to 8 min. Remove from heat. Stir in peppermint flavoring and green coloring. Makes 2 cups.

2. Caramel-nut
1/2 c. brown sugar
6 tbsp. water
firmly packed Dash salt
1/2 c. Blue Label 1 tbsp. butter
Karo 1/2 c. evaporated milk
1 1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 c. sliced, toasted almonds
Cook brown sugar, Karo, soda, water, salt and butter over medium heat until a small amount will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water, (232° F.). Cool to lukewarm. Then beat in milk gradually, and blend 3 to 4 min. Stir in nuts. Makes 1 1/2 cups.

3. Chocolate
1/2 c. cocoa 1/2 c. sugar
1/2 c. Red or 1/2 tsp. salt
Blue Label 1 c. milk
Karo 3 tsp. butter
6 tbsp. water 1/2 tsp. vanilla
Mix, then cook cocoa, Karo and water over low heat, stirring constantly, until well blended. Add sugar, salt and milk; stir well. Cook gently 7 to 8 min. until the mixture thickens, (230° F.). Remove from heat; add butter, and beat until the color starts to change. Stir in vanilla. Makes 2 cups.

Free a new, special booklet, containing dozens of tested recipes for appetizing, nutritious treats for growing children. Just write to Corn Products Sales Company, Dept. Z4, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N.Y.

4. Marshmallow
2 c. Red Label Karo 1/2 tsp. salt
2 egg whites (1/4 1/2 tsp. cup)
Cook Karo over medium heat until a small amount will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water, (234° F.). Whip egg whites, salt and vanilla until stiff, in a large bowl. Add hot syrup in four sections, beating after each addition. As mix becomes stiff, use wooden spoon. Takes about 5 minutes. When ready, mixture will stand in soft peaks when dropped from a spoon. Makes 4 cups. Keeps indefinitely in a covered jar.

For Cake Topping or Filling: Use recipe as given. For Sundaes (as illus.) or Desserts: Mix heaping tsp. Basic Cream with 1 1/2 tsp. hot water, or fruit juice. Blend vigorously. For Colored Swirl (as illus.): Color a small portion; stir gently through white portion with tip of a small knife.
Tests by doctors prove...Camay is really mild!

It's exciting—to see the fresh new bloom of beauty that one cake of Camay brings to your skin! So quick, change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions. And with the very first cake of Camay, most complexions simply sparkled—looked fresher, clearer, softer!

...it cleanses without irritation

These tests gave proof of Camay's mildness...proof it can benefit skin.
"Camay is really mild," said the doctors, "it cleansed without irritation."
No wonder you can expect this Camay care to soften and smooth your skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Take only a minute, night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—over forehead, nose and chin. Rinse warm. And if you have oily skin, add a lively C-O-L-D splash! That's all. And your skin is lovelier with just one cake of Camay.
I hate to contemplate all the pounds I've lost sweating out this little old readers' page of yours. I sometimes wonder if Bill Shakespeare used to sweat, too. And almost any night after 10 P.M., you'll find me dreaming I can bounce words around like a billiard ball.

Just this minute, though, I'm suddenly glad I'm not the verbal type. The Office of War Information has asked me to give you a message about the country's critical need for nurses that shows up words in their true colors... mere shadows of things.

With words I cannot tell you what a scream of pain sounds like, I can't tell you what blood from a wound looks like, nor the color of a man's face when he has bled too much. I can't tell you much about hope nor about despair. I can't tell you about the expression in eyes that have known despair on seeing new hope... a nurse... yes, an angel of mercy. Nor what such a woman means to a man with a yearning for his mother and his girl.

But I can ask you to think back in your own life to all the suffering you have known and all the help you have had. I can tell you that the armed forces are short 12,000 nurses for immediate service and are anticipating a need of 450 replacements per month. And then, because you have a heart, I can let you draw your own conclusions.

Yes, you want to help. And you can help. Everyone who reads this page can help in one or more of these three ways—so please read on and see where you fit under the requirements and regulations.

1. If you are a registered nurse:

   **ARMY**

   Education—High school grad. Grad. of an accredited school of nursing.

   Age—Regulars: 22-30. Reserves: Maximum of 45.

   Must be a citizen of the U. S., physically fit, married or unmarried.

   **NAVY**

   Education—High school grad. Grad. of an accredited school of nursing.


   Must be a citizen of the U. S. for at least 10 years, physically fit and, while she may not marry while in service, will be accepted if already married.

2. To train as a Nurse's Aide:

   Education—High school graduate or the equivalent.

   Age—18-50.

   Must pass the 20-hour Standard First Aid Course plus an 80-hour classroom, hospital ward training period. It is expected that at least 150 hours of service will be offered per year.

3. To train as a Cadet Nurse:

   Education—High school graduate.

   Age—17-35.

   May enroll for a combined 4-5 year academic and nursing program leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts with financial grants available to those students so requiring. Upon graduation, the nurse will pledge herself to practice essential, if not necessarily military or naval, nursing for the duration.

Executive Editor
A golden shimmer of heat lay over the New York World's Fair. In front of the Meteor Speedway, a crowd, perspiring but intent, stood hypnotized by the Barker's husky chant.

"Here you are, folks—the ride of your life! A mile a minute, a thrill a second! If you've got any sporting blood in your veins, you'll try it. How about you, buddy—give your girl a thrill?"

The tall, dark-haired Barker lifted an eyebrow at a promising looking sucker and grinned engagingly at the sucker's girl. She nudged her young man, who pulled out the price of admission. The rest of the crowd followed them in like sheep. Two men at the back moved off slowly.

"He's good, Ed," one of them said. "He's got the patter, and the girls go for him. Where did you find him, anyway?"

The other man laughed. "He found me. His name's Gregory Peck, and he's a college kid from California. A friend of mine on the Coast gave him a letter to me, and he asked for a job. I had an interest in this concession, so I sent him out here."

"What's he going to do when the Fair closes?"

"Oh, he's got some crazy idea he wants to be an actor."

Gregory looked after them nervously. He couldn't hear their conversation, but he had seen the boss watching him. He wasn't exactly nuts about this job, but on the other hand it was always nice to be able to eat. The two hundred bucks he'd (Continued on page 123)
Greg got $5000 per for 1st pic, "Valley Of Decision's" his 3rd. He quips, "I'm typed in 'Spellbound' by playing a split personality, because I am split—among 4 studios!"

At the U. of Calif., Greg majored in Eng., was pre-med—breakfasted on raw egg and sherry! It was as a Radio City guide that he announced New Jersey was in B'lyn.

Greta keeps up with theater by cueing hubby. She'll go East, too, when he takes over for Fredric March in "A Bell for Adano" (he owns 10%), giving F. chance to do a pic.

By Virginia Wilson
Life was like being chased by a rolling snowball. Like being a cripple, then a dancing star. Like being lonely and finding such a true love.

So June was an actress on Broadway—

Oh well, a chorus girl, if you wanted to be technical about it—but no one was being technical—not where June could hear them. The girls were thrilled. They chipped in and sent her an orchid on opening night, and there was a box of roses from Mother and Dad—Mummy was half proud, half worried—and, before the evening was done, pretty mortified. Because June got balled up, and the curtain came down with her in front of it, dancing all by herself. Which was no treat to anyone, believe her, the way she danced in those days. They had to black out, to get her offstage—

But Mother didn’t say much—not till June had been working two months and summer was ending and school about to begin. Then she asked, “What about being a doctor? Have you given that up?”

“Gosh, I don’t know, Mummy. I keep thinking how long it’ll take. And then—I keep thinking what fun the stage is—”

“You’re not sure, though?”

(Continued on page 70)
When her sailor brother, Henry, came visiting after 4 years at sea, June's landlord phoned to check relationship, kept boy cooling his heels when June yelped, "It's a gag, my brother's on the other side of the world!"

In public, wears tailored suits, mostly blue or black—is scared silly of salesgirls! Too embarrassed to return a purchase, she now waits till a friend can check her buys.

Van and his "Twink," shown dining at Ciro's, were once reported Los Vegas bound and then definitely married. Wildfire rumors arose from tendency each has to "fall in love" with their co-stars.
A friend said recently to Alice Faye Harris, "Have you seen the new hats? The windows in Beverly Hills are simply too mad!"

Alice grinned. "I haven't been near Beverly Hills for three weeks. And before that very brief trip three weeks ago, I hadn't been near a clothes shop for almost two months. I'm strictly a ranch type now."

By the time you read this, young Phyllis Harris will be a year old. Many months before Phyllis arrived, Alice had rearranged her life; that routine has changed but little for a year. Alice told everyone that she liked the routine so much that she didn't want to go back to the studio at all, ever. She wanted, she announced, to be a housewife and mother. Something has changed that attitude—about which, more later. First, let us examine that original routine.

Alice and the children awaken fairly early because Baby Alice is now going to nursery school five mornings a week. She is learning to adapt herself to other children, to weave rugs for her doll house, to play simple melodies on a miniature piano. Not quite three, Miss Harris is already a personality.

Once Baby Alice is off to school, Mommy Harris plans the day's meals, drives to a rural market to do her shopping, returns in time to help the nurse bathe Phyllis. She does gardening or supervises Phil while he takes care of some household disrepair. On broadcast days, Alice sometimes accompanies her husband to the station, but more frequently she listens at home.

She has been caring for her own hair, and she says—exhibiting (Continued on page 89)
Alice, who's just signed a 7-year contract with Darryl Zanuck, is starting along 3-year-old Alice, Jr. on the Harris-Jack Benny gang hospital tour. 13-month-old Phyllis is sitting that one out.

The Harrises had the Sentimental Set wetish-eyed when they celebrated their 3rd anniversary at the same niftyy table where they'd had their 1st date. Texas pal Sam Maceo gave Pop, Mam and Alice, Jr., identical "zebra" robes.

For Mrs. Phil Harris, it's a warm, pink place with two blonde angels and a ten gallon halo!
Everyting's Jake!

Guam, Saipan, Leyte—all ports of call to the kid with the grin and a yen for the sea, Dick Jaeckel

Dick didn't have nerve to face Mother with wispy mustache grown on first voyage, so shaved it off before docking! At home found stacks of ties in Christmas packages from fans.

The C-1 had her hook dropped out in the stream off the lee of Saipan when the Mitsubishis came over. Ordinary Seaman "Jake" Jaeckel was sacked down in sweet repose on Number Four Hatch cover with practically nothing on, because even at early pre-dawn it's still plenty warm in the tropics. Jake was dreaming of a White Christmas, or its California equivalent, and it was the AA guns' steady thugg-thugg-thugg from the U. S. Navy cruiser lying out past the cargo ship that snapped him out of it.

Jake knew it was no Christmas tree he saw in the sky as his gray eyes popped open. All the warships were playing tunes with their Chicago pianos now, and the shore batteries were awake and angry. Glowing tracers streaked the sky. Orange, lemon and lime ack-ack bursts now and then sent a Jap bomber whirling out of the dark like a giant, flaming pinwheel. Marine fighters roared up off the strip spitting tracers. The Jap bombs landed with distant air-shuddering "Whumphs!" and fire blasts that lighted up the shore like a movie set.

"Jap raid!" gasped Jake, and like a dozen other sailors, he bounded to the bow rail in his shorts, spinning his tow head around in all (Continued on page 104)
1. Dr. Constance Petersen's (I. Bergman) sole thought is of twisted minds at Green Manors despite Dr. Fleurot's (John Emery) wooing.

2. But her one-track mind wonders when handsome new doctor, Edwardes (G. Peck), arrives. She senses he's under terrific strain.

3. They fall deeply in love almost immediately. He collapses during emergency operation, mutters deliriously about "murder."

4. Constance discovers he's not real Edwardes. When she confronts him with proof, he confesses to murder.

5. Realizing he's a psychiatric case himself, she refuses to believe him. He mysteriously disappears just before Dr. Edwardes' secretary and the sheriff arrive to question him.

6. Constance finds his note, follows him to N. Y., promises to stick by him. He has amnesia, and all she can find out is that his initials are J. B.

7. Pursued by police, they go into hiding. She comes to old teacher, Brulov (Michael Chekhov), for help, and together they continue grilling.
8. Little by little, she and Brukov link up story. J. B. was skiing with Edwardes when E. died.

9. Against J. B.'s judgment, he and Constance go to ski trail to reenact events of fatal day. Halfway down, he saves her life when cliff yawns in their path.

10. Convinced Edwardes died by accident, they inform police. When bullet-ridden body is found beneath cliff, J. B. is arrested for murder! Once again, Constance sets to work to clear him.

“SPELLBOUND”

STORY: The pleasant, rolling countryside lay outside the window like a painted landscape, green now in summer, dotted with trees, bearing its soft hills gently upward to a blue sky. Doctor Fleurot pointed out of the window.

“It’s pretty,” he said.

“It soothes the patients,” Constance said. “It serves a purpose.”

“Doctor Petersen,” Fleurot said. “Always the doctor.”

“Should I be anything else?” Constance said sharply.

“You might try being a woman.”

“And fall in love?”

“Perhaps.”

“With you?”

“Perhaps.”

Constance tapped her pencil (Continued on page 99)

PRODUCTION: Selznick had just finished this picture (and everyone from the front office to the back lot was pretty proud because it turned out to be such a good picture) when the tenth anniversary of Selznick Productions rolled around, so they decided to give themselves a party. Sure, they know there’s a war on! They went right ahead and had a party anyway! Shirley Temple was there and Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck and Monty Woolley and a long list of equally famous stars. There were actors from other studios and directors and producers and script girls and janitors — matter of fact, Selznick invited just about everyone in town. This was one swank party which the public was urged to attend. The place: the front lawn of the studio on Washington Boule- (Continued on page 121)
Out of a marriage too strong
to break and too weak to
last, Bob Walker salvaged some of the essence
... his boys, blue-eyed

Bobby and Mike • By Jack Wade

Once, when Bob Walker was making “See Here, Private Hargrove,” he strolled past a sound truck parked outside the stage, and poked his inquisitive nose inside. Bob was new to Hollywood then, and everything about movie-making fascinated him no end. He asked the sound man to let him wear the earphones.

About that time another actor also strolled by the truck. He observed Bob happily kibitzing on the set dialogue, mused “H-m-m-m-m” to himself and ducked quickly inside the big M-G-M stage.

In a minute, Bob Walker’s ears began to burn. His eyes popped, and his mouth dropped open.

He heard the director say in an annoyed voice, “Well, what are we going to do about this jerk, Walker?”

He heard the producer reply sadly, “I don’t know. Looks like we’re stuck.”

“He’s terrible. He can’t act.”

“I know. He’s lousing up the picture.”

They sighed heavily in chorus. “I guess there’s only one thing to do,” said the director. “Cut his scenes and give them to that sterling actor, Keenan Wynn.”

Bob jerked away the earphones and stumbled out of the truck. He tottered inside the stage in a mood to resign his contract on the spot, go home and turn on the gas. Then he bumped against Keenan Wynn, who inquired in round-eyed innocence, “What’s the matter, Bob? You look pale. Don’t you feel well?”

The sudden concern was too touching; the oily inquiry too bland. It dawned on Bob that he’d been framed. He chased Keenan around the set.

Bob Walker’s a perfect set-up for a gag like that. He takes his acting seriously. (Continued on page 84)
No sparks flew, y'understand, and no bells rang when Johnny Payne met Button De Haven. But somehow, it wasn't right, being separated...

Cupid's not necessarily fat and dimpled. This time he's lean and dark, and his hair is crewcut and his name's Al Delacorte and, when he's not shooting arrows on the side, he runs MODERN SCREEN.

Al Cupid came to Hollywood last September, and the Alan Ladds threw him a party, to which all the people on your poll were invited. Checking the guest list with Sue, Al got inspired—

"Does John Payne go with anyone special?"

"I doubt it," said Sue. "He's fresh out of the Army."

"How about Gloria De Haven?"

"That I wouldn't know—"

"Be nice," murmured our editor dreamily, "if John could bring Gloria—"

So Sue called Gloria. Yes, she'd love to come to the party. No, there was nobody special she wanted to bring—

"Well, look, do you know John Payne?"

"I know who he is, of course, but I've never met him—"

"He's a terribly sweet boy and an old friend of ours, and he's been in the Army for two years and—well, I wonder how you'd feel about coming with him—"

Gloria was a little taken aback. "I don't know—exactly. I've never done anything like that before. But—I guess it (Continued on page 110)
L. told papers she'd go mad without smokes, got thousands from G.I.'s who wrote, "We don't want you to go crazy, honey." Note Craig Stevens' ring, duplicate of wife's.

Lauren has a model's grace, a troupper's desire to play character, not sugary, roles. Frankly asks about Bogart in "To Have, etc." "Don't you think we get away with a lot?"
Betty Bacall has a couple of light gray eyes that look at least a foot wide apiece. When she reacts, she puckers a faint frown between them and shoots you a low, sultry gander with more steam behind it than a freight engine. It's something Betty can't help. It's natural. And already it's made her famous.

You saw it if you saw "To Have and to Have Not." Humphrey Bogart calls it the look "From Down Under." The other day Jack Benny wandered on the set of Betty and Bogie's latest rough, tough whodunit, "The Big Sleep." He wanted to meet Bacall. Betty wanted to meet Jack Benny, too. He's one of her favorites, and there were a lot of things she wanted to ask him.

Bogie led Jack over. "Hey, Charlie!" (That's what Bogie calls Bacall.) "Charlie, this is Jack Benny. Give him the 'From Down Under.'"

Betty gave with the "Down Under."
"Now make him the Monkey Face."
Bacall made the Monkey Face. It's weird.
"H-m-m-m-m-m," said Jack. He looked again, almost swallowed his cigar. "H-M-M-M-M-M!!" Then he walked away like a man in a daze. He never said a word. The romance was over, right now.

"I wonder if I scared him," mused Betty.

It was inevitable that Betty Bacall should get herself a Hollywood label right away. In these days when everybody's something—the Voice, the Body, the Face, the Feet. Already, around Warner Brothers where she works, Bacall's "The Look." That guy Bogie tagged her with that one the first time (Continued on page 115)
No siree! Nobody's going to make a glamour boy of Dick... although Muffins came dangerously close!

Nightclubbing leaves Kay and Dick said because neither drinks. However, they thoughtfully keep cellar well-stocked for droppers-in!
On the fourteenth of every month Dick Crane and his pretty new wife, Kay Morley, have a very particular program they never skip. On that day, around dinner time, Dick drapes his famous torso in his best dark suit, and Kay tucks up her hair in a glamour-do and slips into her dreamiest decollete formal. They lock the door of their honeymoon cottage in Laurel Canyon to the protesting yelps of their white terrier, Muffins, and roll down the hill to Hollywood in Dick's battered '39 flivver.

They pick the best café in town and the best dinner on the menu, and they eat it slowly, holding hands under the table like a couple of moonstruck kids. They dance a few dreamy dances squeezing each other close and sighing happily as if there wasn't another soul on the floor. Then they chug back home early, and Dick drives very expertly with one hand.

It's not exactly an event that makes headlines in Hollywood society sections. But to Dick and Kay it's the gayest, most gala night of the month, and always will be—for a very special reason.

Because it was on a certain fourteenth, a few months ago, that Dick Crane strolled into a Sunset Boulevard restaurant, leaned his muscles against the bar and ordered a Pepsi. He was lonesome, so when he spied his agent, Bert Marx, dining with a girl he table-hopped over. When the girl looked up, Dick wondered what had hit him (Continued on following page)
Wife rarely indulges his weakness for ice cream, instead keeps him trim on fruit dessert. His pet story concerns time during picture when he and horse tumbled, and horse got up laughing "and slowly walked away."

Of all his various jobs from hoshiny to trucking, he observes, "I figured I learned something about people from each one, and the experiences would probably help me become a better actor."

CITIZEN CRANE

That was one fourteenth. It took Dick Crane a whole month to get up nerve enough to call this dream girl, but when he finally made the team, he looked at the calendar and there it was—the fourteenth! So what went on next but that a Santa Monica judge made them man and wife last November in a secret wedding. And when he signed the marriage (Continued on page 94)
She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

There is quicksilver magic about Lola Pierce's beauty—her arresting blue, blue eyes, the radiant clarity of her exquisite complexion.

She's another engaged girl with that adorable Pond's look. "I certainly do love Pond's Cold Cream," Lola says. "It has such a perfect way of making my face feel gorgeously clean—and ever so soft."

**How she beauty-creams with Pond's:**

One—She smooths snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream completely over her face and throat. Pats quickly to release dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

Two—She rinses with more Pond's, swirling her cream-coated fingers quickly round and round her face. This to make her face extra clean, extra soft. Then she tissues off again.

Use Pond's this twice-over way—night and morning—and for in-between-time beauty clean-ups too!

Her face is engagingly soft and smooth. "I just leave it to Pond's," she says.

**Lola Pierce of Park Avenue and Southampton**

Her engagement to Lieutenant I. C. Noyes, U.S.N.R., was announced by her parents

**HER RING**—an exceptionally beautiful, clear diamond, flanked with smaller diamonds and set in platinum.

**FOR THE DURATION**—Lola has volunteered as a Nurses' Aide, serving at the hospital regularly each week. "It's grand to feel that I can do something so badly needed," she says. Your local hospital is short-handed for nursing help right now. Why not find out how you can help there?

**A FEW OF THE POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES**

Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart
Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Lady Kinross
Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III
Lady Louis Mountbatten

She helps at the hospital—taking temperatures, bathing patients, carrying trays!

**GET THE BIG LUXURY SIZE**—You'll like its wide top that lets you dip in with both hands. Such a grand lavish feeling! Get your own big jar of soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream today! At beauty counters everywhere!
leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap ... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange so alluringly smooth!

Want all your hair-dos to look more glamorous? Then be a "Drene Girl!" Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo... not a soap in the world... can make your hair look so lovely!

Reveals far more lustre than any cake soap or liquid soap shampoo. For Drene never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do, to rob your hair of its lustrous beauty! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any kind of soap.

Leaves hair so manageable! Now that the new, improved Drene contains a wonderful hair-conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage... right after shampooing!

Removes every bit of dandruff the very first time you use it! So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner... or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Learn about Hair-dos FROM THE GIRLS WHO KNOW!
Lisa Fonssagrives... glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"... shows you (above) her lovely new evening hair-do for Spring! The adorable hair-do gadget is just wired ribbon, bent into shape, then covered with flowers. Your milliner can do it! The shining smoothness of Lisa's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which she always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

*W*ith Hair Conditioner!

Lisa adores 'hair-do gadgets! But says, "Make sure that they, and your hair-do, too, match the mood of your clothes!" Every hair in place is her first rule for a smart hair-do. And, says Lisa, "For shining, smooth, manageable hair there's no shampoo like Drene with Hair Conditioner!"

**Galamour**

Tonight... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene with Hair Conditioner! Extra lustre... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoo! Gentle hair... easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!

Hairstyles are very smart this Spring! Notice the tricky little gadget of early-colored rib Mexican neckline of her embroidered blouse! And remember... no other shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!
Can't they be friends? You know the answer to that one. Hollywood didn't invent the divorce court. Oh, we've done our fair share and a bit over to keep them in business. But you must have run up against a divorced couple or two—or three?—in your own neck of the woods. Can _they_ be friends?—Same here. Some can, some can't. As a non-literary gent of my acquaintance used to say, "It's accordin' to the poisson—"

Kiddies don't seem to be the decisive factor. Offhand, I think of five Hollywood marriages blessed by the patter of little feet, then broken. Of these, two pair are friends—John Payne and Anne Shirley, Bob Walker and Jennifer Flynn and Damita aren't. Neither are Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Nor, Lana and Stephen Crane—

Now I'm no analyst, and I don't propose to go delving into souls. Of course, it would be nice if I could bring you information straight from the horse's mouth. But we columnists don't have working agreements with the horses—no offense to man or beast intended. All we can do is rush in where angels fear to tread, and you know what that makes us.

I tried it with Bob Walker. He'd been chatting amiably enough, soaked to the skin though he was from a water scene. Till I ups and chirps, ever mindful of my duty to my public, "And do you and Jennifer plan to re-marry, Bob?"

"If you'll excuse me, Miss Hopper, I think I'll go get some dry clothes."

Sure, we crack the (Continued on page 55)
Despite their knock-down, drag-out tiffs, Mayo Methot's always been madly in love with Bogie.

Steve Crane and Lana Turner parted the worst of friends. Altho her mom's friendly with him, Lana's always out when he calls on Cheryl.

No heartbreak when hermit Brent and personality girl Annie realized they weren't made for each other.

John Payne and Anne Shirley tried their level best to save their marriage for the sake of daughter Julie. They're still friends.

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell stayed mad. She has custody of the kids; he sees them irregularly.
A Home to Match His Dreams

Longing for the day when your husband will come marching home? Then start planning the type of home he dreams of coming back to. Start with deep-toned walls to satisfy his hunger for rich, zestful colors. Against them place Bates’ creamy white bedspread called “George Washington’s Choice”—a faithful copy of the magnificent, hand-woven spread the hero of our first war chose for his bride. Only Bates, with its near-human looms, could weave such a fine replica. And even Bates can weave only a few so each one purchased will be registered in the owner’s name. Truly an heirloomed spread to be enjoyed by you today...and your children tomorrow.

BATES FABRICS INC. • 80 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY 13
whip and they run, but the wrong way. Corrigans at heart.

The point I make is this. What I know, I'll tell you, and we've got our own methods of gleaning knowledge. But don't look to me for psychological research. The ghosts people wrestle with in the night might change the whole picture. But they're beyond the ken of the peepingest eye.

It's obvious that Flynn and Damita couldn't be friends. As well ask a couple of volcanoes to shake hands. They lived across the road from me. I've seen him kiss the top of her head with such tenderness, I wanted to bawl. And I heard the echoes of the final storm that broke them up—

Errol's the original lone wolf, never meant to be a husband. Lili was bitter because he didn't welcome the child. If he ever mentions his son's name, I've never heard tell of it. But a picture of Sean smiles up from his dresser at home. Lili spends most of her time in Florida. Errol favors Mexico for vacations. Their paths don't cross—

However, Lili brought suit against him not long ago. Little matter of income tax on (Continued on page 56)
Gala Evening Out—your complexion as fresh as the camellia he sent. Thanks to Solitair, your make-up STAYS satin-smooth for hours. Tiny lines and blemishes are your secret.

Cake Make-Up with LANOLIN
60¢ and 25¢
It’s an eyeful in
TECHNICOLOR...

and a FORTUNE in FUN!
PARAMOUNT’S

Bring on the Girls
AND BRING ON THE BEAUTIES!

starring
VERONICA LAKE
SONNY TUFTS
EDDIE BRACKEN
MARJORIE REYNOLDS

with
Johnny Coy • Peter Whitney
Alan Mowbray • Porter Hall
Spike Jones and His Orchestra

Directed by
Sidney Lanfield

SONNY SINGS
“ать’.ie Gonna Hate Myself in the Morning”
and “Egyptian Elia”

BRING ON
Marjorie Reynolds dancing and jailing
again, as she did in “Holiday Inn.”

BRING ON
Veronica Lake sizzling cigarette girl
who makes the boys light up!

BRING ON THE MUSIC with
Spike Jones and his City Slickers
still trying to find Chloe?

BRING ON THE DANCING
who trips the light
of nimble Johnny Coy
fantastic fantastically!
When actor Paul Brooks spotted plea in local newspaper asking for dolls for needy kids, he staged a party to promote the idea. His steady gal, Jeanne Crain, hostessed and assembled loot.

Ann Rutherford and Bob Hutton led singing at Brooks party. All Hollywood's gone overboard for peek-a-boo handbags, each gal trying to outdo her cronies in filling bag with precious items!

“You pay the cover charge and I’ll dance with your wife,” quipped Van Johnson to Keenan Wynn, at table with Evie’s sister, Sally Hancock. Van appears daily at studio in charro outfit bought in Mexico!

Judy Garland engaged to Vincent Minelli . . . No divorce for Bob Walker . . . Kidnappers threaten Grable.
Louella Parsons' Good News

Just a few new little things about Frank Sinatra:
He likes you particularly if you call him "Frank" instead of "Frankie" or "Frankie Boy."
If you are a gal, and he likes you, he calls you "Baby."
He doesn't like unexpected callers.
If he comes to your house, he isn't flattered, if you insist on playing his records all evening long. "Heard 'em all a hundred times," he grins.
He hates those Hollywood drag around telephones and won't talk over the 'phone when he is eating.
He's curious and always looks out the window to see who is calling on the neighbors.
He's forgetful about telling people that he can't come to parties and wonders why they get a little peeved with him because of it. He never gets peeved when somebody fails to show at one of his parties.
He likes red on blondes and white on brunettes. And here's a little secret: Shhhhh—but he's getting tired of those bow ties!

* * *
Gloria De Haven is so much in love with John Payne that she just goes around looking for things to do for him. "I'm not going to be one of those career wives who lets a husband go around getting out his own laundry," sniffs little Gloria, who is the cutest bride in town.
The other day Johnny actually thrilled her by asking her to do something for him. He was late to the studio, but he wanted a pair of shoes shined, and he asked Gloria if she would drive over to the village, wait while they were shined, and then bring them to him before ten o'clock.
Little Mrs. Bride was so thrilled with an honest-to-goodness domestic chore to do that she decided to go all the way! She'd shine the shoes herself! But in her anxiety to get at the polishing job, she forgot to look at the bottle and poured black polish all over Johnny's brown shoes!
Scared to death she would be discovered, she drove like mad into Beverly Hills to buy him a new pair with her one remaining precious shoe coupon—but the Beverly stores don't open until 10 o'clock—the time he needed his shoes for the first scene.
The next thing that happened was that she got a "flat" on the way to the studio and had to wait an hour and a half to get it fixed. At noon, a frantic little bride dashed onto Johnny's set crying her eyes out.
"Oh, you needn't have gone to so much trouble, Baby," said Johnny nonchalantly. "I had left the

Since he owns no phone in his hilltop home, Bill Eythe has a friend on neighboring peak take his messages on their phone, flash messages across wide valley to him via signal code. Above, with 5' 2" "Dresden doll" June Haver at Mocambo.

Lana Turner's starting new vogue for pierced ears and pendant earrings and giant feather crests. Although Turhan Bey still refuses to talk about her, even to his studio, he's lifted self-imposed ban on being photographed with her!
new Film-Finish Powder

Smother new texture...lovelier shades for that flawless film-star"finish"

It's star dust magic . . . this new Woodbury Film-Finish Powder! Made to give your skin the same enchantment . . . every day . . . stars like the lovely De Haven have on the screen! New five-way blending creates stay-fresh shades, smoother new texture that clings, hides lines and blemishes, never clogs, cakes, nor turns pasty. Choose from 8 film-star shades now!

GLORIA DE HAVEN now appearing in "BETWEEN TWO WOMEN," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Woodbury NATURAL adds flower-petal fairness to a pink-and-white skin like Gloria's.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1. Now with your $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your shades of matching lipstick and rouge. No change in the box; all Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish.

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder 25c and 10c, plus tax

Woodbury Film Finish Powder

shoes I really needed in my dressing room last night!"

I love her, but so help me, Betty Hutton whips up some of the darnest rigs. She showed up for a "personal" at the Hollywood Canteen the other night wearing a tight, black satin cocktail suit, tennis shoes, a tweed coat, her hair in pigtails with two red bows tied on the ends!
The entire effect was that of a sexy Sis Hopkins.

After "Kiss and Tell," Shirley Temple won't have to go to school on the set any more. Since Shirley is kissed twenty-two times in this picture, maybe it's just as well that a school ma'am is still around.

"Wonder where Joe Cotten developed that mad attachment for bright yellow gloves? He wears them all the time—daytimes, of course. But on him—they look good.

"Lana Turner dropped over to see me the other day, and you can take my word for it—she's deeply in love with Turhan Bey. She talks about him just as though he were a little boy. And when a girl gets maternal about a man—look out. She said, "I call him my child boy friend!"—and Lana's only twenty-four!"

I was one of the early arrivals at the party M-G-M threw in honor of Modern Screen's fifteenth anniversary. (Pictures will appear in the June issue.) I came in with Hedy Lamarr who wore a filmy grey chiffon dress especially designed to hide her figure. She looked so beautiful when she told me she hoped it would be twins. I had to say, "Oh, that's too much, Hedy. Imagine two more looking exactly like you!"

Judy Garland, wearing the last gasp in tailored suits, was being kissed by many M-G-M's who hadn't seen her since the announcement of her engagement to Vincent Minnelli. She was also getting a lot of kidding about the change this romance has made in her personality. "She actually arrives on the set on time she's so anxious to get away!" they heckled Judy.

Cute little Elizabeth Taylor, all done up in red, arrived with a chipmunk on a leash! She's crazy about her pet—but it looks too much like a small rat to me! Since "National Velvet," Elizabeth is rated as one of M-G-M's most important stars, so I suppose she can keep on leading the "munk" around.

Robert Walker came in "stal" now his romance with Shirley Patterson is over. He and Jennifer Jones are not going to get an immediate divorce—and may never file. It's the children. Separated or not, they are devoted parents.

The saddest-note-of-the-month: Joe E. Brown's little daughter, Mary, injured in that crash
Glendale branch of Sinatra fan club (WAFFS) donated completely furnished recreation rooms to Birmingham Hospital, in Frankie’s name. He and Burns and Alan had radio crew in hysterics before, after and during show!

It's rumored Clark Gable is currently romancing with cover girl Anita Colby. Good news in the Lucille Ball heart department: She and ex-hubby Desi Arnaz revived the flame on holiday vacation in Idlewild, Calif.

Now that Bob Landry romance is off, gossip links Deanna Durbin with Felix Jackson. Her 1944 salary from Univ. reached astronomical heights at $282,250!

Flynn's one of those lucky dogs who rolls his own smokes, so he isn't suffering from ciggie shortage. Pals with Bruce Cabot, honorably discharged from Army.
with Freddie Bartholomew's car, has developed complete paralysis of the right side of her face. But the doctors are hoping it is just a temporary thing.

And speaking of heartbreaking things—how splendid that the tragic shooting which resulted in Susan Peters' paralysis from the waist down, won't even halt her career. Susie, I am happy to report, has been offered a radio contract, and as soon as she is well enough, she could be wheeled into the broadcasts. She has a wonderful speaking voice, and she is such a fine little actress.

As you know, one of the most popular singers on the air is confined to a wheel chair, but she has risen to fame and fortune in spite of her affliction.

Everybody is pulling so hard for Susan. If love and good wishes can help her, she will be carrying on again very soon.

Whoops! What a fracas Maria Montez pulled at a recent party when somebody complimented Greer Garson because her hair was "naturally" red.

Maria seemed to take it as a personal insult for some particular reason and hit the ceiling. "My hair is naturally red, too!" she shrieked. "How dare anyone say otherwise?"

No one had!

Sometimes I think Maria stirs up these tempests just for the excitement of it. She and Gene Tierney had another little explosion at the same party later over something equally silly.

I've been writing about movies for over thirty years (and admit it), but I've never had anyone bowl me over with such a knowledge of the old timers and old pictures as Van Johnson displayed at Sally Wright's dinner party.

Van, who is just 29 years old, was my dinner partner, and someone started discussing the fine old pictures Richard Barthelmess used to make. "I'd like to do some of those old Barthelmess pictures," said Van. "They were great. Particularly Tolable David."

"Good heavens!" I gasped. "Do you remember that?"

"Sure," said Van, "wasn't it a great performance Ernest Torrence gave?"

That started it. From there on he started kidding me about my memory. While I could remember the stars of most of the pictures he mentioned, he shamed me by remembering the character actresses and actors and many of the directors.

I've always said I'll still be going to movies when they have to wheel me in to see them. But I'm sure they must have started wheeling Van in to see them when he was still in his baby buggy!

Let you in on a little secret: His favorite movie star of all time is Greta Garbo!

The raverosos around the 20th Century Fox lot about Jeanne Crain certainly have not gone to her head. Everybody says that she will be one of Hollywood's biggest stars after "State Fair"—so I was interested in meeting her again on the set.

She's certainly a level-headed youngster. I
think she is the only starlet in town who frequently takes a bus to the studio. 

"But since that awful fright I had last year when a dog jumped on me and bit me while I was waiting for a bus, I'm not as crazy about them as I used to be," she laughed.

She does her own marketing and pressing.

"I feel foolish having people wait on me hand and foot. I'm able-bodied."

Everybody is talking about that Army newspaper that ran a completely blank page with the caption:

"BOYS, HERE IS WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR. A PICTURE OF LANA TURN- TURNER NUDE ON A SNOW PILE!"

For days, everyone was wondering what was the matter with Betty Grable?

She refused to go anywhere, and she and Harry James declined all invitations. Finally, the story came out. She had received a kidnapping threat, and so they stayed home every night, guarded by two burly policemen.

There was never a threat to kidnap the baby, as first reported. Before the police could arrest the would-be kidnapper, he made his get-away, but he's known to the police, and he had better not return.

MODERN SCREEN's association with the Naval Aid Auxiliary's plan to sell stars' autographs has proved one thing beyond the shadow of a doubt. Van Johnson is the boy whose autograph the girls all scream for!

There are others who are close runners-up such as Frank Sinatra and Robert Walker.

The Naval Aid Auxiliary made close to $8,000 so far—and by the time this is published, I have no doubt it will be much more. You fans who want autographs, see page 18.

The dinner guests of Adrian and his pretty wife, the former Janet Gaynor, were warned that something was in store for them as soon as they sat down to dinner.

Notes were at each place saying, "If you are nervous, easily frightened or a coward—DON'T REMAIN," Of course, everybody stayed—some to regret it.

Immediately following dinner, in walked a woman with a twelve foot python (snake to you) curled around her neck. Well, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, who loathes snakes, almost fainted. Other guests turned pale, and only Irene Dunne had the intestinal fortitude to touch the snake. "But never again!"

The party was given in honor of Lady Mendl, and Adrian thought that Elsie, who adores anything out of the ordinary, would get a great kick out of the "stunt." Heaven knows the snake was tame enough. Seemed to want to snuggle up to everybody!

I have been very pleased by the number of letters I have received from those who read GOOD NEWS in MODERN SCREEN telling me who and what they want to hear about. I particularly want this column to be what you readers want. Please write me often. I love to get letters—and they are by far the best way for me to keep up with you. Guess that's all for now. See you next issue.

"TWO MAKE YOU TWICE AS LOVELY"

says Frances Westcott, whose beauty brightens U. S. O. and Broadway shows. "Gives such complexion smoothness and color ..."

First—sponge on Jergens Make-up Cake
contains special skin-softening oils—
for lively color, a flawless look.

Then—fluff on Matching Jergens Powder—
for twice the loveliness!

The Cake plus matching Powder comes right in one box—$2.00 value for $1.00.*
Try this Broadway-acclaimed Jergens Twin Make-up today. Six skin-tone shades.
Right for each other. This two-tone Kessler-Schwartz suit and the hat and bag set you can make yourself from a MODERN SCREEN pattern.

by Jean Kinkead

Jane Ball, currently in "Keys of the Kingdom," models a Polly Parker wool suit trimmed with black silk braid. Straw cloche by Brewster. All blouses on these pages by Judy Bond.
Remember when a suit was strictly without flash? Practical, as an egg-beater, sure, but absolutely the last thing you’d wear on a Bright Night. And remember when some people were considered the “suit type,” while others—nice kids and all that—just weren’t? Golly, how stuff has changed. Suits this spring are smooth, smooth babies that get around like mad, and the “suit type” is as extinct as a Dewey button. Just to prove it we’ve found five really-to-drool jobs.

This one’s for a bride: No time for a big splash. Just a tiny intimate wedding in the little church you’ve gone to all your life. You want a suit lovely enough to make Bill’s breath catch in his throat, versatile enough to survive a long train trip with mobs of in-laws at the other end. We’d choose this Junior Deb in soft wool gabardine in a sentimental shade of blue. The stitching on the jacket is new and smart, the lines are sheerest flattery. The price is right. On your shining hair, this angel of a starched string hat copied from a John-Frederic design by Madcaps and priced impossibly low. Have it in frosty white for your wedding, in navy for the choo-choo.

This for a Junior Executive: Maybe no one knows you’re an executive yet, but you can feel it coming on. The other gals look to you for words of wisdom; you’re the lady they summon for the really tricky dictation; you actually don’t mind staying overtime because you’re in love with your job. Those are the symptoms, and gosh, since you’re going to be a big shot, you have to look pretty fancy. No strain at all in this knockout all-wool purple suit by Polly Parker trimmed with black braid. The cardigan has the simplicity that’s the true mark of sophistication. The skirt is beautifully tailored with a slim straight back, a kick pleat in front. If you’re not completely sold—this’ll do it. There’s a zipper! The good-looking cloche is black straw fashioned inimitably by Brewster. The whole heavenly ensemble looks so utterly upper-bracket, yet it’s priced for you $20-30-a-week chicks.

Here’s one for Frankie fans: You’re young and (Continued on page 66)
PYREX WARE
COOKING QUIZ!

TAKE 2 MINUTES
NOW TO SEE
HOW MUCH YOU
KNOW ABOUT
MODERN COOKING!

1 FOOD COOKS 1/3 FASTER IN PYREX WARE BECAUSE:

A) It supplies its own heat □
B) It absorbs radiant oven heat □
C) It's the "hottest" item in the cooking utensil field □

2 YOU SAVE STEPS AND WORK WITH PYREX WARE BECAUSE:

A) You bake, serve, and store in same dish □
B) It’s easy to carry □
C) It runs around by itself □

3 PYREX WARE IS EASIER TO WASH BECAUSE:

A) It makes soap Sudsier □
B) It's waterproof □
C) Sticky foods don't cling to its smooth surface □

ANSWER BOX
OF COURSE you know the right answers but here they are anyway:
1 (B); 2 (A); 3 (C); 4 (C).

BY THE WAY, the baking dish above is the Pyrex Double Duty Casserole...really 2 dishes in 1: Bottom serves as open baker. Cover makes pie plate. 3 sizes. Quart size...only 50¢

IF YOU HAVEN'T tried Pyrex ware here’s a good start. The Pyrex Deep Pie Dish is swell for cooking and serving individual pies, soup, cereals, custards, apple sauce. 8-oz. size, only 10¢

cute, and in spite of the malarky you take from the press and your families, you're awfully beautiful people. Because this is your very first grown-up spring, the first spring with Guy in it—and because we sort of need you, baby, and you're the middle of Kessler-Chauffe that has everything. You'll love the hip-length box-jacket in dusty pink piped with navy; the bracelet-length sleeves; the wonderfully cut, go-with-everything navy skirt. You'll love this suit because it's so unmistakably new, so unmistakably you. And—oh lovely—it's priced low enough to please your pop. The white rayon crepe blouse looks (but isn't) expensive with embroidery down the front and on the sleeves. The sweet hat and bag are make-it-yourself items, these being of navy faille trimmed with pink buttons.

For a gal with a guy: They call you madam in the stores, now. A couple of cherubs call you "mom." But there's a GI who calls you "baby" and he's coming home! Hide those third-season numbers you've been wearing. Get yourself a new hair-do, some 51-gauge stockings and a suit that will be almost worthy of that first unearthly moment at the station. Our vote goes to a stupendous black and white checked tweed job from Janecraft that isn't pictured on our pages. It has an exquisite boiled jacket trimmed with black braid, and a built-up skirt that does the neatest things for a waistline. It's a dramatic suit, slim and tapering and significant as an exclamation point. It's the most expensive one in our collection, but if you're in a damn-the-torpedoes mood, in a nothing's-too-good-mood—and aren't you?—this is it.

For a party girl: If you're a high-school senior with a brace of beaux, a careerist with office-door johnnies, a gadding little matron, you can't live without this precious suit. It's a Grace Junior of kitten's ear blue wool crepe, and the lush fabric, the flange, the fitted jacket all conspire to make it as festive as a gardenia in your hair. It's a suit you can dress up or down with your choice of Judy Bond blouses and your choice of a hat. The wisp of headgear on our model is a pin-money Madcap that comes in a dozen mouth-watering color combinations.

There you have 'em, our five super suits. When you're figured out which is for you, send us a note, and we'll give you all the needed data. How much, where to buy, other available colors, anything you want to know. If you love 'em all and can't decide, give us your measurements and your age, and we'll help you make up your mind.

Come on, drop your fashion problems smack in our lap, and we'll get you all glamoured up for spring and stuff. That's a promise. Just leave us show you. This is us: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Here's how you can make that smart hat and bag set pictured on page 64. Send 25¢ to Modern Screen Pattern Service, Post Office Box 224, Station G, New York, N. Y. Comes in sizes from 10 through 20. Be sure to indicate your size and request pattern number 1729.

MOVIE STUFF

Who you kiddin'? Promising you'll shell out "next time?" Looky, pal, if you could manage to dig up the sheevels to take in that extra movie, you can manage to give out with its equivalent for the Red Cross War Fund. So when the usher's in your local movie theater start passing among you for your contribution to the War Fund during the week of March 15-March 21, give it one of the most painless ways we have to keep help coming and misery going.
ARSENIC

by Speidel

JEWELRY FOR YEARS TO COME

You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on man's wrist = $12.50
Women's Watchbands = $6.00 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED
PYREX WARE COOKING QUIZ!

TAKE 2 MINUTES NOW TO SEE HOW MUCH YOU KNOW ABOUT MODERN COOKING!

1. FOOD COOKS 1/3 FASTER IN PYREX WARE BECAUSE:
   (A) It supplies its own heat □
   (B) It absorbs radiant oven heat □
   (C) It's the "hottest" item in the cooking utensil field □

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   (C) It runs around by itself □

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ANSWER BOX

OF COURSE you know the right answers but here they are anyway:
   1 (B); 2 (A); 3 (C); 4 (C).

BY THE WAY, the baking dish above is the Pyrex Double Duty Casserole...really 2 dishes in 1! Bottom serves as open baker. Cover makes pie plate. 3 sizes. Quart size...only

50¢

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK WHEN YOU BUY GLASS UTENSILS BECAUSE:
   (A) It's so good-looking □
   (B) It's easy to find □
   (C) It's the mark of Pyrex ware, the original heat-resistant glass cooking ware, a product of Corning Research in Glass □

IF YOU HAVEN'T tried Pyrex ware here's a good start. The Pyrex Deep Pie Dish is swell for cooking and serving individual pies, soup, cereals, custards, apple sauce. 8-oz. size, only

10¢

"PYREX" is a registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.
what's left of life. Which includes Mayo out. But in spite of the battles and general hell, her heart belongs to daddy, and her agony's great.

Hollywood suffers, too. I've seen his eyes fill up talking of Mayo. She's no girl to be brushed off lightly. It's a little pathetic to hear him insist he wants her to be happy—money's no object—let her go to New York, buy clothes, find a play, start fresh—she'll give her anything but love. Point out that the rest is ashes, and his answer's ready. "I can't give what I haven't got."

The truth of that statement is Mayo's tragedy.

George Raft got the same kind of jolt. He was another who took too much for granted—expected his girl to stick forever. Loyal and plucky. Betty stuck for three years, waiting till George could maneuver a divorce. George James had nothing to do with the break when it came—she hadn't even met him—she was fed up.

George reeled under the wallop—couldn't talk of anything else—cried on my shoulder. "Why couldn't she wait?"

"Don't you think she waited long enough?"

As for Mrs. Harry James, she's the happiest girl I know—much too happy for resentment. George has his pride to keep him warm. They probably nod as they pass by, though I'll bet George looks the other way if he sees her first.

Mickey Rooney fooled me. I thought he and Ava might re-marry. Lord knows they were together enough, went dancing at the Palladium the night before he left for camp. But in Birmingham, Mickey was asked to a party, and there in the kitchen stood Sweet Seventeen, cooking spaghetti. No girl in Hollywood has ever cooked spaghetti for Mickey. There was something so fresh, so wholesome, so normal about Betty Jane and her background that Mickey, sick of the phony, fell with a thud.

They were married by the minister who'd baptized her—after he'd had a long talk with Mickey, to make sure that "my little girl will be safe with you."

The husband went overseas, the wife came out to visit his mother. I met her in the M-G-M commissary—no startling beauty, but a sweet-faced child with curly brown hair and the loveliest soft eyes. She wore no hat, a plain camel's hair coat and very little make-up. Now she's gone home to wait for the baby and, like millions of girls, for her man to come back from this interminable war.

Once I heard Ava say wistfully: "If I'd known as much about life then as I do now, you can bet Mickey and I would still be together."

Having been wrong about those two, I'm now prepared to climb out on another limb. I've always maintained, and maintain to this day, that Ham Nelson's the only man Bette Davis loved. Yes, there was Fawcett, and now there's Corporal Riley, but I still say that if she's ever to find real happiness in this world, it will be with Ham.

He's an upstanding American gent—which is why he walked out. He loved Bette deeply, he's never re-married, but he couldn't stand playing super to a movie star. "Some day you'll have to take orders from me," he once told her. And by gum! she did—in a broadcast he directed for OWI—and got the most terrific boot out of it, too.

Capitol—Nelson's now doing a man-size job for General MacArthur—put up the first radio station in the Philippines—had a chance to come home, but turned it down. "Not till I broadcast from Tokyo," he said. Kids on leave from the South Pacific are forever showing up at the studio with notes from Ham to Bette. She gives them a big day—lunch in the Green Room, a tour of the lot, a wonderful visit.
on the set.

 Corporal Riley could make a liar of me, but he's still on. I say she'll wind up Mrs. Ham Nelson—if she knows what's good for her.

 Which brings us to the man most dependent on his ex-wife, and the girl most tenderly concerned about her rib-tickling ex-husband.

 The man's Private Red Skelton, who's dodging fine. While in basic training at Camp Roberts, he gave so many camp and hospital shows that he dropped twenty pounds and had to study at night with a flashlight under his pillow. Now he's in special training, and all indications point to an overseas shore. So Edna spent hours of backbreaking and heartbreakin' to produce what's probably the only portable gag file in captivity—a matter of 180,000 routines.

 That's a labor of love in any man's language. Edna's still Red's manager, looks after all his affairs. Professionally, he can't get along without her. Nobody understands his work as she does. Professionally, he's her job. But portable files and flying back East to see him over the holidays are above and beyond the call of duty. Romance is gone. Red's engaged to Georgia Davis, and I hear from my gar- rison pigeons that Edna's pretty well occupied with Frank Borzage. Just the same, I can tell you, there's a warm, steady affection between these two that nothing can touch.

 Strictly speaking, Louis Hayward isn't Ida Lupino's ex-husband. No divorce action's been taken. Their marriage was headed for the rocks when he emigrated to England, but Ida wanted to give it another chance.

 Louis' always suffered with asthma. Under war conditions in the Pacific, he grew worse and was slated to be shipped home before Tarawa. Head of a photographic unit, he didn't want to go home. "Let me go in and make my pictures," he begged, 'and take the film back with me."

 Only by packing him with adrenalin, could they keep him breathing.

 Ida hovered over him like a broody hen, administering the hypodermic herself till he had to be taken to the naval hospital at Corona.

 When he got his Naval survey—the equivalent of an Army medical discharge—they talked things over and agreed to call it a day. "But I want the right to keep worrying about you," said Ida. "So don't let's divorce till you want to marry again."

 "Or till you do—"

 "That won't be for a long, long time, if ever."

 But the gal I adore is Joan Crawford, who doesn't know from subtleties. Give Joan black and white—none of your malaymouthed grays, none of that old stuff about liking the man you've divorced—

 On the set one day, "The Phantom Lady" came up. Everyone sniffed the name of Tone, till Joan reached out and dragged it down by her frocklock. "And Francisco?" she sighed. "Wasn't he wonderful? You could smell the ham clear to the back of the house!"

 There was also that interview. The writer spoke of the success of Joan's current marriage. La Belle drew herself up.

 "I think it's vulgar," quoth she, "to refer to this marriage. As though I'd been married."

 The writer's eyes popped.

 "My dear child," Crawford pointed out kindly, "we simply ignore any other marriage."

 Bravo, Joanie! Spoken like the last great queen of the Hollywoods.

 **JUNE ALLYSON**

 (Continued from page 32)

 "No. But if I were sure I could learn to be good, I'd do it."

 The upshot was that she went back to finish high school. Mother's heart was set on it, and June didn't mind. In fact, she was sort of glad to go. She'd still be only 2. She'd still be a starlet at twenty-two. Meantime, she could make up her mind—

 head vs. heart . . .

 That's what she told herself. But her mind must have been made up from the start. Because one day she brought her ribbonsed diploma home, and next morning she was trying out for "Very Warm for May."

 Dick Rodgers was there. It wasn't his show, but neither was "Sing Out the News," and he'd been there, too. He remembered June. She seemed to amuse him.

 "Still singing without music?"

 "Yes, I do—"

 "What'll it be?"

 "Are You Having Any Fun?"

 "That's what you sang the last time—"

 "Yes, I know—"

 Golly, what a dope!—Yes, I know. Yes, I do. Can't she talk snappy, like the other girls—?

 She finished her song. "Better take her," Rodgers said to Bob Alton, the dance direc-

 tor. "Else she'll drop again next time, and I couldn't stand that."

 Her dancing hadn't improved percepti-

 bly, but they liked her voice, so they gave her the job. She managed to keep the one—

 painting the walls and making the machine. When she started rehearsing with the principals, she met Tommy. Tommy sang in the show. He was wearing a porkpie hat that looked cute and silly on top of his dark fair face. His face was wonderful—it was so alive, she couldn't keep her eyes off it. Till she found him looking back, and blushed like an idiot.

 After rehearsal, he came straight over. His pal was taking one of the girls out to dinner. Would June go along and make it a foursome?

 "Who, me? I just couldn't help it. All through high school without a single date, and here was the nicest boy in the show asking her to dinner."

 Tommy howled. "None other," he said, and that's how it started.

 Having a boy friend was wonderful enough. Having him turn out an perfect and make her head spin. She might have known it was too good to last—

 One of the other boys told her. He said he was a spokesman. "Look, June, we went into a huddle on this thing. We don't want to step out of line, but you're pretty young and you haven't been around much. Do you know about Tommy? Do you know he's got a wife and kids—?"

 Inside, she keeled over. But somehow, she managed to look him straight in the eye, and keep her voice steady. "Of course I know. That's all he talks about. That's why we're friends, because I like to listen—"

 He gave her a funny look. "Oh well, it's all right then—"

 But she couldn't face Tommy—hid out till rehearsal started, ignored his signals, kept her back to the wall, dashed for the dressing room the minute they broke. He finally caught up with her—

 "What's wrong?"

 She'd meant it as a taunt and dignified. Instead, she blazed. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, taking girls out and your poor wife probably working herself to the
The show ran for six months, and Tommy was June's guardian angel. He approved and encouraged her ambition. He was kind, and understanding, and he knew the ropes. He was also firm.

He showed her how much better girls looked in simple clothes and subtle make-up. She was shy as a deer. He bolstered her self-confidence. "People won't bite. You've got a good head. Don't be afraid to say what you think." He laid down rules for success. "They'll tell you you've got to know the right people. That's the bunk. Talent and hard work'll turn the trick, and you've got the talent." June hated the taste of liquor, but even if she hadn't, Tommy's views on the subject would have scared her off. "Poison," he maintained, "is quicker and more painless--"

Most important of all, he found a man in the show who was a marvelous dancing teacher. June practiced with him every morning.

"wine, woman and song . . ."

Of course they were in love—or thought they were, which amounted to the same thing. In a little Italian restaurant, all breadsticks and atmosphere, he gave her a ring. "Now it's official," he said, and ordered red wine. Wine was all right, within limits. They clinked glasses, and drank "To Us," and laughed at Tommy, rolling spaghetti with his left hand, because his right refused to let go of June's.

"Higher and Higher" was a Rodgers and Hart show. Tommy wasn't in that one, but he egged June on to ask Dick Rodgers if she could understudy Billie Worth, the second lead—

"I dance better now, Mr. Rodgers. I've been taking lessons—"

He grinned down at her. She still amused him. "You have! Well, let's wait till after the opening and we'll see—"

They were opening in New Haven. You never had understudy rehearsal till the show had been running a couple of weeks in New York. But June got busy learning the songs and trying to master the intricate dance routines.

"That redhead'll probably get it," she told Tommy. "She's had much more experience—"

"Never mind who gets it, you learn it—"

"Yes sir," she said, dropping her voice an octave to indicate humor. (She still does it.)


"I do." That's Redhead.

"Me, too." The small voice is June's.

Two hearts thump in jazztime, while the boys go into a huddle. It comes up Redhead. They rehearse her till 4 A.M., then another huddle, weary and dispirited.

"The voice isn't big enough, but she'll have to do—"

"Why not try the other kid?"

June sings and they perk up. She takes one of the dance routines with Lee Dixon. He and Billie had worked on the bedroom dance for weeks—you couldn't learn it properly in less—but you could fake it. At eight, they call a halt—The consensus (Continued on page 74)
FACE TO FACE

You're face to face with Hollywood glamour when you look in the mirror! You, too, are pretty! Now, now, it's not that your old friend, Beauty Ed Carol Carter, is trying to flatter you. Just that with the proper use of creams and powder, you can uncover hidden beauty. And Hollywoodites set a fine standard for you. Not, I hasten to add, that a petite brunette should try to mold herself into another Lauren Bacall. Thing to do is to find the cinema girl nearest your own type and use her as a model. Like the youngster that magic make-up man Eddie Senz found to have hidden charms equal to those of Jennifer Jones. He recombed her hair, simplified her make-up and taught her proper skin care.

You echo "proper skin care"—I'd like to learn about that!" And that exactly is what I'm going to tell you about. You can't begin to be a beauty unless your skin is glowing, healthy, lovely. Proper use of beauty creams will help you out here.

First off, let's scotch that silly superstition about cream growing hair. Look, if it did, wouldn't Jack Benny smear it on his head to stop all those jokes about his baldness? It just isn't so.

Creams come in wide variety. Heading the list is cold cream. Useful stuff, too, for it cleanses, lubricates and protects the skin. You'll also find lined up on beauty counters a wide array of general purpose creams. They may vary a bit from the cold cream type but have much the same uses. For cleaning only, there are the so-called melting or liquefying cleansing creams with a mineral oil base. To be good (and you surely want it good!) a cleansing cream must have
two very definite qualities: It should become liquid at body temperature; and it should be light, so that it does not destroy the elasticity of the skin.

It's a grimy world we live in, say I, as my clattering typewriter raises a cloud of dust. It takes vigilance to keep to the cleanliness which is next to loveliness. By vigilance, I most certainly do not mean lengthy routines. Yours is a busy life. But you should find time to clean face and throat frequently: When you hop out of bed of a morning, just before dinner and again just before you lay your tousled head on the pillow. The trick in cold cream cleaning is to get every particle of dirt and make-up thoroughly smoothed with cream. Then when you wipe it away, you'll be sure there's not a trace of grime that has escaped.

Spread on a generous coating of cream with quick upward strokes. (It's divine stuff to dig your fingers into and still more divine to put on your face.) Your skin feels delightfully cool—freshened already. Apply with gentle strokes always upward from the base of the throat; up and out from the chin; caressingly around the eyes; carefully down the sides of the nose and over the chin where powder and oil have a tendency to collect and blackheads to form. Then work the cream right up to the edge of your hair, where dirt sometimes gets trapped and overlooked. Spank it in briskly for at least three minutes, to bring up circulation, get your face tingling pleasantly. And remember not to stop at the chin line. Continue right down over the neck—as far in front and back as your lowest dress neckline.

Now for tissuing off. The trick in this is to use a clean piece of tissue for each "wipe," to avoid all chance of tracking dirt back on again. Take two tissues, one in each hand, and work up and out from the center of your face, switching to a clean spot for each swing. Slather on a second creaming to insure that "twice-clean" look. Spank it in and tissue off as before.

But you're not going to stop now! That would be like dipping a soiled blouse in snowy suds and pulling it right out. A bit of rinsing is called for. Here's (Continued on page 91)

The Countess of Carnarvon

A colorful and glamorous figure of international fame is the Countess of Carnarvon, the former Tilly Losch. A famous ballerina, she is noted for her strange dynamic beauty . . . startling sapphire-blue eyes . . . skin like creamy velvet. "I've discovered a lovely new beauty trick!" Lady Carnarvon says. "It's the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Such a tiny, short time it takes to make my skin look so much brighter and smoother!"

Quick facial pickup...1-Minute Mask

The Countess of Carnarvon has a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week

You can "re-style" your complexion in 1-Minute!

Mask your entire face—except eyes—with a silky-cool coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on for one full minute. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens tiny scales of dead skin and trapped dirt particles. Dissolves them! Now—tissue off the Mask

Results are dramatic! Your skin looks clearer, softer, even lighter!

And it's ever so much smoother beneath your powder puff. Make-up goes on like a happy dream!


Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!
Care THAT SEEMS A Caress...

To keep your skin constantly fresher, lovelier . . . woody from distressing "wayward" periods of dryness or shine... give it daily care with these two unique creams...

Phillips' MILK OF MAGNESIA Creams

HERE is care so kind...so soothing and smoothing...it seems a caress to your skin! The care offered by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams...a care that does so much to guard your skin's fresh beauty against wayward tendencies which lead to imperfection. In both these creams—Phillips' Skin Cream and Phillips' Cleansing Cream—true Phillips' Milk of Magnesia lends its helpful, gentle hand to keeping your beauty bright. In addition, Skin Cream contains smoothing, softening oils...cholesterol, too, provided to guard your skin's moisture. Call it care—call it caress—but daily, call on Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams for help.

(Continued from page 71)

is that, heaven helping them, June'll get by. "Our fate's in your feet," they tell her. Standing numb in the wings that night, she thinks: "If Tommy were here, if only Tommy were here--"

Lee Dixon comes up. "Listen, kid. Do anything that comes to you. Whatever you do, I'll follow. If you get stuck, go sit on the bed and I'll dance like mad. Then I'll sit on the bed, and you dance like mad. We'll make out--"

They did better than that, they stopped the show. Again and again they were called to the footlights and bowed and bowed. The program said Billie Worth—"But it's me." June kept telling herself. "It's me and nobody knows it, I've got to get to a phone--"

She called Mother first. Mother couldn't believe it and then she cried, which made everything cosy because June was crying, too. But Tommy was calm at tea. knew all along you could do it."

Next night Billie came back, and June returned to the chorus and nothing was changed except inside herself. And when the show closed and she went into "Panama Hattie," first thing she did was march up to Buddy De Sylva--

"Please may I understudy Betty Hutton?"

This quiet little thing? "You don't seem quite the type. But learn the songs, and I'll see--"

standout

She was back in five minutes. "I know the songs. Oh, I knew them all along, only I was scared to say so. Now I'm scared someone else might get to you first—"

She made no attempt to ape Betty's unique frenzies, sang the songs her own way, and got the job.

Otherwise, things went on as usual. To save the long trip home at night, she'd moved to the American Women's Club, and was sharing an apartment with two other girls—one of them Betsy Blair, soon to marry Geng Kelly. It was crowded but fun, and it had one great advantage. They were never broke at exactly the same time. You always had someone to borrow carfare from--

One night she'd gone out to dinner with Tommy, and stopped at the Club for something or other. "Message for you, Miss Allyson," called the clerk.

It said on the paper: "Miss Hutton has measles and will not appear tonight. You'll go on in her place."

"Not me," croaked June, her face turning a delicate Nile green. She shoved the paper at Tommy. "Put it in somebody else's box. I never saw it."

"Don't be silly, they'll catch you at the theater--"

"No if I'm somewhere else, they won't

Good-by, Tommy--She grabbed her and steered her to a taxi, and delivered her in bad shape to the stage manager. For services rendered, they gave him a seat down front. June's only thought had been for her mother--

stage frightening...

"Call her up, Tommy. She's got a right to be in at the death if she wants to--"

For the rest, she moved as though under the shadow of doom. This wasn't New Haven, it was Broadway. She wouldn't be anonymous here, they'd make an announcement. "We regret to inform you that Miss Hutton is ill. June Allyson will appear in her place." No one's regret was more poignant than Miss Allyson's--

The manager stuck his head in. "We phoned the newspapers. There'll be criticism out front--"

"Her lips parted. But all that came out was a long, low moan.

The sequel will strike you as cockeyed
I've been reminiscing! About what? Well, 'bout the time chorus boy Van Johnson used to hang 'round the 21 Club with the kids, and watch the famous stars come out . . . and that visit with Gregory Peck, when he told me he was jinxed where acting was concerned, as his plays had folded three in a row . . . and that last radio show Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier did night before leaving for England to forsake their careers for their country. I've some swell memories, and they're check-full of info, too. Wouldn't you like to get in on 'em? Well—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. . . . and I'll dish out the dirt for the askin'. On the double now!

Much love,
Beverly

Donald Tonkin, Detroit, Mich.: IF I WROTE LON McCALLISTER AT THE BOX NUMBER GIVEN A FEW COLUMNS BACK, WOULD I GET A PERSONAL ANSWER? . . . Sorry, Don, that was a mistake, as the box was discontinued. Lon personally asked me to direct all mail to him at Fox, Beverly Hills, Calif., and he'll try his darndest to take care of it.

Dolly Augello, Everett, Mass.: WHO WERE THE NAVIGATOR, BOMBARDIER, AND CO-PILOT IN "30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO"? . . . Tim Murdock, Co-pilot; Don DeFore, Navigator, and Gordon MacDonald, Bombardier.

Helen Rosenberg, Brooklyn: WHO WERE PINKY, ALAN AND BOBBY IN "WINGED VICTORY"? . . . Don Taylor was "Pinky"; Mark Daniels was "Alan," and Barry Nelson was "Bobby." You can reach them and every other player in that pic, at Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Calif.

or normal, depending on whether you've ever been on the stage yourself. The minute she came out, the minute she started singing, every tremor vanished. She felt fine and light and wonderful, completely at ease and mistress of all she did. She smiled down at Tommy—Tommy, the brave one, white faced and shaking on the edge of his seat. She hoped Mummy had come. She loved the whole audience—my, what a beautiful audience!—and the whole beautiful audience loved her right back.

Now they were gone—all the wonderful people who'd said such wonderful things. She was alone—except for her singing heart—in her dressing room. Tommy said he'd walk Mother and Dad to the subway station, while June changed. Golly, she was glad Mummy'd been there to hear—Somebody knocked. It couldn't be Tommy back so soon—"Just a minute, I'm not dressed. Who is it?"

"George Abbott."

She snickered. That gag had whiskers. "Don't annoy me, Mr. Abbott. I'm a very important person now, Mr. Abbott. I couldn't take a job in a mere Abbott show, Mr. Abbott."

She finished dressing. "Are you still (Continued on page 79)
Now that your skin is lusciously smooth (after following my words of wisdom on page 72), do you find that you're suffering from face powder blues? Maybe your puss looks as if it's been dipped into a flour barrel or else it glows brilliantly through your powder? Perhaps you're moaning low because your hue is sometimes pale 'n' subdued or painted and riotous other times? The solution is a matter of technique!

To see how bright you are, cherubs, I've hatched a true-false quiz for you. Some of the statements listed below are jewels of beauty; others need a bit of alteration. The answers are in the paragraphs beneath the quiz.

1. It's easy to decide which form of wonderful powder base is for you. T... F...
2. A dab of filmy powder and the job is done! T... F...
3. Even if a gal isn't blessed with Lamarr's features, she can perform magic with powder. T... F...
4. When shopping for the most flattering shade of powder at the beauty counter, drape a blindfold 'round your eyes and reach. T... F...
5. Puffs deserve good treatment... Wash 'em, change 'em often. T... F...

1. TRUE. Powder bases come in three forms: cake, cream and liquid. All do a super job of keeping your powder looking fresh for hours. Bases spread a light film over your face, beautifully concealing blemishes. Your skin type makes it easy to pick your base. Cream or liquid for dry; pan-cake for normal and oily skin.

2. FALSE. Powder, (Continued on page 121)
It's amazing the difference it can make in your clothes... the difference it can make in you! Chen Yu invites you to try new shades now. Buy them at your favorite store in regular sizes, or mail the coupon from this announcement for trial sizes. We will send you trial bottles of any two shades of Chen Yu's newly lustrous, chip-repellent lacquer and a bottle of Lacquerol base. Get your new Chen Yu shades now!

**SEND COUPON FOR TWO SHADES**

**Important:** This special coupon offer—filled from Chicago Office only—associates distributors, inc. 200 e. illinois street, dept. mm4, chicago 11, il. Send me two sample size flacons 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.

For an additional twenty-five cents, I will receive two trial size CHEN YU lipstick in harmonizing shades to the lacquer colors I selected.

Lacquer shade here: __________

Mark X if you wish 2 harmonique lipsticks

Name: __________________________

Address: _________________________

City: ____________________________ State: __________

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long lasting nail lacquer and lipstick
All Day a Lovely, Life-like Orchid—At Night a Shimmering “Butterfly Jewel,”

Glowing With Beauty—Most Alluring Effects You’ve Ever Seen—Makes Your Every Costume Gorgeous

... Now you, too, may have true "Orchid Glamour" everywhere you go, and always! This gorgeous simulated Orchid creates a sensation wherever seen... it's so life-like, so exactly like the delicate color, size, form and even feel of the most magnificent, costliest orchid. AND IT ACTUALLY GLOWS IN THE DARK—Glows with a fascinating, enticing beauty almost unbelievable. You'll tingle with pride each time you place it in your hair, or on dress or coat—At night its magic, soft glow will give glamour to any costume. Haven't you always longed to possess expensive, exotic orchids anytime you wished? All women do. And now you can have this sensational Glowing Orchid that will give you perpetual pleasure, for far less than a single, lowest-priced, cut orchid of the commonest species would cost you!

WEAR IT—THRILL TO ITS BREATHTAKING BEAUTY AT OUR RISK—NOW!

This amazing new Glowing Orchid looks and feels so much like the costliest orchid that many are completely fooled. You know that few women in the world can afford the gigantic, exotic cut orchids as often as they wish—fabulous fortunes have been paid for a single specimen! But for this gorgeous, life-like replica you do not have to pay $10.00—not $5.00—nor even $2.00! Under our special offer to introduce quickly, you actually pay only $1.00! Think what this means! You don't risk one penny. We will send you your Glowing Orchid to see and feel, wear and enjoy—and if you are not amazed and delighted, if your friends don't envy your splendid possession, you need only return it to us.

SEND NO MONEY—Merely Mail Coupon

All you need do is pay the postman $1.00 plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See how lovely it is. Place in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That's a generous, fair offer, isn't it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

MAIL COUPON NOW

By sending coupon at once you will share in one of the most astounding generous offers ever made. To introduce this gorgeous orchid that glows in the dark, we make the unheard-of offer of one for only $1.00—3 for $2.50!
there, Mr. Abbott—"

"I'm still here—"

She'd never seen George Abbott, but the minute she saw him, her eyes on him, the man standing there, somehow she knew. "You—you're not—really—"

"I really am. May I come in, Miss Allsion?"

Tommy thought she'd gone cuckoo. "And he said a hundred, and I said a hundred—not believing it, but he thought I was making a joke, and when he kept going up till he said a hundred and seventy-five and I grabbed it. Oh, Tommy, don't talk to me suddenly. Don't talk at all. Just hold me. I need a minute. A girl's got room for just so much excitement. I can't take another drop."

There was more to come. The reviews hailed little June Allsion, who ought to be a star in her own right." She played the part for a week. M-G-M's Marvin Schenk wired Arthur Freed about her. Freed told him to sign her. But June had a run-of-the-mill contract for "Best Foot Forward." After that, if they still wanted her, she'd go.

two bugs in a rug...

The show was a hit, and so was June. It ran for a year. June moved to her own apartment in Tudor City. Tommy gave her a blond cocker spaniel, whom she named Winscooki and loved as she loved no dog since Teddy.

On account of Winscooki, she and Tommy stayed friends. Because one sad thing happened that year. They discovered that they weren't really in love. It kind of crept up on them, and neither was willing to admit it. As long as she lived, June would never stop being grateful to Tommy. But she was a young woman now, and the time comes when you've got to make your own decisions, even when your best friend doesn't agree. Little frictions arose. Arguments grew more frequent, finally led up to the night Tommy took her home and they stood at her door, wretched and angry—

"Well, I guess it's goodbye—"

"If that's how you feel about it, Tommy—"

"There's just one thing I'd like. I'd like you to give me Winscooki—"

Winscooki! He could have her house and everything for a quiet cat. Winscooki surely he didn't mean— He did, though.

"Right," she said steadily. "I guess we both love that little pookie more than each other—"

Through the open door Winscooki came bounding, leash in mouth. She picked him up and handed him to Tommy, who started down the hall. Over his shoulder, Winscooki whimpered for June. She closed the door to shut out the sound.

Then Tommy knocked. "He wants to stay with you, June. He's been acting like a damn fool kid. Any reason we can't be friends, the three of us?"

Mother and Tommy put her on the train for California. Mother tried not to cry, June was too busy. She loved New York. She'd never traveled before. She was leaving Mother.

Four times she got off the train, and Tommy took her. Then she:

"I know girls who went out and never even made a picture—"

"You'll make a picture—"

She stood on the car platform, clutching a red horse from Tommy, a panda, a couple of balloons from her farewell party. The last they saw of her was a tear-stained face against the glass. An hour later two

women stood listening at the door of her compartment—

"Come on, let's go in before she cries herself sick."

She was lying face down, with the horse and panda. They got her to sit up. One bathed her eyes, the other patted her band. "Don't take on, honey. My little girl went away to school and she loved it. Besides the term's not so long. You'll be home for Christmas."

"No, you'll be a sailor. "I'm going to Hollywood to be a star in the movies—"

They looked at each other. "And she's crying yet," one of them murmured.

"Yeah, the poor lamb. Just think, she might have to kiss Clark Gable—"

That started her giggling. By the time they were having dinner together, she felt a bit cheerful. She was almost looking forward to Hollywood. There'd be people to meet—maybe flowers even—maybe even a star. That's how Hollywood did things.

Nobody met her, much less a star. At the end of two hours she'd settled for an office boy—

All right, she was home, guess she knew when she wasn't wanted.

And use what for money?

Somewhere she'd heard of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. Horse, panda and balloons, she followed him. "What kind of a place is it?"

"No, Tommy, I just wanted to talk to someone who likes me."

Sorrel and refreshed, she then called the studio. "I'm June Allsion," she annonated. "I'm here—"

"Yes?" said the girl.

"Well—I'm here—I'm supposed to be here—"

"Whom did you wish to speak to?"

"Who, whom? She was getting confused again. "Whom speaks to you when you have a contract?"

"We'll spare you the rest. After telling twelve people she was June Allsion, she finally got switched over to Arthur Freed. The whole thing had been her own fault in the first place. She'd found an apartment, she sent for Winscooki. June thinks she wasn't meant to be happy with dogs. Winscooki came scampering out of the box and into her arms. For one lovely evening she sat by the fire, and the manager said, "Sorry. No dogs allowed."

lost angel...

A friend agreed to take him till June could find another place. She saw him every day, which was tough on them both—but cried so when she left. At last he took matters into his own paws, and went out looking for her. He never came back—

Of course, in the beginning, the whole

---

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idea had been to meet Fred Astaire. The only way to do that was by learning to sing and dance. Then some day, somewhere, you'd float into his presence, all dreamy and glamorous, and he'd go into a manly swoon and say, 'There's the girl I want to dance with,' and you'd do a big, fat picture together—

It happened another way. Something had gone wrong with June's car and she'd tried to fix it. In slacks and an old bandanna, all greasy and hot and dashing for an appointment, she turned a corner and bumped against two men—

"Hi!" said the one she knew. "Hold on a minute. I'd like you to meet Fred Astaire—"


That was all. They went their way and she went hers. The lot hummed with its normal activity. Nobody heard the crash but June, as a castle in the air came toppling in ruins around her.

"Oh golly!" she murmured. "At least I could have been clean!"

June was always tearing. She tore out of the commissary one noon and all but knocked a man down. "I'm terribly sorry—"

Unlike Fred Astaire, this one really looked at her. "You're June Allyson, aren't you? I'm going to have you in a picture some day—"

"Wants to be a producer," she thought, "like everyone else. Well, I wish him luck—"

She did too—he had such a nice grin. Every time she saw him after that she'd smile and wave. A week or so later, he passed her table in the commissary. The place was jammed, he'd never find a seat.

"Why don't you sit here with me—"

"Thank you, I will!

"I've been meaning to tell you, ever since I knocked you down, I hope you get your wish—"

"What wish was that?"

"Don't you want to be a producer?"

He choked over his water. "Have some bread," she said helpfully. "What do you do now?"

"I make pictures—"

"Really? What kind?"

"This and—"

"Well, you know my name but I don't know yours. Maybe I'd recognize it—"

"My name's Joe Pasternak."

She laid her fork down carefully and dropped her forehead in her palm. "Just a minute while I die—"

"Postpone it, will you? I need you in 'As Thousands Cheer'—"

In "Two Girls and a Sailor," he gave her her first big break. Originally, she'd been scheduled to play the younger sister. Her reaction, when Joe told her about the change, was characteristic—

pretty is as pretty does...

There's a line in the script addressed to Patsy: "Is your sister as pretty as you are?" And Patsy answers, "Much prettier—"

June's convinced that she's not pretty. Protests to the contrary leave her unmove—

"Patsy," say, "Much prettier," and then I'd come out. Who'd believe it? Leave us face it, Joe. Besides, I'm glad I'm not pretty. People feel so sorry for you. They say poor thing, she's got to have something, so give her the man—"

"Remind me some day to tell you I think you're swell—"

June glowed. "You do?"

That picture swung June and Gloria into the limelight. For June, it was all this and heaven, too. Because Fred Astaire said he'd take her. He didn't say "Two Girls and A Sailor. Thought you were wonderful—"

All night her sleep was haunted. She was a child, sitting in a movie house, wrapped by the magic of a dancing dream. And the dream came down off the screen and straight up to her—who'd worn a cam the night of the red said, "I saw "Two Girls and A Sailor." Thought you were wonderful—"

love from an audience...

"Music for Millions" was another landmark. Singing and dancing, you can go just so far. As an actress, you can go way beyond that. Pasternak had recogized in June something deeper than prettiness—honesty and warmth and tenderness of feeling, combined with acting talent. He'd tested those qualities in "Two Girls and A Sailor." In "Music for Millions," he gave them full scope.

The biggest thrill of June's screen career was the night of the preview—the first of her own previews she'd attended, having been too scared to go to the others. Not that she wasn't scared this time. It was like a rollercoaster—

"You want to ride it and you don't—finally you grit your teeth, ball your fists, close your eyes and climb on—"

She went with Jimmy Durante, an M-G-M cutter. They sat in the balcony, and her teeth didn't ungrit till halfway through the picture. After all, you can't be an utter dope. When people laugh and cry and keep their eyes glued to the screen, you have to admit they probably like it—

But she wasn't prepared for what followed, as she and Jimmy started down the staircase toward the main floor. A spatter of applause—faces turning toward her, smiling all round her, smiling up from below, applause swelling louder and louder—For a second she faltered, but the crowd broke to let her through, and she went on down thunder in her ears, and in her heart, a wild prayer that her buckling knees wouldn't fold up under her—

Lillian Byles is the coach at M-G-M. Her secretary called June in the morning—

"Seen the reviews yet?"

"No, I haven't—"

"Won't, I'll read you one—"

Raves about the picture. About Margarets O'Brien and Jimmy Durante. "And most of all, June Allyson... She got up and wandered round the
Poets have said it for centuries—you know it's true! There's thrill, there's appeal men can't resist, in skin that's fragrant, sweet. So protect daintiness as lovely Hollywood screen stars do. "A daily beauty bath with Lux Soap makes you sure—leaves your skin fresh, really sweet," says charming Linda Darnell. "You're ready for adventure, romance, and you look it!"

Make gentle Lux Toilet Soap—the delicately perfumed soap with creamy, active lather—your daily bath soap, too!

Star of
"THE GREAT JOHN L."
A Bing Crosby Production

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it...
It's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!
Think of it! MODESS—the softer, safer sanitary napkin—now comes with a fine deodorant powder actually sealed inside—to help you stay dainty at all times!

This marvelous new Modess has been tried out by thousands of women for a whole year. And unsolicited letters are pouring in testifying to their enthusiasm.

Impartial laboratories have tested Modess with deodorant—compared it, in 26 different studies, with the only other sanitary napkin containing a deodorant. Result: Modess was found twice as effective!

You can enjoy this daintiness "extra"—at no extra cost. Ask for the wonderful new Modess with Deodorant today!

PLEASE NOTE: Your store sells two kinds of softer, safer Modess. If you'd rather have it without deodorant, ask for "Standard Modess."

Listen to women rave about

Soft, Safer MODESS with Deodorant

No more fussing with separate deodorant powder! D.W.
The marvelous innovation exceeds even the ultimate! Congratulations! Mrs. G.F.

That is the luxury of leisure, the freedom, the self-assurance! H.B.

A while ago Bob (who's the string bean type and pretty about gaining weight) was wanting to try the tone of a precious half-pound every now and then. He hot-footed it to his favorite medic, and there was nothing the doc could find more serious than an incipient hangnail.

"Hum," hummed the physician. "What do you do around the studio?"


"Does acting upset you?" Bob said no; on the contrary, he liked it. Acting never bothers an actor, he explained, only the ghastly results, like those terrible rushes he sees every day.

"Ah!" cried the doctor, "What are rushes?" Bob explained that they were the printed scene you'd made. The heartless You Won't Go Near Him, which he couldn't get out of his mind.

Bob Walker didn't get it. Neither did Jennifer. "Why it's just acting," Bob explained. "Hasn't a thing to do with us personally." He went right on to inform the baffled observers that he thought Jenny Jones was one terrific actress and that, incidentally, they thought he was pretty fair himself. In fact one of their pet ambitions is to do a play together on Broadway.

Perpetual adolescent...

What still baffles Bob about Hollywood and the movies is the fact that people take him for exactly what he plays on the screen. And since he's done practically nothing from "Bataan" on out but act calls, in uniform, he's a fugitive from a bobby-sock.

Bob gets letters from 12-year-old girls asking his advice about their junior high school problems. People are always meeting him and gasping, "Why I had no idea you were so grown up!" After his youngest part of all, the teen-age soldier in "Since You Went Away" (Bob was supposed to be seventeen in that one, and since he got away with that, he thinks it was his best acting feat to date) a GI wrote Bob a note saying, "Well, Bob, I guess you'll be almost old enough soon to be a real soldier!"

Even Bob's boys, Bobby, 5, and Michael, 4, take their dad's picture parts completely straight. Bob's parents-in-law took the two young hopefuls to see "Private Harridge," and the next time Bob saw the kids they checked right up on him. "I said hello to you and you didn't say hello back to me," complained Bobby. "You got on the train and went to New York, didn't you?" asked Mike. "Did you have a good time?" and "Didn't you get a cold when you fell in the water?" It's that way with all Bob's acter friends, too. They know Van Johnson, and when they saw "30 Seconds" they were very deeply depressed. "Now Van has only one leg left," wailed Bobby.

Robber's roost...

Most every Sunday Bob drops by Jennifer's Bel-Air house, picks up the kids and...
drives them off on a Sunday fun tour. They take in the sidewalk carnival, out near Beverly Hills, sometimes the zoo in Griffith Park, or they just stroll around the streets of Beverly or Hollywood. Hundreds of citizens who have watched Robert Walker intimately on the screen, pass the tall, young Parker families in his plain business suit, sedate behind tortoise shell glasses, calmly ushering his offspring along in an experienced paternal way. They must think he’s just another downtown broker or insurance man on his day off. Because he has never been recognized to this day.

That’s the way Bob likes it. For a fellow who’s as wrapped up in his art as Bob Walker is he’s about as Barrymores as a bottle of milk. The guy’s as normal as 98.6.

The only dramatic event I could dig out of his young life since he came to Hollywood (outside of breaking up with his wife Jennifer) was The Great Christmas Eve Theft, or Farrell, My Wardrobe.

Bob is backing more or less, these days high up in Mandeville Canyon in a fairly sized furnished house. Well, the night before Christmas and all through Bob’s house something was stirring, and it was definitely no mouse. Because when Bob came home from Jennifer’s where he’d been trimming the tree, he saw a couple of his best Brooks Bros. shirts spread out on the front lawn, boxes with fancy Christmas wrapping scattered here and there, and the front door open.

When he hustled inside the house, he spied the chair seats topsy turvy, the drawers inside out and the rugs draped over the chandelier. “Ha, ha, a gag,” thought Bob until he noticed that the place was as bare as a cigarette shelf in a cut-rate drug store. He wuz robbed—and how!

Bob has taken to dating things back to the Great Theft. It’s a mile post in his life, because he’s had to start all over, personally speaking, since it happened. He was wearing a pair of blue slacks, a blue sports coat, white shirt and blue tie when he came home, and he wore the same all through the Christmas Holidays and even New Year’s Eve. It was all he had.

Tougher still was explaining to Bobby and Michael how Santa Claus got hijacked. Because not only every present Bob had received, but every gift he had bought, went with the loot. But the unkindest cut of all came from his very own studio. Bob was making “The Princess and the Bellhop” at M-G-M, and when he reported his cleanout, they seized on the vital item right away. “The burglar didn’t take that brown tweed suit of yours, did he?”

gone with the wind . . .

“Why, sure,” allowed Bob...

A lot of scenes had been shot—but there were added scenes still to be made. And now—no suit to match. Gone with the wind. “For gosh sakes!” raved the M-G-M powers. “Why didn’t you ever take that suit home? Why didn’t you leave it safely here on the lot in our moth, burglar, bullet and buzz-bomb proof vaults?”

So you see Fate can kick up its heels and smite Master Robert Walker in the face now and then. Although most of the time, according to Bob, his private existence in Hollywood boasts all the thrills of a carrot’s progress through life. What really sends Bob is his work. As long as the studio keeps him busy, he’ll settle for a 10 o’clock bedtime and even burglars on Christmas if necessary.

You see, Bob has been all wrapped up in this acting business ever since he was old enough to know beef from bully. He skipped college after San Diego Military Academy and plopped right into New York’s American Academy of Dramatic Art. That’s where he met and married

---

Marguerite Chapman, in the Columbia Picture “Counter-Attack”, starring Paul Muni

Marguerite Chapman...her Hands say, "Romance"

You: Wish my hands were so smooth and soft.
Marguerite Chapman: Have you tried Jergens Lotion?
You: Is Jergens your hand care, Miss Chapman?
Marguerite Chapman: Yes, indeed, I use Jergens Lotion.

The Hand Care of the Stars is Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. And why?

Such sure protection against rough hands with Jergens Lotion. Like professional hand care! Furnishes beauty-guarding moisture most hand skin needs. Encourages even neglected hands to sweet-to-touch smoothness with 2 ingredients many doctors use. So simple—no stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

For the softest, adorable hands use Jergens Lotion.
Jennifer, you know, and every bit of his adult life has been spent with a script of some sort in one hand and wistful hopes on the horizon. He and "Phil" (as he calls Jennifer) struggled through the Greenwich Village school of hard knocks, around the Cherry Lane Theater. When the babies came along, Bob kept the growing family in shoes and Pabulum by rushing from one soap opera to another in Radio City. He and "Phil" tried Hollywood once before, but after a bit for Bob in a stinker, and similar sad fates for Jennifer, they had to give it up like so many other hopefuls.

annie oakleying to Hollywood...

Moreover, Bob considers he's in Hollywood on an Annie Oakley—a sort of free pass this time. Because he wouldn't even have come out if Jennifer hadn't captured the prize part of "Bernadette." Even then he thought at first he'd just mosey out, dabble around in Hollywood radio and look over the studios while Jennifer made "The Song." But an agent talked him out of the idea of crashing Hollywood on "spec" and into taking a test for M-G-M. When they shot him right into "Bataan," he could hardly believe it was true. In fact, his enthusiasm almost got him into a jam, but Bob Taylor saved the day.

The minute "Bataan" was finished, Walker couldn't wait to see the results. When he heard about the sneak-preview, he simply had to see it. Well, that's not done by actors at M-G-M, especially young, new actors. But Bob was so eager that as Tay Garnett, the director, and Robert Taylor, the star, both were touched. "Come over to the studio right away, and you can go out in the car that takes us," they offered. "It's against the rules, but what the heck!"

Of course, Bob Walker promptly told Jennifer, and she simply had to go, too. With Jenny be three on another lot, that would be high treason, Bob knew, if discovered. So he hid her in the back seat and booted up on to M-G-M to get the Word from Tay and Bob.

That's when they told him it would be impossible for him to take his own car. "Have to come with us in the studio car or else," they explained. "As it is, we'll probably get bawled out for taking you." When Bob hung back they said, "What in the world's the matter?"

"My wife's in the back seat!" he blurted.

Well, it all straightened out when good-natured Bob Taylor came to the rescue and wangled some studio strings to let the Walker family see the sneak.

He thinks he's lucky to be kept as busy as he's been. Because outside of a light breather in "Madame Curie," they've kept Hargrove working. That was the only time he had a chance to start a tan (he takes a swell one despite his red hair).

The only real vacation he's had in two years was between "The Clock" (his next release) and "The Princess and the Bellhop" (which he's making now). Bob spent that on a ranch near Tucson, Arizona—but even then not as a vacation than a rest cure. He was underweight and feeling low, and he gained 10 pounds to melt off in his next picture. But he hadn't been back to New York since he arrived. He planned a trip a while back and was all set to go when somebody handed him a script of "The Clock." That did it. Bob got so worked up about doing the picture he cancelled his reservations and unpacked his bags. It's his favorite picture so far. (Yep, he's a soldier again, with 24 hours leave to spend with Judy Garland.) But the point is—the reaction was typically Walker—he'd rather work than play any day in the week.

It's just that he's got a one-track mind. Like he says, "I work and play in sports.
For instance, there was a spell awhile back when Bob and his sidekick, Peter Lawford, got an attack of Mocambo-itis. Bob loves to dance, rumba and samba like a Copacabana siren and he got on such a run of night-clubbing with Judy Garland or Martha O’Driscoll or Diana Lynn that they swept him out nightly at closing time with the cigarette butts.

But when I saw Bob, he hadn’t been outside the house at night for a month—not even to a movie—and he loves movies. That’s the way he operates. Of course, one good reason why he hugs the hearth these days is that he has Harry. Bob’s new bachelor life drops into two definite grooves—B.H. and A.H. Before Harry and After Harry. Harry is his colored man’s man, and he’s the difference between living like a civilized single gentleman and like a dismal lost soul.

The latter stage in Bob Walker’s existence took place, sad to relate, right after he and Jennifer had decided to have a marital vacation. For awhile, Bob decided to do his own housekeeping and cook his own meals. But he found himself dining every night on hamburgers. He was down to a shadow of his former self when his doctor put his foot down. “Either get a cook,” he declared, “or ulcers—make up your mind.”

That’s when Harry stepped in and took over. Now Bob comes home from work to a cheery fire in the fireplace, a drink by his chair and a good dinner on the table. He only hopes it lasts, and since Harry was ten years with his former boss, there’s a good chance. Particularly, too, since Harry is travel minded and so is Bob.

**mon frid—**

Harry runs Bob’s Mandeville man’s castle without a hitch, and until the Great Theft, took perfect care of the Walker wardrobe. Bob’s a conservative dresser, with Wall Street tastes rather than the more colorful Hollywood variety. He has a weakness for socks and shirts, and in the jewelry department only cuff links—he owns neither a ring nor a watch, only a St. Christopher medal which jangles on his key ring.

When Harry says, “Mister Walker, you can have guests tonight,” (Yep, he tells Bob) then there’s usually one or several of Bob Walker’s pals in for dinner—Pete Lawford, Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn or somebody with their gals. In spite of his night life “spurts,” Bob really got broken into the solid comforts of fun at home very early in life, being hitched at nineteen, and that’s what he still prefers. He has a stack of both swing and symphony records (his favorite bands are Woody Herman and Cab Calloway) and a second hand machine he bought from his barber at M-G-M. Bob knows his jive and his frustrated ambition is to own a set of drums. There’s plenty of brandy in the cabinet, Bob’s favorite tipple, although he’s very temperate with the stuff. There are cards and chips. So the evening usually ends up in a poker or gin-rummy session, at which game, incidentally, Bob’s a sort of small-time shark; although he’s not really a gambling man at heart.

Bob found that out down in Florida when he was on location with “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.” A Florida hot spot happened to be nearby, and one night Bob got lucky to the tune of a $300 win at blackjack. Next night he went back and tried the crap table—goodbye $300, and another $300, too. That made him see the light. Not that he’s too satch (although he really is by ancestry). In fact, at the end of “The Clock” he handed out $500 worth of gifts to the crew. At the same time Bob can look after his interests.

He used to have a brace of motorcycles that he roared around town on, but one
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AUTOGRAPHS!

We got 'em, you get 'em. Star signatures, we mean, and so cheap! Scully to page 16.

Day he skidded on a curve and knocked himself out colder than a pickle. Word came down from Bob's studio right away—"No more motorcycles."

"Okay," said Bob, "but what about my investment in these machines?"

"We'll buy 'em," countered the studio very cagily.

"How much?" asked Bob.

"$600."

"No," said Bob. Finally he got twice that—$1200. He keeps a manager who puts him on one of those strict Hollywood budgets that make stars go around town acting hungry and running out of dough in the strangest places. The only time that happened to Bob was the night he took Judy Garland to Mocambo, and found he had three bucks cash in his wallet when that man came around. Who paid? That's right—Judy. But she got every penny of it back, all right.

Bob drives a long, deep-breathing, beige Lincoln Continental convertible now instead of motorcycles, which is really more his type anyway. He's not what you'd call a rugged type physically. Bob's the kind of guy who can play golf okay, swim okay, play tennis okay and all that. But as to violent exercise—romping around the yard with his boxer dog, "Brook," and keeping up with his two sons on the weekends keeps any surplus ounces off his frame.

Actually, if you played truth and consequences, what Bob Walker would rather do than anything is sack down at home right after dinner with a brand new script, turn on the radio (he always studies scripts with radio music right in his ear) and figure out how he's going to make it sound real next day on the set. That to him is Heaven.

young fry . . .

As for the younger Walkers, it's a little early to do any predicting. Both Bobby and Michael look exactly like their curly-headed pop, with light red-blond hair and blue eyes and could be they're chips off the old Walker block in more ways than one.

Last winter Bob had them home for a visit with his parents in Ogden. Bob's a good Mormon from Salt Lake, originally, you know, but his folks live now in Ogden, right down the line. It was the kids' first look at a real Western winter with plenty of thick snow and steep hills for bob-sledding.

Bob borrowed a sled and took them coating down a slick slope where a bunch of kids were belly—shopping. Then Bobby, aged 5, wanted to go down alone.

For some reason Bob said "Okay," and off Bobby zipped with the rest of the kids, while Bob watched with his heart in his mouth.

But Bobby made the grade like a veteran and quickly puffed back up to the top. His old man was pardonably proud. "That was swell, Bobby," he growled. "Don't you want to go down again?"

"Sure, Dad," said Bobby. "In a minute—when the rest of the kids come up, There's nobody here to watch right now."

So at least, Junior has the right instincts. An actor's always got to have an audience.
ALICE IN MOTHERLAND
(Continued from page 34)

a pair of pretty hands—that she hasn't had a professional manicure in heaven-knows-when.

If you think Alice might be bored by such a routine, you should examine more closely the reason for her happiness in just being a wife and mother. Baby Alice is one cardinal reason, a young character entirely out of this world. Friends who telephone the Harris household hear a piping voice over the wire saying, "Hello? Baby Alice speaking." To this diminutive secretary, callers convey their messages, and Baby Alice delivers them faithfully.

to the manner born . . .

In the morning, she likes to have breakfast in bed. Upon awakening, she dons bathrobe and slippers, rushes to the bathroom to brush her teeth and splash her round, dimpled face, then returns to her bed. To the maid or to her mother she says, after rapt deliberation, "This morning I will have scrambled eggs, tomato juice and one slice of raisin toast, please." Or she will murmur, "Today I think I would like oatmeal, grapefruit and an English muffin."

One morning, after the Harris family had entertained guests the night before, and Baby Alice had been allowed to listen to the adult conversation for thirty minutes before being tucked into bed, she said, "This morning I'll have chicken Romanoff, green salad with roquefort dressing, and cherries jubilee." She managed to keep her face solemn while delivering this epic, but her eyes glinted with glee.

Alice, Sr., took the order in stride. "I'm sorry, madame, but we are out of chicken, the lettuce is wilted, and our jubilee-mixer is out of order. May we serve you something else?"

Baby Alice pursed her lips, sighed and said, Well, she was disappointed, but she supposed she would have to have Wheaties, sliced bananas and milk for breakfast. Sometimes she asks for extra thick cream on her cereal, a reality because the Harris' plantation keeps a cow, name of Daisy Mae, who supplies such luxuries.

Not only does this Junior Miss have a clear conception of food preferences, but she also knows what she likes to wear. On one of Senior's infrequent trips to Beverly Hills, she took Junior along. Senior, upon passing a leather goods store, caught sight of a midget pair of handmade cowboy boots. "Cute, aren't they?" she asked her daughter.

The daughter was making a button nose against the glass. "Oh, Mommy!" she drooled.

So the blue-eyed, blonde-headed pair of Alice entered the shop and asked about having a pair of boots made for Junior. The leather expert explained that he couldn't duplicate the boots, and that they were actually just window decorations, but he allowed Junior to try them on. They were a trifle large, but Junior's expression—as she strode around with plainsman's thumping—was idyllic.

It was too much for the shopkeeper. "You may have the boots," he said. When Alice tried to pay him, he demurred. "The sight of that child's delight was the finest payment a man could ask," he insisted.

Thus began the Prairie Period in the life of Baby Alice. The first thing she donned in the morning was her cowboy gear, and the last thing of which she divested herself at night was likewise. The sight of Junior clumping around in nightgown, bathrobe and boots was impressive. And,
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when she was invited to a neighborhood birthday party, she allowed the nurse to select her ruffled, lace-trimmed party dress, but she was adamant about those sassy patent leather slippers. She was going to wear her cowboy boots or she wasn’t going to that party. Alice, hiding a grin, nodded to the nurse. And young Alice, proving something or other about her fellow juveniles, was easily the belle of the party.

During the year in which Alice, senior, has been off the screen, not one of her loyal fans appears to have forgotten her. The fan mail continued to arrive by the carload, and Alice continued to answer it. Many of the letters requested pictures, so Alice posed. While doing this portrait sitting, the studio cameraman decided to cooperate with the studio fashion department and secure a series of fashion stills. While Alice, Sr. was posing, the enescence of interest of Alice, Jr. inspired the studio representatives to get a few Young Idea shots. Baby Alice was inserted into a minute bathing suit and bathrobe and, with the poise of a veteran, she held the robe as such a manner as to partly-reveal, partly-conceal her suit. She also posed in a number of street ensembles. Then, bored by the whole thing, she told the cameraman, “That’s all. I’m tired,” and with the graciousness of a grand duchess, she curtsied and swept out of the room.

point of pride...

Alice, senior, a little bewildered, but bursting with pride in her daughter, decided to take the personal appearance tour scheduled for Phil. “But where are we going?” demanded Junior. Alice told her, “To Brooklyn.” Junior nodded emphatically, having overheard

AUTOGRAHS:

Some splendid, some funny. All for a quarter, which isn’t much money. See page 16.

some of her mother’s recent book discussions. “Of course—where that tree grows,” she said.

While packing her own luggage, Junior rejected a dress that Alice had suggested. “It won’t do, Mommy,” she explained patiently. “You know how awfully it wrinkles.”

When Alice, Sr. called at 20th Century-Fox to complete arrangements for her picture, scheduled to roll late in April, someone asked her what she had done with the past year of her life.

“Tried to keep up with Baby Alice, and tried to give Phyllis as good a start in life as her energetic sister has,” Alice laughed. “When you see that pair, you’ll realize that I haven’t had a spare moment.”

And her reason for returning to the screen? Junior’s interest in the theatrical profession. After having listened to her daddy broadcast, and having watched his activity before his band, Junior borrowed one of her mother’s long knitting needles and spent much time in front of the radio, directing the music with great energy.

One day she approached her feminine parent with a query, “Daddy makes music. What can I do, Mommy?”

So Mommy is going to show her—on celluloid. Alice hopes from the bottom of her heart that her next role will be dramatic instead of musical. However, critics agree that no matter in which category Alice, Sr. performs, her daughter and her fans are due for a treat.
FACE TO FACE
(Continued from page 72)
where you reach for your skin freshener or astringent to give the finishing touch to your cleaning job. Pour some on a pad that's been dampened with cold water. Sponge face and throat. Every last trace of cream disappears! Turn the pad, add a little more skin freshener and concentrate on any areas of excessive oiliness. This extra stimulation tends to normalize the pores of these areas. Now pat the entire face and throat with the pad. So invigorating! This freshener workout is for your complexion what setting-up exercises are for the fitter.

Now about that liquefying cream we were speaking about. It's grand for an oily puss. Mels gently at the touch of your skin. Spreads with film-like lightness and silken-smooth swiftness over your whole face. Prime virtue: it does the kind of refreshing, cleaning-up job that oily, "coarse-pored" skin needs and it's not loaded with any ingredients that might clog a single large pore.

But your skin is desert dry? Then by all means get yourself a lusciously rich night cream. That doesn't mean that your greasy face will skid on the pillow. Not at all. Apply the cream: normal skin will absorb all it can possibly use in twenty minutes. Slither off the excess with a convenient tissue . . . and sweet dreams!

For your waking moments all of you should know about creams that do duty under face powder. (To learn about "Powder Perfection" be sure to check page 76.) Whip on some vanishing cream, leave it on for one full minute. When off, your skin feels silky soft, all the little rough bits of dry skin flecked away. Your face now has a mat finish that makes the perfect make-up base.

Too, there is foundation cream which forms a film of protection against harsh weather and conceals tiny skin imperfections. Acts to "anchor" rouge and powder in a natural finish that's utterly enchanting. The filmy consistency spreads smoothly beneath your finger tips. The least bit creates the most flattering effect, so apply it sparingly. Just dot the cream on forehead, cheeks, chin and nose; then blend it over the entire face. Faintly flesh-colored, it blends with the natural tones of your skin.

Yes, to put yourself on face-to-face equality with your chosen Hollywood beauty, you must begin with a clean, firm, glowing skin. Proper use of creams is absolutely necessary . . . your make-up then will really make you glamorous!

* * *

If you find yourself face-to-face with any beauty problems, don't despair! Just sit right down and write me a note about them . . . about your skin, your hair, your make-up or figure worries. And, too, I'll be glad to tell you the name of any product you're interested in. Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N.Y., 16, N.Y.

 QUEEN OF THE MAY
That's what we'll be this next issue. And tops in the field and fullest of gah. Why not pick up your May MODERN SCREEN this early April 10? Such fun.

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TIPS FOR A LOVELY THROAT LINE

When applying and removing cleansing cream, always use upward and outward motion. To remove, wrap absorbent Sitroux Tissue around hand, like a mitt. (Tissues go further, cleanse better, this way.) Then, pat with cotton soaked in skin freshener.

Next, apply rich lubricating cream. Start from upper chest; work with both hands. Circle gently upward along throat. Make an upward half-circle around back of neck.

For firming exercise, bend head forward, relaxed; roll to right, back; left, back to front. Repeat, circling left to right. Leave cream on half-an-hour (overnight, for dry skin). Remove with Sitroux Tissue, using upward strokes. Absorbent Sitroux removes cream thoroughly; fine for hankies, too.

* Tissue manufacturers are faced with new material shortages and production difficulties... but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience--our appreciation and thanks!

Chili Spareribs, golden brown, richly spiced from slow roasting in barbecue sauce is Texas "chuck wagon" specialty you'll want to try.

Constance Moore, now working in new film "Delightfully Dangerous," loves a recipe starting with "a big, juicy Texas onion."

What's Cookin', America?

By Nancy Wood

For the 10th Regional Cookery Series we roam the Lone Star State, roping in prime all star recipes

- Take a long, wistful look, girls—those are real pre-war nylons on Constance Moore's beautiful legs in the dance number which she does with Pinky Lee and Tommy Ivo in "Earl Carroll's Vanities," her current picture, in which she co-stars with Dennis O'Keefe. Residents of Dallas, Texas, will see this new gay musical with considerable satisfaction because Connie is their home-town gal-who-made-good. Although she was born in Sioux City, Iowa, in 1920, she grew up in the amazing state of Texas, famous for jackrabbits, long-horned cows, helium, barbecues, pink grapefruit, handsome men, onions and enormous distances from hither to thither. And you'd better not try to fence them in!

Connie started her career with the do-re-mi of singing lessons at fifteen. A natural singer, she was soon heard over a Dallas radio station. An uncle, the kind of uncle any gal would cherish, bought a Texas network program for his chain of drug stores with the stipulation that any singing would be done by his favorite niece. In 1937, Rufus Le Moire of Universal Studios, talent scout, heard her and offered her a contract at $100 a week. A year and a half of rigorous training and very minor movie roles followed. Then came romance in the form of John Maschio, actor's agent. She meant to talk only business at first, but his mind was on
romance. So Johnny missed a first-class business deal, but he married the girl and they have lived happily ever after. Little Mary Constance was born in 1941 to complete the family circle.

Johnny is very lucky! Although Constance was voted "the most beautiful girl on Broadway" when starring in the naughty "By Jupiter" in New York in 1942, she can cook! (The dish-washing afterwards leaves her cold, however.) She loves rich foods, especially chocolate cake, but rations herself sternly because of a natural feminine fear of losing the streamlining of her present very shapely figure.

Coming from Texas, Connie has a wide variety of foods to choose from. Texas is so huge that a number of climates and agricultural conditions prevail. Great quantities of peaches, apples, cantaloupes, citrus fruit, dates, figs, strawberries, blackberries, potatoes, rice, tomatoes, peanuts, pecans, onions and spinach are raised in some parts. The coast of the Gulf of Mexico is awash with all kinds of delicious sea-food. The cow country has steaks galore, although now, we are sure, they dutifully turn in their red points for these. Texas has comparatively few "spots" or dairy cows. Because beef cattle who roam the range would kick the sunbonnet right off any dairy maid approaching them with a milk pail, most Texans use canned milk.

"Bait" in Texas has been influenced by the cookery of the Southern Atlantic States, by the "chuck-wagon" of the cattle-grazing districts and by "adobe" foods from neighbors across the Rio Grande.

Pecan Pie is a famous Texas dessert, classed by Connie as an irresistible temptation. You wouldn't make it often these days because of its sugar content, but for special occasions, when you feel you and your guests deserve something extravagantly good, here's the recipe:

### LONE STAR PECAN PIE

- 1 cup corn syrup
- ½ cup sugar
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or fortified margarine
- 1 cup coarsely cut pecans
- Juice of 1 lemon or orange, optional
- 1 unbaked 9-inch pie crust

Blend all ingredients thoroughly. Pour into unbaked pie crust. Bake 10 minutes in hot oven (450° F.). Lower heat to moderate (350° F.) and continue baking until silver knife blade inserted in center of filling comes out clean. This is a rich pie so it can be cut to provide 8-10 portions.

With all the steaks and chops and roasts roaming the grasslands of that state, we have chosen "meat stretchers!"

Tamale Pie, delicious served piping hot, stretches a pound of hamburger to serve six. Chili Spareribs are lickable and rich in flavor. There is Baked Stuffed Fish to serve with an early Spring dandelion or young lettuce salad. Try Texas Chili con Carne, or Baked Stuffed Onions.

While you're thinking of it, send us that stamped, self-addressed envelope for your FREE leaflet of meat stretchers.

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CITIZEN CRANE
(Continued from page 47)

Certificate he wrote, "November 14, 1944."

So you can see why Dick Crane gets soft and sentimental whenever a fourteenth comes around. In fact, Dick and Kay's happy home might still be a deep, dark secret if a surge of that sentiment for number fourteen hadn't hit him right over the heart one particularly vulnerable evening and made him blurt out what now he's glad all the world knows. That happened the evening Anne Baxter and Modern Screen tossed a party up at Anne's house one month to the day after the Richard Cranes were Mr. and Mrs. Kay was whooping away with the flu that night, but she made Dick show up as he'd promised, and the sight of all the gay couples having a whirl made him about as happy as a mourning dog with the absent-lover blues. They began to needle him about his sad sack pants, and Dick blurted out at last, "How the heck can I have any fun with Kay home sick in bed?" And on our anniversary, too!

"Your what?" They practically yelled it. Dick stammered and stumbled around trying to cover up, but the deed was done.

solid citizen . . .

Five minutes with Dick, and you know for sure he's a solid citizen from away back. The guy's a rock—and how he ever found himself mixed up in anything as notoriously artistic and screwy as the motion picture racket is something I'll never figure out. Don't think he's not serious, Both Dick and Kay are dead set on making this acting business holler "Uncle." But at the same time Dick's absolutely hipped on not going Hollywood.

Take the time a couple of years or so ago when Dick snagged what was, until then, the biggest movie break of his life. He played a little part in "Susan and God" as Joan Crawford's daughter's boy friend. And while it was no bid for an Academy Award, it was a long leap forward. Maybe too long, thought Dick.

So what did Crane do, the minute he'd finished the picture, but grab a job washing dishes at night at a Hollywood drive-in for twelve bucks a week and no tips! Since "Susan and God" paid off with a real roll of folding money, by all rights he should have celebrated. "Are you nuts?" his pals pestered him.

Said Citizen Crane, "I'm scared to death of going hi-hat. I want to keep my balance!"

Practically the same thing happened again after Dick rang the bell at Twentieth Century in "Happy Land." It won him a Zanuck contract and reams of publicity, besides a tidy new salary. If he needed anything then, it was a new car, or another car, at least.

They even hinted around the lot that Dick would do well to go down and look over Madman Nuntz's more up-to-date used-car models. After all, a new con- tract player doesn't have to spread it around, but he can at least keep his coat-tails from dragging on the curb.

puttin' on the dog

"No," said Dick. "Maybe later—but not now. That old beep is part of me. If I went for a new one now I'd be changing—going Hollywood." So he's still pushing the 39 rattler a round. Nobody's going to s lammcr Crane unless it's his pup Muffins.

Because Dick even carried his stubborn armor against Hollywood elegantly right down to the dogs. He'd long craved a pup around the house—the last one he had was a collie when he was three—so when
Kay and Dick got hitched and found the little hillside hideaway, first thing Dick suggested was an addition to the family—strictly canine. Kay had a lot of ideas on the dog subject, and most of them leaned to various breeds of thoroughbreds. Dick likes pedigreed pups, too, but—that old complex about suddenly going gorgeous stopped him.

"I think," said Dick soberly, "it would be a lot better taste if we just went out to the pound and got a mutt."

Kay sighed that she'd see, and in a day or two she greeted Dick one evening with the cutest woolly coated little white female Maltese terrier you ever saw. "Muffins" it was from the start. She's a personality pup supreme, and she's already famous. "Get's twice the publicity I do," Dick growls good naturedly. But here's the pay-off.

Trotting past a Hollywood kennel one day, Kay and Dick were hailed by a man who came running out all hot and bothered. "What a beauty!" he cried. "What a perfect specimen! A show dog! Where did you get her?"

Dick and Kay said "The pound."

The man clapped his brow like he'd had a mental hot-foot. Then he jabbered out the amazing facts that Muffins was a very rare sample of Maltese terrier with all the points and perfections of a canine aristocrat.

Maybe I'd better explain that along with this absolute allergy to any brand of Hollywood chi-chi, Dick Crane carries a sober, industrious, logical and studious urge to be a really top-notch actor. It took him a lot of long years since he got out of high school to make up his mind about what he really wanted to do with his young life—and once he'd found out—well, have you ever noticed that slightly bull dog jaw he wears week-days and Sundays?

Dick pumped gas in gas stations. He herded trucks and rippled his muscles as a day laborer, too, trying to find himself. He skipped college and tried the school of hard knocks. Once he spent a season on the complaint desk at Sears-Roebuck, patiently trying to untangle the woes of irate customers with beefs. He gained a poise and manner that you catch right off when you meet him, and he thanks his lucky stars now that he got a chance to meet the people and see what made them all tick. So—from the moment he went on a stage in a Bliss-Hayden school amateur production, mastered his first stage fright and felt the thrill of acting, he knew what the answer was. "Okay—so acting's my business. Then I'll know my business!"

Here's an example:

When Dick came up for "Happy Land," which as you know was his first crack at the real recognition, he faced a knotty problem. His part added up to a kid of seventeen, and Dick was twenty-five. So what did he do? He took a notebook and went around to all his school pals and interviewed them on what cooked when he was young and gay. Then he grilled his mother about what he talked like, how he acted, how he wore his hair, what he looked like. In short, he went back about eight years in every department—and he clicked on the screen in a tough assignment.

When he met up with Kay Morley and fell like a load of bricks, Dick Crane found himself coupled up with an ambitious girl after his own serious heart. She's a beauty, brunette, slim but dreamily built, with dark eyes with just a slight Oriental slant to them. The result is something special for beauty that first got Kay started in Hollywood. She made the team right away after Long Beach high school as a Goldwyn Girl. But that wasn't enough—just being a movie.
showhorse. Kay has brains and talent under-neath her beauty. By the time Dick met her, Kay was well on her way to being a young actress around the studios. It was Dick's agent, talking about picture parts, you'll remember who introduced them. By now she's playing the lead in a Republic epic, and Dick will tell you right off, "I'm mighty proud of her. She's a swell little actress."

So they're two of a kind, and their favorite fun at home is acting out scenes from plays. In fact, except for their anniversary splurge on those Fourteenths I mentioned, the newlywed Cranes never budge outside their house after dinner. Instead, they haul down a stack of scripts and plays and emote away at each other like a couple of Barrymores.

the human animal...

This is where poor Muffins comes in. Kay and Kick have a particular scene they'd rather tackle than anything. "It's from James Thurber's hit, "The Male Animal," one where Dick goes a little on the berserk side and tears up the joint. The furniture gets tossed around a bit, and all in all it's too much for Muffins.

The first time they let themselves go on The Male Animal, Muffins high-tailed for the bed (where she usually sleeps rolled up at their feet), and she didn't come out for twenty-four hours. The next time she stayed under two days. They've done all they can to explain to the poor pup that it's just art in bloom but it looks like murder to Muffins!

Kay and Dick live in the funniest little joint you ever saw. They call it "The Third Bear" because it's the smallest of three little guest cottage offshoots of an opulent old estate up in Laurel Canyon. It clings to the side of a hill and looks like something out of Grimm's fairy tales. It's nice and remote so that neighbors can't complain no matter how many tempests of art and drama they stage. It's plainly furnished, neat but simple. There's not an ounce of elegance to make Dick feel uncomfortable or make his old pals shy away.

A Southern California raised boy, he has loads of pals around town in all kinds of racket. You wouldn't know a one if I named them, outside of possibly Dick's best chum, Johnny James, a young actor, another, Bob Mitchum, and possibly his agent and friend, Bert Marx. They come up to The Third Bear with their wives, and it makes Dick and Kay happiest when they can all loaf around and whip up a mess to eat. The only thing Dick Crane ever asks of his guests is that they don't treat him like a movie star and that they let him go around snapping candid cameras of everybody, because he's one of those photographic nuts. However, he pays them off in the end with a Crane Special, which is a grilled steak.

But that sort of thing sums up Dick. He's a homebody as never was. He likes to fix doorknobs and electric switches and take the refrigerator apart. He ruined a perfectly good alarm clock just because he had an idea he could make it wake him up. He commercial clock it yet made can turn the trick so Dick had a Rube Goldberg invention dreamed up with a few sirens and explosions and things. Once, he claims, he slept two days without a look at the sun, but maybe he just dreamed that. It's a fact, though, that Crane's one obvious vice is a tendency to show up late for appointments. I hate to have to tell this on Dick, but it's a matter of record that he was even late to his own wedding!

That's why, when you ask Dick Crane about his talents, he grins, "The things I do best are sleep and eat!"

That's not real gospel, but it's true that Crane, like Crosby, is a "nerve" phenomenon. He's on the easy-going,

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phlegmatic, poised side, and his major worry in life is keeping down to size in spite of all those hearty meals.

He’s never had an anxious twitch in front of a camera, on a stage or before a mike since his first amateur stage performance. That’s very probably, he admits, what’s behind his very real and pressing horror of changing personally—of going Hollywood. “It’s like this,” he’ll tell you very shrewdly. “What I’ve got that clicks on the screen is naturalness. What I’ve got to do is keep it”!

He used to study his lines at night and prep up like a Phi Betè before final exams. He had a letter-perfect memory, and once he got his speech he was set—too set. One day in an Army training picture Dick was handed a long speech. It was really a dinger—technical and tough—and he sat up late that night learning every syllable. Well, when they lined up, the director cried, “Wait a minute! I’ve got some changes.” He slashed out a couple of lines here and a couple there. That did it. Dick had his mind so set on the job that when he hit those gaps he got a mental block. He ended up blowing sky high and having to read the thing off a blackboard.

That taught him a lesson. Now he never learns a line at home, just thinks the meaning through (and talks it over with Kay), then he catches the speech before he goes on.

wiiu waaaeh blues . . .

The only time Dick ever spoiled a take that he can remember was his death scene in “Wing and a Prayer.” It was a water tank scene. They had it lined up with a mesh of caps to explode like machine-gun bullets hitting water and a powder charge on a life raft that was to blow up under water like a torpedo at a certain moment in the scene.

In the melee the life raft with the explosive somehow got blown around by the wind machine, smashed Crane right on the rear under water and promptly set itself off with a wicked “Ka-woosh!”

That wasn’t in the script. Neither was it written down for Dick to leap the heck out of there yelling, “Holy Gosh, I’ve been shot in the funny!”

What really embarrassed Dick was that just before the finale scene a group of visiting naval officers’ wives had arrived on the set, and he didn’t rest easy until he’d gone around to all of them personally and apologized for the colorful wipe.

the torso terrific . . .

Dick takes a lot of kidding from his pals about his fat, but it’s no joke to him to keep it streamlined. Ever since that famous costless pajama scene in “Wing and a Prayer” which made the Bobby soxers and some older girls, too, squeal à la Sinatra, Dick Crane has been on the spot as “The Torso.” It’s kept him busy his spare hours.

He kept plugging away at sports all through his school days—track, basketball, baseball. He played fullback on his high school team and got elected captain. He worked summers at the Los Angeles mountain camps. In his spare time he packed all over the Sierras chasing deer and other game. Dick tuned his reflexes, too, racing hopped-up jalopies in AAA meets at Murco Dry Lake.

Maybe you didn’t know it but Dick Crane almost took a serious crack at the prize ring.

But his mother worried about it (and rightly), so he stopped at last.

Anyway, he’s “The Torso” whether he likes it or not, and Crane aims to care for it, and still enjoy his vittles. At age 27 that calls for action. His answer is a rigid system of sleekline exercises, that Dick plugs away at in Easton’s Gym on the Strip.
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Like most husky guys Dick Crane has the disposition of a gentleman angel. Gets along, a top with his in-laws. Kay of Long Beach folks. Kay chums up easily with Dick's mother, too, and they get together on all holidays and have a swell time. The only time, in fact, on record that Dick got his dander up was the last time he and Kay stepped out on their monthly "anniversary." They were leaving a cafe when a drunk got a quick vision of lovely Mrs. Crane and cracked, "Hi, Beautiful!" Well, that didn't bother Dick any—but Kay elected to rise above it and the drunk got a bit nasty. "Won't talk, hey?" and on like that. So Dick just grabbed him by the shoulders, snapped his neck a few times to sober him up.

Dick's a modest dresser. A dark tailored suit every time, a dark knitted white shirt. He likes his brown hair cut short Eastern style. He goes for a dash of cologne here and there after he shaves (twice a day when he goes out.) He likes cigarettes and pipes. He reads best sellers. He can take jive or leave it but prefers just pretty, tuneful music. He sings around the house and with a rich baritone that is really something). He's an average sentimentalist, with a wrist watch he mother gave him on his twenty-first birthday that he won't take off, and a lucky tiger's eye ring that he's worn in every picture. He keeps a four-leaf clover a fan sent him in his wallet. He likes to dance, but slow and to soft music, does a waggerable rumba, like most mere males. He's an incurable beach hound in the summer and tans up like a Kanaka.

happy land . . .

Dick hates crowds on general principles and abhors previews. He's thrifty with both his small change and his banking money, and like any typical American bubbly he's worked out an insurance plan that will protect Kay and put him on Easy Street when he's fifty. He's a lousy gambler, likes poker sessions and gluedrummy—but always loses his shirt. His conservative civilian outlook slipped only once on the horses. That was when he needed 100 bucks to pay a doctor bill and got a red hot tip on a ten-to-one "sure thing." He borrowed ten bucks to get him the hundred—only he lost the ten-spot instead, and that cured him.

The main worry in Dick Crane's life, right now—is that he's a 4-F because of a punctured eardrum, the sad result of his reckless slugging days. Meanwhile he hustles around on hospital entertainment tours every idle stretch.

When you get down to ambitions, Dick Crane's number one dream is to crack this acting business in a big way, with Kay Morley right along side. Number two, maybe, to own a triplex apartment where he and Kay can live in one and rent out two (he's a canny Scot, that guy.) And after that, if he gets on Easy Street, a rambling country house with a photographic dark room where he can putter to his heart's content. Oh, yes, there's an immediate objective, too—Dick wants a honeymoon—and in one particular place, New York City. He's planning that after "Captain Eddie" gets safely in the can.

As for other imponderables such as acts of God—well, haven't I been saying all along that Dick Crane is the Solid Citizen supreme? Sure he wants kids. So does Kay. So far Muffins has beat every bundles in a quintuple blessed event. That's quite a feat to beat, and I don't think the Cranes have their hopes quite that high.

But you never can tell. After all, his friends call Dick "Storky" Crane, don't they?
sharply against the desk-top: "I've no time for it."
"No time for me? Or no time for love?"
"Both."
Fleurot shrugged: "One tries," he said.
"There's no harm if one tries."
"None at all," Constance said crisply. "Very well, then," Fleurot said. "Back to science. Back to our very pleasant Green Manors, our little sanatorium. Back to our patients—our mad, interesting patients—and their neuroses and psychoses."
"Back to work," Constance said drily.
"To work," Fleurot nodded. "By the way, what do you think of our new head and master—Dr. Edwardes?"
"I don't know him."
"He's due in today."
"He's got a fine reputation. He's done some remarkable work in psychoanalysis. I think he'll measure up to the standard Murchison set here."
"It's a little sad for Murchison, isn't it?"
"Yes," Constance said. "It's a little sad."
They both looked out of the window again where the pleasant buildings of Green Manors held against the blue sky. You would never know, seeing them casually, that Green Manors was an institution for the mentally deranged.

**turbulent minds** . . .

Edwardes turned out to be, somehow, not quite what Constance expected. He was younger than she had thought, for one thing, remarkably young for one already so famous: and very slim, straight and tall. And handsome. Not that that made any difference to Constance.

It was all quite ridiculous. Yet she felt she was almost blushing as she re-read Edwardes' note asking her to drop by to discuss one of her patients. She shrugged angrily at herself and rose from her desk. She walked firmly down the hall and knocked crisply on the door to Doctor Edwardes' office.

She found him in his office with one of her patients, Garmes. Garmes was saying intensely: 'Doctor Petersen has been very kind. I know she's trying to help. She tells me I have a guilt complex. But I tell you I killed my father—'

Constance said quietly: "It isn't true, Garmes. Sometimes people feel guilty for something they never did. It goes back deep into their childhood. It becomes a habit, complex. And one day instead of being a bad dream it becomes a reality to the patient."
"Yes," he said slowly. "That's right."
The tape Garmes went out of the office. And Constance had again the feeling that she had felt the first time she met Anthony Edwardes—that he was somehow under a strain.
"It's a lovely country you have up here," he said.
"Yes, it is," Constance said.
"I've really never been shown around. I've a slight headache. I'd like to get out a little."
Fleurot rang: "The telephone rang and he bent to it with an irritated frown; he spoke into it in short, choppy sentences: "Yes, this is Doctor Edwardes—Who is this? . . . Norma Cramer? . . . I'm sorry I don't know who you are . . . please, I'm very busy . . . " He hung up sharply and turned back to Constance.

**love from a stranger** . . .

Late that night Constance was still up. She slipped into a dressing robe and snapped the light on in her room. She walked up and down restlessly. She

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couldn't sleep; images from the past day kept flashing through her mind—the lean, hard figure of Anthony Edwards outlined against the sky as they climbed the hill behind Green Manors.

She pushed open her door and slipped noiselessly into the hall. She needed something to quiet her, a book perhaps. She'd find something in the library and read until her eyes closed over the heavy pages. Coming back from the library, she noticed a sliver of light under the door of Anthony Edwards' room. Abruptly, she knocked.

Edwards was still awake, seated at his desk. He looked tired, a little drawn. Constance stood awkwardly at the door for a moment.

She said a little unsteadily: "I was going to tell you that I came in because I wanted to talk to you about your book. I just took it out of the library. But that isn't true." She said, "No!"

"No. It isn't. That isn't the reason." "Did I tell you how much I enjoyed your little outing today?" he said. "It was kind of you. More than kind, really. And that isn't the point either." He leaned forward. "You're lovely, Constance. I know why you came in." "Why?" "Because something happened to us today. Because we're in love.

She was half-way across the room then, and she saw him rise and come toward her, and she knew then that it was true and that she was in love with him. She always remembered that it was true. That sharp moment of realization just before he reached her, just before his face was buried against her own.

Then suddenly, he was pushing her away, and on the desk the phone was ringing insistently. He kept staring at her.

"Tony," she said, "what's wrong?"

He said tensely: "I'm all right."

"What is it?"

"It's not you. The robe. The white robe.

The lines on it."

He became aware of the ringing of the phone, and he turned to it slowly. "Who?"

"The nurse... attempted suicide... is in surgery... yes, of course, I'll be over."

He said slowly to Constance: "I'm all right now. You heard what I said on the telephone. Garmes has run amuck. We've got to get over there..."

But he wasn't all right. At surgery, Constance watched him closely. She saw it when his whole face tightened as he leaned over the operating table, his knuckles like small white lamps gripping the edge of the table.

"What are we doing? Why are the lights out? Put them on. Unlock the doors. You idiots. What do you know about guilt complexes?"

He said, "I didn't do it. He said so, didn't he? But on the lights..."

He was weeping, and he began to fall before Constance got to him. It was Galieo. He was weeping, and he began to fall before Constance got to him. It was Galieo. When Fleurot caught him.

"Heart, do you think?" Fleurot said.

"Overwork," Constance said. "You could see he was under a strain."

Anonymous love...

She sat with the book in her hands beside his bed under the dim light waiting for him to wake. The book was opened to the flyleaf. On it was Anthony Edwardes' autograph. Beside it was the note Edwards had sent her to come to talk to him about Garmes.

The handwriting were different! His eyes were opening. Then he saw her, and he half smiled and tried to say something.

"I folded, didn't I?" he said.

Her hands were flat on the book, and she said quietly: "Who are you?"

"So you know... I don't know who I
am ... Not Edwardes ... I couldn't be Edwardes ... because I killed him ..."

She said softly: "Do you remember what I told Garners? About a guilt complex? I think this is the same thing, Tony. You're suffering from amnesia ... and we can cure that. And we can cure your fears about Edwardes ..."

"Fears? It's not a fear. I must have killed Edwardes. How did I know his name? You're right. There's a locked door in my mind. But behind that locked door is—murder ...

"Tony, trust me. You must trust me,"

He said steadily: "I do."

"Then you'll do what I say?"

"What do you want?"

"Go to sleep now. Rest. And in the morning we'll go at it again."

But he didn't keep his promise. He left in the night, stealing away from Green Manors. And it was just as well that he did. For the girl who had called him earlier, Norma Cramer, came to Green Manors late that night ..., with a sheriff. She had been Edwardes' secretary, and she had recognized on the phone that it was not the voice of her employer. The sheriff questioned Constance, and she said she knew nothing, she didn't know where he had fled ...

And all the time she was aware of the sharp sound of the square envelope she was trying to hide, the letter she had found under her door. A letter that read:

"Dear Constance:
I cannot involve you in this. I am going away. If the police come, tell them they can find me at the Empire State Hotel in New York. I will be there alone ... waiting ..."

Constance listened for the sound of the sheriff's car driving away from Green Manors. And then she moved swiftly. She packed a small bag. In the dark corridor, she paused listening. Quiet. Then finally she ran down the hall and out the door. It seemed strange: How long ago was it, forty-eight hours? Forty-eight hours ago she had been a woman untouched, devoted only to her work. Now she was running off, like a thief, to find a man who had possibly committed a murder. Now she only knew that she was in love and that somehow she had to help this man ...

She found him at the hotel.

"Tony, I had to come."

"Where are the others?"

"I'm alone."

"The police."

"They don't know where you are, Tony. You mustn't tell them yet. Let me try. Tony, I can help you. I can help both of us. Do you remember how we climbed the hill behind Green Manors? I knew then I loved you ..."

"Love," he said bitterly. "I love you with all my heart. With all of a murderer's heart. I can't let you risk—"

She was close to him, reaching toward him, pleadingly: "I can help you, Tony." She found his hands and holding them to her heart. She suddenly saw the scars like two vivid tracks: "Tony, you've been hurt. You've been in an accident. Where?"

"I don't know."

"Think."

"I don't know."

"They're burns. Where could you have been burned?"

His face was tortured: "Air ... I was in the air ..."

"Alone?"

"No, there were others. A plane. Yes, a plane. Transport, Medical Corps. Over Rome. Hit us. Caught fire ..." He fell back against the back of the chair.

"Tony," she said. "We know now. We know you were a doctor in the medical corps. That you were hit by flak, and the plane exploded ..."

He said: "Yes, I think I can remember that now—"

"It's something to go on, Tony."

"It's something go on," he said flatly. "Until we reach the point where I remember meeting Dr. Edwardes ..."

lost memory ...

The days became nightmares of urgency and tension. They had to flee, always just ahead of the police, because a clerk became suspicious, or a bellboy suddenly eyed them too sharply. They were always afraid. And in the stolen quiet minutes they had to probe, always deeper into the forgotten past. Until Tony turned on her, his face contorted, almost with hatred, crying: "Stop it, stop it!"

But little by little the picture was coming clearer. His initials were J.B.; he had been in the war; he was a doctor; there was something in the past, in his childhood, that weighed heavily.

It didn't all lie in yet. And then Constance decided to take him to Brulov, the man who had been her teacher. So one night they found themselves in Brulov's small house in Rochester, knowing the police weren't far behind. Brulov knew, of course. You couldn't fool Brulov.

"Maybe you are a fool," said Brulov. "This man quite possibly did murder Edwardes. In any case his condition is always dangerous. You never know what he might do. Still if you want me to help ... yes ..."

So they prodded Tony once more, forcing him to talk, making him declare any nonsense that entered his mind.

"I seem to be in a gambling house ... I am playing cards with a man with a beard ... I say Twenty-One, I win ..."
the proprietor comes in... he has an argument with the bearded man... suddenly I am on a high place... I see a man teetering on the edge of a roof...

Outside it began to snow. The soft white flakes danced like a white curtain before the window, filling it, until the whole window was white. Tony suddenly stopped talking, staring at the window. And then he rose and he said unsteadily: "Pull down the shade. Pull it down!"

He fell back into the chair. Constance was at his side in a moment. She stroked his face and she said: "It's all right now, darling. It's all right... it's coming clear..."

Brulov said: "Leave him alone. He will be all right in a moment."

Constance said eagerly: "The high place... a mountain of some sort. And the teetering man was Edwardes, of course. He must have seen Edwardes fall off a cliff or a mountain. That was how it happened. But mountain..."

"His fear of white," Brulov said. "That must be connected. Perhaps a mountain covered with snow. A winter resort."

"A skiing resort," Constance said. "Edwardes was wild about skiing. Of course. That's where it must have been.

Do you remember Tony, talking at one point about flying wings. Perhaps that has to do with the name, Heaven. Or Angel. Angel Valley..."

He was coming out of it now and he sat up slowly in his chair and he said in a far-away voice: "Gabriel Valley..."

"That's it, then, Tony," Constance said. "We know now. All that's left to do is to go out there. We can discover the rest if you and I piece together what must have happened between you and Edwardes."

"You mean reenact it?" Tony said slowly.

She nodded.

"And suppose that I did kill Edwardes. That he didn't fall off the cliff. That I pushed him off..."

"Then," Brulov said flatly, "you might try the same thing with Constance."

"No," Tony whispered. "No."

"We must try," Constance said. "Listen to me. I know this is not scientific. But I am certain there's no murder in your soul. I know it because I love you. Loving you, I know what you must be like inside.

missing link...

His eyes were on her as they came down the slope together. Gabriel Valley lay wreathed under the cold sun. The snow glittered and sparkled like a carpet of white gems down the side of the mountain. They had begun at the very top of the run, and now gathering speed, they were racing where, what mountain...

Constance a little bit ahead. She looked behind her and waved to Tony.

This was the place. Here in a few moments, a few minutes at the most, they would discover what had happened that day with Edwardes. Constance believed with all of her heart, and yet... She couldn't help the growing wave of tension and she looked back to Tony, trying to see his face, against the whip of the snow.

Then it happened, so swiftly that she had no time to think. The ski trail curved right, and she swooped with it. Suddenly ahead she saw the lip of a cliff. It had been hidden from view until this last moment. It was turn. She knew she was going too fast to stop or to turn aside. It came looming up at her with all the terrible speed of a waiting force. Then, in the moment before she flung herself for the fl ing into space and nothingness, she felt the smash of a body against her own and abruptly she felt the whip of snow against her as she rolled on the ground.

She sat up. Tony was sitting up not very far away. His face was dead white, white as the snow. He was staring at her with glazed, almost closed eyes. But even then...
she knew what must have happened, and her heart was singing.

"Tony—" she said. "Do you see how it must have been? You were skiing with Edwardes as you were with me. He was out in front as you came toward the cliff. You saw it coming and you tried to warn Edwardes. You tried to catch him and stop him as you caught and stopped me. But he was going too fast. You never caught him. He went over the side—"

Tony was shuddering. "Poor man. And you. You might have—"

And then he reached for her.

They were almost gay, waiting in the lodge before the fireplace. They felt free for the first time in weeks. They had gone to the sheriff and had told him the story. He was out now to retrieve Edwardes' body. If they found it there, it would corroborate Tony's story.

They sat together on the long leather sofa before the fire and watched the flames leap and sputter over the logs.

"I always loved you," she said, "I think from the first time I saw you."

"The first time I saw you," Tony said, "you were frowning over one of your reports."

"I promise never to frown again."

"Darling," he said. "Darling."

They heard the sheriff then, stamping his feet clear outside. As soon as he came in, they rose, looking toward him. He said:

"Yes, we found him there."

"I told you," Constance said.

The sheriff said softly. "There was a bullet in his back—"

It was Tony who first saw what he meant and watching him, Constance, saw the light drain from his eyes until they went dazed and tired again.

"I arrest you for the murder of Dr. Edwardes," the sheriff was saying.

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First choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off completely. Then see how that patch of skin gleams with new brightness and clarity! Touch it—feel how the dry little flakes are gone!

What happens to that small patch of skin will happen to your entire face when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty! (1) It thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

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LINNEA PERFUMES, INC.

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Everyday's Jake!

Continued from page 36)

Directions, catching bugs with his wide open mouth.

"Hey, you guys!" yelled an older seaman who'd been on this run before. "Don't you know that what goes up comes down? Get below before some shrapnel tags you!"

Dick Jaeckel wasn't sure he'd left that deck even if they'd slapped him in irons.

When Richard Hanley Jaeckel started to add up all the thrills he collected on his first cruise in the U. S. Merchant Marine Service, he has to stop and think. There was the thrill of planting his feet on the bridge and steering a fast ship loaded with Yank troops and war matériel to distant battlefields. The bang, too, of buddying up with other rugged guys dedicated to getting the stuff through that licks the Japs. There was the thrill of danger, the rumors of subs and blasted ships on the very course his own tub steered. The excited cracker of "S.O.S." coming through the night from a tanker swamped in a heavy gale. The mingled thrills and shocks of finding dead Japs piled up below Suicide Cliff on Saipan and still littering the bloody billboards of the Marshalls. The color of new horizons, strange lands, exotic people, a lau in Hawaii, a stockade of Jap prisoners on Saipan, the Mariana Island natives, the waterfronts of the big Pacific ports.

no more "chicken" . . .

You might as well get this straight about Dick right now. All that "baby" stuff theyiedo him with like a birthday cake in both his movies is out the window—faa, kaput, washed up. It always irked Dick that "cute kid" stuff that stuck after his "Chicken" baby Marine part in "Guadalcanal Diary" and "Beepy," the Navy infant in "Wing and a Prayer." Maybe that's why Dick was such a reluctant dragon about being a movie star, why he had to be practically roped and hog-tied by Darryl Zanuck to make his second picture after the first one brought him raves.

It burned Dick to an even finer crisp to realize that he was young—darn it—seventeen, that he looked kiddish with his crew cut, round face, big eyes and childlike grin. When actually he had had all his growing pains years ago and was a member in good standing with a bunch of he-guys, the JUGS (Just Us Guys), every one of whom was an athlete like Dick himself, and most of whom had beat him long ago to this war business.

It didn't make it any easier to get the razz from his pals about being a swoon kid in times like these when guys grew up fast. And even when he'd pestered his anxious mother into writing to the Navy for permission for him to be a Maritimer and escaped to "Guadalcanalina" (as the Maritimer boots tabbed the Catalina Island training camp), he ran right into the same old malarky.

"Chick-en!" Every time he passed a certain seaman he got that jeering call in a tone that was nasty. "Hello, Chick-en. How's my Chick-en?" The guy had seen the movie of course. He resented Dick. He poured it on, with unprintable variations. Dick was a lowly book and helpless for him to be a Maritimer. If he were walked back, he was out on his ear. All he could do was cut his palms with his nails and growl down deep in his throat. But it made him sick.

That same razz—artist wrote Dick a letter a week or so ago, incidentally, and Dick got it by air mail, way out on a Pacific Isle. "Look, Jake," he wrote, "I'm sorry I needed you in boot camp. It was a lousy trick. I thought you were a Hollywood punk, but you can take it, and you're
okay in my book. Have a good trip, and I wonder—would you write me once in a while? I'd sure, like to hear what's cookin' with you."

But it was a mess of things like that back last fall, along with Dick Jaeckel's urge to get clear away on his own, that made him sit right down on the idea of passing more time in the US Maritime cadets, training to be a ship's officer. One of his JUG pals, Jay Richards, went for that and just graduated the other day. Dick's pretty young mother, Millicent, liked the idea for Dick, too. Dick's young molder has always been more like a pal to him than a parent. But she's only human. Mothers always want the best break for their sons. But Dick had to have action, and he knew it. He couldn't stay any more school. When he and his JUG pal, John McCroskey, who'd enlisted and bootied through camp with him, qualified for ordinary seamen and had weathered their shake-down jobs on a channel boat, Dick and he decided the time had come to shake loose for the real thing. They signed on for a sea voyage out of San Francisco. Dick didn't even stop home in Hollywood to say goodbye. There might be complications. Jake and John hit the highway thumbing north up the Coast. In Frisco he called his mother and told her the news. "I'm shipping out," he said. "I don't know where, but I think it's the South Seas, Espíritos Santos, the Fijis, maybe Saipan. Don't you worry."

rich man's poor boy...

It was R. Hanley Jaeckel's first breakaway from home in his young life. Purposely, he carried only a few bucks to eat on. He'd sold his car, the snappy '36 heap, in Los Angeles and mailed the check home to be banked. He thought he'd be berthed aboard ship right away, so he was stony broke when he hit San Francisco. Dick has always held a high disdain for money. He's even sensitive about it. Although his folks, fur magnates, have never had to bother too much about where their next dollar came from, Dick has preferred to act all along like a poor boy.

But he'd never been busied before, clear away from home with the problem of meals and a place to flop. There was some waiting on his shipping papers. Dick checked into a crummy waterfront hotel on the strength of his pay to come, $8 a week. It was hardly the Waldorf. The rooms had no doors, for one thing, and when the dock wallopers, stevedores and seamen came roaring in at night off a spree anything was likely to happen, and usually did. To anyone else it might have been a sordid experience, but to adventurous Dick it was swell. He battled the fleas and the noisy guests who stumbled into his room. By day he stripped to the waist and stevedored cargo on board the C-1 to earn his check. At night he learned to stay away from the hotel until it was late enough to sleep. With Johnnie McCroskey he sampled the waterfront bars and clip joints, just to get toughened up. That's where Dick had his first fight.

situation well in hand...

It was a boozey-Happy Marine on leave who started it. He was a big guy, but he was out of line, and when he spied Dick and Johnnie come into the bar, he got nasty about civilian punks. He inferred in blunt language that they ought to be home in bed and not out getting in the way of a Marine on a tear.

"Say that outside," invited Dick, because he was sore. First because of that kid stuff. That was like a red flag to a young bull. Second, because he was a U. S. Merchant Mariner with a Union Card saying "Richard Hanley Jaeckel.

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Clothes
CAN RUIN THE WOMAN!
Member in good standing, Sailor's Union of the Pacific." The Merchant Marine doesn't wear uniforms on shore leave unless they want to, but that was no sign he had to take any grief, not the way he felt after shouldering plane parts into the C-1 hold all day.

Well, nobody got hurt, but they had it out in the alley, and when it was over, the situation wasn't well in hand for that Marine. But it was for Jake.

Dick's not touchy or belligerent, but he's handy with his dukes and, being an ex-high school football, basketball and track star, he's nobody to pick on. He had to square off again once later aboard ship when a sailor started pushing him around because he looked young and tender. Only the second time victory came high for Dick. The captain called him up and told him sternly that scrapping wasn't done aboard that particular ship. What's more, he fined Dick $40 in pay. But it was worth that to Dick to slap down any last, lingering hangovers of that "Baby" and "Chicken" stuff.

Seaman Jake Jaeckel was neither rich nor good lookin' as you'd expect a movie star to be, but the time his "tulip" steamed out the Golden Gate. What few bucks he made stevedoring on the San Francisco Embarcadero and the Oakland docks he had to blow for a durable satchel of gear—dungearee, weather jacket, slicker, socks, shoes and shirts. It set him back thirty dollars, and he stowed it all in one little bag along with a few assorted brands of smell pomades and toilet goos. They've always called Dick "The Lotion King" because he smears himself with the most odoriferous preparations in the drug shops.

John McCroscopy, Dick Jaeckel and crew heaved anchor in the 5000-ton C-1 after 15 days loading, and they hadn't even cleared San Francisco's beautiful bay before they knew that anything could happen on this cruise—and probably would. They slipped out fast in a fog (a C-1 is a war-built cargo ship not as big as a Liberty tub but faster) with the fog horn giving out with a "Bee—O—Bee—O" blast and Dick looked alarmed. Just by luck it was on Dick's watch that they almost smacked this other steamer in the pea soup mist. Dick was standing by watching the helmsman when he spotted the gray hull sliding right across their bows and he could spit, it seemed. Then he got knocked to the floor with the shock, and the ship shuddered like it had just suffered a Sunday punch. It seemed to Dick that the two ships pealed the paint off each other if it wasn't blustered off first by the skipper's cursing.

It was mostly a green crew that manned the ship, so the few old timers thought they were in for some fun. Dick was no old salt or anything like that, but he'd been fairly water wise ever since his cakboat days as a kid off Long Island. Neither he nor John McCroscopy were lubbers enough to fall for the gull that went on. In spite of their training, it took a long time to get wise to all the lines and shackles and hitches and hitches and to savvy automatically the snappy orders the bos'un sang out. But Dick wasn't born yesterday, and he was on the lookout for gags.

He didn't have to wait long. First came along a salty seaman carrying a pole long enough to vault over the bridge. "All right, mate," he told Dick. "Get forward and stand by to pick up the mail buoys.

"The what?" said Dick.

"Mail buoy. You'll see it. Just keep a sharp look out at the bow, and when you see the mail bag, hook it with this here pole.

Mail buoys are parked along the ocean every hundred miles, you know. "Oh, yeah?" said Dick, giving him his

Why should your April be shorter than any one else's April? Why should you be the one to stay indoors and feel let down? Start using Tampax during your period-days. It makes a big difference when you have discarded the belts, pins and external pads. You realize what a bother they have always been and your spirits perk up surprisingly.

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THE LUMINOUS FLOWER SHOP

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toughest look and spitting over the side into the wind. "I'm not expecting any letters."

rest in peace……

Of course, Merchant Mariners don't sit around all the time cooking up ribs and practical jokes. Dick had to work like all the rest, and when he finally got back in San Francisco after his 4 months at sea, his clothes were so far gone from rips and tears, so messed up with paint stains that he just tied them all up in a shirt and slipped them over the side into San Francisco Bay with a "Rest in Peace" prayer.

The only miseries he endured were just laughs, really. A piston rod down in the engine room smashed his finger and made him swear blue blazes once when he was oiling the engines. The tub tangled with a few squalls and storms, but Seaman Jake never even had a Butterfly tummy until the home trip when they hit a real hurricane that blew waves up to the flying bridge. It reached its peak just after he'd been to mess and gone up to take the wheel. That's when the "S-O-S" came from two cargo ships sixty miles back who cracked into each other in the twister. It could have been that excitement, some bum chow or just a plain case of too much weather for a green sailor.

aloha ho!……

That's something Seaman Jaeckel doesn't talk about through—unless he plays truth and consequences. He'd much rather dwell, if he has to, on more pleasant aspects—like Honolulu, Hawaii, the first port of call. Dick had never seen the islands. So he acted just like any tourist. He charged out to Waikiki Beach, hired a surfboard and skimmed in on the long rollers that are nowhere else in the world. But it wasn't until his last night on the Islands that Dick got a look at the real Hawaii. A cop he'd met in San Francisco ran into him and Johnnie McC, hanging around the bright spots and gave them the word. "This ain't the real thing," he explained. "It's just sucker stuff. Come along with me, and I'll show you boys the McCoy."

He steered them off to a Hawaiian family he knew who were toasting a lua, which is a combination clam bake, jive-jump and old home week. Dick saw the real hula there (and even cut a few grass mauls himself). He feasted on raw fish, rice and a dozen exotic chow entrees, and he heard native scat numbers that made the records he'd heard sound phony. He learned that "Aloha" meant everything from "I love you" to "bottoms up" and even "goodbye." He sailed the next day with a slight okolehau hangover but with some wonderful memories and a new chapter in his education completed. Another one started the minute the "tub" steamed out of Pearl Harbor for the South Seas.

They took on troops in Hawaii and joined a convoy, zig-zagging clear to Eniwetok in the Marshalls and that took a lot of time. With all those GIS on board and things on their hands—guess what happened? That's right—the tub turned into a floating Monte Carlo, only not so elegant.

In no time at all Jake Jaeckel was sharp as a tack on the finer points of pedro, stud poker, pitch and ace-deuce, and his crisp rolling arm was well broken in.

Of all the chapters of Dick Jaeckel's seagoing education, however, Saipan is the only one printed in red ink. Dick was a good guesser when he picked that rugged island as one of the C-1's destinations, away back in Frisco. One dawn Dick saw the rugged isle looming out of the clear Pacific sea, and he would have sworn it was Catalina back home, except for all the greenery. The first minute they had off from duty, Dick and John bustled...

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HINDS for HANDS

--- for chapping, roughness, redness
--- for children's tender skin
--- for dry skin
--- for a powder base

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They made a lot of trips like that—

shooting the works . . .

about every day between deck watches. They visited native villages and picked up a few words of Salpanese, or whatever you call it. Dick saw his first women in weeks on Salpan in—of all places—a Jap prison stockade. He saw his first movies in weeks, too, on Salpan at the famous open air theaters which every Hollywood star on tour has visited, from Betty Hutton to Bob Hope. "Jane Eyre" and "Up in Arms" were the hot features.

Six separate times while Dick's ship was lying off Salpan, the Japs came over for a whistle at the bow. The Japs, sometimes day and sometimes night, and it happened so suddenly that every time, it seemed to Dick, it was over before it got started, and he keeps kicking himself because he hadn't brought a camera along.

Dick and his mates started "sweating out Christmas" on Salpan away back on December 1. One day the scuttlebutt said they would sail and make it home in time for egg-nog. The next day a black rumor of delay would pop up. Finally sailing orders came through, but that very day, so did reports that Japs had been sinking ships between there and Pearl Harbor.

"That means we zig-zag," gloomed Dick. "All over the ocean. Get home around Easter, maybe."

When that was all cleared up, the next word was that their cargo home would be troops going back on leave.

"Well, that means we go convoy," mused Johnnie dolefully. "The creeps—we'll hang our stockings up in a porthole yet—wait and see!"

home was never like this . . .

But just to show how those things work out: What really happened was that the C-17 sailed him high and empty and never even stopped at Pearl Harbor, but came straight on into San Fran.

Dick Jaeckel thought he could hardly wait for the train to roll down the Coast back to Hollywood. His pants were bulging from his payoff dough, almost four months of it and quite worth it. He couldn't wait to get his new silver Merchant Marine anchor ring and visioned what a kick it would be when he slipped on his crypto olds jacket and slacks, settled down in his own easy chair and got ready to tell the gang of JUGs all about it and after that—well—called up a certain Girl and just said casually, "Guess who this is?" Murray's Christmas and Happy New Year! You could say that again.

It would be a very nice way to end Dick's sea-going saga, all right. But when I saw Dick, things didn't quite work out as expected. "Hollywood," stated Seaman Jake, "is lousy." He looked rested, rejuvenated and fit as a fiddle and definitely not the slight little lanky type Dick would have been scrawnier. And there had been some changes made. I guess there are reasons at that. C'est la guerre.

For one thing, the housing shortage had caught up with his mother, Millicent, and she was living around at friends'. So Dick stayed with his pal, Jay Richards, just back from the Maritime.
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THERE JUST COULDN'T SAY GOODBYE

(Continued from page 42)

might depend on how Mr. Payne felt about it.

Mr. Payne felt fine about it. He knocked at the door that Saturday night—

"Who is it?"

"Payne," said John. And Gloria opened the door to her future husband.

They looked cute together at the party—he so big, she so little. It hadn't been as strange as Gloria'd expected. They got lost, which was funny, because John kept saying he could find the Ladd place with his eyes shut—

"Maybe you'd better shut them then," she suggested.

But they just went up and down hills and asked people, and finally a little boy said, "Sure. There's a heck of a party around the corner—"

For two people who'd never met before, conversation proved surprisingly easy. They stayed till 10:30, dropped by at the Clover Club for one dance, then he took her home—

"It's been awfully nice," said Gloria. "I had fun—"

"Me, too," said John.

now i know ...

No sparks flew. It wasn't love at first sight, it was just a date. Marriage? Don't be silly. At nineteen and head for stardom, Gloria had things to do. Also definite views on the marriage question, packed with good, hard sentiment. No marrying for her, just to be married. When the right man came along, she'd know him. If it meant waiting till she was 30 or older, she'd wait. For as John, his mind was on the house he'd just bought—on Julie, his daughter—on picking up the career he'd dropped when he enlisted in '42—on anything but marriage—

That's how it was when they met, and when John phoned her a couple of days later and took her to the Cugat opening at Ciro's. Just a date. Just good company for each other. From the first he called her Button. Never Gloria. "I'd like you to meet Button De Haven," he'd say. They went to movies and to the beach, and he came to dinner at Gloria's house. Both dated other people. But the better they got to know each other, the better they liked being together—

It took a separation to make them realize what was happening. John left on a camp tour and was gone for two weeks. Gloria went out with other boys, but didn't seem to care about it much. The world was a little askew till the phone rang one night, and she heard John's voice again. Then she went away—to Palm Springs with her mother and sister. And John came down, and that's when they both began wondering—

To outsiders, the whole thing seemed sudden. They met in September and were married on December 28th. To Gloria and John, the only sudden part was the wedding date. They hadn't known each other long, but they'd made it their business to know each other well.

Coming home from the beach one day, John had said: "How would you feel about not dating anyone else?"

They talked it over. It wasn't to be an engagement, just a kind of test. If they missed seeing other people, they'd know it wasn't right. Well, they found it was right, that's the best way they know how to put it. Being together gave them a sense...
of peace, being together made them feel right inside.
They talked everything out beforehand. Their careers, Julie, Gloria's mother. She's very close to her mother, Mrs. De Haven thought John was wonderful, but Gloria was her baby. Her engagement might come as a shock. Gloria wouldn't do anything to hurt her mother...
They talked out all the presents—present, past and future—and how to deal with them—John with the soberness of experience, Gloria with a wisdom beyond her years. This marriage had to be built on granite; this was for keeps—
Then Gloria told her mother. To her mother, it did come as a bolt from the blue and no one's pretending otherwise. But after the first shock and the hugs and the tears, Mrs. De Haven asked only one question. Are you sure, Gloria?
"So sure—"
It wasn't the words so much, as a look in the shining, steadfast eyes. "Then that's all I want to know—"
John phoned his mother in Virginia. "Don't be surprised when you hear I'm engaged, Mom—"
"Wonderful, son. Now we can send you your hope chest." It was a great day for Rosie, John's aunt, who's 70-odd and sews like an angel. She'd started on his linens when John went into the Army. But they sent Gloria something better than linens. It came that night while she was at the movies with John. Mother left it under the little nightlight in the bathroom. "We'll just love having you in the family," it said. "All our love, Mom and Rosie."
They wanted a honeymoon, so they planned to marry when John finished "The Dolly Sisters." Meantime, there was plenty to do. The house, for instance—Colonial with green shutters—the kind of house Gloria'd always wanted to live in—
"Now I know why I bought it," said John. Decorating had been started along strictly masculine lines. "Now I know why I'm marrying you," Gloria said. "So I can change things—"
They went to the beach a lot. Gloria'd never had much time for sports. Under John's tutelage, she was learning how much fun she'd been missing. At Palm Springs he gave her her first riding lessons. Now he was teaching her to swim. One day he appeared on his motorcycle, and her mother and Marjorie watched wide-eyed as little Gloria climbed up, tucked her arms round his waist and went snoozing off as cool as you please—she, who'd never even smelled a motorcycle till that minute—
Often, they'd take Julie along to the beach. She calls Gloria Button too, and they're fast friends. What's more, Gloria and Anne Shirley are friends, which speaks volumes for both. We'd like to quote Gloria on the subject, because we've rarely heard clear, straight, grownup thinking better expressed—

common sense

"It's ridiculous to imagine we shouldn't meet, or that we'd meet and freeze each other up. We've got one terribly important thing in common—Julie's happiness. Anne brings her over and the baby sees us together and accepts it as natural. In February, Anne's marrying Adrian Scott. Julie'll spend her time between us. She adores her mother, but she's also fond of me. No one could ever replace her father, but she likes Mr. Scott. That's how we all want it. That way, there's no strain or tension for the baby. There'll be two homes where she's loved and needed, and she'll grow up knowing that the people in those homes are friends—"

Saturday before Christmas, they went to a dinner party attended by a few close friends.

---

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"Has given me the 'lift' I've needed for a long time."—"I've lost about 10 pounds—4 inches off my hips."—"My friends tell me I look so happy and sure of myself, they envy me."—"My complexion is already clearing beautifully!"—"I've found a better job thanks to you."

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111
Thrilling New Hair "Make-Up" adds sparkling highlights ...lustrous color effects

"She's almost attractive" too often describes the girl whose make-up stops at her hairline... depends on a shampoo alone to reveal the true beauty and brightness of her hair.

For your hair—like your face—needs a note of color to look its loveliest!

No matter what color hair you have, you can give it fresh spark and achieve a smart new color effect with Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse! You can enrich the natural hair color...give it a "warner" tone or a "cooler" hue...even blend little gray streaks in with the original shade! A color chart on the back of the package shows which of the 12 Marchand shades will give the effect you desire.

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1335-D Chicago 11, Ill.
Gloria, on her father's arm, looking as serene as if she'd never heard of a smelling salt. But John says her hand shook the whole time it lay in his, even when he slipped on the plain gold band, with its guard of rubies—Gloria's barthome. It was a single ring ceremony, because John always wears a ring that belonged to his father.

The little reception at a friend's home, Gloria grabbing the one person John didn't know, and introducing them, so she could say, "My husband——"

Then the goodbyes and the rice and the last hug for Mother, who just waved like the rest, and never shed a tear—and how Gloria loved her for it knowing how she felt. And Mary Ellen and Clarence at the door of their house, welcoming her in, calling her Mrs. Payne as easily as if she'd been Mrs. Payne for a month at least. And dinner at their own table with the Lazy Daisy, and champagne for the trip and off to Palm Springs in the rain——

And howling next morning over a corny gag of Dad's. He'd stuck a package in her bag, all done up in tissue and blue ribbons, which turned out to be her mangiest tennis shoes——

"The reason I married you," said John, "is because you're a baggage pants come at heart. I've been waiting to find someone cornier than myself, which I thought was impossible——

tapeworm hostess . . .

As it happened, they had only four days at Palm Springs. John was called back. But they didn't mind. All that seemed to matter was being Mr. and Mrs. John Payne. They could honeymoon nicely in a white Colonial house——

Which is what they've been doing.

Sometimes Gloria gets breakfast. She can scramble a mean egg, but hates to clean up. Her eating habits move John to awe. She devours potatoes and laps up desserts, the gooier, the better. She out-eats him at every meal but breakfast, and even there she's beginning to catch up. Her first words in the morning, and her last night are: "I'm hungry."

John feels her head. "You couldn't be sick and eat like that. On the other hand, you can't eat like that and be normal. Why don't you weigh 250 pounds? He'd have her heavier than glamorous. Likes her in slacks and sport shirts and sloppy joes. And pigtails. "I look fresh out of school," she protests.

"Is that bad?" asks her husband.

She's a pest about presents. Let Gloria find out that a present is on the way, and she'll give you no peace till she knows what it is. She'd wait for a month. But she's still got a little twinkle in her eye——

"It's a standin' for your real wedding present, which isn't ready——"

"Oh, John, it's so beautiful for a stand-in," she'd pause, for decency's sake. "What's the real one?"

"The real one," he informed her grimly, "will be a surprise if it kills us both——"

She couldn't budge him that time—had to wait till it came—an old-fashioned diamond pendant on a thin gold chain——

Because John's been away so long, Julie's with him now. Her "Hi, Button!" rings through the house. Five next July, she's the roughneck of the world—licks the tar out of boys three years her senior. Once Gloria buffed her nails to show her how pretty they looked with the grime off. Now they've got to be buffed every day. "Look, Poppy, how pretty——"

"My, what a clean little girl you are——"

This inspires her to stay clean for a full five minutes.

---

Yes! She's decidedly to blame. Because in this age of enlightenment and frankness there's no excuse for ignorance of facts on proper intimate feminine cleanliness which often can mean so much to womanly charm, health and happiness. There's no excuse for ignorance of what to put in her douche.

Mistakes Many Women Often Make

Many women still foolishly use old-fashioned methods of douching with weak, homemade mixtures of vinegar, salt or soda, which do not and which can not give the germicidal and deodorant action of Zonite. Or they often use overstrong solutions of harmful poisons which may burn, severely irritate and damage delicate tissues—in time may even impair functional ability of the mucus glands.

If only you'd use this newer, scientific—thoroughly modern—method of douching with Zonite—how much happier your life might be!

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STAMPER?

This new 114-page book, "Stampering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Booster Type Method for scientific correction of stampering and "stamper's" tendency (correcting) for 43 years. Benj. N. Boggs, Dept. 2216, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

Scobby Lock BOB PINS

- The pins with a lasting grip
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Scobby Lock NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

All the lessons she'll ever need in child training, says Gloria, come from watching John with Julie. One evening the baby had finished her prayers, her private list of friends and relationships—"Julie," said her name. "It's good to have a nice dinner and a warm bed and people to take care of you, isn't it?—Well, there are children in Greece and Poland and all over the world who don't have those things. So let's bless all the children in the world and ask God to look after them—"

"I don't know all the little children in the world—"

"You don't have to know them. Just think how you'd feel without Poppy and Mommy and Button to love you and give you what you need. You don't only want God to do something about it, wouldn't you? So let's ask Him—"

When Julie gets hold of something, she hangs on. "I don't know all the little children in the world—"

John stood up. "All right then, I don't want to know you. Good night. I'd rather not talk to a little girl who doesn't care about anyone but herself—"

Five minutes. Ten minutes. "Poppy!"

He went in. "Poppy—I don't know all the little children in the world—but I'd like God to bless them—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When we were in California three years ago, my husband worked at the "In & Out Steak House and Restaurant. One evening, while waiting for him, I noticed a couple of bathers; they were waiting for Spencer Tracy to finish dinner and come out. When he finally did, he was escorting a tall, slender young woman who seemed to melt into the background. I didn't pay much attention to her until Mr. Tracy looked up from signing autographs and announced, "You'd better get this young woman's signature, too. She's going to be one of your top favorites one of these days!"

Good guess, Spencer Tracy, spotting Ingrid Bergman so early in the game.

Mrs. J. C. Wilcoxon
Loulville, Ky.

The Paynes are still honeymooning, spending most every day with the radio on. They're both radio fans—anything from mystery thrillers to comedians, corny or otherwise—any music from Rachmaninoff to swing. They talk about the future—the flowers they'll plant—the patio John's going to enlarge—the spinet they've ordered. John plays by ear, and Gloria not at all. They're both going to take lessons. They're going to build a shack with their own hands above Malibu. They're going to Virginia in the spring to see Mom and Rosie. Till finally there'll be a game, "I'm hungry," and they'll go to the kitchen to gorge on hot chocolate and cookies.

They've laid down one rule. Never to go to sleep or to leave each other on a disagreeement. To settle it right then, if it means not going to work or staying up all night. There haven't been any arguments yet, knock wood, but when they come up—and they will—you can always talk things out and reach a compromise. You don't have to walk away in a huff. Happy marriages don't just happen. You have to work at them. If that means giving in, fine. You give in a little to save something big—

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DON’T BELIEVE IT!
(Continued from page 45)

she bent the low-slung sizzler into his big brown eyes. "Hey," grinned Bogie. "Turn it off a minute. I got a name for you. You’re the Look.”

"Is that so?” drwaled Betty. "How about you?”

"Me? Oh, I’m the Hangover,” said Bogie.

Betty has a lot of names, as you might have gathered. Betty, Charlie, Slim, Junior, The Look and just Bacall, like just Garbo. Oh, yes, and Lauren. That’s the only officially up in lights from now on, so maybe we’d better use that, although it’s not her real handle at all. She borrowed it from her grandmother.

You can tell that from the gold tag-bracelet she wears on her right wrist. It says “Betty Bacall,” and it’s a gift, she’ll admit, from a man. What man? Just a man. The Man, by any chance? Yes. Lauren confesses. The Man. "There’s a love in my life,” she states openly. Who’s that? Lauren levels the Look and then wipes it away with a sweet smile. She’s not telling, and she’s not kidding, either. Nobody in Hollywood knows who The Man is or where he is. Lauren is close-mouthed about it, but still zipper-lipped (The Man, of course, as we all know since this was written, is Bogie—Ed.).

Somebody asked her the other day, "Who’s your best friend?"

Betty answered seriously. "My dog, Droopy. He’s the only one who never betrays a confidence.”

So, obviously, Betty can be stubborn about some things.

One of them is going Hollywood, even in a minor way, turning into Miss Movie Star. Betty’s against that. Glamour gags her. She’s not the type, inside or out. She’s not pretty, and she knows it, not doll baby—Shirley Temple-Jeanne Crain-Linda Darnall pretty. Her cheekbones are too high, her neck is too wide and not even a first cousin to a cupid’s bow. She has a scar on her right cheek (a little one). Her blond hair is streaked by the sun, and when you ask her if it’s naturally wavy, she says, “Heaven’s no—that’s a permanent!” Her eyes aren’t pools of azure but a frank gray. Her teeth are not strings of pearls. She’s trim all over but no Betty Grable. I still think she’s darned good-looking—added up—but Betty says no. “Call me interesting looking,” she suggests. Okay.

Anyway, when the Warner Brothers saw the first rushes of “To Have and Have Not” and realized what a prize package they had on their hands, they got ideas. Before the pictures was released, she had twice as much publicity as any other gal in Hollywood. It wasn’t all press agenty, understand. Betty had something—a whole lot. Walter Winchell took one look, spent his whole column on her. The magazines photographed her from every angle. Both the United Press and the Associated Press gave her titles like Most Interesting Actress of the Year. The smutty fashion bibles named her Model of the Year. Bacall got letters from service guys overseas naming her this and that. One pigboat outfit in Japanese waters broke the silence of the silent service. They voted Bacall “The girl we would most like to sink to the bottom with!”

beauty for the best . . .

When the tornado first got going, it sucked away every picture of Lauren Bacall in the studio—whist!—like that. They called Betty into the gallery for a mess of glamour sittings. But first Perce

Loses 45 Pounds
—and an Inferiority Complex

“My husband’s birthday gift to me—the DuBarry Success Course—has brought new happiness to us both,” says Mrs. Rita Unger of Hagerstown, Md.

“Just to stand before the mirror and see a figure you’re proud of! Just to have the satisfaction of slipping into a size 14 dress after wearing a 38 for years! Just to hear the compliments of your family and friends on how wonderful you look! Those are rewards any woman would be willing to work for. But they came to me when I finished the DuBarry Course, and the weeks I had spent on it hadn’t been work at all—they had been more of an exciting adventure.

“I had put on weight after my babies came, until I weighed 178. Then, for my birthday my husband gave me the DuBarry Success Course. (Don’t tell me husbands aren’t observing and thoughtful!) The very first week I lost 8 pounds, and began to feel buoyant and gay. Today I weigh 133, and my figure is as slim as the day I was married.

My skin is lovelier and softer, my hair lustrous and alive. And for the first time I know how to use make-up effectively. With all that weight gone, I have a surprising amount of energy. Thanks to DuBarry, I am getting more out of life than ever before. I can really enjoy my family and my home. Of course, my husband takes the credit, but that’s all right with me!”

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If you are dissatisfied with your personal appearance, find out about this simple plan that has helped Rita Unger and more than 175,000 other women and girls to be fit and fair, ready for strenuous wartime living. The DuBarry Success Course shows you how to bring your weight and figure proportions to normal, how to care for your skin, how to style your hair becomingly, how to use make-up to enhance your natural beauty—how to make the most of yourself. You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

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Betty's mother has been a business woman all her life and still is. She has a secretarial job in a Beverly Hills defense firm now. That left the budding Bacall more or less on her own to obey her impulses during the day, and she never faltered.

One fine day at Richmond High, when Lauren was a fascinating fourteen, she felt much too good to sit in school. She pretended she was sick. With her best girl friend she hookey-ed out and hopped a subway to a Broadway movie. It was Bette Davis in "Dark Victory," and Betty and the g.f. sat through it twice. Betty Bacall staggered home in a dreamy daze. Why couldn't she act like that? Darn it, she could, she would!

Well, right after that Bette Davis came to New York in person and in the flesh, straight from Hollywood. When Lauren learned that one of her mother's secretary friends knew Bette's private secretary, she didn't stop until she'd squeezed out a promise to meet her idol. The date was arranged right away, and Lauren took along the girl friend for moral support. She didn't want to be one of those worshipping things. She wanted, above all, to keep her dignity and show Davis she was a sincere admirer. That way she might learn something or two, not get the old routine. So the girls showed up at the Gotham hotel, and Bette Davis was very gracious.

But Bacall just couldn't find her tongue, and the poor girl friend lasted until the first minute—then fainted dead away at Davis' feet! It was awful, stark tragedy, Bacall, as she cursed herself (and the girl friend), the way to home. But Bette Davis had managed to put in some encouraging words for an ambitious girl to live to tell and that's really what started it all. Even to this day, though, the cat rabs right hold of Lauren's tongue when she faces Bette Davis.

They met for the first time in Hollywood in Warner's Green Room, one noon hour. Davis remembered the New York episode and chatted away like the always interesting magnific she is. All Lauren could say was, "Yes...yes...no...uh-huh...." and such drab monosyllabic mutter, and normally she's no dummy at all.

Right after she called the publicity man who'd introduced them. She was in an agony of self reproach, "What must Bette Davis think of me?" she wailed. "I acted like such an awful, horrible, silly jerk. "Come on by," soothing the press agent. "We'll go down to Bette's set and you can redeem yourself." So they did—but it was the same thing all over. Lauren blushed like a milkmaid instead of a smart New Yorker, stuttered out her cramp cliches about all hands and feet—or at least that's what she thought. But Bette Davis noticed her aye, she never let on. Again she babbled away charmingly and ended up by calling Henry Blanke, the producer, and said, "I was told by one of the artists—"

Bette's story gets a little familiar, right here. It's the old, old Broadway beginners' refrain, in fact. But bear with me. She haunted the places stage-struck hopefuls are drawn to, with tiresome, dull work; but there was a reason: Seventh Avenue was right next door to Broadway, and Broadway was going to be her oyster, or else. 

This story gets a little familiar, right here. It's the old, old Broadway beginners' refrain, in fact. But bear with me. She haunted the places stage-struck hopefuls are drawn to, with tiresome, dull work; but there was a reason: Seventh Avenue was right next door to Broadway, and Broadway was going to be her oyster, or else.

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made from Natural Oils
NOW AVAILABLE for you...Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo combines mild Cocoanut Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo. As recognized authorities on hair care for over 20 years, the F. W. Fitch Company ask you to try this beauty shampoo.

Leaves Hair Softer...Not "Drying"...Helps make your hair feel surprisingly softer...look silker. After shampooing, your hair will have a lovely, soft gloss and be easy to manage.

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A True Beauty Shampoo...Brings out the natural beauty of your hair by revealing those shy highlights that lend glamour to every hairstyle. Helps give your hair a radiant, healthy-looking luster.

Patented Rinsing Agent...Makes rinsing a simple, easy job. This special agent goes into action with the rinse water to carry away re-
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WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender 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 the baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

EYES TIRED?

Quick Relief

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven one row brooches, all without risking a penny, and accept them on ten days trial. More returned if you return them, but you can't keep the earnings as our gift to you.

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When your package arrives pay the postman only $2.95 each for Necklaces and Bracelets plus mailing cost and return to EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 56-CE, Jefferson, Iowa.

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

YOU know gray hair kills romance ... makes you look years older ... might even cost you your job. Yet you are afraid to color your hair—afraid people will know your hair has been "dyed"—Banish these fears now—forever! Today with Mary T. Goldman's new, scientific color-control you can transform gray, bleached, or faded hair to the natural-looking shade you desire, quickly, or so gradually your closest friends won't guess! Pronounced3 by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), will not harm your wave or change honey blond, or auburn, for $1.49.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 505 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. Send free sample. Check color:
□ Black □ Dark Brown □ Light Brown
□ Medium Brown □ Blonde □ Auburn

Name: ____________________________
Address: _________________________
City: _____________________________
State: ___________________________
POWDER PERFECTION

(Continued from page 18)

then work the powder down between the brows over the nose, lips and chin. Use a generous amount of powder. The powder on your chin should be smoothed into your neck with a circular motion. Go back to your forehead and work the powder across it. Do the same on your checks but use a downward motion. A baby brush or the clean back of your powder puff should dust away the excess, leaving your skin as glow-y as a dreamflower. Notice that the eyelids are left untouched. That's so you won't give them a dry look. A clean piece of absorbent cotton will remove powder specks from your hair-line. Didn't think there was so much to powdering your face, did you?

3. TRUE. Your powder can do a super glamour job for you. Features that are too prominent (like your determined jaw or longish nose) can be toned down with a darker shade of powder. Apply each shade separately. If it requires a deft touch and patient blending so that the powders merge into each other. Dark circles beneath eyes should not worry you. Cover them with powder.

4. FALSE. Choosing your powder should be a careful task. First keep in mind your skin coloring with hair playing a close second. Blend with a heavy hand, you should cling to a rosy powder. If you have light hair and pale skin, then a light powder with pink undertones—a peachy shade—should be used. If you are a glamorous brunette, you can play up either the light or dark tints. A medium golden color or a rosy beige will flatten your skin tone. A muted powder base with a slightly darker powder is for you, if you're a redhead with a pale skin. Freckles will be blended into the background by this make-up device. To team with your make-up base, there's a non-chromatic powder. If your skin is sallow, it can be brightened by a clever choice of powder. When summer skims in, your powder should be light and white. Let the sun have its due. Mix them with the more tawny shades to produce the effects you want.

5. TRUE. Sometimes we take splendid beauty aids like powder for granted and abuse them. Frequent sudsings will keep them clean and fluffy. If you use the disposable type, keep spares in your make-up kit. Change these every day. Incidentally, that handy compact of yours will keep your precious powder ready for instant use.

Lashly simple, wasn't it? And that's just how easy the steps to powder perfection. See if you don't achieve head-turning beauty when you spare extra seconds for choosing and applying powder.

SPELBOUND PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 39)


There were tears, tears of gratitude and happiness, in the eyes of the Red Cross nurse who hosted the event, when she said goodbye and gave her thanks to the officials-in-charge at the end of that party! For she left with quarts and quarts of life-giving blood—blood to make plasma enough to save the lives of hun-
dreaded of wounded soldiers, sailors and
marines. And in her hands were stacks of
pledge cards with the written promise
of more blood in the weeks to come!

It wasn't easy to give a party like that.
It would have been simpler to have in-
vited a chosen few, stirred up a few
Martins and filled a buffet with expensive,
rationed food. But, tired as they may have
been at the end of that long, difficult day,
the people at Selznick knew they'd given
themselves the nicest birthday party they'll
ever have. And boys who might have died
on a battlefield will return.

And "Siboulin"! A proof that in
ten years Selznick Productions has gath-
ered to it some pretty terrific names in
show-business. This picture combines the
acting talents of Ingrid Bergman and
Gregory Peck with the special talents of
Alfred Hitchcock (director), Ben Hecht
(screenplay), George Barnes (photog-
rapher), Artist Howard Greer and all working on a story
written by Francis Beeding. That's a hard
combination to equal.

Most of the skiing scenes in this were
filmed in the beautiful Wasatch Mountains,
near Salt Lake City. Because of technical
difficulties, the scene where Peck saves
Miss Bergman from going off a precipice
was done at the studio. A hundred-foot ski
run, sloping at a thirty-five degree angle,
was built inside a sound stage at the Van-
guard studio. Real snow (used to the depth
of approximately twelve inches) was made
by grinding fifty pound chunks of ice in a
machine expressly designed for this pur-
pose. More than forty tons of the stuff were
used, as a complete change of snow had to
be made every hour. For safety's sake,
with a touch of
BLUE WALTZ
by
playme

AUTOGRAPHS!
Of Bacall and Bogart, Hope and
Hutton. And Hedy. Of 155
other stars. See page 16.
a comforter-covered rope ladder was
stretched taut across the end of the ski
run to stop the stars' descent should Peck
fail to catch Miss Bergman and pull her
down for the scheduled fall.

Ingrid is an expert on skis, but Gregory
ever had been on them. Clarita Ida
Reiter, a skier of the San Juan Valley, was
brought in to teach the actor and to act
as technical advisor on the ski sequences.
... No one but the master of ultra-modern
art, Mr. Dali, could have designed the sets
depicting Gregory's dreams. The artist
made more than a hundred sketches,
besides five oil paintings in black and white.
Some days Dali worked from 8 A.M. to 1 P.M.
scarcely taking time out for meals...

Earl Ray, "breakaway" expert, has a
genuine pride of achievement in having
produced the workable, hollow plug
statues into which Miss Bergman was
fitted for the scene where she becomes a
faceless statue and flies into thousands of
pieces. The body of the statue, including
the train for the Greco robe worn by
Miss Bergman, was done in a single cast
in plaster. Cracks were then scored on the
interior. Fine wires were imbedded in the
statue, and workmen, stationed beneath
the raised platform, pulled these wires at a
signal from Hitchcock. The only slight-
gh-ly, the whole scene was when Miss Bergman
turned into a statue.
Six men worked five weeks to perfect
and complete the twenty-four statues needed
for rehearsals, and takes. And since
the models had to be molded by spraying
layer after layer of thin, wet plaster on
Miss Bergman and the robe she wore, it
was often necessary for her to stand
rigid for as long as two hours at a time.
Don't be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. By adopting this simple, but effective foot bath ritual, you'll have the most attractive contour bust in the neighborhood. And best of all, you can do the same...safely, easily, and positively.

HIGHLY ENDORSED BY MANY DOCTORS

Your flat bust appearance may be intradurally caused by dirt, dust and silt particles. Or, if you are the victim of high and powerful potentials, it can be reduced to the point where you'll love your bust again. To follow the easiest directions on how to remove dirt, dust, silt particles, etc., from your bust, simply follow the steps and enjoy the results. The Peck lecture technique was a definite novelty, and you'll be fawned on by the other guides and the author. It was, however, highly popular with the tourists.

"Listen, these poor jerks are worn out already from sightseeing when I get 'em, he used to say. They've never seen Grant's Tomb and the Statue of Liberty and Times Square, and their feet hurt. They don't give a damn about statistics, they want rest and a little entertainment."

This was all true, but it wasn't acting. And Greg had left the University of California with one firm resolve: To become an actor. He hadn't had time to write a script yet, but he did take part in a few plays there, and loved it. But he was working at half a dozen different jobs to put himself through college, besides being on the crew taking a pre-med course. He and two other fellows lived in an apartment which they got free in return for doing janitor service. One of the fellows was to light the hot water burner in the morning at six A.M., and when it was Greg's turn he was quite apt to oversleep and forget it. Then come several blocks, there would be irate poundings on the door and shocking language from the tenants who found their baths the approximate temperature of an ice pack.

Another of Gregory's activities was managing a parking lot on the days when there were football games. The lot wasn't in a very good location, but Greg lettered an official sign saying parking—"At your peril"—at the entrance to its Stadium just over the hill. It neglected to mention that "just over the hill" was a distance of a mile.

You can see that meals with sitting on tables at a sorority house. He didn't think much of sororities—still doesn't.

"They're snobbish and undemocratic," he told his best pal firmly. There they line the girls up at some dizzy tea during 'rushing' and look 'em all over. The ones that look expensive are in. Then they pledge the ones with the best looking legs and the ones with cars. Fine system."

Gregory had another little racket during college—inspecting for an automobile insurance company. When a man would ask to have his car repaired, Gregory would go out to his place, look the car over, make a lot of impressive looking notes. At the end he was supposed to write a short sketch of the car he'd just inspected.

"One guy was very smtpliby," he remembers. "He acted like a first class jerk. So I did louse him up! I went back and reported him, and he bought a case of empty bottles and his breath reeked of whiskey, and he was shifty-eyed and obviously a bad financial bet. Presto—no insurance!"

Brought with him from the Coast had done a quick vanishing act and he'd been lucky to land a barker's job, with no experience. He thought determinedly, it isn't acting but it's kind of like it. Worked on a crowd, making them feel things. It'll be just like the rest of it."

Probably it was, but it was tough on the voice. For twelve hours a day, Greg and the other 'talker' kept up a grind of chatter alternately—a half hour off and a half hour on. Pay—twenty-five dollars per.

There weren't so many jobs around in those days. When Greg left the Fair, he landed at a Radio City and heaved a sigh of relief. The Peck lecture technique was a definite novelty, and it was fawned on by the other guides and the author. It was, however, highly popular with the tourists.

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MR. STARDUST (Continued from page 30)

NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

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1. GIVES IT LUSTROUS, HIGHLIGHTS
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25¢ for 5 rinses
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CLEAR UP EXTERIALLY CAUSED

GENTLY LOOSEN BLACKHEADS
LIGHTEN, BRIGHTEN
DULL, DARK SKIN

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, and may lay you up with gout, arthritis, poison under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequently or constantly passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help as the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Dean's Pill, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Dean's Pills.

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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, a new, special molekin foot plaster—velvety, soft, cushioning. Used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves fatigue, cal- louses, bunions and tender spots caused by shoes, and provon. Soothes and protects the sore spot. Splendid for preventing bila- teral feet and toe pain.

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BEAUTIFY YOUR FORM CONTOUR

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out a mat with Welcome on it for young men with no acting experience. It was while he was working at Radio City that he heard about the Neighborhood Playhouse. He went to see a few scholarships to promising applicants. So Gregory went over to see the director and read a couple of parts for him. The director listened and nodded.

**rhythm boy...**

"You have a certain amount of dramatic ability," he said ruminatively. "Now we'll turn you over to Miss Graham, who will see if you have rhythm. Rhythm is very important."

Miss Graham was Martha Graham, the well-known classical dancer. She looked at Greg appraisingly. "You're very tall, aren't you?"

Greg was used to that. He just said "Yes, ma'am."

"We will try you on rhythm. Go in the dressing room and put on the shorts you will find there."

Greg emerged in a tall, muscular and Tarzanish in the shorts.


Greg wasn't happy about it, but he did it. And apparently he did it with Rhythm. Because he passed the test, and he got the scholarship. He took a two-year course at the Playhouse and did stock in the summers. After that, came a really miraculous opportunity. A chance to go on the road with Katharine Cornell's company of "The Doctor's Dilemma." As it turned out, this was even more momentous than Greg thought. At the railroad station in Philadelphia, their first stop, he noticed a strikingly pretty little blonde among the company.

"Who's the blonde dish?" he asked, with what now seems to him astounding coolness.

"That's Miss Cornell's hairdresser and make-up expert," he was told. "Her name's Greta something."

"Is she Finnish, cute, eh?"

"That," said Mr. Peck, "is the understatement of all time. He advanced toward her, a trifle flattered by her determination in his eye. The determination got him exactly nowhere—then.

You see, Greta had a mind of her own. Also a boyness of her own. She saw no point in swapping for this big Gary Cooper type, who probably couldn't act for sour apples. What was he doing in a Cornell company when he had never even been on Broadway? He had a nerve.

**it's love, love, love...**

By the time they reached Boston, she had changed her mind a little. They had their first real date in Boston—cocktails at the Copley Plaza. Gregory volunteered to tell her fortune.

"Just way of getting to hold your hand, my sweet," he confessed airily, later on in their courtship. "I held it and talked along, and wasn't the least idea what I was saying."

"You said I'd marry a tall, dark man."

"And will you?"

Greta wasn't sure yet. Neither, to tell the truth, was Gregory. It was the first time he'd ever been really in love, and it alarmed him. But Gregory had never bothered much about girls. He was a Senior in High School before he'd ever had a date. It took him four months to get up nerve enough to ask Hannah, his classmate. She was very pretty and very popular. He used to pass her in the hall at school a couple of times a day, and give her a sideways glance from his dark eyes. After a little, she got so she glanced back. Then he started grinning at her—the fascinating Peck grin. She smiled. He was told, himself, Making
Progress. Came a day when he said "Hi!" and she came right back with "Hello, there!" It only took him a month after that to get to the point where he stopped her and said, "Look, how about going to a show with me Friday?" He didn't say it very distinctly because somehow his voice gets way down his throat. Other boys' voices squeaked when they got nervous. Greg went very, very baritone.

"I'd love to go," the girl said, and fluttered her eyelashes slightly.

"Will you go dancing with me after the show?" Greg held his breath. He'd been taking dancing lessons downtown for months now, in preparation for this moment.

"I think that would be divine!" All girlish enthusiasm.

So everything was set. They couldn't miss. Greg borrowed his dad's car and practically polished the paint right off it. He went over and picked up the girl at her house. And embarked on the dullest evening he ever spent in his life.

"I wasn't very sharp with girls at that point," he admits. "I didn't know how to make with the talk even with the passes. We covered all the people we knew in the first half hour and then went on to 'What do you think of our team?' Then how was going down at the same things. And somehow when we got to dancing, the steps I'd learned didn't seem to be the ones she knew. I never asked her for any dance, and I guess that was okay with her."

He got interested in another girl soon after that, though. She had twelve brothers, and the first time Greg went to see her he felt like a murderer facing twelve juries. But he passed their inspection, and after that they all had a pretty good time together.

In college he dated occasionally, but not seriously. One girl, he always figured, was a lot like another, and who cared? But that was B.G.—Before Greta. Now he suddenly realized that he wasn't in the least alike, and that one girl could wrap the world up and tie it with a pink ribbon just by smiling at you.

You get to know a boy well indeed on the road. You see them at all hours of the day and night, under all sorts of conditions. It's a good proving ground for matrimony. Greg and Greta got married exactly one year and three days after they first met. Greta's mother sent them a beautiful handmade lace tablecloth for a wedding present.

"Isn't it beautiful? It must have taken her at least three years to make it," Greta enthused.

Gregory did a slight double take. "Three years? Hey, I've only known you for one year."
"Oh, well. She knew I’d marry somebody!"

sad socks...

That first week of marriage, Greg got quite a scare. Greta, who was usually the sunniest, brightest girl in the world, began to go around like a sad sack, no laughs, no animating anything. Greg just plain didn’t dare ask her what was wrong—he thought he knew. He thought “Ye gods! The girl is sorry she married me!” He, too, began to go around looking very Gloomy Gus. Oh, they were a fine pair! It wasn’t till some time later that Greg found out Greta had had the flu that week, and had a temperature of 106°. Greta’s part was a big one—Emlyn Williams had played it in London—and he was very elated about it. “Morning Star” opened and the notices came, saw and departed to write the worst notices about Gregory Peck that an actor ever lived through. They did not mince words, and it was terrible, and they were right,” Greg says. “The show was to open in Broadway the next week, and I knew if I got notices like that my first time in New York might as well look for another profession. So Greta and I went to work on it. Every night after the theatre we rehearse. I’d play my part, and Greta wouldn’t do anything, she’d just sit there, as clipped, French accent! We kept that up for a week, and when the play opened in New York, my notices were okay.”

The play lasted three weeks, but Greg got another part immediately on the strength of his performance. It was opposite Martha Scott in “The Willow And The Barley,” that placed him on Broadway. So I played the next one. “Kiss of Death Peck,” Gregory began to call himself, only half kidding. But by then Hollywood had waked up to the fact that Greta was a nice, new, sexy leading man loose on Broadway—one who could really act. Greg was signed, and he and Greta headed for the Coast. His first picture “Daybreak” didn’t do too well, but Peck did fine. For once when Holly- wood said “Sensational!” they really meant it. Before Gregory could recover from his initial surprise life, he was cast in one of the biggest roles of the year, that of Father Chisholm in “Keys Of The Kingdom.” Next came “Valley Of Decision” opposite Greer Garson, and “Spellbound” with Ingrid Bergman. His next picture will be “Duel In The Sun.”

Greg and Greta ride a lot, and swim. One day he and Greta were riding on the desert. She had a fast horse, a big, running bay. All of a sudden it shied, and then was off like an outsize jack- rabbit. Greg yelled frantically and started in pursuit, but his horse wasn’t fast enough. Greta, looking tiny and helpless, disappeared over the hill ahead. By the time Greg got to its summit, there wasn’t any sign of her. He was almost out of his wind with worry. On the way back he rode around, calling her name (“I must have sounded like a tenor singing ‘Chloe.’”) and looking for the body. Until he rounded a corner over there was Greta, with three cowboys. “Oh, there you are, dear,” she called airily. “My horse took me back to the old wash. I was beginning to worry about you.” Women! Gregory is a fine swimmer. His facility in that line dates back to a childhood at La Jolla, California. Greta and the other boys used to get up at seven every morn- ing and head right for the beach. There were wonderful caves to play pirate in, and one day a huge wave came along and carried them all over the rocks. Their favorite spot was diving for abalone. Abalone is a sort of fish with a hard shell. It fastens on rocks several feet under, and the boys used to take iron bars with sharp points, and dive down and pry the abalone off the rocks. Then they’d sell them to the butcher for a nickel a pound. Gregory got his fingers caught under an abalone shell and he’ll never forget it. He was ten feet under water, and he couldn’t get loose. He breath till the pressure in his chest felt like a red-hot iron. At last, one of the boys said “Old Greg’s been down a pretty long time.” They all tumbled in and a last managed to pull him loose. To this day the taste of abalone makes Greg shiver.

Maybe it’s because Gregory has worked so much and lived with so many different kinds of people that he has such a knack of making friends. He isn’t aggressive about it, but people find themselves automatically liking this tall young man with the easy smile. When he arrived on the set of “Valley Of Decision” he was at something of a disadvantage. The part was doubled to having Walter Pidgeon play opposite Greer Garson, and who was this Peck character anyway? But Gregory went about his business quietly, was flexible and enthusiastic way, and in no time they began to think he was a pretty good guy. At the end of the shooting, the crew presented him with a sports shirt accompanied by a fancy note whichGreg treasures beyond gold and diamonds.

eight-boller...

There was a little custom that when anyone made a bad “fluff,” he would get a large eight-ball hung on his neck. One day he was working on a scene in the library. He delivered his lines in his best, dramatic manner. It was a long speech, and he felt pleased with the way he was putting it. No one interrupted, but when he got through, there was a dead silence. Then a member of the crew approached him and solemnly draped the eight-ball over his neck. It wasn’t until that moment that he realized he had delivered a speech in the library which belonged to a scene that took place in the kitchen, back in New York.

It was Tay Garnett who christened Gregory the "king-size Sinatra." And presents him with the large eight-ball bow tie in existence. But Gregory can’t, in all hon- esty, be tagged with any other name than his own. He is too definite a personality too completely that of any other. Is that Gregory Peck, who could ask for anything more?
Science has, at last, discovered a new COLD WAVE solution that gives natural-looking curls and waves in 2 to 3 hours, at home. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving COLD WAVES costing up to $10.00, $15.00 or more. The result will be luxurious curls and soft, easy-to-manage waves. Your new permanent will last months and months.

If you can comb your hair, you can give yourself a Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE, and do it in 3 quick steps. Simply get a Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit at your favorite dealer. First shampoo, then apply the salon-type curling solution, prepared especially for home use, and put up in curlers. (60 supplied with each kit.) In 2 or 3 hours set in latest fashion. You’ll be amazed with the fascinating results. Works “like a million” on children’s soft, fine hair.

Only Charm-Kurl contains “Kurlium,” the quick working hair beautifier—that’s why only Charm-Kurl gives such wonderful results for so much less. No wonder women everywhere say Charm-Kurl SUPREME is the nation’s biggest Home COLD WAVE value! Insist always on Charm-Kurl SUPREME with “Kurlium.”

*“Kurlium” is U. S. Registered. No one else can make this statement.
**Big Sister said:** “My complexion needs help!”

**I said:** “Better get that Ivory Look!”

**She did—and He said:**

“Mm-mmh...pretty smooth”...

Here’s how your skin can be softer, prettier, too!

Wouldn’t you like to have that Ivory Look... to see your skin become clearer, smoother, lovelier? All you have to do is stop being careless about your complexion. Follow baby’s Ivory Soap routine!

Change to regular, gentle cleansing with that pure, mild cake of Ivory. You can’t buy a purer soap no matter how much you pay.

Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. No wonder it’s the soap more doctors advise than all other brands put together! 99 4/100% Pure

More doctors advise Ivory—than all other brands put together

P. S. TO PATRIOTS: Help save vital war materials. Avoid soap waste. Make Ivory go as far as possible.
"That's My Boy!" by VAN JOHNSON'S DAD

Modern Screen
M-G-M clicks with "The Clock".

You'll find Judy Garland and Bob Walker at their very best. Their very best is pretty darn good.

He's a soldier on leave in New York—the big city, strange and bewildering. She happens to be hurrying through Penn Station. They literally bump into each other.

Judy takes Bob to town—a sort of one-woman USO—breaks her dates and—

Well, the story's told through these two characters in an intimate and gay a shadow tale as you've ever seen.

It's a wonderful forty-eight hours that screenwriters Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank tell in about two.

Judy is even better than in her unforgettable "Meet Me In St. Louis". Bob is better than in "Haxgrove".

Vincente Minnelli ("St. Louis") directed "The Clock". It's a sensitive job and one to be proud of. Ditto, Arthur Freed—the producer.


Some pictures that are coming along from the world's leading studio should be noted in your book of early futures.

"Ziegfeld Follies" is the biggest, most beautiful musical ever filmed.

"Anchors Aweigh", starring Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, and Kathryn Grayson, is tops in gaiety and song.

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn will thrill you in Phillip Barry's comedy "Without Love".

The coming juvenile star is "Butch" (Jackie) Jenkins of "National Velvet".

We're all set to celebrate our 21st birthday.

—Lee

modern screen

STORIES

*JEANNE CRAIN, Life Story

Jeanne didn't have a screen-dream in her heart till a beauty crown sent her off to tea with Orson Welles and a date with fame ........... 30

*P.S. ON THE PAYNES

Two pages chock-full of color and romance. Mr. and Mrs. Johnny and Moe—"At Home." ................................................. 34

TO THE FANS: GOD BLESS 'EM!

Hedda Hopper hangs orchids (and thistles) on the Hollywood great. Some of whom forget to remember that there's no such thing as an actor without an audience—or a star without a fan! .......................... 36

LITTLE MISS REMARKABLE

Act one of a wonderful game of "Let's Pretend" to see Maggie O'Brien, but once in a while the game gets almost too exciting— 38

MOTHER AND I REMEMBER

No wonder 20th Century-Fox is celebrating its thirtieth anniversary, with gals like Betty Grable James around to blow the candles and Mother Grable to help think of a memory for each year............. 40

"JANIE" GETS MARRIED

Modern Screen's Hail and Farewell to Joyce Reynolds. Hail to a Brand-New Missus, farewell to a star who's leaving us ............................ 42

*SO NICE TO COME HOME TO

Sorry, gals, but we gotta Tell All. That though you're positive that quiety slide in Frankie's voice is for You Alone—well, you know, there's always Nancy and Nancy Sinatra and Frankie, Jr. 44

*BLONDE OF THE YEAR

At only nineteen, June Haver's a specialist—at playing Cupid, collecting gals, getting squishy hearts, washing dishes. At being a very new and very pink champagne starlet.......................... 46

*THAT'S MY BOY!

Van Johnson's dad brings out the family album and shares his reminiscences. They're intimate memories—memories of a man willing to share his love with the world as well as his son........................................ 48

*ON TOUR WITH SUE AND ALAN

A picture story of the wonderful Gls Ladd and his Sue went out to meet; the kids with the hands gone or the eyes or the legs—but, never, never, the heart........ 54

*IF I COULD BE WITH YOU...

Berenice felt like any other girl saying goodbye to her husband, wondering how long before "So Long" becomes "Hello." ........ 58

Jeanne Crain in 20th-Fox's "State Fair" ........................................ 30

John Payne in 20th-Fox's "The Dolly Sisters" and Gloria DeHaven in M-G-M's "Between Two Women" ....................................... 34

Frank Sinatra in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh" .................. 44

June Haver in 20th-Fox's "Where Do We Go From Here?" .. 46

Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Thrill Of A Romance" .............. 48

Alan Ladd in Paramount's "Salty O'Rourke" .................. 54

Gene Kelly in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh" .................. 58

COLOR SIDES

*COLOR PAGES

1st. Editorial Page.......................................................... 29

2nd. Spring Goes To Your Head........................................... 66

3rd. Modern Screen's Fashion Guide.................................. 68

4th. Sweet and Hot by Leonard Feather .............................. 6

5th. Co-Ed ................................................................. 8

6th. Movie Reviews .......................................................... 12

7th. Modern Screen Picture Quiz .................................... 14

8th. Super Coupon .............................................................. 26

9th. Good News by Luella Parsons .................................. 60

10th. "... and she can cook, too!"—Marilyn Maxwell ........ 88

FEATURES

BEAUTY

29th. FIRST AID .............................................................. 71

30th. Modern Screen Goes To Your Head .................................. 66

31st. Modern Screen's Style Guide ...................................... 68

32nd. Sweet and Hot by Leonard Feather ............................ 6

33rd. Co-Ed ................................................................. 8

34th. Movie Reviews .......................................................... 12

35th. Modern Screen Picture Quiz .................................... 14

36th. Super Coupon .............................................................. 26

37th. Good News by Luella Parsons .................................. 60

38th. "... and she can cook, too!"—Marilyn Maxwell ........ 88

FASHION

DEPTS.

***

COVER: Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Thrill Of A Romance"

ANTHONY DELACORTE, Executive Editor

HELEN CORKERY, Art Director

SYLVIA WALLACE, Hollywood Editor

KAY HARDY, Promotion Manager

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Service Dept.: Ann Ward, Information Desk: Beverly Linet


POSTMASTER: Please send notice on form 3578 and copies returned under label at Form 3579 to 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.
A 48-hour pass... a lonely soldier... and a girl in a million!

Two days were all they had... to make their first date... to hold hands in a taxi... to kiss in the park... to ride home in the dawn with the milkman! It's a story as gay as Spring and as exciting as love itself!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"ST. LOUIS" HARGROVE

JUDY GARLAND and ROBERT WALKER

They click in "The Clock"

JAMES GLEASON • KEENAN WYNN • MARSHALL THOMPSON

Screen Play by Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M Picture
CALIFORNIA DIARY

WEDNESDAY—So this won't be a lonesome journey after all. As soon as I got on the train in Chicago today I bumped into Georgia Gibbs, the CBS thrush, on her way back West to resume her airings after an illness in New York.

Georgia and I found an enthusiasm to share in Pearl Bailey, a great young singer formerly with Cootie Williams' band. Georgia caught her at the Blue Angel night club in New York and agreed that her combination of good looks, personality and swell voice, plus a sense of humor, ought to land her in Hollywood before long.

Also met Jeri Sullivan in the club car; she's Hollywood-bound for a screen test having given up her CBS sustaining show. Jeri told me the long and complicated story of the origin of "Rum and Coca-Cola," which has become a big song hit and bears her name as part-composer. It's based on a traditional theme that originated in Trinidad. Jeri’s happiness is dampened by the fact that she hasn’t recorded the tune herself.

FRIDAY—Hollywood greeted me with a sunny smile today, despite all my friends’ warnings about the rainy season. My first evening in town was well spent in a visit to the "Case O’Bananas"—that’s the musicians’ special term for the Casa Manana, a big ballroom in Culver City. The Johnny Thompsons drove me out there—Johnny is Harry James’ ace arranger—and we arrived in time to help the James band celebrate its sixth anniversary.

It was good to (Continued on page 116)
That Fighting
LADD
You Love
Is Gunning For
Trouble Again!

Hollywood's most meteoric Star Sensation in his first
rough, tough and terrific role since his screen return...
failing for a girl with stars in her eyes while he tames
a man-killing horse and a lady-killing tough guy!

Alan Ladd and
Gail Russell in
"SALTY O’ROURKE"

with William Demarest
Bruce Cabot - Spring Byington
and Stanley Clements
Directed by Raoul Walsh

Paramount Presents

The riotous roughneck of "Going
My Way" as the smartest little
jockey who ever booted home a winner!

The Miracle Man of "Morgan's Creek" has a
new "Conquering Hero" to hail!

THE THRILLS OF BIG TIME RACING YOU CAN'T SEE NOW!
Original Story and Screen Play by Milton Holmes
CO-ED LETTERBOX

There's more on your mind than bangs and a beanie this spring; we know that from your letters, and gosh, we're awfully proud of you. You're thinking about college in the Fall; about shoudering some of the family responsibilities, about preparing for a job. Big thoughts for little gals! "We've got big dreams," your letters tell us, "but it takes money to make them real, and money's what we're short on. Aside from renting it in the cellar, how does one get some?"

Ah, there are ways, gals. We can think of a dozen ways. So if you're clamoring for a little independence, for the wherewithal to buy some high-voltage summer clothes, for a seashore vacation, for a ticket to Fort Bragg—read on.

There's Gardening: You can plant your own and peddle your produce, or you might plan and plant gardens for others. You can only do this, of course, where the ground has already been plowed— as in community garden projects—or in spaces where there has been a garden before. Five dollars for a garden fifteen by fifteen isn't a bit too much. For information, quiz the garden club or Victory Garden committee, and drop a quarter on that wonderful little pocket gardening book. Once the garden is under way, you can offer to take care of it (weeding, watering, harvesting) for a flat monthly figure of perhaps $7 a month.

There's Errand-running: If you've a bike, why not hire it and you out to the local stores three or four days a week after school? Deliver groceries, drugs, flowers—and charge fifty cents an hour for your time. This, plus occasional tips, snowball into a fat weekly take.

Baby-sitting: If you've a knack for this, you are practically made financially. Your family will probably set a ten o'clock curfew on week nights, and of course they won't want you "sitting" every night, but even at that you'll mint money. (Continued on page 77)
The Tale that Set the West on Fire!
Salome!..Lure of the West!
Loot of the Lawless!..love prize of 1000 swaggering gunmen from Texas to the Rockies.

Walter Wanger presents—

"SALOME, Where She Danced"
in TECHNICOLOR

with YVONNE DeCARLO ROD CAMERON - DAVID BRUCE
WALTER SLEZAK - ALBERT DEKKER - MARJORIE RAMBEAU - J. EDWARD BROMBERG

Screenplay by Laurence Stallings. From an original story by Michael J. Phillips
Directed by CHARLES LAMONT  Associate Producer, ALEXANDER GOLITZEN  Produced by WALTER WANGER  A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
We’re listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your “must” list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. ★★★ means unsurpassed, ★★★★ excellent, ★★★ very good, and ★★ good. C denotes that the picture’s recommended for children.

### Movie Scoreboard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Movie</th>
<th>Rating</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abroad With Two Yanks (United Artists)</td>
<td>★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adventures of Mark Twain, The (Warner)</td>
<td>★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Romances (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And Now Tomorrow (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And The Angel Slips (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbary Coast Gentleman (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Between Two Worlds (Warners)</td>
<td>★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Big Bonanza, The (Republic)</td>
<td>★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Big Noise, The (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★</td>
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<td>Bowery to Broadway (Universal)</td>
<td>★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brazil (Republic)</td>
<td>★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bride by Mistake (RKO)</td>
<td>★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Candid Light in Algiers (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Can’t Help Singing (Universal)</td>
<td>★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Canterbury Ghost, The (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carolina Blues (Columbia)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caroona Brown (International Pictures)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climax, The (Universal)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conspirators, The (Warner)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dark Waters (United Artists)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desert Song, The (Warner)</td>
<td>★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Destination Tokyo (Warner)</td>
<td>★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Double Indemnity (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doughgirls, The (Warner)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dragon Seed (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<td>Enter Arsene Lupin (Universal)</td>
<td>★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Falcon in Hollywood, The (RKO)</td>
<td>★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fighting Lady, The (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frenchman’s Creek (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gang’s All Here, The (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galilal (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goodnight, Sweetheart (Republic)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Going My Way (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great Flamingo, The (Republic)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenwich Village (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grizzly’s Millions (Republic)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<td>Hall the Conquering Hero (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
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<td>Hairy Ape, The (United Artists)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heavenly Days (RKO)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Aldrich Plays Cupid (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here Come the Co-Eds (Universal)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hi, Beautiful (Universal)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hitler Goes, The (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollywood Canteen (Warner)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hour Before the Dawn, The (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Love a Mystery (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Love a Soldier (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Impatient Yea, The (Columbia)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Old Oklahoma (Republic)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Society (Universal)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Meantime, Darling (RKO)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Invisible Man’s Return, The (Universal)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irish Eyes Are Smiling (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janie (Warner)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jungle Woman (Universal)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kiss Me (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lake Placid Serenade (Republic)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last in a Hurry (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main Street After Dark (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marie Rosales (RKO)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark of the Whistler, The (Columbia)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meet Me in St. Louis (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mistrel Man (RKO)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Skeffington (Warner)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Whistle Goes to War (Columbia)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Music for Millions (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National Velvet (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Time for Love (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>None But the Lonely Heart (RKO)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
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<td>Objective Buma (Warner)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
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<td>Pearl of Death (Universal)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pin-Up Girl (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rainbow, The (Kiev Studios)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
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<td>Rainbow Island (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riding High (Paramount)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Roger Tofday, Gentlester (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<td>San Diego, I Love You (Universal)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Fernando Valley (Republic)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
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<td>Secret Command (Columbia)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sensations of 1945 (United Artists)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seventh Cross (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Show Business (RKO)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<td>Singing Sheriff (Universal)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Something for the Boys (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<td>Song of Remondette (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Song to Remember, A (Columbia)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Step Lively (RKO)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<td>Story of D. Wasell, The (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Sunday Dinner for a Soldier (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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<td>Summertime (United Artists)</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet and Lowdown (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take It Big (Paramount)</td>
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<td>Take It Slow or Leave It (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tall in the Saddle (Republic)</td>
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<td>That Man Goes Home, The (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<td>Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>39 Rue Montmartre (French Films)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
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<td>Three Is a Family (United Artists)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Till We Meet Again (Paramount)</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Together Again (Columbia)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tomorrow the World (United Artists)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Very Thought of You, The (Warner)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>West of the Rio Grande (Monogram)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where Wives Marry (Monogram)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the Lights Go On Again (PRC)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where Are Your Children? (Monogram)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wing and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winged Victory (20th Century-Fox)</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman in the Window (RKO)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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<tr>
<td>Youth Runs Wild (RKO)</td>
<td>★★★★</td>
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Very funny!

and these are the girls he gets funny with!

Jack (Hot Lips) Benny
Alexis Smith

in "THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT"

(and the laughs last all day!)

with
DOLORES MORAN - ALLYN JOSLYN - REGINALD GARDINER
GUY KIBBEE - JOHN ALEXANDER - Directed by RAOUl WALSH

In these days of the man shortage it seems like adding insult to injury to give us a picture about a girl who has four men in love with her. However, it's a gay and amusing picture, so come home, Paramount, all is forgiven. Susan is played by Joan Fontaine, so you're not surprised at the number of men who want to marry her.

The first man, Richard (Walter Abel), is the go-getter, business type. He loves Susan because he thinks she is so patrician. Susan is an actress, and when she returns from a U.S.O. tour, Richard promptly proposes. Susan, an obliging girl, says yes. That, Richard soon finds, has always been Susan's trouble. She is forever getting herself engaged to one man or another. She even got married once ...

That was to Roger (George Brent), who fell in love with her because she was the most naive, innocent and honest girl he had ever met. Roger was a producer, and he decided Susan was just the type to play Joan of Arc in his new show. But after they were married he tried to change all the qualities in her that he had admired her for. Result: Fights, lots of them. Susan loved a good fight. Eventually, however, she got tired of battling, and got a Reno divorce.

Then Mike (Don Dafore) entered her life. Mike was a breezy Westerner with lots of money, who came to New York looking for adventure. Susan represented Glamor to Mike, and they became engaged. But Roger kept bouncing in and out of the romance, to Mike's fury. He was wildly jealous because Susan obviously liked having Roger around. With the episode of the jewelled clip, which you'll have to see to appreciate, their engagement came to an end.

Then along came Bill (Dennis O'Keefe). If you like the poetic, dreamy type, Bill is your dish. Susan thought he was hers, until Roger (Continued on page 16)
Back in that strange world called "Home"

A pilot finds his dreams are shattered... a girl despairs of ever being adored... 'til they meet by a miracle of love and keep a rendezvous with rapture!

Dorothy McGuire * Robert Young
the Lovers of "Claudia"*
Herbert Marshall
"the Enchanted Cottage"

Mildred Natwick * Spring Byington * Hillary Brooke * Richard Gaines

Directed by John Cromwell * Produced by Harriet Parsons
Screen Play by DeWitt Bodeen and Herman J. Mankiewicz
Based on the play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.
MODERN SCREEN’S PICTURE QUIZ

You’re a never-fail M. S. reader, so go ahead and perfect-score yourself a perfect 12 percent! Kidding aside, these questions would be tough for anybody not kept to the game, but for you . . . So do try to pick the correct answer from the four suggested beneath each pic. 9-12 denotes a most super info, 6-9 we-e-ell and below 6? Uh-uh. (See page 132 for the answers.)

1. Never these twain shall meet, even though they’re:
   a. cousins  
   b. brothers  
   c. father and son  
   d. brothers-in-laws

2. These smolderings led up to the famous line:
   a. "33, skeleton."  
   b. "Wow!"  
   c. "It's even better when you help."  
   d. "Let's go on for ever."

3. First he sawed her in half, now they’re one. Their youngun’s:
   a. Prudence Penny  
   b. Penny Cartwright  
   c. Rebecca Welles  
   d. Jennifer Jones

4. Raisin on crom and corn, their hearts belong to Daddy:
   a. Van Johnson  
   b. Van Heflin  
   c. Frank Sinatra  
   d. Bing Crosby

5. Greer started a "flat-top" sailor hot vogue in:
   a. "Blossoms in the Dust"  
   b. "Madame Curie"  
   c. "Mr. Chips"  
   d. "Mr. Skeffington"

6. Just back from 4 years ambulance driving in Britain, her estranged husband’s:
   a. Claude Rains  
   b. Robert Donat  
   c. Laurence Olivier  
   d. Leslie Fenton

7. The love bugs of the 30’s in:
   a. "The Mad World"  
   b. "The Single Sin"  
   c. "X Marks The Spot"  
   d. "Change of Heart"

8. It’s 12 years since she played in "Rasputin" with her 2 brothers, now she’s:
   a. "Mo Mott"  
   b. "The Czecho"  
   c. "Miss Moffat"  
   d. "The Panther Woman"
9. "Now Voyager" got Henreid a boost, got itself an Oscar for:
   a. Best photography  
   b. Best dramatic music score  
   c. Most expensive wardrobe  
   d. Longest clinches

10. In the early '30's, this was known as "It," she was known as:
   a. Vera Vague  
   b. Hedy Lamarr  
   c. Clara Bow  
   d. Barbara Stanwyck

11. England claims him for her greatest Romeo. Hollywood as its favorite:
   a. Hamlet  
   b. Nero Wolf  
   c. Simon Templar  
   d. Sherlock Holmes

12. You saw right through her in:
   a. "Topper Takes a Trip"  
   b. "Ghost Goes West"  
   c. "Farewell, My Lovely"  
   d. "The Invisible Woman"

A special process keeps Kleenex Luxuriously Soft—Dependably Strong.

Only Kleenex® has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!

YOUR NOSE KNOWS - THERE’S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can’t promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!


There is only one KLEENEX
turned up again. That finished Bill. . . .

So now there is Richard and they are engaged. He wants her to marry him right away. But hold everything! Here comes Roger again!—Par.

P. S.

This is based on an original story by Thomas Monroe titled "The Chameleon". . . . This is Joan Fontaine's first comedy role and puts her in modern dress for the first time in her past five pictures. . . . The outfits are designed by Edith Head. Because of the story, that of a girl with four complete character changes, her clothes had to fit four different types of women. Joan also has eight completely different hair-dos in the picture. . . . Don DeFore was signed to a contract because of his performance in this picture. . . . Casting director Robert Mayo was given Hollywood's most coveted assignment—that of finding twelve girls with the most beautiful legs in the world. They were to be used for the George Brent audition scene. . . . Joan was a prisoner in her Joan of Arc suit of armor. A clamp became stuck and it was 90 minutes before prop men could release her. They used, yep, a can opener! . . . When the picture was completed, Joan was photographed in various characterizations of Susan by four of the nation's outstanding photographers. As the intellectual Susan she was "shot" by Paramount's Whitey Shaffer. As the exterior girl she was photographed by Paul Hesse. Henry Wazman pictured her as the glamorous Susan and Hurrell posed her as the patrician lady. . . . Coming from retirement on his Angora, California, fruit ranch, David Abel handled the photographic assignment for the movie itself.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Are you looking for something unusual? Bored with the strictly routine? Then catch "The Picture Of Dorian Gray." It's completely different—and completely fascinating. Hurst Hatfield gives a terrifyingly real performance in the title role, and George Sanders plays the most cynical character ever seen on a movie screen.

There is a curious attraction to evil. We are all fascinated by the forbidden. This is a story of a very wicked man, but you will find it none the less interesting for that. The plot has been changed considerably from Oscar Wilde's novel, but fortunately the Wilde touch has been retained in the epigrams which punctuate its dialog.

The history of Dorian Gray begins on a day when the artist Hallward (Lowell Gilmore) has just finished his portrait. The picture is a beautiful thing for Dorian himself is beautiful with the wistful beauty of youth and purity. But that day he meets Lord Henry Wotton (George Sanders). Henry is a brilliant but decadent man, who expresses his evil ideas in the cleverness that they exert a complete influence on Dorian. The boy is moved by Henry's admiration of his looks to make a wish. He wishes that as the years advance, he could be the portrait which would change instead of his own face. Impossible? Yes, of course. But it happens.

Dorian falls in love with a pretty little singer, (Angela Lansbury), and intends to marry her, until Henry persuades him that marriage isn't necessary. The affair ends in tragedy for Angela, but Dorian, under Henry's influence, shrugs it off with callous indifference. Years of dissipation follow. Strange stories are told in London about his evil habits, yet suspicion is almost allayed by a look at the purity of his unaltered face. And the portrait, hidden away . . . until a day when someone sees it and dies as a result.

When Dorian at last finds love with beautiful Gladys Hulett (Donna Reed) it is far too late. Heaven and hell have fought for his soul and heaven has waged a losing battle.—M.-G.-M.

P. S.

The portraits of Dorian used in this picture were painted by the Albright brothers, Ivan and Matilde. The last, and most horrible of the series of paintings—the canvas which Dorian rips in rage—took over six months to paint. . . . Ivan Albright was also given the job of making the blue clock (which hangs by the picture) grow gradually old! For the last scene Ivan took a hammer and rapped on the clock. The thing splintered to pieces. Ivan had thought the timepiece was made of blue enamel, instead it was a porcelain antique painted at four hundred dollars. . . . Hurst Hatfield had to practice for many hours to learn to stab that penknife into the desk in the nursery and not kill the painter. When the scene was being its dress rehearsal, Hurst let go the knife too quickly and it flew—point first—toward director Albert Lewin. "Out!" yelled Lewin, "cut and run for your lives!" Hatfield, seated in his dressing room on the set, was singing "Long Ago and Far Awayyyyyyyyyy" when a sailor passing by stopped him and said, "tsk, tsk." "Don't you like my singing?" asked Hurst. "Naw!" answered the sailor, walking away. Late that day Hurst was introduced to the same boy in gob's uniform—it was Frank Sinatra, there for a picture. . . . Hatfield (the guy who came to Hollywood for a week end eight months ago!) has a lot of work to do in this one. He's in 355 of the 359 scenes—an unusual amount for a newcomer. . . . Hurst was dining at Romanoff's one evening and was at the lovely girl at the next table who seemed to be continually glance back. Finally, he walked over and introduced himself, claiming he was sure he knew her but couldn't remember when or where. The girl laughed—"I'm producer Joan Harrison—we shared space on a page in Vogue Magazine last month!"

SALTY O'ROURKE

Alan Ladd doesn't look like a tough guy. He doesn't sound like one, either, with that nice, quiet voice of his. But give him a gun and a couple of gangsters to cope with, and suddenly there's a new, shivering in no time.

The way he does in "Salty O'Rourke" which is tops in entertainment.

Salty (Alan Ladd) is a racetrack gambler. Not a very desirable character on the face of it, but somehow he's a swell person. Take the jam he's in right now. He's got to pay two million bucks to the same boy named Baxter (Bruce Cabot) just because Salty's partner owed it to him when he died. Baxter is the kind of guy who means it when he says "Pay me in thirty days—or else." The "or else" is conveyed by a small, clicking sound denoting sudden death for Salty if the dough is not forthcoming.

Salty and his trainer, Smitty (William Demarest) have to do some fast thinking.
You will never live a more sinister drama... nor a more exciting one!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

Paul MUNI
in
COUNTER-ATTACK
(Adapted from the BROADWAY STAGE SUCCESS)

Thrilling with tenseness!
Tower with bigness!
Startling with suspense!

MARGUERITE with LARRY
CHAPMAN - PARKS

Screen Play by John Howard Lawson
Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA
Rhonda Fleming, featured in
Alfred Hitchcock’s "Spellbound,"
A Selznick International Picture
starring Ingrid Bergman
and Gregory Peck.

Rhonda Fleming wears
 SPELLBOUND
 perfume by LYNETTE

Salty does most of it, since Smitty just isn’t built for thinking. They locate a tough little jockey named Johnny Cute who has been barred from every track in the country. They have him assume the identity of his seventeen-year-old kid brother. Then they get a horse named Whipper which can cover the ground faster than a stolen car. No jockey but Johnny can ride him, but with Johnny up he’s meek as a lamb. They enter him in the famous Delington Handicap, and they’re all set.

Until Johnny finds out he has to go to school, since he’s supposed to be only seventeen. He starts by insulting the pretty teacher, Barbara Brooks (Gail Russell), then goes on to fall in love with her. Salty keeps having to straighten things out and Barbara misunderstands his interest and falls in love with him. You can’t blame her for that—Salty is a very attractive guy, but it complicates his plans considerably. Because Johnny figures Salty is playing him for a sucker, and proceeds to do the same for Salty. Meanwhile, Baxter shows up, and there’s a climax which ends in sudden death. Whose death? See it and find out.

Sally Clements handles the difficult role of the little jockey with exceptional skill. You’ll be asking for him again.—Par.

P.S.

Paramount bought this story sight unseen. Matter of fact, the idea wasn’t even on paper. It was all in the mind of Milton Holmes. . . . It was a matter of Holmes outlining and acting all the parts of the picture in the DeSylva office—tooled him an hour and thirty-five minutes but at the conclusion B. G. said, “sold!” . . . This is the second story which the former extra and manager of the Beverly Hills tennis club has written and sold to the studios. The first was “Mr. Lucky.” . . . Paramount borrowed Raoul Walsh from Warner Bros. to direct. This was his first directional assignment off the Warner lot in more than four years. He was the ideal choice because he is one of Hollywood’s leading racing sportsmen and has owned several big-money turf winners. . . . Walsh and producer E. D. Leshin chose a sorrel named L’Elegant, a one-time Jock Whitney colt, for the picture’s equine lead “Whipper.” For the racing scenes in the picture, Paramount used a string of 50 racehorses rented from stables in L. A. County and at the Caliente, Mexico, track. Each horse in the picture had to have at least one double and “Whipper” had two. Thoroughbreds could be run only a limited time during the course of a shooting day without endangering their racing usefulness. . . . Real jockeys were used to run the bangtails. Twelve professional riders were employed for the racing sequences. Several of them, such as Ralph Neece, were nationally known riders. . . . Gail was so delighted with the Dorothy O’Hara–designed gowns (her first dress-up role) for the picture that she had the entire wardrobe copied for her personal use.

COUNTER-ATTACK

Suppose you had eight Germans in a cellar at the point of your gun. Your instructions are to capture officers only, in an attempt to get information concerning a coming attack. The soldiers deny that any of them is an officer but you are convinced one of them is lying. How can you find out which one?

That is the problem faced by Kulkov (Paul Muni), a Russian paratrooper, in “Counter-Attack.” Kulkov is dropped behind the German lines with a detachment led by Vassiliev (Erik Rolf). They are met by members of the Underground and led to the headquarters of the guerrilla fighters. They then attack a factory held by the
Haunted...by a Memory!

Hunted...by the Law!

Harrowed...by a Secret they dared not disclose!
wrestler, is probably the biggest thing in pictures. Davis is six feet six, and weighs 270 pounds. C. B. DeMille discovered him at the Olympic Auditorium and gave him a part in "Repeal the Wild Wind." Now Davis divides his time between the ring and the screen. He's the giant-porter-in case you have to be told. . . . Return to the screen for Blanche Ring. Fans of the silent films may remember Blanche. For the past few years she's been devoting all her time to the stage. . . . Charles Brown is one of those actors who spend six months on the West Coast making movies then tear back to N. Y. for a six months engagement. He was originally brought to Hollywood to play his part in "Burlesque." . . . One of the good things that the ill wind of war blew our way was Lenore Aubert. The Viennese girl was starting her screen career in Austria when Hitler moved in so she caught the first boat to Hollywood.

**HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND**

This picture comes up with a brand new starring combination—one you'll see often. It's Zachary Scott and Betty Field, both of whom know their way around in front of a camera. Add a magnificent characterization of a shrill-voiced old harridan, by Beulah Bondi, and you really have something. "Hold Autumn In Your Hand" is the story of Sam and Nona Tucker. It is a story of hardship and toil and poverty—always poverty. But Sam (Zachary Scott) and Nona (Betty Field) have a quality you can't buy with money. That is faith in themselves and in each other.

Sam gives up his job as a cotton picker to rent a farm of his own. It isn't much of a farm, really. The land has lain idle for three years and is covered with underbrush. But Sam knows that the earth is rich beneath it. They take the children and old Granny (Beulah Bondi) in a truck with their meager load of possessions. When they get to the farm they find that the "house" is just a tumbledown shack, leaking at every joint. Sam was so interested in the land that he forgot to investigate the matter of the house when he rented it. Granny's wails could be heard for miles when she saw the place!

Their neighbor, Devers, is rich but he won't even lend them a cup of milk for little Jot, their small boy. He resents Sam's youth and hopefulness, and even when Jot develops the dreaded "spring sickness" or pellagra, he will do nothing to help them. "Lots of milk and vegetables," the doctor says, but where can they get them?

Sam is offered a job in a factory, unskilled labor, at seven dollars a day. He's got to take it, he knows that. It is duty to his family to take it, and yet the stubborn core of determination in his heart says "hang on a little longer." Nona stands firmly by his side in this. No matter what happens, she is willing for Sam to stick to the farm, and she tells Granny so in no uncertain terms.

Sam's decision is tested by disaster in every form you can imagine, but he and Nona never lose faith. It is courage like theirs which has made America the country it is.—U.A.

**P. S.**

Eugene Lourie, art director for the picture, attempted to make his locales authentic. But war-time difficulty in transporting acting and technical crews plus the fact that the flood scene had to do considerable damage to the land made it impossible. Instead, Lourie found a setting of cotton field and river in the Madera Valley in California. The company established headquarters there for three weeks. There were other location trips—one to Firebaugh, 25 miles from Madera, for the cotton picking scenes in which 175 actual cotton pickers were used; a week at Lake Malibu for the Devers' farm; a week in the San Fernando valley for the town and graveyard sequence; and several days in a muddy road locale. . . . The Special Effects Department faced a terrific problem in providing director Renoir with a heavy rain and electric storm preceding a flood which devastates the countryside and completely ruins the cotton crop. Flood backgrounds were secured by damming the San Joaquin river to increase the current's flow and by floating down river trees, bits and pieces of houses, livestock and debris of all sorts. . . . The Tucker house in the picture has an interesting background. Renoir and Lourie found an old barn near Ventura, bought and dismantled it. They arranged for rebuilding of it at the studio. The set was mounted on wheels and carried north to the Madera Valley for use there and later it was brought back to Hollywood for interiors on the sound stage.

**PILOT TO POST**

Have you heard the one about the traveling salesman? No, no, this one is different. The traveling salesman in this case is a girl named Jean (Rita Lupino) who sells oil well supplies for her father. At least she's supposed to sell them. So far she hasn't made a sale. She has a good prospect now, though. Slim Clark (Johnny Mitchell) who owns an oil company in Clayfield.

Unfortunately, Clayfield is an Army town and the girl needs a room to be had, unless you're an Army wife. Jean isn't any kind of a wife, but she's got to have a room.

"Darling, I hope you'll come home on your furlough soon. I have everything arranged just the way you like it."
so she can stay in town long enough to clinch the sale. She has a date for dinner with Slim that night, and he obviously thinks she's quite a dish. If she can only get a room.

By accident, she hears about one that's vacant in an auto court. Only you have to be married to an officer to get it. So Jean goes out looking for an officer, and eventually encounters a Lieutenant, a handsome one named Don (William Prince). She explains to him that if he'll just pretend to be her husband for a few minutes she can get the room, and he will never have to see her again. Don would like to do it—after all, she's a very pretty girl. On the other hand, the Army views such goings on with a stern and forbidding eye. Suppose his commanding officer, Colonel Otley (Sydney Greenstreet) should show up? "Oh, but he won't!" Jean assures him. Oh, but he does, and that makes it necessary for them to stay "married."

When Slim shows up for his dinner date with Jean, he is astounded to find that she has suddenly acquired a husband. He and Don don't get along at all, and at the end of the evening, no large and impressive order for oil well supplies has materialized. So Don and Jean go back to the auto court and their "wedding night." You can imagine some, but not all, of the complications.

The housing shortage has certainly been God's gift to Hollywood. But even if the fundamental situation is slightly frayed around the edges by now, you'll enjoy "Pillow To Post." Ida Lupino handles the comedy adroitly.—War.

P. S.

There was almost as much uproar in connection with the filming of this as occurs in the script. Ida Lupino was "captured" by an army of admirers while on location—was missing for almost a day—Bill Prince was accidentally locked up in a steam-bath part of a night—the jitterbug routine between petite Ida and Johnny Mitchell was done on one of the hottest days in the San Fernando Valley history and left Mitchell (an ex-Montana cowboy) collapsed from the heat—and to add to the studio headache, $200 pounds Sydney Greenstreet discovered tiny motor scooters the solution to the gas problem! Then there were a few "minor" incidents like Ida's car being stolen by an unknown admirer who thought he might get a date with her when he returned it; and the theft of the front door to her home; and a bathtub skid which left her with a sprained neck ligament and the memory of a narrowly escaped brain concussion. No sooner was Ida back to work than Bill Prince was threatened with appendicitis and had to be packed in ice in his dressing room between takes—that was just prior to Greenstreet's bout with the flu.

Officials were about ready to bill the picture as "When We Made It"... Since most of the action took place in a ten unit auto court and none such was available, art director Leo Kuter designed one and had it built on the huge Warner's stage six. Each of the ten bungalows was a completely furnished and liveable unit—homeless waifs among the studio personnel stood around the stage looking longingly at the compact little apartments.

**KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY**

There have undoubtedly been lots of different reasons for girls joining the WAC—Patriotism, boredom, yen for a uniform—any number of others. But here's a new one. Valerie Parks (Lana Turner) becomes a WAC so she can get half a million dollars.

It's this way. Val is a playgirl. Champagne, nightclubs, Palm Beach—those are

MUM'S QUICK—Only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed, even when you're busy, you still have time for Mum.

MUM'S SAFE—Won't irritate skin. Won't harm fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering.

MUM'S CERTAIN—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.
FOR SMART WOMEN

WHAT'S YOUR MAKE-UP TIMETABLE?

Some girls seem to reach for their lipsticks about once every hour. Not you, of course! You're different. You use longer-lasting Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. It holds all sorts of "endurance records"—clings to your lips for many extra hours.

WHAT ARE TODAY'S SMARTEST LIPSTICK COLORS? Don't answer this one until you see Tangee's exciting new colors. There's Tangee Red-Red—bold, dark and handsome, Tangee Theatrical Red—it dramatizes your lips! Tangee Medium-Red—the fashionable new shade that goes with everything.

WHEN DO LIPS LOOK JUST RIGHT?

When they're not too dry—or too moist. Avoid these extremes by using Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Its exclusive cream base protects against chapping and dryness—yet does not smear.

WHAT'S HER NAME? This is Constance Luft Huhn, one of America's best known authorities on beauty and make-up, Head of the House of Tangee. Mrs. Huhn's cosmetic masterpiece—Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick—gives your lips a soft satin-smooth gleam that adds greatly to their loveliness.

Use TANGEE and see how beautiful you can be
MEDAL FOR BENNY

Do you know what a "Paisano" is? "Paisanos" are half-Spanish, half-Indian, and you find a lot of them in California coast towns. They’re indolent and charming and they never worry about tomorrow as long as there’s a jug of red wine around. Dorothy Lamour makes a lovely, voluptuous Paisano girl, with handsome Arturo De Cordova playing opposite her.

The principal character in "Medal For Benny" never appears on the screen at all. You see, Benny has disappeared from the town of Pantera before our story opens. His departure is regretted by the Paisanos but applauded by the police, with whom he was usually embroiled. He has left his old friend Charlie (J. Carroll Naish), no word of his intentions. Even his sweetheart, Lolita (Dorothy Lamour), doesn’t know where he went. Lolita is being ardently courted by Joe Morales (Arturo De Cordova), but she assures him that she will remain faithful to Benny.

Besides, she doesn’t think Joe would make a very good husband, attractive as he is. Joe is always dreaming up fancy schemes to make a lot of money without doing any work. The schemes always fail, since Joe’s ideas aren’t very practical. To Lolita’s disgust, he gets old Charlie to invest sixty dollars in a motor launch to use for fishing. The first time out, the motor drops right through the boat’s rotted bottom, into the blue Pacific.

Joe and Lolita quarrel over this sad event, and Joe takes out a girl from the neighboring town. She tells him that she saw Benny a few months ago, and shows him a ring Benny gave her. Joe recognizes it as a ring Lolita gave Benny before he went away. He reports this to Lolita, and she is completely disillusioned, and decides she really loves Joe after all.

The next day a terrific piece of news hits Pantera. Benny is dead! Not killed in a barroom brawl, as they might have expected, but by the Army after disposing of a hundred Japs. A whole regiment and a real live General are coming to Pantera to give old Charlie the posthumously awarded Congressional Medal. The rest is pathos and humor and drama, all done with a subtle touch you will appreciate.—Par.

P. S.

Frank Butler wrote the screen play on this one, but basic ideas are from the Steinbeck–Jack Wagner twenty page outline. Wagner got the inspiration twenty years ago when he returned to France and found his home town of Salinas bursting a few arteries over its acquisition of a hero, Sergeant Blank, winner of a Congressional Medal of Honor. . . Dorothy Lamour’s counting on this as a permanent relief from her current role as a lark at her first chance to really act. She and co-star de Cordova formed a mutual admiration society on set. . . . J. Carroll Naish, who just about stole the show, is a one-man stock company that’s played more nationalities than any man on the screen. . . . Up came another child wonder when nine-year-old Fernando Alvarado had to depend on ability instead of cuteness. . . . This was Rosita Morena’s first bad girl role. She has a weekly broadcast to Latin America, by the way. It was her first English-speaking role in six years.

Now—A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins put together

When pal Julie stops to talk with friends of hers in a public place—introductions aren’t necessary. It’s awkward merely to stand by. Walk slowly on. Knowing what to do can be such a comfort! So too, at "those” times, knowing your napkins can bring real comfort—the unfailing kind you get from Kotex. Far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, the softness of Kotex stays faithfully yours. Yes, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing!
CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE ★ NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED

FOR FANS

SUPER ★ STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c)
Our new, revised 32-page booklet. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and a complete section on Western stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope

MUSIC MAKERS, THEIR LIVES, BANDS AND RECORDS (Sc) New and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hop cats. Send 5c, as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite star, club journals, chance for pen pals—and other splendid advantages. Read about the new MODERN SCREEN Fanci Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope

INFORMATION DESK—Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 71 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

STAR AUTOGRAPHS—Turn to page 12 to see how you can get autographs of all your favorite stars.

FOR ROMANCE

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TO OUR READERS

Charles E. Johnson never took a screen test. He never drove a Lincoln, gave his autograph, nor spent an evening in the Mocambo. He's just a middle-aged guy who played a great game of ball when he was younger, worked hard all his life and hates to shave on Sundays. He could be your father. Except that he happens to be Van Johnson's! ... On page 48 Charles E. Johnson tells the story of how he raised his son. We believe that it is the finest story that has ever appeared in MODERN SCREEN. And I'll tell you why ... Any magazine that's worth its salt has to believe in something. MODERN SCREEN believes in the dignity and worth of the American family. MODERN SCREEN believes also that stars are real people with real families. Wonderful—but real. Which goes double for Van and his dad! ... You will read yourself into this story. Like all American fathers, Van's dad never made a fuss over his boy. Probably no one ever caught father and son in a heart to heart talk. None of the trimmings of being a parent. But when the time came, when he was left alone with his boy, he cooked for him. He saw to it that he went to school with his teeth brushed ... or else. And Van had the best Christmas tree in town ... Yes, you will read yourself into the story. And maybe you will cry a little... I did

Executive Editor
Jeanne, the G.I.s' top thrill, hasn't found "The One" but, aping "Seventh Heaven," calls Lon McCallister "Chico," is his "Dione."

Presenting Jeanne Crain, her lift and laugh, her beauty and yen for books 'n' things—her life story.
Jeanne used to think that her sister Rita was twins. Not twins with Jeanne or with anyone else. Just twins by herself.

Where the notion came from, she had no idea. Unless from hearing Mother say, as she frequently did, "I always wanted twins." That's why Mother dressed them alike for so long. Till Jeanne, the shy, quiet one, said: "I think my clothes ought to be different from Rita's."

You could see it was a shock, and Jeanne hastened to explain. "I'm nineteen months older, Mother. It makes me feel babyish—"

"But I didn't know you minded. I thought you liked it—"

"Oh, I did—when we were little. But now—well, I think I ought to be myself—"

It kind of broke Mother's heart. Jeanne's red-brown hair was as blonde as Rita's then, and Mother loved it when people took them for twins. But she understood and respected Jeanne's feelings, and that was the end of dressing alike. Rita was disgusted. Even today she wouldn't mind dressing like Jeanne.

They were just about as different as sisters could be—
Jeanne dreamy and withdrawn, her nose forever in a book—cocky little Rita, always ready to wrestle with the world on its own terms. Calling for them at school one day, Mother found Rita with a dozen girls around her. Jeanne stood way off by herself under a tree. Years later, Mother told her about it. "It made me feel so sad—"

"It didn’t have to, Mother. I never felt lonely by myself."

Yet, for all the difference between them, they were also as close as sisters can be. From the first, Rita belonged to Jeanne. "We have a baby sister for you," they told her, and she took it literally. When they brought Rita home from the hospital, she held out her arms and couldn’t understand why her property wasn’t handed over. As the years passed, their relationship shifted a little. Rita turned protector, worried over Jeanne’s shyness, elected herself buffer between her gentle sister and any winds that blew. Of course, if she teased Jeanne to quit reading or drawing for something more boisterous, that was her privilege. Just so nobody else tried it...

Her talent for leadership was balanced by an intense admiration for Jeanne’s talents along other lines—

When she was three-and-a-half, Jeanne almost died. Double pneumonia and empyema kept her in the hospital for four months, and she came out weighing twenty-eight pounds. To amuse her, Auntie Bee—as she called her cherished Aunt Elizabeth—taught her to read. Rita didn’t learn to read till she went to school. What for, when all she had to do was hand Jeanne a book, and out would come a wonderful story about Jack and Jane and Terry? Pretty soon Jeanne was reading her the funnies. And not only that, she could make pictures of cows and horses and people, even of Rita. And then one day she wrote a letter to Granny, and put it in an envelope and addressed it herself—

"Is it good enough for the postman to take?" breathed Rita. "My, but Jeanne’s smart, isn’t she? She’s so smart that when she goes to school, I think she’ll teach the teachers—"

They lived in a white stucco house in a quiet section of Los Angeles, called View Park, not far from Inglewood. Jeanne’s favorite reading (Continued on page 103)
Pin-up statistics: 114 lbs., 5'5", curves—and "changeable eyes." From anticipated studies of astronomy, psych., French, she's shifted to Spanish with a tutor. (At finals for "Camera Queen.")

At 14, Mam used to come on her chatting away with "Margie," the little playmate who wasn't there! She soon outgrew fantasy, though, to skip three grades and finish high school at 16.

A sports-proficient sentimentalist, she collects old-fashioned music boxes and keeps hinting for a chaise longue. (At a toothless 9 months.)

Still an unspoiled kid, she's irritated by old friends who expect her to give up studio'ing back and forth in the family car with Mam and to "make like a star." (At 3 yrs.)
POSTSCRIPTS ON THE

New house is tops with Glo, with room for John's record collection starring V. Monroe plus a bar for his mollies. Swimming pool, corral, and guest house ore to be added. Frequent guests are the James's and Haynes's plus G's Mo. Mother Payne sends weekly cake packages.
PAYNES

First we played Cupid, then wrote up their marriage. Now we bring you our newest Mr. ‘n’ Mrs. — in color!

When not working, Gloria pours John's morning coffee, markets, gives command performances, and listens to her favorites: Crosby and Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald. She's planning a trip East in order to meet Mo-in-law.

John, soon to be seen in "The Dolly Sisters," does chores in plaids and cards, had Gloria trade her flashy wardrobe for strictly tailored numbers.

Mrs. P's new title thrills her as much as hubby's lush diamond pendant gift, chilling to radio thrillers. Loves beating poker-sharks Fred MacMurrays.
To the Fans:

Van thrives on mobs, just hopes they keep a'comin'. That's Mrs. K. Wynne to his right, Mrs. Danny Kaye below.
God Bless 'em! by Hedda Hopper

You're star-makers and star-breakers, loyal and brash—H'wood would vanish without you!

The other night after a preview I was just getting my jalopy warmed up in the parking lot at Carthay Circle, when I spied a mob swirling my way that looked like Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

They flowed around parked autos, climbed over and crawled under, all chasing a tall, tow-headed guy that I recognized right away. Every now and then they caught him, engulfed him to a chorus of squeals, shrieks, shouts and girlish giggles. Then he'd break away, dodge a few steps closer and get swallowed again.

I settled back to see the fun. After all, an old gal like me, I knew, was in no danger from rabid fans. Not with Van Johnson around!

After a few more scrimmages, Van hopped over the bumper of my car and into his own, the fans in hot pursuit. I had to laugh. His tie was gone, his collar ripped. His coat was buttonless and half off. Scarlet lipstick streaked his face like a Comanche's on the warpath. His hair pointed in all directions, even his hands were scratched and bleeding. He was dripping with sweat. He looked like he'd just taken on Notre Dame singlehanded, or got run over by a Royal Tiger tank. But you (Continued on page 132)
It was a high desk. Too high, when you were only eight years old. Too high, that is, if you sat on a chair. But if you stood up, in your teddy bear slippers and your quilted housecoat, it was just the right height for a drawing board. You put the big empty sheet of paper on the desk, and you got out the crayons and went to work with your tongue sticking out a little to help concentration.

“Margaret, honey, are you drawing again?”

“Yes, mother.” Margaret’s big brown eyes were serious. “I’m drawing something very important.”

“What is it, honey? Let’s see.”

“It’s a picture of a girl. And this time she’s going to be really beautiful, Mother. You know how it usually is—the boys I draw all turn out to be pretty and the girls turn out to look like boys. But this girl is going to be a—uh—a glamor girl.” (Continued on page 98)
She couldn't have a pony in the closet or a whole steak—but who's worried? Not Missy O'Brien!

A match-maker, she ogles eligibles for Aunt Morissa, but her eye's on "Lossie" director Fred Wilcox 'cause he comes to visit—with the doal
1916—Mother missed that it. Oomph gal, Theda Bara, in "Romeo and Juliet" with Harry Hilliard, but caught her in "A Fool There Was." With the big rag-and-bone scene they put on a record of Kipling's poem—that was William Fox's idea—and it "wowed" 'em!

1917—A Bill Farnum movie meant a big night in St. Louis—dinner downtown, then to the Fox in time for the show before the picture. Mother says when Miriam Battista wept onto the screen (like here in "Fires Of Conscience"), the audience went "A-a-ah! But Farnum was the main attraction. Lived like a king, now he plays bits.

"Happy birthday, dear studio, and I hope you live to a thousand. I'm proud to be chosen to talk about your four-star career but there's just one hitch. My memory's not as old as you! So where I don't remember, my mother's kindly helping me out."
1926—In "Sandy," here's where we yelled, "Watch out, he's behind you!" The man's Ben Bord, who married Ruth Roland, the serial queen. Lookit Madge Bellamy's hair-do, will you? And that casual-on-purpose nude shoulder! Bet they'd never let me get away with it!

1927—Bawled so hard over "Seventh Heaven" got myself all smeared up in my candy bar. Never missed a Gaynor picture after that. One reason I hated talkies at first was because they squeezed Charlie Farrell out. But USN Lieut. Farrell's doing fine for himself now in the South Pacific.

How I loved Tom Mix! Saturdays, Mother'd take me sister to the corner movie—I still remember Tom in "Cupid's dup." But the minute a kid coughed she'd yank us out. Be- my little brother died of whooping cough before I was born.

When a studio like 20-Century's been around 30 years, it's time to pop the wine corks and crow.

Meet your hostess, Betty Grable.
Before her marriage, she dated Pvt. Bobbie Breen—whose autograph she once begged for! She just finished "Junior Miss," the pic S. Temple was aching to play, still gorges on sweets to up those 110 lbs.

She’s just inherited the $200,000 fortune of her aunt and uncle, comes into control next year when she’s 21. At 24 she’ll get late father’s Texas oil properties.

As a frosh, Joyce played the title role in UCLA’s production of "Alice In Wonderland." A talent scout spied, signed her. Says she, "That’s ‘cause I was the only one teihout a mask!"
"JANIE" GETS MARRIED

Mebbe she's quit movies and mebbe we'll never get over it but Joyce Reynolds' a Mrs. now and oh, such joy!

(Editor's Note: Word has just come to us as we go to press that Joyce is retiring from the screen in order to care for her health, seriously impaire by that recent attack of the flu. So while we hate to see you go, goodbye, Joyce, and good luck.)

The telephone rang in the Reynolds' apartment one afternoon. When Joyce answered, her best friend, Mary Jane Jensen (wife of Lt. Owen F. Jensen, Jr.) said, "I hope you don't have a date tonight because Owen is here from El Toro, and he brought my cousin, Bob Lewis, with him. Let's go out on a double date."

Joyce had seen pictures of this highly-touted cousin, and she had heard a dozen stories about him. Ordinarily, she would have begged out of a blind date, but the Lieutenant was from Houston, Joyce's home town, and you know how it is with Texans—they believe in one another.

The marine fighter pilot turned out to be even better than As Advertised. He was tall, curly-haired, with a terrific drawling sense of humor. After he had acknowledged his introduction to Joyce's mother and to Joyce, she said, "Mary Jane tells me that you're from Houston, too."

"Ah'm just beginnin' to realize how little I saw of the scenic beauties of mah own home town, since Ah'm just now meetin' you for the first time," said the gentleman from the South.

Right off the bat, they discovered that they had one thing in common: That passionate love of horses that only a Texan can feel so deeply.

Joyce practically grew up on a horse. Her first, when she was little more than an infant in San Antonio, was a plump black-and-white circus pony that would bow, shake hands and cakewalk. After that she rode a sorrel gelding, and when she came to Hollywood, horseless, she managed on (Continued on page 83)
Last summer, in New York, a group of his advisers were remonstrating with Frank Sinatra. "But, Frank, this affair is important. You've got to see these people."

Frank shook his head. "Fellows, I'm sorry, but I can't be around tomorrow afternoon. I wish," he added reasonably, "you had asked me about my plans before you went ahead and made arrangements."

One of the men said, "We hadn't made any other dates, so we thought it was all right to go ahead and promise your time to these people."

"Well, I made a date of my own, and I've got to keep it. Sorry I can't help you fellows out, though."

There was a little silence during which his friends exchanged glances. They didn't see what could be as important as this business conference.

Frank blurted out, "I promised to take Nancy, Jr. to the circus. She's so excited she hasn't talked about anything else for weeks. I'm just not going to break my promise."

Someone said Nancy wouldn't mind going the next day, or the next. Kids got distracted easily and didn't remember things like that.

"I don't know about other kids, but I do know about Nancy. I made her a promise and I'm going to keep it, regardless of business engagements." And keep his word to his daughter, he certainly did. And took her girl friend, Mary Anne, too.

They fed the elephant peanuts; they prowled through the sideshows to see the fat man, the bearded lady, the fire-eater and the sword-swallow. They had a stupendous time. "After that, there was the three-ring main show. Nancy, having a few peanuts left, fed them to one of the clowns to whom she took a fancy. She asked her dad why he didn't sing with the band, and was pleasantly (Continued on page 87)
Frankie'll never be a "Sundays Only" dad—
not with circuses to visit or baby tears to lullaby away.

by Fredda Dudley
She's pink champagne and dreaming by the fire and quicksilver.

She's June Haver. By Abigail Putnam

BLONDE OF THE YEAR

June, now in "Where Do We Go From Here?", was "farmed out" to a B'way musical for experience. She almost-steadies with Bill Eythe, paints, collects figurines—and Sinatra discs.

- Lieutenant Arnold Von de Lohe, stationed at Camp Deedrick, Maryland, wrote to LIFE magazine, when it published some pictures of Twentieth Century's dynamic elf, "I want June Haver for Christmas."

A noble sentiment, but one dispatched without considering that June Haver on the highest Christmas tree on the highest mountain on earth would provoke such a rush as would make a Grable-Turner-Goddard-Lamarr meeting on the corner of Hollywood and Vine look-like a WCTU convention.

Take, for instance, that long-ago Valentine's Day, when June was fifteen. The stampede to June's house started the instant school was over for the day. The first boy to arrive parked his galoshes in the hallway, hung up his lumberjack, and strolled into the living room bearing a three-pound pink satin heart of candy under one arm.

June, thrilled to the core, deposited the gift on the library table, and invited the boy to join her before the roaring fireplace. Two seconds later the front door bell rang again. June's mother answered, and there was Beau No. 2. He shed his galoshes and coat, and he strolled into the living room bearing, as token of his esteem, a five-pound red satin heart filled with candy. He and the first boy were buddies, so the threesome before the fire was chummy, and the hot chocolate that Mrs. Haver had prepared was yummy, so the afternoon looked very copasetic. Then, the doorbell rang again.

There will be a brief pause while Mrs. Haver goes to another closet to secure additional coat hangers for what is obviously not a committee meeting of June's admirers, but a full-fledged convention.

Thirty minutes after the first guest arrived, there were seven pairs of snow boots in the hallway; one hour after the initial gift of a heart box of candy, there were eleven boxes stacked on the living room table; and ninety minutes after the first cup of hot chocolate had been served, the boy with whom June was supposed to be going steady, arrived.

He stood irresolute in the hallway, moving a stricken glance from (Continued on page 93)
The years have dealt gently with Charles Johnson, giving him long, quiet hours to spend, scissors and paste in hand, with his many scrapbooks, recollections of a baby son in his heart.

Van Johnson's earliest memories are of a simple frame house on Ayrault street in Newport, R.I., though it wouldn't have been home except for Dad—anti-theater at first, but now a loyal fan.

My home in Newport, R. I., is unpretentious. It's just an ordinary tan house, with a comfortable front porch where you can sit and rock in the summertime, and a yard in the back just about big enough for a gang of kids to swat a ball around in. Nothing unusual about it except that it was Van Johnson's house. Still is, for that matter. He haunts the place, that big kid. I keep tripping over his ukulele and his megaphone. Every time I open a closet, a track shoe falls out. Anyway, that house is Newport's new showplace, and it's a funny thing—but I kind of like it.

In the old days, when Van and I would watch the Sunday drivers peering at the big estates, I'd
by Charles E Johnson as told to Jean Kinkead

Van Johnson's pop looks back and finds the years gay and heart-warming with memories of his "Red."
That's my Boy!

feel like shouting right along with him, "Yaah, rubbernecks!" But now that they're looking at our house, I feel kind of warm and proud. Sometimes I want to open the front door and say, "I'm his dad. Come on in and look around." And once or twice, I've done just that. You ought to see the way the kids touch his chair and his books, as if they were solid gold. And when they ask me about him, their eyes are so big, and their voices so low. Gosh, does a fellow's heart good.

People ask me if Van was a good baby. That beats me. Did any father ever admit to having a bad baby? Sure, he was good. And from the very beginning we understood each other. When he was three, his mother and I separated, and Van stayed with me. It sort of scared me at first. I mean, heck, what does a man know about bringing up a kid? Then my mother came and lived with us, so that relieved me of chores like sewing on buttons and stoking in oatmeal, and left lots of time for picnics and skating on the little pond near our house.

You know, there's a rumor around that I was a terribly strict, long-faced father. A sourpuss with a switch in one hand and a copy of the Bible in the other. Maybe the columnists figure that that makes a better story than the truth, I don't know. It doesn't bother me when I read it because Van knows how it was and that's all that really matters. As a matter of fact though, I was strict about only a few things, and one of them was that he take care of his health. I didn't let him eat bags and bags of candy the way other kids did, and I made him chew his food well. Then, I was insistent that he be in bed early every night. I guess most mothers would die over this, but I never bundled him up in the wintertime. He wore warm clothes, but he never looked stuffed with sweaters the way so many children do, and he almost never wore a hat. The result was—and I'm kind of proud of this—there were literally years in a row when Van wouldn't be absent from school. And I really and truly believe that he wouldn't have pulled
Red’s pals, spotting that charm beneath his shy seriousness, were legion, and proved the forerunners of today’s “swooners.” Only the fact that none of his piz ore shown in Mexico explains his not being recognized there on recent trip.

He’d already started murdering the King’s English at 15, still does with his “I’m too sign a cigarette testament,” or “Hurry, we’re wasting high time.” But 15 wasn’t too young to work after school helping Dad.
through that accident last year had he not had that wonderful background of health.

I was strict, too, about honesty, about respect for older people, about neatness of appearance. For the rest, I didn’t much care. Broken windows, an occasional fling of playing hookey, stray dogs and cats brought in to be fed—those were things to be dealt with lightly; to be chuckled over quietly when he was in bed. I honestly don’t think I was strict. Golly, I never spanked Red once in his whole life. He was my buddy, you see, and for the most part all it took was a look to straighten him out.

When anyone asks me whether it was terribly hard to be both father and mother to the kid, I say, well it was and it wasn’t. Every once in awhile I’d feel kind of futile and dumb. Like when he started school. I wasn’t sure what kind of clothes the kids wore or anything. Women know all that stuff instinctively, I guess. It was so important that he look all right that first day because youngsters can be so cruel to each other if one of them is a little bit different. I scrubbed his checks and his ears and slicked down his hair, and told him to put on his brown pants and sweater. He had his breakfast and I took him over to school, standing a minute after the big front door had swallowed him up. That evening I asked him how it had gone. “Fine,” he said. “Did your teacher say anything to you?” I asked. “No, dad,” he said. “Are the children nice?” “Sure.” I breathed a great sigh of relief. My son had gone into the world, had accepted it and had, in turn, been accepted by it. It was a big thing.

Sometimes on his birthday or on Christmas, I’d wish I knew more about fixing things sort of fancy, but we got by. On his birthday, his grandmother would bake a cake and sometimes the kids would come in, and it would turn into a party. There were never any of those big Jack Horner pies in the middle of the table, nor anyone to play the piano while the youngsters played musical chairs, no funny hats or paper candy cups. But they could make noise and sit on all the furniture and have second and third helpings of soda and ice cream if they wanted. I guess Van thought his parties were okay.
I never wanted Van to feel that Christmas at our house was less wonderful than in the houses where there was a mother and a father. I couldn't have stood that. Maybe it wasn't quite the same, but our Christmases were pretty good.

When he was little and still believed in Santa Claus, I'd pop him into bed right after supper on Christmas Eve and go to work. First the tree. The very biggest, fattest tree that our little living room could take care of. His grandmother and I would string it with popcorn and cranberries, weigh it down with colored balls and lights, tinsel and candy canes. It was a tree for children such as they have in the old country. Nothing sophisticated about it like the ones you see now that are all silver and blue lights. I don't suppose it was a very beautiful tree really, but if you could have seen Van's eyes Christmas morning! Underneath the tree I'd lay a big square mirror and surround it with mounds of artificial snow. I'd plant a few little branches of evergreen around to look like trees, and put little five-and-ten figures of skaters on the mirror-lake. (Continued on page 78)
Dropping in at Ed. Al Delacorte's N.Y. home, Loddie proudly showed snaps of Alano, while promising Al's 2-year-old Petie a sister like her—soon!
ON TOUR WITH SUE AND ALAN

Those wounded GIs caught some of the glamour, the warmth of the Ladds, but they never saw the tears.

— You know how hospital corridors are. Long and narrow and sort of frightening. Alan and Sue were used to them by now—they’d walked through miles of them on this trip. The corridor in this Army hospital at Walla Walla wasn’t any different from the others. Nurses hurrying by in white, starched efficiency. A Gray Lady with an armful of books. A doctor who waved at them and disappeared. Then all of a sudden . . .

“Hey, Sue, look out!” Alan called. Because something was coming up behind them at a terrific rate of speed. Terrific anyway, for a hospital. It was a wheelchair, actually, one of the self-propelling kind, but you’d have thought it was a P-38, the way it was zooming along. The Ladds stepped to one side, and as it whirled by they saw the triumphant grin of a freckle-faced kid in it. He shouted “Hi!” at them nonchalantly, and then turned the corner and was gone.

“Well, get him!” said Alan, laughing. “The little devil can go faster in that wheelchair than I could on a motorcycle.”

Sue’s pretty forehead was puckered in a frown of recollection. “Alan, I’ve seen that boy before. Only I can’t remember where.”

Alan thought again of the freckled face and triumphant grin. The kid had looked familiar.

“I’ve got it!” Sue said abruptly. “Remember when you were based here in Walla Walla, while you were in the Army? Remember the boy we used to come over and visit in the hospital? The terribly thin one that was so sick?”

“So sick! He was dying! Everybody

1. The Ladds were among the 35 Hollywood Hall of Famesters invited to the President’s Birthday Ball, who were on the streamliner which chugged into Wash.’s Union Station 5 hours late, thus making them miss not only the welcoming ceremonies, but their much-needed rest periods as well.
said so. I'll never forget the way his ribs stuck out, or the look on his face."

"I know. But this is the same boy."

"It can't be!"

At that moment the wheel chair reappeared and descended upon them like a runaway tank. Just short of them it stopped on a dime, and the urchin seated in it laughed with delighted exuberance.

"Didn't recognize me, I'll bet!" he said, and puffed out his chest. "I look some different from last time, hey?"

He certainly did. He looked wonderful. "We're damned glad of it, kid," Alan said, and shook hands.

"You know, you and Sue helped a lot." The boy's blue eyes were serious now.

"Honest, the way you two used to visit me and kid with me was swell. I sure did appreciate it. Well—I'll be seeing you around!" And the wheel chair whizzed off.

"Things like that make you feel good," Alan says slowly. "Seeing a boy as sick as that one was, around again. Seeing the guts he has. The guts they all have."

Everyone who entertains in Army hospitals comes to feel like that, but the Ladders had a better chance than most to observe the patients first hand. You see, Alan and Sue didn't "entertain" in the sense of singing or dancing or anything like that. They just went through the wards and Alan would start on one side of the room and Sue on the other. Alan would go up to the first bed and say "Hello. My name's Ladd. What's yours?" Sometimes the soldier would recognize him right away as a movie star. Sometimes not. It didn't matter which to Alan, because he wasn't there as a star. He was there as a personal friend, the kind who drops in to shoot the bull for a few minutes.

Of course, the fact that he used to be in the Army himself helped. He spoke their language, and that's a thing you can't fake. He knew GI slang, and the Army routine, and when he said hello to a boy with one arm he said it in the same tone he'd (Continued on page 129)
3. Laddie managed those 14 balls (lasting till 4 a.m.), by hopping cop-escorted cabs. At one hotel, he gave with his repertoire—"My Ideal" and had the gals swooning for more. "But it's the only one I know," he protested. "Well," they shouted, "just stand there and let us look at you!"

4. At the star-honoring dinner held at the Mayflower, puckish Danny Kaye spoon-fed Kay Kyser's Georgia Carroll, just to get the reaction of the gallery—Alan and Alberto Barreto of Inter-American Affairs. Sue swears Georgia's one reason she wouldn't let Alan come East alone!

5. White House festivities centered in the East Room where the Roosevelts charmed the charmers with their simplicity and warmth. Mrs. R. captivated the Ladds by asking after Alana and grinning when Alan retorted that if the 13 R. grandchildren were anything like The Kid—wow! (See B. Granville?)

6. Swinging homewards, Laddie caught a breather in N. Y. He'd lined up another month of hospital trekking and rarin' to go again, stopped in to renew acquaintance with Petie (held by Pop Al). There's no point, figures the champ, to a short life or a merry one unless you share it!
"If I could be with you..."
That's baby Kerry on Dad's lap just after he finished "Anchors Aweigh."
It's rumored that Gene is to be in Washington for the duration.

By Jeanne Karr

Betsy was in New York when Gene got the nod from his Uncle Sam.
She'd been expecting it right along. But, like so many things in life, it happened at the one moment when she wasn't expecting it. Because everything had been arranged for Gene to go overseas and entertain the troops as soon as he'd finished "Anchors Aweigh." That's why she was in New York, seeing about a play.

Career vs. marriage had never been a problem to Betsy. As compared with Gene, the stage came off a poor second-best. The stage meant New York. She thought it was horrible to be in New York when your husband was in Hollywood. She'd go even farther—didn't care about working in Hollywood (Continued on page 123)

Entire family went barefoot the day Gene packed all the famed Kelly shoes for the duration. Gob Kelly was nabbed by the cops after his induction physical because he cut a corner—not only was he without a license—but they couldn't recognize him in his old clothes! Lately toured Navy hospitals.

Home with Kerry and a trunk of Gene's dance-battered shoes.

Betsy Kelly dreams of the swellest gob she knows.
Laddie croons; twins for
the Jess Barkers; Durbin tops
Frankie's Hit Parade!

Now that the disheveling "Last Weekend" is over, Ray's getting to his barber again. Ginger's been bragging about that film her Ma had made of all the Rogers-Astaire dances.

Never got such a turn in my life as I almost did when I came near to having to explain the facts of life to 'teen age Elizabeth Taylor. Perhaps, I should say, the facts of chipmunk life.

I ran into Lizabeth on the M-G-M lot and, of course, she had that pet chipmunk with her. Can't say I'm crazy about the little animal, cute as it is. Chipmunks are too much like rodents to me. But that's beside the point. The little girl is crazy about her pet, and when she approached me with an innocent look on her face, I suspected nothing.

"Miss Parsons," said the little star of 'National Velvet,' do you know a lady chipmunk from a gentleman chipmunk?"

Gasping twice, I managed to get out a quick "No" and wondered whatever made the child want to know.

"A fan wrote me that she has a lady chipmunk that she would like very much to have marry my 'munk so they could raise a family. But, gee," frowned Elizabeth, "I don't know whether I have a gentleman—or not!"

She doesn't know! Brother!
(Continued on page 62)
HELEN'S RING—a beautiful diamond in a square setting. The band is platinum.

HELEN RANDALL of Atlanta will wed Lt. William C. Shreve of the Navy. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hill Randall of the prominent Georgia family.

She lives in a spacious Southern house with big white pillars across the front!

She looks exactly the way you think a charming Southern girl should look—very feminine, very lovely, with a complexion that’s sweet-as-you-please. Another "engaged girl" Pond’s complexion!

"I just depend on Pond’s Cold Cream like anything." Helen says, "it's the grandest cleaner-upper—and leaves my face with such a smooth, soft feeling."

She smooths cool, luscious Pond’s Cold Cream completely over her face and throat—then pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond’s creaming—moving white-coated fingers around in little creamy whirls. Tissues off.

Use Pond’s yourself—every night, every morning—and for clean-ups in between. You’ll love it just as Helen does!

Charming HELEN RANDALL—her complexion is cameo-like, smooth! "Pond’s Cold Cream takes mighty good care of my skin," she says.

She’s Engaged!

SHE’S LOVELY!

SHE USES POND’S!

A few of the Pond’s Society Beauties

MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE—of Philadelphia’s Main Line
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS—of the Spreckels of California
LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY—internationally famous beauty
MISS CONSTANCE McCORMICK—of the Chicago McCormicks
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.—of the great Wilmington family

BE SURE TO ASK FOR the big luxury-size jar with its wide top that lets you dip the fingers of both hands in at once. It gives you such a nice-to-have lavish feeling! Get your big jar of Pond’s Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price.
The most thrilled girl in Hollywood is Deanna Durbin—and no wonder. Frank Sinatra wrote her a fan letter—or if it isn’t a fan letter, both Deanna and I will eat our newest chapeaux.

Frankie had just seen, and heard, “Can’t Help Singing” and he wrote Deanna, “I had scheduled that song of yours and Jerome Kern’s, ‘More and More,’ for my next broadcast—but after hearing you sing it, lady, I dropped it like a hot potato. It made me feel that I want to hear ‘more and more’ of Durbin singing it—and ‘less and less’ of Sinatra!” Which is certainly mighty modest of Frankie.

Speaking of letters, Mickey Rooney wrote his Ma from France: “I’m glad I’ve seen all the places I’ve seen. But I’m so homesick, if I ever get back to California, you’ll never see me East of Hollywood and Vine. Your loving son. (ex-wanderlust) Mickey.”

Now that the Army has John Hodiak, Ann Baxter’s mother may relent and let the kids set the date for sometime right after he finishes his training. I hope so. They are sooo in loooove.

Glenn Ford’s first day back in the movies was spent back in the Marines! And here’s the way it happened.

Glenn’s first picture, after getting out of the Marines, is “Stolen Life” with Bette Davis. The first scenes were to be shot on location at Laguna, a lovely beach spot about five miles from the Marine training base, Camp Pendleton.

The company was no more than set up for the first day’s work when six or seven young Marines showed up and perched themselves behind the camera lines to watch. (Continued on page 64)
Two's company! And jolly company they are, tucked away beneath their brother and sister North Stars. There's a pink one for sister, a blue one for brother...and twin bathrobes made of North Star Nocturne fabric.

North Star baby blankets, like the grownups in their family, are all-wool to the last fluff. They wash and wear, stay soft and snuggly. Attention: Grandmas, aunts, and fond uncles! It's a lucky, lucky baby who finds North Stars waiting in his hope chest! And lucky Daddy and Mommy, too, who know the solid satisfaction of a whole wardrobe of North Stars for every bed in the house...an investment that gives years and years of pleasure and comfort.

Iris (Pictured) is a "pocket edition" of your standard-size North Star...made of the same fine fleece wool. Soft shades of pink and blue or white.

FREE: "Sleep, Baby, Sleep"... an engaging, informative booklet on baby's sleep problems, nursery, layette, North Star Wooden Mill Co., 233 South Second Street, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota.
“Boys,” said Jesse Hibbs, the assistant director, “if you’ve come over to see Bette Davis I know she’ll be glad to meet you just as soon as she arrives.”

“Well,” drawled the Marine spokesman, “we don’t mind meeting Bette. What we really came over for was to see Glenn Ford. That mug used to be in the Marines with us—and he told us he was an actor. We’ve come over to see if he is any good.”

Five minutes later Glenn showed up and there was a heck of a reunion. But Glenn couldn’t work in a single scene that day. The heckling was terrific from the sidelines! Every time he tried to make love to Bette, the Marines let go with a long-drawn out G.I. whistle. They just “looooved” his studio make-up and his “dude” clothes. So the director let him go back to Pendleton and spend the rest of the day with the boys!

*  *  *

I’m going to take off my hat (the one with the flower garden on the brim) and doff it to this new crowd of young glamour girls in Hollywood. Recently, I attended a cocktail party where such (Continued on page 71)
Ask any soldier. When he dreams of home it's always in terms of bright, warm colors—sharp contrast to the cold khakis and grays that form his wartime environment. Remember that when your husband or son is headed homeward. Plan now to refurbish your house in the refreshing shades that a color-hungry man needs . . . the gay, cheering colors you'll find in Bates' matching bedspreads and draperies. Though they represent a minor investment, they perform major decorating miracles. And they're practical, too . . . wrinkleproof and easy to launder. Many Bates patterns are unavailable now because the fine cotton yarns we use have been largely allocated to essential war needs. But they'll be back at your favorite department store as soon as government restrictions are lifted.

**Bates Fabrics Inc.**

80 Worth Street

New York City 13
“Nothing is as beautiful as Spring,” sings the poet. Lilacs bloom, birds fly, theater managers dust off their cold-air units! You throw your winter bonnet on the closet shelf, pack away your babushka . . . and toss your curly locks in the soft breeze. That is, if your tresses are as smooth as Dolores Moran's. If not, you had better get busy bringing a touch of Spring to your head.

Incidentally, Spring has already crowned my head with curls. Not that I'm bragging, mind you. Seems a “hair-care” story was slated but how could I speak with my own locks straight and lank? So in the line of duty I gave myself a home perm. And a great success it is!

The whole job took less than three hours. A shampoo, of course. Then I reached for the wave kit, a neat box with a curly-haired blonde highlighting the cover. In practically no time, I was as pretty as she . . . at least in the coif department. This kit is supremely complete: Three ounces of salon-type Cold Wave solution (I found two-and-a-half ounces enough, but could be you have heavier hair), a neutralizer to protect natural luster, plus fifty curlers and end tissues. There are enough curlers to “do” the thickest hair and the end tissues catch every last wisp and help transform it into a smooth ringlet. Tucked in the kit is a professional applicator to make moistening uniformly exact. And did I mention that complete instructions come with all this wealth?

After moistening my locks with the solution, I put them up in curlers and end papers. Then I V-Mail'ed and read the latest-Hopper and Parsons. Next came application of the neutralizer and, eureka! a permanent! I really thought it only fair to try this before recommending. And here you have it . . . complete enthusiasm! No discomfort, no heavy rollers, no heat. No more guess work—the new formula means soft, long-lasting curls on any type of hair. No more budget-boggling (Continued on page 121)
Styles change in love and movies. But for 30 years, 20th Century-Fox has been delivering the hits to the Movie Fans of America!

Now, we invite you to celebrate with us the climax year of three decades of history-and-hit-making.

**WE'VE GOT THE BIRTHDAY, BUT YOU GET THE GIFTS!**

(Here are just a few!)

**Betty Smith's**

*A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN*  
Betty Grable • Dick Haymes  
Billy Rose's  
**DIAMOND HORSESHOE**  
in Technicolor!

**Fred MacMurray • Joan Leslie • June Haver**

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?  
in Technicolor!

George Raft • Joan Bennett  
Vivian Blaine • Peggy Ann Garner  
**NOB HILL**  
in Technicolor!

When you see this sign... see the picture!
Modern Screen's Fashion Guide

Cottons are back again, welcome as V-mail in your letter box. Welcome as the first sun-drenched April morning. Welcome indeed. And if we say so ourselves, the ones we chose for you are special. Lollipop colors and soft, blurred shades; lean-making stripes and certified checks. Slick office-going cottons, trousseau stuff, school-house glamour. We're awfully proud of us for finding 'em; you'll be awfully proud of you, wearing 'em. Just lookit! June Allyson is wearing 'em for you; she's proud of them, too!

You've Got a Job: Turn up at your desk looking crisp, as a new dollar bill. Easy on your boss's eyes and disposition; rough on the heart of the lovestruck office boy. What are you wearing? A new butcher linen by Dorris Varnum of Jonathan Logan. Its coolie collar, oriental monogram, slim, uncluttered lines are Chinese as Shanghai, eye-catching as cute Madam Chiang. An expensively-detailed little dress that you'll wear and wear, and it's priced so that you can afford more than one. Colors from an artist's palette in rich combinations like turquoise and brown. The Coolie hat in matching fabric that June is carrying completes your China-Girl look.

You've Got a Date: A picnic by a brook with a long-legged sergeant. The Sunday afternoon you've both been dreaming about for months and months. A couple of new campaign ribbons on the guy; on the gal (that's you) an adorable striped Saksen. Sorry, no picture. No room. Completely feminine in a very (Continued on page 70)

Cotton pickin' season's here, gals! Look, little-money lovelies—picked for slickness, for glamour, for you!
Lucky boy to be with you in this irresistible Peggy Paige striped seersucker! It's got everything! Wide eyelet ruffles to make you pretty, slimming striped skirt, fresh, scrubbed look—the Works!

Here's a lovely that you can whip up yourself! It's a MODERN SCREEN PATTERN, easy to get, easy to make. Make it in Amertex cotton for countless wearings.

June says she feels like a smoothie in this wing-sleeved spun rayon by McKettrick Classics! Comfort in its round neck, easy, slim skirt, button-down front. Mint-julep coolness in frosty white embroidery!
Newest Make-up Idea... A Broadway Hit!

TWO
MAKE YOU TWICE
AS LOVELY

Jergens
Make-up Cake
Matching
Jergens Powder

IMOGEN CARPENTER
STARRING IN
BROADWAY'S MUSICAL COMEDY HIT,
"MEXICAN MAYRIDE"

"Jergens Twin Make-up makes you twice as lovely as cake make-up alone!" discovers glamour-wise Imogen Carpenter. How... .

First: sponge on new Jergens Make-up Cake, containing special skin-softening oils. For smooth and luminous new complexion beauty!

Then: fluff on the matching shade of velvetized Jergens Powder. For twice the loveliness... the Broadway-star way!

That's Jergens Twin Make-up—Cake and matching Powder, both in one box. A $2.00 value for $1.00. . . get your shade today!

MODERN SCREEN
FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 69)

subtle way with its bow neck, sweet wing sleeves, pertly cut skirt. The fabric is waffle piqué, which is scarce as a carton of smokes, and it comes in a delicious shade of raspberry on white; is terribly effective in black on white. Price? Cheap.

You've Got a Baby: And next to his pop he's the handsomest fellow! Still you don't want him getting all the attention when you wheel him downtown. Give him a run for his war bonds in the darling little side-buttoned job shown on page 69. We love the high sweetheart neckline, appreciate the big patch pocket that's perfect for clothes pins, pins, the flotsam and jetsam of motherhood. And you'll love the fly-away shoulder bow! It's another MODERN SCREEN pattern, which means it's easy to make and wear, and it's all yours for a mere twenty cents. We made it in an Ameritex check, which would be a swell idea for you, too, 'cause Ameritex on a cotton means that it won't shrink, won't fade, will stand up under hundreds of washings and will always look terrific! Want the pattern? See below.

You've Got a Crush: You like the way he smacks a baseball from Ebbets Field to the Polo Grounds practically; you swoon over the way the hair grows on the back of his neck. Briefly, he's strictly slaughter-house, and half the senior class is mad for him. Problem: How to get him looking your way. Best solution we can think of is our Peggy Paige honey in Dumari seersucker. Irresistible is the swopy neckline, the precious eyelet trim on collar, cuffs and pockets. Head-turning are the contrasting stripes, the skirt that's as full as the law allows—which is full enough for a swish. Here's a dress a guy could love. A dress he'll love. And you can buy it out of your allowance, even if it's window shopping.

You've Got a Prouseau: Lucky you. A wonderful guy, and a wonderful excuse to go spreeing. If you've gone a little nuts over fluffy, biddy things, let us suggest at least one sleek, clean-cut dress that will pack and iron like the proverbial hanky. Such a one is the beautifully simple Mckettrick (see page 69) that takes to accessories like nothing on earth. Try it in lilac with long black gloves, a cartwheel hat; in luggage spiked with dead white. It's at home in a club car, at a family dinner, at a nitercy. A lot of dress for under ten dollars.

Gosh, people, your letters have been lovely, and you know—it gets easier and easier to choose clothes for you as we grow to know you better. You're so nice and honest about your figure dithers, so cute about your guys on leave.

A note or a postcard to Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., will bring an answer to every one of your clothes questions. Want to know the sizes, colors and prices of the dresses on these pages? Drop us a line at which you can buy 'em. Anything fashion-y at all? We couldn't be more anxious to help you, so let us, won't you, please?

Here's how to get that make-it-yourself lovely on page 69. Send 5c to MODERN SCREEN PATTERN SERVICE, Post Office Box 224, Station G, New York 19, N. Y. Comes in sizes 10 through 20. BE SURE TO INDICATE YOUR SIZE AND ASK FOR PATTERN NUMBER 1666. Complete directions for cutting and sewing will be yours practically by return mail.
young girls as Gloria De Haven, June Allyson, Bonita Granville, Lana Turner and several others were present.

None of the girls accepted a drink of anything stronger than something ending in “cola” and yet they gave no indication of being prudes. In fact, they were far gayer and more vivacious than some of the ladies present who were indulging.

Maybe it’s old-fashioned—or not—but I noticed that the men liked and admired them for it!

June Allyson, who is trying hard to get her weight up from 98 to 105 pounds, just laughed when someone told her that a cocktail whetted the appetite. “But the ‘fat pills’ I take taste better,” she chuckled in that husky voice of hers, “and there’s no hangover with a pill!”

June looked like a debutante in a soft navy suit with a striped blouse and no hat. When Norma Shearer came in looking so radiant, so young and happy with her husband, Lt. Marty Arrouge, June said:

“There is the perfect example of the way I want to look. I’ve never seen Miss Shearer alive at parties and in night clubs and I’ve seldom seen her drink much, if anything. She’s as beautiful and fresh looking today as she was when she was eighteen. I’m not a prude. But I think every drink a girl takes eventually shows up on the screen!”

As for Gloria De Haven, another gal who doesn’t indulge, her groom, Johnny Payne, kids her by saying, “She’s so definitely on the wagon she has saddle blankets!”

Barbara Whiting, who is a ripe 13 years of age, knocked her teacher cold when she put the name of Errol Flynn opposite the word, “virile” in a definition test!

Hang onto your throb-y notes, Bing and Frankie. Here comes Alan Ladd as a crooner. Honest, I mean just that. When he was on his recent hospital, camp and theater tour, Alan gave out with “My Ideal” so ideally that the boys sockers started writing Paramount demanding that he be put in a crooning picture.

Not that I want to be smart—but the story didn’t surprise me too much. I remember the very first “press” notice I ever received on Alan came from the North Hollywood High School (long before he became a star) listing his name as the star singer in “The Mikado.”

A man who should know swears up and down to me that Turhan Bey is really just

SWEET FIFTEEN:
It’s coming, pals, and fast! We’re celebrating 15 wonderful years in June. Pass the word, then pass your newstand. It’s MODERN SCREEN on May 11!

Good News
(Continued from page 64)

By Carol Carter

"Help!"
...and it's you to the rescue!
Learn First Aid essentials.

All in fun, Columbia's Penny Singleton bundles a bandaging job on Arthur Lake. But for real emergencies, you'll learn First Aid!

- Don't be a goon! It's the alert citizen who realizes that accidents will happen. Little brothers do fall out of apple trees, Sis just might drive the old Ford right through the back of the garage, and even you could burn your fingers dragging roasted potatoes out of the ashes. All of which can be pretty grim ... unless you know First Aid!

It isn't medical treatment. But First Aid does save life, it keeps the victim comfortable until the M.D. arrives, and prevents further injury (remember Van Johnson's motor accident?). Every one of us should be prepared to help on the home front. Have on hand the materials ordinarily needed for minor accidents. It's a good idea to invest in a civilian First Aid Kit.

There are many excellent kits ... for home, work, school, automobiles, and soon probably special outfits for helicopters. Check for these supplies: Adhesive tape, scissors, thermometer, sterilized bandages of assorted sizes, sterile absorbent cotton, eye dropper, aromatic spirits of ammonia, sodium bicarb, aspirin, petroleum jelly, ointment or jelly for burns, mild tincture of iodine and First Aid Book. Kits vary but these are essentials.

Of course, you realize the importance of cleanliness. Never allow anything that's not utterly sterile to come in contact with a wound. Otherwise, there's danger of infection. Home-made bandages are simply makeshifts and are not safe dressings for wounds. Use only sterile gauze, bandages, absorbent cotton. Don't wash the wound. Sterilize it with iodine or mercurochrome (except areas near eyes or body openings), then apply a dressing of sterile gauze. Never touch a wound with your bare fingers. Speaking of cleanliness, learn to use a good disinfectant 'round the house. It's a great ally when you're warring on germs! For an antiseptic solution to wash the skin mix two teaspoonfuls of disinfectant with one pint of water. It's that easy.

Believing that you can't be too careful, here's one important warning: If in doubt, better do nothing than do the wrong thing! Doctors tell me that good intentions but lack of knowledge often cause more harm than good. But you really want to help, you say? All right then, buckle down to it. Learn First Aid from Red Cross, local school or church groups. Have on hand the First Aid essentials. Be a useful citizen!
“Let Curtains Hang!”

says Sad Iron

“...it's my iron decision that curtains are silly! Their slow poke-y frills get me shivery, chilly.”
But Miss Sunny Monday is counting on Linit—The slick, handsome starch that saves many a minute.

And now

“Meet Master Linit.
He's really perfection
To iron—to flatter
a curtain's complexion!

Here's how—

“We wash our curtains
As clean as a breeze—
Then Linit will starch them
with elegant ease.

Quick mix—

“He blends half cupfuls
of water and Linit—
Then adds boiling water—
It's done in a minute!”

Clicks!

Well, do look at Sad Iron,
gay and alive-y!
With Linit his work is so
happy and jive-y!

If you have a Sad Iron
balky at chores—
Get Linit tomorrow
at all grocery stores.

20 years old in spite of the fact that Turhan says he is 24!

The loudest off-screen laugh in Hollywood belongs to Louise Allbritton. I like Louise. She has charm and humor. But she should sometimes remember, "A gentle voice is an excellent thing in a woman."

Edith Head, Paramount designer, is a brave woman. She took her life in her hands and named the seven stars with the most beautiful curves "between the neckline and the waist."

Dorothy Lamour
Veronica Lake
Ginger Rogers
Ann Sheridan
Joan Bennett
Olivia De Havilland
Betty Grable

What? No Lana Turner, Lauren Bacall, Maria Montez, Paulette Goddard, Linda Darnell or Jane Russell? My goodness!

This may interest Van Johnson (who seems to interest everybody!). The little high school girl who came to my house to give me an interview on "Why you are the school girl's dream boy," is getting plenty of plugs from service men about doing a picture with you.

Remember, Van, after that interview she came out to the studio and had her picture made with you and that story went out all over the world?

Now many of the boys in the South Pacific are writing and suggesting that you use your influence to get her a job in one of your pictures. In case you want to follow up, her name is Janice Deisher and she's a student at University High School.

I know my young readers are going to be sorry that Joyce Reynolds is giving up her motion picture career. I wanted to get the real story for you, so I telephoned her mother. She said, "Joyce had a bad case of flu brought on when she was making 'Janie' and she's never really recovered. She is a good actress and ambitious," her mother said, "but she feels as I do that we must abide by the doctors' decision and have her take a long, long rest." There were reports over Hollywood that her illness had come following her marriage, but this her mother vehemently denied. One thing Joyce won't have to worry over is salary checks because she is one of the few heroines in our midst. She recently inherited a sizable sum from her aunt and uncle.

Laugh of the month is Paul Henreid, who made his big hit lighting two cigarettes in love scenes with Bette Davis, was smoking old stubs on the set of "Spanish Main."

Wow! Does Dorothy Lamour look sensational in a champagne net gown on the set of "Masquerade In Mexico?" Dottie's skin is made up exactly the same color which means that you can't tell where the dress leaves off and Lamour begins—or vice versa. Incidentally, this set, supposed to be a monastery converted into a millionaire's home, cost...
It's a wonder Jenny Jones, steadying with Henry Wilson, can sit after those daily 9 hours of riding and dancing lessons. She's just taught her sons riding, says gents must be able to seat a horse.

The Gregory Pecks stand united on 2 big issues—they love any and all movies, they're going to play matchmaker between their 6-month-old Jonathan and the Ronald Colman infant, Juliet.

Teresa Wright, (Mrs. N. Busch), about to give her 11-year-old stepson, Peter, a new brother or sister, sent Dot McGuire, who replaced her, congratulations on her work in "Enchanted Cottage."

Janet Blair, who drew 2 Hayworth roles while Rita was "expecting," will annually sponsor any youngster her ex-voice teacher picks. (With Hubby Sgt. L. Bush.)
Amazing new ink ends most pen troubles!

CONTAINS PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X

Twice then she heard of Parker Quink And tried this pen-protecting ink...

Every drop of Quink contains solv-x—protects pens 4 ways:
1. Ends gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
2. Actually cleans your pen as it writes... keeps it out of the repair shop.
3. Dissolves, flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot caused by high-acid inks.

Stop most pen troubles before they start—switch to protective Quink today. Quink is the only ink containing solv-x, yet it costs no more than ordinary inks! Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying. Perfect for every type of pen. 7 permanent colors. 2 washable. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUT WAR BONDS!

HAPPY MONEY

You dreamed about it for a long time before it happened. And then when it did, you couldn’t believe it. But you did. You heard it, you saw it; with your very own right hand on your very own MODERN SCREEN, you swear it! Well, stop right there. Get your breath and your money, too. Just pen and ink it and send that story of your own encounter with a screen star to: I SAW IT HAPPEN EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Remember, make it simple and clear—an honest description of the amusing, touching, dramatic experience of which you were a part. If you want to win the five dollars that we send for every tale printed, do be sure that you make the celebrity count, not the fact that you just happened to be there! Good luck!

$37,000. It’s made completely of pastel plaster—which is not a priority material.

Everybody in town who could beg, borrow or steal tickets went to the Command Performance of Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dinah Shore playing “Dick Tracy” for our boys overseas.

But what went over the air couldn’t have been half as funny as what couldn’t be seen. Bing had a picture of Bob in the nude (taken one day when he was sun bathing) that he kept showing to the service men in the front row. Bob insisted that the picture was his face, all right—but Bing’s bay window! Finally, after Bing had passed it to the fellows in the front row, Bob dived right over the footlights to retrieve it—and the show couldn’t go on for 20 minutes.

Later, the three young sailors who had captured the upsetting photograph came backstage and presented it to Bob. “Thanks, boys,” he said, “I suppose you are the Andrews brothers?”

It was twin boys for Susan Hayward and Jess Barker. There hasn’t been a sign of a tiff out of them since the good news was announced. Remember, there were so many rifts when they first married that Susie actually filed for a divorce—which was called off two days later.

But remembering those hectic times, Susie kids Jess by saying, she’ll name the youngsters, “Bing and Bang!”

Vignette On Bing Crosby—Man of the Hour:

He likes you best if you can make him laugh. Yet he won’t laugh at off-color stories. He’s just one beat off being straight-laced—and admits it.

He seldom calls anyone by a nickname. Even his cronies, Bob Hope, is usually “Robert” or “Hope” to Bing.

His appetite is a see-saw affair. He likes ice cream cones and caviar equally well.

He can’t stand to live by a clock. When the twins were born and two weeks later, Dixie was ready to come home from the hospital, Bing kept her waiting two hours because he said he wasn’t wearing a watch “and it didn’t
Don’t blush, but—

We’d like to sort of slip this in when you’re not looking, for you may have heard it all before, and, well, everybody’s busy—you just haven’t had time to do anything about it! Anyway, that Nurse’s Aid uniform may be getting the finishing touches on your ironing board right now. Or perhaps you’re doubling up with that part-time nurse to care for Dad at home, instead of claiming a hospital bed. Golly, maybe you’re even marching off as a registered nurse to the boys who see halos when you help ’em!

On the other hand, we’d like this in big, bright letters as bold as the Red Cross symbol itself, just in case you don’t know that 1945’s first crop of Yanks-to-go-over got a raw deal—eleven units went overseas without enough nurses! And don’t think we’re exaggerating—10,000 nurses are needed now! So do what you can, whether you play the “extra” in your neighborhood hospital or a stellar role at the front. Your Red Cross is waiting—and so are your boys!

Another Hollywood Star... with Woodbury, Wonderful Skin

LARAIN DAY, STARRING IN M-G-M’S “KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY”

If you wonder how so many of your favorite stars manage to keep that enchanting, just-stepped-out-from-a-rainbow look... You'll find a clue in Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. One cream that gives complete beauty care... the newest Hollywood beauty care...

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

... it's all you need!
How those Queens of Beauty—Powers Models Wash Their Hair

Miss Carolyn Cross, stunning Powers Model, noted for her exquisite loveliness, keeps her hair shining bright for days with Kreml Shampoo

You, Too, Can Give Your Hair This '10-Minute Glamour-Bath' Right At Home!

Just leave it to these 'million dollar' Powers Models to find a way to make your hair look even more ravishingly beautiful. These smart Powers girls wash their hair with Kreml Shampoo.

Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly washes hair and scalp 'spick-and-span' clean—but it brings out the hair's natural sparkling highlights and lustrous sheen—it leaves hair so much softer, silkier and easier to set in a stunning hair-do.

So buy a bottle of Kreml Shampoo today at any drug counter and 'glamour-bathe' your hair like beautiful Powers Models do! Just see if you too, don't agree there's no finer shampoo than Kreml Shampoo.

Advises Beautifying Kreml Shampoo For Children's Hair

John Robert Powers, a foremost authority of feminine beauty, advises even his child Powers Models to use only Kreml Shampoo. This remarkably beautifying shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals—it never leaves any excess dull soapy film. Instead, its beneficial oil base helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. This makes it especially fine for shampooing children's hair.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi, gang:

I've been sein' stars, and the funny part of it is that no one hit me, either! Seems everywhere I go... bang... there are my favorite people. Ran smack into Gene Kelly with Nancy Walker coca-colaing at the Lincoln Grill... and less then ten minutes before that I was charmed by darlin' little Margaret O'Brien who was delighting audiences on the Kate Smith broadcast together with Lee Bowman and Janet Blair. And not more than two weeks after that noticed Bacall and Bogart stopping traffic on 5th Avenue. And, best of all, Laddie and Milton Berle kid-ding each other to death on the latter's program. Know what all this stardust meant to me, though? Just a chance to get some new and exclusive info, for YOU. And did it? Wow!

So if there is anything you want to know about your favorite pic or per-sonality... I'm glued to my desk waiting to tell. Direct your letters and stamped, self-addressed envelopes to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City 16.

By the by, this is what is known officially as a retraction. Actually, it gives me much joy to announce that contrary to what I said in my Feb-ruary column, the theme music you kept hearing in "Laura" was written especially for that pic by swell musi-cian David Raskin and has just been released as a pop tune with out-of-this-world lyrics by Johnny Mercer.

Betty Paris, N.Y.C.: IS THERE A FAN CLUB FOR MARK DANIELS WHO WAS "ALAN" IN "WINGED VICTORY," AND GUY MADISON, THE SAILOR, OF "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"? Uh-huh—Doris Brown, 628 West 151st Street, New York City, has Mark's club, and Dorothy Nachman, 1445 Minlord Place, Bronx, N. Y. has Guy's.

Miriam Armstrong, Newark: SOME STATISTICS ON BOB MITCHUM WHO PLAYED "BOB GREY" IN "THIRTY GLORIOUS OVER TOKYO" AND "JIMMY" IN "THE GIRL RUSH." Bob was born in Delaware on Aug. 6, 1917. He has light brown hair, grey eyes and is 6', 185 lbs. of handsomeness. Yup, he is married and has two children. Write him for a picture at United Artists, Hollywood, Calif., and watch for him in "G.I. Joe."

Irene Cunningham, Chicago: WHAT WERE THE SONGS SUSANNA FOSTER SANG IN "THE CLIMAX?" They were—"The Magic Voice," and "Some day I'll Know," from the operetta "The Magic Voice," written for the picture by George Waggner, and "Now At Last" from the operetta, "The Boule-vardier."

Don Wade, N. Y.: DID CORNEL WILDE REALLY PLAY THE PIANO IN "SONG TO REMEM-BER?" Nope—that was Jose Iturbi at the keys, and for a special treat watch this space next month when I will list the entire score from that pic-ture.

C.B.: MAY I HAVE FRANK SINATRA'S BIRTHDATE? Sure thing... December 12, 1915.
Friday and Saturday nights, the lid is usually off, and you'll most likely be allowed to stay out lateish, provided the people for whom you sit convex you home. If you're really money-mad, offer to do the dishes and mending for additional dough. Rates for straight sitting vary in different localities from thirty-five to fifty cents an hour. If you throw in extras, you should get anywhere from fifty to seventy-five cents an hour.

Other ideas: Is there a war plant near you? Why not look into an after-school shift? How about Thursday nights and all day Saturdays in a nearby department store? If you're sharp with a Corona you might do typing at home. Sell news items to the local paper or high-pressure them into letting you do a column of school scoops. Knit sweaters to order for sweater gals from six weeks on. Are you too, too bright in French or math? Spread some of your brains around for a nominal fee. Battle dogs, do marketing, paint furniture—there's no end to the things you can do and the green stuff you can earn.

The way to get started is to run a standing ad in your town paper itemizing your services and giving your rates and phone number. Then equip yourself with a good-sized date book, a couple of pencils—and, say, move over Mr. Rockefeller!

If you're woosy-witted deciding which college or witch job or witch guy, give us the facts and let us help. Unsnagging your dilemmas is our business, you know, and honest to John, we love it. For a strictly-between-us reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16 N. Y. If the whole world can know, slip the envelope and we'll print the answer in our mail box.

**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

One windy day while visiting the observation platform at La Guardia Field, I noticed a group of teen-agers around one of the exit gates. When I asked the reason for this gathering, I was told that Tyrone Power was due on the next plane. At the edge of the crowd was a young girl, much shorter than all the rest. She tried in vain to get a place where she could see her hero to advantage, but the taller fans wouldn't budge an inch. Due to a high wind, the plane was overdue, and when it finally arrived the girls could hardly wait. The tiny girl, still unable to find a place where she could see, had disappointedly started to leave. As she walked slowly along, she saw a man's hat being buffeted along in the brisk wind. Of she went, chasing it with all her might, and forgetting her keen disappointment in her breathless run.

Fitler a tired and windblown little girl turned up at the office, hat in hand. A young man came up to her and smilingly asked, "May I have my hat, please?" The girl was speechless with delight. It was Tyr Power, her idol, and his charming wife, Annabella, whom she surely never expected to see—actually talking to her!

Margaret Becker, Corona, New York

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**BELITA, STARRING IN MONOGRAM'S "GOLDEN GIRL"**

**CO-ED**

(Continued from page 8)

**I Kiss your darling HANDS**

YOU: Can I have such soft hands, Belita?
BELITA: Indeed you can! Just use Jergens Lotion.
YOU: Is Jergens really your hand care, Belita?
BELITA: I've used Jergens Lotion for years.

Here's Why, 7 to 1, Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion

Helps protect against rough hands so surely!
Jergens Lotion wheedles even gratey skin to softness
with 2 ingredients many doctors prescribe.
So it's like professional hand care. And easy!
No stickiness! 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

FOR THE SOFTEST, ADORABLE HANDS USE JERGENS LOTION

**JERGENS LOTION**

[Image of Jergens Lotion advertisement]
Then we'd fill his stocking and, invariably, my mother would fill one with coal. That was her Christmas joke. You see, in Sweden, the naughty children find coal in their stockings on Christmas morning instead of goodies. We would fill another one too, of course, with fruits and newly-baked Christmas cookies; with marbles and a rubber ball and a top and all the small things that little boys love so much. Then we would stack his gifts around the tree.

**big moment . . .**

He would be up at dawn Christmas morning. I'd hear him padding around his room, then pussy-footing through the dining room, then standing stock-still, and I'd know he was looking into the living room. We'd get up then, and he would open his gifts and produce things for us that he'd made in school. A paper Christmas bell it was one year, I remember. And once he bought me a bright red tie. I don't exactly recall just when he stopped believing in Santa Claus, but I know that one year I came home from work and he had the tree up and the little mirror all arranged exactly as I always did it. When he saw me, he stood up, and we sort of looked at each other and didn't say anything. That was another big moment.

Right through those younger years he'd bring his report card home to me every month to be signed, and it was invariably a thing of beauty. 98's and 99's and Excellent in Effort. I got to thinking I had a genius on my hands and it worried me. Who the heck wanted a genius? "Look, Red," I'd say. "Let's skip the books tonight. Let's go to a show." I needn't have worried. In due time, came Boy Scouts, came athletics, came girls. By the time he was in high school he had more on his mind than studying and he was bringing home C's pretty regularly. I felt better.

It was along about then that he began to be interested in movie stars. He started out drawing their pictures (did you know Red's an artist of sorts?), and pasting them on cover and wall. He used to look in there and think, "Well, that new one or Garbo does it. He can't possibly squeeze in any more." And be-gosh, the next day he'd have five or six brand new ones up. Who were they all? Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Oh, and Norma Shearer. He used to think she was swell. He had screen spots full of them too, and the Lord help anyone who laid a hand on them!

We both liked the movies and Friday night we'd go. Me, I'd like to see the picture and get out. Not Van. He'd sit through it twice every time. Ask him how he could enjoy it when he knew everything that was going to happen, and he'd shrug those big shoulders and say, "Gosh, I don't know. I like it even better the
Paper-picker! You wouldn't think, to look at her, that Mary had just collected more waste paper than any child in town! Paper which our Government needs so desperately. Now Mary is floating off to a well-earned sleep . . . supremely relaxed on the cushioned luxury of Beautyrest—the dream mattress. (Made, of course, by Simmons.) If you own a Beautyrest today, count yourself lucky. For Beautyrest boasts 837 individually pocketed coils and a sag-proof border. Cherish your Beautyrest, for we're all out on war work and there's no telling when you can buy another. If you need a new mattress now, however, we suggest our famous WHITE KNIGHT. It's a "mattress-within-a-mattress." Soft, durable— with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! NEWS! The Government has permitted us to make a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs. $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P. S. BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS THIS WEEK! THE NEED GROWS EVER GREATER!
HANDY ADVICE by ARLENE FRANCIS

It takes a soft hand to steal a heart

"So make sure you have soft, smooth Hinds hands," says Arlene Francis, star of Hinds "BLIND DATE"

MONEY NIGHTS – BLUE NETWORK

WHEN YOUR HEART STANDS STILL...
when you find yourself looking into the eyes of the man you've been waiting for all your life... make sure that your hands as well as your eyes say "Remember me." They will if they're adorably Hinds-soft and smooth!

"AS SMOOTH AS A DOVE'S WING"
...he'll think when he clasps your soft hand. And you'll think now wise you've been, using Hinds regularly. Wonderful, softening, soothing Hinds that doesn't let roughness get a look-in!

YOUR HANDS MAKE ROMANTIC MAGIC
because in Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream are ingredients for which science says skin has a particular liking... Try Hinds. See the thrilling way chapped, rough hands respond.

THE FACTS BEHIND HINDS CLAIMS
• When winter has played havoc with your hands... dried or chapped the skin by interfering with the flow of its natural lubricant oils, Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream comes to the rescue in a big way. Its special ingredients supply the lubrication your skin may lack. Get Hinds at any toilet-goods counter. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and $1, plus tax.

his wonderful housekeeper. He is very happy, I think, except that now and then he gets homesick for the East. For the changing seasons he loved so well. For snow. They had a Christmas pageant in Hollywood in which they blew tons of white cornflakes into the air to simulate a snowstorm. "It hurt my eyes, it was so phony," he wrote me, "and I had to look away."

Someday when he's really well again he'll come East. They wouldn't let him make the trip for the premiere of "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo" for fear the excitement wouldn't be good. But each month he's better. The awful incessant headache is going away. His blood count is up again, and he can give blood to the Red Cross bank once more. He'll come East again, and his room is waiting for him. His whole elephant collection is there in his room, his diploma hanging on the wall, his rowing machine and his barbells, just where he left them. And his Dad is waiting too, anxious for a good look at that long, red-headed kid everybody's talking about.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Chicago, the windy City? Migosh, I felt like a ping-pong ball with the air! And if you're wondering what brought Beverly Linet there, rest easy—twas Lon McCallister! Yup, you see, kids, Lon and I had become really good friends during the years I've been dishing the dirt at the Information Desk, and somehow there it was, the week before Christmas, and I'd been talking to him long distance and before I knew it, it was Chicago, I was there, he was there— and my heart stood still.

I hit town about ten in the morning, kissed my uncle and aunt and proceeded to call Lon at one hour intervals until I finally corralled him at midnight. Seems he'd been shuttering between performances of "Winged Victory" and Christmas shopping and hadn't gotten one of my messages. We gabbed for a while then he said, "Watcha doing tomorrow?" I fluttered, casual like, "Oh, nothing. Nothing really important, that is." So he said, "Would you like to take in a preview of 'The Glass Menagerie,' the new Eddie Dowling show?"

Well, that started it. The pink-champagne, life's-a-prettzal feeling. There was meeting Barry Nelson and Dick Travis, "Entertaining" Lon at my aunt's luncheon by leading him, in my confusion, into the master bedroom. Guzzling Pepsi at the Chez Paris and malts at Walgreen's and banking in Lon's reflected glory down Michigan Boulevard and signing autographs with him and.

Well, it's all over now but the sighing, with very little energy left and buckets of memories. Funny ones, gay ones, stand-out ones, like rushing for a last goodbye at Lon's theater with 15 minutes to train time and another week of talk still unspoken. And...

Oh, well...

Beverly Linet, Modern Screen.
JANIE GETS MARRIED
(Continued from page 43)

several weeks end to get to Caliente to see the racing. A Warners' Studio official, meeting Joyce on the lot one Monday morning, asked, "Did you have fun in Caliente yesterday?"

Joyce's brown eyes snapped a pair of startled shutters. "I didn't see you," she said.

"I didn't see you, either," grinned the official. "But I heard you when your horse won the third race.

She confided to Bob that first evening, "As soon as I can afford it, and when I have a place to keep him, I'm going to buy a palomino."

"For me," announced Bob, "a Texas cowboy pony every time."

"Speaking of transportation," said the Jensens wryly, "you two horsey folks might think up a way for us to get to the movies. We're out of gas. And there just aren't any cabs."

"Shucks, let's be practical," said Bob. "What's wrong with thumbing?" The very first car stopped, collected the quartet and took them to a movie several miles east. There they saw (spying on another studio's product), RKO's thriller, "The Fallen Sparrow."

"A four feather picture," applauded Bob.

They had little thin hotcakes and coffee in Pancake Alley (at La Brea and Wilshire), then hitchhiked back to Westwood Village.

Reporting the details of the evening to her mother as Joyce brushed her hair that night, Miss Reynolds decided that here was something very special in the date-able line. She merely told her mother, "Mary Jane's cousin is a right sweet boy. That's the way they say it down Texas way, chillun."

morgenbush vs. cupid

Two weeks later (as soon as Bob could get leave again) he returned to Los Angeles for another Saturday night date. In the meantime, he had seen Joyce in "The Constant Nymph" and had discussed the problem of properly entertaining an actress with some allegedly informed brother officers. He had also developed a consuming interest in publications in which pictures of or articles about Miss Reynolds might appear. Lacing through such pages, like hand picking on the lapels of a good suit, was the word Mocambo, repeated, and repeated.

"I'd like to take you," he told Joyce after greetings were exchanged, "to the Mocambo."

If Joyce had been a squealer, she would have uttered a hoot audible in Kansas City. Being the quiet type, she twinkled and said, "Mmmm. Wonderful."

A year ago, Joyce was as celebrity conscious as your 12-year-old sister. When Lana Turner arrived at the Mocambo, gorgeous in a long black dress—her hair covered by a net of pink flowers—Joyce tugged at Bob's sleeve and joined him in appearing NOT to be staring, while trying to memorize Miss Turner's every charm. Altogether it was a lovely evening . . . until the check arrived. By that time, Joyce and Bob had been joined by two friends, whom Bob had invited to have dinner with them. He had planned on spending between twenty and twenty-five dollars on the evening—which is purple plutocracy on a Lieutenant's pay—but when he turned over that crucial oblong of cardboard, he thought for an agonized moment that they had simply charged him the financial total of his serial number. Well, not quite that bad.

Twice as effective!* MODESS with DEODORANT

* Yes—put through 26 different tests, by an impartial laboratory, and proved twice as effective as another leading napkin containing a deodorant!

Wonderfully—sensationally—effective, by actual laboratory test! No wonder women are all so keen about the marvelous new Modess with a fine deodorant powder sealed right in!

Think of it! No fuss, no nuisance of a separate deodorant powder! Marvelous!

And besides this daintiness extra—at no extra cost—Modess gives you other tested extras: 3 out of 4 women, in a nationwide poll, voted it softer to touch; 209 nurses, in hospital tests, found it softer, less apt to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

Hurry and get the wonderful new Modess with Deodorant, today!

PLEASE NOTE: Your store has two kinds of Modess. If you'd rather have softer, safer Modess without deodorant, just ask for "Standard Modess."

Just look at these praises!

Congratulations to Modess for a famous first... you II.

I appreciate the lack of fuss and better with necessary deodorants. Mrs. P.K.

Mode is now the first and last word in personal protection... Mrs. J.P.A.S.?
Have you discovered Dura-Gloss Nail Polish? How s-m-o-o-t-h-l-y and easily it flows on? How fast it dries?

How beautifully it brings out your whole personality, with luxurious color and brilliance at your fingertips?

There’s a truly wonderful ingredient in it called “Chrystallyne” that makes it a special jewel among nail polishes.

At cosmetic counters everywhere. 10¢, plus tax.

Cuticle Remover • Polish Remover • Duro Coat

84

Keep DURA-GLOSS always “on hand” — says Cupid

However, a quick mental inventory convinced him that he was several, ya many, dollars short. Giving his brother officer the eye, Bob & Co. withdrew to the Gentleman’s Lounge for a Morgenfau meeting. “Gosh,” gloomed the man on whose ducts Bob had been counting, “we’ve done the town. I was going to ask you for a short term loan.”

So they returned to the table, wondering how KP was going to seem, so many months after boot camp. Bob took Joyce out on the dance floor, wondered if his face was going to set fire to the joint, and asked if she had—I—er—come equipped with any mad money. “Because you’re going to be mad at me in a minute.”

Joyce happened to have nearly ten dollars in her evening purse.

On the way home, a certain Marine Lieutenant, feeling very nonplussed, still couldn’t help laughing. “I think I lost forty pounds, sweating that one out,” he said. “Will you ever take a chance and go out with me again?”

Joyce had been suppressing hysterics. “I’ve never told anyone else this story, and I wouldn’t tell now except that I think you have a right to know. Maybe you think you were embarrassed tonight wait until you hear about my most embarrassing moment.”

It happened when Joyce was a sub-sub-dub. She was invited to a supremely swanky party in one of the most beautiful homes in Houston. Although Joyce knew her young hostess very well, she had never met the hostess’ father or mother. So, the night of the party, Miss Reynolds—gowned out in a new party dress, her hair done a new way, and her escort the current cream of her dreams—arrived on the doorstep of a mansion she had long admired from a distance.

She rang the doorbell and a tall, distinguished-looking man answered. In her best Manners for Adults, she said, “Good evening, Mr. So & So. I should like you to know Mr. Et Cetera (her boy friend).”

Gravely, the boy shook hands with an immaculate white glove proffered by the tall character who took the boy’s top coat and Joyce’s wrap and said that dancing was in the ball room, refreshments in the solarium.

The Personification of Dignity was the butler.

“Talk about embarrassment. I wanted to crumple up and blow away like ash from a good cigar,” bemoaned Joyce.

Bob looked down at her and grinned. “Thanks,” he said, taking her hand. “Thanks for being such a swell sport . . . and telling me that to make me feel better.”

After that, every week Bob could possibly get away, he and Joyce had a date. Because they both were crazy about Spanish food they found a small cafe called “El Carmine” where they could have Saturday night dinner. The cafe is hung with sarapes, the music is completely South of the Border, and the tostados, tortillas, enchiladas, and tacos are the best to be found.

One night Joyce wore her new fur coat. “It’s the one thing that I always said I wanted going to buy the instant I could afford it,” she told a chuckling Bob. “Maybe you think it’s silly, but that’s the way I am. I get something in my mind, and I plan, and figure, and plot until I can make the dream come true.”

“If don’t think it’s silly,” said Bob in a tone far more serious than Joyce had ever heard. “You’re lucky that you can make your dreams come true so fast. Some of us have to, well, sort of postpone things.”

“Oh sure,” she said blithely, not scrutinizing that statement, but simply accepting it at face value as small talk.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD
BUY WAR BONDS

LORR LABORATORIES, PATERSON, N. J. • FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS
Whenever they could, they spent an evening at Coconat Grove, dancing to Freddy Martin's orchestra. If you want that out-of-this world look to cross Joyce's face, just put on a recording of Martin's version of Tchaikowsky's Concerto.

And then, as Joyce had known it must, the wonderful week end dates came to an end. She promised that she would write at least once a week. And she said that last night, "You'll be fine, I know. I have confidence in you. But... sort of be careful, won't you?"

He had left a package marked "Do Not Open Until Christmas." Which proves that Bob still had something to learn about his brown-eyed Texan Tomato. She can't leave packages alone. The next day she flirty a quick eye over the strings and calculated that by slipping a little here, a little there... "Joyce—you leave that package alone. Don't you go spoiling Bob's surprise weeks and weeks before Christmas."

"All right, Mother."

Two days later. "Mother, er—what became of my package from Bob?"

"Never you mind. That is to be opened at Christmas time."

Then there came the day when no letter had arrived from the South Pacific for nearly three weeks. Joyce was sick with worry. "Why don't you open your Christmas package?" Mrs. Reynolds suggested. "That will make you feel better."

So, three weeks before Christmas, Joyce lifted the lid of a jeweler's box to reveal a large gold cross. She strung it on a black velvet ribbon and even wore it to bed that night. The next morning there was an air mail letter beginning, "Well, as you have probably guessed, I have been pretty busy around here..."

Instead of writing once a week, Joyce began to write three and four times a week. And she could hear the postman coming four blocks down the street; he seldom disappointed Joyce—usually there was a letter.

In some of those letters, Bob wrote about a possible post-war future. He had been in the midst of his pre-medic work at Rice Institute in Houston when war broke out and he joined up. He said that he rather thought he'd like to go back, some day, finish his studies, take his internship, and practice. "Because a man can live such a useful life in that profession. After having seen so much destruction, I'd like to work in a constructive field."

Late in the summer of 1944 there was another interruption in the mail service. Joyce began to count days in hours, and weeks in minutes. Her mathematical calculations were growing astronomical when that letter finally arrived. Snatching it out of the postbox, she ran upstairs. Mrs. Reynolds came into the living room to find her daughter crying. "Baby... is it bad news?"

"I d-d-don't know yet. I haven't read the letter," said a logical Miss Reynolds.

No, the news was NOT bad. First, Bob told about having seen "Janie" at his South Pacific base. It was announced over the loud speaker that, in the audience, was a prominent buzz boy who would be very happy, indeed, to see "Janie." The loud speaker suggested that Lt. Bob Lewis stand up and take a bow, on account of being Joyce Reynolds' fiancé. He went on to explain that—although he was being kidded at the time—the title was one that appealed to him mightily. Furthermore, he was being sent back to The States, and when he arrived...
And so they were married in the Westwood Community Methodist Church on January 11, 1945. The Reverend Herman N. Beimlohr performed the double ring ceremony; matron of honor was Mary Jane Jensen, of course, and best man was Lt. George A. Baldwin, one of Bob's Marine Corps buddies.

Joyce wore a gold suit, very simple, very smart, with black accessories. Just before the ceremony she received an heirloom handkerchief from Bob's mother—‘something old’ to fulfill the requirements of tradition. She borrowed a blue garter from her matron of honor, and practically every other item of bridal equipment was new.

So far the newlyweds have only two problems to solve. First, Joyce must be restrained from picking up some of her husband's more colorful expressions. Having learned in Texas and in the South Pacific, some highly seasoned Spanish expressions, the lieutenant was horrified one morning to hear his wife using the terms he had tossed off in a moment of exaggeration when the car refused to start. Joyce had started a run in a stocking and deemed the situation appropriate for some of her new vocabulary. "Eek! Don't ever RRRRR say that," gulped the bilingual Bob.


"We haven't been married long enough for me to explain to you. Just skip anything I say in Spanish."

And their other problem is that swazy character, Gammie. Gammie is about 22 ounces of grey, curly-haired toy French poodle. He was purchased with the first thirty-five dollars that Joyce ever earned, and he was named by Charles Boyer. "Gammie" is short for "gamin"—French for urchin, which Gammie certainly is.

He decided the first time he set eyes on Bob that here was a menace to his being monarch of the Reynolds menage and resented it at the top of his pipsqueak lungs. Bob, who thinks nothing lighter than a St. Bernard can be classed as a dog, looked down disdainfully at this canine canipion. Then he picked Gammie up and regarded him sternly. Gammie blinked hopefully, then tentatively tried to lick Bob's hand. Peace negotiations are continuing but they weren't furthered by Gammie's completely destroying one of Bob's socks and ruining a high mirror polish on Bob's regulation shoes.

Observed Bob, "I won't feel like a bona fide member of this family until Gammie greets me with a wag instead of a bark," but the look he bestowed upon his wife marked the statement as pure platitude.

Outside of the CBS Playhouse one afternoon, I noticed a crowd clustered around a figure in a gayly plaid sport coat. After quite a struggle, I reached the inner circle of the spectators. Since I stood in back of the celebrity, who was busily signing autographs, it was impossible to see who it was. Turning to the person next to me, I said, "Nobody but Crosby could wear a coat like that and get away with it." The spoke-coated figure turned, and I found myself looking into the dancing blue eyes of Frank Sinatra as he shouted, "Oh yeah!"

Bill Brennan,
Everett, Washington
amused when he said the band didn’t want him. That, she couldn’t imagine.

dusty daddy...

Finally, the trio started homeward, dusty, bedraggled, tired, but blissfully happy. When Frank opened the door of the suite he, Nancy, Sr. and Nancy, Jr. were occupying, there sat the entire business conference, patiently awaiting Frank’s return. The business conference, consisting of the biggest big-wigs from the Max Factor Company which sponsors Frank’s Wednesday night radio show, as one Adam’s apple, swallowed hard. The business conference, as one giant caterpillar, raised its eyebrows.

For Frank, Nancy, and Mary Anne each carried a huge balloon in one hand and a white cornucopia of pink cotton candy in the other. Each face shone with summer perspiration, and each chin was gaily bearded with remnants of the cotton candy. “Nancy and Mary Anne,” said Mr. Sinatra with supreme dignity, “I want you to meet some friends of mine.” And he introduced the little girls around the circle. Then he excused himself, took a quick shower, and returned to the business conference.

In years to come, when she grows old enough to realize the extent of her father’s fame, the things that Nancy Sinatra most cherishes will be memories of circus visits, movie treats, and holidays spent with Frank. She is now only four and one-half, but when she is forty-four and one-half, she will be able to say that Frank, aside from his glamour, separated from the roar of his fans, considered without the glare of his fame, was a typical American husband—deeply in love with his wife—and a typical American father—devoted to his two children.

Nancy will remember her electric train trouble. It developed last Fall, so when her dad came home from the studio one day, she asked him about it. “It won’t go,” she blubbered, “and when it gets to here, it just sparks.”

Frank got down on his hands and knees and surveyed the problem. When a few twists of a screw driver didn’t accomplish much, he began to take the track apart and string it through the house. Then he examined every switch, every contact, every plug. That done, he started on the engine, removed its innards, and finally discovered what made it fail to tick. All this work required every moment of his spare time for a week, and during that time the track, and parts of the engine, were scattered through two rooms. Guests stepped over the dismembered transportation system, and Nancy, Sr. swept and dusted around it until it was again assembled in good working order.

When the wonderful instant of complete recovery arrived, Frank set the locomotive with its string of cars in place, and turned the switch. Nancy’s brown eyes danced. Taking her father’s hand, she pressed a honeyed kiss into his palm.

Nancy is demonstrative, lavishly affectionate, demanding and giving a wealth of love. She adores her dad, her mother, and most insistently, her husky young brother, Frankie. Frankie was a year old on January tenth; he now weighs thirty pounds, which is to say that he is a combination of round cheeks, shining eyes, and dimpled body. Nancy likes to kiss the delicate curve of his chubby neck. Frankie turns his head so she can muzzle.

(Continued from page 45)
"Hello, mother! The dessert won't jell! What'll I do now?"

This is young Marilyn Maxwell, just a few years ago, taking her daily telephone cooking lesson from her mother who was then an organist in one of the Fort Wayne, Ind. theatres. The telephone company undoubtedly declared extra dividends, but the cooking lessons were a success. "I used to get so excited waiting to see if my mother and my two brothers liked what I'd cooked that I couldn't eat a bite myself!" declared the golden-blonde, feminine (oh, very!) co-star of "Between Two Women" in her dressing room at the Capitol Theater in New York. Recently she's learned to cook game. Not only that, but she goes out and shoots the chief ingredients!

John (Conte) has always been a hunter and since we were married I've learned to hunt and fish, I love it! Our ranch is loaded with deer and I've learned to cook venison steaks. Then sometimes we get a wild duck or a pheasant. Pheasant is marvelous—we hang it in a cold place for three days, then dress it and stuff it with wild rice, celery and apples. Venison steaks are easy to do. I sprinkle the steaks with a special tenderizing salt which you can buy in a health store and let the steaks stand while the pan is heating good and hot. I sear the steaks quickly, turn them over and pour a cocktail glass of port wine over them and cook 5 minutes. That's all there's to it!

Just sitting there and looking at Marilyn's lithe figure and beautiful face, you'd understand why a group of American soldiers in Belgium have selected her as their dream girl, but when you begin to appreciate all her knowing ways in the kitchen, it doesn't seem unreasonable that she should also have been chosen as the favorite actress of the Grandmothers of America! This pleases her very much.

Marilyn was born in Clarinda, Iowa and lived in St. Petersburg, Fla. and Fort Wayne, Ind. before she became a soloist with bands—Amos Ostat's, Buddy Rogers' and Ted Weems'.

and she can cook, too!

Star-cook Marilyn Maxwell hunts her own roasts—wild duck, deer and pheasant—and cooks 'em too!
by Nancy Woods

While she was singing with Buddy Rogers' band, Mary Pickford, who was visiting her husband, urged her to try for a screen test, but Marilyn felt that singing, rather than acting, was the thing she liked best. Later Ted Weems urged her to try the movies. She yielded to the "go west, young woman" advice and arrived in Hollywood with her mother in February, 1942.

Came 1944 and Marilyn's horoscope (she's inclined to believe in astrology) was looking very romantic! She started work in a picture, "Lost in a Harem." So did John Conte, "the singing M.C." "John and I always refer to the picture as "Pound in a Harem,"" Marilyn laughed. They were married in September at the Little Church Around the Corner in New York. Now they have an 850 acre ranch, 60 head of cattle and a help shortage. That means that Marilyn has to do the cooking several nights a week.

"I'd like to give you a recipe for an egg dish—it really hasn't a name—I just call it 'John's Favorite Breakfast.'" As Marilyn gave us the directions, we sensed that, in imagination, she was way out in that ranch house in California, preparing breakfast for her ever-lovin'.

"Cover the bottom of a greased casserole with fine toast crumbs—about a half inch thick. Spread with a layer of sliced Canadian bacon—that's John's first choice—ham or sausage. Then add a layer of very thinly sliced ripe tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Over that goes a layer of sliced American cheese. Next I put four or five whole, unbeaten eggs on the cheese and season them with salt, pepper and a little paprika. Last of all, I pour a half recipe of white sauce over the eggs and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 20 minutes or until eggs are set. John likes hot biscuits with this.

Marilyn gave us, too, a very easy and delightful apple sauce pudding. Simply place a quart of apple sauce in a buttered baking dish. Roll enough graham crackers to make about 11/2 cup crumbs. Mix with 1/4 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg. Sprinkle over apple sauce. Bake about 20 minutes in moderate oven or until crumbs are brown.

John is of Italian descent and Marilyn is eager to learn to cook some of the Italian dishes his mother prepares so beautifully. Chicken Florentine, for instance. So we foresee some serious telephoning between the two Mrs. Contes, but within a year Marilyn will do the best spaghetti sauce on the West Coast!

That's the stuff, Son ... this is your time to give orders and make 'em stick. Later on it won't be so easy.

And here's a tip—while you're still 'head man'. See that the womenfolk do your washing with Fels-Naptha Soap. At your age a fellow needs a large wardrobe—designed for comfort more than style. He has to 'change' often and on short notice.

That means a full-time job for Mother—and Fels-Naptha Soap. Keeping you supplied with garments that are clean and sweet and snowy white. Keeping the house shipshape and the rest of the family happy.

So remember this: It's fairly painless to 'do your duds'—with the gentle soap that makes the doing easy ... That's Fels-Naptha!
The two Nancys frequently wear mother-daughter peasant outfits, tailored for them at a Beverly Hills shop. However, small Nancy is still like a pencil, utterly lacking her mother’s pleasant curves. This fact caused her a good deal of skirt trouble. At crucial moments, the pint-sized pleated garment was likely to hug Nancy’s heels with disrupting suddenness. One morning she scanned her father’s suspenders covetously. “Now, that’s something like it,” she murmured.

So her next outfit is to be complete with suspenders—specified by her dad.

The first gift her father ever bought Nancy was purchased four months before she was born, and it was—of all things—a book. As soon as Nancy’s eyes could focus on a page, Frank began to show her pictures and to teach her the names of animals, colors, and other objects. As a result, Nancy at less than five years of age, speaks like an adult. She can count to one hundred, although she is inclined to add twenty-ten, thirty-ten, forty-ten, fifty-ten, sixty-ten, etc. to the usual scheme of numbers. Nowadays, when Frank comes upstairs to read her a goodnight story (when he is able to be at home) she catches him instantly if he tries to leave anything out. She has been going to nursery school since last fall and is a proficient picture-colorer. “I color better than anybody else, almost, in my school,” she told her father, who promptly cautioned her against self-praise. He said it wasn’t a story; that she should compliment the other children, but she should be critical of her own work. Nancy sighed. “Well, I’m a better colorer because I’m carefuler around the edges,” she maintained.

**bring on the family tree . . .**

The first gift Frank bought his young son was a rattle with a musical attach-
ment inside that, when agitated, gave forth two separate and distinct tones. It stunned
all three older members of the family when
they discovered that Frankie, aged six
months, was shaking the rattle and hum-
ing—clearly on pitch—two notes.
Frank has always brought home musical
gifts, and his son's quick ear for music is
likely to stimulate all manner of pur-
chases. Whenever he goes, he picks up
music boxes. From Boston he brought a
silent butler that plays "Auld Lang Syne."
From Chicago he brought Nancy a mini-
ture china spinet that plays "Silent
Night." From New York he brought Nancy,
Sr., a powder box that plays "I Love You
Truly," and from Philadelphia he brought
a circular cake stand on a base that plays
"Happy Birthday To You."
For a week before the baby's birthday,
Frank mystified the family by teaching
Frankie a new trick. Holding the chubby
young master on his knee, Frank would
strike a match, then say "Blow" and blow
out the light. After two or three evenings
of this, the sprout got the idea. When Dad
said, "Blow," Junior sputtered enough to
extinguish the flame.
Came then, Frankie's birthday. To the
table was brought a white cake boasting
one pink, glowing taper. Everybody made
a wish. Frank moved the cake over for
his son's convenience and said, "Blow."
One-hundred-percent success.
Looking at her young brother fondly
one day, Nancy, Jr., observed in regard to
her mother's sister, newly married, "I
suppose she has gone to the hospital to
get a baby, hasn't she?"

birds 'n' bees...
Nancy, Sr., and Frank exchanged
glances. "Goodness, no," said the mother.
"She has just gone on her honeymoon."
"What's a honeymoon?" Nancy asked.
"It's a vacation that two people take
to celebrate getting married," explained
the older Nancy.
Junior thought that one over. "Well,
I'm not going on a honeymoon when I get
married," she announced. "I'm going
straight to the hospital and get fifteen
children."
Incidentally, little Frank has a habit of
slowly moving his chubby left hand to the
lobe of his left ear and holding it, when
he becomes embarrassed or confused.
When strangers speak to him and try to
make friends, he doesn't cry or squirm;
he looks at the newcomer with great,
solemn eyes, gently massages his ear lobe,
and considers the situation gravely. Then
a slow grin dawns.
He has another mannerism, and this one
is not original, but inherited intact from
his dad. When he is thinking about some
of the mysteries of the world in which he
finds himself, Junior slowly rubs his right
thumb back and forth across his lower lip.
This habit is identical to Frank, Sr.'s pre-
occupied gesture when he is weighing a
score or making a business decision.
Christmas, last year, was really a festive
occasion in the Sinatra household. Months
before, Frank had exchanged a word with
Santa Claus to the effect that a playhouse
would be welcomed by Nancy: A play-
house large enough for her to enter and
live therein; the secret and exciting life of
an imaginative small girl.
Christmas Eve the house was filled
with guests. Someone said to Frank, "Are you
going to trim your tree tonight?"
Nancy, Jr., answered that one quickly.
"Santa Claus trims our tree. Daddy just
gets the decorations out and leaves them
in a convenient place."
The children were tucked in early, but
guests continued to arrive. Everyone was
very gay, everyone was making plans for
a quick ending of war and a year of hap-

Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco

"I adore the softer look and 'finish' my skin gets from
a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says beautiful
Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, who is the glamorous
young heiress to one of America's great names
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VARVA
Parfums
Nonchalant
The Devil-May-Care Perfume
Follow Me
The Perfume That Lasts and Lasts

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One torrid day, while strolling through a bazaar here in India, I spied a fellow with a peculiar insignia. I purchased something at a stand and turned to see this fellow once more. The stranger suddenly looked up, caught my stare, and laughed. That did it! The cavernous mouth, those twinkling eyes, made something snap. I shouted, "Hey, fellow, here's Joe E. Brown!" Needless to say, the old Indian merchant was completely flabbergasted when he heard the excited Americans rushed to buy his previously unpopular handkerchiefs. Later, as Joe E. Brown started down the dusty jungle road, he turned, waved and gave us that famous grin, though still tired from autographing handkerchiefs.

Cpl. Curtiss W. Brown, A.S.N. 363210 69
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New York, New York

piness ahead. Not until nearly five A.M. did the last carol-singing guest leave.

Shortly before six, through the silvered light of early dawn, a small night-gowned form tiptoed to her mother's bed and climbed into its warmth. In a voice that quavered with excitement, small Nancy whispered, "Do you think Santa Claus has been here yet?"

"I don't think so," Nancy, Sr., answered. "You go back to sleep for awhile." The breathless whisper persisted, "Could I ask Daddy if he thinks Santa has been here yet?"

That was too much for Dad. Remembering the tremulous heart, the shaking ecstasy of his own childhood Christmases, he climbed out of bed, put on a robe, and volunteered to go downstairs.

He came back in a moment with the joyous announcement: "He's been here!"

Lifting his small daughter out of bed, he carried her to her own room to get her robe and slippers. As he bundled her up, he realized that she was trembling with anticipation. Small gulps of excitement shook the warm body, and her eyes were great pools of eagerness.

nifty st. nick...

Frank switched on the living room lights, but only the electric tapers on the huge Christmas tree in the corner sprung into brilliance. And around that tree there was everything of which a small girl could dream: Dolls, a rocking horse for Frankie, books, building toys, musical toys—and a dream of a doll house.

Exhausted after investigating stockings, opening packages (Nancy, Sr., received a Baum Martin coat and a sunburst lapel pin splashed with diamonds and rubies with earrings to match), and trying on all wearable gifts, the entire family returned to bed at nine o'clock and slept until noon.

Neither Frank nor Nancy has made any plans for the future of their children. A friend asked Frank, "Do you ever think that you want Nancy to attend some special school, or adopt some certain career? Have any secret ambitions for Frankie?"

Frank shook his head. "In the entertainment business, you just live from day to day. I'm going to give them everything in my power—but I'm not going to worry about the how, when, or where until the time comes."
Mrs. Haver’s sympathetic face to a row of seventeen pairs of galoshes, and then to a table growing bowlegged beneath seventeen assorted heart-shaped boxes of candy. He swallowed hard. “I—er—I’m awful sorry, Mrs. Haver, but I can’t stay. I won’t even have time to take off my boots. Would you mind asking June to step out here for a minute?”

dear valentine . . .

June flew out to the entry and started to say something about of course he had to come in for a moment, but he interrupted. “Valentine greetings,” he said, thrust a tiny gold heart box into her hands, and shot out of the house like a bee-tipper escaping a swarm of bees.

June’s jaw slackened, and her heart had a headache. Slowly, she opened the smallest box of all; within was a gold heart-locket on a slender gold chain. She still has it, a precious momento.

The vanishing Valentine giver was not the only humble Haver suitor. She had been in Hollywood only a short time when, the first Friday of each month, June began to receive red roses. After several months of this, the color of the roses changed—subsequent offerings were tea roses, and a card written by the florist explained that the giver of the roses had learned that June’s favorite color was pink or an orange-cast rose shade, so the flowers sought to comply with that taste. Oh, lovely!

At Christmas time, June received a goss-getting red alligator bag, constructed like a concertina—that is, capable of impressive expansion—and closed with a war-time-precious zipper. “Yipe,” said June, “am I ever grateful.” But she was somewhat embarrassed, too; it seemed a little anti-Emily-Post to be accepting such lavish gifts, from a stranger.

A few weeks ago, the social nuances were satisfied; the donor of June’s flowers and other gifts was no stranger, but an ex-neighbor. He wrote a long letter explaining his admiration for June. Seems that when they were both kids, he lived across the street. “I really resented you,” he wrote, “because you were such a junior genius.” She played the piano magnificently (at the green apple age of seven she made a piano solo appearance with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Goossens), and this boy’s mother used to mention June in such sentences as, “Why won’t you practice the way June does?” and “Why aren’t you as interested in music as June is?”

In short, June was a murder-maker as far as this boy was concerned. But now that he has grown up and has developed a taste for loneliness, served with or without music, he confessed that he was glad he didn’t turn out to be one of the principals in the Junior Javelin Murder during those painful days long ago.

To date, June’s favorite all-time gift is the hula skirt she received a few days ago from Farley Granger, who is stationed in Honolulu. Farley, incidentally, is now 6'3" tall—“just Fred MacMurray’s height,” observed June pensively one day, scanning the Mt. Everest altitude of Mr. MacMurray’s head. June, all 5’2” of her, appreciated the solid sense of one of Farley’s letters in which he said, “Get out the highest platform shoes you own and save your coupons for a pair of real spike heels, because we’re going dancing as soon as I can get home.”

By no means is June always on the receiving end of the gift racket. She is
always seeing some item that was obviously designed, manufactured, and placed in a window display for the possession of some friend or relative. The entire Haver family is a corporation of enthusiastic gift buyers. Christmas, with them, is a frantic holiday festooned with slip-ups and fractured secrets.

Consider, for instance, that situation of two Christmases ago. Mrs. Haver had said from time to time, throughout the years, "Some day I'd like to have a diamond bracelet. Nothing Mac-Westian, of course, but something simple, in keeping with the rest of my possessions." So June and her older sister (and adored buddy) Dorothy, talked it over and found that, by pooling their resources, they could buy a very dignified and charming bracelet. They went shopping. They considered this bracelet and that. Finally they found one that was stunning, but it was just a little more than they had amassed. Not until two weeks later would they have the necessary amount. So they decided to wait and buy the jewel of their proud choice.

At the end of the two weeks, the girls—abubble with excitement—descended upon the jeweler and stated importantly that they wanted to see a particular bracelet again. They had decided to purchase it, they said. The jeweler was apologetic and regretful. Only the day before, that bracelet had been sold.

There was another bracelet, almost as lovely, available, so they took it. On the way home they spent a good deal of time assuring one another that this bracelet was really the smarter—the other had been a little heavy, not quite as interesting, not quite as right for their mother. At home they hid their purchase and answered the call to dinner looking quite smug. It was a very gay dinner; everyone laughed uproariously at the quips of every one else. High good humor bounced around the room like circus balloons in a high wind.

Finally Mrs. Haver capitulated. "I can't stand it another minute," she exploded. "I was going to keep it secret until Christmas, but I can't." She brought out a long, slender jeweler's box. "With the Christmas money I've saved from other years, and with other gift checks, I bought myself a diamond bracelet. From myself to myself—Merry Christmas."

double trouble . . .

June and Dorothy exchanged a long, stunned stare, then they howled with delight. The bracelet Mrs. Haver had bought was the one they had wanted! After a surprise of such magnitude the girls couldn't keep their secret either, so they told forth their purchase and presented it. Then everyone cried a few happy tears.

Last Christmas, June and Dorothy had purchased, among other things, a set of twelve cocktail napkins embroidered with pink elephants—for their mother. A week before the holiday, June, Dorothy, Mrs. Haver, and Evelyn (the youngest Haver) were shopping for friends when Mrs. Haver passed a linen shop, exclaimed, and retraced her steps. The girls, tasting calamity, walked slowly on. "Come on, Mother," they urged. "Come on back—I want you to see something," she called. "There are the unique cocktail napkins here. I think I'll run in and buy a dozen."

The girls descended on their mother. They said time was a-wasting, and that the napkins could wait until after Christmas. They said they didn't like the design very well, anyhow. . . . "Come on, Mother! You'll like them when you get used to them," said Mother, marching into the store. So the girls had to tell her.

Furthermore, to render the holiday a complete concertio of confusion, June and her mother had combined resources to buy Dorothy a handsome set of gold bird clips. "At least we'll have ONE secret," June opined.

The following day, Mrs. Haver and Dorothy were shopping for June's surprise gift. The merchant, who had sold Mrs. Haver and June the clips, passed them in the store aisle and called out cheerily, "I know your daughter is going to be pleased with those gold birds."

Grinning at Mrs. Haver, Dorothy said, "Merry Christmas, Mother!

The Christmas gift that June remembers most tenderly, however, is an intangible one. As unreal as the Christmas spirit itself, yet it remains as real in memory as the sound of sleigh bells or the fragrance of mountain pine. While June was growing up, she always spent Christmas Eve singing in a Children's Hospital. One year she had been knocking herself out in a ward, singing merry little jingles and carols, when a ten-year-old colored girl was wheeled in.

A young intern was keeping an eye on his small patient, and a nurse was also in attendance. June went on with her program, but—after her next song—the newest member of the audience lifted a thin hand and beckoned weakly. June tripped over and leaned down to the patient, who slid one arm around June's shoulders. The girl was too weak to speak aloud, but she whispered, "Please sing, 'Is It True What They Say About Dixie?' . . ."

Defeating by shear will power the catch in her throat, June sang every verse she knew. Then the little girl, eyelids heavy over great brown eyes, was wheeled away. She lapsed into a coma a few moments later and died the following day. Having
checked up by telephone, June hung up after hearing this news, and went out to the kitchen where she told her mother thoughtfully, "I'm glad I had the privilege of giving the little girl her last Christmas present. It's odd what things turn out to be important in this world, isn't it?"

To this day June is repelled by the odor of iodoform, not only because of this experience, but because of an earlier happening equally heart-wrenching but without—luckily—a tragic denouement.

When June was eight, she came romping home from school one day to be told that her mother was in the hospital. She had been badly injured in an automobile accident. The three girls, white-lipped and with hearts turned to resounding gongs, rushed to the hospital. Mrs. Haver had suffered a frontal concussion so her face had turned a mottled purple and was distended with swelling. June managed to swallow her sickness, to be fairly cheerful, and to promise to come back the next day, but when she left the room she cried wildly and said she knew her mother was going to die. No one could talk her out of it: "Her hair is all falling down and even if her face is bruised, there isn't any color in her lips. I know she's going to die," she wailed disconsolately.

Actually, although she had been painfully pouted, Mrs. Haver was in no critical danger. But, when the girls' father reported June's agonized words, she managed a smile and said she'd fix everything. The next afternoon, when June arrived, she found her mother's hair brushed and tied back with a gay pink ribbon, and Mrs. Haver was wearing cardinal lipstick. June relaxed; the world again moved in its orderly orbit.

joywalking June...

June, herself, had a narrow escape from an automobile. Emerging from the judge's chambers the day her contract with 20th Century-Fox was approved, she darted across the street without seeing a taxi cab preparing to plunge from its parking spot. Mrs. Haver, a few feet behind June, saw the whole thing and screamed. June summoned all her adaptability and leaped to the safety of the curbing, but the taxi—screeching past—slapped the skirt of her coat as the paw of a lion might score a near-miss on his trainer's coat tails.

With spaghetti-limp knees, Mrs. Haver managed to join her daughter on the safety of the sidewalk. Closing her eyes and exhaling a long breath, Mrs. Haver said, "Oh, baby! Just when you're getting your big break..."

"...I almost got my final break," June finished the sentence.

The Havers, as even the most casual observer would instantly guess, are a singularly devoted family and every indication is that Dorothy's husband, Bill Flynn, has been absorbed into the family with a speed typical of the Havers.

June was Cupid in this deal. While she was singing with Ted Fio Rito's band, one of the members (Frank Flynn) said repeatedly, "When we get to Los Angeles you MUST meet my brother, Bill. He's just right for you. Because he's a cellist, he'd appreciate your musicology; because he's hep, he'd appreciate your enthusiasm. Oh, you've got to meet Bill."

So, when the troupe reached Los Angeles, Frank took the Havers (Mrs. Haver, Dorothy and June) and hurried out to visit the celebrated brother who answered the door wearing leather house slippers, a handsome pair of slacks, a swagger house jacket, and smoking a pipe. Which is to say that he strongly resembled "Esquire's" version of the sharp young man about town. June and Dorothy exchanged glances spelling out "wow!"

After a certain amount of chatter in the

---

Don't lose your daintiness when you put on your dress!

Protect your natural SWEET SELF with NEW ODO-RO-DO CREAM DEODORANT

Don't risk losing the feminine daintiness that's yours naturally. Yes, your prettiest dress can ruin it all... by catching and holding under-arm perspiration odor.

Stop this threat before you dress with fast-acting, long-lasting ODO-RO-DO... the new cream deodorant that protects you faster than you can slip on your slip.

The new ODO-RO-DO Cream Deodorant contains science's most effective perspiration stopper... protects up to three days. Does not irritate your skin. Can be used after shaving. Does not harm fine fabrics, or turn gritty in jar. No waiting to dry.

So before you think of what dress to wear... think of your Sweet Self. Change to new, snowy-white ODO-RO-DO Cream for instant, full, lasting protection.
apartment, Bill asked the group to join him for luncheon and managed to get himself seated next to Dorothy. "Hmmm," thought June, "what goes on here? Frank said Bill would be just right for me."

However, Dorothy and Bill, by that time, were deep in various conversations which—when boiled down—amounted to that age-old query, "Where have you been all my life?" It was love at first sight. They knew that they would be married eventually, but the war was resting a clanny hand on Bill's shoulders so they decided to settle for a long engagement.

In the fall of 1943, Mrs. Haver and June went East on the location jaunt for the filming of "Home in Indiana." (Since that time, June has made "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Where Do We Go From Here," and at present she is working with Betty Grable in "The Dolly Sisters").

One morning they received a phone call from Dorothy in Los Angeles, saying that Bill was there on leave and that he was going to be sent overseas before the Havers could all get together for an old-fashioned family wedding. . . so, did they mind if she was married September Thirtieth at the Church of the Good Shepard? The day of the wedding, Mrs. Haver caused an acute Haver handkerchief shortage. She and June, watching the clock, said to one another, "Now she's getting dressed to go to the church." "Now she's marching down the aisle." "Now Bill is slipping the ring on her finger."

As soon as he was married, Bill was shifted first to one base, then to another, with Dorothy going wherever he went. She, June and Mrs. Haver kept up a frantic letter-telegram-aeroplane marathon in an attempt to arrange a meeting somewhere. Finally they discovered that all four would be in Chicago for a simultaneous twenty minutes.

chicago shenanigans . . .

Naturally, June's train was late. She and her mother nearly drove the conductor crazy, asking him when they would really, positively, absolutely get into Chicago. The second raced, the moments zoomed, the hours lightened, but the wheels of the locomotive made a circle about as fast as the growth rings in a redwood.

Finally, in contradiction to their gloomy view, the train arrived in a driving rain. As they passed the Arrival & Departure scoreboard, they noted that Dorothy's train, too, was late. So they stood on one foot and then the other until in the dim distance fogged by rain—they made out a tall form in uniform beside which trotted a drenched, but proudly grinning Dorothy.

Bill is currently in England, flying a C-47. His squadron's won a Presidential Citation, and Bill has won an Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters. Quite a guy.

A good deal of June's life has been spent in stations and on trains. Even her 18th birthday found her taking a dim view of the situation from a seat in the club car. "Here I've been looking forward to my 18th birthday for at least 10 years, and what happens! I spent it in a miserable old train on my way to Chicago," she groused to her mother.

But when they arrived that night, they were met by a flock of 20th Century officials and whisked to the Pump Room where they gave a party to make a Maharani seem miserly. There was a magnificent birthday cake, of course, but best of all, there was leed champagne.

All her life June had heard about champagne, so it represented the utter zenith of success in her mind.

She loved it. And why shouldn't she? Champagne is June's kindred element: like June it is tops of its type, it is effervescent, sparkling, fragile. June Haver is the Champagne Kid.
wouldn’t be repulsive. Don’t sit a million miles away from him in the car. Give him a couple of soulful looks during the evening. Instead of gathering your head off as he’s taking you to your door to say goodnight, tell him softly how wonderful the evening was and what fun he is to be with. Next month you’ll be writing in your advice in awarding them off.

When a boy cuts in at a dance, should you say anything to the departing lad? Helen McP., Doylestown, Pa.

Actually, he should thank you for the dance, but we think it’s just as right for you to go to do the thanking. Not in so many words maybe, but give him your flashiest smile and say, “That was lovely.” Or just squeeze his hand a little and whisper, “Nice.”

I like Johnny very, very much, and I think he likes me. He has taken me out a few times, and it has been more fun each date. His school gives a big prom in the late spring, and I’m dying to be invited. How could I subtly hint of it? Georgia A., Houston, Texas.

Sable hats are generally fatal. Things appear to be going so nicely right this minute that we’d just let nature take its course. Continue to look and be your cutest self, and don’t get tense and fussed at the prom date approaches. If he hasn’t spoken up by, say, two weeks before the party, you might drop some bombshell like, “The family wants me to go away with them the week end of the twenty-first.” Force his hand, capitalize on the old war of nerves. Hell undeniably ask you, but if for some reason he doesn’t, be completely nonchalance and unruffled.

What is the age at which a girl should be allowed to date? Bob’ Mother, Los Angeles, Calif.

The dating age seems to vary throughout the country, ranging from twelve or thirteen in parts of the South, to sixteen in some sections of the East. We think fourteen is a good age to begin having house dates and doubles. It might be a good idea for all the mothers in your neighborhood to standardize on the dating age, curfew, and number of dates a week.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Yes, sir, I saw it happen! When I was just about fourteen, a friend and I haunted a local food show in Atlanta, Georgia, trying our darndest to get a glimpse of lovely Irene Rich who, it was rumored, appeared for just a short time each evening for Welch’s products. We were beginning to doubt the truthfulness of the rumor until one evening we DID get to see her! There she was coming through the crowd clad in a breath-takingly beautiful gown, looking every bit as gorgeous as on the screen. When she arrived at the Welch booth, she mounted a small crate so as to be above the crowd and get to everyone who clamored for her autograph. Then IT happened! The crate gave under her very slight weight and she toppled over right into my arms!

We were both stunned and embarrassed but she thanked me in that wonderful voice of hers, and I haven’t yet forgotten my close brush with glamour.

Frances R. Hill,
Frederick, Oklahoma

“MINE IS A STORY
no pictures can tell”

—says Mrs. Louise Sullenger
of Dearborn, Michigan

“I am sending you two snapshots,” writes Louise Sullenger, one of the woman I used to be—one of the woman I am today. They tell you something of the physical change in my appearance. But no photograph can reveal the buoyancy, the zest for living, that now fills me with eagerness for the adventures of each new day.

“No one need tell me what an overweight woman thinks about!” says Mrs. Sullenger. “I know all the tortures of buying a size 40 dress. I know the misery of refusing invitations because of being ashamed of my appearance. Not so long ago, I was wallowing in self-pity, with only one remaining grain of resolution: I would try the DuBarry Success Course.

“In ten weeks from the time I started, I lost 25 pounds and got back the waistline I had as a girl. Then I bought a new suit—size 14!

“But no words and no pictures can express how it feels to look into the mirror and see reflected a shining, radiant face—to feel that all of life is still before you, and to know that you have the energy, the courage—yes, and the beauty to enjoy it.”

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Miss
Mrs.

Address

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LITTLE MISS REMARKABLE
(Continued from page 39)

So Mrs. O'Brien watched, while Margaret drew slow, conscientious strokes on the white paper. Strokes that brought into being a girl with long, tawny hair and oblique green eyes and a necklace of obviously expensive pearls. In short, a Glamor Girl. "Like a movie star," Margaret explained helpfully.

let's pretend...

Because to Margaret, a movie star is Lana Turner or Greer Garson, or somebody like that. The fact that she herself is rapidly turning into America's Sweetheart and is co-starred with some of the biggest names in Hollywood, doesn't mean a thing to her. Not that she doesn't like it. She's crazy about it. Acting is like eating ice cream every day in the week and twice on Sundays. It's wonderful because it's what she likes best in all the world. It's a game of "Let's Pretend," but instead of playing it by herself at home, she plays it at the studio on a great big set made just for the game, and with people like Judy Garland and Robert Young and June Allyson to play it with her.

Once in a while the "Let's Pretend" game gets almost too exciting. Like the time during the shooting of "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." There was a scene that sounded as if it was going to be wonderful fun. Margaret and Jackie Jenkins (her favorite co-actor) were to be afloat on the deep in a wooden bathtub. They were supposed to be asleep and not know the tub had floated off. The scene was to be shot on the lake at Metro, and Margaret looked forward to it with considerable enthusiasm. She isn't sure just when she stopped pretending to be scared and started being really and truly frightened. But all of a sudden, it was as if they were on a real ocean, floating around in this flimsy old tub. The waves were like towering, gray cliffs, ready to fall on them and bury them forever. The tub whirled madly, and Margaret and Jackie clutched each other in panic.

"We're supposed to be scared," Margaret said, trying to keep her voice from shaking. "They want us to be scared, for the picture."

"Not this scared," quavered Jackie in a small voice.

Margaret's heart banged madly in her chest, like the hooves of a runaway horse. How fast could your heart go, anyway, without stopping entirely? Sometimes people died of fright, and maybe it was because their hearts beat so fast that they cracked right in two. Would it be better to die of fright, or to drown, Margaret wondered unhappily.

The tub gave a horrible lurch. It felt as if it was going to turn over. Margaret said a quick, little girl's prayer. "Please, God, take care of Jackie and me, and make this silly old bathtub act like it's posed to." Then above the slap of the waves came another, a familiar sound. A voice yelled "Cut! That's it, boys." And Margaret's breath, which had been chasing itself like a kitten after its tail, came out in a long, relieved sigh. She and Jackie sat up, and the waves magically died, and a few feet away was the boatload of expert swimmers assigned by Metro to guard its bathtub full of valuable property. As the tub was pulled ashore, Mrs. O'Brien came up hurriedly.

"Were you frightened, honey? The waves got pretty high."

"We—oh, we were a little frightened," Margaret told her, with dignity. "We wouldn't have wanted the tub to turn over and spoil the take."

Life on the set isn't usually quite that thrilling. But it's always fun. Margaret begins getting ready for it the moment she wakes up in the morning. She knows what scenes she'll be in that day, because she's memorized them the night before.

The hard way. You see, when you've just had your eighth birthday and you haven't really started school yet, you can't learn your lines by reading them, the way other people do. You learn them by having your mother read them to you, over and over, and they sort of percolate around in your head all night and by morning you've turned into the person you're going to play that day.

For instance, if you're Tooty, the problem child of "Meet Me In St. Louis," you don't help mother and Aunt Marissa get you dressed. Of course not, because then you wouldn't be a problem child. You steal around and hide your shoes and throw your brush across the room, and when they expostulate, you widen your brown eyes at them and say, "But I'm BOXIE!" Anyway, that's what Margaret did. Until after a few mornings of this sort of thing, Mrs. O'Brien said firmly, "No more nonsense. You're Tooty on the set, but at home you're Margaret.

3 Main Deodorant Troubles—Which is Yours?

CREAM GOES GRAINY?
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Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try different Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get powerful protection. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10c, 30c, 60c. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

YODORA deodorant cream
who gets a spanking if she doesn't behave.' Oh, well, it was fun while it lasted. Margaret can dress herself, but it's a long and involved process, so it's simpler on working days for her mother and Marissa to do it for her. One thing she is very particular about is her hair. It's shining brown and very, very straight, and she likes to wear it in two plump pigtails. Shoes are important to her, also. She loves to have them match her dresses. Her favorite costume is a blue dress that they bought when they were in Mexico City, blue shoes to go with it, and a blue ribbon for her hair. Decked out in this finery, Margaret looks down her small nose at any amount of emrine and sables and orchids which happen by.

That trip to Mexico City was quite a thing. Margaret had a beautiful time. Her favorite spot in the city was, curiously, the shrine of Guadalupe, the Mexican Virgin Mary. Margaret is very religious and she loved the legend of the robe which hangs in the shrine of Guadalupe. Mrs. O'Brien overheard her telling a friend her version of the story, like this—

"You see, there was this Indian boy, and he was a very good boy, only nobody knew it. This was way back in the Spanish time. One day he was just dying, and the vision of Guadalupe appeared to him. He told people and they laughed, but he opened up his robe, and there was the vision—painted-like, on the inside of it. When the Pope heard about it," Margaret added meditatively, "he was kind of startled. But they hung the robe in the shrine, and they let me right in close to see it."

no spik englis . . .

Margaret didn't spend all her time at the shrine, of course. She and her mother and Marissa saw a lot of the country around Mexico City. One day they drove up into a hill village, and while the others attended to some business, Margaret played happily with a group of children, pleasantly dirty little Mexican children. By the time they were ready to go home, Margaret had gone native. She'd grabbed an old black scarf Marissa had left in the car and put it over her head. Gold earrings, from heaven knows where, were decorating her small ears, and she had discarded her shoes entirely and was running around barefoot. Anyone who came along and addressed her in English got a cold reception. "No spik Englis," Margaret informed them, with a baleful stare, and would then proudly rattlle off the half dozen Spanish words she knew, regardless of the fact that they made no sense whatever.

One night in Mexico City, Mrs. O'Brien asked the hotel to provide a trustworthy nursemaid to stay with Margaret for the evening. The nursemaid arrived—calm, capable, and named Guadalupe after the Virgin. Margaret loved her on sight, and Guadalupe obviously thought this little girl came straight from heaven. She couldn't be separated from Margaret while they were there, and when they finally came back to California, Guadalupe came right along and is now as much a part of the O'Brien household as Maggie, the Chinese cocker spaniel Margaret adores, or Francesca, the canary.

Francesca is chartreuse, with intelligent black eyes. She is definitely a one-woman canary, and ignores everyone but Margaret with monumental disdain. Margaret picked the canary out herself—almost drove the man in the pet shop out of his mind, before she finally selected Francesca. The next thing was training the bird, and she has really done a fine job of it.

"It isn't so hard," she explained to someone who was impressed by the
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canary's tameness. "We kept her in a small room at first, and so she got used to not flying around. I talked and talked to her, and she understood me."

Apparantly, she does. Anyway, she lights on Margaret's shoulder and eats birdseed from her hand and seems to enjoy the whole situation. When they came to New York, Francesca came with them and livened the journey for Margaret.

"We let her fly around the compartment, and she never once tried to fly out," Margaret said complacently. "She likes us."

Of course, once in a while, Francesca, like all pets, gets a bit temeramental. She describes chartreuse parabolas through the air above Margaret's head and won't be coaxed down by offers of any amount of birdseed. But her young owner has evolved a system to handle this situation. Margaret turns out all the lights (she can see in the dark like a cat, and that's all) and then spots Francesca and sneaks up on her quietly. Presto—one caged canary!

Margaret loved their recent trip to New York. Everything was so exciting. She had lots of little boys and girls to play with, and she'd rather have playmates than anything. Elsa Maxwell gave a birthday party for her, which made her blissfully happy. There was an enormous cake and lots of presents. Margaret acquired a beau at that party. This isn't a gossip column, so we won't tell you his name, but he was a year older than Margaret, and he fell pretty hard. Took to calling her up several times a day, and following them around town. He finally sent her two dozen American Beauty roses. Margaret eyed them dreamily.

"They're not only awfully pretty," she told Marissa, "but they make me feel so popular!"

Kid stuff

Young Walter Winchell, Jr., called at the O'Brien suite one day to escort Margaret to a children's party. She wasn't dressed yet when he arrived. Girls never are, they love to keep men waiting, of course. So Walter had a talk with Marissa.

"How old is Margaret?" he inquired.

"She just had her eighth birthday."

He looked slightly disillusioned. "Really? I thought she was nine. I'm ten, myself."

"Sometimes she seems older," said Marissa hastily.

"Oh, sure." He brightened. "In pictures you'd think she was seventeen or something, the way she steals scenes." He brooded a moment. "Say, will we have to dance at this party?"

Marissa wasn't sure. "I can't dance a step," Walter told her, worried.

Marissa grinned. "Neither can Margaret. She's taken a few lessons—Norma Shearer has had some of the kids over at her house on Sunday afternoons with a teacher, but I don't believe Margaret could cope with a partner."

"We'll sit them out," Walter said in a relieved tone.

One night the O'Briens went to the St. Regis, where Margaret was fascinated by a ventriloquist act which featured a dummy called "Alkali Ike." The next morning she named her pet doll Ike, and for days she drove her mother quietly crazy by talking out of the side of her mouth in a hoarse "Alkali Ike" voice. It was all right when just the family were there, but it had a sinister effect on visitors who weren't used to Margaret's imagination.

In Hollywood, the O'Briens live in a small apartment. Very small, in view of Margaret's star status and the amount of "keeping up with the Jonees" usually done in the cinema city. But Mrs. O'Brien
doesn’t want her daughter to get any delusions of grandeur. She is to live a simple, normal life like any other little girl of eight. She has certain duties to perform—she sets the table and straightens up her room and occasionally thinks up transparent excuses to get out of those tasks, even as you and I. One thing she likes to do is mix salad dressing. She does it with a grave, headwaiterish air, and the dressing is wonderful. Margaret always has an enormous appetite. She doesn’t like milk or vegetables, but she eats quantities of fruit and cottage cheese. Of course steak is her favorite food. This proved a little embarrassing one night when they went out to dinner at a restaurant. Steak was on the menu and Mrs. O’Brien said, “You and I might have one between us, honey.”

starvin’ star...

Margaret assumed the expression of a blind man who has just been robbed of his life savings. She looked pathetically at the waiter. “I’m so hungry,” she said, with a heart-breaking catch in her voice. “I really need a great, big, juicy steak all to myself.” The waiter gave Mrs. O’Brien an accusing, so-you’re-trying-to-starve-the-kid stare, and Margaret got her steak. But don’t think she always gets her own way. Far from it. Each case is decided on its merits, and mother can be very firm indeed. One time Joe Pasternak presented Margaret with a pony. “Darling, it’s too bad, but you can’t possibly keep it,” Mrs. O’Brien said regretfully. “We have no place for it, and it costs a fortune to board a horse at the stables.”

“We could move to a house, mother. With a stable and a meadow where the pony could run around. Then I could have a collie dog, too!” This last has been her ambition for a long time.

“I’m sorry, honey, but it’s impossible. Maybe in a year or so. But now we’re better off in the apartment.”

Margaret didn’t give up so easily. The next day Mrs. O’Brien came downstairs just in time to hear her daughter talking in a low, confidential voice to the manager of the apartment house. You see, Mr. Pasternak gave me this pony. It’s a very well-behaved pony, and I thought maybe you wouldn’t mind if we kept him in the hall closet. He’s a small pony and it’s a large closet. Her brown eyes were so pleading that it’s quite possible the manager, hypnotized by their gaze, would have said, “Go right ahead, Margaret. Anything you want,” if Mrs. O’Brien hadn’t intervened.

Margaret is learning to ride horseback, and she has a naturally good seat and what riders call “good hands.” No wonder, for her mother was a circus rider for four years and had an idea, originally, that Margaret might become one, too. But that was before Destiny—and Hollywood—took over. Margaret’s first experience with a horse was nearly disastrous. She climbed on, and the groom let go of the animal’s bridle. The horse promptly bolted out of the ring while everyone gasped and gave small, helpless screams. Margaret kept her head. Instead of trying to stay on while the horse bolted, she waited until he slowed down for a corner and slid off into the grass by the road. She was only bruised and it was by far the wisest thing she could have done.

poor horsey...

“It wasn’t the horse’s fault,” she told her mother. “He thought I knew how to ride.”

She had a little trouble riding a calf one time, too. She got on confidently enough. Anybody could ride a calf. But the calf had other ideas. “He kept putting his head down,” Margaret explained, ag-
began beautiful because she was beautiful inside. She thought it was a lovely play, but being heroine put no ideas into her head.

At twelve, life became real and earnest. High school loomed ahead, and with it, the frightening discovery that she'd have to choose her own courses.

"But how will I know what to choose?"

"There's only one way," said Mother.

"Think how you want to earn your living later on, and choose accordingly."

"But how can you tell? Suppose you change your mind?"

Mother laughed, which right away made the whole thing less terrifying. "You don't have to sign a contract, darling. Lots of people change their minds—"

"Well," said Jeanne slowly, "all I ever wanted to be was an artist."

The Sister who taught art at St. Mary's was wonderful. They painted lovely Madonnas in oils, and Jeanne read all the lives of the old masters, and thought how she'd start off as a humble apprentice to some great-souled DaVinci or Michaelangelo whose prize pupil she'd be, and then in the end she'd rise to fame herself. Only all the great painters were men, which worried her, till she discovered Madame Vigee-LeBrun and took heart. "If she could," thought Jeanne, "I can."

Of course Vigee-LeBrun was no Raphael, but you could always start modestly and go on from there...

Yes, and you can dream just so long. One day Jeanne woke up, having read a book by Dean Cornwell about the artist in the modern world. It seems the Renaissance had been dead these many years and there were no great masters you could sit at the feet of, and to make any money you had to draw advertising posters or design costumes, which was a far cry from Madonnas and held no appeal for Jeanne at all. What to do now? She was lost in the Twentieth Century. She should have been born four hundred years ago—

"That would make you dead," said Rita, the practical, "and you wouldn't be going to the Junior Prom—"

The girls at St. Mary's and the boys at Loyola sort of grew up together. The first dance you went to was the Loyola Junior Prom. If you didn't have a date, the Sisters arranged one for you. A charm expert came to explain about make-up and clothes. You brought your dress to school for approval—the neckline mustn't be too low, and there had to be some kind of sleeve, even just a puff...

The brother of one of her classmates asked Jeanne to the Prom. Rita and Mother went shopping with her. "We want it to be the prettiest dress in town," Mother said. They must have shopped for three days and at last they found it—blue silk net with pink rosebuds, yards and yards round the bottom. Silver wedge-heeled slippers, a little silver bag and, to cap it all, a black velvet cloak, the hood lined with white fur.

first date...

She started dressing two hours ahead of time. She was scared to death. When you're fifteen and haven't danced very much, the big mystery is following. How can you be sure you'll know how? (A little powder and lipstick. She felt funny about the lipstick, but that's what the charm expert said.) Suppose she stumbled, she'd die of embarrassment. (Her naturally curly hair was easy to fix. The dress was perfect. No jewelry. As little decoration as possible, Mother always said. Just the corsage of lovely pink rosebuds the boy had sent.) If only her heart would stop pounding, if only the first dance were over, and she knew she could follow—

Granny and Auntie Bee had come over,
and they were all gathered round to see her off. They didn't say much—the boy was waiting—but she could tell they thought she looked all right.

Well, there was nothing to it, no mystery at all—you simply followed. She had a perfectly wonderful time. It was a program dance, and her card was filled, and they had sandwiches and punch and 12:30 came too soon. Mother hadn't waited up on purpose—when you're old enough to go to a dance, she said, you're old enough not to be waited for. But Jeanne woke her, and Rita came in, and she told them all about it in detail, and then she put the program card away with her treasures.

There was a beauty contest for Miss California at the Coliseum that summer. One of the bindleleaders was a friend of theirs and invited them down. To the Crains, it was just a Saturday night's outing. They didn't know Fate was around, pointing a finger. "That poet-looking child with the chestnut hair," said Fate. "Time we got her started out as a movie star—"

For ways that are dark, Bret-Harte's Oriental has nothing on Fate. That character seemed to be starting Jeanne out in reverse. True, she was picked from the audience as a contestant. True, she won third place and the title of Miss Long Beach, though they should have disqualified her for not being eighteen. True, the winners were treated to a day at RKO, and someone came over to Jeanne at the luncheon table, and said, "Orson Welles would like to talk to you. Could you have tea with him this afternoon?"

If the girl had said Joe Smith, it would have been exciting. So there's no word in the dictionary to describe the impact of the Wellesian name on Jeanne. At home, they never missed one of his programs. He was a god and a shining light, and he'd asked Jeanne to tea. Yet only her eyes betrayed what went on inside. "I think I can," she said quietly.

Mother could always tell when something big had happened to Jeanne. Not that she squealed or leaped or went into frenzies. Flushed cheeks and starry eyes were the only outward signs. Except for one thing. She always came running—calling "Mother!" before she got there.

"Mother! I had tea with Orson Welles. He thinks I might do for Lucy in 'Magnificent Ambersons'"

That night through the book from the library, and read it through again. Mr. Welles sent a script over and set a day for the test. Mother went along, but waited in somebody's office. Close enough to be a bulwark, she said, and not close enough to get into Jeanne's hair.

There was no rehearsal, and she'd never acted before except in "Scarface." She'd never even thought of being an actress, as Rita had. When the test was over, Mr. Welles said he'd call in a day or so. But when he called, he asked for Mother—Jeanne listened tense—"I see—" "I understand, Mr. Welles—" "I'm sorry too, but you've been very kind—" "Yes of course I'll tell her—"

tried and found wanting . . .

She turned from the phone to her daughter's stricken face. "It's not as bad as all that, darling—" Mr. Welles was disappointed, yes—the quality he'd seen in her hadn't come through on the screen—she was either too young or too untrained to project it—But he thought she had possibilities and advised her to study—Jeanne burst into sobs, which wasn't like her, ran to her room and wept scalding tears into her pillow. She'd had her chance and missed it. Some people never got a chance. Orson Welles himself had given her one, and she hadn't been good enough. That was what hurt most, that

---

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she hadn't been good enough—
Mother must have told Rita and Dad, who tried to act as if nothing had happened. So did Jeanne. But in the middle of the night, Mother heard her crying again and came in—
"Darling, you must stop. It's not the end of the world. He said he still believes in you—you can try again!"

That was where Fate bowed out and Jeanne took over. That's when she made up her mind to be an actress. A challenge had been hurled, and a challenge does something to Jeanne. When anyone says, "You can't," she says, "I will."

She began reading plays like mad. At Inglewood High School she went in for dramatics, and Miss Lawrence, the coach, gave her lots of encouragement. To please Dad, she and Rita had transferred to Inglewood, where he taught, though leaving St. Mary's was almost like leaving home. When the bell rang that first day, Jeanne forgot where she was and knelt down for prayers.

grid queen...

But Inglewood High was nice too, and there were exciting new things like football games. Jeanne wondered if she ought to use make-up like the other girls, but some of the boys seemed to like her not using it, so she didn't—because they expected her not to. In February she had all her credits, but took a couple of special courses so as to graduate with her class in June. And she was elected Grid Queen. The votes were counted at a Friday evening football game that Jeanne wouldn't go to—she felt a little shy. Then the crowd came up to the house and put on a rib—said what a shame she hadn't won and carried on for an hour before they broke down and told her. At the big game she was carried around by four stalwart players in a sedan chair, and felt 90% thrilled and 10% silly.

In the Fall she was going to Stanford, and take a lot of dramatics work. But in April, everything happened at once—

It was just that they had nothing special to do that Sunday. Earlier in the week, a friend had phoned and told Mother about this Camera Queen contest at Long Beach. Mother told Jeanne, and Jeanne said no. She didn't like contests, especially in bathing suits—

"You wear them on the beach," Rita argued.

"That's different. Everybody wears them on the beach. Nobody pays any special attention to you—"

So the subject was dropped—for good. Jeanne thought. Only the minute they got home from church Sunday morning, Rita started in again. "I've got a hunch about it, Jeanne, and you know my hunches. Please—just this once—and I'll never nag you again. You ask her, Mother, she'll go if you say so. Besides, it's such a lovely day for a ride—"

Mother looked uncertainly from girl to girl. "What can you lose, Jeanne?"

So she gave in, and Rita ran for the real blue bathing suit that turned Jeanne's eyes green. Dad saw his women off with an indulgent smile—silly business, he thought, but let them enjoy themselves. Not that he thought Jeanne would enjoy it much.

At the place where you registered, she got cold feet. "It's awful to make yourself so conspicuous—"

Rita brushed past her. "I'm going to cross the Rubicon for you. Then you can't back out—"

She went up to the desk. "Are you entering?" asked the man.

"No, but my sister is, and she'll win, too—"

From then on, she watched her charge like a hawk. Till Jeanne sighed: "If only I had a gardenia for my hair! I'd feel sort of dressed up—"

"Keep an eye on her, Mother," warned Rita and was gone. Back a few minutes later, she tucked the flower into Jeanne's
hair. "There you are, lamb. All ready for the slaughter—"  

Fifty girls on a rose-bowered platform. One girl in teal blue, a gardenia in her hair. Number 19—a favorite from the start. The crowd clapped like mad, egg on by a blonde child in their midst. "Yell for No. 19," yelled Rita. And no matter how loud they yelled, you could hear Rita's voice above all the rest.

the winnah . . .

The semi-finals. The finals. And then the winnah! Jeanne Crain. They gave her a cup, cameras clicked all over the place, people closed in for autographs. Rita dashed to a phone to call Dad, and dashed back in triumph, reporting that even Dad was thrilled. In the car, going home, Jeanne was spent but happy. She turned her weary head to smile at Rita. "My public," she murmured.

A friend who heard the story and saw the pictures knew Max Reinhardt. Reinhardt then held an option on "Song of Bernadette." "He ought to see Jeanne," said the friend. "Jeanne's the type for Bernadette. I'm going to call him—"

A week later, Jeanne was in the Reinhardt living room, reading a scene from "Bernadette" to the producer and his wife and a few others. When she'd finished, they all talked in German, which she didn't understand, but their faces looked pleased and the family friend said that Reinhardt wanted to test her.

Just before they left, Mrs. Reinhardt gave her two tickets. "For the play at our theater Saturday night. I'd like you to come."

She went with a boy from school. During intermission, a man came up. "I'm Ivan Kahn of Twentieth Century-Fox. I wonder if you'd be interested in a screen test—"

"Well—naturally," said Jeanne.

He took her phone number and said he'd call on Monday. And then it got a little embarrassing. All the studio talent scouts cover these shows as a matter of course. But when you're standing there with a boy, and two more men come up and ask if you'd like a screen test, making three altogether, you feel sort of self-conscious. The other two were Sally Blauro of Warner's and Milt Lewis of Paramount. Jeanne said naturally she'd like a test, only Mr. Kahn had talked to her first.

Then she looked at the boy, and they both laughed. And she asked him not to say anything at school, because she hated talking about things like that—anyway, till you feel something to talk about.

Except to the family, of course. That night Mrs. Crain heard Jeanne come running, calling "Mother!" before she got there—

Rita was hardest to hold down. Jeanne finally had to make her vow to keep mum—"All right," she vowed. "But if I explode into many small pieces, they'll be on your head."

The call came Monday morning. Monday afternoon she read a scene from "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Thursday, she tested. In the mirror she didn't know herself. All that make-up and a slinky hairdo and an evening dress that would have looked wonderful on a Ziegfeld girl. Her heart sank. "It's not me they want. It's somebody else entirely—"

They signed her, though. Mother went with her, and she felt all tight inside, but looked calm where it showed. And that night they had dinner and general rejoicing at Granny's. Rita went kind of crazy. "My sister's in the movies," she kept squealing. "Wait till I tell the girls I've got a sister in the movies!"

Mr. Zanuck came back from the Service, but Jeanne couldn't know that would make

Your daughter wants to know but hates to ask...

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Fifty girls on a rose-bowered platform. One girl in teal blue, a gardenia in her hair. Number 19—a favorite from the start. The crowd clapped like mad, egg on by a blonde child in their midst. "Yell for No. 19," yelled Rita. And no matter how loud they yelled, you could hear Rita's voice above all the rest.
any difference to her. He didn't know she was alive—

**too much nothin' . . .**

Sometimes she thought nobody else did, either. Except the dramatic coach. Twice a day she'd go out to work with the dramatic coach, just to show she was 'eager. But after four months the eager wings dropped a little. She got awfully tired of flapping them in one room . . .

When the message came, she was out in the backyard, drying her hair . . . "Mr. Zanuck's office calling. Mr. Zanuck wants to see all the people they signed while he was gone. Can you be here in an hour?"

It didn't enter her head to dress up. She went as she was, in slacks, with a kerchief round her hair. There was this long green office, and she thought she'd never get to the desk, but in two minutes she was talking to Mr. Zanuck as if she'd known him always. Right away he asked how old she was and where she'd gone to school. In a couple of sentences he found out she knew French, and talked it to her.

She had a wonderful time, didn't feel awkward a bit when he asked her to get up and walk around the room so he could see what she looked like. She even asked him about her hair—people were constantly saying she wore it too long—

"I don't want you to change it at all," Mr. Zanuck said. "I like you as you are."

Which was a great relief.

Then he said he wanted her to test for "Home In Indiana," and gave her the script. She fell in love with the part—especially because of the pigtails and blue jeans and no make-up. Three days later they sent for her, and—that's the funny thing about studios—they don't come right out and say, "We're going to cast you," but she could tell you in and start talking about clothes and profiles and tell you to stand over there and turn around, and you're afraid to believe you got it because anything can happen. Of course in the end you're just as happy, but it's not as exciting as if they said, "It's yours," or shouted, "Bareka, a star is born!" and you fainted or something . . .

**location lark . . .**

After that, it was one thrill on top of another. Going on location to Kentucky, when she'd never been out of California before. Learning to drive and ride. She wouldn't tell them she'd never been on a horse, she just climbed up and hung on. Acting in her first picture. Strangely enough, she wasn't nervous at all—probably because of no worry about clothes and make-up. And because she and Lon McCallister got along so well together that they felt more like Char and Sparkie than themselves. Then, later, the opening at Indianapolis and a big banquet and selling seven million dollars worth of War Bonds and auctioning off a filly named Jeanne Crain. Right after the dinner she and Mother had to catch a train, so they never did see the picture till they got home. By then Rita'd seen it thirteen times. Even Dad had gone three times. And Grandfather, who once owned horses, was specially pleased by the way she handled them. Jeanne didn't think she was as good as they thought she was, but she was glad they thought so.

Since then, the best thing has been "State Fair." And working with Mr. Cukor in "Winged Victory." He taught her so many things—like how to cry from inside, which she'd never been able to do, because she'd never had very much to cry about.

When Mr. Perlberg sent for her, she had no idea what for. That's why she left his office and walked down the hall in a kind of trance, with the script hugged
up to her. Somebody stopped her—she still doesn’t know who—"What’s this great light in your face? Been seeing visions?"

For a moment she didn’t answer. Then she hugged the script closer. “Mr. Perlberg just gave me ‘Stale Fair.’ With Dana Andrews. And Dick Haymes. In Technicolor. And two songs to sing—”

He looked at her and smiled—the gentlest smile. “It’s wonderful, isn’t it,” he said, “to be Jeanne Crain—"

happily ever after . . .

Two years ago they bought a white house in Westwood. Now they’ve got a fireplace in the den as well as in the living room, and a bedroom for each of the girls.

Rita’s at UCLA and full of college spirit. Nothing’s nice but college, nothing matters but college, she talks college all day long. In a way, they’re both living two lives. Jeanne, who planned on college, knows all about it through, Rita, who thought she might act and hears all about acting from Jeanne.

Otherwise, things are pretty much the same. Except for Jeanne’s sleeping habits. Mother has no trouble getting her up at 5:30 when she’s working, and can’t get her up at 11 when she’s not. Unless she’s on a picture, she does her own room, sets the table, helps with dinner and the dishes. Doesn’t mind drying, but hates to wash.

She’d still rather draw than anything else but act, and Rita’s still her model. She takes lessons in sculpture, and hopes to build herself a studio some day. Evenings, she’d read if they let her, only Rita makes her quit to play gin rummy. They go to the movies a lot—to all the good ones and some of the bad ones, just to see how good the good ones are. And Terry still dance the polka, and people still don’t believe it when you tell them . . .

Her best friends at Santa, whom she’d normally go out with, are in the Air Corps. There’s no special boy, though she used to see quite a lot of Lon when he was here. They’d lie on the beach at Malibu where he lives, and discuss philosophy and read Conrad together, because he’s so mad about the sea. Now they write to each other.

Once in a while she likes to dress up and go dancing—especially the rumba. Her favorite formal’s blue and silver with ruffles all the way down the skirt and little wings in the back. She doesn’t have many or very expensive clothes—at 19 you don’t look particularly natural, all dressed up. But when she’s about 25, she’d like to start being quite well-dressed. All the jewelry she owns are a few little keepsake bracelets. She thinks lots of people look well in costume jewelry, but not herself, and of course she can’t afford anything real. She does have a special perfume, though. Mother gave them the idea that it was kind of mysterious and romantic to use just one, so people would remember you . . .

“her ideal . . .”

Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck are her movie ideals. She’s never met Miss Bergman and, to tell the truth, she doesn’t know Mr. Peck very well, either. But he’s nice to everyone, and he must have seen her hanging adoringly, round the set of “Rays of the Kingdom.” Because he spoke to her once, and she got so flustered she couldn’t think what to say, except: “It must be wonderful to work with Ingrid Bergman.”

She won’t say what his answer was. But we sleuthed and found out.

“Yes,” said the nice Mr. Peck. “You know what they call her, don’t you? They call her the Jeanne Crain of the Selznick lot.”

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See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I don’t just say that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I prove it—prove it by means of the “Patch Test”!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off completely. Then see how that patch of skin takes on new freshness and clarity! Touch it—feel it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

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Make the “Patch Test” Tonight!

See with your own eyes the difference Lady Esther Face Cream makes in your skin! Make the “Patch Test”—and compare the results with the results you get from any cream you’ve ever used, regardless of price! The proof’s in your own mirror. Make the “Patch Test” and compare!
Be flower-fresh! Take your bath. Then sprinkle every inch of your skin with lovely Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Now you're one sweet spring song! Exquisitely dainty. Fresh as a beautiful flower.

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Such an inexpensive luxury---

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1928—They tell me Edmund Lowe got to this sitting late, scrambled wildly into his costume to keep Vic McLaglen from copping all the space. Actually, though, they were good friends. Vic once socked a guy who was heckling Eddie. Here's fiery Lili Damita, when she was tops at Fox and before she married Errol.

1929—From here on, you'll recognize these faces. The girl's Claire Luce with on I, not the Congresswoman. And isn't Bogey the glamor boy! The Fox lot on Pico opened that year, still the prettiest in Hollywood, if I do say so.

1930—I remember all the publicity about Connie Bennett's contract, and asking Mother if there was really all that money in the world. We'd moved to H'wood, and I worked in kiddie revues. Mother made my costumes, says she never could get them short enough to suit me.

1928—1929—1930

MOTHER AND I REMEMBER

(Continued from page 41)

101

MOTHER AND I REMEMBER

(Continued from page 41)
I—Here’s another picture I loved, and every one of us at TC-Fox today is thrilled over the truly talented Jimmy Dunn’s great comeback in “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.” Those were the days when Mother and I haunted Grauman’s Chinese and gawked at the footprints. Never expected to plant my legs there.

1934—I remember Warner Baxter best in “Cisco Kid,” the first outdoor all-talkie. It made history. Raoul Walsh was directing and playing Cisco, when a jackrabbit smashed through his windshield in Zion Park and he lost an eye. Warner replaced him as Cisco, Irving Cummings as director, and both copped Oscars.

1935—Big year for the studio. Shirley was undisputed queen of the lot, Fox merged with Twentieth Century, Darryl F. Zanuck became production head—a lucky break for lots of folk, including Betty Grable. Used to think no child could ever be cuter than Shirley, till a certain Victoario Elizabeth James came along.

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Rain-washed petals of a rose—fresh and fragrant after your shower and over-all dusting with a LeSonier Powder Mitt. The Mother’s Day gift de luxe.

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This complete 8-minute 'BEAUTY-LIFT' works wonders for face and neck

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The HOPPER Method—Why It's So Active

Gently press an extra amount of this super-lubricating cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes.

1936—Sundays we'd go to a show, see those billboards advertising Simone. But when the picture came out, all the raves were for a good-looking boy who appeared in just one scene at the end. Boy by the name of Ty Power

1937—If you think Ty looked good in pictures, girls, you should have seen him in his Marine Lieutenant's uniform! Spent his last leave in New York with Annabella before she went overseas to entertain troops. Now he's on duty in the Pacific area, flying transport plane DC-3.

1938—I've always been crazy about Alice and her lovely voice. Imagine the thrill when TC-Fox signed me years later and put me into 'Tin Pan Alley.' It was Alice who helped me over the jitters. She's still my best friend and our babies exchange Xmas and birthday gifts.
1939—Instead of "Hello" on the phone, Peter, my nephew, says "Ameche." Mother takes him to movies Saturdays—says it's as bad as when we were little kids whooping it up and down the aisles. Each week she swears off. Till Peter calls, "Ameche, grandma. What'll we see today?"

1940—Boys are writing like mad for pin-ups of Linda in her can-can costume from "Hangover Square." Hank enlisted as Apprentice Seaman, now he's full Lieutenant on Admiral Hoover's staff in the So. Pacific. Asked his wife to send garden seeds, case he's land-based.

1941—Mother'd like me to make one pic where I don't spend most of my time getting sore at the guy. Chief Bosun Mate Vic's on tour with the Coast Guard show. He's writing his autobiography called "The Great Conceit." It goes: "We met, we married, we divorced. That's all!"

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For gentler comfort, for greater safety in internal protection, FIBS are “quilted” to prevent any danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes.

Besides, FIBS don’t fluff up to uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

The next time you buy tampons
be sure to ask for FIBS!


1942—Day after Pearl Harbor. I ran into Johnny Payne, (now at Tri-Plate) (with Maureen O’Hara) was just about finished. He told me they were changing the ending. “But for the Japs it’s just the beginning.” A few months later he was in uniform—served for two years—honorably discharged because of a back injury.

1943—Never can decide who’s lovelier, Maureen O’Hara or Jeanne Crain. In ’25, 3-time Oscar winner Walter Brennan (with J. in “Homo In Indiana”) shared casting woes with Gary Cooper—was “discovered” 12 years after his pall Walt calls his Oregon ranch “High-Handed Manor”!

1944—We were all so excited over “Wilson” we kept running down to the set every chance we got, never mind our own pictures. Bill Eythe begged to be in it, if only as a door-knob in the White House. Day after the preem, we knew it was really tops, serenaded the boss: “Hat’s off to Zanuck, and Twentieth Century-Fox.”
1944—Dick's in "State Fair" now with Jeannine Crain. June's my "Dolly" sister. In make-up and costume, they say we really look alike. Incidentally, we're both mad about avocados, keep a salt-cellar in my dressing room and devour them between takes. Doesn't cost us a cent, though—Harry James lets me pick 'em off his tree.

1945—Bill Eythe saw Lon M. on his way East. Says he's proud as a 4-star general because he's just been promoted—to a pfc! Bill was supposed to get three months off. Had just about time to say Hi! to his folks when they called him back to play Dr. Jeff Turner in "Dragonwyck."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was just after Jeanette MacDon-ald's concert in Cincinnati, Ohio. The crowd gathered about her taxi and she was waiting for a path to be cleared. As I stood near the car, I heard a boy's shrill voice say, "Miss MacDonald, I may be just a green country boy, but you're the most beautiful person I've ever seen." To which Miss MacDonald aptly replied, "For a country boy, you're not so green!"

Joan Culbertson, Cincinnati, Ohio

CALLING DR. JONES

What's wrong, Doug... don't you love me any more?

There's no use talking about it, Jane. Maybe if you saw a doctor...

A wise doctor helps Jane overcome the "One Neglect" that mars so many marriages

Tell me, Dr. Jones... is it Doug's fault or mine?

I think it's your fault. Husbands seldom forgive... ignorance about Feminine Hygiene

I never dreamed... what should I do, Doctor?

I advise Lysol solution. Used for douching it's antiseptic; cleanses and deodorizes

Besides, Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. Follow the directions. It's easy to use... and economical

Thank you, Doctor...

Hey, mate, how about a dine-and-dance date this P.M.?

Of course, Doug darling...

Ummm... Everything's wonderful since I've been using Lysol regularly

Check these facts with your Doctor

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see Harry again, for the first time in a year, and to have him in exceptionally good spirits. He threw out that typical James greeting, "How ya be, Leonard?" and followed it up with, "Here, try some of the best birthday cake you ever tasted." It was too.

We tried to figure out who of the original 1939 James band was still left, and found that Monte, Harry's assistant manager, is the only remaining member of the initial James line-up. "What frantic times those were," recalled Harry. "I remember the first 50 band ever played, at the University of New Hampshire. There was a raging blizzard and we barely made it at all—finally got there four hours late."

It's a far cry from that first James band to the bunch Harry heads today, which seems to me to be his best ever. With men like Will Smith, the terrific alto sax man; Arnold Ros, a great young pianist; Corky Corcoran playing more tenor sax than ever, and other great soloists, such as Allan Reuss, guitar; Ray Heath and Juan TROL trombones, and Harry himself playing some fine jazz on the jump numbers, this band has everything. Johnny Thompson's arrangements, and tunes written by Billy May and similarly talented writers, make the James band jump more often and more excitingly than it did in his "You Made Me Love You" phase.

On the way home I saw or heard about some curiosities of this mad town. This is the city where they have a "Corn-egie Hall," a place to hear the Count Basie Band, a "Con-Coot-Grove," a "Hangover Club," and a real estate agent whose name is Jackson Diggs, Solid, Jackson!

SATURDAY—Spent an delightful evening visiting old Horace Henderson's most charming and sweetest-natured people, Lena Horne. I've known her since her Charles Barron era, and if success has done anything to her, it's made her modest and unassuming than ever. Lena's home, believe it or not, is on Horn Avenue in Beverly Hills. Met her two delightful children, Teddy and Gail, and her mother. Heard some of the special discs she recorded for the Army. With her movie work held up while they find her a suitable story, Lena's been spending a good deal of her time entertaining in camps.

SUNDAY—Shorty and Jean Cherock took me out for an afternoon. Horace Heidt, who's rapidly becoming one of my favorite trumpet men, will have left Heidt by the time you read this and will be breaking in a new big band of his own. Horace, who plans to disband his own orchestra, has every reason for wanting to take it easy. As we drove through the gates of his "Land of Liberty" in the San Fernando Valley, I could see that he has what most traveling bandleaders would consider the nearest thing to paradise in the way of a home. Acres and acres, perfectly kept ground, a gloriously furnished home, plus swimming pool, aviary, an open-air bar, and numerous cows, horses, turkeys and even a little house (Horace says he expects to have 10,000 rabbits by my next visit.) With the smart, chic Mrs. Adeline Heidt and their twin sons to make it a happy family, a home to be proud of. Horace has so many outside business ventures, such as a ballroom (the "Triunon" in South Gate) and even a hotel, that he hardly needs the band, anyway. As I basked in the sunshine and picked oranges, tangerines and grapefruit off branches, I reflected that it pays for a smart business man to be a bandleader; and I wondered whether, some day, Shorty Cherock might have a swimming pool.

TUESDAY—Lunch with Modern Screen's own affable Sylvia Wallace at the Brown Derby, where I also ran into Bob Chester, latest of the many bandleaders to renounce the movie business... BOLD told me he's just reorganizing a band, but strictly for jobs in and around the coast. Also just in town to make their first recording for the fine tenor sax man who just left Jimmy Dorsey, and his wife, singer Anita Boyer.

Held a rehearsal of the Esquire All-American Jazz concert evening. Like all rehearsals, it was a panic, with the promoter, the publicity man, the producer, the Union man and a dozen other interested parties all wrangling back and forth. Duke Ellington arrived late and imperceptible as ever, and once he took charge things began to sound organized. Billy Strayhorn, Duke's pianist-size assistant arranger, had to be coaxed into playing piano on a couple of numbers. Can't understand why he's so reluctant, since he's a great pianist. Duke and I went off wonderfully, after the usual round of last-minute crises. Billie Holiday, Art Taun and the Ellington band were the big news for me. Billie scared everyone to death by arriving at the Philharmonic about five minutes before she was due onstage. Danny Kaye did a successful encore job, people thought he would try too hard to gag up the show, but he didn't. Later went with Kitty Kallen, my date for the evening, to a midnight recording session at which Anita was among four sides under her own name for Capitol. She had to fly out next day to rejoin Stan Kenton's band in Kansas City. I left around 3 A.M.; heard later that the recording went on until almost 6.

THURSDAY—There's a little strip of ground along Vine Street, between Holly wood and Sunset, where you can stand in mid-afternoon and meet just about every-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Bob Hope happened to be stopping at the hotel which was being managed by my brother-in-law, so I had my first chance to see a celebrity, and, incidentally, a swell one! Bob had a sleek and shining automobile, but that time it was a delight of every bellboy and garage assistant to take a peek at it every so often. One particular bell-hop developed an intense interest in the incident car, and if the bellboy were fired, he and his friends would never patronize the hotel again. Result: one lucky and happy Hope-worshipping bellboy.

John Schneider
ADVICE FOR
ABUSED SKIN

DON'T BE AFRAID AND STOP WORRYING NOW ABOUT EXTERNAL
SKIN TROUBLES. FOLLOW THESE EASY DIRECTIONS, YOU CAN
NOW ENJOY A PORCELAIN-LIKE SOFTER SKIN

HAVE you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars that you
admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely soft white skin,
were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

Almost everyone can have a natural, healthy, normal complexion which is in
itself, beauty, and which gains admiration and is pleasing to look at. All you
must do is to follow the simple rules of nature. Models and screen stars must
give their skin special attention. So should you because everyone looks at your face. Your
social success may depend upon your being good looking and pleasant to look at. A lovely
skin may be a short cut to success in love and business. Your pleasure is worth it, and you
owe it to yourself to give yourself a chance to enjoy a healthy, beautiful complexion.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of
dust all around us most of the time. When these little specks, which are in
the air, get into an open pore in your skin they can in time cause the pore
to become larger and more susceptible to dust and infection. These open pores,
begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you all of the misery
of pimples, irritations, or blemishes. When you neglect your skin and abuse
it by not giving it the necessary external care it requires, you leave yourself wide
open for external skin miseries which cause embarrassment, self-consciousness,
inferiority, and make you feel like a prisoner within yourself. When you
know that your skin is smooth, white, and fine, you have more confidence and
it helps improve your personality and
your entire well being. A flawless skin is
priceless, yet it only costs you a few
pennies daily to keep it normal, natural, more healthy and
lovely. Many never realize or
even suspect that the difference
between having a glamorous complexion and being
ordinary is just the difference
between having blackheads
and pimples, and not having
them. A little care and
the proper attention
with the dou-
ble Viderm treatment can mean
the difference between enjoying
fine skin or missing out on
many pleasures because of an
ugly, abused skin. The double
Viderm treatment is made
under the supervision of a doctor
and costs you only a few cents
for a treatment which you can
give yourself.

Just write or mail the
coupon below, and you
will receive two jars of the
double Viderm treatment
with full directions which
are written by a doctor.
One jar contains a jelly-like
formula which is a highly
concentrated soap which
penetrates and acts as an
antiseptic upon the pores.
This is used after you wash
your face in the usual way.
After you use the special
Viderm skin cleanser, you
apply the Viderm fortified,
medicated skin cream. You
rub this in, leaving an almost
invisible protective
covering for the surface of
your skin. This double
treatment has worked
wonders for so many cases
of abused skin and it must
amaze you, too, or it won't
cost you a penny. You must
be absolutely pleased and
don't be afraid of having
days, or your money will be cheer-
fully refunded. It is a guar-
anteed treatment. Enjoy it.
Send for it now.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day, until your skin is as smooth and
clear as you may want it. Then, use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and
dust specks that infect your pores and to aid in healing external irritations. When
you prevent blackheads, you prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send your name and address, or if more conven-
ient, mail the coupon to the New York Skin Labora-
tory, Dept. MS-5, 206 Division Street, New York 2, N. Y.

NEW YORK SKIN LABORATORY, Dept. MS-5
206 Division Street, New York City 2, N. Y.

Name
Street
City
State

Kindly send me one jar of Viderm Medicated Skin Cream
and one jar of Viderm Skin Cleanser along with full, easy
directions on how to use them. It is understood, the Viderm
treatment is guaranteed and I must be delighted and pleased
with it, in every way, or my money is to be cheerfully re-
funded. I will pay two dollars on delivery of everything.
Of course you know about MIDOL—but HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

BEFORE you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try MIDOL! These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in three different ways—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month's worst days. One ingredient of MIDOL relaxes muscles and muscles to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue."

Take MIDOL next time—at the first twinge of "regular" pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company
tarist, now playing on “Blondie” and a lot of other network shows; Mrs. Barbour is, of course, the blonde and gorgeous Peggy Lee, who left the Goodman band to marry Dave in 1943 and is now the proud mother of 18-months-old Nicki Barbour.

The Barbours seem to be one of the happiest families in the music business. Peggy is semi-retired except for an occasional record date; last week she did four sides for Capitol and Dave got a band together to accompany her. Two of the tunes were Peggy’s own “What More Can A Woman Do” and “You Was Right, Baby!”

and they’ll both surprise you.

FRIDAY—Dropped in on Charlie Barnet at the Orpheum Theater and sat talking so long backstage, despite my determination to make an early night of it, that Charlie finally said, “Oh, you’re going out to my house and we’ll play some records.”

I see a neat little home in the Valley, with a well-stocked bar, and phonographs all over the place—but hardly any Barnet records; mostly Delius, Ellington, Debussy, Ravel, etc. Charlie, too, has settled down West and will only make occasional trips out of this territory. Barnet is a strange character, better, much less wild than his reputation. Most people are either nuts about him or hate him; personally, I see eye to eye with him on so many matters musical that we can’t help but get along.

SATURDAY—Lunch with Jimmy Mchugh, who wrote “Exactly Like You,” “Sunny Side of the Street” and don’t tell me how many other evergreens of jazz. Telling me he wants to have his own publishing house, he scared me by announcing that he had just offered one publisher a million bucks, cash, to buy his business.

**AUTOGRAPHS!**

Good deed Dottie? Here’s something that’s good for you and others, too. Have your screen favorite sign on the dotted line. You have the autograph; your quarter increases the Naval Aid Auxiliary Fund. See page 140.

Guess there must be money in songwriting, at that. Jimmy reminisced at great length about the old Cotton Club days; he played a big part in discovering Duke Ellington, and wrote all the hit songs for the Club during Duke’s first triumphant years there.

TUESDAY—This evening I made a belated trip to the Palladium to catch Gene Krupa. I was somewhat perturbed to find Gene conducting so much and playing drums so little, also to hear the string section settling away on things like “Claire de Lune” and a lot of other items that just don’t seem to connect with the Krupa name. But Gene is firmly sold on the idea that versatility is important, and feels that he’s expanding his musical scope. Personally, I got my biggest kicks out of the trio numbers, with pianist Napoleon and tenor saxman Venturo supported by Gene at the drums; and I’d trade the whole string section for that one hot fiddle solo played by Remo Biondi on “Hodge Podge.”

WEDNESDAY—Shorty Rogers and Orch. made some fine records this morning on a session I helped to organize. We used Willie Smith, Corky Corcoran and Harry James’ excellent rhythm section, waxing four numbers for the Signature label, including two of my own; “Snafu” and “The Willies.”

THURSDAY—Well, it’s goodbye to California, and don’t think it hasn’t been swell. I’ve heard an awful lot of good
in sections. Take a small strand, form a circle at the end and wrap the curl around this circle toward the scalp. Fasten the curl in place with hair pins or bob pins.

Which is your style? Most any that pleases you . . . and suits your type! Leaf through these pages, find the movie cut that clicks with you, and then adapt it, bearing these "don'ts" in mind. If you have a long, narrow face, don't wear a pomp, don't wear hair high on top unless it's soft and fluffy at the sides, don't wear it severely sleek, don't wear a long, straight bob. If you have a broad, short face don't wear bangs, don't wear your hair fluffed out at the sides, don't part it exactly in the center, don't wear a short bob.

Brillaintine is tops for luster and sheen. If your hair splits at the ends, use a little brillaintine on the tips. Take as much as would cover a dime, rub it in the palms of your hands, then lightly touch the ends of your hair. To keep escaping tresses where they belong, there are dandy comb-like retainers with split teeth that slip neatly into place and hold your hair in a firm but loving grip. If you're in a gay mood and want to wear flowers or a bright bow in your hair, these gadgets are ideal.

With Spring, hair goes up and hats tilt at a more cock-eyed slant. Laquer will keep back wisps neat. Some gals dispose of the back hair problem by nets—coarse, brilliantly colored jobs or fine ones that team with hair. To keep your hair supremely neat, buy bob-pins with a strong spring.

SPRING SONG—It's the season to try out new tricks and ideas. Make hair beauty your new objective. You have the rules. It's up to you to give them a chance!

Keep them coming! I've got the names of hair-care products and if you have problems of face or figure, send them along. But do play fair. Don't forget to include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A friend and I had gone into a crowded drugstore in Niagara and were waiting to purchase merchandise when an attractive young man rushed past us and practically knocked me for a loop. Without so much as a "pardon me" or an "I'm sorry" he disappeared into the throng. I paid little attention to the incident until, upon leaving the store the same young man approached and asked if I were the little lady who had been practically knocked over. After I answered that I was, he apologized and said that he hoped that he hadn't hurt me. By that time I was gasping for breath, and I'm afraid that my eyes were doing a good imitation of Eddie Cantor, because it had at last dawned on me that this nice looking chap seemed very much like our hometown actor, Franchot Tone. After convincing him that we were still in one piece, we said goodbye and walked jauntily down the street. Later, when Franchot Tone made a personal appearance at our high school, I found out that it really had been he, and then I got his autograph on my handkerchief.

Dorothy Dodge, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Scalp odor—that's what her hairbrush would have told her if she had checked up. Too late, now. He's gone.

So many women don't realize that the scalp perspires, too . . . that hair—and particularly oily hair—absorbs unpleasant odors. Yes, you can have scalp odor—and don't know it.

But it's easy to be safe—just by using Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. Especially developed to keep hair and scalp fresh and clean, this gentle shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. Its delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears, leaving the hair soft and fragrant.

Don't take a chance—and risk losing romance. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. You can get it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

PACKERS Pine Tar SHAMPOO

COOL those hot tired feet with refreshing ABSORBINE Jr.
New—Hair Rinse
safely
Gives a Tiny Tint
and...
Removes this dull film

1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is not dry, only.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings...plus a tiny tint—in these 12 shades.
   1. Black
   2. Red Copper
   3. Dark Copper
   4. Light Brown
   5. Texas Blonde
   6. Golden Blonde
   7. Reddish Brown
   8. Nut Brown
   9. Auburn
   10. Dark Auburn
   11. Silver
   12. Lustre Glint
4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Rodien, all, new, approved ingredients.
Try Golden Glint...Over 50 million packages have been sold...Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer.
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Golden Glint Co.,Seattle, 14, Wash., Box 2366 7-34
Please send color No., as listed above.
Name______________________
Address____________________

GOLDEN GLINT

IF I COULD BE WITH YOU (Continued from page 39)

either, as long as she had Gene. It was more fun to concentrate on being Mrs. Kelly, wife and mother.

on with the show...

But his going away put a different face on things. They talked it over and decided it would be silly for Betsy to sit around twiddling her thumbs, waiting for Gene to get back. There was a play called "Out of this World," scheduled for winter production, written by Modern Screen's Zachary Gold and Allen Murphy. Maynard Morris, the agent, had always wanted Betsy to do it. So, with Gene on the last lap of "Anchors Aweigh," she went to New York to be interviewed by the authors.

Though she'd made her mark on Broadway in Saroyan's "Beautiful People," she'd never been interviewed. How she got the other part was a beautiful accident. One night she'd gone to meet Gene at Louis Berger's, their favorite Broadway eating place, and a man had been sitting at the table with him, and the man was Saroyan. When Gene introduced them, Saroyan said, "She's got to do the lead in my new play!" It was all very exciting and storybookish, clear through the opening night and the lovely notices in the papers next morning.

Then she married Gene, and for three years the stage was out of her life. She had no idea how to handle an interview. But it worked out fine, because this was the author's first play, and they were almost as nervous as she was.

"What are we supposed to ask you?" they asked her.

"I don't know. My name, age and experience, I guess.

"Well, we know your name and your age is too young to matter and you played in Saroyan's 'Beautiful People.' What next?"

"Next, I think I'm supposed to read something from the play—"

So she did, and they liked it and signed her for the part. Rehearsals were to start December 1st. She had to wait around New York while certain details were ironed out, and that was all right, because New York was beautiful in October

...and not so beautiful as when Gene was there, too. She spent most of her time at Louis Berger's, because it felt more like home than her room, at the hotel.

One day Louis said, "I see in the papers that Gene's being drafted. Gene and John D. Rockefeller, Jr."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Betsy. "I don't know about Mr. Rockefeller, but it's always saying in the paper that Gene's being drafted."

Still, she wired him. "Oh, that's nothing," he wired back. "I haven't heard from my draft board."

Next day he phoned. She knew right away what it was, because he wouldn't phone except about something important. Those Greetings had come. Her main feeling was: Here I've wasted three weeks in New York, when I might have been with Gene. She couldn't get train reservations, so she took a chance on a plane, and was lucky enough not to get bumped off.

He met her at the airport. Neither of them said much. Gene hates what he calls slush. Besides, he'd been, ready, willing and able for a long time. Betsy doesn't suppose many men leap with joy exactly when their time comes—especially when they're married and have children. Still, there's one big compensation. Being out of it makes them feel kind of dislocated. When...
Before...

**SELF-CONSCIOUS!**

**BEFORE** Diane Parker of N.Y. began her Powers Course. "I felt dull, listless—I was underweight." Diane's "Photo-Revise" helped her achieve new loveliness.

Now...

**SELF-CONFIDENT!**

Diane Parker's personalized Photo-Revise showed her new hair arrangement, little make-up tricks that gave her real glamour!

In 7 Short Weeks—new loveliness, new confidence in your charm!

If you think good looks, a stunning figure, a new personality are out of your reach, discover the thrilling benefits of Powers training. Now right at home realize your own loveliest possibilities! Simple daily assignments in figure control, make-up and grooming make the entire course fascinating. The cost? So little you're amazed!

Diane's alluring new "model" figure. "In the first 4 weeks I gained 12 lbs.—and in the right places, too!"

Real "POWERS GIRL" training—right at home...

**Your Figure—How to streamline it. Your Hair—Photo-Revise, drawn by an expert over your own picture, shows you make-up secrets to bring out your beauty highlights. Your Style—Shows you how to be 'best-dressed' yet save dollars! Your Grunting—Complete, time-saving beauty schedule. Your Voice—Exercises to make your speech more attractive. Your Mo. Powers' formulas for charm and magnetism.

Clip the Coupon NOW


John Robert Powers Home Course 247 Park Ave., Suite E205, New York 17, N.Y. Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course.

Name ____________________________

City, State __________________________

Occupation ________________________

music, and enjoyed a lot of wonderful hospitality in these all-too-brief three weeks. Best band I heard: Ellington, of course. Always. Eddie Heywood. Best local radio show: "Music Depreciation," a good carbon copy of "Lower Basin Street" on the local Mutual station. And now, back down to earth and find out what's been happening along Fifty-second Street!\n
**RECORDS OF THE MONTH**

Evanson's Note: Here's a swell way for you record collectors to build up a library—without introspection. Each month Leonard Feather will do the same job for you that he did for Look Magazine's "The Three-Way" department, and lists the 10 best new albums of all kinds—of that month. If you can't get a particular record from your local dealer, one of the following may help:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Record Name</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>21-17</td>
<td>Columbia Records, Inc., 58 W. 57th St., N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43-24</td>
<td>RCA Victor Division (Victor and Bluebird records), 185 E. 24th St., N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>799</td>
<td>Blue Note Music &amp; Recording Studio, 971 Lex. Ave., N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>767</td>
<td>Columbia Records, 700 Seventh Ave., N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>194</td>
<td>Victor Recording Co., 117 W. 46th St., N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1841</td>
<td>Hit Record Distributing Co., 7 W. 46th St., N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>132</td>
<td>Columbia Records, 700 Seventh Ave., N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21-17</td>
<td>Columbia Records, 700 Seventh Ave., N.Y.</td>
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**NEW PRODUCTS**

**SYLVIA'S RAY**

**VICTORIA'S RAY**

**NEW**

**VEGETABLE COMPOUND**

**RECOMMENDED**

**WOMEN in your 40's**

Do these symptoms betray your age?

Often many women between the ages of 38 and 52 are shocked to realize they are in the class commonly known as "middle-age" with its annoying symptoms which so often betray their age.

So if you suffer from hot flashes, feel weak, tired, nervous, restless, a bit blue at times— all due to the functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

This Great Medicine HELPS NATURE

For almost a century—Pinkham's Compound has been famous to help great numbers of women go "smiling through" such middle-age distress. Thousands have reported remarkable benefits!

Many wise women take Pinkham's Compound regularly to help build up resistance against such symptoms. This great medicine helps nature and that's the kind you should try.

**INEXPENSIVE:** Pinkham's Compound costs very little compared to some other methods but this doesn't detract from its effectiveness. Follow label directions.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's**

**VEGETABLE COMPOUND**

**RECOMMENDED**

**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.
SPRING GOES TO YOUR HEAD
(Continued from page 66)

... any income stretches easily to accommodate a low 98c!

WASH 'EM. Neat curls deserve frequent cleansings. Take your choice of A-1 shampoos. The first step in the all-important process is to brush hair vigorously to pep up circulation. When you’ve swept away all the extra dust from your locks, dunk them in a soapy suds and scrub well. A good lather is so essential! Work the shampoo well into your scalp. Now for a Hollywood idea... rinse, then treat yourself to a second lathering.

Keep at the rinsing until your hair is “squeaky clean.” Rinse in warm water for softness and fluffiness. Exception: Rinse very coarse, naturally curly hair in cold water if you want to straighten it out. Bleached hair will be less spongy if the shampoo water is only slightly warm and the shampoo applied very gradually and immediately worked into a lather.

About emergency shampoos: Ever been caught short with not-too-clean hair and an unexpected phone call from some GI who has just hit town? Then you should know about a new dry shampoo powder. Dust it on, brush out powder, dirt and oiliness. Ten minutes work will fix you up with a shining coiffure.

HOW’S YOUR COLOR? Add luster to your crowning glory by trying a color rinse for your shampoo finale. If yours is just hair-colored hair, if it’s mousy brown and you prefer something more dazzling, invest in a rinse. Cost to you is but a few cents. Benefits for hair include sparkle and luster! Fact is, after a shampoo, a rinse is a grand aid in cutting any soap residue that just might dull your halo. Or, would you prefer to tint and wash your tresses in one easy step? Then take note of the cake shampoo that comes in many shades. Doesn’t permanently change coloring, but it sure enough brings a colorful glow.

BE THEY OILY? Oily tresses have the darnedest tendency to soil more quickly, so frequent washings are much in order. Many special cleansers can be used as often as twice a week. ‘Tisn’t soaps, try a ‘dough’ to pair with, or a friction applied with a bit of cotton or a toothbrush reserved for that purpose. After an application, wipe off any excess tonic with cleansing tissues. Let and behold, what shining locks you have!

BE THEY DRY? Nothing very inspiring about winter-ravaged hair, is there? A dried-out thatch of dull, toneless wigs is certainly off-key in Spring. Before your next shampoo, treat yourself to a hot-oil treatment. Massage the warm oil well into your scalp with a rotary motion. Wring a towel out in hot water and wind it around your head so that the oil can work more effectively. After the lubrication job, rinse your locks in cold water (that’s so the shampoo on your oil-laden curls will lather easily) and proceed with your washing.

THE FINISHED PICTURE—With a little practice, you can set your own hair in “pin-curls.” Or sometimes it’s easier and more fun to pair off with Friese Sue and set one another’s hair. Have the hair uniformly damp with a good setting lotion. With the finished “do” in mind, part hair

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Just send us your most cherished snapshot or photo (either actual picture or negative) and you will receive FREE a beautiful professional Hollywood Studio enlargement! Send baby’s picture, that boy in service, mother’s, dad’s, yourself. You’ll be thrilled when you see it enlarged! Act NOW!

IMPORTANT—Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing and get our BARGAIN OFFER for having your enlargement beautifully and carefully hand colored in oil—and mounted in your choice of handsome frames. Artistic hand coloring adds character, beauty and personality to the enlargement! Please enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing! Your original will be returned with your FREE 5 x 7 enlargement! Limit 2 to a customer.

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Not chips, but genuine, fine-cut sparkling diamonds measuring 14 kt. solid gold settings! At amazingly low prices made possible only by our wholesale diamond connections. Engagement rings, band rings, men’s rings, women’s matching wedding rings. Don’t miss this chance to SAVE! Prices today for FREE! Illustrated booklet FREE to first 100 nents. First come—first served.

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Steps forward
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Brilliant, sparkling white spotlights attention on sandals from California. Action-packed styling gives square open toes and soft, resilient platforms typical California cosiness. Also in red, blue, brown. Two-tone combinations in brown and white; brown and beige. All hand-tossed. Non-rotation. About $4.95 at your favorite store. Write for illustrated booklet and name of nearest dealer.
Her hairbrush knows why he gave her the "brush-off"

Scalp odor—that's what her hairbrush would have told her if she had checked up. Too late, now. He's gone.

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on with the show...

But his going away put a different face on things. They talked it over and decided it would be silly for Betsy to sit around twiddling her thumbs, waiting for Gene to get back. There was a play called "Out of This World," scheduled for winter production, written by Menotti and Morley. Maynard Morris, the agent, had always wanted Betsy to do it. So, with Gene on the last lap of "Anchors Aweigh," she went to New York to be interviewed by the authors.

Though she'd made her mark on Broadway in Saroyan's "Beautiful People," she'd never been interviewed. One night she'd gone to meet Gene at Louis Berger's, their favorite Broadway eating place, and a man had been sitting at the table with him, and the man was Saroyan. When Gene introduced them, Saroyan said, "She's got to do the lead in my new play." It was all very exciting and story-breaking, clear through the opening night and the lovely notices in the papers next morning.

Then she married Gene, and for three years the stage was out of her life. She had no idea how you handle an interview. But it worked out fine, because this was the author's first play, and they were almost as nervous as she was.

"What are we supposed to ask you?" they asked her.

"I don't know. My name, age and experience, I guess."

"Well, we know your name and your age is too young to matter and you played in Saroyan's 'Beautiful People.' What next?"

"Next, I think I'm supposed to read something from the play..."

So she did, and they liked it and signed her for the part. Rehearsals were to start December 1st. She had to wait around New York while certain details were ironed out, and that was all right, because New York was beautiful in October—more than beautiful as when Gene was there, too. She spent most of her time at Louis Berger's, because it felt more like home than her room, at the hotel.

One day Louis said, "I see in the papers that Gene's being drafted. Gene and John D. Rockefeller, Jr."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Betsy. "I don't know about Mr. Rockefeller, but it's always saving in the paper that Gene's being drafted."

Still, she wired him. "Oh, that's nothing," he wired back, "I haven't heard from my draft board."

Next day he phoned. She knew right away what it was, because he wouldn't phone except about something important. Those Greetings had come. Her main feeling was: I've wasted three weeks in New York, when I might have been with Gene. She couldn't get train reservations, so she took a chance on a plane, and was lucky enough not to get bumped off.

He met her at the airport. Neither of them said much. Gene hates what he calls slush. Besides, he'd been ready, willing and able for a long time. Betsy doesn't suppose many men leap with joy exactly when their time comes—especially when they're married and have children. Still, there's one big compensation. Being out of it makes them feel kind of displaced. When
they go in, something clicks into place and feels right.

Almost the worst thing for Gene would be leaving Kerry, who was so cute and funny at two-and-a-half. On the other hand, he was infinitely better off than lots of fathers who'd never even seen their children at all, whose children wouldn't know them when they came home. Kerry knew Gene so well and loved him so dearly, he was such an inseparable part of her life that she couldn't forget him, no matter how long he'd be gone. Not with Betsy around, she couldn't.

They didn't have long days together before Gene left, because he was working like mad on the cartoon number of "Anchors Aweigh." To get it done in time, he had to work nights and Sundays. Every evening Betsy'd go to the studio and have dinner with him. They liked it that way—doing the things they'd always done, not trying to cram the entire lot of gay fun that wouldn't have come natural, anyway. On one or two rare evenings at home, they had their close friends in—the Wherfs, the Pursch's, Phil Silvers, Saul Chaplin who plays the piano so beautifully. They'd sing or sit round the fire talking, and whoever got hungry went to the kitchen and found what they had always been their favorite kind of evening. They wanted nothing different.

Gene passed his physical, asked for the Navy and got it. There were things to be arranged—none of them very important, still they had to be talked over. The house was easy. Nothing easier than getting rid of it in wartime. Then he took the bus to Mamie to New York. Mamie was wild about Kerry and vice versa. But Mamie had a sweetness in Oakland and Betsy had a fixed idea. She had to have money. The big thing in her life while Gene was gone would be to spend money. She'd find someone in New York to take care of Kerry. If not, she could always park the baby with her mother for a while—

There were also the cars. One could ought to be sold right away, but which? Gene left it to her. She hated selling the honey-moon car. It was all tied up with their wedding in Philadelphia and the cross-country trip to Hollywood and tumbleweeds. Gene promised to show her tumbleweeds in Texas when they wore their eyes out searching for tumbleweeds and never saw one. She couldn't sell that car. The other—?

I SAW IT HAPPEN

On a train that was chugging along towards Plattsburg, Gene and I found a table, and I myself seated next to a gray-haired, elderly gentleman, who was coughing terribly. He managed to sputter a weak request for a Nashville newspaper, so, of course, I quickly brought him one. That started our conversation, and when he asked me to have lunch with him, I was delighted by the opportunity to continue our pleasant talk.

While we were eating, he kept talking about the movies and motion picture stars. I was growing quite curious about the source of all his fascinating information, so at last, I asked him how he came to know so much about actors. He was astonished at the question, and he answered, "I'm Monty Woolley."
But you gave me the other for our six-month anniversary —

"Yes, and it's newer —"

In the end, though it hurt to be sensible, she sold the honey soon after. It was only a symbol, after all. Whoever bought it couldn't buy her memories with it —

The last day came. Betsy didn't give Gene a present. There was too little he needed, and so many people wanted to give him things. She'd thought of a writing kit, though if anyone hated letter writing worse than she did, it was her husband. They were always excusing themselves to each other for not writing more often to their families. "It doesn't mean anything," Gene would say. "They know we love them —"

Just the same, she'd practically decided on a writing kit. Then a friend phoned and said, "Can I give him a writing kit?" and she couldn't say no.

gift in a million . . .

One gift that touched both Betsy and Gene deeply came from Modern Screen's own Gus Gale, as thoughtful a guy as ever snapped a shutter. He showed up with his camera, took four pictures of Kerry that turned out to be dillies, and did them up in a little cellophane book for Gene to carry in his wallet. Service, that's us. Not that we're swiping the bows. It was Gus's idea. Only when we heard Betsy's fervent, "I love that man," we could have kicked ourselves for not thinking of it first.

The last night was like so many other nights—the warm friendliness of firefight and music and sitting around with the people they were closest to. Some held hands early—the Kelly's idea of early being around one. A few stayed on. At three, it seemed a brilliant idea to stay up another night. At six, Betsy said, "If I'm going to eat Gene downtown by eight, maybe I'd better sleep for half an hour." At six-thirty, Gene followed suit. Just forty winks. Wonderful what forty winks'll do for a gal —

Gene was on a cornbread-hash jag at the time, so Mamie fixed one more breakfast of hash and poached eggs and Betsy sat opposite, with Kerry between them, beating her spoon against the highchair. Then, in Mamie's arms, she was yelling, "Bye, Daddy," and throwing kisses as they drove away. And then Betsy and Gene were saying goodbye—in the car, because there was no place you could park—

She'd heard that the worst moment was when you went home alone for the first time, and the house felt so empty. Herself, she can't put a finger on any worst moment. All the moments were part of the one encompassing fact—that Gene was gone—

She was very good—didn't cry for over a week—just started packing for New York. It wasn't time to go yet, but seeing your things standing around half packed sort of gave you a sense of movement which was helpful. Then one night Saul played "If I Could Be With You." It meant nothing special to Betsy and Gene, it wasn't their song or anything, but Gene sang it so well that the gang always used to make him sing it alone. So when Saul played it that night, Betsy cried. That's all. Nothing to dwell on. Betsy doesn't like slack, either.

One fine thing happened. Gene was sent to boot camp at San Diego, and rehearsals for the play were postponed—first to December 15, then to January 1. When that meant that, for the time being, she and Gene were only three hours apart. She kept thinking how lucky she was that the play had been postponed, and started marking off days on the calendar. Because, after three weeks, boots get a 12-hour furlough.

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She wished she had more to do. With Gene gone, even the marketing didn’t amount to much. She hated going to bed, because she couldn’t sleep. For hours, she’d lie reading. Mornings, Mamie’d bring Kerry in, shrieking, “Mummy! Daddy!” Finding no daddy, she’d stand bewildered, then she’d remember— “Daddy Navy,” she’d squeal.

As a movie actor, Gene’s had plenty of pictures taken, any of which his daughter was welcome to. But the one she adored was on the cover of a magazine. Crumpled and smeared with kisses, it’s seen its best days, but Kerry refused to have it moved from the table by her bed. She’d pet it, cuddle it, make sheep’s eyes at it. “Daddy loves Kerry,” she’d coo.

**mama goes spartan**

Now that the responsibility was all hers, Betsy worried more about the baby. In matters of discipline, she and Gene hadn’t always seen eye to eye. If Kerry wanted the ashtrays off the table, Betsy’d say, “Let her. They’re so pretty and shiny, of course she likes them. I don’t care if she breaks them, it’s nothing, she’s so little.” Not that Gene was exactly a Spartan parent. He didn’t care either, if she broke them. “But she’s not too little to learn there are things she mustn’t touch—”

Subconsciously, Betsy must have known he was right. Now that he wasn’t here to hold the balance even, she tried to do it herself.

But there were long stretches of the day when Kerry didn’t need her. They’d have breakfast together, then the bus would call to take Kerry off to nursery school. At noon, she’d be back. But after lunch it was Mamie who put her to bed for her nap. Kerry’s nurse knows she can’t bully Mamie. When Mamie says, “You go to sleep,” she goes. When Mummy says it, Kerry doesn’t believe her. When the three weeks were up, Gene expected to be off by noon, so Betsy took a train down the night before. With a perfectly good bed in a perfectly good hotel, she couldn’t sleep. By eight, she was frantic. What was she going to do till noon? Grabbing a book, she threw herself down on the couch and next thing she knew, Gene was waking her up. It was two o’clock. “If I hadn’t fallen asleep,” she assured him, “I’d have died.”

**together again**

He looked brown and fit and not a bit

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ON TOUR WITH SUE AND ALAN
(Continued from page 57)

use to a boy with two. Pretty soon the boys would be gathering away as if they'd known him all their lives.

Sue, on the other side of the yard, would be having just as good a time. They were so happy to see her, these kids. They got out pictures of their wives and girls, and Sue, who likes people—all people, listened to every detail with absorbed interest.

merry mix-up.

One time she thought she had run into a little trouble. She went up to a bed and said to the young man in it: "Hello, Sue! Carol Ladd's wife!"

The boy looked up at her. "I'm sorry," His eyes conveyed nothing.

Sue swallowed. Obviously he didn't want to be bothered. "Oh—I didn't mean to intrude. I'll go along now."

He sat up then. "No, no, I just said I'm sorry." My name's Howard Sorry."

Sue giggled like mad. She said, "Let's get Alan over here, and you give him the same routine." So she sat and chortled inwardly while Alan turned spectacular shades of crimson just as she had.

The soldiers loved having the two of them there together. A family. It made the ward seem more homey, somehow. Like when the orange juice was served out, and Alan was handed a glass. He doesn't like orange juice. "Could I have milk instead, please?" he inquired.

Sue descended upon him, very wifely. "You drink that orange juice," she said severely, "It's full of vitamins."

The ward howled with laughter. "Tough guy Ladd! So you've been studying," And Alan grinned and meekly drank the juice.

Doing the wards this way had been Alan's idea and he'd met with a lot of objections. Everyone had been pretty skeptical about how it would work. "Can you do anything?" the authorities inquired. "Put on some sort of act?"

"Let's try it my way a couple of times and see how it goes," Alan suggested in his deep, quiet voice. Well, there was no question about how it went. It was terrific. The Ladds covered the hospitals in the whole Northwest—they figure they

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AUTOGRAFHS:

“He loves me, he loves me not—” Oh, well, never mind, you can get his autograph anyway. Just fox him by peeking at page 140.

“Women are always like that when you get a poker game started,” someone would say. “You can’t quit when you’re ahead, without giving us a chance to get our dough back, are you, Ladd?”

“Next time!” Alan would say, and grin. Sue pulled a trick on the boys that really had them fooled. She’d stand up in the back of the room and say sort of surreptitiously, “Hey, any of you fellows want to see a picture of a nude woman?”

They looked at her, but completely shocked. Because her face had just been thinking how sweet she was, how much like their own wives and sweethearts. But they were curious, too. They would skid over to her, and one of them would take a quick look at the picture she held in her hand. He would roar with laughter and say, “Come on, you guys! Get a load of something really hot!” The picture, of course, was of little Alana in the bathtub, looking very blonde and completely cherubic. That got over big, with the men whipping out pictures of their own offspring and comparing notes with Sue on the amount of spinach consumed for dinner.

Alan had one experience that will always stick in his memory. They visited a hospital filled with nothing but amputation cases. He was talking to a Special Services officer outside the building when a truckload of our men came by. The truck stopped with a jerk and the men yelled, “Hey, Ladd, come on and go swimming with us.”

One of the patients, the officer said casually, “Sure. We’ll go swimming,” Alan said, and climbed on the truck. He had kind of a sinking feeling, though. This was, he felt, going to be embarrassing all the way around. Well, he needn’t have worried. He was never with a crowd in his life that were more fun or more boisterous. Alan traveled about twenty thousand miles all together. And the report from every single hospital was not only favorable but enthusiastic.

There was one case that makes Alan feel sort of warm and glowing every time he thinks about it. A boy who’d have a piece of shrapnel in his brain. The shock had affected the nerves controlling his speech, and he could say just two words. They were “Oh, Gosh,” he used them to convey joy, despair or boredom by varying the inflection. But he couldn’t say another single thing. Well, he’d always been a fan of Alan’s. So the doctors brought the Ladds around to cheer him up. Alan chatted with him a while and the kid said “Oh, Gosh!” in a number of tones. Then all of a sudden he began talking along perfectly normally. Seeing Alan there in the flesh had, in some miraculous manner, released the mechanism in his brain. “It was that one thing that would have made the whole trip worth while,” Alan told Sue that night.

What the boys got the biggest kick out of was having him sit down and play poker with them. “That deadpan look gives you a head start,” they’d grumble, kidding. Of course he could only play a few minutes in each ward, there were so many people to see.

“Come on, honey, we’ve got to go,” Sue would urge from the doorway.

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would be at the edge of the pool and a
guy with one arm would shove him into the
water and go after him. They played
basketball when they were through swim-
milling and wore Alan out completely.

The Laddie were in Santa Fe at the start
of the Christmas holidays. The hos-
pital there was having a contest for the
most beautifully decorated ward, with a
prize of a radio-phonograph. You've never
seen such decorations in your life. They
were all made by hand—the boys worked
for weeks. In every ward was a big tree,
and the ornaments were silver and scarlet
and turquoise. Made of every available
material. The ward that won the prize
had a huge Santa Claus at one end, carry-
ing a pack full of discharge papers!

repetoire of one...

You've probably heard about Alan's
singing. At a recruiting center, Kay Kyser
thought it would be a good gag to get Alan
to make with the voice. Imagine every-
one's astonishment when Laddie finally
came out with "My Ideal" in the kind of
voice a girl swooned over. Now wherever
he goes he is swamped by requests for a song;
Alan finished making "Sajty O'Rourke"
just before he started on the tour and in
it he plays a track racing gambler. So who
should he meet at Buckley Field hospital
but a famous ex-jockey. The jockey
started talking handicapping and post posi-
tions and Hialeah and Santa Anita. The
catch being that Alan has been to the races
just once in his life and doesn't know a
handicap from a steeples chase.

It was a swell trip, that hospital tour.
Tough, sure—in a way. They covered a
lot of territory, in trains that weren't stream-
liners, or even a reasonable facsimile thereof.
The roads often were a roller coaster gone
mad. At the hospitals they spent their days in the wards, from ninety in
the morning to eleven at night. They
saw some heartbreaking sights, but just
the kind that make you grit your teeth
and say, "We've got to make it up to these
kids!" And they learned what all of us
must learn—that the wounded boys don't
want to be pitied. They want to be treated
just as they always were, and they want to
get back into civilian life and get a job
and marry their girls. Let's remember
that, and do our part, as Alan is doing his.
never saw such a happy grin.
He saw me laughing. "Hi, Hedda," he yelled happily. "Isn't this terrific? Isn't it wonderful?"
Sure it was. It was swell. He wasn't kidding, either. Van loved every minute of the mobbing he got. But only a few months ago Van himself was one of those star-worshiping kids. He stared, drop-jawed, whenever he saw one of his movie idols. He lost his tongue when he met them. He asked for autographs. He was a fan. Now it was happening to him and—no doubt about it—Van Johnson was eating it up, loving it.
But as he eased his car through the mob I couldn't help thinking—How long will the honeymoon be over? Or will it?" Already I knew. Van had abandoned his house in Mandeville Canyon and fled to the Beverly Hills Hotel because adoring girls were always breaking in his house and embarrassing him when he came home. (They heard he couldn't make his bed—so they were doing it for him.) I made a mental note to check up on Van a couple of years from now. Sometimes stars change—and sometimes they don't. It depends on the star. I'll say it does!

love 'em and leave 'em...

I remember a famous husky-voiced star when she first came to Hollywood, ready and willing to do whatever the ballyhoo boys wanted her to do—just to get fans to notice her. And I remember the same pretty lady, now rich and famous, and an episode I witnessed not too many nights ago in Hollywood.
She and her husband were coming out of the theatre when a young girl stepped up to him. "I'm torn to pieces," she began, "but here are some pictures I've taken of you with my own camera." She was proud as Punch. "Will you autograph them for me?"
The actress reached out her hand and looked at the pictures. She asked, "Have you got any more?"
The kid glared like summer sunshine. "Oh, yes," she said, and fished some more out of her pocket.

"Is that all?"
"Yes," said the girl. "That's all I have." Whereupon Miss Aren't I? I Wonderfully ripped the bunch to pieces and tossed them in the gutter! And her husband muttered something about how she doesn't have to submit to that sort of thing any more. She's out of pictures now," I call say is, that as far as that heartbroken little admirer was concerned, she certainly seas out of pictures. As far as I'm concerned, too!

Some stars regard fans as horrid little pests, as persecutors, nuisances, bothers—the custume of fame. Others appreciate them as friends. Still other stars sum up their loyal subjects like some men look on women—"you can't get along with em, and you can't get along without em." I could write a book on the subject and say

TO THE FANS, GOD BLESS 'EM
(Continued from page 37)

QUIZ ANSWERS
(Continued from page 15)

1. a 7. d
2. c 8. a
3. c 9. b
4. d 10. c
5. b 11. d
6. d 12. d
a lot on all sides (but I won't, so relax). The truth is that (and plenty of stars are smart enough to realize it) that without fans there wouldn't be any stars. I remember something Joan Crawford said a very long time ago. She was seated at a preview, pushed around and馒头 up considerably in the lobby of the old Egyptian theatre. A friend of hers, not in the movies, was flustered. "But Joan," she protested, "how can you stand this? Doesn't it scare you to death?" Joan Crawford smiled wisely. "No," she said, "until they get a reason to bother me!" That's a classic remark. In Hollywood now, I'll bet I've heard it tagged on a hundred stars since then. But Joan said it first, and she meant it. No Hollywood lady has ever had as many millions of adoring fans as Joan Crawford. She's had more fan clubs than any star in Hollywood. She's been a top star for over fifteen years and she still is. She's had fans to her house, met them in their own home towns, listened to their advice, helped them with their problems. She has dressed to please them, played parts they asked for. She has repaid their loyalty with more hidden acts of kindness than you'll ever know about. Joan has been imposed upon, too.

Like the incident with that girl who was a particular Crawford fan because everyone told her she looked exactly like Joan—same wide, blue eyes, chiselled face. Joan was unusually nice to her, had her out to the house and everything. But her amazing resilience gave the gal ideas. She started passing herself off around Hollywood as Joan Crawford's sister. Still Joan didn't mind. Until she also started charging things such as silk evening gowns and fur coats at the swank department stores. Then "Joan Crawford's sister" was disowned in self defense.

But that's a rare case. The point is, that Joan Crawford, who never was a phenom, used kindness to keep her fans in line. And that's the kind of kindness that will keep your hair looking all day long.
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 grieving actress (I think she'd be the first to admit that) was—and is—a great screen star and has been for over 15 years, largely because she had a vibrant personality and sang songs that went directly to her fans and never left them. She's a movie fan's star, the best example I know. When Joan's career sagged a few years ago, she never lost a fan. And she never lost a contract, either. Did her friendliness pay off when she needed it? Could be.

In contrast, let me tell you a little incident I was mixed up in once, and the star in question is certainly not what she used to be at the box-office, which may or may not prove a darned thing.

It happened at the premiere of "Gone With the Wind." You can imagine how the thousands of fans crowded around that event, how eager they were to see their favorites in the flesh. I was out in the crowd with those fans that night. I know the adoration they lavished on every great name from Hollywood, 'way down there in Atlanta, Georgia, but Hollywood stars were kings and queens with that hospitable southern crowd. They could do no wrong. But they did! For my money one did.

Some fans were having hard time getting a good look at their favorites. A few of them ganged up on me. "Hedda," (that's what they called me and it gave me a kick, the friendly way they said it) "Hedda, won't you ask them to turn around this way so that we can see their faces?"

I said, "You bet I will." The first star I approached was Virginia Bruce, to my mind, one of the great natural beauties of Hollywood. I explained the request. "How about turning around and giving us a smile, Virginia?" I asked. "These kids are wild to see what you look like." She gave me a blank stare.

de the little things count...

I saw it happen.

It was at the Michigan Theatre, and we were going to see Vaughn Monroe in person. After staying to see two performances, we decided to go back-stage in order to secure the star's autograph. Many other fans were waiting, so we joined the eager crowd. Vaughn Monroe had slipped out in his car while before, but who knows who's in that car? It was the leader, himself, and in quite a hurry. Our congregation stopped him with anxious tugs at his coat as he tried to get by. I, myself, was frantically pulling at his coat sleeve. Mr. Monroe apologized and said that it was but a minute or two before he had to appear again, and he hadn't even changed yet. But he underestimated our persistence, for while Vaughn Monroe was singing a theme song played on the stage, the maestro, himself, was back-stage signing autographs. To me, that was courtesy de luxe—and a swell guy!

Nancy Korey, Detroit, Michigan
ples. "And I wonder if you'd introduce your friends to me?" So I did. And they were thrilled—both the fans and Hattie. And I couldn't help wondering to myself who was the greatest real lady in that test—Virginia Bruce or Hattie McDaniel? Well, let's face it. Frankly, I'm on the fans' side in the perpetual tug-of-war that goes on between the great screen idols and their beloved subjects. Maybe it's the hat's left in me, but I like people. I like them. Whenever somebody flatters me with recognition or praise, I fling it from my scruffy bonnet to my wrinkled rayons. I had to struggle all the way to the top of the grade and I appreciate the symptoms of success. I remember once I stepped in the elevator at the Empire State Building (to be a film myself and get a руби look at Manhattan). I said something to the starter, and the woman behind me, who hadn't seen my face, cried, "Why Hedda Hopper!" She recognized my voice from the radio. I was thrilled! I beamed like a new bride.

For years I've haunted the fan mobs on the fringes of all big Hollywood events. I wade right in among 'em and ask 'em questions. When I'm in New York I tip them off when a star's about to arrive and tell them where she's staying. Some of my best friends are fans (I'm not a glamour gal to them. But I am Hollywood Information. So we get along). More than once a fan has tipped me off to a big Hollywood story, too. The time Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz ran off to Connecticut and the producer, a fan found out and tossed a screw right into my lap. But this isn't my story.

What I started to say was that fans are just people—like you and me. And everybody's a fan of somebody. Every movie star in Hollywood is a swooner—openly or in secret—for some other star (and sometimes they're their own greatest admirer, too!). We're all fans, and all with our special reasons for being fans. I went to a preview at Grauman's Chinese one night and in the famous forecourt where all the footprints and handprints and fingerprints are, I did my usual buzzing around among the mob. I saw a sweet old lady and a very young matron watching everything eagerly, always asking fans whom they came to see (there's always a special one) so I asked them and they said, "Lon McCallister!"

At first I didn't know Lon McCallister from Joe Doaks, so I just smiled a blank smile and moved on. But after

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

In September '42, Tallulah Bankhead came back to her home town of Jasper, Alabama. She was making her last appearance at the old auditorium and made her entrance greeting friends right and left while an elderly vendor hovered about the entrance selling his popcorn and peanuts. Suddenly Tallula spied him and ran through the crowd to give him a big kiss. As the famous actress walked away, tears slid down the lined face of the vendor and a smile betrayed his happiness. She had been one of the most famous people there for years. In Jasper, Tallula made her silent film debut years ago.

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It's girls. Morgan Taxes. The chambermaids change directions little a bit. He found them in the hotel and jumped in the elevator. When he could duck. Inside once, they issued an ultimatum: Morgan didn't learn that elevator until he came through with a song. Deny's a basket case, like Gable. He launched into "The Diamond Age," while the car rocketed to the roof and then plummeted back to the basement. After five rounds, they let him go, a little elevator-sick, but happy about the whole thing.

The funniest episode of that nature, though, happened to Dana Andrews, and it still makes him blush to tell it. Dana's a star who has made it the hard way, and that's the kind of star who appreciates his fans. Besides, Dana's one of the most normal, good-natured guys I know. Just the same, the situation was a little trying.

He was on a bond tour and lodged in a southern city hotel. He barged in his room one day, after being out in a terrific hurly-burly — clothes and hustle back to his bond-selling chores. Two dusky chambermaids were fussing about his room. But there was something about their manner that didn't ring true. Dana stopped in his tracks and took a good look. He knew blackface when he saw it. "All right, girls," he grinned, "I'll wash off the charade, know you."

They laughed at his professions. They'd made up as chambermaids to get in his room. They wanted to meet him. He was their favorite star — etc., etc., etc. But none of this quicksilver stuff. These fans wanted a long visit, a sort of double date that they could talk about for months and months.

"That would be swell," said Dana, "only not now. Look, I'm in a hurry." And he explained his tizy. "So you-all run along and — some other time."

"Uh-uh," said the girls. "We aren't leaving."

Dana explained. He cajoled, he threatened, he pleaded. He tried to kid them out of it. They just smiled and sat, as determined young girls can. When he add wildly that they'd have to leave, he had to change his clothes, they just giggled.

strip tease a la andrews ...

Dana was desperate. The minutes were ticking off. The only way, he figured, was to scare them off. He took off his coat. That thought was fine. He jerked off his tie. Not a move. He unleashed his shoes. They just stared. He flipped off his shirt. They perked up. They guffawed—the little devils—when he reached shakily for his belt buckle. Dana knew when he was licked. He'd changed clothes, laid to the bathroom, locked the door, shaved, showered and dressed. When he breezed by and out, the girls were still sitting there, the puppy cats. What a tale they had to tell the gang—about Dana Andrews' desperate strip tease!

All movie fans aren't little angels—don't get me wrong. Stars blessed with the good nature of a puppy dog and the patience of Job blow up in some outrageous situations. Fans can pester the pants off their idols. They can get in their hair, bust into their homes, damage their property, make them very uncomfortable. But are those particular (and fortunately rare) pests true admirers? I wonder.
I SAW IT HAPPEN

At a band rally, the Lt. Commander spoke heroically of the wounded Navy Seabees, fireworks, and Cesar Wendelken. Seabee Wendelken, though severely wounded, had to be left in a ditch while the few remaining men went for aid. He asked for a rifle, saying as he still used his arms, he could get the enemy.

Later, more dead than alive, he was rescued. Back in the states, he offered a medical discharge, and the film world offered him a salary running into four figures. However, he preferred to remain in Navy service.

Now, with the aid of braces, Seabee Wendelken tours the war plants, and with that same mischievous, lovable grin and smile, asks you, "Why not buy "More with Bobs"?" What is Seabee Wendelken? Remember "Freckles" from "Our Gang Comedies?" That's he.

I. Wexler, Territory, N. Y.

Remember the time when Bob Taylor was going to England to make "Yank at Oxford" and two Brooklyn high school girls stowed away under his stateroom bunk, only to be discovered at the last minute by Bob plenty of embarrassment, and I thought he was pretty swell about the whole thing, in spite of all the rags and gags he did before he got there. I was a little dressing room just the other day when his telephone rang. Long distance—a famous name orchestra leader calling, charges removed—would he take it? It was being ruled but he did. He knew the band leader, thought maybe he had something about a picture. But the voice on the wire was an ambitious fan who was going to be making a picture about a retirement campaign in the movies. (An actor's about the last person in the world, too, to help anybody get a Hollywood break. That was a shabby trick, cost Bill money. It didn't get the trickster anywhere, either.

I remember when the late Jean Harlow used to wear her lovely clothes ruined every time she appeared in public. I saw her almost naked once at a President's Birthday Ball appearance if it hadn't been for Larry Barbier, her M-G-M protector, who tossed his coat around Joan, she would have been seriously embarrassed. Joan Blondell once had a beautiful dress that Dick Powell gave her for an anniversary (in happier domestic days for them both) and she wore it proudly to a premiere. It had a row of cute little emerald tails and when Joan got through the mob they'd all been snatched off—every one. Funny thing, a few days later Joan Blondell spotted someone of her emerald tiles flying from the radio tower of a high school in Hollywood and slipped right off at the slightest jerk. Tough on the wardrobe but a darned sight better than Frankie's Adam's apple! Van Johnson has had three wrists watches smashed.

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Crème this evening—as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. A few days of surface bleaching will make all the difference.80c for six at any toiletry counter. 30 million jars already sold. Ask for Imperial size, or write for a generous sample to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Paris, Tennessee.
So you love autographs! Then how about a real one? Just think, a freshly written, black and white autograph, fresh from the pen of the person you want listed below. No dime-a-dozen imitations for you! Send a quarter for each autographed NAA emblem card. You see, this is a bargain in human happiness too, because the NAVAL AUXILIARY FUND is for the American seamen who guard us. You deserve your autographs! Send for that special offer: FIVE FOR ONE DOLLAR. What a pleasant way to say, "Thank you!"

June Allslen
Dan Anderson
Mary Anderson
Dana Andrews
Jean Arthur
Lynn Bari
Lois Barymore
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Thurston Hall
June Black
Jean Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Marilyn Monroe
Bette Davis
Abbe Lane
Bryan Marshall
Barbara Britton
Jim Brown
Eddie Carer
Claudette Colbert
Helen Calman
Gary Cooper
Joan Crawford
James Craig
Jean Craig
Dick Crane
Babe Crosby
Xavier Cugat
Helmut Dantine
Laurel and Hardy
Bette Davis
Lois De Havilland
Gloris De Haven
Martha De Villian
Tommy Dix
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Juno Duff
William Ekir
Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Fay
Evelyn Fenn
John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peter Gawthorne
Greer Garson
Pauline Garwood
Bette Grable
Pete Gable
Gary Grant
Barbara Hale
Kathry Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet
Alan Hale
Darce Harris
Sheila Hasto
June Havest
Genevieve
رت Harris
Ray Haver
Paul Hoveland
Maurice Hinckley
John Boles
Bob Hope
Robert Hudson
Walter Huston
Ruth Hussey
Bob Hope
Richard Jaeckel
Raymond Jones
Gloria Jean
Jennifer Jones
Doris Kenyon
Danny Kaye
Keely Smith
Ray Ken

You'd thought his autograph was the most desirable thing in the world. Suddenly, they all squaled and ran. The last one actually grabbed her pad and pencil out of poor Cesar's hand as he was writing. Why? They'd seen Cesar's letter arrive at the collector's market. Walter Pidgeon once was asked to sign a book on two pages. Intrigued, he asked why.

"Aw, I don't know," he said. "It takes two Pidgeons to trade for a Mickey Rooney, and that's what I want!"

There's another rap I'll have to pin on fans in no mean style. This give stars gray hairs—with their reckless actions—not about the stars' safety, but about the fans'. I got in a cab with Gary Cooper in New York once an autographed note came out of my skin when Gary shouted, "Don't start!" to the driver. "I'll take it easy," said the cabby, shifting into low. "DON'T WORRY, AN IH TOOK A HOPPER. He hopped two jumps and disengaged a boy's leg caught in the back bumper. If the cab had roared away he'd have been killed and who would have got the bad publicity? Three guesses, black-balled angel...

There's not a sweeter lady with fans in Hollywood than Greer Garson. Born on a boat traveling through Midwestern city not long ago, Greer found her automobile smothered with kids, eager for a look at her. Through a slip-up, there was an actual police execution and then they were pushing the front ones right into the wheels. Greer jumped out in a flash and ushered the embarrassed children back from the car. That night a local woman's welfare organization called at her hotel and ripped her up and down. They were sore as all get-out. Who did Greer Garson think she was, anyway, the creation screamed, to come to Mudville and push children around the streets? Honest, that actually happened. So sometimes it is to wonder, why so much to one man can be an angel on earth and still find herself doubing in horns and a forked tail—through a silly misunderstanding like that. The same day, Dietrich finished playing that grand old Army gal, and Madeleine Carroll at the top of the list, and I'd vote them a Congressional Medal, too, if I had any say in the matter for the wonder, comfort and joy they've brought our fighting GIs ever since the shooting started. I must have had a thousand letters from soldiers and mothers, like everyone else singing their praises. What an army of fans they've have as long as they live! Madeleine always was friendly, but it took the challenge of war's misery to bring out the real Marlene.

Bing Crosby blossomed as a friendly "Der Bingle," too, when he met his Army fans. He felt the same elation and joy and exultation when he meets the people around Hollywood, just as Gary Cooper's still too shy, although he's improved with age that way. I'm guessing that Gene tierd in Charlie Boyer, who's supposed to be cold and aloof, but I've seen Boyer act as chivalrous to a couple of freckle-noosed autograph hunting hangers on. He's a duchess, and always polite and obliging if you can catch him—but try and catch Charles, an arthritic dodger. Walter Pidgeon is another gentle giant, but a kind of sneaky considering how humorously twinkle-eyed no matter how many fans storm him or where. He's stopped traffic more than once in Hollywood and New York. You can put Ann Sheridan high on the honor list, especially since she's known Steve Hannigan, that jovial greeter who knows the worth of public friendliness.

Bette Davis used to be touched with temperament and then, but at heart she always was warm-hearted and her work at the Hollywood Canteen has mollified her right into a psi-gal. I don't know about Ann, but Bette unreservedly loves fans and fan-rushes like Virginia O'Brien; she eats it up. And little Diana Lynn squeals louder than the fans when they gang her. She's a Pittsburgh girl who had never walked in her life. She knew Lucille had been crippled, too, as a girl, and she wanted to see what Lucille had to be afraid of. Afternoon lending her the courage and hope of her own brave fight.

And then there's lovely Ingrid Bergman. The girls and the 10 fighter pilot, all persons of rugged missions, called at my house (how they ever found it I'll never know; my friends say I live at the ends of the earth). She left me in that morning and the afternoon lending her the courage and hope of her own brave fight.

I told her, "How about it? Can I bring them over? Do you mind?" she replied. "You bring any soldier who wants me to see me and I always welcome," she said. She sat down and wrote some notes to the disappointed flyers and I sent them on. Now, there's a gal thanks a million...

I wonder how many stars remember what they owe their fans? It was Mr. John's usual and exacting fans wherever Sonja Henie went on her skating show tours. A tree of orchids arrived in her room the minute she stepped into her hotel. She traveled all around the United States and everywhere it was the same. A new city, a new hotel, a new orchid tree! But no card. A mystery fan supreme, but obviously and everybody's who did trees Woolworth doesn't sell, Baby. Sonja was intrigued—who wouldn't be? Well, one night in New York she stepped out of the yogurt Club and during the evening her escort said he had a friend who'd like to dance with her. Sonja shook her pretty blonde head. "I'm too tired to dance," she said. "I'll meet him later some other time—how's that?"

The escort shrugged. "Whatever you say."

But in a minute a couple of waiters came up. They were lugging—that's right—a tree of orchids. They plunked it down before Sonja Henie and right behind it was a very handsome young man dressed very at-

home. Her fan—the orchid man. So Sonja danced with him. That's not all. Pretty soon she married him. His name was Dan Topolski. You never can tell about fans!
Happy the Bride with Lovely Eyes

Here's the Mascara that makes lashes look naturally dark, longer and more luxuriant. Cake, Cream form.

Black, Brown, Blue.

Silently she vows to keep them radiant, always. She owns she can depend on the magic of soft Maybelline Eye Make-up. And so can you. For truly enchanting charm, ways use Maybelline — the world's favorite Eye Make-up.

AT ALL DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND TEN CENT STORES

Maybelline
WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP
It's Spring again

It's TWO AGAIN

Just the way it used to be . . . Two to grab for the morning paper, Two places to set at the table . . . and Two Chesterfields over Two cups of coffee . . .

Yes, and when you share Chesterfields together you share all the benefits of smoking pleasure—Real Mildness—Cooler Smoking—Better Taste.

Chesterfield

They Satisfy
Modern Screen

Anniversary Issue

FANNIE HURST • HEDDA HOPPER
LOUELLA PARSONS • SIDNEY SKOLSKY
VICKI BAUM • JIMMY FIDLER

JUNE ALLYSON
Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder!

1. it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2. it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3. it clings perfectly... really stays on

Share this make-up secret of the Hollywood stars... individualize your beauty with your Color Harmony Shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder. There's a shade for your type, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead... so try this famous face powder today... $1.00

Max Factor Hollywood Color Harmony Make-Up
... Face Powder, Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick
There goes Yesterday—but how about Today?

Your bath only takes care of past perspiration, but to guard your future freshness—the word is Mum!

YES, YOUR bath washes away all past perspiration. But it can’t protect you against risk of underarm odor to come. It can’t safeguard your future freshness. That’s a job Mum does well.

So top off your bath with Mum—and stay as sweet as you are. Don’t take chances when your charm is at stake. Mum is one quick trick that helps a girl to keep her “date” dazzled!

You’re hitting it off! The one you dote on has eyes and ears for you alone. He thanks his lucky stars that you came into his life. And you make a super-salaam to Mum for keeping you so nice to be near. Underarm odor hasn’t a chance. After your bath, before every date, you make sure of daintiness with Mum!

Mum smooths on like a breeze. And takes just 30 seconds’ doing. Mum’s protection lasts all day or evening long. No risk of offending odor now. And isn’t it nice to know that Mum won’t injure fine fabrics—won’t irritate your skin?

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers
There are several kinds of laughs. The smile, the chuckle, the quirk of amusement. None of these, however, with the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn film "Without Love", is "Without Love" is sensationally funny. And personal and warm. This columnist saw the picture four times before writing this. We laugh in the same places each time. Spencer was never immemoriser. Katharine attempts to woo, but his attitude is that it can't Hepburn here. The picture is much better than that.

Donald Ogden Stewart has adapted Philip Barry's play with a fresh approach and a real hand. He has introduced a sleep-walking motif.

Spence sleep-walks at first and Katie sleep-walks right back at him. It's a sleep-walkie-tale.

Lawrence Weingarten, who is awfully good at producing this sort of clever fare for M-G-M, is up to his old tricks.

Harold Bucquet, the director, deserves a bouquet for his excellent job.

The picture has one of the greatest casts ever. In addition to Tracy and Hepburn, there's, to begin with, Luellle Ball, a star on her own, who lives up to her reputation.

Keenan Wynn never was funnier. Then there are Carl Esmond, Patricia Morison, Felix Bressart—and and.

It started during Easter at the Radio City Music Hall in New York and is still running. It's a long run picture.

Changing the subject, how many of you have seen "The Picture of Dorian Gray", the most unusual film of the year?

The production based on Oscar Wilde's absinthie-tinted drama is causing a great deal of talk. It is so superbly produced, so different in theme from conventional fare. We think you ought to see "Dorian".


Still roaring.

modern screen
Like velvety gardenias... like muted music... your soft, lovely hands spell romances.

So always, always keep your hands appealing. It's so much simpler when you guard them the Trushay way.

Before every household task, smooth on this new-idea, "beforehand" lotion. It's lush, fragrant, creamy... a joy to use.

And Trushay helps prevent rough dryness... guards lovely hands, even in hot, soapy water. Try it today.
Everybody's Celebrating!

IT'S A GALA YEAR FOR MOVIE FANS....

Watch for these M.G.M hits...

"WITHOUT LOVE"
starring SPENCER TRACY, KATHARINE HEPBURN with LUCILLE BALL,
KEENAN WYNN, CARL ESMOND, PATRICIA MORISON, FEIX BRESSART • Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart
Based on the Play by Philip Barry • Directed by Harold S. Bucquet • Produced by Lawrence A. Weingarten

"THE VALLEY OF DECISION"
starring GREER GARSON, GREGORY PECK with DONALD CRISP,
LIONEL BARRYMORE, PRESTON FOSTER, MARSHA HUNT, GLADYS COOPER, REGINALD OWEN
DAN DURYEA, JESSICA TANDY, BARBARA EVEREST, MARSHALL THOMPSON • Screen Play by John Meehan
and Sanya Levies • Based on the Novel by Marcia Davenport • Directed by Tay Garnett • Produced by Edwin H. Knopf

"THRILL OF A ROMANCE"
starring VAN JOHNSON, ESTHER WILLIAMS with FRANCES GIFFORD,
HENRY TRAVES, SPRING BYINGTON and Introducing The Metropolitan Opera Star LAURITZ MELCHIOR,
TOMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA • Photographed In Technicolor • Original Screen
Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman • Directed by Richard Thorpe • Produced by Joe Pasternak

"HER HIGNESS AND THE BELLBOY"
starring HEDY LAMARR, ROBERT WALKER, JUNE ALLYSON
with RAGS RAGLAND, WARNER ANDERSON, AGNES MOOREHEAD
Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman • Directed by Richard Thorpe • Produced by Joe Pasternak

P. S.—Remember "Lassie, Come Home"? You'll love "Son of Lassie", M-G-M's spectacular sequel in Technicolor!
SPENCER TRACY · KATHARINE HEPBURN
Without Love
GREER GARSON · GREGORY PECK
THE VALLEY OF DECISION
VAN JOHNSON · ESTHER WILLIAMS
Thrill of a Romance
IN TECHNICOLOR
HEDY LAMARR · ROBERT WALKER
JUNE ALLYSON
HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY
M.G.M's 21st Anniversary
Here is a frail story whose strength paradoxically lies in its cobweb pattern. The combination of Paul Gallico (who wrote the original story with Pauline Gallico) and Robert Nathan, (who wrote the screen play with Joseph Schrank), lives up to much that is expected from such a wedding of opposite talents.

Basically, “The Clock” is a boy-meets-girl theme interpreted in ideas of one syllable, with Judy Garland as the girl, Alice, and Robert Walker as the boy, Joe.

It is the kind of picture which, while you are seeing it, captures you with its charm but does not give you much to take home. That must mean it has a kind of enchantment under which it holds the viewing spectator. And that is a nice achievement.

Boy meets girl in New York’s Pennsylvania Station under conditions as simple and conventional as this: Corporal Joe Allen, a wide-eyed boy from Minnesota, arrives from his Maryland encampment on a two-day furlough. Corp. Joe is green, bewildered, lonely. Alice Maybery, a young New York office-worker (originally, too, from a Main Street), is returning from a weekend.

Thus, boy meets girl in Pennsylvania Station.

But what in the world are the authors and the director going to do with these two run-of-the-mill young people who meet under such unoriginal circumstances?

They are going to do quite a good deal that is delightful, playful, and moving. You wonder that the authors had so much up their sleeves.

It transpires that Corporal Joe has forty-eight hours at his disposal. The New York that is milling and storming around him is not one bit interested in that fact. Neither, in the beginning, is pretty Alice Maybery. And then the droll, the pleasant, the humorous, the whimsical, the apprehensive and the heart-hurting, begin to happen to the boy and girl.

This is a (Continued on page 10)
"The man in your life," says this lovely star, "just takes it for granted you were born beautiful if your hair is shining, your eyes are bright, and your skin is soft and fresh. But we women know how important day-to-day care is in order to look and keep looking our prettiest."

YOU will find it's true! His eyes will tell you it pays never to neglect the daily care that gives you the appeal of soft, smooth skin, the fresh radiant look that says "glamour," always.

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier...no wonder 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!
FANNIE HURST REVIEW
(Continued from page 8)

picture about teen-age young people, but the authors are not concerned with "the problems" of our present youth generation, for they are war-damage and Corp. Joe Allen are clean-minded, clean-hearted, any-generation, youth.

After about two hours of the precious twenty-four have passed, they are dumb-founded with the miracle of love, and one of the charms of this little picture is the fact that this ancient miracle as it happens to two conventional and usual young people, is as fresh as a rose.

Immediately the story becomes the breathless pilgrimage of a young soldier on leave, to a sweet-new sweetheart.

lucky accident...

When Alice first loses the heel of her pump in Pennsylvania Station, and the lonely corporal regains it for her, she agrees to let him ride part way on her bus. It is spring in New York. It is spring in Central Park. Presently two young people, who hadn't meant to do it at all, find themselves in the Park, and already a couple of hours have been clipped off the precious forty-eight.

Yes, it is actually that simple. When Alice leaves Corporal Allen that afternoon, he expresses a promise from her to meet him later. She calls out of the bus window, "I'll meet you under the clock at the Aster Hotel at seven"

Well, as you may suspect, Alice in the end, is irresistibly drawn to The Clock.

Alice and Joe, admirably and unerringly played by Judy Garland and Robert Walker, are happy-eyed with miracle; lovely with authentic innocence. They swap home-tows, revel in the present.

Their ramble leads them from pillar to post, from Metropolitan Museum to Fantasia There is a tender idyll of a scene in Central Park that is as sweet as dew, and almost immediately following, we move into a hilarious episode which lands them in a milk-delivery wagon.

The milkman, masterfully played by that old master, James Gleason, offers them a lift. On the way, ole man milkman sustains an eye injury which incapacitates him. Thus, at three o'clock, the Corporal and the young office girl appear jointly engaged in the procedure of milk-servicing Mr. and Mrs. New York.

Well, scene by scene, which includes breakfast in the home of the milkman, an interlude in a lunchroom where Keenan Wynn plays one of the funniest drunkards known to the screen, these young people approach the decision of marriage.

The forty-eight hours shorten! The red tape lengths! The spectator sits on the edge of his seat, breathless, but the picture closes on Mr. and Mrs. Joe Allen, safely wed.

The self-conducted religious marriage ceremony, which these babes-in-the-wood take in their own reverent hands, following the civil ceremony, is an eye-moister.

"The Clock," no tear-jerker, is like that.

This is more of an achievement than it appears, for historically, the story is made up of a variety of unrelated circumstances. Anything could happen to a couple of youngsters, and none of these conditions and anything does. Yet the story remains believable. This is practically only one touch of Hollywood.

After this simple girl and simple boy marry, and Judy Garland far too expansively neglected, sitting up in bed in an ornate hotel suite.

To go around the clock with Alice and Joe, is small but lovely adventure.

FANNIE HURST REVIEW
(Continued from page 8)

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To go around the clock with Alice and Joe, is small but lovely adventure.
BERGMAN
The.
Incomparable!

Winner of screenom's
most coveted honor, The
Academy Award...The First
Lady of the Screen...as a
woman of science, gambling
life and love to unlock the
fearful secret in the heart of
a man—wanted for murder!

DAVID O. SELZNICK
presents
INGRID BERGMAN
GREGORY PECK
in
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
SPELLBOUND
A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
Screen Play by Ben Hecht • Released thru United Artists
Congratulations to
MODERN SCREEN
On its 15th Anniversary
from
20th CENTURY-FOX
Celebrating its
30th Anniversary!
IT'S GRABLE! IN THE MUSICAL THAT OUTSTRIPS THEM ALL!

Wait 'til you see...
the daring ACAPULCO!

The dazzling
AMERICAN BEAUTY!

GRABLE go for
HAYMES!
Lucky, Lucky You!

Betty GRABLE
Dick HAYMES

Billy Rose's
DIAMOND HORSESHOE
in Technicolor

with PHIL SILVERS • WILLIAM GAXTON • BEATRICE KAY • CARMEN CAVALLARO

Directed and Written for the Screen by GEORGE SEATON • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG
Suggested by a Play Produced by Charles L. Wagner and Written by John Kenyon Nicholson
Songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren
MODERN SCREEN'S new, top notch Swing and Jazz Editor, Leonard Feather swings right into the mood of this, our 15th Anniversary issue, and jogs us back to the music world of boop-boop-a-doop and Rudy Vallee—into the year 1930. So climb on the bandwagon with Leonard and Joe, his purely-figment-of-the-imagination assistant, for a big name musical memory tour.—Ed. Note.

Well, here we are in 1930, and the music business certainly is in a state of turmoil this year. Looks as though these talkies may turn out to do some good for us after all, instead of throwing all the musicians out of work. They say that 9,000 out of the 22,600 movie theaters are wired for sound now, and it's going to take a lot of musicians to make the sound tracks for all these musical films that are springing up.

(Joe, better get some arrangements made up on that rumba number, "The Peanut Vendor." Looks like it's a hit. And fix up those songs we heard on the radio last night—"Dancing With Tears In My Eyes," "Crying For The Carolines," "Tiptoe Through The Tulips" and "High Society Blues," willya?)

Yes, everybody's going movie minded; songwriters and publishers and actors are invading Hollywood and it's another Gold Rush. They say Gershwin's on his way out West to write the score for a new musical. Those "Girl Crazy" songs of his sound all right, too—"Embraceable You" and what's the other one? Oh yes, "I Got Rhythm"...

This kid Lewis Ayres, the boy who was a banjo player and medical student at the University of Arizona, he's making quite a name for himself as a movie star, what with "All Quiet On The Western Front" and another one coming up. Not bad for a banjo player, huh?

(Joe, get these out for the next set—"Boop-Boop-A-Doopa-Doo Trot" and "Betty Co-Ed" (Continued on page 91)
PEARL BUCK'S
thrilling novel of adventure,
love and jealousy...under the
China Sky

Primitive Passions!
flame into conflict...in the
hearts of an American doctor,
the woman he married and the
girl who loves him...amid the
devastation of daily bombings!

Starring
RANDOLPH SCOTT
RUTH WARRICK
ELLEN DREW

with ANTHONY QUINN • CAROL THURSTON
RICHARD LOO

Produced by Maurice Geraghty • Directed by Ray Enright
Screen Play by Brenda Weisberg and Joseph Hoffman
Congratulations to Modern Screen on its 15th Anniversary from Paramount

The World’s Most Honored Film Company

which has set a winning record with these Awards:

8 Academy Awards
Look Magazine Award
Redbook’s Annual Award
Photoplay Magazine Medal

and which is currently creating a romantic riot as Joan Fontaine flirts her way into everyone’s heart in her first gay, romantic comedy

“The Affairs of Susan”
MELISSE
says
Hold on to your men, girls... here comes
JOAN FONTAINE
And does that girl have what it takes to snare the boys as she plays Susan—a divine man-trap in her first gay, romantic comedy. "Slick trick" Susan uses a different line for each one—and they all work, but beautifully.

You'd think she didn't know anything when she meets George Brent. So wide-eyed and innocent (you know—the sweet sixteen act that makes men so protective)!

Glamour Girls! Take a lesson in dazzle from Susan. When she puts on the "allure" for Don DeFore she leads him on a conga that ends up you know where!

Some men, like Dennis O'Keefe, take women seriously! So Susan puts on glasses and takes up a good book—and she can write her own story from there on!

Walter Abel was the hard-to-get kind—until Susan used her "Society Siren" line—and how that lured him—is another lesson in how to get your man!

Joan Fontaine
George Brent
in
HAL WALLIS’
PRODUCTION
"The Affairs of Susan"

with
DENNIS O'KEEFE
Don DeFore
Rita Johnson • Walter Abel
 Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
A Paramount Picture
MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS

You aren't going to believe a word of this, but it seems that in Baghdad a thousand years ago there was a super-crooner named Aladdin, who was the Sinatra of his day. Every time Aladdin (Cornel Wilde) made with the musical notes, the anklet brigade (they didn't have bobby sox in Baghdad) swooned all over the place.

Aladdin has a disreputable pal, Abdullah (Phil Silvers), who picks pockets while the crowd listens to the crooner. Aladdin frowns on this, but Abdullah loves picking pockets! Only there comes a day when he's caught in the act and he and Aladdin have to scram. While scurrying, they meet the litter of Princess Marijanna (Adele Jergens), being borne through the streets. Aladdin, who's the adventurous type and something of a wolf besides, distracts the guards' attention and climbs into the litter. He pitches a little woo with the beautiful princess and makes a date to meet her in the palace gardens that night.

They fall in love during their date, and Aladdin absentmindedly starts to croon, which brings the palace guards on the run. He is tossed into jail, where he finds his friend, Abdullah. The princess runs to her father, the King, to ask for Aladdin's release. What she doesn't know at this point is that the real king has been kidnapped, and his twin brother, Hadjii, a very nasty piece of work, has taken his place. Naturally her request is refused, for Hadjii plans to marry her off to the highest bidder.

The Princess' pretty handmaiden, Novina (Dusty Anderson) distracts the jailer while Aladdin and Abdullah escape. They encounter a sorcerer, a genie, and a magic lamp. Now a magic lamp is a very handy trinket to have around, since all you have to do is rub it and your wish is granted. The catch in this case is that the genie of the lamp is a voluptuous looking wench (Evelyn Keyes) who gets a yen for Aladdin and is very uncooperative about helping him win the Princess. Since this is a fairy tale, it must have a happy ending, so Aladdin, who simply can't make up his—no, on second thought, I won't tell you. (Continued on page 22)
The Reception Committee—
(KNOW ANYBODY HERE?)


The Patriot. Always talking about all the things he goes without. Mentions the War Bonds he buys as though he were doing the Government a favor. This makes veterans (who’ve been buying plenty of Bonds themselves) wonder whether we had the right people in foxholes.

The Clutch. One like her in every town. Always leaping to help some disabled veteran over a pebble. Practically blubbers while she’s doing it. Succeeds in making the veteran feel he’s ruined for any normal life. Or career.

The Bloodhound. “It’s OK, Sailor, you won’t shock me! Ever knife a Jap? How does it feel to be bombed?” The War’s just one big adventure story to him. But it hasn’t been for the sailor. He wants to forget it—not talk about it.

The Rock. He’s nerveless. The Iron Man. War hasn’t affected him. Can’t understand why discharged veterans are allowed 90 days to relax before going back to their old jobs. Can’t understand why they should need time to get over the War. He doesn’t. Combat Officers would love to have this type in their care for a while.

Blue Ribbon Citizen. Like all good people, she asks no questions, weeps no tears, doesn’t stare at disabilities. To her, a returned veteran is an able, more aggressive and resourceful citizen than the boy who went away. She’s proud of him, proud to know him. Anxious to be of real help. She’s the kind of person we should all be.

Prepared by the War Advertising Council, Inc., in cooperation with the Office of War Information and the Retraining and Reemployment Administration.

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Maybelline
WORLD’S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP
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Jack Carson  Dane Clark  Joan Crawford  Helmut Dantine
John Dall  Olivia de Havilland  Bette Davis  John Garfield
Paul Henreid  Sydney Greenstreet
End Flurry
Betty Alexander  William Prince
Eleanor Parker  Rosalind Russell  Reynolds
Joyce Smith
Alessia Smith  Ann Sheridan
Barbara Stanwyck  Jane Wyman
Robert Arthur  Monte Blue
Barbara Brown  Becky Brown
Tom D’Andrea  Rosemary De Camp
Warren Douglas  Toby Pat Clark
Angela Greene  Peggy Knudsen
Bill Kennedy
Raymond Massey
Andrea King
John Miles  Dorothy Malone
Jan Mc Cracken
Jackie Mack  Helen Pendle
Zachary Scott
Ridge
Claude Rains  Marjorie Reynolds
S.Z. Sakall  Robert Shayne
John Sheridan  Arthur Shields  Craig Stevens  Jean Sullivan
George Tobias  Martha Vickers  Joan Winfield  Donald Woods

All the folks at Warners hope there’ll be millions more...

HAPPY 15TH to MODERN SCREEN!
NEW HONORS FOR THE SCREEN'S MOST HONORED ACTRESS!

WARNER BROS. BRING ANOTHER GREAT PLAY TO THE SCREEN!

"The Corn is Green"

A LOVE THAT RIPENED TOO FAST!

Directed by
with JOHN DALL • JOAN LORRING • NIGEL BRUCE • RHYS WILLIAMS • IRVING RAPPER
Produced by JACK CHERTOK • Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Frank Cavett • From the Stage Play
by EMLYN WILLIAMS • Produced by Herman Shumlin • Music by Max Steiner
MOVIE REVIEWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Wilt Not...

STAY COOL AND LOVELY

Select one of seven heavenly Le Sonier Refillable Powder Mitts, in floral prints and petal pastels.

Whisper-soft palm sifs scented, silken powder onto your body — leaves you coolly clean, completely lovable. A tempting assortment of Le Sonier Refillable Powder Mitts awaits you at good stores everywhere, from $1.00 to $2.50.

Be sure it’s Refillable!

Le Sonier

REFILLABLE POWDER MITT

LE SONIER, INC. New York — Boston

THE CORN IS GREEN

Most of us have thought, one time or another, “What’s the use of going to school, anyway?” I’d be just as well off without so much education.” In “The Corn Is Green,” a brilliant young student begins to feel that way, and his teacher has quite a battle on her hands. Since Bette Davis plays the dynamic, stubborn teacher, you can be sure she’ll win out. But John Dall, as the pupil, makes the question of school or no school an unexpectedly engrossing one.

All this takes place in a small Welsh village. Miss Moffat, the teacher, has come there from London. When she sees boys from ten to seventeen or eighteen, who can’t read or write, working in the mines, she feels that something must be done about them. So she starts a school, using her own money, and conducting classes in her own house. She runs into a lot of difficulties, which is partly her own fault. She isn’t a very tactful person, and she antagonizes the local squire (Nigel Bruce).

Miss Moffat would, perhaps, have given up, if it hadn’t been for Morgan Evans. Morgan, a boy of eighteen, shows promise of a writing talent amounting to genius, and she devotes two years of concentrated effort to getting him ready for Oxford. Then Morgan goes suddenly berserk.

Discouragement and rebellion and liquor have conspired to lure Morgan into a brief affair with an impudent little servant girl. Bessie (Joan Loring) has been flaunting about the place with an air of secret satisfaction, lately. She takes the greatest delight in telling Miss Moffat, whom she hates, that she is going to have a baby. But the Squire has decided to pay Morgan’s way through Oxford, and he has a brilliant future before him. Which way does his duty lie?

You may or may not agree with the solution, but you’ll certainly agree that Bette is tops in this picture, and that both John Dall and Joan Loring are definite discoveries. —Warner.
This show had four-and-a-half years on Broadway. . . Warner Brothers bought it especially for Betty Davis. . . With the play came four of the original New York cast: Rhys Williams, Rosalind Ivan, Mildred Dunnock and Gene Ross. . . Here are a couple of notes about newcomers John Dall and Joan Laning. Dall and Miss L. are completely unknown to movie audiences. He is six foot, 26 years old, the son of a Montana lawyer. He was trained as an engineer. Pop's work took him to Panama where John joined the cast of his first amateur play called "Yes Means No." Joan got her role through circumstances rivaling a publicity man's dream. Chertok and Rapper were at wits' end for a girl to play Beatie Watty. They cried on the shoulder of Rhys Williams who promised to keep an eye open for a gal. One morning Rhys' car wouldn't start and he hailed a passing motorist. The motorist turned out to be Casey McGregor, small-parts actor at Universal. They talked shop and Rhys told McGregor of their plight. Casey knew just the girl. He knew Joan. She read the part to Chertok and Rapper and was engaged without a test. Joan's father, an English broker, is a prisoner of the Japanese, interned at Hong Kong.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Eddie Bracken as an ex-Western Union messenger turned radio crooner presents a hiliarious picture. When he looks into the microphone fondly, rolls his eyes heavenward, opens his mouth—and Bing Crosby's voice comes out! You'll love it! Especially the scene where he and his fan him up to sing and another of them says "I've heard that voice before." "Yeah, but I still like the guy with the bow tie!" retorts another.

Herbie Fenton (Eddie Bracken) becomes a crooner by sheer accident. The accident being that beautiful Dorothy Dodge (Veronica Lake) faints when he is singing at an amateur performance. Betty Miller (Diana Lynn) signs him up to sing with her girls' orchestra at fifty dollars a week. Betty needs money to take the band to New York where they have been offered a radio job, so she sells pieces of Herbie's contract around town. The trouble is, she's not so good at arithmetic, and finds she has sold one hundred-and-twenty-five percent of Herbie! They get the radio job, and Herbie is a sensation! That is partly due to Dorothy Dodge, who has twenty-five percent of him, and who hires "swooners" at three bucks per swoon. Anyway, he is offered huge sums for personal appearances, and Betty, who doesn't dare tell him about her muddled finances, is in the nasty position of losing more money the more Herbie makes.

He is in love with Betty, and she loves him too, but she feels she must straighten things out before she can let him know it. Then Herbie's "owners" get together and find out the situation. The sponsor finds out, too, and Betty is threatened with jail. Of course it all works out, with a musical accompaniment that will really sell you. There's a lovely liltled called "If I Comes Around Every Year" and a very funny number by Cass Daly, "Sailor With An Eight Hour Pass." Don't miss this picture, girls, because it's pretty special. Per.

P. S.

Hard to beat Paramount when it comes to a high-stepping musical. And it's hard to beat Eddie Bracken when it comes to stepping in them. The story is a typically Bracken story and he comes through it in fine style. . . As the girl band leader, Diana Lynn insures herself against ever being typed. Every role she's . . .

Are you in the know?

For a slick permanent, which is a "must"?

- A skilled operator
- A cold wave
- A machine wave

Frizzly flub—or dream girl? That depends largely on the skill of your operator. Let her decide the right type of wave for your hair texture. Slick grooming requires infinite care. And guard your daintiness with care—especially at "certain times.

Now there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed into each pad—not merely dusted on. No extra charge for this new Kotex "extra" that aids your charm, your confidence.

Is this little beach belle—

- Playing pretty-coke
- Dive bobly
- Collar-bone conscious

No, she's not "fetched"—just collar-bone conscious. And if you have hollows around the base of your neck, try: Standing erect, arms out (as shown), elbows stiff. Swing arms backward, forward, touching finger tips. This also banishes shoulder-blade problems. To banish problem-day discomfort—choose Kotex, for Kotex stays soft while wearing—far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. And the special safety center of Kotex gives you plus protection.

If you're stymied with a show-off, should you—

- Try to reform him
- Go smilin' through
- Make with the icicles

Why attempt to freeze or reform him? Be smart and go smilin' through his clowning. It can be fun—and he'll tell the world you're wonderful! Learning to laugh in a trying situation helps build self-confidence. That goes for trying days, too . . . when you laugh off "tell-tale outline" fears with the patented, flat tapered ends of Kotex. So unlike thick, stubby napkins, those flat pressed ends don't show revealing lines. Kotex keeps you confident!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

* T. M. Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued on page 20)
We don’t mean to play “hard to get”—we just naturally are! So you better be an early bird on June 12 if you want to catch our big July issue. It’ll sparkle with color and bubble with news. Don’t miss it!

JULY JULEP

This one was in the can (Hollywood slang for completed) for a short vacation at the Arizona Biltmore. Spent most of his time there poring over scripts. Bets are that Spence was looking for a Broadway show to appear in... During production of the picture, Tracy’s birthday rolled around and Lionel Barrymore came onto the set with an original sketch of his late brother, John Barrymore, done by John Sargent in 1923. Peggy Gough, Spence’s former secretary, sent him a Nazi Party pin from Germany where she is Red Crossing. Katharine Hepburn had to come from Connecticut for this one. First spot in Los Angeles that Katie heads for is usually Chinatown where she stuffs herself with the delicious fried shrimp and chop suey. This time she caused a mild sensation—was so mobbed she couldn’t even have dinner. The Chinese natives in the village remembered her terrific performance in “Dragon Seed.” Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz celebrated their wedding anniversary during production. They gave one another a post-war tennis court for their home in the shape of War Bonds.

IT’S IN THE BAG

Fred Allen ambles his wisecracking way through this entertaining yarn as the owner of a flea circus. He is aided and abetted by Jack Benny, Binnie Barnes, William Bendix, Robert Benchley and a flock of other well-known names. The plot concerns itself with his efforts to collect an inheritance left him by a cousin who has been murdered.

Fred (his last name’s Floogle instead of Allen in the picture, but let’s just call him Fred) doesn’t know at first that his cousin was murdered. The police called it suicide. The papers referred to him as a

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

“Now don’t move, darling—I want to remember you as you naturally are.”
a millionaire and said Fred was his sole heir. On the strength of that, Fred and his wife, Eve (Binnie Barnes), and their daughter, Marian (Gloria Pool), go completely haywire. They move into a tower suite in New York's snootiest hotel. They order a lot of de luxe clothes, and Fred starts betting a thousand bucks instead of two on the fourth race at Belmont. Only Fred's son, Homer (Dickie Tyler), aged twelve, remains calm. Homer is a genius, and money holds little interest for him. Fred's arch enemy, an insect exterminator named Parker (Robert Benchley), lives at the same hotel. His son is in love with Fred's daughter, and now that Fred is the heir to a fortune, Parker withdraws his previous objections.

But, alas! When Fred goes to see his cousin's lawyer, he has a rude awakening from this dream of wealth. The lawyer, Pike (John Carradine), says his cousin's fortune is spent. All Fred gets is a set of Louis Sixteenth chairs. Homer takes the chairs off to sell them to an antique dealer, and when he's gone, Fred gets a message from his dead cousin. It was left at a bank to be delivered after his death, and says that he has been threatened and may be murdered. It also says the evidence and two hundred thousand dollars will be found in one of the six antique chairs. Fred calls the dealer frantically, only to be informed that the chairs have been sold to six different people.

The rest of the picture is devoted to a mirth-provoking search for the two hundred thousand dollars. The highlights are Fred's interview with Jack Benny who has bought one of the chairs, Fred's and Eve's visit to the movies, and a scene where Fred has to carry what he thinks is a corpse for six blocks. If you're looking for fun, "It's in the Bag!"—U.A.

P. S.

The script of this picture was practically rewritten during production. Most of the members of this comedy cast are terrific in the ad lib department—especially Benny, Allen, and Bob Benchley—and when the scheduled punch line didn't suit one of them they simply changed it—impromptu! . . . Fans of Bob Benchley (and who isn't?) will get a good laugh from his mouse-trap demonstration. Just the thought of it should bring a giggle.

. . . Three screen debuts in this picture: "Sugar Blonde" Gloria Pope, Chevy Chase graduate, plays Fred Allen's daughter; 12-year-old Dickie Tyler, popular with Broadway theategoers, makes his cinema debut as Allen's precocious son; and "Mrs. Nussbaum" (real name—Minerva Pious) was brought to Hollywood for a role similar to the one she plays on the air.

. . . Binnie Barnes returns to the screen after more than a year away. You'll be glad she did when you see her and Fred Allen demand their money back for a movie show. . . . The voice of Mary Livingstone (Mrs. Jack Benny) supplies one of the most comic moments in "It's in the Bag," although Mary does not appear in the picture.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

This picture skips with reckless abandon from one century to another, hitting the high spots from 1492 to 1942. But don't get the idea that it's any cavalcade of history. Any resemblance between it and history is purely coincidental. It's a lot of gay, musical nonsense, whipped to a froth by Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie and June Haver. Fred seems a bit bewildered through it all, and that's only natural. After all, he starts out as a civilian in 1942 and bounces around through the
The civilian is a guy named Bill who is 4-F, in love with a girl named Lucilla (June Haver) who goes for uniforms. Then there's another girl named Sally (Joan Leslie) who's in love with Bill. So there we are with the eternal triangle going along normally enough, when Bill finds an antique lamp. He gives it a couple of absent-minded rubs, there's a puff of smoke, and a genie materializes. The genie is a carefree gent called Ali, who tells Bill to make a wish and be, Ali, will see to its immediate fulfillment. "I wish I were in the U.S. Army!" says Bill loudly. The next minute he's marching along in uniform. But there's a slight difficulty. It seems that a century more or less isn't important to a genie, and the uniform Bill is wearing belongs to the Revolutionary War! In fact, he is with General Washington's Army at Valley Forge.

Bill tries to be helpful. After all, he has a pretty accurate knowledge of what future events will be. This leads him into trouble, though, and he is about to be shot as a spy when Ali hastily appears and whisks him into another century. This time Bill finds himself a sailor—aboard Christopher Columbus' ship en route to America. His next transformation puts him on Manhattan Island, which is still in the possession of the Indians. Bill buys it for twenty-three dollars. Sally appears as an attractive Indian maiden, and he realizes he loves her instead of Lucilla, but it takes another century or so to straighten things out, and put Bill in the Marines.

Nonsense? Sure! But it's the kind of nonsense that gives you a pleasant evening. And it's in Technicolor—T.C.F.

P. S.

This, as you may have guessed by the review, is completely zany. But it's guaranteed to loosen up the tightest war nerves.

...The story, by Morris Ryskind, was bought in brief synopsis form for $50,000—the entire movie cost over two million dollars. The music is by Kurt Weill and the whimsical Gilbertese lyrics were done by Ira Gershwin. . . . No one but Gregory Ratoff could have directed it. . . . This is Fred's first picture under his brand new 20th Century-Fox contract. . . . Joan Leslie was borrowed from Warner Brothers.

THE MAGNIFICENT ROGUE

Joseph Schildkraut has the kind of role actors dream about in this picture. There's a large cast, including Billie Burke, Eugene Palette, Ona Munson, Robert Livingston and Anne Gillis. But it is Schildkraut, as "the magnificent Rogue," who dominates the plot.

Mr. M. comes unexpectedly into the lives of the Pidgeon family of Park Avenue. It is Christmas time and the Pidgeons have decided to take a "charity case" into their home for the holidays. I regret to say that it is not entirely Christmas spirit which prompts this gesture. Theresa, the Pidgeon's elder daughter, has become engaged to Stephen Bates (Robert Livingston) of Boston. The Bates are known for their charitable work, and Theresa persuade her father (Eugene Palette) and mother (Billie Burke) that this will make a good impression. Angela (Anne Gillis), Theresa's kid sister, thinks it's pretty silly, but Angela is strictly a brat and thinks everything is silly.

The "charity case" turns out to be Mr. Marchand (Joseph Schildkraut), an ex-marine who was crippled years ago in an auto accident. He is a handsome, cynical drunkard, who can be utterly...
charming. He proceeds to charm the Pidgeons and practically take over the household. An uncle of Mr. Pidgeon chooses this time to die and leave five million dollars. He leaves it, not to Mr. Pidgeon, but to an actress named Florrie Watson whom he knew when she was a child. Of course, if Florrie can't be located, Mr. Pidgeon will get the dough. And can he use it!

The Pidgeons cook up a plot to find Florrie themselves and keep the news of her inheritance away from her. They find her (Ona Munson) broke but cheerful, but they have counted without Mr. M. There's something uncanny about that man and his effect on people. Before the Pidgeons know what's going on, they find themselves changing into a nice, sweet, old-fashioned-family. Even Angela starts to develop some endearing qualities. The ending is sweet, with the somewhat sticky sweetness of Christmas candy.—Rep.

P. S.

Most of this picture was done on one stage set ... Republic's stage 10. This is the most expensive set Republic has ever produced—cost close to thirty thousand dollars. The Chinese Chippendale furniture was found in antique shops and basement second hand stores in Los Angeles. Every piece is authentic—selected by some of the top men in the furniture business.

A crew of 200 men worked night and day for several weeks getting the furniture cleaned and polished and arranged onto the set. Ann Gillis was victim of a poison attack—was rushed off the set to the hospital. Was back to work two days later with a registered nurse standing close by.

Since most of the cast were former stage actors, everyone on the other end of the camera was amazed at how quickly the picture was done. Stage actors very seldom "blow" their lines, and before the picture was done Joseph was known as "One Take Schildkraut." At the close of the picture, Mr. Schildkraut was given a new contract by the studio. It calls for three pictures a year with an interval of three months each fall in case Joseph wants to do a stage play in the East.

PATRICK THE GREAT

Donald O'Connor, who's buzzing around in a private's uniform and looking very well, is at his most exuberant in his last pre-Army picture. Peggy Ryan is teamed with him, as usual, and Donald Cook and Frances Dee complete the rectangle.

Donald O'Connor and Donald Cook play Patrick Donahue, Junior, and Patrick, Senior, respectively. Pat Senior is a big name in the theater. A bit of a hain, sometimes, but still a good actor. Pat, Jr., is crazy about show business, too. He's traveled around with his dad, and now he's working with a group of kids up in the Berkshires to put on a show. Judy (Peggy Ryan) is one of the kids, and Donald brings her to New York on a weekend trip to see the closing night of his dad's play. They meet several producers at a party Pat, Sr., gives, and one of them, Prentiss Johns, becomes interested in the boy.

Mr. Johns comes up to the Berkshires the next week to see Pat and the kids put on their show. He likes it and offers Pat the lead in his new Broadway production. The kid is on top of the world and goes off to find his father. Pat, Sr., is vacationing at a mountain lodge, and when Pat arrives he's away on a fishing trip. Pat meets beautiful Lynn Andrews (Frances Dee) at the lodge. Lynn hears him practicing a torchy love ballad from the new show and thinks he has been disappointed in love. She tries to get his mind off his troubles, with the result that when...
Rhonda Fleming wears Spellbound perfume by LYNETTE

Rhonda Fleming, featured in Alfred Hitchcock’s “Spellbound,” starring Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck.

A Selznick International Picture released through United Artists.

LYNETTE PERFUMES, 741 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Pat, Sr., gets back, he thinks his son has fallen in love with her. Lynn is in her late twenties, and Pop thinks she would be better suited to him than to Pat, so he cuts Jr. out with neatness and dispatch.

Meanwhile Pat discovers that his father had expected to get the leading role in the Johns show, so he calls the producer long distance and refuses the part. Johns hurries up to the lodge and so does Judy — in search of Pat. Things straighten out to the eventual satisfaction of all concerned. — Unio.

P. S.

Don made this picture just before going into the service. His scenes were written and staged long before the rest of the picture was ready for shooting him. This marks the return of Donald Cook to the screen after an absence of six years. Don, who has been on the New York stage, won the New York Critics’ Medal for the best light comedy performance of the 1942 season with his work in “Claudia.” . . . Since it was necessary to the filming that menus in the story be of pre-war perfection, Universal, being kindly disposed towards audiences, saves them the pain of seeing the actual dishes. Scenes were cut after ordering and the cast is shown again after they have supposedly finished their dinner.

COLONEL EFFINGHAM’S RAID

William Eythe, whose name causes a pleasant jingle at the box-office nowadays, has the lead in this story of politics in a Georgia city. Bill and Joan Bennett and Charles Coburn make the most of its humor and occasional pathos.

Newspapers have always been a potent factor in American life. That’s why the freedom of the press is so important to our way of living. In the town of Fredericksville, Georgia, the papers are pretty much under the domination of the political machine—that is, until Colonel Effingham comes along. The Colonel is retired from the Army, but he’s still a fighter. When he arrives in his home town of Fredericksville, he is not pleased at the conditions he finds there, and he decides to do something about them.

The Colonel’s cousin, Al (William Eythe), is a reporter on The Leader, one of the two foremost newspapers. Al is an easy-going young man who believes in running his own business as far as politics are concerned. He covers the local news events with his tongue in his cheek, and spends the rest of his time squabbling amiably with Ella Sue (Joan Bennett), the paper’s society reporter. Then the Colonel with Al’s unwilling, and to some extent unwritten, aid, becomes a columnist on The Leader. The editor, who has the impression that the Colonel is a slightly loony but harmless old gent, discovers that he has a tiger by the tail. The Colonel’s opinions are not only directly opposed to those of the political bosses, but they are expressed with military forcefulness. And people read them!

The main point at issue is whether the courthouse, which is a beautiful and historic old building, should be repaired or torn down completely. The Mayor and his cohorts want to tear it down and build another, at considerable expense to the county and profit to themselves. The Colonel objects strenuously, but soon finds that his supporters desert him when enough pressure is brought to bear on them. So Al, reluctantly at first, then determinedly, comes to the rescue. — TCF.

P. S.

Lamar Trotti has come to be known as
a special type of producer. He's an author—has worked on some of the most distinguished of the Fox productions, including "Wilson." Consequently, as a producer, he can sense a good movie story immediately. He found "Colonel Effingham's Reid" in a book store, mentally cast the whole story in ten minutes. When Fox bought it for him he cast it exactly that way. . . Charles Coburn, as Col. Effingham, is cast into the medium in which he was born. He's a native of Savannah, Ga., steeped in the traditions of the old South and raised on stories of the Civil War. Matter of fact, through all his 50 years on stage and screen he's dreamed of playing a part like this. . . Joan Bennett celebrated her 14th anniversary in movies during production. She is playing almost the same type characters now as she did when she entered the profession. She's perfect as the sweet young Southern girl—hard to believe she's the mother of Diana Fox, 16; Melinda Markey, 10; and Stephanie Wanger, 2 years old.

CHINA SKY

Love and jealousy seem to flourish under bond-laden Chinese skies as well as in the hot-house atmosphere of New York night clubs. Take one handsome doctor, played by Randolph Scott, add two women in love with him, and you'd have an emotional whirlpool even if it weren't complicated by Jap spies and bombings.

The story is set in a hospital in a remote Chinese village. Dr. Sara Durand (Ruth Warrick) is in charge during the absence of Dr. Thompson (Randolph Scott). Thompson has been in America getting new supplies, but he is expected back almost any moment now. The patients are deliriously excited over his return. They all adore him. Sara is excited, too, although she won't admit it, even to herself.

There is a commotion outside, and a patient cries "It's Thompson-doctor!" It is indeed "Thompson-doctor," complete with a beautiful, shiny new wife! Her name is Louise (Ellen Drew) and she is about as well suited to life in a Chinese village as a chifforbie nightgown would be to life in an igloo. Sara covers her own feelings gallantly and tries to be friendly, but Louise takes an instant dislike to her and makes no effort to hide it. Her attitude makes Thompson conscious of Sara in a way he never has been before.

There is an important Jap prisoner in the hospital, who was wounded by the Chinese guerrilla, Chen Ta (Anthony Quinn). He is cared for by a native doctor who is actually half-Jap. Between them they evolve a plot which makes use of Louise's cowardice. She falls for it and the result is almost catastrophic.

Carol Thurston makes a luscious Chinese nurse, and Philip Ahn is good as the half-Jap doctor.—RKO.

P. S.

This is another Pearl Buck story—guaranteed to the movie-goer that it's based on true life experience and actual locale. . . . Randolph Scott was on the cast roster to play Dr. Grey Thompson when RKO first began filming preparations on the show more than a year ago. This is one of the strongest roles of his career. . . . Ruth Warrick, you remember, is the radio actress who won screen fame by playing the wife of "Citizen Kane." . . . Quinn was the only Occidental actor chosen to play an Oriental role in this picture. His facial contours require practically no make-up to fit him for the part of the war lord who falls in love with the Chinese nurse (Carol Thurston). . . . Like Quinn, Carol requires little doing over to qualify for the role of a Chinese nurse.

Lipstick Quiz)

for smart women

RIGHT OR WRONG?

Making up in public?
Some etiquette books say "Yes, most men say "No."
But the smartest women say "Unnecessary." They use long-lasting Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick.

HOW MANY COLORS
IN TANGEE?

Four! Tangee Red-Red...very exciting! Tangee Theatrical Red...it dramatizes your lips! Tangee Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.

IS SHE OLD-FASHIONED?

Yes, her dry lips are out-of-date.
Tangee Satin-Finish insures smooth-as-satin lips that are not too dry—not too moist.

WHO IS SHE?

Constance Luft Huhn, leading authority on beauty... Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick.

Use TANGEE

and see how beautiful you can be
FREE CHARTS SUPER COUPON

CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'LL LIKE " NEW CHARTS ARE STARRED

FOR FANS

SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c)
This is NEW! A completely revised chart—telling you everything you've ever wondered about such bright new stars as Lauren Bacall, Tom Drake, Dane Clark, Phyllis Thaxter! We've collected vital statistics—here they are—and hundreds more, everything you want to know about the lives, loves, hobbies and latest pictures of your favorites. Tells you where to write to them, too. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c) self-addressed envelope.

MUSIC MAKERS, THEIR LIVES, BANDS AND RECORDS (1c) A new and exciting data on bands, bandleaders, vocalists—everyone from James to Sinatra. 20-page booklet, pictures of each music maker, lists of their best records. A solid must for all you hop cats. Send 5c, as well as a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUE—Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite star, club journals, chance for pen pals—and other splendid advantages! Read about the new MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

INFORMATION DESK—Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 73 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

STAR AUTOGRAPHS—Turn to page 10 to see how you can get autographs of all your favorite stars.

FOR ROMANCE

PLEASE BEHAVE—Helpful, practical chart with tips on how to be poised, well liked. Etiquette for dating, engagements, weddings, letter writing—the works. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE (10c) Fill in your birthdate: Year, Month, Date, Time.

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagy to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. Tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible questions of the heart. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

BE A BETTER DANCER—by Arthur Murray Complete, easy-to-follow directions on how to fox-trot, waltz—all the turns and tricks that'll help you follow your partner. Also dance floor etiquette, what to wear and how to be popular with the stag line. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean Kinkead How to be date bait, plus a complete follow-through for when you're out with him. The straight stuff on getting up stood, drinking, smoking, tactics to get and hold your man! Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

CRISTAL BALL DEPT.

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

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE (10c) Fill in your birthdate: Year.

Month Date Time

Name...

Street City Zone State

Send 10c to 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 16, N.Y.

No self-addressed envelope required.

FOR GLAMOUR

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR TEENS—All the new tricks 'n stuff to make you a glamour gal not just on dates, but at work, at play in the rain, on the train. Clothes ideas, makeup tips, everything! Is 'e' don'ts to make you a slick chick. Free! Send a LARGE self-addressed, stamped envelope.

GLAMOUR FOR THE TEENS—This is 'special for gals from 12 to 18. How to really glamour yourself up. Skin care, make-up, hair-do's for your particular beauty problem. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL—For over 18s—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, makeup style to your needs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed stamped (3c) envelope.

HOW TO HAVE LOVELY HAIR—Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do's for you, setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT—12-page chart giving you all the safe way to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow scientific diets. Exercises for reducing every part of the body, plus scoring chart. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FASHIONS FOR TEEN GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey Whether you're lanky-tall or chubby-tall, here are lines and styles to camouflage your height. What's tops for you in coats, suits, dresses, Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FASHIONS FOR TALL GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey Fashion tricks to make you the willowy girl of your dreams. What to choose in dresses, coats, suits, hats to make you inches taller. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

FASHIONS FOR THIN GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.
New! Pond's Make-up Pat

natural... unstagey

says Young Society Beauty

Lovely CYNTHIA McADOO says:
"I didn't know cake make-up could be so natural and 'unstagey'!"

New double-formula discovery gives Make-up Pat

foolproof flattery in Every Shade!

It protects your skin!

Pond's "Make-up Pat" acts as protective "buffer" against outside dirt and weather!

Wear it every day!

"Make-up Pat" is as easy to use as powder! Just smooth it on with a damp sponge or cotton. When dry, blend it out with your fingertips. Doesn't streak—doesn't "clag"!

While dozens of cake make-ups popped onto the market, Pond's tested . . . compared . . . improved . . . and tested again, over and over until—

Pond's made a new discovery about cake make-ups!

They found why light make-up shades often appear thick and chalky on the skin . . . why darker shades take on a flat yellowy look. The secret lies in its formula!

Pond's found that no one formula worked equally well on all shades! —the lighter shades of Pond's Make-up Pat are made in a featherweight formula to go on sheer—never chalky.

—the darker shades are made in a richer formula—to give rosy glow. Never that sallow "jaundice-y" look!

We know of no other cake make-up that gives you this essential shade-and-formula fit. That is why we believe you will like Pond's new Makeup Pat better than any make-up you have ever tried. 6 perfected shades—on sale now at all better beauty counters. 394, plus tax.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

BEST POPULAR

All Of My Life—Bing Crosby (Decca), Kate Smith (Columbia)
He's Home For A Little While—Les Brown (Columbia), Jerry Wald (Majestic)
I'm Beginning To See The Light—Harry James (Columbia), Duke Ellington (Victor), Cootie Williams (Majestic)
I'm Gonna See My Baby—Jimmie Lunceford (Decca), Phil Moore (Victor)
I Should Care—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)
Laura—Woody Herman (Columbia), Jerry Wald (Majestic)
My Dreams Are Getting Better All The Time—Les Brown (Columbia), Phil Moore (Victor), Lou Prima (Majestic)
My Heart Sings—Hildegarde (Decca), Duke Ellington (Victor), Johnny Johnston (Capitol)
This Heart of Mine—Ginny Simms (Columbia), Fred Astaire (Decca)
Yip Tip De Hootie, My Baby Said Yes—Phil Moore (Victor), Charlie Spivak (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

King Cole—Bring Another Drink (Capitol)
Benny Goodman Sextet—After You've Gone (Columbia)
Edmond Hall Swingsters—Big City Blues (Blue Note)
Edmond Hall Quartet—Shanty in Old Shanty Town (Commodore)
Billie Holiday—Lover Man (Decca)
Etta Jones-Barney Bigard—Blowtop Blues (Black & White)
Hot Lips Page—The Lady In Bed (Continental)
Boyd Raeburn—March of The Boys (Guild)
Artie Shaw's Gramercy Five—Sad Sack (Victor)
Teddy Wilson Quintet—Bugle Call Rag (Musicraft)

BEST ALBUMS

After Dark—Morton Gould (Columbia)
King Cole Trio (Capitol)
Dennis Day Sings (Capitol)
Horowitz— Toscanini—NBC Symphony—Brahms Concerto No. 2 (Victor)
Meet Me In St. Louis—Judy Garland (Decca)
Music of George Gershwin—Andre Kostelanetz (Columbia)
Andre Segovia—(Guitar Solos) (Decca)
Son of Norway—Kitty Carlisle (Decca)
Song of Norway—Irra Petina (Columbia)
Tenor Sax—Hawkins, Byas, Young, Webster (Savoy)
Continental Records, 205 W. 54th St., N.Y.
Guild Records, 305 E. 63rd St., N.Y.
Musicraft Corp., 40 W. 46th St., N.Y.
Majestic Records, 7 W. 46th St., N.Y.
Your guy's comin' home! You wanna perk him up with parties, shout to the moon—but don't, for he's hurt and bewildered and needs to forget.

CO-ED LETTERBOX

My fiance has been in the South Pacific for a year and a half. He is due for a leave soon at which time we had planned to be married. Now he seems to be getting cold feet, and he thinks we should wait. He knows a thousand and one reasons why we shouldn't rush things. What do you think is the trouble? J. B., Des Moines, Iowa.

For one thing, he's had a lot of time to think, J. B. He's not the hot-headed kid he was when he left home. He has a deeper sense of responsibility. A solemn outlook on marriage. Probably he's seen a lot of war marriages go to pot. He's seen his buddies up to their ears in debt because their child brides thought their little allotment checks were a lot of money. When you write, don't sulk and don't bully him. Tell him you think he may be very wise and that you will have a lot to talk about when he gets home. When he does get back discuss it all thoroughly and sensibly, and then take him for a walk in the moonlight and let your hearts have something to say about it, too.

(Continued on page 102)
Tests by doctors prove—Camay is Really Mild!

It's a dream come true! The softer, smoother look that comes to your skin...

with just one cake of Camay! So change today, from careless cleansing
to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild skin care on over
100 complexions...yes, on skin like yours! And with the very first cake of Camay,
most complexions fairly glowed! Looked fresher...clearer!

...it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's mildness—proved it can benefit skin.
In the doctor's own words—"Camay is really mild...it cleansed without irritation!"
Discover for yourself, Camay's helpful care on your skin.
Look for the softer loveliness that comes with just one cake of Camay.

...go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

It's quick! Easy! Takes only one minute—night and morning.
Simply smooth Camay's mild lather over your face—forehead,
nose and chin. Rinse warm. If you've oily skin, follow with
a C-O-L-D splash. It's simple as that! But, oh, how exciting
to see how one cake of Camay can make your complexion
look lovelier...softer...more endearing!

Won't you—make each cake of Camay last as long as possible? Soap is made of essential war materials.
come on, get down to bare essentials...

the wonderful bare essentials of the
new Jantzens...like lines that take
the words right out of a man’s mouth,

slimming fabrics, singing colors, in-and-
out-of-water glamour...the things that
make Jantzen completely marvelous...

left: Celanese rayon 7.95...right: wool 8.95
(not enough of them, we’re sorry to say) *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Jantzen swim suits

with JAN...Jantzen’s new sun-cream
lotion for a smooth soft skin.
I'm glad of a chance to talk to you readers about MODERN SCREEN on its birthday. No speeches. Just the personal angle—

I met Editor Al on a trip back East after my first picture. Since then he's stayed with us in Hollywood, borrowed my T-shirts, been bossed by Sue, sneaked in at night to cover Alana up because he was lonesome for his own kid, Pete. That's how you get to know a guy—through the little things. Getting to know Al, I understood why MODERN SCREEN's the kind of book it is.

He likes people. He cares what happens to them. He knows the important part of living isn't parties and big productions, but digging your garden and laughing over some screwy joke with your wife and chewing the fat with your pals in front of a fire. The little things again. The things that make life warm and good—that stay with you through the years—

That spirit is reflected in the magazine. Here movie stars aren't names, but people. They're neither glorified nor belittled. They're treated as you'd treat your friends and as you'd like to be treated yourself. That's why I think of MODERN SCREEN as a friend. I trust it for its belief in fair play. I respect it for its sense of the dignity of the American home. I like it for its warmth of heart.

Drink a toast with me, will you?—in a coke or a milk shake or whatever concoction you go for at the corner drugstore—make mine a chocolate soda. So here's to MODERN SCREEN. May her shadow never grow less, may her circulation grow more. Happy birthday, good luck and long life to her. Bottoms up!

Alan Ladd
MT's a star-studded party with no gates to crash 'cause Sidney Skolsky will take you along.

Happy Birthday from

- METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, a studio that is topped by none in Hollywood, also had a party to celebrate the fact that MODERN SCREEN was fifteen years young. And of course Leo the Lion put on a party that was a topper. Leo howled just as he does when every Metro picture begins, and this was the signal for the birthday party to start. It was also the signal for Leo's players who cavort on the screen to gather and have a time for themselves. Leo also invited you and me, so we'll get going.

First we see Louella Parsons feeding Hedy Lamarr, I guess Louella felt Hedy had fed her so many news items that turn-about was only fair play.

Jimmy D. tells John Payne, wifie Gla. E. Williams and Van he's "got a million of 'em."
Greer Garson and her shaggy French poodle get a big kick out of the special newspaper extra for MODERN SCREEN's birthday party, while Tom Drake, Peter Lawford and Robert Walker peek at the headlines.

Elizabeth Taylor, Van J., Esther W., and Bob W. charter "Happy Birthday"—bill this vaudeville act and it'd be back again!
Here's John Payne at Gloria's studio party and she was at his. Glo's guy reports he wasn't afraid of Leo the Lion, but he knows all about the wolves.

Sylvia Wallace, lovely West coast editor of MODERN SCREEN, greets Judy Garland while Robert Walker and Peter Lawford, a couple of wolves who make the bobbysockers howl, look on.

Van goes affectionate with Esther Williams while James Craig looks on. Van's had plenty of practice for he's been in a couple of pictures with Esther. James is still waiting to be her leading man.
Tom Drake and Jon Clayton, who were a thing, are now just friends. Jon went to New York to do the lead in the show "Carousel" and Tom got himself married to Christopher Curtis.

Elizabeth Taylor brought her pet chipmunk, Nibbles, with her to the party, and she's showing me the tricks it can do. With Elizabeth it's love me, love my 'munk.

What's a party without food, so you and I will stop for refreshments. Everybody's doing it! Here are Robert Walker, Phyllis Thaxter, Peter Lawford and Esther Williams making with the food.

(Please turn to page 96)
Come along inside with me. We're now in Anne Baxter's house and here is John Payne having a time for himself by feeding June Haver oatmeal so that she'll become a sweater girl without even needing the sweater.

What's a birthday party without a cake! Hostess Anne Baxter is ready to cut it and those sweeties waiting for the sweets are June Haver, Vivian Blaine, MODERN SCREEN'S Sylvia Wallace. The fellas are D. Andrews and Bill Eyth.
Now we walk in on a playful scene. Anne Baxter is whispering to Vivian Blaine while Bill Eythe cuts the ribbon on Anne's new bannet. Oh, well, you know how it is when kids get together!

And if you don't know, here are John Hodiak and Gene Tierney making a mud pie. The raggedy doll is really Gene's for she loves dolls. So does John, who has a doll named Anne Baxter.

MODERN SCREEN, the magazine which is the liaison officer between you and the movie players, is celebrating a birthday. It is fifteen years young. And I mean young. During all these years it has been for the new players, it has always given you the news, and whenever a person joined the army of new movie fans, they turned to MODERN SCREEN.

So to celebrate its fifteenth Birthday, what could be more appropriate than a youth party, a kiddie party, which Twentieth Century-Fox, with Anne Baxter as hostess, gave for this magazine and you, its readers. Because Hollywood Is My Beat, I was there—to be your guide, take you to the party and tell you all about it.

MORE PICTURES
Dick Haymes is the tough guy of the party. He came in a sweater and a baseball cap, brought his own bat. You can see that I have no chance of winning this contest with Haymes, for if I do, he'll let me have it.

I said to June Haver, "Why don't you get a bicycle?" So she did—a bike with a chauffeur—who is none other than Bill Eythe!

Now little June (my, how she can get around at this party!) is asking cherubic young Richard Crane about his teddy bear. Get a load of Dick Crane while you're at it, because he is wearing the very latest in three-cornered pants.
Nothing like a fast game of marbles to keep things rolling, and these champs can shoot 'em! Stanley Prager, Henry Morgan, Eddie Ryan thought Vivian Blaine would be easy to beat, but you should have seen her hit those nubs.

June Haver and Jeanne Crain are eating a piece of birthday cake, and June, who had plenty to eat (there was the oatmeal and a lollipop), is offering Dana Andrews a piece of hers. A good time, you'll admit, was had by all!
It was happy birthday with a western wallop:

Sonny Tufts was head rancher, Sid Skolsky our guide.

Sonny Tufts and his guitar hay-haying with lovelies Marj Reynolds, Diana Lynn, Barbara Brittan, Mona Freeman, Gail Russell and Ella Raines. Sonny strums a neat guitar.
MODERN SCREEN couldn't celebrate the fact that it is fifteen years young without a Happy Birthday from Paramount, and a party at which none other than Sonny Tufts was the host. It was a Western party, for there is nothing actors like to do better when they play than dress up. Sonny even had the Les Paul Trio there to play Western music, and in between times he strummed a pretty mean guitar himself. Believe me, when these Paramount kids start playing there's bound to be plenty of excitement. But enough of this chatter, because you have to dust off that duderanch cowboy garb of yours and rustle into the stirrups. For you and I are going to the party, and we'd better hurry or those high-handed cowpunchers will have lassoed all of the refreshments, not to mention those pretty gals!

Barbara, Sonny Tufts and Joan Caulfield are very mystified by that old rope trick of Roy Rogers, whose studio, Republic, is now celebrating its 10th birthday.

"Unhand that woman, man!" That's what Ella Raines appears to be saying to William Bendix, but Marjorie Reynolds, the Belle of "Yukon" Tufts' place, doesn't appear disturbed, either by "One Gun" Raines or Big Bill. From the looks of things, Ella's out not only to save Marj from the villain's clutches, but to put the snitch on that lucre he's fingering.
When a guy like Sonny Tufts searches for "Half-Pint" Skolsky, he's apt to overlook me. I'll let you in on a secret: That's how I get my items—by being present but unseen.

A Western shindig wouldn't be complete without Roy Rogers, and here he is watching editor Sylvia Wallace handcuff our host. He's been in this kind of picture before.

Eddie Bracken is explaining things in the Wild and Woolly West to Olga San Juan, who can explain a few things herself, famed as she is for that wicked samba that speaks for itself.
Happy Birthday from Paramount

Pianistic William Demarest is being threatened—y'zeen, he started singing "Don't Fence Me In", and Ray just can't take it.

While you and I watch, Alan Ladd tries to slip a pair of handcuffs on Veronica Lake. We stand there delighted, for it's just like watching them do a scene for one of their movies.

How did I get mixed up with this? Glenn Ford is the Hero, Bill Bendix tips the jug, Gail Russell is rolling her own, and I'm just o-settin'. All I can say is—"They want that money!"

The struggling gal who's trying to pull on her boot is Ella Raines, but I'll bet ten to one you'd never recognize the Westerner with the pipe—it's Turhan Bey! Honest. Didn't think you'd know him without Lona Turner.
"I'm the Law," roars Sheriff Ladd, whereupon elopers Di Lynn and Bey look guilty and freeze in their tracks. But—surprise!—it's make believe.
Sonny and Veronica outwit the cigarette shortage with their corn husk peace pipes. Well, so long folks, thanks for coming to our parties, hope you’ve had fun.
Best dressed woman, Lilyan Tashman.

Most spiritually confused, Lew Ayres.

Greatest lover, of course.

Joan Crawford's most "movie starrish."

Bing's the most indifferent to success.

Sorry, Ginger's uncooperative!

Louella's seen stars come and go

but these have burned the brightest:

Some sad, some gay—they're the "mostest."
I love to reminisce. Also, I dearly love to stick out my neck. If I didn’t like both of these journalistic sports almost more than any other form of writing, I would have had an entirely different answer to my friend and yours, Editor Al Delacorte, when he suggested:

“Look, Louella, let your hair down and GIVE, for our fifteenth anniversary number. Tell us honestly, who, in your opinion, has been the greatest lover, the most outspoken, the most cooperative, most beloved, wittiest, wackiest, most generous, luckiest, most ambitious, most flamboyant, most rebellious, most patriotic star.”

I could have said to him, “Al, my hair is short—so I can’t let it down. And besides it might not be good politics for me (since I am still in business) to go about bestowing my own private Oscars and booby-prizes.”

But did I say that? No. Being a smart boy as well as a smart editor, he had caught me in my weakest spot—and I think he knew it.

So, instead of playing smart and staying on the safe side, I sat right down to my typewriter to bat out this story on the actors and actresses, the boys and girls, the wise ones and the foolish ones who, in my opinion, have been the outstanding personalities one way or another since Modern Screen has been (Continued on page 81)
{ All right, Professor, a little soft music, please. "Among my Souvenirs?" No—hold it—"Thanks for the Memories," (excuse it, Bob Hope) that’s better. Because I wouldn’t trade my Hollywood memories for Bing Crosby’s contract. I wouldn’t sell ’em for Louis B. Mayer’s salary. I’ve got a million of ’em, like Schnozzle Durante—a million of ’em. Some are funny and some sad. Some are bitter. Some are gay. Some are fantastic and some are outrageous. And some, well—don’t ask! But they’re all big events in the giddy life I’ve led, just like birthdays. It’s not my birthday, of course, but it is MODERN SCREEN’s, and birthdays do something to me. They make me expansive and sentimental and reminiscent and maybe a little foolish. They make me want to bake a cake and wrap gifts with ribbons and yell “Happy Birthday!” So, a little soft music, Professor, while Hopper takes down her hair—just a few bobby pins—and, Happy Birthday MODERN SCREEN readers! Cut yourself a piece of Hedda Hopper’s Hollywood. It’s on the house. If you can stand it, I can. And it’s been cooking a long, long time.

So MODERN SCREEN is fifteen years old this month. Well, it was twice that long ago that I first stepped a fairy foot in fabulous Hollywood. Thirty years ago—twenty-nine to be exact, come St. Swithin’s Day—I tripped past a glowing gate man at the old D. W. Griffith studio, as bug-eyed as Bette Davis and as green as grass about the movie world. I was a blushing bride, (honest) on the arm of my husband, DeWolf Hopper, a swell actor your mom and pop will remember. I had never been on a Hollywood set before. I was eager and had heard “stories”—I was prepared for anything and, believe me, I got it!

Griffith was shooting his big religious epic, “Intolerance,” then. Outside the studio wall traffic hummed busily along Sunset Boulevard. Inside, I stepped back two thousand years. Roman legionnaires brushed past me with jangling armor, shields and spears. Arabs in white burnoosees padded by, and ancient Hebrews with bare feet and shepherds’ crooks. Chariots rumbled around behind plunging horses. Dancers, fakirs, wise men, thieves, kings, princes, houris, ragged urchins, goats, sheep, mules, dogs, oxen all mixed around in the dry, dusty lot, babbling, shouting, barking, braying. In one corner a cage of lions split the din now and then with mighty roars. I’d never seen anything like it before—the color, the mob, the noise, the confusion. I was dizzy, but right in the center of all the hullabaloo sat David Wark Griffith, the daddy of modern Hollywood, and not so old then, calm, cool and composed, lean, hawk-nosed, his smart eyes taking everything in. He was shooting the crucifixion of Christ.

On a table beside him lay a Bible, his script. It was open at the ageless scene. Right beside him Mary Magdalene read a novel by Elinor Glyn. Pontius Pilate was getting a light from a Good Samaritan. A huge cross reared up into the sky, and crucified on its arms—at least 40 feet up it seemed to me—was the Savior. On each side rangled two thieves on lesser crosses. Cameramen, cast and carpenters looked about; nobody seemed to be doing anything. Everyone gazed anxiously at the sky.

“Fog,” said Griffith. “Call off the crucifixion.” You couldn’t have a crucifixion in this crazy land without California sunshine!

The whole mob relaxed and carts brought around hot
teas and cakes. I was sipping mine when the assistant director came up to Griffith.

"How about Jesus?" he asked. "He's been hanging up there over three hours now. Think we'd better let him down for some tea?"

Griffith nodded. "Lower Jesus!" he yelled into his megaphone. They lowered Jesus on a rope. I had tea with Jesus and also my first Hollywood interview. I remember I asked him how he liked his job and he said, "It's a heck of a way to make a living." He said his arms hurt, and he had a lousy sunburn. Pretty soon they hauled him up again on the cross.

When I went home that evening I passed him again, standing on the corner alone in the fog with his beard and make-up kit. He was thumbing a ride up Sunset toward Hollywood. A shiny Packard rolled by without even slowing down. It had a special built trailer cage behind, padded and polished. Inside, the lions, whose roars still rang in my ears, rode home in pampered luxury, while the Lord's Son begged a lift on the highway. In Hollywood, I soon found out that was perfectly proper. You see, the lions were worth a thousand dollars a day and Jesus—well—he got five bucks. He was just an extra!

That was my first sample of Hollywood and today it remains my number one recollection. When I got home that night, my little brain whirling, I said right out loud, "This Hollywood is a crazy town!" That's an opinion I've never had reason to change.

Maybe it's the climate, maybe it's the people—anyway, there's something about Hollywood that makes everything different. There's magic in the air of this glamour-gilded orange grove—there always was, there is today and, I suspect, there always will be. The most preposterous, fantastic things happen to people when they come here. They get rich, they get famous, they get—well—a little screwy. They act like Fatty Arbuckle did when he had an automobile built almost a block long, so big he couldn't park the darned thing and couldn't use it! It makes people like the late, lovable Charley Ray doll up their bathrooms with solid gold plumbing fixtures. It made Cecil B. DeMille, before he got older and wiser, throw Roman feasts with bowls of real jewels—sitting around for his fair guests to help themselves! It made Mabel Normand literally good time herself to death, as it made Barbara LaMarr and Renee Adoree do too, and Wally Reid, poor Wally, the big weak, wonderful kid who couldn't stand the pace. It's cracked to pieces marriages made in Heaven, as it cracked Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford's, and it's cemented the most preposterous unions, like Clara Bow, the Flatbush Flapper, and cowboy Rex Bell, which have flourished in the best story book style.

It's made saints out of sinners and vice versa; turned commoners into kings, made boors of bluebloods, and sophisticates out of hicks. Not magic?—well you dig me a better word!

Take Gary Cooper. Sometimes today when I look at that big lug, tailored like a London handbox, balancing a cocktail at a swanky Hollywood party, I want to
neigh like a broncho and yell, "Yippee!" just to see him jump. I never do
because I like him too much but I know that's just what he'd do because at heart
Gary's the same Western hillbilly he always was. But outside, what a difference
a few Hollywood years make!

You want to know the first time I ever saw Gary Cooper? It was, I'm sure, at
the most miserable moment of his life, very
similar to the agony a colt goes through
when he's broken to saddle. I can tell it
without making Coop mad, I know, because
just the other day at a bond rally he bid
$100,000 in war bonds for one of my
favorite hats (I sure hated to lose it, but
anything for the war effort) and after it
was over he grinned sheepishly as only
Gary can grin and said, "Say—you remem-
ber that old picture we made together?"

"How could I forget it?" I answered.
"Want to talk about it?"

He looked like he'd been shot. "Hey,"
his face like tapioca.

The picture was "Children of Divorce"
and the gal who started Gary on his way
to fame and fortune was Clara Bow. Me,
but I was hanging around as I did in those
days strictly for an actor's cheek and playing—as I always seemed to—a snooty Park Avenue rich-witch. But that's not im-
portant. Except that it tossed me right into the
first scene which was Gary's Gethsemane
and his Open Sesame at the same time. He
was pretty fresh off a Montana Ranch then
with sheep dip and corral cologne wafting out of every pore and alfalfa sticking out of his hair. He'd come to Hollywood hearing a cowpoke could pick up easy
money, and he'd peddled his western paintings from door to door to help out
on the rent of his furnished room. He'd got himself a break in a couple of Paramount horse operas looking strong and silent, which was easy. Then came
"Children of Divorce," which was not.

I don't know whose idea it was, maybe Frank Lloyd's, the director who's spied star stuff in more than one unknown, maybe Clara's, who was a lot smarter than people gave her credit for. Anyway, after that first scene it looked like somebody made a terrible mistake.

They had him dolled up in a cutaway morning coat, striped trousers and spats. They had his hair slicked down and his big Adam's apple clamped in a high wing collar and still he looked exactly like what he was—a big, beautiful rube. But
that wasn't half. The scene was a gathering of smart young merrily-we-go-to-hell Manhattan sophisticates at a cocktail party. Gary was supposed to sip champagne,
smoke cigarettes daintily and be debonair and charming. And—this is the pay off—
made love to Clara Bow.

I can hear Clara giggling now. She spied the apparition. "Look, Hedda," she
said. "Look at the poor boy. He's falling over his own feet!" Gary was, too. You
could tell he'd hand over his check willingly just to be out of those fancy duds,
just to get the heck out of there and back to Montana (Continued on page 113)
(Surprised to see Columnist Ed Sullivan's by-line on my beauty pages this month? Well, let me explain. As a special feature for Modern Screen's wonderful anniversary issue, I asked Van Johnson, Humphrey Bogart, Ray Milland, Joe Cotten and Errol Flynn to make up their own individual lists of the ten most beautiful stars of the past fifteen years in Hollywood. They did—and for a look at their individual scores, turn to page 99. But there were a lot of ties, and I wanted one list of Hollywood's ten loveliest. So I called in Ed Sullivan—to break the ties and just talk about beautiful women, as only he can. What are we waiting for?—Carol Carter)

Being no chump, and with a full awareness that Hollywood scripts insist that movie heroes must win, I pick no quarrel with Van Johnson, or Bogart, or Errol Flynn, or Ray Milland or Joe Cotten. However, when these five characters, having been asked to name to an attentive world the Ten Most Beautiful femmes ever to float past their vision, fail even to nod in the beautiful direction of Merle Oberon or Ilona Massey, fail to remember Jean Harlow or Luise Rainer, completely ignore Lena Horne, Irene Dunne and Alice Faye, overlook Ginger Rogers, Wendy Hiller, Arleen Whelan, Gene Tierney and Virginia Fields—well, at that precise point, your correspondent remembers (Continued on page 98)
by Ed Sullivan

Our dream-guy jury picks the ten top beauties of fifteen H'wood years. Do you agree?

Marlene Dietrich

Joan Crawford Dolores Del Rio Loretta Young

Olivia De Havilland Danielle Darrieux
A great writer tells the life story of "just a guy" who's learning to laugh again.

CLARK GABLE

We sat round the fire after a dinner party. Among us was a young and very excited actor. That day he had been cast in a Clark Gable picture. He was a sweet boy, well-mannered, charming. All evening he had tried to hold his excitement down. Now we encouraged him to let it boil over—

"The guy's a legend already," he said. "You hear so many stories. I wonder what he's really like—"

I knew Gable as you know many people who work on the same lot. To smile, to say good morning, to exchange a few words about the weather, a preview, a mutual acquaintance. I had no intimacy with him. We had never sat down together to take the world apart—

Yet, as a writer, I am trained to observe. I had observed Gable, on the screen and off. I had observed the reactions of others to him. To such a man, you cannot be indifferent even if you've never met him, even if you know him only from the films. You may like or refuse to like him, (Continued on page 63)
In 1932, "Red Dust" and the late Jean Harlow established him as "the heavy lover with the light touch." He had married (and briefly separated from) the older, social Rhea Lanahom but knew even then that it couldn't last.

At 15, he'd shot up to his 6'1", had developed some of his charm, most of his dislike for "Sunday bests." He'd also adopted, then rejected, medicine as a career.

1934 found him an "Oscar" winner for "It Happened One Night" and very much in love with Carole. Now, 11 years later, he dates Dvorak, V. Grey, Kay Williams.
Clark Gable, the “people’s choice” to play “G. W. T. W.’s” “Rhett Butler,” dazzled even the incorrigible Vivien “Scarlett” Leigh with his dash.

but you cannot say he doesn’t matter; he’s of no consequence. Whatever feeling he leaves with you is a positive feeling. Mine was very positive . . .

“I could wish nothing better for my boys,” I said, “than that they should grow up to be like Clark Gable—”

“You mean movie stars like Clark Gable?” somebody teased.

But I was in earnest. “I mean men like Clark Gable. The rest is nothing—”

That was ten years ago. Much has happened to Gable meantime. Great wealth and fame. Great happiness. Great sorrow. In public affection, he has ranked higher over a longer period than any other star. In his personal life, he found love, and lost. He entered the service of his country and served her well. Now, more popular (Continued on page 64)
Busy with "Strange Adventure" and the renewing of old ties, he vetoed offer to MC Lux Radio Show to concentrate on M-G-M's GI rehabilitation film planned for him. Taylor, Stewart. (Ginny S. at CBS.)

than ever, he returns to the films.

I have followed him through the years, and my feeling about him remains unchanged. It is the man who counts, the rest is nothing. As a farmer, a tool-dresser, a lumberjack, he would still have been Gable. This is no story of a movie star, but the story of an American.

First there was the child in a little Ohio town. A child of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, who inherited their strain of simplicity and strength. When his mother died, the baby was seven months old. His father—like Clark, a man of few words, especially where his emotions are concerned—took the child to the farm of his dead wife's parents. There he stayed till he was four.

They had no close neighbors. The barnyard animals were his playmates, the changing aspects of nature his wonderland. With his father's visits, the tales of his grandfather, his grandmother's tenderness, it was enough. They were none of them the (Continued on page 103)
She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

The day that Mary Ann pinned his wings on her officer-fiancé—he slipped a diamond engagement ring on her slender finger.

She is another lovely girl with an engaging soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

Mary Ann says of Pond's Cold Cream—"It's perfect, I think! I don't know anything that makes my face look and feel so clean and fresh and soft-to-touch."

This is the way she uses Pond's:
She smooths snow-white Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat. Pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's coating—swirling her fingertips quickly over her face. These two creamings make her skin feel extra clean, extra soft.

Copy Mary Ann's twice-over way of using Pond's Cold Cream—every night, every morning, and for in-between clean-ups.

Ask for a luxurious big jar—you'll love the quick way you can dip fingers of both hands in this wide-topped, big Pond's jar!
new! Film-Finish Powder

Finest-ever texture...loveliest-ever shades for that Hollywood "finish"

It's a charmer, a four-alramer ... this new Woodbury Powder! Made to give you the breathless appeal screen stars have. 5-stage blending for lovelier shades, smoothest-ever texture.

Woodbury Film Finish won't clog, cake, turn pasty. Never makes your skin look "porey". Just clings like a lovely dream, to help you charm your man! 8 lovelier, star-styled shades.

SUSAN PETERS. lovely young star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, appears in "KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY". Woodbury CHAMPAGNE RACHEL is golden drama for a honey-toned medium skin like Susan's.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1. Now with your $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your shades of matching lipstick and rouge. No change in the box... all Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-finish". Also boxes of Woodbury Powder, 25c and 10c, plus tax.

Woodbury Film Finish Powder
Hi, swell meeting you! Here are 14 portraits of your favorite stars as they appeared last week—and 15 years ago. It's up to you to unscramble 'em so that their 1930 pics (which are marked a, b, c, etc.) match up with their 1945 pictures (designated by numbers.) Page 84 has the answers.

Modern Screen's Birthday Quiz

by Phil Baker
Out of a dream world into yours comes a veil of cloud silk to cover your skin with a new kind of beauty as rare as Chinese silk... with no hint to the heaviness of make-up as you have known it. So smooth... so perfect... Cloud silk dresses your skin in a glowing radiance that belies the presence of blemish. When you wear it... no matter whether it be day or night... in the sun’s brilliance or in the darting beams of firelight... others see you through a veil of sheer beauty... and they wonder why! And Cloud silk (because it’s Chen Yu) stays beautiful so long, time stands still. Cloud silk, newest triumph of Chen Yu, is the completely beautifying, thoroughly protective make-up you have hoped for. You’ll find it now at your favorite store in a shade that is exactly yours.

CHEN YU, Chicago and New York
No fuss, no satin, no nonsense in this little plaid beauty by that master, Henry Rosenfeld. Washable gingham, spiked with black ruffles to give you the look of a Victorian belle!

Super lines in this make-it-yourself housecoat—a MODERN SCREEN pattern, easy-as-pie to make! It changes personality with various materials, so make two—a flowered lovely, and a smoothie of solid black.

We think you're lucky! Just look at the glamor-garb of fifteen years ago, and thank your lucky stars for the clothes of 1945!
Screen's Fashion Guide

Which one gets your vote? We knew it—the sleek, smooth Junior Formals honey on Gloria De Haven! And glamour isn't all it's got, it's washable, practical, inexpensive! Sophisticated black velvet accessories by Arpad.

We were shortling through one of the first Modern Screens, and look what we found! These fashions, chums, were the MacStuff in 1930, and the gals modeling them were (and still are) among the best-dressed women in the country. Notice the impractical fabrics, the messy lines, the complete lack of figure flattery. And don't miss the utter disregard for grooming as we now know it. The sporty hat on Joan Crawford, for instance, with the swish afternoon dress. The hit or miss coiffures on Joan and Connie Bennett, and the just-out-from-the dryer look to Norma's. Gosh, we've come a long way, when you think that today's stenographers and riveters and housewives look infinitely more chic, more fashion-wise than yesterday's golden girls. And when you think that they look so darn beautiful on so darn little.

Let's do some contrasting. Take the evening dresses of then and now. The cut of the 1930 number gives smooth Connie Bennett the figure of a Mickey Rooney. In addition, the fabric (beaded white chiffon) couldn't possibly be less practical, involving an expensive trek to the cleaners after each wearing. The accessories—bracelet, watch and choker—(Continued on page 72)
Brunettes take notice: Famous painter shows how to beautify your skin with original "Flower-fresh" shade of CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder

YOU with the dark hair, give your skin a pink-pearl accent with Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" Rose Brunette. This is what you've been waiting for . . . dreaming about . . . this rosy radiance in a face powder that goes on like sifted stardust to help veil tiny blemishes. And it clings for hours and hours. Cashmere Bouquet's exotic "Flower-fresh" shades are keyed to all skin types from an angel-faced blonde to a sultry red-head.

neither match nor complement each other. Now just look at our 1945 honey at approximately one-fifth the cost. Crisp and slim as a celery stalk, this Junior Formal is It for the senior prom, for a club dance, for a candlelight dinner with Him. Everything about it is new—the not-too-dolman sleeves, the doll waist (straight from Paris, kids) accented with a black velvet bow, the full waltz skirt. The wee surplice top is red and white checked, the skirt is black and white. Whip off the belt and the dress takes to water like a newly launched PT boat 'cause it's a Dan River-Starspun cotton. All this for under $18, if you can stand it. We are mad for the matched accessories by Arpad, aren't you? The sophisticated gloves—the hairbow in black velvet—are irresistible.

As for afternoon dresses. Ornateness was the keynote for 1930 dress-up clothes, as witness the beribboned Peter Pan collar, embroidered bolero and multi-buttoned cuffs on Joan's dress. Lushness of material was likewise the ticket, and satin, lace, velvet and chiffon were in.

The age of elegance is very dead, praise the Lord, and today fashions for gallivanting are light-hearted, casual, beautifully simple. A gander at the sweet Henry Rosenfield plaid on Gloria deHaven and you'll see what we mean. From the sentimental sweetheart neckline to the brand new flaring skirt, it's young and wide-eyed, but there's a whiff of sophistication in the black ruffle at the neck, sleeves and hem. It's a dress that's up to tea at the Ritz, still isn't too spiffy for the office. It'll do you proud at a sidewalk cafe, on a station platform. It's wearable, washable, lovable, and it comes in cool water-ice colors. Price: About $11. Complete the pretty, pretty picture with black accessories—gloves and headband.

Our precious, indispensable housecoat wasn't born fifteen years ago. You either slipped on something wan and shapeless called a "wrapper," or you poured yourself into a gadget on the order of the negligee Norma Shearer's wearing. On the one hand you were comfortable but repulsive, and on the other you were not too smooth and virtually straitjacketed.

Look at the good, clean lines of our make-it-yourself housecoat; fall in love with the gay print in taffy-cotton, and be the grateful that it's '45 instead of '30. A breeze to make is this long-torsoed baby with its scooped out neckline and low-placed fullness, and it changes its personality with your choice of fabric. For star-hung evenings on that second honeymoon, you might have it in something white and bridle. For rustling chow for a hungry brood of a summer morning, we'd choose a splashy print. You could do it in crisp pique, in cool black linen—just name your pet fabric and get to work. You know the V-E-T has limited the manufacture of housecoats to conserve material, so it's a wise child who sews her own. Look below for how-to-get-it.

Your letters keep coming and coming, and we keep getting thrilled about them. It's still open house here at our office, so if you've a query, dearie, let's have it. Want to know what store carry these fashions? What sizes and colors they come in? Anything a-tall? Just ask us, we've got all the answers. Know where to write? Fashion Adviser, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

To order Modern Screen pattern 1397, send 16c to Modern Screen Pattern Service, P.O. Box 224, Sta. G, N. Y. 19, N. Y. Indicate in request pattern number 1397, and write your name and address clearly.
INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet

Hi:
Your "info desk" is feeling ancient this month. Think! 15 years have passed since my Mom came home with her first copy of MODERN SCREEN—and gave me a lickin' 'cause I cut out the pics when she wasn't looking. . . . But now that I'm through looking for greasy hairs and celebrating with three super-deluxe ice cream sodas, I think I'd better get down to the business at hand. Having practically grown up with MODERN SCREEN, is it any wonder that I've accumulated lots and loads of data on your favorites? And, heck, why should I be selfish with it? But I do have two requests: Be considerate with the amount of questions asked, so the next one can have a chance on a prompt answer; and please, REMEMBER THE SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE, sent to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Pair out?
Love, Bev.

Al Barbato: MAY I HAVE THE MUSIC FROM "A SONG TO REMEMBER," AND IS THE MUSIC PLAYED THROUGHOUT? . . . As a rule, background music is just incidental in 99 out of 100 movies and definitely unavailable. But the "G. to R." score was by Chopin and therefore attainable. Here it is:

WALTZ IN D FLAT (MINUTE WALTZ)—played in part by Chopin as a child.

MAZURKA IN B FLAT—during talk between pages Chopin and Prof. Elner.

FANTASIE IMPROMPTU and ÉTUDE IN A FLAT—for recital in Wodziński mansion.

POLONAISE IN A FLAT (in part)—by Liszt and Chopin in Player's office.

B FLAT SCHERZO—in darkened salon of Duchess of Orleans.

ÉTUDE IN E MAJOR—played for Madame Sand at Nohant.

NOCTURNE IN E FLAT—played by Chopin at Nohant while Sand is writing.

BERCEUSE—played while Elner visits Nohant, ignored by Chopin.

WALTZ IN C SHARP MINOR—second recital at home of Duchess of Orleans.

ÉTUDE IN A MINOR. BALLEADE IN A FLAT—WALTZ IN A FLAT (opus 42 and 34). THE REVOLUTIONARY ÉTUDE, THE SCHERZO IN B FLAT MINOR, AND POLONAISE IN A FLAT—in musical montage for Chopin's last tour.

NOCTURNE IN A MINOR—background music for finale.

Barbara Drake, Texas: MAY I HAVE THE ADDRESS OF A FAN CLUB FOR DON TAYLOR, WHO WAS "PINKY" IN "WINGED VICTORY"? . . . Don is very enthusiastic about his fan club headed by Adele Schneider, 1280 b, Sheridan Ave., Bronx, N. Y. Dues are 75c and you get loads of privileges, so why not join?

Arlene Landis: MAY I HAVE BIRTHDATE, PLACE, REAL NAME OF GUYS MADISON? . . . Guys real name is Robert Ozell Moseley, and he was born in Bakersville, Calif., Jan., 19, 1922.

James Miller, New Guinea: WHO WAS "PIERRE" IN "FRENCHMAN'S CREEK"? . . . That was 32-year-old dancer Billy Daniels. Write him at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

Congrats Al and
Henry—the Haymes'
stay the Haymes'
—Ladd 'n' Bendix
make up

Best Child Actress of Year; Oscar copper
Margaret O'Brien, also winner of Look's
plaque. Her next co-star will be W. Beery.

Bing Oscarred for "Going My Way." Brings
3 sandwiches, 2 thermos of coffee to broadcasts,
munches in dressing room, then home for re-fills.

Barry Fitzgerald requested a part in "Stork
Club" because Betty Hutton's in it. She makes
him feel so young! (With Bing and Ingrid.)
It's anniversary month on MODERN SCREEN and, like all you readers, I want to extend my congratulations to everybody in the official editorial family. No, I haven't been a member of the clan for the full fifteen years—but I have been on hand for the best year—and I say that in all modesty.

Last year was MODERN SCREEN's finest and fattest in all departments from the editorial to the circulation. Unlike that famous little "Topsy" we all know, the book hasn't "just growed." either.

There's a nice spirit of "folksiness" with this gang that is not only reflected in the intimate stories and interviews but even comes along to us scribes when we get our checks every month. It's nice to get a check—any check—but its also very, very nice to get a letter along with it, from Ye Ed, Al Delacorte, saying that he liked the last batch of material and that I am a good girl. We all like a pat on the back—me, particularly.

But the nice part of my association with MODERN SCREEN is that I've met Al and pretty little Sylvia Wallace (the West Coast honey—and is she a honey!) and we aren't just the usual editorial and scribe brand of friends.

When Al was out on the Coast recently he developed a nice little habit of dropping by in the morning to have coffee with me. We would talk for an hour or so about what was going on in Hollywood, what was making Van Johnson tick, whether Lana Turner and Turhan Bey were really in love and if Judy Garland wasn't just a little too thin?

Al surprised me, one morning, by saying that he was planning to hitchhike his way back to New York. I couldn't get over it. For a young, successful and prosperous editor to even think of thumbing his way 3000 miles was something I'd never heard of.

"What ever made you think of such a thing?" I asked him.

"It's swell," he enthused. "You really get to know people and talk to them and get their honest reactions to everything from politics to movie stars. My wife and I hitchhiked on our honeymoon and it was a lot of fun. It's also good business to talk to the paying customer of the magazine first hand."

What Al didn't tell me is that these "hitchhiking" jaunts cost him more money than the swankiest train reservations, for he has a quiet habit of footing all the food and hotel and motel bills for whoever happens to give him a "lift." (Continued on page 78)
I haven't met Henry Malmgren, as I have Al and Sylvia, face to face—but that's a little matter I intend to fix up the next time I go to New York. However, I have had some grand letters from him and if he is as nice as he writes, he's a boy I want to meet—and soon!

Getting to know people through the mail is a very nice thing. I've learned that from all you readers who've written to me since I have been doing "Good News" for the magazine, and I deeply value the ideas you give me about your favorite stars and just what you want to hear from Hollywood.

And now while we are still passing out the anniversary bouquets, let me say that Al isn't the only Delacorte in the magazine who gets a special bouquet from me. He has a mighty nice father who has a special place in my esteem. He was the first publisher to buy a series of articles from my pride and joy, Harriet Parsons, when she was just starting out in Hollywood. And look at her now. She's the lady producer of "The Enchanted Cottage."

So I say—good luck and many more happy years to everyone on MODERN SCREEN—and now, how about a little GOOD NEWS from Hollywood?

Judy Garland isn't a superstitious girl. Her engagement ring from Vincente Minnelli is a huge pink pearl set in gold and black enamel and the matching wedding ring is also black enamel edged in tiny pink seed pearls.

Somebody said that she would be a little bit afraid of wedding rings set in black—but she hadn't seen Judy's two new rings. Take my word for it, they are stunning and very far off the usual pattern of romantic sparklers.

Minnelli, who is very much in love, says he wanted Judy to have something "different."

Well, she has!

Ran into the Robert Youngs the other day and they told me I had certainly created havoc in their household announcing on the air that they were expecting their fourth child.

Seems that Bob and Mrs. Y. had thought the news was a great big secret. Suddenly, their middle daughter, Barbara Queen (and one of the cutest little girls in Hollywood), burst into the living room shouting, "Mother! Daddy! We are going to have another baby at our house!"

"How do you know?" Betty and Bob asked.

"Aunt Louella just said so on the radio," gasped Barbara Queen, "aren't you GLAD to know about the baby?"

Ma and Pa Young admitted that they were really quite pleased—and so glad to get it straight from headquarters!

Sometimes I feel like spanking Errol Flynn and I get thoroughly out of patience with him. He should have stated in the beginning that he was married to Nora Eddington and stopped all that shillyshallying around with the New York press that landed him in more Dutch—if possible—than usual.

I met Errol at the Charlie Morrisson's party after he returned to Hollywood and, without any fuss or bother, he admitted to me that he and Nora were married—but still said it was nobody's business.
But how he raved about their baby daughter. "She's the cutest little baby I've ever seen," he said just like a proud parent, "with dimples and everything. I've always thought little babies were raw looking—but she was all pink and white and a glamour girl from the moment she was born."

Errol can be so charming—when he wants to. Wonder if the baby will have his trick of turning on the same brand of Irish charm when she grows up?

Farley Granger, now in the South Pacific, writes June Havoc a letter every day. Recently he wrote (and I think it will interest all you girls who are wondering whether to tell THE boy friend, in service, about the innocent dates you are having):

"Please tell me where you go and whom you go with. I'd much rather have you tell me about the fellows you meet and go out with than not to mention them at all. I've always flattered myself that I could tell by the way a girl talks about a man whether she is really interested in him—or whether he's just another date along her social life."

So, girls, I guess you had better "give"—but don't get too enthusiastic unless you mean it!

Don't say I told you—but Shirley Temple has a definite crush on Van Johnson whom she's never met. As she told one reporter, "I go for him. But definitely!"

Rambles

Jennifer Jones should never wear her hair in an "upswep't" hair-do as she did at the Academy Awards. It ain't becoming.

Bob Hope can never kid anybody again with his Bing Crosby rib. Bob's voice actually shook with emotion when Bing won the Oscar.

I wish Barbara Stanwyck were a little more gracious. I suppose it is shyness and self-consciousness that makes her seem a little

---

**SWIMMIN' IS SLIMMIN'**

I'll let you think the Red Cross is so busy thinking about soldiers, sailors and Marines that there couldn't possibly be any time to worry about just plain you. But golly, they seem to do everything!

For example, right now your Red Cross is mighty excited about swimming courses for you weary Nurse's Aides, bandage wrappers, and, well, anyone who's interested in fun that's beautifying. Just snap yourself a few pert questions: Posture perfect? Complexion clear? Figure a la Grable? Uh, huh! Not quite! Then splash right into a lime-fresh pool and swim yourself up a great big "yes" to every one of those queries. Honestly, there's scarcely a beauty problem that can't be solved by plenty of cooling practice of the popular crawl, breast-stroke, or back-stroke. Have you ever seen a swimming champ with slumpy shoulders, protruding tummy, hips-to-be-hidden? No, indeed! So dash right off to that Red Cross Chapter around the corner and get all of the details on swimming courses. Remember, the healthy are the helpful, so here's a perfect way to do your bit.

---

**Plenty of iron in these baby cereals... for a very good reason!**

Baby is born with a supply of iron gathered during the prenatal period. Doctors find that this supply of precious iron in many babies may be low three months, or more, after birth. That is why Gerber nutritionists have added to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal generous amounts of iron along with Vitamin B₁ — so helpful to baby's well-being.

Feed your baby both Gerber's cereals, turnabout—for variety helps baby eat better. Remember, too, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

These two Gerber's cereals are recommended by doctors for their well-balanced, nourishing value. Each ounce exceeds the National Research Council's recommended allowance for infants in both Thiamine (Vitamin B₁) and Iron.

---

**Gerber's**

**FREE SAMPLE**

My baby is now ____ months old: please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Name

Address

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. D6-5, Fremont, Michigan

City and State
More Exciting Kisses...

Q. I wish—I wish...
A. For skin that’s satin-smooth for kisses?
Q. Yes—and my skin is so dry.
A. Try this new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream—works wonders smoothing dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Serves every beauty-need of your skin so fully—it’s like a daily “treatment”. Jergens Face Cream—faithfully used—actually helps prevent dry skin troubles. Use this one new cream . . .

1. for Cleansing 2. for Softening
3. for a Foundation 4. as a Night Cream

You have a skin scientists’ cream in Jergens Face Cream—by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. Already helping so many girls to their hearts’ desire—smooth skin. Use this exciting Jergens Face Cream yourself, now, 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax. It’s the only cream you need.

JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

abrunt and unbending, particularly when she meets people for the first time.

Why will certain Hollywood actors keep on denying stories that they are "engaged" to certain ladies? Don’t they know that the lady involved should always make any necessary comments? At least, that is the way it is in my Emily Post book.

June Allyson is one of the most difficult of all players to interview. It is hard for June to talk about anything that is close to her—and the other kind of material doesn’t matter to writers.

You would be surprised to know the identity of the top notch actor who, a leading exhibitor of the country recently told me, “is poison at the box office.” And would he be surprised—for this gent thinks very well of himself!

Mickey Rooney writes very cute letters from France—but wonder why he is so formal and calls me “Miss Parsons.” When he was twelve or thirteen he used to call me “Toots!”

Frank Sinatra isn’t the only headliner to take up the juvenile delinquency problem in a big way. Abbott and Costello are also crusading and have incorporated their movement dealing with our boys and girls who need moral help.

... ... ...

What a good guy that Van Johnson is! He never left the bedside of his pal, Keenan Wynn, until Ed Wynn (Keenan’s father) arrived here by plane from New York. Van is plenty jittery about the two accidents—one which almost cost his life two years ago in an automobile crash, and the recent motorcycle disaster that happened to Keenan.

“I’ve never been superstitious,” he told me, “and I think the best way to get over jittery nerves is to get right back in a car and drive it again. But it seems like a jinx that we should both crack up. If you see anybody driving a car about ten miles an hour and hugging the curb, you’ll know it’s ME.”

... ... ...

The Dick Haymes separated and then made up before anybody could say “scat.” But I never heard a more ridiculous reason for a rift. Dick said, “I guess prosperity and success came between us.” Now I ask you!

When a couple have two small children to educate and care for—how can a little prosperity and success come between them? It is wonderful to know that you can care for children properly and secure their future and that’s what most of us work for in life.

Yes, they are now reconciled—or at least, that is the way it is in my Emily Post book. Formerly, of course, they had their differences. But they have made up and are now living happily ever after.

JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

BRING HIM HOME SOONER...BUY MORE BONDS IN SEVENTH WAR LOAN
getting a huge salary and is tops in his field though he rates less "space" than Alan.

But the main thing is that the boys are friends again and will make another movie together, "The Blue Dahlia."

The saddest news of the month is the death of John Garfield's little six-and-a-half year old daughter, Katherine. I can hardly write this item without a catch in my throat, and I am not trying to hold it back. I know what plans John and his wife had for the little girl's future—and her musical education.

They had hoped that she would be either a writer or a singer. She had a sweet little voice and showed marked musical talent.

Her nurse had taken the child to spend the weekend with her grandparents when suddenly she developed a mysterious throat ailment and complained that her throat was sore. When the little girl's condition did not improve within a few hours, she was taken home where she died within a few minutes.

No one knows—except those who have lost a child—the heartache and heartbreak that has come to the Garfields.

Susan Hayward was still "out" after the birth of her twins when they aroused her to tell her that the boys must be fingerprinted.

"Fingerprinted?" gasped Susan. "What have they done? They're so little!"

Anita Colby, affectionately called "The Face," came back from Tucson before she was entirely well from pneumonia. On the day she returned, Pat Smart, who lives with Anita, gave a cocktail party. La Colby, wearing the frilliest of negligees and propped up in bed, received guests at her bedside. Clark Gable, Errol Flynn and the young Bob Huttons were among those who visited. Anita, I must say, looked as pretty as a picture with the blue frills and matching bows in her hair.

There was a lot of spirited bidding for the various dolls at the "Diamonds and Dolls" cocktail party. Four thousand dollars was realized for the fund which gives the wounded boys a chance to telephone home.

Claudette Colbert was very cute when she kept bidding against Mervyn Le Roy for the

---

**I SAW IT HAPPEN**

A friend of mine, who operates a beauty shop on Broadway knew Lauren Bacall when... It seems that every time the siren of "To Have and Have Not" came into the shop to have her hair done, she would sigh in that deep, mysterious voice of hers, "Oh, Angie, can't you do something with my hair?" Lauren's hair, worn in a simple, natural style, just never would stay in place.

Last week, Angie chuckled to herself when a young girl entered her shop to exclaim, "Oh, won't you please make my hair like Lauren Bacall's!"

Elaine Burten
New York, N. Y.
Bonita Granville
Famous Hollywood Star says:
No toilet article is so important to a
girl’s peace of mind as a de-
odorant. And for my money,
Arrid is by far the best
deo, It’s the tops!
I use it regularly and
recommend it highly to
every man and woman.

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT
which Safely helps
STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot
dresses and men’s shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop
perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless
vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right
after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval
Seal of the American Institute of
Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use
Arrid regularly.

39¢ plus tax
(Abs $9c size)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

Vivien Leigh doll. She kept boosting the price
so that Merv paid plenty for the little “Scarlett
O’Hara.”
Lady Mendl’s fan, which once belonged to the
Empress of Austria, brought $600. The
Gary Cooper’s bid on this—and lost it.
I must say Paulette Goddard looked very
happy at the same event. I met her with
husband Burgess Meredith, and John Patrick,
author of the “Hasty Heart.” Paulette was
wearing a sweater trimmed in gold and a
diamond necklace that made the other dolls
look dim!

Rosiland Russell is blooming again, pink
dechs’ everything, after her long illness.
Roz’s illness is directly traceable to worry over
the Sister Kenny project—for she is head of
the Sister Kenny foundation in Los Angeles.
Every time a sick child was brought to her she
actually suffered until she got the youngster to
Minneapolis. At her own expense she
made an Infantile Paralysis “short,” acted
in it, and cut it. Then out of the blue came
a blast at her for not getting to work on the
Sister Kenny movie—the most undeserved
and unfair criticism ever aimed at an actress.
It was RKO that delayed the script—not Roz
and the criticism sent her to the hospital.

There has been a lot of speculation about
Turhan Bey and the Turkish Government. The
rumor was hot and heavy that Turhan had
received word to report for military service
in his homeland. I thought the best way to find
out was to ask him—so I did.
He told me, “I can’t join the American Army,
Louella, because I would lose my Turkish
citizenship. And I can’t return to Turkey until
I am told to do so because of transportation
difficulties.”

Everybody is now convinced that Turhan
and Lana Turner will be married in August
if he is still in this country. Of course, the
war may be over by the time you read this—
and if so, just forget we ever mentioned
Turhan and the Turkish government.

MONEY? WE GIVE IT AWAY!
Things just don’t happen to us! Here we sit in our MODERN SCREEN
office, slaving away on your favorite
mag, and then you get all the breaks—
always seemin’ stars. So how about let-
ting us in on it, huh? Don’t even take
time to put that autograph book under
lock and key; don’t even steal a sec-
ond to phone the gang; just make a
dash for the nearest pen and dress
up your story in its best bib and
tucker while your excitement is still
crinkly around the edges. Mail your
account of that moment with a screen
celebrity to: I SAW IT HAPPEN
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That’ll be almost as good as if it hap-
pened to us. And you know how glad
we’ll be? Five dollars glad! That’s
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pressed, sincere story we can print for
our readers—if it’ll make them laugh
or make them cry or tell them some-
thing really new about a star, it’s
practically in print already. So get
busy, you snoopers, make your hobby
pay!
Great-great-granddaughter of a Russian Emperor

Striking Nancy Leeds—daughter of the lovely Princess Xenia.

Mother and daughter share direct descent from Russia’s imperial family—and an enthusiasm for America’s favorite beauty creams—Pond’s.

“My special love is the 1-Minute Mask with Pond’s Vanishing Cream,” Nancy says. “Partly because it’s so quick, but mostly because it makes my skin look so much smoother and clearer!”

How to have a smoother, clearer, “new” complexion

Cover your face from chin to forehead (everything but your eyes) with an ermine-white Mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

Leave the Mask on for one whole minute. Pond’s Vanishing Cream has “keratolytic” action—it loosens and dissolves scaly little “chappings”!

Goes after imbedded dirt particles, too!

After one minute, tissue off.

The Mask “re-styles” your complexion!

Makes it clearer and lighter! Smoother, too—beautifully “finished” for make-up!

Have a Mask 3 or 4 times weekly!

For extra-quick powder base . . . Stroke on a light film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. Smooth. Long-lasting!
You can't go wrong giving a bride Pyrex ware. You could buy her more expensive gifts, but you can't find many that will give her as much day-to-day pleasure, plus real help with her cooking. The dish that sparkles here in her hands is the new Pyrex "Flavor Saver" pie plate. It's lovely and it's extra deep to keep juices and flavor inside the pie and out of the oven. Ten-inch size 45½.

Extra "pie-appeal" with Pyrex ware—even for first pies! A Pyrex pie plate, or any other Pyrex dish, is just as much at home on the table as in the oven or in the refrigerator. Each dish is really three in one—for baking, storing, and serving!

Two hearts that beat as one... even over the dishwasher! Pyrex ware is so easy to wash. Food and strong flavors never stick to its slick smooth surface. It washes sparkling clean in a jiffy with less soap and hot water.

too, of Marie Dressler. But Marie once said to me, "I have had a glorious life and career. I am sick now with an incurable illness and I am old, but I have had everything—love, affection of people I have not even known, fame, friends. It has been a wonderful span." And then there was little Jean Harlow who died too young.

But neither her fame nor her lovely laugh brought any real happiness to Lupe. Before she was an actress, she was a warmhearted woman. She loved men who weren't worthy of her (with the exception of Gary Cooper) too deeply. She expected more than they could give her.

Lupe was a gamin, a flame and a zephyr—but she drew hurts to herself that she could not cope with. Not many people knew how deeply she loved—until she ended her life by her own hand. No, she wasn't broke, she wasn't down on her luck. But she couldn't bear the disgrace of bringing a baby into the world in her status of unwedded mother. Nothing that Hollywood and Broadway had given her, or could give her, could compensate for the one thing she wanted in life and hadn't found—Love.

The Most Outrageous Actor? No one before or since has held a candle to the incomparable Barrymore—John, of course. There was one of the great wits of our day. He didn't need any gag writers, either, to put funny sayings in his mouth. Sometimes his wit was devastating—but it was always to the point.

One of the most famous stories about him concerns his first interview in Hollywood as a movie actor. John, idolized by women, completely spoiled but charming—had come out from Broadway "to let the movie cameras take the sags out from under my eyes" and, after refusing any number of interview requests, had finally consented to see a woman reporter on one of the daily papers (not me!).

He received the lady in bed in his hotel suite—and since it was early in the morning—asked her if she would prepare breakfast for him in the adjoining kitchenette.

"But I don't cook," protested the bewildered scribe.

"You don't cook?" said Barrymore, "how unfeminine! All women should be completely feminine—even reporters. If you can't think of something feminine to do, I'm afraid I can't give you an interview. Come, come—you must do something cozy!"

"I can darn a little bit," gasped the unhappy writer.

"Ah, that is fine," said John, leaping out of bed. "Here's a pair of socks with holes in both the toes and heels. You can darn these, and I'll give you the story of your life!"

And, honest, that's the truth. While the lady patched his hose, Barrymore gave her an interview that had Hollywood rocking for days!

"baby" and boss...

The Actor Who Talks Much Too Much is Humphrey Bogart. Humphrey recently told Inez Robb, crack Hearst reporter, "Of course I love Baby and I'm going to marry her. "Baby" being Lauren Bacall—there was a big gasp from everyone and plenty of uplifted eyebrows. Bogie wasn't even divorced so how could he be engaged to marry his lovely leading lady of "To Have And Have Not?"

I received a letter from him shortly after he gave this startling statement. "I shot off my big mouth again," he wrote. "I wish I hadn't. You're not mad at me, are you?"

How could I be mad at him—I only felt sorry for his having put "Baby" in such an awkward position. He had presumably made me swear I wouldn't print a word about his marriage to the Bacall.
Pens stay trouble-free with new-type ink!

IT'S QUINK WITH SOLV-X When Parker scientists added solv-x to every drop of brilliant, free-flowing Parker Quink, they produced an ink that can add years to the life of your pen! Yet it costs no more than ordinary inks.

PROTECTS METAL AND RUBBER Quink with solv-x actually prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot. See how it cleans the pen as it writes! No more gum and sediment when solv-x protects your fountain pen or steel pens.

FIRST CHOICE IN WAR PLANT Quink with solv-x is the only ink that can be safely used in the 30 expensive graph recording machines of a big war plant. In many other big industrial concerns, hotels, hospitals and offices where ink requirements are exacting, Quink is preferred.

SOLV-X IN PARKER QUINK STOPS MOST PEN TROUBLES BEFORE THEY START Inks cause 65% of all pen troubles, authorities say. Give your pen the protection of solv-x ... get Quink now. 9 brilliant colors, at good ink dealers. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

Solv-x in Parker Quink protects your pen 4 ways:
1. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
2. Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.
3. Dissolves and flushes away the sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.

Cop, 1945 by The Parker Pen Company

PARKER Quink THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X!
pinned up," the fashion photographer gasped and said, "Startling! Simply start-ling! We'll call it 'The Greek Goddess' coiffure, originated by Lilian Tashman!" And believe me, it was a sensation—particularly sprayed with gold dust the way Lilian eventually got on to wearing it. And all because she hadn't time to take the hobby pins out!

no talkie, no like

Lilian was the most cooperative girl in the world and a terrific favorite with the press. I wish I could say the same for Ginger Rogers whom I must nominate, from my own experience alone, of course, as The Least Cooperative Actress I have ever known in 20 years of Hollywood. I'm supposed to have it "in" for Ginger—which isn't true. Rather, I think she has it "in" for me because it has been frequently reported to me that she doesn't see why she should ever do anything to help me since "Parsons is so rich!"

I have never been able to see what this has to do with why she will never come to the telephone when I call to check a story with her. Getting a direct answer out of Miss Rogers doesn't make me any richer or any poorer. Among the men, I have always found Jimmy Cagney a little on the non-cooperative side, too, so I'm giving him that Oscar among the males as The Least Cooperative Actor—again entirely from my own experience.

Sometimes I feel that actors who have "aversions" to newspaper people because they feel we "invade their privacy" are a little mixed up about their careers. The minute a player exposes himself to fame—he has to take the spotlight along with it. But The Most Confused and Bewildered Young Actor I have ever known was Lew Ayres.

Everyone now knows Lew's current story of how he went through when he was a conscientious objector, of how he overcame all that to become a medical aid in the war, and how he has found peace, at last, in his religion. However, it seems to me that he will embrace the ministry when the war is over. Certainly Lew was the unhappiest of the rich and famous movie stars.

When he was at the height of his fame here once said, "I know what to do with all this," indicating his luxurious hilltop home where he lived after his divorce from Ginger Rogers, "I don't want it. I feel it would be very well enough to be invited to his home frequently found they had a moody host on hand.

Often, he would get bored with the gossip and conversation at the dinner table and, without finishing his meal, would go off to the den to read a book on philosophy or sit at the organ playing a haunting music. Hollywood never made Lew happy. I sometimes wonder how it ever attracted him in the first place.

All the Stars Most different to Swells is Bing Crosby—but in an entirely different way from Lew. Bing knew what he wanted from his career—and he got it. But he has never let it go to his head. He wears everything that he pleases, sees the people he likes—and the devil can take the hindmost of those who might not like the way he behaves.

There was a time I used to think that Bing was very snotty. We used to meet frequently in the old days of Santa Anita, and once, in an elevator on our way up to the Turf Club, I asked him, "Has your horse a good chance in the big race, Bing?"

"He's got four legs," was Mons. Crosby's only answer. He didn't exactly mean to be rude. It was just Bing's way of saying that he didn't know whether his horse could win or not. Since then, and particularly during the past year, Bing and I have be-
new Cutex shade

Schiaparelli interprets new

**Honor Bright**

“Honor Bright”—blue-red fire for triumphant fingertips! Schiaparelli captures the pulsing excitement of this lovely Cutex shade with a fabulous-skirted, proudly beautiful evening coat. Famous for her dramatic sense of color, France’s noted designer sponsors five other sparkling Cutex shades to electrify the fashions in her latest Paris collection!

Try and find a lovelier polish at any price
AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER...

Do You Want 
LONGER HAIR?

Then...TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends from Breaking Off

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE if you want your dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely...longer. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why The Juelene SYSTEM is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. You see, this wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been cured. So if your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days.

See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! Truly you may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty. Clip the coupon, now!

Test JUELENE for 7 days

THRILLING RESULTS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting, breaking-off hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Then if you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen...if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund your money. What could be fairer? So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of thrilling results or your money back. Send for it now!

SEND NO MONEY...MAIL 7-DAY INTRODUCTORY COUPON

Just mail the convenient INTRODUCTORY COUPON! Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman 1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then send Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft, dry, harsh hair may feel in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY, GIFT-AWAITED-OFFER today—NOW...you may know at last the happiness of possessing really lovely—longer hair.

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1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

( ) I am enclosing $1.00.
( ) Send C.O.D. plus postage

NAME
ADDRESS
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"Our Customers Participate in Beauty Gifts"
where are they now?

BY JIMMY FIDLER

While we know who your pet Hollywood stars are through the MODERN SCREEN POLL, we thought it would be fun to have your favorites pick their favorites—of 15 years ago! So here they are, plus a few of my own observations to bring them up to date.

Dana Andrews picks Ronald Colman because—twenty-five years ago the eyebrow wasn't so cocked, the voice so vibrant, the smile so gentle as it is today. But even then Ronnie had himself a whole swoon section—one he's hung onto ever since. So today's mommas go to the movies with today's daughters and still swoon in the same places and still sigh. Metro's "Kismet" was R's latest triumph—came just about the same time as did Juliet, the Colman-Benita Hume 9-month-old scene stealer.

Turhan Bey picks Leslie Howard because—the communiqué reads, "Missing and reported killed June 1, 1943 en route Lisbon to London in plane attacked by Germans." Somehow, moviegoers and stage lovers of the past 20 years can't accept this notice, because as long as there are audiences alive to remember his "Intermezzo," "The Petrified Forest" and "Of Human Bondage," those lines will be just another horror from the enemy's propaganda files. Leslie Howard still lives—leaving behind as he did a wife and children, a theater tradition, a soldier's legend.

June Allyson picks Charles "Buddy" Rogers because—people thought he was too good looking to ever ditch that "Buddy" tag. To turn from crooning to acting. To interest any but the jitterbug crowd. So in 1929 he was elected a "Money Making Star" by the Motion Picture Almanac, appeared in 21 movies and eventually persuaded America's beloved "Sweetheart," Mary Pickford, to become Mrs. Co-Producer Rogers! Or, to be technical, Mrs. Navy Lieutenant Charles Rogers!

Ingrid Bergman picks Ben Lyon because—like scotch and soda, Sears and Roebuck, Baltimore and Ohio. Ben, back in the 30's there was always Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels. By turn they were slick and sophisticated, corny and cute, laughing and loving. Ben was "straight man" for his ever-lovin' spouse and continued in that tradition when the couple went overseas to remain and become Britain's favorite radio team. But came la guerre, came Ben back home. He's a full Colonel in the U.S. Army now, serving abroad, serving his country.

Anne Baxter picks Charles Farrell because—with Charley in "Seventh Heaven" the per capita consumption of feminine fingernails went up 70% and the greatest movie love team of all time was born—Farrell and Janet Gaynor. The stone of their popularity could have gone on rolling indefinitely, but Charles grew bored, turned to his favorite sport, tennis, added a little showmanship, and founded the swank "Racquet Club" in Palm Springs. As to present doings, the star of "Seventh Heaven" is very busy knocking those little sons of heaven right out of their niches in the So. Pacific via aircraft carrier—as Lieut. Charles Farrell, USN!

Shirley Temple picks James Dunn because—she appeared in her first picture with the dashing Jimmy and nearly plucked herself bald every time she'd hear cracks about his being a Dublin flash in the pan who wouldn't last. And he didn't. No more than 15 years ago, however. Sure he hit a few rough spots during that time but whatever it was he had, that gee-you're-wonderful catch in his voice or that grin, along came Betty Davis with her wonderful Brooklyn growing tree and Jimmy was in, up and very definitely not out. P.S. The still adoring Shirley saw "A Tree Grows, etc." an even dozen times—how's that for keeping the faith?

Dick Crane picks Hoot Gibson because—with "Hoot" it's always literally, "home on the range," for that's really the only place he's completely happy, with a saddle under him and space for an ear-bustin' "Vip-pee!"—no small wonder for a guy born in a town like Tekamah! Edward still does a few pix now and then, just for the heck of it, but that's all it amounts to. No guy could manage that miles-upon-miles San Fernando Valley ranch and those vet hospital visits and peace-time wooly rodeos and still act. But "Hoot's" doing O.K. He's doing fine!

Bette Davis picks Paul Lukas because—Paul's the kind of actor who makes hollywooders feel like Garbo and matrons feel like Greer. He knows his business backwards (Continued on page 88)
HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE Overglo
BY WESTMORE

FROM HOLLYWOOD... WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL
NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE... NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

FOR the flawless-looking complexion of the stars
... one drop of Overglo ... and presto! Quickly,
evenly applied with your fingertips, this new
liquid-cream foundation of the Westmores camou-
flages large pores and little lines. Adds youthful
smoothness under powder and rouge. Keeps make-
up fresh all day. Never gives a masked appearance.
Non-drying, definitely! Its emollient lanolin and oil
base helps defy dust and weather, too. One bottle
lasts for months. Six flattering shades. $1.50 plus tax.

NEW... ONE SHADE... OVERGLO FACE POWDER
A make-up discovery! Practically colorless—permits your
foundation-tinted skin to glow through with youthful beauty.
A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any
tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. $1. plus tax.

PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

and forwards and can do anything from the
dashing, headstrong “Lilliom” that he
played back home in Budapest in 1916, to
the weary, legend-making Kurt Muller in
“Watch On The Rhine.” Only thing is,
good-natured Mr. L. gets annoyed some-
times. “It’s fantastic,” he reasons, “how
many times I have been ‘discovered!’” But
that Oscar he won for “Watch” perma-
nently sets him head and shoulders above
the crowd—just high enough for the he-
cats to smoulder and the matrons to swoon.

Jeanne Crain picks Jackie Cooper
because—this was the kid who used to take
your heart in his two dirty hands and
squeeze until the tears came to your eyes.
And then he’d grin. Not a cookey, aren’t-I-
the-prodigy—though kind of laugh, but a
gentle curl of the lip that was far sadder
than tears. And no matter what he played
—“Donovan’s Kid,” “Sooky,” “The Champ,”
“Peck’s Bad Boy”—he was always the same
little feller with the turned around cap and
the knickers torn at one knee. He was
always Skippy. Well, Skippy grew up.
Grew up enough to embrace a very won-
derful looking gal, his Mrs., June Horne,
and a very wonderful-working organiza-
tion, the U.S. Navy, as a Seaman 2nd Class!

James Craig picks Gary Cooper
because—Coop’s laugh—crinkled eyes go steely at the
mention of “drawing room cowboy” and
his jaw tightens; A cowboy from way back,
Gary never could quite figure out what in
tarnation he was doing simpering in front
of that there mealy camera. But time
passed and with it the agonies of embar-
rassment. And Coop hit the Hollywood
drawing room jackpot with such a clatter
that now he’s producer and top actor for
International Pictures with barely enough
time for squiring around Mrs. C., the ex-
Sandra “Rocky” Shaw.

Bob Walker picks Will Rogers
because—somehow, I always believed that Will knew
more, much more than “just what he read
in the papers.” He was a smart man as
well as a good one and no better proof is
needed than in the splendid record his son,
former Congressman Will Rogers, Jr., set
in his advanced and humanitarian reforms.
As a tribute to Will, who, with his dear
friend, Wiley Post, was killed in an air
crash in the Fall of 1935, his estate grounds
have been designated a public park.

Ann Sheridan picks Lew Ayres
because—to Lew must go credit for having been not
only one of the most talented and intelli-
gent actors around, but also for being one
of the very few truly sincere men I have
ever known. Lew knew that when he
announced his anti-war inclinations at the
time of his intended induction, a huge
storm would be raised over his undefended
head. Well, Lew’s in the South Pacific
now as a medical aide, yelling for huge
doses of atabrine he’s been taking for
that tropical fever, almost completely
white-haired from the mental and emo-
tional strain. But he’s going on declaring
that he feels is the most good for the most
people, firmly resolved to enter the church
as soon as peace is ours. A truly sincere
man.

John Payne picks Clara Bow
because—Clara was to the 20’s what Ann Sheridan,
Bacall and Grable are to the ’45 swoon act.
She was one of the few actresses who didn’t mind admitting that she was a
woman. That she had legs and that legs
happened to others than women too. But
Clara’s given up the movies in favor of the
quiet life on that Nevada ranch with hubby
Rex Bell, who not only bought the huge
place (after they’d been living in a rented
one for so long) — but simultaneously en-
Tom Drake picks Norma Shearer because—whenever first ladies are mentioned and graciousness and dignity and charm are the reference, the mention is associated with Norma Shearer. She is the most functioning star of the 20s. And why not? She's remarried, to Martin Arrouge, the ski instructor she met at Sun Valley and whose wife is a happy, contented life. Martin is a Naval Officer now on active duty and so Norma takes her place with the millions of other war wives, caring for her two children, her home, her heart for the husband who'll be home—soon.

Bob Hope picks Harold Lloyd because—To most people, Harold Lloyd will always be the funny man with the dark goggle glasses, the smirk, the fella who always has the custard pie in the face, the foot in the seat of the pants and the audience in the palm of his hand. He's turned the tables, now, or, to be truthful, he's just let down the funny man's face and let the folks in on a glimpse of the real Lloyd. Said Lloyd being not only a functioning movie executive, head of Harold Lloyd Productions, but a radio director as well, with a bouncing comedy air show all his own.

Betty Hutton picks Edward G. Robinson because—Eddie's the originial "between two worlds" guy. You're positive he's a real life "Little Caesar" until you overhear him discussing Picasso, Rembrandt or Dalí, then you start muttering, "That was two other fellows." But it's not, it's not really. Because ever since those early days in Bucharest, E.G.'s had the soul of a scholar and the face of a vaguely confused bully—which combination has gone far and long to make Mr. Robinson a) an authority on art, b) a leading movie figure, c) a wealthy man. Good, yes?

Poulette Goddard picks Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. because—Doug is probably one of the few sons of great men who turned out to be great himself. He was able to distinguish between being a "chip off the old block" and just copy-catting his way to fame. There's no question but that he's inherited the famed Fairbanks, Sr. swashbuckles and charm but the intelligence he's demonstrated in both his professional and private life are very evidently all his own. In some die-hard quarters, he's still thought of as "young Doug," but hunt up the reading books and the birthdate comes out 1908—37 being neither too young nor too old for him to be a Lieut. Commander in the U.S. Navy—with medals!

Van Johnson picks Grete Gabor because—while GG will always have a small group of despairing females ready to make snide remarks about "canal boat feet" or "vegetarian bug," to most of the world, she will always stand for something not quite earthy, something fragile and wonderful and super-artistic. Always a believer in quality, rather than quantity she still refuses to do any number of scripts which have been tailor-written for her and is currently browsing about New York reading new stage plays.

June Havoc picks Mary Pickford because—Nothing new has been added to Mary Pickford—not that anything new was ever needed! She's still as fresh and winsome as the "Tess of the Storm Country," "Mr. Miracle," and "Madame Butterfly" of the early 1900's which your mother and pop so loved. But if Mary was always "America's Sweetheart," she was always one of its leading business women, as well. Beginning with the Mary Pickford Company

Be lovely to love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh, the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth...never greasy, never gritty. Doesn't dry out...usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢.
Tragic scenes like this, now, in their once-happy home. Tearfully, Ellen seeks the reason. Why has her husband become so silent, strange? Little does Ellen realize her own “one neglect” — carelessness about feminine hygiene — is to blame. How much heartache she would have spared herself if she had known about Lysol!

Ann lives in Honeymoon Cottage

How different the scenes between Ann and her husband, still as loving as newlyweds! Ann, like thousands of modern wives, uses Lysol disinfectant regularly and often for feminine hygiene. Her doctor advised Lysol solution as an effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. Yet so gentle for douching. Won’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues... just follow easy directions. “Lysol works wonderfully!” says Ann. Inexpensive, too. Try it for feminine hygiene.

Check these facts with your Doctor

Douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution. Its low “surface tension” means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply and more effectively into folds and crevices to search out germs. Non-cauceful—Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. Powerful—Lysol is an efficient germicide. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Disodorizes effectively. Lysol keeps full strength, even unopened.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

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which she organized in 1916, giving her one-half interest in all her pictures, and has continued her producing activities until now, 29 years later, she is the new owner of an independent picture producing company. Which is one of the most painless ways anyone could think of to while away the time until V-day and the return of a warrior husband—in this case, Lieut. Charles Rogers, USN.

Dick Jocekkle picks Jimmy Cagney because—Jimmy Cagney is one song and dance man “gone straight” who’s made the big time! Meaning, he’s one entertainer who started out as a vaudevillian and ended up by heading the list of top dramatic actors. There’s probably very little about show business which Jimmy doesn’t know and he’s putting this fund of knowledge into Cagney Productions, the outfit he partners with his brother, Bill. But Jimmy still has a soft spot in his sentimental Irish heart for his old song-and-snappy patter routine—that’s what made him such a standout in “Yankee Doodle Dandy” and netted him the 1942 male Oscar.

Lon McCallister picks Janet Gaynor because—the catherpillar has become a butterfly, the female fatale has emerged—Janet Gaynor is growing as a woman who remembers her in “Seventh Heaven” and “Sunny Side Up” were startled to say the least, at how woman-of-the-worldish she appeared in “A Star Is Born” but no more so than in her intimate friends and neighbors when they beheld Janet as the living proof of “clothes” making the woman. The transformation occurred, normally enough, at the time of Janet’s marriage to Designer Adrian who made her the envy of her sex by producing those originals—and small son Robin.

Betty Grable picks Carole Lombard because—Carole was a very rare phenomenon in Hollywood, an actress who was honest, a woman who was loved by other women—even after she married all mankind’s one dream of romance! There were no “inside angles” to Carole’s personality, no “hidden traits.” She was just a very intense, vivid, love-seeking girl, severely critical of herself and her work, meltingly generous to everyone else, a girl who loved living more than she loved life. Carole gave up that life for her country, being a good sport and an American, and probably thinks it was a fair setup. Not so the rest of us, not so Clark Gable.

Frank Sinatra picks Bing Crosby because—talking about Bing is like discussing oatmeal or time. It’s always wholesome, normal and unnecessary. It’s good to know he’s there, that he and Dixie and the boys are well and kicking and that no matter what happens, no matter what he does—he’ll do it in Technicolor! One of Bing’s greatest dreams has just been realized, he won the Academy Award for 1944, and even though he insists the only reason he wanted the Oscar so badly was to please his aging, fond father, everybody and his brother was in there pitching for one of the swellest guys around. P.S. Watch for “The Great John L.” It’s the Groaner’s first as an independent producer.

Lana Turner picks Maurice Chevalier because—too many people, France has always meant Paris and postcards; black dresses and bicycles, spring flowers—and Maurice. Well, maybe France has changed a bit since the old days but not so her spring flowers—nor Chevalier. He’s still in there pitching, entertaining troops, unbelievably happy now that the French Underground has completely absolved him of any taint of collaborationist activities, that he has the honor of being London’s first importation to her Victoria Palace theater.
and that song from Marion Davies’ first talkie, “Marianne.” (Continued from page 14) ... Looks like everybody’s jumping on the Hollywood bandwagon. Ted Lewis in Warner’s “Show of Shows,” Abe Lyman in “Holiday” and “Just Imagine.” And that band that was such a sensation at the Cotton Club last year, that Duke Ellington, he’s going out West for his first feature film, “Check and Double Check,” with Ames and Andy. Say, I just read an article in the paper that said “Are Musical Movies On The Way Out?” Well, with “New Moon” and “Just Imagine” and this big new production based on the life of Paul Whiteman, “King of Jazz,” in color and all, how can they talk that way? Still, I guess they always will, just for something to talk about. Ten, twenty years from now they’ll be saying the same thing.

(Here’s some good ones for the books—Johnny Green’s new tune, “Body and Soul,” and the latest by George Whiting, “My Ideal.” And Jimmy McHugh’s still turning out hits—he has one called “On The Sunny Side Of The Street.” Cute idea.)

Got to catch up on the new records. They say the phonograph industry is in a bad slump since the crash last Fall, but gosh, there’s plenty of good stuff still coming out. Have you heard that new one by Fletcher Henderson, “Chinatown, My Chinatown,” and “Somebody Loves Me?” He has some fine young musicians in the band—kids like John Kirby, Benny Carter, Rex Stewart, and, of course, the great Coleman Hawkins—and a guitar player named Clarence Holiday; he has a daughter named Billie, only thirteen, they say she’s going to be a great singer some day.

Got to get both those new records of “Rockin’ Chair.” One’s by Mildred Bailey—she’s been using it as her radio theme, of course. The other’s by the composer himself, Hoagy Carmichael, playing piano and leading his own band. There’s Bix Beiderbecke and Bubber Morris on trumpets, Tommy Dorsey on trombone, Benny Goodman on clarinet, Bud Freeman on tenor sax, Joe Venuti on hot fiddle, Eddie Lang on guitar and that fine young drummer from Chicago, Gene Krupa. Some of these fellows have been making a lot of records with Red Nichols, too, as well as playing with him in the pit bands for some of the Broadway shows. Men like Jack Teagarden and Glenn Miller on trombones, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Dorsey and Bube Russin and Adrian Rollini on sax. Nichols certainly is the big man on records these days. He calls his band the Five Pennies but there are always at least eleven of ’em.

(“Say, I see where Victor’s Hot Tune Of The Month is a thing called “Boogie Woogie,” recorded by King Oliver. They think of more weird titles, don’t they? Better get a copy of that, and while I think of it, let’s rehearse “The Stein Song” today—and “Rico Rita,” “Little White Lies” and “Lady Play Your Mandolin.”)

Did you hear the new records by Louis Armstrong? He picked up a band out West, has some good men in it: trombonist by the name of Lawrence Brown and a seventeen-year-old drummer who’s sensational, named Lionel Hampton. They have “I’m A Ding Dong Daddy,” “Confessin’ That I Love You,” “If I Could Be With You.” (Continued on page 94)
All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—so perhaps you'll want to plan a party for good friends working hard to help win the war.

Everything has a birthday—trees get more and more annual rings, tires less and less tread, oysters make bigger and bigger pearls as the year's irritations mount, boys and girls have more and more birthday candles and Modern Screen just keeps right on getting more and more readers!

That is why, out in Hollywood, a lot of charming people—The M-G-M, Twentieth-Fox and Paramount studios—gave Modern Screen birthday parties and fifteen pats on the back cover with one to grow on! And there were refreshments—tasty little nibbles of which everyone ate more than they'd planned to.

A really lovely time was had by one and all.

We hope there will be a lot of happy occasions in your life in the near future which deserve a party. V-day and your favorite G.I. home for keeps, a good friend's birthday or engagement, or something else nice. You'll want suggestions for tempting little delicacies, not too hard to make. Some of the tidbits served at the Modern Screen birthday parties would be especially appetizing with cocktails, iced tea or carbonated beverages.

You already know that the appearance of food is like a first taste. Remember to get some dainty lace paper doilies, parsley or watercress, extra lemons to be cut into attractive shapes for garnishing. Nasturtium leaves are lovely—when available lay one on each individual sandwich plate. Olives, small cubes of ham or cheese, narrow strips of bologna rolled around a sliver of pickle, shrimp, one-inch squares of pickled herring or cocktail sausages can be placed on gaily colored tooth-

Newlyweds Gloria De Haven and John Payne had a lovely time at M-G-M's party for MODERN SCREEN. Bet Gloria wonders if John expects her to make all these! [They're easy, Gloria!]

"The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts," but the way we hear the story the queen was so flattered she invited him to her next party and made these special cherry ice cream tarts!

It takes real will power to make a choice among these delicious tidbits!
By Nancy Wood

picks and stuck into a grapefruit, bright red apple, egg plant or small, good-looking head of green or red cabbage.

Trim crusts from thinly sliced bread, cut into fancy little shapes and toast before spreading. If bread is too fresh to cut neatly, chill it in the refrigerator.

Some of these Modern Screen hors d'oeuvres should be good bachelor bait:
Remember, very few men can resist deviled eggs, especially if there are chopped olives in the stuffing and they're topped with a gay little strip of pimento.

Now, on to our canapes! Very attractive and as good as they look—toasted strips of bread heaped with cream cheese in which slices of radish have been set. Dust with paprika.

Cream cheese is the smooth, rich basis for another delicacy. Spread toast strips with cream cheese. Place ball of avocado (or chopped cucumber marinated in French dressing) on one end. Decorate other end with slices of black and green olives.

Crisp cracker covered with smoked salmon. Top with finely mashed cottage cheese blended with minced chives.

If bacon hasn't become a collector's item in your community, mix peanut butter and crisp bacon bits. Serve on toasted cracker.

These will look yummy on your appetizer tray: Put hard-cooked eggs through ricer (or coarse sieve), blend with mayonnaise and prepared mustard to taste. Spread on diamond shaped bits of bread and top with anchovy. If you can't get anchovy, use a sprig of crisp watercress.

Increasingly popular is the tray of assorted cheeses, served with toasted crackers or buttered triangles of bread. More or less easily available these days are camembert, Liederkranz, blue cheese and a variety of cream spreads.

So much for the non-sweet party refreshments. Perhaps your friends have sweet-tooths (could this possibly be the correct plural?) then naturally you'll give them a beverage such as hot or iced coffee or tea garnished with lemon. With these beverages go ice cream or gelatin desserts, cookies, cake or tarts. Maybe you'd like to start with little sandwiches such as cream cheese and chives or chipped nuts, olives or jam. Chicken sandwiches are easy to make and everyone likes them.

A delicately pink and perfectly delicious ice cream can be made by adding half maraschino cherry juice and half water to your favorite packaged vanilla ice cream mix. When you've beaten it smooth and light after its first freezing, add ¼ cup chopped cherries and ½ cup chopped nut meats. Freeze firm for serving. This will serve four or five. Multiply the recipe as many times as needed for your guests, but better plan to use an ice cream freezer in that case.

Hello! Here we are, at the bottom of our column and we haven't had the space to tell you about a very delicate orange and nut cake we love! Nor an easy-to-make fruit milk sherbet! Then there's a chocolate brownie you'd love to serve with ice cold lemonade or fruit juice, several recipes for long, delicious cold summer drinks. And you must have the recipe for fruit chiffon tarts!
Just send us that stamped, self-addressed envelope while you think of it. Address:
THE MODERN HOSTESS, DEPT. B. P. MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

The 'Inside' Story

In wartime, especially, it isn't easy to make the kind of soap people expect to find inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper. It isn't easy to get all the ingredients necessary to make Fels-Naptha pre-eminent among fine laundry soaps.

And that's only half the story. Now, a larger share of our stock of materials and our manufacturing facilities must be used to make good soap for men and women in active service.

Obviously, this will mean some further inconvenience for civilians. In the months ahead, you may have to wait more often for the familiar Fels-Naptha wrapper to appear on your grocer's shelf . . .

but the soap inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper will be Fels-Naptha Soap.

We think the average woman wants to know these plain facts about the supply of Fels-Naptha Soap. We think her loyalty to a good name will survive this time of trial, which is shared—in some way—by all.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
and that talkie song, "I'm In The Market For You." Louis sounds better than ever, and I've been listening to him since he worked here in New York with Fletcher Henderson's band back in '24, six years ago.

I hear Duke Ellington's recording of the song from his movie, "Three Little Words," and using Paul Whitman's Three Rhythm Boys for the vocal—Al Rinker (that's Mildred Bailey's young brother) and Harry Barris (the fellow who just wrote a new song called "I Surrender Dear") and Bing Crosby. They ought to sound good with the Duke—they've sure done a swell job with Whitman's band.

(We're still getting requests for "When It's Springtime In The Rockies"—don't forget that one, Joe. And you know what I keep hearing on the air? "Beyond The Blue Horizon," and "Fine and Dandy." And another Jimmy McHugh one, "Exactly Like You.")

This Rudy Vallee certainly is sitting on top of the world, huh? Had a night club named for him, made a talkie, got a cast-iron NBC contract, publishing a book about himself, women fainting all over the place before he even gets the megaphone to his lips. That reminds me, we ought to make up an arrangement on "Something To Remember You By." If Vallee does it, it's sure fire.

Bert Lown's doing very nicely at the Biltmore, they say. And I hear young Ozzie Nelson's done a grand job out at the new Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle. Plays saxophone, guitar and violin—talented kid. But the big names are still mostly out on the Coast. Did you see the list of celebrities who've been swarming into the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles to hear Gus Arheim's orchestra? Clara Bow and Rex Bell, Marian Nixon, Marie Dressler, Sally Eilers, just about everybody who's anybody, I guess.

Say, you know this songwriter Billy Rose, the one who wrote "I've Got A Feeling I'm Falling" with Fats Waller and Andy Razaf? They say he's decided to become a producer and opened his own offices. Some tellers, don't know when they're well off. He'll lose his shirt. I hear Razaf teamed up with Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake to do the new "Blackbirds" show.

Talking about Sissle, did you hear what a big hit he was in Paris at the Ambassadors? Looks like all you have to do nowadays to make a hit with a band is to go to Europe and come back so you can announce "Direct From Sensational European Tour!"

Horace Heidt just came back from over there; now he's playing theatres all over the country and cleaning up. Hal Kemp was big in London and Paris, too. Had that youngster Bunny Berigan in his trumpet section. And they say he got the Ted Lewis band got $18,000 a week at the Kit Cat in London. Some of his boys made some records with Spike Hughes while they were in England. Spike is the local hot jazz hero and he got Jimmy Dorsey, who was making the trip with Lewis, to sit in on a record session with him.

Funny how almost all the big band-leaders in London are Americans, even if they have all-British bands. Howard Jacobs, for instance, he's the big noise at Claridge's, they say he's getting as much as $500 a week for himself, net. And Roy Fox at Cafe de Paris. Ray Starita, Carroll Gibbons—all from over here, but formed bands over there.

(Last set coming up, Joe—give 'em "Cheerful Little Earful" and "It Happened In Monterey." And don't forget the "Pagan Love Song," they always go for that!) * * *

After that little excursion into the past, here I am back in 1945 with some slightly more up to date gossip. The big talk of the day concerns Benny Goodman's new band. From what I heard at rehearsals and their first broadcasts via Fitch Bandwagon and Spotlight Bands, I'd say Benny has hit his stride very well. Despite the difficulty of getting men at almost any price nowadays, he's done a fine job, roping in such people as Trummy Young on trombone, and Jack Hylton, a promising singer who was a hit last season at Cafe Society Downtown. But the big kick of course is the Quintet (or Sextet, when he adds a guitar record)—with Red Norvo on vibes, Teddy Wilson on piano and Stan Stewart, who used to be with Slim and Slam, bowing his bass and doing those weird vocal noises. Between them and drummer Morrey Feld, it's the oldest small group Benny's had since the memorable 1941 outfit with Cootie Williams and Georgie Auld. Red Norvo tells me that working with Teddy is his idea of paradise, and an inspiration both to himself and Benny.

Glad to note that Benny is continuing his policy of taking an occasional vocal himself, as he did with the band he had in '43. I suspect Benny's wife was the instigator of this, just as several other facets of the Goodman policy, such as his intention of making a move to travel away from New York, can be traced to Alice—and she's right, since the headaches involved are too numerous. As you read this BG will probably have followed Duke Ellington into the 400 Club on Fifth Avenue.

Tommy Dorsey's stay at that increasingly popular spot caused plenty of excitement. Brother Jimmy, who didn't speak to TD for so many years, came in beaming on the opening night and sat
with the band, as did Roy Eldridge.

Buddy Rich told me he's engaged to some-

one else. Tommy made a sensational

move in adding Charlie Shavers to his

trumpet section. In spite of the big string

section, the band swings, thanks to terrific

work by men like Buddy and Charlie.

At a couple of after-theater gab sessions

sitting around with Artie Shaw and Ava

Gardner, I found him as stimulating a
talker as ever. He's on a rampage against
people who make fast distinctions between
"jazz" and "classical" music.

Said Artie, "There's no such thing as
writing a classic. When Beethoven sat
down to write his Fifth Symphony he
didn't say to himself, 'This will be a
classic.' The Fifth Symphony is good be-
cause Beethoven was a great musician,
and we hundred years from now the really
fine music of today will also be classic.
Classic applies to any work good enough
to be a model of its kind."

This Shaw man makes a lot of sense.
Some day I wish he'd write a book. Talk-
ing of which reminds me that Barry
Ulanov, most literate of all the jazz
critics, is working furiously on a full-
length book on Duke Ellington which will
be published in the fall.

Barry and I spent a wonderful day out
at Louis Armstrong's house in Queens.
Louis's sister, up on a visit—first time
in her life—made us the most fantastic
Louisiana gumbo, a gourmet's dream.
Louis, still the same wonderful-natured
Satchmo whom I first met in 1932 at the
Paladium in London, reminisced about
his 28 years in the music business. Louis
also spoke very forcefully about the need
for progress—he just can't understand
some of the jazz fans who worship the
musicians he played with in the 1920's,
in preference to the great young musicians
of today. When we asked Louis to name
the great hot jazz trumpet men of today,
the first name that sprang to his lips was
that of Roy Eldridge.

Oh, before I forget—this department,
only in its second month, has already
seen one of its predictions come true! Pearl
Bailey, the great singer about whom I
raved last month as a movie bet, just
called to tell me she'll shortly be signing
a seven-year pact with MGM. Don't forget
to watch for her—remember Pearl Bailey?

Dear Boys:

What can I give Modern Screen for her
birthday? She wouldn't care for perfume
or handkerchiefs—or even a diamond bracelet,
if I could afford it. I can't cook, or I'd bake
her a birthday cake with fifteen candles.
That's what I did for my mother once and,
when I wasn't looking, she threw it in the
garbage can. So you can imagine—

So I'll give her the only thing I can. The
grin on my face when you ran my first
picture—my yips and gurgles over every
story about me—the way I laughed and
cried when I made the poll. I'll tell you
what she'll do with the silly bundle, but
here it is, all wrapped in love and tied up
with gratefulness.

Please hand it to her for me, will you,
boys? And I hope she'll be as happy on
her birthday as she's made me.

June Allyson
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.
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HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM M.G.M.

(Continued from page 40)

Gus Gale, MS’s photographer, shows Elizabeth T. how he takes these wonderful pix, while someone else snaps the lesson.

Lucille Ball, who danced with her Desi Arnaz for the crowd (they’re a couple of the best dancers here), gets a compliment from Craig.

THANKS A MILLION!

Thanks Metro, and Paramount and 20th Century-Fox for making those wonderful birthday parties possible. The least we can do in return is to tell our readers what current or soon-to-come pictures all these stars appear in. Here’s the list. Check off your favorites.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

(pages 38, 39, 40, 41)

Greer Garson... “Valley of Decision”
Hedy Lamarr... “Her Highness and the Bellboy”
Jimmy Durante... “Two Girls from Boston” (Forthcoming)
Gloria De Haven... “Between Two Women”
Esther Williams... “Thrill of a Romance”
Van Johnson... “Thrill of a Romance”
Elizabeth Taylor... “Hold High the Torch”
Robert Walker... “Her Highness and the Bellboy”
Tom Drake... “This Man’s Navy”
Peter Lawford... “Son of Lassie”
Judy Garland... “The Clock”
James Craig... “Gentle Annie”
Phyllis Thaxter... “Alter-Ego”
Jan Clayton... “This Man’s Navy”
Lucille Ball... “Ziegfeld Follies” and “Without Love”

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"I lost 77 pounds in 6 months!"
— says Mrs. Jane Ende of Rock Island, Ill.

Dear Al and Henry:

There are two things I’d like to say to Modern Screen on its fifteenth birthday. Congratulations and thanks.

The first explains itself. The second—well, maybe that’s obvious too, but on birthdays you try to put your feelings into words. Right now, Hollywood’s a long way off, and I’m casting no backward glances at it. Right now, all that counts is the Army Air Force. But some day the war’ll be over, and when that day comes, I hope to go back into films.

Modern Screen’s been swell to me from the start. But I think you’ve been extra swell to actors in the service. I’m not talking about guys like Gable and Reagan. They’ll always be in, no matter how long they’re out. But fellows who were just starting out—the Grangers, O’Connors, Jacekis, McCallisters—you’ve certainly done your best to keep our memories green.

For myself, thanks, Jellas. Thanks for being interested, thanks for the breaks, thanks for helping me feel there may be a job to come back to. And good luck to you, too.

Lon.
Gracie Fields' hilarious song about the Aspidistra, and apologies for Johnson, Bogart, Flynn, Milland and Cotten as victims of the biggest Astigmatism in the world!

"Astigmatism" commonly is defined in dictionaries as "a structural defect of the eye, such that the rays of light do not converge to a point on the retina." That is Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls' polite way of saying that the five Hollywood heroes are so cross-eyed that they couldn't see Catalina on a clear day. Either these five boys are cross-eyed, or they don't get around. (On second thought, this is hard to believe. Bogart covers more ground, standing still at Burbank, than a World Atlas, and Flynn, according to stories I read in the papers, gets to the darnedest places.) No, I'm afraid they are just cross-eyed, and Van Johnson also suffers from youth, which I would like to be suffering from too!

As it stood when I came in, these five favorites of yours had voted Garbo and Lamarr into a tie for first place. They voted Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford and Dolores Del Rio into a four-cornered tie for second place. And there was a four-cornered tie for third, Olivia de Havilland, Danielle Darrieux, Virginia Bruce and Loretta Young.

With the deciding vote entrusted to me by the editors of this magazine, I hereby pick Hedy Lamarr as more gorgeous than the stunning Garbo; I pick Ingrid Bergman to dissolve the second tie, and I pick Loretta Young as winner of the tie for third. Which gives us Hedy Lamarr, Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, Loretta Young, Virginia Bruce, Olivia de Havilland and Danielle Darrieux as the Top Ten. (These are the selections of Van Johnson, Bogart, Ray Milland, Flynn and Joe Cotten, not mine. I disown that cross-eyed jury.)

In setting as the expert swordman to cut the Gordian knot, I conclude that I am a dope. Judging beauty contests, of any kind, is hazardous and perilous. The judge can't win! Immediately this magazine is on the street, menacing voices will telephone and tell me off. This is to be expected. From the dawn of time, the subject of beauty has engrossed more men than you can shake a sorority at.

To console those who aren't beautiful, various writers have disparaged its possession. So we have the Polish proverb: "Beauty will not season soup." As though any guy in his right mind would want soup with a Hedy Lamarr at his table! Some author, smart enough to remain Anon, thus went morbid:

"Beauty is but skin deep; Ugly lies the bone; Beauty dies and fades away, But Ugly holds its own."

Truer summation of all, of course, is that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Each one of us responds to something else, and the something else may be a blonde, brunette or titaan-haired. So why, I ask, disagree with Bogart, Flynn, Johnson, Cotten and Milland, just as certainly they can disagree with my equally stubborn and positive preferences because beauty IS in the eye of the beholder!

In "Algiers," Hedy Lamarr was, I think, the most exciting beauty ever to appear on film. Jimmy Howe, who photographed her, can take credit for at least an assist! Jimmy (his formal tag is James Wong Howe) always has claimed that to become a glamour girl, a woman needs only two features—full lips and expressive eyes. He proved it with Hedy Lamarr, because there are two weaknesses in The Lamarr: she has a slightly weak chin, and is a bit on the flat-chested side. So Jimmy had the chin appear stronger by throwing a heavy light on it, thus creating a heavy shadow underneath. He took your attention from her chest by focusing on her eyes and lips. And then little James Wong Howe played his camera ace: He always has maintained that a woman looks most seductive when she is wearing a veil. He created the effect of a veil by shadowing the forehead of Hedy Lamarr and he says that it was this lighting effect which caused audiences to murmur excitedly when she first appeared on the screen.

If you doubt that Howe knows what he is talking about, consider for a moment that Hedy Lamarr, Ingrid Bergman, Loretta Young all have weaknesses and irregularities but EACH has full lips, eloquent eyes. Your reigning beauties all have irregularities of features. Regard Ann Sheridan's irregular nose and round, full face; Bette Davis's pop eyes, Dietrich's broad nose; the broad forehead of Zorina.

Look at yourself in the mirror and you'll find that very few people have
absolutely straight noses. They have a tendency to curve to one side or the other. If your face, then, were lighted by a cameraman, from the same side as the direction of the nose’s curve, it would accent the curvature. Ann Sheridan’s cute nose curves slightly toward the left of her face. So in photographing her, Jimmy would light the left side of her face. Simple, huh?

So if you have a long nose, or a large mouth, or eyes too big, they may turn you into a very exciting creature. The left side of Madeleine Carroll’s face, for instance, is much fuller than the right side, but it adds to her appeal. Marlene Dietrich’s narrow face, plus a broad nose, gives her that sexy slant. (Yes, I know. She has legs, too.) Ann Sheridan, when she was making “Torrid Zone,” showed up one day on the set with a pimple near her mouth. Howe covered it with a beauty spot, thus drawing attention to her mouth. A defect became an asset by accentuating the negative and converting it into the positive. Hubba-hubba!

If I seem to be suggesting here that in Hollywood, beauty often owes a great deal to lighting, that is right. In my time, I’ve interviewed or talked or dined with every girl on the five lists submitted by Milland, Cotten, Bogart, Flynn and Van Johnson with these exceptions—Dolores Costello, Lauren Bacall, Mary Astor and Tournanova—so I can speak with some authority on how they look with and

**Is your marriage lacking something because you don’t know these intimate physical facts?**

There comes a time in so many women’s lives when they wonder, “Is my marriage a mistake?” There’s no open rift. Just sort of an exasperating indifference on the husband’s part.

Did it ever occur to you this fault may lie with the wife—her ignorance of how important douching often is to womanly charm, health and happiness—her ignorance of a proper germicide to put in the douche?

Important Facts Wives Should Know

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicidal for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues as ZONITE—discovery of a world-famous Surgeon and renowned Chemist.

ZONITE helps guard against infection. It’s so powerful that no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. Of course it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure of this! ZONITE instantly kills all reachable living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

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Despite its powerful germicidal action and strength—ZONITE is non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning. It positively contains no cresote, phenol or mercurial ingredients; no carbolic acid, no bichloride of mercury. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injuring delicate tissues.

ZONITE also instantly destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances and never leaves any lasting odor of its own. So cleansing, so refreshing. One of the greatest advancements in feminine hygiene ever discovered. All drugstores.

**HOW THEY VOTED**

Van Johnson
Norma Shearer
Greer Garbo
Joan Crawford
Lana Turner
Gloria Swanson
Katharine Hepburn
Marlene Dietrich
Hedy Lamarr
Colleen Moore

Humphrey Bogart
Lauren Bacall
Hedy Lamar
Ingrid Bergman
Dolores Del Rio
Ins Claire
Greta Garbo
Billie Dove
Vivian Banky
Mary Astor
Danielle Darrieux

Errol Flynn
Van Johnson
Humphrey Bogart
Lauren Bacall
Hedy Lamarr
Ingrid Bergman
Dolores Del Rio
Marlene Dietrich
Greta Garbo
Mary Astor
Danielle Darrieux

Joseph Cotten
Ingrid Bergman
Sally Blaine
Virginia Bruce
Dolores Del Rio
Marlene Dietrich
Greta Garbo
Dolores Del Rio
Madeleine Carroll
Linda Darnell
Hedy Lamarr
Dolores Del Rio
Loretta Young
Virginia Bruce
Maureen O’Hara

Ray Milland
Fay Wray
Joan Crawford
Olivia DeHavilland
Madeleine Carroll
Linda Darnell
Hedy Lamarr
Dolores Del Rio
Loretta Young
Virginia Bruce
Maureen O’Hara

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without their warpaint. I have seen Garbo repeatedly at close range.

Off the screen, the most gorgeous Hollywood beauties, to my way of thinking, are Greer Garson, Merle Oberon, Joan Crawford, Lena Horne, Iona Maysay, Loretta Young, Gene Tierney and Virginia Bruce. Ranking right up with them would be Mary Howard, who played nothing but supporting parts in Hollywood. More astonishing than any of them would be chic Connie Bennett, who always gives the impression that she just stepped from a bandbox.

It is an interesting thing to me that Humphrey Bogart, in listing his selections, remembered Billy Dove and Vilma Banky; that Joe Cotten remembered Dolores Costello, and that the surprisingly listed Gloria Swanson. Despite the frightful make-up and lighting to which stars of an earlier era in Hollywood were subjected, great beauties distinguished the early Mack Sennett comedies and other films. Olive Thomas, Anita Stewart, Barbara Lamarr and Mary Pickford were standouts. Mabel Normand was unforgettable. Billy Dove, Dolores Costello and Vilma Banky would not have to yield to any of the moderns.

Styles in beauty have, of course, changed, just as styles in acting have improved. I’ll never forget Theda Bara, an early heartbreaker, as she appeared in “Cleopatra.” In a costume composed largely of beards, Miss Bara was a luscious beauty, lush in the sense that she was quite hefty. In those days, women were unattractive if they were not lavishly upholstered. For instance, Lillian Russell today would make Adele Astaire quite a run to cover with her magnificent frontal displacement, but she was built in proportion.

Just when streaming came in, I don’t know, but I have a hunch that it must have been just after World War II that Marlene Dietrich draped her leg carelessly (?) over a chair in “Blue Angel” and sang the song that forever after was to be associated with her husky, sexy voice. Previously, legs had been ignored in polite conversation. True, the movie producers had crept up on the interesting subject by engaging shapely Annette Kellerman to splash for them, and grand opera had sneaked around the taboo by casting shapely girl singer as pages, but Dietrich brought legs to flower. Bud! The silk stocking manufacturers sold out of their stocks, and shapely legs every night and say a prayer of appreciation for Dietrich.

Just how Van Johnson remembered Gloria Swanson and Colleen Moore, I do not know. I thought he was wrong to share those memories with us. In fact, Van’s selections altogether are disconcerting. I thought he’d pick June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Jane Greer, Shirley Temple, Jacqueline Dalyla, Joan Caulfield, Ginny Simms, Jayne Reynolds, Lauren Bacall and other slick chicks of the jive groove, but outside of Los Angeles, he was quite sober in his picks. Apparently Johnson likes them serious.

Of the First Ten, selected by the heroes, it is interesting to note that not one of them is a movie star. Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, Dietrich, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, Loretta Young, Virginia Bruce, Danielle Darrieux and Oliva de Havilland are all of that select school of young females now coming to the screen. Six of them incidentally, are foreign born, and to underscore the idea, three of the six foreign-born actresses, Lamarr, Garbo and Bergman are African, American-born, plastic two out of the first three, proves that it can produce something extra-special in addition to its Ginger Haggis. Most American-looking of the six, of course, is Ingrid Bergman.

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And what a thrill it is to say goodbye to dull, mousy-looking hair and see your own locks gleam with color and brightness. Why I remember...

...how drah-looking my own hair was before I heard about Nestle Colorinue. From my beauty shop girl. She explained that Colorinue rinses richer, warmer, natural-looking color into the hair. Sills it with sparkling highlights and gives it a beautiful, glamorous sheen. Colorinue is not an ordinary bleach nor a dye—its easily removed with shampoo—yet it won’t rub off.

Men like nothing better than gleaming, color-bright hair, for it makes a girl look so radiant—so much lovelier.

**Ask your beautician for an Opaque Linen Creme Wash by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.**

Keep hair in place all day long.

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Anita Ellis
FAMOUS RADIO SINGER
ON THE
MUTUAL NETWORK
"Color, charm, glamour, that’s my Don Juan Lipstick. Ifind Don Juan not drying or smearable."

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2. LIPS STAY LOVELY without frequent retouching. Try today.
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Age___________________________
My family won't allow me to have dates so I have to remain behind their backs. My boy is a sissy, but somehow dishonestly goes against the grain with me. What should I do? W. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

It kills half the fun when your night work must all be under cover, doesn't it? You're very right in wanting things aboveboard. Assuming that you're reached the age of dating, the only thing to do is to place the matter squarely up to the family. Tell them that you're the only girl in your crowd who isn't allowed to go out. Explain to them that they have given you high standards and that you haven't the least interest in going out with undesirable or shady characters. Let them know that you want to bring the boys to your home for parental inspection, and that you're eager to co-operate with them on questions of curfew, number of dates a week, etc. Let them know that you don't approve of girls meeting bears around the corner, but that that is one solution if they aren't permitted to invite them to their homes. We feel sure that you can reach a satisfactory compromise, if only you keep your temper and appeal to their logic.

I am in my last year in high school and a total flop with the girls. Is it too late to perk up and be a success? Helen, Cranford, N. J.

Nope, not if you really work at it hard. We'd suggest that you look over our Super Coupon on page 32, and send for whatever charts you need. When you've got your face and figure where you want them, you'll find yourself increasing in poise, developing charm. You'll catch yourself smiling at boys you were terrified of before, speaking to them as unconsciously as if they were your buddies. Along about that point, launch yourself via a really spiffy party. Maybe a bicycle picnic to a nearby brook. The kids all meet at your house to pick up directions and their share of the fixed food. Somebody's got a portable radio. You stick in a batch of funnies, a pack of cards, a softball and bat. The party's terrific and so are you. You're made! It's as easy as that. Start promoting yourself today.

We live near a Navy base and one forever being asked on blind dates. How do you start talk going on one of these? My mind goes a blank. M. W., South Norwalk, Conn.

The old obvious things are usually best to start conversation. Where do you want to bring the boy from? What's it like there? Do you have a big family? What would you be doing if you weren't in the Navy? They're rite but comfortable, and once your tongues are unloosed you'll find endless things to talk about. Just relax and don't jabber. Don't feel impelled to fill every silence. If your mind should go blank, try a good warm smile. That says a whole lot.

If you've just plain fallen out of love with a boy who still loves you, how do you let him down without too much of a thud? He's not overseas or anything. Just a senior at my school. B. K., Grosse Point, Mich.

The big thing to be considered is the lad's pride. When you hand him the big news, do it in such a way as to let him feel it's by mutual consent. "Don't you think we both need a change of scene?" is one angle. Then there's "Every gal in school would be in heaven if you were back in circulation. Don't you think it would be kind of a smart idea to cut ourselves adrift for awhile?" He'll get the picture and love you (in a nice platonic way) for your tact in handling a tricky business.
back he probably won't give a hoot about seeing any of them. He won't care beans for anybody, but a character named Joe who works on the plane next to his in England or for a battered-looking chief from his LST. No matter how actively you dislike his new buddies, don't tell him for sure they are dearer to him almost than you are. When he resumes a normal way of life, he will ease back into your warm, close circle of friends. They'll love him again. Just don't push it before he's ready.

If the lad you're welcoming back is a husband or sweetheart, be prepared for flashes of jealousy that are as new to him as all that fruit salad he wears over his heart. He'll think you were giving Bob the old business. That you danced too long with Bill. It will make you perfectly furious, but bear with him. It's part of his emotional readjustment. He needs such reassurance of your love for him. Give it to him constantly, and leave all coy, hard-to-get tactics alone until he can cope with them.

If your man should come home handicapped, you must be so terribly careful not to show any pity or revulsion. Make him know that you love him every bit as much with one arm as with two, with a scarred face as with his glamour puss. (It has been suggested that squeamish wives try to work in veterans' hospitals among men with the same injury as their husbands. That way they will accustom themselves to the sight of it and be far better able to withstand the shock of seeing their wounded husbands.) Discuss his troubles unemotionally. Help him get the necessary medical attention and vocational guidance. Accept the handicap, whatever it may be, and instead of brooding about it, help him bitter and self-pitying, help him to build a full, useful and happy life for himself. And for all the wounded veterans we're going to see: Don't stare at them. Don't whisper about them. Don't ask them how it happened. Don't say you're sorry. The more casual we are toward them the less odd they will feel and the happier they will be. This is their world; let's help them be at home in it.

Friend Al:

Happy birthday from the Paynes. Remember us? We met at a party given for you, so we owe you a happy birthday. We send our sincerest good wishes. I've been following the book for a number of years, and I like the way you handle Hollywood and her citizens. It's always been my contention that, under the so-called glamour, Hollywood's no different from other American towns. People, by and large, are, the same the world over. That seems to be Modern Screen's idea, too. I like the way you feature the human angle. No misleading headlines. No sensationalism. Things go wrong and people blunder out here, as they do in Podunk. You don't blow the blunders up out of all proportion to the truth. You seem more interested in the individuals. You show people living their lives, working, relaxing, caring for their families, doing all they can to guard the good things of this country that everyone's fighting for. Keep it up.

Yours in appreciation,

John Payne
kind whose love took the form of endearments. Hugging, kissing, would have embarrassed them. Their feeling expressed itself in other ways.

The little boy stood at the window of the big warm kitchen, watching the snow fall, smelling the tomato ketchup Grandmother cooked over the wood stove. Suddenly he cried out, "The chicken! Granny, the poor chicken!" Across the snow the poor chicken stumbled, battling foolishly, feebly with the gale. Grandmother caught up a heavy shawl, ran out and rescued it, laid it gently in a box near the stove. Clark stroked the wet feathers, smiled up at Grandmother, who was smiling back. Her face was beautiful. The child’s heart swelled with love for the goodness of his Granny.

Then his father married again. It was hard for the boy to leave his grandparents, still harder for them. But to their clear way of thinking, it was right that he should go to his father—as it had been right that they should give him shelter when it was needed.

The new home was at Hopedale, ten miles from Cadiz, where he was born. The new mother was all a mother should be—gentle and kind and one who understood boys. Here there were children to play with and, a little later, school. School was good because it brought games and companionship. But without books, it would have been still better. He was no student.

At eight he fell in love and remained true to his love for five long years. She was small and dainty, with soft brown eyes and hair, and her name was Treela. Instead of fishing on Sunday, he went to Sunday school because Treela was there. The boys called him Sissy, yet he went—even then his own master, bent on living his own way. As they all grew older and had little parties, he and Treela refused to play kissing games. To kiss each other in public was to spoil something, and by no means would they kiss anyone else.

For the rest, he played baseball, tugged a horn in the school band, and spent summers caring for the horses on his grandfather Gable’s farm. Meantime, his father, having turned from farming to the oil fields, turned back to farming again. They moved to Ravenna, sixty miles away. This meant farewell to Treela. The girl cried, the boy tried not to. It was many years before they met again. Treela was married, the mother of two pretty children. But through all the years she remained a fragrant memory to Clark.

He was fifteen and restless, bored with high school, tired of working hay and feeding hogs. "Let’s go to Akron," said his friend, Andy Means.

"I want to go to Akron," Clark told his father.

"To do what?"

"Work. Study medicine, nights."

"You’re too young to be turned loose in a big town."

He knew better than to argue with his father. But he also knew that where he would fail, his stepmother might succeed. He took his problem to her, and somehow she gained his father’s consent. I have already said that she understood boys. Her parting gift was a razor, which enchanted Clark.

"I know you don’t need it yet, son, but you will before long. And if you ever get tired of being away, remember we’ll be waiting for you."

In Akron the boys went to work, mold-
Pond's "Lips" stay on...

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But Yes, Pond's "Lips"

6 luscious shades—Try the newest "Lips" shade—Beau Bait, round, full crimson-red!

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ing treads for the Firestone Company. Every evening Clark attended pre-medical courses at the University. He was quite in earnest about meaning to be a doctor. "Principally," he explained to Andy, "because if I'm a doctor, I won't have to be a farmer—"

Had medicine been the goal of his dearest hopes, he would have stuck to medicine. It was merely a stopgap, an excuse to escape from the farm. There was nothing he had a burning desire to be...

Till he saw his first play.

Sunday was his one free evening. Down at the Music Hall, the Clark-Lilly Players were giving "Bird of Paradise." Andy and some of the other boys were going. Clark went along. Stepping into the theater changed the course of his life.

He could never explain what happened to him that night. A farm boy, his background and heritage alien to all the stage represented, he left the theater resolved to be an actor. Forgotten the medicine, forgotten the rubber factory. Each night he sat in the gallery, each day he hung round the stage door, and finally plucked up the heart to walk in.

"I want a job," he told the manager. "Any job."

The manager knew how to deal with stage-struck youngsters. "We need a call boy, but we can't pay you anything. You can sleep backstage."

Clark felt this was just. Why should he be paid for admission to paradise? He was a good call boy. His players were all out front on time, even if he had to sew on their buttons for them. In return for these and other small services, they took care that he ate.

Back in Ravenna his father said: "The boy's gone crazy." But at such a distance, there was little he could do about it. Clark was even beginning to do walk-ons when the wire came, calling him home. His stepmother was dying. He arrived barely in time to see her. He had loved her deeply. For the first time, he knew the desolation of a loss that cannot be measured.

The elder Gable had had enough of farming, enough of this place of sorrows. Always he had preferred the oil fields to ploughing. Now there was an oil boom in Oklahoma. He and Clark would go there. Clark said, "I want to go back to the theater." But there was no longer one who could speak for him, and this time the father had his way. The boy went to the oil fields.

the cross roads... For two years he worked as a tool dresser, earning twelve dollars a day. Earning nothing a day in the theater, he had been happier. One night, in the shack he shared with his father, the end came.

"I'm quitting," said Clark.

His father's opposition broke against rock. He was nineteen now—a man, with a man's will. At length, the other recognized defeat.

"If you want to throw your life away, I guess I can't stop you.

They parted grimly—one to return to the oil fields, the other to start on his unknown road.

Thus came the wandering years. Kansas City and a third-rate road show. Traveling through the Middle West on ten dollars a week. Stranded in Butte, Montana, and a moment that might have meant surrender. Heartick, all but penniless, he entered a telegraph office, composed a wire asking his father for train money back to Oklahoma. For a moment he stared at it, then crumpled and tossed it into the wastebasket. Wandered through the streets, made for the depot, hopped a freight train to Portland. Portland, he'd heard, was a good show town.

Her own fault—if she'd check her hat, pillow or hairbrush, she wouldn't be sitting home nights. She'd realize that the scalp perspired, too—and that the hair, particularly oily hair, quickly collects unpleasant odors.

She'd use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly and never risk scalp odor again. This gentle shampoo, which contains pure medicinal pine tar, cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

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First, he must have money. Leaving the freight car at Bend, he worked for three
months at lumber. At first his palms
bled constantly—to the scorn of his part-
er, a big silent Swede. "Ay tank you bane
verkin' inside too much," said his partner.
In three months, it was the only obser-
vation he made.

Portland. Selling neckties in a depart-
ment store. Meeting Earle Larimore, then
a fellow salesman. Joining his Little
Theater Group and working with them
to organize a professional company. Open-
ing in Astoria, a hundred miles north. In
the first play, Clark played a Negro cook.
In another, a samunin. In a third, a huge
baby in a huge crib. Plenty of fun, but
no money. The drama held no appeal for
fishermen. On milkboats, they worked
their way back to Portland.

One of the group was a pretty girl
named Franz Doerfer. She and Clark fell
in love. He asked her to marry him, but
Franz was afraid. What would they live
on? He spent a few weeks with her
family on their ranch near Portland—a
few idyllic weeks, running around in over-
alls with Franz, forgetting his troubles.
The girl's pet name for Clark was Big
Call, because of his ears. Later, Spence
Tracy was to call him The Moose for the
same reason.

He worked in the hop fields, he worked
on a logging road and—again—in a lumber
camp. Again with a Swede. Clark
had no luck with Swedes. One day Ole
said, "Dis fella too dumb for work wit'
mee," and walked out.

Money saved again. Back to Portland.
Back to the endless hunt for a place in
the theater. Knocking at every door till
his money gave out. Then a job in the
want-ad department of a morning paper.
There might come an ad for work round a
theater. If so, Clark would see it first.

No such ad came. The indoor life was
too much for him. So when the telephone
company wanted a lineman, Clark put the
ad in his pocket and applied and went to
work, never guessing that the telephone
line would lead straight to his heart's
desire.

What was destined to happen didn't
happen for a year.

telephone for a ticket . . .

Miss Josephine Dillon of Los Angeles,
dramatic coach, came to Portland to start
a Little Theater. A telephone wire in her
theater broke down. She called the com-
pany. They sent Clark to mend it.

Before he left, Miss Dillon had heard
his story and had offered to help. At
first, her interest was wholly professional.
She saw Clark's possibilities. She taught
him stage presence, how to walk and sit
and use his hands. She read plays with
him. For the first time, his floundering
efforts were being directed by someone
who understood and she found him an
eager, appreciative pupil. Through her in-
fluence, he joined the Forest Taylor Stock
Company. But by now they were more
than teacher and pupil. When Josephine
returned to Los Angeles, Portland ceased
to hold much charm for Clark. He fol-
lowed. On December 13, 1924, they were
married.

It was the end of lumber camps, but
far from the end of struggle. They lived
in a bungalow, their rent twenty dollars a
month. To begin with, Clark tried the
studios. In the tight suit of a grenadier,
carrying a sword, he made his first ap-
pearance before the cameras in a Lubitsch
picture. Mr. Lubitsch did not cry "The
great Gable!" Mr. Lubitsch took one look
at the grenadier and passed on.

A day's work here and there. Soon
Clark felt sure that the movies were not
for him. He began to think of New York,
where plays were produced. But for New
York, again one needs money. Louis Mac- 
Loon was about to present Jane Cowl to 
Los Angeles in "Romeo and Juliet." The 
call went out for tall men to play the 
guards of Verona. Six cards, six not one, 
Gable was hired. Through the twelve-
week run, MacLoon watched him. He was 
ready to produce "What Price 
Glory?" One of the characters, Sgt. Kiper, 
was described as lean and hungry-looking. 
Clark was lean and hungry-looking. The 
producer offered him the job. 
His first speaking part on a professional 
stage. That was fine enough. Yet finer 
things were to come. MacLoon proved his 
good angel. When Sgt. Quirt gave notice, 
he said, "Like to play it, Clark?" All 
through Clark's opening performance, he 
stood in the wings, coaching, encouraging. 
When the curtain fell, he said: "You'll do, 
my boy."

Gable stayed with him till the end of the 
season, appearing in six plays. One was 
"The Copperhead," with Lionel Barry- 
more. Like Josephine Dillon, Barrymore 
found qualities in Gable that promised 
well. The two became friends—a friend-
ship that was to bear fruit.

Meantime Clark took a job as second 
lead with a Texas company. Again the 
leading man left, again the newcomer 
stepped in. Earning two hundred a week, 
saved most of it. Then back to Los 
Angeles to seek MacLoon's advice—
"What do you think of my going to New 
York?"

"I don't have to think. Go while you've 
still got money in your jeans. Or you'll 
ever get there."

Josephine went with him. They'd been 
married almost four years, not too success-
fully. For months they'd been drifting 
farther and farther apart. This was to be 
their final try together. It didn't work out. 
Early in '28, Clark's wife returned to Los 
Angeles and filed suit for divorce.

To Arthur Hopkins, he presented a let-
ter...
hollywood bound . . .

Play followed play. In none did he create a sensation, but work came without too much difficulty. He liked New York and had ceased to give the movies a thought. Had the offer from MacLloon come at another time, he might have refused it. But in May, the New York season was over. "Will you come out to play, Killer Mears in The Last Mile?" MacLloon had wired. A fine part in a fine play. And he owed MacLloon a lot . . .

He owed MacLoon still more when the curtain fell on opening night. The audience had cheered. The Hollywood which had ignored him now sang its praises. All the studios wanted to test him. But by virtue of their friendship, Lionel Barrymore's claim came first. He took his brother, John, back to Clark's dressing room.

"Young man," said John, "you're going far." Lionel shook his head. "You're wrong, John. He's already there." Not quite.

Barrymore took him to Irving Thalberg. "I want to test him as a native for Bird of Paradise." By an odd coincidence, the first play Clark had ever seen. Thalberg looked him over—the ears, the shoulders, the toughness. Enthusiasm was lacking, but he said: "All right."

They took him to make-up. They smeared him dark all over. They curled his hair, dressed him in a suit, stuck a hibiscus behind his ear. Never had he felt such a fool. Barrymore showed the test to Thalberg. Thalberg, a man of great self-possession, lost his composure. "Not that, not that!" he groaned. "Take it away!" Clark, for one, didn't blame him.

Other tests were made by Warners and Universal. No good. His ears stuck out. He looked lumpy. He was all over knuckles.

Once more he prepared to shake the dust of Hollywood. In New York Al Woods wanted him for a part in "Farewell to Arms." He was packing when an agent called. "Come on out to Pathé. Come running—"

At Pathé they said: "It's a Western. Do you ride?"

"Sure—"

"That's fine. We'll pay you seven-fifty."

Seven-fifty! Today they were paying extras more. He opened his mouth to protest, but the agent nudged him. Outside, Clark asked, "What's this seven-fifty business?"

"Seven hundred and fifty bucks a week—"

Clark whistled. "For that I ought to know how to ride—"

"You mean you don't?"

"Haven't been on a horse since I was a kid. But I'll learn—"

gangster gable . . .

"The Painted Desert" didn't start for five weeks. When it did, Clark could ride. Also he made an impression as the heavy. An impression so good that M-G-M forgave the hibiscus and signed him as the heavy in "The Easiest Way." But not yet did the women claim him as their own. Not till one woman—Joan Crawford—asked that he be cast as the gangster in...
"Dance, Fools, Dance." That was when it began—a small but persistent chorus that swelled into full power with "A Free Soul.

M-G-M was having a hard time, finding this gangster to play opposite Norma Shearer. He must be a combination of villainy and charm, a thoroughly bad man who could yet turn the head of a girl of gentle breeding. It was offered to many well-known actors and turned down. "Too small," they said, "and too unsympathetic."

As Clarence Brown, the director, lunched in the commissary one noon, a tall young man entered—a young man who carried his broad shoulders easily, whose blue eyes held the look of far spaces, who smiled with a touch of ironic humor—

"Do you know that fellow?" Brown asked his companion.

"His name's Gable. We've had him under contract."

"Ask him to come over."

He took Clark to Hunt Stromberg, the producer, who approved his choice. With the actor, Mr. Stromberg was frank: "You're getting it because nobody else'll touch it. But I'll make a prediction. When it's over, you'll be a star—"

The prediction came true. Norma Shearer explained why. "No matter how despicable he was, the sympathy went his way. You couldn't help liking him." The unpleasantness belonged to the character, the tough masculinity was Gable's own. It triumphed over the implications of the role. M-G-M wisely let the women have their way. Gable the heavy became Gable the hero.

There is little point in detailing his triumphal march—from "Susan Lennox" with Garbo through "Dancing Lady" to another landmark—"It Happened One Night," which brought him an Oscar and a reputation for light comedy. From "Mutiny on the Bounty" through "Test Pilot" to "Gone With the Wind"—because movie goers would hear of no other Rhett Butler. All this, with no diminution of popularity. For eight consecutive years among the big box office ten. For five of those years, second only to Will Rogers or Shirley Temple.

In 1940, M-G-M destroyed his untrained contract, and signed him to a new one. Seven years without options, at a figure that would bring him a fortune, whatever Uncle Samo, Or the studio's part, it was a declaration of faith in his long-term hold on the public. Holding the pen, Clark felt slightly ill at ease—as he always feels on formal occasions. He sought to lighten the moment. "How'm I doin'?" he grinned.

From the farmlands of Ohio, from the oil fields of Oklahoma, from the northern lumber camps to this. Through poverty and failure, through hopes that had crashed and disappointments that had multiplied, finally knocked down a hundred times, picking himself up, starting out again. A shabby little theater in Akron had given him the vision. In himself, he had found the strength. He was doing all right.

In 1931 he had married Rhea Langham, whom he met while playing in "The Last Mile." Four years later they separated. Much has been written on the subject of his two broken marriages. Much that has hinted at a lack in Gable. My feeling leads me to other conclusions. . . .

mistaken love . . .

In spite of his early economic self-reliance, in spite of his years of roving, my feeling is that the young Clark understood little of women. Himself uncomplicated, not given to self-searching, he tried to analyze feminine
psychology. At 23, he married Josephine Dillon—an older woman, opening vistas on a new way of life.

In a way, the situation repeated itself. Rhea Langham too, was older than Clark, mother of two children. She too, showed him a new way of life. Poised, sophisticated, with a Park Avenue background, she moved in a circle of brilliance, gavesty and wit. There can be no question but that Clark was dazzled—by her charm, by the difference between her and any other woman he’d met.

Through the frictions of his second marriage, he learned to know himself. The first suspicion of basic differences stunned him. In ’32 they separated briefly but were reconciled. Clark fought for this marriage. He tried hard and honestly to fit himself into the rigid pattern of that social existence which was natural to his wife.

But finally, he learned to know the kind of man he was. A man who had to be himself, who could fit into nobody’s pattern. To whom money and social standards meant nothing.

This life was not Rhea’s life, which was no reflection on either. He didn’t expect her to change. Nor could he change himself. So they parted. He took a suite at the Beverly-Wilshire, with none to question his comings and goings. Shortly thereafter, he left on a 25000-mile tour of South America.

In 1933 Clark and Carole Lombard made a picture together—“No Bed of Her Own.” People say they didn’t get along too well. In 1936 they met at the Mayfair Ball. She was with Cesar Romero. He arrived late. He promised himself to dance one dance and leave. That dance was with Carole Lombard, and he didn’t leave. They danced again, and again. The room was crowded. But for these two, it might have been an island where they were alone.

So began their love. Not till three years later were they to marry. For this, there were several reasons...

From the beginning, Carole made no secret of her feeling. She too, had tried marriage and failed. But on her, the failure had left no scar. As surely as if an angel had pointed him out, she knew that Clark was her man...

With him, it was different. Every instinct drew him toward this honest, gay-hearted girl, and yet he was afraid—the burnt child, dreading the flame. How could he take her? Twice before he had thought himself in love. Twice the end had been disenchantment. Despite two mistakes, he was no man to step easily in and out of marriage. Resolved on freedom to be himself, he longed for anchorage, in the warmth of home, the comradeship of laughter, the blessing of love. Perhaps all this was too much to expect.

Especially from Carole. Carole was a party girl—a restless seeker of excitement, living in a whirl of night clubs and hilarity. The last girl in the world from whom you’d expect peace.

Yet all this was camouflage over a spirit which itself sought peace. She found it in Gable, like a lost child come home. He was her world and the rest dropped away.

And at last Clark realized that the miracle had happened. Knowing himself at last, he knew that he’d reached emotional maturity, that this was the love all men wait for and few achieve...

One obstacle remained. Legally, Rhea Langham was still Mrs. Gable. However, her only reason for not giving Clark a divorce was a simple one—he’d never asked for it. Now he paid $286,000 plus taxes for a release and in March of ’39, he was free to marry...

On a March day in ’39, a car drove through the streets of Kingman, Arizona. It stopped at the parsonage where Carole
and Clark stepped out—as well as Otto Winkler, their friend of the M-G-M publicity department.

The parson was out, calling on a sick parishioner. His wife asked them to wait. Side by side on a sofa in the little parlor they sat till the parson arrived...

"Miss Lombard and Mr. Gable are here," said his wife. "They'd like to be married—"

There was no time for a honeymoon, not then. When Clark's picture was finished, they started for New York. But in a Mexican auto camp they were side-tracked. What matter that theaters and gayety waited? Here they tramped around all day in slacks and jeans, here the country was beautiful, nobody bothered them.

Day after day they stayed, till the weeks of their holiday were gone, and they drove contentedly home.

It was an idyl that lasted not quite three years.

Out in the valley lay a ranch, for which Clark had hungered. It belonged to Raoul Walsh, the director. Clark was crazy to buy it. "And Walsh," he grinned, "would be crazy to sell it."

But one day a real estate agent called Carole. He told her the Walsh place was for sale. She called M-G-M. Clark was in the midst of a scene. "I'll hang on," she said, "if it takes all night. Because if he hears this from someone else, I'll do murder."

When he came, she said, "You still want the Walsh ranch, Pappy?"

He said, "If this is a gag—"

"It's no gag, it's for sale—"

They bought it that day, trading in another place as part payment.

There, in the house of shingles and whitewashed brick, they found happiness as complete as it's given anyone in this world to know. Carole made for Clark the home that was not a showplace, where dogs were welcome, where mud on the feet was no tragedy. A home of friendliness, of chintz and maple, sunshine and flowers and open hearths—a home for living. And the fields outdoors, where Clark worked with the hired man. Horses to ride, and chickens that Carole took care of. Carole, darling of the night clubs, learned about tractors and irrigation ditches and alfalfa. She learned to hunt and fish. She refused to take pictures when he wasn't working. Once, asked for his favorite type of girl, he answered, "A girl who likes my type of man. If I come home Friday, and say, let's grab a few clothes and dig out for the weekend, my kind of girl will say fine, and mean it."

Clark had found his kind of girl.

December 7, 1941. Bombs crashed on Pearl Harbor.

December 8. America was at war.

In January, the Treasury geared its forces to a huge bond drive. Carole's home town was Indianapolis. Carole's personality was electric, compelling. Her presence at rallies would sell more bonds. They asked her to go to Indianapolis.

So one day she left the beloved home at Encino. Clark drove her to the train. They stopped for her mother, who was going along to see old friends. At the station, Otto Winkler waited for the same Otto who had been their marriage witness. He would handle details of the trip, of the speaking engagement.

There were pictures of Carole in Indianapolis—a slender, fair-haired young woman, wrapped in furs against the cold of outdoors, vital, aflush, conveying the passion of her convictions to her countrymen. Ten days of unfailing labor. Then, with the knowledge of a job well done, with the sale of millions of bonds credited to her efforts, she turned her face toward home.

The story goes that a coin was flipped: Heads, they would take the train—tails,
The story goes that Carole was pleased when it turned up heads. The plane would get them in on Friday, and she would have Sunday with Clark, who had just begun working in "Somewhere I'll Find You." When he worked, Sundays were doubly precious.

So came the last day of her life. At the airport he waited with a friend. First, they were told that the plane would be an hour late—then, that it had been grounded at Las Vegas. Clark grew uneasy, but his friend persuaded him to go home, since Carole might be trying to get him there. He himself would call Las Vegas for information. As he stepped into the phone booth, the news came in.

It was Eddie Mannix who had to go out and tell Clark. Not that Carole was dead. He couldn't face the man who loved her and push the dreadful words across his lips. There had been an accident, he said, no details had come through. They would fly to Las Vegas.

Clark spoke no word, asked no questions, moved with unseeing eyes. From the car to the airport, from the airport to the chartered plane. The blue eyes were blank, looking inward on chaos. At Las Vegas they still didn't know. The plane had crashed. Searchers had gone out. Some in the plane might be alive.

None were alive. The bodies were brought down. By war regulations, Army personnel first. Women next. Carole and her mother. Clark refused to leave till Otto had been found. The day after Carole and her mother were buried, he sat through the services for Otto, beside Otto's wife. Then he collapsed.

Not for weeks did he mention Carole's name. The first person he spoke to was his father.

For Clark it had been a major achievement to get his father to Hollywood. Being a normal parent, he was enormously proud of his son. Being himself, he never admitted in words that Clark had done the plane. The story goes that Carole was pleased when it turned up heads. The plane would get them in on Friday, and she would have Sunday with Clark, who had just begun working in "Somewhere I'll Find You." When he worked, Sundays were doubly precious. . . .
well to become an actor.

After Carole's death, the older man took
to coming over for breakfast. For the rest,
he left his son to himself. He, too, had
known what it was to lose a young wife.
A man must find his way through agony
alone.

out from the shadows...

Little by little, Clark moved from under
the shadows back to life. First, he finished
the interrupted picture to which his studio
was committed. On August 11, 1942, he
enlisted as a private in the Army Air
Force. Found qualified for OCS, he start-
ed the rigorous training at 41 among men
who were fifteen and twenty years his
junior. In a class of 2600, he finished gun-
nery school No. 700. By the time he was
shipped to England, he'd earned his Cap-
taincy.

As gunner and operational photog-
graher, his job was to take action pictures
over enemy territory, and from those pic-
tures to make a training film. His other
job was to man a gun and shoot at attack-
ing planes. Next to being under fire, his
greatest discomfort was the publicity he
couldn't always avoid. What he wanted
most was to do a good job. What he
wanted almost as much to be left
alone—not to be singled out because
once upon a time he'd been a movie
actor.

A year later he returned with campaign
ribbons, the Air Medal for his combat
missions and 50,000 feet of film. A press
conference in Washington. A hundred
reporters and one uneasy Air Corps Captain.
Yes, he'd shot at many German planes.
No, he didn't think he'd hit any. Yes, he'd
been a little scared. Yes, his own plane
had been hit, but nothing out of the
ordinary.

Then someone asked for a fifty-word
tribute to the man he'd fought with.

He answered quietly. "That's something
I couldn't put into words..."

He spent almost a year on his picture.
It's called "Combat America." Originally,
it was meant for the Armed Forces only.
Because of its excellence, the government
will give it general release.

Late in '44, Captain Gable was placed
on inactive duty. For obvious reasons.
Flights at 20,000 feet are hard on the sys-
tem even of youngsters, and after a year
on the ground, he was out of training.
Rather than keep him on minor assign-
ments, the AAF felt he could be of greater
service in the movies, rated essential to
soldier and civilian morale. Clark didn't
like it, but the choice wasn't offered him.
On one point he had his way. No dis-
charge. He's still a member of the AAF,
subject to recall, should he be needed.

Once out of uniform, he went to Ore-
gon on a two-months' fishing trip. Then
to Florida and New York. At M-G-M,
his first picture was in preparation:
"Strange Adventure," in which Clark will
play a Marine on furlough. If the schedule
holds, he will be at work when you read
this.

The movies didn't make Gable. He was
fashioned by the land he was born on
and the people he came from, by the
dragons he vanquished and the dream he
followed. Through such adulation as few
have known, he's kept the simplicity
of his forebears. Through tragedy, he has
found new strength. Through the
command and service of battle, he has
found meanings in life beyond the per-
sonal. Through all the tests by which we
are measured, he has been weighed in the
balance and found not wanting. The
rest doesn't matter.

He would laugh at all this. "Too many
words, and they're all too long."

So let us put an end to words. Let this
story of an American speak for itself.
HEDDA HOPPER’S MEMOIRS

(Continued from page 57)

where he'd come from. But no, into the scene he went, like a lamb to the butcher. Of course it was impossible. Might as well have asked Shirley Temple, ten years ago, to make sophisticated love to Charles Boyer. Gary was all hands, all feet, all blushing, all stammers. And did Clara turn on the heat as only the "It" Girl could! I thought Gary would shrieve down to a strip of crisp bacon. But he sweated it out. The next day, though, there wasn't any leading man. Gary was gone, va- moosed, AWOL. He wasn't home, either. He had run away like a stampeded steer and he was still running when they caught up with him, in a tiny hotel room somewhere in California. And when Gary did come back, he was the same as ever, scared out of his skin, but this time Clara Bow relaxed and tried to make it easy—gosh, the whole company did—and somehow Gary got through his first romantic job and was off to the races.

lanky lover . . .

Because, while as an actor, frankly he smelled like a skunk in a trunk, there was something in the big, goofy, handsome man's man that made women swoon, the same something there is today, only it's been polished up, matured, mellowed. Crassly enough, Hollywood romance did that—too—not the set kind, but the real kind. The cowboy kinks were ironed out of Gary by a dozen willing teachers, but of them all I seem to remember Lupe Velez best. When he fell for the charming little Mexican early in his Hollywood career and she kidded him out of his pathetic shyness, made him laugh and lured him out of his back country reserve like no one else could, I can still hear her loosing a torrent of Spanish at the happily bewildered guy. Because when Lupe was gay she lured and men her country mile. When she yelled "Gayree!" it was certainly the noisiest sweet nothing ever voiced, but one of the nicest, too.

Gary would do the darndest things for her. I remember one time he gave her an eagle—a real live one, and naturally she loved it. But also naturally she had an objection. "What good ees wan eagle?" screamed Lupe. "'E must 'ave ees mate. Get 'eem a mate for me, Gayree!"

I'm not going to get into the education of Gary Cooper here—that's a story in itself and some day, because he's one of my favorite people, I might break down and write it. After he broke up with Lupe he ran away from Hollywood again, this time as far away as he could get. Typically Cooper, he went down to a steamship office and asked bluntly, "What's the longest boat trip you can take?" They told him Italy via the Panama Canal would be fair and that's where he went. In Italy he met Dorothy, Countess Di Frasso, and she him around the school of fashion and society and the haut monde of two worlds. Then he fell in love with Veronica Balfe, the Eastern society girl who's his wife, the "Rocky" Cooper we know today, and they're very happy and very much in love, and, like say, on the outside you'd never, never know that Gary

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Size: 12, 14, 16, 18
Background colors: Maize, White, Blue

Cooper, world traveler, famous star, man of the world and solid citizen, was once a gangling wide-eyed cow waddy from Montana. Hollywood and Hollywood women have worked the great transformation.

Ah me—yes, Hollywood changes people and people change Hollywood. But the Great God Glamour was worshipped from the start as it is today. That’s one thing, you can bet, that will never change, not as long as G for glamour is also G for gold. Or better yet, G for Goldwyn. Because salesman Sam Goldwyn is one peddler of that marvelous merchandise who’s still with us today, with his Goldwyn Girls and his super-expensive epics. I remember Sam’s greatest production although it was twenty-odd years ago and I’ll remember it just as brightly and as awesomely twenty years from now if I’m not a memory myself by then! Sam Goldwyn’s greatest production wasn’t a picture—it was a wedding.

super-nuptials . . .

We’ve had some mighty fancy nuptial events in Hollywood. When Jeanette MacDonald and her Prince Charming, Gene Raymond, told it to the preacher a few years ago down on Wilshire Boulevard, I thought they made a slight mistake. With all the people they had for that exhibition they’d have done a lot better in the Rose Bowl. Jeanette was out to out-bride all brides and Gene was willing, too. The result was practically a Hollywood Roman holiday for heartstrings. You could have made a good B picture with half the time and effort, but it wouldn’t have been half so good. I think the height of something, to my distorted mind, was reached when Jeanette, who was set on a perfect color scheme for her bridesmaids, asked Ginger Rogers, her good friend, to change the color of her hair for the wedding, so she’d match. Well, Ginger had a mess of pumpkin colored tresses at that point which were very necessary to a picture she was

Dear Modern Screen Gang:

I’m not much on a lot of language, and I’m not much on birthdays. Never celebrated my own till Modern Screen egged me on to it last year. That’s maybe why I’m feeling pretty conscious of yours this year. Can’t let it go by without wishing you the best.

I’m the original movie mag fan, Al. As a kid back home, I used to snip out pictures and paste them on the ceiling, so I could look at 'em lying in bed. Dad thought I was nuts. Just the same, he saved 'em and shipped 'em all out to me, and now they’re stacked in my closets against the day when I get time to read 'em through again.

What all this leads up to is, I know my fan mags and I’d like to salutize your one of the liveliest. I’d also like to salutize two ladies of the press who contribute plenty to its liveliness. Need I say their names are Hopper and Parsons? They don’t need any laurels from me. Neither does your book. Because a combination like that proves that it’s (a) smart (b) lucky.

You’re the editor, Al. Take a bow on your kid’s birthday. And quit blushing.

Van

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making and the answer had to be "No." It was a case of crisis and I've forgotten how Ginger solved it, but for a while our blushing bride was in a tizzy.

Viewing all the Jeannette and Genc super-nuptials, I remember the Hollywood cynics (Never mean me) got up a pool. They made bets about how long this glorified union would last. I'm afraid I'll have to report that most our guessers weren't on the long side. But—and there you are—it's still going strong.

Deanna Durbin didn't have such for ever after luck with her marriage, but it's another Hollywood wedding that gives me spots before the eyes. Because Deanna was the Cinderella girl—Little Miss Bride—in person. She had what every girl dreams about: her wedding to Vaughn Paul. She had love, love, love. She had all of young and beautiful Hollywood to watch her march to the altar. Cameras, bolews, and a trousséau to end all trousséaus. And, unless my eyes deceived me, she wore it all at once.

But I was talking about Sam Goldwyn's wedding wasn't it? Sam's star's wedding, I mean—Vilma Banky. She married Rod LaRoque—remember?

I think Vilma was pretty about as great a natural beauty as we ever had in Hollywood. One of those blond Hungarian women who look like honey but never have a sweet tooth. You wouldn't call Rod any Boris Karloff, either. So when they fell in love and decided to make themselves one it was a natural. Sam not only decided to give it the Goldwyn touch, he took it over, just like Vilma was his daughter.

There were twenty-two-count 'em—22 separate showers for Vilma. Just to start the ball rolling. Sam made out the lists of showerettes. Not only that, he let each one know exactly what present to bring and how much to spend. Naturally, before that gift marathon expired there were enough presents to stock a store. In fact, the bride collected them all together and wanted to hire all the display windows of Los Angeles' biggest department store to exhibit them to the eager public, but Sam's wife finally talked her out of that.

the goldwyn touch

Everything else Sam managed and he managed it with the gold Goldwyn touch, with an eye, of course, to the Hollywood sheep and goats. There were three separate invitations to the wedding festivities. I can see them now, each printed on different color paper, tickets for the three main events, the church wedding, the reception, the suppers. You had to be good to make all three. But somehow I did. That's why I know how Sam Goldwyn knocked himself out. He must have spent half the cost of an epic picture to marry off Vilma. He tossed dollars around like beans. He bought a copy of Emily Post's Etiquette and whatever Emily said the bride's father must pay for Sam paid. But when he read that the groom stood the bill for the flowers Sam collared Rod and made him kick in—all suits that took the buck. You see, Sam wanted everything fit and proper according to Emily—and he got it. What a wedding! I can see Tom Mix now, riding up in a spangled cowboy wedding outfit in a carriage that had belonged to the Kaiser, C. B. DeMille was best man and when the organ pealed out it played that piece, "Oh, King of Kings" and everybody chuckled. "Leave it to DeMille," they said, "to plug his picture." He'd just finished "King of Kings." But Hollywood was just the same. Glamour was the god and Vanity the theme song. I've never seen such a spread of food that weighted the long re-
exception tables at the Old Beverly Hills Hotel. Turkeys, pheasants, hams, roasts, suckling pigs, and all that went with them; cakes, ices, fancy French dishes and desserts. There was enough food for an army and there was an army of glamour there to eat it. Only nobody did. There were guards to see that nobody committed that sacrilege. Not a turkey was sliced. It was all for show! So everyone filled up on the bathtub gin (it was Prohibition then) and when the reception was over all of Hollywood had a snootful and half the town wasn’t speaking to the other half for weeks!

Speaking of weddings—I see where Gloria Swanson tried it again the other day. That’s five times now for Queen Gloria, and I call her that because Swanson will always be “Queen Gloria” to us Hollywood old timers. When I first knew that gorgeous gal she was queen of the Paramount lot and jealous of her throne. She’d passed through her first not so happy homes with Wally Beery and Herb Somborn (who founded all the Hollywood Brown Derbies), and was about to lay Hollywood right on its ear with the third. But first, Gloria had to battle for her throne and ward off a foreign invasion in the person of exotic Pola Negri. The struggle is still known in Hollywood as “The Battle of the Cats”—no offense meant, girls. These were real cats.

scat, cat . . .

You see, Gloria was a great lover of our feline friends and during her early way taffies and pussies roamed at will all over the Paramount lot and went onto anyone who disturbed a hair of their precious hides. Then she swept Pola from Mittel Europe to challenge Queen Gloria right in her own cat infested domain. And if there was one thing on this earth that gave Pola the jump it was cats! They made her scream, have bad dreams and tantrums and she couldn’t work. But the minute Pola’s minions scatted a tomatc off the lot, in stepped Gloria to accept the gage of battle. It was love at first sight, my cats and pretty soon Paramount was divided into warring factions. It almost wrecked the joint. Pola’s friends shoved all the cats away and Gloria’s loyal subjects dragged them back in. Swanson’s shock troops poured milk in a hundred studio saucers every day and Pola’s pals dumped it out. Pretty soon production was at a standstill and a few executives had nervous breakdowns. So Gloria went off to New York in a huff, the first to break off the battle, but to this day when you mention cats around Paramount you want to smile, sister—smile.

But what I remember about Queen Gloria most was her triumphant return to Hollywood, with a real, live marquis in tow. That was her third marriage and Swanson was right in her prime and to us Hollywood yokels nobility was something new and different and very, very awe inspiring. Believe me, we were impressed. Talk about fans mobbing Frank Sinatra and Van Johnson—say, all Hollywood acted like a bunch of bobbysockers. Gloria had met and married the Marquis de Falaise in Paris where she’d made her first French movie, “Madame Sans Gene.” And so we soon knew him, was a nice guy and I’m sure he was not only with it but charmed at the circus parade Hollywood staged to greet its very first, genuine Almanach de Gotha title snatched by a H. L. O. "gal.

hail the queen . . .

I can still see the big banner stretched clear across Hollywood Boulevard at Vine Street. "WELCOME HOME QUEEN GLORIA" it screamed, although the dear gal was only a marquis. The crowds were

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so thick you couldn't wiggle. And for two blocks down the street from the studio gates there were wooden bleachers with reserved seats for all the Hollywood big shots. There was a brass band, too—honest—blaring out the "Marseillaise" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "Here Comes the Bride." Whistles tooted, horns blew, drums rattled and cameras whirred. But the sweetest touch of all, I thought, were the flower girls. Paramount had gathered up all the female moppets in Hollywood. It seemed, dressed them in organdie frocks and stationed them along the last grand line of march. All the flower gardens in Southern California had been stripped of blooms to shower the royal pair. But all available baskets and buckets gave out quickly so most of the little gardeners had to use what Paramount could find. And until my dying day I'll never forget the sight of Queen Gloria and her noble knight riding in triumph up to Paramount's gates, pelled with roses and posies snatched by dainty little fingers—out of galvanized garbage cans!

Royalty, somehow, always makes me think of Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Hollywood's Royal Family, but especially good old Doug, as charming a man as ever lived. And, thank goodness, he passed on his charm and love of life and talent to his son Doug, Jr.—excuse me, Lieut. Commander Douglas Fairbanks, USN. Doug, Jr., was almost spoiled by coming to Hollywood too young and getting exposed to the glamour school, but he snapped at it and made a name.
And how thrilled Doug would have been if he'd been alive the other day when the King of England decorated his son for gallantry. How Doug loved royalty, pomp and circumstance and courtly glamour! Mary and Doug were as near as Hollywood ever got to a royal family and as near to a

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perfect movie marriage too, and I always thought that the heart-shaped drive which led up to Pickfair was more than symbolic. I happen to know that they missed reconciliation by just three hours, after Doug had had his European fling and before Mary fell in love with Buddy Rogers—but that's a story I'll save for later.

I was always such a doug—like you could make me feel like a princess with that flashing smile—and I knew him a long, long time. In fact, it was Doug's first wife, Beth Sully who Doug, Jr.'s mother) who found me my first house in Hollywood and dug me up two Japanese servants. But there's one thing I always held against him and Mary and that was the old-fashioned, intolerant way they treated Joan Crawford when young Doug married her, very definitely without royal consent.

Oddly enough, it was royalty that first opened the doors to Joan.

When Lord Louis Mountbatten and his Lady, first cousins to the Royal House of Windsor, made their first visit to Hollywood, they stayed at Pickfair and at that time Doug, Jr. and Joan were in the doghouse. Joan was a daughter-in-law of our Hollywood Royal House, but she'd never been inside it. She'd never been invited. The Hey-Rey girl and flaming Charleston chimp that Joan was then, the girl-about-town gone Hollywood, the ex-choreo turned movie star, was too much for the dignity of Pickfair to swallow.

At that awkward moment came a royal command which Doug and Mary could not refuse. The Mountbattens wished very much to meet their glamorous daughter-in-law, Miss Joan Crawford, whose fame had spread to the British Isles as well as to the rest of the world, despite Doug's and Mary's frowns.

So the invitation, long delayed, arrived and Joan almost swooned with excitement. As usual, she made the visit a production. She had a special gown of white satin whipped up with a long train—she was going to meet royalty, wasn't she? She had a court coiffure and all the jewels she could muster. She drove up to Pickfair in style and tried to look regal in this ladylike as she tripped into the house, although she was nervous as a witch. But alas—luck was against Crawford. As she glided up to the Mountbattens to make her curtsey, a servant happened to step on the train, just on the edge—but it was enough. "R-r-r-i-p!" Off it came, down it fell, and you could see the silence with a knife. Joan gave one diamonized look, gasped, colored, turned—and fled.

I've always felt sorry for Joan Crawford. I know it's tough to feel sorry for anyone who has made as much money as Joan has, or basked in the spotlight of fame for so long. Joan has had almost every worldly thing you can get out of Hollywood. But she has never been satisfied with herself. She has always wanted somebody different than Lucille LeSueur. I've seen Joan's various personalities come and go, but the Crawford I liked best was alone. I don't think she cared about being the Joan that was Ephie was the unvarnished Crawford of "Our Dancing Daughters"—the wild, unpredictable, life-loving, hell-raising Crawford with the amazing spirit and the big, soft, straight-shooting heart.

"Livin' Joan . . ."

That was the Joan who kept a special room in her house for all the cups she won dancing the Charleston at the Coco-Nut Grove and the old Montmartre Cafe. The Joan who had one of the most beautiful paintings of herself, as natured (but for a string of pearls) hung in her room. Both the cups and the portraits are carefully stowed away in the basement now. Joan wasn't so ladylike then, but what...
is better for a movie star she had personality and color. She had more bensus than a debutante, too, and she had a heart as big as all outdoors, which she still has.

I remember one night after hay-hey-ing into the wee hours at the Montmartre, as she did about every time, Joan sped home in the cool dawn with her escort, a young man about town whose name you wouldn't know. The top was down and cooling off too quickly gave her poor chaps pneumonia. He died from it and it turned out he hadn't a friend in Hollywood—except Joan. So she arranged for the funeral and tidied up all his affairs, even went around to all her friends, gathered them in for his last rites and had them write letters home and old friends. I have thought the fellow had been one of Hollywood's most respected citizens.

Joan seemed to be a femme fatale for a lot of people. She went with Jimmie Hall and he died. Howard Osweley was another beau who passed on after a Crawford romance. That's just coincidence, of course. A great many others have loved Joan and survived very well, thanks, including Phil Terry and Franchot Tone, the "Gardenia Man." Joan was going through a gardenia phase in their courtship—remember?) and, of course, Doug, Jr., the "Dodo" whom I wonder if she really has ever forgotten.

Rumbling on about Joan Crawford takes me back to the night life we had in the dear, dim days.

**hollywood goes snooty...**

Hollywood first got exclusive at the Little Club in the Ambassador where only the bon ton and the elite could cavort and caper on bathtub gin. But I think Hollywood smoothness flowered much later on at the Mayfair dances. Something happened there I'll never forget.

The Mayfair numbered Hollywood's ultra-smart set. A Hollywood copy of the London West Enders, of course, and oh, my dear, so formal. For a time its balls made news all over the world and I doubt if there was ever a more publicized and flash-bulbed Peacock Alley anywhere. But it was never the same after the "White Mayfair." They should have called it the Black Mayfair. But the cause of it all was a scatter brain.

Bette Davis smacked that incident for one of the best scenes in one of her best pictures, "Jezebel." But Bette wasn't involved in the original. The stars were Carole Lombard and Grace Darley.

They'd suffered another this Mayfair right in Carole's lap. She was the gal to plan it, stage it and run it, and whenever Carole was absent, the Mayfair took on a whole new dimension.

She'd decided on a white ball—all the lords and ladies to wear white, without a touch of color anywhere. It seemed like a swell idea and everyone promised to rally round. For weeks every Hollywood couturier was wearing his fingers to the bone stitching on white silks and satins. Came the big night and the ball was half-way through and going as hard as a house afire and Carole, although she'd knocked herself out with all the work, was as happy as any Carole could be when she was having fun.

red scare...**

Then in through the foyer and down the steps came Al (and now Adrian's swank's gown shop) where the ball was held, swept Norma Shearer, smiling her pearls from ear to ear, dead sure that everyone in the house was on her team. But she had on the readdest red evening gown you ever saw. The only spot of fiery color in the whole place!

There was one mass gasp. People were stunned and shocked. I saw Carole turn

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"I found a Personality..."

whiter than the holy-white dress she wore. Then she turned and walked out of the place.

I saw a tall, dark and extremely handsome guy hurry after her. He followed her out the door and he took her home. His name was Clark Cable. That was the night their romance really began.

I've known lots of ladies in my time in Hollywood. Norma Shearer is not the only peacock in the pen, of course. It's an occupation that.B0N0m0, I got a touch myself. Marlene Dietrich, much as I admire her, was so darned mirror-happy when she first came to Hollywood that it's a wonder she didn't cut herself to pieces every time she made. Marlene had mirrors on the walls, the floor and the ceiling wherever she stayed more than a couple of hours. She just naturally admired the sight of her own face, and who else didn't? Dolores Del Rio, that unearthly beauty from Mexico, was troubled the same way. Once, I know, Orry-Kelly, who used to do up creations for Warner Brothers stars, made a white fringed, daringly decollete gown for Dolores. It was a knockout, all right, and revealed much of Dolores' beautiful brown body topped by her glossy, patent-leather coiffure, liquid eyes and heavily, sensuous mouth. The effect was much too much for Del Rio. When she saw herself in the mirror she gasped and then impulsively ran up to the glass—and kissed her image!

But Norma, when she was queen of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, would give Del Rio cards and spades. Once, during the Depression when all the other stars at M-G-M were limited by strict studio decision, she and Norma took on all closeups to save film and maintain the studio, each had no less than fifteen rolls on one scene alone. And in the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." And my sharp little eyes caught Norma red handed once in a plain case of preening. That was the night they premiered "Marie Antoinette." Norma's most lavish effort and first stab at movie royalty. There was a big post-party that was scheduled at the Troc and half of Hollywood as well as an army of fans followed Norma from the theater to the supper spot. At the premiere, Shelby was a vision in a cloth-of-gold evening coat, and when she sat down at the Trocadero bloused she wore black sequins. I never knew where or when she made the quick change—maybe in the ladies' powder room—but anyway when I saw that, I said, "Baby, now you've seen everything in the vanity department."

Carole Lombard never forgave Norma. Rumor says it was worth it, considering that Gable took her while Norma was too soon taken over her heart, too. I was always crazy about Carole. I never knew a franker, more honest, more utterly fascinating gal. And I knew Carole Lombard, in fact, I was there the day Carole Lombard was born.

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Harry held. You could always find everybody you knew in the show. Carole, you mean little Jane Peters, was a pet there. From a good Los Angeles family, Jane had out of her fashionable girl's school a movie star for to be. She burned with ambition, but to me she always looked like she needed to grow up some more. She looked about 17 that day, but her violet eyes (no one ever had violet eyes like Carole) were shining like the star sapphires she later loved so well.

She burst into the room and we almost dropped our gin fizzes. "I've got a—tract!" she cried. "Darlings, look at me—I'm a leading lady! Fox has signed me to play opposite Eddie Lowe!" It was her first Hollywood break. Her first crack at being an actress. She danced around the room like a rubber doll.

Then Harry Lombard sighed, "You'll never get famous as Jane Peters. It's too plain. What'll you see Jane Peters up in lights?"

Carole stopped dead and frowned. "Oh, damn!" she said. "I didn't think of that. Of course I won't. I'll simply have to get a new name. What on earth will it be?"

"How about mine?" suggested Harry. "How about Jane Lombard? That's more theatrical."

But the 'Jane' was still wrong and everybody in the big room started chucking in with suggestions. Finally, Carole, who has forgotten who, came in with Carole and the new Miss Lombard snatched it like a trout does a fly. "That's it," she cried happily. "Meet Carole Lombard."

I hope Clark finds the right girl to make him happy and marries again. That's what Carole would want him to do and I think he knows it. That doesn't mean that he'll ever forget her. The only personal treasure Clark salvaged out of the charred
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she was only a girl, but such a beautiful
And then Kenneth was killed. She
went all to pieces. It was Freddie March's
wife, Florence, who persuaded her to take
up her career again in a Broadway play.
Mary was just getting back on her feet
when along came Dr. Franklin Thorpe.
I was making "Holiday" with Mary when
Dr. Thorpe was courting her. Their relationship seemed to breed nothing but unhappiness for Mary and her reaction was
to
seek other companionship.
George
Kauffman came along and the famous
"Diary."
It
dragged her private life
through the mud in court but it never
hurt Mary's career. She's better now than
she ever was, which goes to show whose
side

Hollywood was on in that business.

Just as Hollywood, which has an uncannily keen sense of moral right and

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Kenneth Hawks was one of the nicest
guys I ever knew, besides being one of
Hollywood's best directors and the idol of
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a door to save a few dollars instead of
doing it right and that plane took Kenneth
and his crew down to their deaths.
Mary was madly in love with her director husband. She was the sweetest, most
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she believed, almost religiously, that the
guy was the greatest actor in the world
and that she, from a humble background,
was fit only to sit at the great man's feet
and admire. Her husband certainly never
corrected her on that impression.
He's
doing all right on Broadway as I write this
and the critics hail him as what his wife

thought—a great, great actor. But in
Hollywood he was not only a flop, he was
an unpleasant flop, although his delusions
of grandeur never weakened.
Next to
lousing up every movie he made, his
greatest contribution to Hollywood was

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his wife so unhappy at home that
she lost herself in her picture parts and
became twice the star he will ever be,

for

my

money.

He squandered

her bankroll time and
again on flop plays to glorify himself. Her
money was his to spend and he wasn't
backward. Once, I remember, she sank
$10,000 into one of his shows and the opening night her ever loving husband paid her
back by tumbling into the orchestra pit.
Once, too, I remember, they went to look at
a house to rent and while she was upstairs,
looking the place over, he, downstairs,
bought it without even a by-your-leave
and with her bonds.
When they finally got around to divorcing, the jerk was so nasty about their
common property that the poor woman
had to call the cops.
Of course, why some stars marry the


men they do will always be a mystery to me. For instance, you know the reason Jack Oakie became a movie star. Because he'd been small fry in a Broadway show where Joan Crawford didn't amount to so much, either. "Innocent Eyes," it was called. And when Jack heard about Joan's movie break he came out to Hollywood to marry her! Why did Gloria Swanson ever marry Wally Beery? The idea seems absurd. Why did Jean Hagen, wv Paul Bern, or Hal Roache? But then why did Charlie Chaplin marry Oona, a girl more than twice as young as himself? Why did Bette Davis ever let the only guy she ever loved, Harvard, divorce her? I don't know why Ruth Chatterton ever picked on George Brent to live with in holy matrimony. But I do know how it happened. He came out of the cabbage, very grand and impressive, a great actress, and she had whatever her little heart desired at Warner Brothers. Came the question of her leaving Grasett to sit for days and days in a projection room as reels of Hollywood glamour men ran off. Finally along at the tag end a practically unknown Irishman came on. "That's him. That's the one!" cried Chatterton. "What's his name?" So she put him in her picture and her house too, by benefit of clergy. She taught him the technique of stumping rebellion and he worked it overtime from then on.

In fact, George Brent has been on more suspensions than a trapeze artist. Once, Warner Bros. exercised the whole United States for their missing star. No results. Then one day George appeared at the studio, out of nowhere. "Where have you been?" they screamed.

George's eyes were wide with innocence. "Here at the studio," he said. They snorted bitterly. But it was true. All the time he'd been living in his own dressing room, right on the lot!

But George Brent wasn't the type of mate for Ruth Chatteron. He's a sulky, unruly, rough Joe, despite his charm. Be-neath his menace Chatterton tried to gloss him with, he remained George Brent, black Irishman. But Ruth Chatterton was one of Hollywood's first Grand Ladies. At least that was her publicity, and I, for one, believed it.

When I think of Hollywood's Grand Ladies before and since, I have to stifle a few unladylike chuckles. Dear, sweet, kind, and marvelous songbird, "I'm going to revolutionize all. Many of mate for Ruth Chatterton. He's a sulky, unruly, rough Joe, despite his charm. Beneath his menace Chatterton tried to gloss him with, he remained George Brent, black Irishman. But Ruth Chatterton was one of Hollywood's first Grand Ladies. At least that was her publicity, and I, for one, believed it.

When I think of Hollywood's Grand Ladies before and since, I have to stifle a few unladylike chuckles. Dear, sweet, kind, and marvelous songbird, "I'm going to revolutionize all of them," Irene announced once. "I'm going to start chewing gum!" And Grace Moore, tops in temperament, during her brief stay with us yokels. There was a great crisis on "New Moon," I remember, because Grace had to wear Russian boots and she said the thick soles ruined her voice. And all you had to do was toss La Moore into a trizzy was say, "Jellicoe, Tennessee." She didn't like to be reminded of her home town. I suppose she thought she ought to have been born in Graustark.

But I suppose to most people, Hollywood's granddest lady as ever was is the girl who got in on in a rain check. I mean Gretha Garbo. Garbo was lugged around by her Svengali, Maurice Stiller. The great foreign director couldn't come to Hollywood and make an epic without his youthful protege. So he said, "Well, okay," and added an extra $200 a week salary for the dumb dame, charging it off to petty cash. But Stiller's picture was tossed out. A new one was shot with new clothes—but the same gal that nobody wanted at first—Gretha. They kept Garbo and fired Stiller and that's how we got our Swede.

About Garbo. I'm like Westbrook Pegler is about Harold Ickes. I've never been fooled for a minute, although a lot of our
better stars have swooned away, worshiping her mystical, spiritual, divine glory.

Ho-hum! Marlene Dietrich, most adored of all time, became a Yiddish theatre star and has been seen in some of the most boring films of recent times. Her admirers, however, were not disappointed when they saw her in "Greta Garbo," a new, very unusual Garbo film. They were thrilled to see her again, this time as a Yiddish theatre star. They were not disappointed, for Greta Garbo is as beautiful as ever in this film. She has a wonderful voice and a charming personality. She is a wonderful actress, and she brings life to the part of a Yiddish theatre star. Her performance is a joy to watch. She is young, and she has a wonderful future ahead of her. She is a true star, and she will surely become one of the greatest actresses of our time. She is a wonderful addition to the cast of "Greta Garbo."
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came on her set. Paramount was quaking like jelly; they thought the wives would cut sexy Mae cold. But in no time at all she had them under her thumb and exchanging recipes. I’ll never forget a visit I made to Mae’s fantastic apartment in Hollywood. That luscious nude of herself in the front room, all the white rugs and things and artificial flowers all over the room with the real ones dying to be picked outside in the sun. Mae swished up in a silken negligee and a cloud of perfume that almost knocked me over. Then in from the next apartment wafted a strong odor of—onion soup! That somehow spelled Mae to—me—sexy and high falutin’ for the act—but plain as a pot of soup underneath.

I can get sad when I think of ravishing Jean Harlow, the fatal beauty who had a hord time out of her fame and finally died because she couldn’t say “No” to the army of parasites who lived her life for her. And poor Bill Powell, whom she loved so much before she died and who put a garland in her hand when she lay cold and quiet.

I can get blue about a lot of memories—Charlie Chaplin’s kiddie sex cutups through the years to stain the name of a great artist—Errol Flynn’s indiscretions, too, because he’s such a charming blarney peddler under it all—Poor Lupe Velez’s way out, which wasn’t like her and still a puzzle to me—and the strange death of Thelma Todd.

But there are chuckles and grins to balance. I think of Ann Sothern’s excited Hollywood debut, when, as Harriet Lake, M-G-M called her into the recording studio and she thought she was making a big test for a part. Only to step in a movie house a little later, see a Pete Smith canine short and hear her voice dubbed in as “Mr. Dog!” Ha! I can still see the consternation on Jean Arthur’s face when the governor of Arizona introduced her at a big banquet as “Miss Gene Autry!”

Well, it was always that way in this off-the-beam, custard-pie town. As for getting bigger and better—well—the late Tom Mix still holds the record for the biggest salary check ever cashed in this town and he had the greatest army of fans.

Good old Tom—he was Hollywood right in the flesh—with all its posts but its basic virtues, too. I loved the hard-bitten, battle-scarred gent—and he was one—and I remember when Tom brought his last wife to the massive Beverly Hills mansion his riches had bought. She was an ox-circus acrobat and nobody knew Tom was married again until they saw this gal in pink tights out tumbling on the front lawn.

Somebody called him on the phone. “Who is that lady doing cartwheels on your lawn, Tom?” they asked.

“Isn’t that lady,” barked Tom, “that’s my wife!” Just like the old vaudeville wheeze.

I don’t know who owns Tom Mix’s big mansion now. But not long ago a very dignified event was held there—a tea honoring Madame Secretary Frances Per¬kins of President Roosevelt’s cabinet, and some other visiting Washington big shots.

About all that remains of Tom’s glory in the great house, I notice was the bell-cord that hangs in the parlor. I remember when Tom wove that bell cord out of his beloved horse, Tony’s, tail.

I had to snigger—and I’ll bet Tom had a snigger with me somewhere up in the Last Round Up—to think that the cord that rang for Madame Perkins’ tea was—old Tony’s tail.

Sic transit gloria mundi—as the Latin scholars say, which liberally translated, means: “Anything can happen in this crazy world!” Only, in Hollywood you can double that in spades!

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Of course, we think all the stories in this, our Birthday issue are terrific—but just to show you we love you, and ‘cause we’d like to know, we’re still making our usual offer—500 FREE Dell mags for 500 speed demons who will answer and whip off to us—the Questionnaire below. Be sure yours is in the mail by not later than May 20th—to be sure that you’ll be one of the lucky ones to get an exciting Dell Mag FREE!

**QUESTIONNAIRE**

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

- Happy Birthday from M.G.M. [ ] These are the Unforgettable! [ ]
- Happy Birthday from 20th Century [ ] These are the Loveliest! [ ]
- Happy Birthday from Paramount [ ] Clark Gable’s Life Story [ ]
- Hedda Hopper’s Secret Memoirs [ ] Louella Parson’s 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.

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